

SMART

St Michael's Academy Rumours & Tales

Summer Annual 1978

Following almost five years of the SMART newspaper,
its Editor, Ian Dickson (Principal Teacher of Classics),
and the SMART team of reporters, staplers and sellers,
filled the gap caused by no school magazine
and produced a Smart Summer Annual of 64 quarto pages!

The price was 20p if pre-paid, or 25p when published!

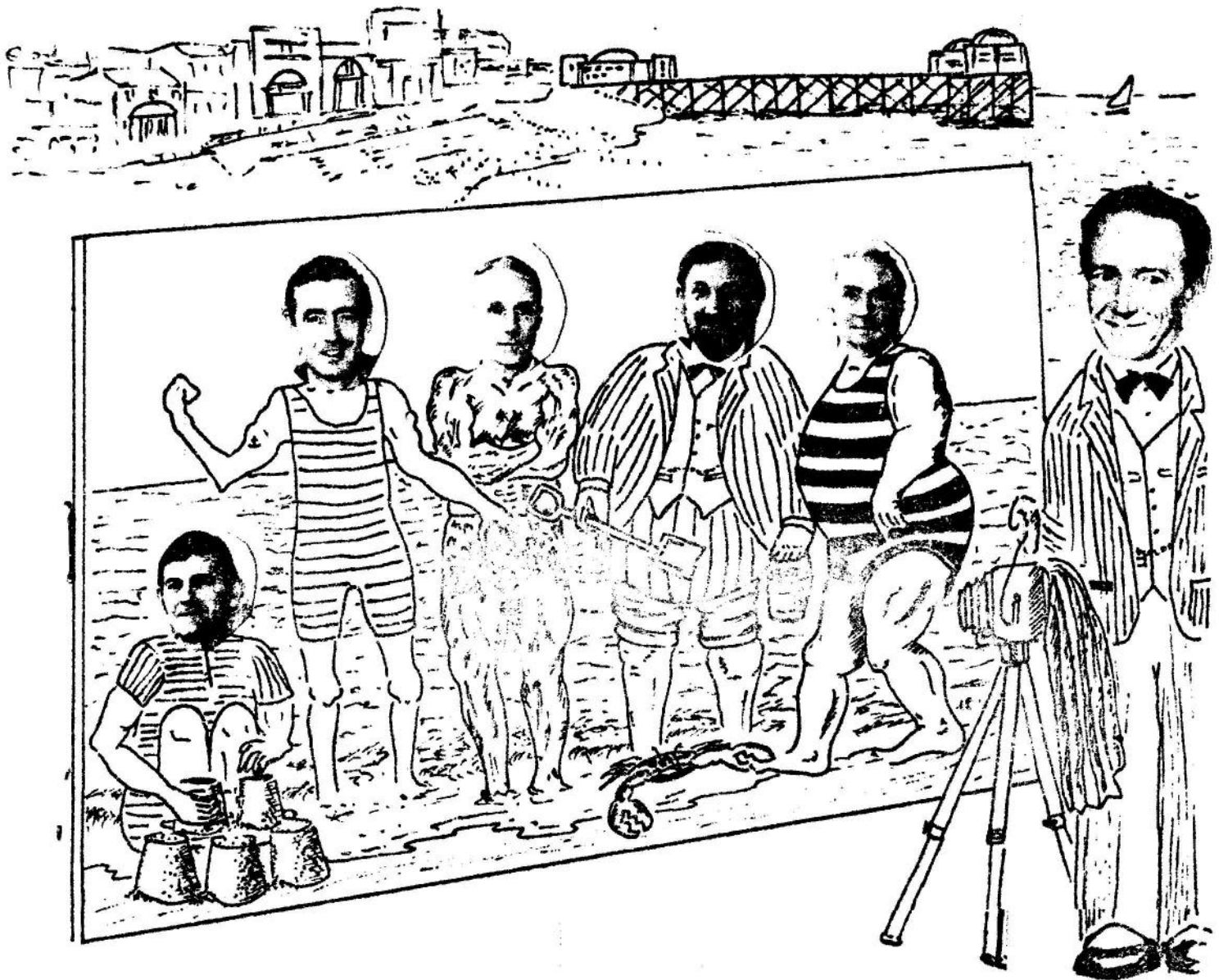
This **pdf version of May 2021** omits only two advert pages¹, the
wordchase and the prize crossword

Enjoy!

¹ Lockhart the baker, Biondi the grocer & newsagent, George Watson the chemist
and the Clydesdale Bank

SMART

Summer Annual



JUNE 1978

SMART, the school newspaper, has been on the go now for almost five years. It has appeared twelve times this session, every two or three weeks. It has become one of the most popular of Ayrshire's school newspapers. A large school needs a newspaper, which, to be successful, has to be interesting and fun. It has to be a spontaneous reflection of the life and activities of the pupils and staff who form the school community. By spreading information, comment and amusement, a newspaper encourages a better understanding of each other's actions and opinions.

It seemed only natural that a successful newspaper must have an Annual, though, when the SMART team, at one of its weekly meetings five months ago, voted unanimously for the idea, none of us imagined how it would grow. Like SMART, its articles and drawings are mostly by pupils, it is produced on as low a budget as possible, and it is up-to-date with its news.

The Annual would not have been possible without the willing co-operation of the following: Mrs Graham, assistant editor, who sought out the best poems and essays; the many contributors, whose articles reflect life at St Michael's; the typists, Mary McFelix, Maureen McCulloch, Nancy McVie, Carole A. Logan, Sharon Reid, Marinda Bracaglia, Anne Butler, Anne Marie Monan, Pauline Henderson, Catherine Wilson, Marita Slavin (all IV) who have slogged through stencils over the last two weeks; the advertising sleuths, Kathleen McAulay, Angela McDaid, Mhairi McGlone and Lorraine Mayberry; the 14 advertisers, without whose help the Annual would cost 40p; Mr Mellany and Mr Smith, who designed the adverts; Mrs McIntyre and Mrs Quinn for duplication assistance; registration teachers and third year sales girls who publicised the Annual; the pupils who stapled while the rest of you went on school trips; and you, the customers, proud possessors of a unique publication.

I. J. Dickson, Editor
(Principal Teacher of Classics)

Cover design by Blane Savage (class VI) , who has been accepted for Glasgow School of Art.

Your lucky number is on the back cover. All copies sold up to Wednesday (28th) interval will be included in the draw. The winning numbers will be posted on the circular notice-board after the interval. There are three prizes to be won, of £1.50, £1, and 50p.

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The Main Items

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three poems	Steve (Biotronic) Boston
"Heartbreak" short story	Culzean visit
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1978 prizewinners	"An Issue to be Avoided" article
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photograph section (yellow)	lucky number (on back cover)
New Lanark visit	
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INTERVIEW WITH MRS TANNAHILL (abridged)

Mrs Tannahill was born and lives in Kilmarnock. She has no pets because she doesn't like animals. We asked Mrs Tannahill why she decided to teach Modern Studies; she said "because it is an interesting subject and I like it." Mrs Tannahill has been teaching in St Michael's for 2 years - she has never taught in any other school and she likes being a secondary school teacher. We also asked her what her hobbies are; she replied "playing squash, golf and playing hockey for Kilmarnock ladies. She also likes football, Stranglers and the Bee Gees; her favourite singer is Rita Coolidge and her favourite food is Indian Chicken Curry. Mrs Tannahill also likes swimming very much. She likes travelling, especially abroad.

We also asked her how long she was staying on at St Michael's; she simply replied, "I don't know - not for ever anyway." Mrs Tannahill likes all the pupils of St Michael's. Her favourite class is 101 but she prefers to teach 5th and 6th years. We asked Mrs Tannahill what she would do if she were not a teacher. She said: "I would like to win the pools and retire."

by Elaine and Susan II

--ooooo--

Six 2nd year pupils kept up the school's tradition of doing well in the Latin Speaking Competition last March by coming 3rd equal out of about 20 West of Scotland schools: Yvonne O'Brien, Sharon Richardson, Dennis McKay, Paul McEwen, James Mason and Russell Waldron.

GERMANY

earlier this year, after a lot of planning, money-collecting and photograph taking, Miss Murphy, Mr Dewar, Mr Nellany and Miss Cunningham left St Michael's with 33 first, second and a few third year pupils for Germany.

5pm saw the party arrive at Hull docks where we met a "rival" Greenwood party also travelling to Germany. After the initial chaos of finding the appropriate couchettes the party settled down to dinner and afterwards amusements, a disco, a large bar (complete with bribeable barmen), along with Blackjack and Joker 7 tables (very popular with Mr Nellany!).

March 26th

Easter Sunday started early for most pupils (some saw the sunrise at 5am!), mainly due to the sweltering heat of the couchettes and the swaying of the boat. After breakfast, the party disembarked at Europort just outside Rotterdam and hit the Autobahn. A vain chase through Holland (and Belgium at one point) to find a suitable church followed. After a packed lunch at the German-Dutch border, the bus finally arrived at the hotel. This was very nice, the dining-room had chandeliers and the overall decor was very nice, although in some rooms the cracks in the ceilings looked like states in America!

March 27th

Everyone awoke feeling fresh after a good night's sleep in the hotels comfortable beds. After a continental breakfast the party was free for the day to explore Bacharach, a picturesque medieval town situated on the Rhine among many vineyards and castles, or to buy souvenirs at the many souvenir shops in Bacharach. The evening was spent in the hotel, playing chess, bar-football, cards, talking with friends, or at the Italian cafe along the road.

March 28th

In the morning, the party went to Koblenz, the city at the meeting of the rivers, Rhine and Mosel. The party went to the Ehrenbreitstein Fortress famous as an army fortress during World War 1. Here the party saw many interesting photographs from the time at a museum there, and saw the wonderful view over Koblenz given from its walls. After this, the party was able to explore parts of Koblenz, and some went to a swimming pool with Mr Nellany.

March 29th

During the morning, the party went to Rheinbels Castle and were able to explore the many dark dungeons and passageways. After this, we went to the nearby town to explore and souvenir-hunt. Following lunch at the hotel, the party went to the amazing Taunus Wonderland where we saw lots of fibreglass models of fairytale characters as well as having rides on a miniature railway and small cars through miniature villages.

March 30th

We had a free morning on which the last of the souvenir buying was done. In the afternoon we went by boat to Rudesheim where we "made friends" with an English party on the boat, and later in the afternoon we went by cable-car over vineyards to the monument of "GERMANIA" just above the city and returned by the same way to explore the town with its shops and cafes. We then crossed the Rhine and found a small fairground where Miss Murphy let the party spend half an hour. On returning to the bus, Miss Cunningham was seen with a sweet "dummy-tit" in her mouth!

March 31st

Sadly for everyone, the day of departure. The party waved good-bye to Herr Donke the manager, whom all budding chess-players had discovered to be an unbeatable opponent. The party arrived at Europort at 5pm to catch the boat and have the same fun they'd had on the previous sail.

April 1st

A very weary, but happy party arrived at St Michael's at 5pm to awaiting parents.

I say once again, on behalf of all the pupils, thank-you very much to Miss Murphy, Mr Dewar, Mr Nellany and Miss Cunningham for a wonderful holiday.

Disappointment of the trip: Not seeing Miss Cunningham in the Bavarian shorts she said she was going to buy.

(Dennis MacKay 203)

(Photographs taken by Mr Nellany were on show in the school and can still be seen by anyone interested.)

Robert Crawford

(Partners: J. McCulloch, M. Meredith, A. Meredith)

DRAPER and OUTFITTER

33 BRIDGEGATE

IRVINE

complete school uniforms
always in stock

quality Hawick and
Shetland knitwear

My Viva

A poem by our talented criminal, Mr Dorrian, on the occasion of a motoring summons this spring.

She was old when I bought her - I knew that,
Shamefacedly now I admit.
I wanted her only for pleasure
And running her round for a bit.

M.O.T. time came and she passed it,
That was a shock for a start!
"I'll give her a year" I decided,
For by this time she'd captured my heart.

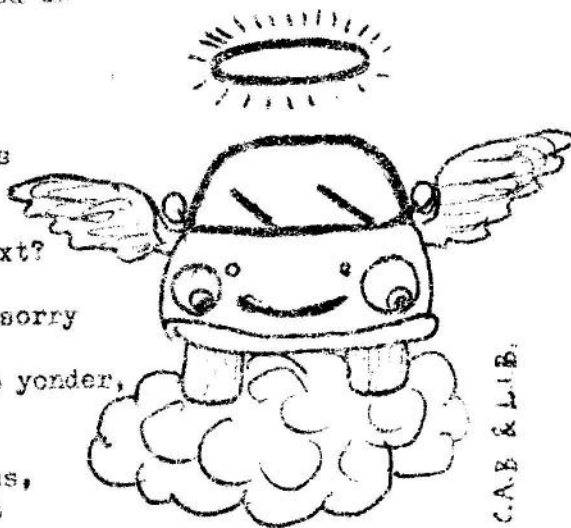
The year was just about over,
The time was upon me to get
The old girl to the scrapper
As you would an old dog to the vet.

It was then the two gentlemen stopped us
And I really can't understand why,
For twenty to thirty's my limit
And a real careful driver am I.

They poked at her innards and vitals
And there was I standing perplexed,
Then one crawled under her bottom!
Well! Gentlemen! Really! What next?

But I'm guilty - I know that - I'm sorry
I shouldn't have run her, I know.
Now she's gone to that ring road up yonder,
The place where all good Vivas go.

But I know as she looks down upon us,
She'd be happier still if you might
Temper your justice with mercy
And let this poor sinner off light!



This brilliant piece of poetic literature was sent by Mr Dorrian to Kilmarnock Sheriff Court and was read out in the national news. The officials were so impressed and amused by this unusual apology that Mr Dorrian was not dragged off to Barlinnie after all. This art comes naturally to him, as he informed us that one of the ways in which he gets release from the tensions of school is to write poetry about domestic crises, such as additions to his family. We can now reveal that his correspondence with the tax authorities is also in persuasive verse - and answered similarly.

(research by Annabelle Millar & Mairi Dalton)
(drawing by Caroline Bennett & Lacey Barrett)

FASHIONS

Fashions come and fashions go.
Yesterday it was Rock 'n' Roll.
Today Punk.
Tomorrow who will know?
Mini skirts, leathers, ankle stranglers too.
Platforms, stilletteos and the odd granny shoe.
Long hair, short hair, permed hair too.
At school we are polite.
At home we are a different sight.
Vandals, punks, posers too.
Who knows next what they will do?
These are the fashions of today.
Very much different from yesterday.

LOVE

Love is such a wonderful thing
It makes you want to dance and sing.
Does love have its own true meaning?
Or
Is it just a lovely feeling?
Love's what makes the old feel young.
It makes you feel life's just begun.
I know this 'cause I have found
Love's what makes the world go round.

Both by

Catherine Ann and Angela III

THE THINGS I LOVE TO SEE

I love to see the rustling trees
I like even better the buzzing bees.
I love to see the children roam,
Or the waves upon a bed of foam.
I love to see a large crowd run,
Maybe a dog, eating a bun.
I love to look at the paintings on the wall
Looking at the boys kicking a ball.
These are the things I love to see.



By Linda Brawley 203

Heartbreak

The rain lashed across the window as John tried to peer through hoping to see whether or not the local bus had arrived at the bus stop. This was to be his first interview for a job since leaving school and he was determined to be early rather than late.

Standing at the window, his thoughts ran quickly over the events which had taken place over the last few weeks, his leaving school, his father becoming unemployed, which made it so important that he succeeded in getting a job quickly. Besides, the two of them had begun to get on his mother's nerves, causing a bad atmosphere in the house.

"John" his mother cried from the top of the stairs in the hall, "There's the bus, hurry before it pulls away". He darted towards the door, turned back to his mother who had celebrated her 39th birthday only last month and gave her a long hug. He reached the bus only in time, but had received a soaking in doing so from a passing car.

The bus conductress hovered over him like some fairy tale giant demanding his fare. She had dark hair and features which looked like they'd been carved from stone, she was well built and seemed to suit the dingy appearance of the bus. He paid his 32p single fare for it was going to be a long journey and he wasn't sure what time he'd get home.

The bus stopped in the high street of the small town where he lived and picked up 5 passengers. One, a large man of about forty, sat beside him and when he noticed John was in his best clobber he asked, "Going somewhere special?" in a friendly tone, "I'm going for an interview for a job" was the reply full of self importance and pride.

"Oh I'm just back from mine, dinner time you see, I work down at the mill, good job really, can't complain anyway" he said in a voice which reminded John of a tired old man. They sat in silence for five or more minutes when John suddenly let loose,

"This is my first interview, it's for a chance to be a spot welder. I've three 'O'Levels and they should hold me in good stead."

"Sure son you've got as good a chance as anybody else, 'O'Levels and a tidy appearance is all these employees look for these days."

Confidence flowed through John and the two of them talked for a further 10 minutes before it was time for John's new friend to depart. He sat staring out of the window after the final farewell and made a mental note of catching this bus soon after he received the job, if he received the job he reminded himself but was still pretty sure he'd get it. His thoughts wandered again and he found himself thinking of the other boys who would be interviewed for the job and how they'd feel at this present moment, of the anxiety to get it over with, of the suspense

of it all and a thousand other things as well.

A few more minutes on the draughty bus and it was time to remove himself. He walked down the slippery streets when a sudden gust of wind nearly blew him down and that didn't help his legs stop feeling like rubber. He crossed the road and was now no further than 50 yards from the factory when he felt his stomach pains lessen, the rubbery feeling from his legs go and he walked the rest of the way full of self confidence. Suddenly, he stopped and went very pale, tears welled up in his eyes but he fought them back, above his head hung a sheet of paper on which said "Position for Spot Welder filled".

He couldn't believe it. His eyes suddenly saw a hand being placed on his shoulder, a woman's hand, she said regretfully, "I'm sorry, the position's filled," she went on to tell him how the vacancy had been filled the day before, but most of it fell on deaf ears.

"Thankyou!" was the stern reply. He was thinking of the disappointment his mother would feel, also his father would feel sorry and the man on the bus also would feel sorry for him, he felt a failure and worst of all he felt really disappointed himself.

He wished he'd never left school.

by Alex McDougall (404)

SMART wishes to thank the following people who have written for SMART during the 1977-78 session:

First Year: Rosemary Docherty, Catherine Edge, Jean Fraser, Joanne Henderson, Jim Jennings, Maureen McCafferty et al., Patricia McGorry, Martin McKee, Janice McLaughlin, Jacqueline McMahon, Gordon Scott, Jim Sinclair, Frances Traynor, Andrew Twigg.

Second Year: Thomas Barrett, James Boyle, Susan Clegg, Joyce Cockburn, Mark Collins, Gerald Donnelly, Paul Forde, Karen Freer, Thomas Gilligan, Anne Marie McCulloch, Paul McGeown, Tony McIntyre, Dennis McKay, Anne Marie McKenna, James Mason, Kevin Monaghan, Theresa Morrison, Alan Priest, Sharon Richardson et al., Gordon Ronney, James Rooney, Janice Small, Graham Waites, Jacqueline Wilkinson,.

Third Year: Lainey Barrett, Caroline Bennett, Anne Clancy, Catherine Craig, Gerald "Madie", Brenda Feeney, Carol Finnigan, Jacqueline Gilston, James Keen, Helen Kelly, Pauline Kulvaitis, Julie McCormick, Dennis O'Connell, Pauline Robertson, Brian Teax, & Mary Walsh.

Fourth Year: Anne Butler, Mark Devine, Lynne Ekkles, Angela Duffy, Kieran Griffin, Marys Kolodjiez, Carole A Logan, Frances Robertson, Pauline Mulligan & Carol Pieroni.

continued opposite

S C H O O L

Because I have to go to school
Some of my friends call me a fool
Just because they are on the "buroo"
And have nothing better to do.

While at school, I feel bored
And all my teachers are just ignored.
The leaving age was wrongly dealt
So again and again I get the belt.

At dinnertime, I go for a smoke,
And think of the teachers I'd like to choke
And when the bell rings at four 'o' clock
I run out of school and do not talk.

After school I go for a drink,
About the teachers I don't think,
Cos after four I am free
And that is all that matters to me.

At nine 'o' clock the following day,
I go to school my usual way
But, my time will come too,
When I can also join the "buroo"

Michael McLaughlin 111

(Footnote: SMART hears that Michael has a job.)

SMART contributors, continued from opposite page:

Fifth Year: William Carslaw, Angela Delury, Janice O'Connell,
Robert Smith & Patricia Sweeney.

Sixth Year: Mairi Dalton, Michael Dillon, Gary Donnachie, Alison Foy,
Denis Herraghty, Chris Howie, June Hughes, Dominic Jackson,
Annette Johnstone, Edward McArdle, Annabelle Millar, Ian Robertson
& Shirley Wright.

We have probably missed out a few, but it's not intentional.

SMART also thanks those who stapled. The following did so more
than once: Marco Biondi, Martin McKee, John McCourt, Andrew Twigg,
Paul McArdle, John McLaughlin, Billy McLaughlin, Michael Meehan
& Stephen Keane.

SMART also thanks the representatives who sold each issue for doing
such a good job this session. Sales were high all through the year,
simply because each class representative was so efficient.

Interviews

MRS LUNARDI (former Miss Dorby)

Mrs Lunardi's hobbies include ballroom and highland dancing, reading and listening to music, she likes most kinds of music and her favourite group is Abba. She likes to watch old films made around the 1930's and the comedy series, Rhoda. When we asked what her favourite food was, she said "all kinds". Her favourite actors are Robert Redford and Kris Kristofferson. If she was not a teacher she would like to be a courier. She does not think that there are too many improvements to be made to the school. Before Mrs Lunardi was married she lived in Troon, she still does. "What are your ambitions" we asked, and to our amazement she replied, "to retire". As for sport personalities she likes David Hemery.

She would not move to another school as she likes St Michael's. Mrs Lunardi's favourite colour is blue. If she did not live in Scotland she would like to live in Canada because she says it sounds a nice country, she has never been there, but from what she has seen on photographs and slides she thinks she would like to see it herself. Mrs Lunardi likes her new classroom and she thinks that Smart is a good idea.

by Frances, Brenda, and Catherine (102)

MISS WHISTON

Our first question was, how long have you been teaching, answer - "mind your own business" (good start). She lives in Saltcoats and she has lived there all her life. She has never taught at any school other than St Michael's and she likes it here at St Michael's. Her favourite actor is Sylvester Stallone and her favourite T.V programme is the Sweeney (what! that's about the toughest programme on telly). Her favourite singer is Kate Bush. Miss Whiston thinks the belt is necessary. She went to St Mary's primary school Saltcoats and St Michael's college Irvine when she was young. She would like to live in Southern Ireland. Her ambition is to live in peace and at peace and her hobbies are caring for the old and sick and plants. Miss Whiston never told us who she would like to meet but said "that would be telling".

When we asked if she liked school dinners she gave us a definite answer NO!!! She likes Smart because it gives you news about the school.

Report from "The 2 J'S" 105

MRS GARDNER

On Thursday June 1st we interviewed English teacher Mrs Gardner.

Mrs Gardner has been at St Michael's for 1 year. She started teaching at St Michael's on 1st February 1977, Mrs Gardner was born in Aberdeen but now lives in Irvine.

Her favourite food is prawn cocktail with Hellman's Mayonnaise, cooked Silverside (bought from a Kilwinning butcher). She doesn't like sweets. Her favourite authoress is Margaret Drabble and the best film she has ever seen is "One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest". Her hobbies are swimming and housework.

When asked about tearaway children Mrs Gardner replied "Tearaway children's parents should be fined or made to pay for the damage their children cause. Detention should return. If there were more teachers and smaller classes you could educate children properly without being a policewoman half the time. Schools, on the whole, are too big. Her family consists of husband, boy aged seven and a dog called Caesar. Mrs Gardner is intending to get a rabbit. We asked her what she thinks of Punk, she replied "Punk is Punk rubbish."

Mrs Gardner got an Arts degree from Aberdeen University. When she was young she wanted to make it by being a nurse. We also asked her where she would like to live, she simply replied "I would like to live in Scotland."

by Elaine Forsyth and Susan MacAllister (203)

MISS MARTIN

Miss Martin lives in Saltcoats and has been teaching for 2 years. She likes St Michael's and hasn't ever taught at any other school.

Miss Martin thinks that the belt is necessary in some cases, it depends on the mischief. She has quite a few hobbies they are cooking, listening to music, going to the theatre and discos, and reading books.

She would like to see more than two languages taught in the school but there are some problems. There aren't enough teachers. Even if there were teachers to teach, there aren't enough pupils.

Miss Martin likes Continental food and has been abroad in France and is going back there for a holiday this year.

by Tracey Lipton, Janette Millar and Cecelia McDermott (203)

THE HOPEFUL JOINER

A couple of weeks ago I interviewed Andrew Parsons, who is a new pupil to the school. He was born in Lamash in Arran and went to Arran High School before coming to St Michael's. He thinks that St Michael's is better than his previous school, but he prefers living in Arran than in Irvine. The only thing he dislikes about St Michael's are the teachers. Andrew thinks that school dinners are great. When he leaves school he wants to be a joiner.

My first question was, "which person in the world would you most like to meet" he said, "Ally McLeod." His favourite T.V. programme is Sportscentre. favourite pop star, pop group, film star, football team, football player are as follows, Paul McCartney, Showaddywaddy, John Wayne, Rangers, Derek Johnstone, favourite food is beef casserole. Andrew has got a dog and cat and his hobby is collecting bird's eggs. He hopes to get at least five 'O' Levels and get a good job when he leaves school.

by Mark "Smart" Collins (201)

SPANISH EXCHANGE

There are at present two lucky St Michael's pupils abroad. They are participating in a home-to-home exchange between Spain and Great Britain. The two pupils are Elizabeth Anne Donohoe and Yvonne Grimes, both of 4th Year.

Elizabeth Anne and Yvonne are spending the month of June in Madrid. They are living with Spanish families and the families themselves provide any excursions and sight-seeing tours.

So far Elizabeth Anne has written home and told us that she has a new mother for a month and that everyone keeps kissing her. Lucky her!

Scotland will be the hosts for the Spaniards in the month of August and no doubt St Michael's will have the pleasure of their company for at least some of the time.

By Margaret Anne Gilligan 1V

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ST MICHAEL'S CHESS CLUB

The Chess Club held two days a week on Mondays and Wednesdays at dinner-time in Room 9. It is run by Mr Smith with some help now and again from Mr Dickson who drives us to our away matches in the mini-bus.

At the beginning of this term and with 24 fully paid members the Chess Club decided to enter two teams for the Ayrshire leagues, one for the senior and one for the junior leagues. The senior team did well and finished fourth in a highly competitive league with a total of 11 points from a possible 18. Whilst the seniors were doing well the juniors came last in their league with only 1 point.

In the Four Board Allegro the top four players from St Michael's made up the team. They reached the semi-finals but were knocked-out by under-dogs Irvine Royal who went on to win it. The success of the senior team was so good that two players R. Smith 502 and T. Barrett 201 were chosen for the Ayrshire Senior Schools chess team.

Thomas* Barrett 201

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207 VISIT TO SMITHSTONE HOUSE 18.5.78

On arrival at Smithstone House, we were taken to a large room where there was a short talk about the house itself. Then we played a game in which you tried to pin bunnies off each other by making the person say yes or no. Then each person talked to someone and you attempted to learn something about them which you didn't know before. After a discussion it was lunch time, during this time pool and table-tennis were available.

YORK VISIT

On Saturday 3rd June, thirteen third year pupils, accompanied by Mr Dickson and Miss Murphy, set off on a week-end trip to York. The new school minibus, with Mr Dickson at the wheel, speeded off to our destination at 55 (sorry 50!)mph, running in the engine.

At about 11am we stopped in Annan, a small town near Dumfries, for a tea-break.

Brougham Castle was our destination where we stopped to eat our lunch and explore the ruins of the castle.

We arrived at York in the early afternoon, about 3.30pm. Before going to the Youth Hostel we walked along Bootham Bar (which was one of the medieval gates or "Bars" of York) until we reached York Minster and explored its undercroft where some of the remains of a Roman Fortress were found.

We climbed up the Minster Tower which seemed to have thousands of steps and we began to wonder if it was a rumour that there was something at the top!

On Sunday we went to mass at St Georges church and saw Dick Turpin, the famous highway-man's grave. Among other things that day we explored Cliffords Tower, the Castle Museum and the National Railway Museum.

Despite Mr Dickson's valiant efforts to pair some of us off, only two people (who shall remain un-named) didn't need to take the hint!

On Monday morning, our last day in York, as registration came and went in St Michael's, we were washing the breakfast dishes for the whole Youth Hostel, because everyone had to do something to help every day. Later on we went for a guided tour of the minster and a visit to an archaeological site. We still had two free hours in the city before starting off for home, so we had our lunch and did some shopping.

We stopped at Gretna for dinner at the "Little Chef", and arrived home a little earlier than expected, about 9.30pm.

Our visit to York was an educational one, but it was also very interesting, and we would like to thank Mr Dickson and Miss Murphy very much for a most enjoyable week-end.

Maria Sfarra 308

---oOo---

(from opposite page:)

About an hour and a half later we acted out some plays (which was very embarrassing). This was followed by a mass and afterwards Father Walsh said he would like to see us visit Smithstone House again. Everyone agreed that it was a great day.

(by an anonymous writer)



SURVEY ON TROUSERS

We all think that girls should be allowed to wear trousers in winter. We don't mind if they must be a certain colour (e.g. navy, blue, black). Why should the primary school children be allowed to wear trousers and we do not?

We asked some teachers what they think and as usual most male teachers disagree (but they don't have to wear skirts).

FEMALE:

Mrs Gardner: doesn't see why we shouldn't especially in cold weather.

Miss Martin: "It's very practical especially in cold weather, but only in certain colours and it could become part of the school uniform."

Mrs Tannahill: agrees with Miss Martin.

Mrs Lamb: thinks we should wear what we want as long as it's clean and tidy.

Mrs Barkey: trousers are unhygienic and get smelly if they are not washed enough.

Sister Maura: thinks skirts are smarter.

Mrs Nolan said No.

Mrs McKinley: thinks we should agree with Mr McCutcheon.

Mrs Webb: thinks skirts are smarter but in cold weather we should be allowed trousers.

Miss Whiston: we should be obedient and do what Mr McCutcheon says.

Mrs McDonald: likes the school uniform.

Mrs Lunardi: a skirt is much nicer.

continued on next page

NOTE:

Mr Bourceau said he doesn't see why not.

Mr McCourt said he doesn't agree.

Mr McLaughlin said it shouldn't be allowed.

Mr Smith said No, but this is a good thing we are doing to try and show our point.

Mr Nellany said "Down with trousers"

Mr Whiteside said Yes, but it must be dark and a certain kind.

Most parents think we should be allowed to wear trousers in winter because it helps prevent kidney trouble and some mothers think uniforms are tidy but in cold weather trousers are more suitable.

In Garnock Academy girls are allowed to wear trousers and the pupils there think we should be allowed too.

By Fudgey, Pauline, Lorraine and Julie, 2nd Year
Drawing by Rosalind Carslaw.

REPLY BY MR MAXWELL:

Everything seems so simple in theory: girls should be allowed to wear trousers in winter. Why not? In practice, alas, the matter is anything but simple. No two girls seem to be able to agree on what a pair of trousers is! Some are narrow, some are wide; some are very long and can only be worn with very high platform shoes - and, before you know where you are all girls are wearing high platform shoes it's a question of knowing where to draw the line.

Then of course some girls can afford the latest styles and can show off their wardrobe, whereas ^{some mothers} are hard put to send their family out in uniforms. The great point in favour in uniforms is that they don't go out of style!

Would I allow trousers in winter if we could agree on a certain type and colour? Yes, but only as a reward for good work and attendance, so that you would have to earn the right to wear them. This would also mean, of course, that bad behaviour or attendance would lead to the removal of the privilege. Why not?

Finally, if you simply keep asking "Why can I not have such-and-such a thing?" you are really demonstrating that you haven't quite arrived in the maturity stakes. But when you come to think of it, neither have some adults

--ooOoo--

TUCK SHOP

1977-78

The Tuck Shop has been very successful this year, in spite of reminders in MERT about too many sweets ruining your teeth. Due to the hard and faithful work of a group of 4th year (and, recently, 3rd year) girls, over £4000 worth of stock has been sold, making a profit of over £650, which has gone towards instalments on the mini-bus. Behind the scenes, Miss Lennon counted the money, Mr Pentleton banked it and Mr Dickson bought stocks. In 1977-78 St Michael's pupils and staff chomped their way through 17,712 packets of crisps, munches 10,728 Mars bars, chewed 23,400 Mojitos,

DREGHORN GALA QUEEN

Bernadette Craig of 17th year was chosen to be this year's Dreghorn Gala Queen. Her two attendants were chosen from Greenwood. The Gala this year lasted only for four days. It started on June 1st, when a Folk Concert was held in Dreghorn. Bernadette's duties also included attending an old folk's concert on June 2nd. Her big day however came on June 3rd when she was crowned at Greenwood. Two thousand people attended the ceremony. There were floats, displays, and lots of stalls there.

Cliff Hanley crowned Bernadette that day after which she made a short speech. The weather was lovely and it turned out to be a most enjoyable day all round. That night Bernadette attended a discotheque in Dreghorn. On June 4th she attended a Car Treasure Hunt and gave out prizes for Bowling Club. At the end of her duties she and her two attendants were given pendants to commemorate the occasion.

Altogether, Bernadette thoroughly enjoyed her time as Dreghorn Gala Queen.

By Susan Reilly III

--000--

Stevie Wonder Rules OK
by Boris

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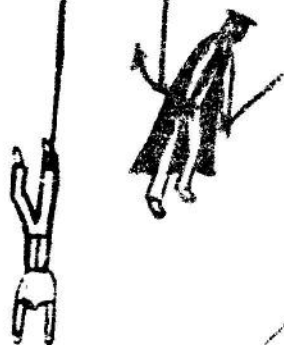
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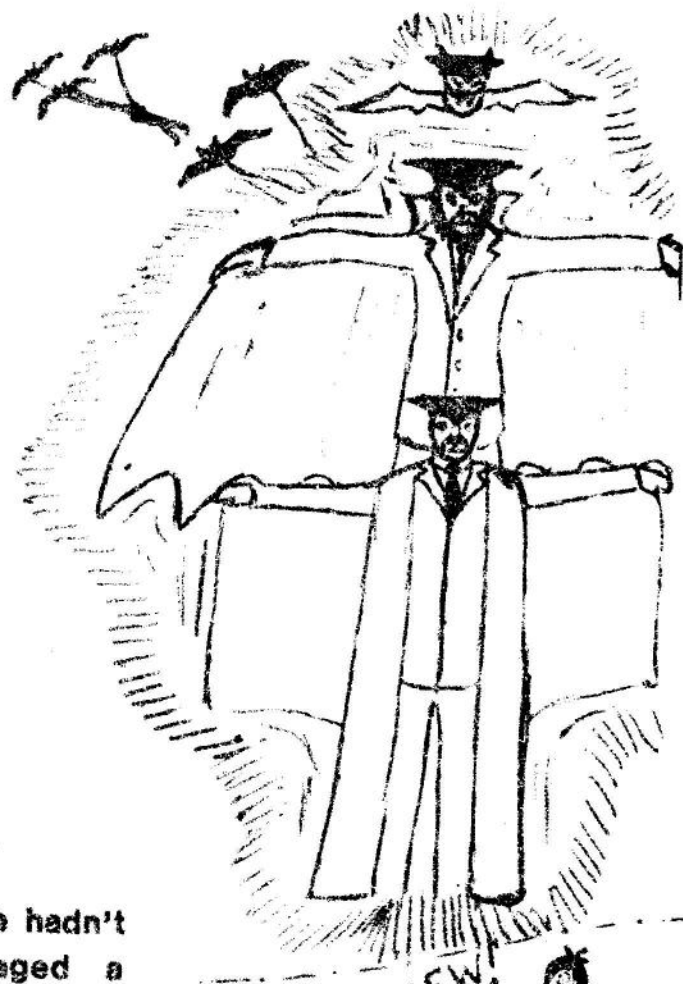


If we hadn't
managed a
new bus....



WHEEEZE!

GASP



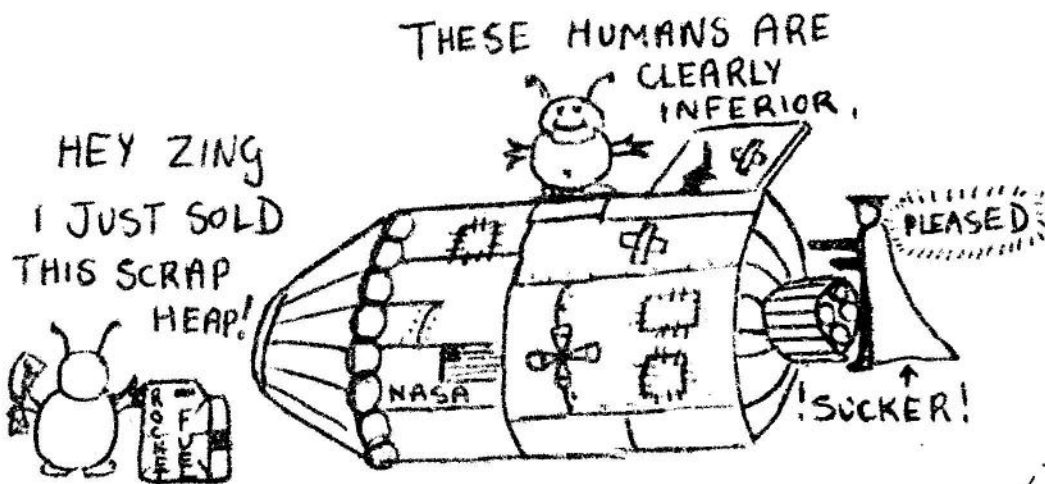
PHEW!



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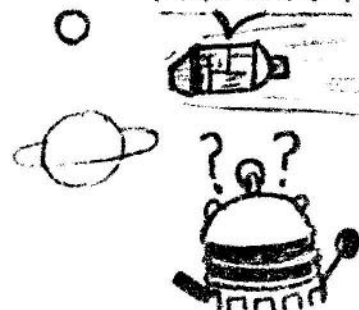
GASP

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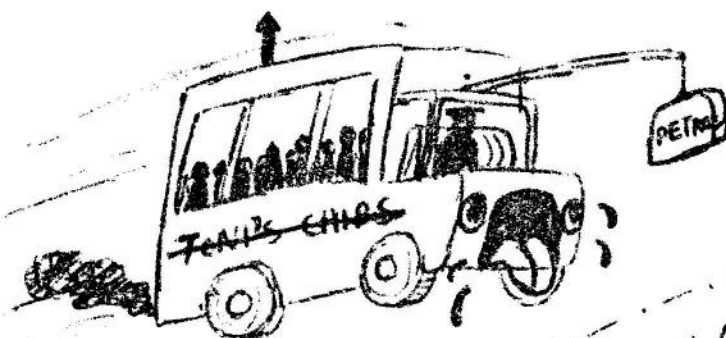
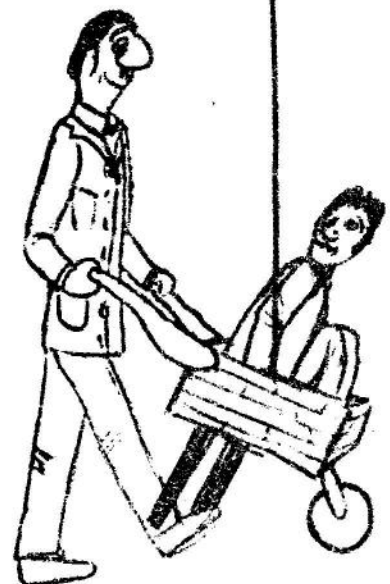


Later

TURN LEFT AT SATURN AND
HADRIAN'S WALL
IS ON YOUR RIGHT.



2nd YEAR LATIN TRIP



Seven other ways for
school parties to travel,
by Gerald Donnelly II



'CELEBRATION DAY'

"Celebrations were held all over the country today and many more have been planned for tomorrow," said the newsreader from the television set.

Although I was only eight years old and didn't really understand why everybody in our town had a holiday and I didn't really understand why everywhere and everybody was covered in red, white and blue rosettes or ribbons, I knew it was something to do with 'The Queen' but to me the Queen was only a lady I saw occasionally on television, who was giving us a party - a great big - Street Party.

Weeks of preparation had gone into making costumes, racing carts, floats, guests, the fair, contests, exhibitions and tournaments. I could hardly wait, Mum had made me a very special costume for our street float. Every street had its own float to be judged by the celebrities on "The Great Day"

'The Great Day' finally arrived, the morning was bright and sunny with a refreshing breeze. My family were up at six o'clock that morning, and others were up before us!



On the last chime of twelve our town came alive! Banners flew, parades started - everyone was just bursting with joy and excitement. It was one of those days when everyone was so friendly - even Mrs Hall! I felt like dancing for joy! After the parade which ended at the Town Hall, the Mayor gave a short speech from his balcony, which hardly anyone heard, no-one could keep still for excitement - even Mum and Dad! Then to the park, all the local schools had teams entered in the 'Netball and Football Tournaments' I stayed watching my school team playing for a while. Mum and Aunt Bet rushed to the "Best Cake" tent, when the cakes were being judged. Dad and Uncle Peter went to "Pitch and Putt" then the football. My cousins took me along to the "Fair". I love the noise and the lights. Lots and lots of people were there eating toffee apples or candyfloss. People wore hats decorated with streamers which could be bought by a man who was also selling goldfish. There were loads of amusements, dodgems, helter-skelters, roundabouts, divebombers, ladies telling fortunes just about everything! I enjoyed it so much I wanted to stay. At three o'clock sharp, everyone flocked to the platform erected in the middle of the park. They came to see the celebrities judge the floats and hear them announce the winners. The guests were, Michael Crawford, Lulu, Bruce Forsyth and Ronnie Corbett. They were very nice and spoke to us. Our float was judged to be second best. Dad won a bottle of wine and mum won a prize for her cake, so we were all happy.

We went home to our - Street Party. There were long tables covered in red, white and blue table cloths. Blue, white and red plates,

decorations and streamers hung all around. The local Brass Band walked through the streets playing tunes while we ate. I've never seen so much food. Some cakes were - red, white and blue, and I ate too much. Then after playing games and singing I helped Mum and our neighbours clear the street. That night we had a disco - with red, white and blue flashing lights. We danced and sang "God Save the Queen" at midnight!

I hope the Queen lives to reign another twenty-five years, cos I love "Street Parties".

Anne McMillan 204

---oo---oOo---oo---

102 visit Magnum:

On Thursday 8th June some of Mrs Graham's 1st year class went to Magnum to do a report for their class newspaper. First of all we looked at the theatre, then the skating rink, swimming pool and the room with the machines which clean the pool. In another, much bigger, room, we saw how ice for the rink is produced and how they heat the pool and showers. After half an hour to walk around (while Mrs Graham went into the cafeteria), some of the boys went to take a picture of the pool from outside before returning to school.

(by Frances Scott 102)

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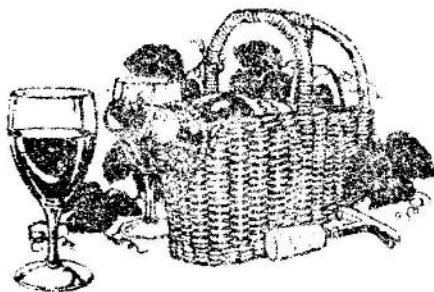
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PRIZEWINNERS — 1978

- BOY MEDAL : Janice O'Connell
- V1 June Hughes, Mairi Dalton, Bernard Quinn, Clare McCormick.
- V John Paul, Janice O'Connell, Claire Devine, Patricia Sweeney, Alexander Armstrong, Stephen Latham, Stephen Foy.
- 1V Marys Kolodziej, Ian Stewart, Michael McLaren, Elizabeth A. Donahoe, Paul F. Tomney, Mary McKelvey, Marie Louise Miller, Kevin Smith, Thomas McGinty, Angela Green, David Campbell, Andrew McKenna, Kenneth McMillan, Caroline Savage, Geraldine Harte.
- 111 Maria Sfarra, Brian Teas, Brian Murphy, Suzanne McCulloch, Michael McArdle, Mary Walsh, Brenda Feeney, Elaine Maxwell, Paul Scott, James Anderson, Lorraine Carter, Anne Marie Mullen, Carol McKinnon, Alex McCaffrey, Anne Clancy, Tracy McQuade, Michael McGinty, Lorraine Barrett, Pauline Robertson.
- 11 James Boyle, Susan A. Clegg, Gerald Donnelly, Robert Foy, Anne Marie Kelly, Paul McArdle, Susan McCafferty, Mari McCulloch, Paul McGeown, Denis McKay, Michael McKee, Anne McMillan, Anthony McNeil, James Mason, John Neilson, Yvonne O'Brien, Catherine O'Neill, Sharon Richardson, James Rooney, Margaret Savage.

FIRST YEAR ON ANOTHER PAGE

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Dear Editor,

We of the sixth year, in our infinite wisdom, have decided that in all conscience we cannot allow our gullible young fifth years (and dare we say it - fourth years) to be enticed into using what some punters would call pubs, alehouses or hotels. (Well it brings down the name of the school!) We have therefore compiled the following review, weeding out all the totally undesirable establishments. We would just like to state here and now that no expense was spared and all the research was scientifically carried out and double checked. We examined "absolutely everything", including in some cases, the gutter system of the New Town.

Our first stop, naturally, being next to our meeting place, was the Turf Hotel. Contrary to popular belief, this is not a dingy hole, but is in fact a very bright hole, boasting whitewashed walls and dark wood surroundings. Unfortunately, there is very little seating. It is rumoured to be a torture chamber for the Earl of Eglinton (deceased), and as a result the barmen are all trained in the art of acupuncture. It is noticeably within staggering distance of the laundrette and the funeral parlour.

Right next to the town hall and the police station lies the Mercat Cross. In this grubby den on a Friday night, for a small fee, one can usually find an almost live band called Hector. The manager of this establishment is definitely a "save-it" fanatic. (He goes around switching all the lights off!) It has been suggested that this darkness is in order to hide the dirt on the glasses.

After making our way through the shopping centre, and saving one of our number from death by a Tesco trolley, we came, by chance, on the Magnum. The great attraction about this place, used only by those energetic people who can't make the stairs down to the gym, is that Mr Robertson, with the Irvine Carters Society in mind, has kindly provided a ramp for those not steady enough to negotiate a staircase. Unfortunately, the prices are extortionate, to make up for the deficit embezzelled by the caterer.

Our fourth port of call, at the bottom of the afore-mentioned ramp, was the Ship Inn. Despite attempts by Jack Carson to nationalise the harbour front, this building remains the property of S.N.P. Provost, Matt Brown. Due to subsidence, this has recently experienced a swing to the left! (and it's beer isn't bad either.)

pto

As per usual, we eventually landed in the Kings Arms Hotel. (Sorry, we had to mention it sooner or later!) Since Strathclyde Police and the new manager forced the closure of the late disco, all Irvine's fourteen-year-olds have nowhere to go. If you are a Golden Wonder fanatic, this is no place for you, as they have never heard of crisps. We're not complaining about the beer, but we wondered why there were tea-bags floating in it.

After being thrown out of the Kings for being over eighteen, we made our way to the Grange Hotel, on Kilwinning Road. This is THE place to be on a Sunday night. The group, Joe Lethal, are very entertaining, but their fans steal the show. By eight O'clock, it resembles a sauna, and we believe it could be a fire risk.

Further up the road, we arrived upon the Ravenspark Arms. Don't know it? Then how about the Three Crows. Really quite a Jewish joint - only good for a passover.

We were going to call it a week-end here, but realized that we had only wasted half our Sunday night, so we decided to cross the border into the uncharted lands of Kilwinning. (Well we'd never seen it at night-time).

First stop here was the Lemon Tree, a quiet rendezvous where Australian table-wines are the speciality. The manager (Bruce to his friends) feels that we Scots are not adventurous enough to indulge ourselves in the taking of fine Australian plonk.

To round off this debaucherous week-end, we sauntered into the Claremont disco. Although this is strictly a plastic bag and safety pin area, the food is good. It must be noted that this area should be avoided on the Thursday before the last Friday of each month unless you have a good disguise and can run fast.

Here we had to stop as our ready capital had been depleted, and Smart refused to pay any expenses. Now as we move on to pubs (sorry pastures) green, we leave to future reviewers, our good wishes, and the total sum of 22¹/₂p. Hic! !

STAGGERINGLY YOURS
Annabelle and friends.

--oCo--

SMART

On that day there was no rain,
As I walked along a country lane,
I saw a man with a horse and cart:
I don't know how but he was reading SMART.

Andrew Twigg 103

FIRST SUPPORT THE ADVERTISERS and say you saw their advertisement in the Summer Annual. IT IS THANKS TO THEM that the Annual can afford a picture page and so many other pages.

The advertisers are:

BIRDI (newsagent and store, Kilwinning), CAMERON'S (fruiterer and florist, Irvine), CLAREMONT HOTEL (Kilwinning), CLYDESDALE BANK LTD., CRAWFORD'S (school outfitters, Irvine), FRANKIE'S (boutique, Kilwinning), GEMINI (boutique, Kilwinning), HARBOUR ARTS CENTRE (Irvine), LOCKHART'S (bakers, Irvine), LUNEY (gifts, Kilwinning), MCCRORIE (ironmongers, Kilwinning), PATRICK BROS. (fishmongers, Irvine), SPARRA (store, Kilwinning) and GEORGE WATSON (chemist, Irvine and Dreghorn).

- - o o - -

Recording for E.M.I.

Following their success at the Christmas Concert, the newly founded senior choir went one step further on the ladder to the heights, singing their way past baffled disbelievers, surprising even Mr Keenan, their conductor, and Mrs McDonald, both of whom helped and encouraged them in every way.

The choir was asked to perform on a record - a very great honour particularly where the recording company is EMI. There was a certain disbelief among the choir at first. Nevertheless, they were finally convinced and their performance on the actual recording night was enhanced by the atmosphere of excitement.

Rehearsals for the big event were fun but hard work. The local press was informed. The many varied attempts of their photographer in obtaining a respectable portrait of the group were all in vain and the outcome left a little to be desired (see photo no.5). At the final rehearsal in the school, the brass band whom the choir were to accompany, the Greenock & District Silver Band, attended, to the enjoyment and entertainment of the pupils, many of whom had never been in such close contact with a brass band as such.

The actual recording night proved to be a very interesting, if not, nerve-racking experience. After the exuberance of a somewhat unrehearsed voicing of vocal chords on the bus journey to Greenock, the anticipation built up, despite the long delay while balance tests were made and sound levels checked. Then, seated on the stage in Greenock Academy, where the recording was being made, the choir went into action, led by Kevin Campbell singing the solo from "Sailing". Although a few takes caused anxiety among some, Kevin and company seemed very much to the satisfaction of the EMI representatives.

The album of popular melodies should be available sometime in August. Much hard work has gone into this record, and the efforts of everyone involved. It would be greatly appreciated if the choir and their friends would sponsor this venture by buying the record. After all, it's not every day that a school choir gets the chance of such a break.

PHOTOGRAPHS

- 1) The school's new mini-bus, VSD 6S, on the day it was delivered to the school and handed over to the rector by the garage. Picture by John Paul and Stephen Latham V.
- 2) Second year Christmas Party. Picture by Mr Pentleton.
- 3) First year Christmas Party. Picture by Mr Pentleton.
- 4) Third year Christmas Party. Picture by Mr Pentleton.
- 5) School choir (senior section) rehearsing for their contribution to the Greenock Brass Band LP being put out by EMI. (Comment by fifth year: "a bunch of loonies")
Reprinted here by kind permission of the "Irvine Times" who published it last month (May).

Pictures 1 to 4 were printed by the Camera Club.

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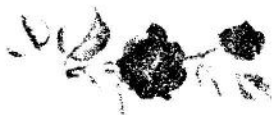
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11



- 6 Senior pupils at work (?) in religious class (503), photographed by John Paul. Find Anne Tonner, Dierdre Smith, Margo Waddell, Patricia Sweeney, Brian McMillan, Chris Russell and Janet O'Neill.
- Primary 7 Pupils from St Mary's who visited in May and won The Feeder School netball tournament. Picture by Mr Pentleton.
- 8 Primary 7 football winners from St Mary's who visited in May. Picture by Mr Pentleton.
- 9 St Mike's senior football team, photographed by John Paul. Back row (L to R): Eddie Gilhoolley, Brian McMillan, Bernie Quinn, Kevin Traynor, Chris Russell, Andy McKenna, Graham Doyle. Front row (L to R): Eddie McCaffry, Francis Chambers, Jake Wilson, Stephen Foy and Andy Horn.
- 10 2nd Year football team, photographed by Stephen Latham and Marys Kolodjiez. Back row (L to R): Mr McIlroy, James Mason, Paul Ruddy, Tony McIntyre, James Cornell. Front row (L to R): Paul Mc Geown, Tony Taylor, Dermis McKay, Francis MacDonald, Thomas Gilligan, and Robert McNulty.
- 11 1st Year football team, photographed by Michael Hand. Back row (L to R): Andrew Keenan, Scott Campbell, Derek Kerr, Jim Hughes, Mark McCutcheon, Terry McMunigal, Tom Taylor, Mr Mousley. Front row (L to R): Derick Sutherland, Tom Gallacher, Ivan Steele, Derek Doyle, and Alex McMillan.



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NEW LANARK

Our economics class set off for New Lanark at 9.30am in the school's new mini bus. We didn't know what a long journey we had in front of us. On the way we stopped at a country cafe. The teachers bought a coffee but most of the pupils bought an ice cream to cool them down.

All of the girls were pleased that they could wear trousers, and all but one girl ended up wearing them.

When we were passing through Lanarkshire Miss Conway kindly stopped the mini-bus so that Margaret McGorry could pop into visit her gran.

When we finally arrived everyone was slightly disappointed because they thought that there would have been more shops, but there was only one.

The first thing we did when we got there was Miss Conway and Miss Crukshank took us round some old houses to show us the kind of conditions people lived in many years ago. Then some of us began to complain about being hungry so we all trooped back to the mini-bus to get our packed-lunches. We went to a quiet place in the country to eat our dinner, the pupils started to go back to the mini-bus in front of the teachers. On the way back Christine Quirk and Theresa McBreen had to chap an old lady's door to use the toilet.

When we finally started the long journey home everyone was complaining of the heat, so all the windows had to be opened. Then we stopped, Miss Conway bought us a "Choc-ice", but the money used was mostly money we had to pay in the class for forgetting books etc. Then we carried on back home.

All the girls of Miss Conway's economics class wish to thank her for taking them.

By Karen McCormick^k and Helen Kelly (305)

--oOo--

Footnote:

Robert Owen's mills at New Lanark became the centre of a model community where workers were provided with houses, shops and a school for their children. This was all most unusual for the time (early 19th Century) when very few industrialists believed that they should look after their employees. (Ed.)

On sale in August, for those who have nowhere to
note their homework:

HOMEWORK NOTEBOOKS at cost price
(about 15p)

Teachers will expect those who need one to buy one.
More details after the summer holidays.

IMPRESSIONS OF SCOTLAND by the French Assistant

My stay is drawing to an end, I have been asked to write an article in your paper. First, I will introduce myself to those of you who do not know me. I come from the South of France, near Bordeaux between the vineyards and the sea. I have completed my third year at Bordeaux University; however, I have not finished my course.

When I first came here in August '77 I felt that all the years I had spent learning English at school and college had been a waste of time, because you, the locals, do not speak the same language as I had been taught. However, I got used to it fairly quickly, thanks to the help of some zealous true Scots who explained to me how to pronounce "Is it the noo", "It's a braw bricht moonlicht nicht the nicht", "Whit way?" and so on, Jimmy.

Secondly the climate is one thing I cannot get over. I must say that I have suffered the winter '77 - '78. The cold wind going through you is an experience I'll warn any Southerners against.

Thirdly, the food it's not that bad mind you.

In the Irvine area the schools I go to are Ravenspark Academy and St Michael's Academy - I felt there was a mixture of toughness and warmth. I think pupils are tougher here than they are in France as far as I remember my schooldays. I have also been struck and shocked at the division of Catholics and Protestants and the antagonism which seems to exist between them. For a Frenchman it sounds like a battle of a completely forgotten past.

Anyway I have enjoyed my stay here, on the whole, for in spite of the hard labour I have been condemned to in the school, I have met plenty of nice people in the country and I do not think that I will ever forget Scotland (never mind the World Cup). Funnily enough I am not really looking forward to going back to France since I have to do my military service in the French paratroops for a year. Is it that bad? Ach, no, but the food in the French army is even worse than in

The manuscript ends here, probably for diplomatic reasons)

M. Didier Bourceau

---oOo---

SPORTS STORIES:

Hilary Devine has been awarded a Special Certificate by the Associated Board of the Royal Schools of Music, London, for having passed grades 5, 6, 7 & 8 in pianoforte playing within 5 years. (from Mrs Baird)

Robert Hannan (407) has had a successful year in cross-country events with different Ayrshire clubs this winter, winning about 6 (he "thinks") (from Mr Gill)

prejudice

four poems

Blacks aren't liked by many Whites
The Catholics by many Protestants
This does lead to many great fights
And the making of Prejudice.

Football, cafes, buses and streets
Places where many many people meet
Blacks and Whites, Catholics and non
With the prejudice now, many will be gone.

There is prejudice against many people,
Even against the Church and the Steeple,
New ones are made up every single day,
Bosses are hated because of their pay.

And to end this little verse
As many people end up in the hearse,
Because they hated one another
Yet they don't realise they are sister and brother.

By Monica McGarry & Jacqueline Wilkinson
- 000- 204

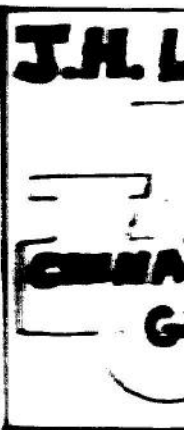
People coloured black and white,
Rangers, Celtic begin to fight.
What's the cause no one knows
But the violence grows and grows.

Catholics and Protestants reject each other
People can't stand the sight of each other
No one knows the reason why,
Still they fight and still they die.

Maybe one day there'll be peace,
And the fighting hopefully shall cease,
But for the present they'll fight on
Until the breaking of a new dawn.

Elizabeth Gillespie 204

- 000 -



They walked straight down the street
And they looked down at their feet.
They could not hold their heads up high
But why?

They were black, and they were hated
To be nothing, they were fated.

It has always been the same,
Fighting blacks had been a game.
"Hang the negroes from the steeple"
Was the shout of prejudice people.

Still the blacks are poor and fated,
To be nothing, to be hated.

by Susan Clegg

--oOo--

"No blacks allowed" it's always the same;
It's even improper to mention their name.

The buses they wait for never stop;
Sorry, no blacks allowed in this shop.

In colour they're different, inside they're not;
Some people would rather they were all shot.

In schools they are treated like dirt on the ground.
Pupils just mock them and push them around.

Why do we hate them and treat them so?
If you ask yourself would you really know?

by Jennifer Shepherd and Susan McCafferty

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MY IDEA OF THE FUTURE

I am Perfecta and I have been granted permission to record my life in this Interplanetary Send Off Block.

When I was six years old like many other little girls I was separated from an Alpha Woman, (the old term was 'mother') and taken into a Hive. My behaviour that day was disgraceful as I displayed human emotions and cried. I was beaten severely and in my years at the Hive I have learned never to display human emotions for it is against the Rule and especially never to feel 'love' for anyone.

I am now perfect. I became perfect before I was thirteen years old so I am allowed to exist six years after I have children. Then my duty here is ended and I will exist no more.

I will tell you of the history of Planet Earth. We are not told a lot of our history but we are told that hundreds of years ago in approx. 1987, man destroyed Earth with a simple atomic bomb, Some people escaped to another planet just like Earth which is now called New Earth. It is not far from my Earth but we do not make contact with them as they are very backward people - they still use fire, food and have emotions.

Our ancestors made the original Earth new again and the earth pure. They ruled out emotions as this is what destroyed the original Earth, and made the Rule. They controlled the population of Earth. The duty of a woman is to become perfect in every way, and the duty of a man is to explore the black infinity of other galaxies. Children that are born deformed are called Gamma Rejects and are kept hidden from the Alpha's eye.

I myself have seen the Grade-One deformity, a girl with a limp and a Grade-Four a girl with glasses, and I could not keep myself from grimacing at these hideous deformities. If they become perfect before the age of eight they are allowed to lead a normal Alpha life; if not they are destroyed by Hive Master. So this is my life. It is all so perfect but I can't help wondering that somewhere along the line man has lost what living is all about. I will not be wondering any longer for tomorrow my duty here is ended.

By Anne-Marie McKenna, 204

--oOo--

Rumours: that Mr Gill's doctor, in spite of Mr Gill's recent absence, assured him that he can still use his belting arm.

that many other schools in Strathclyde are finishing at 1.00 p.m. next Thursday.

STEVE BOSTON

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OSCAR GOLDTOOTH AUTHORIZES STEVE'S SHATTERED LEGS AND ARMS TO BE BIOTRONICALLY REPLACED.

SHE'S BREAKING UP! THE WHEELS HAVE FAILED! HAUGH!

SHE'S CRASHED.



BE BAW BE BAW



OPERATING THEATRE WAITING ROOM



SCALPEL

SCISSORS

SCALPEL

SCISSORS

SO THE LONG OPERATION GETS UNDER WAY.



THERE'S THE CAKE FINISHED!

YUM! YUM!



AND THEN...

AND NOW FOR STEVE BOSTON.



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HISTORY at CULZEAN

Monday 13th June was an exciting day for those lucky third years who were to study history as, under the experienced leadership of Sister Dominic, they set off on a field-work trip. With the air of intrepid explorers on a perilous adventure the party left the familiar surroundings of St Michael's and headed for sunnier regions.

The first point of call was Burns' Cottage, where, armed with worksheets, we set off to view the scene. The cottage with its stone floors, thatched roof and faded attraction of a visitors' book was extremely interesting. After having thoroughly investigated the cottage we moved on to the exhibition. Then, once our worksheets were completed several of the group went to the gift shop and bought ourselves souvenirs at reasonable prices. After that we moved on to the historic Burns' Cottage for a peaceful half-hour wandering around the gardens, climbing the walls, eating our lunch and signing the visitors' book.

The vehicles disposed of, we journeyed to Culzean Castle, with our worksheets. The custodian provided an interesting tour of the castle which had just been reopened after an interior facelift. It was very educational as well as enjoyable, especially for one particular member of our party who spent a long time sitting on Louis XVth tapestry chair and other such items!

The next stop was the newly opened Culzean Centre. We saw a filmstrip of the castle and afterwards we studied the exhibition on the history of agriculture and industry in Culzean. There was even a Visitors' Book!!!!

After everyone had seen everything we were "turned loose" to roam free until 1 o'clock. Some people took the opportunity to buy souvenirs, others sat on the grass in the warm afternoon sunshine or drank lemonade, while the more adventurous set out to explore the smugglers' caves.

Finally our time ran out and soon we were speeding along the by-pass towards St Michael's. The tour was over but it had been a very enjoyable day. Thanks to Sister Dominic Savio and Miss Murphy.

by anonymous

ii--ooOo--ii

ANIMATION CLUB:

Shortly after Christmas, Mr Smith re-started the 1st year animation club. At first he hoped to have 20 members, but this was narrowed down to 12 keen cartoonists. Over the term each member has by himself made a short film of their own choice, each lasting about 30 or 40 seconds. As no film was available this term the members will be filming early next term. The first years will probably have a chance of joining a new animation club set up by Mr Smith.

by Martin McKee

STV

SMART WINNERS VISIT STV STUDIOS

Early in March SMART offered several places in the audience for a recording of the STV show "Hello, Good Evening and Welcome" and a month later I with other lucky winners set off in the new mini-bus, we were its first passengers, for the Cowcaddens studios.

We arrived and, evading a possible security check, hurried quickly into the studio where we took our seats. With everyone in, the doors were locked and we were condemned to ninety minutes entertainment. We will not however be television personalities overnight due to the fact that we were seated in the back few rows.

During the evening an anonymous entertainer wandered around making a nuisance of hi self and keeping our spirits high.

Without giving away the secrets of the programme's contents we firstly watched a sketch portraying a common Glaswegian family - The Planks. Next we were subjected to a number of re-takes of the song which would start and finish the show - their rendering of "I'll go where your music takes me!" The stage was cleared of the debris from the earlier sketch and we sat back and listened to solos.

The final sketch arguably the best of the evening was set in a POW camp, Stalag 7. The stars of the show - as they were referred to all night - played the part of the mad Irishman, the female escape officer and the Kormandant.

If you wonder why our applause was so well co-ordinated we must admit that a director stood "out of the camera" - with a pistol - and raised and lowered his hands accordingly.

We rounded off a most enjoyable evening with the traditional fish supper in a Johnstones chip shop.

Paul McGeown II

FOOTBALL

Tony McIntyre and Paul Ruddy write about the U-14 football team:-

This season the U-14 have been very unlucky in both the cup and the league. The team was outstanding but just couldn't put the ball in the net; take the Scottish Cup where they lost in the last minutes of extra time. In the two Ayrshire Cups the team was leading, then relaxed and were beaten. The side also had an up-and-down season in the league. They held the strong teams but were beaten by the easier II's.

Mr McIlroy supplies the following player reports:

- Hutcheon, dependable; all round sportsman; lacks a bit of height.
- McFalty, sturdy full back; lacks positional sense; bad left foot; good throw.
- Mason, excellent reader of game; credit to school; possible Ayrshire player.
- Connell, improved vastly in last year; excellent in air; needs a bit more confidence.
- McGowan, tidy full back; lacks a bit of dig.
- Iarr, could be a good player if he had a little bit of heart; has the physique to do well.
- Ruddy, can play two positions - midfield and goalie - equally well; needs to improve his left foot.
- McIntyre, could be very good if he had better vision; shows aggression.
- McKay, good left-sided player; also plays well at back.
- McDonald, has all round skill; now starting to worry about being tackled.
- McGeough, no comment ! ? * !
- Gilligan, reliable fellow.
- Evans, fair bit of skill.
- Taylor, very quiet; good ability.
- McGonagle, a fighter.

Top scorers throughout the season:- McDonald and McKay

Record -	P	W	L	D	F	A	PTS
	20	4	13	3	45	67	11

oOo

U-14 VOLLEYBALL

The U-14 Volleyball used to be on a Monday at 4 o'clock. The volleyball players didn't have any volleyball matches against other schools because there were not enough players for a team. Miss Cunningham took the girls for training. Sometimes Mr Richardson (who has now left) came to the volleyball training.

Report from Sandra Mullem

SECOND YEAR 'A' NETBALL

The second year 'A' netball team have done very well this season. They won all their games except this game against Greenwood, the score being 14-13. But this didn't stop them from winning the North Ayrshire League.

All the other league matches had good scores, Ardrossan Ao: 24-12, St Andrews 22-7, Marr College 13-7, Ravenspark 19-10, Garnock Academy 7-4, Irvine Royal 11-9.

Now they have to play the winners of the South Ayrshire League, James Hamilton, from Kilmarnock on the 20th of June (and when they met previously in a friendly game, St Michael's won.).

On Tuesday 6th of June, the team played in an U-14 Tournament at St Andrews. They played in section 2 winning all their games, and played the winners of section 1, Greenwood. Unfortunately they lost 9-6 in a good final.

This is the same team as in first year:-

G.S. Michelle McDonald, G.A. Helenor Forde, W.A. Anne McMillan, C. Yvonne O'Brien, W.D. Sandra Mullen, G.D. Linda Hall, G.K. Catherine O'Neill.

The team would like to thank Mrs Tannahill for her coaching in first and second year.

by Anne McMillan, Linda Hall and Yvonne O'Brien.

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U-14 BASKETBALL

John Hutcheon writes on the U-14 basketball team, who this year won more games and played well although having to contend with players who were stronger and taller than themselves.

"James Mason, one of a group of players who were given coaching by top Scots Internationals, excelled on the overlap and was given good support by McDonald and Hutcheon. The former's great potential in putting the ball in the basket never materialised although his dribbling teased all defences. Jim Boyle was a tremendous retriever of the rebound and his long shots usually found the basket. As for the "big men" - Kytzia's height caused every defence problems and his rebound work was good. James Connell frequently cleared up at the back and his long runs regularly ended with a shot. McIntyre and McKay joined the squad late in the season but McIntyre's grim determination and aggression showed right from the start while Dennis's runs paid off. Derek Campbell was unavailable often but his shooting from a standing position was good. McGeown played very well at the back mopping up any loose balls. He was also a great service to the attack with quick, sharp passes."

Retiring Sports Editor now writes on Hutcheon's performance,

"John was a very high spirited player who was for ever putting the ball in the basket from hopeless positions with low close-to-the-ground dribbling. A feature of his play was his ability to notch up two points every two minutes."

-- o o o --

RUMOUR: that the retiring Sports Editor hit the Principal Teacher of P.E. with a soft-ball bat, almost breaking his knee, and causing the

MAC'S MEN

A strange assortment of human shapes in natty strips have graced the playing fields of Ayrshire over the last few months. That far-travelled band of football fanatics, St Michael's Staff XI (sometimes ten) have once again been on the move.

Since the disastrous rout in March by the pupils, well remembered for one of the English Dept trying to enhance his features by having a mud pack, there has been an upturn in fortunes. Bolstered by a trio of youthful mercenaries from St Andrew's, including ex-staff member Graham Richardson, and led by the mercurial McRoyil - known to some team-mates as "The Mouth" the team has had a series of enjoyable matches.

At Greenwood a fair imitation of the total football concept led to a good 3-1 win. Worthy of note that day was "Auld Heid" No-Nerv's cool display. A bad day for the team however led to dark mutterings that the afore-mentioned was "over the hill." He informs us though, that in a valiant attempt to regain fitness, he has had the lamp on his bad leg every night.

As an added attraction in the same match a team member, who shall remain nameless, engaged the opposing centre-forward in the art of reparatee, eventually suggesting they should solve the dispute in a more basic manner. No casualties were reported.

Latest result was a no-score draw at Marr by a ten-man team in a keenly contested but clean, match. Young Fitz took a trick here with a solid display, thus underlining the worth of the winter 3-a-side games in the gym for sharpening up the team.

Unfortunately these had to be abandoned owing to O' Me-Slay-U (he loses his temper easily) constantly complaining that the referees were cheating.

by "Wee Yin"

A NETBALL TOURNAMENT

On the thirteenth of June our first year netball team along with 16 others went to Garnock Academy, where we were to play in a tournament.

The schools were put into 4 groups. In our group were Beith Primary, St Andrew's and Garnock. Our first game was against Beith Primary. Although they were only a primary they were quite good. In the end the score was 8-1 to St Mike's. After this we had a rest for 20 minutes.

Once this long needed rest was finished we were to face Garnock. Unfortunately, it was a draw, 3-all. Without a rest we went on to challenge St Andrew's. When this ordeal came to an end the score was 4-1 to St Andrew's (boo). Totally pleased, because we came in second in our group Miss Cunningham bought us all a can of ginger (all faint in astonishment). At the end of our games 3 bibs were lost but later found. During the time they were lost Miss Cunningham said that she dreaded facing Mrs Brown (coward). At 4.15 the bus left Garnock Academy.

by Trisha (104)

Senior Football

Mr Richardson, then of P.E department, approached several of the 5th year boys and asked about the possibilities of forming an under 19 football team, because he was thinking of entering a team to represent the school in the under 19 Ayrshire Schools Cup.

When he approached these boys (men?) he had no idea how much latent talent there was among them. This hidden talent was shown off to the full? in their first game against Grange Academy. The team went from strength to strength, defeating the cream of Ayrshire Schools footballers until they met the supposedly best team in Scotland, Ardrossan Academy, in the Ayrshire Cup Final. The final score of 3-2 for Ardrossan certainly did not portray a fair indication of the goings on of the game. However, good promise in this tournament inspired entrance into the North Ayrshire Schools Cup.

The team progressed to the semi-final of this cup until beaten by Auchenharvie on penalties after a replay and extra time.

It must be noted that without the help of Mr Vernon, Mr McIlroy and Mr Richardson respect for the football talent of St Michael's might not have been achieved.

The team would like to thank the other members of the staff for their help in getting them fit, through three magnificent and interesting games of football; the last of which the pupils no doubt enjoyed. The team would also like to thank the pupils for their support throughout the year. "We did very much appreciate it."

The end of the football season has arrived, and I am sure that you wish the team every success in the next season when it is hoped that they will be entered in the Ayrshire League.

All team members are listed below.

W. Carslaw, P.C. Russell (*), F. Chambers, B. McMillan, A. Hughes, K. Traynor (capt), K. O'Neill (*), R. Bennett, Y. Hakan (*), S. Foy, E. McCaffrey, G. Doyle, J. Wilson, A. McKenna, M. McCreadie, R. Smith, E. Gilhockley, B. Quinn, A. Horn.

* special thanks to these

by E. McCaffrey

Senior Basketball

Unfortunately due to lack of people willing to play basketball for the school the team had to disband in January with some fixtures unplayed. The team had been together since 1st year.

Michael Hand (402)

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STIRLING CASTLE & BANNOCKBURN:

Some of classes 101, 103, 104 and 105 set out from Staladluft 13, sorry, St Michael on 15th June, to visit Stirling Castle & Bannockburn. It was a pleasant journey though Miss Hennon, Miss Murphy and Sister Dominic Savio stood over us wielding whips and chains, etc.. It was quite good at Stirling Castle as we walked round admiring buildings and architecture. When we reached the dungeons certain pupils suggested bringing the teachers and leaving them in there, but these suggestions were stopped by the teachers. We had a worksheet to fill out for both Stirling Castle and Bannockburn, where we had to copy two inscriptions. Afterwards we had two slide shows.

(report by Martin Griffin 105)

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SPORTS DAY

The margin with which Smithstone retained the Father Burke Inter² House Trophy shows just how keenly the competition was on SPORTS DAY '78.

The sun shone, a breeze blew at 1.30 prompt competitions began. Early indications were that Eglinton had taken the lead and as the scores were handed in it became

clear that it was a two horse race Ashgrove and Dalgarven having dropped down the points table which was scrupulously kept by Mrs McGuinness.

THE STATISTICS	BEHIND	THE STORY
	pts	Victories
Ashgrove	261	3
Dalgarven	271	4
Eglinton	325	11
Smithstone	331	8

Going into the relays, which as always closed the programme, Smithstone had an eleven point lead. Eglinton whittled it down to six but Smithstone won the final relay and the tournament.

As promised in S.M.A.R.T.'s preview there was an inter-feeder school relay which St Luke's duly won, victors in the boys race and runners up to St Mark's in the girls.

There were two scores which merited special mention:-
Ashgrove's 19-5 win over Smithstone in the senior netball and Eglintons 7-1 2nd yr hockey win over the same Smithstone side. Eglinton managed a clean sweep of the hockey games and took half of the points in the football section. Ashgrove's successes came in the female sports of netball and rounders while Dalgarven scored well in the table tennis doubles. Smithstone had victories elsewhere monopolising the girls table tennis and junior football but they didn't manage one single point in the archery won by Eglinton.

RUMOUR THAT:-

Fr Walsh will be up as quick as a flash to claim the trophy for Smithstone.

THANKS:-

To all who helped produce SMART's Sports Report throught the year.

Paul McGeown 2nd year
Sports Editor '78

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MODELLING CLUB: Last year Mr Colgan started the modelling club for first years only. The members have built various types of models including motorised planes, statuettes and mostly built-up model kits. Mr Colgan is hoping to carry the club into 2nd year and is sure to have more people interested.
by Martin McKee.

ALONE

The snow slowly melted. The first snowdrops appeared and the birds were noisier than usual. Tears welled up in my eyes. I knew mum wasn't here to see all these things which marked the beginning of Spring. In fact, she would never see or do anything again.

I had just left the hospital where I had watched my own mother fading away, dying, in a hospital! It seemed so ridiculous, doctors everywhere but none able to help. "I'm sorry," that's all they could say, "I'm sorry, I'm sorry I'm sorry,....." Oh! I hate those words!

I had known for a few months that mum was going to die but she seemed so well, so full of life that it was very hard to believe, like a sick joke. Sometimes at night we would talk about it. Mum insisted that I go to Art College no matter what happened because it was what her and dad had always wanted.

Mum and I had been alone since dad died three years ago, and had always been very close. Now she was gone, I was alone. I could no longer run home and tell her that I had passed my exams or ask her advice about a new dress. Tears were now streaming down my face. People were staring at me but I didn't care.

I walked for a while because I didn't think I could go back to that empty house. Eventually I did return. Slowly I opened the door and went in half hoping it was all a bad dream and that mum would be waiting there as usual, but she wasn't. My heart ached, I wanted to scream, but I couldn't.

Without even taking my coat off I went up to mum's room. Everything was just the way she had left it, neat and tidy. I collapsed on the bed, mum's bed, and cried again.

Eventually I must have cried myself to sleep, because when I opened my eyes it was dark. I didn't get off the bed, I just lay there thinking. I heard plates clattering in the kitchen and water running as someone filled the kettle. Mum! I ran down the stairs and into the kitchen, it was empty and silent.

I went back up the stairs. When I got to the bathroom door I stopped. I went in and opened the medicine cabinet. It was full of different pills. Mum would come in here at nights and take them, they didn't help much though, I could hear her now, then she would start to cry. She must have been so hurt. I stared at the bottles and my mind was a blank. I lifted down a bottle and went back into the room. It was wrong, I knew, but I couldn't go on myself.

I went over to the window. It was raining, not surprising. I sat on the bed and opened the bottle.

It was at that moment I heard mum's voice, "don't do it Carol, please!"

The bottle dropped from my hand and again I cried.

I did go on, and got an art degree, but if it hadn't been for mum I don't think I could have made it.

TEENAGERS

It is a well known fact that at some stage in a teenagers life he or she changes from a child to a more mature person. This change usually occurs between fourteen and round about eighteen, with some individuals it is longer. Most teenagers become rebellious at this stage of life and they usually rebel against parents, teachers, people who have authority over them and society in general. It is after the rebellious stage that these people become mature adults.

The stage of life known as the rebellious stage mostly starts with a simple thing., for example, wearing a pair of trousers or a certain hairdo which parents object to but the teenager's likes can start a rebellion. On the other hand, if the teenager is already mature enough to compromise with parents the rebellion will not take place. Most teenagers who rebel against their parents always lose in the long run. They forget that their parents have already been through these stages of life and know what they are talking about. A particular aspect which causes a teenager to rebel is her or his friends whose parents do not like. This is a common argument in houses and homes all the time.

It is unfortunate that these things will have to happen but no one can stop nature and it will probably continue for as long as anyone can imagine. There will always be clothes, friends and hairdo's that parents will disagree with and cause the rebellion to start. This is definitely the finding-out stage in life.

by Michael Keenan (305)

Gemini Boutique

150 MAIN ST.

KILWINNING

LADIES FASHIONS

SKIRTS - DRESSES - SLACKS - PEASANT TOPS

THE EXISTENCE OF IDENTITY

Peace, silence. Autumn, the season of death; the shattering of hopes and needs. The leaves are gathered, the trees are dying for a time, a seagull cries through white smoke in the garden fires that fill the heavy air. They sweep wildly, screeching in the dense atmosphere, shattering my invisible barrier, the shell in which I am cowering, alone with my thoughts. I talk to myself. Me! Who am I! a mind? a soul?

No! I am one of many, classed with many. Do what they do, say what they say, wear what they wear, think what they think. Well, that's the way I'm expected to be, what I'm said to be.

Why? because I'm a teenager, of course. A vandal, a hooligan, a mugger of old women, a sprayer of walls. Well, that's what they say I do. Other Teenagers do it and I'm just the same, am I?

Am I not entitled to sit quietly, think, wonder? A mind, a soul, No! A punk, a poser, a hippy or a teenybopper? Yes! I'm one of a group. Not a person, not me. Drink, drugs, pot-smokers, hash dealers, alkies. I'm all of these, why? I'm a teenager, of course.

I'm rebellious. Sympathetic looks and a gentle whisper when I rebel, "She's at a difficult stage, just going through a phase." When I'm quiet and pensive, "She's depressed, just going through a phase."

I'm not one of a group, just one of millions. A whole new concept of life is needed. Look beneath the image. Look at the eyes, the eyes are the window of the soul. Listen to the words spoken by each individual, the laughter and the tears.

I feel love, sadness, joy. I have ambitions, a sense of security in my cocoon of family and friends. I am an individual. I am me, unique, different from everybody else. An equal, above all, an equal. Entitled to respect whether rich, poor, good, or evil. All are created by God, loved by God, and entitled to respect.

And that is why I am sitting here, in the midst of nature, the God-made balm, the solace. Constantly having to remind myself that I have every right to try and change society, every right to demand respect.

Every right to be me!

Cecilia Bradley (501)

P.T.A.

Dear Parents and Staff

In the great democracy of the U.S.A. literally any citizen can become President, although it must be said that having a millionaire for a father is a desirable qualification. In a true democratic institution like a Parent-Teacher Association, any parent or teacher can become President and the only qualification is a desire to see the school prosper. I have just completed my first year as President of St Michael's P.T.A. and I look back on the period with mixed feelings. The Autumn Fair was a resounding success due to unselfish support from staff, parents and pupils and we have a brand new bus as a reward for our efforts (N.B. It is not true that the suspension on the old bus went due to Mr Dickson's efforts to remove Hadrian's Wall to Irvine).

The monthly events, I am sorry to report, were not so well supported. On the social side, the average attendance at a dance in November, a Burns Supper in February and a Cheese and Wine party in April, was sixty. The informative evenings were so poorly attended that about half the audience were committee members.

We have made up our programme for 1978/79 and this will be circulated to all members (a grand total of 70). My committee and I are determined to try to conquer the apathy which exists among both parents and staff. I would like to point out to both parties that all of us lead busy lives and have other pursuits to occupy our evenings. Please be a little less selfish with your time. We have an active committee but unless the level of support improves they will soon lose heart.

Yours sincerely, John O'Connell

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102's TRIP TO STIRLING CASTLE AND BANNOCKBURN

On Thursday the 9th we, 102 and some boys of 106, went to Bannockburn and Stirling Castle. We left the school at 9.20. About an hour and a half later we arrived at Bannockburn. Sister Dominic Savio took us into the place beside the battlefield. A lady took us into a small theatre where there was a circular screen where the story of the fight for freedom before the battle of Bannockburn was projected. Then we went into another theatre where slides of the Battle were projected onto a battlefield. We then went to the Borestone and the statue of Robert the Bruce. After that we boarded the coach and drove to Stirling Castle. Sister Dominic Savio and Miss Lennon showed us round everything including the dungeons, the kitchens, the museum, the palace and the Chapel Royal. We all arrived home later after a thoroughly enjoyable day.

Richard Paul and Ralph Togneri 102

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Away
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WORK!
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reports from

T H E

W O R L D

B E Y O N D (school)

Monday the thirteenth (!) started with a chorus of "C'mon, get up, ye'll miss yer bus" in stereo. Five minutes later (plus one fight with the bedclothes, a jumper on the wrong way round and two different shoes) I was standing bleary-eyed and half sleeping at the bus stop waiting to be taken to Glasgow and my first day as clerical employee with a certain well known bus company (they have buses which come in twos, or threes, or fours, . . .).

Contrary to popular belief, office workers do not have to be kitted in bowler hats and pinstripe suits. Nobody but nobody in our building wears these, although several remarks were passed about the lovely pink hat and powder blue satin dress with matching shoes and seamless stockings which the L.B.C.O. wore a few days after my arrival. He was later wine and dined by the E.D.O. who sported a dazzling array of medals won after a long arduous battles with 'punters' in exotic Easterhouse, charming Castlemilk and sunny Summerton.

Seriously, office staff dress the way they want (well almost). H.G.'s A.P. II's, A.P. III's mix with lowly C.G.I's, not so lowly C.G. II's and higher up C.G.III's in their dress fashion, polo/crew neck and/or jeans being the most popular with T-shirts accompanied by a pair of jeans (again) coming first in the summer dress charts.

To live in 'This Big Wide World', you must also be FIT. To become FIT, work with us. You might think that we would be lazy and go up and down in the lifts. But there is one, ever so small, technical hitch - in two small words, it is THE LIFTS.

5 times out of 10, one lift is off, whilst 7 times out of 10 BOTH lifts are off. So you have to be fit. For a start, our canteen is on the fourth floor, which is fine if you work on 3, 4 or 5, but it's terrible if you work on the ground floor, first floor or basement.

You also have to be good at answering a phone, especially if it's an ifate timekeeper wanting to know why he hasn't received any time cards for this week! A usual day in the 'office' consists of a series of phone ringings, the buzzer on the window, and shouting. This continuous 'day of noise' is broken only rarely by the 'sound' of silence; but Union Rules forbid this, and the idyllic noise of WORK is soon restored.

Away from the sheltered climes of school, you are subjected to enormous pressures during the working day - for example, actually being asked to WORK! Apart from the fact that Union Rules do NOT allow it, it is very tiring pressing the nine buttons, 1 addition bar and total bar

for five minutes at a go. This leaves us a further 7hrs 10mins. for tea breaks, smoking, spreading rumours, getting trapped in lifts, and writing articles.

No longer do you have to eat lovely (!) school dinners! You can now eat gorgeous canteen dinners. For the princely sum of 21 $\frac{1}{2}$ p (inc.VAT) you can get a half cooked, grease covered, roll and sausage and cup of cold, watery coffee (eat your heart out, school canteen).

For the many of you who are about to leave school and start work, here is a bit of helpful advice. DON'T.

Apart from that, the following points should also be observed:

- 1) Do not volunteer for training courses, otherwise you will be photocopying ALL day (like me) should you happen to take a photocopying course.
- 2) Do not insult your working partner/boss/canteen assistant by saying that his/her hair's a mess. Unless you're looking for trouble.
- 3) Make sure that your watch states the right time, i.e. it's five minutes fast at starting time (great if you're late!), five minutes slow at tea breaks, etc., and at going home time.

With these in mind and by joining your respective union, you will find (like me) that work is just one long BORE!

by 02004 400936 32 00758 41350004685

Rumour: that this article is by one of the departed spirits of 1977-78 Denis Herraghty.

--oOo--

EX-PUPIL SUCCESS STORY

Ex-pupil Jim Fleeting who plays for First Division team Norwich City is in America right now. Jim was one of the footballers who was chosen to go over to America for 5 months to help them with their soccer. He says that over there he is treated like a celebrity - he has been on television and radio. Another ex-pupil who is enjoying the sunshine in Florida is Irene Walker who is now Mrs Jim Fleeting.

(from Diane Lowe)

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HOW NEW IS PUNK?

(an article from another former pupil)

During the early months of this year, amid the rather ostentatious surroundings of the South Bank Complex in London, the Hayward Gallery staged, yet again, another of their renowned exhibitions of contemporary art.

The paintings and sculptures were gathered together from all over the world and embraced the best known Dadaists and Surrealists, including de Chirico, Picasso and Dali.

Dada and Surrealism differ essentially in that Dada was a continuous attack not just on existing art and society but on itself too. Fundamentally it is an exercise in the avoidance of taste, an attempt to find objects which leave the onlooker in a state of indifference.

In effect an attack on the basic principles of the aesthetic purposes of the artist. Surrealism, on the other hand, had a set of strong and rigid principles. Andre Breton, the founder of Surrealism, wrote his manifesto in 1934, defining constant principles of surrealist beauty in objects and beings.

The majority of the work on show was exciting and exhilarating, wondering what you were going to be confronted with next. Unfortunately, some of the pieces were so avant-garde that they escaped many, perhaps they probed further than the realms of our imagination.

"Dada alone does not smell: it is nothing, nothing, nothing.
It is like your hopes: nothing.

Like your paradise: nothing.

Like your idols: nothing.

Like your politicians: nothing.

Like your heroes: nothing.

Like your artists: nothing.

Like your religions: nothing."

The above dadaist manifesto seems to be prevalent in today's youth. "Punk Rock" embodies these philosophies and sets out to do what the artists of sixty or seventy years ago had done. To kick against a society which they abhor by shocking society with garish clothes and make-up and creating their own society.

Is dada dead? No, I think it has a good many years to go before we see the last of it.

Andrew Long F.P.

Footnote: Andrew, who left school last summer, has been doing further studies at Kilmarnock Technical College and in his spare time acting with the Harbour Arts Centre theatre group. Later this year he will be starting a two year acting course at Bristol Old Vic Theatre School, one of the top theatre schools in the country. His sister Maureen is in nursing. (Ed.)

A TEACHER'S D E S P A I R

(with apologies to W H Auden, whose poem "O What is That Sound" can be read on p. 175 of "Poetry 1900 to 1965" and begins:

O What is that sound which so thrills the ear,
Down in the valley, drumming, drumming?
Only the scarlet soldiers, dear,
The soldiers coming.)

O What is that sound which so splits the ear
Down the corridor, drumming, drumming?
Only the screaming third years, dear,
Screaming third years coming.

O what are they doing with all that gear,
What are they doing this morning, morning?
Only the usual P.E., dear,
Only the usual mauling.

O Haven't they stopped for the tuck shop yet,
Couldn't they just stay home, stay home?
Why are none of them wounded yet?
Can't I be alone?

O Is it the teacher they want with red hair,
Is it the teacher, is it, is it?
No, they're passing his doorway, dear,
Without a visit.

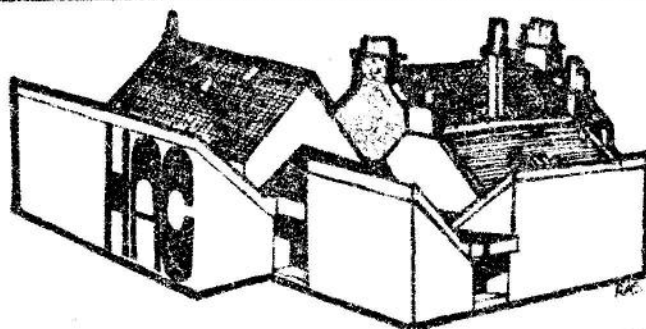
What did I do to deserve this fate,
It's MY doorknob they're turning, turning!
Their bover boots are on the floor,
And their eyes are burning!

Lainey Barrett III

Harbour Arts Centre

next to Magnum

THEATRE & EXHIBITIONS



LAST MINUTE NEWS PAGE

FIRST YEAR PRIZEWINNERS: Stephen Bradley, Vincent Campbell, Brian Freer, Thomas Gallagher, Catherine Grant, Martin Griffin, John Higgins, James Jennings, Derek Kerr, Brian Littlemore, Maureen McCafferty, Mark McCutcheon, Patricia McGorry, Martin McKee, Terence McMillan, Paul Neilson, Michael Nelson, Richard Paul, Frances Scott and John Wilson.

The following teachers will be leaving St Michael's at the holidays: Mrs Graham (to St Joseph's), Mrs Gardner, Miss Cunningham (to Sacred Heart, Girvan) and Miss Whiston (retiring).

The following teachers will be joining the staff after the summer: Mrs Dorrian (P.E.), Mrs Fitzpatrick (English), Miss McLaughlin (English), Miss Philippi (Maths) and Mr A Blair (Technical).

Prizegiving will be on Tuesday 27th June at 2.00 p.m.. Sister Pauline, ex-principal of St Michael's, will present the prizes.

This Monday (26th), thanks to the efforts of Mr Nellany, twelve Art pupils (of 1st, 2nd & 3rd years) will mix with reporters from 12 newspapers (and perhaps STV and Radio Clyde) at a press preview of "Star Wars" at the Regal Cinema, Saltcoats. The showing is at 10.30 a.m., and Mr Nellany has also organised that similar small groups are going from 4 other local academies.

Congratulations to the following on their engagements: Mr Keenan, ex-pupil Shirley Wright, and ex-pupil Patricia Darroch.

Year trips this year were to Rothesay (4th), Butlin's (1st & 3rd) and Girvan (2nd). Other trips at the end of term are 2nd year Hadrian's Wall (22nd) and a 7-day senior trip by school mini-bus round Roman remains in England (1st - 7th July). Sr Bernadette reports a very pleasant day at Smithstone last Monday with 302.

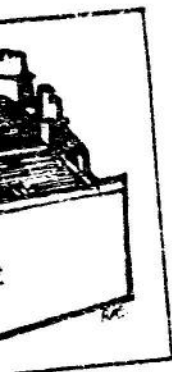
Sports champions 1978 are: Junior Boys: Neil McDonald; Junior girls - Anne Clancy 306; Senior boys - Chris Russell 503; Senior girls - Bernadette Morgan 406.

SMART apologises to those whose contributions have not been printed. SMART hopes that they will understand that we had to stop somewhere. Some of the items not used will appear in the first issue of SMART after the holidays.

The school will close at 1.00 p.m. on Thursday 29th and school meals will be available that day. School will re-open for pupils on Monday, 21st August at 9.00 a.m..

Colette Gaitens has been accepted for Reid Kerr Secretarial College in Paisley.

Librarian Mr Cook wishes all outstanding books returned NOW.



HELL!

It lies to the east of a once great city, as far east as possible where the eyes of important visitors are seldom allowed to stray, Glasgows East End is undoubtedly the most desolate area of Britain.

It is like a model of Hi roshima, heaps of rubble lie where tenements once stood, those that remain are just as sickening to the human eye. Outside they are black and dusty, inside dampness and rotting floorboards are the distinguishing features of those so called homes.

The people who live in this area have developed a rebellious nature. The pressures of life in such an enviroment has turned the young towards their war on society. Gang-violence and theft is commonplace and councillors and government officials have the impertinence to ask 'why?'.

Glasgow council finds few friends in the East End. Plans have been made to redevelop the area, but as yet nothing has been done. The people with concern for their enviroment have, however, set up many organizations to help the teenagers find some other means of 'enjoyment' and hence divert them from entering the life of crime.

However, the resources of these people are limited, the people who can help, the authorities, must be convinced that it would be more beneficial to provide some aid to the East End than to ignore it. Councillors say they do not have the finance to redevelop the run-down areas. There are a few arguments that could be raised about this view. For example:- Only last year thousands of pounds, that would be priceless to the people of the East End and many other districts of Britain, were squandered. On the royal visit, on new motorways (that, as a matter of interest, by-pass the deprived areas) and on business investments made by several prominent members of local government.

Something must be done. Not only for the people's sake but for Britain's ego as a whole, for every glance at the rubble-covered streets, at the children sitting on the pavements and at the broken windows, that a visitor to Glasgow makes, puts Britain to shame.

A dark cloud seems to hang over the city. The industries of the city give Glasgow a dull atmosphere that further add to the feelings of pity and disgust felt by any tourist who had the misfortune to wander into such areas as the East End

Jackson Cul Linane V

AN ISSUE TO BE AVOIDED

In June 1940, after the Polish Army was crushed and Germany and Russia divided her land, 4,000 Polish officers, the Intelligentsia, future politicians, leaders of a country's whole future, disappeared.

The fact is they were murdered, but no investigation by the allies followed at the end of the War. The allies decided not to investigate. The tragedy happened in the Catyn Forest, a Russian Forest. The Germans had occupied this area in the first half of June, but they were pushed back on the 20th of June. However by the end of the month the German Wehrmacht (army) had regained the area, and discovered a huge, mass grave. They found that the bodies were in a state of mummification. A lot of the victims' possessions were left on the bodies, so the Germans found they could be identified. On one body, the Captain of a Polish platoon, was found a diary. The diary was written in up to the 19th of June, the date when Russians or Germans could have occupied the area. But one witness from the area of the prisoner of war camps, where the Poles were being held, said that the Russians had taken the Poles to the Catyn Forest on the pretence of taking them home.

On their arrival, they were knelt down on the edge of a 12ft ditch and shot in the back of the neck, at such an angle that the bullet smashed out between the eyes.

The Germans discovered the grave and immediately blamed the Russians. Some of the bodies were found to have their hands tied behind their back and the rope was found to be Russian, but some bullets were found in the skulls of the dead which were of German manufacture, although not used in the German war effort.

But the fact remains that 4,593 Polish Officers, a country's future, had been slaughtered. And no-one held responsible! So draw your own conclusion, who was responsible? Or in Sir Winston Churchill's words, "are you also going to avoid the issue."

Paul Kytzia 203

--oCo--

LEGS

Legs

Storks have legs so thin and long,
A daschund's legs are short,
And all the other animals
Have legs of every sort.

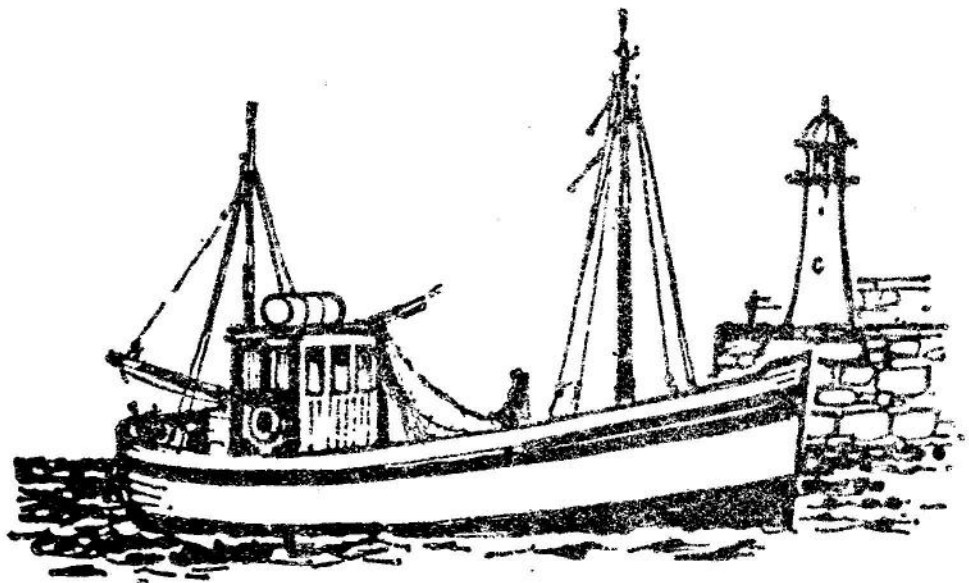
But whether thick or thin
Or long or short, they've found
Just how to grow them long enough,
To make them reach the ground.

Carol Russell 201

OLIVER! OLIVER! OLIVER! (report from Mr Westcott)

It was very unfortunate that a variety of circumstances forced us to postpone the production of the above until December next. It is equally unfortunate that the absence of the Senior School since the 'Highers' has meant that the intended all-day rehearsals have not materialized. However it must be understood by all concerned that it is only a postponement, not a cancellation. We are already committed to the payment of the copyright fees, the hire of the scores and scripts, and the hire of the Costumes. What it means is, that after the summer holidays, everyone involved is going to have to work very hard to ensure that the production is a success when it does take place. Of necessity there will have to be a few adjustments in the casting, because of the departure of some of the 5th and 6th year pupils who were playing principal parts, but let the Juniors who were involved be reassured that they will continue to be doing what they were originally intended to be doing, and there will be no changes in the casting as far as the junior chorus is concerned, or the principals like Oliver, Bet, Charlotte.

Co-operation will be the key work after August = this means that everyone will require to ensure that they are present at all rehearsals to which they are called. As before we shall be operating on the basis of separate rehearsals with Mr Westcott & Mrs MacDonald, in the early stages and combining them at a later date.



Pieroni Bros.
10 Rivergate, Irvine

FISHMONGERS
Poulterers
Fruit & vegetables

MRS MCGUINNESS and FELIX THE CAT

Mrs McGuinness enjoys her work here and she only uses the belt on disruptive children and cheeky children. She has one daughter and a cat called Felix.

She became a teacher just like her sisters, so she was just following in the footsteps of her sisters. She choose maths because she enjoyed doing maths at school. She would have liked to have become a doctor, but she felt she didn't have the brains for it.

Her hobbies are sports, dress-making, knitting and dancing. When she was in third year at school, she won a gold medal for the junior championships in the school she was at.

She has been abroad a great number of times; mostly she goes on cruises that stop at several different countries, Spain, Rome etc. She doesn't like foreign food and she eats only to live; so eating isn't one of her pleasures.

She gets on well with other teachers and hope they get on with her. She likes most of the pupils in the school but she doesn't like cheeky ones. She was in Dalgarnen for the school sports.

She likes watching "Sale of the Century" "Celebrity Squares" sports programmes. She likes some Classical music and some Pop music if it has a tune to it. Punk is definetly off her list of music.

She likes teaching 5th year and 3rd year as it is a sort of challenge to get them through their 'O' Grades and Highers. She would like to live in Canada if she didn't live in Scotland.

She is hoping to go to Lourdes next Easter if there are any cancellations. She thought that the whole of the Belgium trip was great, especially when they went to Tiffaly Gardens and Holland.

She likes to go out for an evening and she likes to have some company. She thinks teaching is never work because she enjoys it. She would like school uniform to be compulsory as she thinks it adds to the discipline of the school.

--goOno--

By Tracy & Janette II

A MARYMASS MARY

I interviewed Catherine Craig as she scoffed her lunch on 'B' stair last week, after she had been chosen as one of the four "aries who will accompany the Irvine Marymass Queen in August. Catherine and four other third year girls were interviewed by the Irvine Carters Society in the school; she was asked her height (why?), whether she'd ever acted, what her hobbies were, and whether she kept smiling all day, to which she answered "of course". She asked them what else she could do if not be a Mary; they said 'nothing' but chose her as the Mary! Catherine thinks she's the first Mary from Bank Street and says her parents are very pleased ("my Mum's getting the ceiling repaired today"). Congratulations, Catherine.

(by "Minos")