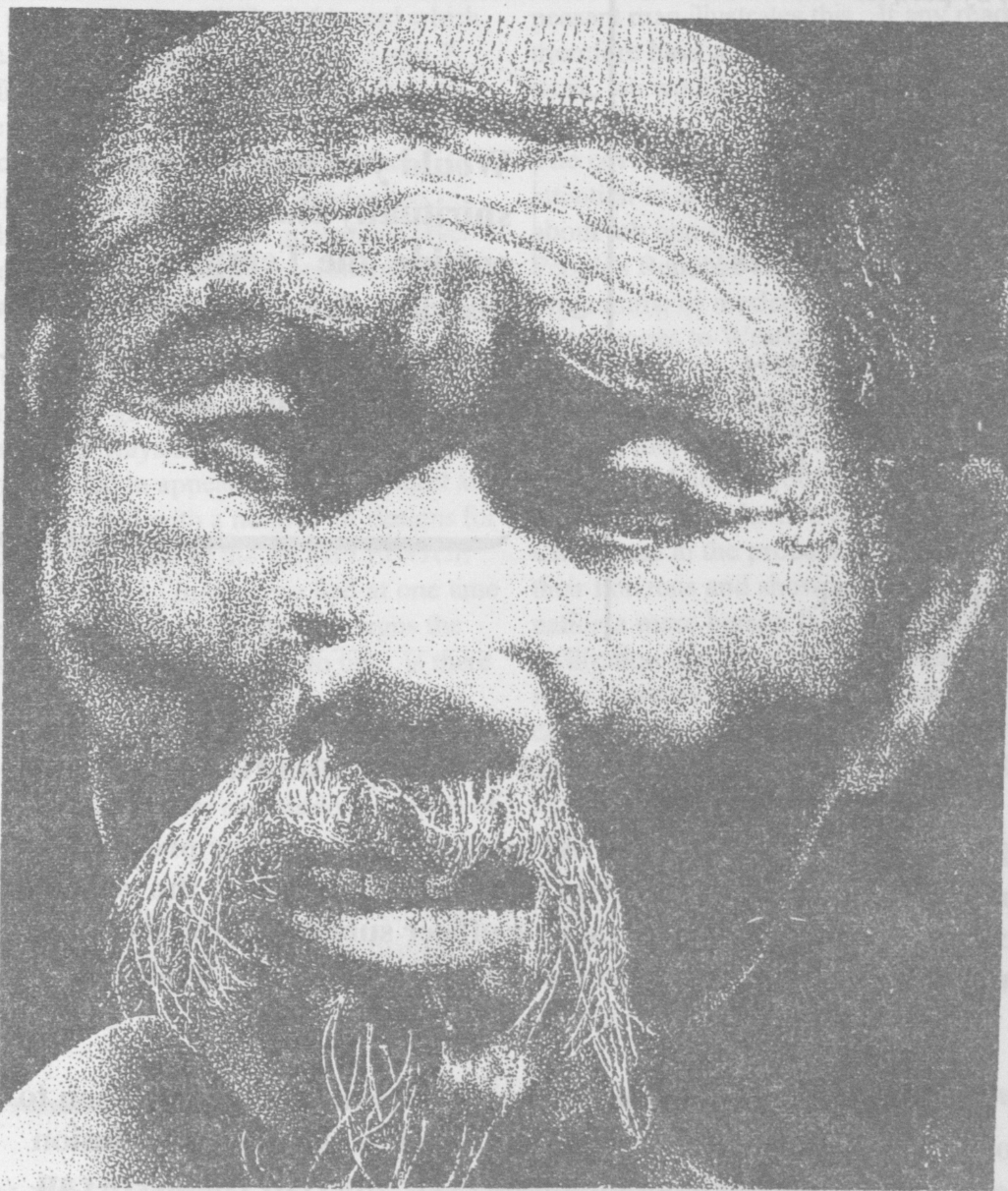


Templeogue Telegraph

Neighbourhood Community Magazine

April, 1994

Price 30p



See "Job Watching in China" and comment
on "Our Cover Picture" within.

The TEMPLEOGUE TELEGRAPH can be contacted by ringing 4909128.

In view of the revision of telephone charges whereby calls lasting over three minutes during "business" hours have become extremely expensive, readers may wish to note that calls to the TEMPLEOGUE TELEGRAPH may also be made after 6 p.m. Mondays to Fridays and at weekends.

Correspondence (advertising and/or material for publication) may be brought in person, or sent by post, to:

The Manager
 TEMPLEOGUE TELEGRAPH
 74 Templeville Drive
 Dublin 6W

Material may also be faxed to: 4909128

THE PROJECTED TIME OF DISTRIBUTION OF THE MAY 1994 ISSUE IS THE WEEK 15TH TO 21ST MAY. THE NEXT DEADLINE FOR SUBMISSION OF MATERIAL FOR PUBLICATION AND ADVERTISEMENTS IS:

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To all non-profit groups and organisations:

The TEMPLEOGUE TELEGRAPH will publish your news or press release free of charge. Please send the material to the address given in the notice above, enclosing the name of the person or officer submitting the material together with address, telephone number and other relevant details, not necessary for publication.

Groups or organisations seeking members or whose membership is open to residents of the Templeogue community are asked to provide for inclusion with the news items names, telephone numbers etc whereby enquirers can make direct contact with them.

Our Cover Picture

Our Cover Picture of an old Chinese peasant man is of significance in two respects.

As we go to press, we are not quite sure whether the reproduction of the photographs which were so kindly provided by the organisers of Féile Bríde and which are intended to appear on Pages 5 and 7 will be a success. This is not the fault of the organisers and photographers, but arises because we cannot afford as yet the technology to handle the reproduction of colour photographs to an acceptable level. We can but continue to experiment with the available resources.

In earlier times, our readers in the community gave a helping hand in a number of ways in making our magazine more artistic in appearance. We sought and were provided with a number of designs for successive covers of the TEMPLEOGUE TELEGRAPH. Indeed, we had at one time the luxury of a large range of designs the best of which we were able to use. Is there any hope that "somewhere out there" - to echo the words of the popular song - we can find artistic readers who would get to work and see if they can outdo the artists of yesteryear.

We also had the services of that excellent artist Thaddeus Breen, whose drawings were a constant source of delight to our

readers. We have reproduced one or two of them in recent issues.

The common factor in all of the efforts referred to was that the designs and sketches were based on simple line drawings, which reproduce very well. Our present cover drawing of an old Chinese peasant man illustrates this. If any readers therefore have a flair for pen or pencil work, we would be glad to hear from them.

The cover picture also serves to draw attention to an article on Pages 8 and 9 about job opportunities in China, where the People's Republic has undertaken a massive programme of modernisation. It has opened its territories to Western experts who can help them to transform a nation composed largely of people engaged in peasant farming into a modern economy. Many young - and not so young - Irish people are now finding worthwhile contract work in China, and in the process both widening their horizons and showing the Chinese nation a more benign face of Western civilization than they have experienced in recent centuries. The Chinese have a very deep-rooted suspicion of foreigners, as anyone who has studied the history of their exploitation by western powers will understand. Happily the Irish as a nation are very well received in China and a number of Templeogue people are among those who have taken up the challenge to work there. We hope to hear from them in due time about their experiences.

TEMPLEOGUE '70! Does anyone remember it? Are there any survivors still around to tell the tale? If you don't know what we're talking about, turn to the next page.

LOCAL GOVERNMENT NEWS

We wish to extend to Councillor Cáit Keane our deepest sympathy on the recent death of her mother.

Councillor Laing has written to us with the news that at a recent Fine Gael convention Mr Brian Hayes a 24-year-old teacher was chosen to represent the Party in the coming South Central By Election, hopefully on 9th June. Mr Hayes is a policy officer for Youth Fine Gael and Cllr. Laing says he is very well qualified to represent the Party. Cllr. Laing continues to represent the Party at Local Government level in South Dublin County Council, and would be pleased to deal with any enquiries from the local

community at tel. 4905571 (86 Templeville Drive).

We thank Mr. Laing and the other Councillors for their continued generous help in keeping us informed of developments at County Council level. As the volume of correspondence involved would take up virtually the whole of the TELEGRAPH if we were to publish it in full, we have provided at Page 11 a summary of the information which the Councillors have passed on to us. Should any reader be interested in having the full text of a particular report, the TELEGRAPH will be happy to provide a photocopy at nominal cost. Our tel. number will be found inside the front cover.

TEMPLEOGUE '70

Next month we would hope to get the first reports of the 1994 Heather Cup Competition. We are sure that Charlie Heather, the donor of this fine trophy, will be keeping an eye on events from his Cypress residence. Hands up how many know the origin of the competition? O.K. You can put them down again. We'll be running a little article on it later on. This will probably be a special year for the competition, because of the great interest in the recent successes of the Irish soccer team, and of course because this could be their Big Year! Because we seem to have given the Kiss of Death to the recent progress of the Dublin Gaelic Football team by our prediction that they would win the 1994 All-Ireland title, we must be careful about predicting the outcome of the 1994 World Cup campaign. However, let's be brave. We predict that Ireland will reach the semi-finals at least, and could go on to win! But back to the Heather Cup. The original competition soon became known as

Templeogue '70 in the year it was inaugurated. It coincided with Mexico '70, one of the most exciting months of football in the history of the World Cup. But even that did not match the excitement of the 1970 Heather Cup Final! That game was played on 29 June 1970 in the grounds of Terenure College and after extra time the two teams were tied. The match went to a cruel penalty shoot-out, and anything like the scenes of jubilation and grief when the winning team eventually emerged and the runners-up were comforted by parents and friends have not been seen since in Templeogue since.

This is only one person's recollection of events. The bad news is that while we have copies of the TEMPLEOGUE TELEGRAPH going back to 1969, the vital issue giving the report of the final is missing from the collection. Are there any survivors around who could make good the records and revive the memories? We eagerly await hearing from readers between now and the next deadline.

1



Féile
Bhríde
Captions
on page
7



2



3

4



Féile
Bhríde
Captions
on page
7

5



Féile Bhríde

Captions
on page 7



7

6



Féile Bhríde

Captions
on page 7

8



Bewleys Down the Years

by Sheila Whittle

When I was only three years old
My mother said to me
In Grafton Street, one morning cold,
"Let's have a cup of tea."
So into Bewleys we did go
So welcoming and warm,
And in the firelight's pleasant glow
We sampled Bewley's charm.

Then on my first Communion day
When all dressed up in white
To Bewley's we all made our way
To everyone's delight,

White coffee and some creamy cakes
I had, plus apple tarts.

Ah! Bewley's, you have what it takes
To capture children's hearts.

The years have gone, indeed they've
flown,

But, Bewley's, you're still there.

I had a family of my own.

My love for you they share.

Your oriental atmosphere

We all find so alluring.

Ah! Bewley's, you're our darlin' dear,

Your welcome's so enduring.

(Copyright)

BEWLEY'S

by J G Foley

"Is Bewley's still there?" a man who had spent several years in Brussels asked me lately. "God, how I dreamed about that place while I was away. Every Sunday morning I used to walk in there from the old digs on the South Circular Road. You'd get this whiff of ground coffee from miles away. To get stuck into a pot of tea and a few sticky buns, and read your Sunday Press - there was nothing like it anywhere, And I've seen it all."

I told him it was still there, even though his recollection was that it was always on the point of closing down. To prove it we got out the very latest telephone directory, and there it was - all eight entries. Not bad for a place on its last legs!

Joshua Bewley first began to flavour the Dublin air with the aroma of roasting

coffee away back in the 1840s. His shops have now become part of the Dublin tradition. We must hope that if there is no special planning legislation to preserve the Bewley cafes, an appropriate statute will be enacted forthwith. About eight years ago, the company was facing ruin, but the crisis was averted when it was taken over by Campbell Catering Limited. That was one narrow escape too many for the wrecker's ball.

I once had a visitor from Spain whom I wished to impress. I took him to Bewley's and bought him a cup of coffee, and waited for his ecstatic reaction. That was my mistake. "George," he said to me, "I have only tasted worse coffee once before in my life. That was when I was doing my national service in the Spanish army." Talk about casting pearls before swine. It proved to me that Bewley's is much more than just a coffee shop, and can be fully appreciated only by true Dubliners.

(Continued on page 10)

Captions for photographs of winners and attendance at Féile Bhríde Prize-Winners' Concert (Pages 5 & 6)

1. Our Lady's School Choir Class Ll (Mime)
2. Dublin City Manager Frank Feely, Mrs Feely and Fr. C. Lee
3. Mark Hogan (Solo Wind Instrument - unaccompanied)

4. Juliet Herbert, Sinéad Meaney, Sara Langford and Emily Hughes (Chamber Music Ensemble)
5. Sheena Frost and Sara Bolger (Solo Verse Irish)
6. Mr Feely presenting one of the prizes
7. Niamh Tumelty (Solo Singing Irish)
8. Fiona Murphy (Solo Recorder)

In this second of two articles about jobs, life and living in China, Paddy Heneghan moves on from Hong Kong and describes how Irish people may be opening up a new "jobs niche" in the Far East.

JOB WATCHING IN CHINA

by Paddy Heneghan

As I arrived at Hong Kong Airport on Saturday 26th February to join two Australian teachers of English on our way to Chongqing in mid-west China, I was mentally preparing myself for any eventuality. I had read that since the hardships of the Cultural Revolution, the Chinese had forgotten how to be courteous. I was conscious of the load of consumer goods in my rather capacious "briefcase", including a camera, an alarm clock, a shaver, a walkman and worst of all a computer. My guidebook had warned that all such items would have to be declared and strictly accounted for on the way back, otherwise I could be accused of illegal trading. Friends in Hong Kong kindly offered to visit me in jail if I misplaced anything before my return!

"I had read that.....the Chinese had forgotten how to be courteous.."

At the boarding gate I was invited to stand on a pedestal while a customs official went minutely over my person with a metal detector. It was quite a relief when he motioned me

to pick up my unopened hand-luggage and proceed. Two hours later at Chongqing a queue formed for another customs check. These would be the real Chinese! At this point my alarm clock went off, and after some frantic rooting among my Western thesaurus I managed to discover and silence the wretched thing. The Chinese appeared to think this episode quite hilarious, and I was ushered through

"I realised for the first time the value in China of my venerable head of white hair!"

the customs without further mortification. I realised for the first time the value in China of my venerable head of white hair! About the customs declaration - forgotten by all concerned in the confusion. In fact, the matter never came up again.

Outside Chongqing City Airport (we used to call this Chungking, but now it is pronounced Chong-ching) we were met by the Foreign Affairs Officer (called the Weiban) of the International Studies University of Sichuan Province, where I would be staying for a few days and where the Australians would work for a year. Mr Tan and his assistants gave us a welcome that an Irish host would be proud of, and all were bursting with pride as we drove in the University minibus across the great Jiailing River Bridge. Chongqing has 13

million people, and we were later to discover that the suburb of Shapingba where the campus was located was an hour's drive from the focal point of the city, the dockyards where the Jiailing River meets the Yangtze. We were duly installed in our apartments in the "Foreign Experts' Hotel", which was in a special compound within the campus. The campus itself was like a miniature town, with dormitories, staff quarters and lecture halls all within its perimeter wall. I was provided with a guest apartment complete with bathroom, toilet and colour television.

A teacher from Dublin already working in the University invited me to go with her to Mass on the following day, which was Sunday. We met at 7 a.m. and to my surprise the whole suburb was alive with people. One large group of elderly citizens was already engaged in their communal morning exercises. The Chinese place great emphasis on physical condition, and also practice many yoga-like exercises to maintain their good health. When we arrived at the church it was already full, and we found space in

"The Chinese place great emphasis on physical condition."

the organ loft. The environment was very much pre-Vatican II, and I was told that only in the previous few weeks had there been a changeover from Latin to Chinese in the services. Afterwards groups of local Catholics stood around outside the church animatedly exchanging the week's news, just as they do at home in our own churches.

Over the following few days, I had several consultations with the

Weiban on matters of mutual interest and attended classes given by various English teachers in the University, including sessions conducted by the Dublin teacher and the newly-arrived Australians. The students were mostly in their early twenties, and both their English and discipline were excellent. After my introduction to a "Party Member" (a presence which is a feature of all classes) I began my first address by explaining that I was hoping to recruit other Irish teachers to come to China next September. I then invited questions. The subjects raised by the students followed a pattern that was to be repeated many times elsewhere later on. There was great interest in the origins of the North-South conflict, my views as to the outcome, and particularly in famous figures of Irish legend and history. I chose Brian Boru. It is probably related to the Chinese folk-memory of repeated invasions over many centuries by neighbouring nations and Western armies that they take a huge interest in the idea of national heroes leading freedom campaigns against foreign invaders!

I resigned myself to a "Chinese sit-down" meal.

On our fourth night, the University officials invited the new teachers and myself to an official banquet. I was hoping to avoid this, but the hints I had dropped that I was very much a "low profile" person were in vain. In truth I had never been too keen on Chinese meals and was rather wary of the Chinese diet (I had been warned that I should be very careful to stick to Western-style cuisine during my travels, which I had done up to this). Happily, as it turned out,

our Chinese hosts insisted on our attendance, and not wishing to create an international incident, I went along. The Chinese use virtually no dairy products, and little sugar. However, by now I had become weary of the Indian tea laced with saccharin and powdered milk as provided by my teacher colleagues, so I resigned myself to a "Chinese sit-down" meal. What happened to Saul on the road to Damascus could hardly have been more spectacular than my own conversion to Chinese cuisine. I realised that I had never in fact eaten real Chinese food. After a truly delicious meal, the head of the English Department formally wished us well and toasted the people of the great Republic of China with their 5,000 years of civilization, their Great Wall and their struggle for modernisation. I replied on behalf of the Republic of Ireland, recalling our centuries of battling against the invader for our national freedom, and our remote origins going back to the tumuli of Newgrange and the stone-age villages of Mayo. Mutual good wishes were exchanged. In short, a great night was had by all. Afterwards, one of the Australian teachers, flabbergasted by the exchanges, commented: "Paddy, I have to hand it to you - you're full of it". I hope that what she was referring to was "Blarney"!

On Wednesday, the University Personnel Officer provided me with

Universities in China tend to be specialised.

a limousine, and before driving to the Airport brought me to see the great Yangtze River, which I had earlier mentioned to him was on my "must-see" list. My flight to Beijing

then took about two hours, and here I was to meet four other teachers in situations similar to those in Chongqing - two of them Irish, the others Australian. Here again, with the permission of the relevant Weibans, I attended classes where the pattern of student questions was repeated. Universities in China tend to be specialised. One of those I visited in Beijing dealt with Finance and Banking, while another was a Medical College. I met English teachers from Colleges of Locomotive Engineering and various other specialisations. The teachers were not, however, required to deal at a highly technical level with the English required for any of the mainstream subjects.

And, yes, I've bought a wok

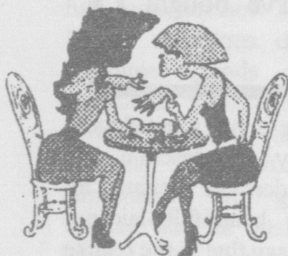
Since this article is not a travelogue, I will not try to describe the touristic wonders of Beijing, an imposing and beautifully-laid-out city. Suffice to say that in the course of one free evening and the Saturday before my return to Hong Kong, I managed to see the Forbidden City, Tiananmen Square, The Great Wall and the Ming Tombs, and visit the Peking Opera. When I say that visitors set aside a week to see the Forbidden City alone, it can be imagined how hurried were my visits to these places of interest.

I am happy to say that since my return, over twenty Irish people have become interested in working in China, and already 12 CVs have been forwarded with good prospects of teaching contracts being offered next September. I am also happy to say that Templeogue is likely to be represented in this number. Maybe we've started something! And, yes, I've bought a wok and have taken up Chinese cooking!

Bewley's (Continued from page 7)

Maybe it's the warm light shining in on you through the Harry Clarke stained glass windows in Grafton Street. These always make me inexpressibly sad. Not, I hasten to say, that stained glass depresses me. I once had a beautiful copy of Grimm's fairy tales illustrated by the late Harry. It would now probably be worth a small fortune had it survived. But our housekeeper lent it to the kid next door during his bout of measles and he whiled away the time by pencilling in moustaches on all the legendary figures, and then adding further assorted embellishments in poster paints. I still go to Bewley's of Grafton Street to mourn the loss, and to contemplate the beauty of Harry's work. We all have our

memories and idiosyncratic ways. Or maybe the magic lies in the snatches of conversation that you might hear from an adjoining table. I once heard an ancient Meathman, up for an All Ireland Final and looking around in wonder, remarking to a companion: "And to think that here I am at last, sitting down drinking tea in the Heart of the Pale." Maybe it's the lack of chic in the decor, the air of cosy lassitude, the stuffy warmth, the dull red upholstery, the faintly exotic atmosphere, the raffish auraI haven't quite nailed it down, but it's in there somewhere. You may get a MacDonald's or a Burger King in every major capital of Europe, but where would you get another Bewley's. Just tell me that, now!



Templeogue Ladies Club



Report by Geraldine Eaton (Hon. Secretary)

A warm welcome was extended to ten new members at our meeting of 6th April and we hope they will enjoy the various activities of the Club.

There was a very good attendance and a good response to the invitation from our guest speaker, Mrs Peig McManus, to join in the discussion and ask questions, following her talk on Self Development, which could have been an extremely serious topic but which, in fact, she treated with great humour. She gave us a most enjoyable evening.

For the benefit of the new members, the leaders of the various activities explained what is involved in joining some of the smaller groups within the club and from Rosa Morris, leader of the Friday

Bowlers, we heard of the success of Betty Moran, winner of a Sewing Machine in the recent League sponsored by Brother Sewing Machines. Congratulations, Betty!

In spite of the weather we are already planning our Summer Outing and our new President, Hilary McCrae, has a very interesting programme lined up for the months ahead, so it's all systems go and off on another year. We appeal to all members to attend regularly and enjoy what is after all "YOUR Club".

Oh! a little reminder: annual subs are now due, so please contact any member of the committee before the meeting on the 4th May when we hope to see you at the usual venue. .

SUMMARY OF RECENT REPORTS FROM OUR COUNCILLORS

<u>Date</u>	<u>Councillor</u>	<u>Estate</u>	<u>Subject</u>
24-2-94	C Keane	Greenlea	Repairs to be carried out to footpath 35 Greenlea Rd.
1-3-94	C Keane	Orwell	Open space/play lot adjacent to 255-287 Orwell Park. Co.Co. Inspection reveals tidying up works carried out.
8-3-94	P Upton	WORK	Entrance to Tymon Park, Osprey Road - amenity scheme agreed by Co.Co.
8-3-94	S Ardagh S Laing	WORK	Proposed parks programme -lighting on path Osprey to Limekiln included.
8-3-94	S Laing	Rossmore	Pruning of trees Rossmore Cresc./Lawns to be carried out in current year.
10-3-94	P Upton	Glendown/ -Orwell	Provision for appointment of school warden recommended for 1994.
10-3-94	P Upton	Rossmore	Rossmore Lawns & Crescent to have public lights at the end of their cul-de-sacs.
10-3-94	S Laing	Cypress	Grassed area corner Cypress Gr Rd/ Templeogue Rd to re-instated by end April.
15-3-94	S Ardagh	General	Details of proposed scheme for waiver of Domestic Water Charges.
25-3-94	S Laing	General	Co.Co.restriction on planting of cherry trees and their gradual removal where hazardous.
11-4-94	S Laing	General	Naming of ward at Tallaght Hospital after late Valerie Place recommended.
11-4-94	S Ardagh	General	Civic Vision (S Ardagh,Chairman) grouping formed to see that decisions of Co.Co. carried through.
11-4-94	C Keane	General	Regular inspection of dairies and retail premises which sell milk carried out by Co.Co.

John George says:

Never laugh at anyone's dreams.

Overpay good babysitters.

When you feel terrific, notify your face.

Never apologise for being early for an appointment.

GABRIEL GRIFFIN
M.P.S.I.
6 Cypress Park
Phone 4907651

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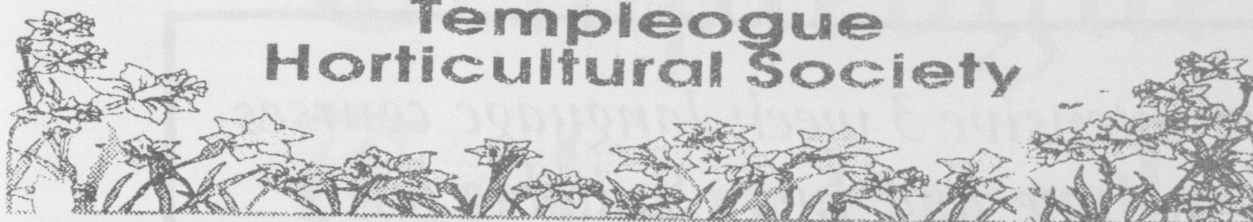
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Templeogue Horticultural Society



Report by Patricia Halpin

As the weather at last seems to be improving, we are all reviving our interest in gardening. At the Templeogue Horticultural Society meeting in March, our speaker, Dermot O'Neil, reminded us that nature always balances out. Despite the late Spring due to the cold and persistent rain, the garden catches up - flowers bloom, the grass grows, fruit and vegetables mature. Dermot emphasised the importance of always planning ahead. Seeds can be sown in pots or seed trays, and germinated on a window-sill. Later they are hardened off in a cold frame or sheltered spot, prior to planting out. Sweet-pea treated in this way are very successful and should have the tops pinched out when they have developed 2-3 pairs of leaves. (Ideally sweet-pea are sown in October and the 4" - 6" little plants kept in a cold frame all winter.)

Dermot O'Neil gave us very good advice on the care of rhododendrons, azaleas, camellias, peonies and similar plants requiring acid (peaty) soil. After flowering

apply sequestrian, once only, which acts as an iron tonic. Then apply a liquid general-purpose feed once a fortnight. In July and August use tomato-food fortnightly and then stop feeding altogether. Well worth trying, I think.

The next meeting will be on Wednesday May 18th at 8 p.m. in Our Lady's School. New members are always welcome.

Gardening Tips for April/May

- 1) Remove dead heads from all bulbs.
- 2) When re-potting plants, don't chose too large a pot. 1" bigger is generally right.
- 3) Wait until the end of May before putting out most bedding plants.

The St.Pius X Parish Summer Project

The Committee will from now on be meeting regularly for the planning of the 13th Summer Project in 1994.

They issue an URGENT APPEAL for new members to help them with their efforts. To date appeals for much-needed extra help have fallen on deaf ears, and if matters do not improve there is every likelihood that the Project will have to be put on hold. At the very least, the time allocated to activities may have to be severely curtailed.

Volunteers may get in touch with Mrs Sheila McCormack of 58 College Park, Tel.4903026.

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