



1963

THE DIOCESAN TIMES

No. 2

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TEA

THE DIOCESAN TIMES

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EDITORIAL

We are pleased to present to you the second edition of "The Diocesan Times". We do not make any claims to great literary ability, but we modestly hope that the reader will find in the following pages something of interest and entertainment.

The first edition of the magazine was the result of a dream, but this is no dream, this is reality "that feelingly persuades us what we are". We thank all those who have supported this edition of the magazine and we hope for their continued support in the future. We thank especially Miss McClements, Miss Skerrett and Mrs. Taylor for their valuable help.

Now, with no more ado, reader, turn the pages and discover there the names of those who, up to now have wasted their sweetness on the desert air.

ROUND AND ABOUT

We congratulate Miss Bradshaw on being chosen as one of the hockey team to represent Ireland in America next summer.

We have been asked to deny the rumour that the tin boxes carried by most of 1st Year pupils do not, despite the noise they can make, contain bombs. They are believed to contain inky pens, several pencils, rubbers, pencil-sharpeners, compasses, pennies, pins, pen-knives, and — nothing else.

Jean and Judith Cooley appeared on Telefís Éireann during the year and gave a most enjoyable performance as violinists in the Senior Irish College of Music Orchestra. We are all very proud of these two gifted girls.

We congratulate members of the school choir on their beautiful singing at the Christmas Carol Service, and we would like to thank Mr. Watson for his work in training the choir.

Reports from Cake Sales during lunch hours say that business was brisk.

We were all shocked by news of the accident which befell Joan Hamilton on her way to school. Joan has the good wishes of us all for a speedy recovery.

The report that the gasfire in the staff room ceased to function is completely untrue. The fire did, in fact, function from 1.04 hrs. to 12.06 hrs. on the 29th February, during which time

the staff enjoyed the warmth of its blaze.

It is difficult to remember now, while the sun scorches us, how narrowly we escaped death from frost-bite in the bitter winter. We are pleased to announce, however, that the entire school survived, despite the horrifying stories which reached our ears.

Also unfounded is the rumour that members of 2B were unable to answer questions posed by the teacher during class because their facial muscles had been frozen by the icy blast blowing up the stone stairs, and that an oil heater had to be imported to thaw out the frozen muscles. The oil heater was in fact imported simply to add a little extra warmth to the room, and members of the form were unable to answer the teacher's questions because they did not know the answers.

In the schoolgirls' quiz, organized by C.M.S., in Molesworth Hall, on the 9th February, Sheila Griffen was awarded a prize for the highest marks gained in the competition.

We welcome to the staff Miss Good and Mrs. McMahon, and we are glad to have Miss Skerrett back after her long absence. We were sorry to lose Miss McClements, and we wish her luck in the future.

The school is proud of June Orr who has entered Trinity College and is taking a course in general studies, and of Margaret Kenny and Dorothy Kendall who have gained admission to the Church of Ireland Training College. These girls have made history for the school as they are the first to go straight from Diocesan to Universities.

Carol Grimson, having gained her Leaving Certificate, spent six months in secretarial college after which she gained an excellent position in Guinness'. Diana Lowe and Margaret Westlake have entered the Royal Bank.

OUR NEW COVER

We would like to express our thanks to Mrs. Roy for presenting the design and block for our new cover. We are extremely grateful to her, and we are sure that all our readers will agree that the cover is a very striking one.

The Dormouse

Down in the Glen where the flowers grow,
Buttercups, daisies, all in a row,
Pansies, tulips, and poppies red,
A dormouse sleeps in his cosy bed.
Undisturbed by wind and hail
Snow and sleet and frequent gale,
In his bed all snug he lies,
And sees not clouds in dark grey skies.
All through the winter into the Spring
Until he hears the merry birds sing,
Then up he comes, up to the light,
And looks around him with delight.

ALLISON STUART.

The Fairies

In the night the fairies dance
Under the moon they gently prance,
They dance in the field beside our house,
But are as quiet as a mouse.

Into my bedroom they peep,
To make sure that I am asleep
They wear a cloak of white
And look so gay and bright.

IRENE GOBSON.

A SCHOOLBOY

The picture always conjured up in my mind when I think of the word "schoolboy" is of a mischievous ten-year-old with a grubby face; his cap at a rakish angle on his head, his socks only half pulled up and his hands in his pockets.

Despite his bespattered appearance I feel very partial to this little boy, for underneath his outward show of bravado is a warm heart. He is a particular friend of mine and his friendship means a lot to me. Once his friend, always a friend — once his enemy you are in a dangerous position for he is at the age when he easily distinguishes between other people's genuine affection or their coldness; and once he has taken a liking to you, you are his friend for life.

On the other hand, however, if he happens to dislike you, he can make life very uneasy for you. Indeed, I have felt truly sorry for the smaller schoolboy whom he bullies when there is no one larger than he around; and even more so for the little girls, who, despite his teasing, regard him as some great hero.

This he loves. He brags and shows off at the slightest encouragement, and can be quite entertaining at times to an audience worthy of him. Yet with boys o'der than himself he becomes quite shy and strangely quiet. He is in awe of most of the older schoolboys, and perhaps a little afraid — but with me he is always himself, always the same; tough on the outside and quite soft-hearted inside.

I am honoured to be his friend. I am taken into his confidence in most matters, I share all his secrets. He has taken me on many excursions; shown me the best place for catching minnows; the best tree for horse-chestnuts and has taken me to his favourite haunts—an old hut, where his treasures lie safe from prying hands, and a secret cave of which only he and I know the whereabouts. I am always the first to be shown his swops — marbles, pieces of string, paper charts and coins — of all of which he is very proud. He taught me to whistle, to climb trees and to tie knots, at which I consider him an expert.

He is intelligent and quick to catch on. He can be irritating and obstinate; yet so good when the need arises that old folk remark on his "angelic appearance" — if only they knew! He keeps mice and an assortment of insects; and much to the horror of old ladies and young girls he keeps his pet spider in a match box in his trouser pocket.

Maybe his innocent facial expressions are deceptive, maybe he does get his way out of sheer persistence,

maybe he does exhaust and harrass you, but who could not take a liking to this lovable rascal so full of life and energy? Is he not just a typical schoolboy?

Later on he will quieten down, he will grow more reserved and self-conscious. He will take more care of his clothes and appearance — but will he then have half as much character? I would not have him changed for the world.

P. WIGGINS (4A).

The Pony

There is a pony in the stable
Would you like a ride?
I wonder if I am able
To gallop or to stride.

The pony's colour black and white
His mane is nice and grey,
I hope to ride some day or night
The pony far away.

RITA BALDERSHEIM (1st Year).

THE DEBATING SOCIETY

Since the beginning of the Autumn term we have had five debates which were held after school. We have also taken part in three debates outside school. The Aer Lingus Debate, the Inter-Schools Debate, run by St. Michan's and St. Paul's Debating Society and one in Alexandra College.

Our first meeting was held on 11th October when the subject was "That the School Leaving Age should be raised". Our speakers were Carole Dixon and Barbara Davy, who proposed the motion and were opposed by Laoaine Sieff and Jennifer Lush. The motion was passed by eleven votes to nine.

Throughout the rest of the term debates were held each Monday in sixth year room when some of the subjects discussed were: "That Morals are Deteriorating" that "Co-Education is a superior form of Education" and that "Capital Punishment should not be Abolished".

One of the highlights of the year was the debate arranged by Aer Lingus whose subject was "That Ireland does not need a National Airline". This took place in school early in November, when the speakers for the motion were Mary Drought, Jane Mitchell, Daphne Goodey and Hazel Barker, and those opposing the motion were Stephanie Mahon, Barbara Davy, Marilyn Watson and Philippa Wiggins.

The third Annual Inter-Schools' Debating and Oratory Competition of the St. Michan's and St. Paul's Debating Society was held on Monday, 18th February. Twelve Secondary Schools sent teams each consisting of two senior pupils, about 350 school supporters were present. Prizes were awarded to the winning team and those taking second and third places, as well as a prize to the best male and female orators. Barbara Davy and Daphne Goodey represented Diocesan and to our delight were successful in winning the Cup for the best team. Alexandra College took second place and High School third. Daphne Goodey also won the prize for the best female orator and the best male

orator was a member of the High School team.

Having heartily congratulated our speakers the following morning Miss Scott then thanked Miss McClements for her help, to which the school added their appreciation.

MY FRIEND THE SEA

I stood there on the seashore, a lonely figure on a lonely beach. I slowly began to walk along the strand. It was late autumn and overhead the sky was dull and cloudy. The sea was grey with the reflection of the clouds. I stopped and turned to face the sea. The wind howled and moaned; the sullen waves crashed dully on the sand, foaming and gurgling at my very feet. I waved to a small boat out on the horizon, some one waved back. Slowly and sadly I turned and surveyed the long white strand stretching for miles.

A year had passed. I was standing once again on the same spot as I had stood a year before. The sea was sparkling and the white breakers rolling gently in. The sands glittered like a thousand diamonds and the sky was a deep shade of blue. The shells twinkled in the bright rays of the sun. Suddenly I saw a small speck on the horizon. It slowly grew bigger and bigger. It took the shape of a boat. At last after what seemed eternity the boat came in and beached.

HAZEL BARKER (4A).

The Bus

The bus is hot and smokey,
When I am going to school,
It's usually full of people,
And as slow as a stubborn mule.

The bus is hot and noisy
With continual brrr of talk,
The bus still goes on slowly,
At times t'would be quicker to walk.

Now most buses have heaters,
Which makes them stuffier still,
Too hot, I cannot stick it,
So walk in future I will.
(and she did).

Anon.

MY HOLIDAYS

Last summer my family and I spent a very enjoyable fortnight holidaying in the south of England. I would just like to tell you of some of the more interesting places we visited.

We went to Weston-Super-Mare, which is situated on the Bristol Channel, and not far from the city of Bristol. To the south of it lie the Mendip Hills, the towns of Wells and Cheddar and the "Lorna Doone" Land.

We travelled to Liverpool by boat and from there we travelled south to Bristol, via Crewe, Shropshire and Hereford. We had a beautiful view of the Welsh hills, which are rugged, but as wonderful to look at

as our own Irish hills. We crossed under the Severn Estuary by the Severn tunnel, a rather frightening experience. Whilst in Bristol we saw the Bristol suspension bridge.

Weston is quite a big seaside resort to which many day-trippers from Bristol came. It is a lively place with plenty for both young and old to do. Whilst there we saw the celebrity star Russ Conway.

We went on a tour of the surrounding land in which there were many small country winding lanes. The people of the district are very like "the Archers" in manners and ways. They speak in the same dialect.

We also visited the town of Cheddar from which comes the original "Cheddar Cheese". Although this town is very commercialised it is a great tourist attraction. On entering Cheddar we went through Cheddar Gorge which is three hundred feet high. There are two caves in the Gorge which are indescribable. Inside them are mineral constructions which look like icicles of stone. These have been formed by a chemical reaction taking place in water which has dripped from the ceiling of the cave. They are called stalactites and stalagmites and are often known as "The Eighth Wonder of the World".

Thus came the end of our holiday, as usual it was far too soon. When we had seen these interesting places and also seen the cleft in which the Reverend Toplady was inspired to write the now famous hymn "Rock of Ages", we set off for home, all the better for our holiday.

JUNE FLEETWOOD (3A).

PAST PUPILS' HOCKEY

This year we had three teams entered in Middle, Junior and Minor Leagues respectively. Although we did not win all our matches as we did last year, we at least got better hockey and won quite a few matches. Our first team got through to the finals of the Badges competition but were beaten by Maids of the Mountains.

Unfortunately, owing to the bad weather after Christmas, we were unable to play any matches for eight weeks, which rather disrupted our fixtures. Here's hoping for better luck next year.

E. WILLIS, Hon. Sec.

DIOCESAN SECONDARY SCHOOL PAST PUPILS' ASSOCIATION

President.....Miss D. KERR.
Chairman.....Mrs. A. D. LARGE
Hon. Secretary.....Mrs. J. A. CAIRD
Hon. Treasurer.....Miss D. KERR.

Committee:

Miss J. Scott, Miss M. A. Latimer, Miss Casserley,
Mrs. V. White, Mrs. A. Taylor, Mrs. N. Solin
and Miss E. Willis.

The Annual General Meeting was held in School on 3rd October, when the Committee was unanimously re-elected.

At this meeting the Chairman told us that a very attractive Past Pupils' scarf was now available at Messrs. Gilson Price, Suffolk Street, price 25s. It is dark green fine wool with vertical stripes of blue and white, blue having been the predominant colour in the earlier Diocesan School uniform.

On Thursday, 25th October, a very successful hair-dressing demonstration was held. The hair stylist was Mrs. June McDermott and the model was our junior member of the committee. The cutting and styling was much admired by all present and Mrs. McDermott made it all appear very simple, but of course, we all know it isn't. At the end of the demonstration we all enjoyed a welcome cup of tea, etc.

Our Annual Sale of Work was held on 24th November and was opened by Mr. Edward Bewley. The Sale was very well supported by Past Pupils, parents and present pupils and all the stallholders were kept very busy. We had more stalls than usual as the Past Pupils' Hockey Club ran a "Chemist's Shop" and we also, for the first time, had a bottle stall which was very popular. Our net profit was £250-4-7, which was the best result we had ever had. It was very gratifying to us all as we were endeavouring so hard to pay off the remainder of the Pavilion Renovation debt.

A few functions were held before the Sale to augment the stall money. Mrs. Marjorie Robinson held a Coffee morning in her home on the morning of 15th November which was a great financial and social success and Mrs. Elsa Killen held a supper party in her home which was also a great success.

As a result of the great financial success of the Sale of Work, the committee was able to send Mr. Brady a cheque in full settlement of the amount still owed by us for the renovation and re-decoration of the Pavilion in Belgrave Square. This was indeed a great weight off our shoulders and we are very grateful to all who helped us to make this possible.

On 6th December, Mrs. Anthony, of the Dublin Gas Company, gave a demonstration on the icing of Christmas cakes. The writer of these notes was away at the time but was told afterwards of the "mouth-watering" designs, etc. The demonstration must surely have resulted in sumptuous icing of cakes in some homes for Christmas.

On Thursday, 31st January, films were shown by Hewitt's Travel Agency giving "Ideas for Holidays Abroad". We had a very big attendance at this and we are indebted to Mr. Norman Hewitt for transporting us for a short while to the lands of sunshine in the terrible weather prevailing just then in January.

On Saturday, 23rd February, our Jumble Sale was held in 41 York Street and this year was an outstanding success. The money just seemed to roll in and we had a profit of £74, which made all the hard work really worthwhile. Again we are grateful for the support of our contributors and hard-working helpers.

On Wednesday, 13th March, Miss Elizabeth Johnstone gave a demonstration of Floral Arrangements. The spring flowers were beautiful and Miss Johnstone seemed to work magic with pieces of mirror, glass, stones and odd-shaped containers. The results she achieved were breath-taking in loveliness. We had a very good attendance for this demonstration and re-

freshments were served at the close, as is usual at all our fixtures.

Our Fourth Annual Dinner on 18th April in Powers Royal Hotel, Kildare Street, brought our season to a close. Again it proved a very successful and popular feature of our Association. Our Guest of Honour was Miss Deirdre de Burgh, Matron of the Adelaide Hospital, our guest entertainers were Mrs. Mabel Gargan and Miss Jean Sutcliffe and in all ninety-seven ladies sat down to dinner. It was voted by all to be a most enjoyable evening.

The Past Pupils' Association Scholarship, given to the girl who obtains the second highest aggregate of marks in the Intermediate Certificate Examination and who is remaining in School to sit for the Leaving Certificate examination, was this year won by Doretta Delmonte. We wish her success in the future.

At the School Sports Day in June, 1962, some Past Pupils organised a stall of ices, sweets and minerals. This was very popular and gave us a profit of £6. This year it is hoped to provide tea for a small charge.

The Past Pupils' Hockey Club fielded three teams this season but as with all sports clubs everywhere, the weather was very unkind and play was held up for weeks.

The Association still flourishes and membership is increasing both at home and abroad. We are always glad to hear of new members from anywhere and all are assured of a welcome.

I conclude now by wishing good luck to all the present pupils and to the Magazine.

May, 1963

Our visitors

To-day we had two visitors,
Who came from Tipperary;
One of them is Uncle Bob,
The other is a fairy.

He is a very funny man,
With a curly long moustache;
It must be very difficult to cut,
And even worse to wash.

JANE WELLS, 1st Year

My wish

I wish I were a bird,
I would fly from tree to tree,
And sing a merry song,
All day long.

I wish I were a teacher,
Oh! how cross I'd be
When naughty little boys and girls
Played tricks on me.

But I think I'd rather be just me—
A girl who goes to school,
And does her lessons properly,
And never breaks a rule!

ROSLYN SPENCER, 1st Year

Diocesan poets

Miss Scott.

"Delightful task! to rear the tender thought
To teach the young idea how to shoot . . ."

(Thompson)

5th Year

"Be sure to keep a mirror always right
In some convenient handy sort of place"

(John K. Bangs)

Miss Stewart

"Her voice was ever soft gentle and low,
An excellent thing in a woman". (Shakespeare)

Music Room

"There is sweet music here that softer falls
Than petals from blown roses in the grass".

(Tennyson)

Loraine Sief

"I am a love lorn creature . . . and
everything goes contrary with me"

(Dickens)

Miss Good

"Oh Blithe Newcomer I have heard,
I hear thee and rejoice"

(Wordsworth)

Old Girls' Association

"Should auld acquaintance be forgot?" (Burns)

Debating Society

"I am not arguing with you . . . I am telling you"

(L. McN. Whistler)

Sheila Griffen

"Leisure with dignity"

(Cicero)

Homework

"Oh wearisome condition of humanity"

(Fulke Grenville)

Domestic Science Class

"We may live without friends, we may live without
books
But civilized man cannot live without cooks."

(Meredith)

Beginning of term

"Once more into the breach, dear friends, once
more."

(Shakespeare)

Singing at morning Prayers

"There's music in all things, if man had ears."

(Byron)

Mrs. Caird

"My dear girl, I am prepared to prove anything."

(Oscar Wilde)

Junior School

"Some are born great".

Middle School

"Some achieve greatness"

Senior School

"Some have greatness thrust upon them" ...

Miss Richards

"Histories make men wise"

(Francis Bacon)

Miss Thompson

"I would rather entreat thy company
To see the wonders of the world abroad"

(Shakespeare)

4B

"Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever"

(Charles Kingsley)

Staff room at break

"Teal thou soft, thou sober sage venerable liquid . . .
thou female tongue-running, smile smoothing, heart
opening wink tipling cordial."

(Colley Cibben)

Back row of class

"Somebody's darling slumbers here"

(Marie R. la Coste)

Miss Walsh

"I loved her most, and thought to have set my rest
On her kind nursery"

(Shakespeare)

Exams

"These are the times that try men's souls."

(Thomas Payne)

Cooley Twins

"And whereso'er we went like Juno's swans
Still we went coupled and inseparable"

(Shakespeare)

Detention after School

"They have all gone into the world of light
And I alone sit lingering here"

(Henry Vaughan)

Prefects

"Trailing clouds of glory do we come" (Wordsworth)

4A

"If we should fail?"

(Shakespeare)

Girl summoned to the Office

"She started like a guilty thing
Upon a fearful summons"

(Shakespeare)

1st Year

"Heaven lies about us in our infancy" (Wordsworth)

Drill Class

"Oh, I will leap to heaven. Who will pull me
down?"

(Marlowe)

PHILANTHROPIC ACTIVITIES

At the Y.P.U. Sale of Work Diocesan School

Stall realised	£40	0	0
We sent to the Country Air Association	£15	0	0
We sent to the Lifeboat	£27	10	11
From our Carol Service we gave to			
Miss Carr's Home Refugee Fund	£2	2	0
The juniors collected Ship-Halfpennies and			
sent to the Missions to Seamen	£1	12	8
Dr. Barnado's Home Christmas Tree Fund			
realised	£36	4	0

A TIME TO REMEMBER

My childhood memories as the years pass by, are getting dimmer and dimmer, but still, in the dead of night, pictures of my early youth come fleeting through my mind, like the moon suddenly appearing in the dark sky and at the approaching dawn, vanishing from view.

I was born into a Europe torn by war and strife, when Hitler was in his full imbecelic glory, slaughtering and ravaging. My father, before these terrible times had come upon us, had been a prominent scientist in Germany, until one fateful night, which I will remember as long as I live. For it was the night I grew up at five years of age.

There was a loud banging at our door—the sudden appearance of the Secret Police, the dreaded Gestapo—my mother screamed and clutched at my father, who was being forcefully dragged away from her. Then, there was nothing, but an engulfing silence, broken only by the hysterical weeping and wailing of my fear-crazed mother, which rended assunder the young hearts of my sister and me.

My father, whom I never saw again, was taken away doomed to die a horrible death, like over six and a half million others, and his only crime—being a Jew.

All I can remember after that is hunger, that dull, aching, empty feeling, which can only be fully understood by those who unfortunately have experienced it. Mother was not strong enough to bear it, and soon went into a decline, from which she never recovered, for she died soon after from consumption. My sister and I clung to life only by the desperate urge to survive. Now, we were homeless as well as parentless, our home had been taken from us to pay for my mother's funeral expenses.

We were destitute. Day, after weary day, we would wander the streets. I with my yellow star pinned onto my tattered dress, clutching my sister's thin hand, and she, who had once boasted of beauty reduced to a mere shadow of the girl she had been.

Sometimes we were lucky. Sympathetic people who dared, would slip us some morsels of bread which could however, never quench the seemingly permanent ache in our shrunken bellies. Constantly we were in danger of being captured by the Gestapo, who daily toured the streets in open cattle trucks, looking for, and seizing "undesirable characters" which consisted mainly of weak, starving women and children, who were able to put up little resistance, as they were driven off to some "unknown destination".

One night, as we were crouching for shelter in some doorway, a group of soldiers came lurching drunkenly towards us and tried to drag us out into the dark street. How we kicked and fought, as if our very lives depended on our escaping, which indeed they did. Suddenly we broke free and ran and ran. I don't know how we had the strength to do so, or how my short, thin little legs did not break in two. Through dark alleys we ran, on and on, until we could run no more, my sister dragging me by the hand, till finally we collapsed from utter exhaustion and lapsed into oblivion.

The next thing I knew, I was being lifted up gently and some food and drink were being forced into my retching stomach, and after that, I lapsed into a

coma again, which I was later told lasted for seven days, during which I hovered between life and death. At a nunnery, which was the place my sister and I had been brought to, after we had been found lying in the gutter near the venerable establishment. I was known as the miracle child. For an infant of six, to have suffered the hardships that I had, and to survive it all was indeed a miracle. I remember then, a kindly nun telling me that I was going on a long journey, and nights being spent being sick in a leaky vessel, being comforted by my sister.

Then the promised land, sunshine, happiness and peace. We had come out of the jungle of oppression and hate and a new era was opening up before us. We had come home to the land of our forefathers, and we were exempt forever from fear, ignorance and its partner, prejudice. We could now look forward to a happy future in the land of Israel.

BARBARA DAVY, 5th Year

The Fox

As the fox goes galloping by,
We will blow the "gone away",
Over the hills and mountains high,
The field will follow on its way.

The hounds go baying through the woods,
The huntsman follows at the edge,
The fox goes off at speed so good,
That riders tear off through the sedge.

A cunning old fellow the fox is too,
As off he goes, he hears the sound
Of horsemen crying view hallow
And starts to think of going to ground.

And when the dusk is falling night,
He finds a drain, and full of mirth,
As night steals forth across the sky,
He makes it welcome as an earth.

The huntsman sighs with deep regret,
As weary horsemen gather round.
"That's all the hunting we will get,
The wily fox has gone to ground."

DIANA HAMILTON, Age 12. 1st Year

Spring

Spring is the time of the year that I like best,
When flowers come and bring with them the bees;
And in the woods you oft' may find a nest,
Or watch the young birds flutter in the breeze.
In all the beauties of the earth one sees
New life begin to stir in all the land,
And all the rich brown earth with green is manned
We breathe this life—it is a gift from God's own
hand.

JOYCE NELSON, 4A

What am I

I have a small body,
A very long neck.
But I have no head,
Which means I cannot go to bed.
I have no arms, fingers or toes,
Which means I cannot dance or catch tadpoles.
I have six strings both thick and thin,
And when I am playing most people grin.
I have six buttons at the top of my shaft
And the old people think me a little bit daft.
I am really made in all shapes and sizes,
And the only thing people don't like are my prices.
My sisters and brothers are all very small,
Except the big bass who is king of us all.
After your tea, when you watch your T.V.
All the girls scream when they see Elvis and me.
The screamings for him you see,
But I think his act is no good without me.
I guess you know who I am by now,
I travel the land,
As king of a band,
I stay up every day to the early hour,
You know who I am? I'm a G-U-I-T-A-R.

ELIZABETH STUART, 3B

The Sea

Deep in thought I gaze at the scene below me. The beach is crowded with people, all of whom are enjoying the unusually fine day. Adults and children alike are splashing about in the calm sparkling sea.

The Sea, the place in which all life began, can be the most terrifying of all the elements. I can never look upon it without thinking of the terror and destruction which the monster has caused. From the beginning of time the oceans have weathered and changed numerous coastlines. Whose islands have been engulfed and others thrown up in their place. The sea has claimed man after man, ship after ship.

Against this force of nature man is powerless. Though he may spend a lifetime reclaiming land, building dykes and bridges, harbours and piers, within an incredibly short space of time, the sea can often undo completely all his efforts.

It is difficult to understand, why men so often choose to spend their lives on the heaving waters. For some, perhaps it is through a sense of obligation. Like John Masfield, they feel that they—"... must go down to the seas again, for the call of the running tide, Is a wild call and a clear call that may not be denied."

Others, like Lord Byron, feel thus ...

"... from a boy

I wantoned with thy breakers—they to me
Were a delight; and if the freshening sea
Made them a terror—"twas a pleasing fear."

Thus men choose the life of a deep sea diver purely through a sense of adventure.

When the man who fears the sea is compared with the deep sea diver, the lifeboatman or the ordinary sailor, he seems a coward. Perhaps he can be defended by saying that he is afraid because he feels that the

sea will always win, and for this reason he will never be coaxed or deceived by the sea.

Once again my thoughts return to the scene below me, and I realise that however often we hear of drowning tragedies or shipping accidents, adults and children alike will continue to take a much loved "dip" in the ocean whenever the opportunity occurs.

STEPHANIE MAHON, 6th Year

GAMES REPORT

Our 1962-63 season started off in no less than a tropical heat wave but since then the weather has deteriorated steadily and now we are at a standstill—snow, frost and rain.

The 1st XI captained by Carole Dixon have a very strong defence but lack finish in the circle. Carole officially a centre half is likely to appear anywhere from left wing to full back. Others too impress on this team are Hazel Griffen and Ethel Bow.

At the beginning of the season we sent up the latter two players for their Leinster trials, Hazel impressing the selectors with her long clearances and good defence play.

For the first time in the history of Diocesan, we entered two teams for the Intermediate Cup and two teams for the Junior Cup.

The Intermediate "B" team led by Valerie Patterson have a good goalkeeper in Helga Moody. They played Roslyn Park in the 1st round of the cup and were beaten 2-0.

The Junior Cup team is an enthusiastic team, led by Janet Middleton were very unfortunate to have been drawn against Wesley in the first round of the cup.

Last but not least our J.C.T. "B". This is one of the youngest teams in for the Leinster Junior Cup. I am sure in the next couple of years this team will give a good account of itself. This team is captained by Barbara Leach ably assisted by Piccola Kelly.

Towards the end of the season it was decided that an Inter-form K.O. tournament should be run. Every form entered except the two senior forms.

In conclusion, I would like to thank the Old Girls for their help and co-operation during the season, to Mrs. Taylor and Mrs. Caird for coming up to the pavilion and making teas for the visiting teams. Last, but not least, I would like to thank Mrs. Hudson for sending us students throughout the season. Their work is very much appreciated by all.

E. BRADSHAW, Games mistress

EXAMINATION PAPER I

All questions must be attempted.

1 Write an essay on **one** of the following....

- (a) "The Battle of Belgrave Square."
- (b) "They bill us for their sport."

Discuss this quotation with special reference to the activities of the staff during term.

- (c) Do you agree with the contention that—"The milliner's art reached its peak in the creative world when the beret was designed."

2 By whom, and under what circumstances were the following remarks made?

- (a) Come on now girls, take out your jotters and pencils.
- (b) Never begin a sentence with a full stop.
- (c) Are you strong on that? Well acquire it!
- (d) Remember my hint. If possible factorize.
- (e) The Liffey flew from Kippure.

3 In the following, cross out the answer which does not apply.

- (a) Marmaduke was the name of; (1) an Elizabethan sailor, (2) a great Irish patriot, (3) a small animal which appeared in 2A form room.
- (b) Piccola is, (1) a musical instrument, (2) a butterfly, (3) a member of the middle school.
- (c) Drought is the name given to a submarine, plane, (2) a period of no rainfall, (3) the head girl.

4 State the following.

- (a) Rafter's law of Continual Animation.
- (b) Mahon's law of Punctuality.
- (c) Middleton's theory of Sustained Condensation.
- (d) Cooley's Harmonic Cycle.
- (e) Elkinson's theory of poise.

5 Translate the following into Irish, French, Latin, Spanish and Arabic.

"Now settle down quickly. Please may I go to look for a chair? Yes— What is wrong with you? My desk is broken.— Stop talking in the back row, I can't hear what she is saying— Now what were you saying? Oh, your desk is broken, well sitting there looking at it won't fix it. Go and look for another one— You in the back row I said "Stop talking", now you will have to stay in this afternoon, . . . 3.05 in the Big Room. You have to catch a train? Where do you live? Dunlaoghaire? What time is your train? Six thirty? Oh well, don't worry you will be out in time to catch that one. Now open your books at page—. I have forgotten my book—. All right, a neatness mark for you—. Where is your form book? In the press outside the Parish room? How did it get into the press outside the Parish room when your form room is here? It was put there? Well, I didn't for one minute suppose it grew legs and walked there. Now instead of taking a neatness mark write out three hundred times for to-morrow "It is necessary that I remember to bring my books to class, omission to do so delays the commencement of the class, enrages the teacher and hinders the rest of the class in their pursuit of knowledge." Now let us begin, Open your books at page— Please may I sharpen my pencil?— Yes— At page— I can't find a chair, I've been round the whole school— Try the staff room, and be quick— Now I said open your books at page— May I switch off the heater? Yes. May I open a window? No. May I borrow a rubber? No. Page— There isn't a chair in the staff room— I'm not surprised— Try to get a stool from the Science room. Now have you all found page— May I borrow some in from Valerie? No— Page 80 and we will begin at exercise— There's the bell—

Pictures in the Fire

I sat on a stool by the fireside,
And gazed at the flickering light,
I thought I saw a dark cavern
Containing a wonderful sight.

It seemed to be filled with bright figures,
All dancing together in fun,
Some blue, some red and some green,
As if in the light of the sun.

As I gazed at the fire with enchantment,
My cavern just faded away,
And my wonderful dancing people
Were lost for ever that day.

CHRISTINE FOX 2A

Pictures in the Fire

Now let's try making pictures in the fire,
There is a church with a golden spire,
And look, a furry rabbit's tail;
A soldier in a coat of mail
And there, a ship about to sail.

A hungry fox with an open mouth,
An eskimo's igloo from the south;
Goodness! what's that I spy?
A gaily-coloured butterfly,
What a pity the fire must die.

SHIRLEY RAFTER, 2A

The little girl's bunch of flowers

Once upon a time there was a little girl. Her name was Rosemary. One day she was going out to play in the park with her doll. Her doll's name was Pam. As they were in the park Rosemary saw a lovely bush of flowers. She hurried home to her mother and she said, "I saw a lovely bush of flowers, Mummy, may I pick one?" "No," said her mother, "they are private, dear, you may not pick one. Now go out and play again, that's a good girl," and Rosemary went out again. Once more she saw the bush of flowers. She picked one and ran home to her mother. Her mother was very cross and she sent Rosemary up to bed. Rosemary was very good after that.

JANE HAMILTON, Form III

DIOCESAN MEMORIES

I have been cajoled and bullied into writing some of my recollections of a schoolgirl's life in Diocesan School in the early thirties. For several weeks now the following lines of Pope have been very appropriate in my case:—

"You beat your pate and fancy wit will come
Knock as you please, there's nobody at home."

However I must make a start despite the fact that there is still "nobody at home" or hardly anyone.

In September, 1930 I was a "New Girl" in Diocesan and was placed in the form known then as IVB (now



The Staff front row (from left)
 Mrs. Caird, Miss Stewart, Miss Richards, Miss Bradshaw, Miss Scott (headmistress),
 Miss McClements, Miss Thompson, Miss Buttermore.
 Middle row (from left)
 Miss Lugton, Miss Walsh, Mrs. McMahon, Mrs. Taylor, Miss Bussell, Mrs. Valentine,
 Mrs. O'Donoghue, Miss Good, Miss Cairns.
 Back row (from left) Miss Haughton, Miss Bell.



Barbara Davy and Daphne Goodey holding the Irish Times trophy which they won at the Inter-Schools debate in the Metropolitan Hall (1963).



The founders of the Diocesan Times holding the first edition.

Front row (from left)

Maeve Taggart, Mary Drought, Stephanie Mahon.

Back row (from left)

Laraine Sieff, Jane Mitchell.



Senior Cup Team front row (from left)
P. Williams (L.W.), D. Goodey (C.F.), C. Dixon (C.H., captain), P. Smith (L.I.),
B. Banister (R.I).
Back row (from left)
E. Scott (R.H.), H. Southgate (R.W.), H. Griffin (goal), P. Taylor (R.B.), E. Bow (L.H.)
Not in photo, S. Griffin (L.B.)

First Year). I was about to start what I realise now were four very happy years during which time much knowledge was gained and many friendships made, which have lasted through all these years.

Perhaps my most amusing recollections are those of incidents which occurred in the Domestic Economy class in the School kitchen. A sure sign of a successful cook, according to our instructress, was an "elastic dough" and for this one was almost awarded a Diploma on the spot.

I remember very vividly the morning a half-cooked pancake was tossed and landed on a newly-painted kitchen ceiling, where almost all of it remained, thus incurring the justifiable wrath of the headmistress!

In those days for classes in the kitchen, we all wore blue caps like Dutch bonnets and blue long-sleeved coat overalls. Towards the end of class two of the "cooks" went around the various classrooms to sell the results of the cooking-lesson. Their arrival in the classrooms was always a welcome diversion to other "hard-working" pupils, as it meant a few minutes' break from lessons, perhaps not always welcomed by the teacher in charge.

The drawing classes were comparatively quiet. There even the worst of us could draw something, due to our very patient and painstaking teacher. I know of no pranks in this class—perhaps I was oblivious to them as I enjoyed the work so much. In those days we entered for the Royal Drawing Society examinations and got very successful results.

The Science Room was in existence even then, but my memories are rather vague. Bunsen burners, test tubes and experiments are all mingled up in my mind but the one thing I remember very well is the clear glass in the large windows looking on to Adelaide Road where on certain days High School boys congregated just underneath and many signals and messages were exchanged. I understand these windows have now got muffed glass as the "Powers that be" became very wise.

Conduct and neatness marks prevailed in those days (perhaps they still do) and at the end of the week marks were deducted from our weekly mark books, three for each conduct mark and two for each neatness mark.

One day I was leading some of my classmates down the stairs from the Science Room and as we thought we were unobserved we jumped down the stairs at a great rate and with great noise. Unfortunately a certain History and English teacher happened to be passing through the hall and as I was first in line I bore the brunt of her wrath. I was told I was like a "Bull of Bashan" which epithet has always remained most vividly in my memory and also the three conduct marks which I received on the spot.

Every day we were expected to change from our outdoor shoes to black canvas gym shoes and as the majority of us hated this, many chances were taken, i.e., conveniently forgetting to change etc. but these seldom worked and on this score alone I think the most neatness marks were given. Not a day passed but somebody was caught and I often wonder why we persevered in the effort.

The Distribution of Prizes was held every December and it might interest the present pupils to know that

for my first three Distributions (and I presume all preceding ones) uniform was dispensed with and we all wore party frocks. These were many and varied and I remember at my third Distribution one very daring girl arriving in a frock very low-cut at the back. The following year we were all told to wear uniform and this rule still stands.

The Big Room in those days had no platform and was divided into three classrooms. The present glass partition was in existence even then and when it was pulled over the remainder of the Big Room was divided in two by a heavy dark green curtain (very dusty!). When it was time for drill class there was feverish activity getting rid of these partitions and then ink-wells and desks. These classes were very popular and we all had great respect and admiration for our seemingly ageless Swedish Instructress.

Drill Displays were held every April in the Big Room and between the large audience and all the girls taking part, I don't think a square inch of free space could be found.

One winter, hockey practice (conducted by Ling students) was held in Herbert Park. A favourite place after these practices was Messrs. J. M. & O'B's establishment for penny doughnuts.

During my years in School, Irish Dancing classes were introduced. I was very far removed from the makings of a good Irish dancer. "Haon, do, tri" did not suit my feet or temperament at all but however one day it was discovered I could play the piano and it was "The Rakes of Mallow" for me from then on. I became heartily sick of the tune but it was much preferable to be than tripping the Irish "light fantastic". On the whole the lessons were very popular and if I remember rightly a couple of successful Ceilidh-hides followed.

We had a few "outside of school" expeditions which I enjoyed very much. On one occasion a party of us travelled to New Grange and Dowth where we were told that visitors came from all over Europe to see this wonderful Bronze Age monument and that in fact Irish visitors were in the minority. We filed through subterranean passages and climbed through ruins and collected some pretty white stones to bring home. I only lost mine some years ago when moving house. On this expedition we also visited Monasterboice and Mellifont Abbey.

Two theatre parties also stand out in my mind. The first of these was to the Gate theatre to see a translation into Irish of "The Bells" by Henry Irving. Strange to say we were all able to follow it! The other theatre outing was to the old Abbey to see "Julius Caesar" and the highlight of this for us schoolgirls was when the dead Julius Caesar got up and walked off-stage before the curtains had come down properly.

I have many more memories of school life, staff and pupils and I am glad to say they are all happy ones and I was really sorry when the time came to leave Diocesan. I still occasionally see the headmistress and a few other members of the staff of my time and many stories are exchanged. However, I think I have given you enough reminiscences for this time and will finish up by wishing happiness and success to all the present pupils and by saying "And now let abler pens than mine continue the story".

"PAST PUPIL"

RESULTS OF THE VARIOUS PUBLIC EXAMINATIONS

Thirteen girls entered for the **Leaving Certificate Examination**. Thirteen passed of whom two gained honours. Honours were obtained in English, History, Geography, French, Botany and Art and 58% was the lowest mark on the Pass Irish Paper and 86% the highest. This is the first year in which candidates were entered for this exam and we are very proud of them.

In the **Intermediate Certificate Course** there were two divisions. In the A division, 22 entered—22 passed of whom 9 gained Honours. In the B division 21 entered—12 passed of whom 2 gained Honours. Honours were obtained in English, French, History and Geography, Mathematics, Domestic Economy, Art and Science.

Religious Knowledge Examinations

Church of Ireland 149 entered, 136 passed of whom 87 gained prizes. In 3rd Year Valerie Shaw shared the James Fitzgerald Gregg Memorial Prize with a girl from A. S. D. This prize is worth £3.

Presbyterian Church 10 entered—All passed, of whom 3 gained prizes.

Methodist Church 10 entered—All passed, of whom 8 gained prizes.

Associated Board of the Royal Schools of Music

Carol Hanlin, Pass, Grade II.

Vivien Michie, Pass, Grade III.

Barbara Maiden, Pass, Grade I.

The Royal Irish Academy of Music

Ruth Hollowed, 85%, First Class.

The Choir Examination held by the Department of Education

Three part Choir, 90%	Three part Choir, 87%
Two part Choir, 90%	Two part Choir, 87%

In the **Cookery Test** held by the Dublin Alliance Gas Company the following gained prizes, Averil Livingstone, Eva Scott, Hazel Coulson, Janet Middleton, Ruth Finn, Philippa Wiggins, Ingrid Fedlow, Jean Large, Jennifer Lush, Eileen Shepherd, Vivienne Warlock, Barbara Davy and Elizabeth Grant.

In the **National Handwriting Contest**, Carol McGibney and Janet Stuart were commended and received Platinium pen and pencil sets.

RESULT OF SCHOOL SCHOLARSHIPS AND SPECIAL 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 awarded to Jennifer Armstrong.

2 **The Past Pupils' Association Scholarship**—value £10 per 1 year—is awarded to the girl who obtains the second highest aggregate of marks in the Intermediate Certificate Examination. This year it is awarded to Doretta Delmonte.

3 **The Diocesan School Scholarship** Awarded on the result of the Summer Examinations in 5th Year, value £10. Awarded to Stephanie Mahon.

4 **The Evelyn Riley Memorial Scholarship**—value £9 awarded on the result of the Summer Examinations in 3rd Year awarded to Valerie Shaw.

5 **Diocesan School Scholarship**—value £6 awarded on the results of the Summer Examinations in 2nd Year, awarded to Hilary Chapman.

6 **The Etheline Brady Scholarship**—value £6, awarded on the results of the Summer Examinations in 2nd Year, awarded to Barbara Leach.

7 **The Special Foster Prize**, awarded to the girls who have been most helpful during the year. Rosemary Eames and Gwyneth Grace.

8 **The Prize for Domestic Science** presented by Dr. Anderson—value £1 10s., Jean Large.

The Emily Latimer Memorial Prize for English Literature, value £1, Jennifer Armstrong.

The Special Geography Prize presented by Miss Latimer, Ruth Kemp.

The Jellett Memorial Prize for Irish, Shirley Rafter.

The Gymnastic Prize presented by Mr. R. G. Price, Audrey Manuel.

The McNay Prize for English Literature—awarded on the result of the Summer Examinations in the middle School—value, £1 10s. for 3B and £1 10s. for 2B, 3B Pamela Taylor, 2B Myrtle Somers.

Entrance Scholarships

Margaret Pasley—Kildare Place National School.

June Teggin—Monkstown Primary School.

Emma Deegan—St. Columba's, North Strand.

Elizabeth Neilson—St. Columba's, North Strand

Margaret Kidd—Diocesan Secondary School.

Day and Night

Softly, shining, silver beam,
Creeping up the chimney seam;
Fingers of the night enclose,
Morning creeps on gentle toes.

Softly, shining, silver beam,
Laughing gently at the scene;
Morning softly creeping on,
Night and darkness once more gone.

ANON

Noddy

Oh Noddy is a fine big cat
He's big and brown and rather fat
He sleeps upon my bed all day
And then at night he goes away.
And when I get into my bed
I feel the warm spot on my spread
Where Noddy has been lying there
Dreaming all his dreams so fair.

CAROL KENT, 1st Year

THE DAY WE MOVED HOUSE

One day my brother came running out of the door of our house shouting excitedly, "Daddy's auntie's after dying".

"Oh," I said sadly, "That's terrible, and you should be sorry and not glad."

"Well," he said gravely, "I'm sorry she's dead, but

I'm glad she's not here, 'cause we're going to live in her house," he finished hurriedly.

"You're joking," I said.

"Ask Mum if you don't believe me, the letter has just come."

I raced into the house to find that everything he has said was true. We were to move to "High Hedges" on Thursday, and those three days seemed to me like three years. "High Hedges" is a great big old-fashioned house with a long avenue up to it.

When Thursday finally arrived the lorry came to remove the furniture; and we went in the car to our new house.

When we reached the top of the drive at "High Hedges", my brother and I jumped out of the car. Mummy had the key so she opened the great door and we all went in. I ran and opened a door near me. It was a long room. There was a long table around which stood about twelve high-backed chairs. I came out and went to another room. This room was small and a neat little table and chair stood in the middle of the floor. On each of the four walls was a tapestry. Next I went up a thickly carpeted stair-case and opened the door at the top. "Oh", I gasped, for this was the most beautiful room I had ever seen. The floor was of polished tiles, so slippery that when I entered the room I landed sitting down! From the ceiling hung enormous chandeliers showing magnificent colours. At the end of the room was a gallery on which stood a great gilded harp, and against the wall stood many more instruments. Around the room were carved seats, and lovely red velvet curtains hung in the big windows. I crossed the room to a small door but there were only large wooden benches in there. I went to another room—a bedroom this time—where a four poster bed was, and on which lay a single white sheet: this was the bed on which my great-aunt had died. I shuddered and left the room quickly. I walked along the corridors and went through another door, in them were wardrobes. I opened one and inside hung beautiful dresses with frills and laces and bows. In another were cloaks, in another shoes, and in the last, hats.

"Bang", I swung round suddenly. Who had fired that gun? "Ha, ha, ha," laughed my brother, "Scared you that time, didn't I? I found heaps of swords an' guns an' bayonets an' things, while you were up here. What did you find? Ugl soppo ol' dresses. Should see some of the pistols down there." "Bang", and he was off again like a hare.

That night I had to sleep in a four-poster bed, but I didn't mind; it was like living in the eighteenth century.

I love "High Hedges".

RUTH BELL, 2B

A HARBOUR SCENE

I came upon it just by accident when I was touring during my holidays last summer. I had never thought of going there, but as I was travelling I saw a signpost with its name on it and a little dusty road twist-

ing and turning over the brow of the next hill. The name intrigued me and aroused my interest, so when I read that it was only four and a half miles away I decided to pay it a visit.

When I had travelled what seemed to me more than four and a half miles my destination was not yet in sight and this made me more determined in my resolve to see this village called Rarc-Irish Harbour. Just as my expectations had sunk to their lowest ebb and I had nearly decided to turn back, I rounded the next bend and saw it, nestled between the mountains, bordered by the mountains on three sides and the sea inlet on the other.

It looked so idyllic and peaceful that I fell in love with it at once. The little white-washed fishing cottages were all clustered on the sheltered side, and the mountains were etched in black against a background of glorious dazzling sunset. The little fishing boats in the harbour tugged at their moorings in the gentle sea breeze, while the white and grey gulls wheeled and spun around the masts uttering their wild mournful cry, which mingled with the cries of the rooks just settling down to rest in the tall trees behind the cottages.

The weather-cock on the church steeple was turning to and fro as the wind lulled and changed, and the tips of the tall fir trees surrounding the church itself swayed gently in motion.

The scene was so breath-taking that I just sat down on a small hillock and gazed, just as Wordsworth probably did when confronted with the daffodils before he wrote his poem. I could not write a poem about this scene, it was too enthralling and magnificent to put into the words of my inadequate vocabulary. If Wordsworth were sitting beside me I doubt if he could have composed a poem about the scene either.

I rose and walked slowly down the incline which led to the village, and as I walked I saw that the sea reflected the wonderful hues of the everchanging sunset, the reflection of which was occasionally broken up by the large rocks looming up and jutting out into the sky.

The boats, which in the daytime would appear dirty and worn, seemed glowing and fresh. The few streets in the little harbour were deserted and I wondered where the hard-working inhabitants of this paradise were. Along the jetty were hanging some old ragged fishing nets, and some bare-footed children were playing amongst the old and well worn fishing tackle. Looking beyond them I saw an island at the mouth of the harbour, and on it an old ruin, probably of some ancient fortification. Red and yellow sunlight warmed up the grey stone of old building making it look less forlorn.

Straining my eyes against the brilliant scene I could see the cormorants fishing and diving like arrows, emerging from the water after a while with their prey which glinted like silver in the sunlight. At this moment I reached the level of the village and my view was blocked by the houses.

GWYNETH GRACE, 4A

Straight Laced

One very fine day,
In the middle of May,
I met an old woman from Dorset,
Who said with a sigh
And a tear in her eye,
"I've got on a very tight corset".

My eyes opened wide
In surprise, and I cried
"Oh why are your tresses so curly?
She shuddered at that
And said "I'm not fat
Though half of my uncles are surly,

Yet when I in a trance
Started to dance,
She lowered her eyes in haste,
"Oh, Mam," said I
With a sob and a sigh,
"You're laced too tight round your waist".

HELEN SOUTHGATE, 4B

Italy

This year I went with my parents to Italy and had a most enjoyable time.

On the first stage of our journey we went from Folkestone to Calais in France and continued through France to Basle on the Swiss-French border. This journey took about nine hours. From Basle we went to Chiasso on the Swiss-Italian border via Lake Lucerne and Lake Lugano. At this stage of our journey we passed through the Swiss Alps which were a wonderful sight, with brilliant sunshine and snow-capped mountain peaks. Our journey led us from Chiasso to Milan in Italy, and then on to Bologna and from there we went to Rimini on the Adriatic coast of Italy.

While we were staying in Rimini we visited San Marino, the smallest Republic in the world. It is built 780 feet above sea level and there is a beautiful view from it. There are only twelve soldiers in San Marino, six to guard one side of the city and six to guard the other side.

Another city we saw was Venice. In Venice there is no traffic whatsoever other than gondolas or river taxis. We saw St. Marks Palace and it was a wonderful place with some of Michelangelo's paintings on the walls and ceilings.

When our holiday was over we returned to Calais via Milan, a journey which took 18 hours. We left Milan at 9 p.m. passing by Lake Lugano at 11 p.m.; it was a marvellous sight with the coloured lights from mountains reflecting in the water below.

I think I have been very fortunate to have seen all these sights and I hope to see them again soon.

Gypsies

One day, as I was in the meadows,
Helping stack the golden hay,
I saw a band of gypsy travellers,
Passing by my way.
One little boy, a sturdy lad,
A little girl of three or four.
A man who drove the caravan,
A woman standing at the door.
This picture with its country air
Touched my heart and made it yearn
For open hills and wayside tracks.
And as I saw the old horse turn,
And I determined yet one day,
To fulfill that yearning wish.
But now, I turned back to the hay.

SUSAN SIENKIEWITZ

Fashions from Paris

Last week there was Dior's annual winter collection shown in Paris and the Diocesan Times' own head reporter, the well known Marie Trout flew over especially for this report.

The tunic-style is still in for the junior miss, while pleated skirts are going to be the rage for the teenagers and perhaps these may even, eventually take

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the place of the tunic for all ages, from 6-17. Dior's four main teenage models were Lorraine Surf, Stephanie Wo-Mahn, Gaphne Doodey, Ann Barbara Gravy, and these four girls "certainly put everything they have into the clothes!" . . . to quote Miss Trout. Both the skirts and tunics were in a very attractive bottle-green colour, which is to be the colour for many years to come we are told! . . . However I think you would all agree with me, girls, that too much of an attractive colour is going just a bit too far! On the other hand this rather dark and subdued colour is brightened up with a white shirt and it appears that the little-boy look is remaining with us, as practically all the models wore either green or blue ties with these shirts. The girls wearing the blue ties also had badges worn quite near their tie-knots with the letters "PREFECT" inscribed on them, and from what Miss Trout has told us these girls felt very much superior to those who had only green ties and no badges! . . . I wonder why? With regard to hats, the beret is in fashion once again with a crest placed to the front of it. One of the models Miss Gaphne Doodey modelled one of these, rather more to the back of the head enabling the spectators to see her very attractive blonde hair, when suddenly, much to everyone's surprise, a lady, apparently incensed, stood up and pointing an accusing finger at Miss Doodey said "You must wear the beret to the front of your head so that the crest may be seen . . . What's the point of wearing it to the back—it's so untidy!"

Many of the older people agreed with this person, who for some unknown reason would not disclose her name. On the other hand, the younger members at the show objected, but as usual the youngsters are always shouted down and so Miss Doodey changed the position of her beret to the front of her head, and this has now become the compulsory trend.

With regard to the familiar everyday faces of the older members of our fair sex, clothes are much the same. One of the models for this set was a Miss Fitz-Clemence (who is from the North, we gather, by her accent). She modelled a rather attractive black, gown-like overcoat. This gown is gathered at the shoulders and across the back, thus giving a flowing effect to the remainder of the garment. Miss Trout also reported that there was a black, flat headgear, with a tassel hanging down to one side which went with the gown, thus creating a very attractive ensemble. The headgear, better known as a mortar-board, was modelled by Mrs. LeMon Curd, but we believe, much to the youngsters' disappointment these are not catching on too well.

A second senior model was a Miss Margemore who modelled her extremely elegant clothes, just the way we, the spectators, expect a model to show clothes. However, Miss Trout reported one fault, which was that the model's shoes were not fitting her too well and were inclined to slip. However this may all be in the mind? . . . !We believe Miss Margemore studies Psychology!

A very dark and attractive model, known as "E.D." modelled a rather unusual ensemble. On her head she wore a Spanish Sombro-like hat, and this was set off by a chic Indian sari in a bright flame colour, and in-

stead of ordinary shoes, she wore black Russian Boots. We feel that perhaps E.D.'s ensemble became a little mixed up, but perhaps this is due to her love of Geography, in which she takes a great interest during her "spare time"!

The ever-smiling Miss P. Tee herself modelled some sportswear in an extremely efficient manner, and during the interval she gave a free demonstration of some physical jerks. Needless to say her hobby is . . . GAMES!

On summing up Miss Trout's report, it seems there is not going to be very much change in the future for the 6-17 year olds, but one thing is quite definite—**THE BERETS TO THE FRONT OF THE HEAD!**

And for the older members—why don't you wear berets???

Frisky

I have a little rabbit,
Frisky is her name,
She runs and jumps and hops around
She's really very tame.

I love to hold and stroke her,
Her fur is soft to touch,
And when she wants to go to sleep
I put her in the hutch.

With bran and oats and wheat to eat
She will grow big and strong,
Oh! how I'm longing for the day
Her babies come along.

ALLISON STUART

ATHLETICS

On the 23rd June, 1962, Diocesan held their first Annual Sports meeting at Belgrave Square. It was a cold and bleak afternoon, but this did not take away the excitement from both the field and track events.

In the Senior Section, Carol Grimson won the cup for being the best all-round athlete, the Junior Cup was won by Piccola Kelly. Other prize winners were (just to mention a few), Dorothy Kendall, Pamela Broad, Janet Middleton, Martha Wheatley, and Susan Carstairs.

The prizes were presented by Miss D. Kerr, President of the Past Pupils' Association.

This was in a sense a sad occasion for it marked an end to Mrs. Blackmore's time as Games Mistress. All of us would like to pay a great tribute to her for all the hard work she put into making this a most enjoyable day. During the time she taught in the school, she set a high standard of sportsmanship and has given a great foundation of games to all the younger girls. We all would like to wish her every happiness in the coming years.

Lastly, but by no means least, we should like to thank the other members of the staff for their help and co-operation in running the sports.

A conversation between the two pillars outside the school gate

Smiley: Good morning Joe. This is the first time we have had a chance to talk to each other since we were wakened up by the postman. My arms are nearly out of their sockets with all the children and the teachers coming in late and slamming the gate after them. My hinges are squeaking in agony. I wish someone would oil them for me.

Joe: Hello Smiley. Well look at my toes! Those teachers with the stiletto heels are the last word! My chilblains are killing me. Oh! Oh! There's the bell for break—be ready for a stampede. It's a blessing those children are not allowed to run around the yard now—the prefects do a great job.

Smiley: Thank goodness that break is over! There goes the bell for singing for Miss Thompson with First Year. I love to hear them sing. It reminds me of when I was young. Doh, Ray, Me, Fah, So, La, Te, Doh.

Joe: Not bad! Not bad!

Smiley: Oh, all our family are very musical—even our sewing machine is a Singer! Ha! Ha!

Joe: Very funny! So funny I forgot to laugh.

Smiley: Well you won't laugh in a minute, there goes the bell for home! AAAAAAAAh! That was my shin that was. Thank goodness that's another day over and we'll have some peace until nine o'clock to-morrow morning.

CAROLINE STOPFORD, 1st Year

Snow

A snowman stands upon the hill,
The children hear the call for tea
Off they dash, and leave him still
And all alone; they're full of glee.

The snow lies thick and white around,
A few trees in the breeze blow;
Just like a carpet made of cloud
All soft and white; Yes, this is cloud
All soft and white; Yes, this is snow.

The snow falls softly down and down,
Making the air feel crisp and clear
The city is covered with a gown.
To me, the snow is very dear.

Why is it that the snow must melt
When the hot sun comes shining through
Leaving the ground to be felt
All wet and oh so messy too!

ANN BREW, Mrs. Valentine's 1st Year

HISTORY OUTLINE OF DIOCESAN SCHOOL

In September 1902, the Diocesan School was opened as a Secondary School.

Before that it was a Church School in the parish of St. Mathias.

Then the Reverend Canon Maurice Day (later Bishop of Clogher) and other members of the Committee decided that the pupils who were attending the school should be given a Higher Education. The Diocesan Board of Education agreed to undertake the management of the school and Miss Foster, B.A., was appointed as Headmistress.

The school was called the Diocesan Intermediate and Commercial School for Girls. Pupils were at first prepared for the Preparatory and Junior Grade Intermediate Examination but in a couple of years some of the girls entered for the Middle Grade and passed with Honours.

Miss Foster was Headmistress of the school until 1928. During these years there were many improvements in the school building. It had originally only the Large Hall and two other classrooms. In 1903, the Science Room was built and in 1905 the Domestic Science Kitchen. Miss Lucy Sullivan was appointed teacher of Domestic Science and continued to teach until 1938. In 1906 four additional Class Rooms were built. In 1914 the Large Hall was divided into two Class rooms by a partition in the form of sliding doors which could be pushed to the side so that the Large Hall could be used as an Assembly Hall. In 1932, Miss Foster bequeathed a sum of money to the school. This money was invested and the annual interest is used for the Foster Bequest Prize and is given each year to the girl who has been most helpful to the staff in the running of the school.

In 1929 a sum of money was subscribed by the present and past pupils of that time, the Staff of the School, and a few of Miss Foster's own friends. Again the interest on this investment forms The Foster Prize for Mathematics. The prize took this form as a compliment to Miss Foster's wonderful success as a teacher of Mathematics along practical and rational lines.

Mr. Weaving was in charge of the school choir from 1905 to 1946 and the choir always gained a very high percentage of marks in the examinations of the Department of Education.

Miss Steele was one of the first members of the staff, but she resigned her post in 1906 to be married. In 1925, Mrs. Lee, who was then a widow returned to Diocesan School as a member of the Staff and valuable work until she retired in 1945.

Miss Evelyn Riley, B.A., joined the staff in 1909 and taught English, French and German. Later she helped Miss Foster in the administration of the school. She died in 1927. With the amount subscribed for "The Evelyn Riley Memorial Fund", a scholarship was founded and is given on the results of the school summer term examination to the pupil who has obtained first place in the form corresponding to the present Third Year, and who will enter the following year for the Intermediate Certificate Examination. Miss Emily Latimer, M.A., joined the staff as English and Latin mistress in 1913. On her death a sum of money

was subscribed for "The Emily Latimer Memorial Prize for English Literature" and is awarded to the girl who gains the highest marks in the Intermediate Certificate Examination in English Literature.

Miss D. Jellett was a member of the staff from 1917-1935. She taught some of the Irish in the school. A sum of money was subscribed and a prize founded to her memory. It was known as "The Jellett Memorial Prize for Irish" and is awarded to the girl who reaches first place in the Summer Term Examinations in First Year.

In 1950 Dr. Maurice Anderson (the son of the Rev. W. Anderson) and nephew of the Headmistress, Miss Foster, founded the prize known as the Maurice Anderson Prize. The prize is awarded annually to the pupil who has gained the highest mark in Domestic Science in the Intermediate Certificate Examination.

Miss D. Casserley, M.A., joined the staff in 1924, and took some classes in History and English and owing to the resignation of Miss M. A. Day, B.A., Miss Casserley was appointed as full History teacher in addition to some classes in English. Miss Casserley retired in 1951.

Miss Casserley wrote, "The History of Ireland" and this book is used throughout the school.

Miss M. A. Latimer, B.A., joined the staff as Mathematical and Geography mistress in 1913, and in 1928 was appointed Headmistress when Miss Foster retired. The school continued to thrive and the number of pupils increased to such an extent that it was necessary to provide extra accommodation. On the 2nd May, 1952, Dr. Arthur Barton, Archbishop of Dublin, opened a new wing, which was built on to the school at the Hatch Lane end. This wing consisted of two large classrooms. The next year the upper room was divided into two classrooms by a partition which could be opened. This meant that three extra classrooms were provided.

On this occasion Mr. R. G. Brady the builder of this project presented Miss Latimer with a cheque. The money was to be invested and the annual interest to be used to provide a prize. This prize was to be known as "The Etheline Brady Prize" and it is now presented to the girl who gains first place in the Summer Term Examinations in First Year. Etheline Brady is Mr. Brady's daughter and is a past pupil of the school.

Miss Latimer retired in 1954 and Miss J. Scott was appointed Headmistress.

THE ELVES BUSIEST DAY

Many years ago in a wood in Faraway Land there lived a band of elves—twelve of them—six boys and six girls. The boys were called Wink, Waggle, Mischief, Tit, Tot and Bonk. The girls' names were Tipsey, Topsy, Tiny, Goldhair, Mimmy and Silky and they all lived together in a hollow oak called Elfin Tree.

Every day the boy-elves went into the wood to gather food and fuel, while the girls stayed at home to do the house-work. One summer day when the boys came home they found the girls very excited indeed.

"Mr. Woodpecker, the postman, brought this letter from King Tick-Tock," cried Silky waving a big leaf over her head.

"Please read it", said Waggle, "Don't keep us waiting."

This was the letter:—

Dear Tree Elves,

I shall be coming to tea next Tuesday, so please bake some of your delicious hazel-nut scones. I shall expect entertainment.

From Tick-Tock

Lord of the Leprechauns

Emperor of the Fairies

King of the elves and

Ard-Ri of all the little people.

Well, they were all excited but also rather nervous because the king was often impatient and sometimes rather bad-tempered. The entertainment was a problem until Mimmy suggested that the girls should dance and that the boys should do gymnastics. They all agreed and they spent all their spare time practising.

At last the great day came and they were all up early. They prepared the food and after a light lunch they dressed in their gayest clothes. At half-past two exactly a fanfare of trumpets announced the arrival of their royal guest and his servant Tee-Hee, who always giggled when he talked.

They started with the entertainment. The girls danced to the music of the boys' band, slowly and gracefully at first; then faster and faster until nothing could be seen but a whirling mass of green and gold. Then gradually they slowed to a graceful swaying movement and the steps seemed to melt from one to another—then heads bowed they sank down, down—down.

While the boys were doing their act the girls put the cloth on the grass for tea and lifted all the acorn sandwiches, the hazel-nut scones and blackberry jam, bread and bluebell honey, hip and haw cake, beetle tea and a dozen other things onto it. So far everything had gone without a hitch!

They turned to escort the king to his place, but when they looked around again **everything** had disappeared — all the lovely food was gone. Tick-Tock sat down and behind him sat his servant Tee-Hee. They hoped something would happen but after a few moments waiting the king became impatient.

"Why am I kept waiting?" he stormed. "Why should I sit down to an empty cloth? Tee-Hee, bring me my cloak and banishing scroll."

Just then a giggle was heard in the branches overhead. They all looked up and saw Curly Top, the king's spoilt daughter.

"Hah, hah. I made the food invisible because my father would not bring me," she said, and waving her wand the food re-appeared.

Well, they could not send her home then so they invited her to stay with them for tea and they were even praised by King Tick-Tock for the lovely food.

(This programme was televised on 5th June, 1962, and read by the authoress, Sheila Goulden.)

NOTICES

We would appreciate if past pupils would send us any announcements of births, marriages and deaths for publication in next year's magazine, for one of our aims is to keep in contact with past pupils. Articles, poems or other literary efforts would also be very welcome for 1964.

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