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19 MAGAZINE 64

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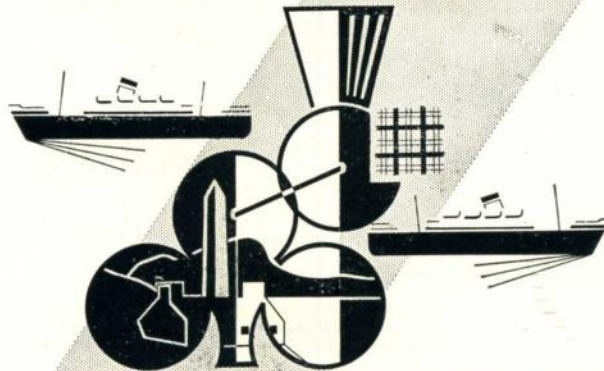
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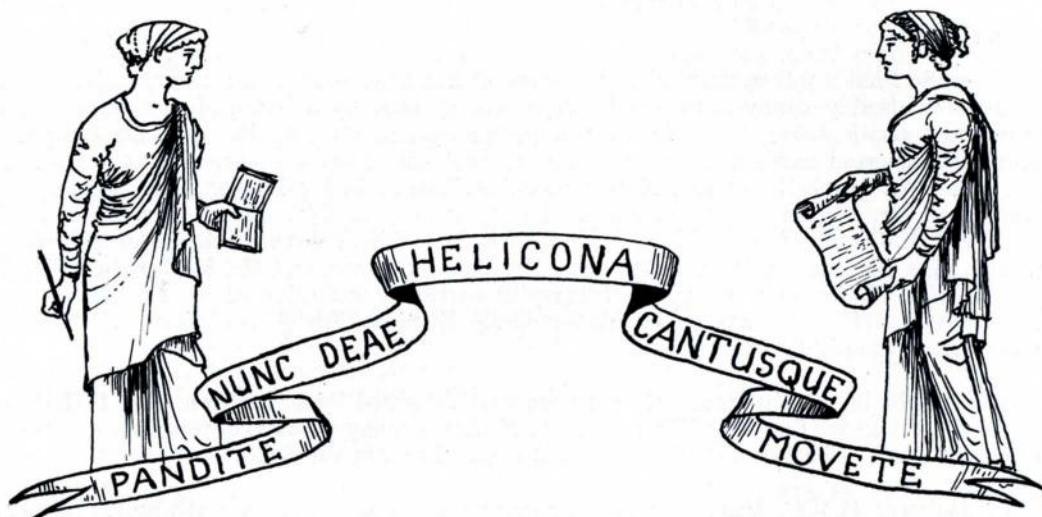
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EDITORIAL

"THE times change and we with them" : so says the Latin proverb. Static though the form of our Magazine may remain, its substance purports to reflect a little of our infinite variety ; for each Magazine is unique, embodying the original thought of the pupils, who are wiser than a year before, and a whit more skilful in authorship. Yet it is not great literature that we pretend to offer in the following pages, rather is it a tang of the School's diverse interests, and levels, and atmosphere.

We hope that those whose efforts have not been accepted for publication will not be despondent of success next time. Thanks are due to all our advertisers, without whose subscriptions we could not have gone to print. We thank especially those members of Staff who performed the unenviable task of choosing a representative selection from amidst an eager flood of entries, and everyone who in any way contributed to the making of this our latest (dare we hope our best yet ?) School Magazine. May former pupils recapture herein the essence of the "happiest days of their lives !"

It is nostalgic to think that, should the new St. Michael's College be completed on schedule, the present issue of the Magazine will be the last drafted and edited in our ancient precincts of Irvine ! Will the School Muse forsake us when we move, or will she find some quiet haunt in the new domain ?

SCHOOL JOTTINGS, 1963-1964

Christmas Term :

OUR scientific friends tell us that all is in a state of flux ; not least of all is our School, which, after the remarkably sunny Summer Holidays, was greeted by a batch of new faces among teachers and pupils alike. The roll, for the Secondary and Primary Departments combined, topped the thousand mark, thus aggravating our problem of overcrowding. To the teachers' ranks came Mr. Mitchell to teach Mathematics, Sr. Vincentia for English, Mr. Kennedy for Science, and Mr. Allison for the Primary. Later in the year, Mr. Dawson arrived to teach Commercial Subjects. New Visiting Teachers were Miss Morrison to teach the girls Physical Training, Miss Barbour for Domestic Science, Mr. Barr for Music, and Mr. McMurtrie for Technical Subjects. Temporary aid in the Primary Department was afforded by Mrs. Brodie and Mrs. Delahunt. The linguists hailed Mademoiselle Mirre as French Assistant, and Senorita De Lomaz as Spanish Assistant.

At the beginning of September, the teachers were delighted by a visit from Miss O'Halloran who, as the Principal Teacher of French in St. Michael's many years ago, taught a number of the present Staff. She founded the Foreign Mission's Fund in the School.

Mr. Holmes, H.M.I., had to depress everyone by announcing a forthcoming General Inspection. The Feast of St. Michael, 29th September, was celebrated two days in advance with Holy Mass at which the whole School assisted in St. Mary's Church. Our Choir sang the Missa Brevissima, we think very well indeed.

October began with a General Inspection of the Primary Department. On the 10th, the School Photographer snapped a great number of people saying "cheese." Late in the month, two bus-loads of pupils went to Coodham to attend the Solemn High Mass in honour of the Beatification of Blessed Dominic, Passionist. The Senior Girls' Choir was privileged to sing Benjamin Britten's Missa Brevis on this occasion, whereupon they were entertained to tea by the Passionist Fathers.

After the mid-term holiday on the first days of November, harassed pupils returned to try to baffle the sixteen Inspectors with the fruits of their midnight toil ! The Inspection did not stop a group of seniors from enjoying a performance of "Carmen" given by the Sadlers Wells Opera Company in the King's Theatre in Glasgow. The advent of the terminal examinations following closely on these visitations turned the dismay of the Lower School into rank bad feeling. Although the School Doctor examined our, by now, wraithish frames, cure came with the Christmas Parties, and the Senior Dance, where we shuffled and jigged till our feet hurt. A Christmas Eve Carol Service in St. Mary's Church brought the term to a close, with everyone singing the Christmas cheer to the peals of the merry organ, and during the ensuing holidays the Senior Girl's Choir was given a great ovation for their rendering of Benjamin Britten's Ceremony of Carols in a Carol and Choral Concert in Ayr Town Hall.

Easter Term :

January saw us back at School with Mrs. Brodie in place of Mrs. Cook who had left us to take up a post in Dumfries. At long last the foundations for our new St. Michael's College were laid at Kilwinning. Although we make no rash promises, it seems very likely that it will be ready for occupation before the issue of our next Magazine. Here's hoping ! In the preliminary examinations for the S.C.E., we reaped as we had sown. We say no more !

A great event ! School closed early one day in Snowdrop-February when the Staff had to visit a Book Exhibition in Ayr. Some modern text-books soon appeared on the scene. About then, the ever-vigilant School Doctor made a routine visit to dispense health and the customary purple ointment. On the 23rd of this month over sixty girls of the St. Maria Goretti Guild went to Coodham with Sr. Dominic Savio for a day's retreat directed by Fr. Aquinas.

Many happenings were borne on the stream of windy March, when the S.C.E. Examinations began with Homecraft and the Music Practical. The Final Religious Examination was taken by the Fifth Years on the 18th. On the next day, ten seniors from St. Michael's attended the Commonwealth Geographical Conference held in Ayr Academy. Malaysia was the subject of the instructive and very enjoyable lectures. Our delegates were complimented on their conduct, and on their willing and intelligent co-operation in the discussion groups. Mrs. Ennis and ten girls visited a Nursery School in Irvine on the 12th. The girls generously gifted Easter eggs to the children, which meant a great deal to them. Dr. Malcolm, with glinting hypodermic, came on the 13th (unlucky for some) to vaccinate those who intended to go on the Dunera Cruise or to the French-Ayrshire Summer School at Versailles.

At the Ayrshire Festival of Music, in March, for the second year in succession, we won three Challenge Trophies :—

The "Symington" Silver Challenge Shield for Senior Secondary Schools (Folk Songs).

The "Doonside" Trophy for Senior Secondary Schools.

The "Coodham" Challenge Trophy for Boys' Choirs, Division "A".

Primary obtained third place in their entrance group. On the evening of the 20th, a large contingent from the School attended a Passion Play in Ayr, given by the Coodham Players, with whose performance our group was very impressed. On the 26th March, we had to lament Mrs. McTurk's transfer to Kilbirnie.

Holy Thursday started our Easter Holidays, during which a party of Sixth Year boys, accompanied by Mr. Hand and Mr. Gibson, enjoyed a hill-walking holiday in Argyllshire. The party stayed at Minard Castle on the shores of Loch Fyne. Each day, various expeditions were made either all together or in small groups. The map-reading and compass-work proved very valuable to the Geography students in particular. Mr. Hand hopes to make this an annual event for the Sixth Years, in the interests of their physical education.

Summer Term :

April and the bulk of the S.C.E. Examinations was soon upon us. 165 pupils were presented for the Ordinary and Higher Grades, with much success when the results were known in late July. On the 12th, over seventy boys of the St. Dominic Savio Guild went to Coodham for a day's retreat given by Fr. Paulinus.

On the 5th of May in the Secondary Department, the annual Religious Inspection was conducted by Frs. McCafferty, Mancini, Crowley and Keirnan. We were amply compensated for the rigours of the morning by the usual half-day holiday. Mr. Kennedy left us shortly after this to take up the post of Principal Teacher of Chemistry in Holyrood Senior Secondary School, Glasgow. The Religious Inspection in the Primary School on May 21st was followed by a series of retreats for senior students in the Convent chapel. This month twelve Primary VII pupils spent a pleasant fortnight at the Broomlee Residential School, West Linton.

Mr. McFarlane, to promote interest in music, took about forty of our pupils to a performance of "Faust" given by the Scottish Amateur Opera. "All were agog at the power and the splendour of real opera at its best"—to quote an enthusiastic Mr. McFarlane.

Miss Doran, who has now left us, led forty-three First, Second and Third year pupils on the Dunera Cruise (24th May till 7th June). The ship called at Vigo, Tangier, Malaga, Granada, and Lisbon. Father Walker was the chaplain. Ironically, it poured in Spain and Portugal while St. Michael's was basking in brilliant sunshine. Any way, the cruise was a great success, and a thrilling experience.

At the end of the month, a party from Sixth Year visited Colvilles Ltd., of Glengarnock. The entire process of the manufacture of steel was examined, even to the rolling out of the steel to produce rails and girders. This visit was followed by one on June 1st to Roche Products, of Dalry. The group was welcomed by Mr. Hudson, manager of the factory, who outlined the chemistry of the manufacture of vitamin A, before the students were taken round this very modern plant. Next day at School, a McCormick Bequest Lecture was delivered to senior

pupils, by Dr. Roy. The Annual Geographical Expedition, alias the School Trip, elsewhere recounted, took the Fifth and Sixth Years to Brodick on the 11th June. About this time two Sixth Year students were the first in St. Michael's to sit the London University G.C.E. "A" Level English Examination, in which they were successful! On June 20th, at Wishaw, four of our Seniors attended the Catholic Historical Conference, under the patronage of the Scottish Catholic Hierarchy. The lectures given ranged from trade in the Middle Ages to Catholicism in Ayrshire.

On sunny days during June, the morning's travail was abandoned for an hour before lunch to hold the heats for the School Sports, which took place on the afternoon of the 17th, under a light drizzle! St. Mungo's won the House Championships, as has become their habit. Later seven Fifth Year boys challenged, played and lost an unorthodox game of football to seven of the more sprightly men-teachers "wha kent hoo tae foul better!"

The Sixth Years, who had rehearsed long and hard, gave their version of the Black and White Minstrel Show—the Sixth Year Review, succeeding with their songs in transporting us to the Vienna Woods, Carolina and the Tyrol. Parties from the School attended three concerts of the Promenade series in the Kelvin Hall. The second of these was a Jazz Concert featuring Johnny Dankworth with Cleo Lane. So "sent" were our pupils that they vacated their very expensive seats to cluster round the platform and be as near as possible to their idols of the moment. The third concert was the "Last Night of the Proms", which is memorable for the coach-accident which prevented one half of our contingent from arriving, after having suffered minor cuts and bruises. The rest of us were fortunate in witnessing the fine conducting of Alexander Gibson, and in joining in "Land of Hope and Glory", with full gusto!

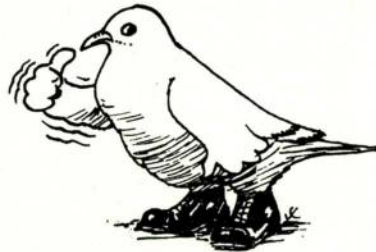
We were approaching the end of the session when we should lose Mr. Laird to "Retired Leisure". As our Principal Teacher of Mathematics for the last thirteen years, Mr. Laird had endeared himself to the Staff and all whom he taught. May we yet again express our gratitude to him and wish him long life in a happy retirement.

The session concluded with the School Concert and Prizegiving, at which His Lordship Bishop McGee distributed the prizes, and with the Senior Summer Dance, the gladdest and saddest function of the year, when our thoughts turned to the parting Sixth Form. We wish them success in all their future enterprises!

A SAD STORY.

PINKIE was a racing pigeon. Not so very long ago it was sent by train to London for a big race. It travelled there in a crate along with many other pigeons. Having reached London, they all were released for their long journey home.

Unfortunately, about twenty miles from home, Pinkie ran into bad weather. It had to land because it was being blown off course by the high wind. While picking up crumbs here and there, it did not notice three rough-looking boys creeping up. The first caught hold of Pinkie; the second held it still; and the third clipped its wings. Then they let it go.



When poor pinkie tried to fly, it could scarcely rise an inch off the ground. Being a true homer, however, it set off for the last lap of its journey—on foot.

Do you think it will ever reach home?

MARIA CAIN, IIc.

LEGION OF MARY, 1963-1964

WE are glad to report that "Our Lady of Sorrows" and "Queen of Peace" Praesidia have retained a high membership over the last year. Due to enthusiasm to join in this form of active Apostolate, we find that our members are becoming more constant in attendance and are staying with us longer. Indeed, some have been with us for nearly four years.

Besides attempting many, varied works within the School, we have managed to visit each week certain old folk in Ravenspark, and Central Hospital.

It gives us great pleasure to hear news of our former members who are continuing their membership in Senior Praesidia. Sister Julie Bosco (V.P.—"Our Lady of Sorrows" 1959-61) found that one of her first extra-mural activities was to assist a Junior Praesidium at Notre Dame High School as Spiritual Directress. Colette Donnachie, who succeeded Sr. Julie Bosco as Vice President, has since been helping to officer one of the Praesidia in Notre Dame College. We are pleased to learn the Colette has been elected President for College for this year. Congratulations! Patricia Reid, now teaching, was also an Officer while in College. Alice Mary Traynor also joined the College Praesidium and during her holidays attended and worked with her parish Praesidium. Alice Mary is the first of our School Legionaries to enter the religious life and it is very appropriate that "Our Lady of Sorrows" should send its first vocation to the Cross and Passion Novitiate. We wish Alice Mary every blessing with her future.

Maureen Taylor and Helen Donnelly are already officering other Praesidia in North Ayrshire.

We were sad to hear of the sudden illness of Ellen O'Neill, our first President of "Queen of Peace", but we were delighted to have her up visiting the School, looking very well and obviously none the worse.

Within our two School Praesidia, our members are now growing up and taking their share in the responsibilities of office. Pauline Kernahan (our school captain) has made a very able President, assisted by Elizabeth Browne who is also a Senior member in her own parish Praesidium. Mary Boyle continues as Secretary and Gail Cassidy has taken over the Treasurer's post. In "Our Lady of Sorrows" we have two new Officers this year, Alison Carpenter (V.P.) and Anne Bale (Secretary).

And now, we set out on another session's work, under the careful direction of Sister Brian and Father McLaughlan to whom we owe so much and as they teach us to live our Christian life, not just to profess it, we hope to come to a fuller understanding of our school motto: "AETERNA NON CADUCA."

OUR WEE CAT.

Oor wee cat is black and white,
She sleeps all day and hunts all night,
Tae see her lying roon the hoose,
Ye'r shair she couldna catch a moose.

She's gettin awfu' big an' fat,
Tho' no' on mice, but Kitekat;
An' when she's been completely fed,
She crawls in tae her ain wee bed.

An' there she lies an' purrs an' dreams
O' big fat fish an' guid thick cream.
An' laughs tae herself at human fools,
Who when they're fed, rush aff tae school.

PATRICIA COOK, I.A.



A Day In Edinburgh

DURING the summer holidays my French pen-friend, Michele, was staying with us for three weeks and, naturally, we wanted to show her as much of Scotland as possible. As a result, one Thursday, Mummy, Michele, my sister, Jeannette, my youngest brother, Marys, aged one year, and I, rose early and set out for a day in Edinburgh.

According to our usual custom, we ran practically all the way to the station only to find that we had to wait almost ten minutes before the Glasgow train arrived. In Glasgow, there was only one problem—where on earth was Queen Street Station? We soon discovered that we had walked past Queen Street every time we visited Glasgow, and, obviously, Queen Street Station must be somewhere in Queen Street! Then Mummy looked at her watch. In exactly seven minutes a train was leaving for Edinburgh. Could we make it? Anyone acquainted with our family would know immediately that the answer was 'Yes;' after all, we were always just "making it". However, it was five panting people who stood in the corridor of that Edinburgh train as it moved out of the station. (Even Marys had had to run along the platform as we had folded up his pramette at the barrier.) The rush over, we should have been able to relax but, unfortunately, since the Edinburgh Festival was in full swing at the time, every seat in the train was occupied and we were left standing. This, combined with the fact that we had to take turns at holding Marys up so that he could admire the passing scenery (particularly the "caa-oos" as he calls them) ought to have exhausted us, but our youth and vigour came to the fore, and we were only half-dead on leaving the train.

We emerged from Waverley Station with our spirits rapidly reviving. This was an adventure—especially as I was the only one of us who had ever been in Edinburgh before, and I have a dreadful memory for places. But you can't really mistake Edinburgh Castle for anything else, can you? And even our limited knowledge told us that the street at the foot of the great rock with gardens at one side and large shops at the other must be Princes Street! I must interrupt here to tell you that, by this time, Michele had realised that she knew almost as much as we did about the places we visited on our excursions; the only difference was that she, being a French girl, spoke comparatively better English than we did. To continue, however, after looking around and getting our bearings, we began the long trek for food. Anyone who has spent a day in Edinburgh during the Festival will know what I mean. It is amazing that, in a city with so many restaurants, it is so difficult to get lunch. Eventually, after waiting fifteen minutes at one very elegant little restaurant, we managed to satisfy our hunger with what, I must admit, was an excellent meal. Our only trouble was when Marys became rather noisy in his attempts to get hold of those lovely, shell-shaped pieces of butter which are provided for the rolls, butter being Marys favourite food. Mummy succeeded in quietening him down by quickly stuffing his mouth with fruit and cream so that he was incapable of uttering a sound.

Thus fortified, we advanced on the city proper, starting with the shops. Perhaps I should explain to those who have no knowledge of French girls that every French girl who comes to Scotland spends most of her money on pullovers and cardigans either from Marks & Spencers

or C. & A. Michele was no exception, and matters were made even worse by the fact that she had innumerable aunts and cousins in France who were desperate for a Scottish cardigan. Since the small matter of sizes had slipped Michele's mind, it was a case of "just like Jeannette, but narrower at the shoulders, shorter in the back, longer in the arm," and so on. Next, we had to find a few souvenirs for schoolfriends and uncles (uncles always being left to the end as no one ever knows what to buy them). Altogether, we picked up quite a collection of tartan dolls, handkerchiefs, and such like, but one question did arise. What was a Tie-tac? All of us in turn studied this object with interest but remained mystified. At length, we plucked up courage and asked a salesman who gave us a lengthy and detailed answer to our question . . . I wonder if Michele and her family have yet discovered how a tie-tac works! In the meantime, Marys, who did not consider shopping a worthy pastime, slept.

Following our shopping spree, we partook of a welcome cup of tea, bought, I may add, in a genuine tea-shop where you can buy any kind of tea you wish. We then made a quick tour of the sights, crowned, of course by a visit to Edinburgh Castle. I can tell you from experience that the way to appreciate Edinburgh Castle to the full is to climb that almost vertical, twisting, cobbled road leading to it, pulling behind you a pramette containing a rather heavy baby, and, to put the finishing touch, wearing a pair of very neat, high-heeled shoes. Truthfully, however, we all thought the panorama was magnificent, with the Firth of Forth in the background and a view of the New Forth Bridge. The castle itself was intriguing and, historically-speaking, romantic. It was certainly worth the climb.

By now, it was quite late, and, on leaving the Castle, we went straight to the station. This time we were rather early for the train and so we headed for the snack-bar. When we had finished our snack we boarded the train and, believe it or not, we discovered that, once more, there was not an empty seat left. Fortunately, a gallant young gentleman (of about four years) offered his seat to Mummy and Marys. We (the three girls) discovered a lovely little compartment between two carriages which contained one exceedingly small seat, and there we remained for the duration of the journey. Despite the cramped conditions and our fatigue, we were in the highest of spirits, making rather ridiculous remarks in a mixture of French and English, and laughing on the slightest provocation. Once in Glasgow, we caught our train home without undue haste. It is unnecessary, I am sure, to tell you that, on reaching home, we immediately retired to bed. Now, we are left only with happy memories of a most enjoyable day.

MARYSIA KOŁODZIEJ, V.

ABOUT CATCHING FISH.

WELL, first you have to have a rod. Then you have to have a reel and some line. You also have to have some hooks and sinkers. You have to know how to spin the line out of the reel—but first put a worm on the hook.

You wait until a fish, or an eel, or a flat fish called a flounder eats the worm. Wait till it starts to pull the line; then pull the line in and take the fish, or the eel, or the flounder off the hook and put it into your bag. Then you will have to put on another worm. Spin your line into the water with a hook and a sinker and a worm; wait until another fish or eel or flounder eats the worm; and then do the same again—pull it in, take it off, and put it in your bag. Put a worm on the hook and spin the line into the water. Wait till another fish eats the worm and pull it in. Take the fish off the hook and put it in your bag.

Sometimes you do not catch the fish, or whatever it is, that pulls your line.

If you catch a salmon, you can sell it; or you can cut the guts out of it, and eat it. But I think it is much better to sell it. You will get 10/- a lb. for it.

JOHN MCCOMB, IIc.



AUTUMN

THE sky has turned a dull grey and the birds are taking flight for warmer lands. The air has a sharpness in it which indicates that colder weather is to follow. Early in the morning the ground is hard and the lawn is covered with a thin, white, mist, which soaks the grass. Although it is cold there is hardly a breath of wind. Everything is still and quiet. Soon, however, the people proceed to start the day. Smoke can be seen rising slowly from the chimneys, curtains are drawn back, and the milk is taken in from the doorstep. The postman comes up the path, a bundle of mail in his hand. Someone goes to collect it and a cold gust sweeps through the house as the front door is opened.

"Brrr! It's chilly this morning," remarks the postman.

"It certainly is," is the reply and the door is shut with a bang.

Outside in the garden, the two tall trees standing near each other are almost bare. Scattered everywhere are brown crumpled leaves. More leaves are still falling, blowing here and there until they finally reach the ground. The gardener has already swept some of them into high piles but they are scattering everywhere as the wind begins to rise. One or two deserted and forlorn looking nests are perched perilously on the bare branches. Here and there is a speck of colour, where some roses and daisies brave the cold. At the foot of the apple tree are one or two apples, the only survivors of the large abundant crop. Most of them were converted to jam and some eaten by the hungry birds.

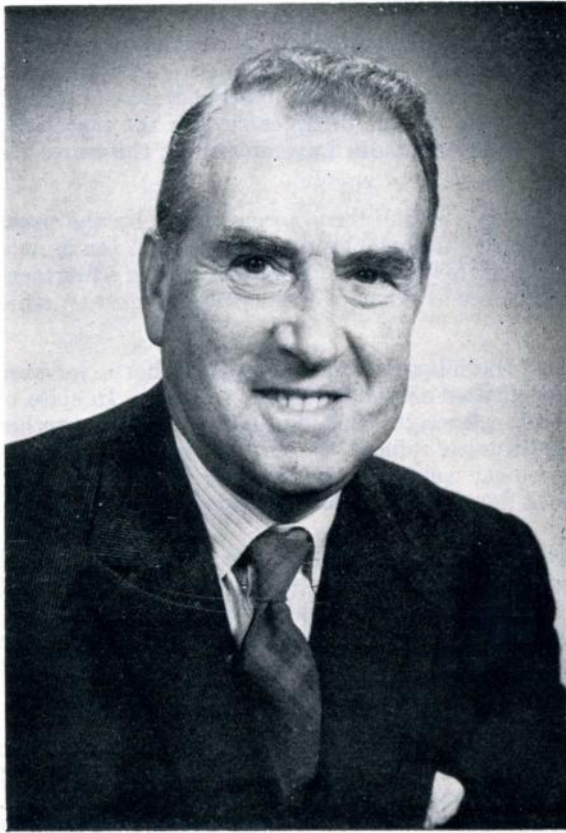
In the woods the cones are dropping from the trees with a thud, as they hit the ground. The fir trees are a deep shade of green and seem to rest on each other's boughs, away high, high up in the tree tops. Under foot, twigs crackle as a human foot stumbles past. There are larger branches which soon will make raging bonfires. Bushes have been stripped of brambles, blackberries and raspberries, alike. In an enclosure can be seen growing trees, thick and green, which soon, too, will be holding parcels, lights and shining tinsel. Through the trees, fern which is fading from green to brown can be seen growing up a gradual slope. Autumn has arrived to be followed very closely by winter.

It would be a pleasant thought to know that perhaps somewhere this season begins in such an interesting fashion but although, probably, in many other abodes the same thing is happening there is definitely such a case in one particular house.

You are "Politely" made aware of the fact that it is twenty-one minutes past eight approximately and you therefore have nine minutes in which to board the "college omnibus". Someone hauls you out of bed, you have not wakened sufficiently to see who, and throws your clothes at you. As you come thundering down the stairs, pulling on a blazer, which is probably inside out anyway, a piece of toast is shoved in your mouth, a bag lodged under your arm and a scarf slung round your shoulders. Next you are deposited outside the door and told to "hurry" in the direction of the bus stop. However nine minutes is not an eternity and by the time the 'bus stop' is reached the bus has long since gone. What difference does it make which season of the year it is—you are always late for school, Spring, Summer, Winter and even Autumn!

ANNE McMANUS, IV.

Retiral of Mr. Laird



It was with feelings of profound regret that we said goodbye to Mr Laird, at the end of last term, on the occasion of retirement from teaching, after a long and illustrious career. We have been fortunate indeed, that thirteen of those years were spent with us, in St Michael's College. Mr Laird came to us, as Principal Teacher of Mathematics, from Ardrossan Academy in September, 1951, and in the intervening years has impressed himself indelibly not only in the annals of St. Michael's, but in the minds and hearts of staff and pupils alike.

As one who has looked upon him from both sides of the fence, with the prejudiced but discerning eye of the pupil and with the kinder but equally discerning eye of a colleague, I feel that I have been privileged to see the whole man.

When we sat before him, immersed in the intricacies of co-ordinate geometry or calculus, the overwhelming impression was of a magnificent mathematician and teacher, a disciplinarian, but a disciplinarian with a sense of humour. Probably, most of those who were his pupils would say, "If I have any knowledge of mathematics, his are the laurels."

As a colleague, I have seen no reason to change that impression of Mr Laird, which was formed so long ago, although to-day I see him on a broader canvas. His personal integrity, his pawky wit and his enthusiasm for the school and pupils earned the respect of Sister Pauline, of the members of his own department, and of the staff as a whole.

In the staffroom he was our recognised expert on wild plant life and gardening. Sister Eugenius, in particular, is saddened by the fact that she no longer has his great fund of knowledge on tap, but has to send to Saltcoats to find out what species of weird and wonderful plant she has been growing in the convent garden. The crossword fiends are missing his genius for finding the answers to the most abstruse and complicated clues, while at lunch time the bridge is not the same without the admonition "Bridge is a game of 'wheesht'." If Mr. Laird has a weakness, it is, that being born in Kilmaronock, he has a blind spot for the local football team.

We take our leave then, sadly, of a fine teacher and a wonderful colleague. St. Michael's College is the poorer for his going. It can be truly said, "The place will never quite be the same again." We would extend to him and to Mrs. Laird our best wishes for a happy and well-deserved retirement.

J. LEISHMAN.

Caravan Capers

We had spent the last few days of our caravan holiday in Skye and in order to avoid meeting heavy traffic on the steep, narrow road which leads from the mainland side of the ferry, we decided to leave our camping-place at seven in the evening.

The caravan seemed loath to leave the camping-site and we had to push it up a small hill to the road; but once there all went well until we reached the ferry. Here we were told that the tide was too high for a caravan and we would have a three hour wait. Resigned, we waited and watched rows of impudent-looking cars with grinning drivers being carried to the mainland. My father fumed, mother comforted, I managed to locate Radio Luxembourg on the transistor radio, and my brother fell asleep.

Around eleven o'clock we at last managed to get on the ferry accompanied by the usual shouts, bangs and clangs and, I think, a little swearing in Gaelic by the ferrymen. A ten minute trip followed and soon we were driving through the narrow streets of Lochalsh pulling a fourteen-foot caravan. It was now pitch dark and we had before us the narrowest, steepest, most twisting bit of road in Scotland.

All went well until we approached a bend. Having dutifully sounded the horn, we were about to turn the corner when a large black car flashed round forcing us to stop. In spite of all our efforts to start again—including our combined weight pushing (except for my brother who remained asleep during the whole episode) the car refused to start. If we stayed where we were we would certainly be rammed by some car coming down the hill; the road was too narrow to turn and it was impossible to run back downhill with the caravan on tow.

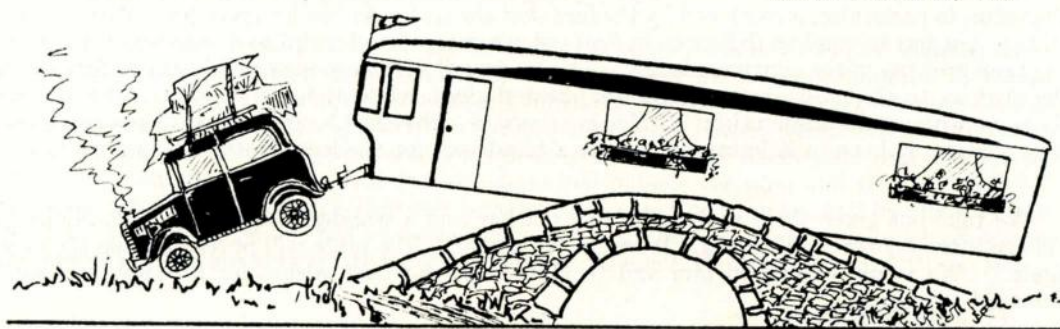
We were considering the last alternative when an old car screeched to a halt behind us and about half a dozen slightly-tipsy Gaels en route for a Ceilidh poured out of it. After a brief consultation with my father, they began to manhandle both car and caravan down the slope to a lay-by. They pushed and strained, all shouted orders (which no-one obeyed), all shoved in different directions; but eventually both car and caravan were safely in the lay-by where at two o'clock we eventually got to sleep.

But we were knocked up a little later by the local policeman who had been called out of his bed by someone saying that there was a crowd of drunks pushing a caravan over the hill. Next day we managed to reach a caravan site and contact a garage where the car could be repaired. This garage had a large stock of the necessary spare parts for the car and a large collection of burnt-out clutch plates.

"Quite a few people fall foul of that hill," explained the mechanic cheerfully.

At last the car was ready, but not taking any chances on our homeward trip, all the luggage was taken to the top of the hill first, then the car returned for the family and the caravan and so we returned home over hill and dale without further mishap.

ANNE BRIMLEY. VI.



Speedscape*

"take breath and read with the ears."

G. M. HOPKINS.

. . . a *slim slit slash* ; a
Sleek streak *slimmer* than a *rive-ray*
Sun shaft thin ; a *fast gash*
Fission fleet core pinpoint. *Restless sears*
Speed in *swoop-soar wave shock jolt*
Like kill bolt quick hurls Zeus, that zips
And zings and jars the thick-air waste,
Jabbing its zig zag lightning sizzle stabs
Of silver singeing tingle-bar laced ;
White-hot high-fire-licking-flare-lash ;
Scorch-fire-roast-web-tinsel blaze-strands
In a molten-sky-furnace of blinding glare-
flash.

*Words or syllables in italics carry the main stresses in each line.

JOHN R. CRAWFORD, VI.

HIGHLIGHTS

WHILE I was in France during the Summer holidays with my school, I was very fortunate to be in Versailles at the time when the annual "Fete de Nuit" is held. This is a very colourful performance lasting from 8.30 p.m. until midnight. It is in two parts.

The first part is a play which portrays the life of Louis XIV, the famous French monarch. The spectators gather in the massive gardens of Versailles Chateau, former home of Louis XIV. In front of the audience there are many lakes which are watered by magnificent fountains but, before the play, the lakes are drained and the fountains switched off as they are not required until the second part of the performance.

The play takes place on the other side of the lakes. The hall lights are switched off and the audience is left in semi-darkness. The play opens with a fanfare of trumpets. A French voice, sounding very majestic, fills the air and suddenly multi-coloured lights flash on and surround the actors, dressed in gay bright costumes. This is really an impressive sight. As the play wears on, old fashioned carriages drawn by beautiful white horses, ladies dressed like queens, and above all, this majestic French voice, guiding the spectators through the play, dominate the scene. As my French is not so good, I had to rely on the gestures of the actors to get the gist of the play. At regular intervals the actors burst into song and dance and chants of "Vive le Roi."

The audience were deeply enthralled and nothing, not even the drone of the engine of an aeroplane passing overhead, could distract their attention from the scene.

The second part of the performance was a fantastic fireworks display whose equal I cannot imagine. From all sides rockets zoomed into the sky and burst into bewildering patterns. Gasps of astonishment came from the spectators as fountains were switched on and changed colours to look like gigantic rainbows. For about two hours everyone gaped skyward in amazement as each rocket made a different imprint on the evening sky. These scenes live vividly in my memory.

BRIAN BRADY, V.

Hiawatha Sits His 'O' Levels

Four long years I've toiled and laboured
 Toiled and laboured at my lessons
 At the College of St. Michael's
 Where the River Irvine flows.
 I have studied French and Latin,
 Verbs and adverbs by the dozen,
 Sines and cosines, cots and tangents
 Square roots, logs and indices.
 Hours I have spent just watching liquids,
 Waiting for evaporation,
 Dropping things and spilling acid.
 Till, alas, the science-teacher,
 Looking sadly at the ruins,
 Said I wasn't quite the type.
 So I joined the Spanish section,
 Learned to say "Buenos Dias"
 In a perfect Spanish accent.
 I have ploughed through miles of Shakespeare,
 "Henry IVth" and "As you like it"
 (Which I didn't like at all).
 Dates of battles, revolutions,
 And the terms of Magna Carta
 Do not bother me at all.
 In the time between the lessons
 I've gone splashing through the puddles
 Carrying books and bag and raincoat.
 Then I've splashed right back again.
 I have only till tomorrow
 To revise a thousand items
 But I fear I don't have time to
 So if I am unsuccessful
 I will have to emigrate.



HELEN DUFFIN, IV.

STRIDING EDGE.

ALL is calm. Not a sound is heard to disturb the impressive grandeur of the scene, save that a solitary seagull cries plaintively, and a pathetic sheep bleats in the distance. After the rain, the sun once more illuminates the sky in all its glory. Striding Edge, that mighty buttress of mightier Helvellyn, stands with its gaunt, grey, knife-like ridge lowering like a mediaeval castle, despising the short-lived sheep, cropping the scanty grass below.

Who has more right? The ridge has stood for centuries, contemptuous of the storm, of glacier, rain, wind and frost. It stood when the pyramids were young, and was ancient when Caesar gazed longingly on the white cliffs. Its origin is shrouded in antiquity, and still baffles our searching. It will last for centuries more, and centuries after that, but finally all-conquering time will win, grinding, chipping and wearing until the once proud structure is dust.

And I?

"Remember, man, that thou art dust, and unto dust thou shalt return."

DESMOND STARKEY, IV.

First Anniversary

The people in thousands lined the streets,
As the car rode slowly by.
For each of them wanted to catch a glimpse
Of the man with his head held high.

He had twinkling blue eyes in a handsome
face,
And his hair was of chestnut brown;
He grinned and he waved to the crowd
waiting there,
As they welcomed him to their town.

Beside him was sitting his lovely, young wife,
Who was dressed in a charming style.
Yet the brightness of the pink suit she wore
Was less radiant than her smile.

The couple who rode in that open car
Had given the whole world pleasure.
And the love which shone from that couple's
eyes
Was, in truth, the whole world's treasure.

Then all of a sudden a shot rang out;
The cheering turned to a scream.
The people panicked; two more were fired,
Reality seemed a bad dream.

He had been shot! His wife turned pale.
She cried, "I love you, Jack!"
His handsome face was now creased with
pain
From wounds in his neck and back.

The people were dazed as they waited for
news;

Yet they couldn't express their fears.
When they learned he had died, they were
numb with shock,
But after the shock came the tears.

Now the world mourns the loss of that
glorious life.

Mourns for fatherless children, a lonely
young wife.

Mourns a lost leader, a saviour from strife.

JANE McDERMID, IIIA.

ALL-OUT NUCLEAR WAR—THE END?

In August, 1945 the Allies dropped atomic bombs over the two Japanese cities of Nagasaki and Hiroshima with devastating effect. Compared with present day standards these bombs were relatively crude, being equivalent to a mere 20,000 tons of T.N.T. Today we have hydrogen bombs with an energy release range of tens of millions of tons of T.N.T.

From 1945 onwards a race developed between the major powers to amass a gigantic stock of these weapons, with Russia and U.S.A. far outstripping Britain. With China now joining this race and with another half-dozen countries capable of doing so, if they wished, we become increasingly conscious of the danger of an all-out nuclear war being declared over some petty quarrel. Pessimists declare that not a single person would be alive on our island after an all out attack. This is well off the mark even admitting the force of a nuclear explosion. The Japanese explosion wrecked all houses of European type within a mile and a half radius from the point of burst but even these were habitable again after major repairs.

The effect of radio activity has received much publicity, as it is something completely new in war. Despite the lethal qualities frequently attributed to it, radio activity was the primary cause of only a small proportion of the total deaths in Japan. There is a danger from residual radio activity which is caused from the mushroom cloud of radio active dust and water particles



originally sucked up by the fireball. Too long an exposure in an area where the fall-out has settled, may cause severe harm or even death to both humans and animals. Death by radio activity is a slow one ranging from one to four weeks according to the dose.

The heat produced from a nuclear explosion, equivalent to ten million tons of T.N.T., is so intense that people in the open, up to fifteen miles distant, can receive severe burns with blistering of exposed skin. From a radius of about three miles and a half, ordinary houses would be totally destroyed by blast and little would remain to burn even up to seventeen miles away.

The natural reaction of anyone to a violent explosion is to fall flat on the face and close the eyes. This position gives the best protection against nuclear attack in the open. Those who fall flat in the first few seconds may avoid injury and should remain flat for at least thirty seconds. We should not look at the flash of an explosion as its extreme brightness may cause temporary blindness. Ordinary clothes can give good protection against heat but light coloured clothes are even better as these reflect most of the heat radiation and absorb less. Large buildings with many storeys can give better protection than single storey buildings. Houses in terraces are safer than isolated houses because of the shielding effect of neighbouring houses. A shelter room should have a minimum of outside walls and these should be strengthened if possible, while windows should be blocked up.

Although many people would survive a nuclear explosion by using such simple precautions as above, many more would survive by the help of a well organised national organisation such as the Civil Defence. A nuclear explosion, then, need not be fatal to everyone. If each person has a clear picture of the hazards entailed and knows how to act in an emergency, nuclear warfare need not be as catastrophic as the pessimists would lead us to believe.

WILLIAM ANDREW, VI.

K a r t i n g

In 1959 karting first came to Britain from America. The idea originally came from children's pedal karts. This sport is still amateur although small money prizes are given to winners depending on the number of spectators. There are not many tracks in Scotland but the nearest ones are at Stranraer, Ingleston near Edinburgh, and Larkhall in Lanarkshire. These tracks are usually parts of runways for aircraft which were used during the war and have now been abandoned.

Earlier on in karting 100 c.c. engines from lawnmowers were used and these gave speeds of up to 30 m.p.h. There were no brakes on the first karts and the use of the accelerator enabled you to slow down or speed up. Nowadays engines are specially made and karting has been split up into several classes, all classes using 2-stroke engines. With some karts speeds from 80-100 m.p.h. are common on the straight. Brakes have also come into use and these can be on the rear wheels or on all four.



Class 1 karts have no gearbox and utilise a direct chain drive to the rear axle. Class 1 karts have an excellent power to weight ratio and, most of them complete with engine only weigh 100 pounds. With this low weight and a low centre of gravity these karts can be handled round corners faster than any other type of kart.

Class 2 karts are similar to Class 1 karts but are fitted with two 99 c.c. engines. These are usually the most powerful on the track and are noted for their terrific acceleration; a good kart can accelerate from 5-60 m.p.h. in under 5 seconds. The difficulty with these machines is in keeping both engines in tune.

Class 3 karts have motor cycle racing 2-stroke engines, and use either a 3, 4 or 5 speed gear box sometimes with a reverse gear to position themselves for starting. The karts in many ways resemble real racing cars and with a Spanish Bultaco, engine speeds of 115 m.p.h. have been recorded at Oulton Park where there is a motor racing circuit.

Karting is a very safe sport and although all the drivers wear crash helmets there are very few karts which turn over in a race. This is because the centre of gravity of karts is so near the ground. Indeed with some karts the chassis is only three inches above the ground. On the whole karting is a fast, competitive sport requiring a lot of skill and courage. At times however, the sport can be expensive especially if you buy a brand new kart and engine.

EDWARD McGEOUGH, IV.

Advertising

ADVERTISING is the scourge of modern living. Everywhere you look, you see reasons why you should buy product X, each reason having the usual string of superlatives. The fact that you know product Y to be twice as efficient and half as cheap as X, and that you would have no use for either product in any case, does not prevent the advertiser from filling the national dailies and weeklies, interrupting programmes on T.V., and radio, and disfiguring the appearance of most towns and cities with posters extolling the virtues of product X. He organises competitions, gives away free gifts and does "conclusive" tests to prove that his product is the best, all to incite a very small minority of the general public to buy product X. One wonders how he can afford it.

But this type of advertising is done by the manufacturers of most high-selling products and so, to be really effective, a type of super-advertisement is needed. The Great Train Robbery caused the sales of Land Rovers to shoot up, because some Land Rovers had been used to carry the money. If other companies would incorporate their products in such-like history-making escapades, their sales would shoot up too. The possibilities in this field are numerous.

But the general public has become too sceptical, and the use of superlatives now means nothing. The people think that too much money is being wasted on advertising. They are quite right. Advertising is now a lost cause. Everybody now is looking for high quality and the manufacturers should try to meet this request by cutting out their advertising and using the money elsewhere. Advertising should be banned on the T.V. and radio, and in newspapers. In this way a proper balance would be obtained in a world which is deluded and confused by high-powered salesmanship.

Finally, over to our sponsor for a few words of advice for when you go shopping . . .

JOHN McFARLANE, V.

An Uplifting Experience

As a member of the Ardrossan squadron of the A.T.C., I was allowed to go to Turnhouse Airport, Edinburgh, for a flight in a Chipmunk aeroplane.

The Chipmunk is a small, two-seater canvas covered 'plane about twenty-five feet in length, and with a wing-span of about thirty-four feet. It has two cockpits, each with its own set of controls. The maximum speed is about one hundred and ninety miles per hour, and it can carry enough fuel for two and a half hours normal flight.

The busload of cadets going to Turnhouse left at 6.30 as the flying was due to begin at nine o'clock that morning. The journey to Edinburgh was very boring as most of the boys were making up for lost sleep.

When we arrived at Turnhouse, we were led to the briefing-room, where we were fitted out with parachutes and life jackets in case it was necessary to abandon the aircraft. We were told how to use the radio set for communicating with the pilot who sat in the front cockpit and then we were brought out to the planes. Each cadet was allowed half an hour's flying time.

My turn soon came. I was strapped into the cockpit behind the pilot and then the cockpit cover was fastened in place above my head. The pilot "revved up" the engine, taxied out to the runway and started along the runway, gathering speed as we went. When the plane reached a speed of about one hundred miles per hour, the pilot eased back the control column and we rose into the air.

The 'plane climbed to a height of about five thousand feet and then levelled out. The pilot informed me that he would cruise around for a short while and after that he would do some aerobatics.

High above Edinburgh, I saw the castle, towering majestically over the whole city. Princes Street looked like a long, thin, strip of liquorice. We headed towards the River Forth and the new, modern Forth Road Bridge. However, from five hundred feet up they looked quite small.

The pilot told me that he was going to fly the 'plane over the North Sea and do aerobatics. I felt very nervous as he suddenly made the plane dive downwards till we were only about five hundred feet off the surface of the sea and then brought it sharply upwards. I was just recovering from that when he suddenly turned the plane over on its side and started it spinning downwards. He pulled us out of the dive as before, only this time, for some unknown reason we ended up flying upside down and with the engine cut. After having heard the deafening roar of the engine for the past ten minutes, the silence was frightening, and hanging upside down at five thousand feet did nothing to ease my mind. The pilot put the plane into a dive and the engine burst into life once more. I felt very relieved.

By now, the half-hour was almost up, so the pilot headed the plane in the direction of the airfield, flying over the bridges again on the way there. We made a smooth landing, then the plane taxied off the runway. I unloosened the straps and climbed out of the cockpit, thanking the pilot for the trip. I took off my parachute and lifebelt and went to the briefing room till the flying was over.

I left the airfield at about two o'clock that afternoon after having spent one of the most wonderful days of my life.

PAUL CAMPBELL, IIIA.



THE FISHERMAN.

Down by the river, night after night,
 Stood a fisherman waiting for salmon to bite.
 Poor Fred ! He would wait there until dawn
 And then trudge home with a sigh and a yawn.

Yet the stories he told at the village inn
 Of the fish he had caught by worm, fly,
 or spin.
 Would give those present a hearty laugh,
 For Fred's monster fish weighed an ounce
 and a half.

One night he set out to prove his friends
 wrong
 And caught a ' huge ' trout almost six inches
 long.
 At the inn next day this caused such an
 uproar
 That Fred in disgrace made a bolt for the
 door.

Alas and alack ! Yet our hero's day came
 And back to the river he sped once again.
 The spot he selected was really precise
 For it rendered to him a fish of fair size.

Early next day in its glass case all new
 The salmon Fred caught lay exposed to the
 view.
 Then drinks all round and a mighty cheer
 Ended the day for that brave cavalier.

PAUL CASTELVECCHI, IIIA.

LOURDES.

I went with dad when I was nine
 To Lourdes to pray at Mary's shrine.

I knelt and prayed, and I could see
 Our Lady smiling down at me.

She looked so sweet, and kind, and fair,
 I felt a part of Heaven was there.

I listened to the pilgrims sing
 As I bathed and prayed in Mary's spring.

I drank the waters too, and knew
 The freshness of God's heavenly dew.

I followed Jesus willingly
 Up the slopes of the Calvary.

I joined with Mary in her loss
 As she stood with Jesus on the Cross.

I prayed with the sick, the blind and lame
 And was with them too when Jesus came.

I sang and prayed on summer nights
 In the Grotto, ablaze with countless lights.

I thought of the girl Our Lady met
 That, oh so lucky, Bernadette.

Now when I pray I always see
 Our Lady smiling down at me.

That's why I'm glad, when I was nine,
 I went to pray at Mary's shrine.

HELEN CLARKE, IIA.

The Forth Road Bridge

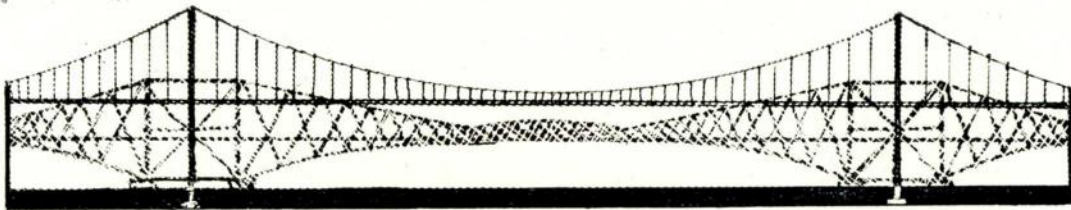
" ONE of the greatest achievements of the decade, in which Scottish builders showed that they were among the best craftsmen in the world."

So stated Mr. Michael Noble in his opening speech at the completion of the work on the bridge. During the past year I have been watching the bridge take shape, and I can quite understand Mr. Noble's boast. Containing nearly thirty-two thousand miles of cable and weighing thirty-nine thousand tons, the bridge spans the river at its narrowest point, parallel to the Railway bridge from North Queensferry to South Queensferry.

Work began on the bridge on 21st November, 1958. First foundations were sunk to form a solid base for the two, five hundred and twelve foot main towers. Cables were then slung between the towers and from these smaller cables were dropped. Using these 'secondary' cables, girders were linked across the Forth, and on 20th December, 1963, the construction of the bridge was completed when a 60 foot steel girder linking the north and south sections was fitted into place. The bridge has two road ways, 150 feet above the water, two cycle tracks and two foot paths. The latter will be ready in the beginning of November. "Painting the Forth Bridge" is a saying applied to a job that seems never-ending, for it is a full-time task painting the bridge. The work takes three years to complete, and by then it is time to start all over agin. But this is one task which will not have to be repeated on the Road Bridge. Every inch of metal work has been sprayed with a special paint which will last for twenty years.

The Forth Road Bridge is at present the fourth longest in the world with a total length, including the approach to the viaducts of one and a half miles. Already in America, work has started on another suspension bridge which will be exactly sixteen feet smaller than the 'Golden Gate' bridge to San Francisco in California. This means that the Forth Bridge will be pushed further back to fifth place. Scotland has learned a great deal from American mistakes in bridge building. In 1942, near the capital, Washington, a suspension bridge collapsed after a hurricane swept underneath it using the bridge as a flay. The Forth Road bridge has been built on different lines. The bridge is in fact, made up in two separate parts, the roadways being separated from each other by a wide gap. This allows wind to escape through the gap without any damage being done to the bridge. Perhaps the greatest precaution taken against any danger is that the bridge will be closed to all traffic when the wind exceeds 60 m.p.h. When that occurs, traffic will have to make a long detour over the Kincardine bridge which is about seven miles along the coast. Truly, although this bridge is not the longest of its kind in the world, it is still one of the many wonders of our New Scotland!

LEONARD MITCHELL, V.



A LEAF FROM MY DIARY.

Friday, 9th October, 1964.

My English teacher has set me the task of composing an essay. For my pains my effort will be considered for inclusion in our magazine, the 1964-65 issue.

Now, as soon as I begin concentrating on a particular subject, all the knowledge my brain permits me to hold on that subject flits away, and I am left with nothing.

Therefore, the only subject I can write about is nothing. If I write about nothing, nothing can escape my mind, and I should be able to write about nothing.

Nothing has a variety of meanings—an empty space; or what is left in the larder after Mr. Nobody visits it; or what a pupil whispers in the middle of a lesson.

Nothing is anything. Nobody knows what nothing means in particular.

Therefore, nobody knows what anything means in particular.

What is this world coming to? NOTHING!

MOIRA QUIGG, IIIA.

SCHOOL FEES

THE title is very misleading. This is only because of the conventional interpretation of it. By it is meant the payment to pupils for services rendered. It is often said by pupils and almost generally accepted by all that a school day is not a day of leisure. School days for most are days of work. The pupil does as much work as any apprentice, clerk or accountant but because of some weird convention is not paid. After all, every one in fourth year and over could be doing the equivalent of what they are doing in various offices and establishments and be getting paid for it. But the argument is that they are being rendered services and that it is they who should be paying for it. But we must remember that about 80% of work done between class and home is done by the pupil.

The pupil is not a "five-day-week-nine-to-four-man". He is given enough work to make him a "fifty-hour-week-man". Much is to be done at home between written work and study work. He should be paid for it.

This above all would be encouragement to all young people to stay on at school and work harder toward a goal.

I am not, of course, proposing a basic wage system. I am proposing more or less a bonus system to give everyone an incentive to do extra work and preferably, not in school time. A system of so much for so many words in extra work. Also regular exams, with so much for such a percentage. I point out these that should not be quizzes but written papers like real exams. I also propose bonuses for high marks in term exams and estimates and bonuses for good passes in Higher and 'O' levels. I am sure that if this was introduced results would soar and a fantastic percentage would pass in exams. The whole standard would rise and provided, a ridiculously high attainment was not demanded, would be the best step ever taken in education.

T. CASSIDY, V.

A BIRL

THIS creature is human, although there has been great controversy on this statement, for some experts maintain that there is little or no intelligence present in its brain, but others hold that there must be some, as birls often hold good jobs or are at University.

These "things" are contradictions of themselves. They wear tight trousers adorned with fringes and bells which indicate that they are BOYS, but their heads are decorated with bows and ear-rings and their hair is long enough to be flicked from their shoulders or tied back, which indicates the opposite. Hence the name—birl. They do not wear normal shirts and ties but a ruffled shirt with frilly sleeves and a cravat, after the fashion of Tom Jones when England was populated by the forefathers of these creatures.

It is difficult to believe that they are boys but their rough manners, deep voices and birth certificates prove this. They have been genuinely mistaken for girls many times and all they lack in disguise are dresses, but these will come and then we will have to put placards on them to save embarrassment. Personally, and I think I speak for most girls, I prefer BOYS.

LINDA WELCH, V.



SENIOR PREFECTS.

Front Row.—M. PARKER, P. MEDINE (*Vice-Captain*), K. WHYTE (*Captain*), J. McCANN (*Captain*), C. TAYLOR (*Vice-Captain*), A. GILMORE.

Back Row.—J. MARTIN, M. ELLIOTT, J. GILMOUR, J. BRESLIN, J. CONDON, J. STEVEN, R. HAMILTON, F. MURPHY.



GIRLS' INTERMEDIATE CHOIR.

Winners of "Doonside" Trophy and "Symington" Silver Challenge Shield (Ayrshire Music Festival).

The Passion Is For Me

The juke-box shouts. The motor-bikes scream in agony.
 The soldier shouts. The procession moves up Calvary.
 Lightning twists from a rain distorted sky.
 As a father listens to the last desperate cry,
 Eli, Eli, Lamma, Sabacthani.
 You realise, "The Passion is for me".

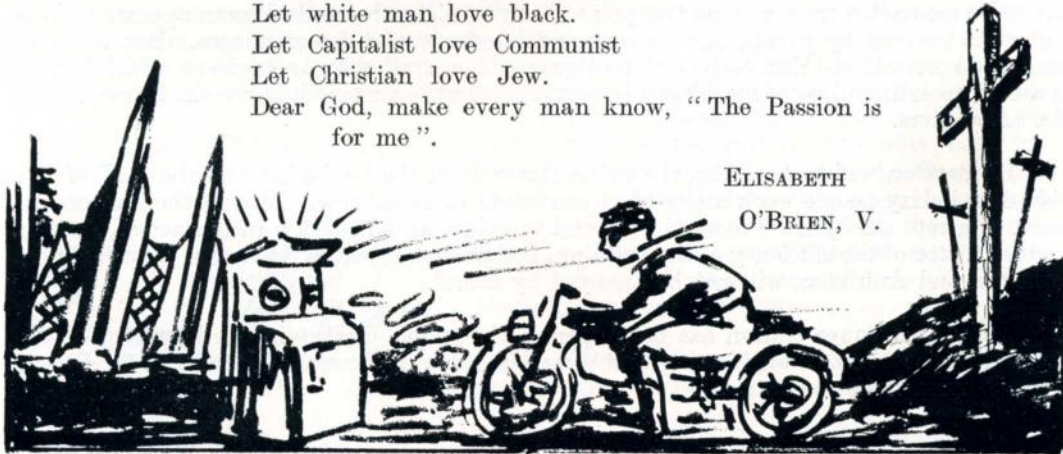
The television pours forth its propaganda. The scientist talks of megadeath.
 The Pharisee pours forth his propaganda. The man draws his last shuddering breath.
 The world darkens under a mushroom cloud
 And the Man dies again as you cry aloud
 Eli, Eli, Lamma Sabacthani,
 You hope, "The Passion is for me".

The psychologist makes rules for love. The newspapers build up war and hate.
 Jesus, who is God, gives us love. The thief repents and it's not too late.
 The heavens shudder in a ghastly fear,
 And his enemies rejoice at his end that is near.
 Eli, Eli, Lamma Sabacthani,
 They do not care, "The Passion is for me".

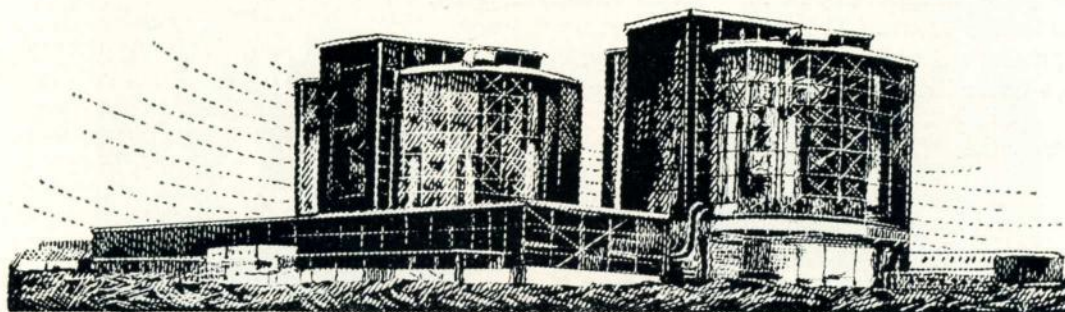
The atom bomb waits. The churches never fill.
 Mary his mother waits. The disciples hide from the hill.
 The veil in the temple is rent in two,
 For blood has distorted mankind's view.
 Eli, Eli, Lamma Sabacthani,
 Dear God, let the Passion be for me.

Dear God, let the Passion be for us,
 Open our eyes, let us see the Cross.
 Let white man love black.
 Let Capitalist love Communist
 Let Christian love Jew.
 Dear God, make every man know, "The Passion is
 for me".

ELISABETH
 O'BRIEN, V.



HUNTERSTON



HUNTERSTON, the nuclear generation station, is the most powerful one of its kind. Situated near West Kilbride, it is a magnificent site sheltered by Goldenberry Hill and facing out across the Firth of Clyde. Despite an unfortunate start to the building of the power-station, it survived thirty-two strikes in eighteen months to end on a high note of success.

In August 1957, a construction company built an access road in three weeks so that work on the sites could begin. In the first three years of contract, the civil engineering and building contractors excavated over 600,000 cubic yards including 250,000 cubic yards of rock. They also used 7,500 tons of steel, more than 160,000 cubic yards of concrete and laid 17 miles of water mains, 18 miles of drains and nearly 5 million bricks—a fantastic feat in engineering.

Hunterston is mainly comprised of two reactors which generate 323 mega-watts, and it is expected to produce more in the near future. Each reactor is housed in a separate building which is 200 feet in height and weighs 75,000 tons. The reactor is enclosed within a steel sphere and surrounded by protective concrete shielding. Its core is constructed from a mass of graphite, 28 feet high and approximately 50 feet in diameter, built up from accurately machined blocks in which more than 3,000 channels are formed to accommodate the fuel.

The electric heating system at Hunterston is the biggest job ever tackled in the world. The turbine hall is the largest building at Hunterston, being 700 feet by 125 feet. Situated in the turbine hall is the control room which enables the operation of the reactors and the generating plant to be controlled from this central point. At first sight the control room appears to be a set of walls covered by panels, instruments and hundreds of different gauges. But at closer examination one will see that each section of gauges is controlled by an engineer, which in turn sets a corresponding piece of machinery in motion. In the turbine hall are six 60 mega-watt turbo alternators.

At Hunterston, safety has been the prime factor from the beginning and the staff of five hundred and sixty people work under ideal conditions of cleanliness. Around the reactors are massive concrete shieldings 9 feet thick, round the sides and 10 feet 6 inches across the top. An added factor of the efficiency of the buildings is that such towns as Saltcoats, West Kilbride, Stevenston and Ardrossan will not be annoyed by sound.

Now that this power station has been opened, the people of Britain can be proud of this wonderful achievement of engineering and certainly not only Scotland, but all Great Britain will profit from it in the future.

JOHN MCKEAN, V.

A NOTICE FROM TEACHERS

It has come to the notice of the staff that some students have died at their work and have refused or neglected to fall over. This practice must cease forthwith.

Any student found dead at his desk will be taken into a maths class and promptly buried.

In future, if a teacher notices that a student has made no movement for a period of two hours, it will be his or her duty to investigate. This is necessary because it is often difficult to distinguish between death and boredom. (Both as a result of teachers). Teachers are cautioned to make a very careful investigation. Holding a pound note in front of the suspected corpse is considered a very reliable test. One danger with this method is that the teacher is liable to lose his money—for good. Even with this test, cases have been known whereby the natural clutching instincts have been so deeply ingrained that the hands have made spasmodic movements even after the "rigor mortis" has set in.

A second test is simply to whisper "Stay in at four o'clock". This has been known to restore a corpse to life after being motionless for an entire day, seemingly dead.

It is very important to remember that the foregoing tests should not be applied to Prefects or Teachers as in most cases movement with these persons is quite unnecessary.

P. HISSEY, IIIA.

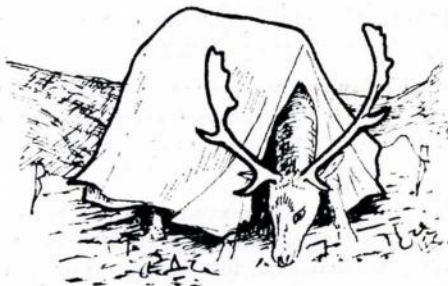
THE UNWANTED VISITOR

During the summer holidays my friend, Brian and I were camping in the foothills of Ben Lomond above Kinlochard.

One very mild evening just as the sun was setting behind the hills, we decided to pitch our tent in a small glen nearby. After pitching the tent and concealing our rucksacks in the rear of the tent we went for a stroll in the glen. The glowing red sky was reflected by the waters of the upper course of the River Forth and as it hurriedly rippled past us, it seemed like a stream of orange juice. The glen was very picturesque with the river cascading in a series of waterfalls and the rich green colour of the vegetation.

When we arrived back at the camp, with some firewood which we had collected, we set about making a fire. Suddenly we heard a grunting sound followed by a crunching and a thumping coming from the tent. Brian was the first to move and he crept stealthily up to the tent taking with him our billy cans which were attached to a long piece of string. Before he had covered half the distance to the tent, it was ripped open as the result of the strain and the head of a stag protruded through a hole in the top. The stag had been attracted by the smell

of food and was munching the remains of the rucksack. Brian began rattling the billy cans in an attempt to scare it but it was, instead, attracted by the sound and charged down the slope towards him. Brian seizing his only chance, hurled the billy cans at the stag's head. The strings became entangled with its antlers and the stag made off into the hills with the billy cans still rattling.



So if you are ever in the vicinity of Ben Lomond and you hear a clanking you will know its source.

THOMAS McLAUGHLIN, IV.

I Gotta Bargain !



A YEAR ago while on one of my rare excursions to Glasgow, I visited "Barrowland." For those who do not know, "Barrowland" is a kind of market place where sometimes good bargains can be had.

I had no particular object in mind but while wandering round the various stalls looking at all the 'junk' on view, I came across a set of golf clubs and was astonished at their quality. The club, however, which took my eye was a beautifully fashioned 'No. 1 wood.' Determined to have it I asked its price and after a few minutes hard bargaining, during which I managed to reduce the original price by a considerable amount, I purchased it. My trip to Glasgow had been indeed, a successful one. Or had it?

Next day I set off for the local golf course to compete with my uncle in the Amateur Foursomes Tournament and I was looking forward very much to breaking in my new club.

Soon after arriving, we were ready on the first tee and waited for our opponents to drive off, they having lost the toss. I gave my uncle the honour of going first and after he had driven off, I proudly took my new No. 1 wood from my bag, ready to split the fairway. Only when I was about to address the ball did I realise that my new club was LEFT HANDED! This caused a great deal of laughter from my opponents and fellow competitors around the first tee and even my uncle could not help smiling. However, I had the last laugh. Using my No. 2 wood for driving I covered the course in a fair under par sixty-eight to help us to win the match comfortably.

Anybody want to buy a 'corrie' No. 1 wood? It is indeed a bargain!

R. BITTEN, V.

Murder !

MURDER is an ugly word; and you should know, Rodney, for you are now tiptoeing across the study in your rich uncle's house, with a knife in your hand. Your uncle lies sleeping in a chair beside the fire. You suddenly stab your uncle in the back and he falls to the floor,—dead!

Yes, murder is an ugly word. You take your uncle's watch and wallet, walk out of the house and fling them in the river nearby. You then phone your accomplice, Jake (the Weasel) Williams and tell him the deed is done. He will give you an alibi that you were with him all night.

You phone the police and when they arrive, you tell them you found your uncle on the floor and his watch and wallet missing. The verdict,—Robbery with murder by an unknown assassin.

A month later you are sitting in the office of your uncle's lawyer, waiting to hear that your uncle has left all his money to you, as you are his sole heir. Suddenly your face goes white; the lawyer has just told you, "Your uncle did not think you were worth any money. So he took it with him to his coffin."

A few nights later you and Jake Williams are in the cemetery where your uncle is buried. Both of you have spades and picks. You dig up your uncle's grave, and in his coffin you find five white bags each containing thousands of pounds. A wicked grin flits across your face. You are rich, Rodney. As you leave, a policeman challenges you and you pull out a gun. Four shots ring out through the air and a policeman lies dead, shot in the line of duty.

Yes, Rodney, murder is an ugly word. You run along countless streets and at last you come to a boarding house. It is in a dingy neighbourhood. You hurry upstairs into your dirty little room and tell the landlord that you want some rat poison to kill the rats as Jake is complaining about the rats in his bed.

You sleep well that night, Rodney. In the morning while Jake is drinking his coffee you look at the money lying in the suitcase. Then Jake's face goes white : he claps his throat, gasping. He falls to the floor dead. Rat poisoning. You did it, Rodney.

Murder is an ugly word. You sit there grinning while you sip your orange-juice. Then a burning sensation attacks your throat. You feel terribly sick as you know what has happened. You, too, have been poisoned,—by Jake. As you fall to the floor, you scowl at the corpse of Jake and hiss, "Murderer!" You too lie dead with your head pillowed on the money bags.

Yes, Rodney, murder is an ugly word.

KEVIN THOMAS, IV.

The Pupils Party

In this country at the present day most institutions are run in a democratic manner, the wishes of the majority being law. This is true of the government, trade union movements and all the various societies. Democracy is highly valued, and people are proud of it and try to teach their children to respect it. However, democracy is sadly lacking in that institution at which British children spend seven hours every weekday, namely the School.

In that establishment the ruling body is the teachers who at the most are 1/20 of the population of the school. They enjoy absolute power, exercising their authority to the full, over the other 19/20 of the population, the poor downtrodden masses, the pupils. A Party to represent the pupils' rights against those arrogant tyrants the teachers, is greatly needed. At present, the pupil is a mere subject, a serf, who must obey the teacher's every command or suffer terribly. If democracy is to rule the world, we must start by practising it in our schools. We need a party which would draw up a new Magna Carta of Pupil's rights, to be signed by every teacher. It is extremely unlikely that we will obtain such a party. Why? Because the teachers would not allow it. Is that democracy? 19/20 of the population must conform to the rules and regulations, not only of behaviour and school work, but of dress and hairstyle laid down by 1/20. Is that the rule of the majority? What happens to the unfortunate wretch who questions the decision of a teacher in this land of free speech? Who speaks up for the pupils when sadistic teachers belabour him with a leather belt for such trifles as talking in class, or when loads of homework are piled on, on the night of the big football match? What happens to the principle of a fair trial for every accused person in school, where pupils are convicted on the flimsiest evidence?

Only when a Pupils' Party is established in all our schools to oppose the teachers' dictatorship will this country really be entitled to the name, "Mother of the Free."

JOHN SWEENEY, V.



CANOEING

CANOEING, till a few years ago, was a sport known only to a chosen few. But now with the publicity it has received from both radio and television it has become known to millions and is followed by thousands. To give you an idea of its growth, there are over a hundred canoeists in Ardrossan and Irvine alone.

Canoes are very versatile crafts and their designs vary as much as the people who use them. There are touring boats, racing boats, slalom boats and kayaks.

Touring or Canoe camping is said by many people to be "canoeing at its best." I have been on only relatively short trips up and down the coast and up the local rivers. These I have enjoyed very much, and particularly the sense of peace and remoteness from civilisation experienced at sea. Canoeing is a very healthy pastime, what with the arm and shoulder exercise and breathing good, fresh, salty ozone all day. It is surprising just how much camping gear can be stowed under the fore and aft decks. Indeed the canoeist may enjoy many home comforts that must be renounced by the cyclist or hiker. When touring a river, we generally go downstream because it is easier with the current behind us, and besides it is then possible to shoot any rapids encountered.

Of course, we do not stay in the boats all day. If the water is warm we go swimming; and in the evenings, because we have room for respectable shoregoing togs, we are able to go to the pictures, dances and the like.

Because of its shallow draught a canoe can be taken almost to the very source of a river. It also performs very well in rough seas. I have coped with seven to eight foot waves, but even a twelve foot wave will not daunt the more experienced canoeist.

Another aspect of the sport is racing. International races are run over five hundred, one thousand, and ten thousand metres, (about six miles). I prefer the last of these, and have raced in two of them. The first was the Lappock Rock race which had to be run up and down the Garnock because of rough seas. The boats are handicapped before the race and start at intervals. My boat is sixteen feet long and has a handicap of 12 minutes. The race was fairly uneventful and was won, as usual, by a John Rowell, (who wins all the races). The only question is who will be second. Let me admit that I was not.

The other race was the South Queensferry which was run on a course passing under the new Forth Road Bridge. There were thirty entrants in as many types of boat. The tides were continually changing and water was rough enough in parts for surfing. This did not help the racing boats, and of the thirty, only sixteen finished. I finished twelfth over all and first in my class, which might be explained by the fact that mine was the only boat competing in that class.

Slalom canoeing is relatively new and is carried out in fast, turbulent water, say at the foot of a waterfall. The object is to manoeuvre the canoe through a series of gates (two poles suspended from an overhead cable) in as little time as possible. The boats are short for manoeuvrability and the decks are rounded to facilitate "rolling" which is a method of recovering from a capsize by completing the loop and coming up on the other side.

We have to thank the Eskimo for this sport because it was from his kayak that canoes as we know them were evolved. And yet his kayak is probably still the sleekest and fastest of them all.

If, after reading this excellent article, you would like to acquire a canoe, I'll sell you one!

MICHAEL BEELEY, IIIA.

BROTHERLY LOVE



WITH a shrill cry Kayek, the young golden eagle rose high above the jagged mountain crag into the clear early morning air. The time had come for him to fend for himself and leave his mother's eyrie. Far below a swift flowing mountain stream splashed and bubbled around rocks and stones, before cascading in a thunderous roar of foam and water over the side of the mountain to come out level again on the flat plain below.

Suddenly he espied another eagle, his brother Zo-yek, who had sought and successfully found his prey—a young hare, whose deep red blood now dyed the small mountain flowers.

Usually, when there are two young eagles in the eyrie, the stronger pushes the weaker out of the nest so killing it, to leave himself as the sole "ruler" but in this case, there had been no marked difference of strength between the two young eagles and both had survived. But between the brothers there was enmity—a smouldering hatred, which could only result in one being left as victor. However, this morning Ka-yek left his brother and went in search of his own prey.

Towards mid-day Ka-yek spotted a lamb on the plain. It had wandered from its flock and now stood bleating pitifully beside the stream, gazing sorrowfully at its little whirlpools and eddies. Ka-yek swooped and now carried the dead lamb over the waterfall, preparing to carry it up the mountain side when a shadow fell across him, and Zo-yek, dug his talons into him causing him in pain to drop the lamb. As it fell, Zo-yek dived after it, but before he reached it Ka-yek was upon him, and all the other birds of the air fled, as the two eagles closed in deadly combat.

All the air was still save for the beating of mighty wings and the clashing of their talons and beaks.

An hour later in a flurry of golden feathers Ka-yek's talons ripped Zo-yek's throat. The great wings stopped beating and, like a stone Zo-yek plummeted into the stream. He was carried over the waterfall and his body ripped to pieces on the jagged points of slippery rocks.

"Nature" had triumphed and there was only one ruler on the mountain.

MARGARET PLLU, IIIA.

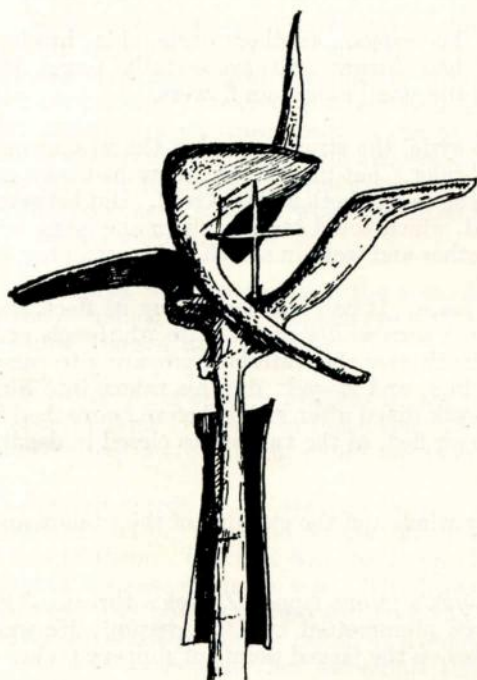
POINTS OF VIEW.

INTO the crowded cafe drifted two young people (I say 'people' because I was unable to tell if they were male or female). Before coming into the cafe they had stopped in the doorway and fixed a black bow on each other's long, blond, shoulder-length hair. I could see them more clearly now. Both wore black leather jackets, black cuban-heeled boots, lace-fronted shirts and tight jeans. They sat down amid the smoke and steam of cigarettes and coffee and ordered two coffees. (By their gruff voices I discovered they were male). For two hours they sat drinking coffee after coffee, talking occasionally, but for the most part sitting in silence, keeping time to the music of the juke-box with their feet. Only to put money in the juke-box now and then, did they exert themselves, until at ten-thirty the juke-box died down and they were turned out of the cafe along with the other bleary-eyed youths. And was I glad! For I had been performing non-stop for five hours. You see, I was the juke-box.

DERRECK MACLAREN, V.

Coventry Cathedral

'THE old Cathedral perished in flames. The new Cathedral rose in greater glory. Its consecration on 25th May, 1962, was an event of great history and of faith re-born . . . of brilliant pageantry and of praise and thanksgiving.'



Ascending the steps at the end of the Cathedral, one immediately acknowledges the splendid and immense bronze sculpture, standing aloft, 'depicting' St. Michael, the Cathedral's Patron Saint, defeating the Devil. This stately group is 25 ft. high and is the last of Sir Jacob Epstein's religious works. Like the old Cathedral, the outer walls of the new Cathedral are of pink sandstone, which after a period of time has elapsed, will blend naturally with the ruins. At each end of the porch, between the huge sandstone columns are two large oak Crosses. The one at the east end of the Cathedral stands guard above St. Michael's steps.

Although this new Cathedral has broken the old tradition of churches facing eastwards, the altar end is referred to as the 'east end.' The 'west' window is a colossal screen of clear, glass panels on which figures of saints and angels are engraved in white, and it is through three glass doors, which form part of this beautiful window, one enters the Cathedral by the main entrance, from the porch.

One of the most outstanding features of the Cathedral is the Baptistry window, which is on the 'east' side of the Cathedral and stands 81 ft. high and 51 ft. long. This massive, curved structure of stained glass extends from the floor to the ceiling and floods the Nave with a captivating burst of colour. The lights of this magnificent window were made by Patrick Reyntiens and designed by John Piper. In front of the window, fitted upon a bronze stem, is the Font, a large boulder from one of the hillsides of Bethlehem. This boulder is roughly cut and has been left in its natural state except for the curved shape basin, and thus it remains very simple.

On the 'west' aisle, facing the Baptistry Window is the Chapel of Unity. The blaze of the window reflects upon the raised approach to the Chapel and it is here that plays and concerts are staged. At the entrance, inset in the floor, is the inscription, 'That They All May Be One', thus showing that this lovely little chapel is devoted to the Unity of all Christian churches. The Chapel is encircled by narrow windows, set within attractive buttresses, and has a low, cone-shaped roof, designed by the architect to give the effect of a crusader's tent. The floor, of marble mosaic, forms a ten point star, representing the star of Bethlehem. Suspended from the roof, in the middle, is a black cross signifying mourning for the separation of the Church, and below it, is a circular table, bearing a bible.

The Nave of the Cathedral seats over 2,000 people and is 270 ft. long and 80 ft. high. The ceiling is a canopy of neat, slate panels which are carried on concrete crossed beams and rest on slim tapering concrete columns culminating in brass pins. On each side of the Nave are five stately windows representing the 'Destiny of Man and the Revelation of God'. Full advantage may be taken of the beauty of these windows by viewing them from the High Altar.

The gigantic Tapestry takes the place of the east window of the old Cathedral and is the first thing which attracts the eye when entering the Cathedral by the left door. It is the largest tapestry in the world and took 30,000 hours to weave. It depicts 'Christ in Glory' with 'Man' between his feet. On two panels, on either side of 'Christ', are the 'Four Beasts of Revelation'. Below this, in black and white is 'Christ Crucified'.

The Lady Chapel is situated between the High Altar, which is of great simplicity, and the 'east' wall. On leaving the Lady Altar and passing through an arch on the left, one arrives at the lovely little chapel of Christ in Gethsemane, which is used for private prayer. Here come the sorrowing and those whose burdens press heavily upon them. A splendid iron grill, in the form of the 'Crown of Thorns' is at the entrance to the Chapel. Behind this grill is a bronze reredos, depicting 'the Angel of the Lord strengthening Him.' The Angel holds a chalice, and on a mosaic, to the right, are depicted the three apostles asleep.

Returning, and going down the 'east' aisle, one now passes the Baptistry, and before leaving one sees large letters printed across the length of the Nave 'To the Glory of God—this Cathedral was burned.' We are reminded that close friendship with God can change war, hatred and wrath into peace, love and praise of God.

ANNE MCQUADE, IV.



LARRY MARSHALL'S SCHOOL.

When we went out on Hallowe'en
I was dressed as Larry Marshall.

With my brother's shorts,
And my daddy's torch,
And each of us carried a parcel.

We gathered nuts and toffee too,
And chocolate drops of all the sorts,
We sang and danced,
For those we knew,
And joined with glee in all their sports.

When I went into my home that night
The fun and games were in full swing,
My mother was so full of fun,
My daddy said he'd have to run,
So off he fled when the bell did ring.

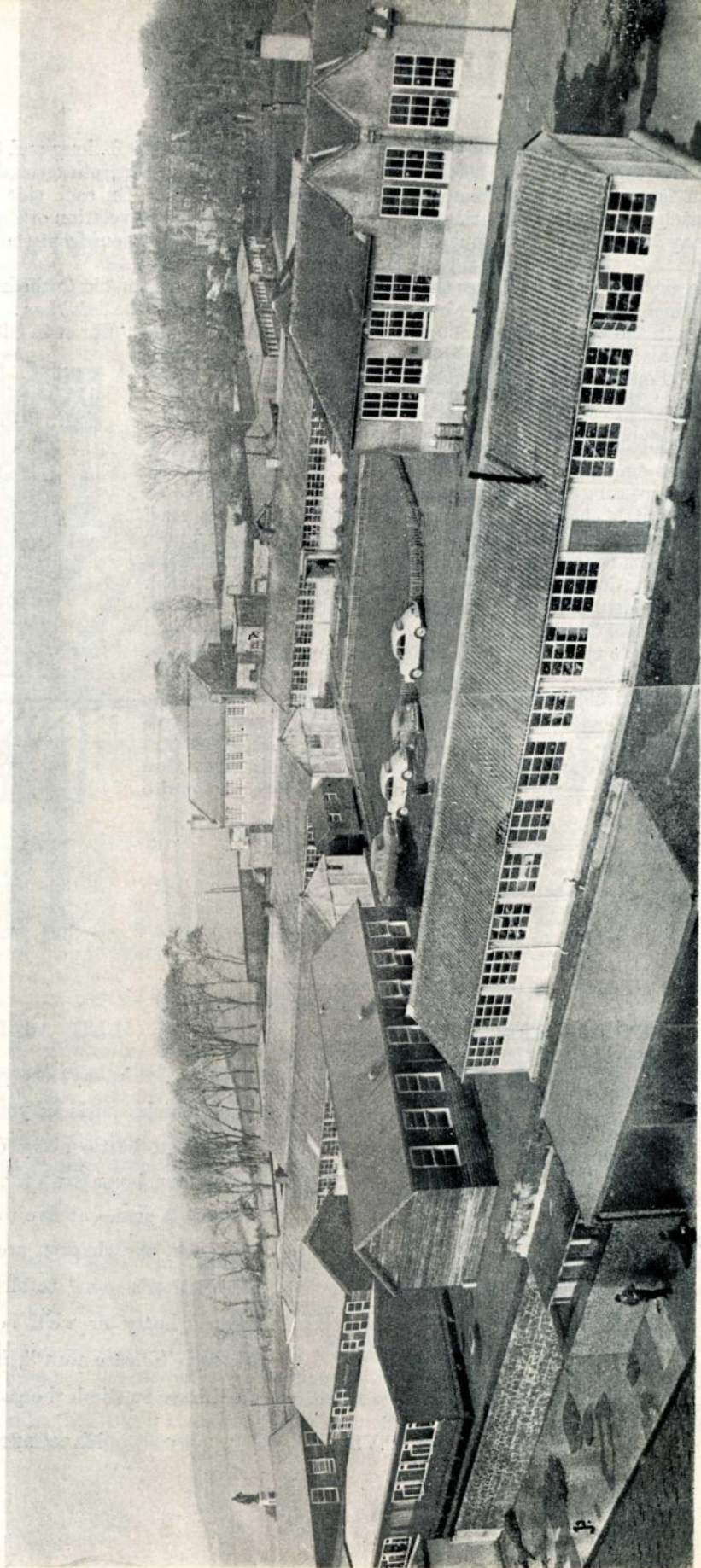
LINDA HARRISON, P.VII.

LATE AGAIN.

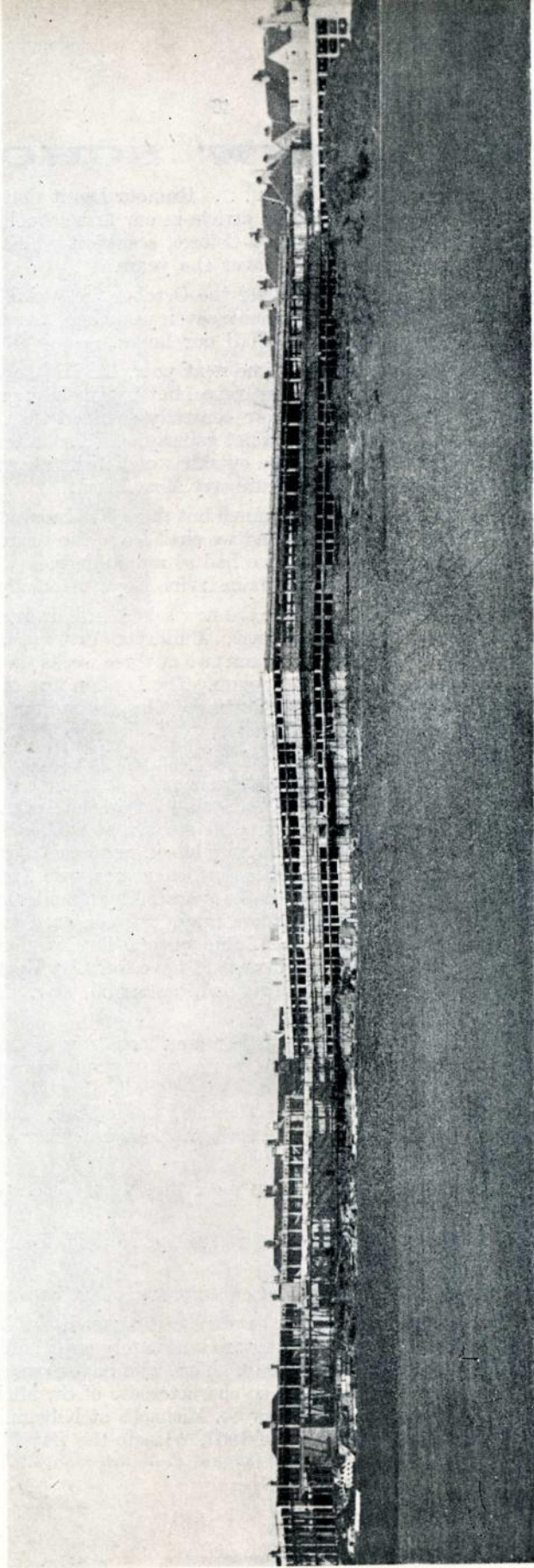
Tick, tick, tick, says the grandfather clock,
Quick, quick, quick, or you'll have to walk,
Hustle and bustle every day,
Eating our breakfast on the way.
The bus it comes at five to nine,
Oh! look, the children are in the line,
The Janitor's going to shut the gates,
Hurry! hurry or we'll be late,
We cry, "Please wait", but all in vain,
We'll have to climb the gate again.

MARGARET HUGHES, P.VII.

ST. MICHAEL'S COLLEGE, IRVINE, 1964



THE NEW COLLEGE TAKES SHAPE



ST. MICHAEL'S COLLEGE, KILWINNING.

OUR NEW SCHOOL

"1961, 1962 . . . ? When ? We know not . . . Rumour has it that work will begin in 1958. Haste the Day ! " These words opened an article in our first school Magazine in 1957. They referred, of course, to the new St. Michael's College, a subject which has been the desire and despair of our hearts many, many times over the years.

Now, exactly a quarter of a century after the October fire which destroyed the school, we can answer the questions posed in the Magazine seven years ago, answer with certainty mingled with the joy of nearing the realization of all our hopes.

For, if all continues as planned, this time next year, St. Michael's Secondary Department will be a new school in its own right, not in Irvine, but in Kilwinning. The " powers that be " decided that logically, Kilwinning was more centrally situated than Irvine for two-thirds of our secondary pupils, a fact which we could not gainsay. And so, after protracted negotiations, the County Council finally obtained, on the outskirts of Kilwinning, a site of nearly seventeen acres which at that time formed part of Cranberry Moss Farm.

We look forward to the new school very much but there is sadness at the thought of dissolving our union with the Primary Department and we shall leave the town of Irvine and the parish of St. Mary's with genuine regret. We have had so much kindness shown to us in both town and parish and we have had good neighbours in Irvine Royal Academy all our days.

Many of you will have visited the site of the new school in Kilwinning and will be watching with interest the progress of the new buildings. Bulldozers first appeared on the farmer's land in the opening days of the New Year and within two or three weeks the green fields had vanished and the work of levelling and draining had begun. The London firm of Gilbert Ash is responsible for building operations and Eric Hall and Partners, Glasgow are the Architects. The Playing Fields, already ninety per cent completed are the work of Sports Works Ltd., Glasgow.

Of the three blocks which will form the school, you can gain some idea from the photograph in this Magazine. Block C which lies to the extreme right and which is mostly hidden from your view by a mound of earth, still to be removed, will contain the Technical Department with its rooms for Technical Drawing, Woodwork and Metalwork, as well as Dining Hall, Kitchen and Heating Chambers. Block B, the large two storey block, surrounds a quadrangle. On its ground floor will be situated the Administrative Block, Cloakrooms, two Staffrooms, seventeen classrooms, and two rooms for Commercial Studies, separated by a model office. Upstairs, we come to another six classrooms, six Science Laboratories, between each two of which is a Science Prep. Room, two rooms for Cookery and Laundry, one for Needlework and a Housewifery Flat. The Art Department, also on this floor, will have four Art Rooms and a Pottery Room. For Geography, there will be two large rooms and, best of all, we shall have a spacious library, something for which we have often longed.

Block A, which, in the photograph, is little more than a row of girders, will contain a large Assembly Hall with full size stage, etc. To its right will stand two music rooms divided from each other by a Music Practice Room. To the left of the Hall will be the Staff Common Room, Nuns' Common Room and Staffrooms for Male and Female Staff. Behind the Assembly Hall, we shall have two Gymnasias for boys and girls, flanked on either side by Changing Rooms, Sprays, Showers and Gym Stores.

That is almost all—but not quite. Even the Prefects have been remembered and we have two small rooms for them.

Our Playing Fields will have provision for Hockey, Netball, Tennis, Football, Cricket and Athletics.

Does it sound almost too good to be true ? Yet, it is fast becoming a reality.

We are sorry that those of you who have passed through St. Michael's in the difficult years have missed what the others of the future will surely enjoy. But, you too will be glad that brighter days are dawning for the school. You, who have been with us in the past, have helped to create the happy, homely spirit so characteristic of St. Michael's, a spirit which we hope will endure in the new days at the new St. Michael's at Kilwinning. And so, I finish, as the writer began in that Magazine article of 1957, " Haste the Day ! "

S. P.



NETBALL.

Front Row —E. McKELVIE, A. McMANUS (*Captain*),
A. McCaffrey.

Back Row —M. SAYERS, M. HAZELTON, T. ROBERTSON,
B. LOVE.

Winners of County Championship.



HOCKEY.

Front Row —H. MONTGOMERY, A. TRAYNOR, A. McLAUGHLIN (*Captain*), P. ROCHE, A. BRIMLEY

Back Row —M. T. McFARLANE, M. M. MAGEE, A. CARPENTER, H. LENNOX, F. PAGANO.

THE DEATH WATCH BEETLE.

There once was a very bad death watch beetle,
Who lived in the coffins of long deceased people.

His egg had been laid on a coffin of oak,
He was deep in a grave when he awoke.
At first he was rather alarmed for his safety,
But soon he found oak to be very tasty.
He grew and he grew on such rich food,
And bored lots of holes in the dead man's wood.

But one day this beetle met up with a mole,
And was pulled from his coffin and out of his hole.

This mole he was hungry and gobbled him up,
And finished his meal with a large hiccup!

MICHAEL DOLAN, IA.

NATURE.

The brook was rippling softly,
The sheen of the silver fish
Caught in the rays of sunshine
Was a sight no one should miss.

The wonders found in nature
Can make man very small,
His pride must take a tumble
When he views God's work with awe.

THERESA GIFFNEY, IIA.

A PLEASANT LIFE.

As I sit at the window
I watch the children play,
As I am only four years old
I play with my dolls all day.

And when I go to bed at night
I dream I'm the Queen of Spain,
But when I wake up in the morning
I'm just a child again.

I know about the Apostles,
I know about Our Lord,
I know about the Angels
Who live in heaven with God.

ROSALIND MURPHY, P.VII.

SCHOOL.

School is the place where all children seek
Carefree studies every week.
History? Delightful! Mathematics? A treat!
Openly everyone rushes to greet
Our Greek and Latin teachers, who
Literally beam at our knowledge, and few
Boys ever speak in class.
Of English it is known to be true
Young people excel, like *me* and *you*.

GRAHAM MCKELLAR, IIA.



"THE PERILS OF PAULINE"

"WOULD all passengers for flight number fifty-six please proceed to the departure lounge for customs and emigration clearance."

I was so accustomed to hearing tannoy messages that these words might as well have fallen on deaf ears as I rushed along the main booking hall of Prestwick Airport gently pushing my way through groups of travellers. On arriving at my employment, "The Scottish Export House," I took off my coat with haste and was immediately ushered to the front counter where many irresolute foreigners were pondering over the problem of what to take home as a souvenir of our national heritage—"Bonnie Scotland." Would it be a tartan tammie or a bottle of Heather Perfume? As I suppose you have gathered for my two months' summer holidays I had discarded the old school tie and became one of Mr. Julian Amery's countless millions of employees.

It proved to be a job "with a difference." Every flight brought added adventure, numerous enquiries and for the sales girls the problem of currency was always in evidence. Would the traveller purchase in the dollar of U.S.A., the Swedish kroner, the Peseta, the Lira, or would the outstretched hand offer you the welcome British sterling.

Some days I was a salesgirl advising customers on what brand of French perfume to purchase, and on one *particular* day I made my debut as a model for a prosperous, well bronzed French airman. Casting his eye on all the assistants in turn he beckoned to me to come to his aid "S'il vous plait, mademoiselle," and in saying so held up a Royal Stewart kilt, amid the stifled giggles of my colleagues he placed on my head a tartan tammie, and with a large grin he handed me the gloves and bag to match. There I was, parading up and down in traditional Scottish dress, trying to remain composed, in spite of remarks from the passers by. Nevertheless, the complete outfit was purchased. I heaved a sigh of relief when that flight cleared the tarmac.

I was caught unawares one day by a dashing, six foot Yank—"Hye miss, w'at do gents we'r arow'n here to the ni't clubs?" I don't think I will ever forget *that* moment. There I was, a mere school girl whose event of the year on the social scale was the Senior dance, letting my imagination run riot at the expense of this poor, misinformed visitor.

Another aspect of airport life is the unique opportunity of meeting celebrities as they pass through. Some of the assistants have seen from Dame Margot Fonteyne to the Dave Clark Five. I will always remember the day when in the midst of serving two foreigners I suddenly recognised someone who seemed in that company, a very special celebrity to me. I was so overcome with joy that I forgot my position as a salesgirl and the word "Daddy" escaped me. But Daddy was not the only one I met. One morning the Rev. Fr. McLaughlan happened to be at the airport and I also met two members of staff—isn't it a small world!

Every day brought a new experience, every corner told a different story, sometimes the sad story of relatives leaving their loved ones, or of a sobbing young child as she watches her grand mother disappear to form part of the queue in the departure lounge. All these sad scenes are forgotten, however, mid the joviality and fond embracing when relations are re-united and leave the airport conversing happily, board the waiting coaches and make for home.

Perhaps the tannoy's message became a part of every day life for me—listening to it subconsciously but I was unforgettably aware of it as I walked down the main booking hall for the last time, knowing that all the hustle and bustle of the Scottish Export House was over. It was back to school, the public address system—OUR TEACHERS.

PAULINE KERNAHAN, VI.



HEARD IT BEFORE?

A DRUNK went into a side-show to the shooting and he said to the man. "Gi'es yer gun."

The man at the stall answered, "Oh, you canna fire that gun."

The drunk said, "Gi'es yer gun." He got the gun and went boom! boom! boom! boom!—four bulls-eyes.

The man at the stall said, "You can have your pick of any prize on the stall."

"Never mind the prize," said he. So the man gave him a tortoise.

The drunk came back next day and said, "Geesh a gun." He went boom! boom! boom! boom! boom!—Five bulls-eyes. The man said he could have his pick of the stall, and he answered; "Never mind that; just give me another of they pies with the hard crust."

KEVIN DEAN, IIC.

A WORKING HOLIDAY

"THAT is school over for another two months," and during these two months my best friend Josephine and I were about to have the time of our lives.

We were leaving home the day after the school broke up to hitch-hike down to Evesham, near Teukesbury, to join some friends who had been there since University closed. We had written to them previously and asked them to arrange 'digs' for us.

As we wanted to have a good start in the morning, we left the night before and stayed the night in the Youth Hostel at Wanlockhead, the highest village in Scotland, one thousand five hundred and thirty-one feet above sea level. We left the hostel early in the morning and after an eventful journey, arrived in Evesham about six o'clock in the evening. Our friends met us at the 'stocks'—genuine stocks from Shakespearian days. We eventually reached the subject of our 'digs' as Josephine and I were looking forward to a comfortable bed. Just imagine the looks on our faces when they told us they pitched a tent for us in a field. We nearly died. To reach the tent we had to cross the River Avon. It was the most uncomfortable night we had ever spent. The sleeping bags were cold, the ground brick hard. Every one of the tent poles was held together by elastoplast. Next day, we went up to the factory where our friends were working. We asked for a job and were started immediately at canning strawberries. It was Richmond's Sausages and Beaches' Fruit Factory combined.

Evesham itself is a very historical little town. The buildings were very Shakespearian. We went down to a museum and saw the warrant for the beheading of Charles I of England with all the signatures of those who petitioned for it. There were also many objects in use in Shakespearian days. We saw the famous Simon de Montford's grave and we went to Stratford-on-Avon to see the birthplace of Shakespeare. By this time we had cut our meals down to one a day consisting of a coffee and a 'hot dog'. Josephine was glad of this as she wanted to lose weight. I thought I was dying of malnutrition.



We met many foreigners, French, Germans, Italians, Spaniards, Czechoslovakians, Yugoslavians and Turks. They spoke to us in French. Josephine and I had some trouble with our verbs and tenses but it was all very educational.

Altogether we had an extremely enjoyable time and have kept up our friendship with some of the foreigners. After a few weeks we hitch-hiked to St. Ives, in Cornwall, to join my parents, and to spend our well-earned money. Our stay in Evesham was well worth the expense.

MARY THERESA TRAYNER, V.

Murder Mysterious

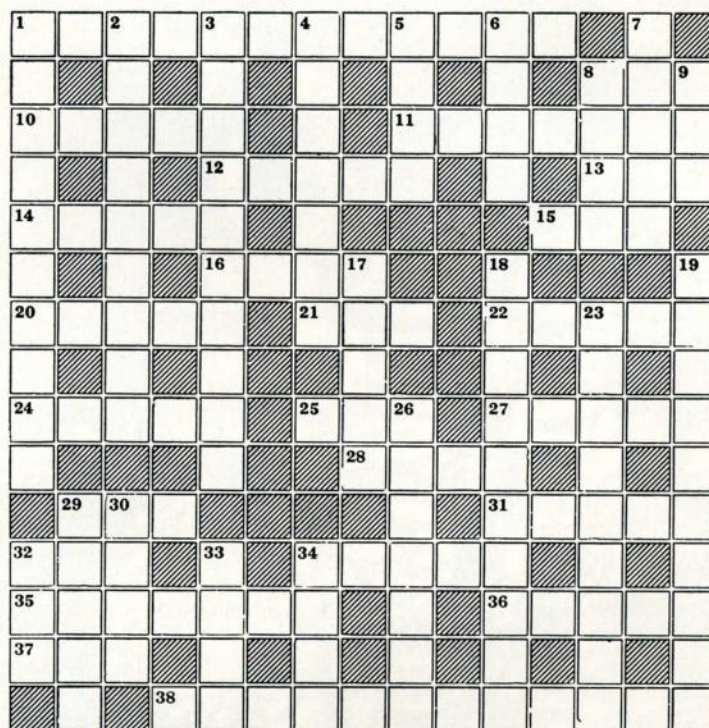
WHEN the body was discovered there was no visible cause of death, and so they called in the Great Detective. When he arrived he surveyed the little room and said thoughtfully, "Hmm!" and all the policemen echoed, "Hmm!" He studied the body and said, "Hmm!" He examined the floor and said, "Ahh!" and all the policemen said, "Ahh!" in tones of great enlightenment. Puffing at his pipe, the Great Detective, went home and enclosed himself in his laboratory. After a night of hard work he emerged, bleary-eyed but triumphant. He called the police and they rushed over to his house.

"Gentlemen," he announced. "I have discovered something of great importance. The cat was poisoned."

PATRICIA KELLY, IIIA.

CROSSWORD

Compiled by
Thomas Cassidy, V.

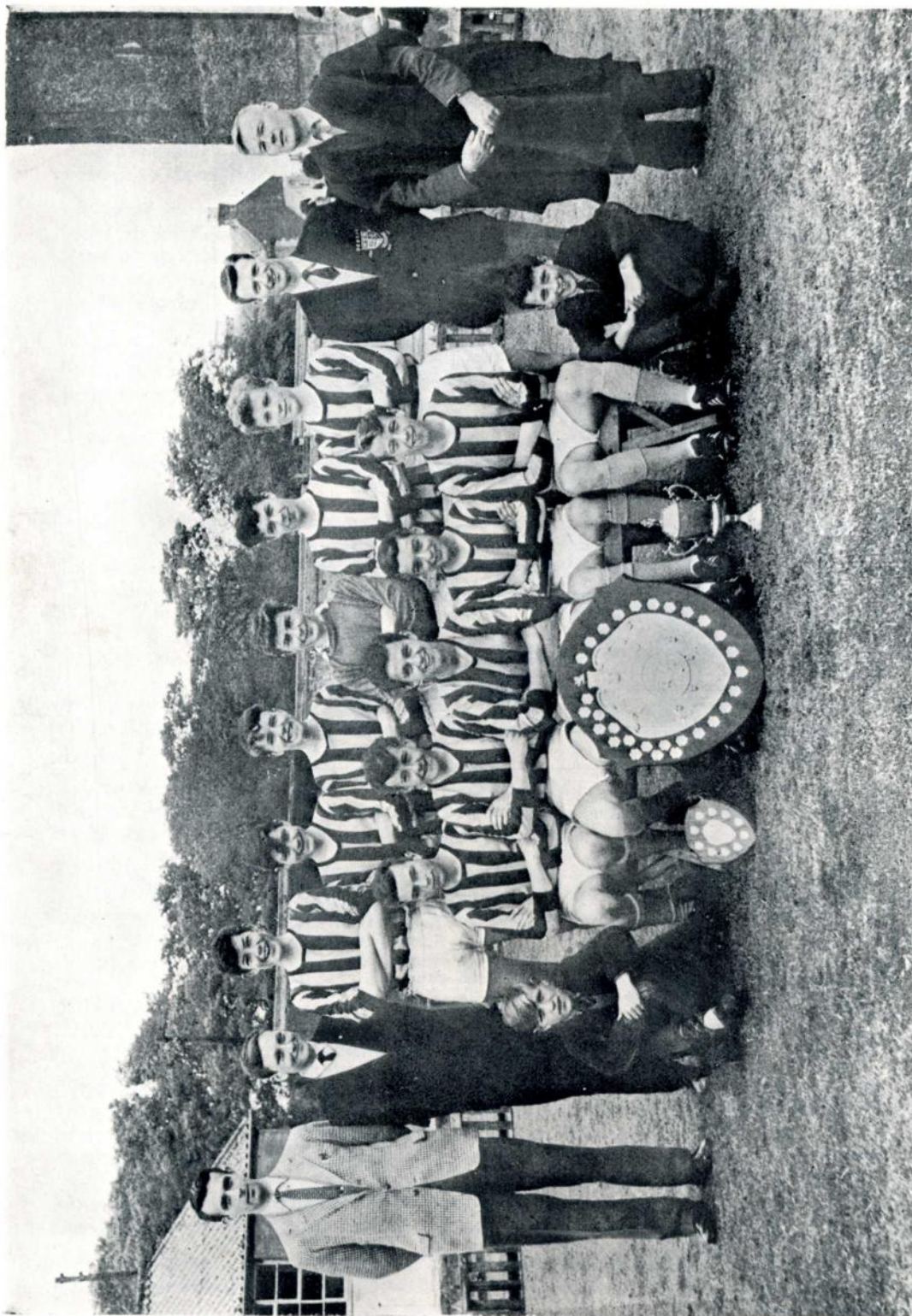


ACROSS.

- 1.—Footsteps arranged musically?
- 8.—Body of lawyers in a public house.
- 10.—Thunder or less.
- 11.—“Grand” theft so to speak.
- 12.—Egyptian parent perhaps?
- 13.—Intoxicating liquor.
- 14.—Little David gets mixed in trying to escape.
- 15.—Abnormally bent maybe.
- 16.—Isthmus of the body?
- 20.—Swell in a bolt.
- 21.—Unit of electrical pressure with a little lion.
- 22.—Best part of your pinta!
- 24.—An early one gets healthy, wealthy and wise.
- 25.—Spoil the sheep.
- 27.—Awful waste meat.
- 28.—Shakespeare’s real king.
- 29.—This isn’t even strange.
- 31.—It ain’t Swingin’.
- 32.—Aeon of time.
- 34.—Play including another sheep.
- 35.—Certainly strange in appearance.
- 36.—Simple in a vein?
- 37.—Buzzer in a bonnet?
- 38.—Boxing honour.

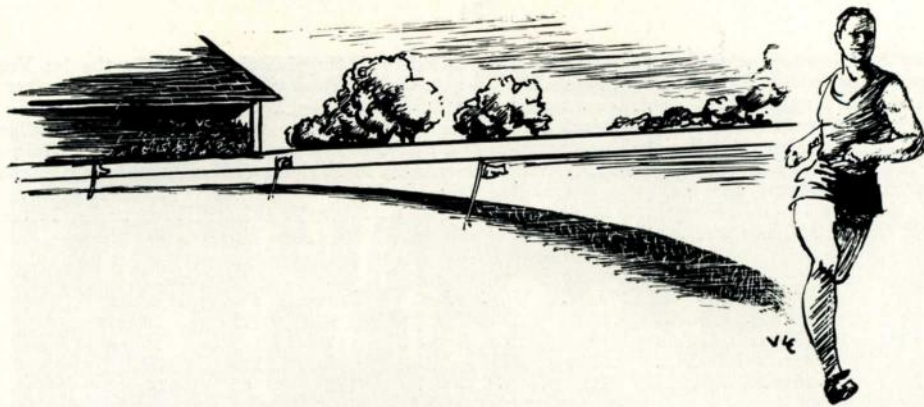
DOWN.

- 1.—Mediaeval Destination for pilgrims.
- 2.—Egg producing?
- 3.—Ea-sy for Mr. Holmes.
- 4.—Surly flying officer.
- 5.—Comrade?
- 6.—Stag.
- 7.—Virile?
- 8.—Yogi an endurer.
- 9.—One comes through it a song.
- 17.—South African hut in a lark.
- 18.—Being in agreement.
- 19.—Occupation?
- 23.—Fit for duty maybe.
- 26.—Ensigns of regalia.
- 29.—Golden bay window.
- 30.—Stun, perhaps.
- 32.—Tide recession?
- 33.—Threesome in a riot.



FOOTBALL—INTERMEDIATE XI.

Back Row — Mr. McCutcheon, M. Falen, G. Buntan, P. Trayner, J. Clarke, J. Logan, F. Finnigan, T. Egan, Mr. Hand, Mr. Maguire.
Front Row — W. Reid, P. Traynor, H. McKellar, J. Murray (*Captain*), L. Macari, P. Monaghan, J. Keggans.
 Winners of Scottish Intermediate Shield, North Ayrshire Cup and North Ayrshire League Shield.



SPORTS.

THE School Sports were carried through on 17th June in spite of rain which persisted almost throughout the afternoon.

St. Mungo's won the House Championship. Senior Boys' and Girls' Championships were won by Joseph Hilland Anne McLaughlan while the Junior Championships were won by John Murray and Elizabeth McKelvey.

FOOTBALL.

THIS season has proved an interesting but disappointing one for the 1st XI. After a well merited victory over Dumfries Academy—new-comers to the Ayrshire League—the team failed to maintain this standard and did not challenge for League or Cup honours. For the first time we entered the Scottish Schools Secondary Shield. Our opponents in the 1st round were Lanark Grammar. Although we led by one goal to nil at half-time, we eventually lost 2-1 through two unfortunate defensive errors. In the Maley Trophy the team did well. After beating St. Modan's Stirling 5-0 in the Quarter-finals, we lost to St. Mungo's Academy, Glasgow after a keenly contested game. A feature of the season was the goal-scoring ability of centre-forward Ronnie Bitten. This did not escape the notice of the county selectors and Ronnie represented Ayrshire against Dumfries and Galloway and against the Rest of Scotland. In the latter game he scored all three Ayrshire goals in a 3-2 victory. He was also reserve for Scotland against Wales. Ronnie is now playing for Kilmarnock Football Club and while we are disappointed that he will no longer be available for the school team we offer him every good wish for success in his football career. In all we played 17 games winning 8 and losing 7. The boys who played were:—J. Monaghan, E. Cairney, J. Condon, M. McCulloch, J. Reid, J. Murray, J. Gilmour, J. Kennedy, J. Mellhatton, R. Bitten, J. Hill, P. Conway, J. Doherty, A. Hyslop, B. Brady.

For the first time it was possible to field a IV year team, but it proved extremely difficult to obtain fixtures. However, the boys obviously enjoyed the few games played.

The success of the Intermediate XI has been the main feature of the football season.

The highlight of this successful run was the Team's performance in the Scottish Intermediate Shield. They became joint-holders of this trophy (with Camphill Secondary School Paisley) after two games in the final which left the teams equal after 160 minutes' play. This is the first time the school has won a national trophy and is indeed the first time an Ayrshire school has appeared in the final of this trophy.

In addition to this major success, the team won the North Ayrshire Intermediate League, the North Ayrshire Intermediate Cup, and the Football Trophy awarded in connection with the Largs Festival of Sport.

The trophy which eluded them was the Ayrshire Cup in which they were defeated by Cumnock Academy, their only defeat of the season.

In all, the team played 30 games, winning 26 of these and scoring 197 goals for the loss of 37.

Pride of place among the individual performances must go to John Murray, right half and captain of the team. John, after travelling as reserve for the Scottish Team in Cardiff, was brought into the (Scotland) team against England and Ireland. In both games, John played extremely well.

J. Clarke, T. Egan, and L. Macari were members, along with J. Murray, of the Ayrshire XI which played against Dumfries and Galloway and against Edinburgh. This too must be a record—four boys from one school in a County team.

H. McKellar's total of 75 goals for the season was a splendid performance.

Despite their impressive record, the 1st year team failed to distinguish themselves in the 1st Year Cup. They were beaten in the 3rd round by Cumnock Academy, the eventual winners of the trophy, after a very exciting and hard fought game. Their team work and individual ability, however, augurs well for the future. Their outstanding performances were against a 2nd Year XI at Lanark. where they crushed the local side 8-1, and against Dumfries Academy whom they defeated 9-0. The leading goalscorers were D. McIlroy (15), F. Smith (14), V. Connick (13), R. Price (12) and in defence M. McFarlane, I. Hamilton and R. McLaughlin distinguished themselves. The team was represented by :- R. McIvor, G. G. McKellar, I. Hamilton, R. McLaughlin, M. McFarlane, J. Kernahan, L. Sloan, I. Baillie, R. Price, T. O'Neill, V. Connick, F. Smith, D. McIlroy, H. McDonald, L. Carr.

Teams.	Played.	Won.	Lost.	Drawn.	Goals.	
					For.	Against.
1st Year.....	16	14	2	0	71	19
2nd Year.....	5	0	3	2	6	18
Intermediate XI...	30	26	1	3	197	37
Senior XI.....	17	8	7	2	53	30

HOCKEY.

THE school hockey teams continue to carry through a full programme of games, and completed last season with a reasonably good record. In last year's Scottish South West District Tournament, the 1st XI once more won their section of the tournament but narrowly lost in the semi-final to the eventual winners. In this year's tournament, the 1st XI drew with each of the teams in their section but this was not quite enough to enable them to reach the semi-final.

The new season has brought its problems with team changes, but the experience gained previously in junior games has enabled a considerable number of players to take their places very effectively in the more senior teams. Some quite good match results have already been obtained this season at all levels, and we look forward to further success.

The hockey captain, Anne McLaughlan, is to be congratulated on having gained her place last season in the Ayrshire senior schools team, and also being chosen to play for the South-West in the national Inter-district tournament at Perth. She has followed up these successes by gaining her place in this year's Ayrshire team; we hope to find her name once more in the district team.

NETBALL.

THE Netball Club has had its usual full fixture list with each of the four teams having played on average twelve matches. The weather caused few interruptions and the programme was carried out more or less as arranged.

The 1st VII had a very successful season and reached the semi-final of the Senior Ayrshire Tournament where, unfortunately, they were beaten by the finalists, St. Joseph's, 6-5.

The 3rd Year VII also had a good season and after winning their section of the Junior Ayrshire Tournament went on to become County Champions, beating Cumnock Academy 6-4 in the final.

DEBATING SOCIETY.

THE weekly harangues of 1963-64 were presided over by Sister Vincentia who succeeded Miss Wade as Madam Chairman. If members rhetoric was not Churchillian, nor even rhetorical, their noble efforts were always loudly cheered or jeered which aptly testified to everyone's enthusiasm. Half-way through the year, however, after the modest and retiring sixth-year girls had repeatedly declined to favour us with their eloquence the committee showed signs of violent pique, and the maidens beat a hasty retreat to their sanctuary, Room 2, whence they never again emerged to join in the Society's activities.

On one occasion, Mlle Mirre graciously gave us a talk on life in France, which was appreciated and warmly applauded.

The highlights of the year were two inter-school dances and debates with Spiers College of Beith. At St. Michael's it was decided not to abolish the Monarchy, and at Spiers we condemned Britain as a cruel nation. May we once more thank our Beith friends for a very enjoyable evening there. Ad multos annos!

JOHN R. CRAWFORD, VI.



BOYS' JUNIOR CHOIR.

Winners of "Coodham" Silver Cup (Ayrshire Music Festival).



FOOTBALL—SENIOR XI.

Back Row—MR. HAND, B. BRADY, M. McCULLOCH (*Captain*), J. MONAGHAN, J. DOHERTY, E. CAIRNEY, J. McILHATTON, MR. McCUTCHEON.
Front Row—J. KENNEDY, J. REID, R. BITTEN, J. HILL, A. HYSLOP.

The Mystery of Hughy from Crewe

There once was a man named Hugh,
Who lived in a town called Crewe,
Till one day he was found,
With his face to the ground,
But how it all happened, no one knew.

Some said he was killed by a rhino,
Who heard him playing the piano,
They say it went mad,
And thought him a cad,
And knocked him face down on the lino.

Others said he was killed by a bullet,
When a farmer saw him stealing a pullet.
Now, Hugh did not like it,
When the bullet did strike it,
He ran home with a slug in his gullet.

Still more said he died of T.B.
(Which could happen to you or to me),
He puffed and he groaned;
He wheezed and he moaned;
Till he dropped, with a sigh, on one knee.

Others said he was killed by a wizard,
Who rammed his wand down poor Hugh's
gizzard.
Hugh collapsed on his face,
The wizard did race,
To look for a red-spotted lizard.

The town gossip put forward this theory,
By answering her very own query,
Didn't any of you know?
He was killed by the toe?
Of an Irishman called O'Leary?

But I wonder what happened, don't you,
And which of these theories is true,
It still is a mystery,
It soon will be history,
The puzzle of Hughy from Crewe!

MICHAEL DOLAN, IA.

Innocent Abroad

Sandy crossed the ocean wide
Far from his homeland to reside.
He patronised the great World's Fair
But said, "Ah like 'ra Barras' mair."
Niagara Falls he went to see
"The Falls o' Clyde wid dae," said he.
A football game, was his next visit.
He said, "This is nae fitba', is it?
Ah guarantee it's no' a patch
Oan Celtic Rangers Ne'erday Match."
His mother sent 'The Sunday Post'
The paper that he liked the most.
"It's awfu' guid aince mair tae luck at
Oor Wullie sittin' oan his bucket."
In Hollywood he saw the stars
Flash by in elongated cars.
For them he did not give a hang
He pined for Larry and the Gang.
He said, "Ah canna settle doon.
Ah'm fair hamesick fur Glesca toun.
Ah'll book my flight, ah'll pack an' a'.
Luk oot, for here ah'm comin', Maw!"

ROSEMARY FERGUSON, V.

The Seasons

In Spring the buds begin to show,
And flowers leave their homes below,
The animals wake up from their sleep,
And in the fields we see some sheep.

In Summer everything is gay,
And in the sun the children play,
The fields are clothed in brilliant green,
Oh! Isn't it a lovely scene!

In Autumn leaves begin to fall,
And now the trees are bare and tall,
The farmer reaps his field of wheat,
To make the bread for us to eat.

In Winter everything is white,
The day is shorter than the night,
The grass is hidden by the snow,
And to the school we slowly go.

ROBERT DUFFIN, IIA.

DUNDONALD CASTLE

THE earliest record of the existence of Dundonald Castle appears in the *Life* of Saint Modwenna, who about 475 AD founded a small church in honour of St. Michael near the fort of Dundonald. The Castle thus probably derived its existence from an early hill fort or 'dun' built by Donald, a king or warrior of the British Kingdom of Strathclyde.

Recommended by its situation, the Castle was assured of survival throughout Scotland's turbulent Middle Ages. After the marriage of Saint Margaret to King Malcolm Canmore (1070) and the influx of Norman ideas, Normans were invited from England and granted land in return for their various services as soldiers, traders and craftsmen. The Fitzalan family, to whom David I granted almost all Renfrewshire, a third of Bute, lands in Berwick and in East Lothian and a large part of Kyle in Ayrshire, was of Norman blood. It was to Walter Fitzalan, the Lord High Steward of Scotland, that King William the Lion (1165-1214) granted permission to build the first part of the medieval structure of the Castle. The lion rampant on the standard of William, from which he derived his cognomen, was later embossed on the walls of Dundonald Castle when the Steward's family inherited the Crown and the Royal Coat of Arms.

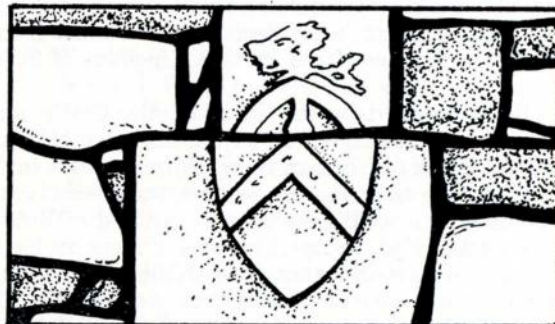
Like his master, Walter the Steward probably longed to join the Crusades, but he was unable to do so since, as keeper of Dundonald, he would have to assist William in defending southern Scotland against the marauding English. As the Scots later wrote to the Pope, they would eagerly "join in the Crusades in the Holy Land against the Pagans if only they could have safety at home from the English." William the Lion was certainly not safe from the English. In 1173 when the Norman barons in England rebelled against Henry II, William helped them—but to no purpose. He was captured one foggy day near Alnwick Castle and taken as prisoner to Normandy, where in Falaise Castle, he had to pay homage to Henry as to his overlord. In 1189, however, to secure money for the Third Crusade, Richard I sold him his independence for 10,000 marks.

Perhaps it was Walter who, as solace for his thwarted Crusading aspirations, introduced the Knights Templars to Dundonald. Certainly at some time between the reign of David I (1124-53), when the Order first came to Scotland, and 1312, when the Order was suppressed, the Knights were granted those lands in Dundonald now known as Templeton and Kirkstile.

The earliest strictly historical mention of Dundonald Castle is contained in a record dated 1230, when Alexander II appointed William Stewart of Dundonald Justiciar of Scotland. From the accession of Alexander II in 1214 to the tragic death of Alexander III near Kinghorn in 1286, Scotland was at peace. Trade prospered in the burghs which the Norman immigrants had helped to establish. It was in this period that Dundonald's Fitzalan family founded the baronial burgh of Prestwick. Outside the burghs, the peasants—mainly unfree—worked on the land, ploughing, sowing and harvesting. In contrast to the troubled times that followed, the period was a 'Golden Age' but, to the farmers of twentieth century Dundonald, their labours must appear merely weary toil. The land around the village was divided into infield (the land close to the village and used each year) and outfield (the land more distant from the village, used for three or four years and left fallow for the same time) and again redivided into rigs, so that each man received his share of good and bad land. Ploughing was done sometimes with a cas-chrom or handplough and sometimes with a rough wooden plough which required all the village oxen to pull it. Rain and the laws of gravity combined to wreck the effects of ploughing and sowing on the slopes of the hills. The main crops were oats, for oatcakes and porridge, and barley for ale. All the work of sowing, harvesting, threshing and winnowing was done by hand. Meat was tough, as most of the cows, for lack of food, had to be slaughtered in the autumn, when the meat would be heavily salted to preserve it throughout the winter. Spices from the East were welcomed to hide the taste! Such spices may have been obtained through the Knights Templars or bought at a fair—in nearby Irvine perhaps where the Marymass Fair was held each August. The Great Hall of Dundonald Castle figured largely in the lives of the

villagers. To it, at Christmas, Easter and Whitsun, they brought a quota of their crops or animals as rent to their Lord, or, if they failed to produce them, they would be brought to justice there. Lawsuits against each other would also be heard in the Great Hall. As Justiciar of Scotland the lord probably held more important lawsuits there too on the king's behalf.

Official records make no comment on Dundonald's fate during Scotland's struggle for independence. It may be assumed, however, that the Castle was the scene of much excitement and bloodshed, since Robert Bruce, Earl of Carrick, raised the south-west of Scotland against Edward I in 1297. It was perhaps in this period that the stronger medieval structure was added to the Castle. When the nobles under Bruce had to surrender to the Earl of Surrey at Irvine, the Dundonald villagers must have trembled at the prospect of their treatment by the hated Sassenachs. In 1306 feelings of horror and hope must have surged through their veins at the news of Bruce's murder of Comyn in Grey Friars, Dumfries, and then, in spite of his sacrilege, of Bruce's coronation at Scone. No doubt, too, Bruce would have had Dundonald supporters when, in 1307, he ambushed the Earl of Pembroke's English soldiers at Loudoun Hill. King Robert's activities led to Edward I's attempt, thwarted by his death on the English side of the border, to invade Scotland once more. To his son, Edward II, halfheartedly advanced to Cumnock in Ayrshire and then wholeheartedly returned to London. Dundonald was thus spared additional ravage. Instead, by 1311, the Dundonald troops under Bruce were ravaging the north of England.



Dundonald had reason to dread another kind of invasion when the Black Death in 1349 spread like wildfire over the country covering rich and poor alike with black boils which quickly meant death.

In 1371 Dundonald achieved further glory from its friendship with Bruce, when Robert, son of Marjory Bruce and Walter Fitzalan, High Steward of Scotland, founded the Stewart line of kings (1371-1714) as Robert II. As King he spent much of his time in Dundonald, which became an appendage to the Crown, and also in Irvine which he converted by Royal Charter from a baronial to a royal burgh. Dundonald was probably a more convenient base than Dunfermline or Edinburgh for Robert's attempts to restrain the Border lords in their devastating attacks on England. He failed dismally. He was a weak King. On his death at Dundonald Castle in 1390, his son, John, succeeded him as Robert III.

He also spent much of his time in Dundonald, perhaps to escape from the Clan fights and unruly nobles in other parts of Scotland. After the death of his elder son, probably at the hands of Robert's brother, the Duke of Albany, the King decided to send his remaining son, James, to France for safety. By the cruel irony of fate, on his way to France, the future James I was captured by English sailors and borne as a prisoner to Henry IV. On the same day, 4th April, 1406, Robert III died in Dundonald Castle. James I remained a prisoner in England until 1424, except for a few visits to France with Henry V when, although unable to help them, he witnessed the bravery of his Scottish troops in the Hundred Years' War.

Dundonald again figures in the official record for 1469 when, in the reign of James III, the Scottish Parliament decreed "the lands of Dundonald with the Castle of the same . . . be for all time united, incorporated with and annexed to the possessions of the eldest sons of our successors of the Scottish realm," forbidding them to be granted to others "unless such donation or alienation shall have been made by the advice, mature deliberation and decree of the Parliament

of the three estates of our realm." In 1482 James III must have won the consent of Parliament to the alienation of Dundonald Castle, since he then granted custody of it to Alan, Lord Cathcart as a reward for service . . . the service perhaps of being one of his few faithful nobles.

Six years later, James III died, stabbed by the man who pretended to be his confessor. For his share in his father's murder at Sauchieburn, James IV often went on pilgrimage to Saint Ninian's shrine at Whithorn. On his journeys there he probably stayed in Dundonald Castle for short periods. His own death at Flodden in 1513 brought more sorrow to Dundonald as with him, in the greatest defeat that Scotland ever suffered, died the flower of Scotland's nobility and men from almost every district in the country. Five years before his death, James IV had granted the lands of Dundonald, under his Royal Seal, to Sir David Hume of Wedderburn. In 1527 an Act of Parliament approved the Charter of James V granting them to William Wallace.

With the redistribution of property at the Reformation, the tithes of Dundonald Church were vested heritably in Lord Claud Hamilton, the commendator of Paisley Abbey, the Chaplaincy abolished and the little chapel of Saint Ninian left to rot.

The troubled reign of Charles I (1625-49) provided more excitement in Dundonald. On account of the prominent opposition of the Wallaces, Charles I regranted Dundonald Castle in 1638 to Sir William Cochran of Cowdon. The villagers, however, seem to have been staunch upholders of the National Covenant and must at least have watched the Bishops' Wars with interest, if restrained from an active part by their new lord. Charles was so unsuccessful that when he visited Scotland in 1641 he had to attend Presbyterian services. In the Civil Wars which followed, Charles was even less successful, even to the extent of being executed, but Sir William Cochran, at least, derived minor profit. In 1647, for supporting Charles against Parliament, he was given the title 'Lord'.

With the Restoration of King and Episcopalian Church in 1660 hard times again came to Dundonald. The Castle, in a state of disrepair and singularly unpleasant for habitation became, a prison for offending Covenanters. Whether its proximity cooled the ardour of any possible Dundonald Covenanters, so that they took no part in conventicles, or whether the danger highlighted the attraction cannot be ascertained. Certainly the villagers heard of the fate of the Covenanters in Irvine and Ayr, who were publicly hanged, and possibly they experienced the horrors of entertaining the "Highland Host", a prelude to the "Killing Time". While the Wallaces had fallen into greater disrepute for leading the Pentland Rising on 1666, Lord Cochran, for his work in effecting the Restoration of the King, was rewarded in 1669 with the title 'Earl of Dundonald and Lord Cochran of Paisley and Ochiltree'. His descendants still hold the Castle.

Early in the eighteenth century, the lands of Dundonald, but not the Castle, passed to the Earl of Eglinton. To him, then, fell the task of reorganising the village life to conform to the developments of the Agrarian and Industrial Revolutions. Now, as the Scientific Revolution transforms Scotland once more, Dundonald Castle is to stand the rugged sentinel of Scotland's Model Village.

ANGELA MCCOOL, VI.

Life's Like That

It is little known amongst Pupils and Staff of St. Michael's, that we have a teacher in our midst who is an inventor of note. This year, however he has not invented any notes of outstanding merit but he *has* invented a method of keeping money in an unlocked receptacle which nevertheless defies any attempt at Larceny, petty or otherwise. He has not published his design as yet, but from reliable sources, it appears that his invention is based on the Common Pottery Kiln.

A Holiday Experience

MANY weeks of excitement, preparation and planning had reached their climax and it was almost unbelievable that I was standing in Kilmarnock station, together with pupils from St. Michael's and all other senior secondary schools in Ayrshire, waiting to board a special train that would take us on the first leg of our journey to the Ayrshire French Summer Camp in Versailles. At 10 p.m. the signal was given to board, and hordes of youths scrambled on to the train to secure the most comfortable seats. As we said last goodbyes and frantically gave last minute assurance to anxious mothers, the train finally chugged labouriously out of the station.

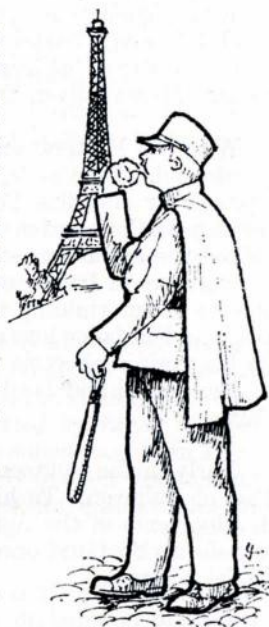
I quickly made friends with my travelling companions and after nerves were exhaled out of the system by the singing of "party songs", we settled down to quiet conversation on the topic of each other's backgrounds, and, in general, watching the various shires and countries slip by, noting the still visible differences in each particular part of the landscape or countryside. As the time crept nearer one o'clock in the morning it became evident that no one would sleep that night and for the first time I began to feel crushed and uncomfortable. It was a long, arduous journey that would have tested the patience of a saint. However, we survived and arrived safely at the port of Newhaven at six a.m. A fresh sea breeze sharpened our appetites and unanimously we agreed to adjourn to the canteen.

We embarked at seven thirty, and after a restful voyage reached Dieppe. From there we went on to Versailles via Paris in the late afternoon. My first impressions of France were not very heartening. I began to think that the beauty of France was marred by the existence of numerous slums. The port of Dieppe was an outstanding example. The small cafes that lined the streets were dark and dingy and not in any way attractive. But this was a mere port and my first impressions faded into oblivion as I beheld the splendour that is Paris. The Eiffel Tower looked a massive, domineering landmark standing aloft, as it were guarding Paris and indeed France. On arriving at the Lycee we were given our dormitory numbers and instructions to rest for the remainder of the day. Our actual programme of events would start the following day. The French youths being more at home, began to monopolise everything but as the Scots gained in confidence, there emerged a friendly pact between the two.

The days slipped by building up to the climax of the first week, a visit to Paris and the much publicised Arc de Triomphe and Eiffel Tower. We started our trip to Paris at 9.30 p.m., on a highly efficient underground service arriving half an hour later in Paris.

The hustle and bustle of the big city was similar to that of any provincial city but their mode of travel was vastly different and extremely far behind Scotland's. The majority of people owned small beetle type cars, similar to the German Volkswagen and with an equally "tinny sound" from the engine. All other thoughts immediately left our minds as we were suddenly faced with the tower. Awestruck, one could only gaze in admiration at this brilliant structural feat. Crowds of people of all nationalities were queueing to go up to the top of the tower. Automatically, we joined the queue. The small souvenir shops situated around the bottom of the tower sold mementoes which were highly over priced.

After a long wait, we began to climb the one thousand foot tower. Stopping at the first level, we had an aerial view of the heart of the famous metropolis and its suburban districts. The Arc de Triomphe stood proudly at the head of the huge boulevard leading to it and the Seine meandered slowly on its way, cutting a deep passage way through France. Without



any more hesitation we climbed to the very top. It was an experience I had never before believed, even dreamed I would have. The panoramic view of the vastness of the great country rendered me speechless. Looking down, the people and the traffic appeared like ants squirming about and for a moment one felt almost god like. The swaying of the tower was now quite evident and this, more than any interest in construction building, made me study the mighty bolts and rivets, convincing myself that they were securely held in place. I need not have looked because this must surely be one of the greatest structural feats achieved by man, and we in Scotland are not ignorant of the engineering art. All good things have to come to an end, however, and reluctantly we were brought back down to earth, and transported back to the Lycee, where the visit was feverishly discussed. It was certainly a holiday experience I will never forget.

LIAM MORRAN, V.

Selfishness

SELFISHNESS is a bad quality in any person's character and it has led to the ruin of many great men. Some of these were not at first markedly selfish, but became so as they gained power, for it is very difficult not to become selfish, once your authority is great.

A person in authority often confiscates from his victim something which he could afford to buy in plenty, such as cigarettes or cigars. He will punish him either by corporal punishment, the inflicting of which he gloats over; or by an imposition, the fruit of which he enjoys: such as reading the manuscript he has extracted from his victim.

Of course, selfishness has many fields. Some are selfish not for gain but out of malice; they will not warn a bloke that he has an elephant on his head and so the bloke has to find it out himself when he hears the elephant's ears flap. Some will appropriate things that they themselves have no use for: like cutting off an elephant's multi-coloured toe-nails so that he can't hide in a box of "smarties." An even more obnoxious type will prevent another doing something he really wants to do: like preventing an elephant from getting through a keyhole by tying a knot on his tail. How can an elephant pass through a keyhole with a knot on his tail?

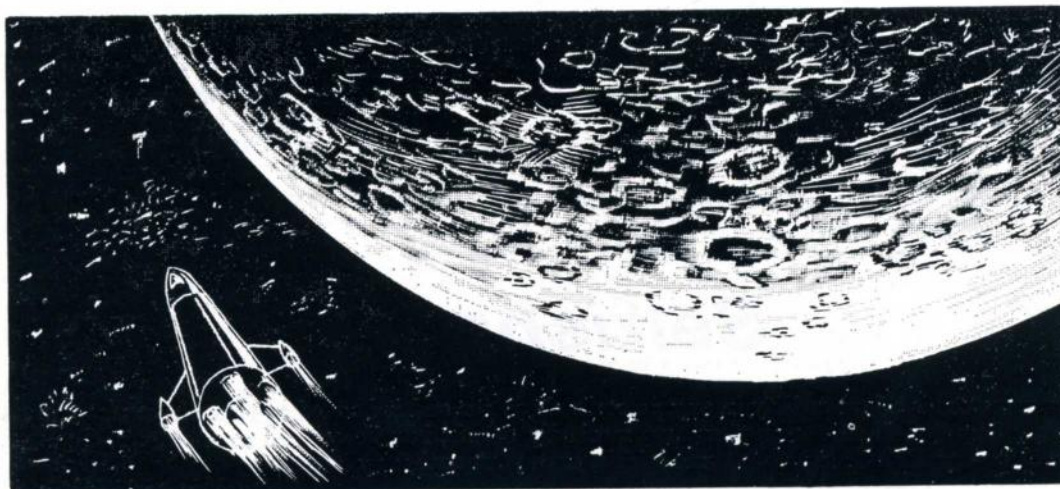
People are usually selfish about money and this often leads to dishonesty. A typical instance happened to me the other day. I had just come home from the record-shop with a brand new record-player and a few records. Eagerly I played the first one which was called "Can't buy me love." It sounded like this: "Can't buy me love, Yeah!; Can't buy me love, Yeah!; Can't buy me love, Yeah!; Can't buy me love, Yeah!; Can't buy me love, Yeah!" My instinct told me that something was wrong, and I found out that the needle was chipped; which made me realise that money can't buy other things besides love.

Of course, not only people are selfish; animals are sometimes worse. A lion is selfish because he eats other animals in order to live; but he is only selfish because the other animals are unselfish. If the other animals were selfish, they would run away from the lion and not be caught; therefore, the lion would starve; but then you can't change a Lionheart. That's why he lost the Derby.

Plants, of course are also selfish because it is common knowledge to common people that common plants sometimes grow higher than smaller plants and shield them from the vital sun's rays which are formed by the splitting of the hydrogen atoms in the sun. Of course, the plants are punished when the elephants practise their parachute landings in the jungle at night.

BENITO CASCI, IV.

Rockets



THE rocket was invented around 1200 A.D. by the Chinese who used it to carry their spears and arrows at high speeds over relatively long distances. From then until the early 1800's there is little mention of it.

Sir William Congreve was the first to develop the rocket's enormous potentials and his rockets were used extensively in the Napoleonic Wars. In 1838 this rocket was adapted to humanitarian purposes and carried a line from the shore to a stranded ship enabling the crew to be pulled ashore on a breeches buoy.

Rocketry did not advance appreciably again until an American, Dr. Robert H. Goddard developed a liquid propellant rocket which was expected to overcome the difficulties that occurred with the solid propellant type: for example, the rate of burning of a liquid fuel can be controlled accurately whereas a solid fuel, say gunpowder, burns at a fixed rate because it cannot be pumped into the combustion chamber in controlled quantities. By 1926 he was ready for a test firing and on 16th March at Auburn, Mass. the world's first liquid propelled rocket took to the air. The flight while not spectacular in the distance covered (184 ft.) proved that this type of rocket would performed as expected. Goddard continued to improve his rockets until in 1935 a height of 8,000 ft. and a speed of 700 m.p.h., was achieved.

About this time the German Rocket Society was set up, and in only a few years produced the V1 and V2 missiles. Now, less than 30 years after Goddard's 700 m.p.h. missile, the United States and Soviet Union have gigantic Intercontinental Ballistic Missiles, I.C.B.M.'s for short, capable of carrying a payload of many thousands of pounds into orbit. The Atlas, which used to launch most of the Mercury astronauts, can place 5,000 lbs. into a 300 nautical mile orbit or launch a 750 lbs. moon probe. The Saturn C-1 stands some 80 ft. high and its first stage with eight rocket engines is capable of producing a thrust of $1\frac{1}{2}$ million pounds, enough to achieve escape velocity of seven miles per second with a 5,000 lb. payload. Later versions of this missile will have a first stage thrust of up to 6 million pounds, and be capable of sending 40,000 lbs. spacecraft on its way to Venus. For comparison purposes it can be noted that a Mercury capsule weighs about 5,000 lbs.

For purely military purposes we have missiles like the submarine launched 'Polaris.' The Polaris A-2 at present in service with the V.S.N. is 29 ft. 6 ins. long, weighs in excess of 30,000 lbs. and can deliver a nuclear warhead anywhere within a 1,725 mile radius at 6,600 m.p.h.

Most modern missiles are propelled by alcohol, liquid hydrogen or gasoline, which is the fuel, and nitric acid or liquid oxygen which is the oxidiser.

Methods of guidance have greatly improved over the past 30 years. Wire guidance, where the missile is controlled by wires attached, is used in small anti-tank missiles such as the German Cobra and the British Python. The control signals can also be sent by means of radio, this system being called the Radio Command Guidance. Many air to air missiles such as the British Fire-streak and Red Tap and the American Sidewinder use a system called Infra Red Homing. In this system the missiles pick up infra-red heat rays given off by the target's hot exhaust manifolds and "homes on them." Of all the different types, inertial guidance is by far the best, being completely self-contained and therefore free from outside interference. Accelerometers and gyros are used to detect slight changes in the missile's speed or direction, signals are sent to the missile's computer which works out how to get back on to course and adjusts the controls accordingly.

On 1st October, 1957, the space age began with the launching of the world's first man-made planet, Sputnik 1, followed on 31st January, 1958, by Explorer 1 designed to take measurements of cosmic rays, temperature and relay them back to earth. Explorer 1 is best remembered for its discovery of the lower Van Allen radiation belt. Since then over 100 man-made planets have been launched, some to orbit the earth, others to journey through the universe until they come within the gravitational pull of some star. The best known of these are probably the 'T.V.' Satellites Relay, Telstar and Syncom which 'bounce' pictures across the world. The first such telecast took place on 23rd July, 1962, when viewers in Europe saw President Kennedy addressing Congress a fraction of a second after those present saw him. Other satellites such as those in the Tiros range, which are used to improve meteorological observations, have given us much useful information concerning areas in plenty of time.

The first manned spacecraft was launched by U.S.S.R. on 12th April, 1961, with Major Yuri Gagarin inside. The Americans soon replied with the sub-orbital flights of Alan Shephard and Virgil Grissom on 5th May and 21st July. On 6-7th August, 1961, the Russians followed up their first success with the 17-orbit flight of Ghermon Titov. The U.S. did not better this achievement until 16th May, 1963, when Gordon Cooper completed 22 orbits. The record at the moment is held by Russia with a flight of 5(?) days.

After the first lunar landing and exploration we will go on to explore the other planets in our solar system. Then what? Will we be able to escape from our tiny family of planets? To do this, three things would have to be achieved; first, the spacecraft would have to be accelerated to huge speeds in the region of the velocity of light (300 million metres per second) or even greater in order to cross the vast distances (the nearest star is $4\frac{1}{2}$ light years or 539.6 billion miles away) in a reasonable time; second, a spacecraft could not hold enough food or oxygen to supply the crew for a period of decades so they would probably have to be deep frozen for most of the voyage so as to use up no food or oxygen; thirdly, the spacecraft would have to be completely self-contained.

I conclude by saying that the rocket, in 900 years, has advanced from a position of unimportance to a position where it alone holds the key to the universe, because if we cannot produce one, propelled by either chemical or nuclear power, capable of accelerating to speeds of a fantastic magnitude then we may as well give up any idea of exploring the universe.

MICHAEL J. TIMMONS, V.

TREASURE TROVE

£1,000 IN GOLD STOLEN—screamed the headlines. With a sigh the inspector put down his paper.

"I might have known that the papers would find out. We wanted this kept quiet." By all rights this case should have been solved but no evidence could be found. It was well known to the police who had committed the crime, but their suspect had an alibi which they could not break down. If the ingots were found it would make a great difference. Their suspect was an influential man who lived in London; his house had been searched but no evidence had been produced. A scrap of paper which had been found among his private papers was believed by the inspector to be a clue. If he could solve this case without calling in assistants, it would be a feather in his cap. He was positive it was in code; anyway it was his only hope. The type-written message read:—

7he34 r995 23 q43 59oe,
r49j 43qe8ht rq846 5qo3w 9r 9oe,
o9he9h'w w54335w 2343 -qt3e 285y t9oe,
g3h3q5y 5y3 roqtw59h3w 697 28oo r8he,
5y3 t9oe3h to3qj 9r 5475y 7h59oe.

This paper had been worrying him all day long and he was very ill tempered as a result. His secretary became flustered at his mood and had placed her fingers on the wrong bank of keys on her typewriter. Not realising this she handed the typed sheet to him to sign. Angrily he shouted at the girl and dismissed her from the room. Later when he had calmed down, he picked up the nonsensical letter. It looked almost like a code, he thought. A moment later he was examining the other strange message. He called back his secretary, explained the situation to her, and asked her help in decoding it. The task was not now difficult when she realised that the typewriter gave the answer:—The third row of keys had been used as the home keys instead of the second row.

The message read:—

Under foot we are told,
From reading fairy tales of old,
London's streets were paved with gold,
Beneath the flagstones you will find,
The golden gleam of truth untold.

On reading this cryptic message, the inspector gathered his men and raced to the house. Leading to the main doorway was a path of flagstones. This was enough for him. It was soon evident that the flagstones had been raised recently. Below them they found, carefully covered in protective wrappings, thin sheets of gold. When confronted with them the owner of the house confessed. He and his accomplices were soon convicted.

MARIA KILDAY, III Beta.

SPELLINSTOUGH.

The wing was rough
And cold and blough;
She kept her hands inside her mough.

It chilled her through,
Her nose turned blough;
And still the squall the faster fough.

And yet although,
There was no snough,
The weather was a cruel fough.

It made her cough,
(Please do not scough);
She coughed until her hat blew ough.

FRANCIS TORNEY, IIA.

MY LIVING ROOM AS SEEN BY A MOUSE

ONE desolate cold winter's day while I was searching for food, in a huge snow-covered field, I strayed from my parents. I looked everywhere for them, until I was cold and weak from hunger. Warily I crossed the road and suddenly a door opened. I took my chance, scampered quickly up the path and into the house. I arrived there just in time, as the giant who was in the act of closing the door, nearly jammed my tail in it.

The family were having a meal when I entered. The food smelled delicious and it made me realise I was ravenous. Alas, all I could do was to creep stealthily into a corner and wait till I could manage to steal some crumbs.

From the corner I viewed my surroundings. At one end of the room, there was a cave with a volcano inside. From time to time one of the giants gave the monster something to eat. It ate it greedily and red flames shot out of its mouth. I sat huddled in my corner unable to move. I looked around me again. At the monster's side was a roundabout with brushes and shovels on it. I made up my mind to have a swing on it later. Next my eyes travelled towards the ceiling. Hanging from it were objects which looked like flying saucers. A bright light shone from them. Every moment I was expecting men from outer space to emerge.

Suddenly one of the giants jumped up and walked across to the big screen in the corner of the room. He fiddled with some knobs and then returned to his chair. All at once a voice boomed out, "This is the six o'clock news." Instantly every one's attention was drawn to the screen. I seized this opportunity of gnawing at a few crumbs that had dropped on the floor.

Again I started to gaze around me. I noticed that on one wall there was paper that resembled the sky at night. It was a deep blue with white stars on it. Some of them were huge and others were just little dots.

When I felt tired, I decided to go to sleep. It was then that I noticed how soft the floor was. This was not what I was used to! Immediately I woke up intent on finding out more about my new discovery.

After a few hours had passed the giants got up one at a time and went out of the door. As the last one disappeared, the room suddenly darkened. I settled down to go to sleep and to await the dawn, for then I would be able to find out more about my new surroundings.

MARGARET ANN MCGUINNESS, IA.



PORRIDGE.

A think porridge is good, don't ye?
A think it's the best o' food, don't ye?
One morning ye dash doon the stairs,
It's cold oot, ye're caught unawares.
Where's ma scarf? Where are ma boots?
Where are ma gloves? Hoots Toots!
Noo listen! Tak' heed!
It's no these—It's PORRIDGE ye need.

A' day at school ye're warm as can be,
Whether you've Latin or Music or Geography.
It disna matter what subjects ye take.
Yer porridge does the job, it keeps ye awake.
A parting hint for teachers ah've one
(Don't tell ma pals or ah'll be done)
It really disna matter, whatever the length,
Porridge gives the arm a wee bit o' strength.

MONICA McMANUS, IIIA.



The Disappearing Magic of Egypt

FOR as long as I can remember the Pyramids, temples and tombs of Egypt have always fascinated me. Without these engineering marvels the history of this glorious civilisation could not have been fully appreciated. The Pyramids themselves are almost magical because the manner in which they were built has never been discovered while the treasures and indecipherable writings discovered in their secret chambers have left us wondering about a civilization which has long since disappeared.

The magic which has drawn the interest and the dollars of the world to Egypt will gradually disappear as the high Aswan Dam rises to encompass the land of Nubia and the valley of Kings. As a result of an appeal from UNESCO many countries announced that they would despatch expeditions in an effort to save some of the monuments. Only one, however, was working on a site at this time last year. This contingent came from Britain though France had carried out an extensive survey of the upper reaches of the Nile. Others have followed since but there is a great shortage of expert Egyptologists. The Egyptian government have given an incentive to explorers and archaeologists by offering to sell some of the tombs and promising that half of the treasures discovered may be kept by the finder.

An example of the work now in progress is the raising of the temple of Abu Simbel by an Italian team of experts. The temple, discovered 150 years ago by Johann Burckhart, will be raised 180 feet above its present level to ensure its safety from the water of the dam. The temple is built on a natural bay on the west bank of the Nile on a yellow sandy beach with thorn bushes dotted here and there. Beyond this was a hillside of solid sandstone which was cut away to make a sloping facade; and from this surface were hewn the four statues of Rameses, each 66 feet high at the entrance of the temple. Within is one of the grandest of the Nubian tombs.

In spite of legendary curses associated with defilers of the tombs, thieves have entered and pillaged them if they found an entrance, but we are grateful that they did not destroy immovable objects. Some temples were covered by drifting sand and these yielded much information.

There is evidence that Egyptian Copts, priests of Orthodox Christians in Egypt caused much damage to the tombs. In the temple of Sebuia they covered over the paintings on the walls and built a chapel within the temple. They then added to their decoration the figures of Christian saints. With the lapse of time the mud covering the original paintings has partly flaked off, causing both sets of paintings to mingle. There has been found a picture of Rameses II giving a lotus to St. Peter who carries in his hand a large key. So one civilization has mingled with another but the earlier pictures have been often obliterated and their stories lost for ever.

The destruction continues to-day, this time by the hands of the name carvers. This impulse of people to carve their names on historic landmarks must be innate for even in the time of the Pharaohs the people came to stare in awe and carve their names. Nor were they particular where their bid for immortality was placed, provided it was obvious and provided a smooth surface for carving.

In spite of many attempts to destroy them throughout the centuries, many wonders of Egypt have survived. It has taken this feat of engineering, the Aswan Dam, to completely destroy the temples, tombs and monuments which have served the world as a reminder of the glory and grandeur that was Egypt.

J. DOHERTY, VI.

THE SCHOOL TRIP TO ARRAN

BOREAS was blowing the billowy briny full blast at Ardrossan, as the good ship "Glen Sannox", pennons flying and hull groaning under the merry hordes of St. Michael's seniors with Sr. Marie Celeste and her gallant colleagues in tow, hooted thrice and set course for Arran, that well-known lump of land plump in the middle of the wet-green sea.

Brodick greeted us with a sun-shower that "fair drookit" all but the brolly-bearers. Ne'er daunted, our joyous throngs dispersed, some to do battle with the peace-loving islanders, some to munch their sandwiches under the shady chestnut-boughs, others to quaff coffee and coke to the beat of the Brodick juke-box, and a valiant few on bicycles to assault Goat Fell from whose lofty peak they gracefully accelerated to their doom. The naturalists among us spent the day in quest of wild-life. Our safari over, it was casually observed that the island game and cattle had become curiously extinct. The understandably lethargic staff were seen to slumber all day in tranquil glade, breaking the stillness only occasionally to murmur Latin verbs.

One stalwart youth went paddling in the icy-cold sea. When we had thawed him out afterwards, he memorably remarked, "Brr!"

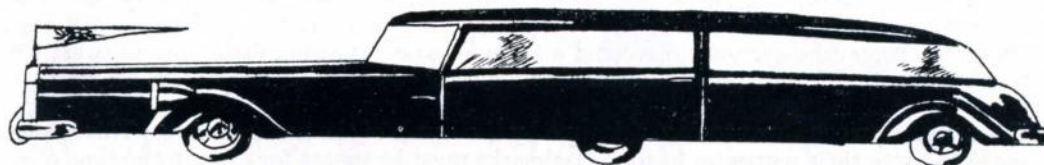
The history students restrained themselves from paying the admission fee to Brodick Castle, while most of the geography students, craving for a little culture, as is only natural, sped thither and ecstatically took notes as the guide pelted them with knobs of knowledge. A boorish squad of geographers, armed with postcard-map and compass, made for Lamash by the direct road and were never seen again.

An evil set from Sixth-Year mounted the sturdy but apprehensive cuddies hiding in 'bus-shelters. Their steeds soon withered, the delinquents hired rowing-boats, and in true Nelson style fought a masterly off-shore sea-battle against the local rowing club with oar, anchor and boat-hook. As the last craft sank beneath the frothy surge, the surviving land lubbers among us, jiggered but jubilant, re-boarded the "Glen Sannox" bound for Fairlie, 'buses home, and bed.

JOHN R. CRAWFORD, VI.



The Queen Mother Passes



AFTER morning prayers, one Monday morning, Sister Pauline, our Principal, announced that we would be allowed to watch the Queen-Mother as she passed with her retinue on her way to open the Nuclear Power Station at Hunterston. The remarks which greeted this announcement were very patriotic and can well be imagined. However, when it was realised that we would miss about half an hour's study that afternoon, her arrival was more appreciated.

The following afternoon I was undergoing the excruciating ordeal of having to translate a passage of Cicero's speech "Pro Rabirio," when the bell started to ring. Was I becoming insane under the ordeal? Surely not! Then I remembered—the Queen-Mother was passing through. Saved—by the Queen-Mother! A royal reprieve! "Can we go home after she's by?" I asked our teacher as I left. "No," he replied, obviously taking a dim view of my phraseology. Perhaps I should have said "Her Majesty" instead of "she". However it worried me not a whit, and I joined the crowd of pupils and teachers jostling through the gates on to the pavement. Gradually, the pupils lining the route moved a few steps further to the left—a few steps further from the school—a few steps that would have to be slowly retraced. This slow migration continued for a considerable distance, until stopped by a teacher very strategically placed to prevent any opportunists taking "French leave."

A cheer came from those nearer the school, and we rushed expectantly to the road-side. One of the less-modern A.I. buses trundled by, and an elderly conductress stood at the door waving acknowledgment to our hearty cheers. Thereafter, all passing traffic was cheered. Policemen redirected traffic, though not, I think, out of consideration for the drivers about to be embarrassed.

Most of us were a little impatient by this time. There was a frosty breeze blowing, and the conversation was directed against the eminent personage whose arrival we awaited with so much enthusiasm. One of the more enthusiastic started to sing "Land of hope and glory" and I and a friend were in the act of urging him to refrain, and not because he was not singing in tune, when another cheer came from those nearer the school. Instead of a dilapidated bus, a flotilla of cars, some black and clean, others light-coloured and not so clean, moved swiftly past. The glimpse we caught of the Queen-Mother was of her back, as she was facing the opposite side of the road. We felt we had been defrauded.

Then slowly, so slowly, we crawled back to our classes. One boy obviously an amateur prophet, suggested that some teacher might ask us to write an essay on the exciting event we had just witnessed, whereupon the suggestion was decried as ludicrous.

JOHN MILGREW, V.

H is for homework, we do it at night.
O is for oral, there's no need to write.
M is for magazines, which we all gather.
E is for English, analysis and grammar.

W is for white, our blouses should be.
O is for "orful" as this rhyme you see.
R is for racket made at recess.
K is for knowledge, which we don't possess.

ANN MYLES, IIA.

What I want to be when I grow up

I DON'T know, yet! When I was little I wanted to join the army but now, I am not so sure as there are plenty of other interesting jobs available. For instance I could be the driver of one of those great big "Pullman" Diesel-Electrics thundering down the line at a hundred miles an hour, but since Dr. Beeching has been cutting down the railways, I don't think I'll bother.

I might be a famous surgeon, world-renowned for my skill at the operating table, but that's not very likely, and, anyway, you have to go to medical school for years, so that's out.

I wouldn't mind being a pilot of one of these new jets, but that's too dangerous. I might crash. So that's another occupation crossed off the list.

I could be a famous explorer, but there aren't any new continents to explore so that's a waste of time.

I could be a teacher, but when I think of the behaviour of some of the people in my class (not me, of course!) and the exams you have to pass, I would rather not.

There is a chance of becoming a screen or T.V. star but there's too much work involved. Just look at the Beatles and the crowds and jelly babies they have to face.

A chef wouldn't be such a bad idea but I might accidentally poison someone and get thrown in jail (ugh!).

I might be an author, writing books or short stories (like this one) and get thousands of pounds in royalties. Ah! but if it's hard enough writing this; how am I to write a hundred pages of a book?

I could become a famous footballer like Denis Law or Puskas, but that idea has one snag. I can't play football very well!

I could be a scientist (mad or otherwise) making inventions, discovering new elements and making atom-bombs, but, I would be more likely to blow myself up, than discover something.

I might be a millionaire but there are too many difficulties in that.

In fact, I don't know what to be. If I am to continue the way I am going, I shall end up, UNEMPLOYED.

PETER GRIBBEN, IIA.

FORMER PUPILS

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

1964—an eventful year. Another session of the Vatican Council with further progress and far reaching results; the General Election; the Olympic Games; and—the new St. Michael's College takes shape. After many years of "nil" reports we are so pleased to let you know that, since work began in January, progress has been excellent and, please God, by this time next year seven hundred +, bright, eager, industrious pupils will be settled in handsome new surroundings. No more leaking huts, no more classes in cloakrooms, no more wading through flooded playgrounds, no more queueing for dinner—ah, bless the day!

We meet again after another year with plenty to talk about, of old colleagues, of old times. Sit back in your chair and let's talk.

We begin with two postulants, two additions to our large family in Religious Orders. Anne Marie McLaughlin has entered the Franciscan Convent in Merrylee, Glasgow; Alice Mary Traynor, having completed her training as a teacher, has entered the Cross and Passion novitiate in Maryfield, Dublin. Sister Anna (Catherine Hainey) dressed her in her Postulant's clothes when she entered, and is acting as her "mother."

Sister Mary of St. Anthony (Cissie McHugh) wrote from her Carmelite Convent home in Reading. She took her Solemn Vows last January and she gave us good news of Sister Mary of St. Michael (Annie Dorrian) who has a very busy time as sub-Prioress.

Brother Leonard C.P. (Lawrence Byrne, Irvine) made his Profession in the Graan, Enniskillen.

Mother (Moir) Donnelly, in Craiglockhart, and Sister Pauline Therese (Agnes Leverage) reached another stage in their vocations, obtaining their Diplomas in Sacred Studies.

A model, we imagine, is something that most girls would like to be, but we are sure that Margaret Donnelly never thought that she would be one. Margaret, Sister Francis, of the Sisters of Charity, modelled their new Habit and most of you would see her photograph in the Catholic press.

In April, at Killeshandra, Eire, Anne Delahunt received the Habit and the name of Sister Mary Ronald of the Missionary Sisters of the Holy Rosary.

Sister Julie Bosco, S.N.D. (Philomena Doherty) also took her First Vows in April and came from Ashdown to teach in Notre Dame High School. In late summer, Sister had a minor operation, followed by a period of convalescence in Skelmorlie. Since then, and in good health, she has returned to England to teach in Oxford.

To these and all our old school friends in Religion we send our best wishes and our prayers, and we hope that they don't think us presumptuous, when we say that we are pleased to think that they are remembering us in theirs.

And we have more academic achievements to record. Our congratulations go to Mary Frances McCann, Michael Murray and Oliver Murray. Michael and Oliver both graduated B.Sc., and are now at Jordanhill, while Mary took her B.Sc., with honours in Physics and is now doing research at the University with a view to taking her Ph.D. Congratulations also to Joe McGrath who has obtained his Diploma in Musical Education at the Royal Academy of Music, Glasgow, and to Cecilia Macintyre who has obtained a Diploma in Art, at the Glasgow School of Art.

Congratulations, too, to those graduates of Notre Dame who are now working hard at their chosen profession in various schools throughout the county. Alice Brown, M.A., is in St. Joseph's, Patricia Reid in St. Palladius' (Patricia was an office bearer and active worker in the Legion during her period in the College), Anne Convery in St. Columba's and Mary Kilfeather, who has received a Diploma with Merit in Teaching, is in St. Bridget's, Kilbirnie.

A special word of praise to Mrs. McLaughlin (Winnie Brady) and Mrs. Clegg (Sadie McQuade). After many years away from their "books," these two housewives went "back to school." and have now successfully completed their training. Mrs. McLaughlin is teaching in our own Primary department and Mrs. Clegg in St. Palladius', Dalry.

This year's entry of St. Michael's girls to the Training College will have a "kent" face on the Staff. Miss (Mary) Doran, resigning from St. Michael's, took up duty at Notre Dame on 1st October as Lecturer in Science. We wish you well, Mary, and congratulate you on your appointment. Our congratulations go also to Collette Donnachie, who has had the great honour of being elected President of the Students at Notre Dame for this session.

Two "old boys" returned to St. Michael's in August. Sean Pentleton, B.Sc., and Frank Cassellis, B.Sc., started their teaching careers in the Science Department. One of more recent vintage—1964—Eric Cairney, also took up duty in the Science Department, in a new post recently created by the Education Committee. Eric is a laboratory technician. He is in St. Michael's two days a week and continues the theoretical and practical work of his apprenticeship at John Dale College, Glasgow.

This session too, we have added several "old girls" (if they will pardon us) to our Staff. Teresa Medine is now Miss Medine, our P.E. teacher, and Miss (Rita) Fischer assists Mrs. Ennis and Mrs. Barkey in the Homecraft Department. To the Primary Department have come Mrs. Erskine (May Murphy), Mrs. McIvor (Theresa Brady) and her sister, Mrs. McLaughlin, already mentioned. Welcome back!

From far and near, from home and "foreign pairts" we receive ever welcome letters and visits from your old schoolmates. Last Christmas, amongst many cards, came one from Michael McCabe, bearing the postmark El Adem. We wondered where El Adem was, and were just reaching for an atlas when Mr. McKinley of the Staff came to the rescue . . . at a price! Before receiving the information we had to listen to war experiences beginning, "When I was in El Adem . . ." Ultimately, we gathered that El Adem is in Libya, North Africa. Michael, who is a meteorologist attached to the R.A.F., was home on leave and paid us a visit early in October. He is now posted to the South of England.

Cards were received from Mr. and Mrs. James Moultrie; Mrs. Moultrie (Betty Leckie) has since had another child, a fourth son; from Mr. Craig, Adrian Reeve, Peggy Stuart—who also sent us a card at Easter from Bermuda, where she is nursing.

With her card came an interesting "newsy" letter from Mrs. Robertson (Oonagh Furlong). Oonagh and her family, two girls and a boy, have been in Swansea for over a year now after about eight years in Ramsgate. Her husband was appointed Production Manager of a new factory which his firm opened in Swansea. Her sister, Kathleen is kept busy with three toddlers and we are told that a "happy event" was expected at Angela's home in St. Albans earlier this year. Oonagh keeps in touch with Mary Moran who has four children.

Every Christmas comes news also from Mrs. Bates (Cissie Taylor) who now lives in Cheshire.

The Hong Kong stamp is by now familiar to us and it means news from Mrs. Northcote (Teresa Quinn). Teresa tells us that all are well and that Eric is now Chief Immigration Inspector, enjoying his work thoroughly.

From the other side of the world we had a letter from Mrs. Freeman (Catherine Turkas, Stevenston). Catherine is living in Gainesville, Georgia, and she enclosed a picture of herself and her two children. She has been considering taking up nursing.

A few months ago Sister Pauline had a letter from Italy, from Mrs. Bondi (Nellie Pierotti). Mrs. Bondi is teaching in Italy. Some time later Sister received a small statue of St. Rita, the saint of the "impossible", from her. "Very appropriate", said Sister, thinking of her "impossible" task of accommodating pupils.

Moving from Italy to Spain, we report the marriage there of Helen Cassellis to Senor Enrique Pagés Secall in January. Helen had a short spell home about Easter but has returned to her home in Barcelona. Kathleen Glanton was married in Troon at Easter time to Monsieur Alain Tessier and had also gone to live abroad, in Nantes, France.

"Go West, young man" was the advice of a famous American towards the end of the last century, to those seeking fame and fortune. We wondered if the advice applied to young ladies as well. In the summer of 1963, Agnes McCann decided she would try for her fortune and joined her sister Kathleen in Vancouver. In the summer of 1964, Mr. and Mrs. McCann flew to

Vancouver to attend her wedding. Agnes is now Mrs. Garry Tappay. She is teaching in the Sacred Heart School in the city and Kathleen remains on Vancouver Island. Our best wishes to all.

A welcome visitor from Canada was Ian McCulloch (Kilwinning), whose home is now in Windsor, Ontario. Ian, after serving his apprenticeship in Ardeer, emigrated ten years ago. He married a Canadian girl and now has four children and is doing very well. He is a foreman electrician in a motor plant in Windsor.

Bobbie Robertson was home for three weeks from Brockville, Ontario. We were delighted to meet him again and to hear how well his family are getting on. His wife, formerly Renee Cowan, is proving an excellent and enthusiastic Vice-President of the Catholic Women's League in Brockville. Bobbie was proud to show us photographs of Renee and his three bonny bairns.

A "success" story came to us all the way from Australia. Anne Torrance (Irvine), now Mrs. Van Issum, is settled in Australia. Anne entered an all-Australia cookery competition, won her way through various heats to the final and emerged the winner. Well done, Anne. The prize?—a trip round the world for two and £2,500 in cash. In the modern idiom—Fabulous! At the time of writing, Anne, with her baby, are home in Irvine with her parents, about the half way stage of her journey. She reached Irvine via Hawaii and the United States and she will return to Australia by way of Egypt and India.

Ellen O'Neill, happily recovered after a very serious illness, called in at school about the end of October. Ellen should have begun a course in Occupational Therapy in Edinburgh earlier but her illness prevented that. In the meantime, she will be getting some useful practice in centres run by Ayr County Council and will start in Edinburgh next year.



More welcome visitors from nearer home were Kitty Clancy, Willie Delury, Francis Murphy and Hugh Arkison—all six feet five and a half inches of him, Patrick Wilson (Troon), Brian McGinty (Largs), and Jim Rhodes (Dreghorn). Jim, a "mighty atom", ex-Fly Weight Champion of the British Army Cadets, is proving his worth outside the ring. Making excellent progress with Massey Ferguson, he has been seconded from his work to attend the University of Strathclyde to take an Associateship. Already the holder of the Higher National Certificate in Engineering, Jim has been exempted from the first two years of a four year course.

Another engineer is George Reid (Saltcoats). George's course at the "Tech" completed, he has gone to the firm of David Brown, Huddersfield, who make heavy tractors, earth moving equipment, etc. They also have an interest in much faster machines, Aston Martin and Lagonda cars. A bit of racing on the side, George?

Donald Gillies is following a more sedentary line. Donald has passed his Part 1 stage in Accountancy. He is now doing Part 11, to be followed by University classes in Economics, Law and associated subjects.

Our last report of Francis McGeough was "a sailor who hadn't been to sea", but that has been remedied. After two years with the Blue Funnel Line, Francis has gained his Ordinary National Certificate in Marine Engineering and between times has sailed, if not the seven seas, some of them and has been to Aden, Hong Kong and Japan. He is now back at the firm's training college in Liverpool, before resuming his voyaging.

Brian Murray (Stevenston) has also gained his Ordinary National Certificate. Brian is an apprentice engineer with the I.C.I. at Ardeer.

An appointment that gave us great pleasure, since it came to an old friend and colleague, was that of Sam Taylor as Superintendent of Ardrossan Cemetery. Is this unique amongst the professions of our F.P.'s?

Michael Pratchett remembered us at Christmas, too. Michael has started his teaching career in Technical Subjects, in Kilwinning High School, and is doing good work with the school football team. Also in charge of school teams are Bobby Hume in Largs and Ronnie Kelly in St. Peter's. We offer our congratulations to Ronnie, now the proud father of a son.

While on the subject of football you may have noted familiar names in the Press recently. Bobby Lennox has been prominent with Celtic this season and Eddie Monan with Ayr United. Joe Murray has returned from Stoke and is now with Greenock Morton. Still in "foreign" parts is Gerry McGowan, doing nicely with Oldham F.C.

The next Olympic games are in 1968—have we a prospect here? Robert Shanks, partnered by a young lady from the Ardrossan Canoe Club, won the Mixed Doubles Championship of Scotland over a 500 metre course on Loch Lomond. Well done, Bobby!

Marlene Dick is now a Registered General Nurse (R.G.N.) and has gone to England to take further courses.

You will read on another page of Mr. Laird's retirement. Quite a number of old colleagues, including Mr. Craig, Mr. Spiers, Mr. and Mrs. Farrell, came to honour Mr. Laird and renew old acquaintances. We enjoyed very much meeting them again.

Back home in Kilbirnie after more than four years teaching in South Africa is Mary Gorman. Mary has taken up her old post in St. Mary's, Largs.

Our heartfelt sympathy is extended to the family and relatives of Mrs. MacLellan (Chrissie Leslie, Troon). Chrissie and her aunt were killed in a tragic car accident last February.

Our sympathy also goes to Jim Browne on the death of his wife, Kathleen (Murray). Mrs. Browne was unable to resume teaching in St. Winning's at the end of August and after a comparatively short illness, died on September 27th.

In these and other bereavements to families and friends of our former pupils, we share their sorrow and offer our sympathy and prayers. May they rest in peace.

We have mentioned a few marriages already. News of quite a number of others reaches us from our various "reporters."

Two young couples, recently wed, have emigrated to Australia, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Breslin and Mr. and Mrs. Robert Gallacher (Angela Dorrian, Saltcoats). We wish them well in their new state and in their new country.

David Farrell and his wife (Morag Fraser) and year-old daughter are preparing to leave this country for South Africa. David takes up a new post with the Ford Motor Company in Port Elizabeth early in January.

An all F.P. affair was the wedding of Edwin Forde to Sadie Burns. Edwin's brother, Hugh, and Valerie McEvoy acted as witnesses. Michael Connick to Margaret Delahunt was one of our "double" events. Michael, a civil engineer, is employed at Cockenzie Power Station. Their home is nearby in Portobello. Another of our double F.P. marriages was that of James Monan to Grace Clarke.

Anne McCann (Saltcoats) was married a few months ago to Hugh Donaldson. Anne had been working at Auchincruive and now, living in Glasgow, is continuing her work at the West of Scotland Agricultural College.

Congratulations, too, to our own Mr. (Billy) Hand on his marriage to May McCaw, M.A. Mrs. Hand was, and is, teaching in St. Joseph's, Kilmarnock.

To Elma and Josephine Robertson our best wishes. Elma was married to Mr. Watkins of Dreghorn and later in the year Josephine was married in Largs to Terence Quadling of Colchester. Josephine was Elma's bridesmaid and, in turn, Elma acted for Josephine.

Another "double". Annette Cleary, M.A., married early this year to Hugh Donald, D.A., has just become the mother of twins, a boy and a girl. Congratulations.

To the following, and to each of you who have been married within the past year and of whom we have not heard, we send our congratulations and we wish you many happy years :—Vincent Murray, M.A., and Una McConnell, M.A. ; Billy Giffney, M.A., and Betty Kevan ; George Nicol (Kilwinning) and Patricia Murray ; Charles Loye and Agnes Rooney (New Stevenston) ; Eugene Grant and Rosemary McCann (Hurlford) ; Michael Clarke (brother of Grace) ; James Murdoch (Kilbirnie) to Sadie McDougall ; Maureen Barr to Michael McNamara ; James Cassidy and Margaret King (Billy Barr was groomsman) ; Caroline Graham and Mr. Boland ; Eileen Gray (Largs) and Brian Burnett ; Elizabeth Leverage and Joe Murphy ; Nan Cairney (Kilwinning) to George Shirra Gibb ; Gerard McMulkin to Mary Anne Smith.

And there are some new "arrivals" that have come to our notice :—Mrs. Margaret McHugh (Margaret Leverage) a son ; ; Mrs. Turner Chalmers, a daughter ; Mrs. Alastair Maxwell, a daughter ; Mrs. Eddie Mullen (Anne Stewart) a daughter ; Mrs. Joe McAuley (Cathie Scott) a second child, a son ; Mrs. Tim Cullinane, a son ; Mrs. Duffy (Jane Chapman) a third child, a girl ; Mrs. Graham (Joan McNamara) a second child, a boy ; Mrs. Frank Smith (Diana Pollachi) a third daughter ; Mrs. Muir (Rose Currie) a son ; Mrs. Clarke (Margaret Taylor) a second child, a girl (in New York) ; Mrs. Scullion (Patricia Brodie), a third child ; Mrs. Mallon (Maureen Glanton) a son ; Mrs. O'Donnell (Rosemary Clark) a daughter ; Mrs. Gordon (Molly Northcote) a daughter ; Mrs. Gately (Elizabeth Murphy), a second son ; Mrs. Hill (Mary Keenan) a daughter ; Mrs. Adamson (Anna Boyce) a son ; Mrs. James Lawler (Therese McNamara) a daughter ; Mrs. Maxwell (Patsy Mackie), now back in Largs from the United States, a son ; Mrs. Kerr (Maureen Doherty), a second son ; Mrs. Ian Trayner (Alison Scott) a daughter ; and Mrs. Sheills (Patsy Atkey) has adopted a baby. We wish you joy and happiness in your children.

Our new school—ah, we've mentioned that already. Is there anything else ? Of course—the Sisters, young and old, who were formerly on the Staff. The "young" ones, Sisters Paul Mary, Marie Callista and Mary Campion are active at their various posts in England. Sister Marie Pierre has transferred to Bradford from Ballycastle while Sister Leonardine has gone to Ballycastle from Fleetwood. Sister Joseph Patrick is still in Belfast. As for the "old" ones (Sister Francis will never forgive us !), Sister Peter Mary is living quietly at the Passionist House in Sutton, near St. Helens, while Sister Francis is still at home in Irvine, doing a little music and singing, privately, and taking a very keen and active interest in the garden.

And that must be all for now. We have had a long, enjoyable chat ; we have enjoyed hearing of you and remembering you, even if sometimes, with the passing of the years, the memory is a little faded. To all of you, near and far—and many of you are far away—we send our warmest greetings. Till we meet again, God bless you.

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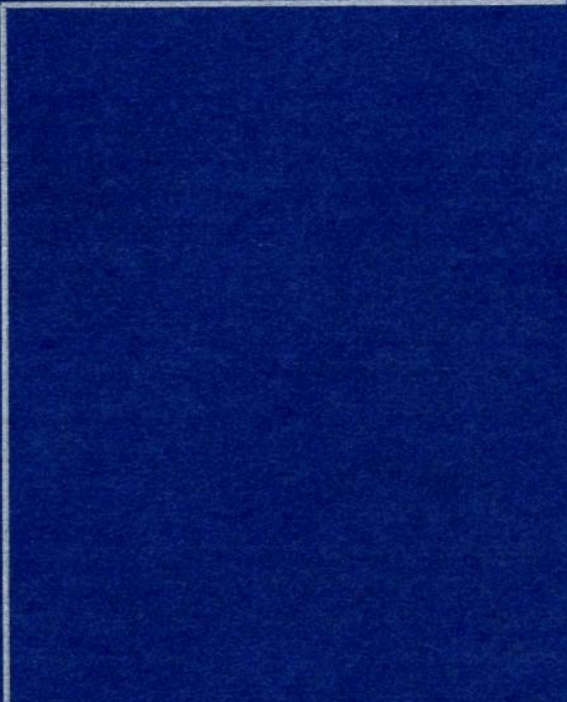
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