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19 MAGAZINE 63

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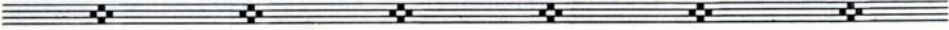
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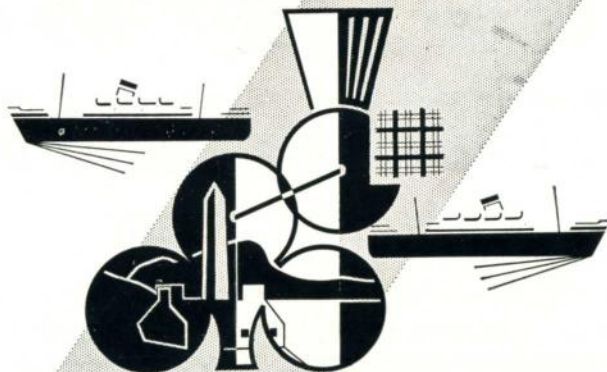
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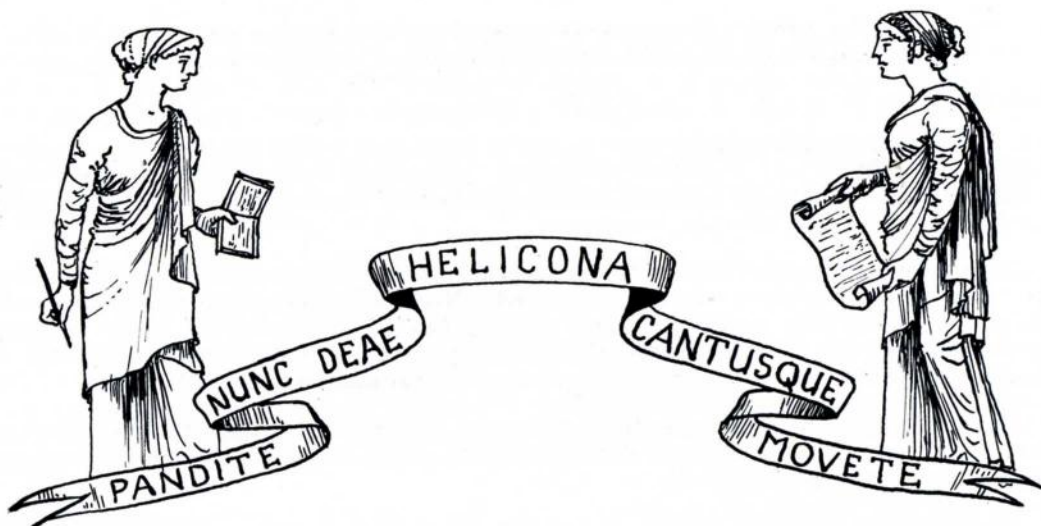
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## EDITORIAL

THE past few months having been disturbed by high-pressure politics, spectacular train robberies, and the Beatles, it is a relief to settle down to the pleasant task of issuing our annual magazine.

This, however, is not the most convenient of times for its production, since we are faced with a General Inspection, in early November, an ordeal carried out every seven years by Her Majesty's Inspectors. The imminence of this Inspection seems to have dampened somewhat the usual enthusiasm for the magazine; nevertheless, we received many scripts from our budding authors, eager to see their names in print. I would like to point out that the essays on Medieval subjects were originally written as background work to the study of Chaucer.

As usual, we have to report that we are still based on our old premises. However, it is almost certain that work will commence on our New School before the end of the year. Thus will end our years of speculation about sites and starting dates, and we feel sure that in our next edition we shall be commenting on the towering structure of our new accommodation.

Thanks are due to all our advertisers, without whom our efforts, no matter how great, would have been in vain, and to the members of our staff who worked with us during the past month to ensure the magazine's success. Last, but not least, we must thank the many pupils who have submitted articles for publication. Lack of space prevents the printing of all the articles submitted, and we hope that those whose efforts do not appear in print will not be too disappointed.

Although we do not claim that our Magazine for 1963 has attained the peak of literary achievement, we hope it will be enjoyed by each and all its readers.

# SCHOOL JOTTINGS, 1962-1963

## Christmas Term.

THE School Year opened with the usual masses of brand new pupils, but they were somehow crammed into our already over-crowded domain. The rise in Primary numbers due mainly to Glasgow over-spill added a new embarrassment—one that was partially resolved later in the year by the erection of two new classrooms.

There were a few new arrivals in the ranks of the Staff just to give a little variation from the "kent faces" to whom we are accustomed. Miss McFarlane came to the Homecraft Department, while Mrs. Kennedy became visiting Teacher of Needlework in the Primary Department, and Mrs. McArdle joined the Secondary Staff in a temporary capacity. From France came Mademoiselle Jandin, while our Spanish assistant was Senorita Miro.

Along with our new Staff arrivals we welcomed Father McLaughlin, the new Curate of Irvine, and throughout the year the distinctive throb of his scooter has been a frequent and welcome sound in the playground.

Mr. Inglis, Director of Education, visited the School, but, of course, did not acquaint us pupils with the reason of the call.

September really starts the year's work, so we rolled up our sleeves and began. No need to describe our labours—they are endless.

Girls of First and Second Year enjoyed a missionary film given by Medical Missionaries, showing their work in Pakistan. These contacts with real labourers in the distant vineyards revive our interest in maintaining the weekly Mission Collections.

Pupils of First Year were fortunate enough to be given a film show by Mr. Maguire, representative of the Brook Bond Tea Company. Although unlike them in some ways, we are sure the pupils enjoyed the show as much as the famous monkeys who advertise that brand of tea.

We are pleased to learn of Edward McGeough's success in a South of Scotland Electricity Competition held at the Modern Homes Exhibition at the Kelvin Hall. Competitors were asked to arrange Storage Heaters in a modern home and Edward came first out of a total of 1,033 entrants of all ages. His prize—two Storage Heaters.

Prize-giving for 1961-62 was held in the Caledonian Hall on 18th September. His Lordship Bishop McGee presided, showing his paternal interest in our School and in the future of Catholic Education. Father Aquinas, C.P., gave the vote of thanks. We were delighted to welcome last year's Sixth Form and to hear that eleven of them were accepted by Glasgow University—what an honour for the 'Varsity!

29th September brought our College Mass for St. Michael's Feast with Dialogue Mass, where six hundred pupils "spoke out loud and bold." And we lost only two lessons.

Mr. Mailer came in mid October to do temporary duty in the Science Department, which had been short-staffed since the departure of Mr. Drinnan in July. Mr. Mailer was an F.P. and soon merged with the familiar surroundings.

On 19th October we learned that Mr. Sinclair, H.M.I., had descended on the Modern Languages Department, and "the busy whisper circled round." But our trepidation proved unwarranted as he merely dealt with one class.

Another visit from a School Inspector was to the Mathematics Department, and in imminent danger of inspection pupils could be heard feverishly reciting formulae.

Mid-Term on 1st and 2nd November was a welcome respite from the hard discipline of lessons. November brought us the pleasant news that Mrs. McTurk was to give full-time services in our School. This gave commercial subjects to a greater number of Third Year girls and greater opportunities for enterprising Sixth Years to improve their typing.

November also brought terminal examinations to all pupils in First, Second and Third Year. On 5th December a group of Third Year girls, accompanied by Miss McFarlane, visited a textile factory in Troon.

As we were settling our minds to the Christmas Parties and Dance, we had a visit from Mr. Holmes, H.M.I., just to maintain the scholastic balance, I suppose.

Then Christmas festivities occupied our time with three Christmas Parties for the Primary Department and four for the Secondary. It happens every year—girls in the Chemistry Lab. trying to concentrate on the preparation of Hydrogen Sulphide or some such compound, while under their eyes Primary cherubs in fairy-like creations hop and dance into the Dining Hall for their Party. Life can be hard.

A hierarchy of privilege is always observable in the Secondary Parties, First and Second Year having theirs in the afternoon, Third Year in the evening, while the Senior Dance extends to a late hour.

Our Christmas Carol Service, thanks to Mr. McFarlane, is becoming a regular feature of our closing day, the Scriptural readings being done by Sixth Year boys, different carols being assigned to different groups, while all join in a full-throated "Adeste." It certainly creates the correct spirit for the Christmas season.

During the Christmas holidays we heard with concern that there had been a fire in St. Mary's Church, Irvine, which entailed its temporary closure for repairs. From then on till 31st May all Sunday and Holiday Services were held in our School Dining Hall. Thanks are due to certain boys of IIC. who gave manly and regular service in the weekly preparation of the Hall for Sundays.

#### **Easter Term.**

School reopened on 7th January and almost immediately the Seniors were plunged in estimate examinations. Such agonies and all to prove if we are worthy to be entered for the hurdles of S.C.E. in May.

The weather in the New Year was truly wintry, with piled up snow and glistening frost, but we gained no other advantage from the iron weather than a meagre half holiday. Even this pleasure was not unalloyed for the pupils from Ayr who had to deal with suspicious parents when they arrived very early from school to find not a single snowflake in their town.

At the end of January, Mr. Speirs who had been our P.T. teacher for eight years, left to take up a post in Alloa. We showed our appreciation of his work for us by a Presentation of a Small Bookcase. His post was taken by Mr. Hand, a former pupil, and groans from the boys after an energetic P.T. lesson have certainly not diminished.

To ease the overcrowding in the Infant Department two new classrooms were commenced in January. These were completed in March and Primary III. and IV. with their teachers moved in. The Primary bulge was resolved by the enrolment of a new Infant class in March, with Mrs. Hamilton as their teacher. New history was made in St. Michael's by a double intake of infants in one year.

On 5th March the S.C.E. Examinations began when Mr. Johnson conducted the Practical Music Exam. A week later Miss Forsyth, H.M.I., examined the candidates for Homecraft.

An interesting sideline to this examination was our enjoyment of the tasty dishes produced. Such examinations should be encouraged !

Boys of Third and Fourth Year enjoyed a lecture by Fr. Andrew Donnelly, a Discalced Carmelite from Aylesford. Dealing with the heavens in a different way was Professor Ray from the Department of Astronomy, Glasgow University. After his Cormack Bequest lecture to Senior Science pupils he dealt expertly with all questions concerning space travel and moon conditions. In another part of the School, two Columban Sisters were showing an interesting film on Mission Life and dealing as expertly as the Professor with questions on their own realm.

27th March brought the Final Religious Examination, always a problem for Fifth Year pupils.

During the last days of March several groups took part in the Ayrshire Music Festival. Of the trophies gained you will read elsewhere in the Magazine.

### **Summer Term.**

School reopened on 23rd April after the Easter holiday, though the Seniors, with the examinations impending, would scarcely have voted it by that name. Two days after the opening of term a group of twenty-six pupils from First, Second and Third Year classes took part in the Educational Cruise to Bergen, Oslo, Copenhagen and Hamburg. They had with them as Party Leader, Mrs. McGuinness. After ten days of adventure and enjoyment, these holiday-makers returned well-tanned and delighted to recount the wonders of the foreign cities they had visited.

Meanwhile, the Scottish Certificate of Education Examinations had begun on 29th April. These continued for nearly five weeks. Our chief invigilator was Mr. Peter Reilly, who was assisted by Fr. Walker, Fr. McLaughlan, Mrs. McCann and Mr. Bates.

On the last day of April, Primary VII. pupils took their Primary Promotion Examination.

In late May we had Fathers McCafferty, Kiernan, Mancini and Crowley for the Religious Inspection. This was followed by the customary half-holiday which all enjoy so much. At the end of the month the Senior boys had a talk from Fr. McSorley, a Kiltegan Father. The Girls' Retreat was given by Fr. Aquinas, while the boys had Fr. Justinian. At the beginning of June over fifty members of the St. Maria Goretti Guild made a one-day Retreat at Coodham.

The month of June was so busy that the briefest summary of events must suffice. We said goodbye to Mother Edna who had been Superior at the Convent for six years. We owe her many thanks for allowing us the use of the Convent Chapel for our Retreats and for daily visits to the Blessed Sacrament.

There were visits to Colville's Steel Works by Senior Chemistry classes, to Auchencruive Agricultural College by Botanists and to Roche Products' Factory at Dalry. Here our pupils enjoyed a feast of enchanting perfumes, as some of the chemicals are used for that purpose, but other aromas were less delightful.

Squadron Leader Kingsley Brown addressed the Senior boys on careers in the R.A.F. and the would-be sailors now opted for the air.

Our outing to Nunraw on 13th June is dealt with elsewhere, as is also our School Variety Concert, where for two nights we entertained packed audiences. There were varied musical items, choirs, solos and orchestra, a gym display and three short plays, the whole making a very pleasing show.

25th June was Sports Day. The sun smiled kindly on us and the events succeeded each other like clockwork. To show that the Staff were still active they took part in a Pupils versus Teachers Relay Race. Who won? On the same day the Primary pupils had their annual outing to West Kilbride Public Park, and from all accounts they had a most wonderful time.

Before the end of term we were pleased to learn that thirty-three of the thirty-five pupils presented for the Final Religious Examination had been successful. Kathleen Whyte was placed first and received the Special Prize presented by Rev. Canon O'Reilly, Kilbirnie.

A School Year seldom ends without a few farewells, and we had to bid goodbye to Miss Balcombe and Mr. Mailer. After two years' stay with us, Miss Balcombe was leaving to take up a post in Irvine Royal Academy. She carried with her our thanks for all she did for St. Michael's and our good wishes for happiness in her new post. To Mr. Mailer who was bound for Virginia we wished bon voyage and good luck.

1st July brought the Prize Giving for the session and the end of a very busy year.

26th July brought from the Scottish Education Department examination results to pupils scattered far and wide on holiday. We are pleased to announce that Heads of Departments were well satisfied with the news of pupils' successes. We hope that pupils were equally pleased. Of our Fifth and Sixth Year candidates, three gained six or more Higher Passes, six gained five, nine gained four, ten gained three and eight had two. Of our Fourth Year candidates who were presented for subjects on the Ordinary Grade, thirty-five gained at least five Passes. Of these, one had nine, eight had eight, thirteen had seven, eight had six and five had five.

A special word of congratulation is due to our Dux Medallist, Kathleen Whyte, a Fifth Year pupil, who obtained six Highers, and to Robert Reid, also of Fifth Year, who gained five Highers.

### A DREAM.

A dream can be a number of things.  
It can be funny, colourful, exciting.  
A dream can soothe, or frighten, sadden, or  
enlighten  
The dreamer even on distant lands.

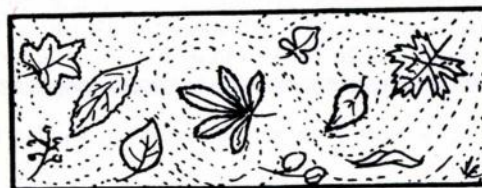
Sometimes a dream develops into a  
nightmare.

In it you may be chased by giants.  
They chase you, but never catch you,  
Grab at you, but never snatch you  
In their large, powerful hands.

When you wake, you think about your  
dream :

Can you remember it, or have you forgotten ?  
Was it about your favourite actor, cowboy,  
or maybe doctor.  
Or didn't you dream at all ?

JANE McDERMID, IIA.



### OCTOBER.

Hills and vales with mist are covered ;  
Trees of gold and russet brown  
In lochs of blue and grey are mirrored ;  
Bright red berries of the rowan  
Are moistened with the soft rain falling.  
Sleepy creatures snuggle down,  
While warmer lands to birds are calling.

Leaves swirled round by gusty winds ;  
Hailstones rattling on window panes ;  
Stormy skies ; deserted lanes ;  
Rain-swollen rivers swiftly flowing,  
Dismal and darker the nights are growing  
'Tis the end of October which tolls the bell  
For dying Autumn's last farewell.

MARY A. SMITH, IV.

# PILGRIMAGES

"Give me my scallop shell of quiet,  
My staff of hope to lean upon,  
My scrip of faith, immortal diet,  
My bottle of salvation.  
My gain of glory, hope's true gage,  
And thus I'll take my pilgrimage."

PILGRIMAGES in the Medieval world consisted of visiting the numerous shrines in one's own, or in a foreign country. The pilgrimage to the Holy Land was everyone's dream but, of course, not always possible. The pilgrim usually carried his own food and other necessities for his long journey. Going over land, if he could afford it he travelled on horseback; going overseas, usually aboard a pilgrim galley. From as far back as the Thirteenth Century, there were special regulations for the comparative comfort of the pilgrims. In Venice, which had monopolized the pilgrim traffic to Jerusalem, special inns and special officials called CATTAVERI catered for the well-being of the pilgrim to Jerusalem. On his return, he wore a branch of palm in his hat to show that his feet, too, had walked over those very acres hallowed by the Blessed Feet of Our Divine Lord.

The most popular shrine nearer home was that of St. James the Greater at Compostella. Saints and sinners, princes and peasants, clerics and layfolk thronged the road to Santiago to venerate the remains of the Apostle lying in the golden casket behind the high altar.

In our own country the shrine of St. Ninian at Whithorn drew pilgrims from every quarter: among royal pilgrims who came to Whithorn were King Robert the Bruce in 1329; Queen Margaret, wife of James III in 1473; and James IV, who never failed to visit it annually during his reign.



The most popular pilgrimage in England was that to the shrine of St. Thomas a Becket:

"From every shires end of Engelande  
To Caunterbury they wende  
The Holy, blisful martyr for to seke,  
That hem hath holpen when that they were seke."

So it continued, until Henry VIII uncanonised St. Thomas as "a false saint, and a traitor to his King"; scattered his precious dust and looted his shrine of the treasures heaped up there by generations of pilgrims.

In Ireland the most celebrated places of pilgrimages were Croagh Patrick and Lough Derg. From its earliest days, the outstanding characteristic of the Lough Derg pilgrimage was the severity of the penances undertaken by the pilgrims. Fasting, prayers and vigils were not all. Up to the Seventeenth Century immersion in the lake was also obligatory. Dante and Calderon mention St. Patrick's Purgatory as the most penitential pilgrimage in the world, and a recent Pope stated that this pilgrimage is the only true one left today.

ANNE MARIE McLAUGHLIN, V.

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# OBITUARY

## Miss Cecilia Hand.

WHEN CECILIA HAND left school in 1959 life seemed full of promise. She had been with us for three years—years in which she had endeared herself to teachers and to her fellow classmates because of her lovable character and her bright, merry disposition. She is remembered as a very lively girl, interested in her studies—particularly in Mathematics, and keen on sport, especially Netball.

When she left school she was employed as a Secretary at Robert's Mill, Dalry. One who knew her well in the past few years has written of her :—

“ Cecilia was like a fresh breeze on a hot summer's day. She had a most attractive personality with eyes that twinkled with mischief. She was blessed with a kindly infectious sense of humour inherited from both her parents, which caused her to bubble over with fun and even to the last she was able to laugh at herself. She enjoyed being alive ; life seemed to offer so much for she was loved by all. But someone else had loved her first ; Someone who was able to give her everything that heart could desire, and that is why God took her to Himself on Thursday, 12th September, 1963, at the early age of 19 years. R.I.P.”

To her parents and her sister, Patricia, we send our sympathy and prayers.

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## THE COMING STORM.

The tree-tops rustle, the tree-tops wave,  
They hustle, they rustle ; and down in a cave  
The winds are mumuring, ready to rave.

The skies are dimming. The birds fly low,  
Skimming and swimming ; their wings beat  
slow ;  
They float ; they are carried ; they scarcely go.

The dead leaves hurry, the waters, too,  
Hurry and scurry, as if they knew  
A storm was at hand.

RAYMOND FALLEN, IIa.



# SAINTLY QUEENS

EVERYONE in Scotland has heard about St. Margaret, wife of the Scottish King, Malcolm Canmore. Poland's equivalent to St. Margaret is St. Jadwiga, who was also a queen.

St. Jadwiga lived in the 14th century, and as her father was King of Hungary as well as of Poland, she spent the first few years of her life in Hungary, where, three centuries before, St. Margaret had been born. Jadwiga became Queen of Poland, and soon after she decided to marry. St. Margaret's marriage had been rather romantic, but St. Jadwiga was making a great sacrifice in marrying Jagiello, Grand Duke of Lithuania. St. Jadwiga was young and a Catholic, and like St. Margaret she loved beauty, learning and courtliness. Jagiello, on the other hand, was a Barbarian and was much older than his wife, besides being jealous and hard to please. By this marriage St. Jadwiga hoped to convert to Catholicism the heathen, Jagiello, and his country, Lithuania (the last country in Europe to become Christian), and to unite the two kingdoms, Poland and Lithuania. The marriage seemed doomed to unhappiness, but affection and loyalty on both sides soon grew very strong due to St. Jadwiga's goodness.

The poor people and children in Scotland had often gone to St. Margaret for help. In St. Jadwiga's case, however, it was the Queen who went to her subjects. She rode through her kingdom dealing with the people justly, sympathetically and generously. She founded the ancient University of Cracow to mark her love of learning, while, although St. Margaret did not found such a school, women students in Glasgow, centuries after her death, began to be called the daughters of Queen Margaret College.

St. Jadwiga, however, must have lived a rather sad and lonely life. St. Margaret had the joy of a family, but St. Jadwiga's only child died when a few weeks old. St. Jadwiga was very humble, and it was said of her "Austerity towards herself—never with others—became her rule." Furthermore, we have all heard the lovely legends concerning St. Margaret, but all that is told of St. Jadwiga is that she was exceedingly devout.

Both queens, therefore, had two main things in common—love of God and love of their country—and both converted their husbands. They may have lived at different times, and ruled different kingdoms, but both were saints, and Poland and Scotland should be proud of their queens—St. Jadwiga and St. Margaret.

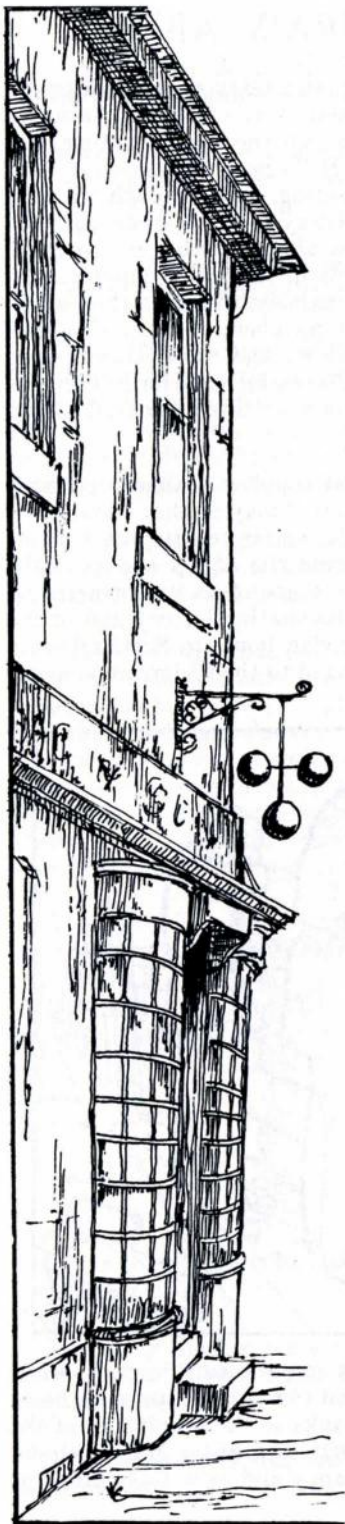
MARYSIA KOŁODZIEJ, IV.

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## OUR LAST DAY AT THE ISLE OF MAN.

If you remember, we had seven glorious days during our summer holidays. This was the week we spent at the Isle of Man. I could tell you about the day we went to the top of Snaefell by the Manx Electric Railway or the day we went right across the island by coach to the lovely little fishing port called Peel, to watch an exciting Viking boat race. But I shall settle for the amusing, but at the same time, unfortunate incident. As we had to leave our hotel bedrooms vacant at 10 a.m. on the morning of our departure, Father took all our luggage to the left-luggage office. We were passing a pleasant hour, before lunch, by the boating pond. The adults were lazing in the sun. Suddenly there was a scream and a splash when Corinne, my little sister, submerged among the boats. Willing hands soon got her out. Mother began to strip her clothes off. Oh! what a predicament! We had no clothes for her, so my mother put my pullover on her. We hastily made our way to the left-luggage office where mother proceeded to dry and dress Corinne. One of the porters gave Corinne a huge stick of rock and said, with a laugh, "What a thing to happen on your last day."

CHARLES McROBERTS, Primary VII.



## THREE BRASS BALLS

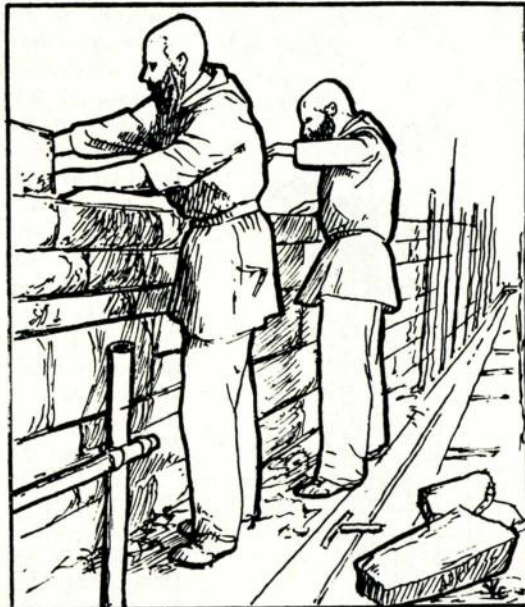
Three brass balls above the door—  
 The "hard-up" sign since days of yore—  
 Appeal to passers-by to stop  
 And patronise that gloomy shop.  
 A steady stream of ekers-out  
 A furtive glance cast round about  
 For fear that Mrs. Round-the-way  
 May see them, and in gossip say,  
 "My lazy neighbours lift no pay,  
 But daily pawn their all away!"  
 A clock there stands that paid the rent,  
 Its hands recording time ill-spent;  
 And there behind a heap of clothes,  
 Two grease-bespattered kitchen-stoves  
 Recall those meals long since devoured  
 That cooked in them on pots well scoured:  
 Which same, by chance, upon a shelf,  
 Survey the scene and speak to delft  
 Of bygone times when people's thoughts  
 Avowed their being peerless pots.  
 Candelabra, waxless, brood,  
 That on a banquet-table stood  
 Before their Lord had got the gout  
 Through drinking port till down-and-out!  
 A set of clubs in leather bag  
 That scholar poor, reduced to rag,  
 Renounced, tells tales of holes-in-one,  
 And perfect shots, and troubles won  
 At Troon. Fear not, my trusty set!  
 Degreed and rich, I'll claim you yet!  
 A ruby ring, to jilted wight  
 Returned, bemoans its trothless plight.  
 These thus, and many other things,  
 Once worthy of the halls of kings,  
 Await the day they'll be redeemed:  
 So long, it seems, of that they've dreamed.  
 Reflective mirror on the wall,  
 What think'st thou now, thou seer-all?  
 Perhaps to Mrs. Round-the-way  
 Thy counsel would not go astray!  
 "Pray, Ma'am, arrest your tongue and think  
 Of why your neighbours downwards sink  
 To penury and Pawning Road!  
 Ill-health, a loss, misfortune's load  
 Down-drag them, while with scathing speech,  
 No help bestowed you, others, teach  
 To mock, revile, and pity not  
 Your fellow-men of luckless lot.  
 The moral drawn from the triple spheres  
 Is: "Charity allayeth tears."

JOHN R. CRAWFORD, V.

## THE SCHOOL OUTING TO NUNRAW ABBEY

THE morning of June 13th, Corpus Christi, was one of those dull and rainy ones traditionally associated with school outings. However, undaunted by the threat of vile weather, we senior pupils of St. Michael's College gathered at our various towns to join the annual outing, this year to Nunraw Abbey, which is situated in the Lammermuir Hills near Haddington. For weeks, Sister Marie Celeste had been working to organise this outing, and although we were well represented, I must admit that the idea of visiting a monastery was not quite our idea of riotous fun. However, later we were to change our opinions about visiting monasteries. From Saltcoats to Irvine, the luxury coach was met by crowds of motley-coloured pupils, armed with streamers and food parcels, with one purpose in mind, namely, to have a thoroughly good time. This was evident as the coach left Irvine, where six members of the staff joined our party, as everyone was flying "streamers" from the windows and vocal chords were straining to the vast repertoire of songs. After a short stop at Strathaven we made for Edinburgh, then on to Haddington, whence by means of a tortuous, hilly road we finally arrived at our destination.

Our first task at Sancta Maria Abbey was to devour our food supplies, jealously guarded throughout the journey, while a few of us less fortunate pupils had to "play mother" and carry huge pots of tea around to quench the thirst of our hungry friends, who were enjoying a picnic lunch in the grounds. Our lunch finished, we set about exploring the abbey and grounds, kindly placed at our disposal by the Guestmaster, Father John. Some of us were treated to a conducted tour of the abbey, in which we learned much of its fascinating history and of the work of the monks who live there. The abbey is the first Cistercian house in Scotland since the Reformation, and it is founded on property which had belonged to the Cistercian convent near Haddington before the Dissolution of the Monasteries. Indeed the name "Nunraw" actually means the Nun's Row (of houses). After attending Benediction, where we were very much impressed by the magnificent singing of the monks, we were shown round the new abbey by Father Benedict. Work on this abbey, which is at present under construction by the monks, started in 1954 and it is estimated that it will take yet another ten years to complete, although the monks will have moved in by that time. Work is carried on by a small number of monks, helped and trained by a few skilled workers and during the summer months many good men give long hours of voluntary labour to aid the monks in their endeavour to make it another "Lamp of the Lothians"—ut luceat omnibus.



Soon, however, our visit came to an end, and after bidding farewell to our kindly hosts, we set off for home, tired yet happy. This had not been at all the dull day that we had half-expected. The fact that we were tired was borne out by the fact that singing was strangely absent on our return journey, while in its place transistor radios blared. After a short stop at Barrhead (for chips!), we were home again, having enjoyed a very pleasant day at Nunraw Abbey, thanks to the hospitality of the Cistercian monks there and the many weeks of preparation by our own Sister Marie Celeste. Indeed, let us hope that in the future all our outings will be as happy and as well-organised as this one was.

JAMES McCANN, VI.

## BLACKPOOL ILLUMINATIONS.

My family were down this year at Blackpool as a special treat, the main event being a trip by tram-car alongside the lights.

After viewing the town we joined a queue, consisting mainly of holiday-makers, which was waiting for a tram. As we waited, many decorated trams passed, including a rocket, a train and a ship, each brightly lit in flashing bulbs of yellow, green, orange and red.

Finally, a tram halted and, with mounting excitement, we embarked. The tram hissed and jerked to a start. Our journey had begun.

From our seats we could see the brilliance of the lights, which were strung along and across the street. Some remained shining all the time, while others gave one the impression that they were running along the wire. Illuminated paintings of people in national costume hung from the tall lamp-posts, while other posts had attached to them large, solid circles of lights representing flower-heads. The colours of the bulbs blended from deep red in the centre to flame-coloured orange and from this to bright yellow.

On the actual promenade, coloured hard-board pictures, brightly lit by strong spot-lights, made a spectacular sight. My favourite tableau from this category was a large, midnight-blue board boldly impressed on which were large diamond shapes of various colours.

Other than the flat, painted boards, there were pictures consisting solely of lights. From these, three moving ones were the speciality. The first one portrayed a young girl with pigtailed standing on the edge of a plank. Her companion leapt on to the opposite end, causing the first girl to sail into the air. After turning a somersault the girl landed on yet another plank. Her friend, who was standing on it, then took flight. The only colour of light on this board was yellow, the figures shown in yellow light, while those bulbs in the background were off. Then the lights in the background were switched on and the figures were off. This happened alternately. Another board, which worked similarly, showed a troupe of Russian dancers. This board, however, was completely in red.

The best tableau of this type was the one known as the "Story Book," which changed about seven times from one nursery rhyme to another.

The glittering, brightly coloured lights, reflected on the black, wet surface of the road, made an unforgettable sight.

MARIETTA MACGRANTHIN, IIA.

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## MY DOG.

I HAVE a little dog. His name is Scrap. It is a tinker. It sticks its nose in jam, and I get very angry at it.

When my mother takes me down the street it runs after us to get its meat, and when it has had that, it runs home again. It is not house-trained yet, because it tears the cushions and chews the slippers.

It can jump and sing and can stand on two legs. It can even twist. How I do love my little puppy.

EILEEN MARTIN, Primary V.

## **The St. Maria Goretti Guild**

Now that the St. Maria Goretti Guild has been "on the map" in St. Michael's for two years, it seems opportune to disclose what attractions the regular conclaves have for its members.

The Guild was pioneered by the present Fourth Year girls, as IIA. It should be confessed that the inspiration arose not only from the desire to be good but to be as good as the boys, who already belonged to the St. Dominic Savio Guild. Next, Sister Dominic Savio was prevailed upon to come to our assistance and meetings were arranged. The St. Maria Goretti Guild thus started as an unofficial but enthusiastic society. Within a month or so the doors were opened to admit First Years and Sister Brian was asked to help to direct operations, as each class was to meet on a different day.

At meetings First Year members discuss how they can imitate their patron in her devotion to Holy Communion, Confession and the Rosary, etc. Second and Third Year members discuss such influences on modern youth as T.V., cinema, records, comics and papers—and Beatles! These meetings are led by the members themselves and the resolutions prove interesting; for instance, we unanimously agreed at a meeting last year that low-class type of T.V. programmes are illustrative of the decadence of adults rather than of youth, since the adults arrange the programmes. The theme for discussion this term is *Our Part in Promoting Christian Unity*.

An important step in the development of the Guild took place about a year ago, when we heard of the St. Maria Goretti Guild Centre in Australia. Soon, an airmail letter was winging its flight, carrying our wish to be numbered among the "elect." A cheery letter from Brother Stephen, C.P., Australia, left us in no doubt that our names were in the Guild "*Book of Life*."

Last term was marked by another new feature in the life of our Guild, when over fifty members enjoyed a day's retreat at Coodham. The retreat was preached by Father John Baptist, C.P., who gave us much valuable information about the Child-martyr. He had actually met and talked with her mother, who must surely be regarded as a saint herself. We hope that a retreat will become a yearly event in the Guild, helping it to grow in strength and to do good work in St. Michael's.

FRANCES O'HAGAN AND LINDA WELCH, IVth Year.

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### **LEGION OF MARY, 1962-63.**

LAST session opened with an ever-increasing number of Legionaries and a change in Spiritual Directors. "Our Lady of Sorrows" Praesidium was sorry to bid farewell to Father Walsh who had left for the Parish of St. Margaret's, New Cumnock, and to Sister Mary Campion who had also to leave us to become Headmistress of a Secondary Modern School in Yorkshire. To both we extend our sincere thanks for their services in establishing the Legion in St. Michael's and consolidating it during its first two years, and we offer them our best wishes in their new positions.

We were pleased to welcome Father McLaughlan and Sister Brian as new Spiritual Directors; to them we owe a debt of gratitude for their constant guidance. Soon numbers forced us to split the Praesidium into twin Praesidia with Our Lady, Queen of Peace, taking care of the younger members. It was officered completely by pupils Sr. Ellen O'Neill (President) and Sr. Ann Lundie (Vice-President). Sr. Kathleen McKeever took over the post of Vice-President in "Our Lady of Sorrows" Praesidium from Sr. Colette Donnachie, who, we learn, is now serving the Legion in Notre Dame College of Education with several other former members. We are grateful to these Officers for their services and we wish them every success in their future careers.

The new Junior Praesidium meets on Thursday after school, while the Intermediate members continue to meet traditionally at the same time on Friday. Attendance has been good with numbers, at present forty-five, continuing to rise; five members since joining have taken on Praetorian membership.

On the advice of our Spiritual Directors most of the work is carried out in school during lunch hour and recreation time. We are glad to have the support of almost one hundred Auxiliary members who unite themselves to the active work of the Legion in their daily prayers. Outside school, Ravenspark Hospital and a few elderly ladies are visited regularly.

In December of last year the children of Burnside Home were entertained and both Praesidia spent a pleasant evening carol-singing at Ravenspark Hospital. More recently, several members spent a most interesting day visiting a Home in Renfrewshire for less privileged girls, and were impressed by the dedication of the Sisters in charge. Our Legionaries are now in regular correspondence with five of the girls. For our summer outing in June of this year we chose to go to Edinburgh, where we spent a most enjoyable day.

We are always pleased to keep in touch with our brother and sister Legionaries in the area, and to this end we joined them in the Curia Annual Reunion last December in Saltcoats, and in March we all attended in Largs the Acies, the annual consecration of Legionaries to Our Lady. In September the North Ayrshire Curia held its first Junior Congress which proved to be a great success. Most of our sisters took part in a day Retreat held in Coodham during the month of October.

With the beginning of another session we look forward to sustained effort and progressive development of the Legion movement in the school. To Sister Pauline we are most grateful for making our meetings possible after school hours and for her support in our undertakings. We should also like to take this opportunity to thank the members of the Junior Curia who have shown such an interest in our welfare.

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## ***Ayr at the Fair***

Last Settturday nicht a' roads led tae Ayr,  
So me an' ma cronies set aff fur the Fair.  
There wis Jimmy, an' Johnnie, an' Bertie,  
an' Dan,  
Wi' Vera, an' Jeannie, Big Bella, an' Nan.

The Dodgems wur a' unco tricky tae ateer,  
Thur's mebbe some chewin' gum stuck in  
the gear.  
The Waltzers whizzed roon' an' oh! whit  
a fricht!  
Twice I fell aff—an' wis that no' a sicht!

The Speedway heaved aff like the roll o'  
the tide,  
An' I got that sea-sick I fell ow'r the side.  
The Octopus' airms gi'ed us a' sic a scare,  
We couldna' get aff. So we stayed on fir maur.

On the Jets I took aff wi' the greatest o'  
ease,  
An' then foun' I'd naewhere tae fit in ma  
knees.  
The joystick got stuck an' I felt in a dwam,  
Fleein' ower the ocean towards Amsterdam.

The Sideshows wur fine an' the man wis that  
smart,  
Till one o' ma dairs knocked aff his top hat.  
I rolled up three ba's but I didna win,  
So I belted the ither man richt on the chin.

Ma story is ended, so young folk tak' heed,  
A gid sense o' humour is a' that ye need.  
So don't be disheartened by ma woeful plicht,  
'Cause I'm no pit aff, I'll be there every nicht.

CHRISTINE CARROLL, VI.



SCENE FROM "THE FAIRY RING" (Primary VII.).

#### A SCHOOLGIRL'S DREAM.

School begins at nine o'clock,  
Instead of lessons we'd rather talk.  
Reading and writing would be banished,  
And what a laugh if teacher vanished.  
Perhaps some day this'll come about.  
Then we can laugh and sing and shout.

T. CUNNINGHAM, Pr. VII.

#### THE WATCH MAN.

The Watch Man has a little hut  
In which he sits all night  
And Oh ! He does look cosy  
With his coke fire burning bright.

I wish I had a little hut  
With a fire glowing bright  
Where instead of going to bed  
I could quietly sit all night.

MARIE MANN, Pr. V.

#### THE MAN IN THE MOON.

The man in the moon is calling  
To the birds as they sing and play.  
The man in the moon is calling  
To the birds as they pass his way.

The man in the moon was sighing  
When the owl caught his prey.  
But, the man in the moon was laughing  
When I spoke to him to-day.

DENISE SCOTT, Pr. VII.

#### MY BROTHER.

My brother is an awful boy  
Who never lets me play,  
He seems to always spoil my games,  
And so I want to call him names.  
I burst his ball the other day,  
And then he said I'd have to pay.

EDWARD BERRY, Pr. VI.

# St. Columba

IN 521 A.D., at Gartan, Donegal, St. Columba was born. Although baptised Crimthain (wolf) and Colum (dove), Columba was called Columcille ("Dove of the Church") by all who knew him, because of his sweet nature and great love of everything holy or good. He was the son of a prince of Tyrconnel, and his mother was of the royal family of Leinster, which meant that Columba was related to several other princes reigning at that time in Ireland and the West of Scotland.

As was customary with Irish children of royal birth, Columba was brought up by his foster-parents who lived at Kilmacrenan, Donegal, among the beautiful and peaceful scenery of mountains, glens and streamlets.

When he was old enough, Columba was sent to study in several Irish monasteries, set up through the work of St. Patrick, which were very similar to St. David's monasteries in Wales and St. Ninian's monasteries in the West of Scotland. Among the famous people who taught Columba were the renowned bard, Gemman, and St. Finian, at Clonard, Meath. It was at the monastic school of Clonard, on the Boyne, that Columba was ordained a priest.

Columba founded his first monastery at Derry in 546 A.D. Realising how much his help was needed, he travelled throughout Ireland doing a great deal of good, both spiritually and materially. Columba founded many churches and monasteries, the most famous of which were Durrow (in 553 A.D.), Swords, Kells, and Kilmacrenan. Within two or three years he had founded thirty-seven monasteries.

Columba's monasteries were famous, not for the beauty of their buildings but for the beauty of character of the men who lived in them. Many of the monks made copies of books, beautifully written and ornamented, which in subsequent ages have made Irish learning so renowned. Columba himself loved making books and the famous "Book of Durrow," a magnificently ornamented copy of the Gospels, is said to have been written by him. The "Annals of Clonmacnoise" state that Columba wrote three hundred books with his own hand.

For a long time, Columba wished to make the "peregrinatio pro Christo" (journey for Christ). This was believed to be the greatest penance one could perform, as it meant leaving one's native land, never to return. Columba's decision to leave Ireland was perhaps hurried by the fact that he was suspected of leading the bloody battle of Culdremhne 561 A.D., and exile was probable. Therefore, in May, 563 A.D., Columba, with twelve companions, left Ireland in a coracle.

The thirteen men settled on the first piece of land out of sight of Ireland, which was the island of Hy or Iona, separated by a narrow strait from Mull. Although the island was only three miles by one and a half miles, and the soil was rather poor, it seemed a suitable spot for hermits, as Columba and his followers wished to be.

At forty-two years of age, Columba was vigorous, devout, fiery-tempered and a keen politician. Quickly he and his followers began building the first Columban monastery on Iona. This monastery, similar to all Celtic monasteries, consisted of huts of wood and clay, roofed with reeds. There was a small hut (cellula for each monk, a guest-house, a granary, a refectory, and a small wooden oratory. All these were surrounded by an earthen rampart. Here the monks prayed, wrote, and read. A certain amount of farming was carried on as corn, fine grass, and crops could be grown on the few fertile strips of land. Sheep were also kept.

The "family of Iona," as Columba called his followers, increased until there were 150 men divided into three grades of novices, workers, and seniors or monks. Ruling over everyone was the Abbot, to whom, in the Columban churches, even the Bishops were subordinate, although only Bishops could ordain. In Columban monasteries, the monks wore the Celtic tonsure and kept the Celtic date of Easter, thus differing from monks in the Roman monasteries.

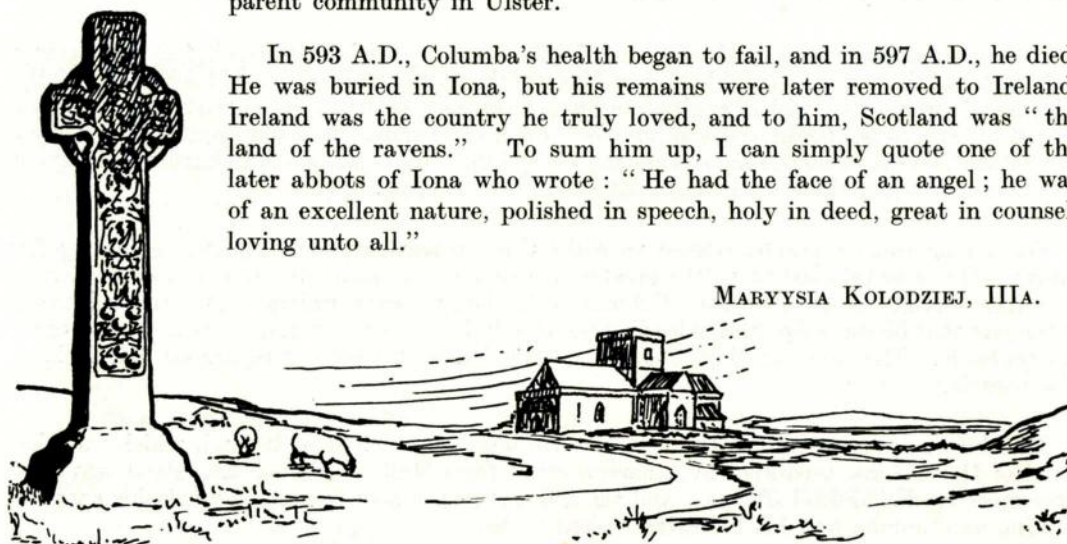
Columba and his monks made many missionary journeys, and founded monasteries on the Pictish mainland, in the Western Islands, and in the Orkneys. Iona exercised supremacy over all these monasteries and also over Columban churches in Ireland and later in North England. Thus Iona became the centre of Celtic monasticism and, because Columba was an important prince, it also became a political centre.

The white tunics and hooded woollen cloaks of the Scottish monks soon became a familiar sight on the mountain paths and in the villages of Pictland. In 565 A.D., Columba blazed the trail for Scottish missionaries by undertaking the perilous journey to the stockaded hall of Brude, King of the Picts, in Inverness. After overcoming bitter opposition from the Druids, Columba succeeded in preaching to the king and his people, and impressing them with the superiority of Christian wonder—working over the facile magic of the Druids.

Amid his missionary fervour, Columba did not lose his old penchant for politics, and, as a man of genius, his intervention in the statesmanship of Scotland was very important. Columba found the Scottish settlement of Dalriada defeated and almost extinct. He therefore altered the succession of Kings, and placed an able young man, Aidan, on the throne. This left Dalriada strong enough to play an important part in the making of Scotland. Columba also secured the recognition of the independence of the Argyllshire Scots from their parent community in Ulster.

In 593 A.D., Columba's health began to fail, and in 597 A.D., he died. He was buried in Iona, but his remains were later removed to Ireland. Ireland was the country he truly loved, and to him, Scotland was "the land of the ravens." To sum him up, I can simply quote one of the later abbots of Iona who wrote: "He had the face of an angel; he was of an excellent nature, polished in speech, holy in deed, great in counsel, loving unto all."

MARYYSIA KOŁODZIEJ, IIIA.



## "THE HEIGHT OF NONSENSE"

As anyone of above average height knows, height can be either an advantage or a major disadvantage. Myself, I glory on the fantastic height of 6·00679 ft. approximately.

I first came face to face with my difficulties on a bus travelling from Irvine to my home town. A certain bus company in this district has ruled that every passenger of 14 years and over pays full fare. At that time I was only  $13\frac{1}{2}$  years. The conductress came up to the upper deck where I was sitting :

" Ferrs please."

" A half to Stevenson, please."

" A hauff ! "

" A half."

" Staun up " (My head bumped against the roof).

" Full ferr or geraff ! "

As you can deduce, I had to pay full fare. This was the last time I ever tried to travel for half-fare on the buses, although I still travel on a half-ticket on British Railways !

It was about this time that my next-door neighbour never failed to greet me with :

" Ye'll soon be a polisman, son, eh ? Whit ! "

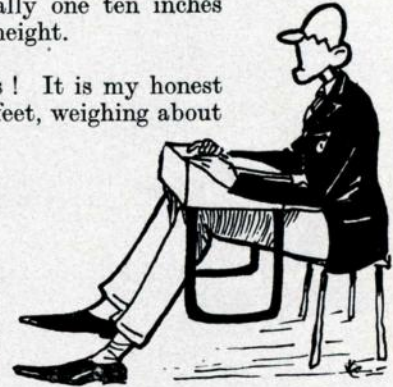
This would never have bothered me if he had not acclaimed it from one side of the street to the other.

Last summer, I went camping in the Lake District. Everything went smoothly until I was bedded down and found that my feet were protruding a good six inches beyond the tent door. When I awoke next morning, my feet were floating in two or three inches of water ! Needless to say, I developed a heavy cold.

One of the major advantages of being tall is the respect that you command. Whenever I have a difference with another boy (especially one ten inches shorter than I), it usually comes to nothing owing to my height.

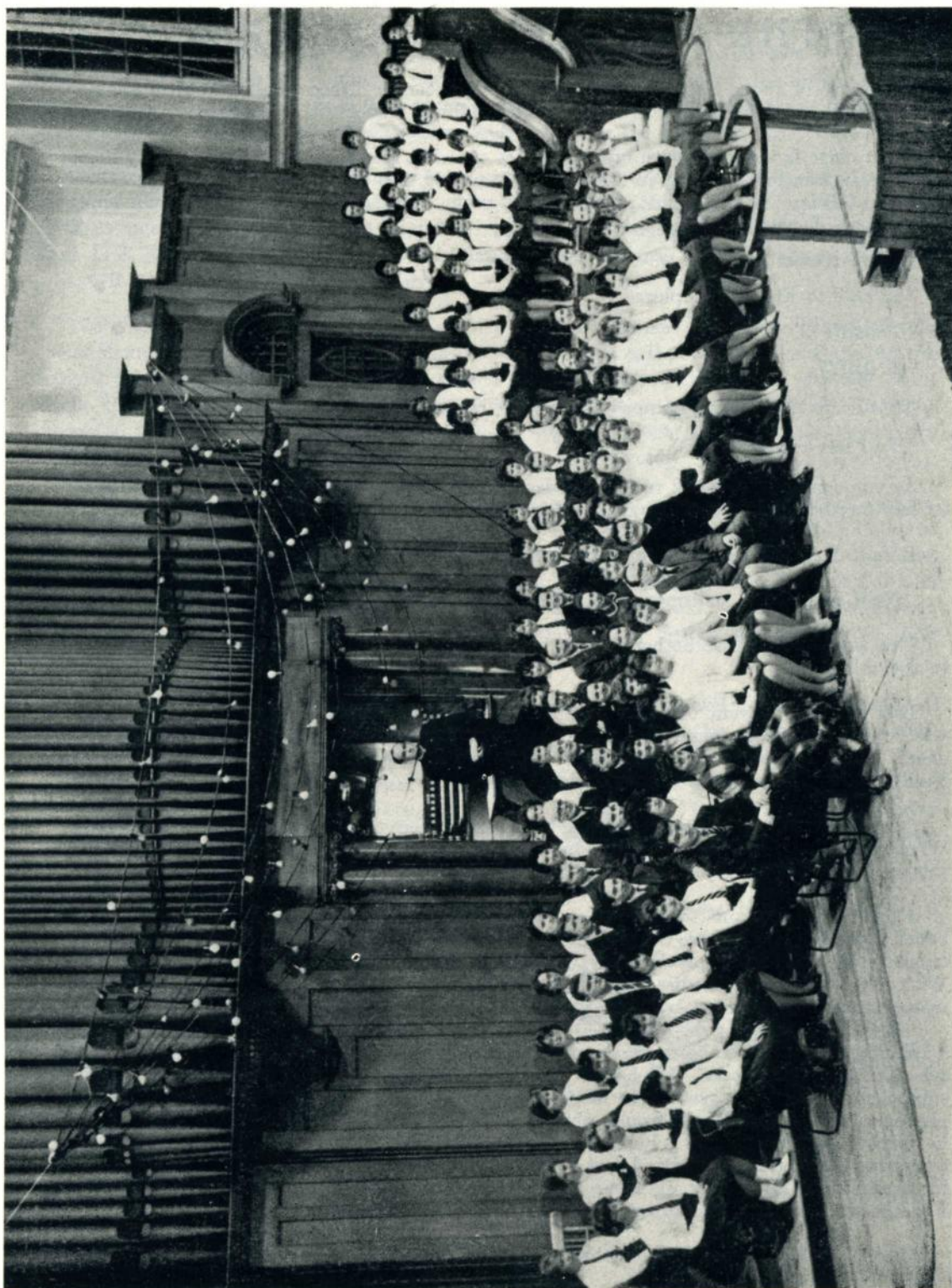
I have one complaint to make about school, the desks ! It is my honest belief that school desks were designed for a dwarf of three feet, weighing about twenty stone and owning precisely half a dozen text-books. With the newer desks the disadvantage is that if you put more than three or four books in one, the bottom falls out.

Perhaps my most embarrassing moment was when the school photographer came. We had to stand in a chalked square, marked on the ground, to face the camera. The photographer fairly rattled through the other boys until he came to—guess whom ? Being just too tall for the camera to focus on me properly, I was asked to stand aside for a moment. My friends all suspected that this was because the photographer feared that I should crack the lens in his camera. Still, he took my photograph in the end.



On the whole, I think I would rather be on the tall side. It's much more fun.

WILLIAM ANDREW, V.



CAROL AND CHORAL CONCERT, CHRISTMAS, 1962, AYR TOWN HALL.

# MUSICAL REVIEW

THE highlight of the year was undoubtedly the participation by the Girls' Choir in a Carol and Choral Concert given in Ayr Town Hall in January, by Ayrshire and Edinburgh choirs. To a packed audience, and accompanied at the organ by Fr. Moore of the Cathedral, the girls sang Benjamin Britten's "Missa Brevis," heard previously in Scotland only at the Edinburgh Festival. The performance of this modern and controversial work was well received by the audience, who encored the "Gloria."

Before Christmas, the whole school held a Carol Service of its own in St. Mary's Church, soon to be damaged by fire. The cheerful singing gave a foretaste of the approaching holidays.

In the weeks prior to the Music Festival, over 200 pupils practised feverishly at solo, duet, quartet, choral and instrumental work. There was a queue at the music room door at intervals and after school, and a constant stream of music (?) filled the air. The record of successes read: The "Coodham" Challenge Trophy for Boys' Choirs, Division "A," the "Doonside" Trophy for Senior Secondary Schools, and the "Symington" Silver Challenge Shield for Senior Secondary Schools (Folk Songs), as well as a number of First and Second Certificates in vocal and instrumental classes. The Second and Third Year Girls' Choir was chosen to sing at the final concert given by the top-prize winners.

In June, a number of pupils helped to form a Diocesan choir which recorded twelve hymns in the Church of Our Lady and St. Meddan, Troon. This record will be released in conjunction with the new St. Andrew's Hymnal in the New Year. Will this record reach the top ten?

An end-of-term concert in the John Galt School provided an occasion for the whole school to co-operate in raising funds for the restoration of the Parish Church. It was a very enjoyable and successful experience, and we were pleased to help Fr. Walker. The Church is very beautiful indeed, and the new Hammond Organ has pleased all who have heard and played it. At the concert, and at the Prize Giving Ceremony, two instrumental groups performed, —the Orchestra, with everything from strings to jam-jars, and the Recorder Band, surprising the listeners with the "Cha Cha Cha"! What wonderful opportunities there are for making music at school! The talent is there, and the school can provide stringed instruments, if parents would arrange for outside tuition. We also need more players of other instruments. Imagine—a school without a single guitarist! No budding Beatle?



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## US IN THEIR EYES.

"All Chemistry is systematic."—H. M.

"Everybody round the front."—P. J. L.

"Would you ever go . . ."—S. M. C.

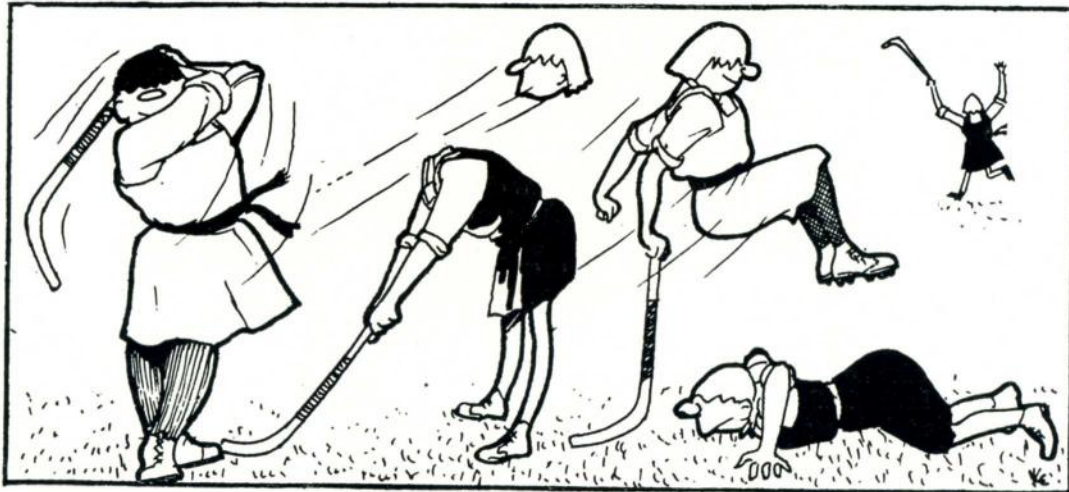
"Knuckleheaded peasant."—V. C.

"Cease your nattering."—O. M.

". . . and so on and so forth as it were."—E. M.

"I don't care how daft you are, boy, but you can at least be tidy."—R. L.

## A GIRLS GAME?



THE sky darkened and the wind rose to an ear-splitting shriek as the two hockey teams raced out on to the battlefield wielding treacherous looking clubs, and echoing the cries of their captains, "Kill!" "Kill!" The very blades of grass pulled up their roots and fled before the terrifying stampede! Suddenly, the utter chaos was rectified when a fur-clad figure strode shivering on to the pitch and asked for the captains, to see which team was to play into the gale. This question was settled after five minutes by a duel, twenty-two enraged monsters faced each other across the centre white line. Furs, running up and down at the side of the pitch, blew a whistle and the battle commenced.

Thrice the clubs of the two centres thumped the ground, and a once white ball rocketed out to the wing, breaking the half's ankle en passant. The wing thundered down towards the enemy camp where the goalie stood petrified behind her hockey-pads, frantically invoking the help of her patron saint. One half-inch from the goal mouth, a back trampled the offending wing and sent the ball flying down the other side of the pitch where it promptly got lost in the foot-long grass. After a most entertaining scuffle, the ball emerged half-way down the throat of an emaciated hound which had been lying in wait for a juicy piece of flesh-meat for dinner, but had decided that the ball would do just as well. After a futile chase, a new ball was produced and the conflict resumed. After half an hour, Furs emitted another whistle and the captains (such a nice synonym for executioners!) called their teams together to take toll of the numbers. In the course of the "game" (as it is commonly termed), the home team had been quite fortunate in losing only two members to the mortuary and one to the operating table at Irvine Central Hospital. The visiting team had unfortunately "lost" three players on the journey from the pavilion to the pitch (30 yards approx.), and another three had been cut up in the course of affairs. The remaining dejected few, however, gallantly decided to go to their doom in another thirty gruelling minutes.

Once more the clubs pounded the earth in that familiar pattern—ground-stick, ground-stick, ground-shin, away! The visiting team who hadn't a hope of survival, resorted to defending their goalie. As the balls whistled past her ears in quick succession, the unfortunate girl was struck by one and was promptly buried. Consequently one of the backs was appointed a "kicking" back—this meant that she could officially kick anyone who came within seventy yards of her goal. By this time torrential rain had succeeded in turning what was once a pitch, into a sea of mud. As the tail-end of Hurricane Flora crashed about their ears, the home team completed the slaughter—the kicking back had successfully broken five toes, kicking a brick

in mistake for someone's boot. The massacre now completed, a final whistle was heard from the depths of the furs, and "play" was stopped (there's not really much point in playing when there's no one left to play against). The home team were just congratulating themselves on their victory when they saw, much to their disgust, that the job had not been done properly—one of the supposedly dead opponents summoned enough strength to raise a mud-splattered head and in a last dying gasp whisper, "Three cheers for —!"

M. T. McFARLANE, V.

## **Relax, Sister Mary. They've Gone.**

THE familiar figure crossing the playground was immediately recognised by a lynx-eyed member of the College staff and, seconds later, by every modern method of communication, Sister Pauline was appraised of the fact that the enemy was on the doorstep.

And before the august persons of Dr. Sinclair and Mr. Ferguson had entered the main building the grapevine was advising the Primary Department that H.M.I. had swooped on the College for a History inspection and that it was possible they might pay a visit to the Primary School.

Five minutes after learning these facts, Sister Mary Luke was again hastening to the telephone. The strained, harassed look on her usually calm and smiling face told everyone that the news was bad. And according to her it couldn't be worse. For H.M.I.s had actually called to inspect the Primary Department.

To say that panic stations prevailed among the good ladies would be the understatement of the year.

Fortunately, for most of us, Mr. Ferguson first visited Mrs. Cook who remained her normal calm, cool and collected self while Miss Devine entertained Dr. Sinclair until the interval.

Considering the circumstances, the tea break was comparatively calm except that one or two ladies kept drinking smelling salts and inhaling tea.

Gradually the two gentlemen worked their way through most of the school and left shortly before 3 p.m., with four classes still to be inspected.

The two ladies who, hysterically supporting each other, crawled on to the Saltcoats bus that evening will remain nameless but the bleary eyes and drawn countenances testified to a restless and sleepless night.

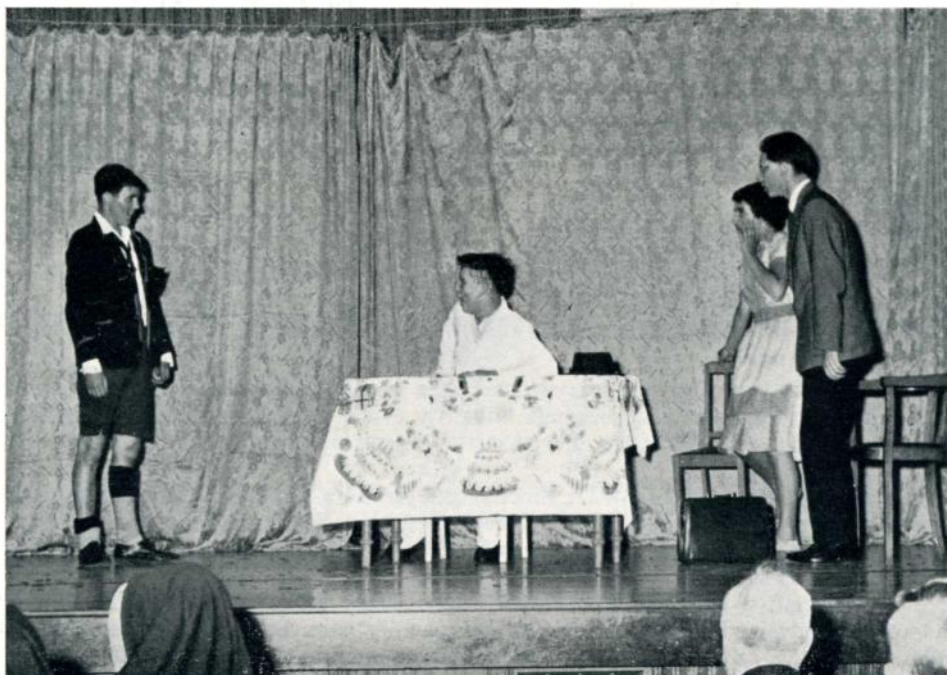
Still, their worries were unfounded for, after it was all over, H.M.I.s seemed genuinely pleased with their visit. They asked Sister Pauline to convey their congratulations to the staff, and she herself expressed her own thanks in a more practical way.

So all's well that ends well.

Gentlemen, we hope you enjoyed your visit. We certainly appreciated your warm and human approach to our problems and we were very pleased to have met you.

Relax, Sister Mary. They've gone.





SCENE FROM "GROWING PAINS."



LARGS COUNTRY DANCE TEAM. Trained by Mrs. V. Friel.

*Back Row.*—E. MCKINLAY, A. HICKEY, V. FRIEL, C. BRODIE, M. MADDEN, A. BRODIE.  
*Front Row.*—E. MCCREADIE, B. CONNICK.

# “OLD KING COLE”

“ Old King Cole was a merry old soul,  
And a merry old soul was he,  
He called for his pipe  
And he called for his bowl  
And he called for his fiddlers three.”

So runs the old nursery rhyme which all children know, yet few people realise that Cole really existed.

About twenty-five hundred years ago, before there were any fiddlers in Britain, and certainly before there was any tobacco here, there was a King of the Britons called Coilus which was sometimes spelt as Cole. Cole has gone down in history as a powerful warrior though he may have been jolly enough when not fighting.

During one of his many skirmishes with Fergus, King of the Scots, Cole was forced to flee and saved himself on that occasion by jumping over the River Coyle (called after him) at Knockmurrnan Farm in South Ayrshire. The spot is still called the King's Leap. However, Fergus later caught up with Cole and killed him and all his army in a field thereafter known as “The Dead Men's Holm” near the Castle of Montgomery in South Ayrshire. So bloody was the battle that the nearby stream ran red with blood and is known, even to this day, as the “Bloody Burn.” The ploughman of “The Dead Men's Holm” occasionally gets a fright when the skulls of Cole's warriors are unearthed by the plough. Cole himself was believed to be buried in a field at Coilsfield Mains near the battlefield.

The grave is believed to be Cole's because it was no ordinary grave but the type of grave in which a king was laid to rest. The age of the bones and urns in the grave coincided with the time Cole was killed. Historians therefore believe that the grave is Cole's.

Having allowed him to rest in peace for twenty-five centuries, some historians, on a pouring wet evening in May 1837, decided to excavate the grave they believed to be Cole's. Their candles were put out by the rain and the historians got soaked but they struggled on. Four feet down they came upon a plain, flat, circular stone, three feet in diameter, under which there was some dry, yellow clay and a small flat stone laid over an urn in which there were white-coloured burnt bones. Further down three other urns were discovered all of which crumbled when exposed to the air. Perhaps some more sentimental people than historians might have considered the possibility that the three fiddlers killed themselves in order to be buried with their jolly King, but with no place for sentiment in their hearts the historians proved that only the remains of one body had been placed in the grave.

Having dispelled all our childhood fancies about King Cole being a fat, jolly man who surrounded himself with entertainers and who never had an angry word with anyone, I shall try to redeem him a little. He did possess a horn which is now in Caprington Castle in South Ayrshire. I would be very happy to prove that Cole used this horn to entertain his court but I fear it is far more likely he used it to give the signal for battle.



KATHLEEN E. WHYTE, VI.

## 1963—THE AGE OF PEACE (OR STRAIGHT OVER THE EDGE).

SINCE the beginning of time there have been a great many ages. The first of these was the Stone Age when men amused themselves by throwing stones at one another. This age did not last long, however, as men began to realise that stones did not hurt sufficiently and, therefore, they invented bronze which when fashioned into spears was much more lethal. It soon became apparent, however, that although man was still killing man, they kept on appearing faster than they were disappearing. It was decided, therefore, that everybody should become engaged in long drawn-out wars, where they could be killed in mass-wars, such as the Hundred Years' War, the Thirty Years' War, the Second Hundred Years' War.

During this century the chief advance has been made by the introduction of bombs, one of which can kill hundreds. Bombs were quickly improved to give greater killing power, and eventually in 1945, after much painstaking effort, came the greatest invention of all—the atom bomb. Two of these toys were used to erase the human settlements of Nagasaki and Hiroshima. These were used merely to put an end to killing and the Second World War.

After this culminating achievement there have been no wars of real fighting, except in Korea, Hungary, the Middle East, the Far East, Africa and South America.

I must conclude, therefore, that the atom bomb was an invention beneficial to man, and that, if all goes well, 2,000 years hence there will be no war (or no man).

*"Amor vincit omnia"* (Hitler, 1939).

STUART M. RANKIN, V.

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## THE BLACK PLAGUE IN AYR

BUBONIC Plague, although almost unknown to-day, is by far the most interesting and perhaps the most feared of all the epidemic diseases. Descriptions of the Plague have been numerous throughout history. The earliest one that we have is by Homer in the *Iliad*, written nearly three thousand years ago. There are many descriptions of it in Classical times and the epidemics of the Middle Ages are well documented.

Bubonic Plague is primarily a disease of rodents. The disease is carried to animals and man by fleas which live on rodents. A human epidemic of Bubonic plague can flourish only where the standard of living is low and sanitation is neglected, where there is consequently a close proximity between man and rat. When one thinks of the filthy streets, the primitive sewage and the lack of personal hygiene of the Middle Ages, it is obvious why the Plague persisted for three hundred years in Scotland.

The Plague was first introduced to the British Isles as the Black Death in 1346. This epidemic, the greatest of all time, is estimated to have killed 25,000,000 people, one-third of the population of Europe. Its introduction to Scotland is a grim example of poetic justice. Owing to the lack of communication with England, the Black Death did not reach Scotland until 1350 when a large party of Scots raided northern England, sacked a town that was rife with the Plague and brought it to Scotland with their booty. This epidemic lasted for a year and killed one-third of the population of Scotland. From then until 1648, it smouldered on in the country, breaking out as an epidemic about six times at intervals over three centuries.

The first record of the Plague in Ayr is in 1539. But, it is almost certain that the Burgh suffered from earlier visitations. The belief that it represented the wrath of God hindered the advance of modern theories. Yet, in all ages, it was realised that the Plague was highly infectious, and several very practical methods were applied to prevent it from spreading.

For example, in the epidemic of 1539, we know from the records of the Privy Council of Ayr that sanitation was enforced by law, and quarantine regulations were applied to incoming goods and travellers. At the first sign of its approach, the streets were cleared of "myddings, intrallis of bestis and fish guts," and the burgh gates and black dykes reinforced and guarded. No stranger was allowed into the town without being examined for the Plague by the Ayr magistrates and without producing a certificate of cleanliness from the magistrates of his own town. The penalty for breaking these regulations was severe; for entering the town by any unauthorized means, one was scourged and branded on the cheek and for a citizen to communicate in any way with an ostracized person entailed banishment for forty days.

Ayr was an important sea-port during the Middle Ages and during epidemics strict regulations were enforced. No ship from an infected area was allowed to enter the harbour without waiting off-shore for at least a week and a thorough cleansing of both crew and cargo. Even the ships were often made to unload their cargo on the Newton side of the river.

In the town itself, every case of sickness had to be reported to the magistrates who would then make an examination. If it were found to be the Plague and it often was, the unfortunate sufferer was despatched to the 'foul mure.' This resembles the modern practice of isolation and worked quite well. The 'foul mure' was a stretch of waste land to the south-west of the Sandgate and was covered by hovels in which the victims languished until they recovered or died. The penalty for leaving the isolation area without permission was branding.

To attend to the sufferers, the Burgh Council hired 'foul clengers' during each epidemic. These were recruited from the lowest levels of society and, as well as tending the ill on the 'mure,' they were in charge of purifying infected houses or goods. This they did by 'watter and fire.' Although not completely ineffective, this method could be extremely dangerous if carried out carelessly, and much property was destroyed during epidemics, including some of the Town Clerk's records in 1545. Owing to the dangerous nature of their job, the 'clengers' were very highly paid and given considerable authority and a distinctive uniform (a black jerkin with a white cross). This and their often over-bearing manner did nothing to endear them to the people. Indeed, there were some who held that the 'clengers' were more troublesome than the Plague itself but their attitude changed during the epidemic of 1606 in which two thousand people lost their lives.



Fortunately for the Burgh, the Privy Council had, in 1603, decided to hire a surgeon in case the Plague should break out. He was a William Harper of Stirling, Surgeon and Barber. Possibly, he acted as barber between epidemics. The epidemic of 1606 marks the end of the 'foul mure' since in 1602 it was decided to build a hospital near the Old Mill Dam. This outbreak, though by far the worst, was the last major one and the last appearance of the Plague in Ayr was in 1647 when only thirty-four people died.

Although primitive and crude, it must be admitted that the measures taken against the Plague were generally effective. Only once, in 1606, did it appear that it might destroy the Burgh. A major plague today would severely tax our resources and administrative machinery, even with our modern equipment and methods. It is a measure of the courage and public spirit of our ancestors that, totally unequipped to deal with it, they stood firm and held back as best they could, a Plague which for three centuries was a threat to their existence, and by doing so as a community and not as individuals, laid the foundations of our public health service.

MICHAEL ELLIOTT, VI.



#### SENIOR PREFECTS.

*Front Row—*

J. BUSBRIDGE (Captain), K. McHUGH (Captain),  
A. DORRIAN (Vice-Captain), A. KELLY (Vice-  
Captain).

*Middle Row—*

M. BRADY, M. McLAUGHLIN, E. O'NEILL,  
J. McDONALD.

*Back Row—*

P. MEDINE, J. MILLIGAN, G. MEIKLE, B. O'NEILL.

#### HOCKEY.

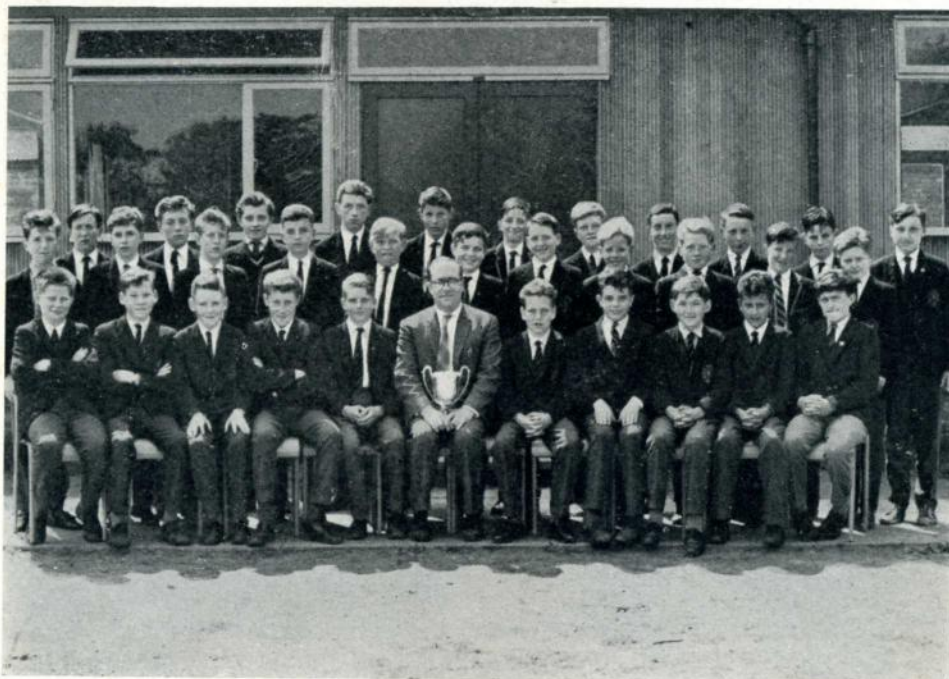
*Front Row—*

K. McKEEVER, M. M. MAGEE, E. TRAYNOR  
(Captain), K. TRAYNOR, A. TRAYNOR, P. ROCHE.

*Back Row—*

MISS BALCOMBE, A. CARPENTER, E. O'NEILL,  
A. BRIMLEY, M. T. McFARLANE, A. McLAUGHLAN.





**BOYS' JUNIOR CHOIR.**  
Winners of "Coodham" Silver Cup (Ayrshire Music Festival).



**GIRLS' INTERMEDIATE CHOIR.**  
Winners of "Doonside" Trophy and "Symington" Silver Challenge Shield  
(Ayrshire Music Festival).



**FOOTBALL—INTERMEDIATE XI. and JUNIOR XI.**

*Back Row.*—H. McKellar, F. O'Neill, M. Fallen, J. Logan, P. Conway.

*Middle Row.*—M. McCutcheon, Mr. Maguire, J. Reid, J. Clarke, R. Bitten, G. Bunton, J. Murray, Mr. Leishman.

*Front Row.*—J. Keegans, H. McCulloch, J. McIlhatton, L. Macari, T. Egan, E. Garland, P. Coughlin, P. Trayner.

**Winners of the North Ayrshire Intermediate and Junior Cups.**



**FOOTBALL—SENIOR XI.—Ayrshire League Champions.**

*Front Row.*—M. McCulloch, E. England, F. Hughes, J. Busbridge, P. Medine, J. Hill.

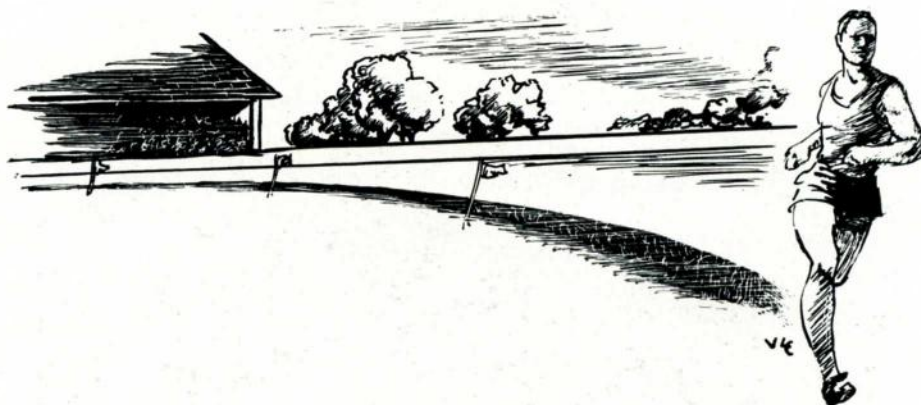
*Back Row.*—Mr. McCutcheon, G. Meikle, B. O'Neill, J. Milligan, G. Dickie, J. Condon, R. Bitten, Mr. Leishman.



**NETBALL—1st VII.—Holders of County Championship.**  
 K. TRAYNOR, A. CARPENTER, A. GILMOUR, A. DORRIAN (Captain), M. M. MAGEE  
 M. T. MCFARLANE, E. TRAYNOR, MISS BALCOMBE.



**NETBALL—2nd VII.**  
 K. MCKEEVER, P. SAVAGE, A. TRAYNOR, K. MCHUGH, S. BOYLE, A. McLAUGHLAN,  
 M. McLAUGHLIN, MISS BALCOMBE.



## FOOTBALL

WE had thought that this would be a lean season for the 1st XI., but despite all the gloomy forecasts the boys showed that what they lacked in pure football skill was amply compensated for by spirit and sportsmanship. We played 13 games—winning 8, losing 3 and drawing 2. The highlight of the season was a tremendous 3-2 victory over Cumnock Academy in the League decider at Portland Park, Troon. For our only match outwith the County we travelled to Dumbarton to play St. Patrick's in the "Maley" Trophy. We had no answer to the forceful, scientific play of the Dumbarton boys, and despite a spirited late rally, eventually lost 5-2.

The Intermediate XI. had a very successful season. They won the North Ayrshire Cup, defeating Kilwinning High School 7-0 in the final. In all they won 12 of their 14 matches and lost only 2. The goal total amounted to 59 for the loss of 24.

The Under-14 XI. also won the North Ayrshire Junior Cup, defeating Irvine R.A. by 5-0 in the final at Meadow Park.

A 1st-Year XI. engaged in a series of friendly matches, in which they had 3 victories and 4 defeats. They scored 34 goals for the loss of 28.

We congratulate John Murray and John McIlhatton who were members of the Ayrshire XI. which played against Hamilton and Dumbarton in the Scottish Cup. In the latter game, John Murray had the misfortune to sustain a leg fracture which put him out of football for the rest of the season.

We thank Irvine Meadow F.C. and Kilwinning Rangers F.C. for the use of their grounds in our final ties.

|                   | <i>Played.</i> | <i>Won.</i> | <i>Lost.</i> | <i>Drawn.</i> | <i>For.</i> | <i>Against.</i> |
|-------------------|----------------|-------------|--------------|---------------|-------------|-----------------|
| 1st Year.....     | 7              | 3           | 4            | 0             | 34          | 28              |
| 2nd Year.....     | 5              | 5           | 0            | 0             | 32          | 3               |
| Intermediate..... | 14             | 10          | 2            | 2             | 59          | 24              |
| Senior XI. ....   | 13             | 8           | 3            | 2             | 33          | 16              |

## SCHOOL SPORTS

ONCE again we were indebted to Irvine Meadow Football Club for the use of their ground in which to hold our Annual Sports. We were pleased to see so many parents present, and as the weather was fine the day proved very successful. Although not as high as previous years, competition was fierce. Despite a brave challenge by St. Ninian's the House Championship was again won by St. Mungo's.

Francis Hughes of St. Ninian's and Anne McLaughlin of St. Mungo's proved too good for their opponents and carried off the Senior Championship, while Joseph Hill of St. Ninian's and Annette Montgomery of St. Mungo's proved worthy Junior Champions. The climax to the afternoon was the defeat of the school relay team by an ageing, but game, Staff combine, and the Inter-House "Moultrie" Shield for Netball was won by St. Mungo's.

## CRICKET

THE timing of the S.C.E. examinations, together with a most inclement month of May, made serious inroads into our season, with the result that only four matches were played.

On Saturday, 1st June, we visited Kilmarnock, where a somewhat weakened Senior XI. suffered a heavy defeat at the hands of St. Joseph's. The following week, however, when we played host in our turn, ample revenge was gained. Details are as follows:—

*At Kilmarnock—*

St. Michael's—24 (all out).      St. Joseph's—68 for 5 wickets.

*At Irvine—*

St. Michael's—40 for 4 wickets      St. Joseph's—34 (all out)

A 2nd-Year XI accompanied the Seniors on both these occasions, and, after scoring a narrow victory at Kilmarnock, won more comfortably at home. There is a good nucleus of players here fit for early promotion to the 1st XI.

Regretfully it must be reported that, for reasons of weather already referred to, and our old complaint—soon to be remedied, we hope—lack of space, the 1st Year's did not have adequate practice for the formation of a 1st Year XI. However, trials were held, names noted, and at least we do not have to start from scratch next season.

## HOCKEY

EXCEPTIONALLY bad weather was the dominating feature of the 1962-63 Hockey season. Water-logged or frozen pitches caused the cancellation of very many fixtures; during one period of three months no games whatever were possible. The 1st XI. started the season quite well and reached the semi-finals of the S.W. Scotland Senior Schools Tournament. During the remainder of the season, apart from rather heavy defeats by Marr College and Wellington School, the results were reasonably satisfactory. The Junior team played the small number of games possible with their usual enthusiasm and considerable success.

The 1963-64 season has started, not too successfully at first, but the teams are already settling down. Again the 1st XI. reached the semi-finals of the S.W. Senior Tournament, and it was the eventual winners of the tournament, Wellington School, who then defeated them. The Junior teams are also settling down nicely and looking forward hopefully to their tournament and the remainder of the season.

At the time of going to press, news has just been received that Anne McLaughlan has been chosen to play in the Ayrshire Senior team; congratulations and best wishes, Anne!

## NETBALL

THE 1963 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 Irvine Academy 10-4 in the final. As a result of this they were entered for the Scottish Tournament. In this, they played exceedingly well, gaining third place in Scotland. During the season the two Senior teams played with their usual success, the 1st VII. winning all their games and the 2nd VII. being beaten only by Sacred Heart, Girvan.

The Juniors also showed their usual enthusiasm, with the 3rd Year team reaching the final of the North Ayrshire Tournament, in which they were beaten by Dalry. The 1st and 2nd Year teams played well, and show promise of producing some excellent players.

Much of this success is due to Miss Balcombe, who spent much of her free time coaching us. We would like to thank her sincerely for all she has done for us. Without her help and constant encouragement we should not have done so well. We are sorry that she has left St. Michael's. We have enjoyed having her with us and wish her happiness in her new post in Irvine Royal Academy.

| Teams.        | Played. | Won. | Lost. | Drawn. | Goals. |          |
|---------------|---------|------|-------|--------|--------|----------|
|               |         |      |       |        | For.   | Against. |
| 1st VII.....  | 7       | 7    | —     | —      | 210    | 32       |
| 2nd VII. .... | 8       | 5    | 2     | 1      | 158    | 61       |
| 3rd Year..... | 8       | 7    | 1     | —      | 57     | 52       |
| 2nd Year..... | 8       | 4    | 2     | 2      | 70     | 70       |
| 1st Year..... | 8       | 3    | 4     | 1      | 52     | 51       |

# DEBATING SOCIETY

FOLLOWING a tradition of former years, the school term of 1962-63 saw the rebirth of the Debating Society. The members were drawn from pupils of IV., V. and VI., and the roll lay between 70 and 80.

To the post of Madame Chairman, made vacant by the departure of Sister Mary Campion, came Miss Wade, without whose care and guidance the end might have come swiftly. With the permission of Sister Pauline, the "Playroom" became the house of discussion.

Subjects varied, among them Nuclear Disarmament, Ladies' Fashions, Home Rule for Scotland and the True Master of the Home. In the heat and hilarity of the varied debates, many budding orators were brought to light.

On the 26th October the Debating Society represented the School at a Raft Game and Dance given in our honour at Spier's School, Beith.

Following this, a weekly collection of 6d was taken from every member to finance a return Dance, but the idea had to be abandoned since none of the dates arranged could accommodate Spiers. This now leaves us with £2 8s 9d of a balance in hand.

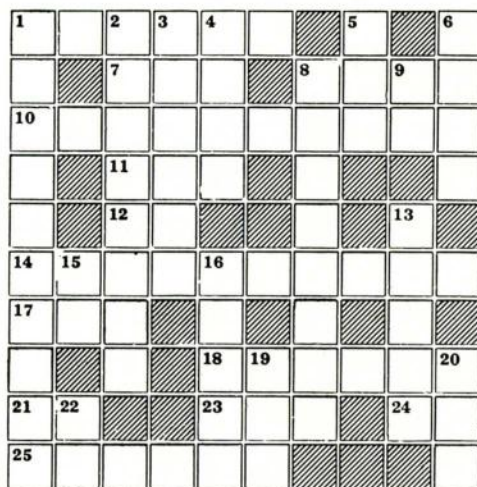
The river of debates flowed on, held back at times by exams. In all, twenty debates were held and we hope that they stimulated the art of oratory in our school.

We gratefully acknowledge the kindness of our Principal for her keen interest in our activities. We also thank Miss Wade whose lunch breaks were cut short in order that she might preside and maintain order among us, and all others who in any way aided the Debating Society.

JOHN BRESLIN, VI.

## Crossword

Compiled by Tom M. Cassidy, IV.



### CLUES ACROSS.

- 1.—Allow. (6)
- 7.—Hearing Organ. (3)
- 8.—Concave Vessel. (4)
- 10.—Yields. (10)
- 11.—One would appear at the electrodes at electrolysis. (3)
- 12.—Negative reply. (2)
- 14.—Hinder. (10)
- 17.—Anger. (3)
- 18.—Place of perfection. (6)
- 21.—Objective of down. (2)
- 23.—Feline creature. (3)
- 24.—Doctor (abbr.). (2)
- 25.—Unite by fusion. (6)

### CLUES DOWN.

- 1.—Noxious. (10)
- 2.—Corteges. (8)
- 3.—To put ashore and leave on desolate island. (6)
- 4.—Metal. (4)
- 5.—Fish. (3)
- 6.—Likewise. (4)
- 8.—Vegetable. (8)
- 9.—Nominative of 21 across. (2)
- 13.—Pungent. (5)
- 15.—French gold. (2)
- 16.—Armistice. (5)
- 19.—Old sailor. (3)
- 20.—Part of verb "to be." (3)
- 22.—Therefore. (2)

# My Early Life

MEMORY is one of the greatest gifts which God has given us. Things which we enjoyed years ago are still enjoyable when we think of them now. I often look back with pleasure on the early years of my life.

When I was about three I was given a little concertina by one of my aunts ; it became my dearest possession and went with me everywhere. I played it all the time, sometimes even in the street, making as much noise as I could. My young brother was so angry at the din that he threw everything out of his pram in a rage. The concertina disappeared and was found years later, on top of a wardrobe, where my mother had probably hidden it.

Another cherished belonging was a present from my grandmother, a small basket, in which I sometimes carried small packets when my mother was shopping. One day she had been to the fishmonger's at the other end of the town, and I had been given the parcel of fish to carry in my basket. At the entrance of our street I was lagging behind and, feeling rather tired, I deposited the basket in the middle of the pavement and followed the others. When we reached home my mother asked about the basket and I naively replied : "It was getting heavy and I left it down."

Frantically, my mother rushed to the end of the street and to her surprise found the basket safe and sound in the middle of the pavement. We were lucky to have a dinner that day.

When I was four, my brother was two. One day we were alone in the kitchen and as his hair did not please me I decided to wash it. I placed him on a chair beside the sink and drenched him with water. Pleased with the performance I next attacked my own hair and soon had myself in a similar condition. In this state I led my bother to the living-room, where my mother almost collapsed when she saw us.

Then came the day when I went to school for the first time. At the end of the day I was asked how I liked it.

"Oh, it's fun," I replied. "You can jump in the puddles and there are no mothers to scold you."

I thought that school would be fun for years. Little did I know !

ANONYMOUS, IIIA.

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## OUR COLLEGE.

**S** is for School where all of us go,  
**T** is for Teacher whom all of us know,  
**M** is for Music, a joy to us all,  
**I** is for Interval, the time we play ball,  
**C** is for Cookery where we break our fast,  
**H** is for History where we study the past,  
**A** is for Art for girl and her beau,  
**E** is for English, the language we know,  
**L** is for Leaving, the time that is best,  
**S**-pecially on Friday and home for a rest.

ANNE MARY MACNAMARA, I. Beta.

# TALL TALE

It was late summer and as I was spending my holidays in the small village of St. Ives, I decided on a day's fishing.

Next morning I arose early, dressed, got out my fishing gear and walked briskly down to the harbour. There I hired a boat and was soon heading out to the open sea. When I reached a selected area I prepared my line and bait and commenced to fish. Suddenly the boat heaved and a moment later I was flung overboard. This came as a great shock to me as the sea was calm, but it was a greater shock when I was confronted by a whale.

The monster took a great liking to me and without any hesitation swallowed me in one piece. To be in a whale's stomach was a new experience for me and I was amazed at its immensity. It took me some time to get accustomed to the darkness, but eventually I discovered a large panel of switches. I can only describe the interior as similar to that of a giant airliner. By making use of various gadgets, I found that I was in complete control of this huge mammal.



My one thought was to head for land and with the use of radar I was able to steer a course towards St. Ives. On reaching the harbour, I made use of an escape-hatch and swam ashore. From the harbour I watched the whale head out to sea and disappear beneath the surface.

THOMAS McLAUGHLIN, IIIA.

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## A Night to Remember

It was cold. The scurrying clouds could be seen as the moon peeped through the quivering trees. The leaves rustled as the piercing wind whistled by. The branches of trees nearby tapped on the ancient windows of the mansion, as if wanting to know what was happening inside those mysterious rooms.

I was running up to the mansion for shelter when I slowed down, on suspecting it was empty. I cautiously went up to the great oak door and turned the handle. The door creaked as I pushed it ajar. It was then I heard somebody calling for me.

"He-e-elp, he-e-elp!" I rushed upstairs to the rescue, every floor-board creaking as I mounted. Up and up I ran, not knowing where; up and up until I faced an old wooden door from behind which issued laughter, mysterious laughter.

Boldly I entered the room. It was dark and mysterious. I looked around. No one was there but I saw in the corner an old wooden chest. I went across to it. As I was about to raise the lid I heard a floor-board creak. I stood quite still. A shiver ran up my spine as I heard the door creak.

Suddenly I heard a warning voice shouting, "Time to get up!" I sat up, rubbing my eyes. Of course, I had been dreaming.

KATHLEEN ENNIS, IIA.

# Visit to the American Air Base at Prestwick

On the last Tuesday of May, I was fortunate to be one of a party of fifteen pupils whom Mrs. Ennis, our Principal Teacher of Domestic Science, brought to the American Air Base at Prestwick. We had received a cordial invitation from Mr. Morphey to see the catering department at the base. Indeed, transport had been provided for us and we set off happily in the minibus which had been sent from Prestwick to fetch us. On arriving, we were first shown through the PX Store, a large store where the American families can buy anything from cigarettes, sweets or the latest "pop" record, to a washing machine or spin drier. Here everything was tax free.

Having seen the wonders of the American market, we were then shown into a small office where Sergeant Byers, the catering officer, explained, with the aid of some charts, the catering system used for the canteen. He told us that he was given a monthly allowance with which to provide meals for all the American men working at the base. Since the number of breakfasts, lunches etc., varied from day to day, this involved a considerable amount of careful planning. The question of menus also arose; most of us were under the impression that menus must be constantly repeated, but Sergeant Byers assured us that this was not so. We were also told that special steaks and dehydrated chicken were flown from America specially for the men working at the base.

Our next stop was at the kitchen, where we saw the cooks preparing salads and fried chicken. Along one side of the kitchen, there were large boilers which were used for the making of soup. Having seen the large kitchen we then went into a smaller one. Here the dough for making rolls and doughnuts was made. We also saw the Hobart mixer which could mix twenty pounds of flour at a time.



After leaving the kitchens, we were shown the food store where there was a great variety of tinned and packed foods. There was a little confusion when someone asked about tinned jelly as apparently what we term "table jelly" the Americans call "Jelloid," and "table jelly" to them is something one spreads on bread. Having sorted out the jelly problem, Sergeant Byers then showed us the canteen where we were invited to sit down and sample the chicken which we had previously seen cooking. To our surprise, the chicken was placed on a paper napkin and one had to eat with one's fingers. Everyone agreed that the chicken was delicious and we all enjoyed the novel way of eating.

At about 11.30 a.m., the men began to arrive at the canteen for lunch. We were allowed to have a look at some of the desserts which were very highly decorated. Our next stop was at the civilian café where the Americans living at the base could go for a meal. We then visited the bowling alley where some energetic person demonstrated the art of bowling. From here we went to the church, a lovely little place which we were told was non-denominational. The altar was simply "dressed," depending on the service to be held. At one side of the altar stood the Union Jack and at the other, the Stars and Stripes.

We also learned that there was a cinema, a hairdressing saloon and various clubs at the base.

Thanks to Mr. Morphey and Sergeant Byers we had a most enjoyable day and returned to school full of praise for the efficiency with which the catering department at the base was run.

JEAN MARTIN, VI.

# Medieval Crime and Punishment

EVEN before 1066 England had laws. Much of the procedure of the old laws was traditional, and the laws themselves were only statements of the penalties attached to wrong-doing. The English law-system is based on precedent, a new law being created to fit a new crime. Of course, crime as we criminals know it, was in its infancy in those distant days, and crooks of an original turn of mind could throw the local Shire Moot into confusion by being naughty in a new way. The magisterial yokels were hard put to create equally original punishments. An interesting precedent occurs in the case of the Crown v. Big Edna which was tried on the day that old Canute mislaid it, getting slightly damp in the process. Big Edna, chief cook of the royal kitchens, was over-zealous with the salt, an excess of which she introduced into the royal broth. The newly salt-soaked sovereign was rather chagrined on sampling the evening soup, flew into a rage, and accused Big Edna of taking a diabolical liberty with his palate.

"I' sooth, Big Edna," quoth the King, "Thrys dypped wol thy hed be i' the see!"

"Hanging by the neck till dead" has always been the generally accepted mode of execution in England. It is interesting to note that thenceforward until about 1700, criminals were asphyxiated on the sea-shore at low tide, and left until three tides had washed over them. Antonio in Shakespeare's "The Tempest" alludes to this barbarous practice when he says of the boatswain:

"Wouldst thou mightst lie drowning  
The washing of ten tides!"

Shakespeare could thank Canute for two lines.

Shire Moot was held in the open, and was presided over by the sheriff; the free land owners had to attend, and they found the 'dooms' or judgments, but did not try the case. The accused brought forward friends who swore that he was innocent. The bigger the rogue, the surer was he of acquittal; for a rich rogue has many friends. He might be sent to the ordeal of the fire or the water. Lifting a red-hot iron, he had to carry it three paces; his hand was bound up and examined after three days; if it was blistered he was guilty. If he was thrown into water and floated he was guilty. Often, people owned up rather than undergo the ordeal.

William the Conqueror, on first entering England, confirmed those laws already in force which had been made by Edward the Confessor. William wished to be thought of, not as a conqueror, but as the rightful King of England coming into his own. He protected the Normans, however, by fining the district where one was slain (unless the slayer was produced). There was very little real development until the time of Henry II. The Normans introduced the judicial combat, the combatants fighting to show who was in the right. Sometimes fighters might be hired to defend one's cause. The fight lasted until the guilty party cried "Craven!" when he was promptly hanged. The idea was that God helped the man in the right to fight better.

In 1215, King John was forced to sign the Magna Carta, which secured definite rights for every Englishman. One of its provisions was that no freeman, merchant, or villein should be excessively fined for a small offence. However, one might still be hanged for stealing more than a shilling.

The 'Judgment of the Ploughshares' was rather novel. The accused might walk barefoot a set distance in which nine red-hot ploughshares were laid lengthwise. To this species of judgment Queen Emma, the mother of Edward the Confessor is alleged to have submitted, when accused of 'having an affair' with Alwyn, Bishop of Winchester. Alwyn seems to have avoided trial, probably on the pretext that Emma was 'leading him on.'



One Nicholas the Porter took some escapers from the Carmelite church at Newcastle while they were seeking sanctuary. The local bishop ordered him to be publicly flayed and to confess his sin before the gaping multitude

The great high-roads still followed the directions of the old Roman highways, and many led through large tracts of forest land, which were infested with bands of robbers and outlaws. The abbots of St. Albans provided armed men to patrol the road between that city and London, for the protection of travellers. In 1285, a law was passed decreeing that all high-roads between large market towns were to be widened, so that no bushes, trees, or ditches remained close to the road-side. Landowners who refused thus to clear their land were held responsible for any robberies committed there. Owing to new law-giving and preventive measures, England in 1300 was certainly more peaceful. What a lawless land must early England have been !

One of the most unpleasant but most popular of street entertainments was public penance, although it was no joke for the penitents. Tradesmen who gave short measure or sold uneatable food were taken round the streets in a dung-cart or on horse back, tied face to tail, with the offending article strung round their necks. Other offenders, such as suborned jurymen, had to ride from Newgate to the pillory in Cornhill, and stand there for the day, wearing paper mitres carrying the story of their offence. For insulting the Mayor or his sheriffs, or committing something like contempt of court, offenders had to carry a lighted candle weighing three pounds, from the Guildhall to St. Dunstan's Church in Fleet Street. Two constables, who had arrested a criminal in church where he had sought sanctuary, had to walk through the filth of the streets bare-footed, and carry lighted candles to the scene of their offence, and back again. Street-walkers had a public haircut, and were forced to walk through the streets in their petticoats, accompanied by rough music on basins and hand-bells. Other penances were the ducking-stool for the common scold, and the whipping out of the gates for vagrant beggars, men and women alike.

There was then, as now, a current slang, some of which has survived to our own day. Five-hundred years ago, a drunken man was "boozy," a companion was a "cove," a group of friends was a "bunch," clothes were "duds," or "slops," stealing from shops was "lifting," a swindler was a "shark," a madman was "cranky," a beggar was a "ragamuffin," the leader of a gang was an "upright cove" (as the modern crook is a "straight-up boy"), and when a man was sent in the hangman's cart to Tyburn, he was said to have "gone westward."

The £2 million Mail-Train Robbers clearly held in common with the medieval thieves of one shilling the principle ; "as well be hanged for a sheep as a lamb." The mail-thieves' crime was financially forty million times graver, and yet by our laws they cannot be hanged (should they ever be caught !). Are we over-enlightened ? Or were the Dark Ages really dark ?

JOHN CRAWFORD, V.

#### MY BABY SISTER.

Our Pauline Grace  
Has a lovely face  
With a dainty turned-up nose.  
She looks like a lamb,  
When she's stealing the jam,  
And whatever else, goodness knows.

Our Pauline Grace,  
She toddles about,  
Making mischief wherever she goes ;  
She opens your case,  
And she takes your books out,  
But she's really a sweet little rose.

ELAINE MULLIGAN, IB.

# Esprit de Corps

SUZETTE came to herself at 10 a.m., to find herself in a damp, cold cell. The previous night the Gestapo had arrested all six members present at the meeting of her Resistance Group X 12. They were driven off and tortured to reveal the other members of the Group.

Just then she heard footsteps approaching her cell. Her thoughts flew quickly. What if she were the only one left? And then came the worst thought possible. What if the others had already revealed the vital information. Mon Dieu! It's my turn now.

The jailer was now unlocking the cell door and entering.

"Follow me," he commanded.

Suzette hesitated.

"What are you waiting for?" he asked.

Suzette obediently followed him, first through stone cold passages, then through richly carpeted corridors till at last she reached the General's office. As she entered, he beckoned her to a seat.

"What is your name?"

"Suzette Moulon, Herr General" she replied rather falteringly.

"You are a member of the French Resistance, I see," said the General, after referring to a paper on the table. "If you will tell me the names of the other members of your group, your life will be spared."

Suzette remained silent.

"So you are not answering my questions?" he added in a gruff tone and as he finished speaking he slapped her face. "I will give you one more chance—two minutes—then if you still refuse . . ."

Suzette turned her head away to take a better hold on her thoughts. Two minutes passed. Then the guards entered. Suzette was quickly handcuffed and led away. She did not know her fate. She was returned to a cell. After what seemed hours, she was brought out by the jailer, with a curt "It's time."

"Well," thought Suzette, "I'm dying for my country. What more could anyone ask?"

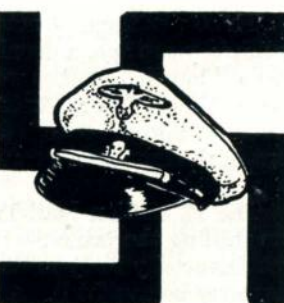
She was taken outside and placed against a wall where she waited the word that would bring her end. The General approached and in a pleasant voice said, "Bonjour, ma chérie." Suzette almost fainted with astonishment for Herr General was ripping off his disguise to reveal Andre Paton, one of the chief Resistance leaders.

"But, but what is happening?" Suzette gasped.

"We were not sure you were reliable members so we thought up a little test to try you."

"You have all passed with flying colours," added Gustave Rudler, one of the "guards."

"Come now, there is real work to be done for our country," said Andre. "Vive La France!"



KAREN GRACIE, IIA.

# GRAY

THERE was a sudden, sharp movement in the shrubbery, a flash of grey and another mouse met his end under the cruel claws of the old cat. Then his beautiful, wistful eyes turned towards the old house with a look of such deep longing and yearning as would have melted the hardest heart. Gray loved that house—loved it with a profound intensity of love that filled his feline heart every time the memories came flooding back.

Ever since he had been a tiny, frisky kitten, Gray had lived in that house, had explored every musty-smelling corridor with that strange curiosity peculiar to cats, and had stalked imaginary mice in the darkened hallways. Often in the midst of his play he would hear the soft call of his young mistress's voice, "Gray, Gray!"

The grey cat's eyes clouded with sadness as he heard once again that soft, gentle voice and saw again her lovely face. Angela had been her name. Gray, like the rest of the household, had adored little Angela, with the beautiful angelic face, the lovely smile, which however could not remove the haunting sadness which played on her gentle features. Her large almond eyes were deep pools of mystery. Long black tresses framed her face. Angela was like some angel sent from heaven and was as delicate as a flower. Poor Gray was only a cat and could not understand why his flower-like Angela, his darling young mistress, was taken from him so suddenly and unexpectedly.

Always when Gray was with little Angela he was very happy, and he could not understand why her parents and the rest of the household always looked so sad when speaking of her. After their tragic loss Angela's parents emigrated to Canada and the household was dispersed. With no one to watch the old mansion-house it was let go to ruins and the garden became overgrown with weeds. In spite of the fact that Gray had dearly loved his mistress and she had returned the affection with a full heart, he was forgotten now—just an old cat alone with his memories. Mr. Smithers, bereft of other company in his old age, had taken the stray cat in and given him a home—a good home. Nevertheless, Gray was not happy and he returned every night to the scene of his former happiness.

To-night Gray was especially disturbed; he did not know why. The old house stood bathed in the moon's silvery light, strangely bright and eerie against the darkened shadows that crept along behind the house. If Gray could only have realised it, he would have remembered that this very night, just over two years ago, little Angela's spirit had winged itself away and left behind a serene air of calmness and a very real and vivid memory of the little girl who was gone.

Gray took a long, yearning look at the old house before padding quietly away, determined never to return to this place of haunting memories. He stopped for a last look. Suddenly a silver shaft of moonlight shot down, so it seemed, to the cat, straight from the moon herself, and struck a darkened pitch of the lawn, immediately lighting it up and lending a silver tip to each blade of grass. Gray wanted desperately to leave, to get away, to dispel this nameless fear which was clutching at his heart—but he could not move. A strange, cold fear crept over him—some magnetism drew him nearer and then before his terrified eyes a startling transformation took place. The shaft of moonlight began to assume a shape—a soft delicate shape—the unmistakable form of a child—a little girl. As Gray's eyes fastened on the weird apparition it began to move—to dance. A soft, graceful dance was executed before the cat's eyes; then the vision stopped and turned towards him. At the same moment Gray felt all his fears vanishing, and in their place came a feeling of renewed joy, because the form before him was no longer a silver apparition but a person, Angela! His Angela. The next second Angela was beside him, her arms clasped round him in a fond embrace. Gray felt happy—so happy. Wonderfully, gloriously happy because, here, beside him was Angela. He began to purr, softly at first, then louder, his heart beat faster and faster and all the time Angela whispered, "Gray, oh Gray, my darling." With her lovely eyes full of love for her little pet, she searched the face of the old cat. "Gray," she whispered, "I have come for you—to take you home. Will you come?"

The cat looked steadfastly into his young mistress's face with a world of trust in his beautiful eyes. That was his reply.

A moment later a moonbeam shot silently away, on a journey back to the sky, leaving the "Old House" and the deserted garden in darkness. Gray had found peace at last.

CAROL McLAUGHLAN, III. Beta.

## The Secret of the Tree

MANY hundreds of years ago, in a hot country, there was a grove of trees situated by a busy road. It was a favourite spot for travellers to rest when they were on long journeys. Often they would spend the night sleeping under one of the trees.

In this grove, there grew a certain tree which was far stronger and finer looking than any of the others. It had birds singing in it all day long and naturally it was very happy.

One quiet evening a man and woman stopped under the tree with their young boy. The little family had a picnic but when they had finished eating, the little boy ran round to the other side of the tree and started to climb into it. When he came to the top he put his arms round the branches and sang a quiet little song to the tree.

His parents by this time had noticed that their son was missing and began to look round for him. Then the father caught sight of his son with his arms round this massive tree and immediately called him down.

"Good-bye," called the boy to the tree, "Keep our secret." All during that night the tree was heard to moan and sigh. The other trees began to wonder about this but could not think what was wrong. The strange thing was, that from then onwards, the tree was happy during the day but at night it began to cry.

Gradually the tree began to droop and wither. All the sap dried up, the leaves faded and soon the other trees noticed that the magnificent tree was dying and they were all very sorry for it.

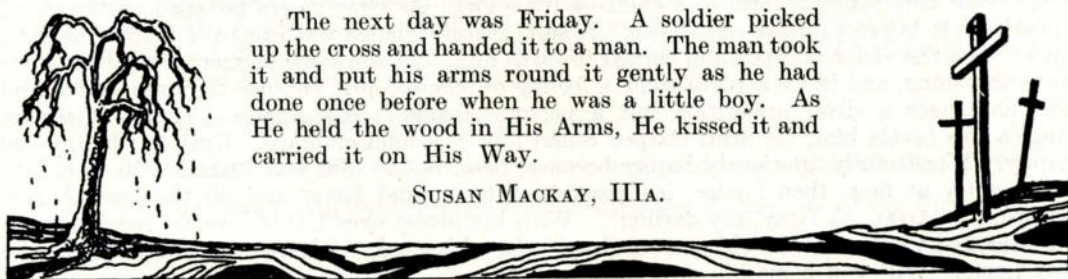
Many years later a man came along and cut the tree down. The other trees were very sad when it went away and they often talked about it, wondering where it had gone.

The tree was taken to a shed where it lay there for several days with hundreds of other trees of the same kind.

Two months had passed since the tree had been cut down and at the end of these two months an old man walked into the shed and asked if there was any wood suitable for a cross. The owner of the shed was either hesitant at first but then remembered about the special tree. He explained to the customer that the tree used to be the best in the country with the finest wood, but very strangely it had died. He said, however, that it was the best wood he had for a cross. The customer accepted the tree and took it away.

The next day was Friday. A soldier picked up the cross and handed it to a man. The man took it and put his arms round it gently as he had done once before when he was a little boy. As He held the wood in His Arms, He kissed it and carried it on His Way.

SUSAN MACKAY, IIIA.



## JOANNA THE JONAH.

JOANNA was a lovely little girl, neat, good-natured, and well intentioned—save for her one big fault, she had a jinx. It was not her fault; no matter how hard she tried, she could not help bringing people bad luck. To show you what I mean, let me take an average day in the life of Joanna.

About half past eight in the morning Joanna was walking along the road towards the bus-stop. As I have already said, she was an extremely neat little girl and this opinion was certainly shared by the two old ladies on the other side of the street who turned to watch her, commenting on her neatness and at the same time continuing on their walk. Unfortunately one of them walked into a lamp post. Joanna's jinx was at work!

The bus was crammed with school-children, businessmen and tradesmen, including one, a plumber's mate, who was passionately fond of "jelly pieces" for his lunch. He reverently laid today's sample, a jucier, soggier one than usual, wrapped in newspaper, on the luggage rack and settled down to the racing section of a well-known newspaper. When Joanna got on the bus, there was only a tiny space on the luggage rack for her schoolbag, so she carefully moved some of the other luggage along a bit. This started up a chain reaction which ended in the plumber's mate's piece shooting off the rack and landing on the bald head of the local

sanitary inspector. As the jam trickled down the back of his neck and over his face, already scarlet with rage, Joanna, innocent of what had happened, jumped off the bus, humming gaily.

So it continued throughout the day, Joanna always bringing bad luck to whoever she came in contact with.

About three o'clock in the afternoon, one of the teachers sent Joanna for a message. It was rather windy outside and Joanna decided that she would nip into the cloakroom and tidy her hair before returning to class. Just next door to the school a new office-block was being erected and just as Joanna went to tidy her hair a ten-ton steel girder was being lifted into place by a crane. Unaware of this, Joanna held up her mirror and began to fix her hair. Now, knowing Joanna's record, and knowing that the mirror could just happen to reflect the sun's rays into the crane driver's eyes, and that the ten-ton girder was poised above the school, what do you think happened?



*P. S.—Joanna never recovered.*

ANNE BRIMLEY, V.

### MY CAT.

I have a cat called Lucky;  
She's black as black can be.  
She scampers up the shrubs and trees  
And always hides from me.

She catches moles and eats them  
And birds do not escape.  
She follows me to school at times  
And nearly makes me late.

JENNIFER DONNELLY, Pr. VI.

### MUM'S THE WORD.

When Mum puts on her apron  
I know she's going to cook.  
No need to say a word—  
One little look.

When Mum takes off her apron  
We know she's done her best,  
No need to say a word—  
We'll do the rest.

CAROLINE CUNNINGHAM, I. Beta.

### LATE ENTRY.

THE street was in complete darkness as a strange looking figure stepped out of a partially concealed entrance. Wearing a cap pulled over his head, collar turned up and hands firmly stuck in pockets, he took a furtive glance in all directions before proceeding on his way. Silently but swiftly he hurried along the road. Abruptly he turned the corner, avoiding the main street and making for the back roads. After fifteen minutes of walking round in a wide circle in a bid to elude a pursuer, he turned up a wide roadway towards a group of tall buildings looming up in the darkness.

Glancing once more over his shoulder, he approached one of the rear entrances to the buildings. Without much effort he climbed the wall, pausing for a second on the top, before dropping silently to the ground. He crouched in the shadow of the wall to scan the yard which he had to cross; then he sped towards the opposite wall and threw himself into a corner. Confident that he had not been observed, the intruder advanced towards a window on the ground floor. Unpicking the lock, which took some time, he edged the window up and climbed through. Before him was a storeroom with a door opposite. This opened into a large work-room, to one side of which was a stairway. The intruder ascended cautiously, to arrive on the office floor. More doors faced him but he was well equipped to deal with locks. At last the correct door was found; he entered and set to work.



Outside a uniformed figure paused under a street lamp to look at the time and note it in his book. Adjusting his cap, he continued his rounds. P.C. Medoul was looking forward to coming off duty and was making his way to the station, past the "Kilmarnock Standard" offices, when a thin spidery beam of light from an upper window arrested his attention. Using the skeleton keys which he always carried, he entered the building and crept stealthily up the stairway lest the slightest noise might alert the trespasser. A streak of light beneath a door indicated the whereabouts of the offender. The policeman gripped the handle of the door and burst it open. The occupant whirled round to face a grim policeman—the game was up.

His final attempt to have an article published in St. Michael's Magazine had failed!

ANNE McMANUS, IIIA.

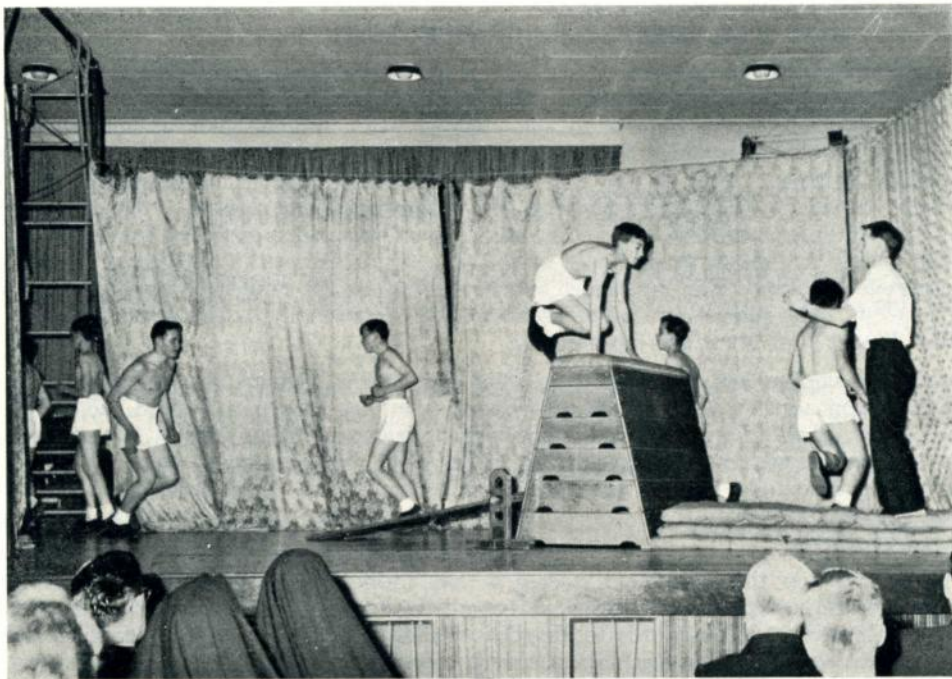
### STAMPEDE.

He flings aloft his noble head,  
Sniffing the air with his nostril red;  
Man he smells and with one shrill neigh  
Like the war cry in some ancient lay,  
Sets afoot his herd in a mighty race,  
Past the tall, rocky canyon face,  
Ears pressed flat against outstretched necks,  
Their flanks bespattered with foamy flecks,  
Until their leader no longer now  
Scents man to whom the free must bow.  
The uncontrolled relaxes soon;  
Night has fallen, and below the moon  
A peaceful pasture he has found,  
Safe from man and his stamping ground.

DESMOND STARKEY, IIIB.



SCENE FROM "QUEEN ANNE'S BUREAU."



GYM DISPLAY.

### DREAMS TO SELL.

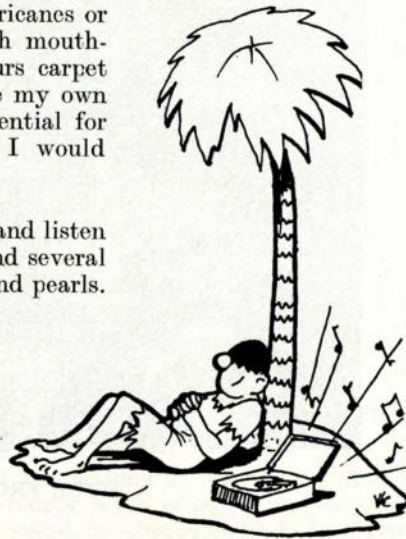
JETS, skyscrapers, cars, motorbikes, telephones, diesels, television, drugs, rockets—these are a few of the recent discoveries to help make life easier and more interesting. They are all marvellous inventions and we would find ourselves lost if they were to be taken away. But have you never wished you could escape from it all? I have.

I would buy a small uninhabited island of my very own in the Pacific,—thousands of miles from any atomic power station, an island which received little rainfall and plenty of sunshine, and which was never subject to such weather mishaps as hurricanes or typhoons. Tropical trees hold out branches laden with mouth-watering fruits. Sweet-scented flowers of brilliant colours carpet the ground. I would build a small wooden house, make my own furniture, and a sailing boat. This boat would be essential for fishing, although fish is not my favourite dish,—but I would probably love it after a month or so.

For the best part of the day I would draw and paint and listen to music, for I would certainly bring my record-player and several discs. I would swim a lot and learn to dive for sponges and pearls. When I got lonely I could invite several of my friends for a few weeks. We would have as many parties and make as much noise as we pleased, with nobody there to complain.

I know I'll never own an island in the Pacific or anywhere else. Still it's a lovely thought.

MARIE E. SUTCLIFFE, IV.



### MYSTERIES OF THE COSMOS.

WHEN we have that rare occurrence of a cloudless night, the heavens with all their mysterious bodies are an undeniably wondrous sight. The glory of a starlight night goes unequalled as it reveals over 2,000 glittering objects to the unaided eye. A good pair of field-glasses will multiply this number ten-fold. They will reveal suns so far away that it is difficult to imagine their distance; suns so far that their light takes millions of years to reach us—though light travels at the astounding rate of 186,000 miles per second. Also revealed will be the "Crab Nebula," which is believed to have been a star which exploded hundreds of years ago. The nebula is formed by particles of the star which are still travelling outwards after these hundreds of years. The moon also can be studied for its numerous craters which are a marvel to view. The planets are most interesting also and Venus, "the Morning Star" and the "Red Planet" of Mars are outstanding.

I mentioned earlier that the light from some stars takes millions of years to reach us, so that we see them as they were before pre-historic man was created. Indeed the light when examined shows all the characteristics of light coming from a receding source. In other words, there are stars which are travelling away from us and some incidentally at a velocity of half that of light so that their light has not yet reached us, although they have been detected by radio telescope. Does this mean that the Universe is expanding? Many eminent astronomers hold this hypothesis.

My opinion of how this movement started is that, millions of years ago, God caused such a great explosion in the centre of the universe that all the broken particles were thrown outwards and are still being thrown outwards to this day. This, however, is only an opinion deduced from what I have read on this fascinating branch of astronomy which, after all, concerns only one of the infinite mysteries of the cosmos.

TOM M. CASSIDY, IV.

### "A BAS LES ARISTOS."

The moon shone bright in the evening sky,  
And cast her weird light on that prison below,  
And soft were the calls—from behind the  
grim walls,  
The murmur of voices low.

The moon look'd down from her throne afar,  
To a city of Despair,  
Where the guillotine stood high 'gainst a  
leadен sky,  
And the cries of the dying filled the air.

At the Palais Conde one aching heart,  
Awaited the end with brooding sorrow,  
Weeping, she lay—to await break of day,  
Because Death would come with the morrow.

She look'd from the window with a heavy  
heart,  
Across the moonlit lawn,  
Because the fading of night—would bring  
morning light,  
And Death would come with the dawn.

Once a proud, great lady of Paris,  
She sat as if in a trance,  
She shed bitter tears—for the fallen years,  
And the forgotten honour of France.

CAROL McLAUGHLAN, III. Beta.

### THE MYSTERIOUS LIGHT.

There lies behind the waterfall,  
A hollow in the pebbled wall.  
And through the water shining bright  
I have seen a dazzling light.

What this light is no one knows.  
First it comes and then it goes.  
I have seen it throw its ray  
Through the mist and through the spray.

I wonder what that light may be,  
Flashing out for me to see.  
Could it be a fairy beam,  
Or a light seen in a dream?

MONICA McMANUS, IIA.

### MY ONE IDEAL.

Oh to be a Prefect,  
How happy I should be,  
Giving out tall orders  
To "peasants" like me!

Some nights I sit and ponder  
What a Prefect I shall be,  
So good, so kind, so merciful,  
To "peasants" like me!

Alas, alack! The facts remain:  
The Prefects own the School domain:  
And all their lines I'll have to do  
Till I become a Prefect, too.

JOHN KERNAHAN, IB.

## A STRANGE HAPPENING

In the field, over the fence from my back-garden, there is a herd of cows and a bull. One morning I heard the bull bellowing non-stop for half-an-hour or more. It was only later I heard why.

Apparently the bull had trespassed on our back-garden. Somehow or other he had broken through the fence and had caught his horns in the washing on the line. The garment he had actually become entangled with was a pair of gent.'s pyjamas, and in his efforts to get free he had first tossed them with his horns and then trampled them with his hooves.

Believe it or not, he finished with his fore-legs through the pyjamas, and, thus attired, crashed through the fences and on to the main road.

Early pedestrians ran for their lives before this monstrous apparition charging up and down the road, bellowing. It was half-an-hour before the bull managed to divest itself of the pyjamas, and during that time all the traffic was held up. So everybody was late for work that morning.

AGNES McCaffrey, IIIA.

## ROCAMADOUR.

WHILE on holiday in the south of France, I visited a village called Rocamadour.

The Village derives its name from two sources. The part "Amadour" is a legacy from Roman times. The publican, Zacchaeus, who received Our Lord into his house, is said to have come to this part of Quercy in his mission to spread the Faith, under the name of Amadour.



This assumed name gave itself to the shrine built there. In the Middle Ages, the shrine drew countless pilgrims, including such personages as Henry II of England, St. Louis and Louis XI of France. Nowadays, the shrine is still one of the most frequented in France.

The "Roc" refers to the situation of the village. Incredible though it may seem, the entire village is built in superimposed tiers on a vertical cliff, which towers over a deep gorge. The houses and streets of medieval architecture, together with its position, give the village an entrancing beauty. Indeed, after nightfall, it takes on an almost magical quality.

Perched on top of a cliff and dominating the village and surrounding countryside, are three sanctuaries, built one over the other. In these sanctuaries are housed a miraculous bell and the famed "Vierge Noire." Plaques, crutches, plasters and calipers—even a set of swords and war-decorations of a French general—all given in thanksgiving for favours received—line the walls and roof of the tiny chapel where stands this age-old statue of the Black Virgin.

Near the sanctuaries stands the Oratory, marked by the restored Palace of the Bishops of Tulle. To reach the sanctuaries and the Oratory, however, one has to climb an interminable flight of steps, but the panoramic view from the top rewards the effort of the climb.

Little wonder, then, that the village of Rocamadour is claimed to be the most beautiful in France.

CHRISTINE TAYLOR, VI.

## THE ROBIN.

There is a little Robin  
He visits me each day.  
He whistles very loudly.  
He whistles very gay.  
  
In Summer he is with me  
When winter comes he stays.  
He knows I'll give him food  
Throughout the frosty days.  
  
I see him on my window sill  
As still as still could be.  
I think that little Robin  
Really loves me.

SEAN SCOTT, Pr. V.

## MY WISH.

I often sit and wish that I  
Could be a kite up in the sky,  
And float upon the breeze, and go  
Whatever way it chanced to blow.  
Then I could look far from my town  
And see the bright stream winding down  
And follow all the ships that sail  
Like me, before the happy gale.  
Until at last with them I came  
To some place with a foreign name.

MARIA ANDERSON, IIA.

# ***Revolutionary Holiday***

HAVING arrived for our summer holidays in Baghdad on 7th July, 1958, we were wakened early on the morning of the 14th by the noise of guns, and of tanks and lorries roaring along the city roads.

A cautious exploration soon showed that an utterly unexpected revolution had started, and the noise we heard was the King's palace and the homes of various other ministers being attacked by army groups backed by a howling and ever-increasing mob. The Prime Minister, Nuri-es-Said and the Prince Regent, Abdul'illa were torn to pieces by the mob, their bodies hung up in the main Town Square and with the typical commercial mind of the Arab, bits of their clothing were offered for sale together with even more gruesome souvenirs.

All Europeans were urgently warned to stay at home, but this warning came too late for some, who, irrespective of nationality, were hacked to death in the streets.

General Kassim, the leader of the revolt, sent soldiers as soon as possible to guard the European quarter, for which we were very grateful because not far from our house was a vast colony of "Serifus" (mud huts) and had the occupants invaded our area it would have been most unpleasant.

After about ten days we tired of being indoors and decided to chance a trip to Habaniyah, a lake about 60 miles from Baghdad where we often used to go swimming. Dad had a special pass to go to and from work, and this enabled us to get past the many barriers guarded by soldiers who stopped and searched all cars for people trying to escape from the city.

Some Arabs threw stones and shouted at us, but nothing serious happened and thereafter we went whenever we could.

Even now it was dangerous to go out at times, due to waves of excitement or anger in the crowds, such as when an oil storage depot, near our house, caught fire and flames shot hundreds of feet into the air, flickering in massive clouds of black smoke. The British were blamed and we had to take refuge indoors again, but only for a few days.

It was some time before life came back to normal. Every evening the streets were full of students and political groups chanting slogans and it was unwise to go abroad. We did our best to be polite and keep out of politics, but it was still the most exciting holiday I've ever had.



MICHAEL BEELEY, IIA.

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## **MARS.**

MARS is the nearest planet to earth and, like the earth, moves around the sun. Some people say there are people living on Mars. If I lived on Mars I would not like it because it is like a desert. It has fake canals to make it look like a watery planet. Martians have thin bodies, large heads and green and pink skin. They look like men from the future. They look so funny with their large heads and thin bodies. Martians live in big cities. When they go to war they use ray guns. In the cities they travel about in spaceships. They live in square and round houses. They are much fancier than any city on earth. Like people on earth they need food and water. Mars is said to be a red planet and is very hot. The Martians do not speak the same language as us.

PETER MURPHY, Primary V.

# FORMER PUPILS

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

A YEAR, an incredibly quick year it seems, has passed since we rose from our chairs, having savoured nostalgic memories of the past and heard news of this one and that. Great events are taking place in the Church and the world, but in our own small sphere (ever increasing), events, less momentous perhaps but certainly of interest to us, are happening. Let's resume our chairs and our talk.

To Father John Hammill our heartiest congratulations on the Jubilee of his Ordination. On 29th June last, Fr. John had been a Priest (our first?) for twenty-five years, and on Sunday, 7th July, amongst his family and friends, he celebrated his Jubilee Mass in his native Kilbirnie. A number of his old classmates, including Mary Whiston, Matt Taylor, Hugh Kelly and James McGrattan were able to be present at the Mass, and in spite of family celebrations Fr. John found time to entertain his old colleagues, and was indeed very racy and entertaining, especially in his version of his T.V. appearances. He has been serving in the Portsmouth Diocese for quite a number of years. *Ad multos annos!*

"During the touching and impressive ceremony a Cross was placed on the shoulders of each and a Crown of Thorns on his head to remind him that from henceforth he was to be dead to the world and to live only for Christ Crucified." Thus did Lawrence Byrne of Irvine on 7th March begin his Canonical year of Novitiate as a Brother, clothed in the black habit of mourning, the distinctive habit of the Cross and Passion Congregation. The ceremony took place in the Monastery Church at Enniskillen and was performed by Sister Pauline's brother, Father Fergus, C.P.

On the feast of St. Joseph, Catherine Hainey also received the Religious Habit of the Cross and Passion in "Maryfield," Dublin. Her name in Religion is Sister Anna. Quite a number of her relatives and friends went over for the ceremony. Of these friends, Anne Delahunt (one of the twins) has since had her name entered on the Roll of those entering Religious Life. Anne paid us a visit before she entered the Novitiate of the Missionary Sisters of the Holy Rosary in Killeshandra, Eire. Our prayers and good wishes go to all.

Father Tom O'Rourke paid us a visit in September. His holiday in Rome coincided with the Coronation of Pope Paul VI. and he was fortunate in being able to view the ceremony from inside the Vatican Palace.

A welcome visitor, too, was Father Michael Lawlor, who looked in on us towards the end of October prior to leaving for Kenya to take up Missionary duties there. Subscribers to our Magazine will remember his perceptive and knowledgeable article on the General Council last year. Fr. Michael took time from his studies to oblige us, and we are happy to relate that, his studies successfully concluded, he is now S.T.L.—Licentiate in Sacred Theology. Congratulations!

Amongst other visitors—all very welcome—were Mr. and Mrs. Claude Pratchett; Frances McLaughlin, home on holiday from U.S.A.; Mr. and Mrs. Eric Northcote, with their three bonny children, from Hong-Kong. Eric, formerly an Inspector in the Hong-Kong Police, is now with the Immigration Service. Kathleen McCann, on her first visit home after two years' teaching in Duncan, Vancouver Island, came over to the Convent during the summer. Kathleen loves being there and is very happy in her work. So much so, that she has infected her sister, Agnes, who has gone to teach in the same town and our "contacts" tell us she has settled down nicely.

Miss O'Halloran, whom so many of you will remember from her twenty-odd years on the Staff, had a holiday here from Dublin and paid a visit to the school to meet old friends and colleagues. She looked very well indeed.

Another member of the Staff, of more recent vintage, whom we were very pleased to see was Sister Mary Campion, at present Headmistress of St. Anne's, Keighley. We understand a new, larger school is being, or has been built, absorbing St. Anne's and to serve a greater area, and we were very pleased to hear that Sister has been appointed Head of the new school. Our best wishes and congratulations, Sister—but we must confess that the words "new school" arouse mixed emotions in us.

Two visitors came from nearer home—from Irvine, precisely. John Ewing looked in to see the changes after living in London for four years, and Alec Finnigan called in on one of his rest days. Alec is a Steward in the American Air Force Club at Prestwick and tells us he had a wonderful holiday in Austria.

Two young men from Saltcoats caused a bit of fluttering amongst the girls and roused a lot of hero worship amongst our younger boys, when they called in at the school before the summer. Bobby Lennox had achieved every (or almost every) boy's ambition—to play for Celtic; and we are sure that Joe Murray, who accompanied Bobby, will forgive us when we say that, in this part of the world, his team, Stoke City, (Stanley Mathews and all), takes second place to Celtic.

John Feeney (Springside) called in, on his holiday, from Yorkshire, where he was learning the hotel business. John is now home, in a local hotel, as also is James Cockburn (Kilwinning).

Honours and distinctions continue to be won in many spheres. Joseph McGeough took his B.Sc. with Honours in Physics and Astronomy, and is continuing at Glasgow University doing Research work for his Doctorate. Sean Pentleton graduated with Honours in Physics, and Frank Cassellis (husband of Margaret Craig), who had been working with the Scottish Gas Board, has gained his B.Sc. with Honours in Chemical Engineering, and is now attending Jordanhill Training College. Alice Brown has also taken her Arts degree and is now doing her teacher training at Notre Dame.

Mrs. Leck (Marie McGowan) merits a double "distinction." Marie completed her M.A. degree this year and a few weeks later gave birth to a son, her second child. Two more matrons "of honour." Mrs. Brayford (Sadie Higgins, Stevenston) and Mrs. Carroll (Philomena Moore, Ayr), who took their "Highers" in St. Michael's some years ago, decided to put them to use, and both have completed their training at Notre Dame and are now teaching, Mrs. Brayford in St. Mary's, Saltcoats, and Mrs. Carroll in St. Catherine's, Dalmilling. Well done!

To add to our list, Maureen O'Neill and Anne Brown (Ayr) both received prizes on completing their training at Notre Dame. Maureen, now teaching in St. Mary's, Saltcoats, received the "Elizabeth Rennie" Memorial Prize for the teaching of Music, and Diploma with Merit in Teaching; while Anne received the prize for Geography presented by the Bishop of Motherwell, and the Diploma with Merit in Academic Subjects. Also in the prize list at Notre Dame was Mary Kilfeather who gained the Needlework prize at the end of her second year.

Well-known for her work in the Don Bosco Guild and for Catholic teachers generally, Maisie McGuigan has been further honoured by being appointed Vice-President of the World Council of Catholic Teachers.

Early this year Margaret McKinley, Secretary with the Ardrossan Harbour Company, gained the Secretarial Certificate of the West of Scotland College of Commerce, with Distinction. In October, Margaret, Cub-mistress of the local Pack, took to herself a husband, Joseph Burns (Stevenston), Scoutmaster of St. Mary's Troop.

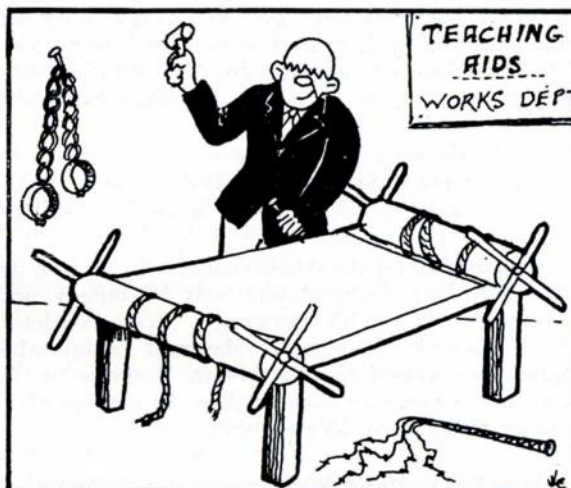
In the same line—secretarial, not matrimonial—Mary Lennox passed the typing examination for the same certificate.

Up in Aberdeen, David Roche, Tim Hickey and Paddy Cronin are progressing in their Architectural Courses. David, now in his fourth year, is President of the Students' Representative Council, while Paddy has been earning more than credits. In a competition organised by the Incorporation of Architects, open to all Third Year students of Architecture in Scotland, for the design of a boathouse for a rowing club, he won the first prize of £50.

Not to be outdone, their old classmate, also from Largs, creeps into our columns. Brian O'Rourke, brother of Father Tom, has successfully passed the scrutiny of the Board of Inland Revenue, both on paper and interview, and been promoted to their office in Liverpool. Third brother, John, B.Sc., is in London working with a firm who make teaching aids. Teaching aids, indeed! Most of us have painful memories of the teaching "aid" used in our time.

Incidentally we learn that Alastair Reid has joined Anne Kennedy, Kathleen McKay, Philomena Hall, and James Welsh in the office in Ardrossan that Brian left. Quite a group of former pupils.

We have a growing group, too, in the Nursing profession. Marguerite Whyte is in an hospital in London and visited us during her leave. Our congratulations and best wishes go to Sister Betty Brodie (now Mrs. Thorne), who is also in a London hospital. Kay Paterson, her general course completed, has been appointed Sister Tutor in the Victoria Infirmary in Glasgow. And still another. Peggy Stuart (Kilbirnie) has gone to the "millionaire's island" of Bermuda to take up a post in nursing there.



Our congratulations go to Nancy Bates who has been appointed Deputy Head of a large Primary School in Birmingham. Well done, Nancy. Irvine is proud of you.

We remember, when we were very young, a year or two our junior, John McGarrigle of Kilbirnie. Well, John must be keeping in touch through our Magazine since he passed on a copy to his younger brother, Patrick, now in Rochdale, where he is a Superintendent with an Insurance Company, and the result was a very interesting letter from Pat. He left St. Michael's in 1929 he tells us, and mentions amongst his old friends Willie Rowe, Davie McCurry, Terry McCarroll, Hugh Medine and would be happy to hear from any of them. He is quite near Sutton, where he has learned that Sister Peter Mary is in retirement, and intends to visit her. He now wears—very proudly, he assures us—a St. Michael's badge on his blazer.

From Toronto—we must have a large colony of former pupils there—we had a letter from Mrs. Whitfield (Kathleen Corrigan, Ayr), and also from Billy Walsh. Billy tells us that he is assisting his P.P. by taking a catechism class on Saturday mornings. The work of the Apostolate goes on.

Hugh Mailer, who was helping out on the College staff last year, has now gone to America—with his bride. In July, Hugh was married to Elizabeth Hunter of Ardrossan and later in

the month went off to Lynchburg, Virginia to take up a post with the General Electric Coy. He won't be very far from a former classmate Tom Moore (Stevenston), whose home is in Richmond, also in Virginia. Tom and his brother have become American citizens and Tom was a surprise visitor to the Convent recently. He is married, with one child, and he and his family are at the moment somewhere in England, while Tom is serving in the United States Navy.

Another "export" to America, but only temporarily, is Patsy Mackie. Patsy, a private secretary with the American owned International Business Machines, was married to Hugh Maxwell, of the same firm, in October. After their honeymoon, they set off for America where Hugh will be taking a course in the parent firm and returning to Greenock next summer.

We have news of two young men who are doing their best to alleviate the shortage of teachers. James McLean, after a temporary spell in St. Peter's School in Ardrossan, has entered the Dundee Training College to become a teacher of Technical Subjects. From the same school, Billy Humphreys has gone to Moray House to take his training for the teaching of Music.

Our congratulations are extended to John McGeough, who has reached two milestones in his life. John who has been working in the North of England, gained his A.C.I.I. (Associateship of Chartered Insurance) and was also married to Miss Anne Purcell, of Blyth, Northumberland. His sister, Gertie performed the duties of bridesmaid. Mr. and Mrs. McGeough have settled in Greater Lumley, Co. Durham.

We have news, too of another of our friends a little further south, in Sheffield. Peggy McIntosh, Mrs. Pat O'Donnell, now has six children and her husband Pat, who was formerly with I.C.I., now holds an important post with United Steel.

Our heartfelt sympathy is extended to Mr. and Mrs. James Hand on the death of their daughter, Celia, at the early age of nineteen.

We have quite a number of marriages to record in addition to those we have mentioned. Anne Stuart and Billy Mullen (Joan Shanks was Anne's bridesmaid); Doreen Delury and Gavin McLelland; Madeleine Quinn and Jack McGowan (brother of Marie and Gerry); Ian Trayner and Alice Scott. In these weddings both bride and groom are former pupils. Also:—Mary Bird to George Reid; Ann Sweeney to John Menagh; Phia Trayner, M.A., to Ian Allison, C.A. (Mr. and Mrs. Allison are now living in Ayr); Sheila McDermott to James Boyle; John Paterson (Ardrossan) to Lilian Wilson; James Donnelly (Ardrossan) to Catherine Brown; Philip Williamson to Mary Medine; James McGill (Largs) to Morag Leck; Sheila Browse (Ayr) to Arthur McNeill; Maureen Glanton to Francis Mallan; Ian Monan; Patricia Hanlon; Rosemary Finnie; and news has just reached us from the remoteness of Catrine that Ena Logan, M.A., was married to Paul Francois Lalonde, B.A., in St. Mary's Cathedral, Kingston, Ontario; Rosemary Clark (Kilmarnock); Bernadette Doran to James Clark.

In the course of our talk we have mentioned a few "double" events, and here is still another; Mr. and Mrs. James McGrath (Laura McGaffney), twins—a boy and a girl. Our congratulations and also to:—Mrs. McMillan (Ray Quinn), a son; Mrs. John Murphy (Anne Marie Walsh), a son; Mr. and Mrs. Pollachi (Kathleen Paterson, M.A.), a daughter—their eighth child; Mrs. Toner (Helen Flynn), a second son; Mrs. Bates (Susan Taylor), a fourth son; Mrs. Swan (Helen McLean), a son; Mrs. Gallacher (Maureen Humphreys), a son; Mrs. Halbert (Ann McFarlane), a son; Mrs. Carragher (Blanche Hughes), a daughter; Mrs. Alex. Muir (Rose Currie), a son; Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Campbell, their first child, a daughter; Mrs. Cox (Margaret McLaughlin), a daughter; Mr. and Mrs. Michael McCabe, a daughter; Mrs. P. Robertson (Margaret Ross), a son; Mrs. Delahunt (Bessie Brown), a second son; Mrs. Millar (Anne Murphy), a daughter; Mrs. Borland (Sandra McCabe), a daughter.

And now, diverging from individuals and personalities, we must return once more to the saga of the new St. Michael's. We had deliberately kept it to the end hoping that we should be able to say that the walls had reached 3 feet high or some such. Alas, no. But—nil desperandum, or whatever it is—we are the original optimist. A very good old friend of ours lives nearby our new site and we have appointed him unofficial, unpaid observer. His latest despatches are :—"The sumps have been dug." We were moved to a feeble cheer, and there we leave it for another year.

Did you know that there are sixteen former pupils on the teaching staff of the College ? This emerged in the course of our chat. They are—no we won't tell you, we'll make a little game of it and let you guess, with this hint. Twelve of them are ladies.

To all of you, and many, many more of your names and faces came before us than are mentioned here, to all of you, in America, Africa, Australia, Asia, in European countries and nearer home in England, Ireland and Scotland we send our warmest greetings and good wishes. If we may be pardoned for paraphrasing St. Paul " . . . it is meet for us to think this for you all, for that we have you in our heart, and that we are partakers of all your joys and sorrows . . . "

And now it's very late. Let's rise now, with much to think about and please God we'll meet again next year, if not before. We started off as we began last year and we make no apologies for repeating ourselves in our conclusion, the school prayer :—"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 . . . "

### ARRAN, AHoy !

AN Autumn nip was in the air as I made my way from the centre of Ardrossan Town, down towards the Arran Boat at Winton Pier. Before I reached the embarkation pier, the sun had burst forth in all its glory, suggesting the prospect of continuing good weather. But oh, what a long and monotonous road to the ship and how pleased I was to board it. Exactly to the minute the ropes were cast off and for the next fifty minutes the passengers, just right in numbers to enjoy the sailing to the full, had the great pleasure of basking in glorious sunshine.

Changed in all truth is disembarkation at Arran. Only Brodick is retained, which fact recalls many memories of the days when Lamlash and Whiting Bay were to the fore. Then the various piers were served by a predecessor of the present "Glen Sannox."

Brodick has a magnificent setting, and as I journeyed through the village I was impressed by the many new houses and hotels. Though it was nearing the end of the holiday season, many late visitors were in evidence, and the bathing boxes on the glorious sandy beach formed a picturesque foreground to the view. But, oh, what majesty beyond, with the Castle peeping out at places from the surrounding foliage, and the background filled in by the majestic upper regions of Goatfell.

But time ashore was limited, and before long I was aboard the "Glen Sannox" bound for Fairlie. The weather in the gathering dusk was ideal, with a gentle breeze from the North-West.

Coming on deck and sniffing the Firth I was entranced at the view before me as the good ship made for the open waters. The illuminations at Largs presented a brilliant spectacle, with the lights at Hunterston Atomic Power Station on the starboard side showing up the enormous structures. Truly a noble sight.

My last thought as I came down the gangway was how fortunate I am to live so near such a beautiful island.

GAIL CASSIDY, III Beta.

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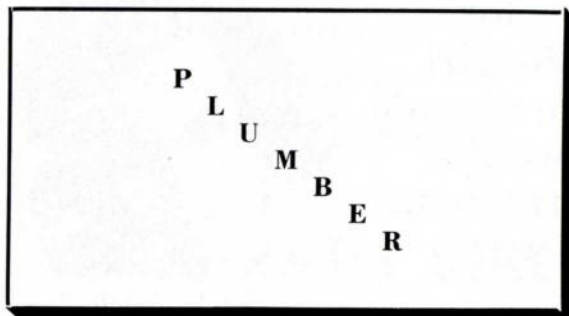
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