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19 MAGAZINE 62



*R. L. Walsh*  
*4th Dec. 1962.*

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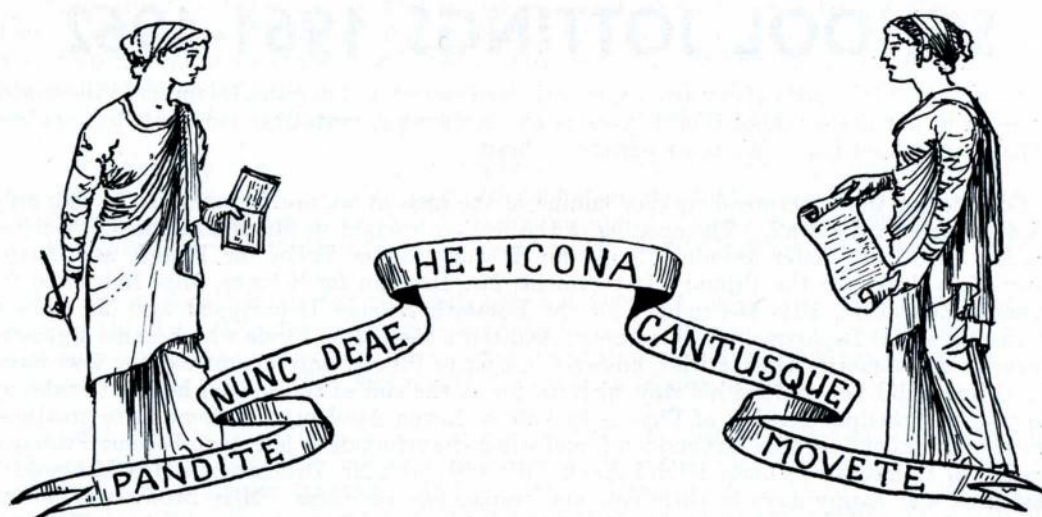
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## EDITORIAL

**N**OW that the international crisis seems to be averted and our blood-pressure has returned to normal, we can concentrate on the homely task of issuing our annual magazine.

Perhaps it was the postponement of Distribution Day to September which delayed our start but for a time the articles were more than tardy in appearing. Advertisements had been secured but the School Muse seemed to have forsaken us. The prospect was drear. Then a sudden change came on and we were inundated with scripts, these bringing us another problem—that of selection. To give a magazine representative of the whole school has been our aim, so if all the articles have not been printed we hope the contributors will not be unduly disappointed.

Our accommodation problem is still with us, so pressing and constant that our only answer is the virtue of longanimity. They say the Bulge has passed out of the English Schools, but our Bulge is ever with us, in every class, at every age level. And our much-talked-of New School has not even stuck the tip of its toe in the earth.

We thank all those who have given us advertisements and without whose financial help our venture would be impossible. To the Staff members who assisted us in the production of the Magazine we are most grateful, whether they gave us inspiration, encouragement, helpful criticism or helped in securing advertisements. Among the last-named we must include Sister St. Leonard in our thanks, for though she is not on the Staff she was instrumental in procuring the bulk of Irvine advertisements. We thank all our contributors and hope our readers will enjoy our literary efforts if not for their intrinsic worth, because they are to be read so near the Christmas season.

And may God send to all the happiness of peace and love in homes and families so that all may enjoy.

**A Happy Christmas.**



# SCHOOL JOTTINGS 1961-1962

"SPACE," one of the gods of our age, commands our interest and dictates its terms to the world, but even in our little School World space is also a dictator, curtailing our contributions and cutting our School Log. We must perforce submit.

Considering the widespread teacher famine of the present we are fortunate in having only a few changes in the Staff. The opening of the session brought us Mr. McFarlane as Principal Teacher of Music, Sister Dominic Savio for History, Sister Brian for French and Latin, Sister Mary Luke for the Primary Department, Mr. Drinnan for Science, Miss Balcombe for Physical Education, Miss McCrudden for the Domestic Science Department and Mr. Gibson for the Technical Department. Our foreign Assistants were Mlle. Frade who became a general favourite and Senorita Gomez who, however, owing to illness, only completed the first term. Mr. Drinnan did not prolong his stay with us, for at the end of the session he left to take up the post of Principal Teacher of Physics in Vale of Leven Academy. "Some have greatness thrust upon them," as Miss McCrudden found when she reluctantly left us to become Principal Teacher of Homecraft in Largs High School. We wish both Mr. Drinnan and Miss McCrudden good luck and happy days in their new and responsible positions. Miss Brown was absent through illness for most of the session but returned, we are glad to say, in June. Her post was temporarily filled by Mrs. Hamilton and she has remained as a permanent member of the Staff. At the end of the year we lost Sister Mary Campion, who left us to become Head Mistress of St. Anne's Secondary School, Keighley, Yorkshire. Sister spent five years with us, teaching English and History. In addition, she acted as Spiritual Directress of the Legion of Mary and Apostleship of Prayer, founded and directed the Debating Society and built up libraries for several classes. She gave us of her best and all who passed through her hands felt the strength of her influence. Our best wish for her is that Yorkshire may accord to her the love and appreciation she enjoyed in St. Michael's.

We had to give another sad farewell to Father Walsh, our Curate and frequent visitor. He endeared himself to the pupils, both Primary and Secondary, by his religious instructions and his sympathetic approach to all, and as a football enthusiast he was specially appreciated by the boys. He was Spiritual Director of the Legion of Mary and helped the sodality by his personal supervision and enthusiasm. Presentations from Irvine pupils and from the Staffs of Primary and Secondary were made to Father Walsh, and he carried with him to his new parish the good wishes of staff and pupils.

In October, Mr. McFarlane headed a party of over 100 pupils to hear the Vienna Boys' Choir in Glasgow. All were enraptured at the fine singing and amazed at the perfection attained by such young boys. Later in the same month a group of senior girls led by Mrs. Ennis paid a visit to the Modern Homes Exhibition in Kelvin Hall, and thoroughly enjoyed themselves admiring and criticising exhibits. One girl, Margaret McCourt, won a prize from one of the companies for an essay of appreciation and criticism.

An Ursuline Sister, Sister Mary Paula, gave a talk to the Second and Third Year girls on the Religious Life, and she was very pleased with their interested questions.

Mid-term holiday was a happy break after two months' hard toil and teachers and pupils took fresh breath before terminal examinations.

We had a visit from Mr. Inglis and some members of the Education Committee in November, and later in the month Father Knowles, a Servite, spoke to senior boys and girls.

November is always noted for terminal examinations, so we need comment no further. Early December brought us a talk on Careers by Squadron-Leader Kingsley Brown, R.A.F., much appreciated by our future pilots. Visits by School Inspectors to the English and French Departments kept us on our toes and before we knew what had happened the Christmas season was at hand.



Our Christmas Parties were held as usual in our multi-purpose Dining Hall, Primary Parties and Secondary I. and II. being held in afternoons, Third Year in the evening and the Senior Dance last of all as the grand finale. Thanks to Mr. Leishman and his troupe of helpers the hall was soon transformed into a room fit for the Gay Gordons, while Mr. Campbell and company produced a humorous background by their comic posters.

On the last day of term we had a Carol Service in Church. His Lordship, Bishop McGee, presided and spoke to the pupils, congratulating them on their lovely service of Carols and Biblical readings, and hoped it would become an annual feature of the School. Christmas holidays closed the year 1961 for us and we went home to our blazing fires and Christmas presents.

We returned to School after the Christmas holidays to find burst pipes and radiators the order of the day. We did not receive another holiday, however, as we might have hoped, since only a few classes of juniors were sent home until the condition was remedied. No hope of respite for the seniors with Examination Estimates almost on us.

On the social side an Inter-School Dance with Speirs School followed a debate. Our Debating Society had been so well entertained at Speirs that they had to return the compliment by a similar function. But the end of February brought us up short with the first rounds in the S.C.E., when "O" Grade Homecraft was examined by Miss Brown, H.M.I. General S.C.E. Estimates began at the end of February and the battle was on.

March brought the Final Religious Examination for Fifth Year, this being held earlier than last year owing to the May Examinations.

In April, at the Music Festival at Ayr, several Choirs took part and we were pleased to carry away some Certificates. The Senior Mixed Choir won first place, First Year Boys' Choir second place, and first place was won for Piano Quartet for under 13's. Congratulations to Mr. McFarlane.

Visits from Inspectors of Technical Subjects and Botany kept these Departments on the alert, and just before the Easter holidays the School Religious Examination was carried out by Fathers McCafferty, Kiernan, Mancini and Crowley.

Shortly after the start of the last term the S.C.E. commenced. In all, 104 candidates were presented and examinations continued till the beginning of June. The invigilators were Father Walsh and Mr. Peter Reilly, who must have brought us luck, for the results in August were very gratifying.

On 24th May forty-eight pupils, with Miss Wade as Leader, set off on a "Dunera" cruise. Their Chaplain was Father Walker, now a member of the Education Committee. The cruise touched on Bergen, Oslo, Copenhagen and Hamburg, and in spite of heavy weather in the North Sea all the pupils who took part were highly elated with their experiences.

When we had freed ourselves from the yoke of examinations, we turned aside to "rest a while" spiritually, and two Retreats were held for senior girls and boys. These were conducted by Father Aquinas, C.P., whom we were delighted to welcome back after his successful years on the Australian Mission. The conferences were given in the Convent Chapel, recently enlarged and beautifully decorated, and between lectures we relaxed in the Convent garden. All was peaceful and we only regretted the brevity of the Retreats, which raised us from earthly considerations to higher and truer worths.

A group of Botanists, under the direction of Mr. Leahy and Miss Doran, paid a visit to Auchincruive Agricultural College, and were shown round the Horticultural and Poultry Departments. Some Chemistry pupils, with Mr. Leahy and Mr. Medine, also visited a farm in Dalry, and after an interesting tour were invited into the farmhouse to enjoy a delightful tea. In June also, pupils of Sixth Year, accompanied by various members of Staff, went on a Geographical outing to Inveraray, and in spite of bad weather the trip was most enjoyable. Their own comments are to be found elsewhere in the Magazine.



Towards the end of session there was a new departure when Sixth Year entertained the Staff to tea to show their gratitude for all their services in the past. Staff and pupils mingled happily together and before the gathering broke up they made Presentations to Sister Mary Campion. Later the boys of Sixth Year met the Male Staff in a football game, while the whole school looked on. The varied outfits worn by the Staff were highly applauded, but the more cumbersome appendages were shed as the game proceeded. Youth won—I mean the Sixth Year.

School Sports Day receives its separate treatment elsewhere, nor need we make any comment on the Summer Dance as it was a replica of that at Christmas, except for the band, which was exceptional and put the most dilatory feet in motion. Terminal Sports and Examinations all safely past, we closed the school year happily on 28th June.

We cannot conclude this account without paying a tribute of thanks and appreciation to the pupils of Sixth Year for their spirit of loyalty and service to the school. The Head Girl, Margaret Kearney, and the School Captain, John McCormick, were outstanding in the performance of their duties and were ably seconded by all the Prefects. They gave of their best for the general good. We thank them all and wish them every success in their future careers.

—o—

## ***Ghosts of the Future***

OUR traditional ghosts are nowadays very tame affairs. We have grown so accustomed to seeing headless ruffles and fluorescent gowns that if we came face to face with a spook, we wouldn't turn a hair. Old haunted houses with creaking doors and clanking chains are dated, while dark dungeons hold little horror for the modern individual.

But think of the frights people will get in the far future when the ghosts of this age come into their own. Imagine meeting, in a dark alley, a figure dressed in glowing pink jacket, purple shirt, bright green drainpipe trousers, yellow luminous stockings and blue suede shoes, while on its hollow cheek blazes a wealing, red scar. It's guaranteed for shocks, faints and thrills.

The soft pitter-patter of the dainty feet of the female spectre, in trailing robes, will be transformed into the sharp clatter of the ghostly lady of the future as she thumps her noisy way down a tiled corridor. Nothing graceful in her appearance! Floating hair of various tints—yellow, pink and blue—with sunken eyes gazing out from a frame of black! And if we gaze towards the noisy feet, we behold brightly coloured legs almost plaited together in their effort to move in a tight skirt. The candle which respectable spooks held will be changed into a portable transmitter radio which will add fearsome noises to the clink of the heels.

Haunted houses will be replaced by haunted cafes with the raucous sound of the juke-box in place of the moaning of tortured spirits. Even the transport of ghosts will undergo a change. No more graceful cavaliers riding with muffled hoof-beats across the countryside to bear a challenge for a future duel. Now motor cycles at full throttle will roar down the highway scattering fear and slaughter on all sides. And instead of silent ghost ships gliding through the grey mists of the sea, there will be ghost rocket-ships roaring across the star-lit sky.

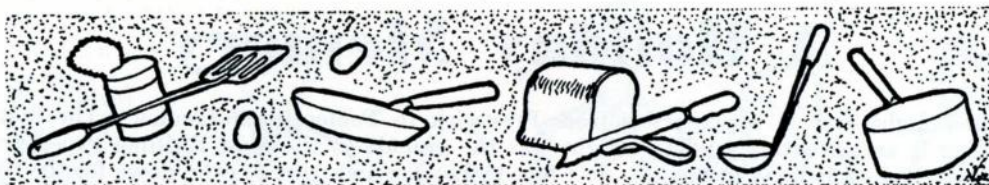


Present-day ghosts are courteous spirits who seem almost apologetic for being obliged to haunt you. But those of the future will take endless delight in scaring people out of their five senses.

I'll be there. Heh! Heh! Heh!

JOHN MILLIGAN, VI.





### THE IDEAL HOMES EXHIBITION, 1962, KELVIN HALL, GLASGOW.

SINCE this exhibition was the last all-British one to be held in Glasgow, I decided to take advantage of it. Wisely we chose to visit it in the forenoon, for then there were no queues and less congestion inside.

Soon after I entered the huge hall my attention was drawn to the silhouette pictures stall. There, a bearded artist cut out in black, paper silhouettes of clients, and these his assistant pasted to a white background, on which he signed his name, for a small fee of course. In a few minutes his skilled hands had cut out the poser's silhouette and his assistant framed it. The finished article was most life-like.

A great achievement in the kitchen is the non-stick-pan. This was demonstrated by cooking fried and scrambled eggs without fat, and no mark was left on the pan. A little milk was then poured into the milk pan and left to burn. This having been done the inside of the pan was apparently destroyed. Imagine the time and labour spent in cleaning an ordinary pan in such a state. The demonstrator just took a piece of kitchen paper and effortlessly wiped it clean. Oh! for such a pan in a cookery examination.

My attention was next drawn by the forceful and dogmatic personality of a young Sheffield boy who was voicing the praises of his wonderful knives. The small knife which had a detachable nylon handle acted also as a potato-peeler. When the handle was put over the peeler it served as a razor-sharp knife.

This agent was also advertising a large carving knife. To demonstrate its efficiency he took a loaf of fresh bread and cut it into water-thin slices. He then took a block of wood and sawed through it in no time, to show how it could cut through the bones in a joint of meat. This knife also had a small forked end, with which to lift the meat. It had an unbreakable nylon handle as before. It was on sale under a guarantee that if it ever lost its razor-sharpness it would immediately be replaced, no matter how the owner had abused it.

I moved now to another stall, where a new method of cleaning silver was being demonstrated. An apparently metallic plate was put into a basin of hot water. To this was added a bundle of tarnished silver cutlery. Hardly had they been put in than out they came shining as new.

My next stop was to observe a demonstration of the Kenwood Electric Mixer. Scotch broth was completely prepared in about ten minutes. Lemon, orange, tomato, carrot and apple juice were also made in a matter of minutes.

My attention was then drawn by a revolutionary idea in central heating—McClay Easy-warm Air furnace, which runs on gas, oil or electricity. The air is drawn from every room in the house, filtered by scientifically designed filters—which remove most of the dust—passed over the heating element and forced by a powerful blower through the air dust system back into the room, dust-free and warmed. The company claim that it is economically installed and easily operated.

These are but a few of the discoveries and inventions which modern science has produced to help the housewife. Most of us, however, must take advantage of the money-savers rather than the labour-saving luxuries available to the plutocrats of our society.

CATHERINE CONWAY, IVth Year.



# A Holiday Memory

My first flight ever in a plane was from Prestwick to Toulouse via London. The first of anything is an adventure, and this flight was the prelude to the most thrilling experience I have ever had—a holiday in Spain. So I flew to London and tried to calm down for the three and a half hours' flight from there to Toulouse.

It was an uneventful flight and we were for the most part above the clouds. At times we looked down through breaks in the rolling white clouds to see miniature boats in the English Channel or other aircraft flying beneath us.

In Toulouse, which is the fourth largest city in France, cars and lorries run on cylinders of natural local gas for a radius of one hundred miles.

A 280-mile coach tour through the Pyrenees to Barcelona brought me through many interesting and historic towns and departments of Spain. Stony, rough roads twisted their way through high steep hills, while lower down hydro-electric schemes and great dams were being built. I was informed that the Oriana Dam on the Segre, a tributary of the Ebro, took three years to complete.

Over the border is the Principality of Andorra, which still has its own Parliament. The Andorrans believe that their independence was first granted to them in the eighth century by Charlemagne, when he was fighting the Moors. Legend also tells that his son, Louis, gave its name to the country by saying, "Wild Valleys of Hell, I christen you Endor." The capital, the smallest in the world, is called Andorra-the-Old, and has its Parliament-house acting as a prison, church, library and museum. The language here is Catalan, sometimes in its proper form, and sometimes in its French or Spanish dialects.

On reaching the town of Bruch I saw the large monument commemorating the Spanish Drummer Boy who played his drum so that it echoed through the hills, giving the impression of many troops and causing Napoleon's forces to flee and be defeated.

A few miles from Barcelona we could see the saw-edged Mont-serrat. High on its slopes is the Jesuit Monastery of that name, which accommodates two thousand pilgrims. There is a fascinating legend about some shepherds who saw the Angels sawing the hills, thus giving them their shape.

Barcelona is said to gain its name from the father of Hannibal, Hamilcar Barca. To see the city properly I was told to go up to the heights of Tibidabo. There is yet another legend about this. In days of old many people supposed that the incidents of the Bible happened in their own lands. Thus to the Spaniard, Tibidabo is the scene of Our Lord's Temptation by the Devil.

Travelling South we marvelled at the wide dry river beds, and the hillsides clothed with trees and vivid red plants. Vines and olive trees grow in terraces to combat soil erosion.

Near Benidorm, my destination, rice fields lined the fields on either side of the road. Salt beds were in the vicinity and seemed to taste the water, making it unsuitable for drinking.

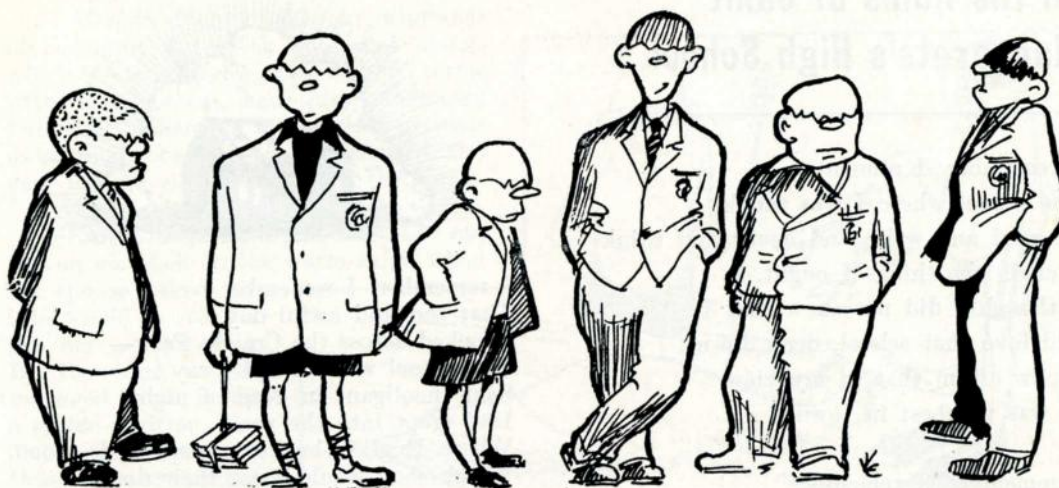
On the return journey I went to Perpignan, through Costa-Brava to Narbonne and Carcassonne. The flight from Toulouse was very different as this time we were not above cloud, and it was very bumpy but it was very interesting to study the patch-work of fields and rivers.

So my holiday ended. I found British weather quite up to standard on my arrival at London.

RUTH GEDDES, Vth Year.







## Opening Day at St. Michael's

(With Apologies to Robert Burns.)

They crawled hame their tale tae tell,  
 Ha, ha, the misery o't;  
 At each dark thought their faces fell,  
 Ha, ha, the misery o't.  
 They did rant and they did rave,  
 And at their homework they did slave,  
 It nearly drove them tae the grave—  
 Ha, ha, the misery o't!

When it comes your turn, beware,  
 Ha, ha, the misery o't;  
 Wait tae see how you do fare,  
 Ha, ha, the misery o't.  
 You know whit you're comin' tae,  
 And you know now whit you must dae;  
 But you will soon be moanin' tae—  
 Ha, ha, the misery o't!

First Years to Saint Michael's came,  
 Ha, ha, the misery o't;  
 Wishin' they were back at hame,  
 Ha, ha, the misery o't.  
 Some were wee, and some were shy,  
 Some were bright, and some were fly;  
 Some looked like they were goin' tae cry—  
 Ha, ha, the misery o't!

On that first mornin' o' the term,  
 Ha, ha, the misery o't;  
 They realised they'd have tae learn,  
 Ha, ha, the misery o't.  
 Be they dim or be they bright,  
 They would have tae learn a'right;  
 They had work that very night—  
 Ha, ha, the misery o't!

CHRISTINE TAYLOR, V.

### YOU'D NEVER BELIEVE IT.

ONE evening when my friend and I were walking in the cemetery, we heard loud groaning noises coming from a grave nearby. We nudged each other just to show how brave we were. Then we edged nearer until we were by the side of the grave and able to peep in.

The coffin was half open and a leg was protruding.

"Go, help the poor fellow out," whispered my friend, who did not seem to be at all frightened. So I took hold of the leg and pulled and pulled—just as I'm pulling your leg.

MOIRA QUIGG, IA.



## On the Ruins of Saint Margarets's High School

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I remember, I remember  
The school where I was taught  
To read and write and count and think  
And do the things I ought.  
Although I did not show that I  
Did love that school, deep down,  
I now affirm that in my view  
It was the best in town.

I remember, I remember  
The day that place I left,  
And as I crossed the threshold how  
I felt myself bereft  
Of part of me which lingered on  
To cheer the hearts of those  
Who after me would follow on  
To learn the things they chose.

I remember, I remember  
That sad and awful day  
I looked across the Craigie Park—  
The school was burned away!  
Some hooligans in dead of night  
Had crept into the room  
Where English books in cupboards stood,  
Which soon would meet their doom.

I remember, I remember  
That tale of woe, the height,  
Of how the boys did tear those books  
And set the school alight.  
Now only blackened ruins remain  
Where stood that valiant school;  
But sure as fate 'twill rise again—  
Saint Margaret's High School.

KATHLEEN WHYTE, V.

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### A WEEK AT THE SEA-SIDE.

It was during the Glasgow "Ferr" that Mr. and Mrs. McGinchey and company—Betty aged 14, Jake aged 7 and the terrible twins, Jeannie and Johnnie aged 5—decided to visit the Riviera of Scotland, Saltcoats.

When they arrived at Saltcoats station, the rain was torrential, and they hastened to their lodgings with a certain Mrs. McNair. It took the parents most of that day to unpack their belongings and to keep Jake and the twins silent by telling them that the sand went away for a holiday on a Monday.

Next day dawned, as next day will, and for a change the sun was shining. After having breakfasted on a roll an' ham and a cuppa' tea they made their way (suitably attired) to that golden expanse known as South Beach. The parents had intended to get a touch of the sun, but this thought was soon put out of their heads by the continual interruptions. First, Betty wanted to go to the cafe with her pal, Margaret.

"All right, but be back in time for yur dinner!" ordered the far-sighted Mrs. McGinchey. Just after they had settled down once again, Jeannie came up to them, making a din that would have frightened a footballer at Parkhead.

"Johnnie pit sawn" in ma ees," she complained.

"Tell 'im to come here at yince," directed Mr. McGinchey. When the culprit did arrive, he was given a "cuff on the lug," and in his turn went away crying and muttering under his breath at Jeannie, who by this time was beaming contentedly, showing no sign of sand in her eyes whatsoever. Next it was Jake's turn to disturb the peace. He came and asked his father if he could have "len o' a tanner to go oan the hoarses ovr therr."

"Naw!" said his father.

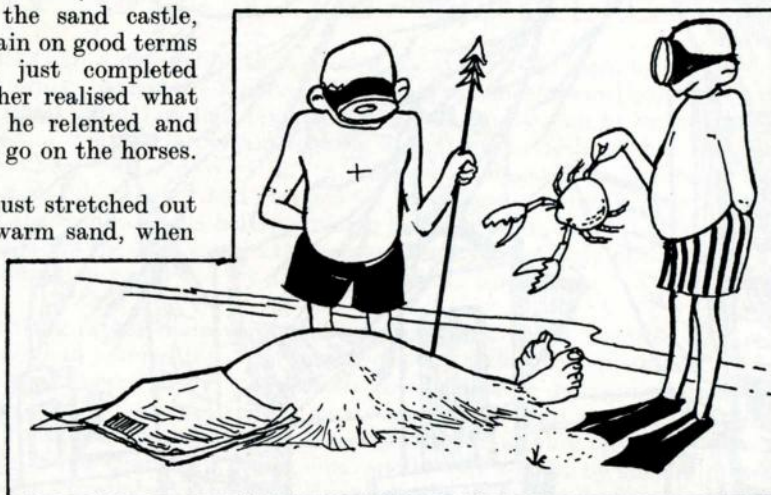
"Aw go oan!" said Jake.

"Naw!!!" repeated his father.



"All right, then!" said Jake, who went off solemnly to wreck the sand castle, which the twins (once again on good terms with each other) had just completed building. When his father realised what Jake was about to do, he relented and gave him his sixpence to go on the horses.

Mr. McGinchey had just stretched out flat on his back on the warm sand, when his spouse asked him if he would go over and get her a deck-chair. By the time he had managed to get it into a stable position, Mrs. McGinchey discovered that it was dinner-time and they would have to go for lunch.

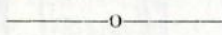


"Ah loat a good that was, hiven to get oot that chair!" thought Mr. McGinchey, for he dared not speak openly.

When they were on their way home, Jake inquired where Betty was. They all proceeded to the "Goldfish Bowl" (as Mr. McGinchey had named the cafe as the windows had impressions of fish on them). Accompanied by the sweet strains of "thou Tommy Steele or somebody like that," as Mrs. McGinchey thought, they managed to drag their music-mad offspring from the cafe.

This procedure went on every sunny day of the holidays and eventually when Mr. McGinchey reached the peace and quiet of Glasgow his only remark was "Never Again!"

STUART M. RANKIN, IVth Year.



#### TIMOR RERUM INCOGNITARUM.

Sorrowfully I stand in that dreaded room,  
My heart filled with overwhelming gloom;  
In fear I glance from side to side,  
That, if recognised, my shame might hide,  
From the enemy who might tell all  
The secret of my grievous fall.

The ogre advances, I shrink in fear,  
And in vain I try to suppress a tear,  
His dreaded weapons approach my head;  
Oh, how I envy the peaceful dead!  
The blow is struck! Now I must bear  
The shame of a haircut twice in a year!

JAMES McCANN, V.

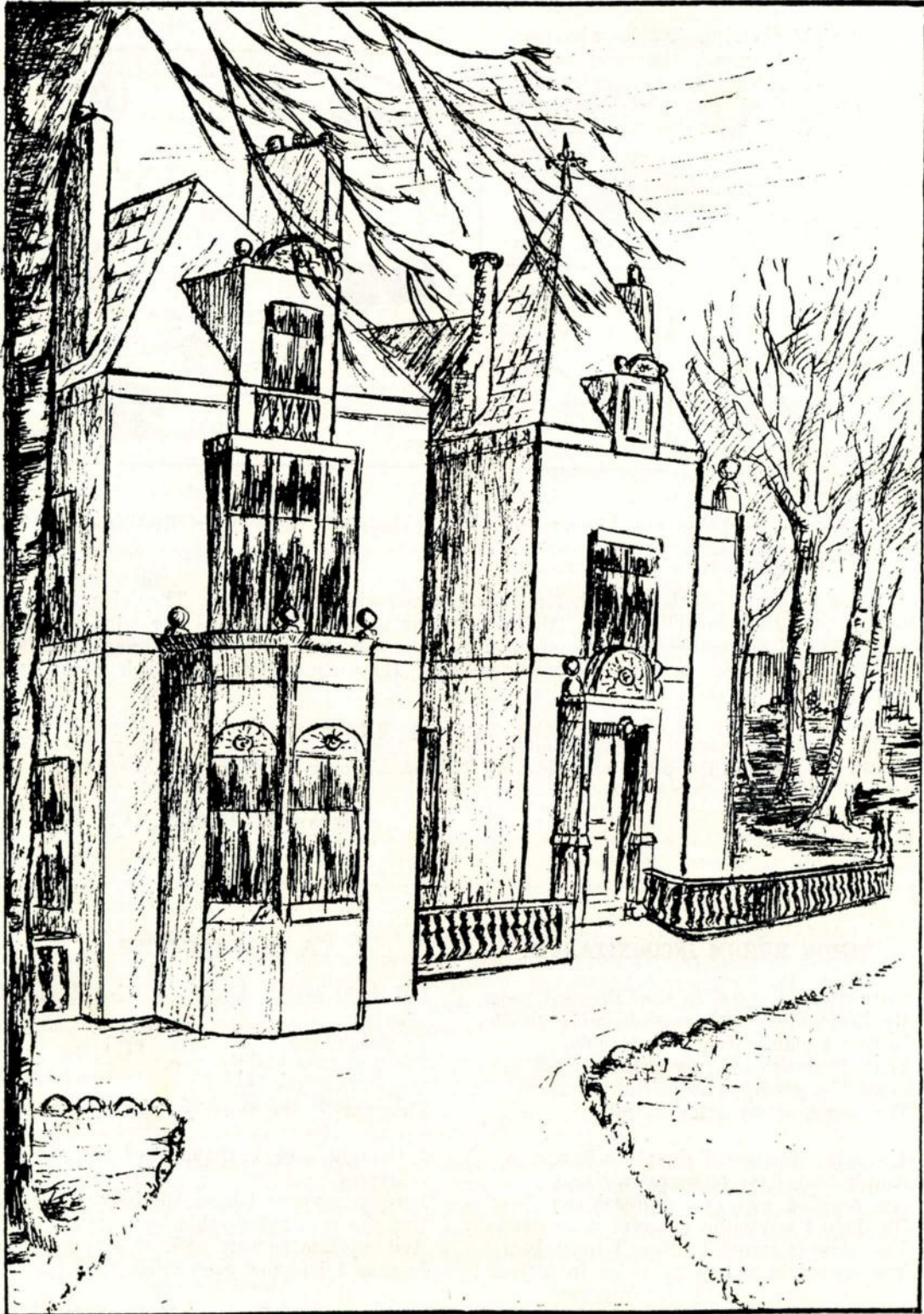
#### A FERVENT WISH.

I thought and I thought of what I should  
write,  
To put in the school magazine;  
But I'm sure you'll agree,  
If you feel like me,  
That this is the worst you have seen.

I thought and I thought of the various  
styles  
I might very well have applied;  
But the sum total's this,  
And my one fervent wish  
Is that I had not even tried.

FRANCIS MCGAFFNEY, IIIA.





The Convent, Irvine.

VALERIE MORACKAE, Vth Year.



# SOUTH OF THE BORDER

ONE day, about two months ago, I entered, with some trepidation, a little room in a Yorkshire school and sat, rather forlornly, behind the mighty desk that was henceforward to be my own. With the instincts of a small child I pulled open the drawers one by one to examine their contents, and found on top of a pile of important-looking documents something that was more important than any document—an old copy of St. Michael's Magazine. Memories were awakened of the day in mid-July when I had stepped on to the grass verge by the roadside to catch a last glimpse of the Scottish hills before crossing into England, and I looked forward with eagerness to the time when the bookcase in the corner, made by the boys of St. Michael's, would display the new magazine composed by the pupils of St. Michael's.

Several weeks later, sitting rather more comfortably in my desk-chair, I smiled as I read in a letter of how the school had entered into that period of travail that accompanies the birth of each magazine; this time mercifully I was *hors de combat*. Were not guilelessness the characteristic of all Englishmen, no doubt I should have regarded the dire warnings embodied in the ruins that dot the Yorkshire countryside, for their histories invariably tell of the ravages of Scots raiders. Times have not changed; before long, spoils were sought by subtler means: "Just a few lines before 7th November, please." However, the editors did at least choose a subject about which I knew a little. So here goes . . .

## The Debating Society.

Not one of the band of seven (six in the end; the chairman ran away) that met to "debate" once a week in 1957 could have guessed that from their efforts would grow, two years later, a full-scale Debating Society. Still less did any of them envisage its development into a "Literary and Debating Society." Yet such a development took place last year. Having secured a chairman who could not run away, the members inveigled teachers, and press-ganged pupils, into lecturing on topics of mutual interest. Mlle. Frade delivered two talks, one in French, on "La France Actuelle"; Miss McGeough described life in modern Spain and Mr. Medine, representing the Science Department, spoke on Evolution. The Society wishes to express its gratitude to the speakers for sacrificing their time to provide the seniors with enjoyment. Sandra Tait blazed what we hoped would be a glorious trail by her lecture on Egypt, but, alas, none was found willing to follow her courageous example.

Although the lively arguments on such controversial subjects as the status and habits of modern women revealed the dearth of male members the standard of speaking in the debates proper was noticeably higher this year. Consequently, when Speirs' School sent an invitation to an inter-school debate the challenge was gladly accepted. Scottish Nationalism and Women's Costumes, for the return visit, offered scope even to the most retiring members, and those who remained speechless did justice to the tea that preceded and the dance music that followed the discussion.

Especial credit is due to Margaret Kearney and John McCormick who throughout the year carried out so willingly and so well the arduous duties attached to running a Debating Society. May their successors continue their good work and may the Society, so humbly begun, afford pleasure to the school for many years to come.

o o o o

And now that I have delivered my treasure, such as it is, into the hands of the marauders, and look across the valley to the point where the fields dissolve into broad moorland, I reflect that magnanimity is the second characteristic of Englishmen, and I willingly confess that I still look forward to the time when the bookcase in the corner, made by the boys of St. Michael's, will display the new magazine composed, but for these few lines, by the pupils of St. Michael's.

S. M. C.



# Faithful Old Rufus

THE big clock struck one. People stopped in the busy streets and checked their watches. Some adjusted them.

An old Golden Labrador, lying in the garden of a comfortable home, cocked his ears and arose. He trotted to the gate and, lifting one large paw, cleverly unlocked it. A little way down the road he trotted, his pace never slackening, until he came to a bus stop. There he waited for a few minutes till the five-past bus came into sight. It stopped and he climbed aboard. The conductor came down stairs and greeted him. "Hello, Old Boy," he said, fondling the dog's ears. "Going to see your master again?" Rufus gave a soft bark as if to reply, "Yes."

The bus halted and Rufus jumped off. "Good-bye," called the conductor.

Rufus waited a moment until the bus moved away; then he crossed the road and entered through the open gate of the cemetery. "Here, Rufus," called a voice, and he, upon hearing it, bounded towards the little house of the caretaker. "I have some flowers for you, Boy," it said, and the caretaker placed a little bunch of roses in Rufus's mouth. He gently carried them to one of the many graves and, with difficulty, arranged them in a little black vase. He lay down and slept for a little while.

Suddenly, he heard a familiar voice beckoning him to play. "Hello, Ruff," it said. "Here! Catch!" The dog sat up and to his great delight saw the figure of his master standing before him. He had a ball in his hand. This he threw into the air and it landed on a low cloud. Rufus felt years younger. Leaping up, he raced after the ball and returned it to his beloved master, who repeated the operation over and over again until they were lost to sight behind the clouds.

At dusk the caretaker went on his usual rounds to inspect the graves and remind anyone who might be there that it was time to close. As he rounded the gigantic weeping cherry, he noticed Rufus prostrated on the ground. "Rufus," he said earnestly. "You should have been home an hour ago. Rufus! Rufus!" he repeated as he dropped on one knee beside the dog. "He's gone," he muttered. "He'll be happy up there with his master," he added, glancing up at the darkening sky above him.

"I'd better inform his keeper."

MARIETTA MACGRANTHIN, IA.

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## A Proud Beggar

SITTING by the water-edge I watched the swan gliding regally over the still waters of her domain.

Suddenly we came face to face, and the morsel of bread I offered her seemed to propel itself into her mouth. She swallowed it unhurriedly, surveying me meanwhile as if demanding what right I had to feed the Queen of Birds. Then she turned contemptuously and glided off.

A proud beggar indeed.

JOHN MILLIGAN, VIth Year.



### REVENGE IS SWEET.

"You don't need to murder her," protested Alex. Timson. "Look here, son! I'm the boss around here, and when I tell you to do something it's got to be done." These harsh words were spoken by the infamous Sam Sniper, known as "The Boss." His small cruel eyes glinted as another of the gang said, "Yes, she has got to go as she knows too much. She witnessed the robbery." "I'm having nothing to do with this," replied Alex. "I'm leaving." As he turned towards the door Sam drew a revolver from the drawer. A shot rang out and Alex. slumped to the floor, dead.

"We'll bury the body tonight," said Sam to the other rather frightened members of the gang. "There's a good place on the very edge of the moor, where I'll meet you there with poor Alex. at 11.30 p.m." He laughed and his laugh was menacing and evil. "Make sure you're there," were his parting words as he left, still laughing. "11.30 p.m., where on earth are the others?" said Sam to himself. "Too scared to come, I suppose. Well, I'd better do the job myself. Looks like a storm brewing up." And, indeed it did. Large black clouds were scurrying across the sky hiding the moon from view. The wind was rising steadily, moaning and shrieking through the trees, as it did so. Just as Sam had buried the body, a flash of lightning rent the sky in two. He glanced round, frightened, and saw, to his horror, a white glowing figure moving through the trees towards him. "It's Alex! but it can't be," cried the panic-stricken man. He turned and fled blindly along, stumbling here and there. He did not see the "DANGER, 100 FT. DROP AHEAD," sign. He ran on and with a scream plunged to his death.

The lightning flashed! The thunder pealed! and the rain fell in torrents as the storm commenced.

MARGARET PLLU, IA.

### THE HOCKEY GAME.

(With apologies to Lewis Carroll.)

"Will you whack a little softer?" said the Inner to the Half,  
"And please don't aim your hockey-stick directly at the Staff.  
See how eagerly the umpires in their armoured suits advance—  
They're not leaving any misdirected hockey-balls to chance.  
Will you, won't you, will you, won't you please obey the rules?  
Remember we have only *friendly* games with other schools.

"You simply can't imagine how delightful it will be  
When the mud lies thick upon the pitch and the fog's too thick to see."  
The umpire cries "A goal! a goal!"  
The team remain quite calm  
As the poor keeper's taken off with badly-fractured arm—  
Could not, would not, could not, would not stand the pace;  
Could not, would not, could not, would not, could not stand the pace.

"It matters not if we have lost!" the beaten captain cried,  
"But all in first and turn the showers upon the other side!  
To give them influenza for winning is our aim,  
So turn not pale, dear friend, nor quail, but come and join the game!  
Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, come and join the game?  
Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, come and join the game!"

ELIZABETH McCOMISH, IVth Year.

### A STROLL IN THE WOODS.

How lovely it is to stroll  
In the woods on a Summer day;  
How lovely it is to hear  
Birds singing on their way.  
How lovely it is to stroll  
By a river swiftly flowing;  
To see the trees so tall and green  
And to hear the cuckoo calling.

MARY INGLIS, Pr. VII.



# The Sport of Judo

TO-DAY the sport of Judo has reached an all-time peak in popularity, but it had its inconspicuous beginnings about the thirteenth century among Buddhist monks in Japan. These monks were forbidden by their religion to carry weapons of any kind and, as robbers and murderers abounded in those times, the monks had to devise a means of defending themselves. Thus Ju-Jitsu (from the Sino-Japanese derivation "the gentle art") was born. The idea of this means of defence, was to know how to break the balance of one's opponent, and thus be able to put him down without the use of excessive force. The monks also learned how to fall without any injury to themselves. This means of defence spread from the monks to the ordinary people, not only of Japan but to all the people of the Orient.

To-day, however, Judo is the most popular sport. Many people have the wrong idea about Judo, thinking that it is only a means of self-defence. It is true that Judo can be adapted to this purpose but such is not its real goal. Its real objective is to sharpen the reactions, to improve physical health and, the most important aim, to improve co-ordination between thinking of an action and performing it. If people wish to take up a sport merely for self-defence, they should join a Ju-Jitsu Club and not a Judo Club.

The outfit worn by a Judo student (a Judoka) is called a Judogi. It consists of a strong, loose, white jacket, fastened with a coloured belt and a pair of loose, white trousers. The jacket has no buttons, tabs or pockets to catch. The coloured belt is the only sign of the Judoka's grade, and the colours vary from red for the beginner, through white, yellow, orange, green, blue and brown, to black, the highest grade. The black belt is further divided into twelve Dans. The highest Dan possible to reach in Britain is the third, and to go higher than that, one must go to Japan. The highest that has ever been reached is tenth Dan, obtained by a Japanese champion.

Judo is divided into three sections—the first dealing with falling correctly; the second dealing only with the use of throws, and the last dealing with ground work. In the first section great emphasis is laid on falling without injury to oneself. Unless this first principle is mastered serious injury might be suffered. In the second action the idea is to put your opponent off balance and then by rolling or turning action to utilise his strength to throw him without excessive force. Groundwork is that branch of Judo dealing with the steps to be taken to pin down a thrown opponent and how to obtain a submission from him.

Judo Clubs range from elaborate palaces with every modern convenience to small buildings with just enough space for a mat, big enough to accommodate a dozen or so Judokas. The routine of these clubs rarely varies. The evening is begun with exercises designed to strengthen the muscles, especially those of the fingers and arms. This is followed by tuition from the instructors. After this the Judokas practice a type of throw in which the opponent offers no resistance. The night is finished off by a Randori or general contest between Judokas. In this, one point is awarded for a clean throw of your opponent, one point in groundwork is gained for pinning your opponent on the mat for thirty seconds or obtaining a submission from him.

As Judo is an all-weather sport as well as one that promotes physical well-being, it cannot fail to grow in popularity all over the world.

JAMES STEVEN, Vth Year.







En route to Church to Celebrate the Feast of their Patron, St. Michael.



Arriving at St. Mary's, Irvine.



## ***The Grape Harvest***

PERHAPS the gayest of all harvests is the Italian grape-harvest, the Vendemmia.

I gained my experience in grape-harvesting two years ago on my uncle's farm, for, holidaying in Italy, my family and I answered his appeal for helpers to gather his grapes. Dressed suitably for the occasion in motley rags and with bright scarves tied round our heads, we looked like a gypsy family. The harvesters were already at work when we arrived, and their merry singing could be heard amid shouts and hearty laughter. We were anxious to join them. As we approached we could hear the snapping of the clusters from the vines and soon we, too, were filling the baskets with rich black grapes.

Since I was quite inexperienced in grape-harvesting, I was most particular as to what I let fall into the baskets, and when I was trying to remove an ugly spider from a bunch of grapes my uncle came over and asked me what I was doing. I told him but he just smiled and said, "Just drop it in; don't you know that these insects add to the flavour?"

I looked at him and gulped down the grapes I had in my mouth. I had certainly not known that before. The grape-picking lasted until about eight, when we went home. At dinner I was offered a glass of wine but I wisely refused. We worked again the following day, and by the end of the third day all the vines, except for a few, were bare and the countryside took on its wintry look.

All the grapes were then put into enormous barrels and were crushed into liquid form by the men who tramped on them. This method has now largely been replaced by the mechanical, although my uncle still employs the traditional method. When this had been done the liquid was left to ferment for about ten or twelve days. Next it was strained to remove any foreign bodies—the skeletons, I presume—and the new wine was bottled. Then the result of the grape-harvest was acknowledged.

The wine was really first-class and to celebrate the success and mark the end of yet another year of grape-farming, my uncle and aunt held a party at which even I was coaxed to drink some wine. I must admit, it had that added flavour.



NADIA DA PRATA, Vth Year.

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## **ON TAKING UP GOLF**

GOLF to-day is, indeed, a sport which is becoming increasingly popular. The Japanese have taken it up with great enthusiasm. So, too, the number of lady golfers is increasing.

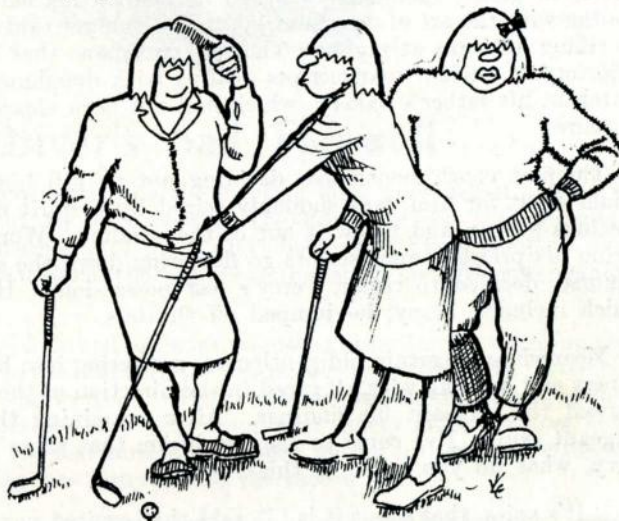
One sunny day—the only sunny day during the Summer holidays—I decided to play a round of golf with my friend. On approaching the first tee I noticed a large contingent of lady golfers waiting to drive off. Miss Smith, a dainty figure in tartan trews, wielded a driver which could have been mistaken for a clothes pole with a turnip on the end. She was already on her downswing when she stopped abruptly. "Have you see Mrs. Brown's new hat?" was her exclamation to her partner. It took her five minutes to slice her ball straight into a hedge. Seven out of the ten ladies played their shot into the same bush, and when all the ladies had played off, the bush looked as if an elephant had sat on it.



We drove off after the women had gone. But they had stopped on the green to mark their score—a double figure. My cry of "Fore" made no difference. It serves the golfer right that I buckled her caddy-car wheel. On the second tee my drive knocked a hole in the greenkeeper's hut. On the third I gave the green an inch covering of sand from a bunker. I took only seven strokes to get myself out. On the fourth I gave a sheep a haircut and a chance to break the land speed record. The fairway on the fifth lost a few divots of turf. Things were just beginning to liven up. My sixth tee-shot landed just behind a lager-can. Those women again! Selecting an iron I played the shot. The can struck my partner on the ear and the ball disappeared in Red Indian country further on.

Nothing much happened till the eighteenth when my partner struck one of the greenkeepers on the knee. He took it rather pleasantly. He gave us some balls which he had found—a pleasant gesture, except that they came fast and furious. Seven of them made a personal impression on me. You see, when I reached the clubhouse I couldn't sit down.

So don't take up golf, especially when there are people like myself and my friend around. Just fly model aircraft as my pal did after he played me.



EDWARD THOMPSON, IIIA.

#### GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

I cry myself to sleep each night,  
Thinking of the awful fright  
My mum will get when I don't pass next day.

For me it will be no surprise,  
It's not so hard to realise  
The mess I'm going to make of my big day.

So I will need no consolation,  
When word comes through to all the nation,  
But someone, please, will have to help my Mum.

She'll be so disappointed when  
She hears that I've failed all my ten;  
She won't believe it's 'cos I'm really dumb.

So, Mums, please pay attention here,  
Even though Wee Joe's a dear,  
It doesn't mean his I.Q.'s extra good.

For just as virtue can't be bought,  
He can't use brains he hasn't got;  
So, Mums, please don't expect more than you should.

MARGARET MILLAR, Vth Year.

#### ASPIRATIONS.

In St. Michael's fair College,  
Where the girls go for knowledge,  
That's where I first wore my new blazer and tie.

I went there the first day,  
And I hope I shall stay,  
Until I shall gain my S.C.E. or die.

PATRICIA JANE MACNAMARA, I. Beta.

#### THE THUNDERSTORM.

We had a thunderstorm last night,  
As wild as wild could be;  
The lightning flashed, the thunder crashed,  
And the rain made rings round me.

How glad I was to reach my home,  
And snuggle down in bed;  
I pulled the blankets over me  
And covered up my head.

JENNIFER DONNELLY, Pr. V.



# ***The School Bus***

It was a Monday morning. The school bus was filled with various scholars, all bent on getting their week-end homework done as quickly as possible. This was with the exception of two reckless youths, one of whom, with a dark and gloomy face, was deciding which was the best way to commit suicide. The other, Percy Gawkins by name, was engaged in looking at a bundle of greasy manuscripts which he held in his hand. These were ancient scripts, each dealing with the art of doughnut-making. Rumour said that Percy had obtained these recipes by rifling dustbins at nights. The real truth was that Percy, who hoped one day to start a "Society of ancient manuscripts dealing with doughnuts," had obtained these after diligent search in his father's bakery, which had not been cleared out for ages and contained untold treasures.

The first youth mentioned, deciding not to kill himself after all, as his Maths teacher would do it for him, was suddenly seized by a spirit of mischief. He snatched up Percy's precious burden and threw it out of the window. Words cannot describe Percy's horror on seeing his priceless manuscripts go fluttering down the street. His companion, stricken with remorse, decided to regain Percy's lost possessions. Heading a troop of small schoolboys, which included Percy, he jumped off the bus.

Meanwhile, a certain old gentleman, muttering into his beard, was carefully concealing the papers and heading with all speed in the direction of the police station. On arriving there he showed the sergeant his findings. After examining them carefully for some minutes, the sergeant said, "I've come to the conclusion that these 'ere papers are not in English. 'Ere 'arry, what do you make of this?"

"It's spies, that's wot it is!" said that excited young constable. "My Ma had a funny feeling in her toes this morning and put it down to spies. I bet they dropped these papers and they're very important. We had better phone Scotland Yard."

The sergeant speedily did so, and within an hour three secretive and distinguished gentlemen alighted from a Rolls Royce, conducting an exceedingly old man whom they introduced as an expert on languages. On being shown the manuscripts he exclaimed in a squeaky voice, "Doughnuts!" At this one of the distinguished gentlemen said gravely, "We have been expecting this for twenty years. Sergeant! Phone the lunatic asylum immediately!" With this the learned gentleman sank into a chair and applauded his own wisdom.

At this crucial moment there appeared at the doorway Percy and his followers who, after searching the town, had decided to go to the police station. Following them in hot pursuit were several teachers, the bus conductor and last, but not least, the headmaster.

Percy, on seeing his precious papers, pounced on them and hugged them to his heart. "What are you doing, young man?" said the sergeant sternly.

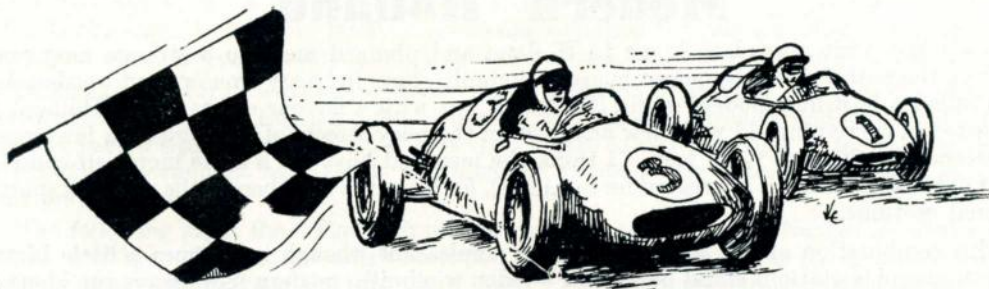
"These are my papers concerning ancient recipes for doughnuts," stammered that pale freckled youth.

"Aha!" said that wise gentlemen mentioned before, so suddenly and fiercely that everyone present applauded his sagacity.

The mystery was then cleared up, a press photographer sent for, and everybody's photograph taken (including two ambulance men who had come to take the language expert away). The wise gentleman was later made a Lord on account of his extreme wisdom in the matter; the sergeant was promoted and Percy gained a valuable friend in the language expert, who when Percy's society was started became the Vice-President and was one day taken away to a lunatic asylum, feebly murmuring "Doughnuts! Doughnuts! Doughnuts!"

MARGARET O'BRIEN, IIA.





## A Racing Driver's Sad Farewell

RACE-DAY dawned with a bright, tropical sun. As the starting hour approached a fever of pre-race activity brought on a mounting air of suspense. The start was only minutes away now, and after a few last-minute adjustments of plugs and checking of tyres the cars were rolled up to the starting line. At a given signal the engines were started and the power plants roared into action.

The race-car moved off and the racers followed in their designated order for the warm-up lap. Through the approach road and out on to the first turn they rode, slowly at first, then faster and faster, taking their cue from the official car in front. They rolled around the high-banked turn and on to the back straight and, even though they were doing over ninety miles per hour now, the pace seemed slow. They came off the last turn and, as they moved into the pit straight, the pace car pulled aside, the green flag was lowered and the race was on.

The leading cars scorched round the two-and-a-half-mile circuit, with some laps being clocked as high as a hundred and seventy-four miles per hour. In little more than thirty-five minutes from the drop of the starting flag the leading car started across the finishing line.

But at this moment, when the chequered flag was being lowered, the most poignant drama of the race was unfolding. Car number five was coming out of the west turn, running in second position. He was going all out now as he raced into the back straight. Then, all at once, trouble struck. The car went out of control and crashed into the fence at the top of the track. The metal rail buckled and folded and there was a blinding flash of every colour in the spectrum as the magnesium wheels ground against the steel guard-rail. Eight wooden fence posts were ripped from their deep moorings as the front end of the car was sheared off. The car which was following close behind spun out into the infield to avoid the flying metal being flung in every direction. The driver then leaped out and ran over to the remains of the tragic wreck. He shook his head sadly and walked away. This young racing driver was beyond help, and there had been less than half a lap for him to go.

ROBERT J. REID, Vth Year.

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### THE GAME.

Football's the game for a real live man,  
Practice as often as ever you can;  
Jump out of bed at break of day,  
Put on your strip and haste away.

Goalkeeper, mind the risk you take,  
To leave your goal is a great mistake,  
Watch the goal and save your name,  
Do your best to win the game.

FRANCIS GARTLAND, Pt. VII.

### RECOGNITION.

One draws a shape, an object, a figure,  
A man, a woman, a cat or a tiger.  
No matter what is the size of the frame  
The one ambition is always the same,  
To see on the wall in front of the class,  
Your classmates standing all in a mass,  
Admiring the picture which you have drawn,  
Of a cat, or a crow, or a unicorn.

KATHLEEN ENNIS, Ia



## Modern Holland

My very first visit abroad took me to Holland and plunged me into a strange new world. Not here the peaceful canals, quaint houses, windmills, boys in baggy trousers and wooden shoes but instead a bustling, modern world like home, but with a flavour all its own. Holland has succeeded in combining old with new and even in the busy streets of Amsterdam a few women in national costume are to be seen. I think the men and boys are a little more self-conscious about national dress (or is it a regard for fashion ?), for I saw few members of the male sex sporting national costume.

This combination of old and new is never unpleasant, though sometimes a little bizarre. Modern pumping-stations stand beside old wooden windmills, modern motorways run alongside the quiet canals, and now skyscraper office-blocks are being built beside the traditional Dutch houses. You can see the traditional Holland if you know where to look for it, and the tourist boards are only too ready to display it to you ; but I found the everyday Holland equally enjoyable and sometimes just as strange.

To start with, what about Dutch food ? Well, there is always an over abundance of it. The Dutch appetite is colossal, and all the food is delicious, though the specialities are ice-cream and cakes. The Dutch idea of a plain cake is usually based on a sponge smothered in cream and weighed down with fruit, nuts and anything else they can think of to add to it. The basic ice-cream is much the same as ours, but it, too, is always served piled high with cream, fruit, nuts, etc. For snacks, chips are very popular, though I sometimes saw these topped with cream. Another favourite snack is fresh, salted herring. These are simply salted and eaten raw. Dutch people hold them by the tail and literally "shove them down their throats." Heads and bones of the fish are, of course, discarded.



Holland is the architect's paradise. All sorts of buildings are to be seen, from old windmills to the modern city of Rotterdam, which was almost completely destroyed during the war and has now been rebuilt. All Dutch cities are quite modern, but they have never lost any of their charm in their modernisation. Near the Hague a model city has been laid out, comprised entirely of models of the most famous Dutch buildings. Included in the city are models of Schipol (Amsterdam) Airport and Rotterdam Docks.

As with other nations it is impossible to generalise about Dutch people. We found them friendly and very helpful. Their sense of humour is well known and also their qualities of determination and endurance, which are so well illustrated in their perpetual fight against the sea.

ANNE BRIMLEY, IV.

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## The Grey Ghosts

A TALL lean Scotsman, Stuart Cameron, was walking along the waterfront of Nassau, in the Bahamas, one Winter evening in the year 1863. He was looking for a second mate's berth on board one of the vessels in the harbour. He stopped abruptly as his eye rested on one of the most unusual vessels he had ever seen. Lying alongside the wharf was a long slender grey-painted vessel of about 500 tons' displacement. She was screw instead of paddle-driven and appeared extremely fast. Her sharp ram-bow was covered with a turtle-back which ran for about one quarter of the ship's length. The masts had been cut short, and instead of being vertical her funnels were raked sharply towards the stern. Suddenly he realised what type of vessel this was—a Confederate blockade-runner. This explained the light grey paint which would make her almost invisible when she entered the mists over the Gulf Stream. There



she would appear as a phantom—a grey ghost. Soon he was able to read the name—"Emile Francqui." An hour later Cameron had obtained the position of second mate aboard her, under command of Captain James Lymond, a small, well-built, though sickly-looking man.

Next day the cargo was loaded under the supervision of Emmet Duncan, the first mate. The cargo was mostly English rifles, ammunition, medical supplies and cloth. There had recently been a scandal in Charleston over the absence of war materials in the cargoes brought in by blockade-runners, as a result of which the runners were carrying increased cargoes of guns and ammunition.

The following night the "Emile Francqui" slipped quietly out of Nassau, evaded a Union cruiser, and headed North towards Charleston. Cameron stood on the flying bridge watching the grey seas whipping over the turtle-back bow. They were travelling at three-quarter speed. Even at this rate she was the fastest vessel Cameron had ever sailed on. Three days later the "Emile Francqui" was about eighty miles North of Charleston, turning Southwards to start the run for harbour via Sullivan's and Mafitt's Channels. Lymond and the pilot, Harry Brushitt, were on the bridge, peering intently into the gloom of the mist which the ship had just entered. The North-East wind rushing over the warm Gulf Stream was quickly thickening the mist. The "Emile Francqui" was now in her natural element. Even the members of her crew who were on deck appeared as phantoms. Cameron turned to look anxiously towards the funnels. No giveaway flames were licking their sooty lips. Many a blockade-runner had been sighted and run down as a result of the tell-tale flames flickering at the funnel tops. Seven hours later the "Emile Francqui" lost speed and came to a stop about a mile to the North-East of Battery Marshall.

"Do you know exactly where we are, Mr. Brushitt?" demanded Lymond.

"Due North of Drunken Dick Shoal, Captain Lymond," replied the pilot.

The twin screws commenced to turn once more as the "Emile Francqui" moved swiftly into Sullivan's Channel. She was forcing her way through the choppy seas at full speed when a sudden gust of wind separated the fog bank. At once there was a shout of "Go about! Go about!" Like a startled deer the runner turned sharply and darted back into the mist. As the blockade-runner had emerged from the mist the glow of funnels had been sighted. It could be nothing else but a Union cruiser, probably the "U.S.S. Augusta," which mounted two 150 lb. Dahlgren rifles.

"We had better try Swash Channel and make a direct run from the East," muttered Lymond.

The mist was swirling as thickly as ever as the "Emile Francqui" entered Swash Channel at her full speed of fifteen knots. The vessel rattled and shook as the straining engines turned the furiously spinning shafts. Spray was lashing in ever-increasing quantities over the turtle-back. On the bridge Cameron shivered with cold and fear. Waiting ahead of them there could be up to four Union cruisers, fast and powerfully armed. He grabbed the side of the bridge as the runner lurched sharply to starboard. They should be off Fort Wagner soon.

"Quarter speed!" shouted Lymond into the engine-room speaking-tube.

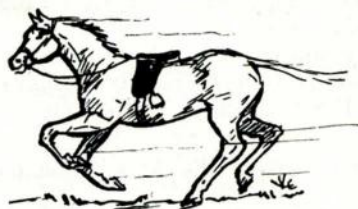
Slowly the vessel lost way. No noise was audible except for the whistling of the wind. About half a mile ahead loomed the outline of a Union warship. The grey camouflage was proving very effective. The sharp-eyed lookouts had not spotted them yet. Simultaneously with a startled shout from a lookout, Lymond roared, "Full ahead, both!" The "Emile Francqui" surged forward and soon was going flat out. Cameron gazed astern in anguish as both Dahlgren rifles traversed slowly to train on the vessel. With a devilish whine the first shell passed overhead and plunged into the sea ahead of the fleeing runner. A string of flags rose on the signal gaff of the warship—"Heave to or take the consequences." Cameron glanced at Lymond, who was mopping his brow nervously, but no order to heave-to came. With a deafening crash the second shell hit the ship. Everyone on the bridge was thrown flat. Behind the bridge there was only a blackened hole on the deck to suggest where one of the funnels had been. The cruiser was under way now, but the "Emile Francqui" was rapidly drawing away. Soon she would be out of range. What happened next, no one knew. The world exploded in a blinding flash. An eternity later, Cameron woke to find himself draped over the starboard side of the bridge, or all that



was left of it, for it was a shambles of twisted metal and splintered wood. The "Emile Francqui" was no longer ploughing powerfully through the waves but was limping slowly along on one screw. The emergency steering gear was still intact. Standing near it was the battered and bruised figure of Lymond. Brushitt must be dead. Lymond was staring fixedly at some object ahead of his ship. Cameron turned to look. They were approaching Fort Sumter. Soon they would be safe. He looked round for the Union cruiser. She was rapidly bearing down on the crippled blockade-runner. Intent on her prey, she forgot the batteries of Forts Sumter and Moultrie. With an angry roar the first salvos from both forts soared over to straddle the incoming cruiser, which immediately turned and headed back to sea. The Confederate gunnery was too accurate for comfort. Soon she was out of range and the shells fell far behind her fleeing stern. Two tugs came out of the harbour and took the battered ghost in tow. As the "Emile Francqui" tied up, at the wharf, the army unloading party arrived. Soon they swarmed over the vessel, unloading the badly-needed cargo. Four bodies were sent off along with the cargo—those of Brushitt, Duncan, the first mate, an engineer and an ordinary seaman. Later on the wounded were transferred to hospital. When the cargo was finally unloaded the blockade-runner was towed to Easton's shipyard for repairs. Three months later the "Emile Francqui" steamed out of Charleston for Nassau, with Cameron as first mate. He felt very proud as the runner passed Forts Moultrie and Sumter to the cheers of the garrison. Soon she would be back in the mists—a grey ghost once more.

AUSTIN KELLY, VIth Year.

## My First Experience on Horseback



My friends, when on holiday last Summer, decided that they would like to go horse-riding. As I had never before ridden a horse I was rather reluctant to accompany them, but, having been assured by them that it was child's play, I went along to try this new pastime.

My confidence that I should acquit myself fairly in the equestrian field was shaken when I came face to face with my mount, an impetuous grey of about fourteen hands in height, so I was told. When the time came to mount I placed my left foot in the stirrup and swung over my right leg in accordance with all my friend's instructions. Unfortunately, these did not allow for any movement on the horse's part, so I found myself on my back on the stable floor, to the derision of my companions. At last, aided by the stable-hand and three of my friends, I managed to land on the animal's back.

Then came the testing stage, the moving off. No matter how much I dug my Italian-style shoes into his sides, my horse remained stationary. However, the resourceful stable-hand soon put matters right, a quick flick with his cane on the animal's hindquarters and the outraged beast bolted down the lane adjoining the stables with me hanging on the reins like grim death. We must have covered a mile before I dared to open my eyes, and found myself still in the land of the living. My mount slowed down and I began to savour the distinctive pleasure of horse-riding. Swinging gaily in the saddle and whistling "Paladin," I imagined myself three years hence being acclaimed "Horseman of the Year" at Wembley, coupled with this non-pareil of the equestrian kingdom.

At this stage, however, my four-legged friend decided to go home and without a by-your-leave, swung round and cantered off in the direction of the stable. As I dismounted I could swear he winked at me.



JAMES MCCANN, Vth Year.



## Look before you Leap

EDDY edged away from the window letting the curtain fall back into place. The street below glistened in the moonlight. There wasn't a soul in sight and all was deadly quiet. Eddy glanced at his watch. The time was 5.10 a.m.

"He's late!" he repeated aloud, frightening himself with the dry harsh sound of his own voice.

Eddy was two storeys up, alone in the room. It was a small room with a bed taking up about one-third of the floor, an empty fireplace opposite the window and two doors filling up the other wall.

Again Eddy walked across to the window. He pushed the curtain to one side and glanced out. Suddenly a car roared round the corner, its headlights illuminating the whole street. Eddy flung himself back against the wall, his heart beating madly.

"I mustn't be seen," he told himself.

But the car drove on without stopping and Eddy breathed a sigh of relief.

"Why doesn't he come?" Eddy asked himself, as he began to feel the strain of his long wait.

Reassuringly he patted the bulge in his jacket.

The time was 5.14 a.m.

Then he heard the footsteps in the distance.

"This must be him now," thought Eddy.

He listened. The footsteps came closer and closer till finally they stopped in the street below. There was a knock on the door. Eddy rushed downstairs and threw it open.

"You're late," Eddy said as he took it into his hands.

"Yeah," the voice replied before walking on. Eddy rushed back to his room. He sat down on the bed and took the spectacle case from his pocket.

"I wonder what..." His voice trailed off and a horror-stricken look appeared on his face. Eddy dropped on his knees, screaming hysterically.

"He's given me last week's *Dandy*," he cried, beating his head against the floor.

KENNETH McCaffery, IV.



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## LOST AND FOUND

Where have I left my season,  
My season for the bus!  
And why must the conductress  
Create a dreadful fuss!

"I have it with me daily!  
It must be somewhere here!  
Please, give me time to find it!  
I cannot pay the fare!"

But off the bus I have to go  
And tread the Queen's highway;  
Shall I go home and look for it  
Or hike to school to-day?

I open up my bag again  
To take another look,  
And find the wayward ticket  
Inside a homework book.

ROSEMARY FERGUSON, IIIA.





## FOOTBALL

THE season which has ended saw us again with full fixture lists and a reasonable degree of success. Unfortunately, appalling weather during the earlier part of the year led to postponements and a resulting confusion of games later in the season. In spite of this, our players showed a commendable degree of enthusiasm and team spirit.

Once more we had four teams playing regularly, namely, 1st XI., Under 15 XI., Under 14 XI. and 1st Year XI. On occasion we fielded a 2nd XI.

The 1st XI., while not reaching the heights reached by previous teams, did reasonably well, finishing in the top half of the League and, perhaps, more important, bringing credit to the school by their bearing and sportsmanship.

The Under 14's and Under 15's were disappointing as far as results were concerned, although we were by no means disheartened. We seem to be in a transition period just now, with an excellent team breaking up due to players leaving and the new team not yet settled in. However, we can record one success and a notable one at that. For the first time, our 1st Year XI. won the 1st Year Cup against opposition from Girvan, Maybole, Kilmarnock, Cumnock and Irvine. We can already see a number of future 1st XI. players in this team.

Thanks are tendered to the Sisters and girls who kept the hungry hordes satisfied when we had home games and anything up to sixty ravenous boys descended on them. We should like to say a special word of thanks to Sister Mary Campion, who is no longer with us. Throughout her five years at St. Michael's, we could always be sure that she would find time to assist in preparing a meal for us after our games in Irvine.

## CRICKET

HEMMED in by limitations of time, the new S.C.E. taking up the whole month of May, and owing to delays in confirmation of fixtures, the cricket season, short at the best of times, was much curtailed from the competitive angle. Like other institutions, we put our trust in youth, and the form shown by the 1st Year XI. at St. Joseph's, where they won a resounding victory, was most encouraging. If their elder brothers were less successful, at least they enjoyed their few outings. We were able to use the Burgh Playing Fields two days a week for practice or other games, and were made very welcome by the head groundsman. It was unfortunate that the acquisition of this ground should coincide with the difficulties of time already referred to.

## HOCKEY

THE Hockey Club commenced last season under a severe handicap, having lost eight of the previous year's 1st XI. players. With the senior teams of necessity composed of a large proportion of less experienced players, the results were not all that we could have desired; the standard of play improved steadily and a number of notable wins were recorded. Helen McMillan brought honour to herself and to the school by gaining her place in the Ayrshire Senior Schools' team against Renfrewshire, and followed this up by playing for the South-West District versus the West District. The junior teams played with their usual enthusiasm and very considerable success; the only defeats suffered by the 3rd Year team were at the hands of Ayr Academy and Marr College. It was Marr College again who beat them by a narrow margin, to the semi-final of the Ayrshire Junior Tournament.





#### **PREFECTS.**

*Back Row.*—S. TAIT, C. DONNACHIE, D. TYLER, J. MCLEAN, A. REID, J. DONNELLY, M. DAWSON, A. LOY.

*Front Row.*—K. MCGINTY, P. CONVERY (Vice-Captain), M. KEARNEY (Captain), J. MCCORMICK (Captain), H. McMILLAN (Vice-Captain), F. MCGURK.



#### **HOCKEY—1st XI.**

*Back Row.*—I. CHRISTIE, G. HUGHES, C. DONNACHIE, A. MURLEY, M. M. MAGEE, P. ROCHE.

*Front Row.*—H. McMILLAN, E. O'NEILL, K. MCKEEVER, E. TRAYNOR, K. MCGINTY.





**FOOTBALL—1st YEAR XI.**

*Back Row.*—MR. MAGUIRE, C. MORAN, F. FINNIGAN, J. LOGAN, P. TRAYNER, G. BUNTON, F. O'NEILL, MR. LEISHMAN.

*Front Row.*—H. MCKELLAR, T. EGAN, J. MURRAY, L. MACARI, P. COUGHLIN, J. MAHER.



**FOOTBALL—1st XI.**

*Back Row.*—MR. MCCUTCHEON, G. DICKIE, P. CONVERY, J. BUSBRIDGE, J. MILLIGAN, J. MCLEAN, G. MEIKLE, MR. LEISHMAN.

*Front Row.*—T. MCCANN, E. ENGLAND, A. REID, D. TYLER, F. HUGHES, P. MEDINE.





**NETBALL—3rd YEAR TEAM.**

*Back Row.*—M. KEARNEY, K. GALLACHER, J. McLELLAND, P. SAVAGE, MISS BALCOMBE.  
*Front Row.*—M. T. MCFARLANE, A. McLAUGHLIN, A. TRAYNOR.



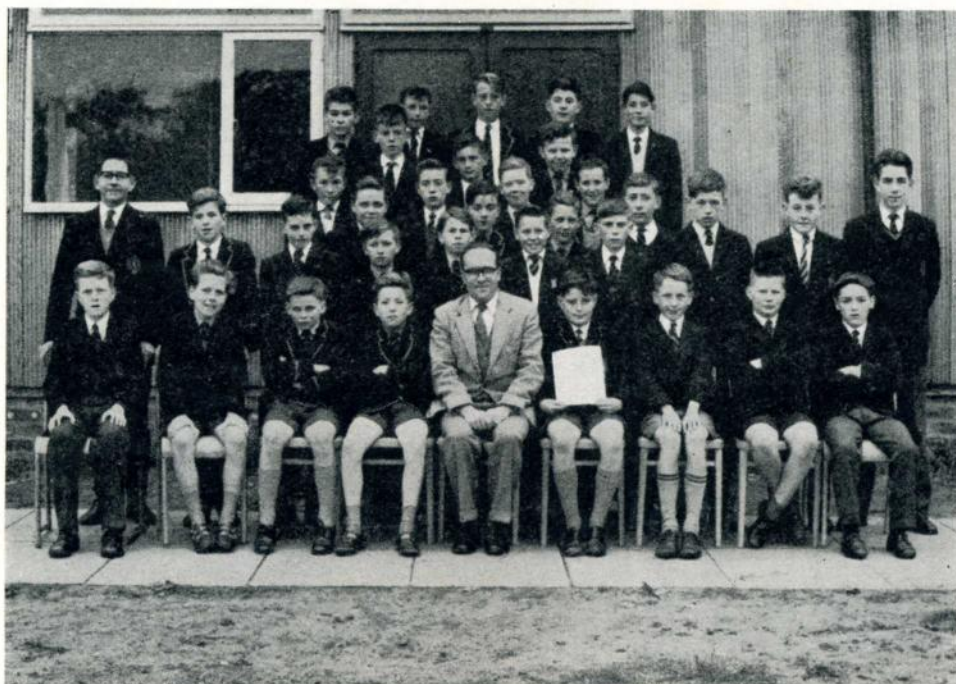
**NETBALL—SENIOR TEAM.**

*Back Row.*—M. KEARNEY, G. HUGHES, A. MURLEY, M. WHYTE, MISS BALCOMBE.  
*Front Row.*—E. TRAYNOR, A. DORRIAN, K. MCGINTY.





SENIOR CHOIR.



FIRST YEAR BOYS' CHOIR.



The beginning of this season has proved one of mixed fortunes for all the teams, with the new teams taking some time to settle down. Nevertheless, the 1st XI. put up a good performance at the South-West District Senior Schools' Tournament, where they won their section and so reached the semi-final; in this they lost to Ayr Academy by a single goal.

Their good performance in the tournament gives grounds for hopes that the senior team has good prospects for the remainder of the season. The junior teams are now settling down and we wish them the best of luck in the Junior Tournament.

## NETBALL

THE 1962 Netball season was a very successful one for all five teams. The highest honours must go to the 1st Senior Team who won the Ayrshire County Tournament, beating St. Joseph's 4-3 in the final. In doing so they were thus entered for the Scottish Tournament and, although they did not win, they put up very strong opposition to the other teams competing. Throughout the season the 1st and 2nd Senior teams had a remarkable season, losing only one game each and winning the rest by a considerable margin.

Of the three Junior teams, the 2nd Year team has had the best results. The 3rd Year team won the North Ayrshire Tournament, defeating Kilbirnie Central School in the final. They then went forward to the Ayrshire Tournament, where they were beaten in the final by Dalmellington by a margin of two goals. The 1st Year team played well and shows promise of producing some excellent players.

Finally, we would like to express our sincere thanks to Miss Balcombe for the many hours which she unselfishly devoted to coaching us and umpiring for us throughout the season.

|                   | <i>Played.</i> | <i>Won.</i> | <i>Lost.</i> | <i>Drawn.</i> | <i>For.</i> | <i>Against.</i> |
|-------------------|----------------|-------------|--------------|---------------|-------------|-----------------|
| 1st VII.....      | 12             | 11          | 1            | 0             | 201         | 89              |
| 2nd VII.....      | 6              | 5           | 1            | 0             | 101         | 52              |
| 3rd Year VII..... | 6              | 2           | 4            | 0             | 43          | 63              |
| 2nd Year VII..... | 11             | 8           | 3            | 0             | 161         | 103             |
| 1st Year VII..... | 8              | 4           | 4            | 0             | 61          | 50              |

ANNA DORRIAN.

## SCHOOL SPORTS

THE School Sports were held on 19th June in Meadow Park, Irvine, by kind permission of Irvine Meadow Football Club. By some lucky chance, most of the honours went to St. Mungo's House. Not only was the House Championship won by it, but the two senior champions, Peter Convery and Anne McLaughlin, also belonged to St. Mungo's. And the two junior champions, John Murray was of St. Mungo's, while Angela Hickey brought honour to St. Ninian's. The Inter-House "Moultrie" Shield for Netball was won by St. Ninians.

### "ANGELICA."

Angelica was very bold;  
She never did what she was told.  
When Mummy said, "It's time for bed,"  
Angelica just shook her head.  
The family one afternoon  
Were waiting for the train to Troon;  
And as they on the platform stood  
Angelica would *not* be good.  
"Stand back, stand back!" was Daddy's  
cry.  
Angelica replied, "But why?"  
She leaned right forward on her toes,  
And then the engine knocked her nose  
*right off!*

HELEN MARY DUFFIN IIA.

Up at seven,  
Breakfast at eight;  
Must run for the bus  
And not be late.  
Here is the bus coming down the street,  
Now that I'm on, I can't get a seat;  
Arrived at school, no one in sight,  
Then I forgot that last night  
The school was burned right out of sight.

ANNE MCALLISTER, IA.



# A Winter's Tale

It was unoccupied Poland but it was not likely to stay so for long, although the Germans were advancing slowly because of bad weather and famine. On the other front the acclimatised Russians were advancing more quickly. In the middle of No Man's Land was a small orphanage run by a good old man and his wife. They had twenty orphans staying with them but had food for only one meal. The snow which had ceased for some time had now begun again with renewed force.

"Thank God I chopped the logs when I did, for if I had waited I could never have chopped them."

"Yes," replied his wife, "at least we can now meet our fate in warmth."

Both husband and wife felt fear for the twenty little mites huddled round the big log fire. The oldest was Fritz who was fourteen, while the youngest, Caron, was four. They were coloured and white from all parts of the world.

"I wish I could have something to eat," said little Caron downheartedly. The two adults looked at each other in dismay and then the old lady said, "In a minute, child."

The little family seemed resigned to the fate of death from either Russians or hunger. They knew that the Germans would not reach them before the Russians and, as escape seemed impossible, the good people could only hope and be merry.

"Maybe someone will come and help us," said Fritz hopefully.

"Where will they come from?" asked the old man despondently.

"Maybe an angel will come," replied Fritz but the old man just smiled.

As they finished their meal a knock came to the door. Fritz answered it and when the heavy wooden door was drawn back, it revealed a beautiful woman with golden hair and dressed completely in fur.

The woman said, "I am from the village and I have brought a sledge to take you to safety."

"How do we know you speak the truth?" the old man asked.

"If you value the life of your children you will come with me," replied the woman.

After two or three minutes' talk with his wife, the old man agreed, whereupon all the children were loaded on to the sledge, then his wife and himself. The sledge was drawn by a team of snow-white huskies. Never had the old man seen any so handsome and yet so strong. The sledge moved quickly and within a few hours they were at Nshoognar and safety.

After that night they never saw the beautiful lady again and until this day her identity has never been established. Some say she was a resistance worker; some that she was an angel, and some that she was the Queen of Heaven herself.

I don't know but I shall never forget her face, for you see I am Caron.



EVELYN MEDINE, IIIA.



## NURSERY RHYMES FOR IVth FORMERS

Twinkle, twinkle, little star  
How I wonder what you are ;  
Are you Russian or a Yank,  
Bomb or scientific prank ?  
Twinkle, twinkle, little star,  
U.S. or U.S.S.R. ?

I saw three ships come sailing in,  
Come sailing in, come sailing in ;  
I caught a glimpse of rocket fin,  
In Cuba in the morning.  
And what was in those ships all three,  
Those ships all three, those ships all three,  
A missile base for Fidel C.  
In Cuba in the morning.

They brought the news to Kennedy,  
To Kennedy, to Kennedy ;  
He closed the Caribbean Sea,  
Near Cuba, in the morning.

Now what will happen, wait and see,  
Wait and see, wait and see ;  
Will Kruschew win a victory,  
Near Cuba, in the morning ?

MARY THERESA TRAYNER, IV.

## HUNGRY THOUGHTS.

The dinner vans come rolling in,  
They always make an awful din ;  
That is your parting pleasure's knell,  
For they emit an awful smell.

When lunchtime finally comes around,  
You queue where County Meals abound ;  
You stand outside for hours and hours,  
In sun or wind or snow or showers.

You're marshalled in ; receive a plate  
Whereon there lies your awful fate ;  
One lumpy spud, two greasy links,  
One look, and then your stomach shrinks.

All afternoon you sit and starve,  
Your jaws a mouldy pencil carve ;  
How can you learn the Laws of Gravity  
When your stomach's just a cavity ?

Soon your spirits start to sag,  
The passing minutes seem to drag ;  
At last the bell, and that's your lot,  
And home to see what's in the pot.

JOHN GLANTON, IV.

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## GLIDING

EVERY year the No. 1138 Ardrossan Squadron of the A.T.C. are given several places for the Gliding School at Kirton, Lindsay, Lincolnshire. As I am one of the Ardrossan Squadron and had forwarded my name, I went this year to the course.

We arrived there about 7 p.m. on Sunday, 23rd September. The following morning we were issued with flying kits. Our first instructions taught us the use of ailerons, rudders and elevators. These lessons over we were conducted to the hangar where the gliders were kept and saw our instructions being put into practice. The next step was to take the gliders out to the grassy airfield and here we actually helped with willing hands. The gliders are launched by means of a winch. A wire cable is released when the glider has reached the required height.

On my first launch I noticed the great difference between gliders and powered aircraft. In the former there is no canopy over the pilot to protect him from the wind, so he feels the breezes all around him. When released from the cable the glider seems to float along above the earth. Later in the course I learnt what happened when there is a lack of co-ordination in the controls ; for instance, when the rudder alone was in use the glider went into a spin. To get out of this the opposite rudder was applied and the glider eased out of the dive.

On Tuesday morning before going out we were instructed how to deal with cable breaks at different heights. To make sure that I understood, the instructor pulled the release without warning me, and then left me to carry out the emergency operations. Having repeated this at various heights, he went over the circuit of my solo flights. A double turn brought the session to an end.



On Wednesday, the weather being unsuitable for gliding, we were allowed to visit the neighbouring village of Kirkton. Thursday was kinder to us and brought back the right weather. My usual instructor took me up and after a couple of circuits asked another instructor to test me for my solos. Having handled my glider to his satisfaction, I was allowed to go on my first solo. I had only done the minimum number of instruction flights so I had not wasted any time. It was wonderful luck. After completing my cockpit check, I gave the signaller the launching sign. Waiting for the cable to be tightened I knew that one of my ambitions was about to be realised. When the cable tightened I gave the signal to take it all in. Almost at once the glider started to move, slowly at first, and then picking up speed. As it reached flying speed it lifted, gently at first, till it reached a hundred feet, and then I pulled back the stick and it rose sharply to about 600 feet.

I next lowered the nose and released the cable. As I glided along I had the joyous sensation of being up there all alone with no contact with the ground. As I went round the circuit the wind rushed past and whistled through the struts. The last turn brought a little anxiety about landing. After I turned the approach angle the height at which I should level out seemed to come to me naturally. From the time I was launched till the time I landed was only five minutes, but it seemed like an hour.

As I waited for the truck to come and tow me back to the launching position, I wondered what the instructor would say about my landing. But I was reassured, for he said it had been a good landing, and if I kept landing like that I would be all right.

After my third solo the truck driver who towed the gliders back said to me, "How does it feel to be a glider pilot?"

"Great," was my answer.

ROBERT SHANKS, IV.



## STRANGE EXPERIENCES



A FEW years ago I spent my Summer holidays with my uncle. He is a doctor in a small village in the Highlands. One of his patients, an old woman of over ninety, was dying. She had no relatives and so I spent a few afternoons sitting by her bedside. Often she told me stories of her youth.

One dark afternoon I climbed the stairs to her room. The atmosphere in the room was very strange with the old woman sitting in bed looking much healthier. She started to tell me of her first love when something very strange happened. The old woman suddenly changed into a young teenager. Before my very eyes her wrinkles vanished, leaving a smooth, fair skin behind. Her long fair hair fell about her shoulders. She was beautiful. Sitting up in bed, smiling, she began to hum a soft, romantic tune.

I couldn't believe my eyes! I backed to the door and was about to scream for help when I heard a gentle tapping on the window. Mrs. Thompson, the young girl, ran to the window and opened it. In stepped a young man who obviously was thrilled and delighted at her presence. They talked together and laughed for over an hour. Then both of them slipped out of the window, climbed down the ivy and disappeared into the afternoon. I stood motionless for some time wondering if it had been a dream. Finally, I rushed downstairs only to meet my uncle coming up. He could not believe me. I followed him into the room. To my very great surprise the old lady was lying, with a smile on her lips, on the bed. She was *dead*.

FRANCES MURPHY, Vth Year.



# Lady Fiona MacDonald

HAVE you heard the story of the ghost of Lady Fiona MacDonald? If you have not, I shall tell you now.

One dark, stormy night, at the close of the nineteenth century, a lady looked out from a window of a forbidding, grey castle on the Isle of Tirochmhor. She gazed across the troubled waters, somewhere beyond which lay Skye and, further still, the Scottish mainland. The woman was Lady Fiona. Her husband, Sir Neil, had left for the mainland seventeen days earlier, promising not to be gone more than four days; but no one had seen him since he left Tirochmhor and he had not arrived at Skye. His wife was living in constant dread that Neil's boat had been smashed by the mountainous waves outside the bay. Every night she stood staring through her window, hoping, praying, for her husband's return.

On the night of November the second, when Lady Fiona was alone in the castle except for old Kate, the deaf kitchen-maid, she saw a ship sailing towards the island.

"It has come from the mainland," she gasped, and almost flew down from her room in her excitement. She fumbled with the lock and bolts of the massive door which seemed strangely unwilling to open. At last it was unlocked. Once out in the night air, Fiona raced crazily towards the lights on the ship. Without realising it she was on the path to the crumbling cliffs.



Just when she thought the shore had been reached, she fell, screaming, as the ground slipped from beneath her feet. Below, the waves broke between the juts of rock and crashed against the cliff-face. Into that mass of foam and rock the lovely lady of Tirochmhor fell, and sank, a ruined body dashed viciously against the jagged cliff.

The phantom ship faded. It had only lured a lady to her death.

And now every year on the anniversary of the tragic night, a woman can be seen, first at the castle window and then hurrying along the stony shore. Sir Neil was never traced, although fisherfolk believe that he came on the phantom ship, to explain to his wife why he had not returned.

MOIRA McVEIGH, IIA.

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## GEORGE AND THE TREE

EXTRACT from a recent publication by Dumitri Stepan Ivanovitch, the century's most reliable historian and naturalised American citizen. It is rumoured that his political sympathies tend towards left, but "The Decadent States" or "The Curse of the Capitalists" reveals a scholarly and unprejudiced mind, one which has repudiated and disproved the earlier, garbled versions of American tradition and history.



"The throaty roar of the 500 c.c. motor-cycle disturbed the calm stillness of the morn as the "Ton-up Kid," or wee George, took the road. Neighbouring wild life and sundry owls fled the path of El Cid of the West, heading for the wide-open spaces. Hero of the serf and the downtrodden, George Washington had deserted the patriarchal hearth to dedicate his young life to the emancipation of the ignorant Injun peasants. To them he would give the blessings of civilization—Hashish and Hollywood, ulcers and dyspepsia with divorce courts thrown in as a light entertainment.

But, alas! the immediate needs of the Blackfeet plebs were unsolved. Exploited by their capitalist landlords, and forced to work a forty-eight hour week in the paleface pyjama factories, they had been unable to garner their Winter supply of kindlings and lollipop sticks. Cold would be the Blackfeet lodges; the papooses would be in sticky mess unless our hero took a hand in the business.

Now, at that time, America was importing among other things, such handy little toys as Black and Dekker mechanised saws from her reactionary mother, Great Britain. Employing one of these to good purpose Junior proved his metal and bent to with a will on Papa's favourite redwood. In a brief hour a monarch of the wood lay prone, filling up the adjacent open space.



Disturbed by the peremptory ring of his erring offspring on the diamond-studded doorbell, George Senior ploughed knee-deep across the greenback-strewn floor. Circumnavigating the heaps of jade and emerald, he fell upon the neck of his prodigal son with a weighted cane.

"I cannot tell a lie, father," said the noble youth, placing his hand upon his breast and gazing toward the sunny heavens. "Them durned, ungrateful Injuns have jest felled your fav'rit l'il redwood!"

But the cunning old capitalist was not to be misled. Admittedly he had a few the previous evening at the Revere's cocktail party, and driving under the influence of Bacchus had set him back a few thousand bucks; nevertheless, the Black and Dekker was there for all to see.

A few mild expletives fell gently from the lips of the aged patriarch, the ashen haft of a hatchet lay close to the misguided father's grip. The blood-red rays of the evening sun glinted dully on the pearl-encrusted blade as father and son stepped out on to the sidewalk. . . .

Junior returned alone.

BRIAN O'NEILL, VIth Year.

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## ***Silhouettes at Sunset***

THE Western sky was streaked with fiery red ribbons which, before their violent transformation, had been gossamer-like clouds.

The glowing red ball of fire, sinking below the horizon, spread its crimson effects all around it; silhouetting the tall poplars on the skyline, the white swan gliding gracefully over the crimson lake, and the birds in the sky line tiny black coals in the vast furnace.

Suddenly the tall poplars, the crimson waters of the lake, and the birds disappeared.

The sun had gone to rest.

JOHN MILLIGAN, VIth Year.



# The Road to Inveraray

ON the Feast of Corpus Christi of this year, the Sixth Year pupils and a few members of the Staff left Irvine on the "Annual Geographical Expedition," known commonly (that is, among historians) as "Ra Scuil Trip," this time to Inveraray.

The first part of the journey was comparatively quiet, partly because it was rather early in the morning, and we were, in those days, unaccustomed to waking up before four in the afternoon, and partly because we were desperately trying to suck our way through a huge bag of barley sugars donated to the common fund by the Sisters.

At Balloch there was a rush for boats, pupils for motor-boats and the less well-off Staff for rowing boats. (They maintained that it was just a matter of their being more fit than the boys, but the end-of-term relay races seems to have contradicted that argument.) Apart from a few engines breaking down and a couple of boats being stuck in the shallows, the game of "dodgems" which followed resulted in surprisingly few accidents even to the Staff. (No credit can be given to us.)

Between Balloch and Inveraray everyone piled into the back seats and joined in a sing-song led by the teachers. This was the longest part of the journey, passing through many types of beautiful scenery. We followed the bank of Loch Lomond to Tarbet and from Arrochar rounded the head of Loch Long. On either side were steep hills covered by the Argyll National Forest. Glen Finglas, with really impressive mountains particularly on the North side, brought us to Loch Fyne. We then turned down through the mountains to Inveraray.

Inveraray itself is small but very picturesque, with hills towering to two thousand feet behind it and with a lovely view over the loch to the hills beyond. We wandered round the town, taking photographs and visiting the shops and a couple of old churches.

Tea-time found us at Helensburgh, and as soon as we left the bus the skies suddenly decided to open, and let pour. Fortunately, there was a telephone booth handy but try as we did (though we hate to admit it), we could not equal Glasgow University's record, and the overflow had to shelter in an old church nearby. After tea our bus with the teachers was, needless to say, late, so to pass the time we gave a third performance of our "Goon Show" to what looked like a Women's Guild outing in a bus across the road. Unfortunately, our bus arrived before we could take a collection.

The Staff by now had graduated to the back seat, and we resumed our sing-song. Most of the way home seems to have been taken up with the rendering of "On Ilkla Moor Baht 'At," which would be appropriate for Sister Mary Campion, now in her new Yorkshire Convent. Knowing Sister, though, she probably now bursts into "Scotland the Brave" at every opportunity.

We rounded off the day with a party in Saltcoats when we arrived home, and it was generally agreed that our last school outing had been as successful and enjoyable as our two previous ones, due in a great measure to the free and easy atmosphere between staff and pupils.

Incidentally, the outing was of great value to Geographers (all three)—even Sister Marie Celeste did not know that on 21st June Helensburgh comes under the influence of the South-West Monsoon. . . .

HELEN McMILLAN, VIth Year.



## ROME IN COUNCIL

"*Habemus Papam!*" We have a Pope. The announcement was drowned in waves of cheering from the one hundred thousand throats crowding St. Peter's Square. The days of anxious, speculative waiting were at an end. A successor to Pius XII. and Peter had been found; John XXIII. would be his name. It was 28th October, 1958. The new Pope was seventy-eight years old.

A caretaker Pope, they dubbed him. A Pope from whom nothing much could be expected beyond the continuation of the Petrine succession. In a few months the whole world was to know better. On 25th January, 1959, in the Basilica of St. Paul without the Walls, "caretaker" John announced: "We will summon an Ecumenical Council." The world was astounded. A caretaker Pope and he summons a General Council! How much more care can you take? Pope John was about to prove himself seventy-eight years young.

Since its first announcement, planning and preparation for the Council has been thorough. Commissions were established to receive and sift suggestions and to decide on recommendations to be put before the Bishops. This preparatory work was completed by the beginning of 1962. It remained to set the date, and with his customary vigour Pope John did not delay; the Council would solemnly open on 11th October, Feast of the Maternity of Our Blessed Lady.

There was sound common sense behind the choice of that date, for by mid-October the killing heat of the Roman summer has eased to a fair imitation of August in Scotland. Someone has reckoned that about ten per cent. of the Bishops will die before the end of the Council. A German Missionary Bishop was heard to observe that the percentage will be much higher when the Conservatives hear some of the propositions to be put to them. Certainly had the Holy Father summoned them any earlier than October many more would have fallen victim to the sun.

But that pragmatic reason is far from being the only one for the choice of 11th October. The Council, so the Holy Father hopes, will be a new Pentecost in the Church, a new outpouring of the Spirit upon the disciples of Jesus. As such, it is fitting that it should open under the care of "Mary, the mother of Jesus" (Acts I, 14), with whom the first disciples prayerfully awaited the first Pentecost. To underline the Marian patronage of the Council, a few days before it opened, the Pope made a pilgrimage to the Shrine of Our Lady at Loreto on the Adriatic coast of Italy. Here is miraculously situated what is believed to be the house in which the Holy Family lived at Nazareth. There is symbolism here, too, if we look closely. The aim of the Council, the Holy Father has insisted, is to put our house in order, to do a little spring-cleaning in the house of the family of God. What better model could we have than the holy house of Nazareth where between God and man, between man and man, there reigned justice and peace and love?

In the days immediately preceding the opening of the Council, the episcopal purple had come to rival the Fiat as Rome's most characteristic sight. Bishops from the four corners of the earth had descended on the city of Peter, each full of what he was going to propose to the Council—except perhaps the American contingent who were rumoured to have declared in advance that if the language was to be Latin, then the Church of America would be the Church of Silence. The first shock awaiting many of them, especially the Missionary Bishops, was the intimation that their mitres did not conform to standard and so would have to be replaced by more Roman ones. In the processional entry I noticed many of the "non-conformist" mitres. Perhaps their wearers had not had time to purchase new ones . . . perhaps! Many more shocks undoubtedly await them; we can only hope and pray that they will be closer to the essence of things than the shape, size or colour of episcopal headwear.

And so to 11th October. I awoke at 5.30 to the sound of a downpour outside. At seven o'clock it was still coming down in torrents; at seven-thirty it was drizzling. But when the first Bishops emerged from the Bronze Door beneath the colonnade at half-past eight, St. Peter's was bathed in brilliant sunshine. The Second Council of the Vatican would open under a benevolent Providence Who in this small way wished to give concrete proof of the belief expressed by the Holy Father in his opening address. There are those, he said, who see in the present state of things a presage of the end of the world. Rather do we see in them the guiding hand of Divine Providence leading the world to a new order of human relations in which the



glory of God and His Church will shine with an unparalleled splendour. Certainly this will not be in our day. As with the Council itself, spectacular results cannot be expected immediately, for the difficulties and obstacles are great. But our faith and our hope can be just as great, for God means to accomplish His purpose. Tertullian is credited with having said: *Credo quia impossibile*: I believe it because it is impossible. He never said that. What he did say, or what he meant to say was: *Credo quia incredulis videtur impossibile*: I believe it because to unbelievers it seems impossible. We have faith and by our faith we can lead the world to God.

As the line of Bishops filed out into the sunshine of the Square to proceed four by four to the Basilica, the vast crowd gave proof of its catholicity. Ecco Montini, Cicognani, Lercaro! Voila Tisserant! Gee, honey, there's Cardinal Spellman! Oh, look, Cardinal Godfrey! Rugambwa, Wyszynski, Konig, Gracias, Tienchensin; black, white, brown, yellow, all were picked out by their compatriots as they preceded the Holy Father to the tomb of Peter. And as I looked and listened, my mind wandered to the meaning of the word that was on everyone's lips. There are those who will trace the origin of *ecumenical* from the Greek *oikos* meaning a house; ecumenical, they say, signifies those pertaining to the house, an ecumenical Council the gathering of all those pertaining to the house of God to discuss and put in order the affairs of the house. It is a good explanation, but one that is philologically unsound. Rather does the word take its origin from *oikoumenos* meaning inhabited; ecumenical came to mean the inhabited world, an ecumenical Council the gathering together of the members of that society, the Church of Christ, which embraces the whole inhabited world. Never before has that world-embracing character of the Church being better demonstrated than by the present Council. Two thousand eight hundred Cardinals and Bishops, representing four hundred and twenty-four million Catholics, have come from seventy-six countries to discuss with Peter the affairs of the Church. The twenty-first Ecumenical Council, the second of the Vatican, will be the greatest ever. What can we expect from it?

First of all, as we have already seen, we must not expect spectacular results immediately. Now is the time of seed, the time of promise; we must await with patience the time of flower and fruit. But as to the main object of the Council, we can have no doubt. I have already used the terms "putting our house in order," "spring-cleaning." The Holy Father has frequently used the Italian expression *aggiornamento*, which means bringing the Church up to date with modern requirements. This certainly is not to imply that the doctrines and essential practices of the Church are out of date and so have to be changed. No, they are as eternally true and unchanging as is their divine author. It is their human clothing, as it were, which has become outmoded. They must be rethought, renewed and represented in terms which the modern mind can readily grasp and appreciate. No modern man would be attracted by the mediæval fashion; modern women would rebel against even Monsieur Dior if he sent them out in Victorian skirts! It is the same with intellectual things. Many of the Church's doctrines are still presented in language whose meaning has been dulled by continuous repetition and the passage of time. New formulae, meaningful to the modern mind, must be found to restore the lost clarity, to make dogma once again intelligible and attractive.



What are the topics the Council is likely to discuss? There has been much divergent speculation on this point, but as those who know are sworn to secrecy, we are forced to assume that those who reveal to us the "secrets" don't really know. I am numbered among the don't-knows, so what I write here is pure speculation. Better, it is the wishing aloud of what I would like to see discussed.

Since Pope John is essentially a pastoral Pope, and since the problems facing the Church at the present time are essentially pastoral problems, that is, concerned with the daily shepherding of the flock, we can expect the Council to be eminently pastoral in character.





A Former Pupil, Rev. Michael Lawler, introduces Mr. Tom Mboya and his Bride to His Holiness Pope John.



High on the list for discussion will surely be the question of the Church's liturgy as a means of restoring to the religious life of the faithful its lost vigour.\* By his baptism the Christian ceases to be just an individual and becomes a member of the Body of Christ, which is the Church. It is not enough that the Head of the Body, Christ, worships God, in the person of his appointed priest; the whole body, as a body, must also worship in union with the Head. That is what the liturgical movement is aiming at; community worship. Not one offering, the rest, insulated from one another, passively looking on; but all offering, the Body of Christ communally worshipping the Father, each member according to his capacity. The modern world is tired of individualism. No man is an island, a fact to which Socialism and Communism, the very names indicating opposition to any form of isolationism or egoism, gravely bear witness. The liturgical revival aims at a restoration of the cultural (sic) Socialism inherent in the very essence of the Church and so evident in the earlier centuries of her existence. As a means to that end, not at all as an end in itself, many would like to see the liturgical functions carried out not in Latin but in the vernacular language. This will surely be one of the thorny problems facing the Fathers of the Council. It will probably, also, be one of those most likely to raise the death rate beyond its expected ten per cent.

Another pressing pastoral problem is the shortage of Priests in all parts of the world and the diminishing number of vocations to the priesthood. There are two schools of thought in regard to this question; one would like to see a greater participation of laymen in the pastoral work of the Church, the other the reintroduction of deacons as priest-helpers.

Every Christian, we have said, is a member of the Body of Christ. In the human body, the head, arms, legs, feet and the smallest individual cell, each has its proper function to perform, a function contributing to the well-being of the entire body. If one does not function properly the whole body suffers. So it is in the Body of Christ, which is the Church. The task of nourishing, developing and continually renewing the Church, which is the end of all pastoral endeavour, is the task not only of the clergy, but of each and every individual member in his own way. The laity has its function to perform; it should be permitted to perform it as far as it is capable. There is a hierarchy in the Church; perhaps we have come to forget, to our cost, that it embraces also the laity.

To release the few available priests for the necessary priestly duties, a move has been abroad for some time to reintroduce deacons as an order distinct from the priesthood. The situation now is the same as we find it in the Acts of the Apostles, chapter six; the Apostles were being distracted from their essential task of preaching the Gospel by an ever-growing multiplication of material cares, and to free them from these deacons were elected and ordained. That is the idea to-day. The modern priest must be also, to some extent, lawyer, teacher, financier, youth leader, librarian and a host of other things which the Bishop never envisaged when he laid hands on him in ordination. The ordained deacon could relieve him of many of these tasks, and help him in more important ones. As many feel that the shortage of priests is due to the law of celibacy, it has been suggested that these deacons would be allowed to marry, and some have extended this suggestion to the priesthood itself. Married deacons the Council may introduce, married priests never. Three years ago I heard the Holy Father pose that very question. And what did he reply? Celibacy is the glory of the Catholic priesthood, a shining example to all who strive for purity of life, a continual mockery of those who say it is impossible. The Church will never allow this glory to be diminished in any way.

These are but some of the problems which the Council will be required to solve. There are many others; greater authority accorded to the Bishops, they also instituted by Christ as was the Pope, discipline of the clergy, missionary effort to combat the progress of Communism in the battle for men's minds, and, of course, the great popular image of the Council, the Church's relations with those outside the fold, the restoration of the broken Body of Christ to its original unity.

\* Since this article was written, it has been officially revealed that the first question to come before the Council for discussion is the question of the Liturgy.



Though the Pope has insisted that the main concern of the Council would be with the Church itself, he has never hidden the fact that he hoped for something else—the bringing together of all Christians within the one, true Church. Indeed, the two are intimately connected. On a recent occasion the Holy Father described the work of the Council as being one of beautifying the Church, the beauty treatment being that process which we have already described as “putting in order,” *aggiornamento*. It is the reason why he wants the Church to be beautiful that is of interest here—in order that all men may fall in love with her, wed themselves to her for time and eternity. We may safely say this has been the aim of his pontificate. To accomplish it he has followed a liberal policy, encouraging both those within and without his fold to forget traditional prejudices and criticisms and to replace them with mutual respect, good will, and that openness of mind and heart which seeks the truth not as a controversial weapon, but for its own sake. I remember the very first time I heard the Holy Father speak; it was on this subject of truth and he indicated where it could be found by every sincere Christian, namely, in the Gospels. “Take them and eat them,” he said, “for they are truth, the only real source of freedom.” Perhaps it was to further draw attention to this common ground of truth between Catholic and non-Catholic Christians that the Gospels were solemnly enthroned during the opening Mass.

This policy of mutual respect and good-will has led to an “open door” in the Vatican, through which many non-Catholic religious leaders have entered in response to the Pope’s invitation, Lord Fisher, the then Archbishop of Canterbury, and Dr. Craig, the Moderator of the Kirk, to name but two well-known to you. For four hundred years Christendom has been divided into two camps, each sniping regularly at the other. Now, at last, the barriers are falling and a “climate” for reunion has been established such as we have never had before. Its architect has been the amiable “caretaker” who sits on the throne of Peter, spreading happy contagion among Christians everywhere. He knows reunion cannot be attained in his lifetime, nor for many years to come, but he does all he can to hasten it. He believes because to unbelievers it seems impossible.

On his return from Loreto, the Holy Father expressed himself as “extremely happy, because this day has far surpassed all we could have expected.” It was a happy choice of phrase, because John XXIII. himself has far surpassed all we could have expected of him as Pope. It may yet come about that the Ecumenical Council, the event that above all he wishes to be the highlight of his pontificate, may far surpass his expectations for it—and they are boundless.

MICHAEL G. LAWLER, C.S.Sp.

Rome, 23rd October, 1962.

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## A Twist Of Fate

JOHN ELLIS was, and always had been, down and out. His was a tramp’s life. He wandered the dusty road from dawn till dusk, always aimlessly. For his meals he “borrowed” the odd turnip from a field or worked an occasional week for money to buy food. His clothes were always cast-offs. John Ellis had a rich old uncle, but he never asked for money from him.

One day as John was trudging along a country road, a van drew up. The occupants said they were looking for a man called John Ellis, who had been seen lately in that neighbourhood. Then, quite surprised, they found they had come to the end of their quest. They drove John Ellis to the nearest town. There they phoned a solicitor who told him that his uncle had died, having bequeathed all his money to John. At this point John hung up on him. He went out and, thinking he was rich, decided for the last time to walk the dusty road. Only, this time, it was to the solicitor’s office in London.

This was a walk of some 400 miles. John reckoned he could do it in two weeks. For these two weeks he trugged the roads leading to London. It was a Friday when he arrived at the solicitor’s office. There he was told he had hung up just at the vital moment. It was then that the solicitor was going to tell him that he had to claim it within forty-eight hours. They had tried to contact him again, but failed to locate him. By this strange twist of fate the fortune went to an old lady with whom his uncle had been very friendly. As for John, back he went to the dusty road.

A. HYSLOP, IIIA.



# Friendship

THE story begins in a small café in the heart of Glasgow's "slumland." Two boys met there to celebrate their leaving of school forever. One was myself, John Benjamin, and the other my dearest friend, Tom Murdoch. On that happy day we each vowed to meet here again in eighteen years' time and see what riches the other had acquired.

It was raining. The clock had been put forward eighteen years and here I was waiting at the appointed spot. I was surprised at first, because the entire surroundings were changed. The Gorbals that I had left was a conglomeration of crumbling tenements. Instead, there stretched before me new, glittering multi-storeyed flats and acres of green grass and trees. The site of the café was now a small compact garden in the heart of a smokeless city.

Since leaving Glasgow I had done well for myself. I owned two cars, a country house in Essex, and a large flat in Chelsea. My favourite companions were rich young men and women, with plenty of money to throw about.

It was nearly six, the appointed time, when, as I was musing on how we were going to spend the evening, a policeman came up to me, hesitatingly peered into my face and tramped off. Being so engrossed in my thoughts, it never occurred to me why he did it.

Around six-thirty a large man loomed up out of the night and asked falteringly,

"Is that you, John?"

"Yes it's me," I replied, and then asked him his name. After these somewhat vague greetings we walked together down to the bus-stop. Our celebration dinner was to be in the Waldorf Hotel, Renfield Street.

As we walked along we discussed our work and I found that he was married and had a nice secure job. Then at that point I remembered Tom had blue eyes and a square jaw, not brown eyes and a delicately-shaped chin. On asking him about this I was told that I was under arrest. The policeman gave me a small note. It said this:—

"Dear John,

I am sorry that I could not meet you. I was that policeman that passed you round about six. Having recognised you as the confidence trickster wanted by the Metropolitan Police I could not arrest you myself. My heart gave out and I had to send a plain-clothes man to arrest you instead.—Tom."

WILLIAM ANDREW, IVth Year.

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## A Visit to the Dentist

When I must visit the dentist  
I dread the very day;  
And though I bravely ring the bell,  
I'd rather stay away.

I go into the waiting-room  
And sit upon a chair;  
I feel I'm going to meet my doom,  
While I wait in deep despair.

He sticks a needle in my gum,  
And looks as if he's having fun;  
Ah! here's the tricky little chap,  
One tug and there's an awful gap.

As I go out of the room  
He gives me another date;  
I charge out with a groan  
And wonder what's to be my fate.

WILLIAM ENNIS, Pr. VI



### PALAIS DE DANCE.

When nights are dark and times are dreary  
Folk's minds aye look for something cheery ;  
Some turn tae gazing at the telly,  
Ithers tae visiting Aunty Nelly ;  
But lads and lasses want romancing,  
And where better tae find it than at the dancing ?

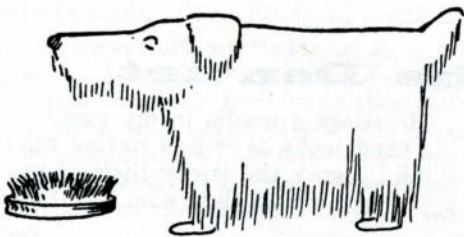
They pay the fee and strackle in  
Tae screechin' noise and awfu' din ;  
'Tis ca'd the music o' the age,  
'Tis mair like bulls a' in a rage.

The band gives oot with clash and clatter,  
The trumpets blaw and the drums go batter,  
The singer seems to be in torment,  
Greetings, gurns and groans, what a lament !  
He wears a jacket o' gold lamé,  
That would look far better on his mammy.

Some couples moon around the flair,  
Some jump and waggle till they're sair,  
Some listen tae the singer's lisps,  
Whilst ithers eat their scoosh and crisps.  
And when this banshee wailing's done  
Wi' crackit lugs and broken shin,  
Their nylons torn, their limbs a' sair,  
But still they're cryin' oot for mair.

A' ages seem tae search for pleasure  
Tae fill their idle time and leisure ;  
But of a' the daft things that we dae,  
The dancin' takes the biscuit tae.

MARGARET PARKER, Vth Year.



### TOOTHACHE.

One night we held a party,  
With cakes and orange crush ;  
But when I went to bed that night  
My teeth I did not brush.

I went to sleep at once that night,  
But when I woke next day  
My tooth, it ached and ached and ached,  
As to school I made my way.

It ached through every lesson ;  
So stinging was the pain  
That all through English, French and Maths  
I nearly went insane.

And when it came to dinner-time,  
My lunch I could not take,  
For every time I took a bite  
That tooth it ached and ached.

When four o'clock came round at last,  
And I reached home that night,  
I brushed and brushed and brushed my teeth  
Till they were really white.

The moral of my story,  
I'm sure you all can see,  
Is brush your teeth each morn and night,  
And rinse them after tea.

MARGARET LUNDIE, IIIA.

### MY DOG.

I have a dog who's five years old,  
And seldom does what he is told ;  
Up and down he romps all day,  
Causing trouble all the way.

First he steals poor Johny's biscuit,  
Then my glove is buried deep ;  
Father's slipper goes a-missing,  
Now he's chasing all the sheep.

He's just a scamp who's full of fun,  
A dog who's always on the run ;  
Running, jumping, barking too,  
I'll never part with him ; would you ?

MARGARET CAMPBELL, IIA.



# I GO TO THE OBAN MOD

It was a lucky day for me when I became a member of the Ayr Junior Gaelic Choir. We work hard—but what fun we have! Our first appearance on T.V., and our invitation to the Edinburgh Festival were big thrills, but nothing compared with the Oban Mod.

On Monday, 1st October, our bus left Ayr at 1.15 p.m. A T.V. van met us at Loch Lomond, and one of the men came into the bus to take photographs. He was evidently nearly as excited as we were, for he fell off the seat, camera and all. The van went on ahead and we did not expect to see it again, but twice we were photographed as we passed by. Mr. McIsaac kept saying "Smile! Smile!" We had the satisfaction of seeing ourselves on T.V. getting out of the bus, but, alas, the scene changed before it got to me.

We stopped at a hotel on the way for a cup of tea, and then nothing further happened until we arrived in Oban, and had supper at our hotel. We were ready for it. There was no piano in the hotel lounge, so after supper we went across the road to another hotel. The holiday season was over, but those guests who were there listened to us while we practised our songs and joined in the singing.

Tuesday was our day at the Mod—Children's Day. The town was crowded with boys and girls hurrying to the various halls, some for Gaelic speaking and recitations, others for solo singing. A girl in our choir was first in the "Under 16" group, and she and another girl won a first in the duets. Anne Gilles, who later won the Gold Medal, was first in my group.

The afternoon was devoted to Choir Singing. We particularly enjoyed this, for we won the "McVicar" Trophy and knew we should be well represented at the evening concert. This was a tremendous success. We heard some lovely singing, and realised how lucky we were to belong to a splendid choir, and to be associated with a great Gaelic-speaking people.

When the concert was over we returned to the hotel and had a midnight feast, all seated on the floor in our rooms and along the corridors. We supplied Mr. McIsaac with drinks—Coca-Cola—when he called to see how we were getting on. It was very late, or rather very early in the morning when we retired to bed, and we had to be up at 7.30. But it was worth it.

After breakfast, T.V. men arrived again and selected five of us carrying cases to act as if we were just arriving at the hotel. I collected the key of our room.

As we left the hotel we gathered on the steps and sang. Passers-by and T.V. men joined in.

So ended our wonderful three days in Oban, days we shall never forget, and which will be an inspiration to us for the rest of our lives. Eagerly we look forward to the Mod at Perth next year.

ELIZABETH QUINN, IIIb.

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## SUMMER—NINETEEN SIXTY-TWO.

Farewell to Summer sixty-two,  
Of sunny days that were so few;  
To real cold winds that made us blue  
In the Summer of sixty-two.

Raincoats in their different hue,  
Stylish were umbrellas too,  
Frocks and swimsuits we hardly knew  
In the Summer of sixty-two.

ANN O'ROURKE, I. Beta.

## OH! TO BE A POET.

One day a poem I tried to write,  
My poor old brain went numb;  
My pen went dry and words took fright.  
Why did the rhymes not come?

Oh! how to be a girl of fame,  
It left me very glum;  
The only one who'll praise my name  
Will have to be my Mum.

MARY McMILLAN, IA.



## ON TELEVISION

In the past ten years Britain has fallen a victim to a strange and terrible disaster. It is not the guided missile, the atomic submarine or the hydrogen bomb. It is something much worse—a thing that has destroyed family life, ended discussion, encouraged violence, and brought education to a standstill. It is Television.

Everything we do is dictated by this electronic monster. We are told that to become a world-champion boxer, all that is required of us is that we “Don’t say Brown!” A certain alcoholic beverage is guaranteed to take us into a world of make-believe where we become “famous.” Other products are equally wonderful—a cigarette that banishes all loneliness, and a small cube that transforms leftovers into a succulent meal—just to mention a few. These claims in themselves are of little account; what is of much more account is that viewers believe them. What else would explain the fact that, once the products are advertised, their sales rocket?

The goggle-box has also ruined more homes than any earthquake or flood. Although it may appear to be just a lump of wood, metal and glass, it soon rules the home. People indirectly ask its permission before going out, for who would think of leaving home on the night that Dr. Ben C. is due to be screened? The art of conversation also is obsolescent, because now it is not so much what you say as when you say it that counts. Many a brilliant remark has been ignored because it interrupted the infernal squabbling of S.

Why then, we ask, have we been afflicted with such a plague? Perhaps it is a subtle attempt by the Communists to attack the basis of our civilization, the family. If so, they have been remarkably successful, for the television is, indeed, an enemy within. We could, therefore, turn the tables by making a gift of about ten million television sets to the people of Russia, and so spread the corruption to our enemies. Then that cross-section of the public who revel in demonstrations could discard their “Ban the Bomb” slogan and take up a new chant, “Ban the Telly.”

JOHN BUSBRIDGE, VIth Year.

### FASHIONS FROM PARIS.

As the streets of Paris pass us by,  
Exciting fashions catch the eye;  
Ladies wearing dresses gay  
And jewellery in fine array.

Straggly hair and tight skirts lend  
A helping hand to the beatnik trend;  
Bulky sweaters, tapered jeans,  
In bright blues, reds and bottle greens.

We leave the fashions of the beat  
And turn to crazy styles for feet;  
Winklepickers, chisel-toes  
(Teenage fashions are the most!)

Amber coats with pocket bows  
Displayed in Paris fashion-shows;  
Are bought by many chic young girls  
With pleated skirts and blouses of frills.

It's a woman's world, or so they say,  
But who is to know in this modern day,  
When girls are dressed to look like boys  
And men have turned to feminine toys?

MARGARET SAYERS, IIA.





### FANTASY.

Languor weighing heavily from toil of hours,  
I sit, as Slumber's easeful mists descend ;  
Antithesis of Task, that nymph revealeth  
    bowers  
Of peace ; through arbours beechen green  
    I wend.

Peripheral delight ! Athirst for more, I leap  
    the gulf of Eden ; visual carouse !  
Ether of purple illuminated by star-clusters  
    deep ;  
Svelte sylphs incarnadine the animistic hues,  
Soft shades assuage my eyes ; harsh tones  
    disperse, diffuse.

Luscious penetralia their portals wide do ope  
Revealing fruits ambrosial, sun-blest through ;  
A runnel gushing claret inviteth me to tope,  
And straight I bathe therein, my lips with  
    draughts imbrue.

Elysian rapture ! Let Bacchus have his due !  
  
An aeon could I spend in such delights,  
But cloy'd, my senses reel—I wake. Despair !  
E-vanishing my dream, and lost to sight ;  
Again come Tribulation, Woe, and Care ;  
Return, that dream ! O Slumber, hear my  
    prayer !

JOHN CRAWFORD, IV.

### DREAMS.

When I go to bed at night,  
And mummy then puts out the light,  
I think of all the things I'd be  
If I were not just little me.

A typist or a nurse maybe,  
A famous acress on T.V.,  
A model or a school mistress,  
A dancer or an air hostess.

Then morning comes and I'm afraid,  
My lovely dreams begin to fade ;  
Time to get up—no more rest,  
Off to school to do my best.

ELIZABETH COOK, Pr. V.

### THE SEASONS.

The season of freshness and joy is called  
    Spring,  
When we wake in the morn to hear the  
    birds sing,  
When the sun shines once more after long  
    Wintry days  
And the cows in the meadow contentedly  
    graze.

I love to hear on a bright Summer day  
The joyful cries of the children at play  
On golden sands or by rocky pool,  
So glad to be freed from their labours at  
    school.

Autumn's the time when the leaves start to  
    fall,  
And many birds answer that faraway call ;  
In the landscape the artist finds colours  
    abound,  
When green, rust and gold around us are  
    found.

Little creatures in Winter depart for a sleep  
From the frost and the snow, themselves  
    warm to keep ;  
But the season of Peace and Goodwill to  
    all men  
Is with us, as Christmas comes round once  
    again.

ANNE PENTLETON, IIIA.

### BEAUTY.

I love to stroll along a country lane on a  
beautiful Summer evening and feel the  
glorious warmth of the setting sun enfolding  
me. I love to watch the dainty flowers  
quiver as the soft breeze lays its gentle  
fingers on their heads. Best of all, I like  
to watch the sunset, for everything appears  
on fire. The dying sun gives its last gifts  
to the day, rich, golden, misty drapery,  
which changes to red as the sun dips behind  
the horizon. Then we are assured that the  
golden monarch has not departed from us  
for ever.

CLARE MCILHATTON, IB.



# "Dunera" Cruise

On Thursday, 24th May, after weeks of preparation and excitement, forty-eight pupils of St. Michael's, along with hundreds of other Ayrshire boys and girls, set sail from Grangemouth on what proved to be a most memorable cruise. The ship which was our home for the twelve days during which we were at sea was the M.S. "Dunera." It was to bring us to Bergen, Oslo, Copenhagen and Hamburg.

As we sailed out of Grangemouth our last glimpse of the pier showed a lone piper playing and many handkerchiefs waving us goodbye. We were not far out to sea when we had our first experience of muster stations—three short blasts on the siren and pandemonium as boys and girls rushed from all parts of the ship to their various stations, where, having donned our most uncomfortable life-jackets, we waited for approximately fifteen minutes as the Captain inspected us.

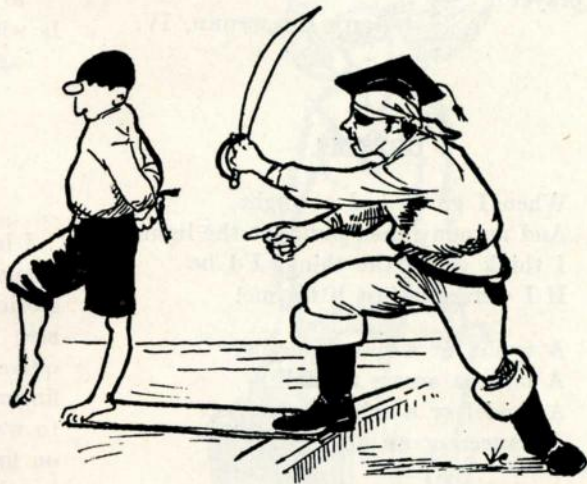
Although our voyage to Bergen was a stormy one and all but the hardiest fell victims to sea-sickness, we had recovered when we disembarked at our first port-of-call. The sun was shining over the lovely town of Bergen with its quaint, little, brightly-coloured, wooden houses scattered all over the hillsides. We had the thrill of ascending the Fløien Mountain by the funicular railway. The panoramic view of the fiords, lakes and colourful houses made a picturesque sight. Far below we could see the route M.S. "Dunera" had followed for many miles.

In the afternoon we went on a delightful coach tour of the town, and had with us an enchanting guide, dressed in national costume. She spoke perfect English, as did many of the Norwegians whom we met.

After visiting Fantoft Stave Church—a very dark and sombre building, built hundreds of years ago—we went to Grieg's home which is wonderfully situated at the edge of a lake. We were able to see around his house which has many memories of Grieg—pieces of music, photographs and furniture. We also visited his memorial, placed high on the cliff face.

Our first Sunday on board ship was indeed worthy of remembrance. In the afternoon we anchored in Kristian-Sand Fjord and, without more ado, the Goanese sailors lowered the life-boats for the regatta to which we had so looked forward. There were four heats in which each crew had to sail round the "Dunera." The teachers, who took part in the competition, were dressed up for the occasion, wearing pirate's outfit and armed with swords and pistols. The eventual winners each received a special badge.

Our next port-of-call was Oslo—not quite as picturesque as Bergen and more like the shopping centres we know at home. After a morning's shopping, we once more boarded luxurious coaches for a sight-seeing trip. This time, the guide was a young student from school. We visited several ski-jumps (without snow, of course) and the famous Frogner Park. In the evening, dancers in national costume, danced on the quay for us. They later came aboard to take part in a dance held on "B" deck, which was decorated with flags and fairy-lights.





Copenhagen, situated on one of the 500 islands of Denmark, is another beautiful town. Here we spent two days. On our first day we went out to Elsinore, where we visited the famous Hamlet's Castle from one of the rooms of which we could see the coast of Sweden. Next day was a national holiday, and all the shops in Copenhagen were closed. Although it rained all day, we visited Tivoli Gardens, which contain concert halls, many beautiful fountains and hosts of fun-fair activities. Unfortunately, as it was a holiday all these places of amusement were closed.

Hamburg, our next port-of-call, is a very big shopping centre. Most of our shopping time was spent in Woolworth's, where many articles are only half the cost of those in Britain. We spent an afternoon in the Hagenbeck Zoo, outside Hamburg, where all sorts of animals can be found—even tiny Shetland ponies.

Our homeward journey, via the Kiel Canal, was most enjoyable. The weather was perfect and the sea was calm. All too soon we were disembarking for the last time. Suddenly, we were passing through the customs and boarding the waiting train.

I am sure the memory of this cruise will remain fresh in our minds for many years to come.

PATRICIA SAVAGE, IVth Year.

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### THE JOYS AND TRIBULATIONS OF REPRESENTING THE SCHOOL AT SPORTING ACTIVITIES.

THOSE few whose lot it is to represent the school on the sports field (and get something for their half-crown) are lucky. Not for them the sophisticated atmosphere and refinement of the debating room, where those of the gifted tongues prattle on, unheeded by the millions. The sporting people can strike a blow for the school in the *physical* sense. (A true example of this is F.H., whom none shall pass !!)

Ah, the feeling of victorious elation when one has scraped a narrow 1 - 0 win from the Auld Enemy, after the referee has tried his utmost to beat you and has given every decision to the opposition so that no one could say he was biased.

But the joys of active participation do not all stem from selection for a school team. There are moments before and after a game which make life worthwhile. The weekly delay while we wait for the appearance of J.M. and F.H., the chatter and leg-pulling before each game are compensation enough for getting out of bed on a frosty morning. And after the game there is nothing to beat the singing in the showers, and then the stampede to secure a pie and a cup of tea. It is noticeable that the quiet ones are never the folk who are left without a pie. P.M. and E.E. always secure their objective.

There is always the unexpected happening. You come in on Monday morning thinking that you had done well on Saturday, to find Mr. L. saying "Even I could have outrun you on Saturday." But when you do play reasonably well, are you smothered with congratulations? No! All you get is "At least you *looked* like a footballer on Saturday!" That is the most you ever attain in the line of compliments. Our never-to-be forgotten referee, Mr. Mc, also, is far from lavish with his praise. His most enthusiastic comment amounts to: "It would take a furniture removal van to turn you round."

One disadvantage which does not have to be faced very often is the prospect of defeat. In recent years St. Michael's achievements stand in favourable comparison with those of any other school. As can be seen from the above, the advantages of representing St. Michael's far outweigh the disadvantages. And who does not fail to be stirred by the rousing refrain of "Oh, when the Saints Go Marching In."

GEORGE MEIKLE, VIth Year.



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**Requiescat**



**In Pace**

**Miss M. T. Quinn.**

A STRONG link with the early days of our school has recently been severed by the death of MISS QUINN, West Road, Irvine, on 30th May of this year.

Born in Dumfries, Miss Quinn was educated in Sacred Heart High School, Girvan, by the Sisters of St. Joseph of Cluny. After training for Primary teaching, she taught for some years in the South of Scotland—at one time in Kirkeudbright, when Monsignor McHarely was Parish Priest there. In 1918 she came to St. Mary's, Irvine, at that time a Chapel School in the present St. Mary's Church. In 1921, when the school was built in Kilwinning Road, she moved to the new building, continuing to serve in Irvine until her retirement in 1945. In 1933 she had seen St. Mary's School incorporated into St. Michael's College. In 1939 the disastrous fire which wiped out the Secondary Department had had its repercussions in the Primary School, for it had to be vacated to house the older pupils; in the war years she had shared in the inconveniences endured by the school when crowds of evacuees had poured in from Glasgow. And during all her years in school she had taught hundreds of boys and girls from Irvine and had watched many of them grow up to become parents of others who in turn passed through her hands.

Miss Quinn will be remembered by all who were her pupils as a teacher who gave them of her best, dedicating herself in a particular way to their religious training and imparting to them something of that wonderful courtesy and refinement that so characterised her. She was, indeed, a cultured teacher of quiet manners—a true lady of the old school.

Her years of retirement were gladdened by her circle of devoted friends from in and beyond Irvine, for she never lost a friend and was always deeply interested in the news of her former pupils and colleagues. In her later years she suffered from impaired health; the burden of old age she bore with fortitude and cheerfulness, always assisted by her devoted niece and her husband.

A long life of service was closed by a truly, happy, Christian death at the close of Our Lady's month of May. May she rest in peace.

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**In Manus**



**Taus**

**Miss Alice McGaffney.**

News of the illness and death of ALICE MCGAFFNEY, in November, 1961, brought surprise and deep sorrow to all who knew her. For Alice seemed to be on the threshold of a brilliant, academic career. Her unusual gifts of intellect had brought her distinction from her earliest schooldays in St. Ann's Primary School, Annbank. From there she had gone to St. Margaret's High School, Ayr, leaving it at the end of her third year, as Dux of her class, to complete her senior secondary course in St. Michael's. Here again, there was no one who outstripped her. In 1953 she was awarded the Dux Medal, presented by the school, for her excellent results in the Scottish Leaving Certificate examination. After a further year's study in preparation for University, she entered the Science Faculty of Glasgow University in 1954. In 1958 she graduated B.Sc. with First-class Honours in Chemistry. At the invitation of her Professors, she decided to return to the University to undertake Cancer Research for a Ph.D. Degree. She worked under Dr. Dawson and some Surgeons of the Western Infirmary, Glasgow, in the preparation of a thesis on the study of cancerous tissue and cells. Alice had almost completed her work in 1961 when she fell ill and died. In fact, Dr. Dawson now has her material and hopes to publish her thesis for her.

Alice's greatness of mind was equalled by her goodness. She was possessed of a deeply religious spirit and a gentle, unassuming simplicity of character which made her loved by all. Her spirituality, her serenity and her great consideration for others were never more evident than during her days of suffering; smilingly she accepted God's Will in her regard and in the midst of pain she tried to brighten the spirits of those who visited her, remembering kindly all who were her friends.

She was laid to rest in Annbank Cemetery on the Feast of St. Andrew, 1961, following the Requiem Burial Mass which was offered for her in her Parish Church of St. Ann's, Annbank. In the short span of twenty-four years, Alice had already fulfilled her mission in life. May she rest in peace.

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## *An Unusual Catch*

ONE day, during the Summer holidays, two of my brothers, Tom and Jim, went fishing off Ardrossan Harbour in the canoe which we had built during the Winter. They set off from the beach and paddled out to sea, when suddenly they heard shouts and, looking over, they saw people standing on the rocks behind the S.M.T. bus garage, shouting and pointing into the water.

Inquisitively, Tom and Jim paddled over and then they saw something in the water. It proved to be a sheep, apparently trying to swim to Arran but finding itself in difficulties in the first few hundred yards. Its fleece was dragging it down and it swallowed mouthfuls of water every time it tried to breathe. Having got hold of it the boys towed the exhausted animal back to the rocks, where efforts were made to pump water from its stomach. An R.S.P.C.A. Officer had by then arrived and he took the expiring sheep away in his van.

About half-an-hour later, via the always-willing medium of our local constabulary, we learned that the gallant swimmer had died. It had run off the Arran steamer, then berthed in Ardrossan Harbour, and, hotly pursued, had run through numerous side streets until the glories of Ardrossan's bathing facilities presented themselves before its eyes. The innocent sheep had promptly jumped in and was heading for Arran, a mere thirteen miles away, when my brothers had intervened.

Although their fishing trip was cut short, Tom and Jim did not grumble, because later they each received a pound from the R.S.P.C.A. for their unusual catch.

JOHN MCFARLANE, IIIA.

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## FORMER PUPILS

*"No more wine? Then we'll push back chairs and talk."*—BROWNING.

HAVING tasted and relished the wine that precedes us in the Magazine, we make no apology now for our talk

*"Of old and happy far-off things and people long ago,"*

if we may be pardoned for misquoting Wordsworth. We hope you have enjoyed the literary efforts of the present-day pupils and will find some pleasure in our talk of those of long—or not so long—ago.

Two more names can be added to our Religious roll of honour. Father Michael Lawler, whose article you can read elsewhere in the Magazine, was ordained a Priest of the Holy Ghost Fathers in Dublin last July; while Philomena Doherty took the habit of the Sisters of Notre Dame at their convent, Ashdown, Sussex, in April. Philomena is now Sister Julie Bosco. Michael's life will be that of a Missionary Priest in Africa and Sister Julie Bosco will eventually be teaching (again!). Our best wishes go with them and also to two new entrants to the Religious life; Lawrence Byrne (Irvine) has entered the Passionist noviciate to be a Brother and Catherine Hainey entered the Cross and Passion Convent, Dublin, in September. Her brother, Dan, who was at Mount Melleray last year, has now gone to Drygrange to continue his studies for the Priesthood.

A surprise, but welcome, visitor to the College was Sister Jacinta (Cathie Malone, Dalmellington). Cathie left us in 1949, entered the Franciscan Missionaries and while home on leave after eight years' missionary work in Uganda, paid us an unexpected visit. Sister Pauline Therese, C.P. (Agnes Leverage) was a visitor to Irvine Convent during the holidays and paid a call to St. Michael's to renew old contacts.





Sister Marie Noemi (Margaret Long) of the "Nursing Sisters," achieved a remarkable distinction. For the second year running she received the medal for the first place in nursing practice, at the large Charing Cross Hospital in London. Well done, Sister! While on the subject of nursing some of you may have seen Kay Paterson on T.V. a few months ago. Not in Emergency Ward 10—though we have no doubt Kay would have shone—but in a more serious programme. Staff Nurse Kay was chosen as one of those who put the nurses' point of view forward in their case for increased pay. Having completed her general course in Victoria Infirmary, Kay is now taking a further course in the Cresswell Home, Dumfries.

I wonder if any of our older friends remember Miss Carlross? She was a contemporary of Miss O'Sullivan, Miss Murphy and Mr. Daly (R.I.P.) in the late twenties. Now Mrs. Larkin, wife of a Professor in Galway University, she and her husband called at the Convent during the Summer holidays. You can be sure that she and Sister Francis (like Johnny Walker—still going strong!) had plenty to talk about. Earlier in the year, Mrs. Hanlon (Sarah Gilmour of Glengarnock), who was a pupil of those days, visited the school and had a chat with some of her contemporaries now on the staff. Sarah now lives in Cornwall. From rather

further afield came Margaret Taylor and her husband, Dr. John Clarke, a lecturer in Fordham University, New York. They were home on a visit to Margaret's parents in Ardrossan. Her sister, Ann (Mrs. Clifford), also resides in New York, and in October presented her husband with a son and heir. Also home from America, Chicago this time, was Ben McCluskie (Irvine) and family. He brought his four bonny children to see us at school. Other travellers—to make their fortunes?—were Billy Walsh and Roger Smyth (Ardrossan). Billy went out to Canada in July and has settled with his cousin, Stephen McPolin, in Ontario. Stephen's wife (Flora McQuade) had a second son a few months ago. Roger, with his wife and child, set off last month for Australia. Mary Gorman had a long leave from her teaching post in Rhodesia and managed to have a holiday in America before returning. We hear that Helen McCann, after spells of teaching in Canada and Barbados, is now back at home in Hurlford. Arthur Mulligan (Monkton) is another who has been seeing the world. Arthur has a responsible technical position with G.E.C., and has done business for his firm in Pakistan and the Bahamas. He is to leave shortly for South Africa. Still sailing the high seas with the Royal Navy is John McCaffery (Ardrossan). John looked up Mr. and Mrs. Northcote (Teresa Quinn) when his ship called in at Hong-Kong. Eric and Teresa now have three children. Also in the Royal Navy, ever faithful Claude Pratchett brought his young bride along to the school. Claude's wife, Maureen, is from Chippenham, Wiltshire, where he now has his home. A more recent recruit to the sea—well, maybe next year he'll see the sea—is Francis McGeough, one of our latest leavers, who was examined, interviewed and accepted by the Holt, Blue Funnel Line as a trainee engineer. Francis is now being trained in the firm's own technical school in Birkenhead. Another man from the high seas who called to see us—indeed, he calls on any occasion he is near—was Jackie Smyth (Stevenston). He is a Radio Officer in the Merchant Navy, having done excellently in his profession.

Are you getting tired with all the travelling? Well, let's see what has been happening nearer home.

In academic achievement, Hugh Mailer has graduated B.Sc. with Honours in Physics. Hugh is hoping to take up a position in the industrial field early next year and, at the moment, is being usefully employed in a temporary teaching post in St. Michael's. Vincent Murray took his M.A. with Honours in History, Norma McDonald, M.A., with Honours in Psychology, while John O'Rourke and Tom McFarlane have both obtained B.Sc. degrees. Men of business, Ronnie Kelly, Bobby Hume and John Pentleton have taken their Diplomas in Commercial Subjects, and are now training for teaching at Jordanhill. Messrs. Mailer, O'Rourke, McFarlane, Hume and Kelly have achieved a mild distinction. They are the first graduates in the male line who received all their secondary education at St. Michael's. There will be many more!



Mary Bourke, M.A., on the completion of her training, has gone to teach in London, while Phia Traymer, M.A., Clare Dillon, Catherine Donnelly, Adeline McCann, Gloria McGibbon, and Mary McDermott have all started on teaching careers in Ayrshire. Our congratulations to Mary on being a prize-winner in her year at College. In a more practical sphere Dominic McLaughlin has taken his Ordinary National Certificate in Building and Jim Rhodes (Dreghorn) has obtained the same Certificate in Engineering.

Tom McFarlane, after taking his B.Sc., decided to do Medicine and has embarked on another five years of study. Good luck to you, Tom! His brother, Charles, the Dux of 1961-62, will keep him company in the Medical Faculty.

An old friend and grand supporter of the Magazine, John Campbell (he takes *two* advertising pages—look them up!), was elected to the Town Council of Kilwinning last May. He is Convener of a Committee and serves on several others. This is in addition to being a partner in the business—a very active young man. He has time for other good works as well. With his brother, Jim, he entertained a party of old people to dinner in a local hotel early in the year. John and his wife are very proud of their two children, a boy and a girl—both adopted

Your correspondent met Joe McAuley recently. Socially—not officially. We have to make the point, since Joe is a stalwart member of the Ayrshire Constabulary. He is married to Cathie Scott (Ayr), has one child, and now lives in Ardrossan where he is stationed. His three sisters, Alice (also married and mother of a baby girl), May and Anne, are all well and are now living in Toronto. They all managed home this year to see their people in Glengarnock. Anne works for a travel agency and was sent to Europe to inspect hotels in Italy, France and Switzerland to make reservations for her firm. Her work (?) done, she managed a few days at home before returning to Canada. Alice, too, found a convenient arrangement—accompanying her husband on a business trip to this country. Very nice, too. We take it that May had to come home the hard way!

Sister Leonardine was “home” in the Convent for her Summer holiday. Sister, you will remember, replaced Sister Peter Mary in Fleetwood. The latter is now retired and living in the Convent in Sutton, Lancashire. Mrs. Quirk (Sylvia McFarlane) was another who came in to see us, bringing her husband and two children. We understand that Sylvia is staying in Ardrossan with her mother, while her husband, who has a new position, is house hunting somewhere in England.

Two more of our old friends have moved to England. Cissie McHugh and Annie Dorrian have been moved from Carmel, Dumbarton, to Reading. In a note, Annie says they have settled down, with plenty of work ahead.

We have already mentioned a few of our recent “leavers.” It would take too long to enumerate them all, but from what we know, and from “our own reporters,” we understand that the hopefuls are all settled to their various careers. We have the usual quotas for the University, Notre Dame and Royal Technical College; one boy to Jordanhill and one girl to Aberdeen to be future P.T. teachers; one girl to the College of Domestic Science; another to the Commercial College; two boys to I.C.I.; a boy and two girls to study Physiotherapy; a student nurse; and some to the Civil Service. May they all meet with success in their chosen professions.

And so life goes on. Another year, another class leaves; and it seems no time at all until we hear of their being married. We give note of some. To these, and to all the others we have not heard of, we wish many happy years.





Patricia Glanton to Ronald McDonald ; Anna Behan to Robert Watt ; Joan McNamara to James Graham, M.A., LL.B. (brother of Caroline) ; Blanche Hughes, B.Sc., to Neil Carragher, B.Sc. ; Laura McGaffney, B.Sc., to James McGrath ; Mary Theresa Duffy ; Maretta Reid ; Noyen Duffy ; Catherine McIlloney to John Nicol, M.B., Ch.B. ; Helen Flynn to J. Tonner ; Anne Conville to Denis O'Connell ; Marjorie Mailer, B.Sc., to Arthur Robertson (brother of Grace) ; Mary Ann Little, S.R.N., to Hugh Mathieson ; Anne Spencer to Ernest Bush ; Michael McHugh (Stevenston) to Elizabeth Leverage (Sister of Agnes and Margaret) ; John McHugh (Kilbirnie) to Ann Conway ; Winnie Monaghan to William Brady (Ayr) ; Rosemary McNairney to Mr. Forde ; Vera McCormick to Mr. Mathieson ; Anne Murphy to Peter Millar.

And, in the natural course of events, we offer our heartiest congratulations to all who had "happy events"—future pupils of St. Michael's? These have come to our notice—Mrs. Bracaglia (Ella Trainer), a daughter ; Mrs. Moultrie (Betty Leckie), a third son ; Mrs. Bradley (Jean McMillan), a son ; Mrs. Delahunt (Bessie Brown), a son ; Mrs. White (Eileen Pettigrew), a second son ; Mrs. Cassellis (Margaret Craig), a second daughter ; and to her sister, Teresa (Mrs. McCann), a second son ; Mrs. Kelly (Pearl Cassellis), a second child ; Mrs. Frank Smith (Diana Pollachi), a second child ; Mrs. Billy McGown (Maureen Bonnar), a third child ; Mrs. Smith (Rosemary Scott), a son.

Our deepest sympathy is extended to Mr. Martin and Mr. Matt Sloan on the tragic deaths of their wives. Willie, one of our pupils of the twenties, has been left with a family of eight children, the youngest an infant, months old. Mrs. Sloan (Margaret Donnelly, Kilwinning) has left four children. You will read elsewhere in the Magazine of the death of Alice McGaffney, only twenty-four years old and on the threshold of a brilliant career. The death of Frank Shirley, Troon, also occurred not long ago, and like Alice he was taken in the flower of youth. One of our earliest pupils, Harry Delahunt, died suddenly during the summer. Harry, uncle of the many Delahunts who have been pupils of St. Michael's, was one of those pupils whose first classroom was in the Convent. After taking his diploma in Pharmacy, Harry went down to the London area where he lived for the past thirty years. And as we go to Press, there comes the sad news of another death of a former pupil, Owen McMulkin. Our sympathy is extended to his wife and children.

To the relatives and friends of these, and to all those who have suffered bereavements in the past year, we offer our sympathy and our prayers for the repose of the departed souls. May they rest in peace !

We seem to have come to the end of our talk. Well, no—our new school. Rather sadly, all we can say is that we are no further forward. Maybe you can manage a prayer that a start will be made soon and our long wait will be worthwhile.

We conclude with best wishes to all. May the peace of Christmas be yours and we join our voice to the six hundred voices raised every week at the morning assembly :—

"Divine Jesus, bless the pupils, past and present, of our school. Keep them steadfast in the faith . . . Mother of God, keep them safe in your Immaculate Heart . . ."

—o—

## THE SNOWDROP

One day while in my garden  
I saw a lovely sight,  
A little flower had grown  
In the darkness of the night.

It was a little snowdrop,  
With drooping head so sad,  
I don't see why it should be so,  
'Cause it made me very glad.

C. McROBERTS, Pr. VI.



## THE GUIDE RALLY IN AYR.

ON Friday, 19th October, all Guide Companies from this district assembled in Ayr to meet Lady Olave Baden Powell, the World Chief Guide.

Special trains converged on Ayr about 1.30 p.m. All Colour Parties formed up outside the station, the Guides falling-in, in Companies, behind, and the procession marched off. On reaching Dam Park Hall, those carrying Queen's Colours formed up at one end of the Hall, while those bearing Company Colours formed up at the other end. The remainder of the Companies seated themselves in the main body of the Hall.

At a given signal all Colour Bearers raised their flags and, accompanied by their escorts, marched out into the Hall, finishing up by standing all the Colours along the walls on either side of the platform. It was a most impressive scene.

When Lady Baden Powell entered the Hall she was given a resounding cheer of welcome. Eventually the cheering gave way to the lusty singing of a number of Guide songs, the Chief Guide joining in with obvious enjoyment. Following the singing, Lady Baden Powell addressed the Guides in a simple, friendly and sincere manner, which impressed and inspired us all, even though we were often laughing at the amusing stories she told.

The meeting ended about 4.15, and Lady Baden Powell left with the cheers and good wishes of the Ayrshire Guides ringing in her ears.

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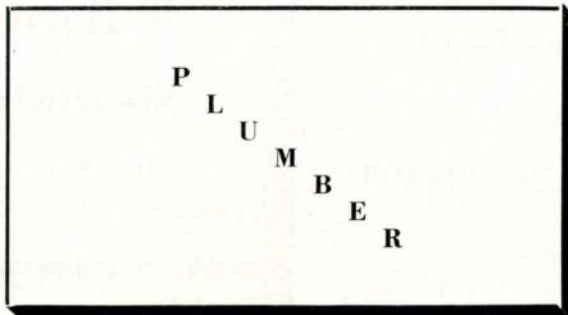
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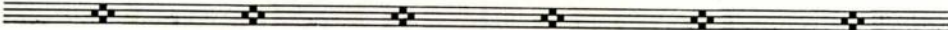
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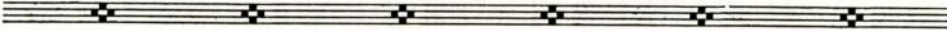




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