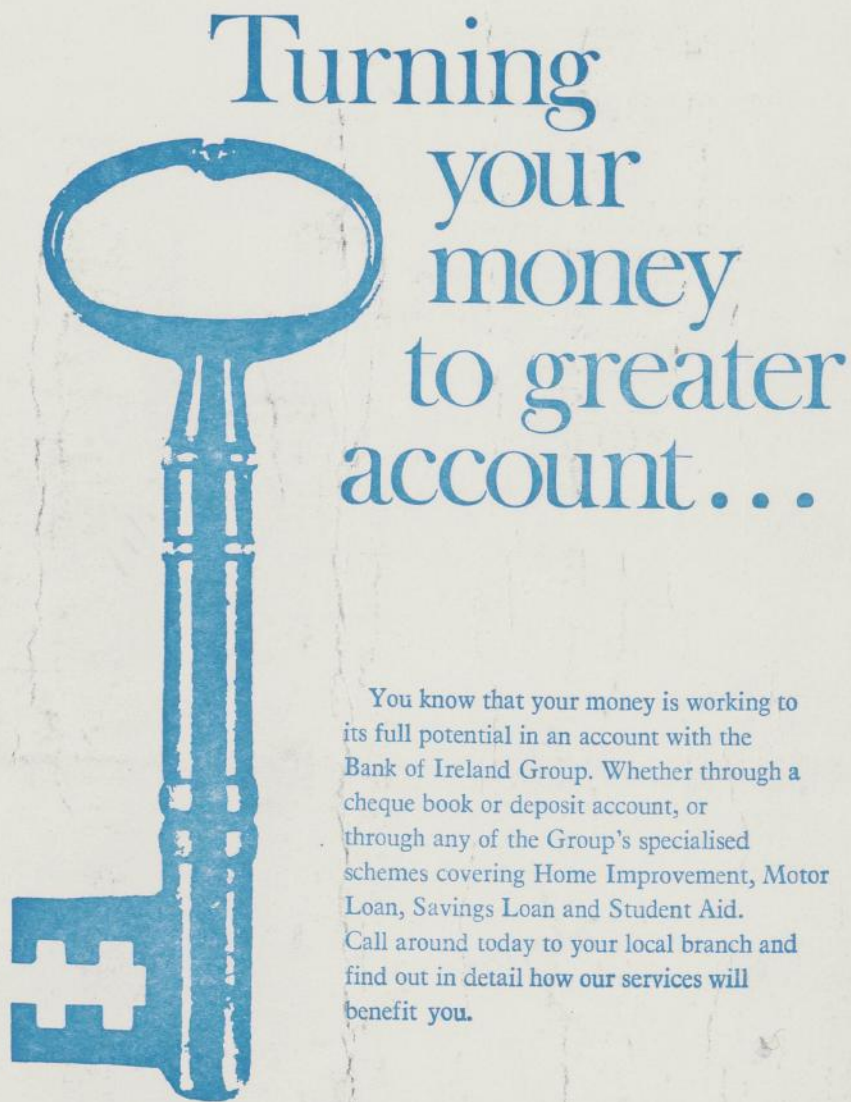




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Diocesan Secondary School For Girls



1970

The Diocesan Times

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EDITORIAL

During the past year we have seen many staff changes. We send our good wishes to Miss Hinton, Mrs. Curtis, Mrs. Hill, Miss Bea-mish, and Miss Johnston, and have been very pleased to hear news of their travels and

experiences in Europe, Wales and Canada. We welcomed, in September, Mrs. Allen, Miss Hoare, Miss Daunt, Miss Blakeney, Mrs. Perry, Mrs. Stillman, Mrs. Poynton, and Miss Stevenson and are grateful for their efforts to make us think and learn and see.

Each year the amount of equipment in school increases, and since the last maga-zine was published, a refrigerator for the Science laboratory, another piano for Music-ianship classes and an overhead projector for Geography classes have been bought and add to the interest and scope of our work. We were given a present of some fine tools for wood carving and other craftwork in our art classes.

In September, 1969, a Music Society was formed and has had several meetings and a membership of over forty girls. The other school societies are very much alive too and reports of their activities are included in this edition.

This year saw the elevation of Dr. G. O. Simms, former Archbishop of Dublin to the Archbishopric of Armagh and Primacy of all Ireland. We offer him our very good wishes in this most important office, and also extend a welcome to Dr. A. A. Buchanan as the new Archbishop of Dublin. We count ourselves fortunate in having the interest of these schol-arly people in the affairs of the Diocesan School.

We thank all pupils, past and present, who contributed articles to the magazine. We would especially like to thank Miss Jagoe, Miss Stewart and Miss Minion who have done so much work in collecting articles, in check-ing and correcting, in organising and guid-ing us through the publication of the ninth edition of the Diocesan Times.

THE SENIOR DEBATING SOCIETY

President : Miss Jagoe;
Chairman : Susan Graham;
Secretary : Joyce Marsh;
Treasurer : Pat Coghlan;
Committee : Marie Davis, Susan Barry, Christina Attwood.

As secretary of our Senior Debating Society I should like to give you a brief account of our activities.

We held the first debate of the season on 2nd October, the motion being "This House would legalize euthanasia". This debate was a tremendous success for it was very well attended by a cross-section of fourth, fifth, and sixth-year girls. The motion proved to be rather controversial, and as a result, a lively, interesting debate was enjoyed by all. Finally, after an hour-long debate, the motion was defeated by an impressive majority.

The next debate was also well attended as the motion was, "This House would welcome co-education". As we had all anticipated, the voting showed that the majority of girls would heartily welcome co-education, especially to Diocesan.

On 22nd January, we competed in the first round of the Aer Lingus Debate. The motion was that "The continuing growth of our national airline is essential to the economic progress of Ireland", and it was finally put forward by a slight majority. There were three speakers on each side whose merit was judged by Miss Coyne, an air hostess. Susan Graham was chosen as the best speaker and was awarded an overnight bag. As the final results of this competition have not been published, on writing this article we sincerely hope that the competitors do well.

I should like to avail of this opportunity to thank Miss Hoare for her advice and aid in the running of our society. Also, we hope you will continue to support our meetings and we welcome all new members.

Joyce Marsh (5A)

THE JUNIOR DEBATING SOCIETY

The Junior Debating Society was started last year by members of the present 3A. Previously the school had only a Senior Debating Society and we thought it would be a good idea to start a Junior branch.

When we had been given permission by Miss Jagoe a committee was elected —Eliza-

beth Mahon (chairman), Janice Durham (treasurer), Lesley Gibson, Carol Foxe, Elizabeth Quin, Edith Ormsby (secretary).

Our first debate was held on January 31st, 1969. The subject debated was "The Thoughtlessness of the young generation". Twenty seven attended which was quite good for our first debate. Since then we have had five more debates, on — Co-education, Equality of Women, The Copying of the American Way of Life is Worth While, Space Travel Is A Waste of Time and Money, and a Balloon Debate.

If you have any subjects which would make an interesting debate please let us know, and then, if you belong to 1st, 2nd or 3rd year, come and air your opinions.

Edith Ormsby (Secretary)

Y.O.C. ACTIVITIES (1969)

The Young Ornithologists' Club has had an active year. In March, we invited parents and friends to an evening meeting. Several members talked about the breeding of swans on the Grand Canal and Caroline Coulson showed slides of the birds and their nests and young. After a question time about this project, Gwenyth Attwood read her essay on the Club's visit to Ireland's Eye. This was illustrated by Miss Jagoe's slides. Mr. Jackson then showed his film of Ireland's Eye, which proved so popular that he had to show it 3 times!

The April outing was a Saturday journey to Dollymount, where members and some parents went over to the Bull Island. On the mud there were black headed, greater black backed and herring gulls. Also there were a few waders, oyster catchers, dunlins, red-shanks and curlews, and a whimbrel was heard calling. There was a large flock of Brent Geese.

On the island itself, sky larks and meadow pipits were both seen and heard. Amie Waldron-Hamilton was quick enough to catch a Pygmy Shrew and it was studied and held by everyone. One of the parents took a photograph.

In May, the Y.O.C. went to Howth Head, accompanied by Miss Williams, Miss Caird, and Miss Bell. The transport was helped by Mrs. Kelly, Mr. Ruffi and Miss Cooke. It had been hoped that the members would go over to Ireland's Eye but owing to a heavy swell, it would not have been possible to

land. However we were not disappointed, as we had a pleasant walk along the cliffs to the Baily, where the lighthouse keepers welcomed us and showed us over the lighthouse. On the cliffs we saw fulmar petrels, kittiwakes and herring gulls nesting and in the water below the lighthouse, we saw a seal.

After the summer holidays, a new committee was elected. The following people were appointed:

Chairman, Christina Attwood; Organising Secretaries, Valerie Coghlan and Diana Armstrong; Record Secretary, Helen Franklin; Treasurers, Natasha Souter and Ruth Williams; In Charge of Magazines and Scrapbooks, Deirdre Fincher and Valerie Taylor.

Form Representatives: VIA June Babington; VA Patricia Gibson; VB Dorothy Babington; IVA Elizabeth Plunkett; IVB Sandra Johnston; IVB Carol Whittaker; IIIA Sylvia Rowe; III BValeria Taylor; IIB Hazel Whittaker; IS Helen Fincher; ID Gillian Rumney.

At the October meeting, Valerie Taylor, Diana Armstrong, Sandra Johnston, Carol Whittaker, Valerie Cookman and Hazel Whittaker ran competitions and we welcome new members.

Later in October we visited Merrion Strand and Booterstown Marsh, seeing gulls, waders and moorhens.

In November we walked down the West Pier, Dun Laoghaire. Not many birds were about, but we saw three purple sandpipers, a species which was new to most of the party.

We would like to thank parents and friends who have again this year given their time very generously to make our expeditions possible.

Helen Franklin (1A)

THE REV. CANON T. J. JOHNSTON M.A. M.Litt.

We learned this month with great regret that the Reverend Canon T. J. Johnston finds it necessary to retire from active work. Prolonged illness has reluctantly forced him to make this decision, and we know many of our readers will be sorry. For many years Canon Johnston has been Secretary of the Committee of Management and Manager — guiding the policy of the School with quiet wisdom and very great interest in its progress. He never spared himself, and worked unstintingly to help it through difficult times, or rejoiced in its successes. We thank him for the kindly, sympathetic understanding, the

energy and the strong affection which he showed in his work for the School, and hope that he will soon be well enough to enjoy retirement.

M. M. Jagoe.

PARENTS' EVENING 1969.

On 16th May we gave an entertainment for the parents of the first and fourth year girls. It began at 7.30 p.m. with a display of Gymnastics by IA in which were included 'splits' and 'head stands'. Fourth year then showed us skill on the new portable apparatus.

Then "Nicholas Nye" by Walter de la Mare, and "He wishes for the Clothes of Heaven" by W. B. Yeats were recited by IB and were followed by IA's rendering of the "Shell" by James Stephens and the "Fiddler of Dooney" by W. B. Yeats. These classes were taught by Mrs. Baldwin and their contribution was much appreciated.

An extract from Charles Dickens' "David Copperfield" was dramatized by IB. In this performance their acting was good and their 19th century costumes were realistic. We also enjoyed IA's dramatization of the "Pied Piper" from Robert Browning's poem. Their mediaeval costumes were gay and brightly coloured.

The choirs, conducted by Mr. Watson, delighted us with a variety of songs. The junior choir sang "I Know A Flower That Springeth" by Praetorius, Norman Gilberts' "Song of Youth" which was very jolly, Edward Elgar's Aspiration and "Land to the Leeward Ho" by C. H. H. Perry. The senior choir which was in very good voice, delighted us with Edward Elgar's "Shepherd Song" and John Ireland's "See How The Morning Smiles".

The account of the Modelling of Clothes made in Home Economics classes is given separately by Shelley Anderson.

We were very pleased to welcome so many parents of 1st year and 4th Year Girls and hope that they, too, enjoyed the evenings entertainment.

OUR FASHION SHOW 1969

It was time to plan for Parents' Evening, 1969, and we wanted to surprise our audience with some novel entertainment, so Fourth Year decided unanimously on a fashion show.

However easy you may think it was, there was much arranging and re-arranging to be done. We wanted this to be a success and

to be remembered by the parents as an enjoyable evening's entertainment.

Much equipment was necessary to make this show realistic. We would require a compere and microphone and also decided on having suitable soft background music. This unfortunately, was by-passed in the hubbub and excitement of the evening.

Each class was wearing the garments they had made in the Needlework Classes. Second year wore denim shirt blouses with either matching or contrasting denim A-line skirts. Third year modelled lawn "baby-doll" pyjamas and nighties and carried teddy bears. The finishing touches made it even more realistic. Next came fourth year with a display of dresses—each one different from the next. Mrs. O'Donoghue had very kindly brought in some rather unusual headgear and these were worn to complement the style and colour of the dresses. More nightwear was contributed by fifth year who had made housecoats and dressing gowns. These were set off by a touch of Olde Worlde — each girl carrying candle holders and candles.

Some girls had entered for the Cassidy Make and Model Competition and they modelled these outfits.

The show was a great success, much better than we had expected.

Shelley Anderson (5A)

SPORTS DAY 1969

Last year the school Sports were held on the 25th June, on a warm Summer's evening under a blue cloudless sky. Belgrave Square was looking its best, with well kept grass and clearly marked tracks for competitors. Many friends came to watch and encourage us and all were cheerful and happy. We were glad to see so many supporters and welcomed them.

Our thanks go to Miss Beamish who organized the Sports so efficiently. She devoted a considerable amount of time to make sure everything would run smoothly and she thoroughly deserves much praise for the success of the evening.

We are very grateful to Mrs. Gargan who supplied the refreshment tent and to all Past Pupils who worked very hard selling ice-cream, lemonade and sweets which everyone was very glad to avail of during the evening.

Thanks must also go to Mr. J. B. Good for installing and taking charge of the electrical equipment and to Miss Caird for acting as commentator.

On this occasion Mrs. R. H. Orr presented the prizes to the girls. We were particularly glad to have Mrs. Orr with us as our Guest of Honour, and once again were in her debt. She has given valuable and practical evidence of her interest week by week in coaching the badminton players.

The Taylor Cup awarded to the senior girl with the highest aggregate of marks went to D. Griffin. The Staff Cup awarded to the girl with the most points in the Middle School went to H. Giddings and R. Merrey. The Diocesan Cup was awarded to S. Barker and J. Gaw for they gained the most points in 2nd Year. The Mathers Cup awarded to the 1st Year with most points went to H. Switzer. The Form Cup awarded to the form which obtained the highest aggregate of marks went to 3A. The Belgrave Cup, for the Senior 220 yards was awarded to K. Vard. The Jean Scott Cups awarded to the Girls who have made the most progress in hockey during the year went to M. McMullen in the Senior School and E. Motyer in the Junior School.

Carol Danker (5A)

THE BADMINTON CLUB (1969 - 1970)

This year, the Badminton Club entered four teams for the 'Schools' League. The first team played two league matches, one against Bertrand and Rutland High School and the other against Alexandra College and won both by 4-0. The second team played two league matches, the first against Alexandra College and the second against Mt. Anville, and also won both 4-0. A 3rd team was entered for the League and played four matches, two of which were drawn against Roslyn Park and Malahide. The other two were played against Mt. Anville and Alexandra College and we won by 3-1 in each case.

Our fourth team of under fifteens was entered this year. They played two matches against Malahide. They did very well by drawing with them the first time, but were beaten in the second match.

All these results show that the standard of badminton has improved in our school and we thank Mrs. R. H. Orr and Mrs. Dugan for their excellent coaching. We also thank Mrs. Orr for accompanying teams to the matches and are grateful to the Trustees of Charleston Road Methodist Church for allowing us to use their hall on Tuesday and Thursday afternoons and for the courtesy shown us by Mr. White, the caretaker.

Susan Gill (5A)

SWIMMING

Every Saturday morning about sixty girls attend swimming classes at the Church of Ireland Training College in Rathmines. The heated swimming pool with its diving board is greatly appreciated by the girls, as are the changing rooms with their hot and cold showers. We are grouped into four different classes according to our ability. In these groups we benefit greatly from our training. Each girl is given the basic training for every stroke, and girls in the higher classes are taught to dive.

Miss Caird has kindly offered to train some of the more advanced girls for the Bronze Medallion for Life Saving. We thank Miss Daunt, Miss Caird and the two Ling students who have helped us greatly in our swimming.

**Dorothy Babington,
Jennifer McLinden,
Pamela Darling (5th year)**

HOCKEY REPORT 1969/70

This year we have five teams — the 1st XI, 2nd XI, Junior A, Junior B and Minor — four of which were entered for their respective Cups.

Until quite recently we have enjoyed fairly good weather and so have had many opportunities for extra practise. Each of our teams has played quite a number of friendly matches, both on soft and all weather pitches, and although they were not successful in many of them, they were thoroughly enjoyed by all our players. Apart from the various teams, all classes are now looking forward to Inter-form matches.

The Minor Team, captained by Olive Noblett, was beaten in the first round of the Cup by a far stronger team from Dominican Convent, Muckross Park.

The J.C.T. (A.) captained by Jasmin Gaw and J.C.T. (B.) captained by Muriel Jackson, were also beaten in their first Cup matches by Alexandra School and Celbridge Collegiate School, respectively.

The 1st XI, captained by Hazel Preston, reached the quarter finals of the Intermediate cup, beating Zion Hill 2-0 in the first round, and Loreto Convent, Dalkey, 5-2 in the second. However, they were beaten 3-2 in the quarter-finals in a very close and exciting match, which lasted for almost two hours, by Holy Faith Convent, Skerries.

The 1st XI enjoyed a recent visit to Cork, when they played Rochelle School. Unfortunately,

the match had to be abandoned in the second half, due to heavy rain, with the score 2-1 for Rochelle. We thank Miss Jagoe who made this trip possible, Miss Daunt and Miss Hoare who accompanied us, Miss Wallace, Headmistress, for entertaining us in Rochelle, and the parents of the Rochelle team who very kindly gave us hospitality and Dean Johnston of Cork who welcomed us to St. Finbarr's Cathedral. The 1st XI has much to look forward to during the next month or two — the return visit of the Rochelle team and also an invitation from Ballycastle High School, to visit there in April.

Although we should like to see a large increase in the number of supporters at our matches, we would like to thank those who show an interest by supporting the teams.

Our thanks also to Mrs. Hudson, for sending Ling Students and to Mrs. Davis for her support and advice at many of our matches.

**Hazel Preston,
Games Captain.**

OLD DIOCESAN HOCKEY CLUB

At the time of "going to press" as it were, the Hockey Club is in full swing. We began this season at the beginning of September with practice sessions in Belgrave square twice weekly until the light failed. By this time however, League matches had started and we began a "Keep Fit" Class in the School on Wednesday evenings, under the guidance of Miss Daunt.

Our membership has increased this year to 47, still not quite enough to field four teams for the League, but at least we can be sure of having three full teams with so many subs! Our three teams are doing quite well, despite the 'flu and bad weather, although we have only played half of the arranged matches so far.

The 1st XI and 3rd XI are still in the knockout League but the 2nd XI were unfortunately drawn against last year's winners in their section and were beaten. However, we still hold high hopes of the other two teams doing well, especially the 3rd XI, who have reached the semi finals of their section.

We have had two matches against the school, the others unfortunately had to be cancelled due to bad weather, however we hope to have one or two more before the season ends.

From the Social point of view, this year the club is thriving. We began with a Wine and Cheese party in September and have

managed to have a Social event each month since, including a visit to the Stillorgan Bowling Alley; an "Indoor Bowls" night — kindly arranged by Mr. Leach; and the girls of 6th Form invited us to supper and a Quiz, with a team representing the Hockey Club to challenge a team from the School. This was very enjoyable and gave everyone present a chance to brush up on the rules of Hockey. This month we visited the Olympia Theatre to see the Pantomime.

Our biggest project this season will be a Jumble Sale on April 7. This is the first Jumble Sale to be held by the Club, so we hope to make it a financial success.

We do hope that the girls leaving school this year will come along and join us, and help to make the club an even greater success next year.

Patricia Williams, Hon. Secretary.

LIBRARY REPORT, 1970

Committee: Miss Richards, Miss Minion; Hilary Dunn, Carole O'Neil, Susan Moore, Joyce Marsh, Pamela Darling, Adeline Gordon, Hilary Blake-Knox.

In September we returned to School to find the library had been given a "new look" and had been redecorated in primrose and grey, making it a cheerful room in which to read and study. We are grateful to members of the 1969 Committee for giving up much of their time to catalogue books and file records as this has assisted in the better use of the books, now.

Membership rose rapidly in September, and we were very pleased to welcome so many First Year girls and hope they will continue to be members throughout their days in Diocesan. We would like to see more Senior girls making use of the Library and supporting our efforts to build up a good reference section. This year we have added a number of useful reference books and there is now a nucleus of books which are invaluable to us in our preparation and project work. However we would like to increase the number and range of books in this and all other sections. Increased support would help to make this possible.

The total number of books in the library is growing gradually each year, partly due to gifts from kind friends and, partly, additions made from the library fund. We are continually appreciating the Book of Knowledge — which the Past Pupil's Association helped us to buy, and recently the Publishers sent us a

present of the 1969 Year Book. We send sincere thanks to all who have given us presents of books or magazines, and would like them to know that these are put to good use.

Hilary Blake-Knox (5A)

MUSIC SOCIETY 1969-1970

President: Miss Jagoe.

Advisors: Mrs. Baldwin, Miss Haughton, Mr. Watson.

Committee: Susan Graham (secretary) Dorothy Babington, Elizabeth Motyer, Valerie Carroll, Sylvia Rowe, Miriam Foxall, Joyce Bainton, Hilary Switzer.

In the Autumn Term of 1969 a new society was evolved in Diocesan. The aim of this society is to help in giving its members a better appreciation and understanding of music. It is open to all pupils — both Senior and Junior, and has a large membership.

To date there have been three meetings. At the inaugural meeting in November, Miss Jagoe very kindly accepted the request to become the Society's President. Then some of the more talented members provided entertainment in the form of instrumental solos, singing and reciting — encouraged by Mrs. Baldwin.

The next meeting, in January, was a record session. A varied selection of classical records was provided by the members. After each record had been played it was given severe criticism.

Mr. J. W. Watson, Mus. B. kindly gave an illustrated lecture on 'programme music' at our third meeting in February, illustrated by records and the piano. There was the usual good attendance, and the lecture was greatly enjoyed.

We are looking forward to a talk on the way a Church organ works, to be given by Mr. F. W. Elliott in March. A Feis Ceoil is to be held for Piano entries in April, and also an organ recital in St Ann's Church is promised by Mr. Watson.

An afternoon hearing First and Second Year's Toy Symphony is to be enjoyed sometime in the Summer term. First and Second Year are making most interesting sounds as they practice under Mrs. Baldwin's tuition in Room 1 at present. Our newly acquired piano, which at one time was Mrs. Baldwin's own, is a great help for these classes.

It is hoped that this new society will continue to prosper throughout the coming years.

Susan Graham (5A)

CIVICS

This is our first year of Civics and we find it very interesting. Our subject is 'Homes' and we have been learning about the various kinds of homes. We also learnt about how houses are built, and about ground rent and rates. We study newspaper advertisements of houses for sale.

We are split into five groups and each group made a scrap book on Homes and gardens. We also learnt about accidents, in the homes which could have been prevented and also about the problem of litter.

We wrote poems and essays on "Keep Dublin Tidy", and we hope to send these in for a competition.

We have enjoyed our first year of Civics and hope it will be as interesting next year.

Joyce Williams and Edwina Mundy (IS).

FIRST YEAR CIVICS

We started Civics for the first time in September, 1969. The class was divided into four groups and each group keeps a scrap book which contains colourful scraps of gardens and homes from newspapers and magazines collected by all the girls in each group.

We started the term with talks about all types of homes in Ireland and studied advertisements in newspapers and found out something about prices, ground rent, and rateable valuation of houses. We also learned what is done with the money we pay in rates and how we are solving the litter problem.

We discussed the work which we hope will be done in Conservation Year.

**Wendy O'Neill,
Rosemary Fulton,
Hazel D. Tyrer.**

SECOND YEAR CIVICS

This year, our second year at Civics, has been very full and interesting.

We began the year with "Our School" as our subject; this involved its position in Dublin; its history, rules and government. The next item, using the notes we were given as foundations, we began the group scrap books.

In other Civics classes we held debates on the running of the school, good citizenship, Conservation Year and the preserving of the Georgian houses in Hume Street.

We are looking forward to our next Civics Course and hope it will prove as interesting as this one.

Marie Graham (2B)

THIRD YEAR CIVIC CLASSES

The pupils of third year's weekly civic classes are divided into groups of six. Each group has its own scrap book which contains interesting cuttings from daily newspapers and magazines on the subject of Dublin's Architecture and Industry.

The class also is taking a special interest, this term, in St. Stephen's Green, investigating its history and surrounding buildings.

A class representative was elected at the beginning of the term for the Anti-Litter Committee which is becoming a great interest of pupils attending the school. Also, occasional discussions are held in civic classes on this subject.

Weekly, four or five members of the class visit, in turn, the ladies in St. Matthias' Home, Harcourt Terrace.

Kim Bloom (3B)

CIVICS

During last term, 4A divided into two groups for Civics classes, one group was concerned with children and the other, which I am going to write about, with animals.

The group consisted of eight girls, Judith Wilkinson, Jean Hosford, June Leach, Ruth Blake-Knox, Isobel Atwell, Peggie Allen, Avril Young and myself.

During the term we visited the Dogs' and Cats' Home, two of us at a time, and we helped to clean kennels, groom cats and on one occasion we took a dog for a walk.

At the end of November we had a Cake Sale and were very pleased to make £2 12 6 which we forwarded to "The Irish Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals".

We thank Mr. J. O. Jagoe of Cork, for the poster, the leaflets on animal-care, the addresses and suggestions for further work which he sent us. These posters and leaflets made us realise that a surprising number of animals are ill-treated.

We also thank Miss Jagoe and Miss Richards for all the encouragement they gave us.

Muriel Jackson (4A).

CIVICS 4 A

In Civics class some of the members of 4A decided to visit the Birds' Nest, Dun Laoghaire. After visiting the children we decided to hold a party for them on the Thursday before Hallowe'en last year.

We were allowed to use the Assembly

Room and so we made many cakes, jellies, and biscuits in readiness for the tea. Some of the girls prepared the tea and cooked cocktail sausages in the kitchen, while another group of the girls organised the games. If we can judge by the noise the party was a great success, and we thank all the members of staff and parents who helped in transporting the children to and from the school. We also thank Miss Jagoe, Miss Good and Miss Richards for giving up so much of their time and helping with the party.

Susan Eager 4A.

4BI CIVICS

In our Civics Class last term we decided to provide a Christmas hamper for a family in need of help. So we had a cake sale to which each member of our form contributed some small cakes, which were sold at lunch time and we realised £3 10 0 which went to the Headquarters of Irish Society for Protection of Children to feed a family.

We all thank Mrs. Perry for making our Civics class so interesting and for helping us to help people less fortunate than ourselves.

Last Christmas Form 2A helped the Irish S.P.C.C. to help one of the less fortunate families, living in our city, by contributing groceries to fill a hamper. During the autumn term form 3A held a cake sale, at lunchtime and raised nearly £4 towards the funds of Baggot street hospital.

ART CLASSES

Every Tuesday form 1D has an art class for two periods. Miss Bell is our teacher. Usually we bring our paints but lately we have been asked to bring old material, wool, beads, thread and heads of dolls from bubble bath bottles. From these we make little ornaments and toys.

When we first started to paint we were taught how to draw a house properly and how to draw a tree. When we first drew people we found it very difficult but in the end our work improved. Next we thought of our own designs and drew them. First we painted a variety of colours. Then we had to paint with four colours including black and white.

All of us drew pictures for homework and Miss Bell kept the best ones for Parents' Day. Some of them were on display on Prize day.

Our class enjoys Art very much.

Rosemary Fulton, Sheila Harrison (1D).

The girls in our form have very different tastes in Art. At each Friday class Miss Bell gives us a subject to paint. We each use our own ideas, and it is really amazing to see the difference in the finished work. The best creations are kept by Miss Bell and are displayed at the Distribution of Prizes. Some are good at design and abstract but others prefer to paint pictures with people in them. Also we have been making figures and shapes with scraps of wool, cardboard, coloured materials and glue. Some fantastic articles have been produced.

We all look forward to our Art Classes.

Helen Franklin 2A.

Some of our form have Art classes while the rest are studying Home Economics.

Last year we made dolls and models out of scraps of material, that would usually be thrown away, such as scraps of tweed, fur, plastic containers, felt, shampoo bottles, wool and raffia.

Then some of the girls sat very patiently while we drew their portraits. After this we brought in costumes and other girls posed for us while we drew them wearing these.

Another day we drew a sunset. Hazel Whittaker's painting was admired greatly and was hung up on our form room wall.

This year's Art exhibition which included the work of the whole school was very interesting.

We look forward to our Art classes each week.

2B

During one of our Art class periods we were taken to the National Museum. We were very interested in and inspired by the various Celtic designs, which gave us many ideas for our future designs in school. Most of us like designing things and many of our designs were shown in the Annual Art exhibition at the Distribution of Prizes.

3A

This year we began to make lino-cuts. Miss Jagoe has very kindly provided us with tools which we use to carve pictures in the lino. Linda Nicholl made a beautiful picture of a house and trees, which was very impressive.

In the summer term we visited the National Gallery of Art where some of us were asked to pose beside the miniatures and carvings for a photograph which was published in the magazine, "Ireland of the Wel-

comes". The picture we thought most striking was of a little girl with big blue eyes and long blonde hair.

At Christmas Miss Bell brought in Christmas wrapping paper to give us ideas for making designs. Gwen Attwood made a lovely pattern of Santa Claus and all things associated with Christmas.

We hope that the next term's classes will be as enjoyable and successful as the previous year's due to Miss Bell's excellent teaching.

**Janet Chapman,
Susan Rogan 4B1.**

During the Summer Term we visited the National Gallery of Art. We were particularly impressed by a picture of "The Seventh Seal" depicting the end of the world as described in the book of Revelation. The gallery attendant told us that this was painted by a political prisoner in hiding.

We were very grateful to Mrs. Morris for the gift of two books, one on the work of Paul Klee and the other containing coloured plates of roses. We also appreciate a gift of money from Miss Jagoe to help our Art library and a collection of magazines on animals which we found interesting from Miss K. Mc. K. Johnston. We painted many pictures of animals, the best being Catherine Michie's painting of a vicious tiger. We designed and painted carrier bags which we later used.

Some of the girls designed posters for the C.M.S. Sale. We all join in thanking Miss Bell for making our Art Classes so interesting.

Glynis Dunbar 4B2.

5th YEAR ART CLASSES

In our Art classes Miss Bell gives everyone a great scope for individual work. We have been experimenting with Sgraffito work (First of all we covered a sheet of paper with a heavy layer of crayon of various colours. Then we covered this with a layer of crayon in one colour. We scraped out our design or picture with sharp instruments which left the coloured lower layer showing through.

Some of the girls have begun wood-carving with tools generously given by Mr. Elliott and some very fine, interesting and fascinating shapes have been produced.

We are also grateful to Mrs. Blennerhassett for her gift of coloured cloth, ribbons, buttons, and thread from which wall-hang-

ings, embroidery and dolls have been made.

This year our class visited the National Gallery where we were particularly interested by the collection of Miniatures. We saw portraits of some famous historical people as well as people unknown to us. One of the attendants came up and gave us a lot of interesting information. He told us that some of the pieces were on loan from Mr. and Mrs. John Hunt of Howth. These included silverware and rosary beads. We saw a silver chalice in which the precious stones had been replaced by coloured glass for security reasons. Complicated measures are necessary at the Gallery to protect the valuable exhibits as one alone might be worth several thousand pounds. Some of us climbed the beautiful new spiral staircase made of marble, and studied Sean O'Sullivan's pencil portraits of Irish personalities. We entered a room full of Italian paintings and after walking round we sat on the new seats provided for the purpose and studied huge canvasses full of interesting detail.

We hope that our future art classes will be as successful as those of the past.

**Pamela Bloom,
and Carol Danker 5A.**

FABRICS EXHIBITION

On Wednesday, 5th November, 5th and 6th year art class spent a very interesting afternoon with Miss Bell in T.C.D. Library, where an exhibition of furnishing fabrics was being held. The designs, for curtains, carpets, chairs, and even bath towels, were all by an American, Mr. Jack Larsen. The exhibition hall was hung with tweed curtains, the walls were covered with lengths of material and round shields with the material stretched over them. The designs were all in some way connected with Ireland (with names such as "Book of Durrow" "Merrion Square" and many of them were in hand woven Irish tweed. The designs and colours were very attractive and we were interested to see slides showing, the fabrics in rooms, with all the colours harmonising.

SPRING

Spring, spring, what does it bring ?

In March it brings breezes loud and clear,

In April the sun just might appear,

But in May the lambs are born

And then we're all happy and not forlorn.

Avril Payne 1 S.

A VISIT TO THE NATIONAL MUSEUM

On 15th October (1969), Miss Blakeney and Miss Stuart took form ID to the Celtic Art section of the National Museum.

On entering we saw the Christian high crosses which are carved in stone. Then we were received by Miss Prendergast who showed us the various exhibits and gave us their history.

We were shown some of the world's finest examples of goldsmiths' work, such as gold collars, bracelets, cloak pins, and a boat, all of which are skilfully decorated. We also saw the head of a goddess, the three-faced head of a god and necklaces of amber beads.

Then Miss Prendergast showed us two outstanding examples of Christian Art—the Cross of Cong which was made early in the twelfth century to the order of Turlough O'Connor, the High King and is said to contain a piece of the true cross, and the Ardagh Chalice, so called because it was found over one hundred years ago near Ardagh, County Limerick.

We all enjoyed our visit to the museum very much and are grateful to Miss Blakeney and Miss Stuart for taking us there.

S. Harrison, G. Quin, H. Tyrer, W. Vincent, ID.

THE IRISH PACKAGE EXHIBITION

In September a class of 5th and 6th years went to see a Modern Package Design Exhibition in Carroll's Building. The class was very interested in the modern architecture of the building with its ornamental ponds with mosaic bases. We spent some minutes studying Louis le Broquey's tapestry which represented Brendan the Navigator. The simple figures reminded us of the design on the ancient Irish crosses.

The exhibition was primarily designed for business people. Messrs P. J. Carroll had presented large awards for various designs in different sections. The designs varied from everyday things such as bread, honey and shopping bags to those of packages for electronic equipment. All packages, as well as being attractive had to be practical to protect delicate and fragile goods and equipment. We found the exhibition interesting and enjoyable.

Daphne Hughes, Joy Taylor
(5th Year)

A VISIT TO THE BOYNE VALLEY

On Friday morning, 3rd October, Miss Williams, and Miss Allen took an excited

group on a coach tour to Co. Meath.

Our first stop was at the Cross at Balrath. This is a medieval cross which was "beautified" by Sir Andrew Aymen and his wife in 1727.

Then we visited two of the tumuli of the Boyne Valley. Unfortunately we were not allowed in to Knowth because it is being excavated by Dr. Eoghan. We arrived at Newgrange which is one of the finest examples in Ireland of the type of tomb called a passage grave. It was erected about 2,000 B.C. The tomb consists of a passage and chamber the wall and roof of which are built of large slabs of stone without mortar. There is a superbly decorated kerbstone which marks the entrance of the tomb. There is a passage which leads into a chamber. The passage is lined by stone uprights with many beautiful designs. In the chamber on the floor of the cells are great stone basins. The basins contained bones either whole, burnt or a mixture of both. The mound is 50 feet high and is surrounded by standing stones.

Next we visited Mellifont Abbey which was the first Cistercian monastery in Ireland. It was founded in 1142 by monks sent from Clairvaux. The ruins are interesting even though most of them are little more than foundations but the plan is clear.

Our final stop was at Monasterboice. Here are three High Crosses called Muirdach's cross, the West Cross and the North Cross. There are many beautiful carvings on them illustrating Bible Stories. These were visual teaching aids used as most people were unable to read, nor were many Scriptures available. The Monastery was founded by Saint Buite who died in A.D. 521. The Round Tower was erected in 968 and damaged in 1068 when lightning struck it. We returned by Drogheda to school in the afternoon.

So ended a most enjoyable educational tour. We thank Miss Jagoe for her kindness in arranging this tour for us, and Miss Williams and Miss Allen for accompanying us.

Sandra Johnston, and Susan Ingram 4B.

RAINDROPS ON A WINDOW PANE

Raindrops on a window pane
Falling now and then
Mother Nature's tear drops
She is crying for the sun's return
Forming little patterns
That only I can see.

Linda Cleary 2 A.

A TRIP TO KILKENNY

On 6th October, 1969, the fifth year girls went on a visit to Kilkenny, accompanied by Miss Richards, Mrs. Perry and Miss Stevenson. We visited the Kilkenny Design Centre, situated opposite Kilkenny Castle. The designs on articles were simple but beautifully coloured. There were also large cases of jewellery to be seen and again the designs were simple but attractive although we were surprised to see so few Celtic Designs. Many made purchases of coloured candles and wooden egg cups. All the articles at the Kilkenny Design Centre were made in the workshops immediately behind the shop. These goods are on display in many of the large shops in Dublin.

Our next visit was to the Town Hall where we saw the seventeenth century Charter, giving Kilkenny the right to be called a city. In the Mayor's office we were shown some valuable manuscripts as well as an antique sword and sceptre. We then had a very enjoyable dinner at the Rose Hill Hotel. In the afternoon we visited Rothe House, the seventeenth century home of Bishop Rothe. The roof of the house was of particular interest; constructed recently, it is a replica of the original. It is marvellous to know that there are still carpenters capable of undertaking this work. The house was furnished with pieces collected all over the country, with clothes fashionable in that century to be seen in the wardrobes. Upstairs there was a small museum displaying among other items of interest, jewellery and relics of the Uprising of 1641.

The latter part of the afternoon was spent at St. Canice's Cathedral, where the Reverend David Woodworth received us. He took us on a conducted tour of the Cathedral and described its varied and interesting history. We were shown some of the fabulous treasures of the Cathedral. These treasures were made of gold and included two patens and a chalice. Our visit was rather rushed due to our tight schedule, however what we did see greatly impressed us.

We thoroughly enjoyed our visit and we thank all those who helped to organise the tour and gave up time to make it a success.

Anne Carroll 5A.

AN EDUCATIONAL CONCERT

On Tuesday 14th October, 1969, we travelled by 'bus to attend an Orchestral Concert given by Ceol-Chumann na nOg in St.

Francis Xavier Hall. We were accompanied by Mrs. Baldwin, Miss Stewart, Mrs. Stillman and Miss Minion.

It began at 10 a.m. with the singing of the National Anthem. When we were seated the conductor, Captain Fred O'Callaghan, talked to us about the first item, the William Tell overture by Rossini. Its rendering was greatly appreciated as there was a long loud round of applause on its conclusion. The conductor then told us about "Praeludium" composed by Jannefelt. In this short, interesting piece the leader of the Orchestra was Arthur Nachestern. Next came Gershwin's Rhapsody in Blue. Before the Rhapsody was played the piano was moved to the front of the stage so that we could see the soloist, Philip Martin, playing. Then we were glad to hear the Derry Air arranged by Percy Grainger. It was followed by Tchaikovsky's delightful composition, the Nutcracker Suite. The playing of the Citizens' March from "Plane Makers" by Trevor Duncan brought this varied programme to its conclusion.

We all enjoyed the concert very much. We thank Miss Jagoe for arranging for us to attend also we are grateful to the members of staff who accompanied us.

Sandra Williams 2A.

FIRST FIELD TRIP TO THE WICKLOW MOUNTAINS

On the 8th November nine geographically minded members of 5A and twenty-one equally enthusiastic members of 4A spent their Saturday morning and afternoon going on a field expedition to the Wicklow Mountains. We were accompanied by Dr. and Mrs. Perry, Miss Stevenson and Miss Williams who very kindly consented to follow the coach in her car.

We travelled via Dundrum, Stepside and Kilternan to the Scalp, where we saw a fine example of a V-shaped glacial valley which was bordered by exposed metamorphic rocks. Continuing on the Enniskerry-Glen-dalough road we passed the Sugar Loaf whose summit, we discovered, is not composed of sugar as its name implies but of exposed mica-schist and quartzite rock.

At Long Hill we were buffeted by the gusty Wicklow winds, and stimulated by the mountain air. We clambered up a stoney hillock from which we saw another V-shaped valley with a spur which characterises the joining of two streams. From this blustery vantage point we also saw the beginnings of a corrie, which

is an armchair-shaped hollow that has been formed by glacial erosion.

Along the road to Glendalough we saw some Forestry Commission plantations which were designed to utilise the rather poor quality land, which is a characteristic feature of this district. Further down this road we passed a blanket bog which appeared particularly desolate in the mountain terrain. Before reaching Roundwood we passed some dried up glacial lakes whose hollows had been converted into an oval-shaped reservoir. We next passed through Roundwood, which is a prosperous little village surrounded by picturesque scenery. Still on the road to Glendalough, we crossed over the Avonmore river into Laragh which like Roundwood is an attractive scenic village.

After lunch at Glendalough we proceeded by coach to the Upper Lake where we all emerged from the warm coach into the freezing air. Before walking up to the Upper Lake, we studied the surrounding landscape which boasted fine examples of screes, truncated spurs, hanging valleys and other glacial features. We walked through a fine avenue of trees which bordered the shimmering lake, and trudged along the lakeside and soon reached a vantage point which commanded a fine view of the glaciated valley and its steep sides.

Up over the Wicklow Mountains we went by coach, passing some old deserted lead mines and their debris, and a private hydro-electric scheme which generates electricity for the local community. We also saw some interesting examples of screes in the Vale of Glendasan, which is bordered by hills which reach a maximum height of 2,600 feet. When we saw a tunnel through the Mountains — whose purpose is to bring water from another valley for generating electricity, we knew we were approaching Turlough Hill. At Turlough Hill the E.S.B. are constructing Ireland's first pumped storage station and hydro-electric power scheme at a cost of £12 million.

Continuing along this road we noticed extensive reafforestation plantations and we then descended to the zone of cultivation. Once again we stopped and studied the fine scenery with its peat cutting, a misfit stream and some excellent river terraces.

We were now on the last lap of our journey and when we reached Blessington and its large reservoir we realized that our expedition would soon be over. This reservoir

is the chief water supply of Dublin. Blessington is a small seventeenth century market town with some industry. Having passed through Blessington we proceeded on our homeward journey.

Before long we were back at the school, having passed through Brittas, Tallaght, Templeogue and Terenure. We were thoroughly exhausted, but with a feeling of complete satisfaction that the day had been such a success. We must not forget all those concerned in organising the expedition, and we would like them to know that we are grateful for the opportunity provided for us.

Joyce Marsh (5A),
Pamela Darling (5A).

SECOND FIELD TRIP TO THE WICKLOW MOUNTAINS

On 15th November, Dr. and Mrs. Perry kindly brought 6A on a geographical survey of Sally Gap and Blessington. The route the bus took led us through Templeogue and up the mountains by the Liffey valley, the view on either side was stupendous and at various intervals Dr. and Mrs. Perry commented upon the changing landscape and geological features.

When we arrived just below Sally Gap we alighted from the bus — unfortunately there was rather a heavy mist on the mountains and as we started walking it began to snow. Mrs. Perry had previously told us what we were to do and so we divided into our groups. It was rather difficult in the circumstances for some of us to complete our studies but we did manage to observe some rather interesting features of the river valley and surrounding countryside. After an hour we returned down the road to Blessington where we had lunch. After lunch we commenced our survey of settlement in Blessington and when we had finished we went down to the lakeside where we reviewed our findings both at Sally Gap and at Blessington. Dr. and Mrs. Perry told us the history of the town and together we traced the development of Blessington. We returned to school having spent a most profitable but exhausting day.

We all profited greatly from the trip in that we saw features of rivers, lakes and valleys that we had previously only read about. On behalf of 6A I thank Mrs. Perry for her enthusiasm in organising the field trip and preparing for it so thoroughly, to Dr. Perry for giving so generously of his time and knowledge to help in teaching us, to

Miss Williams who knew the roads on which the coach could travel, to Miss Caird who escorted the party in her car and to Miss Jagoe who permitted the expedition to take place.

V. Curtis 6A.

OUR FIRST VISIT TO FRANCE

It was a warm, sunny Easter Monday morning on 7th April, 1969, when 11 girls from Alexandra College, and 4 from Diocesan School assembled at Dublin Airport to board an Aer Lingus plane to London Airport — then to change on to an English BEA jet to Jersey, and finally a French plane, which would land us at our destination — Dinard, in the north of France. After a rather tiring flight, which lasted from 8.15 Monday morning, till 4.20 Monday afternoon, it was with a good deal of apprehension that we alighted at Dinard and, having passed the Customs, entered the main airport building to have the initial meeting with our French "families".

You can imagine the awe and utter helplessness which we felt, when we found ourselves suddenly plunged into a group of smiling strangers, who kept conversing in a foreign tongue, and making gestures at us in an attempt to penetrate the barrier of misunderstanding which existed between each one of us and our respective "families". However, it soon dawned upon each one of us that we were standing on French soil, and that it was useless to persist in trying to make them understand us when it was they who had the monopoly; so we were compelled to attempt a few words in French, and to summon up the phrases which we had prepared long beforehand. We all realized afterwards that we were very fortunate in having kind families to stay with, and girls of our own age in each, so we knew we were going to enjoy our stay, and benefit thoroughly by the arrangement. Karen had two hostesses to entertain her, but we all found our families interesting and friendly.

The first, and most obvious difference which we observed in the French way of life, was the quantity of food which was consumed in one meal. We were somewhat amazed at the French appetities, and Carole became rather anxious, in case she may have put on several extra pounds.

On the morning following our arrival, Ola and Carole, with their exchanges, Cathrine and Sylvie, attended a wedding. Firstly, a civil ceremony took place in the mayor's

office at St. Malo, and after photographs had been taken, there was the Church ceremony. Then followed the meal, at midday, which lasted till 7.30 p.m., after which there was dancing. We were not at the meal, but had been invited to the Dance afterwards. It is the custom for the bride to cut up her veil and to distribute it among the guests; this they consider to be a good luck charm. The bride and groom did not go away on a honeymoon at all, and seldom do.

We had soon adapted ourselves to our new environment, and were even beginning to think in French. It was fairly difficult, though, having to translate our thoughts from English, via Irish into French. Our families were doing everything they could to understand and correct us, but it must have been fairly difficult for them, especially when Karen made statements such as "Do you want some of my champagne to wash your horse?" when she really meant "Do you want some of my shampoo to wash your hair?"

We started attending school on the following Monday, and each of us found it extra difficult to rise at 6.30 a.m. in order to be in school by 8 o'clock. What's more! Lessons did not finish till 5 o'clock, and this had a more telling effect upon us as, at the end of our first day at school, we realized, to a certain extent why French people have such enormous appetities when we returned home and ate like horses, though we had a delicious hot meal in school in the middle of the day. School itself, however, was enjoyable for us. June had 13 students in her class — 2 boys and 11 girls; Ola had 17 students in hers — 14 boys and 3 girls. Ola was asked, during her first English class, to stand up in front of the students, and to tell them about herself and her school. The master and the students asked her questions concerning Ireland and its problems. They thought that the 40-45 minute classes for most of the subjects in Diocesan are very short, as they spend 50-55 minutes on each subject. They have 4 hours of gym a week, in a beautiful, fully-equipped gymnasium. The school building itself was modern, but big, and easy to lose oneself in. The teachers, however, are very distant, and no encouragement is given to the students to work. The rules are few, and are not rigidly enforced.

There were two tours arranged for the Irish party and their exchanges, to Le Mont St. Michel, and Dinan, a town of historical

note. These did not include the many other visits we made with our individual families to places of interest in the area.

Many believe that travel is one of the best means of educating oneself. After having a most enjoyable, educational holiday, we unanimously agree with this theory and should all wish to return to France someday if possible.

In conclusion, we should all like to express our gratitude and appreciation to Miss Jagoe and Mrs. Morgan for having made our trip possible, for giving us the opportunity of experiencing a new way of life, and for widening our horizons.

Karen Durham,
Carole O'Niell,
June Babington,
Ola Foxall.

DIOCESAN PAST PUPILS' ASSOCIATION

At the Annual General Meeting of the Association held on 1st May, 1969, the following Officers were elected for the season 1969/70.

President: Mrs. T. Gargan; Hon. Treasurer: Miss D. I. Kerr; Hon. Secretary: Miss J. Scott; Assistant Hon. Secretary: Mrs. R. Barrett; Chairman: Mrs. S. H. McConnell.

Committee: Mrs. A. D. Large, Mrs. N. Colin, Mrs. B. McConnell, Mrs. A. L. Taylor, Mrs. S. Kane, Miss D. Goodey, Miss S. Hetherington, Miss H. Smith.

The following is a list of fixtures and dates:

Friday, 19th September, 1969 — "A Crazy Night". This was an enjoyable opening to a very successful season. There was a large attendance and the Committee was delighted to see a number of girls who had just left school. We hope that they will continue to support us. There were different games — such as Ludo, Snakes and Ladders, played at different tables at the same time. After a certain time a bell was rung, games stopped, scores were counted and winners moved to different tables and the games restarted.

Thursday, 2nd October. A Visit to Dunsink Observatory. This visit was well worthwhile although it was a very wet night and so the sky could not be seen. An interesting talk was illustrated by pictures and slides.

Tuesday, 28th October: "Eat, Drink and See 'Knorr' on Film." We are very grateful to Brown and Polson for a very pleasant

and instructive evening. A film on the manufacture, packing, and testing of Knorr products was shown. Mrs. Smith, Representative of Brown and Polson and her assistant — Mrs. Barrett — who was Gwen Smith at school and the daughter of the Representative — explained how to use the products. She made three different kinds of soup, chips, and a custard. She had on view bread and cakes which she had made using Mazola Cooking Oil. We tasted all these samples and enjoyed them. Mrs. Smith kindly gave us recipes in which Knorr products are used. Members of Past Pupils' Associations from other schools accepted our invitation to this very successful evening.

Saturday, 15th November: "Country Fare Sale". This Sale was on a much smaller scale than on previous years. The amount realised was £77-18-0. The proceeds were used to send presents to Homes for Handicapped Children.

Wednesday, 7th January: "Talk By Dr. Hazel Boland on W.I.Z.O.". Dr. Boland told us about her work in the World International Zionist Organisation in which she is involved. It was a most interesting and enlightening talk. The slides which she showed were beautiful. We are indebted to Doctor Boland for sparing her very valuable time to come to us and we did appreciate her doing so. The evening passed far too quickly.

Friday, 10th January. "Annual Dress Dance". This dance at Dublin Airport was, as we expected it to be, a very enjoyable function. The Dance Committee must be congratulated on their high standard of organisation.

Tuesday, 10th February: "Fashions and Pancakes." This report is being written before the end of January so no remarks can be made about this fixture. As the date is that of Shrove Tuesday we decided to have pancakes instead of the usual sandwiches and cakes with the cup of tea which we have at the end of each meeting.

Friday, 13th March: "Past Pupils' Variety Show". This is a new venture of the Association and we hope that it will be well supported. Admission will be 2/- payable at the door.

Thursday, 9th April: "Annual Dinner". We hope to hold this popular event at the Royal Starlight Hotel, Bray.

Thursday, 30th April: "Annual General Meeting."

We would like to take this oppor-

tunity to thank Miss Jagoe for the use of a room, heat and light. We do appreciate her co-operation.

LETTERS FROM PAST PUPILS

ENID OLDHAM (Née Gordon) (at school from 1923-1928) has been living in Nottingham for the past 20 years. She makes frequent short visits to Dublin, but is at present very tied up with family matters. Later on she hopes it will be possible for her to link up with friends, and she and her husband plan to return to Ireland on retirement. Meanwhile she helps with various church activities and is secretary of the Mothers' Union Branch. In addition she belongs to the Telephone Samaritans, the National Council of Women, and the Electrical Association for Women.

EMERALD CRICHTON (Née Thompson) moved to Beeston from Dublin a few years ago. She and Enid were in the same class from 1923-1927, and both of them were very surprised and pleased when they found out, in a roundabout way, that they were living within a few miles of each other.

GREETINGS FROM MAY RANKIN

Greetings to all past and present pupils of the Diocesan School from May Rankin, 1912-1915, when Miss M. Foster was Head-Mistress. I remember with affection my teachers of those days — Miss Riley, Miss Downes, Miss Mildred Latimer and her sister Miss Emily Latimer and Miss Couser. They laid good foundations. I then went on with an Entrance Scholarship to Alexandra College where I remained until 1919 when my family removed to England. With my Hons. B.A. Degree in Modern Languages, of London University, and the Cambridge University Teacher's Diploma, I started my teaching career which has just ended after forty-four years. What exciting and rewarding years they have been! And I have kept that most valuable asset for a teacher — a sense of humour! I have just retired from the Senior Mistress-ship of West Bridgeford Grammar School which has this year doubled in size and become Comprehensive — an experiment I watch with interest.

SANDRA LARGE WRITES FROM SWITZERLAND IN JANUARY

For the past eight months I have been working here in Lucerne. I am living with a

Doctor's family, looking after three adorable children, two girls aged 5 and 7 years and a boy of 3½ years. I never realised that children could be such fun, but of course they can be very tiring at times too. We live in a little country village about five miles from Lucerne.

The scenery in Switzerland is very different from Ireland. There is no sea of course but a number of smaller and larger lakes, some of them very beautiful. Most impressive of all are the mountains, and I can remember one fascinating experience of going up to about 10,000 ft. altitude in a cablecar to the summit of the Schilthorn. On the top of this rocky pinnacle is a Revolving Restaurant from where one can admire a glorious view of the Alps, and on a clear day one can even see as far as the Black Forest. Incidentally this is where the latest James Bond film, "On Her Majesty's Service," was shot.

I have just spent a very enjoyable Christmas here. Christmas Day is celebrated in Switzerland on the 24th December. The Christmas tree is put up on that day and real candles are used and big bonfires are lit on the hill-tops.

August 1st, is Swiss National Day and on that day they decorate the houses and streets with lovely coloured lanterns and candles, and big Bonfires are lit on the hill-sides, and everyone goes mad dancing in the streets and letting off fireworks.

At the moment the place is covered in snow. It started to snow in the middle of November and it has been so cold since — below freezing point nearly every day, that the snow has never melted. The family have supplied me with skis and boots, which is marvellous as they are very expensive to buy. I have had a go at the skiing but I can tell you it is not as easy as it looks, but once you get over the first stage of being terrified it is not so bad. The family have taken a chalet in the mountains, in a place called Engelberg for the month of February for a winter sports holiday — which I am looking forward to very much. I hope to attend a ski school while I am there — I hope I don't come back with any broken legs!

It is a great advantage living in Lucerne, because we are right in the centre of Europe, and Rome, Paris, Munich etc., can be reached in a matter of hours. When I leave here at the end of May I hope to see a bit of the Continent before I go home. Just before I close I would like to say that if any girl is

thinking of going abroad for a while, I would say just don't think about it — Go. It is a marvellous experience and of course it makes you very independent.

MRS OLIVE FULLER has written a full, interesting account of her visit in 1969 to the Holy Land and we have her permission to print the following extracts:

"We arrived at Lod, Tel Aviv Airport, in the early evening where there were three cars waiting to take us on the last lap of our journey to the hotel in Jerusalem. We had a wonderful and memorable drive up to the City, in spite of a rapidly falling dusk. It was a steady climb from sea-level to nearly 3,000 feet. By the time we reached the West or Jewish side, it was practically dark. However we soon crossed over to the Arab quarter on the East side, went down into the Kedron Valley, passed the Garden of Gethsemane, and up to the Panorama Hotel, on the Mount of Olives. We sorted out our luggage and my case was taken by an Arab called Achmid — who said "If there is anything you want you ring a the bell and I am coming".

"We got up at 5.30 a.m. the next morning (Good Friday) and followed the Stations of the Cross. We went through St. Stephen's Gate, up the Via Dolorosa, through the Souk, or Arab Market, to a courtyard outside the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. On our way back we watched the early morning bread being baked in the Souk and took some away with us for breakfast. It was rather like a pancake mixture to look at, soft inside and crusty on the outside, extremely tasty if eaten while still hot.

.... "We passed an aqueduct which was built in Pilate's time and which flowed from Solomon's Pool to Jerusalem through the outskirts of Bethlehem and along past the fields of Boaz where Ruth worked in Old Testament times.

.... "We took the cars up to Mount Zion to the House of the High Priest, Caiaphas, now called the Church of Cock Crow, the place of St. Peter's tears of repentance. It has three main storeys. The top part is the main church which in Christ's time would have been Caiaphas' living quarters. Beneath this is the Flagellation Rock serving the Court of the High Priest, below this the Guard Room, the Scourging Prison and the Dungeon. Outside, on the lower slopes were the remains of a corn mill, at the side of which was a staircase up which Jesus would

have passed during his last few days on earth".

.... "We crossed the Plain of Esdraalon to Tel Megiddo . . . The site was first excavated in 1903, the next dig was in 1925, and again in 1958. The excavations uncovered no less than 20 superimposed cities, the earliest dating back to the 4th Millenium and the last to the 4th Century, B.C.

Much more could be taken from Mrs. Fuller's notes if space permitted and we are grateful to her for lending them.

VIVIEN MOFFITT sends this account of her training in Sheffield:

Abductor Pollicid Longus, Extensor Carpi Radialis Brevis, Latis simus Dorsi, Pectoralis Major, Humerus, Scapula, sodium pumps and faradism. After 4 months of studying, these once unpronounceable and incomprehensible muscles, bones, biological terms and electrical equipment etc., are part of our everyday conversations as physio-therapy students.

Just in case anyone has any illusions about physiotherapy being a nice, easy and ladylike occupation let me correct them. It is a very hard and concentrated course both academically and physically. We do four academic subjects; anatomy, physiology, pathology and physics together with the more practical subjects of massage, electrotherapy, suspension therapy and exercise routines.

Our day starts at 9.00 a.m. usually ends at 3.30 or 4.00 rather like school except that we do have the occasional free period and we have one afternoon off a week. We have 4 theory lectures and 2 practical ones a day. However only half of our work is done while we are at college, the other half has to be done in our own time either at home or in the college library where any night of the week you can find students sitting with a set of bones in front of them trying to translate Gray's anatomy into English.

I can't really say which subjects I enjoy most because they are all so interesting but I think if I had to choose, I'd pick anatomy and all of the practical subjects.

At our first anatomy lecture our lecturer told us that in future we were not to look at people as people but as pieces of anatomy and we have been doing so ever since. It can be quite embarrassing at times and our friends who are not physiotherapists live in

dread of being pounced on and poked and prodded in the interests of medical science (they ought to be thankful that we cannot bring the electrotherapy equipment home with us!).

Massage is one of the most relaxing ways of spending an afternoon—providing that you are the patient and have a competent masseuse. Contrary to what many people believe, massage does not play a very big part in modern physiotherapy treatment—and after massaging a 35" leg that weighed 40 lbs. for half an hour I can understand why). It can be really exhausting for the operator, especially if you are only 5' 1" like me! It also means that only one person can be treated at a time and this is very difficult to arrange in modern departments. Neither is massage as easy as it looks; it takes quite a time to get the right techniques and proper rhythm. To be a good masseuse you must have lots of patience because some patients think that massage to an injured limb will be painful and they immediately tense their muscles so that effective treatment is impossible. I must add a special note here to girls who have long nails and are thinking about training to be physiotherapists. Do not become too attached to them because they will have to be cut short — very short!

Exercise groups are a lot of fun both for you and the patient if you use a little common sense and a lot of ingenuity. You have to think of different exercise routines which are suitable for all members of the group, they also have to be graded according to the patients capabilities. Common sense comes in when you are giving people with similar ailments, treatment. For example, it is not very bright to give press-ups or wall bar exercises to old ladies with stiff or arthritic shoulders although these would be ideal for men or young women. It is equally un-intelligent to expect dockers or navvies to take up knitting to strengthen their hand and finger muscles — they just will not appreciate it.

As we have only begun practical electrotherapy this term I can't tell you very much about it except that if you have a careless operator it can be very painful. I speak from experience as I was a model for one of the senior students in their exams at Christmas.

Well there it is, a very brief account of the things we do in our first year's training.

In July we go into the hospitals for a month's course and then in September we begin to work in the departments treating real live patients.

I'm thoroughly enjoying my course and have no hesitation in recommending physiotherapy as a career. If you do, stick the course and become a member of the Chartered Society of Physiotherapists, then the world is your oyster. You are sure of a job anywhere in the world because physiotherapists are in such demand. There is also a variety of ways in which you can use your training. You can work in a hospital, set up your own private practice, teach, work in industry (many firms in England and the U.S.A. employ physiotherapists for their staff) get a job on a health and beauty farm or you can even become a physiotherapist to a professional football team. There is no end to the opportunities waiting for you if you work hard enough.

MARY WOODWORTH (Drought) TELLS US OF KILKENNY

Two years ago, my husband, David, who is a clergyman was appointed to a position in St. Canice's Cathedral, Kilkenny.

Leaving Dublin for a much smaller provincial city was a big step and meant quite a change in our thinking and way of life. I had never met a Mayor or City Councillors or Priests or Nuns to any extent, and here we were chatting, playing and what's more important, working together and very happily.

In this short article there just is not space to tell you about the many beautiful buildings of Kilkenny, so I'm going to tell you about the house we live in, called St. Canice's Library.

The Library was originally a Prebendal Residence and was built in its original form by 1291. It is fairly certain that its west wall was part of the city wall of Irishtown, or Old Kilkenny. Our garage once known as Black-rath Castle, was one of the fortifications on this city wall. The top has now been removed but there is still a fine mud and wattle ceiling.

The building was the site of the Ormonde School, the ground floor being one long room. Consequently all our rooms are partitioned, and none of them is of a regular shape.

The library room itself is upstairs and is 35 feet long and 18 feet high in the highest

part of the ceiling. The Library was established in 1693/4 by the will of Thomas Otway, Bishop of Ossory. It is the oldest of the Irish Diocesan Libraries. There are over 3,000 volumes, the vast majority being printed before 1756. We have one page of Caxton's printing. The books are all leather bound, some very beautiful and very valuable and most very dirty. None of them has been cleaned for a long time; that's a job for experts!

There is much more I could write about the Library, but it would be more interesting to see it for yourself. So if you are ever in Kilkenny do call. I'm afraid we won't be here to show you around — we leave for Bandon next week, but I'm sure you will be made very welcome by whoever is here.

JUNE TEGGIN WRITES FROM BELFAST

I started my three year course in Sick Childrens Nursing in September, 1968, with sixteen other girls and we spent eight weeks in the Preliminary Training School. We studied Anatomy and Physiology, Personal and Communal Health, Nursing, First Aid, Nutrition and Psychology.

Then the great day came when we were to take up our duties on the wards, but, it was very different working with noisy, wriggly children instead of dummies and dolls. I was glad to have my strong laced shoes for my tired feet!

In April, 1969 I spent a further four weeks in the classroom for revision and in October 1969, I sat and passed both parts of the Preliminary State Examination of the Joint Nursing and Midwives Council. In November 1969, I helped to give a careers talk to fifty girls aged fourteen to seventeen years.

I am very happy in my work and find great satisfaction nursing the children back to health. Children have no idea about illness and therefore no matter what ails them they are either ill or better. My greatest reward is to see a child, whose case has been almost hopeless, put on his or her own clothes and go home completely better.

T.C.D. 1970

There are six past pupils of Diocesan, including myself, studying in Trinity College at the present time. Shirley Rafter, Janet Grace and Carol Campbell are in their third year. Shirley is studying English, Geography and Economics, Janet is taking Pure and Applied Mathematics and Economics,

while Carol has undertaken to work for a degree in Medicine.

Three members of Sixth Year '67 — '68 are also "hard at it" in Trinity. Miriam O'Brien is reading English, French and Philosophy. Sheila Goulden is studying for a degree in History and I myself am working for a degree in Pure and Applied Mathematics and Economics.

The College examinations will be held in June, I wonder what we will all be doing this time next year as a result of them.

Barbara Walsh.

MARILYN HIGGIN (Née Price)

I trained for S.R.N. at the Adelaide Hospital, Dublin, later I took Midwifery Training at the Royal Victoria Maternity Hospital, Belfast. After this I worked for a year as a Staff Nurse in a Copenhagen hospital.

On my return to Belfast I trained as a District Nurse and served for four years in a working class district of Belfast.

I married in 1966, and a son, Graham, was born in November, 1968. We now live in the Malone district of Belfast.

"TAN I KAF A WEET FEEF"

You understand? I doubt very much if you know that the little boy who spoke these words was trying to say "Can I have a sweet please". In the course of my daily work I meet people who have defective speech of all kinds and for many reasons. Just to give you an idea I'll mention a few speech defects — stammering, defective speech produced through faulty hearing, cleft palate, abnormalities of ear, nose, throat, tongue and teeth, strokes, faulty learning patterns and for psychological reasons.

The work of a speech therapist involves diagnosing the cause of the defect, referral to the specialist in this field e.g. speech defect caused by nose abnormality is referred to E.N.T. specialist and the patient is then referred back to the Speech Therapist for treatment.

Not just anyone can become a speech therapist. The first requirements are patience, a friendly manner and a quick ear, and, a fighting nature for a reason I will later explain. The standard is extremely high and takes from three to four years to qualify. A good honours Leaving Certificate is essential, and one Honour must be English. Biology, a language and art, will greatly help the would be speech therapist.

The English and Scottish qualifications permit the Therapist to work in all Commonwealth Countries and British Bases abroad as well as Ireland and parts of America. An Irish course began this year in Dublin and its qualification is recognised in 26 counties but in the future there is always the possibility it may be recognised in U.K. and abroad. It is a fascinating profession and one which is very rewarding. It is a relatively new profession and one which is still fighting for both recognition and adequate remuneration. It is for this reason I feel a fighting nature is necessary so that the profession will have active forceful members in its ranks as well as dedicated Professional Speech Therapists.

Are you interested in joining such a Profession?

Joan McLaren, L.C.S.T., A.T.C.L. Dip. I.P.A.

IN PRAISE OF OFFICE WORK

Office work, not dull, monotonous routine, but interesting, rewarding, challenging work. Never any Monday morning blues for me, I rather look forward to getting back to the office again. To me office work means friendships, companions, exchanging news, and views, serious discussions, hilarious moments — and there are many of these — yes, work I like it, too. It is difficult at times as it can cause much trouble if mistakes are made, but is very satisfying to feel that the work is under control and being completed accurately and to be able to say, I am doing my best'.

I have been in this Life Assurance Company for four and a half years and I am now assistant to the Accountant. I am half way through the third and final part of my examinations to become an A.C.I.I. — Associate of the Chartered Insurance Institute.

Hazel R. Griffin.

TRAINING TO BECOME A MEDICAL LABORATORY TECHNOLOGIST

It was not until the November of my last year in Diocesan that I decided what I wanted to do when I left school. I decided to be a Medical Laboratory Technologist. The relevant course is held in the College of Technology, Kevin Street and, having been accepted, I looked forward to the start of my first term.

Much of the first day was spent filling in forms and learning something about the course, though we also found time to investi-

gate the building. I was very much impressed by the building which is modernised and laid out in such a way that it is quite easy to find one's way around. After a few days we started work seriously. We begin at nine in the morning and finish at five o'clock. During this time we have lectures and practical work. The subjects include Chemistry, Physics, Medical Techniques, Biology, Bio-chemistry, Mathematics and German. I find the work very interesting especially the subjects which are new to me. We attend the college full time until July when we sit the part I Intermediate Examination. We then commence work in laboratories and attend the college for six weeks a year during the next few years.

There are many clubs and societies in the college, and we find time to take part in the activities of some of these. We have a lovely swimming pool and gymnasium and the clubs include badminton, swimming, table tennis, rugby, dramatics and debating. There are also keep fit classes and we hope to have Judo classes soon.

I am very glad that I chose Medical Laboratory Technology as a career and also that I studied Science when I was at school.

Delma Griffin.

MISS HINTON WRITES TO US FROM BULGARIA

"The School stands in a very beautiful park at the edge of the town, overlooking the Danube. The park is so lovely that it is even a pleasure to walk to school at a quarter to seven in the morning. ...

"Class actually starts at 7.50 a.m. but there are morning exercises at 7.00 a.m. out in the park and anyone who teaches first period must attend, to make sure that her class does the exercises properly. It does mean that one is fairly wide awake for the first class! The pupils are all very intelligent and widely read as there is considerable competition to get into the English Schools of which there are five in the country. The pupils enter the school at about 14 years of age and spend the first year studying English exclusively. Then they move up to 8th Year and the amount of time spent on English is cut drastically.

"The cost of living here is higher than the low salaries would lead one to expect. Food is very dear, most Bulgarians find it cheaper to eat in canteens where there is always meat of a kind and vegetables.

Sometime during the winter oranges and bananas are imported but to get them you must be prepared to queue for a couple of hours".

Head Girl: Heather Hodgins

Prefects:

Ola Foxall
Marilyn Gutkin
Jennifer Kearon
Susan Kenny
Grace Matthews
Hazel Preston.

NEWS COLUMN

Marriages:

We send our very good wishes to:

Mr. and Mrs. Christopher Moore (Alexandra Stephen).

Mr. and Mrs. Dennis Maddison (Valerie Patterson).

Mr. and Mrs. Percy Lawson (Sylvia Elizabeth Rowden).

Mr. and Mrs. Colin McMeekin (Joan E. Taylor).

The Rev. and Mrs. Paget-Wilkes (Gillian MacNamara).

The Rev. and Mrs. Walter McCrory (Ada Wakefield).

Births:

We were delighted to hear of new arrivals to Mr. and Mrs. Kidd (Miriam Hogan) a daughter.

to Mr. and Mrs. Troughton-Smith (Jacqueline Vaux) a daughter.

to Mr. and Mrs. Swift (Daphne McDonough) a son.

to Mr. and Mrs. Young (Hazel MacAlpine) a son.

to Mr. and Mrs. Pepper (Dorothy Irwin) a son.

to Mr. and Mrs. Howe (Elizabeth Brownsell) a son.

to Mr. and Mrs. Percival (Margaret Nicholl) a son.

to Mr. and Mrs. Heather (Pamela Neilson) a daughter.

to Rev. David and Mrs. Woodworth (Mary Drought) a daughter.

to Mr. and Mrs. Gamble (Dorothy Lamb) a daughter.

to Mr. and Mrs. McCamley (Valerie Edwards) a son.

to Mr. and Mrs. Morgan (Sylvia Morton) a daughter.

to Mr. and Mrs. Gauld (Joan Wilson) a daughter.

SUCCESSES IN TRAINING

We congratulate Deirdre Hosford on being President of the Students' Representative Council — only the second woman in ten years — in St. Mary's College of Domestic Economy. Deirdre is a second year hotel management student.

Helen McMahon has started her career in the Royal Bank of Ireland, having taken a course in O'Donnell's Commercial College and we wish her every success. Siobhan Kelly is happy to have started on her training for Primary Teaching in the Church of Ireland Training College, Rathmines.

Betty Elliott is very interested in the Physiotherapy Course and studying hard.

Marie Michie is glad to have commenced the training to become a librarian.

STATE EXAMINATIONS 1969

Twenty two girls entered for the Leaving Certificate Examination last June and all were successful. The introduction of Grades instead of marks took place this year, and we were glad that many of the candidates reached Grade C (55-69%) and that some reached Grade B (70-84%) on Honours Papers.

The following were the successful candidates — Ann Coghlan, Ann Conarain, Gillian Drake, Betty Elliott, Mary Goulden, Delma Griffin, Siobhan Kelly, Jean Kent, Joyce Kinlay, Daphne Leach, Myrtle McMullen, Marie Michie, Carol Nixon, Sandra Webb, Jacqueline Cooney, Jean Copeland, Ingrid Harte, Frances Kelly, Helen McMahon, Eva Nelson, Elizabeth Rae, Alison Rogan.

Special prizes were awarded on these results to: S. Kelly for Geography — Prize presented by Miss M. A. Latimer. and English — Casserley Memorial Prize. A. Coghlan for Geography — Prize presented by Miss M. A. Latimer. M. Goulden for Domestic Science — Prize presented by Doctor Anderson. D. Leach for Domestic Science — Prize presented by Dr. Anderson.

Fifty eight candidates sat for the Intermediate Certificate Examination, and forty-five passed. Almost all passed in some subjects and many passed in all subjects.

Those successful were Shelley Anderson, Christina Attwood, Hilary Blake-Knox, Pamela Bloom, Anne Carroll, Patricia Coghlan, Noreen Crabb, Carol Danker, Pamela Darling, Juliet Ensor, Daphne Evans, Patricia Gibson, Susan Gill, Adeline Gordon, Jane Hamilton, Daphne Hughes, Shelagh Jame-

son, Kay Marchant, Joyce Marsh, Susan Moore, Hilary Myles, Jennifer McLindon, Jean Pasley, Anne Rumney, Heather Shole-dice, Jean Tallon, Ann Warrington, Miriam White, Dorothy Babington, Susan Barry, Linda Christie, Avril Daish, Gillian Dawson, Felicity Finney, Hazel Giddings, Susan Graham, Patricia Killeen, Gayle McFadden, Hilary Maguire, Thelma Mahon, Heather Rankin, Jacqueline Ross, Linda Stuart, Lorna Stuart, Joy Taylor.

SPECIAL PRIZES

Pamela Darling won the Emily Latimer Prize for English Literature, Joyce Marsh won the Casserley Memorial Prize for History, Dorothy Babington won the Foster Prize for Mathematics.

MUSIC

Five choirs were entered for the Depart-

ment of Education's choir examinations. The total marks gained varied from 91% to 93% indicating the good quality of the singing and the high standard to which Mr. Watson brings the choirs.

Piano pupils are entered for the Associated Board of the Royal Schools of Music examination held in Spring and again in Autumn.

Christina Attwood, Hazel Preston, Gwen Attwood, Natasha Souter, Sylvia Barker, Peggie Allen and Juliet Ensor have all passed successfully during the year.

RELIGIOUS KNOWLEDGE — 1969

Caitriona Kelly was awarded a 5th year Ferns Exhibition — Prize of £10. Carol May-bury shared the 1st year J. F. G. Gregg Prize and was awarded £2 10 0.



1st XV TEAM

C. Danker (right inner), P. Bloom (goal-keeper), E. Flewett (centre forward), C. Attwood (left inner), H. Giddings (left wing), M. Davis (centrehalf), Miss Daunt.

P. Coghlan (right half), H. Myles (right back), H. Preston, captain (left back), W. Orr (left back), J. McLindon (right wing).

PARSEE CUSTOMS AND BELIEFS

The Parsee originated from Persia. They were the ancient nation under such leaders as Darius the Great and Xerxes. Persia weakened by Alexander the Great's constant attacks and by the invasion of the Monguls from the north was finally defeated by the Muslims.

The Persians were followers of Zoraster, who was born near Teheran, fled from their land carrying with them the sacred fire of their temple. Many Persians had to relinquish their religion and become Muslims, but a handful managed to flee the country and successfully entered India asking for religious asylum. The Maharaj of India agreed to let this small group of people live in India provided that they promised to hold sacred, all the religious beliefs of the Hindus. To the Hindus the cow is an animal symbolizing purity and it is a mortal sin to illtreat or kill this sacred animal.

Thus the surviving Persians, wanting to be recognised as a nation apart from their conquerors, called themselves Parsees. This small handful of people lived in peace in India and prospered during the British rule and afterwards, because they had educated themselves. This was because the Persians were continually at war with the Greeks and over the centuries they had accumulated a vast amount of Greek literature, ideals, and philosophy.

I will try to explain a few of our customs and our religious and cultural beliefs.

Firstly Zoraster is our prophet, Parsees are sometimes called fire-worshippers but we don't pray to fire, fire is used as a medium of our prayer. As Christians use an altar to place their religious items on, thus we use a fire into which we pour incense and sandalwood while praying.

Thus smoking cigarettes is against our religion, the reason is that our ancestors felt that fire was sacred and you a mere mortal were insulting God by putting fire indirectly between your lips. Although in recent years the younger generation has not followed this custom, the older generation stands by it rigidly.

Parsees also believe that cremating a body is sinful for they feel your body is not pure and thus impure beings should not be touched by fire, thus Parsees, bury their dead or if you reside in Bombay the body is taken to the Tower of Silence. This is a

white building in the centre of acres of green luscious trees. The body is clothed in a single white sheet and is placed on a marble slab. The priest then prays over the body and finally, vultures are allowed to tear the body to shreds. This form of disposing of our dead had been criticised and has been described as a barbaric and deplorable form of sacrifice, but there is even a reason behind this, no doubt, I will admit, blood curdling ritual.

The Parsees feel that — all their mortal lives they have selfishly killed and eaten meat. Thus they feel they should humble themselves and offer their bodies back to the animal world to make up for all they have killed during their lives. If a Parsee wishes to be buried he is free to do this, but the majority of the nation follows this custom as they have been taught to.

The Parsee nation is very small—about 700,000 throughout the world. We believe in wearing a fine muslin vest and a fine cord made of cotton threads which are prayed over for a length of time. Then these fine cotton threads are woven into a cord. The muslin vest is called SATHRA and the cotton cord CUSTI. The vest or sathra represents an armour against evil and the cord a belt to hold the sathra firmly around the body so as to protect the body from evil.

Every morning before you eat anything, you tie the cord around your waist whilst saying a certain prayer. It is only after this prayer that you are allowed to eat or drink.

In India, Parsees have temples in which fires are kept burning continually. In houses will be found little oil and cotton wool lamps, which will be continually tended to so that it burns all day and night. Parsee women wear colourful rich sarees, usually Parsee brides wear sarees made from Chantilly lace with beads and iridescent sequins woven into the pattern of the lace. The bride and bridegroom have garlands made chiefly of red, pink and yellow roses, covering the flowers is silver and gold thread. The bride's forehead is usually decorated with a red circular or longitudinal design, just a little above the bridge of her nose, made of red paste.

The bride usually comes to be married in gold jewellery, given to her by her parents. During the course of the marriage ceremony, the bride is given a whole trousseau of clothes, and a diamond and emerald or diamond and ruby set of jewellery con-

sisting of earrings, necklace, ring and sometimes a bracelet.

I am sure by now you must be envying the bride and feeling sorry for the bridegroom but that's not necessary, since the groom gets either gold or diamond cufflinks and a whole set of clothes and also a very valuable Swiss made watch, so it's worth getting married, the only difficulty is that once married it is virtually impossible to get a divorce, so you can't marry for the fun of it.

There are great celebrations, 5-7 days, before a wedding; the community and friends are invited for lunch and dinner for seven days and after the wedding there is a great reception given and even following the wedding for three days, people are invited for lunch and supper.

Thus for a Parsee the most important times of his life are when he has his Navjote performed, this is the ceremony at which a young boy or girl is initiated into the faith and taught how to put on a sathra and custi and secondly their marriage. The Parsee new year is the day on which our Prophet Zoraster was born and thus I end with the main principles of the Zorastrian religion HUMATA (Good thoughts) HUKATA (Good deeds) and HURVERASTA (Good words).

Freny Phiroz (6 A).

OF A CHILDHOOD

Brutal kicks and quick hot tears
And memoirs of my childhood years,
And arguments long drawn and dreary,
Shouting, screaming, tears were streaming.

No mind to think, no sight to see
Just despair, deep dark despair.
No time existed then, and hours might pass

'Till there, maybe in the depth of night,
Enlightenment would come.

And all I love that makes my life worthwhile

That sense sublime, of satisfaction, love and freedom,

Mine eyes would open, all would take a dream-like quality,

My life, my loves, my family, and even things around me.

Oh! 'Tis what I miss most now,

Those happy days when sun

Stretched forth from every place,

It fills me now with happy grace.

Jean Dalby 6 B.

TIGHT SHOES

I gazed admiringly though there was a cold glass window separating us. Obviously we were made for each other, this match, like all good marriages was made in heaven. He was evidently an aristocrat of the highest class as he had no price tag. His name was Alfredo Rossini and he hailed from Italy. He was beautifully tanned all over. I could stand the suspense no longer. I barged in and apprehensively asked for information about him. "The shoes are 159 shillings and eleven pence" the assistant said. I looked in my purse, there was exactly eight pounds. All my birthday money, but I didn't care. It had been love at first sight and I would have managed to get these shoes somehow even if they had cost me one million, one hundred and fifty-nine shillings and eleven pence. I examined them more closely. They were light tan, had a clumpy heel covered in the same soft, kid leather as the rest of the shoe. There was a vamp on the front but it was not too high like so many of the other cheaper shoes I had tried on. Below the vamp there was a neat little buckle to the side.

I tried them on. The size six seemed too loose. The size five looked lovely and fitted like a glove. If they pinched very slightly at the back that was because my heels were not formed properly. It never occurred to me that my darling Alfredo had not got an absolutely perfect physique. I eagerly paid for the shoes, even told the assistant she could keep the change, in my exuberance. I took off the shoes I had on. They were a mere month old but looked shabby and old beside my new ones as I placed them in the box which the assistant wrapped up neatly.

Out I went into the street with my nose in the air. I couldn't see but I knew that every single man, woman, child and animal had their eyes glued to my shoes admiringly. My smart walk degenerated to a hobble as I neared the end of the street. Only two more streets to go until I reached where Mum had parked the car. Of course I could have opened the box and worn my other shoes but I would not admit defeat. By the time I reached the car my feet were raw. I had no pride left now but my feet were swollen and I couldn't even prise the shoes off. I managed to hold myself up by clinging to the side of the car. It seemed like years before Mummy came. She greeted

me with "Well, now, love, had a nice time shopping, eh?" She examined me. "Ah, I see you have new shoes, not very good quality but I presume you got a dress, as well. You'll need one for Pete's party. Why haven't you got a parcel? Did you have it altered? Funny, you always fitted perfectly into a size twelve dress. Must have put on weight".

I told all to my mother on the way home and she sympathised. We placed my feet, shoes and all in a bucket of cold water to reduce the swelling and finally managed to get the shoes off. Next day a woman came round collecting clothes for Biafra. I parted with my shoes without reluctance and now every time I buy a pair of shoes I think of the starving Biafran who has eight pounds worth of shoes on his feet and not eight ounces of food in his stomach.

Karen Durham (6 B.)

JOHN

On the wall there, he sits
Despised.
He knows nothing, cares less
He just sits there
All alone.
No one wants him, no one cares
Who cares and why?
He's mad.
He cries in long, drawn out sighs
He laughs and combs his greasy hair
And asks of the children bread.
They laugh and bring him some.
While he sits there alone, sad.
He is scratching his head as I look at
him now
Soon, perhaps, he will cry out or sing.
Who knows? Who cares?
And who am I to pity him?

Carol Foxe 3 A.

THE WOOD SELLER

The rain came down steadily and there was a freezing wind. The street was empty except for one small boy. He was clad in brown pants and a worn blue pullover. He had no shoes and his feet had small cuts on them. In his arms he had bundles of wood. He started across the road to a row of cottages, stopped, and then went on again; he seemed unsure of where to go. The cottages were dilapidated and in some windows there was cardboard instead of glass. There was no grass in front of the houses, only patches of brown earth which by now had been

turned into a sea of mud.

He walked slowly up the path of the first cottage and knocked on the door. A long narrow face peered round the door and before he could say anything the woman said "Not ta daay" — He didn't protest; he just turned round and walked away slowly. Before he was half way down the path the woman called him and he turned hopefully but all she said was "Tell your sister not ta come 'ere again she's been 'ere twice already this week an' I've enough of me own ta feed". He went to all the cottages but only one person bought a bundle.

He felt miserable. He wanted to go home but he didn't dare with only two pence. His mother would belt him if he had only two pence after being out for an hour or so.

The rain had turned to sleet. His hands were so cold he kept dropping the wood and his head swam every time he stooped to pick it up.

He decided to go to a richer area of the town to try his luck there, but just as he was turning into one of the gates some boys started throwing bits of stone at him and calling him rude names. He ran, trying to hold on to the wood, but bundle by bundle he dropped it, until he had only his precious two pence clutched in his hand. He was too frightened to look where he was going, he tripped over a twig and fell headlong in the slimy mud. His precious money slipped out of his hand and he lost consciousness.

When he woke it was dusk even though it was only four o'clock in the afternoon. He had a splitting headache and he could only find one of his pennies. As he got up slowly and began to walk home he was trying to work out how he would explain to his mother about the loss of the wood and money, but one of the larger cuts on his foot had opened and was oozing blood, and a trail was left glistening in the setting sun.

Ruth Williams 3 B.

THE RIVER

The river passes swiftly by,
Beneath the shadows of cloud and sky
It careth not for you or me,
But gurgles and murmurs its way to the sea.

Little fishes darting to and fro,
Hiding under banks from friend and foe,
The river unmindful of all this
Flows merrily on in its silent bliss.

Lynda Brown (4 A).



5th YEAR OFF TO KILKENNY

FROST AT NIGHT

There was a sharp nip in the air on a November moon lit night. The stars twinkled like diamonds against the black sky. The crisp bracken crunched under my feet. The frost was making its way to the dripping, limp washing that swayed gently with the light breeze. As my feet stepped in the odd scattered puddles, I felt the slight resistance of the forming ice. Apart from these puddles the ground was hard and dry and the grass shone back the moon rays. My finger tips were getting colder and colder, the cold was creeping down my spine. The frost had covered the things in its path. It had made the air feel clean and fresh and it had also made my nose go red. The leaves that still lay lazily under the bare branches of the trees above had been stiffened like a starched white school collar. The small stream nearby was still running freely but had formed thin ice on the sides of its small waterfall made by the water flowing down a steep bank on to flat ground. Icicles also hung like sharp spears facing down to the water below. I snapped off one of the almost

burning, transparent icicles and savoured its frigid coolness. As I got into my bed that night I stared at the strange pretty patterns the frost was forming on the window frame of my bedroom.

Michele Souter 2 A.

THOUGHTS OF A 4th YEAR

(With apologies to Thomas Hardy)
This is the time all fourth years hate, and so do I;
When we all wonder what'll be our fate, and if we'll get by:
Because the Inter. is coming, like it or not,
And we all know that we're going to flop,
Though everyone dreams of coming out top,
And so do I.
This is the time we regret being bold, and so do I;
Oh why didn't we do what we were told?
Oh why, oh why?
All we did was make a noise,
Or sit and dream about clothes and boys
And now we wish we'd forgone those joys
And so do I;

Gillian Large (4 A).

CANAL HOLIDAY '69

On Monday, 25th August, my mother, my two sisters, Michele and Gino and I were up at 7.00 a.m. to get the ten to eight St. Kevin's Bus to St. Stephen's Green from where we got a taxi to Heuston Station. Amid great excitement, clad in warm clothes and carrying ruck sacks, containing sleep-bags, a change of clothes, swimming costumes, and towels, on our backs, we boarded the 10 a.m. train for Portarlington where we had to change for Tullamore. At Tullamore we bought supplies of bread, margarine, fruit, tinned fish and a billy can. Now we were ready to begin the walk! Our aim was to walk from Tullamore to Dublin in three and a half days, along the canal.

During that half-day, because it was one by the time we reached Tullamore, we walked nine miles to Daingean, stopping once to call at a public house where an intriguing man told us of the times he had had when he had been in Malaya and who we later heard told a different story to each traveller. In Daingean we had a hot meal of eggs and potatoes. We walked a few more miles and in the late dusk I swam under Kileen Bridge. That night we slept in a ruined monastery in a semi-circular tunnel, which we guessed had long ago been used to store either wine or potatoes. Our heads stuck out one end of the tunnel and during the night I woke several times but hastily retreated down my sleeping bag as the eerie atmosphere of the ruined monastery did not appeal to me.

Next morning we were up at seven, and having had a breakfast of sardines, tomatoes, bread and coffee we set off and walked six miles, seeing many power stations and briquette factories on the way, to Toberdaly Bridge, where we diverted slightly from our canal route to explore Toberdaly Castle, a ruin which was situated on a hill and commanded a good view of the surrounding countryside. We were now going to walk along the canal to Edenderry but when we were offered a lift by road, we accepted, as we feared we might not reach Dublin in time. At Edenderry we had a meal and then walked six miles to Allenwood, where there is a big generating station. That night we slept in our tent on the canal bank. The water was now clear whereas before it had been dirty and now very beautiful looking.

Next morning, setting off about 8.30 we

walked three miles to Robertstown, a beautiful little village, where we had coffee. We then walked to Digby Bridge where Gino swam for the first time without artificial help. After refreshment we walked to the Leinster Aqueduct, a huge stone structure where the canal goes over the Liffey. At Sallins we saw Odlum's Mill and the meat canning factory, and had a picnic. We then walked for miles, it seemed, for by now, after two days walking, our feet were beginning to feel the effect. We slept in the tent beside a lake which my mother thought was an old quarry filled in.

We were off next morning about 8.30 walking non stop to Ballyfermot, apart from swimming at Alymer's Bridge and at 11th lock. From Ballyfermot we took a taxi to town and had a well earned meal of chicken and chips. We then got the six o'clock St. Kevin's bus home again.

We had fulfilled our ambition and had walked 53 miles in three and a half days. And all I can say is if you want peace and quiet, the Grand Canal is the place!

Natasha Souter (4A.)

A SUMMER'S EVE

The copper coloured leaves were falling down,

The last few days of summer hurried by.
Sitting close by his window, gazing out,
Was the quiet man.

The villagers say he was too high and mighty
For the likes of them.

This man was a poet, a lover of Nature,
A man who wouldn't harm a thing.

A kind man, for Nature was his one true
Teacher.

He loved to sit and watch the setting sun,
To sit for hours and watch it slowly sink.
Its last shimmering waves slanting through
the trees

Were worth far more to him than jewels or
minks

Or any of our paltry earthly things.

Each summer's eve brought joy to him,
He knew well that his days were few

And that Nature, whom he loved so well,
Would soon shroud his very grave with dew.
He didn't mind, the quiet man

Beside the window. His heart did not grieve
Because he was to leave this life.

He didn't mind at all.

Linda Jones (5 B)

SWISS JUBILEE CAMP

Last summer I was lucky enough to be one of fifteen Guides chosen to represent Ireland at a Jubilee International camp in Switzerland.

Fifteen Guides and two Guiders flew to Zurich where we were met by the families with whom we were to stay. We were taken away to different parts of the Canton of Zurich.

I was staying with a very nice family, the daughter Dorothee, who was a Swiss Guide, was the same age as I am. Unfortunately, we were unable to converse because she could not speak English and I could not speak German, a rather silent friendship.

During my stay with the family I was shown many of the sights of Switzerland. I was brought over the Susten and Klausen Passes which although covered with snow, were very hot. Another day I was asked if I liked walking so I said "Yes I would be able to walk for two hours. What I had not bargained for was climbing a mountain 6,500 feet high! The view from the top was very beautiful and well worth the hard climb.

After staying with the family for a week Dorothee and I set off for the camp at 8.00 a.m. We met some other Swiss Guides and one of the Irish Guides. We had our lunch about 10.30 a.m. (and if you think this is early I may say we had it at 8.30 a.m. one day) on the train. We went through the St. Gothard tunnel in the train and it took us about fifteen minutes. We arrived at Campo Blenio about four o'clock in the afternoon. None of the Swiss Guides in our camp had ever camped before.

There were 7,000 Guides attending the camp, there were eighteen sub-camps which were in turn divided into company camps.

The first day the flags had to be hoisted. Our sub camp had a Swiss, an Irish, a Swedish and a World Flag. Another Irish Guide and I had to hoist the Irish flag which would not go above half-mast because the flagpost had not been constructed to take a flag with a knot on it, but we were consoled by the fact that the Swiss and the World flags fell first!

On the third day there was a landslide. A large boulder crashed down from a mountain above, and hit one of the tents narrowly missing two Guides. The three camps nearby were moved to different sites.

All the visitors went on an excursion one

day. We chose Lake Lugano in preference to the mountains, it was a most successful day and our first opportunity to meet the other foreign visitors.

The following day there was a large troupe camp fire, where we sang Irish songs and were invited to give a display of Irish dancing in costume.

On Official Day the whole camp of 7,000 Guides walked to Olivone. There was an interesting concert although the commentary was in German, Italian and French.

The camp was cleared, and all too quickly we said good-bye to the friends we had made. We returned to the families where we were receiving our hospitality for our last night in Switzerland. Next day we all met again at the airport to return home after a very enjoyable camp.

Joy Taylor (5B).

HARD LABOUR

When mother says "Go clean your room",

This for me spells certain doom.

Upstairs I go with heavy tread

And commence to make my bed.

Loud she shouts, "Please change the sheets"

My heart misses several beats.

Littered all about the floor

I see shoes and socks galore.

Down I get and start to work.

Why did I this bedroom shirk?

Had I kept it neat each day

This price I would not have to pay.

When the decks are cleared at last.

I start to do the cleaning fast,

Off I go to fetch the broom

How I loathe to clean my room.

Hurrying back I quickly sweep

Dust and feathers in a heap.

My mother calls, "Not finished yet?"

The vacuum you had better get".

I hate to have her supervise,

For mother thinks she is so wise.

Why can't she clean the room herself

And put my books back on the shelf?

This task is surely my worst chore

And certainly is quite a bore.

Why hasn't someone thought to make

An INSTANT cleaner for my sake?

If you have pity on me, please

Invent this now and save my knees.

Alison Matthews 3 B.

STORMY SEAS

Water, cold and wet
Yet cool and refreshing
With large waves swirling
Around the dark rocks.

Slimy and Cold,
With icy touch,
See the waves crash
O'er the big black rocks.

And now the splash of rain has come,
Falling on the dark blue sea,
And the waves are crashing madly
On those bleak grim rocks.

But soon the wave swill be silent,
And the sea will look its best
And then those clouds of heavy rain
Shall away and sun once more

Will shine upon the sea.
Though time may go
Across the hills;
The storms of the sea will stay.

Lesley Gibson 3A.

TURN

What a crazy, unpredictable word is "turn." It is derived from the Latin "tornare," to turn in a lathe but now, can be used to mean an astounding variety of things.

Take "about turn" for example or what about "take turns" or turntable or "ill turn" or . . . my goodness, I could go on for pages just listing all different uses. It never occurred to me how many hidden personalities that small little word has.

In the Chamber's Twentieth Century Dictionary, two columns of small print are given over to it, and its compounds, and in all, there are about eighty different meanings given here. The following are some of the ones everybody knows and some that struck me as being unusual.

Take the everyday way we say "I'm going to turn my my skirt", or "I've taken a terrible turn against that dress or "It made my stomach turn over" and, one of the stranger ones "She did it to a turn, I couldn't have done it better myself". I suppose that might be the origin of the expression "to a T."

Indeed there was one expression given slightly differently from the way I had heard

it. Instead of "to twist around one's finger" the verb "turn" was given. On seeing this, I looked up the word "twist" to see if the expression was given there but it was not. I find it interesting that a word like that should be changed for no apparent reason.

"She nearly had a fit but I didn't turn a hair". There is another use of it and a very apt one too. One hears of a person "Turning a deaf ear" or turning an enemy's flank" "or turning in early" and, one of the best yet "being turned on by groovy music" "A person turns up without fail", "turns adrift" and "turns turtle". A vain girl can have her head "turned" by flattery. An industrious person "turns" his hand to a job, an ambitiously-minded person works hard and long to make a good "turn over". We are taught by the Bible and in Guides to do one good "turn" each day, and Shakespeare, in his plays, frequently has a person turning as to hold a conversation with the audience. A decent man, works diligently "to turn an honest penny".

Then I came to another aspect of the word "turn" I found a number of words to do with revolting.

Children love the "turn about" or merry-go-round at the local fair, one sees workmen using a turn-screw to drive in screws, people go through a turnstile one at a time. At a children's party the world is turned upside down and chaos reigns etc., etc.

Cattle are turned into a field, which is really a ludicrous statement, how does anyone turn cattle into a field? An oldfashioned way of saying "to expel" is "to turn forth". To "turn the tables on somebody" "can be a very satisfying experience". "To turn over a new leaf is something I've planned to do countless times! Mass production or mass turn-out rules the very competitive business world. The turn-over tax is the scourge and pet-hate of every shopper in the country. A mother every morning turns down and fixes the bed of some madly rushing schoolgirl. How many young lovers have had a furious argument declared it all over and then turned back full of remorse? Think of all the cowards in history who have turned their backs on circumstances and fled. Think of the characteristics in people that turn you against them. Think of the prison warder nicknamed "Turnkey". In fact, no matter what subject you think of, you will probably find the word somewhere, "turning up" like a bad penny and here now is a more un-

pleasant aspect of the word putting an abrupt end to this essay, I regret to say "it is now my turn" to do the washing-up".

Jean Hosford (4A).

EATING AN ORANGE

As round as the world,
As soft as wool,
The overwhelming tang
While peeling an orange,
Makes one's eyes water
And one's nose tingle,
The sticky mass of juice
Clinging to one's fingers
As one eats the orange
The juice comes squelching out
Splashing one's surroundings
Spreading the fragrance.

Linda Cleary 2 A.

COMMUNICATIONS

Telephones are objects, not people. They are for communicating facts, not feelings; for discussing events, not emotions. Roughly half of the world doesn't realise this and spends a lot of time sadly wondering what happened between last Saturday's date, which was wonderful, and last night's telephone chat, which was not. The other half does know it, but sensibly accepts the fact that it is absurd to rush across the city to talk to someone whom you can reach in a few seconds on the telephone.

More often than not when we use the telephone we find we either have the wrong number or the person is in the bath but this is telephone life and everyone knows it. The Post Office knows it too. Everytime they tell us how easy it is to dial Australia or the weather, they are simply trying to distract us from how difficult it is to dial a number two or three streets away.

Apart from all the complaints about the telephone service, we are grateful for it just the same. It has advantages, for example —How do you correspond? Perhaps the question should be — do you correspond at all? or just lift the telephone instead? True it is so much quicker and what is more you don't have to wait two weeks for an answer to your burning question: "Are you still going out with Mick"? All things aside, is it really the same?

I don't think we would really like to see the art of letter writing die completely. Aren't you just a little excited when you receive a hand written envelope? You tear it open with

haste. Or perhaps it is so long since you received a letter that you can't remember. Maybe that's because you haven't put pen to paper since you struggled with that "Thank You" letter to Aunt Meg.

Admittedly, the flowery styled prose that abounded in the early days of letter-writing, when all loves, wars, and friendships were sealed inside envelopes, would hardly be suitable to-day. It's difficult to imagine to-day's poets writing what Keats once wrote to Fanny Browne — "You have ravished me away by a power I cannot resist . . my love is selfish. I cannot breathe without you . . . Yours forever". This may sound funny now but in 1820, when Fanny Browne was the 18 year old girl next door, these words set her heart all a flutter. Now letters are considered horribly out-of-date. Today's equivalent would be a hasty phone call — "Darling, you knock me out, let's go somewhere". It is more to the point perhaps, but hardly memorable. What happens when we do get around to writing to that friend who is in boarding school. Usually the only legible line of the whole letter is — "Please excuse this scribble, but . . ."

The old style may seem ridiculous but a new style doesn't exist, so we will have to rely on good old common sense. Perhaps one day our telephone service will come up with Dial A Letter. Interesting suitable letters to suit all occasions at your dialling fingertips. That you must admit would really be THE END.

Adeline Gordon 5 A.

AUTUMN

Autumn, season of harvest, when corn ripens in the fields,
And the jolly farmers are thankful for their fruitful yields,

For this is the season of plenty,
When none of the barns are empty,
So let's thank God as we ought
That He has brought:

Autumn.

Autumn, when in the woods the trees are tapestries of gold,

And by the continuous chatter of birds we are told,

That winter is on her icy way,
And soon the birds will fly away,

Off they all go, on the wing,

And with them bring:

Autumn.

Elizabeth Plunkett 4 A.

CLOUDS

Fluffy little bits of snow, black, grey and white.

On a sunny day you see tiny tivity bits of cloud,

Scurrying across the sunny sky.

On a mild day there are grey gruesome clouds,

Blowing wildly about the windy sky.

On a stormy day

Black bellowing boisterous clouds

Booming, as they roll across the wet sky

There are different types of clouds too

Such as Cirrus, Cumulonimbus Stratecum-
bus and Stratus.

Clouds are big, clouds are small ,

Clouds are gay, clouds are dull.

Do you like clouds ?

Sometimes I do, sometimes I do not,

Depending on what mood I'm in.

At the moment I like small, fluffy, happy clouds.

Instead of those treacherous, bullying ,black clouds.

Clouds are pretty on a sunny day.

Sylvia Rowe (3 A.)

PATIENCE

My mind is in a turmoil

I'm seeing black and red,

The rage inside me bursting

Wishing I were dead.

I want to shout and scream,

But only can I dream ...

For sitting here in class,

I must let it pass.

For patience is a virtue,

That I do not possess,

I only hope to find it ...

So I may sit and rest.

Elizabeth Motyer 4 A.

AUTUMN.

It's Autumn and the leaves are golden brown

Winter has crept in,

The swallows have gone and left a silent town,

For yet another year.

Hallowe'en comes in Autumn,

When we have lots of fun,

Then we pick the apples

Before the winter comes.

Olwen Todd 1 S.

WAITING

Listening quietly, waiting for his prey to come, not a sound or move. Ready to pounce suddenly, his one and only thought for food. Gazing hopelessly into the expanse of ground waiting, woefully. Wondering if he'll get a feed, hoping but doubtfully.

A sound ? Crunch and crackle as ground sounds under paw, or foot ? Is it his prey ? or a human ! He knows not, but waits and looks, as it approaches very slowly. He jumps on it, but knows not what !

Cries and screeches fill the air, with the voice of the hare, as it panics and struggles for freedom while now fox happily chews away, and hare dead. "So what" says the man, "It's all nature".

Lesley Eager (3 A.)

AN OLD WOMAN

An old woman every day

Walks slowly up our way,

Her hair is white, she looks so frail,

Weak and wan and Oh so pale.

She smiles at us as she goes by

Sometimes I feel as if I could cry,

She looks so lost and all alone

As if she had nobody of her own.

Like so many more, her life is cold,
When will we learn to remember the old,
A visit, a chat can brighten their day
And help to keep them young and gay.

Jasmin Gaw (3 B.)

CREATION

God made the birds

And gave them coloured wings,

God made the earth

And every blessed thing.

God made the flowers,

Whose perfume fills the air,

God made the bees

Buzzing everywhere.

God made the trees

Beautiful and tall,

God made the trees

Delicate and small.

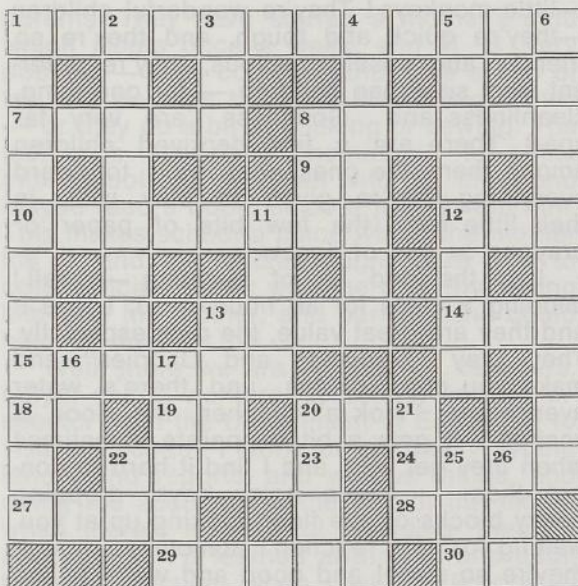
God made man

And put him on the earth,

God made woman

So we might have birth.

Elizabeth Motyer 4 A.



CLUES

Across :

1. Great but it's not natural (12)
7. "The holly bears . . ." (5)
8. What the tailor is doing (6)
9. Cockney, male, possessive pronoun. (2)
10. Product of the brain (8)
12. What twiggy isn't (3)
13. Snib for dust? (4)
14. Feline sign of the zodiac (3)
15. Navigable cash register? (6)
18. What you are when you are not out (2)
19. Ann without a tail (2)
20. It buzzes (not a buzzer) (3)
22. Bossy person might give to shopkeeper (5)
24. Rhymes with cake. (4)
27. The . . . and the short of it. (4)
28. French one. (3)
29. You dig it, and some men leave it. (3)
30. Causes a change of colour (3)

Down :

1. Enough (11)
2. Al tags onto a person (8)
3. What there is when the sun it out (3)
4. This word for hair rhymes with dresses (7)
5. Form of precipitation. (8)
6. Abode that isn't heavy (10)
8. Baby sitters do this whilst looking after a baby (3)
11. Like a rabbit, but is lacking on palms of hand (4)
13. If things get tough you might find yourself going round it. (4)

16. See 18 across (2)
17. Not small (5)
20. Naughty child (4)
21. Australian bird (3)
22. "No" backwards (2)
25. Irreplaceable conjunction (3)
26. Can't get in without one (3)

See how many names of Pop songs you can find in the following story :

One day, Tracy, Victoria and Teresa went for a walk. "Here comes the sun" said Teresa. "Let's come together down to the green river for a picnic". "Oh yes", said Victoria. "I have some little green apples and cold turkey".

There, they met two little boys, one of whom was carrying something. "Here, let me carry that weight", said Tracy. "No, it's all right girly", said the boy. "He ain't heavy, he's my brother." They all sat down by the river and sang the onion song and did the good old rock and roll.

"Oh well, I'm going home", said Teresa. "So am I, raindrops keep falling on my head", said Victoria. On the way home they sang the highway song. "Someday we'll be together again" said the boys as they departed.

P. Coghlan, (5 A.)

Answer—19 : Tracy, Victoria, Teresa, Here comes the sun, Come together, Green River, Little Green Apples, Cold Turkey, Two Little Boys, Something, Carry That Weight, Girly, He Ain't Heavy, He's My Brother The Onion Song, Good Old Rock and Roll, Oh Well, Raindrops Keep Falling On My Head, The Highway Song, Someday We'll Be Together.

ACROSS THE BAY

Look out across the water
Look at the distant isle
The beauty of its heather hue
The grandeur of its pile
It seems to beckon with a smile
It seems to use its every wile
It seems to say "Come here awhile".

Look out across the water
To the house across the bay.
When the sun in all its glory
Lends enchantment with its play.
It seems to whisper I'm alone.
It seems to use its every stone
It seems to say "Come here, come home".

Daphne Hughes 5 A.

A CITY SCHOOL

I work as secretary in a school for three year old children, living in the flats and old tenement buildings on the North side of the River. It's a very poor depressing area, there's a great deal of unemployment and there's poor housing and overcrowding — large families — indeed there is a child in the school from a family of seventeen and they have two rooms, up six flights of dark unlit stairs, at the top of an old Corporation building which should have been knocked down years ago.

Our school is a new low building with plenty of windows to let in the sunlight and air — and stones. The National School towers behind it like a great jail with bars on all its windows and barbed wire high up around the playground walls, yet when you are passing you see boys climbing out over it and away. School isn't a popular place at all; you could walk through the area sometimes and think it was Sunday — little girls pushing their babies in prams with small brothers and sisters tagging behind, gangs of small boys playing, fighting, throwing stones, hanging on to lorries, and men hanging round the street corners.

It is an experimental school financed by the Department of Education and a Dutch firm. There are ninety children in school this year and three teachers — forty-five children come in the morning and stay for their dinner and forty-five come in for their dinner and stay for the evening. There are fifteen children in each class so that the teachers can think about each child, and give him love and attention. They are wonderful teachers. The classes are generally noisy and there's a happy friendly atmosphere about the whole place, and I think all the children love the school. The classrooms are gay and colourful, and there's great nursery equipment, neat little chairs and tables, beautiful books, crayons, paint, jigsaws, blocks, farm animals, buckets and spades for sand play in a tray on the floor of the classrooms, and beakers and bottles and ducks for water play in the sinks also in the classrooms.

Each classroom opens into the great wide play area for the children to dash around, push a dreadful, squeaking old cart around, play on the two sea-saws, trampoline, and climbing frames. If you leave the classroom door open for a minute they stream out to freedom, as quick as lightning

— little monkeys! They're wonderful children — they're quick and tough, and they're so friendly and unselfconscious; they're different from suburban children — for one thing, cleanliness and Godliness are very far apart. There are a few deprived children among them, the ones who want to hoard everything they're given to play with, in their little fists, the few bits of paper or crayons or bits of jigsaw.

I do the odd bit of teaching — well! minding a class for an hour or so; I love it and they are great value, the girls especially. They play "Mammies and Daddies" and make you cups of tea, and there's water everywhere; "look a' teacher, the floor is soaked". It gets a bit desperate sometimes when they get wild, and I find it hard to control them — those noisy boys, dropping heavy blocks on the floor, looking up at you, waiting for your reaction! Sometimes though they're so sweet and good and we're telling a story, and they're telling you little things about themselves. "Jacqueline Kennedy and Joyce Kennedy and Michael Kennedy had the 'flu", says Marie Kennedy. She never drops a surname, and she's a pet.

There's Lindy, who always has to show you her clothes, or something for the wee bit of attention — "Look at me new dress" she says, displaying her grubby torn garment. In the colder weather, she could come to school in a torn little frock and no coat on her — poor little scrap, and always clutching a couple of pennies — a bribe to go to school perhaps? Some of the children won't go to school, or come home from school without a bribe of a penny or sixpence or an icepop or something. Some of them can twist their mothers round their little fingers, and they're only three years old! I remember listening to John, who wouldn't put on his coat for his mother going home from school one day. "If you give me a shilling, I'll put it on", he said. She suggested sixpence, but no, he was firm — he wanted a shilling and John couldn't even count yet!

There's a nursery nurse in the school who baths and washes the children, and combs their hair — they love baths and soap — they'd soap themselves all day if they could.

There are three social workers employed in the school, and they provide a link between home and school, the parents and the teacher, for the child. They visit the homes, and they do anything they can to help the

parents. They have started a mother's club which meets once a week, and it is very popular — they come in, and have a cup of tea and perhaps there's a film being shown — or they do a bit of cooking or sewing. The mother is especially encouraged to come into school and sit down with her child and maybe read a book, or do a jigsaw with him. This makes school a place where the mother fits in, and the teacher might learn how to communicate better with the child by seeing him with his mother, and perhaps she could help the mother too.

Well, there we are — children, teachers, nurse, social workers, secretary, and an inspector from the Department of Education to visit our school. I work for him really, typing letters and reports, and various things, and doing the accounts at the end of the month when there's no way of avoiding them. I always wish I'd learned arithmetic and addition in particular, when I was at school — ah those were the days! Indeed, I spend most of my time making tea — we work in between the tea-breaks!

It's a great job working in a school like this. Often secretarial work isn't very exciting — nine months in a solicitor's office nearly drove me mad anyway. I've no conclusions to make except to say that any job connected with small children is wonderful, small children mind — not secondary school girls — never!

Piccola Kelly (1960-'66)

CAPERNWRAY

At 7 a.m. on 16th August last year I was sitting on my case waiting for the B. & I. boat to arrive. It was a foggy morning and the boat was two hours late. There were 30 of us between the ages of 15-20 along with 3 officers. We were on our way to a teenage house party in the North of Lancashire. I had never left Ireland before and I was rather apprehensive. The journey was very interesting and not a bit as I had expected. I who had expected to be sick the whole time was surprised at 1 p.m. to find myself diving into a large plate of chips and fishfingers. At about 4.15 we arrived in Liverpool. Naturally we had missed our connection and had to wait about an hour to get a train which took us due north, through Preston and Carnforth. There we were met by several members of the staff who ferried us in cars and mini-buses the four miles to Capernwray Hall. At last we were driving up a long

avenue, and a large castle like building loomed up in front of us. We had arrived at what was to be our home for the next two weeks. Our room was not in the main building but at the back of one side of a courtyard.

There were two dormitories numbers 41, and 42. There were 11 in 41 and 12 in 42, and the rest of the Irish party were in various parts of the main building. The next door off the courtyard, to our delight was the "Beehive" a tuck shop canteen which sold everything from a needle to an anchor.

About 100 yards from the main building was a beautiful modern Conference Hall — only built last year. Here we had a meeting from 9.30 — 10.15 a.m. and from 7.30 — 8.30 p.m. The rest of the day was our own. There were sports such as volleyball, tennis, table-tennis, and football, for those interested. Also there were coach tours every day to places of interest, Morcombe, the Lakes, Ingelton (lime stone caves) Tarnhows, Blackpool and Lancaster. Also at Capernwray there was a group from France. There were people there from all over the world, from as far as California, Ethiopia and India. We were very sad on the 30th when it was time to say good-bye to everyone. The boat sailed at midnight, about 15 of us went up on the bridge and sang choruses to the astonishment of the people below.

I hope to return to Capernwray this year, and I can safely say it was by far the best holiday of my life.

Patricia Killeen (5B)

MY HORRIFYING EXPERIENCE

Several years ago I lived in an old, large house in the country. Nothing could have been more picturesque or solitary. I was not a frightened child and did not believe in ghost stories or fairy tales. One night I was feeling ill and started to moan a little, when to my surprise, I saw a pretty, young face looking at me from the side of my bed. Suddenly I felt a needle running through my arm and I cried loudly. Then the girl slipped down on the floor and, as I thought, hid herself under the bed.

I was now, for the first time, frightened, and I yelled with all my might. Mum came running in and, hearing my story looked around the room and finding no one, made light of my story and examined my arm and said there was no sign of anything whatever. I was very nervous for a long time after this

and knew the visit of the strange lady was not a dream.

About a year later something strange happened. A cousin living in England was coming over with her family to stay with us for a while. When she arrived I saw the very face, which had visited me a year ago at night, which remained so fixed in my mind. I had not had any of my queer nightmares until a week after my cousin Julie's arrival. I can not call it a nightmare for I was not conscious of being asleep. I saw a movement at the end of my bed. It was a sooty-black animal that resembled a monstrous cat. I could not cry out as I was so terrified. The room was getting darker and darker and all I could see was its bright green eyes. Suddenly I felt a needle darting into my arm. I screamed and then saw Julie standing at the foot of my bed in a black dress, holding a candle. A block of stone could not have been more still. As I stared at it the figure moved towards the door and then opened it and went out. I did not tell my parents because I thought they would laugh at my story. I told Julie but she only smiled calmly. For the next few weeks my sleep was dreamless but often I heard Julie's voice. I began to feel ill and Julie became more friendly towards me.

One night instead of the voice I was used to hearing I heard a terrible and loud voice saying "Beware, a death will come soon". I then saw Julie standing at the end of the bed in white and a stain of blood on her dress. When she disappeared I ran to Julie's door and knocked, but there was no answer and the door was locked. I ran to my parent's room and they came to see what was wrong. Dad forced the lock and we found Julie gone and her bed unslept in. We searched the house and in the end found her asleep on the sofa. We woke her up and Dad said he was sure she was only sleep walking. Next day I found I had a little blue spot on my right arm the size of the top of my little finger.

The following week my relations had to go home. A month later we received a letter saying that Julie was thrown off her horse and killed. I have never had any nightmares since Julie's death. Do not think this could never happen some time to you.

Sandra Johnston (4 B.)

THE AWAKENING

The Winter, sombre and dreary, drags.
Dark evenings follow dark mornings;

At night, the moon appears misty and ghostly,

Behind a thin finger of fog.
The day brings hazy sun, or none,
Or sometimes blotted out
By deadening, stuffy sky.
Bare gnarled tree limbs
Reflected in the still waters,
Unadorned by frill of foliage.
No fluting of hidden thrush
Sending a crescendo of ecstasy to the very heavens.

Only the dismal dripping of sodden branches
To sodden earth; and the shining of wind in the chimney

The world lies asleep, unstirred as yet
By the sweet sad pang of new birth.

Dawn, and the morning star appears
The lonely cock-crow is carried on the waiting air.

Sluggish Shadows melt; the very joy of life
Beats in one's heart.

The waiting is over.
Suddenly, the branches and hedges
Are no longer bare.

They are clothed in every delicate green.
Sticky brown buds thrust themselves out;
Gay flowers tentatively uncurl shiny moist petals

Breathing the fragrance of Spring.
The sunlight dapples and splashes foliage;
It pours its warmth into one's heart
Melting the binding shackles,
And sets free a surge of joy
Unknown till now.

New life begins. The world moves on.

Daphne Evans (5A)

CROSSWORD SOLUTION

Clues Across :

- 1) Supernatural
- 7) Berry.
- 8) Sewing.
- 9) Is.
- 10) Thoughts.
- 12) Fat.
- 13) Bins.
- 14) Leo.
- 15) Tiller.
- 18) In.
- 19) An.
- 20) Bee.
- 22) Order.
- 24) Make.
- 27) Long.
- 28) Une .
- 29) Earth.

30) Dye.

Clues Down :

- 1) Substantial.
- 2) Personal.
- 3) Ray.
- 4) Tresses.
- 5) Rainfall.
- 6) Lighthouse.
- 8) Sit.
- 11) Hair.
- 13) Bend.
- 16) In.
- 17) Large.
- 20) Brat.
- 21) Emu.
- 22) On.
- 25) And.
- 26) Key.

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