

## MAGAZINE SUPPLEMENT

We were unable to fit the following two articles into the magazine :-



Sister Joseph's Little Ladies by Sarah Clegg

Lead Thou Me On by Fr Peter Magee



### Sister Joseph's Little Ladies - St. Michael's College Irvine 1934

Fairy's - I mean Sr. Joseph's - little ladies had such a list of rules to learn and obey, it was a miracle that we had time for "formal education" For example -

#### LADIES

##### MUST ALWAYS

Wear uniform in school  
Wear gloves outdoors  
Wear hats  
Be polite  
Be kind  
Dress modestly  
Dress neatly

##### MUST NEVER

shout  
run (except during games)  
link arms  
chew or eat in the street  
speak while eating  
comb hair in public  
indulge in raucous laughter

I wonder if she had corresponding rules for boys. At that time, I didn't give that a thought. However, I'll bet she had many a laugh about her young College ladies. Like the time, for example, when Margaret, Anna and I had climbed the wall to the right of the toilets, as a short cut to the Moor. We had heaved our cases over, then climbed up and "dreeped" down at the other side.

Just as my head was disappearing behind the wall, I heard, "Little girls, come here !" So, we had to throw the cases back over, then climb up, dreep and stand to attention. "And where are your College hats, ladies? And your gloves?" A mad dive in the cases and we produced three folded hats and our gloves. The hats were stuck on our heads and the gloves pulled on. O.K. Sister, here are your three young ladies! We didn't actually say that, but she must have read the expression on our faces. "Now walk! Don't run! Don't climb! Use the gate! Off you go!"

I'm quite sure she must have laughed all the way to the Convent. I'm sure that she knew the hats and gloves were back where they belonged, the minute she was out of sight. And she must have heard the sound of galloping horses - or was it of stampeding elephants as her three little ladies "walked" to the gate.

#### St. Michael's College, Irvine - A Girl's-eye-view - 1934

In June I had my eleventh birthday. The summer holidays stretched before me, and I dreaded their ending. I was to be snatched from my Saltcoats based Primary school and thrown to the wolves! Well, not quite, but the big wide world was claiming me and sending me to St. Michael's College, in far away Irvine.

My big sister Cathie had just left there, after three years, but I was told I had to stay for six years. I was still very apprehensive, and tried not to think of it.

However, uniforms were essential, so I had to show some interest. For three days a week, girls wore navy blue dresses, long sleeves, high necks, white collars. We had to wear long black stockings - heavy knit - none of your nylon! Shoes were black too, and "unmentionables", navy blue. On the other two days, gym slips and white no-nonsense blouses - and ties - were to be worn. Hats, with the school badge and motto "Aeterna non caduca" - eternal things are non-perishable (I think) and gloves must always be worn. I knew all about this because my big sister told me. We had no information either from St. Michael's or St. Mary's!

On the Awful Day, I met my two friends at the station. Others were there too, I suppose, but I was too excited to notice. Even going on the train was exciting, but secretly I was scared stiff. I wished I could just have stopped growing any older at ten years and then I would not have had to face this. We were dropped off the train at Bogside Station, and had to walk the mile or so along the moor to reach the College.

Working near the station was an old man who started screeching at some of the big boys "Ah'm reporting you to the heid teacher." This, just because they were singing at/to him "Roosty beard, a penny a yaird, Tuppence a wee bit longer".

Anyway, we arrived! I couldn't believe a school could look like this. St. Mary's was a collection of tall, sandstone buildings (red) and grey sandstone sprawling buildings, with stoney playgrounds. Tenements overlooked three sides of the school, while the fourth side faced the Gas Works.

This place was modern, one storyed, tidy, clean, surrounded by two schools, a field and a moor. I was still scared!

Coming in the Moor Gate, as we did, and turning left, you reached, first the boys' toilets, then at a respectable distance, the girls' toilets.

Facing you now, was the Gym Hall - we didn't have one of those at St. Mary's. Past that, was a gate which led down to the Convent. Going right round the perimeter, you passed a field, Convent property, and out of bounds, then St. Mary's Primary School - not to be confused with the Saltcoats school. The very name made me homesick.

Next, there was a path leading to the Main Road - out of bounds! Turn there, and Irvine Royal Academy was on your left, at the other side of the wall, of course. Then the dinner hall was between you and the Moor Gate.

In the centre, surrounded partly by grass and partly by tarmac was the main school building. Now I was really scared!

The building was longer than it was broad. The hall was in the middle, with cloakrooms and classrooms all round. We had a Junior Girls' cloakroom, a Senior Girls' cloakroom and a junior Boys' cloakroom. No Senior Boys' cloakroom, because we had no senior boys. After third year, they hopped off to Glasgow to either St. Aloysius' or St. Mungo's.

Of course, I didn't know all this on that first day. What I did know, the minute I set foot inside that building, was that I had come home! I loved St. Michael's!

### The Big Parade 1934

In December we sat exams galore - every teacher produced exam papers, and for fully two weeks, the whole school was very quietly passing or failing in every subject.

Sr. Mechtilde Joseph, our headmistress, had "asked" us to bring in stamped addressed envelopes, so that she could send out our reports to our parents. Behold how she trusted us!

However, there was a pre-sending-out-reports ritual. This was called the "Big Parade". We rookies were well informed about this dreaded event. The older juniors and the much older seniors took great delight in scaring the wits out of us.

We knew one thing for certain - it would happen on the day that THE DESK WAS IN THE HALL. So, every day after dinner, spies were sent to peep in and see if the D.W.I.T.H. One day the word spread - it was there! In our cloakroom the excitement was at fever pitch. Squeals of horror, fear, delight, filled the air, depending of course, on how badly or how well you thought you had fared in your exams.

The bell rang, silence fell and we trooped into the hall, keeping time to the beating of our hearts. The classes lined up as for assembly and prayers. There were eight classes with an average of 24 or 25 in each class. We lined up, boys first, in order of size, smallest to largest, then the girls similarly in order, behind the boys. Arthur Meechan was the smallest boy in 1A, so he was always first in the line. Alberto Pollachi was tallest. As I was the wee-est girl, I was immediately behind 'Berto and could see nothing!

There we all stood in ranks while the teachers stood on the right side of the hall outside the fourth year classroom. Sr. Joseph took her place at her desk facing us, and the clock on the far wall. It ticked very loudly.

She said a short prayer, then explained the procedure very briefly. She would start with 1A so the other classes were to move to their right. Then 1A stood shaking in the middle, in full view of pupils and staff.

Sister called us out in order of merit, very slowly. Should the first in the class have an average mark of 70% or over, she would say "First in the class with honours, so and so" So and so would step out to the right, walk to the front of the line, come up the other side to the top of the line. The first with honours was always applauded. The rest of the names were called out in order of merit, so that eventually the whole class were lined up, in that order. 1A moved to the left and 1B stepped into line of fire. This procedure was repeated till every class was "done".

Once everyone was in place, a post mortem was held. Every class was praised or slated as a whole. Exceptional pupils were congratulated for having worked hard. All in all, the Big Parade was quite an ordeal. I experienced fifteen in my six years at St. Michael's and I can still feel the cold hand clutching at my heart, at the very thought.

Next day, the reports were sent out and lots more post mortems, etc. took place in homes, all the way from Largs thro' West Kilbride, Ardrossan, Saltcoats, Stevenston, Kilwinning, Irvine and Troon. These reports gave only the percentage marks for every subject and place in class - no remarks!

#### The Great Fire, St. Michael's College 1939

In 1939, everyone had been issued with gas masks, just in case there might be a war. So, St. Michael's pupils, even the very senior 6th year pupils had to carry these contraptions about, every where they went. I know, because I was one - a senior pupil, I mean. My wee sister was in First Year, so when our school was rocked by explosions on September 1st, I had to be so brave!

Everyone thought the War had started, but not yet! The explosions had been in I.C.I. in Stevenston, but they seemed mighty close. By Sunday, September 3rd, Britain was at war with Germany, because Poland had been invaded. Life was never the same at St. Michael's.

We had been Co-ed. till 3rd year, then the boys went to Glasgow to St. Aloysius' or St. Mungo's to complete their 6 years. So we were used to a lovely quiet senior school. Now what happened? Those boys, ours and others from all over Ayrshire, came to us and our poor school was crowded with big noisy boys.

It was quite nice seeing our "old boys" again, but those others from Ayr, Kilmarnock and districts! It was too much! Extra desks, tables, chairs had to be begged, borrowed but maybe not stolen to house these interlopers. However work had to go on, for we had Highers to sit next Spring, so we got on with it - for a wee while!

Towards the end of October, our lovely school was burned to the ground. We were told it was an electrical fault, but we did wonder if maybe Sr. Joseph had forgotten to put her cigarette out!

A school fire was unheard of at that time. We lost everything, even the Parnassus that I should have taken home. Sr. Joseph was frantic - all her beloved, treasured school reports had gone.

However, we had only a few days off and things were organised. Irvine Royal Academy gave us three classrooms, beautiful airy upstairs rooms, to house 4th, 5th and 6th years. We also had the use of their science room in the old Academy across the moor. For a short time we shared their dinner hall. Other classes were housed in St. Mary's, in the gym hall, and in our dinner hall. It must have been an awful crush,, but we seniors were very well off. Our hosts were very generous - thanks!

The percentage of passes in the Highers was pretty high, so those big boys must have done well. Our class left school in June 1940, and few, if any, had any contact with school or staff, after that. Huts sprouted from the ashes of our College. I used to feel sad that the children in those huts had no school. But I was wrong, for, as time passed, results showed that, in spite of hardship and inconvenience, the spirit of St. Michael's had not died in those flames.

#### Members of staff - St. Michael's College 1934

The year I started St Michael's there seemed to be millions of teachers. Maybe, because at Primary, one teacher per year was the norm, it was hard to believe that all these teachers were necessary.

Miss Whiston started teaching that year. She taught Latin, Maths and Religious in First and Second years. Our 'A' class didn't have her till Third year - for History. This had always been my least favourite subject, but she brought it to life and made me sit up and pay attention.

For Maths we had Wee Bertie - sorry - Mr Adams. He was English, very young, had curly hair and, poor soul, could not control a class long enough to teach the subject. Children were very cruel to him and I was so impatient, for I was desperate to learn more and more about Maths. By our second year, he was gone and we had big Mac - Mr McMillan - in his place. Could he teach Maths? He was brilliant!

Sister Francis, or Fanny, was our English teacher, first and second years. She was tall, slim and stately. 'Twas said she was a convert and that her family was titled. She loved Shakespeare, but didn't manage to instil this love in us. Later, we did appreciate him, but for me, at 11 years old he did nothing. Her teaching of Grammar was thorough - I love that! She also taught History in the first two classes - Lists of dates to remember, so I didn't like History.

The French teacher was Miss Larkin - Auld Annie. She loved her subject and taught it well. We had very little oral French. We all seemed so embarrassed when trying to speak with a Frenchy accent. She suffered a lot, we were told, with migraine, whatever that was! I know now!

**Mr Leahy** was our Science master whose nickname was P.J. His car, being a wee puddle jumper, had the same nickname. He was quite tall with sleeked down black hair. His science room had it's very own smell - a mixture of gas, chemicals, musty sponges and a lack of fresh air. His storeroom at the far end of the class was very well stocked, and I found the smell unbelievable. As he was the only science teacher, he taught all classes, all ages.

Art & Needlework were taught by Brozzie - **Miss Brosnan**. Our class had her for Geography too. I wasn't very keen on that, but loved drawing or tracing maps and colouring them in prettily. However, I never seemed to remember much about the places, rivers etc. I had dutifully marked on all my maps. Her art lessons, I loved. She could work magic on a nondescript drawing, by a bit of shading here and some highlighting there. The picture came alive. Needlework? Well, after 2 lessons, four of us five girls were withdrawn to "go to higher things". That meant Sister Joseph wanted us to have extra Latin, because we showed promise. So my "little garment" was never finished.

For Latin, we had **Sr Joseph** ie Fairy! Her ability to move about so silently earned her the title. Her Rosary beads would rattle a wee bit, but usually she arrived in our midst without a sound. If she loved her subject, I loved it more. She taught Classical Latin, while Miss Whiston taught Church Latin in 1 B. We were taught very slowly with lots of repetition. Nouns were taught for months, endings, singulars, plurals. Only when we were steeped in nouns, did we move on to adjectives. The year was almost over before we touched on verbs. In the special latin class, she often gave sound advice to her five little Romans. She seemed so reasonable and approachable that I got to like her. However it wasn't the done thing to admit to that - so I didn't!

**Mr Bottomley** was our Music Man. He was old - well, he had silver hair and moustache. His Adam's apple gurgled up and down as he spoke or sang. Auld Doh was a gentle man! He was a bit too quiet to deal with a class who really had little interest in music. Mind you, we found "A wet sheet and a flowing sea" type of song, a bit dull. I loved it when he treated us to piano music and he even did encores on request.

The PE teacher's name I can't remember, but I loved her lessons. I loved the gym hall smells and sounds. Tuesdays and Thursdays were gym days and they were always happy days.

Further up the school, **Miss Wade** taught Latin - that was in third year. She also taught English in fourth, fifth and sixth years. I liked her for Latin, but my *bete noir* in English was my inability to commit poetry to memory. She didn't like that, for she thought I was not trying. I did, but just could not memorize somebody else's work. I've grown up a bit, for now I can appreciate poetry - without memorizing!

**Sister Peter Mary** taught English in third year, and religious in the senior classes. She had also taught Geography in second year and gave marks for well coloured in maps, no matter how incorrect the information was, on the maps. Unadorned maps, accurately drawn and filled in were failed - not pleasing to the eye!

**Miss O'Halloran** - Auld Fuzzie - taught Religious in third year. We had her for French from third year on. She was steeped in her subject & I loved it too. She was very prim, very proper and her nickname seemed rather insulting, but we still used it. I have kept my two most favourite teachers to the end.

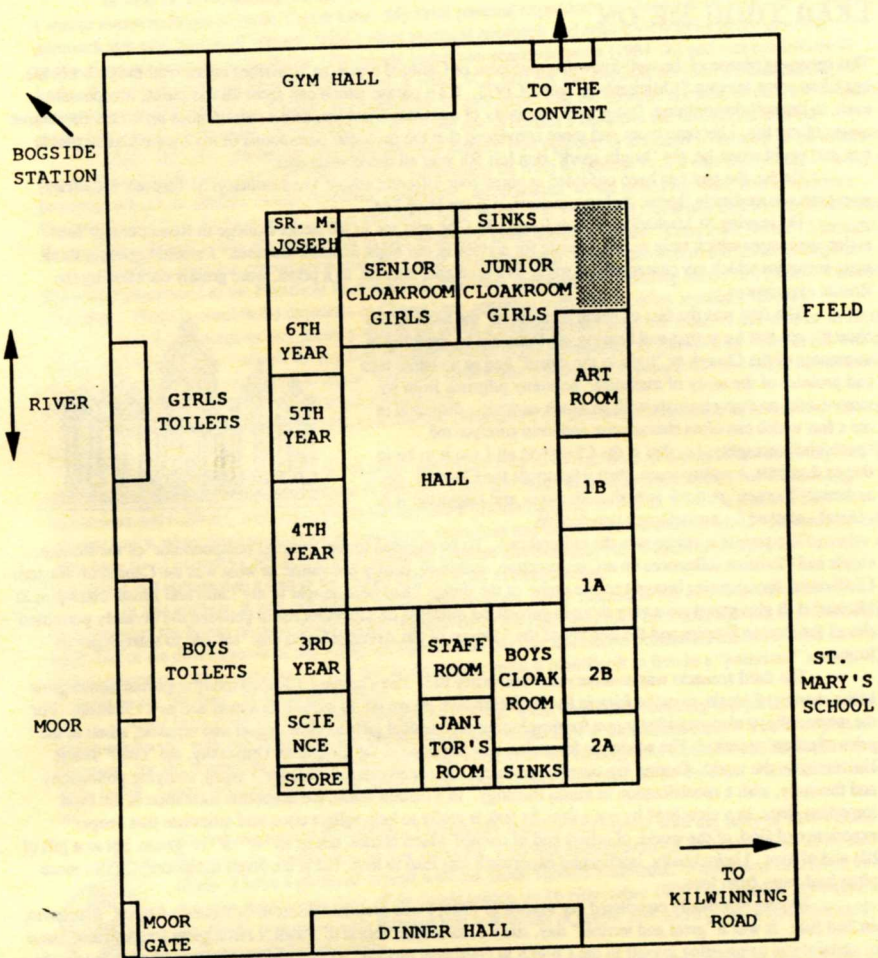
**Mr Lafferty**, Wee Paddy, was our Senior Latin teacher & by then I was really hooked on the subject. He really hadn't much time for anyone who wasn't devoted to his subject. He left, at the end of fifth year & taught in Glasgow, I think. His replacement for 6th year was a **Mr Cunningham**, but that's another story.

And now to **Mr Glover**! Guess what he taught? From 3rd year on? Maths! His teaching of my favourite subject was a constant joy to me. He, too, was steeped in his subject & we seemed to be on the same wave length. Oh, his nickname was "Tough"! Years later, in Canada he was a University Lecturer and had at least one Maths Book published. Later still he was a lecturer at Notre Dame College of Education.

**Sarah Clegg (nee McQuade)**



PLAN OF ST. MICHAELS' COLLEGE, IRVINE (1934) (NOT TO SCALE)



IRVINE ROYAL ACADEMY

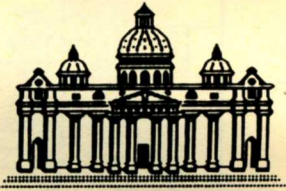
## LEAD THOU ME ON

This recurring phrase of the well-known hymn/poem of Cardinal Newman, describes rather well the path my life has taken since leaving St Michaels in June of 1975. It's a phrase which can seem all too pious, irresponsible even, to the self-determining, "go-getter" mentality of our time. And yet, as the curtain goes up on the successive stages of my life, I become more and more convinced that the principal protagonist of my own personal plot is not, and could never be, the "bright spark" that left 5th year all those years ago.

So far, the plot has been unfolded in about four different stages: the Seminary: St Teresa's, Dumfries; post-graduate studies in Rome; diplomatic service of the Holy See.

On leaving St Michael's, Bishop Joseph McGee sent me to the Scots College in Rome, one of four major seminaries which train secular priests for service in our eight Scottish dioceses. I would highlight three main scenarios which my character and spirit, as a man and, later on, as a priest, were greatly enriched by the Roman experiences.

The first was the fact of being so close to "the heart of the church", not just by seeing and hearing the Pope but by growing in awareness of the Church as "light to the world" and as a visible sign and promise of the unity of mankind. So many pilgrims from so many lands, so many tourists with so much curiosity, dispelled in me a fear which can often characterise and even paralyse the "parochial" mentality, i.e. that if the Church is all I see it to be in this or that little Ayrshire town, then who needs the Church? An authentic "Roman" outlook is both outlooking and outgoing; it is - if real - marked by a missionary perspective.



The second scenario was the cultural one. To be exposed to the "cultural compendium" of the Roman, Greek and Christian influences on art, architecture, sculpture, poetry and music in what was the Capital of Western Civilization for centuries brought to life many of the things I had been taught in my Latin and Music classes at St Michael's! It also posed me a very thought-provoking question on the relationship between the divinely permitted rise of the Roman Empire and the destiny of the "Prince of the Apostles" who was "led on" to martyrdom in Rome.

The third scenario was seminary and university life. The seminary afforded many opportunities to grow in the sharing of ideals, to make friends for the future and, above all, to mature as a man and as a Christian. For me, personally, it also provided scope for developing my musical gifts as choirmaster and organist, albeit at the price of others' serenity! The academic formation was imparted at the Gregorian University, the "chief" Jesuit University in the world. During my time in seminary, I attended classes there for 7 years, studying philosophy and theology, with a specialization in moral theology. In a certain sense, the academic formation is the least important since, in a view held by not a few, its task is really to help reflect upon and articulate that deeper experience of God, of the world, of others and of oneself which comes, not as an "O" or "H" grade, but as a gift of life and of love. Undoubtedly, intellectual experience can lead to love, but if it's given top priority, it can more often lead away from love.

Having practically completed my studies in 1981, I was ordained priest in St Peter-in-Chains, Ardrossan, on 2nd July. It was a "great and terrible" day, since I knew that "this is it". Still, I felt a great freedom and sense of certainty in committing myself to the Church in Galloway diocese, a commitment which, although it has often been difficult, still claims the strength of love of which I am capable. In this respect, above all others, the Lord certainly has "led me on".

The second stage of my "life-drama" as a priest was my two and a half years as curate in St Teresa's in Dumfries. The passage from seminary life to parish life is a bit like passing from watching safety instructions on an aeroplane to putting them into practice. The contact with reality is the real test! In this respect, my "performance" was inevitably marked by inexperience and "green-ness". Even so, I recall my time in Dumfries with real happiness, especially as regards liturgical life and visitation of peoples' homes. Not having the seminary structure to support you, fidelity to prayer and other priestly duties demanded much more in terms of real personal discipline and responsibility.

Coming back to the diocese was also pleasantly challenging at a level of getting acquainted with my brother priests, socially, spiritually and professionally. Both in the parish and in the diocesan situation, I learnt a great deal from them and benefitted greatly from their welcoming patience and guidance. They helped me put my feet a little more on the ground without shooting down my as yet high ideals.

In May of 1984, Bishop Taylor lifted the curtain on the third stage of my post-St Michaels period: I was to return to Rome to study Canon Law. My brief pastoral experience in Dumfries was enough to help me approach this new period of "theory" with a more practical approach and with a view to its likely practical applications on returning to Scotland. The course lasted two academic years (1984-86) and was carried out in Latin. Never had I been so grateful to Fr Owen Wynne, SCJ, and Mr Ian Dickson for their avid imparting of conjugations and declensions! Canon Law helped me to understand that the sublime doctrine of our faith required good old down to earth "rules and regulations" if it were not to remain a beautiful but un-realizable ideal.

However, my expectations about putting this science into practice in Scotland were soon to be frustrated, for, in August 1986, the Holy See ("the Vatican") expressed its wish to Bishop Taylor that the young Fr Magee be released from the diocese (while, however, remaining "incardinated" in the same) for work in the Vatican's Diplomatic Service. Perhaps more than at any other time before and since then, I realised that the steps that one thought were to lead in one direction were in fact hastening quite another course. "Lead thou me on", I thought.

And so, after due consultation and not a little soul-searching, I bade farewell to the Scots College in Rome and transferred to the Pontifical Ecclesiastical Academy in Rome, the "training house" for future "Vatican" diplomats. There I completed a doctorate in Canon Law, together with several other auxiliary subjects.

This fourth stage on my journey was to be given a poignant start with the death of my mother in June of 1988, one month before I set off for my first mission abroad in the Nunciature in El Salvador. Her death was to "launch" me into a now unchartable future. I believe firmly that her prayers accompanied me in the two and a half years I was to spend in the afflicted land of El Salvador.

I arrived there on 29 July 1988, in a country I had heard of, like most Scots, only in terms of violence and oppression.

Even if violent tragedy did occur every day of my time in El Salvador, it would be unfair to say that the Salvadorians, as a people, are barbarous and wanton. They are rather extremely affectionate and welcoming, industrious and resilient, with a great love for life and a greater capacity to live it. Perhaps that is why, paradoxically, when there is violence it is extreme, merciless and cruel. The contrasts that, in Scotland, we might once have lived between Catholics and Protestants, English and Scottish, etc., similar tensions in El Salvador are intensified and polarised to a degree we would find difficult to comprehend.

In this context, it was my task to collaborate with the Papal Nuncio in his two-fold task: first, in strengthening the bonds of unity between the Bishops of El Salvador and the Pope; and, second, in informing the Holy See of the development of any aspect of Salvadorian life that affected or concerned the Mission of the Church (eg questions of justice and peace). It is not an easy task, since it is difficult to live in a "polarised" society without being "stained", in some way, by it.

Apart from these more official commitments, I also spent week-ends working in a parish, especially with young adults and with the poor. I busied myself with the formation of a movement called "The Disciples of Emmaus" for the promotion of the young adult in the context of his identity as a Catholic and its implications in daily living. I have left this group in the hands of the youth themselves, and asked the Lord, "Lead thou them on!"



During my time in El Salvador I obviously familiarised myself with the story of Mons Oscar Romero, the Archbishop of San Salvador, who was assassinated on 24 March 1980 as he said Mass. I have a photo of myself with his blood stained vestments. Alas, I was to witness at close quarters the assassination of six Jesuit priests on 16 November 1989 (the feast of St Margaret of Scotland), an event which inspired real sentiments of heroic self-sacrifice and, simultaneously, of irate and stupefied absurdity.

All this involvement in the life of El Salvador was bound, I knew, to bring me great pain the day I would receive news of a transfer to another country. And so it did when, on 29 January of this year, I was told of my transfer to Zimbabwe. The departure period was filled with many bitter-sweet encounters of friendship and affection which brought home once again the truth of that well-expressed French proverb: "partir c'est un peu mourir".

"Lead, Kindly Light, . . . lead Thou me on". Within a few weeks of writing these lines I shall find myself at the beginning of another stage in the "thickening" plot of my own life history. I am quite thrilled at that prospect but, more importantly, I feel no anxiety since "he who has brought me safe thus far" will "lead me on" and "lead me home" as His loving will sees fit.

In all this journeying, I have no doubt that my time at St Michael's has stood me in good stead. I pray that those who are now there, both staff and pupils, will grow in the realisation that what they do there today will help or hinder the Lord in His desire to "lead us all on" to the grand finale of life's "little play".

Fr Peter Magee



The Saint Michael emblem from the 'old' school magazines  
(1957-64, 1966, 1968)

# **St Mike's Mini-Mag**

**FREE with the main magazine**

Lots of puzzles and chances to win back your £1

## **INSIDE -**

Advertisers' Arcade

Sleuth with Sherlock

Phil's Page

Guess with Geraldine

and

"Opinions" Lucky Draw

All answers are in the  
magazine -



Five prizes with each puzzle - total value £25

**Rules:** Open to St Michael's pupils only; enter any number of puzzles (separate form for each); hand in entries to Mr Dickson by Wed. 22nd May; winners will be announced on Fri 24th.

# Guess with Geraldine

Identify the following teachers (clue: staff photo p. 30), and write your answers on the form below; include Mr Mrs or Miss to make them clear; initials do not count for this puzzle.

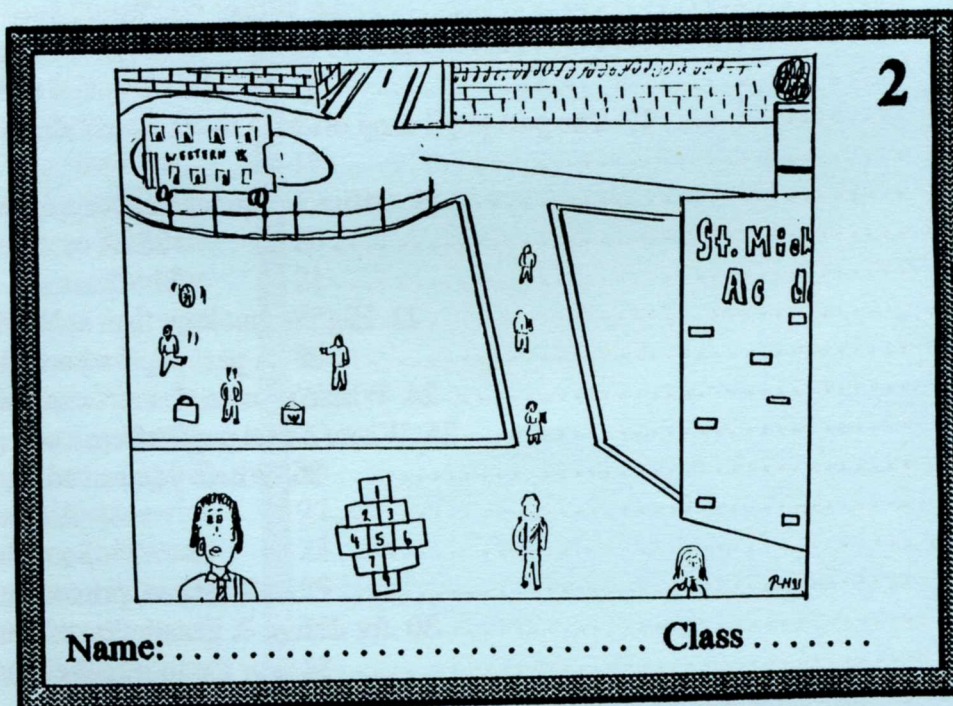
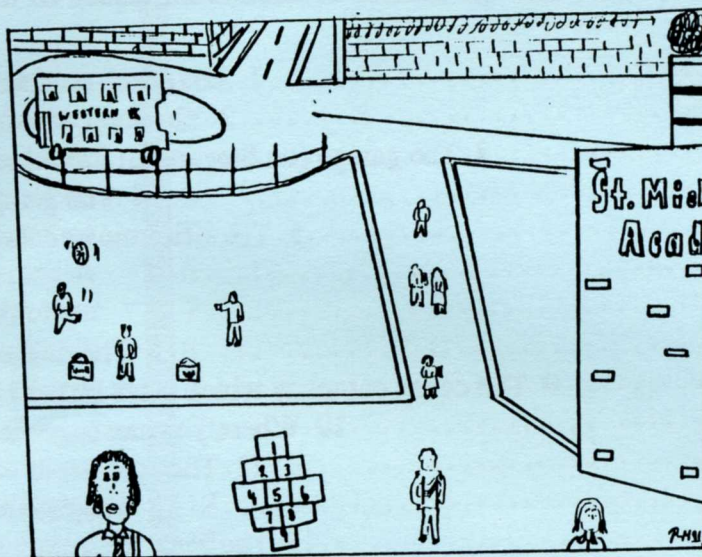
- 1 Her surname is the highest hill in the south of Scotland.
- 2 They are husband and wife.
- 3 They sound like husband and wife.
- 4 Is she as gentle as her name suggests?
- 5 Her surname could also be a Christian name.
- 6 There are three of them.
- 7 Two ladies have the same name.
- 8 Does he do his own football pools?
- 9 Does he use his own brand of toothpaste?
- 10 Was she related to one of the Beatles?

by Geraldine  
Gallacher S2

| Guess with Geraldine |              |
|----------------------|--------------|
| Answer form          | 1            |
| 1 .....              | 6 .....      |
| 2 .....              | 7 .....      |
| and .....            | 8 .....      |
| 3 .....              | 9 .....      |
| and .....            | 10 .....     |
| 4 .....              | Name: .....  |
| 5 .....              | Class: ..... |

# Phil's Page (by Philip McGarvey S2)

St Michael's has changed over the years, as these drawings show. Can you spot which ten things have gone missing in the lower picture? Circle neatly where the ten things should be.



# Advertisers' Arcade

There are 31 adverts in the magazine. Pair up the clues with the names of the advertisers, and write the names of their businesses in the form on the right.

- 1 The coach company which takes groups skiing
- 2 The shop with fashionable quality menswear
- 3 The garage (on Stevenston Rd) where we buy the mini-bus petrol
- 4 The garage who supplied the mini-bus
- 5 The Kilbirnie builders who will extend your house
- 6 The Fiat specialists
- 7 The best chippery in Ardrossan
- 8 The dairies who supply the school milk
- 9 The coach company which takes Hadrian's Wall trips (office in Irvine)
- 10 Where you can have flowers professionally arranged
- 11 The past pupils who can help you move house
- 12 The cafe owned by ex-teacher Mr Edge
- 13 The Tuck Shop supplier of crisps & confectionery
- 14 Where you would keep a Saab well-serviced
- 15 The printer of the magazine
- 16 The past pupil solicitors in Kilmarnock
- 17 The past pupil shop offering the latest childrens fashion in Prestwick
- 18 Your local bank
- 19 Office equipment and supplies at competitive prices
- 20 A continental cafe in Saltcoats
- 21 Chartered accountants in Irvine
- 22 High technology firm at North Newmoor in Irvine
- 23 A past pupil who will look after your teeth
- 24 Where summer leavers can gain vocational training
- 25 Where a past pupil offers a complete framing service
- 26 Where you can advertise without a big bill
- 27 A complete joinery service
- 28 Scotland's all weather resort
- 29 Edited, printed and published in Irvine
- 30 for design & installation of kitchens (no salesmen!)
- 31 For the most delicious cakes in Kilwinning

Name: .....

3

Class: .....

- 1 .....
- 2 .....
- 3 .....
- 4 .....
- 5 .....
- 6 .....
- 7 .....
- 8 .....
- 9 .....
- 10 .....
- 11 .....
- 12 .....
- 13 .....
- 14 .....
- 15 .....
- 16 .....
- 17 .....
- 18 .....
- 19 .....
- 20 .....
- 21 .....
- 22 .....
- 23 .....
- 24 .....
- 25 .....
- 26 .....
- 27 .....
- 28 .....
- 29 .....
- 30 .....
- 31 .....

# Opinions Lucky Draw

All you do for this prize draw is to decide, after you've read the magazine, which parts you specially liked.

On the form opposite, fill in (1) your favourite page and (2) the name of the person with the nicest smile in all the photos.

Then add your name and class.

All forms with sensible answers will go into the prize draw.

## Sleuth with Sherlock

Find the answers to these 12 questions, and write them on the form opposite.

- 1 What kind of car did Mr Leahy drive?
- 2 In what year were there pixies in the pantomime?
- 3 Where have History pupils followed the Jacobite trail from (first place name only)?
- 4 Who is sitting next to Stephen McAvoy?
- 5 What is Mr Maxwell's favourite sport?
- 6 Which past pupil worked for two years in El Salvador?
- 7 Who was Head Girl in 1982?
- 8 Name the 1971 operetta.
- 9 Whose memories of life at St Michael's 55 years ago are printed in the supplement?
- 10 In which town is the dry ski slope where Mr Coxhead teaches pupils?
- 11 In which year did the senior choir record "Sailing"?
- 12 Where did Sharon & James go for Work Experience?

I think the best page of the magazine was page .....

because .....

.....

I think the person with the nicest smile in the photos is

.....

on page .....

**4 All entries**

My name: ..... go into a lucky draw.

Class: .....

Sleuth with Sherlock

**5**

1 ..... 8 .....

2 ..... 9 .....

3 ..... 10 .....

4 ..... 11 .....

5 ..... 12 .....

6 ..... Name: .....

7 ..... Class: .....

*You can help to sell the magazine, by recommending it to friends and mentioning it to past pupils.*

*Bring your orders to Mr Docherty (while supplies last).*

**Errata (we suggest you mark these corrections in your copy):**

The lower two photos on page 46 are back to front - the 1980 picture is the one on the right and the 1984 picture is the one on the left.

Mr Smith's stay at St Michael's (p.16) was not quite as long as eighteen years, but he probably deserved a long service medal anyway, at 14 years.

advertisement



(The Drama Club) present

## *FIRST TIME*

by Kirk Foster & John Gardiner

at Craigie College, Ayr, on Tuesday 28th May at 7.30  
and in St Michael's on Thursday 20th June at 7.30

Music and comedy as we follow the experiences of Marvin, and ourselves, from birth to later life.