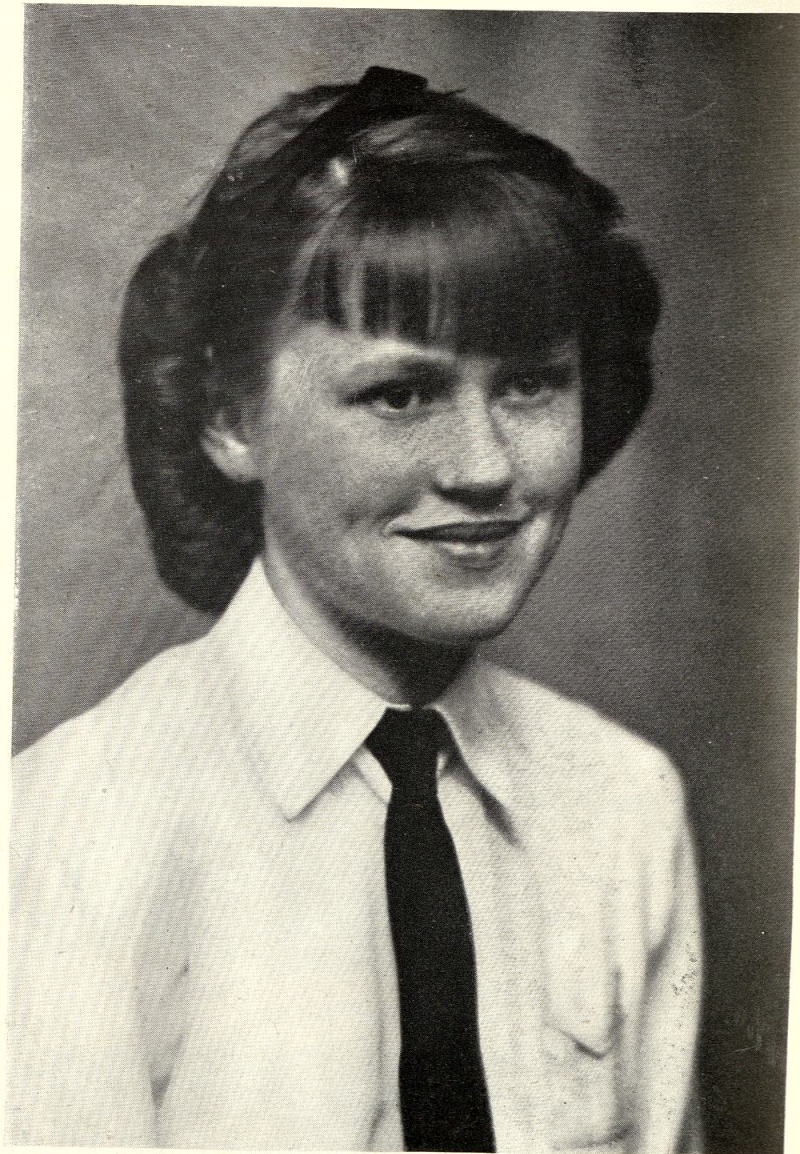


Gillespie's  
High  
School  
Magazine

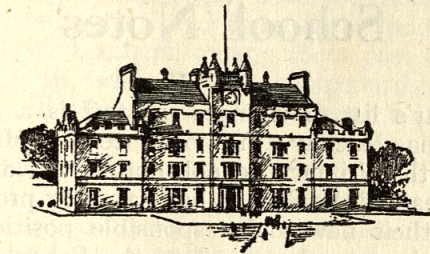
July 1947







DUX OF SCHOOL,  
JEAN C. MACANNA.



# Gillespie's High School Magazine

JULY 1947

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## School Notes

This year's list of changes in staff is a long one. Miss Bertha Mackay, promoted to be Mistress in Charge of the Primary School, and Miss Napier, now Deputy Head of the School, have already proved their worth in their new and responsible positions; our congratulations to them and to the School are none the less cordial for being belated. In the course of the past year three assistant teachers have left us to take charge of departments—Miss Weir, of Art in the Knox Academy, Haddington; Miss McCormack, of Needlework in Tynecastle School; and Miss Eason, of Modern Languages in North Berwick High School. Last summer Miss Stewart sailed to take up a lectureship in English in a Training College at Omdurman, and as we go to press comes the news that Miss Jenny Cruickshank is to go to the Modern Languages Department of Dundee High School. To Miss Brodie (who has already sailed for Canada) and to Miss Sanderson, we would offer our cordial good wishes for a happy married life. We thank all those who have left, or are leaving the staff, for all they have done for the School, and wish them all success and happiness in the future.

The retiral from teaching of Miss Sinclair, after forty years' service to the School, merits more than a passing mention. An appreciation contributed by one of her colleagues in the Primary Department will be found elsewhere in this issue.

The following new members have joined the staff during the past session: Miss Violet M. Henderson, M.A. (English); Miss Gertrude M. Gloag, M.A. (Modern Languages); Miss Margery S. Kimpton, B.Sc. (Science); Misses Janey Moncur, D.A. and Eileen V. Bennet, D.A. (Art); Miss Catherine H. W. Paterson (Needlework). Miss Kathleen B. D. Carswell has for the past year been temporarily in charge of the Domestic Science Department. When School re-opens in August we hope to welcome Miss Mary Martin, M.A. (English), Miss Emily Allan, M.A. (French and Latin)

and Miss Marjory McGregor, B.Sc. (Science). Throughout the session we have been much indebted to all those interim teachers, among them past members of our own staff, who have so competently filled gaps caused by illness. Miss Ella McGregor's long absence has been much regretted; we send her our cordial good wishes for her better health.

April of this year saw the tenth anniversary of Miss Andrew's appointment as Headmistress of the School. As we look back over these ten years—a time when education everywhere has been carried on under conditions of unprecedented strain and difficulty—we realise that if 'Gillespie's' has not only fully maintained its traditions and prestige but expanded and developed in many directions, much of the credit must go to its Headmistress for her single-minded devotion to the interests of the School, her unfailing vigour and enterprise, and the invincible optimism that overcomes so many difficulties. On Friday, 28th March, was held a very happy gathering at which Miss Andrew entertained to tea present members of staff, those who have, during the past ten years, retired from teaching here or been transferred elsewhere, and those who have been Duxes or School Captains during her term of office. We extend to Miss Andrew our thanks for all she has done for the School in the past, and our good wishes for the future.

Our pleasure in learning that our distinguished and well-loved School Chaplain, Dr. Stewart, had been appointed to a Professorship at New College, Edinburgh, was tempered with keen regret at losing him. We are fortunate in having as his successor the Rev. David Read of Greenbank Church, whose presence we have appreciated both at services and at Scripture lessons.

Though our 'housing problem' is still fairly acute, it is hoped that by August the temporary buildings in the grounds of Bruntfield House will be ready for occupation, so that it will no longer be necessary for several Primary classes to be 'exiled' in Bruntfield School. A new laboratory, excellently equipped for the study of biology, is already in use in our main building and a second Domestic Science kitchen is



promised for next session. The enterprise of the Science Association, backed by the loyal co-operation of every department of the School, has raised enough money to add a projector to our equipment.

On the academic side it has been a year of steady and satisfactory work with nothing particularly spectacular to record. Once again we were well represented in the Merit List of Edinburgh University Bursary Competition, in which Elizabeth Dundas and Jean Macanna tied for twelfth place and Liliias Davidson also was creditably placed. For the fourth successive year the School has distinguished itself in Mathematics, Elizabeth Dundas having been placed on the Merit List for the "John Welsh" Mathematical Bursary. In the allocation of bursaries, Elizabeth Dundas was awarded the "Grierson" Bursary (£49 a year) and Jean Macanna the "Ford" Bursary (normally £33, but raised to £49 a year in consideration of her having tied with Elizabeth).

It was with gratification that we noted that of the seven prizes awarded by the Founders' Guild for an Edinburgh Symphony Orchestra in an essay competition for which there were some five hundred entrants, two had come to our School, the winners being Patricia Cresswell (Form 5L) and Jean Moss (Form 1A).

The reports of the various school societies, all large in numbers and enterprising in activities, show how lively and varied is the life of the School outside the classroom. The Science Association and the Literary and Dramatic Society each held a highly successful 'social,' the latter's taking the unique form of a Twenty-first Birthday Party. The Christmas Party for the Fifth and Sixth Forms was greatly enjoyed. It seems appropriate, in this connection, to express our great indebtedness to Miss Howitt and her staff, of the Catering Department, both for outstandingly good day-to-day service and for catering so well for social occasions.

Of the Primary and Preparatory, no less than the Secondary Department, there is much of interest to record outside the classroom routine. At the end of the winter term a film show gave great enjoyment, this

being the first time sound-films have been shown in school, and in March the novel entertainment provided by Mr. Bruno Tublin with his Viennese puppets was much appreciated. It is pleasant to record, too, that less fortunate children than ourselves have been generously remembered on two occasions. In October a Harvest Thanksgiving Service was held, as a result of which four carloads of flowers, fruit and eggs were distributed to the Children's Hospital and the Princes Margaret Rose Hospital. To the Christmas Service were brought quantities of sweets, books and toys, some of the latter so new and attractive that it must have cost their owners a real pang to part with them. Thanks to Miss Moncur, each of the crippled children at Polkemmet House had a handsome individual parcel, artistically tied up, and sackfuls of gifts were sent to the Edinburgh Nursery Schools and Play Centres. The magnificent contribution of the Preparatory and Primary Departments to the success of the Science Association's Fun Fair was gratifying both in itself and as an indication of how much the School is one united body. In connection with all these efforts the staff acknowledge most gratefully the unfailing and ungrudging generosity of parents.

At the Annual Sports, held on 11th June, Mr. Brash proved himself a worthy successor to Mr. Seaton, organising with great smoothness a very full programme of events. At the time of going to press the Art, Needlework, Domestic Science and Preparatory Departments are busily preparing for the Exhibition of Work to be held on 18th June. The School hopes to play its own small part in the Edinburgh Festival of Music and Drama; the Art Department will contribute to the Exhibition of Arts and Crafts to be held in the Royal High School at the period of the Festival; in the same connection, the Musical and Physical Training Departments are preparing short programmes, and a number of Senior girls have volunteered to act as guides and helpers during the Festival.

Much has been done in the past year to further that personal knowledge of, and contact with, other countries, in which lies the hope of a more harmonious world. The Modern Languages Department has



benefited greatly by the services, as visiting teachers, of Mlle. Dubouloz and M. Pelosse (France) and Herr Glättli (Switzerland). The recital of French poems and songs given by the Comtesse de Launay and Mrs. Melville Shepherd was much appreciated, as was the talk given by M. Béra on the work of the Institute Français. For two weeks during the summer term we were privileged to have as a member of staff Miss Gertrude Jennings of Detroit, from whose lessons various classes carried away not merely an increased knowledge of American history, geography and literature but some understanding of the American point of view. Outside speakers welcomed at various times during the session included Mr. Donald Grant, addressing us on Soviet Russia, Miss Catherine Ramsay giving an account of her work as a Church of Scotland missionary in India, and Mr. J. W. Luxmoore, who gave a lecture, illustrated with films, on India. The continually increasing number of 'pen-friendships' with correspondents in France, Belgium, Holland, Denmark, America and various parts of the Empire plays its part in widening our sympathies.

Formulas of thanks are apt to become stereotyped, but we should like to say to all donors of special prizes that their generously continued interest in the School is always valued and never taken for granted. We are indebted to a Former Pupil who prefers to remain anonymous for a new prize, to be called the 'Eskdale Prize.' The Thomas J. Burnett Prize was awarded this year to the Art Department for a Poster Competition on the theme 'Come to Edinburgh.'

In spite of the fact that books are in such depressingly short supply, the Library continues to grow. A fine collection of books was acquired through the decision to hand over the proceeds of last year's Annual Sports to the Library, and the Librarians have pleasure in acknowledging gifts of books from Miss Laidlaw, Mrs. Watters and the following Former Pupils: Edna Arthur, Doris Beattie, Mairi Macdonald, Florence Morrison, Eileen Stewart, Lovat Spence (Mrs. Langridge).

A. E. F.

### MISS ISABELLA SINCLAIR.

Miss Sinclair, who retires after more than forty years of outstanding service to this school, is the last of a fine body of teachers gathered together, when this was a Merchant Company School, by Mr. Jenkins whose firm belief that "Gillespie's" was the best school in Scotland (and consequently in the world!) was absorbed by both his staff and pupils. Here she came, an old Mary Erskine pupil who had received her initial training as a pupil teacher under Miss McDermont; here she found the work she could so ably do; and here, to our great benefit, she remained.

For honest work and integrity of purpose Miss Sinclair is unsurpassed as witness the number of "E" divisions which trusting "Heads" put under her care, certain that here every child would do the school credit. The glint of her eye as a "pet" story occurred to her, the humorous clarity which penetrated all shams, the bedrock common sense on which were wrecked the most plausible of excuses, balanced by the ready and constant help always at the service of the honest worker and the spur and rein which encouraged and guided the more brilliant—all these made the Miss Sinclair whom "Gillespie's" will miss so much.

Wanting her, staffroom life, too, will be the poorer, ever ready as she was to hear or tell a good story and able to polish off an argument with the "mot juste." An expert at tennis and badminton and a fine golfer, she surely owes to her prowess there the youthful zest and the light step which make it so impossible to believe that "Forty Years On" has any application to her!

Fortunate indeed is the school which has got so much from her and which will still turn confidently to her for help in any emergency, and fortunate too is she in that her service was so much appreciated and her departure so much regretted. May she spend many happy hours in the garden at Blackhall with its delightful little orchard where under her care the very blossoms will assuredly have to produce their fruits more abundantly, as did the sturdier blossoms, of Gillespie days!

B. M.



## SCHOOL CONCERT.

It may be of interest to members of the Choir, and others, to note that at this year's Closing Concert, to be held in the Usher Hall on Monday, 30th June, gramophone records are to be made. Copies of these will be on sale on and after August 18th at "Stafford Electric," West Crosscauseway; or, The Atlas Recording Studios, 32 York Place (Tel. 45480).

## OBITUARY.

It is with the deepest regret that we have to record the death on 2nd May, 1947, of Doreen A. J. Brown, Class Preparatory Senior A.

## From the Secondary Department

## THE TALE O' JEAN MCPHEE.

When cleaners lang hae left the schule,  
An' stairs an' rooms are quiet an' still,  
When winter nichts are wearin' late,  
An' we sit cosy by the grate,  
We think na on oor hamewark then,  
Proses, by pencil or by pen,  
Poems tae learn, lang an' drear,  
Or sums that gie us mony a tear.  
We think na on the wark at a'  
But sit an' dream the 'oors awa'.  
This truth fand honest Jean McPhee  
As it was gey near time for tea.  
"I'll start when tea is dune," she thocht,  
But read the "News" her faither brocht  
Hame frae his wark. (*His* ends at seeven,  
But Jean's can last richt till eleeven!)  
She sits an' cons her "Hall an' Knicht";  
Her jotter's no' a bonny sight!  
It's fu' o' smudges, daubs o' ink;  
At maths' exams she's sure tae sink.  
Irregular verbs, noo, vex her sair;  
At Cicero she tears her hair;  
The only date that she can mind  
Is 1314: Canute signed . . . —  
Signed whit? It disna really matter—  
Was't Reform Bill or Magna Chatter?  
Noo, Jeanie wis nae gowk ye ken,  
She e'en could multiply by ten,  
Could conjugate the verb 'avoir',  
An' kent the French for 'black' wis 'noir';  
But 'cos' an' 'sin' she'll aye confound.  
A' ower her buiks sic things abound  
As "Very careless, Jean, to mix  
The Humber with the River Styx!"  
The Russian names gie her a pain,  
An' wi' monsoons she strives in vain.  
She canna mak' oot "Wilhelm Tell."  
(I sympathise w' her masel.)



Ah! gentle freends, it gars me greet  
 Tae think how mony counsels sweet,  
 How mony lengthen'd sage advices,  
 Jean frae her teachers a' despises  
 Tae leave J.G. when she's fourteen,  
 But this wis no' the mind o' Jean.  
 She couldna dae her wark, but still  
 She likit fine tae come tae schule,  
 For thirteen years she cam ilk' day,  
 Frae "Junior Infants" (maistly play)  
 Tae glorious "Sixth Year" (maistly wark).  
 In "Primary" she'd mony a lark.  
 The jinks she played in (tig or ball)  
 The Tuck-Shop an' the old Bun-Stall  
 Went wi' war in '39,  
 Left shelters in the playgrounds fine,  
 Gas masks tae carry ilka day,  
 But sune the schule wis under way.  
 The qualifying exam. she passed,  
 An' Jean wis in 1A at last.  
 The days flew by in "Higher Grade";  
 Hockey an' tennis baith she played,  
 Neither wi' much success, she fears,  
 E'en tho' she played for sax lang years.  
 An' sae, thae sax years a' gaed by;  
 Afore exams she heav'd a sigh,  
 An' after them she rais'd a cheer—  
 "Holidays will soon be here!"  
 She'd Founder's Days an' Sports Days tae,  
 Closing concerts, parties gay;  
 The "Highers" their dark shadow cast,  
 But it wis lifted clear at last.  
 The Bursary Comp. tae wis a scunner;  
 (Jean had nae hopes o' bein' a winner.)  
 But Jean's schule-days are gey near past,  
 An', waefu', she maun leave at last.  
 Tho' lessons werena Jeanie's bent,  
 She lo'ed the only schule she'd kent.  
 Noo, J.G.'s registers o' fame  
 Nae record bear o' sic a name;  
 Sae I'll confess that Jean McPhee  
 (Ye've aiblins guess'd) is only me.

LILIAS H. DAVIDSON, Form 6.

### ANGEL INFANCY.

I'm afraid I'll have to write something for the magazine after all. You see, I forgot to make the horns when the Editor looked at me, and I'd *hate* to get turned into a cigarette or something. It's rather awkward, because I don't know what to write about. I could tell you how to— Gillian! What on earth are *you* doing here? *What?* Your mother actually said that as she was going to put up with my parents all afternoon, I could suffer you? Well, I only hope she's going to make a cash adjustment. Now, you must sit very still—I'm trying to write something for our school magazine. A school magazine? Oh, it's a sort of anthology of the swan songs of unborn geniuses—genii—. Yes, that's possibly why your teacher told you to write something funny. What did you write? Oh, *Gillian!* For a child of six you have an amazingly low mind. Please be quiet—you can look at one of the books on the table. Where was I? Ah, yes—I could tell you how to become beautiful, but every one would snort derisively. . . . Someone did—oh, it's Gillian. *Gillian*, that's my diary. You musn't read *that*. What were you grunting at anyway? That? Oh! Oh no, of course it's not '*wept*' all through the film, it's *slept*. You're not old enough to read yet. What's that? Of course I'm old enough to write, don't be impertinent. Very well, I'll forgive you. No, angel child, I should *hate* to kiss you at the moment, but if you remove the two days' deposit of chocolate and treacle toffee, I may consider your application. Please go away and let me think. Don't be rude, I can so if I try hard. . . . I *could* tell you how to mend a puncture, but I'm sure you have no bike or no puncture. . . . Oh, bother! You answer the door, cherub. . . . I have also a very good recipe for toffee. . . . Darling, it *can't* be Father Christmas, he hibernates all summer. All right, *I'll* go. You utter horror, I do wish you'd learn to distinguish between Santa Claus and filthy old tramps selling bootlaces. *Will* you stop drinking the ink! I don't care if it *does* taste like liquorice water—it costs 1/2½ a bottle and I can't afford to have *you* absorbing it all. . . . Ah yes, the toffee. It's a very good recipe,



but it needs a lot of fresh butter and patience. . . .  
*What* is it now? You feel sick? H'm, I believe I can see a pallid green hue shining through the chocolate. Yes, I think it might be a good idea if you *did* go home, and I hope that will have cured you of drinking. . . . I know, I'll tell you about the perfect infanticide—that's me. Oh, but if I told you, *you'd* know too, and it wouldn't be a secret any longer. I know, all the best literary works have a quotation somewhere. It's funny but the only one I can think of is this:

"Happy those early days when I  
 Shined in my Angel infancy!"

I wonder why. You know, this ink *does* taste rather good. . . .

J. AILEEN HALL, Form 6.

### \* \* \* \* \*

#### THE PREFECT'S LAMENT.

I am a prefect, cursed from age to age  
 By first year's impotence, or fifth former's rage,  
 Branded a 'clikey,' or believed a fool,  
 Battered by hatred, seared by ridicule,  
 Despised by all, and frozen on the stair,  
 I am the prefect with the greying hair.  
 Oft have you seen me in position four  
 Facing the icy blast from the main door,  
 Saying in honeyed voice meant to beguile,  
 'Hurry up, girls, and keep in single file!'—  
 Going to lunch you're quiet, more or less,  
 But more through hunger than respectfulness,  
 And when rude voices break the sacred rule,  
 And ribald laughter echoes through the school,  
 I'm just prepared severely t' admonish  
 And with abuse the culprits' ears t' astonish,  
 When round the corner, tripping two by two,  
 The *Staff* come stepping gaily into view.  
 At morning service, too, I'm shown my place,  
 And given no chair, as mark of my disgrace,  
 Forced humbly from the choir to beg a seat,  
 Or, to keep standing on my own two feet.  
 Ah! Pity me as I stand shivering there,  
 The aging prefect with the greying hair.

LILIAN SPENCE, Form 6.

#### THE DAUPHIN'S CAP

The Dauphin of France at the time of Joan of Arc was undoubtedly a despicable creature, and, as we pulled his cap out from amongst the other clothes in the property-basket, we felt that Fate had, in the matter of headgear at least, treated him as he deserved. The cap was held up and examined critically and it did not take long for everyone to come to the conclusion that here, indeed, was a despicable hat fit for a despicable head. Having reached this conclusion, we flung the cap to one side and feasted our eyes on the Archbishop's magnificent jewelled robes.

Some time later I crossed to where the Dauphin's cap lay limply in a forlorn little heap on the table. It was made of rusty black velvet and was decorated in front with a brass ornament representing the goddess Minerva. "Minerva of all people," thought I, cramming the cap down on my head, "and the Dauphin such a fool." On surveying my reflection in the mirror I found the effect was just as it was meant to be—ghastly.

I crossed the room to where the others were sitting. I was greeted with remarks such as:

—"Gosh, what a fool you look, but of course that's just right."—

—"You're awfully wishy-washy looking."—

—"You're the perfect weak-willed idiot."—

—"Really, you're just the part"—and so on, all of which remarks could be taken as the most flattering of compliments—or otherwise. In spite of the presence of the great goddess Minerva somewhere just above my left eyebrow, I could not help taking them otherwise. I gazed enviously at a certain 'Bluebeard,' whose costume was a mass of blazing jewels, and I hated my poor little cap with a fervent hatred.

Soon, however, I came to like my little cap in spite of its dinginess and in spite of the fact that it was too tight for me. For you see it was what might be called the finishing touch to my costume—interpret that as you will . . . .

The plays were long over and we were assured that they had been a great success. We had ceased to think continually of our words, of stage-fright and



such things and I had completely forgotten about my little cap which had been duly returned with the other costumes to the firm from which they were hired.

During the Easter holidays I attended a performance of "Everyman" in the Gateway Theatre. Good-fellowship, one of the characters in the play, entered and he struck me as being vaguely familiar. Doubtless we can all say we have known Good-fellowship at one time or another, but this was different. Suddenly I realised that his scarlet costume trimmed with grey fur was either the very costume, or the identical counterpart of the one worn by a member of the cast of our performance of "St. Joan."

The play went on and I seemed to enjoy it even more after the reappearance of this old friend. I listened intently.

Everyman was contemplating whom he could ask to accompany him on the dark road of death, and at last he decided to ask his Goods, and Goods entered at his call.

He was an old tottering figure with a broken frail body and a hard calculating eye, not at all the kind of figure from whom one derives any amusement, but I had whispered something to my brother and he and I were in the grip of one of those horrible fits of sniggering giggles from which there is no escape, and in which self-control is absolutely impossible.

Our neighbours looked at us, then at the stage, wondering if they had missed some amusing piece of by-play by the actors or a dry whimsicality on the part of Goods.

Poor souls! They did not understand; they never would.

For, perched like a pimple on the top of Goods's head (you remember it was too tight for me) was the Dauphin's cap!

Poor little forlorn cap, fit only to be thrust upon the heads of scheming wretches and worthless fools!

ETHNIE SLOAN, Form 5L.

### A DAY TO REMEMBER.

I was beginning to feel worried—desperately worried—and why? The date was Monday, 10th March, 1947—the next day would be the 11th, that long-awaited, long-dreaded day, the first of many such soul-destroying days, which together would decide my fate. But why should a mere trifle like this cause anxiety? It did not! It was the lack of it, the lack of all nervousness, of all pre-examination tremors, which was worrying me. Why was I so calm? Why did I feel that it was not I who was going to undergo torture, but some one distantly related to me? Was this Nature's own anaesthetic, or was it merely the calm before the storm?

On the 11th it was evident that this calmness was not that of the proverb, but rather that which enables the brave to die in front of a firing squad. I walked calmly and slowly over the Links to meet my doom. Let it be told, however, that the slowness was not assumed to impress the "youngsters," but was necessary because of the small Coefficient of Friction between my feet and the snow and ice.

At last I was seated at my desk. How pleasant the gymnasium looked when I knew that I did not have to risk my neck in trying to perform some hazardous acrobatic trick! It was strange to see people smiling and talking quite naturally, when in a few minutes—"but that way madness lies." My thoughts ran on thus—"If only I could see the papers through the envelopes. Huh, that wouldn't do any good! I need inspiration. Food, for instance. I wonder what's for lunch—oh—by lunchtime I'll have "had it." Oh, he's giving those papers out very slowly—it'll soon be time—only a minute to go. I can look at last. Oh goodness! How awful! I'll never pass! Well—maybe—I'll try this one, anyway.—Time up, already! Well, it wasn't so bad after all. I'm glad I didn't bother bothering, and I shouldn't have troubled myself about not bothering! That's one exam. less. And so to lunch.

JOAN DEAN, 5L.



## VILLAGE WORTHIES.

In a quiet, secluded spot in the north of Scotland nestles the tiny village of Blantyre. It consists of very few houses, a tiny church, a school, a general store, and an inn. Blantyre is surrounded on all sides by magnificent Scottish scenery and is equally beautiful at all seasons.

The first cottage belongs to Auld Tam McWhannel. There have been generations of McWhannels in Blantyre and the last of that worthy family, Miss Maggie McWhannel, presides over the counter of the general store. "Auld Tam" is very fond of sitting in his tiny garden. He sits in his armchair by the gate, giving advice to all and sundry.

One day, "young Jeannie Thomson" came to him with a pitiful tale.

"Ye ken Jock McDonald," said she, "whom Ah've been gaun wi' fur twa years. Weel, he's jilted me."

"Och aye, Ah ken the loon fine," replied Tam. "But Ah dinna ken fit ye should dae. Ah think ye should gaun an' ask him if he really wants ye an' if he doesna, gaun hame tae yer mither like a guid bairn."

This advice did not greatly comfort Jeannie, but nevertheless she immediately went in search of the unrepentant Jock.

Although Tam is over ninety he manages to hobble up to the McLaws' every evening to play chess with his young friend Andra McLaw, who is only seventy-nine!

About fifty yards down the road is the general store owned by Miss Maggie McWhannel. This lady may be found at any time between 9 a.m. and 6 p.m. standing in her poky, dark shop behind a medley of cotton reels, "peeries," books, pinafores, Erinmore flake, jars of bulls' eyes, and boot laces. Blantyre is noted for its gossips but Miss McWhannel is "the" gossip. Here is a typical "McWhannel" conversation.

"Weel, Mistress Knox, and hoo are ye the day?" she enquires kindly as a buxom lady enters the shop.

"Och, Ah'm fine," replies the customer, "but ma mither's nae verra guid, puir body. She's been ailin' fur the past twal' year. Ah'm afrait it'll nae be verra lang until her funeral."

"Ah weel, the funeral 'll be nice onywey," came the cheerful reply. "Ah'm afa fond o' funerals fur it's the only time, except on the Sabbath, that Ah can show aff ma braw black froack. Ye ken the wan Ah mean, Ah got it fur ma mither's funeral ten years ago. Dae ye mind o' Wullie Scott's funeral? My, he wis that life-like, Ah thocht they hud made a mistake in thinkin' him deid. But there wis an afa waste o' money on a' yon floers. Faur too much tae spend on yon auld grump! Oh, did ye hear that Mrs. Johnston's hud another bairn? Juist imagine, fourteen fowk in wan wee hoosie! Oh, an' here's a wee pot o' hame-made jeely frae Mistress Broon. She's afa bad wi' lumbago, puir auld sowl, but of course she doesna suffer like——"

Mercifully her lengthy talk is cut short by the entrance of another customer.

Miss Maggie has been endeavouring to find a husband for the past forty years and, being an optimist, has not given up hope yet. Despite her age her father still calls her "a nice wee craturie."

Round the corner from the store is the school. Miss Gow, the teacher, has taught at least three generations in Blantyre. Right in the centre of the front row sits "wee Alec Broon," the "terror" of the village. To strangers Alec seems to be the most docile of children, but his small, curly head is teeming with mischief. Every one who knows Alec well (and there are not many who do not) never sits down on a chair in the schoolroom without having first examined the seat thoroughly for stray pins and pieces of chewing gum. Miss Gow, the much-beloved (?) teacher, came from Kelvinside fifty years ago and has not yet lost her accent or her mode of teaching.

Every morning she drills her class in the multiplication tables and every morning the same mistakes are made.

"You know," she says, "Ai hev naiver known ai cless so stupid or so lazy as you. You naiver do your homework."

"Och, Miss Gow, we want oor holidays," interrupts Jimmy Frazer. "We're a' tired o' workin'!"

"What is wrong with you, James, is thet you



naiver work," retorts his teacher. "If you naiver work when you are a boy, you will grow up to be a very stupid man end unable to help your parents."

"Och, ma faither earns fower pund a week . . ."  
The last remark is silenced with a severe frown.

Down near the river is the wee, grey kirk in the centre of the peaceful graveyard where generations of good, honest folk have been laid to rest. Every Sabbath the church is filled, especially by women, for the fashions displayed on Sunday provide ample material for gossip on Monday. The minister, Mr. McIntyre, is a kindly old man, whose greatest joy is pottering about his garden followed by a train of bairns, for he is a great favourite, particularly with children.

About half a mile down the road is the inn, owned by Mrs. McLusky. Over the doorway hangs a large sign proclaiming that the proprietrix is Mrs. McLusky—widow. Whether the last word is a threat or an enticement to the bachelors and widowers, we do not know.

Round the table in the back room sit the village philosophers drinking large mugs of beer and occasionally "a wee drap o' somethin' Scotch." All the village politics are discussed here, the scandal is left for Miss McWhannel and her cronies.

The front parlour is reserved for that species of humanity which Mrs. McLusky calls "gentleman." Usually they are languid students from the South who talk something like this—

"Ai say, old boy, the view's aibsolutely smaishing, isn't it?"

"Oh rathah! Bai the way, don't you think we've been waitin' a daished long time for our suppah? Cain't feed a strong, young chaip laiike me on views, you know."

Characters such as these inhabitants and tourists, are to be found in all parts of Scotland. But hardly any village has quite as many "remarkable" people as Blantyre.

ANNE SUTHERLAND, Form 4P.

## ON A FOURTH FORM ALGEBRA PAPER.

(With Apologies to Matthew Arnold).

But the propelling pencil dragged right on,  
Out of the toil and trouble of one sum.  
Into Quadratic Equations; and there stuck  
Bemoaning, that the pupil's o'erworked brain  
Could figure no way out. It moved  
Right to the paper's end, past decimals  
Scribbling and scoring through. Then logs. begin  
To check its downward rush, and break its point  
And make still more faults; that for many an hour  
The broken and nibbled pencil scrapes along.  
Through senseless words and Algebraic signs.  
Pupils forgetting the Equations they were taught  
In their young days of learning—the First Year,  
A far and distant memory: till at last  
The long'd for brrr! of bells is heard, and wide  
The examination room door opens, slow  
And squeaking, from which room the silent (?) girls  
Emerge, and talk about the past exam.

MURIEL D. WHITE, Form 4P.

\* \* \* \*

## BOOK REVUE.

The first in to-day's list is undoubtedly H. S. Hall's "A School Algebra." A book of interesting short stories, it runs to three parts. The author writes with a pleasant middle style and each page provides something new to be remembered. Add this one to your Christmas list.

For lighter reading I recommend "A School Geometry," by M. White and E. Morison, a story of the eternal triangle. The authors sometime go off at a tangent, but the whole book strikes a pleasant chord. It is also charmingly illustrated. A welcome gift for any bedside.

In Holmyard's "Elementary Chemical Calculations" we have a book to entertain us through the long winter months. It is a small volume of riddles and conundrums which, I am sure, will appeal to both father and little Johnny.



I found W. C. Robb's "Handbook of History for Higher Classes" rather disappointing. The story begins in 735 B.C. and goes right through the centuries to the present day, but there are so many main characters that I was left with the impression that Plato, Abraham Lincoln and John Knox were all fighting for the hand of Joan of Arc. Novel and historical.

Bartholomew's "Comparative Atlas" is perhaps one of the best kiddies' books for this Christmas. The story is (p)latitudinous but graphically told. The action flits from country to country and gay, colourful pictures are a sheer delight. For the kiddies' stocking—a must.

This month has produced one really good thriller—the usual type of gangster story, with a difference. Brutus bumps off his boss and then . . . but you really must find out the rest for yourself. The author, W. Shakespeare, shows promise. If he perseveres in this metier, we feel sure he will yet rank with Agatha Christie and Peter Cheyney. Can we say more?

Margaret Kennedy's "French Grammar" is an ideal Christmas gift for that dear old aunt of yours. It has a delightful, old-world, lavender-and-lace atmosphere. In places the language may seem unfamiliar and irregular, but it never declines into the commonplace. And aunt will certainly be charmed by the many references to her pen and to her garden. Where there's a will there's a way, you know—so do remember this one for Aunt Deborah.

In my next month's list I hope to give you an appreciation of that book of the hour, "Chambers Dictionary." I have reached the M's and it is just too engrossing.

DOROTHY DICKSON, Form 4L.

### SLEDGING.

By ONE WHO DID!

So you want to sledge, eh? Well, I'll soon cure you of that. But on second thoughts, perhaps not, for it is rather lonely in this ward and some company would cheer me up. After writing this I'll probably need it.

First of all you will require a sledge. If you are going to take this sport (?) up seriously, you had better lay in a gross at a time.

Of course, all this isn't much use without snow. Sledging is much more fun when there is snow—it helps. Well, when you have got a sledge, snow, and the inclination, all at once, commence looking for a hill. A gentle one is rather advisable at first, but a hill is a necessity.

So, having now collected a hill, a sledge, the inclination, and snow, all at once, summon up courage, warn the doctor, put on your winter woolies, and prepare to sally forth.

But first, there is one thing you must not forget—'phone the Pet Shop and order one St. Bernard (large size). This at first sight may seem totally irrelevant, but pause, take thought—Brandy! Yes, these dogs carry rather a jolly little cask around their necks which really holds quite a lot.

Well, you have collected about sufficient equipment now, so let's consider using it. Climb to the top of the aforementioned snow-clad peak, taking one of the sledges (leave the rest at the foot, along with the St. Bernard; that's where you will require *him*!) Seize the sledge firmly but kindly, stretch out on it; proceed to the descent.

Having descended—

"Here lies the body of John;

His sledge stopped, but he went on!"

AVRIL JOHNSTON, Form 4P.

\* \* \*

### SATURDAY.

There was a time (when I was young)  
Saturday was considered a day for fun.  
I ran, I laughed, I sang, I danced,  
Happy and carefree in the sun I pranced.

And now, I am old and weary with care,  
Saturday dawns with a cold bleak air—  
Coupons and queues and endless tasks.  
Faces have turned to stiff grim masks.



Lessons to be done beside a black-out fire,  
 Essays to write which raise my ire,  
 Electricity cuts which injure my eyes,  
 Weary and worn from my bed I rise.

Oh for the days of my youth once more  
 When I could eat my fill and o'er.  
 Will Saturday ever become as it was  
 A day to rest, a day to pause.

JOAN SCOUGALL, 4D.

\* \* \* \* \*

### SHAKESPEARE UP-TO-DATE.

Now my class-mates and sisters in 3A,  
 Hath not old school rule made this life more sweet  
 Than that of liberty? Are not these rooms  
 More free from boredom than the tennis court?  
 Here feel we but the penalty of Euclid,  
 The theorem's difference, as the icy fang  
 And churlish chiding of the teacher's rage,  
 Which, when it bites and blows 'pon me, poor pupil,  
 Even till I shrink with fear, I smile and say  
 "This is no flattery: these are my teachers  
 That feelingly persuade me what I am."  
 Sweet are the uses of adversity,  
 Which, like the school, ugly and threatening,  
 Wears yet a precious crest upon its badge;  
 And this our life, exempt from fun and games  
 Finds tongues in threes, books under wooden desks,  
 Lectures of every kind and ink o'er everything  
 Would I could change it! . . .

AUDREY HALL, Form 3A.

\* \* \* \* \*

### DAY-DREAMING.

We wandered down the narrow, cobbled street. The little white cottages on either side, surrounded by neat walls enclosing patchwork gardens, were typical of the fishing villages of N——. At the foot of the street a sparkling stretch of azure sea showed where the harbour was.

Before we realized it, we were standing on the 'staithe,' watching the fishing smacks tacking upwind into the harbour. Seemingly from nowhere, a laughing crowd of fisherwomen appeared and ran gaily towards the unloading shed.

We guessed that it was an extra large catch, as box after box of fish was slung out to the accompaniment of cries of surprise and joy.

We watched a column of boxes descending on the shaft DOWN . . . DOWN . . . DOWN . . . THUD!

"Oh! Do be careful," the familiar voice of Miss C—— came faintly. Slowly the realization that we were in school came to us. Our charge, a map of England, was lying askew on the floor at the feet of Miss C——. Three of the four books which had been securing the map were lying beside the map, but the fourth was still perched on the board. It suddenly decided to join its companions. It fell in a flurry of loose pages and scraps of paper. Calamity! . . . Two weary day-dreamers staggered up to lunch, vowing solemnly "Never again. Never again."

SHEILA STEWART, } Form 3B.  
 EILEEN FAREN, }

\* \* \* \* \*

### THE STRANGER.

A stranger was standing on a Liverpool quay with a perplexed expression on his handsome face. His dress was that of the late Tudor period, so that passers-by thought he was a clown from a near-by circus. As a man passed by, the stranger inquired when the huge ships in the docks would be ready for sailing. The man replied curtly that he supposed they would be ready now. The stranger objected by saying that complete ships usually had sails; otherwise how was the captain to control his ship in mid-ocean?

"By radar or some such thing," said the man.

"What is radar?" asked the stranger, but the man had stalked off with an impatient shrug of his shoulders.

Suddenly the stranger heard the whisper, "The Royal Family is just coming."



"Is Queen Elizabeth coming?" he inquired of a small boy.

"S'pect so," said the urchin.

It was a wet drizzly day and with one thought in his mind, the stranger rushed to the front of the crowd and flung his red cloak to the ground in front of Her Majesty's feet.

The next thing this extraordinary stranger knew was when he was in a car firmly pinioned by two grim-looking specimens of the Royal escort.

"At one time," he mused, "such an act of gallantry would have received the highest distinction." At this the stranger seemed sunk in profound thought. At length the motion of the car seemed to rouse him. "Is the country short of horses that they are carrying us along in this box?" he asked one of his captors.

Some days later the stranger stopped the gaoler as he walked past his cell, "Please buy me a loaf of bread," he said pressing a shining coin into the gaoler's hand. On his way to the baker's shop the gaoler glanced at the coin in his hand; it was stamped with the image of Queen Elizabeth Tudor and appeared to be quite new. "I wonder," said the gaoler, "I wonder."

PATRICIA BARCLAY, Form 2A.

\* \* \* \*

### THE ATTRACTIONS OF TADPOLES.

It is amazing the attraction that tadpoles can have for many people. When they are just black dots they are not very interesting, although imaginative people shudder to think what the slimy jelly would feel like down the back of their neck. When they become little black commas and start to wiggle about, all those who fear 'creepy-crawlies' of any sort, hastily absent themselves. A most unpleasant task is that of removing the corpses. Tadpoles are most awkward to carry about. When on a tramcar or a 'bus one's neighbour edges away from one in a most embarrassing fashion. You feel as if you were infectious. Some people spend hours joggling the tank or jar where they are kept in order to make them wriggle. Another awkward thing is that people come and beg you on their bended knees to give them "just a few"

tadpoles, but by the time the few tadpoles concerned in each case have been counted, it is certainly NOT by any means a small quantity. People ask questions such as "What do you feed them on?" or "How often do you clean their water?" This is rather awkward at the best of times, but especially so when you don't know yourself. Mother threatens to empty them down the sink, and grumbles that she can't do a thing as all her bowls have been commandeered for the purpose. Father says that unless more time is given to homework and music practice, out they must go. The person downstairs complains, saying that she is afraid to go out of her house in case she is hit on the head by a bowl which has succumbed to the force of gravity. In fact one is thoroughly unpopular all round.

At last the day comes when they are frogs. Everyone insists that one must get rid of them at once. Sadly one sets off for Duddingston Loch, and with a farewell sigh one drops them into the water. You are inconsolable for a few days but then you cheer up at the thought of more tadpoles next season. In spite of all obstructions I love bringing up tadpoles and lots of others do too.

AGNES KNOX, Form 2B.

\* \* \* \*

### "TINKER, TAILOR . . . ?"

What shall I be? When I grow up, or rather, for I am already on the threshold of the Fourth Form, when I mature, the vital question arises as to my career. Were I a boy how simple it would be!

There are so many attractive pursuits—Engine Driver—Explorer—Boxing Champion (the new White Hope!) and dozens more. A woman, however, can't drive engines—think of one's nails and "perm," my dear! As for Exploring, the Frozen North doesn't appeal, and the Equatorial Regions are, even from my somewhat superficial knowledge of Geography, definitely uncomfortable. Boxing—well——.

No, even if we deny that woman's sphere is in the Home, we must admit that man's fist can be rather poisonous to us.



There is, of course, the inevitable (or perhaps "probable" should be the word) end for the majority of my sex—housewifery, but that seems a drab, humdrum and unadventurous existence.

I *could* be a school teacher—guiding and welding the men and women of the Future—with an easy time, short hours, lots of holidays and the added pleasure of looking after well-mannered, obedient and intelligent children. Here, too, I could bring to bear my experience as a pupil to help me as a teacher of pupils, able to see both sides of the question, as it were.

Still, that too might be an occupation lacking in adventure and excitement, touching even at times on the monotonous. No, I think I will give that a miss.

Infinitely more humble, but as a last resort, I could, I suppose, be a shopkeeper, if it were not for the fact that they are a race apart, pariahs, and universally hated. The suspicious, baleful glares darted at me by indignant housewives, would wither me in a week, and I doubt if I could remember that the customer is always right. No, that too is out, definitely out.

An author? To see one's own efforts in print and universally read would carry a wealth of satisfaction, and the more literal form of "wealth" which might accompany it, is not to be despised. Perhaps I had better wait and see if this particular effort is printed before giving the idea serious consideration.

It is a difficult problem, altho', fortunately, not an urgent one, for I have ages and ages to go—at least two, maybe three, whole years at school yet. I wonder if it will be the same old story—Man proposes—and woman accepts.

SHENAGH REID, Form 3C.

\* \* \* \*

### A FLOWER SHOP WINDOW.

The sudden blaze of colour caught my wandering eye and held it fast. I walked slowly towards the window and pressed my nose hard against the glass to have a closer look. There I saw the most wonderful riot of colour one could ever imagine. In that one bursting flash I forgot the booming traffic, the hurrying,

jostling crowds and the newspaper men's deafening shouts. All I saw was a window full of one of Nature's most treasured possessions—flowers.

The trumpeting daffodils made a gay splash of yellow and almost every head of those flowers burst forth in an exultant cry. To contrast with their vivid hue were small, quiet, shy violets who seemed to shrink away from the eager eyes of the many who were now gazing entranced into the window. Tall kingly tulips stood in large jars, erect and with a commanding, almost martial air. They were deep red, shading to a pale lemon at the tips of each wax-like petal. Sweet little primroses lay in quiet repose in a bowl of crystal clear water, and seemed to nod to the spectators and cast a hurt look to those who hurried by, never heeding the glory which I could see and would never forget.

SUSAN TODD, Form 2D.

\* \* \* \*

### THESE I HAVE LOVED.

The satisfaction of a good hot meal,  
Some cosy blankets, their touch and feel,  
The fun I have in the crisp white snow,  
The feel of the wind as it doth blow,  
The beauty of the ripe fruit and flowers,  
The greatness of an old church tower,  
The humming of the busy bees,  
The gentle movement of swaying trees,  
The pleasant ripple of a little stream,  
The lovely appearance of things that gleam,  
The gracefulness of moving swans,  
The glow of the sky as morning dawns,  
In Autumn a long refreshing walk,  
The pleasant hum as people talk,

"These I have loved."

PEARL BALDERSTONE, Form 2E.



**A TERRIBLE DAY**

Jane looked at her watch with a stare,  
What she saw, was it really there?

"I read—five to nine,  
And that steep hill to climb,  
Oh dear, what a dreadful affair!"

When poor Jane arrived at the gate,  
She was in a terrible state;  
A prefect was mad,  
Teacher's temper was bad,  
So—an L mark for being late.

But at French Jane was really a sinner,  
She was dreaming of her coming dinner!  
Then an O mark she got,  
Now she felt very hot,  
While the teacher remarked "I could skin her!"

For Maths Jane was not in the mood,  
And her homework was not at all good.  
So she got a U mark  
(She was not a 'bright spark,')  
And her working was not understood.

When poor Jane went home at night,  
She began to reveal her plight.  
She was sent off to bed,  
But nothing was said.  
Her mother had had such a fright.

All girls in this school I am warning,  
About when you get up in the morning.  
Please do not rise late  
Or you'll share poor Jane's fate.  
So don't let your mother be storming.

FIONA G. MCKEE, Form '1A.

**THE DOG AND THE GOLF BALL.**

Over the hill and through the glen,  
Hot on my trail came angry men,  
Some were short and some were tall,  
Shouting to me to drop that ball,  
How was I to know that when I came,  
I took the wee thing that spoiled their game.

ELSPETH M. SMITH, Form IC.

\* \* \* \*

**ODE TO THE END OF TERM.**

The end of term has come at last,  
Exams and schedules all are past,  
No more school lunches or  
"Quiet girls, please,"  
No more "Now girls, remember your fees,"  
My blouse, my tunic and my tie,  
Discarded o'er my bedrail lie,  
Instead of Prehistoric Art,  
Swimming and picnics are my part.

I'm glad the end of term has come,  
I'm sick of doing sum after sum,  
No more rushing for early trams,  
No more swotting for exams,  
School—soon I'll be away from this,  
Think of it, seven whole weeks of bliss.

MORAG S. STRACHAN, Form IC.

\* \* \* \*

**THE SHETLAND ISLES.**

The Shetland Isles were not always called so. They were once called the Hjaltland Isles which is Norwegian for The High Land.

Shetland is a hilly country with many picturesque bays called voes. It is full of peat-bogs from which the inhabitants get most of their fuel, though they burn coal also.

The people of Shetland are mostly fishermen but the fishing fleet is sadly dwindling. The reason is



that people are leaving for Scotland and other countries. Many of the people who live inland have small crofts or farms. They do not usually have more than two dozen hens, three or four cows, two horses, some sheep and a sheep-dog.

A 'shop' in the country parts is only a room in a house with a small counter and many shelves. It sells everything from gut for fishing lines to the week's rations.

Very few houses have electricity or gas. They may have electricity by fixing up a small windmill on a pole and charging their batteries that way. Lerwick has electricity.

Fair Isle knitting is an important industry which is done by the women. They make a lot of money out of this trade. They first learned to knit when some Moorish sailors were shipwrecked on the Fair Isle during winter. They could not go back to their own country because of bad weather, so during the winter nights they taught the inhabitants knitting. This knitting is famed all over the world.

Lerwick is the capital of Shetland. It is quite a large town, though it straggles out quite a long way. It has quite a large harbour to dock the fishing boats. There is nothing out of the ordinary in Lerwick's port. There is the usual boxes, barrels, fishing nets and ropes. Sometimes you can see Dutch sailors walking along the High Street in their wooden clogs. Scandinavian sailors sometimes visit Lerwick. Lerwick has no trees.

In Shetland during the summer there is practically no night, because the Islands are near the Arctic Circle. They are only about 400 miles from where the sun never sets in summer. In winter, however, the days are very short, about six hours in December.

To get to Shetland by sea from Scotland you get a boat at Aberdeen which takes you up in about fourteen hours. If you want to fly you go to Inverness. The aerodrome in Shetland is a large, well-equipped aerodrome. It was an air base during the war, and many operations against the Germans in Norway were carried out from there.

LORNA GOUDIE, Form ID.

### MY VISIT TO GERMANY.

On the 30th March I left Edinburgh for Tilbury on the Thames and from there I sailed for two days until I disembarked at Cuxhaven. Then I travelled by train to Hanover, passing many small and large towns.

Hamburg was the largest. Hamburg was once a large industrial city with many factories and large workshops but now it is a skeleton of roofless, sideless, and bomb-shattered houses.

I also passed Luneburg and Celle. I have been to Celle. It is quite a small town but very beautiful. The castle there was the summer residence of the Kings of Hanover about 200 to 250 years ago. There are beautiful tapestries and hangings in the Royal chambers. There were also some lovely pictures, one even of Nell Gwynne. From Hanover I continued by car to Hildesheim, where I was to stay. Hildesheim is very badly damaged. There is not, I am sure, a whole street still standing. I lived in one of the few remaining houses. From Hildesheim I went with my father many miles all round the British zone.

One week-end I went to a small town called Bad Hartzburg—a well-known spa. The hotel where I stayed was very nice but the thing which intrigued me most was the funicular railway which rose very steeply above the tree tops to the mountain top.

On my birthday I went to Brunswick, where I spent a most enjoyable evening in a restaurant listening to an orchestra who were dressed in national costume. I have been to Goslar, Hanover, Munden, and Hamelin.

Hamelin was never bombed but was hit by the advancing artillery. One of the things which was hit there was the "Pied Piper's" statue but fortunately I managed to find the statue of the "Pied Piper" and his wife. I was surprised to learn that he had a wife, so I took some photographs. It is quite true that Hamelin had rats. I saw many running about the streets.

The German people as a whole are very well dressed, but are not very well fed. The young children often come round the trains begging for food. This, of course, is very dangerous.



At Cuxhaven the ship alongside the one I was returning on was full of Displaced Persons who proceeded to throw food to the children on the quay side which was a very stupid thing to do, as the children in their eagerness to get the food might have fallen into the water between the ship and the quay.

The return journey to Tilbury was very rough and everyone including myself was sick, but we arrived at Tilbury safely. In London I said good-bye to all my friends of the journey and hoped that we might have the same happy experiences again.

IRIS CANNING, Form 1E.

\* \* \* \*

### "THOUGHTS ON THE PRESENT DISCONTENTS."

A MEDLEY.

#### I.

As I was walking all alane  
I heard two hoosewives makin' a mane.  
The tane unto the tither say,  
"Where sall we gang to queue the day?"

"Doon where ye see thae wifies stan'  
I ken there stands a baker's van,  
An' naebody kens that it is there  
But them, an' us, an' naebody mair."

"I'll join in at the end of it,  
An' you come efter. A little bit  
O' cake for tea is no' amiss.  
Come on, Mag! We'll no' miss this!"

NORMA DRUMMOND, Form 2A.

#### II.

First tea goes on the ration,  
And next to that comes lard.  
To women in a passion,  
It's really very hard.

Sugar, marg. and butter,  
Soap and also coal;  
"Let's go dirty," we will mutter,  
But parents have no soul.

Sultans and sultanas,  
Males and females both,  
Raisins and bananas,  
To eat them I am loath.

Bread now costs B.U.'s,  
So also now does pastry,  
"O please give us good news  
My dearest Mr. Strachey."

There are very few things left,  
Completely off the ration,  
To make them last one must be deft—  
O ain't life simply smashin'!

ANNE MUNRO, Form 1B.

#### III.

No coal, no heat,  
And rain has spoiled the wheat.  
With rationing and queues,  
"What can we do?" I muse.

Perhaps it's just the weather  
That's making us break our tether  
The end of the war should have made things better,  
Instead it's made some spirits wetter.

We've spent too much of the dollar loan  
But still we do not moan,  
For we are British, stout and true,  
We will always see it through.

PAMELA BUTCHER, Form 1B.

#### IV.

Now our parents are really vexed,  
They've raised the price of cigarettes.  
Twenty used to be two-and-four  
And now they've made it a shilling more.



Our fathers when sitting by the fire at night  
Suck a pipe, but it isn't alight.  
They try fag ends to fill the bowl  
And hope they'll burn as bright as coal.

But now they're starting smoking again,  
So what about our strong-willed men.  
"I think I'll buy another," they say,  
Even though it is a lot to pay.

CHRISTINE OGILVIE, Form 2B.

# V.

"There will always be an England"—but according to an eminent physician and dietician of Wimpole Street, it is doubtful.

While we were sitting round the supper tray laden with corned beef, beans and piles of toast with butter and jam, my eyes fell upon the following headlines in the evening paper: "England 'Dying of Starvation,' Worst Fed Nation, Says Doctor."

Starvation! And me reluctantly refusing another piece of toast as I ruefully thought of my growing waistline. Had it not been for the danger to the public morale, and the despondency which might be created in the minds of the more credulous, I might have laughed (if I had not allowed temptation to triumph over a desire to slim, and filled my mouth with buttered toast).

Here are some of the conclusions at which the doctor arrived in his recent, purely statistical investigation: That England is dying of starvation; that we are the worst fed nation in Western Europe—even including Germany; that we are worse fed than the unemployed were before the war; that everyone is suffering from prolonged chronic malnutrition; and—listen to this one, you would-be Betty Grables—that the poor child is still three inches shorter and sixteen pounds lighter than the average child before the war, in spite of the guzzling of extra milk, extra school meals and mother's fat ration.

Surely the doctor's own eyesight and experience cannot justify his own belief in a report which is based solely on statistics. Or has the distinguished gentleman

some ulterior motive? Perhaps he aspires to membership in the Housewives' League. All he needs is a petticoat, and he would, I am sure, be welcomed, with open arms, into the band of Moaning Minnies.

Well, what do you think? Figures don't lie—or do they?

SHELAGH P. SCOBIE, Form 4L.

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## "WHERE ANGELS FEAR TO TREAD."

*The Weather:*

"Fear no more the heat o' the sun." Shakespeare.

"But winter ling'ring chills the lap of May."

Goldsmith.

*The Highers:*

"We fail?" Shakespeare.

*After the Bursary Comp.:*

"Under the wide and starry sky,

Dig the grave and let me lie." Stevenson.

*Return from School:*

"What, will those hands ne'er be clean?"

Shakespeare.

*Any Fourth Former:*

"I only know two sorts of boys." Dickens.

*Advice to a Fourth Form Gym. Class:*

"Neither a borrower nor a lender be."

Shakespeare.

*School Lunches:*

"Caviare to the general." Shakespeare.

"The rule is jam to-morrow, and jam yesterday,  
but never jam to-day." Carroll.

*The Staff on the Pupils:*

"All is vulgar, all clumsy, all dull, all torpid inanity."

Cobbett.

*The Bust of James Gillespie:*

"Was this the face that launched a thousand  
ships?" Marlowe.

*Mr. M——:*

"A wandering minstrel I——

A thing of shreds and patches." Gilbert.

*Miss H—— when seen in M's:*

"The glowing violet." Milton.



*Any Gillespie Girl:*

"You ought to see me on Sunday." (Anon).

*Sixth Form:*

"We are so very 'umble." Dickens.

"Known by the sobriquet of the Artful Dodgers."  
Dickens.

*En Route for the Library:*

"When to the sessions of sweet silent thought."  
Shakespeare.

"Our little lives are rounded with a sleep."  
Shakespeare.

*M.G.D.:*

"Never mind her; go on talking." Shaw.

*M.H.M.:*

"The Frog is justly sensitive  
To epithets like these." Belloc.

*I.A.H.:*

"I am come among you unmuzzled." Gladstone.

*The Double Maths Class:*

"Multiplication is vexation,  
Division is as bad." (Anon).

*Pupils v. Staff:*

"Like two doomed ships that pass in storm  
We had crossed each other's way:  
But we made no sign, we said no word,  
We had no word to say." Wilde.

*The Return of Max Factor make-up:*

"All, all are gone, the old familiar faces." Lamb.

*The Staff:*

"Let's find out what everyone is doing,  
And then stop everyone from doing it."  
A. P. Herbert.

*J.G.H.S.:*

"Man seems the only growth that dwindles here."  
Goldsmith.

## From the Primary Department

### THE WOODS IN SPRINGTIME.

I was walking through Primrose Wood listening to the twittering birds and the sighing trees as they swayed in the gentle breeze. Massive beech trees with their tender green buds contrasted well with the dark firs. Underfoot the grass was green and fresh with little primroses peeping through the stems.

I came to a little stream with celandines growing on the banks. Sitting down on a mossy stone I watched the antics of a blue and green kingfisher. He darted into the water and emerged with a silvery fish.

Crossing the stream I saw a bird fight. What a fight it was! Angry starlings with their purple feathers shining, pushed and shoved the wrens and other small birds. Haughty rooks looked on as if it was beneath their dignity to join in. Twittering robins and cheeky sparrows pecked at the older birds and then hopped quickly away. The quarrel was all over a piece of fat which a blue-tit had found in a garden.

I passed on, laughing to myself at the funny scene I had just witnessed. Gay daffodils waved their yellow trumpets as if to welcome me to their leafy home. Violets and primroses enticed me down little woodland paths, and rabbits stood looking at me with questioning eyes before scuttling off to their burrows. Suddenly I stopped short at the lovely sight that lay before me. Three little fox cubs were playing in a sheltered dell with their watchful mother looking on. At once this clever animal scented me and immediately drove her playful cubs to their den. A family of blackbirds flew past, quarrelling among themselves. I looked up at the chestnut trees overhead with their sticky buds, and saw a little red squirrel staring at me with beady eyes. He did not stay long unfortunately but fled away. In a few minutes I came into the open once more and saw little lambs skipping about in the fields.



A flock of rooks flew by cawing to each other. As I walked home I was very glad I had seen again the charms and beauty of the woods in spring-time.

LESLEY DICKSON, 5A.

\* \* \* \*

### SONG OF THE EXILES.

Bruntsfield is our exile home,  
Right rudely we are treated.  
Up the stairs dull, drear and lone,  
Near the roof we're seated.  
Through the chinks the wintry breeze  
Straight down on every jotter  
Full hard it blows to make us sneeze.  
If only it were hotter!  
Everywhere we go in school,  
Lest we our hosts annoy,  
"Do not speak" must be our rule.  
Bruntsfield! What a joy!

5B.

\* \* \* \*

### DANCING FEET.

In a small house in Moscow a bright-faced little girl of about ten was practising ballet. Nina Tovaritch, as the child was called, always hoped she would, some day, be a great ballerina. Every day she attended the Imperial Ballet School with many other boys and girls. For three hours each afternoon Nina practised hard at plies, grands battements and various other exercises.

All her practising was not in vain, for during one of her classes Ivor Stroganov, her ballet-master, told her she was to take the solo part in the new dance. Nina went wild with joy as she now knew the maestro thought she had talent.

How proud Papa and Mamma Tovaritch were as they walked along the street to the Imperial Theatre, where their little Nina was to dance. When everybody was seated, the curtain rose. There in the centre of the stage was Nina, poised on her toes, a graceful figure, clothed in white. The audience sat entranced as the small figure pirouetted and chasséd. At last

the dainty figure of Nina came to rest amid enthusiastic applause.

Nina had now climbed the first rung in the ladder of success, on which her dancing feet were to take her higher and higher.

NOEL ADAMS, 4A.

\* \* \* \*

### MY BIRTHDAY CAKE.

I had a lovely birthday cake,  
With icing white and blue,  
With many pretty ornaments,  
And candles quite a few.  
I thought I got a threepenny bit,  
Alas! It was a "fake."  
Fancy putting buttons in such a pretty cake!

BARBARA SWAN, 4B.

\* \* \* \*

### MINISTERS.

Mr. Shinwell, the Minister of Fuel and Power.  
He tells of electricity cuts and at what hour.  
Mr. Strachey is the Minister of Food.  
Sure he puts the housewife in a bad mood.  
Sir Stafford Cripps has told us, too,  
Our clothing coupons much longer must do.  
Mr. Dalton has increased the price of tobacco.  
But are we downhearted about it? Oh! no.

LOUISE ANDERSON, 3A.

### FUN IN A TOYSHOP.

The toy clock struck midnight, and at once the toy cupboard door in the toy shop gradually opened, and a black doll called Sambo popped his head round the corner. "The lights! The lights!" he shouted. "I can't reach them." At last they got them switched on, and while the musical box started up a lively tune, a golliwog and a teddy bear ran to open the door of the window to set free the dolls that had been on show. Suddenly there was a loud screech of an engine and an electric train drew up at the cupboard door. The tiny engine driver offered to give everybody a ride, and the smallest dolls clambered in. Unfortunately,



a ball which was out for mischief got in the way of a beautiful rocking horse which knocked over a polar bear that was pushing a monkey about in a pram. He fell on the train which overturned a bicycle that a teddy bear was riding. Oh! what a confusion over such a small thing as a ball. The toy policeman tried to regain order again but the toys were out for capers now. Just as the turmoil was at its height, a pattering of feet was heard and a ruddy face appeared. Santa Claus stood in front of them. Whenever he was recognized, the toy soldiers saluted him. He asked for the use of the toy reindeer as his own one had a broken ankle. The shy reindeer came forth and said he would be back before daylight. When the shopkeeper returned in the morning everything was in order, but the toys, now back in their places, knew differently.

ROSEMARY HUTCHISON, CA.

\* \* \* \*

#### A ROBIN REDBREAST.

He flew into my garden,  
A robin redbreast gay,  
And perched upon the railing,  
I wanted him to stay.  
He looked so very perky,  
One small bright eye on me,  
Was he a wee bit lonely,  
And wanted company?  
Then off he flew right over  
The garden wall so high,  
To his warm cosy hedge nest,  
"Good-bye," he said, "Good-bye!"

MYRA LYNN, 3B.

\* \* \* \*

#### MUMMY'S BROADCAST.

On Wednesday morning mummy had a 'phone call from the B.B.C. She was to broadcast about the light nights. So at night she started her script. She told how we couldn't get to sleep at night, and couldn't get up in the morning. On June the 6th she is going to broadcast to North America about the caravan holiday up at Caithness and Sutherland.

FRANCES COLMAN, 2A.

#### OUR PRINCESS.

Monday, 21st April, was a very special day. It was the birthday of a Princess—not a fairy princess that we have only read about, but a lovely princess that we have really seen and who on that day spoke to us even though she was 6,000 miles away. I think she must have known our school motto 'Fidelis et Fortis,' because she asked us to help her now, and when she becomes Queen, to be 'Faithful and Strong,' so that we may with her make our Empire loved by all peoples.

NAN FLEMING, 2B.

\* \* \* \*

Last week my little sister Anna went to hospital to get her tonsils cut.

My mummy dressed a lovely sleeping doll to give her when she came home. Dorothy and I gave her a book about the Zoo, also a book to colour in and crayons.

Lots of other things were sent to her to make her forget her sore throat. When I saw all the lovely things I wished I was her.

My daddy said, "Well, Jean, you go to hospital and have your tonsils out and you will get all these nice things too." But I am not sure about it at all.

JEAN DUNLOP, 1A.

\* \* \* \*

#### MORE ABOUT THE THREE BEARS.

After Goldilocks jumped out the window the three bears went downstairs for their breakfast. Then when Baby Bear found no porridge in his little bowl, Mother Bear gave Baby Bear some of hers. Baby Bear enjoyed his porridge. Alas, his chair was broken! After their breakfast Mother Bear went upstairs and remade the beds. Father Bear mended the broken chair. Baby Bear washed the bowls. Later on Goldilocks returned and apologised by bringing presents, a pair of trousers for Father Bear, an apron for Mother a motor crane for Baby Bear.

DIANE STEWART, 1B.



## From the Preparatory Department

On Saturday Mrs. Cockburn and Mr. Cockburn and Sheela took me to the Zoo. It was because they could not give me a birthday present. I saw a peacock with its tail up, it looked like lots of eyes on it. There were lots of lovely birds with houses and hundreds of other things in the Zoo.

This afternoon I am going to dress up as a cow girl. I have a gun that I found but I do not know who it belongs to. Dad says I will wake him up when he is having a nap.

Last Friday I went to the Macjic Bow. I did not like the Mewzick for when he started to play he did it far too long. But the man who played it was a nice man and so was the lady but the mewsick was not nice.

When I grow up I want to be a dancer. I want to be one to get the fun out of it. Every evening I would dance. When I dance I would wear an evening frock.

In the holidays I got a baby sister. She was born on 13 of April at ten o'clock on Sunday morning. When the doctor came and told us Kenneth went to the door. When he told Kenneth he had a little sister he said foof and ran away.

This week-end Mummy bought me a pair of roller skates at Bert Gibson's. I cannot go them yet, you should have seen me fall. My little chum laughed at me. But she fell herself and I laughed at her. So we played houses.

One Sunday at supper-time I was wrighting some thing down and I wanted a bite of my sangwage. When I looked up they were gone also my cup and plate were gone.

PREP. SENIOR A.

I have a baby brother. His name is Tommy. He was five months old on Friday. Tommy is teething. He has big red spots all round his mouth. I love Tommy. He has a little blue suit and a sholl.

My Auntie Jenny has a shop. It is a grosor's shop. She keeps potatoes, shooger, flour, butter, magreen, unyons, oranges, sweets and jam. She is taking a note of everything in the shop. It is called stock-taking.

To-day I am going to take my wee sister out in her pram. She is five months. I will take her to the park. I will have to put the hood up becos it is snowing. I can't slide becos I will have to watch the baby or the pram will koup. The world is white. The trees are white too. Everything is white.

A lady came on the tram. I gave her my seat. The lady said thank you very much. She gave me a sweety. I said thank you to the lady.

I have a cousin. His name is Tommy. He has black hair and blue eyes. He lives in Glasgow. I love my cousin. He is seventeen. Tommy will soon be in the Army.

My uncle was in hospital. He is coming home to-day. He was very very ill. The doctors and nurses did not know what was rong with him. He had a sore back. When he was in hospital the pain went down to his leg.

I am going to get a baby in the summer holidays. I will call her Margaret. If it is a boy I will call him Peater. I will take the baby out in the pram.

The baker wears a white apron and a white cap. Every day when my mummy goes to the baker there is a que. She once got a cake. It was a nice one. The baker is my friend. My mummy likes him too.



My mummy could not see to bath the baby. The lights were out. Diane could not get her bottle. We had to go about with a candle. I could not see to get dressed. I did not know what to do.

PREP. SENIOR B.

I have a pritty dog and my Mummy has a wee kitten and my Daddy has me.

I do not want to gro up bekos I like glespies.

My mummy lets me go the mesegis and I once went for two cabbages and roobert and the bag was heavie.

Thayrs a cat that comes to our house and steels fish out of our citching.

I am going to dancing to-day becos we are going to have a display with our balley frocks on.

My anty Daisy was the best runir in glespies hiy scool. She yoos to love to run. my techer ses when I go in to the big scool I miyt be fastr.

I saw a bumbl bee. I fed it on rasperi jam, it was on the windo sill.

On Friday I went to my Grannys. We stade the night. Mummy came for us but we stade to here the Mackflanals on the wirlas.

Yesterday I went out on my tricke and picket some primroses.

When I grow up I want to have a baby girl and boy and I would like my hasbad to be a doctor.

PREP. JUNIOR A.

My doll has got the chicin pocs, and a bad cof.

I wosht my doll with a spunj.

I have the toofic, and my doll has the cold.

When furst I got my little pussy she had a cof, and she coft and coft. She came up starze this morning and myoud at our bedroom door.

My baby sister stuc her face in the cole pale, and came out like the lum.

My Nana has a frachered arm. She went to the emfemry on Tuesday.

In the holidays I had farandjitis. I had to take reel medsin, and nice medsin too.

A dog scratcht my iys.

When Mummy had the floo in bed. Gran got up to make the brekfis. The mice nerly ran up Gran's leg. Mummy had to get up to cach the mice. I ran into the bed-room.

I have a baby bruver. He has two teef.

Sum times I imagen that I see fairys in the dark. They have sparks round them.

My doll has the fevur, and is all out in a rash.

PREP. JUNIOR B.



## Reports of Societies

### LITERARY AND DRAMATIC SOCIETY.

At the end of this year, the year of the Society's twenty-first birthday, we may look back, with some pride of achievement, on the records of the past year.

This year, for the first time since the war, it was found possible to have our syllabus printed before the first meeting and issued to members then. This printing of the syllabus, with its promise of many interesting meetings, was undoubtedly one of the reasons for the great increase in membership, for this year the Society numbers well over a hundred, and each member has given the Society the greatest support and help possible.

The meetings have been very varied. There have been two debates; "That Human Progress is an Illusion" and "That Self-Government is more important than Good Government," the last debate being entirely in the hands of our very enterprising Fourth year members, encouraged greatly by their representative, Avril Johnston.

"Hat Night" and "Magazine Night" had, as usual, their honoured place among us and surprising things were said and written at both those meetings. The standard of contributions was very high, covering a very wide range, from a dissertation on Fourth Year manners to a philosophic consideration of "My last Husband," a brilliant parody of Browning's "My last Duchess."

We were very pleased to welcome to the Society Mr. J. Scott Allan and Miss Margaret Hardie to speak on "The Theatre To-day" and "The Modern Thriller" respectively. They must have realised how much we enjoyed their most interesting and amusing talks from the way in which we applauded, but we should once more like to thank them.

The meetings with other Societies were with George Watson's Literary Club and with George Heriot's Literary and Debating Society. The meeting with

George Watson's took the form of a debate "That it is a pity about Adam's rib" in which the Negative won a very decided and pleasing victory. With George Heriot's, however, the meeting took the form of a trial and was called "Rogues' Gallery." The "rogues" contested vigorously for a place in Heaven but only Christopher Columbus was found to be a deserving case. Both our joint meetings were very much enjoyed and, if one is to judge from the number of people who attended, very much looked forward to.

In November the "Lit" celebrated Hallowe'en and the escapades of Guy Fawkes. The lighting arrangements at this meeting were rather primitive, consisting of a few candles and a number of turnip lanterns. Weird incantations and eldritch screeches could have been heard coming from the music room and bedraggled old witches flitted about the corridors. The meeting consisted of apposite items contributed by the three forms, 4, 5 and 6 and also of the performing of the Hallowe'en rite of "dooking" for apples which was very much enjoyed.

On 13th and 14th December the Society presented a dramatic entertainment in the form of a "Shaw Festival" which was a great success; of this a fuller account is to be found elsewhere in the magazine.

The "Grand Finale" of our meetings was, of course, our 21st Birthday Party at which, as well as members, there were a "goodly number" of the Society's friends and supporters. The catering, which included a wonderful birthday cake with 21 candles, was most beautifully done by the School's domestic staff to whom we should like to express our thanks.

The programme consisted of dancing, and entertainment provided by forms 4, 5 and 6. The decorations, works of art, kindly made by Miss Campbell, contributed much to the general gaiety. The Bard was crowned, toasts were drunk and—"a good time was had by all."

I should like to thank all those, too numerous to mention by name, who have helped and encouraged the Society during this year, but especially the Committee for the unfailing support they have given me throughout the session, and Miss Foster, our President,



for whose infallible judgment and awe-inspiring enthusiasm we can never fully express our gratitude.

MARGARET G. DAVIDSON  
(*Hon. Secretary*).

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### SCIENCE ASSOCIATION.

Once more the Association sits back with a glow of righteousness in its heart and surveys the year's work. The membership has increased amazingly and we are now supported by over a hundred ardent scientists.

For the first time since the war, printed syllabi were again available, and they were very attractive with green covers—green being one of the Association's colours. The programme has been somewhat curtailed, because Friday afternoon seems to be a very popular time for heterogeneous meetings, but it has been a very interesting one.

We have had three outside speakers this year—Mr. Marcus, whose subject was "The Western Desert," dealing mainly with the wild life therein; Mr. Rankeillor, whose demonstration of glass-blowing so interested the members last session that he was persuaded to come back again; and Mr. Seaton whose film show has become a regular feature of our syllabus, and without whom we would be at a loss on many occasions.

Competitions and experiments have always been popular, and the two meetings devoted to them were enthusiastically received, particularly the bubble-blowing connected with the latter.

Much to the relief of us scientists, the Affirmative was carried in a debate: "That a scientific is preferable to a literary education," although the decision was only reached after much hectic discussion, particularly among the younger forms.

For many years a Brains Trust has formed a regular part of the syllabus, but this year the members were asked to provide the brains. It was a hilarious meeting, the knowledge of some being equalled only by the ignorance of others.

It is with great reluctance that we confess that the

most popular meeting was the least scientific—the F.P. Reunion and Social. However, we can at least say that the Association arrived in full force to meet the F.P.'s and Staff.

The most spectacular activity of the Association this session was undoubtedly the Fun Fair held on Saturday, 24th May. Originally conceived by the Committee of the Association, this project eventually drew the interest and help of every department of the School, and was crowned with complete success. A fuller account of it will be found elsewhere in this issue.

No report of the Association's work would be complete without some mention of our untiring President. His help is never-failing, and the ingenious products of his scientific brain have elevated the Association to its present high place in school life.

On behalf of next year's committee we should like to welcome new members, particularly among the younger forms.

J. AILEEN HALL (*Hon. Secretary*).

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### SKETCH CLUB.

The attendance of the Sketch Club, despite the fact that the membership has been restricted to the Secondary Department, has as ever maintained its high standard. Among the various branches of art included in this year's programme, the crafts section has flourished under the capable direction of Miss Moncur. In the main art room the younger members showed distinct talent in life-drawing, while the School was kept supplied with colourful posters for all occasions. Puppetry also has had its group of ardent followers. With the approach of the end of the summer term, and the Exhibition, the members are working with redoubled zeal to make our first post-war Exhibition an outstanding success. We are confident that under the inspiring leadership of the versatile Miss Campbell, ably assisted in her none-too-easy task by Miss Sommerville, our aspirations will be fulfilled.

DOROTHY H. L. FORREST

E. AVRIL JOHNSTON

(*Hon. Secretaries*).



### SCHOOL CHOIR.

The Choir has completed another year of successes under the inspiring guidance of Mr. Macrae.

In September there was a very beautiful Bach Recital in St. Paul's and St. George's Church. In October we were asked by the B.B.C. to broadcast again on Children's Hour. We complied and sang "Five Eyes" and "I would that my love," amongst other songs. In November, a group of girls sang and did the effects for the "David Livingstone" broadcast. In December there was a selection of carols, including Russian, French and Czech, sung by an augmented choir at the church. They were repeated in school, and on both occasions were very well sung.

In January we broadcast once more for the B.B.C. This time we were promoted to a programme of our own entitled "Children Singing." The highlights of this were "Fly, Singing Bird, Fly," and "Music when soft voices die."

In February, at very short notice, we sang at the Y.M.C.A., St. Andrew's Square, to a very appreciative audience. Solos were sung by Bessie Connor, Muriel White, and Muriel McCurrach.

In March the "St. Matthew Passion" was performed in church and the Choir did full justice to its excellent training during a very difficult term.

In April we performed at North Morningside Congregational Church.

We are now rehearsing with a special choir of one hundred and twenty voices for the Usher Hall Concert in June, which will comprise a delightful selection of songs. "Where is the home for me?" by Vaughan Williams, words by Gilbert Murray, "With Drooping Wings" and the Finale from "Dido and Aeneas," "Hansel and Gretel," and "The Lord is my Shepherd," a four-part arrangement by Schubert, are amongst the special items.

Year after year Mr. Macrae has inspired in us a love of music which will last a lifetime, and for which we owe him an unrepayable debt of gratitude. Members of the Choir leaving school will realise how very fortunate they have been in being trained in a Choir under the genius of Mr. Macrae. We cannot speak too

highly of the hard work and sacrifice that has gone into the production of a result that has given our school such a creditable place in the musical life of Edinburgh.

The Choir wish to thank Miss Hardie for all she has done. Her help is now indispensable and we hope that she will be with us to add to our successes in the future.

EDNA WATSON.

MURIEL MCCURRACH.

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### SCHOOL ORCHESTRA.

The Orchestra has continued its practices this year with energy and enthusiasm. At the beginning of the year, the Orchestra was very small, as a great many of our best players had left. Now it has assumed a size which does credit to our School. It consists of eleven first violins, seventeen seconds, five cellos, four pianists, one viola, and the double bass.

The Junior Orchestra meets each Monday and displays remarkable quality of tone. They also have improved vastly since the beginning of the year.

The Orchestra has aided the Choir at various functions. At the Y.M.C.A. it added several items to the programme, and at North Morningside Church it gave a delightful performance.

Special mention must be made of Miss Evelyn Hardie, whose willing help and brilliant accompaniments have so aided our work during the year.

The Orchestra is now reserving its energies for the Usher Hall Concert, when it will play Tchaikowsky's "Sleeping Beauty Waltz" and the Piano Concerto; the Minuet from Haydn's "Clock Symphony"; Bach's "Sarabande"; and March from "Alceste" by Gluck, and a selection of traditional airs.

The Orchestra has really advanced amazingly well. At the beginning of the year it consisted mainly of very raw recruits, and it has now become a credit to the School with its quality of tone, and unmistakable precision. All this is due to the splendid faith which Mr. Macrae has in the hidden musical talents of his



pupils. His keen enthusiasm inspires us with a confidence which carries us forward to the happy conclusion of an excellent performance.

EDNA WATSON.

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### E.S.C.A.

E.S.C.A. this year has increased its membership till it now numbers over 400 and the number of members from this School is over 70, all of whom have been very active and conscientious.

The syllabus was printed this year, and was a decided improvement on the old system of announcing the meetings week by week. The meetings this year have been very varied, consisting of debates, speakers on various subjects, symposia and also a Brains Trust consisting of members of committee.

The symposium in the winter term was on "Social Services" and here many astonishing facts were brought to light.

In the spring term, Councillor Murray kindly arranged a "Mock Town Council" which was held in the City Chambers and was very much enjoyed by all those who were able to be present.

The Annual Social was held this year in George Watson's College, there being over 400 present, and it was a great success. A conference was again held this Easter, and though it was smaller than previous conferences, its very smallness made it doubly enjoyable, as delegates were able to get to know one another much better. The conference was held in George Heriot's School and the lovely surroundings added greatly to the enjoyment of the delegates.

MARGARET G. DAVIDSON.

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### "SALUTE TO SHAW."

If Mr. George Bernard Shaw had chanced to stroll into the gymnasium, miraculously transformed into a "Little Theatre" by the addition of a stage, beautiful crimson velvet curtains and an eager audience, on the night of 13th or 14th December, 1946, he would have been pleased, I think, stern critic though he is,

by the performances of excerpts from his works given by members of the Literary and Dramatic Society in honour of his ninetieth birthday.

The whole production, one felt, was the result of a corporate effort, of a completely harmonious working together of girls, producers, artists, stage-managers. The plays were introduced by a Prologue written by Miss Foster and spoken by Joyce Ronchetti whose diction, so pleasingly clear, was typical of the high standard of speaking which prevailed throughout. Without any apparent effort on the part of the actresses, not a word was lost to the audience—a fitting reward for the weeks of hard work put in by girls and producers.

The evening's entertainment opened with "The Dark Lady of the Sonnets," a one-act play in which Shaw, through the mouths of Queen Elizabeth and Mr. William Shakespeare—a playwright whose character here bears a startling resemblance to Mr. Shaw—makes his plea for a national theatre. Duseline Stewart as Queen Elizabeth gave a mature and polished performance. She had presence and poise, conveying queenly condescension and dignity. All the characters were convincing and worked up most successfully to the amusing climax when the Dark Lady, with well-acted rage, seeing her Shakespeare talking to another woman of whose identity she is in ignorance—hits out at Elizabeth and at Shakespeare, who being rather a slight man falls to the ground. Elizabeth then reveals herself to the now appalled Dark Lady and says in a terrible voice, "You have struck the Queen!" to be followed swiftly by the indignant exclamation of the outraged Shakespeare, sitting up and thundering, "Madam, you have struck William Shakespeare!"

In contrast to the scholarly propaganda of this play the first act of "Arms and the Man" gave us Shaw, ever with a message to convey and an issue to be thrashed out, attacking and destroying the romanticist's illusions about the glory of war. Raina (Betty Grinton) betrothed to the dashing cavalry officer, Sergius, who has won renown by leading a suicidal cavalry charge which by mere chance is successful, gives shelter to a fugitive from the enemy side, the



realist Bluntschli (Aileen Hall), a professional soldier who realises the horror of warfare although he carries chocolate in place of bullets. Raina and Bluntschli interpreted their parts well, Raina's starry-eyed romanticism, girlish enthusiasm and sturdy defence of her ideals in the face of the calm scepticism of the sardonic Bluntschli well portrayed as the cynical and unromantic hero, provoking much laughter from the audience. Catherine (Dorothy Dodds), Raina's mother, was well cast, and praise is due to Louka (Zanna McGregor), Raina's pert maid, who showed just how much can be made of a small part. The setting of this play was particularly striking; the colourful Eikon on the wall, the portrait of Sergius, whose eyes flashed fire at the audience from their frame on the table, the tapestries and brass candlesticks all combined to create successfully the illusion of a Bulgarian lady's boudoir of last century.

The different styles of acting required from the actresses were most interesting to observe, from the graceful and leisurely in "The Dark Lady of the Sonnets," the sprightly and modern in "Arms and the Man," to the strong and sometimes impassioned in "Saint Joan." The two scenes presented from "Saint Joan," Shaw's greatest play, were a fitting climax to the evening. Aesthetically, the scenes were exquisite. Against a pale blue and grey background the gorgeous costumes made a picture mediaeval in its richness of colour and detail. The cast was large and the groupings excellent. It could have been no easy task to find the right people in a girls' school for the parts, each so different from the others, of the virile, blustering Robert de Baudricourt, the stately Archbishop of Rheims, the petulant, nervous Dauphin, the foppish Gilles de Rais, nick-named "Bluebeard," and yet not once were we disturbed, watching the play, by the recollection that these our actors were all schoolgirls who would vanish from the stage to the classroom. It is almost impossible to select anyone for individual praise from a cast which, without exception, gave a performance of an exceedingly high standard, whether it was the Archbishop of Rheims (Muriel Simpson), whose remote yet compelling voice

and bearing suggested a powerful ecclesiastic whose failings whatever they were, did not include want of dignity; the Dauphin (Ethnie Sloan), a spoilt child, undignified, timid, spineless, cowardly, whose trust in Joan has something childlike in it and yet something wily too; Bluebeard (Dorothy Clement), exquisite fop, witty and shallow, who was played with great style, providing further evidence of what can be made of a small part. But although team-work was the keynote and there were no "stars," without a convincing Joan, the others could not have made the play the success it was. Joan (Christine Macpherson) was utterly convincing, a real flesh and blood country lass whose high faith and purpose did not prevent her from piercing the hypocrisies and stupidities of the world around her with humour and commonsense. Purity and strength were the qualities that marked this performance in the scenes that crowned the evening's achievements.

In the concluding tableau, all the characters having assembled on the stage, "Joan" unveiled a large portrait of Shaw, and "Shakespeare" placed a laurel wreath before it. To at least one of the audience, it seemed that it might not have been inappropriate if another wreath had been placed in honour of all those who helped to create the show. Congratulations and thanks are due to the Production Committee—Miss Campbell, Dr. Dougary, Miss Margaret Hardie, and Miss Helen Cruikshank—and to many besides, who, working under the general direction of Miss Foster, deviser of the programme, presented a production which had real artistic quality and added fresh lustre to the dramatic traditions of the "Lit."

V. M. H.



**SCIENCE ASSOCIATION FUN FAIR.**

Early in the session the Committee of the Science Association decided to set before the Association the ambitious aim of raising, by means of a Fun Fair, enough money to provide the School with a projector. Miss Andrew, as always, gave every encouragement to the scheme, and a great deal of preliminary work and planning was done by Mr. Brash and the members of the Science Association Committee, but by the time the date fixed for the Fair drew near, it had become a project to which every department of the school, from the Preparatory upwards, was giving whole-hearted help. Miss Mackay undertook the arrangement of, and collection of contributions for, the various stalls; our old friend Mr. Seaton came back to organise Games with his usual skill and efficiency; Miss Carswell and Miss Napier carried out the onerous task of supplying teas for 700 people; Mr. Macrae and Miss Foster organised a Concert on the evening of the Fair.

On the afternoon of Saturday, 24th May the School was transformed into a hive of gay stalls, tea-tables and side-shows. The astonishingly attractive array of stalls in the Music Room, where flowers and fruit, bakeries, groceries, toys, books and soft goods were displayed in unimaginable plenty, to disappear with unimaginable speed, was a tribute to Miss Mackay and all those members of the Primary and Secondary staffs who helped her but even more to the generosity of parents and friends who contributed such a number and variety of goods to sell. It was an afternoon which provided something for all tastes; even the smallest children having their own special amusements and refreshments! The evening concert, to which both individual pupils and class groups contributed, was much enjoyed by an audience which filled the Middle Hall. The atmosphere was informal and spontaneous, and the programme well varied, consisting of orchestral items, songs, dances, mimes, and dramatic sketches, the latter along with the recitations adding an enjoyable note of humour to the very satisfying standard of music and 'spectacle' which characterised the concert.

As a result of this combined effort, a sum of £270 was raised, more than enough for the desired projector, and a fitting reward for those who had worked so hard to bring about this result. Mr. Brash wishes to thank all, whether staff, parents and friends, or pupils, who contributed to the success of the Fair, and to say a special word of appreciation to the Committee of the Science Association for their enthusiasm and cheerful performance of the hundred and one tasks that fell to their lot.

F. B. H.



## School Sports

### HOCKEY.

Owing to the severe winter many of the hockey matches had to be cancelled, including the Inter-House and Staff matches. However, the season was quite a successful one for the 1st XI., despite the fact that the team was a comparatively new one and practices limited. The 2nd XI. was less successful, but the 3rd, 4th, 5th, and 6th XI.'s played well, winning most of their matches.

In the Hockey Seven-a-Side Tournament, played at Meggetland, on April 1st, the school team was unfortunately defeated in the first round. The school was represented by J. McCallum, E. Davidson, F. Philip, H. Brown, J. Ronchetti, D. Gilroy, M. Kidd.

At the end of the first term, all members of the 1st and 2nd XI.'s were given their girdles; at the end of the Easter term 1st XI. colours were awarded to D. Gilroy, E. Davidson, J. Ronchetti, Y. Graham, and H. Brown and 2nd XI. colours to D. Clement, J. Aitken, J. B. R. Cook and M. Davidson.

The results of the season's matches were as follows:—

Matches—Won		Lost	Drawn	Cancelled	Goals	
					For	Against
1st XI.	.....	8	4	2	10	34 33
2nd "	.....	5	6	2	7	25 29
3rd "	.....	10	2	1	8	54 9
4th "	.....	7	0	1	9	39 2
5th "	.....	4	0	0	6	24 3
6th "	.....	3	2	0	6	15 8

J. McC.

### TENNIS.

Tennis has been as popular as ever this year. The School tennis team was represented by:—

Muriel Marshall and Joyce McCallum.

Doreen Cunningham and Moira Kidd.

Eileen Gay and Freda Philip.

The team has been less successful this year, the results being as follows:—

Boroughmuir	- 6	Gillespie's	- - 3
Boroughmuir	- 3	Gillespie's	- - 6
Royal High	- 9	Gillespie's	- - 0
Royal High	- 9	Gillespie's	- - 0
Trinity	- 6	Gillespie's	- - 3

Only one match, against Dunfermline, has had to be cancelled, and there remain to play two matches, the Staff match and the House match.

J. S. McC.

### CRICKET.

This year the membership of the Cricket Club is over 50, and the enthusiasm is as great as ever although few practices have been held owing to weather conditions. The Club is much indebted to Mr. Brash for coming out two nights a week to coach its members. As yet the results have not been very encouraging, but the team hopes to show some improvement in the return match with St. George's. The highlight of the season is, of course, the match against the Staff, which will be played towards the end of the term.

F. J. P.

### GOLF.

This year the Club has lacked the enthusiasm and support which it enjoyed last year; this is probably due to the fact that there are so many other school activities, but it is hoped that more girls will join next year.

Golf Competition played over Braids (9 holes):—

1. Dorothy Seaton	- - 57
2. Margaret Rosie	- - 68

There is still the Championship to be decided and we are looking forward to the Staff v. Pupils Putting Match at the end of term.

D. S.

### SWIMMING.

As in former years the Swimming Club has had a very successful session, despite the severe weather of the spring term, when attendance at the baths was very low for many weeks.

The summer term examination results are not yet to hand, but up to date 73 girls have gained certificates—34 Elementary, 26 Intermediate, 6 Advanced, and 7 Life-saving. In addition to these, 10 members of forms 2 and 3 of the Secondary School have succeeded in gaining the Bronze Medallion of the Royal Life Saving Society. We congratulate the following on this achievement:—Anne Calderwood, Isobel Davidson, Cissie Dott, Lillias Galloway, Margaret Galloway, Moira Gibson, Marjorie Inkster, Pamela Moorby, Isobel Main, and Joan Thomson.

We also congratulate Elsie Melville on gaining the school championship (with 18 points) for the second year in succession. The house championship is won by Warrender House.

L. P., J. M.

### ANNUAL SPORTS, 1946.

It may be remembered that the Annual Sports last year were cut short by heavy rain, so that the programme of events had to be completed the following week, too late for the results to appear in last year's Magazine.

The Open Individual Championship, carrying with it the "Tom Stevenson" Cup for Athletics, was won by Joyce Stewart, the runner-up being Avril Johnston. The winner of the "Ryrie Memorial Prize" for the Under Fifteen Championship was Christina Macpherson.

The House Championship results were as follows:—

Gilmore	- 103	Spylaw	- 53
Roslin	- 34	Warrender	77

The entry money, amounting to over £30, was given as a donation for the buying of books for the School Library.

### ANNUAL SPORTS, 1947.

The final stages of the Sports were carried through at Meggetland on Wednesday, 11th June, in glorious weather. The individual Championship of the School was won by Avril Johnston, who gained first places in the 100yds., the 220 yds., and also the Hurdles to complete a very fine performance. Her win in the last few feet of the 220 yds. was one of the events of the afternoon. Freda Philip was runner-up with two seconds, a third and a fourth. Kathleen Dunlop with wins in the High Jump and 100 yds and third place in the Hurdles proved a worthy under-15 Champion. Cissie Dott was runner-up. The House events as usual provoked the greatest enthusiasm and this mounted to a climax with the running of the Inter-House



Relay races. The House Championship was rather easily won by Roslin with 84 points followed by Spylaw with 52 points, and Warrender with 51½ points! It was decided, as last year, to devote the entry money, amounting to over £30 to buying books for the School Library.

## PRINCIPAL RESULTS

### Preparatory Events.

PREP. JUN. B.—Ruth Hardie, Joyce Bell, Muriel Fraser.  
PREP. JUN. A.—Isabella Gardiner, Hilary Colley, Janice Lowe,  
Sheila Johnston, Mary Crockett.  
PREP. SEN. B.—Margaret Corbett, Dorothy Black, Norma  
Marshall.  
PREP. SEN. A.—Irene Rolwegan, Janette Scott, Margaret Drum-  
mond, Norma Stewart.

### Primary Events.

Primary Events.

80 yards under 8.—1. Marion Martin. 2. Aileen Thomson.  
80 yards under 9.—1. Elaine Tray. 2. Muriel Fullerton.  
80 yards under 10.—1. Anne Kilpatrick. 2. Gillian Taylor.  
100 yards under 11.—1. Doreen Primrose. 2. Sheila Amos.  
100 yards under 12.—1. Sonia Reid. 2. Pamela McKellar.  
100 yards, open.—1. Mary Brown. 2. Joan Angus.  
Skipping, under 9.—1. Anne Bruce. 2. Jean Young.  
Skipping, under 11.—1. Rosemary Hutchison. 2. Gillian Taylor.  
Skipping, open.—1 eq. Pat Johnston and Mary Brown.  
Grasshopper, under 9.—1. Jean Young. 2. Vera Logan.  
Wheel-barrow, under 11.—1. Nan Fleming and Pat Ormiston.  
2. Frances Laing and Pat Fraser.  
Egg and Spoon, open.—1. Pat Johnston. 2. Helen Turnbull.  
Three-leg, under 10.—1. Margaret McMillan and Winifred Hutton.  
2. Anne Dunlop and Anita Chaffey.  
Three-leg, open.—1. Mary Brown and Joyce Primrose. 2. Pamela McKellar and Sonia Reid.  
Sack Race, under 10.—1. Edith Hay. 2. Katherine Allan.  
Sack Race, open.—1. Doreen Primrose. 2. Maud Yuille.  
High Jump, open.—1. Joan Angus. 2. Sheila Miller.  
Inter-House Relay.—1. Roslin. 2. Gilmore. 3. Spylaw.

### Secondary Events.

100 yards, under 13.—1. Isabel Purdie. 2. Elspeth Hood.  
100 yards, under 14.—1. Margaret Deas. 2. Elizabeth Willis.  
100 yards, under 15.—1. Kathleen Dunlop. 2. Cissie Dott.  
100 yards, open.—1. Avril Johnston. 2. Christine Clephane.  
Skipping, under 14.—1. Anne Munro. 2. Jean Moss.  
Skipping, open.—1. Christine Clephane. 2. Dorothy Dickson.  
220 yards, open.—1. Avril Johnston. 2. Freda Philip.  
Egg and Spoon, under 14.—1. Jean Moss. 2. Margaret O'Hare.  
Egg and Spoon, open.—1. Joan Hawtin. 2. Betty Innes.  
Hurdles, under 15.—1. Audrey Henderson. 2. Elizabeth Willis.  
Hurdles, open.—1. Avril Johnston. 2. Freda Philip.  
Three-Leg, open.—1. Margaret Cuthbert and Kathleen Dunlop.  
2. Christine Clephane and Margaret Loraine.  
Sack Race, under 14.—1. Doreen Craig. 2. Margaret Davidson.  
Sack Race, open.—1. Margaret Kinnaird. 2. Jean Hamilton.  
Hockey Dribble.—1. Norma Hunter. 2. Catherine Davidson.  
Cricket Ball.—1. Margaret Kinnaird.  
Golf Drive.—1. Dorothy Seaton.

Blind Pony Race.—1. Sheila Lloyd and Margaret Tweedie.  
2. Jean Moss and Jean Fraser.  
Prefects' Race.—1. Joyce McCallum. 2. Catherine Davidson.  
High Jump, under 15.—1. Kathleen Dunlop. 2. Jean Fraser.  
High Jump, open.—1. Jean Macpherson. 2 eq. Doreen Gilroy  
and Christina Macpherson.  
Broad Jump, under 15.—1. Abigail Coghill. 2. Cissie Dott.  
Broad Jump, open.—1. Ella Davidson. 2. Hilda Brown.  
Inter-House Relay, under 15.—1. Spylaw. 2. Roslin. 3. War-  
render.  
Inter-House Relay, open.—1. Warrender. 2. Roslin. 3. Spylaw..  
J. C. B.

## HOUSE CHAMPIONSHIP

**Previous Winner (1944-45)—Roslin**

SESSION 1945-46

	Gilmore Points	Roslin Points	Spylaw Points	Warrender Points
Merit and Progress	100	116	119	115
Attendance .....	35	37	38	40
Hockey .....	25	17	25	33
Sports .....	38	13	20	29
Swimming .....	8	36	49	7
Tennis .....	29	32	21	18
	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>
TOTALS .....	235	251	272	242
Less Penalty Pts.	80	83	96	41
	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>
	155	168	176	201

Champion House—WARRENDER.      Second—SPYLAU.  
J. C. B.

## HOUSE CHAMPIONSHIP

Previous Winner (1945-46)—Warrender

SESSION 1946-47

	Gilmore Points	Roslin Points	Spylaw Points	Warrender Points
Merit and Progress	118	113	110	109
Attendance	38	36	36	40
Hockey	*	*	*	*
Sports	10	40	25	25
Swimming	21	9	37	33
Tennis	27	32	19	22
TOTALS	214	230	227	229
Less Penalty Pts.	81	67	79	73
	133	163	148	156

Champion House—ROSLIN.      Second—WARRENDER.

\* Cancelled owing to adverse weather conditions.



## Former Pupils' Section

### A MESSAGE FROM RAJPUTANA.

(We acknowledge with thanks, and are glad to publish, this article received from Irene Glass, who is engaged in missionary work in India).

"Ding dong! Ding dong!" Is that Gillespie's School bell I hear in my sleep, and should I be running up Pitsligo Road so that I may not be too late, and incur the wrath of a justly irate teacher? As I "come to" I realise that is a dream of the past. Many years have passed since those days—some time in Skerry's College, a number of years as a civil servant, some time as Field Secretary of the Church of Scotland Girls' Association, a period of training in St. Colm's Missionary College, a month or two in London at the Oriental School of Languages—and the bell I'm hearing is the bell of our Mission Girls' School, in Nasirabad, in the heart of Rajputana, India. Since the time I was in the Junior classes in "Gillespie's," India has drawn me. I've read everything I could lay my hands on about the land and its people, who have always held a peculiar attraction for me. As I grew older, through the Girls' Association, I began to learn something of missionary work in this great land, and to understand a little the great need of the people for Jesus Christ— So, here I am, for when we realise a need and know God, in Christ, is saying, "Go ye, . . . and, lo, I am with you always," we cannot refuse.

As you'll know from your geography lessons, India is a vast country, more like a continent than one land with its varieties of climate and languages, peoples and customs. Its population is estimated at something like 400 million, and the people live mainly in the many villages, though there are many large towns, with crowded streets and still more crowded houses. You will understand, then, that anything I write cannot be at all of a general nature, but applies only to Nasirabad, where my home at present is.

Can you find Rajputana on a map of India? Look north of Bombay, south of the Punjab, and west of

Delhi. The Aravalli Hills (said to be the oldest hills in the world) divide Rajputana in two. Nasirabad lies to the north-west of them and the ground is largely desert. Extremes of climate are experienced. There are seventeen Indian States in Rajputana (land of the Rajputs—kings' sons) fascinating in their combination of much that is old and much that is new, and in the centre is a small piece of British territory, called Ajmer-Merwara. Nasirabad is in this small British part, a smallish town, fourteen miles from the larger centre of Ajmer.

Monday, 22nd April, 1946—Easter Monday—saw me arriving in Nasirabad. The second night I was here, an Indian lady guest we had staying with us was awakened by a peculiar hissing, to discover a cobra a few yards away! We were all sleeping outside, but it was killed before I woke up. Since then, in the rains, I've seen a number of snakes, dead and alive, some more than six feet in length. Fortunately, I have always seen them before they had a chance to see me! I rejoice, too, that I have seen crocodiles, elephants, camels, monkeys, peacocks, lizards, and—my particular pets—little grey tree squirrels. Then there are the birds—gay-coloured parrots, "jungle babblers" (which make an appalling din), minahs, doves. Our mission compound stands a little way out of the town, and is beautifully open, with views of the hills in nearly every direction—low hills, like our dearly loved Pentlands. We have a large compound. In it are our Girls' School and Hostel, two mission bungalows, two wells, and numerous small houses on the outskirts, where some of our Christian people live. Just now in our bungalow are Miss Auchinachie, from Ayr, the Principal of our Girls' School, and myself. There are two unoccupied rooms. Any volunteers forthcoming? We've a comfortable home and very near is a pretty little enclosed garden. The flowers in their seasons are a delight—azaleas, lilies, zinnias, bouganvillea, balsam of every hue sweet peas. There are lovely trees, too—neems, tamarinda, babuls.

Just behind our bungalow are our Girls' School and Hostel. The school is a Middle and Training one, and, the school being a vernacular one, girls are trained as



vernacular teachers. Both Hindi and Urdu are mediums of instruction, mainly Hindi. Just now we have almost 200 girls as pupils, more than 80 being boarders and living in our hostel. We have 14 girls training as teachers just now, a training which takes two years. When I came out first, the girls all looked alike to me—just a crowd of dark-skinned, dark-eyed girls of varying ages and sizes, the little ones in dresses, the older ones in saris. Now they're individuals to me, and they have won my heart—Sarla, Kamla, Lajwanti, Daisy, Violet Muriel, Beryl, Pyari, Victoria. We have Hindus, Mohammedans and Christians all coming to the school. Our matron, headmistress and teachers are all Christians—Indian Christians. The hot-weather school hours are 7.30 a.m. until about 12.30 p.m. It is not possible to work in the middle of the day. The cold weather hours are 10 a.m. till 3 p.m., with only fifteen minutes' break. (Our cold weather is like a really good summer at home). The day begins with prayers in a very attractive prayer room, with lovely pictures. I rather think the memory of those few minutes spent there each morning will mean much to the girls in all the years to come. Three times a week there are games in the early evening—basket-ball, badminton, deck-tennis, and "round" games. On Saturday mornings there are Guides and "Bluebirds."

Just over the Compound are our Boys' School and Hostel. The School is a High School, with about 550 pupils, again, of every religion. We feel our schools are open doors of evangelism. Our headmaster is an Indian Christian, most capable and efficient. We have a Women's Hospital, too, not far away, with a very fine Indian lady doctor in charge. She was honoured in the New Year Honours List. Our Church—a very fine building, is next to our Boys' School.

Here in Nasirabad Educational, Medical and Evangelistic work go on hand in hand, and in this we are seeking to follow in the footsteps of Him who sought perfect wholeness for each man, wholeness of mind, soul, and body.

Until I can speak the language fluently there is not a great deal of concentrated work I can do, as my work will no doubt mainly be visiting the homes of the people,

and perhaps supervising some of our smaller schools. I am busy with language study at present. Just now Hindi is my language. Then I go on to Urdu next. Both have entirely different scripts, but much the same grammar.

When people write they nearly always ask about the political situation. This is a quiet spot and we have seen no trouble here, but it is impossible to forecast the future. Try to be understanding in your thinking about India. It has had a difficult history, and its problems are certainly complex. Religion is a root problem. We believe that only in Jesus Christ can there be true reconciliation with God and with one another. Only through Him can true peace come to the world. Will some of you who read this "come over and help us"?

My memories of school are happy ones. May yours be, too—work hard and play hard! May your school-years be true preparation for *life* at its best!

IRENE GLASS.

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### FORMER PUPILS' CLUB.

SESSION 1946-47.

The Annual Business Meeting of the Club was held in school on Friday, 29th November, 1946, when the following office-bearers were elected for the current session:—

<i>Hon. President</i>	...	MISS ANDREW.
<i>President</i>	...	AILSA BRAIDWOOD.
<i>Vice-President</i>	...	MURIEL HAY.
<i>Secretary</i>	...	SYBIL MCCULLOCH.
<i>Treasurer</i>	...	EVELYN GOUDIE.

The remainder of the evening, as is customary, was spent in singing and dancing.

Two very enjoyable social meetings were held in school, on Tuesday, 25th March, and on Wednesday, 7th May.

A new Former Pupils' scarf has been instituted. It is in plain maroon flannel with the school crest embroidered on one end, and may be obtained only at

Messrs. R. W. Forsyth, Ltd.,

Sports Shop,

St. Andrew Square.

The price is 16/6 and two coupons are required.



In connection with the Club, it is proposed to hold a formal Dance, probably in October. The time and place will be intimated in due course to members of the Club. The success of this, as well as of various other plans of the Committee for widening the activities of the Club, depends entirely on the active support of Former Pupils. A very special appeal is made to all girls about to leave school to join the Club and do their utmost to make it a "live" institution, worthy of the school. Intending members should communicate with the Secretary :—

SYBIL M. McCULLOCH,  
10 Learmonth Crescent,  
Edinburgh, 4,  
(Telephone 30994).

The Annual Subscription of 2/- includes the cost of a magazine.

SYBIL M. McCULLOCH (Hon. Secretary)

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### FORMER PUPILS' HOCKEY CLUB.

Another season has closed, but owing to the weather conditions more than half our matches had to be cancelled. Out of the total number of matches arranged we played only 18, of which we won 10, lost 7, and drew 1.

Our fixture list for next season is nearing completion, and we are looking forward to starting again in September. Any one wishing to join the Club please communicate with :—

OLIVE TORRANCE,  
30 Chalmers Street,  
Edinburgh, 9.  
(Telephone 21663).

This year our membership was 29, and among this number we were very pleased to welcome a few players who had just left school.

Although we had such bad luck with the weather, fortune favoured us in that two players were chosen for the East of Scotland Trials, namely, Olive Torrance and Helen Budge.

ISOBEL WRIGHT (Hon. Secretary).

### F.P. NOTES.

At Edinburgh University the following Former Pupils have gained the degree of M.A. with Honours :—MARGUERITE COMBEY and JEAN LAING (French with subsidiary German), MARGARET MACPHERSON (Mathematics and Natural Philosophy), DOROTHY MELVILLE, M.A. (German—Honours awarded after graduation).

The following have gained the degree of M.A. :—FLORA BARRON, SHEILA BRAIDWOOD (Mrs. Cormack), RHONA CAMERON, WINIFRED DALGLEISH, ETHEL DALZIEL, AILSA ETHERIDGE, SHEILA

FAIRGRIEVE, IRENE FEGAN, JOYCE LAWRENCE, MURIEL MACAULAY, ISABELLE McDONALD.

MARJORY KEITH, M.A., B.Ed., M.B., Ch.B., has gained the further degree of M.D.

ABIGAIL HOWIESON has gained the degree of B.L.

JOYCE LAWRENCE has gained the Diploma in Social Study.

Several of last year's 6th Form have taken high places in their University classes. ELINOR CLELAND was 1st in Anatomy (written), 2nd (equal) in Zoology, and 5th in Chemistry; MARGUERITE MYLES was 2nd in French and 3rd in German; JOYCE HAMILTON was 5th in Geography.

At Moray House Training College ELSPETH BRYDON has been awarded a Staff Prize.

WINIFRED DALGLEISH has been appointed to teach Geography in Dalkeith High School.

AGNES GRAY (Mrs. Jardine) has been appointed to teach Singing in Borroughmuir School.

MARY GRANT has been appointed as Assistant Almoner in the Simpson Memorial Maternity Pavilion, Edinburgh.

JEAN PATERSON, after service overseas with the British Red Cross Society, has been appointed as Tutor at the Institute of Almoners, London.

JOAN PATERSON, now a qualified physiotherapist, has been appointed to the staff of the Accident Hospital, Birmingham.

HELEN MACDONALD is now Welfare Officer in a factory in Jedburgh.

MARGARET JAMIESON, of the staff of Royston School, is temporarily engaged in educational work with the B.A.O.R. in Germany.

ANNE PATERSON, who has been teaching English in Inverness Academy, is shortly to begin her course of training at St. Colm's (the Women's Missionary College of the Church of Scotland), with a view to service abroad.

ANNE SHORTREED, as one of a group of ten British art students studying at the College of Art in Prague, Czechoslovakia, has won first prize in a Poster Competition sponsored by Prague City Council.

MURIEL CAMBERG (Mrs. Spark) now engaged in journalism in London, recently had several of her poems broadcast in the B.B.C. programme, "A Time for Verse."



## MARRIAGES.

ROBERTSON—WYBAR.—On 11th July 1946, Rev. JAMES W. ROBERTSON, M.A., S.C.F., to HELEN B. WYBAR, 1 Eyre Place.

LEWANDOWSKI—McCLARENCE.—On 10th August 1946, Lieut. ANTONI J. LEWANDOWSKI to JEAN E. McCLARENCE, 12 Craiglockhart Crescent.

LOCKWOOD—REID.—On 7th November 1946, Gnr. ROBERT LOCKWOOD (Canadian Forces) to ELIZABETH REID, 7 Carrick Knowe Gardens.

SHAW—MALLINSON.—On 23rd November 1946, SAM. R. SHAW to MARY MALLINSON, 7 Corstorphine Hill Gardens.

BURNS—DEAS.—On 8th February 1947, DAVID S. BURNS to JEAN W. DEAS, 111 Lothian Road.

HAUSER—STOKELL.—On 1st March 1947, THOMAS V. HAUSER to JANET L. STOKELL, Kinglassie, Fife.

BARR—KIDD.—On 22nd March 1947, THOMAS P. BARR, M.N., to SHEILA KIDD, 22 Boswall Parkway.

INGLIS—FERGUSON.—On 3rd April 1947, F.-O. DOUGLAS J. INGLIS to CAROLINE F. FERGUSON, 62 Newington Road.

ROBERTSON—COUPER.—On 4th April 1947, ROBERT ROBERTSON to HANNAH COUPER, 94 Annandale Street.

WALKER—BURN.—On 7th April 1947, GEOFFREY WALKER to ISOBEL NYASA BURN, 39 Marchmont Road.

MUIR—THOMSON.—On 19th April 1947, THOMAS D. MUIR to CATHERINE L. THOMSON, 2 South Oxford Street.

SHARP—MACLEAN.—On 7th June 1947, HUNTER SHARP to ISABELLA C. MACLEAN, M.A., B.Ed., 2 Argyle Park Terrace.

## Certificate and Scholarship Lists

### Pupils who gained Leaving Certificates in 1947

Adam, Kathleen M. A.	McCallum, Joyce S.
Ambrose, Mary E.	McCurrach, Muriel E.
Angus, Elinor S. C.	MacKenzie, Ruth A.
Bee, Alison K.	McKillop, Norma
Bennett, Jane A.	Maloney, Joan
Bird, Mary E. C.	Mannion, Isabella P.
Blatt, Ruth	Marshall, Muriel
Borthwick, Doreen O.	Miller, Margaret
Bridges, Irene M. D.	Muir, Margaret
Brown, Jane P. R.	Philip, Freda J.
Bryce, Isobel M.	Robertson, Margaret B.
Childs, Elizabeth M.	Rogers, Nora C. B.
Christie, Christine E.	Ronchetti, Joyce N. K.
Cunningham, Doreen M.	Rosie, Margaret M.
Dean, Joan	Ross, Ethel M.
Dickson, Mary G.	Simpson, Margaret E.
Forrest, Maureen D. D.	Simpson, Muriel A.
Fraser, Morag L.	Sinclair, Beryl T.
Fuller, Joyce A.	Sloan, Joan E.
Hannah, Jessie F.	Smith, Sheena M. St. C.
Harkness, Marjory C.	Stewart, Duseline M. M.
Kerr, Frances M.	Swan, Norah
King, Sheila M.	Turnbull, Elisabeth E.
Longden, Agnes M. E.	Vinestock, Evelyn
Loraine, Catherine B.	Walker, Jean M.
Lumsden, Margaret	Wallace, Muriel E. M.
Whitlie, Elizabeth R.	



## [SCHOOL PRIZE LIST, 1946-47]

Dux of the School	....	....	....	JEAN C. MACANNA.
<i>Proxime accessit</i>	....	....	....	ELIZABETH M. DUNDAS
Dux in English	....	....	....	JEAN C. MACANNA
History	....	....	....	JEAN C. MACANNA
Geography	....	....	....	LILIAS H. DAVIDSON
Latin	....	....	....	JEAN C. MACANNA
French	....	....	....	JEAN C. MACANNA
German	....	....	....	JEAN C. MACANNA
Mathematics	....	....	....	ELIZABETH M. DUNDAS
Science	....	....	....	ISABELLA S. DAVIDSON
Art	....	....	....	NORAH SWAN
Music	....	....	....	ELIZABETH R. WHITLIE
Domestic Science	....	....	....	{ RUTH A. MACKENZIE and F. MADELEINE KERR (equal)
Needlework	....	....	....	JEAN McDONALD
Physical Training	....	....	....	JOYCE N. K. RONCHETTI
Secretarial Subjects	....	....	....	EVELYN VINESTOCK

## Special Prizes

Thomas J. Burnett Prize—

MARGARET R. N. LECKIE

Prize presented by a Former Dux (1927-28) to the Dux of the School—

JEAN C. MACANNA.

Prize presented by a Former Dux (1927-28) to the Dux in  
Mathematics

ELIZABETH M. DUNDAS

Prize presented by a Former Dux to the Best Pupil in the Depart-  
ment of Modern Languages—

JEAN C. MACANNA.

Jenkins Memorial Former Pupils' Club Prize presented to the  
Dux of the School—

JEAN C. MACANNA.

Mouren Prize presented by a Former Dux (1925-26) to the Dux  
in French—

JEAN C. MACANNA.

Elma Baillie Memorial Prize in Latin—

JEAN C. MACANNA.

Brotherton Prize presented to the Dux in Science—

ISABELLA S. DAVIDSON.

"1928 Prize" presented by Anonymous Donor to the Dux in  
History—

JEAN C. MACANNA.

"1928 Prize" presented by Anonymous Donor to the Dux in  
Geography—

LILIAS H. DAVIDSON.

"1928" Special Prize for Modern English—

LILIAN M. SPENCE.

Prize presented by Anonymous Donor to the Best All-round Pupil—

JOYCE S. MCCALLUM.

"Eskdale" Prize—

ELIZABETH M. DUNDAS.

Prize for Singing—

MURIEL E. MCCURRACH.

Wishart Prize, open to Third Year, for Excellence in Sight Singing—

ELIZABETH V. CONNOR.



Stevenson Club Prize—

JEAN C. MACANNA.

Prizes for Religious Knowledge—

Form

Primary

- |                               |                          |
|-------------------------------|--------------------------|
| 1—Elizabeth M. Dundas.        | 5—Mary B. Osler.         |
| 2—Ruth A. MacKenzie.          | 4—Sheila W. Smart.       |
| 3—Anne M. H. Sutherland.      | 3—Rosemary G. Hutchison. |
| 4—Barbara M. Ferrier.         | 2—Margaret M. Burns.     |
| 5—Katherine R. D. Macpherson. | 1—Patricia Dudgeon.      |
| 6—Sylvia A. Lees.             |                          |

S.S.P.C.A. Prizes—

- |                  |                          |
|------------------|--------------------------|
| 1—Mary B. Osler. | 2—Eleanor E. McNaughton. |
|------------------|--------------------------|

Burns Club Prizes—

- |                     |                        |
|---------------------|------------------------|
| 1—Mary H. A. Brown. | 2—Margaret M. Gillies. |
|---------------------|------------------------|

Ryrie Memorial Prize for Athletics—

KATHLEEN DUNLOP.

"Tom Stevenson" Cup for Athletics—

EVELYN AVRIL JOHNSTON.

Thomas Scott Prize for Athletics—

EVELYN AVRIL JOHNSTON.

Swimming Championship—

ELSIE G. MELVILLE.

Pianoforte Prizes—

Mr. Paterson's Pupils—

- 1—Lillias Galloway and Grace Wilkinson (equal).

Mrs. Langdon's Pupils—

- 1—Margaret Dickson and Audrey MacNair (equal).

Mrs. Ross's Pupils—

- 1—Sheila Cormack and Janet Darling (equal).

FORM 6.—1. Jean C. Macanna ; 2. Elizabeth M. Dundas ; 3. Isabella S. Davidson.

FORM 5 L.—1. Muriel E. McCurrach ; 2. Beryl T. Sinclair ; 3. Catherine B. Loraine.

FORM 5 P.—1. Marjory C. Harkness ; 2. Mary E. C. Bird ; 3. Christine E. Christie.

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FORM 5 D.—1. Frances M. Kerr and Ruth A. Mackenzie (equal).

FORM 4 L.—1. Elisabeth M. Hunter ; 2. Jean P. Geddes ; 3. Jean A. Shirra.

FORM 4 P.—1. Beatrice Marwick ; 2. Anne M. H. Sutherland ; 3. Marjorie A. Wright.

FORM 4 B.—1. Sheenagh C. Blair ; 2. Dorothy H. M. Forrest , 3. Cathryn L. D. Harvey.

FORM 4 C.—1. Ethel M. Chalmers ; 2. Ruth I. Hope and Evelyn S. Tait (equal).



FORM 4 D.—1. Monica A. S. Macpherson ; 2. Margaret I. Bell ;  
3. Maureen C. Kerr.

FORM 3 A.—1. Barbara M. Ferrier and Una McL. Mackie (equal) ;  
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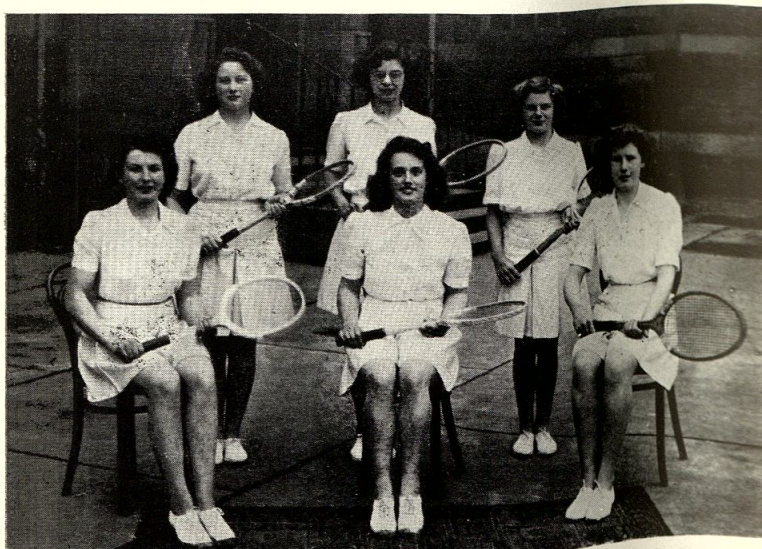


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