



THE DIOCESAN TIMES

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Diocesan Secondary School for Girls



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EDITORIAL

We have great pleasure in presenting the eight edition of "The Diocesan Times". This year we have had two hundred copies printed, so we hope everyone will buy one and will enjoy reading our varied selection of articles.

In this Eighth Edition we have one new type of article — Letters to the Editor, which gave the girls an opportunity to air their views on matters of topical interest.

During the past school year new ventures have been undertaken. Fifth and Sixth Years went on an Educational Tour to Limerick and saw Bunratty Castle and St. Mary's Cathedral. Third Year was taken to Kells and the Boyne Valley. Reports of both these trips can be found in the Magazine.

Another new activity was the happily informal Evening for Parents at which First and Second Years worked hard to produce evidence of the work they had covered during the year, under the guidance of some members of the Staff.

The Senior "A" Hockey Team made history this year when they travelled to Wales to play a match against a Welsh School — Hafodunas Hall. This was the first time a Diocesan team had travelled out of Ireland to play a Match.

Great additions have been made to the School Library, due to the generous donation given by the Past Pupils' Association, which, when added to by the School Management Committee, enabled the Library Committee to buy a set of Encyclopaedias, which will prove to be of great assistance to the Senior Forms.

We would like to thank all those who contributed articles to the magazine, and regret that space did not enable us to print them all. We are also very grateful to all those who helped to type the articles for us.

We were very sorry when Miss Paul left us earlier in the year, but would like to offer our sincere thanks to Miss Minion and Miss Stewart for all their valuable help and advice in editing the magazine.

HIGHLIGHTS 1968/69

In September, 1968, we re-assembled on 4th, for the new School Year, encouraged by the good attendance on that day, and on all days since, until 31st January. On 10th, Mrs. Jenkins captured 3rd years attention and sympathy with her talk and films of the work done in Dr. Barnardo's Homes. The girls very readily promised to collect for the Christmas Appeal Fund.

On 3rd October, 5A went to listen-in at a lunch time interview in St. Ann's Church of John Horgan by Dr. Poyntz and Bunny Carr on the deliberations of the world Council of Churches at Uppsala. On 10th, 5B went to hear the Archbishop being interviewed on the findings of the Lambeth Conference. On 21st and 22nd, piano pupils and young musicians enjoyed first, an explanatory talk by Mr. James Blanc and then the concert of orchestral music by R.T.E. orchestra in St. Francis Xavier Hall. Also on 22nd came our turn to provide accommodation for the Career Guidance Lecture. Tourism was the topic chosen for us by the Committee acting on behalf of the General Synod of the Church of Ireland. Mr O'Hehir from Bord Failte Eireann, Miss Eileen Burke for the Hotel Industry, and Mr. Michael Walsh for Travel Agencies, gave interesting and very informative talks to a talkative audience of senior boys and girls from many schools.

November was a month of big events. On 5th, a party of 45 went on a whole day educational tour to Limerick city and Bunratty Castle with a brief look at Shannon Airport. On 9th, parents, friends and staff took Y.O.C. members to watch migratory geese on Wexford slob. On 15th senior Chemistry classes visited the new Laboratories in the College of Technology in Kevin Street. On 19th Canon Dowse addressed the School after Morning Prayers and presented the Prefects Badges. Then, on 21st, the Middle School Prize Distribution was held. Mrs. J. G. Waugh, daughter of the late Canon E. W. Greening, was our guest speaker and gave an interesting description of her own education. At the Senior Distribution on 22nd, His Grace, the Archbishop urged that parents should give opportunity for homework to be done. On 27th, a coachload of 3rd year girls went to see Kells and a little of the Boyne valley. On 29th, a deputation from 5th year attended Compline in Christ Church Cath-

edral and afterwards joined in a discussion on Overseas work.

In December the Christmas examinations and reports loomed large, but also we found time for other activities. There was a very generous response to Dr. Barnardo's Christmas Appeal. The Form boxes brought in £4 18 11 for the Leprosy Mission. 5B2 made a quick collection one day and bought story books for St. Joseph's Nursery Centre. The term closed with the Carol Service in St. Peter's Church, when reverence, sincerity, clear diction and good choral singing combined to produce an impressive Service.

Before school re-opened in January, a party of senior girls accompanied by Miss Good, Miss Hinton, Miss Johnston, Miss Minion and Miss Ferguson attended a performance of "An Baile Seo 'Gainne" at the Abbey Theatre. The members of Form 5 appreciated the scenes most. On 8th, after Morning Prayers recently-won certificates were distributed to present 5th formers, and "Old" girls after supper in the kitchen. On 21st, the whole school commemorated the first sitting of the first Dail Eireann in 1919 by singing a hymn and reciting the Lord's Prayer both in Irish at Morning Assembly. Later all attended the Commemoration Service in St. Patrick's Cathedral and finally enjoyed a half-day holiday.

On 22nd and 27th Miss Hinton and Mrs. Valentine escorted some second and third year girls to "She Stoops To Conquer" at the Abbey Theatre. On the 29th the Aer Lingus debate took place in the school under the Chairmanship of Miss Richards and with Miss Ferguson's advice Vanessa Curtis, Siobhan Kelly, Carole O'Neill, Anne Rumney, Heather Hodgins and Gillian Large took part. Mr. Brendan Mitchell spoke encouragingly and awarded the travel bag prize to Vanessa.

DEBATING REPORT FOR 1968-1969

President: Miss Jagoe.
Chairman: Miss Ferguson.
Secretary: Hazel Collie.
Treasurer: Vanessa Curtis.
Committee: Siobhan Kelly; Helen McMahon; Susan Moore; Heather Hodgins.

The opening debate of the 1968-69 session was held in room 10, on 9th October, at 3.45 p.m. It was a "hat debate" and in

spite of a poor attendance, possibly due to other meetings being held on the same day, it was an enjoyable and varied debate.

Our next meeting was held on 30th October in room 8. The motion was 'Does Dublin need re-planning?' and proposing it were Vanessa Curtis and Anne Rumney. We had quite a good attendance and a very lively debate, at which we were delighted to see Miss Hinton and Miss Jagoe who both spoke from the floor.

Then, on 4th December, the Society held a Debate for juniors. The motion being "Are Uniforms Necessary?" was debated by members of the First, Second and Third years. The motion was proposed by Jayne Curtis and Elizabeth Quin. It was opposed by Susan Eager and seconded by Leslie Eager. Then followed a lively discussion, during which we were pleased to hear how well the juniors were able to stand up and speak their minds.

On January 29th, the Society entered the Aer Lingus debating competition. The six members of our team were Vanessa Curtis, Carole O'Neill, Siobhan Kelly, Gillian Large, Anne Rumney and Heather Hodgins. The motion debated was "That Aer Lingus had done more to re-establish Ireland's former commercial and cultural links with Europe, than any other means of transport". Miss Richards was our chairman, and Mr. Brendan Mitchell the adjudicator. An interested and attentive audience was present, and we would like to thank the girls of the fifth year who prepared the supper which was enjoyed afterwards.

A very enjoyable debate was held with the members of the Past Pupils on Tuesday, 11th February. The motion was "This house believes that public protests are a necessary part of life today." Proposing the motion were present pupils Lynda Large, Heather Hodgins and Susan Moore; opposing it were past pupils Hilda Smith, Linda Cornick and Daphne Good. We would also like to thank Past Pupils for the interesting debate they gave us, and for the delicious supper they provided.

We were sorry to say goodbye to Miss Paul last October, but we were pleased to welcome Miss Ferguson as our new chairman, and to thank her for all the help she has given us. We would like to thank Miss Jagoe for permission to hold debates and the interest she shows in them. We are grateful to other members of staff, who

have helped our speakers at different times and who have attended the debates and helped them to be successful.

HAZEL COLLIE, Secretary.

LIBRARY REPORT

Committee: Miss Richards, Ann Conarain, Mary Goulden, Hilary Dunn, Kathleen Eager, Valerie Moore, Carole O'Neill.

In December the Past Pupils' Association decided to give a generous grant to the Library funds. As an indication of their appreciation of this contribution the Committee of Management offered to match the Past Pupils' donation, and so, for the first time there is an annual income to swell the library funds, which have previously depended on membership subscriptions.

Thanks to these very generous and acceptable grants, we have been able to buy a much needed encyclopaedia "The Book of Knowledge" and also an illustrated dictionary, "The Book of Words." We senior girls had been very anxious to have an encyclopedia and to this end, the sixth form organised a cake sale to help raise the funds. We thank them for their interest and efforts.

Membership of the library rose rapidly in September and we were very pleased to welcome so many first former as members and we hope that they will continue to be members throughout their days at Diocesan.

The Committee would like to express their gratitude to Miss K. McK. Johnston for her gift of a beautiful illustrated book "The World We Live In". It was very much appreciated and has found a very welcome position in our ever increasing "Geography" section. Our thanks also to Miss Jagoe, Miss Good and all who donated books and magazines to the library.

CAROLE O'NEILL 5a

YOUNG ORNITHOLOGISTS' CLUB (1968-69)

President: Miss M. M. Jagoe.
Vice President: Miss E. E. Good.
Organiser: Miss J. Williams.
Chairman: Catriona Kelly.
Record Secretaries: Caroline Coulson and
Natasha Souter.

Organizing Secretaries: Gillian Large and Pat Coghlan.

Treasurers: Elizabeth Plunkett and Elizabeth Motyer.

In charge of the scrapbook: Ruth Blake-Knox and Susan Rowe.

Form Representatives:

VA — June Babington;

IVA — Christina Attwood;

IIIB1 — Avril young;

IIIB2 — Carol Whittaker;

IIA — Glynis Ensor;

IIB — June Darlington.

We now have forty-six members in the Diocesan branch of Y.O.C. and we hold meetings or expeditions monthly. Members also contribute pictures and newspaper cuttings to our scrapbook and enjoy the quarterly magazine "Bird Life".

Y.O.C. expeditions this year included visits to Ireland's Eye, St. Stephen's Green and the North Slob, Wexford. On these trips many members saw birds which were new to them, such as wigeon, white-fronted geese, whooper swans, heron, teal, godwit and redshank at the slobs, fulmars, shags, razorbills and kittiwakes on Ireland's Eye, and some rare birds were sighted notably arctic gull and eider duck.

From February to May, 1968, the members of Y.O.C. undertook a project to study the swans nesting on the Grand Canal. Visits were made every few days to the four sites where swans nested and at the height of the nesting season the nests were visited almost daily. Members drew a map of the canal, marking the sites and keeping careful records of the dates when nest building began, materials used, dates when eggs were laid, dates when eggs were hatched and the success or failure of each pair of swans in their efforts to rear a brood. Hazards from dogs, small boys and oil pollution were recognised and photographs were taken of the swans at all stages. This project was entered in a competition.

Our second entry in this competition was an essay by Gweneth Attwood about the club's visit to Ireland's Eye in June, accompanied by photographs taken by Susan Gill and Avril Styles. For these two entries we won a consolation prize of some bird charts. As well as doing good work in these projects the members enjoyed themselves while learning about bird life.

In December some members took part in a project organised by Headquarters to

study the behaviour of starlings at bird tables, to see if they are frequently a nuisance in driving the smaller birds away, or in devouring the food intended for other birds. These observations proved difficult for many, due to the long, dark days.

We would like to thank parents and friends who helped to arrange and provide transport for these expeditions which have proved to be a great success. We are grateful for a most interesting collection of eggs given by Miss K. McK Johnston. We would also like to express our appreciation of the gifts of records and books we have been given and hope that Y.O.C. may continue to prosper and provide interest and enjoyment for its members in the future

CAROLINE COULSON 5a

F.I.G. REPORT

I have much pleasure in reporting an increase in the membership of the Diocesan Branch of the Fellowship of International Goodwill; we now have forty-three members. We have only had two lectures since September, but both were exceedingly interesting.

Our first lecture was given by Mr. Davis Thurley and was on Poland. Mr. Thurley had been a lecturer in a University in Poland, and gave a most interesting account of life there. The points he raised included the problem of obtaining a house. One had to be registered on a list and had to accept what one was given. He said that the people spoke good English but that unfortunately they had to be careful what they said about Communism, as there were a number of government spies everywhere. He also said that his salary there had been relatively very high for Poland. In fact the average person could not afford to run a car. Mr. Thurley and his wife found that they were well received in Poland and had quite enjoyed their stay.

The second lecture was given by Miss Rosalind Mills, M.A., Vice Principal of Sutton Park School, to the Alexandra Branch meeting, to which we were invited. The subject was Czechoslovakia. After attending a conference in Germany, Miss Mills and a few friends had decided to spend a short holiday in Czechoslovakia. They had been in Prague only one day when the Russian invasion took place. Miss Mills

gave us a most interesting and exciting account of her enforced stay there, until she and her friends managed to get away. She told us how the Czechs had remained calm after the invasion, though they did all they could to show their displeasure; for example some of the young people kept replacing all the posters the Russians tore down. She also told us that most of the Russians she saw seemed to be very young and all a bit bewildered about what they were doing in Czechoslovakia. She also mentioned Mr. Dubczech's arrest and the horror felt by all at the presence of tanks and other weapons in the city.

Both these lectures were held in the Jellett Memorial Hall in Alexandra College, we would like to thank Miss White of Alexandra for her invitation to their branch meeting and to tea beforehand. We would also like to thank Miss Richards for her part in the arranging of these lectures and for the time she gives to our branch of the Fellowship of International Goodwill. We hope that the membership will continue to increase and that we will have other interesting lectures.

MARY GOULDEN 6a

ART CLASSES

During a visit to the Municipal Art Gallery, accompanied by Miss Bell, some of the 6th form saw that more than paint and paper can be used to make a picture. We saw tapestries, pictures made by dying and folding cloth, or by embroidery, slivers of wood woven among threads to make a design. All were unusual and made us curious about the techniques used. Maybe with our expanding art facilities, we will, ourselves, produce pictures from more than paper and paint one day.

DAPHNE LEACH 6th Year.

These "Contemporary Hangings" were not even painted on canvas, but made up of woven materials, and some of the results were really amazing . . . Afterwards, we were able to tour the Gallery, much to our enjoyment. I was most surprised to learn that the Gallery possesses an original Picasso.

ANN CONARAIN 6th Year

Senior Art Classes this year have been greatly changed. Instead of the usual paint-

ings every week, there have been experiments with lino-cuttings and figure making which attracted many girls at the beginning of the year.

We have visited many Art exhibitions. One day we went to see the work of the students of the National College of Art. Here we saw work for television, posters of different kinds, weaving, wood carvings, jewellery, and fashion drawing which included Glynis Miller's designs for the Euro-fashion Contest, 1968. Another exhibition was that of the Arts and Crafts Society, held in Brown Thomas' where again paintings, weavings, and woodwork were exhibited, although there was no repetition of what we had seen in the College of Art.

That same day we visited the Irish Design Shop in Grafton Street where we saw Irish-made clothing, souvenirs, jewellery, and pottery made in the John French Studio. These items were all very interesting. Some of the girls decided to return after school and spend more time looking more fully at all the items of interest. The girls look forward to visiting more exhibitions so that they can obtain new ideas for their own classwork.

GAIL BLOOM 5th Year.

When we returned to school in September, our Art teacher suggested that we change from painting to three dimensional construction work, and we spent several art classes at this type of activity. Several girls met on Saturday afternoons to work together. With assorted pieces of mahogany we made many interesting abstracts which we varnished. The finished results made all our efforts worth while, and modern wood carving became a very absorbing hobby.

JEAN PASLEY 4th Year.

The new idea for Art Classes is great fun, we can build or construct what we like in our own way. Many things have been made with scraps such as sweet papers, bottles, boxes, and even coconut shells. There are many of these things in the Art Cupboard on display — models of people, houses, huts and cars. We think it would be fabulous if we had the facilities for clay modelling.

SUSAN EAGER, JUNE LEACH and JUDITH WILKINSON 3rd Year

On 13th September, 1968, we went with Natasha into town to buy pictures to brighten up the classroom and to influence us in Art class. Each girl in the Form gave at least 6d and we had approximately 15/- to spend. In the first shop the assistant was very helpful and gave us a book of prints to look through. None, however, appealed to us and we decided to try elsewhere. In the second shop, there was nothing less than £1. In the third shop to our delight we were able to buy a small painting of "The little girl with a dog". As we had some money left over, we chose two 'mod' pictures and a third called 'The favourite' by Strev. On the following Monday, we showed them to the class — everybody liked at least one! We would like to thank Miss Bell for assisting us.

ALISON SMITH and JEAN HOSFORD.

NATIONAL GALLERY OF ART

On Monday, 13th January, 3A were accompanied by Miss Bell to the National Gallery of Art where we spent a most enjoyable morning. One painting which really thrilled us was called "The Sixth Seal" in which the artist showed his idea of the end of the world. In the foreground there were people in agony either dying or repenting their sins and the artist portrayed great expression in their faces. The background showed flashes of lightning and the sun sinking as if it, too, had given up hope.

Another painting which fascinated us was called "Solitude". It was set in a wood where the overhanging trees shaded a small hermit's cell and it gave one a tremendous feeling of peace and seclusion.

**NATASHA SOUTER and
ELIZABETH PLUNKETT.**

ART IN DIOCESAN

I was not really interested in Art until I became a pupil of Diocesan School. I am fascinated with the things we are taught to make and paint, and even though I am not really good at painting I continue to work at home nearly every Saturday after-

noon. I bought silver and gold poster paints with some of the money I received at Christmas

Y. DAWSON 1a

CHORAL SINGING

Singing has for many years been a source of great interest to the girls of Diocesan School. Mr. William Watson, a well known organist and choir master teaches us. He takes an interest in the training of each individual in the choir and through him we have learnt many fine songs.

Every year in the spring, each choir enters for the State examination. We sing three songs, a sight test and then we are asked questions about the songs we have sung. After the examination we start preparing songs for our Prize Distribution. Then comes the time to prepare our carols for the Carol Service which is held in St. Peter's Church in December. For this occasion we sing some well known carols and some specially arranged unusual ones.

Again this year we have been able to form a choir to lead the singing at prayers. Also we have been able to attempt such difficult pieces as an arrangement of the "Hallelujah Chorus" and "Maideann i mbearra". We thank Miss Good for helping us with difficulties in the Irish song.

LINDA WEBSTER 5th Year

THE HOCKEY REPORT 1968/69

This 1968/69 Season has been a very successful one, with the bright evenings and fine weather we have had much practice. There were four teams, the minor team, captained by Alison Smith, was quite successful but unfortunately was knocked out of the cup in the first round by Roslyn Park, Sandymount, who scored during the first five minutes.

The J.C.T. which was captained by Christina Attwood won the first round of the Cup against Haddington Road by 3-1, but lost some of their matches.

There were two senior teams this year. The second eleven only played a few matches but they enjoyed the experience and it is hoped that next year the players will have more opportunity to show their skill.



THE FIRST XI

The first eleven captained by Ingrid Harte, was the most successful team of the season, with four players from each 4th, 5th and 6th years, including our substitute Karen Vard. We cannot single out any individual player as being outstanding, as each member of the team contributed to its success.

The first round of the Intermediate Cup against Hillcourt was won with a successful score of three - one. We were apprehensive before the second round of the cup against Avoca School but we won the match with a score of six-one. We were glad of the experience we gained by playing a couple of previous matches on all weather pitches, because the Avoca pitch was very hard, due to frost.

Ever since the hockey team from Hafodunos Hall School in Wales visited us last year we were looking forward to the return visit and match. We were glad to say we made the trip at the end of January, thanks to the co-operation and enthusiasm

of Miss Jagoe, Miss Beamish and Miss Caird. The week-end was thoroughly enjoyed by the team, especially the match, which was played during a blizzard, on a very muddy pitch. We must have had 'the luck of the Irish' as the Welsh girls put it as we won the match seven-one. We are very grateful to the Headmistress, gamesmistress and girls for their hospitality and for entertaining us so well.

The same few supporters are to be seen at all our matches and we feel more girls could show their interest by supporting the teams. Any girl who has played on a team will agree that it is very encouraging to see a line of cheering supporters at the side of the pitch.

We would also like to thank Miss Bradshaw for her interest and support, Mrs. Hudson for sending Ling students and also Mrs. Harte for umpiring for us on many occasions.

INGRID HARTE (Games Captain).

THE BADMINTON CLUB

This year the badminton club entered three teams for the Schools League. The 1st team played two league matches against Bertrand and Masonic and on both occasions won by 4-0. The 2nd team played three league matches and also won all three with a score of 4-0. Two of these matches were against Mount Anville and the other was against Wesley.

For the first time, a 3rd team of under 15's entered for the League. They did very well by drawing with Malahide but found the Bertrand team too strong and they were beaten 4-0.

All three results show that the standard of badminton in the school has greatly improved since last year and we thank Mrs. Orr and Mrs. Turpin for their excellent coaching. We also thank Mrs. Orr for escorting teams to matches and providing transport, and we are grateful to the Trustees of Charleston Road Methodist Church for allowing us to use their hall on Tuesday and Thursday afternoons.

ELIZABETH FLEWETT 5A

EDUCATIONAL TOUR OF LIMERICK

On Tuesday, 8th November, at 9.20 a.m. a party of 42 senior girls and three teachers complete with cameras and maps left school for Heuston Station to catch the 10.30 train to Limerick. The train journey was spent in observing the geographical and historical features seen from the train and studying the maps and brochures. By the time we reached Limerick everybody was very hungry and thoroughly enjoyed the meal in the Savoy restaurant.

Next stop was Bunratty Castle. This magnificent fortress and its grounds certainly live up to the image it has achieved over many years. We were shown round by a very helpful guide who also told us about the castle's history. We saw the dining hall where the famous banquets are still being held in medieval style. Veal is the main part of the meal and this is cut and eaten with a dagger as was the case long ago. Mead is also served with the meal. This is an old time drink consisting of honey and whisky. At every banquet a "King of the Castle" is chosen and he sits at the head of the table (the actor, Robert Vaughan,

had attended a banquet and been made "king of the castle" a couple of days before our visit). After the meal the 'king' is in charge of the entertainment and each guest must do as he directs them, such as sing or play an instrument. Anyone refusing to do so is thrown into the dungeons which are below the dining hall. We were shown the small gate locking off the narrow stairway which led down to the dungeons.

Next we were shown the bedrooms where the size of the beds surprised us. They were remarkably short compared with the average size of a bed today, which suggests that the people of a few hundred years ago were not so tall as the people today.

Off the bedroom there was a tiny stairway not more than 18" wide. This led to the children's bedrooms. It was a means of ensuring their safety during times of invasion, as no adult could possibly ascend these stairs.

When we had completed our tour of the castle we moved on to the Folk Village which is contained in the castle grounds. This did not fail to amaze each girl in turn as it consists of typical Irish cottages, one at least of which has been removed stone by stone from its original site and rebuilt in the castle grounds.

There is also a forge in the folk village and we arrived just in time to see the blacksmith at work, shoeing a horse, belonging to one of the locals. Reluctantly we left Bunratty and were driven to Shannon Airport, which was a little disappointing but this could not be helped as we had only a quarter of an hour to spend there.

We then returned to Limerick and went to the Cathedral where the Dean welcomed us and gave us a brief outline of its history. We then looked round the Cathedral and some of us were taken up the belfry and to the top of the tower. Those who were afraid of heights stayed safely on ground level, and were entertained by the organist and also by Marie Michie whom he allowed to play the new organ, which was recently installed in the Cathedral. There was great controversy among the girls over the Holy Ghost Chapel in the cathedral which was being redesigned by a modern artist. It consisted of a colourful mosaic which some girls thought was rather out of place in such an old cathedral

while others thought it showed the continuity of time.

After $\frac{3}{4}$ hour we made our way back to the Savoy restaurant taking in a short tour of the city parts of which are very old, as it is the oldest charter city in the British Isles this is not surprising. We returned to the Savoy via O'Connell Street and its busy shops and offices. After a good tea we sadly returned to the station and the awaiting train for Limerick junction. Here we boarded the express train to Dublin. Only now the first signs of weariness began to show as the conversation was by no means as lively as it had been that morning. At 9.15 p.m. we arrived at Heuston station and so ended a tiring but wonderful day.

We would like to take this opportunity to thank Miss Good, Mrs. Curtis, and Miss Kidd who helped to make the day such a success and also C.I.E. without whose help and efficiency we could not have made this educational trip.

GILLIAN DRAKE and JOYCE KINLAY 6a.

OUR EXPEDITION TO THE BOYNE VALLEY

On Wednesday, 27th November, 1968, a large party of third-year girls and three teachers, Miss Richards, Miss Stewart and Miss Johnston boarded a bus at 9.40 a.m. We were on our way to the Boyne Valley to see its landmarks and to learn its history. We first travelled through Dublin and then out into the country on the main Navan road. On the way, we could see the Hill of Tara in the distance, and as we passed by, the bus driver told us some of its history. It was used by the High Kings as a dwelling place, and a splendid castle-palace was built there in the fifth century. From Tara the High King saw St. Patrick's Paschal fire on the Hill of Slane. Although Tara is nothing now but a grassy mound because it was plundered by the Danes in the twelfth century, it does not take much imagination to think of all the wonderful things that must have happened there.

We passed through Navan and went on to Kells where we were met by Canon Olden, Rector of the parish, who was to show us around. Canon Olden gave us an outline of the churchground's history. It was at first a royal habitation, but then the whole area was given to St. Colmcille to

be used for a monastery. The monastery stretched right down to the market place of the present town, where the boundary was marked by the Market Cross which we had noticed on the way up in the bus. In the church Canon Olden showed us many objects of historical interest — two ancient grave slabs, a facsimile of the Book of Kells which is now kept in the library of Trinity College, Dublin, a banner to commemorate St. Colmcille's voyage to Iona in 563 and a licence to beg, dated 1742. We also went up to the gallery set apart for visitors where we saw photographs of the high crosses.

We then went out to see St Colmcille's cell, the round tower built for protection from the Danes, and the high crosses. The illustrations on the high crosses were very interesting and the Canon told us the meaning of each one. When we had finished looking at these, we thanked Canon Olden and reboarded the bus to go to Slane. Here we had lunch and then went on to Mellifont, seeing on the way the place where the Battle of the Boyne was fought in 1690.

In Mellifont, we saw the ruins of the old abbey which the Cistercian order of monks founded in 1142. The chapter house is almost complete, but there are only ruins of the church and other buildings. When we had spent some time exploring this interesting place, we set out for home. We stopped in Slane and then travelled on to Dpblin. Once there, we thanked Miss Richards, Hiss Stewart and Miss Johnston for escorting us and then went home. We all agreed that it had been a very enjoyable outing and we are grateful to those who helped to make it a success.

ELIZABETH PLUNKETT 3a

A VISIT TO CHRIST CHURCH CATHEDRAL

On Friday, 24th January, all of third year walked to Christ Church with Miss Caird, Mrs. McMahon and Miss Johnston. The Dean met us outside and brought us in. He began to tell us very interesting things about Christ Church Cathedral. He told us that it was built in 1038, and how it had grown through the years. He said it was really called the Church of the Holy Trinity but it is usually called Christ Church Cathedral. The people built it on a

certain hill in Dublin because they believed that St. Patrick had prayed there and his cell or crypt can be seen today. The church was built with wood and when the Danes came over to attack Ireland, the church was knocked down during battle. The Danes in 1134 then built a bigger and more elaborate one. Three chapels were built also and seats made specially for the President and the Mayor and the Archbishop. Later on Laurence O'Toole, Archbishop of Dublin rebuilt the three chapels because they were in need of repair.

It was very interesting indeed and we enjoyed the talk very much. After this talk we were shown around the cathedral — which is indeed very beautiful and still built as the Normans planned it. The Dean brought us down to the crypt where he said markets were held in 1582. We saw St. Patrick's cell where he is said to have prayed and two statues — one of James II and one of Henry V. The crypt had never been rebuilt. It had an unusual kind of patterned stone on the walls. Then we went into the actual cathedral again and the Dean showed us a big glass case in which were a cat and a rat, the Dean said these were over one hundred years old. The cat was running after the rat and the rat ran into an organ pipe and both cat and rat got stuck half way. They both stayed there and died.

Then we were shown the three chapels that Laurence O'Toole rebuilt. These were really lovely little chapels. He told us also about the Archbishop's chair. We had a very enjoyable visit to Christ Church Cathedral.

**AVRIL YOUNG and
PAMELA SKELTON 3BI**

A VISIT TO HUGHES BROTHERS' DAIRY

On Thursday, 13th June, 1968, IB went to pay a visit to Hughes Brothers' Dairy at Rathfarnham. There are approximately 800 people working there. They use 30 large churn vans to collect 36,000 gallons of milk a day. There are also about 20 horse and truck vans and 180 lorries which are used to bring the milk to the customers.

Mr. Hayden first showed us where the cans were unloaded on to a conveyor belt where a sample of milk from about every fifth can was taken to be tested for bacteria and for fat content and acidity. Then

the cans were turned upside down and the milk was poured into a trough. The cans were washed, and all this makes a tremendous amount of noise.

The milk was then pasteurised which means that it is heated at 160 deg. Fahrenheit for one hour, and then dropped to 40 deg. Fahrenheit. The milk is put into a machine which pours it into bottles. The bottles are capped and put into crates to be delivered to our doorsteps.

Next we went to see the different types of ice-cream being made. The mixture was poured into a round wheel, sticks were put into the mixture and another wheel which had spokes lifted the ice-creams and dropped them into wrappers. They were then packed and sent by a conveyor belt to the cold store.

We went to the laboratory next and saw test tubes filled with samples of ice-cream. One of the tests is to half fill a test tube with a purple liquid and put a sample of ice-cream on top of this. If the ice-cream disappears there will be a gas in it which shows it contains bacteria which cause typhoid fever. There are also tests to find out if there are any other bacteria in the ice-cream.

Then we went to the cold store. We went inside it, and brrr! wasn't it cold. The men wore protective clothing to keep them warm, and no wonder.

Hughes Brothers buy their butter from many parts of the country, and these creameries pack it into H.B. wrappers.

We were sorry when our visit came to an end, but we enjoyed it very much. Next time you buy an ice-cream made by Hughes Brothers, think of all the trouble they have taken to make it for you.

GILLIAN JACKSON 2b

ST. JOSEPH'S NURSERY CENTRE

On Thursday, 17th December, a small group of us went to visit St. Joseph's Clinic, having been granted permission by our Headmistress. When we arrived in Cork Street, Mrs. Walmsley was there to meet us and brought us up a lane to the clinic.

When we arrived at the clinic, the children, wearing overalls, were playing games very happily. We watched them and then were shown around the various rooms. Each child had his or her own coat hanger

which was recognised by each child because of a picture which hung above it. We then went into another room where there were little wash-hand basins and toilets. There was also a place where each child could put his own face-cloth, mug and comb, these were also recognised by a picture.

After we had seen this the children were still playing games and Mrs. Walm-sley brought us into the visitors room where she gave up a cup of coffee and biscuits and told us about the clinic.

The clinic is attended by 30-40 children each day, but, on this day there were only 16 because the elder children in the family had received their Christmas holi-days, and so were able to look after their younger brothers and sisters. The children are brought to the centre at 8.30 a.m. by the mother or older child and remain there till 4.30 p.m. There are many reasons why the children come to the clinic, some because their mothers work and there is no one to look after them, others because the parents do not know how to look after their children, and yet others because the child is illegitimate and the mother must work. The parents pay a small sum of money which is about 30 shillings a week, but some of the parents are unable to pay all of it. While the children are in the clinic, they are given breakfast and a meal in the middle of the day, have a nap and learn how to behave and make friends with other children. The children come to the clinic when they are about two years old and at the age of four they leave because they are ready to start school.

There are two women who look after the children, there is also a cook and a lady who cleans.

At meal times the children sit at tables of four and the eldest child at each table acts as "mother" and brings four meals from the table on which the cook placed them.

When the children were having their dinner we talked to them, some we found very friendly and others shy, but all seemed to be well behaved and happy. During this time some of us spoke with Mrs. Walmsley and she told us that den-omination did not matter. We were very glad to hear this — after all we are all God's children. She also told us that they were very short of story books, so a cer-tain number of us thought that it might be

a good idea to collect some money at lunch time from the Diocesan girls and buy some books. With this money we bought some books, and on Saturday morn-ing we delivered the books to the clinic, and they were gladly accepted and we have since had a letter of thanks.

DAPHNE JAMES and
JEANETTE WICKLOW 5B2

A VISIT TO A CONCERT

On Tuesday the 22nd October all the girls from 1A and some of the girls from other classes who were interested in music went to a concert. It was held in the St. Francis Xavier Hall in Gardiner Street. The day before we had all heard Mr. James Blanc of Ceol Cumann nOg talking about the concert, and it sounded most interesting. He had told us about the in-struments in the Radio Eireann Symphony Orchestra, which we would see and hear.

At a quarter past nine we all set off from the school and boarded a number 13 bus which brought us near the hall. When we went in, the orchestra was tuning up. The Strings were in the front of the or-chestra, and behind them were the Wood-winds and at the very back were the Brasses, and the Percussion. In front was a box for the conductor. Then Mr. O'Broin came out and explained to us about the first piece which was the Over-ture from "The Mastersingers" by Wagner. This was the hardest piece of all. Then we heard the "Unfinished Symphony" by Shubert. It was beautiful. After that came the "Prelude, March and Dance" by Mal-colm Arnold. This, Mr. O'Broin said, was a modern piece. The final music was "Cap-riccio Espagnol" by Rimsky Korsakov, a Russian composer. When Mr. O'Broin was leaving the stage everybody clapped loudly and he had to come back on the stage and bow with the orchestra. We then left the hall and returned to school having en-joyed the concert very much.

DEIRDRE FINCHER 1A

REPORT—PARENTS' EVENING

Miss Jagoe, the staff and the members of the First and Second Year classes were hostesses to the parents of the girls in these Forms on Friday, 14th. June, 1968.



THE WEDDING SCENE FROM "THE TAMING OF THE SHREW"

A Programme of material studied, or work done, in ordinary classes during the year was enthusiastically presented and received on a happily informal occasion.

1. The following members of Form 2. — P. Allen, R. Blake-Knox, L. Bolster, B. Dowds, J. Hosford, M. Jackson, S. Johnson, G. Large, E. Motyer, H. O'Neill, S. Rogan, A. Smith, showed the work done in a Physical Education class.

2. After this Form I represented by — L. Adams, S. Barker, L. Cooke, H. Farrar, S. Elders, M. Foxall, C. Linney, C. McCamley, E. Mahon, S. Moffitt, V. Ryan, E. Torrans, R. Deane, B. Strachan, G. Worrell, gave a display of Irish Dancing (Miss Beamish).

3. This was followed by part of three lessons from the Audio-Visual French Course "Voix et Images de France." Leçon 6 — La Famille —

Madame Thibaut	...	Lesley Eager
Monique	...	Susan Ruffi
Paul	...	Glynis Ensor
Son grand'père	...	Hazel Molloy
Catherine	...	Sylvia Rowe
Sa grand'mère	...	Emily Torrans

Leçon 7—Catherine et Paul dessinent:
Catherine ... Carol Linney

Paul ... Lesley Gibson

Leçon 8 — L'Anniversaire de Catherine:

La Présentatrice ... Harriet Farrar

Catherine ... Sylvia Barker

Monsieur Thibaut ... Edith Ormsby

Madame Thibaut ... Joan Ellis

Paul ... Sandra Elders

André Thibaut ... Janice Mills

Simone Thibaut ... Janice Mills

Jacques ... Jasmin Gaw

Monique ... Sylvia Roddie

Lucie ... Carol Fox

Prompter ... Vivienne Ryan

(Miss Good)

4. Form 2B presented the Wedding Scene from "The Taming of the Shrew". Production was by Miss Hinton and the cast was as follows:

Katherine ... Eileen Ellis

Petruchio ... Susan Eager

Baptista ... Sheila Matthews

Gremio ... Judith Wilkinson

Tyanio ... Janet Chapman

Lucentio ... Gweneth Attwood

Bianca ... Carol Whittaker

Biondello ... Wendy Orr

Grumio ... Karen Morton

Page ... Carol Cunningham



AN EXCERPT FROM "A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM"

Musicians ... Sylvia Johnson,
Susan Rogan
Pamela Skelton.

Announcer ... Glynis Dunbar

Stage Manager ... Sandra Salisbury

Assistant Stage Manager and

Prompter ... Valerie Power

Music ... Caroline McKeown

Valerie McMullen

Wardrobe ... Sandra Johnston

Catherine Michie.

5. IB1 and IB2 spoke the poems 'Cill Aodáin' le Antaine Beachtabhraigh, 'Asailín Pharis' le Seán O Tuama and 'Cúl an Ti' le Seán O Riordáin. (Miss Good and Mrs. McMahon).

6. An excerpt from 'A Midsummer Night's Dream' was produced by Mrs. Valentine with a cast from Form 1.

Duke of Athens ... Janice Durham

Hippolyta ... Vivienne Ryan

Philstrate ... Harriet Farrar

Demetrius ... Joan Ellis

Lysander ... Hazel Molloy

Hermia ... Emily Torrans

Helena ... Janice Mills

Prologue ... Lesley Gibson

Pyramus ... Carol Foxe

Thisbe ... Lesley Eager

Wall ... Gillian Buttimer

Moonshine ... Glynis Ensor

Lion ... Edith Ormsby

Oberon ... Carol Linney

Titania ... Sylvia Rowe

Fairies ... Jasmin Gaw

Sandra Elders

Sylvia Roddy

Susan Rufli

Puck ... Sylvia Barker

7. Form 2BI conducted by Gweneth Attwood sang Frère Jacques as a round (Miss Bussell).

8. The Banquet Scene from "The Taming of the Shrew" was produced by Miss Paul and played by Form 2A with the following cast:

Lucentio ... Jenn Hosford

Bianca ... Hilary O'Neill

Gremio ... Elizabeth Plunkett

Tranio ... Ruth Blake-Knox

Baptista ... Lorna Bolster

Vincenzio ... Ann Graham

Katherine ... Natasha Souter

Petruchio ... Gillian Large

Frumio ... Alison Smith

Biondello ... Alison Smith

Hortensio ... Hilary Haw

Widow ... Muriel Jackson

Stage Manager ... Lesley Powell



THE BANQUET SCENE FROM "THE TAMING OF THE SHREW"

Assistant Stage Managers ... Lynda Brown,
Peggie Allen,
Eleanor Rowe.
Costumes ... Isobel Atwell,
Meriel Crosse,
Elizabeth Motyer,
Daphne Singleton.
Props ... Valerie Carroll
Barbara Dowds,
Susan Ingram,
June Leach.
Sound ... Gillian Craven
Sally Noble.

9. All Form 1 joined in Verse Speaking.
Loveliest of Trees ... Houseman.
The Splendour falls on Castle Walls ...
Tennyson.

O what if the fowler my blackbird has
taken ... Dalmon. (Mrs. Baldwin).

10. Choirs trained by Mr. Watson sang
several songs.

Forms IA and IB ... Night (Maurice
Blower) Foreign Children (H. Wandale).

Form 2 Spindrift (Eric Thiman) Fisher-

man's Night Song (Irish Melodies arr. R.
Jacques).

Forms 2, IA, and IB — The Blue Tail
Fly (Plantation Song).

Samples of the Year's work in Art (Miss
Bell) and some specimens of the practical
work done in Geography classes (Mrs.
Curtis) were shown in the Assembly Room,
while Scientific experiments and models
were on view in the Laboratory (Miss
d'Arcy).

Tea and biscuits, prepared and served
by 2B2 and others, under the direction of
Mrs. O'Donoghue, were provided for the
guests, and the members of the classes
were refreshed with "minerals".

Flowers kindly provided by Mrs. Bald-
win were arranged by 2B2.

Our thanks to all those who so willingly
lent material for the various productions, to
Miss Williams, who photographed several of
the colourful scenes, and especially to Mrs.
Collie, Mrs. Kent, and Mrs. Nicholl who
aided their daughters in the necessary, but
unpopular duty of washing-up.

LUNCH TIME EFFORTS

The efforts made by all in school for the C.M.S. Young People's Sale cannot be passed over. The last ten days of January were filled with hard work and plenty of fun during lunch hour.

Some spent the weekend or the night before cooking queen cakes, flapjacks, biscuits etc. and sold them to the rest of the school at a reasonable price. This raised a fair sum of money but others were even more adventurous.

1st Year entertained us with a Paper Fancy Dress Parade. Two girls were dressed as a horse, unfortunately, his tail kept falling off. Even a bride and groom were among the participants.

The "Crazy Hairstyle" competition beat all fashions from back-combed hairstyles to six or seven plaits. The roof nearly came off the school when Miss Williams appeared with a long head of fair hair made of raffia. The sunsilk hairspray which Miss Williams used helped to keep it neat and tidy, of course!

Batman and Robin were champions in the Fancy Dress Parade. They stole the prize when they made a leap into the centre of the room, leaving everybody gasping as usual. Miss Good later came in and proceeded to give us a lesson in Irish while dressed in yellow pyjamas. Miss Williams was prepared to give us all gardening rules and Mrs. Valentine housewives tips.

The activities came to a close with a "Remarkable Variety Performance" by 5th year. The staff participated in a "Show-a-Leg" competition, while the pupils tried to guess who it was. Some, according to the commentator, Denise Shatwell, had fine sturdy legs, others elegant and cosy.

The smallest girl in the school was interviewed. Her name was Mini Maximum and the poor girl had the embarrassment of being only 2ft. tall. She had only learnt that Ireland was in the "world" in Mrs. Curtis' geography class. After Quick Sugar introduced by "Burry Van", the orchestra played for us and sang Irish Folk songs.

One cannot deny that all these efforts, whether small or big, took time and consideration. This was rewarded by a large sum of money that can be put towards Diocesan stall at the Sale.

GRACE MATTHEWS 5a.

SPORTS DAY 1968

Last year we held our sports day on Thursday, 30th May and for a change the evening was bright and warm. The attendance of parents and girls was a great improvement on last year mainly due to the fine weather. Many thanks to those who came and cheered on the contestants.

Our thanks go to Mr. G. B. Good for installing and looking after the electrical equipment and also to Miss Paul who made the announcements during the evening.

Many thanks also go to Miss Beamish who organised the events throughout the evening and the preceding heats. She gave up a lot of her valuable time and deserves much praise for the success of the evening.

As usual we are very grateful to Mrs. Gargan who supplied the refreshment tent, and, with her helpers, worked very hard in selling ice-cream, lemonade and sweets, which were enjoyed by everybody.

We were very pleased to have Mrs. J. O. Harte to distribute the prizes. The Taylor Cup, awarded to a senior girl with the highest aggregate of marks, went to Myrtle McMullen. Other cup winners were as follows: The Staff Cup, R. Merrey; The Diocesan Cup, S. Eager; The Mathers Cup C. McCamley and E. Torrans; The Jean Scott Cup, awarded to the girls who have made the most progress in hockey went to M. Davis in the Junior School and V. Power in the Senior School. This year 3A won the Inter-form relay race.

JOYCE KINLAY 6A.

PAST PUPILS' ASSOCIATION

President: Mrs. A. L. Taylor;
Chairman: Mrs. S. McConnell;
Hon. Secretary: Miss J. Scott;
Hon. Treasurer: Miss D. Kerr.

Committee: Mrs. N. Colin, Mrs. T. Gargan, Mrs. B. McConnell, Mrs. A. D. Large, Mrs. D. Langridge, Miss M. Edison, Miss Mrs. Large, who, unfortunately, was ill. erington, Miss H. Smith.

The Annual General Meeting was held on 2nd May, 1968, when the above committee was elected.

Since the report in last year's Diocesan Times our Annual Dinner was held in the Royal Marine Hotel on 19th April when 130 ladies sat down to dinner. Miss McManus

was our Guest Speaker and she told us about the various sides of her work in T.C.D. including serious and not so serious aspects. We were entertained by the Arusha Singers.

The usual happy atmosphere was marred by the absence of our chairman, Mrs. Large, who, unfortunately was ill.

We opened this season by a Ballad Session on Friday, 6th September. This was a very enjoyable evening. There were over fifty members and this included some girls who had left school in June. The big room was lighted by candles and we had rolls and soup for refreshments.

The 16th October was another enjoyable and happy night. We had a demonstration on "The wearing of wigs and hair pieces" by Paul from the house of Paul in Grafton Street.

Mrs. V. White gave us her house for a Coffee Evening and Bring and Buy sale on 14th November. This was a successful and happy evening. The members of the Association supported us very well and the sum raised was £44 9 7. This money helped towards our Christmas Good Turn this year. We gave £26 to the Protestant Adoption Society and two bicycles to the children of Sunbeam House, Bray. The bicycles were given to the children by two members of the committee of our Association and the look of joy and happiness on the faces of the children was wonderful. The Committee members felt that the Association had done something really worthwhile.

We were honoured by the visit of Miss Pam Collins on 3rd December. We were instructed in the wrapping of Christmas parcels and we learned a great deal as well as having spent a pleasant evening.

Mrs. Prenderville a Dietician in two large Dublin Hospitals gave a wonderfully interesting talk on nutrition and showed a film on this subject. We invited members from five different Old Girls' Associations to join us. This was a really outstanding evening with over one hundred people in the audience. We had our usual cup of tea sandwiches, cakes etc.

On Friday, 10th January, the Junior Members of the Committee ran a dance at Dublin Airport. The organisers of this event deserve the highest praise possible for a well organised and happy night — it was wonderful.

We congratulate the team from school who spoke on the subject "This house

believes that public protests are a necessary part of life today" at the debate between present and past pupils. Due to the strike the school could not send supporters for their team but the girls spoke very well. The Past Pupils spoke against the motion. It was disappointing that so few of the members of the association were present at this debate.

We hope to have a demonstration by B.I.M. on 4th March and a Jumble Sale on 16th April.

Our 10th Annual Dinner will be held on 10th April in the Montrose Hotel and we look forward to this usually happy informal evening and to meeting many of our friends.

During the year Mrs. A. D. Large who for many years had been Chairman of our Association retired. We miss her and we welcome Mrs. McConnell as our new Chairman and hope that she will be happy in this important role.

OLD DIOCESAN HOCKEY CLUB

When I finally got down to writing this resumé of the Past Pupils' Hockey Club news we had just had our tenth consecutive wet Saturday which has been frustrating to say the least, for the Secretary and Captains and very discouraging for the members.

This year our second and third teams moved up a League, thus leaving us with two teams in Middle League and one in Junior. As has been our practice for the past few seasons, we began playing at the end of August under the guidance of Mr. Leach and this has, we feel, again paid off.

The second team is doing extremely well in the League and both first and second teams have reached at the time of writing the third round of the Knockout League with hopes of great things to come. The first team is holding its own reasonably well, maintaining a place in the top half of its section while the third team, although badly incapacitated by 'flu and winter sports seems to be having good matches.

We had forty members this season, not quite enough for four teams. We would really like both to have more enthusiastic players and to have a team good enough for Intermediate League in 1969-70. If you

are leaving school this year and are thinking of playing hockey do contact us however bad you may think you are and you may be sure of a welcome.

PAM TAYLOR hon. sec.

NEWS OF PAST PUPILS

Extract from Kay (Syms) Lowen's Letter.

Bulawayo is known all over Southern Africa as the "Friendly City". It has a reputation for making the stranger feel at home and making him welcome. Most Europeans live outside the city and within a radius of five miles of the city centre. The streets are wide and clean and many of them are lined with flowering trees Jacaranda, Framboyant and Acacia. Shops and stores compare favourably with their counterparts in Ireland and many have names which are familiar all over the world. Most people own their own cars and although there is a city bus service, it caters mainly for the African population.

To the immigrant from the United Kingdom, two things are immediately apparent (one) the weather (two) the vast distances. From mid March to mid November, the sun shines all day from a cloudless sky. It is therefore possible to arrange picnics, sports fixtures, weddings, etc. knowing that the day will be fine. Because of this, Rhodesians are a sports loving, open air type of people who love the wide open spaces and the "out of doors". Sport, particularly, is played on a scale which is impossible in the United Kingdom and most of the sports which are familiar there are played in Rhodesia. Most Europeans play at least one sport, whether it be tennis, bowls, hockey, squash, rugby or soccer. but the Africans concentrate mainly on soccer and athletics.

Distances mean very little on this vast continent. The nearest town to Bulawayo is 100 miles away and it means nothing to most Rhodesians to travel 1,000 miles by car to get to the sea. Most people go to the coast, as it is called, once every two years and this involves travelling, whether it is by road or rail, for at least two days.

Christmas here is a time for visiting, and to those of us who were born in Ireland or the United Kingdom it is still strange to spend Christmas Day swimming

or sitting out in the open with ones friends, dressed in open neck shirts and shorts for the men, and cotton dresses for the women. Most Rhodesians have relatives in England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales and the ties are still very strong, so it is also a time for remembering ones friends and relatives overseas. Nevertheless it is a time for parties and the old fashioned plum pudding mince pies and turkey, decorations and fairy lights and presents for all.

There has always been a magic about Africa and this is particularly true about Rhodesia. Perhaps it is the weather, or it may be that Rhodesian history is only 75 years old and many of the famous names who helped to make history only passed on in the last 50 years. Bulawayo and its environs abound with places where history was made and this in itself makes a fascinating story. The Matabele nation, which made this part of Africa their home, have left their mark on Bulawayo and in the adjacent Matopo Hills where the founder of Rhodesia is buried.

This then is our City and our land, stretching from the Zambesi in the North to the Limpopo River in the South, from Mozambique in the east to Botswana in the west, a land which is fair to look upon, which is friendly and savage, wild and tame at the same time. Where wild animals roam within fifteen miles of the cities and super jets land at the airports — a country of contradictions but loved nevertheless by its inhabitants.

EXTRACT FROM PHILIPPA WIGGINS' LETTER FROM ITALY

I am living in the most beautiful part of Italy, right on the coast and not far from Rome, Naples, Sorrento and Pompei, so much to see and a new and very likeable way of life to experience. I am looking after 2 small children, 3½ and 2, and find them adorable and so easy to care for. The father is Italian, owner of a large macaroni business (needless to say we eat spaghetti all day long in every size, shape and colour). The mother is an Egyptian Princess, a wonderfully interesting person, speaking 5 languages and having so much to tell of her life. Her father is forced to stay in Egypt, having previously had the same experience as King Farouk when Nasser came into power in 1952. As he has never seen his grandchildren the parents plan a

holiday there in the spring — so we are hoping that there will be no more wars or trouble to prevent this. Such a wonderful chance for me to see Cairo, Alexandria etc. — and an opportunity of a life time.

We live in an old Italian house halfway up a hillside — the view is simply lovely, with the sea beneath us and high mountains behind. The garden is in tiers and full of orange and lemon trees, figs and palm trees and brilliant flowers. Such glorious surroundings. This coastline is very similar to Killiney and so I feel very much at home. What I love most is the way the houses are built, nestling one above the other up the hill slopes, and in such attractive stone, pink, yellow, ochre, red, and white. And, of course, always sunshine — it's wonderful. For Hallowe'en we went for a few days to Positano, a sweet little fishing resort not far away, which is very popular in the summer months. Our hotel was right on the beach itself, and for me it was such a treat to be sunbathing and eating out of doors in November.

Christmas will seem so strange — the weather still being gloriously hot and instead of the greenery one connects with Christmas, ivy holly etc, we have cacti, oranges and lemons all ripe now in their second season. I have a sweet English friend here and the family include me in all their activities, dinner parties etc., and really I never feel homesick — feeling more at home in this sort of life.

AN INTERESTING EXPERIENCE

Have you ever been at the top of the famous Blackpool Tower, eaten a pork pie in a park beside Lake Windermere, had your photograph taken with a monkey in Heysham, travelled on Europe's largest roller-coaster, bought jewellery at an open-air market, won a plastic man playing darts at a fair, eaten fish and chips at a beach campfire, bought a straw hat in Morecambe or seen sweet rock and lollipops being made in a rock factory? You may have done some of these things but I am sure that you haven't done them all, not during ten days anyway. These are some of the many exciting and interesting things which we did during our stay in Lytham St. Anne's.

For many of us it was our first visit to England and we saw more of the country,

at least the west of it, than many of our friends saw in a couple of visits. Our Geography will mean much more to us now that we have seen the Lake District, Holyhead and Heysham, the industrial towns, and the famous seaside resorts with their equally famous piers, and they are not just photographs in our text books.

I can honestly say that I saw and learnt more during our stay in Lytham-St. Anne's than during any other ten days of my life and I am very glad that I went on the holiday.

ANN COGHLAN 6th Year

EXAMINATION RESULTS

Department of Education Examinations:
Leaving Certificate, 1968.

Honours: Rosemary Evans, Sheila Goulden (5); Susan Hamilton (4); Deirdre Hosford (4); Sheila Mahon (4); Miriam O'Brien, Barbara Walsh (7).

Pass: Hilary Andrews, Rosemary Balmer, Averil Colin, Natalie Doyle, Irene Elkinson, Sandra James, Patricia Kearon, Audrey McConkey, Barbara Maiden, Vivien Moffit, Shelagh Patterson, Valerie Power, Valerie Priestman, Tonya Ross, Gilliam Smith, Caroline Stopford, June Teggins.

Intermediate Certificate, 1968:

Honours: June Babington, Caroline Coulson (5); Vanessa Curtis, Elizabeth Flewett (4); Ola Foxall (5); Heather Hodgins, June Howard, Catriona Kelly (7); Lynda Large (5); Carol O'Neill, Susan Patterson, Hazel Preston (4).

Pass: Joyce Anderson, Gail Bloom, Helen Bookless, Pamela Bryan, Hazel Collie, Daphne Cunningham, Jean Dalby, Pamela Davis, Hilary Dunn, Karen Durham, Kathleen Eager, Joyce Ebbs, Hilary Farrell, Marilyn Gutkin, Caroline Harris, Ann Hickinbotham, Helen Jackson, Jennifer Kearon, Lorna Kemp, Susan Kenny, Grace Matthews, Hazel Matthews, Denise Moore, Hilary Moore, Valerie Moore, Helen Rath, Linda Robinson, Myrtle Stitt, Marilyn Stuart, Adele Trower, Cynthia Wann, Christine Warren, Sylvia Wilson.

CHOIR EXAMINATION, 1968

Three part choir — 90%
Two part choir A — 88%
Two part choir B — 88%
Two part choir C — 90%
Two part choir D — 91%

ASSOCIATED BOARD OF THE ROYAL SCHOOLS OF MUSIC PIANO EXAMINATIONS

March, 1968 :

Grade I Gweneth Attwood — Pass.

Grade II Valerie Carroll — Merit.

Grade III Christina Attwood — Pass

June, 1968 :

Grade I Hilary O'Neill — Pass.

Grade III Avril Gargan — Pass

Grade V Marie Michie — Pass.

November, 1968 :

Grade I Juliet Ensor — Pass

Grade II Gweneth Attwood — Pass

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

We are very proud of Jennifer Armstrong's successes in Trinity College. In 1966 she was awarded the John Henry Bernard Prize, in 1967 the John Isaac Beare Prize in Philosophy, and in 1968, became the sole Scholar in Philosophy and Psychology.

We have followed Hilda Smith's career with interest too. At the end of her training she was awarded the Gold Medal as the best teacher of her year, and now as Principal of St. Brigid's School, Stillorgan, is using modern methods of teaching to good effect.

Carol Campbell in Trinity College passed the Pre-Medical Examination very successfully last summer and so is on the way to achieving her ambition. Shirley Rafter and Janet Grace are also working hard and passing University Examinations.

Our good wishes go to Sandra James, Barbara Boyland, Pamela Bryan, Charmaine Fleetwood, Natalie Doyle, Valerie Power, Audrey McConkey and Gillian Smith who are finding their feet in their first jobs.

We send best wishes to :

Ann Wilson (Rashley) on the birth of a son, Andrew Victor.

Ann Atkinson (Anderson) on the birth of a son, John Steven.

Beryl Daphne Ashmore (Wynne) on the birth of a daughter, Michele Rebecca Wendy.

Rosemary Beckett (Stepford) on the birth of a son, David Michael.

Margaret Ellis (Livingstone) on the birth of a son, Paul Craine.

Yvonne Russell (Robinson) on the birth of a brother for Barbara.

Joan Bewley on the birth of a son, Philip, James, Stephen.

Jane Kilroy (Harrison) on the birth of a son, Craig Robert.

Since the last issue of the Diocesan Times went to the Printers we have news of the following weddings :

Hazel Coulson to Mr. B. McConnell;

Dorothy Smith to Mr. K. Best.

Thyra Bannon to Mr. R. G. Crocker.

Barbara Davy to Mr. Martin Cohen.

We wish them all much happiness.

Some Past Staff :

Mrs. Dorothy Parker (Miss Skerrett) was looking very well, when over in Dublin with two children and her husband who had just received a Doctorate.

Miss Elaine Bradshaw has had a most successful year in 1968 "Her golf at Lahinch was of such high quality that nobody was able even to give her a close match" (Irish Times 20/12/'68).

In September at Porthcawl she was established as the Texaco Golf Star of the Year. We appreciate the keen interest she still takes in Diocesan games and follow her career with admiration and best wishes.

Our congratulations to : Mrs. Blackmore (Miss Matthews) on the birth of Robert Henry.

We were very pleased to see Mrs. Cantan (Miss Jordan) with her daughter and Mrs. Phillips (Miss Hughes) with her son on a visit to school during the year.

SCHOOL PREFECTS 1968/69

Ann Coghlan — Head Girl;

Betty Elliott;

Ingrid Harte;

Daphne Leach;

Myrtle McMullen;

Marie Michie;

Alison Rogan.

WHAT AM I ?

I am dark and small and flat and round
I am the most miserable thing on earth. I
have a terrible time and I suffer in silence.
I am sat on, stood on and thrown around
the place. No one cares about me, in fact
everyone hates me and they try to lose me.
I am often rolled up into a little ball, I

am squashed, I am thrown against walls, and I can do nothing to prevent it.

It is hard to believe that people are so cruel. They have me with them only because they have to. On wet days if I fall on the ground someone helps me up but only with a grudge and then I am usually shaken. I spend my nights in the most unusual places, in dark corners, on chairs, under the stairs, or, if I am lucky, beside the fire, waiting with dread, for the following day.

Surely, I am the most defenceless thing on earth— A DIOCESAN SCHOOL BERET.

SYLVIA BARKER 2A

FASHION

Since World War II there has been an evolution in the Fashion World. It really started in 1947 with the "New Look" by Christian Dior. The length of the "New Look" was almost down to the ankles. The main features of this style were small waists, full skirts and splunging neck-lines. To go with these were the ankle strap shoes with platform soles. This style took the world by storm as people were so tired of the uniform and dowdy clothes of war time. This new length lasted for about 7 years and then the hemlines started to rise slowly.

The next great changes were the sack, the H line and the A line dresses, also such things as the tulip skirt and the hoop skirt. The words 'haute couture' became an everyday phrase and names such as Hartnell and Hardy Amies and Dior were on everyone's lips. Again in 1964 there was another revolution in the Fashion World as a young unknown British girl by the name of Mary Quant took the British fashion scene by storm and then conquered the world with the mini hemline. Her clothes were stark in shape and of strong contrasts, her main theme being black and white. Vidal Sassoon, the hairstylist, created a style called the "quant look" which was very short and straight and geometrical in design.

The new style of clothes caused more people to become fashion conscious and many young designers have made their name in the past few years especially among the French and Italians. Trousers have become very popular in the couture world and women are wearing them for all

occasions, even at very formal functions.

Men have also become very conscious of their appearance and there have been great changes in their clothes, one change being the acceptance of formal dress without a tie but with a turtle necked shirt.

Today people are certainly smarter and more aware of their appearance than ever before.

MARCELLE FACTOR 4B

EARLY MORNING FOR ME

(With apologies to W. B. Yeats)

I shall get up and dress now, for I must go to school,
And eat a hurried breakfast of toast and marmalade;
A cup of tea shall I have then, and leave my awful gruel,
And join once more in the bus parade.
And I shall have a rest then, for the bus puts me to sleep,
Creeping from the dark countryside to where the city gleams;
There's Howth Head all a twinkling, and the Airport light doth peep,
And morning full of headlight beams.
I shall to Dublin get then, as always by the road,
And hear the Liffey lapping 'gainst the Wall at Eden Quay;
But I must hurry onwards with my school-bag, what a load!
And forget awhile the music of the sea.

DAPHNE HUGHES 4A

BERT

It was Christmas Day. The snow was still falling but on this day there were no sighs or moans for everyone was happy. Everyone except Bert. He stood outside the country churchyard watching the happy country folk come out. Many of these people threw a few pence into Bert's hat and he thanked each one. It brought tears to Bert's eyes to hear these people discussing the turkey and the plum pudding.

Bert had spent the last ten years in prison. It had become his home and now he was lonely in the big world again. It had been a long time since Bert had tasted turkey and sat by the fire singing carols with his wife and family. Those were the happy days Bert was thinking of when the priest came over to him

with some turkey on a small plate. But Bert was not interested for he was still lost in his dreams. He was trying to decide if he should return home once more. Would he be accepted by his family? He pushed the plate of turkey away and hurried down the street. He did not think of the cold any longer but kept running. He came to the gate of his old home. He could hear the carol singing and the great excitement of his family. He gently knocked on the door and a tall girl opened it. Was this really his little May? She hurried in and returned with some money and put it in Bert's hand. "Do you not recognise your father?" Bert asked. But she did not hear as she had closed the door. Bert was sad. He hurried down the drive and ran away though he did not know where he was going. His eyes were filled with tears. Maybe some day he might return home and explain but what was the use?

GLYNIS DUNBAR 3B2

IRISH COLLEGE

We had arrived hot and hungry in Donegal after our ten-hour journey in the bus. It was getting dark and no one knew where to go. We just stood and looked at each other. Then Heather and I saw one crowd moving off in the direction of a large hall, so we followed.

Inside were many teachers, in a few minutes the noise stopped and the headmaster began to welcome us and the new teachers. Then the rules were read out. The main one was "no one is allowed to speak English at all!" If you were caught, you would be sent home on the next bus.

When he was finished telling us what to do and what not to do we were directed to the house we were to stay in for the next three weeks. It was dark outside, I do not know how we managed it, but we did reach the house. It was a pleasant house with clean white-washed walls and flowers growing outside. It had many rooms. There were about twenty girls in our house, five in each room. The girls in our room were very nice, two were from Dundalk and one from the North of Ireland (and Heather and myself).

We were awakened fairly early each morning by a knocking. Then a voice called out "Get up, breakfast is ready" in Irish of course. We all had breakfast in

the same room, six at one table and fourteen at our table. We usually had a lovely breakfast apart from the days when we had cheese on toast which I passed on to the girl beside me.

Then we went to our first Irish College class which was not as difficult as we feared. We went back to the house before we were meant to "by mistake" and then had to go and explain in Irish to our teacher why we had done so.

There were letters from home given out every day after classes. It was a week before I received my first letter and Heather had had about two, I could not understand it till a letter came telling me I had written home without giving my address. Then letters came regularly. Mum, Dad and my sister called to see me during my stay and took Heather and me out for the day. It was pleasant to get out.

The college had Ceilis every night but we were not very good at Ceili dancing. We enjoyed ourselves in other ways. There was also a room for table tennis and an outdoor swimming pool.

The weeks passed quickly and it was really pleasant because the sun shone brilliantly every day. I enjoyed my stay but was glad to go home.

LYNNE NOBLE 4B

MY SUMMER JOB

"Don't touch that!" I found myself shouting at Peter. It all started when I decided to mind children during the summer holidays. All my friends had jobs for the summer so I thought why not I?

I put an advertisement in the paper, stating that I would like to mind children during the month of July. I received a number of replies one of which was from an American lady, who asked me if I would be willing to mind her five boys, their ages ranging from five to twelve years. Need I remark that I said "no", because I thought five boys were a bit much, especially as the oldest was twelve, only two years younger than myself.

The job I did take was with a lady with two boys, Peter and Steven, aged seven and five years respectively. She said she would give me four pounds a week, and I would work from 10.00 a.m. till 5.00 p.m. Monday to Friday, and Saturday would be a half day.

Monday morning came and I left the house at half past nine to give myself plenty of time. I started to think "What if they don't like me?" or "what if they won't do anything I say?" or all sorts of possible things came into my mind. I thought I had better get a hold on myself and at least try not to show that I was terrified of them being two little horrors. Suddenly I found myself at the house, I stood for a second and realised I was being silly, as they were probably equally terrified of the thought of me. I walked briskly up to the front door and rang the bell.

My new employer answered and introduced me to two boys fighting in the hall over a toy car. As soon as they realized there was a stranger in the room there was silence. Then they both said "hello", very politely, I thought "how long is this going to last?" I smiled and said "hello" also. As the days passed I began to look forward to going down to see Peter and Steven each morning. They were really very nice in spite of moments when they showed that they were little boys.

I was quite pleased to find I had been able to control them without ending up with a nervous breakdown. Most days I took them down to the beach as the weather was delightfully warm, but when it rained they would sometimes become bored and start to fight with each other. I would then introduce a new game and they would become as quiet as mice. At first I had really only taken the job for the money, but when the last day came I was really sorry I could not go anymore.

AVERIL DAISH 4B

A STORY TO DO WITH A STRIKE JOHNNY

It was four-thirty in the afternoon when, as usual, the bus stopped outside the school and a host of screaming children piled on. As they dashed up the stairs they greeted the conductor with "Oh hello, Johnny" . . . "hi Johnny" . . . "how are ya Johnny"? . . . "how are you doin'?" . . . and "taking it easy on Monday, I hear?" Johnny smiled but did not answer them, only said "Come on now . . . hurry up lads . . . what are you waitin' for, girls?" as they pushed and shoved.

A little girl came dashing down the road and he kept the bus for her, ringing the bell as she jumped on. "Easy now, easy," he said, "we weren't going to go off without you". "Thanks, Johnny", the girl panted; then, as she ran upstairs to join her friends: "Is it true that you're going on strike next Monday?" she asked. "It is," replied Johnny, and suddenly he looked sad. This surprised the little girl who thought it must be wonderful to be on strike and do no work for a while.

As the bus started off again, Johnny resumed his conversation with the friend who sat on the seat nearest to him:

"Yes," he said angrily, "it's them young fellahs that cause all the strikes, they're never content, when they've been working for thirty years, like me, they won't be in such a hurry" . . . "Well, after all, Johnny," interrupted his friend Tom, "they aren't paid that well, and most of them have wives and kids to support; you haven't I know, but . . ."

Johnny collected the fares downstairs, chatted with some old ladies about the weather, exchanged gossip with friends and joked with the small children who stayed downstairs. Then he went upstairs, where the schoolchildren greeted him with loud questions and remarks about his forthcoming "holiday".

He listened to their good-humoured comments and complaints and realized that they took it completely for granted that he favoured the strike. He suddenly realised how little he knew about them, and how little they knew or understood him. He knew their names, their ages, where they lived and where they went to school. They knew that he was called Johnny Burke and that he was (in their opinion) the best conductor on the route. They had heard rumours about his private life ("Poor Johnny, he was going with this girl for 20 years and he never asked her to marry him. She broke it off with him in the end — go fed up waiting, I suppose") and they knew that he lived all alone in a little flat somewhere. They had nothing in common with him except the daily bus-rides when he was there with a smile on his face, ready to chat with them, and whistle for them, always kind, friendly, helpful and gay.

They did not know how much they meant to him, they did not know that his whole life centred round his work on the bus. Tiring it might be, irritating it might

be at at times, but he loved it and could never understand why other bus-conductors were discontented. He hated the idea of the strike, when he would spend his time handing round, picketing and attending Trade Union meetings, while the children — "his" children, would be trudging all the way home from school in the wind and the rain.

CATRIONA KELLY 5A

LOFTUS COTYLEDON

Loftus Cotyledon is a small boy, aged five, with jet black hair, black eyelashes, greyish eyes and medium-sized nose.

One day, Lofty's mother told him she would be out most of the morning because she was going to Mrs. Murphy's funeral and she would be doing some shopping afterwards. Later on during the morning, Lofty was looking out through the window when he saw Mrs. Murphy's hearse passing and his mother in the second car.

That night when Lofty was going to bed his mother reminded him to say his prayers. Lofty said, "But it will be no good saying them to-night because God will be too busy unpacking Mrs. Murphy".

WENDY ORR 3B1

THE RAG MAN

His tattered hair hung loose around
His wistful bearded face,
His ancient clothes were firmly bound,
His shirt had once been lace.
Rags! Rags! any old rags!
He shouted up the street,
Any old bottles, any old bags,
But no people did he meet.
But from behind a window came,
A head of curly hair,
"I have some bottles", she exclaimed,
"In that wooden box down there".
"Thank you kindly" he replied,
"May God bless you every day",
And picking up his treasured prize,
He hurried on his way.

SYLVIA WILSON 5A

A DAY IN THE LIFE . . . OF A FILM EXTRA

"Is that Miss Conarain?" a voice asked over the telephone.

"Speaking", I replied.

"Are you available for film work tomorrow?"

"Yes", I answered, wondering what I was letting myself in for.

"Well, you're on call for "Where's Jack" and you're to be at Burgh Quay at 6.20 tomorrow morning." Then I was given my number and told on no account to lose it. "Oh, and you're to have long hair; if you haven't you'll have to buy a hair piece".

Next morning I rose at the unearthly hour of 5.30 and after a cup of coffee — I was too excited for breakfast — I started to walk from our home to Burgh Quay. I arrived there at about 6.15 to find two people there before me. They didn't look too friendly and were probably old hands at being extras. Taxis approached Burgh Quay from all angles. Most of the people who got out of them were the young, University type, were rather aloof and seemed to know everybody else. Gosh, I thought, I hope they're not all going to be like that. Then a girl drove up on a motor scooter and we started talking. She asked me if this was my first and I asked her likewise and so on.

Eventually the bus came and at about 6.30 we started off. I sat beside my new friend, whose name at that time I didn't know. We talked about the usual subjects — holidays, school, weather, etc., and by 7 a.m. we were going through Bray. We stopped at the Royal Hotel and picked up some people and then we drove on to Ardmore Studios.

Here we were told to get out and line up to obtain our pay-chits, on which was written our name, number and basic fee. Then we were told to go along to wardrobe, where they would fit us out with clothes. So along went my friend, whose name I had now learned was Marion, and I. Janet, the wardrobe girl, tried me in a gorgeous yellow dress and with this she put a shawl and a large hat. Strangely enough, all these fitted me quite well. Janet told me to take my own clothes and go across to the make-up room, where the girl there just put some powder on my face and neck. On I went to hairdressing, where my hat was put on properly. I asked

if I needed my hair-piece but was told 'no'. So I put my own clothes in my week-end case and left it in the dressing room. Then some boy told me to go back to the bus and wait.

By this time I had lost Marion but had met another girl who was heading in the same direction. Are those dresses murder to walk in! But of course, they didn't have to go upstairs in buses in those days! Marion then joined us and we were off. We went back to Bray, through Enniskerry and up the Glencree Road. When the bus stopped, we had to walk about a quarter of a mile up the drive. Naturally, we wouldn't have minded, but in those dresses well

When we arrived, we were partnered off and told to go up the hill as if we were walking to the fair from the village. Then Annette and I were told to walk around the stalls. For the first time we saw the stars — Tommy Steele, Stanley Baker, Noel Purcell and Fiona Lewis. Annette said that she couldn't follow the Cockney accents (as a matter of fact, there was only one Cockney accent that I could hear and that was Tommy Steele's). Then the producer announced over the microphone that it was time for lunch. By this time I was ready for something to eat and it was rather pleasant having a meal in the open. The hour's break went quickly by and we were soon back on the set again.

This time we acted as onlookers to some people doing Morris dancing. Fiona and Tommy were supposed to join in, but poor Fiona couldn't do the steps until the choreographer went over them with her. Brenda, Annette and I were standing directly opposite but can't say if we were in camera shot.

Then the assistant whatever-he-was told us to go down the hill again and make as if we were coming to the fair (from a different angle). We did this about three or four times, then we were told to go down the hill and not to come up again until we were told. This gave us a rest and we began talking about practically everything under the sun. It's amazing the different bits of information one picks up on a film set. With half the people you talk to, you don't even know their names!

Before we realised it, it was 5.30 and we were told to make our way back to the bus. We collected our belongings and arrived back at Ardmore at 6 o'clock. We

changed in the dressing room and when this was done, we had to go to the "office" to get paid. Much to my surprise we were paid two hours overtime! After this, we had to see the casting director to find out if we were required the next day.

Annette and I were lucky in getting a lift back to town from one of the actors who lives near me. I was home about 7.30. I had spent 13 hours being paid for enjoying myself and boy! was I tired. All I wanted to do was to go to bed and to sleep for a week!

ANN CONARAIN 6th Year

BIAFRA

The land of Biafra is racked with war,
And all the little children are begging for
more,
"More food, give us more", hear their end-
less plea,
It really is a pitiful thing to see.
"Please open the door and let peace come
in,
Then shut it again to this world of sin",
This is what you hear the poor mothers
cry,
As they watch their children suffer and
die.
The 'planes fly high and the bombs land
low,
Low among the depths of people they
know.
Some may be their wives, some may be
their kin.
But can it be helped in this world of sin?
But they try to keep a smile on their
hungry faces,
Praying that, those 'planes will go to other
places,
And the cruel and bloody war will forever
cease,
And they will (they hope) have everlasting
peace.

EMILY TORRANS 2A

POTATO GATHERING IN DECEMBER

The alarm bell rang at seven o'clock that day in early December. We had to go across the fields to a farm where we were to dig and gather potatoes till dinner time, have lunch, and then work till six o'clock. In return, we were to get ten bags of potatoes.

It was a bitterly cold day although the

sun peeped through the clouds every now and then. We were all clad in hats, coats, scarves and boots. There was my mother and father, each carrying a fork and spade my sister, Michèle, and myself carrying 10 fertiliser bags between us and my sister Gino, who was looking after the "smalls", Emma and Tim. These two were to stay with the farmer and his wife in the house as they were too young to go potato-gathering. We had to walk through fields of mud as there had been a lot of rain recently. Emma and Tim had to be carried through the field as their boots got stuck in the mud. It was very awkward but at last we were through. We then came to a river which was very full and the current was strong. Father went first with the tools, then my mother with Emma, then me with Tim, and last, Michèle and Gino with the bags between them. We then walked up the hill to the farmhouse.

The farmer greeted us cordially in his rough County Wicklow accent and hoped we were all fit for the day's work that lay before us.

We left Emma and Tim with the farmer and went to the field. It seemed vast as we stood in the gap of the field and looked at all the rows of potato ridges. We divided into two teams, my father and myself in one team and my mother and Michèle on the other. We decided Gino could go from one to the other and help where she could.

It was about half past eight when we started. Mother and father, each with a fork dug up the potato roots while Michele and I picked them and put them in the bags. We were very glad we had brought gloves as it grew cold as the day wore on. Mother and father found it difficult to dig as the ground was like tar, there was so much water.

By half past twelve we had fourteen bags collected. We went back to the farmhouse, where we ate our sandwiches and had tea sitting round the fire in the kitchen. The farmer said we had done a good morning's work. When we were thoroughly rested we went out again. We continued our rows till each team had done six rows. We had then dug another fourteen bags of potatoes. We were all utterly exhausted and when we came back to the farmhouse the farmer said he would take us back to our house on the tractor and trailer. We were very grateful as we did not want to

have to come back for ten bags of potatoes.

When we got home round half past seven, we all flung ourselves into bed and did not wake till ten next morning.

NATASHA SOUTER 3A

MY HOLIDAY

One summer, when we lived in Canada, my family and myself went on a camping holiday in the Rocky Mountains. We had to drive a long way in the car to get to one of the camping grounds, from Saskatchewan to Jasper in Alberta. The distance was about 800 miles and it took us about fourteen hours.

The scenery all along the way was magnificent, with huge forests on either side and high mountains looming up in the distance. When we arrived in Jasper, we found a good camping ground and then set up our tents. That evening, after supper we went to bed early, accidentally leaving some food on the table outside. The next morning there was nothing left. The camp had been visited by a couple of bears in the night and all the food had been taken from our table and from the tables of all the other campers as well!

While we were on holiday we also camped at Banff. We visited the famous Athabasca Falls, Lake Louise and the Radium Hotsprings. There is an outdoor swimming pool at the Radium Hotsprings with naturally warm spring water.

In two weeks we went home after spending a thoroughly enjoyable holiday in the Rocky Mountains. **JANICE MILLS 2A**

ARKLE — A HORSE IN A MILLION

Throughout the history of racing, many great horses and jockeys have left their mark. Their names are recorded in the annals of the great moments in racing. Who was to guess that the awkwardly-built skinny 3-year-old at the Ballsbridge Sales in August, 1960, would develop eventually into the greatest steeplechaser the world has ever known, and whose name would be associated with such names as Golden Millar, winner of the Cheltenham Gold Cup five years in succession? Yet, the Duchess saw something unique in Arkle, when she bid £1,100 for him.

After a year of arduous training at the Duchess Anne's Eaton Lodge, Arkle was sent back to Ireland to be trained for racing under Tom Dreaper. Nobody in the stables at Kilsallaghan thought much of the ugly duckling as he then must have seemed. In December, 1961, he finished in third place in his first race, which was not a steeplechase. In his first steeplechase next season, Arkle cruised home easily to win by 20 lengths, to the amazement of everyone. Nothing boosts the morale of any 'chaser more than a win, and, with 7 wins from 7 starts in the rest of that season, Arkle had acquired a feeling of dominance and superiority over his fellows.

In the eyes of the English, Arkle was incomparable with their own Mill House, who was the supreme champion. On November 30th, Arkle challenged the giant horse at Newbury for £5,020. A record crowd thronged the English racecourse to watch the Irish rival's effort to overthrow the English champion, Arkle was defeated due to a mistake he made near the post. The English were jubilant. They had proven their champion, and Pat Taaffe made a firm resolution. Arkle met Mill House again in March, 1964, and beat him, after a faultless run.

Once again, he retired for his well-earned summer vacation to the green fields at Maynooth to rest, and to unwind; for the fresh grass to summer-clean his taut, oat-crammed digestion, for the sun to warm his back, and the slow stroll across the turf to rest those twanging, hammered tendons in a jumper's legs.

In the two seasons which included 1965 and 1966 Arkle was unconquered and had secured his third Cheltenham Gold Cup. He had only to do twice more to equal Golden Millar's record. He was proving to everyone that he was the supreme champion, and improving all the time. He had now, 1 flat race, four hurdles and 21 steeple chases to his credit, to the total value of £72,383.

At 9 years old, at the peak of his career he was sitting on steeplechasing's exalted throne and had acquired the handsome stature which befitted the horse he was.

At Kempton Park on December 6th, 1966, Arkle was dominating the race till the last few furlongs. Any moment the spectators were expecting to see the magical spurt of acceleration which Arkle alone pos-

sessed, to win him yet another race. But it didn't come. It was evident that Arkle was making a gallant effort but suddenly the race was over, and Arkle had been beaten. Arkle had hurt himself badly somewhere in that race. He had, in fact, broken the pedal bone in his foot. Why had he not fallen? He was too clever to fall. Arkle had only fallen once, and he is the type of horse that can be trusted not to make the same mistake twice. Why did he continue running at all after he had felt the bone breaking in his foot? He was overflowing with pride, and he was confident. He had been over-confident in all his races, and hence had developed the habit of pulling for his head in each race. Even this race he felt he could win.

It was officially announced in 1968 that Arkle would not race again. His foot was healed perfectly, but he was 11 years old. He had remained the unconquered champion for over 3 years. He had earned his rest. Champions are made in heaven, and there is no better explanation for this genius among horses than there is for the unheralded eruption of a Shakespeare or a Churchill. In a healthy frame, inherited ability, wisely used, sensibly controlled, will produce in human genius, statesman or poet, general or composer. In Arkle's case, it is the combination of speed, stamina and jumping ability in a degree so far unequalled, which has produced the champion steeplechaser of all time.

OLA FOXALL 5A

THE GUITAR

Woe is me, I seem to be,
Forever being twanged,
Stroked and strummed,
And thumped and thumped,
And banged, and bruised and banged.
Throughout the land I understand,
My fame is all embracing,
But just the same
I'd like to name
The hazards, I keep facing.
Biffed and banged, and tweezed and
twanged,
Manhandled and uprooted,
Half the time,
I dread that I'm to be electrocuted.
Although the sound I make is bound
To entertain the young,
As times go by, I wish that I,
Was not so highly strung.

DENISE SHATWELL 5A

A DOCUMENTARY

I have just watched the most gruelling picture I have ever seen. It was a documentary on the Vietnam war and the effects it has on the Vietnamese people with regard to their health, food and shelter.

It is revolting to see people pushed from pillar to post as it were, without being given the chance to ask questions or even to try and plead their cause, asking to stay in their homes. From this it appears that the people have no say in any of the matters concerning their own rights. Whether war is necessary or not the civilians are always the ones who suffer much hardship.

Parents lose children, children lose parents, brothers and sisters. This documentary went into the situation very deeply, concerning itself with the case of the "every day" man in the street and his children. Children go without food with the terrible result of malnutrition and disease. It seems that now, about one new-born baby in every three dies within a day through lack of food.

In other areas shelter, food and health services are nearly non-existent. I think that very soon drastic action to end the famine must be taken, otherwise nearly all the population will die of starvation.

War is terrible but it always seems to hit the innocent people, who do not know much about politics and care only about their families and friends.

FRANCES ROSS 4B

A STORY WITH A HAPPY ENDING

She enjoyed her holidays to the full and it was only a week before school began that she looked through her schoolbag (which had lain forgotten and unpacked for two months) and found her next term's booklist. Her heart sank as she skimmed through the list and found that she had 12 new books to buy. Not that she had forgotten about getting schoolbooks — she had just kept putting it off, remembering the previous year when she had spent three long, exhausting days in town searching through book-shops. She had been in town many times during the holidays but had decided not to buy the books until she "felt like it".

The day before school began she real-

ised that she could not put it off any longer so off to town she went. It was not a good day for shopping in town — it was wet and windy and few people were about. She got off her bus at the top of Grafton street, with her money and booklist in her handbag, determined to "get it over" as soon as possible. She walked down Dawson Street and opening the door of Hodges Figgis, went inside.

Fifteen minutes later she was out again, not only were all the books she required neatly tied up in a parcel under her arm, but she had also bought a novel she had long been searching for. Best of all, she could go home with a clear conscience and spend her last afternoon of freedom as she liked.

CATRIONA KELLY 5A

MY HOLIDAY IN FRANCE

Sniff, Sniff! I always said that I would never cry when I was leaving my family and here I was with two red swollen eyes because I was going to stay for a month with a French girl, whom I had met the year before when she stayed with our family and now I was to stay with hers.

Some people said I would get bored not being able to speak French very well — how I wished I had attended in French class — but I was not bored. What teenager could be bored when her hostess has a fantastic looking brother in the house to keep her occupied?

But besides being with my French friend's brother I did many other things. For the first week of my holiday I stayed at my friend's grandmother's house near Laar (a town in northern France). While I was there I polished up my tennis on the house's private tennis courts. It was very hot that week and I also did a lot of sun-bathing.

Then I went by train to Paris with Segolene (my French friend). We went in the Metro (the French underground 'tubes') to Segolene's sister's flat. When I was in Paris it rained all the time but that did not put me off sight-seeing. I visited the Eiffel Tower, Notre Dame Cathedral, Les Invalides (Napoleon's Tomb) The Louvre, Basilique du Sacre-Soeur (a chapel situated on a hill in Paris) I saw the Arc de Triomphe and walked on the Champs Elysées.

After I left Paris I went to Orleans, the

home town of my French family. I went to visit my chateaux on the River Loire when I was at Orleans.

It was a marvellous holiday and I really enjoyed it, but I'm afraid I did not come back a fluent French Speaker.

JILLIAN DAWSON 4B

MR. SHUSH

The most unlikely name any person could have is Mr. Shush. He was a small quiet little man with curly hair and prominent teeth.

Mr. Shush applied for a job in a large firm. He was called for an interview. When he arrived he was taken to the Boardroom where the Managing Director and all the other directors of the firm were sitting round a table. The Managing Director asked "What is your name?" In a loud voice so that he could be heard he replied, "Shush, sir". The Managing Director was amazed at being told to be quiet and all the directors were astonished too. He was told to leave the room and did not get the job.

LINDA NICHOLL 3B1

STAND GRAMMAR

As many will know, my sister and I came to this school from England just after the beginning of the autumn term. The school we came from was called Stand Grammar. It was extremely large and surrounded by three hockey pitches and a rose garden in front. Other games facilities consisted of five netball or tennis courts, one indoor changing room with showers, and one outdoor changing-room with table tennis equipment. We had a large gymnasium, two storeys high, with wall bars all round and a series of bars and ropes that could be lowered from the ceiling. Along with these we had the usual "horses", "boxes", and "mats". The school was constantly having rooms built on to it and I have heard, since I left, that a new gymnasium is being added.

There were thirty-two classrooms some of which were for certain subjects. There was a drama room, where a small stage could be erected, two history rooms, two geography rooms, with maps, filmscreens, and globes suspended from the ceiling, and a needlework room with sewing machines and large tables.

We also had the laboratories, two for biology, two for physics, one for general science, one for domestic science, and one for language study. All were fully equipped.

The language laboratory was only two years old and very few schools are lucky enough to have them. At the back of the room were sixteen booths, each complete with tape-recorder and headphones. At the front of the room was a large control panel on which a tape was played and the sound of it came through the headphones. Our tapes in Diocesan for Irish lessons are similar to those played in the laboratory, where one has to repeat a conversation, or answer questions, or repeat a sentence using a different tense. Each individual would do this and record onto her own tape-recorder. When the series was finished the controls were changed so that you could listen to your own mistakes on your recorder and correct them yourselves. Also, by changing her controls, a teacher could listen in and help you in pronunciation. This could be done in any language, usually in French, German, or Spanish.

Other rooms consisted of a thousand-book library, the office the headmistress's study, two art rooms and the staff room. We had a large assembly hall, the same size as the gym, with a stage at one end and a balcony at the other. There was also a dining hall which could contain two hundred and fifty girls at one sitting. There were numerous storerooms for books and chemicals etc. In fact, we had a full time chemist to look after chemicals and equipment. Lastly we had a sick bay and a stationery room.

In the centre of the school we had a large lawn. Naturally we had many cloak-rooms, washrooms and toilets. Finally you would probably like to know how many pupils and staff there were in this school. There were fifty staff and over seven hundred pupils.

SUSAN GRAHAM 4B

A DAY IN KILLARNEY

Have you ever been to Killarney? No? Well, I have, and I am going to tell you about an enjoyable day I spent there, last summer.

I had been staying with my aunt and cousin in Listowel, so I had to get up

quite early to catch the bus which would take me the thirty miles to Killarney.

As you probably know, Killarney is visited by many American tourists so therefore there are many souvenir shops. Also, the shops charge high prices for their goods so all I could do was to look at the souvenirs, and hope that some rich American would come along and buy me something.

At the end of the town, of Killarney, I saw jaunting cars waiting to be hired, and, thinking this would be a pleasant way of spending the morning, I paid my fee, jumped on the car, and after waiting for some more passengers, the driver started the horse down a country lane.

It was lovely to feel the wind blowing against my face went through the flickering light under the trees, and to have a glimpse, now and again, of a lake, through the trees.

After stopping at one lake, to take pictures, we went to see a beautiful castle-like house at the edge of a lake. The car sopped there for about an hour so I had plenty of time to look around the grounds and the house. I also had my dinner there.

The car then went to Torc Waterfall. There was a very steep hill up to the waterfall, so I was quite out of breath when I got there. The fall was a wonderful sight. I then climbed further up the hill and on reaching the top I had a good view of the beautiful lakes and mountains. I met Paddy Crosby there and he signed my autograph book for me.

After coming down from the waterfall the car travelled a few miles further to Ladies' View where I had tea. I bought a few presents there, including one for myself, a bottle green school tie made of Donegal Tweed.

It was about 6.00 p.m. when the car left Ladies' View for Killarney Town and fortunately it arrived in Killarney just in time for me to catch the coach returning to Listowel.

I shall never forget that day and I hope to re-visit Killarney in the near future.

LINDA CHRISTIE 4B

CHUCKLES

On my last birthday I received a very strange pet from my uncle. I was a six weeks old piglet. He was very wobbly on his legs at first and had lovely long ears and a very curly tail. I was overjoyed when

I saw him although I never had anything like him before. I live in Dublin so my uncle looked after him for me and I saw him everytime I went down for my holidays. I called him Chuckles.

I know that a pig is very intelligent and could be taught tricks when he is very young. When Chuckles was five months old I started teaching him how to open a gate and soon he was able to perform this trick along with many others.

One night during my holidays I awoke with a start to hear frantic squealing coming from the pig-sty. I jumped out of bed and looking through the window saw that the pig-sty was on fire.

I rushed down the stairs — after awakening my uncle — to the pig-sty. I filled a bucket of water from the tap in the yard and ran through the smoke. I ran backwards and forwards with water in a desperate bid to save the animals. I had heard no squealing since the start of the fire and was very afraid that I had been too late. My uncle and I had soon extinguished the fire which was mainly in the bedding. As soon as possible I ran into the pig-sty and searched in the water logged hay for my pet and the other pigs. There was not hide nor hair of a pig to be seen. I felt grief stricken at the apparent loss of my pig. I couldn't stop the tears as I proceeded to walk back up the yard with my uncle. It was pitch black. All that could be heard was our own slogging footsteps on the cobbled yard. All at once there was a faint patter of little feet behind us, which reminded me of Chuckles, but I did not look around as I knew there was no point. The sound followed us and then was accompanied by a loud snort. I felt something soft and hairy at my legs and upon looking down was over-joyed to see the perky expression on the face of Chuckles. I stooped down to lift him up but for some reason he scampered off in the direction of the haybarn which was opposite the pig-sty. He had never done this before, so I decided to follow him. To my amazement and my uncle's joy we saw the eight other pigs huddled in a corner of the barn. We left Chuckles with them till morning when we discovered that the pig-sty was in ruins.

I let it remain a mystery to my uncle how the pigs had escaped the fire but it was obvious to me that Chuckles had learnt his tricks well.

MIRIAM FOXALL 2A

PREFECTS

To the tune of Little Arrows, with apologies to Leapy Lee.

Sixth form prefects on the landing,
Sixth form prefects on the stair,
When you don't wear your beret, you'll see
prefects everywhere.

Sixth form prefects that will see you once,
and see you once again,

Sixth form prefects that will reprimand you
every now and then.

CHORUS:

Here they come walking down, clad in
blue,

Sixth form prefects towards me and towards
you,

"Your beret's missing again; your beret's
missing again".

Some girls run and some girls hide

But there's nothing they can do,

And some girls make excuses,

But the prefects see straight through.

So you see, there's no escape,

You'll have to face it and admit

That you'll have to wear your beret,

Though you hate it quite a bit!

REPEAT CHORUS

PAT COGHLAN 4A

THE BARBECUE AT LYTHAM ST. ANNE'S

On Saturday night when the visitors had departed all the campers and officers went down to Lytham St. Anne's beach and had a barbecue on the sand. All the girls went looking for drift-wood to light the fire. Some of them found logs which they sat on around the fire which an Officer lit with some difficulty. We sang hymns around the fire. When we had finished singing we were given soup which was made at the school where we were staying, then we were given fish and chips in a container, finishing our supper with chocolate biscuits. We went for a walk down to the sea which was a mile out. Walking out one could see the pier silhouetted against the setting sun. When we reached the water's edge we had a paddle in the cold water. On the way back you could see the camp fire dying down. When we arrived back at the camp fire we cleaned up and threw sand on the fire to put it out. Then we started to walk back to the school. When we arrived we went to bed.

INGRID MISSTEAR 4B

MONDAY MORNING

Monday has come

But I don't care.

I'm staying in bed

And won't make a stir

Dad gets up

And gives me a shout.

I still won't get up,

So he gives me a clout.

I look out of the window,

It's wet and still dark.

I can't go out there,

Oh have a heart!

I look at my watch

And I'm very late,

I put on my coat

And rush through the gate.

I hate Monday morning,

I'm bad tempered and cross.

I long for Tuesday,

But it's nearly worse.

ELIZABETH QUIN 2A

MY CAT

I have a little kitten,

His name is Timothy,

I care for him so much

That he always follows me

My kitten is a Persian,

With a coat of thick fur,

His tail is so bushy,

And he has a lovely purr.

He has bright green eyes

That shine in the dark,

He runs up a tree

When he hears a dog bark.

CAROL QUILL 1A

MR. BASIN PLATE

Mr. Basin-Plate was a stage-hand in a theatre. The concert this week started at 7 o'clock though it usually started at eight o'clock. Mr. Basin-Plate was hard of hearing and short-sighted and he got the time wrong.

Expecting it to be at eight o'clock, Mr. Basin-Plate went down to the hall at seven o'clock to do his work. He got his things ready — a jar of paint, a few dusters and pieces of paper and he wore his old torn coat to protect his clothes. As he went on to the stage the curtains drew back as the concert had started but Mr. Basin-Plate was unaware of this and he did not even see the audience. The audience did not make

any noise as they thought it was a sad story when they saw this ragged person coming on to the stage.

Mr. Basin-Plate started to paint the floor boards and as he lifted the jar to see how much paint he had, the audience thought he was begging. He brought out his handkerchief to blow his nose, as he had a cold that week but the audience thought he was dying of influenza and they continued to pity him.

The actors had, by now, noticed the silence and when they found Mr. Basin-Plate on the stage, they ran on and pulled him away, and the curtains closed again. The audience clapped as they thought it was the end of Scene 1. They were very surprised when they found that Scene 2 was a happy and funny act.

Mr. Basin-Plate did not know why the actors took him off the stage and complained, all the way home, of how rough the younger generation was.

AVRIL YOUNG 3B

A CATTLE MART

One summer I spent a week of my holidays on my cousin's farm, about three miles from the town of Nenagh which has always been noted for its fairs. The name Nenagh is derived from "Aonach Urmhumhan" which means "The Fair of East Munster or Ormond". Although many fairs are held throughout the year the one held on the 10th August seems to be considered the most important of them all. So when my cousin announced his intentions of selling a bunch of yearlings, there was great excitement in the house and everyone was looking forward to being present at this sale. The big day was not until Friday and that was three days away. Those three days seemed to be drawn out and passed very slowly.

At long last the great morning dawned and by seven o'clock we were all ready to set off for the town. Our bunch of yearlings was towed along behind the car in a trailer. It was not long before we reached the fair. There was a long queue of cars and trailers in front of us so we had to stop and wait our turn. Some of the other farmers there were bringing cattle to be sold, others were coming to buy and some like myself, were just there to watch the whole procedure. At long last our turn

came and we brought our yearlings round to the back of the auction hall. Here they were thoroughly examined for any signs of disease or bad condition. Their weight and age were also checked. When the examiner was completely satisfied he stuck a number on their backs and put them into another pen. Just as we had taken up a favourable position in the auction hall, a small, plump, red-faced man dressed in a snow-white oil-skin coat appeared on the scene. Then the auctioning started. Several cattle were brought into the hall and the bidding began. I found it very hard to spot who was bidding, some just wriggled a little finger, others lowered their eyelids. The idea of these sly movements is to prevent the opponents knowing who is bidding. When the bidding had stopped and the final price reached it was chalked up on a board for all to see.

My cousin who had been standing a short distance away, talking to a couple of farmers, rejoined us just as his yearlings entered the hall for auction. Doubtless, he had been summing up the prospects of whether the sale might be good or bad. The auctioneer spoke with such speed that I found it quite difficult to understand every word he said. I gathered that the bidding was still going on and the price was still rising. After some time the final price was chalked upon the board and my cousin seemed to be very pleased with it. We left the auction hall and went to the office where he was paid. He also gave the cashier £80 to pay the owner of two bullocks which he had bought at £40 a piece. We strolled around the Mart for a while chatting to some of the other farmers.

Then we set out for home and we were back for the usual mid-day meal. Although I was tired I had enjoyed myself and I will always remember that day, when I paid my first visit to a "Cattle Mart".

HELEN McMAHON 6th year

KENNEL-MAID

Last summer when I got my holidays from school, I was wondering what to do. I went to a few shops after my Dad's holidays and applied for a summer job, but I had no luck.

Then our dog was going to be mated. Mammy rang up a lady we know, and asked her if we could bring the dog to

her kennels. It occurred to me that perhaps I could be employed there. When Mammy phoned I asked if I might work there for the rest of the summer holidays. She replied that she would be delighted.

The first job I had to do was to clean out the dog's kennels, and give them clean beds of clean papers. I got used to this work. Then I had to brush out the corridors. Every morning the kennels had to be cleaned out. Some days the dogs were washed and we put rollers in their hair because they were going to be shown at the next Show. We let the dogs out in groups, because there were only four sections where the dogs played. They were given a drink of water in the yard. Each day I had to brush some of the Yorkshire Terriers and Shintzu and give them their dinner. Before I went home in the evening we had to leave the dogs some milk. One of the helpers was resident to do late duty.

Then something unexpected happened. One dog had seven pups! This was the first time I had ever seen pups being born, and I took careful note in preparation for the day when our own dog had her pups. It was very interesting and the tiny puppies were sweet. Unfortunately one died later. There were some lovely little puppies. Many were exported to America and it was sad to see them go.

It was a most enjoyable job and I learnt a lot, about the work. I might go there again this year and stay all day.

BARBARA SPENCER 4B

WITH APOLOGIES TO WALTER de la MARE

"Is there anybody there?" said the school girl,

Knocking on the freezing floor;
And her feet in the silence trembled
On the freezing floor;

And a fly flew in from the window,
Above the schoolgirl's head;

And she knocked upon the door a second time;

"I don't feel well" she said.

But no one descended to the schoolgirl;
No call from behind the door.

So she left and returned to her classmates,

That noisy gang-form four.

PAMELA BLOOM 4A

RIDDLES

Q. When is the sun like a jelly?

A. When it is setting.

Q. What is the coldest game you can play?

A. Draughts.

JOY HEMMINGWAY 1A

Q. What is the connection between a pencil and a riddle?

A. They both have a point.

Q. What lake is like a donkey?

A. Lough Neagh.

YVONNE DAWSON 1A

AN EVENING

I sit in my home so bright so gay,
Looking at the fire blazing away.
I hear the whistling wind outside,
And the far off sea and its raging tide.
I smell the mist creeping through the doors
And the sweet smelling flowers and the sycamores.

When all seems quiet and lonesome again,
I hear the grand-father clock strike ten.

This tells me it is time for bed.

All jobs are done and puss is fed.

MICHELE SOUTER 1A

TWO GIRLS MEETING AT A BUS STOP

"Hallo, Jane! I never expected to see you here."

"Hallo! neither did I, but I have not bought all my books yet for next term."

"I see. Have you many to get?"

"Yes. I spent a whole day last week looking for books and so far Hodges Figgis is the only shop I haven't tried."

"Why didn't you go there in the first place? I went to Hodges Figgis first and got all my books."

"That was great. Do you think they will still have some in stock?"

"Oh, yes, you can always depend on them".

ANN HICKINBOTHAM 5B1

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

I would like to give my opinion on our school Gaberdine and Beret. The Gaberdine is an old-fashioned coat. I would like an A-line coat with brass buttons, a belt and a big round brass buckle.

Why do we have to wear a Beret? It just sits on the back of one's head, it does

not keep one warm, nor does it keep the rain off. Therefore it is useless. So one might as well not wear it as it looks silly.

The rule, that if a Prefect or a teacher catches a girl going home without her Beret on, she will have to wear it all the next day in class is ridiculous.

"DIOR."

Dear Editor,

I would like to suggest that everyone should wear a uniform and gaberine of a standard length. This does not mean that they should be long.

If this suggestion were carried out it would mean that wearers of long gaberines would, maybe, have theirs shortened.

I, myself, know how it feels to walk down the road in a maxi with a mini beside me, it really is embarrassing.

LONG GABERDINE WEARER

Dear Editor,

I have enjoyed reading "The Diocesan Times" every year since I became a pupil here. Every year many girls send items into the Committee and when the "Times" is published some girls have two or three items in. I think it would be better if each girl were allowed to have only one entry. This would give everybody a chance. I would also like one or two teachers to write an article for the "Times".

A few years ago, there were quite a few photographs in the "Times" and I think the Committee should include some photos in this and in next year's "Times".

Yours etc.,

MERIEL CROSSE 3A

Dear Editor,

I do not think that these dark mornings are as dangerous as people make them out to be. People talk about schoolchildren being killed on the way to school and yet they do not help to prevent it.

Every school boy and girl should wear an arm-band. Arm-bands should be made for every pupil and not only for National schoolchildren. National schoolchildren should not be allowed to travel to school unescorted, as many of them are. Their parents are very careless, yet these are the parents who complain about dark mornings.

If every person who travels on dark mornings wore something bright or luminous, there would be fewer accidents.

"WHITE SOCKS"

Dear Editor,

Have you or anyone else in the school ever noticed the colour of the paint-work? Practically everywhere is bottle-green. It doesn't look all that bad, but since we wear bottle-green uniforms, a different colour would make our surroundings more pleasant. Just think! Everywhere you look in D.G.S. is green.

"GREEN ALL OVER" 2A

Dear Madam,

Over the past few years there have been many improvements in school but the improvement I would like most is a tuck-shop. There are many reasons for wanting a tuck-shop but the main reason is to solve the carrying problem. It takes a large bag or case to hold our school-books and equipment for Hockey, Gym and Home Economics and this usually means that we have to carry our lunch separately. Some girls bring bottles of Lemonade to School and these bottles often leak and it would save our books and bags if we were able to buy Lemonade in School.

I know we have a much appreciated Vending Machine in School but it would be a nice change from the monotonous sandwiches to be able to buy Cakes and Lemonade. I feel that many of the girls would vote in favour of having a tuck-shop in School.

Yours Sincerely,

SALLY NOBLE 3A

Dear Editor,

I think that the Junior classes of Diocesan School would be grateful if they could spend more time at Gym, because they find that their forty-five minute classes are not long enough for everyone to get a turn at whatever we are doing. It is usually those who can do the things have their turn first and the others who are not so good are left standing there watching. Then when it comes to their turn they have not as long as the others because the Gym teacher has to help everyone, and as she is helping them she has to hurry, in order to let everyone have a turn.

I think that the Gym class should last for at least one hour a week

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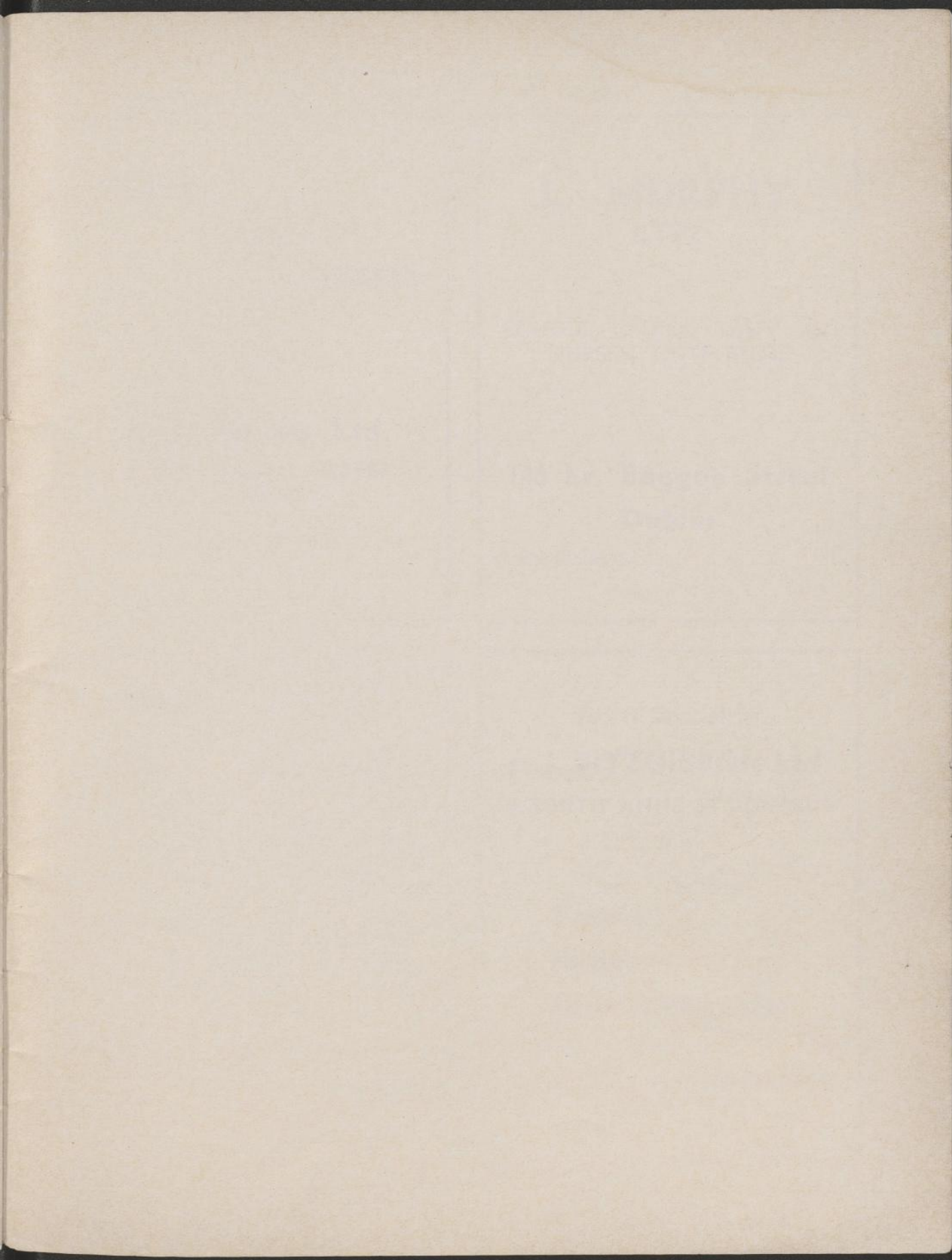
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