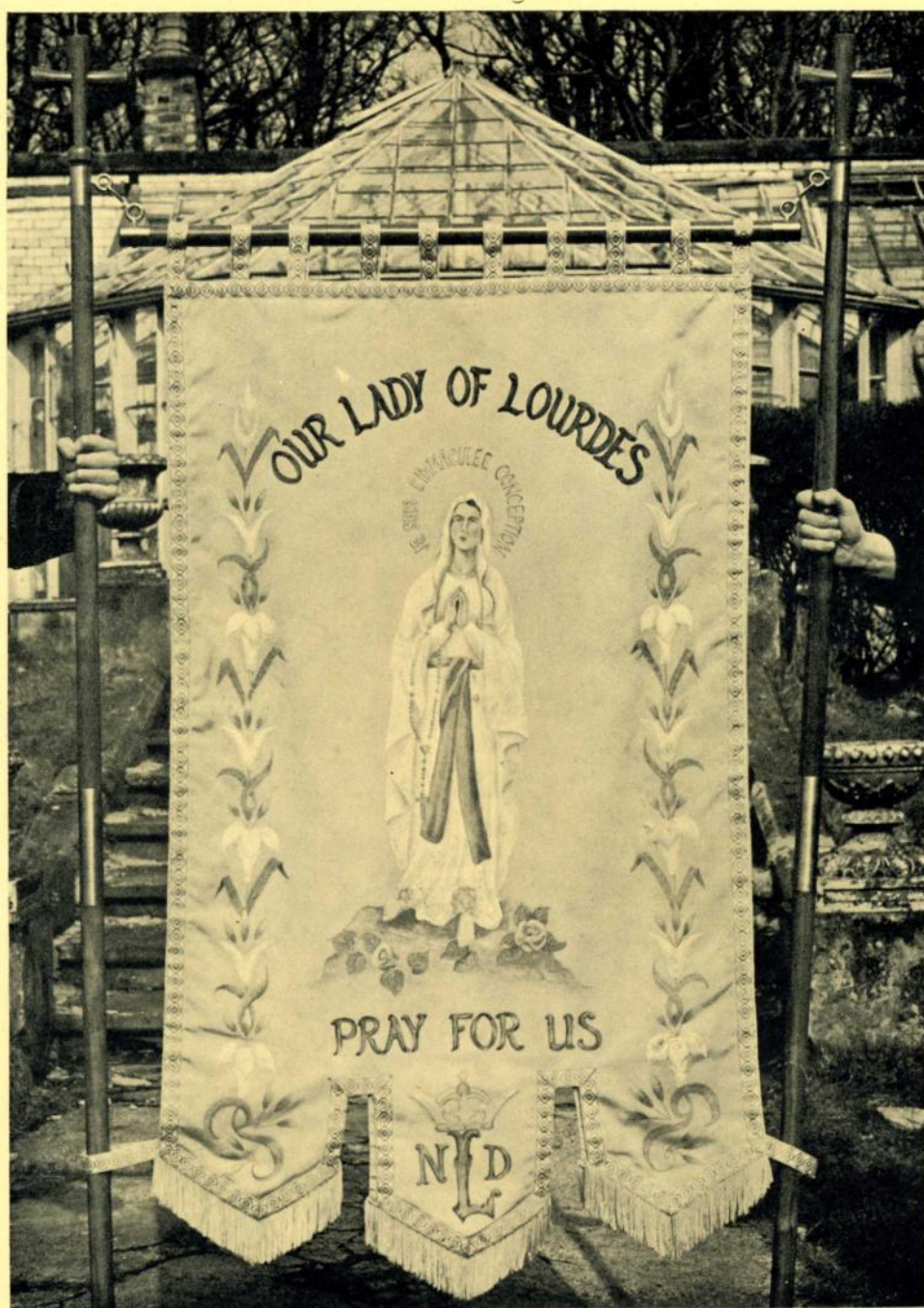


ST. MICHAEL'S COLLEGE



MAGAZINE



BANNER FOR SCHOOL PILGRIMAGE TO LOURDES

(Designed and executed by Miss Brosnan)

8 Corsehill Road,

Ayr.

28th March 1958.

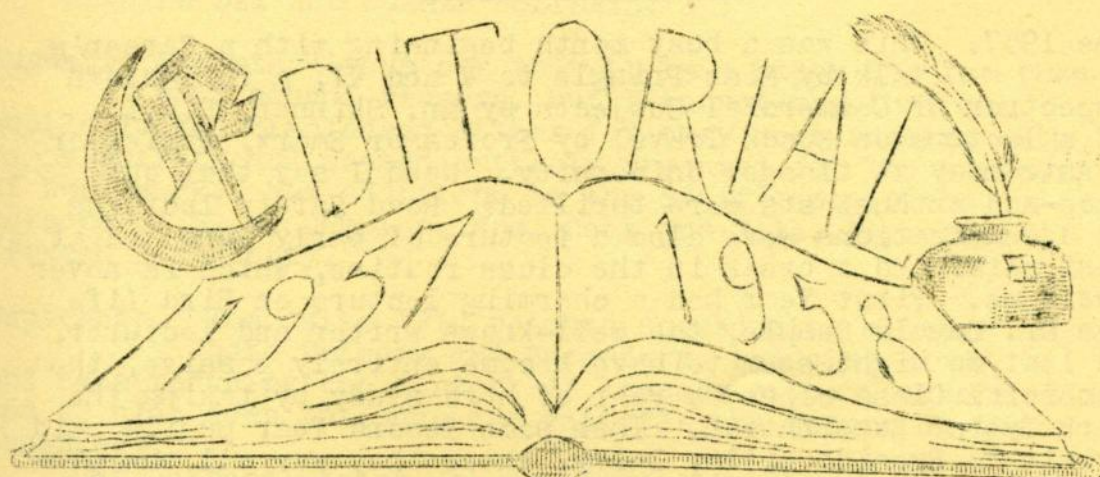
Dear Sister Pauline.

I received your letter of the 26th inst with your request that I should give my blessing to your school pilgrimage to Lourdes. This I do very gladly indeed: I bless the pilgrimage and the pilgrims one and all. May their visit to Lourdes leave a life-long impression on the children and inspire in them a deep and lasting love of the Mother of God.

I congratulate you personally on your vision and initiative in organising a pilgrimage for the pupils of St. Michael's. I am proud and happy that the first pilgrims from this diocese to salute Our Lady at the Grotto in this centenary year should be pupils from one of our schools. My only regret is that - to judge from your letter - I shall not have the happiness of seeing them in Lourdes.

Yours devotedly in Dño.,

+ Joseph Mc Gee.



What is the purpose of a school magazine? Many claim that it provides a few hours' pleasant reading and a welcome change from popular periodicals. This is, of course, quite true. But we think that a school magazine does much more than this: It unites in spirit thousands of pupils, past and present. Perhaps we are overestimating its importance. However, we feel sure that when former pupils read through the articles in this magazine, they will recapture for a few moments something of the spirit of the St. Michael's that they knew. Mention has been made in these pages of those from whom we have received news but we hope that to all former pupils this publication will be the bearer of our greetings and a token of our unfailing interest in them.

This second edition is again "all our own work" and we feel that its standard will be considered equal to that of its predecessor.

During the Easter holidays, a party from the school made a memorable pilgrimage to Lourdes in honour of the centenary of Our Lady's apparitions to Bernadette. In the magazine will be found photographs and articles to commemorate this great event.

Finally, we offer our sincere thanks to the Staff, without whose help this magazine would never have been possible, to the Art department for the illustrations and to all who have contributed articles, some of which, through limitations of space, we have unfortunately been unable to publish.

THE PASSING SHOW.

June 1957. This was a busy month beginning with a Career's Talk by Miss Pringle to V and VI, a full-blown inspection of Commercial Subjects by Mr. Skinner, H.M.I., and a lecture on Space Travel by Professor Smart, Professor of Astronomy at Glasgow University. Need I say that our Space-mad enthusiasts were thrilled? Road Safety lectures and demonstrations were also a feature of early June and at least permitted a break in the class routine, which is never unwelcome. First Year had a charming lecture on Bird Life from Mr. Dugald Semple, the well-known writer and lecturer, and lest we might seem to have become entirely passive, the Commercial Class closed a year of hard study by taking the Clerk Typist Examination. Then some Second Year pupils paid a visit to Ryeside Mills, Dalry, where they saw all the processes in the art of converting a length of material into a pretty frock. We also had a sporting event at this time when a CHOSEN FEW SENIORS played a game of golf against the Staff andBEAT THEM!

June 14th brought the Flannel Dance, - no connection at all with the visit last mentioned. Four days later was a day before which all else pales into nothingness, SPORTS' DAY. (At this point the Sports' Editor removed my ink.)

Miss O'Halloran, a former Principal Teacher of French, came back to renew old memories and liked us so much that she prolonged her call to a two-days' visit. She seemed to have very happy memories of the pupils and Staff of St. Michael's.

Sister Francis on her retiral was presented with a Spanish Missal, a Bible, a typewriter and book tokens. As Sister had typed so assiduously for last year's Magazine, there might have been some suggestiveness in one of these gifts, but all were offered with our heartfelt wishes for her happiness and our gratitude for her long service to the College.*

July. His Lordship, Bishop of Galloway, presented the prizes on Prize Day after an inspiring talk to the pupils on their obligations as future citizens. There were two farewells on closing day, one to Sr. Francis and the other to Miss Quinn, soon to become Mrs. Mellan. We wished the latter every joy and happiness in her married life and we suggested that both Sr. Francis and Mrs. Mellan should

*See page 66.

pay us an occasional visit in the coming year.
CLOSING DAY AND SUMMER HOLIDAYS! ! !

August. Parents always say that it is a happy day for them when school reopens, but I cannot say that the pupils looked displeased either for they were beaming with happy spirits and seemed entirely prepared for the hardest of hard work. New additions to the Staff came in the persons of S. M. Campion, Mrs. Cook and Mlle. Peyronnard, (French Assistant).

September. The Asian 'Flu reached us reducing classes both Primary and Secondary, reducing Staff, and even reducing the content of lessons since Teachers had to slow down the pace and wait for the return of the absentees.

Our patronal feast was celebrated in the usual way with Missa Recitata in the morning and a School Holiday in the afternoon.

October. The Technical Classes had the joy of displaying their abilities before an Inspector, Mr. Emond, and school visits were paid to a Handicraft Exhibition in Kilmarnock, and later to the Brick Works, Dalry. The French and Spanish Departments had escaped inspection last year when the General Inspection took place, but their day arrived when Mr. Shaw, H.M.I. gave them his attention for a whole day. And lest we might seem to be entirely engrossed in mundane things, Brother Vincent, Marist, and Father Knowles, Servite, spoke to the boys on the Religious Life.

November. A month of remembrance for the Holy Souls with prayers and Masses for the Faithful Departed. June Mills and James Maddock gave a delightful Musical Recital in the Caledonian Hall which was attended by Senior pupils. Towards the end of the month our own Dies Irae always arrives, CHRISTMAS TERMINALS, and last year did not vary the pattern - no better - no worse!

December. Senior Boys enjoyed a talk on the Royal Air Force by Squadron Leader Maitland, but not so much as both Boys and Girls enjoyed the Christmas Parties and Senior Dance.

January. There were high hopes for a holiday when a storm blew in two windows in Form VI., but they were not fulfilled. Later in the month Mr. Leahy and

Mr. Farrell led a group of Seniors to an Atomic Energy Exhibition in Glasgow. No! They purloined no bombs! Jan. 29th was a sad day for all as we heard of the death of Anne McCormick, a pupil of IB. Her Requiem was attended by Staff representatives and by her own Class.

February. A Book Exhibition for Teachers gave us an early closing of school - a mark for the intellectuals! The Royal Navy too had its say with a lecture by Lieutenant Mosedale, so there will be no more land lubbers.

March. It brought the usual grief - The Highers. There was nothing unusual about the examination except the questions. We had a new Supervisor, Miss McAtamney, a former pupil, and we hope she brought us luck.

April. The School Pilgrimage set out for Lourdes on April 1st. and the following day school closed for the Easter Holidays.

On April 15th School reopened for the Summer Term with Lourdes' pilgrims waxing eloquent on their travels. The Highers had their echo in the growing pains of the Primary Promotion Examination, while to keep the Secondary Department alive, Fifth Year sat for the Final Religious Examination. We were delighted to hear that Gerald McMulkin had won First Prize for his painting at an Exhibition organised by the Irvine Rotary Club.

May. Those long-drawn-out Highers had a final spurt with the Homecraft Inspection by Miss Beveridge. We had a very amusing Puppet Show given by Mr. and Mrs. Black for the Juniors, and Mr. Clifford gave a film and lecture on Record Planes to Senior Technical pupils.

The annual Religious Examination took place, and we came forth from the ordeal "summa cum laude". May continued its religious tenor by the annual Retreats given by Fr. Marius to both groups, girls and boys.

Both pupils and Staff of St. Michael's regret the resignation of Mrs. Dalton from her post as Supervisor of the Dining Hall. We shall miss her motherly interest in our welfare and we thank her for her many kindnesses to us in the course of her duties in the Dining Hall. We wish her the best of luck always.

BERNADETTE'S LADY.

Thou timelessly chosen one: Stainless a chalice
Containing the infinite: Flawless a crystal
To see the unseen; for essential within it,
And conquering malice, is knowledge of One,
Unknowable ever, Omnipotent Son.

His Love's sweetest agent at Calvary's Death Tree;
Ineffable bridge between Godman and mankind;
Of Christ in the Host precious fabric unseen;
A Mother to hide me, like Christ's singled one,
From Justice whose face is the Face of Thy Son.

What fearful a dragon did menace Thy children
To bring Thee again to so earthy a bond-house,
Whom the eyes of the innocent only may know?
The old cunning serpent abroad amongst men
With crooked intelligence black in its pride
Beguiling the simple to put God aside?

For at this new and wondrous idol,
Set with blasphemy on a tree,
The people marvelled much.
But Thy refreshing stream of Grace
Binds us with new and closer ties;
While from his dingy tree,
The idol peers with mournful eyes.

J.M.

L O U R D E S.

From my earliest years, I have listened to aunts and uncles enthusing on Lourdes. Always they ended their enthralling conversations with the words, "We must go back next year, God willing!" Often I have thought, "Surely Aunt Mary should go somewhere else next year!" Little did I anticipate that in this matter I should ever be in complete accord with my Aunt Mary! I am now one of those happy people, a returned pilgrim from Lourdes and I would like to try to explain to you how vital "Notre Dame de Lourdes" and her message has become to me.

I arrived in the little town of Lourdes early on Holy Saturday morning. Stretching out before me were the little white-washed, red-roofed houses; beyond them the white mountains and above the deep blue of the Mediterranean sky. Brightly dressed people moved to and fro. Spaniards, Italians, Negroes, Americans, English, Irish and Scots passed in a bewildering fashion for Lourdes is a truly cosmopolitan city. Their faces were serene, for domestic and political upheavals are all forgotten here and Lourdes really echoes with the angels "Peace on earth to men of Good Will." In Lourdes all roads lead to the Grotto. So, on that first morning after a breakfast of coffee and rolls at "Hotel Peyramale", we wandered down "Avenue Peyramale". Soon it became evident that everyone was moving in the same direction, towards the Grotto.

On our right was the great expanse of concrete, the Underground Basilica. Straight ahead was the tree-lined Avenue leading to the Rosary Square, the Rosary Basilica and then through the arches, to the right of the Basilica, the Grotto. Approaching the Grotto was a wonderful experience. Once through the arches we could see the crowds, and we quickened our pace. Then before our eyes was the familiar but oh, how different scene - the statue on the spot where the Mother of God once stood, the flickering candles, the altar and the moving sight of the sick being wheeled or carried to and from the Grotto. Instinctively we fell on our knees, our beads slipping through our fingers. That night the seniors attended the Easter Vigil in the Underground Basilica of Saint Pius X. The grey stone Basilica has two entrances, and the floor slopes gently

towards the centre of the Basilica where stands the high altar, the focus of all attention. The Basilica was filled with people of all nationalities and after the long ceremony we were very tired but happy and thankful that we had been privileged to attend the first Easter Vigil in this vast Basilica.

On Easter Sunday morning we had the great privilege of singing Mass at the Grotto. We processed to and from the Grotto behind our banner of which we were very proud. Father Vivian, a Passionist, offered this memorable Mass for the Passionist scholars from Bolton, Kilcullen and our own school, Saint Michael's College. Later we became friendly with the Kilcullen girls and their head girl presented Father Vivian with a book on behalf of the three Passionist schools, as a small mark of our appreciation.

On Easter Monday we assisted at our own group Mass in the Basilica of the Immaculate Conception. Father Walker, our chaplain, spoke a few words to us about our pilgrimage; how we should remember to pray for our parents, who had sacrificed so much to send us to Lourdes; for our relations and friends; parish; the sick, and last but not least, ourselves. That night we returned to the Basilica for Holy Hour which was followed at midnight by Solemn High Mass. This service was for English-speaking peoples and on this occasion as well as at our own Group Mass, Joseph McGrath, a pupil of Saint Michael's College played the organ. We are all very proud of him, and I am sure that it will be remembered by him as one of the greatest days of his life.

A few hours later, Tuesday morning, we really entered into the spirit of Lourdes, and in the pouring rain we took off our shoes and made our way to Calvary with Our Lord and His Blessed Mother. Every afternoon and evening, when we could, we attended the processions. In the afternoon we took part in the Blessed Sacrament procession. I was near to tears, when, after all the sick had been blessed, the Rosary Square rang with the cries, "Lord, that I may see!" "Lord, that I may hear!" "Lord, not my will but Thine be done", each sick person praying that his or her neighbour might be cured. In the evening, as soon as twilight falls, thousands of pilgrims mass in the Rosary Square and process carrying lighted torches in their hands, and singing, "Ave, Ave, Ave Maria. Ave, Ave, Ave Maria", the never-ending salutation! The Credo and Salve Regina are then sung by

all the pilgrims in Latin, giving a wonderful testimony of their one faith in one language. Sister Pauline allowed us to explore Lourdes on our own, and we came together as a group only for Mass, for processions and for the other services which Father Walker so kindly arranged for us. Being anxious to see the Cachot, my friends and I visited the old town. The Cachot is the room where Bernadette and her family were staying at the time of the apparitions - four walls, a stone floor, no windows, and the fireplace where the wood, collected by Bernadette on the 11th February, 1858, was burned.

On Wednesday afternoon the pupils of Saint Michael's College paid their farewell visit to the Grotto with Fr. Walker. Then we made our way to the statue of Saint Margaret, Queen and Patroness of Scotland, to pray for our country's conversion. That evening, as we stood regretfully waiting for our transport to the station, we saw standing among us our own Bishop McGee! The Galloway Pilgrimage, under his leadership, had just arrived in Lourdes and the Bishop had honoured us with a fleeting visit. This really put a seal on a wonderful pilgrimage!

Before we left, those of us who remembered Father Walker's advice, visited the Grotto alone and spent a few minutes listening to what Our Lady had to say to us. Everyone, I am sure, would hear that pleading in their hearts, "Prayer and Penance!" I, and thousands also heard, "Come back! Come back!"

Alice Brown. IV.

PILGRIMS' PROGRESS.

THE CROSSING. As the boat drew out into the open sea I gazed across at the White Cliffs. How magnificent they looked! The journey was to take some three hours and I found I had plenty of time to explore the ship. Since the weather was ideal, I remained much longer on deck than I had intended, but eventually I managed to see over those parts of the vessel which were open to us. Not without incident did I roam; in my travels I wandered into the First Class section, from which I was duly ejected by, to my mind, an over-zealous steward.

William Walsh. IV.

PARIS. Having arrived rather boisterously at the station in Paris, we quickly drove through the brightly lit streets to our own quarters. Our group entered the wrong building and we found ourselves being rather hastily ushered out of a large house, which, despite its dignified facade, with a wrought-iron gate, was extremely dirty inside. "Pas ici! Pas ici!" cried the greasy housewife, as she sent her young son to escort "les enfants" across the road to their hotel.

Kathleen Mackay. IV.

LOURDES. "Prayer and Penance" is the cry of Lourdes. We were put through the mill in both these respects. The worst part was the penance. We did the Stations of the Cross in our bare feet. By the time we reached the thirteenth Station we were feeling pleased with ourselves. We had overcome rocks and stones, small pebbles and fine gravel. We were patting each other on the back and visualising how our haloes would look as we set off for the fourteenth Station. It was down hill all the way and strewn with sharp stones and rocks. We began to think that someone had hidden the fourteenth Station, but at the foot of the hill we found it, tucked away in a cleft of rock. I think our feet will never be quite the same again.

Brendan Arkison. IV.

We decided to pay a visit to the Upper Basilica. This one is considerably smaller than the Rosary Basilica but it is more decorative. Practically every inch of the walls is covered with souvenirs of some pilgrimage or other. There are shields, flags, and standards, all of which are very colourful. Hanging from the ceiling are lovely crystal and pearl chandeliers of various sizes.

Rhona Cairney. IV.

From the statue of the crowned Virgin we were taken to see the lovely statue of Bernadette. Bernadette has only one shoe on and the other is lying beside her to show that she was preparing to cross the stream when Our Lady appeared to her. Then we crossed St. Michael's Bridge, walked along one or two streets, went down a few steps, turned left and before us stood a wax image of the Pope and his two personal guards. The robes he wore are supposed to be an exact replica of the real ones.

Marie Paterson. IV.

On our second day in Lourdes we took part in the Procession of the Blessed Sacrament. High above the chanting pilgrims, Scouts from many countries lowered their gaily-coloured flags from the ramparts in honour of their God.

Ann Convery and Agnes Cairney. IV.

Early each morning we attended Mass, noticing too, the poor sick visiting the Grotto each day with a new hope of recovery or new strength to bear their sufferings. Looking at these unfortunate people, I heard myself asking God to cure even one person. There at the Grotto, we realise how fortunate we are not to be afflicted in body and yet how often we forget to thank God for this wonderful gift.

Margaret Mackinlay. IIIB.

We squeezed ourselves as near the Grotto as we could and there we stood gazing upon the spot where Our Lady appeared, exactly one century ago, to Saint Bernadette. A feeling of absolute peace came over me and the crowds vanished from my vision. There remained only Our Lady, Saint Bernadette and myself. I realised then that this was Lourdes. Not the crowds, the noise and the stalls, but Our Lady and Saint Bernadette.

Sadie Burns. IVC.

PARIS.

For about half an hour we had been "coming into" Paris, and yet all that was to be seen were roads, fields, houses and large advertisements for "St. Raphael" which turned out to be a drink. The French houses were of all shapes and sizes. Some looked as if a whole house had been the original plan but as if work had stopped suddenly, leaving only half a house. Their irregularity contrasted sharply with our uniform rows of "prefabs" and council houses. Our attention was drawn away from the game of house-spotting by the discovery of the Eiffel Tower in the distance. At last we were approaching the famous city.

Soon we were bundling out of the carriages, down the high steps and on to the platform. When we were piling into the buses, it was getting dark and the city was lighting up. Emerging from the station square, our first

impression of Paris was of cars - long, sleek American cars and squat French ones - all purposefully speeding along. Our buses were caught up in the stream, which carried us along to the Place de la Concorde, a great, wide square, lit up on all sides and with cars shooting everywhere. We caught a glimpse of the Eiffel Tower, looming up in the dusk, with red lights glowing at the top.

The hotel where we arrived had only one drawback: seven floors and the lift out of order! The stairs wound up and up, so that the poor people on the top floor were quite out of breath by the time they reached their rooms, and having to fetch something left downstairs by mistake was no small matter. Breakfast, consisting of crisp rolls, marmalade and coffee, was served at half-past eight. We would be awakened by a knock at the door, then scrabbling noises and loud, high-pitched French voices saying goodness knows what. We would smile politely, shut the door and attack the breakfast.

The first morning we clamped our berets firmly on our heads and set off for the Rue du Bac. We were conscious of the stares as we passed by in uniform, heading for the Metro Station. We, of course, stared back, all round us, at the open-air stalls in the streets, where flowers, fruit and fish were sold, at the rows of Easter eggs, each with its pink ribbon, which filled every shop window, and at the gallant gendarmes who strolled about with their neat capes and white batons. We were delighted to see an advertisement which said, "Persil lave plus blanc."

At the station we formed into groups of five to buy books of tickets, and we had the exciting experience of spending some French money. Travelling underground was a novelty to most of us, and so we enjoyed it. Getting out near the Rue du Bac, we made our way there. We entered through a courtyard, the walls of which were covered with inscriptions thanking Our Lady. The peace and stillness were noticeable in here. We saw and touched the chair where Our Lady sat, and as it was Holy Thursday, the body of St. Catherine had to be unveiled before we could see it. After this, we naturally wanted to do some shopping, so we were taken to the Bon Marche, which was something like Lewis's in Glasgow. There we had a good time getting rid of our francs.

Everybody was feeling hungry by this time, so we went to a restaurant for lunch. We had all our meals at this restaurant. The waitresses were called Michèle and Danièle and they were pretty and popular. They put up with many requests for bread, wine, cider or water. The drinks were quite expensive, lemonade costing about one and sixpence.

In the afternoon we had a bus tour of all the principal sights of the city. There was, of course, the monument no one misses - the Eiffel Tower. As it was a cloudy, dull day we did not go up it, but were content to stay underneath and look up at the huge mass of iron climbing into the sky. Then we went to the Church of the Madeleine where the Washing of the Feet was in progress. Later came the Arc de Triomphe, again a huge construction, with the fire to the Unknown Soldier burning below it. We went along the Champs Elysées, then took a route through the city to the Church of the Sacré Coeur at Montmartre. This was the most interesting part of the tour, as it was the longest. We read aloud all the shop names; pointed out the latest fashion in skirts; waved to gendarmes. There was one man hanging over the rail on the platform behind a bus which we passed several times. Every time we passed he was in the same position - hands in pockets, elbow on rail, cigarette drooping. He looked utterly bored. We found him very funny. Eventually we reached the church at Montmartre, prayed inside, admired the white stonework and departed for Notre Dame. The great cathedral was awe-inspiring, with its stone gargoyles, its thin, straight spire and great round stained glass windows.

After dinner we attended a Holy Thursday service in St. Lambert's church. The procession went right out of the church and down the street, to our surprise, and we realised that France is, of course, a Catholic country.

Next day, Good Friday, as we walked up the Champs Elysées we window-shopped all the way. There were fashion shops, cinemas and shoe shops, dozens of shoe shops, all selling the same style of shoe - thin heeled, long, narrow and pointed at the toe. The trees were just bursting into leaf, fountains were playing in the parks, the cafés were busy, and well-dressed people were walking up and down. In spite of the Scotch drizzle this looked like the Paris we had read about. At one cinema, posters were advertising Yul Brynner in the "Ten Commandments". Another one had "Adieux aux Armes" with Rock Hudson. Some of us had seen "A Farewell to Arms" and were pleased to

know that we had seen it before the Parisians.

On arriving at the Arc de Triomphe, we turned left into Avenue Hoche, where we found the church to which we were going. It is a church served by English Passionists for the benefit of English speaking people. We were fortunate to find seats, as the church soon became crowded. While waiting for the service to begin, we recited the Sorrowful Mysteries of the Rosary. At 3 p.m. the Liturgy of the Passion began. As it proceeded, we realised the sharp contrast there was between the hard, glossy world of fashion outside and the moving story of Christ's love for us which was being told in the church. Finally our whole group went to Holy Communion. This was a fitting end to our stay in Paris, and a strengthening preparation for our long journey to Lourdes.

That night we left the city. We were so excited at the thought of reaching Lourdes that we had little time for regrets, but we came away with many memories, not just of great buildings, but of little things such as a small French boy with a big beret, or "Persil lave plus blanc."

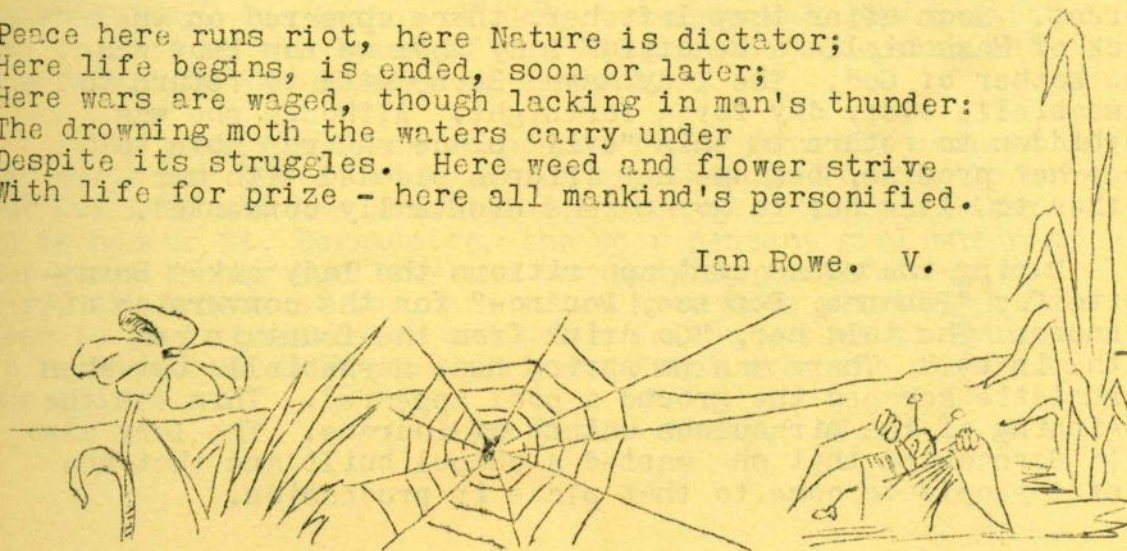
Mary McCann. IV.

THE MIRROR.

A river bank, a sight so pleasing to the eye,
The gentle shallows where May flies play and die,
The water rippling, with sun and white stones gleaming,
A lonely spot so free as yet from mortal scheming.

Peace here runs riot, here Nature is dictator;
Here life begins, is ended, soon or later;
Here wars are waged, though lacking in man's thunder:
The drowning moth the waters carry under
Despite its struggles. Here weed and flower strive
With life for prize - here all mankind's personified.

Ian Rowe. V.



ST. BERNADETTE.

Just over a hundred years ago there was born, in the little Pyrenean town of Lourdes on January 7th, 1844, Bernadette Soubirous. It was to this child, fourteen years later in 1858, that Our Lady appeared on the rock of Massabielle. Bernadette's parents were very poor and their dwelling place, the Cachot was very small and dingy. During our stay in Lourdes we saw this place where Bernadette lived. As she was rather a delicate child her god-mother, Marie Aravant, took her to Bartres where she looked after her. When Bernadette grew older she tended the sheep.

Marie Aravant had promised Bernadette's parents that she would teach the child her catechism. This was a very difficult task because Bernadette could not speak French. She only knew the dialect of the district. She tried to repeat the long French sentences which Marie read to her, but she could not remember the words and at length Marie Aravant gave up her task.

Bernadette had an ardent desire to make her First Communion. Early in 1858 she left Bartres to return to her parents' home in Lourdes. She went daily to the Hospice where the good Sisters of Nevers taught the children their catechism and prepared them for their First Communion.

On the morning of February 11th Bernadette decided to go, with two companions, to gather sticks in the forest. Because of her asthma and the coldness of the water she did not cross the River Gave, but stayed near the bank while her companions crossed the river and went further into the forest. Soon after they left her, there appeared on the rock of Massabielle a beautiful Lady whom we now know was the Mother of God. The Lady asked Bernadette to return to Massabielle every day for a fortnight. Although she was forbidden to return to this "evil" place she was able to keep her promise, because her friends pleaded with her mother to allow her to go and she eventually consented.

During the subsequent apparitions the Lady asked Bernadette for "Penance, Penance, Penance" for the conversion of sinners. She told her, "Go drink from the fountain and bathe in it." There was no spring near Massabielle but when Bernadette scraped the ground a pool appeared. This was the beginning of the miraculous waters of Lourdes. The Lady also told Bernadette that she wanted a chapel built and that she wanted people to come to that place in procession.

On the Feast of the Annunciation Bernadette again went to Massabielle. Many times she had asked the Lady her name, but on that day, after making her request for the third time the Lady said - "I am the Immaculate Conception". Our Lady appeared to Bernadette later that year.

Bernadette had told the parish priest, Abbé Peyramale, of the Lady's request for a church. When Bernadette told him that this Lady was the "Immaculate Conception" the priest turned pale and sent her away. He realised immediately that it was the Mother of God who had appeared, and he set about carrying out her wishes.

During Abbé Peyramale's lifetime the Crypt was built. In 1876 the Upper Basilica was completed and in 1901 the beautiful Rosary Basilica was opened. These three churches, where we took part in certain services during our Pilgrimage, are a very fitting answer to Our Lady's request.

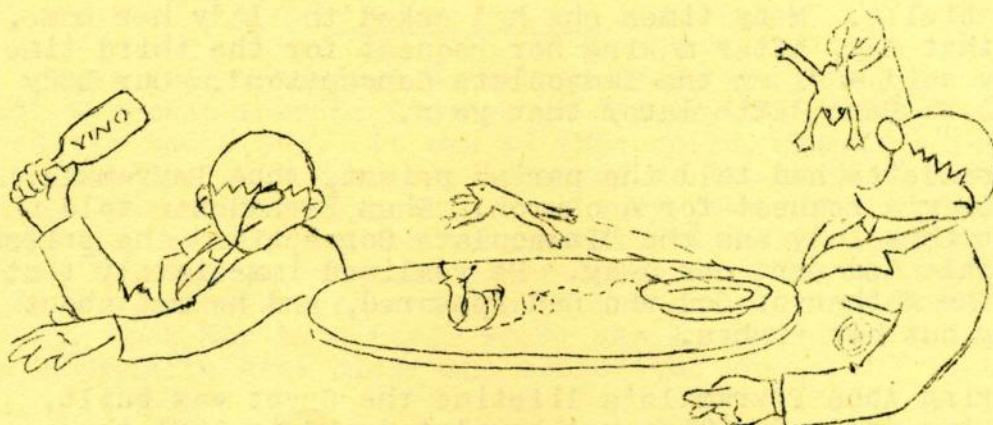
On January 16th, 1862 the Bishop of Tarbes declared that the Mother of God had really appeared to Bernadette Soubirous on eighteen occasions at the rock of Massabielle. Ecclesiastical sanction was then given to public demonstrations at Lourdes and in 1873 the great French National Pilgrimages to Lourdes began.

In 1866 Bernadette decided to join the Sisters of Charity of Nevers as she wished to devote her life to the service of God, and so hide herself from the public eye. In 1879 at the Convent of Nevers, after a long illness she died a very holy death.

In 1925, Bernadette, the poor shepherdess of Lourdes to whom Mary, the Mother of God, had appeared, was beatified and in 1933 on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception she was raised to the dignity of a saint.

This year, 1958, as thousands flock from all corners of the earth for the Lourdes Centenary, they go firstly to honour Our Lady who has sanctified that spot. Secondly they go to honour St. Bernadette, the poor peasant girl who won her glory by her humility and her undying faithfulness to Mary, the Mother of God, and if we have been privileged this year to go in procession and bathe in the waters at Lourdes, it is thanks to this poor girl who first drew the crowds to Our Lady.

Anne Teresa McKay, VI.



INNOCENTS ABROAD.

Expecting that others more competent will be writing of our Pilgrimage, I should like to tell of some incidents and impressions that will remain with me for a long time.

What a rousing send-off we had from the school. It was like the homecoming of Celtic with the Scottish Cup! Parents, relatives, friends and benefactors - all were there. At Kilmarnock we had the same again on a smaller scale. Now we were on our own - our own, that is, but for Mr.M, Fr.W, Mr.W.

"How many are in there?" "Four". "Good". Now your prayers. I'll start the Rosary and you continue. Finish your prayers and then to bed." Then it began. "Me for the top bunk". "And me". "No, me", etc., etc. We soon got that fixed up and settled in. But - clicketty-clack, bumpity-bump, clicketty-clack. Who could sleep? Our neighbours on each side were talking. Nobody asleep there, either. Footsteps in the corridor. Voices telling others to go to sleep, shrill voices replying, and so on far into the night. Or so it seemed - a long, long night between dozing and waking and then more voices and a door opened and Mr.M's voice, "What's going on?" "Please sir, when do we get in?" and Mr.M's honeyed reply, "Boy, do you know the time? A quarter to three! A quarter to three and here you are up, washed and dressed! The rest was lost as doors slammed and feet clattered to the wash room. Our night's sleep was over. Standing in the corridor later, someone said to me, "Imagine me up at 4 o'clock. My mother wouldn't believe it! I could have said the same.

London - 3 buses - 1 driver. Eventually we, the boys, went off and left 2 busloads of girls with Miss B., Sister P.M. and Mr.W combing the station for two bus drivers. They arrived at the other station about ten minutes behind us and here came our first incident. Mr.W's bag. Where was it? Who had picked it up? Nobody. Well. I can't describe Mr.W. then nor repeat his muttered words. Suffice to say that he found it where it had been on the pavement, outside the station, alone and undisturbed for fifteen minutes! Our Lady of Lourdes had already taken us under her wing.

Breakfast - lovely grub - and then marshalled to the train. Counted, checked and counted again. Mr.M, Mr.W., Sister P., Fr. W. - all were counting. Countless times were we counted during the trip. "Line up, boys. Stand there. Now, don't move. Right - two, four, six - -. In twos, boy. Two! T - W - O! You're already counted. Stand still! Again, two, four, six, eight - -. One missing. Who is it? Where is he? Didn't I tell you not to move." At last, all 90 of us accounted for. "Pick up your bags. Got everything? Are you sure? Right, then, move off." Twenty yards on - a girl this time. "Please sir, I've lost my shoulder bag." Speechless resignation showed on the teachers' faces. Someone had seen it and brought it with them and calm restored.

A fine day and a nearly calm sea. At Dieppe, Mr.M. found our places on the train. On we got and he went off to find the others. Before he returned, the train started. Where was he - and the Sisters - and Mr.W. - and some girls? What did we do now? Eventually the stragglers arrived. Mr.W counting again, confused by a party of Garnethill girls, who had the same colours as ourselves. Peering into faces, he was muttering, "Not one of ours - nor you." The late comers had got separated from their luggage on the boat and were last off and scrambled into the last coach and made their way through the train. Count and check. We were all safe and sound.

Our hotel in Paris - Hotel Messidor - had a self-service lift. Great fun. M.K. especially was enjoying this. He wanted to take everybody up and down. Our first French food wasn't too bad. No snails or frogs. One or two sampled the "vin rouge" - watered. One taste was enough. There were some queer faces and expressions and loud laughs from those who safely took the "leemonad." Like many of the others I was disappointed that when we reached the Eiffel Tower we didn't manage up but it was a dull misty

day and we wouldn't have seen anything. The Arc de Triomphe and the everlasting fire was impressive and the cameras were out in force. The traffic around here was tremendous, ten, twelve and more abreast. Our driver, through Mr. M., told us that it was not uncommon for him to be held up for nearly two hours trying to get a place for his passengers to get off. This was a very quiet day! While we were in Notre Dame, the service of washing the feet was taking place and we saw those having their feet washed being given a loaf and a bottle of wine. The next morning to the Bon Marché where we bought some of our presents for home. Scotch French and French Scotch rang round the counters and in the end the guid Ayrshire tongue and much pointing triumphed. The old brains were going great guns at the mental - francs to shillings, shillings to francs, but we all got what we wanted. D.C. emerged a real French "garçon" with his Basque beret! That evening, at the local church, we heard a sermon in French. At the Offertory a man in Napoleonic uniform and drum major's staff led the way for another in soutane and surplice to take the collection. He was followed round by a lady who took a collection as well.

The next night, armed with eatables, we set off for Lourdes. No sleepers this time, but hardened travellers now, we managed to curl up and get some sleep. This, I believe, is where Sister P.M. stopped the train! The story, as we heard afterwards, was that during the night the train slowed and Sister went to pull down the window to look and see where we were. She pulled hard - at the communication cord - and the train stopped! It was near a station and there was quite a hubbub, but an official on the train explained to those outside and consoled Sister with, "It will be all right. We often have to make excuses for children doing this."

Lourdes - and a lovely day. There was a nip in the air from the snow-clad Pyrenees rearing up to the clouds. Everything was new and lovely and exciting. The Grotto - people praying - standing, kneeling, in groups saying the Rosary - many languages. Belgians, Germans, Spaniards, Italians, black people and many British schoolchildren like ourselves - all with one object - to honour Our Lady.

The new Basilica was disappointing, tremendous in size, a huge expanse of concrete. Being Holy Saturday, the service began at 10-30 p.m. and we were told we could go if we wanted. I felt too tired and went to bed. Easter Sunday was dull with some rain. Our banner was unfurled and we gathered for the Blessing of the Sick, but instead of the open air procession, the service was held in the new Basilica.

What a crowd and what jostling and pushing. It was like Hampden on Cup Final Day. "Keep your eye on the banner," said Mr.W. and after much elbowing and pushing we managed to get in some order behind it. The procession began, and again we pushed and made our way round but it was only a curtailed procession because of being indoors and we were left in the passageway round the edge not knowing what was going on. Easter Monday - a beautiful day - and we really saw what a Lourdes procession was like. Thousands and thousands of people marching, reciting the Rosary, singing hymns, our banner very prominent and much admired. "Ecosse" was our reply to queries about where we came from and believe it or not, we were told by some other Scots teachers we were a very nice lot of boys and girls. The torchlight procession gave us all a big thrill. There appeared to be millions of points of light. Once, the shade on one of our girls' candles caught fire, dangerously near the head of a man in front of her. Stamping it out, she was exclaiming, "Pardon, m'sieu, pardon" (in her best French) when the man turned and said - in a rich Glasgow accent - "It's a'richt, lass. I was needing a haircut anyway."

Washing in the Baths - the Piscines - was one of the things I had looked forward to. Mr.M. and Mr.W took some of us down. Inside, undressing, I had a cold wet cloth wrapped round me. Then, standing barefooted on a cold wet stone floor I was led into the bath. Teeth chattering, gasping out the ejaculations on the card before me, then douche! into the cold cold water, kiss the statue of Our Lady and out shivering and gasping. "Nothing to it," said some of the others! Then, dripping wet, dressed again and out into the open - fresh as paint. It is amazing how quickly you dry off and in a few minutes would scarcely know that you had dressed without drying. It is, of course, one of the things about Lourdes. No one has ever been known to come to any harm, even the slightest cold, from this washing, the wish that Our Lady had expressed to Bernadette.

In Lourdes, the food was real Frenchy. We began to have our doubts about the frogs and snails again. The salads were covered with oil. The ice cream, as we thought, was the crowning blow! I took a spoonful ough! - sour, sour milk. It was some kind of cheese. They had a name for it, and so had we - several. I think Mr.M must have said something about the meals, for the next day we had chips! Did we go for them! Four helpings! There were no more fancy dishes, no more cheeses, fresh fruit instead. The teachers,

at their table, seemed happy enough with the French food and d...k, the men especially! They were voluble enough. Once or twice though I did see Sister P. eye the dish suspiciously and after a tentative bite make a grimace or two. She and Miss W., now and again, looked longingly, I thought, at the boys' fare. Sister E. took it all in her stride.

Just before we left Lourdes, the Bishop, who had just arrived with the Diocesan Pilgrimage came down to the hotel to see us off. Very nice of him, indeed.

Again on the train, but all very tired and most of us slept fairly well. Through Paris, with sleet and snow. This phenomenon (?) was commented upon by Mr.W., who was entertaining us with the microphone in the bus.

Now our worry was the Douanes - the Customs. Would they say anything about Dad's bottle and cigarettes, the perfume and all the things we had bought. "Three months in gaol." said Mr.W. We wanted to think he was kidding but weren't too sure. However, no one bothered on the French side. On the boat, Sr.E. gave us a fright and a laugh. I turned to see her flat on her back on the deck! Her collapsible seat had promptly collapsed when she sat on it. Another fine crossing and then we were all lined up for Passports and then Customs. Trying to hide our fears, we opened our bags. "You haven't got the Crown Jewels hidden away, have you?" the officer asked someone as he chalked the cases. Big grins and smiles all over. "Sir, sir, he didn't even look in my bag" as we hurried on the train.

The last lap. An uneventful journey to London and then home to Kilmarnock. We all slept better - we couldn't help it - so tired were we. But even then before six o'clock Sister E. - she must have had insomnia - was going round. "Are you never up yet?" This was the time when we could have slept all day.

Then we were home and only one thing left to say - "When do we go back again?"

Pilgrim.



IN FRONT OF ROSARY BASILICA, LOURDES.



FIRST COMMUNICANTS

Back Row :—G. Wallace, D. McDonald, A. McGowan, F. Gartland, R. McIvor, K. Dean, C. Johnson, G. McLaughlin, H. McDonald, R. Price, C. McBreen, A. Prenter, J. Hunter.
 Middle Row :—H. Diamond, B. Innes, Annette Hughes, M. Ferguson, I. McGreal, R. Chalmers, M. Cain, M. Inglis, Ed. Glass.
 Front Row :—J. Phillips, M. Russell, C. Donaghy, F. Murphy, M. Cunningham, C. Guazzelli, M. Torrance.



SENIOR PREFECTS

Back Row :—A. McCann, J. Pentleton, H. Mailer, B. O'Rourke, J. McGeough (Boy Captain), B. Hume, J. West, A. McKay.
 Front Row :—K. Carragher, H. McLean, C. McFarlane (Girl Captain), N. Currie, H. Flynn.

ON VISITING ST. MICHAEL'S
SCHOOL SPORTS.



Upon a daye, aboute a yeare ago
It plesid me to see some sporting - so,
Adoun the streete to Irvine Meadow's
grounde
I walked, and there a host of
children founde.
It did me goode to see their merrie
games
And long I watched and listened to
their names.
I thought of dayes gone by when I
was young

And played and danced and jostled in the sun.
Far up the field another sighte I sawe
Which made me from my pleasant dreams withdrawe
Four teachers sawe I standing in the parke
Oh, how I'd dread to mete them in the darke!
One of the foure - an historian and a joker
Is something more - a never-ceasing smoker.
As sure as eggs are eggs he nevere bets:
No wonder since he spends it all on cigarettes.
The second of the four's a physicist!
Ande more than that, a grand perfectionist!
Woe to the pupil who before that man
Has not his bookes tidy, spick and span.
And next to him a man whose granite voice
Can sound and frighten greatly alle the boys
Though mathematician and the rest he be
Yet appears he rarely for the S.V.D.P.
And now unto the laste of this queere crowd
A little man, sincere, and not too proude;
Of foreign lands he could well speak, perchaunce,
For of that art he could the olde daunce
He needs not maps or bookes where'er he goes
For everie language of the earth he knows.
Ande many other teachers did I see that daye.
But darn it all! I came to see the children playe.



Robert Hume.

FARNBOROUGH.

In the month of August, the A.T.C. squadron of which I am a member, received a letter from the Air Ministry, saying that one cadet would be allowed a free ticket to the Air Show with all expenses paid. Three of my friends and I applied for the ticket and awaited the draw. About a month later, the squadron received word that it had been allocated four tickets. My three friends and I received them and travelled as guests of the Royal Air Force to the Farnborough Air Show.

The day on which we were going to see the Show was the Fifth of September, the day on which only R.A.F. personnel were admitted, so we had to make the journey overnight, and we had to travel in uniform. Owing to the travelling back overnight, we required two days off school but all four of us received permission.

The actual Show was divided into two distinct parts. The first part was the displaying of the aircraft over the four main runways, for close inspection by the people at the Show. Many of the passenger airliners were exhibited, and the public were allowed to pass through them. It was here that I obtained my first view of the interior of a Britannia.

Since the main object of the Show was to encourage foreign buyers, this displaying of the aircraft allowed the potential customers to make a close inspection of any in which they were interested. Throughout the enclosure, there were many tents and pavilions showing the component parts of different aircraft.

The part of the Show which I enjoyed most was the flying display. When all the exhibition aircraft had been removed from the runways, the display began. My three friends and I were lucky to be standing against the fence, only about fifteen feet from the runway on which the aircraft were taking-off and landing.

First of all came the airliners, the Viscount, the "Whispering Giant" Britannia and the Comet, then the freighters.

After the heavies had finished their exhibition, an

aerobatic team of five blood-red Supermarine Swifts gave a brilliant display. They came screaming in over the field at zero-feet, and then performed a climbing turn, as one aircraft. For a finale, they made a formation landing, the five aircraft landing together in tight formation. This was the first time I had ever seen such a landing performed.

The next part of the Show was, I thought, the funniest. Five Westland helicopters took off together and performed a Canadian Barn Dance in the air to music played over loud-speakers. To show the abilities of a small light helicopter, its pilot made a take-off from a moving lorry, and after chasing it along the runway, alighted on the still-moving vehicle.

To finish the Show, a unique aerobatic display was given by a team of seven Hawker Hunters. They came sweeping in over the spectators in the formation of an anchor, then on starting to climb, performed a perfect barrel roll. In this fashion, they kept climbing until they appeared as tiny dots in the sky, then rolled over, and at first in a steep, then in a shallow dive, lost height, and flew over the crowd in a broad arrow formation. This performance was carried out at over five hundred m.p.h. At this velocity the aircraft travel about eighty feet in one tenth of a second, and so, as they were flying only a few feet apart, the precision required was nothing small.

This made a magnificent finale to the Air Show which all together left me with impressions so vivid as to make this the most memorable day of my life.

Michael McCabe V

SPRING

Dull winter's shadow passes from the scene,
While nature's miracle waits there in the wings.
Stark nakedness gives way to verdant green,
New life abounds, somewhere a skylark sings.
Music and décor stamped with the Master's hand.
Spring has arrived! Oh joyous wonderland.

James Cassidy IIIA

IF I COULD BE HEAD FOR A DAY.

If in my grasp there were three wishes
 I'd not choose jewels nor golden dishes,
 But a simple thing - so hear my say
 I'd like to be headmistress just for a day.
 First of all, I'd decrease the teachers' pay
 And cancel the exams to be held in May.
 I'd sit on a chair with an angry frown,
 Where before me the teachers would all kneel
 down.

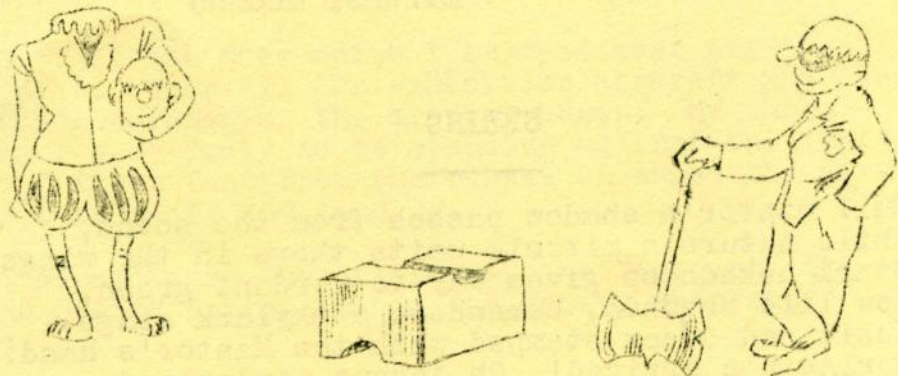
I'd ask them with a patient sigh,
 "By what method would you like to die?"
 Books, which tend to turn my liver,
 And Report Cards too, would be thrown in the
 river.

Then the school would assemble, all led by 3B
 And march to the Dining Hall to watch T.V.
 Remembering my duty I'd tell them the news
 "There'll be no more homework as it gives you
 the blues."

Next I would have an Aunt Sally stall
 With the teachers all pinned by a nail to the
 wall.

And as they were hit they'd fall over the side
 Of a tank of crocodiles with mouths open wide.
 The climax of the day would be when I'd say,
 "Pupils, take a year for your holiday!"

Helen Mackaveech IIIB



A VISIT TO PRESTWICK METEOROLOGICAL OFFICE.

A great deal of work has gone into making air travel safe. The work includes the most important work of Meteorology - the study of the weather.

As the various airline companies now have flights to practically every corner of the globe, and the crew of each aircraft must have an accurate account of the weather conditions which they will encounter in the course of their flight, a vast network of meteorological stations has been set up throughout the world.

In June, 1957, a group of Geography students from St. Michael's College paid a visit to the Meteorological Office at Prestwick - a very important station as far as Britain is concerned. Our guide showed us the work entailed from the moment the information arrives until it is relayed to all pilots flying through the areas concerned. Much of the work done in Prestwick depends on the data received from the many major "met" stations in other lands. Our guide, therefore, began the tour by taking us to the teleprinter room - the hub of the Meteorological Office.

A teleprinter can be described as a typewriter which has been halved; one half being in another town or country, the other at Prestwick. The half in the foreign land has, as it were, the keys of the machine, whereas the half in Prestwick has the hammers and the finished work. These two "halves" are joined by a cable. The whole machine works on much the same principle as the Automatic Telephone.

Every three hours the information received from all the different stations throughout the world is transferred on to charts - Synoptic Charts. There are two main types of charts:- first there is one by which weather conditions at surface level can be told; the second is by which weather conditions at 500 millibars (15,000 ft.) can be told. It is from these charts that air crews receive their information and plot their courses accordingly.

Prestwick also has to send these messages to a major station in England called Dunstable. We were, therefore, next shown the work which has to be done before these messages can be relayed to Dunstable.

We were then directed to a small room which housed the

pressure-tube anemometer - an instrument which records the speed in gusts and lulls of the wind, as well as the average speed. It consists essentially of a device for measuring pressure changes produced by the wind blowing into a tube.

Our guide now thought it convenient to show us the instruments which were situated in a small enclosure outside the "met" office. On our way there, we passed through a small room in which cylinders of hydrogen for filling Radio Sonde balloons were stacked. These balloons are used for measuring pressure, temperature and humidity at higher altitudes. Among the instruments situated in the enclosure mentioned above was the wet-and-dry bulb hygrometer. This consists of an ordinary thermometer and one whose bulb is kept moist. From these two readings the relative humidity of the atmosphere can be calculated. There was also to be seen the maximum and minimum thermometer which records the highest and lowest temperatures of the day. There were also two rain-gauges - one automatic (self-recording) and the other a simple rain-gauge. It consists of a metal cylinder in which rests a funnel through which rain falls into a collecting jar. From the volume of this rain-water the amount of rainfall in inches or millimetres can be told.

Our tour was now directed through the airport hotel and up a steep flight of stairs to the central tower. Perhaps the most important factor to be noted from this vantage point is the classification and height of clouds. The type of cloud visible, the number of tenths of the sky covered by each type and the height of the base of the cloud are observed and entered in the observer's note-book. At night cloud height is measured by means of a search-light (a known distance from the control tower) directed vertically upwards. The tangent of the angle through which the observer must look to see the light-spot on the base of the cloud gives the actual cloud height. A second important factor is visibility. The visibility, as defined by the meteorologist, is a measure of the greatest distances at which objects are clearly visible. The observer selects a number of objects at known distances ranging from 27 yds. to 31 miles, church spires or hills. Last but not least important is the duration of bright sunshine. It is usually measured by means of an arrangement known as the Campbell-Stokes Sunshine-Recorder, which consists of a spherical lens by which the rays of the sun are focused on a card fixed in a metal frame. As the sun moves across the sky, the point on to which the sun's rays are focused traces a line on the card,

and burns a trace along this line during the time when the sun is shining.

Summing up on our short but interesting visit to the Meteorological Office, we must remark on the amount of work entailed in satisfying the public appetite for information on future weather conditions. Precision and detail to the Nth degree appear absolutely necessary to formulate correct results and on this rectitude full trust is placed by the B.B.C., national newspapers and many other public services on whom the public depend for such information.

John Pentleton and Hugh Mailer VI.

YE TEDDYE LADDE.

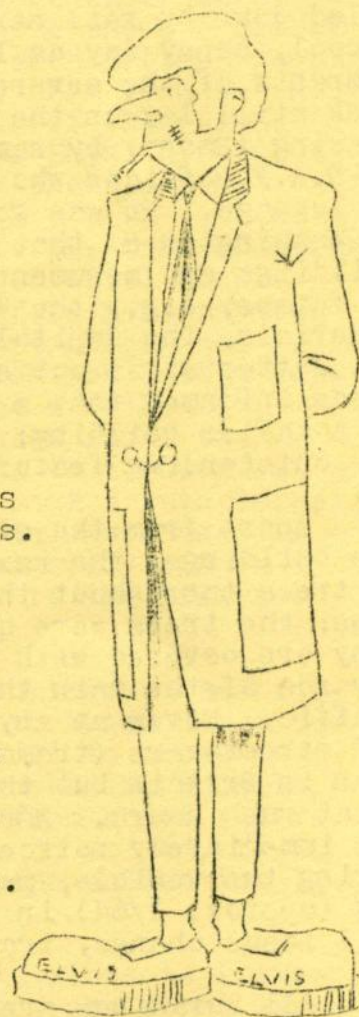
In Scotlande whylom was a companye
Of yonge folke that haunteden folye
Wher - as with harpes, lutes and geetars
They sang and daunced and diced and drank
in bars.

A teddye-ladde amongen thes ther was
With longe and crulle lokkes like a lass.
The Spereminte champed he and chewed
Alwey, as carte horse doth its food.
Of his stature he nas of evene lengthe
His padded shuldres gave him alle his
strengthe.

"Drain-pipes" y-cleped wer his longe trews
And royal - liche blew wer his suede shoos.
His hose that grene wer as an emeraude
By nightertale lit up the weys he trodde:
His cote reched adoun unto his knee;
For alle he peyde swetely on H.P;
But natheless he nas no luvely knighte
At his visage the ladyes shrikked for
frighte

So had his foe y-slashed it in fighte
Yet wel he coude jive and rokke and rolle
But atte beste he wolde do the Strolle;
In sooth, he was the Neddiest Ted of alle.

Joseph McGeough VI.



MY FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF WASHINGTON.D.C.

On 22nd March 1958, at approximately 9 p.m. the R.M.S. "Ivernia" docked at the port of New York in the U.S.A. This was my first visit to America and everything was naturally new and wonderful. It would take too long to describe the lights of New York harbour, the tremendous skyscrapers, the Empire State Building, the Statue of Liberty, etc., so, as my subject is Washington, I shall merely say that a real visit to New York is a must on my "list of things to do while in the States."

After a refreshing night's sleep in New York, I travelled down by rail next day (Sunday) to Washington. It was a cool, sunny day as I came out of the railroad station and remnants of the severe snowstorm experienced the previous week still lay on the city streets. The girl whom I was replacing (Rhona, by name) met me at the station together with an R.A.F. officer who had come to assist me in transporting my luggage. He was good enough to drive round the main part of Washington so that I could catch a glimpse of the various buildings and monuments for which the nation's capital is so famous, e.g., the White House, Lincoln and Jefferson Memorials, the Capitol Building, Washington Monument, etc. The latter stood out sharply against a cloudless blue sky and I was informed that a law exists forbidding the construction of a taller building; thus, the monument will always remain the outstanding feature of the city.

Apart from the size and dazzling whiteness of some of the buildings, the next thing that amazed me was the number of trees throughout the central area. Of course, at that time, the trees were quite bare. Now that Spring is here, they are covered with thick foliage and form delightful boulevards of the main thoroughfares. This brings me to the traffic. Never at any time have I seen so many cars, buses and street-cars (trams); the roads are naturally much wider than in Britain but the congestion is appalling, particularly at rush hours. When travelling on buses and street-cars, one immediately notices the absence of a conductor. On entering the vehicle, passengers deposit a standard fare of 20¢ (approx. 1/6d) in a little box beside the driver, who will issue change, transfer tickets and weekly permits.

All buildings are centrally heated - the only open fires one sees are for decoration purposes - and many apartments, offices and dwelling houses are air-conditioned. Air con-

ditioning is very important, especially to those not accustomed to the Washington climate. The temperature at the moment varies between about 56° at night to about 82° during the afternoon. I'm told that in July and August, it rises up to the 100's, but what is more enervating is the humidity which at times attains a figure of 100%.

I started work the following week with the British Joint Services Mission (Royal Air Force Staff) and my office is located in the 9th Wing, fourth floor, of the U.S. Navy building on Constitution Avenue. Many of the U.S. Government buildings are situated in this area, though the majority of the foreign embassies are located a short distance away on Massachusetts Avenue. It seems strange to be known as a "foreigner", although, living as I do with people who are either British or of British origin, and working with British people, it often seems difficult to grasp the fact that I am actually in the United States - on the opposite side of the world. My "boss" is a Group Captain in the British Royal Air Force and is the Chief Intelligence Officer with the B.J.S.M.

As soon as possible, I paid a visit to the main shopping center. Many of the large shops remain open until about 9.30 in the evening, while restaurants, cafeterias and drug stores seem to open till any old time. Most places are self-service stores, especially food stores which absolutely fascinate me. On entering, the customer takes a "bascart", which is a large metal basket on wheels, goes round the store choosing various items, then proceeds to a check out counter, where the goods are paid for and packed into large brown paper bags. A sales tax of 2% on total purchases is charged on all groceries, etc., and approximately 10% on jewellery, leather goods, cosmetics, etc., in the District of Columbia.

America is a very church-conscious country and Washington is certainly no exception. No matter to which denomination one belongs, one finds the churches full to capacity on Sundays. I attend the Church of St. Thomas the Apostle, which is situated about ten minutes' walk from where I live. Instead of giving small donations, such as 3d and 6d, it is customary to put at least \$1.00 (7/2d) in the collection plate!

As Washington was one of the first districts to introduce integration policies several years ago, one finds large numbers of coloured people residing and working here - in fact, the figure is now estimated to be about 60% coloured

population. Many areas, particularly in the south-east, are known as "coloured quarters" where the majority of the coloured people live, but there is no actual segregation in public buildings and public transportation as exists in many American States to-day.

Washington itself, of course, is not a State but a district incorporating sections of the States of Maryland and Virginia, known as the District of Columbia. The streets are numbered from east to west in numerical order and from south to north alphabetically, with lengthy avenues, such as Massachusetts, Columbia, Connecticut, Pennsylvania Avenues, etc. cutting diagonally across the whole district.

One of the main indoor sports, of which I immediately became an enthusiast, is bowling. There are numerous bowling alleys throughout the area and at all times, these attract large crowds of people. It's not so easy as it looks either! Another sport which draws many enthusiastic spectators is baseball - America's national game. I have watched this only on T.V. but as the season commenced only a few days ago, I shall certainly make a point of going to a game.

There are many, many other things in Washington which I could talk about for hours, but time and space prevent me from doing so - the best thing I can say is: "Come out and see it all for yourself some day."

Maria Madden, F.P.

ENCHANTMENT.

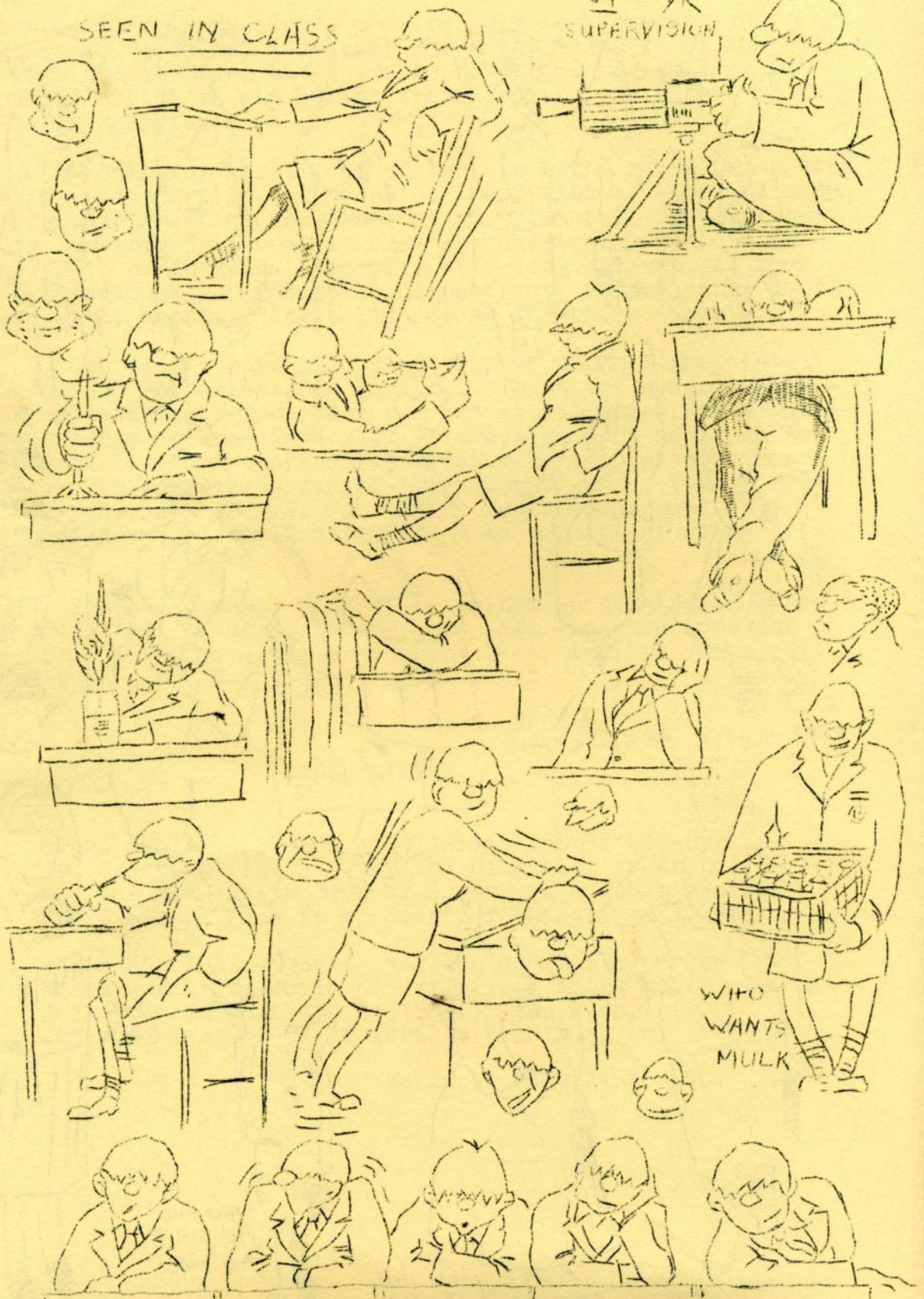
There shall be boughs of blossom against blue skies,
And greening fields after the blanching frost,
And the gem-like wonder of Spring in a Robin's eyes,
And a secret glow in my heart, I thought was lost.

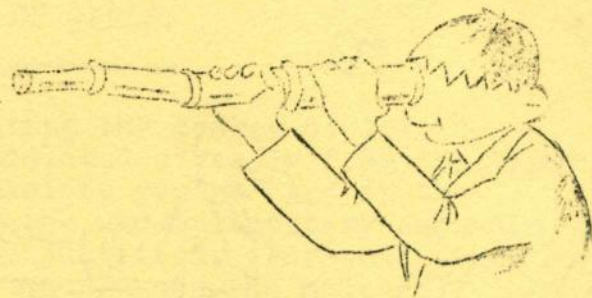
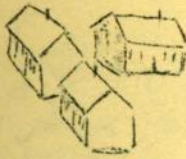
There shall be greening valleys and misted trees
Where woodsmoke curls and wrestles, among homes of men,
And orchards making a heaven for the bees,
And the blown magic of April's breath again.

Margaret McQuillan IVC.



SEEN IN CLASS

VIR YR
SUPERVISION



ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF ST. MICHAEL'S COLLEGE.

No more we see the towers tall
 For fire has torn them down;
 Instead we have but wooden huts
 To help us win renown.

Behind the school there lies the moor,
 A wide expanse of heath,
 Where Ayrshire's Bard - Bold Robert Burns,
 Looks on the school beneath.

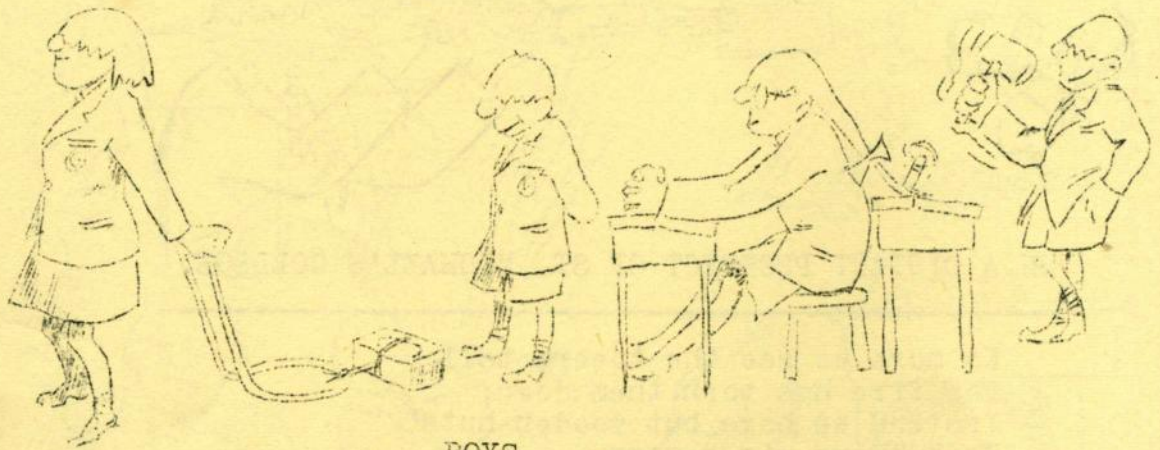
Going through the moor, the silver flood
 Meanders to the sea,
 This river fair has come from streams
 High up in hills so free.

The pupils come from near and far
 To try to earn fame,
 The teachers do their best to make
 Them realise this aim.

Perhaps, in distant future time,
 Remembered one may be,
 As he who first did reach the moon,
 Or coined gold from the sea.

Or else in sport, or other sphere,
 Their names one will recall,
 And so the College, small in size,
 Will be well-known to all.

William A. Nolan. IV.



BOYS.

"BOYS!" How often in one week do you hear some exasperated female airing her views on that subject! And it is little wonder. Boys, besides being the laziest of all God's creatures, are - with the exception of their fathers - the most pampered individuals on this earth.

Do they help in the house? Oh no, that's too much like work! Their long-suffering mother or unfortunate sister has to bring in the coal, wash clothes, dishes, floors - and even the boys themselves when they forget that they have necks.

But who grumbles if tea isn't ready in time or his shirt unironed the night of his big dance? A boy, of course. These over-fed male animals seem to think that the only thing women are in the world for is to "love, honour and obey" them. They have a shock coming to them - we females may look soft but there are limits.

But no matter how over-bearing a boy is, most girls will ignore his faults if he is well-mannered. If boys have not manners - and good ones - they will never be popular with the girls. Note, boys!

Anne Animosa.

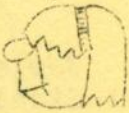


ON GIRLS.





GIRLS!!! How often during the course of life does one hear this word ejaculated savagely from the lips of some fuming, disconsolate youth? And on the majority of occasions the uncomplimentary emphasis on the word is entirely justified. For what other creature on this earth so plagues the male sex?



Girls are continually up in arms against their brothers, and boys in general, on the subject of housework. These young ladies consider themselves wronged if they are expected to assist with the normal household chores. "Who", they demand, "Who made your bed for you, washed your breakfast dishes for you and brought in coal this morning? US!" Well, let them complain to their hearts' content. I stand by the old saying: "A woman's place is in the home," and this is ammunition enough to ward off any attack of this kind.




But they still insist that boys be turned into housemaids - to do the work which they themselves boast of having done, and, although they dare not admit it, really enjoy doing anyway! How often do we see girls working in the garden or mending the puncture in their bicycle tyre? As soon as the subject is broached, out comes the stock phrase: "But that's a man's job," and this in addition to skilful use of flattery renders the poor male powerless to refuse.



Girls' crimes alas' are not confined to the home. They stretch out into dance halls, cinemas, cafes, aye and even into school. They consider themselves superior to the male and act as such, deigning to recognise his existence only while their wishes are being deferred to, and then - the curtain of aloofness is drawn once more, and the relations between us are as strained as ever.



So, Girls be sensible: recognise the male as the superior sex and treat him with respect. That way, life will be more enjoyable for us all.

Andy Animosus. V.

"BUT YOU CAN'T DO IT YOURSELF".

For some time now, the bulk of our magazines and periodicals have contained pull-out supplements of the "Do it yourself" variety. These interesting contributions have clearly demonstrated how each of us can knit a mauve cardigan or lay the keel of our own "Queen Mary" at home.

Of course, if you don't want to turn your living-room into a full size Eiffel Tower Manufactory you don't have to, but the kit which enables one to do so is so attractive that only a kilted Icelandic Lift Operator could resist it.

Instructions are always simple and clearly marked - if you can find them - but they are usually designed with three-handed men in mind, and since these are practically extinct we meet our first problem. Having procured another hand (from your nearest, in all sizes and colours) we are all set to begin.

We are already making great strides in the construction of our Elephant Trap when we discover that the tempered return spring has been broken in transit, and our nearest agent is a Giraffe distributor in the Belgian Congo who is probably out for lunch. Happily, however, the Trap works equally well with the road spring from a red fire-engine and these can be obtained at every chemist's, with a doctor's line, of course.

After weeks of sweat and toil, the Elephant Trap is ready for trundling through the streets to the harbour where it should be moored to a football boot for three weeks to mature. After three weeks the mature Elephant Trap is ready to set out on its maiden voyage, as a result of which it sails out of our lives.

Great sacrifices must be made by the families of these handymen whilst such handicraft is being carried on in their midst. Furniture, for example, is often broken up to make long thin things with a loop near one end (very necessary in this type of work).

The prices of these "Do it yourself" kits vary from the inexpensive "Build your own Hailey Brae Kit" to the more elaborate "Build your own Electric Chair and have Fun with your Friends Kit".

Although a wide variety of subjects is covered by these kits, there is room for more original ideas, for example, "The Noiseless Motor-Horn Kit", "The Darkened Lighthouse Kit" or "Invisible Traffic Lights Kit".

Take this article to heart: experiment with the kits and increase your ability, for, who knows, the man in your fried fish shop may want to have his trolley-bus overhauled, or your bus conductor to have his dog destroyed.

I must leave you now owing to the arrival of a plumber (heralded on silent bugles by two invisible kangaroos), who has come to replace a washer on my tap.

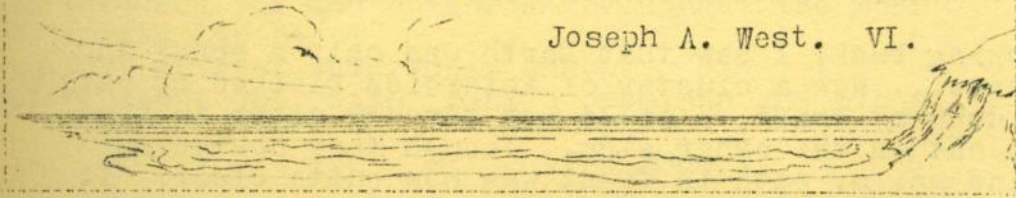


Adrian J. Hamill. VI.

DESOLATION.

Dark shore stretching to infinity,
Dead shore;
Sea-washed sand.
Walk alone and think tearful thought.
Silver dust on black velvet
Above.
And a loved voice,
Calling across eternity,
"Come to me,
To me,
Come".....

Joseph A. West. VI.



I REACH THE MOON

All the equipment in the rocket had been checked time and again to make certain that there were adequate supplies for my journey to the Moon. The rocket in which I was to be carried was driven by atomic power and the lower part was to break off when I reached the outer atmosphere.

Next morning I went down to the launching station to prepare for my expedition. Donning my space suit, I felt somewhat uneasy and uncertain about my trip. I took off at noon, and as the rocket reached its maximum speed I passed out into a pit of darkness. I found the Moon looming up before me. Switching on my tele-scanner I saw the Earth becoming smaller and smaller. The rocket was travelling at the rate of three thousand miles per hour and at this speed I should reach my destination in a matter of hours. The lower part of my rocket had broken off and was drifting in space far behind me. From time to time I received messages from Earth enquiring about my condition. Suddenly a meteorite flashed across my path and I began to tremble. It seemed that the nearer I approached to the Moon the more meteorites flashed across my path. The sky was truly a wonderful sight. Mars was there as were the Red Planet, Venus, Saturn and other planets that man's naked eye had not seen before.

Now I began to consider my landing on the Moon. Scientists on Earth had not yet really discovered of what substance the Moon was made. Some believed that many millions of years ago it had been a sun for other planets just like our own Sun but that through time it had burned itself out and become ashes. I could see craters, mountains and some flat surface which resembled a sea. As I was to be the first man to attempt a landing on the Moon I asked myself some questions. "Would the air be suitable for breathing? Would there be enormous pressure? Was I about to land on a solid or a liquid?" I could not answer any of these questions but soon I should find out. I checked my ray guns in case there might be unknown, horrible people or beasts with which to cope.

Looking back, I saw that Earth was only a speck in outer space... Now a cluster of asteroids blocked my path! Slowing down my craft, I eased her through a gap in them and came out on the other side. Though many obstacles lay behind me, my path in front was now quite clear. It was nearly nine o'clock in the evening and I prepared to

touch down. Switching off my near engines, I pulled a lever; my booster-reactors came into operation and I went down. It seemed an eternity, until with a bump I came to a halt on the Moon itself. I breathed a sigh of relief to have completed the first part of my expedition.

Stepping into my pressurized suit, I let down the ladder and went outside. To my surprise, I found the ground solid. I jumped with joy in my excitement and found myself twenty feet high in the air - for gravity on the Moon is much less than that on the Earth. Returning to the ship, I switched on the electronic defence, a ray which surrounds the ship and disintegrates anything - except man - which attempts to pass through it. Going out to explore, and having travelled for about half a mile I found no trace of vegetation or of animals or of people.

I thought that it would be excellent to build a space station here and radioed Earth asking for a bigger ship with men and building equipment. Soon the ship arrived with all the necessary equipment. In the next week, sleeping quarters and dining-rooms had been made as well as a large radio and television transmitter.

Because I was the first person to reach the Moon, I was presented with £50,000 by the British Government. All this I did not keep to myself. Half of it I gave to the crew which had made the second landing. For our expedition will be the gateway to many new discoveries.

Frank Quinn IIIB

THE WARNING.

The wind blew dark and wild along the moon-swept plain;
 With gathering force, then quiet, then force again
 It blew, and lodged the green-spined corn and threw the branches
 Of trees across the dappled sky in ghoulisn dances.
 It rattled window sash, it hammered door,
 And tortured all men's hearts throughout the moor
 Who feared its blast
 And fell at last onto their knees
 Before their God, with frantic promises and pleas.

Ian Rowe V

WHERE PRIMROSES GROW.

Hidden from the paths of men,
In the midst of a tangled glen,
I found them, lighting up the gloom,
Tiny gold primroses in bloom,
Just as brave as flowers that grow
Where men daily come and go.
Catching their sweetness in the air,
I wondered why God placed them there.

They made that dismal corner bright,
Hidden away from public sight,
Hoping perhaps, that one like me
Would one day chance to pass and see,
Their beauty, and with a smile,
Make all their patient toil worth while,
Knowing however great the cost,
That patient work is never lost.

Can I not be just as true,
Though men my work may never view,
If primroses can be primroses when
God sets them apart from the haunts of men,
And bids them blossom there alone,
Unseen, unpraised, unloved, unknown?
Need I, though little praise I gain
Fancy that I have lived in vain?

Margaret McQuillan IV Co.

AT THE END OF THE DAY.

As we rush, as we rush, as we rush to the gates,
The buses all stand in a row,
Conductresses rise from the end of the seats,
And roll up their sleeves for the foe.

There's a green bus, a blue bus - No, not one, but three
And a solitary red at the end.
The red is the one we get on, so we rush,
While our "clippie" gets ready to fend.

As we rush, as we rush, as we rush up the stairs,
The conductress is shouting at us.
But we heed not her words in the rush to get up,
To reach the front seat of the bus.

Eileen Meighan IA.

COACHING COURSE AT INVERCLYDE.

At Easter of this year I attended a five-day training course which was held at Inverclyde National Recreation Centre. This centre, of which the main building is a converted hotel, situated on the hills behind Largs, is owned by the Scottish Council of Physical Recreation and will be formally opened by Her Majesty, the Queen, on the seventh of July. The running track is at Barrfields football pitch which is near the sea front and about a mile from the hotel. Besides many outdoor facilities there is an immense gymnasium.

Applicants for the course had to list their sports' achievements and their age was also taken into consideration. Sixty boys from the whole of Scotland, including Shetlands were accepted. Surprisingly, only two boys were selected from Ayrshire and of these I was one; the other boy who beat me at the Ayrshire sports last year, was from Monkton. My room-mate was a boy from Dunfermline who knows nearly all athletic statistics on record! We were introduced to the various coaches, on the first evening, by Mr. H.A.L. Chapman who is head Scottish Athletics Coach. He also showed us a film of the 1954 European Games at which Britain won very few gold medals. Mr. Chapman pointed out during the film that we boys, who had been so carefully chosen for this course, should be in World Class in about six or seven years.

On the second morning a lecture on "Sprinting" was given before practical training commenced. This session of practical training was held at a track inside the grounds of the centre; and it is well that it was so, for very few of our group could have walked more than a hundred yards after training! We started with various exercises to loosen up the muscles and then came the heavier ones to build up strength. One very tiring exercise - which really looked quite simple - was squatting. The person stands, then bends his knees till he is sitting on his heels. These exercises went on for about three quarters of an hour after which one boy dropped out and was taken away sick. Sprinting practice followed, starting with laps round the track with a burst of full speed when Mr. McPate blew his whistle. After this we practised starting off blocks which aid the runner's start. We were also timed in running sixty yards. On the following day, the routine was similar although we went down to Barrfields for the training. Later in the day we were given a lecture on "Middle Distance". Mr. Chapman told us how to train for this by giving us

schedules. His plan for a "miler" would be that he should run 440 yards in seventy seconds, about eight times. That evening I played head-tennis in the gymnasium with several other boys and my partner and I won the doubles tournament.

On Friday Mr. McPate decided to take the sprinters on a cross-country run over the hills. There was a slight drizzle at the beginning but this proved a blessing as the hills were steep and the cool rain was a source of energy to our tired limbs. The country became rougher as the run proceeded and the rain turned to sleet which was not so pleasant. Our gym. shoes became soaked as did also our track suits as we fought our way through bogs and swamps. At the start I was well behind, but I was first over the last old gate leading to the camp. The boy who followed me fell from the gate and cut his leg. That evening we were given a lecture on "General Hygiene" by Dr. A.G. Mearns, medical adviser to the Scottish Council of Physical Recreation.

On Saturday, last day of the course, many of the boys who had to travel long distances to their homes, left after breakfast in order to reach home before Sunday. We, whose homes were not so far away, were given, after an athletic strength test, the freedom of the camp for the day. In this test of strength I proved to be four per cent above average athletic strength while one boy was, astoundingly, forty-four per cent above average.

During the course, one point stood out above all - the genuine desire on the part of our coaches that Scotland should rise from the athletics gutter to World Class and Olympic titles.

Michael Murray IIIA

A FLY

One day in class,
I was making a dot,
A fly flew in,
And made it a blot.
Oh, how I wish
I could explain,
To Sister Mar
- y Campi - ain.

Susanne Milligan IA



"LOVELY MORNING LAND, AUSTRALIA".

Last year we were privileged to have a special article written for us by Father Aquinas C.P. in Australia. Here we reproduce extracts from letters received during the year by members of the staff. Father Aquinas, who maintains a great interest in St. Michael's, is eagerly looking forward to this issue of our magazine.

28th May, 1957. It is winter here now and it is certainly strange to see autumn leaves come down in showers and darkness descend at 5.30 p.m..... If it were not for the nuns here, the Catholics could not possibly maintain their schools. They are doing just a wonderful job. Though they must have the full state qualifications, the state will not pay them or the school or the pupils one single penny. There are a tremendous number of vocations among the girls. Australian girls seem to realise how much their country needs them in the schools.

Feast of the Assumption of Our Lady, 1957.

I came to Goulburn just two weeks ago and am really glad to have four weeks here in peace and solitude, with no phones ringing for me and no callers, so that I can prepare for the next campaign. Meantime I struggle away at 2 a.m. and 5.30 a.m. to the chapel to say some prayers for myself and others, and I am nearly dead from trying to give good example to the novices..... The Archbishop wants me to give some public lectures on sociology in Canberra, 60 miles from here, but I cannot see where I shall get the time. The word time reminds me that we are nine hours ahead of you just now, and in your winter we are ten hours ahead. Winter is almost over and it is quite mild. The birds are already singing their songs of spring. The Australian people are really lovely - kind, generous, friendly - and want the visitor to love this land of theirs.

Nov. 22nd, 1957. In the last mission, I went into the school the first day, and finally asked the children to sing "God bless our lovely morning land, Australia", and then, spontaneously they burst into "Galway Bay". They certainly are not shy here in Sydney, but neither are they forward. They speak out their mind. The retreat I finished here last night was to convent boarders. They had all just finished their Leaving Cert. Exam. (same as your Highers). They are very fresh in their questions but are

really full of high ideals. In the schools they have the Catholic Students' Movement, which is a special training to enter Catholic Action groups after school. Y.C.W. later is for boys, and the National Catholic Girls' Movement is for girls. I have attended many meetings and realise there are some very apostolic young people in this country. By the way, in Sydney alone this year three hundred girls are entering convents.

10th Feb. 1958. Christmas Day was very warm with the temperature at 98 degrees. It was quite a change keeping the feast in such weather. I was off again in three days to give a long retreat to nuns, and then up to the lovely Blue Mountains, sixty miles west of Sydney, to conduct a short Summer School for girls under the auspices of the Grail. Then I had three weeks' holiday on one of Sydney's lovely beaches..... I played plenty of tennis and did lots of surfing. After months without rain New South Wales has just got it in torrents after one of the worst tornadoes in history and six of the fiercest thunderstorms I have ever known.

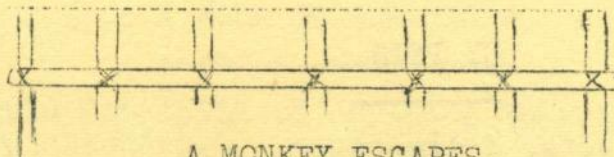
13th April, 1958. I left Goulburn for my new campaign on 21st Feb. and will not see it again till July 14th. I started with a Mission in Melbourne, then went to a place called Koroit, one hundred and seventy five miles south west of Melbourne. I had heard about it. It is 85 per cent Catholic - all of Irish descent. I doubt if I ever met such wonderful Catholics. Morning Mass is a regular thing with the majority. Almost every girl is a daily communicant. Vocations are very high and the Faith is deep and solid. Even the careless admit their carelessness. Mixed marriages are very few. It was just wonderful.

Father Aquinas C.P.

MY DADDY

MY DADDY WAS A NAVY OPSERE HE WAS THE MAN IN CHARGE OF THE MSHEIN GUNS ON A BOAT WITH SALIRS TO FIGHT THE GERMINES. THE GERMINES HAD SUMBREMS AND BATTLE SHIPS AND U BOATS TO FIRE BOMSE AND ATOMIC BOMSE. AFTER A BIG WILE MY DAD WAS CAPCHERD IN A BIG FIGHT. THEN THE BRITISH ARMY CHARGD IN AND GOT MY DAD AWAY.

Chris. Johnson. (Aged 6.)



A MONKEY ESCAPES.

I am Cheeky, a little monkey who lived in this Zoo for many years. Like a bird in a cage I have been captive all my life.

But cheers! to-day the keeper has left the door unlatched and I am free - free to roam the outside world which I have never seen. Boy! Oh, Boy! Out at last and what a wonderful time I've been having! That was a lovely apple tree I was up and only for the big dog who barked and made such a noise I could have eaten more apples. Ah! What is this I see? It looks like Fred, the snake, but My Goodness! there's a hole in it. OH! Oh! I'm soaking. That horrible man has put all the water through it. I must find some place to dry myself. I'll go into that little house made of glass. It is lovely and warm.

Again I am on the run. Although I'm feeling nice and dry I am very tired, and after all the fun I have had during my freedom I am lonesome for my little home with the bars round me. I am glad to say "here comes my keeper". Up on his shoulder and home! I go to sleep, sleep. No more monkey business for me.

James Thomson. Pr.V.

OUR CLASS.

We get lots and lots of problems,
And lots and lots of sums,
And we really, really hate them,
'Cos we have to get them done.

The chimney starts a'smoking,
And Oh! we'll never pass,
Since we cannot see the blackboard
For the smoke that's in the class.

We do hate problems.
We do hate sums.
We don't want poetry,
But we want to twirl our thumbs.



Ethel J. Martin. Pr.VII.

MY PETS.

I have four pets, a dog, a cat, a mouse and a bird. The dog's name is Rover. The cat's name is Monty. The name of the mouse is Jojo and the bird's name is Joey. One day Monty had five kittens. My little brothers and I were going to call them Tom, Dick, Harry, Joe and Janny. But we managed to get five other names. They are Mondy, Sondy, Jondy, Bondy and Ondy and we think that these suit better. Mondy does not like Jojo or Joey. One day the mouse ran up my sleeve and the cat sat beside me ready to pounce when it appeared. Now that the cat has five kittens, I cannot let the mouse out at all. Pussy hides the kittens in Mum's basket or in Grandpa's bed. He does not like them. Perhaps he would like the mouse better. I'll see.



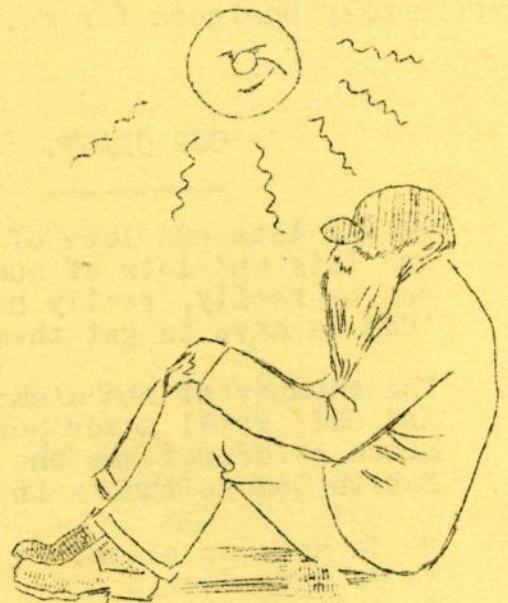
Jim McDonald. Pr.IV.

OLD DAN.

I knew an old man called Dan,
Who always sat in his caravan,
He sat all day long,
Singing a song,
That poor old man, called Dan.

That poor old man, called Dan,
Burned all the ham on the pan.
He was full of sorrow
For he had to borrow,
That poor old man, called Dan.

In summer that poor old man
Developed a dark brown tan.
He grew so brown
That he burned his crown,
That poor old man, called Dan.



Catherine Murphy. Pr.VI.

A BOOK OF SURPRISES

As I could not think of anything to write, I took a look at the dictionary. I happened at the time to be looking for the meaning of the word CATASTROPHE, but I searched the K's and I can assure you it isn't there - must be some foreign word. I came across another word while searching; this was SUFRUTESCENT, "somewhat woody at the base" - perhaps this could be applied to a man with a wooden leg. Another word caught my eye, - SYMPHORICARPOUS. I will not bore you by defining it as I am sure most of you are familiar with its meaning. (Some advice for those of you who are not; - look up the dictionary; it's a really wonderful book.)

In browsing through this dictionary I had some wrong notions corrected. For instance, SCHWENKFELDER - I discovered that this means a member of a religious sect in the U.S.A. - when I always thought that it meant a man who felled Schwenks. By the way, I hope you have not got the meaning of SCHWEINITZIA and SCHWENKFELDER mixed up because they have nothing in common, a SCHWEINITZIA being a plant of the Indian-pipe family.

I came across a peculiar word STEGOCEPHALOUS. You will be intrigued by the definition: "with the head mailed, loricate, cataphract." Well, that was news to me - and perhaps to you, also.

Through this browsing in the depths of the Book of Surprises I have learned that a PSYCHOLOGIST is not a man who likes cycling. I also know now that a CHIROPRACTOR isn't a fellow who prods cows, and that a BONESHAKER is an old bike and not an undertaker. Who would believe, for instance, a PANTOCHRONOMETER was a combination of compass and sundial and not an instrument for measuring the length of trousers ?

But enough - I fear that I may have an attack of LOGOMANIA - in other words, a disease of the faculty of language.



Kathleen McGinty 11.A.

STEGOCEPHALOUS

THE QUEST

He was an old knight; aged. In his banqueting hall, long, empty, he stared into a rusted goblet of red wine, blood wine. His battered armour lay at his feet. No servant rushed to brace the dented plates; all were dead a long time ago. He drained the flask and rose upon his weak legs, weaker under his armour. Encased in iron, his blade strapped to his side, his helmet in his mailed hand, the weary knight cast faded eyes over his crumbling hall; tapestries his now decaying wife had sewn, benches where wild knights had feasted and talked of fierce deeds and dangerous quests. Now all were dead, dead as stone.

In the distance a car horn blew a warning to a stray cow feeding on sweet grass by the side of the road.

He brushed a tear from his half-blind eye. Here, at his right hand, had sat Telemachus, the mad monk. His potion. His life potion, eternal life without end. For his family the burden of eternal life had been too great and the sword a merciful and oh, so sweet end.

"I will go," he said. "I will take my noble charger, young when fed with the potion, not old, like me. Sir Guy of Rolingham, old and grey and afraid. I will seek the end of all things. The last bridge. The end. I leave you my ruined castle."

A ball flew into the hall, followed by a scruffy boy.

"Can I have me ball back, mister?" screwing up his face in a puzzled frown.

"Cor, look at old blue beard. C'mere Chuck. Lock !"

He was joined at the window by an equally scruffy urchin.

"Just like Sir Lancelot in the telly, ain't 'e? Cor !"

The knight turned to face them.
He drew his sword.



"Dogs," he cried, "I will slay you."

"Run, Chuck !"

"Cor !"

The sun was searing across the sky, drawing down with it a trail of blood when the knight left his castle in battle regalia, upon his war-horse. In the distance the city was ablaze with light and a steel work clanged and clattered, disturbing the soft night. He rode towards the hills, his pennant fluttering from his lance, his lofty plume nodding in the breeze and the moonlight now reflected on his shield. In the distance a tractor chugged towards a farm.

From his perch atop an oak the West Wind saw the aged knight.

"Whom do you seek, old man ?"

The knight's cloak danced behind his shoulders.

"I seek an end. I seek a port in a storm."

"You seek death, noble knight."

"No, not death. I look above death. Help me !"

The wind tugged his cloak and laughed.

"Goodbye, old man. Try the Labour Exchange. Ha! Ha!"

The knight wept.

"Help me ! Oh God God no"

He rode on past towns, past factories, his charger puffing and fat. The fairies danced on his shield. Like butterflies sprinkled with rainbow dust and smelling of the poetry the flowers breathe to the world, they danced and flew around him. "No, not in Fairyland - a television station built over the fairy cities."

A wild shriek rent the air and Sawena, the mountain witch, sent the fairies in a panic-stricken rush for safety. She hovered beside his butting horse, her eyes like smouldering coals, her body dissolved in the air.

"Whom do you seek, old knight ?"

"I look, old witch, for a port in the storm, a place to rest."

"I have heard of such a place," - green tears stained her cheek - "up, knight, up there !"

She fled, shrieking in sorrow.

The knight tightened his immortal rein with an immortal hand. A night express rocketed across a green field.

"God oblivion nothing the end ? Up, my horse, towards the stars"

Joseph West. Vith Year.

A CROWDED TRAIN COMPARTMENT.

I had been visiting a friend in a little town a few miles outside Glasgow, and now, in the late evening, as I waited for the train to take me home, the cold night air penetrated to my bones, and a hazy fog rapidly fell like a thick blanket over the tiny station. I visualised a cosy fire on my return home, but first I had to sit in a dreary train for over an hour-and-a-half, with blank, unattractive faces surrounding me. How I wished home were nearer! Suddenly I heard the rumbling of my train as it drew near the station, and, to my utter annoyance, I saw that all the carriages were overflowing. It would be most unpleasant to have to stand all the way. At last I spotted a vacant seat in one of the compartments, and triumphantly I clambered in. The first thing that struck me on entering was the strong smell of mixed tobacco, and it was not until I had seated myself comfortably with a sigh of relief that I noticed who the owner of the offending pipe was.

He was a rather fat, jovial looking man with a ruddy, friendly face, and he sat straight opposite me. He was trying to make conversation with a small man sitting next to him, with a long mournful face, wearing a hat several sizes too large for him. A forlorn looking carnation protruded from his buttonhole, and he was complaining to the stout man, in a hurt voice, that his wife had made him go to a wedding which he did not wish to attend, and that his mother-in-law was there making it more miserable than ever. The worst was still to come. His wife and her mother were coming on a later train, and the mother was going to stay a whole week. Saying this, he lapsed into a sulkily silence. An amusing picture sprang to my mind of the little man's mother-in-law, and I felt greatly cheered.

In one of the corners across from me sat two elderly ladies, looking very prim and sedate, and it was obvious from the strong resemblance, that they were sisters. Both of them enjoyed the journey in their own quiet way by reading a magazine about some club or other. Next to me sat a young woman with a bonny baby on her knee. The baby kept throwing a rubber duck into my lap, and so I entered into conversation with the mother. She told me all about the child and was obviously very proud of it. The baby gurgled and laughed until the rocking of the train sent it to sleep. After a while the young woman left the train with a cheery good-bye, and I resumed my speculation about the other

passengers.

A young couple in the corner were chattering excitedly about some new furniture they had bought for their own home. Each was oblivious of any other people. They planned where each piece of furniture would be placed, and talked of how pretty it would be when completed. How happy I felt for them! An old lady sitting next to them was knitting very busily, but every so often she stole a glance at the two planners, and returned to her knitting with a satisfied look as if recalling happy memories - perhaps a scene similar to this in a different setting. The next time the train stopped the two old ladies got out, only to be replaced by a pompous looking business man, clutching a brief case, followed by two young girls who were discussing a dance which they were going to attend that night, and describing the new dresses they had bought for the occasion so vividly, that I could visualize both of them just as they would be later.

By this time the stout man opposite me was sleeping soundly, and his loud snores resounded throughout the carriage, earning disapproving glances from the business man who was frowning over some papers, and taking harassed puffs from an elegant cigar. With a jolt I collected my scattered thoughts, and looking out of the window, I was startled to find that the next station was my stop.

Sadie Burns. IVC.

A CONTRAST.

In winter I sit at home
And feel I do not want to roam:
The fire shines bright and keeps me near
Its warmth a magnet; there's no fear
That I'll resist its pull and go
Outside to freeze in frost and snow.

The summer comes with welcome light,
The fire dulls in the sunshine bright;
No longer will I stay indoors
But wander over hills and moors,
Watching the birds and listening
As they in summer praise do sing.
The places I in winter shun
Become attractive with the sun.

James Conlan. IIC.

IMPRESSIONS OF THE SCHOOL DANCE.



...Glimmering thro' the groaning trees
 The Dining Hall seemed in a bleeze;
 Thro' ilka bore the beams were glancing
 And loud resounded mirth and dancing.
 I ventured forward on the light
 And vow! I saw an unco sight!
 Teachers and pupils in a reel
 Nae Rock n' Roll brent new frae Steele.
 But waltzes, foxtrots quick and slow
 Put life and mettle in each toe.
 A wee bit stage towards the west
 There played the band in Sunday best;
 The trumpeter round, jovial, large,
 To gie them music was his charge.
 He blew his trumpet; boy took girl
 Till every couple 'gan to whirl.
 Above the door, facing east,
 There sat auld Nick in shape o' beast;
 Angels stood round in various poses,
 Wi' dancing feet and button noses.
 Haloes off as if in irony
 O' the pupils' eccentric and devilish finery.
 There was a buffet (not the least)
 Where tired dancers a' did feast -
 Cakes and buns and fizzin' water
 Fit to please a Pharoah's daughter.
 As I glowered amaz'd and curious
 The mirth and fun grew fast and furious.
 "Last waltz, noo!" then came the shout
 And all at once the lights went out.
 And scarcely had the teachers rallied
 When oot the rout o' pupils sallied.....

J. Convery, M. McCabe and T. Hickey. V.





1st XI FOOTBALL

Back Row :—Mr. Leishman, M. McCabe, E. McMillan, H. Fraser, T. Smyth,
M. Connick, Mr. Walsh.

Front Row :— M. Smyth, R. Lennox, G. Reid (Captain), R. Kelly, T.
McFarlane, J. Convery.



INTERMEDIATE XI FOOTBALL

Back Row :—Mr. Leishman, E. McHugh, J. Cunningham, E. Murray, E.
Monan, O. Murray, Mr. Maguire.

Front Row :—A. Reid, R. Lennox, P. Bird, M. Murray (Captain), J. Murray,
K. Kelly.



1st XI HOCKEY

Back Row :—M. McCann, C. Macintyre, D. Callaghan, G. Hughes, A. Brown, B. Sloan, Mr. Leahy.

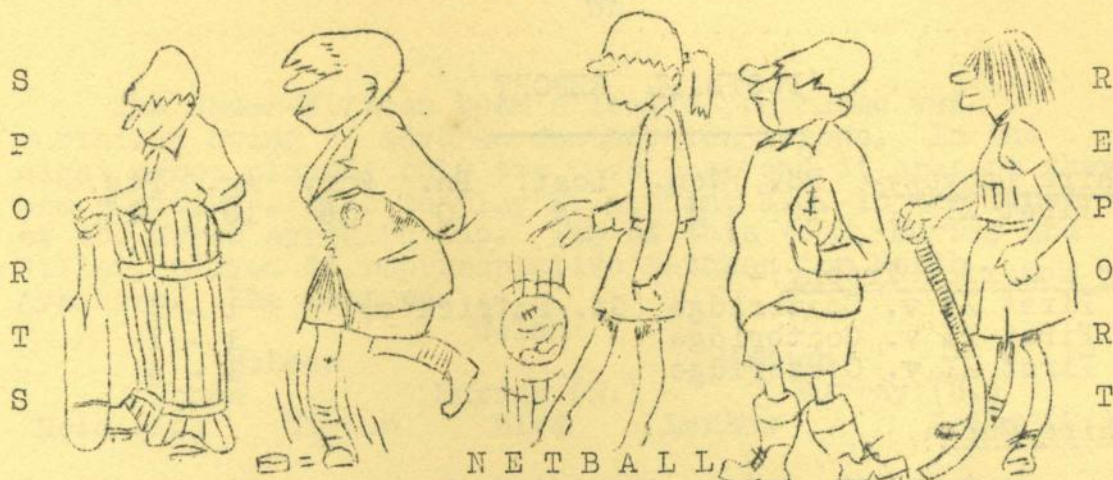
Front Row :—C. McFarlane, A. McCann (Capt.), E. Smyth, M. M. Macintyre, I. Whyte.



SENIOR AND JUNIOR NETBALL

Back Row :—Miss McKinstery, A. McCann, C. McFarlane, B. Sloan, G. McKernon, C. Macintyre, M. Paterson, M. F. McCann, Miss Doran.

Front Row :—M. Kearney, M. Lamb, I. Whyte, G. Hughes, D. Callaghan, F. Cronin, J. Trayner.



The 1957 Netball season proved very successful for our two senior and three junior teams. Games were played with schools as far north as Lourdes Junior Secondary School, Cardonald, and as far south as Cumnock Academy. The Senior team played twelve matches and received their only defeat against Cumnock Academy. They reached the final of the Ayrshire Senior Tournament but were again defeated by Cumnock Academy by a margin of one goal. The Junior teams played eight schools and were successful in all their matches. The North Ayrshire Junior Netball Tournament was played indoors and our first Junior team was defeated in the final by Largs Junior Secondary School.

At the beginning of this term, our Netball season for this year commenced. We have a large programme of fixtures for our two Senior and two Junior teams. Of the games already played by our Senior teams, they have been defeated by Kilmarnock Academy and have won against Irvine Royal Academy.

The 1958 North Ayrshire Junior Netball Tournament in which fifteen Senior and Junior Secondary Schools took part, was won by our first Junior team, whose players are :- F. Cronin, J. Trayner, D. Callaghan, G. Hughes (captain), I. Whyte, M. Cairney, M. Lamb.

We hope this season will be as successful as last year's.

Adeline McCann.
(Netball captain)

FOOTBALL REPORT

Ayrshire League:-	Pd.	Won.	Lost.	Dn.	For.	Ag.	Pts.
First XI	12	8	4	0	36	18	16

Maley Memorial Trophy:-

First XI v. Coatbridge (St. Patrick's)	1 - 1
First XI v. Coatbridge	1 - 1
First XI v. Coatbridge	1 - 4

Ayrshire Cup:-

First XI v. Dalry H.S.	0 - 0
(Dalry scratched from the competition)	
First XI v. St. Joseph's H.S.	1 - 0
Final - First XI v. Girvan H.S.	5 - 0

This season has been one of unparalleled success for the Senior XI. After a year "in the wilderness", season '56 - '57, our XI came to the forefront of Schools' soccer in Ayrshire.

Although we were defeated in the Maley Memorial Trophy these competitive games acted as a tonic to our striving XI in the league programme, and from then on we lost only one game. During this period, we won the Ayrshire Cup, repeating our performance of season '55 - '56. This achievement was made possible by an intelligently taken goal by Lennox, our youngest player, in the semi-final with St. Joseph's H.S. Later in the season we achieved the double by winning the Ayrshire League Championship.

Reid, Fraser and Kelly played in the Ayrshire Schools' team against Lanarkshire Schools and also against the Rest of Scotland. In the latter game, Ayrshire gained their first ever victory by 3-2, Kelly scoring one of the goals.

Centre-half McCabe had the distinction of captaining the Scottish A.T.C XI and of gaining a place in the Great Britain A.T.C. team.

Right-half Murray represented Ayrshire Under-Fifteens going to the final trials for the Scottish team.

The favoured positions of our forward line, with the number of their goals in brackets, are:-

Convery(4); McMillan(6); Kelly(12); Lennox(6); Smyth(8);

The first year team which travelled with the Senior team on four occasions, and lost only one game, was:- Milligan; Gallacher and Grant; Newell, Busbridge and J. Murray; Butler, McBride, McLaughlin, Blair and Medine. (with Cooper and Dickie as reserves.)

The Under-Fifteen team's league programme was curtailed owing to adverse weather conditions. In the eight games played, only two were lost and at present they are awaiting a date to play Kilwinning J.S. in the final of the North Ayrshire Cup. Two of this team, Murray and Gillen, played in representative matches for North Ayrshire. The team was :-

		Welsh		
	McLean		McHugh	
Monan		Murray (M.)		Murray (O.)
Reid (A.)	Gillen	Bird	Lennox	Kelly (K.)

E. Murray, J. Murray, J. Mathieson, and J. Cunningham were more recent additions to the team.

On behalf of the teams, we wish to thank Mr. Leishman Mr. Walsh and Mr. Maguire for their help and encouragement, and Sr. Pauline, Sr. Joseph Patrick, Veronica Cairney, Ann Murphy, Margaret Lamb and Margaret Orr for their excellent catering arrangements.

H. Fraser and R. Kelly. VI.

HOCKEY NOTES

Steady progress continues to be made in building up a strong hockey club and raising the standard of hockey in St. Michael's after the long period during which the school had no facilities for playing this game. Adverse weather conditions curtailed the number of practices and caused the cancellation of a considerable number of games with other schools. Nevertheless, twenty inter-school matches were played, with encouraging results. The 1st XI won three games, drew two, and lost six; the 2nd XI won two games, drew three and lost four. In the Ayrshire Junior Hockey Tournament, run in Ayr as an American Tournament, St. Michael's junior team put up a good performance, finishing close behind the winners of their section; incidentally they drew with the team which ended the day with the County title.

Great credit is due to Adeline McCann, Hockey Captain, Cecilia Macintyre, Hockey Secretary, and the Committee members for the conscientious way in which they have carried out their duties. Thanks to their efforts the Hockey club will start next season with a considerable number of experienced players available as the foundation upon which to build new teams. Inter-school matches have already been arranged for every Saturday throughout the

season, starting on 20th September, 1958. A special appeal is made to parents to co-operate by endeavouring as far as possible to leave the regular team players free to play on Saturday mornings; this year it was rarely possible to field the same teams for two consecutive games, so often were some of the girls not available. Greatly improved results would be possible with teams composed of girls playing with team mates to whom they were accustomed.

Practice games will begin immediately after the holidays and the younger girls will be given every encouragement to take up the game. It is hoped to arrange inter-House games which will give these girls still further opportunities of gaining proficiency by playing alongside experienced players. The foundations of a really effective Hockey club have been well laid; it is now up to the girls to rally round and ensure its success.

P.J.L.

Requiescat In Pace

Anno McCormick, Class I.B., died in January of this year. Members of her class and friends from throughout the College attended the Requiem Mass in St. Mary's, Irvine. Sister Pauline was present and led the pupils in the Rosary as the body was carried from the Church and while the cortege moved off.

Though Anne was never a robust child, her death was unexpected and came as a shock to all who knew her. She was a gentle, lovable girl who was friends with everyone and who loved all children to be friends with one another. She had a great love for Our Lady and it has been said of her that she always fell asleep at night, the Rosary clasped in her hands. We can, then, feel confident, that in the loneliness of her death in hospital, the Mother of God was watching over her, guiding her through death's dark shadows into the brightness of Life Eternal.

To her parents, brothers and sisters we extend sincere sympathy.

A WHALING EXPEDITION.

I have just returned from my first sea-faring voyage, a whaling expedition. You may be interested in comparing some of my experiences with those you may have read of or seen in the films.

Besides having catches and two factory ships, Salvesen of Leith have two oil tankers and one cargo ship working in conjunction with their whaling expeditions. The factory ships are the "Southern Harvester" and "Southern Venturer". The tankers are the "Southern Satellite" and "Southern Opal". The cargo ship is the "Gardenia" which was a German supply ship during the second world war. The catchers are small ships whose gross tonnage is anything from 400 to 600 tons and their crews generally average fifteen or sixteen.

Conditions in all of these ships, with the exception of the "Opal" are pretty good. The trouble with the "Opal" is that most of the accommodation is in-board thus making the cabins very hot and uncomfortable. This was my ship, so I know!

In my nine months of whaling I have worked in various jobs - such as Mess Boy, Galley Boy, Pantry Boy and Deck Galley Boy, the latter being on the whale catcher, "Solvra". As Mess Boy I worked from 5 a.m. until 7 p.m., as Galley and Pantry Boy from 6 a.m. till 6 p.m., as Deck Galley Boy from 6 a.m. until 9 p.m! Overtime in these jobs averaged thirty eight hours per week.

The method of catching whale is that small catchers go out from the base to the fishing grounds. The catchers are allowed to shoot the Blue Fin, Sperm and Sei whale. The Humpback may be shot on two days in each season. This variety is so easily taken that the species is dying out, hence the restrictions in shooting it. On approaching the whale, the catcher cuts down to half speed lest the noise from her engines should scare the whale away. When possible, the gunner shoots the cow whale first, the reason for this being that when the cow is shot first the bull stays around, but if the bull were shot first, the cow would sheer off as fast as possible. The whale is shot with a harpoon gun and a harpoon which has an explosive warhead. If, however, this does not kill the whale, smaller harpoons are used to finish the job.

After the whale is shot, it is brought alongside, blown up and flagged with the catchers' marking flag. When all this has been completed, the whale is set adrift to be picked up later by the buoy boat, taken back to base, cut up and have the oil extracted.

As the Salvesen Company has three whaling expeditions, it has also three bases - the "Southern Venturer", "Southern Harvester" and "Leith Harbour" which is their island base in South Georgia, where I spent a good part of my time. Each base has its own catchers and also its own quota in oil. This season the quotas were; "Southern Venturer" 120,000 barrels, "Southern Harvester" 110,000, "Leith Harbour" 69,000 barrels. At the end of the season the total oil came to 64,000 barrels for the Venturer, 106,000 for the Harvester and 77,000 for Leith Harbour. As Leith Harbour has a smaller quota the personnel are paid more for their barrels than are those on the Southern Venturer and Harvester. In each of these bases there are between three hundred and five hundred men.

Leisure hours at the base are spent in draughts, chess, cards, rifle shooting, football and sometimes ski-ing. There is also a cinema which has shows about three times a week, but the pictures shown are, usually, pretty old. Mail is carried by whatever ship is coming down to the base, and often by the "Shackleton". Letters reach us roughly every two weeks, sometimes with longer intervals between them.

On the voyage home there is very little work done, with the exception of the care and maintenance of the ship. When finally the home port is reached and all the men are dressed in their "go-ashores", you would find it hard to recognise some of them. They resemble bankers and well-to-do business men.

And so they depart with wallets full, in eager anticipation of the welcome that awaits them at home. Certainly after a seven day week for nine months without a break, they deserve a few months' holiday before starting again the following season.

Arthur Conlan.F.P.



THE SAD STORY OF A FLY IN L.A.

A fly (called Snidge) walked, one day,
 Across the ceiling of Class L.A.,
 'Twas an English class, I'm sad to say.
 The class was acting Shakespeare's play,
 "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

He rested on an ass's head,
 He wished to sleep on a comfortable bed.
 His life soon ended, it was said,
 'Cos next day he was found, quite dead,
 Scratched by an ass.

His few remains were placéd then,
 Inside a kind boy's fountain pen,
 And carried by four big, strong men,
 To (that night at half-past ten)
 Irvine Municipal Mortuary.

A service long was held for him,
 (Now only a head and shrivelled limb),
 They prayed and then they sang a hymn,
 They put him in a Heinz Beans tin,
 And laid him six feet under.

Charles MacFarlane, L.A.



F. P. NOTES.

WE ARE DELIGHTED TO HAVE HAD VISITS from many boys and girls of past years, all poised young men and women now, and many of them with success stories to tell us. One very faithful visitor is Ian Fratchett, R.E.A./ (AIR), who is making a fine career for himself in the ROYAL NAVY. Sister Pauline was officially informed by his Captain of his good progress, on the completion of his basic apprenticeship on H.M.S. "Fisgard". I take this record of his achievement from the press quotation of Captain A. B. Vickery's letter: "Rated Petty Officer Apprentice and awarded a Captain's Commendation for maintaining a very high standard of devotion to duty". Ian is also Portsmouth Command light-weight boxing champion. His brother, Claude, E.R.A./A, shares Ian's interest in boxing as a sport, and holds the light-weight Scottish Command Championship since before Christmas. Jackie Smith has recently completed his studies in Greenock Watt Memorial College and emerges as a Radio Officer in the Merchant Navy - the equivalent of a Sub-Lieutenant in the Royal Navy - quite an achievement for a boy of his age. His sister Angie is working for Scottish Aviation at Prestwick. Maria Madden, who held a high position there with the American Air Force, has recently been posted to Washington. Rather off the beaten track was Arthur Conlan's decision to join the whaling vessel "Southern Opal". Sadie McMillan is also preparing for a rather unconventional career. She is the youngest person as well as the first Catholic to be accepted for a valuable training in social work given at Langside House. She has already completed one stage of the course, two months' practical in Cardross Childrens' Home, where she tells us she became expert in scooting after the "scooties" - infants up to two years old. Anna Boyce from last year's Sixth is doing well as a student for the Diploma in Musical Education, in the Royal Scottish Academy of Music. Moira Freer is doing well as a student in Irvine Central Hospital. Ian Trayner, an apprentice draughtsman with I.C.I., has some distinctions to his credit in the A.T.C. He was selected in recent months for flights to London and Gibraltar. He has played football for Scottish A.T.C. and was given a trial for British A.T.C. Margaret McDonald finds her work very interesting. She is a demonstrator for Rowallan Dairies, Kilmarnock, and travels to many parts of the country on her rounds.

In THE ACADEMIC FIELD, we record with pleasure some

of the many qualifications obtained by former pupils. Sister Pauline Theresc C.P., (Agnes Leverage), graduated in Latin Honours at Manchester University. Margaret Taylor is the first of our former pupils to have taken a First Class Honours Degree in Psychology. In order to take up a post in Child Psychology, she is taking a course at Dowanhill. Veronica McCabe qualified in Dentistry last year and is now in practice in Ayr. Peggy Coleman completed her degree in Medicine in Edinburgh University last summer. Marjorie Mailer obtained her finals in Pharmacy and is attached to a hospital in Paisley. Patrick Keenan who left us to continue his education in Lawside Academy, Dundee, has recently added the degree of LL.B to his M.A. Among others who graduated in Arts we recall Gertie McGeough and Elma Robertson. Phil Davey gained her B.Sc. Josephine Robertson, sister of Elma, is one of the few St. Michael's girls to become a member of the Committee of the Catholic Students' Society at Turnbull Hall. Her talent in Art makes her an excellent publicity manager for the Society's many functions. Laura McGaffney is teaching in St. John's, Cumnock and Jean McMillan in Beith Academy, while Kathleen McCann is instructress in Physical Education next door to us in I.R.A. In an entirely different sphere of achievement, James McHugh has received the sub-diaconate at Drygrange. God willing, his ordination to the priesthood is but a short way off.

Letters reach us from former pupils in the four corners of the world. Tom O'Rourke writes from time to time from the Scots' College at Valladolid where he is studying for the priesthood. Bridie Regan has written from New York. Renee Cowan is a regular correspondent from Canada. Margaret Duffy wrote since returning from Ontario after her holiday last year. Michael McDermott visited us after his arrival from Australia. Other former pupils have joined the emigrants. Betty Greenan with her husband and two children has gone to Canada as have Teresa Brady and her husband and Anna and Michael Kiggins. Tom and Jim Moore are in U.S.A. and Margaret Devlin of present IIIA has left to go to Australia. Dermot Conway, who is teaching in France entertained members of our party in Lourdes which he was visiting with his wife and mother.

WITH GRATITUDE TO OUR LADY whom the whole school invoked daily for many months, we record the splendid recovery of her health by Elma Farrell of last year's Sixth after a long and tedious illness. Elma intends to

go to Lourdes in September, to thank Our Lady for this favour.

OUR DEEPEST SYMPATHY goes out to all former pupils who have suffered bereavement since our last magazine appeared. Here we mention those of whose loss we happen to have heard. In the first place we offer our condolence to Mr. and Mrs. McCormick and to all their children who are former pupils, on the untimely death of Anne, a member of present IB. To James we offer our sympathy on the death of his young wife, Jessie Burns, and to Jessie's twin, Alec, and her sisters Mary and Wilma. We sympathise with Willie and Anne Conville on the death of their mother; with David, Willie and Hugh Finnigan on the death of their father; with Mrs. McGuinness (Margaret Dorrian), present member of the Staff, on the recent death of her husband; with Thomas Walsh whose wife died suddenly in Switzerland last summer, en route for Rome; with the parents, brother and sisters of Bruna Togneri who died in tragic circumstances as the result of an accident.

CONGRATULATIONS AND GOOD WISHES to all those for whom wedding bells have rung in the past twelve months: Maureen Kelly, Agnes Crawley, Marlene Smith, Cathie O'Hare and Billy Taggart, Mollie Reid, Billy McGowan, Diana Pollachi, Sadie Kennedy, Margaret Turrell, June Callaghan, Josie Quinn, Sadie McDougall, Frank Taylor, Tony McGlinchey, Betty Hollas, Mary Agnew, Mollie Nicol, Anne Loy, Elizabeth Breslin. May all of them have an abundance of God's blessings in their marriages!

FORMER MEMBERS OF THE STAFF may conveniently - and effectively, perhaps! - be dealt with here. Some of them are former pupils in any case. Mrs. Northcote (Theresa Quinn) writes frequently from Hong Kong. In a recent letter she talked of being at the wedding of Miss Cameron, also a former member of Staff, who paid us a "flying" visit just after relinquishing her post as air-hostess with B.O.A.C. before going to Hong Kong for her wedding. Theresa is already looking forward to her visit home next year with Eric and their baby girl, Moreen. Christmas always brings greetings from former members of Staff; Mrs. Daw (Miss Buchanan), Mrs. O'Donnell (Peggy McIntosh), Mrs. Robertson (Una Furlong), Mrs. Robertson (Eileen Stewart), Miss Carson and Mrs. Moultrie (Elizabeth Leckie). The latter will be glad to know that the Netball Shield she presented to the school is still the object of

enthusiastic "House" tournaments. Sister Peter Mary writes frequently from Fleetwood. Part of her heart is still in St. Michael's and its interests continue to be very much hers. Our foreign assistants, notably the German girls, have kept up faithfully with us by letter and card for a number of years. Fraulein Hampfinger teaches in Vienna, Fraulein Hildegard Schultz in Essen, and our last assistant, Fraulein Ruth Langer resides in Bonn and teaches in a town nearby. While on holiday last summer she visited the convent. Last year's French assistant, M. Varigny, is doing his army service and finds himself in Algeria. Mademoiselle Colette Dargein, assistant in the session 1954-'55 was married in August, and is now teaching along with her husband, M. Guy Palpant, in Sousse in Tunisia. She sent us a delightful photograph of her wedding. We were very pleased to have a visit from Mr. Young at the beginning of this term. He and his wife, Thérèse Mason, are home on leave from Kenya where they teach in a school run by the Mill Hill Fathers. Neither his ready wit nor his complexion has suffered in the least! Mr. Smith who taught with us for a term last year and who is now on the Staff of St. Joseph's, Kilmarnock, married Diana Pollachi at Easter. Mr. Craig visited the school before Christmas with two Football teams from St. Patrick's, Coatbridge, where he has been teaching since he left us. Miss O'Halloran who writes regularly from Ireland sent good wishes for our pilgrimage to Lourdes, and Sister Mary of St. Michael (Annie Dorrian), further good wishes from the Carmel, Dumbarton, for the Highers. In London, on our return from Lourdes, the Staff were delighted to meet Mr. Murphy, and several hours were spent in recalling the "good old days". Mr. Murphy retains a strong interest in the pupils he taught at St. Michael's. Despite several years of teaching in Liverpool, and now in London, his Irish brogue is as strong as ever.

Our tale is told. We have strengthened our bonds with the past. If you who read these lines belong to that goodly company, we would ask you to tell those former pupils who are not yet aware of our efforts, that we want to remember them in our magazine. Let us have your news for our next issue. You might as well see your name in print once in a lifetime!

STOP PRESS.

Sister Francis has proved more assiduous than ever in helping with the typing of this Magazine, and we offer her our heartfelt thanks for the vast amount of work she has done.



THE END

