



THE DIOCESAN TIMES



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Diocesan Secondary School For Girls

EDITORIAL

We are very pleased to present the sixth edition of "The Diocesan Times". This year we have had extra copies printed so that everybody may have one.

The "Sixth Edition" contains three new features. For one of these we are indebted to Hodges Figgis and Co Ltd. They offered a prize of a one guinea book token to the girl who made up the most suitable advertisement for the magazine. Mr Figgis wanted something in the form of a "non-ad" which only mentioned Hodges Figgis casually. Miriam O'Brien won the prize for her articles "Reunion" and "Book-mates" which appear in the magazine.

Also in the magazine you may find out what is in store for you during the next year by reading your Horoscope and you might find your particular problem solved on the "problem page".

We would like to thank everyone who contributed poems and articles and also those who wrote the reports on the various clubs etc. Even if your poem or story was not printed it was appreciated. The standard of the work becomes higher each year and some of this year's contributions are excellent.

Everybody, by now, is aware of the fact that Miss Scott is retiring and Miss Jagoe is taking over as Headmistress on August 1st 1967 and we wish her success in her new position. We are very sorry to lose Miss Scott and two appreciations of her work, loyalty and dedication to the school are to be found elsewhere in the magazine.

We would like to thank sincerely both Miss Scott, for her help and co-operation, and Miss Paul for all the time and advice she has given us in our task of 'doing' the Magazine.



THE DIOCESAN TIMES

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Committee :

SHIRLEY RAFTER

MIRIAM O'BRIEN

GILLIAN DRAKE

CAROLYN STOPFORD



MY FAVOURITE FLOWERS

I love to see the daffodils,
That gaily bloom in spring,
They nod their heads upon the hill,
And joy to people bring.

I love to see the roses sweet,
They show that summer's here,
Their perfume really is a treat,
Their colours bright and clear.

Sally Noble,

1st year.

APPRECIATION OF MISS SCOTT

I have been a member of the Managing Committee of the Diocesan School for at least twenty-five years. I had not long been a member when I met Miss J. M. Scott, who acted as accountant for the School funds, in addition to her teaching duties. She worked in close association with the Headmistress, Miss M. A. Latimer, who relied on Miss Scott's business ability. It fell to Miss Scott to deputise for Miss Latimer whenever the latter had to be absent from the School.

When I first became acquainted with the School, it was very short of money, and was operating on what is called "a shoe-string". After a while, the situation eased as more money came in from fees and Government grants. It became clear that, though the Government was giving more money with one hand, with the other it was taking money away in income tax as soon as we began to show a profit on the year's working. Yet we were not a profit-making concern, and all the money earned was ploughed back into the School. The increasing number of pupils indicated that we would have to embark on a building campaign, but instead of the School working for its own improvement, it seemed also to be working for the Government. We decided to appeal against this, and we were finally granted an interview with one of the Commissioners of Income Tax in Dublin Castle. Miss Latimer, Miss Scott and I were interviewed in a large, well-carpeted room, with heavy furniture. We sat at an enormous mahogany table at the end of which sat the Commissioner. We must have seemed very amateurish, and even helpless, in his eyes, and, indeed, as we felt the thick carpet under our feet, we felt very much "on the carpet" as he looked at us in silence. After some seconds had elapsed, he said "Go on. Make your case!" After I had spoken some disconnected sentences, he began to ask ques-

tions, every one of which I referred to Miss Scott as School Accountant. She kept her head admirably, and gave all the figures for which he asked. At the end, he said that we had really no case for exemption, laying all the blame on William Pitt, the Younger, who had first introduced Income Tax to the people of the British Isles one hundred and fifty years before. So we were bowed out. The Commissioner seemed surprised that we had not employed some professional man to plead our case. The reasons for our not doing so were, first that we wanted to save money, and, secondly that we relied on Miss Scott. We felt that, though we had not succeeded in gaining relief, the School had been creditably represented. I was convinced that, had we employed an expert, the result would have been the same. Miss Scott had done as well for us as anyone else could have done. Several more years elapsed, and then came the news that the Government had granted to all secondary schools freedom from taxation. We have remained liable for a heavy bill for rates from the Corporation, but this is local taxation, imposed in the name of the City Fathers.

It was no easy task for Miss Scott to succeed an outstandingly successful Headmistress such as Miss Latimer had proved herself to be. This Miss Scott has done very well, and we know how much Miss Latimer relied on her to do it, as soon as the appointment was made. The School has continued to go from strength to strength. As its name implies, the Diocesan School is essentially a Church of Ireland School, organized and controlled under the direction of the Dublin Diocese. The Diocese has felt the most confidence in its Presbyterian Headmistress, and it knows that this ecumenical appointment, made long before the word "ecumenism" was in general use, has been splendidly justified.

During her term of office, Miss Scott made many wise suggestions to the Committee for the welfare of the School. The result of these is to be seen in the improved amenities of the school building today. She has been ever mindful of the best interests of the pupils and of the School Staff. She has had very happy associations and contacts with the Past Pupils' Association, whose members have often shown their appreciation for her work by their continued interest and loyal support. Within the School, she has shown qualities of leadership to which teachers and girls have loyally responded, and, at the same time, she has preserved in the School a discipline which is an

admirable training and example for young people.

Miss Scott had to shoulder the responsibility of organizing an extra two years' tuition for girls who wish to take the Leaving Certificate. This was no light task in a school which had not hitherto been geared to it.

The acquisition of the School playing-field at Belgrave Square was entirely due to Miss Scott's inspired opportunism and brave enterprise.

Finally, it should be said how much the Committee and parents have appreciated Miss Scott's annual reports on prizegiving days. These have been admirably worded accounts of each year's work. Without using the language of exaggerated self-congratulation, she has given in a modest way, the impression that this is a very successful school. In these reports, too, she has never embarked on a list of grievances with which to belabour and lecture the Department of Education. Under her leadership, the Diocesan School has got on with its work, and has done it very well.

T. J. Johnstone.

THE MEMORIES OF NELSON

Have you ever been in Dublin town?
With its streets so wide and long,
And all the people passing down
To Nelson Pillar's throng.

Well, now there's something missing,
When you look up that great street,
The people mourn the passing,
Of the place they used to meet.

Elizabeth Moyter

1st year

ABERFAN

All the world was shocked and saddened
In Autumn nineteen sixty-six,
When a terrible disaster
Brought buildings down like little sticks.

Tons of slag came tumbling downwards
As to their classes children sped,
But they never reached those classrooms,
For 'n minutes they were dead.

Soldiers, doctors men and women,
Searching for a living child or man,
But they only found dead bodies
At that school in Aberfan.

Carol O'Neill

3rd Year

Y.O.C.

The activities of our branch of the Y.O.C. over the past year have been many and varied. Our meetings are held once a month, and always there has been something interesting to see, hear or do. We have gone on expeditions, watched slides and films, read out our own reports and accounts and listened to talks and records.

We have run three expeditions so far, and they have all been very successful. Our first was in the summer term, when we visited the Natural History Museum. Those of us taking part in this outing met after school and were accompanied by Miss Jagoe. At the Museum, we were shown around by Dr. Jackson who gave us a talk on the migration of birds. He also told us that our hawks and other birds of prey are in grave danger of extinction and he gave us a short description of how birds are stuffed.

Our second expedition was to Ireland's Eye and it is reported in the article "Holiday Incident".

Our expedition to Dollymount was held on Saturday, the 26th November. A record number of our members — about forty — took part, and, although we had not very much time, we managed to see many birds. We walked along beside the wall, opposite Bull Island. When the tide went out we were able to see ducks, such as Wigeon, Shoveler and Teal, and many waders, including Oystercatchers, Turnstones, Redshanks, Curlews, and Godwits. At one o'clock we had to go home. Our thanks are due to Mr Miller and two other men who kindly came with us on this expedition and helped us in watching and identifying the birds we saw.

At one of our meetings, Mr Oscar Merne, Hon Secretary of the Irish Wildfowl Committee, visited us, and showed us slides taken by Mr David Cabot of the geese which spend their winters at the Wexford Slob and on islands off the west coast of Ireland. He told us that the Wildfowl Committee are doing their best to save the sloblands from being drained as the geese will not find feeding on land that has been drained. Mr Merne also told us of the work of the Wildfowl Committee and encouraged us to become Associate members.

At another meeting, Miss Richards very kindly showed us a film "Wild Wings" which we were lent by the British Embassy. This excellent film shows the work done for birds

at Slimbridge in England. At Slimbridge, birds which are in danger of dying out are reared and all birds are protected. Hides are set up so that visitors can watch without frightening them, and the work of conservation and research is being carried on all the time. Migrant ducks and geese are ringed so that their movements can be followed and they can be better protected.

Someone had the idea of asking Second Year to run a meeting themselves. At this meeting which was held in the Summer term, Y.O.C. members from second year read out articles which they had made up themselves, about various groups of birds.

At last month's meeting we listened to a record "The Language of Birds" which Miss Good kindly lent us. This record, made chiefly in the early hours of the morning, is of the dawn chorus, and Blackbirds, Robins, Dunnocks, Cuckoos, Pheasants, Rooks and many other birds can be heard. The recordings are clear and wonderful to listen to, and the variety of songs and birds is amazing.

Our annual meeting was held in September 1966, when we elected our Chairman and Committee.

This summary of our activities during the past year may serve to show how much pleasure we get from supporting this worthy cause.

Catriona Kelly

3rd Year

THE DREAM OF WINDERMERE

The Ghost came down to the window pane,
And moaned and rattled his iron chains,
I stood aghast expecting pale death, I knew
It was the ghost of my father long slain.

The castle was dark as I entered the moor,
And the place was so silent, not a stone
 unturned,
Until a crack came to my ear,
And then the place began to burn.

My fate declared that I should run,
And run until my heart no more
Would help me in this life to live,
But find me dead upon the moor.

I gazed and saw what was to me
The deadly iron hand of death,
I screamed and rubbed my eyes to see,
My mother leaning over me.

Patricia Sloper 5B.

ESCAPE

It was an evening in late November, and dirty grey fog had descended upon London. To the ordinary person this day had no great importance, but it was a day of decision for Melissa Greene.

Melissa worked in a large factory, and her job was to stick labels on to vinegar bottles. She had been doing this work since she was seventeen, and she was now twenty-three. At the age of two and a half, she had been abandoned inside the gates of one of the worst Victorian orphanages in London, and she had lived and worked there until she was seventeen. Then she had been thrown out into the world to fend for herself.

She soon found a job in the factory, and a miserable bedsittingroom in the back streets of the city. She had no friends, and she barely existed through the years, having very little food as her wages were incredibly small. Her life consisted of work from eight am to seven pm with a few breaks for sandwiches and tea, then a journey home and a sleep for the night.

On this particular November night Melissa was obliged to walk home as the fog had stopped the buses, and there was no tube station near her home. Fortunately, she knew her way to her room very well and was able to arrive there with little trouble, but she could hardly breathe in the fog. For the first time in six years, she felt an urge to leave everything and get out of London, and into the fresh country air. By the time she reached her room she had fully decided that she would leave the city, first thing in the morning, and from then on live in the country.

It did not seem to worry her about losing her job or having no money or having no place to go in the country. She made herself a cup of weak tea, warmed her hands on the cup and went straight to bed. She awakened before six o'clock the next morning, and packed a few of her belongings in a shabby blue shopping-bag. After her breakfast, she made a few sandwiches of stale bread for her lunch.

She left her room without saying a word to anyone. She did not think that anyone cared about her or would miss her. The fog had lifted considerably, and the buses were running again. She took a bus which brought her just into the country, and she walked along roads

until all traces of the city were left behind. She had only two pounds in her purse, but she seemed to think that they would last for ever.

She wore a grubby jumper, a patched skirt and an unfashionably long and shabby winter coat. Her stockings were laddered and her shoes, although they were clean, looked as if they had come out of the ark. She had no idea of time, so she ate her lunch when she felt hungry.

Darkness crept on her all too soon, and she went to a farmhouse and asked if she could be given a job there, but, on seeing her shabbiness, the farmer's wife refused. Not knowing what to do next, she went into the barn and slept in the hay for the night.

Next morning she again awoke early, and she continued on her way, walking through fields and marshes. She felt an emptiness in her stomach, and she asked in a small cottage for some food. She received a slice of stale bread and a cup of milk, but in return she had to gather some sticks for the cottage fire. This tiny meal gave her enough energy to walk for another while. She tried to work for some other farmers, but every time she was refused. By now, she was desperately hungry, and she picked some water-logged blackberries from the hedges. They tasted so rotten that she was almost sick. But still, food was food.

The wind was blowing fiercely, and penetrated her like a knife. It had begun to rain too, and soon she was drenched to the skin. She walked on, and sucked her fingers to try to warm them. She wandered into a wood to try to find some shelter. Her wet clothes clung to her skin uncomfortably, and she felt very miserable indeed. The rain had stopped, and she tried to make her way out of the wood. However hard she tried she seemed only to move further into it. In desperation, she lay down on the leaves under the trees and went to sleep — eternal sleep.

She naturally was missed when she did not turn up at the factory, and her employers sent someone to her room, only to find that she had disappeared. The police were then informed, and they sent a search party out to look for her. A few days later, her body was found lying in the wood. In the papers, there was a tiny article about her, so small that no one bothered to read it. After all, as she had said herself, nobody cared.

Betty Elliot 4A

"THE REUNION"

On the Book Stall at the annual Sale of Work two very tattered old volumes were speaking sadly to each other.

"I'm feeling very depressed", said the older of the two. "This is very degrading for me, being sold as a bargain. Once I was a very smart book, respected by all, but look at me now, I'm falling to pieces."

"I know just how you feel", said the other "But isn't it strange, our meeting again after all these years?"

"Yes, indeed, . . . it must be at least fifteen years since we both started out into the world from the same place".

"That was the best time of my life; sitting proudly on a shelf with thousands of friends around me. You weren't there for long, were you? People bought us so soon".

"Yes, that's the way it was there; none of us stayed very long. It was the best shop in Dublin and all the important people would come to Hodges Figgis."

"That's right and from what I hear they still do."

Just then the Bishop pounced on them. "Great Scott!", he cried, "Two valuable old books. I'll give you five pounds for them and then send them to Hodges Figgis for re-binding."

LOOKING BACK

When I was young and had no sense,
I walked along the garden fence
And, Oh! my dear, I nearly fell,
Into the pig-sty, phew! the smell.

When I was only four years old,
I was so very very bold,
That one dark night when all was still,
I sat out on the window-sill.

When I attained the age of eight
I had a little too much weight,
And so each day myself I fasted
But as you see this never lasted.

At twelve I have a bit more sense,
I do not walk the garden fence,
I don't adorn the window-sill,
But reducing I am trying still.

June Leach 1st Year

"BIOLOGY TODAY" 1966

"How did you enjoy the Biology Today Conference?"

"Well, I found the first day rather disappointing. The opening lecture was enough to put anyone off — all those long words about plankton. I enjoyed the slides though."

"But the next lecture was excellent — that was the one by the TCD man, Mr Goodhue, about Animal Camouflage. He had very interesting slides to illustrate his lecture, hadn't he? I felt really proud of Trinity — pity he was the only representative."

"Yes, but the following lecture let us down with a bump again, didn't it? And lunch wasn't anything to talk about either—"

"I don't agree — I think dog's meat sandwiches curling at the edges are something to talk about."

"Oh yes, remember the piece of wood shaving in the tomato sandwich — that was funny, wasn't it? Still, the soup and pudding were pretty good!"

"I'm glad we had time to explore UCD before the afternoon lectures started — I've always wondered what it was like inside."

"I was very impressed by the afternoon lectures on birds. The models David Cabot used to illustrate his talk on bird flight were very unusual, weren't they?"

"Yes, but I think I preferred the film 'Wild Wings' about Peter Scott's bird sanctuary. Even though I'm not terribly interested in bird life it fascinated me — and the colour was magnificent."

"Yes—"

"Do stop saying 'yes'—"

"Sorry—I was just going to say that it was a pity the authorities didn't keep to their time schedule—an hour overtime is a bit too much, even though the last lecturer did have some super slides of Irish sea birds".

"But by that time everyone was too tired to appreciate them."

"And the way the slides were shown didn't help either. The projector was so old and crotchety and had been playing up all day."

"But the next day they had a new projector and the difference it made was surprising."

"All the lectures were of the TCD man's standard the second day too: excellent. I vowed I'd never eat an orange again after Dr Kavanagh's lecture on the fungal diseases of plants — his slides were quite horrific."

"And I'd never have thought eelworms

could be carried out of an infected field on a pair of wellingtons."

"Yes indeed; and the lecture on animal diseases made me think — I wouldn't have believed that a single case of rabies could cause so much upheaval. I certainly understand the necessity of quarantine laws now."

"In fact, the only thing that spoiled the morning was the thought of lunch—"

"It really was 100% though, hot sausage rolls, salad, bridge rolls, and milk—"

"Followed by trifle and cream, chocolate biscuits and coffee."

"It's surprising how your approach to the afternoon session changes when you're well-filled!"

"Yes; I think the lecture I enjoyed most of all was the one on plagues and pestilences. It was eye-opening to see the effect that epidemics and famines and so on have had on the course of history."

"It was interesting to hear the type of questions various people asked the professor after the lecture."

"Funny, I thought the question sessions at the Conference tended to be very tedious. If only people asking questions would speak clearly!"

"It would have helped if the audience had kept quiet though. I found the talking most annoying during the last part of the programme."

"Oh, you mean when the lecturers were answering questions on careers in biology. Do you think you'd be persuaded to take up a career in biology?"

"I don't think my talents lie in that sphere but what amazed me most was the fact that I could find a two-day Biology Conference so absorbing."

"Yes. The Conference certainly made me realize that there's a great deal more to biology than nature study."

Shirley Rafter 6th year
Carol Campbell 6th year

THE CUCKOO

The Cuckoo comes from year to year,
She flies from countries far and near,
She has some spots upon her breast,
And lays her eggs in another's nest,
She flies away and leaves her young,
Just before the summer's done,
And then again in spring appears,
To gladden everybody's ears.

G. McFadden 2nd Year

THE FOLLOWING ARE THE RESULTS OF PUBLIC EXAMINATIONS.

18 girls entered for the **Leaving Certificate** eight passed. Five girls failed to qualify in Irish and so will not receive a certificate. One girl failed. Honours were gained in all subjects.

In the **Intermediate Certificate Examination** there were three divisions. In the A Division 27 entered, 17 gained Honours and ten passed. In the B Division 20 entered, 2 gained Honours and 18 passed. In the C Division 17 entered, 10 passed and seven failed. Honours were gained in all subjects.

Associated Board of the Royal Schools of Music.

GRADE 1

Gillian Drake, Pass; Daphne Singleton, Pass; Linda Nichol, Pass; Karen Vard, Merit.

GRADE 2

Olwen Morrow, Pass; Helen Rath, Pass; Hazel Preston, Pass; Dorothy Babington, Merit.

GRADE 3

Dorothy Pasley, Pass.

The Choir Examination held by the Department of Education

Three part choir 89%

Three part choir 86%

Two part choir 89%

Two part choir 87%

Two part choir 85%

In the **Cookery Test** held by the Dublin Alliance Gas Company the following gained prizes:—

Gillian Smith, Gladys Sutton, Linda Pasley, Alison Stuart, Barbara Walsh, Cherry Malcolm, June Tegg, Hilary McGibney, Dorothy Lindsay, and Patricia Kearon in fourth years and in third years Catherine Dalton, Pamela O'Shea, Barbara Crampton, Lorraine Jacobs, Ericha Lochner, Linda Williams, Carol Weekes, and June Trumper.

Results of School Scholarships and

Special Prizes

Scholarship given by the **Committee of Diocesan School** to the girl who gained the highest aggregate of marks in the Intermediate Certificate Examination. Its value is £18 per annum for two years. The successful candidate must promise to remain in school for the Leaving Certificate Examination. This year it is awarded to Barbara Walsh. **The Past Pupils' Association Scholarship** value £15 for one year awarded to the girl who gains the second highest

aggregate of marks in the Intermediate Certificate Examination. This year it is awarded to Sheila Goulden.

The Diocesan School Scholarships awarded on the results of the summer examinations.

5th Year—value ten pounds for one year—Carol Campbell and Janet Grace.

2nd Year—value six pounds for one year—Catriona Kelly.

The Emily Riley Memorial Scholarship—value £9 awarded on the results of the Summer examinations in 3rd year—awarded to Elizabeth Elliott.

The Etheline Brady Memorial Scholarship—value £6 awarded on the result of the Summer examinations in 1st year—awarded to Ann Rumney.

The Special Foster Prize—awarded to the girl who has been most helpful during the year. This year the prize was awarded to two girls—Gillian Grimson and Valerie Power.

The Foster Prize for Mathematics in the Intermediate Year awarded to Barbara Walsh.

The Prizes for Domestic Science presented by Dr Anderson were awarded—Leaving Certificate to Carol Caswell and Joan Hamilton; Intermediate Certificate to Helen Slater.

The Emily Latimer Memorial Prize for English Literature awarded to Sheila Goulden.

The Jellet Memorial Prize for Irish awarded to Adeline Gordon.

The Gymnastic Prize presented by Mr R. G. Price awarded to Carol Danker

Special Geography Prizes presented by Miss M. A. Latimer awarded to (Leaving Certificate) Rosemary McKiernan and (Intermediate Certificate) Deirdre Hosford.

The McNay Prizes for English Literature awarded on the result of the Summer Examinations in the Middle School; 3A Joyce Kinlay; 3B Sandra Webb; 2A Catriona Kelly; 2B Adele Trower.

The Casserly Memorial Prizes — Leaving Certificate English — Linda Cornick, Intermediate Certificate History — Susan Hamilton.

Prizes for Science — Leaving Certificate—Rosemary McKiernan; Intermediate Certificate Susan Hamilton.

Prize for Mathematics — Leaving Certificate — Rosemary McKiernan.

In the 5th Year class prizes were offered on the results of the Summer Examinations for the best Irish Essay, the best English Essay and the best French Essay. Irish Essay—Margaret Kidd; English Essay—Carol Campbell; French Essay—Janet Grace.

Special Prizes presented by a donor who wishes to remain anonymous awarded to girls who worked hard during the year but who did not win a prize in the general subjects. Those winners are Alison Rogan, Helen Jackson, and Ingrid Misstear.

Entrance Scholarships

Lesley Powell, Booterstown National School.
Elizabeth Plunkett, St Andrew's National School, Malahide.

Gillian Large, Taney National School.
Hilary O'Neill, St Catherine's National School.

Barbara Dowds, Finglas National School.
Patricia Coghlan, Diocesan Secondary School.

Ralph Macklin Scholarship Muriel Jackson.
Scholarships awarded by St Peter's and Mrs Wrays School, Dublin

Valerie Belton, Sandford National School.
Ann Graham, Kildare Place, National School.

Isobel Atwell, Botanic Avenue National School.

Mrs Matthews a former member of our staff and now living in South Africa has given a prize of two guineas for the best poem in the magazine and this is awarded to Rosemary Balmer.

Mrs Parker also a former member of the staff and now living in Devon has given a prize of two guineas for the best piece of prose in the magazine and this is awarded to Carol Campbell.

June Teggan won eight guineas in the National Sea Food Competition. She was the first in the School—won three guineas and then went forward to compete against other schools. She was first in the Whiting section and won five guineas.

THE SCHOOLGIRL'S SAGA

Ding, dong, the bell has gone,
Here come the girls who can do no wrong.

In come the teachers, short and tall,
And we all sing, God bless them all.

Do re mi, the pianist plays,
Then comes the parting of the ways.

We all troop off and wait in state,
And hope the teachers will be late.

Listening hard for a dainty step,
We all ignore our morning prep.

"Oh, now she's come, let's all be dumb,
The morning madness has begun.

In she comes with jaunting air,
And loud exclams, "Tie back that hair!"

"Lend me your ears, thou ghastly lot,
I have a message from Miss Scott.

"Please Miss may I leave the room?"
"No you can't it's far too soon."

"Take out your books and fill your quills,
While I consume some Beecham's pills."

"If Shakespeare wrote a Comedy of Errors,
What would he write about you lot of terrors?"

"If Darwin came he'd stand and blink,
And swear he'd found the missing link."

Please Miss may I ask you a question,
About the symptoms of indigestion?"

"Well it's caused by acid drops,
Which cause the stomach to collapse."

The bell has gone and we must go,
If there's any more, I'll let you know.

Joyce Marsh.

ATOMS IN ACTION

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

Betty McCann

Seeing this poem reminds me of the day we went to see "Atoms in Action". We —fourth, fifth, and sixth Science classes — met outside the Simmonscourt extension of the R.D.S. at eight thirty in the morning, and entered the dome shaped "building" made of vinyl coated nylon which was supported completely by air pressure. After a long while, during which we had lost our way several times, and had been separated even more times, we reached the correct room in the "igloo", where the lectures were to be held. The room was fairly big, with a large blackboard, a work bench, and many chairs. Here we sat for about three hours, listening to a specially trained Irish science teacher talking about the structure of atoms and their uses in the world today, about isotopes and radiation, and also about the nuclear reactor.

Then we had a break for about ten minutes,

after which we were shown into another room, with a very wide three section screen. The film showed us all the facts we had already been told about the structure of the atom, and also about peaceful uses of atomic energy; but it was absolutely fantastic in the way it was introduced by a most unusual multiple-image motion picture photographed by three cameras, and projected simultaneously on the three section screen. Then we were shown into three more rooms in turn, and in each we were told more about atoms and their uses. In the first of these rooms we saw the nuclear reactor; in the second we saw the uses of intensive radiation, and in the third the irradiation facility was shown to us — an object which helps Irish scientists and students in their studies of radiation effects. The last, and as I thought the most interesting room of all, was where the additional exhibits were situated. Visitors were permitted to study, and in some cases operate these exhibits, some of which were absolutely fantastic.

In all, we spent more than four hours there, and most of us thought it was so wonderful that when we went to the Science Exhibition in the main part of the R.D.S. only about one week later, we went to see "Atoms in Action" for a second time. The exhibition was presented by the Atomic Energy Commission of the United States of America in co-operation with the Royal Dublin Society, and it was so successful in Ireland that it stayed well over one month in Dublin and would have been enthusiastically welcomed had it stayed longer.

Susan Hamilton 5A

Shelagh Patterson 5A

DIOCESAN SCHOOL

D for Diocesan school so great,
I for the ink, our lessons to take,
O for obedience to prefects all,
C for the chalk marks on the wall,
E for the exercises we do in gym,
S for the staff so proper and prim,
A for the answers we give so fast,
N for the noise when we finish class.

S for school, we must keep the rules,
C for classes, no place for fools;
H for home, so happy and gay,
O for outdoors, it's hockey we play,
O for the order the prefects keep,
L for the lessons that must be neat.

Gillian Large, 1st Year.

ROUND AND ABOUT

Another year has come and brought with it many changes for Diocesan. When Mrs Caird left last Easter we were pleased to welcome Miss Lugton back for the summer term. In September we welcomed Miss Gilbert, Miss Muir-Simpson and Miss Taylor to the staff.

Another of the changes brought by 1966 was the extension of the lab. during the summer holidays. It now takes in what used to be the cloakroom beside it and it has been redecorated and fitted with new taps, a hot water geyser, a new bench and new lighting.

The library has now moved from the big room which contains three class rooms since another set of sliding doors was put up.

During the year the Science classes and Y.O.C. have been on many interesting outings. These included visits to the 1966 Science Exhibition, The Young Scientists Exhibition, The Atoms in Action Exposition, Ireland's Eye, and Dollymount Strand. Reports of these trips are described in various reports to be found throughout the magazine.

Mrs Curtis took 3C to Jacob's and 5A to the Meteorological Office in O'Connell Street. 2C have visited the canal during geography classes with Mrs Valentine and 5A and 5B Domestic Class visited the Catering Exhibition in the Mansion House.

Twice during the year each class took turns holding a cake sale or running an Entertainment at lunchtime. In the first instance it was to raise money for the Past Pupils' Sale and in the second to help the Diocesan stall at the C.M.S. Sale.

The Carol Service was held on December 15th and it was very enjoyable and the singing was better than ever.

We are all very sorry that Miss Scott is leaving at the end of this school year and we would like to take this opportunity of wishing her every happiness in her retirement and of wishing Miss Jagoe success in her new position.

THE BURNING OF MOSCOW, 1812

My name is Marta Kuryakin and I live in Moscow. It is the 22nd September, a week since the Fire. Let me tell you of the awful happenings of the last week and a half.

I was coming home from school with my twin

brother, Ivan, when we heard a sentry shout down from the walls of the town that a great army was approaching. Almost immediately the hitherto quiet street became a hive of activity. People were rushing back and forth, bringing in any belongings that were outside and boarding up the doors and windows, and filling carts with their things and preparing to leave town.

"He is coming, it's Napoleon", hissed Ivan, as we rushed along the road towards home.

When we arrived home the house was in a state of chaos. Mother and Father were piling things on to our donkey cart.

"Hurry, children" they shouted. "we must get out of the city".

Father had hardly said this when the great gates were opened and Napoleon and his army were coming in.

"Marta", said my brother a little while later "let's go and see this man I have heard so much about. Father has decided we shall stay another night, so let's go".

I agreed, so we rushed off to the main gates, and hid behind a big bottle store. We arrived just in time to see Napoleon; he was small and, we thought, cruel looking. Most of his men were poorly clad, but he was dressed in a warm cape.

We were both scared stiff that some soldier might see us, so we missed half the sight by looking at each other and ducking each time a soldier looked in our direction, which, as you can imagine, was quite often.

"I want to go home", I whined, but it was too late; we saw we were stuck in our hiding place. Napoleon's men decided to stop for the night just opposite us.

Most of the army went to sleep, but one of the officers, Mortier, I think his name was, did not. He wandered around, looking in all the empty houses and saloons.

About half an hour later someone yelled "Fire! Fire!". Everyone broke loose, panicked, ran for their lives, and we were no exceptions. We headed for home and found, to our horror, that the house had been burned to ashes. It must have been Father who started the fire when he tried to get rid of our belongings so that no Frenchman would get them.

Blinded by heat and numbed by shock, we rushed around looking for our parents, but a friend told us they had gone and left a friend to tell us to go after them.

Soon a strong wind came up, blowing flames around the place, and setting off new fires. The heat was terrible and people were screaming and shouting around us. To see one's

favourite shop and friend's house burn and then collapse like a pack of cards is not a pleasant sight. Everyone had singed clothes and one could not see for smoke and flames. It was like a furnace, like the fire of hell only fiercer and wilder. We ran like mad things towards the gate of the city. Soon we were safe outside, and we looked back and saw our beloved city blazing away. We saw the Kremlin catch fire, and could not look up any more. We ran and ran until we could run no more.

Then I saw Father away in the distance, and we staggered up to him. He caught me as I tripped into his arms.

"My poor, poor children, it is a pity you had to go through this", he sighed.

It was a sight I cannot forget — the sight of Moscow burning!

Hazel Collie 3B.

SALES

Like watchful wolves they wait as time goes by

And keenly note what bargains lie in store,
Twenty, thirty, women; maybe more,
With baskets big and bare: in vain they try

To be the first in line: But sounds convey
That soon, quite soon the big green wooden door

Will open wide and all they've waited for
Will be inside and laid before the eye.

At last the time has come, the sale is on,
As one by one each bargain out is sought,
A dress in pink, a hat that's tall and gay
A dress in green or coat in black or fawn,
And one by one they leave when all is bought,

With empty purse, full happy with their day.

Miriam O'Brien 5A

A VISIT TO THE YOUNG SCIENTISTS' EXHIBITION, 1967

On January 4, eight trusty members of Sixth Year, (scientists and non-scientists!) sacrificed the last afternoon of the Christmas Holidays by dragging themselves along to the Young Scientists' Exhibition in the R.D.S., Ballsbridge. As

the School was paying for the tickets, school uniform had to be worn. This was a real trial of endurance, but seven out of eight turned up on time, berets on straight, and coat belts done up neatly.

After a milling crowd of school girls and boys, staff, and various dignitaries had been mustered together, the Exhibition was officially opened by the Minister of Education, Mr O'Malley, and several representatives from Aer Lingus. The speeches were rather long and boring, but they did convey the fact that the exhibits this year were of a high standard, and that the officials were pleased with the number of entries. By this time, the audience was becoming rather tired of keeping a permanent smile, just in case any of the press photographers pointed a camera in their direction, and so were most relieved when the prize winners were at last announced. The winner of the Exhibition this year was W. C. Hayes, from St Vincent's CBS, Glasnevin, who had submitted his project on "Salmonellosis in Mice. A Study of the Etiology, course, and effect of the disease on the host". It sounded fascinating and I made a mental note to pay a visit to this exhibit before the afternoon was out.

One of the speakers had mentioned earlier that twice as many exhibits had been entered by girls than boys. However, although I had not enough time to see all the projects, I got the impression that the boys had put more thought into the choosing and development of their exhibits, whereas the girls were inclined to lack invention? In many cases, it seemed as if the teachers told the girls that they had to enter for the Exhibition, and that there was to be no "buts" about it. As a result, there were many dull and badly set out projects, which were uninteresting, for both the exhibitor to produce and the viewer to look at.

After the opening, three or four of us set out with the good intention of looking at each section, and then having tea before going home. We began at Electronics (this was the first year that Electronics was included among the sciences), and this was the downfall of our in the Senior division of Electronics was "The Computer in Action". After spending almost 20 minutes trying to figure out what all the buttons and flashing lights, on a very complicated piece of apparatus, meant, we finally gave up, and made our way towards the Senior Biology section, where the winning entry was. We did not have far to look, as there was a swarm of people hovering around a single stand, which

gave away the winner's position. After pushing, and being pushed about, for five minutes, I finally succeeded in getting a glimpse of this famous project; BUT all I had time to see was a poor, little, dissected mouse, before I was "removed" by other eager spectators.

After this gory spectacle, we made our way over to the Chemistry section, where a brother of one of the members of Sixth Year had an entry in the Junior division. He explained his project to us, "A Study of Isomerism and Asymmetry of Crystals", and though the apparatus looked quite complicated, once it was explained—it was easy to understand.

By now our time was running out, so we decided to take a quick look at the Geography section before leaving. This turned out to be so interesting, that we spent more time there than at any of the other sections. Perhaps this is because geography, in my opinion, is the easiest of all the sciences to understand. There were several projects which interested me, both in their geographical background and their lay out. One of these was, "Sligo as a Water Ski-ing Centre". On the stand, there were set up relief maps of rivers and lakes around Sligo, pointing out the good and bad aspects connected with water ski-ing. Another project, which showed a lot of research, was "The Geographical and Historical Associations of Place Names in County Wicklow". Here the entrant had shown that it is not always the fancy diagrams and apparatus, which go into the making of a successful exhibit. By this time we had seen most of the Geography section, which had the largest number of entrants, and were on the verge of collapse. We decided that it was either a question of a reviving cup of tea, or a physical break down. By unanimous vote we decided on the former, and so ended an interesting afternoon at the Young Scientists' Exhibition.

It was disappointing this year, though, to see no "Diocesan" projects at the Exhibition. We hope that in 1968 there will be a large number of enthusiasts entering from this School.

Robin Beard, 6th Year

LIBRARY REPORT

Committee: Miss Richards, Carol Campbell, Mary Kenny, Gillian Rogan, Vivenne Moffitt, Sandra James, June Teggin, Rosemary Balmer, Hazel Hilliard, Jean Kent.

In September, a long felt need was fulfill-

ed, a room was allotted to the Library and, owing to a generous subscription from Miss Lugton, a library ladder is to be bought. We would like to express our thanks for this gift. Our collection of books is growing and we are now building up a reference library with sections on History, Science, Geography, Nature and Languages. We would like to thank the following people who have given books to the Library; Miss Paul, Mrs White, Linda Dunlop, Susan Eager, Gillian Large, Vivienne Moffitt, and Gillian Grimson. Although the number of girls who use the Library has increased, we would like to see every girl coming along and enjoying the ever growing collection of books. It is your Library, so why not use it?

Mary Kenny 6th Year

THE SMALL LOVER

(With Apologies to Rupert Brooke)

I have been so great a lover: filled my days
So proudly with the splendour of Love's
praise.

Now, to keep memory young, I'll write these
names,

Put down for ever, golden, crying flames,
And set them as a banner, that ye may
know—

To cheer the generations, burn and blow
Out on the wings of time, shining and stream-
ing . . .

These I have loved: white milk bottles
clean and gleaming.

Topped with red caps: and flying chalky
dust;

Wet footprints on the lino; the strong crust
Of friendly bread, with many tasting food;
Plane trees; and blue biro signs on wood
Where girlish love o'erflowed; live hair con-
fined

In knotted rubber bands; and classes lined
In green and white on Distribution Day;
And whispers on the stairs, dying away;
The benison of the heater to cold fingers;
Cake's fragrance, and the musty reek that
lingers

About the Science Room, hauntingly faint . .
Dear names,

A thousand others throng to me! Blue
flames

(Not luminous) from the bunsen burner fly-
ing;

The distant echo of the bell, a-dying;
Hats at the Carol Service; the cold
Splashing of tap water; and old
Books in the Library; voices that do sing;
Voices in laughter, too, that lightly ring;
The sunshine in the yard on summer days—
Shall I not crown them with immortal praise
Whom I have loved? O faithless, once again
This one last gift I give; that after men
Shall know, and later lovers, far removed,
Praise you "All these were lovely"; say
"She loved".

Carol Campbell 6th year

THINGS THEY SAY

The actions and sayings of children never fail to fascinate me. From the time they are alert to things at the age of about two, one can spend many happy hours listening to them. I expect the majority of you readers have read some funny articles in "Things they say" in the weekly magazines. I, myself, really enjoy them.

I remember on one occasion, about a year ago, when I went down to Monstrevan to stand for a baby. About six months later, when my name was mentioned in the house, the oldest child piped up "Oh, I remember her, she stood on Emily". On another occasion, the same child being very astonished at his mother calling his granny "Mammy" questioned her about it. She explained the situation to him, and then he wanted to know was her mammy also his daddy's mammy. The mother replied in the negative, and, children being children, he had to ask why, so she sent the child to ask his father. To confuse the situation even more, the father has a step-mother and after a lot of explaining, the father got it through to his son. The following day when the step-mother called to see them, she was greeted thus by the child, "You are not really my granny, you are my "foot" granny".

I remember being told once, when my cousin and small brother were both about three years old, they were taken to church one Sunday, when there was Holy Communion. When they returned from church, my brother said in a really disgusted voice that all the people in church got tea but they gave him none.

Living across the road from us is an eleven year old boy named Kevin, who, when younger came to visit us one evening. In the course of

the evening he said his prayers for us and started by saying "Our Father which art in Kevin". One could go on for ever telling of the funny things children say. It gives an immense amount of pleasure to the parents and to the family when they are repeated. It is hard though to explain a young child's actions as these usually have to be seen to be appreciated.

I never fail to envy a children's nurse, who must always be happy listening to children, and watching them go through this stage of their life. I am sure if she were any good at writing she might be able to write a book which would amuse many people, young and old.

Patricia Kearon 5B

WAR AND PEACE

"To arms, to arms put on your shields and
buckle armour on",
This was the heathen battle cry of days
that are long gone,
"Hold high your spear, and wield your lance
to slay the enemy,
Fix fast your shield, and never yield, we
will have victory".

"Soldier, march to victory with helmet,
grenade, gun,
And never leave that bloody field until the
battle's won,
Pilots, drop your atom bombs, and take the
people's lives".
This is our modern battle cry — we think
we're civilized.

What is the future's battle cry — will
there be peace or war?
Wil't be; "We'll fight on battle fields, in
air, land, sea and shore",
Or, "Live together peaceably, in love and
brotherhood,
Earn together, learn together, and try to
work for good".

Catriona Kelly 3rd Year

CRUISE 22

Monday, July 11th, 1966, was rather an ordinary day for most, but not for twentyone girls and two party leaders, Mrs Valentine and Miss Paul, who were about to start on what

turned out to be a marvellous fifteen day cruise.

From Amiens Street we were seen on to a train bound for Belfast, by Miss Scott, Miss Richards, parents and many envious friends. On arrival at Belfast we were taken on a tour of the city, and a most interesting visit to the Belfast Museum was included in this. After our tour we returned to the Station where we had something to eat. We also did some shopping before returning to the coach which took us to the docks. Here we met members of Omagh Academy and their five party leaders who had asked us to join them on the cruise. We had our passports checked and then we were allowed to board the S.S. Nevassa, a twenty one ton liner.

Once on board we were shown to our dormitory where we found some B.B.C. T.V. men waiting to film us, they left after taking several shots. This was followed by a demonstration of life boat drill on "A" deck where our muster station was. We were then ushered into the recreation room where we queued before entering the cafeteria to be served by very pleasant Indians. After tea we waited until the ship sailed at ten o'clock before going to bed.

Most of us had little sleep the first night and anyone who did get to sleep was awakened at about 6.00 am the next morning by some of the crew moving stores on the deck above our dormitory. We were called at 7 am, during the entire cruise by a loud speaker which played loud music and a bright breezy voice which said "the time is seven o'clock and all students should now get up".

We dressed quickly and made our way to the recreation room to queue for breakfast. Later we were divided into groups for meals. We spent most of our second day exploring the ship, at least those who were not feeling a little "green".

Our first port of call was Southampton. As we disembarked at 9 am we were given a packed lunch. We were taken on a tour of the New Forest, after which we were given an hour to shop at Lyndhurst. When our hour was up we returned to the coach which took us to the Motor Museum at Beaulieu. At about three we returned to the ship to find that the English passengers were now aboard and everywhere seemed very crowded. (There were eleven hundred students on board).

The next day we had lectures on Gothenburg in the morning; then we wrote a few letters and postcards as we were to dock in

Gothenburg the following day.

We docked a little after mid day and went ashore immediately after our dinner. The sun was very warm and we had a most enjoyable tour of the city, which was very modern. After our tour we were left at Liseburg which is a super carnival with shops and a theatre. We found the currency very easy to work after a little practice.

The next morning we went ashore again and had an equally enjoyable morning "mousing" around the shops. Shopping was not too easy though, because the only English the people seemed to understand was "how much?" They were, however, very friendly and helpful.

We sailed in the afternoon, and the afternoon amusement included choosing a tug o' war team. We were beaten in our first round but the Omagh boys won the boys' section.

We attended Communion on Sunday morning and it was a lovely service but most of the people present were from Diocesan. In the afternoon we were given a lecture about Leningrad telling us of the things we should and should not do. On Monday morning we had several films on Leningrad and we spent the afternoon sunbathing as the temperature was about 65 deg, we were also allowed to have a swim.

On Tuesday we got up at 6.30 to find that we had docked at Leningrad. Immediately we went on deck to get our first sight of Russian soil. We only saw two armed guards at the end of each gangplank and Leningrad's dock looked the same as any other dock except it was clean. As we disembarked at 9 am we had our passports checked. We were taken by coach to the Hermitage Museum which is indescribably beautiful. In the afternoon we went to do some shopping, but owing to a mix-up over the money we were only able to do very little. There was a concert that evening at which some of the Diocesan girls did Irish dancing.

The following morning we were again taken on a tour — this time to the Palace of Pioneers and the Winter Palace. The ship sailed that evening and we had a band to see us off.

The next day we had lectures on Copenhagen and in the evening there was a fancy dress, which was very good; a few Diocesan girls entered.

We docked in Copenhagen on Friday and disembarked immediately after breakfast. We walked to Osterport where we got a tram to the city centre, where we spent the morning shopping. The afternoon we spent in a coach

touring the city. In the evening we took a water bus to Tivoli Gardens where we spent a marvellous evening. It was dark when we returned to the ship and the lights in the harbour were really lovely.

We spent the next day sunbathing in a heat of about 67 deg. That night however the sea became somewhat rough and the next morning it was still rather choppy. Needless to say many of us were not at our best. By the afternoon all was fine again and prizes were distributed for all the various competitions during the cruise. Our dormitory drew with another for the girls' tidiest dormitory.

The following morning we disembarked for the last time, and everyone was sorry it was all over. We went by train to Liverpool and crossed over by the B and I that night.

The next morning we were reunited with our parents, and Miss Scott was there to welcome us.

I am sure that everyone who was on the Cruise would like to join me in thanking Mrs Valentine and Miss Paul for escorting us on the Cruise.

Mary Goulding, 4A.

HOCKEY REPORT

Our three cup teams entered for their respective cups and, much to the delight of everybody, succeeded in getting through to the second round.

The 1st XI, led by Linda Dunlop, beat Mount Anville in the first round of the Intermediate Cup. Conditions were slightly muddy but Diocesan were victorious and won 8-0. In the second round they met St Joseph's of Col-loney but unfortunately, owing to an umpiring error, they were defeated 1-0.

The Junior team captained by Ingrid Harte, was most unfortunate to be drawn against Sion Hill after a pass through to the second round. Sion Hill were a bigger and sturdier team. Here Diocesan made their exit.

The Minor team, a most enthusiastic team, were led by Avril Gargan and vice captain Marie Davis. In a very exciting first round against Masonic, a beautifully taken goal put them into the second round against Wesley. This match ended in a goal less draw after a very exciting match. They were beaten in the replay 3-0.

Our thanks to Mrs Hudson for sending Ling students and to Mrs Harte for refereeing matches for us.

BADMINTON

Rev Watson has kindly given Diocesan the use of Rathmines Parish Hall. This has proved a great success and we have approximately 30 girls interested, with expert coaching from Mrs Orr and Mrs Large. We should produce two good teams for next year's schools' tournament which was inaugurated this year. Elizabeth Flewitt has been out most outstanding player, winning two out of three matches in the schools tournament.

Our congratulations to Miss D. Broderick, a member of the staff on being chosen for the British Isles lacrosse team to tour the United States in the summer, and also for being chosen as captain of the Irish team.

PEACE

A sandy white beach, a sky that's blue,
Fluffy white clouds with the sun shining
through,

Sweet singing birds in the tall oak trees,
Branches swaying in the breeze.

Sea gulls playing on the shore,
Tell us there's no worry or toil anymore,
No people at all between us and the sea,
Peace, joy and love just for you and me.

Joyce Kinlay 4A

THE JOYS AND SORROWS OF BEING A TEENAGER

How often have you been forbidden to go to a dance or the pictures? Could you count how many times you had an argument with your parents over the time that you should be in so that it will be a respectable hour? These are some of the petty annoyances which seem to occur in most teenagers' lives and at the time bring so much sadness to their world that really it is not worth living. As the days wear into weeks they are forgotten and new ones formed.

What about the night your boyfriend went out with someone else and it broke your heart? Again like most of the things that cause a teenager to feel everything is no good, it only lasts until the next boy comes along. One finds him to be a thousand times nicer than the previous one and then feels like kicking oneself for being such an ass. Then what about the night you stayed in to wait for a phone call and he did not ring. All this is life.

Now to dwell on some of the joys of a

teenager's life. These to my mind are so vast that they out do the sorrows. One feels so important when the phone is never on the hook. This makes them very happy especially among their male friends. It is so wonderful to be able to go to school the next day and repeat all the telephone conversations to their classmates.

Then what about all the dances and pictures a teenager goes to that are so much fun. Their never ending list of activities makes the day seem long because the night ahead seems so far away. Nowadays there are so many amusements for teenagers, from pictures, dancing, beat clubs, bowling etc., to drinking coffee afternoon after afternoon and on Saturday mornings in one of Dublin's leading cafes among the teenagers of the city's secondary and technical schools.

Now to say a little about fashions which really bring excitement to so many teenagers. To go to church on Sunday with skirts four inches above the knees and to be the centre of attraction among the males of the parish is what really makes teenagers happy. On the other hand they get joy out of watching the older people's faces when they appear in mini-skirts, trouser suits and any other mod gear there is to be had in the shops.

Smoking and drinking also add to some teenagers' happiness when they are young. Everybody does not indulge in these habits but those who do are either showing off or, I quote, what I once heard a girlfriend of mine saying, "To be sociable one has to drink and a cigarette solves the problem of what to do with one's hands while in company." These at the time, do not seem harmful but it can become a habit and in later years may cause more harm than good. Another thing which seems to make some teenagers' lives so wonderful is the taking of drugs. This occurs mostly in England and America but it is gradually creeping into Ireland. This is a dangerous habit and can cause lasting illness to the addict and great distress to her parents or family.

Oh, this is our life which our parents do not fully agree with. It is so different from their days. Life then was taken much easier but now unless one is up on the back of a motor-bike or doing seventy or eighty miles an hour and taking the corners on two wheels one is not really living. Most of the activities of teenagers are harmless even if they appear horrors to older people.

Patricia Kearon 5B

LIMERICKS

A certain young man named Jake,
Took his sweetheart out on a lake,
The boat slowly sank,
And they swam for the bank,
Saying "This was our one big mistake."

Helen Jackson 3B

There was an old man from Tralee,
Who when eating had swallowed a pea,
He coughed and then spluttered,
Then finally muttered,
"Why had this to happen to me."

Anne Hickinbotham

A young man called Sam who's a miller,
Wanted to blow up the Pillar,
He got dynamite,
And set it alight,
The blast it produced was a killer.

Anne Hickinbotham

1966 SCIENCE EXHIBITION

One Friday afternoon last October, ninety Diocesan girls, that is, all the girls from fourth year upwards, invaded the Science Exhibition in the R.D.S. We left our bags in a cloakroom and then set off on our way around the exhibition.

Miss Richards and Miss Jagoe had previously picked out the exhibits which they thought would be most beneficial to us and gave us a list of the numbers of them.

One of these showed the various aspects of peat production, showing how Ireland's bogs are so important to her, the peat being one source of electricity and also a source of heat by its conversion into peat briquettes. On this stand there was a model briquette factory and a typical milled peat bog.

The Ordinance Survey stand fascinated me because there was a very detailed map of the district where I live. Everything was shown on it including my house!

We had heard beforehand that we could see ourselves on colour television by merely standing in front of the screen. So apparently had everyone else! When we reached the stand we found it was worse than Henry Street on Christmas Eve and so our ambitions remained unrealised.

We saw every type of the very latest equipment used in Ireland today from the teleprinter of a meteorological office to the apparatus for teaching mathematics in primary schools. We saw how Science is used for conquering diseases. We saw charts and slides of

bees, and even the bees themselves buzzing furiously inside a glass container.

This Science Exhibition was geared to emphasize the very important role Science plays in our everyday lives and its application to agriculture and industry. In all there were eighty-three exhibits, all dealing with different aspects of Science.

Such tremendous trouble was taken that in order to see everything we would have needed many hours off from school, not just one afternoon. Our visit was so brief, that our memories are somewhat confused, but an impression of the wide variety of subjects included under the heading of "Science" remains and the importance the varied Sciences have in the development of Ireland's resources.

Miriam O'Brien, 5A

HOW TO CAUSE TROUBLE IN CLASS

Now I know that this is a very prickly subject to write about and that I must be careful not to give away too many of the "trade secrets."

The basic ingredients are, doing "A" homework for the next class in your "B" class for example, or vice versa. It is the one thing that is sure to annoy your teacher, especially if she asks you to bring up the book that you are writing on and you, after quickly hiding your "A" exercise, innocently bring up your homework notebook and say that you were seeing what homework you had for tomorrow. All you usually get is a lecture for not attending.

Another thing is eating your juicy apple or favourite bun, originally meant for break, or even chewing gum; these things are usually done in the back row, although you get very experienced at this after a few times and you are rarely caught.

Sharpening pencils, even though you feel justified because the teacher is conducting a totally boring class (in your opinion), is something she will really grind her teeth over.

Passing a message and, when asked what it was, saying it was only a rubber, when "Miss or Mrs X" knows perfectly well that it was not but cannot prove it, really sparks off an exciting argument and makes class more interesting.

Other less important ingredients are day-dreaming, and forgetting your books for nearly every class.

In my opinion, the two main ingredients are having your hair in your eyes so that the teacher gives you a lecture on either tidiness, the danger to your eyesight or obedience. Of course, the main trouble-maker is "that continual chatter in

the back row"—yes, you are right, it is talking, the thing every teacher loathes during class time.

Of course, you must remember that these are only ways that you **could** cause trouble in class, and, as both you and I know, they are **never** practised in Diocesan! All the same, for safety's sake, I wish to remain anonymous.

ANON.

NIGHT

It's black and cold outside,
And it's a sorry sight,
To see old people as they stride,
Into the dead of night.

But when I look up at the sky,
And the starry light,
I ask myself this question,
Why is it dark at night?
Muriel Lowther 4A.

TOP TEN

- | | |
|-----------------------------|---------------------|
| 1. Bend It | Miss Bradshaw |
| 2. Keep On Running | Mrs Curtis |
| 3. Message Understood | Morning Lecture |
| 4. Good Vibrations | Mr Watson |
| 5. Feed the Birds | Miss Jagoe |
| 6. Stop! Stop! Stop! | Gillian Grimson |
| 7. Under New Management | School In September |
| 8. Release Me | Detention |
| 9. Just One Look | Writing Out Poetry |
| 10. It Ain't Necessarily So | 5A Maths Class |

PROBLEM PAGE

Dear Aunt Fanny,
I am frightened to go to bed each night as I am always so sure there is a ghost or a man under my bed. What can I do?

A. Feared

Dear Miss Feared,
I suggest that you cut the legs off the bed.

Dear Aunt Fanny,
Every time I take a drink of tea I get a stabbing pain in my eye; I'm very worried. What can I do?

Worried

Dear Worried,

Try removing the spoon before drinking!

Dear Auntie,

I am so sad. All my friends have boy-friends, but boys never make passes at me. What should I do?

Worried Spinster

Dear Worried Spinster,
Join the local football club.

Dear Aunt Fan,

Each evening when I sit down in my favourite chair I hear the most terrifying screeches and howls, but when I get up to investigate the noise stops. What can I do?

N. N. Nervous

Dear Mr Nervous,

Next time, try removing the cat from under the cushion before you sit down.

Dear Aunt Fanny,

Every time I go to a party with my boy-friend, he ignores me and makes me feel very small. What should I do?

Frantic

Dear Frantic,

I think you should buy a pair of stilts.

Dear Aunt Fanny,

What can I do? Every time I go to the Science lab. I see the other girls with their 'bunsers' lit. I have tried using the lighter and matches but I can never light the 'bunser'. I always remember to close the hole first but when I put the match to the mouth of the 'bunser' nothing happens. What am I doing wrong?

Worried Scientist

Dear Worried Scientist,

I suggest that you turn on the gas.

MY SOLITARY PARADISE

Running across the fields as I go,
Looking for solitude I only know,
I hear no noise around me then,
As I reach my lovely, lonely glen,
All my troubles to it I bring,
And on the grass myself I fling;
In this Paradise I feel so free,
I'm a real someone, not just me.
It is my favourite place of all,
And it "My Paradise" I call.

Vanessa Curtis 3rd year.

THE DEBATING SOCIETY

President : Miss Scott

Chairman : Miss Paul

Secretary : Hilary Andrews

Treasurer : Tonya Ross

Committee : Shirley Rafter, Carol Campbell,
Ann Coghlan, Siobhan Kelly.

The Debating Society has had a very interesting year. It has been one of experiment and change and we hope that these changes will be of benefit to our Society.

The first debate of the year was on September 27th. and the motion was "Spare the Rod and Spoil the Child." This debate was among ourselves and was quite enjoyable. The motion was passed but only by a slight majority.

Our second meeting took the form of a discussion, the subject being "The Irish Language." This was not so well attended but was enjoyable for those who went.

Our next meeting was an inter-schools debate which was held in the Big Room on November 4th. The schools we invited to take part were Sandford Park School, Masonic Girls' School and St Paul's College and the motion was "Frailty, thy name is woman." Needless to say, this was a very successful debate and the motion was defeated heavily (54-15) despite the fact that there were a large number of males in the audience!

On November 28th we competed in the first round of the Aer Lingus Debate. This year there were only three speakers on each side instead of the usual four. Mr Dunne came to adjudicate and the motion was "A Modern Community's most important Asset is its Airport." We were disappointed that more people did not come, but despite this we had a very lively debate. Shirley Rafter was the best speaker of the evening and was awarded an overnight bag. We all congratulate Shirley on this achievement. We did not graduate for the final, but we did gain a very high standard of marks.

We were invited to an inter-schools debate in Sandford Park on December 1st. The motion was "That this house believes that the present

high rate of crime is due to low teenage morals," and Siobhan Kelly and Ann Coghlan represented Diocesan. This was the last meeting of the Christmas term.

We started the Easter term with a debate among ourselves. The speakers against the motion from third year had never spoken at a debate before. On the proposition, it was the first time for one of the speakers also. The motion was "That dances are strictly for the over-fifteens." There was a large attendance and we would like to congratulate the speakers on this their first attempt.

On January 28th we entered the Church Missionary Society's Young People's Debate in the CMS Hall in Molesworth Street. The motion was "That lay people working abroad have more effectiveness in spreading the Gospel than official missionaries." Tonya Ross and Rosemary Balmer represented the school and came third. Congratulations to all concerned!

This year our very capable representative in the St Michan's and St Paul's Debating Competition was Shirley Rafter. The motion was "That compulsory Irish should be abolished." Shirley did indeed prove just how capable she was when she came first in the girls' section. Needless to say we are all very proud of her as her speech was truly magnificent.

We were invited to an inter-schools debate in High School on February 21st. Those speaking for Diocesan were Hilary Andrews and Siobhan Kelly. They spoke on the motion "That Charity Begins at Home." This was a very interesting debate indeed, and our thanks to High School for inviting us.

We started in the Easter term having Senior discussions after school every Tuesday. At these discussions, people, selected at random from the audience were given a subject to talk on for a few minutes. As the discussions progressed some of the more interested members of the Society took it in turns to act as Chairman. No minutes were kept at these discussions as we wanted to keep them as informal as possible.

The Committee would like to take this opportunity of thanking Miss Paul very sincerely for the tremendous amount of time and effort which she has given to our Society especially during the preparations for the Aer Lingus Debate and our very successful Irish Times Oratory Competition.

Our subscription is sixpence per year and for those who have not as yet joined the Debating Society they are still very welcome to do so.

Hilary Andrews 5A

MY STORY (By A Highwayman)

My friends gave me the idea of writing my life story for in years to come people might be interested in what really happened in our times, and this is how it began.

As a boy, I was educated in my home in Surrey. I was the eldest in a family of three boys and one girl. My father, Lord Edward Lewisham, was a rich man. My mother, Beth, was a dear lady, but her life soon came to an end.

When I grew up, I fell in love with a very beautiful lady. Her name was Elizabeth, and she consented to marry me. We lived together for some years, and I was very happy. Then one day, I was out hunting and when I arrived home she was not to be found. I travelled far, but I could not find her. Later, I heard that she had fallen in love with someone else, who had taken her to Scotland. When I heard this, I was so unhappy that I left my home.

I gave up my life to being a highwayman, with a few followers. I was named "Buck", but I don't know why. My horse I named "Beth" after my mother. She was a beautiful chestnut with a white patch on her forehead. I was disguised in a mask, and I had a double barrelled pistol.

After being brought up in a good home, I knew the kind of people who would be likely to carry money. We waited in our favourite place in the hills and, when we heard the sound of the stagecoach drawing near, we would let it pass and then follow it. I would ride up to the coachman and slow him down, and then ask the way to some place, while the other men robbed the passengers.

One night we settled down, but Beth was uneasy, and I could not sleep. I arose, and found men with guns pointed at me. I was not sure how many of them there were, for dawn had not yet come. Two men quickly caught me and I was tied to a tree. Dick, one of my friends had woken up and had slipped behind a bush. It was very quiet, and every movement could be heard. I gave a loud yawn to break the silence, and this gave Dick a chance to draw nearer to me. He crept behind me and cut the ropes. I escaped, but Dick was shot. I rode away as far as possible in the direction of home. I was thinking how long I had spent as a highwayman, and I calculated that it was about ten years. Then I began to think about home, and I suddenly realised that I was very homesick.

Before I knew it, I was at the gate of my old home. "Lewisham Hall" was written on the gate posts, and I rode up the avenue and left Beth in the stables. I knocked at the door and the butler came. I told him who I was, and asked if any of the family was at home. He brought me in and told me that my sister and my youngest brother were married. Father had died and left me the estate.

All the servants were overjoyed to see me as was my family. I told them nothing of the past, except that I had been travelling around the country. The estate needed to be managed properly, and I was only too happy to undertake the task.

Hilary Farrell 3B.

BIRD'S BATH

In our garden, down the path,
Stands a beautiful bird's bath
There they sit upon the brink
Waiting for a chance to drink.
Starlings, I am sad to see,
Are as greedy as can be,
For they push the sparrows out,
Very naughty, without a doubt.
Then the blackbird comes and sings,
With a splash he flaps his wings,
Sending water all around
With a lovely swishy sound.
When he's finished it is plain
I'll have to fill the bath again,
But this I never mind a bit.
Because it keeps my blackbird fit,
And these delightful songs he sings,
Have surely earned him water wings.
Hazel Doherty, 3rd year.

APOLOGIES TO WALTER DE LA MARE

Slowly, silently, now Miss Scott,
Walks the school to inspect her lot.
This way and that she peers and sees,
Girls in green, some busy as bees.
There goes a girl with flying hair,
About school rules she doesn't care;
To the office she must go
To have it tied with a bandage bow.
And when the bell at half three goes,
Every girl in Diocesan knows,
Gaberline green she must don,
And sure she has her beret on,
Leaves the school and starts to run,
For she must get her homework done.

Gillian Smith 5A

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

We should like to congratulate the following people on their engagements:

Miss Hazel Coulson and Mr Brian McConnell
Miss Hendrikje Klaasan and Mr Alan Mahon
Miss Myrtle Quigley and Mr Peter Metcalfe
Miss Elizabeth Stuart and Mr Godfrey Peet
Miss Joyce Foote and Mr Percy Griffin
Miss Gertrude Bolton and Mr Alexander Dawson

Miss Sheila Dixon and Mr Robert Sibley
Congratulations also to the following on their marriages:

Miss Elizabeth Drought and Mr Robert Wright
Miss Mary Drought and Rev David Woodward
Miss Rosamund Hughes and Mr Adrian Philips
Miss Elizabeth Hallinan and Mr Robert Curtis

Miss Ruth Hogan and Mr F. P. Stephens
Miss Jackie Vaux and Mr Reas-Thomas
Miss Mae Plant and Mr Derek Dawson
Miss Jean Mackenzie and Dr C. Brady

Congratulations to the following —

To Gay (née Langrell) and David Caird, a daughter, Helen Janet.

To Elizabeth (née Jordan) and Raymond Catten, a daughter, Sandra Elizabeth.

To Audrey (née Heaslip) and Eric Ardill, a son.

To Jennifer (née Lush) and Barry Message, a daughter, Tracy Ann.

To Hazel (née Bond) and Barrie Brown, a son.

To Patricia (née Hinchliffe) and Cedric Knott, a daughter.

GO YE INTO ALL THE WORLD

In search of peace and quiet I walked one day

Away from city sounds, through fields green,
And came upon a crystal stream, and lay
Beside its bank, to rest and think and dream.

I watched the ripples on the surface blown
By a summer breeze, and deep below the surface

Thought I saw a vision of a town
Whose streets were filled with people, sad of face

Thin, hungry looking, ill and wretched men
A voice, then, seemed to echo round the place,

"Come. Give these people wills to live again.

Bring them food to eat, and clothes to wear,
Doctors to cure them of disease and pain,
And tell them "God will help you. Don't despair!"

The vision changed from now to times to come

With joy the people's faces shining now,
New life for them 'til God shall call them Home—

Their troubles conquered since He showed them how.

Rosemary Balmer 5A

SHOULD THERE BE PREFECTS IN SCHOOL?

"Where's your beret, Jane?"

"I left it at home".

"All right, then go to Miss Scott".

This is the way in which many pupils see prefects, as girls in sixth form who spend their time correcting girls whom they think do wrong and who go around seeing that the headmistress's orders are kept. Pupils soon begin to think that the school would be ideal without prefects.

I certainly think there should be prefects in schools. Sixth form is the year before people set their feet out into the world, and being made a prefect in this year helps to give one confidence and a sense of responsibility. Prefects relieve the work of teachers as a teacher cannot be everywhere at once; a good prefect should be able to keep a class as silent as a teacher.

I find it rather difficult to imagine a school without prefects. It would be like a chain with a missing link. Who would arrange and collect the money for Miss Scott's bouquet? Who would keep the girls from talking in line? All such things are done by the prefects. Yet in doing their duties, prefects often become very unpopular with the pupils, and, instead of their job being a pleasant responsibility, it becomes a burden to them, and they wish they could be ordinary school girls again.

Now, I think the most important task of all is the choosing of the prefects. The teachers, by sixth form know the individuals and they should pick out the girls who are willing to help, not shy to talk to people, and who are capable of responsibility. They should be careful not to pick the so called "goody goodies", as these tend to become unpopular with the pupils, and so give the prefects a bad name.

Usually being made a prefect improves the character, but sometimes it totally disimproves it. The shy prefects become even more shy and timid when they find they are unable to control a class, while some pupils become boastful and snobbish when they are made prefects.

I can think of no better way to spend sixth year than to be a prefect, and so be in unity with teacher and pupil, and be the missing link in the chain.

Avril Colin — 5B

THE CRY OF THE INDIANS

It was long long ago that we used to roam
this plain,
It was long long ago before the white men
came,
It was then that we wandered free to go and
come,
But now we must move on, braves, always
on the run.

We used to roam these prairies as our fathers
did before,
But now we must move, for the white man
still wants more,
They are killing the buffalo that all of us
may die,
Is there no God in heaven to hear the Red-
man's cry?

Siobhan Kelly 4A

A STORM

It was two o'clock in the afternoon when it first started to rain. I was hiking with my friend Hazel in Co Wicklow, and we were walking along a road with bogs on both sides. We didn't think it would rain as the day had started off with beautiful sunshine and a cool wind. We tried to hurry our footsteps but, as we were wearing heavy rucksacks, it was quite difficult. The rain increased, and more dark clouds gathered across the sky. A high wind set up, and we were anxious to get shelter. The bogs looked more gloomy in the rain and the trenches where turf had already been cut, were soon filled with water. We were equipped with raincoats, but these were soon saturated. After another mile of miserable walking, we saw a tiny cottage. With relief we hurried towards it, only to find that it was an old ruin and completely deserted. It was a ter-

rible let down, but we stood behind one of the remaining walls for some shelter. The wind increased, and the noise was becoming unbearable as it howled around the ruin.

I looked desperately at Hazel, who stood shivering and with rain dripping down her face. She gave me a broad smile and said, or rather, shouted:

"This is the life — real countryish!"

"You're telling me", I answered, "Whatever made us go hiking in the first place?"

"For a holiday, to get 'away from it all'", she shouted back, and both of us burst out laughing.

After that little shouting episode, we remained silent, listening to the wind howl and the rain beat against the ruin. At half past three, with both of us shivering and deciding it was not abating at all, we decided to get on the move again. We took up our rucksacks and started off once more. The wind was completely against us, and we never felt more miserable in our lives.

After some time, we saw another cottage in the distance. Hoping it wasn't another ruin, we quickened our steps and hurried to the house. It was beautifully white washed, and there was smoke coming from the chimney. We looked at each other and smiled in relief. We then walked up the little path leading to the door. We knocked and a woman with a small child in her arms answered the door. She smiled, and asked us in. We were all too glad to do so. When the door was shut, Hazel tried to explain who we were, and asked if she didn't mind us just knocking at her front door. The woman smiled and said, "No, of course not. You poor dears, you are completely soaked; come into the kitchen, and take off those wet coats."

We followed her into the large kitchen where a beautiful log fire was burning. A black and white cat was stretched out in front of it, and was purring contentedly. Two children were sitting at the table, playing "Snakes and Ladders", and looked shy as they saw us coming in. Their mother introduced us, and told them that we were hiking and were caught in the terrible storm. We felt safe in the warm cottage, and looked out of the window at the lashing rain.

The woman, who was called Mrs Byrne, put on a kettle for tea. She asked me if we had any clothes to change into. I said that we had, and she showed us into a very small but neat and clean bedroom, which was apparently the "spare". Hazel and I were glad to change

into dry clothes and we then hung our wet ones on the clothes rack which was put in front of the fire.

Mrs Byrne soon had a cup of boiling hot tea ready for us, and we were glad to drink it. She asked us where we came from, how long we were on holiday, and if we had ever hiked together before. We told her that this was our third day, and that it was our first time hiking together. It grew dark very early that day. The rain did not fall so fast, but the wind stayed the same. Hazel had a small transistor radio with her, and put it on to hear the news and weather forecast. It said that there had been quite an amount of damage done, and that there were gusts of wind up to 60 or 70 miles per hour.

Mrs Byrne said that we would be very welcome to stay the night as the storm was unlikely to abate until morning. We were very grateful, and thanked her for her kind offer. Hazel slept in the bed, which was neatly made up, and I slept in my sleeping bag, but it was difficult to try to sleep. The wind was like an angry beast howling about the house. Hazel and I talked to each other for comfort, and I decided to put the radio on but there was too much disturbance in the air, so that it had to be turned off. At about 10.30 p.m. the storm was at its height. It was impossible even to try to get to sleep. We hugged our blankets close to us and felt warm and cosy.

In the morning when we awoke, the storm was completely over, and the sun even had the nerve to shine. The tree beside the house had been blown down, but, luckily, into the field behind the house. We had breakfast in the cottage, and gave Mrs Byrne 15/- but she refused to accept it. We asked her to, as we felt we owed her more than we could repay, but she said she was very glad to give us shelter from the storm, and we were very welcome to come again. Hazel smiled and said "I hope we won't be in the same situation as last night again, but we are very grateful to you".

We left at about ten o'clock and set off for the nearest town, four miles away. There was a Youth Hostel there, where we could stay for bed and breakfast. This time, we looked at the sky again, and it certainly did not look as if it would be the same as yesterday. The sun was blazing down and we looked forward to our four mile walk.

"This is the life", Hazel sighed. This time I agreed with her.

Emma Klaasen—3rd Year.

A WALK IN THE WOODS

I went for a walk in the woods today,
The trees were tall and growing green,
The birds were busy building nests,
And drifts of bluebells could be seen.

I went for a walk in the woods today,
The trees gave shade from the summer heat
The small stream trickled merrily,
And the ground was cool beneath my feet

I went for a walk in the woods today,
The leaves were turning gold and red,
The sun was setting in a stormy sky,
And the clouds were gathering overhead.

I went for a walk in the woods today,
The sky was gray, the trees were bare,
The snow lay thickly underfoot,
And no flowers could be seen anywhere.

Shelagh Patterson — 5A

HOROSCOPE

Capricorn (Dec. 22—Jan. 19)

You will have an important position with much responsibility but do not let this go to your head or become more important than school to you. Lucky colours—green and white.

Aquarius (Jan. 20—Feb. 18)

You tend to become tired of things rather quickly but a surprise is on the way which will hold your interest for some time. Trust your friends, they are trying to help you whether you believe it or not at the moment. Lucky colours—green and white.

Pisces (Feb. 19—Mar. 20)

Public speaking is one of your many talents. Use it to the best of your ability. Much is demanded of you and a strong willpower is necessary. End of term brings revealing facts about you through the post. Lucky colours—green and white.

Aries (Mar. 21—April 19)

Romance is in the air for you, but do not take it too seriously or you may be disappointed. But do not worry, that shelf is still a long way off. Your financial position will improve during the summer. Lucky colours—green and white.

Taurus (April 20—May 20)

You and conduct marks are well suited. They should be particularly plentiful around Christmas. Something important will happen concerning friendship in the near future. You may receive some unwelcome phone calls or letters. Lucky colours—green and white.

Gemini (May 21—June 20)

You are a very romantic person and tend to daydream in school especially during what you consider to be boring classes. Take care, this could lead to an interview in a certain office. Lucky colours—green and white.

Cancer (June 21—July 22)

Beware of girls in blue. They could be dangerous. A surprise is in store for you in the near future so be prepared for anything. A summer trip might bring unexpected results. Lucky colours—green and white.

Leo (July 23—Aug. 22)

Great opportunities ahead but do not get yourself too involved in too many activities. Be understanding with those in authority and you will find them easier to manage. Prefects are very concerned about your welfare. Lucky colours—green and white.

Virgo (Aug. 23—Sept. 22)

Breakages in the scientific field very likely. BE CAREFUL. Financially—a poor time. However, your placid nature sees you through this rather difficult time. Lucky colours—green and white.

Libra (Sept. 23—Oct. 22)

The office is becoming your second home. In fact, you spend too much time in school, especially after hours. Try to be a little less well known to the "Powers that Be" and you will find that matters will improve. Lucky colours: green and white.

Scorpio (Oct. 23—Nov. 21)

You worry too much. Try to think less about school and more about pleasure. Your endless supply of energy could be used very beneficially. Lucky colours: green and white.

Sagittarius (Nov. 22—Dec. 21)

A very successful time socially. Your evenings are taken up with parties, dances and dates. What about your home-work?—Remember school comes first. (Would you believe second?). Lucky colours: green and white.

THE DAWN

Each morning early I rise to see
An enchanting beautiful sight,
Just as the time is changing to
A new day from the night.
The sky is a mixture of crimson and gold
Of orange there's a hint,
The moon is shining dimly
To give a yellow tint.
And then the first glimpse of sun appears
Like a torch on the dim grey morn.
The earth is flooded with glorious light,
And another day is born.

Elizabeth Plunkett 1st year

"BOOK MATES"

One Saturday afternoon a strange sound was heard coming from one of the shelves in a well known Dublin bookshop. At first the listener thought it was the wind, as there was a storm raging outside, but on listening carefully, realised that two books were talking.

"Ah! Peace and quiet at last", one of them was saying. "Sometimes I become so fed up with people examining me all day that I feel like tearing my pages out".

"Yes, I know what you mean", the other answered. "Humans are so curious. Why do they want to find out about our insides anyway?"

"Well from what I hear, we educate them: You know, teach them things", the first replied.

"We do! Well if that's the case, there are enough of us in this shop to educate the whole world" said the second happily.

That's right, Hodges Figgis is a fine shop to live in. We have so many different book-mates here".

"Don't be too complacent, friend. None of us stays very long. Probably by tomorrow somebody will have bought you".

DIOCESAN POETS

Awaiting Exam Results

The suspense is terrible, I hope it will last.
Wilde.

Eating In Class

Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy
Shakespeare

Prayers
Not a mouse stirring. Shakespeare.

5A Maths Class
Believing where we cannot prove.
Tennyson.

Debating
Ah! don't say you agree with me. When
people agree with me I always feel I
must be wrong. Wilde.

Prefects
I slept and dreamed that life was Beauty
I woke and found that life was duty.
Hooper

Drawing Class
The arts babblative and scribbulative.
Southey

Staff to Prefect
Go directly — see what she's doing, and
tell her she musn't.
Punch

Miss Richards
No furniture so charming as books.
Smith.

Miss Paul
I've a grand memory for forgetting, David.
R. L. Stevenson

BIRDS

Larks in the meadow, bright birds on the
wing,
Singing a chorus to herald the spring,
The wily old hawk circles high in the air,
Fixing his prey with a cold steely glare.
Robins and thrushes and blue-tits so gay,
Singing their way through the long sunny
day,
Twilight is falling and the sun sinks to
rest,
Calling the young birds home to their nest.

Shelley Anderson — 2nd year.

THE FELLOWSHIP OF INTERNATIONAL GOODWILL

Diocesan School once again attended meetings
of the Fellowship of International Goodwill
this year. Miss Richards is President of the
Fellowship.

There was a meeting of the junior section

during the summer term. Miss D. Ferrar gave
an interesting lecture on "India," but we re-
gret this meeting was poorly attended by Dioc-
esan girls.

The next meeting, for the Senior Section, was
on October 27th. Professor Haughton, T.C.D.,
spoke on "West Africa—her problems and her
peoples," which gave us a clear picture of West
Africa in the world today. This meeting was well
attended by girls from our school.

We do hope that more girls will become
members and attend the meetings, because it
gives us a chance to hear lectures on current
affairs, given by experts.

Sheelagh Mahon — 6th Year.

NIGHTMARE MORNING

I set off for school one morning,
A Thursday it was too,
I had not done my Irish—
I was feeling very blue.
Why didn't I do it the night before?
Well I went out, you see,
And when I came in, feeling tired,
I said, "Oh let it be."

"I'll do it on the bus," I said,
I thought it would be grand,
But I was disappointed—
It was full, I had to stand.
I'll have time during Scripture,
This idea came to my head,
But, alas, the teacher noticed,
"Put down your pens," she said.

Then I heard the bell ring,
Outside, the teacher's feet,
And when she walked into the room
My heart it missed a beat.
"Take out your Irish books,"
And then relief from all my sorrow,
"I have not got a lot of time,
I'll correct your books tomorrow."

There was never one so thankful
As I felt then I know,
But the next time I go out
I'll do my work before I go.

Ann Coghlan, 4A.

GNO TRI GHAEILGE

(Abridged edition)

"Ballingeary is a hamlet situated near the source of the Lee in the heart of County Cork, accessible only by winding boreens," as the guide books would say - it is mainly because of its inaccessibility that it is a Gaeltacht at all. "Here, each summer, convene six hundred school children to master the lilting Gaelic among the rugged native speakers. The College nestles at the foot of Sliabh na Croise, but four Irish miles from Gougane Barra, the picturesque Cleft of Finbar, the patron saint of Cork."

High were our hopes as we wound among boreens; our spirits sank at the sight of the modern semi-detached houses on the right of the road as we approached the Ostan, a yellow building whose appearance was not improved by the steady drizzle. The chapel bell tolled in the distance and mackintoshed children wandered in small groups to attend Coroin Mhuire.

We spent a rather worried half-hour as there had been some mix-up about where we were to stay. The College owns a small Ostan and a few converted railway-carriages in which the majority of the boys stay; but the rest of the boys and all the girls are billeted on the "rugged natives." Finally we were directed to a house on a pig farm.

After groping our way up a dark, narrow staircase we were shown into the room which we were to share with three other girls. It was less than ten feet square; the two tiny sash-windows were tightly shut and sported rather grimy, half-length net curtains. Packed together in this space were a set of bunk beds, a single bed with a cream-painted iron frame and, horror of horrors, the bed we were to share: a narrow, black iron bedstead over which hung a lumpy, double-size, horsehair mattress, draped with a counterpane which we guessed had once adorned the parlour window.

Reclining on the top bunk was a dark-haired girl looking as if she were on her last gasp. Shirley took a deep breath.

"Dia dhuit."

She looked at us.

"Oh, we don't speak Irish here."

"Beidh mise ag labhairt Ghaeilge," said Shirley firmly.

Her name, it transpired, was Maura; she

gave us a very vivid description of our other room-mates who, with the rest of the students, were at the ceili in the Colaiste.

We began to unpack, chatting self-consciously in Irish. We hung up creased dresses on the hooks on the wall and door. These were to be our wardrobe for the next month.

We had been sitting sedately in bed for some ten minutes when there was a rumble on the lino outside the door which we recognised as either a cavalry charge or the others returning from the ceili. Two heads popped round the door and disappeared, shouting: "The new girls are here!" (And that name stuck for almost the entire month, even though we had arrived only a day late.) About a dozen girls crowded into the room and peppered us with questions in English which we answered in Irish. ("Don't you know any English?" we were asked by a gaping twelve-year-old.)

As well as Mary G. and Una, our other room-mates, there were the four "Dublin girls" who shared a room across the landing; the four "little ones" whose room was at the top of the staircase; and another four who slept in a room on the ground floor; they formed a clique and stayed together for the whole month, though we "Upper storey girls" were in and out of one another's rooms continually.

So the holiday progressed; and the way we enjoyed it only goes to show that one shouldn't judge by first impressions.

Our day's programme was roughly as follows:

At ten to eight the Muinteoir staying in the house went round tickling toes and pulling off bedclothes to rouse us.

At nine o'clock we gathered for breakfast at a house in the village. We had all our meals packed into a dining-room which overflowed with flowers. The Bean an ti believed that sliced pan and potatoes were almost all a growing girl needed - we didn't have hot meat for the entire month; although she really excelled herself at puddings, and the soup was always hot!

The mornings (Saturdays included) were spent in class. All the teaching was done through Irish; the classes consisted of poetry, singing and conversation. Although they weren't at all strenuous our command of Irish improved from the first moment, and we spoke Irish among ourselves as much as possible. At first it was a great mental effort, but, after persevering we found ourselves even thinking in Irish.

After lunch, which usually ended about 1.30 pm, we had two hours to spare before

afternoon roll-call. Those who held that cleanliness is next to godliness made a bee-line for the bathroom or the downstairs sinks, and post-prandial ablutions commenced. During this time "Lux" and "Tide" also went into action as any necessary washing of clothes was done.

Camain, tennis-rackets or swimming gear accompanied students to afternoon roll-call in the Colaiste. Activities such as cycling, tennis, football, camogie, swimming and walking were indulged in on fine days, but on the couple of days during the month when it rained, ceilis were held. We usually went swimming or cycling.

"Swimming" consisted of taking a header into the icy Lee (steps and a diving-board were provided) and plunging about in the water for about ten minutes, by which time the water was thick with risen mud. After this exhilarating experience we girls dressed and left the muddy water for the boys. As swimming never took up the whole afternoon one was expected to join in a game of timpeallai afterwards. However, if one had nerves of steel, one became skilled in the art of slipping away, deaf to the cries of "A Chailini" echoing from the river bank - a good example of O'Leary's deafness!

After there had been a couple of cycling accidents, cycling parties were not encouraged; but we had a few good rides.

We didn't get the energy to do all this out of sliced pan; parents kept our friends and us supplied with tinned food etc. On several occasions parents visited Ballingeary and took us out for lunch and tea - we extend thanks to all relations who so kindly aided and abetted us in our fight for survival!

At six o'clock we gathered for tea.

Before the ceili every night, those who wanted to learn the steps broached Breandan's class - we found these times very interesting and entertaining. Definitely, the only way to learn the ins and outs of "up", "down" and "right", "left", in Irish, is to learn Irish dancing through Irish as we did.

After Coroin Mhuire, the Colaiste walls rocked with the pounding of feet and the sound of the accordion as we endeavoured to work off the devastating effect of the potatoes and pan on our waistlines. This was part of the day most looked forward to by everyone. The boys were in the majority - four hundred to two hundred girls - so there were plenty of partners for us. The "daoine beaga" were supposed to dance at the top of the hall with each other

but at one stage the sticky-handed, small boys persisted in asking the older girls to dance. However we stopped that by simply gazing into space over their heads when they hove in view. Some needed stronger hints so we wore flip-flaps to the Ceili for a few nights and on being asked to dance we smiled at them saying, "Sorry I've got my flip-flaps on" - but that didn't deter us from dancing with partners our own height. The reason we were so emphatic was that partners smaller than ourselves were unable to "swing" us, an essential movement of all the dances.

Irish dancing is the best way in the world of getting to know people; and the atmosphere at the ceilis was hectic and friendly.

After the National Anthem at 10.30 pm we walked the mile home in groups, regardless of age. Of course we were not on evil bent but, even if we had been, we wouldn't have got very far as the teachers lined the hedges and lanes clutching torches and bicycle lamps.

All the moths had to be massacred (by Shirley in answer to Maura's shrieks) before the Muinteoir went round switching off lights at eleven, but we often talked on for hours in the dark, touching lightly on the talent at the ceili but then, moving on, "we talked of many things" - often centering on people and our difference of religion.

Of course, there are many other incidents, in telling which we could fill the whole magazine - like being taken to Dunmanway, sixteen miles away to go to church on Sundays.

The first Sunday we arrived at the wrong time and spent an interesting time reading the tombstones (most of the deceased, we noted, were either Goodbodys or Jagoes.)

Then there was the day An tUachtaran unveiled a plaque in the Ostan wall and all the students gathered for the ceremony. The "unveiling" consisted of the President tugging away a piece of grey sateen which was attached to the plaque with sticking-plaster.

But all good things come to an end and on 28th August we walked to the Ostan to see the others off on the specially hired buses. And such a fond farewell it was.

When we had seen all the buses on their way, we left the deserted "village of children" and made our way back to the house where we were later collected.

We were sorry to leave the place and the people, especially our roommates, Mary G., Maura and Una: we had learnt much besides Irish on this wonderful holiday; but as we

drew nearer to Dublin, we realised the truth of the Irish proverb;

"Nil aon tinteán mar do thinteán fein."

Carol Campbell
Shirley Rafter

6th, Year

THE WINDMILL

It stands upon the eastern hill,
It never seems to age,
I speak of course of the old windmill
I often watched its sails.

They skim around with the greatest ease,
They make so little sound,
It's like a whisper in the breeze
Like poetry I'll be bound.

I am just now so far away,
But none will ever kill
The memories of those childhood days
When I lived near the old windmill.

Jill Cameron — 4A

A GHOST STORY

Joan and John were on their holidays in the country with their aunt on her farm because their mother and father were away in Rome.

One day when they were feeding the hens, they saw a beautiful big house over the field. They had never seen such a big house before, so they went in and asked their aunt if any one lived there. She said that no one lived there. One man had been poisoned by a man who wanted the house before he died. The owner said he would hunt anybody who put his foot in the house. The bad man did not believe him and, about a month after he had moved in, he was killed, and people say it was the ghost of the former owner.

"Oh, how exciting"; said the children, but their aunt told them not to go into the house.

That night John went into Joan's bedroom and asked her if she would like to go and see the big house. When they got there, John opened the door, and they heard this awful weird sound. Joan was very scared. Then they went into a big room. Joan did not want to go in so she stayed at the door, on which there were dozens of roses. She started to run her hand up

and down the roses, and suddenly she heard a noise. She leaned against a rose and a door opened.

John turned around to see where she was, and he could not see her.

After a while, a great deep voice in the hall said "Who's there?", and John ran to the door, and there stood a ghost. John was terrified and he also leaned against the roses, and again the door opened and he fell down through a trapdoor. He found a passage and followed it because he knew that this was where Joan had fallen. He came to the end of the passage, and saw his sister trying to open a trap door. To their delight, the trap door led to their aunt's hen house.

The next morning, the children told their aunt what had happened, and she said they were very bad for not doing as they were told.

After that, they never disobeyed anyone.

Anon

BOUND FOR AMERICA

The small child stood upon the deck,
And watched his homeland fade from sight,
And the lofty ship sailed toward the west,
Leaving the coast in the fading light.

The ship was bound for America,
Leaving Ireland behind,
Leaving the farm on the wild Achill shore,
That would always stay in his mind.

How he would miss his friend the sea,
And the cliffs with the wind whistling
round,
And watching his father till the soil,
Of the rocky and barren ground.

His mother said that a better life
This great America would give,
No more would they hunger on cold winter
nights,
And wonder how long they might live.

But this small child who loved his home,
And dearly wished he might stay,
And spend his life on the poor western farm
Wished he need not sail away.

When the coast could no longer be seen,
To his mother the boy raised this plea—
"Can't we come back from America?
To the wind and the cliffs and the sea".

June Howard — 3rd year

OUR FATHER

Through the ages people loved Him,
Through Him people lived,
From him came His only son,
Who died that we might live.

And yet today what is He,
Do people understand,
That without Him we would not be,
We could not even stand?

Do people really serve Him,
In this age of gaiety?
What do they think of Him,
Who rules the land and sea?

Our God is still in Heaven,
He awaits us one by one,
And surely in this sinful world,
We need Him everyone?

Daphne Leach —4A

EXTRACTS FROM PAST PUPILS LETTERS

Mrs D. Matthews (née McClements) was a teacher in Diocesan and one of the founder members of this magazine. She writes to us from Johannesburg . . .

The magazine arrived here on the day before David and I left Johannesburg to go into the bush. So I took the magazine with me and read it from cover to cover early one morning sitting up a tree watching a family of giraffe drinking at a water hole below. Can you imagine it? We have had wonderful trips into the bushveldt this year and seen lion, leopard, hyena, jackal, giraffe, zebra, buffalo, etc. in their natural habitat, most exciting and absolutely fascinating.

But to get back to the magazine, I was thrilled with it. I feel it has really come along by leaps and bounds since 1963. Some of the prose and poetry in it were really of a high standard and it was a great thrill for me to read articles by girls I taught when they were very junior members of the school and to read the letters from other girls I taught as seniors in the school.

I am teaching now part-time in a local girls' school. Most of my pupils have just done their Matric. French exam for which I coached them. The end of the year is drawing near and the day after term ends we fly to Ireland.

Estella Mathews.

HOLIDAY INCIDENT

At the Y.O.C. meeting in June we decided to go on an afternoon trip to Ireland's Eye on June 25th. We decided that any member's parents could come along. Two parents came, Mrs Rumney and Mrs Kelly. There were four other adults with us, Miss Jagoe, who started our Y.O.C., Miss Good, a teacher in school also, Miss Williams, who led the expedition and a friend of hers.

Fourteen girls and six women arrived at Howth Pier just before 2.30. At 2.30 the motor boat arrived and we all clambered aboard.

We arrived at about 3.00 on Ireland's Eye to be greeted by the angry calls of the birds. The boat-man stopped at a rocky part. The rocks were covered in shells and sea-weed. There were low cliffs up from the rocks and these were covered with nests of Herring Gulls and Kittiwakes. The eggs in most of these nests were hatched and there were many young gulls about.

We climbed the path up the cliff and when we reached the top we started walking across the grass but we had to pick our steps very carefully because many gulls were hiding in hollows or just standing still in the long grass. There were also nests to be careful of because some of these still had eggs in them.

We walked along the side of another bay where the cliffs rose steeply from the sea. There were many ledges in the cliffs and on these the gulls nested. With our binoculars we picked out a Shag and its two nestlings. On a rock outside the bay were many Shags and Cormorants.

We walked on and came to a place where the water had worn away a weak piece of the land and there was a tiny island a little way out which was as high as the land we were on. This land was nearly all ledges up to the top. These ledges were covered with Herring Gulls, Kittiwakes, Razorbills and both types of Guillemot.

On the highest point of the island we found a very suitable picnic spot overlooking a gull-infested cliff face.

After our much enjoyed picnic we went over to the opposite side of the island. Leaving the high rocky cliffs behind us we descended to a beautiful little beach of shingle, where we went looking for an Oyster-Catcher's nest after hearing and seeing some adults. We found one nest with two unhatched eggs in it and another with some pieces of shell.

The boat was due back for us at 5.30 so we

reluctantly made our way back through the long grass. The gulls were angry and they began to swoop about us and we found more baby birds standing in the grass. In several nests we saw eggs beginning to hatch and in one we saw the baby dying. Among these nests one girl found an egg shell whole but empty. On the pathway down to the rocks there was a young Herring Gull who refused to move so we had to try to pass it. We got down with some trouble and made our way to the boat.

As an extra treat the boat-man took us around the island. We saw the lower cliffs from the boat which were not visible from where we had been on the island. To our delight we saw a Puffin. Miss Williams was very pleased to see it as she believes that most of the Puffins were wiped out by the Black-backed Gulls. Not many of us had seen a Puffin before and we were thrilled when a second one flew along beside the boat just skimming above the water. All around us Guillemots were diving. We continued our journey around the island and on one cliff we saw Gannets.

What a tired but happy boat load we were when we finally reached Howth Pier, hoping that it would not be long before another similar trip could be arranged.

Ann Rumney

THE DYING EMBERS

The dying embers ceased at last to glow,
The thin white breath of smoke had soon
dispersed,

Leaving a darkness more profound than
Had reigned within the plain, that
stretches low

Before my vision. New reason now I know
Why death and decay together are immersed
Within the vengeful dying flames, that
thirst

With burning tongues to lick the life below.

The flame burns bright when youth and
hope reign high,

But with the years the steady glow unfurls,
'Till it has tasted all there is to taste
Of life and love and leisure. Then the sky
Grows dim above the warning flame that
curls

And dies to leave the land in utter waste.

Janet Grace, 6th year.

ON A COLD WINTER'S NIGHT

The snow came swirling through the air,
Falling on a coal-black mare
Who lies beside her foal so quiet,
In the still and dreamless night.

Then when her master from the loft,
Looked down and saw the blanket soft,
Went down to bring the foal and mare,
In from the field so bleak and bare.

He called his niece to the stable warm,
To watch the pair 'till the coming dawn,
Then left them there, kind master and
niece,
To sleep together in gentle peace.

Hilary Moore — 3C

MAKING POTEEN

Two men by the names of Jack Lenehan and Brian Lynch were walking discontentedly down the main street of Castlebar when a large poster caught their eyes. "Down with Guinness you feel better." it read.

"It's all very well for some people but for us poor farmers it costs too much, and them government men putting the price up." muttered Lenehan angrily.

"Yes, I agree with you there, Jack, the country's really going to the dogs. I've taken to making my own pint nowadays."

"Well, is that a fact? There's big money in the poteen business if you can keep clear of the law."

"Yes, indeed, you should try it yourself."

When he went home that night Jack started thinking seriously about this and eventually came to the conclusion that it was worth a try. So the next day he went into action. The first thing to do was to prepare a secure, safe hiding place—the Gardai are too damn cute nowadays. He posted his children around the house as lookouts and disappeared into the cow-house. He raised one of the flags and dug a deep hole underneath it. He cemented the sides and bottom of the hole and went in to his dinner well pleased with his morning's work.

Within a week his first bottles were maturing and before the year was out his poteen had made quite a name for itself. They had also made another hiding place by hollowing out the gate posts. Inevitably word got around and so the local sergeant became a regular visitor. One day he came in looking very pleased with himself. By this time Jack was an old

hand at entertaining Gardai so he welcomed him in a friendly fashion.

"Good day sergeant, won't you come in for a cup of tea?"

"I'll come in, but have you nothing stronger?"

"Oh no, sergeant, I wouldn't abide anything stronger in the house. It's a disgrace the way some people carry on at the bottle. Wouldn't you agree there?"

"Yes, yes, yes but would you explain to me about your gate posts?"

"My gate posts! What about my gate posts. There was nothing wrong with them this morning and me going down to milk the cows. And do you know I was just thinking of going down to you about the way those lads from across the lake have been damaging my fences. It's a real disgrace, I'm telling you. You'll see to that won't you sergeant?"

"Yes, yes but about those gateposts—"

"Oh, yes sergeant, don't think I'm forgetting. Did you say a car hit them or what?"

"Damn, your impudence, it did not. Come and see, I'll show you."

Jack followed him out thanking his lucky stars that there was nothing there but straw-filled holes.

"Now will you explain this." said the sergeant with great satisfaction.

"Certainly, sir, certainly. Back last Easter we had that many broody hens and that few boxes for them that we put one in each gatepost. Real handy you'll admit Sergeant?"

The sergeant gave him one hateful look and stalked over to his car slamming the door viciously. Jack ran over to the car and shouted, "Hey Sergeant, will you not come in for a cup of tea?"

After that encounter Jack tightened his security precautions but all good things must come to an end. One day one of his regular customers arrived and while he was safely installed in the kitchen drinking tea, Jack went out for a couple of bottles not knowing that he was being watched by the sergeant's handyman over the wall.

The next day along came the sergeant and his little retinue. They disappeared into the cow house without a word and raised the flagstone. The sergeant gave him a malicious glance and said,

"How can you explain this?"

Jack didn't turn a hair but answered, "Well now, Sergeant that must have been there since me father's time. God rest his soul, and me thinking he was a good honest man. May the good Lord forgive him and Ser-

geant, I'd be thankful if you would keep that to yourself so as not to be putting a slur on the poor man's name."

"What the hell do you mean? It will be on your own name that the slur will be."

Right enough a week later Jack was summoned to the court and he put forward his defence of a sad note.

"You know your honour, I'm a poor man trying to raise a large family and these last few weeks the luck has been against me and what sympathy do the small farmers get nowadays. None, I'm telling you, none at all, and then the children got sick and the doctor had to be over and then in desperation and through no will of my own, I had to take to making the stuff."

Jack's plea struck a soft chord in the judge's hard heart and he got off with a five pound fine and a caution. As he left the courthouse he started to rack his brains for an equally good hiding place, if there was one. Yes the gardai are too damn cute!

Siobhan Kelly 4A

MAN

Man is — ugly, beautiful, wild yet tame,
In the depths of despair or the height of
fame,

Strong yet weak, both good and bad,
Stupid, intelligent, sane and mad,
Mean, warm-hearted, cross and kind,
Warm and freezing, sharp-eyed, blind,
Active, lazy, tall or short,
Fast or slow, a sneak or a 'sport',
Rough yet gentle, fat or thin,
Black or whitish, 'out' or 'in',
Poor or rich, soft or loud,
Brave, a coward, young or old,
Male or female, gentle, bold,
Loved and hated, lone, befriended,
Gay or gloomy, broken, mended.

Catriona Kelly 3rd year.

Extracts from Express Yourself Book 4. Compiled by Sandra Webb and Jean Copeland 4B.

1. The stolen bicycle was found by a policeman lying under straw in a barn.
2. She went after dinner to show her ring and boast of being married to Mrs. Hill and two housemaids.
3. The stockings I ordered have not come and and I hope they won't be too long.

FIGHTING SPIRIT

He strode so boldly round his room,
Hand clutched behind his crouched back
His sword at side
While drums of hide,
Beat out the warning boom.

Sir Stopford raised his worried head,
And cried out "Victory must be ours".
But friends around,
Made not a sound,
They knew that hope was dead.

It was a black and restless night,
Each fighting man lay awake,
For fear they bore
For thought of war,
Before the dawn should break.

Sir Stopford was a brave, proud man,
But now his flame of hope burned dim,
He felt that night
For men who'd fight,
They relied on him.

He took his sword from off his side,
And laid it on his makeshift bed,
And there he kneeled,
For God to yield,
Help for the morrow fear blood be shed.

He rose with fresh and hopeful heart
And cried, "The Stopfords ne'er shall fail,
So rise young men,
Take heart again
For we will live to tell our tale.

Carolyn Stopford—5B.

THE DIOCESAN PAST PUPILS ASSOCIATION (Junior Branch)

Readers may be interested to know that the Junior Branch has now re-amalgamated with the Senior Branch of the Past Pupils Association.

With a view to the future success of the Association both committees felt that the saying "United we stand, divided we fall" was most applicable. Sadly we have to report that the Junior Branch received little or no support for any of the various functions which they arrang-

ed during the course of the year. Surely this is a very bad reflection on the loyalty and interest Past Pupils have for their old school.

May we take the liberty of reminding all Past Pupils of the good work the Association has done for the School, and ask them for their interest and support in the future.

Jean Large, ...
Hon. Secretary.

THE MARCH OF THE FARMERS

The farmers from Cork,
Set out on their walk,
To Dublin they shuffled and plod,
But the cars and the buses
They made awful fusses
And the noise was really quite odd.
All night they did sit,
Where they didn't quite fit
And drank all the beer in the town.
But still the next day
They decided to stay
And in everyone's way they sat down.
They stayed and they stayed
And their wishes displayed
To see Mr Haughey their head.
But at last the did walk
When to Lemass they did talk,
'Cos without sleep they were feeling
quite dead.

Susan Hamilton, 5A.

SCOUTING THE HARD WAY

My brother joined the Scouts when he was eleven and became very keen. On his first weekend camp at Powerscourt he was put in charge of lighting the fire. As it had been very wet they had great difficulty in finding kindling wood. Another boy, also on his first camp was told to fill two billy cans from the river. When he returned, the Scoutmaster told him to put them on the fire. There was a great shout of laughter from the watching scouts as he emptied the billy-cans on to the fire. My brother did not laugh as he had the job of re-lighting the fire and everyone had to wait still longer for their hot cups of tea!

Lesley Powell 1st year

MY FATHER'S PIPE

Where's my lighter, where's my knife?
I don't know where I've left my pipe,
I had it just a while ago,
But now I've lost it, I don't know!

On the dresser, in the drawer
I wonder if it's on the floor,
Upstairs, downstairs — what a life!
Goodness me, where's my pipe?

I've found my lighter, found my knife,
But oh! where have I put my pipe?
Oh! I am a fool no doubt,
For there it is, in my mouth.

Linda Williams — 4A

PAST PUPILS, ASSOCIATION

President: Mrs V. Large.

Vice-president: Mrs I. White.

Hon. Treasurer: Miss D. Kerr.

Hon. Secretary: Miss M. Edison.

Committee: Miss J. Scott, Mrs C. Taylor,
Mrs S. Colin, Mrs M. Gargan, Mrs P. Langridge,
Mrs E. Godwin.

Since the last publication of "The Diocesan Times," in which we were privileged to have an account of our activities included, we have struggled with van loads of "Jumble" for our sale in March last; had a wonderful dinner in the Marine Hotel, Dun Laoghaire, at which function we had the pleasure of meeting many old friends; and had various meetings of interest during the year.

As usual, we only managed to have about thirty members at our Annual General Meeting but we had a pleasant evening and, having voted for Mrs Edie Godwin and Mrs Patricia Langridge, welcomed them to our committee. We were then regaled with tea and home-made cakes—these teas have become quite an attraction at all our meetings for, as well as enjoying the good things provided, it gives us an opportunity to chat with our friends. We received a letter expressing gratitude for our donation to the Aberfan Disaster Fund from the Mayor of Merthyr Tydfill.

We would again take this opportunity of thanking all those who gave so generously and helped us so well with our Sale in November. We again made over £200. We sent £150 to Christian Aid, the Freedom from Hunger Campaign, and made up parcels for fourteen elderly

people at Christmas. These were delivered by members of the committee and were received with great pleasure and gratitude.

In October Mr Linsay showed us a film on "The Kish Lighthouse" and gave us a most interesting talk on the building of the new Kish and the moving of it to its permanent position. In January, we had another film, this time on Crime Prevention by Detective Inspector McGing, which, as well as being most instructive, was most entertaining. This meeting was open to visitors, including our gentlemen friends.

At a committee meeting on January 23, we were joined by the Junior Branch Committee, and it was unanimously decided that in future we will be amalgamated under one committee. For the present the two committees will work together and we hope for a really good attendance at the Annual General Meeting on April 27, when a smaller committee representative of both sections will be elected.

THE HUNT

The horses are ready,
The hounds mill around,
As slowly the fox
Slinks over the ground.

The fox is now running,
The field close behind,
He looks here and there,
Some shelter to find.

The hounds come close,
For the fox they're too fast,
And although he fights bravely,
He's caught at last.

They all leap upon him,
A howling mass,
And only white bones
Are left on the grass.

Peggy Allen — 1st year.

AN APPRECIATION OF MISS SCOTT

Diocesan School has been well served by its headmistresses, each has had a particular task to face, and has possessed the qualities required. Miss Foster had to establish the school, Miss Latimer had to adapt it to the requirements of a native Department of Education and to prepare for the expansion of the school by building

a new wing, Miss Scott has had not only to meet the needs of a greatly increased demand for secondary education, but also to provide a wider range of activities, which are now regarded as an essential part of school life.

Her most outstanding contribution to the school's development was the provision of education up to Leaving Certificate and University Entrance in 1960. This made it possible for the girls to continue their education, without an awkward break, and provided opportunities for older girls to act as leaders in the school community. The first Leaving Certificate class formed had thirteen girls, and this year it has been necessary to divide first year Leaving into two classes. Five girls have entered Trinity College, one, Jennifer Armstrong, gained an Entrance Scholarship and three have entered Kildare Street Training College.

The increase in the number of pupils brought with it the problem of accommodation; but unlike "the Old Woman who lived in the shoe" Miss Scott knew what to do! Four classrooms were fitted under the existing roof and the division of others has provided, in all, six new classrooms and, in addition, the laboratory has been enlarged and improved. Central heating has greatly increased the comfort of the school.

The presence of senior pupils has led to the foundation of a very successful Debating Society, which has not only aroused interest in the school, but has competed very successfully in inter-school debating and oratory competitions. One team won the Irish Times Cup for Oratory and three girls have won first place. A school magazine has been published annually. In 1964 and 1966 parties of girls went on cruises organised for schools.

In 1961 Diocesan acquired its own sports grounds, thus a long-cherished dream of Miss Scott was fulfilled, because she seized the opportunity when it arose, even at the cost of a well-earned summer holiday. Not only is a pupil able to receive training in games, but the school is now able to enter the very competitive field of school games under better conditions.

Miss Scott has demanded from staff and

pupils alike, hard work, self-discipline and devotion to the school, qualities which she, herself, possesses. Those who have failed to live up to her exacting standards have reason to fear when her footsteps are heard outside the classroom but even the most hardened culprit admits her justice and humanity. She has shown kindness and consideration to those who have worked under her and has always been ready to back them in any enterprise they have undertaken. Her keen sense of humour has seen us through many difficulties.

For thirty-two years, first as assistant teacher, and since 1954 as headmistress, Miss Scott has given loyal service to the school. The inspiration of this has been her great love for Diocesan which has made its progress and welfare her first concern. What service she has given! We—staff and pupils alike—would like to thank her sincerely and wish her many years of happy relaxation.

N. Richards

MY SHADOW

I have a funny little friend,
His name I do not know,
But he always follows me
Everywhere I go.

He follows me to town and school,
He always is around,
But one day when he disappeared,
Nowhere could he be found.

That day I sadly walked home,
Without his company,
Until the sun came out to shine,
And there he was with me.

Susan Eager, 1st year.

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