



THE DIOCESAN TIMES

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Diocesan Secondary School For Girls



1972

The Diocesan Times



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EDITORIAL

Another year has passed in the long life of the 'Diocesan Secondary School for Girls', but although we may be a little older and, we hope, a little wiser, we still have

great pleasure in presenting 'The Diocesan Times'. This is the eleventh edition of our school magazine and we feel sure, due to the high standard of the articles printed in the following pages, which clearly display the many talents of our pupils, present and past, that it will prove to be a magazine representative of the school.

The year 1971-1972 has seen the departure of many members of the staff, and we send them every good wish for the future. We also give a hearty welcome to the new members who have joined the staff this year and hope we do not try their patience too much.

The year on the whole has been a very eventful one. It has seen the laying down of linoleum in all of the corridors — some red and some beige, making the school very colourful indeed. Much to the delight of both pupils and staff, this floor covering has greatly increased the warmth throughout the school, especially on those cold winter mornings! and to add to the ecstasy of the staff, we no longer sound like a herd of elephants on the stairs as the linoleum has also decreased the noise!

Contrary to our usual custom, the annual distribution was held in the R.D.S. Concert Hall, Ballsbridge. Transported by buses, the pupils had one rehearsal at the Hall on the morning of the event, and we are happy to say that a pleasant and relaxed evening was spent in the comfortable and spacious surroundings of the Concert Hall. The Most Reverend Dr. A. A. Buchanan, Archbishop of Dublin, presided, and Miss Iris Kellet very kindly presented the prizes. The evening was a great success and was enjoyed by all.

Many new activities have also been introduced this year. Table tennis equipment

has been kindly provided for the P.E. classes much to the gratification of all the pupils involved. Speech-training classes also commenced with the new term, with instruction from Miss M. Williams, which is also greatly appreciated. Form 3 B were responsible this year for the introduction of a small 'Zoo' in the laboratory, with guinea pigs, hamsters, mice, stick insects and even goldfish with the 'original' names of 'Adam' and 'Eve'. As in other years we are grateful to the many people who have kindly presented books to the school library, which help to give, as usual, a varied selection.

So, with such an eventful year behind us, we thank our advertisers and our printers as well as all those who contributed, corrected, or typed articles or reports and we hope that you will find much to interest you in our magazine, which without the immense help and encouragement of Miss Jagoe and Miss Stewart, could not possibly have been published.

Emily Torrans 5A

THE PRIZE DISTRIBUTION 1971

The annual Prize Distribution was held on Thursday, 25th November, 1971, in the comfortable Concert Hall of the Royal Dublin Society's premises in Ballsbridge. The larger hall enabled the whole School, with interested parents and friends, to meet together for one combined distribution of prizes. Once again, Dr. A. A. Buchanan, the Archbishop of Dublin, very kindly presided, and Miss Iris Kellett came as our special guest to present the prizes and address the girls. She charmed us all — young and old — as she spoke with gracious sincerity.

The following is an extract from the Report of the year's work 1970—1971:

Examinations:

All work during the year is valuable and contributes to the development of the girls as whole persons. Examinations are just one part of the year's work but, because the Leaving Certificate is a ladder leading on to different careers and training, I mention first the results of the State examinations. 32 girls entered, and 28 passed fully, but all passed in some subjects, and every girl will be given a statement of results or a certificate. Candidates achieved success in Irish, English, French, Latin, History, Geography, Mathematics, Chemistry, Biology, Home Economics and Art. I mentioned that the

Leaving Certificate is a ladder leading on to a training for different careers — a ladder must be supported on a firm foundation if it is to be safe — and I take this opportunity to stress that the work of all years in School, both Primary and Secondary School, is important in laying a foundation for success. We offer our congratulations to those who have been successful — to those who have entered Trinity College, University College, Kevin Street College of Technology, Teacher training colleges, Commercial colleges and the Adelaide hospital, and especially to our head girl of last year, Joy Taylor, who came first recently in Microbiology in Adelaide Hospital tests.

The Intermediate Certificate examination provides useful experience, and for that reason it would be a pity to discard it, but it is no longer a qualifying examination for many trainings. 45 girls sat for the examination and we are glad that all 45 girls passed in Irish, six of these doing well on the Higher level paper. Eight candidates were not as successful as they wished to be, but their disappointment was not caused by failure in Irish. I join with our candidates, both Senior and Junior, in thanking the members of staff who worked so generously in teaching our girls, staff who do so much more than the prescribed courses and give so much more than the class hours. Much conscientious and inspired preparation takes place outside School hours, and even outside School terms, and this is seldom advertised.

Music:

Eight choirs were entered for the Department of Education examinations, and passed the practical tests with the success which we have come to expect as a result of Mr. Watson's tuition. The marks varied from 88% to 92%. Mr. O'Neill has entered pupils both for Theory and Practical Piano examinations of the Associated Board of the Royal Schools of Music, with pleasing success as follows:

Theory:	Maximum	99
Grade V Juliet Ensor		77
Grade IV Dorothy Babington		99
Fionnuala Anderson		96
Grade III Gillian Jackson		87
Grade II Heather Groves		93
Joyce Gyves		83
Hazel Rankin		87
Linda Salisbury		85

Practical :	Maximum	150
Grade V Gwen Attwood		114
Grade IV Jennifer Cole		112
Avril Payne		125
Grade III Paula Pattison		131
Grade II Jane Gyves		111
Annette Coote		123
Fionnuala Anderson		117
Heather Groves		125
Grade I Hazel Rankin		113
Janet Flower		131

Musicianship has been taught for three years now under Mrs. Baldwin's expert guidance, and the girls are gaining in appreciation and understanding of good music. The younger girls gave us a charming performance of the Carnival of Animals last April. The Music Society held its own Feis Cheoil, and Mr. Frank Hughes adjudicated. This year a recorder group started, helped by Susan Graham and Barbara Dagg.

Physical Education :

Much attention has been paid to physical education and all girls have opportunities of participating in this very valuable part of their education. In October, 1970, we held our first Swimming Gala — thanks to the inspiration and organisation of Miss Caird and Miss Daunt. This proved to be a most enjoyable event, both for swimmers and spectators. A good programme was completed with splendid voluntary help from many members of staff, between 9.30 and 10.30 one Saturday morning. Swimming continues to be part of Tuesday's lessons for all 1st year girls, while about 80 girls benefited from the class held each Saturday. At the end of the year's tuition many of the girls gained Life Saving awards including 6 Bronze Medallions.

In March we were delighted to meet a hockey team from Ballycastle High School again, this time on our ground. As at all other times, parents showed the usual co-operation and kindness in offering hospitality to our visitors, making the occasion a happy one.

Fresh enthusiasm was shown in Athletics this Summer. Girls attended a Schools Athletic Course held on Blackrock College Grounds, and in May, Wendy Orr proved herself the Dublin Regional Champion in the Intermediate Shot Putting and Discus Throwing contests.

Wendy also brought distinction and honour to the school and herself in Badminton during last season, winning the Inter

School Ladder competition. We are grateful to the trustees of Charleston Road Methodist Church for allowing our Badminton Club to meet there, and to Mrs. Orr and Mrs. Duggan for coaching the girls.

The disciplined freedom of hill walking has become an important part of the Physical Education programme, due to interest and detailed planning by Miss Williams and Miss Caird and walks over the Dublin mountains have taken place on several Saturdays during the year.

Staff Changes :

For ten years Mrs. M. B. Taylor was School Secretary. During those years her work increased annually, and her zest and energy coped with more and more accounts, with typing, with filing of records, with duplicating machines and ordering of supplies. She took an interest in each girl and knew them all personally and often helped them out of difficulty, so that a long succession of girls knew Mrs. Taylor as a friend. We understand her desire to spend more time in a growing parish, and we know that Saint Brigid's will benefit. We thank her for all she did for the School. Our good wishes go with Mrs. Taylor and with the other members of Staff who scattered to other posts or to give attention to home responsibilities at the end of the year.

On Decimal Day we welcomed Miss Johnson to the Secretarial duties. She has already brought the wealth of her experience and interests to serve the school in a variety of ways.

And so, the School has had another full year. We are proud of our past tradition, we work busily in the present, and we look forward, in faith, to the future of the School.

OUR SPECIAL PRIZES

It has been suggested that both present and past pupils of the School might be interested to know who were the donors, or in whose memory the special prizes were given.

The Foster Prize for Mathematics :

In 1902, St. Matthias' School became the Diocesan Intermediate and Commercial School and Miss Foster was appointed as its first Headmistress. In 1903, shortly after her appointment, she had one of the classrooms fitted up for the teaching of Experimental Science, and taught Physics and Chemistry for the next eight years. An inspector's report of 1908 reads as follows :

"The teaching of the introductory Chemistry Course has been sound and thorough, the pupils showed confidence in commencing experimental work and were successful in bringing the investigations to a satisfactory conclusion". In 1906, the Domestic Science kitchen was built and equipped. Usually then, the girls were taught Science for two years and Domestic Economy for two years. Under Miss Foster's leadership, drill and callisthenics were taught German and Irish became subjects on the curriculum, and a hockey club was formed in 1909. After 26 years of devoted service, Miss Foster resigned in 1928, and at the time gave money to the school to found the Foster Prize for Mathematics.

The Evelyn Riley Memorial Fund :

In 1903 or 1904, Miss Evelyn Riley was appointed, and greatly helped the School in every way. If Miss Foster were absent, she was always willing to take on extra responsibility. She was described as a teacher of exceptional ability who worked lovingly and faithfully. Miss Riley died in 1927 to the great grief of Miss Foster and Miss Latimer and her many friends. They organised a memorial fund, and invested the proceeds. The income from this investment is used as a reward for pupils who undertake "to remain at the School for the whole of the following year".

The Emily Latimer Memorial Prize :

Miss Emily Latimer, M.A., taught English and Latin for Twelve years. After her death in 1926, the Emily Latimer Memorial Prize was founded, and has been given in her memory ever since to the girl best at English literature in the Intermediate year.

The Jellett Prize :

In 1919, Miss Dora Jellett was appointed to teach shorthand and gardening. She took a keen interest in the revival of the Irish language and studied it to such good effect that she was teaching it to first year by 1925. The Jellett Prize is given to the pupil best at Irish in First Year.

The Foster Prize for Helpfulness and Dr. Anderson's Prizes for Home Economics.

Dr. Maurice Anderson, a nephew of Miss Foster's and son of the late Rev. W. Anderson sent a cheque to Miss Latimer and asked that a prize be founded in memory of Miss Foster, and awarded to the girl (or girls) who has been most helpful during the year. Some years later, Dr. Anderson arranged with Miss Scott who was by then Headmis-

tress that he would provide prizes for Domestic Science, or Home Economics as it is now called.

The Etheline Brady Prizes :

In 1951, the east wing was added to the School to provide three new classrooms, and declared open on 2nd May, 1952. This building was the responsibility of Mr. R. G. Brady. His interest in the School was such that he provided the capital to found a prize in his daughter's name, she having been once a pupil in the school.

The McNay Prizes :

Miss Muriel McNay, another past pupil, asked that she might be allowed to have prizes for English literature given in her name. They are awarded to the girls who gain highest marks in Second and Third Years.

Miss Latimer's Prizes for Geography :

Miss M. Latimer, B.A. who had worked closely with Miss Foster from 1912, was appointed her successor in 1928. Miss Latimer continued as Headmistress through very exacting years when there were many financial difficulties and through the years 1939 — 1945 when problems of maintenance and heating must have been severe. That she overcame these difficulties is perhaps demonstrated best in the building of the new east wing in 1951/52, indicating the growth and development of the School. We are privileged to have Miss Latimer's support and keen interest with us still. We thank her for supplying the information given here. Because she worked with these fine people personally and knew them as her friends, they come alive for us, and we have a strong link with the early history of Diocesan as a secondary school. After Miss Latimer retired in 1954 she asked Miss Scott, her successor, that a prize might be given to the pupil who gained highest marks in Geography in the Intermediate Certificate examination.

Later, in 1962, Miss Latimer gave an additional prize for the best result in the Leaving Certificate Examination.

The Casserley Memorial Prizes :

Miss Dora Casserley M.A. is best known as a teacher of History, but she was also responsible for the production of many plays in English and in Irish. Some of these Irish plays had been written by Mrs de Valera, and she very kindly came to see them and congratulated Miss Casserley on the splendid performances. For 27 years, Miss Casserley served with distinction as assistant

mistress, but also after her retirement, continued to be one of a long line of loyal friends of Diocesan. She was one, as was Miss J. M. Scott, to whom Miss Latimer refers as "a staff of high standards and faithful service". On Miss Casserley's death in 1965, Miss Scott and the Past Pupils Association expressed their sense of loss, but also of appreciation for all Miss Casserley had done, by instituting the Casserley Memorial Prizes for English literature and History.

Mr. R. G. Price's Prize for Gymnastics :

Mr. Price is another kind friend of Diocesan and genuinely interested in the all-round progress of the girls. Without fail each year he gives us tangible proof of this interest, and those who have made most progress at Gymnastics benefit.

We, of the present, owe deep gratitude to all these generous people.

PRIZE LIST 1971

1st Year — The Etheline Brady Prizes awarded to 1st year girls.

Sally Armstrong — French.

Jean Byrne — History and Art.

Violet Carson — Irish.

Jennifer Cole — Mathematics.

Lynda Espey — 1st in Year, Geography, Mathematics and The Jellett Memorial prize for Irish.

Janet Flower — Geography.

Sandra Fraser — English.

Sandra Keatinge — English.

Gillian Knaggs — Art.

Carol Medcalf — French.

Grace O'Donovan — Biology and Art.

Gillian James — Verse speaking.

2nd Year :

Helen Beardsley — The McNay Prize for English.

Judith Coulson — Irish, French and Home Economics.

Linda Dalby — French and Mathematics.

Valerie Henderson — The Evelyn Riley Memorial Prize as 1st — in year.

—Mathematics, Science and Geography.

Doreen McCann — Musicianship.

Valerie Pickett — Art.

Joyce Williams — Geography, Science and History.

Janet Winton — History.

Daisy Wilson — Art.

3rd Year :

Barbara Dagg — The McNay Prize for English, Irish, French and Art.

Jacqueline Doyle — Art and Geography.
Deirdre Fincher — History.

Helen Franklin — The Evelyn Riley Memorial Prize as 1st in Year; The McNay Prize for English, Mathematics, French, Geography, Science.

Heather Groves — Irish, History and Science.

Avril Spendlove — Art.

Isobel Walsh — Art.

5th Year :

Peggie Allen — History, Biology and Art.

Barbara Dowds — French and History.

Susan Eager — Biology.

Jean Hosford — English.

Elizabeth Plunkett — English, Irish, French, Mathematics, Physics and Chemistry.

Alison Smith — Geography and Home Economics.

Natasha Souter — Latin.

Foster Prize for Helpfulness during year :

Divided between: Olwyn Crosse. Hilary Holmes. Rosemary Fulton. Geertruida Karstel.

CERTIFICATE CLASSES

Prizes have been awarded on School Assessments and Certificate Examination results.

4th year :

Sylvia Barker — Dr. Anderson's Prize for Home Economics. Prize for French and Mathematics.

Lesley Eager — Prize for Home Economics.

Joan Ellis — Miss Latimer's Prize for Geography, Prize for Irish, Mathematics and French.

Harriet Farrar — Irish.

Lesley Gibson — Science, Mathematics and Art.

Linda Graham — Science.

Caroline McCamley — Mr. R. G. Price's Prize for Gymnastics (shared).

Violet Moulton — Irish.

Susan Rufli — Irish, Mathematics, French, Science and Art.

Vivien Ryan — Irish, History and Geography, French.

Emily Torrans — Casserley Memorial Prize for History, Foster Prize for Mathematics, Prize for Irish, French and Science. Emily Latimer Memorial Prize for English Literature. Mr. R. G. Price's Prize for Gymnastics (shared).

Avril Styles — Consistent effort in Art.

6th Year :

Patricia Coghlan — Achievement and interest in Irish.

Carol Danker — Good work in History.

Pamela Darling — Miss Latimer's Prize for Geography.

Daphne Evans — The Casserley Memorial Prize for English (shared).

Susan Graham — Steady work in Geography.

Jane Hamilton — Improvement in Mathematics, Steady work in Chemistry.

Daphne Hughes — Dr. Anderson's Prize for Home Economics.

Linda Jones — The Casserley Memorial Prize for English (shared).

Hilary Myles — Steady work and improvement in Mathematics. The Casserley Memorial Prize for English (shared).

Heather Rankin — Good Progress in Art and Mathematics.

Joy Taylor — Consistently steady work throughout the year.

Susan Barry and Juliet Enor — Prize for Singing.

THE REVEREND CANON T. J. JOHNSTON, M.A., M. Litt.

In January, 1943, a young man was appointed to the Committee of Management under the chairmanship of the Reverend Dr. de Pauley. In a very short time, the new member showed his interest and efficiency, and by April, had been appointed as Secretary of the Committee. This was the beginning of Canon Johnston's years of service to the school as secretary of the committee from 1943 to 1970, and as Manager for much of that time. In all those years he very seldom missed a committee meeting, as the careful record of the minutes shows, and he became deeply concerned in the progress of the school and in all its affairs. Miss Latimer and Miss Scott can speak from longer personal experience than I of Canon Johnston's wisdom and scholarship, but I am very grateful to have known something of his friendship, even for a short time, and to have the privilege of enjoying his guidance. No problem was ever too large, no worry ever too small to bring to his notice, the matter always received kind and full consideration and his advice was given willingly and sympathetically. He loved the school and never spared himself in its service. Even in the last eighteen months when his physical strength had failed, he maintained his

interest and wrote his wonderful letters. So, it was with a sense of very personal loss that we gathered representing the girls and staff of other years, in Christ Church Cathedral in December, 1971, to pay tribute, not only on our own behalf, but also on behalf of many others, to a beloved friend.

M. M. Jagoe.

DEDICATED TO MANKIND

When I remember what the world was like,
And mother nature, lived as mankind's wife,
Our substitute seems poor, a world of strife;
Condemning all things, even wrong and right.
When I remember when the world knew
peace,

And mankind's soul and mind had time to
grow

Great seeds of knowledge, which distorted
show

A 'hell' has been conceived to take its place
Around us now, the cries of dying roll,
And echo near the borders of our land,
Now the booms and roars of fighting toll,
O God, how much more of this can we
stand?

Worlds destroyed by hatred, blood and gall,
This is the way to mankind's final fall.

Elizabeth Motyer 6A.

"OLD JACK"

"Night Jack! See you in the morning".

"Yeah!"

The old wooden door slams behind him
and he is alone on the road. The bitter wind
whistles angrily around his feet and the
reluctant bushes lean tiredly in the wind. Dust
draws patches on his trousers, and he is
standing alone.

From within, he can hear Rip Crabtree
shouting. Aye, he has reason for celebrating.
So would you if you had just won the
best competition in that part of the country.
'Twouldn't always be like that for him. There
never was happiness but there was sorrow
straight after. Hadn't Jack himself lived
through enough of that? At 91 you do know
a thing or two, even if no one believes you.

"Poor Jack, 91, and still unlucky. They
say he hasn't a penny to his name. 'Tis well
that old Nelly can't see him now, for 'tis
sorrowed she'd be. I wonder what'll happen
to him when his old shack is knocked down
next week — a home?"

John—"Aye, I suppose so. It'll kill him and
just before Christmas too! I asked Marthaf we
could take him in but there ain't any room
and he's such a hard person to get on with."

Murmured agreement met this statement

and everyone left the room, leaving old Mrs. Jackson to clean up.

It's lonely in the old shack and oh it's cold! Tonight will be another long weary night leading to another long weary day. If only it was all over. Daren't tell the village, but a home's the place for me now. And they wonder what's wrong with me! I'm tired so weary, so —

"Hey John! Quick, it's Jack — he's—"

"Poor old fellow and he's never hurt a soul. Well at least now he is peaceful. Pity he couldn't have lasted to Christmas but I suppose he'd have just been miserable out of the old shack".

Lesley Gibson 5A

THE YOUNG ORNITHOLOGISTS' CLUB, 1971

President: Miss Jagoe.

Vice-president: Miss Good.

Organiser: Miss Williams.

Chairman: Deirdre Fincher.

Vice-chairman: Joyce Coates.

Secretaries: Wendy Vincent, Helen Fincher, Janet Knaggs.

Treasurers: Helen Franklin and Edwina Mundy.

The year 1971 was an enjoyable one for Y.O.C. members. Our first meeting was held indoors in January. The girls got into groups of two or three and each group was given a bird's nest. They pulled the nest apart and wrote down all they could about its materials and structure. This meeting was requested by members who had enjoyed a similar task last year.

The February meeting was also held indoors and was mainly attended by first and second year girls. Miss Jagoe gave us some feathers carefully plucked from a mallard, keeping feathers from head, back, breast, and tail separate from each other, and preserving the wings. Some girls also brought feathers and wings of peacock, chaffinch, barn owl and herring gull. We studied these feathers under the headings beauty and colour, purposes, structure, types and care of feathers. At this meeting it was suggested that members should do a project on feathers. Several girls did so and prizes were given for the best results.

One Saturday in March we had our first outdoor meeting. Thirty six members met in the school kitchen where we received a substantial meal of sausages and potatoes kindly provided by Miss Jagoe. We then set

off for the Bull Island, accompanied by Miss Caird, Mrs. Stillman and Miss Williams. We crossed to the island by the causeway and hoped to walk to the point, but it rained too heavily and we had to turn back. We saw many sea birds and also some brent geese. We looked at Dublin Corporation's controversial dump. In spite of the rain we all enjoyed ourselves.

Our April meeting was held in school. Miss Williams showed a film strip entitled "The Life of a Robin".

We had planned for our May meeting to go to Ireland's Eye, but unfortunately the boatman thought that if he landed us he might not be able to collect us later as there was a swell and a forecast of increasingly strong winds. He brought us around the island and we all enjoyed the trip on the lively sea. When we landed at Howth pier. Miss Williams, Miss Caird, Mrs. Stillman, Miss Cooke and several parents took us to Howth Castle Demesne. We walked along narrow paths between brilliantly coloured rhododendrons and then climbed the rock. From our vantage point we had a wonderful view of the trees and rhododendrons below the Castle, the coastline, Howth harbour and Ireland's Eye. Although there were few birds about, some girls saw a chiff-chaff. For our June meeting we planned another trip to Ireland's Eye, but this had to be cancelled due to rain.

In September we met to elect a new committee and 42 girls attended this meeting. The following day there was a meeting for the new first year girls. Miss Williams told them about Y.O.C. and about some of its activities, and finally showed the film strip "The Life of a Robin".

Later in September we had another indoor meeting at which four girls described their journey to Green Island, Carlingford Lough, which is a tern sanctuary.

In October we went again to the Bull Island and the salt marsh. This time we crossed by the bridge and walked along the Bull Wall as far as the tide permitted. Then we returned and walked over the salt marsh to the causeway. We saw many waders, including curlews, oystercatchers, and dunlins. There were also many ducks; teal, mallard, wigeon, pintail, and mergansers. We saw seven herons.

Later in October there was a meeting in school for the first year girls. Miss Caird took small groups to the yard, and taught

them how to use binoculars, while Miss Williams told the others about the Y.O.C. library. The girls were given a quiz to answer, set by Hazel Whittaker, and the older girls were given this later to do at home. Prizes were given later for this competition.

Our November meeting, a visit to Phoenix Park had to be cancelled due to rain.

We would like to thank Mr. Vincent for his generous gift of three books for our library: Collins "Guide to Bird Watching", "The World of the Soil" by Sir John E. Russell, and "The Life of the Robin" by David Lack. We also thank Miss Good for her gift of "Bird Doctor" by Katherine Tottenham.

We are grateful to parents and friends who have helped us with transport.

Helen Fincher 3A.

A JOURNEY TO GREEN ISLAND

One day at the end of last June, the Y.O.C. Officials visited Green Island, a bird sanctuary in Carlingford Lough. It was a fine sunny morning as we set off, the traffic through the centre of Dublin was very heavy, but eventually, at about 12.30, we reached the tiny village of Greenore, so we sat on the small beach to eat our lunch. We were surprised when we saw the island, as it was no more than a bank of shingle about 100 yards long, with what looked like a kennel on it. The 'kennel' in fact was the hide where the five of us were supposed to sit and from the beach it seemed that even one person would not fit.

We were brought over to the island by boat, the journey taking about five minutes. Our approach startled the birds and we were greeted by thousands of shrieking terns flying above us. We had to keep the hoods of our coats up in case the birds dive-bombed us. Also, we had to be extremely careful of where we walked in case we should stand on tiny birds or eggs which were practically the same colour as the ground beneath them. We did a quick tour of inspection and were sorry to find that many dead baby birds were to be seen. Later we discovered that this was because the young birds had wandered away from their parents and had been attacked by other, older birds.

Next, we entered the hide, and contrary to our expectations we fitted with a little room to spare. From the hide we could see the birds clearly though they did not know that we were there and behaved naturally. We saw sandwich terns, common terns, Ros-

ate terns, Arctic terns, ringed plovers and oyster catchers, but were amazed to note that there were few gulls. On leaving the hide we decided to walk around again before we went to meet the boat.

On the return journey we were lucky to see a seal, which one of us spotted poking its head up above a patch of seaweed on the water. On land again we decided to visit Green Castle where we had a lovely view of the island. Next, we visited Narrow-Water Castle on the Newry River. This is a lovely old castle complete with "murder holes"—where burning tar was poured on advancing enemies.

At about five o'clock we reached Raven-dale Woods where we stopped for tea. We had planned to follow the nature trail in the wood, but there were no leaflets in the box, and also our time was running out. We continued on our journey southwards, reaching Dublin at about nine o'clock.

Joyce Williams 3A.

A LITTLE CAT

A little car was silently
Looking for a mouse
When suddenly he spied one
Sitting behind a house.
So slowly and silently
He crept up to his prey
But before he had time to catch it
The little mouse ran away.

Sylvia Smith 2S.

A FUNNY INCIDENT

When my brother was small, he was not able to butter his bread so he always asked my mother to do this for him, and sometimes he also asked for jam on his bread.

Well, one night we were all sitting down to tea when Philip asked:

"May I have some bread and butter?"

My mother replied: "There is another word wanted".

She meant the word "please".

Philip quite innocently said:

"Oh, yes of course, I nearly forgot the jam!"

Carol Maybury 4A.

THE SENIOR DEBATING SOCIETY 1971-72

President: Miss Jagoe.

Chairman: Jean Hosford.

Secretary: Elizabeth Quin.

Committee: Mrs. Valentine, Miss Kenny, Elizabeth Motyer, Valerie Carroll, Olwyn

Crosse, Joan Ellis, Lesley Eager, Teresa Lynch.

The Society opened its session by debating the motion that progress carries within it the threat of the destruction of the health and welfare of man himself. The motion was defeated.

This and successive meetings were reasonably well attended. We would like to see more enthusiasm shown by the speakers from the floor. However we hope to increase their confidence by encouraging impromptu debates during classes.

At the Irish Times Oratory competition held at the Mansion House on Monday, 7th February, we were represented by Gillian Large who spoke for the motion — This House approves of the Woman's Liberation Movement. We congratulate Gillian on her good delivery and on gaining third prize in the girls' section.

An Inter-Schools Debate was held in the Assembly Room on Tuesday 22nd February to which we were very pleased to welcome pupils from the High School, Wesley College, Bertrand and Rutland High School, Masonic Girls' and Masonic Boys' Schools to speak on the motion that — The Youth of today is more destructive than constructive. Susan Eager represented Diocesan, and the content of hers as well as all the other speeches called forth many fiery 'orations' from the floor. The motion was overwhelmingly defeated.

We are most grateful to our president, Miss Jagoe, for so kindly providing tea and biscuits for us and for the encouragement she has given us during the Session. We also thank Mrs. Valentine and Miss Kenny for their help and interest.

Jean Hosford 6A.

LIBRARY REPORT

Committee: Hilary O'Neill, Isobel Atwell, Gweneth Attwood, Sandra Johnston, Harriet Farrar, Lesley Eager, Olwyn Crosse, Gillian Buttmer.

The Library opened once again in September to all members of the school. At our first committee meeting we welcomed Miss McNulty who took the place of Miss Hoare in the general running of the library. On behalf of the committee and library members I thank her, and also Miss Graham, for all the time and thought they give to the improvement of the library. I would also like to take the opportunity of thanking Miss Jagoe for

her help, her suggestions and her continued interest in all library proceedings.

This year we have purchased a great number and variety of books, all decided upon by the committee. The new books not only include junior and senior novels but books dealing with academic subjects and pastimes, which we catalogue under the reference section. Even if girls do not read for amusement, many join for the use of the reference section. The books from this section plus the two sets of encyclopaedias prove invaluable as sources of information for various projects and essays.

Contributions of books for both junior and senior library are always welcome, so why not clear out those shelves of books which lie there year after year just collecting dust, and send them along to the library? They would be much appreciated.

Gweneth Attwood 6B.

OUR FRENCH HOLIDAY

We all departed from Dublin Airport on Monday 6th September, to spend three weeks in France. Nine of the twenty four girls were from Diocesan and the remainder were from Alexandra. Miss Roche, a teacher from Alexandra, accompanied us.

On our arrival we were greeted by our correspondents, and after a welcoming speech by M. Le Ferrand we went to their homes.

The first two weeks were spent enjoying ourselves, shopping, swimming and sun-bathing. We visited local places of interest. We also learnt quite a bit about the French way of life: the difference between their food, drink, houses and ours. They like very spicy, highly flavoured food; they drink either wine or cider instead of water, and instead of tea they drink coffee; tea being drunk on special occasions. The houses all look different from one another on the outside, with coloured shutters and beautiful stone work. The French themselves are very friendly but very quick tempered.

We started school on the 17th and we had a lesson in the Breton language which used to be the language of the people of Brittany, but is now dying out. Some of us participated in English classes which we enjoyed. Others went to Spanish, German, History and Maths classes which we did not understand.

The French start school at eight o'clock in the morning and finish at five in the after-

noon, with a two hour break for lunch. They do not go to school on Thursdays and have a half day on Saturdays. All the schools are co-educational and interdenominational. There are no school uniforms worn, and nearly everyone wears jeans.

One Saturday morning we were given a lecture in French on Le Mont St. Michel, which we visited that afternoon. After a guided tour of the island we were allowed to do any shopping that we wanted to in the many souvenir shops.

We visited St. Malo, an historical town and fishing port, and Dinan, which has a huge open market like our Dandelion Market but at least twice the size.

When the time came to return home we were all very reluctant to go and leave this friendly country. Our French did improve a bit, though the most used phrase was:

"Je ne comprends pas"!

**Lynda Cooke, Karen Mellor,
Sylvia Rodie, Susan Ruffli 5A.**

LEARNING TO RING THE BELLS AT CHRIST CHURCH CATHEDRAL

Many people think that Bell ringing is just pulling a bell, but if you watch the bell ringers at Christ Church Cathedral, or St. Patrick's belfries, you will see that this is not so. There is an art in bell ringing, and it takes about two or three months to learn to ring a bell in methods like "change ringing". This is an art of changing places and ringing in rhythm. Some of these methods, take much longer to learn, but we all start at the beginning.

We first learn to handle the bell, beginning with the back stroke, and then the sally stroke. Then we put them together. When we have reached this stage we begin to ring in rounds, that is to say, pulling one's own bell, in after another bell. When one has learned to do this, one can move on to change ringing, starting with, Plain Hunts, Granashire Doubles and many more.

In Christ Church Cathedral bell tower, the bells are all of different weights. The heaviest is about 45 cwt. which the men usually ring, and the lightest which is called the Tenor, is about 9 cwt. We have taken up bell ringing as a hobby, and look forward to going to our practices every week.

**Joyce Coates 4A.
Vivienne Coates 2S.**

H.C.M.S. YOUTH RALLY

Miss Caird represents the school on the Church Missionary Society Youth-in-Action

Committee and told us that there was to be a Youth Rally in the ballroom of the Four Courts Hotel on Saturday, 2nd October. This rally launched the project for 1971/72 "Project Pumwani". The project is to collect money for the Christian Industrial Training Centre in Kenya in order to expand it and buy more equipment. The Reverend Charles Tett who was present at the rally is Founder and Principal of this College. Already 4A, by means of small jobs, are collecting money for this. Many older teenagers in Kenya would still be living in slums and perhaps still would be unemployed were it not for the training given by C.I.T.C.

Hearing that the "Glorylanders" were the special guests at this rally a group of us went along accompanied by Miss Caird and Miss Graham.

The agenda had many interesting and entertaining items, including interviews with David Ebbs and Philip Ross by Raymond Smith. David had spent a year in Kenya teaching many subjects in a small school, whereas Philip had served as a missionary for several years in Africa. Both of these interviews proved very informative. The highlight of the evening, however, was "the Gloylanders". Generally, this is how they are described, a gospel folk group from Manchester who had come over specially for the occasion to bring us a message in song. They are a very talented successful group who have recently released several long playing records (which several of us purchased at the close of the evening). The programme also included community singing of modern hymns from "Youth Praise" and Choruses. Mr. Smith gave us two very interesting reports on the work of the C.M.S. at home and abroad, but especially among the youth. After the Rev. Charles Tett from Kenya had brought the evening to a close with an epilogue we had light refreshments during which we met "the Glorysiders" personally. Before leaving we had the opportunity to buy some recommended literature which was displayed on the book stall. We parted thence, and went our separate ways.

Lesley Eager, Vivien Ryan, 5A.

A SURVEY OF ATTITUDES TO RELIGIOUS EDUCATION AND THE CHURCH AMONG SIXTH FORM PUPILS IN DUBLIN.

"It is because you have faith that you are sitting on that chair". Although this may seem like a commercial for furniture it was

in fact one of the many remarks which sparked off thought, discussion and argument at a meeting in Alexandra College on November 17th, 1971. This meeting was organised by the Christian Education Movement in order to hear the views of a representative cross-section of students about their attitudes to religious education and the Church.

Susan Eager, Jean Hosford, Maeve Douglas and Gillian Large represented Diocesan at this meeting. There were over 30 representatives from schools all over Dublin and each student filled in a questionnaire on arrival. This questionnaire dealt with what form we thought religious education should take in our schools and how we would go about it. The general viewpoint on this was that pupils should be more involved in school services and prayer meetings and that in the senior classes religious education should not be taught as in junior forms but should take the form of group discussions with the help and advice of a teacher if required.

When the questionnaire was filled in we gathered ourselves into groups of four or five and each group discussed a given topic. These topics included: "What should the Church be providing for young people?", "Have we any grounds for belief in God?", "How important is worship today and what forms should it take?", "How should we use the Bible in Religious Education and in daily life?". When we had discussed our viewpoints with each other a spokesman for each group gave a summary of these to the other students. We then had an opportunity to give our views on all the topics.

There was a very varied cross-section of viewpoints and it was encouraging to us all that so many new and fresh ideas were put forward.

It was in fact difficult to gain a general opinion on any of the topics because in many cases there were very heated discussions. However I believe that we all went home feeling very contented because we realised that contrary to general opinion, very many teenagers are interested in the Church and the welfare of Christians. Also we were glad to be considered mature enough to think out and put forward our views on such controversial subjects.

Gillian Large 6A.

THE CITIZENSHIP SERVICE

The Citizenship Service was held at Christ Church Cathedral, Dublin, on Sunday

7th November, 1971, at 11.25 am.

His Excellency, Uachtaran na hEireann, attended. We are grateful to the Dean and Chapter of the Cathedral for inviting us to attend the service and strengthen our feeling of responsibility as citizens. Joan Ellis, Caroline McCamley, Vivien Ryan, and Emily Torrains accompanied by Miss Jagoe, Miss Good and Miss Stewart represented the school in the Diocesan Cathedral.

CUMANN GAELACH NA hEAGLAISE

A service of Evensong in Irish was held at Christ Church Cathedral, under the auspices of Cumann Gaelach na hEaglaise (The Irish Guild of the Church) on Sunday, 26th September, 1971, at 7 pm. to celebrate the 400th Anniversary of the birth of Bishop Bedell. The Bishop caused the first translation into Irish of the Old Testament to be made. Dr. J. G. Simms, F.T.C.D. gave the address.

The Service was attended by L. Bolster, H. O'Neill, J. Ellis, S. Rowe, V. Ryan, V. Conlan, Y. Dawson, H. Groves, T. Lynch, C. Maybury, and L. Smith accompanied by Miss Good.

Cumann Gaelach na hEaglaise recently presented ten copies of Leabhar Iomann—the Hymn Book in Irish—to the school. We greatly appreciate this gift.

WAR AND PEACE

War and strife and violence
Have ruined this lovely earth
Poverty and hunger in nations one and all.
Rioters and terrorists make peoples' lives a hell

We live in fear and terror
Of death so close at hand.
When will all these things cease?
And sanity return to man
Let love and peace spread o'er the world,
For this, most nations crave.
Let us try and make, as God intended
Our world, a peaceful, happy place.

Alison Sweet 4B.

HISTORY OF ART

Mrs. Povnton our History of Art teacher makes our 45-minute class most interesting each week.

At the beginning of term we studied famous masterpieces and learnt something about their creators. We then learned some terms which are used in the History of Art. We also discussed interior decorating and

tried designing wallpaper and planning a classroom.

Mrs. Poynton told us to make something at home which would be suitable for a Christmas gift. We were given until the middle of term to complete these gifts and when we had them finished we brought them into class and explained how they were made.

For the last two classes we brought in materials to make Christmas decorations. We invited our parents to an exhibition where second, third and fourth year girls displayed the Christmas gifts and decorations they had made.

During the rest of the school year we are going to learn more about art in Ireland and in particular buildings of interest in Dublin.

We thank Miss Jagoe and Mrs. Poynton for making this work possible.

Lynda Matthews 3B.

Judy Campbell 3B.

Carolyn Laycock 3B.

ART CLASSES

During the year Miss Bell, our art teacher gave us a good selection of subjects which we could study. Then we painted or sketched our own impressions of that subject.

During the fine weather Miss Bell brought us to the Grand Canal, along whose banks there is a variety of buildings that we studied and sometimes there was a barge on the Canal that we could sketch.

Miss Bell also brought us, by kind permission from the rector, to Leeson Park Church where there are many windows and doors of varying shapes and sizes, which we studied and then either painted or sketched.

We all enjoy our art classes, once a week and we thank Miss Bell for her willingness to help us with our work.

Anne Levy and Susan Hanna 4A.

FORM 2S CIVICS CLASS

When we returned to school in September, we started to study the different types of schools and their functions.

We paid particular attention to schools which we attended, our National schools and Diocesan. Each group drew maps of the routes each girl took to her National school and to Diocesan, also plans of both schools. A very interesting topic was the history of Diocesan; the headmistresses and the additional class rooms which were constructed.

Other things which we discussed were the duties of individual people in the school, e.g. the Committee of Management and how the Department of Education controls schools.

A few discussions were held in class, the topics which proved most popular were school uniforms and school rules.

This term we are studying St. Stephen's Green, its history and the importance of the memorials in the Green.

Charlotte Dalby, Janet Knaggs 2S.

3B CIVICS

When we returned to school in September, the first thing we did in Civics class was form ourselves into groups of five or six. Each group then elected a captain and received a scrapbook in which notes and maps on civics are kept. First of all we studied local authorities: county councils and urban councils. Maps of Ireland were drawn to show the 27 counties which have county councils and the towns with urban councils. We also learnt about rates and to what use the money is put, and how it is collected. A mock election was held in class to show how the Proportional Representation System of election is carried out.

This term we hope to learn more about the Government of Ireland. We started by finding out the history of the National Anthem and the National Flag.

Erica Leitch 3B.

4A CIVICS

We have done many interesting things in our civics classes this term, e.g. paying a visit to Dublin Port and Docks, and being present for a session of question time held in Dail Eireann.

Miss Johnson, our Civics teacher, has also taught us many useful things such as how to write a letter of application for a job. The remainder of our classes are occupied with discussions on various topics.

We thank Miss Johnson on behalf of 4A for making our Civics classes so valuable.

Joy Hemmingway, Annette Coote 4A.

An account of a visit made by third year to :

CARTON HOUSE

On entering the room which is directly opposite the front doorway of Carton House, though its atmosphere and decoration hardly entitle it to be called a hall, one is first struck by the atmosphere of brightness,

neatness and tasteful decoration. There are various pictures on the walls, and two full-length mirrors. The pictures are works of such artists as Andsell ("Mary, Queen of Scots, returning from the Chase to Sterling Castle"), Joli, ("St. Mark's Square") an Italian painter who also painted "St. Peter's, Rome", and a picture of Carton itself, before it was restored in 1739 by a German architect, is placed beside Joli's two. The curved colonnades shown in this picture were removed in 1815, and the house was turned round. There is a chandelier suspended from the middle of the hall ceiling and an old grandfather clock, made by John Andrews, stands in a corner by a door. At the farther end of the room is an enormous painting of an East Anglian Landscape by Watts.

When we had seen the hall and been told about the pictures, we moved on into what is called the Staircase Hall; this is a room in which pictures and the staircase play a prominent part. An almost full length picture beside the door shows a girl called Hermione, holding the lead of a dog which looks rather like a chow. The girl is wearing a rather drab brown dress, but she was held to be exceptionally beautiful, partly due to the fact that she had tuberculosis, which gave her a rather hectic skin colouring. She was the wife of the fifth Duke of Leinster, and was very interested in women's education. She died in 1895 at the age of 31.

Two other pictures showed two race-horses, one called Pan, the other Attila. On the opposite wall, fairly high up, were two large, impressive pictures, one of John, 18th Earl of Kildare, the other of Sir Tatton Sykes.

On the wall above the staircase was suspended an enormous Gobelin tapestry — showing a garden with children, a peacock, flowers and running water depicted in rather dull colours.

From that room we then passed on into the Chinese dressing-room or ante-room, in which were pictures of Queen Victoria as a young woman, probably painted as she was when she first came to Carton, and one of William Pitt.

The Chinese Bedroom was, in those days THE thing to have, and is very ornate; it is the room in which Victoria slept when she visited Ireland. Gilt Chippendale carving adorned the ceiling, mirrors and walls, and the walls were lined with Chinese pictures. In one corner was a door, obscuring the place where the Queen used to have a

showerbath. We were shown a bust of her as she was when she was somewhat older than when the picture in the dressingroom was painted. The bedroom dates from 1759.

The next room we visited was the library; it struck me as a bright, airy, tastefully designed room, with a wide window, the side of which were decorated with the rope beading, made fashionable by Nelson; there was a number of books, old and new, and the library was given an air of height and size by a staircase and narrow "upstairs" passage, running around three sides of the room in front of the bookcases, and confined by a rail. Some of the old books had the emblem of the Leinster Monkey on them, commemorating the one which saved the life of a duke of Leinster when he was a baby.

From the library, we passed on into the Green Drawing Room. This room is well named; it has green curtains, walls and window-sills, but the ceiling is gold and white. There is a large painting of Charles II beside the door. Other pictures include his "girl friends", Sarah Jenninos, Barbara Villiers, Louise de Keroualle, Mary Davis, Queen Catherine of Braganza and two pictures of Nell Gwynne. Most of the pictures are by Peter Lely. The centre-piece, as it were, of the room is a white marble fireplace over which is a Dutch picture by an unknown artist.

The Saloon is probably the most spectacular room in the building, and certainly the one which interested me most. The first thing one sees, on entering the room, is the organ: this is decorated in gold and white, inlaid in red and black. The case, as I had noted from the drawing on the wall in the library, was designed by Lord Edward Fitzgerald in 1857.

The ceiling is breath-taking: designed by Paul and Philip Francini, it is a beautiful piece of work. In the centre is Jupiter, holding ailt thunderbolts and riding on an eagle, with the various gods around him, Bacchus, Neptune, Circes, Mars, Venus, Apollo, Daphne, Mercury, Iris (with her rainbow) and others. There are famous poets, placed between the panels, such people as Homer, Virgil, Ovid and many more. The whole is decorated with twenty four fat cherubs. The pictures in the room introduce a sober tone into the dazzling brightness of gold and white plasterwork. There is a picture of James, first Duke of Leinster, and one of his

wife, reading. The oval by Kaufman above the doorway is also supposed to be the Duchess, Emily, who had twenty three children and lived 'till she was 86. There is a large, detailed picture called "The Rape of Europa" by Lorrain, with Europa mounting a white flower adorned bull in the centre.

The ante-room after the brilliance of the saloon, was a rather sad type of room; in it were pictures showing scenes in the life of King Charles I, in battle, under arrest, under trial and saying goodbye to his children before his death. There are two mirrors of Venetian glass on the walls, and, rather curiously, near the door is a picture of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, though what he is doing there I cannot imagine.

The Great Diningroom, dated from 1815, is a long, bright room with a highly decorated gold and white ceiling with vine leaves done in plasterwork and a symmetrical pattern across the middle. The table is long and highly polished, and the chairs are of Irish Chippendale. There is a picture at the end of the room showing two girls in white, flimsy dresses, decorating Handel's bust with flowers. There are painted, smooth pillars standing between the table and the windows: these are so inconspicuously painted in a pale shade of green that I only really became aware of them when I bumped into one.

From the Great Diningroom we went into the old kitchen, where we bought refreshments and rested.

I found it a most interesting and enjoyable visit, and the scattered rhododendron bushes (which were in full bloom) of which we caught glimpses when driving back through the grounds in the bus seemed to be a lovely touch to our visit to Carton House.

Barbara Daqq 4A.

AN IRISH HOLIDAY FOR GUIDES

In July, 1971, Patricia, Valerie and Yvonne accompanied by eleven other Irish Guides and twenty eight visiting Guides from America, Scandinavia, Switzerland, Holland, Belgium and Great Britain set out on a coach tour around Ireland.

We travelled to Galway via Athlone where we had a Civic Reception. In Galway we stayed in St. Mary's College and met Guides and Rangers from Galway. Then we were taken on a conducted tour of the city visiting the New Cathedral, Spanish Arch, and Salmon Weir Bridge.

From Galway we went to Connemara and all were impressed by the wild and beautiful scenery. Later, visiting the world famous area of the Burren in Co. Clare we saw some rare plants.

Next day we visited the awe-inspiring Cliffs of Moher. From there we travelled to Killarney where we visited the well known Muckross House and were taken round the lakes in jaunting cars. The Ring of Kerry was a great attraction to everyone.

We travelled to Cork where the Lord Mayor welcomed us and later we all went on a shopping spree. In Clonmel we paraded through the town and were given a Civic Reception.

Later on we travelled to the National Jubilee Camp at the Curragh where we spent our last night with hundreds of other Irish Guides. The next day we travelled back to Dublin. The tour lasted a week and the visiting Guides were given hospitality by Dublin Guides.

Patricia Fox, Valerie Coghlan 4A.

ROSC '71

Emotions, devotions, poverty and love
May all be thrust into Art,
Yet why, my friend, is it so hard
To see them in your work?
You understand, you told us so—
How one portrays a love,
A hate, a plain desire,
Just try to make us see them now
Before it is too late.

Carol Whittaker, 6B.

MATHEMATICS SYMPOSIUM 1972

What is Mathematics? Why bother to learn Mathematics? Are boys better at Mathematics than girls?

These were some of the questions put by post primary school pupils to a panel of university professors and teachers in U.C.D. on Saturday, 4th March, 1972. The answers were deep and searching and they probed into the meaning and relevance of Mathematics in the real world, their application in our everyday lives, the connection between Mathematics and beauty and even their relationship with God.

Father Byrne, a teacher from St. Mary's College took the viewpoint that Mathematics is a system created by God, and that in our discovery of this system we unfold the beauty hidden in reality.

Others said that the value of Mathematics is the mental discipline init-

iated by its logical structure, and Miss Oldham or T.C.D. even went so far as to say that Mathematics is the purest form of knowledge, although she admitted that Fr. Byrne might find it the second purest.

In reply to questions about the definition of Mathematics, even Professor Timoney of U.C.D. admitted that it was impossible to define it in simple terms, mainly because its essence lies in abstraction.

Another aspect of the discussion was the different approach of the new Mathematics syllabus as the concept of the whole structure behind the old practices which were learnt off by rote, and which therefore did not involve thinking.

All in all we had an enjoyable and stimulating afternoon because the answers were not only intelligible but they made an impact on us by giving us food for thought.

Barbara Dowds 6A.
Elizabeth Plunkett 6A.

A VISIT TO DUNSINK OBSERVATORY

On Wednesday, 26th January, 18 members of 5A and 5B were taken, very kindly, out to Dunsink Observatory by Miss Williams, Miss Caird, and four of the girls' parents. The day had been rather dull, which was very disheartening, as we feared we would not be able to see the stars. However, there was a strong wind that night which temporarily cleared the sky of clouds. We were looking forward to this trip with some background knowledge due to a short concise lecture from Miss Caird about what we might see, and due to slides and information expertly given to us by Mr. F. Murphy, Honorary Secretary of the Dublin Branch of the Irish Astronomical Society, who talked to us in school for an hour the previous day. By means of his slides, we were able to see many features of astronomical interest which we could not see otherwise, due to their position at the moment.

Mr. Murphy told us the history of astronomy, showing how it was first believed that all planets revolved around the earth. He showed us the Ptolemaic System of Ptolemy, a Greek mathematician. Then he showed us how some people later decided that everything revolved around the sun, even the stars. After showing us the basics of astronomy he introduced the planets to us: Mercury, Venus, Earth, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, Neptune and Pluto, showing some very fine slides of each of these. He told us

how Neptune and Pluto were not discovered for many years and then Pluto was only visible on a "blink-comparator," i.e. a photograph taken one day and placed beside a photograph of the same place taken a week later. As Pluto is a planet it will have moved while the stars will appear in the same position, hence Pluto was traced. Mr. Murphy also explained that a star is a ball of extremely hot energy, and an easy example is our sun, or further away, Sirius in Canis Major at night. A planet is not a "ball of fire" and easy examples here are the Earth or Saturn. The naked eye can distinguish between stars and planets by the fact that stars appear to "twinkle" while planets do not.

At the Observatory we were extremely well received by our guide, Mr. Norris, who showed us the 12 inch refractor telescope there, which though small by world standards was quite large and heavy. He began by showing us the craters on the moon's surface, and these were extremely clear and gave the group quite a feeling of achievement. Not all of the moon was visible as it was beginning to wane, and the best and largest craters could be seen where the light was not so good, i.e. where the shadow was beginning to cover it. It appeared very white and bright as it picks up the rays of the sun and has no atmosphere to blur out the outline.

When everyone had looked at the moon through the telescope, Mr. Norris tried to focus the telescope on Saturn but missed the first time and focussed on a star instead. A few of us saw this star before he re-focused, on Saturn this time. The star appeared just like a round ball of light with white flames licking out from it all around. Saturn, however was far more interesting, and is said to be the most beautiful object in the sky to observe. We saw it very clearly with all three rings visible. The rings of Saturn have presented a great problem to astronomers, i.e. what are they made of? One sound suggestion is that they are composed of particles of dust or small rocks which have been drawn into Saturn's gravitational field and form these rings, heavier particles forming the inner ring and so on. Yet another suggestion is that the rings are made up of solid blocks of ice. We cannot reject either suggestion as yet, but we too can suggest even more bizarre ideas. The rings are not circular but are more like ellipses. We were able to count several of

the nine moons which surround Saturn. The nine moons are not all visible at any time anyway, as can be expected.

When everyone had observed Saturn we were shown the Great Nebula in Orion. The naked eye cannot see this feature properly, and even when looking through a telescope all that is visible is "dust" or particles. If a photograph is exposed for some time we can get a fairly good picture of this nebula. A nebula is where hydrogen, nitrogen, oxygen, minerals and particles come together and the heat given off is immense. This is where a new star is formed from particles in space. Also this can be the result of an old star exploding, which is called a supernova. Naturally it is bound to be surrounded by particles.

After using the telescope Mr. Norris proceeded to show us some slides, mainly of different nebulae, and the births and deaths of stars. He explained that there are different types of stars — white, yellow-orange, red, blue. The more intense the colour, the hotter the star. Our own sun is an orange sun, which means that it is of medium heat. "Heat" here is calculated in thousands of degrees!

We were then taken into the main Observatory building to see some of the electrical instruments. We passed through the Meridian Room, which is now a library, but used to be an observatory. This room contained an old telescope, called a transit circle. This checks the times of transit of stars over the meridian. We continued, to be shown an iris-photometer which measures the diameter and light of stars from photometers of Dunsink staff. Harvard, Dunsink and Armagh observatories share a large telescope in Bloemfontein where clear skies occur more frequently than in Ireland. Next we were shown the computer which was unfurling reels of information. After watching this for some time we were shown a machine, being built at the observatory, which is a highly advanced type of blink comparator producing results without any continual "blinking" of the eyes from one picture to another. All this was extremely interesting and all too soon it was time to leave. Before we left Mr. Norris showed us the two antique "grand father" type clocks which are kept at the observatory. They are worth £6,000. One keeps Greenwich Mean Time and the other keeps Sidereal Time.

Finally, much to our disappointment, the

time for departure came and off we went with our heads bursting with knowledge. Truly now Miss Caird and Miss Williams can say that they have 18 'star' pupils!

We thank Mr. Armstrong, Mr. Cooke, Mr. Mellor and Mr. Eager for helping us with transport. Without them most of us could not have visited Dunsink.

Most of all, our thanks go to Mr. Murphy and Mr. Norris both of whom gave up much of their time to us. We owe a great deal to their patience in explaining and simplifying technical information so that we could understand it and they showed us a great deal that is very beautiful and yet awe-inspiring in the universe.

Lesley Gibson and Susan Ruffli 5A.

AN EXCITING EXPERIENCE

It all began when we set off on holiday. Our destination was Norway.

We drove from Dublin to Larne and from there we went to Stranraer on the car-ferry. We stayed the night in a guest-house.

After breakfast we started off for Hull. We arrived around tea-time so we drove quickly on to the ship and had tea in our cabin. The ship was called 'Spero'. We stayed two nights and one day on it.

When we had dressed we went up on deck to get out first glimpse of Goteberg (Gotenberg). We drove through Goteberg and on to Oslo. We pitched our tent in a camp site on Ekeberg.

The next day we went on a tour of Oslo. We walked through Slotts park and saw the palace. We also saw 'The National Theatre' and the Radhus (town hall).

We set off again. On the way we saw a stave church. It is made completely of wood. We pitched our tent at a little place called Morgedal.

In the morning we went to a little museum that had the equipment of the people who started ski-ing as a sport. We drove through beautiful countryside and found a lovely camp-site on the shores of Hardanger fjord.

We went on a tour of Bergen. We went inside the Hanseatic Museum. A German merchant had lived in it in the sixteenth century.

We drove through Jotunheimen (the land of the giants). We saw the Fanaraken glacier. Some of the mountains were over eight thousand feet high including Galdhøpiggen which is eight thousand and ninety five feet above sea level. The highest point of the

road on which we drove was four thousand six hundred and ninety feet.

After a long drive we arrived in Afjord where we stayed the week-end with a friend of Daddy's.

On Monday morning we decided to go on to the Arctic Circle. We did not reach it that day though. That night we saw the midnight sun.

We had dinner at Stodi, one mile past the Arctic Circle, next day. At the Arctic Circle there is a souvenir shop where we bought some things.

After spending the night at Mosjen we started on the long drive to Oslo. It took us four days to get there. We had an interesting weekend seeing the Folk Museum, folk dancing, Frogner Park, the Kon Tiki and the Viking Ships Museum.

On Tuesday morning we set off for Gotenberg where we boarded the ship for England.

We stayed the weekend in Nuneaton. From there we travelled to Holyhead where the car-ferry took us back to Dublin.

We all agreed it was the most exciting holiday we ever had.

Naomi Jupe 1D.

NO MAN IS AN ISLAND

No man is an island. One could easily rush into making such a statement without thinking of its true meaning. What is an island? At first glance, the answer would probably be that it is a piece of land cut off completely by water from the mainland, and in this case the statement is, in general, true. Every island, however, even if it is only a tiny speck in the ocean, is part of our universe and must be there for some purpose. Even islands have to depend on the mainland at times; so, is any man, however distant he may be from the crowd, an island?

Our society, both past and present, has been built up like a child's building bricks, or a stack of tins in a supermarket; if one at the bottom is removed, they all fall down. It is strange to think that a king, so high in our society should have to depend on a poor farmer. A typical example of this interdependence is the structure of society in Feudal times; at the top was the lord and, heading downwards, the people became less and less important (in the eyes of man) until, at the very bottom of the scale one

came to the serf; but could the lord have existed without the serf? Can **WE** live without food and water? At present, the scale is not so well defined, but it is there all the same. Instead of the serf we have the road sweeper, the dust-bin man; to use an old expression, "Where would we be without them?" This is simply another way of saying that every man has a place of his own on this earth. Whether we like it or not, God has given each and everyone of us a job to do and it is up to ourselves to get on with it. One could "jump in" at this stage and say "Well, if a man does not take his place in society then he is cut off from the rest; he is an island". Think again. Every day people are dropping out of the race, unable to keep up and so deciding to "do their own thing"; each one of these is an example to us. We may not admit it, but we need these people to show us how **NOT** to run our own lives. They may be "islands" in one sense but they are not "self-sufficient" islands.

Every man is an individual in his own right and by being in the midst of those who seem to be greater than himself, he need not lose his individuality. He does not have to stand alone on a platform where everyone can see him, he has not to become an island to maintain his rights as an important part of society because, in the eyes of God, all are equal and that is all that should matter to us.

There is a word at the back of my mind which will not be pushed away; it sets me thinking that perhaps the statement — "No man is an island" is untrue. That word is **HERMIT**. Who could possibly be more cut off, more like an island than a true hermit? He does not depend on anyone, no one depends on him. Like the "drop out", however, can the hermit teach us something? He also must be there for some reason, even if nobody knows what that reason is.

"No man is an island" may be interpreted in various ways. Through the eyes of man himself, the lonely person living far from civilisation may seem to be an island, but through the eyes of God not one of us is out on his own, not one of us is independent. We are not part of a world made up of little islands, we are as a country made up of individual states, each tied to the next. The border between a hermit and the next man may not be easily crossed but nothing is impossible. We must stand together; no island ever won a war on its own.

Alison Smith 6A

THE PRESENT SITUATION

The troubles of the country are many
Gone is the day of peace.
All are out to destroy what we've made
Its been going on for the past decade
Gone is the day of peace.
Every weapon, stone and rock
What is happening to this God's flock?
People tense, anxious, tired
Beggars on streets, men being fired
Gone is the day of peace.
Green fields, red roses, blue sky above,
Money and wealth, what about love?
Gone is the day of peace.
Skyscrapers, pollution, machines,
The starving, poor and neglected.
Are somehow connected
With that day of peace.

Lesley Eager 5A.

THE BIOLOGY CONFERENCE 1971

On the twenty-first and twenty-second of December 1971 a Biology Conference was held in University College, Dublin for Senior Secondary and Technical School students. Some of the girls in Diocesan attended and were greatly impressed by the speakers. Mr. Sean Flanagan T.D., Minister for Lands, opened the conference and pollution in its various forms was the subject for the following lecturers.

The speakers discussed the different types of water pollution caused by factory, farm and domestic waste. Intensive farming is responsible for polluting of rivers because the biochemical oxygen demand of this silage is high and consequently the oxygen is used up therefore endangering the water life. Fish give the first sign that the water is badly polluted. If immediate attention is given the problem may be rectified and the fish will thrive.

Industrial plants are a source of pollution as they deposit toxic materials into the water. If this toxic pollution is high repopulation of the river may be impossible.

Eutrophication, which is the over enrichment of a body of water at a quicker rate than would occur naturally, may arise as a result of pollution. If eutrophication is serious the luxurious growth of the plants clog up the lake and in time the lake becomes a swamp, dries up and becomes dry land. This was described as a life span of a lake which normally takes tens of thousands of years, but can be speeded up by pollution.

Money is being spent in educating the

offenders in order to avoid future pollution. Biologists are concentrating on this problem and have had many satisfying results.

The conference was both beneficial and interesting as the subject is an immediate problem of today that concerns us all.

Glynis Dunbar, Susan Eager,
Carol Whittaker (6th Year).

BIOLOGY TODAY 1971

NOISE POLLUTION

Mr. J. J. Kelly of the Institute for Industrial Research, delivered his lecture in the afternoon session of the second day of the Conference, Tuesday, December 21st, 1971. Mr. Kelly started off by explaining the differences between Noise and Sound to us. He said that sound is a lower form or noise which is easily tolerable to the ear. This may be in the form of a cricket's voice or the tick of a clock, for example. This is completely different from noise which includes in its endless list, that of a person shouting, and an aeroplane passing overhead. He explained to us that there are different types of noise, and that all these are contained in what is known as White Noise. At this moment Mr. Kelly asked his assistant to play a piece of tape demonstrating white noise. It is just a blur of sound — like that which is experienced when there is interference on a radio. He then showed how white noise is divided into different noises, by playing a piece of tape on which they were separated.

Some of these sounds are inaudible to the human ear and these are either of a very low or a very high frequency. We were shown some slides of graphs measuring noise and were then shown some sources of Noise Pollution. Mr. Kelly feels that increasing noise pollution is going hand in hand with increasing technological knowledge. He says that there are ways of comparatively quietening noise but these cost far more than the extra labour costs, which means that they are generally omitted.

Mr. Kelly then told us that people who work continuously under conditions of severe noise usually become deaf at about the age of thirty or forty. This, he said, was due to the continual barrage on the ear drums of the loud sound waves. These eventually broke the ear drum and deafness occurred. Then he played a piece of tape for us which was the noise from a dance hall at a distance of about 500 yards. I was amazed

to find that the music was still very loud. Mr. Kelly said, that if a person was subjected to this noise every night each week, that the person would have severe damage done to his eardrum. He did not say, however, that people should not be subjected to this type of noise — only less frequently, three or four times a week at the most perhaps.

Traffic is another uncontrollable cause of noise and it is noticeable, naturally, that the larger the concentration of traffic the louder and more blurred is the noise. Mr. Kelly had an interesting point to make about the traffic and that was that, whereas people had grown accustomed to the sound of the city traffic, they were unable to accustom themselves to the quietness of the country. They said they could "hear" the silence!

Altogether, this was a very enjoyable and entertaining lecture and I would not hesitate to rank it as **one of the best** lectures of the two days. Mr. Kelly had to be a bit brief towards the end due to lack of time so he was only able to mention briefly the fact that it is not only large masses which make loud noises — try syltting an atom sometime!

Lesley Gibson 5a.

LECTURE ON LOUGH SHEELIN

**By Dr. P. Timpson, Department of
Pharmacology, Veterinary College of Ireland
13th January, 1971**

I propose to write on my impressions of the Biology Conference from the point of view of one lecture which I considered the most interesting and comprehensive of the whole set of eleven lectures delivered during the two days. This was the lecture given by Dr. P. Timpson on the subject of the pollution of Lough Sheelin.

He began by describing the life span of a lake and by showing how its life time may be shortened by hundreds of years in the space of one year due to deoxygenating pollution. Lakes are formed by the subsidence of land or the scooping out of a valley by glaciers which is then filled up with rain and river water. This water carries with it salts :- phosphates, nitrates and potassium, and plants which feed on them begin to grow in the lake. Microscopic animals feed on these plants and at the end of the chain fish feed on these animals. When the fish die their bodies are decomposed by bacteria and their body salts are returned to the lake water. This encourages more plants to grow

which in turn is conducive to the life of microscopic animals. The chain continues and the population of the lake increases gradually until after tens of thousands of years the lake becomes clogged with plants and is termed a swamp. Then the water evaporates and dry land returns to the area after its absence of many thousand years.

Now Dr. Timpson came to the point of the lecture :- the fact that this process may be drastically speeded up by the addition of man's excess nutrients to the lakes. The most common of these are animal faeces, detergents and inorganic fertilizers especially nitrates. This state is called eutrophication and as a result of it the number of fish in the lake increase and the oxygen level drops soon afterwards, as a result of the vast amount of it used in decomposing dead matter. The coarse fish which need less oxygen than fish such as trout or salmon take their place. Eventually even they begin to die from lack of oxygen. This latter stage has not yet been reached in Lough Sheelin but the lack of trout in the lake, for which the area has been famous has done serious damage to the tourist industry. The excess nutrients entering Lough Sheelin have led to the growth of an alga — anabina whose blue-green colour has turned the water turbid and greatly inhibited fly-fishing for the simple reason that the fish could not see the flies. An added danger to the problem, was that the alga would release a toxin that would kill the fish so precious to the livelihood of the people in the district. The water would also become unsuitable for drinking with the further increase of this alga and the town of Granard is served for its drinking supply by a lake connected to Lough Sheelin by the river running between them.

In a series of experiments carried out in the lake and adjoining rivers it was found that the level of nitrates, phosphates and ammonia in the rivers was much higher below piggeries and chicken farms than above them. It was also discovered that the farmers, not knowing the danger that slurry and chicken manure could do the lake and not realising the value it could be to them, were emptying these wastes into the rivers. The nutrients were carried down to the lake by the rivers, caused eutrophication and upset the fine balance of nature. Some of the farmers were spreading the slurry on their land during the winter when the earth was frosted over. The earth did not absorb

the nutrients and they were washed into the rivers by subsequent rain.

The Veterinary College are trying to combat this immense problem by a scheme to educate the farmers, but the pollution has gone so far by now that even if no more slurry is dumped into the lake it will take years for it to regain its original purity.

Dr. Timpson's lecture was given in logical sequence around a central theme. Thus, each point in it was perfectly clear and by his explanation of this very common type of pollution we were enabled to understand some points in other lectures which otherwise would not have been clear. A subject that is often regarded as dull and boring was rendered most interesting for us, with the advent of understanding arrived at by the interest and eloquence of the lecturers themselves.

Barbara Dowds 6A.

ENVIRONMENTAL STUDIES

Increased time and thought are being given this year to providing opportunities for all Diocesan girls to learn more about the city and country in which they live. We believe that if we can awaken a greater interest in local history, a greater appreciation of beauty in our surroundings, a greater concern about our heritage, and a greater awareness of personal responsibility, then life will be richer and full of purpose. To achieve this aim we are working on a six-year plan which will give each girl an opportunity of participating in varied expeditions, some included within School hours, some voluntary activities on Saturdays, or in the evening, and most at low cost.

Before any School outing is undertaken detailed planning must take place, occupying many hours. Members of Staff, parents and friends willingly contribute thought, and time and energy to make these expeditions a success, but many of the practical arrangements are in Miss Williams' hands.

TOWARDS A BETTER WORLD

1970 was Conservation Year, though, as some witty journalists of the time suggested, it might have been more aptly called "Conversation Year". It was the year in which huge sums of money were spent in informing the public about the beauty of our country both from the scenic and the architectural point of view and, more important, about how this beauty was being destroyed, by

Man's misuse of his environment. The word "pollution" became a catch-phrase. It was a new thing to condemn, a new evil to complain about, a new fault to find with the Government. However, in my opinion and in the opinion of others much more knowledgeable than I, Conservation Year achieved little. It informed the public, but the public soon forgot. Theories were formulated but most of them were never put into practice: and gradually the country slipped back into its complacent "I'm all right, Jack" attitude.

In my view, it is time that the people of his country, especially those in authority, took a long, hard, critical look at themselves. How are we shaping the country for future generations? Are we destroying our natural beauty? How can we avoid this? These are the questions we should ask ourselves and the answers we give should be put into practice immediately before it is too late.

Progress in industrial and commercial fields is essential to our country, if it is to survive in an increasingly competitive world. This is a truism which cannot be denied and it will be even more obviously true if and when we join the Common Market. We must be able to present a sensible attitude towards this progress and use it for the good of the environment, not for destroying it. However, our attitude up to the present has not been sensible. In 1970, the same year as Conservation Year a large, rather ugly, office block for the Electricity Supply Board was built almost at the heart of Georgian Dublin. Is this what we call progress? Not only did it involve the demolition of some Georgian houses, but now it stands an eyesore in the midst of those remaining. Would it not have been better for the architectural beauty of Dublin, for the tourist industry and possibly even for the E.S.B. to have placed it in a more discreet position?

If we are going even to try to conserve our scenic and our architectural beauty, industrialists and town and rural planners must look ahead and try to see the country as it will be in the future. Every building, factory and office block should be sited carefully so as to reduce the ill-effects on the environment to a minimum. Such factors should be taken into consideration as:- does the appearance of the building in any way interfere with the architectural design of the surrounding buildings? If so, can the appearance be altered to suit its position? Does the industry produce any smoke or other waste which

would possibly deface its surroundings ? Does it produce any chemical effluent which would have ill-effects on neighbouring vegetation or animals ?

If all these factors were considered and assessed carefully, our industrial expansion could proceed hand in hand with the conservation of beauty and the result would be a balanced environment from which everyone would benefit. We have a national heritage of beauty of which we should be proud and it is our duty as citizens to do our best to preserve it. This involves a sensible, mature and adult approach to the problem and this is not yet apparent. Let us hope that it will be in the future so that we may become a society where both industrial progress and natural and architectural beauty are equally valued and both are used to their full potential without one dominating or destroying the other.

Elizabeth Plunkett 6A.

A LITTLE LAMB

One day my Auntie, Uncle and cousin were having lunch in a hotel. My cousin was very difficult to please and did not like the choice of meat on the menu. The waiter then asked if she would like a "Little lamb". Surprised, my cousin said "No thank you". But her mother told the waiter to give it to her.

On the way home her mother asked her if she liked the lamb. "Yes" she replied.

"Well, why did you not take it when the waiter first offered it to you" ?

"Because, where would I put a little lamb, and anyway we have not a lead with us to take it home" my cousin replied.

Hazel Tyler 3B.

AN UNFORTUNATE MORNING

From the moment I stepped out of my bed, things began to go wrong. First of all, I went into the bathroom to wash. Now the tube of toothpaste was nearly empty, so I decided to finish it. I put it on the floor and stood on it. The toothpaste came out all right, but much more than I expected, and it went all over the floor.

Soon I went downstairs and made my lunch, but I put it in my brother's bag. Fortunately I realised this in time.

After breakfast, I went to the bus-stop and caught the bus. I was given the ticket and I put it in one of my bags, but which bag, I do not know. An Inspector boarded the bus just then, and oh, when he came to look at my ticket, I could not find it. Frantically I looked

for it, in my school-bag, my swimming togs bag, everywhere. In the end, I had to pay my fare again. Could you guess what happened then ? Well, during all that, I had passed my bus-stop, so I had to get off at the next one and walk back.

On the way, I asked a lady if I was going in the right direction. Unfortunately, the instructions she gave me led me to a completely different school. Then I saw some friends who gave me a lift back to school. I arrived just in time for prayers, and so I was not late.

When, after school I arrived at the bus stop, I realised that that morning I had spent the money for the homeward journey, so I had to walk all the way home.

Lindsey Abbot 1D.

THE WILD ONE

With apologies to W. B. Yeats.

Sometimes I see him still,
That wild and dappled colt
Grazing peacefully on the hill.
One noise — a thunderbolt !
It's a long time since
I last felt his sleek body,
One touch — a proud wince —
Of a coat that ne'er was shoddy.
It's coming close on two years now
Since first he went astray.
Sweat arises on his brow
As loosened sods his feet do flay,
But my colt with a playful twist
Will lead his family down the stream.
A colt who does no more exist,
A colt who's nothing but a dream.
He cries out loud "Fore I'm too old,
My herd'll be a hundred fold".

D. Armstrong 5B.

SPORTS DAY, 1971

In 1961, Miss J. M. Scott was initially responsible for securing the Sports Ground for Diocesan's use. She was assisted in every way by the Committee of Management, by Mrs. Blackmore, who was then Games Mistress, and by the Past Pupils' Association, who raised sufficient money to re-condition the Sports Pavilion, but our thanks go first to Miss Scott for her inspiration and courage. We were honoured when Miss Scott consented to distribute the prizes won in 1971, and thus celebrate the end of the first decade.

We thank Miss Daunt, and all members of staff and girls who co-operated

cheerfully to make Wednesday, 23rd June, a happy day, and congratulate the winners: G. Large (Taylor Cup); E. Torrans (Staff Cup); L. Matthews (Diocesan Cup); L. Cairns, J. Danker, S. Fraser (Mathers Cup); Form 5A (Tate Cup); Susan Eager (Belgrave Cup).

SWIMMING 1971-72

Every Saturday morning from 9.30 a.m. to 10.30 a.m. a large number of girls attend classes at the Church of Ireland Training College's swimming Pool in Rathmines. Over the years the numbers have increased so much that this year we were divided into two classes one from 9.30 a.m. to 9.55 a.m. and the other from 9.55 a.m. to 10.20 a.m. This has been very successful.

On Saturday, 2nd October we held our second swimming gala. As usual the events were completed between 9.30 a.m. and 10.30 a.m. with plenty of time to spare, thanks to the efficiency of Miss Correll and Miss Caird, and their helpers Miss Williams and Miss Stevenson and the Prefects. While other competitors dressed, four Senior girls, Wendy Orr, Valerie Carroll, Lynda Barry and Lorna Bolster gave a life-saving display.

Mrs. G. D. Hobson who is the wife of the Rev. Canon G. D. Hobson, Chairman of the Committee of Management very kindly distributed the prizes. For the first time the prizes for the major events were in the form of gold and silver medals with a special "swimming centre". Then, one of our guests at the Gala Mr. G. N. Caird, an examiner in the Royal Life Saving Society, gave useful advice about concentrating on swimming style rather than on strength. We are grateful to both these busy people.

I take this opportunity to thank Miss Correll and Miss Caird for all the work they have put into our swimming classes during this year, and all the parents who supported our swimming gala.

SWIMMING GALA RESULTS

Junior Freestyle (2 lengths) : 1st place, Gina Quin; 2nd place, Wendy Vincent.

Junior Breast Stroke (3 lengths) : 1st place, Gina Quin; 2nd place Karen Foxall.

Junior Backcrawl (3 lengths) : 1st place, Gina Quin; 2nd place Barbara Campbell.

Senior Freestyle (3 lengths) : 1st place, Wendy Orr; 2nd place, Gillian Jackson.

Senior Breast Stroke (3 lengths) : 1st place, Gillian Jackson; 2nd place Deirdre Fincher.

Senior Backcrawl (3 lengths) : 1st place, Wendy Orr; 2nd place Lynda Barry.

Junior Novelty (In pairs — 1 length) : 1st place, Wendy Vincent and Hazel Tyrer; 2nd place Gina Quin and Barbara Campbell.

Senior Novelty (in pairs — 2 lengths) 1st place, Gillian Jackson and Lynda Barry; 2nd place, Sandra Moore and Valerie Coghlan.

Junior Balloon Race (2 widths) : 1st place Karen Foxall; 2nd place, Sandra Fraser.

Senior Pyjama Race (1 length) : 1st place Wendy Orr; 2nd place Lynda Barry.

Junior Form Relay : 1st Linda Salisbury; Helen Beardsley; Ruth Babington; Gina Quin 3A.

Senior Form Relay : 1st, Lynda Barry; Olwyn Crosse; Gillian Jackson; Ruth Williams, 5B.

Wendy Orr.
(Games Captain).

BADMINTON

The 1970/71 badminton season was quite a successful one. The first team once again reached the final of the Schools' League in which they played Wesley College. They failed to win this match but had some very enjoyable and close games. The second team drew one match with Mount Anville but lost the other three matches. The Under 15 team only managed to win one game in four matches but gained useful experience.

The finals of the Nescafé Schools Ladder were played in April 1971. Lesley Gibson represented the school in the Under 15 Section and Wendy Orr in the Under 18. Wendy Orr won the Under 18 Section beating Colette Egan of Our Lady's School, Templeogue in the final. She was presented with the Nescafé's Schools trophy and a voucher for £10 to the school.

The 1971/72 season has started off with great success and we were once again able to enter three teams in the Schools League. This season the first and second team are having special coaching from Miss Joan Montgomery. This has been possible due to the Nescafé's £10 voucher.

We thank Mrs. R. H. Orr and Mrs. Duggan for giving up Tuesday and Thursday afternoons to coach us and we congratulate Mrs. Orr on passing her examination as a qualified Club Coach. We also thank the trustees of Charleston Road Methodist Church for giving us the use of the hall and

Mr. White for having the hall ready for us every week.

**Wendy Orr 6B.
(Games Captain).**

THE HOCKEY REPORT 1971/72

This season we have six teams — the 1st XI, 2nd XI, Junior A, Junior B, Minor and a Beginners team. Out of these six, four entered in their respective Cup Competitions.

In the Autumn term we played many matches, having a match nearly every Saturday, winning in some but not in others. We were all very glad that the rain held off for so many Saturdays in the Autumn term, but we were not so lucky in the Easter term.

The Junior A, captained by Sandra Williams played Killiney, a far more experienced team, in the first round and were beaten. The Junior B captained by Barbara Dagg, won their first round by beating Sion Hill and they play Ballyroan in the second round. The 2nd XI captained by Lorna Bolster, were beaten by Drogheda Grammar School, a school well-known for the high standard of their hockey, in the first round. The 1st XI, captained by Wendy Orr, won the first round against Mountjoy Marine winning 2-1 after a replay in Belgrave Square. In the second round they travelled to Wicklow to play Dominican Convent, last year's finalists, but lost.

The 1st XI hope that plans for a trip to Sligo in April will materialise. We will be the guests of the Ursuline Convent girls and their parents, and look forward to playing against the Sligo Grammar School and the Ursuline Convent. They are very kindly delaying turning their all-weather pitch into tennis courts until after our visit.

We are grateful to all who have supported our matches. If others realised how much we appreciate support, perhaps more would come — we will make an effort to advertise our matches in good time.

Wendy Orr, 6B.

CANOEING

It is a Wednesday night and in the midst of the emptiness of Bull Island, punts and oars, canoes and paddles are being drawn along the beach to the sea. Then a group of half a dozen girls in life belts climb precariously into the frail structures. They roll about the waves for a few hours, for no other reason than for the excitement and achievement of gaining mastery over the most power

ful of elements — the sea.

The girls are Sea Rangers and the canoes belong to the Sea Scout troop that works in conjunction with us. Apart from the canoeing we have rowing, swimming and theoretical seamanship activities.

Last October we spent a weekend aboard the lightship Albatross which is anchored near the mouth of Dun Laoghaire Harbour. We had the novelty of living aboard ship and sleeping in hammocks to the roll of the waves. We were instructed in the arts of sailing, rowing, and canoeing in the boats, skins and canoes attached to the ship, and in the evening we were taught the elements of navigation, charts and tides.

At Hallowe'en some of us entered a canoe shalem competition on the Liffey at Palmers-town Weir where there is a canoeing club. This was my first experience of canoeing on a river and I soon felt the difference between it and sea canoeing, as I drifted unnoticed towards the Weir and nearly ended at the bottom with the canoe on top of me, instead of the other way round. Each competitor had a practice run and two later runs which were judged in the competition. I chose a life jacket, a shalem canoe rather than a sprite and a feathered paddle. The aim of the competition was to pass through each "gate" from the correct side (i.e. red pole on competitor's left and green pole on right) without touching either pole. As the gates were only 4' 6" wide the paddle must be raised vertically to pass through them. This may be achieved gracefully with practice. Otherwise paddler and paddle, canoe and poles become inextricably entangled and a large penalty of marks is extracted from one's steadily declining total.

Although I ended up nearer the latter end of the competition results it did not lessen my enjoyment of the day and while we did not manage to keep the water out of the canoes — not having spray sheets — we did keep ourselves out of the water, which was an achievement in itself.

Barbara Dowds, 6A.

MY LIFE

I am a ball, a round ball, a football. I am made of soft brown leather. I was made in a factory, where they made all sizes and shapes of balls. The men who made the balls were waiting for a new batch of leather to come in, when it did I was the first and the best ball to be made.

First of all, the men got the rubber and placed it in a mould to shape it. This part of me is called the bladder. They then attached the valve. After this they cut out the leather part from a pattern, which they then placed round the bladder putting the valve through a hole which had been left in the leather. They then sewed up the leather with good thread.

I was then made, and thrown into a box with other balls. After a couple of days the box was thrown into a van, as far as I could make out. The next day the box was opened and there standing looking down at us was a man in a white coat. He picked me up and looked at me closely, examining everything. He appeared to me to be a shop-keeper.

I looked around me to find that I was in a sports shop. There were some well dressed people at the counter waiting for some goods. I concluded that this must be a well known shop. I was replaced in the box again where I stayed for a few days.

I was then taken out by the same shop-keeper, and shown to a young gentleman at the counter, who had another ball in his hand. The customer took me in his hand and looked at me closely, then he bounced me on the floor for the first time, but not the last. He had a decision to make between me and the other ball. He chose me and I was wrapped up in brown paper and taken by the man.

When I came out of that brown paper I was being looked at by a team of football players, which I was to live with for most of my life. This was the start of my adventurous life. I was bounced on the ground and thrown by them.

The next day I was carried out by one of the players to the field for a practice. He suddenly gave me a boot into the air. Boy! It sure hurt me at first, but I soon got used to it. After being hit, I went sailing through the air going round and round as I went. Suddenly I landed on the ground again with a bump. At the end of the practice I was just the same as when I started except for the kicks.

I played with a team called Cheerville United. They seemed to me to be fairly famous. All the players lived in Cheerville. I learned to know the game of football very well, and knew where I was meant to be put for a penalty or corner.

After about a year, the team decided to

go abroad and play other foreign teams. This is when I began to travel and see the world. When the team travelled abroad I, of course, went with them. For the first year we toured Europe and I saw many of the inhabitants.

In these matches I was often kicked up into the gallery among the crowds. On one occasion, in Germany I was kicked up into the stands and landed on a big fat lady's lap. Gosh! You should have seen her face, it was bright red with surprise. As I sat on her lap I looked down on the crowds who were looking up towards me waiting for me to be thrown down, a man who was sitting beside the lady picked me up and flung me down. Soon I was received by a player at the edge of the pitch.

By the time we travelled to South America I was becoming very old and a little ragged to be of use to the team. I knew I would have to go soon. I had had a number of punctures throughout my life so far. I had lost only two matches since we had left home. I was their lucky mascot and they could not play without me.

One day while I was lying in a cupboard, I could hear some of the men saying that they needed a new ball and that I was too old for them. I was upset about this, but knew I would have to go sooner or later. I thought of how lucky I was to have been able to see the world, not like the other balls that were in the same box as I was once upon a time. They were probably just owned by ordinary schoolboys.

The team in the end, gave me to some children who possessed me for the rest of my life, until I was thrown in a dustbin. The children never knew that I had come from Ireland, which to them was many miles away.

Christina Worrall 3A.

THE MATCH

On Friday, 17th December 1971 Ruth, Maeve and I set off on the B & I boat to go and see our team—Manchester United playing Spurs. We docked at seven on Saturday morning in Liverpool and caught the 7.25 train at Lime Street and arrived in Manchester at 8.30 a.m. we spent the morning shopping in Manchester and after lunch we decked ourselves in red and white and went by the special football train to Old Trafford Station. Having visited the Red Devil Shop we waited at the entrance for the teams to arrive. When they arrived the cheers went up and when the last player had gone in we

hurried inside to our seats which were near the half way line. Being early we heard the special record requests for the different players, the atmosphere was one of excitement and expectation, with the crowd in red and white singing and waving their banners and scarves.

At last three o'clock came and the two teams came out on to the pitch. The cheer went up and the crowd suddenly became alive, the toss was taken, the whistle went and the game started. The first half was exciting and we went near to scoring when Best dribbled the ball up the pitch, passed to Charlton who took a shot at goal but the ball went wide. 'Spurs' too went near to scoring on one occasion but Stepney raced out of goal to fall onto the ball before Chivers could take a shot. The crowd were shouting for score when suddenly five minutes from half time the goal came, when Burns headed a free kick into the goal mouth and McIlroy flicked it home. The half time score stood at Man. Unt. 1, Spurs nil.

Early in the second half we had some anxious moments when Neyhour and Chivers put Stepney under pressure but we were never in any real danger. Near the end of the game Morgan centred the ball and Law scored. The crowd, including us, went mad and started to sing and shout 'walking a million miles' for one of your goals! Eight minutes from the end Law scored again and we were now three goals up and sure of victory. A few minutes later Chivers scored a brilliant goal for Spurs, the whistle went and we had won three to one. What a victory!

We left the match, travelled back to Liverpool, had a meal and boarded the boat again. The home journey was noisy with all the victorious supporters and we arrived back on home ground early on Sunday morning after a terrific match and a well spent weekend.

Susan Eager 6A.

OLD DIOCESAN HOCKEY CLUB REPORTS

SEASON 1971/72

We began the season very well, having 3 teams, thanks to some of the school girls joining our ranks, but we would be very pleased to see more of the Sixth Form leavers joining the club next season.

This year it was decided to move the teams up a League, due to the good performance in previous years, and the teams are finding the higher standard of play a greater challenge, even though the results to date are not as good as last year. Our 1st

XI now play in Intermediate League and also compete in the White Cup. Our 2nd XI were moved to Middle League, and they got as far as the semi finals in the Badges section, which was quite a good achievement. Our 3rd XI still play in the Minor League.

At the end of last season, we held a travelling dinner, which was very well supported and this year it is being held on 14th April, to which Sixth Formers would be welcome. Particulars may be had from the Hon. Secretary.

We started the season with the now Annual Event, a Cheese and Wine Party, held at the Hon. Secretary's house, to introduce members to each other and to welcome new members. Early in the season, we held a 7 a-side tournament against school teams, but unfortunately our 1st XI could not attend thus diminishing the Old Girls numbers, but it was enjoyed by those who participated, and we were very pleased to renew acquaintance with Miss Latimer, Miss Scott and Miss Jagoe.

We followed this with a night at the Bowling Alley, which unfortunately clashed with the School Prize Distribution. In December we went Carol Singing and collected for Simpson's Hospital, Dundrum, who were very pleased to receive our contribution to the upkeep of the hospital. We also held a Handicraft Evening, which proved very successful and useful to those who attended.

We are this month holding a Monster Beetle Drive in the School on the 27th April.

As you can see from this report, we have a fairly active Social side to the Hockey Club, but we do not forget the playing of hockey either. This year we owe a tribute to Mrs. Margaret Reeves, who has coached and trained us during the season and we, with Mrs. Reeves, look forward to receiving players from the school at the beginning of next season.

Miriam Kidd, Hon. Secretary.

A MIX-UP

One day my aunt's friend, who works in an umbrella shop, went into a music shop to ask how much it would cost to tune a piano. An assistant inquired if she could do anything to help her. The customer said:

"Yes, please, how much would it cost to tune an umbrella?"

The girl looked at her in surprise, but when she explained where she worked, they both laughed.

Margaret Shern 2 D.

SCHOOL ALPHABET

- A for Arithmetic we all love so well,
 B for Baroque taught by Miss Bell.
 C for Chemistry, hard, I confess,
 D for dancing which puts us in a mess.
 E for eating which at lunch we all do
 F is for French which puts us in a stew.
 G is for Grammar, always incorrect.
 H is for History, Miss Stewart always does expect.
 I for Irish when I always feel like a wet rag,
 J is for the jumble in my schoolbag.
 K is for Knowledge — we all pursue it.
 L is for Learning for we all have to know it.
 M is for Mathematics which we all like to do
 N for nothing which is in the heads of one or two.
 O is for obliging to the teachers we are,
 P for being perfect which is like wishing to hold a star.
 Q is for quiet, a word we all know well.
 R is for running when we're late for the bell.
 S is for studious which we're all meant to be
 T for teachers always giving out to me.
 U for unity, that's our school
 V for virtue, which is our rule.
 W is for walking which Miss Caird recommends.
 X is for Xmas when our Autumn term ends.
 Y is for young, as young we all are,
 Z which is last is the Zest we all require.

Sylvia Rowe 5A.

A VISIT TO POMPEII

Many of my most interesting sightseeing experiences have come to me in spite of warnings that I might be disappointed. To visit the lovely preserved remains of the city of Pompeii, which once throbbed with full-blooded Italian life, was something wonderful, to be stored away in the memory.

The city owed both its birth and death to Vesuvius. In far distant ages a stream of lava had flowed down the steep sides of the volcano towards the Sarno Valley, hardening into a headland in the farthest Eastern inlet of the Gulf of Naples. By the eighth century B.C., this site had commended itself, by its advantages in the way of means of subsistence, defence and trade, to the inhabitants of the nearby countryside. For a period of eight centuries a prosperous civic life existed

here, until, by a sudden reawakening of internal activity in the volcano, the city, was in the course of a few hours, completely buried and all its life was suddenly brought to an end.

For two hundred years the work of disinterring the city has been going on, and excavations outside the walls are still being carried out. The result of all this labour has produced a wonderful picture of the life of an ancient city. The predominant impression is that life in a city then must have been very little different from its modern counterpart. Road surface problems, although ruts carved by chariot wheels instead of rough patches worn by car tyres, electioneering posters on walls, nice villas being crowded out by later commercial interests in the form of shops and warehouses, hot food shops, even the marks on the city walls of the siege of Sulla in 89 B.C., all give a strong feeling that should a Dubliner of to-day be carried back in time and suddenly dropped into the midst of the busy life of Pompeii, he would, on being shown around, say to his new acquaintances: "Oh yes! We have something very like this in the city where I live". The behaviour and reactions of the citizens seem also to strike a familiar note. The quizzical and searching expression and the tightly closed lips of the banker Lucius Caecilius Jucundus, as shown on a bronze bust; the exhortation to Beware of the Dog, depicted in mosaic on the threshold of the "House of the Tragic Poet"; the record of the gift of public baths to the city, on the eve of a municipal election, by a lady whose husband was a candidate in that election, all bear witness to this. The only thing which seems absent is any indication of irresponsibility on the part of the citizens, and this contrast may have produced a sense of frustration in our Italian guide, who, on hearing a transistor radio being played rather noisily by a member of another party which was waiting to enter the city, remarked, in a tone of resigned exasperation: "Always! There are screw-looses everywhere!"

Millicent Johnson.

A VISIT TO THE DAIL

During the Christmas term 1971 Dr. Garret Fitzgerald kindly invited School parties to visit Dail Eireann, and luckily fourth year were among those brought to Leinster House.

On arrival we went into a large hall where we were received by Dr. Fitzgerald, T.D., a

Fine-Gael deputy, and our host. We were shown where we might leave our school bags and coats, and then we entered the Senate Chamber.

Both houses of Parliament meet in the 18th century house once owned by the Fitzgeralds, the Dukes of Leinster, and designed by Cassels. In the Senate Chamber are seats for the different parties and independent Senators, and also for the University delegates, as well as for the newspaper reporters. At the end of the centre aisle we were curious to see two doors, one marked 'Ta' and the other marked 'Níl'. Dr. Fitzgerald explained to us that they are used in voting; those in favour of the motion go to the 'Ta' side, and those against it go to the 'Níl' side.

Dr. Fitzgerald spoke to us about the history of Leinster House and the work of the Government. It surprised us to learn what time and trouble goes into getting an Act of Parliament passed. First, it is introduced by the deputy responsible for it at an ordinary meeting with the rest of the agenda. Later it is debated alone, and the T.D. introducing it is asked questions. Suggestions are put forward by the deputies opposing it as to how details could be changed. It has to be approved by the Senate to ensure that it is in accordance with the Constitution. Then it is freely debated, voted on and either passed or vetoed according to the decision of the majority.

At 3.00 p.m. we entered the Dáil Chamber and sat in the public gallery. We were given copies of the agenda, and we awaited the entrance of the Ceann Comhairle. He entered and sat on a raised throne — like seat at the head of Chamber. He opened the session with prayer, and the questions began. Questions were addressed to Dr. Hillery, Minister for Foreign Affairs, about the Common Market and the Compton Report. The questions were asked by Mr. Boland, Dr. Fitzgerald, Dr. Conor Cruise O'Brien and Dr. Browne.

We were interested to see where the different parties were seated. On one side of the House, the Government party has its seats, with the Ministers in front, and the supporters behind. This is where we get the expression 'Back-benchers'. The other parties are arranged in groups around the rest of the House. It gave us much more insight into the affairs and debates of the Government, which we read in the newspapers, and to see exactly what happens.

Sometimes the discussion became quite heated and the Ceann Comhairle had to keep order. Several people stood up together, all demanding to be heard, so that in the end the Ceann Comhairle just abandoned the question and moved on to the next one. Some deputies were reprimanded.

Unfortunately we were not able to stay until the end. However we had seen sufficient to give us a little idea about the activities of the members of Dail Eireann. We are grateful to Dr. Fitzgerald, and the members of Staff who made the arrangements, and who escorted us to Leinster House.

Helen Franklin, Sandra Moore 4A.

OICHE CHEOIL

Bhí sport mór againn an oíche a tháinig an t-Uasal Míchéal O Cuimín anseo chun ceoil a dhéanamh dúinn.

Bhí dhá chairdín aige, ceann acu in a chairdín leightreorach, agus bhaineamar go léir taitneamh as an gceol a rinne sé leo. Ba léir dúinn go raibh oilteacht agus taithí mhór aige ar an gceol a sheinn sé dúinn. Sheinn sé píosaí ceoil de gach saghas, idir nua is sean, go dtí go rabhamar faoi dhraíocht aige agus sinn ag bualadh an tomhais, ag protaireacht, nó ag amhránaíocht.

Rinne Elizabeth Plunkett, cailín as rang a sé greas rince agus cheap mise, ar aon nós, go raibh sí ina rinneoir maith oilte.

Sheinn Barbara Dagg "Bánchnoic Eireann O" dúinn ar a cláradoir agus bhí sí chomh maith sin, dar linn, gurbh éigean di babhta eile a thabhairt dúinn.

Chan cuid de na cailíní amhráin ansin agus bhaineamar go déir taitneamh astu, go mórmhór as an gceann a dúirt beirt iar scoláire. Duirt cailín stróinséartha a bhí mar chuairoteoir againn amhrán fresin, agus is í a bhí thar barr chuige.

Tar éis an cheoil bhí tae agus brioscaí againn agus bhí caoi againn ansin caint a dhéanamh le Mhac Uí Chuimín agus leis na cailíní a tháinig ó Scoil Alexandra. Ba léir gur bhain siadsan fresin taitneamh as an oíche agus dúirt cuid acu gur mhaith leo teacht anseo arís oíche eile chun ceoil a chloisint.

Gabhaimid buíochas ó chroí le Mac Uí Chuimín as an dua a chuir se air féin agus na gléasanna sin go léir a thabhairt isteach agus as an oiread sin samplaí den cheol binn aerach is oidhreacht dúinn a sheinn chomh fial, flaithiúil sin chun pléisiúr a

thabhairt dúinn. Táimid fíor bhuíoch, leis, de Bhean Uí Chiumín a d'iarr air teacht, agus de Miss Jagoe a thug cead dúinn an chéad chriunniú don Scoilbhliain seo den Cheolchumann a bheith in a Oíche Cheoil Ghael-aigh.

Joan Ellis 5 A.

HÁRY JANÓS

The musicianship classes went to see the film of the opera "Háry Janós" by the Hungarian composer Zoffán Kodály, which was shown at the Player Wills Theatre on Thursday, 4th November, 1971.

There really was once a man called Háry Janós. He was a Hungarian who loved telling stories with himself being the hero of his usually imaginary tale, based on something brought up in conversation amongst a crowd in an inn.

The opera "Háry Janós" is one of Háry's stories which was brought about as one of the crowd he was with mentioned Napoleon. "Napoleon," he snorted, "Let me tell you how once upon a time I took him prisoner single handed!" and so the story developed. Háry always made the story end so that there was no real proof that his story was true or not. Háry also makes himself out to be rather like a super man always one bit better than anyone else in the tale.

The setting for the opera was rather abstract and pretty, something you imagine from fairy tale land. The costumes were good, being gay and attractive and also typical of the time.

It was an unusual performance and extremely enjoyable and, in my opinion, I feel there was a deeper meaning than that which was portrayed by the acting and singing.

Michèle Souter 4 A.

CEOL CHUMANN NA nOG

On Tuesday, 8th February, we went to the Ceól Chumann na nOg concert held in the St. Francis Xavier Hall, accompanied by Mrs. McMahon, Mrs. Cummins and Mr. O'Neill. The Diocesan girls went by special bus and we all wore school uniform.

When the orchestra was ready to begin playing the hall was packed with pupils from different Secondary schools. First they played the National Anthem, everybody standing and singing it in Irish. Then we were introduced to the leader of the orchestra, Arthur Nachstern, and also to the conductor, Colman Pearce.

The conductor instructed us about various instruments of the orchestra. He told us that the stringed instruments are played with a bow and by the fingers. These instruments are the first and second violins, the violas, the cellos, the double basses and the harp. The wood-wind instruments are used for the lighter and more delicate shades of tone. These are the piccolo, flute, clarinet, oboe, cor anglais and bassoon. The brass instruments are the trumpets, the horns, the trombones and the tuba, while the percussion instruments are the bass drum, the timpani, the side drum, the kettle drum, the cymbals, the triangle and the gong.

After the conductor had told us about the different instruments in the orchestra, the different groups played little tunes and then the conductor asked the audience what the names of the tunes were. The Diocesan girls guessed most of them. This was the part of the programme I liked best, because as well as being interesting it was very funny. They played the Eine Kleine Nachtmusik by Mozart, the Overture Egmont by Beethoven, All the Way to Galway by J. Bolger, and Hungarian March by Berlioz. These pieces were also very pleasing.

Maeve Anderson 1 S.

THE SURPRISE

The taxi drove to number 54 King's Park and stopped. I got out to see the same large house looking very grand indeed. Martha ran out to meet me. I tried to look pleased but I could not. The taxi drove away and I went into the house. Aunt Polly greeted me and I went upstairs to put my cases in my room. I heard the bell ring for tea and I ran downstairs to the dining-room, forgetting that in Aunt Polly's house everybody changed and washed for tea; but my Aunt did not forget she told me to go upstairs and do so. I was ready in a minute and then we all began. I was very glad of the meal as I was hungry after all my travelling. I went to bed early that night and it was not long before I was asleep.

The next morning I met some of Martha's friends, who were just like her—very prim and proper. In the afternoon she gave me some of her books to read while she studied. They were even worse than her friends!

That night Martha came across a competition in the paper. She asked me if I would like to do it as well. It was an art competition and art was one of my worst subjects, but I did not like to say 'no.'

When Susan had finished practising her music the next morning we went to the woods to sketch anything we liked. We brought lunch with us. I knew I did not stand a chance when both of them were finished; but I sent mine in despite this.

During the next few days Martha was boasting about how good her picture was and that she would surely receive the prize saying that mine was terrible and it would not go near the top.

A few days before I was due to go home a letter arrived for me, stating that I was to go to O'Connell Street to receive my prize. Martha was very annoyed and surprised that she did not receive it. I was even more surprised that I received it. So when I went to receive my prize she came with me and told the judge "there had been a mistake." He was very annoyed and said: "My dear child, I know what I'm doing, now get out." She was disgusted and very annoyed. Thank goodness, I was leaving the next day. When the taxi swirled around the corner I was glad to say "Goodbye."

Joan Ryan 1 D.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS

In Henry Street on Christmas Eve,
The people are buzzing like busy bees,
Rushing, pushing, to and fro,
Why they rush I do not know.

If all those people had more sense
And bought those gifts in the twelve months
hence;
Think of what they might be doing,
Maybe even counting their Brussels'
a-stewing.

It is said that people have never learned,
As far as Christmas gifts are concerned.
All the hustling and bustling and rushing
about,
For a day that comes in and so quickly goes
out.

Gillian Campbell 5 B.

AS DUMB AS EVER

We are sent to school they say,
To make us useful in some way,
I sometimes wonder if it's so,
Perhaps some far off day I'll know,
But all this work just leaves me numb,
What's really wrong with being dumb?

In Mathematics we are taught
That $x + y = O$,
We're told that we must change the sign,
And taught the way to graph a line,
When I marry will that help me
To feed and keep a family?

I wonder how my love would feel
On learning he's complex not just real.
Or how he would react to find
That he is really undefined.
I'm sure he'd feel he was no use
If told he's got no hypotenuse.

It's not just Mathematics though
That teach us what we "ought" to know.
There's English, French, Biology,
History, Irish, Geography,
But has it been proved in times great space,
That these can form a better race?

I know that there's a lot to gain,
That all we're taught is not in vain,
That perhaps some day before we die,
We'll wish we'd had a better try.
Right now, I think it's just as clever
To remain, simply, as dumb as ever.

Emily Torrans 5 A.

KILMAINHAM JAIL

On Friday, 25th February, I went with the other members of Fourth Year to visit Kilmainham Jail.

The bus driver drove us along Emmet Road to see a very close view of the back of the jail. It looked like a huge fortress and was nothing like what I had ever imagined it to be. It was completely surrounded by a very high wall over which no prisoner could possibly escape. There is a sheer drop from the walls to the valley of the Camac below.

Then we were driven to the main door and we walked inside.

Kilmainham Jail was begun in 1787 and officially opened in 1796. It imprisoned most of Ireland's brave men who fought to rid Ireland of English rule, such as Henry Joy McCracken, who commanded the United Irishmen in the North of Ireland. He was arrested and hanged in Belfast in 1798.

I was very surprised to find out that President de Valera had been imprisoned here during the Civil War.

As we continued our journey we were led by our guide into a very cold, bare corridor, and on both sides were very tiny bare stone

cells. Each cell had only one window, which looked out on to a stone wall, and one tiny hole which the prisoner could look out through. There was not even a stool on which to sit, they were very dark and musty smelling inside, and to have been locked into one for even ten minutes would have driven me nearly mad, yet men and women had been locked into them for many years.

After walking down many corridors of cells we found ourselves at a door with "PARNELL'S ROOM" on the door. Inside this room was a bust of Parnell on the window sill and a fitting for gas lights hung from the ceiling. It was about five times bigger than any of the other cells, with two fairly big windows, in the opposite wall was a big fireplace. Parnell seemed to have had a far bigger and more luxurious cell than any of the other heroes. We looked out of the windows to see Anne Devlin's exercise yard, which was a small stony yard. Anne Devlin was Robert Emmet's faithful housekeeper. We were told that Parnell was put into prison because he urged others not to pay rents. The "No Rent Manifesto" was issued from his cell. He was kept in prison for seven months 1881-1882.

We were then led through a firm steel door into the "Invincibles' Yard" where the Invincibles were hanged. These men were the following: J. Brady, D. Curley, M. Fagan, T. Caffrey and T. Kelly.

When we walked into the adjoining yard we faced the escape gate where three men managed to escape in 1871. Beside this door was a grim looking stone wall and at the foot of it stood a small cross with white writing on it. The writing was very hard to read as some letters were worn away, however these are the names which were written on it: "J. Fisher, J. Gaffney, P. Cassidy, R. Twohig." They were soldiers of the anti-Treaty forces who were shot in this yard in 1922.

The guide brought us to a steel door. It looked extremely heavy, and he said it was very hard to open and close. He told us that at night this door is closed firmly, yet when it is late at night and dark, this same door bangs as if something were opening and closing it. The caretaker has heard it and so have a few other people. Whether it is true or not, I have doubts, still I do not fancy trying to prove anything to do with it.

The door led into a yard which also had a heavy steel door which had several huge steel locks. On the wall was a memorial with

the names of all the brave men who were shot in 1916 because they tried to free their country: Pearse, Clarke, McDonagh, Plunkett, Daly, O'Hanrahan and William Pearse. James Connolly, who developed gangrene from wounds received while in the G.P.O., and was invalided by it, was brought in an ambulance to Kilmainham Jail, into this yard, tied up against the steel door in a chair because he could not stand, and shot for his loyalty to Ireland in 1916.

We were brought inside again, and entered a passage by a door on which was written "Church of Ireland and R.C. Chapel". We walked upstairs and stepped into the Roman Catholic Chapel. There was an altar at the far end of the room, and tiers of benches facing the altar. At this altar Grace Gifford and Joseph Plunkett were married on the eve of his execution in 1916. The Protestant Chapel is being restored, but the work has not been finished yet.

We were led to Grace Gifford's cell which was quite small, and to my surprise, had a beautifully painted picture of the Virgin and Child. On another wall hung an embroidery which Grace Gifford made during her imprisonment. The picture is especially startling, and is extremely beautifully done.

Padraig Pearse was another famous prisoner in Kilmainham Jail. He was born in Dublin and was a very ambitious young man. When he was only seventeen years of age, he founded the New Ireland Society to spread a love of the Irish language and literature. Still only seventeen, he joined the Gaelic League. Later he was one of the members of the Irish Republican Brotherhood and of the committee which controlled the Irish Volunteers and planned the Rising of 1916. Before he was executed, he said, "When I was a child of ten, I went on my knees by my bedside one night and promised God that I should devote my life to an effort to free my country". He was shot in Kilmainham, 3rd May, 1916.

On the whole, our visit to Kilmainham Jail was very interesting and exciting, especially as I had never seen or known what a jail was like. The prison, in my opinion, suggested cruelty, harshness, injustice, coldness, silence and needless death.

We are grateful to Mr. Magill who made our tour so interesting and brought history to life for us, and we also thank Miss Johnson and Miss Williams who arranged the visit.

Alison Armstrong 4 A.

JUBILEE CAMP 1971

On Wednesday, 14th July, 1971, three hundred Guides, from all over Ireland, met in the Curragh, Co. Kildare. The camp was divided into nine sub-camps with approximately 34 in each. The first day was spent putting up tents and camp gadgets and getting to know the rest of the camp.

Each patrol in each sub-camp had a different part to play in the running of the camp. They took turns at being cook patrol, water patrol, wood patrol, orderly patrol, and odd-bods (which meant having to do anything from picking up papers to going to the village one and a half miles away).

Every day there were different activities i.e., swimming (in the army barracks swimming pools), lanyard making, shell crafts, leather crafts, music, hike cooking and the adventure scouts helped us to make rope bridges and an aerial lift.

Every night the whole camp gathered together and had a camp fire. Each sub-camp taught the others different songs.

On various days different sub-camps walked to the Japanese Garden which was five miles away. On other days different sub-camps went on a shopping spree to Newbridge.

On Saturday night, Guides from Norway, Sweden and Belgium and their hostesses from Ireland arrived. They stayed overnight and on Sunday morning each Guide went to a church of her own denomination. Mini-Olympics were held in the afternoon with all the camp taking part. That night a service was held in the big marquee for all denominations.

Many different competitions took place between the sub-camps. Rounders matches were very popular and there was also a competition to see which sub-camp made the best gadgets.

We were very fortunate not to have any rain since we slept in tents. We cooked every meal on an open fire and we ate out of doors all week.

When the week ended everyone was sorry to go home but we were pleased to leave with a lovely sun-tan.

Sandra Moore, Sandra Williams 4 A.

FIFTH YEAR'S GEOLOGY WALK UP THREE ROCK MOUNTAIN

On Saturday, 16th October, twelve girls from fifth year, accompanied by Mrs. Cantan and Miss Stevenson, walked up the

Three Rock Mountain.

This walk not only gave us all some much needed exercise but also enabled us to see many geographical formations about which we had learnt in school. The different rocks were pointed out to us, the main rock being granite. Granite weathers into poor gritty material which, because it is acidic, mainly supports the growth of coniferous trees. The various stages in the development of peat were pointed out to us and we were able to see clearly the layers of peat differing in colour and depth. The top layers were light and thin while those a good deal below the surface were darker and thicker. We were given copies of the Ordnance Survey Map so that we could name the surrounding mountains. This also improved our map-reading.

The view from the summit of the mountain and the lovely fresh breeze made all our walking worthwhile. We could see as far away as Howth and Greystones and we were able to recognise various landforms such as the glacial spillways of the Glen of the Downs and the Scalp which were gouged out by meltwaters. The quartzite peaks of the Big and Little Sugar Loaf and Bray Head contrasted with the rounded granite hills of the Three Rock and the Two Rock. We noticed only four or five farmhouses on the mountain side, indicating dispersed settlement in contrast to the nucleated settlement of Dublin city.

We thank Miss Jagoe for allowing us to go on walks such as these, and Mrs. Cantan and Miss Stevenson for accompanying us and making our walk so interesting.

Joan Ellis 5 A.

THIRD YEAR'S TOUR TO THE BOYNE VALLEY — SEPTEMBER 1971

We passed through Dublin on a lovely C.I.E. touring coach, and left by the Slane road. On the way we were given a list of questions to answer about the farming and industries of the districts we were driven through.

Our first stop was at Newgrange Tumulus. Newgrange is on a bend of the River Boyne. The tumulus is a mound which is being excavated at present. There is a big stone in front of the entrance. This stone is about 17 feet long. On it there are five spiral designs. I will try to describe the passage grave. It was built about 2000 B.C. To get

into the grave you must pass through a small opening. The passageway is very narrow and one has to stoop to reach the chamber. The chamber is cruciform in shape. The walls and roofs are made of large slabs without mortar. The rain can never get through into the chamber because there are drains in the stones on the outside that direct the water down, not in. The mound is about 42 feet high and 240 feet in diameter. The tomb consists of a 62 foot long passage which is 3 feet wide, and a cruciform chamber 20 feet wide and 20 feet high. There are all sorts of designs on the stones: spirals, double spirals, a triple spiral, lozenges and zig-zags. Nobody knows why the designs are on the stones. Some say they are a form of writing; others say it is idol worship. Each December, on the 21st, at dawn the sun can shine right into the chamber. There are two more passage graves near here, one at Knowth and the other at Dowth.

After we had finished looking at the passage grave we went to Mellifont Abbey beside the Mattock River. First we saw the Gate House and then the ruins of the Abbey. Mellifont Abbey was the first Cistercian House in Ireland. It was founded by St. Malachy in 1142. The monks chose a place beside the river and fields. They were highly independent people who grew their own food, kept bees and caught fish in the river. The monastery consisted of the following: the Abbey Church, Cloisters — a covered walk round four sides of the garth or garden, the Refectory which was a dining hall, the kitchen, Dormitory, Infirmary, Guest House, and Gate House. Above the Chapter House lived the Abbot. He held a daily meeting in the Chapter House at which business was discussed and the daily work was selected for each monk. The most important of the existing ruins are: the Lavabo, where the monks used to wash, originally octagonal in shape and built in Norman style, the Chapter House, an example of Gothic architecture and the foundations of the Abbey Church.

We ate our picnic tea at Mellifont, then moved on to Monasterboice which is three miles from Mellifont. Here is a graveyard with a Round Tower, Muiredach's Cross, the Tail Cross and a monastic sundial. It is believed that the crosses were erected with illustrations of Old and New Testament stories because the people could not read, and so the priests used the crosses to explain the Bible. On one side of Muire-

dach's Cross there are pictures from the Old Testament and on the other from the New Testament. Three of the Old Testament stories illustrated are: Adam and Eve, Cain and Abel, and David and Goliath. Three of the New Testament illustrations show the arrest of Christ, Doubting Thomas and the Crucifixion. On the head of the High Crosses usually was the Crucifixion. Amusing carvings on this cross are two dwarfs pulling at each others beards, two cats and two lions entwined in each other. Muiredach's Cross is about 17 feet high and probably was erected soon after 920 A.D.

The Round Tower was probably the highest in Ireland before it was damaged by lightning. It was built in the 9th or 10th century. It was used as a watchtower, as a storehouse for church valuables and as a refuge for the monks during Viking raids. The door was reached by a movable ladder.

We drove home via Drogheda and Swords. I thank Miss Williams and Miss Stevenson for bringing us and I hope we will go again.

Karen Foxall 3 B.

HILL WALK TO THE BIG SUGAR LOAF

One Saturday in the Christmas Term, some of us met Miss Williams and Miss Caird at the College of Surgeons to go by bus to the Big Sugar Loaf. The St. Kevin's bus left at 11.30 a.m. and when we reached Bray, Helen Franklin joined us. We continued on our journey until we saw the Sugar Loaf and then the bus drove slowly up "The Long Hill". At last we reached our destination, at Calary Filling Station and when we got off the bus we met Gino Morris.

We walked down "The Red Lane," and there Miss Caird showed us how to use a compass which had the grid lines on a rectangular base. We followed a grassy track which led to an open space surrounded by gorse bushes. Here we had lunch and afterwards we tried to jump over a clump of gorse bushes. At first we could not jump over it but after a while practically all of us succeeded. Then we continued climbing and came to scree. The mountain became very steep and we just had to follow our noses through the scree to the top.

After a few minutes we reached the top. Rocks jutted out from all angles and the breeze was terrific. We sat down and rested for a while. Then we did some map reading

and looked at the wide view. We felt a sense of achievement as we looked at other hills we had climbed on previous occasions, Bray Head, Little Sugar Loaf, Kattygollagher, Three Rock, and we gazed at others which we would like to climb some day.

We began our downward journey. This was also very steep, and as we came down we had to be careful not to kick the rocks as they would roll down and hit someone. To prevent this we spread well out so that nobody was behind anyone else.

When we reached the bottom we followed the road to the Glen of the Downs. We had not time to visit Bellevue Nature Trail and we travelled back to the city on a Wicklow bus.

We thank most sincerely Miss Williams and Miss Caird for planning this walk and for taking us on it.

Ruth Babbington 3 A.

TOUR OF DUBLIN PORT

At 1.30 p.m. on Friday, 1st October, 1971, 45 members of 4A and 4B Civics Classes boarded a C.I.E. coach outside the School. They were on their way to tour the Port of Dublin and were accompanied by Miss Caird and Miss Johnson. At Tara Street Railway Station they picked up their Guide and Host from the Port & Docks Board, Mr. G. B. Taylor. The first part of the trip brought the party down the South Quays, where, although it was not a busy day in the port, there was a great deal to be seen. Mr. Taylor was most painstaking and clear in his explanations. The visiting ships, with their cargoes, and the ports from which they had come; the cranes, the container depots, the industries located near the port, the Electricity Supply Board Generating Station at Pigeon House Road, and many other relevant matters were dealt with. The North side of the river afforded opportunities to visit the enclosed part of the port and the Car Ferry Terminal, the bonded warehouses, the joint-user oil pipeline, the Oil Companies' installations, the two graving docks and the grain silos. The party was then taken to the Docks Canteen for minerals and chocolate biscuits, a gesture much appreciated as the day was very warm. Booklets and maps were handed out and the girls took notes throughout. The tour was voted most enjoyable and our warm thanks were conveyed to the Board and Mr. Taylor.

SPRING

Spring is a time
Of joy and cheer
When the birds are singing
And the air is clear.

Up in the mountains
And down in the glens
The foxes are chasing
The chickens in the pens.

Out in the fields
Calves are born
And little lambs
Are not forlorn.

Down on the farm
And all around
Geese and gander
Are pecking the ground.

The trees are budding
And the sky is blue,
And everything
Is bright and new.

Valerie Pickett, Helen Winchester, 3 B.

"I SAW IT HAPPEN"

Freedom is never appreciated by those who have it until it is lost. Then, and only then, do they appreciate it and suffer fierce longing and misery.

To wild animals, freedom is irreplaceable however sweet captivity may be and, although sometimes they become doggedly content, they are never truly happy. They pace up and down their cages with futile determination, while their eyes show the agony of their hearts.

I can recall today, as if it had occurred only yesterday, a tragic incident which I witnessed more than twenty years ago. At that time, Jim McLaughlin and I were in Wyoming working on a cattle drive. The weather was hot and the work was hard but the scenery was indescribably beautiful. Four hundred head of cattle had to be brought in for branding and it was no easy task, for the mountains were full of crevices and grassy plateaux where the cattle would wander. We had three weeks to do it. We made the acquaintance of a half-breed called Matthew who was renowned in that area for his skill in taming wild animals — a gift inherited from his Indian father, no doubt. He was employed on the ranch as a horse-

breaker and spent his time training the mustangs which were to be mounts for the ranch outfit. Most of these horses were big, coarse rather ugly animals who fought fiercely against human hand, but Matthew seemed to understand them and, before a week was out he was firm friends with them.

Having little to do one day, he rode out with us to look for cattle. It was blisteringly hot and the sun was like a red coal in the sky. We were walking our horses along a valley whose sides of rock sloped upwards almost vertically and shimmered pink under the red sun. There was a canyon at the end where we expected to find some cattle as they often strayed on to this part. But what we found was a group of horses, mostly rough mustangs but one was different. He was bigger and finer than the rest — jet black with long, slender legs which told of great speed. Although we were a hundred yards away, he spotted us before all the rest and threw his head up, grass hanging out of his mouth, and stared suspiciously. He was the stallion and leader of the herd. The mares were his and it was his job to protect them. We watched, fascinated, as he began to round them up, circling and chasing them into a tight group. Then, he drove them before him towards us and the only way out of the canyon. From the corner of my eye, I saw Matthew coil his lasso and like a whipcord it flashed out encircling the black stallion's neck. The squeal the horse gave echoed through the valley, he then flung his entire weight against the rope which was choking him and all but brought Matthew to the ground. But Jim also had a rope around his neck now and between the two of them they managed to lead him home. The horse was furious, he fought, kicked, bit, plunged and stood on his hind legs, striking at the men with his hooves. All night he screamed and raved in the corral where he was left but morning saw a strange change. He seemed resigned and Matthew, who was prepared for a terrific fight, found that the horse let him ride him. I was very suspicious of him — he was sullen and unhappy, he pawed the ground and blew down his nostrils with fierce determination. At night when he heard the wild animals calling, he seemed to go crazy and galloped wildly around, bashing the fence with his chest.

Matthew was very proud of him and everyone admired the big horse. On the last day of the cattle run, we were a horse short

and Matthew decided to use the horse to bring in the cattle. By noon we had two hundred head together. The stallion was a good cow-pony for he was fast and agile, but even I could see that Matthew was exerting all his strength to hold him and the horse's ears were flat back against his neck.

Now, on the way back, part of the track ran near a steep drop of three-hundred feet and it was important to keep the cattle close together and under control. But about three-hundred yards away, the cattle, frightened by a small landslide, began to stampede straight towards the treacherous drop. Matthew, having the fastest horse, tried to overtake them and turn them away. The black horse galloped willingly and was soon ahead of them but when his rider tried to turn him in, he would not. He was heading straight for the big crevice. Matthew, ashen-faced, pulled with both hands on the reins to stop the horse's crazy career. But to no avail; the horse's neck was like granite and nothing could have stopped him. In a few seconds it was over — a black horse and black rider were silhouetted against a red sky, to tumble against the jagged rocks three-hundred feet below.

From where I was watching, it seemed to be that the horse made an extra spurt when approaching that suicidal fall.

Years later, people in those parts still tell of the black horse who preferred death to life as a captive.

Peggie Allen 6 A.

Head Girl : Gillian Large.

Prefects : Lorna Bolster, Susan Eager, Jean Hosford, Elizabeth Plunkett, Natasha Souter, Judith Wilkinson.

COLOURED WRAPPINGS

Christmas comes just once a year,
And maybe that is just as well.
It sends people hurrying for quite a spell
Why must they hurry ? What have they to fear ?

Rushing, bustling, pushing here and there
In the mad rush of Christmas shopping
They scramble on without stopping
To think, of why they do it.
They have forgotten or cannot understand
The simple meaning of Christmas.

Ruth Williams, 5b.

OUR FORTUNES

The snow falls swiftly, silently —
White pearls dropping from the sky,
Smoothing the ground with their softness.
How blessed we are to possess such a
fortune.

The sky is rose red and pink,
White clouds soaking up the gold.
Subtle colours of a glorious sunset.
How blessed we are to possess such a
fortune.

A crisp fresh June morning
Rose petals speckled with silver,
Red, pink and maroon velvet.
How blessed we are to possess such a
fortune.

Given these lovely things to enjoy
We do not deserve them.
We are wicked and destroy them.
How blessed we are to possess such
fortunes.

Sylvia Rowe, 5A

PAST PUPILS ASSOCIATION

The Past Pupils' Association, I am very pleased to say, is enjoying another highly successful year. Thanks for this success must go largely to the hard work put in by the Committee and the co-operation of Miss Jagoe. Each year the Committee are elected at the Annual General Meeting and this was held in school on 20th May, 1971.

The following Officers were elected for the year 1971/1972: President: Mrs. Hannah McConnell. Chairman: Mrs. M. Gargan. Hon. Treasurer: Miss D. Kerr. Hon. Secretary: Mrs. D. Townsend. Assistant Hon. Secretary: Miss P. Kearon. Committee: Miss J. Scott, Mrs. S. Colin, Mrs. Hazel McConnell, Miss H. Smith, Mrs. G. Barrett, Mrs. R. Thompson.

When the new Committee held their first meeting, we all put our heads together and came up with what we think is a very interesting and full list of functions for 1971/1972. At the time of writing, we are half way through our programme and we have had tremendous attendances at all our meetings. On the 16th September, 1971, we all sang Ballads for our 'Soup and Rolls' Supper! Then on 12th October two beauticians from COTY came along and opened our eyes — as well as making them up — to the new look in make-up, and I believe one or two of the members went home looking like fashion models.

How about a holiday in Australia, Queensland, to be precise, just to perk you up after the long winter? Well, we didn't all manage to go but our Chairman, Mrs. Gargan did, and on the 4th November we saw some of the beautiful slides of this dream holiday, and Mrs. Gargan accompanied the slides with a very interesting talk. Don't lose your heads or rather your hair — this was the theme of our meeting on 23rd November when Christopher of Terenure enlightened us on caring for our hair and wigs, and believe me there is a lot more than brushing, combing and washing involved if you want beautiful hair. Now between the 23rd November and the 3rd December another Committee stepped into the daylight chaired by Mrs. Hazel McConnell. Their purpose was organising the Dress Dance on the 3rd December and the venue this year was the Starlight Room in the Royal Starlight Hotel in Bray. Fabulous food, Spot Dances, great music, hats, balloons and blowers all added up to a 'humdinger' as they say. Congratulations Hazel and Committee.

This brings me to the half way mark of the season and now let us look forward and see what is in store.

On the 24th January an Officer from the Life Boat Institute is coming to show two films and talk on the work of the Life Boat. Just in case you don't have enough pancakes for tea on Shrove Tuesday, there will be plenty more at our meeting on 15th February, when we have a talk on Colour in the Home and Home Decor by Walpamur. On Thursday, 23rd March we have a Ranks cookery demonstration. This brings us up to our Annual Dinner on the 21st April. This year we are in the Royal Dublin Hotel, O'Connell Street and it promises to be the best ever. Well now, I started with the AGM in 1971 and I have come full circle to the 1972 AGM which is on 11th May in School.

At this stage I would like to thank Mrs. I. White who is opening her house to the Committee, Members and friends on Wednesday, 2nd February, for a Coffee Evening and Bring and Buy Sale — all are welcome.

I would like to thank the Editor of the School Magazine for giving the P.P.A. this valuable space to tell about our season and we look forward to seeing this year's school leavers at our opening meeting in September next.

Daphne Townsend.

LEAVES

Leaves, leaves on the trees,
Day by night and night by day
And you look so gay, on the way.

Leaves, leaves, each bird has a nest,
You make the shade,
Where they can rest.

Leaves, leaves, you dry and wither,
Lie on the grey ground,
All around, hither and thither.

Oh! leaves, leaves, where are your trees?
Where is your summer with all the bees?
Where are your twigs upon the trees?

Linda Cairns 2 S.

MY FIRST JOB

On leaving school I did a Secretarial Course, including in my subjects Book-keeping, Commerce, Irish, English and Mathematics.

I applied to Allied Irish Banks Ltd. in March 1971, not because of a love of Banking but because I did not want a typist-pool job, typing other people's reports and ideas in an automatic fashion. I thought my examination days finished in Diocesan but I had to sit examinations in Shorthand, Typing and Intelligence Tests for the Bank. Two interviews followed before I was finally accepted. A general interest in life, personal hobbies and an ability for self-expression were looked for in the applicants. A further three weeks training ensued, but with free hotel lunches and £15 weekly learning became a pleasure.

I was appointed to a city branch of the Munster and Leinster Bank. I am now working in the Ledger Department there with the current accounts and I thoroughly enjoy the work.

However, a first job is not the Utopia we sometimes dream it will be. There is a daily routine that must be followed and it is left to oneself to make the job interesting by taking an interest in it.

There are many sports activities organised by the Banks, but the day's work must be done. In banking especially, one day's work cannot slide into the next.

Girls who decide to do a Secretarial course as a last resort need not despair because although the course and qualifications are necessary on application, I never use shorthand or typewriting. I find my Com-

merce and Book-keeping most useful and I use my school Mathematics extensively.

I enjoy my first job, and would advise any girl to look for and obtain only a job which interests and challenges, rather than a job which pays well. A large salary cannot pay for boredom, whereas job interest and opportunity are well worth the effort.

Heather Hodgins.

ANIMAL NURSING

Animal Nursing is both an interesting and rewarding career. It was first launched in 1961 by the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons. By this scheme it is necessary to work at an 'approved' centre with a veterinary surgeon for two years, attending lectures and sitting for both a written and a practical examination at the end of each year. Having passed the final examination one is then registered in the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons as a Royal Animal Nursing Auxiliary.

The duties of an Animal Nursing Auxiliary are wide and varied. As well as assisting the veterinary surgeon in the surgery, she acts as a receptionist, kennel maid and a nurse in the wards.

The daily routine of a veterinary surgeon is to start with surgery and then to consult and go on calls, in between which the nurse usually cleans the kennels and nurses the animals.

The kennels play a very important part in the life of an Animal Nursing Auxiliary. While cleaning them she is able to become acquainted with her patients and let them get to know her. This makes it easier for the nurse and the veterinary surgeon when they are treating them.

The nursing part usually consists of dosing the animals, giving injections, dressing their wounds, applying ointments, grooming them and clipping their nails, it may also entail nursing and rearing puppies and kittens.

During surgery the nurse prepares the sterile instruments for the operations, holds the animal to be anaesthetized. She is responsible for the anaesthetic machine and for watching the animal during the operation. Cleaning up after the operation is also the nurses's job.

While the veterinary surgeon is consulting, the nurses hold the patient whether it is a dog, cat, budgie or hamster and does her best to keep the animal calm and quiet

and to give him his confidence in the surgeon and herself. She also has a part in taking and developing X-Rays, administering drugs and applying first aid on animals after an accident.

The two things which make this career interesting and rewarding are that no day is ever the same and that the nurse is helping to keep people happy as well as the animals.

Hilary Dunn.

THE ZOO

The air is warm,
The sky is blue,
So off we go
To see the Zoo.

The monkeys swing from tree to tree,
Making odd faces at you and me.

The zebra's back is black and white,
And when he walks he looks quite a sight.

The elephant looks over to the door,
"I want my dinner," he says with a roar.

The tiger walks from side to side,
Growling and snarling with spiteful eyes.

The air is warm,
The sky is blue,
So off we go
Home, from the Zoo.

Adrienne Cole 1 D.

MONTESORI TRAINING

The course at St. Nicholas School of Montessori Training, Princes Gate, Kensington, is extremely interesting and the subjects we are studying in our first term are English, Nature, Handwork, First Aid, Eurythmics, Art and Science. We are being taught to teach reading by phonetics, which I think is a marvellous way. I know the six children, living next door to us at home, learnt to read by the time they were five, by this method. We have four half days a week so that there is plenty of time for study and writing up one's own notes.

The girls come from all over the world to attend the course, most of them are from the States. I heard that there is at least one girl from each State in the U.S.A. My roommate at College is from California. There are only about ten English girls out of the 158 first term students and one other Irish girl,

from Cork, who until this year was a student at Alexandra College. The age groups range from seventeen to middle age and there are a number of married women and one man also.

Heather Rankin.

THE BEAUTIES OF AUTUMN

The leaves are falling from the trees,
And dropping on the ground,
The leaves they fall down with a breeze,
And scatter all around.

The birds are about to emigrate,
To countries far away,
The animals go to hibernate
Until the coming May.

Vivienne Coates 2 S.

A TRAINEE DESIGNER

Being an unusual occupation my job, as a trainee carpet designer, may be of interest to others.

It takes six years to become a competent designer and when I see the superb carpets that the other designers create I realize just how much I have to learn in the next four and a half years.

All our carpets are completely hand made in pure wool. Every carpet is of exclusive design. These carpets last indefinitely, are very expensive and are sold mostly to places such as Buckingham Palace and Dublin Castle rather than to private individuals.

To begin the story, a sketch of the carpet, either of the designer's inspiration or to the customer's requirements, is made. This sketch is a work of art in itself, a whole carpet on a surface roughly the size of a sketch pad. Each tiny object is perfect in itself, imagine a rose smaller than a shirt button, perfectly shaded! This has to be done with a tiny brush used with the utmost care and attention.

Then paints corresponding exactly to the coloured carpet wool, are mixed. This can be extremely difficult when one has to make six sagegreens, each only half a shade apart but with a quite unmistakable difference between each. Then the designer completes the plan.

Now our part of the carpet is nearly complete. We paint a plant with every colour in it, numbering each colour. Using the plant

we number the drafted carpet. This is an additional means of colour identification for the tutter. Finally the drafted carpet, plan and plant are sent to the factory and several months later the completed carpet returns.

All this work in the studio takes up to three or four months. The joy of this job is that each carpet is so different, as it may be an Adams design, a modern creation or perhaps a more conservative floral design.

Apart from this occupation, I attend the College of Art three nights weekly to study other aspects of art and design. This will help when I myself have to design as working with squares makes one inclined to "square-off" everything and in designing one needs not stiff formality but fluid lines.

I consider myself very lucky to find training for my chosen career so enjoyable and I look forward eagerly to the day when I too will design.

Karen Durham.

THE SNOW

The snow came falling softly,
Lightly touching the earth,
Until the earth froze in whiteness
With no two crystals alike.
It fell on every roof and tree
Hardly making a sound.
Covering the world in flakes
Of whiteness all around.
There go the children rushing
With open mouths to gaze
In wonder at the fantasy—
The snow upon the ground.

Avril Styles, 5B.

THE SURPRISE

Claire, my little sister, is eight years of age. On the eve of her eighth birthday, she woke up to hear a pitiful noise as if somebody was crying, so she jumped out of bed and put on the light.

She went towards the place where the noise was coming from and she saw a big basket and a little Spaniel puppy whining inside it. It looked so lost and sad that she almost started crying herself.

She picked up the little bundle of fur and sat down in a chair with the puppy on her lap. After sitting still in the chair for half-an-hour, she dropped off to sleep and did not wake up until Mummy came in in the morning and then the puppy woke her up. She did not know where she was at first, but she soon remembered about the puppy because it was crying. She realised that it must be

hungry so she took it along to the kitchen and Mummy red it.

Claire called the puppy "Shadow" because it followed her around like a shadow.

Claire said afterwards that her eighth birthday was the happiest one she had ever had.

Julie Franklin, 1D.

Scéim nua do shaoire . . . agus toghlaím . . . sa ghaeltacht

Ar an 17ú lá d'lúil bhailigh grúpa páistí, idir ocht mbliana d'aois agus aon bhliain déag, le chéile i Scoil Naomh Bhríde, Teach Lorcáin. Bhí dhá ghluaistean ann agus lean-tóir lán de bhia de ghach saghas, agus beirt mhúinteoir óga—me réin agus cailín eile.

Bhí sceitimíní ar na páistí. Bhíodar ag dul an lá sin go Ciarraí, go dtí an ghaeltacht don chéad uair.

Shroiseamar na gorta Dubha, Baile an Fheirtéaraigh, timpeall a deich a chlog an trathnóna sin agus bhí gach duine traochta ach fiosrach. Tugadh cead dóibh an trá d'fháil amach—an rud is tábhachtaí dar leis na páistí!

Bhí beirt cailín ag cur fúthu i dteach amháin; ceathrar buachaill i dteach eile: agus cúigear cailín i gcarabhán lena múinteoirí. Bhí gach éinne an-chompórdach agus sona sásta.

Maidin lá arna mhárach, thosnaigh an spórt agus ní raibh aon teorainn leis as sin amach. Bhíomar ag snámh ar Thrá Bhéal Bháin agus ar Thra an Fhiona, ag súil; ag dreapadóireacht; ag imirt peile, ag imirt cártaí; agus ag foghlaim na Gaeilge, ag éisteacht le daoine ag caint.

Oíche amháin shiúlamar fad Thrá Bhéal Bháin go Trá an Fhiona agus Trá na Muirí, ó sin go halla na Muirí mar a raibh céilí agus coirm-ceoil. Bhaineamar an-thaithneamh as. Dhein mé féin agus an múinteoir eile ar chócaireacht agus níocháin is aroile sa charabhán agus thugamar aire dona páistí go léir. Bíonn an bheirt againn thíos i gCorca Duibhne gach bliain agus theastaigh uainn an áit a thaispeáint do na daltaí.

Tá sé cinnte go bhfillfidh na páistí sin go dtí ar ghaeltacht. Bhí saoire iontach acu agus tar a h-éis bhíodar in ann a lán Ghaeilge a thuiscint agus bhí caint nádúrtha ag teacht uathu freisin.

D'fhiú an rud é, gan aon dabht, agus tá súil againn go mbeimid ann arís an bhliain seo chugainn. Bheadh "pocket money" ar fáil do cháilíní ón Scoil Dheoiseach ar "baby-sitting" dá mbeidís ann.

Hilda Smith.

A HOLIDAY IN THE UNITED STATES

"Scoop up a handful of soil
and you will hold in your hand
the miracle of America.
The precious grains of sand
reflect a nation of contrasts . . ."

(From "This is America" by
W. A. Peterson).

I wanted to see some of these contrasts and something of the great diversity that exists in the United States, when I visited that country last summer. It was not my first visit, so my excitement was somewhat lessened on this occasion. Nevertheless, arrival at Kennedy Airport, New York is always an exciting experience as there are so many people hurrying in every direction at the Main Arrivals Building. I had to make a flight connection so there was no time to waste.

The journey, by jet, to Detroit takes two hours from New York. It was lovely to look down (as we were flying quite low) and see beneath us the cities along the lake shores, with their lights twinkling like fairy lights, as one city retreated and another came into view. That part of the journey went very quickly and it was not long until I was reunited with my relatives at the Metropolitan Airport in Detroit.

Detroit is not a beautiful city, although viewed from Windsor, Ontario, it has an attractive skyline and the Detroit River adds grandeur. Like many other American cities it has a large black population, which lives in ghettos in the downtown area, and this gives rise to many problems. There is much overcrowding and when a black family moves into a white neighbourhood, house values drop in that area. Where many blacks live in the downtown tenement areas, there are social and economic problems probably greater than any to be found in this country. America represents therefore much of what is most progressive in western civilisation and also some of its greatest problems.

Detroit is situated in the south-east of the state of Michigan, whose state capital is Lansing. The state of Michigan extends between the Lakes of Michigan on the west, and Huron on the East, and the part known as the "Upper Peninsula" extends on the north side of the Great Lakes. Michigan has hundreds of lakes dotted all over it. I visited a lovely lake area in the north-west of the lower peninsula. I stayed beside a lake called Crystal Lake (which really was crystal clear)

which is only one mile in from the coast of Lake Michigan. There was a picturesque little town called Beulah nearby, where our friends go to live in winter, as the lake-shore area becomes completely cut off by snow drifts then.

Probably one of the main impressions one has on visiting the United States is the "bigness" or everything. This was clearly illustrated to me when I visited the State University of Michigan in East Lansing. It had a huge campus and huge dormitory blocks. It was a complete town in itself! I could not but think of Trinity College, with its five thousand or so students, and realise how tiny it was by comparison! In other ways too, the "greatness" of America was revealed to me — its highways wind throughout the continent like great ugly snakes twisting and winding their tortuous way everywhere. Then, of course, even the automobiles are bigger than ours, though now the tendency is towards smaller cars, and the Volkswagen in particular, is becoming much more popular, and being a foreign car carries with it also a status symbol!

Chicago is an exciting city, very vast, with its beautiful Lake-shore drive only a few blocks away from the run-down tenement section. Its Skid Row is most depressing, drop-cut from all levels of society exist here, living between the pubs and the charity-run hostels. I saw one small shop in that area called "Last Chance Store", which was piled high with clothes that an itinerant here would be insulted if offered! On the other hand, though, Chicago has some of the world's finest museums and art galleries. The Science and Industry Museum is wonderful, and I would like to have spent at least a week in it!

New York too has its own unique place among the great urban centres of the world. I could have spent a whole day, just wandering up and down Fifth Avenue. One feels as though the world is being seen in microcosm. Now an Indian passes, now a black American, now a Puerto Rican, now an Englishman! It is a wonderful window on the world. I enjoyed visiting the New York Museums and Art Galleries, and again found some of the most avant-garde exhibitions there. I like New York.

To conclude, I would make a plea — to those of you who have not visited the United States, and who have no desire to do so, please, please do not criticize the short-

comings and failures of the way of life there. After all, one usually hears on the news media the disasters, tragedies and other negative aspects of a country. Remember the young people who join the Peace Corps and spend years working in underdeveloped countries for very little remuneration. Remember the flexible society which accepts a person as he is, and has not got a class system as definable as we have here. Remember the plea of a friend of mine — an American housewife I stayed with on my first visit to the U.S. a few years ago. She was happy to hear my enthusiastic appreciation of the hospitality I received from her and elsewhere in the States, and she said more of this was needed to help promote a better image of America to the world. If one believes in the essential goodness of man, then one must recognise the many great and good contributions Americans have made to world progress. So when one hears again a harsh, raucous voice asking about the Book of Kells, consider the need of the urban American to make his voice heard literally, because of the mental struggle he has to survive in such a vast society.

The unlimited horizons
of sweeping plains,
burning deserts
and rolling prairies . . .
. . . quiet valleys and shining inland lakes,
The energy of thundering waterfalls
and roaring cities . . .
The inspiration of the light of
a great city at night . . .
The beauty of snow
on hemlock trees,
violets peeping through the sod . . .
. . . and the dashing splashes of color
of the autumn woods.
The power of mighty waves pounding
a rock-bound coast . . .
The silence of the everlasting stars.
This is America . . . this is the land we
love. — (W. A. Peterson).

Margaret Kenny.

AN ECUMENICAL YOUTH PROJECT

At half past five on Friday, 13th August, 1971, we, Miss Caird, Anne Graham, Jackie Ross and Dorothy Babington, had our first view of the Ursuline Convent, Sligo, as we drove into the grounds which are extremely colourful with flowers of every description.

Our purpose at the convent was to help

to give a holiday to twenty-four mentally handicapped children — eighteen from the North of Ireland and six from the Sunbeam Home in Bray. That evening we had an introduction to the seventeen members of Staff from the Hibernian Church Missionary Society, who, we soon learn, were all cheerful and good-humoured people among whom were teachers, nurses and students. As soon as we met we began, with the assistance of the Youth Secretary, The Rev. Fred Kenny, to make plans for the coming week. The children were due to arrive on the afternoon of Sunday, 15th August and to stay till the following Sunday.

When the children arrived we first of all showed them to their dormitories which were not as the nuns had originally planned as over a hundred refugees from Northern Ireland had unexpectedly arrived at the convent. During that week everything went according to plan and even the weather was perfect with the sun shining in a cloudless sky all the time. We decided to divide both staff and children into four teams so that we could have competitions between the teams. After breakfast each morning the children took part in activity groups such as art, music, drama and handicrafts. After these activities, at approximately 11.30, we all drove to the public swimming pool. Although the water was cold it was very refreshing and the children, especially those who could swim, enjoyed the games we organised for them. Unfortunately, many of the children could not swim but with a little encouragement they too joined in the fun, forgetting their fears.

For everybody the highlight of each day was the afternoon. We went out in cars, which either belonged to the staff or were lent to us by the local people, and visited everywhere in Sligo which anyone on holiday could wish to visit. We went to beaches at Rosses Point, Bundoran, Mulloch Mor and Coney Island. We climbed Knocknarea Mountain and went on a cruise of Lough Gill. At these places there were various amusements which I think we enjoyed as much as the children did. There were also sandcastle competitions, scavenger hunts, races and carnival rides.

In the evenings the children entertained us with what they had learnt in their different groups each morning. In these groups what they learnt was related to a Bible story. The drama group acted the story, the music

group sang songs about it while the art and handicraft groups provided the scenery. After the entertainment the children, who we thought had shown the most improvement in their groups were given small prizes.

Everyone was very sad when the end of the week came but we felt that we had achieved our aim in giving these children an enjoyable holiday which they otherwise would not have had and also of showing them the love of Jesus Christ.

Many people, although very sympathetic are afraid of physical deformities and mental defects. Some of these children have both disabilities and either have no parents or are rejected by their parents. They want and ought to be loved and cared for more than normal children. We who have parents who love us must be thankful for this and pray for those who are unwanted or abnormal and we must always be ready to help them in every possible way.

Jackie Ross, Dorothy Babington.

MEMORIES

It was as a child of eleven that I first entered Diocesan School. A picture of what I must have looked like then comes to mind—long green gabardine coat meeting knee-length green stockings, possibly of a different hue, and proudly sporting the famous green beret. At first I was overawed by the size of the building having come in from a three roomed national school, awed too by the number of staff with their floating gowns. I was quite capable, in that first week, of getting lost on my way from the lockers outside the parish room to the big room! Soon however, the rawness wore off and I became part of Diocesan and Diocesan became a very real and important part of my life.

From the very beginning each girl in Diocesan is treated by all as an individual and each individual matters. It never failed to impress me, that Miss Scott knew each girl's name, although there were three hundred in school. The staff were always ready and willing to help. They took a tremendous interest in the girls. These little things make Diocesan special—little things do mean a lot.

During the six fleeting years I spent in Diocesan, improvements were made—some with the financial help of the Past Pupils—changes took place, skirts went up and fringes came down, giving rise to this song—
"If you want to be with it, wear a fringe in your hair,

It's oh so square to have a forehead that is bare,

But they flop on the forehead and they fall in the eyes,

Make you furrow your brow and squint in surprise!

'You must not, not, not

Wear a fringe,' says Miss Scott."

Looking back on my time in Diocesan one event in particular stands out in my mind—the final of the Aer Lingus debate. The big room was packed to capacity, excitement was in the air as we were declared second, the boys of Clongowes Wood beating us by only 4%. This result and the resultant trip to Cork by 'plane when we received V.I.P. treatment all the way and were driven around Cork in an Austin Princess, is a memory which will always stay with me.

The experience I gained in speaking at debate while at Diocesan has stood to me during my training and since taking up my present post as principal of St. Brigid's National School. After all, there is no comparison between speaking to about sixty people at a Parent-Teacher meeting and speaking in the Metropolitan Hall, at the Irish Times oratory competition!

Indeed, not only the debating experience gained in Diocesan has stood to be in my teaching career. Amongst other things my love of Irish was strengthened while at school and, not having succeeded in getting to the Gaeltacht while at Diocesan, I was very eager to spend the required month there while in training college. That was in July 1967 and I have returned every year since. My advice to any girl would be not to miss the opportunity of spending some time in the Gaeltacht, where a completely different way of life is to be experienced and where one can have a fantastic holiday. There is nowhere quite like Corca Dhuibhne (the Dingle Peninsula gaeltacht), with its beautiful beaches, wonderful views, marvellous people and magic atmosphere.

And indeed there is no school quite like Diocesan with its special atmosphere.

Hilda Smith.

A HOLIDAY IN A CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOUR HOME

On Saturday, 31st July at 10.30 a.m. we went to Heuston Station to get our train to Limerick Junction where we were to change for a second train to Limerick. We went to

look for the bus which was going to Kilkee. We found, on this bus, that the Clare people must have shorter legs than ours as we seemed to have our knees in our mouths. When we dismounted at Kilkee we felt as if we had just dismounted a horse as we had cramps all over, and to top it all we had to walk about a mile, with heavy suitcases, to Clar Ellagh, the Christian Endeavour Home, in Kilkee.

The two of us were looking forward to this holiday but we thought that we might spend it on our knees. We were glad to go to bed that night as we were both very tired and sore.

We visited some interesting places, one of which was the Cliffs of Moher. We went in a convoy of seventeen cars, both big and small. We enjoyed the views of the cliffs and their formation. Then we travelled to the Burren where we had tea in the drizzling rain.

We also visited the Bridges of Ross where the cliffs form very artistic looking bridges. The breakers were really tremendous and one would not believe what the currents were like unless one saw them. On our travels we met a lady who was in a crowd scene in the film "Ryan's Daughter".

On the Wednesday evening a concert was held in the house and each room or dormitory had to contribute an item. This was very enjoyable and lasted for about two hours.

There were various events in which we took part, one being called 'Disguises'. In this we were told that there were twelve people from the home who were situated in the town or on the beach and, of course, they were disguised. If we thought that an odd looking policeman looked like 'X' then we were to go up and ask him "Do your ears flap in the wind?" This was all right if you picked out the right person who would have another name towards winning. Unfortunately each person had to take consequences, as we did, when we asked an innocent pair sitting on the beach with their radio blaring away. Naturally they thought we were very silly and told us that they understood perfectly when we tried to explain.

We really enjoyed this holiday and would recommend a similar one to anyone.

Olive Noblett)
Carol Quill) 4A

TOWN

Mrs. Brown
Rushing to town
Making a fuss
Trying to catch her bus.
Mrs. Brown
Arrived in town
To find people shouting
Children shouting
Papermen shrieking
Car horns beeping.
Mrs. Brown
Doesn't like town.

Janet Knaggs 2 S.

A THOUGHT FOR THE DAY

The young man stood, at the corner of the busy street, and he looked around him, he looked at the people, he looked at their faces and he looked at the buildings they had created but he did not like what he saw before him. He did not like what he saw at all.

He saw the people, with apathy in their faces and coldness in their eyes, walk by the blind man, stumbling on the road; walk by the old woman selling flowers to keep alive. They did not even notice the young man, himself, standing alone, cold and hungry, searching only for a smile on their stony faces. And the young man did not like what he saw at all.

So, the young man walked on, but there was no escape. He saw the soldier lying on the ground with a bullet in his chest, pain in his face and tears in his eyes, as he died there all alone. And the people walked by, unnoticing, thinking of their bills, and their children and their homes. The young man was saddened and did not like what he saw.

He saw a young child, lying by a tree, his ribs and bones clear in his thin, weak frame. As he lay there, afraid, bewildered and with grass stains on his mouth, a rocket left the cold, sad earth on its way to the fat and happy moon. But the people walked by, blindly, and the young man was grieved by it all.

So he went and sat by the river he used to love, the river that was always fresh and bubbling from its source in the mountains, the river that was always full of life. But none of this did he see — only the white, stenchy mess, floating on its surface: its beauty marred, destroyed forever, reflecting clearly the kind of people the young man

had just seen — all blind, all selfish, all wrong. And the young man wept.

Cold, hungry and dejected, he walked away, full of sorrow for us, the people who destroyed the earth in so many ways. And as he walked all alone, he looked up to the sky, and said, for the second time :-

"Forgive them, Father, for they know not what they do".

Emily Torrns, 5A.

QUEENSLAND HOLIDAY

Last April and May, my husband and I had the opportunity of a lifetime — a flight across the world to visit our son, who had recently married an Australian girl, and to stay with them in Brisbane for nine weeks. One thing about flying such a distance, is that it takes quite a few days to become accustomed to the change in the time factor; Brisbane is nine hours ahead of us, and for some days we felt sleepy at mealtimes and hungry at bedtime ! However, we soon got over that phase, and revelled in the glorious climate; although it was Autumn there, the temperatures were frequently in the 80's, and we spent a fabulous week at Surfer's Paradise, about 40 miles from Brisbane — their version of Brittas Bay ! — basking in the sun, swimming in the beautifully warm sea, well, perhaps not swimming, rather jumping into and over the huge waves of the surf. Brisbane is a delightful city, very clean, and with several very attractive department stores, in which we were interested to compare prices with those at home. We found that food was rather cheaper, and most of it infinitely better than ours, especially meat and fruit and potatoes, though other vegetables were rather surprisingly scarce and not very exciting. Clothes were similar in price and style to our own, though I was rather disappointed to find the shops full of winter clothes, as I had intended buying some summer frocks out there, but Australians start thinking of cardigans, jumpers and wool dresses when the temperature drops to 75° ! I suppose it is all a matter of relativity, because by the end of our stay we were donning cardigans and jumpers in the evenings in weather that at home we would call a heat-wave ! Furniture was the biggest surprise — it was fiendishly expensive, and of rather poor quality, but then, you could buy an extremely good house, luxury standard, for about £8,000, which would cost almost

twice as much here. Most Queensland houses are built on sort of stilts of wood or brick — this derives from the necessity of allowing air to circulate underneath to keep the house cool, though most of the houses now have air-conditioning, much as we have been converted to central heating. This space under the house is extremely useful, frequently housing the car, the deep-freeze, the washing machine, and sometimes the clothes line, as the sun is so strong that clothes hung in the open tend to lose their colour, and either way they dry in about half an hour ! Another use for this space is what the Australians call a rumpus-room (a wonderful name, I think) where the children can be turned loose. The area is only occasionally fenced in, as there is a marked lack of interest in robbery of such equipment as the above — can you imagine leaving all these things in the open in Ireland !

During our stay, we took a trip to Northern Queensland, about 1,200 miles, where we stayed at Cairns (maps out, everybody !) and taking day trips over the Atherton Tableland, with its magnificent mountain scenery, through sugar-cane country — miles and miles of sugar cane — and by boat to Green Island, on the Great Barrier Reef, where we saw the fantastic living coral and fishes of all colours of the rainbow. I must admit my geography lessons at school never made it as interesting as it is, but I can't blame Diocesan (or Miss Latimer) for that : it is something which has to be seen to be believed. This area is well inside the tropic zone, and it was incredibly hot there, and very humid, so when we returned to Brisbane we felt it quite cool at temperatures in the upper 70s ! One thing I regretted was that being Autumn the amazingly colourful flowering trees were mostly out of season, though I did see poinsettias growing like weeds, and treated as such, which is very depressing for those of us who buy a small plant at Christmas time and nurture it carefully for the next few weeks until it inevitably dies ! If I ever have the chance of visiting Queensland again, and I hope I will, I shall certainly try to be there in their summer to see the poinciannas, hibiscus, flame tree, jacaranda, and many others in all their colourful glory. One real disappointment was the constellation The Southern Cross : I had always wanted to see it, expecting it to be enormous and brilliant, filling the night sky; far from it, it is quite inconspicuous, even

difficult to find, and not nearly so impressive as our Plough !

All too soon the weeks flew by, and it was time to return home, but we shall never forget that marvellous country, our memories enhanced, of course, by the reunion with our son and his charming wife, and with my sister in law, now Valerie Stephens, another ex-Diocesan girl, who has lived in Brisbane for nearly twenty years, and has become a real Australian.

As I write this, on a frosty day in February Queensland and its sunshine seems very far away in time and space, but our holiday is firmly etched in my memory, and I haven't even begun to tell you about it !

Mabel Gargan.

SUNSET

The sun crept slowly down the sky
Emitting its last rays of light.
It shed rays of red and yellow,
Painting a picture of warmth.
But it was cold,
Cold as a night in November.
A surprise indeed
For a day in mid-Summer, as
The sun slowly disappeared behind the hill.

Gillian Jackson, 5B.

A VISIT TO THE NATIONAL MUSEUM

Early in December Miss Williams invited four of the Sixth Year girls to take twenty six of the First Year to the National Museum with her. There was more to this than just 'looking around' which would not have appealed very much to the First Year. Instead Miss Williams had planned out a questionnaire which was given to each girl. On reaching the museum we divided into two groups and went in search of the relevant exhibits. One of the groups examined the Ardagh Chalice, St. Patrick's Bell and Shrine, and the Tara Brooch, while the other group studied Bronze and Early Iron Age exhibits, with detailed questions to answer on each subject. It was amazing how much there was to learn about each item. Sketching appealed most to the girls and they took a real interest in finding the answers.

The Ardagh Chalice, one of the most interesting exhibits, showed decorative roundels and studs. Dr. Lucas, Director of the museum, came to talk to one group about the Chalice and kindly lent them a very large lens. The Tara Brooch fascinated the juniors who could not really believe that

this huge decorative brooch was once worn on a cloak. St Patrick's Bell was roughly made compared with the Shrine which is covered with many intricate designs, and which was made several centuries later than the bell. The lunulae (gold neck bands), the Loughnashade trumpet and the stone heads were among the exhibits from the earlier period that had to be examined.

An American teacher from New York State showed an interest in our groups. She told us that she could only bring students perhaps once in their school career to New York Museum as it is a whole day excursion by special bus. Because of this the girls have little time and they cannot examine each exhibit individually. In the National Museum there are many cases containing gold ornaments at which she was amazed. She had seen nothing like them in any other country except for the famous collection of Mycaenae gold in Athens. She wondered why the collection, which she considered second only to the gold collection in Athens, was not more widely advertised.

The public in general take for granted the exhibits in the National Museum and do not appreciate how fortunate we are to have the collections, and we also fail to appreciate our frequent opportunities of visiting the National Museum.

On behalf of the First Year girls and ourselves, we thank Miss Williams for bringing us to the Museum and for her time and thought in planning the trip.

**Gweneth Attwood,
Sandra Johnson, 6th Year**

I would like to add my thanks to Gweneth, Sandra, Barbara Dowds and Elizabeth Plunkett who gave up an afternoon to make this visit possible and gave much help to younger girls.

J. Williams.

DR. WEINGREEN'S MUSEUM

On the 26th January, 1972, second year went to Trinity College, by invitation of Dr. Weingreen, to visit his museum. Although it is not as big as the National Museum, it contains some very rare and valuable exhibits. We divided into two groups, 2S going first with Miss Williams and Miss Stevenson and 2D later. We were in the second group and we arrived there at a quarter past three with Miss Caird. All the girls in the first group then went home.

Dr. Weingreen welcomed us and began

by telling us about the various clay jars he had. These jars came mainly from Israel or Jordan. Some came from Jericho in the 19th century B.C. Some of the jars had ledge handles, others had shoulder handles and some had no handles at all because handles had not been invented then. The earliest had rounded bottoms and no handles and were carried on people's heads. As time went on handles were invented, the first type was called a ledge handle, which was made by pinching a little of the clay on each side of the pot. If you looked at this from the front it gave the effect of a small ledge on each side. Some jars came from Abraham's city of Ur in 2000 B.C. and they were made beautifully, while others came from Judaea when the exiles returned from Babylonia, and they were very crude. Flasks not unlike those used by St. John's Ambulance men were used 2700 years ago.

In a glass case were stones and jar handles. The stones were either scarabs which dated from before 621 B.C. or flying symbols from 621 onwards. The jar handles had the inscription 'Imlk' meaning 'Royal' and the name of a town stamped on them. Most came from Hebron. We were allowed to handle these objects.

There were many lamps in another case. These came from Jericho. They were never used because they were put in tombs. It was believed in ancient times that you should put the articles of daily use in the tomb with a person when he died. Some of these lamps had holes in them which had been made deliberately for two reasons. Tomb robbers would not take them because they would be useless. By boring a hole in an object it would be killed and the spirit of the object would serve the spirit of the dead person. The earliest lamps were open shallow saucers that had four wicks, one at each corner. Later, people used several lamps in different parts of a room, each lamp with one wick. Later still the sides were pinched in to make a closed lamp which would hold oil more safely.

The art of cosmetics is very old. We were shown an Egyptian alabaster jar used for make-up in 2000 B.C. There was also an Egyptian mirror and a fashionable Canaanite lady's make-up set from 3,500 years ago. There was coal for eye-lashes, a container for scented water, and a flask in the shape of a woman made to hold perfume. There was a spoon at the top, and if it were tilted

perfume would come out into the spoon.

We saw a monkey-jug that was used in N. Africa in the 6th century B.C. There were remains of animal toys from Israel. The child's name was written on the necks of some. Children used to play with knuckle bones as we play with jacks. In this case were also Greek and Roman coins and cylinder seals. The oldest object in the museum is a flint knife, beautifully flaked, with a serrated edge like a bread knife. It dates from about 4,000 B.C.

Finally we looked at Egyptian exhibits, charms of goddesses, gods, cats, lions and rabbits, necklaces and wooden figures. There was the head of a mummy. Unfortunately it is not known who the head belonged to, as grave robbers had cut his head off and there were several mummies in this state in the same tomb. There were also some jars that contained extracted hearts and livers.

Dr. Weingreen has many more beautiful and interesting objects which he did not tell us about for it would take too long to say something about each item. After we had signed our names in the visitors' book we said our goodbyes to Dr. Weingreen. We all thank Dr. Weingreen for giving up his time to show us his wonderful collection. We also thank Miss Caird, Miss Stevenson and Miss Williams for escorting us there and making sure we got home safely.

**Janet Flower, Sandra Keating
and Gillian Wright, 2D.**

CONTRAST

Mountains of purple,
Seas of green,
Cities of black,
I have seen.
Small thatched cottages,
With white washed walls,
Tall boring office blocks,
That look likely to fall.
Clean fresh air,
Scent of new mown grass,
Smelly polluted air,
Petrol or gas.
People live longer,
In country-fresh air,
People die earlier
In town but who's to care ?

Olwen Todd, 3A.

THE LIBRARY OF TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN

Our form was taken by Miss Williams and Miss Caird to Trinity College old library to see the Book of Kells, the Book of Durrow, the Book of Dimma and the Book of Armagh. We were given question sheets beforehand. On the way we saw many interesting buildings.

A new library had to be built because Trinity College is entitled to a copy of every book that is published in the British Isles. They do not have to take them all of course, or else they would need yet another library!

When we went in we came into a very long room. It is supposed to be the longest room in the British Isles. There are a great many books there, so many, in fact, that some are on a gallery going round the library and some are on a lower floor. The Book of Kells and the Book of Durrow are in separate cases. These cases have cloth to put over them when nobody is looking at the books. This cloth is to stop the light getting at the books and damaging them.

The four books we looked at were all written in Latin. The Books of Kells, Durrow and Dimma each contain the four Gospels and many colourful illustrations. The Book of Armagh contains the New Testament and also has illustrations. The colours used were brown, red, yellow, green, blue, orange and purple. If there were any holes in the page (made from vellum or calf's skin specially prepared, the hole was probably made by the warble fly while the calf was alive. When one monk came to a hole in a page he could not bear to waste the space as the vellum was precious and he made a flower using the hole as the centre.)

We had brought two lenses for looking at very tiny things. We used these and saw many interlaced animals, especially on capital letters. It is wonderful to think that these lovely manuscripts were written under very bad conditions. There was no electric light, and to work all those intricate designs even with electric light would be very hard. Interlacing is always over, then under, then over, then under, and so on.

On our question sheets were questions of various kinds such as "Measure the books", "Date them", "Tell how they were misused". We did not answer them all as time flew. We were to be back at school in time for lunch. Other visitors were looking at

the books. We wondered what they thought of them. Certainly we were very impressed, and I think if you have not been, you should go sometime soon, because it is very interesting.

Naomi Jupe and Lindsey Abbott 1D.

"A STRANGE THING HAPPENED TO ME..."

Six p.m., December the twelfth : standing on the kerb in O'Connell Street, just at the corner of Henry Street, in the gathering dusk, I surveyed the scene, which seemed to be overcast by a hazy yellow mist, cast by the fairy lights outlining the branches of the trees. Red tail-lights whizzed past continuously, leaving in the mind's eye an image of long, red streaks disturbing the black emptiness of the road.

I could not remain standing still for long, as I was being pushed along by the jostling crowd of shoppers; I turned, and, moving on up the street, presently found that I would have to cross the road. The nearest crossing was opposite the huge Christmas tree erected where Nelson's Pillar used to be. The plain, clear, white lights with which this was solely decorated provided a sparkling contrast to the garish yellow, red and white lights lining the trees and suspended across Henry Street.

Having reached the other side, I moved up a few hundred yards or so to the bus-stop where one can get the numbers two and three buses. There was a long queue, because this was during the rush-hour, and I found myself behind a huge, tall man with very little hair and incredibly dark glasses — I honestly do not know how he saw through them. A bus finally came and went, taking the first two or three people in the queue. The dark man looked as impatient as I felt. He kept looking at his watch, which irritated me intensely, as did his habit of scowling, at everyone and everything, as if to say that it was all **their** fault that the bus had not arrived, empty, at the time at which he wished it to.

After another few minutes, he moved out of the queue and sauntered over to a shop window where some dress dummies were displaying ladies' jewellery along with costly dresses and trouser suits. I did not pay much attention to him, but turned and looked hopefully up the street in the direction from which the 'bus was supposed to come. Suddenly,

I heard a crash and a scream, and, turning quickly, I saw that the dark man and companion had broken the display window and were stripping the jewellery off the models. Their hands moved like lightning, and before I could fully recover from the shock, the two men ran straight past me and hopped into a car which was waiting on the kerb beside me; or rather, only one of them got in, because the dark man was so busy looking around, making sure that there were no Gardaí running after him, that he collided with me, tripped over my foot, and the two of us sprawled and struggled on the pavement, and a Garda **did** come up then; the car door slammed and the car bounded away from the kerb and roared up the street as far as it could before becoming caught in the sluggish stream of traffic which habitually infests O'Connell Street.

Meanwhile, the Garda had disentangled

me and the dark man and a patrol car had arrived to lend a hand and bring us to the police station in Pearse Street. The man would not talk, but that did not matter, as another patrol car had caught the other crooks abandoning the car in Fairview, quite a distance away.

I returned to my flat somewhat later than I had expected, and with my parcels quite considerably battered.

I noticed that for the next few days the broken display window was patched up with cellophane, and, of course, had to be emptied. However, it was soon restored to its normal, dazzling, decorative appearance, the jewellery and dresses on display again and decoration put up as before — just in time for the last week of Christmas shopping.

Barbara Dagg, 4A.

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DUBLIN, 2

MISS JEAN MORRISON SCOTT

With the passing of Miss Jean Scott, we feel we have lost a very good friend.

She was a graduate of Trinity College and a brilliant teacher. She spent some years in Rochelle School, Cork; in Canada, and in French School, Bray, and in 1935 joined the Staff of the Diocesan Secondary School for



Girls, Dublin. Here she taught Science and Mathematics with success. As there was a need, and she had the ability and the interest, Miss Scott also undertook to teach some Irish in her early years in Diocesan. In time, she became senior assistant mistress, helped with the administration of the School, and looked after the accounts and some of the Secretarial work. She enjoyed working with figures and, with her good business acumen, gave valuable service to the School.

When the post of Headmistress became vacant in 1954, she was appointed to succeed Miss Mildred Latimer. During her period of office the number of girls attending the School increased greatly, so that soon there were too few classrooms. In 1960 Miss Scott introduced a senior cycle into the school and, since then, many girls have remained to study for the Leaving Certificate examination. With increasing pressure on accommodation, it was then decided to phase out the Junior School, leaving more room for Seniors.

To meet the need for more classrooms, in 1958, Miss Scott suggested that the large Assembly Hall should have an extra storey added by putting in a ceiling and making classrooms on the second floor.

By 1961 four new classrooms were in use. In recent years the Science Laboratory was extended and modernised, and other improvements made. Miss Scott had a genius for suggesting simple and practical ideas to solve problems when they arose.

Being keen on Athletics and Games, Miss Scott persuaded the Committee of Management in 1961 to purchase Belgrave Square Sports Ground which has been of such benefit to the School. She also encouraged the formation of the Old Diocesan Hockey Club and supported it in practical ways. The Hockey Club members expressed their gratitude for her interest by presenting two cups to be awarded annually to girls who make progress in hockey.

Jean Scott had a wonderful way with people, young and old. In the School she was a very popular and successful headmistress, and countless old girls were continually getting in touch with her. She was deeply interested in the revival of the Past Pupils' Association and was proud of its

vitality and strength. When she retired, in 1967, she was made its Honorary Secretary, which position she held until quite recently. After retirement she was also elected Vice-President, and later President, of the Dublin Division of the Girls' Brigade. She was a devoted member of Adelaide Road Presbyterian Church, deeply involved in many of its activities. As long as her strength allowed her she was present at the Sunday Services and she was still Vice-President of this branch of the Presbyterian Women's Association.

The members of the School Committee quickly realised that Miss Scott was an enthusiastic teacher and a great headmistress. She had a deceptive modesty and shyness which drew people to her in a remarkable way. On the Committee, we all realised that behind the retiring disposition there were outstanding gifts of leadership. Jean Scott was a great personality who has left behind her a monument in the affection of the girls who came under her influence.

G.D.H.

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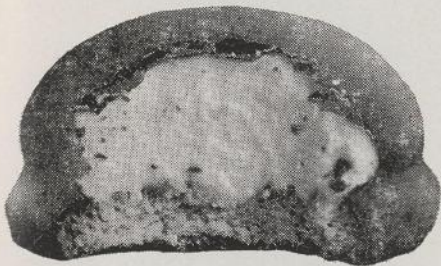
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