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19 MAGAZINE 60

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HAVING participated with most of our readers in the celebrations of a Royal wedding, we are not minded to write a sage and serious editorial. Any wedding is associated with tender emotions, wondrous joys and glowing anticipation, but when the bride is a Royal Princess, charming and beautiful, all these feelings are multiplied indefinitely. With all our readers we send to Princess Margaret and her husband as they sail romantically into the land of sunshine, all our prayers and blessings for their future life.

This is a delightful May with sun shining, birds singing and apple blossoms peeping over the Convent walls. Our little magazine will be in your hands in a few weeks, but we feel that it is going to print under kind auspices. We hope you will receive it as kindly as you welcomed its predecessors, for it is the work of the School. As far as possible, we accepted articles from every level in order to compose a magazine that is really representative. There has been no shortage of material and, indeed, space may force us to reject contributions which we would willingly include.

One great blow came to us this year in the death of Mr. Mullen. He was a kindly, lovable teacher who endeared himself to staff and pupils alike—a man of dignity, yet full of Christian humility. We shall mourn him for a long time and earnestly pray God to comfort his bereaved wife and family.

In various parts of the magazine our interests and activities are dealt with, so they need not be mentioned here. We hope that you will enjoy reading our articles as much as we have enjoyed writing them. So to you, we commit our magazine, feeling assured that you will give it a kindly welcome.

School Jottings

ANOTHER year has gone with the variety and sameness that make up the pattern of school life. The school year seems to stride on with inexorable swiftness, each term moving with determination to the goal of examinations before it subsides to a quiet close.

Although the affections of our pupils are staunch with regard to their teachers, still they are not averse to seeing a few new faces appearing among the staff. The new session satisfied this wish as we welcomed to the staff Sr. Marie Pierre who replaced Sr. Paul Mary, and Miss Gertrude McGeough (a former pupil), both for the Modern Languages Department; while Mrs. Ennis took up duty in the Domestic Science Department and Mr. Arthur and Mr. Fraser came as part-time Assistants in the Technical Department. Our French Assistant this year is Monsieur Tay, while Senorita Gallego helps us to tackle the problems of Spanish pronunciation.

Time has been too short to make us accustomed to the loss of Mr. Mullen, our Principal Teacher of History, who died on 2nd February, and sometimes forgetting that he is gone we expect to see his familiar figure walking down the corridor to turn into a classroom for a History lesson. Since his death we have had Mr. Henderson as temporary Teacher, followed by Mr. McManus who came after Easter.

The school year commenced with a roll of almost 800 Secondary and Primary pupils, and as the school was already bursting at the seam with numbers, the greater intake did not assuredly ease matters. But somehow we survived on the promise of "Live horse and you'll get hay," and in the second term three new rooms were added to our selection of abodes. One was a new Medway hut containing two airy classrooms and cloakroom, the other a second-hand Medway fitted for Science. This new accommodation has eased the conditions considerably.

We had hoped that our new school would begin this year, but again we are fated to be disappointed. New Building Regulations have made it necessary for the Education Authority to seek a larger site for the prospective building, and it seemed likely that we should have to move up Kilwinning Road for a few yards. But even that hope has been snatched from us as preliminary tests have proved that this location is unsuitable for building purposes. Truly has the Bible said:—

Hope deferred maketh the heart sick.

But life goes on and there has been no shortage of activity in the school. The Science Modelling Club meets weekly and enthusiasm never lags. Reports elsewhere will tell you of the formation of a Praesidium of the Legion of Mary, a Look-Listen Group and a Debating Society; with these and a very full Sports programme both staff and pupils have been kept in action.

Shakespearean lovers went to Glasgow to see a performance of "Othello" in the Citizens' Theatre and were very appreciative of the moving pathos of that great tragedy. "Hamlet" is to be performed in Jordanhill Training College in the near future and a large contingent from St. Michael's will be present. The Industrial Exhibition in Kelvin Hall, Glasgow, thrilled those of us with a more practical bent and more of such outings were asked for. A number of girls visited the Ideal Homes Exhibition, which opened up vistas for them of metamorphoses to be achieved in their own domiciles. Next we decided to see the wonders of production on our own doorstep and groups of pupils paid visits to Irvine Dockyard and Watson's Hosiery. Our next outing to Glasgow will be to an entirely different type of exhibition—the Religious Exhibition—to be held in Kelvin Hall, where we shall see the types of work carried on by various Religious Orders and realise in that great variety the Catholicity of the Church.

In the first term we were privileged to have a visit from Monsignor Urban Murphy, Prefect Apostolic of Bechuanaland, and by this rousing discourse he fired us with enthusiasm for the Passionist Foreign Mission. Last term, Father Daly, a Salesian, spoke to some classes on the work of his Order and added to our knowledge of St. John Bosco, whom we have always loved. The visit of Father Agnellus and his Colleagues with the subsequent inauguration of a Look-Listen Group will be dealt with elsewhere, but we may at least be allowed to say here that Father Agnellus is as delightful to see and talk to as he is on T.V. or Radio. Before Easter Father Nicholas, C.P., gave a very interesting Retreat to the Senior Boys in the Convent Chapel; the Retreat for Senior Girls will take place later in this term.

These constitute the outstanding happenings of the present year, and space forbids us to do more than mention annual routine visits, such as that of Lieut.-Commander Barry from the Royal Navy, Careers Adviser, Labour Exchange Representatives and H.M. Inspectors of Schools. We have still the last lap to cover after this goes to press, and that will include the Annual Geographical Outing (this year to Scott Country), Higher Results, School Sports, Terminals, House Matches and, finally, the Distribution of Prizes. Then the year expires. But looking back we think it has been a successful year, an interesting year, but most of all a very happy year.

CONCERNING A PREFECT.

(With apologies to Shylock.)

Signor Prefectio, many a time and oft
Out in the playground you have scolded us
About our manners and our naughtiness :
Still we have borne it with a patient shrug
For **IA** are the models of good taste.
You call us small fry, youngsters, peasants,
imps,
And do your best to catch us unawares,
And all because you envy us our brains.
Well then, it now appears you need our help—
Waste paper to be picked up, so you say,
“First Years ! We need your help !” You
say so, you
That did look down your nose upon our heads
And give us lines for serenading soft
Your wond’rous charms ; help is your plea.
What should we say to you ? Should we
not say,
“Hath a peasant arms ? Is it possible
An imp can walk round with a basket ?” or
Shall we bow low and on our bended knees,
With outstretched arms and whispered
humbleness
Say this,
“Fair sir, you gave us lines last Wednesday ;
You said we were of low intelligence ;
You lectured us : and for these courtesies
We’ll gather all **YOUR** litter ?”

ANN BALE, **IA**.

IIIa ALPHABET.

A is for Austin who sits at the front,
B is for Brayford, so small one must hunt.
C is for Cathleen and Carole as well,
D is for Dickie who must ring the bell.
E's for Elizabeth, of them we have two,
F is for Feighery (an eight in a shoe).
G is for Greta, with voice, oh so sweet,
H is for Hughes, whose laugh is a treat.
I is for ink which is smeared on our faces,
J is for John who trips over his laces.
K is for Kathleen who sits at the back,
L's for Louise, whose presence we lack.
M's for two Margarets and one Marguerite,
N is for no-one who takes a back seat.
O's for O'Callaghan, a shock of blond hair,
P is for Paul, the science teacher's heir.
Q is for question, and it's much too hard,
R is for Robert, who's good with a card.
S is for Sloan, who is good at his Latin,
T is the tack which John Milligan sat on.
U is for us, we make up one big class,
V is too hard, so I'll just have to pass.
W's for Walsh, with baby-blue eyes,
X is a secret (I'm tellin' no lies).
Y is for you (oh ! I'm ready to fall),
Z is the end—So Goodbye from us all.

EILEEN MEIGHAN, **IIIa**.

THE BEST LAID PLANS OF MICE AND MEN



THE fire was a heap of grey ash and the unburnt ends of logs protruded at all angles, making an ugly pattern in the cold hearth. Outside the sky was a deeper grey as the dawn of another day of toil and chivalry made its entrance. The birds were calling to one another as they began their search for the early worm. They presented a pleasant picture as they threaded their way through the wild flowers, now only half open, which grew under the shade of the mossy willows. Yet Edward was oblivious of this resurrection of Nature. He sat with his head cradled in his hands, staring blankly into the hearth. His expression was one of bitterness and disappointment. His lips moved; "Where did I go wrong?" he moaned, his voice harsh with emotion as his thoughts turned again to the past.

Young Edward had served his apprenticeship under the best of them—Sir Bedivere—after leaving school where he had acquired Highers in Chivalrie, Trouthe and Honour, Fredom and Curtiesye. He had made up his mind to become a Knight when he had seen George kill the dragon and witnessed the gratitude on the faces of the spectators.

He had sent in his application form to Arthur to join the Knight School and had received a reply saying that he would be accepted when the Tournaments were over. He duly arrived and began training.

Life was not easy at first and Edward was a little disillusioned when he was given Excalibur to cut the corners off the tablecloths (Round Tables were inconvenient in this respect). Nevertheless, he whistled while he worked and thought how lucky he would be if he had a fair lady like Vivien to give him a sword as sharp as this one.

The years passed quickly as Edward grew more perfect and more gentle every day. Soon the course was over and his parents came on Graduation Day to see him in his white robes specially washed in Persille, a reliable product invented by Archimedes to keep his bathrobe white. It had been a great day, causing only one regret in the newly-dubbed Sir Edward: it pained him that he had no young lady to present to his parents. He saw his contemporaries flaunting their young maidens but he himself had none.

The passing years saw no change in his predicament and Edward was worried almost to distraction. He had no glib tongue like Bedivere, nor had he the handsome appearance of Lancelot. The climax came when, in the smoke-room one day, he read the letters from his parents saying that they were coming up to see him again.

Now Edward was a good lad and was as honest as the rest of them, but there was one fault, quite natural and very slight, which caused his pallid complexion. He had written to his mother, in reply to her questions on the subject, assuring her that he had met a beautiful young maiden who would soon become the Lady Edward. Now his hands trembled at the thought of the inevitable disclosure.

It was in this condition that he staggered to Lancelot's suite. Lancy, he found, was busy polishing up his armour with Brasse-Oh and putting a touch of Brilliantinne on his coal-black curls before taking a run up to Shalott. A puzzled frown crossed Lancy's face as he caught sight of Edward.

"Say!" he remarked, "what can ail thee, Teddy boy, alone and palely loitering?"

His words brought a faint smile of hope to the lips of the pale Edward, for as he looked at Lancy he remembered his comrade's glories in the field of romance and his heart leaped within him. Here, indeed, was the very man to help him. Quickly he explained the situation, asking Lancy what had to be done to keep him in the fashion as far as maidens were concerned.

Lancelot was most kind; it required initiative and cunning to ensare a lady. Edward listened with rapt attention as Lancy told him how he had won the heart of a damsel, called Boadicea, because of her amusing habit of going for spins in the country in a chariot with pretty chromium-plated scythes on the wheels. Lancelot had used a poetical approach:—

“ Oh Boadicea, Boadicea !
Guess what this is I've a tin of 'ere.”

He had gone armed with a tin of Sharpe's Toffeese and with the utterance of this epic had won the affection of Boadicea. Lancelot now suggested that Edward pay court to the piece of goods who sat on the hill overlooking the dragon farm. She was known familiarly as “ La Belle Dame ” and was reputed, for some obscure reason, to be of an ungrateful disposition.

Young Sir Edward was thrilled by Lancelot's suggestion and decided to try his luck. He saved his gold and dragon-bonus pay to buy a bouquet of red roses. When all was ready, he set out; slowly he climbed the hill (for he had forgotten to oil his armour joints that morning) and approached the figure reclining on its summit.

As he drew nearer his heart beat wildly; the lady seemed to be more beautiful than ever she had been at the Jazz Club. Her face, he mused, was like a ribbon of moonlight. Suddenly he stopped, trembling at his error; or course, he had chosen the wrong poem. The travelling rug she was sitting on was of finest linen smooth and lavendered while her dress was of white nylon, mystic, he thought, and wonderful.

He was quite near her now and could see into her mouth as her molars made short work of a Sharpe's toffee, for she was a pal of Boadicea. He felt his heart leap up when he beheld her beautiful eyes looking into his. He grew faint when she smiled, to show a row of even white teeth contrasting effectively with her dark wavy hair. So deeply was he moved that he half wished he had not come on this mission; he felt so nervous his knees were like jelly; his hands were shaking and his mind sought in vain for all the elegant compliments he had rehearsed for this great moment. At length, in desperation, he threw himself upon his knees before her and in a voice vibrant with passion he cried: “ Oh Dame . . . ”

The frown which darkened her lovely face as she recoiled in disgust and horror was to be forever stamped on the mind of Edward. She gazed at him in a dazed fashion; then snarled, “ Edward, Edward—that's the first time I've heard you swear . . . ”

o o o o o o

The moral of this story, gentle readers, is that, no matter what your Grannie may tell you, even in THEIR youth, the course of true love never did run smooth.

TIMOTHY HICKEY, VI.

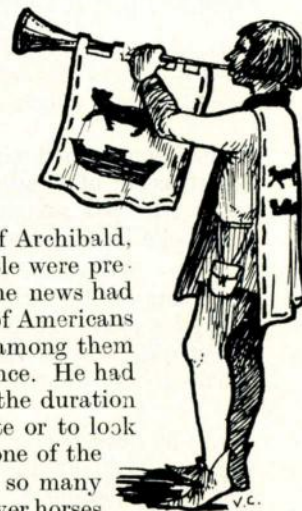


FIELD of CLOTH of GOLD

MICHAEL PRATCHETT

AND

JAMES MCKAY, V.



THE year was 1839, the month was August. For months preparations had been going on to reconstruct in nineteenth century Scotland a mediaeval tournament. This project had its origin in the enthusiasm of Archibald, thirteenth Earl of Eglinton, the grounds of whose lovely Ayrshire castle were prepared for this great spectacle. Invitations had been sent out and the news had spread far and wide. From America there had just arrived a boat-load of Americans to witness the tournament. From Europe, too, came many of rank, among them Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, later to be known as Napoleon III. of France. He had been invited to stay, with a party of French guests, at Eglinton for the duration of the Tournament. From England flocked many of the rich to compete or to look on; from Scotland flocked crowds of both rich and poor for this was one of the great things of the century. During the first three weeks of August so many were coming into Ayrshire that innkeepers had to keep special guard over horses to prevent their being stolen for coaches and carts. The steamers plying along the west coast of Scotland had to make continual calls at Irvine to disembark prospective spectators. On the eve of the tournament, 27th August, the new "Marmion" called every one and a quarter hours, bringing 3,000 visitors to Irvine on that one day. The influx to Irvine district was so great that though all inns were packed to capacity, people still had to sleep under the stars.

Six hundred and fifty feet by two hundred and fifty feet in dimension, the Lists were situated near Eglinton Castle, in the centre of a lawn shaded all round by fine trees. They were enclosed by a palisade four and a half feet high in the middle of which was a barrier 300 ft. in length, along which competitors advanced to meet each other, tilting across it. The pavilion seated eight hundred people and was flanked by tents, each of which contained seating for six hundred people. There was also standing room on all four sides of the Lists.

At last the great day, 28th August, arrived. The weather on which the success of the Tournament depended proved disheartening at first. The sky was overcast with a "serried mass" of black clouds which cleared away by 10 a.m. The sun shone brilliantly right up to noon, the time the tournament was scheduled to start. But now the sky became overcast once more. Nevertheless, the weather did not dampen the enthusiasm of the crowd who had been asked to attend the Tournament in the dress of their particular mediaeval counterparts. Farmers, for example, were asked to wear tartan bonnets and plaids.

At 1 p.m. heralds ranged themselves in front of the Pavilion, sounded a fanfare and the Grand Procession commenced. Meticulously dressed foot-soldiers led the Procession. After these the magnificence of the Knights on horseback with their rainbow-like display of colours on horse trappings, coats of mail and helmet plumes struck the spectators dumb with awe for a short time. But soon it started to rain and the Queen of Beauty and Love, Lady Seymour, instead of joining in the Procession took her place in the Pavilion.



After the Grand Procession a few preliminary bouts were fought between soldiers. These, however, were just stepping-stones to the climax of the display, the jousting. But now the weather seemed to do everything in its power to prevent the jousting; just as the Knights all decked in their magnificent suits of armour came out, the rain came down heavily. The Earl, however, determined to keep the show on as he did not want to disappoint the crowd of eighty thousand spectators. These showed their appreciation of the Earl's efforts by applauding him every time he appeared.

Though every single suit of armour gleamed brightly, one in particular stood out. This was the suit worn by the Marquis of Waterford. It was of a metal which had been burnished a dark blue. The chest piece was inlaid with an intricate pattern of gold and had gold studs superimposed on it. The helmet which alone weighed forty pounds had a visor made entirely of gold and was topped by a magnificent plume. This same suit of armour had been worn by Baron Hylton at the Battle of Crecy. In the second joust of the afternoon the one which raised most interest, the Marquis of Waterford challenged the Earl of Eglinton. At first the contestants appeared to be very evenly matched and it was only at the third run that the Earl shattered his lance and so won the joust. While passing the Pavilion, as victor, he paid his respects to Lady Seymour, Queen of Beauty and Love, and returned her scarf which he had worn on his helmet. At six o'clock, when the jousting finished for the day, Lady Seymour, carried on a throne and protected from the weather, led back the procession. And though the crowd who left the Palisade that evening were a bit wet and bedraggled, they were still most enthusiastic and thrilled with what they had just witnessed.

That evening the Earl had planned to hold a magnificent Ball for the entertainment of the guests. A temporary building had been erected, three hundred and seventy-five feet long by forty-five feet broad, and it was calculated that it would hold thousands of guests. But to their disappointment, the rain washed away the roof of the building and the intention of holding the Ball had to be abandoned.

The second day of the Tournament commenced with jousting which was, however, replaced by hand-to-hand combat. In this, members of the distinguished guest-list took part. For example, the Earl of Wemyss defeated Prince Louis Napoleon in a fencing match. The proceedings for the second day ended in a series of hand-to-hand combats between Scotland plus Ireland against England.

The third day of the Tournament was rather similar to the two preceding, except for the concluding procession which was a most resplendent affair. For this last hour of the Tournament the sun shone brightly and as it reflected from the glittering suits of armour it added a magnificent cap to the end of the Tournament. As a mark of appreciation to the Earl of Eglinton for all that he had done, some of his distinguished guests then presented him with a gold plate.

On the Tuesday after the Tournament the Council of the Royal Burgh gave a great banquet at a specially constructed hall in Irvine Royal Academy. So ended the Eglinton Tournament which was as an echo of the glories of ancient times, bringing to Lord Eglinton the notice and esteem of his contemporaries for his revival of this historical pageant, even if it left him with a sad deficit in his banking account.

Sale of Work

LAST December we held a Sale of Work in the College and as a dutiful and loyal pupil I thought it behoved me to go along and share my hard-earned pocket money with the School Fund.

Trying to slip in, I was held by the eagle eye of Mr. Laird at the door and having forked out threepence (half-price, surely, for pupils, Sir !) I entered the crowded hall with the self-righteous air of one who had done his duty. The place was thronged and I thought they must have brought Cliff or Marty to open the Sale, but, alas, it was only Father Walker.

By dint of judicious elbowing and pushing I forced myself to the third row from a stall—Books. Stretching and craning to see what was on offer, I heard : “Aw, go on, missus, only a tanner. Buy it.” Thunderstruck, my head jerked round in amazement. Who said that ? No, it couldn’t be ! Surely not one of our beloved and respected purveyors of learning. Then a huge sigh of relief flowed out. All was right with the world ! It was only Donald, who was helping Mr. L. at his stall.

This gave me thought and I decided to see how our learned pedagogues were making out in the art of salesmanship.

Fancy goods were next. A customer was interested in a wooden table-lamp affair. Listen. “Look at the beautiful woodwork. See the sheen on its surface (that’s alliteration). And the line of it—sheer poetry. A real work of art. It moves one, doesn’t it ? The man who made that has put his soul into it. It reminds me of the lines from . . .” I drifted away. I expect she sold it.

Then toys, dolls, etc., and lovely they were. Cuddly animals of all kinds and handsome dolls. There was brisk trade. “How much change have you to get, m’dear ? There, is that right ? Ah, sure, you know I never was very good with money.” To another customer : “Aren’t they lovely ? I could play all day with them myself.” Was there something of the artist here ? Loth to part with her own creations. Ah, well, the masterpieces were sold anyway. On to cake and candy. No salesmanship or gimmick needed here. They were selling like hot cakes ! In the midst of all, a strident voice was drawing attention to the wheel of fortune. “Here y’are ! A bottle of the real McKay for the lucky winner. The only stuff worth drinking. What ! You don’t drink ? Never mind ! You can wash with it. It’s good for the complexion. Or you can rub yourself with it. It’s rare stuff for the rheumatics.” A mother whispered to her little daughter, “Who’s that ?” “That’s Mr. L——n.” “Is he one of your teachers ?” “Yes.” “My, my !” Pause of a few seconds. “I wish we could get him to come to our Parish Sale of Work.”



SIE SITI T'S MINES !



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Santa Claus, too, had no trouble in selling out his stock. As I passed on my way for some refreshments, there in the middle of a lot of—well, let it pass—were more of our super salesmen. One was holding up a tie—and what a tie !—in front of his chest. Zig-zag purple on yellow. It shrieked ! “Look ! I’m sure your son would love it. No ? Well, what about a crystal bowl ?” says he, holding up a chipped glass dish that probably first saw life in Woolworths. “Or a pair of dancing shoes, or ——.” I went on to Cafe Ennis in search of a coke.

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Rested and refreshed, on to a beautiful bower of flowers, artificial but beautiful, Christmas cards, calendars, etc. Exclamations of admiration all round. There again, there seemed to be the loving attitude of the artist to his work. But this was a money-raising effort and Miss B., overcoming her diffidence, was gathering it in.

What was interesting these people? Mostly mothers with babies and infants. Ah, of course, woollens, babies' jackets and such. Sister and her helpers were doing some nice business here. Salesmanship? Yes, but of the cosy, chatty type—a wee gossip between saleswoman and customer. Prices? That seemed to be just an afterthought. Baby Ann Marie's likes and dislikes, eating and sleeping capabilities, teeth and teething powders, and so on must all be gone into at length before discussing such a trivial thing as money.

Here was still another stall—Drapery. Listen again. "Could I see the blue dress, please? Would it fit a seven-year-old girl?" "Oh, yes, it's just the right size. It's the size for my own girl and she's about that age. It's beautiful material, isn't it? Such a lovely shade. The wee pink flowers just set it off. You like the wee puff sleeves? So do I. So well-cut and made, too. Look at that stitching. All hand sewn. You know (confidentially) S—— made it. Is that your girl? She's a lovely girl—and blue will suit her. Hold it up against her. Lovely! Look, Miss W——, isn't she just gorgeous, etc., etc." I didn't wait to hear more, but I'm sure it was a sale.

ANON.

P.S.—I hear we made a lot of money.

CRASH LANDING

THE "Airspeed Ambassador" in which I was flying was an hour and a quarter out of Hamburg. It was one o'clock in the morning and I was desperately tired but I could not sleep because the port engine opposite my cabin window was running rough and making a horrible racket.

We were already over Britain and soon we would be landing. I fastened my safety-belt and settled down to wait. In a few moments we were over London Airport and from my port-hole I could see the flare paths clearly. The pilot throttled back and began his approach. There was the usual thump as the undercarriage hit the deck. But before the pilot had time to apply the brake the port-engine which had been running rough exploded, destroying the port oleo and igniting fuel in the wing tanks. The aircraft now left the runway, ploughed through a grove of trees, losing its port wing in the process. It finally stopped when it hit a petrol bowser which exploded, killing the crew and all the passengers except myself.

Half-an-hour later a policeman found me in the grove at the edge of the runway, suffering from severe head injuries. I was rushed to hospital and operated on. A week later when I was out of danger I was told how I had escaped.

According to accounts my escape was a near miracle. It seems that when the wing was torn off, part of the fuselage at the wing root was torn off with it, and as luck would have it my seat was attached to the wing root. The wing itself was nowhere near the fuselage when it exploded and was therefore unharmed by the blast. But I suffered because, like a fool, I had undone my safety belt as soon as the aircraft touched down. Although the wing stopped, I travelled nearly twenty feet before I came into violent contact with the ground.

That was three weeks ago. I am writing this in hospital, where I am recovering from my operation. Every day I am plagued with reporters, relations and friends who want to know what happened. Nothing seems clear except one thing. The next time I go to the Continent it will be by train.

MICHAEL ELLIOTT, IIA.

World Jamboree, 1959

At 6 p.m. on Tuesday, the 14th of July, last year, Pan-American Clipper, "Polynesia," landed at Manila Airport, and I had arrived in the Phillipine Islands.

The object of my 13,000 mile journey was to attend, as a member of the British contingent, the Tenth World Jamboree. Twelve thousand Boy Scouts of every nation were converging upon the lovely Mount Makiling Park in the Province of Laguna for their Quadrennial Festival of True Brotherhood and Peace.



After three wonderful days of pure abandonment to the luxuries of Cadillacs, lush swimming clubs and air conditioning, we hurtled off to Jamboree City in a bus—with no suspension and wooden seats—driven in the lunatic style characteristic of Filipino traffic. However, we arrived unscathed, and after a couple of days our camp site was satisfactorily organised and I had time to look around.

Our neighbours were Koreans, Arabs, Japanese, Chinese and Filipinos. Before long I had made friends with Scouts of many nationalities. Filipinos all speak very good English, and it was surprising how many boys of other nations spoke English also.

On the whole the weather was good during the Jamboree, with the sun blazing fiercely almost every day and only occasional rain, awe-inspiring in its ferocity.

The displays in the Grand Arena were really wonderful, especially that of the Chinese, with its 60 ft. long dragon which leaped and writhed and breathed smoke, while the incessant beating of drums and gongs and the exploding of thousands of fire-crackers made a most exciting din.

High Mass was celebrated in the Arena each Sunday. On the second occasion it was offered by the Papal Nuncio to the Philippines. He read a message from the Pope to the Boy Scouts of the world attending the Jamboree. The Holy Father told us through his representative how happy it made him to know that so many young people of the world were meeting each other with peace and love in their hearts, and that in this day and age these were so necessary. He bestowed his Blessing upon the Jamboree and the Scouts attending it. The choir of San Carlos Seminary sang the Mass superbly for the Filipinos are very musical. To attend this Mass together with thousands of brother Scouts from every corner of the earth was a very thrilling experience.

One day Tim Savory (from Kilmarnock), several American boys and myself ventured into the jungle, suitably equipped with machetes canteens of water and snake-bite kit. During our sojourn we encountered gorgeous butterflies, giant snails, lizards, leeches, red ants and a solitary black and very poisonous snake. The leeches and ants were very troublesome, and when one of our party almost stood on the snake, we fled smartly in the opposite direction.



On our way back to camp we came across some Filipino children laughing and chattering over the dead body of an equally poisonous snake. This they had beaten to death with sticks, doubtless as part of the day's fun.

On the evening before the close of the Jamboree, eight of us Scots (there were eleven altogether) danced the Duke of Perth and the Eightsome Reel in the Arena under floodlight, and the enormous crowd just loved it. We Scots wore the kilt, of course, throughout our travels.



But all too soon the wonderful days at the Jamboree drew to a close, and on Sunday, 26th July, our own Lord Rowallan performed the closing ceremonies. How impressive and moving was the scene in the Arena as the Jamboree Flag was lowered for the last time and 12,000 Brothers linked arms and sung the Jamboree Song and Auld Lang Syne.

In the evening I said goodbye to my best friends, Filipinos, Japs, and Arabs, with whom I had often shared a beautiful tropical evening, perhaps eating paw-paw and mango or sitting cross-legged and kimono clad to partake of green tea and rice cakes or sipping coffee from a tiny cup while listening to soft singing and the playing of the hand drum and oudh. We vowed to meet again. Who knows? Some day we may.

Five days later I left the Philippines after another marvellous time in Manila, including a trip by U.S. Destroyer to the historic island of Corregidor, still lethal with unexploded mines and shells—a grim reminder of the Pacific War. We did not bring any souvenirs from there. I arrived in Ceylon, “The Pearl of the Orient,” on 3rd August, having come *via* Saigon, Singapore and Kuala Lumpur. I spent seven wonderful days touring this beautiful island, seeing the amazing cities of 2,000-year-old Buddhist civilisations, riding on elephants by the roadside, surf-riding on the beach where some of “The Bridge of the River Kwai” was shot. Then it was time to fly home *via* Karachi, Bagdad and Damascus.

The great adventure is over, but I still dream of those happy days among the hot smells, sights and sounds of the Far East. I am now at home—but for how long, I wonder.

DAVID ROCHE, Former Pupil.

“A WARNING.”

On the moon one sunny day,
A lonely moon-man stood,
He thought as moon-probes hurtled by,
“They’d hit us if they could!”

And then one day they did succeed
And blew his house to bits;
He leafed through all his magazines,
For “Do-It-Yourself” rocket kits.

He built a large atomic bomb,
In the rocket’s nose he put it,
And looked up “Earth” in his almanac,
For the opportune time to shoot it.

The moon-man blew our little world
Completely from existence.
So don’t go shooting rockets off,
Expecting no resistance.

C. MCFARLANE, IIIA.

ON LEAVING SCHOOL.

My hour has gone, my day has past,
My childhood now is ending fast,
Those carefree days, so long and bright,
Have slipped away into the night—
Tomorrow I must work!

No more the sounds of childhood play,
All joys for me have passed away—
A tender youth, from classroom hurled,
Tomorrow I must face the world,
Tomorrow I must work!

What lies ahead of me I fear,
For sweat and toil are looming near,
My days in school, so full of fun
Are dying with the setting sun—
Tomorrow I must work!

W. A. CHALMERS, VI.



A TRAIN JOURNEY

ONE Saturday, a few weeks ago, I was standing in St. Enoch's Station waiting for my train. I had just bought a book at the bookstall and was looking forward to a peaceful half-hour reading. When the Diesel drew in, I was careful in selecting a compartment with seats facing. I settled down comfortably in a corner and opened my book.

I was half-way through the first page when a harassed mother with three children, one a baby in arms, entered the compartment. The mother and baby sat down beside me and the two little boys sat opposite me. One was as fair as the other was dark, and I judged that the fair one was six and his brother a year younger. Their names, as I later learned, were Tam and Geordie.

No sooner had they sat down than Tam, the older, produced a bag of apples and oranges. Both he and his brother immediately set about making short work of the contents.

After they had devoured most of the fruit and littered the floor with skins and papers, between licking his fingers and smacking his lips, Tam asked his mother : "Is this a bus, Maw?"

"No, it's a Diesel," she replied.

"Ah thought ye said we were gaun in a train."

"This is a train."

"Ye said it was a Diesel."

"A Diesel's a train that uses oil instead o' coal," said his mother.

"Whit? Paraffin oil?"

"Be quiet!" from maw. (I was soon to know that this was her stock answer when she couldn't reply to his or his brother's questions.)

Hiding a smile, I returned to my book. However, I didn't get far, for again from Tam the query : "Whaur are we gaun, Maw?"

"Tae Saltcoats," was the answer.

"Is there watter at Saltcoats?"

"Aye."

"Whaur did the watter come frae?"

Again : "Be quiet!"

Before reaching Paisley the train stopped and Geordie enquired : "Whit are we stopped for?"

"Ah don't know," said his mother.

However, he soon got an answer, for Tam piped up : "Mibee the driver's eating his play-piece."

The train started up again and for a few minutes not a word was spoken. This unusual silence made me look up, to find Geordie squirting the window with the juice of the only orange that had escaped the first attack. He dried the window with the cuff of his jersey and Tam gave it a good shine with his cap. During this operation Tam spotted a flock of sheep grazing in a field. He turned to his mother : "Is that sheeps, Maw?"

"No, it's no' sheeps; it's sheep."

"Well, they luk awfy like sheeps."

Some miles further on the lights went out.

"Whit are the lights oot fur, Maw?" from Tam.

"Tae save electricity."

"Who put them oot?"

"The driver."

"Whit did he . . ."

"Be quiet!" snapped his mother.

I closed my book, giving up all hope of concentration. A whirring noise overhead told me that an aeroplane was passing by. My tormentors must have heard it, too, for from Georgie came the question: "Whaur's the plane gaun?"

"Tae America," said his mother.

"Is America as big as Glesga?" queried Tam.

"Aye, aboot ten times," came the answer.

"Who's in the plane?"

"The driver an' the hostess."

"Whit's a hostess?"

"That's the lassie that mak's the tea," replied the mother with her limited knowledge of air travel.

When the train reached my destination I alighted feeling rather sorry for the mother. I had heard only half an hour of their questions, but the mother would need an encyclopaedia to answer all their questions. I thought to myself that if they didn't succeed in life it wouldn't be from the want of asking.

MARGARET BRADY, IIIA.

SCHOOL OUTING, 1959

CORPUS CHRISTI last year was more than an important Feast Day for the Seniors at St. Michael's. It was also the day of our Annual School Outing. Everyone had been anxiously scanning the sky for several days, fearful that the excellent weather would change and many fervent prayers went winging skywards. They were truly heard and Corpus Christi dawned fine with a warm sun shining down from a cloudless blue sky.

Our party was to set off from Kilwinning and we all gathered there eagerly awaiting the arrival of the buses. As soon as they drew up, frantic dashes were made to find seats beside particular friends. There were the usual exclamations of "I've lost my bag"; "Has anyone seen my jacket?" "Half of us aren't here yet. You can't go now," etc. Finally, we did get on our way, everyone sporting his best bib and tucker. Even the boys looked spruce! Before long, in our bus, someone, full of the joys of spring, began to sing and the roof was soon almost lifted by the volume of sound from within. I don't know what our music teacher would have thought of the singing but we certainly enjoyed it.

After leaving Glasgow we made our way to Aberfoyle and Callander *via* the Lake of Menteith. Passing through the 'Rob Roy' country we saw some of the most beautiful scenery in Scotland.

By this time we had almost exhausted our repertoire of songs and were beginning to feel the first pangs of hunger. Luckily Callander was not far distant. When we dismounted on the outskirts of the town the sky was overcast, but our spirits were in no way dampened. We had a picnic lunch, took some snaps and then wandered through the picturesque little town.

Leaving Callander we travelled north to Loch Earn but stopped en route to see the Falls of Leny. As we passed along a very narrow path overhanging a steep drop, someone remarked, in a menacing tone, that this would be an excellent place for a murder; I noticed some girls involuntarily step back a little. The water fall made an imposing sight, although one male member of the party had difficulty in seeing it. Climbing a fairly steep slope on our return, we were mystified by the sound of bagpipes. As we emerged on to the main road we saw an old man, dressed in a kilt, playing absordedly. He seemed an integral part of that wild countryside and provided the finishing touch to the picture.

When we reached Loch Earn everyone was eager to get out and take photos, although there was a chill wind blowing. Here came the highlight of our outing—watching water ski-ing. Again cameras were busily clicking until we departed for Stirling.

The countryside was lovely, as were the small villages through which we passed. On arrival at Stirling we put first things first and set off to find the nearest restaurant or snack-bar. Later, when we had time to explore Stirling, we were disappointed to find the shops closed.

Eventually, at about 6.30 p.m., we took the road home, some of us regretting that this would be our last school outing and trying to make the most of the last few minutes, others finding consolation in the thought that 1960 would bring, for them, another day of enjoyment.

ANNE BROWN, VI.



AS YOU DON'T LIKE IT.

Now, my schoolmates and pals in discomfort,
Hath not old custom made this life more
sweet
Than that of cushioned ease? Are not these
seats
As firm and sound as cafeteria stools?
Here we still suffer from the College Fire
The season's difference; as the icy draughts
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,
Which when it penetrates our cardboard
walls,
Even till we shrink with cold, we smile and
say,—
Here is no luxury; The School Councillors
Are rearing us like Spartans for the fight.
Sweet are the uses of Authority,
Which, like a toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a special jewel in his head.
And this our life exempt from proper ease,
Finds fun in draughts, comfort in sheltered
nooks,
Music in rain-drips and good in everything.
Would we not change it?

MORAG SHIRLEY, IIIB.

CLOAKROOM ETIQUETTE.

Behold a still sequestered nook,
Deep hidden in the school,
Where gentle maidens read their book,
Or con some golden rule.

Behold there learned maidens fair,
Retiring, sage, and shy,
Who never stoop to curl their hair,
Much less resort to dye.

Who come to school in flat-heeled shoes
And regulation hose;
Each cheek's a stranger still to rouge,
To powder, shining nose.

Such paragons of students sweet,
Who study hours by hours,
In some ideal school you'll meet
But not, oh not, in ours!

WILLIAM A. NOLAN, VI.

A Letter from St. Michael's of Buenos Aires

MICHAEL HAM MEMORIAL COLLEGE,
BUENOS AIRES.

DEAR ST. MICHAEL'S OF SCOTLAND,

This is St. Michael's of Buenos Aires writing to you. We'd like to be friends. Though there's a whole wide ocean between us, yet you'll find that we have many things in common. We're both under the patronage of St. Michael (what headaches we must give him sometimes !) and under the guidance and care of the Passionist Sisters. I need not mention the common load we bear—of unremitting toil at such happy tasks as English Grammar, French and Latin verbs, etc.

And now that we're acquainted, I'm sure you'd like to hear all about our school. It is a beautiful building and stands high on a 'barranca' overlooking the Rio de la Plata. It was once the home of Mr. and Mrs. Michael Ham who presented it to the Passionist Sisters when they first came to the Argentine. That is why it is called Michael Ham Memorial College, and it is affectionately known throughout Buenos Aires as 'el Michael.' It has grown in size, of course, as the number of pupils increased, and the original Ham chalet is now the boarding school and convent.

We have a wonderful chapel. It is the most beautiful place in the school, all white and silent, with a very simple altar and an enormous crucifix above it. The chapel is very big but, alas, not big enough for all of us, and so we have to take turns for our weekly Friday Mass and Communion.

Our School is really three schools in one—we have the Primary or Grade School, the Spanish Secondary or Anos and, most important, the English Secondary or Cambridge. We have to work very hard as English is a foreign language for most of us, just as Spanish is for you.

We have three Houses—St. Michael's (Yellow), St. Paul of the Cross (Red) and St. Gabriel's (Blue), and every year there is keen competition for the various House Cups, especially those for sports. We play Hockey, Rounders, Netball and Tennis. There is also an annual Gardening competition. Each House has a plot in the 'quinta' (our playing grounds) and the 'green-fingered' enthusiasts spend all their spare time weeding and watering and planting. The garden that has kept up the best show during the year gets a Cup—and really deserves it—as the gardens are very small.

Each year we do a musical play. This year it will be 'Iolanthe,' and at the moment we are in the throes of voice testing and our little orchestra is gradually coming into shape. As well as that we have an annual Caledonian Ball. We all put on tartans (some of us have a right to them !) and I think you would be surprised if you saw how well we dance your Scottish dances. We have a wonderful Pipe Band to help us and the St. Andrew's Society of the River Plate come in a body to adjudicate and present a shield for the best Eightsome. As it is the beginning of our winter now, we are busy practising for it and for our annual sports.

Our School 'sweats' in summer and often in winter as well. The water literally pours down the walls. That is because our climate is so very damp. And sometimes it gets so hot that it is impossible to write. The pen just slips out of your hand and, of course, we find it too hot to study. Sometimes, too, there are heavy rains and the river rises. Then we have bad floods and many people lose their homes. We bring in all the help we can, such as food, clothes, blankets.

Do you have general "crazes" at your school? Our chief one is knitting. Every year it breaks out afresh in spite of severe repression. Probably you don't suffer from that craze as yours is a mixed school and boys don't knit, but, oh, it is so hard to keep your hands off the needles if you are a confirmed knitter, and it seems all Argentines are. At the moment our

craze is for political jokes. As you probably know our country is always a little upset politically, and every little incident has its joke attached. We pass these around until something fresh happens, and believe me we never have very long to wait.

In our final year at school there are two traditions that we have to fulfil. One is to search for a certain secret passage that is supposed to lead from the house down to the river. Of course, nobody really believes that, but each year a fresh search is made. Then we also have to try to ring the Church bell on the last day of class. There used to be an extra key of the bell tower carefully handed down from generation to generation of Form VIIIA, and despite all vigilance each year the bell was punctually rung. But two years ago Mother Superior got a new Yale lock on the door and, strangely enough, she never wants to lend the key to us—even to keep up the old traditions.

This letter wouldn't be complete if I didn't tell you about Jimmy, our school porter. He knows every one of us by name and always says "Good afternoon," when we are late. The little girls run to him in all their difficulties. They call him "Sheemy," and he has to pray for all their tests and is always first to see the results. He is the kind of porter every school should have.

And now we hope you have a vague idea of what our school is like. What about your writing back to tell us something of yours? Well, we wish you lots of luck in your exams. and *hasta la vista*.

MICHAEL HAM.

VITAI LAMPADA.

I SOMETIMES sit and read Sir Henry Newbolt's famous poem, "Vitai Lampada," which means the Torch of Life. It is an allusion to the old Greek relay race in which a torch was handed by one runner to the next, and the poet certainly helps me to picture life as a race or game.

"And it's not for the sake of a ribboned coat,
Or the selfish hope of a season's fame;
But his captain's hand on his shoulder smote—
Play up! Play up! and play the game!"

Here the boy is learning his first lesson in sportsmanship from his captain.

Now in manhood he is seen on the battlefield, wearied and worn from long exposure and suffering, but his lesson learnt on the sportsfield gives him courage to fight to the end. Newbolt in the last verse says the same strength will be found in the message, as long as there are schools to pass it on through the years. Thus, I think, it is an ideal poem for school children.

MARY SHEPHERD, Primary VII.

AN AWKWARD SNEEZE.

MR. BROWN had a cold and he felt very miserable. After dinner he thought that he would cheer himself up by paying a visit to the Auction Sale a few doors away. It would help him to forget his cold. Arrived at the sale, he was jostled and pushed about by the crowd of interested purchasers. At last he procured a seat. The auctioneer came in and Mr. Brown leaned back, intending to enjoy himself. The auction commenced but so did Mr. Brown's cold. He gave a great sneeze which shook him all over. At that moment the auctioneer was taking bids for an ancient carpet. "Any advance on £5 for this fine carpet?" The only answer was Mr. Brown's great sneeze accompanied by a shake of the head. That did it. The auctioneer thought Mr. Brown was willing to give the £5, so the poor man got nothing for his outing but a carpet he did not wish to buy.

ELEANOR HALL, Primary VI.

TREK FOR A CHEQUE.

'Twas morn at John o' Groats on that long
awaited day,
And the road beneath the sun a ribbon
wide,
When the walkers set their courses in the
morning's misty grey,
A band of gallants standing side by side.
They were a splendid company, one thousand
men and more,
Two thousand eyes all focussed on the
cheque;
And they cheered them from the roadside,
the gallants at the fore,
When the bold one thousand started on
their trek.

They were clear of Inverlochy, they were
heading for Glencoe,
Where they heard the wind come rushing
through the vale;
'Twas a challenge and they knew it, only
half a mile to go,
Would they make it through the pass or
would they fail?
They were nearer, nearer, nearer, they were
there beyond a doubt,
But a few had fallen sadly on the way;
They arrived at Crianlarich, everyone was
tired out,
But the bold four hundred marched on
through the day.

Quite soon they reached the Border; into
England boldly strode,
Down through Carlisle and then on down
by Preston,
And they looked ahead with confidence at
the coming miles of road,
"To win or not to win?" That was
the question.
They were marching further south and were
nearer to Land's End,
They would never think of stopping at
this length.
A tempting prize was offered, a thousand
pounds to spend,
And the bold two hundred knew they had
the strength.

They were closer, closer, closer, they were
closer to Land's End,
And the crowds were growing larger by
the mile,
They ever hoped to see it, just lying round
each bend,
But they hid their disappointment with
a smile.
There was very little sleep now, they were
marching through the night.
Ev'ry man was hoping he would head
the list;
And the people at the roadside cheered
them on with all their might,
As the bold score struggled on through
falling mist.

"'Twas morn down in Cornwall on that
long-expected day,
And the road beneath the sun a ribbon
wide,
And th' expectant crowds were waiting in the
morning's misty grey,
A band of worthies standing side by side.
A murmur rose into a cheer, "Here comes
the first man in!"
Billy Butlin, smiling broadly, gave the
cheque;
Only five of his brave comrades staggered
gamely after him,
When the bold half dozen finished off
their trek.

TOM VANCE, VI.

MY DOG.

I have a little doggy
And it isn't very thin.
I like to think it's Rebel,
Or even Rin-Tin-Tin.

When people come to our house,
My little doggy barks;
It chases all the sparrows,
The thrushes and the larks.

It sometimes chews my pencils;
It sometimes chews my pens;
It sometimes chases pussy cats
But it never chases hens.

ELIZABETH EGAN, I N. L.



*"You are nearer God's heart in a garden
than anywhere else on earth."*

As I walk now in my own garden the beauty and truth of these words sink more deeply into my soul. How wonderful heaven must be!

There is little Carolyne almost hidden by the hollyhocks which grow so tall and stately that they appear to be making a valiant effort to reach heaven. Just below my bedroom window is the night-scented stock, thriving like the hollyhocks to reach heaven. Even the humble little daisies seem to be lifting their faces smilingly to their Creator.

As I look into the beautiful water-lily pond in the middle of my garden, I can see the reflection of the sun disappearing behind the hills. When just a toddler I used to ask my mother why the big ball of fire didn't fall from the sky, but now I see God's hand in that also.

Now I reach my favourite spot where I linger over a bed of roses with their heads held high like little queens. Men have made lovely perfumes but none have the heavenly scent of the roses which just now are being showered by kisses from another of God's most beautiful creatures, the butterfly. When I look at it I am filled with envy of this free and gorgeous little creature. Four years ago my garden was only a piece of waste land and now it is my own little paradise.

FRANCES O'HAGAN, Primary VII.

EASTERTIDE.

Now the day grows dark as night,
Now the lightning flashes bright.
Hear the thunder in the sky!
Hear the women's wailing cry!

Why the darkness in the sky?
What the reason for the cry?
Jesus has been crucified!
Jesus, Lord of Life, has died!

Crucified and died for me;
Buried, too, to set me free;
Yet the third day, He shall rise
And see His Mother's shining eyes.

On the third and glorious day
Where the stone is rolled away,
That other Mary shall rejoice,
Listening to her Master's Voice.

John, although he wins the race,
Must wait awhile to see His face,
For Jesus goes ahead to see
His beloved Galilee.

In forty days He shall ascend
The Spirit in His church to send;
And ever at His Father's side
Shall reign, Our Saviour Crucified.

JOHN BRESLIN, IIB.

FRIENDSHIP.

Someone whom we need;
Someone whom we heed;
That's a friend.

Someone near to share
Every joy and care;
That's a friend.

Someone very nice
Ready with advice;
That's a friend.

MARGARET MILLAR, IIA.

SCHOOLS' CONFERENCE, 1960

EACH year the Commonwealth Institute organises a Schools' Conference about some part of the Commonwealth. Last year, for instance, it was the West Indies. This year they chose East Africa. The Conference is held in Ayr Academy, each Ayrshire secondary school sending delegates in proportion to its numbers.

Thus it was that on 7th April, six St. Michael's pupils were faced with the glorious prospect of missing a whole day from school. We almost spoiled it by nearly missing the A.A. bus, which was already loaded with other delegates. On arrival at Ayr Academy we all gathered in the Memorial Hall. When we entered, the first thing we noticed was an enormous map of East Africa. The Art and Geography Departments had obviously been collaborating to good purpose.

After a short introduction by the Rector, Mr. Cairns, Dr. McKeever took over. She was a Geography specialist, lecturer in various Universities and now in St. Andrews. She had had wide experience with the Civil Service in East Africa. Dr. McKeever's lecture was on the Geographical and Economic Aspects of Kenya, Uganda and Tanganyika. She gave us an account of their positions, areas and population figures, proceeding to relief and climate. Low rainfall, fly-borne disease such as malaria and sleepy sickness, the malnutrition, unwillingness to work and 'cattle complex' of the natives all made for a low standard of living in a naturally poor country. The attitude of some Europeans—that Africans were incapable of any kind of modern agriculture—was also a drawback. The Government, however, was concerned with the development of native agriculture; one tribe, the Chaggas, had been successful in growing large crops of coffee, and were living in comparative luxury.

After this we poured out of the hall to the Assembly Hall for a break of half an hour. We stood about in little multi-coloured school groups, eying each other furtively. There was a great variety of uniforms—maroon, light blue, purple, dark green, navy and, of course, black. It seemed to me that there were amazing differences in appearance possible even within the bounds of strict school uniform. There were girls who could be described as typical school girls. Others looked more like fashion models. The boys were generally more conventional, though one or two were unorthodox. For instance, a yellow tie, blue shorts and rusty orange sweater in conjunction with a purple blazer had to be seen to be believed.

The second lecturer was Mr. Taylor, author and Civil Servant. He was the official biographer of Sir Roy Welensky and had also been a newspaper reporter. Born of Inverness parents who had moved to the North of England, Mr. Taylor had a fascinating accent. He put his ideas across most interestingly and with great clarity. The first part of the talk was about African Politics in general; the rise of Nationalism and the desire for independence. This had been achieved in some areas and was imminent in others. Unfortunately the Africans were woefully unprepared for self-government and there was scarcely any time to educate them politically. There were different political problems—in Uganda it was the problem of converting the natives from a feudal society into more democratic one. In Kenya it was one of racialism, since most of the white settlers were here. There was conflict between the extremists and moderates among blacks and whites. The problem had been solved in Tanganyika, which followed a moderate system of voting for all three racial groups—European, African and Asian. The ideal, said Mr. Taylor, was for several stable economies and political blocs to be established in Africa, to form the basis of a United Africa.

Now came the moment, secretly dreaded by some of us. We split up into study groups, where we were to debate some of the list of topics for discussion. There were about 25 people and a teacher in each group.

The first hurdle was choosing a group leader to act as chairman, secretary and reporter for the group. There was a polite silence for about five minutes, growing slightly more strained

as time went on. Finally, one girl made a heroic effort and volunteered. There was immense relief all round. We had to choose the topics we wished to discuss; after another uncomfortable silence one of the boys ventured an opinion. Five minutes later there was a heated argument in progress. As the debate went on it developed into a three-cornered discussion, with some throwing in remarks from time to time. The rest relaxed and absorbed it all, wondering at the display of eloquence. It was very interesting watching the speakers. There was the aggressive type, throwing out sweeping statements, contrasted with the slow, humourless type. Then there was the knowledgeable one and, of course, the comedian. Some of the topics discussed were "How justifiable is the white claim to continued supremacy in Kenya?" "The African natives are the descendants of Ham cursed to be hewers of wood and drawers of water"; "Is such a view tenable to-day?" "Better our own bad government than an efficient government by outsiders."

At the height of the discussion we had to break up for lunch. The dining-hall was invaded by hundreds of delegates who cleared the place of food like locusts and departed for a walk along the shore.

Afterwards we returned to our groups and talked pleasantly to our new acquaintances while the leader struggled with her report. Then came the final assembly when reports were read out by the group leaders. In all the reports the idealism of young people was apparent. They were indignant that Africans should be considered 'hewers of wood' and many disapproving references were made to South Africa. All favoured African independence, but not immediately, advising the gradual transfer of power.

Finally, Dr. McKeever and Mr. Taylor summed up. They congratulated the reporters and the groups on their interesting and sensible conclusions. After the usual votes of thanks the conference broke up. The delegates scattered to their various home towns with a pleasantly satisfied feeling which, I think, was not due entirely to missing a day at school.

MARY McCANN, VI.

FOUR MINUTES' WARNING.

Four minutes' warning; from a Russian site
Death could come swiftly in the night.
People clambering on every side,
With nowhere to turn, escape or hide.

The Russian Arrow speeds true to the mark,
Its bite so immensely worse than its bark.
Thousands are lying, overwhelmed by pain,
While radio-active dust falls like rain.

Soon all is quiet; all seems at peace;
But for those surviving all freedom will cease.
Can the world not learn before too late,
That the aim of the Reds is destruction
and hate?

One thought conceived by some evil mind,
And gone from existence is most of mankind.

MICHAEL KEEGAN, IV (Commercial).

OUR PATRON.

Satan held council with his many friends,
A God I am, not less than He whom we adore.
In that tense moment, God's anger rose as
ne'er before,

Near shattering heaven and Satan's fellow
fiends.

To God's right hand the archangel sped:
"My sword, my armies are at Your call."
"In hell cast down those rebels all!"

Calls God, as Satan through heaven's
mansions fled.

Hard battle resounds amongst celestial ways,
At length down to hell Michael's foes are
hurled.

Evermore does he aid us mid snares of this
world.

Love God and Our Patron will guard you
always.

ANNE MARIE McLAUGHLIN, IIB.



SENIOR XI.

The season has been a disappointing one. In the League Competition several games were lost by narrow margins, games which, one felt, might have been won.

The League Record reads :—Played, 8 ; Won, 4 ; Lost, 3 ; Drawn, 1 ; Goals for 36, against 24 ; Points, 9.

In the Ayrshire S.S. Schools' Cup we were beaten after two replays (aggregate score 7-8) by Cumnock Academy, the winners of the trophy.

In the "Maley" Trophy we were defeated in the first round by Our Lady's High School, Motherwell.

A Second XI. played a few friendly matches in which they performed very well.

The main scorers for the Senior XI. were A. Reid 8, T. McLaughlin 7, J. Murray 6, M. Murray 6.

INTERMEDIATE XI.

The season has been a highly successful one. Not only did the team win their section of the North Ayrshire League but they did so without losing a game. Their playing record for the season reads :—Played, 12 ; Won, 12 ; Goals for, 59 ; Goals against, 12.

The team have reached the final of the North Ayrshire Cup and will play Irvine R.A. in the final at a later date. They will also take part in the Dreghorn Juniors F.C. Schools' Cup and the Football Tournament in connection with the Largs Festival of Sport, and we hope they will do well in both.

Special mention must be made of the performance of Centre-forward T. McLaughlin who has scored 15 goals for the Intermediate XI. and 7 for the Senior XI.

Other scorers included P. Medine 11, E. England 11, J. Murray 6, J. McBride 6.

JUNIOR XI.

Congratulations to our Junior XI. who won the North Ayrshire Junior Cup. In the final (a repeat of last year's final) they again defeated Stevenston J.S.S. by 5-1. In earlier rounds they had defeated Irvine R.A. and Largs J.S.

FIRST YEAR XI.

The First Year XI. played several friendly matches and one Ayrshire Cup match. In the latter game they were defeated by Cumnock Academy. Their season's record reads :— Played 10, Won 3, Lost 7, Goals for 17, Goals against 41.

REPRESENTATIVE GAMES.

Tom McLaughlin and Joseph Murray played for the North Ayrshire XI. against Hamilton. In this match which Hamilton won by 4-3, all three Ayrshire goals were scored by St. Michael's boys, McLaughlin scoring two and J. Murray one.

SENIOR PLAYERS.

M. Murray (*Captain*), W. Nolan, D. Tyler, Gr. O'Sullivan, E. Monan, E. McHugh, A. Reid, T. McLaughlin, J. Busbridge, J. Murray, O. Murray, J. Reid, E. England.

INTERMEDIATE PLAYERS.

J. Milligan, C. Birmingham, G. Meikle, D. Newell, J. Busbridge (*Captain*), T. McCann, E. England, J. McBride, T. McLaughlin, J. Murray, P. Medine, G. Sloan, I. Kelly.

JUNIOR XI.

H. Welsh, J. McAvoy, T. McCann (*Captain*), W. Howie, E. Thomson, M. McCulloch, H. Davidson, B. Connick, J. Martin, J. Hill, J. Malloy, J. McIlhatton.

FIRST YEAR XI.

J. Doran, W. Millar, D. Carey, B. McKernon, E. Thomson, J. Kennedy, J. Durning, J. Byrne, H. FORDE, J. Hill, J. McIlhatton, J. McBreen.

Netball

LAST season was a successful one for all five teams. The First Senior Team won the Ayrshire Senior Tournament, a much-prized trophy ; while the First Junior Team followed the lead of the Seniors by winning the North Ayrshire Junior Tournament. The First Year Team had few games but acquitted themselves creditably and showed much promise. But undoubtedly the highest honours go to the First Senior Team which showed constant good form and in the whole session was beaten only once—by Kilmarnock Academy. After winning the tournament they went outside the County for a friendly game with Charlotte Street, Glasgow. But whether their form was poor that day or the Glasgow team, a more than good one, they were beaten after a close game by 18 to 14.

In the present season the two Senior Teams had a promising start by defeating Dalry High School 21-6 and 20-0 respectively. The two Junior Teams have had poor luck in their first matches but their enthusiasm gives promise of future conquests. We have high hopes that with due practice and the excellent coaching of Miss McCann both First Teams will again succeed in winning their respective tournaments.

J. TRAYNER, *Captain*.

Hockey

THE season started well with a full fixture list and almost unchanged Senior XI. During the Autumn term the Seniors put up a good record and played well at the Ayrshire Tournament, just failing to qualify for the semi-finals. The School was represented at the Ayrshire Trials. The highlight of the season was a game with Marr College, who held us to a 1-1 draw. After Christmas there were many fixtures cancelled because of bad weather and there was also a noticeable drop in enthusiasm due to lack of practice, "Highers" and, later, the prospect of the Netball season. Although the end to the season was a little disappointing, the prospect is bright for the future, since there is much more support from the Junior School than formerly. The newer Second and Third Year XIs, played a few fixtures and promise well.

M. McC.

THE KENNEL MAID

ALTHOUGH Carol was happy in her job as a kennel-maid, her secret ambition was to fly. She wanted to be an air hostess, but she was plump and shy. Moreover, she herself knew that she would never be one of the slim confident figures she had seen on her visits to the airport.

"Never mind," said her employer, Mrs. Carr, "I'd hate to lose you. In spite of your butter-fingers with my feeding dishes, you're indispensable to me."

Praise, indeed; but a few days later at a dog show, Carol felt that she could do nothing right. She started by losing the admission passes. After many mishaps, however, they both got in and settled at their bench. Next Carol knocked a bottle of coat-dressing and Mrs. Carr's diamond brooch from the table. By this time Mrs. Carr had become quite cross, especially when Carol could not find her brooch. However, Mrs. Carr recovered when her red puppy won two firsts. Shortly afterwards she had to go home.

"Carol, I'll leave you to carry on. Do your best," she said.

Determined to find Mrs. Carr's brooch before the show closed, Carol peered under the benches. Further along she saw something glittering. Eagerly she crawled towards it.

"It's the brooch," she thought to herself with relief. The only trouble was that it lay near two pairs of feet. Carol was going to stand up when she heard the owner of the feet say, "I am Mrs. Carr's agent and she refuses any offer under twelve hundred pounds."

Carol sprang to her feet. "None of that is true," she cried. "You are certainly not our agent."

The man tried to bluster but Carol's wrath proved too much and he made a hasty retreat. The lady to whom he had been speaking was an American dealer named Mrs. Curley.

Next day was a red letter day at the kennels. Mrs. Curley bought five dogs, and seeing Carol's sad face at the parting made a delightful proposition, "How would you like to fly back to the States with me?" she said.

Again Carol found herself at the airport, but this time she was travelling. She had photographs taken for the press and she did not feel a bit shy.

PATRICIA FINNEGAN, IIC.

Requiescat



In Peace

Mr. James J. Mullen.

A PROFOUND sense of tragedy and loss permeated the school with the news of the death of Mr. James Mullen on 2nd February, the feast of the Purification of Our Lady. His death took place in hospital after an operation. Those of the staff who had visited him in hospital in the few days before the operation had found him cheerful and lively, looking forward to his return to school and making plans for the future. His sudden death came as a real shock to all.

Mr. Mullen was a native of Glasgow, educated at St. Aloysius' College and Glasgow University. He taught for a number of years in St. Joseph's Boys' School, Glasgow, and came to St. Michael's in 1948, having moved to Ayrshire to live a few years previously. He was appointed Special Assistant with responsibility for teaching History in the school.

It comes to few teachers to be as popular and respected among both staff and pupils as Mr. Mullen. Of a gentle disposition, quiet humour, he had a special fondness for the underprivileged. A man of sound principles, wide culture, he was versed in many subjects and master of his own. A subscriber to modern reviews of historical and literary events, he was always up to the minute in world affairs. He had a liking for classical music and his other relaxations were mainly golf, chess and bridge. His male colleagues will always remember with pleasure the sessions of bridge and chess, when he and Mrs. Mullen acted as hosts. He was keenly interested in all school activities, being a prime mover in the Annual Staff *v.* Pupils golf match, in the starting of the School Magazine in 1957, which he supervised then and afterwards.

His Requiem Mass and Funeral took place in West Kilbride. Amongst the large number of mourners were members of the staff and senior pupils, who formed a Guard of Honour outside the Church, reciting the Rosary as the cortege passed. A few days later, in St. Mary's Church, Irvine, Father Walker offered a sung Requiem Mass for the repose of his soul.

Mr. Mullen was a man of deep religious convictions which he imparted to his pupils. He was a regular attender at daily Mass. As a schoolboy he had become a member of Our Lady's Sodality and this he remained throughout life, travelling to St. Aloysius' for the Sodality's monthly Communion. It seems fitting that one with such love for the Mother of God should pass to his reward under her care on the feast of her Purification.

Nunc dimittis servum tuum, Domine, secundum verbum tuum in pace.



HOCKEY—FIRST XI.

Back Row.—K. McKAY, T. MEDINE, M. M. MACINTYRE, F. CRONIN, C. MACINTYRE, D. CALLAGHAN.
Front Row.—A. BROWN, G. HUGHES, M. McCANN (*Captain*), J. TRAYNER, C. WHYTE.



NETBALL—SENIOR TEAM.

Back Row.—D. CALLAGHAN, M. KEARNEY, M. PATERSON, M. M. MACINTYRE, MISS McCANN.
Front Row.—A. BROWN, C. WHYTE (*Captain*), J. TRAYNER.



LEGION OF MARY.

Praesidium of Our Lady of Sorrows.



PRIMARY VI. and VII. CHOIR.

Back Row.—T. KILFEATHER, J. GARTLAND, I. CUNNINGHAM, E. MCKAY, E. HALL, A. PRICE, M. STRAIN, MISS TRAYNOR, E. CURLEY, Y. ARCARO, E. MCLAUGHLIN, F. QUINN, H. MCROBERTS, V. GARTLAND, J. HUNTER, S. ZIKMANN.

Front Row.—P. HUGHES, J. MCMULKIN, P. ROWE, M. SHEPHERD, A. MCCAFFREY, A. MURRAY, F. O'HAGAN, M. ROWE, P. MURPHY, G. O'NEIL, J. BYRNE.



FORM VI.

Back Row.—C. MACINTYRE, K. MCKAY, M. SMYTH, B. ARKISON, M. TUTTY, G. QUINN, A. CONVERY, O. CASTELVECCHI.

Middle Row.—A. BROWN, A. BROWN, N. CAIRNEY, V. MCEVOY, V. CAIRNEY, M. DICK, M. ORR.

Front Row.—B. NOLAN, J. SHANKS (*Vice-Captain*), L. CHALMERS (*Captain*), M. MCCANN (*Captain*), T. HICKEY (*Vice-Captain*), M. PATERSON.



COUNTRY DANCING TEAM (FIRST YEAR).

Left to Right.—P. KERNAHAN, A. TRAYNOR, MISS MCCANN, M. A. NEWELL, M. TRAYNER, D. MILLAR, P. SAVAGE, A. BALE, M. REID.



SENIOR XI. FOOTBALL.

Back Row.—MR. WALSH, MR. LEISHMAN, D. TYLER, T. McLAUGHLIN, B. NOLAN, J. BUSBRIDGE, J. MURRAY, E. McHUGH, MR. McCUTCHEON.

Front Row.—A. REID, J. REID, M. MURRAY, E. ENGLAND, G. MCGOWAN.



INTERMEDIATE XI. FOOTBALL.

Back Row.—M. McCULLOCH, MR. MAGUIRE, G. SLOAN, T. McLAUGHLIN, J. MILLIGAN, C. BIRMINGHAM, D. NEWELL, G. MEIKLE, MR. LEISHMAN.

Front Row.—E. ENGLAND, T. McCANN, J. BUSBRIDGE, J. McBRIDE, P. MEDINE.

MARTYR'S HOME

HIGH upon the Coelian Hill, one of Rome's seven famous hills, there was raised in the days of the early Roman Empire a great temple to the deified emperor, Claudius. To-day, another edifice lends distinction to a hill already renowned, for here stands the famous Basilica of Saints, John and Paul and the Mother House of the Passionist Order. This Church, whose glorious mediaeval bell tower rests upon the titanic arches of the temple of Claudius, was entrusted to the Passionist Fathers by the Pope in the time of their founder, Saint Paul of the Cross. Now the richly restored titular Church of Cardinal Spellman, it provides much that it would be of interest to learn; it is not, however, about the Church but of the Roman House which lies beneath the Basilica that we wish to tell. This house, a Roman private dwelling of the empire period, was also a Christian residence, and in this dual aspect it is unique in Europe. It was excavated in the late nineteenth century, thanks to the Passionist, Father Germanus, whose firm belief was that the present basilica was built upon, not in place of, an earlier shrine. His excavations discovered more than a shrine—the actual residence of the martyrs, John and Paul, a two-storey, twenty-room house of the third century A.D.

A sixth century account of the martyrdom tells us that John and Paul, two brothers whose names are mentioned in the Canon of the Mass, were martyred in 362 A.D. for the crime of "Christianism" by order of the apostate emperor, Julian. They were beheaded and their bodies flung into a pit under the stairs of their house while their death was kept secret because of their popularity with the poor. But the news leaked out and a priest, Crispus, a deacon, Crispianus, and a pious woman, Benedicta, went to the house to search for the bodies in order to give them Christian burial. These, too, were arrested and put to death. Later Bysantius, a Roman senator, converted the house of the martyrs into a sanctuary, but as this soon proved too small for the devotions of the faithful, the house was filled in with earth and St. Pammachius had a Basilica built above it. A passage was left from the street to the place of the martyrdom and this remained open till the twelfth century, when it too was filled in.

The excavations have given back to us a house that must have been one of the largest and most beautiful of the great dwellings on the Coelian Hill. With its reception rooms, its store houses and cellars, it is almost perfect. Nearly fifty feet high, consisting of a ground floor and two storeys, it offered to its owners one of the finest views within the city. Modern architects tell us that the building had been originally two separate houses, one of the first century and the other of the second or third, but that these were later combined to make one mansion. All the usual parts of a Roman house are there—atrium, tablinum, trielinium, cavaedium and other rooms used for domestic purposes. There is a steam bath-chamber containing a huge earthenware basin where the bather, after his vapour bath and massage, refreshed himself in the luxury of water. There is even a wine cellar with great vases for wine and oil, some of which are marked with the monogram of Christ and were doubtless set apart for use at Mass.

A great point of interest is that this house spanned the transition stage between paganism and Christianity, for the pagan frescoes of the dining-room had been plastered over with imitation marble to make it less objectionable to the Christian owner. Where the plaster has peeled away there is exposed a fresco of pagan gods and goddesses accompanied by fat cupids sailing in little boats, while portly dolphins frisk and gambol beneath them in the water. In the next room, however, the decoration is Christian, showing the symbols of fish and doves, while in the tablinum, amidst Roman decorations of flowers and birds, appears another symbolic picture. A tree stands in the centre of the picture with sheep and goats on either side of it, reminding us of the elect and reprobate on the Last Day. A Roman house had been baptised.

Coming upstairs from the bathroom we pass through a door into a corridor-like room. Here the bodies of the martyrs were flung after execution, and straight ahead a stairway leads to the *locus confessionis*, the spot where the martyrs, John and Paul, were beheaded. Here

we see in a fresco the arrest and execution of the other martyrs, Crispus, Crispianus and Benedicta. On the back wall are depicted two saints, probably Saints John and Paul, while in the left-hand corner is a splendid fresco of a praying Christian. Near the entrance stands another well-known symbol of the Blessed Eucharist—a pail of milk resting on a block of marble between two sheep.

Pope Damasus, who came to the throne in 366, four years after the martyrdom, placed a marble slab on the spot of the martyrdom and its inscription reads thus: "This sacred spot John and Paul guard, who have suffered martyrdom for the name of Christ and with their purple blood bought the prize of eternal life." For they lived and died for their faith, ending their noble lives with these words to the executioner: "If thy master is Julian, keep peace with him. For us there is no other master but the Lord Jesus Christ."

The Legion of Mary

LAST November a school Praesidium of the Legion of Mary was formed. It was an important move, not merely for those who were to become members but for all those who were interested in the extension of praesidia in the schools of the Northern Curia. No one was sure how it would work but a few girls were willing to give it a try. Thus the Praesidium was formed under the Presidency of Miss McGeough, the Spiritual Directorship of Father Walsh, and with the constant help and encouragement of a former pupil, Miss Tipping.

During the time of the Leaving Certificate examinations the difficulty of doing an hour's work was overcome by arranging for it to be done in school during the dinner hour; Legionnaires, for example, looked after the Spiritual Library.

At Christmas the members went to a hospital to sing carols to the patients. They took a small crib to Burnside Home and explained to the children what Catholics felt was the real meaning of Christmas. A party followed and it would be difficult to say who enjoyed it most, the Legionnaires or the children. On going away the girls were showered with requests from the children to come back to see them.

Other work of the Legion, especially commended by His Lordship the Bishop, is the Café Apostolate—Legionnaires spend an hour in a café trying to bring the conversation round to the subject of religion. It is a difficult task and not always accomplished. Very often, however, teenagers show interest and ask questions about the Faith.

Almost every Saturday or Sunday a few Legionnaires visit an old people's hospital. At first the patients were polite but not very talkative; now we notice that they very much look forward to our visits. In fact, the last time we were there, an old lady remarked how big we had grown since our visit. This amused us as it was only three weeks since we had been there.

At the moment we are engaged in obtaining pamphlets from different orders of Nuns and Priests. Each week information about some order is pinned up in the main corridor. The purpose is to prepare the way for the Vocations Exhibition by stimulating an interest in the Religious Life and, more important, to foster vocations in the school.

The Legion, indeed, has taken root, the active membership is now thirty. Yet whatever success we have had is due (under God and Our Lady) in great part to the gallant band of Auxiliary Legionnaires, scattered throughout the school, who have supported us by their prayers.

A. M. TRAYNOR, V.

The Look-Listen Group

LAST year, during the month of October, St. Michael's was honoured by a visit from Father Agnellus Andrew, O.F.M., Head of the Catholic Radio Movement; Father Denis O'Connell, Director of the Catholic Radio Movement in Edinburgh, and Father Francis Duffy of Dumfries, Catholic Advisor to Scottish Independent Television. Father Agnellus had come to Scotland to conduct a Look-Listen campaign in the Diocese of Galloway.

Addressing an audience, composed of staff and pupils, Father Agnellus stressed the great opportunity which had arisen of breaking down prejudice and misunderstanding and winning respect for the Church, through television and, to a lesser extent, radio. Father Agnellus went on to give an outline of the enormous amount of work entailed behind the scenes at the Catholic Radio Centre and begged for prayers for the success of the Catholic Movement.

After this inspiring address, Father O'Connell and Father Duffy in turn faced the enthralled audience. Their plea was for the introduction of a Look-Listen Society into the school and for pupils to act as promoters for "Annunciation," the official Catholic Magazine for Radio, Television and Films. The purpose of a Look-Listen Group is to view or to listen to programmes in order to judge whether they are in keeping with Christian beliefs and morals or are anti-Christian and morally wrong.

So great was the influence of this all-too-short visit that several pupils volunteered to become promoters, and William Nolan immediately got down to forming a Look-Listen Group.

The present group is made up of nine members of Form V. with a Fifth Year as Group Leader. Every week programmes are heard or watched, and a report is sent, monthly, to the Catholic Radio Centre in Middlesex. Our first report was published in the April issue of "Annunciation."

In addition to its discussions the Group has undertaken to display, weekly, in the main corridor, lists of interesting programmes, as a guide to others in the school.

Recently, Father Duffy again paid a visit to the school, on this occasion solely to address the Look-Listen Group. He described the training given to a Priest before appearing on any television programme, and also the precautions taken to ensure the programme's success. Finally, Father Duffy encouraged the Group to continue its work in the future, even though no immediate results are evident.

ENNIS MCHUGH, V.

Debating Society Report

THE Debating Society was inaugurated at the beginning of November, 1959, at the suggestion of the Sixth Years who felt it would provide an interesting and useful occupation during the dinner hour. The initial enthusiasm was great, and even the more retiring members made an effort to speak from the floor, but when a majority vote decided in favour of a rota of principal speakers, most of the Sixth Year girls took fright and withdrew.

Later, however, we augmented our numbers with pupils from Fourth Year, who have taken a lively interest in the discussions.

Subjects for the debate have been hard to find. Yet this is only natural as the Society is still in its infancy. So far they have been either topical ones or questions of importance to the members of the Society. They have ranged from Vivisection and Apartheid to the comparatively frivolous yet dangerous subject of the Superiority of the Male.

The purpose of the Society is not merely to fill in the dinner hour but rather to stimulate and promote individuality, logical reasoning, a sense of humour and above all an interest in the things which surround us. Those who are in the present Fourth and Fifth Years will have the task of carrying on the work of the Society and perhaps of finding ways in which its discussions can have some effect on the members' thought and behaviour.

We are grateful to those who have heroically endured the ordeal of speaking to the multitude and generally to all who by their presence have helped to support the Society.

BRENDAN ARKISON, VI.

“A Square Peg in a Round Hole”

THE Summer of 1959 was one that will be remembered for a long time. This is because the weather was glorious for three months. It was the best summer which Scotland had experienced for a hundred years. It is for a different reason, however, that I shall long remember it.

Farming is my chosen hobby and each year I eagerly look forward to spending my holidays on the farm. Last summer my mother decided that things should be different; she was afraid that her son should turn into a bull. I strongly opposed any innovation but, the opposition being too great, I got (or rather my mother got me) a job in a cafe in Largs.

On my first morning I left the house for Largs, feeling very downcast, a feeling that remained with me throughout the holidays. Conditions contrasted bitterly with those on the farm. To start with, I worked a twelve-hour day; then I had to fold myself up (all my 6 ft. 2 ins.) in a tiny kiosk, and for the first time in my life I was a public servant. During these weeks I began to realise just how inconsiderate a master the public can be.

I encountered the holiday-maker who regarded my kiosk as an information bureau, and who lost patience when I confessed that I also was a stranger to the town. I encountered the apparently illiterate who pestered me for cigarettes, despite my window-notice: “Cigarettes next door.” I increased the size of the notice until it nearly filled the whole window and hid the goods displayed. The public demand for cigarettes only increased. I encountered the grumbler who moaned about the price, the quality, the quantity—even the very shape of the goods. I encountered the switherer for whose benefit I used to race through the whole list of stock and who would finally purchase the first-named article. I encountered the stickler for hygiene who objected even to my reading a book while awaiting customers and who turned out to be the Sanitary Inspector. After one week I was thankful for the counter that stood between the public and reprisals.

The weather being glorious, business was only too brisk. Every morning the proprietor prayed for sunshine, while I prayed for rain. His prayers were more powerful than mine, and long before ten at night I was exhausted.

I hated Largs and Largs hated me. On two occasions during my lunch break I went out boating. The first time the boat broke down and I was late for my work; the second trip ended with a collision with a yacht.

I shall certainly remember the summer of 1959, during which I had my first and, I hope, my last experience of being a public servant.

MAURICE TUTTY, VI.





SEEING SCOTLAND ON 2/3

WHAT a pity you were not there to cheer us on our way when at 10.45 a.m. on Holy Saturday, with shoulders bent under overloaded ruck-sacks, we left St. Enoch's and made our way to Waterloo Street Bus Station. A 1/4 ticket on the Balloch-bound bus took us to the strategic point in Old Kilpatrick where our hitch-hike was to begin. Within minutes we were admiring lovely vistas of Loch Lomond from the luxurious interior of a new-vintage Austin, driven by Tom, a "fish-eater" from Ohio, now residing in Helensburgh. Next, Bob, the Accountant, who had taken the notion "to go for a spin as a change from gardening," carried us nearly 40 miles to Crianlarich Hotel where we refreshed ourselves with orange squash and cherry cake. By 3 p.m. we were well on our way to Tyndrum along a road that grew more picturesque at every bend. We recited our rosary, a decade each, and then reclined by the wayside to provide the human interest for one of No. 2's photographic landscapes. The camera had scarcely clicked when a van passed but drew to a standstill 20 yards further on. The driver was Duncan, the Builder, who seeing "such pitiable objects" lying by the wayside would not pass by. His van must have had elastic sides for three of us and our five ruck-sacks somehow fitted into the rear while two sat in the front with the driver's stalwart 11-year-old son and heir on our knee. When Duncan learned that we were Catholics, he was glad of the chance to repay the kindness done him the week before in Edinburgh; completely mystified by the complicated system of traffic-lanes, he had no idea where to turn when a motor-cyclist had come to his assistance and acted as his outrider through the Capital. The motor-cyclist was a Catholic Priest, Rev. T. J. O'G.

The first stage of our journey took us across Rannoch Moor and through Glencoe, awe-inspiring even in sunlight, to Kinlochleven where we admired houses that Duncan himself had built and where we stopped to stretch our legs and change places in the van; the second stage to Fort William (glittering in the sun and with Ben Nevis towering behind it), where No. 2 and No. 4 bought provisions, including a cake for Duncan's wife. The third stage to Alttisaigh Hostel on Loch Ness side where we bade goodbye to Duncan whose scholarship, wit and eloquence had made even the three "insides" forget that they were cramped, and to James, "a lad o' pairts."

Alttisaigh is a quaint old house with a flight of steep, rough-hewn steps leading up almost from the water's edge to the upper storey. We cooked our supper over Calor Gas and as we disposed of soup, eggs, sausages, steak, coffee and cake we were thrilled whenever we looked to the right and saw the Loch which in volume of water and mean depth far exceeds any other in Scotland, and which, even in the days of St. Columba, was reputed to be the home of the

Monster. The local people do not treat that subject with flippancy. We turned in early that night and were lulled to sleep by the sound of the wavelets lapping on the shingle below our open window.

Astir by 7 a.m. on Easter Sunday, we breakfasted, saw to our chores and quitted Alttsaigh despite a reminder on the notice-board that leaving a hostel on the Sabbath is one of a long list of actions proscribed on the Lord's Day. It was a glorious morning; we saw the last of the mists dissolving and knots of primroses opening on the hillsides as we made our way along Loch Ness side towards Fort Augustus. We had barely finished our rosary when David, the rock-climber, collected and set us down at the open gates of the Abbey. By 12 noon we had assisted at Pontifical High Mass sung by Father Abbot and the Community, and had received our Easter Absolution and Holy Communion. Afterwards Father J. A. Carruth showed us the Catacombs Chapel with its ceiling-and-wall paintings done by a Russian Monk in the Abbey, and a crucifix studded with precious and semi-precious stones, all waiting to be gathered by the alert beachcomber. We visited his "Holy Shroud" Exhibition, the proceeds from which are devoted to the Ryder-Cheshire Homes and read a recent letter of acknowledgment of a gift of £80 in Leonard Cheshire's own handwriting and addressed G.P.O. Box 518, India. At 2.20 p.m. we were lunching *al fresco* on chicken, bread-and-butter and pears, for we had No. 1's birthday and No. 3's name-day to celebrate as well as Easter. From 3 to 5 p.m. we hiked towards Inverness and then divided into two groups, which reached Inverness simultaneously. Stockbroker Charles, although racing for the ferry, had stopped to collect the second group. We were interested in the unconventional summer holidays he and his wife and six children (ranging from 18 years of to 1 year) choose. Last summer's they spent in India; it meant saving months ahead to gather the cost of the flight but once there they could live cheaply because they are prepared to forgo their regular standards of comfort and even hygiene for the time being. Inverness Hostel had a very oriental atmosphere on Easter Sunday evening, for a party of 39 Asiatics from Kirby College, Liverpool, were staying there overnight. The girls were as dainty as dolls.

After travelling from Inverness to Strome Ferry—one group by Achnasheen, the other by Loch Carron—we were reunited providentially, the instrument of Providence being "Jugoslav" Charles. He invited Group 2 to join the party in the back of his dormobile and there we found Group 1 singing lustily among speckled trout, fishing tackle, storm lantern, crockery, etc., etc. We earned our lift by our sweet selection of student songs with the three 'outsiders' harmonising.

From Strome we hiked towards the Kyle of Lochalsh. Four and five got a lift from Farquharson, and Donald in the cabin of a lorry laden with granite chips on the top of which we heaped our ruck-sacks. It was Donald who announced just after we had negotiated a sharp bend in the road that one of the ruck-sacks had flown off and who went back and captured it. One, two and three reached the Kyle of Lochalsh two hours later, exhausted. They had hiked the whole length of that switchback of a road. A good pot of tea, however, worked wonders for them.

We sang our way to Skye or very nearly so, for we were charged 3d—half-fare. From Kyleakin we walked most of the way to Broadford, getting a lift for the last two miles in an open van. The Broadford Hostel not re-opening till 15th May, and almost the entire village having gone to attend the Mobile Cinema show, we searched vainly for accommodation and had actually applied at the Police Station without getting any answer, when Mrs. S. of "Park View" solved our problem by providing three luxurious bedrooms. No. 5 found her bed already occupied—by a great black spider who was promptly evicted through the skylight as a non-paying guest. Next morning No. 3 sampled for the very first time porridge and cream and seemed to relish it. Just as we were bidding goodbye to Mrs. S., Erica and Ruth and their parents stopped and asked us if we would care to join them as far as Portree; we had several stops on the way to make friends with the Highland cattle, the most gentle of creatures, and to admire the Cuillins, and lunched in a lovely nook overlooking Portree. It was between Portree and Sligachan that we blotted our record by taking a bus—seven miles cost us 1/6. It had

begun to drizzle ; it was getting late ; and there was no sign of any other vehicle—so we hope you will overlook it. We returned to the mainland, party 2 going direct, thanks to a New Zealand couple, from Sligachan to Ratagan on the shore of Loch Duich ; the first arriving just minutes before the Hostel closed at 11 p.m., and this only because Donald was seized with homesickness and was making a midnight dash in his lorry from Skye to Inverness.

We could write a book on our adventures but time and space will not permit. However, a cautionary note to those interested. Before you go, remember to do as we did ; make a week-end retreat and say many rosaries en route.

THE FIVE.



ARDROSSAN CASTLE

As one enters Ardrossan station, one's attention is immediately drawn to the ancient, stark ruin of the castle situated on Castle Hill. This building is believed to have been completed in the middle of the 12th Century, on the steep hill commanding a view of the Clyde and of the natural harbour of Ardrossan. There are, however, signs that the neighbourhood was inhabited before this period. Situated at the base of the original 'Ardrossa'—'high point,' and a short distance to the south-west of the old castle, there is an ancient shell-mound. Here were found human remains in such a condition that it could be deduced that the inhabitants were cannibals. Roman baths, too, symbol of a more civilised period, are said to have been unearthed at one time near Castle Hill.

On the castle site itself there seems to have been an early fortress in the form of a tower, to which two other towers were later added. The 12th Century Castle was built of stone and lime.

Its first known occupier was Ricardus de Barclay, Baron of Ardrossan, who, judging by his name, was of Norman extraction. No doubt the sea and surrounding country would provide a livelihood for his followers, while the castle offered protection against the Scandinavian invaders.

In 1900, while improvements were being made on the railway works below the castle, a gilt bronze finger ring, with 'W' engraved on it, was unearthed. It is believed to have belonged to William Wallace, and was lost when he besieged the castle. Evidence of a Tudor fireplace bridges the time gap up to the 17th century when Cromwell almost annihilated the fortress and used the stones to build a fort at Ayr.

The old castle has witnessed nearly all the changes and periods of history. It must have seen many bloody and ruthless battles and crimes. It has watched Ardrossan grow from a cluster of wattle huts to a small but prosperous town. Perhaps this is why the Eglinton family graciously gave the Castle and Hill to the Burgh of Ardrossan in 1838.

MARY HASKINGS, IV.

ON GOLF

GOLF for many people has a variety of meanings. It is played by two classes of people—the upper ten and the average. To the upper ten it means the most exclusive golf-clubs, plenty of gleaming white balls, a splendid leather golf-bag and a dazzling motor-car parked outside the clubhouse. Moreover, the standard of performance is less important than the material effect on the other golfers. On the other hand, the average person plays golf to enjoy himself. He may have a more-or-less disreputable bag, some old golf balls, a few assorted clubs and the determination to have some pleasure.

Why do people play golf? This is a question which may be answered in many different ways. Some people say that those who play golf are suffering from some mental derangement. The very idea that anyone should tramp up to a golf-course and struggle gamely with a heavy golf-bag, seems completely mad. They believe that as golf has no object, no one can, therefore, find pleasure in it. You are asked to take golf-clubs of various shapes and sizes, a couple of wee white balls, a lot of energy, and attempt to put the ball into a hole. And what is the point of putting it there? What benefit is it going to bestow on mankind by lying there? Has it some strange fertilizing power which keeps the grass green? Well, not really. The grass is kept green so that the ball can be played into the hole and the whole point of the matter is—golf is a challenge to the intelligent being.

Others give an even clearer idea of golf. These are the ones who have joined the club to play golf in the lounge. They think that golf presents a first-class excuse for escaping a nagging wife on a Sunday and being able to enjoy some refreshment. Golf, to them, is a marvellous sport. These characters are the ones who are the record-breakers; the ones who say "If I had been Charlie I would have used a wedge instead of an eight iron." They always know all the answers. They sit round a table and tell everyone what they did the year before and how they played a shot in such a way that Eric Brown would have praised them. So much for these golfers!

Of course, there are people who, like me, play to enjoy themselves. Golf is a challenge. It is a clean, fresh-air game which has its thrills just as football or ice-hockey. People say "How can anybody possibly like or enjoy golf?" They who ask this question have never been on a golf-course. What can be more exciting than to be, say, at the second tee? You are with friends; the great moment has come; it is your turn to drive. Adopting the stance of the famous Bobby Locke, the right-hand movement of Cary Middlecof and with a serious mien, you bring the club swishing down and whack! You hit the ball about five yards. What a laugh. Your friends tell you, you're a future Ben Hogan. After this joking and fun you attempt once more.

You watch the ball, you take a monstrous swipe and it's in a bunker about twenty yards in front. This is really a laugh. You lower yourself into the bunker, realizing that all the golfer's art must be employed to get you out. So you look into your golf-bag, close your eyes and pick a club. Then you proceed to shower your friends and yourself with clouds of loose sand. At this point in the game you feel that the ball is making fun of you, so you summon your hidden energy, grit your teeth and hit the ball. This time, to your sheer delight, the ball soars upwards. Ah! but it's only a moment of elation; that wicked wee white ball suddenly curves and disappears among the trees. You lose your temper as well as the ball. You're frustrated. Running, you jump the fence bordering the wood and before you realize it you are lying half-covered in mud and water. Just as they say—look before you leap.

Five or six hours pass, and as the setting sun sinks behind the hills the last hole comes into sight. Immediately you feel supreme, a victor over life's troubles; your ball becomes infinitely dear to you—a friend who has stood by and taken all the hardest knocks; it scarcely seems right to send it winging into its prison in one glorious shot. You toy with it; it shares your mood, rushing wildly to a nearby tree and returning coyly to your feet. At

last, after some forty minutes, it accepts its fate and with a last run round the flag, plops gracefully into the hole.

Smiling contentedly you retrieve it and mark down your modest score of 250 ; then you retire after your strenuous arm-swinging to the clubhouse where you settle down in a cosy armchair beside the fire and enjoy a well-deserved glass of refreshment.

DONALD GILLIES, V.

The Saga of Sam

SAM watched the funeral procession fade into the distance, and turned homeward with a feeling of bitter envy in his heart. The event reminded him of a similar journey his wife had made six months previously. Since that time he had lived in a world of his own, forsaking that of the living and longing for the time when he could meet his wife once more. Her death had been the climax of a series of similar events spread over the past three years, during which all his old comrades had gracefully taken their leave of the frets and sorrows of earth.

Sam had prepared himself well for his journey ; his coffin was purchased, his grave and gravestones were selected. On his frequent visits to his wife's grave Sam would take the opportunity of inspecting his own little plot beside it.

One afternoon Sam's journey to the cemetery took longer than usual. As he turned from the grave he felt a little breathless. Obsessed as he was with the desire for death, he interpreted it as being a good omen ; the hand of death, after all, was not far away. Taking advantage of a seat nearby, Sam sat down to rest and to ponder on this happy thought . . .

The church clock was striking midnight when he awoke. In the feeble light of the moon the whole scene was transformed. Objects familiar to him now took on a new and sinister aspect. The lofty elms stood like weird sentinels guarding the sleeping graves. The orderly ranks of tombstones seemed hostile, regarding him as an intruder. Sam shivered as the cold night wind rustled through the graveyard. He stood, scarcely breathing lest he should disturb the silent inhabitants. Was this the peace Sam was longing for ? He suddenly felt utterly lonely. He was seized by a desperate longing for warmth and comfort. He wanted to live, to live, to live . . .

He started to walk towards the distant gate, quickening his pace at every stride. A feeling of horror gripped him. The crunching of his feet on the gravel only added to his fear. In his desire to escape, he broke into a stumbling run. He realised now that there could be no gentle passing from the world of the living to that of the dead ; the corridor of Death was vast, mysterious, terrifying.

Suddenly Sam felt a stabbing pain in his chest, and everything turned to darkness. The next day he was found, lying at the gate of the graveyard, with his hands outstretched towards the threshold of life.

OLIVER MURRAY, V.



SOJOURN IN EGYPT

IN the May of 1953 I found myself in an R.A.F. Camp, just outside the small village of Abu-Sueir, in the British Forces Canal Zone of Egypt. My mother, sister and I had sailed from Southampton to join my father who was stationed there. We were to remain for fifteen months and we enjoyed every moment of our stay.

We soon became accustomed to the sun and heat. In the early afternoon it became so hot that everyone had to take a siesta. In no time at all we were all as brown as berries. But at night it was surprisingly cold, except at the height of summer when it was even hotter and clammy than during the day. During our stay we saw rain only twice. There was no need for fireplaces in the houses, but in winter when it was cold we used oil stoves. I remember that Christmas Day was quite a warm, sunny day.

This excellent weather controlled school hours. In summer we started at 7.30 a.m. and finished for the day at 11.30 a.m., attending school on Saturday mornings also. However, in the winter there was school in the afternoon from 2 p.m. until 4 p.m. and in the morning the hours were longer.

When I first arrived in Egypt I was scared at the prospect of meeting 'creepy crawlers.' I never saw a scorpion but there were plenty of hornets. These insects resembled extra large bumble bees and they made the most awful droning sound imaginable. Their sting stuck out like a horn, and at the first sound of one I fled. As our house was surrounded by a wire-netted verandah which was constantly sprayed with D.D.T., we did not have any visitors such as mosquitos. However, if one crumb was dropped on the floor out would come ants in their thousands. We drowned millions with boiling hot water, but on the next occasion even more appeared.

A fascinating creature was the chameleon. This was a member of the lizard family, about the size of one's hand, which changed colour according to its surroundings. Another peculiarity was its long tongue, which flashed out to catch its prey. These little animals could be tamed quite easily and liked their soft skins to be stroked. Their special delicacy was a fresh, live dragon fly. Lizards were common, though rather more timid than their cousins.

Of course, Egypt is always associated with camels. We saw hundreds of these. They were always covered with mud and dirt, much dirtier than those I had seen in the Zoo. Their eyes were very mournful looking, making one think that they were very unhappy. The animals, on the whole, were very mangy looking. Oxen and donkeys were beasts of burden. These poor, thin animals had to carry everything, including the farmer. Apparently women have not the same status as in Britain, for while the farmer sat on the loaded donkey, beating it and shouting at it, his wife had to walk alongside, carrying wares also. The cattle were very thin; their bones could be seen almost through their skin.



Women were always dressed in black, with the well-known yashmak up to their eyes. On top of their yashmak they wore beads and brass trinkets to give prospective husbands an idea of their wealth. The Egyptian peasant wore his long burnous day in and day out. I often wondered if any of them ever saw water.

We did not visit Cairo or any of the places one usually visits in Egypt, as it was not allowed. Nor were we allowed out of camp unless travelling in a vehicle with a party and an armed guard. All the year round a big crowd of us would visit a Sailing Club at Ismailia, some miles from the camp. Each Sunday we would spend most of the day at the Club which was situated on Lake Timsah,

near the Suez Canal, and on Tuesdays and Thursdays we would spend the afternoon there. The swimming season started about the end of February and went on until October or November. I learned to swim soon after my arrival. Sometimes I went out on a yacht with my father, and it was really beautiful sailing round the Lake, beyond which was the Suez Canal. From the Sailing Club on Sundays we made many trips. Two launches with armed guards took all to a favourite spot called Jellyfish Island. To reach it we had to cross Suez, and had often to pass ships on their way up to Port Said or down to Aden. Once we visited a War Memorial overlooking the Canal on the Sinai Desert, and another time we went quite a distance up the Canal itself. These excursions were enjoyed by all. In the height of summer, swimming was not really pleasant, as the water was warm, but in late and early autumn when the water was cool we felt wonderfully refreshed after a swim.

A regular visitor to the camp was the "Dhobi" man, or laundry man. He had his laundry just outside the barbed wire fence of the camp. He was a large, fat, greasy individual, smelling of garlic and always singing. When working in his laundry he sang with his wireless which was turned on full blast. His cries of "Dhobi" could be heard at the other end of the camp.

Our camp was quite large, with shops, both native and British, churches, school, cinema, swimming-pool and many clubs for the officers and men. It was entirely surrounded by barbed wire and armed guards were always on patrol. There was an air-field for jets only, and on Coronation Day the jets gave a wonderful display of air-acrobatics. From the village, at certain times of the day and night, the natives could be heard in the mosque praying to Allah, with their faces towards Mecca. They were very devout and the men working in the camp dropped everything to pray.

We had just become accustomed to all these things when it was time to leave. Although it was good to be home, we could not but feel homesick for sun, for back to Britain meant back to rain.

SANDRA TAIT, IV.

"ATTEMPTED SUICIDE."

Crackpot Fred to the window sped;
And threw it open wide:
"Bury me deep when I am dead!
I'm committing suicide."

Out on the narrow ledge he stept;
He drew one great deep breath,
And many a bitter tear he wept,
Ere he plunged to certain death.

Down from the sill he launched himself,
With one despairing wail,
But was snatched from the jaws of death
itself—
His trousers caught in a nail!

JOHN HAMILTON, IIIA.

SEA SHELL.



Oh! sea shell, dear sea shell,
Sing a song to me.
Sing of ships and sailor men,
And all the things o' the sea.

Oh! tell me of the mermaids
And their glossy hair,
Oh! sea shell, dear sea shell,
Sing a song to me.

PATRICIA A. BRYAN, IC.

A House Fifty Years Hence

GLANCING at my watch I discovered, much to my surprise, that it was eleven o'clock. Surely I should be at school? What was I doing walking, or should I say making an attempt to walk, along this country road? My legs felt weak and I looked down to find out why. My goodness! Where did I find and dress myself in these clothes? I was wearing a pair of black lacing shoes, thick brown stockings and a shapeless tweed skirt. I did not have time to investigate further, because just then I turned a corner and gasped with astonishment.

What on earth were those gaily coloured, queerly shaped objects? I looked closely at the first one. It was shaped like a balloon with a piece of paper perched on top. One semi-circle was purple with orange stripes and the other was yellow with pink stars. There were five spaces on the surface. Four were round, glass-filled and curtained, and the fifth—yes, it was a door! Was this, then, some type of house? Perhaps it was, but the big concrete slab on top presented a problem. I was to find out what it was in due course.

There was so sign of occupancy, but, as I was anxious to find out where I was, I decided to approach one of the houses. Finding a small button in the centre of the door I pressed it expectantly.

The door slid back mechanically and a voice said "Good morning and welcome to the home of the Smith family of Rainbow Street. If you are a relation or friend go right upstairs; if not, enter the room on your right and await further instructions. The Smiths are having breakfast."

I was astounded as I could see no one. The sound had come from a little box resembling a record-player which hung from the hall ceiling.

I entered the room on the right—a round-shaped room with a television set but no other furniture. As I closed the door behind me an arm shot out of the wall and pressed a button. Immediately an armchair, an electric fire and a small table slid out of the panels on the walls. The voice went on: "Now sit down and make yourself comfortable."

I was speechless. Before I had time to recover a message was flashed on the screen of the television set. It told me, the visitor, to come upstairs and state my business. My armchair transported me to the door, which opened by itself, and then to the foot of the stairway. I entered a small lift and soon found myself at the top of the house. Stepping out of the lift I was greeted by the voice telling me to seat myself in the moving armchair.

Just then a small child in a similar chair approached me, calling out to his mother that an old woman had come to see her. An old woman indeed! How dare he! Seated on the now familiar type of chair, Mrs. Smith came towards me.

"And what can I do for you, dear? Oh, you poor old soul, you do look cold."

Why had she called me 'poor old soul'? I began to wonder if I was going mad. Or perhaps these clothes made me look old?

"I wish I had a mirror," I thought. The next second an iron figure came towards me holding a mirror.

"But I did not ask for a mirror," I said aloud. "I only thought about it."

"Yes, I know," said Mrs. Smith, "but James, our new mechanical butler, can read your mind."

"Read my mind?" I stammered.

"Yes," she said, "he's the latest 2009 model, invented in January."

"But this is 1960," I cried.

"1960! Are you ill?"

I felt faint but James came to my rescue with a glass of water and a tablet. Just then I heard a terrific noise above me like a plane landing.

"That plane sounds as though it is flying too low. I do hope it does not crash," I said.

Mrs. Smith told me not to worry as Mr. Smith was an expert pilot. The cement slab on top of the house was a runway.

Presently Mr. Smith came into view accompanied by a young woman, whom the child greeted as "Grannie." How could this young woman possibly be the child's grandmother? I thought. However, on investigation I discovered that this was indeed so. "Grannie" had undergone the recent 2001 beauty treatment. Old women no longer existed. The child's next remark sent me into a panic: "Why don't you have the beauty treatment? It's so odd to see an old woman like you nowadays."

I snatched the mirror and peered into it. To my horror I was indeed old and wrinkled. All of a sudden my one wish was to get out of this eerie unfamiliar house. Before I could speak, James had me transported to the pavement outside the house. I attempted to walk, but James informed me that this was totally unnecessary. I was to press the eleventh button from the bottom on the wall at the side of the house and the "moving pavement" would drop me at the door of my home.

I was puzzled and confused and tried desperately to collect my thoughts. I disregarded James's last message and sat down on the ground to think. I had thought I was eighteen. Where had I been since 1960? How I longed for a familiar face. Finally, I gave up.

I took one last look at the row of houses, turned my back on them and began to walk disconsolately back along the country road by which I had come.

VALERIE McEVoy, VI.

A TEACHER.

In yonder field, a comely figure stands,
While on the breeze are borne her crisp
 commands
Which forty girls endeavour to obey,
Each anxious to be first, and show the way.
With red-gold hair and eyes of sparkling
 green,
Her graceful figure dominates the scene.
On hockey-field or netball-pitch, in hall,
She is an inspiration to us all.
And whether lose or win the games we play,
She always has a cheerful word to say.
Her excellence is felt in other spheres,
We hope she'll be with us for many years.

CHRISTINE TAYLOR, IIA.

A BUDDY.

A buddy cam' tae oor hoose,
 Tae oor hoose he cam',
Askin' fur breid an' butter
 An' sausages an' ham.
A gied him a couple o' sausages,
 A slice or twa o' ham,
A gied him breid an' butter,
 An', tae please him, a wee drap jam.
The buddy went frae oor hoose,
 An' gaily he did sing;
Tho' it wis the deid o' winter,
 He made it feel like spring.

ANNE MURRAY, IB.

AN EXCUSE

"WHY I am here, Sister? Well, that's easy to explain. You see, Sister, the boy next to me in class is a genius. I know he is a genius, because someone once said that genius borders on insanity, and that describes this boy to a 'T.'"

"You are right, Sister, that is no way to speak about my neighbour, but if you knew the boy as I do, Sister . . ."

"You do know him? All the staff know him? Ha! Ha!"

"Sorry, Sister; no laughing matter! The reason why I am here?"

"Well, Sister, to-day in class, the boy said to me: 'Why did the chicken cross the road?' I pondered on the question, but for the life of me couldn't fathom out the ornithological motive; so after a while I admitted: 'Now, that is the question. I should be obliged if you could furnish me with a reasonable answer.'"

"To get to the other side," he beamed.

Straightaway I saw the exquisite logic of it, and nodded my head appreciatively, making a mental note of his brilliant deduction.

Now it was at this very point, Sister, that the lunatic streak showed through. In an instant the boy went tense and snarled.

"Laugh, you stupid ass, laugh!"

I saw straightaway that he really meant it and cackled obligingly. He too laughed wholeheartedly, slapping his thigh to express his complete self-satisfaction.

After about ten minutes we calmed down, whereupon the boy nudged me and said:

"Good, eh?"

"Sure," I agreed; "It's always good to laugh. But what are we laughing at?"

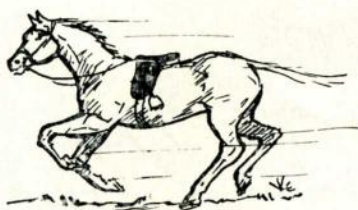
"Then, Sister, as sure as I am standing here under the clock, the boy punched my nose, and I, naturally, had a crack at his; he punched my head; I punched his; he floored me in the classroom; I floored him in the corridor. Then two prefects came along and one thing led to another.

That's why the four prefects and the boy are over in the Medical Room, and that's why I come to be here, Sister. I am sure you'll see that . . ."

"What! Six of the best? Just because he was a genius! Oh, Sister . . ."

WILLIAM A. CHALMERS, VI.





ADVENTURES

on a

HORSE

ONE day last year while I was sojourning in a large hotel on the outskirts of Bradford, a strange experience befell me. While I was on the subject of toast and poached eggs, the youngster who was in charge of the hotel stables invited me to have a cross-country ride that morning. I was by no means keen on cross-country races, never mind cross-country rides but, being fond of thrills, I accepted.

Immediately after breakfast we led the horses from the stable and saddled up. Saddling a horse is no task for a chicken and this was my first difficulty. I led the mare up to a fence and climbed on to the top spar. The stable boy handed me up the heavy leather object and then chaos broke loose. The horse at that moment moved off to a distant patch of turnips while I swung violently from side to side with the saddle in my arms. The next happening I can record was of my sitting on the grass trying to emerge from under the saddle while my companion held his sides, roaring with laughter at my expense. He lifted the saddle from its strange perch and with ease placed it on the mare's back. I hid my face in shame.

I managed at length to mount the old mare, via the fence, of course, and soon we were off. When we were a few hundred yards down the lane a little black kitten crossed our path just in front of the horse's nose. Who said that black cats are lucky? My horse bolted and galloped madly through a gate ending up by unseating me and landing me in a juicy patch of green cabbages. The farmer happened at that time to be investigating the state of the fields. Naturally, this did not help matters. He roared and shouted like a moon-touched bull. He practically shed tears over his poor cabbages. What about me? I was a wicked ruffian, according to him. Well, I took to my heels and ran faster than anything seen at the Bogside Races. I'm now devoted to nice, quiet tortoises and the like, but horses?

Keep away!

DREW CLEGG, IA.



Germany

GERMANY is a pleasant country to live in. I lived for two years with my parents and brothers and sisters in Kladow, Berlin. The Germans are much the same as ourselves, except that they speak a different language and are more hardworking. When a British family settles there they are given a German maid-servant who works from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m., Monday to Friday, and on Saturday forenoon as well. She does all the housework and looks after the children too.

Many new flats were being built when we were there. Just before we left a big block was completed. It could hold 350 families. On the ground floor was the shopping centre where you could buy anything from a needle to an anchor. Anybody could shop here, but the N.A.A.F.I. Stores and Canteen supplied only British people. No German was allowed to enter the Canteen or even the Cinema nearby, unless accompanied by a Britisher. Beside our house were the Y.M.C.A. premises run by a Miss Rowe. She had an orchard where apples, pears and cherries grew. She would give us a share of them for helping her to pick them. In the Y.M.C.A. she keeps the same rules as for the N.A.A.F.I. Canteen.

JOHN BRYAN, II N.L.

The Mystery of the Missing Inkwell

"THIS, my dear children, is where the Honourable Percy Woodlouse—I mean Woodhouse—sat when he attended the school 250 years ago. He was in everything he did a credit to this ancient school, as I hope you always will be. Always remember, boys, that 'Manners Makyth Man' and that . . ."

As the teacher droned on, several members of the party of new boys, who were being conducted round the school for the first time, turned away with bored indifference and looked out of the window.

One newcomer, however, was very interested in the desk not because it had belonged to the Hon. Percy but because it had a very large and ornamental inkwell. The reason for this attention to the inkwell was that Dalrymple Jones was a Bug Collector. On the journey to the new school a wooden cabinet, which had contained a specimen of a very rare and extremely hideous insect, had been broken. Now here was an inkwell with a hole in the lid, presumably to let in air, at least so Dalrymple Jones thought, for he could not imagine that anyone would design anything that did not supply adequate accommodation for the members of the insect world. In due course, therefore, the Bug was transferred to the inkwell and given some food.

A few hours later fresh excitement was caused in the school. A rich American lady, Mrs. Maryanne O'Donoghue, was visiting the premises with her son, who, if she was favourably impressed, would be enrolled as a pupil. Unhappily she was not impressed and returned to the U.S.A. with a very bad opinion of Scottish schools. It was all the fault of the inkwell.

At first everything went well and by the time she had reached the First Year classroom she was positively purring.

"Sure this is jus' wunnerful! I don' know what my fren's back home are going to say when they know I've gotten my son in a real British school. Oh, say! What's this?"

"This" proved to be the inkwell wherein was contained the offensive insect.

"Oh, isn't that jus' cute!" exclaimed Mrs. O'Donoghue, and turning to the headmaster she went on, "Oh, Dr. Primm, please let me jus' have this liddle inkwell to take back to the States. I know you won't refuse."

Dr. Primm, though loth to part with the inkwell, could not very well refuse when a new pupil was at stake; so the inkwell was duly conducted to the hall table.

Things after this, however, did not go so happily. Dalrymple Jones found the inkwell and angrily stalked off with it, but because it appeared to be leaking slightly (it still contained some ink) he used Mrs. O'Donoghue's 23-guinea hat as a cover.

Meanwhile, Mrs. O'Donoghue's lollipop-sucking infant, tired of tea, had wandered from the school to the pond, where, after falling in, he upset somebody's jar of tadpoles and was, in consequence, placed by the irate owner on top of the Hon. Percy's statue, from whence he could not get down.

After tea Mrs. O'Donoghue, on seeing that the inkwell and hat were missing, promptly went into hysterics and accused Mrs. Primm of taking the hat, and the History Master of taking the inkwell.

The school was searched; clues were followed up; every nook and cranny was examined. Even the police were brought in; but all in vain. At length the hat was found adorning the head of the Hon. Woodhouse as he stood in sculptured grandeur; but that was all.

An angry American lady, holding a screaming child, left the school shouting that she "would not take the wretched inkwell even if they did find it." They did not. Dalrymple Jones had



taken it to the village and exchanged it for an aquarium, after which it found its way to London, where it was sold to an American lady for £1,000. "So like the one I nearly got before." The school, however, had the consolation of producing "The Greatest Insect Expert Britain has ever known."

ELIZABETH O'BRIEN, I.A.

III B

We're a jolly set of scholars,
And we all wear ties and collars,
Though we are not very bright, as teachers
say.

We can manage trig. and factors,
We use set-squares and protractors,
And we toil like jolly niggers all the day.

We look forward to the teachers
As the devil to the preachers,
And we seldom are converted heart and soul.
Our class is in the forties,
And we split in double parties,
But religious finds us one united whole.

There's M'Laughlin and his faction,
Who at football are attraction
To the lesser little soccers under rule.
B. and N. may start a bubble,
While C. is Elvis' double
And G. and H. are ladies' choice at school.

The girls support their team,
And say netball is a dream
When they scamper home as victors from
the fight.
All the twenty of the lasses,
Let their tongues go between classes,
But when questioned they are silent from
sheer fright.

When exams come we complain,
And attempt them all in vain,
While most of us agree they are a pest.
Others manage higher marks,
Still we enjoy our larks
And we think ourselves far better than the
rest.

GERALD SLOAN, IIIB.

Bargains

"Will you walk into my showrooms?"
Said the spider to the fly.
"I've the nicest bargain basement
That ever you could spy.
The prices will astonish you,
Our bargains are immense,
For things that once were one-and-six
Are only eighteen pence."

"Will you come and see our 'kerchiefs?"
Said the spider to the fly.
"It's the loveliest selection
That ever you could spy.
The colours will bedazzle you.
There's green and blue and brown,
And though the price was two-and-six
They're only half-a-crown."

"Will you look at our umbrellas?"
Said the spider to the fly.
"They've got the choicest coverings
And handles you could buy.
The prices are ridiculous.
They've tumbled to the ground.
The cost is now a guinea, though
It used to be a pound."

"If you'll walk into my parlour,"
Said the spider to the fly,
"Believing all my stories
Of the stuff I make you buy,
I'll say your taste is marvellous,
Your judgment never fails,
And always send you catalogues,
Of future bargain sales."

MARGARET REID, IB.



Nocturne

DARKNESS was slowly descending on the hushed countryside. A cool breeze swept noiselessly through the branches of the old oak. Only the stream forgot to hold its silvery tongue as it meandered down the hillside into the valley whence it would flow into the river and finally into the sea.

In the shelter of the valley, long curling wisps of grey smoke slowly rose from the chimney of the shepherd's cottage; not far away sheep drowsed on the hillside and the shepherd made his way homeward, confident that no harm would come to his flock during the night.

Overhead tiny clusters of stars came into view, piercing the dark sky with their sparkling light. In the valley the lights from the cottages dimmed to a faint glimmer, and slowly, one by one, they faded away. Stillness and repose spread over everyone and everything was lost in sleep.

CAROLE MANN, IIIA.

Former Pupils

OUR first note, a *cri du coeur*, must be that we miss Sister Paul Mary. Sister wrote these notes for the Magazine since it began, but now that she has left us, her mantle (dare we say it, Sister!), a bit too big for us, has fallen on our puny shoulders. Sister, happy and cheerful as always, is in the Mother House in Bolton. Not so very far away from her is Sister Peter Mary, headmistress of Stella Maris Convent School in Fleetwood. When any of our older pupils call in, or meet us, they invariably begin by asking about Sister Mechtilde Joseph and Sister Francis. They are, happily, both here at home with us, and always pleased and interested to hear from you and about you.

We also hear from Miss O'Halloran. Her brother (R.I.P.) died in Ireland about Christmas time. Mr Murphy doesn't forget us either. He is in a large school in London—30 Maths teachers in his department! His Christmas calendar was a photograph of his school and it made us envious and longing for our new school. Mr Young paid us a call while home on leave from Uganda. He was looking well, and his wife and he have returned for a further term of three years. Mr. Hunter, at home from Nigeria, at Christmas time didn't seem to be so fortunate. He found conditions there rather primitive. Mr Glover, whose eldest daughter, Margaret, joined her aunt, Teresa Campbell, in Carmel, Dumbarton, about a year ago, resigned from the head-mastership of St. John's School in Perth and emigrated to St. John, New Brunswick, to take up a teaching appointment there. Within a short time he was appointed as an Assistant Director of Education and is now responsible for raising the standard of Mathematics taught in the Province. Nice work!

Talking of these far away places makes us think that there can't be many places in the world where we wouldn't find a former pupil of St. Michael's. Toronto, for instance, could set up a sizeable F.P. Club of its own. There must be dozens of adherents of St. Michael there. Frances McLaughlin is one who visited us, while at home on holiday in Irvine. Frances is personal secretary to the manager of a large oil company. Terry Finnigan is an insurance assessor, and his sister, Evelyn, who is married and has three children, both live there. In the outskirts lives Steve McPolin, who attended our prizegiving last session. Steve thinks it is a wonderful country. He is a superintendent of a Nylon manufacturing factory. He and his wife (Flora McQuade) are great friends with Bobby Robertson and his wife (Rene Cowan) who live in Brockville. Elsie Brown, also home on holiday from Toronto, looked in to see us. Mary Doran spent some weeks there with her brother and visited Montreal, New York, New Jersey, etc., on holiday from Barbados. Therese McKinstery and she are still in the same school there. Margaret Taylor, who is continuing her research at Fordham, flew home for a few days at Christmas. She expects to be home for good in the summer. Maureen Kelly (Mrs. McGregor) has recently had a second baby, a girl, out in Kingston, Jamaica.

Moving further West and reaching the Far East (sounds odd, that), in Hong Kong, we have Eric and Teresa (Quinn) Northcote. They brought in their second baby to see us in January, just before returning at the end of their leave. Both are looking well and enjoying life in Hong-Kong. Teresa has been doing some teaching. In Melbourne, Australia, Patricia McCann was married recently. The father of James and Ian Monan told us that the boys had visited the McCann's when their ship called in there. Nancy Nicol (Mrs. Hutchison) is also in Melbourne with her husband and doing well. We hear news of some of our older boys who will be known to pupils in the middle or late 1920's. Jimmy Doherty, late of Dalry, left the I.C.I. Ardeer, some twenty years ago to take up a post as a chemist with the Burma Oil Company in Rangoon. He is nearing the end of his service with the Company, and at the moment is on a business trip round the world. He expects to be in Scotland in October, when he will visit his sister, Margaret, in Ardrossan. After completing this journey, he hopes to retire to Perth, Australia, where he has settled his wife and family, and where he will take up a position in a supervisory-consultant capacity in one of his firm's installations there. Just the job—and not yet fifty years of age! His sister, Margaret, by the way, was married to Mr. Harry Spence some months ago. If any of our former pupils in Australia ever have the good luck to meet Father Aquinas, C.P., they will find him as interested as ever in St. Michael's. Father is now in Hobart, Tasmania, where he organizes and gives Retreats. During the past three and a half years he has given countless Missions and Retreats all over Australia. God bless his work.

Mary Gorman is teaching in Rhodesia and enjoying her work and play there. We hope she and Laura Kilbride, also there, have avoided recent troubles in that part of the world.

Coming nearer home, we hear, too, of a few settlers in the south of England. Kathleen Finnigan (Mrs. Wallace) looked in after Easter. (Look out for some new stars in the film world. She took some "movies" of Sister Pauline and Sister Eugenius, etc.). Kathleen was visiting her mother in Irvine, from Guilford, where her husband is a teacher. She brought news of Joan Watson, who is married to a dentist, and lives nearby in Maidstone, and also of Jean Craik, now in New York. Jean's aunt, the mother of Angela and Neil Craik, died suddenly early this year (R.I.P.). In the same area, Harry Leckie, who took up a teaching appointment in Eastbourne about ten years ago, is now headmaster of a school in Gillingham. Mrs. Robertson (Oonagh Furlong), who lives in Ramsgate, always sends news of her family at Christmas. She has now two children. Nancy Bates looked in to have a chat when she was home at Easter. She is still teaching in Birmingham and is very happy there. We were delighted to hear that Nancy's father had recently been appointed a Director of Portland Glass Company, Irvine. Agnes Cunningham has gone to join her sister in Coventry. Their brother, George, has completed his course at the Marconi College and is now a Radio Officer—First Class. He is now on the high seas making his first sea voyage, second R.O. on the "Velutina", an oil tanker, plying between the oil ports of the Eastern Mediterranean and Belgium and Germany. Jackie Smyth is also doing well as a Radio Officer. From Claude and Ian Pratchett, both in the Royal Navy, we continue to hear regularly.

When Mr. Mullen died many messages of sympathy and Mass Cards came to the school. The card which came from St. Columba's had the names of eight of our F.P.s on it. Surely, about half the staff! It struck us then that there can't be many schools in Ayrshire that don't have some of our F.P.s. teaching in it. While on this topic, we offer our congratulations to Dan Diamond on becoming headmaster of St. Clare's School, Drongan. Congratulations, too, to Blanche Hughes on passing the Diploma stage of the Ed.B. Degree. Blanche, Annette Cleary, Maureen Glanton, Pat Hammill and Helen Cassellis are concluding their term at Notre Dame and will add to our list of teachers. By the time you read this, we hope that Frances Macintyre, Ena Logan, Phia Trayner, Norma McDonald and Mary Bourke will have graduated from Glasgow University. Frances is captain of the netball team and also plays basketball for the 'Varsity. Joe McGeough and Hugh Mailer are making steady progress, finishing their second year at the University, and the same applies to Bobby Milligan, George Reid and Tom Smyth at the "Tech." They are taking Science and Engineering courses of various kinds as are James Burns, Hugh Miller, Sean Pentleton, John O'Rourke, Tom McFarlane and Eric McMillan, some of our recent leavers. David Craig is odd man out here taking the M.A. course. At the College of Commerce, the other Sean Pentleton has joined Ronnie Kelly and Bobby Hume. Ronnie and Bobby were "showing the flags" at a recent debate there—the subject, Communism! Budding (and hopeful) teachers are Clare Dillon, Catherine Donnelly, Adeline McCann, Mary McDermott and Gloria McGibbons, who are finishing their first year at Notre Dame.

The Civil Service is proving very popular. Brian O'Rourke is with the Inland Revenue, Adrian Hamill and Kathleen McLaughlin with the Ministry of Labour, and Ann Stewart has joined Betty Sloan in London, but Ann is with the Board of Trade. Billy Walsh left us recently to go into the Crown Agent's office in London. Sounds impressive, doesn't it? Kathleen Carragher and Florrie Oakes are Civil Servants in Ayr. Michael McCabe and John Convery are both doing Meteorology, stationed in North East England. Michael Connick is a student engineer, at present working at the N.A.T.O. base at Fairlie. Ian Rowe is an apprentice quantity surveyor in Kilmarnock and David Roche is studying Architecture in Aberdeen. Hamish Fraser is apprenticed to the Sanitary Inspector of North Ayrshire. So, as far as we know, all our leavers of last year have settled in, to work and to study.

In the sports line, we heard about Jim Rhodes doing something in the boxing world. We enquired from Jim and he told us that last year he was Army Cadet Force Champion at fly-weight for Scotland and Northern England, and he had won the Hunter Belt, open to all fly-weights in Ayrshire. This year he repeated last year's performance in the Army Cadet Championship and went a stage further to win the final. He is now the National Army Cadet Force Champion. This led to the Inter-Services Championship in which he was narrowly beaten on points by Walter McGowan, the well-known Scottish International Boxer. Congratulations, Jim! Like a wise man, he is not neglecting his work and studies as an apprentice engineer. Last year he took a First-Class in his S1 group and is now taking his S2 classes and well on the way to his National Certificate. Another apprentice in the news is Jim Gillen. Jim is with Jaguar Cars in Coventry, having signed on with Coventry City F.C. He is playing with the third eleven now, but we have no doubt that he'll soon make the "Big" team. Bobby Lennox had a fortnight as a guest of Blackpool F.C., but he decided that there was time enough yet before he "stepped up."

Talking of people "stepping up" makes us think of another former pupil, Alex Burns of Irvine. At the recent municipal elections Alex was elected to Irvine Town Council. Congratulations, Alex! He must be one of the very youngest of the town councillors here.

Tom O'Rourke, in Scots College, Valladolid, is now Rev. Tom. He has been ordained Sub-Deacon. He writes regularly, telling us of his "exploits" as electrician, stage-manager, actor, and odd-job man. Michael Lawler who is with the Holy Ghost Fathers, is now attending the Gregorian University in Rome. Patrick Breslin left us in August last to enter the Mill Hill Father's house in Lochwinnoch. Rev. James McHugh has been appointed to St. Teresa's, Dumfries.

Our "Eleven, thank God!" of last year has become the round dozen. Cissie McHugh, of Kilbirnie, has entered the Carmelite Priory in Dumbarton. At her Clothing in January she received the name of Sister Mary of St. Anthony. She must surely feel at home in a Carmel that can now boast of having four past pupils of St. Michael's. Moira Donnelly, who had left the Sacred Heart Convent in Dublin owing to illness, has returned and was professed on Easter Tuesday. To these and to all our friends among the religious we send our best wishes and prayers.

We regretted the sad news of the deaths of James Burns (brother of Sadie Burns of Irvine), Mary Higgins (Troon) and Mrs. Paterson, who was Mary Collins of Waterside and Kilmarnock. We offer our sincerest sympathy to their families and relatives and commend their souls to your prayers. May they rest in peace.

And among the last of our gleanings, that time old custom of marrying. We mention those we have heard of; there must be many of which we have no news, but to all we offer our congratulations and felicitations, where'er you may be. Here they are:—Kathleen Furlong (Mrs. Hanley); Joan Cullinane to Mr. McCutcheon (of our Staff); Margaret Ross to Peter (brother of Grace) Robertson; Annie Bigham (Mrs. Peters); Elsie Delahunt to Benet Brodie; Eileen Pettierew to J. White and congratulations on a son born in April; Mary Pentleton to George Kelly; Margaret Doherty to Harry Spencer; May McAtamney to Willie McCann; Helen McGhee (Mrs. Trewin)—now living in Hampshire; Margaret Morrison to Michael McDermott; Tom Smyth (brother of Liam and Martin) to Margaret McManus (daughter of Sarah Gorman); Jeanette Cairnie to A. McMurdo; Nan Cunningham; Anne McAdam; Rosemary Scott; Jane Coby.

Last winter a move was made to build up a Former Pupils' Association, and it was decided to make a start with a social evening. This took place at the end of October in St. Winin's Hall, Kilwinning, and was a great success. Almost two hundred attended, and those present included F.P.'s of some twenty odd years standing to those in their first year. They came from places as far apart as Galston, Kilbirnie, West Kilbride and Ayr and a splendid evening was greatly enjoyed by all.

A second evening of the same kind was held early in May in the Caledonian Hall, Irvine, and while we missed some of those who had been at Kilwinning, still other "old" faces appeared and again enjoyed a very pleasant evening. We hope to repeat these evenings next winter, and we ask you to come and meet old friends and enjoy an evening dancing and talking of the "best years of your life."

Those of you reading this magazine will certainly know of its existence, but it is surprising how many are unaware of the fact that we have been producing a School Magazine for four years now. Let the glad news be known; tell your friends how good it is and encourage them to buy one and so keep up to date, and in touch, with their old school. We also run off a news letter about Christmas time, and if you would like to have a copy (or a Magazine), let us have your address and it will be posted to you.



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