



THE DIOCESAN TIMES

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TEA

A TRIBUTE TO WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

This year is the four hundredth anniversary of William Shakespeare (1564-1616), the greatest dramatist and poet of England, indeed of the world. Celebrations are being carried out in every conceivable way to acknowledge his greatness. This year at Stratford-on-Avon, his birth-place, in the famous Memorial Theatre, there will be an extra special festival-season of his plays, attracting the best Shakespearean actors and actresses and hundreds of visitors. Stamps have been issued bearing the head of Shakespeare and elaborately designed china has also been made to commemorate him. Records of his plays have been released; books containing his life story, and editions of his works have been published in great quantities.

We, too, would like to acknowledge his genius, for we consider him part of our school-life and his characters are real to us. His plays and poems are written in a language that has never been rivalled, his power of expression in wit, wisdom and poetry is indeed rich. Whether we show interest in later years remains to be seen, but we can never forget him, for as Shakespeare said himself:—

"And yet to times in hope my verse shall stand."

Here we quote Dr. Johnson's compliment to Shakespeare:—

"When learnings triumph o'er his barb'rous foes
First rear'd the stage, immortal Shakespeare rose;
Each change of many colour'd life he drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagin'd new:
Existence spurn her bounded reign
And panting time toil'd after him in vain."

Even though Shakespeare is held in the highest esteem, he, like us, was educated at a local grammar school and was forced to earn his living as he declared . . .

"Home-keeping youth have ever homely wit."

And so he went to London where he joined a company of actors, writing plays for them, and it was not until 1592 that his reputation was established.

We are proud to present the Third edition of the Diocesan Times and, although we cannot hope to equal the literary genius of Shakespeare, we can hope to please, and perhaps the magazine will be even more popular than Shakespeare himself amongst some members of the school!

We should like to take this opportunity of thanking Miss Skerrett for all the help and encouragement which she gave us, and Miss Scott, also for her encouragement and invaluable advice. Mr. Jefferson came and took some photographs for us and we would like to thank him and Mrs. Caird for contributing to this part of the magazine. We should like to thank Jennifer Lush, in particular, who spent so much of her time on the technical side of the magazine. Last, but by no means least, our thanks are extended to Mrs. Taylor, who so kindly gave her precious time, typing, right up till the last possible moment.

THE DIOCESAN TIMES

Editor: MARILYN WATSON.

Sub-Editor: PHILIPPA WIGGINS.

Committee:

DORETTA DELMONTE	HILARY CHAPMAN
JENNIFER ARMSTRONG	MARY NIX

ROUND AND ABOUT

"All's changed, changed utterly," wrote the poet Yeats, and indeed if we did not know better we might have imagined that it was of Diocesan School that he spoke. Indeed, since the last edition of this magazine there have been many comings and goings, of staff and girls, of builders and builders' labourers, of termites and parasites, of ladders and holes in the roof, of radiators and lagging and water-pipes.

At the end of the Summer Term, Miss Buttimore and Miss Thompson left us. We were all sorry to see them go and extend to them every good wish for their futures. Miss Buttimore left us to be married and is at present living in Kent. Miss Thompson is teaching in Liverpool. We were pleased to welcome Miss Jagoe and Miss Jordon to the staff in September.

At the end of the Summer Term, 1963, our caretakers, Mr. and Mrs. Jones, left us. For a term we were without caretakers, but then we were pleased to welcome Mr. and Mrs. Long, who between them made the school a more comfortable place in which to work.

Of the girls who sat for their Leaving Certificate Examination in June:—Stephanie Mahon is being trained to be an architect's assistant at the College of Technology in Bolton Street; Mary Drought is a laboratory technician in Glaxo Laboratories in Dublin; Maeve Taggart and Jane Mitchell are taking commercial courses; June Orr, a member of the 1962 Leaving Class, was elected Queen of Elegance at Trinity College Races—a feather in the school beret!

One of the most obvious changes brought about was the installation of central heating in the school. This was made possible by a generous contribution from the Past Pupils' Association, to whom we are extremely grateful. In the old days the greater part of the teacher's energy was expended on thawing her charges out; now it is rumoured that the energy goes into waking them up "for Summer (synthetic) hath o'er brimmed their clammy (brain) cells." It has also been said, with who knows what truth, that the somnolent silence in one form (could it have been 2C?) was so great that a teacher fell asleep from sheer boredom!

To add to the upheaval in the school a shocking discovery was made—the building was suffering from the dreaded dry-rot. We threw up our hands in horror, or was it in glee? The junior school moved out while the army of builders moved in—and was it our imagination or did our departing juniors mutter that they hoped the rot would really set in? . . . Visions of crumbling heaps of powdered Diocesan loomed in their little minds. The building that had withstood the batterings of generations had quailed before this modern battalion—but too soon they gloated, the tide of buckets and hammers, lumps of plaster, cement and paint, which had cluttered up the school and made lessons in the parish room so much more entertaining, was slowly beaten back and the school remained standing firmly—perhaps for another hundred years.

But who tried to blow up what, in the Science Room during the Christmas term? An explosion was heard—the culprits it appears were the debutante fifth form scientists. Was it the result of girlish ignorance—or was it a fiendish plot? We can only say that Miss Jagoe bravely refused a bodyguard and continued without faltering, her attempt to enlighten the unenlightened.

On the more constructive side our activities embraced

a number of cultural visits, including one to Trinity College for a Chemistry Expedition, and to the Royal Dublin Society's Scientific Exhibition, the Indian Tea Centre, and the Sith Form saw the film "Hamlet" in the Elblana Theatre. Forms 4A and B visited the Dublin Shakespearian Society's production of "The Merchant of Venice," and were so delighted with it that they are going to another production this term, performed this time by the Lantern Theatre Group.

A home-brewed entertainment was run by 2B in aid of the Y.P.U. Sale. Valerie Power, a stern compere, kept us in good order while we heard singing and recitations, watched Irish dancing and enjoyed the music of the Cooley twins on violin and piano. The Fifth Form Folk Group, in startling garb of tights and sweaters, and curtains of hair, sang both at the concert and at lunch time the following day, in aid of the Sale. One of their songs, "Where have all the flowers gone?" had the interesting chorus "When will they ever learn?" The staff are waiting patiently for the answer!

The cake sales, as usual, were well attended—figures became noticeably plumper.

The Annual Carol Service was held in St. Peter's Church, and conducted by Canon Dowse. It was attended by a large congregation. Mr. Watson is to be congratulated on the beautiful singing of the choir. The lessons were read by girls selected from each form, commencing at first year. Canon Dowse read the Christmas Gospel.

Members of the Senior School, from third form pupils upwards, attended the Memorial Service for President Kennedy in St. Patrick's Cathedral.

F.I.G.

This year the number of members in the Fellowship for International Goodwill has risen considerably, and our Senior Branch now consists of 65 members. This is due to the efforts of an organisation committee which was set up at the beginning of the year and which consists of Linda Nagur, Lynda Cornick, Joyce Nelson and Barbara Davy.

The majority of our members, along with seniors from other Dublin schools, attended two general meetings, held in Alexandra College during the Christmas and Easter terms. The topics for discussion differed greatly, "The Racial Problems of America" and "The Community of Europe," but in both cases were extremely interesting and informative. We were very fortunate to have two distinguished speakers, Mr. Cheslaw, First Secretary of the American Embassy, and Mr. Corlay, Director of the Irish Council of the European Movement, to enlighten us on both these topical subjects.

We would like to express our thanks to Miss Richards, who kindly supplied tea and biscuits for us before each meeting. This, needless to say, was very much appreciated.

BARBARA DAVY.

PRESENTATION OF McNAY PRIZE FOR ENGLISH LITERATURE



Heather Henderson

PRESENTATION OF JELLETT MEMORIAL PRIZE



Sheila Goulden and Dorothy Kinlay



SENIOR CUP TEAM

DEBATING SOCIETY COMMITTEE

HAZEL COULSON (Secretary)
HEATHER HENDERSON

BARBARA DAVY
LINDA NAGUR

The Society's meetings this year were well attended by third, fourth, fifth and sixth-year members. We held two debates during the Christmas term, the first was "That Youth Dislikes Discipline," and the second, "That Capital Punishment Should Be Abolished." The many different points of view put forward by the members of the Society at these debates proved extremely interesting.

This year again we entered for the Aer Lingus debate. The motion was "that supersonic air travel will prove undesirable." This seemed very difficult at first, but considerable research was carried out (notably by girls with fathers employed in the National Airline!) and we chose our speakers. Gwyneth Grace proposed the motion and was supported by Ruth Finn, Anne Dunlop and Irene Leckie. The motion was opposed by Barbara Davy, supported by Lynda Cornick, Susan Levine and Jennifer Lush. Miss Skerrett was in the chair, and the adjudicator was Mr. D. O'Neill-Fitzsimons, of Aer Lingus. The debate was very enjoyable and although we were not placed in the competition our marks were good and we were satisfied with our performance.

Those who spoke at this debate were invited to attend the final between Glenstal Priory and the Dominican Convent, at Muckross. The debate was most enjoyable and was won by the girls of the Dominican Convent in a very close contest. The motion was "that women pilots will be as competent as women drivers."

We took part in the St. Michan's and St. Paul's Inter-Schools debate in the Metropolitan Hall on Monday, 17th February. The motion was "That Ireland should have an Honours List." Barbara Davy, representing Diocesan, spoke very well, thus gaining second place to a girl from Drogheda Grammar School in the girls' section. The "Irish Times" Cup was won by Gordon Ledbetter of Sandford Park. We were all very pleased with Barbara's performance, and congratulate her on winning a prize for the second time running.

We also took part in a debate in Sandford Park School, on Thursday, 27th February. The motion was "That love is an illusion" and Diocesan was represented by Philippa Wiggins, who spoke against the motion.

St. Andrew's College held an Inter-Schools Quiz on Wednesday, 4th March. Pamela Pigott and Gwyneth Grace represented Diocesan and everyone gained much general knowledge from this Quiz. The Quiz was followed by "Any Questions," with a lively panel and questions.

We look forward to an increase in number of our members and hope that our debating society will continue to flourish in the future.

HAZEL COULSON (Secretary).

THE LIBRARY

Secretary: GWYNETH GRACE

Committee: P. WILLIAMS, I. LECKIE

The school Library should be supported, we feel, by more girls than do so at present. Books for all tastes may be found there. In the section organised by Miss

Richards there is a good selection of English classics, and many school stories, and other light novels for the younger girls. Miss Richards hopes to build up a good Reference Library.

To encourage the other girls to read more widely we started a paper-back library. At the beginning of this year many girls gave us books and Mrs. Caird presented us with a large selection of detective novels. Our range at present extends from Agatha Christie to Shakesperian Tragedy and using the money we earn from subscriptions and fines we make fairly regular purchases. We welcome suggestions about titles and authors.

Membership of the school Library is not expensive, and it is surely worth while. It is only by reading that we can increase our vocabulary and our awareness of the world around us.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

We should like to congratulate the following people on their engagement:—

Patricia Riley and Mr. Peter Barrett.
Elizabeth Dwyer and the Rev. James Armstrong.
Diana Lowe and Mr. Bernard Burke, of Manchester.
Margaret Rowe and Mr. Henry Kennedy.
Eva Carlyle and Mr. Albert V. Bleakley.
Beryl Wynne and Mr. Dermot Ashmore.
Ita Morris and Mr. David Rubinstein.

Congratulations, also, to the following on their marriages:—

Miss Margaret Buttimore and Mr. R. A. Martin.
Barbara Sutton and Mr. Malcolm Stewart.
Valerie Watson and Mr. Anthony White.
Barbara Ewart and Mr. Stanley Paine.
Valerie Woods and Mr. Harvey Murphy.
Norma Lewis and Mr. Richard Thomas.
Sonia Lee and Mr. Maurice Atkins.
Heather Kelso and Mr. Guy Valentine.
Barbara Luke and Mr. Barrie Holmes.

BIRTHS

Congratulations to the following:—

To Juliet (née Shenkman) and Ramon Eppel, a daughter, August, 1963.
To Joyce (née Burgess), and Sammy Grundy, a son, June, 1963.
To Poppy (née Russell) and Peter Brown, a son, June, 1963.
To Lorna (née White), and Martin Prescott, a daughter, May, 1963.
To Daphne (née Sherwood) and Patrick Short, a son, April, 1963.
To Jean (née Carlyle) and Norman Ruddock, a daughter, 1963.

We would like to apologise to any past pupils not mentioned in the above and would be grateful if the past pupils would send us particulars of engagements, marriages or births for inclusion next year.

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GAMES REPORT — 1963-64

HOCKEY

Captain, P. WILLIAMS; Vice-Captain, P. SMITH.

We were all justly proud of Miss Bradshaw being selected to tour the U.S.A. with a representative team in September. Unfortunately, this meant that we were without her for the first part of the term, but her place was ably filled by Mrs. Boyle.

As usual we were represented by three teams at the annual "seven-a-side" tournament at Glengara Park. Although we did not win any prizes we maintained a high standard throughout. The duration of each match was limited to five minutes, and each team played about eight matches.

In November, Sixth form organised a match between the first eleven and the non-players in Fifth and Sixth forms. Great bravery was displayed by both sides and the score lost importance long before the half-time whistle. Miss Scott recoiled at the invitation to join in, but Miss Skerrett courageously sallied forth, wearing two left boots, amid lusty cheers from the supporters, led by Miss Scott. We would like to take this opportunity to refute the rumour that the winning team was decided by the number of players left standing at the end.

The first eleven played the Past Pupils first eleven in December, losing 1—0, after an exciting match. The over-enthusiasm of the Diocesan half-back line must have caused the umpire to fear for the safety of the opposing team.

Out of the four teams that had entered for the cups only the Junior Cup Team A survived the first round. Although the standard of hockey has improved considerably over the last few years we are still somewhat below that of other schools. However, there seems to be some promising players in the junior school, and if they continue to improve at the present rate they may win the cup for Diocesan in the near future.

Intermediate A Team—Fielding two subs. the first eleven never settled down in their cup match, and Glengara deserved their 3—1 victory. The goal which J. Middleton shot was, however, but a small reward for her hard work throughout the match.

Intermediate B Team—It is possible that the second eleven did their best, while being beaten 10—0 by Roslyn Park. D. Read, J. Fleetwood and V. Taylor put up a good show for Diocesan.

Junior Cup Team—The J.C.T.A., led by P. Kelly, gave an encouraging performance in beating Colaiste Moibhe 7—0, but, unfortunately, they lost to the Hall School in the next round. They have two other hard-working forwards in J. Wells and F. Reeves, and a dependable full back in L. Dunlop.

The J.C.T. B. were unfortunate to meet the semi-finalists, Hillcourt, in the first round, and although losing 8—0 they put up a plucky performance. J. Hewson, at goal, certainly cannot take all the blame for the score.

Towards the end of the season the first eleven entertained two different teams from the North. The first one, Magherafelt School, beat us 3—0, but it was a good match. On a fine sunny Saturday morning in February we played Ballymena Academy and lost 2—0.

Instead of the usual tournament, Miss Bradshaw has organised an inter-form seven-a-side. This promises to be very exciting.

NETBALL

We are very grateful to the Ling students, who came in to teach Netball, which is especially popular with the Juniors who play on Fridays. The Seniors play on Wednesdays. Matches are not taken seriously at the moment.

SWIMMING

In 1963, swimming classes were held at Blackrock Baths which proved to be very popular, although some people prefer warmer water. A team was invited to compete in the inter-schools' relay race in the Wesley Gala. We also took part in the Inter-Schools Gala at Iveagh Baths.

TENNIS

The term was very short, and therefore we did not play any matches. However, we were very glad to get the coaching and practice on the courts at Belgrave Square.

SPORTS DAY

On the 26th June, 1963, we held our third annual sports day. Unfortunately there were thunderstorms, but this did not deter the enthusiasm of the staff, parents or competitors.

Martha Wheatley won the Belgrave Cup for Senior 220 yards; the Taylor Cup, for the Senior girl with the most points also went to Martha. The Staff Cup went to Cherry Malcolm, who had the most points in the Junior School.

The Mathers Cup, for the highest points in Transition, was awarded to Karen Vard.

The Preparatory Cup was won by Jane Hamilton.

The 3B team, consisting of M. Wheatley, H. Moody, J. Dixon and L. O'Brien, won the Inter-Form Relay race, thereby gaining the Tate Cup. Other names which appear frequently on the prize list are H. Moody, S. Rafter, M. O'Brien and B. Maiden.

AUTUMN

The leaves on the trees have been tinted an orangey-brown since Autumn came;
And the farmers look out for poachers trying to steal their game;
The shouts of huntsmen and the baying of hounds are heard coming over the hill,
By the tree—near the stream—see that reddish-brown streak, it is he they are trying to kill.
The cornfields are bare for the farmers have gathered their harvests into the barns;
And dark, gloomy, mists have crept over the hills and enveloped the hillside and farms;
While wild northern winds whirl the leaves from the trees, and scatter them all abroad,
And at Harvest Thanksgivings, whether country or city, young and old give thanks to God.

SHIRLEY RAFTER (3A).

THE TRAIN JOURNEY (from "It's a Rabbit's Life")

The two-month old pure-bred, New Zealand white rabbit has been taken from a rabbit farm in New Zealand and is about to be put on a train bound for Wellington, where a ship will take her to Britain.

Again my basket was lifted by an inexperienced hand and once more it was set down. A slam and then (I shall remember it to my dying day) a deafening shriek of a whistle, so loud that I nearly fell over. I cowered in my corner of the basket, but it gave me no comfort, for that whistle still echoed in my ears. Suddenly there was a jerk and a rhythmic motion jogged me for what seemed like eternity. Then, without warning, this hiccuping monster gave a roar, and I was enveloped in a terrifying blackness which seemed to bury me. Almost immediately the daylight reappeared and I blinked.

The train roared on. My carrot and apple had gone in the first half of the car journey. I was terribly thirsty and extremely hungry, as well as being stiff with fright, when some official called 'enry entered the guard's van and sat down. He took his lunch out of his pocket, unwrapped three unnecessary papers as well as one necessary! He started eating—or perhaps I should say slopping with his mouth open — when he suddenly seemed to consider us rabbits. He came over to my basket and opened it. I have never seen such a gruesome face in all my life! It was bright red, with a grin that split it from ear to ear, revealing oddments of chipped and broken false teeth, obviously remnants of a dentist's sale! His brown hair, which was much shorter than my babyish fur, stood straight up in stiff spikes.

"Maybe you are hungry, bunny," said 'enry. "Would you like something to eat? Here you are," and a piece of meat landed beside me. I looked at him. Rabbits are vegetarians! He appeared faintly surprised when I did not fall upon this obnoxious gift, licking my lips with rapture and greed, and to my great relief he shut the basket.

The journey of terror continued and I trembled every time 'enry moved near me!

SHEILA GOULDEN (13 years).

FOR AND AGAINST BOARDING SCHOOLS

A boarding school is, in my mind, a place where the sons and daughters of well-to-do parents are sent, to keep them out of "Mama" and "Papa's" way. Of course, this is not always true as one may gain a scholarship into one of these "places" nowadays, provided one has the brains.

Betty has been pampered and petted from the cradle and has been thoroughly spoilt by over-indulgent parents; she reaches adolescence only to find life very difficult and not the "bed of roses" she has been used to. She rebels, goes Beatle-crazy, wears all black clothes, anything to shock and hurt her parents, who immediately "pack her off" to boarding school. Then comes the trial!

If Betty is a sensible girl she will settle into school routine and grow up to be a fine young lady. On the other hand, she may feel determined not to work, and grow up even more rebellious.

There is no doubt about it — boarding school does teach you more than you can learn at home. You are made feel more responsible and that you do everything for the honour of your school. You learn that you are only one of a crowd and have to strive worthily to reach any place of distinction amongst your schoolmates.

Many people are against boarding schools as they say that the pupils lose complete contact with the outside world. This is inclined to happen in boarding schools where girls board only; but if day-girls attend the school as well there is no fear of this happening.

Another fault is that while away for the best part of the year, the girls see no boys and, therefore, during the holidays they either go quite crazy over the opposite sex or else they may find themselves shy and ill at ease in their company.

In a boarding school there is a much closer bond between the staff and the pupils on account of their living with each other. "If you want to know me, come and live with me," a famous and a very true quotation. The teachers have a better chance of understanding their pupils in a boarding school, and vice-versa.

At boarding school it is easier to organise meetings and various societies as there are not the persisting and annoying excuses of "Oh, I've got guides to-night" or "But I promised to meet my mother at 3.15 in town!"

Yes, I am all for boarding schools, whether they are co-educational or not, as I think they really do help one to grow up to be a fine and trustworthy person.

SHIRLEY RAFTER (3A).

GAMES OF CHILDHOOD

The games of childhood are many and varied. They are almost always original and invariably entertaining. These games vary from country to country and from school to school; many games played by children in National Schools are unknown to children who spend their early years in the preparatory department of a Secondary School. For instance, when I came to the kindergarten in Diocesan, we never skipped, or played "jacks" or marbles, but preferred to enact the scene of "Out-patients" in a hospital; the technical know-how being provided by the daughter of the then master of the Rotunda Hospital. This game was truly vicious, and only the six-year-old elite was allowed to indulge. This was, perhaps, all to the good, for it was largely composed of horrible rituals, in which pins were plunged deeply into legs and arms. If one yelled, one at once became a social outcast and elaborate pantomimes were carried out by those forced to consort with one. Eventually the kindergarten staff discovered what had been going on strong under their noses as it were, and the awful practices were ended.

As we passed on up the school, our ranks were augmented by fresh brains and new ideas. Many of us began to learn riding and as with all small fanatics we took it up on a large scale. "Horses" became the game played by all up-to-date nine-year-olds. Some forms of this game were only a little less barbarous than "Out-patients" and some of the little scenes during the usual course of the game verged on outright brutality. One example of this was called "spurs," and is now recognised as a junior form of the wrestlers' nerve hold.

Even on wet days we still remained adamantly horsey and the dedicated few slowly jogged round the locker-room, while certain of our numbers insulted the rest in a very "adult" fashion.

Old customs die hard, and as late as "First Year" I remember an ill-fated jumping lesson in the room above the staff room. Our gang, as we termed ourselves, all four of us, left the overcrowded form room and sought the empty haven just through the door. Once inside we carefully moved all desks, chairs and other impedimenta from our path and erected small jumps. Then one of our number demonstrated what it was, to learn to ride at Colonel Hugh Dudgeon's Riding School. We thought we were being as silent as the lion on his trail until a member of the staff, quivering with nervous wrath, threw open the door in order to confront the maddened hordes, who must surely be the generators of the ghastly thumpings which made plaster fall from the ceiling, into staff tea and hair, to the accompaniment of trembling light bulbs.

Of course, not all little girls play games like these already mentioned and many only-children become very lonely in pre-school years. Often they develop powers of imagination that leave adults limp and gasping because they seem to occupy an entirely fictitious world of their own.

In my own case, there were many shady characters

who shared my life in varying degrees of pathos and realism. "Paddy" was the first to manifest himself to my ever-anxious mother. Paddy went out shopping with me and visiting with me. He became my scapegoat and confederate. On one still famous (or was it infamous) occasion he accompanied me to a shop and had to be bought a pair of socks before I consented to leave. Next to appear were a pair of twins, for some reason named Chile and Checkey. I seem to recall that when I invented them, I was being forced to keep close company with a hated check coat because I had a chill. However, Chile always had its name, so spelt because of his being called after a country, not an ailment.

These companions never lasted long and others followed in quick succession all going the way of all flesh after a short while. The duration of their stay became ever shorter when I was sent to a nursery school for the sake of my parents' nerves and my soul. Games at school advanced in custom and ritual until an outside observer just gave up in despair whenever she tried to join in. It was about this time that we invented a game called "Bats." The significance of this title escaped our tiny intellects until many moons after we had abandoned it. The game dealt with the life of the various units of the Bat family from the cradle to senility, and often insanity. The roles were usually Baby Bat, Minor Bat, Mother Bat, and Father Bat. On certain occasions another girl was allowed to join in as Batty Bat—this was only when she was in position to bribe one or more of the many founders with plums.

When we became bored with the Bat family, we invented Big Chief Running Water and his son, Little Drip. The names speak for themselves and the game usually developed into a free-for-all with conduct marks also free-for-all.

Games played by special groups of children are not easily transferred to other groups because the game usually represents the united imagination and inventive powers of the whole group. Consequently, another child may not be able even to grasp the point of the game and thus cannot play it with any of its originator's wild enthusiasm.

Children are, however, strongly insular and nearly all of their actions are motivated by the desire to command others' lives. As Robert Louis Stevenson wrote:

"When I am grown to man's estate
I shall be very proud and great,
And tell the other girls and boys
Not to meddle with my toys."

ANON.

SCHOOL-LIFE

A different life from home life.

No playing; learning is our straight-faced task.

Look at our green dulling sameness.

Cut off from life to be let in knowingly again.

The future far away, and yea, baby, pop songs more important,

Well, don't forget you dare to laugh,

My time will come to know and understand.

HENDRIKJE KLAASEN (Third Year).

FOLK SINGING

Along with the sudden use in popularity of the "Liverpool sound" there has also been a comparative, though less obvious increase in the following of folk music since the war.

Throughout England and Scotland, especially, numerous clubs have sprung to the fore, bringing the public into direct contact with the hitherto rather obscure folk-singing groups. During the nineteenth century the English folk music was stifled by middle and upper class culture, while in America it flourished, later influencing the revival in England. This was brought about mainly by the intellectuals of both countries, with the result that folk music has too often been associated with this section of society and its "side-kick" the so-called "city" type. However, to-day, folk music is becoming more and more popular amongst the general public.

Naturally, this upsurge in appeal has brought many more folk singers to light. These singers can be roughly divided into three divisions—the first is that of those singers whose sole interest in folk music is for personal expression and entertainment. These singers are deeply serious about music, and tend to look on the commercial side of entertainment with distaste and doggedly avoid it. The second division consists of those whose professions lie in the purely commercial side of folk singing. This group is probably the largest in size, but is practically disregarded by the serious folk singer.

The final group is a mixture of the former and the latter. The singers in this division are usually seriously interested in folk singing, but they are not totally immune to the commercial side of the art and enjoy comparative success in the commercial show business; or in the words of such a singer—"We are interested in the Top Ten, but only if we can get there in our own way."

Two of the most successful in this division are the Scottish folk singers Robin Hall and Jimmy McGregor. While they were in Dublin last November we were lucky enough to meet them one evening, as they rehearsed a show for Telefís Éireann out in the Coachman's Inn in Santry. After the show we talked with them about folk-singing and asked them how they first started together. It was 5½-6 years ago when they met in London, and later joined up for a double Scottish act at a festival in Austria. Previously Jimmy McGregor had become renowned in the folk-singing world of London. They account for a large portion of their success by regular appearances on the popular T.V. programme "To-Night," which has 9-10 million viewers every night. They assured us that under all their joking they were serious and deeply sincere about their singing, and that this, combined with a certain amount of luck and commercial publicity was the cause of their great success, but in their opinion commercial publicity

is definitely not sufficient for success — it is sincerity which so few singers have. Their impression of Ireland was mixed. Previously, on a tour of cabaret spots in dance halls, they found the audience in general unappreciative. On the other hand the casual atmosphere of Irish Television and radio productions appealed to them rather than the stiffer, but technically perfect, productions of British Television.

As we chatted on, our voices were drowned in the banjo playing of Barney McKenna, and Robin Hall and Jimmy MacGregor were called away to rehearse for their next show.

JENNIFER ARMSTRONG and JANET DOWSON
(Sixth Year).

CAT CAPERS

We had an old tom-cat,

His name was Randy,

His tail was long,

And his legs were bandy.

He was very lonely,

Although we never knew,

So home he brought a girl kit,

Though manners she had few.

He was very fond of her,

And shared his milk and fish,

We had to get another plate,

So small was his dish.

We called the kitten "Mitten",

And kittens she did have,

The house is now o'er run with them

For of pussies we have five!

MARY GOULDEN (2C).

THE GREAT ESCAPE

All was silent and dark. He peeped around the corner to the right. Nothing was to be seen. He peeped around to the left, nothing to be seen there either. The silence and darkness were getting on his nerves and made him feel scared. He looked right again, luckily for him, because there, a few yards away from him, two luminous lights were shining, as though staring at him. The fright nearly knocked the breath out of him and he shrank back into the innermost corner of his hiding place. For a moment he panicked. What if he had been seen? Was there any way of escape? Then he tried to collect his senses, and racked his brains for a way out of this terrible predicament into which he had got himself for, to him, it was a matter of life and death!

He gradually realized that the mind behind those two awful green lights had an idea of where he was hiding. The only thing to do, he thought, would be to stay very still and not to make a sound. Perhaps the green lights would become tired and relax their vigil. So he stayed very quiet and tried hard not to think about what would happen to him if he were caught.

After what seemed to him hours of tense waiting, he ventured forward to see what was going on around those lights. Gingerly, he peeped around the corner. But no shining lights were glaring at him any more! He could make out a mound of blackness, though, where the lights had been. He knew he was safe now.

Hurriedly, the tiny mouse scuttled across the kitchen floor to his little hole in the far wall, before the black tom-cat woke up again!

MARGARET SARSTEINER (4A).

PEACE ON EARTH

Peace on earth, good will to all men. These are indeed words which ring false in this so-called civilised age. As long as there are two races of men, the Whites and the non-Whites, as long as there are dissensions amongst religions, and nations fighting for power, there can never be any peace on earth. Since the earliest times, it has been man's instinct to fight and kill. It is against his nature to be in this tight shell of respectability. Every now and then the wild animal, the barbaric creature, for that is what man really is, under his outward cloak of conformity, breaks his self-imposed cocoon. Then it is like a volcano erupting—all man's suppressed emotions break forth and he vents his anger on the world. "There will be an explosion, they will enlarge themselves by fame and in hatred and blindly, not knowing what they want, and you will have crimes of cruelty and violence, you will have economic unrest and piracy and competition, you will have the political horrors of aggressive nationalism, hatred and war."

Why is this so? Why did the Creator put this evil instinct, this streak of selfish abandon in man? Alas! We shall never know. Each generation has had its own horror of which to speak. Each war has been a war to end all wars. When will it end? Slowly, but surely, we are bringing about the total obliteration of the earth. Each day there is some new crisis in the world, and we are waiting with bated breaths in anticipation of a sudden and horrible end. Is this to be our rise, decline and fall? Like the Roman Empire, are we, too, destined to have our life, our everything, fall in ruins around us? What is the answer? Are we too blind to see the wood for the trees, can we never learn our lesson from all the mistakes which have been made before, and about which we read in history books?

This will be the era which will be written down in the chronicles of time, as the greatest period of unrest that man has ever reached. If only all nations, races and creeds could learn to live together and to tolerate each other's idiosyncracies then perhaps the world would be a better place in which the foundations of a new type of civilisation could be built, with a unique and high moral code and with "love thy neighbour" as the basis of human relationship.

B. DAVEY (Sixth Year).

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

K Kennedy the peacemaker
E Even to rich and poor,
N Never passing anyone by;
N Negroes and Europeans loved him alike,
E Evenings he spent with his children playing,
D Dead to the world, but not to our hearts,
Y Yearning for him the people of the world.

PATRICIA WILSON (Third Year)

THE EVE OF WATERLOO

Everything is quiet in Brussels, there is nobody to be seen anywhere, they are all getting ready for the big ball to-night.

The hall is lit up and the band is playing a slow, soft waltz. The floor is dotted with young men in blue uniforms, lovingly holding pretty young girls in wide, rustling dresses. Outside it is quiet, with a full moon throwing its light on the trees, under which a young couple are softly talking.

Inside I find myself in a swerving dance, when suddenly there is a sound, the sound of—oh!, but it is only my imagination and I go on dancing, but only for a little while, for the sound strikes again, this time more heavily, more clearly, more deadly. Everyone stands stiff with horror; The band has now stopped playing its soft music. Then, it is all over, men are hurrying away, young girls faint as their true-loves say a last goodbye. It is a sad scene. Faces, that not long ago looked so lovely, are now pale and stained, and all their beauty has gone. The hall is now full of women in distress, whose sons, lovers and husbands are all mounting their horses or hurrying with their muskets or pushing a heavy cannon.

On the field or what was a field, the uniforms are no longer blue, but heavily stained with red and the field which was green pasture is now all one colour—red. Red—the horrible colour of death and grief that will never be forgotten, and the field is now full of nameless graves of mangled, shattered bodies of men who had, not less than two hours ago, been enjoying themselves under the moon or in candlelight: that moon, which is now orange with the reflection of the blood-covered field, another sign of death.

This was the Battle of Waterloo, which will leave a scar in many a woman's heart, and a terrible memory for many centuries to come.

W. K.

(With acknowledgments to 'Waterloo', by Lord Byron)

MY PET

Judy and Poppy are both black. They sleep together, they eat together. They love each other. Poppy washes Judy and Judy nods her head as if she does not know she is there. They sometimes sleep with me. Poppy comes into the room, meowing like anything.

SHIRLEY NIX (Age 8 years)

"THE DAYS OF YOUTH ARE THE DAYS OF GLORY"

The days of youth are the days of unawareness, the days when we live in our own small world, built up of dreams, little games, and "cake and orange," the days when we feel "... through all this fleshly dress, bright shoots of everlastingness."

I can remember when I was really young, how I in fact never thought above anything save what directly concerned me,—or my pet rabbit. My world consisted mainly of me, my pet rabbit, sweet Mummy and strict Daddy, and horrible teasing little brother. I did not have to worry about examinations, the leaving certificate or my future occupation. I did not feel at any time that a visit to the psychiatrist might be beneficial to me—why I did not even know such people existed. True enough, it was rather irritating when my little brother objected to taking a shower under the garden tap, but such difficulties could be overcome — by force for instance, for he was my little brother. Now I look up at a fine strong tall boy whom I have not challenged to a fight for the last year or two for a very good reason.

However, I do still feel young, but I can see the horrors slowly creeping in on all sides.

"Your studies will take four years," I was informed. "Four years! Why, I'll be ancient then. I'll be twenty-two," I gasped. I can remember when eighteen was incredibly old to me, and when girls of that age were huge and terrifying monsters. Thus I try to console myself, but it is no use.

The trouble with becoming older is, you begin to understand. "... this place. Appointed for your second race." And that is a very disturbing experience.

These newly gained, wonderful elevations are weighing on my mind, and I am gradually becoming frantic. Why, then, what will I be like in four years' time? I will surely be doomed and damned for ever! If I manage to survive to that far-off age of thirty I will really have had it, for then the bloom of my life will have passed, and decay will set in, and I will slowly rot! The only years worth living are those of oblivion and youth, that is, real youth, before it has begun to turn sour. I feel the weary strain of having to think, always having to think — horrible solid material things. Every moment the awareness increases, every moment our path towards the psychiatrist becomes more marked, and the blurred lettering on the little placard on our back is gradually clearing up, and can be read to say "NEUROTIC."

Oh, for the days of lollipops and lemonade, the days of bunnies and buns, the days of stamping feet and big, round tears, the days of eternal sunshine and glory.

DORETTA DELMONTE (Form: 6th Year).

A HOLIDAY IN KERRY

There was a boy called John, and his sister called Jennifer. One year they went on their holidays to Kerry and had great fun swimming, and playing on the sand. One morning it was raining, so they could not go to the beach. Instead, they played with their jigsaw puzzles until their dinner was ready, and after dinner the rain had cleared up, so they went for a walk. They had many lovely days in Kerry and were sorry when the time came to return to Dublin.

DAPHNE SINGLETON (8 years).

WHAT AM I?

There are many things which are unusual, useful, beautiful, ugly or big, but I am different ... I can be any of these things at once.

I am sure you are rather puzzled, and are trying to think how I could be all of these things at once. You shall understand how this is when you discover what I am. I am bigger than the biggest giant, that is, if there were such things as giants. I am very warm in places, and yet, in other parts I am very cold. Some men dislike me for certain health reasons, but others like me, and live with me. Certain men make their living out of me.

Part of me is often associated with horses, and I can think of at least three interesting hobbies which are got out of me. Many poems are written about me, and many stories have been told about me. I provide accommodation for certain creatures. My colour can change, depending mainly on something very far away from us all, yet we can see this every day. There is a thing which grows in me for medical purposes.

One last thing about me. I hope to see you, a lot, next summer.

ANN BREW (2A).

THE TEACHER

Of all the things that happen in life,
From rebellion to sermon of preacher,
There is a never-ending strife
Between the pupil and the teacher.

That cane-beating teacher,
That tyrant of the age,
It needs but a whisper
To send her in a rage.

She deals out conduct marks with ease,
They mean severe punishment, of course,
They come in one and two and three,
And the more you get it is the worse.

Though we work our hardest every day,
She is very hard to satisfy,
Our time at school is happiest, they say,
Can anyone tell me why?

SHEILA GOULDEN (2A).

THE WALK

The alarm rang. I rolled over in my bed and looked at the clock with sleepy eyes. Half-past seven. I turned over again, about to sleep, when I remembered it was St. Patrick's Day. I was to walk to Bray, and had to be in Abbey Street before half-past nine. I forced myself out of my warm bed and dressed.

At half-past eight Hendrikje came down and we made our way to the bus-stop, taking a short cut across the green where she fell in the wet mud. I helped her up and, for but a few patches of mud on her clothes, she was none the worse for her fall. We went on to the bus-stop where we met Joan and Iris. We stood in a long line when we reached Abbey Street and eventually we had our cards stamped.

At ten o'clock we moved off and to amuse ourselves we began to criticise the people in front of us. One girl had an Easter bonnet on, it was yellow, with a great wide brim and a large red ribbon tied around it. She was carrying a tall red broomstick in her hand. Another teenager was wearing a black top hat with "The Beatles" written around it in whitewash. Many boys had long capes, sou'westers, baggy waterproof pants and big heavy shoes, which many people I know might call "Bog Boots."

We walked through Nassau Street, past Mont Rose, on to Mount Merrion, where we looked in the rain, through the drizzle, for our friends who had promised to watch out to see us pass. We passed through Stillorgan and Foxrock and trudged on through Carrickmines. Every now and then an ambulance would pass up or down; it probably had nothing better to do. By this time our legs were paining us and we longed to see the green grass bank in the middle of the road which announced, to our delight, that we were near the Silver Tassie. At last we reached the bank and hobbled up it. When we arrived at the Silver Tassie we were given free bags of crisps. We met Mrs. Klassen there, and she gave us cups of hot tea from a flask. She had cycled from her home to the Silver Tassie with Emma, but after giving us tea and reviving our spirits, she returned home and we moved on.

We walked on by a narrow road. The group behind us had a transistor set, and we jogged along in rhythm to the Clancy Brothers' folk tunes. We went through the Scalp, and the rain poured down all the way. Now everyone's heels were cut and blistered, and one girl's foot was bleeding badly, but not an ambulance was to be seen from the Silver Tassie to Bray. When we reached Enniskerry we received hot oxtail soup for which we were extremely grateful. We trudged on, our feet now really sore—Hendrikje began to feel dizzy and had to sit down. However, she recovered though she clung to me occasionally towards the end of the journey. At last we reached our destination. Wet, sore all over, but with a proud feeling of success. We handed in our cards and went to enjoy our free tea in the International ballroom, and took the bus home, where, when we reached it, we rested our aching legs.

RUTH BELL (3B).

THE SOLITARY BEATLES

(With apologies to William Wordsworth)

Behold them hairy on the stage,

Yon swingin' Liverpool Lads,

"Twisting and Shouting by themselves,

Stop here you square ol' dads.

Then John implores "Love, love me do",
But Paul insists, "She loves you" true.

O listen, for the Beatle's sound
Throughout the whole world is renowned.

Whate'er the theme the Beatles sing
Their fans raise the roofs with their screaming

And handsome George stands shyly back
But a shake of his head sets girls a-dreaming.

Ringo, the drummer, the smallest of all,
Beats out the rhythm, till curtain-fall;

Their music in my heart I bore

Long after it was heard no more.

YEAH! YEAH! YEAH!

J. M. and H. C. (Fifth Year).

SUMMER-TIME

Now, as I watch the sun slowly sinking after a glorious day, my mind wanders back to last summer.

Many were the beautiful evenings when we raced our sailing dinghys until ten o'clock and later, and watched the sun sinking lower, as if on a string, for its last flaming brilliance before dark night. There were other evenings when the sun was obscured by clouds and the wind was not so gentle. Lying out for all we were worth to keep the boat upright, we would listen to the dull rhythmical beating of the jib, when the wind drove behind it, the scream when a gust hit the stays, and in the distance the roar of the breakers on the bar. Then we would wander, dripping, back to the clubhouse, where loving wives would have hot strong tea ready.

There were days when we would decide to take all three of the Mermaids and go to Lambay for the day; pleasant days, when we would lie back and watch the Daddy-long-legs floating in hundreds across the water.

And there were miserable days, when there was no wind and only the steady drenching patter of the rain could be heard above the muttered grumbles of us, as we sat draped in oilskins in the boats, or tried to creep under the deck, only to be dripped on by the rain seeping through a leak.

But it is not this that stays in the mind, it is the sun, the suntans (or sunburns), the feeling of health and vigour (or the aching stomach muscles after a hard beat), that really stay. I think I can truly say that I understand the words of the song . . .

"I'd give the world if only I could fly back to summertime."

JILL BREIVIK (4B).

THE HUNTERS

The wood was silent, all serene,

And round about the trees were green,

Then out of the silence came a sound,

It came like the cry of a far-off hound,

And as I listened deeper still,

I heard the horn from a far-off hill.

Then as I looked through the green, green trees

I saw the horses swift as the breeze,

Nearer to me they seemed to come,

Keeping up their stately run,

Then all at once they passed me by,

Leaving me there 'neath the bright blue sky.

ELEANOR HOLLOWED (2B).

DIOCESAN POETS

GWYNETH GRACE

While words of learned length and thundering sound.
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around.

—*Goldsmith.*

2C

Move my faint heart with grief, but with delight.
No more—oh, never more!

—*Shelley.*

BARBARA DAVY DEBATING

And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

—*Tennyson.*

RUTH KEMP LATE FOR PRAYERS

There as I passed with careless steps and slow
The mingling notes came softened from below.

—*Goldsmith.*

SCHOOL BEFORE CENTRAL HEATING

Where I as a prisoner chained, scarce freely drawn
The air imprisoned also, close and damp,
Unwholesome draught.

—*Milton.*

MISS JAGOE AT PRAYERS

Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath.

—*Shakespeare.*

HOCKEY PLAYER

I moved, and could not feel my limbs,
I was so light—almost.

—*Coleridge.*

GETTING OUT OF SCHOOL

It won't be long, Yeah, yeah, yeah!

—*Lennon and McCartney.*

MATHS CLASS WITH MISS SCOTT

Hush, hush, whispers who dares . . .

—*A. A. Milne.*

JANET MIDDLETON

A talker, a babbler: your mouth is wider than your
two ears.

—*Stevenson.*

DETENTION

I have an hour's talk with you!

—*Shakespeare.*

CANDIDATES FOR LEAVING CERTIFICATE

Once more unto the breach dear friends, once
more.

—*Shakespeare.*

NEW GIRL

I wandered lonely as a cloud.

—*Wordsworth.*

3B

Now falling with soft slumberous weight, inclines our
eye-lids.

—*Milton.*

NEW GIRL TO PREFECT

Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch under
your testy humour?

—*Shakespeare.*

MISS SCOTT ON DISTRIBUTION DAY

'While here I stand, not only with the sense
Of present pleasure, but with pleasing thoughts
. . . for future years.'

—*Wordsworth.*

HAZEL GRIFFIN AND PAMELA TAYLOR

The curtain I have drawn for you.

—*Browning.*

CHANGING CLASSROOMS

To and fro, they were hurried about
And to and fro, and in and out.

—*Coleridge.*

4B

Mirror, mirror, on the wall,
Who's the fairest of us all?

—*Traditional fairy tale.*

GWYNETH GRACE

Ask my pen, it governs me — I govern not it.

—*Sterne.*

MISS JAGOE

And that I, so long
A worshipper of Nature hither came
Unwearied in that service.

—*Wordsworth.*

HAZEL COULSON AND JANET MIDDLETON

Why should we toil alone?

—*Tennyson.*

SINGING CLASS

For this, for everything, we are out of tune.

—*Wordsworth.*

THREE O'CLOCK

"When I do count the clock that tells the time."

—*Shakespeare.*

FIRST DAY OF NEW TERM

"When I was at home I was in a better place."

—*Shakespeare.*

BEING PUT OUTSIDE THE DOOR

"When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes
I alone bewep my outcast state."

—*Shakespeare.*

MY PET DOG

My pet the spaniel, black and white,
Likes to chase the stars all night,
His name is Buster,
He is always in a fluster,

Me and my dog we love to play,
Out in the garden all the day,
We toss the ball
High over the wall,
And then he runs away.

MARCELLE FACTOR (10 years).

A PARTY

One day I had an invitation from a girl in school. It
was to a party in Foxrock. I had a lovely party frock
at home, but later I found it was too small. So the
next day I went into town and I came back with a
lovely pink frock.

On Sunday I got ready and Daddy drove me there.
Miriam, who had asked me, came and answered the
door. We soon settled down and started dancing.
We did the shake, the limbo and the twist. After that
we sat down for tea. I sat beside Averil and Ann. On
the middle of the table there was a cream cake which
had spikes of toffee sticking out here and there, and it
looked like a bird's nest. There were plenty of lovely
cakes, and afterwards we had jelly and cream. Then we
played forfeits and hide the thimble. Soon it was time
to go home and I got a lovely red necklace.

When I was home I shared my sweets out and went
to bed.

KAYE MARCHANT (Transition, age 10 years).

THE STABLE

The rattle of buckets,
The stamp of hooves,
The crunch of oats,
And the rustle of hay.
Among the smell of leather
These are the things I know
And love, in all kinds of weather.
Those soft brown eyes, that seem to say
I would like a bale of fresh sweet hay.

JANE BURROWES (3B).

THE PLEASURES OF COUNTRY LIFE

Oh, for the country life! It is wonderful to breathe the clean fresh air and walk for miles and miles in the wide open spaces, where one does not meet any humans; with the blue sky above and the sound of the rustling trees and chirping birds and gurgling streams. It gives one a beautiful peaceful feeling just to have God's creations around one, without the beauty being marred by man's failures or half-hearted works.

It is a pleasure to rise at half-past five, in the country, in the summer, where birds have been awake for about an hour before, and the sun seems as if it has been awake for hours and is well used to being up so early. All nature is at work, birds feeding their young and the bees gathering honey from the sleepy flowers, while many lazy human beings are turning over in bed.

If one lives on or near a farm, there is so much work to be done at that time of the morning. The cattle have to be milked and fed and put out to grass. All the milking machinery has to be sterilised and the milking sheds have to be left scrupulously clean before the men go out to the fields. Calves have to be fed and so has the poultry.

Near the end of the summer is a wonderful time in the country. One has to be up earlier than half-past five in order to get everything done, for it is hay-making time! The hay has to be cut and put into stacks to dry. It is great fun stacking it, but the men have to work very hard, and do not even stop for meals; everyone has their meals in the fields. The best fun of all, however, is riding on the bogie when it is stacked high with hay, and then unloading it into the barn.

When that is all done, the corn has to be collected. It seems a shame to see the beautiful, swaying grain being cut down just to feed us hungry human beings.

Even though winter may have some disadvantages, and can cause some farmers a great loss, it has its good points, too. That is to see everywhere covered with snow, like a Christmas card, without a single footprint spoiling its carpet-like surface. Another good point about winter is to see the sun rising above the snow covered hills, a huge ball of fire, casting blood red shadows on the hills beneath.

At last, after winter, the new bulbs and buds begin to appear. The crocuses and snowdrops, violets and primroses break through the hard black soil and bring fresh life to the surrounding land.

I think I get the most pleasure out of walking through the woods on an autumn day, with the golden brown leaves crackling underfoot as I walk, the wind howling round my head, and the rain pouring down. When the rain has stopped the scent of the earth is heavenly and then a rainbow appears and it seems as though the rain has washed something away — and

everything is back—not quite the same as before, but fresher and more peaceful.

MARTHA WHEATLEY (Form 4B).

THE LAMENT OF BELGRAVE SQUARE

Gone the raucous noise Of High School boys Gone too the crash Of breaking glass No cricket now No sweat filled brow, No rugby cheers To glad my ears No old boys' cries As they watch these tries No ringing appeal As a short run they steal No strapping youths In red track suits Where bat hit ball And boys gave their all Sound now feminine Replace the elephantine Where boys used to gambol Demure maidens ramble "So sweet" they say In their girlish way And they really feel They are quite genteel As they trip along With their high boots on And land on their faces After thirteen paces. They feel they're it In their hockey kit Tho' they're all dolled up Like some poodle pup In gym slips of green And the elegant sheen Of stockings as bright	As a midsummer night With bows in their hair And a slide here and there And one little nut Has a Beatie cut If they only knew Of the nauseating view Of their knobbly knees Which turn purple when they freeze Or the ungainly mass As they slip on the grass! With hair that once curled Now grotesquely unfurled They thunder about Till a girlish shout Of "rain, girls, rain" Sends them racing again Into the pavilion Where faces vermilion They stand in huddles And stare at the puddles Oh, how I sigh For the days gone by Before those feminine forms My field adorned. But why be sad? It's not really that bad Since I now get my rhymes In the Diocesan Times —Anon.
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THE BEAUTY OF NATURE

I love the hills,
And I love the seas,
I love the clouds in the sky,
And the light capricious breeze.

I do not love great buildings;
Famous pictures do I scorn,
But I love the little birds that sing
And have been, since the world was born.

Green is the long grass
Tall are the slender trees,
And light is my heart
With the humming of bees.

I do not want folks' greetings
Nor gifted honoured birthdays.
But I bask in the moon and the stars
And the bright sun's rays.

Let the busy world go by,
Let kingdoms rise and fall
But I thank He who made nature
And I love God for it all.

SHEILA GOULDEN (2A).

AUTUMN

The summer has passed, the last chance has gone,
That may be warm this year.
The wind nips my nose and I twiddle my toes,
If they didn't, they'd freeze up, I fear.

The leaves on the trees are scarlet in hue,
And so are my fingers and thumbs.
The leaves from the trees are whipped by the
breeze,
And heavily down the rain comes.

CAROL CAMPBELL (3A).

IN APPRECIATION OF OURSELVES

(Sixth Year)

"Extreme business, whether at school or college, is a symptom of deficient vitality."

—Stevenson.

"Pleasures are more beneficial than duties because like the quality of mercy, they are not strained, and they are twice blest."

—Stevenson.

"We only toil . . . and make perpetual moan."

—Tennyson.

"But—sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more."

—Shakespeare.

"My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains my sense." (Lament of a Sixth Former in June).

—Keats.

"For e'en though vanquish'd she could argue still"
. . . (J.A.).

—Goldsmith.

"To-morrow to fresh words, and pastures new." . . .
On leaving school.

—Milton.

"But oh! the heavy change, now thou art gone,
Now thou art gone and never return."
(Lament for Sixth?)

—Milton.

RUTH KEMP (Sixth-Year).

U.S.A. AND CANADA

Last summer I spent the most wonderful holiday in the United States and Canada with my Mother.

We flew to Boston, Mass., via New York City, and spent two weeks in the New England states. It is a very attractive part of the country and simply covered with trees. The houses are made of wood and the gardens have no fences around them.

From New England we drove to Pittsburgh Penn. The journey took two days as it is almost seven hundred miles. Distances in America are very great and people thing nothing of going for an afternoon's drive of seventy miles. Going to Pittsburgh we passed through the outskirts of New York City, but unfortunately we did not go into the city itself because it was the rush hour, and a heavy rush hour it was indeed! We saw the Empire State Building in the distance and some of the other famous skyscrapers also, among them the R.C.A. building. They are fine structures.

The roads are simply magnificent. The long interstate highways run for hundreds of miles without going through any towns whatsoever. The traffic moves at a great speed, but then the cars are so very powerful. Nobody dreams of walking anywhere, they all go in their

cars. All these highways have special exits and entrances. In the cities there are underground roads above side-walk level, and are a great sight to see.

Pittsburgh is a very modern and beautiful city with many skyscrapers. The newest and most modern part of the city is called the Golden Triangle, where the Monongahela and Allegheny rivers join to form the Ohio, a tributary of the Mississippi. While in Pittsburgh we visited the Heinz factory which was the first of many Heinz factories to be set up. We also visited historic buildings, including a university called "The Cathedral of Learning."

From Pittsburgh we went to Toronto by coach, which took twelve hours and on the way we passed Niagara Falls. The Falls are beautiful and they take one's breath away. I was not greatly impressed by the minute part of Canada I saw. It struck me as a form of Americanised Britain. Many of its products and cars are "British gone American."

We spent a week in Toronto, after which we went back to New England where we spent the last few days of our stay. The journey to Boston took sixteen hours and from Buffalo to Boston we travelled on one road.

The weather was marvellous, the temperature mostly in the 'eighties. There were one or two bad days, but not many. If the temperature dropped below about 70 degrees F. people regarded it as getting quite cold.

We flew home via New York again and landed at six o'clock in the morning, and one and a half hours ahead of schedule. We sat in Dublin Airport for over an hour feeling tired and frozen to the marrow.

I had a wonderful holiday, and I hope to be able to go again soon and see all the places which I visited and meet again the many kind people whom I met.

ROSEMARY McKIERNAN (Form 4A)

THE ZOO

The Zoo is a place where people keep different kinds of animals, birds, and reptiles. It is situated in the Phoenix Park, in Dublin. There is a pet's corner, where you can see rabbits, pigs, deer and a wishing seat, where you can sit down and make your wish. There is a big cage outside the pet's corner, where you can see a monkey swinging from pole to pole, inside the cage, by its tail, hands and feet. There is an elephant which brings children for rides on its back. One day, when I was in the zoo, I saw some monkeys taking up the floorboards in the cage. That same day I was eating a packet of crisps and I dropped some, and the ducks came and ate them up.

ANN WARRINGTON (11 years).

GYPSY CARAVANS

Three gypsy caravans roll by
Down dusty lanes — and riding high
The children shout, and babies cry,
Dogs bark — pans rattle noisily.

The caravans are painted bright.
One horse is brown, another white,
The third is piebald — dark and light,
Go quickly! for soon falls the night.

Jane McQuestion. 2B.

TOP TEN

- | | |
|--------------------------------|--------------------|
| 1. Needles and pins ... | Mrs. O'Donaghue |
| 2. Bird up on my bike ... | Miss Skerrett |
| 3. Picture of you ... | Miss Bell |
| 4. It's all in the game ... | Miss Bradshaw |
| 5. The saints rock 'n roll ... | Canon Dowse |
| 6. Roll over Bethoven ... | Mr. Watson |
| 7. Money ... | Past Pupils Assn. |
| 8. I'll get you ... | The Prefects |
| 9. Misery ... | Hockey in the rain |
| 10. Glad all over ... | Miss Walsh |

RESULTS OF VARIOUS PUBLIC EXAMINATIONS

Five girls entered for the Leaving Certificate Examination of whom four passed. Honours were obtained in English and Geography. Stephanie Mahon obtained 81% on the Pass Irish Paper. She also obtained 100% on the Pass Algebra Paper.

In the Intermediate Certificate Course there were two divisions. In the A division 24 entered — 24 passed of whom 14 gained Honours. Honours were obtained in Irish, English, French, History and Geography, Mathematics, Science, Domestic Science and Art. Vivienne Michie obtained 90% on the Irish Honours Paper. In the B division, 15 entered — 12 passed. Honours were obtained in English, Domestic Science, Drawing.

RELIGIOUS KNOWLEDGE EXAMINATION

Church of Ireland — 175 entered, 165 passed of whom 94 gained prizes. In 5th year Jennifer Armstrong won one of the Ferns Exhibitions value £5 with 94%.

In 3rd Year Hilda Smith won the James Fitzgerald Gregg Memorial Prize value £3 with 96%.

Presbyterian Church — 14 entered, 13 passed, 6 gained prizes.

Methodist Church — 10 entered, 10 passed. 5 gained prizes.

ASSOCIATED BOARD OF THE ROYAL SCHOOLS OF MUSIC

Grade 1 Dorothy Pasley with Merit.
Dorothy Lindsay with Merit.

TRINITY COLLEGE LONDON

Eleanor Hollowed with Merit.
Carol Kent — Pass.
Helen Jackson — Pass.

CHOIR EXAMINATION HELD BY THE DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION

Three part choir — 85%
Two part choir — 86%

Two part choir — 87%

Two part choir — 88%

In the Cookery Test held by the Dublin Alliance Gas Company the following gained prizes.

4A and 4B

Valerie Shaw, Barbara Bannister, Alice Beatty, Valerie Davis, Valerie Patterson.

3A and 3B

Yvonne Anderson, Ann Ingram, Heather Glynn, Hilary Chapman, Audrey Crampton, Jeanette McQuestion, Olive Hayes, Olwen Fisher.

RESULTS OF SCHOOL SCHOLARSHIPS AND SCHOOL PRIZES

1. Scholarship given by the Committee of D.G.S. to the girl who gained the highest aggregate 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 Gwyneth Grace.

2. The Past Pupils Association Scholarship — value £15 for 1 year is awarded to the girl who obtained the second highest aggregate marks in the Intermediate Certificate Examination. This year it is awarded to Hazel Coulson.

3. The Diocesan School Scholarships awarded on the results of the Summer Examinations.

5th Year — value £10 for 1 year — Jennifer Armstrong.

2nd Year — value £6 for 1 year — Shirley Rafter.

4. The Evelyn Riley Memorial Scholarship — value £9 awarded on the result of the summer examinations in 3rd Year — awarded to Hilary Chapman.

5. The Etheline Brady Scholarship — value £6 awarded on the result of the Summer Examinations in 1st Year — awarded to Sheila Goulden.

6. The Special Foster Prize awarded to the girls who have been most helpful during the year awarded to Jennifer Lush and Carol Dixon.

7. The Foster Prize for Mathematics awarded to Gwyneth Grace and Daphne Goodey.

8. The Prize for Domestic Science presented by Dr. Anderson presented to Daphne Goodey.

9. The Latimer Memorial Prize for English Literature presented to Valerie Shaw.

10. The Jellett Memorial Prize for Irish awarded to Sheila Goulden and Dorothy Kinlay.

11. The Gymnastic Prize presented by Mr. Price is divided between Barbara Flower and Valerie Taylor.

12. Special Geography Prize presented by Miss Latimer awarded to Valerie Shaw.

13. The McNay Prizes for English Literature awarded on the results of the Summer Examinations in the Middle School. Awarded to Heather Anderson in 3B and to Janice Warren in 2B.

14. Special Prize awarded to Susan Levine.

15. Prizes presented by the French Government. Leaving Certificate awarded to Stephanie Mahon. Intermediate Certificate awarded to Valerie Shaw.

ENTRANCE SCHOLARSHIPS

Anne Coghlan — Zion School, Rathgar.
Marie Michie — Blessington National School.
Carol Deegan — North Strand National School.
Elizabeth Elliott — Tipperary National School.

PHILANTHROPIC REPORT

At the Y.P.U. Sale of Work Diocesan School Stall realized — £40-10-2.

We sent to the Country Air Association — £14-6-6.

We sent to the Lifeboat — £32-5-2.

From our Carol Service we gave to Miss Carrs Home — £12-0-0, and to the Freedom from Hunger of Inter Church Aid £2-0-0.

To this cause from the school we sent — £8-0-0.

3A had a play and donated to U.N.I.C.E.F. — £2-0-0.
Dr. Barnardos Home Christmas Tree Fund realised — £33-13-1.

The contributions to the Universities Mission to Central Africa amounted to — £4-9-3.

The juniors collected Ship-halfpennies and sent to The Missions to Seamen — £1-10-6.

A DAY IN THE OFFICE

As I opened the gate and walked into the school yard, it was a lovely sunny morning, surely the office would be a haven of peace and quiet for a few hours.

But, hark, a shrill sound — a ting-a-ling — I rush across the playground crash in through the door, grab the office key, stick it in the lock — when lo — the telephone stops ringing.

Having removed my coat, collected my account books I proceed to add up a long column of figures but halfway through the maze of figures — ting-a-ling, "Diocesan School" and at the other end "Please can you tell me who owns car No. PYI 743 — "I am sorry you have got the wrong number," I reply.

Once more I struggle with the accounts — Knock, Knock, I shout "Come in," and it depends on the amount of noise being made in the passage whether I am heard or not. Two scared faces appear round the door and one little voice says "Sally is not feeling very well." "All right dear come in and lie down." When our little friend is laid comfortably on the couch peace reigns once more and the accounts progress a little further.

Ting-a-ling "I would like to enter my little daughter for your school next term," to which I reply "I am very sorry but we have no vacancies for next term" — "Oh, but what shall I do? Surely you could fit her in somewhere?" — but no we haven't got a single empty corner.

Hurrah the accounts are finished and now for some typing, but horrors of horrors the man has not come to mend it yet—A little voice in the background, "Please I feel very sick" — and a mad dash into the kitchen, where, with the help of Mrs. O'Donoghue and the Domestic Science pupils a bowl is produced — just in time!

Ting-a-ling "This is the Department of Education, the Government Auditor will be with you on Monday next at 9-30." I am too paralysed to reply and in a dazed way I replace the receiver. Those of you who know anything about auditors will understand my feelings! Before I had recovered by senses there was another knock at the door "Please may I see Miss Scott" — "I am very sorry, but she is teaching," I reply, "but if you like to sit down for a moment I will see when she can see you." Now as it happened Miss Scott was not teaching but calling the roll, which, from my point of view complicated matters. For as Diocesan is now, with its many staircases and passages one can go round and round in circles in a vain attempt to catch up with the Headmistress. I barge into classroom after classroom, all to no avail — but at last success for I find her right at the extreme end of the building.

On my return to the office—Ting-a-ling "Please would you give Elizabeth a message?" I try to sound polite as I breathe into the receiver, "Yes, of course," and would you believe it Elizabeth is in the classroom I have just left, right at the other end of the building!

Meanwhile our little friend on the couch has fallen fast asleep. Miss Scott appears to interview our visitor and I once more return to my desk and work peace-

fully on. Knock — "I have come to repair the typewriter" and the machine is now turned upside down and inside out until the fault is found — Our visitor now departs. Ting-a-ling — "Please may I speak to the Headmistress about enrolling my daughter for next term." As Miss Scott is in the office I let her break the bad news to the anxious mother. Just as the conversation progresses the typewriter man starts banging furiously on the keys but Miss Scott struggles manfully on. At last the typewriter is mended and the man departs, and oh, joy of joys it is time for a cup of tea.

Just as we relax and sip our tea there is the inevitable knock on the door and as it opens we both groan aloud—but our visitor advances undaunted, "Everybody groans when they see me" she says "all the schools are the same". Yes, it is our friend Nurse from the B.C.G. Clinic. Poor Nurse and she is really such a nice person. However, we give her a cup of tea and make a date for her next visit, which thank goodness is nearly two weeks away.

Ting-a-ling "I am very sorry but Annie has forgotten her lunch and it is such a long time until she gets home." I dash around the corner to the little shop and see what is to be had to satisfy the appetite of a hungry teenager.

On my return to the office I find a big burly policeman — Immediately I wonder "What have I done?" But no, it is Miss Scott he wants and once more I start on my circular journey and if only I had circled the other way I would have found her at once. While Miss Scott interviews the Garda another white face appears at the door — "Oh, well come in and lie down," but lo our other little friend still sleeps soundly on the couch. But there is always the floor and with a coat for a pillow all is well. The respective parents are rung up and the invalids eventually depart.

Gracious me, look at the time and there is a Committee meeting this afternoon — the office looks as if a bomb had struck it, so I make a frantic attempt to tidy it — There is a knock at the door "Is Miss Scott here," says the child looking all round the room. "Yes, she is under the table," I reply and believe it or not the child has a good look there!

Ting-a-ling "May I speak to Miss Scott?"

Knock, knock "Please may I speak to Miss Scott." "Ting-a-ling Jane lost her doll in school yesterday and couldn't go to sleep last night without it" I go to the staff room and all the staff search for said doll without any luck.

Knock, knock "Please may I have a bit of plaster, I have cut my finger."

Ting-a-ling "Please tell Nellie to meet her mother outside the school at 3-30." This time it only means a trip to the singing room.

Peace — and at last the office is tidy — the accounts are done — Miss Scott has at last managed to get time for some lunch.

But — no I spoke too soon — Ting-a-ling "We have found Jane's doll in the garage, she must have dropped it getting out of the car!"

Mrs. Taylor.

COVENTRY CATHEDRAL

I arrived at the Cathedral in the chill grey light of early morning. I was weary and hungry after the long journey and these facts warped my judgment and damped my enthusiasm and dulled my sense of appraisal so that I conjured a completely false impression in my mind of the Cathedral. My first impression on viewing it from an unflattering angle was that of disappointment. An edifice of dull red stone and of contemporary design etched against a background of grey cloudy sky met my cursory glance. It seemed very cold and impersonal and quite unlike the churches one is accustomed to. Mingled with this also was a sense of admiration for its massiveness, it seemed to put everything else in the shade and to dominate the scene as a symbol of the omnipotence of Christianity.

This was but a first glimpse, and how false first impressions are. On returning later, refreshed and revived the Cathedral seemed to have taken on a new character. The morning sun was rising over the city and touched the red and grey stonework with a new warmth, and life seemed to flow into its veins and thus reveal it in its true light.

The bronze sculpture of St. Michael overcoming the devil seemed to be animated by the sun and stood out against its background of pink sandstone as Christ stands out against the background of the world. This statuary was singularly attractive on account of its being the only ornament gracing the outside of the Cathedral. To its left up St. Michaels steps is St. Michaels Avenue, the porch of which is hung with two mighty black oak crosses. This porch joins the old Cathedral with the new so that they become one. It is also an open thoroughfare for pedestrians to and from the extremely modern shopping centre. The steps leading from the old Cathedral to the new are called the "Queens Steps," because it was by walking down these steps that Queen Elizabeth entered the Cathedral on the event of its consecration in May 1962. On walking down these historic steps, one is confronted by the great "West" wall of the Cathedral which is made entirely from clear glass engraved with effigies of Saints, which had the ethereal effect of a host of spirits guarding the Cathedral for the Lord. One enters by a door in the "west" wall and ones eyes are immediately drawn to the immense tapestry which covers the East end of the Cathedral, which depicts Christ in his Glory with man, his creation in humility at his feet. Looking up the nave one can see the hewn texts on the walls, the two pulpits, the chancel, bounded on both sides with choir stalls of most contemporary style and then the striking design of the organ pipes above these, and lastly, the white altar of hammered concrete at the foot of the tapestry hiding from view the Lady Chapel.

As the day was sunny I saw a myriad of lozenges of coloured light splaying out over the nave, producing a very enhancing effect. Intrigued I looked around for the source and then blazing in all its glory I perceived the magnificent Baptistery window. I stood and gazed my fill at this breathtakingly beautiful sight and could have gazed forever. This curved window of stained glass was designed in such a way as to represent "A blaze of light framed and islanded in colour." There beneath it in

direct contrast with its intricateness was a large rough boulder which had a hole scooped out for water. This stark and primitive rock was the font which had come from a Bethlehem hillside.

As I toured the Cathedral I was filled with a great sense of reverence and awe at each different sight I saw. The Cathedral seemed to be unfolding and showing her beauty and treasures as a small flower in the summer sun, and this phrase from a well-known hymn came into my mind "Christ is our cornerstone. In Him alone we build."

I thought of that dreadful night during the war when the Cathedral had been destroyed by fire bombs. The faith of some had been so strong that they had tied two charred pieces of wood into a cross and set it up in the ruined sanctuary. This charred cross has now become a famous relic together with the Cross of nails, made from fourteenth century hand made nails found among the debris. Out of these grew the new Cathedral with Christ as its corner stone. The Cathedral has dedicated itself to reconciliation and Christian unity of all who believe in God from all nations.

Gwyneth Grace,
5th year.

FIRST NIGHT — Behind the Scenes

I sat in the dressing room and looked at myself in the mirror. Underneath the carefully applied makeup and brightly painted cheeks I knew I was pale. I felt nervous, unused to the heavy smell of grease paint and unfamiliar with the glaring lights. I was dressed in a short black frock and white, frilly apron and in my hair I wore a huge organdie bow with streamers. I remember how delighted I had been when I first tried on my maids costume — now I felt self-conscious and unsure of myself.

I was shaken out of my thoughts. Various members of the cast began to bustle in and out, to borrow sticks of make-up and search for missing articles. I suddenly felt lost no more and was swept into the confusion and nervous excitement that was strangely contagious. Gone was my tension. I was called to help on all sides, and to aid the distressed leading lady with her wig of golden curls which kept sliding to one side and causing her hero to laugh and tease her.

Ten minutes to go; we were called to the wings where the producer came to wish us luck and give a last few words of advice. The night before he had been dressed in shabby clothes and had looked harassed and decidedly bad tempered. Now he was dressed in a smart black evening suit, smiling and confident. On the wall behind us were large notices printed in bold, bright letters with such orders as "Do not forget your props" and "Be quick on cues"; spelt wrongly too, to make them more conspicuous, I laughed when I read them and felt more light-hearted.

I stood beside the electrician on his high stool for here I could get a good view of the stage. The two leading characters stood on stage, ready, waiting. We could hear the consistent murmuring from the frightening unknown behind the curtain. A minute to go. The first few bars of the familiar signature tune struck up and the curtains were swept aside with a flourish. There was a hush of expectancy. The heroine stood serene and composed, the hero was confident. Who could believe that they had been part of the feverish excitement of not so long ago? Their clear voices rang out — the play had begun.

The fierce villain stood beside me and laughed and joked and teased me. My entrance came after the exit of the hero, he squeezed my hand and smiled as I passed him. I felt happy and as soon as I came on the stage I was living the part, enthralled in the plot to help my mistress elope and oblivious of the sea of faces and dim lights out in front. When the play finally came to an end I still felt as if I were under a spell.

The applause was thunderous, the curtain calls numerous. We had been a success and I had my own small bouquet to prove it. We were all bursting with pride and happiness. Everyone took their time changing and I slipped back to the wings. There was not a sound to be heard, the stage hands had finished, the audience had long since departed. All was quiet.

I sat on a large hamper, dreaming of the future, the stage was dark and empty, but on it I saw myself in different parts, Rosalind, Portia, Desdemona, this was only the beginning. The old doorkeeper passed by, a large brush in his hand. He smiled; he understood.

Philippa Wiggins.
5th Year.

INTERNATIONAL HOCKEY TOURNAMENT

United States — 1963

(International Federation of Women's Hockey
Associations, America 1963)

This was the eighth Quadrennial Conference of the I.F.W.H.A. an event enjoyed by thousands which began as an idea in the mind of one, two or three individuals. Since its inception in 1930, it has travelled to Switzerland, to Denmark, to the United States, to Australia, to South Africa, to Holland and then back again to America. The next Conference will be held in four years' time in Germany.

One very interesting point which I think I could add here is that the first National Association was formed in Ireland in 1894, England quickly followed in 1895 and so it continues.

The main object of the Federation is to work for uniformity of rules.

At the end of February 1963, the Irish Ladies' Hockey Union announced the team to represent Ireland in America. Fifteen girls were chosen and I happened to be one of the lucky ones. In our party there was also a manager who looked after the affairs of the team and tour. On August 20th after much preparation we set sail for London en route to America. We arrived in London at 6-35 a.m. and were driven by taxi over to the B.O.A.C. terminal where we waited until 11 o'clock for transport to London Airport. Here we boarded an Air India Boeing 707, a most impressive looking jet with its tail painted red and a streak of this colour extending from the cockpit to the tail. The rest of the jet was silver in colour. It really looked very elegant with the summer sun beaming down on it. Our journey lasted seven and a half hours. During this time we passed over Ireland, Newfoundland, Nova Scotia, Bangor, Boston and New York. Again we had another delay before we set off on the last lap, as we thought, of our journey to Detroit in Michigan. When we arrived there we were all very tired. About ten American girls greeted us with banners "Welcome to the Irish." Then we discovered that we had to drive another hundred miles to a hockey camp. We were shown to the Irish hut where the sixteen of us slept during our stay at the camp. While we were here we had time to become accustomed to the heat. There was plenty to do, hockey, swimming, water skiing, rowing, sailing and horse riding.

After a week or so it was suggested that we should go on a tour of Niagara Falls. To our great delight the directors of the camp arranged the journey. On the 2nd September at 3 a.m. we set out in two big station wagons to the Falls. Our route took us across the Canadian border at Windsor then up the shores of Lake Erie. We reached our goal at lunch time — a journey of 375 miles. Here we employed a guide to take us around the main parts. First of all we drove to the Horseshoe and American Falls. The former is the larger of the two — it has a sweep of 2,200 ft. in width, compared with the latter, which is 1,000 ft. Ninety per cent of the flow rumbles over the horseshoe at the rate of 34½ million gallons of water per minute — three million gallons per minute over the American Falls — the Potential horsepower is estimated at five million.

The word Niagara is said to be taken from the Iroquois meaning "Thunder of the Waters."

At night a veritable fairyland opens with the illumination of the magnificent Falls by twenty 36 inch searchlights operating at 210 million candle power, a total of approximately four billion.

The sight of the Falls under the illumination is a treasured memory to all who have beheld this modern counterpart of Aladdin's Lamp.

Our next port of call was the whirlpool down river. The river channel at this point is about 300 feet wide, the current about 27 miles an hour, and the water from 150 to 400 feet in depth.

The drainage of 250,000 square miles of the North American Continent rushes down the Niagara Gorge from the waters of Lake Superior, Lake Michigan, Lake Huron and Lake Erie at the rate of four billion



JUNIOR CUP TEAM

PREFECTS



Admiring a Prize at Junior
Distribution

JUNIOR CHOIR



gallons an hour. Sweeping down the narrow spillway to the sea, the savage waters of the whirlpool rapids present a never-to-be-forgotten sight.

The calm surface of the equally renowned whirlpool lies directly below the rapids. But beneath this placid countenance boil gyrating waters and swift currents, swirling to a depth of 400 feet, a remarkable study of nature's contradictions. The whirlpool and whirlpool rapids present a thrilling and fascinating sight.

From here we were driven to other parts of interest — Seagram Tower, the Floral Clock and the new Hydro-Electric plants. By the time the tour was finished we were all very tired and weary and we reached camp exactly 24 hours later.

On the 4th September we finally left the hockey camp and flew to Baltimore where the conference was to take place. Here we played Conference matches against other nations and attended discussions about the rules of hockey. During our time here we visited Washington and of course the White House. On our way out of the latter the Irish group were presented with a gold brooch — a submarine with Kennedy written on it. This I will cherish for the rest of my life.

After two weeks in Baltimore we travelled by bus to Richmond, Virginia. This bus was the most luxurious bus I have ever seen. At the back it had its own rest room and in between this and the front of the bus was the toilet. To add to the comfort it had adjustable head rests. Of course it was equipped with its own air conditioner. This I might add was essential because of the terrific heat.

We left here after a few days and went to Williamsburg. Here we saw the replicas of the boats which brought the first English settlers to America. In Williamsburg occurred some of the important events which led to the Revolution. George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, Patrick Henry and George Mason were only a few of the leaders who gave greatness to this once remote Virginian village of less than two thousand souls. Williamsburg received its name from King William III.

From here we continued our travels, this time to Roanoke and Salem (where three of us were interviewed on T.V.), Natural Bridge and Washington. During our week in Washington we visited the now famous Arlington Cemetery where President Kennedy is buried and of course all the other historical places, including Congress.

On 6th October off we set for Wilmington in Delaware, while here we spent a day in Philadelphia. After a couple of comparatively quiet days we again set off. This was to be our last journey in the bus en route to New York. Here we stayed in a lovely Hotel overlooking Central Park. Needless to say we were shown around all the places of interest including a show on Broadway. After a hectic three days we boarded a B.O.A.C. Boeing 707 and headed back to Dublin via London.

In conclusion I would like to say thank you to Miss Scott for her generosity in extending my summer holidays, as without her help I would not have been able to participate in this wonderful tour.

Miss Bradshaw.

UP THE CANAL WITHOUT AN ENGINE

This year when holidays became the main topic of conversation in our family all our suggestions of the Continent or New York were shouted down by Father who claimed that he had found the ideal holiday — a trip across the canal and up the Shannon on a boat. We were momentarily stunned and after a short silence there were arguments from all sides, but across Ireland we went.

It would take a book as big as *The Book of Kells* to relate the really wonderful time we had, but I will try to tell you as briefly as possible what it was like.

Our family and some friends set out on a cold wet Monday morning in June, in a four-berth motor launch along with the enormous tents, some camp-beds and blankets, enough food to last us until we reached some sign of civilisation and dozens of other odds and ends.

On the first day we did not have many calamities except that a large piece of rope became entangled in the propellor. We stopped every hour or so and brewed up a cup of tea to keep everyone's strength up. We encountered several locks and every time we went through one it poured with rain so that by the time we camped for the night there was a pile of wet clothes bigger than any Monday morning wash. That night we were lulled to sleep by the braying of a donkey tied near the tents that nearly drove us all mad by the morning.

The next day passed happily and uneventfully and that night we camped in the midst of a herd of cows, having cut down a bed of thistles beforehand.

The following day we arrived early in the afternoon at Tullamore and spent an enjoyable evening window shopping. We did not sleep very well that night owing to a lock right beside the camp site which sounded as though we were sleeping beside Niagara Falls.

We left the canal and started up the Shannon. The occasion was commemorated by my dropping the teapot lid into the river, but mother overcame this difficulty by using an ash-tray, which we still use. We reached Athlone on the Friday and I had to leave the happy party and travel home by train owing to lack of sleep.

I cannot relate anything that happened during the week-end except that they left the bottom of the boat on a rock in Lough Ree and that they also went to an excellent dance in Rooskey, a small village in the middle of Ireland with a population of 150 people, a dance hall, cinema and nine public houses.

On the Monday, Daddy brought the family we were with home in the car, which had been left in Rooskey and my pal Hilary and I went back to Rooskey with him and spent two of the most enjoyable days of our lives there.

In those two days we gave my mother hysterics, dropped my sister in the Shannon, had baths in the washhand basin of a nearby public house, toured a mid-Ireland Police Station (we had not been arrested) and horrified a native of Carrick on Shannon by asking him where the ladies was in Irish. We are both English.

We both came home on the bus from Sligo to Dublin looking as if we had come straight from the bogs but feeling very, very happy and all set to conquer the Suez next time.

*Anne Dunlop,
4B.*

PAST PUPILS' ASSOCIATION

President — Mrs. V. H. White.
Chairman — Mrs. A. D. Large.
Hon. Treasurer — Miss D. Kerr.

Committee

Miss J. Scott, Mrs. A. L. Large, Mrs. Carry,
Miss Gladys Norton, Mrs. N. Colin, Mrs. Grice.

The Annual General Meeting was held on 16th October, when three new members were elected to the Committee, Mrs. Grice, Mrs. Carry and Miss G. Norton.

Mrs. White received the Presidential Badge of Office from Miss Kerr. We wish Mrs. White a happy term of office.

At this meeting the chairman told us that Mr. Brady had been paid £243 which finished our debt on the Sports Pavilion.

In October we had a Beauty Demonstration by Miss Read of "Dorothy Grey" it was most successful and I think we are looking the better for it.

Our Annual Sale of Work was held on Saturday, 23rd November and was better than ever. We had hoped that Mrs. Condell, Mayor of Limerick would open the sale but unfortunately she was ill at the time so Mrs. Owen Guinness consented to perform the opening ceremony.

This year we had a fancy dress parade, the costumes were excellent but unfortunately could not be seen to advantage owing to the large crowd. It was won by Misses Ruth Kemp, Janet Dowson and Jennifer Armstrong as "Dry Rot." The various stalls did brisk business and we were very pleased to give the School Committee £280 towards the central heating.

On December 4th a number of Past Pupils attended the School Carol Service in St. Peter's Church. This is a beautiful service and the singing of the girls is worth hearing.

On January 23rd we had a Silverwrap Demonstration in which we learned various ways of cooking with foil. Then we saw two short films on the various ways of using foil. This was followed by tea and each member went home with a free sample presented by "Silverwrap."

On Thursday, 5th March, Mr. Smyth, Principal of Taney School gave us a most interesting talk, demonstrated by slides "Holidays Abroad." On a cold wet night it was wonderful to be carried away for a while to brilliant sunshine and blue seas.

Our fifth Annual Dinner was held on Thursday, 9th April in Powers Royal Hotel, Kildare Street. It proved the most successful yet. We had a waiting list and we were sorry we were unable to fit them in as 98 sat down to dinner.

The new Reception Room, opening into the dining room was very successful as everybody could move around freely and meet their friends. We were delighted to have so many young past pupils with us, and three sets of Mothers and Daughters, all Past Pupils.

The guest of Honour was Miss Marjorie MacManus, M.A., Warden of Residence, T.C.D. She was the most entertaining speaker we have ever had, and judging by our laughter her stories and jokes will be long remembered.

Mrs. Florence Campbell, President of Wesley P.P.U. was our guest representing another school.

We were entertained by Mrs. Sykes accompanied by

Mrs. Mabel Gargan and Mr. Arthur Day, whose mimes were very funny.

In case any Past Pupil would like to know the menu we had Dublin Bay Prawn Cocktail, Cream of Mushroom soup, Chicken and Ham, Pear Belle Helene and coffee.

We are sorry to say that Mrs. Ethel Caird had to resign in January owing to family commitments. We are sorry to lose her and take this opportunity of thanking her for all the efficient work she did for us while Hon. Sec.

We were all very sorry to hear of the passing of Miss Anne Casserley, the sister of (as she is affectionately known) "Our Miss Casserley." The Past Pupils Association sent a floral tribute.

As Miss Casserley was no longer able to come to our dinner, we sent her a bouquet of flowers on the night of the dinner.

The Association is flourishing and we are always glad to hear from Past Pupils who are not yet members.

We are considering forming a junior branch so we hope to see a lot of young members at the Annual General Meeting.

This season we will be ending with a "Daffodil Tea" and Bring and Buy Sale in the Pavilion in Belgrave Square on Saturday, 25th April. We hope to get a fine day and lots of customers.

THE DIOCESAN GIRLS' SCHOOL IN DAYS GONE BY

A group of girls coming from Charlemont Street Bridge towards the end of Charlemont Terrace see a sedate figure approaching the bridge on the other side of the canal. The cry goes up "There's Miss Foster." Immediately the pace quickens and soon we have entered the building in Adelaide Road. It is a great matter to be first on the scene. The main place of operations is one large room on the ground floor divided into three sections by curtains. The writer finds her place in the centre of the three. Here is a well loved figure Mrs. Harte dressed in black old fashioned style with a bonnet. She always gave me a motherly welcome.

In the same section of the room Miss Isobel Mathers taught at least one class. A Kindergarten class or classes shared the space left available which was furnished with a large table and with forms. The other two sections of the long room were presided over by Miss Fitzhenry and Miss Sullivan respectively — their pupils were seniors. At either end the building was two storied. In these rooms Miss Riley, Miss Latimer and Miss Couser taught.

Cookery lessons were given in a small room by another Miss Sullivan while Miss Jellett taught nature study near by.

The main room was cold. There was only one fireplace and we kept our coats on in winter. The noise of so many classes in one room divided by curtains was very considerable, but we grew accustomed to that and other inconveniences. Mrs. Harte's class was a kindly and a very homely centre. There may not have been much work done. Most of the time she told us stories which were interesting and taught us a great deal — more perhaps than formal instruction. Occasionally the pleasant scene was disturbed by the appearance of Miss Foster, Headmistress, to us a somewhat awe-inspiring

Mrs. Harte says on the occasion, as soon as the door opened in the distance very often with the question asked in authoritative voice quite different from her normal tones — "Now children what is the Capital of Ireland" — or some such question.

Miss Isobel Mathers was also a great favourite with her pupils attractive in appearance and manner. She had no difficulty in ruling by love and winning her class to work. During my brief sojourn at Diocesan Girls School I saw little of the other departments or the other teachers. Much of the building was visited only occasionally, its occupants seldom seen by me.

Prayers conducted by the St. Mathias Clergy, Gymnastics with apparatus used also in the evenings by the 1st Company of the Boys Brigade, and Choir Training by Mr. Weaving had their place in the School curriculum.

Wonderful improvements have been made since these far off days. The buildings have been extended and modernised. A new floor has been introduced into the main building thus making this part of the building two storied also. Gone, too, are the curtains and the solitary fireplace. Gone too from the school are those gracious figures Mrs. Harte and Miss Mathers who inspired my school world. Memory of them remains a valuable possession.

Long may the old school prosper, long may succeeding generations of girls (what a charming green uniform) enjoy the new amenities, long may its influence be felt by happy pupils.

O.B.H.

PAST PUPILS' HOCKEY REPORT

It is now three years since Diocesan Past Pupils opened their hockey club and once more we have come to the end of yet another season.

The first team play in the Middle A League, and have had nineteen matches this season, between League and Badges. They drew two matches, lost three and won the remainder. Having reached the semi-final of the Badges the team was beaten by Glengara 6—0. Unfortunately Diocesan had only ten players in the match. The last match of the season was played against College of Surgeons on Saturday 11th. April and Diocesan won 6—0.

We have approximately thirty-five members in the club. The second team play in the Junior League and the third team in the Minor League. Our umpire is Miss Barbara Jenkinson from the Ling Physical Training College and we are fortunate to have the use of the Diocesan School Sports Ground in Belgrave Sq., Rathmines.

There will be an Annual General Meeting of the club next September and we wish to extend a welcome to any keen hockey-players who have left the school. At the moment we feel the club is coming on considerably but it is difficult to form a third team through lack of members. Our subscription is twenty-five shillings per year. If we are to continue successfully we need as much support and enthusiasm as possible.

And do remember ladies, that it is never too late to partake in healthy outdoor exercise.

Margaret Roberts.

MEMORIES OF DIOCESAN

My memories of Diocesan shall always remain very dear to me — the days I spent there being far happier than those spent in kindergarten school or subsequently in college.

The foremost thing that springs to my mind synonymous with Diocesan was the kindness. Kindness by all the staff from my first day at my new school, when I felt that I should never be able to remember all the teachers, girls and my way round the school — how large and bewildering it seemed during those first days. The teachers' help and guidance and indeed that of the girls in our class who had been in the school for a few years previously were invaluable. But all goodness stems from a source and so the example of kindness shown by Miss Scott inspired all. She was never too busy to deal with any problems that the girls may have had and indeed encouraged us to talk to her about our worries, work or otherwise.

A big yearly event to which we all looked forward, was the Prize Distribution. The weeks of preparation with Mr. Watson learning our songs all seemed as nothing when we were sitting on the platform, spic and span, singing to our parents, especially when we saw the proud and happy face of Mr. Watson. For some there was the added pleasure of receiving a prize from the Archbishop, for others the secret faithful promise and grim determination to gain a prize the following year.

One of my favourite subjects at school was Domestic Science classes with Mrs. O'Donaghue. The cookery and sewing which she taught us is, now that I am married, invaluable, and the anatomy classes were of very great interest.

Miss Richards used to arrange Geography and History outings for us. The girls were always eager to miss a few classes at school, but we found that on these outings we were in fact, having class but in such a way that we did not realise we were being "taught."

The school under the management of Miss Scott is continuing to make progressive strides even in the five years since I have left. The big room has been divided into two stories and four bright new modern classrooms have been built upstairs. There has been central heating installed throughout, which, if I might add, was certainly needed, for it is well I remember the countless winter days when we used to sit in class and our hands felt so cold that we could hardly write.

Oh yes! The days in Diocesan were indeed memorable and happy ones. I feel that the highest compliment that anyone (especially a pupil, past or present) could pay a school, is to say "It is like a second home to me" and that is just the way that I felt about Diocesan.

Valerie White.

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