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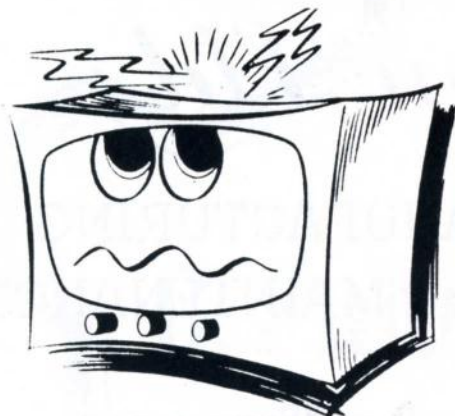
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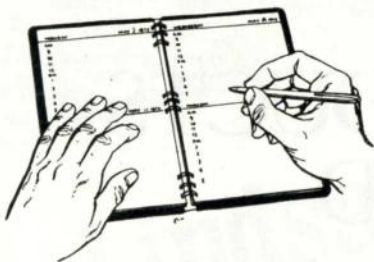
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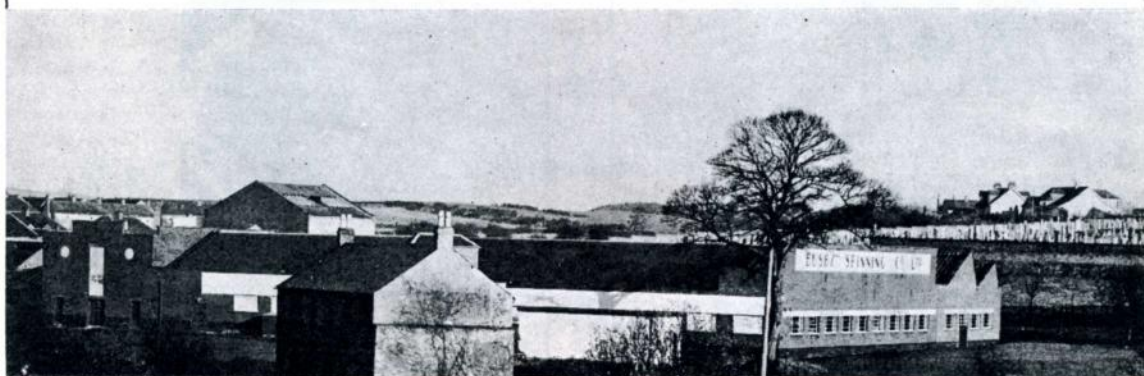


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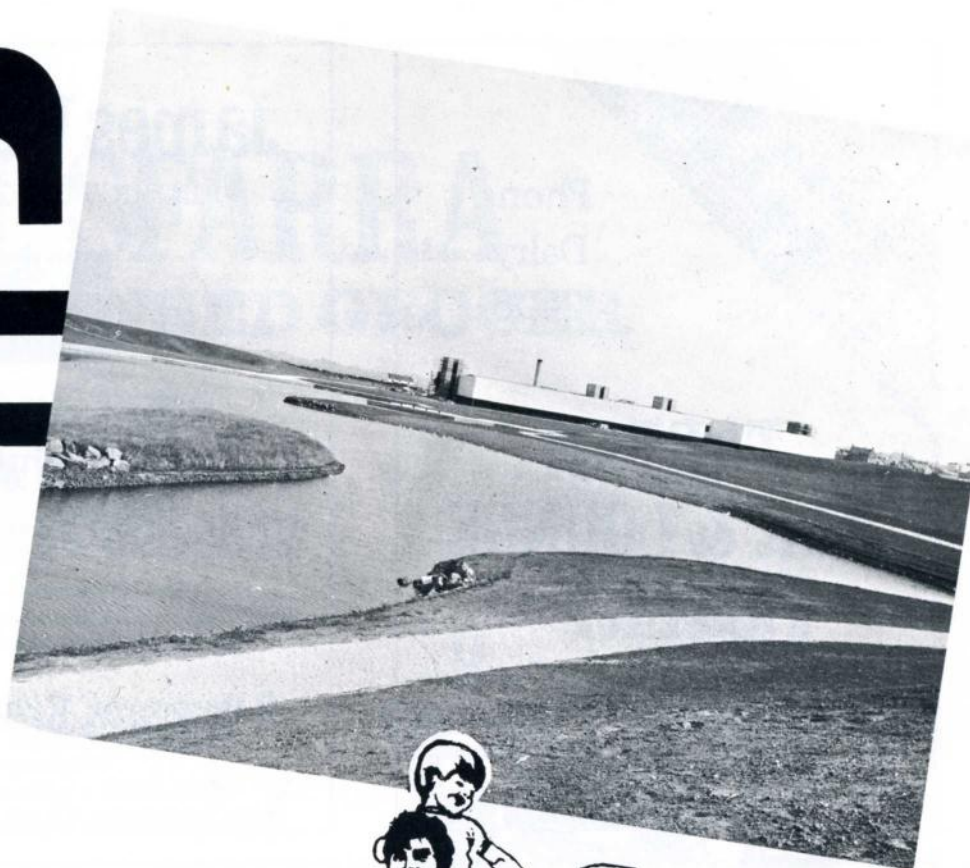
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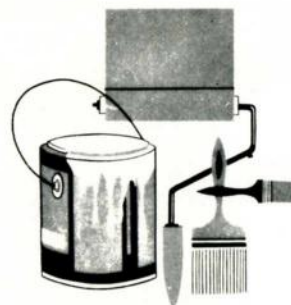
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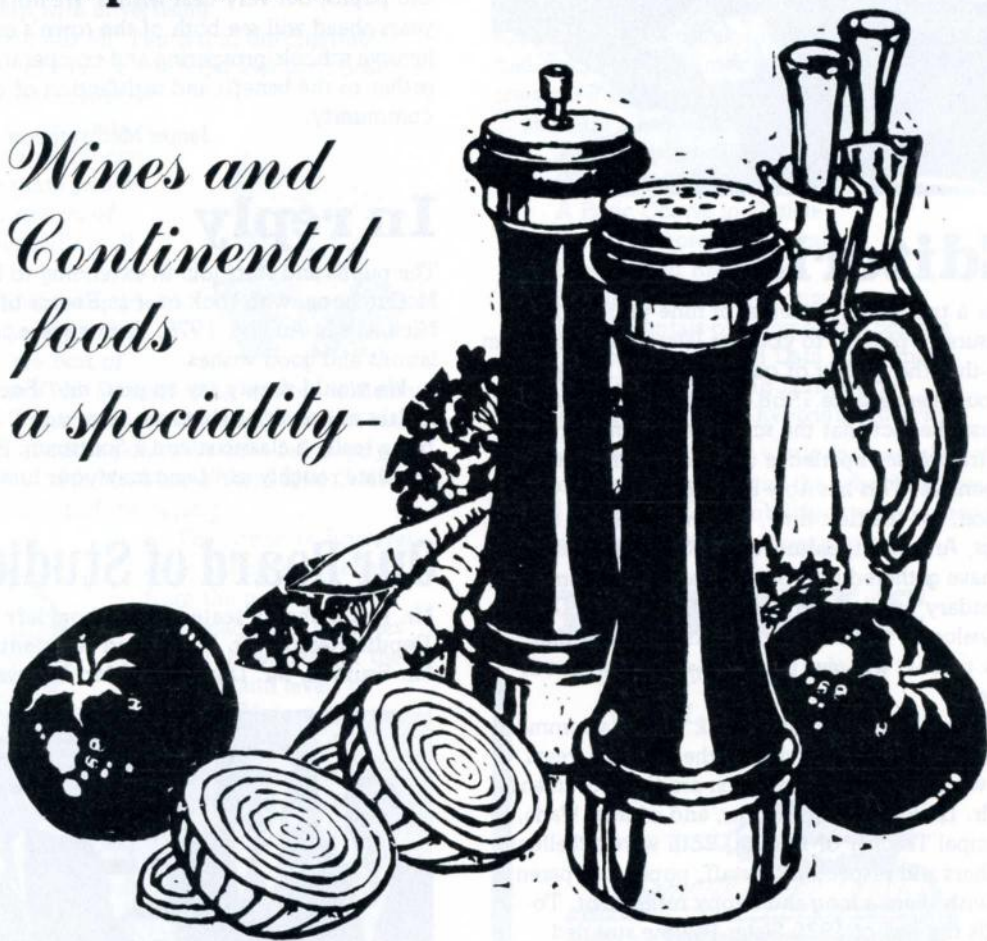
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ORDERS DELIVERED



Editorial

After a too lengthy interval of nine years, it is our pleasure to present to you our latest magazine. I am sure that the quality of our efforts will make up for our silence since 1968. We can offer as part excuse the fact that the school was going through the traumatic experience of becoming fully comprehensive. This has now been achieved and this session, for the first time, we have no pupils from Largs, Ardrossan, Saltcoats and Stevenston. Instead we have gathered into our educational bosom all secondary pupils from Beith, Kilbirnie and Dalry. We welcome these boys and girls and hope that their parents will give us full co-operation in our efforts.

It would be a Herculean task to give a summary of what has happened during the last nine years, but worthy of special mention are the retirements of Mr. Leahy, Depute Rector, and of Miss Wade, Principal Teacher of English. Both were excellent teachers and respected by staff, pupils and parents. We wish them a long and happy retirement. Towards the end of 1975 Sister Pauline stunned everyone by stating that she intended to retire in June, 1976. Sister felt that 26 years as Head Teacher was long enough. It is impossible to estimate Sister Pauline's contribution to St. Michael's. Suffice it to say that the expressions of

appreciation showered on Sister — and I may say to her extreme embarrassment — from all sections of education and the community showed how deeply she was loved and respected. Sister is now teaching Latin in Ballycastle and states that although she is missing St. Michael's she is happy. We hope that she will visit us whenever she can.

We must, of course, thank the many pupils who have submitted articles for publication. Lack of space prevents the printing of all the articles submitted, and we hope that those whose efforts do not appear will not be too disappointed.

Finally, since the publication of our magazine also coincides with the opening of the new Kilwinning Academy, we are naturally delighted to take this opportunity of publicly extending to Mr. David Young, its first rector, and to all his staff and pupils, our very best wishes. We hope that the years ahead will see both of the town's comprehensive schools prospering and co-operating together to the benefit and satisfaction of the whole community.

James McCutcheon, Rector.

In reply

The pupils and staff join in extending to Mr. McCutcheon, who took over as Rector of St. Michael's in August, 1976, their sincere congratulations and good wishes.

We would simply say to you, sir, "Fortunatus multos annos sis" (which we hope you'll forgive, being really a classicist and a Scotsman, if we translate roughly as "Lang may your lum reek!")

Our Board of Studies

Mr. McCutcheon, seated, with, from left to right, Depute Rector, Mr. Mellan and Assistant Rectors, Mr. Scullion, Mr. Dorrian and Mr. Maxwell



Out of us all

Picture the scene — typescript, rough copy, galley proofs, line drawings, art work, photographs, mock ups, possibles here, rejects there, pupils suggestions,



staff predictions, raw materials, raw emotions — and, of course, in the thick of it. Mr. Campbell, patiently integrating and refining it all until finally there emerged the magazine you are now reading.

Credit for the overall style must also go to his colleague, Mr. Nellany, who, quite apart from his customary flair and professionalism, also gave considerable help with advertising.

Then there was Mr. Pentleton, unforgettable with camera in hand in the most awkward positions in almost every corner of the school to ensure that the magazine would contain an adequate photographic impression of what St. Michael's is all about.



Responsibility for advertising, a pretty thankless task at the best of times, lay with Mr. Burnett, who worked selflessly in the early stages to make the whole project viable.

The task of editing contributions fell largely to Mr. Cassidy — with Mr. Maxwell and Miss Conway bearing the brunt of the typing.



The contents, however, came almost exclusively from the pupils. This is their magazine. Its pages reflect the variety of their interests and levels of maturity. It is — and we hope you will find it interesting as such — a comprehensive magazine from a comprehensive school.



Anniversary gift from I.C.I.

In common with several schools in the area, we were surprised and delighted in December, 1976 to receive from Imperial Chemical Industries at Ardeer a letter announcing that they were celebrating their 50th Anniversary and that they wished to acknowledge this in the following way:

"To mark our long association with the area . . . if you are agreeable, we should like to donate books to the value of £700 to your school."

Needless to say, we were "agreeable" and, of course, extremely grateful. Soon, a list of almost 200 books was drawn up and, as requested, these were "durable, high quality editions" chosen mainly, but not entirely, to reflect I.C.I.'s own traditional interests in science and science-orientated subjects.

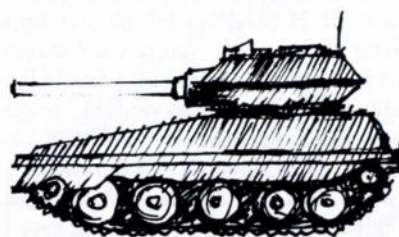
Here are a few examples:

- Vanishing Species
- Plant Cell Biology
- A Basic Course in Design
- Practical Inorganic Chemistry
- World Food Resources
- Plastics and the Environment
- Fundamentals of Engineering Science
- Comprehension and Data Assessment
- Vibration Waves and Diffraction
- Astronomy — The Evolving Universe.

Obviously such books vastly increase the reference and study resources of the school and we should like simply and publicly to put on record our appreciation of I.C.I.'s generosity.

FOR SALE

EX-SCHOOL MINIBUS
(PUPIL PROOFED!)



Congratulations

Congratulations to Assistant Rector, Mr. Peter Maxwell, whose poem – 'Water of Gregg at Barr' – was awarded a diploma in this year's Scottish Open Poetry Competition.

Mine
 through the water
in trellis of movement
 and contours of colour
green beards imitating
 fish
 glidings
to lighter and deeper
 shades of contrasting
 sky and trees
is the least worthy here
 of tangled reflections:
The
 black darts
 of young trout
or huddled gossiping of campion
are more perfect
than anything conceived
on the sheltered side of passion.

In the light of the fact that there were over 5,000 entries for the competition from all parts of Britain and from overseas, Mr. Maxwell's placing at sixth equal was certainly a remarkable distinction – almost as "heroic", in fact, as his often single-handed stand between the hordes of famished pupils and the dining hall or his "epic" daily journeys to and from his home town of Girvan.

Target: £3,000

That's probably how much we will have to raise towards the cost of a new school mini bus.

In its four years of service with us, our old bus, which was bought second-hand, has taken literally thousands of St. Michael's pupils all over Ayrshire and the West of Scotland – on sports fixtures, swimming sessions, field trips and a whole lot of other educational visits. It has ventured to places as far away, and as far apart as Edinburgh, London, Chester, York, Bath, Lincoln and Shrewsbury.

Now, sadly, it is reaching the end of its reliable life, and this session will see our biggest ever "drive" for funds to enable us to replace it with a new one.

Watch out for details.

Unique winning double

At the 1975 Ayrshire Music Festival the St. Michael's Senior Girls' Choir – ably guided by the experienced hand of their music teacher, Mrs. Jean McDonald – not only won the Templeburn Challenge Trophy, but also achieved a remarkable double success.

In this, the Festival's 50th Jubilee Year, a special award was introduced – The Choir Class Trophy – to be competed for by the winning choirs from each section of the Festival.

In quite inspired mood, the St. Michael's girls swept aside all other challengers – adult, youth, senior and junior – and were delighted to learn that the name of St. Michael's Academy would be the first to be engraved on the new trophy.



Bumper hamper

Cheese, chocolates, eggs, teabags, sugar, home-baking, biscuits, jam, hamburgers, butter, coffee – these were only a few of the items collected and distributed to needy pensioners last Christmas by the sixth-year girls and their register teacher, Sister Teresa. More than twenty hampers were prepared – consisting mainly of essential foods, but each with one or two of those little more luxurious items which, it was felt, the old folk would be unlikely or unable to buy for themselves.

In addition to receiving donations of food from pupils, the girls were also able to raffle a large teddy bear and the proceeds from this were used to augment the hamper.

This year an even bigger response is expected, and very soon now the sixth-year girls will be getting down to planning the details of how they can make this a "bumper" Christmas for even more old people.

P.T.A-ing: A minority sport

The Parent-Teacher Association of St. Michael's has been in existence since the school moved to its present building in 1965. Its objects, as set out in the constitution are threefold:

- (a) to promote co-operation between parents and teachers in all matters affecting the well-being of the school and its pupils.
- (b) to promote interest and discussion in all matters relating to the education of the pupils, their welfare and choice of careers, recognising that the Rector is the responsible authority of the school.
- (c) to utilise the funds of the Association in pursuance of the above objects, in encouragement of all school activities.

Stripped of the rather cold constitutional language, this means that the PTA sets out to bring parents and teachers together, in an easy relaxed atmosphere so that problems, when they arise, can be sorted out in an easy relaxed way.

The programme in any year is meant to be a judicious mixture of serious and social high jinks. How judicious the mixture succeeds in being is a matter of taste. The truth is, however, that the content of the programme is not too important. What is important is the creation of the right atmosphere of mutual trust in which problems get solved.

Some easily identifiable contributions made by the PTA to the life of the school might include the donation of prizes in Home Economics and Technical Subjects, the sponsoring of an open evening aimed especially at parents of children newly

arrived at the school, the donation of a sports trophy, the provision of sound mixing equipment for school theatrical productions. The PTA has recently gone into the entertainment business in running the first of what is hoped will be a series of Discos for senior pupils. Again, however, the importance of these contributions is not solely in the hardware or ventures themselves. Rather it is in the fostering of the parent-teacher identity. Parents and teachers are working together for the good of the school. This is good for everyone concerned, but especially for the pupils. It is important if they are to get the best out of their time at St. Michael's that their parents and teachers are seen to be pulling together. That in a sentence, is the philosophy behind the PTA.

But there is a fly in the ointment. PTA-ing is a minority sport. Not nearly enough people are showing the interest in the PTA and its doings that is needed if the Association is to flourish and realise its full potential in the life of the school. Life membership for £1 per family or 40p annually is open to three groups:

1. Parents and guardians of pupils attending the school.
2. Parents and guardians of former pupils.
3. Serving Staff.

There are vacancies in all departments.

If you can spare an evening per month, if you are interested in the school your child studies in and if you enjoy congenial company, the PTA wants to meet you. You will enjoy your membership and your child will benefit from it.

Eric Quinn, Chairman



Monday morning

Monday morning comes with a rush –
Get washed; get dressed; give my hair a brush;
Have my breakfast, and off I go;
(Tie and uniform just for show).
Into the shop with a bob or two.
Out with some crisps and long-lasting mint chew.
Tuck-money these days doesn't go far –
It won't even look at a chocolate bar.

Margo Brennan, 1st Year.

Why?

Why, oh why, do little birds fly?
And why, oh why, oh why, can't I?
If I could fly right up in the sky
I'd surely never want to die.

Where, oh where, do little streams flow?
And where, oh where, do warm winds blow?
Where do the flowers in the garden go?
These are the things I'd love to know.

Louise Hamilton, 1st Year.

Things I love

I love to smell the salt from the sea,
and to watch small children thrive,
to see the foam of the lurking waves,
and to listen while sweet birds dive.

I love to hear the 4 o'clock bell,
when the children shout "hooray!"
for that means the end of another school day,
and the start of an evening's play.

I love the sound of the gurgling stream,
and the smell of the new-cut grass.
My only prayer at the end of the day,
is that childhood will never pass.

Carol McKinnon, 2nd Year.

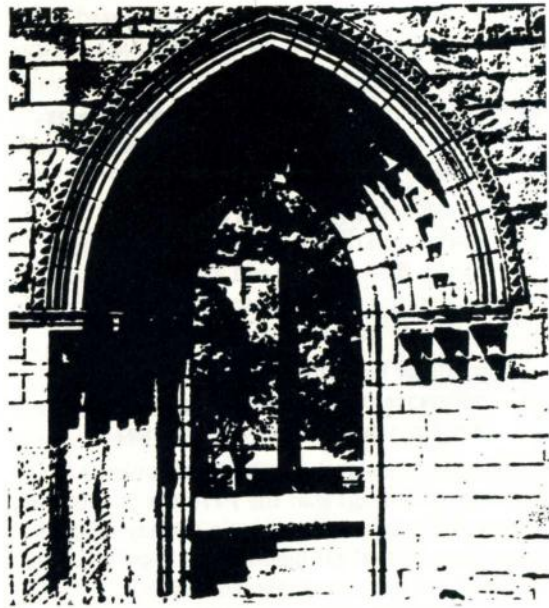
You sed it

"An angle is a triangle with only two sides and one missing."

"Lines of Latitude and Longitude are useful for
when you are lost you know where you are."

Our wonderful old abbey

By Mari McCulloch 105



When my dad was a lad he told me that he climbed the Abbey walls in Kilwinning, if not every day, at least every week. Round about that period a gold cross (or part of one) was found there. Although a gold cross was found there, the most interesting thing was when dad told us about the ghost.

Of course I didn't believe him – well, not now, I don't. He said that at one time he fell off one of the walls he was climbing, but instead of falling and hurting himself he seemed to float a little way and then land on the grass – proving that there was a ghost.

Another time was when my dad and his pals went down through some passages. Dad said it was all quiet until the light could no longer reach them. Then when they would turn round the noise would come from in front of them.

"It was a great place for adventure," dad said.

There's a tower near the old Abbey and, inside the clock part, there are pigeons, doves and other kinds of birds. Dad told us it was like being in a nest, that is, if you were able to get in without being seen.

"We were able to watch the chicks without any bother," he told us.

So to add it all up, when he was a boy, he was able to go climbing around, play with ghosts and visit nature all at the same time.

Bridging the gap

"No more wine? Then we'll push back chairs and talk". (Browning). It is nine years since Leo Walsh began his final notes on former pupils with this quotation, years which have seen many changes in St. Michael's: old faces gone; new faces come and even gone again; a transformation from a senior secondary to a comprehensive school; re-arranged catchment areas as St. Andrew's Academy opened in north Ayrshire; the raising of the school-leaving age; and the appointment of Mr. James McCutcheon as the first male and secular head of St. Michael's. And yet, when it comes to producing a magazine, the changes we are most conscious of are the losses of those few individuals who did so much to make its production a success, in particular, Leo Walsh and Sister Eugenius.

Mr. Walsh's death in 1969 created a gap in the school as well as in the magazine committee. A pupil of St. Michael's from 1923-6, Leo returned to teach maths about 1948. During his twenty years here, he was distinguished for his loyalty to the school, a loyalty well-exemplified in his research into the activities of former pupils. He loved St. Michael's. It was a consolation to his family and to us, therefore, that he went to his eternal reward almost on the feast of St. Michael. He is commemorated in two treasures in the school: the Christmas Crib, for which he donated half the cost and raised the funds for the other half; and the electric organ, donated in his memory by his family. His wife, Bessie, died shortly after him, in December, 1970. She too was a former pupil and a former teacher in the primary department. Both Mr. and Mrs. Walsh would have rejoiced to see their son John joining the staff of St. Michael's last session as an assistant teacher in biology.

We lost another well-known figure in July, 1970 when Miss Catherine Brosnan, principal of art, retired after almost forty years. In spite of the inconvenience of the huts in Irvine, her art rooms were always a delight and she accomplished much more than she probably realised in leading both pupils and colleagues to an appreciation of the aesthetic in circumstances which were anything but beautiful! She spends her retirement housekeeping and working for the Church. Not surprisingly, she still uses her talents for soft toy making and any proceeds are given to the Handicapped Children's Pilgrimage Fund and to an Indian mission.

Unless you have been very far afield, you will

have heard that Sister Eugenius died in May, 1971, after thirty-eight years in the school. She came in 1933, a young Sister with her degree in History and Latin from Manchester University, and at first she taught in the primary department. In 1939 she experienced the havoc created by the fire which burned the secondary department to the ground and in the years that followed she knew, in both departments, the bad conditions of the old St. Michael's even better than most, because they gave her rheumatic fever. She was known to pupils as a disciplinarian, albeit with a quick sense of humour, as a thorough teacher and as a kind and understanding mentor. To those of us who knew Sister Eugenius it was obvious that her life was one of total dedication. She worked until she could work no more in March, 1971. In May she went into hospital and died a fortnight later. She died as she had lived, making jokes until she slipped into a coma, and her last words were, 'Hail, Holy Queen . . .'. One of her greatest joys, as she lay in Ballochmyle, was to receive a bouquet of flowers from some of her former pupils. Others wrote and many attended her Requiem or sent Mass cards and letters of tribute. Her going left a void in the hearts of those of us who knew her. As far as the school magazine was concerned, it was Sister Eugenius who wrote 'Jottings from the School Diary', in which her lively comments enriched even the most humdrum events of school life.

It was against the background of Sister Eugenius' death that the golden jubilee of St. Michael's on 7 November, 1971 managed to pass unnoticed. Exactly fifty years earlier, seven girls had assembled in a room in the convent as the first class in St. Michael's College, founded as a result of the 1918 Education Act, which stated that in future Catholic schools, as others in Scotland, would be built and maintained by the state. In Irvine, however, there was the problem that the school was also the church in West Road. The parish priest, Canon Joseph Hogan, therefore, looked around for a piece of land for a new school. In 1920 the Williamfield estate came onto the market. Williamfield had been built in 1821 by Robert Macredie, the captain of a ship trading in the East Indies, but in 1920 it belonged to Captain Frank Montgomerie, the brother of the earl of Eglinton. Canon Hogan, of course, could not afford to buy it but when he had been a priest in Auchinleck he had worked with the Passionist Sisters, who already had schools in Birnieknowe, Waterside and Ayr and so, on the feast of St. Michael, 1920 the canon went over to Birnieknowe and asked the superior to ask Reverend Mother

General if the Congregation would buy Williamfield and staff two schools, a primary and a secondary. This would remove the primary school from the church and would mean that brighter Irvine pupils would no longer have to travel to Paisley or Glasgow for a secondary education. Within a month the Congregation had bought Williamfield. On 5 April, 1921 the convent opened officially under its patron, St. Michael, and on the same day the Passionist Sisters began to teach in the primary school, still in the church. The secondary school opened in the convent with those first seven pupils on 7 November. The Principal was Sister Mechtilde Joseph, who continued as Head until she was succeeded by Sister Pauline in 1950. We have a record of six of those seven pupils: Margaret Nolan, now Mrs. Ray, living in Balornock and the aunt of another former pupil, Billy Nolan, Public Relations Officer for the Irvine Development Corporation; Flora McAulay, now Mrs. Clarke; Eileen Loy, now Mrs. Brown, living in Canada; Annie McKay, now Mrs. Erlandsen, living in the USA; and Josephine Archibald. The death of Pat Pierotti was noted in our 1961 magazine. Can anyone tell us who the seventh was?

Although our golden jubilee passed without comment, it was actually on that night that we held Mr. Leahy's retiral dinner in Prestwick. The coincidence was not unfitting, because Mr. Leahy had been one of the pillars of the school from very early days, when his lab was above the Williamfield stables. Later he enjoyed better surroundings, until his carefully preserved chemicals provided a magnificent firework display in the 1939 fire! From then until the new school opened in Kilwinning in 1965, he taught in the huts, undaunted by the western gales that must have blasted many an experiment into unexpected results. To Mr. Leahy the science wing in the new St. Michael's seemed a foretaste of heaven, and he proudly displayed his modern equipment to his many admiring visitors. He was the first deputy rector of St. Michael's and was also careers adviser as well as principal of physics. His loyalty to St. Michael's over the years was phenomenal and by the time he retired in 1971, one could always guarantee that in any conversation with a former pupil one would sooner or later be asked, "And how is Mr. Leahy?" We are delighted to say that since he retired he has been a frequent visitor to the school. We thank him for his devoted work throughout so many years and we assure him he is always very welcome.

In December, 1971 Sister Frances also died, the last of that early team of 'Fanny, Fairy and Pete'

(Sisters Frances, Mechtilde Joseph and Peter Mary!) to go to her reward. The heroine of many a romantic story of how she came to limp and walk with a stick, Sister Frances was born in Glasgow, although she maintained she was a true Londoner! Her limp was in fact caused by sclerosis, against which she fought as indomitably as she pounded Shakespeare into her pupils' heads. A woman of artistic talent and wit, she spent her retirement from 1957 to 1971 in teaching elocution and music privately, presenting pupils in the Ayrshire Festivals with great success.

Miss Wade was another pillar of the school after whom former pupils always asked and she, too, has now retired, officially as principal of English in 1971 and finally, after returning part-time to help us out, at Christmas, 1976. Miss Wade was familiar with St. Michael's in the 'golden age' when the girls wore boaters and gloves and the boys, for the few years they were tolerated up to the age of fourteen, were attired in Eton collars. A colleague of 'the Lark, the Leek and Jake', Miss Wade lived to see changed times, especially in the recent years of comprehensive education, but she never lost her sense of humour and former pupils of all 'schools of thought' remember her kindness, sincerity and deep concern for their individual welfare. We hope that, she like Mr. Leahy and Miss Brosnan, will be a frequent visitor to St. Michael's.

In 1972 also the school lost another good friend in the death of Father Burke, parish priest of Kilwinning and school convener, who always showed a personal interest in our affairs. He has not entirely left us, for his photograph hangs on the corridor opposite the main entrance, smiling a welcome to visitors and encouragement to pupils and teachers alike.

More recently, in 1976, we have also lost Mrs. Duffin, assistant principal of French, through her early retirement. Better known to many of you as Mary Trodden, even as a pupil she brought honour on St. Michael's by winning a high-ranking bursary scholarship to Glasgow University, and as a teacher Mrs. Duffin has been known for the past twenty years as an academician who has given sterling work to the school.

Many a well-kent face from former staff returned last year for Sister Pauline's retiral dinner, amongst them Sister Marie Celeste, now in Belfast, Sister Marie Pierre, now in Ballycastle, and Mrs. Ennis, now living in Bristol. Many former pupils sent their good wishes to Sister Pauline as she retired after thirty six years in St. Michael's and twenty six as its Principal. She has now returned to part-time teaching in her 'alma mater' in Bally-

castle. Sister Pauline saw many changes in the school since she arrived in 1940. Greeted then by the cinders of the 1939 fire and the sirens of the second world war, she quickly experienced the difficulties of teaching under cramped and wartime conditons. From 1950, when she became Principal, she had to cope with the problems of an expanding school, with large classes housed in an ever-increasing number of huts scattered over the school grounds. By 1965 there were sixteen of these huts and bulging classes, leaking roofs, smoking fires and a flooded playground were all part and parcel of the daily routine. It was even known for the SCE examinations to be reduced to chaos by the unexpected arrival of a field mouse through a hole in the wall! If the opening of the new St. Michael's brought relief from this situation, it also brought its own problems and as Irvine New Town's development brought more and more people into the area, even the new St. Michael's began to burst at the seams. By the time Sister Pauline left in August, 1976, she had seen the school change, mainly in her own hands, from the small, predominantly "ladies' academy" of 1940 to the comprehensive school it now is. As she viewed this new educational challenge facing St. Michael's, she could at least feel satisfied that the more academic role it played in times past was well-performed, for our former pupils grace the staffs of every Catholic school in the north of the Galloway diocese, and even of some non-Catholic ones, and many of our former pupils have joined other professions as well as contributing to almost every walk of life outside the formal professions. Because it has been difficult to obtain accurate information, it is possible to make only a conservative estimate of our record in the universities but it is probably safe to estimate that from Glasgow University alone we have had at least one hundred and twenty graduates, sixty MAs, forty with a B.Sc. degree, two M.Litts, two M.Eds, three Ph.Ds, seven doctors, one dentist, two solicitors and one chartered accountant. We have had at least a dozen graduates in dentistry, arts and science from Aberdeen University and the same number from St. Andrews and Edinburgh. We have three graduates from Stirling, at least twenty from Strathclyde and about half a dozen B.Eds from Notre Dame. At present we have about twenty undergraduates, some of whom will graduate as we go to press, and we have also sent countless girls to Notre Dame to train as primary school teachers. The vast majority of these graduates and students passed through St. Michael's while Sister Pauline was Principal and they owe much to her en-

couragement. Our good wishes go to her in her new life in Northern Ireland, as we thank her for her immense contribution to Catholic education in Ayrshire.

The best years

I saw a man hanging
from a tree
once, the life slowly slipping through his fingers
as he waved for help.
And I, from my transparent castle,
cast out
to the blues turning grey,
the amber lights illuminated and a bus, full of faces,
incognito.
His flesh began to
melt
while the leaves fell from the trees
lying brown and sodden
bark.
I now see only the corrugated white
and the schoolrooms shining like Christmas trees
pretending to be happy.
And in the folds of the schoolmistress's tear-stained
skirt
all is black.
For now I see my own reflection.
And the tree is the man, and the man is the tree
trying to reach for the skies with his branches
with his limbs
his nails
will merely replace the falling stars
with his eyes.

Andrew Long





L
1st Year
Hockey 'A'
R
2nd Year
Hockey 'A'



L
1st Year
Basketball
R
2nd Year
Netball 'B'



L
2nd Year
Netball 'A'
R
1st Year
Hockey 'B'



L
2nd Year
Hockey 'B'
R
Senior
2nd VII Netball



Graeme Burnett

holder of 18 medals for archery, Scottish under-18 champion, West of Scotland under-18 champion, winner of the National Junior League, Master Bowman — quite a record for a boy who only joined his local archery club, "Irvine Toxophilites," two years ago.

Graeme may have destroyed the opposition, but, as he says, for him that is not the real challenge: "I think the main attraction lies in trying to stretch your powers of accuracy and concentration to the limit. Although it looks easy, you have to keep your body dead still and your aim absolutely steady, and at the same time you have to take the strain of a draw-weight of up to 45 lbs. for several seconds before you release the arrow."

Bernadette Morgan

throughout her three years at St. Michael's has shown an unusually high degree of versatility and skill in all games and physical activities.

In addition to her considerable success at school level in Volleyball and Hockey, Bernadette has represented both Ayrshire and West of Scotland at Netball.

According to her P.E. teacher, Mrs. Brown: "Her qualities of leadership have helped maintain a pleasant balance of control and helpfulness with her fellow team-mates and, with additional experience in the course of the next three years, Bernadette should prove to be a formidable opponent in several sports."



Gary Donnachie

is undoubtedly the most successful of several very keen and very competent badminton players among the seniors. His first notable win was in the Garnock Valley Youth Panel Tournament, and, although he now plays in most of the regional and national open tournaments, Gary still plays for Glengarnock YMCA in the Ayrshire League. Last season was Gary's most successful to date — selected to play for the Ayrshire under-18 team, winner, with his partner John Dawson, of the Scottish YMCA Junior Doubles, and now a qualifier in the Scottish Schools Championship.

Gary's philosophy — and his advice to anyone taking up the game — is basically simple: "I try to keep myself as fit and sharp as possible. In this game that's the best way to make sure your skills get a proper chance to develop."



Andrew Long

must be the only St. Michael's pupil ever to have acted in the Edinburgh International Festival. His first appearance was in 1975 in a late-night Fringe show – a satirical look at Scotland's licensing laws called "The Pubs is shut," which incidentally, he and the rest of the cast, from the Harbour Arts Centre in Irvine, wrote for themselves. Then, in 1976, he was back with another group-written satire, "thistle get you going" – this time exploring what might happen if and when Scotland gains independence.

Andrew's interest in drama began in his early days at St. Michael's and soon he was a regular member of the Harbour Arts Centre Drama Club, beginning as Assistant Stage Manager in the production of "The Anatomist" and appearing in such well-known plays as "Under Milk Wood" by Dylan Thomas, "The Breadwinner" by Somerset Maugham, and "Antigone" by Jean Anouilh. He has also worked on the technical side with "Borderline", Ayrshire's professional theatre company during his school holidays.

Now leaving school, Andrew hopes to continue his career in drama either by joining the Bristol Old Vic or by attending the Central School of Speech and Drama in London.

Mary Harrison

that's her on the right – may look very demure and innocent, but don't be fooled. Behind that charming exterior is a sixteen year old girl whose expertise at Judo has taken her to Brown Belt Standard in only four years. (The order is White, Yellow, Orange, Green, Blue, Brown, Black and Red).

Mary's initial enthusiasm for Judo was sparked off by some evening classes at Easterhouse Community Centre in Glasgow, but now she trains two nights a week with the Irvine Judo Club, where she has been a member for the past three years. In that time she has collected over thirty different awards for Judo, including a Bronze Medal in the Glasgow Area Team Championship and a Silver Medal in the West of Scotland Championships – both at under-40 kilos. Mary is also a 3-times winner of the Scottish Ladies title at that weight.

It's not surprising, therefore, that she has been invited to train with the Scottish Ladies Judo squad once a month in Edinburgh.

Helenor Forde

seen here with Mary – is also a member of the Irvine Judo Club, and, at only thirteen, she too shows signs of becoming a top-rank competitor. She has already won a Scottish Bronze and a West of Scotland Bronze at under-40 kilos and in January of this year she reached her Green Belt Standard.

Helenor also trains once a month in Edinburgh and receives special tuition from the Scottish National Coach.





When in Rome

In October, 1975 a party of pupils and teachers from St. Michael's went on a sightseeing trip-cum-Holy Year Pilgrimage to Rome.

We flew from Abbotsinch to Heathrow and then on to Rome. When we arrived at Leonardo da Vinci Airport, it was perhaps unfortunate that the first Italian we saw was a soldier with a machine-gun. (Had they been warned?)

After waiting half an hour for our courier to materialise, we piled into the coach and were driven to a certain Hotel Fluery in the Via Cavour. There we discovered that a Dutch party was staying in our rooms. Some pupils were furious and spent the next few minutes looking in a guidebook for the address of the British Embassy. Fortunately, alternative accommodation was found and we spent the first night in a small penzione. The following day we were taken on a coach tour of Rome, up and down all seven hills (At least it felt like that!). We had a wonderful panoramic view of the city from the top of these hills. We saw the Forum – the market place of Ancient Rome and also visited the Colosseum, where the delicious Italian ice cream was sampled for the first time. Most of us threw a coin into the Trevi fountain, hoping the old legend about returning to Rome would come true. In the afternoon we toured the Roman Castles and also stopped for a while at Castelgandolfo, where the Pope has his summer residence. We were forced to change hotels, and found ourselves in two different houses in the same building. Eight girls and two teachers were on the fifth floor. (Thank heavens there was a lift!)

On other days there were tours of the Borgese

gardens and a visit to the Piazza Naroni, with its famous Four Rivers fountain. We experienced some difficulty in finding the Via Nazionale, Rome's equivalent of Sauchiehall Street. However, with the aid of some pidgin Italian and a few well-chosen gestures we were soon browsing around a Roman-style "Marks and Spencer".

Nevertheless, we could not forget that it was Holy Year and that we were pilgrims. The Papal audience in St. Peter's square was an unforgettable experience, as we were on our feet for about two hours (how we cursed our fashionable sandals). We managed to catch a glimpse of the Holy Father, but unfortunately the loudspeaker was not functioning properly and we missed most of his speech. Alas, school banner and all, we did not even merit a mention in the lists of visiting groups. The view from the top of the dome was breathtaking, as can be proven from the numerous photographs the more "agile" members of the group took. (There was lift part of the way up!)

We had a marvellous week but as the Italian proverb says, "Roma non basta una vita" – (For Rome one lifetime is not enough).

Janice O'Connell



Schools council

A CHAIRMAN'S VIEW

by the Council's first chairman and the St. Michael's staff representative, Mr. Brendan Dorrian.



Irvine North School Council came into being in 1975. Its membership is made up of parent and teacher representatives from Ravenspark Academy, St. Michael's Academy and the thirteen primary schools which feed them – together with a pupil representative from each academy.

The School Council has many important functions, but in the past eighteen months, while it has been "finding its feet", the two functions which have predominated have been attendance and catchment areas.

ATTENDANCE

The No. 1 Committee, which deals with attendance, has extensive powers: it may summon parents and children to meetings, prosecute parents, and refer children to the Reporter to the Children's Panel. Such severe action is never taken lightly, and great care is exercised to ensure that every case gets a fair and sympathetic hearing. Pupil representatives are not allowed to sit on this committee.

HEATED REACTIONS

Changes in the catchment areas of primary schools are bound to produce rather heated reactions from the parents of the children affected. Castlepark Primary School, Irvine, was our first such case, and more recently the catchment area of Pennyburn Primary School has had to be altered. It has been noticeable in such cases that the School Council is not prepared simply to "rubber stamp" decisions taken elsewhere.

A review will be made in the near future of the work of School Councils. It is to be hoped they will be given time to consolidate what they have already done, and to extend their influence into other important aspects of education.

A PUPIL'S VIEW

by the St. Michael's Pupil Representative, Jacqueline Waites.

When I was first elected as the St. Michael's Pupil Representative on the School Council, I was naturally more than just a little bit nervous and apprehensive – especially when I went along to my first meeting and found myself the only pupil among some thirty adults.

I must say, however, that I was warmly and sympathetically received, although, in the course of the meetings that followed, I discovered that much of the business had no direct relevance to the pupils of St. Michael's. In the early stages, therefore, it was difficult for me to make any really informed contribution to the discussions – however much I would have liked to.

Typical examples of areas that did interest me were the naming and opening date of what will be known as the new Kilwinning Academy and the question of rezoning children from Pennyburn because of over-crowding at Pennyburn Primary School. I suppose my most practical contribution was concerned with the allocation of local school holidays. I was asked to conduct a survey of opinions and preferences among pupils and staff at St. Michael's, the parental view in this instance being represented directly by those parents who were members of the Council.

INSIGHT

Looking back, there can be no doubt that the main value for me personally – quite apart from the fact that occasionally I was able to give a voice to pupil opinion in St. Michael's – was the insight I gained into the sheer complexity of many of the problems that had to be dealt with.



DOWN MEMORY LANE

High up on the hill stands my convent home, with-in sight of Rathlin and the Antrim hills. I am seated in my room, letting my mind roam over past years in St. Michael's where so much of my life was spent.

My work for the day is over. With my fourteen year old girls and boys to whom I try to teach the elements of Latin, Aeneas has been telling Dido, in very stumbling fashion, of the last days of his beloved city of Troy. Gradually I become accustomed to working in the classroom again – after twenty-seven years! Those years are rich in memories and I would like to share some of those which immediately spring to mind, with you.

How well I remember taking over as Principal in April, 1950. It was indeed, an awesome and daunting task to follow my predecessor, Sister Mechtilde Joseph whose presence was enough to quell the most daring of pupils and whose ideals had guided the school from its beginnings in 1921. Her memory remains legendary in North Ayrshire. I can never be grateful enough for the kindness she showed me in those strange, early days, encouraging me at all times, yet making me feel always entirely free to manage the school in my own way.

As I travel down memory lane, relieved of the responsibilities and worries incumbent on a headmistress of a large comprehensive school, some of the things I recall may appear trivial: to me they are dear.

In 1950, accommodation in both Secondary and Primary Departments of the school was worse than poor. Though years had elapsed since that disastrous October night in 1939 when St. Michael's College had gone up in flames, no permanent replacement had been possible. The war years which had intervened had prevented anything other than the erection of wooden huts, heated by open grate fires, supplemented later by gas wires, suspended high up on classroom walls. Later, as numbers grew, additional varied huts were added so that the site, with its sixteen separate units, eventually resembled an army encampment!

But, whatever the deficiencies of the buildings, staffing was stable and morale was good. Numbers, too, in those early days were more manageable, and there was a great sense of camaraderie between staff and pupils. Nineteen parishes had their representatives among the pupils whose homes stretched from Largs to Muirkirk, Cumnock and Dalmellington.

Knowing how necessary a good School Fund is, one of our first undertakings in 1951 was to prepare for a Sale of Work to be held prior to Christmas of that year. Not having a school hall, we combined our old dining hall with the adjoining one of Irvine Royal Academy for the Sale. The occasion was a great one: Stalls filled to overflowing, Mr. Leahy presiding at the Book Stall, Miss Wade ablaze with abundant sparkling jewellery, Miss Brosnan with a wealth of Art and Craft Work and Sister Eugenius' array of soft toys and dolls – the product of weeks of hard work at convent recreations – drawing children and their mothers in search of Christmas gifts. Mr. Leishman looked after the Wheel of Fortune in his own inimitable way – no fowl play here – despite the presence of live pullets to be won! I can still picture vividly Mr. Mullen and Mr. Walsh standing guard over the pressing crowds before the Sale was opened officially and Sister Peter Mary seated unobtrusively but excitedly in a corner counting the proceeds with care and delight.

That first venture, besides providing the foundation of a substantial School Fund gave us a real thrill. Teachers, janitors, pupils and parents had joined together with a heart and a will to make the day a big success.

Another very precious memory is that of the first School Pilgrimage to Lourdes in 1958, Centenary of the Apparitions of Our Lady to Bernadette. For two years previously, Doreen, our indefatigable School Secretary, had gathered the savings of the pupils each Monday morning. As the months advanced, preparations intensified and excitement increased. How proud we were of our new School Banner, designed and executed by Miss Brosnan. On a golden background, it depicted on the one side, our patron, St. Michael and on the other, Our Lady of Lourdes. The poles, fashioned by Mr. Leishman are equally worthy of note.

Ninety girls and boys along with several members of staff and Father Walker, who was to act as chaplain, made up the group. The scene in the school playground on the night of the departure remains unforgettable. Hundreds of parents and friends thronged the school yard to wish us 'bon voyage' on our long journey. This was broken quite dramatically when Sister Paul Mary accidentally pulled the communication cord on the night Express between Parish and Lourdes, bringing the train to a standstill. Only such as Sister could have disarmed the wrath of the guard who came, hot-

footed, to investigate.

Though footsore many a time, those few days were very special to each and everyone of us. I still see David Clarke carrying the banner up and down to the Grotto, Mr. Pentleton, then in sixth year, proudly holding it aloft in the Processions where somehow he always seemed to find a foremost place. And I hear Joe McGrath, then a third year boy, playing the organ in the Rosary Basilica at the Midnight Holy Hour for English speaking Pilgrims.

In the late fifties, hopes ran high that a site for the new school would soon be found in Irvine. Unhappily, it was not until the early sixties that ground was finally bought and that, not in Irvine, but in Kilwinning. The long years of waiting were made bearable only through the good will and patience of Staff in both Departments of the school. I well remember Miss Devine trying to cram almost fifty very active little ones into her Infant classroom in the old wooden hut which was all she knew for many years. In 1965, as the new buildings were nearing completion, we talked of little else as we prepared to say goodbye to the old school in Irvine, packing tea chest after tea chest, carton after carton (begged from the local shopkeepers!) with books and equipment.

In leaving Irvine we had to sever our union with the Primary Department which then reverted to its original status as a separate school with Mr.



Sister Pauline and the General of the Passionist Fathers in Rome, 1976.

Bennett as headmaster.

The years in Kilwinning brought many new friends and I am thinking especially of Father Burke. There was no doubt of the warmth of his friendship nor of his great generosity in the years that followed until his sudden death in 1972.

The outstanding feature of St. Michael's is the beautiful Assembly Hall in which Mr. Frew, School Janitor, took especial pride. It never shone more brightly than on the day of the Official Opening in 1966 by Mr. Bruce Millan, then Under Secretary for Scotland. Many friends rejoiced with us on that day but one who had our interests very much at heart over the long difficult years was not there. Canon O'Connor, our senior representative on the Education Committee had died just four months previously.

The Musical Productions, the work of Mr. McFarlane and his Assistants, now come to mind. In these, the talent of the pupils, so ably directed, brought delight on many occasions to wonderfully appreciative audiences. Who can forget the Mixed Choir that visited Berlin in 1966 as guests of the Ranke Schule or the Gilbert and Sullivan Operettas staged in alternate years from 1967 to 1973?

The performances of Paul Devine as the 'Orphan Boy' in the Pirates of Penzance, of Matthew McFarlane as 'Ko-Ko' and Monica Taylor as 'Katisha' in the Mikado, of Philip McGugan's rendering of: 'Take a pair of sparkling eyes' in the Gondoliers, of Michael Gray as 'First Lord of the Admiralty' and Stephen Matroni as 'Dick Deadeye' in H.M.S. Pinafore, and many others, are a joy to remember.

But, recalled perhaps with most affection, is 'The Song of Simeon', first produced at Christmas 1972, and later re-enacted in Good Shepherd Cathedral, Ayr, at the invitation of Bishop McGee – surely a unique privilege.

Other pictures, in profusion, rise before me – the Sponsored Walk of March 1971; the night the Senior Choir, trained and conducted by Mrs. McDonald, won the premier award for Choral Singing at Ayr Music Festival; the memorable evening at Glasgow University Debating Hall in 1975 when Anne Scullion and John Boothman, representing St. Michael's, won Second Place in the Scottish Schools Debating Contest.

I think of the friendship and interest of Bishop McGee and the local clergy, the devoted work of the School Chaplains, our link with the apostolate of Smithstone House, the annual celebration of the Feast of St. Michael, Prize Days, victories on the Sports' Fields, the work of the Parent Teacher Association.

I remember of course, the comings and goings of Staff and pupils over the years, the sorrow at the deaths of Mr. Mullen, Mr. Walsh, Sister Eugenius and Father Burke, the more recent tragic deaths of Derek McIntyre and Libby Martin, both killed in car crashes and the fatal illness that carried off Eileen Martin a few years ago.

I could go on and on. But, an exasperated editor must be groaning: "Give over".

However, there must be one last word of gratitude for the privilege of taking part in our first School Pilgrimage to Rome in October, 1975, this through a gift from the Staff. It was a tremendous joy to stand in St. Peter's Square and, along with countless pilgrims from the world over, greet our Holy Father, Pope Paul. The other doings of those memorable days, with Mr. Kavanagh as a most enthusiastic and selfless Party Leader, must surely find a place elsewhere in the Magazine.

On this, the twentieth anniversary of the first School Magazine, I look forward after a gap of nine years to seeing the school in print once more. I end with a quotation that concluded an article in that first Magazine in 1957 — an article by a then anonymous F.P. whom I now identify as Mr. Leo Walsh:

"Enough, enough! Our imaginations and memories are carrying us away. Let us too, away with happy thoughts of happy days, of our colleagues, all in the legions of St. Michael.

'Flames the victor cross before us,
Grasped in Michael's dauntless hand' "

Sister Pauline C.P.

Prize winners 1976-1977

Dux Medal
Special Prize for Social Studies
Prize for Head Girl
Prize for Boy Captain
Special Prize for Art
P.T.A. Prize for Cookery
P.T.A. Prize for Technical
Catenian Prize
Ayrshire Metal Products Prize
for Accounting
Ayrshire Metal Products Prize
for Technical
Irvine Carter's Society Prize
for Leadership

Charles T. Stewart
Laura M. Hodge
Catherine Cherry
James McMillan
Michael McMahon
George Quinn
Robert Gilfillan
Edward McCann
Laura M. Hodge
Janice Kytzia

Patrick Griffin
Marie Morrison
Christine Paterson

Vith YEAR

Eileen Cairney, Food and Nutrition; Catherine Cherry, French (S.Y.S.); Janice Kytzia, Secretarial Studies, Accounting; Laura Hodge, Economics.

Vth YEAR

Charles T. Stewart, Physics, English, Maths, French, Chemistry, Geography; James Murphy, Biology; Wm. Blane Savage, Art; Anne-Marie Caulfield, Latin; Roderick McDonald, Italian; Maurice Dillon, Spanish; June Hughes, Economics; Elizabeth Harte, Economics; Denis Herraghty, London/Ayrshire Prize for Merit.

IVth YEAR

Alex Armstrong, Engineering Drawing; Stephen Latham, Physics; Claire Devine, Art; Janet O'Neill, Biology; Janice O'Connell, English, Maths, French, Chemistry, History; Patricia Sweeney, Latin, Spanish; Maire Littlemore, Fabric and Fashion; Hugh Donohoe, Geography; Kevin Donnelly, Geography; Annette Johnston, Secretarial Studies.

IIIrd YEAR

Michael McMahon, Physics; Pauline Mulligan, Art; Lynn Ekkles, Biology; Thomas McGinty, Latin; Frances Robertson, Mathematics; Carol E. Logan, Food and Nutrition; Helen McGill, Fabric and Fashion; Elizabeth Donohoe, French, English; Margaret A. Gilligan, French, History; Marys Kolodziej, Chemistry, Geography; Yvonne Grimes, Spanish; Jacqueline McDonald, Secretarial Studies; Kevin Smith, Economics; Louise Clark, Accounting; John McGrattan, Technical Subjects.

IInd YEAR

Rosemary Campbell, Tom Connor, Marie Denvir, Peter Fallon, Margaret Gillespie, Gregory Hawkins, Terence Hodge, Michael McArdle, Alexa McCaffrey, Suzanne McCulloch, Theresa McDermott, Carol McKinnon, Margaret McLaughlin, Stephen O'Connell, Lewis Rankine, Maria Sfarra, Oonagh Sinclair, Robin Sweeney, Brian Teaz.

Ist YEAR

James Boyle, Susan Clegg, Gerard Donnelly, Catherine Donohoe, Robert Foy, Gerard Grant, Colin Johnstone, Anne-Marie Kelly, Paul Kytzia, James Mason, Paul McArdle, Susan McCafferty, Mari McCulloch, Paul McGeown, Denis McKay, Michael McKee, Anne McMillan, Anthony J. McNeil, John Neison, Yvonne O'Brien, Sharon Richardson, James Rooney, Margaret Savage, Jennifer Shepherd.



To beor not to be

My ambition is to train budgies. I have a bird. He is called Paddy. He can say 'Paddy's a pretty boy, he is!'
Ann McGrachan, 1st Year

I would like to take a motorbike out on to the street and drive about the streets on it with other boys.
Anthony McCulloch, 2nd Year

I would like to demolish a skyscraper just to see it slowly crumble.
Lewis Rankine, 2nd Year

I would like to be a gardener when I grow up. But if I couldn't be a gardener the next best job I would like to do is to be a P.E. teacher.
Robert Lennon, 2nd Year

I would like to join the army and go on the special training courses to Norway. It would be exciting to make igloos in the snow and to learn to stay alive in the cold and ice.
Michael McArdle, 2nd Year

I would just love to be like a fish and live underwater although I wouldn't fancy it very much if everybody could do it.
Joseph McLaughlin, 2nd Year

My ambition is to play the drums! Every time I see anyone playing the drums on "Top of the Pops" I get a funny feeling running through my head. I love to batter desks and tins and tables. I would give anything to play the drums – even my little sister's!
Debbie Rocks, 1st Year

My ambition is to go to Hawaii. You never hear of any trouble in Hawaii, do you?
Jean Hay, 1st Year

My dad used to have a small boat named 'Snipe'. He used to take me fishing in it. Sometimes we would go on a trawler and when I leave school I want to become a trawler fisherman at Girvan.
Gordon McDonald, 2nd Year



My ambition is to be a juggernaut driver. Just think of the power you'd have.

Paul McLaughlin, 2nd Year

I have lots of ambitions, but my latest one is to make a parachute jump. I'd love to jump out of a 'plane and float down from the sky.

Susan McCafferty

My ambition is to become a nurse. Yes, of course I'm serious! I want to be a nurse.

Dominic Jackson, 4th Year

My ambition is to be a police woman in America. I would like this because you see more action over there.

Monica McGarry, 1st Year

My ambition which is probably the same one as half the boys in the school is to be a football player. My dad thinks I am a good goalie and also a good forward and a good defender.

James Connell, 1st Year

My ambition is to be an air hostess when I leave school. I will need to learn a lot about 'planes before I become an air hostess as I have only been on one 'plane and that was going to Ireland to see my granny.

1st Year

My ambishon is tae be an astrunot . . . ah want tae go tae the moon 'n that . . . ye ken, the milky way . . .

Mark Collins, 1st Year

I'd like to be a professional golfer . . . I'm good at golf . . . and I'd like the excitement and the travel and the money and being seen on television.

Jim Cullinane, 1st Year

I wouldn't mind being a janitor . . . you get a good house, you meet lots of teachers and pupils and, of course, you're the boss in charge of the school.

Victor Stirling, 1st Year

I see myself as a psychiatrist . . . I don't know anybody else who does that job and it sounds interesting.

Anne Marie McKenna, 1st Year

5TH AVENUE



A flurry of sunflowers

By Patrick Doyle

In the cool quietude of a summer's dawn, the silent flower opened its life to the sun. And as its stem bent slightly in the astral breeze, crystal waterfalls could be heard glistening in the distance. Music to the ears of a fawn, who knows his lawn, the lawn of a fawn named Liriel.

Liriel? Who was Liriel?

Liriel was a gardener, a gardener of extra extra-ordinary elegance and eloquence, tending primrose, buttercup and peace. Light stepped and fair, of heart and of hair. But he wasn't there!

"Goodness me, where is that fickle fawn this favoured morn! I've butterflies and pollen, but this fawn is gone – elusive as always as air".

"Ah, there you are, my dear Liriel!"

Contemplating the movement of the day, Liriel, pruning clips in hand, appeared from a peaceful row of sunflowers. His quiescent visage was charmed with the impression of a smile, and his small twinkling eyes gazed enamoured at his blossoming prize, clutched to his breast – a flurry of sunflowers. So entranced was he by the soft delight of the lemon petals, that he did not even notice the strange being standing at his door, amid the orchids and the twilight-sprinkled roses.

The two met in a crushing of petals and a clatter of clips.

"Tash, tash, silly tash, what a fuddled fool!"

The face of Liriel, gleaming red, popped up from a pile of dishevelled flora.

"Great grey heavens, I am dreadfully sorry, but I"

"Yes, yes! Now do please rise and take me within. My heart calls for food and my eyes grow dim. These young fawns . . ."

Liriel stumbled to his feet, brushed the petals from his hair; and it was a very embarrassed fawn who plucked a tiny key from its holding chain and placed it – after several attempts – into the awkward keyhole. At that moment captured in the freshness of the forest, an unknown bird chirped

its song, an elegy of love, cascading from above, a rhyme of serenely, smiling sweetness.

"Silver veils on a sundream wind, spread dew across the lawn,
Saffron maidens, lost in love, dance rings and then move on.

The circle moons of silent rainfalls, shedding morning tears,
Encased upon the love light ridge, enhanced by flowing years."

But quivering in the sunlight, Liriel stood – unaware of the motion and the dream, the small green table where a thousand meals had been devoured and, most of all, the pantry. All were there, but all were gone.

Instead, darkness and, from the darkness, a new life, a new light, a valley.

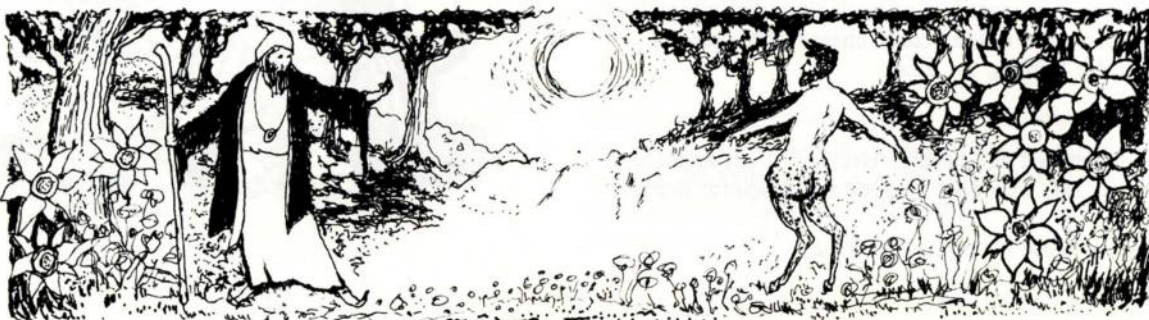
Liriel had turned the key and had opened the door and was now set to enter. He edged fearfully into the mouth of the sometime tunnel, emerging eventually from its other orifice onto the luscious greenness of grass. He saw the new light, heard the new life, and, swayed in the rhythm of daydream, watched as the valley melted into the distance, ending in a thousand constellations of shattering gem-stones.

Liriel stepped as he was accustomed to, lightly, but even his shimmering footsteps could not tread without crushing the delicate stalks, sending up a million new fragrances to caress his mind.

As he floated, he heard a sigh behind him, and he turned, recalling strange prophecies, towards the charmed and mystical magician – once stranger, now redeemer, pattern changes, moon-glow dreamer, crystal mover – here smiling through him . . . into his soul.

"Ah, my dear Liriel, it is as it was, and will be till then. Now we enter. Your journey has begun."

Liriel tranquilly raised his eyes, as one, but, transcendent, he became his own life, possessing all that is quite, quite quintessential. He laughed to himself, and to others, then turned once again and finally, freely took his own path, enraptured, into the Valley of Life.



The school chaplain

When first asked to go as Chaplain to St. Michael's, I must admit I was a bit worried. I had heard so much about lack of discipline and problem children in secondary schools in general, that the prospect of facing classes of thirty or forty pupils did not appeal to me. However, on arriving at St. Michael's I was happy to find that the rumours were unfounded and that, instead of being worried at the prospect of taking classes, I actually enjoyed it. Of course there are difficult pupils at St. Michael's just as at every other school but they are a very small minority. The vast majority are a pleasure to work with.

The work of a chaplain is of vital importance. Secondary school pupils are at a difficult age – an age of uncertainty, of doubt, of questioning all the religious values they learned when they were younger. It is an age when they especially need guidance and it is the task of the chaplain to provide it.

At present, Fr. Hugh Hanley and myself are chaplains. Our work is varied. We take classes in which we give religious instruction. We have discussions with pupils, especially the senior ones. We say Masses in the classroom from time to time and also in the Assembly Hall on First Fridays. We hear confessions every week and arrange retreats. Recently, thirty-four pupils from 4th, 5th and 6th year spent two days in Coodham on retreat. I think they all enjoyed it very much. Many of the 6th year have gone on weekend retreats to Coodham over the past few years.

However, I believe our main job in the school is a relations one. It is a question of developing good relations with the pupils and getting to know them as well as possible in and out of the classroom. In this way we can help to project a good image of the Church and the priesthood. This is very important. The success of our other duties, of teaching in class, hearing confessions, saying Mass etc. will hinge, to a great extent, on the image we project to the pupils.

An important aspect of our work is to be alert to the needs of particular pupils. I think it would be fair to say that a considerable number of pupils are very weak in the Faith. This is caused by parents who do not give good examples; and sometimes by bad companions. We must do our best to help those pupils, even though it is difficult. It is hard to build on a weak foundation. Here I appeal to parents to do everything they can by word and deed to help their children grow up to

know and love their faith. The home is by far the most important influence in the child's life. If the faith is nourished in the home, then our task is so much easier.

During my four years at St. Michael's, as I have come to appreciate how essential chaplains are. I hope the day will soon come when we will have enough priests to be able to afford full time chaplains. With almost 1,000 pupils at the school coming from different backgrounds, it is easy to see the great need.

However, chaplains, left to themselves, can do very little. Without the dedicated work of the religious teachers who take the pupils every day we would be lost. On behalf of Fr. Hanley and myself, I would like to thank them most sincerely. Also, I would like to thank Mr. McCutcheon and all the staff for their kindness and unfailing co-operation.

The Whale

The whale is a giant and often feared
Because of stories that people have heard
Of them swallowing boats with humans inside
Then plunging the depths with a splash and a dive.

These tales, of course, are wholly untrue
For the whale is certainly no enemy to you
He preys on shrimps and other small molluscs
And filters them through his large sieve-like tusks.

Although he is such an enormous size
He only has two very small puny eyes
They look so funny to you and me
It's really remarkable he's able to see.

His size people think may be quite out of place
But they fail to take note of his beauty and grace
As he slides through the water and skims with
great speed
Gathering shoals of his minute feed.

Men no longer hunt him with dinghy and spear
Of which, if he was quick, he had no need to fear
But now there are weapons which easily kill
Even used by a man without particular skill.

So, if I am right, in the future – quite soon
They'll be wiped out, these whales, by this deadly
harpoon

With no mercy shown to this wonder of mammals
Men kill it for oil to make soap for their flannels.

Sara Rolf, 2nd Year

They also serve

Our smiling secretaries, Miss Higgins and Mrs. McCutcheon, for example, attending day in day out to all those countless, but vital details of school organisation, coping with teachers, pupils, official visitors, parent enquiries, attendance officers, dinner money, forms, reports, letters, syllabi – or is it syllabuses? Buses, anyway

And then there's our Audio Visual Aids technician, Jim McDonald, never happier than when he's splicing films or dubbing tapes – especially, it seems, when surrounded by cassette players, tape recorders, OHP's, epidiascopes, VTR'S and television receivers – all going at the same time!

As for our lab technicians, well electrolysis, petri-dish dispensers, cultures of drosophila, metal lathes and grinders – these are all part of their daily routine. Or, as Andrew Herbert, the senior technician put it, "Once the integrated science orders are out of the way, it leaves time for the more rewarding side of the job!"

And, of course, there's Mrs. Hastings, our school library assistant, always there, always helpful, always in the thick of it, encouraging, guiding, pointing out, keeping order having built up the library stock to almost 5,000 books, with issues averaging 500 per week.

And where would we be without the hard work, patience and humour of the ladies of the dining hall?

Or without Mrs. McIntyre and Mrs. Quinn, our general assistants and experts on everything from missing books to missing pupils. Their only complaint? People keep fainting on them!



Smart

Pupils of all sorts, shapes and sizes, ranging from the most ardent reporter right down to the staplers and typists, are involved in producing SMART, St. Michael's own school newspaper, which has been circulating for about four years now – since November, 1973, in fact.

Every Thursday, at break-time, the team gathers in the office of the editor-in-Chief, Mr. Dickson, to plan and discuss ideas and articles for forthcoming editions. Since its creation SMART has so entertained and informed both pupils and teachers alike that it has become, as one teacher put it, "the standard barometer of school temperature!"



What we now present to you, collected exclusively from last year's editions, are some of SMART'S most interesting and colourful snippets.

There is, for example, the material collected by our SMART SPIES. How the information is acquired is, of course, a closely-guarded secret. Bribery and corruption? Perhaps, though rumour has it that our reporters lie in wait in all the best places for choice murmurs or careless gossip or scandal.

It was discovered for example in the Valentine issue, for example, that our two 'Jannies' have secret 'admirers' in the school.

Other important articles are the SMART INTERVIEWS. All new members of staff and pupils are mercilessly pounced upon immediately they enter the school, and valuable secrets and details of their past and private lives are squeezed out of them for all to see.

It was disclosed, for example, to the horror of the 5th year girls when interviewing last year's young English student, that "Mr. McLaughlin studied for 5 years to be a priest, but now he's married!"

Or again, it was Mr. Kavanagh who told us: "My favourite film star is Elvis, whose first hit was played when I was two." Most definitely NO COMMENT!

An interview with the school bus crews provided one of our exclusive reports. One 'Western'

conductress commented: "My pet hate is the language, which I think is *-?.X! – well, ridiculous!"

And Mr. Rennie, who is referred to as 'The Doctor' for obvious reasons, was said to have disappeared after being interviewed. According to our intrepid reporters, "He was last seen, wrapping his 19 feet scarf round his neck, jumping into his Tardis for an appointment with the head Time-Lord."

After the recent feature "Top Teacher", in which Mr. McNulty was voted the most popular teacher (more bribery and corruption?), he was interviewed while still star-struck by his success, which had obviously gone to his head: "If I hadn't won, it would have been a fix, and I throw out a challenge to all other teachers to catch me – if they can!" And Mr. Gill did!

When Mr. McCutcheon was approached (very warily) and asked about the possibility of having riding lessons provided, as, for example, they are in Ravenspark Academy, his words were carefully chosen, perfectly diplomatic and not quite concealing his sense of humour. "There is no need to be jealous of any other school in any way. After all, in what way could any other school be better than St. Michael's. But, if we have a budding Harvey Smith or Princess Anne, I shall do all I can to assist."

Then, there are the lucky ones, the people in print, the SMART PUPILS. It is indeed an honour and a great achievement to be featured in SMART, especially when you have reason to be proud of the fact that the whole school now knows of your success. For example, Jackie Waites told us of her official role as school council representative: "It all seems quite complicated, but in fact it is all very organised and well-run."

And Susan O'Neill was very amused, when, after commenting in the New Year issue that her resolution was: "To stop biting my nails", she was presented with a box of nails. And I'm sure someone blushed modestly when, on Valentine's Day, in bold letters, he saw: "To Tony Waddell, with love on Valentine's Day, from ?? XXXX". Maria Hughes did a very interesting feature on last



season's fashion highlights informing all fashion-conscious females that: "Browns and beiges are the colours this season." And she illustrated her statement with a very eye-catching interpretation of her ideas.



These extracts are just a few examples of the innumerable topics and ideas which appear in SMART each fortnight. Every edition reveals the current affairs of the school (all very classified information, of course). No-one knows what's going to appear next, or whose activities have been discovered. There's only one way of keeping up with contemporary school gossip – and it's not bad for 2P. Get smart and buy SMART!

Our visit to Ravenspark Hospital

On Thursday the 4th March our A.P.H. class went to visit Ravenspark Hospital in Irvine.

The hospital looks after about 400 people. But not all these patients have got something wrong with them. Some are in because they have no home and they stay here until they get one.

When we arrived at the hospital, we were greeted by Mr. Robb who was going to show us around. We started off going in to see the men. These men who were all in hospital because of age looked really well. We started talking to the men and asking them questions. We met them in a sitting-room which looked really nice. There was a television set and plenty of attractive pictures on the walls. Then after seeing the men we all looked in at their rooms. These rooms, which had about six beds in them, were all clean and tidy, although we felt they could do with some pictures on the walls.

The next visit was to the old women who were really very friendly. It was easier talking to the women because they were making beads, and most of them were knitting little squares to make blankets and we all told them how nice they were. One lady had made a lovely tapestry picture of how Irvine used to be.

Another thing that the old people do during the

day is play at bingo. They were all – both men and women – in a big hall which is called the recreation place. There were lots of prizes like scarves, hankies and sweets. In this room they have a kind of car like a wheelchair which is used by the patients. This small car is battery-operated and was designed by Lord Lindley.

Later on we went into one ward where there was a party going on. The old man whose nick-name was 'Chapper' was sixty-three and they had a birthday cake and cards for him. We were very surprised at this as we thought that they would not bother about these things.

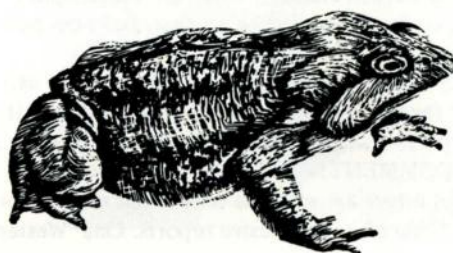
One old lady said that the nurses were better than their own family. We found the hospital had a nice friendly atmosphere, but feel that the patients could do with more visits from young people. We enjoyed talking to them and they seemed to welcome our company – even if it was only for an hour or two.

Margaret Barrett and
Marie-Rose Campbell, 4th Year

I went to a party

I went to a party, just down the road,
And on the way I met a toad,
The toad was big and slimy green,
The horriblest thing I've ever seen,
I thought to myself (hey, where's he going)
But I said it out loud without me knowing.
The toad turned round and looked at me,
I felt like jumping behind a tree,
He opened his mouth up very wide,
Oh no, oh yuk, I could see inside,
His mouth was black and yellow and blue,
And then he said, "I'll soon eat YOU,"
I said, "Oh no! Please don't eat ME.
Instead you can eat this juicy tree."
I ran and I ran as fast as I could,
To turn and look back I never would.
Trust me to see a silly old toad,
Now I've missed the party just down the road.

Emily Rimicians, 1st Year



Life at the top

I can't say I wasn't delighted when Mr. Cassidy, the English teacher, asked me to write this article. As a matter of fact, I was very pleased. I mean, it isn't every day you are asked to write something for the School Magazine (just every day for the last three months!). Being the School Captain, I decided to write about my captaincy and the exploits of my faithful colleagues, the prefects.

In my junior years at this establishment I had plenty of time to ponder what life would be like as a prefect. It seemed to me, in my innocence, that a prefect was one of the chosen ones, a race apart, able to do what they wanted when they wanted, and able to sit in a well decorated prep-room, drinking coffee all day. So, as time waits for no man not even me, my turn finally came. On September 1st, 1976, I was elected School Captain by my "so-called" friends. Together we joined a band known as "prefects". It seemed obvious to everyone, that when we had taken our oath in front of the school and we were given our respective badges, we had become some special species of people, set apart from the rest of the school. However, after the realization that being a prefect wasn't all that I expected, I soon adjusted to my position and really appreciated the honour and privilege which had been bestowed upon me. The girl prefects were soon known as "Charlie's Angels", strangely enough, and I once heard myself being referred to as "the bionic woman". I wonder why!

During our reign, we managed, with the great organisation of Laura Hodge and Maureen Callaghan, to run a few discos in the school which turned out to be a great success. Also, we delivered approximately thirty hampers to the old people in the vicinity. These hampers were received with gratitude and the prefects were extremely satisfied when we received several notes of thanks.

Well, you'll be wondering what life is like at the top. In one word - great! Being a prefect in Saint Michael's has been slightly demanding at times, but in the long term it is worth it because of the trust and respect which a prefect is always given. We are under the care and "control" of Mr. Scullion, who has a difficult task trying to keep about eighteen pupils from going insane. Mr. Scullion has guided us throughout the last year, full of concern about each one of us, and I would like, on behalf of all the prefects, to express my gratitude for all his concern.

Although we have enjoyed ourselves as prefects, having to do dinner and corridor duty is the one heartbreak of a prefect's life, but this is alleviated by the smiles and witticisms of that mad crowd, commonly known as "teachers". No doubt, many of you, would like to know what happens inside our common room, Well, hard luck, because I'm not going to reveal anything.

My sixth year at Saint Michael's was a wonderful experience and one which none of us are likely to forget. Of course, I must put it in perspective by quoting from a faithful old friend, who said on the day I was elected captain, "It seems that all the crazy fools reach the top".

Catherine Cherry,
School Captain

Lonely little lady

Her clothes are scruffy and scraggy,
Her name I think is Maggie.
Her face is ragged and rough
And of this world she's had enough.
People call her the down-and-out
'Cos she's nowhere to go and just wanders about.

Sometimes she talks to other old hags.
I really feel very sorry for Mags,
Perhaps because she's frail and thin
And always sleeps near a rubbish bin.
People call her the down-and-out
'Cos she's nowhere to go and just wanders about.

Maggie's face is awfully wrinkled.
Everything about her is crinkled.
All she wants is soon to die.
Can we really ask and wonder why?
People call her the down-and-out
'Cos she's nowhere to go and just wanders about.

Alice Peters, 3rd Year



The special qualities of the poetry of Robert W. Service

*"I have no doubts at all the Devil grins, As seas of ink I spatter;
Ye Gods, forgive my 'literary' sins – The other kind don't matter."*

By Hugh Donohoe

Little could Robert Service have known whilst he was playing in the fields around Kilwinning that one day his works would be read and enjoyed around the world. The quotation which begins this essay is taken from the prelude to "Rhymes of a Rolling Stone", and is typical of the attitude of Robert William Service to his poetry. He always had a respect, as well as a talent, for versifying right from the days when he recited his own jingles to his grandparents when he was a boy.

It was only when he emigrated to Canada, however, in the year 1895 at the age of 21 that he was inspired to begin actually writing his poems. After a short stay on Vancouver Island he moved to Dawson and from there on to White Horse in the Yukon, and it was about this wild country that he wrote in "Songs of a Sourdough" which was published in 1907 and contained what were to become two of his most famous works, "The Shooting of Dan McGrew" and "The Cremation of Sam McGee". The former deals in a rather roundabout way with the dangers of drinking too much "hooch". The following lines, which tell what happened to Dangerous Dan McGrew, a hound of hell and an old miner who challenged him, are typical of the roughness and the sense of action and starkness which characterise all of Service's writing.

*"Then I ducked my head, and the lights went out, and two guns blazed in the dark;
And a woman screamed, and the lights went up, and two men lay stiff and stark."*

The other poem, "The Cremation of Sam McGee", also deals with death, but in a different manner. It tells of the hardships endured by two men in the Yukon searching for gold until one finally dies. These hardships are exemplified, again with typical directness and vividness, in the lines.

"Talk of cold! through the parka's fold it stabbed like a driven nail."

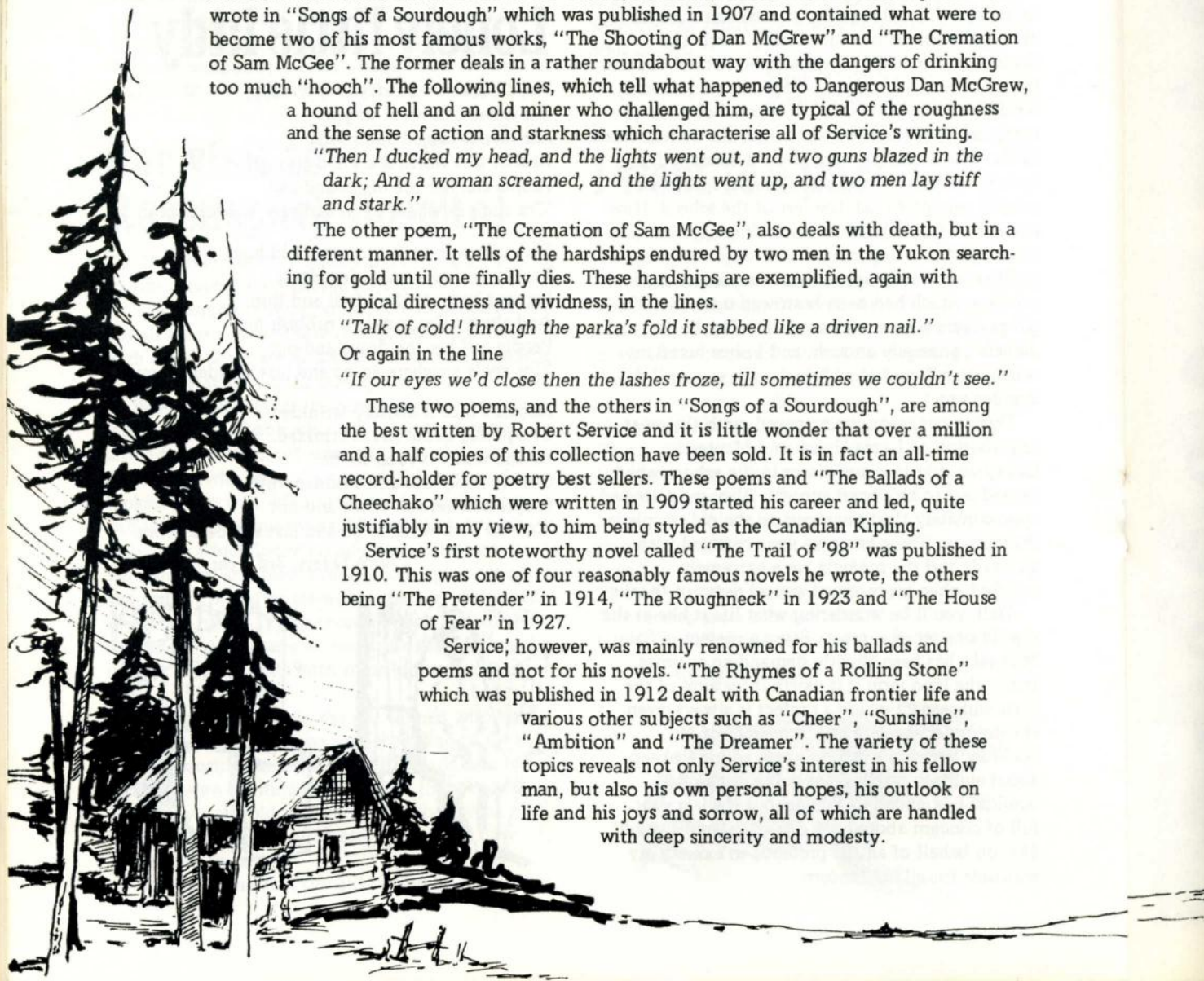
Or again in the line

"If our eyes we'd close then the lashes froze, till sometimes we couldn't see."

These two poems, and the others in "Songs of a Sourdough", are among the best written by Robert Service and it is little wonder that over a million and a half copies of this collection have been sold. It is in fact an all-time record-holder for poetry best sellers. These poems and "The Ballads of a Cheechako" which were written in 1909 started his career and led, quite justifiably in my view, to him being styled as the Canadian Kipling.

Service's first noteworthy novel called "The Trail of '98" was published in 1910. This was one of four reasonably famous novels he wrote, the others being "The Pretender" in 1914, "The Roughneck" in 1923 and "The House of Fear" in 1927.

Service, however, was mainly renowned for his ballads and poems and not for his novels. "The Rhymes of a Rolling Stone" which was published in 1912 dealt with Canadian frontier life and various other subjects such as "Cheer", "Sunshine", "Ambition" and "The Dreamer". The variety of these topics reveals not only Service's interest in his fellow man, but also his own personal hopes, his outlook on life and his joys and sorrow, all of which are handled with deep sincerity and modesty.



When war broke out in 1914 Service, who had already been a war correspondent for "The Toronto Star" during the Balkan Wars, joined the Canadian Army Medical Corps. It was during his time as an ambulance driver that he gathered material for the famous "Rhymes of a Red Cross Man". The poems contained in this collection described vividly the horrors of the fighting and the monstrous sights that must have greeted Service when he went to the aid of wounded soldiers. The following two lines from "The Fool" describe a soldier who has just been shot and illustrate in their finality, the qualities of brevity, vividness and awesomeness so typical of the man's writing.

"Part of him mud, part of him blood, The rest of him not at all".

After the war Service settled in France, a land he came to love. He met and married his French wife Germaine and in 1920 he published the "Ballads of a Bohemian". This collection is in four sections "Spring", "Early Summer", "Late Summer" and "Winter". It tells of life in Paris in the first three sections and of war in the last. Service describes the places in Paris a poet frequented and worked in. His home was an attic studio. In "My Garret" he calls it, "My Stronghold", "My Palace", "My Heaven" and then says:

"Only four walls but mine all mine".

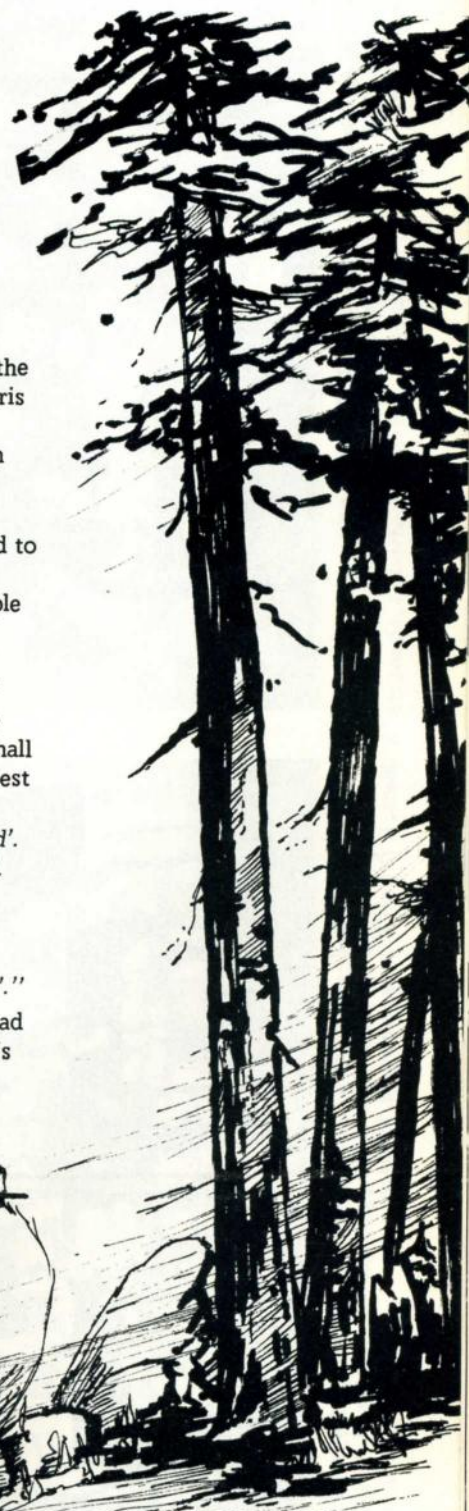
revealing how proud he was of his vocation, although he humbly continued to consider himself as a "mere minstrel of the street". He thought of himself and other common folk as "Philistines", whereas the rich and elegant people were "Bohemians".

The next major collection of poems Service wrote was "Bar Room Ballads". One of the best poems in this collection is named "Bessie's Boil" which illustrates Service's unquestionable gift for writing humorously. The poem is written in a Lancashire dialect, which in itself contributes in no small measure to the humour of the poem. The funny parts and the dialect are best shown in the first stanza.

*"Says I to my Missis: 'Ba goom lass! you've something, I see, on your mind'.
Says she: 'You are right, Sam I've something. It 'appens it's on me be'ind.
A boil as 'ud make Job be Jealous. It hurts me no end when I sit'.
Says I: 'To to 'ossitel Missis. They might 'ave to coot it a bit'.
Says she: 'I just 'ate to be showing' the part of me person it's at'.
Says I; 'Don't be fussy; them doctors sees sights far more 'orrid than that'."*

The rhyme pattern in this poem of AABBC not only makes it easy to read but also gives it the flow and naturalness which we associate with all Service's poetry.

Apart from ballads and novels Service also wrote two autobiographies called "The Ploughman of the Moon" and "The Harper of Heaven". The former was written in 1945 and the latter in 1948. Both reveal that Service was a humble man dedicated to his own form of "rough" poetry deliberately chosen to suit the subjects of his poems. He considered himself merely a writer of jingles and "shallow" poetry with no really deep meanings, and this was how he continued to view himself until he died in 1958, probably one of the most versatile, popular and under-rated poets the world has ever seen.

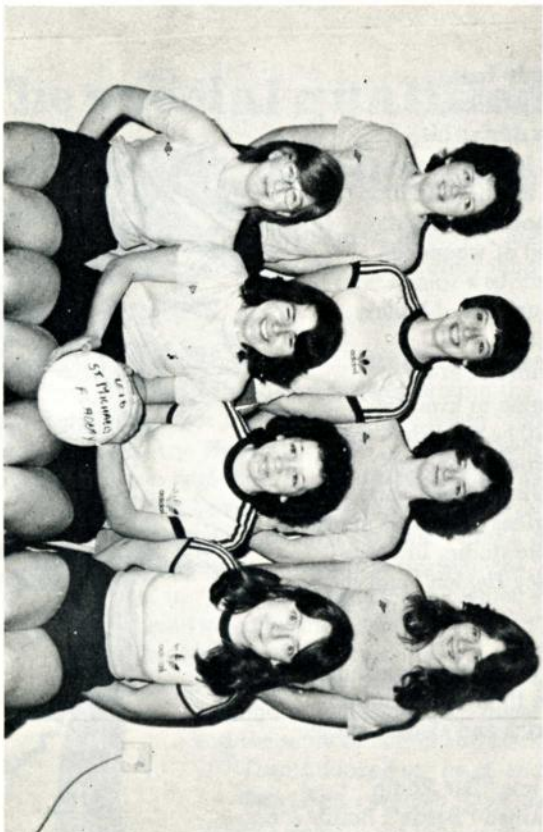




1st VII NETBALL — Back Row l to r: P. Roche; P. Barrett; F. Caulfield; M. Hughes; M. Harrison. Front Row l to r: J. O'Brien; C. McCormick; D. Smith.



1st XI HOCKEY — Back Row l to r: J. O'Connell; A. Tonner; F. Caulfield; A. Kennedy; A. M. Caulfield; A. Johnstone. Front Row l to r: S. Wright; M. Harrison; C. McCormick; L. Torley; C. Devine; S. McLean; E. McCusker.



U-16 VOLLEYBALL — Back Row l to r: G. Harter; L. O'Neill; N. McQue; E. Keane. Front Row l to r: H. Wescott; M. McBreen; B. Morgan; M. McKelvey.



3rd YEAR HOCKEY — Back Row l to r: H. Wescott; A. Maxwell; N. McQue; S. Quinn; G. Harter; M. Bracaglia; B. Morgan; M. McKelvey. Front Row l to r: A. M. Monan; M. Black; L. O'Neill; E. A. Donoghue; M. McBreen.



U-15 BASKETBALL — Back Row l to r: W. Creamer; S. Hannon; M. Hand; D. Campbell; M. Devine. Front Row l to r: M. Carmichael; I. Stewart; B. Doyle; A. Berne.



U-16 FOOTBALL — Back Row l to r: M. Russell; A. Hughes; J. Wilson; D. Rocks; P. Murphy; W. Carslaw; Mr. B. McNulty. Front Row l to r: D. McCambridge; K. Traynor; B. McMillan; E. Gilhooly; C. Russell.



U-14 FOOTBALL — Back Row l to r: P. Maxwell; A. McDowall; J. Coyle; R. Lennon; E. Docherty; Mr. J. McLaughlin. Front Row l to r: S. O'Connell; A. Reilly; F. Penders; P. O'Neill; A. Grant; B. Murphy.



1st YEAR FOOTBALL — Back Row l to r: G. Kerr; J. Connell; J. Mason; P. Ruddy; T. McIntyre; P. McGowan; Mr. D. McIlroy. Front Row l to r: J. Stirling; G. McDonald; F. McDonald; J. Hutcheon; T. Taylor; A. McCallum; D. McKay.

From Africa to Scotland

Coming here certainly had its problems. Getting used to the Scottish accent and words was the worst part. It was embarrassing both for me and for the person I was speaking to, or at least trying to speak to. We were both repeating ourselves to try and get a civilized conversation going, but I soon got used to it.

I find St. Michael's an unusual school because of its casual school dress and because there are very few restrictions, which is much nicer than in South Africa, where you have to go round looking identical to your friend and have to put up with, in the case of the girls, tying up your hair and of the boys, having short back and sides and wearing shorts — which can be quite humiliating for a 17 year old boy! The girls have not been liberated in South Africa, so we don't get the belt, but we do get up to 1,000 lines. The boys get caned, but only if they go to extremes. I find that here in Scotland, the school day is long. In Africa we started at 0800 and finished at 1330 because it was too hot to work in the afternoons.

The schools in Africa are not very well equipped and if they need funds they ask the pupils to pay. The government schools are supposed to be free but we have to pay about £30 every term.

A good thing about South African schools is that if they have a trip it is normally to the big Game Park Reserves. There, you live in tents and have to keep a fire burning to keep off any unwelcome intruders. The teachers in charge don't worry about any midnight parties because no-one dares to put a foot outside the tents.

Where we lived, in Johannesburg, we were 600 miles from the seaside and the south coastline was 1800 miles away, so a trip to the seaside could be very expensive. In the city itself there are plenty of monuments, parks and centres to go to during the day. The biggest centre has 50 floors and every type of shop you can think of. Its name is the Carlton. They say Johannesburg is like a mini New York. It has hundreds of high-rise buildings. The scenery is mostly long grass and gold mines which made the place look very bright. It's like having gold coloured mountains everywhere you look.

There is not much of a night life in South Africa. It is dark at six o'clock both summer and winter and it is unsafe to walk alone or in groups at night.

Ailsa Minton, Iona Minton,
3rd Year.

The country clergy

We see him
working in an old rectory
by the day's sunlight and the night's moonlight
venerable man
in his old black cloth
a little bit dusty
and a little bit green with holy mildew.

And yet,
his skull,
reading over so many prayers,
put into the same old grave
with rogues and vagabonds.

They left no books in memory
to lonely thought
in small grey parishes
where he wrote in young men's hearts
and in the minds
of little children
soft words that are
forgotten:

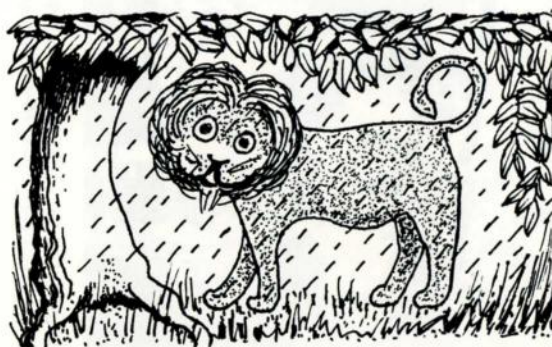
God, in his time, will correct all this.

Hugh Hall, 2.05

Looking through the window

Looking through the window,
Looking at the rain.
Wish I was a lion
with a big furry mane!
Running through the fields,
as free as free could be!
(When it started raining
I'd hide beneath a tree).

Emily Rimmicans, 1st Year





This landscape study of Dunure Castle by Blane Savage won 3rd prize in the 1976 National Photographic Competition for Scottish Secondary Schools organised by the Action for Disaster Committee. This is the second year running in which St. Michael's pupils have been successful in this particular competition. In 1975 Mary Ellen Mair also won 3rd prize.

Dreamer

Reality,
tried and rejected;
Life
is sweeter without material pledge –
And fantasy merely lacks the expense.
Life Passes,
soon yet slow
for those entwined in a dreamer's web;
Today is always tomorrow,
Now always then –
And the distance between thought and action . . .
infinite!
Dreams of gossamer,
that die swiftly in the fading twilights,
pass unheeded.
Each day in a private wonderland
in which the world has no place
as, in the truth, the world has no place
for the dreamer.

Maurice Dillon, 5th Year.

Torrential Vacuum

While the skies are rent asunder, the butterfly and
the locust make love in a social recess.

Amused, I close my ears to their pathetic plea,
though turn to watch.

The wind slaps the plastic shroud to my face as the
heavy drops of sorrow slide down lacerating my
skin.

All around, abandonment,
people scurrying, tortured and sheltering
While interchanging periodically
The reds and greens will never cease.

I raise my head, feasting upon
sparkling waves,
ripples of excitement,
still, smiling memories,
black water.

Lift me
to my destination.

Andrew Long, 6th Year.

Dive, Dive, Dive

The place was just south of the ferry-slip on the Cumbrae. The sun had graced us with its presence that crisp October morning. The breeze was light and the sea calm.

To the non-diver the "kitting-up" might resemble decorating the Christmas tree; there were times when it felt that way to us. Under the weight of all that cumbersome gear, we carefully climbed over the seaweed covered rocks to the water's edge. By the time we had put on our masks and fins we were puffing and panting. Perhaps all the running, badminton and table-tennis, was beginning to tell!

The first glimpse of the breath-taking underwater scene makes you forget that cold water creeping up your back, inside the suit. Your partner signals "Thumbs down" and you are under. Very soon you can feel the water pressure on your ears. You pinch your nose, close your mouth and blow to "pop" your ears. The pressure is equalised and the discomfort goes. The cylinder of air, so cumbersome on the shore, now appears weightless, as do you. You float gently in a world which is silent but for the reassuring gurgle of the exhaust bubbles from your demand valve.

Looking below you now, the familiar flora of the seashore gives way to a forest of large brown kelp, its fronds reflecting the sunlight. Among the kelp stalks are smaller seaweeds, all shades of green and red which use the kelp as a handy base for attachment. Between two large rocks in the foreground stands a large brown crab, pincers raised ready for the intruders! A very delicate, wispy, purple fan moves to and fro in the gentle currents. This belongs to the peacock worm.

Deeper now, the forest grows thin and the reasons for the denudation are the many red and pink sea urchins covering the rocks below. The rocks themselves fade in the half-light as you go deeper. Your depth gauge shows 30 ft. There, off to the right, lying motionless wrapped in a piece of broken kelp, is a large dog-fish. You approach stealthily, try to catch hold of its tail, but off it darts, into the gloom.

The sand gives way to silt, the light dims, the gauge reads 60 ft. Time to make a right turn and swim parallel to the shore. Below you, two round orange-coloured eyes, keeping watch, give away the position of an otherwise well camouflaged plaice lying in the silt. In a puff of mud it is gone!

But look! There in front, towering above you — a massive structure lies on the sea bed. It is a



wreck! This was today's target. It is a Catalina Flying Boat which crash-landed on the sea during the last war. Here it lies, still remarkably intact and well-preserved. The wings and fuselage are covered with masses of white, yellow and orange sea anemones. These beautiful creatures withdraw into themselves at a touch. The wreck is very busy today — a shoal of mullet weave their way in and out, their silver bodies flashing as they catch what little sunlight reaches this depth. It is a fascinating sight. A tap on your shoulder brings you back to reality. Your partner is asking for an air check. We'll see more of the "Cat" another day.

Finning up slowly together, the growing brightness indicates you are approaching the surface. Looking up, the surface has a mirror-like appearance. You complete a 360° turn fifteen feet down to check if there is anything on the surface. Your hand above you now, you break the surface and head for the shore some thirty yards distant. As you come to shallow water you attempt to stand up and once again you have returned to the cumbersome reality of your equipment on land. Leg and back muscles are unwilling to take the weight after that period of weightlessness. You feel like the proverbial "fish out of water."

One of these days

Everybody has "off days".

You know, the kind of days when you wake up late, your toast burns, your cereal doesn't even snap, crackle or pop. The whole world's against you.

Well, today — to borrow an expression from my brother — was a "dinger". To begin with, it was Friday, and Fridays are always disgusting! At school, the morning starts at 9 a.m. with forty minutes of arithmetic, followed by one hour and twenty minutes of mathematics. I think it must have been the thought of what was to come that prevented me from waking up until half-past eight.

Of course, when I did manage to drag myself out of bed and into the bathroom, there was no hot water. So — cat's lick and a promise with ice water and a run back to the bedroom . . . falling over brother on the way! Dressing was a disaster. In my desperation I removed two buttons from my usual blouse, and so had to waste precious minutes looking for another one. Then I stuck my fingers through my last pair of tights. Another three minutes gone . . . persuading my mother to loan me another pair. I finished dressing at last and then — down to breakfast, which I soon decided to give up. Cold coffee — ugh! I never eat anything in the morning, anyway. Scrambling out of the house at twenty to nine and flying along the road to see the bus drawing slowly off from the stop made me feel unashamedly like howling.

Eventually I reached school at twenty past nine. Walking late into class has always been a thing I hate having to do; with a start like that, of course, I was in one of my infamous bad moods and losing all sense of reason, everybody seemed to receive the rough edge of my tongue.

I actually managed to last until lunchtime without anything really drastic happening but, at lunch, . . . well, lunch was like a farce. The food was vile. I think the cooks had conspired to put everything I abhorred on the menu. And what's more, I had to suffer the indignity listening to my friends telling me that I should like fish, I should like eggs. After about ten minutes I could stand it no longer. I just "upped and goed" . . . overturning my chair in the process.

In the next lesson a certain member of the class evidently thought it amusing to annoy me in every possible way. In the mood I was in that was asking for fire-works. I won't go into the gory details, but I will say that the person wasn't quite so amused when he found himself crashing to the floor as he

smirkingly made to resume his seat after rising to greet the rector! The teacher, needless to say, turned a sickly shade of purple!

At last, the four o'clock bell rang. Waiting at the bus stop I managed to snag my tights again and drop my gloves in the mud. When I reached home my brother and sister played at murdering each other around me so, abandoning all fraternal (or should it be sororial?) instincts, I simply "played" at murdering them.

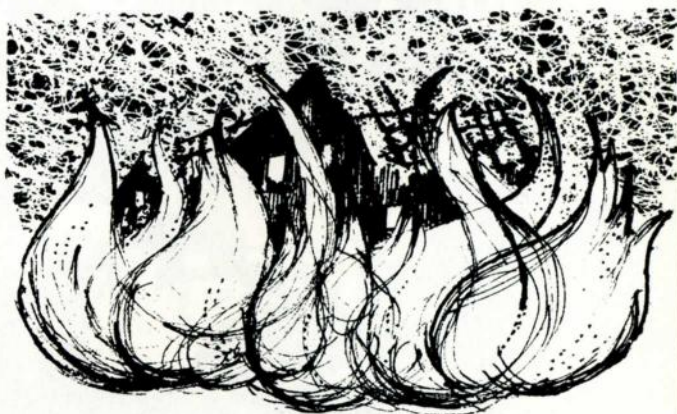
At seven o'clock I left the house to go skating. It wasn't too bad. I only fell five times! I also fell out with my latest "friend" and that took a bit of sorting out. I was supposed to be home by 10 o'clock, of course, I was ten minutes late. More trouble! By twenty minutes to eleven I felt as if I could go to bed and simply sleep on until next Friday. Only one problem. According to my delightful little sister, the electric blanket had just "broke".

Mhaira McGlone, 4th Year

The Great Fire

In 1939, just six weeks after the Second World War had started St. Michael's College was burned down. It began about 8 p.m. on 25th October and burned until 9 a.m. the next day. The firemen fought the blaze until 8 a.m. but it was no use — every room, every desk, every book disappeared in the inferno. The only part of the school to survive was the gym hall. Which is still there as part of St. Mary's Primary School. As a result of the fire the primary school building became the secondary school and the younger children moved into the nearby convent. Because of the war the school could not be rebuilt. As the years passed more and more huts were added. Finally in 1965 St. Michael's moved into a new building in Kilwinning.

Janice McLaughlin, 2nd Year.





Litter

Rubbish strewn across the street,
Tin cans, bottles round our feet,
Sticky papers, oily rags,
Parts of cars and paper bags,
Rusty nails and splintered wood,
Potato peelings, rotting food,
Domestic leavings from a house,
The murdered body of a mouse.

Ugly, sneering chimneys stand
Polluting air across the land;
Hidden pipes in secret placed
Pour poisoned liquid, filth, raw waste;
Dirty dumps, conspiring, smoke;
Their buring rubber makes us choke;
The throbbing heartbeat of the car
Spreads deadly gases near and far.

Yet these are days of powdered soap,
Cleaning machines and towing-rope,
Watchdog committees, leading lights,
Dustbinmen and people's rights:
Environmental health's the thing,
And talk about "developing".

Gone are the days of nature's blend,
We live in the shadow of THE END.

Hugh Hall, 2.05

Smithstone House

In the Middle Ages, the monks from Kilwinning Abbey built a guest house on the banks of the Garnock on the way to Dalry and there has been a house on the same site ever since. In recent years it has been called Smithstone House, and it was here, in 1970, that the Sacred Heart fathers set up a Vocation Centre for junior students training for the Priesthood. It was not the historic connection which made the House ideal for the purpose, but the nearness to such a good school as St. Michael's.

The House is designed to take no more than twelve students – boys, with ages ranging from twelve to eighteen, who all come from the West of Scotland, live at Smithstone and attend St. Michael's. With the small numbers, a family atmosphere can be kept, and the boys often go home for the week-end, besides their normal school holidays. At the moment there are three Sacred Heart Fathers at Smithstone – the present Superior, Fr. Giblin, Fr. Walshe and Fr. Hanley. The first Superior of the House, Fr. Wynne, taught French at St. Michael's for four years. Fr. Boyd, who is now at the new Sacred Heart parish of St. John Ogilvie in Bourtreehill, was a chaplain at St. Michael's for three years, and his place is now taken by Fr. Hanley.

Even when they are young many boys feel they are being called by God to be priests, although, of course, a final decision cannot be made until a much maturer age. Most week-ends, groups of visiting boys come to Smithstone and share in the

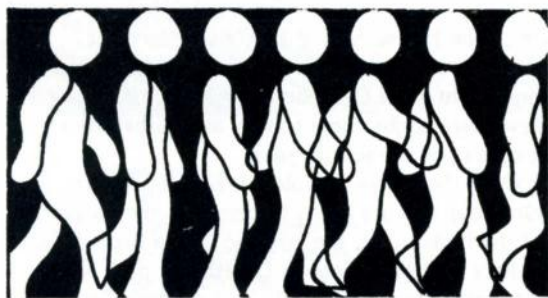
life of the House, and, if they have the right attitude, reasonable health and intelligence and come from good Catholic homes, two or three of these boys might come to stay at Smithstone at the beginning of the school year.

Once they have completed their secondary schooling, and are going to continue their studies for the Priesthood, the boys go to the Sacred Heart Fathers' Senior College in Gateshead, near Newcastle-on-Tyne. At present there are four Smithstonians at Gateshead, and another student who went there straight from St. Michael's. If any of these students are finally ordained, they could find themselves working not only in the West of Scotland, but anywhere in Britain with the Sacred Heart Fathers or even on the missions, though only volunteers are sent abroad.

Next year the Sacred Heart Fathers will be celebrating their centenary. They were founded in 1878 by Father Leo John Dehon in France, and quickly spread through most of the European countries. Now they have missionaries working in fourteen countries throughout the world. In 1936 they first came to England and then, in 1970, Smithstone became their first House in Scotland. Since then, as has been mentioned, they now have a parish in Irvine and from this the Sacred Heart Fathers hope, by God's grace, to have many more Priests from Scotland and to do as much as possible in return.



Film animation club



When we watch a film, the illusion of movement we see is created by a succession of still pictures flashing before our eyes in sequence at a rate of 18 or 24 pictures every second.

In an animated film or cartoon we can take advantage of this illusion to make the most unlikely things move and to make our fantasies come to life.

Everyone will be familiar with the lavish and expensive productions of the Walt Disney Studios and his army of animators, background artists, colourists and cameramen. We cannot hope to compete with this type of animation but even Disney's films do not use all the possibilities of the medium. There is a vast amount of enjoyment to be had by those without any drawing skill whatsoever and without enormous amounts of money to spend.

Techniques using paper cut-outs, actual objects, plasticene, even real people can be utilized to great effect and be very humorous. The animator if he wishes can be totally free of reality; he does not have to rely on his actors and actresses; not for him, the temper tantrums of highly strung film stars; his productions can be entirely abstract, using only colours, shapes and music.

At the moment the club has eight members:- Peter Cassidy, Eric Kerr, Stephen Latham, Mark Laughlan, Eddie McCann, John O'Hagan, John Paul and Tom Sweeney. They have completed their first film which was shown at the end of last session.

Robert A. Smith.

Glorious disharmony

Thursday . . . lunchtime . . . guitar. Friday . . . lunchtime . . . guitar. Basic requirements, hands, some fingers – preferably mobile – and a thumb or

two (may come in handy!). That's of course if you're really intending to become professional – as most of our young budding guitarists undoubtedly do . . . Having come to grips with the instrument, the body tucked neatly under the arm, legs crossed to give the fretboard a north-westerly thrust, the future guitarist sets about mastering three chords; for some aspirants, the work of a lifetime; for others, the stepping stones to the next three, and so on . . . A further condition for joining the motley group is that of having the facility for practising assiduously in-between sessions. The will is very often there but the guitar very often isn't . . . then almost miraculously the memory of a disused aunt or uncle comes to the fore because there's a guitar in the house . . . and the problem is solved.



The dozen or so school guitars are a blessing and two of them were so blessed that they took wings and haven't been seen for a long time. The others soldier manfully on . . . the occasional highly-strung one snapping. Just now there are two cripples in the cupboard.

Most of the guitar enthusiasts would like to come both days, but naturally we are hide-bound by the number of guitars at our disposal. They'd like to bring their own guitars . . . however the insurance premium on such a fragile instrument in a 'school bus' would be financial suicide. The pupils nowadays are so anxious to get into school that the poor thing would be crushed to death . . . and the sound would never be quite the same again.

As it is, our sound effects are often quite novel, a miscellany of squeaks and buzzes (unscheduled!) combining with the more orthodox sounds in glorious disharmony. To savour the full effect, picture the facial contortions, the set expression, the concentration, the tapping of the foot (rhythmic and otherwise) and then from time to time the gradual dilation of facial muscles as a slower learner discovers he's 'made' it . . . and the lights seem near, and the shimmering suit, the fancy hairdo . . . and – stardom.

The origins of "The Factory"

I.C.I., one of the world's largest chemical companies, was born on 7 December, 1926 with the merger of four companies – Nobel Industries, Brunner Mond & Co., British Dyestuffs Corporation and the United Alkali Company, and recently, of course, celebrated its golden anniversary.

Nobel Industries, one of the parent companies, had its origin in a small company set up by Alfred Nobel to make his newly-invented dynamite. Nobel then went on to build explosive plants all over Europe. Ardeer, the seventh of fifteen large factories, was to prove the most important of all.

There were, however, many obstacles to be overcome before Ardeer could be set up. In 1869 an Act of Parliament had forbidden the manufacture, import, sale and transport of nitroglycerine. Although, mainly due to Nobel's efforts, the strict regulations were eventually eased, he found it difficult to find backers among the London financiers and industrialists. Undaunted, Nobel enlisted the support of leading Scottish financiers and mine owners and in Glasgow in 1871 he signed an agreement transferring the patent rights for dynamite (nitroglycerine in combination with reiselguhr, an absorbent) for Great Britain and the British Empire, to the British Dynamite Company Limited with headquarters in Glasgow. Plans were then drawn up for the factory at Ardeer.

Ardeer seemed an ideal site for an explosive works. Mr. John Downie, who later became general manager of Ardeer Factory, wrote to Nobel recommending the site:

"It is composed entirely of sand hills, so as to form the remparts between the buildings which

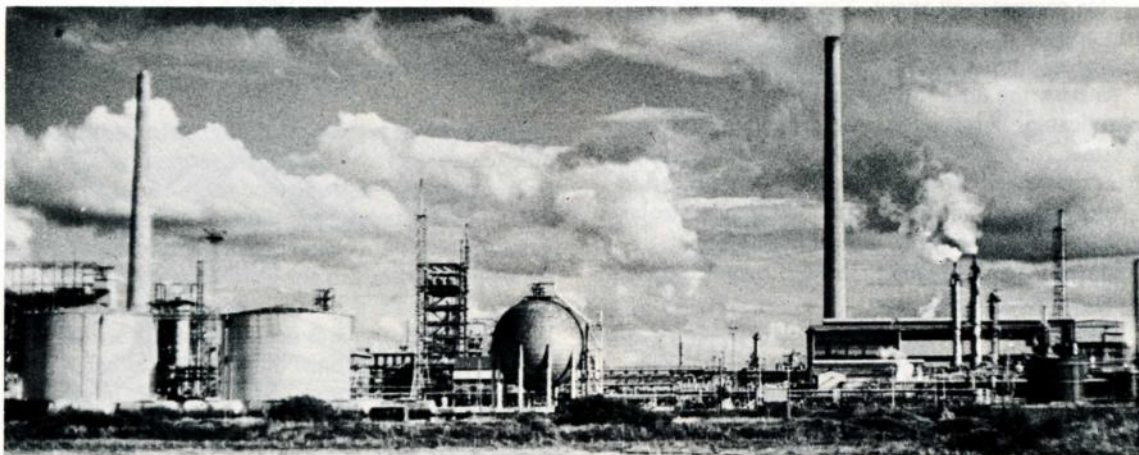
you so much desiderate. It is away from houses and other property and yet within easy distance of shipping, being on the seaboard, while a line of railway runs through it, and a large mining district lies contiguous; there is a river within less than a mile and a water supply could be got by gravitation from that source." Later, Alfred Nobel was to write in one of his own letters, complaining of Ardeer's bleakness:

"If I had not got my work here, Ardeer would certainly be the most depressing place in the world."

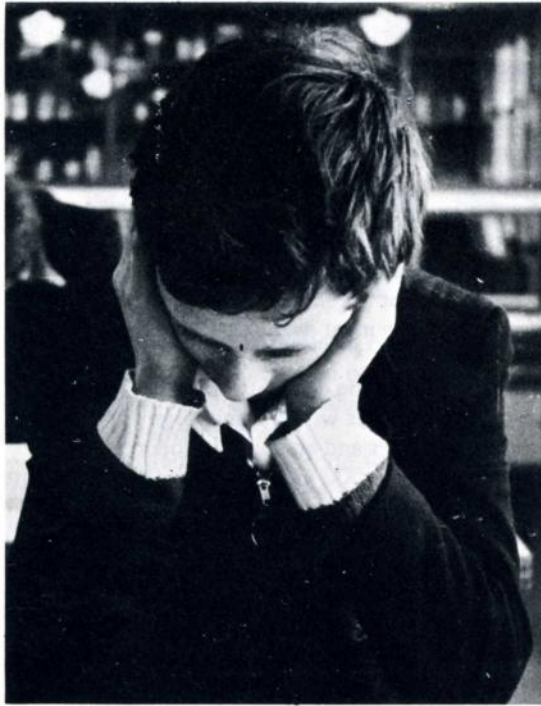
By the beginning of the 1880's Ardeer Factory occupied 850 acres with 45 buildings, several hundred workers and an annual production of approximately 1,000 tons of dynamite of different kinds and 1,400 tons of nitroglycerine. Wages and working conditions at Ardeer, as with all the Nobel factories, were so favourable in the 1870's and 1880's that young men often placed themselves on the waiting list to be employed. A system was in force which, after so many years of service, entitled each worker to a bonus and there were free medical services.

Alfred Nobel lived to see Ardeer Factory transformed from a desolate sandy heath into one of the world's biggest explosives centres of the time, supplying one-tenth of the world's needs of explosives – a key industry in the service of mining, quarrying, tunnelling, forming roads and railways, building harbours, removing obstructions to navigation and in the establishment of communications generally.

Janice O'Connell, 4th Year.



Camera club



The school has had a very active Camera Club for about four years now and in that period interest has grown steadily until at present the club has its full complement of 15 members and a large waiting list. Numbers have to be restricted, not only because of limited space, but also because of the intricate apparatus used.

Under the supervision of Mr. Pentleton, the Camera Club tries to cover all aspects of black and white photography.

Members are shown firstly what the photographic process is all about. Then they learn not only how to take pictures, but also how to develop and print them for themselves.

At first, the technical apparatus looks very complicated, but usually, apart from a few minor disasters, it all seems to fit into place quite quickly. After the initial stages, members are encouraged to experiment with various techniques such as strobe photography, time exposures, photography at night, portraits and, of course, the "comic" cuts.

As a climax to last year's activities, a competition was held for the best picture taken, developed and printed by a pupil on some aspect of school life. The competition was won by above study by Eric Kerr entitled "Working Hard".

Henry Dore, 4th Year.

Pure fear

Alas and alack, the six months are up,
And it's time for the dentist once more,
That funny pink stuff in its little glass cup,
And that big chair and clean polished floor.

Behind all their airs and graces
The assistants are stifling their giggles.
They see worried looks on our faces,
And they smile at our squirms and our wriggles.

Your time is up, they call your name
And show you into the place.
You see the dentist with his skinny frame
And his horrible drawn-in face.

He's holding something behind his back,
You know very well you'll be jagged.
Then all of a sudden you hear your gums crack
And your mouth starts to feel it's been gagged.

Then out comes the drill with its terrible smell
And you know that a filling is near.
You feel that your mouth has started to swell
And you tremble and shake with pure fear.

Then the buzz and the smoke come nearer your
face

And the smell of it makes you feel sick.
Then he drills at your teeth with incredible speed
Says "Don't worry! It'll be over quick."

The ordeal is over, you think to yourself
As you spit out those small bits of silver.
Till you try to get up from the chair by yourself
Then your legs start to shake and to quiver.

As you make to depart a few minutes later
The girl tells you the next time you're due.
The sly way she says it, you feel you just hate her
Even more after what you've been through.

Elaine Stewart, 3rd Year.



Singapore

When I was about 5 we went to live in Singapore for 2½ years. We went because my dad is in the Navy and he was sent there. When we arrived we went to a hotel that was used by the families of naval personnel. After a few weeks we moved into a house of our own. We had a Chinese woman to clean for us. They are called "amahs."

The school was very different from the schools here. To begin with anybody could go to it, Catholics and Protestants. The classes started from class ten and went up to class one. Class ten was the same as primary one over here. The classrooms all opened onto the playground. In one part of the playground there were swings, and each class had a day for using them. As in the primary schools here, we were given a little bottle of milk each day, the only difference being that we had a choice of chocolate, strawberry or ordinary flavours. Someone came round each day to ask you what you wanted.



Although food could be bought in a supermarket, most of the fruit and vegetables and sometimes chickens were bought at an outdoor market. You could walk through the market and see women plucking and scalding chickens. My sister Susanna and I made friends with one of the stall owners who was a very nice man.

All the houses had high fences round about them and grills on all the windows to stop people getting in. There was also a very deep monsoon ditch round about them. This was to take away all the water that fell during the monsoon season. One

day one of our friends saw some Chinese boys dropping a paper bag down one of the monsoon ditches. She went over and saw that the bag was moving, so she got it out and inside was a puppy. She gave it to us because she already had a dog. The puppy had only a little stump for a tail because somebody had bitten it off when it was born. The reason that the puppy was dropped down into the ditch was because there were already a great number of stray dogs roaming around the streets and the boys probably couldn't afford to keep it.

Once we went to a Chinese village. All the houses were built on stilts to keep out the rats and to stop the houses getting damp.

Lynne Kerr, 3rd Year

First year chess club

Thomas Barrett 104

Very early in first year we were offered the chance of having a chess club to learn a little more about the game. Many pupils were interested and have retained this interest throughout the session. The club meets every week on a Tuesday between 12.30 and 1.30 and an average of 30 first year pupils attend with several seniors coming along to render assistance.

The chess beginner must first of all learn the names of the different chessmen, how they are arranged on the board and what the object of the game is.

Chess is played on a board with sixty-four squares coloured alternately light and dark and the board is always placed between the players so that each has a lighted-coloured square at his right-hand corner. The horizontal rows of squares are called "ranks" and the vertical rows are called "files".

A chess set consists of similar teams of sixteen "men", one light coloured, known as white, and the other dark coloured, known as black. The player using the white set is called "White" and his opponent "Black". White always moves first.

The term "man" is used to refer to any of these on the board, including the pawns, but the term "piece" refers to any of the men other than the pawns. Both players have teams of: 8 pawns; 2 rooks or castles (usually called rooks); 2 Knights, 2 Bishops, 1 Queen and 1 King.

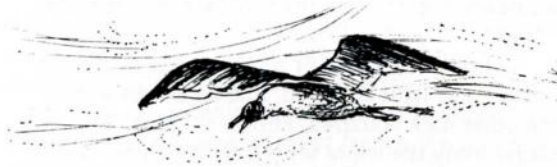
Of course, we in the chess club have gone much further than this and are now getting to the stage where we will be prepared to challenge Bobby Fischer.

Solitude

The gentle breeze brushed against her cheek, giving her a strangely refreshing sense of comfort. The steady lap of the blue waters against the rocks — rocks smoothed with the years, mellowed with age — seemed somehow to produce a calmness in her soul and to banish that terrifying, consuming hate which recently had grown up inside her. The cries of the sea-gulls by their very persistence cut right through to her innermost mind, breaking down the shell she had mentally built for herself to hide in.

Why, she kept asking herself, why did it always have to end this way?

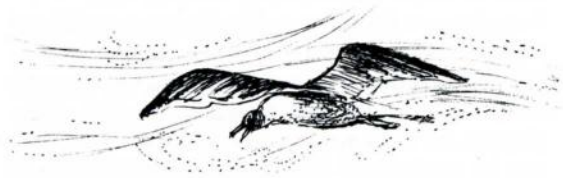
That morning Sheila had wakened happily, inspired early by those bright rays of sunshine which had succeeded in penetrating the chinks in her carelessly drawn bedroom curtains. This, she realised, was her best chance of "turning over a new leaf", "making a fresh start" — whatever she, or other people, called it, the fact remained the same. This was a new day, a different day. It was her birthday and with its dawning she had literally sprung out of bed, determined that from now on and above all else she would do everything she possibly could to be tolerant and understanding. She had quickly thrown on her clothes and had crept carefully down the stairs, excited with apprehension as each one moaned listlessly under her feet. She had prepared a simple breakfast hurriedly and quietly in case she should rouse anyone, then she had made to go out — only to be halted by the voice of her mother, not, as in the old days, warm and concerned and comforting, but now shrill and with an increasingly familiar tone of criticism, begrudgement and jealousy.



The predictable scene which followed had left Sheila sobbing with bitterness and confusion until, more in hurt than in anger, she had rushed from the house with her mother's accusing words still ringing in her ears.

The route she had found herself instinctively taking led through a series of quiet country lanes to a small secluded beach rarely visited except by a few passing tourists in the summer months. On that particular morning the birds were singing, and

although her heart was bursting with pain and anguish, she could not keep herself from responding to the sweetness and stillness of the atmosphere around her. Even the air held a special fragrance, as if the scent of every flower had come together. Eventually, Sheila's feelings had turned to sadness. If only her father could have been here. He had loved the early morning, the way the sunlight danced through the hedges making the dew sparkle, the trees sighing and stretching themselves in the breeze, the sound of the waves washing over the clean sands.



It was the piercing sound of the gulls crying as they swooped and circled from the rocks where she had been sitting, she knew not now long, that brought Sheila back to reality and out of her self-pity. She felt now that this was all it amounted to. Since her father had died, everything had changed, especially her mother. Almost overnight she had become clinging and possessive, and now she constantly nagged at Sheila for being out late, for mixing with the wrong friends, for not dressing "properly", for spending too much, for not studying enough — in fact, for almost anything and everything that took Sheila away from her house, away from her mother. And even on this very special day it seemed to Sheila that she actually grudged her the solitude she so much needed, the solitude which, ironically, was slowly soothing and healing Sheila's bitterness and which would soon send her back to her mother just as determined as she was when she woke that morning to make a new and special attempt at tolerance and understanding.

For the birds were still singing; the sea was still tirelessly and constantly ebbing and flowing, giving and taking; and this, despite the morning's confrontation with her mother, was still her chosen day for new beginnings. These were things her father had always understood; things which Sheila felt she was only beginning to understand. She looked outwards to where sea and sky seemed to merge, blurring their distinctive separateness, coming together perfectly to form a wholeness which Sheila found not only fascinating, but also somehow reassuring as she gathered herself up, turned away from the sea and looked inland to where the smoke from the village

chimneys curled upwards unhurriedly until it was finally absorbed in the blueness of the clear mid-day sky.

She thought about her mother, and she thought about herself. No, there was no reason why it always had to end "this way" – the way it had ended that morning. Life was too short and far too important for that.

Cecilia Bradley, 4th Year



Belgian Trip

During the Easter vacation, a number of 1st and 2nd Year pupils, under the guidance of Mr. and Mrs. McKinley, Mrs. McGuinness, Mrs. Parker, Mr. Dewar and Mr. Mousley, visited the town of Blankenberge in Belgium.

En route, they managed to fit in a sight-seeing tour of London, and, in the course of their stay, they also visited the old town of Bruges, had a day in Holland, visited Ostende and spent an afternoon at the Meli Pleasure Gardens which are right next to the French border.

All this, in addition to the luxury of the Hotel Littoral and the many attractions of Blankenberge itself, which boasted a superb swimming pool, a variety of go-carts, pleasure arcades, discos, supermarkets, coffee shops, very expensive sweet shops and, of course, endless souvenir shops.

The Hunt

The blades of grass were streaked with gold light as the sun slowly set over the moors.

The vixen lay back contented as three small warm bodies nuzzled close to her. Slowly she

dragged herself to her feet and tried to urge her cubs to a safer, less exposed spot on the moors. Just as they started to move off, the vixen turned. Slowly her hackles rose. She smelled the smell of danger, the smell of man – her one real enemy. Without hesitating, she pushed the cubs into the safety of the den and set off up the grassy slope rising before her.

As she ran she heard the sound of the hunting horns – not a sweet musical sound but a sharp, penetrating noise.

A nagging pain began to run along her spine. Her sides were red and sore where she had dragged herself through cruelly-spined gorse bushes.

Turning and twisting this way and that she saw visions of hounds baring cruel fangs. With one last effort she scurried half-falling down the scree of loose pebbles before her.

Suddenly she heard the sound she was longing to hear – the cool babbling sound of the river running its quiet course. With a burst of renewed energy she rushed down to the river bank forgetting her aching limbs.

She plunged into the cool effervescent water where it shone and sparkled on the river bed.

On the opposite bank, the hounds were in a state of frenzy and confusion. They had lost the scent. Slowly the vixen climbed up out of the river. Her wounds still smarting, she crept into the shade of the trees and began to make the long trek back to the den – content to have saved her offspring once again.

Suzanne McCulloch, 2nd Year



Seniors on retreat

No, you're wrong! It's not that the juniors have revolted against the prefects (revolting little lot!). Nor is it that the teachers have decided (although there is reputed to be a substantial body of staff-room opinion in favour of deciding) "to take up arms against a sea of troubles".

It is simply a brief report of some excellent weekends spent by various groups of senior pupils at Fatima House — or, as it is more commonly known, Coodham.

The first visit saw six quite innocent sixth-year girls and a couple of equally innocent sixth-year boys commit themselves to a few days of 'contemplation' — completely unaware of what a Coodham Weekend Retreat would really involve. A very warm welcome from Fr. Mel and some of the other Passionist Fathers soon dispelled our initial apprehensions, and since we lived fairly near to Coodham, we had arrived first and had taken our pick of the bedrooms — long before the Glasgow pupils had even arrived. One up for us! But the rivalry didn't last long, especially since the themes for this Retreat were Community and Love.

Our next Coodham Weekend was probably even better than the first. This time we knew the 'ropes', we knew the leaders and we knew exactly what to expect from the talks and group discussions. The theme for this Retreat was the Mass, and I think I'm right in saying that we all found it very honest and very practical and down-to-earth in dealing with the sort of problems that most of us have to cope with.

Next time round was a special Retreat for our school only, with Fr. Flynn and Sr. Teresa arranging for thirty-four of us to go to Coodham for three days midweek. Apart from the added bonus of getting off school, this one was really different. For a start, the weather was very cold, so cold that even the pond was frozen and we were able to walk across it. Well, a few of the braver ones did! What was perhaps more important, however, was that this time there were no separate group discussions. Everyone talked about everything. This, as those of you who know us well will appreciate, was a great success — even if only at the level of improved personal relationships. And at a mere cost of £5, what more can you really ask for?

No doubt in the course of this session there will be similar retreats arranged. They really are great

fun and they are of great personal value; so, if the opportunity to go to a Coodham Retreat comes your way, take our advice — don't miss it!

Josephine Mellan, 6th Year

The end of the world

Running around in utter confusion . . .

Is it real or just an illusion?

Down from the sky comes a noise like thunder . . .

No-one has time to stop and wonder!

Everyone's hurrying, trying to pack . . .

From under the ground comes an ear-splitting crack!

Now they're all running, a terrible rush . . .

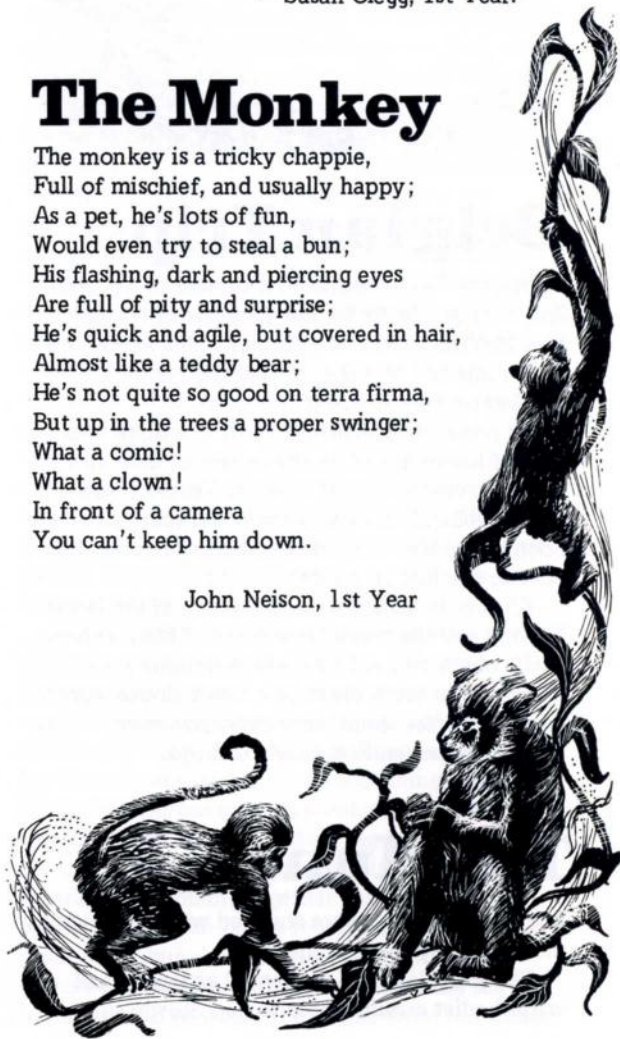
All has gone silent . . . now there is . . . hush . . .

— Susan Clegg, 1st Year.

The Monkey

The monkey is a tricky chappie,
Full of mischief, and usually happy;
As a pet, he's lots of fun,
Would even try to steal a bun;
His flashing, dark and piercing eyes
Are full of pity and surprise;
He's quick and agile, but covered in hair,
Almost like a teddy bear;
He's not quite so good on terra firma,
But up in the trees a proper swinger;
What a comic!
What a clown!
In front of a camera
You can't keep him down.

John Neison, 1st Year



The Guitar

Making it...



After the success of his earlier guitar-making class, when seven instruments were made, Mr. Colgan decided to open his class again last year. Two boys were involved – Peter Cassidy and Henry Dore. Despite its continued success, however, Mr. Colgan still has some reservations:

"Unfortunately, the boys must be chosen by myself since the work involved is extremely demanding if a playable instrument is to be produced. Also, the class must be kept small so that individual attention is possible throughout construction. For the technical – 22 fret neck; body join at 16th fret; scale length $23\frac{1}{2}$ "; one pick up in bridge position; body in Jelutong (painted) or Mahogany (natural); choice of body shapes between Fender Stratocaster or Travis Bean Artist, both with similar neck in Travis Bean style."

When the class first began the cost of an instrument was in the region of £8, but with last year's inflation that went up to £12. This year it will probably rise again, but not, it is hoped, by so much. The money is needed to buy the pick up, fret wire and machine-heads. Everything else is made.

... and playing it

The guitar-playing class, organised by Mr. Rennie, concentrates on Plectrum Guitar Playing and tries to cover most of the styles used in JAZZ, BLUES and ROCK MUSIC.

Usually each group of lessons consists of:

1. Learning the chord shapes to a given piece of music and developing a reasonable tone when playing chords.
2. Memorising a solo, written or recorded, by a particular guitarist, based on the previous chord structure.
3. Constructing original solos, using the same basic chord sequence as before.

At various stages – some musical theory is introduced – why a C9 chord is a C9 chord for instance – and all the time, of course, the students are encouraged to experiment for themselves. This session the class will be held at lunch times on Mondays and Tuesdays.

The Lion

The king of beasts so aptly named
In the jungle reigns supreme;
His mighty roar and flashing teeth
Strike terror to the scene.

From regal eyes 'neath chestnut mane
He marks another meal;
His claws, his strength, his agile length
His prey shall surely feel.

His golden coat now smeared with blood
His eyes are searching still;
He strides away perhaps to play
Till again he is ready to kill.

Rosemary Campbell, 2nd Year

F.P. wins post graduate honour

Eileen McNairney of Dalry, who left St. Michael's in 1973, has been awarded the coveted McGill Scholarship for 1977/78.

In June of this year, Eileen successfully completed her M.A. (Hons.) degree at Glasgow University, studying English Literature and Latin. Having been chosen from over twenty possible candidates after a lengthy interview procedure, she now sets out for Montreal in Canada as this year's Exchange Scholar at McGill University, where she will take a one year post-graduate M.A. degree in English Literature.

4th year take a close look at Pennyburn - Phase One

When Mr. Cassidy suggested that as part of our English work we might like to try a real exercise instead of all the stuff in the books, we thought of things like going round the local shops or factories. Then, because it was easier to organise and get out to, we finally decided to prepare a sheet of questions which would help us to get a better picture of the sort of people who live in the Pennyburn scheme which is just next to the school. It took us quite a long time to agree on all the questions, and we also found it difficult to work out the right wording. In the end we finished up with thirteen questions which we had to get typed and duplicated. Then we went out and put all the sheets through the letter-boxes with a little note from the Rector explaining what it was about. Later we went to each house and asked if they had managed to complete the questions. This was the most embarrassing bit, but also sometimes the most interesting, just talking to the people on their doorstep. Some of them even gave us a cup of tea. There are 480 houses in the scheme and we got 114 forms filled up.

Here are some of the questions:

- How many children are there in the family?
- Where did you live before you moved to Pennyburn?
- How many people in the family are out at work?
- Why did you come to live in Pennyburn?
- Do you keep any pets?
- What do you use your garden for?
- How many motor vehicles do you own?
- Where is your vehicle kept?
- Where does the main money earner in the family work?
- What are the advantages and the disadvantages of living in Pennyburn?

When asked about the advantages of living in Pennyburn, there were lots of interesting replies: it is close to the seashore and my children have a garden to play in; compared to a top-flat Glasgow tenement, it is heaven; the traffic-free concept of the radial road system; agreeable outlook from houses onto the landscaped grounds; near the town, yet far enough away for peace and quiet; most of all, the nice people – we all feel part of the community; as an insurance agent, it is handy for my collections.

Among the disadvantages were: too close to ICI fumes; stray cats and dogs; too near your neighbours – you're living in each other's pockets and the sound-proofing between the houses is dreadful; no nearby chemist; the rents are too high.

The survey produced some very surprising results:

73% of the sample kept a pet of some description, with dogs being easily the most popular.

38% of the homes had the mother out working. 20% were working full-time, 18% were working part-time.

12% was the average annual birth rate over the past 3 years. That would mean about 50 babies a year.

57% of the sample came to Pennyburn for housing, 39% came for work, and 4% came for better social amenities.

43% of the sample came from Glasgow. 20% came from elsewhere in Strathclyde. 13% came from Ayrshire. 10% came from elsewhere in Scotland. 14% came from outside Scotland.

48% of vehicle owners used a rented Corporation garage. 52% kept their vehicle outside.

61% worked in the Irvine New Town Area.



Time

Time, the monster which rules us and by which we run our social and our working lives. It always seems that we just have to be on time, running to some sort of schedule, watching the seconds stretching into minutes, the hours growing into days and weeks and months and years. We have our times for getting up, for going to work, for eating, for starting, for finishing, for relaxing, for meeting our friends, for going to bed. What we tend to forget in our obsession with the details of time is that, relatively speaking, we only have a very limited and a very short time in which to live. Our time, therefore, is precious, for when we die our clocks die with us and a different time takes over – the timelessness of death, where the measurement is not in years, but in eternity.

I think it is fair to say that in the day-to-day sense time is not really all that important – although, admittedly, forgetting time and turning our clocks to the wall would perhaps throw our insignificant little lives into a fair degree of confusion, but this might not in itself be necessarily a bad thing.

After all, in the centuries gone flittingly by, time was not quite so obviously man's master. The ordinary, country peasant had no electric alarm, no B.B.C. time checks, no seventeen-jewelled Sekonda. Yet he survived. He unwittingly got up when the sun rose, had his cider and brown bread when the sun was directly overhead and went back to his bed at sundown. A logical and rewarding and relaxing way of living God's gift to men.

Why then do we in our day feel compelled to rush madly about, frantically looking at our watches and making futile remarks like "Is that

the time already?" or "Doesn't time fly when you're busy?" Could it be that our obsession with time is really little more than a thinly disguised indication of our instinctive fear of death?

Unfortunately, time does go on and on, and very unfortunately we do not. But I don't really have time to go into that.

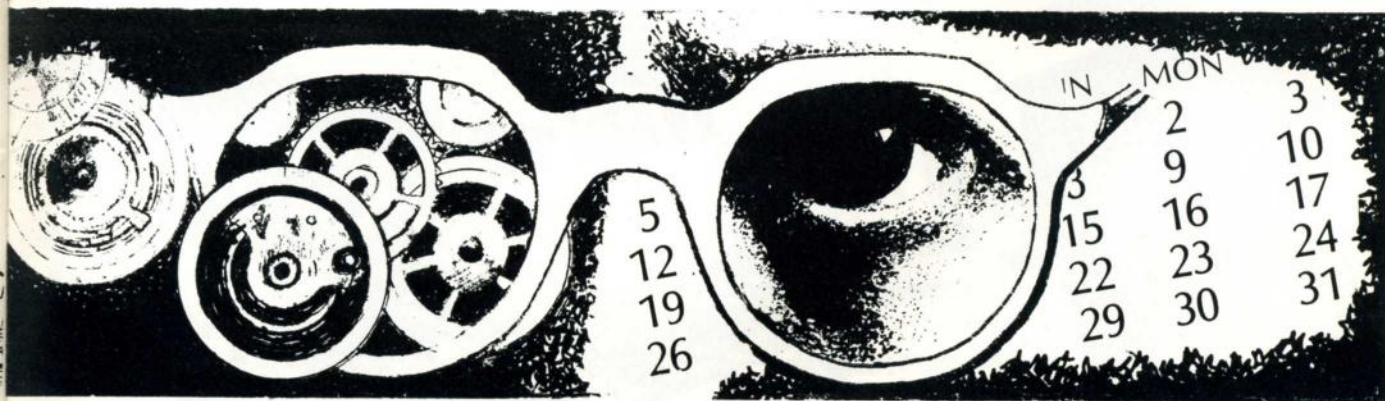
It is many timely millions of years since life first began, since monstrous animal creatures lumbered awkwardly over earth's surface, since huge reptiles and fish-like creatures paddled the deep caverns of earth's virgin waters, since primitive man painstakingly discovered the skills and techniques necessary for human survival.

A few years have passed since then. Now amazingly advanced almost computerised versions of the human species grace the earth, brainwashed, it seems, by the idea that this is the time for which men have always been waiting – the time of peace and equality.

Nothing, of course, could be further from the truth. For the vast national or multi-national industrial groups, time is money. Time for the nervous London businessman is a matter of market trends – short-term gains or losses, long-term securities. At the other end of the scale, however, there are still the simple tribes of desert nomads, wandering at will, and with all the time in the world to wander in. Time for the hungry child is something painfully and silently to be endured. Time for the leper is an endless watching while his aching body decays.

I suppose that in the end, in the final analysis as they say, time does not really exist. It is nothing but a convenient device for the ordering of our lives. It is not something to be feared. When we speak of wasting time, what we are really talking about is the wasting of our own lives.

Alison Foy, 5th Year.





St Michael's COLLEGE



One more incident...

'Right! One more – just one more incident, like this – and you'll all go to the back of the queue!' The momentary pause before it registered, then the unanswerable roar of derisive laughter. Nothing for it, but to laugh with them. I'd blew it.

Another teacher had bitten the dust.

'Hi, Sir, we've tae get in first fur five-a-sides . . . !'
'Note?'

'Here-it-is-Sur-fra-Mr. Mousley. Am McDowell – he's Connell, he's Duffy and that yin there wi' the yella jersey's McCallum.'

'Sur, whit aboot guitars?'

'Guitar pupils go in afterwards'

'Sur, the camera club?'

'After the guitars . . . !'

'Sur, the debating society.'

'The what?'

'Only kiddin!'

'Sur, Ah washed my jeans last night – !'

'Excellent, Johnstone – keeps you off the streets.'

'Ah bit, ma dinner ticket wis inside them . . . '

'Sur, ah furgoat my ticket.'

'No ticket, no meal!'

'Sur, that's no fair, so it isnae.'

'True, but that's the way it is.'

'Sur, ah'll bring the money the-morra.'

'Right, I'll enter you among my debtors.'

'Sur, he skipped!'

'Who did?'

Chorus of female voices: 'Sur, him!'

Him: 'Sur, ah did nut! It wis him!'

'The pair of you to the rear!' I feel like Sergeant McKay in "Porridge."

They depart, looking daggers at the female informers who smirk triumphantly. Mr. Gray, the janitor, retrieves his bunnit for the umpteenth time as I squeeze past him to see the younger generation dine.

'Sur, the salt went all over my cheese . . . the top came off . . . '

'Hey, is-there-ony-water-in-that-jug-you?'

'Close that window! – You girls, move right up! Single file! There's no need to squeeze one another like that!'

'Sur, there's no spoons!'

'All the plates back, please! Don't leave any behind!'

'Sur, ah took ma plate back!'

'mr. Maxwell, that boy's been up twice for chips!'

The sound of breaking crockery, followed by a general cheer momentarily interrupts the activity.

'Girls, don't sit at those tables now. We're trying to

clear them. Move over to the centre'.

'Sur, can ah hae a slip, please?'

'Any money?'

'Yes, Sur.'

'You can have a slip. I never say no to money!' The pressure is easing, so I'm waxing humorous.

'Plates back! Who's soup plate is that? Yours?'

'No, Sur!' with righteous indignation, 'Ah hate soup!'

'Who put that link into the glass water?'

Chorus at table: 'Oh gads!'

'Will I take it away or does anyone want it?'

Chorus at table: 'Aw, Sur!'

'O.K., I'll leave it!'

'Girls, you were told: keep away from that side!'

'Sur, it wisna us . . . '

'Oh, move anyway . . . '

'Sur, can ah have a slip?'

'Any money?'

'Sur, Ah'll bring it the morra . . . '

'I don't know, Donnelly, your credit's running low . . . '

'Sur, Ah will. Honestly . . . '

Mrs. Quinn or Mrs. McIntyre and Helen are stacking chairs, glasses, plates, cloths, jugs, pupils shouting all the while . . .

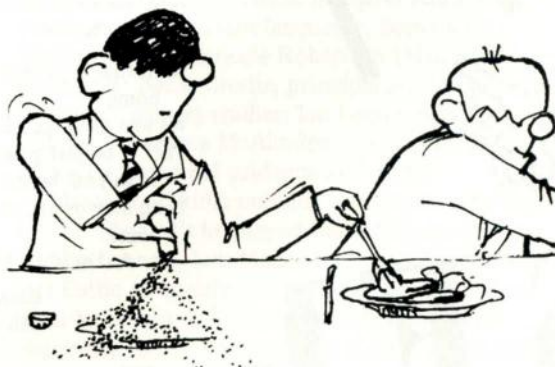
'Why are you girls always last?'

'Sur we forgot . . . '

Slowly the tide ebbs, the pupils disappear, the tables clear, the chairs get stacked; our band of helpers push the trolleys round collecting the glasses, salt cellars, table cloths, abandoned cutlery . . .

Then everything goes quiet, except for the ladies washing up in the kitchen and the fading voices of the helpers retreating along the corridor with their hard-earned bit of cake. Another day; another little miracle; another incident . . .

Hamish Rhinaboot.



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SEPT 24



AUTUMN FAYRE

Forget na whyles oor autumn fayre
 Tae pass it up ye winda' dare
 It will be a' laid oot wi' care
 For your befittin'
 There's nae excuse ye'll no' be
 there . . .
 Unless ye're flittin'.

Cake and candy a' hame made
 Oan the girdle I think 'twas said
 Ye'll get yer farin' when it's weighed
 And nae mistakin'
 Your likin' sure will never fade
 Fur guid hame bakin'.

Nearly new and unco guid
 Tae dress a king it surely wid
 So cam ye early, make your bid
 When price is slashed
 Ye'll be fu' glad that this ye did
 An' no' be fasht.

There's games o' chance for you tae
 try
 For auld and young and no' sae spry
 And nane amang ye will deny
 It's fair excitin'
 The prizes we could scarcely buy
 At time o' writin'

Wines and spirits a' ye'll haud
 A bottle stall I think it's ca'd
 Groanin' there beneath it's load
 It's worth a visit
 A winnin' ticket might be odd,
 Or even, is it.

Goods that's fancy, flooers that's
 braw
 Beat the goalie wi' the ba'
 Skippit roon an' have a jaw
 Wi' freends ye'll see
 And hae afore ye're skint awa'
 A cuppa tea.

We'll thank ye noo for things tae
 come
 We ken ye'll spend a mighty sum
 Tho' it be just your minimum
 It will na' lessen
 Lang may your lum reek, mair than
 some
 - An' here's a blessin!

Campbell Burns,
 5th Year.

24

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SEPT 24



SEPT



SEPT 24

WANTED!



The class of '23 (i.e. 1923)! At least that is when we think this St. Michael's photograph was taken. It may well be that we are wrong by a year or two. If you recognise yourself or anyone else, please let us know by writing to Sister Dominic Savio at the school.

Notes about Former Pupils

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

And what a lot we have to talk about after a space of nine years!

In another section of this magazine we have bemoaned the losses of a number of our 'old contemptibles', our veteran troops, so to speak, and so perhaps we should reassure you, especially if you left St. Michael's more than twenty years ago, that there are still some elder statesmen amongst us looking, if possible, even wiser than when you knew them, Mr. Mellan, Mr. Leishman, Mr. Campbell . . . and we still have a reasonable number of former pupils on our staff: Mary Whiston, assistant principal guidance and maths; Margaret McGuinness (nee Dorrian), principal maths; Grace McKinley (Garland), principal remedial subjects; Marie Conway, principal business studies; Frances Murphy, history; Helen Timmons, home economics; Doreen Higgins, secretary; Joan McCutcheon (Cullinane), secretary; Peter McCourt, asst. principal maths; Brendan Dorrian, asst. rector and maths; Charles Scullion, asst. rector and P.E.;

James McKinley, principal guidance and chemistry; Tom Nellany, assistant principal art; Sean Pentleton, principal physics; David McIlroy, P.E.; John Walsh, biology; Leslie Carr, biology; James McDonald, audio-visual technician; and, until last Christmas, Vanna Cummings (Del Greco).

Maria Dorrian was also on our staff until she left for St. Joseph's at the end of the 1975-76 session. In Kilmarnock she joined another coterie of our former pupils: Patricia Scullion (Brodie), principal remedial subjects; Margaret Anne Reid (McGuinness), modern languages; Bernadette McCourt, P.E.; Marjorie Robertson (Mailer), chemistry; Benet Brodie, principal art; Brian Reid, principal business studies; Ian Logue, principal physics; Lawrence McAlinden, maths; and Aidie McKellar, principal guidance and music.

Mention of Aidie reminds us that when he first left St. Michael's he played for Celtic along with Bobby Lennox, Lou Macari and Jim Clarke. Aidie left Celtic to qualify as a music teacher and thereafter he taught in St. Andrews until his recent departure to St. Joseph's. Lou Macari, of course,

has achieved wide fame as a professional footballer, playing for Celtic, Manchester United and Scotland. Our latest contribution to Celtic is Frank Breslin, while Paul Clarke plays for Kilmarnock. Another boy who turned to professional football when he left school was John Murray. Now, however, he lives in Barrhead with his wife and three children and is an assistant branch manager of the Abbey National Building Society. His brother, Joseph, was even better known as a footballer, playing for Newcastle United and Stoke City, until he decided to abandon the pitch to study for the priesthood. He was ordained by Cardinal Gray in St. Brendan's, Saltcoats, in March, 1974 and now is serving as a priest in the archdiocese of St. Andrews and Edinburgh. He returned to St. Michael's to celebrate one of his first Masses. We also congratulate Father Daniel Hainey and Father Patrick Keegans, both of whom have been ordained since our last magazine in 1968, and also Sister Davina McManus who has recently taken our vows as a Notre Dame Sister.

Father Murray's other brother, Michael, who taught in St. Michael's for a time, is an assistant rector in St. Andrew's Academy. With him there are our other former pupils: Moira McVeigh, modern languages; Alice Hainey (Brown), assistant principal English; Winifride Dorrian (Conway), P.E.; Cissie Leonard (McGrath), history; Ellen Trayner, geography; Dr. Robin Reid, principal biology; Paul Devine, guidance and P.E.; Patrick Trayner, biology; George McGrattan, guidance and physics; Genia Fraser, business studies; Marysia Kolodziej, modern languages; Charles McRoberts, chemistry; Peter Timmons, chemistry; Tom Fenney, English. Terry McGibbons and his wife, Kathleen (Finn) both teach French in the Sacred Heart School, Girvan.

We have been pleased, too, to have news of our former pupils in Queen Margaret Academy: Philomena Davey, principal guidance and maths; Anne Donnelly, guidance and maths; Anne Mary McNamara, guidance and home economics; Noreen O'Shea, geography; Frances McLaughlin (Quinn), guidance and business studies; Patricia McGuffie (Whyte), principal biology; Michael Pratchett, principal guidance and technical subjects; and Bernard Finnigan, maths. We send our good wishes also to: John Murray, history, Ardrossan Academy; Kevin Dorrian, P.E. and Elizabeth Blake, business studies, Auchenhavie Academy; Elaine Bradford, modern languages, Mainholm Academy; William Monaghan, maths, Garnock Academy; and Edward Garland, West Kilbride Primary School. To our qualified teachers, graduates and others, who have

been unable to find posts, we extend our sincere sympathy and regrets.

Congratulations to Sister Cecilia (Julia Brosnan), a former pupil and former member of staff who in 1974 was awarded the Papal Cross 'Pro Ecclesia et Pontifice' for her fourteen years' service as headmistress of St. Vincent's School, London! She has now retired and is superior in a convent of the Sisters of Charity in Hereford.

Sister Anna (Hainey) was chosen two years ago as one of four Passionist Sisters sent to open a new convent in Vaxjo, Sweden, working with the Passionist Fathers who have been there twenty-five years. Their main work at present is giving religious instruction to both children and parents, not just Swedes but of eighteen different nationalities!

Those of you who attended St. Michael's in the 1920s will remember Agnes Milgrew now Sister Jane Frances, CP. Sister retired as Principal of St. Patrick's, Lochgelly, Fife a few years ago and, like Sister Anna, has gone off on a new mission to Carmarthen in South Wales, where she does catechetical work and parish visitation.

From our African missions we have had visits recently from Brother Lawrence Byrne CP and Sister Therese Martin, both of whom work in Botswana. We hear that George Burrows is out there too, although on a civil contract. Sister Anna (Delahunt) has also been home from the Killesno missions for a few years to graduate in English at Glasgow University and to train for teaching in Notre Dame. She spent part of her teaching practice in 1976 in St. Michael's. Unfortunately her studies were overshadowed by the illness of her father, with whom she stayed and who died in May, 1976. We extend our sympathy to her and to all our former pupils who have suffered bereavements since the publication of our last magazine.

We also mourn the deaths of a number of our younger former pupils, and even present ones: Edward Toher and Liam Quinn; Patrick McKelvey and Robert Quirk, James Mulgrew and Derek McIntyre; and Elizabeth Martin, all on the road; Eileen Martin, who was regnant Marymass Queen when she died in 1971 and is now commemorated by the Irvine Carters' Society in the Eileen Martin Marymass Stakes; Russell Maguire; and Tom Keenan, who was a meteorological officer and died in a domestic accident in the Persian Gulf. More recently we have heard of the deaths of Mr. Glover, a former teacher, and of Father Jim McHugh, parish priest of Dalry. May they rest in peace.

As always a number of our former pupils have

ventured overseas: Jim Scullion who capped his B.Sc. (Hons.), Glasgow with a further M.Sc. in tourism, is now working in Australia. John McPolin returned to Canada shortly after he left St. Michael's and has since done an accountancy course in Kingston, Ontario. Maria Murphy, now Mrs. Quinn, has just gone to Canada with her husband and baby. Margaret Cunningham, with her husband and child, now lives in Luxembourg. Brendan Cairney lives in Kuwait, where he has set up a heart and kidney unit. Captain J. P. Campbell now lives in Vancouver but recently managed a trip to Scotland and Stevenston in particular to renew his friendships over here. Marlene and Frank Hughes have a plumbing and heating business in British Columbia. Catherine Czerkowski who took an English (Hons.) degree in Edinburgh University, has published her own poetry and a book on fishing in Ayrshire and now teaches English in Finland. Frank and Margaret Cassellis are still in Canada and Dr. Charles McFarlane also practises there. Anne McGoogan is a secretary in Paris, while her sister, Elaine, works with the United Nations in Brussels. Angela McManus is also in Brussels. Stephen Reid and his wife, Margaret (Morris) and their child have just left for Johannesburg. Rita Twigg teaches in Germany, while Elizabeth Gately (McGlone) lives in far-distant Hong Kong.

Congratulations to Rena Dowds who was awarded the MBE for her work as secretary and Lady Consul to the British Ambassador in Addis Ababa, and who also gained prestige in being commissioned to meet the Tyler family at London Airport, when they managed to return to Britain after being held hostage in Ethiopia.

South of the border, Dr. Tom McFarlane is a senior registrar in obstetrics and gynaecology in a Manchester hospital, while his brother, Matthew, after graduating B.Sc. (Hons.) from St. Andrews, went to work with British Steel in Middlesbrough. Bernadette Magee, now Mrs. Cross, also lives there. Her sister, Teresa, and her brother, Paul, B.Sc. (Hons.) chemistry, Strathclyde, live in London, Paul working for Kodak. Veronica Ivory, now Mrs. Currie, also lives in London. Desmond Burke teaches in a secondary school in Fleetwood. George Gallagher, married with three children, works for an insurance company in Birmingham. Marie Greene nurses in a hospital in Kent, while her brother, Stewart, 'invades' England now and again in the Territorial Army. Jim Monaghan lives in St. Helen's with his family, Joseph McLaughlin, B.Sc. (Hons.), Glasgow, works in Telford New Town as a civil engineer. Moira Campbell, now Mrs. Auer, and

her family live in Cheshire, after extensive travels in Germany and Malaya. James Welsh followed his M.A. (Hons.) history, Glasgow, with a diploma in management studies and is now a trainee manager at Ford's, Enfield. Kathleen Ennis, now Mrs. Burbridge, lives in Kent.

Nearer home, Dr. Peter McGlone has settled in Irvine with his wife and three children after his wanderings in Cyprus and Germany. Dr. Tom Beattie has followed his brilliant undergraduate career by becoming a surgeon in Glasgow, while Dr. Tony Timmons has just taken up a practice in Largs. Michael Timmons gained a first class honours degree in science in Glasgow, followed it with research for the M.Sc. degree and then went to St. Andrews to study medicine. Joseph Timmons has qualified as a member of the Institute of Bankers and works in the foreign department in Glasgow. In May, he refereed the Scottish Junior Cup Final between Kilbirnie and Kirkintilloch at Hampden Park. The match was televised live and in the Kilbirnie team was Ian Baillie, with David McIlroy also in the pool. Mary Timmons has recently won prizes in Latin Literature and Scottish History at Glasgow University.

Congratulations to Joseph Donnelly, who after graduating first class honours in history in Glasgow proceeded to Cambridge to do research on some Durham medieval charters, thus becoming our first former pupil to study at either Oxford or Cambridge. After two years in Cambridge, Joseph has returned to Scotland to train as a history teacher, while still continuing his researches. His sister, Jennifer, is training as a speech therapist.

We are delighted to note the following matrimonial partnerships amongst our former pupils since 1968: Anne Byrne and Terry McDonald; Eleanor Hall and William Barr; Anne Milgrew and Dr. Tony Timmons; Abina Lehane and Jim Kennedy; Anne Murray and Jim Cunningham; Angela Hickey and Liam Morran; Anne Marie Mullen and Charles McRoberts; Joyce McLaughlin and Tom Feeney; Mairi Montgomerie and Tom Murphy; Veronica Finnie and Trevor Riley; Elizabeth McKelvey and Paul Devine; Kathleen Newell and Peter Reid; Frances Quinn and Francis McLaughlin; Anne Baillie and John McVeigh; Linda Ferguson and Anthony Long; Paula Dickie and Jim Calderwood; Sally Ballantyne and Robert Birmingham; Marie McQuaid and Stewart Rankine; Winifride Conway and Kevin Dorrian; Kathleen Johnson and John Martin; Anne McQuade and Edward McAvenna; Loretta Finn and Hugh Magee; Anne Giffney and George McGrattan; Catherine McLaughlin and Billy Higgins; Anne Hamilton and

Brian Monaghan; Susan Traynor and Danny Murray; Murray; Marion McDermid and John Monaghan; Winifride Hainey and Alessandro Del Greco; Anne Jenkins and John McLaughlin; and Patricia Walker and Joseph Timmons.

Congratulations to Jane McDermid who has graduated both M.A. (Hons.) and M. Litt. in history in Glasgow University and now lectures there in the modern history department while she reads for her Ph. D.

Needless to say, it was not possible for Britain to bring North Sea Oil ashore without the help of St. Michael's, and so you will not be surprised to hear that Brian Tomnay, Stephen Ried, Robert Shanks and the Rafferty family have all played their own part in the enterprise.

Some of our former pupils are busily educating the masterminds of the future in our primary schools: St. Peter's, Ardrossan: Jean Taylor, Rose McCann, Margaret McLaughlin, Winnie McLaughlin (Bradie), Kathleen McIlroy, Patricia Smith, Mirella Badiali, Katherine Cassidy, Anne Petrie, Anna Brennan (Pillu), Anne Boyd (Smith), Jean Cannon, Anne McCulloch (Pentleton), Moira Brady (Quigg), and Agnes Leahy (Murray). St. Mary's Saltcoats: Eileen Taylor (Smith), Susan Boylan, Bessie Delahunt (Brown), Elsie Brodie (Delahunt), Agnes Forbes (Delahunt), Isabel Garrett (Platt), Kathleen Hopewell (Marroni), Grace Garland, Aingie Slater (Smith), Margaret Millar (Tourney), Patricia Murray (Reid), and Anne McAuley (Murley). St. Brendan's, Saltcoats: Justine McAllister (O'Rourke), Jean Murray, Mary Murray, Rose Hand, Rosemary Reid, Kathleen Fraser (McGoogan), Anne Marie McRoberts (Mullen), Theresa Loudon (Giffney), Margaret Monaghan, Anne Cahill, Neil McKay. St. John's, Stevenston: Betty McArdle (Lennon), Ina McKay (Neeson), Colette Donnachie, Janet Proctor, Anne Hughes, Sadie Brayford (Higgins), Bernadette Clarke (Doran), Maureen McNeill (McKee), Lilian Devine (O'Rawe), Helen Kennedy, Katie Smyth (Conlan), Mary Murphy (Philips), Cathie Boyd (Quinn), Sadie Clegg (McQuade), Molly Gordon (Northcote), Grace Forde (White), and Peter Browne. St. Luke's, Kilwinning: Annie Ferguson (Conlan), Susan Garland (Townesley), Catherine Gallagher (McArdle), Stella Reid (Walsh), and Hugh Nocker. St. Winin's, Kilwinning: Anna Grymes (Cameron), Mary Kelly (Pentleton), Agnes Devine (McAtee), Mary Wallace (McGleave), Marie McMahon, Anne Monaghan (Hamilton) and Theresa McCann (Murphy). St. Mary's, Irvine: Ray McMillan (Quinn), Margaret O'Brien (Pentleton), Marion Monaghan (McDermid); Anne McCafferty

(Myles), Theresa Hunter (Wallace), Joyce Feeney (McLaughlin), Mary Tannock (O'Hagan), Josie Mellan (Quinn), Vera Nugent (Ryan Doyle), Hilda Lennox, Anne Cunningham (Murray), and until recently Helen Adams (McRoberts). St. Mark's, Irvine: Elizabeth Freeman (Pentleton), Veronica Stevenson (McGhie), Helen Swan (McLean), Jean Diamond, Eileen Fischer, and Margaret Bennett (Curran). St. Bridget's, Kilbirnie: Catherine McGinty, Elizabeth Little, Moira Kernahan, Letitia Donnelly and Jackie Moore. St. Palladius', Dalry: Mina McGleave and Janet Farrell. St. Patrick's, Troon: Nancy Duffin, Moira Lindsay (Wallace), Catherine O'Donnell (Lunardi), Mary Smith (McDermott) and Anne McAllister (Convery). Mount Carmel, Kilmarnock: Annie Quinn. St. Matthew's, Kilmarnock: Moira Farrell, Rose McFarlane (McCaffrey) and Janette Brown, and Naomi Curran teaches in the Craig Residential School, Crosshouse. Helen Tonner (Flynn) is headmistress of St. Francis Xavier's, Waterside and Pauline Kernahan is headmistress of an infants' school in Johnstone. What Brains of Britain will emerge from such tutors?

Those of you who have left St. Michael's in recent years may remember that Sheila Cherry was chosen to represent Irvine New Town in an exchange visit to Irvine Ranch, Los Angeles, California in 1972. Sheila seems to have been born with a silver spoon in her mouth, for when she went on to Notre Dame as the first of our former pupils to specialise in divinity in the B. Ed. degree, she was chosen to represent Scotland in the BBC TV quiz programme, 'What's It All About?'. Now she teaches in Edinburgh and, no sooner had she arrived arrived ther than (would you believe it?) she was chosen as one of the young graduates to meet H.R.H. Prince Charles on one of his recent visits to the capital!

If variety is the spice of life, there must be a liberal sprinkling of it in St. Michael's that leads our pupils to the diversity of careers illustrated below. On the one hand we have Marie Smith, now a qualified dentist and living in Edinburgh and Patricia Jane McNamara a chiropodist with the Ayrshire and Arran Health Board; Pearl Murphy a theatre sister in the Royal Alexandra Infirmary, Paisley; Anne McKay, now Mrs. Cameron, working for the Hannah Research Institute in Ayr; Raymond Raymond Quirk, a staff nurse in Dykebar Psychiatric Hospital, Paisley and his brother, Eugene, a staff nurse in Inverness and, on the other hand, we have Victor Kytzia a marketing representative for Hyster's, Irvine; James Cairney a European overseas adviser for the same firm; Eric

Dempsey a managerial accountant with Initial Towel Services and John Breslin working in the advertisement department of British Rail. Then we have Drew Lusk, after training successfully as an architect, deciding to train as that precious education commodity, a technical teacher while Pauline Myles holds a good secretarial post in Irvine. John McCormick works in the education branch of BBC, while Maria Donnelly is a house administrator with a Glasgow hotel and her brother, John, is an under manager of Fraser's Kilmarnock store. John Quirk is a chemist in the BP labs in Gragemouth, while Gerard is a plant operator in Beecham's, Irvine. Terry Erskine works for the Prudential Insurance Co., while Sam Martin gives specialised advise in a paper mill in Johnstone. Elma Garland married and fled to Skye, while James McKinley also married and continues his electrical pursuits in Prestwick, and Monica McManus, now Mrs. Lynas, lives in Hamilton. Tim Hickey works as an architect with Scottish Theatre, while James McCormick is our parents' representative on the North Ayrshire Schools Council. Maura Taylor followed her English (Hons.) degree with social studies and now works with youth in a List D school. Marie Shevlin, now Mrs. Hodgart, graduated B.Sc. in Pyschology and Chemistry last year and is now taking a post-graduate diploma in careers guidance in Strathclyde University. She is also a member of the British Association of Teachers of Dancing and in her spare time produces concerts for charity and local causes. And then there are all those past pupils who are keeping the wheels of industry moving on the factory floor or painting, plumbing, joining and selling. And there is James Jennings, who stood as a Parliamentary candidate in Perth in 1966 and is now a Strathclyde Regional Councillor for the Garnock Valley area and Vice-Chairman of the Regional Police and Fire Committee. He also sits on the Strathclyde Buildings and Properties Committee and has the distinction of being the only member from Cunninghame on the Regional Education Committee. Within Cunninghame, he acts as chairman of the District Licensing Court, the Accident Prevention Committee and the Crime Prevention Panel. Then there are the Governorships he holds of Marr College, The Scottish Police College and the West of Scotland Arricultural College, as well as his participation in the Schools Councils for the St. Michael's area and the Garnock Valley area. A man of many parts indeed, and a good example of the industry and diversity of talent which we hope will always be associated with the school.

We could go on for ever, but, alas, space does not permit! We hope you have enjoyed our chat, and we end these notes with a special word of encouragement to our former pupils in novitiate and seminary and to all of you we say, as Leo Walsh so often said, wherever you are and whatever you are, you are in our thoughts each time we say that familiar prayer: 'Divine Jesus, bless the pupils, past and present, of our school'.

25 years in office



Mr. McCutcheon making a presentation to Miss Doreen Higgins, who, after being a pupil of St. Michael's, has been our school secretary for the past twenty-five years.

Please write to us

We know that school magazines have a habit of finding themselves in the oddest and even the most remote corners of the world.

If this magazine reaches you or finds you somewhere you think might be of interest to us, please write and tell us.

In fact, if anyone has any news or views they think we should know of, we should be delighted to hear from them.

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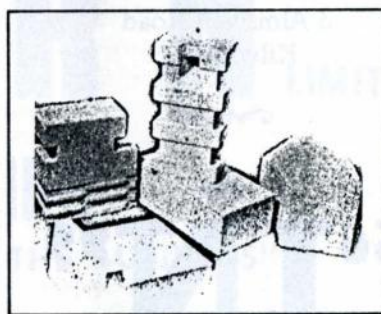
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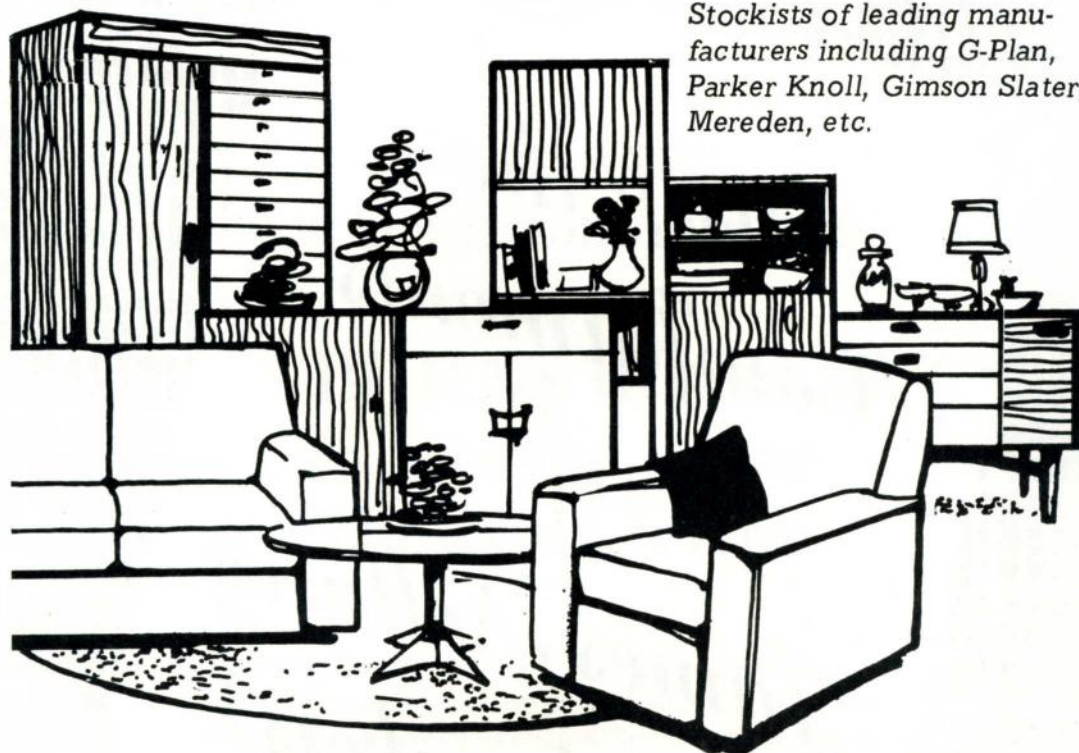
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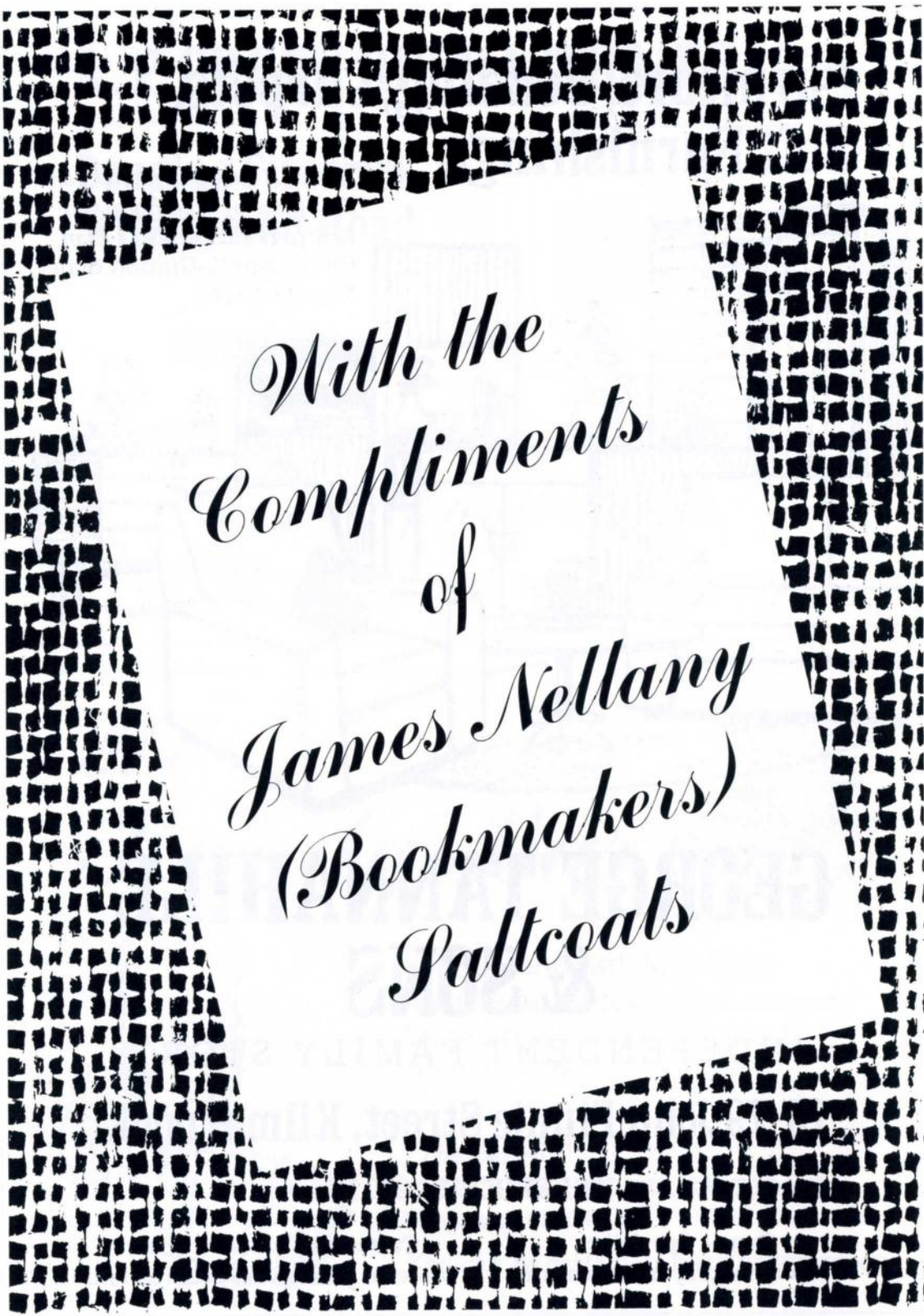
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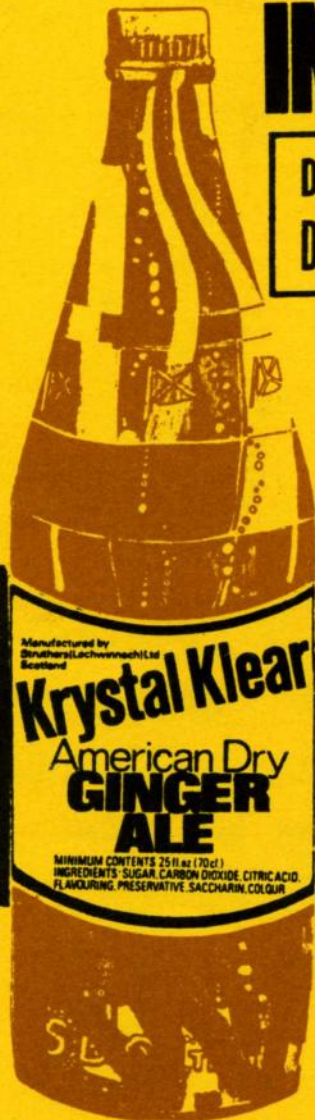
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