

JUNE 1962

THE
DIOCESAN
TIMES

No. 1

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THE DIOCESAN TIMES

Editor: MARY DROUGHT.

Sub Editor: STEPHANIE MAHON.

Committee:

MAEVE TAGGART, JANE MITCHELL,
LARAINIE SIEFF, ROSEMARY STOPFORD.

Editorial

One of our number had a dream. The girl in question imagined herself sitting in the music room, behind a very smart desk, tapping away at a streamlined typewriter; to her left was an "in" tray piled high with sheets of paper.

The room had the atmosphere of an efficient office and the young lady, with the assistance of a committee, was turning out a literary effort called "The Diocesan Times". You are now holding that magazine between your hands, because the next day the girl told her classmates about the dream. They discussed it, and decided to make an attempt at fulfilling the dream.

Reality was not quite like the dream. We have neither office nor typewriter, nor even the pile of papers, but we have done our best. It took us a long time and a little effort to get this magazine together.

The first aim of the magazine is to encourage some literary activity. There must be many budding authors and poets in the school:

"A violet by a mossy stone,
Half hidden to the eye".

We want to bring all the violets into the open. We hope the girls will continue to write for our future editions. We also hope to encourage the girls to be more interested in the school activities.

Our third aim is to keep in contact with the Past Pupils. They have their own section and their Hockey Club also has a section to itself.

Our fourth and last aim is to let the parents see what kind of activities we have in school. They may like to know what their daughters really do from 9-30 in the morning until 2-55 in the afternoon.

We are confident that the girls and Past Pupils will support the Magazine. We have made a beginning and we hope that the Magazine will flourish in the future. We do not expect to make much profit, but this is not one of our aims.

This Magazine could not have been produced without the invaluable help of certain people. In the beginning we went to Miss Scott and discussed with her the idea of a School Magazine, she was thrilled, and from that time to this she has encouraged us and helped us.

Secondly, our thanks go to our English teacher, Miss Skerrett, who acted as censor and corrected the bad grammar. I think we whiled away a few English classes at the end of term going over the entries, but she helped us without a murmur.

Finally, I would like to thank Mrs. Taylor for typing the Magazine copy so that it could be sent neatly to the printers. EDITOR.

DRAMATIC SOCIETY

The School Girls' Dramatic Society held a competition on the 3rd February when Diocesan and Clergy Daughters' School took part. The play was called "The Hut in the Jungle", and, under the production of Mary Drought, Diocesan School won for the third year running. Girls from 1A, 2A, 2B and 3B took part. We were complimented on our clarity of speech and colourful costumes. The prizes were presented at the Y.P.U. Sale. J. MITCHELL, 5th Year.

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DIOCESAN

D — is for the daring way our berets we remove.
 I — is for our innocence when prefects don't approve.
 O — is for the office where we go in disgrace.
 C — is for the cogging that goes on behind one's case.
 E — is for the eager way with which we start the day.
 S — is for the sandwiches we eat without delay.
 A — is for the art class in which a few excel.
 N — is for the not-so-goods who rush out before the bell.

J. MITCHELL, 5th Year.

DEBATING SOCIETY

The Debating Society got off to a fine start this term under the excellent guidance of Miss Skerrett. Aileen Healy and Margaret Kenny represented Diocesan at the Inter-School Debate organised by the St. Michan's and St. Paul's Debating Society; the subject of the debate was "Is Security the supreme factor in selecting a Career?" Eleven schools competed, Alexandra won the cup, Diocesan came second. Prizes were awarded to the best boy and girl speakers. David McConnel, of Sandford Park School, won the boy's prize, and Aileen Healy, of Diocesan School, won the girl's.

The second debate was an Inter-Schools' Debate, held in Mountjoy School. Janet Stuart and Marion Roberts spoke on the subject that "Education is the salvation of the world". The third debate was held in our own school. The subject was "Does the future of Aer Lingus depend on its ability to adapt itself to the Space Age?"

Mr. Conroy, of Aer Lingus, attended and judged the speakers. Margaret Kenny, Gay Hutson and Aileen Healy spoke for the motion. June Orr, Mary Drought and Carole Grimson opposed the motion. There were also many speakers from the house. The motion was heavily defeated. We have since heard that we came 5th out of 20 in the competition. Our best speakers were June Orr, Mary Drought and Margaret Kenny.

L. SIEFF, 5th Year.

THE STORM

And all day long had storm and tempest blown,
 The sky was overcast and leaden grey,
 The sea-birds, frightened all had inland flown,
 And huge waves crashed into the rocky bay.
 The lonely lighthouse stood there lashed with spray,
 And when the stormy day slipped into night
 And night had passed, there dawned another day,
 A day of blessed calm and peaceful light,
 And ships set sail and birds flew high in sheer delight.

VALERIE PATTERSON, 2nd Year.

CAROL SERVICE

Our School Carol Service was held in St. Peter's Church on 6th December last. The service was conducted by the Reverend Canon Dowse; His Grace the Lord Archbishop of Dublin, Dr. Simms, read the Christmas Gospel. Canon Greening robed for the occasion.

The service was well attended by the girls, their parents and friends. Mr. Watson trained the choir who sang some special carols beautifully.

The lessons were read by Piccola Kelly, Shirley Rafter, Heather Henderson, Philippa Wiggins, Janet Stuart, Mary Drought, June Orr, Carole Grimson and His Grace The Lord Archbishop of Dublin.

R. STOPFORD, 5th Year.

DIOCESAN 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. White, Mrs. Taylor, Mrs. Colin, Miss E. Willis.

The annual General Meeting was held on 11th October, 1961, when the Committee was re-elected except for Miss Aileen Russell who resigned and was replaced by Miss Eithne Willis. Miss D. Kerr received the Presidential Badge of Office from Miss Latimer, the out-going President.

At this meeting, the Chairman told us that a Past Pupils' Hockey Club had been formed, playing on Saturday afternoons in Belgrave Square. At the time of writing these notes we hear they have had a very successful season.

The meeting ended with a Film Show and tea, enjoyed by all.

On 4th November, the annual Sale of Work was held in the School and was well supported. The Rev. Marcus Taylor performed the opening ceremony and the various stalls (including cake, delicatessen, household, fancy goods, white elephant, etc.) did brisk business and a grand total of £189-10-4 was realised.

On 12th December Miss Elizabeth Johnston gave a Christmas Floral Demonstration in School and this was well attended and greatly enjoyed, giving us all good ideas for Christmas decoration and displays.

A Coffee Evening and Bring and Buy Sale was held at 113 Anglesea Road, Donnybrook (the home of Miss Margaret Douglas, a past pupil) on 8th January, 1962. In spite of a night of storm and rain, a profit of £12 was realised.

On 17th January, Miss Muriel Reid, from the Dorothy Gray cosmetic firm, gave an interesting talk and demonstration on make-up. This also was well attended, particularly by our younger members.

A Jumble Sale was held in 41 York Street on 17th February and past and present pupils gave great support to the venture. The quantity and quality of the contributions were very good and there was no difficulty as regards buyers. The total profit from this Sale was just over £70 — a gratifying result for all the hard work.

On March 22nd, Mrs. Anthony, the demonstrator from the Dublin Gas Company, gave a very instructive demonstration in the School Kitchen, to past pupils. We were shown how to dissect a chicken and the various ways of cooking it. We got great hints on making an omelette, a Swiss roll and a jam tart, and those who sampled the cooked articles were unanimous in their approval. A quick steak lunch in the

oven was demonstrated and the cooked meal was bought and taken home by a Committee member. We have yet to hear the results!

The present season (1961-62) came to an end on 12th April when the Annual Dinner was held in Powers Royal Hotel, Kildare Street. The Guest Speaker was Miss M. Smith, of Wesley College, and among our guest entertainers were the Misses Heather Hewson, Lucy McCarthy, Catherine O'Connor and Mrs. C. Moore; we had a most enjoyable evening. There were at least ninety-four of our ladies present.

The Past Pupils' Association give an annual scholarship to the pupil who gains the highest aggregate of marks in the Intermediate Certificate examination and who is staying on in school to enter for the Leaving Certificate examination. In 1961 this was won by Stephanie Mahon.

The Association continues to flourish and has at least one hundred and eighty active members and over forty overseas members. From time to time we have had visits from some of the latter, including Dr. Betty Macready-Bryan (nee Wann) from Australia; Miss Muriel McNay, from England; Mrs. Joan Gauld (nee Wilson) from Canada; Miss Daphne Hogan, from California, and Miss Elizabeth Drought, from England.

The Association is always glad to hear of new members from Dublin or any part of the world, and any newcomer is sure of a welcome.

When the School acquired the new Playing Field and Pavilion in Belgrave Square in 1960, the Committee of the Association decided to undertake the renovation and re-decoration of the Pavilion. Mr. Brady carried out the work (which included a new roof) and by September, 1961, it was ready for the Official Opening and Sports Day for the School.

Showers are now being installed and this completes the renovation.

The money obtained from our Sales of Work, Coffee Evening, Jumble Sale, etc., has all gone towards the payment for this work, but a debt still remains. We hope to have a Sale of Work in November, 1962, and other ventures to make a big effort to clear this debt and we hope for our usual good support.

We conclude by wishing the present pupils good luck to the new Magazine and may they have gigantic sales!

FOOD FOR THOUGHT . . .

THE SPARROW

The vulture is a bird of prey,
The wise owl sleeps throughout the day,
But the humble sparrow I like best,
With drab brown feathers on wing and breast

His nest he lines so snug and warm,
In which his tiny babes are born,
And there he guards them from all harm
In hedge and thicket, field and farm.

H. HENDERSON, 2B.

MY THRUSH

Do you remember little thrush
As you sit upon the bush?
That when your wing was hurt
I at once became alert
And as your wing I bound
You did not make a sound.
Then, after three days wait
You flew up on the gate.
There you sang your sweet adieu,
And then away off home you flew.

M. BRYAN, 2B

THE CALL OF THE SEA

"I 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."

These words are in my mind as I watch a lonely
figure on the shore. That figure is my mother, waving
good-bye to Able-Seaman O'Rourke, as I sail away
on this, my first voyage.

I know she is thinking of a disastrous night three
years ago when my father and brother went out in
the dinghy to pull up the lobster pots.

It was a cold night. The sea was as smooth as
glass and there was not a whisper from the wind.

Suddenly this peaceful, friendly sea changed to an
angry, seething enemy. The wind whipped the waves
up into icy lashing walls of grey.

We found the dinghy in the morning — empty.
It was washed up on the shore, a forlorn, battered
wreck.

And now that figure on the shore is a mere speck,
and I turn towards the approaching ocean. The sun
is sinking low in the sea and it casts its rays on the
softly lapping water. It seems to welcome me, this
deep, mysterious ocean.

This, for me, is the call of the sea.

J. STUART, 4A.

THE KINGFISHER

The kingfisher sits in a shady nook,
Just above the rippling brook
Watching the fishes floating by,
Until a large one he doth spy,
As swift as an arrow he plunges down
And spears the fish right through the crown,
Then swallows it with sheer delight,
For it is his supper for the night.

O. HAYES, 2B.

SPRING

Now, Spring is here to take the winter's place,
Gone are the days of snow and icy cold,
The frisky new-born lambs each other chase,
The buds on trees their tiny leaves unfold,
The crocuses make carpets of pure gold
And daffodils wave their heads on high,
The children playing in the woods behold
With joy, the rabbits and the squirrels shy
And hear the lark's sweet song ascending to the sky.

JANET MIDDLETON, 3A.

Y.P.U. SALE

For about three weeks' before the Sale we noticed all the teachers and pupils eating the most delicious cakes and biscuits at every spare moment. A stranger entering the school at this time might well have been surprised and might have thought he had found himself in a cake shop. At lunch time the girls could be seen rushing around with cake tins pressing their wares on any likely person. The girls and teachers at this time seem to have had an unusual amount of money, for as can be seen from the list below we certainly did well this year.

FRESH AIR FUND	£6 0 0
LIFE BOAT	£1 10 0
REFUGEES	£25 0 0
MISSIONARY WORK	£39 4 2

M. DROUGHT, 5th Year.

A VISIT TO THE HAIRDRESSER

About three weeks ago I was at the hairdressers. Now there is always a pile of magazines in the saloon and they have been there for over a year, so you can start a story one month and come back the next to finish it, secure in the knowledge that the magazine you want will be there, a little dirtier perhaps, a trifle more dog-eared, but still there. This time, however, my luck disappeared — after a year all the old magazines were gone and in their place were the last month's issues of "Woman". Now "Woman" is a very good magazine, perhaps the best, but unluckily, we get it every week. So there I was condemned to spend about two hours without anything to do except twiddle my thumbs.

Bored, I looked around at the other clients. I had been reading an article on how you can recognise the type of life a person lives by observing his habits, dress and face. So, as I had nothing better to do, I decided to observe my fellowmen (or women) and to see if the article was right.

Oh yes, that elderly lady opposite me dressed in a tweed suit and heavy laced shoes. She was looking around her as though stunned by the noise and bustle. Obviously she was a maiden aunt living in lodgings or a cheap boarding house. Probably she was getting her hair set for the wedding of her favourite nephew. Yes, he'd be called Fred, and she would call him "wee Freddiekins" and present him with a £5 note on birthdays and Christmas. She'd probably bored all her friends with accounts of Fred's kindness, cleverness and handsomeness, and now, with the wedding coming off soon, they had all wished Fred at the bottom of the sea. This was, of course, her first visit to a hairdresser. To her, extra adornment would be sinful, but just this once for Fred's sake.

I sat there, imagining her crying at the wedding bossing all the guests and telling Fred's father that he had had quite enough to drink. Suddenly I noticed the smell of American cigarettes. I looked across the room. There was "Auntie" composedly blowing smoke-rings, her fingers were nicotine stained, and to add insult to injury, she was wearing a wedding ring. Disgustedly, I transferred my gaze to the girl sitting beside her.

She had a long face with red-rimmed eyes that drooped. Her face drooped all over — her chin hung over her neck, her mouth turned down at the corners, her nose was broad and long and she sniffed dispirit-

edly with it. Her brow was furrowed and her mouse coloured hair hung on each side of her face like spaniel's ears.

People who look like this can only be one of two things (1) a clergyman's sister, or (2) his daughter. Now, which was she? Oh, but wait, she was probably a spy in disguise. Esmerelde Bloggs, that was it. Yes, I wasn't going to be fooled this time. Probably at the right moment her half-witted look would disappear; her wig would go, as would the grease paint and she would appear as a glamorous lady spy who got rid of her enemies by stabbing them in the back, as she kissed them good-night after an evening out at the Ritz (charged to their account).

Oh, wait a minute, she was talking to "Auntie". "Oh, yes, Mrs. Flootsby, Mama is a little better now, but, of course, an invalid like she is (deep sigh). Yes, I left father writing his Sunday sermon. Yes, all about 'loving kindness'".

Shocked, I listened as she went on to talk about rheumatism and how she herself suffered from it. Unless she was speaking in code, she was a clergyman's daughter. Just goes to show, you can't trust anyone in this life, so with as much dignity as I could, I walked to the table in the middle of the room, picked up a magazine and began to read "So Long Voyageur" for the fourth time. R. ROWE, 6th Year.

PAST PUPILS' HOCKEY

The Old Diocesan Ladies' Hockey Club, to give it its full title, started playing last September with two teams. We entered our first eleven for the Minor League and with all matches nearly played, we have lost only one and drew one. We also entered for the Minor League Badges, a knock-out competition, which we won by beating Loreto in the final. We are very proud indeed of our silver and blue enamel badges.

Our second team is playing only friendly matches this season but practising hard to that they can enter for the Minor or possibly Junior League next year, with the first team in Middle League.

To those who are leaving school this year, please join next season and help us to improve the Club. For any information about joining, ring the Secretary, 884479.

E. WILLIS.

PUCK

I am a shrewd and knavish sprite,
My comical pranks I play at night,
Spoiling the dairymaid's churn of butter
Or hiding behind some old lady's shutter.

My name is Puck or Robin Goodfellow,
I play my pranks when the moon is mellow,
While some old lady tells her tale,
I topple her stool and spill her ale.

HEATHER MACDOUGAL. Aged 12, Form 1A.

NICK BOTTOM (Pyramus)

Nick Bottom was a weaver
Nick Bottom he was good,
Nick Bottom wore an ass's nole
In a glade in Athen's wood.

He played the role of Pyramus
In Peter Quince's play
'Twas acted for the king and queen
Upon their wedding day.

SHIRLEY RAFTER, Form 1A.

THE WREN

The wren is the smallest of the birds,
But yet he is the king,
He flew up high in the sky
Upon an eagle's wing.

In a hedge he builds his nest,
And makes it safe and sound.
He makes sure he's out of sight
When the cats' around.

J. DIXON, 2B.

OUR FIRST MAGAZINE

Dear Readers,

I hope that you enjoy reading our first "Diocesan Times".

I wish to take this opportunity to thank all who have contributed to the Magazine in any way. I should like to mention, especially, the girls of Fifth Year. They have worked very hard indeed to make this publication a success.

It is hoped to publish this Magazine annually, so if you have any item of news which you would like to be inserted in our next copy, please write to the editor.

I wish the "Diocesan Times" every possible success and I look forward to reading a new issue, every year, for many years to come.

Yours sincerely,

JEAN M. SCOTT.

GAMES REPORT

Season 1960-61

HOCKEY.

For what eventually turned out to be our last year in Chalgrove Park, hockey started with three changes. First of all, more people than ever played, as games had been made part of the full school curriculum. Secondly, a new uniform was registered with the Leinster Hockey Union — green skirts, white blouse and beige socks. Thirdly, Miss J. Mathews came to the school as the new games mistress.

On the 27th September, Carole Grimson and Margaret Roe attended a Secretaries Meeting at Masonic Girls' School and arranged the season's matches.

Teams for matches were selected by the games' mistress, provisional captains of each team and the school games' captain.

In the inter-form Competition in December, 2A were the winners, Carole Grimson, Patricia Pillow and Sandra Maynard were called for trials on the 10th January.

In the Cup matches, the Junior team had a re-play against Bertrand, eventually losing 1-0.

The Intermediate B lost their first match to French School. The Intermediate A won their match v. Bertrand 3-1, but lost to Wesley 1-0 in the quarter finals.

On the 25th February, the Intermediate A went to Drogheda and though losing 3-0 in torrential rain, had a most enjoyable time.

On the 4th March, Carolan Grammar School, Belfast, came down and played us at Masonic Girls' School, the game ending in a draw. After lunch every-

one went to see the Ladies' International against Scotland at Londonbridge Road.

TOTAL RESULTS

Christmas Term	 Won 5	Lost 4
Easter Term	 Won 4	Lost 11

NETBALL.

Netball is played every Wednesday afternoon and the increased number of players turning up was most encouraging.

The junior practices on Friday mornings are greatly enjoyed and it is hoped that these beginners will continue to play.

TOTAL RESULTS

Christmas Term	... Won 3	Lost 1
Easter Term	... Won 0	Lost 3
Summer Term	... Won 1	Lost 0

TENNIS.

Playing at Mount Pleasant Square we tried to learn the rudiments of the game as well as giving the more experienced players improved court sense and tactics.

Those that were able to practise on their own naturally made the greatest progress as during coaching sessions one learns **how it ought** to be done — but that does not mean one can do it straight away!

Matches were not seriously considered for this season.

CRICKET.

On the 17th June three representatives were entered in an Inter-Schools match at Masonic Girls' School. G. Hutson and M. Roe were on the winning side and C. Gimson on the other.

SWIMMING.

A small notice requesting signatures from people interested in swimming was posted on the Games' Board. When over 200 names were squashed on to it we gathered that swimming would be popular. Finally, three groups were decided upon — Beginners, Intermediate and Seniors.

It was a highly successful venture and towards the end of term a team was placed fourth in the Wesley Gala, and in an Inter-Schools' Gala, D. Large took the individual prize and the team was placed 3rd in the novelty event.

In the Life Saving Class Bronze Medals were awarded to D. Large, S. Large, J. Large, H. Prause, J. Smith, A. Wade and J. Orr.

SPORTS DAY

On the 10th May, a Committee meeting was held to arrange our first Sports Day. Present were Miss Mathews, G. Hutson, D. Kendall, M. Westlake, J. Orr, M. Kenny, M. Roe, C. Grimson and D. Lowe. It was decided that the Staff and Sports Committee should share in the running of the events on the 16th September, and that the heats should be run off at Chalgrove Park at the end of June.

SPORTS DAY, 1961.

On the 16th September, the newly-acquired Sports Ground and Pavilion were formally opened by Mrs. G. O. Simms, and a programme of events followed. These went off well in spite of a very strong wind.

Individual 1st and 2nd prizes were awarded for each of the 23 events, and cups were won on a points system.

The Inter-form Cup was won by 2B, the Junior Cup by P. Kelly and M. Wheatley, and the Senior Cup by C. Grimson.

At the end of the afternoon Mrs. Simms presented the prizes.

We wish to thank those people who gave presents for the pavilion.

Mr. and Mrs. Tate, of Mountjoy School—Inter-form Cup.

Mr. A. Taylor—The Taylor Cup.

Captain and Mrs. Caird—Electric Clock.

Miss Latimer—Electric Kettle.

Miss D. Kerr—First Aid Kit.

Mrs. J. BLACKMORE

NEW CLOTHES

There is nothing, in my opinion, to equal the delight of buying new clothes. I know some mothers, especially mine, think that the average teenager has too many clothes, and that, fashionable or not, if clothes are still in good condition, they should be worn until they (or we) wear out. I had a dress like that once; the wretched thing just wouldn't wear out, and I had it for five years. I here give a hint! If you have some article of clothing, ancient but good, and hate it as I hated my dress: accidentally knock it to the floor, and let your puppy dog in. But, gentle reader, don't blame me if it doesn't work: it took me ten minutes growling alternately at the dog and the dress, to persuade Tramp to eat it.

Once you've disposed of the article, next you have a more difficult task, to dispose of your mother. Mothers are rather tiresome about clothes, so persuade her that she is tired, and then get out quickly!

In town there are so many dress shops and fashion stores that it is very hard to choose one. You choose one at last, pass through the plate-glass door, and there you are. A young lady assistant, slinky in her black sheath dress, moves with cat-like tread across the carpet towards you. "Can I help you, Modom?" she inquires disinterestedly. "Ah, Modom wants some new clothes" (what did she think "Modom" came in for, a dust bin?).

"Kindly step this way, Modom," and you find yourself in a softly lit cubicle.

"A party dress? Certainly." You look in the mirror when you have put the dress on. It certainly looks good, but a dress of gold lame, strapless, tight and short, is, perhaps, a little old for a girl of sixteen.

"Modom would be all the rage in this," the assistant assures you. (Yes, and wouldn't your mother be in a rage if you bought it). More dresses are shown, more sophisticated, if anything, than the first. "I don't think any of these would be suitable," you say bravely. "Haven't you anything a little younger?"

"Oh, I thought Modom wanted to look elegant; what about the juvenile department, miss." Crushed and defeated, you depart.

ANN O'CALLAGHAN, 4A.

LIKE AS

(With apologies to William Shakespeare)

Like as a drunk man goes rolling home,
So do our classes dwaddle to their close.
Each lingers far too long for peace of mind,
We're all inclined to have a little doze.
On drones the mistress like a sickly bee,
Fondly imagines that we're paying heed:
Yet all the time our eager ears await
To hear that blessed bell, that's all we need!
Then starts the war anew, whilst we, bored stiff,
Hear our mistakes, shortcomings and the rest.
We hear the clock tick-tocking through the gloom
Gaze out the window—hard work we detest.
Advice, work now, O lazy sleepy, folk
Or stay and learn it later — that's no joke.

C. GRIMSON, 6th Year.

DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES

The Junior and Middle Schools' prize distribution was held on Thursday, 25th January. Canon Dowse addressed the girls and parents and then presented the prizes. On the following day His Grace the Lord Archbishop of Dublin spoke to the girls and parents after which he presented the prizes. On both days Miss Scott read her report for the past year. The school choirs and music pupils concluded both afternoons with songs and piano playing.

SPECIAL PRIZES AWARDED

Examination Results, Intermediate Certificate: 35 entered: 28 passed, some with honours in two subjects; 8 Honours Certificates.

We wish the girls luck who are sitting for the Intermediate and Leaving Certificate Examinations this June, and we would like to call your attention to the fact that it will be the first time that girls will sit for the Leaving Certificate from this school.

SPECIAL AWARDS

Diocesan School Scholarship. — Result of Summer Examinations in 5th Year, value £10: Margaret Kenny.

The Past Pupils' Scholarship awarded on the results of the Intermediate Examination, value £10: Stephanie Mahon.

The Evelyn Riley Memorial Scholarship, value £9: Janet Stuart, 3rd Year.

Diocesan School Scholarship, value £6: Awarded in 2nd Year, Valerie Shaw.

Etheline Brady Scholarship, value £6: Awarded to Heather Chapman.

Foster Prize for Mathematics, value £1-10-0: Mildred Lang.

Special Foster Prize, awarded to the girl (or girls) who have been the most helpful during the year: Margaret Westlake, Dorothy Kendall.

Prize for Domestic Science, presented by Dr. Anderson, value £1-10-0: Joan McLaren.

The Emily Latimer Memorial Prize for English Literature, value £1: Leonora Somers.

Special Geography Prize, presented by Miss Latimer: Joan McLaren.

The Jellet Memorial Prize for Irish: Elizabeth Dawson, Hilda Smith.

The Gymnastic Prize, presented by W. R. G. Rice, awarded to: Denise Large, Ruth Crampton.

Entrance Scholarships:

Barbara Leach — Sandford N.S.

Pauline Cusack — St. Andrew's N.S., Bray.

Margaret Sarsteiner — Diocesan Secondary School.

S. MAHON, 5th Year.

THE MORNING OF THE FLOWER SHOW

It was the morning of the Flower Show. Miss J. arrived carrying proudly her bunch of pansies, and after collecting her class card, arranged the blooms in a jam jar. She decided against going home immediately, but to stroll about the hall to watch the other exhibitors working.

Mr. X. arrived carrying an enormous box like a large trunk. Miss J. was intrigued with this and waited to see what was in it. He began to open the box with a lot of heaving and shoving. Mr. X. was aged about twenty-two, and was dressed in a dark suit with a matching waistcoat, dickie bow tie and a red carnation in his buttonhole. He was wearing suede shoes and a Robinhood hat, and was holding in his hand a long cigarette holder.

The box eventually was opened, and lying in a stately fashion between tissue paper were twelve enormous chrysanthemums. Mr. X. removed his cream gloves, took out a pair of tweezers and began to lift up every petal on each bloom to see if there were any ear-wigs, but he only found one, which he very quickly disposed of. He put six incurve chrysanthemums in a vase, took out a pencil, and began to curl up the petals. He arranged the reflex chrysanthemums in another vase and smoothed down the petals. Finally, the blooms were ready and were placed carefully in their right class.

Mrs. Moaner had just arrived with her decorative arrangement. She began taking out flowers here and there and putting in others. Miss J. was watching her, and without any introduction, she started telling Miss J. how she would stay awake at nights thinking out her decorative arrangements, and how she spent the entire last few days doing her arrangements. She told her that she did not go to bed until that morning as she could not decide whether to use roses or dahlias.

Meanwhile, Mrs. W. was making an awful fuss. She had done her arrangement in a snail shell, but all that remained of her arrangement was a small bunch of flowers. Everyone immediately began looking for the shell, and a few minutes later it was found crawling along the table. Mrs. W. thought the snail had left the shell but she was mistaken.

Mrs. Z. was arranging her roses and pulling out the wilted petals. She then took out a spray and sprayed the roses to give them the appearance of dew. But before Miss J. knew it, it was ten o'clock, and everyone had to leave the hall. Miss J. went home much wiser, pleased that she had come.

J. MITCHELL, 5th Year.

THE NIGHT THE WORLD ENDED

It was a good thing that no one knew the night on which the world would end, for had they done so, a panic beyond imagination would have seized everyone. As it was, the end was peaceful and sudden.

The first sign was an unusually highy-coloured sky, when the sun was setting, which began at about 6 o'clock.

The sky was a reddish brown, a colour which frightened a number of people who said, "One would almost think the world was going to end."

There was no wind, and an unusual light spread over the world, causing people to move and speak quietly, as they began to feel something odd and a little bit frightening which they could not define.

Then the sun set completely and when it was dark, with only the street lamps alight, people forgot their uneasiness and started doing the usual things, without fear.

At about 10 o'clock, however, the people on earth felt a sudden movement like a great earthquake, and scientists knew that the world was moving off its centre and its speed increasing rapidly. They had no time to study this for with the shaking things began to fly.

Those who could observe saw a planet getting nearer and brighter; they had little time for fear, because as the centre of gravity had been completely upset, the whole world flew into little pieces. All that remained of people and houses was a huge trail of shining vapour which followed the planet like the trail of a comet.

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