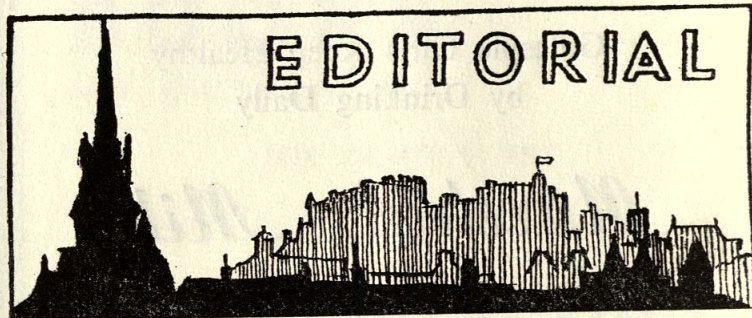


JAMES
GILLESPIE'S
HIGH SCHOOL 1960



MAGAZINE



Editors

ASTRID GILLIS

LAUREL NORWELL

FOR the past few weeks summer has been steadily gliding towards us, a green sun-flecked wave swelling from the horizon. It carries with it the usual surge of pleasures and excitements: lengthened days, lengthened leisure; the School Sports; the Closing Concert; the Magazine. Above all, it carries us, the Sixth Year. And we, on the crest of the wave, are destined never to feel its backward flow. What memories will accompany us on our journey across the untrodden shore?

All five senses are memory-laden. We shall see in our minds the warm red stone glowing in sun and rain; a sunbeam, shaken by a chord of music; the leer of an examination paper whose acquaintance we are making for the first time; *silence*, in the corridors; wet black boughs against the windows.

We shall smell once more the scent of wallflowers smouldering in the sun; school lunches; the scrubbed aura that proclaims the cleanness of the School on the first day of term.

We shall remember the feel of ink coming into contact with pure, unsullied paper, and the simultaneous divorce of heart and hope; the spiteful attitude of the ropes in the gymnasium towards our unprotected feet.

We shall hear the soft cooing of pigeons, and the clatter of their wings; the furtive notes of "Crazy with Love" in the Prefects' Room; the proud notes of our School song.

Lastly, we shall recall the taste of heartache and ecstasy, of discipline and freedom.

And so, at the ebb of our schooldays, we cast one last longing look at the sparkling water. At the same time we draw comfort from the knowledge that we are well armed for the journey ahead of us. The child is indeed father of the man.

MISS CHARLOTTE McLEAN

THREE weeks after the winter term began, Miss McLean retired after a long period of service in the Classical Department. She had become something of a legend in the School, and maintained contact with many of her numerous former pupils, who often asked to be remembered to her.

Graduating in 1918 at Edinburgh University, where she specialised in Latin and French, Miss McLean went to Bell-Baxter School, Cupar, for six and a half years before coming, in 1926, to teach in James Gillespie's High School.

Miss McLean had a strong personality and a dignified presence in the classroom. She was a confident, faithful and successful teacher, gilding the grammatical pill with her inimitable humour, which scintillated often in the Common Room as well, where her colleagues will miss her very much.

At a very delightful tea-party, when the Staff said farewell to her, she was presented with gifts of china and crystal, and made a characteristically witty speech in reply to Miss Steel, who charmingly presented the gifts.

The best wishes of both Staff and pupils, past and present, go with Miss McLean to her new home at the top of Liberton Brae, and it will be long before her name is forgotten among us. There, in her garden, she now enjoys the leisure she so well deserves. In the words of her favourite ode:

*Diffugere nives, redeunt iam gramina campis
Arboribusque comae.*

A. M. M.

BONE BOUND

The scribble of trees
Against the sky—writing
I cannot read.

The response of twigs
To startled wings—a language
I do not know.

The page of new snow
Brushed by the wind—images
I cannot see.

The glass is flickering into focus,
Part is swelling into Whole,
Bone clatter of branches
Swift flight!

The snow was too bright.

ASTRID GILLIS, 6A.

STAFF

THE Staff maintains a stability unwonted, it appears, as a general rule, elsewhere.

But it has seen its losses, its ending of old, and happy, songs.

Miss McLean, after almost a lifetime of service to Gillespie's, finally decided to call it a day. And what a sweet day it has been, so cool from the clear air her subject breathes, so bright from the flash and flicker of her wit, so calm from the balance, sanity and kindness of her personality. Miss McLean said farewell, as we all, in our more ambitious moments, would like to say farewell. With the deft phrase, the verbal bouquet on sentiments taut but in check, the quip that lights a smile, but whose shaft has the bright perfection of a tear, she displayed an effortless ease, on that afternoon in Bruntsfield House, that warmed, and won, our hearts.

When some of our brightest *alumni* returned, from Finnish forest or University classroom, it was to Miss McLean's room that they automatically first made their way. They will now come by the road to Liberton Brae, taking with them, and taking from us also, the warmest of good wishes for long days—well earned—to savour the blessing of her books the emaciating disciplines of the lawnmower, and the morning kiss of the sun on the Pentland slopes.

Miss Scott, after serving the Domestic Science Department loyally, left at the beginning of the Session for the more intimate domesticity of a St. Andrews school. Mrs Bullough, having combined for some time the dual responsibilities of a home and a schoolroom, finally decided to concentrate on the former and we were all distressed to learn that she has been ill; we wish her a speedy restoration to her sunny good health. Mrs McDougall, after long service in the History Department, felt that the demands of her home were paramount, and Miss Matheson left the Science Department to teach science in Malta.

To the Classics Department has come Miss Bain, youthful and poised, of which high distinction in the Training College gave early notice. Miss Perkins is now at the . . . whatever it is one holds in a Cookery Department. Mrs Maurer has been lending valuable assistance with Modern Languages. Miss Kinnear, after a short period of service in the History Department, is returning to the West of Scotland. In the Science Department there has been serving with unobtrusive and gracious efficiency one of those rare creatures who combines the running of a manse, and the duties of a Church and family, with an interpretation of school responsibilities that led her not only to discharge her teaching with impeccable thoroughness, but to be the first to offer her services when supervision became irksome, and the readiest hand to the kettle and teapot when some of the rest of us languished ineffectually in common-room sloth. Dr MacLeod has earned the gratitude and affection of pupil and colleague alike and provided convincing

proof that there is much to be said after all for a post-graduate course at the kitchen sink.

Mr McEwan will again be in Germany this summer lecturing to German teachers in a summer school near Oberammergau.

From Pau in the Pyrenees has come Mlle. Noyer, shy, colourful, happy, we hope, in this greyer City, and from Hamburg, Fraulein Elsholz. Fraulein Elsholz is a young lady of great charm and versatility. None of our more solemn occasions, or more intimate divertissements, would have seemed complete without her presence and shrewdly appraising eye. At the "Lit" she has spoken with great acceptance, in English classes she has contributed on occasion with happy effect, and her extra-mural sorties have taken her as far afield as Skye.

To those who have left, or are about to leave, we would say a sincere thank you. To those who have joined us we say welcome, and add—as the Headmaster of a great Scottish school once said to a new master—"Make yourself indispensable to . . . Gillespie's."

SKARA BRAE

Wreaths of curdled waves on foam-white sand,
Framed in bare, green hillocks, vast grey sky,
Meeting the eager eyes of long-head bands
Of wanderers, and luring them to shore.
The storm-worn boats plough sand; a flock of terns
Ousted from peace by man, circle over the beach.

With passing years, the village grows and wanes,
(Succeeding generations told in shells);
Two settlements engulfed, the last survives,
With pagan altar, tunnelled streets, stone anvils
Till storm-cloud sand blankets and strangles all,
And terns again in peace on the tide-line hold sway.

The wheel of ages turns; Norsemen o'errun
The wide, green islands; farm-steads rise and prosper;
History by the waves revealed, for scholars to read,
While lore-happy tourists in coachfuls pose and admire.
Yet one grey day, the turf-trimmed, gleaming sand scene
And the terns vainly awaited the presence of the Queen.

MARY HOPE, 6A.

RETROSPECT

Dance once more, time-drowned hours,
But on a dream-cloth, memory woven,
Not photographic film.

ASTRID GILLIS, 6A.

SCHOOL NOTES

THE snow wreath had withered in Pentland cleuch; the flush of spring and greenery animated the gaunt tracery of branch that arched the paths through St. Cuthbert's venerable churchyard; the spluttering chorus of coughs had stilled, and Dr Small, arresting in word and illustration, held the vast and youthful audience in the palm of his hand. The change of date of the School Service from December to April, bringing about a change of emphasis in the festivals of the Christian calendar, proved a happy innovation.

But while the Service passed from Christmas to Easter, the traditions of giving that marked the earlier festival remained. Its manifestations are manifold. With the generous donations of gifts from parents and pupils, happy excursions were made to the Trefoil School and the homes of old people in various parts of the City, and the justification and reward of this generosity is the touching gratitude it evokes. Cotton frocks were also collected and dispatched to children in Africa. The Primary School does much to help the Guide Dogs for the Blind Association and the weekly contribution has at times been vigorously reinforced by the individual enterprise of groups of girls who have gone out "guising" or selling flowers. They also, at Christmas, sold Christmas Seals which produced £11, 8s., for the School for Spastics at Westerlea. In the Upper School senior girls have served with the "Meals on Wheels" scheme and to Humble Homes, in July, go girls who find deep satisfaction in the work they do there. In March the School took part in the presentation of "St. Matthew's Passion" in the Usher Hall, and sent representatives to the Livingstone Memorial Service in Princes Street Gardens, while members of the Sixth Form attended the S.C.M. Conference in Moray House.

This Session the "Lit" has entered the arena of competitive public debating, Maureen McMillan and Laurel Norwell acquitting themselves with distinction in the Royal High School when Loretto were declared winners; and Maureen McMillan later proving herself the most competent girl in the Quill Toastmasters' Competition.

The Choir, likewise, entered into public competition when, in the "Let the People Sing" national competition on the B.B.C., it represented Edinburgh successfully against the representatives of Aberdeen; but it later had to surrender the palm to Dundee. The Primary School Choir gained second place in the Edinburgh Musical Festival, and the Percussion Band had the recording of their contribution to last year's School Concert in the Usher Hall, included in a gramophone record, "The Festival of Edinburgh," now publicly on sale.

A Ballet scholarship from the Royal Academy of Dancing, London, has been awarded to Gillian Dunnet, Primary 7(1).

Senior girls have, from time to time, continued to review books for *The Weekly Scotsman*, while an article slyly combining a lightly carried Bohemianism with an aseptic wit and polished turn of phrase was the contribution of Astrid Gillis to the Edinburgh Survey conducted by *The Scotsman*, and now appearing in magazine form.

Visits by parties from School to various events would require too much space to chronicle fully. Let a few stand for many. One party went to the Duke of Edinburgh's lecture in the Usher Hall; another to one on meteorology in the University. A party of girls, under the direction of Miss Paterson, visited Savigny, near Paris, at Easter, and will offer hospitality to their erstwhile hosts this summer. Ten girls have gone to Glenmore Lodge, in the Cairngorms, for a fortnight in May, a smaller group going to the Inverclyde Centre at Largs. Two girls are to attend the Outward Bound School in Devon in July. Two are going in the official party to Nice, and others in the exchange scheme. Several families are providing hospitality for Swedish girls who will be studying in Edinburgh in July. Visits of another nature have taken other parties to Marks & Spencer's store and to McVitie & Price's biscuit factory.

In the Civil Service Clerical Examination the School has scored a signal success:—Catherine Johnston, 5s, is 1st for Britain; Muriel Fisher, 5s, is 10th; Patricia Shaughnessey, 5d, is 46th and Elizabeth White, 5s, is 70th.

To mark the School's recognition of World Refugee Year a Sale of Work, initiated, planned and conducted by the girls, was held in May. Its quite remarkable and most gratifying success is expressed in the sum of £600 which was given to the Fund.

At the Royal Caledonian Horticultural Society Bulb Show, in March, the Primary School won the cup for Edinburgh, 1st Prizes being won by Dorothy McKendrick, P.6(1), and Brenda Robertson, P.6(2), and 2nd Prizes by Elizabeth Mitchell, P.7(1), Elizabeth Dooner, P.5(2), and Linda McIlwrick, P.4(2).

Last session's Primary School Netball Team won the Edinburgh Schools Cup.

Winners of the Burns or Scots Poems Recitation Competition were:—Heather Orr, P.7(1), May Ellis, P.7(2), Joyce Drummond, P.6(1), Olivia Robertson P.6(2), Marion Marshall, P.5(1), Alison Brown, P.5(2), Hilary Anderson, P.4(1), Heather McCallum, P.4(2), Patricia Swanston, P.3(1), and Sylvia Scott, P.3(2).

The School Party, attended exclusively by nymphs—without shepherds—repeated at Christmas the success of last year's experiment. Rumour has it that the banished Corydons may join them to foot it feately at another gathering on a summer eve soon. In

the Primary School the Party has established its claim to a place in the calendar.

From Silverside School, Wilmington, Delaware, U.S.A., came to the Primary School the present of a book, and in token of appreciation a copy of "Ballads of Scotland" was despatched to occupy a place on the international bookshelf the American children are proposing to fill. Our own School Library continues to benefit from a more unilateral generosity on the part of patrons. Books have been received from Anne Milne, Morag Mackenzie and Elma Murdie, and records from Vida Browning and Margaret Belbin. We commend this way of recording a debt we all in Gillespie's owe to our Library.

Throughout the session a steady stream of visitors from abroad continued to come to us and, we hope, saw some things that were of interest and use to them when they returned to their homelands. In August came a party of students from Munich, and in September the Rev. Gregory Needham, Lecturer in Education, University of Queensland, and Mrs Shah and Miss Sampat from Bombay. In October, the Rev. and Mrs Macdonald came to Morning Service to speak about the leper colony at Itu in West Africa. January saw the arrival of Miss Chadpunduka from Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia, who revealed a bond of kinship in that she has used one of Miss Harris's books in her school there. In April came Mr Row, Inspector of Schools, from Australia, Mr Glass, Headmaster of the Lyceum Grammar School, Malta, Mrs Boku, a gymnastics mistress from Norway, and Mr Raff and Mr Oppizzi from America. Professor Menezes, from India, visited us in May.

The epilogue? . . . again appropriately one of thanks, most readily acknowledged, to Miss McIntyre and her cheerfully tireless maidens. "O, we have a test today, but we'll manage . . . somehow." And manage they always do . . . somehow. Would that we all could match this example of unobtrusive service.

EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY BURSARY COMPETITION 1960

General Subjects

6th—WINIFRED A. KIDD.

8th—MARY R. HOPE.

Classics

1st—JOAN McCAIG.

Modern Languages

4th—EILEEN E. GRAY.

John Welsh Classical Bursary

1st—JOAN McCAIG.

French 1st Ord.

Medallist—MARGARET BELBIN.

FOUNDER'S DAY

FROM the Borders, where names like Spottiswoode and Warrender are as familiar as they are here, came on 12th February 1960, Sir John McEwan to deliver the Founder's Day Oration. A man of wide and rich experience in public and political life, in the arts, and in the gracious living which the name of Marchmont House instinctively calls to mind, Sir John, in brief and lucid terms, spoke persuasively on a theme that might have borrowed for its text the motto of the great school in Colinton Road: *Ex corde caritas*. First, he asked his youthful audience not to judge others, not to pass casual judgements that are so likely to be wrong and even more likely to hurt. Next, he asked them not to envy others, especially when they had experienced some success, indeed most when that success had been snatched by greater merit from their own grasp. Lastly, he extolled the virtue of good manners. With happy allusion to Scripture, he pointed out how the kind word, the grateful acknowledgment of service received, made life sweeter. And on an audience not, we hope, too readily disposed to share the fashionable ingratitude for having it so good, his message would not be lost.

As on the similar occasion a year earlier, the Rt. Hon. Sir Ian A Johnson-Gilbert, C.B.E., Lord Provost of Edinburgh, generously gave of his time to direct the proceedings. Dr Small led the assembly in prayer; Betty Alexander read the lesson from James Gillespie's Bible; Winifred Kidd thanked our Guest of Honour with a poise and felicity of phrase and sentiment that we surprisingly take for granted in our Head Girls on these, for them, rather portentous occasions, and the darling from the Primary, "yclad most like the lilye flower," the only one not to experience the slightest nervousness, tripped gaily to make her presentation, snuff-mull in tiny hand, and endearing flush on youthful cheek, on which the ensuing kiss was no more than natural. The Choir sang the Anthem "Except the Lord Build the House," and the School song and National Anthem brought another Founder's Day to a close.

INVASION

Last week the trees were black and basic,
Truth written on a stiff, grey sky.
Today the inscription is blurred.

At first the enemy advanced with caution,
Crouching low as they crept along.
Now they are waving green banners.

ASTRID GILLIS, 6A.

HERE AND THERE

"I know 'tis blasphemous"

- 6a. *B.A.*— Like a fairy trip upon the green.
J.B.— Better late than never.
M.C.— Stuck like a dope with a thing called hope.
I.F.— Bless your beautiful hyde.
A.G.— A sensitive plant.
W.K.— O Douglas, O Douglas
 Tendir and trewe.
J.McC.— Away with her! away with her! she speaks Latin.
C.McG.— Launch not beyond your depth.
L.N.— If you want to know . . . ask a policeman!
R.S.— Though gentle yet not dull.
E.T.— Every barge must stand on its own flat bottom.
Staff— Hare-brained chatter of irresponsible frivolity.
 My hair is grey but not with years.
 Are yet there Romans living such as these?
 He's a solid man.
 I, a tired head, among these heads.
 Who first insults the victim whom she kills.
1st Year— I'm a beast, I know.
4th Year— Some nymphs there are, too conscious of their face.
5th Year— Ye high exalted virtuous dames.
6th Year— A man! A man! My kingdom for a man!
P.T.— Would to God that this next hour were past!
On leaving school— Beware of all but most beware of man!
Hockey with Heriot's— What strange motive could compel
 A well-bred lord to assault a gentle belle?
5th Year Hockey— What tender maid but must a victim fall.
Shoes— Ty'd up in godly laces.
Custard— Through thick and thin.
Maths— 'Tis all blank sadness or continual tears.
Choir— No louder shrieks to pitying heaven are cast.
Orchestra— O Music, Music, breathe despondingly.
3.30 p.m.— Now is the hour, the time to say good-bye.

OUR CLASS

We are the worst class in the school.
 So the teachers say.
 They looked into the school records,
 And found it out one day.
 Now while this is very interesting,
 And all is said and done,
 Of all the classes in the school,
 I think we have most fun.

CAROL MILNE, 2F.

PRAYER TO MY GUARDIAN ANGEL
(from the French)

Watch o'er me in my waking hours,
 Angel, in whose care God placed me,
 And each night as I fall asleep
 Into your safekeeping take me.
 Have pity on my febleness,
 Never leave my side I pray,
 But whisper guidance in my ear
 And comfort me along life's way.
 Yet as I listen for your voice
 While on this earth my life endures,
 Lest I should stumble in my path,
 Dear angel, take my hand in yours.

CHRISTINE MACGREGOR, 6A.

AS ON THE BRANCH WE SEE . . .
(translated from the French of Ronsard)

As on the branch we see the rose in May,
 As young and lovely her first petals lie,
 Her vivid hues draw envy from the sky,
 By dawn's tears watered at the break of day.

Within her petals Love is found, and Grace,
 Perfuming gardens and the trees with scent,
 But then by rain or heat the rose is bent,
 She dies; each petal wilts, falls from its place.

So in your youth and your first novelty,
 Your beauty honoured by the earth and sky,
 You sleep as ashes, slain by Atropos.

As offering receive the tears I mourn,
 This pitcher full of milk, these blossoms borne,
 So that, in life or death, you're but a rose.

JANET DAVIDSON, 5M.

KNOWLEDGE

It is gone on the mountain,
 It is lost to the forest,
 Like a summer-dried fountain,
 When our need is the sorest,
 The font reappearing
 From textbooks shall borrow,
 But to us comes no cheering—
 The exam is tomorrow!

ALICE M. LAWRIE, 4P.



THE YELLOW FINGERS

THE match flared into a fierce orange flame.

"When I was your age," he said, "I was ablaze with hope. I wanted to be an artist, to paint pictures of such truth and beauty, that the deepest pools in the soul of man would be stirred. I wanted to make him spit up the apple wedged in his throat." He paused to light the cigarette.

"I scorned money and comfort, of course. I was prepared to endure anything, and I did. And finally, I was successful I became a recognised painter, and my work did move many people." The cigarette was a white tube, throbbing with smoke, glowing with intensity.

"And then I married . . . I—I suppose you know the rest?" Thick clouds of smoke screened his face.

Yes, I knew. I knew that he was a convicted murderer—the sordid details do not matter. But that was all.

"I spent twenty-five years in jail, which is quite a long time for contemplation. I examined my life, and I saw the futility, the hopelessness of my hope. Man is free to act, but he can't see the causes of his actions, or their results."

"In other words, we are not really free. We are held in the clutch of Time. We flare up and burn with eagerness to escape. We try to peep through its fingers. We drift from its hands like smoke."

"One sees this when it is too late, but maybe *you* will learn by my lesson, maybe you will find another way." He ground the stub into the ash-tray on the shoddy café table and hobbled out through the swing-doors into the bitter street.

I stared for a long time at the grey ash mingling with the grey ash of countless other cigarettes. Then reluctantly, despite myself, I struck a match.

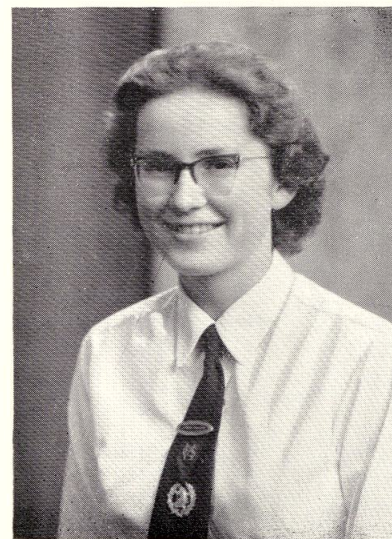
ASTRID GILLIS, 6A.



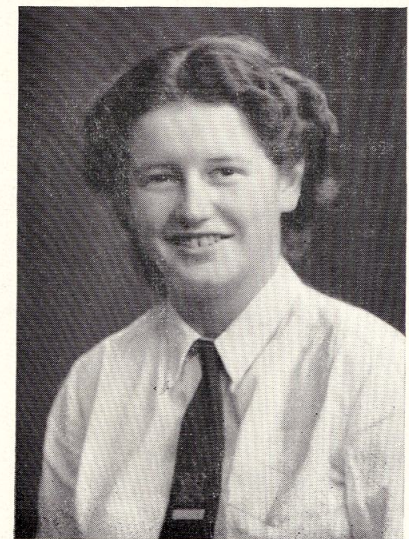
JOAN McCAIG

CAPTAIN OF SCHOOL

VICE-CAPTAIN OF SCHOOL

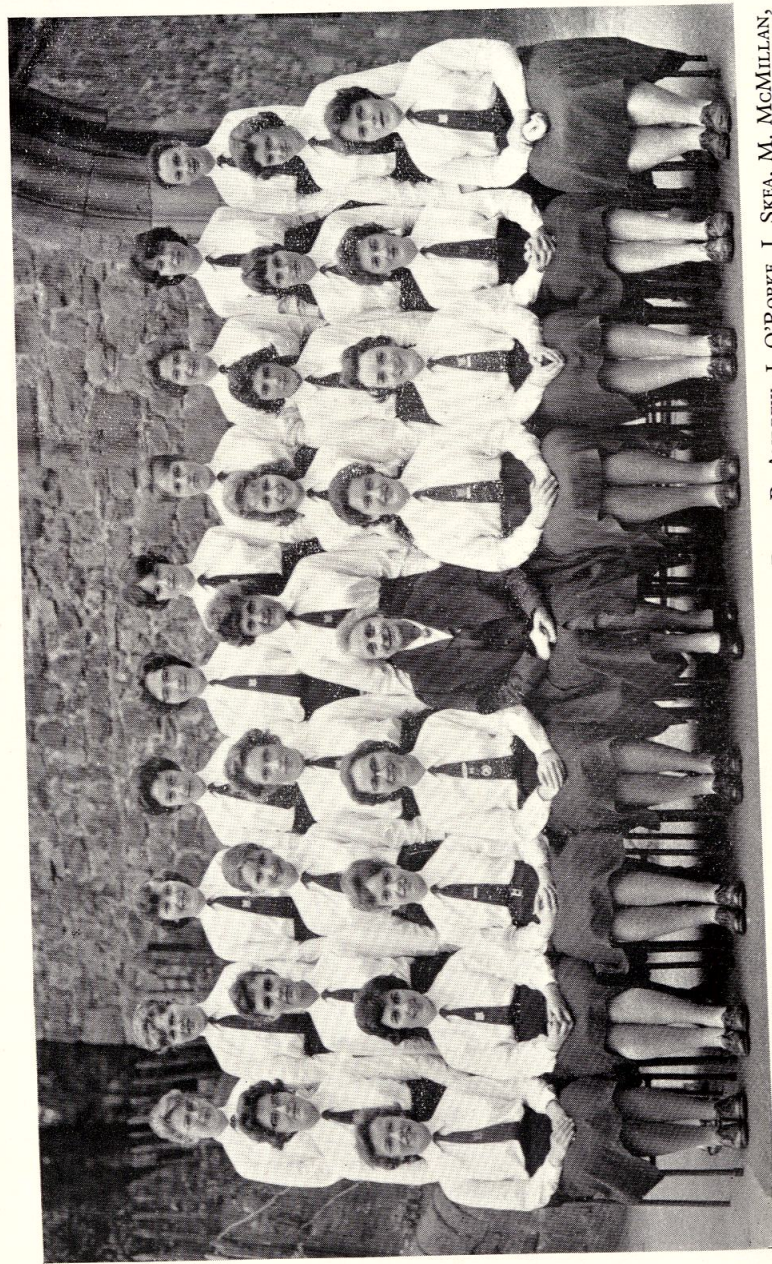


WINIFRED A. KIDD



ELIZABETH ALEXANDER

Photos by E. R. Yerbury & Son



Back Row—R. CATHELS, L. ROBERTSON, S. MCBAIN, F. MOWAT, C. PIRIE, R. ANDREW, J. O'RORKE, I. SKEA, M. MCMILLAN, L. HENDRIE.

Centre Row—W. WILSON, M. MARSHALL, A. GILLIS, K. THOMPSON, J. KELLY, A. NAPIER, E. HUGHES, J. FAIRBAIRN, I. ALEXANDER.
Front Row—M. MACKENZIE, I. FERGUSSON, G. PATTERSON, W. KIDD (Captain), Miss STEEL, E. ALEXANDER (Vice-Captain), L. NORWELL, J. MELDRUM, N. MCDONALD.

Photo by F. P. Verhove for Sun

REMEMBERING FOR AN HOUR

"REMEMBER, remember the fifth of November"—no, not "gunpowder, treason and plot." Fortunately, the only time treason has concerned me was when an unfaithful member of the "Faithful Four" betrayed the whereabouts of a secret den to a rival faction. The only plot I have ever taken part in was the conspiracy against Caesar in the English Class. What I remember about 5th November is much more tragic. That day marks the death of Victoria, the toad. I first made her acquaintance on Victoria Day, another time for fireworks, hence the name. Alas! She was destined to quit my life as she had entered it, midst the swoosh of rockets, the bang of squibs and the fizz of Roman candles. I had rescued her from these terrors and carefully cherished her in an old bucket for six months. At the end of this time the memory of Guy Fawkes was being honoured in traditional fashion and to give the rockets a good take-off, an old bucket that was lying in the garden was commandeered. It served the purpose admirably but one life was lost in the effort.

"Remember, remember the ninth of September." I can hear the history scholars whispering excitedly, "1513, The Battle of Flodden. That was James the" Or the games enthusiasts saying, "That was a Wednesday. We had a good hockey practice then." But what I remember about 9th September is that it reminds me of a blessing and a curse, a help and a hindrance, a friend and a foe, in brief, my sister. For she is all these things at various times. She was born on 9th September and always on that day I either bless or curse, depending on the state of my finances. I also realise with a shock that I have survived another year with her.

"Remember, remember the twelfth of December." That was the date of my first love affair. Although it only lasted a few weeks it was real love, or so I, with the wisdom of my twelve years, believed. He was a true fairy-tale hero: tall, dark and handsome and I was a damsel in distress. I was also marooned—on a traffic island in Princes Street. A young man suddenly appeared miraculously by my side and guided me safely across the road. I fell madly in love with him until I discovered a taller, blonde and more handsome young man who lived in the neighbourhood and to whom I transferred my affections. After all, it is more encouraging if one occasionally sees the idol of one's devotion.

"Remember, remember . . ." Better pull down the curtain. That is the end of Act III.

MORAG MACKENZIE, 6A.

IONA

A GREYISH haze lay over the island giving it an eerie, ghostlike appearance. The haze forecast another scorching day. Nothing was heard but the soft "lap, lap" of the sea on the white sand of the beach. A few gulls flew overhead, but none uttered a cry. This was Iona at five o'clock in the morning.

A girl walked briskly along the stony track towards the grey stone Abbey. The girl was clad in a pair of garish red shorts and a yellow sweater. She had nothing on her feet. Her sunburnt legs strode out over the stony road, but she did not seem to feel the sharp stones under her barefeet.

The Abbey door was unlocked, as always, and she pushed it open. She hesitated for a moment. Again she felt it; every time she entered the Abbey a feeling gripped her, one of deep reverence and peace, and each time the feeling grew stronger. Slowly she walked down through the nave, the cool greatness of the building entering into her. She walked straight down to the altar. A single kneeling-pad was there as if for her alone. Carefully she knelt down in front of the table, her head slowly bowing. She could smell the scent of the flowers in the chancel. It was wafted to her on a slight draught from an open window. A shaft of light streamed through the window, casting golden glints on the girl's hair. She clasped her hands tightly on her breast.

Shortly after she came through the Abbey door she stopped. The sun shone brightly from a clear blue sky. The whole island was alive. The girl looked around her and then with a soft laugh of joy skipped off the step and ran along the road. She felt very hungry.

Dr Samuel Johnson once said: "That man is little to be envied whose piety does not grow warmer in the ruins of Iona." How true this is!

SANDRA TAIT, 5s2.

THE SETTING SUN

Beyond that dim horizon, far away
A sleeping land awaits the new-born day,
While on that distant hill the sun is setting.
The crimson rays anoint the sea to red,
To purple turns the mountain's hoary head,
And people sleep, their weary toils forgetting.

The stars above emerge, and wink, and dance,
Now here, now there their silver colours glance,
In greying sky the sun's last rays are burning.
But in some foreign clime, the people there,
Await its coming with an earnest prayer.
Farewell, proud monarch of the skies of morning.

BARBARA THOMSON, 2L1.

VENICE

MY feet landed lightly on the wooden boards of the quay and I entered into a city of infinite beauty—unique Venice. I rounded the corner and there before me, in the early summer sunshine, stood the tall pillar of the Campanile and the stately lines of St. Mark's Church and the Doges' Palace. No painting could have portrayed it and no writer could have described it adequately—although I am vainly trying. The world-famous palace shone, salmon-pink, enhanced by the dark shadows lurking in the arches below.

Here, in the shade of these arches, their faces cameo-like against the ancient stone, sat old men and women, motionless, gazing out towards the vivid blue lagoon. In contrast is the bustle and movement in St. Mark's Square of the thousands of pigeons strutting amongst the crowds, or rising in great clouds, their wings etched against the clear blue of the sky.

Out of the glare of the strong sunshine and into the cool dimness of St. Mark's Church we went, with its wonderful mosaic floors and intricate mosaic patterns on the walls. The Doges' Palace, with vast council chambers, richly carved ceilings and wonderful paintings, glowed with exquisite colours. The Bridge of Sighs, which is entered from the palace, had a sobering effect, as I thought of the feelings of the prisoners as they looked, for the last time, at the world outside before they crossed the bridge to the dank dungeons below.

The Grand Canal is always crowded with open barges and gondolas, propelled so expertly by the famous figures in the blue-and-white striped shirts. But for me, all the beauty and enchantment was to be found near the smaller, unfrequented canals, with their quaint, white-painted bridges, leading to houses with brilliant window-boxes, cascading red and pink geraniums. Here, at "siesta time," the sun-blistered shutters are closed against the scorching heat of midday, but when they are open, glimpses can be caught of great crystal chandeliers, twinkling in the sunlight.

In the evening, great hordes of people board the rocking gondolas and drift down the canals in a "moonlight serenade." An open barge accompanies them and there are singers and musicians to sing and play the well-loved Italian songs. I think I remember that part of the holiday above all others. I sat, being lulled gently by the rocking boat, trailing my hand in the warm waters of the canal and listening to the impressive music. It was so calm and peaceful, with none of the jostle and suffocating exhaust fumes of other cities. Venice is the only city in the world where there is no motor traffic. All the available transport is in the form of barges and gondolas—perhaps not the fastest mode of transport, but surely the most charming.

Orchestras play in the squares while tourists sit, sipping the

strong Italian coffee, under gaily coloured parasols. They are not disturbed by the harsh blowing of motor horns or the rumbling thunder of many wheels. There is nothing to break the spell of the city that lies, on the fringe of the Adriatic, dreaming and basking in the sunshine.

SYLVIA GIBSON, 6D.

APRIL IN PARIS—1960

TWO important events took place in Paris last April. It was visited first by Mr Kruschev and then by a party of girls from James Gillespie's High School. The latter visit, I might add, was the more successful. Our visit was part of an exchange between School and the Lycee Jean-Baptiste Corot in Savigny on the outskirts of Paris.

The journey was made under the guidance and protection of Miss Paterson whose worries were augmented by the fact that, during the Channel crossing, several of her flock found "life on the ocean wave" a little disturbing and were obliged to retire below But we all survived the hazards of the sea and in the warmth of late afternoon our train hissed into the Gare du Nord. We caught our first glimpse of Paris from the bus carrying us swiftly southward to Savigny, where we were to be officially received at the Lycee.

Weather-tossed and weary we arrived at Savigny where we were introduced to the families who were giving us hospitality. Tentative words, tentative smiles, dinner speeches and finally for the first time in two days, bed and deep blissful sleep.

For the first few days of our visit we attended school. For one who has been carefully nurtured within the chaste confines of a seminary for young ladies, the most striking difference was to find oneself in the same class as bearded youths of twenty. The food at the school lunches was rather exotic: in contrast to the milk provided in Edinburgh schools by the grace of the Education Committee, the pupils of the Lycee at Savigny were daily regaled with wine.

French food on the whole was strange and wonderful, partly from their distressing habit of eating meat and, sometimes, eggs almost raw. One of our number had a disquieting experience. At one meal a plate of oysters was set down before her. She was about to start eating them when the master of the house prodded one. It moved! It was alive! To the great surprise of her hosts, she said she would rather not eat the oysters in their present condition.

Three weeks passed swiftly and soon we were saying a tearful farewell to our new French friends and catching a last glimpse of the surge of the Eiffel Tower as we headed for the Gare du Nord and home.

CHRISTINE MCGREGOR, 6A.

GARDENING

"WEEDY, overgrown and oddly planned" would have been a fitting description for our first garden. However, having come from a flat and having always lived in that part of the City where few people had gardens, we were delighted with it and full of enthusiastic ideas with which to work a transformation.

Fertilizer, seeds, plants, a lawnmower, a rake, a spade and trowels were bought and the work began.

The first spring which our garden experienced was not blessed with very much bright sunshine but despite this hindering factor we were very interested in seeing just what would "pop" up. Not very much "popped" up, however, except a few stray daffodils and six Kaiser Kroons—tulips we had bought with which to herald the approaching spring. These six tulips stood like tin-soldiers in their red and yellow jackets so systematically were they laid out. This was partly due to the fact that there were only six tulips to plant and partly because of some dread Daddy has of planting flowers in clumps.

In the autumn of our arrival, two of the four apple trees were bearing fruit. Needless to say it did not quite measure up to the "Cox's Pippin" standard and we, therefore, thought it would be a good idea to make apple jelly. Those dozen or so jars of apple jelly, incidentally never eaten, are the only signs of our apple trees having ever borne fruit because shortly after our flitting an old man came to the door, imparted to us the welcome information that he was a gardener by trade and offered to prune our apple trees for the sum of five pounds. We did not have any great suspicions about him as he seemed to have all his own implements, but to our horror instead of using a pair of calipers to prune the trees he produced a saw and proceeded to lop off branches with, what seemed to us, careless abandon. "Our gardener" assured us that the trees were badly in need of drastic pruning. Drastic it was—and disastrous. It turned out that "our gardener" had stolen his tools from other "customers," was hardly ever out of prison (having had thirty-two previous convictions) and tended the prison gardens when he was "inside."

At first Mummy had great ambitions for her vegetables and lettuces, beetroot, turnips, peas, parsley, chives and carrots were planted—the next year only the parsley and chives were planted. However, we sometimes attempt lettuces once the little plants have come into the shops.

Our "lawn" used to receive great attention. I think it has now been abandoned in disgust. No weed-killer can rid us of our daisies and last autumn Daddy and I attacked them with our bare-hands and attempted to "winkle" them out of the ground. This

resulted merely in numerous little holes in the grass without having any fatal effect on the daisies.

Daddy's pride and joy is his rock-garden which is really beautiful, especially in May. Great care was taken when it was being laid out to see that there was proper drainage and soil, and that the stones were all lying flat and not sticking up like miniature Matterhorns. We have saxifrages, gentians, primulas and phloxes as well as other more unusual flowers which I have never seen before like the Edelweiss and many other dear little alpine plants.

Alas, there is only one Kaiser Kroom this year and Daddy is now able to inform us knowledgably that that is because it was planted in soil which had no sand and was full of earwigs and wireworms. Therefore, as you can imagine we are fighting against quite formidable opposition including a neighbour's dog, the fact that we have only one south-facing wall and, of course, the Scottish climate.

ISOBEL JOHNSTONE, 4L.

JASMINE

In heat of summer days
With sunshine all ablaze,
Here, here are cool green bowers,
Starred with Jasmine flowers;
Sweet-scented, like a dream
Of Fairyland they seem.

And when the long hot day
At length has worn away,
And twilight deepens, till
The darkness falls—then, still,
The glimmering Jasmine white
Gives fragrance to the night.

MAUREEN ALLAN, 5M.

MY BICYCLE

Summertime had come at last,
With sunshine all day long,
So I got out my bicycle
And polished till it shone.

I checked my lights and pumped my tyres
And tightened up a pedal,
Then off I set, as proud as Punch
Deserving of a medal.

Instead I went to hospital
With broken bones, and shakes,
For in my "careful" check-up, I
Forgot to check the brakes!

CECILIA CAVAYE, 5M.

MARCHERS OF THE WORLD, UNITE!

"Oh, to be in England
Now that April's there."

THIS was Browning's heart-rending cry from sunny Italy, the land of the "gaudy melon-flower." I found myself echoing his wish—"Oh, to be in London now that Easter's there"—from showery Scotland, land of the "bonny purple heather." At this point all patriotic Scots rise indignantly demanding to know what attractions of Piccadilly cannot be found in Princes Street. "What is it," they ask, "that is the cause of such treacherous words? Is it Olivier at the Old Vic? Cliff Richards at the Palladium? Preparations for the Royal Wedding?" None of these would be sufficient to attract an inhabitant of Edinburgh into foreign parts. No, the real reason for my longing for London was to be found in Trafalgar Square on Easter Monday. There, thousands of people ended their march from Aldermaston—men, women and children from all walks of life, united by one aim, i.e. nuclear disarmament.

Not to be outdone by our English counterparts, those of us interested in nuclear disarmament in Scotland, emulate the Aldermaston marchers each year. We are, however, not so energetic for we are content to march through the streets of Glasgow.

It is rather difficult to plan what to wear on a nuclear disarmament march. It might be wet, it might be dry; it might be cold, it might be hot; there might be a thunderstorm or a heatwave. Although it was a beautiful day in Edinburgh, knowing the reputation of the west for wet weather, I decided to be prepared. First, therefore, I attired myself in a garment, neither too warm nor too cold. Next, I packed a woollen jersey in case it became chilly and a coat which would serve as a protection against torrential rain or, on top of the cardigan, as added warmth from the cold wind. In addition, gloves, sunglasses, sticking plasters (for blisters), scissors (to cut the sticking plaster), light sandals (in case the blisters became really bad), cream (for sunburn), paper hankies (in case I caught cold) and an apple were crammed into the bag.

By the time we reached Glasgow I was beginning to wilt under the heat of the sun and the weight of my bag. However, I was prepared to suffer discomfort for the cause and weren't two of my friends hitch-hiking to save the rail fare? Glasgow is a large city and none of us was too sure of the way to the meeting place. We eventually trooped on to a bus and were relieved to find fellow protestors with banners and placards, occupying the majority of the seats. At least we were travelling in the right direction. After a little private march of our own, caused by getting off the bus several stops too early, we eventually reached our destination.

Most of the demonstrators were already organised into their respective groups and we joined the large Edinburgh contingent,

wedged between a party from Aberdeen and a loudspeaker van from which issued a cheerful voice urging passers-by to join the march. Many people were distributing leaflets or selling newspapers from the *Daily Worker* to *Peace News*.

We marched resolutely along the crowded Sauchiehall Street, past the undisturbed Saturday shoppers, past the queues waiting to hear Adam Faith and those waiting to see "On the Beach." The Glasgow Corporation had not thought it necessary to stop the traffic along their main thoroughfare and if we were at times tempted to shout "Ban the Trams" instead of "Ban the Bomb," it was really no fault of ours.

If the people in Sauchiehall Street seemed unruffled by our chants the "refined" inhabitants of Kelvin Grove appeared a little more shocked as over 4,000 footsore, throatsore marchers filed past to occupy their beautiful park where the culmination of the afternoon's effort took place in the form of a public meeting addressed by leading advocates for nuclear disarmament.

As we sat in this lovely park the full implications of nuclear war became terrifyingly evident. There, behind us, was the University of Glasgow, a seat of learning; there was the Art Gallery where many treasures from past and present are found; in the distance the cranes and steel scaffolding of the shipyards, the hub of this great City's life, stood out boldly, breaking the skyline; there was the Western Infirmary—surely ample scope for the scientist could be found there? People were enjoying themselves on the tennis courts, bowling greens or strolling through the attractive park gardens. We were surrounded by what is known as "Western Civilisation." What is it worth if we are prepared to destroy it with nuclear weapons?

JANICE O'RORKE, 5s2.

AUBADE

This is the living moor. The bracken is young on the hillside.
Mountain burns are trickling cold where the hare runs homeward.
The sky is light, but the earth is dark and pure with the morning.
Here is the lovely mystery of the first creation.

Can you see the dark, new hills beneath the dapples
Of lifting cloud in the greyish east above the sunrise?
Can you see the path we climbed by the brooding pine-woods
Past the birches and shivering rowans to the moorland?

When the cold, pale light is golden and day is living,
You will see the distant hills in a misty heat-light.
This has been for ever—it will for ever continue—
Witness now creation as it was in the beginning.

JANET DAVIDSON, 5M.2

DISCOMANIA

IT seems that one cannot open one's newspapers nowadays without encountering the suffix "-mania," whether it be dipsomania among Hollywood's perverted population, Gallomania in the equally perverted world of *haute couture* or megalomania in Britain's teenagers. To this list I should add "discomania"—a word I have coined (no doubt quite unoriginally) to describe the terrifying disease of uncontrolled record-buying. It is to be dreaded!

One can easily recognise the discomaniac. Observe the beady-eyed enthusiasm with which he approaches the illustrious establishment of Messrs Methven & Simpson—the irresistible attraction held for him by all such places of business; the blissful peace which suffuses his face at the mention of a Decca ffs gramophone pick-up; his dilated pupils and laboured breathing if one utters the name of Clifford Curzon in connection with the B flat concerto of Brahms. Oh, I entreat you to guard against this fateful malady! It saps one's energies; it absorbs one's time; it dominates one's thoughts to the exclusion of all else and finally reduces one to an almost permanent state of penury!

I am a discomaniac. The disease struck last year when I was presented, by my parents, with a record-player. I was delighted! My excitement knew no bounds! Only now do I realise how this attack was to be progressive, insinuating and ultimately all-consuming.

Having been passionately fond of music for as long as I could remember, yet unmusical in the practical sense, I had imagined the gramophone as the ideal solution. Now I actually owned one! Well, from the moment that innocent-looking rectangular box made its appearance in our home things started to happen. Gradually it became master of our house, driving the television into premature semi-retirement and I think our neighbours to distraction. It is fortunate for us that the elderly couple who live below us are rather hard of hearing. Indeed, I should hazard a guess that, since discomania struck at the roots of our domestic life, they have come to regard the affliction in a new light.

However, matters did not stop short at an ordinary record-player. A short time later we went to spend a holiday week-end with relatives in Glasgow, one of whom is very intellectual and has a magnificent collection of records ranging from Gregorian Chant to Schoenberg's "Pierrot Lunaire." At that time he had just acquired new record-playing equipment—a bespoke outfit with large twin speakers which made a fantastic difference to sound quality. The moment she heard it my mother was lost! She decided that we must have a similar machine. Obviously my little gramophone just was not good enough. Thus far my father was in agreement. Soon we were to own stereo/mono equipment with twin speakers hanging on the wall.

In the meantime the new hobby was changing the appearance of our living-room. Our record collection was growing and it was soon necessary to get something to hold it. We bought a record cabinet. Hardly was it in the house before my mother was frowning. "It looks dreadful beside that old bookcase!" she complained. The object referred to had been made by my father and, while not, perhaps, a work of art, was serviceable and large—a very necessary feature. Now my mother's methods of obtaining something she wants despite determined opposition are far too complex and subtle for me to describe. Let it suffice to say that by various devious means she inveigled my father into buying a bookcase to match the record cabinet.

To return to the stereo/mono record-player with twin speakers and transcription motor. This is a good outfit, I must admit, and it would be sorely missed should any unwelcome fate befall it. All the same, it caused an upheaval. It necessitated the re-arranging of our furniture in order to place the settee opposite the speakers. One of the latter was placed on either side of our window, across which are festooned wires connecting each speaker to the main unit. This is now the dominating influence in our lives at home. Take for example this. A few weeks ago my father redecorated the room. When he had finished, the first piece of furniture to be reinstated was the record-player. An outsider would have thought us mad (with some justification) if he had seen us seated with our coffee on the bare floorboards, listening to Yehudi Menuhin playing Beethoven's Violin Concerto!

Records have even affected our literature. Before the arrival of our lord and master, the papers which came into our house were: *The Guardian*, *The Scotsman*, *The Spectator*, *The New Statesman* and *The Listener*. Now, on the first of the month, my mother makes a dive for *The Gramophone* while I do likewise for *Music and Musicians* and *Records and Recording*. Only my father affects an aloofness from the influx of musical literature, but even his glance has been observed to stray surreptitiously from the leading column of *The Guardian* to that of the music critic and he has been caught on occasion skulking in a corner, sneaking furtive glances within the less august pages of *The Gramophone*.

Nor, believe it or not, does the influence of music and records end there. As everyone knows, teenage girls are highly susceptible and a prey to hero-worship. I confess I am not immune myself, but even this field has been invaded! In vain do the husky he-men of America's wild and woolly West gallop nightly across our television screen. In vain do moronic popular vocalists serenade me from the radio with "Be-Bop Belulah, She's ma Baby." My thoughts are fully occupied with anaemic-looking young English concert pianists, burly German baritones and handsome Russian violinists.

I suppose one ought to arrive at some definite conclusion but in this case no such thing is possible. The situation is at this moment developing and expanding. One seeks the diagnosis, but is reluctant to take the cure. After all, one derives so much enjoyment from it! My only query is—where will it end?

ELIZABETH MCKENZIE, 4L.

THE YOUNG SET AT THE TENNIS CLUB

THE Tennis Club might well be "The Social Club." You do not go only to play tennis. It goes deeper than that. You go there to meet people. To meet people? People?

That giggling gaggle of girls at your club—they join to play tennis? Really? Those girls who, in their short, starched, "Daz-white" dresses skip out, casting furtive glances, whenever they believe their girl friends are not looking, at the neighbouring court on which a young men's four is being grimly fought—those girls whose every service is a double fault, who lob the ball incessantly, miss it frequently, hit it seldom and never volley. They cherish the belief that one day they will be on the centre court at Wimbledon? Do they indeed?

The boys? That shy, awkward, clumsy band, that wields its racquet, like a mace, in a desperate effort to redeem itself in the eyes of those fair creatures of whom it is so constantly aware. Unfortunate boys. Do they realise that those fair innocent creatures are out for bigger game? Have they never noticed the hush fall over the chattering girls whenever those bronzed, "Greek god-like" young men stride past, towels slung around their necks, beads of perspiration on their noble brows?

Why do the girls pay so little attention to the schoolboys? Why? Because they talk of nothing but the stupid idiosyncrasies of their schoolmasters or what they smuggled from the science lab. and the impositions set by an exasperated school-prefect at whom they try to laugh loudly, but ruin the whole dare-devil effect by looking sheepish in spite of themselves. Poor fellows! They have a lot to learn.

Fifteen or sixteen years or thereabouts is a tender age. Boys go through a "gawky" stage, become self-conscious and, as a result, talk far too much about far too little. The girls, maybe more mature—at least thinking themselves to be so—become aloof, disdainful of these stupid schoolboys. They talk quickly in high pitched voices punctuated by short silences and fits of squealing and giggling.

Each exasperates those whom they are trying to impress; the schoolboys—the young girls, the young girls—the young men. How do I know? Well, I'm one of them!

ROSEMARY JOHNSTONE, 4L.

SATURDAY MORNINGS

SOME of our illustrious company employ a portion of their week-ends working with Edinburgh firms engaged in various commercial enterprises. I am numbered among this happy band, because I am employed each Saturday morning in one of the City's catering firms, and honestly admit that I enjoy it. If I may, I should like to try to illustrate the course of a normal Saturday morning.

At nine o'clock, I report for duty behind the counter and the morning has begun. Sooner or later—usually later—the little red van with the Royal Warrant stamped upon it comes round the corner and a contingent of bakers with boards on their heads enter upon the rather chaotic proceedings. As an extremely junior assistant, I must help to bring round to the front of the shop the checked boards with their delectable contents, and see that some of the confectionery is placed under glass show-cases, while the remainder is placed neatly on smaller boards in a rack near the window.

On this particular morning, having more cakes than usual, I must needs put four chocolate cream sponges on top of one another, and excuse myself to the meringues for jostling them. With a sigh of relief, I push the board back into place, wash my hands, and go off to serve. Someone asks for an apple flan.

"Yes, Madam, I think there will be one on a board. Excuse me one moment." (One must attempt to be polite or "they" might not come back.) The consternation on my face is evident as I pull out a board. One of the precariously balanced chocolate sponges has fallen into the cream-topped flans and the other has obligingly nestled in the meringues. My one prayer is: "Please God, make the Supervisor busy among the buns until I clear this."

It is indeed fortunate I have a discreet and elderly aunt on the staff. She pounces on the pulverised flans, whisks them into bags and scuttles downstairs to give them honourable burial in the incinerator. The offending sponges are quietly removed, and the few mortally wounded meringues come to an untimely end in the waste-box. Another flan is speedily found, and the impatient customer gratified at last, while I am left smarting under my aunt's caustic remarks on my non-existent sense.

The next person asks for a quarter of a pound of the most obscure biscuits he can think up, and a pilgrimage must be made to the back of the shop where the boxes and tins of biscuits are kept. As I turn the corner, an unholy din greets me, and there lies Mrs Jones under a heap of biscuit boxes looking very much like Mr Hoffnug's workman after he had sustained severe injuries when he "met the barrel coming down." Her feeble explanation, as we help her to her feet, that she "tried to reach the one at the bottom" is highly unsatisfactory. But luck is with me. There, among the debris, is the miraculously intact box of those peculiar biscuits.

Now it is our turn for the mid-morning break. This is a very pleasant time, when the discussions sometimes range from Prince Philip to Wakes and Weddings, but today there is an argument about wage-claims going on which is not interesting, especially as my "wage" is so small, our Supervisor calls it my "tax concession."

After tea, business grows apace and there is no time for nonsense. But it is enjoyable, and leaves at the end of the morning, a feeling of satisfaction over a useful job well done.

ELIZABETH DOWNIE, 4P.

ETERNAL WATERS

I scattered blossom on the river,
Cherry blossom, white, unblemished.
Laughingly, I watched its flight.

I dropped some petals on the river,
Red passionate rose petals.
They sped away, I did not care.

I let some leaves fall on the river,
Mellow leaves, golden leaves.
I saw them vanish, wistfully.

With nothing left, I watch the river,
Sliding swiftly to the sea.
But the snow is white, unblemished,
And the clouds are red and gold—
Greater than the hungry river.

ASTRID GILLIS, 6A.

A QUARREL

Is this grim wall with single stones begun
Quite unassailable? And can we now
Be friends no longer? For we know not how
We came to build. Together we have run
Up life's first, gentle slopes. But now you shun
To look on me. The rocky hill's first brow
We both had reached. I the first stone did throw
And you another. Would there had been none!

I tried to shatter this dividing wall
I beat on it, and cried to let me through
In fury with my own, my chosen lot.
You sat in silent dream beyond it all
Inscrutable; and blind you thought you knew
I hated you. But oh, I hate you not!

JANET DAVIDSON, 5M.

TAM O' SHANTER

"HOW are ye the day, Soutar Johnny?" asked his old friend Tam.

"Och, Ah'm fine. How's yersel'?"

"Ah'm fair dyin' for a drink. That wumman o' mine's never let me touch a drap sine last merket day!" replied Tam.

"Come awa', the landlady's got plenty."

Away they went and were soon sitting by the fire, tankards in hand.

"Ah've got a story to tell ye. Remember last merket day when Ah went awa' hame. I think you thought Ah wis drunk; well, Ah wisna! Ah wis sober a' the way an' Ah'm goin' to tell ye a story ye'll no credit." At this intriguing point Tam stopped, much to the annoyance of Soutar Johnny, to take a long pull at his beer.

"Weel, hurry up then," urged Soutar Johnny.

"Last merket day Ah went awa' hame aboot twal' o'clock at night. Ah got on my horse an' off Ah set. It wis an awfu' nicht, ye'll remember, and the De'il had business on hand. Ah rode on gettin' wetter an' wetter, past yon place where they foun' the hunter deid, where Mungo's mither hanged hersel' an' where they foun' the murdered bairn. Ah don't mind admittin' Ah wis jist a wheen scared. Ye ken that my way hame gangs past auld Kirk Alloway. Weel, jist as Ah wis comin' oot o' the trees, Ah saw Kirk Alloway . . ." here Tam's voice was a mere whisper, his audience spellbound. "It wis a' lichter up an' Ah urged Maggie forward an' Ah had a wee keek tae see whit wis goin' on. Ye'll never credit it, but there wis a hale lot o' auld dames dancin', an' guess who wis playin' the pipes? . . . the De'il! He wis like a dirty, big dog, black, an' . . . an' awfu'."

"A' the coaffins were wide tae the wa' an' a' the deid fowk were haudin' caundles! My, Johnny, yon wis a bonny wee witch, an' forbye, could she dance! Whit's that ye're sayin'? Av course, Ah furgot ye didna ken.

"Weel, tae get back tae ma story. By the licht o' thay caundles, ye could see a lot o' things on the Holy Table." At this point Tam once more broke off and took a long swig.

"There wis a murderer's banes, twa wee bairns, five tommy-hawks and five scymitars, an' a knife covered wi' blood an' hair. There wis a lot o' warlocks an' witches dancin! Ah thocht they wir a' a loat o' auld weemen, but there wis one, a young, pretty thing dancin' an' my could she dance! Weel, jist as they feenished ane o' the dances, Ah cried oot, 'Weel din, Cutty Sark!' (It wis that warm, they wir a' takin' aff their claes, an' she'd oan a very shoart sark.)

"Oh, Soutar Johnny, Ah wish Ah hidna din it! The next meenit Ah wis racin' fur the keystone o' the Brig, an' safety, wi' a' that swarm efter Maggie an' me. Ah jist made it, but Nannie, the ane in the cutty sark, grabbed haud o' Maggie's tail an' she's left the puir beast wi' hardly a stump. Come an' see it if ye don't believe me!"

"Ah'm no' sayin' Ah don't believe ye, but are ye sure there's no some explanation fur it? Did Maggie no catch her tail in a door, or somethin'?" inquired Soutar Johnny cautiously.

"No, there is nut," replied an irate Tam, "come awa' oot an' see if ye'll believe me or no."

Out they went, but there was no Maggie to be found anywhere. She never was found, and Tam was never able to prove his story, and I am afraid no one believed him. They thought it was the result of too much drink that last market day. What about you? I am not so sure. . . .

JEAN GOODLET, 4C.

BUT THEY SAY THAT HOCKEY'S FUN!

Upon us is the day of battle;
In wind and rain the banners rattle;
Roaring like stampeding cattle,
The audience all wait.
She who is the first to go
And who deals the hardest blow
Is sure to overcome the foe.
Oh! What will be their fate?

Stranger, now you have been warned—
Every warrior is well-armed
With weapon that may not be scorned—
A long and curved pole.
Our team will win—they've fought with ease
Six players and three referees.
And, what is more, now, if you please,
They've even scored a goal!

JANIE MCGREGOR, 3A1.

NATURE'S PEACE

The air is warm, and on the gentle breeze,
Wafts the scent of blossoms and of pine.
And, through the foliage of shading trees,
The light falls, mottled, on this loch of mine.

No stranger's foot has trod its mossy banks,
No other heart, heavy with saddest thought,
Has filled with happy peace, and given thanks,
To Him by whom, this beauty has been wrought.

'Tis only I to whom your charm is known,
And only I have heard the silence that is thine,
When, lost in a secret world that's all my own,
You have enticed me, and bewitched me, lochan mine.

RUTH WILSON, 3A1.

"PARIS, JE T'AIME"

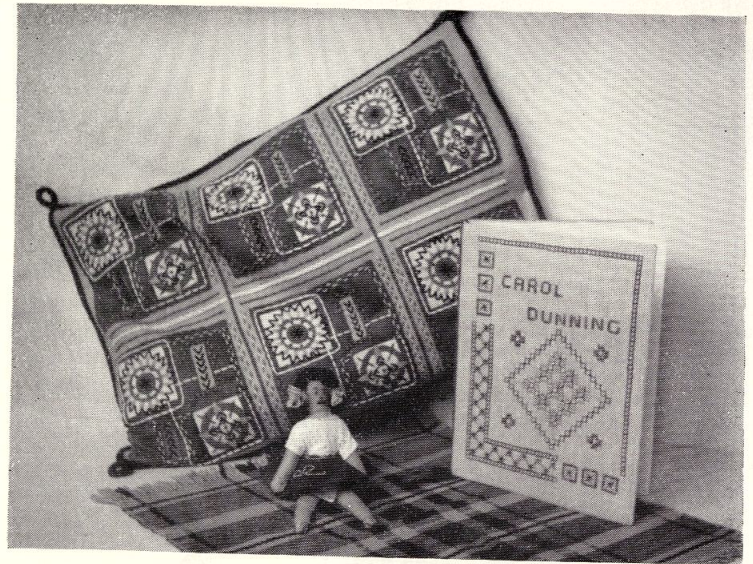
NO city in the world is loved so much as Paris—and no city in the world can keep her lovers longer than does this one. As one of my friends in France once remarked, "If one cannot be happy here, one cannot be happy anywhere." It is true. For the rich, who try to escape from life by plunging into it and spending money liberally, there is no other town so full of temptations; and for the poor—well, it is always a disadvantage to be poor, but in Paris one can be poor at least without being dreary or bored—even today.

Even today. Why did I add that? Is it because the past was always so much more interesting than the present—especially in Paris? Fortunately we also are living in a past. One day we shall realise it, when we find ourselves remarking to some young adorer of this most adored of towns, "Yes, but you should have been in Paris in the nineteen-sixties!" One is for ever sensible of the legend that the past was so much better, and on examining the buildings from which I, personally, can never separate the idea of fans and periwigs and the minuets of Couperin, I can understand why. Indeed, we are not all historians, but we all love what is old and evokes a fascinating past. Here, in the Rue Visconti, are the very walls which the Maréchal de Saxe touched so often as he was entering the house of Adrienne Lecouvreur, the greatest tragic actress of the eighteenth century. And here is the Quai Cointin by the Palais Mazarin, close to which a young soldier named Bonaparte used to spend his leave. No town is so rich in memories, but this is not the sole reason for the charm of Paris. What of the Champs-Élysées or the Boulevard de la Madeleine? The oldest building in the Avenue des Champs-Élysées is the Arc de Triomphe which can hardly be termed old by Parisian standards. Compared with the Conciergerie, the Champs-Élysées seems modern, but who does not come under its spell while sitting at one of its innumerable cafés, drinking not only one's "apéritif," but also the very spirit of Paris?

However, the charm of the City cannot be pinned down to its streets alone. It seems to lie in some mysterious distillation created by the whole. One finds this charm renewed with every moment: in the names of streets; in the grey-plastered houses with their little balconies of wrought iron; in the sounds of restaurants where eating has evolved from a necessity into an art, and drinking, at least for "connoisseurs," from an art into a religion! Finally, this evanescent charm is to be found in the Parisians themselves: the people arguing so volubly beneath the awnings of cafés; the "agent," with his baton, frantically directing the traffic; the lovers who embrace on a crowded motorbus as unselfconsciously as if they were alone.

The charm of Paris is in all this, and in much more besides. Art,

CRAFTWORK



By SYLVIA WALTON, 5M.
CAROL DUNNING, 5D.
IRENE LESLIE, 1F2.



By MARGARET ANDERSON, 2B2.
MAUREEN ALLAN, 4M.
ISABEL SKEA, 5D.

Photos by E. R. Yerbury & Son



ISOBEL AND ROSEMARY JOHNSTONE

FORM 4M.

History, Elegance: these are a few of the ingredients which have produced this lovely City. One day men will speak of Paris as we speak now of Athens. For that is what Paris is—the Athens of our age.

VALERIE I. RAMSHAW, 4L.

“THERE IS NO ENMITY . . .”

CAPT. DOVE had been a prisoner aboard the *Graf Spee* for eleven days when they refuelled from the *Altmark* in the middle of the South Atlantic. Ever since Dove's tanker *Africa Shell* had been sunk, he had been treated with the utmost courtesy, but he rather resented being locked in his cabin on this particular day. Then the door opened and the Master at Arms came in.

“Come with me, you must have exercise,” he said, and led the way on deck.

The first thing Dove noticed when he reached the open air was the *Graf Spee's* supply ship flying the Norwegian flag. Working parties were opening crates, hauling stores out of the holds and uncoiling fuel pipes. A voice from the bridge called, “Good morning!” This was the *Graf Spee's* Commander, Capt. Hans Langsdorff.

Suddenly a crate of dried fruit was swung towards Dove, and with a splintering crash burst open at his feet. The young sailors made a rush for the fruit which had scattered all over the deck. One of the cadets noticed Dove and held out a handful of prunes and raisins.

“Have some,” he invited.

Dove hesitated and glanced up at the bridge, where he had last seen Langsdorff. But a voice at his elbow said, “Go on, take it.” The Captain was standing beside him. Dove looked at the tall figure of the Commander who was watching the operations intently. Langsdorff was about forty, fair-haired, with a short pointed beard.

In the evenings they discussed politics freely and smoked cigars. It was obvious that Langsdorff looked forward to these visits as much as his English prisoners, because they too were captains and could understand something of the responsibilities which weighed so heavily on the young commander.

It was on one of these visits that Dove happened to mention that he had lost his pipe overboard. The next day a parcel was sent down to Dove “with Kapitan Langsdorff's Compliments.” Inside it, Dove found a straight-stemmed English briar pipe, a quarter of a pound of German tobacco, a box of matches and two pipe cleaners.

Langsdorff was always very apologetic about sinking ships. To one of the British captains he said, “I am very sorry to have to sink your ship. Are you hurt?”

The Captain smiled and said nothing.

"Are any of your crew hurt? War is war, Captain."

The Englishman just stood there and did not bother to speak. Langsdorff suddenly leaned forward, caught hold of the Captain's hand and shook it.

Even after the Battle of the River Plate, Langsdorff bore no malice towards the men who had fought against him. He told Dove how he admired them.

"You British are hard. You do not know when you are beaten. When you fight brave men like that, you cannot feel any enmity; you only want to shake hands with them."

HEATHER WOOD, 3A3.

TO EXAMS—A KEATSIAN ODE

Season of pen and foolscap paper sheet,
Close bosom-friend of inky-fingered swots;
Your sweet approach with open arms they greet,
When nightly rave the fever-brained clots
Entombed by piles of books; they vainly plough
Through scores of volumes, hoping they can cram
Into their heads before the fateful week
The term's work that they slept through; still they ram
Facts, figures, dates in a disjointed row.
O, that their tests alone could pull them through,
When o'er a comrade's shoulder they could peep!

Who hath not suffered from thy fatal touch?
The pupils not alone, but staff as well;
They cannot praise thy testing powers too much
While in a 'vigilating dream they dwell;
But when the pupils homeward wend their way,
See how with labouring groan and down-bent head,
Across, across, the smudgy scrawl is scored
With weary pencil, wearing down the lead
To its extremity. Afflicted they,
Erstwhile afflictors. True equality!
On one and all thy iron yoke is lowered.

L. K. POLSON, 3A3.

QUESTION

My French is appalling, my Science is worse.
I can't read, I can't count, I can't spell.
If I'm really as bad as they all say I am,
How the deuce did I get in 1L?

JEAN DULSON, 1L.

CHRISTMAS IN THE SUN

WHIRR! The propellers flew into action as the pilot tested the engines and slowly moved down the runway. The hostess informed us that in a few minutes we were to take off—for the Canaries! Soon we were off! There, far below us was England. As we left the coast, the air was slightly cooler and we were buffeted slightly, as a strong wind met us head-on. We had a very rough crossing and most of us were air-sick. No one felt like food, not even I, surprisingly enough! But even the Channel disappeared and we felt our last link with home had sped away into the past. Now we were flying over France and with "first stop at Biarritz," we felt much better.

Landing was very pleasant and while the crew hurried off for *déjeuner*, we took some photographs on the air terminal's veranda. Once more, we took our places in the aeroplane and fastened our safety-belts to take off for Gibraltar. I shall never forget the wonderful beauty of the peaks of the Pyrenees jutting out above the clouds like jagged teeth on a cotton-wool plain and also, the unforgettable memory of circling Gibraltar. Then it was night and as we neared the Rock, hundreds of sparkling lights shone out from the inky darkness where loomed the magnificent peninsula—stronghold of the ages. We spent a week-end at the Queen's Hotel and many bus trips were organised to take the tourists up the Rock. We were energetic and walked up the narrow road leading to the Galleries at the top. As we neared the top, we admired the beautiful plants and flowers, especially the giant cacti, which grew in abundance on the side of the rock. As we climbed higher, we noticed all sorts of scraps of food lying about and soon we came in sight of the Barbary apes. Mother was not very fond of them so we did not stay long. At last we reached the Galleries, very footsore and weary. We were told that Gibraltar Rock is riddled with caves and passages and these made excellent gun chambers in the last war, where rows of gleaming guns stood, muzzles pointing out to sea. We visited an old Moorish castle, St. Michael's Cave, the fruit market and many more interesting places, but soon it was time to leave, and we set off for Agadir, a small Arab village in North Africa. But when we were half-way there, one of our tyres burst and when we landed, our plane skidded to one side and buried its nose in the sand. No one was hurt and it was really a thrilling experience. We were driven to our hotel, the "Marhaba," but our luggage was not recovered until the evening. The hotel had a swimming-pool in the garden and one could have tea and lemons beside it on a large, concrete surface overlooking the main road from the Kasbar to the village. All sorts of leather goods could be purchased and we bought many mementos. But soon it was time to leave Agadir and its yashmaks, mule-trains and casinos behind, and we took off from the airport, little dreaming

that this wonderful place was to be utterly destroyed in a dreadful earthquake and tidal wave. We were now in the air and our next stop was the Canary Islands.

We landed at "Las Vagas," an airport outside Santa Cruz, the main town of Tenerife, and we were driven to "Puerto de la Cruz"—twenty-five miles away. When we arrived, I went straight to bed and slept, for I was very tired after our long journey, and the sound of the crickets soon lulled me off to sleep. Next day we went sight-seeing to the "Jardin Botanique" and many other picturesque places near by. But the wonderful beauty of this little Spanish village cannot be put into words and so I shall leave you to imagine it yourself. In the days that followed we went for many walks, ate many plates of rare fruits and drank cups of coffee from small cafes and had refreshing swims in the hotel's swimming-pool, surrounded by tropical plants.

But time flew swiftly by, and soon we had left the banana plantations and the forty-foot high Atlantic breakers behind us, and were speeding for Lisbon, the capital of Portugal. Our stop there was uneventful and soon we were on our way to Bordeaux, a French wine port where we were each presented with a small bottle of Port wine. We left Bordeaux with heavy hearts for our next stop was London and our holiday would be completely over. Back to grey England and the cold, wet climate of Britain.

As I sit writing this, I gaze at my framed postcard of a sun-drenched beach at Puerto de la Cruz, where time stands still in its own little Spanish paradise.

ELIZABETH MEGGS, 1F1.

STUBBORN

Why weep ye by the side, lady?
 Why weep ye by the side?
 I'll come and teach ye how to swim,
 Across Drumsheugh Baths wide;
 Across Drumsheugh Baths wide, lady,
 Sae comely tae be seen—
 But, ay she let the tears roll doon,
 For she was but a wean.

The water cold won't keep ye back,
 And ye shall greet nae mair;
 Ye'll swim just like a fish, lady,
 Until your limbs are sair;
 You'll be the foremost o' them a',
 You'll be the swimming Queen—
 But, ay she let the tears roll doon,
 For she was but a wean.

SANDRA L. DOUGLAS, 3B1.

JOURNEY TO ADELAIDE

THE sandwiches had been made and were packed in greaseproof paper. The cases stood in the hall. The car had been driven round to the front gate. Everyone felt excited. Then with a last look round to make sure nothing of importance was left behind, the Harrises picked up the suitcases and went out of the front door, locking it after them.

Most of the cases were fitted into the boot, and the rest were squeezed into the back of the car, at the feet of the passengers. At last the doors were slammed and the car began to move.

All along the street where they lived the gum was flowering. In Naracoorte many of the streets have grass pavements. In the next street the wattle was out, and the street was very beautiful. At the other side of Naracoorte the little yellow creek runs, with yellowy-green reeds drooping into the water. The sun shone on its clear water and golden sand, and it sparkled. When the creek was passed, Naracoorte was left behind.

Now they were in grazing country, for the south-east of South Australia is the best sheep-raising district of the State. Tall gums stood near the road, and here and there a clump of pines was growing. For miles they drove through sheep land and some cattle too. For about a hundred miles they drove on.

Then gradually the grass grew scantier and the land stonier, and the tall gums changed to malley gum. Before them stretched the Ninety Miles Desert. In patches a few sheep grazed on the poor grass. The scenery became monotonous, and the Harris children were peckish. They ate their sandwiches and still they were hungry. They drank some orange juice which they had brought in a flagon bottle. But they still felt like afternoon tea. So at the next small village they got out and went to the cafe. It was a relief to stretch their rather cramped legs. A quarter of an hour later they left the cafe, carrying ice-creams.

Greatly refreshed, they climbed back into the car. The children were weary, even though it was only late afternoon. They curled up in their cramped quarters and all three fell asleep within ten minutes. The grown-ups took it in turn to drive, for driving for hundreds of miles is extremely tiring.

Then when they were nearing Murray Bridge, Mrs Harris woke the children up, for they had been asleep for an hour, and it was time for supper, which they were to have in Murray Bridge.

By now it was dark and the lights of the car caused shadows to fall across the road. Here and there a rabbit, startled by the car, ran quickly over the paddocks. Once a fox actually crossed the road in

front of them. Once they saw a kangaroo, rather rare for this district, even though there were plenty round Naracoorte. Yes, it was very exciting driving in the dark.

Then suddenly they saw a gleam of water ahead of them. It was the Murray! At Murray Bridge the river is crossed by its biggest bridge in South Australia. The orange lights of the town were reflected in the dark, deep water, and it was a beautiful sight. The car crossed the bridge and stopped outside a restaurant. There they ate their fill and then went back to the car. Ten minutes later Murray Bridge was growing fainter behind them.

On through the night they drove, until the Lofty Hills arose on the horizon. Behind the hills lay Adelaide. Gradually the road rose up into the hills, and the Harris children were thrilled to be nearly there.

The hill roads wind up and down with many bends, to the various suburbs in this district. A little train runs up from the main part of Adelaide. It climbs quite steeply for a while and then runs from station to station, between the thick gum trees.

The children held their breath as the car turned round sharp corners and ran down steep parts. It was funny to look down steep gullies, to see a thick blanket of gum tree tops cover the hills, with only a clearing for a house here and there.

Then all at once, as they rounded a bend, they saw before them the glorious sea of Adelaide lights. From the main shopping part of the City twinkled the shops' decorative lights. Red, blue, green, mauve, yellow and the pink light marked this area. White and blue rows and streams marked the resident parts of the City. It was a magnificent sight. Mr Harris stopped a minute to let everyone see it, but they soon moved on. By now they were going mainly downhill. In half an hour they reached the lower part of Mitcham. A few more minutes and they would be driving through Unley Park, their destination. Around two more corners and they would be there. Very soon they stopped outside No. 3, which was their grandmother's house. They all got out as quickly as possible, and laden with their luggage, they staggered up the crazy-paving. From the verandah they could see inside the sleep-out, wherein lay the snoring bulldog. They rang the bell and as its peals died away in the distance the door was opened. With a cry of delight their grandmother ushered them in. Soon they were having a bedtime snack in the kitchen. Afterwards they hurried off to bed.

As they lay in bed, resting their stiff limbs, the night scents from the garden drifted in. As Elizabeth lay appreciating the silence, drowsiness overtook her, and so the last of the family fell asleep.

ELIZABETH HARRIS, 1F2.

AN "EAR" IE EXPERIENCE

IT was about eight-thirty one night early last July. We were travelling through the Costa Brava on our way to a little Spanish fishing village called Salou, which is a few kilometres south of Tarragona, a town famous for its Roman remains. We were slightly behind schedule owing to the car's breaking down near Paris and just as we reached Tarragona, darkness fell suddenly like a blanket. The streets of Tarragona are small, twisty and lack, completely, lighting of any description. We were cruising around the town looking for a sign-post saying, "Salou—5 Km." when suddenly we saw it and were just on the point of turning off the main road when, "Whee-ee-ee!" A policeman clad in a white uniform and helmet blew his tin whistle and pointed to another sign-post saying in English, under large Spanish letters, "Diversion," and pointing to another road. So off we went again through more dark, evil-looking streets. It was so easy to imagine swarthy Moors with flashing eyes and shining sabres peering round corners. We were about to pass through a specially dark archway when a mysterious grey shape which creaked and flapped, loomed ahead of us. We were rooted to our seats with terror. You can imagine how silly we all felt when we discovered that it was only a grey donkey with huge flapping ears, pulling a creaky cart.

Despite this "ear"ie episode, we enjoyed our stay in Spain immensely, and to prove it, we are going back again to Salou this year.

SHEILA TILLEY, 3A3.

2000 A.D.

When in the future we live on blue pills
And above us great spaceships are seen,
When green men from Mars set foot on Braid Hills
Will there still be a School Magazine?

When we carry a space-gun to atomize foes
And robots our houses do clean,
When the moon is a place where everyone goes
Will there still be a School Magazine?

When homework delights us and Science excites us
And exams as a pleasure are seen,
When books are remembered without any fuss
Will there still be a School Magazine?

JENNIFER DUNCAN, 1L.

A CHILD ALONE

"Sleep, sleep, please come tonight!
 Won't you come to a weary child?
 Don't bring one more night of pain and fright,
 With shadowy figures on the wall—of tigers wild,
 Of castles and witches:" in the mind of a child.

A sleepless night is filled with fear
 Of ghosts and fiends, in the mind of a child.
 It is filled with giants and hunch-backed gnomes,
 And dangerous dragons: in the mind of a child.

The magic of the moon's faint rays
 Enters the room from a night so wild.
 It brings all the fairies, the sprites and the gnomes
 To a room which is haunted in the mind of a child.

A glimmer of sunrise peeps into the room,
 Bringing end to the pain, bringing birth to the morn.
 The birds and the flowers bid farewell to the gloom,
 Bringing joy, wakening gladness in the heart of a child
 Who dreads the night filled with restless sleep
 And nightmares and visions: in the mind of a child.

KATHLEEN O'RORKE, 11-

TIME

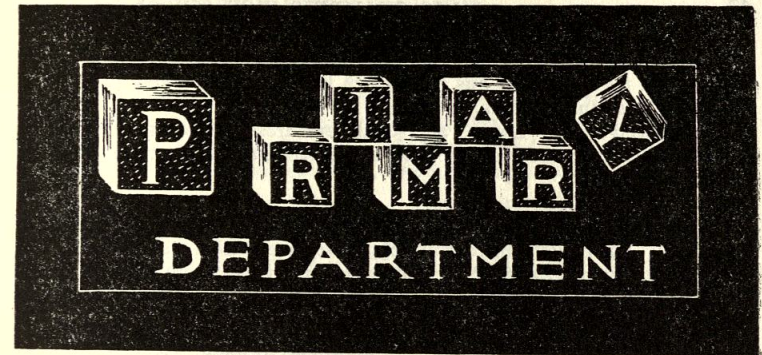
At night when the hands of the clock move so fast
 We say, "Just five minutes" and then we both gasp
For the time goes so swiftly
 And the clocks chime at last.

We're packed off to bed and the light is snapped out
 And we're left in the darkness whatever we shout
For the time goes so swiftly
 And it's midnight about.

We rise in the morning and look at the clock
 Then we jump out of bed as it is such a shock
For the time goes so swiftly
 And it's near eight o'clock.

We race into school as the clock starts to chime
 And we both stop to listen—it's a minute to nine
For the time goes so swiftly
 And we're last in the line.

MARGARET ARTHUR, 3B1-



PRIMARY SCHOOL CONCERT

THE Primary School Concert, given on Wednesday and Thursday, 24th and 25th May, provided in full measure that particular delight associated with such concerts in past years—the pleasure of watching performers young enough to combine evidence of skilled and patient training with an agreeable spontaneity and an endearing enjoyment of their own efforts. The programme of seventeen items was very varied, comprising songs, piano-playing, sweet and sensitive singing by the Primary Choir, dancing and miming, verse-speaking, and an enterprising and wholly successful venture into serious drama with the short play, "The Countess Intervenes." An added pleasure was the outstanding competence of the staging; items and scenes succeeded one another without the slightest hitch or delay—something of an achievement on a small, uncurtained stage, and a tribute to all those, from Stage Manager to messengers, who worked behind the scenes.

Lack of space forbids detailed comments on the programme. Among so much that was enjoyable, one remembers, with particular pleasure, the colour and liveliness of "Noddy in Toyland," the wonderfully expressive "miaows" of the Proud Mysterious Cat, the skilful management and the very large cast—Mayor, Corporation, citizens, rats and all!—in "The Pied Piper," the grave dignity with which the Countess was played, the delightful little girls who popped up from behind the gigantic shoe to speak their verse with such gusto, the deep-voiced Alderney and the enchantingly little-boyish Christopher Robin who gave new life to the familiar verses of A. A. Milne.

The success of the concert must be accredited to the hard work and happy co-operation of the Primary Staff, the various specialist teachers of music, physical training, art and speech-training, and—by no means least—the parents who gave such ungrudging help in the making of costumes.

A. E. F.

CURTAIN UP—GLASGOW

THIS spring, I was privileged to take part in a "Ballet in Education" Show, which was held in the Lyric Theatre, Glasgow. It was on Saturday, 18th March, at 2.30 p.m., and on the Friday before, we went through to Glasgow for a practice. This went smoothly and we were soon back in the hired bus, bound for "Auld Reekie."

The next morning, we set off once more, this time accompanied by parents and friends. The bus run, which lasted approximately two hours, was quite hilarious at times.

We arrived at the "Lyric," and sought our dressing-rooms, in the midst of a thronging crowd of people. After a final rehearsal we were ready for the performance.

At last the curtain finally rose!

We were standing in our places at chairs which were taking the place of "barres." The lights seemed blinding, as we gazed into a sea of faces. The piano began to play, and Miss Middleton instructed us to start "plies." Gradually we completed the Grade II syllabus, and our performance was finally over. Such an experience I will never forget!

MARJORY ALCOCK, Primary 7(1).

SO NEAR AND YET SO FAR

I WAS watching "Sleeping Beauty" with my father, when a sudden noise attracted my attention. It came from a lady sitting next to me. Although she did not think so, she seemed to have dropped something. I bent down to help her find what ever it was she had lost, but without success. She thanked me for helping and I continued to watch the film.

The next day during lunch my father asked me to read part of his paper. I gasped and with reason because the paper announced:—

LOST—Brooch worth £500. Caley Picture House. Tuesday night. Great sentimental value. Reward £70. Apply: Mrs A. Jack, 28 Woodside Avenue. Box No. 10856.

CHRISTINE FERGUSON, Primary 7(1).

AN EXCITING AFTERNOON

AS my father is a producer in the B.B.C., I consider myself most lucky as I am allowed to go with him on many excursions for filming.

On this particular afternoon we were visiting the Dam at Pitlochry with the camera-crew. On our arrival there, the head official took us to see the "salmon ladder," but unfortunately for us, all that we saw that afternoon was a lonely trout.

As no salmon appeared even after we had waited for many minutes, the official took us to see the massive turbines. My father and the warden had a discussion about them. It was not long before a worker saw that I was becoming bored and offered to take me to see the salmon hatcheries. While my father continued his discussions, we set off.

Down a cold, dark corridor we plodded at the end of which we came to the tanks which contained the young salmon. Some of these young fish were as small as minnows and darted about the tank like silver streaks of lightning.

All too soon we had to go home, but it had been one of the most exciting afternoons in my life.

MORAG GILLESPIE, Primary 7(2).

I HAVE MET A CELEBRITY

WALKING up the steps to the foyer of the King's Theatre, I chatted excitedly to my friend. I walked up to the desk and booked two tickets for the show on the Saturday afternoon. My friend and I then ran round to the stage door. Elizabeth, bolder than I, asked the stage door keeper if the cast was in the theatre.

"Yes," he replied.

We were very sorry. Just as we were about to leave, Ram Gopal, the leading man, came out of the theatre. He crossed the road and disappeared into a sweet shop. A few minutes later he came out. We approached him and asked for his autograph.

He smiled and said in broken English, "What colour of page do you wish me to write on?"

"We do not mind," I said.

I then asked if we could obtain Alicia Markova's autograph.

"Certainly," he replied. "I will do better than that. I will bring her out to meet you."

Ten minutes later a tall, dignified woman came up to us. "I am Alicia Markova. I hear that you wish to have my autograph."

"Yes, please," we said together.

She handed us a signed photograph each and said good-bye. I am sure we were the happiest girls in Edinburgh that night.

ANNE SPENCER, Primary 7(2).

SLIMMING

MY name is Joyce, and to be truthful I'm a bit fat and podgy. Well, one day my friend Christine Ogilvie decided to take me into training to take off some extra fat. Every day we went skipping or running round the Links (usually about twice). The first day I came back hardly able to stand. I was so tired, and to make matters worse Christine ran away with my tie and made me run all round the grounds to get it again. What a run! When I arrived home I was so tired that I went to bed straight after tea.

When I went to school next morning I was hoping that Christine was absent, but as usual there she was waiting for me to come running. At 1.15 p.m. we were running round the Links when suddenly we heard a screech of brakes. Sensing that something was wrong, I took the make of the car and its registration number. In a few minutes a big black police car drew up, with an ambulance just behind it, which took the girl to Bruntsfield Hospital. By that time the policemen were asking the people round about if they had seen the accident and it wasn't long before they found out that only I had seen the car and the man inside it.

Next day a big policeman came and took me down to the police-station where I was told that they had caught the man and that I had to identify him. I was taken into a room with about twelve men in it. I picked out the man and was escorted out of the room and told that I had picked out the man that they had caught. What a relief! In the morning papers there was a picture of me and the whole story, even the slimming exercises. At the bottom it said, "A good job that Joyce is podgy."

JOYCE MARY DRUMMOND, Primary 6(1).

IMPROVEMENTS IN SCHOOL

I HAVE always wished to be a headmistress, and these are the improvements I would make in my school. First, I would most certainly order television sets to be put in every classroom. They should be on every minute that we are in school. If anyone became very bored she could just look at the T.V. and never bother about lessons. Next, if anyone wanted to draw on the blackboard, the teacher should immediately give her consent. The girls, of course, should be able to take chalk home with them. In school everybody should be able to sit on their desks or in any other position. If it is a lovely day, the girls should be allowed to go and sit on the lawn and read any book that they wished. If it is snowing, everyone should go home. It would be a rule that nobody should have any home-lessons. There should be no exams or tests and certainly no sums. Any lessons that we might get would all be English. It would be a good idea if swings were put up and a chute. We could have a swimming pool for every classroom and we would be free to swim at any time.

I am sorry that I will not be headmistress when all these changes are being made. I wish a 1960 headmistress would have my ideas on "Improvements in School."

UNA HOPE, Primary 6(1).

PEEBLES

IT was a glorious day that Saturday, just right for the day before Easter. My father was up and out in the garden when I awoke, and when we had finished breakfast he said, "I think we shall all go down to Peebles for the day." We all agreed to this knowing all the time that all he wanted to do was watch the "Sevens" which were being played there. When we arrived at the field, the "Sevens" were already in full swing. As my sister and I were not very interested in rugby, we walked along by the river. As we sat in the sun, on the bank, we saw a little girl with a fishing net, and soon we were racing down to the village to buy one ourselves.

After having great fun at the river, we decided to go back to the car. Parents always seem to "bump" into friends and ours "bumped" into one, and after a lovely tea we went to his house. When we reached his home we had a lovely surprise. He had adopted two baby lambs. We were given permission to go into their little field. After a while the lambs went into their hut and we waited outside. Soon they came to us without any bother, and sucked our fingers. Very reluctantly we hopped into the car, and drove away.

I think that was the day I enjoyed best in my holidays.

JEAN GUNN, Primary 6(2).

THE REJECT

WHEN my budgie was a baby he was thrown out of the nest because his mother knew there was something wrong with him. From that time he has never been able to fly because of a damaged wing. My sister and I have brought him up since he was a baby. At first we fed him by hand until he was about six weeks old.

As he grew older and stronger he was able to eat out of finger-feeders which were put at the side of his cage. After a while we taught him to speak and he can now say "Pretty Bobby," "Tickle Bobby's tummy," "Come

on Micky" and "Cheeky wee Bobby Hendrie." He can now fly down to the floor, but his wings are not yet strong enough to take him back up to his cage. To begin with he was dark olive green, but now he is light green with a bright yellow head.

ANNE E. HENDRIE, Primary 6(2).

MY TORTOISES

A FORTNIGHT ago I received two young tortoises. The female which I called Tessa, is a month younger than Timothy, the male.

The first day I had them they did not eat anything. But towards the evening Tessa had settled down in her strange surroundings and was paddling about in the shallow plate of water that I had given them. Now they are making rapid progress because the dandelion leaves and tomatoes that I give them each day are usually almost finished.

Today they began kissing each other. This was a very slow, almost motionless caper for, as you know, tortoises are very slow creatures.

I should like to tell you many more tales about my two tortoises, but the sun has gone and evening mists are descending, and it is time to take my little tortoises inside to their cosy box.

ELIZABETH WALKER, Primary 5(1).

A VISIT TO THE DENTIST

IT was a warm sunny day when my mother and I set out to go to the dentist at Great King Street. We arrived there at about eleven o'clock and the dentist then told me that I was to get fifteen teeth out! To add to that, six were big ones! I was taken to another dentist who was to take them out with gas. A little thing was put in my mouth to keep it open and then I had a thing put over my nose. I breathed in gas and fell asleep. I had many wonderful dreams, but they were shattered by someone slapping my cheeks softly. I awoke with a start and sat up to see blood pouring from my mouth. I was helped up by the assistant and when I asked how long it took, the answer was, "Ten minutes." I was taken home in the dentist's car, my mouth still pouring with blood. I stayed in bed for over a week and I had a slight haemorrhage with one tooth. I did not get any sleep at all, but at last I was well and was able to return to simple ordinary-day life, but I will never forget that day when I got fifteen teeth out.

PATRICIA BENNET, Primary 5(1).

HE THAT BELIEVETH

"HE that Believeth" was one of the titles of many choruses I learnt at Kinghorn Beach Mission, when I was there last year. I would sit down in front of the small green platform on the main beach every day. At this time the beach was crowded with holiday-makers and day-tourists. Uncle Johnny, one of the missionaries, would ask if anyone would like to come up and sing a song into the microphone. Once two girls turned to me and asked if I would go up and sing with them. Having said I would love to, I went up the steps of the platform nervously. I sang my favourite chorus and told the spectators my name. After that I received a delicious caramel. I made many friends of my own age at the Mission.

ROSALIND BROWN, Primary 5(1).

CAIRNPAPPLE

ON Easter Sunday I went to Torphichen for the day. After lunch we went to roll our Easter Eggs at Cairnpapple. When we got there we went inside a tomb.

Inside the tomb lay hollows in the floor where chieftains from ancient Britain were buried in olden days. Rocks surrounded the graves. Pieces of pottery which had been buried with the chieftains were found and we saw it had been all done up so that people could go inside it. The roof was domed and had big slanting glass-panels to let the light in. It had a steep step-ladder leading down to it.

All too soon we had to return to Torphichen, meaning some day to revisit this interesting tomb.

SUSAN FIRTH, Primary 5(2).

HORACE—MY TORTOISE

HORACE my tortoise is quite new. For a while he would not eat, although we gave him young lettuce, until one day when mother was out he started to eat and never stopped till about teatime—greedy fellow! That same afternoon, mother and I performed a minor operation on him. On his head he had a little tick, with tiny moving legs. Now this is quite dangerous and if this little tick had been allowed to remain there long enough, Horace would have died. This was my first adventure into surgery and Horace has survived.

ALISON DICKSON, Primary 5(2).

HALLOWE'EN

SATURDAY is going to be exciting for every child. I might be going guising in a funny costume, which scares people in the street. On Hallowe'en I am going to make a turnip lantern, which will be a rather big one. My auntie makes toffee apples, and when she is finished I lick the pan. We will be dooking for apples with our raincoats on. In the kitchen, we will hang treacle scones on hooks and put our hands behind our backs and try to eat them. Last Hallowe'en my mother was in the Nursing Home getting a baby.

ANN ELLIS, Primary 4(1).

MY FAMILY

MY family is a family of happy people. I have a mummy, a daddy and a sister. We are not small people; in fact we are quite tall. My mummy has pale brown eyes, a small normal sized nose and brown hair. She does not wear high-heeled shoes or a tight skirt as most ladies do. She is thirty-eight, and will be thirty-nine in June. My mummy is very nice. My daddy is very jolly. He has black hair and dark-brown eyes. He is thirty-eight also, but he is two months younger than mummy. He works in St. Andrew's House. My sister is ten years old and she is called Margaret because she was born on St. Margaret's Day. She goes to Duddingston School. That is my family.

ALISON BAYES, Primary 4(1).

MY FAMILY

MY family nearly drive our neighbours mad. David, my brother, is trying to be a footballer. Grandpa is the oldest, and when someone has a sum wrong they are sorry for it. My daddy comes home for the week-end. Homework makes him sad, because my mummy has it to do all week and it is left to daddy at the week-end. My mummy is a dear, but remembering things is not her strong point. Last, but not least, comes our pet cat, Mitzi. He is the clown of the family.

ANN SUTHERLAND, Primary 4(2).

AN EXCITING DAY

ONE day a terrible fire started on a gorse hill near to our house. The sparks were landing in our garden. Daddy uncoiled the hose in case of emergency. When the firemen were pulling hoses across the gardens next door but one, I was scared and hid under my bed till mummy told me the firemen had the fire under control. Julie and I watched the fire from our garden till it was out. It was the worst fire that ever started on the gorse hill. The day when the gorse hill was on fire is the most exciting day I remember.

WENDY MURDOCH, Primary 3(1).

MY ACCIDENT

ON my holidays I fell off a wall. Mother and father were in the garden at the time. Father was sad when he knew I had fallen off the wall. Aunt Susan was at a wedding that day. After that I went to Dr Macmartin who said I was to see about my leg at the Sick Children's Hospital.

CHRISTINE LOWE, Primary 3(2).

IN TOWN

ON Monday, mother, father, Ian and myself went into town. We went into town to buy me a gym tunic. Mother tried three shops but they did not have the right size. In the fourth shop they had one the right size. After that we went for coffee. Then we went to buy Ian a school-cap. When we reached home Ian tried his cap on and kept it on till bedtime, taking it off once or twice.

RONA HUME, Primary 3(2).

PRIMARY 2(1)

I WAS playing at Zoos yesterday with Catriona in the back garden. Catriona has lots of toy animals. Daddy was cleaning his car and asked what we were doing. We told him we were playing at zoos. He laughed and said—you must be the two monkeys then.

One day my little sister who is nine months old pulled my hair so hard that some of my hair came out. I was so very angry with her that I nearly smacked her but she started to cry before I could get time to hit her.

Yesterday I went to a farm in Kirkcaldy. I went to gather the eggs with Biddy, one of the farm dogs. I took a pail of hen's food to feed the hens.

Biddy pushed against the pail and knocked lots of the hen food on her back. Then a funny thing happened—a cockeral sat on top of Biddys back.

On Tuesday I went to the Pentlands. My wee brother calls them the Penguins. We found a nice spot beside two streams and Johnnie and I had a rolly polly down a hill. Mummy had a nap, but we woke her up when two pheasants saw us. They got a fright and flew away squeaking and squawking.

Mummy had a birthday on the second of May. She took me and my brother to the Ideal Home Exhibition. She bought some white chocolate for my wee brother who is only two. She said it would be good for him because he would not get his hands and face into the brown mess he usually does with brown chocolate. Daddy brought flowers home for mummy. If I had had enough money I would have bought mummy a box of chocolates.

On the holiday we went to town. Mummy bought lacquer to paint a strip round the croquet sticks. She bought red, yellow, green and blue. On the way home mummy voted at Blackhall School. We fed some ponies on the way home. When we left they came with us but they couldn't follow us all the way because they came to a wall.

PRIMARY 2(2)

WHEN I was at the students two students were dressed up as Gillespie girls. Linda, my big sister had her blazer on but I had left mine in the car. The students came over to Linda and said support your own school.

I had an Easter egg today for my play piece. It wasn't a very big one. It wasn't a very small one. It was just medium sized. It was some kind of two Easter eggs together.

When I grow up I am going to be a school teacher. I will go to the university. I will learn how to be a school teacher. I am going to teach in James Gillespie's High School For Girls. I just can't wait until that day. I hope I will teach my little sister. My mummy thinks it is a good job.

I have a friend. Her name is Anne. She lives on the top of a garage. She has a beautiful dolls pram. She even minds if she gets a scratch on it. She has brown hair and rosy cheeks.

Today I would like to play with my lamb and my dolls. I got a lamb when I was a baby. I never pulled its eye out and I never pulled off its ears. Mummy thought I would but I did not. I love my lamb. My lamb is so funny. He climbs up me and says Mee, mee. All my dolls say Ma-ma.

PRIMARY 1(1)

DEAR SANTA,

Ples I want a gockar, a piggy bank, a roling pin, a too-wheelir, and enithing els that you can spar.

I have a doll and hir name is looloo from hon o looloo.

I luv my hevenly father he tech aboot god.

When I was on holiday I went to see rubet bens kotij it was at alowa. I bot a panamac hat in a shop, but when I put it on, och, och, it scrach-isme.

I love school it is fun. I love lesens. I don't like hard lesens. I love school althesym.

Yestrday we had our ix samonashon and I had mine all creck and we got sum smartas from Miss Joor. Today I have finysht my sums and my indicktashon and I got a red star.

On munday we are going to sing the lords my shepard at the serves and the second year will sing the decant.

My daddy was on T.V. with the Echo quire. I went to see him with a scarf and a gum boil on my head, but he did not win on T.V.

Josif was sold to a man as a slav but Missis Potifar told fibs and he was put in prisen.

There was plenty food for seven years and then they had to rashon the stuf.

We went to the spigetay eating komptishon on Saturday and some schoodents were men dresd up as fairays and one squirted imatason water at us.

On Friday we went to owr friends on television to see princes Margaret's wedding and I saw princes Anne standing very strait with princes Margaret and Mr armschairs Jones.

PRIMARY 1(2)

MY Daddy has a lame leg and he has to go to the Infurmury evry so-and-so-day. He has to walk the wall-bars and he walks a beam. I sumtimes help him with his exersises and so does Pat.

Mummy siad I am not to take eny choklate becose I get sick. Enyway I donte like choklet. It is horide so there.

When I was goeng to suncuthburt church I thot it was a luvla plas and I was as good as gold. When I got home I was sad that I had to go home.

I am going on a traen today and I am going west.

I went to see the styoodernts. Mommy had forgot to get coper money so we went to the post office and they gave us twelvy penees. We had a ice cream.

I plaed with Jill chapman and my dadi has made the shed and we got to plae in it and we had cakes and biscits and lemulade.

I liked her when she was in her coche. I liked her we bun. I liked her croun.

I vera much like my peeano I like playing it I can play jeezas luvs me I have a tennajr dol and a pram.

I went to scee at the pentlands and I never fell down and wuns thar was a ras and I wun it and I got a baj. It was a sceeras.

My ant is coming and her name is Babra and she is my favrt ant and I love her best of all. She is the cindest of all.

I had Susan to play with me yesdeday and my we brother was a ferri nyooserns.

EDITORIAL COMMITTEE

General Editor—Mr JAMES D. MCEWAN.

Business Editor—Miss ANNE DINGWALL.

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

School Editors, 1960—Miss ASTRID GILLIS, LAUREL NORWELL.

Class Numbering.—Class I indicates a girl of about 12, and each increase in class number indicates a year's increase in age, to Class 6, when girls are about 18.



THE LITERARY AND DRAMATIC SOCIETY

THE "Lit" has once again proved its worth and has enjoyed a successful session—despite the determined efforts of its Committee. That this is so is due in no small measure to the willing and patient help of Miss Steel, Mr McEwan, Miss Foster, Miss Henderson, and, of course, Mr Froud and the Office Staff—and these we thank.

Our main aim throughout this session was to encourage as many people as possible to speak their thoughts—we had our own methods of "persuasion." With this in mind, in our opening meeting—"Things One Hears"—three of the short papers were maiden offerings at the altar of the Muses. To this end, also, a debate conducted by the Third Year members was introduced into the syllabus: this proved a highly successful experiment.

Another venture, equally successful, was Magazine Night, reinstated after many years in exile.

It was felt that slightly more topical subjects than hitherto were required to provoke profitable discussion, and this was verified in practice, one of the most rewarding meetings being the Inter-Debate with the Royal High schoolboys on the subject: "That we are not angry."

The crowning event in our literary calendar came with the Burns Supper—this year the "braw Heriot's chiels" being our guests. In the hands of our Guest of Honour, Mr Lionel Daiches, the toast of the "Immortal Memory" achieved a happy distinction which was maintained by the entertainment which followed. This Supper was one of the most memorable.

With his wife, Miss Meta Forrest, Mr Ian Gilmour, our Outside Speaker, enthralled the House with a selection of poems, widely differing in origin, language and mood.

Looking to drama, we see that our enterprising Fourth Year produced an amazingly varied programme entitled "Such is Life"—while the Sixth Form accept all responsibility for their pantomime "The Sleeping Beauty"—adapted until almost unrecognisable in order to encompass the diverse and peculiar talents of the component members of its cast.

Two meetings are yet to come to complete the weave of the "Lit" tapestry—Surprise Night—postponed because of an unfortunate first choice of date, and the Inter-House Drama Festival, which has been found to fall most opportunely in the Summer Term.

We have benefited incalculably from our year in office. We have

discovered the truth behind the cliché "give more, get more." What energy we have expended in the service of the "Lit" has been repaid tenfold with experience, knowledge and enjoyment: and we shall not forget.

IRENE FERGUSSON, *Secretary.*

SCIENCE ASSOCIATION

THIS session, as busy and interesting as, we are told, have been all past sessions, has also been in some measure scientific. We set the seal on this aspect of our activities when we had the honour to welcome Dr Neill Campbell, Ph.D., a lecturer in organic chemistry at Edinburgh University, who gave us an enthralling talk on "Chemical Research;" since the ages of the listeners ranged over six years, the more senior had the seldom enjoyed pleasure of knowing exactly what he was talking about. A lecture on "Scottish Flowers," by Mr Roger, revealed to us, very enjoyably, how much beauty is hidden by our lack of knowledge and observation, while Mr Gordon gave us an illuminating and attractive picture of the life of a Canadian geologist.

Of great topical interest was Mr Wilde's talk on "A Week at Glenmore," which served to increase greatly our already lively interest, and our "Film Night" provided much information on the wonders of this modern scientific age, such as nylon, television and steel. In lighter vein, our "Staff Night" gave us much food for various kinds of thought, depending upon to what degree we trusted the brains of our panel, Messrs Dall, McEwan, McKenzie and Raeburn, and the Committee produced a highly original "Surprise Night" by cancelling the meeting, owing to circumstances beyond its control. We had, however, an extremely pleasant surprise in the person of Miss Kerr, telling us at a later meeting how she teaches science in a girl's school in Calabar, and we expressed our regard for her in a small way by a donation of a book for her school library.

The Association as a whole is greatly indebted to Miss Ferguson for the faithful, yet often unlauded work which she performs, and expresses the hope that future years may see no decline in the high quality, if not quantity, for which it is renowned.

BETTY ALEXANDER, 6A, *Secretary.*

ORCHESTRA

WE have enjoyed a prosperous session this year in the orchestra. There have been additions to most sections and we are pleased to see a number of younger girls coming forward to offer their services.

We began the session by practising Bach's "Suite in D major" and "Chanson de Matin" by Elgar, and the second term found our talent being somewhat overshadowed by our enthusiasm as we truly entered the spirit of Bizet's "March" from "Carmen." At the time of writing we are attempting to curb that enthusiasm as we adapt ourselves to Elgar's "Minuet" which we are to perform at the concert along with the "Prince Igor Dances" by Borodin, in which we accompany the Choir. The inclusion of Malcolm Arnold's "Toy Symphony," this year, should provide lively entertainment. We eagerly anticipate 28th June!

Finally our thanks must go to Mr Sommerville who, in his own imperturbable manner, has coaxed, cajoled and bullied us for the past session and has given of his time and patience in doing so.

WINIFRED KIDD, 6A.

CHOIR

SURVEYING in retrospect yet one more harmonious year, we find ourselves overcome by the valuable contributions we have made to the culture of our school and, more particularly, the B.B.C. It was not without apprehension, the honour weighing heavily upon us, that we represented Edinburgh in the competitive B.B.C. radio programme "Let the People Sing" in January, and we did experience some disappointment on our defeat in the second round. Emerging undaunted from the fray, however, we sang through a well-filled year's programme.

At the end of the autumn term the Choir contributed to the carol service held in school, "This Little Babe" and "O Little One Sweet" being among the carols. We were, towards the close of the Easter Term, invited by Dr Small, our School Chaplain, to lead the praise at a Sunday evening service in St. Cuthbert's Church, which we did with great pleasure. The anthems then sung were "Except the Lord Build the House," "Oh, be Joyful in the Lord," "Lift Thine Eyes" and two Easter carols arranged by Mr Sommerville, "Love is Come Again" and "This Joyful Eastertide;" all these we repeated at our school Easter Service, four days later in the same place. At the Founder's Day Service, the Choir sang the anthem "Except the Lord Build the House."

In the year of the Immortal Burns's 201st birthday, we sing at the closing concert "Bonny Doon" and "O Whistle, an I'll Come tae ye, ma lad," along with three Hungarian folk-songs, "Beauteous Morn" and the "Song of Momus to Mars." To the increasingly able accompaniment of the orchestra, we shall be "praising our glorious Kahn" in dances from Borodin's "Prince Igor," and we feel that much of this praise might well be appropriated by our accompanist, Miss Nicoll, and especially Mr Sommerville, our conductor, to whom we tune our weekly lays, to his great delight, but as small recompense for his toil and patience. Long may he continue to hear in our singing

"... the fair musick that all creatures made
To their great lord, whose love their motion swayed."

BETTY ALEXANDER, 6A.

SCRIPTURE UNION

FOR our more sedentary and less matinal members this session must have been somewhat uneventful, for we have laboured hard to maintain the school's traditions of physical fitness. The Thursday morning meetings, generally beginning before 8.30 a.m., have been well attended, the minimum number present being about seventy, and with very few arriving later than 8.35 a.m. A First Year outing took us to cook sausages on the slopes of the Pentlands, while we recently embarked on, and disembarked from, a day's hike from Balerno to Balerno. We had as outside speakers during the session, Mrs Jeffreys, a missionary in Africa, Miss Peebles Brown, the staff-worker for the East of Scotland and Miss Moira Muir, our last year's Secretary. We were very pleased to welcome back a Secretary of past years, Miss June Crosbie, as speaker at a Social Evening in January, held one evening in the school, at which there were eighty-five girls from the First, Second and Third Forms. At the time of going to press, we are planning weekly Bible Studies for the Fifth and Sixth Form girls in the few weeks that remain, but it is hoped that these will be continued in future years.

During the Christmas holidays, several of our senior members represented the School at a conference at Middleton Camp, Gorebridge, while a number of girls spent very enjoyable holidays at Easter camps in Strathpeffer, Rothesay and Lochgilphead.

Throughout the session we have been greatly encouraged by the interest among members of the First Year, and upheld by the loyal support of members throughout the school, without whom the branch could not continue as such. To Miss Valentine, whose advice and understanding are behind us, we owe much and should like to take this opportunity to thank Miss Steel for her continual kindness and co-operation. It is our earnest hope and prayer that future sessions will be as blessed as this has been for the Scripture Union.

BETTY ALEXANDER, 6A, *Branch Secretary.*

E.S.C.A.

E.S.C.A. membership has again increased though attendance fell sadly after the Christmas Dance.

The Inaugural Address was on World Refugee Year and proved the first of several good meetings. An innovation was "Anent the Toon" when some of the city dignitaries answered questions, sometimes rather pointed, about the running of Edinburgh. The Mock Trial was also a success when the World Powers were found guilty of prolonging international tension.

As usual, however, the highlight of the year was the Inter-City Debate with the Glasgow C.E.W.C. in Airdrie Academy. The motion—"That Communist domination is preferable to a Third World War," provoked much discussion and the day was completed with a dance in the evening.

Other meetings included Kirk Session, 4th Year Night and several debates in which some of the younger members took a leading part, auguring well for the future.

LAUREL NORWELL, *Vice-President.*

THE C.E.W.C. EASTER CONFERENCE

FROM 13th till 18th April, this year, we had the privilege of attending the C.E.W.C. Easter Conference at Belmont Camp near Meikle, Perthshire. The subject of the Conference was "The Wind of Change in Europe, 1960."

On this theme we had several very interesting lectures, including one by Mr Stocks, a former President of E.S.C.A., about European economics, which considerably clarified for us the present state of sixes and sevens in Europe. We also learned a great deal from a lecture by Dr Marahrens on West German education. Any complaints we had were effectively silenced by his account of the long and strenuous nature of their courses, both in school and university.

Part of each day was spent in small groups discussing subjects such as "That Britain is not a European Country" and "The Place of N.A.T.O. in the Struggle between Communism and Western Democracy." Discussion was lively, often hilarious, and at the summing up, proved surprisingly productive of ideas.

Thursday evening was spent in watching films on French art and

architecture which interested all the delegates and proved instructive to those who had a sufficient knowledge of the French language to understand the commentary.

Jim Cochrane and Douglas "Gun" Law had devoted much time to preparing a programme concerned with the history of the arts in Europe. This took the form of a sequence of slides accompanied by poetry readings and music, portraying the development of European culture through the ages. It was an enthralling experience and one which we shall long remember.

We should like to take this opportunity of once again expressing our thanks to Miss Hawkins, Miss Alison Fraser, Douglas Read, Jim Cochrane, Douglas Law and the staff of Belmont Camp, not to mention the other delegates, for a most informative and enjoyable conference.

LILIAN BRUCE, 5M.

KATHRYN THOMPSON, 5M.

MARGARET WATT, 5M.

THE OLD OAK TREE

For many, many years the old oak tree has stood
In a quiet and sunny country lane.
He has seen people in many a different mood
From his home in that quiet lane.

Some, in sorrow, sought the quietness near his home,
Some, with joy in their hearts, went to him
Perhaps running from the village on the combe
To tell him of their joy, which fills their heart to the brim.

In and near his welcome shade birds and beasts rest
From the heat of the midday sun.
Birds rear their young where leafy boughs hide the nest
To prevent thieving boys from having their fun.

When twilight comes and other animals sleep
He watches the timid rabbits
Who, for their nocturnal play, from their burrows creep.
They jump and prance about, as are their habits.

"Great oaks from little acorns grow,"
But no more from him will come,
For he will be attacked by the saw, his greatest foe,
Then he will be missed and remembered by some.

Soon he will take a last look
At the lane, the children, the cattle, and the rabbits.
There will be no place for nests for rooks
Because houses must be built where he sits.

MAUREEN GOWANS, 1L.



HOCKEY CLUB

THE results for the season were as follows:—

	Played	Games				Goals	
		Won	Lost	Drawn	Cancelled	For	Against
1st XI	- 16	7	6	3	7	28	31
2nd XI	- 15	10	3	2	7	46	13
3rd XI	- 13	9	1	3	10	37	11
4th XI	- 15	9	3	3	6	54	22
5th XI	- 14	8	3	3	5	48	31
2nd Year XI	13	8	4	1	10	44	23

CRICKET CLUB

AT the Annual General Meeting, held at the beginning of this term, the following office-bearers were elected: Marie L. Smith, Captain; Sheena M. Turnbull, Vice-Captain.

The 1st XI fixtures have been arranged with Meadow Green, University and Atholl Crescent. We hope to field two XI's against St. George's on 4th June.

There have been good attendances at the practices by the younger members of the school and thus the future of the club is ensured.

We must thank Miss Lambert, Mr Raeburn and Mr Sommerville for all their advice.

MARIE L. SMITH, *Captain.*

TENNIS CLUB

THIS year the tennis team had an encouraging start when it had a decisive victory over Boroughmuir at the beginning of the season. Fixtures with Esdaile, Trinity, Buckhaven, Kirkcaldy and St. Hilary's have been arranged and we hope to be as successful in these matches. The Junior East of Scotland Tournament will be held during the early weeks of June and a number of girls from school have entered.

It is pleasing to note that there is a general interest and enthusiasm amongst the girls this term which holds promise for the future. We take this opportunity of thanking Miss Anderson and Miss Lambert for the encouragement and help which they have given during the term.

JOAN KELLY, *Captain.*

SWIMMING

(Senior)

AS a result of the lovely summer, the Swimming Club began with great enthusiasm and the attendances were very encouraging.

The number of certificates gained during the first term is as follows: 17 Elementary; 6 Intermediate, 5 Bronze Medallions, 1 Bar to Bronze Medallion and 1 Instructor's Certificate.

The Examination for the second term has not yet taken place.

The Swimming Team has competed in the Boroughmuir and Portobello Galas, and at Darroch Gala our Junior Team gained first place.

At the end of last term the School Championships were held, and Norma Hardy, 6B1, won with 16 points and Flora Calder, 2L3, was runner-up with 13 points.

The Scottish Schools' Swimming Gala was held in Edinburgh this year at Victoria Baths, Leith, and Norma Hardy was chosen to represent the school.

Miss Anderson's encouragement throughout the year has been most helpful, and we wish to thank her for all she has done for the Swimming Club.

JENNIFER H. MELDRUM, 6D.

(Junior)

PRIMARY CHAMPION is D. Susan Liddell, Primary 7(2); the runner-up being Sheila M. Deans, Primary 7(1).

Diving Champion is Anne V. Wilson, Primary 7(2); Moira F. Pinkerton, Primary 7(1), being runner-up.

Both the House Relay Race, and the House Championship were won by Spylaw.

FENCING CLUB

ONCE more we have had an enjoyable, if strenuous year.

Membership, however, fell sadly towards the end of last term, but as those remaining are mostly from the younger part of the school, the Club will continue next session under the guidance of Mrs Milne, whom we must thank for the energy and patience spent on us this session.

MARIE L. SMITH.



[Back Row—P. CAMPBELL, D. PAE, W. KIDD, J. FAIRBAIRN (Captain), S. TURNBULL, P. SHAUGHNESSY.

Front Row—I. JOHNSTONE, M. COMBE, B. MCLEAN, S. MCBAIN, R. JOHNSTONE.
Absent—M. MACKENZIE.

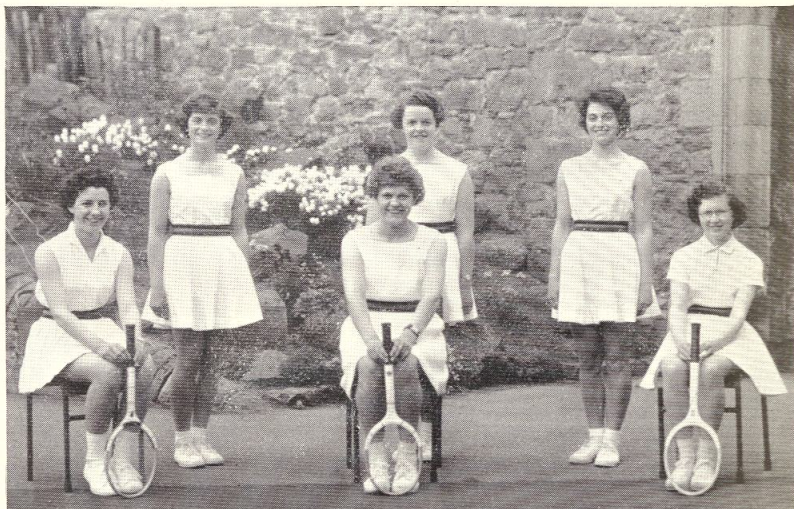
ATHLETICS



Back Row—B. COYLE, K. JAWORSKA, J. MACKENZIE, H. BALLANTYNE.

Front Row—J. CAIRNS, J. DOWNIE, B. MCLEAN, E. GRAY, K. DALLAS.

Photos by E. R. Yerbury & Son



Back Row—I. JOHNSTONE, S. TROUP, R. JOHNSTONE.
Front Row—F. BROWN, J. KELLY (Captain), A. CAMERON.

PRIMARY SCHOOL NETBALL 1959-60



Back Row—RUTH WILLIAMSON, BARBARA BEATTIE, MRS GRIEVE.
Front Row—FRANCES COOK, ELIZABETH GRACIE, MOIRA PINKERTON (Capt.),
HEATHER ORR, SUSAN LIDDELL.

Photos by E. R. Yerbury & Son



FORMER PUPILS' RE-UNION—6th NOVEMBER 1959

A LARGE company of former pupils and staff, past and present, gathered in school for the 1959 Reunion and enjoyed a musical programme provided by Pamela Black, Christine Crichton, Annette McCluskey and Nina Spence.

The constitution for the Former Pupils' Association was approved during the evening and a Committee elected. Miss Steel and Miss Andrew were unanimously elected Hon. Presidents, and the other office-bearers are: President, Isobel Cochrane; Vice-President, Elizabeth Cromarty; Secretary, Christine Crichton, 18 Kingsknowe Road South; Treasurer, Alison Keith.

F.P. NOTES

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

Ph.D.—MARY E. C. BIRD, M.A.

M.A. with Honours.—G. VERA CHALMERS (Classics); ELIZABETH GOURLAY (German and French).

B.Sc. with Honours.—DOROTHY CLELAND and SHEILA RENNILSON (Chemistry); PEARL GOLDBERG (Genetics); CICELY CURRIE (Zoology).

B.Sc.—JEAN FORSHALL, MARJORIE MCKENDRICK and VIVIAN POLLITT.

The Diploma of Education has been gained by SANDRA WATSON, M.A.

The Diploma in Social Study has been gained by EVELYN BREMNER, M.A.

MURIEL SPARK (*nee* CAMBERG) has received favourable notices for her new book, "The Ballad of Peckham Rye."

CONSTANCE DUNNETT has been appointed a Recruiting Sergeant for the W.R.A.C. and is attached to the London District Recruiting Centre, Whitehall.

AUDREY COCHRANE, who qualified in Institutional Management at the Edinburgh College of Domestic Science, has been granted a Regular Service (Direct Entry) Commission in the W.R.N.S.

MOIRA D. SKEA, a clerical officer in the Foreign Office, has been posted to Washington, D.C.

Mrs SETH (MAY DODS) has been appointed a member of the National I.T.A. Advisory Council for Children's and Young People's Programmes.

EDITH GARVIE, M.A., has been appointed an Education Officer in Uganda.

SHEILA LLOYD, B.Comm., has been awarded a scholarship by the Danish authorities, entitling her to six months further education in Copenhagen.

MARRIAGES

- HAMBLETON—*MACPHERSON*.—ARTHUR HAMBLETON, F.R.H.S. to MARGARET MACPHERSON, M.A., 41 Dovecot Road.
- DODDS—*ORMONDE*.—GERALD E. DODDS to VIVIAN ORMONDE, 46 Swanston Gardens.
- HARRISON—*KENNEDY*.—DEREK HARRISON to JANET KENNEDY, 14 Durham Road.
- SWAN—*OLIVER*.—JOHN R. SWAN to ELSPETH OLIVER, 17 Macdowall Road.
- RUSSELL—*TWADDLE*.—WILLIAM S. RUSSELL to IRENE TWADDLE, 132 Gilmore Place.
- CATTO—*LEISHMAN*.—EOIN CATTO to MURIEL LEISHMAN, 9 St. Clair Terrace.
- HILTON—*COOK*.—ARTHUR C. HILTON to DOROTHY COOK, 10 Pentland View, Currie.
- COLLEDGE—*LAIDLAW*.—IAN B. COLLEDGE to RENA LAIDLAW, 72 Priestfield Road.
- RENNIE—*MACDOUGALL*.—HOWIESON RENNIE, B.Sc., A.H.W.C. to MYRA MACDOUGALL, B.Sc., Ph.D., 18 Brandon Terrace.
- SPENCE—*STRACHAN*.—ARCHIBALD A. SPENCE to MORAG STRACHAN, 35 Howard Place.
- ROBINSON—*CUMMING*.—ALISTER ROBINSON to DORIS CUMMING, 26 Murrayfield Avenue.
- VAUGHAN—*DRUMMOND*.—STANLEY D. VAUGHAN to DOROTHY DRUMMOND, 10 Blinkbonny Terrace.
- ADDISON—*YOUNG*.—RICHARD S. ADDISON, B.Sc. to ROSEMARY YOUNG, 8 Warriston Gardens.
- BROWN—*DUNOON*.—IAN C. BROWN to MORAG DUNOON, 2A Fraser Avenue.
- MCDONALD—*INKSTER*.—HECTOR MCDONALD to MARJORIE INKSTER, 316 Morningside Road.
- CAMPBELL—*ALDEN*.—ANDREW CAMPBELL to AILEEN ALDEN, 57 East Trinity Road.
- HATAKKA—*SLATER*.—TAITO HATAKKA to J. J. MARY SLATER, 124 Lauriston Place.
- MURRAY—*WHITE*.—DR JAMES MURRAY to Mrs JEAN WHITE (*nee* ROBERTSON).
- THOMSON—*SWAYNE*.—JOHN THOMSON to JEAN SWAYNE, 58 Hollybank Terrace.
- GIRDWOOD—*GRIMSTON*.—ANDREW GIRDWOOD, B.D.S. to IRENE GRIMSTON, M.S.R., 160 Alnwickhill Road.
- ROCHOW—*BLAIR*.—In Adelaide, KEITH A. ROCHOW to SHEENAGH BLAIR.
- DUFF—*WHITE*.—JOHN DUFF to HEATHER WHITE.
- MCCULLOCH—*EDWARDS*.—CHARLES J. MCCULLOCH, B.Sc., N.D.A. to EILEEN EDWARDS, 80 Mountcastle Drive North.
- ROBERTSON—*CHINNERY*.—WILLIAM A. ROBERTSON to MARGARET CHINNERY, 231 Morningside Road.
- WATSON—*TAYLOR*.—STEWART WATSON to ANNE TAYLOR, 29 Millar Crescent.
- AITCHISON—*PENNIE*.—RONALD AITCHISON to PATRICIA PENNIE, 6 Warrender Park Road.

BIRTHS

- MENZIES.—To Mr and Mrs R. D. MENZIES (JANE MCKENZIE), a son.
- DICKSON.—To Mr and Mrs J. DICKSON (JEAN SHIRRA), a daughter.
- ROBERTSON.—To Mr and Mrs G. B. ROBERTSON (SHEILA REID), a son.
- MCLEOD.—To Mr and Mrs W. T. MCLEOD (THELMA BEATTIE), a daughter.
- GRAY.—To Mr and Mrs W. GRAY (RITA WELSH), a daughter.
- MAUCLAN.—To Mr and Mrs E. MAUCLAN (MARGT. MUCKLOW), a son.
- CRUICKSHANK.—To Mr and Mrs J. R. CRUICKSHANK (EVELYN LAMBERT), a son.
- MELVIN.—To Mr and Mrs G. MELVIN (SHEILA WARREN), a son.
- SMALE.—To Mr and Mrs K. A. SMALE (NORMA DRUMMOND), a daughter.
- WHITE.—To Mr and Mrs J. A. WHITE (PAMELA MOORBY), a daughter.
- CATCHPOLE.—To Mr and Mrs T. A. CATCHPOLE (L. WADDELL), a son.
- NECHVATAL.—To Mr and Mrs T. NECHVATAL (SHEILA FINDLAY), a son.
- LYNE.—To Mr and Mrs KENNETH LYNE (ELSPETH REEKIE), a son.
- SUNNERS.—To Mr and Mrs DONALD SUNNERS (ELEANOR MONCRIEFF), a daughter.
- CAMPBELL.—To Mr and Mrs WILLIAM CAMPBELL (EVELYN GOUDIE), a daughter.
- SHAND.—To Mr and Mrs JOHN SHAND (VIDA ROWAT), a son.
- BURNSIDE.—To Mr and Mrs IAN BURNSIDE (MYRA LYNN), a daughter.
- MACDONALD.—To Mr and Mrs M. I. MACDONALD (LESLEY MORRIS), a daughter.
- KINNAIRD.—To Mr and Mrs WM. KINNAIRD (ELINOR ANGUS), a daughter.
- FORRESTER.—To Mr and Mrs W. FORRESTER (NORA ROGERS), a son.
- LEAN.—To Mr and Mrs D. LEAN (MARGUERITE MYLES), a daughter.
- BULLOUGH.—To Mr and Mrs S. BULLOUGH (MARGARET KILGOUR), a son.
- MURDIE.—To Mr and Mrs H. MURDIE (ELMA BROTHERTON), a daughter.
- MACKENZIE.—At Umkomaas, Natal, to Dr and Mrs J. MACKENZIE (ELIZABETH CONNOR), a daughter.
- ROSS.—To Mr and Mrs J. D. ROSS (JEAN B. R. COOK), a son.
- BUCHAN.—To Mr and Mrs L. BUCHAN (CATHERINE BELL), a son.
- PENDER.—To Mr and Mrs R. PENDER (JUNE GEISSLER), a son.
- MORRISON.—To Mr and Mrs J. MORRISON (SYLVIA SANDERSON), a son.
- MACKENZIE.—To Mr and Mrs D. MACKENZIE (RONA MACPHERSON), a daughter.
- BUCHAN.—To Mr and Mrs G. BUCHAN (LUCY NEISH), a daughter.
- COOPER.—To Mr and Mrs CHARLES COOPER (CATHIE NEILL), a son.
- KIRKPATRICK.—To 2nd Lt. and Mrs N. KIRKPATRICK (ISOBEL HOWIESON), a son.
- RICHARDS.—To Mr and Mrs D. RICHARDS (MARGARET HOWIESON), a son.
- SMITH.—To Mr and Mrs C. SMITH (PAMELA RYRIE), a son.
- CROAN.—To Mr and Mrs T. M. CROAN (JOAN LAW), a son.
- GRUBB.—To Mr and Mrs DOUGLAS GRUBB (ISOBEL MAIN), a daughter.
- MCVICAR.—To Mr and Mrs W. MCVICAR (DOREEN SPIERS), a daughter.
- FINLAYSON.—To Mr and Mrs D. FINLAYSON (AILSA BRAIDWOOD), a daughter.
- SMITH.—To Mr and Mrs M. SMITH (KATHLEEN ROBB), a son.
- CATTO.—To Mr and Mrs EOIN CATTO (MURIEL LEISHMAN), a son.