

ST. MICHAEL'S COLLEGE

*R.L. Walsh.
24th May, 1957.*



ST. MICHAEL'S COLLEGE



CONDUCTED BY
SISTERS OF THE



HOLY CROSS AND PASSION

STAFF 1956 - 1957

PRINCIPAL - SISTER PAULINE

Secondary Department

MISTRESSES

Sr. Francis	Sr. Marie Celeste	Miss Fulton
Sr. Eugenius	Miss Brosnan	Miss Doran
Sr. Paul Mary	Miss Wade	Mrs. Armstrong
Sr. Marie Callista	Miss Whiston	Mrs. Barkley
Sr. Joseph Patrick	Mrs. McGuinness	Miss McKinstory

MASTERS

Mr. Leahy	Mr. Walsh	Mr. McKinley
Mr. Leishman	Mr. Laird	Mr. Speirs
Mr. Mellan	Mr. Modine	Mr. Harkin
Mr. Farrell	Mr. Campbell	Mr. Hunter
Mr. Mullen	Mr. Maguire	Mr. Hughes

French Assistant - M. Varigny

Primary Department

Sr. Leonardine	Miss Brown	Miss Quinn
Miss Devine	Mrs. Cassidy	Mrs. Kilfeather
Miss Traynor		

1956

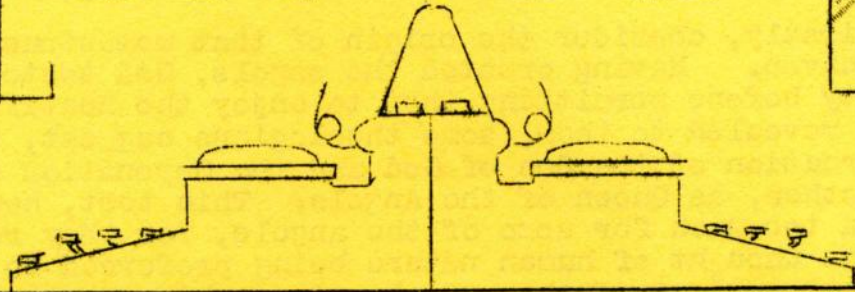
School Secretary - Miss Higgins

1957

the Godhead lies prostrate
Momently, terribly, is the Godhead bowed.
Tears rolled
From eyes, seeing done by hating world
sins untold
While loving fingers untie the knot at
heaven's gate.

J. M.

EDITORIAL



Prudence has directed that the St. Michael's College Magazine for 1957 be "home-made"; and we leave our readers to judge, whether or no the label is, as so often, a guarantee of quality. We confidently predict that copies will sell "like hot cakes".

Our sincere thanks are due to contributors who responded generously to the call for articles; and while we congratulate those whose articles have been accepted, we sympathise with those whose choice of subject was considered unsuitable: we refer to the anonymous writers of such articles as "The Compleat Baggy Minnow Catchers" Guide"; "A Dissertation on Boiled Cod"; "On Finding a Newt in My Bathwater" (Ode); "Making your own Whisky-at home"; "Printing Your Own Money" etc.

Our correspondence items should prove of particular interest to pupils past and present.

On this occasion we have no need to thank our advertising agents, but next year, we hope, their task will be no sinecure.

ST. MICHAEL, OUR PATRON.

How do we regard our Patron ? Do we think of him simply as an archangel after whom the school is named for some vague reason ? A few moments' reflection will convince us that we are highly privileged in having the Prince of Angels as our Patron.

Firstly, consider the origin of that momentous Battle in Heaven. Having created the angels, God tested their loyalty before permitting them to enjoy the Beatific Vision: He revealed to them, some theologians suggest, the future Incarnation of the Son of God and the Coronation of Mary, His Mother, as Queen of the Angels. This test, however, proved too much for some of the angels, for they rebelled at the thought of human nature being preferred to theirs. The proudest of them was Lucifer, whose war-cry, "I will not serve," was adopted by the rebellious angels. Meanwhile, having knelt before the Throne of God, another great Archangel, vowing unending love and allegiance, went forward to lead the heavenly hosts into battle with the cry, "Mi-cha-el," which means, "who is like to God ?" Having crushed Satan, St. Michael drove him and his accursed followers into Hell. In this way the great Prince became the "first general" or champion of God. He can also be termed the "first Christian", since he was first to adore the Word-made-Flesh: and he was, in a special way, the "first apostle," as he taught the angels the news of the Saviour and His blessed Mother. Such is the story of St. Michael, our Patron.

For many, the story of St. Michael ends there. Yet his story, begun before time was, will continue till time shall be no more. Let us think of the times he is mentioned in the Bible. Traditionally it was he who stood at the gate of Eden, with a flaming sword, after the expulsion of Adam and Eve. At the defeat of Sennacherib may we not assume that the heavenly intervention on behalf of Israel came from angels serving under St. Michael's banner ? Daniel and Zacharias speak of an angel whom commentators believe to be St. Michael, as do many other Old Testament authors. It was the Celestial Prince, Michael, who aided Judas Maccabeus to defeat his enemies. From earliest times, therefore, St. Michael has played a prominent role as Defender of God's people.

More modern history has proved that he remains the protector of Christians and the Guardian Angel of the

Church. Christians have often acknowledged that it was through his intercession that they have defeated pagans. He helped Constantine the Great to defeat Maxentius, and appeared to the Emperor after the combat. In the 15th Century, at the intercession of the Blessed Virgin, St. Michael championed the cause of Christianity over the Turks. St. Joan of Arc ascribed her vocation and victories to him. At all times, zeal for God's honour has been his guiding principle.

There is a well-known prayer to him at the end of Mass, which owes its origin to a vision, given to Pope Leo XIII. of Satan and his demons fighting against the Church. Thereafter the holy Pontiff composed the prayer, invoking St. Michael, "to safeguard us against the wickedness and snares of the devil." The Church has always venerated him and, therefore, appointed two special feasts, May 8th., the Apparition of St. Michael, and September 29th., the Dedication of St. Michael, on which day our school assembles in St. Mary's Church, Irvine, to assist at Holy Mass in his honour. Both feasts have very interesting origins. The first commemorates the apparition of the saint on Mt. Apulia, near Siponte in Italy. There he asked the local bishop to promote devotion to the Angels, promising in return protection to those who prayed at that place. The second feast was the result of the apparition of St. Michael at Mt. Gargan. Pope Boniface built a Basilica on the site of the ancient Circus Maximus to honour the Archangel. It is on the anniversary of the dedication of this Basilica that the feast is held.

In addition to feasts there are many special shrines dedicated to our Patron throughout the world; and I should like to refer to two: The "Michaelion" which Constantine built; and "Mont St. Michel", his most historic shrine in France. It is interesting to note that as a result of the wide-spread devotion to St. Michael, many cities and towns have placed themselves under his protection. Notable among these are Leeds, in whose centre stands a large statue of St. Michael, and Dumfries, whose Academy's coat of arms includes the sword of our Patron.

Lastly, let us consider St. Michael as Patron of our School. The motto, "Aeterna non Caduca" meaning "Eternal not Perishable Things" is appropriate, for he has always championed the everlasting, by defeating the worldly and un-Godly. He has specially endeared himself to the Congregation of the Most Holy Cross and Passion, and to those under their care. It is related that when St. Paul

of the Cross, founder of the Order, was building a church at Monte Argentaro, villagers came by night, prompted by the devil, to demolish it. One night, however, they found the Archangel, standing over the half-built church with a blazing sword; terrified, they fled, leaving Paul to complete the Sanctuary for the Blessed Sacrament. This earned St. Michael the title of Champion of the Passionists.

So if we remain his faithful followers, practising his humility and zeal in God's service, we can be confident of his help not only during life but in our final struggle. As he fought and conquered Satan long ago, he still helps us by whispering "Mi-cha-el" to counter our pride and the temptings of the devil. In the words of our school hymn, St. Michael will

"Aid us in our strife,
Chase afar the hosts of evil,
Till we reach the land of life."

Sadie McMillan VI.

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SCHOOL DIARY.

AUGUST. School reopened August 27th. There was the usual influx of new pupils with hopeful countenances and new uniforms. Some of the teachers were also new to us: Miss McKinstery, Mr. Smith and Mr. Hunter. Our principal teacher of Classics, Mr. Craig has gone to a similar post in St. Patrick's, Coatbridge. The best of luck to him!

The Auld Alliance still holds, for our new French assistant, Monsieur Varigny has arrived from France. May his year in Scotland be a happy one!

SEPTEMBER. Two inspectors, Mr. Rankin (Music) and Mr. Cruikshank (P.T.) looked in to see if we were alive and found us up and doing. Fr. Urban, C.P., on a visit from Bechuanaland gave us a most stimulating talk on the Mission. The photographer took us while we were still looking cheery and a few days later we celebrated St. Michael's Feast. There was a sung Mass (Missa Brevisissima), a sermon on our patron Saint by Father Walker, and last but not least, a half holiday.

OCTOBER. We had good news of a projected School Pilgrimage to Lourdes in 1958, and we opened a Savings Bank. The Silver Jubilee of Miss Brosnan and Miss Wade in St. Michael's! They received presentations from the Staff.

More officials! The Geography Inspector and the Classics discovered our prowess in these subjects, and Miss Pringle, Careers' adviser opened our minds to future possibilities.

Back to religion! Fr. Knowles, a Servite priest, gave a talk to the Senior boys on vocations to the Religious Life.

Mr. Craig's presentation was held at the end of the month followed by a welcome mid-term holiday till Nov. 5th.

NOVEMBER. This month is always interesting as we start the Christmas parties. The Senior Dance began the festivities. The Dining Hall was converted into a gay Palais de Danse by the skill of Mr. Leishman and his team, and there radiant creatures far removed from uniformed school girls tripped on the light fantastic toe with their more soberly clad partners. Party followed party - Second Year, Primary, First Year and Third Year with equal gusto and enjoyment, if not with equal grace - and the last day of all was Dec. 21st when we began our Christmas holidays.

JANUARY. Soon after reopening, Mr. Smith left us for St. Joseph's, Kilmarnock, and Mr. Hughes took up duty as Principal Teacher of Classics.

We saw Mr. Kennedy, Deputy Director of Education on business bent - visions of our new school!

"Fast they come, fast they come,

See how they gather!"

That means the Inspectors! We had Mr. Holmes, H.M. District Inspector, Miss Beveridge (Homecraft), Mr. Ferguson (History), Mr. Taylor (English), Mr. Rankin (Music), Mr. W. McDonald (Maths.), Mr. I. McDonald (Geography). What a month!

MARCH. The "Highers" began with Fr. Walker as invigilator, and while the Fifth and Sixth were suffering the third degree, a few lucky lads went off with Mr. Medine to view a factory at Dalry. Better still, when the exams were over the whole school turned out to see the film "Moby Dick", a picture that to many seemed magnificent and thrilling, to some terrifying and gruesome.

Cheers! A Junior Team won second place in Verse Speaking at Ayr Festival.

APRIL. It brought the I.Q. Tests for Primary Promotion candidates and it also brought the "Highers" for Honecraft pupils.

Eight senior pupils with Mr. Mullen attended a Conference on Malaya for seniors held in Ayr Academy.

Beautiful weather ushered in the Easter Holidays and continued for the duration so that we returned to school on April 30th exhilarated after a splendid vacation.

MAY. May brings in special devotions and a daily hymn to Our Lady which we always render with great gusto. It brought this time a French and Spanish H.M.I. to test the proficiency of S.L.C. candidates in their "parlez-vous" and "Cómo está?" Nor did examinations end there, for the Primary VII pupils had to endure the grilling experience of Primary Promotion Examination and on the same day pupils of the Fifth Year sat for their Final Religious Examination.

"Nursing as a Career" was the subject of a very instructive talk given by Miss Dewhurst to the Senior Girls and we hope that some of them will choose to devote their lives to this noble work.

The yearly Mission Drive roused the usual enthusiasm among all classes in school and they vied with one another in raising funds. Raffles, tuck shops, gramophone recitals, "Café Scientifique" and so forth were the order of the day but the financial results were most gratifying.

This crammed term has many important events still to come. Short Retreats will be given to Boys and Girls by a Passionist Father and the General Religious Examination is yet to come. A Flannel Dance will set the Seniors agog some time in June and the same month will bring the Annual Sports with their usual keen House Competition.

Finally, near the closing date we hold the Annual Prize Giving where honours are conferred and merit rewarded. The College will close for summer holidays on July 2nd and we shall go off with the knowledge of another year's study and sport behind us in Old St. Michael's.



Passionist Fathers,
4 Wando Grove,
East St. Kilda,
MELBOURNE.

Dear Pupils of St. Michael's,

It is a great joy to me to hear that you are to produce a school magazine. During my seven happy years in Scotland it was my privilege to be associated with the great work done at St. Michael's by giving Retreats to you, by attending your excellent stage productions, by being present at your prize givings, or merely by meeting you in ordinary life. Your school has had a record of which it may be proud and has in all spheres of activity been true to its motto "Aeterna non Caduca".

Sister Pauline has asked me to tell you something about myself since leaving Scotland. We left Tilbury Docks, London, at 3 p.m. on a cold, damp day - January 2nd - on the 28,000-ton S.S. "Orcades". By the next morning we were being tossed around the Bay of Biscay. Most of the passengers were a little ill for the first three days, but then came calm and sunshine as we moved south to the sun at the rate of 550 miles per day. Our first stop was at Las Palmas, the capital of Grand Canary Island, on the morning of Sunday, January 6th. We spent the whole day on the Spanish island, which is entirely Catholic. All the churches were packed for the celebration of the Feast of the Epiphany. The whole island was celebrating a real fiesta. One feature of the celebration which particularly impressed us was the procession through the streets in which three prominent citizens were dressed up as the Wise Men from the East. This procession entered the Cathedral for the Solemn High Mass at 12 noon. The children brought all their Christmas toys to Church to be blessed. All the afternoon the Spanish boys and girls performed the traditional dignified and modest dances in the great squares of the city.

We had a long ten day journey down the West coast of Africa to our next stop - Cape Town. This is literally a land of flowers and I certainly never realised it was so beautiful. After ten more days on the Indian Ocean, during which we saw no land, we caught sight of the land of the Southern Cross, entering Freemantle on January 25th. We spent all that day touring the Swan River and explored the city of Perth. We were most impressed by the

material prosperity which faced us everywhere. There were no long lines of houses of the same design. All the houses were entirely detached and built according to the plan of the owner. The new University of Perth is probably one of the most beautiful in the world. All these sights were made more wonderful because seen on a cloudless day with a temperature of 104° . Adelaide, where we also spent some hours, is a carefully planned city (like Melbourne where I am now residing). We sailed under the world-famous Sydney harbour bridge at 7 a.m. on February 1st. This is probably the most beautiful natural harbour in the world. We were glad to be at our destination but rather sad at parting from the many good friends we had made on board ship.

It is very difficult in a short time to give my general impressions of Australia. The vastness of the country is what strikes one; its coastline is 14,000 miles long (the same distance as London to Sydney.) Sydney is much more an American type of city than the others and has magnificent surfing beaches north and south of it. Australia is a young country - a land of the future - with vast untouched riches. It has a population of $9\frac{1}{2}$ million people and could support 100,000,000. 100,000 people enter each year from England, Scotland, Ireland, Italy, Holland, Poland, Ukraine, Hungary, and many other places. Many of them have left the latest Communist regimes and come here to begin life in this land of hope. I have sat in homes and listened to stories of life in Siberia and of daring escapes from that place of horror, I have heard gruesome tales from victims of concentration camps who have come here to forget the nightmare that has gone and to try to begin life again here. Australians are kind, friendly, hospitable people, proud of their "lovely morning land", glad to welcome strangers. Because it is a rich country and still has much undeveloped territory, people tend to take life easy - at least away from the bigger cities.

Catholic boys and girls in Australia have not the opportunities you have. Australia has State schools and Private schools. State schools are built, staffed, and maintained by the State. Pupils in the Secondary State schools and universities pay, but this is subsidised by the Government. The Catholic Church (one-fifth of the total population) has firmly adhered to its private schools. Catholics have to build, maintain, staff these schools, pay all the teachers' salaries without a penny from the State. This is a heavy burden because they also have to pay tax to support the State schools which they do not use. I

think the Australian Catholics are to be congratulated on the magnificent work they are doing in continuing their educational system under such difficult conditions. This is made possible mainly through the brothers and nuns. All schools in the cities and large towns are staffed by brothers and nuns. A special Australian congregation of nuns (Josephites) was founded to go and live in communities of two in the very small towns so that there could be Catholic schools everywhere. Australian parents then are sacrificing much to educate their children, and the children themselves must co-operate with the parents in these sacrifices.

From the land of the Southern Cross I send my sincerest wish that this new magazine may make you pupils conscious of your ability, ever mindful of past pupils who have helped to make your Alma Mater the great centre of education that it is, and ever grateful to the good sisters and other teachers who labour so unselfishly to fit you for the battle of life. May St. Michael, warrior of God, help you in producing a magazine that will help the cause of Christ in your school.

Wishing you every blessing,

(FATHER) AQUINAS, C. P.

THE PSYCHOLOGIST.

I wonder what you thought of as you read that word "Psychologist"? Did it conjure up pictures of a patient on a couch in a psychiatrist's consulting room? While the patient lies flat with eyes closed, hands clasped on stomach, the psychiatrist urges him to relax and "keep talking" to reveal his hidden thoughts and fears. Then when the psychiatrist has taken copious notes and made wonderful calculations he says in deep mysterious tones, "Well, Mr. Smith, I can see clearly now the reason for your continual sleep-walking. It can all be traced back to the age of six months when you were accidentally locked in a dark cupboard. Your Subconscious tells us also that since that time you have harboured a deep hidden resentment against your father. You hated all your teachers at school ...etc. etc." And at the end of a complicated diagnosis the happy psychiatrist collects a fat fee in guineas and the unhappy patient goes on sleep-walking! This, unfortunately,

is the quite mistaken impression so many people have of the business of psychology and its methods, - an impression obtained from Hollywood films and popular magazines.

Psychologists and psychiatrists are very far indeed from the ridiculous or glamorous all-knowing characters so often portrayed in the films. They are really painstaking scientists engaged in serious and unglamorous work with those who have run into difficulties in their day-to-day living and who need expert help - help from people who have made it their special life's work to study the human mind and personality in all its various aspects.

There are four main branches of psychology at the present time.

1. Child Psychology which deals with children and educational problems.
2. Abnormal Psychology which is mainly concerned with helping adults suffering some form of mental illness.
3. Industrial Psychology which is made use of in Industry and operates in the selection and training of workers. Managements now use psychologists to help choose the right man for the right job and to work out the most efficient way of doing particular types of work. This is a rapidly expanding branch of psychology and the openings and opportunities for those interested are many and varied.
4. Social Psychology which is mainly concerned with research into the behaviour and reactions of people in groups and nations. It is knowledge of this branch of psychology which directs propaganda in modern warfare. Hitler and Stalin were masters in social psychology which they used with such disastrous effects in manoeuvring whole nations to do their bidding without question. It is a knowledge of social and individual psychology, too, which enables manufacturers to sell their products on the grand scale with skilful advertising. Cosmetic makers know well how to cash in on feminine "inferiority complexes" by promising film star complexions "if you use our new face cream." And who uses psychology to more advantage than the pedlars of the popular "pop" records with their fan clubs and gimmicks to foster the hero worship of the particular singer they are "selling" ? All this is to show that psychology is

not as you may have thought confined to the psychiatrist's couch. It is used (not always wisely) in ever-increasing spheres of modern living.

Psychology though still only in its infancy as a science is already so far-reaching in its application to modern living that it is impossible to give more than a mere idea of its possibilities and ever-extending activities. If I mention only a few of the jobs advertised in a recent circular to members of the British Psychological Society, some idea will be grasped of the openings there are for those who may intend to become psychologists.

There is an advertisement from a well-known international tyre company for a psychologist for their Personnel Service to help develop methods of selection of Staff in Britain and abroad. The Ministry of Supply invites applications for a psychologist to help with the design of military equipment "in order to obtain the greatest efficiency, comfort and safety in the operation of such equipment." The army asks for psychologists to help in the mental testing of new recruits and in the selection of suitable men for officer training. There is an advertisement for work in the Prison Service in testing and classifying prisoners. There are numerous appointments in hospitals - General and Mental hospitals and in Out Patient Clinics. Lastly, applications are invited from psychologists to work in the School Health Service in Child Guidance Clinics. This is a service mainly concerned with educational and home problems.

Educational Psychology, as we call this latter branch, studies ways of selecting pupils for the Courses in school for which they are best suited. It also tries to discover the most effective methods of learning and teaching and aims to help pupils who have found difficulty in their lives in school and home. If difficulties are straightened out in childhood, much heartbreak, conflict and waste of talent can be avoided in adult life.

I shall end with a word about training in psychology. At present the pre-requisite for most work in this field is a degree in psychology from a university. If, for instance, you wish to become an Educational Psychologist in the Child Guidance Service, you must first have obtained a general degree, M. A. or B.Sc., from a university. You then proceed to study for the degree of Bachelor of

Education (Ed.B.) which is an Honours Degree extending over not less than two years' study, but usually occupying three or four years. This is essentially a degree for those who intend to teach at least for a time. Part of the degree may be taken while training at Jordanhill or Notre Dame Training College, where, incidentally, the student can have access to one of the finest Child Guidance Clinics in Europe. Before the degree can be awarded, the candidate must have completed a course of training as a teacher. Before he or she is accepted for training or work in the Child Guidance Service in Scotland, some years of teaching experience are required. In fact, one can study for the Ed.B. while teaching, by attending University Classes after school hours. Generally speaking, it takes at least six to eight years from the time one leaves school before one can qualify as an Educational Psychologist.

There is also the Honours M.A. in Psychology which can be taken without a previous degree and the study for which can be begun as soon as the student is admitted to University. This requires no teaching experience and would eventually lead, with training, to work in Industrial and Social fields rather than to Child Psychology. There are, too, some forms of Personnel and Industrial work where a Social Science Diploma and subsequent training in the Personnel Department of a factory can lead to interesting and well-paid jobs in the industrial field.

If you have not been put off by the formidable amount of work and study described above (perhaps it was bad psychology to emphasise this to pupils living in the dread atmosphere of the "Highers") and you are interested in people and how they live, and prepared to seek out patiently the good in all, you are on the way to making a psychologist. You will find that psychology is hard work but very worth while.

MONICA TIPPING, (Kilbirnie)

THE BOTTOM RUNG OF THE LADDER.

I shall always remember my first year at a secondary school. In the top class of the primary, my classmates and I had enjoyed a certain importance. But, on arriving at the secondary department, we found ourselves once more on the bottom rung of the ladder, and again, we

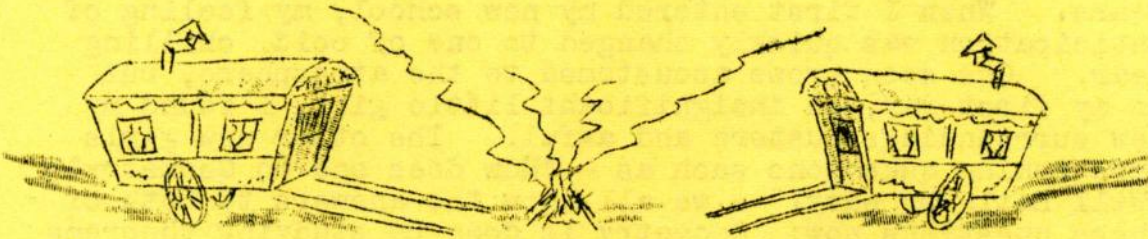
were treated like five-year-olds by the "superior" second years. When I first entered my new school, my feeling of anticipation was quickly changed to one of cold, chilling fear. One soon grows accustomed to the atmosphere, but on my first day, an insignificant little girl, I found my new surroundings austere and awful. The other new girls were asking questions such as - "How does one do Geometry?", "Will Latin be easy?" - we all know the answers to both of these questions now: Geometry is done by studying theorems constantly and Latin is not easy.

We settled down to our work, although we were regarded scornfully by the upper classes. At first, we were a little confused by having different teachers for each subject. In a few weeks we were proudly airing our newly-acquired knowledge of French and Latin, much to the disgust of our elders. The months sped past in this new routine. Suddenly it was the summer term, and we were vying with one another for the top place in the class examinations. Much to my surprise I obtained this envied position. (The performance has never been repeated!)

We returned to school after the summer holidays, full of confidence because we were now "second years", and full of arrogant toleration of the "new arrivals" who had stepped in to take our recently-vacated places. As "second years" we were entitled to participate in the very uncereemonious "baptism" of these "new arrivals." We shrieked with laughter at the drenched figures, at the same time trying to suppress feelings of pity, and remembering similar occurrences still fresh in our memories.

As the echoes of those far-off girlish voices ring in my ears, my thoughts are turned from the past to the future. I am about to leave the "warm precincts" of a sheltered school life, the name-tag of school-girl, and the blue and gold uniform. From the dizzy heights of Vith Year, I am about to step on to the bottom rung of yet another, much longer ladder, and once again I am filled with the same anticipation as before. I wonder if this feeling will be changed again to awe, when I take up my new station in life and begin all over again. I have benefited from my previous experience, and I hope that it has helped to prepare me for my next session on the bottom rung of the ladder.

Maira Freer VI.



THE GIPSIES.

There's some gipsies who live near the farm,
Whom I always go to see
To ask them what their music brings,
From lands across the sea.

I wonder what would happen,
If at night I sent to see
The gipsies round the camp-fire
Making billy-cans of tea.

The gipsies are so jolly
That when they go away
I'll never hear that music
From lands across the sea.

CARLA BIAGI.
Pr. VII

THE UMBRELLA.

When a fellow's umbrella,
Quarrels with the wind.
He holds it fast
Until the blast
Just blows it outside in.

The he admires
The broken wires
And saunters home
Among the rain.
He murmurs with a sigh
And wonders why
He's not so dry.

BENJAMIN CUNNINGHAM.
Pr. VI



I have a little brother called Tom Kilfeather,
 And you'd never believe he is such a blether.
 He was fifth in the class
 But he wonders if he'll pass
 My worried little brother called Tom Kilfeather.

Pat Kilfeather. Pr. V.

There was an old lady called Tring,
 And she always wanted to sing,
 She sang so loud
 That she burst a cloud
 That poor old lady named Tring.

Mary Philips. Pr. V.

There was a wee girl called Annie
 Who couldn't play the Pianny.
 She cried and she cried
 As long as she tried,
 That poor little girl called Annie.

Kristan Livingstone. Pr. V.

MY FRIEND.

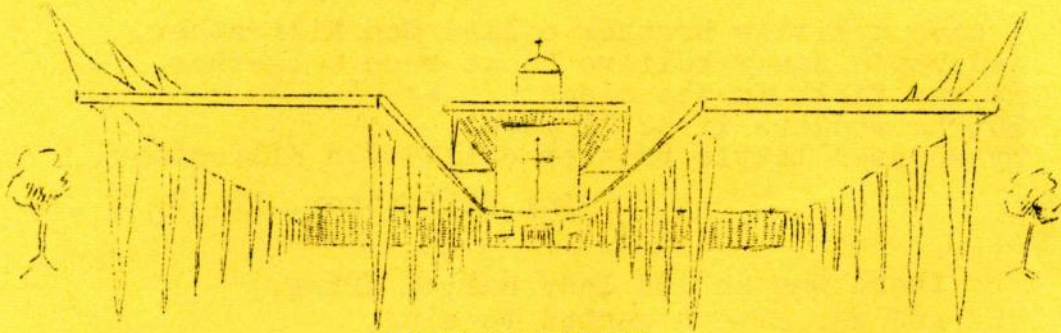
I have a friend and his name is Brian. We both like the pictures and he is a bit better at sums than I. But I can often beat him at spelling. He does not like it. When we are at drill we stay near each other. He thinks he can fight me but I can knock him out. He has fair hair and a blue and gold belt which I like and he sits quite near me in class.

Edward Lawless. Pr. IV.

THE FOX AND THE GRAPES.

A fox wandered into a vineyard one day. He saw bunches of grapes hanging above his head. He jumped up to reach them. He was unable to reach them because they were too high. He gave up the attempt when he was tired. He said that they were sour anyway.

Alex McGhee. Pr. V.



THE NEW SCHOOL.

1961, 1962,...? When? We know not. The purchase of the Convent field by the Education Committee has let us know at least the site of our new building. Rumour has it that work will begin in 1958. Haste the day! It is now close on eighteen years since that disastrous day when St. Michael's College went up in flames, to be replaced, in bits and pieces, by a number of huts. How many unflattering adjectives have been used to describe that motley collection. But, to the future....

Let us enter the handsome doorway, surmounted by a beautiful life-size crucifix worked in a contrasting stone. An elegantly panelled entrance hall meets our gaze and there before us, our old faithful St. Michael.

"In the night of God he tramples,

On the dragon's head abhorred."

Remember when we stood in the corridor of the old building, surveying our ranks every morning. This is a finer setting for our virile saint and our hearts are uplifted as we look on him once more and proudly remember we are under his patronage.

"Guard us in the day of battle - thou Prince
of the Heavenly Host".

A neat signboard on the wall points the way to the Headmistress's room, Secretary's room, Staff rooms, classrooms, etc. We turn to the right and open the first door; a large sunny room, painted in cheerful, warm tones, overlooks the Playground and the Primary school - our old "main building". Taking a look into the next room we see the obvious signs of the Maths. Department. Models of geometric figures, parabolas and graphs of all kinds, demonstrations of Pythagoras are illustrated on the wall.

Memories of Mr. Laird - "Remember, girls, three theorems and a deduction and you're through". Opposite this, glory be! - Boys' gymnasium. Shades of dull, dismal days in the dining hall and cold, blustery days on the Moor. More classrooms and then - Janitor's Room. We must see this, but be careful - look out, in case we are scalded by steam. What! No gas ring? No boiling kettle? No dripping cups? Speechless, we turn away. St. Michael's is not what it was. The present pupils have missed much! The continual darting between Janitor's room and the cubby hole of a staff room! Ah me!

Upstairs now. What's this? One, two, three, yes - no, four. Four science rooms - laboratories. Mr. Leahy, we can be sure, is having a foretaste of heaven; sure too that he feels like the fellow in Keats' "On Chapman's Homer" (we never could get "spots" or remember quotations) as he "stood on a peak in Darien". Look around. Mirabile Dictu! A silver screen, projector (Do not touch), dark room, voltage points for A.C. and D.C. - everything that even Mr. Medine could want. Let us tear ourselves away to see further wonders. Ha, a music room for Sister Marie Callista; no more rolling pianos round the school; there, in the corner, a beautiful radiogram and violins, cello, oboe, trumpets - instruments for a school orchestra. We can hear Sister say "Deo Gratias". Then a Geography room with globes, maps, papier mache models of land and sea. On again, but queer - what's this? There's an atmosphere about this room. Hush! Can you sense it? Yes - of course, the History room. Over there on the table, a model - "A mediaeval village. Made by the pupils of 2N.L., 1963". As we leave we can hear a voice - "You must be logical about it. History is"

Ladies' Staff Room. Miss Wade, Miss Brosnan and Miss Whiston are still going strong. More power to them! There must be Spirits hovering round of those that were only names to us - Miss Larkin and Miss O'Halloran amongst them. More class rooms, Commercial room, Domestic Science rooms, Library, Technical Workshops are all there, and then - what on earth are we coming to? The rising generation! Senior pupils' Common Room. Is this where all the hard work goes on, the blood, the toil, the tears, the sweat, the cramming and the preparation for the S.L.C.? Or is it the toil, the sweat of Quickstep and Rock'n Roll for Christmas Parties?! Move on, squares and egg-heads!

Downstairs again. More classrooms and then - the Girls' Gymnasium - how twenty years of lady gym teachers sigh, "At last!" Before us now, a double door, unmarked. What's this? Cautiously we take a peep and blink! A vast expanse stretches before us - Hallelujah! Sing a Te Deum! - A Hall, an Assembly Hall, with a stage, a proper stage, wings, curtains and all. How the eyes of Sister Eugenius and Miss Wade must have gleaned when they saw it, visions of play after play! And Sister Francis - how excellently would her verse-speaking choirs have performed here.

Above the stage, a rolled up film screen, here a large T.V. projection screen - ah, too much, too much! We can scarcely bear the strain, the possibilities we visualise overcome us - Altar, Mass, Retreats, Morning Prayers, Prize Givings, Concerts, Christmas Parties. How delighted we should have been. Memories crowd on us; of prayers in the corridor and cloakrooms of the old building; of First Fridays and Feasts with girls singing and boys not singing, and Miss Wade and Miss Brosnan, aided by Mr. Craig and Mr. Maguire, trying to rally then on to the music echoing from the playroom; of concerts in the Ritz; of prize giving and speeches and smell of food in the Dining Hall; of Mr. Leishman's decorations; of the crowded Caledonian Hall with the noise and bustle of traffic from the busy street below.

Enough, enough! Our imaginations and memories are carrying us away. Let us, too, away with happy thoughts of happy days, of our colleagues, our teachers, all in the legions of St. Michael.

"Flames the victor cross before us,
Grasped in Michael's dauntless hand."

F.P. (Ardrossan)

MACARONIC.

Uidi puerum climb up a tree.
Ingens erat and quite as big as me.
Conatus capere a pussy cat.
Quae erat pinguis, quae erat fat,
Ascendit usque ad summum twig.
Et illo tempore fecit a jig.
O stulte puer, O ignave fool.
Cecidit statim in sordidum pool.

Thomas Freer III.A.

OUR COMPETITION.

We have been assured by our Business Manager that no modern magazine can be profitably carried on without a Competition Section offering Handsome Prizes. We devoted much time, therefore, to a search for a suitable competition for our avid and prize-hungry readers. Remembering, painfully, the incredible devotion of the Staff to culture, we were convinced that if we got from each member a favourite quotation from the poets, each quote would inevitably be a characteristic choice. It is to be regretted that for reasons of pure cowardice our correspondent was unwilling to approach all the Staff members. Nevertheless, we feel that the quotations are fairly representative. Assign each quotation to its proper source among the members of the Staff. For the first all-correct solution opened by the Editor before June, 1987, the Magazine will award one free (almost full) packet of Potato Crisps.

Mistresses.

I perfectly apprehend the perilous nature of my
convictions,
but I am prepared to go to the stake
For Shakespeare or Milton. (Stephen Smith.)

She can knit with cunning wit
And dress the homely dishes. (George Meredith)

Crabbed Age and Youth cannot live together.
(Shakespeare)

And so along the wall by the straight cut
to the Convent. (Browning)

And Frensh she spak ful faire and fetisly.
(Chaucer).

Out, damned spot! (Shakespeare)

Though you should make my tears to start,
You choirs of soul-less nightingales.
(G. Rostrevor Hamilton)

O Mary, canst thou wreck his peace,
Wha for thy sake wad gladly dee? (Burns)

I'll put a girdle round about the earth
In forty minutes. (Shakespeare)

A cap of flowers and a kirtle
Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle. (C. Marlowe)

Masters.

The hungry judges soon the sentence sign,
And wretches hang that jury-men may dine! (Pope)

And who taught Thee rhetoric
To deceive a maid? (C. Marlowe)

He had small Latin and less Greek. (Ben Jonson.)

Is this a lager that I see before me,
The handle towards my hand?
(Shakespeare - corrupt text)

Double, double, toil and trouble;
Fire, burn; and, cauldron, bubble. (Shakespeare)

I am a gentleman in a dust coat
Trying to make you hear. (J. C. Ransom)

The planks look warped. (S. Taylor Coleridge)

Hark! Hark! the lark. (Shakespeare.)

Like a dismal cirque
Of Druid stones upon a forlorn moor. (Keats)

Paint the soul; never mind the legs and arms.
(Browning)

O for a beaker full of the warm South. (Keats)

Please, sir! your thumbs are through my
wind pipe, sir! (Browning)

Back to his book then; deeper drooped his head;
Calculus racked him. (Browning)

Such late was Walsh, the Muses' judge and friend,
Who justly knew to blame or to commend. (Pope)

FELICITY MULLEN, V1.

A PASSENGER SERVICE REPRESENTATIVE.

I am one of that lucky group of people who work at a busy International Airport. I say lucky, because without doubt, I have one of the most interesting jobs in the world. However, please do not imagine that my work is all play; ninety per cent is very hard work.

I am employed by the American Air Force in the Military Air Transport Office situated in the Airport Hotel Booking Office, as a "Passenger Service Representative". Now that may sound a very impressive title, but it means briefly this: I meet "transit" passengers travelling on our Military Flights, see that their questions are answered, and generally try to make their short stay in Scotland as pleasant as possible. At other times I may be on duty in the main office while our flight is arriving, and I must ensure that the correct number of lunches is put aboard for both the crew and the passengers. I must also check-in all joining passengers who are boarding the flight at Prestwick.

Our airline, being a military organisation, carries, with few exceptions, nothing but American Military personnel. The majority of these passengers are friendly and do their best to make my job as easy as possible. I have, however, met quite a few difficult passengers who have tried my patience and tact very nearly to breaking point. No matter how tired or annoyed you may be with a passenger, you must never, never, lose your temper, because in our job, as in many others, "the customer is always right".

However, the good points in our work definitely outweigh the bad. We make new friends every day and every day are reunited with old ones. We meet many famous people, and I personally have spoken to many, such as Sir Edmund Hillary, the great climber and explorer; Mr. Zorbin, the Russian Ambassador; and Danny Kaye, the famous comedian of stage and screen, who has done so much to relieve the sufferings of Korean children.

One of the most rewarding experiences I have had through my work was the satisfaction of being a small cog in that mighty wheel called "Operation Safe Haven"; the American airlift which transported thousands of Hungarian refugees to the United States. I saw many heart-breaking

sights, but perhaps the thing which touched me most was the deep gratitude of these people who had sacrificed so much.

Once you have become entangled in the world of flying, it would be impossible to return to an ordinary office job. Both the crew who fly the planes and the ground staff who do the paper work are a race apart from other people and I can only say how very glad I am to be one of them.

Maureen Kelly. (Troon)

HISTORY OF ST. MARY'S PARISH CHURCH, IRVINE.

The coming of Catholicism to Irvine must have taken place in the early days of Christianity. The cell of St. Inan (a most holy and celebrated Confessor and Doctor of Christianity, who is said to have flourished in 839 A.D.) may have been the origin of the church.

The mediaeval burgh church of St. Mary was cruciform in shape, with north and south transept and narrow lancet windows. It stood on the site where the Free Church of Fullarton now stands. The many altars must have added greatly to the interior appearance, but we can only guess at its magnificence because no drawings or descriptions except those of a very meagre character are extant. After the addition of the many aisles the fabric of the church, which was just a simple oblong originally, must have taken on a very picturesque exterior.

In the parish church of Irvine, in addition to the high altar were numerous altars dedicated to St. Ninian, St. Catherine, St. Michael, St. Peter the Apostle, St. Conval the Confessor, St. Stephen and St. Sebastian the Martyrs, The Blessed Virgin Mary, St. Salvator, St. Thomas the Martyr, St. John the Baptist, Christopher the Martyr and Ninian the Pontiff. We can guess their positions from references in the text. St. Peter's was in the north aisle, St. Conval's, St. Sebastian's and St. Stephen's in the south aisle, while in the aisle in the north side of the nave was the altar under the patronage of St. John the Baptist, St. Ninian and St. Christopher.

Mediaeval methods of running a parish church were very different from those of to-day. All the altars in Irvine St. Mary's were founded and endowed on a voluntary basis by local people and the administering chaplains drew their incomes from charitable donations. It is interesting to note how the various altars came into existence. However, in this account we shall only concern ourselves with the altars of St. Michael and St. Peter. In 1446 a new aisle had been added to the church and in it an altar, dedicated to St. Michael, had been erected. The inauguration ceremony was marked by a procession in which the statue of St. Michael was borne through the church to its stance near the new altar. Finlay Park, a burgess of Irvine, founded a chaplaincy at St. Peter's altar in the north aisle of the parish church in 1455. The terms of the chaplaincy stipulated an anniversary Requiem Mass and a request for the prayers of the congregation on behalf of the donor, to be made by the chaplain before each Mass offered.

The choice of the name of the altar rested with the founder and saints chosen reflected the minds of the donors and the prevailing cultus of the period. It is said that the dedications of the 15th century to St. Catherine, St. Ninian and St. Peter may reflect the pro-papal policy of the period. One altar which we can be sure about is that of St. Conval. This altar was financed mainly from a Templar Tenement and the patron of all Templars was St. Conval.

There is no account of what happened in Irvine at the Reformation. The priests all disappeared except the resident vicar. All the revenues of the altars were confiscated and put to an entirely different purpose. In 1572 a royal charter by James VI granted to the burgh of Irvine all the lands, tenements, houses, annual rents, buildings, churches, chaplaincies, orchards, gardens, crops, fruits, duties, profits, emoluments, mills and alms formerly possessed by the chaplains, alterages and prebendaries. All the revenues were united into one body called the King's Foundation of the School of Irvine. (This may mark the beginning of Irvine Royal Academy). People did not give up their old religion without a struggle. Mass was celebrated at Eglinton Castle in 1571 in spite of the threat of the death penalty. The parish church was not pulled down by the reformers. It lasted for another two centuries before age and decay necessitated

a new one. The steeple was the first part of the old building to succumb and was taken down in 1721 because it was unsafe. The stones from this steeple were used to pave a new well being built in the Briggait. The body of the church was taken down in 1774 to make way for the present edifice.

So disappeared the mediaeval church of St. Mary leaving a waste of years until the Roman Catholic Religion flourished anew and gave us our present parish of St. Mary's.

Mary Bourke. VI.

STRANDED.

Towards the end of the summer holidays my two friends, John Paterson, Hugh Millar, and myself went for a day's trip to Arran. We bought our tickets, which incidentally cost more than we expected, boarded the steamer and set off. As we left Ardrossan the sun shone brilliantly, promising a peerless day, and with high hopes we arrived at Brodick Pier.

After the usual spell of sight-seeing, bathing and taking lunch, we set off to the boating stage where we hired a rather flimsy little cockleshell. As we came back to the landing stage a mishap occurred. My friend's oar collided with the oar of a passing boat, thereby knocking a large fat lady off her seat. People on the beach burst into fits of laughter, and to our relief, so did the lady. After landing we walked towards Whiting Bay and finally came back to Brodick Pier where, to our astonishment we were told that the last steamer had sailed.

People in Brodick seemed to have different views as to where the Police Station was to be found, as we discovered when we asked for directions. Eventually we found it and told our tale of woe to the policeman's wife. She sent us to the Youth Hostel which was about five miles away. We trudged up the neglected path and knocked at the door. It was answered by a rather grim-looking woman. Once again we explained the situation, and she informed us that we would have to pay ten shillings for a night's

board and lodging. Just then she had to answer the telephone, and as we had only three or four shillings we unanimously agreed to run before the lady came back. Talk of the four minute mile! Chris Chataway would have been left behind us as we flew down the track as though the devil were at our heels.

Once again we visited the Police Station and we had to tell a tall story to the policeman about the Youth Hostel. He took us down to the Pier and tried to persuade the Captain of a steamer anchoring in Brodick to let us sleep aboard; but the latter said it was against the regulations. Eventually we were allowed to sleep in the Arran Hydro-Electric Station. Hugh slept in the small office while John and I slept in a lorry.

All night long the huge turbines roared, raising a horrible din while I tried to balance myself horizontally on a narrow plank raised off the oily floor of the lorry. I would just fall asleep when I would overbalance and land with a thud on the floor. By five o'clock we could bear no more noise and played cards or read technical books in the small office where the noise was not so deafening as elsewhere. At half past six the electrician brought us some tea and a biscuit for which we were very grateful. Then we bade good-bye to our friend and thanked him for being so kind.

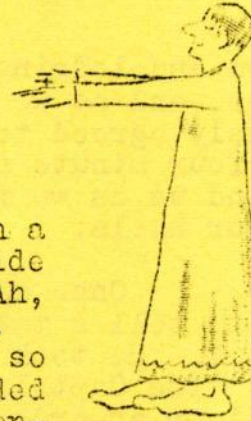
We boarded the steamer at seven and reached Ardrossan at eight fifteen. We feared there would be trouble about using the excursion tickets of the previous day, but I handed them over casually and walked across the gangway, waiting at every step to hear a commanding voice calling me back. Good luck prevailed and we made for home and bed.

Later I found out that the other two had conspired to miss the boat. Millar had put back his watch an hour to deceive me. Anyway, all's well that ends well.

William Barr III.B.



I DREAMED.



I found myself walking down a wooded drive, lined on each side by stately rows of poplars. Ah, yes! This must be the new St. Michael's College. It seemed so long since I left it. I rounded a bend in the drive and was confronted by a magnificent edifice, fully ten feet tall, towering over the surrounding scenery. I approached slowly, duly impressed by the splendour of the corrugated iron facade. Over the main door was the inscription:-

"The girls are heavy going here,
The boys are ill to please." (Moirá O'Neill)

Ah! I always thought this school was rather keen on literature. I pushed open the massive (4' x 2') door and I had this suspicion confirmed. Above all the classroom doors were inscriptions tastefully picked out in black and yellow letters. I walked round the school examining the quotations being occasionally flattened on the floor by the wild stampede from classroom to classroom at each ring of the bell. As the bell rang every 8½ minutes, this grew rather tiresome. However, by persevering I was able to read most of them. I first saw the register classrooms. The sixth year classroom bore the apt inscription:-

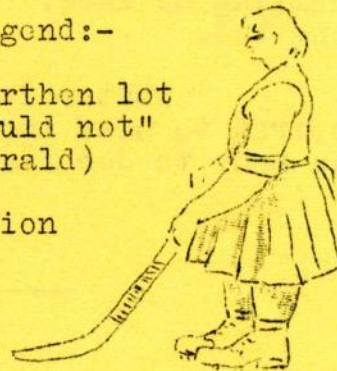
"Wash the war-paint from your faces" (Longfellow)

The fifth year room displayed the legend:-

"And strange to tell among that earthen lot
Some could articulate and some could not"
(Edward Fitzgerald)

Fourth year bore the inspired quotation from Burns:-

"Nae hare-brained sentimental traces
In your unlettered nameless faces."



III.A. was denoted by :-

"With half-shut eyes ever to seen
Falling asleep in a half-dream!" (Tennyson)

II.A. hadn't changed much since I left :-

"Finished and finite clods
Untroubled by a spark." (Browning)

II.N.L. boasted the caption:-

"Weep, you may weep
For you may touch them not." (Robert Owen)

I.N.L. still sat :-

"In their faces stern defiance
In their hearts the feuds of ages." (Longfellow)

From these rooms I moved on to the subject rooms. The French room announced the topical statement:-

"Let me not to the marriage of true minds
admit impediments." (Shakespeare)

The gym hall was denoted by its notice :-

"Shapes of all sorts and sizes, great and small
That stood along the floor and by the wall."
(Ed. Fitzgerald)

I moved along to the Art rooms wondering if perhaps Mis B and Mr. C were still there training their classes to be true to Nature :-

"This pencil take," she said, whose colours clear
Richly paint the vernal year." (Gray)

The dining hall bore a solemn warning :-

"Dirtness conceals the hunger in our faces."
(S. Sassoon)



The boy-prefects' room hidden in a remote corner and surrounded with iron bars, was inscribed :-

"Bestial, misshapen, vile,
Stalking past in single file."
(G. Rostrevor Hamilton)

Ye olde tuck-shope bore an even more dreadful warning

"Things sweet to taste prove in digestion sour."
(Shakespeare)

The Domestic room solemnly announced :-

"Something is rotten in the state of Denmark."
(Shakespeare)

The Staff-room, hung with skulls and bones, possessed the quotation :-

"In Stygian cave forlorn,
'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights
unholy."
(John Milton)

There were some more rooms such as the Maths. room :-

"Though this be madness, yet there is method
in't".
(Shakespeare)

and the Examination Room :-

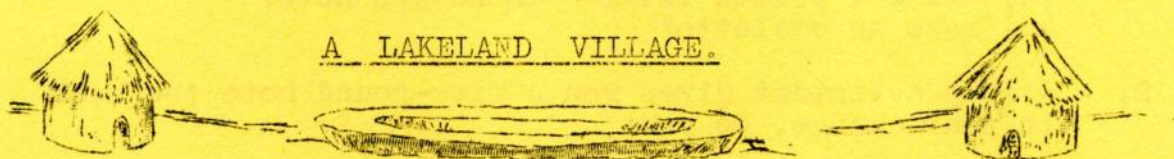
"The Moving Finger writes; and, having writ,
Moves on: nor all your Piety nor Wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a line,
Nor all your Tears wash out a Word of it."
(Ed. Fitzgerald)



But then I was whisked away for a personal inspection of the classrooms which were all furnished with arm-chairs, fireplaces, television sets and cocktail cabinets. I suddenly, unaccountably, longed to be back.

Then, to my profound disgust, I discovered I was. I opened one eye to see Mr. M-- shaking me out of a peaceful slumber in the midst of an extremely interesting discussion on the merits and demerits of painting the Black Sea pink as a camouflage from marauding Turks. Now, if anyone wants sheets of paper which bear the injunction, "I must not sleep in class"

NORMA McDONALD. V1.



Here is a story of how the lakeland villagers of 10,000 B.C. lived. Usually their homes were on a small island in the middle of a lake. They consisted of round huts made of clay, with thatched roofs.

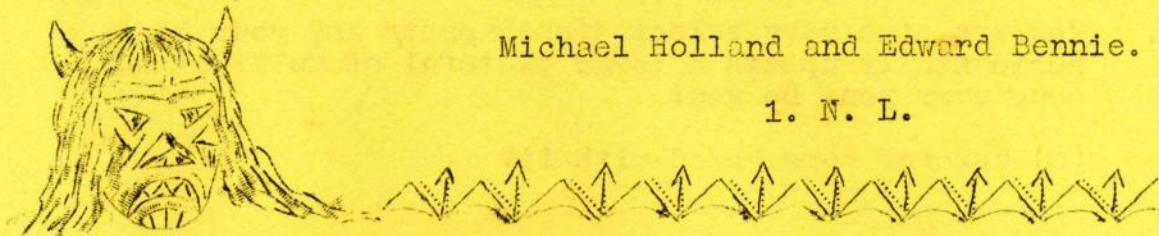
The villagers were clad in skins of animals and wore tough leather shoes.

A palisade surrounded the island to keep out invaders, and a foot bridge enabled them to cross to the mainland.

For food the villagers ate fish and flesh meat. In the lake they caught the fish by getting tree trunks and digging them out to make small boats called "dugouts." Two of the boats trailed the nets that were to catch the fish. The fish were landed and some dried in the sun to be kept for the winter months. Each village had hunters who could be sent to the mainland to catch deer and game to be shared among the people. On the island there were about twenty families. They adored false gods and idols.

Michael Holland and Edward Bennie.

1. N. L.



PERSONALITY QUIZ

It is said that by a man's reaction to sudden shocks and emergencies, much can be revealed of his true character. Much can also be revealed, however, by the manner in which he copes with the ordinary, every-day events.

Answer the following questions truthfully to find the key to your particular personality. (The questionnaire has been compiled by the world-famous Professor Hiram K. Pinhead who guarantees "a CURE in ONE MONTH - or YOUR MANIA BACK".)

1. Your neighbour's peacock lays an egg in your garden. Do you:
 - (a) raise an action?
 - (b) write a polite little "thank-you note?"
 - (c) make an omelette?
2. A shop assistant gives you a five-pound note too much in your change. Do you:
 - (a) throw a party?
 - (b) pay it into your Bank Account?
 - (c) buy a new hat?
3. On returning home, you find a dead Kangaroo in your living-room. Do you:
 - (a) go through its pouch for any identifying papers?
 - (b) call a taxidermist and say, "There's a dead Kangaroo in my living-room. ?"
 - (c) go quietly about your business as usual?
4. You visit your Doctor to get treatment for a common cold, and he proceeds to put your leg in a plaster cast. Do you:
 - (a) say, "There MUST be some mistake!" ?
 - (b) stump out of the surgery?
 - (c) ask him to have a look at those spots on the back of your neck?
5. You are at a very select dinner-party and your hostess accidentally upsets a large plateful of Mulligatawny soup over you. Do you:
 - (a) ask for some bread with it?

- (b) wait until she is passing you with a trayful of glasses and stick out your foot?
 - (c) say, "Isn't this a bit thick?" ?
6. You discover too late that your small son has put varnish in your shaving mug. Do you:
- (a) keep a stiff upper lip?
 - (b) confiscate his marbles?
 - (c) warn him that he will come to a sticky end?
7. In a crowded railway compartment you notice a bee settling on a lady's hat. Do you:
- (a) say, "Madam, you have a bee in your bonnet!" ?
 - (b) swat it with your umbrella?
 - (c) pull the communication cord?

If you answer "Yes to Section (a) of five or more questions, you are a mad, generous, impulsive creature perhaps with a touch of lumbago in cold weather. If you could go to Haiti, the climate would suit you admirably.

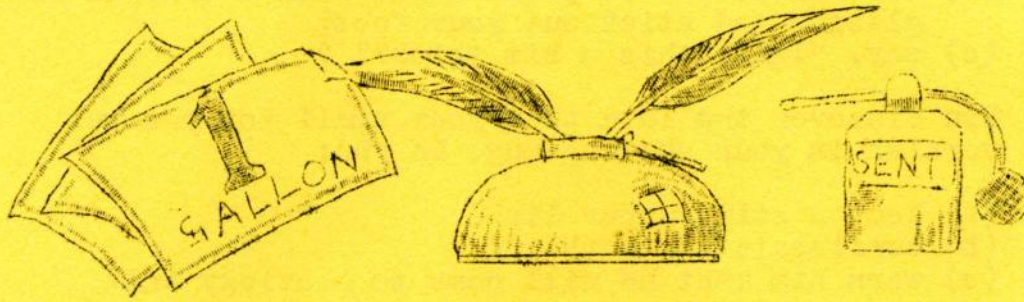
If you answer "Yes" to Section(b) you are secretive and withdrawn - in fact, a complete introvert, given to eating Liquorice Allsorts on the sly. Go on like this and you shall soon be eating Wine Gums or Pontefract Cakes!!

If you answer "Yes" to Section (c), you are the aggressive, bullying type. Not only do you want to have your cake and eat it, you want to have every-one else's cake and eat it. Obviously, if you go about eating all that cake, you are going to end up a VERY FAT BULLY. You may have a good side: you help Old Ladies to cross busy streets - but, do you ever stop to ask if they want to cross?



If you have answered "Nay" to any of these questions, you are probably a horse, and have no business reading this magazine as it seems unlikely, at first glance, that you could be an alumnus of St. Michael's College.

R. W. (Drestwick).



THE ART OF HAVING ONE'S ARTICLES PUBLISHED

Before commencing to write an article, pupils should take stock of the materials available on which to write the article. Contributions laid down on perfumed notepaper stand a far better chance of inclusion in the magazine than an effort written on the leaves torn from an elderly mathematics jotter or the "Late News" column of one of the popular daily newspapers. But those pupils whose articles are written in pencil on the backs of unused petrol coupons, can look forward with confidence to seeing their efforts published in the School Magazine.

While the choice of subjects is varied, articles with an intellectual appeal will be chosen in preference to their more materialistic counterparts - e.g. "Homework", "School Meals", "Teachers from Troon" and "Liberace". Young authors should bear in mind that the press is "free", and any "Mute inglorious Miltons" in our midst will be able to make the fullest use of their Poetic Licence. (From your nearest, at 7/6d.)

Naturally the boundary must be drawn somewhere, since one cannot, and must not, write on subjects such as "Behind the scenes in the Dinner-hall", "The Staffroom at the Tea-break", or "The Pugilistic Abilities of the Teaching Staff".

On no account must teachers be referred to by name, but innuendos are permitted. Examples such as "Who spoke then?", "Slow Boat to Ireland", "If you'd seen these roads before they were made" and "Round and About with the Little Red Vans" may be incorporated.

So get down to it, all you potential Shakespeares, Chaucers and Steeles (Joseph, I mean); finish your mints and get started on the job of writing. Remember! The

School Magazine may be but a stepping-stone into the World of Journalism. Future articles from your maturer pens may find themselves within the pages of some of Britain's greatest magazines, books and newspapers - "The Auchentiber Opinion", "The Barnill Guardian", "The Pigeon Fancier's Friend" and "The Wolseley 14 Handbook".

The end of this fine article which must surely find a place in English Literature is fast approaching since time is running out, as are the petrol coupons. Before concluding, I should like to give profound thanks, primarily to myself, to my manager, to the conductor of the Ipswich Kiddies Choir and to the City of Glasgow Police Pipe Band (of which I am not a member) for making this article possible.

A. Harill V.

CALYPSO TO ROCK'N'ROLL

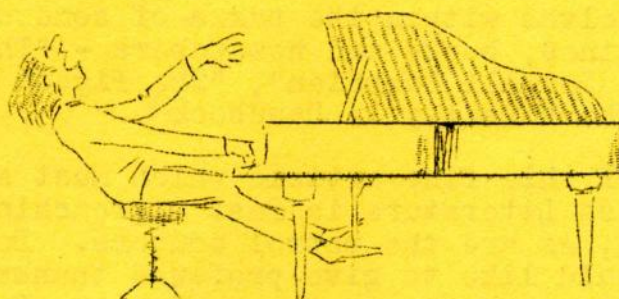
O Rock'n'Roll has come here to stay,
Calypso too, with a loud "Olez",
With Tommy Steele and his hot guitar,
We'll rendez-vous in a coffee bar.

The latest trend makes the people gay,
It's got them singing their blues away,
With a shake and a shuffle they go into their song,
They're happy-go-lucky the whole day long.

The Haley Comets began the way,
With cinemas filled just to hear them play,
While skiffle groups thought that they'd take a hand
We had Caribbean rhythm in their Steel drum band.

O, this is the rhythm and this is the beat,
For clapping hands and for stamping feet;
So get into the groove; don't you be a square
With Rock'n'Roll, Calypso, Caribbean rhythm
All to get their share.

James Cassidy II.A.



WHY I CHOSE MUSIC.

Of all the subjects proffered for study at school, I chose music as my speciality. From the moment I reached the age of discretion, I knew that music-teaching would be my one and only ambition. Little did I realise, however, the intensive study that my choice would entail. Still, I have no regrets.

The general impression of music-teaching is that if one can play the piano, a successful career in music is ensured; but this is not so!

My musical training commenced with my first lesson at the age of seven. My most vivid memory of that first lesson is of a very small girl perched on a high piano stool, legs dangling, and confronted by a vast array of black and white keys.

As the years rolled steadily by I was swept into a whirlpool of numerous examinations, including the S.L.C., and, lo and behold! I was successful.

At long last I find myself a little nearer my goal. Perhaps, one day, when I shall have fulfilled my ambition, I shall attempt to pass on my little knowledge to those who are prepared to face the many trials and tribulations in the world of music.

Anna Boyce VI.

GREETINGS FROM HONG KONG.

It does not seem two years since I was making my farewell speech at St. Michael's, and although I am now 12,000 miles away, my thoughts often travel back to Scotland. Many of you will have a picture of Hong Kong in mind for it has been the setting of a few films recently. It is a beautiful island with glorious beaches and a magnificent countryside. The city itself is a wonderful shopping centre and it is very true that one can purchase anything here. The girls would have a wonderful time just window-shopping! There are many things that I should like to tell you about Hong Kong, but I think that most of you will be especially interested in school life here, so here goes!

There are many schools in Hong Kong but unfortunately not enough to cater for the number of young people in the colony. You see the population has increased by about one and a half million since 1949. This is due to the large influx of refugees from Communist China. Thus the children are not all fortunate enough to get the chance of going to school and the lucky ones work extremely hard in order to be allowed to continue their studies. There are three classes of schools - Government, Grant-in-Aid and Private. All are fee-paying and pupils buy their own books and stationery. I teach in St. Paul's Convent School. The Sisters in charge belong to the French Order of St. Paul de Chartres. It is a Grant-in-Aid school, which means that it is subsidised by the Government and is inspected by Her Majesty's Inspectors. We have over 1,000 pupils and the atmosphere is quite cosmopolitan for there are girls of many nationalities - Chinese, Portuguese, Indian, Filipinos, Siamese and a few Australians, American and British children. Besides the Religious on the staff we have many lay teachers. I am the only Scot.

I shall never forget my first morning in St. Paul's Convent School. I did not know what to expect as I had met very few Chinese, so when I was introduced to one class as their Form Mistress, I felt my knees begin to knock. The girls all looked alike - and I must say all very attractive with their white dresses looking quite dazzling against their tanned skin, dark eyes and shining black hair. I thought that I should never be able to distinguish them. Although the Chinese girls all

have exotic (sometimes unpronounceable) names, they are given English Christian names when they come to a Catholic English-speaking school. Thus I got to know all the Marys and Therasas and did not bother too much about the surnames of Chan, Wong, etc.

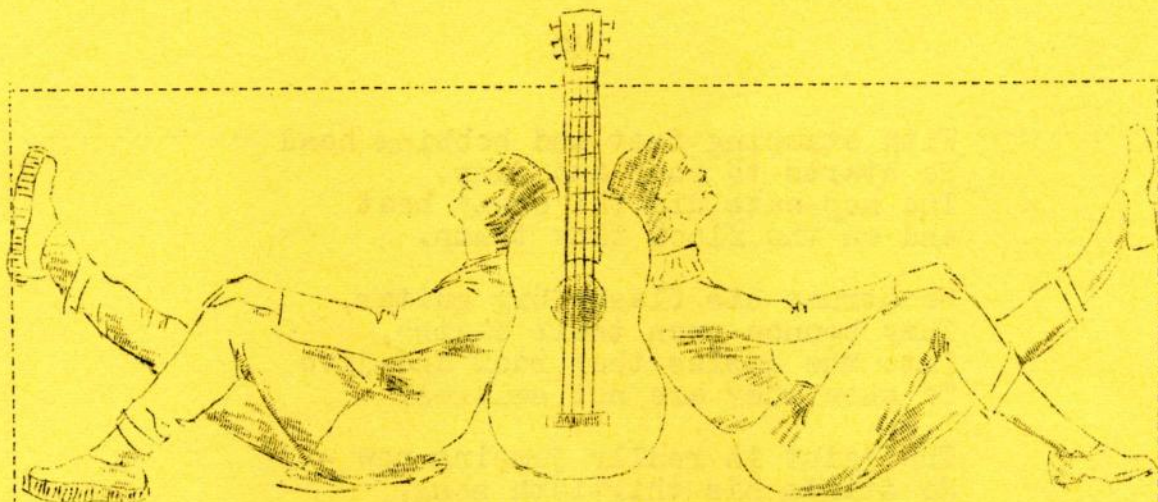
Now you may be wondering how on earth European teachers manage to teach Chinese pupils. The answer is simple. All subjects in this school are taught through the medium of English, right from Kindergarten, and the standard in English at St. Paul's really surprised me. It is one of the best schools in the colony and compares very favourably, I should say, with many schools in Britain. The Chinese must study their own language which they find very difficult, while the other non-Chinese pupils study French. All other subjects in the curriculum are similar to ours and present the same difficulties. The girls excel at Art and I am sure that Miss Brosnan would be delighted to have a few of them at St. Michael's. At present, Form V pupils are "cramming" for the School Certificate Examination, while Form VI are sitting Matriculation or University Entrance Examination.

Although Chinese boys and girls work very hard they are like all of you in their love of Sport. The boys' favourite game is football but they are also keen on basketball, tennis, badminton and, to a lesser extent, cricket. With the girls Netball is the most popular sport but they are fond of basketball, tennis and hockey.

Since we are now in the summer term we only have morning school, that is from 8.15 a.m. until 12.30p.m. Though it is too hot to attend school in the afternoons the girls still dare to suggest picnics and beach parties! In winter school begins at 8.30a.m. and ends at 3.30p.m. The Chinese feel the cold very much but to a Scot Hong Kong in winter is like Scotland in early summer. I have been telling some of the girls, who intend to go to Britain next year to study, that they will never survive a winter there.

I hope that you have enjoyed reading about school life in Hong Kong. I am sure that if you were to visit the colony you would like it as much as I do.

Theresa Northcote F.P.



THE BALLAD OF DAVY ROCK-IT.

Teenagers crowd into the hall
In an expectant hush:
An opera singer there to hear ?
No, nothing of such mush.

They've come from miles and miles around
To listen to his song;
A rock'n roll star he must be -
Correct me if I'm wrong.

A figure soon appears alone
Upon the well lit stage,
The hep-cats start to jump and shout -
This guy is all the rage.

A lock of sleek black hair hangs down
Upon his well-tanned face:
To get a cut like that they soon
To barbers, all will race.

His shirt of chequered black and white
Puts all the rest to shame;
His jacket pink and drainpipes black
Have helped to make his name.

He starts to speak, the girls all swoon;
To name his song he's bent:
His words are drowned but no one cares
They really are all "sent"!

With stamping feet and bobbing head
 He starts to rock and jump:
 The hep-cats dig the crazy beat
 And on the floor they thump.

He strums his flashy big guitar,
 They bounce upon their chairs,
 Into the aisles they rock and jive
 To show they are not squares.

The joint is really jumping now -
 He starts his thirtieth song,
 The cats are shouting, "Go, man, go !"
 Each one of them is "gone".

Though encores by the score he's had,
 That real cool cat must leave,
 For all their screaming and their shouts
 They've no breath left to grieve.

But as they leave that crowded hall
 The boys all vow to buy
 A shirt, a jacket just like his
 So's they'll be like that guy.

Margaret Mary Macintyre II.A.

Find the missing towns:--

- (a) Take this token of gratitude.
- (b) Sparrow, Eagle, Duck, Goose, Swan, Seagull.
- (c) Is your car different from ours ?
- (d) The white dove reared in the air.
- (e) "Be on your way, rogue," said the knight.

ANSWERS. Stoke, Swansea, Cardiff, Dover, Ayr.

Bernard Garvie II.N.L.

SPRING TIME

Spring! Spring! Spring is here,
 Oh. What a lovely time of the year,
 Baby lambs by the score,
 Flowers blooming more and more.

Every field and hedge is green,
 Not a sign of winter seen,
 Farmers busy in their fields,
 Making sure of harvest yields.

Birds are busy building nests,
 Choosing places they like best,
 Bees are flitting from flower to flower
 Gathering pollen hour by hour.

Eileen Fuller, 1C.

WHAT TO EXPECT WHEN PLANE BUILDING

My eleventh birthday had arrived, and among my many presents, was one that both intrigued and somehow frightened me. It was one of those boxes, or kits, of balsa wood complete with drawings and instructions on how to build an aeroplane. Often I had seen such kits in shop windows, and I was never quite sure whether I wanted one or not. Anyway, there it was, a present from a mechanically-minded uncle, and I had to do something about it.

I put the kit away and, as often happens, completely forgot about it. Months later, having little to do, I decided to tidy my cupboard and in the process I unearthed the kit. Overcome by remorse - for somehow I felt I had been letting my uncle down - I decided to tackle the plane. Having procured a board as instructed (mine was my mother's cherished baking board) I proceeded with my task.

First the drawing had to be pinned to the board, and the various pieces of wood selected, cut, trimmed, and carefully pinned to their allotted places on the drawing. This is not quite as easy as it sounds, for unfortunately the instructions were printed on the under side of the drawing, and this necessitated continual unpinning and repinning when I wished to refer to them. As can be imagined, the model suffered considerably during this process. After some

hours of painful and frustrating work, I was ready to glue one side of the fuselage. This is accomplished by piercing with a pin the nozzle of a tube of quick-drying glue, and applying the nozzle to the several joints. Unfortunately, it was near bed-time, so I packed away what remained and left the board where it was. After this the work continued in fits and starts, and many months later was accomplished.

But what fascinatingly desperate months they were: I carried on a vendetta with everyone at home. Mother repeatedly demanded the return of her board; my father, who financed the venture as regards the buying of the tubes of glue, became increasingly more difficult to approach; my little sister would roughly push aside the precious plane board, thereby causing me much more work. Nevertheless, the great day arrived, and I triumphantly entered the garden closely followed by my detractors, and launched the plane into the air. Its flight was erratic: at first it seemed to stall; but thereafter, to my great joy it flew in a long graceful flight.

Donald Gillies IIA.

MONUMENTS OF THE FAITH IN GALLOWAY.

The first sanctuary lamp in Scotland was lit in our diocese at Whithorn by St. Ninian. Later the Great Monastery of Whithorn was built, and to it came many Irish saints, among them St. Rioch, St. Manchan, and St. Winnin. This St. Winnin spread the Faith from Segtoun, in Ayrshire, later called Kilwinning.

There also came to Scotland a holy virgin named Meddan. She fled from Ireland, where her renowned virtue and beauty had caused a young nobleman to fall in love with her. She came to Scotland in 432, revived the Faith in Whithorn, and founded seven chapels. One of these was on Donald hill, and was dedicated to St. Michael in thanks for King Arthur's victory over the pagan Scots. Welsh bards say that Irvine was Arthur's headquarters, and that two of his battles were fought at Beit (Beith) and Bretwyn; the "Trin" or promontory of Troon. St. Meddan died in 518, but Donald continued to be a stronghold of the Faith till the Reformation.

The next important event in the history of Donald came in the reign of David I, son of St. Margaret of

Scotland. In 1066, he invited English noblemen to Scotland and gave them land. One of these noblemen was Walter Fitz Allan to whom David gave the Ayrshire district of Kyle at Dundonald. Some time later, he was made Steward of the King's household, a post which was handed down to his grandson Walter, who became Steward in 1206. This Walter was also made Justiciary of Scotland in 1230, and changed his family name to Steward which later became Stuart. Walter had two sons, James and Alexander. James married the daughter of Robert Bruce, and their son Robert II became the first Stuart King in 1371. The chapel in the castle was made a Royal Chaplaincy by Robert who also rebuilt the castle.

St. Meddan's Church in Dundonald gave way to another dedicated to St. Giles. The Bell of this pre-reformation church can still be seen in the National Museum, Edinburgh.

The Parish Church of St. Giles was first served by Gilbertine monks who also had a chapel of St. Mary in Ayr. Later, when the Gilbertines went to England, the Cluniac Benedictines of St. Mirin's Abbey, Paisley, were given charge of the church. They appointed vicars to serve the Church in Dundonald. Other Benedictines from Kelso built the Abbey at Kilwinning and dedicated it to St. Mary and St. Winnin. In the village of Monkton, the Benedictines had charge of the Church of St. Cuthbert, which to-day is in ruins. At Symington, nearby, there is a pre-reformation church dedicated to the Holy Trinity. This church dates from at least 1160, and was first served by Paisley Benedictines. Later it was given to the Trinitarians who gave it the name of Holy Trinity Church. Unfortunately, it fell into other hands at the Reformation.

The name of Symington comes from one, Simon Locord, an English gentleman who came to Scotland at the request of Walter Fitz Allan. Simon brought with him his kinsman Steven, who gave his name to Stevenston.

From Stevenston we come to Irvine which was another centre of Catholic life. The Carmelites or Whitefriars had a church there, and there was a parish Church of St. Mary. On the banks of the river there was a Lady Chapel.

There was also a Lady Chapel on the isle in the Firth of Clyde still known as the "Lady Isle". But now, where once the sanctuary lamp shone forth, there is only a lighthouse, and where the Kyries and Ave Marias sounded, only the wild crying of the sea-gulls is heard.

Helen Flynn V.

THE GARBAGE COLLECTOR.

It was snowing. The tiny, soft flakes floated down in millions; they transformed the ugly streets and they were uglier. The white was churned up into an oily brown and the speeding cars splashed and splattered through the slush.

He was going home later to-night and the announcement was to blame; it had made him sick and he cursed the job that was his. But when all disgust and horror had passed, he was faced with the problem!

The snow-flakes never end, he thought. In their billions they tumble from the sky only to melt on the dirty pavement. Like human lives they drift through space and then die, transformed to a rotten slush. What is the purpose, he thought; what is the purpose? A chill wind whipped round his neck and sang icily past his ears.

"A soprano!" he said almost aloud, "Ha! ha! a soprano!"

His house was small and warm, and often when the sun cast it in the right shadow it was pretty. Every house has a different smell; a different atmosphere; but a garbage collector's smells of pines and roses and violets and all is sweet and very pure. Mingled with the sweetness he could smell a T-bone steak as it sizzled in the pan and oozed rich juice while the log fire crackled happily in the grate casting the room into red and black shadow. His wife came to greet him; the light of the fire sparkled in her eyes and made the waves in her black hair like burnished gold, and the light caught the moisture on her teeth and lips and they seemed to flash in the warm twilight.

"I'm home," he said, "home!"

After dinner he was silent; the sullen, hopeless silence which only comes with worry. The snow still fell and the wind bullied the little house; his wife sat in her chair and waited, for she knew that soon the tangle of emotion and worry within her husband would swell and burst and then with his eyes moist he would tell all, and await her advice or pity, for she was his wife.

"They say the war will start soon!" he nearly shouted, in a strange high-pitched voice that she had never heard before. She did not reply.

"Two, three days at the most", he continued, "may be tomorrow, maybe in an hour from now; we were told at the depot and given jobs to perform when the bombs start falling."

She said nothing; he would talk himself dry. He put his hand to his mouth and mumbled and stuttered as he always did when he felt excited.

"You know what I think? You know how I think of nations? I think of them as two small boys with building bricks: each tries to reach the sky with his bricks, but they are jealous of each other lest one reach the sky first, and in their frenzy they topple one another's bricks and the poor little boys are left with nothing and have to start once more. Now these same boys become men - strong, muscular, beautiful men, and they raise great rocks towards the sky, and just one of these rocks can crush them if it should tumble. But the boys who are now men forget this, and once more are jealous and they topple each other's rocks which fall on the two boys who are men and nothing is left but pulped flesh and bone-slush!"

"It's horrible!" she screamed. "Life is a lovely precious thing and so is the Earth and the civilisation upon it; we are, we must be alive for something - something more than oblivion!" She saw in his face that he was troubled and she continued.

"Think of the beautiful things on Earth, think...."

"Yes," he laughed, "think of the dying swan who there in the pale moonlight sings its sad song; who tells of its years spent in the blue sky and water and who now goes to black oblivion! Think of the butterfly which is born in the morning, matures in the afternoon, and dies in the evening - its whole life lived in a single day before it goes to nothingness. Life is nothing! Life is for nothing! We want only war, war, war! I don't mind war! I don't mind how many men are pulped but why has war to give men like me so many problems!"

She was sobbing. A squadron of bombers screamed overhead.

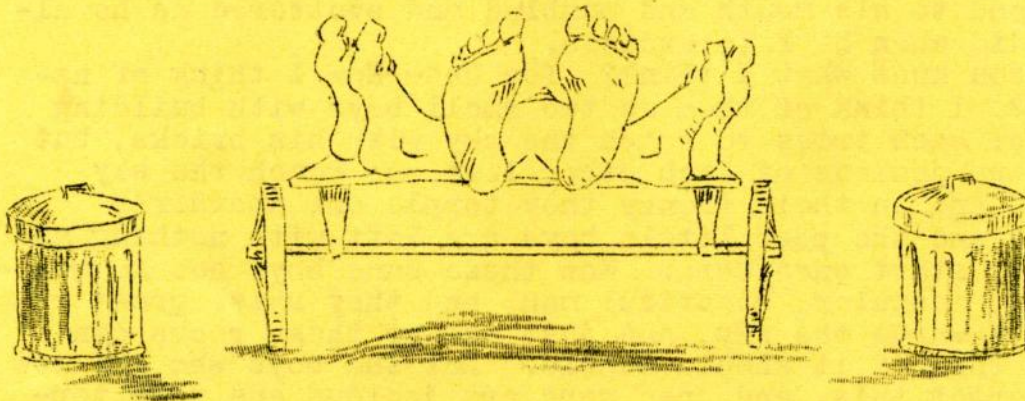
"What is your problem, dear?" she sobbed. "Tell me! Tell me!"

His eyes were bloodshot, his face expressionless, helpless.

"To-day we were told that when the bombs fall we are to load the dead bodies in our carts - as many bodies in each cart as possible. But tell me, how do we load? With the bodies long ways up and down the cart, or across the way?"

The log fire was out and only fine lifeless powder was left.

Joseph West V.

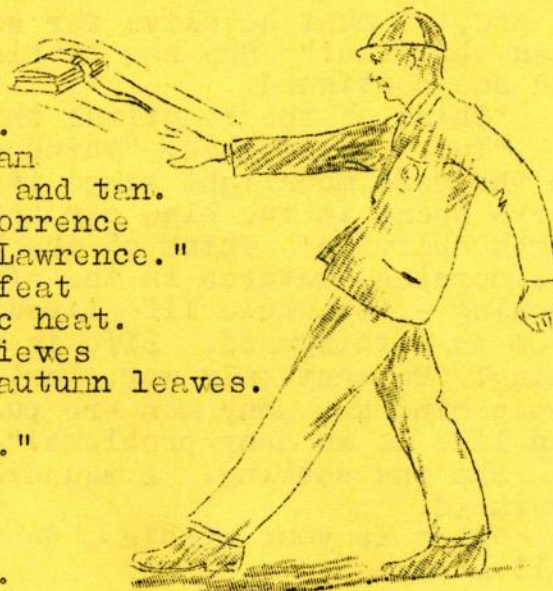


A TYPICAL SCHOOL DAY.

At French we jabber,
At Latin we stammer.
History's a bore,
At Geography we snore.
At Maths we're in a jam
Simplifying sin, cos, and tan.
There's a natural abhorrence
Of the lines "To Mr. Lawrence."
At Science we feel defeat
In conquering specific heat.
At Art the teacher grieves
Over our sketches of autumn leaves.
At Music we fly
"Over the Sea to Skye."

ET AD INFINITUM.

Anonymous IV.



A. B. C. OF II.A.

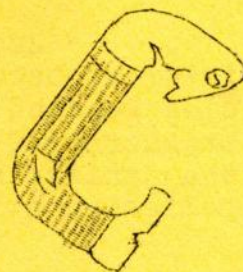
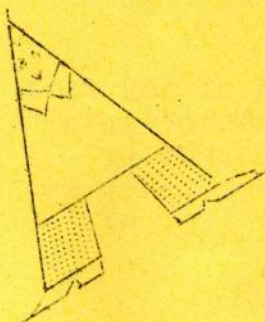
A is for Ann, who's fond of good books,
B is for Brains; excuse lack of looks.
C is for Cassidy; oh what a menace!
D is for Deirdre who's good at lawn tennis.
E is for Ennis and Esther, that's all,
F is for Frances who's quick on the ball.
G is for Gillies, of our class the clown,
Also for Gerard of Ardrossan town.
H is for Hopeless which portrays us all,
I is for Isabel. She isn't tall.
J's for John Cairney - the picture of jollity,
K is for Knowledge; we all have that quality.
L is for Language which always is good,
The odd word that slips out is not really
rude.

M's for the Murrays: Oliver's one,
Michael's the other one under the sun.
N is for Noise which one often hears.
O's for Obedience, not without tears.
P is for Pratchett who's always good fun,
Q is for Questions which never seem done.
R is for Russell who's good at football,
Perhaps he's not short - but he's not really
tall.

S is for Spencer. She's got dark hair.
T is for Tomelty. His hair is fair.
U may feel tired; I feel a flop.
V's for the Vances, I'm ready to drop.
W's for Walsh with his eyes oh so blue,
X is too hard, I haven't a clue.

Y am I writing all this - tell me, do,
Z is the end. Thank goodness, I'm through.

Janice Traynor II.A.





FOOTBALL

At no time do I recall there being no football team in St. Michael's. Until very recently there have been only three teams - the first-year XI, the under fourteen XI, and the intermediate XI. However, with the coming of a IVth year class which included boys, birth was given to a senior XI.

Let us now travel back to 1951. The intermediate XI included many - as the expression goes, "heid cases" - a few of whom may be reading this article. However, spirited as they were, this team did not enhance any the silverware on Sr. Pauline's sideboard. In all fairness, let me add, however, that this team of crackpots (of which I was pleased to be a member) reached the semi-final of the Ayrshire Intermediate Schools' Cup. So, we didn't do too badly after all!

Sad though it be to relate, nothing of any real interest occurred until 1954, the year the intermediate side reached the final of the Tournament sponsored by Dreghorn F.C. Again, however, Lady Luck played havoc and the janitor at St. Michael's had another year free of polishing silverware.

The following year, the successors of those who had fallen at the Battle of Dreghorn fell in a similar, though less glorious, battle to Kilwinning Junior Secondary School in the final of the Ayrshire Junior Schools' Cup.

However, last year, the Senior XI ended the long run of ill-luck when they succeeded in winning the Ayrshire Senior Schools' Cup at the expense of Girvan H.G. in the semi-final, and Kilmarnock Pre-Apprenticeship School in the final. The under 14 XI followed up this success shortly after by winning the Junior Cup.

All in all, as long as those participating enjoy the game, I think we should not be too down-hearted over our meagre success.

Robert Hume V.

P.S. Our teams have been reasonably successful once more this season. The Senior XI reached the semi-final of the Senior Cup. The Intermediate XI were beaten in the final of the under 15 Cup by the "Auld Enemy" Irvine Royal Academy, and at the moment the under 14s are still in the Junior Cup.

We have a number of players in representative teams. Robert Hume, the captain of football, has been picked to play centre-half in the Ayrshire XI. Robert McFedries, Felix Rocks, James Gillen and Michael Murray represented the school in the North Ayrshire (under 15) XI.

J.L.

HOCKEY.

In previous years St. Michael's had no hockey pitch of its own, but now that one has been provided solely for our use, we have played much more hockey than in recent years. There is now a 1st and 2nd XI and many of the younger girls show great keenness. Throughout the season stick-work and team-work have steadily improved, resulting in improvement in match results; by the end of the season the St. Michael's teams were beating teams which earlier defeated them. With the experience gained this year stronger teams will be in the field for next season.

Adeline McCann (Hockey Captain)

NETBALL.

Owing to rather inclement weather the Netball Season was later in starting this year. Our only encounter with other schools was in the North Ayrshire Junior Tournament. This Tournament, since its inauguration, has been won every year by St. Michael's. This year, however, our Junior Team, having won in their own section, and having defeated St. Peter's in the Semi-Final, was defeated in the Final by Largs Junior Secondary School. We hope, however, to have a successful season in a full programme of games; our four teams show great promise.

F. P. NOTES.

Ad. - Ardrossan; A. - Ayr; B. - Beith;
D. - Dalry; Gs. - Galston; H. - Hurlford; I. - Irvine;
Kb. - Kilbirnie; Km. - Kilmarnock; Kw. - Kilwinning;
L. - Largs; M. - Monkton; P. - Prestwick; Sc. - Saltcoats;
Sv. - Stevenston; T. - Troon.

These abbreviations are an attempt to help you to identify the former pupils mentioned in this article. Let us begin by recalling the silver jubilee on the Staff of St. Michael's of Miss Cathie Brosnan (T), also a former pupil, who celebrated the happy anniversary at the same time as Miss Wade, whose silver jubilee was in October.

VISITORS.

It is a tradition of long standing that the boys and girls who have passed through the school come back to see the staff. The past year has been no exception. In fact, it has brought us a record number of former pupils, whom it would be impossible to list completely. Deserving of special mention, however, is Tom Burke (Kb), one of our earliest pupils, who arrived on 19th March to renew acquaintance with the Sisters who taught him. Margaret Duffy (Sv) on holiday from U.S.A. also paid us a visit. Frances McLaughlin (I) kindly took time out of her flying visit from Canada to come and see us. N.B.: Incidentally, she paid for a copy of this magazine in advance !

F.P.'s ABROAD

Talking of Canada, we must have quite a colony of St. Michael-ites out there by now, especially in Ontario. Elizabeth Brown (Sc) came to say good-bye before emigrating in March. Catherine Kelly (L) left for Canada earlier in the year. Renee Robertson (nec Cowan) writes regularly giving news of Bobby (Ad). Renee is expected home soon for a visit with Flora McQuade (Sc) who is married to Stephen McPolin (Ad). Maura Laverty wrote recently asking to have a school blazer-badge sent to her. Rosemary married Donald Bell last summer. Mrs. Northcote (Teresa Quinn) (Sv) writes frequently giving news of Eric who is a member of the police force in Hong Kong. Teresa's teaching experiences out there make interesting reading.

WEDDING BELLS.

During the past year we have heard of marriages among many of the former pupils. Congratulations to the following:-

Margaret Rocks, May McGinn, Jane McCarthy, Margaret and Molly Nicol, all from Irvine; Catherine O'Sullivan, Bridie O'Donnell, Theresa Murphy, (Sv); Margaret Wren, Margaret Kirk, (A); Betti Mazzoni, Rosemary Nicol, (T); Tom Monaghan, (Kw); Jane Chapman, (H); Sarah Doyle, (D); Jeannette Hendren, (M); Patricia Devenney, (P); Moira Davey, (Km); Patsy Brodie, (Sc); Antonio Pieroni (B) to Anna Gartland, (Kw); Tommy Pentleton, (Sc) to May Matthews, (Kw).

SUCSESSES.

We are always pleased to learn of the achievements of our former pupils. Maisie McGuigan (A) has the distinction of being the first woman to become National President of the Don Bosco Guilds of Catholic Teachers, after serving for quite a lengthy period as President of the Central Guild of Galloway. Agnes Kelly has many successful dramatic productions to her credit, of which the latest was the recent fine Passion Play which ran for a week in the Ayr Civic Theatre. Rosemary McBeth (Sc) now has a trained dancing team of her own, which recently won a championship award. In the scholastic field we record with pleasure Maria Madden's brilliant success in a difficult Civil Service examination. She took first place out of more than one thousand entrants. She now has an important post in Prestwick Airport. She was bridesmaid at Patricia Devenney's wedding in February. Maureen Deherty (Sc) now holds the L.G.S.M. She is doing part-time

teaching in the County. Willie Farrell (Sc) recently became an A.M.I.C.E. In the engineering field, James Burns (I) holds an important post in Calcutta as branch manager for the Glenfield and Kennedy Engineering Company.

CAREERS.

A number of our past pupils are preparing for various professions in the Universities and colleges of the country. During last session Sylvia McFarlane (Ad) and Sally Murphy (Km) began their teaching career, the former in St. Mary's, Saltcoate, the latter in Darvel J.S.. Therese McKinstery (Kb) joined St. Michael's Staff to teach Physical Training. Betty Spencer visited the College with teams of her pupils from Rothesay Academy, to play hockey against our teams.

Nursing claims increasingly larger numbers of our girls - from Sister Gordon (I) in the "Central" down to the group taking the new pre-nursing course in the Irvine Academy, and maintaining contact with us by following the Religious lessons of IV.C. Everyone interested in this fine self-sacrificing career will enjoy reading the following extract from a letter written by Patricia Donnelly (A) who has kept in contact with us from Detroit where her family have emigrated:-

"One of the most important days in a freshman's life is the Capping ceremony, which is the official start of her life as a nurse. As the name implies, the ceremony consists of the V.I.P. (Principal) of each unit placing a white cap on the student nurse's head. This cap is the symbol of Mercy; it points upward to Heaven, and is known all over the world. Capping day is the highlight of the year... About a month after the big event, the freshmen go on duty. Speaking for myself, this is the most wonderful experience... there is a wonderful satisfaction in doing something for a sick person... I don't know what it is.... I do know I want to keep doing it for the rest of my life, God willing, according to my nurse's pledge: 'Reverently do I pledge myself to the wholehearted service of those whose care is entrusted to this hospital...' "

RELIGIOUS ANNIVERSARIES

Of those former pupils who have dedicated their lives exclusively to God's service, we record with pleasure that Agnes Leverage (Gs), Sister Pauline Therese, C.P., pronounced her Final Vows as a Religious of the Cross and Passion. Julia Brosnan (T), former pupil and member of the

Staff, also took her Holy Vows last June. Sr. Mary, as Miss Brosnan is now called, is at present teaching in Edinburgh. At the end of this session, 30th June, Thomas McCann, who has completed his studies for the priesthood at St. Sulpice Seminary, will be ordained in his own parish church. Our prayerful good wishes and congratulations go with him to the altar of God.

CONDOLENCES

Last but by no means least, we offer our sincere sympathy to those who have suffered bereavements during the past year - to Cathie, Henry and Dan Diamond (I) on the death of John; to Peter O'Hare (Sc) on the death of his father, Peter; to Winnie Campbell (B) on the death of her father; to Hugh Strain (I) on the death of his aunt; to Betty Freeman (Pentleton), whose husband met his death in an accident; to Theresa and Jane McCluskey (Km) whose brother also was killed in an accident.

REUNIONS

The Sixth years 1955 and 1956 had a pleasant afternoon reunion in the school in December, and the IV.C classes of 1954 and 1956 an enjoyable meeting in May. We were pleased to have them back. We like to share in the joys and sorrows of those who have passed out of the school. **Naturally**, we can only record the events which come under our notice. Let us have news of YOU! Your letter or your visit will be welcome.





"JANGLED NERVES"

BY

PHIA TRAINER VIYR.

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