

ST. MICHAEL'S COLLEGE



19 MAGAZINE 66

THIS SPACE PRESENTED BY

J. CAMPBELL

**81-83 FERGUSHILL ROAD
KILWINNING**



YOUR



GRO CER



**THE SIGN OF
BETTER**

FOOD SHOPPING

SHARP YOUNG

FAMILY BUTCHER

**Only Best Scotch Beef and Mutton
Orders Called For and Delivered**

**9 FULLARTON PLACE
IRVINE**

Telephone No. 3326

Lynden Studios

Proprietor: JACK TURLEY

24 Fullarton Place

IRVINE

*Weddings : Functions
Portraits, etc.*

—o—
*Cameras and Photographic
Supplies*

—o—
Telephone: Irvine 3497

B. R. HANNAH

For Good Hosiery



SHOES, REPAIRS



116 Main Street
KILWINNING

SPEND YOUR
“PROVIDENT
CHECK”
at
‘*Easiephit*’

—
Note our New Address:

PROVIDENT OFFICE,
1 CHAPEL LANE,
IRVINE

ST. MICHAEL'S PUPILS
and
FORMER PUPILS
CAN BUY THE BEST
PENS
PENCILS and
BALLPOINTS

from

GAWS

on

BRIDGEGATE

Agents for
Parker and Sheaffer Pens

ROONEY'S GARAGE



41 Seater Luxury Coaches

PETROL --- OIL

REPAIRS AND SERVICING

Alexandra Terrace

KILWINNING

PHONE --- KIL. 2266

HOLMES

BOOKS

STATIONERY

PERIODICALS

ACCESSORIES

Our display is backed by all the resources
of W. & R. HOLMES (BOOKS), LTD., of
3 - 11 DUNLOP STREET who carry the
largest bookstocks in Scotland.

W. & R. HOLMES (Books) LIMITED
63 BUCHANAN STREET — GLASGOW, C.1

Tel. No: CENTral 1661

WILLIAM MacCALLUM

Fishmonger and Poulterer

136 MAIN STREET, KILWINNING

TEL: KILWINNING 2554

Orders Delivered Daily

Haddock a Speciality

Branches:

6 RITCHIE STREET, WEST KILBRIDE

Tel: West Kilbride 3265

14 AITKEN STREET, LARGS

Tel: Largs 3217

COACHABILITY!

You won't find 'COACHABILITY' in your Dictionary, but we have it in ours! Viz. 'The ability to provide a superlative coach, when and where it is required, to convey any number of passengers to their destination in comfort and to ensure their maximum enjoyment en route—all at lowest possible cost for high service.'

So lay your dictionary aside. Your quest is over—just tell us about your journey and leave the details to us (Meals, Theatre Tickets, etc., can be arranged).

- DAY TOURS THROUGHOUT SCOTLAND
- PRIVATE OUTINGS
- SUPPORTERS' CLUBS
- SCHOOL PARTIES
- THEATRE NIGHTS

Etc. Etc. Etc.

**DODDS COACHES
LTD.**

72 PORTLAND STREET, TROON

TEL: 97 (3 LINES)

Branch Offices at: AYR, PRESTWICK, IRVINE
SALTCOATS

PHONE: 3059

CRAWFORD'S

Ladies' and Gent.'s Outfitters

Complete St. Michael's School Uniform

Always in Stock

Shetland and Hawick Knitwear

33 BRIDGEGATE - IRVINE

JAMES A. MOIR

115 MAIN STREET. KILWINNING

Agent for Coty, Yardley, Innoxa, Inka,

Max Factor, Goya

Photographic Requisites

Cosmetics, Beauty, Hair Preparations

Phone: KILWINNING 2569

House Phone: 2463

XX

Directors:

J. B. HUTCHISON
J. B. COCHRANE
H. D. McDONALD

Phone: Workshop
IRVINE 3372
House 2215

ESTABLISHED 1876

BONE & SHIELDS Ltd.

Joiners and Cabinet-Makers

Registered Office—

171 HIGH STREET, IRVINE

AYRSHIRE

XX

QUEEN OF SCOTS KNITWEAR, LTD.

KNITWEAR MANUFACTURERS :: IRVINE

GIRLS—ON LEAVING SCHOOL
AN OPPORTUNITY IS AVAILABLE
OF EMPLOYMENT IN
AYRSHIRE'S NEWEST HOSIERY
FACTORY

CALL AND DISCUSS YOUR FUTURE
PROSPECTS WITH THE
FACTORY MANAGER

Parents invited to call at interview

Get Your Top Pops From
The Official Radio Caroline
Shop For Irvine And
Kilmarnock



G. ULIVI
55 Montgomery Street
IRVINE

Tel.: Irvine 3503

CAFE

Ices — Soft Drinks

Tea — Coffee — Snacks

Confectionery and Cigarettes

WHOLESALE TOBACCONIST

Telephone: Irvine 3280

JOHN G. MACNAB

Partners: T. H. MACNAB and R. A. DALTON

PLUMBER,
DOMESTIC and HEATING ENGINEER

11 West Road, Irvine

The Crown Hotel

(Prop.: J. M'ATAMNEY)

*Best in Beer, Wines
and Spirits*

**162 High Street,
Irvine**

ORDERS CALLED FOR
AND DELIVERED DAILY

Maria McAllister

FRUITERER :: FLORIST
AND CONFECTIONER

Marriage Bouquets, Wreaths
and Sprays artistically made
up to order

119 and 185 High Street
IRVINE - Phone 2341

J. MORRISON & SONS LTD.

STEVENSTON

Now Equipped with the Most Modern Bread Plant in Scotland

Bakers of

‘WONDERLOAF’

We Concentrate on Quality and Service

TOP QUALITY CAKES, TEABREAD and MORNING ROLLS
BIRTHDAY and WEDDING CAKES a Speciality

KYLE

FISHMONGERS

Proprietor: N. D. ALEXANDER

10 BANK STREET
IRVINE

Phone 2538

Orders Delivered Daily

BROOKFIELD CONCRETE COMPANY LIMITED

ALL CONCRETE GOODS SUPPLIED

PAVING SLABS, GARDEN EDGING, Etc.

108 EAST ROAD, IRVINE

PHONE 3245

THE KING'S ARMS HOTEL

**115 HIGH STREET
IRVINE**

Telephone: IRVINE 2101

**FOR A GOOD REFRESHMENT ---
COMFORTABLE LOUNGE**

It Pays to Play
Wilson Sports Equipment
WILSON SPORTING GOODS CO., LTD.

AYR ROAD, IRVINE

Telephone: IRVINE 2244

margaret's

LADIES' HAIRDRESSER

WE SPECIALISE IN ALL SYSTEMS OF "EUGENE"
AND "CALLINAN" PERMANENT WAVING.

Hours: Monday to Friday, 9 a.m. - 6 p.m.
Saturday, 9 a.m. - 1 p.m.

Evening appointments on Thursdays.

48 BANK STREET, IRVINE - Phone 2558

**FLAMENCO
CAFE**

**50 BANK STREET
IRVINE**

See the best in bicycles today at our

GO RALEIGH! SHOW

HARRY FAIRBAIRN

**11 - 13 MONTGOMERY STREET
IRVINE Phone 3334**

**HURRY TO
HARRY FOR
TRIKES
BIKES
MOPEDS
SCOOTERS
SPARES
ACCESSORIES
CAMP GOODS
CLOTHING
AND ALL
REPAIRS !**

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

"EASIEPHIT"

The Cross, Irvine

**QUALITY SHOES FOR
ALL THE FAMILY AT
REASONABLE PRICES
EXPRESS REPAIR SERVICE
ON ANY MAKE OF SHOE**

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

**ROSEBANK
HOTEL**

**100 Greenock Road
LARGS**

TELEPHONE 3130

FULLY LICENSED

**Under the Personal Supervision of
MR and MRS R. MADDEN, Proprietors**

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

THE EGLINTON ARMS HOTEL

Irvine, Ayrshire

Fully Licensed Open to Non-Residents
All Meals a la carte menu until 10.30 p.m.

Proprietors:

J. & J. J. CALDWELL, LTD.

Tel.: Office: Irvine 2553

Guests: Irvine 2373

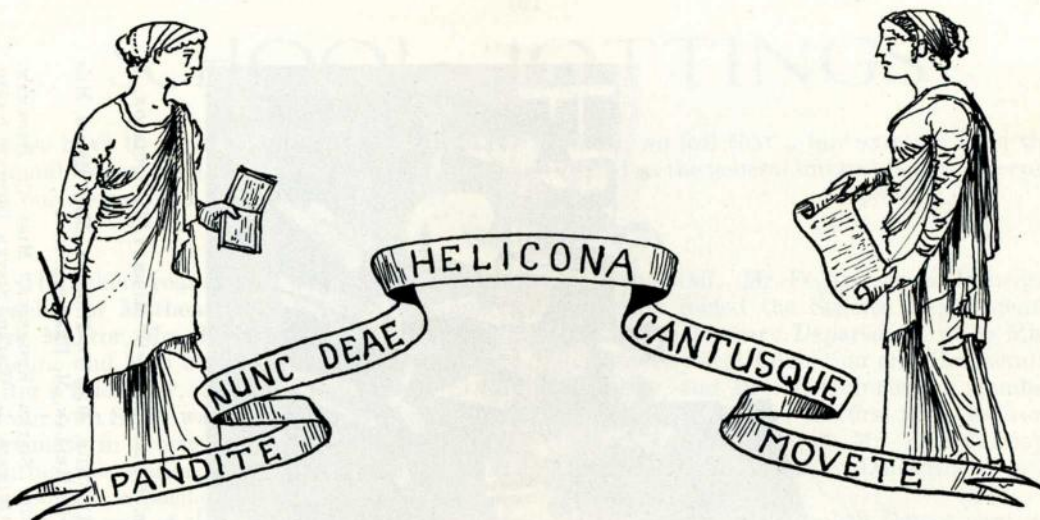


IRVINE
and
FULLARTON
CO-OPERATIVE
SOCIETY
LIMITED

*DRAPERY
DEPARTMENT*

FOR YOUR
SCHOOL
LEISURE
OR
SPORTSWEAR





Editorial

TODAY has just taken place the greatest event in the history of our School—St. Michael's new College has been formally opened by Mr. Bruce Millan, M.P., Joint Under-Secretary of State for Scotland. The occasion was impressive, with dedicatory prayer by His Lordship, Bishop of Galloway, an inspiring address by Mr. Millan, and the uplifting singing added by the choir—leaving us a memory to be treasured. For us, the present pupils, and for the generations of pupils who are yet to come, today's ceremony is a great milestone in our lives.

Previous to today's formal opening, we have been functioning since August and laying down tracks along which the School will run in other years. We, the pupils, are unanimous in our approval of our new College, its excellent facilities, spacious library, comfortable classrooms, well-equipped laboratories and practical rooms and extensive playing fields.

For today's function our Janitors, Mr. Frew and Mr. Fulton with their staff of Cleaners have done a magnificent job and it has been a delight to display to our visitors the bright and shining premises. The Dining Hall Staff also deserve our warmest thanks for the most enjoyable afternoon tea to which full justice was done by the guests.

In our Magazine, you will see some views of various departments of our School—indeed, the inclusion of these pictures has forced us to reject many contributions from the pupils; but it is all for the same cause.

We extend our thanks to our advertisers for their financial support; though we have left Irvine we notice that our Irvine advertisers have been as generous as of old. We thank the Staff for their assistance in producing the Magazine; Mr. Pentleton has been responsible for the photography, Mr. Campbell for the illustrations and Mr. Dawson with his pool of typists have prepared the copy for the printers.

We hope you will enjoy the Magazine and that for all of you, parents, former pupils and all our readers, this issue will be a souvenir of our new school and we are sure that you too rejoice in our happiness in possessing a School of which we can be justly proud.



STAFF.

Back Row—P. McCourt, D. Dawson, J. Leishman, H. Medine, M. Murray, T. Henderson, J. Blair, F. Cassellis, O. Murray, C. Scullion, J. McKinley, J. Mitchell, O. Maguire.

Middle Row—J. Pentleton, H. McFarlane, Miss B. Bingham, Miss T. Medine, Sister Brian, Mrs. Duffin, Miss M. Wade, Miss D. Higgins, Mrs. Ennis, Mrs. Cassellis, Sister Cecily, Miss B. Cumming, Miss M. Whiston, E. Mellan, M. Pratchett.

Front Row—V. Campbell, Mrs. Hainey, Sister Marie Celeste, J. McCutcheon, Miss G. McGeough, Sister Eugenius, Miss C. Brosnan, J. Hughes, Sister Pauline (*Principal*), P. J. Leahy (*Depute Principal*), Mrs. McGuinness, L. Walsh, Sister Dominic Savio, Miss C. Duffy, Mrs. Hunter, Mlle. N. Fouques, P. McManus. (not in photograph—Mrs. Barkey, Mr. Smith, E. Cairney).

SCHOOL JOTTINGS

As we have to cover almost two sessions in our jottings, we feel that a few extracts from the Annual Report for 1964-65 will suffice to cover that period as the general interest is now directed on our new school and its workings.

1964-1965.

The School year opened with a number of additions to the Staff. Mr. Fegan came as Principal Teacher of Mathematics; Mr. Cassellis and Mr. Pentleton joined the Science Department; Mrs. McIvor, Mrs. Erskine and Mrs. McLaughlin came to the Primary Department while Miss Medine and Miss Fischer joined us as Visiting Teachers of Physical Education and Homecraft. After a brief stay, Mr. Fegan left us for St. Mirin's, Paisley, and Mrs. McGuinness, a member of our own Staff, was appointed Principal Teacher of Mathematics. For the first time, we were fortunate in procuring the services of a Lab. Technician, a former pupil, Mr. Eric Cairney. During the session, Mrs. Forbes gave excellent assistance to the Primary Department in a temporary capacity.

At the end of the school year, Sister Vincentia left her post in the English Department, to teach in Northern Ireland and Mr. Allison left the Primary Department to return to the United States. With both went our good wishes for their future, and sincere thanks for the work they had done in the College.

The appointment of Mr. Leahy as Deputy Head of the College is one that was received with pleasure. It was decided that this appointment would take effect after the summer vacation.

John Crawford, our School Captain, distinguished himself in the St. Andrew's Bursary Competition. Out of 157 entrants, John obtained a place within the top 15 and was awarded a Kitchener Scholarship of £100 annually for four years. Again, in the Martin Philips Trust Essay Competition, for which 40 Sixth Year pupils were selected from the County, he was placed 2nd winning a cheque for £13. Heartiest congratulations to John who harnessed his remarkable ability to equally remarkable assiduity.

The School Prize Giving, held on 23rd June, was presided over by Bishop McGee. The last few days of term were kept for packing up books, etc., in preparation for removing to the new school.

And so it was that these days were unusually busy. Tea chests, cartons, boxes of all shapes and sizes were amassed—some provided by the County, others by bands of small boys who scoured the shops of Irvine for them. Just a day or two before the holidays began, lorries were piled high with bulging chests and boxes, and quickly the old school took on a deserted, orphaned look.

Those last few days were sad as well as glad. They heralded the separation of Secondary and Primary Departments—marked by farewells. The Staff and Pupils of the Primary Department presented to Sister Pauline beautiful framed pictures; to these were added another lovely picture from the Janitors and Staff of Cleaners. These now find places of honour in the new school. The Primary Staff had a most enjoyable evening at Coodham with Sister Pauline before the "break" came; on the day following, Mr. Allison left for America.

On 2nd July, the old school was occupied for the last time and Sister Pauline ceased to be in charge of the Primary Department. Meanwhile, at the new school, it was difficult to find place to stack our stock. Cupboards were not yet ready, and so rooms and corridors became well-nigh impassable with the contents of the "fitting." And so it remained right through the holiday period.

1965-1966.

About a week before the new session began, the Staff gave up their holiday and set to the task of unpacking and storing books. Workmen laboured feverishly to have the school in readiness for 26th August. From the conditions prevailing, even a few days before the opening date, it seemed impossible to believe that the school could function on the day fixed for the opening. But, somehow, the impossible was achieved. That the school was rendered habitable was due, in great part, to the efforts of our Janitors, Mr. Frew and Mr. Fulton aided by their excellent team of Cleaners. By their Herculean labours, working against heavy odds, the school

was made presentable. True, workmen had still much to do, but on 26th August, boys and girls—780 of them—plus the Staff—new members and old—were welcomed by our School Convener, Father Burke, who brought with him the good wishes of the Education Committee as well as those of his own parishioners in Kilwinning. Good wishes were also extended to Mr. Lachy who took up duty as Deputy Head.

For the first week, pupils were delighted to go home early each day as the Dining Hall was not quite ready to provide dinners for the 750 pupils who wanted to sample the choice of menus that was to be offered. The Staff, alas, did not fare so well but spent the afternoons storing books and putting their departments in order. By 8th September, normality was restored and lessons were begun in earnest. To the Staff have come the following new members; Mr. Scullion as Principal Teacher of Education, Mr. McCourt, Mr. O. Murray, Mr. M. Murray, Mr. Blair, Mr. Pratchett Mrs. Hainey, Mrs. Hunter, Miss Bingham, Sister Cecily. Our French and Spanish assistants have been Mlle. Fouques and Dr. Manuel Souto. Since Easter, we have also added to our numbers Miss Duffy, Miss Cumming and Mr. Smith.

After a month of settling in, on the feast of St. Michael, the entire school attended St. Winin's Church for Mass celebrated by Father Burke. Between October and Christmas several groups of adults paid evening visits to the school to see all that the College had to offer. On 23rd October, a Coffee Morning was organised and proved a wonderful success. Over 600 parents and friends turned up and spent an enjoyable morning meeting old friends, chatting over coffee and wandering around the new premises.

Christmas parties in the spacious Assembly Hall were as gay as our parties usually are, but the more elegant background seemed to add a dignity to the occasions. The Band, organised by Mr. McFarlane, proved both popular and entertaining and gathered a set of enthusiastic fans in a trice. The term ended with our now customary Carol Service held in St. Winin's Church. The sermon, preached by Father Louis C.P. sent us home in a fitting mood for the great Christmas feast.

When we assembled after the Christmas holidays, we had the pleasant task of offering our good wishes to Father Walker, our former Convener, on the occasion of his Sacerdotal Silver Jubilee. We were delighted to present him with gifts from Staff and pupils—gifts that symbolised our good wishes on this great anniversary of his priesthood and our appreciation of his friendship, while St. Michael's was under his care in Irvine.

Very soon, senior pupils were engrossed in S.C.E. Examinations. Fortunately, these were over before the "flu" epidemic descended upon us. During this month, there were many vacant desks in classrooms and not a few empty chairs in the Staffrooms.

The death of Canon O'Connor, senior clerical representative on the Education Committee, brought sorrow to all his friends. His interest in St. Michael's was most sincere and we are glad that he lived to see the new school completed. But, because of failing health, he was able to pay us only one brief visit and was not well enough to see over the building. May he rest in peace.

A welcome visitor in mid-March was His Lordship, Bishop McGee. He has promised to come back again and we are looking forward to his offering Mass for us in our Hall in the near future.

At Ayrshire Music Festival, the Junior Girls' Choir won the "Doonside" Challenge Trophy for the third time in four years while the Senior Mixed Choir came second in their own group.

Just before Easter, we were invited to send two Netball Teams to the Margaret Clitheroe Grammar School in Bradford to take part in a Tournament for Passionist Schools. Here, we should like to thank Sister Paul Mary for this invitation and to record publicly our thanks to the parents and Staff who proved such kind and generous hosts to our girls. They enjoyed the week-end immensely.

We are now back at school for the last term of the session and S.C.E. exams are in full swing. Between times, the Senior Mixed Choir is preparing to visit West Berlin as guests of the Ranke Grammar School. The visit will extend for about ten days from 23rd June onwards. Forty other boys and girls are looking forward to the "Nevasa" Cruise which will take them to Mediterranean ports in early June.

On 3rd June, the School will be opened officially by Mr. Bruce Millan, Under Secretary for Scotland. We hope before going to Press to find it possible to give some news of this in our Magazine.



A SENIOR PRACTICAL LESSON IN COOKERY.



WINNERS OF THE "DOONside TROPHY" AT THE AYRSHIRE MUSIC FESTIVAL.

Then and Now

I LOOKED upon the old St. Michael's buildings as an old, well-worn pair of socks. They have done their job.

The new school is being broken into a routine. To do this, pupils are needed. I am one.

On first entering the new school, I felt that there was something missing. It had no character. The walls were cold, awaiting life. Despite the bright colour and the excellent lighting, there was no cheery glow. I felt lost. But soon after the pupils filed through the new building, I sensed a heart beginning to beat; faintly at first, though developing a much livelier rate on the second day. Now I feel the new school has a character. I think it has the same character as the old school, possibly because of the presence of the same teachers!

At this school I am happier when I am learning. I know I need not walk across a playground in pouring rain, when I am changing classes; I know that the scientific equipment is up-to-date; and keeping pace with the progress of science. I know that the teachers are proud of this new school, and that they are teaching just a little bit better than before. These things urge me to do a little bit better too.

The old school with its out-of-date buildings never held any attraction for me. The character and atmosphere were there but sometimes they were eclipsed by the dreary surroundings. Battle-scarred desks and well-worn floors do not inspire a pupil to success. I was then proud of the school as a society, not of its physical appearance. Now I am proud of both.

The modern building makes one look to the future—an attitude necessary in this age of fast living. The mere fact that I am a pupil of the new St. Michael's has broadened my outlook, lifted the clouds of depression from my "student mind," lightened my step, and made me look forward to a further year of education.

EDWARD THOMSON, V.

—o—

THE DAY OF RECKONING

SLOWLY, I walked along the corridor. Normally we would have been cheerfully chatting to each other, but this was too serious an occasion for idle gossip. There it was! The door gaped open at us, like the terrible maw of some fearsome monster, ready to swallow you up, should you be foolish enough to venture past it. Indeed, many was the poor unfortunate, who, lured by its innocent-looking exterior, had unwittingly entered, and had never been seen or heard of since. My legs quaking, I tip-toed over the threshold, past the Executioner, and sat down heavily on my seat. Was this, then, to be my awful fate? Was I to perish miserably here, as countless others before me, victims of a cruel society? What was to become of me? I did not know. That was the worst part, the waiting, tortured in an agony of suspense. I gripped the edges of my seat until my knuckles went white. Slowly, the seconds ticked away. Little beads of sweat formed on my brow, and trickled down my face. My tongue felt all dry and furry, my throat was burning. The stifling heat prickled the back of my neck; under my collar was roasting to death. My nostrils were filled with the smell of sweat. One by one, my comrades were told of their fate. Soon it would be my turn. Suddenly, my name was called. The words fell upon my ears like the knell of doom. This was it! The knots that had been forming in my stomach suddenly tightened. I bit my lip till it bled, and stood up, my legs feeling like jelly. Fearfully I approached and was handed the book wherein was written my destiny. The salty tang of my blood in my mouth, as I opened the book with trembling hands. The Moment of Truth! I gazed with unbelieving eyes at the little red mark on the page. Saved! 10½ out of 12. Relief surged through me like a tidal wave. It was too good to be true. But, oh no! It couldn't be. Oh cruel world! In neat red letters, at the bottom of the page, were written the words that spelt death to me: NO SIGNATURE!!!

MICHAEL DOLAN, IIA.

MARGARET HAZELTON, V.

In Praise of Bread

WHAT is bread? I can tell you what it is not. It is not those flat slabs of a greyish-white, crumbly substance with strips of dark brown stuck on either end, ironically entitled "Pure Loaf." It is not those extremely pliable squares of bleached white, spongy substance with "crusts" of a sickly fawn colour for some reason entitled "Pan Loaf" or, on some occasions "Faultless Loaf." Nor is it those tiny rectangles of a peculiar beige colour, and a springy substance rather like rubber, entitled "Wheaten Brown Loaf." I often think that bread-makers have a very strong sense of humour. Have you ever examined, I mean really examined, a bread wrapper. When you have been dazzled by such exotic names as "Texan Pan," "Californian Pan," (a subtle difference between these two), "Marvelloaf," "Mother's Home-Baked Country Loaf," etc., etc., etc., you might perhaps find such helpful statements as "Suitable for toasting" or "Delicious with butter" but nowhere will you find the small, simple, O so comforting label "Bread." The omission is no accident. You might think that the designers of bread-wrappers were so busy adorning these with red squiggles and blue dots, or with all sorts of people running zestfully all over the packet, that they could hardly be expected to include so obvious a term as "Bread." Not so! There is Method in their omission! The Bread Board has laid down certain standards for the making of bread. If the bread-maker does not conform to these standards, he is not entitled to call his product "Bread." The next time you take a bite of your "Marvelloaf," remember that you are eating a lump of stodge, consisting of bleach, dye, starch, artificial flavouring, artificial colouring—and perhaps, even artificial flour!

Now that we have established that our staple diet is poison, we can turn to that rare and delicious delicacy, Bread. Bread is that long, crisp, golden-brown stuff that makes a clean, wholesome, crunching sound when bitten and has a surprising, soft, fresh, clean-smelling centre. Bread is that coarse, unleavened black substance, made of rye and perhaps almond oil and sour milk which the peasants of Western Europe have thriven on for centuries. Bread is that round or supposed-to-be-round object, which Mother takes out of the oven, perhaps overdone, perhaps underdone, but delightful in its essential character—its Breadness. Oh yes, one can easily wax sentimental over the delight and variety of Bread! Real bread contains enough nutrients to keep us alive, without our eating anything else. We eat it for breakfast, dinner and tea, not to mention snacks. We give it to our children, our pets, and feed it to the birds. A beggar's traditional petition is for a crust of bread. Christ thought so much of bread that He changed it into His Own Body.

Bread is the food of our souls as of our bodies. But we do not eat it! We are content to let the Capitalists feed us with expensive, mass-produced, factory products which are slowly killing us. "We are betrayed by what is false within."

Bread-lovers of the world, unite!
Use your loaf!



MARGARET O'BRIEN, V.

The Conquest of Goatfell by IIIA

ON a sunny, windswept Easter Monday, IIIA pupils, under the leadership of that intrepid expeditioner, Mr. Pentleton, set out to conquer Goat Fell (2866 ft.). We arrived in all shapes and sizes at Fairlie Pier, eager to make the ascent.

After the stormy crossing in the "Glen Sannox," we arrived at Brodick, half-expecting to be greeted by a band of bagpipe-playing Highlanders. To our surprise, the inhabitants were semi-civilised. They travelled in buses of 1920's vintage. True enough, we ourselves were a rather assorted group, clad in kilts, or anoraks or slacks, or neatly-pressed school uniform—or party dress!

An hour later we stopped for a well-earned rest at the foot of Glen Rosa. Our leader indicated the route we were to follow. Some of the boys, obviously in training for the next Olympics, set off long before the rest of us had recovered from the initial effort. With Mr. Pentleton at the rear we set off again, this time looking for signs of deer, and wolves (which we later found out to be extinct in that area). We finally spotted a young deer about three hundred yards from where we were standing, and in true St. Michael's spirit a party of us gave chase. Glen Rosa echoed and re-echoed to the whoops of that venison-hungry band. After a half-an-hour's pursuit we realised that we should have to be content with our banana, egg and tomato sandwiches.

Eventually our patient leader arrived with a depleted party of girls. He informed us that he had set up a base camp of girls who were unable to go on.

We then discussed which route to negotiate and decided on the easiest approach. The summit of Goat Fell loomed up before us, an awe-inspiring sight. Anyone who had found the first 2,000 foot climb tiring was in for a shock on attempting the "back-breaking" climb up the narrow ridge to the peak. At 2,300 feet above sea-level we made the summit camp where we ate a belated lunch. There we left rucksacks, walking-sticks and other impediments—as well as those who were either too lazy or too tired to carry on.

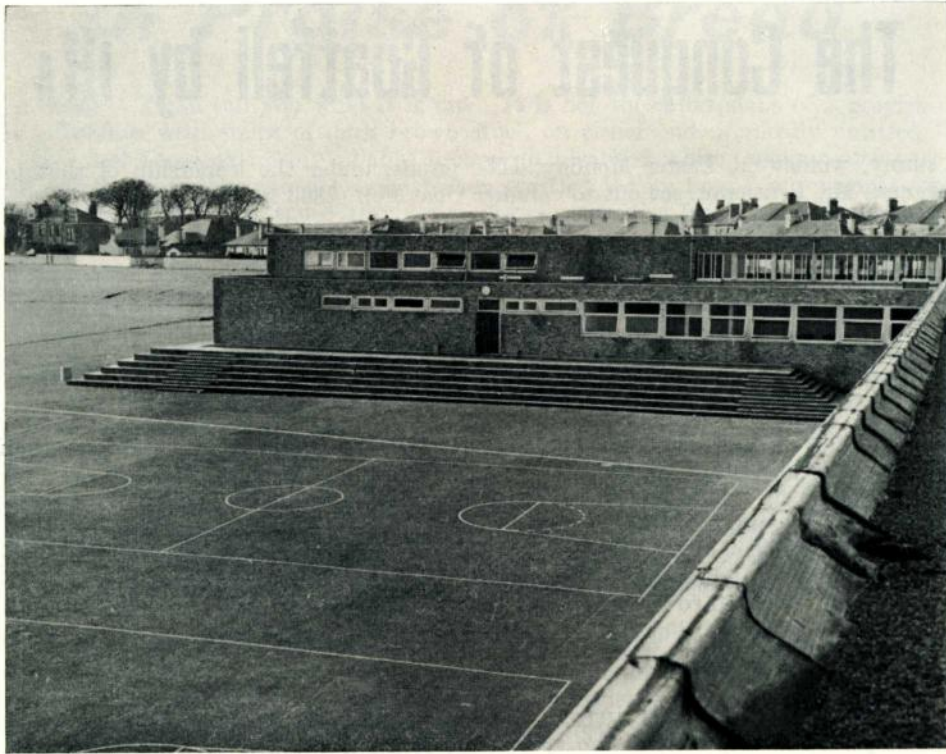
In a desperate attempt to show that girls were better climbers than boys, the remaining girls went scrambling past us in an attempt to reach the peak first—but to no avail. As they plodded laboriously through the snow, weak hands clawing at anything solid, we climbed past like mountain goats.

We could now see our goal in sight. A few more feet and we were there! Imagine our disappointment when we found that that band of renegades, who had deserted us earlier had beaten us to the top. But the breathtaking view soon dispelled all other considerations. Only one thing now remained in our minds, and that was to record the memorable incident for posterity. As we were preparing to make our way down, the gallant Mr. Pentleton appeared with the young ladies whom he had rescued from the cold snow.

The wind was becoming stronger and a mist was appearing. We wasted no more time but descended Goat Fell with cautious haste. Nevertheless, several of the gay company slipped, and careered down the wet hillside on their backs to the general amusement.

We reached the roadway two miles outside Brodick, about half-past-five; and as the last boat was due to leave in half-an-hour we had to hurry to the pier. We boarded the "Duchess of Hamilton" tired, but having enjoyed immensely our day in Arran.

EDWARD McMILLAN, IIIA.



A VIEW OF THE PLAY-GROUND LOOKING TOWARDS THE GYMNASIA.

— o —

Shylock On The Panel

Here we will sit and let the sound of music creep in our ears.

RECORD ONE—*Miss* : And when you hear the drum and the vile squealing of the wry-neck'd
fife clamber not you up to the casements.

RECORD TWO—*Hit* : Soft stillness and the night become the touches of sweet harmony.

RECORD THREE—*Miss* : I am never merry when I hear sweet music.

RECORD FOUR—*Hit* : Methinks it sounds much sweeter than by day.

RECORD FIVE—*Miss* : No better a musician than the wren.

RECORD SIX—*Miss* : A race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud.

RECORD SEVEN—*Hit* : But in his motion like an angel sings.

RECORD EIGHT—*Hit* : Such harmony is in immortal souls.

Today's juke box was produced by ANGELA McMANUS, 1A.

THE MIRACLE

HALECZKA was feeling very sad. Her father, her brother, and her favourite uncle were away fighting in the war against Sweden. As a matter of fact, there seemed to be no men left in the village, for all who were fit had gone to the war. Nevertheless, the Swedes were over-running Poland, sweeping everything and everyone before them. Haleczka did not quite know what this meant; but she did know that her mother cried a great deal, and that scarcely any of the women in the village expected their husbands and sons to return. Those dreadful Swedes were going to destroy her world. Why, it was even said that they did not believe in Our Lady!

Of course! That was the answer. A look of contentment suddenly appeared on Haleczka's face. Surely Our Lady would not abandon them! After all, she was their patron saint. Already, Haleczka's feet were guiding her towards the church. It was a very important church which contained a most beautiful painting of the Madonna and Child, said to have been the work of St. Luke himself. Worshippers came from miles around to venerate it. Haleczka realised, all at once, that many others had had the same idea as herself. Hundreds of people were hurrying to the church. There was nothing else that they could do to save their country. The enemy was almost upon them and their fate lay in the hands of God and of Our Blessed Lady.

Haleczka found herself kneeling in the dim and crowded church. The congregation were praying, begging for help, begging for a miracle. "Mother Mary, come to our aid!" they pleaded. Their prayers became more and more fervent; the candles before the painting burned out and were replaced with new; but still the prayers went on. Then, a most wonderful thing happened. Tears flowed down the Madonna's cheeks! It was no longer a painting that all eyes were fixed upon—it was Our Lady herself. A deep sigh swept through the crowd. Everyone wept unashamedly. Our Lady had come to the aid of her children.

At that very moment, the tide of battle turned. Slowly, the invaders were driven back until Poland was liberated. Then Haleczka's familiar world was restored.

MARYSIA KOŁODZIEJ, VI.



GEOMETRY IN NATURE



WHAT humble flower in petalled prettiness, what gnarled and twisted tree in fresh spring bud, could compare with the immortal beauty of a perfect crystal—the knife-sharp edges, dazzle of sunlight on plane faces, unerring angular uniformity; the faultless structure of the complete whole?

To shiny mica wafers infinitesimally thin, to slakes of quartz crystals like jagged lunar landscapes, there is no equal in the living world. No fern frond ever grew so delicately as a snowflake crystal, or was its peer in pattern of design. (The mighty elephant himself is dwarfed by huge hexagonal colonades of igneous origin, the mossy stones stretched heavenwards pointing).

All living things must die sometime, their colours fade; as long as Earth remains, still crystals will defy the hand of time, enriching all with geometric grandeur.

DESMOND STARKEY, V.

MONEY AND THE MAN ON THE BEAT.

MUCH controversy is raging at the present time on the question of policemen's pay. The policemen have had many claims for an increase of salary turned down. In my opinion, this rejection is unfair—if not unjust.

The danger involved in a policeman's job is definitely increasing. The Police Force, we are constantly informed, is much undermanned, and, as a result many policemen have to walk their beat alone. A lone policeman is often the target for gangs of young thugs roaming the streets. These can shout abuse at him with impunity for the policeman has no-one to corroborate his accusations, especially as the general public are afraid or unwilling to help him. He can even be assaulted, and then accused of "brutality" when he retaliates. Nowadays, if a policeman as much as lays a finger on a thug, he can be charged with assault. It used to be that if he saw a youngster doing something wrong he could give the young criminal a kick in the pants or a thick ear and warn him never to repeat this misdeed—or else! That sort of treatment has more effect than just taking his name while the culprit stands with an insolent look. But nowadays the policeman must handle even toughened criminals tenderly, or jeopardise his whole career.

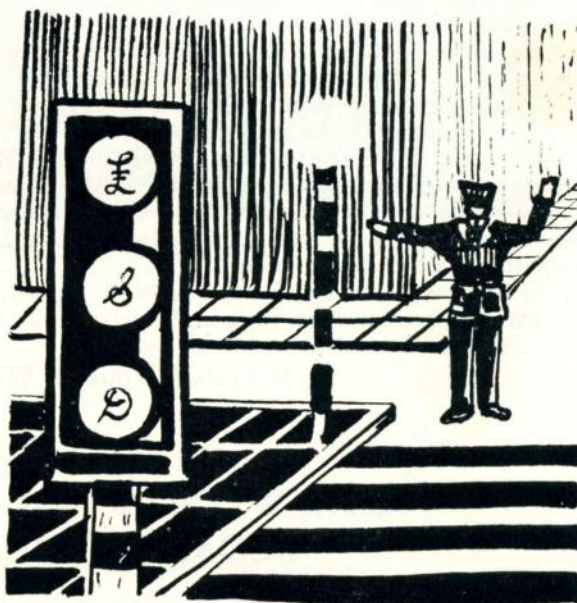
The recent abolition of the death penalty was in my opinion, a stupid move, and it makes things more dangerous for everyone, especially the policeman, who is more likely to come into contact with the potential murderer, for example in man-hunts. It used to be that the risk of the rope would deter a criminal from doing murder, but now he is less loth to kill. He knows that he will get at the most, life imprisonment, and with a good lawyer and a little luck, much less.

The family of a policeman can also be in danger. Hooligans often terrorise a policeman's family in reprisal. They will smash his windows, trample his garden, and threaten his family. In a recent article in a national newspaper a policeman's wife admitted that she was sometimes afraid even to leave her house. The general public are protected by the police; but who will protect the police?

I think we tend to take our policemen for granted. The policeman spends a long time preparing for his profession. He is a soldier without arms, except for a baton, which is of precious little use against a gun. We often hear of police bravery and of policemen being hurt in skirmishes with criminals; but we just shrug it off and say, "Well, it's their job!" The policeman patrols the streets, keeping them safe for us; directs the traffic on roads, keeping them safe for us; he holds back crowds; he arrests troublesome drunks, he performs an endless list of other services. It is, indeed, reassuring to see a policeman in charge.

Nevertheless we are unwilling to grant him an increase of salary. If his salary were increased more young men would be attracted to the police force and the present shortage of policemen be supplied. As it is, the Force has difficulty in keeping even the officers it has. Many disgusted policemen leave the Police Force annually for more rewarding occupations.

In industry, we hear very often of strikes, official and unofficial, which torment and jeopardise the National Economy. Everyone nowadays, it seems, is demanding more and still more money. These strikes, however stupid and even childish sometimes, often get results. The strikers have their pay-claims upheld, and get what they want. Perhaps the policemen should strike. Impossible! Ludicrous! You say. But policemen are getting more and more disgruntled. Certainly, if they did strike, havoc would ensue. Then we should at last realise how essential are our policemen, and give them the money which would make their lives worth living, and which they so richly deserve.



HUGH MAGEE, V.

El Derecho Internacional Como Solucion

En esta torturada época que nos ha tocado, en suerte, o mala suerte, vivir, en la cual la convivencia internacional se hace cada día más difícil, creo que nos hace falta a todos, gobernantes y gobernados, profesores y estudiantes, cumplir con nuestro deber a fin de que la paz, no una paz cualquiera conseguida al alto precio del envilecimiento y de la esclavitud, sino la paz como "sosiego ordenado", es decir una paz fundamentada en la justicia y en la libertad y suavizada por la caridad, reine sobre la Tierra.

Cumplir con nuestro deber de un modo urgente e inaplazable para que la Humanidad no tenga que volver a comenzar de nuevo; para que la humorada de Einstein no se convierta en real ("Yo no sé con qué armas se combatirá en la tercera guerra mundial, de lo que estoy seguros de que en la cuarta se luchará con pedras y palos").

Y... ¿hacia dónde dirigir nuestras miradas? ¿Dónde encontrar una solución a los problemas de nuestro tiempo? Creo, con absoluta convicción, que sólo en el respeto al Derecho Internacional, que posee el espíritu de la Justicia universal, eterna e inmutable, y que, por consiguiente, reina por encima de los Estados e independientemente de su voluntad es posible resolver las acuciantes cuestiones que convierten la vida internacional en una continua tensión.

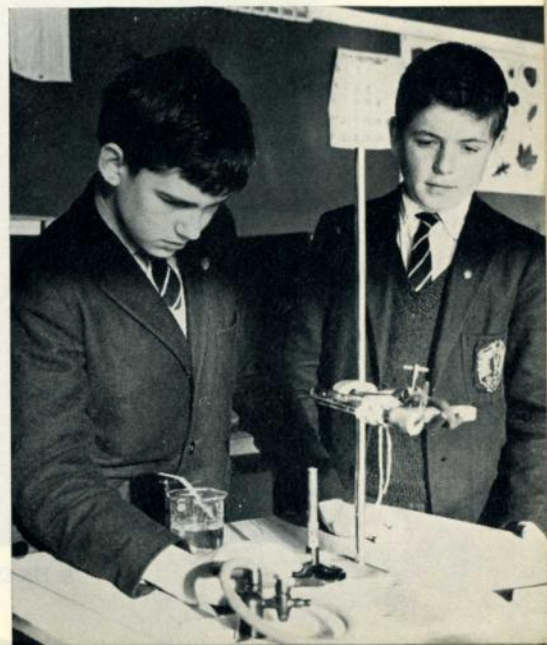
Sometiendo a la norma internacional, llevados de la creencia que, la misma, podrá dar cumplida respuesta a nuestros problemas y, también llevados del temor, principal protagonista en el mundo de hoy... Temor hacia los Estados y los hombres, temor justificado ante la presencia de continuos chispazos en el devenir de los días.

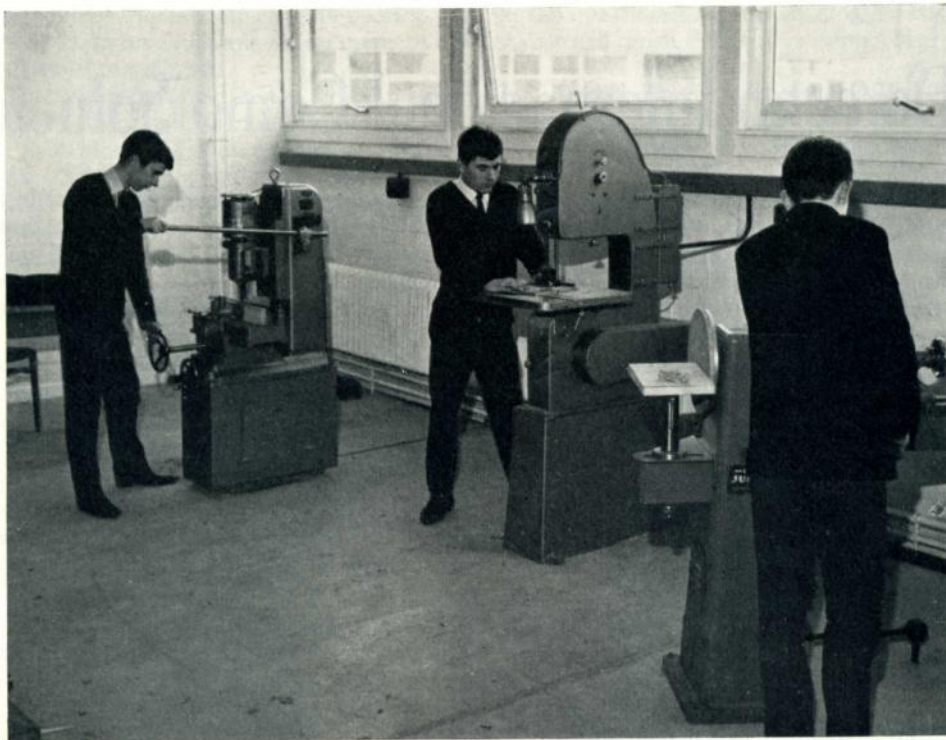
El patético llamamiento del Papa Paul a la paz no debe caer en el olvido—"L'humanite doit mettre fin à la guerre, sinon la guerre mettra fin à l'humanite," dijo citando a Kennedy.—Palabras impregnadas de realidad, de honda preocupación, de temor.

Solo el Derecho Internacional concebido en los postulados del Derecho de Gentes, da las normas necesarias para la convivencia de las naciones según las exigencias de cada época y, hacia él, dirigimos nuestras ansiosas y esperanzadas miradas, los que creemos, que el respeto al mismo puede ser solución que haga que la Paz sea duradera sobre la Tierra.

DR. MANUEL SOUTO
(Spanish Assistant)

THE SCIENTISTS OF TOMORROW?





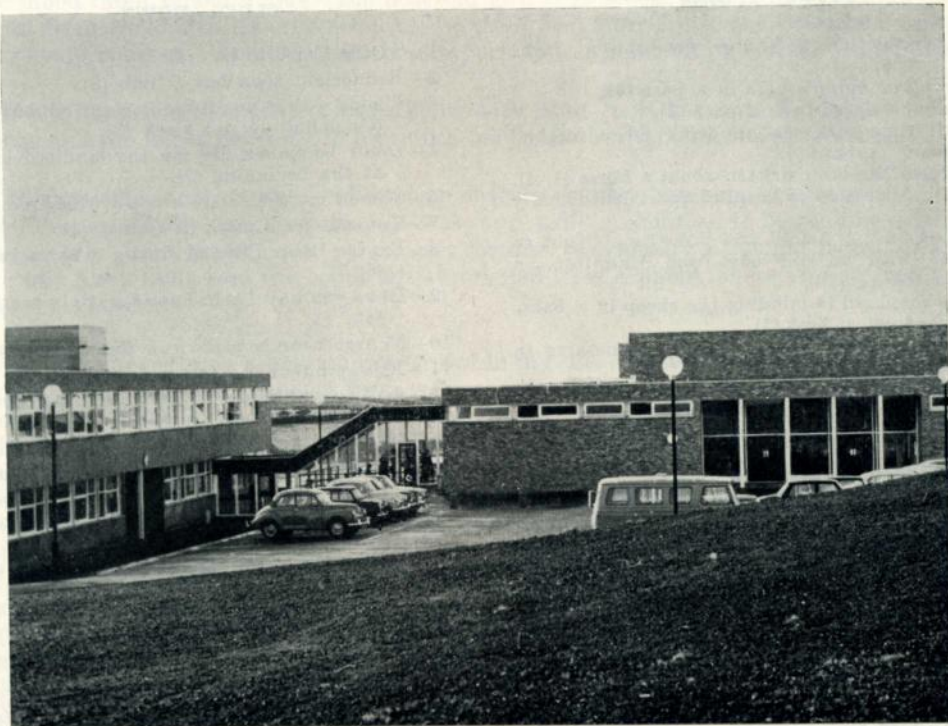
SENIOR BOYS AT THE MACHINES IN THE WOODWORK ROOM.



A DRESS AND DESIGN CLASS AT WORK.

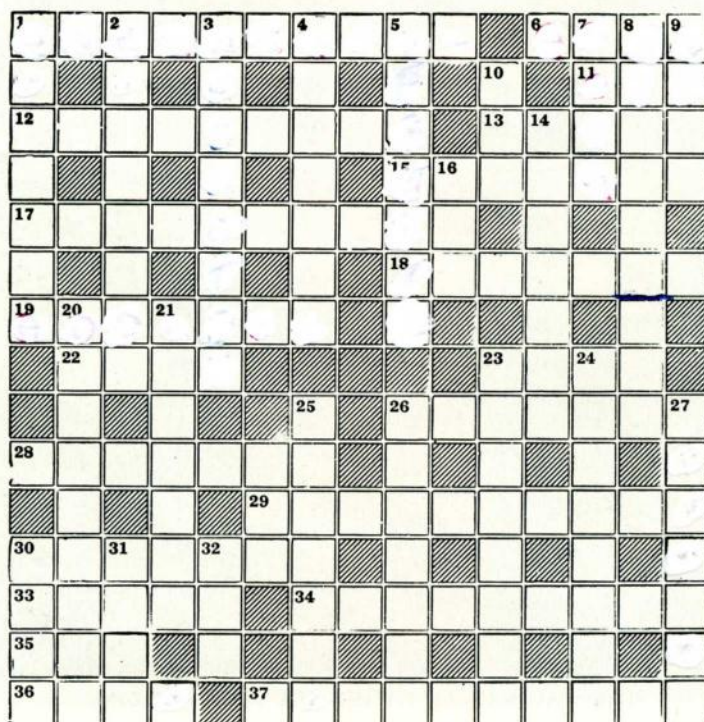


THE QUADRANGLE WITHIN THE MAIN BUILDING.



VIEW OF THE ASSEMBLY HALL FROM THE CAR PARK.

CROSSWORD



CLUES—ACROSS.

- 1—Congratulations! You've got one at last! (1, 3, 6)
- 6—Egyptian queen's pets in a pass (4).
- 11—Make headgear from a pact (3).
- 12—Half time pick me up drink for a football team perhaps (9).
- 13—A ream has been written about a horse (1, 4).
- 15—In the direction of hospital apartments finally (7).
- 17—What have "Acid" and "A Camel" got to do with an old boy from Hamilton,—a footballer (10).
- 18—The shepherd is minding the sheep in a backward net at first (7).
- 19—Envelop,—yet seems to mislay something in the end (7).
- 22—An age and its definitely not off finally (4).
- 23—To stay could be to "Die" as part (4).
- 26—A "Rep Duel" can be fought while the musical introduction is played (7).
- 28—Don't stare as part of priests (7).
- 29—Objects useful in catching little rats perhaps (5, 5).
- 30—It's spiteful starting with headgear and ending with mixed up fuel (7).
- 33—To cut off a syllable has a box cover as its middle (5).
- 34—Distracting and you might give "Tit" for this in the centre (9).
- 35—A drink which will not make Falstaff phonetically to be ill (3).
- 36—A musical instrument which might give you the bird (4).
- 37—Do Perry and the like protect insects finally (10)

CLUES—DOWN.

- 1—"Cave Ear" to be ordinary (7).
- 2—Refinement soon has a limb (8).
- 3—I hope you haven't one in your cupboard for it's definitely not sleek (8).
- 4—Don't be unfriendly for the landlord is here at the beginning (7).
- 5—Wilson and Smith are heads of this kind (2, 5).
- 7—You can get a mark in a crash (4).
- 8—Excuse little Edward finally who is in debt (6, 3).
- 9—Have you any Latin hope for it's in pessimism (4).
- 10—35 Across can be made from this with a laugh (3)
- 14—This spindle has a fellow to start it (7).
- 16—A Spanish dancer's shout to the Zodiacal Lion perhaps (3).
- 20—Of course, I have a friend finally (9).
- 21—Coal for the gentlemen in 8 down must be found (7).
- 23—Mr. Russell for he's the only uncommon Bert I can think of (8).
- 24—The length of time must be decided by allowance right to the end (8).
- 25—Insulate "Soil Tea" please—it's so easy (7).
- 26—Certain trees "Emit Sap" as a hobby (7).
- 27—These flags give one incinations finally (7).
- 30—Using the back of one's boot to cure (4).
- 31—Don't tire in the row of the theatre (4).
- 32—Many are "Cold" but these are frozen (3).

TOM CASSIDY, VI.

“ Sold to that Lady who just Fainted ! ”



LAST April I had the pleasure of spending ten days with my dear great-aunt Della who lives on Staten Island. I had met her only once before—so long before that I could not remember even one detail about her appearance—but she was still a part of my life for my father in nostalgic mood often talked about “the dear old girl.” It seems that Della Coughlin, who was brought from Ireland to America while still a child, had turned into the sweetest eccentric the family could boast of. And her greatest idiosyncrasy was going off on crazes to the full extent.

Thus it happened that while I was staying with Aunt Della her current “heart-throb” was auctions and she felt it her duty to introduce me to the world of trash and treasure.

This particular auction was held in some obscure country-bumpkin hamlet in the “wilds” of New Jersey. Every article at this sale was supposedly guaranteed to be genuine, eighteenth-century, early American antiques valued at a fortune. Personally I thought it was all a pile of junk; but Aunt Della said she could tell an original from a phony and so we entered into the bidders’ enclosure.

I had never seen such a bloodthirsty crowd in my life. Every person there had a do-or-die look in his eye and a voice raucous from yelling. The auctioneer went on interminably with his line of gibberish and for the most part Aunt Della and I watched the tense crowd as pieces were fought for. Just as I was about to suggest a glass of lemonade at the refreshment stand, a group of assistants lifted onto the stage the ugliest piece of handiwork I had ever seen. Aunt Della let out a slight moan and cried with excitement that this was “It”. No matter what it cost she was going to have it. It seems the monstrosity had also made a hit with one other lady and the bidding began with a bang. My Aunt bid \$10; her rival raised her five dollars and the battle was on. Several other people, carried away by the excitement, soon joined in; and it wasn’t until a full twenty-five minutes later that my Aunt was the weary, but proud possessor of a 1799 Simon Simpson Musket-Case which had cost her only \$279 and a slight case of heart-failure. She had fainted when the auctioneer’s hammer had come down with a resounding “Sold.” To this day I am not sure whether she fainted due to relief at having got the “Thing,” or horror at realising what she had done!

CHRISTINE ROSE, 3B.



A GROUP OF VISITORS FROM ST. MARY'S WOMEN'S GUILD, SALTCOATS.



THIRD YEAR CHRISTMAS PARTY, 1965.

Our Church—Past and Present

LIVING in the bustle of the Twentieth Century, we seem loath to trouble about the past. We take for granted the blessings around us, the roads, railways, the trains, much the same way as we do the rivers and mountains or the sun and stars; and we forget those who spent themselves in their making, that we might profit of their legacy.

So it is with St. Peter in Chains, Ardrossan. To us it is as much a part of the town as the furniture in our living-rooms. Yet arduous toil by a succession of zealous priests and laymen, has been expended in making the parish what it is today—a mission with the warm blood of a virile faith flowing through its veins.

A historic name is that of Fr. James McCarroll, born 5th February, 1882 in Ardrossan. On the 4th July, 1908 he was ordained at the Grand Seminaire, St. Sulpice, Paris, by Cardinal Amette, Archbishop of Paris. On his return to Britain, Fr. McCarroll was appointed Chaplain to Holloway and Pentonville Prisons.

The militant Suffragettes, many of whom were relegated to Holloway, were well known to Fr. McCarroll. He was acquainted with their leader, Mrs. Pankhurst, and her daughters, Sylvia and Christabel. And he so won the affection of these prisoners that one of them composed a poem in his honour.

The famous Dr. Crippen was hanged at Pentonville during his chaplaincy. When Fr. McCarroll entered the prison that morning the Governor greeted him with the words: "I have got another customer for you!"—another soul to minister to! He penetrated into the cell of the condemned man and was surprised to find him engrossed in reading "Hard Times"!

Everyone has heard recently about the removal of the remains of Roger Casement from Pentonville to his native Dublin, but how many people know that it was Fr. McCarroll who attended him daily before his execution, and who carried the light of God into the prison cell? He is, indeed, a priest of whom Ardrossan can be proud.

Although the Catholic Church was planted in Saltcoats, Ardrossan produced two other vocations of outstanding quality—Fr. McSparran and Fr. McClymont.

Fr. McSparran (born 18th May, 1882) was, like Father McCarroll, a pupil of St. Mary's, Saltcoats. In 1898 he was enrolled in St. Mary's College, Blairs, and was ordained on 14th June, 1908. He was granted the privilege of returning as the first parish priest to his native town of Ardrossan. Deep study, constant effort, and natural ability led to his becoming a Monsignor.

Fr. Robert James McClymont went at an early age to Folkstone. He made his sacred studies at St. Edmund's College, Ware, where he was ordained priest in 1913 by Cardinal Bourne. Fr. McClymont showed his zeal to save souls when in 1914 on the outbreak of war, he interrupted his studies for the B.A. Degree at Trinity College, Oxford, by volunteering as an Army Chaplain. He spent over two years in the trenches.

The ecclesiastical history of Ardrossan itself is interesting. The old Church situated on the Castle Hill was in the Twelfth century administered by Monks who were ruled over by the Monastery of Kilwinning Abbey. High up on the Hill, shining out across the Firth like a beacon, stood the Catholic Parish Church of Ardrossan. How often must its old belfry have sent out its sweet tones across the waves, as it called the town folk to morning Mass or evening prayer! Dedicated by a double title to St. Peter and the Blessed Virgin, it had two altars under the same dedicatory titles. Of the St. Peter's Altar we find mention in an old charter of 12th March, 1438 where John Lockhart, Lord of Barr, provides for an annual rent to be paid to the chaplain for saying three Masses annually for the repose of his soul, at the altar of St. Peter's in Ardrossan.

That this Catholic Church was in existence in the thirteenth century is verified by a document dated 1226, in the Glasgow Chartulary. This describes an agreement between Walter, Archbishop of Glasgow, and John, Abbot of Kilwinning, whereby the Archbishop granted the Abbot a pension of sixteen shillings payable from the Church of Ardrossan. For hundreds of years, as the waves thundered at the foot of the Castle Rock, the Old Church stood as a symbol of hope and safety, until it was reduced to ruins in the last years of the sixteenth century Reformation.

In October, 1853, after a lapse of 300 years the sanctuary Lamp, extinguished around 1580, was relit in Saltcoats. Between 1600 and 1800 the name of priest had been unknown. About the beginning of the nineteenth century, however, some Irish Catholics began to gather about Dalry to work in the mines there. This Church served the Catholic population of Dalry, Kilbirnie, Beith, Glengarnock, Kilwinning, Stevenston, Saltcoats, Ardrossan and West Kilbride. In 1853, however, Kilwinning, Stevenston, Saltcoats, Ardrossan, and West Kilbride were cut off and formed into a separate Parish, in the care of the first Parish Priest of Saltcoats and Ardrossan.

Prior to this change, Mass was said in Saltcoats every six weeks by Fr. Thompson of Ayr or Fr. Wallis of Cumnock, who rode on horse-back each Sunday to celebrate Holy Mass for a faithful few who gathered in a little loft in Bradshaw Street. Peter McCarry kept at this time a little Catholic School in Vernon Street. With the formation of a new parish and a priest of their own, the Catholic Spirit began to revive among the people of Saltcoats and Ardrossan.

The first Parish Priest was the Rev. Fr. Hallinan (1853-1878), a Limerick man born on the 12th March, 1826. In 1853 he was entrusted with the newly-formed Mission of Saltcoats, which had a population of 2,000 souls scattered over a stretch of country from Kilwinning to West Kilbride. His first Church was a simple loft above the stable of the Old Queen's Hotel in Bradshaw Street. Realising the inadequacy of the loft to accommodate the increasing congregation, he began begging, borrowing, and working with the zeal of an apostle to overcome the obstacles in the way of building a new Church. In 1855 a site was chosen—and the spot chosen by Fr. Hallinan is the present site of St. Mary's in Ardrossan Road.

Clippings from the local *Ardrossan-Saltcoats Herald* of 21st July, read: "The new Roman Catholic Church in Saltcoats will be proceeded with immediately, Mr. Haldane's offer for the mason-work and Mr. Drape's offer for the joiner-work having been accepted."

The Bishops and Clergy were highly pleased with the manner in which the contractors finished the building. The Church, which could accommodate 450 people, and the attached dwelling-house were erected at an estimated cost of £2,533 11s. 10d.

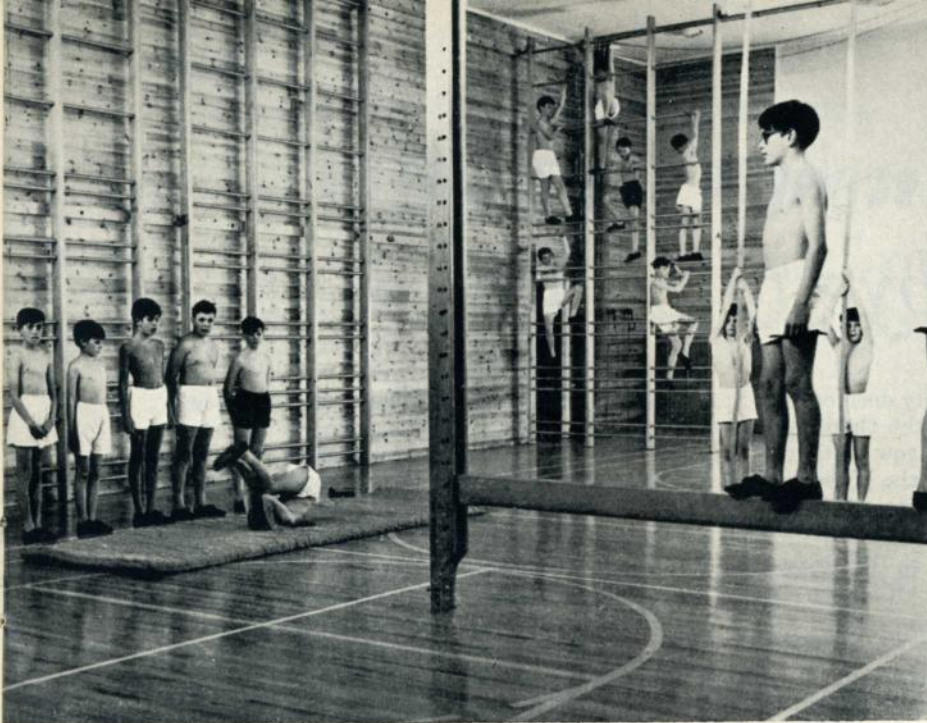
Fr. William Bergemann arrived as a successor to Fr. Hallinan, who retired through failing health in May, 1878. Despite the disadvantages of being a foreigner, Fr. Bergemann worked with single-minded zeal until 1884 when, on the repeal of Bismark's May Laws, he returned to his own country.

Fr. McIntosh (1884-1893) was the next Parish Priest of Saltcoats. He was deeply loved by his parishioners. As a token of their affection they presented him, in 1889, with £300 to replace the wooden altar—a sum they had collected without his knowing. The altar, designed along Gothic lines by Coia can still be seen in St. Mary's, Saltcoats.

Fr. McColl (1893-99) served Saltcoats for seven years and was followed by Fr. Ryan (1899-1905) who was responsible for the building of St. John's Church and School, Stevenston, in 1905 at a cost of £4,000.

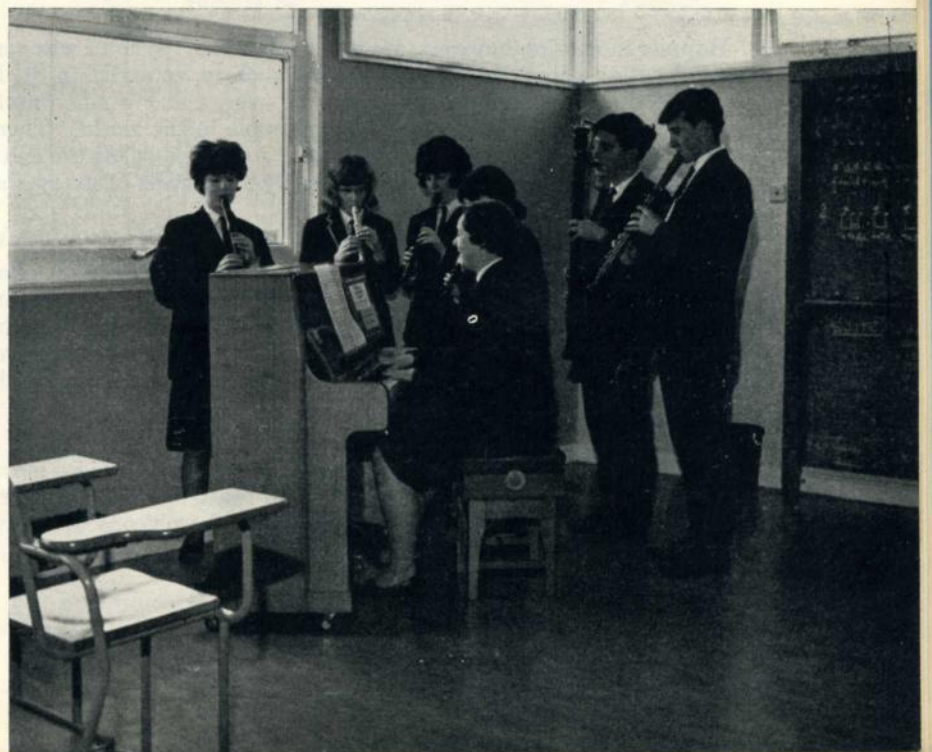
The ground for the new Church in Ardrossan was bought in 1926, but no building was done for years. At last St. Peter in Chains was finished and opened on 2nd October, 1938 by the Most Rev. Donald Mackintosh, D.D., Archbishop of Glasgow. No resident parish priest was appointed until 1945, when Fr. Archibald McSparran arrived. Thus the trudgings of faithful Ardrossan Catholics into Saltcoats to take part in the Holy Mass were brought to an end.

PAULINE KERNAHAN, VI.



FIRST YEAR BOYS AT WORK IN THE GYMNASIUM.

A GROUP OF OUR MUSICIANS AT PRACTICE.



Goodbye to St. Enoch's!

So the powers that be finally decided that St. Enoch's Station, that great landmark of Glasgow, shall be closed down and the thousands of passengers who daily pass through its barriers be switched to two other Glasgow stations! No doubt the closure is entirely justified for reasons of economy, but I feel that the Minister of Transport at his desk in London cannot have realised how much St. Enoch's Station means to so many people.

For many older people in the West of Scotland, St. Enoch's is a reminder of their younger days, when, as students at the University or other colleges, they arrived every morning under the great glass canopy of the station, ready to begin the day's work. Now their own sons and daughters are the students, but although so many years have passed and the generations have changed, St. Enoch's has remained, apparently indestructible, having withstood even the Blitz.

It is not only for Scots, however, that St. Enoch's holds memories. For many people, English or foreigners, the first glimpse of Glasgow—perhaps even of Scotland, if they travel at night—is the bustle of St. Enoch's. I think it is typical of Glasgow, with its immensely strong walls, and gives the visitor a first impression of solidity and even austerity which he will always associate with Scotland.

My own memories of St. Enoch's and the beginning of my long acquaintance with it, started when, at the age of two, I was taken there to wave goodbye to my aunt, uncle, and cousins who were emigrating. Even at that early age, I could feel the solemnity of the occasion and was overawed by the hugeness of the place. It was late at night, and the lights did not quite reach into the corners, which looked mysterious and sinister. The vastness of the roof also fascinated me, especially as I could hear the cooing of the pigeons high above.

Happier memories, however, are more numerous. When I was very young, a trip to Glasgow was, indeed, an occasion. We would get up early, to arrive in St. Enoch's about 10 a.m. At that time, the rush hour would not yet be over, and I would watch the crowds with interest, and wonder how there could be so many people in the world. There followed an interminable trail through every shop in Glasgow, or so it seemed, until at the end of the day we arrived back at St. Enoch's exhausted, but happily carrying parcels of every shape and size. For me, St. Enoch's meant a new coat or dress.

My happiest memory of St. Enoch's, however, is more recent. Last year came the day when I again made the trip to St. Enoch's to welcome home that same aunt to whom I had waved goodbye so many years before. The only regret to mar the happy reunion was that the family could manage home for only two months, and so two months later we again passed through the great door of St. Enoch's to wave goodbye. This time the station did not seem to me quite so vast, but I still found it awe inspiring.

St. Enoch's station has been both a sad and a happy place for me as, I am sure, it has been for thousands of others; and I am sure that no other station, however modern, can ever entirely fill its place. Besides, whatever will happen to the pigeons who have known it as home for so many years?

HELEN DUFFIN, V.

PROGRAMME FOR THE
Official Opening
OF ST. MICHAEL'S COLLEGE, KILWINNING
ON FRIDAY, 3rd JUNE, 1966, at 2.30 p.m.

—O—

As the audience assembles the School Orchestra will play
The Capriol Suite.

HYMN TO ST. MICHAEL.

*Chairman's Remarks.....*WILLIAM PATERSON, Esq., J.P.

Address by
BRUCE MILLAN, Esq., M.P.,
Joint Parliamentary Under Secretary of State for Scotland.

Choir....." Now Let Heaven and Earth
Adore Thee " (*J. S. Bach*).

*Prayer of Dedication.....*RT. REV. JOSEPH MCGEE,
Bishop of Galloway.

Address by
KENNETH COX, Esq.,
Provost of Kilwinning.

Choir....." Adieu Dundee " (*arr. T. Wilson*).
" Laugh and be Merry " (*M. Shaw*).

*Presentation to Mr. Millan.....*MARYSIA KOLODZIEZ.
(School Captain).

*Votes of Thanks....*DEAN OF GUILD DANIEL CAIRNS, J.P.

National Anthem.

—O—

Afternoon Tea will be served.



MR. BRUCE MILLAN, M.P., PERFORMING THE OFFICIAL OPENING CEREMONY.



THE SCHOOL CHOIR—A HIGHLIGHT AT THE OPENING.

Our Big Day !

WITH a simple ceremony on Friday, 3rd June, St. Michael's College was officially opened.

Performing the formal ceremony was Mr. Bruce Millan, M.P., Joint Parliamentary Under Secretary of State for Scotland. St. Michael's is the first school that Mr. Millan has opened.

Mr. William Paterson, J.P., Vice-Convener of Ayr County Council, presided over the ceremony and introduced Mr. Millan as "one of the up-and-coming young men in the Government today."

Speaking of the "checkered history" of St. Michael's College, Mr. Millan pointed out that for the past twenty years and more the school had been accommodated in totally inadequate buildings. Now it had extremely fine accommodation, and a school to be proud of.

He felt that it was sad in these days of so many new schools that in many cases the good conditions and equipment were taken for granted. This, he was sure, would never happen at St. Michael's because the staff would never forget that they had once endured bad conditions.

Mr. Millan went on to speak about the great need to increase the number of schools being built and of the Government's plans to achieve this. New methods of building and new techniques would have to be brought into force.

But buildings are not a school's most important feature, said Mr. Millan. It is the spirit of the school that counts and no-one could deny that St. Michael's was indeed fortunate in this respect.

"St. Michael's has always had an extremely dedicated and devoted staff," he went on, "a staff which the pupils and former pupils have a great affection for."

The school has always had a high reputation, he commented. It is high in the esteem of pupils, parents and the area as a whole. Its years of existence boasted a distinguished record and, in opening the school, he hoped its future would be equally bright.

The Right Rev. Joseph McGee, Bishop of Galloway, offered the prayer of dedication for the new school—"Lord Jesus Christ, who said to Thy disciples; when you enter into a house, salute it first and say: peace be unto this house: we pray Thee to send Thy peace upon this school and upon all who are in it, both teachers and pupils; fill the pupils with Thy grace, so that they may understand, love and practise what they are taught, so that in all things Thy name may be held in honour. At our entry herein, do Thou deign to bless and sanctify this school: may the Angels of Light dwell in it and protect both teachers and pupils."

Speaking for the burgh of Kilwinning was Provost Kenneth Cox. He said the town had been gratified when they had learned that the new St. Michael's College was to be built in the town.

That feeling had been very much intensified when the people of Kilwinning has seen what a wonderful school St. Michael's was.

He welcomed the school to the town and expressed the hope that famous men and women educated at St. Michael's would soon be bringing added glory to Kilwinning.

Marysia Kolodziez, the School Captain, presented Mr. Millan with a table lamp made in the College, as a memento of the occasion.

A great highlight of the day was the singing of the School Choir and the playing of the Orchestra. The Orchestra played the Capriol Suite as the guests and audience assembled and during the programme the Choir contributed "Now Let Heaven and Earth Adore Thee," "Adieu Dundee" and "Laugh and be Merry."

Dean of Guild Daniel Cairns, J.P., of Kilmarnock, in proposing the votes of thanks, mentioned the Choir's visit to Berlin, saying that it provided a clear indication of their merit.

He said that the Education Committee had been praised for providing such a fine building and he felt this was only fair. His next remark, however, won the loudest applause of the afternoon—"I think everyone will agree," he said, "that we gave you the finest principal in the whole of Ayrshire when we gave you Sister Pauline."

One of the speakers during the afternoon said that it had been the most important day in the history of St. Michael's College, That it certainly was, and one which will never be forgotten.

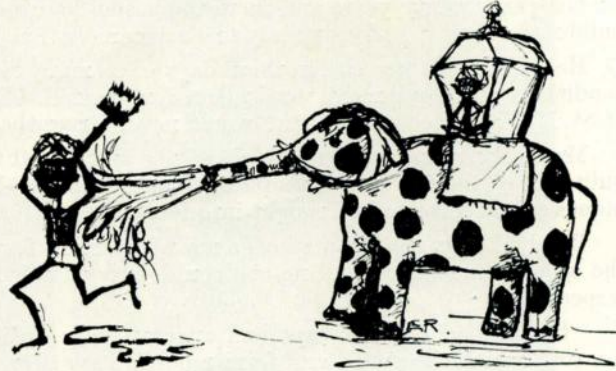
The events that led up to Mohammed Mud's meeting with that notable Egyptian junk merchant,
Eli Brassbottom.

or

A Tale Full of Eastern Promise

Now, Mohammed's life got off to a good start through his having been educated at the same worthy establishment as his father, a snake-charmer of world-wide repute. This school was conducted in one of the most remote villages in the great wide open spaces of West Pakistan—Workonabuso, 10,000 bus tickets away from the nearest T.M.S. recruiting office.

Early in life, by some strange coincidence, Mohammed found that he had a vocation for the bus conductorhood, and so he applied for a job, was accepted, and exported to Glasgow where he was soon flogging bus tickets by the thousand through the "Most good, most kind" courtesy of the Glasgow Corporation—who, by the way, are now great collectors of ye olde rupees with ye olde holes in the middle, through his generosity to his turbaned fellow-countrymen.



Mohammed was not long in discovering a very profitable sideline to his honourable career—that of selling white elephants to the down-and-out sheiks of North-Eastern Arabia. (Mohammed had inherited a white-elephant shop from his great uncle, Ali Stair). On the side of his bus he had displayed a poster: "Would anyone like to buy a white elephant—only 900 rupees, please?"

After five very successful years, however, the birth-rate of white elephants dropped sharply and his supply became exhausted—partly because of the lack of elephant, and partly because he was finding it increasingly difficult to scrape up enough holes with rupees round them to pay for the fuel bills for the jet-propelled Tiger North which transported them from Africa via Canada, the Amazon, Mount Cotopaxi, Timbuctu and Saint's Paradise in Dartmoor.

While Mohammed was fishing one day in the Clyde by West Nile Street, he hoisted in a rather antiquated-looking bedstead. Now in that same street was a junk-yard of an Egyptian scrap-merchant, whose name had a somewhat metallic ring to it: Eli Brassbottom. This honourable Eli bought the bedstead from Mohammed, who, happening to notice a can of white paint in a corner of the yard, suddenly had a brainwave: why not paint GREY elephants WHITE? He explained his plan to Eli, who at once saw in it a good business proposition.

The pair soon signed a lengthy contract on ye good olde papyrus and became partners, Mohammed importing the elephants and Eli painting them.



If, on your travels, you ever see a sheik of North-Eastern Arabia looking more down-and-out than usual, you'll know that he has been "done by those two crafty devils, Mud and Brassbottom.

GRAIG ASHBY, VI.



PREFECTS.

Back Row—MARIA FRANK, JOHN MILGREW, MICHAEL CUNNINGHAM, CRAIG ASHBY, MARIO MARCHETTI, IAN MITCHELL, GEORGE GALLAGHER, MARTIN MARRONI, MARTIN MARRONI, JOHN SULLIVAN, LEONARD MITCHELL, GLORIA RAZZUOLI.

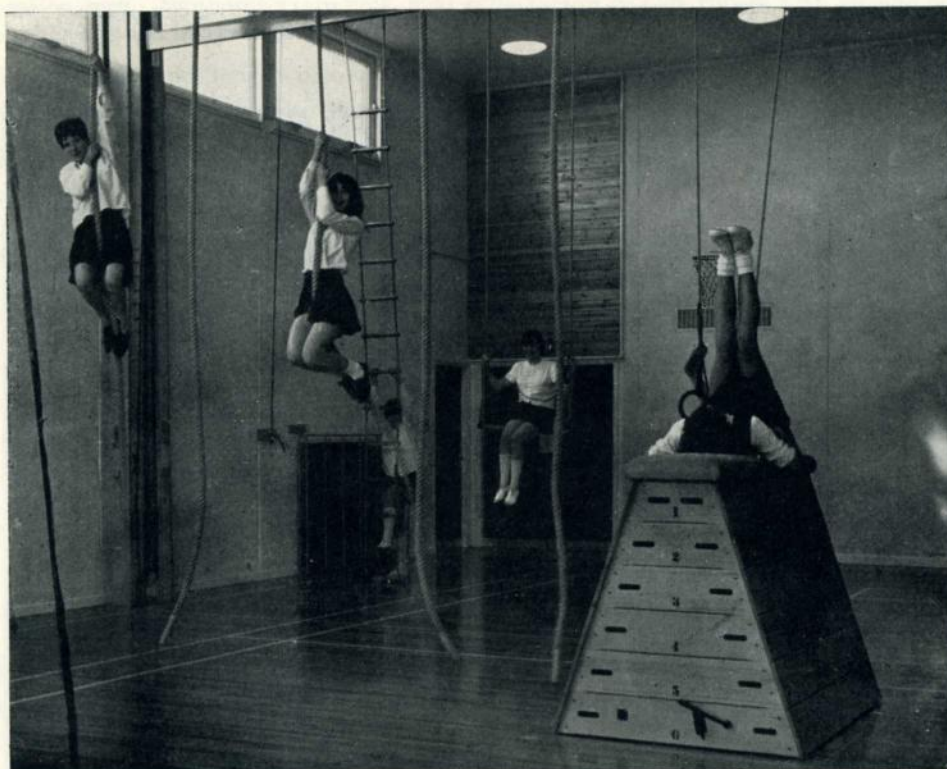
Front Row—ELIZABETH BROWN, JEAN McMILLAN, MARIA BLACK, ROSEMARY, FERGUSON HILDA LENNOX, MARYSIA KOLODJIEZ (*Head Girl*), JOHN MCFARLANE (*Captain*), WILLIAM GRANT, MARY IRVINE, FRANCES O'HAGAN-BROWN, MARGARET LUNDIE, LINDA WELCH.



A TYPING CLASS IN PROGRESS.



MR. CAMPBELL DEMONSTRATES THE USE OF THE POTTER'S WHEEL.



GIRLS TRY OUT THE NEW GYMNASIUM.



THE FIRST TENANT OF A COUNCIL HOUSE.

Beside the Garden Fence he lay,
A new spade in his hand,
With just one drill completed
He surveyed the Promised Land,
Said he : " When I've this finished
They'll send out the Burgh Band."

He knows the Factor kind and true,
But the Missive cites the orders,
" Cultivate the land you must
You cannot harbour lodgers,
Cultivate the land you must
We'll prosecute all dodgers."

With this in mind he takes his spade,
And to his feet he staggers,
He delves a row at furious pace
And in his back feels daggers,
He gasps and says (with moistened brow)
" This spade's no use, I need a Plough ! "

JOHN KAVANAGH, IIIA.

— o —

The Longest Bridge In The World?

THE new Forth Bridge ? Sydney Bridge ? The Golden Gate Bridge in San Fransisco ? You may try all the famous bridges in the world but the one I am referring to is the " Bridge across the Atlantic." How long is that bridge, you will want to know. Well here is the answer.

Last summer we went on holiday to the island of Seil, in the Firth of Lorne—an arm of the Atlantic Ocean. This island is reached by crossing a hump-backed bridge—" the bridge across the Atlantic."

Its length ? No more than 50-60 feet I'm afraid. Still, it makes for huge sales of the picture postcards claiming this title, and my dad can now boast that he has crossed the " Atlantic " by car.

JOHN WALSH, IA.



FIFTH TIME LUCKY.

Since ere I started at this school,
It never was foreseen,
That my own poem should appear
In our school magazine.

I tried and tried and tried again,
For four whole years, no less,
I racked and racked and racked my brains,
But still without success.

At first I wrote an article,
I thought a work of art.
But when my teacher looked at it,
It nearly broke her heart.

The next year I tried really hard
To get my name in print.
I wasn't told it was no good,
But I could take the hint.

Third time lucky—so I thought.
And had another try.
The teacher could not read it all—
For she began to cry.

Last year, I wrote an article
On holidays in Spain
And once again "declined with thanks"—
Once more it was in vain.

But now at last as you can see,
And I am feeling thrilled,
My poem's in the magazine;
My dreams have been fulfilled.

GEORGE McGRATTAN, V(2).

PEDRO

PEDRO was weary. His harsh master had whipped him only five minutes before, and now he was forced to carry the heavy baskets of oranges.

The steep hill stretched up before him, and, to Pedro it seemed to reach into the clouds, a never-ending ribbon of misery.

"Get on there!"

The harsh voice behind him reminded him of his task, and once more he made a brave effort to stagger over the rough pebble. His head ached from the glaring sun, and his legs felt numb, mainly from carrying the heavy load.

Finally, a signpost came in sight. Although Pedro was unable to read, he recognised the post and knew that the town was a short distance away.

A severe kick from behind made him stumble, but past suffering kept him from falling for the whip was ready at hand.

At the toll-gate, a hundred yards from the town, the keeper came out, his usual cheerful self, and patted Pedro on the head. Such favour! Pedro was quite overwhelmed, for he did not expect any kindness.

After all, he was only a donkey!

DESMOND STARKEY, V.



GOOD SHOW—ST. MICK'S.

"St. Michael's, St. Michael's!" That's our rally cry.

When we are up against it
With odds up to the sky.
The Referee is fair, the linesman just.
The Ball won't run at all for us
They've scored four—it could be more
—in fact we're nearly on the floor.

With forty-five just left for play.
I mean in minutes—not gunplay
The roar goes up "St. Micks! St. Micks!
Please open up your box of tricks"
We smash in one, then two, then three
Which puts the score at just four three!

Five to go—it looks real bad—
Our teachers looking very sad.
Our centre's through—he shoots, he scores.
The game is now a pair of fours.
The cry went up—the ball went in
I bet you never thought we'd win!

BRIAN MOULTRIE, 1A.



SENIOR NETBALL TEAM.

Back Row—C. MURRAY, A. McMANUS, M. HAZELTON, C. BRODIE.
Front Row—M. McMANUS, T. ROBERTSON, B. LOVE.



FIRST ELEVEN HOCKEY TEAM.

Back Row—M. McLEAN, E. MCCREADIE, A. SLOAN, C. MURRAY, M. PLLU, M. PATERSON,
M. McMANUS.
Front Row—K. ENNIS, M. O'HAGAN, E. MCKELVEY, M. BELL, K. LOY, A. DONNELLY.



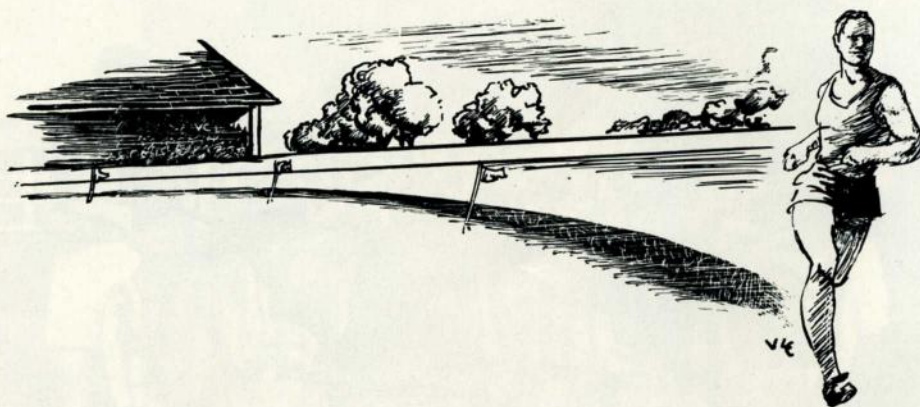
INTERMEDIATE FOOTBALL TEAM.

Back Row—J. HAMILTON, R. PRICE, R. McLAUGHLIN, J. HUNTER, J. MCGONNIGLE,
M. MCFARLANE, J. BRADY.
Front Row—D. MCLROY, R. MCCULLOCH, F. SMITH (*Captain*), R. MCLIVOR, V. CONNICK,
D. FINNIGAN.



SENIOR FOOTBALL TEAM.

Back Row—J. CLARKE, P. TRAYNER, G. BUNTON, J. O'SULLIVAN, F. O'NEILL, L. MACARI,
MR. MCCUTCHEON.
Front Row—A. HYSLOP, P. TRAYNOR, J. MCLHATTON (*Captain*), J. LOGAN, E. MCMILLAN,
H. MCKELLAR (not in photograph).



FOOTBALL

SENIOR TEAM.

IN many respects this has been an outstanding season for the 1st XI. In fourteen League and Cup games we scored 117 goals and lost 7, the highest win being 14-0 against St. Gerard's, Glasgow in the Maley Trophy. We have won the Ayrshire League, and are in the semi-final of both the Ayrshire Cup and Maley Trophy. The one black spot has been our failure to win the Senior Shield. After beating John Neilston, Paisley, Clydebank High School, St. Modan's, Stirling and St. Patrick's High School, Coatbridge, we were extremely unfortunate to lose to Lanark Grammar in the semi-final by 1-0. The success of the team led to extensive press coverage and this in turn attracted the attention of the Scottish Selectors. James Clarke and Lou Macari played for the Scottish Schools against Wales and England, Hugh McKellar for the Scottish Boys Clubs against Wales and England, James Clarke for the Scottish Youth Team against England. John McIlhatton has been selected to play for the Scottish Amateur League Team. Six of our boys were chosen for the Ayrshire team against the Rest of Scotland, and although Ayrshire lost 3-2, all the St. Michael's boys played extremely well. The boys who played this season are John Logan, Gerard Bunton, Patrick Trayner, Archie Hyslop, John O'Sullivan, John McIlhatton, Patrick Traynor, James Clarke, Hugh McKellar, Lou Macari, Peter Conway, Edward McMillan, Francis Shields, Francis O'Neill, Peter Monaghan. The top scorer is Lou Macari with 32 goals.

INTERMEDIATE TEAM.

THE Intermediate XI have had a reasonably successful season and have steadily improved as the season progressed. They still lack a confidence in their own ability and a determination and zest which could transpire them into a team of consequence. They have won the North Ayrshire League losing only three points—all to Irvine Royal Academy—and are finalists with Irvine Royal Academy in the North Ayrshire Cup. In the Ayrshire Cup Final they were somewhat unfortunate to lose to Cumnock Academy, but made many friends by their courageous fight back after being down by two goals to nil. The team only got as far as the 2nd round of the Scottish Intermediate Shield but had they taken the chances provided they would never have been dismissed by Carlisle Secondary School away in the 2nd round.

Of the individual players F. Smith and R. Price were honoured by being selected to play for Ayrshire against Dumfriesshire at Somerset Park, Ayr, in the Scottish District Cup. D. McElroy and R. McCulloch have been the outstanding players in the League and Cup games climaxing the season.

An innovation this season was the game played by the Intermediate XI. against Ballygomartin Boys' School, Belfast, during the Easter Holidays at Dirrans Park, Kilwinning. The result was a draw two goals each and the Irish boys enjoyed very much their game against St. Michael's College.

The Belfast boys and their teachers were entertained to lunch in Kilwinning after the game and altogether a pleasant morning was spent in each others company. It is hoped to organise a similar tour in Ireland for the St. Michael's boys next Easter.

UNDER 14 TEAM.

THE Under-14 Team has to date had a very successful season. The team has played 11 games, won 9, lost 1, and drawn 1, scoring 63 goals and conceding 13.

At the time of editing, the team is in the semi-finals of the Ayrshire and North Ayrshire Cup with a fair chance of reaching the finals of both. We have, by the way, beaten both the other finalists in friendly games earlier in the season.

Team players this season were—F. McLaughlin, J. Taylor, D. Pentleton, J. Hunter, R. Price, W. Ennis, J. Sheenan, T. O'Neill, J. McGonegal, D. McElroy, L. Carr, F. Moran, J. Campbell, D. Mealey.

We also have 6 boys in the pool of 15 from which the North Ayrshire team will be picked for next season's trials.

FIRST YEAR TEAM.

THE season was, on the whole, a success but the Ayrshire Cup tie against Cumnock at Sorn was lost. This defeat which was the only one of the season was reversed three weeks later when Cumnock were decisively beaten at Irvine. The highlight of the season was a 9-3 defeat of James Hamilton School in the Ayrshire Cup 2nd Round replay, in which many of the team showed great promise for the coming years.

Record for year—Played 12, won 11, lost 1. Goals for 62, goals against 27. Top scorers—Denis Burns 16, John McVeigh 13.

Players—Moultrie, McIlwain, Irvine, Dorrian, Raid, McCulloch, McGratten, Scullion, Atkins, McLaughlin, McVeigh, O'Sullivan, Berry, McDade, Burns, Medine, Hughes, Cunningham, McNamara, McGoogan.

NETBALL.

NETBALL this season started well with a weekend visit to the Margaret Clitheroe Grammar School in Bradford where a rally was arranged for the Cross and Passion Schools. A senior and junior seven represented St. Michael's, both doing justice to the School, the juniors drawing for first place in their section.

Teams this year number nine in all—three from the senior school and six from the junior school. Increase in school rolls plus improved facilities have helped to make this possible. It is hoped in future to have both senior and junior inter-house netball rallies.

So far this season all matches played have resulted in victory for St. Michael's—let's hope this happy situation repeats itself many times in the remainder of this term!

HOCKEY.

HOCKEY this season was badly hit by cancellations because of the weather. Nevertheless all games played were entered into with the spirit of the game—even though the rain poured down during a number of games!

The 1st XI was fairly successful in their matches and should do well next season as most team members are from the 1Vth year. A second XI played fewer games, but show promise for the future, as this team is composed of a number of IIIrd year players.

In the junior section the second year XI played well, winning six of their eight games.

Due to lack of hockey pitches this year, less hockey has been played but this will right itself very soon. When St. Michael's have their own pitches in use next season they will be the envy of many Ayrshire Schools.

DEBATING SOCIETY

THE Literary and Debating Society was re-introduced this year, with the aim that it be organised and conducted by the pupils themselves. Meanwhile, until more of the active members are forthcoming from the total membership of 130, Messrs. Mitchell and Pratchett in co-operation with delegates from each of the senior forms, are helping to organise it.

Various meetings have been arranged, including a talk from Mr. Blair about life in Nigeria, and from Mlle. Fouques on a French girl's impression of Scotland—indeed Mlle. has played an active part at many of the meetings. A Brains Trust was formed from Fifth Year which answered many questions posed by other members. Debating themes are many and varied, among which are "Integration is morally just, but socially undesirable," "Father has lost his place as head of the house," "The Birch should be re-introduced" and "Nazi war crimes should not be forgotten."

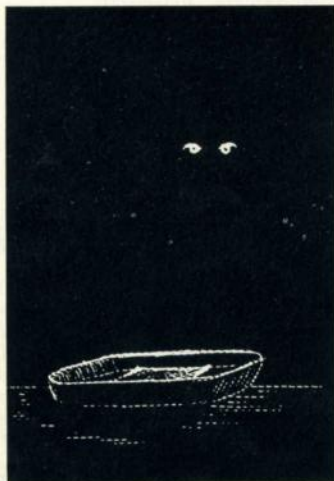
Another unusual event was a "mock election." The Conservative, Labour and Liberal parties were all represented. It was well attended despite its being held after school hours, the result proving an accurate forecast of the national decision.

In future meetings we hope to include a talk from the Bishop on the changes wrought by the Ecumenical Council in Rome; and, of course, our annual debate and dance to be held at the end of May.

Next year the Society is entering the annual debating competition organised by the Commonwealth English-Speaking Union, and so the fruits of our labours shall soon be known.

THE CAMERA CLUB

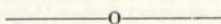
THE School Camera Club was founded early in November, 1965, with a membership of about fifteen. The Club met in one of the Science laboratories between 6 p.m. and 8.30 p.m. on a Tuesday evening. Although the majority of the members were camera owners, this was not a



condition of membership. The early days were very busy, as one and all tried to master the basic arts of developing films and making prints. Each night saw an enthusiastic queue for the use of developing tanks and the enlarger. By January, all our members could develop and print their own spools. It was now time to sprout our wings a little and listen to some lectures by advanced workers. Our thanks go to two gentlemen from Saltcoats Camera Club: Mr. W. Greig, for his very interesting lecture on the enlarging and mounting of prints, and Mr. A. H. Phillips for his enlightening demonstration lecture on the making of colour prints. Our thanks also go to Saltcoats Cine Club for their very entertaining film show. Other activities on Club nights included the showing of members' cine films and transparencies, while some of the more advanced members tried their hands at photomicrography of small crystals.

In all, it has been a very busy and a very fruitful first year of the new Club's existence and has been thoroughly enjoyed by all. We look forward to a new season and an increased membership.

J. PENTLETON.



"There Is A Land Of Pure Delight"

THIS is a quotation I have read somewhere, where I do not know. But each summer as I travel back to Carinthia, the most southern province of Austria, these words always recur to me.

Bounded in the south by Italy and Yugoslavia, it has all the gentle warmth of the Italian lakes. Surrounded by gently sloping mountains and heated by springs which make them the warmest in Europe, the Austrian lakes—the Wothersee and others—are indeed a paradise for swimmers, yachtsmen and water skiers.

As yet unspoiled by tourism, there is an atmosphere of ease and happiness everywhere. At night, whole families, children included, adjourn to the small night clubs to dance, sing and listen to the music; to drink the "open wine" and eat Wurst—a type of sausage, and while away the long evenings for the cost of a few shillings.

In the winter the mountain villages and resorts resound with the laughter of the skiers who come from all parts of Austria for the ski-ing slopes which are so much cheaper than the resorts of Italy and Switzerland, and infinitely more beautiful.

The local children, of course, ski as soon as they can walk, and are quite expert by the time they are of school age.

The mountain ranges of Carinthia are very varied—from the wild dangerous peaks of the North which are only for experienced climbers, to the gentler but equally high ranges of the south, where the most inexperienced walkers can enjoy a day in the mountains.

For the anglers, too, it is a paradise. The innumerable mountain springs abound in trout, and in the clear waters it is possible to see them in their shoals. Such is Carinthia. Once you have been there, you become an addict. You come again and again to sample its never-ending variety.

SYLVIA HENDERSON, 1A.

REVENGEFUL AMBITION.

I wish I were a teacher.
How happy I should be,
If I could give a hundred lines
To First Years, just like me.

I'd teach them to behave themselves,
And make them work like mad;
And if they did step out of line,
Then it would be too bad.

I'd give to them six of the best,
And keep them in till late;
And if they misbehaved again,
They'd meet an awful fate.

So when at last I leave this school
It might well come to be,
That I'll come back again and teach
Young First Years just like me.

JAMES McGRATTAN, 1A.

FORE!

THROUGHOUT my golfing career I have been more or less addicted to the beginners' slice and I am still reminded with every other drive of my defect. I was, therefore, very interested in an article in a golfing journal, where the writer recommended the corrective of placing a scrubbing brush on the ground just outside the correct arc of the swing.

Out into the garden I went, equipped with my plastic practice balls—and my mother's scrubbing brush. I tried service half-swings. The advice certainly seemed to be effective. So I set myself up for a full swing, expecting the result to be a beautiful hooked flight. Instead, I beheld with horror the scrubbing brush sailing over the trees at the foot of the garden towards the main road beyond.

Deciding that discretion was the better part of valour, I did not go to retrieve it. Five minutes later, however, a policeman appeared. Had some innocent passer-by been concussed by my flying brush? No, the policeman had spotted the brush flying over the trees, had recovered it, and had called to return it—and to satisfy his curiosity. I think that he disbelieved every word of my explanation.!

This is the only occasion when my golf has led to a "brush" with the law.

RONNIE BITTEN, VI.



An Old House



At the end of the road is an old house which stands lonely and decaying in its old surroundings. Its structure is of a kind one seldom sees now, for the men who built such houses have long since passed away. Its windows are obliterated by ranks of old trees standing erect and solemn as if guarding the house. These trees are leafless and green with moss. Their boughs sway and creak in the wind, telling their own sad story of withering and dying.

Mosses and ferns have overgrown the once carefully-tended garden. Once sweet-scented flowers of a thousand hues blazed around the pond; now the heat of the sun draws out only the smell of mouldering things.

The pond is still the home of the water-lilies, the only flowers left in the garden. They float on the surface like sleeping fairies.

In a bush to the right of the pond there is a nest to which the birds still return. They love the peace and solitude of this derelict garden. They seem to regard me as a regular visitor, as one who watches but never interferes.

At the bottom of the garden is an empty cote once full of doves, but now deserted.

I remember, too, the last of the residents in the house. Now they have all gone, and the house stands desolate save for the dying trees, and the overgrown garden and the pond on whose surface water-lilies float like sleeping fairies.

MAEVE MCCREADIE, 1ALPHA.

“ Our Hesperian Roots and Code ”

EVEN if Adam was not the first man, Eve was his wife, and the roots of the world lie in their union. Yet, why has the theistic flower of their fusion bloomed fairest in the West? This is why! After the Tower of Babel had recklessly shot skywards, the secondary seed of new civilisations was blasted abroad. Baal saw to it that the ex-Jewish germs fell on rocky ground, while God kept the original stock intact all through its Egyptian Bondage.

Through some unknown historical influence, the Aryan - Greeks were about this time converging on the land which was to become the boast of Homer. The fight at Ilium was really the historical outcome of the struggle between the invading Greeks and established Phoenicians. Troy is doubly important. By their victory, the Hellenes, or Achaioi, became the masters of what is now Greece, and initiated a whole literature which has influenced the West immeasurably. On the other hand, by their defeat, the Trojans spread towards Latium, founding Rome on the Tiber. Thus, simultaneously, two great civilisations were flourishing independently. Homer wrote his Iliad and Odyssey; Sophocles, Aeschylus and Euripides evolved tragedy. Latin literature was burgeoning forth, culminating in the Aeneid of Vergil, which evidenced the eventual merging of two nations into one, not politically but philosophically. In Homer, in the three great Attic tragedians, and in Plato, an extreme reverence for some superior being or beings can be seen at all times. Greek literature, at its best, was moral, and Latin writing was no less so.

Our Western Christian Society owes its existence almost as much to Caesar's invasions of Europe as to the pergrination of St. Paul. Roman soldiers spread the Word wherever the Imperator of the day happened to direct his steps. Thanks to these Romans, and to St. Columba, the final version of Beowulf is Christian in tone.

Although the Norman conquest did not ensue immediately after the departure of the Romans about 450 A.D., 1066 is the next influence of a Christian nature on our society. The Normans did not revitalise Christianity as such, but they did introduce a code of behaviour founded on Christian ideals. “Trouthe and honour, fredom and curteisye,” Chaucer well shows resulted from the integration of Norman with Briton. Then, too, French literature was influencing English poetry, not merely linguistically, but moral-wise. Chivalry and beauty became a part of our heritage.

The two Renaissances in Europe, that of 1250 and that of 1450 were the bursting into full bloom of the seeds of our western civilisation. The arts flourished as never before, and contrary to popular opinion Christianity did not become decadent at these periods. Prelates may have luxuriated; the people were as fervent as before.

The Pilgrim Fathers carried with them to America the Springs of sixteen hundred years. In the widest sense of the words, “The Bible is the book in which our Western society is rooted, and out of which our Western standards have grown.”

Our historical and cultural roots are deep in the Old Testament; our religious tap-roots are firmly embedded in the New Testament.

JOHN CRAWFORD, VI.

(The above Essay was awarded 2nd place in the “Martin Phillip's” Trust Prize Essay Competition, 1965).

“Space- Travelling”

In today's modern scientific world, which is already known as the space-age, space-travelling is a regular feature. I am for space-travelling for the following reasons.

As Earth's population increases day by day, habitable land is becoming scarcer and so is the supply of food. There is one logical answer, however, and it is not birth-control, which is against God's ways. Through space-travel, man will find suitable planets where Earth-people can be accommodated ; and grow the crops they need. Space-travel is fast becoming the solution to overcrowding on earth. Already astronauts have been in space for the equivalent of a moon-journey with a return ticket. By 1970 America hopes to have a man on the moon ! Even if no planets are found suitable for colonisation, satellites to orbit the earth should be used as modern flats with their residents commuting to and from other larger satellites for their work. That is the Space-Age answer to growing world-population.

Space-travel has other purposes, though. Men have always been curious. Christopher Columbus took a chance and “went over the end of the world” to discover America. For the astronaut, chances of survival are better than that of Columbus, for, with the aid of computers, almost every risk has been accounted for. In the past year, scientists in both U.S.A. and the



U.S.S.R. have been investigating mysterious radio-signals coming from some distant star. When man gets to know his way round space, I am sure that the source of the radio-signals will be one of the targets that he will aim for. In the longer journeys there is always the problem of the space-travellers ageing and dying, without even reaching the planet they have aimed for. An answer to this could be colonies of space-travellers travelling either together in one large spaceship or in a fleet of smaller craft. Another answer could be refrigeration of the crew, a process which doctors are presently investigating with a little success. The idea is to “mummify” the navigator, that is to put him on cold storage, while computers guide his spacecraft ; and perhaps 20 years later, thaw him out and let him continue with his voyaging as if he had been asleep.

Finally, there is the question why, put man in space at all, when there are computers which do the same work as man, only faster ? The answer to that is easy. Although computers are excellent machines and do the job they were built for, they are limited in their work by the amount of programming which has been fed into them. If a computer met an entirely new situation in space, one which earth-people had never dreamed of, and so had not programmed the computer about, the computer would be stuck ; however, if man met the same situation, he could use his reason to cope with it, and thereafter use the computer to help him. The computer will always remain a mere aid to man, and never a replacement.

Space-travelling, I hold, is a good thing ; and man should continue his activities in this field of scientific development.

EDWARD McGEOUGH, V.

FORMER PUPILS

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

ONE item that has appeared regularly on this page over the past five or six years has been . . . yes, you've guessed it, the NEW SCHOOL, and now Deo Gratias, it is an accomplished fact. Each year when we met for our annual chat, the prospects, and then progress, of the new school was the perfect start to set our tongues a-wagging of this and that, of him and her, here and there, ranging the world whilst sitting on our chairs. Hence we are probably the only one to feel a twinge of regret (a very tiny one!) at having such a handsome and commodious new school since it has deprived us of our opening gambit.

Have you ever noticed how a man reads a newspaper? He skims over the headlines on the front page then turns to the back for the serious news of sport, etc. We must confess to feeling a little flattered when people tell us they do the same with the Magazine—you see, our notes come at the end! Not that we have the literary aspirations of a Hazlitt or a Lamb, for it does not come easy to us to find the "bon mot" or the facile turn of phrase to fit our notes. We merely hope you find it readable.

In our 1963 issue we joined with Father John Hammill in celebrating the Silver Jubilee of his ordination. It was sad news to hear of his sudden death in January last. Father John died at the altar while saying Mass. To his family and relatives we extend our deepest sympathy. May he rest in peace.

We had our first sight, in their new Habits, of two of our young ladies in Religion, Sister Julie Bosco (Philomena Doherty) and Sister Anna (Catherine Hainey). Both were radiant and looked extremely happy. Sister Julie Bosco was on her first visit home from Oxford, where she is teaching and a few days before we opened in August, she was able to see round our new premises. The corridors were cluttered, the workmen were very busy, but Sister was very impressed by our spacious building. Later in the year, Sister Anna accompanied her Mistress of Novices to a Vocations Exhibition at Cadzow, Hamilton, and naturally, being so near, called in to see old friends and the new school. Sister had so many people to see and speak to, that we doubt if she will even recall what our School is like. We were deeply impressed with our two young Sisters and wish them many happy years in the Religious Life.

For our "vintage" pupils—Sr Peter Mary celebrated her Golden Jubilee last January in her Convent home in Sutton. She was delighted to receive good wishes from St. Michael's. And those of not quite so long ago will join with us in congratulating Sr Paul Mary on her appointment as Headmistress of the Margaret Clitheroe Grammar School, Bradford. Sr Marie Callista wrote us a nice letter from Ballycastle after reading our last magazine, saying how much she enjoyed it, while Sr Mary Campion thought it was our best ever.

In April last, in Dublin, Alice Mary Traynor was clothed in the habit of the Sisters of the Cross and Passion. Her name in Religion of Sr Marguerita. At the Merrylee Convent, in Glasgow, of the Franciscan Sisters of the Immaculate Conception, Anne Marie McLaughlin received the name of Sr Ninian at a similar ceremony. Sr Pauline Therese (Agnes Leverage) is attending one of the International Catechetical centres, "Lumen Vitae" in Brussels, for a year and enjoying her stay abroad.

Miss O'Halloran writes regularly. She would love to come and see the new school and had hoped to visit Scotland last summer but did not manage to do so. She was delighted to meet Mr. and Mrs. Leahy while they were holidaying in Ireland. Perhaps next summer, Miss O'Halloran, your longed for visit may materialise. We shall be very pleased to see you. Mr. Murphy wrote from his school at Eltham in London. He reminded us that it was over fourteen years since he left and that he too hoped to come to Scotland some time soon. Mrs. Bates (Cissie Taylor) wrote from Altrincham. She enjoyed the Magazine and thought our new school looked wonderful from the picture. She had her cousin, Christine Taylor, who had a successful first year at Glasgow University, down on holiday, and she also told us her brother Ian was faring well at Aberdeen University.

To Mrs. Irvine (Greta Brady) and her family, we offer our sincerest sympathy on the tragic death of her husband, William, during the course of his work in Ardeer. To Mrs. Cook (Kitty Millar), to Elma Farrell (Mrs. Mitchell), to the Furlong girls, also, we extend our sympathy on the deaths of their fathers. Our sympathy also goes out to the Mullen family on the sudden death of their mother. We ask our readers to remember them in prayer.

Our Coffee Morning was a great success. Sr Pauline and the Staff thank you for your attendance and generous offerings. We were agreeably surprised to see so many pupils of yesteryear and feel extremely fortunate to have such splendid co-operation from former pupils and parents. Thank you, and we may meet again.

Mr. and Mrs. Northcote were home from Hong Kong for a few months this year. They visited the Convent with their three lovely children, Maureen, Richard and Mary Francis. Eric is now in the Immigration Branch and Theresa is teaching part time in St. Paul's Convent Grammar School. Mrs. Nelly Bondi (Pierotti) asked for a copy of the Magazine to be sent out to her home in Italy. She was delighted with it and immediately sat down and read it, in Italian, to her son, now a young man of twenty.

From the Old World to the New. Mrs. Stephen McPolin and her children had almost a year living in Saltcoats while Stephen was having a new house built. He is with the giant Dupont firm and a promotion meant moving to Kingston, Ontario, and a new home.

Flora and family went back to Canada in June and later wrote to give us all the news. Billy Walsh, now in Toronto, is a fairly regular visitor to their home. They were able to meet and welcome to Canada the Clinton family who have gone to live in Hamilton, in the same Province. Eddie has taken up a teaching post there.

Kathleen McCann was home during the summer and was one of our last visitors to the old school just before we broke up. Kathleen, looking extremely well, told us that she had left Vancouver Island and taken a new post in Okanagan Valley, B.C.—“where all the fruit comes from.” We'll take your word for that, Kathleen. Still leading an active life in the sports field, Kathleen just failed to gain a place in the All-Canada Hockey Team and was chosen as reserve. Well done. In that same airt, her sister Agnes, Mrs. Tappay, has become the proud mother of a daughter, Deborah Anne. Back home, brother Tommy was married to another of our old friends, Eileen McGuire of Saltcoats. We haven't yet finished this saga of the McCann family. Older brother Edward, B.Sc., has for some years been employed with Courtaulds, the large textile firm. This year he spent some months behind the Iron Curtain. No, not a James Bond part, but supervising the installation of textile machinery in a new factory there. To the best of our knowledge, he is the first of our F.P.'s to be there, 1,500 miles inside U.S.S.R. That seems to be all concerning the McCann family—except to wonder what Rose and Adeline are doing?

On the right side of the curtain, Maureen O'Neill is teaching in a school for the Forces at Bielefeld in Western Germany. Home at the summer, she returned for a second year, so Maureen must enjoy it.

Back to Canada again, Mrs. Kelly (Pearl Cassellis) had an addition to her family, a son, while her sister, Helen, Senora Pajas, had her first child, a son, in Barcelona.

We had occasion to visit the Central Hospital a few months ago and met a few old friends, including Staff Midwife Hammill. Frances has gone through all the stages from children's nursery, Yorkhill Children's Hospital, to an hospital in England where she took her S.R.N., and then back to Irvine where she is in charge of the Nursery, taking care of the new babies. We had a very pleasant chat, with news of her sisters Patricia and Margaret, cousins Adrian and Gerald, who was married to Anne Forde last June, and of course we talked of her uncle, Father John. Thank you for his memoriam card.

While we were there, we were able to congratulate Mr. and Mrs. Charles Keenan (Dorothy Crawley) and meet the new arrival, a boy, a brother for Michael. Charles' sister, Clair, was visiting too and we learned that both she and sister Uriel are married, each with two children. Uriel is now living over in the East of Scotland.

Father Tom O'Rourke and brother John visited our new school, but separately. John was on his way back to England after his



holiday, to resume his work programming for computers. Father Tom looked in early in November. He must have been the only person in the country who didn't know that we were in residence in our new home ! On St. Michael's day, he set off from Glasgow to visit us and went straight to the old school in Irvine ! His visit that day was confined to the Convent, but he has found out now where we are and was much impressed by our magnificence. He gave us news of Brian, still a Civil Servant, and married to a Liverpool lady.

Brendan and Hugh Arkison are now in London ; Brendan relinquished his post in the County Assessor's office in Ayr and is now in the Civil Service while Hugh, after training at the London Police College is now serving in the Metropolitan Force.

To Mr. and Mrs. McCutcheon (Joan Cullinane) our heartiest congratulations on the birth of a son and heir, Timothy Mark ; and to Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Campbell on the arrival of a second child, Vincent Martin. We hear that Mr. and Mrs. Bourne (Therese McKinstery) have adopted a baby son and news from Uganda that Mr. and Mrs. Young (Therese Mason) have also adopted a family. In New York, Anne Taylor has emulated her sister Margaret, with a boy and a girl in her family. When reading our last Magazine, Margaret's husband, an American, noticed that she was referred to as an F.P. and wanted to know what the degree "F.P." was !

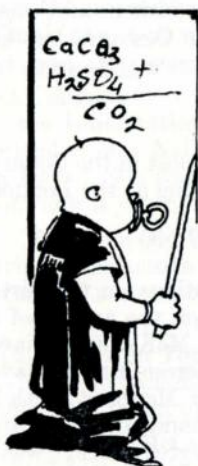
Three young contemporaries and close friends from Ardrossan were married within a few weeks. Ian Russell was married to Jane McKay (sister of James and Helen) and James Gillan to Catherine Cowan, with cousin Jim as his groomsman. These are all old pupils. And the third Gerry McGowan, was married to a young lady from Oldham, where he is still playing football for the Athletic. Our best wishes to all.

We cannot mention football without bringing in Bobby Lennox who has been playing very well and scoring goals for Celtic, who are having a very good year. Bobby was a member of the Scottish Cup and League Cup winning teams. Eddie Monan, too, is becoming known as a strong centre half with Ayr United who are heading for promotion. We may see Eddie and Bobby opposing each other next year. Joseph Murray, another of our footballers is without a club at the moment. He is fit to start anytime and meanwhile is in the office of the American "Hyster" Loading Machine factory in Irvine. More than once Joseph has obliged us with a run home in his car, when he spotted us at the bus stop in Kilwinning, making us feel that, on occasions like this, it is not just so bad to be a teacher.

Lieutenant Peter McGlone, R.A.M.C., has now qualified and is doing his internship in the Southern General Hospital, Glasgow. His brother, Patrick has been teaching technical subjects for the past two years and hopes to enter a training College next session. Also a lieutenant in the R.A.M.C. is Tom McFarlane, B.Sc., now in his fifth year in the Medical Faculty. Tom's sister, Catherine was married to James Smith, again a double F.P. event. Congratulations and best wishes.

We see Hamish Fraser now and again when he is home from the "Hielans." Hamish is the assistant sanitary inspector for Ross and Cromarty, stationed in the county town of Dingwall. An unfortunate accident to his sister Morag's (Mrs. Farrell) baby girl prevented husband David and herself from going out to South Africa as planned, but we are pleased to hear that they have now settled in Brisbane.

Studying for his Ph.D. at Glasgow University, Joseph McGeough, we are told, is about to move to Leicester. He has accepted a post as Lecturer in the University of Leicester and hopes to complete his research and submit his thesis next year. We were very pleased to hear of the appointment and offer our best wishes, Joseph, for success in your new post.



With the growth of the College, naturally our Staff has been increased and this year has seen quite a remarkable influx of F.P.'s to the Staff. Charles Scullion is our new Principal of Physical Education. Peter McCourt is in the Mathematics Department; Mrs. Hunter (Mary Bourke) English and History; Mrs. Hainey (Alice Brown), English—Alice was married to Jim Hainey (brother of Catherine, Danny and Marie) in the summer—Our very best wishes to you;—Michael Pratchett, Technical; and our two babies, Michael Murray, Science, and Oliver Murray, Mathematics. We are very pleased to add our welcome and have no doubts that our high standards will be maintained. Already they have been taking part in all departments of non-academic activities.



Also starting their careers in Teaching are Deirdre Callaghan and Catherine McGinty, St. Bridget's; Colette Donnachie, and Isobel McGaffney, St. Mary's, Irvine; Mary Dawson, St. Clare's, Sinclairston; Catherine McArdle, St. Xavier's, Dunaskin and Margaret Kearney, teaching P.E. in St. Peter's, Ardrossan. Isobel was awarded the Elizabeth Rennie Memorial Prize for Music and the Agnes Galbraith Memorial Prize for Teaching. Mary gained a Certificate with Merit in Teaching and Catherine with Merit in Professional Subjects. Mrs. Leek also did her training course last year. Marie is now living near Glasgow.

Janice Trayner gained a First Class Honours in Chemistry and was "Proxime accessit"—just missing to be the student of the year, but received a special prize from the Professor of Chemistry. Janice has gone to Notre Dame to train for teaching and, in fact, we were pleased to have her in the College for part of her practical teaching. James McKay, B.Sc., and Terry McGibbons, M.A., have also started training at Jordanhill. With Janice they improved the shining hour and alleviated a little the shortage of teachers by filling in at St. Peter's until their session began.

In the realm of applied science, Bernard Walsh has gained his Ordinary National Certificate, with credit. Presently studying at Paisley Technical College, Bernard is a sandwich student, doing his practical work at Hunterston Power Station from April to October. Also at Paisley "Tech." is Francis McGeough. You may remember that Francis had a few years doing marine engineering with the Blue Funnel Line. He has now "swallowed the anchor" (We told you, Francis, that you would be quoted) and is embarked on the course for his Higher National Certificate, as is Bernard. A Prize winner in his year at Ayr Technical College was Robin Lee, now serving his apprenticeship as a painter. His elder brother Jack is one of our faithful visitors.

John Breslin is now a full time student at the Glasgow School of Art. John gained Higher English in the S.C.E. as an external student. Donald Gillies is now in his third year in Accountancy, studying at Glasgow University in addition to practical office work.

Breaking new ground, as far as we know, joining the staff of Cumbernauld New Town to take up a career in Town Planning is Billy Nolan. Billy took an Honours Degree in Geography at Edinburgh. He paid us a visit in our new premises and at the moment, he said his work was mainly statistical and that he intended to continue his studies in all aspects of Development and

Planning. Best wishes for your success. You may be able to fit Vincent Murray in your "plans" as, we gather, he has left St. Joseph's and gone to teach in Cumbernauld.

More practical men. Donald Murley, B.Sc.(Hons.) and James Kennedy, B.Sc., have both qualified recently in Civil Engineering. Well done lads. In practice of another kind is Jim Nellany, who has graduated Bachelor of Laws, (LL.B.) and is now in the midst of conveyancing, writs and torts and what nots in an office in Glasgow.

Margaret McQuillan has completed her course in Nursing and now an R.G.N. At the recent Prizegiving in Kilmarnock Infirmary, she received not only the "Mary Morrison" Silver Medal but also First Prizes for Senior Nursing, and for Dermatological and Ophthalmological Nursing, and Second Prizes for Medical and Nursing Pharmacology, Bacteriology and Orthopaedic, Ear, Nose and Throat Nursing. Well done, Margaret! Your achievement is outstanding. Marlene Pratchett, who has been a welcome visitor, is also well on the way to completing her Nursing course in Kilmarnock Infirmary. Our congratulations also go to Janet McDonald—now a fully qualified Radiographer. Janet, having passed her Finals is now practising in Glasgow Royal Infirmary. And talking of "Infirmary" reminds us that Norma McDonald is a Psychologist in Edinburgh Infirmary. Norma took her Arts Degree and then returned to the University and achieved a First Class Honours in Psychology. We heard that Mr. Craig (late of our Staff) acted as guinea pig in some of Norma's practical work in her final year.

News from "doon the watter" or up the coast, what you will, is that David Roche of Largs has successfully completed his course in Architecture and that Tim Hickey is working in the same profession in Glasgow.

Did you know that without the signature of our old friend, John Campbell, we might not have had our new school? John, then Dean of Guild in Kilwinning Town Council, was the official responsible for giving permission for the School to be built and the work to proceed. Obviously, it was willingly granted, and gives us the opportunity to thank Bailie Campbell for the many favours he has shown us in the past.

The hours have flown—our talk has been engrossing and, as usual, we are having difficulty in finding words to "sign off," to say au revoir. Before we do, we must tell you of a charming and rather appealing letter that came to us after our last issue. A young matron wrote that, after reading the Magazine and the achievements recorded there by her contemporaries and friends, she felt a little twinge—"and I only a housewife, with three young children to look after." Who knows?—You may well have chosen the better part. Your family is a grand achievement in itself and, as we say, who knows what wonderful things there may be in the future for them and for you? Two delightful little girls from another happy family visited us recently, Anne Marie and Kathleen Turnbull, daughters of Mrs. Turnbull (Vera McAtamney) now residing in Liverpool.

And now we give you briefly some of the marriages, etc., that have come to our notice: Joan Shanks to Michael Usher; Clare Dillon to Jim Hand (now living in Aldershot where Clare is teaching); John Quinn to Kathleen McGowan (we spotted Robert McLaughlin there resplendent in the uniform of Engineer in the Merchant Navy,—there wasn't much slack about it either, Robert!); Janice McNamara to Robert Stafford (Carol Atkins was Janice's bridesmaid); Billy Millar (Irvine) to Irene Slavin; Moira Cunningham to Mr. Mathieson; Terence Grant to Margaret Park; and two brides who married Americans, and we believe are now settled in America, Elita Clark to an officer of the American Army Air Force and Jean McKechnan to John J. Kennedy.

Mrs. McGrath (Laura McGaffney) presented her husband with a second set of twins, two boys this time, a boy and a girl previously, in Sydney, Australia, to Arthur and Roberta Breslin, their first child, a daughter; to Harry and Rosemary Macauley (McAvoy), a son; to Mr. and Mrs. Gordon (Mollie Northcote), a second daughter; to Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Grant (Rosemary McCann), a daughter; to Mr. and Mrs. Brodie (Elsie Delahunt), a daughter; to Mr. and Mrs. James Welsh (Kathleen McKay), their first child, a daughter.

And now our story is told. We hope you found something of interest in it, something to strengthen the link with the past, immediate or distant. So many things can and have happened in the past year, we cannot know all that have affected you, but you are all (including our young housewife) included in our comprehensive good wishes. We welcome all the new babies, congratulate all our proud fathers, offer our best wishes to those starting a new life together, to those who have reached milestones in their lives and to all our friends scattered throughout the world.

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

o o o

We ask our readers to remember that this article was contributed last November for the normal publication of the Magazine at Christmas.

o o o

We have had to take up our pen again to bring you and ourself up to date as far as we can. An unexpected, but welcome visitor was Margaret Delury (Mrs. Mitchell), and what a tan! Margaret is home for three or four months from the Sudan where her husband is secretary to a British firm of Brewers who have premises there. Life is fairly easy there, says Margaret, but always a background of uncertainty in the political situation. With our weather, we doubt if Margaret will keep her tan.

During the Easter holiday, a bus load of (miscellaneous) nuns came over from Coodham, where they were attending a Biblical Course, to see our School. Amongst them were our old friends, Sisters Paul Mary, Joseph Patrick, Marie Pierre, Mary Campion and Vincentia, all looking well, and happy to be back at St. Michael's. They and the other Sisters were charmed with the School. Names and incidents were recalled but the visit was all too brief as they had to return to their classes at Coodham.

Speaking of nuns reminds us that Anne Delahunt (Sr Mary Ronald) was professed at Holy Rosary Convent, Killeshandra, Ireland, on 25th April. Her father and several members of the family were present, including her twin, Margaret, and they brought back glowing accounts of her happiness.

Eileen Flood was bridesmaid at Jean McKechnan's wedding and a "romantic" meeting ended with Eileen marrying the groomsman some months later. We heard of two of our "boys" being married in England, Peter Murley in Chesterfield and Frank Quinn in Sheffield. Billy Nolan, Jean Taylor (Saltcoats), Patricia Retzbach and Elma Farrell were also married. And during Easter, Anna Dorrian was married to Aldo Tortolano. Mrs. Usher (Joan Shanks) had her first child, a son, Christopher. From London comes news of a son to Mr. and Mrs. Thorne (Betty Brodie), and from America, news of a son to Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Mailer.

Standing as a candidate for Perth in the General Election, James Jennings, Kilbirnie, was unsuccessful, but put up a very creditable show for his first attempt. Will James be our first M.P.? In local elections, Alex. Burns, standing as an Independent, was returned to Irvine Town Council and our Mr. Mitchell of the Staff, also standing as an Independent, topped the poll at Ardrossan, in his first venture into local politics. In Stevenston, Tom Murphy, standing for the Ratepayers' Association, was also successful. Congratulations to all and may their work be fruitful.

The death of Eileen Mulgrew, on 4th January, brought great sorrow to us all. Only a few years ago she was a schoolgirl, full of life. And so her early death, at the age of eighteen, is all the more poignant. We also extend sincere sympathy to Eddie Clinton and his family on the death of his mother, and to Mrs. McMillan, Eric and Helen on the death of their father. After a long illness, Willie McMillan, one of our F.P.'s died early in May. Willie was one of the class who began their careers when the then new school was opened in 1923. The death of another F.P. Willie Convill of Irvine, shocked and saddened us all. He became seriously ill in Montreal and was unable to come home to attend his father's Requiem. Shortly afterwards, he was flown home, accompanied by his sisters, Margaret and Anne who had gone out to visit him. His death came a few days later in Kilmarnock Infirmary. May they rest in peace.

ATTENTION ALL SCHOOLS

Prize Giving

Pay us a visit and see our wonderful range of books

- BOOKS ON FLOWER ARRANGING AND COOKING
- ART BOOKS
- CLASSICS
- DICTIONARIES AND ENCYCLOPAEDIAS

ALSO A FINE SELECTION
OF PAPERBACKS



THE KILMARNOCK STANDARD

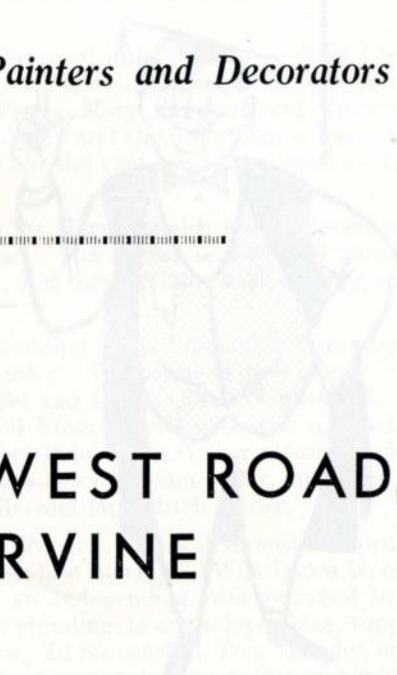
GEO. OUTRAM & CO. LTD.

3-5 Duke Street, Kilmarnock

TELEPHONE 25115

BROWNE & McMASTER

Painters and Decorators



2
WEST ROAD,
IRVINE

Telephone:

IRVINE 2029-2545

GLASGOW-DUBLIN



DUBLIN-GLASGOW

Regular passenger service

FOR FURTHER
INFORMATION

Apply

Burns & Laird

LINES Ltd

56 ROBERTSON ST. GLASGOW Tel: CEN 6301

WILLIAM CONWAY & SONS

JOINERS, FUNERAL DIRECTORS
and MOTOR HIRERS

3 - 5 QUARRY ROAD,
IRVINE

Taxis and Wedding Cars

41 and 29 Seater

Luxury Coaches

Also 12 Seater Minibuses

FOR YOUR OUTINGS AND ALL
SOCIAL AND SPORTS OUTINGS

ESTIMATES GIVEN

THE WINTON ARMS

IRVINE

Prop.—

W. J. M. Convill

BEST
BEER,
WINES,
SPIRITS

Phone 3381

AILSA WHOLESALE COMPANY

GROCERS and DRYSALTERS

BALLOT ROAD
IRVINE

Member of Scottish Wholesale Grocers'
Association of Scotland

J. & K. LOY

NEWSAGENTS

STATIONERS

and

TOBACCONISTS

39 CHAPELWELL ST.
SALTCOATS

PLEASED TO "MEAT" YOU AT
WOODSIDE'S
158 MAIN STREET, KILWINNING

Finest Scotch Beef and Lamb
Puddings and Sausages our Speciality

J. B. McCALLUM & SON

Ladies', Gent.'s and School Outfitters

172 MAIN STREET
KILWINNING

TRY OUR
FRESH DAIRY CREAM CAKES

--- HAVE A REAL TREAT

NELSON BROS.
186 MAIN STREET, KILWINNING

Telephone: Kilwinning 2493

H. & J. DICK OF AYRSHIRE LTD.
70 BRIDGEGATE
IRVINE

THE COMPLETE HOUSE FURNISHERS

Wedding Gifts, Furniture, China, Carpets

PHONE: IRVINE 2472

Bodywave
*gives body
and life
to your hair*

Newest Permanent
by SCHWARZKOPF



**CARRINO
LTD.**

Ladies' Hair Artists

**7 CANAL ST.
SALTCOATS**

Tel.: Ard./Salt. 482

**WHEN IN STEVENSTON,
VISIT:—**

**WINTON ARMS
INN**

**TOWNHEAD
STEVENSTON**

**LOUNGE BAR
"FREE HOUSE"**

J. RANKIN

M. LAMONT

ESTABLISHED 1868

LICENSED GROCER

**1 EGLINTON ST.
IRVINE**

**Personal Service for
almost 100 Years**

TELEPHONE 2195

FOR ALL SPORTS GOODS

Visit

**J. N. MACDONALD
& CO.**

AGENTS FOR
DUNLOP
SLAZENGER
WEBLEY
B.S.A.
etc.

53 Princes Street
Ardrossan

Telephone—Ard./Salt. 36

VISIT

The

New

**PHOENIX
CAFE**

**NORTH STREET
DALRY**

F. Pollacchi & Son



The Hallmark of the
Authorised Travel Agent

**THE ALL
TRAVEL
SERVICE**

CAN ARRANGE FOR YOU
AT NO EXTRA CHARGE

- Rail Tickets to anywhere dated in advance
- Reserved Seats and Sleepers
- Bus Tickets for Long Distance Services
- World Wide Air and Steamer Reservations
- British and Continental Tours
- Assistance with Emigration Formalities
- All Classes of Insurance
- Private Coaches for Parties and Outings
- Hotel Accommodation

A. T. (MAYS) LTD.

71 High Street, Irvine

Telephone 3455

MAIR & SLOAN,
ELECTRICAL CONTRACTORS

56 Townhead,
Irvine



For "OFF-PEAK" HEATING and
IMMERSER INSTALLATIONS

All Types of Domestic Equipment

Phone 3527

CASTLE CAFE

(L. BIAGI)

for

FISH TEAS QUICK SNACKS
ESPRESSO COFFEE
ICES

Daily from 12 noon. Closed Mondays.

5 EGLINTON STREET, IRVINE

PHONE 3065

FOR A PLEASANT AND COMFORTABLE EVENING

visit

THE VOLUNTEER ARMS

Proprietor: P. J. McDermott

LOUNGE || BAR

*Deliveries a
Speciality*

*All Functions
Catered for*

28 Main Street, Dalry

Telephone - - - - - Dalry 2394

ANDREW & BELL LTD.

Dispensing Chemists

**104 MAIN STREET
KILWINNING**

Modern Cosmetics by
**REVLON — COTY
YARDLEY — MAX FACTOR
GOYA**

Full Range of
GERBER BABY FOODS

**EXPERT DEVELOPING AND
PRINTING**

Telephone: Irvine 2533

BURNSIDE SERVICE STATION

Proprietors:
Messrs. Adams and Diamond

**31 Kilwinning Road
IRVINE**

New and Second-Hand Cars

For Sale

Petrol — Oils — Tyres

Accessories — Repairs

L. R. McCrorie Ltd.

General Ironmongers

**52-60 MAIN STREET
KILWINNING**

Phone: 2555

GARDEN TOOLS

TRADESMEN'S TOOLS

FISHING TACKLE

PRESTIGE KITCHEN WARE

ALL ELECTRICAL APPLIANCES

THE COUNTY CLUB

(The Restaurant of Distinction)

**138-142 High Street
IRVINE**

TELEPHONE: 3002

**63-65 NEWMARKET STREET,
AYR**

Telephone: 62667

Specialities Include:

**BARBECUED WHOLE CHICKENS
FRESH CREAM GATEAUX
OVEN FRESH GINGER BREAD
OUR OWN DATE AND WALNUT LOAF**

ELLAMS DUPLICATORS

for

INK, SPIRIT and DRY PROCESS MACHINES

SUPPLIES FOR ALL MAKES OF

DUPLICATORS

166 BATH STREET, GLASGOW

Telephone: Douglas 3205

PHONE: AYR 62150

**STEPHEN &
POLLOCK LTD.**

The principal
Book, Stationery
and Fine Art Store
in the County

SOLE AREA AGENTS
FOR "IMPERIAL" TYPEWRITERS

**61 & 68 Newmarket St.
and 37 Sandgate Ayr**

**THE
ROYAL HOTEL**

Catering for
WEDDINGS and PARTIES

**NEW STREET
DALRY**

Telephone 2239 and 2131

QUALITY



TELEPHONE 3514



Partners
J. ROWAN, A. M. ROWAN

ROBERT CRAIG

Purveyor of High - Class Meat

166 HIGH STREET, IRVINE

TRY OUR FAMED SAUSAGES

DAILY DELIVERY SERVICE

FRESH MILK,
ROLLS,
BUTTER and EGGS
DELIVERED
DAILY

STEVENSON'S

TURF DAIRY
East Road, Irvine

Phone: 3061

"CAFE PALAZZO"

(Marchetti & Milani)

230/232 GLASGOW STREET, ARDROSSAN

DAIRY ICE CREAM

CONFECTIONERY

CIGARETTES

FISH AND CHIPS (Carrying Out Only)

Telephones: Shop 2348

House 2474

JAMES WALKER

Decorator and Painting Contractor

OFFICE AND SHOWROOM:

9 HOWGATE, KILWINNING

**STOCKIST OF MAGICOTE, LEYLAC AND DULUX PAINTS
WITH MINI-MATCH MAKER COLOUR SERVICE BY I.C.I.**

WE STOCK ALL SUNDRIES FOR THE HOME DECORATOR

Manufacturers of "**Muraplast** Art Panels" and System "6"
Room Divider and Display Units



Muraplast Limited

Industrial Estate
Irvine Ayrshire
Phone 2215

We also invite enquiries for all types of Silk Screen Printing on any
Material, including Metal, Wood, Plastics and Textiles

ROBERT M. KERR (IRVINE) LTD.

***BUILDING CONTRACTORS AND
REFRACTORY SPECIALISTS***

**ESTIMATES GIVEN FOR ALL CLASSES OF
BUILDING WORK**

TILE SURROUNDS FOR ALL TYPES OF FIREPLACES

**153 BANK STREET
IRVINE**

Telephone: Irvine 3377

**GREETING CARDS FOR ALL OCCASIONS
FROM**

JOHN DICKIE (STATIONERS) LTD.

110 MAIN STREET - - - KILWINNING

Agents for Parker Pens

Tel: 2531

GAILES COACHES (IRVINE) LTD.

SHEWALTON ROAD, IRVINE

Phone: 2185

Irvine Depot:

A.A. MOTOR SERVICES, LIMITED, AYR

REID'S

Ladies'

Hairdressers

Gent.'s

KILWINNING

Phone: Kil. 2345

GEORGE W. C. WILSON

and PARTNER---Electrical Engineers

3 BANK STREET, IRVINE - - Telephone No: IRVINE 2359

House Address: 19 McKINNON TERRACE, IRVINE

COMPLETE HOUSE INSTALLATIONS AND FACTORY MAINTENANCE

VISIT OUR SHOWROOMS

**Agent for HOOVER, LAVALUX "HOME LAUNDRY," ENGLISH ELECTRIC
WASHING MACHINES**



SHORTS' PIES

TARTS, CAKES, ETC.

Made On Our Premises Daily

JOHN SHORT & SONS

(BAKERS) LTD.

147 HIGH STREET, IRVINE



S. McVIE & SON LTD.

*Wholesalers and Cash and Carry
Confectionery and Sundries*

TELEPHONE 25913

32 NORTH HAMILTON STREET
KILMARNOCK

Established 1868

Telephone: ARD./SALT. 1227

* * * * *

R. C. NEIL LTD.

FAMILY GROCER AND WINE MERCHANT

15 COUNTESS STREET, SALTCOATS

THE PRIVATE TRADER GIVES PERSONAL SERVICE

TEL: KIL. 2522

WILLIAM A. CAULFIELD
108 MAIN STREET, KILWINNING

Family Grocer,
Wine and Spirit Merchant

COOKED GAMMON A SPECIALITY
ORDERS DELIVERED DAILY

- ★ ANYWHERE !
- ★ ANYTIME !!
- ★ ANYHOW !!!

FORD RETAIL DEALERS

J. B. SHAW (Motor Engineers) LTD.

BANK STREET, IRVINE

TELEPHONE 3267

As your local FORD DEALERS we can be your guide if and when you decide to buy a NEW or SECONDHAND CAR. Consultation with us will cost you nothing and could save you pounds and bitter disappointment. Visit our Showroom and see the new range of FORD CARS for yourself, or arrange for a demonstration at your own home.

All classes of Repairs carried out efficiently and swiftly by our Staff of fully experienced Mechanics.

In our LUBRICATION BAY, regular and systematic Servicing will ensure smaller repair bills and longer life to your car.

Our comprehensive stock of Accessories include New Fully Charged Batteries, Tyres (New and Remould Quality), and Electrical Equipment.

If your car develops the "Shakes" at 30/40 m.p.h your wheels require balancing. We have the equipment to rectify this annoying complaint and your wheels will be balanced Statically and Dynamically.

Undersealing stops rusting and "drumming." NOVASEAL is guaranteed for five years. Allow us to quote you for undersealing your car.

Also at

SPRINGBANK SERVICE STATION

Ayr Road, Irvine

TELEPHONE 2362

*where "Bobbie" Dickie and his excellent Staff will assure
you of a warm welcome.*

"Call at the ESSO Sign"