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19 MAGAZINE 68

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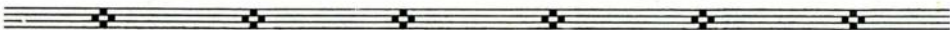
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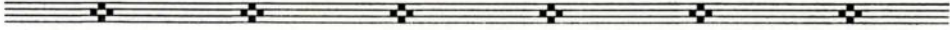
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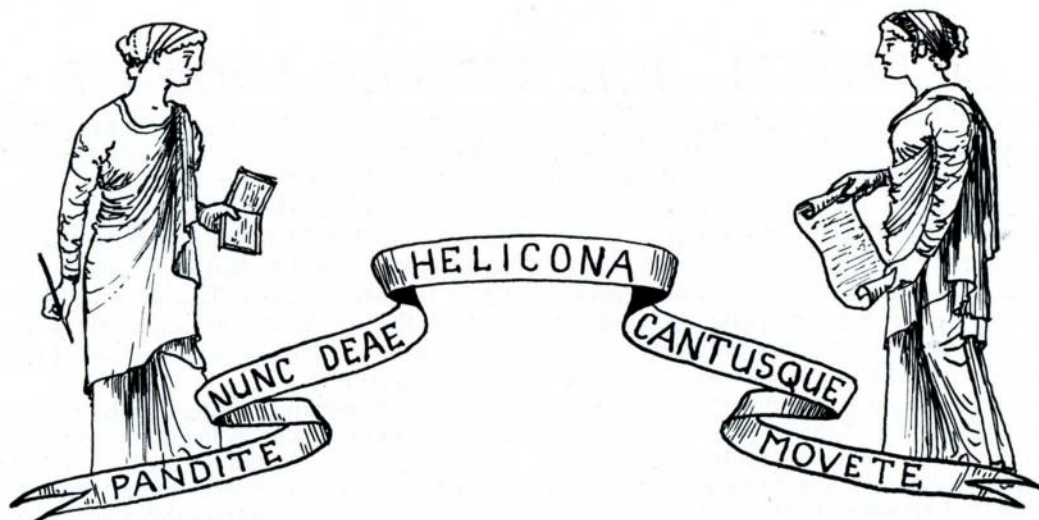
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WHOLESALE TOBACCONIST



Editorial

ON a bleak winter day towards the end of January we send for publication, the latest edition of the School Magazine. In it, many of our activities and achievements are given coverage and since this is the beginning of a new year, it seems a good time to look back and take stock before moving on to fresh pastures.

This issue will be our first under the name "St. Michael's Academy". Nevertheless we can assure you that the old saying: "a rose by any other name will smell as sweet", is true in our case and that the spirit of St. Michael's remains unchanged.

We owe thanks to all our advertisers whose contributions enabled us to produce this magazine, also to the members of Staff who gave help and advice, and a special word of thanks is due to the girls of the Commercial Department whose help in typing articles was invaluable. Of course, we must not forget the pupils who submitted the articles and poems and who wrote reports, and we hope that in our selection of items we are providing an interesting and varied magazine.

So, in hopes that its reception will be good and its sales unaffected by devaluation, we launch, without further ado, St. Michael's Academy School Magazine, 1966-67.

PATRICIA KELLY, VI.

SCHOOL JOTTINGS, 1966-67

BEFORE the end of the 1966 Session our School Choir had gone to Berlin as the guests of the Ranke Schule and, on our return to School, we learnt of their cordial reception and the warm hospitality accorded to them on all sides. But this topic will have full treatment elsewhere.

Our opening number had jumped to 820, so junior classes were as large as ever. Miss Chalmers, Miss Trayner, Miss McCann, Mrs. McKinley and Mr. Mannion joined the Staff,—all new except Miss McCann who had been with us before she went to British Columbia.

August—Soon we learned to our dismay that Mr. Hughes, Principal Teacher of Classics, was leaving our School to take up a similar post in St. Robert Bellarmine Senior Secondary School, Glasgow. We were genuinely sorry at his going as he was popular with Staff and pupils and we wished him every success and happiness in his new position.

His post was later filled by Mr. McCutcheon, but a vacancy remained in the Classics Department till the end of the session. Mrs. Leahy kindly came to the rescue as temporary Assistant in February and filled the breach until summer. Other upgradings of Staff during the first term were the following: Sister Dominic Savio, Principal Teacher of History; Mrs. Barkey, Principal Teacher of Homecraft; Mr. Walsh, Principal Assistant with particular responsibility as Careers Masters for pupils of Three Year Courses. As additional Special Assistants, Miss McGeough and Mr. Henderson were appointed.

September—St. Michael's Day, 29th September, was celebrated this time in our own Assembly Hall with Mass offered by Father Burke. It was a close crush to fit in all 820 pupils plus teachers, but we performed our part in prayer and hymn, and realised our oneness with each other and our close relation to Our Lord in the Holy Mass. We finished off with a resounding Hymn to St. Michael.

Our Music Reporter will tell of Folk Concerts held in the Assembly Hall once a month at lunch time, where enthusiastic audiences admired and applauded our School Guitarists and Vocalists.

October—In October, a Fashion Parade was held in the Assembly Hall by the Ardrossan Co-operative Society. On a flower decked stage the mannequins moved gracefully around, turning to all the cardinal points to more fully display the gown or frock they modelled. Lady's wear, gent's wear, children's wear and teenager's garb were all displayed, the last named being exhibited by five of our budding models from Third Year. Report says the sales of Teen Age outfits rocketed after this!

The proceeds from this Show went to the School Funds and we thank Mr. Ballantyne and his assistants for this donation.

November—November is always a month of gloom as pupils have to face the Xmas Terminals and Teachers have to face the correction of scripts. But even the Dies Irae can pass and the next target is Xmas Parties.

December—They duly arrived,—all four; First Year, Second Year Third Year and the Senior Dance. But don't be under any delusion—they were all dances. They were enjoyable and went with zest after they had got away from the sticky start. Who can cure this malaise of School parties?

The Carol Service in School with string orchestra accompaniment was a joy to hear and after this suitable preparation we broke up for Xmas.

January—Return to School in January means facing the Estimate Examinations so many come back with anxious hearts.

Super tension requires a balance and a Burns Supper at the end of January set the matter right. The Debating Society under the able guidance of Mr. Mitchell carried this through. There was the haggis with its 'soncy face' piped in by Mr. Butler in full regalia and every toast was proposed and answered with true decorum. The only absentee was John Barleycorn.

February—Owing to a fall in School when she injured her back, Mother Pauline was absent from School till the end of the term.

March—This month brought the Ayrshire Festival and our Music reporter will tell of the various successes.

S.C.E. Homecraft examinations kicked off the ball of the Examination season.

April—Our Netball Teams had travelled to Braford last year for a Netball Tournament, and in April the Margaret Clitheroe School travelled north to meet us in another tournament. Irvine Royal Academy also took part and the laurels seem to have been shared all round.

The girls were given hospitality for the weekend by our own girls and thoroughly enjoyed their visit to Bonnie Scotland. Sister Paul Mary, Headmistress of Margaret Clitheroe School, was pleased to visit again her friends in St. Michael's and Mother Maria Baptista, Superior of Parkfield Convent enjoyed an unexpected weekend with us. Sister Paul Mary, as a memento of her visit, donated to St. Michael's, a life of their Patroness, Blessed Margaret Clitheroe as well as a portrait of the same.

April—This month brought the Music practical and from then the S.C.E. examinations continued 'till the end of May.

June—With only a short respite after S.C.E., we were plunged into a week's showing of "The Pirates of Penzance." It was a product worthy of the School and well patronised by the public.

We were pleased to entertain His Lordship, Bishop McGee, many of the Clergy, the Provost of Kilwinning and several members of the Town Council, all of whom expressed high appreciation of the Show.

In place of School Retreats this year we had a religious Conference combining lectures and discussions, with Mass celebrated at midday. Three priests gave the lectures and led the discussions, Fathers Fergus and Kenneth from Dankeith, and Father Connolly from Kilbirnie. Question time was so popular that Father Fergus had to return another day to clear the pile. All voted it a good idea.

Talks on Religious Life—In October, Father McClorey of Lochwinnoch who had been a Headmaster in St. Michael's, Borneo, gave a film talk on missionary work in that area.

Boys of IV, V and VI enjoyed a Vocations talk by Father Bennett from Kiltegan in January and the girls had their turn in the following month when two Sisters of the Holy Rosary, Killesandra, gave a film of their life and work in Nigeria.

In the present session, a Salvatorian Sister showed a film to girls; during the Council this Sister had, on different occasions, met Pope John and Pope Paul in the Salvatorian Nursing home, Rome, when they came to visit sick Cardinals.

Educational Visits—Many educational visits were made during the third term. In May some boys from the Technical Department and girls from the Commercial Department paid a visit to Ayrshire Metal Products, Irvine; Mr. Blair led a Technical group to Gales Radar Station and the same Department sent a group to Hunterston Atomic Station. Roche Products, Dalry, had a visit by a Chemistry group, while the biology students found their interest in Auchencruive Agricultural College. Colvilles, Glengarnock, was visited in June and in the same month some girls had an interesting tour in I.C.I., Stevenston. There was also a visit by Third Year girls to Heathfield Hospital, Ayr, a visit instructive and inspirational where they learnt the beauty of the nursing profession.

There were various lectures during the year but we shall only mention two. Dr. Roy of Glasgow University gave a Cormack Bequest Lecture on Astronomy, and Mr. Heaton gave a film and lecture on the Duke of Edinburgh Award Scheme.

Anne Myles won a silver medal in this Award, while Eileen Reilly, Maura Taylor and Anne Milgrew have gained bronze medals. Congratulations to all.

Anne Myles had her hour of glory when she was chosen as Marymass Queen of Irvine. She carried her royalty gracefully and performed her duties with dignity. Mary Inglis supported her as one of the Four Maries and St. Michael's was proud of them both.

Christmas Term, 1967.

September—Another School opening with still larger intake,—up to 870. Our long established name of St. Michael's College, has had to succumb to organizational streamlining, and we are henceforth to be known as St. Michael's Academy. Our F.P.s and senior pupils are not enthralled with the new appellation, but the new entrants say "What's in a name?" We have our great patron still and celebrated his feast by a Mass in School, more packed than ever. A half day holiday crowned our religious celebration,

Many new teachers joined the Staff at the start of the session: Sister Lucia Joseph, Classics; Mr. Dorrian, Mathematics; Miss Christie, English; Miss McMillan, Geography; Mrs. Hughes, Mathematics; Miss Brown, P.T.; while three others came as part-time teachers; Mrs. McPherson, Homecraft; Mr. McCann, Mathematics; and Mr. Hunter, Technical.

The opening of the new term was not all arrivals, for we had to watch the departure of Mr. O. Murray, a junior member of the Maths. Department. He has left us to take up a teaching post in the Bahamas, far away from the rain and cold of Ayrshire. From his first letter to Mother Pauline, however, we learned that there is more to School life in the Bahamas than surfing and coral gazing. But you cannot daunt a Michaelite!

The long talked of Parent-Teacher Association got under way at last and will commence its social functions on November 29th with a Military Whist. We all wish it a flourishing career.

October—At the beginning of Advent our new Crib will be erected. It will be housed in the foyer of the Assembly Hall and the combined skill of Technical and Art Departments will produce for it a suitable setting. This colourful, eleven figure Crib was made possible for us through the donation of a generous benefactor, who doesn't believe in name plaques, augmented by the proceeds of a raffle inside School. We are looking forward to seeing our own School Crib in its honoured place.

November—It was good news to hear that our Bishop had appointed two School Chaplains to St. Michael's,—Father Grogan, parish priest of Beith and Father Connolly curate of Kilbirnie. Both were already familiar figures in the School and we know that their association with us will benefit all.

December—To foster the Christmas spirit, a Carol Service was given by the Senior Choir in the Cathedral, Ayr, on December 10th, the main contribution being the singing of 'A Ceremony of Carols' by Benjamin Britten. The same carols, plus various other musical numbers, displayed the musical talents of our pupils when they gave a two nights' concert on December 13th and 14th. It was entitled 'Music for Christmas.' The audience, including His Lordship, Bishop McGee and the Provost of Kilwinning, showed their appreciation and delight by singing the carols assigned to them with remarkable gusto and joy and good will abounded on all sides.

A lovely Carol Service composed by Father Connolly, closed the Christmas term and with Christmas joy and Christmas thoughts we closed the year 1967.

—O—

I AM "X".

Moving from this place to that place
Like so much sort of tape
Through so many kinds of wheels called
world.
Carried by compulsion, propulsion
Pushed by A, pulled by B, stop. Always
straight.
Get into this queue. Always straight.
Buckled, contorted, curled. Click! Drone.
Coded, graded, indexed alphabetically. Stop.
Sit in this Desk—with who are these fools?
And told this and that. Take notes please.
Again and again again.
Stop. And my tape is punched and I am
called free—
Till tomorrow.
And all the time, the birds sing,
And the grass is green, and the sky is blue
And the sea is blue
And my eyes are blue
The same old hue
Again and again and again.

PETER MCCLUSKIE, IV.

OFFICE-BEARERS OF PARENT-TEACHER ASSOCIATION.

Honorary President: MOTHER PAULINE.

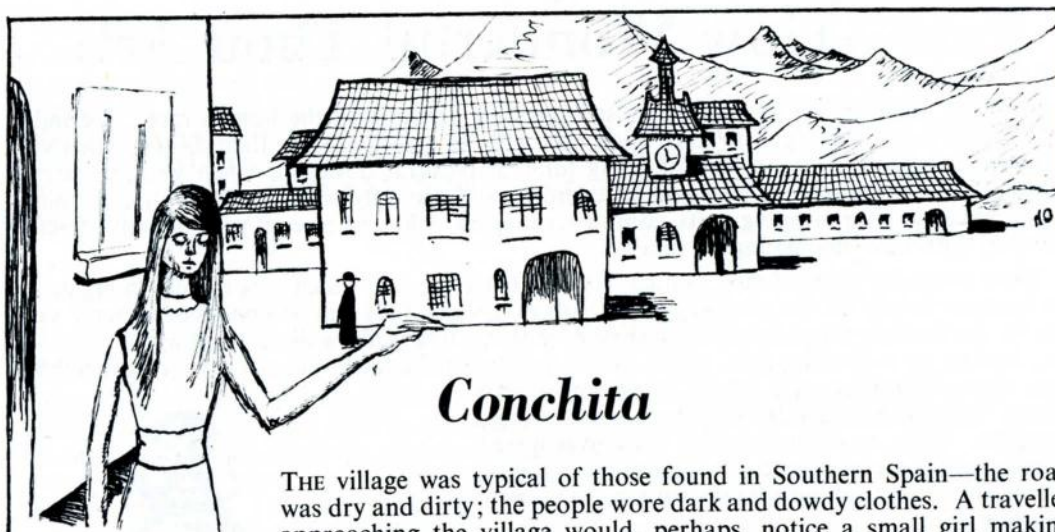
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Parents of present pupils and parents of former pupils are invited to join the Association. Annual Subscription: 2/6d.



Conchita

THE village was typical of those found in Southern Spain—the road was dry and dirty; the people wore dark and dowdy clothes. A traveller approaching the village would, perhaps, notice a small girl making her way along the narrow main street. There was nothing peculiar in that; one often sees small girls walking in streets. The only difference is that Conchita was once blind. Instead of seeing the way in front of her, she would guide herself by her other senses which had become extraordinarily acute. She knew when she reached her godmother's house, for the small garden was always filled with the most sweet-smelling flowers. She knew when she reached Senora Vedalbar's for the old dame was most often outside her little cottage, sitting in her squeaky old rocking-chair, knitting numerous jumpers, gloves, and scarves for her many grandchlidren.

Conchita was happy in her simple life until the day the new doctor arrived. He was young and ambitious. When he heard about the little blind girl, he visited her house. Conchita was at home and the young man lost no time in examining her eyes. He was optimistic about what he saw. Would the Senora mind if he took her daughter to visit a specialist? The Senora did not mind, but she saw no hope of her daughter ever regaining her sight, and she could not afford the fare to Madrid. Then the doctor explained that he would pay the fare, and as he would accompany Conchita, her mother need not worry.

From one point of view the visit was a great success. The doctor brought home news that the specialist could operate on the blind girl's eyes and the chances of failure were slight. However, this only brought more worry about expenses to Senora Riabla, for, although she wished her daughter to have this operation she could not afford the cost of it.

This is where the good people of the village came in. They were all very fond of Conchita who was helpful in spite of her disability. Conchita's godmother, Senora Lebalgo, started a collection and as soon as the villagers heard about this, they began to send donations to her house. Although poor, each had something of value to sell. Senora Vedalbar sold her rocking-chair of which she was very proud, because she was the only person in the village who had one. Senor Pablez sold his grapes and gave the proceeds to the Conchita Fund as it came to be known. One little boy even brought his pet mouse, in the hope that they could sell it and give the money to Conchita. Her godmother sold her flowers in the town to make more money.

At last they had enough. Senora Lebalgo accompanied Conchita to Madrid where she had her operation. Fearfully the villagers waited and prayed. After two months Conchita was allowed home. The whole village turned out at the station to welcome them. When the train pulled in, Conchita, and the Senora were the only ones to alight at the sleepy station. A cheer rose up from the people and some had tears in their eyes. Conchita could see.

ELIZABETH CONLAN, IIIA.

Rain—How Wonderful Thou Art!

RAIN, to my mind, is one of nature's most interesting offerings to the human race. I wonder if it has ever occurred to you to look upon rain with an emotion other than disgust when you are forced to stay indoors instead of going for that pleasant outing or when you are caught unawares with no protective headgear or overcoat and are duly soaked. Do you ever think, as you shake out your dripping coats, comb your tangled locks and ease off your damply-clinging footwear, just how fascinating is rain?

There are many types of rain: pelting, lashing, battering rain which falls rapidly in big drops and bounces noisily off the ground; gentle, soft rain which falls almost unnoticed around you, save for the feathery drops brushing your face; rain which falls like a sheet, blinding you; driving rain, backed by a howling gale, which makes you grit your teeth and close your eyes tightly; cool, clear, refreshing rain which brings relief after a sultry day. Every time it rains there is some slight variation, some new mystery to be investigated. Therein lies the secret of rain. It is never monotonous (except of course, to those who do not care to examine it further).

Having read this far you will say, "She is mad! What possible pleasure can she find in rain, that bothersome nuisance which spoils our plans and forces us to go out encumbered with raincoats, wellingtons, and umbrellas?" The disadvantages of rain spring very easily to mind—that I admit. If you stop, however, and try to find some virtues in rain, the hidden beauties, which, I assure you exist, you might feel happier on rainy days instead of bemoaning the inconvenience you are suffering.

First, I would ask you to think deeply about rainy days. After searching your memories, can you honestly say that not once have you experienced any sensation of pleasure on a rainy day? Is there not, perhaps, a feeling of contentment associated with a rainy afternoon, when, after passing an hour or so sitting in a comfortable armchair in front of a blazing fire, you turn and gaze out of the window at the rain lashing down on the pavement outside and beating against the window-pane? As you look at the grey-ness of the scene, where everything is almost unnaturally still, disturbed only by the quick footsteps of the occasional raincoated, umbrella-carrying passer-by, do you not feel warm and cared for and full of well-being, like a cat licking its whiskers after a saucerful of milk? Then, when you turn back into the room, does your chair not seem more comfortable, the fire a little brighter, and the haven of your home a little more comfortable?

Once you have learnt to appreciate rain from this viewpoint, you must go on and seek the surpassing delights of actually walking in the rain. You may protest, "I am not fool enough to desert my warm dwelling on a wet day to be drenched," but I urge you to take this all-important step. There is nothing to equal the pleasure of walking alone suitably attired, along a deserted street on a wet afternoon when the world is yours and there is no one to disturb your thoughts. The rain falls around you, not in a hostile fashion, but lovingly, protectingly. You are wet yes, but happy. I defy you to be otherwise.

A rainy evening at dusk is beautiful—not beautiful in a bright, sparkling, colourful fashion but in a sombre, grey serious fashion. More often than not, the rain is gentle after a day of unrelieved showers, and there is an aura of romance about the shiny pavements, the twinkling stars, and the rain softly brushing your cheeks.



I could go on at great length about the joys of rain but I must not weary you any further with my views. Before I conclude my dissertation, however, I must not neglect to mention one of the greatest delights of rain—its aftermath. Even the most unimpressible person cannot fail to discern the renewed brightness of the scenery, or observe the way in which the clouds drift lazily apart to reveal patches of blue. The air is fresh and clean; the watery sun emerges from behind the clouds; the birds begin to sing; we venture cautiously abroad—and everyday life picks up the threads. For a while Nature had re-asserted herself but we humans have again taken over.

PATRICIA KELLY, VI.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

DEAR SIR,

I am decidedly neutral in the controversy over the inhalation of tobacco in its various forms. I neither condone, nor do I criticise the practice, although I have no desire to coat my fingers with nicotine, to have my lungs devoured by a cancerous growth, or to have my virile pride dented considerably by a pathetic "smoker's cough." Apart from these physical deterrents, there is the financial: I certainly have better things on which to spend my money.

The bad points of smoking are being constantly publicised, but the good points of smoking (if any) are very rarely discussed seriously. Two smokers whom I know have totally opposing views on the subject. One says that a cigarette, in conjunction with a cup of tea, acts as a tranquilliser, and with a book, relieves loneliness. There may be something in what she says. The other smoker disagrees entirely and says that there are no good points about smoking and that he is sorry he ever started as he cannot stop. There is a third smoker, one without an opinion, a sick man, bedridden, and whose sight is failing, for whom there is nothing left but the little pleasure he derives from his cigarettes.

I would not be opposed to a smoke-room for the senior school, but if one were allocated, a room for the senior non-smokers, few as they may be, should in my opinion, also be provided.

I am, Sir,

Yours faithfully,

JAMES P. SCULLION, III.

A FOREST FIRE.

It started as a small fire but gradually spread. The leaves crackled and sparked as the roaring blaze devoured them. Soon the screeching of birds was heard and you could hear them flapping their wings as they flew away, desperate to get out of the intense heat. The young birds which could not fly yet lay patiently in their nest waiting for their mothers to return. The fire spread rapidly, setting fire to everything, and the once beautiful forest became a black charred mess.

PAOLA TRACEY, IIB.

TYPICAL BRITISH LAW.

Two magistrates, while cycling home one dark night without lights, were stopped by a policeman who said they were to appear in court the next day. Each agreed to hear the other's case.

The first magistrate tried the second magistrate and found him guilty. He fined him 10/-. Then the second magistrate tried the other magistrate; found him guilty; and fined him 15/-.

The first magistrate was indignant and asked the second magistrate why he had fined him 5/- more. To which the second magistrate replied, "There's too much of this sort of thing going on. This is the second case that has been heard this morning."

PATRICIA COOK, IV.



THE WAR GOES ON

"We must hurry home," said Hoshi-Mako to his wife, Nio-Tushi, "Suki will be waiting for her birthday gift and Yaki will be wanting the feast."

"Yes," replied his wife.

"It is such a happy day. Suki is now five years old. She will like her gift."

Just then they heard the screeching of American bombers overhead.

"Down!" cried Hoshi-Mako. They dropped to the ground. The bombers flew very low over the nearby village and began to drop their deadly cargo.

"No! No!" cried Nio-Tushi, "The children!"

"There is nothing to do but wait," said Hoshi-Mako. "Have patience."

The screams from the village rent the air. Forty minutes later the bombers departed, leaving a trail of blood and destruction behind them. Hoshi-Mako and Nio-Tushi rushed to the village. After a while they found their children, Suki and Yaki, beside the pond—dead. They were so badly mutilated they were barely recognisable.

After they had recovered from the shock, Hoshi-Mako and his wife decided to leave the village.

"There is nothing left here for us," they said. "We shall go to South Vietnam. Perhaps there we shall find peace."

So they made their way southwards. Mile after weary mile, they trudged, never faltering. Hoshi-Mako was blinded by a stray bullet, yet still they continued.

After a few weeks they reached the demilitarised zone.

"We are nearly there," whispered Nio-Tushi to her husband as she slipped her hand into his.

Just then a voice from the trees cries, "Halt, or I fire!"

They start to run but are stopped in their tracks by two sub-machine guns.

Just then an American squadron appears overhead. Hoshi-Mako and Nio-Tushi are forgotten. The blood and horror starts again.

The war goes on!

MARGARET MARY CAMPBELL, IV.

WHEN FATHER MENDED THE GRANDFATHER CLOCK.

IN our hall, there is an old fossilised bit of junk which the family know as a grandfather clock because, I suppose, it belonged to grandfather. (That would explain why it was ancient). One day, after it had emitted some peculiar noises, it stopped; so dear old Pop decided to mend it.

His first step was to move it into the living room, which he didn't do, without breaking something. It wasn't really much—just Mum's best China vase. Then he started to strip it down, first removing the pendulums. He then began to dismantle the face, and seeing some screws proceeded to remove them. Upon this, the frame collapsed. This worried him but he persevered, dismantling the inside.

Now, everything was laid on the table—I mean the dinner dishes, and Father was politely asked to shift his work to the kitchen. I went in to visit the poor man. There was a pile of cogwheels the size of the table on the floor, and father was thumping his head against the wall, saying words I shouldn't have heard. I calmed him, and then we began to put the lock together again.

After about two hours it was restored. Solemnly, father and I carried the monster back into the hall, telling mother that HE had put it together again. She was very pleased, until she heard the noise it made after it was wound up. It went "tock-tick", chimed every ten minutes, while the right hand did about 45 r.p.m.

There it stands to this day, much to the surprise—and amusement of our visitors.

JAMES PATERSON, IV.



ON HIS ACADEMIC BLINDNESS.

When I consider how my life appears
In the school I've attended for four whole
years,

Half my youth it seems I've spent
Studying subjects with no intent,
To carry on the good work taught
By a semi-pedantic, intelligent lot.
The teachers casting dirty looks,
Whenever I chance to forget my books.
I'm told day and night to exploit this chance,
"At higher things you should cast a glance,
And that you may extend your knowledge
You should proceed to another college,
With five good Highers, two "A's," three
"B's"

And yet my mind is not at ease:
They also sweat who only get four "C's."

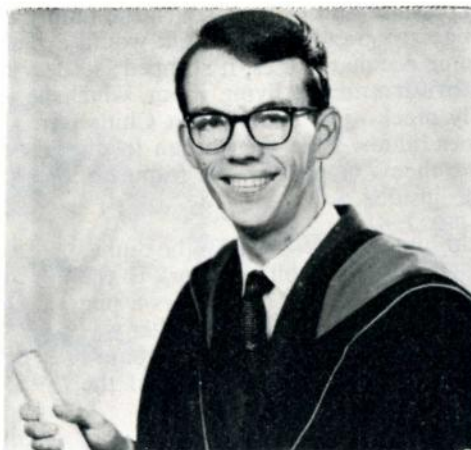
JOHN MCGONAGLE, IV.

RESPECT.

Junior maun to Senior be
In full complete subordinacy,
Else where would poor Britannia be?
Not o'er the waves but 'neath the sea;
For 'tis the rule of Monarchy,
Our Dynasty, and Hierarchy
That some maun less than others be,
Respect Superiority,
Accept inferiority,
Obey in filiality,
Strive towards Maturity,
That when they come to Seniors be
They'll know what 'tis primarily
To have responsibility
From past regarding carefully
The will of Seniority.

MATTHEW MCFARLANE, V.

MAY HE REST



IN PEACE

JAMES NELLANY, LL.B.

Died 14th January, 1967. Aged 22 years.

NOT long after his death in January, 1967, a little girl visited Jim Nellany's grave. She placed a few sweets on the soil and explained, "Those are for Jim, in case he gets hungry."

It was a child's gesture but eminently expressive of those who knew Jim. The difficulty now is not to see in faith that he has passed on to that union with God for which he was destined; it is rather to understand that he is no longer bodily with us. The child had felt what his relatives and friends feel, that as a person he is still with them, interested as always in their lives, reserved as always about his own.

It is not easy to describe Jim's qualities without making him sound a paragon, and he was too appreciative of life, of the humour in people and situations of the fun that was to be found in school and at university, to be labelled as such. In fact, his carefree air successfully hid the qualities that were so important a part of his character. It was only at the end that we were able to discern fully, the extent of his faith and the depth of his courage. We now know that as a VIth Year he was aware during the first period in hospital, that his disease was fatal. Characteristically, he nevertheless planned for the future, passing his Higher History and 'O' level Latin less than a month after his release from the Infirmary. Despite his handicap he graduated in law at Glasgow University, revealing an amazing doggedness of purpose. When he took up his profession with a Glasgow firm of lawyers, his bouts of illness gradually grew worse, but when I saw him for the last time at Easter, 1966, he told me of all he was going to do in the coming months. It was a humbling experience to listen to this boy who had already been so close to death, talking of his sufferings almost lightheartedly. Jim, aware though he was of his destiny, always began his sentences with: "When I get back to work, I'm going to . . ." There was no bravado; his courage was constant and yet, was tempered by a resignation to God's Will that is rare even in mature adults. For Jim, the struggle lay not so much in accepting the inevitability of a premature death, but in realising what this would cost his mother and family, for whom he had the deepest affection.

Yet in concluding this small tribute to him one is tempted to offer Mrs. Nellany not merely great sympathy in her loss but gratitude for having allowed us to know Jim whose personality had been influenced in so many ways by her own.

SISTER MARY CAMPION, C.P.



Travara, in West Cork.

It is evening: a silent, drooping summer night in West Cork, and we are going to Travara for fish. Behind us is the rich fertility of farmland—ahead, nothing but the sea, and a towering, jagged coastline. Travara is only a landing place, a natural harbour where a stream flows to the sea.

There is a white farmhouse standing sharply against the hillside. A woman leans on the gate, with a wide eyed child clinging to her skirt. We ask for the fisherman. She replies, and her voice is musical, a scale of rising and falling notes.

“They’re west on the water. But I’ll go south over the fields and call to them”. She speaks, unconsciously in poetry, and goes away quietly.

The road dips and seems to disappear into a cart-track.

That stream over there is fairy-haunted. It is easy to believe in them. Who knows what might lie beneath the straggling undergrowth where the water murmurs, and dragonflies whirl?

“Come away, O human child!”

The fishermen are coming. It is dusk now, and they have rowed round the headland into the harbour. The boat approaches soundlessly, and voices are hushed. It would be sacrilegious to speak. We cannot see their faces, only the insubstantial figures, changing and glistening in a flash of light on wet oilskin. The moon has transformed everything. High on the hillside is a field of silver barley, stirring heavy-headed in the wind. The water ripples and shimmers. A seagull flies home across the dappled sea, with a single nostalgic cry.

Soft Irish voices disturb and merge into the silence. It has been a good night and there is plenty of fish.

“You’ll be the visitors” they say, shaking hands and smiling. Visitors are a peculiarity.

They have lobsters, hard and black, pathetic creatures with broken claws dangling ineffectually. Take them, break them for they are spoiling the peace of the night with their wicked, reproachful eyes.

The boat has drifted away leaving only a trail of light, and the floating notes of a song. A moth blunders ecstatically into the night.

Perhaps if you listen for a long time, you will hear the good folk deep in the haunted stream.

CATHERINE CZERKAWSKI, VI.

THE OCCUPANTS.

"Is there anybody there?" said the salesman,
Knocking on the sunlit door.
He hadn't been selling many brushes
And he knew he'd have to sell some more:
And a window blew open on the second floor
Above the salesman's head:
And he smote upon the door again a second
time;
"Is there anybody there?" he said.
But no-one descended to the salesman;
No head from the window-sill,
Leaned over and looked at the salesman,
Where he stood discouraged and still.
But only a host of floor-brushes
That dwelt in that big house there
Lay listening in the gloom of the broom-
cupboard
To that voice which they know and fear:
Lay one upon the other in the darkness
Making not the slightest sound of all,
Listening in the silence which was broken
By the woeful brush-salesman's call.
And he felt in his heart their hostility.
Their silence answering his cry,
While the sun streamed down on the salesman
From a blue and cloudless sky;
Then he suddenly smote on the door, even
Louder, and lifted his head:—
"You pretend there's no-one at home today
But I'll be back," he said.
Never the least stir made the occupants
Though every word he spoke
Echoed in the silence of the old house
And fearful echoes awoke:
Ay, they heard his foot on the doorstep.
The scrape of his boots on the stone.
And how the silence re-asserted itself,
When that troublesome salesman was gone.

JOHN DUFFIN, IV.

ON LONELINESS.

Loneliness is a shroud;
coloured despair,
it's always there
to blot out the sun,
to dampen the fun,
like a shroud.

Loneliness is a sea;
deep as an ocean
of embalming lotion;
of salt-water tears
that wash away fears
into the sea.

Loneliness is the sky;
harsh sobs rend,
black clouds blend
with unending blue
that's a deeper hue
than the sky.

Loneliness is a clock;
so still they stand,
each moving hand,
never minding
the hours grinding
on the clock.

Loneliness is the night;
never dawning,
full of mourning;
never leaving,
forever grieving
into the night.

Loneliness is a void;
lurking in the gloom
of an empty room,
with no friendly face,
just an empty space—
a void.

JANE McDERMID, VI.

BEDTIME FARE.

LONG ago in the rich land of Gosen, there was a strange custom. When people died they had all their jewellery and wealth buried with them. Now in this rich land lived two men, Jack and Bill. Every night at exactly 12 o'clock they would set out for the graveyards,—that is, if anyone had been buried during the day. With their picks and shovels they would hack away at the graves and coffins and steal all the wealth from the dead body.

One day Jack was crossing the road when a car knocked him down. He was buried next day in the usual manner. But that night Bill dug up his grave and within an hour must have been the wealthiest man in the land. An hour later Bill was climbing into bed when he heard a scraping at the door. Then with a crash it thudded to the floor. Bill heard the noise and knew all too well who the intruder was. He jumped out of bed and sped up to the attic. Then the attic door opened and there in the form of Count Dracula, stood the ghost of Jack.

Next morning Bill was found torn to ribbons as if a wild cat had attacked him, but nobody knew how he died.

P. DONNELLY, I.

Sixth Year Girls' Expedition to Arran

ON Monday, 30th October, a gallant band of ten Sixth Year girls, led by Miss McMillan and Miss Brown set forth on a geographical expedition to Arran. The ten girls were Anne Donnelly, Maria Anderson, Kathleen Loy, Patricia Kelly, Mary McMillan, Clara Murray, Margaret Pllu, Janet Farrell, Louise Holland and Elizabeth McKelvie.

We boarded the "Glen Sannox" in Fairlie at eleven o'clock, loaded down with bags and rucksacks of different kinds and clad in our oldest and warmest garments. As soon as we arrived in Brodick we set off on a bus-trip round the island during which Miss McMillan was to give us points of geographical interest. Our first lesson was reading the maps. For some of us it was rather confusing but eventually we sorted ourselves out. Our first stop was King Cross Point where we were to look for the site of a Viking Burial Mound. This was on the shore and there Miss McMillan pointed out various things of interest. Unfortunately the Burial Mound was we managed to find the area where it had been.

Our next stop was Kildonan where we had lunch. We didn't stay long there but went on to Blackwaterfoot. There we were given ten minutes to explore and all set off eagerly. The peace was abruptly disturbed by several girls running madly along the road to the beach. It was stony and there were a few large rocks which we scrambled over with great enthusiasm. Those of us who ventured near the sea were encouraged by the suggestion of one hardy soul to go in for a paddle. The water was icy and after a photograph was taken, we hopped around the sand trying desperately to get warm again. In order to return to the bus, we then had to walk barefoot through six inches of seaweed and over stones. Oh, for the joys of nature! By this time we had exceeded our ten minutes and the bus driver made up for the lost time by racing madly over the road. En route we spotted some deer and stopped for several minutes to admire them. They made a marvellous silhouette against the sky and hills.

Lochranza was our next stop. Again, this little hamlet was utterly quiet and tranquil but the air was rent by the shouts and laughter of high-spirited girls. We earned for ourselves a few curious stares but it didn't worry us. We espied a castle on the edge of the shore and

rushed gaily towards it. It was being restored and the workman told us to have a look around. As castles go, it was a small and poky. We amused ourselves with lurid imaginings of the past. Life in those days would not have been very comfortable.

Our last stop was at a place on the shore where there is a curious rock formation known as the "Duke's Bath." Miss Brown showed us this "bath" and explained its legend. Once there was a duke who decided to have a bath. He ordered his servants down to the shore to build one. They apparently hollowed this bath out of the rock



with steps leading into it. There are also holes in the rocks round about it where they could insert poles for the overhead canopy. We were all highly amused at the idea of having a bath in such an uncomfortable place.

Our tour of the island was over. We reached the Invercloy Hotel at half past five. Our hostess showed us our rooms which were exceedingly comfortable and satisfying. After tea we spent the evening in the lounge which was warm and cosy, playing cards, singing, telling fortunes and just talking. We then retired to bed, looking forward to the next day's trip to Glen Rosa.

The following morning we were awakened by Miss McMillan and Miss Brown who cheerfully informed us that it was a lovely morning. They were greeted by groans on every side. However, after breakfast we were all set and raring to go. It had been raining steadily for hours the night before and when we left the road the path was very muddy. Eventually we reached the gate which brought us into Glen Rosa. We continued along the path while Miss McMillan explained

to us about the glaciation which had caused the different landforms. As we went along we were delighted to see two sheepdogs herding their flock which were dotted up and down the hillside. When we reached a reasonably flat area of ground Miss McMillan explained to us how to use our compasses and we spent ten minutes testing them. Then we had lunch, sitting on the grass beside a burn. After that the real climb began. Three sensible souls turned back but the rest of us pressed unwittingly on. At first the climb was easy and we stood for several minutes admiring a waterfall rushing down the hillside. As we got ready to move on, we looked up and were confronted with a sheer wall of mud and grass. Our hearts sank into our boots and we had no choice except to drag ourselves up slipping in the mud and desperately grasping at handfuls of grass. After what seemed like hours we reached flat ground. For the next two hours we scrambled over grass, heather and mud. Loud groans were heard from those who were not quite so fit as the others. There was a little light relief when we found a skull—a sheep's skull. At last we reached a wood from which there was a path leading down the road. We tripped and stumbled down this and half-an-hour later gained the road. A sense of achievement filled us with pride. Our groans, complaints and exertions were quickly forgotten.

On our return to the hotel we regaled our three drop-outs with gory tales of our doings but they remained unimpressed. Soon it was time to go and, gathering all our baggage we traipsed along to the pier, our dishevelled appearance causing some amusement. Our two days had flown past with never a dull moment. The trip was interesting and informative and we are very grateful to Miss McMillan and Miss Brown for taking us.

PATRICIA ANNE KELLY, VI.

THE SCOTTISH AIR SHOW

THE first ever Scottish Air Show, sponsored by the *Scottish Daily Express*, was held on Saturday, 30th September, 1967, at Prestwick Aerodrome. and it was a great success. Over 30,000 people visited the aerodrome and watched the show. As soon as I learned about it I decided to go, and I found it one of the most enjoyable days I have ever spent, though heavy rain and extreme cold tried to dishearten me.

The complete Show was scheduled to last for eight hours, from 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. As the flying display was to start at 2 p.m. I was left with some three hours to tour the grounds. There were four large exhibition tents which were occupied by officials from various airlines. Each had its own small show and distributed leaflets. One of these which greatly interested me was the Rolls Royce Aero Engine display, for it included a model of the Concorde. The Forces, too, were well represented, the Navy, Army, Air Force, R.O.C., etc., all supplying information and distributing leaflets. Satisfied with my tour and armed with various leaflets, I moved out of the marquees to the far end of the site where hovercraft were giving exhibitions of their manoeuvrability. The one owned by the *Express*, the Express Air Rider, was among the craft taking part. Vintage cars were represented too, their lines in strong contrast with the most modern product, an electrically powered and very interesting machine.

The air display commenced with a low level show by a Supermarine Spitfire. This was followed by a Lightning doing its tricks. Other planes performed zooms, dives, twists and rolls and kept the crowd in a high state of excitement. One of the most breathtaking performances was by the R.A.F. formation team, the Red Arrows; they thrilled the spectators by their timing, their daring aerobatics and formation flying with very little room for error. They performed rhombus formation, diamond formation and bomb bursts, and to add a touch of colour to their achievements they used red, white and blue smoke trails.

Unfortunately, because of the weather conditions, the sky-diving exhibition by the R.A.F. team, the Falcons, had to be cancelled. Still the rest of the Air Show made up for this disappointment and I went home fully satisfied with my day at Prestwick Air Show.

ROBERT DUFFIN, V

REQUIESCAT.

So I said to him
 "Why must you go?"
 Knowing it was useless to ask, for he would go
 Anyway.
 And the laughter of playing children
 Fell dead on my ears
 Shattering the safe comfort of my mind.

"He is dead," they say, trying to be so gentle.
 He said to me
 "We must fight for freedom."
 He went, even though the others called him
 rebel,
 Traitor.
 And the rousing songs they sang
 Brought anger to my heart,
 Because I did not know why they sang of
 glory
 "He was killed," they say, trying to be so
 gentle.

And afterwards they said,
 "His name will live for ever,"
 But what is this to me when I am left,
 Alone?
 And their silly, gentle words
 Hurt me bitterly while I
 Am knowing all the while that he was right.

"They shot him," they say, trying to be so
 gentle.

CATHERINE CZERKAWSKI, VI.

FLOWER NAMES.

The names of flowers are funny things,
 Because the bluebell never rings.
 Spring crocus isn't known to leap
 And weeping willows never weep.
 Foxglove is a name that lingers,
 But it hasn't proper fingers.
 Honeysuckle isn't honey.
 Shepherd's purse contains no money.
 Whoever chose the flowers' names
 Must have had some fun and games.

MARION MITCHELL, IM.

ON THE DEATH OF A LASTING FRIENDSHIP . . .

I sip the cup of bliss;
 The bliss of having friends,
 Whose friendship always ends
 in bliss.

And at last a special friend;
 I share my hopes and dreams,
 Confide my thoughts and schemes
 in my friend.

We do everything together;
 We laugh, and talk,
 And sit, and walk
 toge her.

I am drunk with happiness;
 Our friendship is a bond
 That needs no magic wand
 for happiness.

But now is time to part;
 And I am on my own,
 To spend the time alone,
 apart.

At last we are together;
 But conversation's lame,
 For we are not the same
 together.

And a lasting friendship dies;
 Now all my dreams are shattered,
 As everything that mattered
 dies.

And everywhere is loneliness;
 For those lost and unknown years,
 I weep silent, bitter tears
 of loneliness.

And now I am alone;
 Alone with secret fears,
 Weeping secret tears,
 a'cne . . .

JANE McDERMID, VI.

MY SUMMER JOB.

LIKE many other pupils I was working during the Summer Holidays but I was working in a well-established Ayrshire Lemonade Factory.

Work started at 8 o'clock every morning. Two women had the monotonous jobs of smelling bottles to see if any handyman or otherwise had used them for some other purpose, as no one would like a clean sparkling bottle of petrolade or paraffinade. The empty, clean-smelling bottles are then put on a conveyor belt which hurtles the crates at breakneck speed down to the washing department. Here the bottles are put upside down, into small holders; they are then passed through the machine where they are thoroughly washed, inside and out. They come out about two minutes later, clean and sparkling, ready for their load. They are then passed by hand to the filling machine.



This machine puts the lemonade or other-ade into the bottles; syrup is put in first and then they are topped up with soda-water—Orange syrup for orangeade, lemon syrup for lemonade and so on. They are then sent on a rather slow belt to the labelling machine. This machine is worked by hand. It is a very tricky job and requires supple shoulders and a quick eye. As the bottles come along the belt, they are lifted by hand and put into the machine one by one. As you put one in, you lift one out, for 9 hours a day (minus breaks—whether tea-breaks or machine-breaks).

After they are labelled they are put into crates and wheeled away to their respective groups. The three most popular makes are lemonade, orangeade and limeade.

I quite enjoyed my work there and have never drunk so much lemonade in all my life (unofficially, of course)!

JOHN SHEEHAN, III.

—O—

CHAMBRE D'HORREURS.

THE walls appear to be closing in on me; the wallpaper; it moved; it's coming towards me, it's laughing. I can't look, it's horrible! There's a nauseating stench; my head is reeling. The sweat is clinging to me and I feel the roses, the horrible laughing roses, red roses with green stems! They are slowly creeping up my legs. I can't move.

The smell, the smell of blood! Death and even evil. The once beautiful flowers which have now reached my waist belong to some evil power! I try to scream but my vocal chords like the rest of my body are paralysed! Only my mind is free, free to torture,—to torture me with unbelievable thoughts. I feel those ghastly stems entwining themselves about my throat, entangling themselves in my hair. I am trapped, unable to save myself from this fate. Slowly I am being drawn towards the edge,—. And now,— the stench, the sweat and the terrifying laughter is fading. I am falling,— falling,— falling into everlasting, peaceful slumber.

ELLEN TRAYNER, IV.

—O—

A CASTLE IN GASCONY.

IT was my first trip to France, and I was determined not only to see her present, but to delve into her past.

The sky was gloomy and overcast, and as there was little to entertain a tourist in the small Gascon village, I decided to visit the large castle overlooking it, like some massive watch-dog.

The architecture of the castle was emphatically forbidding, and as I crossed the bridge over the moat, I could imagine the terror which the appearance of the imposing structure must have

instilled in even the stoutest-hearted peasant. I hurriedly passed under the portcullis and glanced over my shoulder uneasily, expecting the huge, iron door to come crashing down, imprisoning me in that stone cage. I was more than a little surprised, and even more relieved, when nothing happened.

It was beginning to rain. I hurried across the courtyard, with the noise of my steps on the cobble-stones echoing against the grim walls. These walls seemed to sneer down at me. How they must have echoed to the sound of an army of soldiers and thrilled to the tramp of innumerable feet!

I stopped outside the stables. They were empty now, but at one time they must have sheltered a score or more of horses—sweating from a recent chase, wounded in a great battle, well-groomed by patient grooms, well-fed and waiting patiently for their riders to lead them out to battle, perhaps to death. I could almost feel the breath of the horses on my neck, and smell the fresh scent of the hay.

I turned away from the stables, and noticed some stone steps leading to a door half-way up the tower. The steps were narrow and steep, and as they were without any protective railing, I almost clung to the wall, such was the very real chance of falling over. On reaching the top, I hesitated momentarily, as though some fear of the unknown was restraining me. I shrugged it off, and turned the handle.

The door creaked loudly, and opened slowly, as if chary of permitting a stranger to enter into its dark interior. The room I had entered had evidently been used to billet troops. How gloomy it was! Yet I felt sure that it could not always have been so. Once the walls would have been lit up with the flames of a great, crackling log-fire, and filled with the sound of male voices discussing the news of the latest battle, arguing over tactics and expounding their own particular strategy.

I passed through one billeting room after another until I came to two stair-ways, one leading up, the other down. I climbed up the dark, winding stair-way till I reached the living-quarters of the officers.

These rooms were as bare as the others. Surely no woman—no French woman—could have existed in such bleak surroundings? I could visualize the ways in which they would have tried to brighten it up—hanging tapestries and portraits on the walls, curtains over the windows, setting ornaments on the tables. This castle, however, was no place for a woman. There was an air of masculinity about it that no hanging of tapestries could conceal.

From there, I descended the twisting-turning stairway, passing through floor after floor of bare rooms. I could not imagine the happy sound of children's laughter ever ringing in this depressing atmosphere.

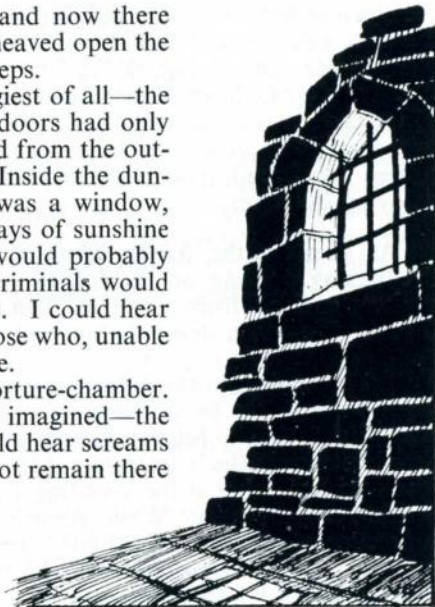
By this time, I had arrived at the bottom floor, and now there remained only the dungeons to visit. I shuddered as I heaved open the great door. Slowly, cautiously, I climbed down the steps.

This section of the castle was the dampest and dingiest of all—the walls were almost three feet thick and the heavy, iron doors had only a very small wire-grill in them which could be shuttered from the outside by the fat, lazy, and probably very cruel gaoler. Inside the dungeons, there was a small pallet and a stool. There was a window, covered with a thick iron grill, so that only very few rays of sunshine could penetrate into the cell. This type of dungeon would probably house the more important prisoners, while the lesser criminals would be chained up in one of the many large common gaols. I could hear the rattling of their chains and the terrible screams of those who, unable to endure their captivity any longer, had become insane.

There was only one other place to visit—the torture-chamber. There were the most gruesome instruments of evil ever imagined—the rack, thumb-screw, "iron-maiden". Once again, I could hear screams—this time the anguished cries of the suffering. I did not remain there for very long.

I hurried out of that awful castle. There was none of the splendour of Versailles here. This was a place of blood, of suffering, of death.

JANE McDERMID, VI.



Visit of St. Michael's Choir to Berlin

ON Thursday, 23rd June, 1966, 35 girls and 15 boys set out from Kilmarnock on their journey to West Berlin, under the leadership of Mr. McFarlane. Money from the British Council, the Educational Trust, the County Council and two school concerts in May helped to finance the visit and allow the pupils to have more pocket-money. Accompanying the pupils were Mr. Walsh, Mr. O. Murray, Mr. McHugh (teacher of German in St. Joseph's High School), Miss McGeough, Miss Medine and the pianist for the choir, Miss Cumming.

On the boat from Dover to Ostend, we gave an impromptu concert in glorious sunshine on the foredeck. An "international" audience thoroughly enjoyed the singing and dancing. We travelled by "couchettes," via Cologne to West Berlin, being stopped and searched by the East German and Russian guards at two points on the way. No trouble! In Berlin, we were met at the station by our hosts and taken to their homes. It was evident that the hospitality was going to be overwhelming, and that language was going to be no barrier.

At St. Ansgar's Church (Berlin's most modern Catholic Church) we sang motets from Bach, Mozart and Gibbons on the Sunday morning. The Germans also thrilled us by the way they participated in their own parts of their vernacular High Mass. In the evening, we, the guests, gave a party to our hosts in the Hochschulbrauerei Hall. The food was wonderful, and we entertained them with the "Daniel Jazz"—our party piece!

On Monday morning the party enjoyed a sight-seeing tour of the city as guests of the Ranke-Schule. We were conducted by a student of the University who neither missed a place of interest nor a chance to show us evidence of Communist oppression. One place of particular interest was the Olympic Stadium where Hitler presided over the 1936 Olympics. The Choir were later received by the Mayor of the Wedding district at a civic reception. He compared Wedding, with its population of 200,000 with industrial towns "such as your own Irvine, Saltcoats and Stevenston"! In the evening we gave our first public concert in conjunction with the famous choir of the Diesterweg Schule. Frau Tuchel, their conductor, congratulated Mr. McFarlane on having a choir at least the equal of her own! Our programme consisted of choral items as well as vocal and instrumental solos and trios by Mary Boyle, Anne Long, Willie Grant and the McFarlane Family. Our Country Dance Team also performed. Part of the concert was recorded by the West Berlin Radio and broadcast later in the week. Unfortunately most of us missed the broadcast as we were all out on the town enjoying ourselves.



As guests of the Ranke-Schule the choir spent all day Wednesday cruising on the inland lakes. The pleasure-cruisers cast off from Tegel at 10 a.m. and returned at 6 p.m. We had a delicious lunch at Kladow.

On Thursday morning Herr Herbst, who organized the whole of our visit, conducted the party through the Schöneberg Town Hall (the West Berlin Parliament), which is famous for its "Liberty Bell." John F. Kennedy made his great "I am a Berliner" speech from its balcony which overlooks the large square, now called "John F. Kennedy-Platz." At mid-day we were given tea and cakes at the Wedding Town Hall and in return we sang two songs for a party of retiring civil-servants. While admiring the view from the top of this high modern building, a number of pupils and staff felt "groggy." No, it wasn't food poisoning—the building was swaying! Later we visited the Charlottenburg Palace, famous for its association with the Great Elector.

On Friday we gave two concerts. The first was in the Jewish Old People's Home where Michael Hickey's Highland Dancing to the choir's mouth music, "Brochan Lom," brought many a whoop from the audience, mostly survivors from Nazi concentration camps and where we were all presented with gifts. The second concert was in another Old People's Home.

On Saturday we visited the Dahlem Museum of Prussian Culture.

At St. Peter's Church, Bellermannstrasse, the choir sang their second Mass in a crowded church. The Germans showed great thoughtfulness in having the Epistle and Gospel repeated for our benefit in English. A number of the party spent the afternoon sunbathing and swimming. The lakes provide many of the attractions of continental beaches.

Our last organized outing was to the Zoo in the centre of the city. Although rain fell throughout the visit, it did not spoil our enjoyment.

The choir were guests of the Ranke-Schule and of Frau Eiffert, their Principal, at a party and dance at Tegel. During the evening loud bangs caused by supersonic jets breaking the sound barrier were heard. We were told that the Russians did this frequently to annoy the West Berliners and to keep them awake at night. No matter how much we were enjoying ourselves, we could never quite shake off the feeling of danger or of the nearness of the terrible "wall."

On Tuesday, the choir went to the Ranke-Schule to spend some time in the classrooms and to say farewell. A large crowd of parents, teachers, officials and pupils waved us off at the Zoologarten Station, while we sang "We're No Awa' tae Bide Awa'" and "Auld Lang Syne."

On board the members of the choir presented Mr. McFarlane with a cigarette case and lighter. A better tribute could not be paid to the teachers than the fact that the whole party arrived home safely.

EDWARD McMILLAN, VI.

o o o o

Excerpts from another Account

PACKED lunches were ready for us at Ostend. We had prepared ourselves for a nice long comfortable rest, but unfortunately our idea of comfort was vastly different from the Continental's. We sat for the next five hours on unyielding wooden seats which were gratefully exchanged for bunks at Cologne, and then we settled down for a good night's rest . . .

. . . Unfortunately it was not to be. Around 1 a.m., shouts of "Passport," "Passport," indicated that we had now entered Communist East Germany. The officer's job was made more exasperating as he found the St. Michael's Party to be in a deep coma. We soon settled down again and were thankfully left alone till morning. We were stopped again just outside Berlin, and held up for about an hour while a female officer made a thorough search of our compartments. Attempts at disembarking were discouraged by soldiers with machine guns and vicious looking dogs strategically placed every 20 yards or so. However, we survived these encounters and arrived intact at Zoo Station to find our hosts and hostesses already there. At last everyone was placed and we were shepherded into buses and taxis to be taken to our "Homes" for the next ten days . . .

. . . The afternoon and evening saw Berlin being overrun by young Scots. Shops and stores were invaded by young men and women, clutching Marks in one hand, gesticulating wildly with the other and speaking broken English. But luckily no harm came to anyone (except perhaps the shop keepers) and soon we returned "home" proudly bearing items of dubious identity saying, "We got a bargain" . . .

. . . We said a tearful Auf Wiedersehen at the station later that evening. On the whole we were rather reluctant to leave as our hosts had been so very kind to us and had made us feel so very much at home.

MARGARET BRAYFORD AND ELIZABETH MCKELVEY, VI.

PIRATES OF P



The Pirate King
sympathises with
the "Orphan Boy"
—Major General Paul Devine.

JUNE 19

"Go, Ye Heroes!"
sing Patricia Whyte and Patricia Kelly
to the reluctant policemen,
led by
Sergeant James McLaughlin.



F PENZANCE

The sisters eavesdrop
on
Mabel (Patricia Whyte)
and
Frederick (Edward McMillan).



E 1967



"We Triumph Now!"
sing
the Pirate King (Hugh McKellar)
and
his henchmen.

A Visit to Liverpool Cathedral

ON holiday in England this year, a suggestion was put forward for visiting the new Liverpool Cathedral of Christ the King. As this suggestion seemed to appeal to everybody, it was decided that we should take a trip next fine day.

So it was that, the next day, we set off early in the car, armed with a road-map and great hopes that we should eventually arrive at our destination. After a few mishaps, like taking the wrong road on account of many diversions, and going up a one-way street the wrong way, we reached the suburbs of Liverpool. We parked the car and caught a bus to the town centre, where we had a meal in one of the big self-service cafes.

Then, we started asking directions for the Cathedral. We were lucky in that the first person we asked knew exactly how to get to the Cathedral, and showed us the correct road.

The Cathedral itself is about ten minutes walk from the centre. The first feeling we experienced as we approached was of awe at the enormity of the structure.

We climbed the set of stairs nearest us, and arrived on the piazza. We walked towards the open air altar and then round the side of the building towards the main door.

The Cathedral is lit by natural light from the huge stained glass tower, and stained glass windows which reach from the tower to the ground. On entering the Cathedral, you are struck immediately by the profusion of greens and blues thrown from the windows. The emphasis everywhere is on simplicity. The high altar is made of marble which was quarried in Yugoslavia, and above it, a canopy is suspended.

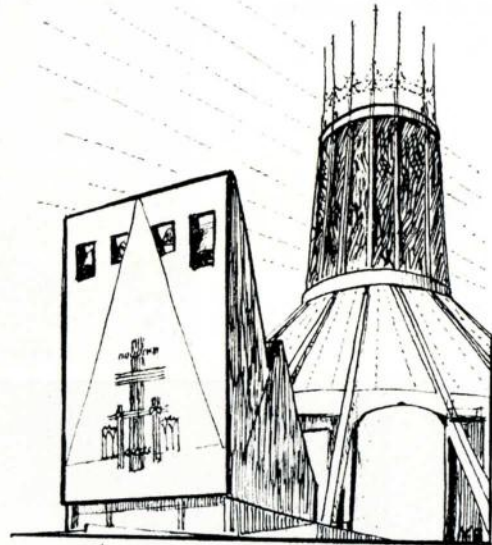
There are ten chapels on the perimeter of the nave, of which the most important are the Chapel of the Blessed Sacrament and the Lady Chapel. Next to the Chapels is the Baptistry, which is nearest to the main door.

The priests' and altar boys' quarters below the building are reached by stairs or by a sloping ramp from the nave. The entrance is being used as a bookshop, and the guide book we bought there told us many different interesting things about the Cathedral.

We lingered a long time in the building, then finally left to try and locate the Crypt, which was underneath the open-air piazza. What a contrast to the Cathedral! It was Romanesque in style, and more in keeping with the traditional design of Cathedrals. The Crypt is in fact the only part of the original Cathedral. The original was designed by Sir Edward Lutyens, but with the rise in costs after the war, his plans were discontinued. A design put forward by Adrian Gilbert Scott was abandoned, and the design finally accepted was by Frederick Gibberd.

The Crypt was lighted artificially; it had several small chapels and a large one—The Pontifical Chapel. On the left-side of this is the entrance to the Chapel of Relics with the tombs of the first Archbishops of Liverpool, Archbishop Whiteside and Archbishop Downey. This Chapel is closed by the famous "Rolling Gate."

On the way home, we marvelled at the striking differences between the churches of the town, as if they had been built within several hundred years of each other. However, everyone voted the day a "hit" and we went home very happy.



ANNE MYLES, V.

ALL MY OWN WORK

WHEN I was about three years old, like most children, I started being creative. I suppose it must have begun one day when someone, probably for the sake of peace and quiet, gave me a lump of plasticine to keep me occupied. The plasticine was, or so I am told, rectangular in shape when given to me, but it did not stay that way long. I mutilated that regular block and fashioned what looked like monstrosities to the human eye. My father kept a few of these, and, when I look at them now, I cannot even begin to imagine what I meant them to be. My brother assures me that if I were to take them to an art dealer they would now be declared priceless masterpieces.

Soon I graduated to building bricks. I used to try to build them up as high as possible; I broke one mirror, one window, and one fruit dish doing this and afterwards a certain part of my anatomy was warmed up with the sole of my Dad's slipper. Still, I wouldn't give up, until one fateful day, I broke my arm falling from a chair while putting the last brick in place. So ended that era but at least I had learned the alphabet.

My grey matter started to develop and I was presented with my first Meccano set. I was a natural engineer, so I thought. From the very first model, I did not need to follow the simplified instructions. One look at the sketch of the desired product and I could build it. I drew plans for bigger and better models, built them and improved on them. I built multi-storey flats and dock cranes, I made a large model of a contractor's yard, steam rollers, locomotives, coastal tankers, coal boats, tugs, and then my best model,—a British frigate, four-and-a-half feet long, nine inches across, and over two feet to the mast head.

Approaching my twelfth year I joined the 58th Ayrshire, 2nd Saltcoats Scout Troop. I went on many week-end training courses, learned every type of knot and lashing, and all about pioneering and use of the block and tackle. At camp I built many things such as tree-houses, altar fires for cooking, plate and mug racks. I even invented a camp fridge for storage. For this I used a wooden banana box, a fly sheet, some strips of sack cloth and a basin of cold water. The food was stored in the box which was covered with a fly sheet. On top of the box was a basin full of cold water with strips dipped in the water and radiating from it down to the base of the box. The sack cloth absorbed the water and so the cold strips of cloth kept the temperature inside the box below that of the atmosphere.

I received promotion to First Scout, then to Assistant Patrol Leader, Patrol Leader and finally to Senior Scout, as I am now. The Troop has entered for many competitions. I used to lead my patrol in bridge-building competitions. On a Venture Scout Course last August I built a 16-foot span bridge myself in three hours. When I leave school I hope to be a construction engineer.

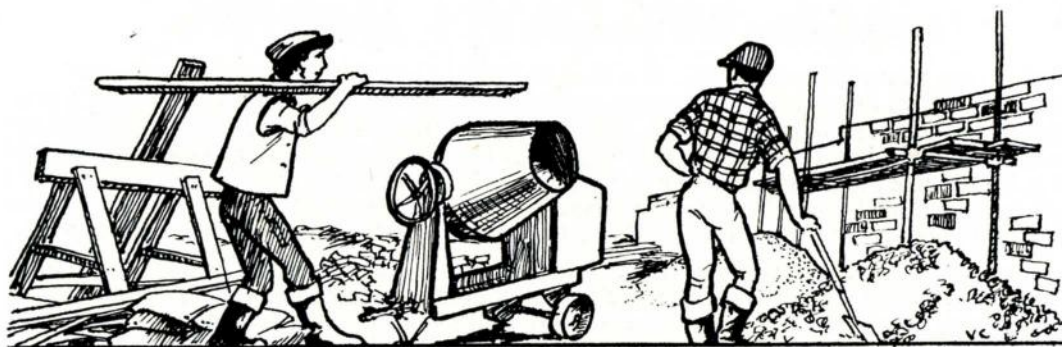
JAMES QUINN, IV.

EXCERPT FROM "PRAYERS OF LIFE."

"The school is up-to-date.
Proudly, the Principal tells of all the improvements.
The finest discovery, Lord, is the green blackboard.
The scientists have studied long, they have made experiments.
We know now that green is the ideal colour, that it doesn't tire the eyes,
that it is quiet and relaxing.
It has occurred to me, Lord, that you didn't wait so long to paint the trees and the meadows green.
Your research laboratories were efficient, and in order not to tire us, you perfected a number
of shades of green for your modern meadows.
And so the "finds" of men consist in discovering what You have known from time immemorial.
Thank You, Lord, for being the good Father who gives us children the joy of discovering by
by themselves the treasures of his intelligence and love,
But keep us from believing that—by ourselves—we have invented anything at all."

I think this is a beautiful little prayer of humility and I hope you like it as much as I do.

MARGARET OGILVIE, VI.



A Building in the Course of Erection

THEY were building a new block of multi-storey flats, in a shabby suburb of one of the big cities in the North of England. The site had once been an uneven stretch of grassland where the children played on their way home from school. Then, one day the great bulldozers moved in, and tore up mouthfuls of earth in their iron jaws, exposing the rich brown soil underneath. The children saw their favourite playground disappearing into the chaos of machinery and building materials.

Gradually, however, some semblance of order began to emerge, and the children would stop, to stand and stare, with admiring eyes, at the work which was being done. Solid foundations had been laid on the flattest part of the site. The workmen had put up a rickety wooden fence around it and had begun to establish themselves comfortably. A watchman's hut had been erected, a primus stove on which to make cups of strong, bitter tea was installed, together with all the other necessary items of equipment.

Then the real business of building began. The block of flats began to grow with amazing speed. An uneven outline of red bricks stood out harshly against the smoke-begrimed city skyline.

The ugly building and the workmen became a familiar sight in the gloomy little suburb. The residents would stop to watch their progress with an affected detachment. The sight of the agile workmen, clambering about amid a forest of iron girders, held a childish fascination for them. The building had taken on a strange appearance, the numerous iron bars which protruded from its solid red frame looking slightly rakish against the sombre winter sky.

The children were more open in their admiration, competing with each other in their words of awestruck praise. The workmen studiously disregarded the interest in themselves. They conversed in loud, cheerful tones through the echoing building, drank numerous mugs of tea at short intervals and put great energy into their work.

Sometimes there were mishaps. A young Irish labourer dropped a hod of bricks on the toe of an old, irritable workman. The watchers thought the whole scene extremely amusing. They judged, however, from the ensuing stream of impolite English that the workman held a different opinion.

The men worked on through the winter mists, thick yellow fogs, and icy sleet. They grumbled, but they generally had a cheerful word for each other even in the most miserable of weathers.

At last the building was completed and the men moved in to instal the luxury fittings, and floors, windowpanes and ceilings. The building rang with the strident noise of hammers, and smelled pleasantly of plaster and new paint. A lift was carefully installed, and had to be removed when it was found that no doors had been cut into the shaft for it. The watching children played at see-saw on forgotten planks, and Spring came to the city. Passers-by began to smile at the workmen who sang as they worked. The city skyline was softened by greenery, and in the dark bare soil around the new building, grass began to spring up, timidly.

One day the children on their way home were surprised and disappointed to find that the workmen had gone. The site was quite tidy: the block of flats stood erect, and very new, in the centre. Watchman's hut, primus stove, planks of wood—all had disappeared.

"They've gone," said an older boy, dismally, "and so has our playground."

CATHERINE CZERKAWSKI, VI.



POETRY ?

An elephant sat in a rhubarb tree
Weeping great tears of misery.
"I'm all alone in the world," he said.
Through the tip of his trunk, which had gone
quite red.

His tears fell in drops to the dry dusty ground,
Till all who dwelt there were almost drowned.
They chattered and scolded, to no avail,
So they left him alone to sob and to wail.

A hippopotamus, out walking one day,
Lamenting the weather, was heard to say,
"Alas and alack! A shortage of mud!
"Nothing to lie in while chewing the cud!"

This hippopotamus, she passed by the tree,
And immediately stopped, with a cry of glee.
For, touching her toes, was some glorious
muck,

The sign of the elephant's unhappy luck.

As she wallowed, a tear trickled on to her
head,

And she looked up above her, and nearly
dropped dead.

For gazing down (at her) with watery eye,
Was the handsomest elephant you ever did
spy.

Our heroine's heart was struck by this sight,
As our hero from out of his ree did alight.
And the very next day in a church they were
wed,

With a beautiful wedding-ring made of lead.

This tale has a moral, as you can see,
For, if you see an elephant up in a tree,
Watch out for the mudbath, and then stand
aside,

Or you'll surely be flattened by his ten-ton
bride.

MICHAEL DOLAN, IV.

PINPOINT.

But when to mischief mortals bend their will,
How soon they find fit instruments of ill!
When Timothy from his pocket drew
A shining pin that looked so new—
The night before in the bottom drawer
It lay in a case with a hundred more.
But now today with a trick to play,
Whatever will the victim say?
Perhaps for help he'll loudly cry,
Or will he black his trickster's eye?
No matter what the victim does,
His tormentor will become a "was."

But to return to the foul deed—
Timothy felt there was such a need
To liven up that awful class,
That seemed more like a funeral Mass.
His pin in his hand, he went on his knees,
And hoped like mad he wouldn't sneeze.
Nearer he drew, O boy what fun!
The strike was made, the deed was done.
Into a leg sank the pin so new,
Into his desk laughing Timothy flew.
The rest of the class began to fuss,
Eager to catch the four o'clock bus.

But poor old Timothy was laughing no more.
When bruised and beaten he lay on the floor
There stood the teacher regarding him.
Then five minutes later belted him.
So ends this story of one school boy.
He'll never again use a pin as a toy.

L. VIZZINI, IIA.





SENIOR PREFECTS, 1966-67.

Back Row—P. MILANI, A. FRASER, I. BAILLIE, J. MURRAY, G. MCGRATTAN, P. TRAYNER, I. KENNEDY.
Middle Row—M. MCCHRYSTAL, D. MCMANUS, R. DOHERTY, H. MCKELLAR, J. HANLON, K. TRAYNER, F. SHIELDS, M. FALLEN, W. BARR, D. STARKEY, E. LOVE, E. HALL.
Front Row—C. BRODIE, J. MURRAY, E. ROGERS, H. DUFFIN, H. MCROBERTS, D. MURRAY (*Vice-Captain*), S. MARTIN (*Captain*), M. BOYLE (*Captain*), A. MCMANUS (*Vice-Captain*), A. MCCAFFREY, S. MACKAY, M. M. MURPHY, M. PATERSON, K. MCCOOL.



INTERMEDIATE XI.

Winners of Ayrshire Intermediate Cup and North Ayrshire League.

Back Row—K. DORRIAN, J. TIMMONS, D. PENTLETON, J. SHEEHAN, A. COCHRAN, F. MCLAUGHLAN, T. LENNON, B. MOULTRIE, M. MCGOOGAN.
Front Row—D. SMITH, J. TAYLOR, F. MORAN, J. HUNTER, J. MCGONAGLE, T. O'NEILL, J. SCULLION.

Spotlight on F.P.



The following interview took place by kind permission of R. Lennox of Scotland and Celtic F.C. who is an F.P. of St. Michael's Academy.

Bobby, what position did you play in the school team ?

As far as I remember I generally played inside left.

Did you ever play for the county or national school teams ?

No.

Did your parents encourage you to follow a footballing career ?

They would have liked me to have a trade behind me, but they went along with my decision.

Whom did you play for when you left school ?

I went to Star of the Sea and then Ardeer Rec. F.C.

When did you join the Rec ?

When I was about sixteen.

When did Celtic show an interest in you ?

Celtic asked me to sign for them when I was 17.

Was any other team interested ?

I had been for trials with Chelsea and Blackpool. Kilmarnock, Falkirk and Motherwell were also interested.

How long did you have to wait for a first team place ?

I served three years apprenticeship with the reserves before I got a permanent place in the first team pool, although I did play occasionally for the first team during those three years.

Do you think the Celtic team is as good as it was last year ?

It is the same team, so it has the same potential, but it would be impossible to maintain the peak we reached last year. We also had our fair share of luck then, but we have not had many lucky breaks this year.

Did you think at the beginning of last season that you had any chance of winning the European Cup ?

It never occurred to me that we would win it, but I never thought about getting knocked out either; so at that stage I hadn't really considered it.

What was your hardest game on the passage to the final ?

We had several very hard games, but I would say the hardest was against Vojvodina.

What foreign crowd has given you the best reception ?

Undoubtedly the Uruguayans in Montevideo when we played Racing Club.

With your universal experience do you still think the Old Firm match is the greatest club game in the world ?

Yes, definitely. No other match has quite the same atmosphere.

Does your wife watch you play ?

She comes to the big matches such as Cup finals, but I don't really like her watching.

What does your daily training consist of ?

We start about ten o'clock with a very intensive routine lasting about half an hour, then relax with a game of football for about an hour.

What will you do when you retire ?

I have no real plans for when I retire, but I am saving at the moment and will probably invest the money in a business.

Do you participate in any other sporting activities ?

When I have some free time, I play tennis, table-tennis or I go swimming. I don't, however, find much time for these.

Do you think behaviour on the field has deteriorated ?

No. Scottish football is probably the cleanest in the world. The only time rough tactics occur is when one of the teams adopts a purely negative form of play. This often happens in the European Cup games when the visitors pack their defence and the opposing forwards, thwarted in every direction, become annoyed.

How would you combat misconduct among the spectators ?

Crowd behaviour has long been a problem, but quite honestly the Celtic supporters at present are the best behaved I've ever experienced.

Finally, Bobby, would you recommend a footballing career to a young boy today ?

Certainly, if he has the ability and a well known club is interested, he should concentrate on this lucrative sport.

FRANCIS O'NEILL, MICHAEL N. BEELEY.

THE PARISH OF KILWINNING

ALTHOUGH one thinks most readily of the Abbey as the most ancient of Kilwinning's foundations, other proofs have been afforded that there were men and women living on the banks of the Garnock and Lugton long before the arrival of the monks or even of St. Winnin. An ancient grave has been found near the Dirrens, a stone implement at Clonbeith, an axe hammer of green-stone at Eglinton and a bronze axe at Fairlie Bog. Centuries before the advent of St. Winnin, the Druids had planted their seat of learning on the banks of the Garnock. A mile north of Kilwinning Abbey stands the Druid's Grove with its "three-hilled altar," now crowned with trees. Although it is only tradition which points to this spot as a shrine of ancient worshippers, it is a tradition which has received strong support from many experts.

It is possible that Christianity reached Kilwinning before St. Winnin came. With St. Ninian on the shores of Wigtonshire, St. Mungo in ancient Glasgow and St. Columba wandering everywhere, especially about the coasts of Scotland, what was more natural than that the heathen hill people on the banks of the Garnock and the Lugton should have attracted the notice of these itinerant preachers? It was, however, with the arrival of St. Winnin that the town became a religious centre. At that time according to Pont, it was named "Segdoune." Some claim that the name meant "saint's town" but the name seems to have been in use before the town had any association with saintliness.

Who St. Winnin was and where he came from is not clear. According to Pont, he was a Culdee, or Celtic monk. According to the Breviary of Aberdeen, he was a Milesian prince who came here towards the end of the 7th century or the beginning of the 8th. Being of a pious turn and finding that the problems of government impeded his religious leanings, he left his native Ireland on a raft. The fact that the sea brought him to the mouth of the River Garnock, in the bay of Cuninghame, suggests that at that time either the Garnock flowed straight into the sea

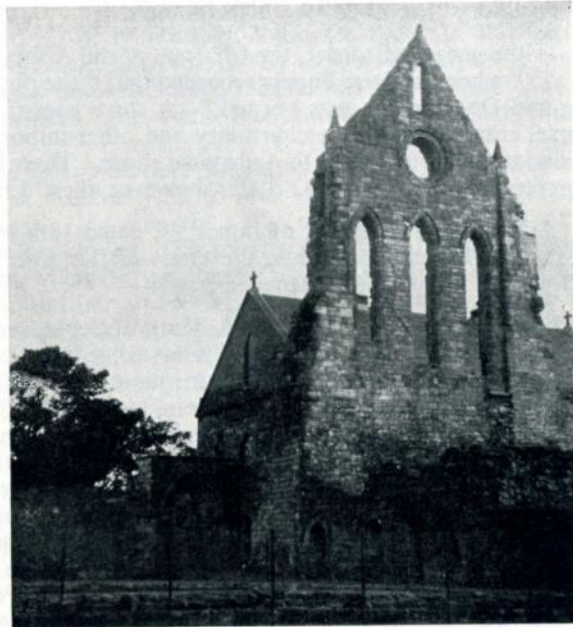
without joining the River Irvine, or the estuary was nearer Kilwinning than it is now. After his long journey St. Winnin was no doubt hungry and attempted to catch fish in the river but without success. According to the story, St. Winnin thereupon cursed the Garnock, declaring that never again would it have any life. The river evaded the curse by changing its course! The effect on the saint is not recorded. Instead, we hear that he fell asleep and in a dream he saw an angel who indicated the spot where he should establish his hermitage.

Most of the stories told about St. Winnin are, no doubt, mere legend but at least they serve to indicate the impact he made upon the people. His name became a household word in the area and after his death the people celebrated St. Winnin's day on 20th January, and later on 1st February. It is only in the present century that the observance has died out.

It is now four hundred years since, according to John Knox, "Kilwinning Abbey was cast down in 1561 by the earls of Glencairn, Argyll and the Protestants of the west, empowered thereto by an act of the Secret Council, made for destroying all monasteries and places of idolatry." Why should Kilwinning Abbey have suffered such degradation, and, even more important, why was it built in the first place?

St. Winnin's primitive foundation in the eighth century paved the way for the building of the more elaborate monastery in the twelfth century. The few ruins left today are sufficient indication of how beautiful Kilwinning Abbey was at the height of the middle ages. Controversy still rages as to the true founder, although it is universally accepted that he was a member of the De Morville family. Sir Richard De Morville is said to have been involved in the slaughter of Thomas a Becket, the Archbishop of Canterbury, who incurred the wrath of Henry II. For his penance, Richard is supposed to have founded the Abbey for Tyronesian Benedictines, instead of going on crusade. Sir Hugh De Morville was, however, a close friend of David I, who invited the Tyronesian monks to come to Scotland in the first place, and as Sir Hugh did found Kelso Abbey (1128), which bears architectural similarities to Kilwinning, he seems the more likely founder. Whichever we choose to accept, however, we can be certain that the Abbey was built between 1140 and 1191.

Kilwinning was an ideal spot for an abbey, as the surrounding countryside was rich in both arable and pastoral land; the Garnock was close at hand for fishing and for sanitation purposes; and the flourishing trade centre of Irvine was nearby. As well as their immediate monastic lands, the monks were given possession of a much wider territory, so that their jurisdiction stretched from Dunbarton in the north to Kilmarnock in the south. The abbey itself was a magnificent building, with the church as its principal architectural feature, since it was the centre of the monk's life. There they chanted the Divine Office; there they said their Masses; and there they prayed for the dead. Much of their day was spent in the library, in the scriptorium, the fields or the kitchen, but as they studied or copied out the Scriptures, as they fished in the Garnock or tended the poor, their thoughts were constantly drawn to the church, and to Christ, the centre of their lives. Why, then, should this Abbey, whose inhabitants had so much to offer to society, have suffered such irreverence in 1561?



The seeds of the Reformation were, in fact, sown in the twelfth century when the Church in Scotland was endowed by kings and nobles with so much wealth. The value of Church lands in the reign of David I was £18,662 while the king's revenue was a mere £5,413. In the fifteenth century the kings were in dire need of money as a result of the Wars of Independence. They tried, therefore, to gain greater control over Church appointments in order to appropriate some of the wealth of the Church. James III forbade monks to apply to Rome for their bishop or abbot, but he did appeal and overrode the choice of the monks by securing papal confirmation for his own candidate. Soon the Church in Scotland was ruled by a new race of prelates, interested not in spiritual matters but in their own secular ambition. This practice of appointing "commendators" or lay-persons as abbots was perhaps the single factor which contributed most to the decline of Kilwinning Abbey.

In 1552, Mary, Queen of Scots, appointed Gavin Hamilton as abbot "in commendam." This disastrous policy led to an increase in the number of materialistic monks, a decrease in the number of true vocations and to the neglect of the spiritual welfare of the Abbey. So glaring did the evil become in Scotland as a whole that "of the twenty abbots and priors who sat in the Parliament that effected the Reformation (1560), fourteen were commendators." The benefits which fell to them on the destruction of the abbeys would be considerable and, being of an unscrupulous nature, they voted in favour of destruction. The Earl of Glencairn played an active part in the ravages which followed in Kilwinning. As a Cuninghame he was already opposed to the Montgomeries of Eglinton, who then supported Mary, Queen of Scots, and wished to retain the Catholic Faith. Under Glencairn's supervision, Kilwinning Abbey was partially destroyed in 1561. According to Pont, its destruction was completed in 1591. So thorough was the zeal of the reformers, so eager the grasping hands of the looters, that today little remains to speak of the glory that once was Kilwinning's.

In the general disorder, the Charters of the Abbey were lost. They might have been burned in 1559, when the State Papers recorded that "the popish stuff in the Abbeys of Paisley, Kilwinning and Dunfermline was burned." A story goes that in the spring of 1560 a man on a black horse, entrusted with the chartulary and other important papers of the Abbey, galloped as fast as bad roads would allow to Ardrossan shore. There he gave the papers to a messenger who took them to the pope in Rome. Later, however, these documents could not be found in the Vatican.

According to a charter of James VI, dated 18th May, 1585, and now preserved in the North Ayrshire Museum, Saltcoats, the lands of the Abbey were either rented out or granted away before the monks had been dispersed:—

"James, by the grace of God, King of Scots, sends greetings to all the upright men of his kingdom, both clerical and lay. Know that by a feudal charter we have given and conceded at the request of one Gavin, commendator of our monastery and convent of Kilwinning, to William Salmond and to his male heirs land in the Corsehill area to the value of ten shillings, land in the Nethermain area to the value of thirteen shillings and fourpence . . . and land east of Brigend to the value of forty pence, to be held by the said William with all the appurtenances, etc., within the parish and regality of Kilwinning, the bailiwick of Cuninghame and the shire of Ayr." The document continues to record that James granted the charter with the consent of the Chapter of Kilwinning, specially assembled for the purpose, in order to raise the profits from the Abbey lands. The charter was issued under the king's great seal in the presence of James Stewart, earl of Arran and chancellor of Scotland, Peter Adamson, archbishop of St. Andrews, Walter Stewart, prior of Blantyre, and Sir John Maitland of Thirlestane, keeper of the privy seal, in Holyrood.

The monks were presumably dispersed in 1591 when the Abbey was finally destroyed.

With the Reformation the Catholic Faith disappeared in Ayrshire. The Church owes its revival here to the Irish incomers of the nineteenth century. In 1848 the church of St. Palladius was established at Dalry and for many years the Catholics of Kilwinning travelled to Dalry for Mass. When Mass was again celebrated in Kilwinning, it was first in the "Green" and then in the "Victoria Arms." A chapel-school was built in 1904 and the present St. Winnin's Church in 1937 on land which once belonged to the Abbey.

MARYSIA KOLODZIEJ, MARY BOYLE, VI.

L-TRAVELLERS.

WE disembarked at Ostend about one o'clock in the afternoon. My sister, my mother and I were on our way to Austria.

We had managed to get this far pretty well; Angela, had lost her purse in Glasgow but apart from that we had not done too badly, considering we had seventeen pieces of luggage with us, and only four of us to carry it (Uncle George who was taking us there seemed slightly harassed by this time,—I cannot think why).

We did not have sleepers,—indeed, we had no booking at all, but we managed to get a compartment to ourselves with the aid of one pound which my uncle slipped to the attendant.

The train pulled out and we were on our last lap. My uncle and mother sat down and said, "Thank goodness for that," quite wearily,—it was most odd.

However, they soon came to and we all bowled along for dinner, which was very appetizing. The attendant would only accept English money which made us feel quite happy but seemed to annoy my uncle.

As it grew dark, we felt very sleepy. Fortunately these trains have very long seats and we could stretch out quite comfortably. I fell off once—or so they say, but my mother said I just climbed back on the seat with an "It's only me!" I must have slept through it all.

All went quite well till we came to the German border. By this time it was quite late. A man came in and asked if we had any coffee or tea. My mother said "Not just now, thank you!" All this was said in German and I did not understand all of it although I did see the man staring at Mum. My uncle, however, nearly took a fit. After the man went out my uncle explained that he was not a waiter but a customs officer who wanted to know if we had anything to declare.

Having got over that difficulty, we slept all the way to Salsburg in Austria—the frontier town between Germany and Austria. By this time my mother was hungry and fancied a frankfurter. There was a soldier at hand and she asked him where to get them.

He showed her and let her out of the barrier. So far so good, but when Mum came back with the frankfurters the

first soldier had gone, and the second who had taken his place would not let my mother board the train without showing her passport! It was still on the train! We had visions of Mum being left behind in Salsburg. My long-suffering uncle, had to come to the rescue once again.

Three hours later we arrived at our destination. Nothing could go wrong now! No? My mother in her excitement jumped out of the train on the wrong side of the platform and was quite indignant about it. Apparently the platform had been on that side thirteen years ago, when she was last there.

At last we arrived at my grandmother's house—all in one piece. My uncle, however, seemed to have aged noticeably.

SYLVIA HENDERSON, IIIA.

LAUGH AND BE MERRY.

American Visitor—"This is a beautiful country, and I love its hills and mountains."

Jock—"Have you seen Ben Nevis?"

American Visitor—"Er, no! I called at his house, but he was out at the time."

Crazy Book Titles.

"Santa Claus' Beard" by Myles Long.

"Strange Pets" by Ivan Oyster.

"The Raffle Ticket" by Willie Wynn.

An Irishman walking down the street, was stopped by a man who asked for a match.

"Thank you," the latter responded, "I am Sir John Bally Barley, Knight of the Garter, Knight of the Iron Cross, Knight of the Golden Fleece, and Knight of the Eagle. And what's your name?"

"My name's Michael Murphy, night before last, last night, to-night, to-morrow night and every other night."

JAMES CARSON, I.



BELIEVE IT OR NOT

My young brother is an ardent reader of science fiction and from time to time I have idly browsed through some of his books. However, reference to reincarnation and other big sounding words did not appeal to me. I am too matter-of-fact. At least, I was.

This is how the change happened. One weekend recently the whole family had to travel south to a family bereavement and our departure for home was delayed. As a result, trying to make up for lost time, Dad decided to take a short cut which he thought he remembered from far back. It was a cold, dirty night in late September and the heavy rain and winds of almost gale force seemed to sweep the roads clear of traffic.

Very shortly it became clear that Dad's memory had let him down. "Take the right fork ahead, Dad," surprisingly I heard myself say, "I know this road. There are two white cottages together on the left as you approach a hump back bridge."

My father gave me a puzzled look but obeyed. The next few minutes confirmed my directions. I said little as I tried to puzzle out when I had last been on this now-so-familiar road. Then, without warning, my throat became dry. I felt icy-cold and terror seemed to suffocate me.

"Stop, Stop! Stop quick, Dad!" I screamed.

I'll never know whether it was my ashen appearance or the urgency in my voice, but my father's reactions were swift and the car screeched to a halt.

"What's the matter?"

His question was interrupted by an unearthly creaking, groaning and splintering of wood, and before our very eyes not twenty yards ahead one of the giant elms which lined the road slowly toppled over and thudded across the road.

An hour later, as we were waiting patiently for the road to be cleared, the policeman in charge made conversation with my father.

"A narrow escape you had there, Sir. Luckier than a family I remember. Twenty-five years ago to the very day on this very spot! And they were killed."

I shuddered.

KATHLEEN MCGINNEY, IV.

—O—



FIREWORKS.

They rise like sudden fiery flowers!
That burst open the night;
That fall to earth in burning showers
Of crimson, blue and white.

Like buds too wonderful to name
Each miracle unfolds,
And catherine wheels begin to flame
Like whirling marigolds.

Rockets and Roman candles make
An orchid in the sky,
Whence magic trees their petals shake,
Upon each gazing eye.

MARION MITCHELL, IM.

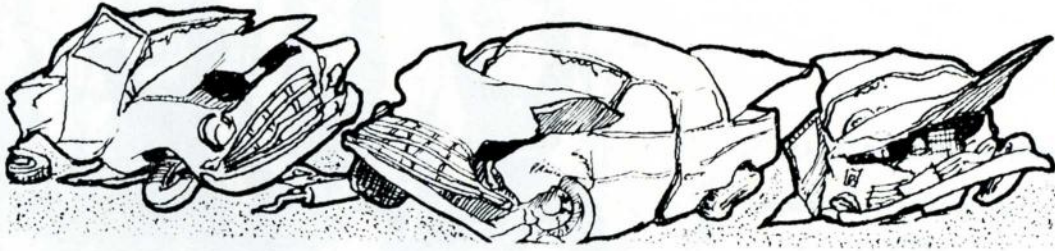
SAINT MICHAEL'S.

S is for Saint Michael our patron saint,
A for Art where we try to paint,
I for Insistence that we keep every rule,
N for Nuns who teach in the school,
T for Time which always flies.

M for Maths where problems arise,
I for Ink which we use when writing,
C for Chatter when something's exciting,
H for History where we learn about kings,
A for Assembly before lesson begins,
E for English where we're taught how to spell,
L for Latin with Greek as well,
S for Science with experiments galore,

I'll be very sad when I come here no more.

MAIRE SHEVLIN, I.



Car Safety

SAFETY has, in recent years, blossomed from obscurity into the world of automobile engineering. This new trend of thought has been necessitated by the ever-increasing number of accidents occurring on our inadequate road networks.

By the endeavours of a few far-sighted men, among them an American called Ralph Nader, the car industry has been compelled to take notice of these new concepts and has had to act accordingly. Mainly because of Nader's book "Unsafe At Any Speed", the American manufacturer today is required by law to incorporate into his potential death-trap, over fifty safety devices. Because of the installation and tooling costs of this equipment the manufacturers were furious. Now, however, the high-powered salesmen attached to these companies have convinced the Detroit hierarchy that safety is their best selling feature, and thus helped to placate them.

This, to some extent, is also true in this country, although the safety fever has not yet hit the country to any obvious extent.

The basic design for any safe car is to have a rigid (steel) box to house the occupants with two progressively collapsible boxes at the front and rear. This progressive concertina action reduces the "G" forces experienced under the extreme conditions of deceleration which take place in any crash. The bulkhead, too, would be designed to deflect the engine downwards and beneath the "passenger box".

Anchorage of the passengers to the vehicle is another primary concern. This is done, naturally, with safety belts but seats must also be carefully secured to suitable stress members. A head rest attached to the back of the seat would be advantageous to prevent the whiplash effect on the neck, when the impact comes from the rear.

Serious injury can result when the steering unit acts as a bayonet on the chest of the driver. Collapsible or jointed steering columns are the solution, but since these are difficult and expensive to produce, without losing the inherent qualities of sensitive steering, the only concession most makers have made is to reshape the steering wheel and use safety padding in the centre.

Dial arrangement could also be improved, with switches arranged logically to afford the operator instant access. Manipulation of switches is preferably done with hands on the wheel, thus, multi-purpose steering column stocks are popular. These controls should be of a crushable material, as must all the fittings with which the occupants might have violent contact in a crash. The door handles and window winders should be flush with the doors to avoid the projecting of hard metal and the sun visors should be of a pliable consistency.

Only when the designer realises that safety is of paramount importance and this theme is echoed by draughtsmen and assembly workers, will the eventual product result in the perfect means of travel.

F. O'NEILL, VI.

SENIOR NETBALL TEAM.

Winners of the Ayrshire Tournament
and
Scottish Schools Inter-District Tournament.



Back Row—M. TAGGART, C. MURRAY, MGT. PATERSON, E. MCKELVEY.
Front Row—A. DONNELLY (*Reserve*), A. McMANUS (*Captain*), E. LOVE, M. PATERSON.



SENIOR XI HOCKEY.

Back Row—P. CAIRNEY, M. O'HAGAN, MGT. PATERSON, E. MCKELVEY, M. McMANUS, C. MURRAY.
Front Row—K. LOVE, A. JENKINS, M. BELL, E. MCCREADIE, K. LOY.



Survival of the Fittest

DAWN was breaking. The humped back of the Rockies sprawled blackly against the pale sky. Softly, the light intensified, reaching out and touching the land with cold, grey fingers. The hills slowly awoke, first the rivers, sparkling in the deep valleys, then the trees materialised from the shadowy hillsides, their dark branches sprinkled with silver dew. White mists swirled in the valleys, now wide awake. Birds, hailed the new day with a chorus of song. Among the ferns of the forest floor, little furry creatures stirred, shook off sleep, and breathed in the crisp, fresh air. The new day was born.

Deep in a cave on a hillside, something moved. There was a sniffing and snorting, then the sound of a heavy animal scraping over the stones. A huge bear dragged himself painfully out of the cave, blinking in the sunlight. His old bones creaked under the weight of his heavy carcase. He was an enormous brute, broad and tall. Once he had been strong and lithe, but he was old now, and his brittle bones and wearied muscles could no longer summon up that same vast strength. However, his thick limbs and powerful chest suggested that he could deal with most adversaries. His coat had once been sleek black, but was now grizzled with age, and hung from him in shaggy strands. Teeth and claws were not as they should be either—his nails were not the needlesharp daggers they once had been, and the few teeth remaining in his gummy old mouth caused him great pain. Old age had not quenched his spirit, though,—his one remaining eye burned a fierce yellow in his scarred skull, taking in its surroundings with a piercing sweep from horizon to horizon.

The bear sat at the mouth of his cave, feeling the hunger pangs mingle with the aches and pains which came to torment him every morning and were now a part of his daily lot. His pink tongue hung from his gaping jaws, and his stinking breath made clouds of steam in the chilly air. Unable to hunt animals which had formerly been easy prey for him, he had taken to eating berries and roots, and enormous amounts of these were needed to satisfy his ravenous hunger. He sniffed the air cautiously, and, satisfied, that there were no intruders in his part of the forest, lurched painfully to his feet and lumbered into the trees.

Some time later, the bear reached a sparkling stream which rushed recklessly down the mountainside, leaping joyously over boulders and cascading over precipices in a stream of silver. Here he stopped to drink, and, lowering his head to the torrent, took a long draught. The cool, clear water refreshed him, and he felt better than he had for a long time.

Suddenly, he heard the noise of an animal, a noise which was strangely familiar to him. Looking downhill, he saw, on a green patch of level turf, two young bears playing under the watchful eye of their mother. The cubs were prancing about, yelping and squealing, full of the joys of spring. As he watched, the game which had started out as a boisterous wrestling-match developed into a fight, and soon the cubs were snapping and snarling at each other, little ears flattened back, little fangs bared. However, Mother was having none of this, and, reaching out a paw, she cuffed each of the cubs soundly. The cubs immediately started bawling, and crawled to their mother who calmly began to lick them. The cubs were soon romping happily about again, with Mother looking on.

The old bear stood for some time contemplating this scene. The sun shone hotly on his ragged coat, flies buzzed around him, his belly rumbled, but he did not move. What was he thinking—if bears can think? Perhaps he was remembering some other brook, or a grassy clearing in the forest, where some other cub had played and romped with his brother, and was chastised by his mother for showing his fangs too early. Perhaps he was remembering a hot summer's day when he first went hunting, a young bear, full of life and energy. The bear stood, just watching, while the sun climbed high in the heavens. Then, with a great sigh, he turned away and continued weakly across the mountainside, questing for berries or digging for roots in his endless fight for survival.

Suddenly his sensitive nose caught a whiff of something in the air. It was a smell which he had smelled once before, when he had lost his eye. Man! He stopped dead, and pricked up his ears. Yes! There was a strange rustling noise in the undergrowth, very faint, but it was there. He was being followed by a man! Rage boiled up in him and a low growl escaped from his throat. He remembered the man who had attacked him with a bang and flash. The bear had lost his eye to a bullet from the man's gun, but the man did not live to tell anyone about it.

There was a noise from the forest in front of him. He whirled round to see a man's white face peering at him. With a vicious snarl, the bear hurled his creaking carcass at him. The man jumped to one side and the bear crashed into the bushes like a charging tank. All the hate and pent-up fury in him was directed at this puny creature who had blinded him and set him on the road to old age. One huge paw swiped at the man, knocking him to the ground. The man yelled, and the clawless bear started cuffing him, each blow jarring the unfortunate man to his bones. The bear stood still for a moment; then he toppled sideways with a loud crash on to his side. Another man walked over, holding a smoking rifle. He helped his companion to his feet and together they gazed at the body lying before them.

"Huh! It's a mangy lookin' ole fleabag!" said the one with the rifle.

"Sure felt strong enough to me," said the other.

"It's not worth the bother of skinnin' it," said the first. "Let's go back to camp."

The two hunters turned away and walked back into the wood, one of them limping slightly. Night fell over the mountains. The old day was dead. A bright, full moon hung in the starlit sky. Her silver beams touched on the rugged mountains, the dark, mysterious forests, the glittering rivers—and lingered on a big mound on the forest floor—a derelict hulk that had once been a bear.

MICHAEL DOLAN, IV.

A LION'S VIEW.

As I wake up from my afternoon nap, I feel very uncomfortable as hundreds of pairs of eyes are fixed on me. I give them a roar to keep them happy as most of these stupid human beings think lions are not lions unless they roar.

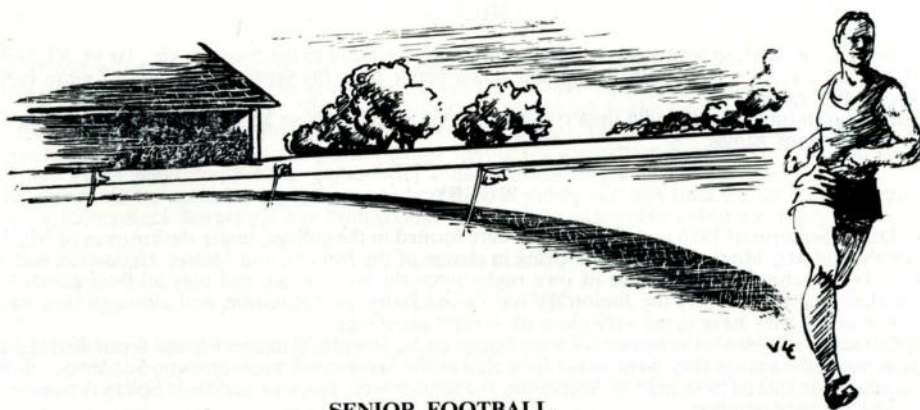


Now a big, stout woman throws a nut into my cage. Has she the idea that I'm a monkey or something? The notice says that they haven't to feed us animals; so it serves her right if I don't eat her monkey nut. I am feeling quite hungry now and the sooner the zoo keeper comes with my steak the better. I prance around my cage and roar to give the crowd some excitement. I bet they're hoping that I am well locked up in my cage. What fun I could have if I got out! I suppose that would be a chance in a million. A cheeky young boy starts jeering and laughing at me. He would not be so cheeky if there were no bars separating us. Ah, here comes the keeper with my tea. The crowd always increases when I am eating my meat. I can't even have a meal in peace without staring eyes all waiting to see me tuck into it. How would they like everybody to stare at them eating? Good, they are moving away as

it's tea-time and they are feeling hungry too.

Peace at last, and now for a good rest. It's a hard job keeping the public happy.

YVONNE MCLEAN, III.



SENIOR FOOTBALL.

At the end of the season 1965-66 most of the boys who played in the first eleven had left, but the four who remained, G. Bunton, J. Logan, P. Trayner and P. Traynor, provided an excellent nucleus for reconstruction. Because of the great success achieved by the 65-66 team,—the first eleven which followed had a formidable reputation to maintain and did so reasonably well.

In the first round of the Scottish Cup, they beat Cumnock 1-3 away from home, but unfortunately, lost to the favourites, Holy Cross, Hamilton, in the following round by one goal to nothing.

In the Ayrshire select, the school was well represented by G. Bunton, J. Logan, P. Trayner and P. Traynor who all played in the inter-county ties with Dumfriesshire and Lanarkshire and against the rest of Scotland.

In the first round of the Maley Trophy, the team played hosts to Lourdes School from Glasgow. Although winning, the players were anything but elated, because J. Logan in a tackle with one of the opposition had his leg badly broken. This has resulted in a long and painful recovery process which is not yet complete, but knowing Jack's spirit we can be assured that he will soon be back to his old competent self. In the semi-final of the Maley Trophy the sadly depleted team (only ten men) fought a great battle but were beaten away from home by St. Patrick's High, Coatbridge.

In the Ayrshire League, St. Michael's finished third, and in the Ayrshire Cup Final against their old rivals Irvine Royal Academy, they were narrowly beaten in a memorable game at Meadow Park, Irvine.

Because of the number of boys eager to play competitively every week, a second eleven team was entered in the league for the first time. This meant that the hitherto regular members of the first team had to play much harder to retain their positions and the competition between the two when they met in the league fixtures was intense.

Understandably, the second eleven, did not fare well, but the spirit among the boys was high, and this more than any other factor contributed to their creditable performances against excellent opposition. St. Michael's look confidently to the future and I am sure they will fulfil all the expectations of their devoted trainer and manager, Mr. C. Scullion.

F. O'NEILL.

INTERMEDIATE FOOTBALL.

THE Intermediate XI had a very good season during 1966-67. They won the North Ayrshire League with maximum points and reached the final of the North Ayrshire Cup in which they were surprisingly beaten by an inspired Stevenston High.

It was thought that given favourable draws the team would go far in the Scottish Shield but they were somewhat unfortunate to lose away to Greenock High in the fifth round of the Scottish. However, they more than vindicated themselves by a sterling performance in the final of the Ayrshire Cup (under 15), when they defeated Carrick Academy by 3 goals to 2 after extra time in an exhilarating game held at Dam Park, Ayr. This is the first time St. Michael's has won the Ayrshire Intermediate Cup, and great credit is due to the boys and their zealous manager, Mr. Pratchett.

Further honour was brought to St. Michael's by the selection of 6 of our Intermediate boys viz., I. Hunter, R. Price, I. McGonnigle, D. McIlroy, L. Carr and J. Sheehan, to play for the Ayrshire County team which reached the final of the Scottish Districts Cup.

R. Price and D. McIlroy reached the final trials for the selection of the Scottish International team.

UNDER-14 FOOTBALL.

LAST season's Under-14 team. This season's Under-15 team.

Last season, the Under-14's lost the North Ayrshire cup to Irvine Academy, by 2-3 in the third game at Irvine. This season the team started the league badly, losing the first game, but are unbeaten since then.

In the Scottish Tournament we beat Ballieston at home before being beaten in the next round at Rutherglen. Most of the team were in the North Ayrshire "Pool," and Brian Moultrie went on into the Ayrshire team. So far he has reached the third international trial.

The team's record for last season and up to the present this season is: *Played*, 29; *Won*, 22; *Lost*, 6; *Drawn*, 1; *Goals For*, 137; *Goals Against*, 54. The top scorers are: McVeigh, 29; Medine, 29; Berry, 18; Burns, 12; Cunningham, 11.

JAMES SCULLION, 3 Alpha, Captain.

CRICKET.

LAST summer term we had four teams playing fixtures with other schools in the country, viz., 1st yr. XI, 2nd yr. XI, 3rd yr. XI and Senior XI. The Junior teams did much better than the seniors and showed more enthusiasm and interest in the game.

It is hoped that in time we will build up a tradition in this excellent game and be a force comparable with our standing in other team games.

RUGBY.

IN the July-December term of 1966 two rugby teams were formed in the college, under the auspices of Mr. Henderson, Mr. Smith, and Mr. Mitchell; Mr. Smith being in charge of the Juniors, and Messrs. Henderson and Mitchell the seniors. As the school does not have its own rugby pitch the boys travel, and play all their games "away."

So far in their quest for victory the Junior XV has visited Dalry, and Kilbirnie, and although they have never actually won a game, they have come very close on several occasions.

In their first season (1966-67) the Senior XV were beaten by St. Joseph's Kilmarnock and Irvine Royal Academy. In the final game of the season they were virtually beaten in the last second by Ardrossan Academy. Both teams entered a seven-a-side tournament held in Ardrossan, the seniors were beaten by finalists Spiers Academy and the Juniors by the eventual winners.

This season the boys cast aside their old football jerseys, and the school fund supplied them with a set of school rugby jerseys. To date, this season the seniors have played:—Dalry H. S. twice; Spiers Academy three times; The Junior Tradesman's Regiment, Dundonald and Irvine Royal Academy. In their last game they had a good win against St. Joseph's, Kilmarnock. This win has given the boys new heart and they look forward to future ties with enthusiasm.

BADMINTON SECTION.

BADMINTON is a new sporting activity in St. Michael's having only been played since the school moved to Kilwinning but already there are signs that St. Michael's will become one of the better teams in Ayrshire in the years to come.

The current season has seen the formation of an Ayrshire School's Badminton League and the keen competitive spirit found in our League Section has helped to sharpen our game and improve our players considerably.

This season, a number of our players participated in the Ayrshire Junior Badminton Championships for the first time. In the boys doubles R. Birmingham and P. Devine, were unlucky to lose in the quarter-finals to the eventual winners of the competition. Our other entries put up good showings but were unlucky to lose in first round ties.

We are recruiting new members every year and are advising our members to play in outside clubs as well as the school club.

With the combined experience and practice of both, we feel confident that our players will be a force to reckon with in the future.

TABLE-TENNIS.

THE response to the formation of a Senior Boys' Table-Tennis Club has been excellent. About 30 boys are at present attending coaching sessions with a view to holding a school tournament and inter-school competition, if early promise is fulfilled. In this way the senior boys have yet another choice of activity and a further opportunity of widening their sporting horizon.

ARCHERY CLUB.

THIS year saw the second anniversary of the founding of the great Archery Club of St. Michael's Academy. Last year those lucky enough to obtain membership of this exclusive club, were initiated in the art of the bow and arrow. Several boys purchased their own archery equipment at Christmas, obtaining it at a reduced price through the School. Some intrepid spirits braved December frosts to try their bows and, having found them to their satisfaction gave an impressive demonstration of their marksmanship at the archery Club the following term.

The Club got off to a good start but most of the year was spent indoors watching the rain dribbling down the window panes. This year has added to our numbers and we hope that, given better weather more "golds" per quiver will be achieved this session.

A. DEL GRECO, M. DOLAN.

BASKET-BALL.

THIS game has been given a new prominence in the school and last session we included a senior and junior Basketball Tournament as part of the Inter-House Sports competition. Competition was keen and St. Mungo's house emerged winners of the Senior Tournament and St. Ninian's the Junior Tournament. A number of competitive games were played against neighbouring schools and three boys viz., A. Booth, T. Campbell and F. McLaughlin were selected to play for the North Ayrshire team competing in the Ayrshire District's Tournament. Although North Ayrshire did not win the tournament our boys put up a creditable performance.

This session we hope to extend our activities in Basketball and at the moment are in the process of ordering proper strips for the game.

GOLF.

THIS sport was introduced in November, 1966 when St. Michael's College joined the Golf Foundation Schools Coaching Scheme which enabled the school to engage the services of a Professional to coach interested pupils. Mr. W. McDonald of Prestwick St. Nicholas Golf Club came along to the school and, in his first series of eight lessons took twelve boys with no previous experience of the game. Later he gave a further eight lessons to twelve boys who had some knowledge of the game. Those taking the instruction benefited greatly and we now have a golf section which plays competitive games with other schools in the neighbourhood.

This session we are again having golf instruction for our pupils and this time we are including girls. Mr. W. Hastings of Kilmarnock Barassie is our Professional and we are looking forward to a swinging season.

CROSS COUNTRY.

LAST season we took up this interesting and challenging sport and competed in many of the Ayrshire Harrier's Association Cross Country Meetings throughout Ayrshire. We entered for the Ayrshire Schools championships at the different age levels held at Ayr Racecourse and A. Cochrane came 2nd in the individual, under 15, 2 miles.

Most of our practice takes place within the school grounds and it is surprising how many boys have shown interest and gained enjoyment from this sport. This season a number of girls have shown interest and we hope to increase their numbers.

We are looking forward to competing in a number of events during the current season and feel confident that we will do well.

HORSE RIDING.

Twenty-four boys and girls from all years in the Academy joined this section and one evening per week were taken by mini-bus from the school to Broomhill Riding School, Fergushill, Kilwinning, for one hour of instruction by Mrs. Aitken, riding instructress.

It proved very enjoyable and this session although Mrs. Aitken is unable to accommodate our pupils during the week it is hoped to arrange for them to ride over the week-end period.

This is an excellent chance to learn to ride at reasonable cost and we sincerely hope that it will be well supported and maintained by our interested pupils.

We take this opportunity of thanking Mrs. Aitken for her co-operation and the special consideration given to pupils of St. Michael's Academy and we look forward to the day when as well as having annual sports we have an annual Gymkhana.

NETBALL.

THE netball season of 1967 proved a highly successful one for all teams. The 1st and 2nd year teams convincingly won all their games and gave us high hopes for the future.

The third year team being undefeated entered the North Ayrshire Junior Tournament and proved worthy winners. Unfortunately they were defeated the following week in the final of the Ayrshire Tournament by Mauchline.

The fourth year team, although playing few games played well and will provide good players for this year's senior teams. The 2nd VII won all their games although at times they were considerably weakened by players being called upon to play for the 1st VII.

The 1st VII—C. Brodie, E. McKelvey, Marg. Paterson, C. Murray, Moira Paterson, E. Love, Anne McManus. (Res.) A. Donnelly.

The 1st VII had the most successful season in the school's history. They won the Ayrshire Senior Tournament beating Marr College in the final. As a result they travelled to Dundee to represent Ayrshire in the Scottish Senior Schools' Netball Championship.

In their section of the tournament St. Michael's beat Edinburgh, Renfrew and Lanark and became the first Ayrshire team to reach the final. After a very hard game with Fife (11-7) St. Michael's became Scottish Senior Schools' Netball Champions for 1967. We are particularly proud of this victory as St. Michael's were the only team drawn entirely from one school. We owe our successes particularly to Mrs. Tracy whose untiring efforts deserve our sincere thanks.

During the season Anne McManus and Clara Murray were chosen to play for Ayrshire with Elizabeth McKelvey as travelling reserve. Later in the season both Anne and Clara were chosen to play for the West of Scotland against the East.

The school acknowledged the girls' success by presenting them with a small silver cup. On sports day the girls, on a brightly decorated trailer were driven round the playing fields, "to the acclamation of the mob."

HOCKEY.

THE 1st Year team was chosen early in the season and under Mrs. Tracy's guidance, it did not take long in establishing itself. They won all their games and gained a reputation with other schools which is envied by the senior teams.

Some of our fixtures called for 3rd and 4th XI's which meant that for quite a few games the 2nd and 3rd year teams were combined. We hope, that with more experience these teams will provide us with players for the senior teams of the future.

Due to lack of players and demands made on them by the 1st XI, the 2nd XI had a disappointing season. However, the enthusiasm and spirit of the regular players compensated greatly for their lack of success.

The 1st XI had on the whole, a fairly successful season. Perhaps this was due to the fact that the team had remained intact since 3rd year. Due to the weather the fixture list was considerably diminished and even the senior Hockey Tournament was "rained-off."

Collectively, the season was very encouraging for all teams concerned and we are eagerly looking forward to the start of the new season.

1967-68.

Miss Kathleen Brown came this year as our Gymnast, and she has been enthusiastically assisted by Miss Helen McMillan.

The season got off to a disappointing start as our first game against Kilmarnock Academy, was cancelled due to our "old friend," the weather. Fortunately, this has not continued and we have been able to meet most of our fixtures. At this stage all teams have acquitted themselves well.

ANNUAL SPORTS.

WE were fortunate in that we had a beautiful warm sunny day for our annual sports. It was a memorable occasion for all concerned, as it was the first time the Sports had been held in the School grounds.

The School was a hive of activity. Competition was keen for the title of House Champions, and finally St. Mungo's, St. Margaret's, St. Columba's and St. Ninian's were separated by only a few points.

The last item, the tug of war, decided the Championship. Though St. Margaret's won it, they were still one point behind St. Mungo's, and this House became Champions for 1967.

The individual champions were: Francis O'Neill (Senior Boys), Clara Murray (Senior Girls), Joseph Timmons (Junior Boys) and Maria Fitzpatrick (Junior Girls).

A highlight of Sports Day was a tour of the grounds by the Senior Netball Team, with the Scottish Netball Shield which they had won earlier in the month.

On the whole, the day was highly successful and greatly enjoyed by all pupils, even those who did not take part.

THE LEGION OF MARY.

UNTIL the beginning of this year there were two Legion of Mary praesidia in the school—Our Lady of Sorrows and Our Lady, Queen of Peace. Miss McGeough has officiated as President of our meetings at various times since it started and the office has also been held by Sixth Year Girls. Interest and enthusiasm among members has always been considerable, but last year when the numbers began to fall off and there was difficulty in finding officers it was decided to amalgamate the two praesidia,—now one, Our Lady of Sorrows. Work is done both inside and outside the school; in school we collect Catholic Literature, attend the Repository, collect broken Rosaries which are mended and sent to a missionary priest in India and recruit Auxiliaries; outside the school we visit Ravenspark hospital and a few old ladies who need a little company. We find the work interesting and worthwhile. Each year we try to have an outing for the members and also attend the annual retreat organised by the Legion in North Ayrshire.

Our meetings are held on a Friday night after school in the sewing-room and our thanks are due to the Domestic Department for giving us its use. Thanks are also due to Sister Cecily who took over as Spiritual Director of Our Lady of Sorrows last year; to Miss McGeough who, although no longer President, has done so much in the past to establish the Legion in the school; and to Sister Brian who has been a faithful and inspiring Spiritual Directress.

PATRICIA ANNE KELLY, VI, *President.*

ST. MARIA GORETTI GUILD.

THE last year was a particularly lively one in the Guild. Meetings were held each Thursday at 1 p.m., in Sister Dominic Savio's classroom. As well as learning of the life and martyrdom of Maria Goretti, the members were able to enjoy debates on such topics as Folk Music in Church services and Teenagers' pocket money. Quizzes and juke box juries were held and posters were put round the school during one week to draw attention to the needs of the Missions. A Burns' celebration was held at which the girls recited and sang songs and at the end of the session a party was held to celebrate St. Maria Goretti's birthday.

IIIA GIRLS.

ST. DOMINIC SAVIO GUILD.

THE year was spent in debates, listening to records and discussions on the priesthood, banners in Parkhead and limitation of immigrants. In May members joined with the St. Maria Goretti Guild in an outing to Burns' Cottage, Crossraguel Abbey, Dunure and Culzean. We had lunch at Dunure, where we had fun in presenting the ladies in the party with dead crabs.

In the last few weeks our membership has increased astonishingly, possibly due to Brother Chic's poster on the Guild. We have lively discussions and in quieter moments read the Life of St. Dominic Savio.

MUSIC REPORT.

Lunch-Hour Recitals.

Visiting artistes were Miss Lola Biagoni (Soprano), Miss Gloria de Pettes (Violin) and Mr. Jack McChesney (Piano). Miss Biagoni amazed her audience with her powerful yet beautiful voice, when she sang several popular operatic arias. She has since joined the Sadler's Wells Opera. Miss de Pettes, who is now an instrumental teacher in Dollar Academy, impressed all by her expressive and delicate playing. She ended her recital with exciting and difficult Roumanian Folk Dances arranged for violin and piano. The third artiste (Mr. Jack McChesney) showed tremendous technical ability in spite of our faulty grand-piano! Each artiste performed his/her half-hour recital twice—for juniors and then for seniors,—quite hard work! They were delighted, however, by their reception and bouquets of flowers presented by the pupils.

With Mr. Pentleton's enthusiastic and capable management, the pupils' Folk Club flourished, and lunch-time "hoot'n-annies" were held once per month. There was no shortage of talent, and some of the pupils performed their own compositions.

Carol Service.

The addition of strings and recorders and percussion to the accompaniment of the carols greatly added to the "Christmassy" atmosphere. (The first-year girls on recorder progressed very well last year, and by the time the Prize-Giving came along in June, they were playing quite difficult music).

Music Festival.

The Senior Boys' Choir (Singing Quilter's "Non Nobis Domine" and "In the Garb of Old Gaul") received great praise from the adjudicator, and the highest marks of any choir at the whole Festival. The Senior Mixed Choir also took first place in their class. Congratulations also to Denise Scott and Elma Garland who won the junior duets class.

Operetta.

This was not an effort by the music department alone, but by the whole school. Scenery had to be built and painted, costumes made, make-up applied, a sound system designed and constructed, tickets sold, programmes printed, dialogue rehearsed, stage movements produced, hungry mouths fed, etc., etc. And what a successful and happy result! We made a profit, and there was a great feeling of satisfaction all round. Special praise for Hugh McKellar and Edward McMillan who took over leading roles at short notice, and for the "boss"—producer Mr. Mannion.

Cast:

Major-General Stanley—Paul Devine.

The Pirate King—Hugh McKellar.

Samuel—Patrick Trayner.

Frederick—Edward McMillan.

Sergeant—James McLaughlin.

Mabel—Patricia Whyte.

Edith—Patricia Kelly.

Kate—Margaret Brayford.

Isabel—Agnes McCaffrey.

Ruth—Mary Boyle.

Production Team:

Producer—Mr. J. Mannion.

Musical Director—Mr. H. McFarlane.

Pianist—Miss D. Cumming.

Assistant Producer—Sr. Eugenius.

Lighting and Sound—Mr. S. Pentleton.

Set Design—Mr. V. Campbell.

Set Construction—Mr. M. Pratchett.

Make Up—Miss G. McGeough.

Wardrobe—Mrs. McKinlay.

House Manager—Mr. J. McCutcheon.

Programme Editor—Mr. J. Mitchell.

Girls' Chorus:

M. Brayford, E. Browse, C. Czerkowski, H. Duffin, M. Fisher, E. Garland, K. Gracie, E. Hall, A. Hamilton, M. Hazelton, V. Ivory, M. Keegans, K. Loy, M. McChrystal, E. McKelvie, M. R. McLaughlin, A. McManus, D. McManus, M. McManus, M. McMillan, P. MacNamara, H. McRoberts, C. Medine, J. Murray, A. Myles, M. Ogilvie, J. O'Neill, E. Rogers, M. Shanks, M. Taggart.

Boys' Chorus:

W. Barr, M. and S. Beeley, R. Birmingham, R. Docherty, T. Erskine, M. Fallen, E. Garland, W. Gorman, J. Hanlon, I. Kennedy, L. McAlinden, M. McFarlane, G. McGrattan, S. Martin, B. Monaghan, J. Murray, F. O'Neill, K. Sorbie, J. Steele, P. Timmons, K. Trayner.

LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY.

IN session 1966-67 the Society embarked upon a broader course of activities, including entry to a National Debating Competition, Debates and Dances with other Schools, a Burns Supper and the publishing of a newspaper, "Spearpoint." The usual diet of Friday lunch-time debates, talks and brains trusts was continued. A highlight of the year was the excellent performance of the debating team, Anthony Fraser and Mary Boyle, which won the First Round (4 teams) of the English Speaking Union's Debating Competition and came second out of four in the next round. This achievement was very creditable for the Society's first venture into the field of competitive debating. The newspaper was published six times during the session and it is hoped that in the current year it will develop into a genuine school newspaper. Competitively the present session has not been as successful as last year but the members of the teams who participated in the English-Speaking Union's and the *Daily Express*' Competitions, Brian Monaghan, Anne Donnelly and Francis Callaghan, are to be congratulated for brave and meritorious performances.

FORMER PUPILS

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

EACH year as the time draws near for our get-together, renewing the bond which unites us, so many bits and pieces are ricocheting round our mind that we find difficulty in knowing where to start (and sometimes where to stop) but, nevertheless, "Once more into the breach, dear friends . . .". Sit yourself down comfortably and forget all else for a few minutes.

Those of you with longish memories will recall that, in our 1959 edition, we told of the completion of a "decade" of priests. Two years later, Fr. Tom O'Rourke was added to our Roll of Honour and while at the moment there are no further names to be added, please God, Rev. Dan Hainey, who has received the Diaconate, will be ordained next March. Patrick Breslin (Dalry), John's twin, has halted his Theological studies for a time, while reading Economics and Social Studies at London University and Patrick Keegans is nearing his final stages in the Scots College, Valladolid. We are delighted to record that Joseph Murray and James McCurry have both started their second year of study for the priesthood. James is at Drygrange and Joseph is at Osterley. He looked in fine fettle when we saw him last summer, happy as ever, and toughening himself up by some hard physical work. He would be pleased, as we all are, to hear that he had become an uncle to brother Michael's and Patricia's baby girl.

In 1960, too, we recorded a round dozen of young women who had given themselves to the service of God and we have kept you up to date with the additions—Philomena Doherty (S.N.D.) now in Dumbarton, Margaret Donnelly (Sister of Charity), Anne Delahunt (Holy Rosary), Alice Mary Traynor and Catherine Hainey (Passionists), Anne Marie McLaughlin (Franciscan) and we are now pleased to note that Carol Anne Beattie has entered the Passionist Novitiate in Maryfield, Dublin.

This puts our girls a shade ahead of the boys. There is a moral here for those of you who are parents of boys. We commend all who are mentioned here, especially our "learners," to your prayers and we ask St. Theresa to look after them.

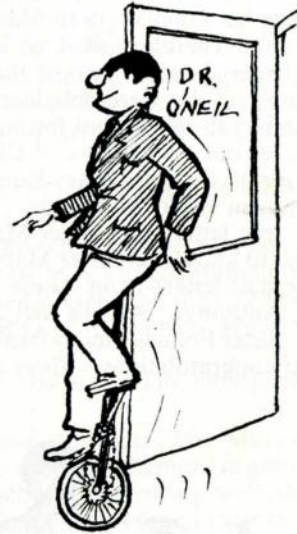
1967 has proved a year of mixed joy and grief to the McFarlane family. John was involved in a very serious road accident that almost proved tragic, just a few weeks before Henry (he is the one McFarlane who got away from us!) was to be ordained. Added to that worry, Tom was sitting his Finals in Medicine and his wife Valerie (McEvoy) was expecting her first child. Catherine (Mrs. Smyth) was also awaiting the arrival of another baby and Charles and Jim had announced their intention of being married shortly afterwards. By the grace of God all went well. John made an excellent recovery; Tom passed his examinations and is now Dr. McFarlane; Valerie had her baby, Jonathan, and Catherine had a brother for Michael Joseph. A few weeks later, Charles was married to Janet McDonald (Irvine), another of our F.P.s. and then Jim was married to Miss Herd of Glasgow. Just to keep in the picture and to round things off, Anne (Mrs. Halbert) had an addition to her family. As we said, 1967 will certainly be a memorable year in the McFarlane family. Congratulations to all.

Towards the end of 1966 Joseph McGeough received his Ph.D., and early in January Dr. McGeough set off to take up a Research Fellowship in the University of Queensland, Brisbane. Joseph's "line" appears to be Astro-Mathematics—solving the problems of space travel? We understand that on his return journey he will give lectures in Delhi and possibly in some other Eastern universities. Our best wishes go to Joseph and also to his brother Peter who was married in midsummer to Joanna Maxwell (Stevenston). Peter has been for some years with Collins the Publishers, employed as a chemist.

Our heartiest congratulations to Brendan Dorrian now on the Staff. After some intensive study and hard work over the past two or three years, Brendan has now added a B.Sc. Honours in Mathematics (Strathclyde) to his St. Andrew's Degree.

The number of University successes since our last meeting until now has almost overwhelmed us. Our outgoing class of June 1962 has proved to be a vintage class. Certainly, for academic success, the best of our recollection and we are sure, impressive for any school. Look at this list from that same class:—Peter Convery, B.Sc. Honours in Mechanical Engineering. Peter is now doing his Graduate Year with Rolls Royce Aero Engines Department—i.e. he is seeing how each section works and he expects to go to America next summer to visit the firm's factories

there. His brother, John, by the way, is a Meteorological Officer at Turnhouse Airport. Helen McMillan, B.Sc. Honours in Geography; Irene Christie, M.A. Honours in English. Helen and Irene are now welcome members to the College Staff; Margaret Traynor, M.A. Honours in History, now on the Staff of Ayr Technical College; Francis McGurk, M.A. Honours in History and continuing his studies and research with a B.Litt. degree in view; John Busbridge, B.Sc. Honours in Engineering. John had a brief spell teaching with us before returning to Strathclyde to do research work on soil structures, not for agricultural purposes as we in our ignorance presumed, but for weights of buildings, piling, etc.; Brian O'Neill, M.A. Honours in Psychology (and we will resist the temptation to joke about head cases). Brian is now in Canada, at Guelph University, studying for his Ph.D.; John McCormick, M.A. Honours in History. Impressive, isn't it? To all we say, well done. But there's more to come. Jim Rhodes, who started his career on the shop floor, graduated B.Sc. Honours in Engineering after being seconded from Massey Harris. Jim, we hear, is now lecturing one day per week in Strathclyde University and studying for a Ph.D. To our pleasure in his success we add our best wishes on his marriage to Miss Scullion of Dronan.



Chosen to receive the Governor's Prize at Paisley Technical College makes Francis McGeough virtually the student of his year in Engineering. It is rare to find someone so keen, but Francis is an enthusiast, almost a zealot, about his subject. Now in his final year, Francis spent from last Easter, until classes resumed in October, working in Dorset, on mechanical processes for the de-salination of sea water. Next year Francis hopes to attend Glasgow University where he will try for the M.Eng. degree. He is delighted at the prospect of working under Professor Silver, who is probably the world authority on the extraction of salt from sea water. Congratulations on your award, Francis, and—don't lose your enthusiasm.

Tom Smyth has also obtained his B.Sc. with Honours, and is engaged in industry. Double greetings to Tom for this and on his wedding to Anne Marie Milligan, another of our "old pupils." John Milligan, M.A., after training at Jordanhill has started his teaching career in London. Was it the bright lights, John, or was there some other attraction? Marlene McLaughlin, M.A., is continuing her career doing Social Studies while Sandra Tait has now added a Diploma in Business Management to her M.A. and is working in London. Bobby Neil took his B.Sc. in a branch of Engineering and not long afterwards took to himself a wife. John Paterson's degree is in Civil Engineering and John is now working with the London Transport Authority. Kathleen McHugh, M.A., after training, is now teaching in Queen Margaret High School. John Donnelly (wee John) has now a B.A. in Economics and our most recent graduates include Nadia De Prato, M.A., Christine Taylor, M.A., Elizabeth Heron, M.A., Margaret Millar, M.A., Eugene Grant, M.A., and Kathleen Whyte, B.Sc.

And still more!

Our journeymen teachers having served their apprenticeship at Notre Dame, are now serving in various schools throughout the county, trying out their new ideas, new methods, new Maths. and (we hope we won't be accused of blasphemy) new catechetics. Diplomas were gained by Margaret Bennie, Theodora Coli, Patricia Savage, Ann Traynor, Jean Martin, Elizabeth McComish, Susan Boyle, and Mary Ann Cannon. Susan and Mary Ann gained certificates with Merit in Teaching and Academic Subjects and Elizabeth—Merit in Academic Subjects; Jean Martin gained Merit in Professional Subjects.

A special pat on the back for Kathleen McConville who gained her Secondary Teaching Certificate with Distinction. Mrs. McConville, who was Kathleen Tuohy, left our school some twenty years ago and in due course took an M.A. Honours in English. Circumstances now proving convenient, Kathleen went into Notre Dame to take the teaching course and as you see did famously.

Greta Hughes and Liam Chalmers are both doing courses for Youth Service at Jordanhill.

Now, isn't that quite an array of intellectual talent? You have brought credit to your old school and we add our best wishes for the future in your chosen careers.

Monica Tipping has completed her full term of six years as President of the Senatus of the Legion of Mary in Scotland, but that doesn't mean that Monica is withdrawing into her shell. She is continuing her good work in the Praesidium, helping to prepare Legionaries who will go abroad as envoys of the Legion. Monica had the honour of being one of Scotland's representatives to the Council of the Lay Apostolate in Rome.

We had a word with Brother Leonard C.P., (Laurence Byrne) during last summer. He had taken his Final Vows in March and hoped to be chosen for service in African Missions. Sister Pauline Therese visited us in May. Sister is lecturing in Divinity in Trinity and All Saints' Colleges, Leeds. Two of the students there are Sister Anna (Catherine Hainey) and Elizabeth Browne. We were delighted to have a visit in April from Sister Paul Mary and some of her pupils. In our school jottings you will read more of this. We were also pleased to see at the school our two Sisters of Charity, Sister Cecilia (Julia Brosnan) and Sister Francis (Margaret Donnelly). Sister Mary Ronald (Anne Delahunt) also managed a flying visit with her father and her twin sister, Margaret.

In a letter from Sister Mary of the Angels (Annie McQuade) she said "... and you will be glad to know that Sister Mary of St. Michael (Annie Dorrian) is still a pillar of Reading Carmel." We had letters from Annie and her fellow sister at Reading, Cissie McHugh (Sister Mary of St. Anthony). All are well, Deo Gratias. Please remember us, Sisters, in your prayers.

Sister Francis's many friends—thirty odd years of them—will join with us, we're sure, in offering our congratulations. Sister celebrated her Golden Jubilee in January 1968. Ad multos annos!



A name we have heard spoken more than most in the past year, is that of Bobby Lennox, member of the Team of the Year. We will leave you to read what Bobby says on another page, and tender our best wishes and congratulations on his marriage to Miss Murray (Saltcoats). Other Celtic recruits from St. Michael's are Jim Clarke, Lou Macari and Hugh McKellar and we are sure that their names will also become well known in the near future. Ronnie Bitten has now joined another of our boys Eddie Monan, in the Ayr United team. Best of luck, lads.

The "brain drain" has reached us. Mr. Oliver Murray left us at the end of August to take a post in Nassau, Bahamas. A land of rags and riches, of lack of organization, were some of Oliver's first impressions contained in an amusing letter to the staff. On his first day at school he gave one of his pupils (they are all coloured) a dollar, to bring him a sandwich etc., for his lunch. Much later, lunch time nearly over, a hungry Oliver, aided by about half of the staff, set out to search (for one black boy amongst thousands)—but alas, no black boy, no lunch, no dollar!

Others who have gone abroad, to teaching appointments in Canada, are Colette Donnachie and Isobel McGaffney, both having resigned from St. Mary's, Irvine.

We were recently shown an album of photographs of school, staff, pupils of St. Andrew's School, Rexdale, Ontario. While not exactly Expo '67, it was one of the small ways that St. Andrew's was celebrating Canada's centenary. Our interest was in the Principal, Mrs. Elizabeth Connelly (Trodden), sister of Mary (Mrs. Duffin) and Helen (Mrs. Hughes) of our staff. Elizabeth has been headmistress of the school for some five years now. She has four children, the eldest at the University.

Also from Canada. We quote:—

Bishop Ryan High School, Hamilton, Ontario. 11/10/67.

Gold Medal, donated by His Excellency, Most Rev. Joseph Ryan, D.D., J.C.D., for the highest standing in Grade XIII, awarded to Theresa Clinton. Ontario Scholarships, awarded by the Province of Ontario, to students who obtained an average of at least 80% of eight Grade XIII papers, with a value of 400 dollars, awarded to Theresa Clinton. (One of four awarded to the school).

This excerpt is from the programme of Graduation exercises, accompanied by a lovely portrait of Theresa in her academic dress. Theresa finished her fourth year with us and then the family

followed her father, Eddie, who took a teaching post there, two years ago. We are very pleased, Theresa. Our best wishes to you and all the family.

Reversing things—a welcome visitor was Martin Carty, back to Stevenston for a holiday. Martin is now settled in California. Another who snatched a short, quick visit was Stephen McPolin. On a business trip to Holland for his firm, Dupont, Stephen stopped off on his return journey.

From Ireland comes news that Miss O'Halloran has spent considerable periods in hospital this year and the same news at home regarding Miss Carson. We wish them both well.

Our sympathy and prayers go to the Smyth family in Saltcoats on the deaths of their father and aunt within three days. Martin (Smyth) was married to an Italian girl last year and is now father of a baby girl. Liam, still a bachelor, is a chief inspector with Ferranti, the electronics and instrument making firm. His headquarters are in Edinburgh.

And the mention of Edinburgh reminds us that John Martin, brother of Jean, gained a Duke of Edinburgh award and recently received his Gold Medal from the Duke.

Another of our double events—Michael Pratchett and Anne Brown. Our best wishes to Michael and Anne who were married early in October and when we are at it, our congratulations to Marlene Pratchett, Margaret Murphy, Sadie Meikle and Catherine Gallagher on the successful completion of their nursing courses and the gaining of their R.G.N. diplomas, Margaret McQuillan, another nurse is now doing district work in Troon.

Mrs. Bates (Cissie Taylor) wrote to us from Manchester last Christmas. The family were to go abroad—we forget where! (Our poor memory!).

Another letter received about then was from our old friend and colleague, Mr. Murphy. He and his wife "read the magazine from cover to cover, but the recognisable names are getting fewer." He says that, in London, opposition to comprehensive schools is growing and latest plans limit the number of pupils to about 1,000. This is interesting in the light of their experience when, here at home, the powers that be are proposing to begin new comprehensive schools with rolls of 1,500-1,600.

Mrs. Oonagh Robertson (Furlong) also wrote to us. She had a visit from her cousin, Laura Kilbride with her French husband and two little boys. They left Oonagh, who lives in Ramsgate, to go to Antigua. Her sister, Angela and her husband have moved back to Ayr from St. Alban's.

A letter, postmarked Cyprus, made us pause and think. Who is in Cyprus? With pleasant surprise we found it was from Elizabeth Breslin, now Mrs. Conway. Her husband is with the Forces Broadcasting Services and they have been in Cyprus for the past three years. After being married for nine years they were blessed with a daughter, Siobhan, now coming up on a year old. Elizabeth enclosed an account of her impressions of the Holy Land which she and her husband visited. Unfortunately, our copy was all arranged and set for the printing of the magazine and we regret that it was just too late for insertion. We have managed to fit this into our notes and we add that we were delighted to hear from you, Elizabeth. Since hearing from Elizabeth, we have met another former pupil, just returned from Cyprus. John Clark, home from Cyprus looked into our Whist Drive recently with his wife and mother. He hopes to make his home in Taunton.

You will gather, old friends, from all we've talked about that while we may miss some of the things that happen to you, there is still much that comes within our ken. We were gratified to see and hear of your industry and ambition and successes in last year's S.C.E. examinations; many of your names were there, entered as external candidates, from Further Education Centres, etc. As a result, some have been able to go on to higher centres. Keep up the good work. Weary not in well doing.

Our new premises have given us more opportunities of meeting our friends and we enjoy so much meeting you and talking to you. "House Full" every night for a week was a very gratifying response to the splendid show "The Pirates of Penzance" performed by the pupils.

More recently too, our Coffee Morning in November, was very successful and our thanks to all who donated foodstuffs and to those who attended.

A "milestone" too was the formation of a Parent-Teacher Association this autumn. A preliminary meeting drawing-up a constitution was followed by another at which Office-Bearers and committee were elected. Mother Pauline was the first speaker to the new association. They propose holding monthly meetings with both social and educational activities. We wish the new "infant" well and we are sure that the school will benefit from its being.

Infants, did you say? Well, let's see. Two girl grandchildren have been added to the McCann family, one to Kathleen (Mrs. Tracey), the other to Tommy and Eileen (McGuire); to Mr. and Mrs. McGrath (Helen Reid) a son; Mr. and Mrs. Allison (Phia Trayner) had their first child, a daughter about a year ago; to Mr. and Mrs. Tortolano (Anna Dorrian), a daughter.

We have mentioned some marriages already. Here are others that have come to our notice. We couldn't miss, of course, those on the staff—our Sean Pentleton to Gloria McGibbons and John Cairney to Lois Robertson, our assistant secretary; from our northern outpost, news of two weddings—Deirdre Callaghan to Hugh King of Barrhead, (Carol Gillies was Deirdre's bridesmaid) and earlier this year Brendan Arkison to Miss Johnson; Ann Murley to Jim McCauley; Jim Gillan to Morag Fitzpatrick; Brian Kennedy to Mary Kilpatrick; Anne Townsley to Mr. Lundie; Flora Clarke to David Hamilton; Robert Davidson was married in California; Donald McLean and his sister Margaret have both been married; Philipmina Hall to Michael Trayner & Theresa Medine to Robert McGrath of Aberfeldy where Theresa now lives; and from our other northern corner we hear of the weddings of Celia Macintyre, Margaret Hamill, Brenda Hughes, Eric Greenan and Phia McDermott. And from Bielefeld, Western Germany, comes news that Maureen O'Neill was married in the Garrison Church there to Michael Bridge of Tonbridge; congratulations also to Hamish Fraser, and to Carla Biagi (Mrs. Maurri).

To these and any others we offer our congratulations and best wishes for many happy years.

Our deepest sympathy goes out to the Clancy family of Irvine. In the spring of the year, Tony was tragically killed at his work in Irvine; since then both parents have died, Mr. Clancy during the summer holidays and Mrs. Clancy on the first day of December. Our sympathy also to Mrs. Black (May McGinn) of Irvine who has recently lost her husband. May has the hard task of bringing up five young children, the youngest, a few months old.

Enough? We have talked of many—and covered many years. Enough for the present and, God willing, we'll meet again another day. Sometimes we are "accused" of remembering only our successes. Indeed, we are proud of them and it befits us to give them their meed of praise. Remember, though, that while nothing "remarkable" may have happened to you—as it is with us, poor undistinguished body that we are—we remember you—in situations, pleasant and even sometimes awkward; in anecdote, often; with affection, always. God go with you.

And yet, once more, the prayer of the School:—"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."

OBITUARY

Miss Jessie Carson, M.A.

Died 20th January, 1968.

Just as we were about to go into print, we have been informed of the death of Miss Carson, a former member of the Staff.

Her death occurred, after a long illness, in hospital.

To her niece, Mrs. Kerr, we extend our deepest sympathy.

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