

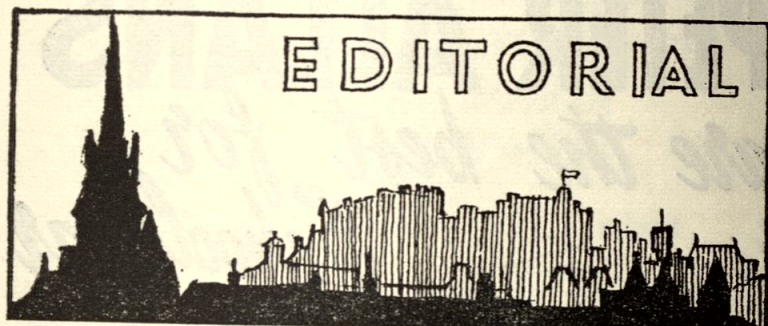
Margaret Stewart Sheeter J.P.

JAMES GILLESPIE'S



HIGH SCHOOL

JUNE 1954



Editor - - - NOEL ADAMS

THE Summer Term ! Blue, cloud-flecked skies, the castle mellowed by a summer haze, the Barclay Steeple towering starkly up. . . . We shall remember all these as symbols of our School life. Yet there is another symbol, less idyllic perhaps, but not less significant. As we turn its pages and look at the photographs, the spirit and atmosphere of the School shine forth so clearly, so warmly.

And we find that that spirit has not radically changed with the years, for the girls who create it do not differ from their predecessors. In appearance, perhaps—school uniform is now adapted to give, it is hoped, a more becoming impression. No longer do we disport ourselves in brief gymn tunics and black woollen stockings, but nevertheless the schoolgirl persists, in behaviour and outlook, revealed in a charming immaturity—"Heaven lies about us in our infancy."

Thus, in the developing but unchanging mirror of the magazine we look at our School before we pass on. The small, spring-green pinafores girls playing on the lawn at Bruntsfield House, the gym-clad, pigtailed figures who have their home in the cloistered atmosphere of the Annexe, the remote, occasionally dignified inhabitants of the Ivory Tower of Room 23—all contribute to it and provide its complexities and variations. On the surface it gives the impression of chattering restlessness and laughing irresponsibility, of happy confidence and unworried optimism which not even the dreaded "Highers" or august "Bursary Comp." can dampen for long. But there is an undertone of sensitivity and awareness which proves that schoolgirls, too, have souls, despite the uniformity of school hats and blazers. Their thoughts run not always to buns and chocolate, as cartoonists so often seem to believe. They have their serious, thoughtful moments as other human beings, although

admittedly these are widely interspersed between periods of flippancy and carefree abandon. The cacophony of sounds from the Prefects' Room bears embarrassing witness . . .

Soon we of the Sixth (it needs no epithet to add to its dignity and aloofness) shall be leaving all that behind us. It is incredible. Is it really only six years ago that we, proudly and firmly-hatted, started out on the great adventure over a mighty sea of French and Latin and Maths and Science ? Now that we are about to depart we can make confession. Secretly we feel very much as we did then. Somehow we can never feel as assured and dignified as the revered, deified Prefects of past years certainly did. They were awe-inspiring, whereas we are merely the First Year of 1948-49, who by some magic stroke of chance have arrived at a position of sublimity. Never do we cease to marvel at our luck, and as we mount the stairs to the Prefects' Room we often ask ourselves, "Am I a Prefect, a Senior Prefect, or am I imagining it ?"

And now we are about to set out on another adventure, an even more hazardous one—for we have not the reassuring warmth of a school hat on our heads ! But the future does seem frighteningly uncertain after the familiar, sure life within our School on the Links and it is regretfully that we must say goodbye. Yet surely this magazine too has captured the spirit, and we shall be able as we turn the pages to see the pictures on the walls, the pigeons in the eaves, and most important of all, the girls, the mischievous and the quiet. We hope that you too will remember us when we are gone, and that the memory will be a happy one.

THE HAPPY LIFE

Martial, Ep. X. 47

O Martial, my most pleasant friend,
 These to life a blessing lend :
 Lands, by labour not obtained,
 But through a benefactor gained ;
 A fertile farm, a blazing fire ;
 Law-suits never to require.
 Seldom the toga should be worn,
 Quiet composure ever borne ;
 Strength inborn, a body fit,
 And soul with simple wisdom lit ;
 Congenial friends, a cheerful wife,
 Nor drunken night but free from strife ;
 A table filled with simple food,
 A wife, not sorrowful, yet good,
 Sleep which drives the night away,
 To be yourself in every way.
 May you not want, nor may you fear,
 Your last day when it draweth near.

DOROTHY M. R. RICHARDSON, 6A.

MISS MAY ANDREW, C.B.E., M.A.

THE SCHOOL joins with Gillespie girls all over the world in rejoicing at the honour which the Queen has been graciously pleased to confer on Miss Andrew in recognition of her great services to the cause of education. In Edinburgh one cannot fail to be aware of the harvest of these services. Gillespie's is a name to be reckoned with—in scholarship, for instance, or in the arts, or athletics—but possibly even more important than these in that it is a house animated and humanised by a purpose and enlightenment. Here, at least, there is no sick hurry and divided aims. We know where we are going.

All this, and much more, is Miss Andrew's doing. With wide scholarship and a restless and questing energy she unites a spiritual drive fed by wells far back in Scottish history. In how many homes, in distant places as well as here in Edinburgh, do girls still recall with gratitude the sincerity, the inspiration, the serenity of Morning Service conducted against the eternal pageant, beyond the windows, of winter boughs and summer burgeoning; the encouragement of a kindly smile; the enquiry, in corridor or classroom, about how one was getting on: the challenge, in a word, to which the inescapable response was the giving of one's best. In after life Gillespie girls have cause to remember with thankfulness that they were nursed upon this self-same hill.

The School is glad and proud of this Royal recognition of services to which it owes so much, and in this spirit re-dedicates itself, with high resolve, under her wise direction, to serve these ideals which Miss Andrew has, in her work, so untiringly inculcated, and in her life so richly displayed.

MISS MARGARET LEITCH, M.A.

IT was with much regret that we parted from Miss Leitch, who from 1940 till her retiral from teaching in May of this year had given signal service to the School.

Like many others who have maintained and enriched the "goodly heritage" of Scottish education, Miss Leitch was brought up in a country schoolhouse—at Eccles in Berwickshire. After graduating M.A. at Edinburgh University, she taught in the Borders, and later in South Bridge School, Edinburgh. While there, she qualified as a specialist teacher of Geography, and it is significant of her abiding love for her own land that she chose as the subject of her thesis "A Cross-Section of Tweed." After some years in Leith Academy and later in Darroch School, Miss Leitch came to us as Principal Teacher of Geography.

To the directing of her continuously expanding Department, Miss Leitch brought varied experience, scholarship kept nourished

DUX OF SCHOOL
CAPTAIN OF SCHOOL 1953-54

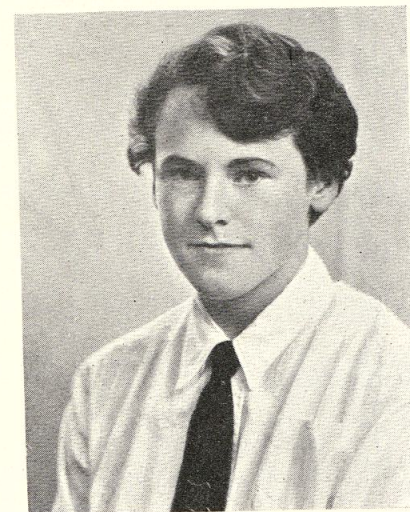
NOEL ADAMS

VICE-CAPTAIN OF SCHOOL



SYLVIA CROWE

SPORTS CAPTAIN



ANNE HUGHES

Photos by

E. R. Yerbury & Son



Back Row—M. O. Davidson, S. M. M. Watson, J. Morrison, C. Beaton, B. S. Dennison, H. Watson, M. Sutherland.
 Middle Row—I. W. Grimston, S. Cockburn, D. Richardson, L. M. I. Anderson, S. Amos, F. McGregor, G. V. Chalmers,
 I. M. Cochran, D. Neilson.
 Front Row—C. Condie, R. Fraser, A. Hughes, N. Adams (*Captain*), Miss Andrew, S. Crowe (*Vice-Captain*), L. Gillespie,
 E. Bremner, V. Davies.
 Photo by F. R. Yorbury & Son

by constant reading, by travel, and by her active connection with the Geographical Society, and the attitude to her work which marks the best type of teacher. That she kept abreast of the many recent developments in teaching equipment and techniques goes without saying; but above all, she possessed that mainspring of all good teaching—a living enthusiasm for her subject, combined with the power to communicate that enthusiasm. That she was a “successful” teacher is attested by the various pupils of hers who have later distinguished themselves in Geography at the University; that she won both respect and affection is evident from what so many of her “bairns” say of her. They speak appreciatively of her patience and thoroughness in exposition, of the “live” touches in her teaching, gleaned from her travels, her reading and her own native Scots humour, of the occasional wholesome sternness evoked by slackness or careless work, but always tempered by essential kindness, and of her unfailing interest in her pupils as individuals and her helpfulness in their difficulties. By precept and example she has sought always to inculcate her own high standards of integrity and hard work.

Miss Leitch will be missed in the staffroom no less than in the classroom. Her colleagues will long remember the qualities that made her such a good companion—her forthright and penetrating comments on people and affairs, her characteristic humour, so often crystallised in some “auld-farrant” Scots country tale or by-word, her generosity and her rare gift of sharing both the troubles and the joys of others, and the impression she made of that sterling character which Stevenson describes as “steel-true and blade-straight.”

We thank Miss Leitch for all that she has given to the School, and assure her of our warm good wishes and affectionate remembrance.

M. M. N.
 A. E. F.

MISS H. C. MACKAY, M.A.

IT is with very real regret that we hear of the coming retiral of Miss Mackay after thirty-seven years of wonderful service to the School.

Born in the lovely Reay country, where her father was schoolmaster at Bettyhill, she had the great advantages of a country upbringing and of parents whose interest in education was intense. Many a holiday-maker enjoyed their abundant hospitality and comical stories of the days when calves with an epicurean fondness for nibbling one's best coat shared the “mail,” the only conveyance west from Thurso.

While still in her early teens, Miss Mackay came all alone to lodge in Edinburgh, where at the Mary Erskine School she brought

great credit to Bettyhill. Soon a young brother was put in her charge, and, during her College days, she also shepherded two still younger members of the family, with that mixture of considerate kindness and uncommon commonsense still so characteristic of her. It says much for her that all three graduated in turn in Divinity, Medicine and Arts.

After her own graduation she was immediately selected by the Edinburgh School Board of that day for service in their schools—a very rare occurrence. Then followed six years in Bristo School, where she proved herself a very fine teacher in all primary grades, but as she had a special aptitude for teaching and training the smallest children, she transferred to our Preparatory Department. She has an unusual capacity for blending work with play, and in a day can transform homesick new arrivals into proud little Gillespie girls, with a love of the School which proves a very great boon to the mistresses who carry them on later. Our five-year-olds seemed hardly to have arrived when they could not only read, count and write, but also make up stories, draw effective pictures, and dance and act delightfully. How they loved to give visitors a "surprise"—when forty "Jacks" jumped up from their boxes with Miss Mackay the sprightliest Jack of the lot! Great is our loss at her going.

Her outside interests are many and varied. Her love of French often took her to holiday courses at Grenoble, where she greatly enjoyed the social life. Fond of swimming herself, for many years she took charge of our Swimming Club in the great days when champions like Ellen King and the McDowells were being trained. For long, too, she has run a very successful Girls' Club, now very large, but fostered in the early days by an Annual Grannies' Party where, under Miss Mackay's kindly encouragement, many exceedingly fantastic toes tripped it up and down. From all these and from her work in School, she reaps a rich reward in affection and gratitude.

And now Miss Mackay looks forward. Retiral to her is a door opening on wider horizons, and our very best wishes will go with her as she flies to Montreal and New York for a short holiday, and then packs up for a year in Sydney and Brisbane. Above all, we shall be delighted to welcome her back, hear of all her adventures overseas, and see her enjoy many years of well-earned freedom. So to a grand teacher and an ideal colleague we would say, "Safe journeyings and happy landings."

B. M.

THE NOMADS

Swarthy faces, tanned brick-brown;
Turning from the palm-cool town;
A hard and simple life they chose;
For them the thorny rose.

JOAN MOORE, 3A(2).

FOUNDER'S DAY

FOUNDER'S DAY was celebrated on 12th February 1954, when a kind of Indian spring brought a brave blaze of daffodils to the high table. The oration was delivered by Sir Charles Cunningham, Secretary of the Home Office. Councillor Brechin, in presiding, referred gratefully to the name of James Gillespie, whose path and his had often crossed. It was to the old James Gillespie's School, he recalled, that he had first gone as a boy; he was one of those pioneers who had carried their bundles of jotters across the Links when the change was made to the new building; as Councillor, he represented the Parish of Colinton, and recently he had been concerned with the taking-over of James Gillespie's old home at Spylaw as a hostel for Youth Movements.

The daffodils, the sweet spring of earlier days in Dundee, the swallow-dart of literary, and other, allusion, fledged with a kindly wit, lent point and purpose to Miss Andrew's introduction and Sir Charles's reply. A pleasing spirit of eloquence was indeed abroad, and the happy deftness of phrase was maintained right up to the charming little speech of Noel Adams in presenting to the Guest of Honour the traditional snuff mull, while the daffodils tossed an enviously golden head.

The introductory service included the singing of two psalms, a reading, and the anthem "Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring." Prayer was led by the School Chaplain, the Rev. R. Leonard Small.

THE PLOUGHMAN

From the French of Albert Samain

March sees the work done early in the year.
Dawn, at first seen dimly, is now here,
And lays a silver tint across the stream.
The ploughman, faithful worker, with his team,
Bends o'er the plough, and with his steady hand,
Cuts once again the ever-fruitful land.
Beneath the heavy yoke, the clods among,
The stupid, listless oxen move along
And sway their tired heads in even measure.
The ploughshare cleaves the land, unfolds the treasure,
Digging in the old and fertile soil
The dark and hidden home of future spoil.
The field ends here beside this gnarled tree;
The ploughman rests, his oxen are set free.
Still for a while, his senses to regain,
He breathes the air which blows across the plain.
Then, no time lost, he flicks them with his goad
And starts again along another road.

EVELYN BREMNER, 6A.

STAFF

THE links with Vancouver continue to be forged to greater strength. At the beginning of the session Miss Lilian Paterson returned from her year in Canada; now we hear that Miss Campbell is about to make the journey in the opposite direction, Mr Edward Lane, whom she is to replace in Miss Kermodé's old school, taking over her duties here. We shall welcome Mr Lane, and wish Miss Campbell an envious godspeed.

Miss Cuppleditch has left us for the silver beaches of Bermuda; she is mingling some instruction in domestic science with what, in the nature of things, can differ in very little from a holiday. We envy her both. Miss Hazel Jennings has taken over her duties here but in response to the demand for charming and competent ambassadors from the schoolroom to the kitchen, is leaving us to be married in June.

During Miss McGregor's absence through illness, we welcomed to the Staff Mrs Eleanor Tait, better known to us as Eleanor Waitt. Mr Dall has filled, with his usual happy acceptance, temporary breaches made by illness in the Geography and Science Departments, and Dr Normand, from India, has performed similar service in the Mathematics Department.

This session marks the end of the long, devoted, and fruitful service to the School of Miss Helen C. Mackay, whom generations of Preparatory girls have regarded with gratitude and affection. She is inaugurating her retirement with an adventurous trip to Canada and Australia. We wish her godspeed, and hope that her voyagings do not take her too often or too long away from Gillespie's. At the end of the session Gillespie's also salutes in recognition of long years of devoted service another member of Staff when Miss Leitch, Head of the Geography Department, lays down the reins of office. Appreciations appear elsewhere.

Miss Leitch is being succeeded by Mr Alexander B. Dall whose father makes introduction to Gillespie pupils quite superfluous.

We have to record with regret the death of Miss Crear who taught for many years in the Primary Department and whom we remember with affection and admiration.

Mlle. Arnaud in the French Department, and Herr Weiss in the German Department, have rendered willing service.

DUSK

And now, I must be going,
Back to my cottage grey.
And, step so quietly through the town,
At the end of day.

JUNE WEBSTER, 2B(1).

SCHOOL NOTES

IT is impossible to assess in any measurable terms the influence on the spiritual life of the School, at all levels, exercised by our School Chaplain, Mr Small. Many a girl, a little bewildered by the exacting complexity of a school such as ours, must have come gratefully to rekindle her torch at the white flame of his sincerity and conviction. Few can have possessed such mastery of the illustration that illumines, the persuasiveness that commands ready conviction; none who heard are ever likely to forget the impact on his young audiences of, for instance, the story of the shipwreck at North Berwick, and its implications. Mr Small makes an instant appeal to young people, and after listening to him during a Religious Instruction period, many girls must have found their paths less formidably beset with briars. Mr Small interprets his obligations to the School in the most liberal light. When assistance is needed, he seems always to be there. We say a sincere thank you.

At Christmas a Carol Service was held in the Hall. After anthems and solos sung by the Choir, and lessons read by the School Captain and Vice-Captain, the girls from Form 3A(2) presented a tableau of the Nativity, skilfully produced by Miss Campbell.

Last session saw the carrying-out of the General Inspection; this session the report was presented. H.M. Inspectors had examined the work of the School in all its branches, and what they saw they found to be good. Both Staff and pupils derive great satisfaction from this official recognition of the success of their efforts.

After Christmas, the ravages of last year's disastrous fire having been completely repaired, the Preparatory and Primary School returned gladly to the use of classrooms and Hall, bright with the freshness of new paint. The Hall is also bright with flowers which contrive to display the School reds and yellows. For this much-valued provision we are indebted to the kindness of girls and their parents.

The response of the School to appeals on behalf of those in need, or distress, continues to be marked by great liberality. In December, a generous donation was made to the funds of the Children's League of Pity. The Trefoil School and other schools and play centres in the city made grateful acknowledgment of the Christmas gifts of toys and books. In response to an appeal for help for child victims of the Greek earthquake, the School gave most liberally, £36, 7s., the second highest contribution from Scotland, being donated. Warm appreciation was expressed by the Directors of the Appeal Fund in London. Numerous letters of thanks reach us, often from very small and humble writers, testifying to the very real need which this generosity is meeting, and both girls and their parents may be happy to share in a work so well deserving and so gratefully acknowledged.

"Jim," whose latest photograph appears in this magazine, must turn a kindly disposed eye in the direction of red-blazered little girls, who, each month, contribute so generously to his upkeep. At Christmas we also sent a donation to the Association which supplies guide dogs for the blind. We are now directing our efforts to collecting one ton of silver paper with which to provide a dog for a little blind boy in Central Scotland, and this ambitious target is coming increasingly within our grasp.

At the end of last session, girls from the Primary Department won the Final of the Road Safety Competition, and were presented with their prizes by the Lady Provost, Lady Miller, at the Ross Bandstand in Princes Street Gardens.

In a painting competition sponsored by the Children's League of Pity, prizes were won by Diane Alexander, Primary 6(1), Morag Warwick, Primary 5(1), Anne Dukes and Pauline Lindores, Primary 4(2), and Marjorie Alcock and Susan Duncan, Primary 1(1). In the Burns Federation Competition for girls in Primary 7(1), Joan McCaig and Winifred Pike won Certificates. Mary Hope, Primary 7(1), was first in the Annual Essay Competition of the S.S.P.C.A.

The School Choir took part in a Scottish Concert given during the period of the Edinburgh Festival in the Nelson Hall. The Primary School, competing this session in the Edinburgh Festival for the first time, gained First Place in the class for Junior Choirs under thirteen years. To Miss Oliver, who trained the girls, much credit is due.

The entry of the School into a new form of competition was marked by signal success. In December 1953 the Overseas League offered two First, two Second, and two Third Prizes, to be shared by boys and girls, for an album dealing with one of the Dominions or Colonies. Eva Forbes, Form 3A(1), won a First Prize (a five-day trip to London); Moira Skea, Form 3A(2), a Second Prize (a two-day trip to Inverness); and Rita Herculeson and Joan McPherson, Form 3A(1), two Third Prizes (£2 each).

Last session, in winning the Burnett Prize, Elaine Cochrane of Form 4D submitted a thesis on the history of the School which displayed quite unique qualities of research, marshalling of facts, and historical acumen. There is no doubt at all that when a historian comes to record the story of our School, he will have to lean very heavily on the work, very largely pioneering, which Elaine has so signally performed. The subject for this year's competition is a piece of handwork of an artistic nature which could be used to beautify the School, while for next year it is to be a Nature Diary.

In the Edinburgh Schools Hockey Tournament, our Intermediate XI reached the Semi-Finals, our Senior XI being defeated by Trinity Academy, the eventual winners, after a very keenly contested match. The Net-Ball Team of the Primary School,

who won a banner as runners-up last year, has this session entered for the Cup of the Net-Ball League.

The Swimming Team won the Cup presented by Edinburgh Corporation for girls under fifteen years entered for the Lumley Trophy, and a very creditable number of Certificates for both Swimming and Life-saving have been gained.

An Exhibition of Art, Craft, Needlework and Cookery will be held in the School on 16th June, when we look forward to welcoming many parents and friends of the School to see the work. Our visitors this session have continued to represent the four corners of the world. Mrs Zafar from Lahore and Miss Downs from Auckland may be taken as typical of the various lands from whence they come.

The long line of benefactors of the Library continues. We record, with gratitude, gifts of books from: Annie Nicholson, Mademoiselle Rebaud, Margaret Howieson, the Education Committee, Elma Brotherton, Irene Philip, Eileen Greenbury, Janette Waterston, Mary Slater, Janet Kennedy, Alix Morris, Eileen Huntly, Mrs Adams, Eleanor McNaughton, Audrey Cochrane, Blanche Cormack, Mr Alexander White.

Miss McIntyre and her girls, in particular Sheila Smart, Form 6A, have shown their usual willingness and skill in preparing our copy for the printers. This is an invaluable service, and we gladly record our gratitude.

The cover is from a design by Wilma Stewart, 6D.

EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY BURSARY COMPETITION, 1954

13. Noel Adams.

MAN AND THE SEA

From the French of Baudelaire

You free men of earth ever cherish the deep.
It serves as your mirror; you gaze at your soul
In the infinite waters' perpetual roll.
In your mind's hidden gulf seas of bitterness sleep.

The nature of man, as of sea, is discreet.
No dweller on earth has the science to measure
The depth of a man or the sea's unknown treasure,
Since the secret is guarded by silence complete.

And yet in the past—is it thus till time ends?
Remorseless and ruthless and fierce, you have fought,
For slaughter and death were the pleasures you sought.
Eternal opponents! Most faithful of friends!

ROSEMARY FRASER, 6A.

FOUNDER'S DAY ORATION

12th February, 1954

by Sir Charles Cunningham K.B.E., C.B., C.V.O.
Secretary of the Scottish Home Office

SIR CHARLES began by happily recalling schooldays in Dundee, where Miss Andrew was his English teacher. He continued

"But to-day, of course, it is your duty, and your privilege, to recall much longer memories—memories of your founder, James Gillespie, without whom your School and all it stands for would not have been.

"James Gillespie is a text-book example of the self-made man—one of the company of merchants who, in the modest terms of eighteenth century Edinburgh, established for himself, by his own enterprise and prudence, a place in the memorials of his times. Born in 1728, reputedly of Cameronian parents, he came with his younger brother from Roslin to Edinburgh and set up in business as a tobacconist. As the Dictionary of National Biography has it, 'they were steady young men'; and in 1759 he bought a snuff mill and land in Colinton. In those days the Water of Leith was, in the words of the New Statistical Account, 'a most serviceable drudge.' The Old Account tells us that in 1797 the river, in ten miles, drove seventy-one mills, including five snuff mills; and even in 1845 there were sixteen mills, of which three made snuff, with a new mill for grinding snuff in course of erection.

"But while the initial attraction was no doubt hydraulic, there were, one may suppose, other features of eighteenth century Colinton which appealed to the modest snuff maker. We are told, in 1797, that there were 'no local distempers distinguishable in this parish.' Even half a century later we read: 'The people are on the whole attentive to cleanliness, dress well on the Sabbath, and, if they would act aright, have the comforts and advantages of society in a remarkable degree.' The explanation of the conditional clause appears to be that by that time they were rather given to a vice which 'eats out a man's heart, and renders him indifferent to religion, to knowledge and to his nearest and dearest friends, viz., the drinking of ardent spirits.'

"But there is certainly no evidence that James Gillespie succumbed to this or other temptations. The 'yird hunger' of the Scot was plainly strong in him; and he gradually added to his estate till he became James Gillespie of Spylaw. He continued to prosper and, 'by the exercise of patient industry and frugality at a favourable time, he acquired considerable wealth,' which he lent out, again like the good Scot he was, on property in Leith and elsewhere.

BEDTIME STORY



NIGHT WATCHMAN



From Scaperboard Drawings by WILMA STEWART, 5D.

"JIM"

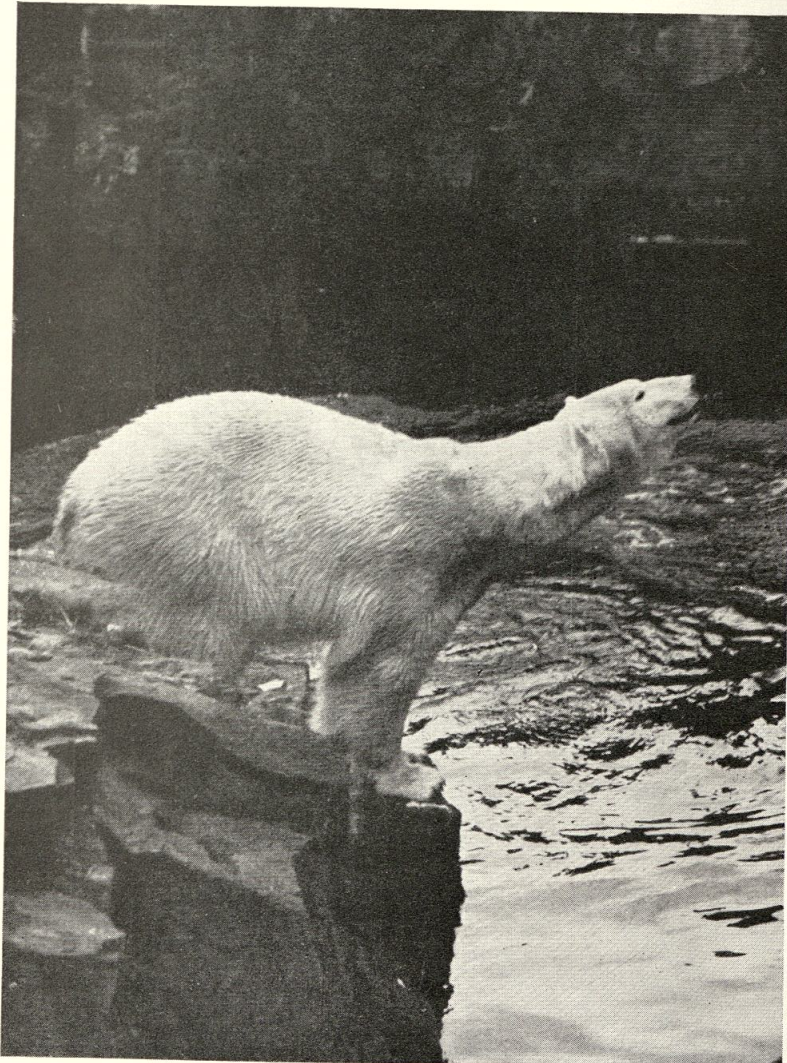


Photo by

Edinburgh Evening News

"But with all his riches he is said to have been 'an exceptionally unassuming man, living in a patriarchal style among his small tenants, to whom he was always forbearing. A carriage was bought, but of the plainest description, and was scarcely ever used except during the last years of his life.'

"When he died in 1797, after an adult life which spanned the half century from the '45 to the French Revolution, and saw the upsurge of life and letters in Edinburgh which culminated in Walter Scott, he was, as the times went a 'warm man'—and, be it noted, a bachelor. Apart from his landed property, he left nearly £15,000. £2,700 went to found a school and the balance of his property to build a hospital for the aged. Changes were later made in these arrangements—the educational endowment was increased at the expense of the other purposes of his trust—but for over a century and a half his name has been associated with the two good causes he decided to assist. It is interesting to note that his choice of youth and age as the objects of his memorial was also the choice of those who decided upon the memorial to King George the Sixth; and they are indeed the objects upon which our social effort is increasingly centred.

"To-day it is the educational purpose of his bequest that we specially commemorate. Scotland, since mediaeval times, and especially since the Reformation, has been reputed to have a love of learning. But in the eighteenth century it seems clear that the practice of universal education had not yet caught up with the theory. Schools were inadequate in number and quality, and the problem of teachers' salaries was already well-established. But the need for schools was seen, and the demand for the benefits that education could confer was there to be met. It is a mark of James Gillespie's sympathy and foresight that he devoted part of his wealth to meeting it. For it is out of the schools which he and others helped to form that the character of the Scottish people, and their ability to fend for themselves at home and in the five continents, have been greatly fostered. And it is to the schools—especially to those which have, like this one, a tradition and a reputation to maintain—that we must look for the men and women who will have our future prosperity and influence in their hands.

"James Gillespie did not, of course, foresee the middle years of the twentieth century. He did not foresee a system of universal education embracing both sexes and increasingly directed to specialised preparation for the complicated processes of modern life. He did not, I imagine, foresee the changed status and responsibilities of women to which this School must now have regard in deciding the scope and the direction of its work. But he helped to prepare the way for all these things by putting the means of education at the disposal of some, at least, of those for whom, in the early days, it would not otherwise have been available; and if he now looks down

from the Elysian fields with some surprise at this School of 1954, perhaps he will feel that he builded better than he knew. It was of such unassuming men as he that Rudyard Kipling was thinking when he wrote the prelude to 'Stalky'; and I think we may fittingly say in his words :—

' Let us now praise famous men '—
Men of little showing—
For their work continueth,
And their work continueth,
Broad and deep continueth,
Greater than their knowing.

" But, of course, it is not enough on a day like this merely to recall James Gillespie with gratitude and do honour to his memory. We ought to use the opportunity to ask ourselves what his example has to teach us, what lesson we can learn from his way of life and his philosophy of living. Obviously we can learn a great deal; but I shall speak of only one aspect of his life which I think is specially relevant to our times. I have in mind his sense of service."

Sir Charles then outlined various forms which this service might take: national military service, and a constant awareness of our duty to maintain a society fortified by law and resting on foundations of freedom of the person, thought, and speech. This awareness was naturally more acute in war, but the tasks of peace demanded like devotion and enthusiasm, and after referring to the various kinds of public employment which the Civil Service provided, Sir Charles continued :—

" I have stressed these rather obvious points, because the freedom and the principles of the democratic state we live in can only be maintained if each generation recognises and accepts the duties of citizenship and does its best to discharge them faithfully.

" But service to our country must, of course, be supplemented by service to the community we live in. That should need no emphasis to those who are daily reminded of the service given by James Gillespie to the community of Edinburgh by the foundation of this School, and who now specially recall it. The opportunity of similar service is now less likely to come to many of us. But on the other hand the community may, and indeed must, be served to-day to a degree, and in a variety of ways, of which James Gillespie had no experience. The range and width of modern social services, the activities maintained for the benefit of each community by its local authority, by other public bodies, or by the State itself, are manifold and essential. And they can be maintained efficiently and—no less important—with the necessary understanding and sympathy only if everyone regards them as vital services to the performance of which we have a personal obligation to give our best."

Sir Charles then illustrated how the administrative work of local authorities demanded the keen and enlightened support of all citizens, and how the services which they maintained offered further opportunities for satisfying employment. Sir Charles then referred to voluntary social services.

" We see everywhere—in hospitals, in children's homes, in the care of old people—examples of the way in which voluntary effort is broadening and supplementing the work of the statutory authorities. And, of course, whether service to the community is given for pay or voluntarily by those who earn their pay by other means, the purpose and the quality of the service must be the same. We must all accept unquestioningly the obligation to give of our best for the love of the work we are engaged in, whatever our status and whatever our reward. That, indeed, is one of the unconscious lessons of a good school whose interests staff and pupils, in a spirit of mutual co-operation, combine to foster and of whose repute they are equally jealous. . . .

" ' Know thyself ' is old and sound advice; and self-knowledge was coupled by Tennyson with self-reverence and self-control as the three things which alone lead life to sovereign power. I fear self-knowledge is for most of us a humbling realisation of inadequacy and selfishness. But I feel very sure that if we recognise in ourselves a readiness to serve our country, the community we live in and our fellow-citizens, we shall come a long step nearer, not perhaps to self-reverence—the mind recoils from that conception—but at least to self-respect. . . .

" And I venture to think that we may gain a little besides self-discipline from our reflections in this minor key. Selling snuff and saving money may have been neither an original nor an exciting way of life. But selling snuff and saving money to establish a school for the young and a hospital for the aged gave life a purpose; and unless we can all of us find some real purpose for our lives they will indeed be dull and empty. Service to others will provide us either with a purpose in itself, or with a background and a supplement to other ways of life. It will contribute to the shaping of our characters and so will be of service to ourselves. And even if it does not result in a lasting memorial, even if we leave no footprint on the sands, we shall, I think, find in the mere act of service a real sense of satisfaction.

" Do not, I beg of you, go away with the impression that I am urging you to cultivate the dull and obvious. I am merely urging you not to shun them. After all, they are an element of all adventure, of all achievement. The army marches on its stomach; battles are won because of the courage of the fighting men and the skill of their commanders—but also because someone has planned the rations and supplies. Everest is climbed because of the daring and the spirit of adventure of the climber; but also because of months of

careful planning of the dull physical necessities of the enterprise. So plan campaigns in which your courage and initiative will bring you high rewards; aim at the Everest peaks of achievement. But do not in your planning forget the dull drudgery of detailed and accurate preparation; do not overlook the little things without which you will not win the big; do not forget the contribution which service to others can make to your own achievement and your own character. And if some of you, though you set out for Everest, find that it eludes you, however hard you strive to reach it, do not despise the plains or the ordinary things of life you have to do there. That was where your founder spent his life; and it was not unrewarding. And whether you are battling up the Everests of life, or working where the air is not so heady, do not forget that on the quality of your individual service may depend not only the successful outcome of the enterprise you are engaged in, but also, in some measure, the well-being and repute of the community you live in and the state of which you are a part. And do not forget that in giving that service to others you are also serving yourself. In doing so you may even, like the snuff merchant we commemorate, build better than you know. He was one of the famous—not in the sense in which the captains and the kings are famous, but as the humble who do their appointed task with diligence and in doing it try to serve their fellow-men—and incidentally serve the future.

'Wherefore praise we famous men
From whose bays we borrow—
They that put aside To-day—
All the joys of their To-day—
And with the toil of their To-day
Bought for us to-morrow.'

" BESIDE THE LAKE . . . "

Ullswater, April, 1954

The lone birch stands, curving and grey,
By the blue water;
The reeds quiver beside the lake.
On the far side are the gnarled hills,
Which none other than God could make.
And there, among the crisp, brown bracken
Flattened and matted, I behold
The beauty of the daffodil
Flaunting her crown of gold:
Not one, but countless hosts arrayed.
And as I look my heart is glad to see
That even in our harsh and frightened world
This gift of God remains, immense and free.

JANICE BATHGATE, 4B.

UNIVERSITY LETTER

UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH,
May, 1954.

DEAR MADAM,

There is a popular belief that those who have not been to Manchester lead a doubtful existence. Daudet expressed a similar sentiment more delicately in the line, " Qui n'a pas vu Avignon du temps des Papes, n'a rein vu." The University also claims this you-aven't-lived distinction, but unlike these two notable cities the charm of the University cannot be reckoned in bricks and mortar—one knows so little about the maze of corridors and rooms whose dusty windows gaze blankly on the streets of Edinburgh. The essential University is not a group of buildings; it is not even a group of students; it is an insidious awareness, an all-pervading influence which creeps into your consciousness and, imperceptibly, lifts you out of your former milieu, opening infinite horizons, and, at the same time, colouring all visions with its own peculiar hue. This is not the celestial force which solved most problems for the bard of antiquity; you have not mounted a pedestal from which you pityingly contemplate the non-student world, rather you have taken a step forward in life. University is one of the great archways of experience through which you see the untravelled world; it is a room of many doors, and yours is the quest for the keys.

Let it not be said that we approached these portals with the valour of a Coeur de Lion—our sympathies lay rather with Child Roland—but we soon discovered that the Dark Tower was not that of London, although it bore an audible resemblance to that of Babel. We began to talk in normal tones about normal subjects, instead of holding furtive consultations with former School friends. We ceased to view suspiciously our fellow-students as potential geniuses, and we soon recovered our self-esteem.

As our composure reasserted itself the volume of our lecture notes rapidly decreased. Gone was the feverish haste to record every word of wisdom which fell from the professorial mouth. Forgotten was the primary joy of neatly copied notes, and stiff, crested notebooks; the air of questioning anxiety was replaced by one of studied familiarity; we appreciated the title of the Priestley play—" I have been here before." Following tradition we stamped with measured abandon for entrances, exits and witty comments, and we hissed with serpentine enthusiasm any untoward remarks—or any remarks at all. We took an interest in our fellows—a morbidly critical and analytical interest. Then we transferred our attention to the wider vistas of the room which encompassed us: the dusty yellow walls, the wood painted battleship grey, the geometric moulding at the ceiling, the chipped lampshade. Our curiosity at least partially satisfied, we interested ourselves in our creature com-

forts, and disposed our limbs as comfortably as possible within the confines of desk and seat—both constructed of unyielding wood. Gradually we came to regard certain seats as our own especial property, and although trespassers were not forbidden, they were never encouraged.

This newly acquired poise was rudely shattered by the advent of term exams. What did we do? Where did we go? So we rang the variations on "ubi, quo and unde." This traitorous interrogation advertised our blatant freshness, and reduced us once more to the bewilderment of our first day at University. Edinburgh University prides itself on many accounts, but it scorns to act as an information bureau. The inexperienced student requires the perseverance and cunning of a hunter to track down necessary people and information. At first this is most alarming, for there are so many questions seething madly in your head, and so many forms—in varying pastel shades—all requiring to be filled in, and usually in BLOCK CAPITALS. Strangely enough you do not grow more and more anxious. Slowly a thin coating of callousness paints itself protectively over the sensitive first-year student; by the second year this veneer has become an almost impenetrable crust. The logical conclusion of this process is the annihilation of feeling, or, more positively, the attainment of a complete state of indifference, and some there are (mostly from the Medical Faculty) who claim to have reached this Nirvana. But alas! the threat of an exam still stirs a flutter in my first-year conscience.

It is useless for me to describe the pleasures of the University's extra-mural activities, for that forbidding epithet covers a multitude of pastimes which delight both Stoic and Epicurean devotees, and which form a world within the University world. This University world welcomes every year its new explorers. At first it may seem more than a little imposing and bewildering, but it is one of the most wonderful highroads to adventure when you say farewell to the sweet security of School.

Yours sincerely,

J. J. MARY SLATER.

THE SALMON

Past glistening rocks, in a flash of pink and silver,
Through water splashing in a hiss of spray,
Down to the frothing pool the salmon tumble,
Shimmering in the hazy heat of day.

To the chuckling river, where graceful willows flutter,
Their dappled branches in the sun-kissed foam,
While songbirds gaily pipe their silvery descant
In cloistered shadow of their forest home.

NORMA FULTON, 3B(1)

UNTO THE LEAST

SINCE coming to live and work in the North, I have often reflected with grateful satisfaction on the turn of fortune which brought me a year ago from a teaching post in Edinburgh to social work in an Aberdeen Club as Depute Warden of St. Katherine's Community Centre.

We are a large community of some twelve hundred members, covering a wide age range. The youngest members are three years old, while the oldest draw the old age pension; our activities, therefore, are necessarily very varied. Of the adult clubs—of which there are nine—each has its own committee and fund, and each is a separate entity. The young people are looked after by voluntary leaders, most of whom are recruited from the adult membership. The paid staff of the Centre include the Warden, Depute Warden, Boys' Club Leader (part-time), two part-time canteen workers, an accountant and a typist.

Throughout the year, Saturday night is an open night, when there is a regular attendance of about four hundred dancers, while on Hogmanay the number reaches six hundred. Obviously, we have a large building and facilities for a great many activities. In addition to three halls, the Club has three lounges, three offices, a library, a chapel, woodwork rooms, a shop, a property-and-costume room, dance-cloakroom, bathroom and showers.

It is indeed a place of great opportunity, though an organisation of such complexity is not without many problems. In an endeavour to solve the difficulties of administration, it is painfully easy for leaders to become submerged in problems of accommodation, meetings of committees, and the conduct of large-scale events. Case-work and attention to the individual, which, after all, are the essence of true club-work, tend to become shelved. One answer to this problem is—more staff, which, of course, is not a local problem, but a general one. The country is in urgent need of club leaders, men and women of energy and vision, missionaries—for the work is God's work.

If this sounds like an appeal, I intend it to be so. Many of you are about to leave School. Perhaps you have not decided upon your career. Think about this one. It is very hard work, but it will bring you a sense of purpose and a satisfaction difficult to describe. I could continue at great length, telling of our busy afternoons and evenings, of the crafts and dancing classes, the talks, debates, plays and concerts and social evenings. I could tell of summer camps and hikes, of hostelling week-ends, and of family week-ends at our standing camp at Persley, of epilogues in the chapel, and Bible Study round the fire. The picture is ever-widening, as new people come amongst us, and new ideas are born.

But space is limited, and I must finish with a description of a special occasion—an Agape Supper, which was held on Good Friday, in the camp common room. After a meal partaken by candlelight at tables decked with spring flowers, the fifty women and girls present heard from different speakers of purposeful work that is being done in the world to-day. It was very impressive, and gave us all much food for thought. At each place was a motto which is at once an ideal and a challenge: "I would fain be to the Eternal Goodness what a man's hand is to a man."

EDITH M. GARVIE.

HERE AND THERE

The compilers of this page.—"With just enough of learning to misquote."
The Prefects' Room.—

"When lovely woman stoops to folly and
 Paces about her room, alone,
 She smoothes her hair with automatic hand,
 And puts a record on the gramophone."

The Lunch Room.—"You dig your grave with your teeth,"

The School Dance.—"Young men taken in and done for."
Heriot's v. Gillespie's at Hockey.—

"All is not well,
 I doubt some foul play."

On scaling the giddy heights of the buck.—"J'y suis, j'y reste."

Invitation to the Orchestra.—"Come hither, lady fair, and joined be
 To our wild minstrelsy."

Choir Practice.—"Shrieking and squeaking
 In fifty different sharps and flats."

The Bursary Competition.—"Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin
 and dies."

The Sixth Form.—"Nobody I care for comes a-courting me."

Festival Hamlet.—"Oh that this too, too solid flesh would melt—"

The Sixth.—"Oh no, Richard, no!"

At English.—"I wish he would explain his explanations."

At German.—"Sent to hear sermons
 From mystical Germans."

At Hockey.—"Detested sport
 That owes its pleasure to another's pain."

French assistante (to tram conductor): "Is that the High School?"
Tram conductor: Madam, the Highest School."

THE ANTIQUE SHOP

The creaking shutter,
 And the old wooden door,
 The narrow street,
 And the dusty floor.

The grandfather clock
 With dust all grey
 That numbers the centuries,
 Ticking away.

The gold-leaved books
 That litter the tables:
 Histories, novels,
 And some old fables.

Cabinets, ornaments,
 And some brown scrolls,
 Vases, portraits,
 And old china bowls.

But there's an antique
 That sits by the wall,
 And she's the old woman
 Who sells them all.

ELIZABETH SIMPSON, 3B(2).

TANT À FAIRE

PARIS AND BLOIS

Summer 1953

MAYBE it was a fitting start to our holiday that one of the last things written in English which we saw was a poster advertising the film "Innocents in Paris." The night journey to London was uneventful, and we had most uncomfortable slumber, one of my associates even sleeping on a table.

When we arrived in Paris we were shown our dorm—a long room with twenty-three beds on each side, forty-six in all, each one with grey blankets. As we all wore round discs with our names on for identification, all we needed, as someone remarked, was a severe uniform to complete our likeness to inmates of an institution. The first night some of our girls descended to the depths of a Parisian Metro, and after long gesticulation with the little man in the glass case, they set off. But they got out and left at the next station, could not get back, and then did what we had all been warned not to do: they accepted a lift from a *strange man*, and in Paris too, but they arrived back safely, which was a good thing.

When we came back from the bird market three of the girls had bought birds, and we were in the dorm when something flew around—two of the birds were out. We stalked them with light, Kimono dressing gowns and towels, up, down and round about, and the joke of the whole thing was that someone had remarked, "Do you think they can fly?" Could they fly! Exhausted after sprinting here, there and everywhere, we had a rest, and as we had had champagne for dinner, one girl felt faint; we opened a window and a bird got out. The other, by this time caught, tried to escape, and we eventually let it go too and had to chase it *out* of the dormitory.

On another morning, a certain member of the party was too lazy to go down to breakfast and stayed in bed. Unfortunately she was caught in her nightgown between two French plumbers working at the washbasins at one end of the room and the leader of the trip, telling us to get out and waiting to see we did, at the other. Here again, dressing gowns and towels came in handy, this time for screens. Needless to say, this particular member was always on time for breakfast in Paris after that.

The dormitory next door to us had even greater fun each night. For the first two nights, those still awake heard the clumping footsteps of a man going the whole length of the dormitory. So the next night they put a row of chairs across the space between the bed-ends and lay waiting. The somnambulist solemnly removed a chair and continued on his way, vanishing through a small door at the other end. When in the morning a few adventurous spirits opened it, they were met by an onslaught of furious speech. The night-wanderer was only the caretaker, who had to cross the ladies' boudoir each night to get to his own!

Another day one poor guide, whom we had christened "Nip," was given the duty of taking eighteen of us down the Champs Elysées. We all strolled down behind him; the sun shone and the traffic roared, and when the guide turned round, his followers had vanished. We had sauntered into shops and got lost in parties of four, while the guide rushed down to the bottom of the Champs Elysées.

Anyway, when we five eventually reached the bottom of the street, we were met by a very agitated Nip, who was almost turning somersaults in his agitation. "Cheer up," we told him, "Miss So-and-so lost only two girls down here. You've beaten her by losing about fourteen!" Which was cold comfort indeed!

Of course, all this time our French was progressing. We vowed never to say "Sorry!" when jolted in the Metro and we would always say it in French. Unfortunately, the next journey we made, one of our bright members said "Merci!" as someone trod on her foot.

We did most of our travelling by Metro, as the bus services were an absolute mystery, and we never could manage it. Even travelling by Metro had a spice of adventure, because there was always the fear that you might not land at exactly where you intended. But we managed fairly well, although sometimes we were a bit lost. For instance, take the time we tried to go to the Sacré-Coeur on Montmartre. A good-sized landmark, a white church on a hill, *you* may think, but could *we* find it! We got off at the nearest Metro and wandered around side streets, at the end of each expecting to look up to the church. Eventually we split up and only two finally reached it, while the rest of us collapsed at the nearest café and ordered orange glacées.

After our few gloriously hectic days, in which we did do some sight-seeing, we packed and got ready to go to Blois. But two members were lost. After much consternation, they arrived two minutes before the bus left, and an entire party journeyed towards the Equator. At Blois, it was hotter than ever, but we could not wear less without being indiscreet. In Paris, the first day we had set out in blazers, carrying plastic macs; on the second cardigans—with macs, of course; third day, no mac; fourth day, no cardigan and no winter woollies. Here endeth the story. In Blois, therefore, we lazed around, shopped in the mornings, went sightseeing in the afternoons and at night, and our conversation improved in greater leaps and bounds.

One night we went a bus tour to see the various castles all flood-lit. We had already seen these castles by day, but by night they looked like real fairy palaces. One of our most interesting excursions was the one to the caves of Monrichard, which are a vast storing place for bottles of Moussec wine. After the intense heat outside, the caves were icy cold, and soon most of us were shivering. At the end, the teachers and elder members of the party were revived by glasses of Moussec, while we were left to unthaw in the sun.

But the last night was one I shall always remember. We had had to pack and send off all our luggage, with the result that we had to sleep in our underwear. My four friends, having pushed two beds together, lay down crossways and got me to cover them up. In came a teacher and I was caught. The teacher then retired and one of the quartet in the bed started complaining that she was sleeping on two bits of cold iron and a draught. And what we were wearing was not a suitable substitute for pyjamas.

About five minutes later we heard a voice below the balcony, a voice not employing good, short, hard Anglo-Saxon words—not even French—but a deeper and infinitely more expressive tongue. But what Juliet could answer her Romeo from the window in such an extreme state of déshabille as was the one member of our party for whom the calls were intended? But that was the last night, and next morning, rising at three, we set off for Paris, London and home. I shall draw a veil over what happened on the Channel, for it was decidedly choppy.

A most enjoyable holiday indeed! And now I realise that, had I been a blackmailer, I might have made some money by the threat to publish some of the names I have so tactfully suppressed.

AILSA THOMSON, 4L.

TANT À VOIR

PARIS

Spring 1954

IF I chuckle suddenly to myself, my friends nod knowingly at each other and say, pityingly, "Paris again, poor thing." On the other hand, if I sit, vacantly staring, they know that I am thinking of my one and only "amour" in Paris—a sweet little hat in a dear little "boutique."

My wonderful holiday started, literally, with a bang, caused by the sudden meeting of the airport bus with the solid mass of a heavily laden truck in London. Fortunately, nobody was hurt, and I retain, as a souvenir, a scrap of grey paintwork. The delay caused, however, was unpardonably long, and I became anxious about my more or less unknown correspondent waiting—in Paris!—with her mother.

Despite my "butterflies" before the flight, I had a very comfortable journey—indeed, I felt more like a princess than I ever have done, or ever shall do! To see Dieppe from the air, as I did, in perfect, summery weather, must be the most thrilling start possible to a holiday in France. Paris, too, welcomed me with sunshine, and I had my first taste of—the traffic. From the moment I arrived, until I left, I expected to be "écrasée" every moment of every day. I did not, however, let the thought spoil my three weeks' stay in the Paris, not of my dreams, but of reality.

My very charming friends live, not in Paris itself, but in St. Germain en Laye, which can be reached in exactly twenty-seven minutes by electric train from St. Lazare. On my first journey I was too tired (having travelled overnight from Edinburgh to London and flown to Paris almost immediately), and thereafter too tactful, to show my embarrassment at what can only be described as the "carry-on" in the trains. In the centre of each compartment there is a pole, round which can be seen festooned as many as three different couples at one time. I was alone in my wonder, for the other travellers were French—I was most definitely Scots!

My first French meal came as a surprise too, but my only complaint about the many that followed is that I ate far too much. Not only do the French eat more than we do at mid-day and in the evening, but the meals are more drawn out as well: soup, meat, potatoes, vegetables, salad, cheese, coffee, fish, fruit, wine and loaves about three yards long—served one after the other and not in association as here. However, after the first few days, I ate with a truly French appetite.

Paris is, of course, very interesting for all kinds of tourists. Most people, however, know about "La Tour Eiffel," the Louvre and all the other well-known buildings. Everybody visits those. I, too, saw them, and wish to see them again, but I want to go back to France because of the other things I saw and learned.

For a few days, I went to my correspondent's school, a small private school. To my surprise, I understood nearly everything that was said, and I was interested and amused to hear History from the French point of view. I also discovered that Boyle's Law causes as much trouble in the Science classes in France as it does here, although they call it "Loi de Mariott."

I visited the Château of St. Germain, where King James II of Great Britain spent his years in exile, and I also saw his tomb in the church. James must have hunted in the Forest of Germain where, although I saw none, wild boars still live. Nor far from St. Germain is Poissy, a little village where Louis IX—Saint Louis—was baptised, and whose church has a lovely window telling the story of his life. I was enthralled by the beautiful windows in small village churches, which seem insignificant, but whose interiors are beautiful.

Like most tourists I lost my way, but only once. A memory which will remain with me always stems from an incident during that awful hour. A carefully rehearsed speech—in French, naturally—explaining my predicament met with a blank look from a stylishly dressed lady. This was explained when she asked, in a nasal twang, if I spoke English!

When I did reach the house (having paid double fare in order to get out of the station) I was hustled off immediately to the cinema, despite the fact that my correspondent, who had been telephoning frantically, was still in Paris! I was very lucky indeed, for I saw "Si Versailles M'Était Conté." This very long film, in colour, reconstructs most beautifully the history of France and Versailles.

I have so many memories, which make me smile but are tedious to explain, that I find it difficult to tell the story. The strident voice, which said, "Ici, Radio Luxembourg!" for instance; the actors in the Comédie Française; the wonderful scenery in "White Horse Inn" at the Chatelet; the marché, the old narrow streets and the broad new boulevards; the picturesque names—especially in Montmartre, where I bought some etching from the shop known as "Le Singe qui Lit."

All these—yes, and many more. But I cannot continue to write indefinitely, although I must thank the gendarme who cheered up my last minute in Paris. The street was busy, and M. Parizot (my host) had to ease the car gently into the centre of the road in order to enter the airport. His left hand was hanging out of the window; I sat in a mournful silence, and the traffic policeman, with a hearty roar of laughter, walked over and clasped his hand. Simple, and unamusing perhaps, but it is one of my last memories of Paris. It was so typical that France should shake hands and smile. She knew, of course, that I would come back.

DOREEN F. STEVEN, 4P.

WISTON LODGE, BIGGAR E.S.C.A. Conference, Easter, 1954

"PSST! It's five o'clock. Get up!"

Now whatever could induce seven Gillespie girls to rise from bed at such an hour? But this was quite a usual occurrence last Easter, when delegates from Scottish schools attended the Annual Council for Education in World Citizenship Conference at Wiston Lodge.

Tintock Tap appealed early in the morning to the visitors, two of whom were the luckless, blazer-clad victims of an unexpected snowstorm. For those members who scorned to rise with the lark, a quick swim or tennis match before breakfast provided ample entertainment. Then to the first meal of the day, which the mountaineers consumed with great gusto. A pile of dishes, almost as high as Tinto itself, beamed on the unfortunate Discussion Group whose task it was to perform the kitchen duties. After the washer had disposed of the final platter and smeared on the pink hand cream, the whole assembly met in the Games-cum-Conference Room where a lecture was delivered and received with youthful enthusiasm.

Off, now, to the favourite part of the day—Discussion Group time. Accents of north, south, east and west blended, or blasted, into discord as the arguments grew heated. Problems of major importance which politicians fail to solve were resolved by the vigorous participants. After this we would relax in a game of chess with the tuneful strains of "Polly Wolly Doodle" in the background. Lunch presented an even higher Tinto of crockery for the next Group. Volley-ball on the lawn became the afternoon custom, as did the good-natured football match which soon emerged.

In the evening, lusty voices were united in such noble choruses as "One Man Went to Mow," or merry shouts of joy were wafted upwards as dancing feet could be heard beating out the rhythm of a strenuous Eightsome Reel.

Wearied by an active day, we would climb upstairs to bed, where our tired heads were laid on a cool white pillow. Too soon came the last morning when we bade farewell to our numerous newly found acquaintances.

"Goodbye, Wiston! We've had a good holiday."

DOROTHY M. R. RICHARDSON,
EVELYN M. BREMNER.

FROM THE SECONDARY DEPARTMENT

FEUD

"GRRR . . .!" "Pssst . . .!"

"Stop that, both of you! Garry, to bed! Topaz, outside!"

A small West Highland terrier lolloped uncertainly away from a spitting blue Persian cat. The feud still went on.

Topaz had, of course, been supreme in "her" household for eight long years now, until this impertinent white impostor had padded its way into the heart and home of her family. This must not go on! "But what," reflected Topaz, "could one do about it without ruffling one's fur and one's temper?" The family, meanwhile, distributed equal praise and chastisement to the younger and the older, the droll begging and the indifferent demand. Meals were sometimes shared; or exchanged, if cat and dog both decided on a varied diet. A puppy noisily consumed fish, while a cat beside it sampled elegantly a dish of meat; each much preferred the other's milk.

After meals, however, Garry would spiritedly invite his furry companion to join him in a brisk run round the garden, or even to be chased round the rose bushes. But dignity denounced that; royalty rejected it; pride prevailed. And Garry, forgetful of his despised invitation, began to play. Seconds later, he bounded backwards, astounded by such a display of fighting fur, pouncing paws, and amber acidity. With a little sigh, he trotted resignedly away. "His rebus gestis," Topaz relaxed, perhaps sadly, and eased her quivering body, quivering . . . with slight fear?

Hostilities increased, to the dismay of the family, until open warfare was declared, and it became a commonplace occurrence to see a grey silhouette glide up silently behind a preoccupied white ball, aim, and glide swiftly away, or to see a puppy pounce enthusiastically from behind a door, straight into the path of an unsuspecting Topaz.

"I'm sorry," said the father to the family one evening, "but one will have to go. Topaz was here first; Garry must go." Tearful silence reigned, and despondency pervaded the atmosphere of the formerly happy household.

"Don't want my Garry to go," wailed little Jimmy as, clinging to his mother's apron, he watched a green van draw up menacingly before the door. The S.S.P.C.A. official opened the gate in a businesslike but not unsympathetic way, and asked where "he" was. Jimmy raised his voice to a crescendo and buried his sobbing

face in his mother's lap. Father, biting his lip, brought him forward caressingly, in his arms and set him down on the doorstep. A dark shadow stood, with eyes gleaming triumphantly, by the door.

"Say goodbye to Garry, Topaz," said Father, and a dejected little puppy, tail low, moved obediently towards his victorious rival, and waited. . . . She glided forward. . . . was it gently? She licked the little black nose of the trembling puppy; she nestled protectingly by his side.

"I guess the little fellow will be all right now," said the vanman, and walked quickly away down the path."

VERA CHALMERS, 5L.

ALL FOR THREE SHILLINGS

"Could you baby-sit to-night?" the doctor wondered.
 "Why certainly," I answered in great glee—
 For, poor fool, I thought the children would be sleeping
 And I could watch the programme on T.V.

I reached the house at seven (with my knitting)
 And heard the baby howling in her bath;
 The two-year-old was trying to scalp the kitten,
 Who was clawing him and spitting in her wrath.

At ten past seven they left me, saying: "Sorry,
 But the second film begins at quarter to.
 If a patient 'phones—for doctor is on duty—
 And it's urgent, you can 'phone the message through."

The baby was in bed, but was still crying;
 I picked her up and cuddled her to sleep.
 The two-year-old had climbed out of the window
 And was now going through the gate into the street.

I dragged him in and bathed him (with a struggle)
 And bribed him, with a toffee, into bed.
 He didn't like the story that I told him:
 "Why wasn't there some blood in it?" he said.

At ten past eight, I thought I had him sleeping.
 I tiptoed down the stairs into the hall;
 My fingers grasped the handle of the lounge when
 "I want a dwink of water!" came a call.

The telephone rang twice and woke the baby;
 The fire went out and wouldn't light again;
 The kitten knocked a vase from off the table,
 And the dog came in, just soaking from the rain.

At half past ten, I heard the car returning;
 The last half hour had been the very worst.
 The next time I am asked to mind the children
 I'll have a good long think about it first.

ANN KENNEDY, 4L.

ATALANTA IN CALEDONIA

THAT morning did not augur well for a happy, carefree day. It was a "school" morning; it was a Monday morning; the rain was splashing noisily from a gloomy sky, and I had risen early. Early . . . that is, with fifteen instead of ten minutes to rise, to wash, to dress, pack my bag, eat my breakfast and catch the "quarter-past" bus, which has an annoying habit of being early, or full, or not at all, in any of which cases one must await the next vehicle. This particular bus invariably spends nasty mornings in its home, and neglects to call for would-be passengers.

That I was nearer the head than the rear of the queue that morning was yet another bad, because surprising, omen. The rain continued to plop moistly from above, and the force of the wind necessitated the holding-on of one's hat, which allowed the rain to course freely down one's sleeve. A miserable morning indeed! One can hardly blame a self-respecting, sensitive bus for absence on such a morning, but it was most inconvenient to be obliged to waste many precious minutes in waiting for another bus, inevitably full.

I reached the transfer point from bus to tram with five minutes in hand. Hope eventually began to desert me as a third car swept by, like a graceless Venetian gondola, spreading behind a foaming, muddy wake. The fourth I managed to board. I had two more minutes. . . . "Tramcars!" I thought in exasperation and disgust, as the ramshackle, antediluvian monster trundled swaying, creaking down the rails. At every slightest inducement it lurched to a shivering standstill. It ground its wheels happily as the traffic light leered like a bloodshot eye through the screen of rain, now lashing the streets with demoniac force, giving rise to turbulent gutter waterways. One small innocent was sailing a paper boat on the current, until that frail craft shot the rapids to destruction in the gloom of a siver.

Even the elements seemed to be impeding gleefully my progress as I ran, somewhat too rapidly for complete decorum, in the mud under the splashing trees. The wind whipped my dripping coat about my knees, and the wet hair into straggly points on my brow. I was conscious of having heard no bell, but I might yet be in time.

I made a typical wet-morning sight, as I tugged off my hat, and shook my head free from its halo of dependent globules. I ran—inconspicuously, I hoped—along the corridor, glancing aside at the clock as I passed.

"It can't be that!" I protested under my breath. But it was. They were singing the hymn.

AILEEN BROWN, 4P.

PENTLAND MEMORIES

"Be it granted to me to behold you again, in dying,
Hills of home."—R.L.S.

Long are the winter nights and drear,
But in the firelight still,
We see the golden pictures pass
Of water, moor and hill.
And though the wind blows cold and loud,
And on our window beats the rain,
We lift our eyes to Caerketton
And see Threipmuir again.

We hear the waters lapping soft
By fair Glencorse's walls,
And over steep Carnethy's point
A wandering curlew calls.
The waterfall by Loganlea ;
The clear pools by the track ;
The brown grouse from his heather hide
Cries, " Stranger ! Back, go back ! "

How green the crest of Castle Law !
How blue the distant moor,
As soft we tread the upland path
By lovely Allermuir !
The wide green swathe of Kitchen Moss,
From Bavelaw to the Bore,
With mossy turns and purple heights,
Is surely heaven's door.

The wind still blows, the fire dies down,
But memories remain,
And at the close of winter's blast
We'll take the road again.
O'er well-loved paths of Pentland walks
Old friends and I will roam :
That gift from God, our heritage,
Dear lovely hills of home.

SHIRLEY BUIST, 3A(2).

The SHEPHERD'S HOUR

Through trails of mist the deep-red moon
gleams dull ;

The wreathèd meadow sleeps ;
The darkening landscape dances in a haze.
The frog his croaking song unbroken keeps
By verdant rushes which, slow-swaying, lull



The nenuphars, to curl in sleep their leaves.
Stiff, straight against the sky,
The silent poplars cast dark, wavering shades
Through which the darting, shimmering glow-
worms fly
And weave their way to thirsty willow glades.

The owls awake, fly off to hunt their prey,
Sweep soundlessly the air :
Their leaden wings beating the darkness dim,
Up, up to where the daying gleams repair,
And Venus star pierces the blanket grey.

CLAIRE CONDIE, 6A.

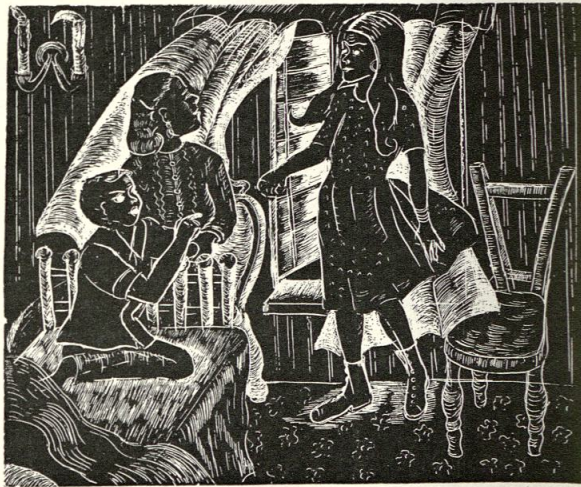


From the French of Paul Verlaine.
Scrapboard Drawings by WILMA STEWART, 5D.

BRIG O' DOOM

ON the horizon darkening clouds foretold storm. Beyond the trees lay the bridge, humped aggressively over the ravine; an almost tangible silence hung heavy on the air.

A furtive breeze stirred in the grass, and coaxed a dusky whisper from the patient firs. New-kindled, the gipsy fire sequined the air for an instant, and bannered the sombre sky with a sudden yellow feather of smoke. Then only a grey austerity, and the frail illusion of quietude. In such an hour one holds happiness the most insecure of things.



The little boy shivered. His face was pinched with cold. He tugged at his mother's sleeve. With an exclamation, Judith picked him up and carried him into the house, chiding and comforting by turn. She closed the door behind them with conscious finality. It was growing late, so, setting the child on his feet, she led him along the corridor.

Half an hour later, the wind had risen, and it became increasingly plain that a bad storm was imminent. Loud hammering at the door drew a grunt of annoyance from the man in the armchair. He heaved himself up and stumped along the hall.

Judith, his wife, heard a confused murmur of voices, the slamming of a door. Going to the doorway, she called him as he passed: "Mark?"

He looked up.

"Only that mad gipsy girl, dear. Wanted to speak to you. I sent her home before the storm should break."

Then all her quick fear for the child came tumbling out—he had been so cold; now he was burning with fever.

"Children are often like that," comforted her husband. "There's no need to worry. He'll be all right."

Two hours later the child was so ill that his father, despite the storm, decided to ride for a doctor. If he took the mare, he said, he could, using the wooden footbridge, cut three miles off the journey. One last word of comfort; then he left Judith alone with their son.

As he entered the stables, the horses whinnied a soft welcome, glad of company on such a night. He threw a saddle over the mare's back. She blew against the girth—numb fingers made a slow nightmare of the fastenings. At last they were ready, riding against the wind towards the bridge. As they reached it there came the roar of thunder and the first febrile flash of lightning. The mare reared in stark terror, her ears back, her eyes wild. She quivered in the primitive agony of fear. Nothing would induce her to move. Painfully her rider dismounted, and calmed her as best he could. Then slinging the wet reins over his arm, he walked a little way over the bridge, came back and prepared to lead her step by step. . . .

Ten o'clock. Mark should be back soon. Judith glanced at the bed. The child was no worse—if anything slightly better. Perhaps she ought to try to sleep. . . . Ten o'clock. . . .

With a sudden crash, the window swung open, the curtains streamed out, the uncurbed pagan fury of the storm burst on the room. Silhouetted in the opening stood a barefoot girl, drenched by the rain, her wet hair whipping about her face. A lightning flash showed the wild dark eyes, the loose mouth of the frenzied gipsy.

"They wouldna let me in," she shouted. "I came tae tell . . ." Her words were lost on the strident tumult of the storm. The child was awake, clinging to his mother in silent terror. Unable to leave him, Judith gestured towards the open window, but the girl paid no heed. Then her mood changed in the sudden way of her kind, and she shook with laughter. Disjointed phrases came over the wind—"rotten it was"—"broken wood on the water"—"a black hole."

The woman by the bed was very white. She held the child closer.

"Where?" she asked.

A lull in the storm left the word urgent on the air. It cut abruptly across the girl's hysteria, and shocked her into a brief moment of sanity.

"In the brig," she said.

MOIRA GUNN, 4L.

Scrapboard drawing by Margaret Sinclair, 5B.

THE MARK OF THE HAND

IT was very warm in the little room that served for the secretary's office. As she finished typing the last letter, the secretary leaned back wearily in her chair and pushed back her hair from her warm brow. It was very pleasant to lie back with closed eyes and feel the warmth of the sun on her face. It was just for a few minutes, she promised herself, just for a few minutes . . .

When she awoke, the sun had gone, and she shivered at the coldness of the room. It was pitch dark, and everything was silent. Goodness! What on earth was the time? She looked at the luminous hands of her watch. A quarter to ten! She must have been sleeping for nearly seven hours! How on earth had she not been discovered! And she was in the school by herself! Fighting down her panic, she took her coat and hat out of the cupboard and walked into the corridor. The pale, watery light from the moon cast weird shadows in the silent corridor.

She had only taken a few steps when she froze in her tracks. Her lips were parted and her breath came from between them in quick, short gasps. It seemed that the beating of her heart must fill the whole world with its thudding, and yet she could hear the sound of a bell ringing quite clearly. There was no mistaking the clear tones of the school bell. Then it ceased, and all down the corridor doors opened and streams of girls poured out. They were laughing and chattering, just like all the schoolgirls in the school, but there was something different about them, for although their lips smiled and laughed, their eyes remained dull, expressionless, without life. They all looked alike, with their staring eyes and white, heavy faces. The rest of their bodies was vague and shadowy in the gloom. Occasionally a tall, thin teacher passed, witch-like in black.

The secretary pressed herself hard against the wall, trying not even to breathe. Suddenly a form whisked past her, a corner of a black gown brushing against her legs. Before she could stifle it, a scream left her lips. Immediately all sound ceased. The horde of schoolgirls halted and stared right at her. She was terrified! They all seemed to be outlined in red, glowing fire. With one accord, they all moved forward in her direction. Slowly, nearer and nearer they came, and their eyes were glowing, alive. Nearer, nearer, nearer; with a loud scream, the secretary rushed right through the group. She was aware of a great heat, then cold as she flung herself through the window. Splinters of glass cut her hands, which she had put up to protect her eyes. Just as she fell, a hand grasped her by the shoulder; then she was falling down, down, down into merciful oblivion.

They found her in the morning when they came to open the school. There was no broken window, and they would not have believed her story if it had not been for the fact that branded on her shoulder was the mark of a hand, with the fingers very thin, as if the mark had been made by bones without any flesh on them.

MARGARET TOD, 1A(1).

LOOKING BACK

I. A TROUBLESOME JOURNEY

THE war was over and all the children were waiting for their fathers' return home. So was I. The only difference was that I had to go to my father, and our troublesome journey from behind the "Iron Curtain" then took place.

A little jeep was passing through one of the busiest streets in Prague trying to look as inconspicuous as possible. In the front of this jeep were the driver and another soldier, while my mother and I were huddled together at the back.

We rolled along happily until suddenly the jeep leaped up, gave a loud screech, and came to an abrupt stop. It had hooked itself to a tram! Policemen came running up, other traffic stopped, and our jeep stood there, the centre of attention.

By this time my mother and I were out of sight, hidden under blankets and hardly daring to breathe. "Have you any luggage at the back?" asked one of the policemen.

"Only some military parcels," the driver replied casually.

"Is that all? Well, let's lift the jeep!" he shouted. After a great deal of puffing and panting, the policemen succeeded in pulling our jeep and the tram apart. It did not occur to them that the "military parcels" at the back were rather heavier than usual.

Finally we were on the road to safety again, and I heard the driver's laughing voice saying, "Who said Communist policemen do not co-operate with western soldiers?"

II. MY FIRST FILM

Like most people, I enjoy seeing a good film. Until I was seven, however, I was convinced that no entertainment could possibly be better than the local "theatre," where one could see little girls of my own age hopping about the stage dressed up as dwarfs. If any grown-up dared to mention films to me, I immediately walked away scornfully. Someone had described films to me as "moving pictures," so I imagined a man pulling a string, with postcards tied to it, round the walls of a room. I really did not see how one could enjoy standing in front of a wall watching postcards go by.

Eventually the night came when I saw a film for the first time in my life. It was nine o'clock in the evening, and I was in bed, fast asleep, when a neighbour came in. "There is a film show in the market-place," she said excitedly. This was a great occasion, since all picture houses in Poland were owned by the Germans during the war, with the result that no one ever went to them. When a film was shown in the market-place, however, the Germans did not get any profit, and everyone went. My mother woke me up, and in a few minutes I was ready to go, pretending that I was not in the least excited, and would rather have stayed in bed.

We arrived at the market-place, carrying a small chair on which I could stand to see the film over the heads of the crowd. A big lorry stood in the middle of the market-place, holding up the "screen," which consisted of a large white sheet hanging between two wooden poles. At length the film started, and, although it must have been a very poor one, and there were at least five breakdowns, I thought it was wonderful. I was so thrilled that I even admitted films to be better than my "theatre"!

HANNA TERLECKA, 3A(2).

THE CHURCH SPIRE

RECENTLY I was one of the tallest people in Edinburgh. Many people have noticed that St. George's West Church has been under repair. The scaffolding has shrouded the tower completely for nearly a month. Just before the scaffolding was taken down, a few privileged people, including myself, were allowed to climb up to the top of the tower.

The first part of the climb was up a narrow turret stair which led us to the flat roof. We entered the tower by a tiny door, and in order to reach the campanile we had to climb forty feet on a ladder which swung backwards and forwards as we moved slowly upwards. From there we climbed from platform to platform of scaffolding until the people below looked like Lilliputians.

When we finally reached the top, the evening sun was glowing like a ball of fire, painting the buildings golden with here and there the dark violet patches of the shadows. We inspected the golden cross, which was nearly five feet high although it looked extremely tiny from the ground. On our way down we looked at and touched the four huge bells, which are still intact, although they have not been rung for about twenty years.

Many photographs were taken to commemorate the occasion, as it will be a very long time before another person will stand and touch the golden cross as we had done.

KATRIONA GOWANS, 4D.

BRIDGE AND TOMB

I knelt beside a mountain stream and saw
Its limpid waters, stained with peaty brown,
And thought a thousand fleeting thoughts : they were
The children of a moment, passing like
A summer cloud and leaving not a rack
Behind.

Born of a mind too small to comprehend
The workings of its own profundities,
They cast a transient shadow on the cloak
Of shallow comprehension ; but the depths
Of unformed thoughts and deeper powers remained
Unchanged.

And as I watched that stream which, ever young,
Had flowed unceasing through the changing years
I marvelled at the feebleness of man
And that this living stream, older than I,
Would yet be young long after I had passed
Away.

An earthen mound, scarce visible among
The bracken of these lonely hills, had humped
Itself beside the torrent's rocky bed,
And there the mourners of forgotten days
Had laid their dead to rest. This tomb alone
Remained.

A single, mossy span, which hung midway
Between the river and the trees above,
This slender curving arch alone remained,
A lonely rearguard of a fallen power,
Which, in its day of glory, ruled as far
As this.

Long years it is since Roman eagles spread
Their conquering wings beneath the tufted pines.
All that they stood for then was thought to be
Invincible, immune from change and scathe ;
And yet, to-day, a ruined bridge is all
That stands.

A thousand ages shall arise and die
Forgotten, in this lonely, futile world.
All earthly glory blossoms like a flower :
Its petals wither ; blows the desert wind,
And scatters them far o'er the shifting sands
Of time.

SHEILA A. MCGREGOR, 4P.

DOUCE-AMÈRE

THE view-haloo sounded from the distant woods. Eagerly she bent forward over the white parapet. She was a tall, graceful girl, slim and lithe. Her brow was smooth and white, untroubled as yet by the cares that were to come. Her dark hair hung about her shoulders as she bent forward eagerly to catch the first glimpse of the huntsmen returning.

This was Mary Stuart, strangely out of place in her eastern surroundings. The picture truly belonged to Baghdad rather than to France. Arabesques reared their shapely forms around her. A small space gave the appearance of a village square. But many feet below her was a courtyard. This was no village, but the castle of Chambord, a splendid symbol of the glory of ancient France.

She scanned the long highway, which stretched straight as an arrow as far as the eye could see into the great forest. The shady poplars flecked the path with shadows. Was that a movement there about a mile away? There was a flash of white amidst the dark green of the poplars. A girl in a pure white dress was riding towards the castle.

But then the hunting party appeared, sweeping down the way in all the pride of triumph. A soft smile lit up her features with a warm glow of love. There was Francis in the lead riding the beautiful black stallion. The girl in white must have smiled too. The party stopped, but soon came on again. Where was Francis? The head of the column was vacant.

There was a great banquet that night. The killing of two stags was indeed a cause for celebration. The castle was full of bustle.

"You are looking very beautiful to-night, Your Majesty," said Jeannette softly. Mary smiled kindly towards her lady-in-waiting. With slow steps she reached the great window. The fresh lawns on the river bank met her gaze. They were smooth and soft, and recalled to her thoughts of other lawns in Scotland, her far-away homeland. Her childhood had been happy there. But Mary was French, French in appearance and French in thought. She loved this great land and all it stood for, but, above all, she loved its king. Francis had loved her too, or so she had thought. She clenched her hands tightly. He would love her still!

Her gaze turned towards the Loire, now low after the summer drought. The water sparkled in its slow course towards the sea. Perhaps some of that very water might some day bathe the shores of Scotland. If France denied her happiness, she might find it there.

The great banquet hall was thronged with knights and ladies. Mary was happy sitting beside her beloved king. The feast was over; the toasts were drunk; now the entertainment began. As if from nowhere, a tall, slim girl appeared. Mary had not noticed

her before. She was dressed in a soft shade of pink. Her beautiful fair hair contrasted with the dark locks of the Latin beauties around her. Mary watched her idly, attracted by her graceful movements. She did not notice that Francis had left her until the dance began. A blush crept over her cheek. At least the first dance should have been hers. A murmur of surprise reached her ears. It was quite evident, however, that Francis was oblivious. She was rescued from her plight by a rather nervous youth whose sympathy for her had obviously given him the courage to approach her. This was Charles, her weak and youthful brother-in-law. In her innermost heart Mary was grateful to him.

He stayed with her all evening, but Mary's misery increased with the passing hours. At midnight she could endure her loneliness no longer. It was a month since the beautiful Diane had made her first appearance at court. Her beauty had at once attracted attention, and now Mary was more and more in the company of her faithful Jeannette than of her husband. Francis became dearer and dearer to her as she began to realise that she had lost him.

At midnight Mary fled. She crept up the great spiral staircase and crumpled into a heap of misery on the second floor. Weeping could bring no consolation. The strains of music were wafted up to her and the sounds of merriment from below. How stupid it all seemed to her when she could have no part in their joy! She tried to stop her ears with her fingers, but it was all in vain. Suddenly a beloved noise reached her ears.

The great staircase was a double spiral. The two were intertwined so skilfully that two friends could go up different staircases speaking to each other all the time and yet never meet. Poor Mary realised that her husband was very close. She heard his happy laughter mingling with Diane's. His soft voice whispered, "You are looking very beautiful to-night, my beloved Diane." She stifled a sob. Their footsteps retreated and mingled with the sounds of merriment below.

Mary did not know what time it was. As she could find no pleasure in the ball, she had sought consolation in bed. From time to time she had dozed fitfully. Now she sat up with a start, feeling that someone had been in her room only a moment before. There was silence. Ten minutes passed. Suddenly a scream rent the air.

Mary leapt from bed. Jeannette appeared with a lamp. Her hand shook, and the light flickered over her pale face and frightened eyes. A tiny screw of paper seemed to leap before Mary's eyes.

"I could have had him, but I value the honour of the King of France." It was signed "Diane," and Mary knew that the Loire even then was bearing the body of the beautiful Diane out to sea. Perhaps one day her dust would mingle with the sand on Scottish shores.

ELIZABETH GOURLAY, 5L.

LANDSCAPE

Quiet falls on the woods.
 Not a bird spreads a wing,
 Not a leaf breaks the air.
 Steps are on the mossy path
 But none hears them there.
 Blue hills in the distance
 Are starkly outlined
 Against mellow skies.
 From canyons deep-drawn
 Jets the wild cherry blossom—
 A fountain unsealed.
 Now the grey cuckoo
 Drops her two notes,
 Cool echoes, into silence.

SHEILA COCKBURN, 6B.

BALLAD

"O gentle lord from Burgundy,
 Riding forth to fight,
 I pray thee, greet my love for me,
 A true and noble knight."

"But lady, how may I do that?
 I have not seen this knight."
 "He is not difficult to know
 With horse and shield of white."

"He wears a cross upon his breast,
 And spurs of shining gold;
 His lance is foremost in the fray;
 In battle he is bold."

"O cease your prayers, my lady—
 He's dead this many a day:
 He fought against full twenty men,
 And lies in Brittany."

"I saw his grave dug deep, so deep,
 Beside a flowery field.
 His mass was sung by four grey friars;
 He sleeps beneath his shield."

SHEILA BROWN, 6A.

STREET SCENE

The wind with angry fingers beats the glass;
 The street lies naked, shrinking from the rain.
 High overhead the sullen storm-clouds pass;
 Drained of all joy and colour is the day.

The sun steals warmly through the sodden air;
 Her smile lies gently on the rain-dark street,
 Touching to life the colour hidden there;
 Rich with new joy and beauty is the day.

PAMELA HERON, 3A.

A PLEA FOR A PRIZE

We are the girls whose gentle ways
 Have earned our teachers' highest praise,
 To whom each day our mistress says,
 "O Perfect Form!"

Each tone is low; each voice discreet;
 Outside we never suck a sweet;
 In tramcars we eschew our seat.
 O Perfect Form!

We tiptoe softly to each class
 While others bound as bold as brass.
 We feel our manners far surpass
 Each other form.

And should the prize to others go
 We'll make no vulgar outward show.
 So grieve lest you should never know
 The Perfect Form.

ISABEL PEARSON, 3A(1).

MORNING LAMENT

Where's my schoolbag? Where's my hat?
 Tripping over the bedroom mat
 I hurry round—where's my glove gone?
 Gosh! I've got my slippers on!

My bike has got a punctured tyre;
 My socks have slipped into the fire.
 What time is it? I daren't look.
 O dear! Where is my Latin book?

Hair-net, handkerchief, comb and purse;
 Ten past eight—it could be worse;
 My hair isn't combed yet—(where's my tie?)
 My new-washed blouse is not yet dry.

Hurry to school—I mustn't be late;
 At last I'm out the garden gate.
 Down to the bus stop. How I yawn!
 Gosh! I've got my slippers on!

SYLVIA NEWTON, 3A(2).

THE BUNSEN

Bunsen, bunsen burning bright
 In the Science Lab. at night,
 What confounded silly ass
 Left you burning, wasting gas?

MADLINE STREET, 1A(1).

FROM THE PRIMARY DEPARTMENT

THE PRIMARY SCHOOL CONCERT

THE Primary School Concert was held in the School Hall, Bruntfield, on Wednesday and Thursday, 26th and 27th May 1954, at 2.15 p.m.

It was indeed a performance rich in loveliness, and the smooth efficiency with which the programme was produced, and the natural assurance with which the young artists surmounted the obvious difficulties inherent in the Hall, brought great credit to them and to their teachers.

The programme showed great variety, and from so much that was memorable one can merely select examples to indicate the quality of the whole: in drama, the poise of the young Rembrandt, the haunting life of the youthful voices in "Cock Robin," the vitality of the Naughty Boy, the happy felinity of the Pussy Cat; in elocution, the little French girl's Gallic charm and the realism of the Cherry girl whose nut-directed quest elicited the sad "Never"; the rhythm of the band, the lithe grace of the dancers, both Scandinavian and Scottish, the artistry of the piano soloists, the haunting melodies of the Hebrides, the shuttlecock dexterity of "Bobby Shaftoe." Let one stand for all: who that heard her will readily forget that Fidgety Bairn?

It was perhaps significant that the Choir sang "Golden Slumbers," for there was almost always something Elizabethan in the zest and joyous lyricism of the performances. Again and again one experienced—in a note, a gesture, the arresting beauty of a smile, or a face—the timeless perfection of a dew-drop on a spring rose. There in the School Hall, on an early summer afternoon, with the lamps struggling vainly with the kindly light that poured through the windows, with birdsong from mavis and blackbird in the garden bushes mingling with the youthful voices scarcely less musical, the older guests present were privileged to experience something as poignant as a shaft of sunlight from childhood's hyacinthine fields.

MY TREE

OUTSIDE my bedroom window stands a stately rowan tree. In the morning as I look out from my window I see sparrows and robins swinging merrily on its branches. In the summer time it wears a lovely dark green dress with red juicy berries, at which the birds peck. When autumn comes the leaves turn to a yellowish brown colour. Soon strong winds come and the leaves flutter in the wind and fall to the earth. Then my stately tree is bare and only robin and redbreast plays on its branches. Then the snow comes and my tree has a white fur coat and there it stands waiting patiently for the spring and sunshine. At last spring comes and soon the snow disappears, buds start to burst out and my rowan is once more in her summer dress.

ISABEL A. BEGG, P7(2).

A VISIT

MR SOLOMON was feeling rather uneasy.

He was staying for the night with some friends who lived in a haunted castle. He climbed the dark, shadowy stairs with only a candle for a light. When he reached his room he cautiously opened the door. Nobody was there. With a sigh of relief he entered. He then locked the door and two windows. At last he felt safe from that ghost. He climbed into bed.

Then a horrid little voice said, "So we are locked in together for the night, are we?"

JOAN McCAIG, P7(1).

SPOT'S CATCH

ONE morning, when Father and I went to collect the eggs and feed the hens on the farm which I was visiting for my holidays, the dog, Spot, seemed very excited about something underneath the hen hut. My curiosity was aroused, and soon we saw the sharp nose of a rat appear, but it was quickly withdrawn. Picking up a stick, Father prepared to hit it the next time it appeared. The rat, however, breathed fresh air for only five more short minutes. Hoping to make its escape into the roadway, it ran out from the back of the henhouse, straight into the triumphant open jaws of Spot, who gripped it by the neck. He had a glorious time worrying the rat, which was now dead. Spot laid down the rat at our feet, and eyeing us scornfully, walked off with an arrogant swagger.

ELAINE TAYLOR, P6(1).

A TRUE STORY

ONE lovely day Mother, Father and I set out for a short run in the car to Threipmuir Reservoir. This reservoir is at the foot of the Pentland Hills between Currie and Balerno on the back road, which at one place runs right through the middle of a farm. Round the side of a barn came a duck carrying a hen's egg in its mouth, hotly pursued by the hen.

The duck dropped the egg, which broke, and the hen proudly picked up the shell and strutted back to the henhouse, after which the duck returned and gobbled up the rest of the egg.

PATRICIA BROOKS, P6(2).

A VISIT I SHALL NEVER FORGET

DURING last summer I spent a holiday with my Auntie, who lives in a little village near Naseby. One day she decided to take my mother and me to Rockingham Castle. This castle was a royal

residence for five hundred years. It is not a very large castle, but is situated on a hill.

In the billiard room, as it was called, we could see Charles Dickens's own copy of "David Copperfield," which he had presented to the owners of the castle, who were his great friends. We saw the room and chair in which he sat when he wrote "Bleak House." Out of one of the windows of that same room I could see five counties. In the gallery was a portrait of a little girl painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds. Surrounding the castle are many beautiful parks. Altogether the scene was an enchanting one, and the visit one I shall always remember.

LORRAINE HENDRY, P6(2).

A TRIP UP THE COAST OF NORWAY

ONE evening in Bergen, a city on the rugged coast of Norway, Kathleen, an Australian lady, Sheila, an English girl, Mother and I were waiting on the quay for the ship S.S. "Jupiter" to take us up the coast of Norway. When it arrived we clambered aboard. Soon we were all tucked up in our bunks. Days of pleasure passed, and we visited Alesund, where we climbed a steep mountain, from which we had a splendid view. Trondheim, too, was interesting, for it has a famous cathedral. Near the end of our trip we visited Narvik, where many German ships were sunk during the war. At Tromso we sadly came ashore, all of us hoping that some day we would pay a return visit to Norway.

MARGARET HOLLAND, P5(1).

MY HAMSTERS

I HAVE a pair of little Hamsters. They have furry bodies, bright black eyes and stumpy little tails. In a way they are like mice, only a little bigger. I feed them on green food and they take milk.

Sad to tell they sleep all day and are most frisky at night when I have to go to bed. The most interesting thing about Hamsters is their pouches, which run from their cheeks to their shoulders. In these they carry the food from their bowl into the hutch, where they store it until they are hungry. Hamsters make lovely pets, and I have great fun watching Susan and Sandy.

JENNIFER LITTLE, P5(2).

V.I.P.s TO TEA

WHAT a surprise awaited me a few days ago when I returned from school. Sir William Darling and some other gentlemen were having tea in our living-room. Why our house? Well, they were visiting

the district, and our house was the favoured one for a special call, and we were to give them tea. Although there were heaps of sandwiches and cakes we were kept outside. When they had finished, Sir William came and spoke to us. "Which kind of sandwiches do you like best?" he asked, and our reply was, "The egg ones." As he moved off he said, "Now I'll leave you to the remainder of the egg sandwiches."

NORMA NISBET, P5(2).

OUR DOG

OUR family bought a dog last year. He is a black miniature poodle and we have named him Sambo. He meets his little sister at the Braid Burn. She is called Binkie and they have good fun together. Sambo looks very smart now because he has been trimmed.

ISOBEL GRANT, P4(1).

MY TORTOISE

CHARLES is his name. He is very tame. He has a shell upon his back which is coloured brown and black.

He is a great sleepy head and sleeps and sleeps all day. He never wakens till the summer and goes to sleep in the winter.

PAULINE ANNAND, P4(2).

MY HOLIDAY

DURING the Easter holidays I went to New Galloway. We stayed there from Sunday till Friday. I had a little dog out for a walk three times. The dog's name was Ginger. I went to the park nearly every day. We stayed in a hotel called the Kenmure Arms.

PATRICIA ROSS, P3(1).

MY HOLIDAY

WHEN I was at Sandend I saw the fish being smoked. They were hanging on a bar in a hut. There was a van that took the heads down to the beach for the seagulls. The birds seemed to know when it was time for their feed. They sat on the rocks waiting for the van to appear. When the boxes had been emptied they ate up all the fish.

DIANA WATSON, P3(2).

MY FAVOURITE BOOK

What, oh what is my favourite book?
In front of my book shelves I stand and look:
"The Secret Garden"? "The Adventures of Alice"?
Or "Sinbad the Sailor at the Caliph's Palace"?

I take one out and put it in—
This one I fear is far too thin.
What shall I read? I scratch my head,
Then, "Eileen dear, it's time for bed!"

EILEEN GRAY, P.7(1).

A RED-AND-YELLOW FRIGHT

The Walrus and the Carpenter
Were walking round the Zoo;
They both put on their spectacles
To see the point of view.

It is not very pleasant,
It isn't very nice
To see so many penguins
And not a block of ice.

But what strange animal is that?
It gave them quite a fright.
"Dear Walrus," said the Carpenter,
"That's a Gillespie-ite."

ELIZABETH HARRIS, P.7(2).

TINKER BELL

I am a little "budgie" and my name is Tinker Bell.
As a pet in this household, my story I will tell.
I have a lovely cage filled with everything I need:
Toy ladders, balls and swings, not forgetting "budgie seed."

Sometimes my mistress lets me out, to fly around the room,
But closes all the windows, for escape would mean my doom.
I peep in mirrors, land on flowers and am really very tame,
Although now only five months old can even say my name.

DOROTHY HARE, P.6(1).

KINGFISHERS

Mr Kingfisher teaches his babies,
He teaches them how to fish.
Soon they're able to catch for themselves,
Quite a tasty dish.

LOUISA BURNS, P.6(2).

THE SKY

When I am sitting on my swing
I gaze up to the sky.
It looks to me so like a sea,
With mountains wide and high.

Across this long and lonely sea
These flowing mountains sway.
Of course they really are the clouds
Upon the milky way.

JANE DYER, P.5(1).

MY PUPPY

I have a little puppy who is only nine months old;
His coat is very furry and he never feels the cold.
He is really very playful, chases everything he sees,
Which is also quite unusual for a little Pekinese.

Sometimes when he is naughty, I send him off to bed;
He droops his little furry tail and hangs his pretty head.
But when I call him back to me he runs and barks with joy,
And I say to him, "Oh, Roger! You are a clever boy."

VALERIE RAMSHAW, P.5(1).

PRIMARY 2(1)

ON Sunday we went for a walk in the woods, and do you know what we found. A skeleton rabbit. We also found an old blackbird's nest. I didn't like the look of the skeleton much.

WE WENT to Eyemouth. We saw live lobsters in a big tank, and bought five. They crawled about in the car on the way home. At home Daddy called the biggest one Joey. The lobsters crawled about in the sink, and we had a lovely time eating them with salad.

YESTERDAY my uncle came to see us. He has a store room full of snakes. He told Duncan, that's my brother, how to catch a snake. He said, when I catch snakes I tap them on the back of the neck with a stick, put my foot on its head, and take it home in a bottle.

I AM a rabbit. I live in a burrow. My wife is a busy rabbit and so am I. One day my wife said excitedly, "Husband, here are five baby rabbits." "Oh," I said, "will I go and fetch a morsel for them." "Yes," said my wife, "you go." I went to a garden some way off and looked in. "Oh," I cried, "lettuce." I grabbed a lettuce just in time to see a man with a gun come along. I tore to my hole and we ate the lettuce. "Phew," I said, "it was good, but I am out of breath."

WHEN I was listening in to Wilfred Pickles there was a little girl speaking. Wilfred asked her, has anything funny ever happened to you. Yes, she said, One day when I was having a bath I forgot that the window cleaner was coming. He stared at me and said, it's alright I can't see you.

PRIMARY 2(2)

MUMMY said she is going to buy me a budgie for my Christmas. It seems to me a very long time to wait. It is going to be a boy, because a girl does not speak. I am looking forward to Christmas.

I HAVE a rabbit. Every night he comes up to say night-night. In the morning he comes up for a lick before I come to school. Every time that I rattle a piece of paper he always comes up for a sweetie.

WE WENT to the seaside. We took my doggie. He cut his paw on a piece of glass. We had to lay him on the car seat. We took him back to the caravan, and put him on my bed. The next day he was running about as fit as a fiddle.

YESTERDAY I was playing in the garden. I was playing with Jimmy the dentist. He made me wax faces. I sit on his window. Sometimes he has a cup of tea, but when he has he never forgets me.

I AM going to a fancy dress party. I am going as Mary had a little lamb. I have a little lamb with a bell. I have long pants. They are really my old pyjamas. They are pink with white lace. My mummy is going as Great Expectations.

YESTERDAY I was playing with mickey mouse. I can hardly lift him. He is up to my chin. He has bigger feet than me and a bigger head too.

I HAVE a puppet. His name is Donald Duck. He is a funny little fellow. He plays tricks on me. Once he dressed up as a lady. He looked very funny. The dress that he had was my dolls dress.

PRIMARY 1(1)

ONCE I was at the circus and I saw a clown there. He was funny. He played a peanow and he shut his head in.

I HAVE a little baby and his name is William and Mother is going to have the krisning and visitors.

WHEN I was a baby I was very funny one day mummy left the polish on the bath room floor. I took the polish and put it on my face and hands and when mummy came back she thought I was a red indian.

YESTERDAY my mother went to vote and my granny went to vote after her and I went on my tricycle and Neil went to the Lybrary then I did my writing and sums. What a wonderful day we had!

ONE DAY I went to the zoo and I saw Jim our bear and Daddy couldn't take a photograph of him because he kept walking up and down to get himself dry.

I AM going to get married when I am 20 I will be a nice bride. I will have nice flowers they will be roses or violets. I will be going in a tacy when I get married.

I HAVE a pet pigeon her name is Lilly. She has a little badge and she has a little bell and a mirror I give her bread.

LAST SUMMER I went to Lichtenstein and stayed there in a big hotel and we went on tours in Switzerland and an oil storm came and all the rain came through the windows and the sun-shine windows.

I HAVE a pussy. One day he jumped up on my shoulder and nuzzled. He wanted fish. He ate it all up then he snuggled down for a sleep.

PRIMARY 1(2)

ON MUNDY the painters are coming to do our sitting room.

I SAW baby pigeons with the mummy and daddy then we jumped off the roof.

YESTERDAY I saw a owl on Sunday I saw plenty of dayases at Prestonfield.

MY CHUM and I gave peep wood for the bonfire.

REPORTS OF SOCIETIES

LITERARY AND DRAMATIC SOCIETY

THE "Lit" has enjoyed a particularly flourishing and successful session. Indeed, this statement is supported by the fact that the attendance at our meetings has been, in many cases, practically double that of previous years.

Perhaps, however, the best attended were our three joint-meetings. The first of these was an Inter-Debate with George Watson's Literary Society on the subject, "That Hypocrisy is Necessary to Pleasant Social Relations." The chill November air outside by no means penetrated to this our first joint-meeting with George Watson's Society, and the debate came successfully to a conclusion with the amendment winning by a comfortable majority.

In February another two Inter-Debates were held: one with the Royal High School's Literary Society on the subject, "That Man's Primary Purpose is to Serve Woman"; and the other with George Heriot's Literary Society on the subject, "That the Modern Generation is Blasé." Both were very enjoyable and the standard of debating was notably high.

Two home debates were held this year, the motion for the first one being "That Country Life is Preferable to Town Life," and the second one, which was conducted by the Third Year, was on the subject, "That the First Elizabethan Age was Preferable to this Modern Age." The latter was by way of an introduction to the "Lit" for the Third Year, and the standard of the speaking augurs well for the future of the "Lit."

A new form of the "hardy annual" "Hat Night," entitled "We raise our Hats," proved to be very successful in encouraging members to rise and speak; indeed, some members had difficulty in obtaining an opportunity to put forward their views.

The Fourth Year have taken a prominent part in the "Lit's" proceedings this year. Two items on the syllabus, "Maiden Speeches" and "Fourth-Year Night," were left in their hands. The former explains itself, and the latter, judging from the laughter and applause from the audience, was one of the most enjoyable meetings of the year.

A film evening entitled "Words fail me," given by Mr A. D. Brown, proved to be both fascinating and entertaining. Our other outside speaker was Miss Pirie, of the Scottish School of Drama, who with the aid of the six of her students gave the Society a lecture and demonstration on dramatic art. This meeting was one of the highlights of this year's syllabus, and provided us with some useful advice and information for our next meeting, which was the Inter-House Drama Festival.

This year the Festival was won by Warrender, who presented "Hand-painted China," by Robins Millar, and we are indebted to Mr McCallum Mill, who gave up his time to come and adjudicate at this meeting. Each presentation was appreciated by the audience, who paid tribute to the amount of hard work that each team had put into its production.

One meeting remains to come—"Final Fling, 1954"—a meeting where the Sixth Year happily forget all dignity and quiet demeanour in an attempt to entertain the other members of the School. May our attempts be fruitful!

The rest of the committee join with me in saying "Thank you" to all those who throughout the year have given their time and aid to help us to make our meetings interesting and successful.

Finally we wish the "Lit" all the best of luck for the future.

SHEILA COCKBURN, *Hon. Secretary.*

SCIENCE ASSOCIATION

THE programme of the Association this year has aimed as usual at presenting a balanced diet of instruction and enjoyment in the field of science. While we regretted losing the leadership of Mr Brash, who has given long and valuable service, the Association has continued to thrive in the competent hands of Miss Ferguson.

Our opening meeting, a Quiz Night, was well attended, and everyone took part with obvious relish. The excellent lectures given by our outside speakers were "Seaweed Research in Scotland," by Dr W. A. P. Black; "Oil," by Mr George Barclay; and "How to Run a Zoo," by Mr D. Bowles. The standard of these meetings was high, films and slides being used as illustrations on many points.

The usual film night gave us an interesting fund of knowledge on a variety of well-presented subjects, while the traditional "Experiments Night" was highly successful and inspired questions from several younger members. Our one debate was somewhat disappointing, for, while the main speakers gave well-compiled, thoughtful speeches, the general standard of debating was lower than usual. An old feature of the Association was revived in a night of "Travel Talks," when several pupils and members of Staff gave us first-hand information of places as widely differing as Norway, New Zealand, Finland, America and Germany. These vivid word-pictures, if not strictly scientific, were very enjoyable.

The Social Evening shared with the lecture on the Zoo the distinction of having the largest attendance. The members needed no encouragement to join the games and dancing and were sustained by a very satisfactory tea. Our one regret on that happy evening was that Miss Andrew was unable to enjoy it with us.

In the past the Science Association has rightly played a vital role among School societies. It still does to-day, although there is room for many more members, particularly in the upper School. To all we extend a cordial invitation. We know that if future members find as much entertainment and instruction as the present Committee has this year, then the Association will continue to maintain one of the finest of our School's traditions.

ROSEMARY H. FRASER, *Secretary*.

SCHOOL CHOIR

WITH the re-assembling of School last August, the senior part of the Choir began to rehearse sedulously for the Scottish recital to be held in the Nelson Hall at the close of the Festival. A mixed, though obviously appreciative, audience gave an enthusiastic ovation to the Choir's renderings of old folk songs, and the young soloists—Isobel Lamb and Morag Forsyth—received praise merited by their fine singing. Although the number of senior girls was seriously diminished at the close of last session, many who had left made a brief return to the ranks of the Choir; one of these was Jessie Cameron, who sang some old Gaelic airs with great acceptance. The evening was most successful, and the representatives of the Press acclaimed their enjoyment of the Gillespie performance by their notices.

Christmas saw the return of the Nativity Play, devised and produced by Miss Campbell, and the background music was supplied by the choir singing carols.

On Founder's Day the Choir, as is customary, sang an anthem at the afternoon service—this year it was Bach's "Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring."

Through the pressure of work, only a few anthems were sung at morning services, but the Choir's contribution to the Easter Service, led by the School Chaplain, Mr Small, on the last Friday of the Spring Term, was Walford Davies's "The Shepherd."

At this time the Choir is looking to the Annual School Concert, which is to include two songs from "Carmen"—"Seguidilla" and "Habanera"—a change in rhythm with "The Dashing White Sergeant," and "Ask if yon Damask Rose"; and I know that I speak for the entire Choir when I express the hope that the Annual Concert may be as great a credit to Mr Sommerville's perseverance and skill and Miss Nicoll's expert aid as was the concert given last September in the Nelson Hall.

CLAIRE A. CONDIE.

SCHOOL ORCHESTRA

THE orchestra continues to play its lively part in the musical life of the School. Although the butt of many a joke (particularly from our friends the Choir) the Orchestra is taken seriously by its members, and is supported with enthusiasm. We enjoy making our own music, which this year has included "Vanity Fair," by Antony Collins, the ever charming Rosamunde ballet music by Schubert, the delightful suite "In Pixieland" by George Dyson, and Handel's "Suite of Five Pieces."

Our additions this year have been a flute and a saxophone, and younger girls have not been lacking to take the place of those who left last year. With a total membership of thirty-three we hope to play at the closing concert extracts from "Carmen" by Bizet, Handel's "Ask if yon Damask Rose," both choral items, and the minuet from Mozart's Symphony in E flat.

Much of the pleasure we derive from the Orchestra is assuredly the result of Mr Sommerville's competent leadership. Encouraging us with his humour when we produce some extra painful mixture of discords, and patiently coaching us, he helps us towards a better understanding of the true spirit of music.

ROSEMARY H. FRASER.

SCRIPTURE UNION

THE Scripture Union branch in School celebrates its fifth birthday this year. It has grown greatly during these years, and although attendance is slightly lower this year, members are coming regularly and a keen interest is shown.

The monthly rallies are still held in Bristo Church Hall, and this winter's series has had as the main theme different aspects of the Lord Jesus Christ. A new item which has been introduced with success is a Biblical "Twenty Questions." We took part once more in the monthly inter-school quiz and reached the quarter-finals. While disappointed at our defeat we congratulate Glasgow High School, who certainly deserved to win.

At Christmas we sent three representatives to the annual conference at Aberfoyle. The excellent talks given by Mr T. H. Jones of Glasgow, as well as the discussion groups and prayer meetings, gave help and encouragement on running the Scripture Union branch and living a dedicated life. During the Easter holidays several outings were held, when we walked over different parts of the Pentlands. These were thoroughly enjoyed, and it is hoped to hold more during the term.

The two big events yet to come are the Warrender Swimming Gala on 20th May, to which we are sending, with great hopes, a relay team, and a special rally on 4th June in School, when we hope to have games and refreshment, followed by a talk by an outside speaker.

The object of the branch is to help people to read the Bible daily with understanding, and follow its teaching in their own lives. All are welcome to come to the meetings, held in the Gymnasium at 8.30 a.m. every Thursday morning.

ROSEMARY H. FRASER.
SHEILA MCLAREN.

E. C. S. A.

E.S.C.A. has continued to thrive this session, and has provided interesting worthwhile meetings.

The Inaugural Address was given by Mr W. D. Barnetson, of *The Evening News*. It was gratifying that there was a large attendance, and clearly Mr Barnetson's address impressed everyone very favourably. On 31st October the Association heard reports of visits by members to Yugoslavia, Holland, Paris and Lourdes.

This session we have had two lectures, the first on Economics by Mr John Stocks. This might easily have proved rather boring, but Mr Stocks himself a former Vice-President of E.S.C.A., knew how to keep his audience interested. For the second, a talk on the Theatre, we were very fortunate to obtain the services of Mr Wilson Barrett. Obviously, such a famous theatrical name could not fail to attract a large audience, and the member were not disappointed, for in addition to a talk brimming with personal experiences and anecdotes, they heard their questions ably and entertainingly answered.

We have had one full debate, have another on the programme, and we had an evening of short debates. The first, "That criticism of U.N.O. is unjustifiable," was a lively meeting and marked by some speaking which reached a high level. The second which is to be held in Glasgow on 29th May, is an inter-meeting with the West of Scotland Branch of C.E.W.C. The subject, "That the Hydrogen and Atomic Bombs should be banned," should provide keen discussion. The Fourth Year decided that there would be a series of short debates and they showed the older members that they need have no fears for the future of E.S.C.A.

On 19th February a mock election was held. The candidates represented Communism, Dictatorship, Imperialism and Nationalism. After they had put forward their cases, there was open discussion, which at moments became quite heated. The winning candidate was Mr Christopher Taylor, who stood for Nationalism. The last meeting of the second term was "Kirk Session," in which representatives from different religious denominations answered questions submitted by the members. As always, this was an excellent meeting.

During the Easter holidays seven Gillespie members attended the C.E.W.C. Conference at Wiston Lodge. Its theme was "The Spirit of Progress." Again this conference proved that serious discussion can combine most successfully with recreational enjoyment.

NOEL ADAMS, School Representative.

FIELD CLUB

Members of the Field Club have attended with pleasure the two excursions so far held this term—the one to Roslin Glen and the other to Dalnaboy—both of which were very successful, and were blessed with fine weather. The members wish for many more outings under the cheerful and helpful guidance of Miss Kerr and Miss Ferguson.

M. RAE, Secretary.

SCHOOL SPORTS

HOCKEY

THE First XI has enjoyed quite a successful season, and a high standard of play has been maintained. Unfortunately a number of matches had to be cancelled because of bad weather conditions.

In the Annual Schools Tournament at Meggetland the First XI were defeated by Trinity Academy, who went on to win. The Junior XI succeeded in reaching the semi-final, but lost to Preston Lodge.

The First XI won two out of three matches in the American Tournament, but once again lost to Trinity Academy.

Spylaw gained most points in the House matches this year. In a most enjoyable Staff-versus-Pupils match the pupils emerged victorious.

The Club gives its thanks to Miss Adamson and Miss Hamilton, for excellent tuition and encouragement.

The results for the season are :—

	Played	Won	Lost	Drawn	Cancelled	Goals	
						For	Against
1st XI	- 12	8	3	1	11	38	20
2nd XI	- 15	9	5	1	8	44	24
3rd XI	- 14	5	7	2	6	21	34
4th XI	- 11	11	—	—	7	69	7
5th XI	- 15	10	3	2	7	65	24
6th XI	- 13	7	6	—	9	38	23

ANNE HUGHES.

TENNIS

THIS year the tennis team is comprised of Anne Hughes and Sheila Amos ; Pat Ormiston and Morag Scott ; Pat Adamson and Sheila Morris. So far only one match has been played, against Dunfermline, and the result was a win for the School by 78 games to 61. Fixtures have also been arranged with Boroughmuir, Esdaile, Broughton, Kirkcaldy and Royal High School.

CRICKET

AT the Annual General Business Meeting, the following office-bearers were elected :—

Captain	-	-	-	-	PAT ADAMSON.
Vice-Captain	-	-	-	-	JOSEPHINE FORREST.
Secretary	-	-	-	-	JOAN MORRISON.

The enthusiasm of the younger members this year is very encouraging, and we hope to have a successful season. We are greatly indebted to Mr Sommerville and Miss Hamilton for their helpful coaching and endless patience. Much to our delight, we are being allowed to hold cricket practices on the grounds of Bruntsfield House, and have therefore every chance to improve.

PAT ADAMSON, Secretary.

SWIMMING—SENIOR

WHILE the year has been a good one for our more brilliant swimmers, the number of regular attenders at classes has been small, and this is reflected in the smaller number of certificates gained—only 61, since May 1953, for a nominal membership of over 200. As usual, our First and Second Year members were the keenest, Forms 1A(2) and 1B(1) being particularly well represented.

Eight girls have gained the Bronze Medallion of the Royal Life-Saving Society, and three have passed the still more exacting tests for the Award of Merit (Cicely Currie, Alison Robertson, Sandra Watson).

Our junior team (Dora McKay, Margaret Drummond, Elizabeth McBain and Rosemary Meldrum) were the first winners of a fine silver cup for the best school team of girls under fifteen years old in the Edinburgh area. Unfortunately their time was not fast enough to qualify them for the final of the Lumley Trophy, which is open to the whole of Scotland.

The senior team (Cicely Currie, Captain; M. Drummond, E. McBain, D. McKay) won the inter-school race at the Boroughmuir gala. We ourselves did not hold a gala this year.

The School Champion, for the second year in succession, is Cicely Currie. The runner-up is Elizabeth McBain, 1B(1).

D. L. F.

SWIMMING—PRIMARY SCHOOL

PRIZE LIST

Champion—Jennifer H. Meldrum, P7(2).

Runner-up—May E. Ritchie, P.7(1).

House Championship—Gilmore.

House Relay Race—Gilmore (Jennifer A. T. Downie, P.6(1); May E. Ritchie, P.7(1); Anne G. Wood, P.7(1)).

Life-Saving—Rosemary A. Cathels, P.6(1); Muriel I. Fisher, P.6(1).

Progress—Alice A. Downie, P.6(1).

Best Beginner—Alice M. Fullerton, P.6(2).

Class Cup—1st Term, P.6(1); 2nd Term, P.7(1).

Swimming Certificates gained—Elementary, 20; Intermediate, 15; Advanced, 13; Life-saving, 4—1st and 2nd term results only.

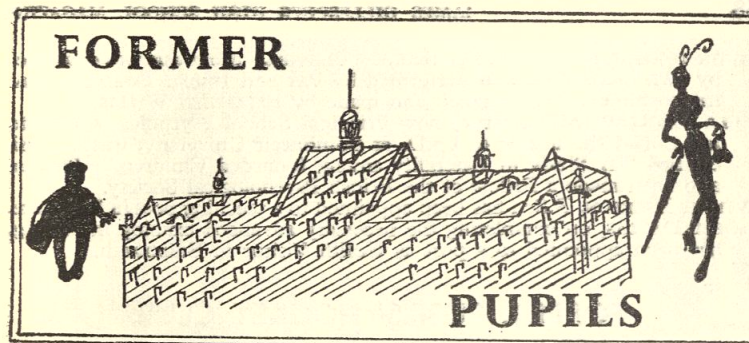
A. B. L.

THE SKETCH CLUB

IT is gratifying to report that the membership of the Sketch Club has increased to approximately fifty girls, comprising mainly the younger members of the School, a fact which promises well for the future.

There were two sections during the past session, the Art Section and the Craft Section. The Craft Section proved more popular with the older girls, while the younger members preferred the Art Section.

We must offer our sincere thanks to the Art Staff for giving up so much of their valuable time in order to benefit us with their expert advice.

ALISON M. CLARK, *Secretary*.

At any time throughout the School session Miss M. E. R. Henderson will be pleased to receive news of Former Pupils—marriages, births, appointments, academic distinctions. Letters and articles from Former Pupils will gladly be considered for inclusion in the Magazine.

FORMER PUPILS' CLUB

ALTHOUGH membership of the Club remains fairly constant from year to year, it seems to be increasingly difficult to attract a good attendance at F.P. functions.

The Annual Business Meeting will be held in October 1954, and it is hoped that a sufficient number of Former Pupils will attend to give suggestions for the future form of the Club's activities.

Subscriptions (2s. 6d., including the cost of a School Magazine) should be paid at the Business Meeting, or to Miss M. E. R. Henderson, Hon. Secretary, at School.

F.P. NOTES

AT Edinburgh University the following Former Pupils have gained the degree of:—

M.A. with Honours—MARY E. AMBROSE (English), MOIRA S. F. HENDERSON (Geography).

M.A.—MORAG MACKAY.

The Diploma in Education has been gained by MARJORY C. HARKNESS, M.A., MURIEL E. MCCURRACH, M.A., DOROTHY E. PRIMROSE, M.A.

English—First Ordinary: Medallist, MARY SLATER; 4th Place, MARY OSLER. *Logie Roberston Essay Prize*—MARY OSLER.

PAULINE SHIRES and JEAN MACPHERSON, having completed their training at Dunfermline Physical Training College, have received appointments with Edinburgh Corporation Education Committee, as have also MARJORY HARKNESS and JEAN MACANNA.

SHELLA KING is teaching at Lasswade, MORAG MACKAY at Coldstream, and BERYL SINCLAIR at Lauder.

MURIEL MCCURRACH has been appointed to the French Department of Aberdeen High School.

HEATHER ROSS, M.S.A.O.T., has been appointed to a post as Occupational Therapist at Robroyston Hospital.

ALISON BEE, after training in London, has been appointed to the Edinburgh University Medical Library.

MARGARET ROBERTSON, M.P.S., has an appointment with a firm of wholesale chemists.

In the recent University production of "Philotus," the music was composed by PAT CRESSWELL, and performed by PAT and ISABEL TWADDLE; and the costumes were designed and made by ELIZABETH WILLIS.

ELLA MACLEAN (Mrs Sharpe) now Principal School Psychologist for Fife, has gained the degree of Ph.D. at Edinburgh University, with a thesis entitled "A Study in Laterality among Retarded Children." She has also been made a Fellow of the British Psychological Society.

WINNIE DICKSON, B.Sc., has been appointed to a teaching post in Yorkshire.

ISOBEL DALLAS, on completing the necessary advanced training in nursing, has been appointed to a post as Health Visitor in Edinburgh.

FORMER PUPILS' HOCKEY CLUB

ALTHOUGH practices and coaching evenings seemed to improve the standard of play in the Club, results for season 1953-54 are not good.

Membership totalled twenty-seven, just enabling us to field two XIs every week, and the 2nd XI suffered from the inadequate choice of forwards. New members from School will be heartily welcomed, and the Committee hope that a steady flow of new recruits from School will help to keep the Club vigorous.

We have had some difficulty in finding a regular umpire, and anyone interested in this side of the game should communicate with the new Secretary, Miss M. Denoon, 2A Fraser Avenue, Edinburgh, 5 (Telephone 89362).

MARY C. MCGREGOR, *Hon. Secy.*

MARRIAGES

FALLOON—MALLOCH.—In June 1953, JOHN FALLOON to CHRISTINA MALLOCH, 11 Melville Terrace.

HAY—MACDOUGALL.—In July 1953, ANDREW F. HAY to AGNES M. MACDOUGALL, 18 Brandon Terrace.

MURDIE—BROTHERTON.—In July 1953, H. M. MURDIE, M.A., Dip.Ed., to ELMA BROTHERTON, 40 West Preston Street.

RAMSAY—DAVIDSON.—In July 1953, JOHN C. RAMSAY to MARGARET G. DAVIDSON, M.A., 24 Greenbank Grove.

HOWISON—DUNBAR.—In July 1953, D. S. HOWISON to IRENE DUNBAR, 40 Harrison Road.

THOMSON—REDPATH.—In July 1953, DONALD THOMSON, B.Sc., to MAY REDPATH.

TAIT—WAITT.—In August 1953, GEORGE H. TAIT to ELINOR WAITT, 93 Spottiswoode Street.

CARTWRIGHT—HAY.—In August 1953, JAMES CARTWRIGHT, B.Sc., to CATHERINE HAY, 17 Crewe Crescent.

SMART—MACGREGOR.—In August 1953, JAMES W. M. SMART, M.A., to JAMESANNA MACGREGOR, 35 Queen's Avenue.

JAQUES—JOHNSTON.—In September 1953, RICHARD H. JAQUES to AVRIL JOHNSTON, D.A., 30 Chesser Avenue.

SCOTT—PEARCEY.—In September 1953, RICHARD SCOTT to ELIZABETH PEARCEY, 13 Montpelier Park.

STEVENSON—McFARLANE.—In September 1953, ALEXANDER STEVENSON, L.R.C.P. and S., L.R.F.P. and S., to ALICE McFARLANE, B.Sc., Ph.D., 11 Findlay Grove.

MORRISON—SANDERSON.—In September 1953, JOHNSTON E. MORRISON to SYLVIA SANDERSON, 63 Meadowhouse Road.

DOIG—DUTHIE.—In September 1953, ANDREW DOIG, M.B., Ch.B., to ANNE B. DUTHIE, 2 Keir Street.

HOCKEY 1st XI 1953-54



Back Row—M. Wardell, J. Spence, S. MacLeod, P. Adamson, D. H. Clelland, M. Stevenson.

Front Row—I. W. Grimston, S. M. M. Watson, A. Hughes, H. Cooper, N. Farlowe.

CRICKET 1st XI 1953-54

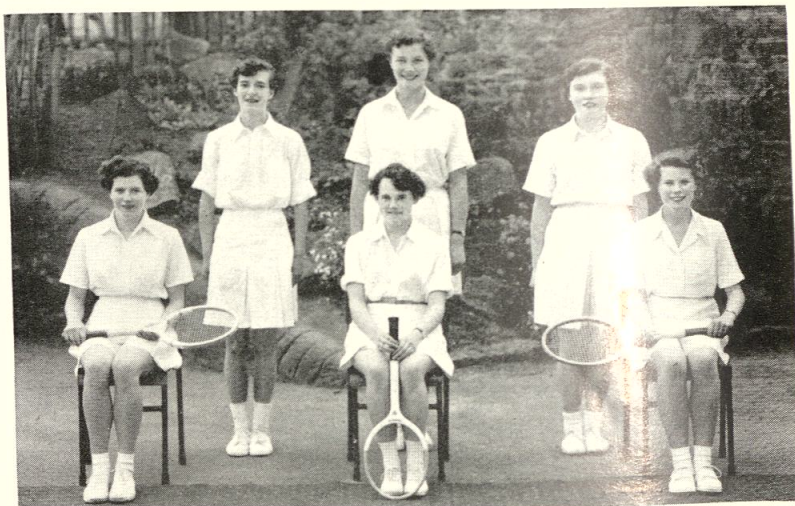


Back Row—M. Bennet, A. Foley, S. Morris, E. Turnbull, S. Watson, M. Wardell.

Front Row—I. W. Grimston, J. H. Forrest, P. Adamson, J. Morrison, M. D. Sutherland.

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Back Row—P. Adamson, S. M. Amos, S. Morris.
Front Row—P. M. Ormiston, A. Hughes, M. I. Scott.

PRIMARY SCHOOL NETBALL



Back Row—M. Ritchie, L. Gillespie, J. Kelly, J. Hogg.
Front Row—M. Bruen, P. Rae, A. Bennett.

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- WEATHERILL—*THOMAS*.—In September 1953, GEORGE WETHERILL to MORFYDD THOMAS, 9 Orwell Place.
- FORRESTER—*ROGERS*.—In September 1953, WILLIAM N. FORRESTER, B.Sc., to NORA ROGERS, S.D.D., N.D.D., 21 Warrender Park Terrace.
- McBAIN—*NOTMAN*.—In September 1953, ANDREW McBAIN to NORAH NOTMAN, 150 Craighleith Road.
- McGOWAN—*FRASER*.—In September 1953, IVAN McGOWAN to MORAG FRASER, 35 Marchmont Crescent.
- MINTY—*CATHRAE*.—In September 1953, ALEXANDER MINTY to ELIZABETH CATHRAE, 2 Murieston Terrace.
- MORTON—*SCOTT*.—In September 1953, GEORGE S. MORTON to WINIFRED SCOTT, 4 Burgess Terrace.
- PRIMROSE—*CADGER*.—In September 1953, WILLIAM M. PRIMROSE, A.H.W.C., to EVELYN CADGER, 12 Maybank Villas.
- GOULDESBOUGH—*MACANNA*.—In October 1953, PETER GOLDESBOUGH, M.A., LL.B., to CHRISTINE MACANNA, 4 Strathfillan Road.
- BARKER—*DUNCAN*.—In October 1953, ALFRED M. BARKER, B.Sc., M.R.C.V.S., to EILEEN DUNCAN, D.A., 92 Spottiswoode Street.
- TOFSRUD—*GIFFORD*.—In October 1953, ROBERT B. TOFSRUD to NORMA GIFFORD, 23 Craigmount Park.
- RANKINE—*FORREST*.—In November 1953, G. W. TERRY RANKINE, A.R.I.B.A., A.R.I.A.S., to DOROTHY FORREST, D.A., 19 Leamington Ter.
- BLACK—*McWALTER*.—In November 1953, VINCENT H. BLACK to ALEXANDRINE McWALTER, 88 St. Alban's Road.
- RENTON—*SLOAN*.—In December 1953, J. STUART RENTON, D.A., A.R.I.B.A., to JOAN ETHNIE SLOAN, 33 Plewlands Gardens.
- MACKINNON—*STANSFIELD*.—In December 1953, DUNCAN MACKINNON to JOAN STANSFIELD.
- SPENCER—*KELLOCK*.—In January 1954, WILLIAM SPENCER to AILEEN KELLOCK, 51 Thirlestane Road.
- CAMERON—*ARMSTRONG*.—In February 1954, Dr DONALD W. CAMERON to HELEN D. ARMSTRONG, R.G.N., 9 Murieston Crescent.
- ARCHIBALD—*CORMACK*.—In March 1954, MAURICE ARCHIBALD, B.Sc., to IRENE CORMACK, 23 Warriston Gardens.
- GILRAY—*PRINGLE*.—In March 1954, GEORGE GILRAY to ANNE PRINGLE, 51 Morningside Drive.
- HAWKINS—*OLIVER*.—In March 1954, ANTHONY HAWKINS to ELSPETH H. OLIVER, 8 Hutchison Medway.
- INGRAM—*CHRISTIE*.—In March 1954, IAN M. INGRAM to CHRISTINE E. CHRISTIE, 22 Comiston View.
- MILLER—*HANNAH*.—In April 1954, GILBERT M. MILLER to JESSIE F. HANNAH, B.L., 103 Cornhill Terrace.
- DOW—*STORRAR*.—In April 1954, WILLIAM M. DOW to MILDRED C. STORRAR, 14 Shandon Street.
- JAMIESON—*MAYELL*.—In April 1954, JAMES C. JAMIESON to DOROTHY MAYELL, 21 Warrender Park Terrace.
- MARKS—*FULLER*.—In April 1954, ALAN MARKS to JOYCE FULLER, M.P.S., Craigmook Square.
- COWPER—*COLBURN*.—In April 1954, GEORGE COWPER to DOREEN COLBURN, 80 Spottiswoode Street.
- ROSS—*BRIDGES*.—In April 1954, W. R. ROSS to IRENE BRIDGES, 144 Morningside Road.
- WATT—*SIMPSON*.—In April 1954, Petty Officer DAVID WATT, R.N., to CATHERINE SIMPSON, 27 Waverley Park.
- STEWART—*CURLE*.—In April 1954, GORDON R. STEWART to JEAN M. CURLE, 37 Abercorn Crescent.

BIRTHS

- McKENDRICK.—In August 1953, to Mr and Mrs J. R. McKENDRICK (NANCY GRAY), a daughter.
- MOSS.—In August 1953, to Mr and Mrs SYDNEY MOSS (PAT HAMILTON), a son.
- ROY.—In August 1953, to Mr and Mrs IVOR ROY (BETTY WYLIE), a daughter.
- MACRAE.—In September 1953, to Mr and Mrs W. T. MACRAE (MARGARET SCOTT), a son.
- BRABHAM.—In October 1953, to Captain J. B. S. and Mrs BRABHAM (JESSIE McLEAN), a daughter.
- MOULD.—In October 1953, to Mr and Mrs E. J. MOULD (OLIVE MOFFAT), a son.
- REEKIE.—In October 1953, to Mr and Mrs D. T. REEKIE (BARRIE CAMPBELL) a daughter.
- BARANIECKI.—In November 1953, to Dr and Mrs BARANIECKI (MARGARET BOOTH), a son.
- TURNER.—In December 1953, to Dr and Mrs GERALD TURNER (LOLA TRENWITH), a son.
- LAKE.—In February 1954, to Mr and Mrs J. R. LAKE (IRENE WHITE), a son.
- ORD.—In February 1954, to Lieut. (R.N.) and Mrs J. P. ORD (BETTY SWANSON), a daughter.
- DICKSON.—In March 1954, to Mr and Mrs G. M. DICKSON (MARJORIE HAMILTON), a daughter.
- BURNSIDE.—In March 1954, to Mr and Mrs J. Y. BURNSIDE (ISHBEL SIM), a son.
- McATEER.—In March 1954, to Mr and Mrs W. K. McATEER (DOREEN BOOTH), a daughter.
- GRAIN.—In April 1954, to Mr and Mrs RONALD GRAIN (BETTY WALLER), a daughter.
- HAYES.—In April 1954, to Mr and Mrs HERBERT HAYES (MARGARET BRIGGS BROWN), a son.
- GOULD.—In April 1954, to Mr and Mrs BRYCE GOULD (EDNA ARTHUR), a son.
- MACKAY.—In May 1954, to Dr and Mrs D. L. MACKAY (JOYCE TABEL), a daughter.
- BRAZENALL.—In May 1954, to Mr and Mrs RONALD BRAZENALL (MORAY BRYCE), a son.

EDITORIAL COMMITTEE

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Business Editor—Miss ANNE DINGWALL.

Editor, Former Pupils' Section—Miss M. E. R. HENDERSON.

School Editor, 1954—NOEL ADAMS.

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