

**Gillespie's
High
School
Magazine**

July 1948



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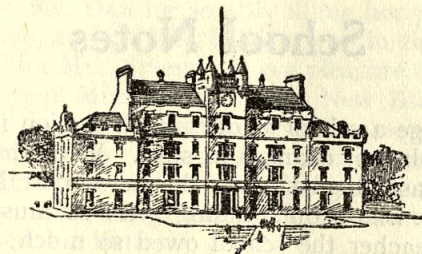
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Gillespie's High School Magazine

JULY 1948

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School Notes

In so large a school as ours, each session inevitably sees a number of changes in staff. With the opening of school last August came the news that Mr. J. D. Macrae, to whose outstanding gifts as musician and inspiring teacher the school owed so much, had been appointed to the Professorship of Music in the University of Saskatoon, Canada. Throughout the year the following members of staff left us:—Miss Elaine Murray, to go to Boroughmuir School; Miss Cynthia Marshall, to the Blind School, Birmingham; Miss Jean Halliday, to the staff of Moray House Training College; Miss Helen Cruickshank to be married. As we go to press we learn that Miss Evelyn Hardie also is leaving to be married. To all of these we offer our warmest thanks for all their services to the school and our good wishes for their happiness in their various new spheres. In January Miss Dunbar sailed for New Zealand, where she will remain for a year as an exchange teacher. This session saw also the retiral of two good friends of the school—Mr. Forrest, for fifteen years our janitor, and Mrs. Dolan, kindest of matrons. To both of these we wish many happy years of leisure.

We were glad to know that Miss Kathleen Carswell's appointment as Responsible Assistant in the Domestic Science Department had been made permanent, and that Miss Donaldson's fine services to the school had been recognised by her promotion to be Principal Teacher of History.

The following new members have been welcomed to the staff during the current session:—Miss Jean M. B. Fraser (Preparatory); Misses Catherine B. Gaul and Mary Orr (Primary); Miss Morag Bryce (Physical Training); Miss Helen Raffan, M.A. (Modern Languages); Mr. Thomas Sommerville, B.Mus., A.R.C.O., Dip.S.N.A.M., L.R.A.M. (Principal Teacher of Music). Mrs. Jenkins (Principal Teacher of Needlework). Mr. Daniel Robertson has joined us as janitor, and Mrs. Scott as matron. In January we were glad to welcome back Miss Kerr after her long illness. Our warm thanks

are due to Mr. Dall for so ably filling her place during her absence, and to Miss Elliott, who in the first term deputised for Mrs. Spiers. It is a pleasure to have with us for a year Miss M'Cosh from New Zealand—Miss Dunbar's "opposite number." We are always glad, too, to see retired members of staff among us again. Miss Allan, in particular, has helped us greatly this session by returning to the Art Department when a gap was caused by illness.

Academically speaking, it has been a normal year of steady work and satisfactory achievement. The record number of 85 Senior Leaving Certificates was gained. Once again our school was well represented in the Merit List of Edinburgh University Bursary Competition, creditable places being taken by Marion Childs, Duseline Stewart, Mary Ambrose, Alison Bee, Muriel M'Currach and Beryl Sinclair. Marion Childs was awarded an open bursary of £12 a year. Marjorie Harkness was placed on the Merit List for the John Welsh Mathematical Bursary, this being the fifth successive year in which "Gillespie's" has been thus mathematically distinguished. We learned with pride, after last year's magazine had appeared, that Jean Macanna, who had already taken twelfth place in the 1947 Merit List for Edinburgh, had achieved sixth place in the St. Andrew's University Bursary Competition and had been awarded a Foundation Bursary of £30 a year, with an additional grant of £10.

All the varied out-of-classroom activities which so enrich the life of a school have flourished exceedingly, as is shown by the ever-increasing number of pages devoted to reports of societies. We welcome the formation of a new society—the Field Club, initiated and carried on by Miss Kerr and Miss Kimpton. The annual social meetings of the Literary Society and the Science Association, and the Christmas Party for the Fifth and Sixth Forms, were much enjoyed. Our thanks are due to Miss Howitt and her staff for greatly valued help on social occasions. As we go to press, the school is looking forward to the Annual Sports on June 16th, the arrangements for which are in the capable hands of Mr. Brash. Rehearsing for the Closing Concert, on June 25th, is in progress. An item

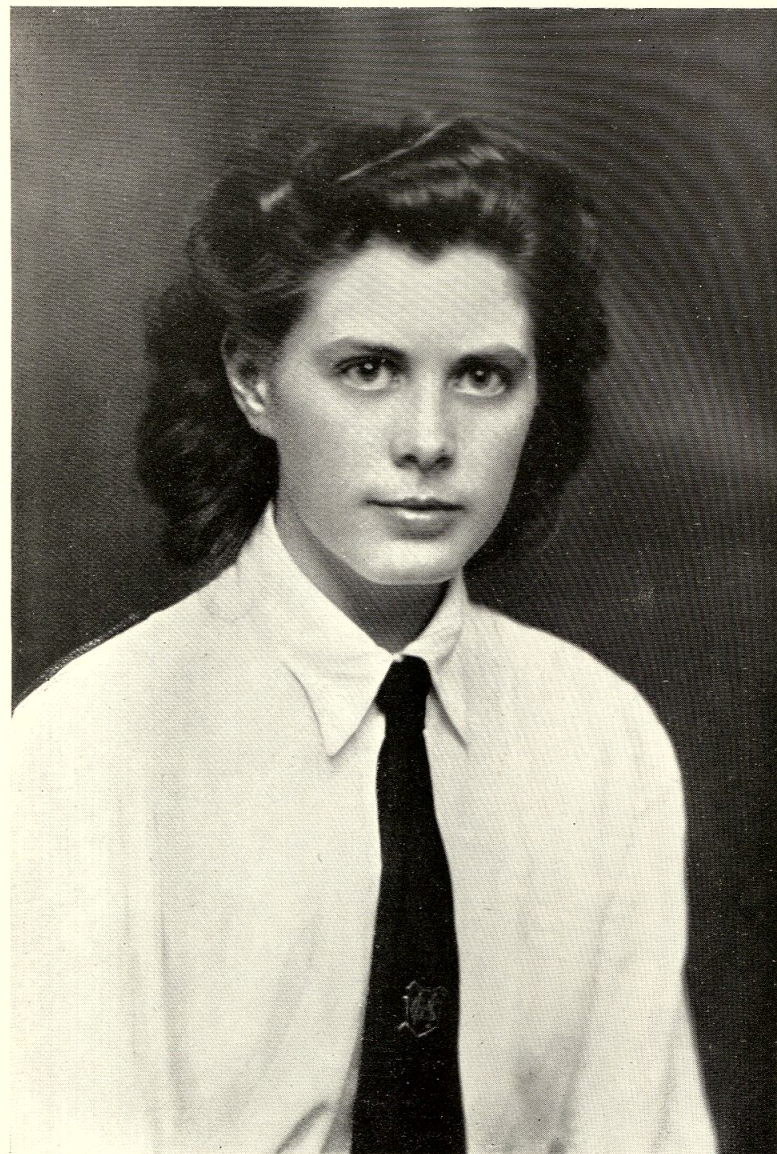
of special interest will be the new country dance, "The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh," composed by Miss Anderson and Mrs. R. D. Lesslie in honour of Princess Elizabeth's wedding.

Play-going is now recognised as a part of education, and the school availed itself of the opportunities presented by the Edinburgh Festival last autumn. Large parties attended "L'Ecole des Femmes" (which occasion provided the additional thrill of seeing Her Majesty the Queen and Princess Margaret), "Richard II.," the Sadler's Wells Ballet and "Murder in the Cathedral." A large number of our senior girls volunteered to act as ushers during the Festival and were in consequence, privileged to hear many of the great orchestral concerts.

The customary Christmas Service, conducted by our School Chaplain, Mr. Read, gained much from the singing of the choir and from the impressive pageantry of the short Nativity Play devised and produced, with all the beauty and dignity we have come to expect, by Miss Campbell. Mr. Read also conducted an Easter service, in which he drew upon his experiences as a prisoner of war in Germany, to give a very moving address. Of our Commemoration Day service, now held in October, instead of June, a full account will be found elsewhere.

The handicrafts side of the Art Department has been developing considerably of late. The acquisition of a puppet theatre, through the kindness of Mr. Heath (Headmaster) and Mr. Wilson (Art Master) of St. Giles School, opened the way to fascinating new activities. The pupils of several first and second year forms have made puppets, designed scenery, written and produced puppet-plays. At Christmas, Form 2B wrote and successfully produced a Nativity puppet-play in French. Toy-making has been carried on on a large scale. Of the gifts of toys sent at Christmas to various hospitals, about 400 were made in school, and at the moment several classes are preparing toys to be sold at the forthcoming Garden Fete in aid of the Lady Provost's Fund.

For the Primary and Preparatory Departments it has been a busy and interesting session, whose greatest



DUX OF SCHOOL,
MURIEL E. McCURRACH.



Back Row—C. Macpherson, D. Stewart, M. Harkness, A. Longden, M. Ambrose, E. Taylor, A. Johnston, I. Birnie, M. Bird,
 Middle Row—A. Bee, C. Tait, J. B. R. Cook, D. Smith, M. Darling, A. Sutherland, P. Cresswell, S. Lloyd, D. Dodds,
 Front Row—F. Philip, B. Sinclair, M. McCurrach (Captain), Miss Andrew M. Simpson (Vice-Captain), A. Murray, N. Marshall.

event was the "fitting" to the new quarters at Bruntsfield House. Of this an impression, kindly contributed by Miss Mackay, will be found on another page. Once the layout of the grounds is completed it is hoped to hold a Parents' Day. A lively new interest for a great many of our little girls is provided by the Zoo Club, founded last November by the inspiration of Miss Kissach. The Club's most exciting venture so far has been the adoption of a young Polar bear at the Zoo, who has been christened "Jim" (in honour of our Founder!). The members have provided his food, sent him extra rations for Christmas Day, and frequently visited him. The Club intends to make a study of bird life in the school grounds and to add a bird-bath to the amenities of the new buildings. In October a Harvest Thanksgiving service was held, after which the offerings of flowers, fruit, eggs, and jam were taken to the Children's Hospital. The Primary Department, as always, played a most generous part in the school's Christmas collection of toys, books and games to be sent to the crippled children at Polkemmet House and to various Nursery Schools and Play Centres. On 6th and 7th April a Concert, well attended by parents and others, was given by the Primary School, in conjunction with the visiting teachers of Music, Elocution and Dancing. Songs, piano solos, playets, recitations, dancing and "gym" were all much enjoyed, but it was obvious that what appealed most to the audiences was the medley of songs and poems "Happy Children and Their Pets," arranged (and partly written) by Miss Kissach, and performed with such delightfully artless enthusiasm by the tiny girls of the Junior Preparatory classes.

The duty of giving has not been neglected during the current session. Mention has already been made of the Christmas gifts to crippled, sick and poor children at various hospitals and schools. In the past year, as in the two preceding years, a donation of £12 12s. was given from the Athletic Fund to the Scottish Branch of the Five Million Club, an association existing for the purpose of providing playing fields and sports equipment for children who do not at present enjoy

these advantages. The year's greatest charitable effort, however, was made in the last week of the Spring term in response to the Lord Provost's appeal for the distressed children of Europe. It was left to each form to devise its own method of raising money, and every single one responded nobly. For a week we lived in an atmosphere of sales of work, auctions, guessing games, raffles, entertainments, competitions of every sort—and the result was that Miss Andrew was able to hand over a cheque for £200 as our contribution to the cause. In this connection, as so often in the past, we have to acknowledge gratefully the unfailing generosity and helpfulness of parents.

In these troubled times, when the field of international relations shows such a distressing lack of harmony and good-will, it is cheering to be able to report that we are maintaining and extending our personal contacts with other countries. We have been glad to have the services of Fräulein Erica Jost and Mlle. Andrée Steiner as visiting teachers of German and French respectively. This summer twenty Belgian girls are to spend three weeks in Edinburgh as guests of some of our 5th and 6th Form girls, who will later, accompanied by Miss Hampton and Miss Raffan, go to Brussels for three weeks. On the invitation of the Edinburgh-Caen Fellowship, four girls from this school are to join the company of Edinburgh schoolboys and schoolgirls going to spend a week as guests of the City authorities of Caen. Miss Emily Allan is to accompany this party. Three other girls are hoping to go to Switzerland to stay with pen-friends. Classroom instruction in French has been supplemented in various interesting ways, notably by M. Vigné's delightful recital of French poetry, by organised visits to French films, and by attendance at the afternoon programme of short French plays presented by the Pamela Stirling Players. Interest in more remote parts of the world has been stimulated by an address from Miss Turnbull, a missionary from Bangalore, by Mr. Donald Grant's lecture on "America and Russia—the political tug-of-war," and by the visit to the school of a party of West African students.

Once again we must thank all the donors of special

prizes for their generosity, and assure them that this is more than a mere routine acknowledgment. We value deeply their abiding and practical interest in the school. The Thomas J. Burnett Prize was awarded this year for a study of some aspect of the Geography of Edinburgh. The Librarians have pleasure in acknowledging gifts of books from the following Former Pupils:—Elma Brotherton, Beth Tennant, Valerie Trenwith, Margaret Smith, Margaret Wylie, Jean Macanna, Liliias Davidson, Jean Aitken, Joyce Nicoll, Muriel White, Lilian Spence.

A. E. F.

* * * *

COMMEMORATION DAY—THURSDAY, 30th

OCTOBER, 1947.

Commemoration Day was very pleasant when it was held in June, and one would look forward to the sight of the Middle Hall filled with girls in light green dresses, the staff in academic black, brightened for the occasion by the hoods of various colours, and summer flowers seeming to fill the hall with their gay colours and sweet perfume. But there is much to be said for holding a ceremony such as this in the early winter, not only because the traditional holiday which follows this occasion is even more welcome then, but because the interest and colour of such a proceeding stand out more vividly and are the more appreciated coming when we are about to face the winter.

And so Commemoration Day, October, 1947, in the Middle Hall, filled with girls dressed in white blouses and navy skirts and tunics, was as enjoyable as ever; the choir under the direction of Mr. Somerville, singing Bach's anthem "Thou crownest the year," reached that high standard of attainment that we have come to expect from it; the head prefect, Muriel McCurrach, made her speech of thanks to the guest of honour charmingly and coaxed the little girl, Clare Towill, who had sat very patiently for one so young throughout the ceremony, to present the traditional gift of a snuff-box to him.

The school was fortunate indeed to have as its speaker Mr. H. W. Meikle, C.B.E., LL.D., D.Litt., H.M. Historiographer in Scotland. Dr. Meikle has many connections with the school and he recalled how he was a pupil contemporaneously with Mr. Murphy in the days when the school had a headmaster proudly attired in "a top hat, a frock coat and a gold chain across his ample waistcoat." After teaching in Watson's, and a period on the staff of London University, Dr. Meikle returned to Scotland to work in the National Library and it was gratifying to hear him say that among his many reasons for being present at a Founder's Day service was that many old Gillespie girls had gone to work in the National Library with great success so that he felt he owed the school a debt.

But those of us who were present then feel it is we who are indebted to Dr. Meikle. It is no easy task to address an audience of young people. We had expected a scholarly address from a man of Dr. Meikle's eminence, but what impressed his audience even more than his learning was his humanity, which pervaded and illuminated his speech and was responsible for the intentness with which all, young and old alike, listened to him.

He had been reading Kay's "Edinburgh Portraits," he told us, a gallery of portraits of characters, many of whom were alive in James Gillespie's day. They ranged from chimney-sweepers to Charles I., whose game of golf on Leith Links was stopped when news of the Irish Rebellion was brought to him, and included praise of famous men such as Adam Smith and—James Gillespie. He could find out nothing, Dr. Meikle continued, about George Watson and little about Mary Erskine, but there was a great deal about James Gillespie, his home in Broughton Village, his snuff-mill situated by the Water of Leith (where all the snuff-mills were), his habit of wearing a nightcap and a blanket over his clothes to keep them clean from snuff.

James Gillespie came alive for us, this frugal man whose motto was "Waste not, want not," and that something little was "Aye better than nothing." He had no family but, said Dr. Meikle, "we are his child-

ren." The speaker pointed no obvious moral, uttered not a single wearisome platitude in his speech. By the richness of his scholarship, the charm of his delivery and, above all, by the depth, humour and kindliness of his own personality, he illustrated what is meant by the sentence he quoted in his "praise of famous men":—"We show forth their wisdom and praise." He taught us something new about the value of tradition and learning, for we had seen these this day quickened to life.

V. M. H.

From the Secondary Department

"A THING OF BEAUTY IS A JOY FOR EVER"

A thing of beauty never lasts, but the joy in it remains through the other things that are only echoes of it; and the briefer the time that the real thing lasts, the longer its beauty lingers.

The most solid of beautiful things—dresses, jewels, china and furniture—come rarely in these very ordinary surroundings; but when they do, how the very sight or thought of them gives a glow to the heart and a gleam to the eye! Perhaps they were not really beautiful, party dresses of long ago—deep blue silk frilled from waist to toe, white organdie, ravishing shades of pink that even in a ribbon wanted a story made up about them, black velvet and a gold satin coat. Certain favourite summer dresses there were, also much wrapped up in sunshine and stories—pink rosebuds on green organdie and a fairy's silk with no sleeves but a wide collar like a cape.

Every small possession that had beauty held happiness; a comb that would show all shades of orange, red and brown in the light; an individual drinking vessel, gold and white, or small, slender and patterned with leaves in green and grey; beautiful dolls broken on the day of their birth; all these things are lost or ruined.

Tablecloths, fine, smooth, white and unmended, embroidered or lacy; pretty delicate china—are only memories. But the most beautiful of things, though they pass and cannot be held, are yet always here. They are flowers, trees and skies.

The Ophelia rose that grows at our back door produces one single perfect blossom at a time—a curled, sweet-smelling pale pink bud that greets me every day all summer, while the other roses cover the wall with splashes of creamy yellow in their red and dark green leaves.

In spring the pink flowers blossom on the thin bare branches of the currant bushes almost before the tender green leaves dare. The daffodils are yellow and the dandelions are yellow, and which yellow to like best I cannot tell. And the wallflowers by the grey wall are rich and red.

Then among cool leaves the sprays of lilac bloom, and I wish I could live in a lilac tree.

But the first in spring and the last in autumn are dearer and better than all—chrysanthemums and crocuses, both brave—the crocuses in gay and daring companies golden and purple; the dark red chrysanthemum with its bitter scent, hard sweet resignation.

BEATRICE MARWICK, Form 5P.

* * * *

NIGHT THOUGHTS IN APRIL.

When all this land is bathed in silver moonlight,
And shadows pools of dark beneath each tree,
Then in the virgin stillness of the evening,
My thoughts go out to thee.

When heralding the storm the black clouds gather,
And thunder growls, and lightning flashes free.
When forests battle bravely 'gainst the tempest,
My thoughts go out to thee.

When April showers patter on the grasses,
Or rainstorms lash to torrents mountain streams,
When angry rivers oceanwards are roaring
Thou art my dreams.

Whether alone with nature's quiet beauty,
Or in the midst of splendid city pomp,
One thought is mine; one thought will leave me never.
—The Bursary Comp.

BERYL SINCLAIR, Form 6A.

WOMEN AT RUGGER MATCHES.

Women at Rugger matches can be divided, like most geography regions, into five different parts, or, in this case, species. The first variety is the obnoxious type which goes because it's "the done thing." Secondly, there is the equally obnoxious type which goes because its brother played for the West End Wolves and it has a reputation to keep up. Then comes the type (note, no adjective as none could describe it) which goes to watch those who have gone to watch the game. The fourth type consists of those who go to hero-worship the full-back or scrum-half. Lastly comes the type (very rare, very valuable, indeed almost non-existent) which goes because it appreciates a good game for its own sake.

Now, let us be bourgeois and take the first type first. This female is a delicate plant and goes to matches only when the weather is fine and she can sit in the stand (yes, it does sound silly, doesn't it?) warmly wrapped in fur coats and travelling rugs (note use of the plural). She is generally accompanied by a fawn or white cocoon which emerges full-blown as a man in a duffle coat. When asked if she enjoyed the game (sorry "the metch"), she replies, "Oh, rathah," but is often in ignorance as to the score.

This type of female often merges into the second classification. Her brother, as aforementioned, played for either the West End Wolves or the Mackie Meanderers, and she, if she wishes to bask in reflected glory, is expected to attend a few matches each season. She is immensely proud of her slight knowledge of technicalities and to display it she bellows in a high falsetto (yes, I know people don't bellow in high falsetto but this type does—anyway, she bellows) "Feet! feet!" on every improbable occasion. When she's really worked up she shrieks, "Heel it! heel it!" alternating this with cries of "Oh, jolly well taken."

Let us leave this type before we have to be carried off the field in disgust, and turn to the really interesting female. She "just looooooves ruggah," but shows much more interest in the spectators than in the game. Her technique is to bounce up and down, squeaking, "Oh,

let me see," absently supporting herself on the handsome chunk of manhood in front. Another method of attack is to ask continually of anyone who is willing to be hooked, what the score is now and *whom* did he say the full-back was? (Full-back being the only position she can ever remember). This type may be marked by a tendency towards going to matches in nylons and toe-less and heel-less shoes. You have been warned!

At last we have reached the hero-worshipper. She, through many seasons of watching Gus or Gilbert, at least dresses sensibly, though it is curious how many of her scarves and socks are of *his* team's colours. Now, this female generally has quite a sound knowledge of the game but doesn't really need it as her eyes are glued on her hero all the time. One can hear her tiny heart fluttering as the cruel brutes stamp on George's face and tear him limb from limb. However, he seems to be liking it, so she likewise tries to.

The last type, the female who really appreciates the game, is often almost indistinguishable from the one just described. Her chief characteristics are a raucous bellow which she is not afraid to use, and a low, vicious staccato mutter which can be translated by "Don't be a fool. Pass it to Black. Good. Oh, great stuff. Oh, you silly, blithering imbecile, whatever made you do that?" Another characteristic is a tendency towards marching brazenly in by the schoolboys' gate, thereby saving ninepence.

Oh, well, there you are—or rather, I hope, there she is! I wonder why men don't like women at rugger matches?

E. AVRIL JOHNSTON, Form 5B.

* * * *

"THE SEEKERS"

(With apologies to Mr. John Masefield)

Friends and loves we have none, nor wealth nor even
a "perm,"
But the hope of the inter-house shield at the end of the
summer term.

Not for us are content, and quiet, and peace of mind,
For we go seeking an honour that we shall never find.

There is but one prize on earth for us—for such as we—
Who search for a priceless shield that WE shall never
see.

Only the work and the marks, the "order," the
"book," and the "late,"

And the "prees" court under the rafters where girls
are told their fate.

We seek the priceless shield, and the honour of calling
it ours,

And we wait in patient longing, thro' the year's
innumerable hours.

Never the sparkling prize, which radiant girls attain,
But the dolorous moan of "Oh! Roslin's got it again."

We work thro' the weary hours till the light of the day
is dim,
At Arithmetic and English, at French, and Maths. and
Gym.

We labour from dawn to dusk, till the day is past
and by,
But the shield is not for us—no matter how hard we
try.

Friends and loves we have none, nor wealth nor even
a "perm.,"
But the hope of the inter-house shield at the end of the
summer term.

JOYCE NEILSON, Form 6B.

MINNEHAHA'S FEASTING.

When at lunch time, Minnehaha
Came into the canteen wigwam,
And the west wind wafted to her
Scents of cooking flesh of roebuck.
Scents of roebuck long-departed,
Who had gone unto their fathers
And appeared as mince (with tatties).
There assembled round the tables
Maids and squaws and young papooses;
All from many tribes and countries,
They had journeyed for the feasting,
From the mighty Big Sea Water,
Where they catch the cod and haddock,
From far Morningside, and places
Which as yet have not been charted!
When the tribes were all assembled
With a deal of noise and chatter
As of monkeys in the tree-tops
As of hens that want their breakfast,
There was heard a voice amidst them
Calling plaintively for silence.
Straightway then the noise subsided—
Died away to nearly nothing.
Then the fare was brought amongst them,
Soup there was, and mince and tatties,
Mince and tatties, as aforesaid,
Not in quantity terrific,
But as much as is permitted
By the pale-face chief in Whitehall,
Called the Minister of Diet.
When the hungry squaws had eaten
Wolfishly their mince and tatties,
When their papooses had likewise
Daintily and with decorum
Put their vitamins inside them
Presently was brought the pastry—
Which was like the mighty atom,
Very hard to split asunder.
With her magic gloves of deerskin
Which could grind the rocks to powder
Minnehaha failed to make the

Least impression on her portion,
 And likewise, the squaws around her
 Tried and broke their teeth upon it.
 All opined that it was granite
 Carted from the "Silver City."
 Then arose the mighty concourse,
 Filed away to the "H - m - B - k - ry,"
 —So departed Minnehaha.

DOROTHY DICKSON, Form 5L.

* * * *

SCHOOL DINNERS.

Oh! with what joy we hear the bell,
 We lift our books and run pell-mell
 Into the corridor, down the stair,
 Prefects shouting, "Now girls, take care."
 Up the street with a run and a shout,
 Oh, what is all this fuss about?

'Tis dinner time perhaps you've guessed,
 And with a dining-hall we're blessed.
 We enter it in single file.
 The waitress greets us with a smile.
 We eagerly await our fate
 To see what's put upon the plate.
 Cold meat, potatoes and milk "pud,"
 With everlasting rabbit food.
 Baked mince, perhaps a prune or two,
 Or raisin crunch and Irish Stew.
 Queueing and points are unknown here,
 Oh, Mr. Strachey, you're a dear.

The folks at home all envy us,
 And sometimes they make quite a fuss.
 They write complaining to the press,
 "This country's in an awful mess."
 "While we go short at home," they wail,
 "Boiled ham is dumped in the pigs' pail!"

MARGARET KILGOUR, Form 4D.

MY STAR.

Like a dewdrop trembling on the violet petal,
 Diamond on velvet, purple and soft,
 So my star, in the velvet cloak of evening,
 Trembles aloft.

Other orbs there are, bright and scintillating,
 High in the heavens, gleaming from afar,
 Rivalling—but never outshining the radiance
 Of my own dear star.

Shimmering serenely in the canopy of midnight,
 A water-lily bud, set in a pool, deep and clear,
 This lustrous gem of mine glows in the North-West,
 A glist'ning tear.

In the deep, vibrating darkness of my soul,
 Gleams another star—or mayhap 'tis the same;
 It is the love which in my heart will ever burn
 With a true, steady flame.

SHELAGH P. SCOBIE, Form, 5L.

* * * *

THE LETTER.

It was a clear, frosty night in late November. There had been a slight fall of snow and the roads glistened in the pale moonlight. Everything was white and the result was an almost "fairyland" effect. How changed the countryside looked under a thin layer of snow. The ugly patches in the road were hidden and the empty, black fields no longer appeared so dismal when sprinkled with snow. It was so much more friendly, thought Peter, as he made his way along the old farm-road.

At the end of the farm-road there was a wood and on the other side of the wood, about half a mile further on, lay the village. There was a road leading round the wood, but you never used it, unless the wood was blocked with snow, for the path through the wood was more direct than the road and besides, trees are

usually friendly things and you can always talk to them if you are feeling lonely. But that night, as Peter passed among them, the trees seemed very quiet . . . too quiet, thought Peter.

Soon the village came into view and Peter was rather glad to see the lights twinkling in the distance. Peter was very brave—sometimes. He was six now, and if anyone had called him "a little boy," there is no saying—Peter would probably have been very hurt . . . Oh! there was the letter-box! and he had only to post that silly old letter and then—home. He saw the fire, the flames licking the chimney, the pile of logs at the side, . . . but wait! where had he put that letter! Right-hand pocket? No! Left-hand pocket? No! Lost, thought Peter!

It was a sad little boy that made his way back towards the wood. What would his mother say? Peter knew that it was an important letter, for he had been told to be careful with it, and on no account was he to lose it! The trees were no longer quiet—on the contrary! Each one seemed to say, "Where is the letter, Peter? You haven't lost it, have you?" It was little wonder then, that Peter ran through the wood. It was starting to snow and the flakes danced in front of Peter's eyes. They seemed to mock him, saying, "Don't you envy us, Peter? We don't have to post letters, and supposing we did, *we* would not lose them!" They were not very sympathetic, thought Peter.

He did not notice how pretty the fields looked now that they were completely covered by the fresh fall of snow. He did not notice the old "dry-stane" dyke with snow clinging to the projecting stones. The snow seemed to swirl around him in triumphant glee, whispering, "It's lost, Peter, it's lost!" Peter knew quite well that he had lost it, but how was he to find it again? That was the problem! And what would his mother say? She would be angry, thought Peter.

Peter thought that the snow had been sent to tease him as a punishment for his carelessness and he was really very sorry for having lost the letter. Soon Peter was home. He stood looking at the front door and wondered why it had been painted blue and how many

people had used the old knocker . . . But then he remembered—he had lost the letter! He could not possibly go in by the front door . . . he would be heard! Now, if he used the back door, he could slip in unnoticed and he would have time to collect his thoughts before breaking the news to his mother. There was a magnificent fire in the kitchen and as Peter stood warming his hands, the snow on his cap started to melt. Little streamlets of melted snow ran down his cheeks, but Peter did not care. He stood watching the fire. He was sure he could see a knight on horseback—and over there was a . . . "Peter," called a voice, "is that you?" Peter was not quite sure if it was or not! The voice called again and Peter, without realising it, walked in the direction of the voice. He was just starting to say he was very sorry when suddenly he caught sight of something on the table . . . Something square and made of crisp, white paper . . . Something which was a letter . . . Which was, in fact, *the* letter. All that "being sorry" for nothing, thought Peter.

AUDREY HALL, Form 4L.

* * * *

SWOTTING.

(With apologies to a popular broadcasting feature).

Much swotting in the school,
We find that our exams. are now beginning,
Much swotting in the school,
It's now the teachers go around a-grinning,

They tell us that our best,
We now must try to do,
But lessons we detest,
And so we're in a stew,
Still some people sit their Highers,
And even pass them too!
Much swotting in the school.

Much swotting in the school,
 Our lack of diligence we're now regretting,
 Much swotting in the school,
 For now we find results are what we're getting,
 The teachers make an awful fuss,
 And start to shout and roar,
 They say that having to teach us,
 To them is just a bore,
 Then they turn round and tell us,
 That our fees are up to four,
 Much swotting in the school!

(Aren't we brainy!)

Much swotting in the school.

BARBARA NISBET, Form 4C2.

* * * *

THE GREAT ROAD.

The Great Road carries its travellers every night, but never before had I had a glimpse of the highway of the gods. I found myself loitering along a soft, spongy roadway; all around was an ethereal, opaque mist which shrouded the roadside and blocked any further view. The road was as straight as a ribbon, and, away on the horizon, hung a brilliant star casting its golden rays into the eternity beyond.

I was not alone on my nocturnal journey. Others, too, hastened towards that lustrous goal: their lips were parted, their eyes shining. One child was there, emaciated and in rags, but her face glowed with a suppressed hope of better things to come: it was as if she knew that beyond that dim horizon was a land flowing with milk and honey. Over there was an old man seated by the roadside, too tired to go on. I saw one of the gods assist him to his feet, put the cup of hope to his lips, and lead him forward gently. Oh, there were many races, and many different ages to be seen! There were representatives from every walk of life—rich men, poor men, young and old, but on every face I saw an expression of happiness and perfect peace that I had never seen on earth.

Occasionally light coaches passed through our ranks, stopping only to take on those who were less able to walk: inside I caught a glimpse of people whom I recognised as celebrities in their various earthly countries. Once, a whistling from a distance became like the rushing of the wind, and in a flash, the messenger of the gods, his flowing cloak streaming behind him, whirled past. I met one other person different from the rest, an emissary from the Underworld. Instead of the customary radiant look, his brow was furrowed with anxiety. I asked him what was the matter, and he replied that he was going to the courts of Zeus to plead with the mighty gods to send relief to those doomed to this eternal darkness.

As we approached the shining steps in front of the star a disaster overtook us. We found hosts of evil sprites among us, retarding our faltering footsteps. The other weary travellers began to waver under the persuasions of the servants of Pluto, but suddenly hosts of armed warriors issued from the portals beyond the star and gave battle to our enemy. Lesser gods assisted the weary travellers up the final steps and through the gates.

As I stood on the road and viewed the joyous crowd surging through the gates I felt some material barrier was holding me back, detaching me from that eager band. I bade farewell to my companion and turned my back on the land of plenty. On the way back I met Aurora guiding her mettlesome steeds over the soft ground. As her gleaming chariot rolled by, all shades of mystery and unreality disappeared. All that had passed now seemed like a dream.

UNA MACKIE, Form 4S.

CALIBAN IN SCHOOL.

Be not afeard; this school is full of terrors,
 Tall ones and short, who give bad marks and care not.
 Sometimes a thousand nagging prefects
 Will call about mine (red) ears, and sometimes teachers
 That, if I then had spoken in the corridor,

Will make me dumb again: and then in classroom,
The door methought would open and show Miss—
Ready to pounce upon me, that, when I talked,
I quaked to talk again.

MORAG C. CAMERON, Form 4C.

SUMMER IN AUCHENCAIRN.

Early on a summer's morning the first pale rays of the sun glint on the burnished copper milk-cans as the milk float, drawn by a sturdy bay mare, clatters down the steep main street of a village in Kirkcudbrightshire—Auchencairn. Cheerfully, the red-cheeked housewives greet the milkman. As the clumsy cart trundles off down the winding, cobbled way, we visitors are beginning to stretch our lazy bones, aroused by the heart-warming odour of a real Scottish breakfast.

As morning draws on the sun shines down on the cluster of cottages set, like a jewel, in the surrounding woods. To the north stretch low pleasant hills, dotted with herds of quaintly striped cattle. In the south the iridescent waters of the Solway sparkle in the sunshine. Great wastes of red sand separate a low green island from the mainland at low tide, when often the far-off figure of a man is seen crossing the treacherous expanse.

The grass-covered peninsula which forms an arm of Auchencairn Bay is a beautiful retreat on a summer afternoon, and in springtime the beauty of the primrose-carpeted woods is a source of everlasting delight. From this fine headland the hazy coastline that is England may be seen on the horizon—so distant: so different.

As the stranger retraces his steps the warm beauty of the friendly village holds him entranced and he finds there a welcome refuge from the bustle of daily life.

RONA MACPHERSON, Form 3A.

"PRESENTING DICK BARTON, SPECIAL AGENT!"

The announcer's voice thundered from the loud-speaker, the voice that countless millions of little boys had been anxiously awaiting all the day, the voice that now made all these little boys suddenly drop what they held as if it had been a school-book, the voice that turned rapt gazes towards the current picture of Dick Barton in the "Radio Times."

Suddenly, all these little boys were hacking their way through humid, steaming jungle, followed by a horde of cannibal witch-doctors. Suddenly, all these little boys were swimming through turbid, shark-infested waters, followed by a gang of yellow knife-throwers. Suddenly all these litt— . . .

In the Sandys family, one of these little boys, Iain, sat puzzling out some *easy* geometric deductions. The noise of Dick Barton's adventures distracted him. He rose from the table, walked towards the radio, and as he switched off, he said, "I know you folk don't like this trash, so I'll put it off."

Mr. Sandys began again to read his newspaper; Mrs. Sandys began again to knit, one purl, one plain; Margot Sandys began again to read her thriller; Ronald Sandys began again to comb his brilliantined hair with renewed care. Simultaneously, these last four said, "Of course, turn it off. It's such rubbish!" But inwardly these last four cursed Iain—and these last four sighed a sigh . . .

DIANE VYNER, Form 3D.

FAIRY FROLICS.

In the fairy glen when the moon is bright
Dance the little fairy folk, elf and sprite.
Dancing here and there, lighter than the air
Moonbeams alighting on their golden hair.

Butterflies and moths join in the gladsome dance,
Glowworms light the paths where the elves do prance.
Flitting to and fro, poising on their toe,
Dancing on the green which is all a-glow.

See the moon, shining up on high
Looking on the dancing with a happy eye.
Hear them shout, with delight and joy,
Happily sings everyone, girl and boy.

Now they rest, while they eat their fill
On the grass, or at the dewy rill.
Up again to dance and flit about
Until morning, when the sun comes out.

MURIEL PATON, Form 3D.

* * * *

AN INTERLUDE WITH BABY.

I am in bed with a cold, a bad cold, but I am feeling very contented. You see, my cold is the kind of cold that seems to be turning to pneumonia any moment but really does not affect me at all. Then I am comfortable. I have three pillows, I am wearing a warm dressing gown, I have an exciting book, and best of all a hot hot-water bottle. It is so hot that I can just put my feet on it for a minute and lift them off again. Yes, I am very happy.

What's this? The door is opening. My hat! They can't be sending the baby in already. (I should explain: the baby is two, and is called Anthony. Anthony sounds a soft sort of name, but its owner is anything but soft.) Well, this is the end of my comfort—I'd better put down my book. Oh! there he is. Looks as though cement would melt in his mouth. "Hello, Anthony." "Hiya." "Anthony dear (it's always best to humour babies of Anthony's size, weight and temper) "Don't shut the door, because you won't be able to open it again, you know. Anthony, don't shut the door. I said don't shut the door," Bang! The door is shut and Anthony is grinning cheekily in my face.

What's he doing now? Getting on the bed? Oh, boy! Now for it. Heavens! You would think an earthquake was in progress by the way he is scrambling about. I move over reluctantly. "Ah's in," he announces triumphantly. "So I see," I say. "Ah get out again eh—eh—eh?" "Yes!" I cry joyously. He knows where he is not wanted anyway.

Another earthquake. Look out, he's losing his balance. "Ouch!" I exclaim with difficulty. Anthony has sat on my face. A direct hit. I won't have to worry about that bump on my nose again, anyhow.

The weight is lifting. Once again I can see the sun. Anthony is tottering towards the end of the bed. I'll just rest my feet on the hot-water bottle as long as I can. My hat! He is going to fall again. Where on earth will he land this time. "A—a—a—a." That's a scream of agony from me. "Anthony! For any sake get off my feet. They are melting." "What?" asks Anthony, not looking too happy. I expect the heat has reached him by now—my feet are red hot. Oh, it's no use talking to him. I'll give him a push where it is most needed. I do, and Anthony goes over the end of the bed to land on the floor with a thump, while I attend to my feet. Gosh! He's yelling fit to raise the roof. Now I know why they called him the siren in the nursing-home. Now what's he going to do with that hairbrush? Look out. "O—o—o, my head. Anthony, I've had enough. Hop it." Anthony does not understand this language and just stands astounded at the result of his gentle tap. He is on the verge of tears and says "I wanna see Mummy." He goes to the door and struggles with the handle and looks at me expectantly. "Open door, Elaine." I do not hear them but then I realise that if I do not open the door, I shall only have to endure more torture. Warily I get up, open the door, watch him go out. Peace at last, but when I look at the rising lump on my forehead I heartily wish I were at school.

ELAINE PEACOCK, Form 3E.

AN UNEXPECTED JOURNEY.

The balloon swelled and swelled until it was large enough for me to step inside. I floated away with a wonderful ethereal sensation and after a considerable time I felt a bump, found the opening and stepped out on to what was unmistakably one of the South Sea Islands! After the first few moments of amazement and wonder I turned in the direction of some weird music. My way was difficult as it lay through thick jungle-like trees, but, after a time, I came to a clearing where to my astonishment I found two cannibalistic-looking natives preparing a pot, obviously for a victim. Had I been seen by them? Could I get away? I had punctured my balloon on landing, so that means of transport was out of the question. I fled from the spot and ran and stumbled until I had to stop for want of breath. Being careful not to be seen I did some spying from the depths of a prickly-pear bush; finding the coast clear I slipped out and ran on, keeping well under cover. On observing a thin column of smoke I stopped dead, peered round a tree trunk and found myself staring at half-a-dozen mud huts like tiny, dirty igloos. Before I had quite taken in all my surroundings a small aeroplane was pushed out of a screen of trees—What a wonderful piece of luck! I determined there and then that it was my one hope of escape, whether the pilot was black or white. By stealth I reached it and was able to secrete myself within, unobserved.

We journeyed on and on, the deafening noise of the engine beating in my eardrums. When I awoke I found my decayed tooth gone and the dentist using his drill!

ROMA FINLAYSON, Form 2A.

* * * *

ABOARD U-BOAT 136.

When at Oban for my summer vacation, I had the good fortune to have the chance of seeing over a U-boat for the first time. The small motor launch taking us to the U-boat sped through the calm, glassy

waters to that dark object standing sentinel to Oban Bay. It seemed unusual that we were going to go over a boat once the terror and menace of the Royal Navy.

We crossed the shaky gangway and stood on the deck. Once we had got our bearings we slithered—for that was the only possible thing to do under the circumstances—down the port hole. I stretched up on reaching the bottom, only to bang my head on the anything but soft roof!

The first compartment was the sleeping quarters. Small basins wedged in corners looked scarcely adequate to wash in. There were eight bunks, curtained in, ranged round the walls. Cubicle arrangements opened from the walls and were used for containing clothes. All that sounds as if the compartment was quite large, but, on the contrary, it was squeezed into a remarkably small space.

Reached from the sleeping quarters by swing doors, there then came a minute kitchen—if it could be called such a thing. Never have I seen so much crowded into quite such a small area! A metal sink was fitted in the corner with a stove beneath, which, though small, was of the most modern type. A cupboard took up one side but was no more than five feet by three feet. Opposite the cupboard a tiny refrigerator held a device for purifying salt water.

The next compartment—the engine-room—was reached by a step over which my Mother nearly fell headlong, so unexpected a place was it fitted into. Everything, of course, took up the least possible room. Many instructions were here and there, but, as they were in German, I unfortunately could not understand them. A very interesting type of barometer had been installed with compass and thermometer attached.

Little more than a square yard, the last compartment contained all the wireless gadgets. There was a dashboard, with earphones and mouthpiece laid by it. A portable wireless, capable of being tuned in to any station, was held by a shelf in the wall. A tiny desk with typewriter and the usual stationery outfit filled the remaining space.

Even although it had been most interesting, I was

very glad to feel the cool breeze blow on my face as we clambered up the conning-tower. As the small launch took us back across the bay, I wondered how men could possibly live in submarines for weeks at a time, never seeing greenery or sky, everyday things which we take for granted. On the pier once more, I bought a book on U-136 so that I could read it when I was grumbling about life, and remind myself that I was able to see all the pretty things about me which the sailors had missed.

LILLIAN WINTON, Form 2B.

* * * *

ROMAN REPORT.

"This is G.K.O. reporting, taking you all to that great city, Rome, standing on 'Old Father Tiber,' where Roman Glendinning is waiting to tell you about the great fight between the Romans and Etruscans, ready to start any minute now."

"This is Roman Glendinning reporting: the battle has just begun. Their leaders, Horatius, Lars Porsena and Sextus are looking wonderful. Horatius, that hero of the Romans, is in heavy armour, with his bright colours showing up against the more sober colours of his followers. The Romans are guarding the bridge. Who are these fine men in the front? Ah yes! I see, it is Horatius, Herminius and Spurius Lartius. One of the Etruscans is approaching. It is (or is it?) Astur, Lord of Luna. Horatius has stepped forward and this duel between these two master fighters has begun. What swordsmen! For myself, I think Horatius is the better, and I'm right for, just at a critical moment Horatius gave one lunge with his spear, and Astur is now lying on the bridge in a pool of blood, with Horatius' spear through his brain."

"The Romans have been told to leave the bridge, as it looks to me as if it is going to collapse. They have all come back to terra firma except Horatius, who is making a brave stand at the far end of the

bridge. He is cornered! What will happen? Half the bridge has given way and Horatius is standing between the Etruscans and the Tiber. It looks to me as if it is death both ways, for during the recent floods, Father Tiber has swollen, and has developed a much stronger current. He is going to swim for it! Good show! Horatius is swimming strongly but he has a long, long way to go yet. Now and then his head is visible above water. He is almost there now. Yes! He has made it, and carried shoulder-high through the cheering crowds he makes his way through the city gates. Once more Rome has been saved. Horatius' name will live in history! Long live Horatius! Long live the spirit of Rome!"

ELSPETH M. SMITH, Form 2C.

* * * *

LIFE IN GERMANY.

We have found by corresponding with German girls that life in Germany is not as hard as we imagine. It is true that in the towns food is scarce and sweets are few, but the majority of German children are very happy. Houses, too, seem scarce, as many German families have been forced to give up some of their rooms to refugees.

The schools in Germany are much the same as in Scotland, but many of them unfortunately have been bombed during the war. The children are taught almost the same subjects as we are and most of them speak English very well.

There are many cinemas in Germany and often English and American films are shown there. In the parks there are ponds where many happy afternoons are spent sailing boats.

When the children of Germany are fourteen years old they are confirmed in the Church.

The German people are very proud of their gardens and tend them well. In the gardens fruit trees grow such as apple, pear and plum trees.

The most common pets of the German people are rabbits which are kept in the garden. Hens are also

kept, but more for domestic use. They are very fond of rabbits and look after them like one of themselves.

The children of Germany are very pleased to have Scottish pen-pals to write to and their letters are very interesting and affectionate. We hope that these letters will continue for many years and will cause an international friendship between the rising generation of Germany and Britain.

MAUREEN HAYWARD } Form 2C.
HELEN CHALMERS }

* * * * *

A BID FOR FREEDOM.

One day, while reading an exciting book about the wars of Scottish Independence, I pondered over all my adventures in the most recent ones.

I was a humble knight from Mid-Lothian and first started fighting in these wars when William Wallace came back to rouse the people. I was travelling in Ayrshire at that time and on finding myself running short of money I decided to join up with him. I went to his secret Labour Exchange on which was a poster, "Join up with the Great Man to procure Scottish Freedom." I walked in. At the desks were Wallace's clerks and typists all busily rattling away on the keys of streamlined machines. What a noise! Everybody was hurrying.

I put my name down and was told to go to Camp DF 2004 as a Royal Scot. I found the camp and went to the officer-in-command's quarters. There he was in khaki uniform with rows of medals on his tunic. I felt glad I was with him because he looked brave and yet kind. After handing him a dozen forms I had had to fill in at the Labour Exchange he gave me another three to fill in and take to my sergeant-major. Having done this I saluted and left.

Like all other sergeants he thought the world of himself, and after being ordered about like a dog I found myself in my own quarters. Apparently Field-Marshal Wallace was going to make an attack on Stirling Bridge the next week and everybody was

preparing for the journey which would start the next day.

* * * * *

I found myself being pushed out of a large army truck with dozens of other men. The cars, driven by atomic energy, seemed to cover the distance in minutes. I was really in the army now! I had a tin helmet, a rifle and many other pieces of equipment. We had placed an atomic bomb at each end of the bridge and after making sure that all the Scottish people of the town were well out of the way with their belongings we would blow up the bridge and the whole of the enemy with it! At last the hour came, and by a fifteen-mile long metal rod (with our army at the end of it) we set off the first bomb. How it exploded! The other one quickly went off and our enemy went off too—some into the river, but the majority up in the air. We saw this by a wonderful telescope affair which the brilliant Scottish scientists had just invented. Of course, it was a complete victory for us and just to make sure everybody was dead our jet-propelled 'planes going at one thousand miles an hour hovered over the battle-field and dropped almost harmless bombs compared with the atomic ones. When we were back in the camp I read from a newspaper: "Great victory for Field-Marshal Wallace in 1997!"

Like everyone else we had some defeats, like the one in 1998 at Falkirk. Our leader was captured and taken to the enemy's country where the people had threatened to execute him and put his head on the highest tower in the land, but we recaptured him even after they had chopped him in four pieces! We brought home the parts of him and twelve of the best Scottish surgeons, who were more than wonderful, put him together and he marched back triumphantly to the Camp. As far as I was concerned the Wars were over because I was discharged and went home to listen to Sir Jet Atom's Budget, where, to my horror, I found that cigarettes were 12/6d. for twenty! Which was worse, the enemy or the Budget? One thing, however, blotted out all the misfortunes we had to bear—we had won our freedom!

ELEANOR McNAUGHTON, Form 1A.

THE CALL OF THE SEA.

If I were a man I'd be a sailor,
 T'is the life of the bold and free;
 The swarthy skin and the toil-worn hands
 Belong to a man of the sea.
 The city clerks can have their dues,
 Can have them one and all,
 But as for me I'd rather have
 The sound of a siren's call.
 Oh for the sea, the splash of the foam,
 Oh for the thunder of waves,
 I love to hear the wild winds howl,
 I love when the tempest raves.
 I cannot defy the call of the sea.
 That call, it stirs me anew.
 I would sail, sail, sail far away,
 Though the lands I would know would be few.
 But when all is calm and peaceful,
 And the fleecy clouds roll by,
 I would think of my Lord and Maker,
 Who made the wild sea and the sky.

CHRISTINE LAING, Form 1A.

* * * *

THE SEA.

Rippling up the golden sands,
 Swirling round our many lands,
 Miles of heaving, tossing brine,
 Making our coast a rugged line
 Of bays and caves and rocky shore,
 Cliffs and rocks full of sea-lore.
 Home of fish and monster queer
 Sailed by ships from far and near.
 Sometimes gentle, limpid blue,
 With sunshine changing it in hue,
 Sometimes grey with white-tipped crest,
 And howling winds which know no rest.
 Beneath its heaving bosom lies
 A world of secrets and surprise,
 Of sunken treasure, bars of gold
 Lying in the skeleton's hold.
 The ever-changing restless sea—
 A challenge to humanity.

DOROTHY DUNLOP, Form 1C.

A NINETEENTH CENTURY MAORI VILLAGE.

(We are indebted to our visitor from New Zealand, Miss M'Cosh, for this glimpse of native life in her own Country).

When the *pakeha* (white man) first settled in New Zealand, the Maoris lived in tribes in *pas* (villages) which were very well organised and arranged. Because the various tribes were often at war with one another the *pa* always stood on a hill overlooking the surrounding district. For extra fortification two large trenches were dug outside the walls of the *pa*, in which the warriors hid when an attack was expected.

Usually the *pa* was circular in shape, having a double palisade wall of sharpened wooden stakes, seven feet in height, made from the native tea tree and lashed together with flax. The sole entrance was a large wooden gate with a beautifully hand-carved archway, often bearing the history of the tribe. It was guarded closely by sentry warriors, and look-out boxes were to be found at various positions round the walls of the *pa* so that a surprise attack would not be made on the inhabitants.

The Maoris lived in small huts built of wooden supports and covered with flax and reeds woven together. Inside there was an earthen floor and the walls were lined with finely woven flax mats, some of them beautifully patterned. On a section apart from the others stood the chief's house, which was far more elaborate in design. At the entrance there was an elaborately carved doorway and the mats lining the walls had intricate patterns woven into them. The women wove all the mats, using various barks for dyeing the flax from its usual cream colour to reds, blacks or greens, as required.

All work was done by the whole community. The men of the tribe planted the crops, aided by the women, and the cooking for the whole village was done by the women in turn. The stone ovens or "middens" were dug in the earth and large stones placed over a fire to heat. When these were hot enough the food was wrapped in flax leaves, placed on the hot stones, covered over with sods of earth and left for several hours to cook slowly. Their diet was mainly of fish, snared birds, fruit, berries, keemaras (sweet potatoes)

and other wild plants. Up till the time of Captain Cook, there were no wild animals in New Zealand, and the tribes were cannibals until about the middle of the last century.

All the education was carried out by *tohungas* (priests), and only the boys had lessons. They were taught by rote the history of their forefathers, and every boy had to learn this off by heart. This meant that all the Maori folk-lore and legends were handed down by word of mouth and as they did not know how to write, nothing was written down until the beginning of the 20th century. As well as learning history, they also learnt to carve—a highly skilled art requiring years of training and the utmost patience. Axes and other tools were also fashioned by polishing certain types of stone until a sharp edge was obtained.

Every boy was taught how to fight, and a man could not obtain prestige in the tribe until he had proved himself in battle. The chief held his position by his ability to lead men and by being a skilful warrior. All the men were clever hunters and invented many ingenious devices for snaring birds and fish.

The girls and women were of an inferior standing to the men of the tribe, and so merely learnt to cook and weave mats for clothing and wall coverings, while some of their leisure time was spent learning "*poi*" dances and native songs which were handed down from generation to generation, each tribe having its own particular set of dances and songs. Many of these songs are, of course, stories of various tribal wars, but the music is beautiful, and because of the native ability to harmonise songs so easily, all their songs are sung in parts and are unaccompanied.

As a race the Maoris were very carefree and in times of peace had a very pleasant time looking after their crops or spending spare time in carving or playing various games which are peculiar to their race. The whole tribe was ruled by the chief, elders and priests, so that a very high moral code was kept.

Unfortunately to-day tribal life is gradually dying out so that it is only in a few *pas*, away in the back-blocks, untouched by civilisation, that life still continues much as it did two centuries ago.

From the Primary Department

THE GREAT REMOVAL.

(Specially contributed).

"When will the new buildings be ready?" was the constant question of the "out-housed" in Bruntfield, and "Next month, I think," the equally regular reply.

It must have been well over a year since that answer was first given, but here hope deferred only increased the longing and great was the excitement in the six highest primary classes when a definite "next Friday" was announced.

It was a cold, bleak February day but, though teachers shivered and trembled as they skidded down slopes, nothing quenched the enthusiasm of the children, and our good friend Mr. Thomson had stoves blazing, desks arranged, mats in position and that ready acquiescence to every suggestion which made him a man after our own hearts. So, without the loss of even one day, staff and pupils settled down to work with a will.

Very soon *our* wood, *our* avenue, *our* lawn, *our* blackbird, *our* gardens were realities, and by the time the younger children arrived in April, our "policies" had really taken shape, thanks to the kindly interest of very good friends on the Education Committee, and we were ready for the opening service. There a fine little soloist from Parimary 1 sang a "blessing on the buildings" and Miss Andrew promised many delightful things which speedily materialised.

As our concert gave us loudspeakers and the school fund supplied our adiscope, we are well equipped educationally and just need a few more weeks for our bird bath, our tubs of flowers, and our other amenities to grace the grounds and charm our hearts.

Here in very truth we can say "Let Gillespie's flourish," for these must surely be the ideal surroundings where little people can grow and blossom during their early school days.

B. M.

MORNING PANORAMA.

It is a clear, crisp morning in early Spring. How exhilarating the air is, as I step out into the bustle of people hurrying to work! The first object of interest that meets my eye is the Calton Hill, with the tall structure of Nelson's Column towering high above Edinburgh's Disgrace—the unfinished memorial resembling the Parthenon of Athens.

The tram soon takes me to the Post Office, where, on my left I get another view of Nelson's Column. On my right is the statue of the famous Duke of Wellington who conquered Napoleon. Proceeding along Princes Street, I cast a backward glance at the rugged Salisbury Crags in deep contrast to the smooth contours of Arthur's Seat.

There are so many monuments in Princes Street it would be impossible to mention them all, yet I must acknowledge the beautiful design of the Scott Monument, which never fails to arouse my admiration. There are many fine buildings in the background and easily distinguished among them is the spire of St. Giles' Cathedral.

Now I pass the Mound where the National Art Galleries are situated—safely harbouring many beautiful works of art. Silhouetted against the horizon, Edinburgh Castle stands, looking down on the green lawns and colourful borders of flowers in Princes Street Gardens. I next see two very fine churches—one with a square tower, whilst the other has a tall pointed steeple. The domed roof of the Usher Hall reminds me of our annual school concert. There, too, I have heard many celebrated musicians.

Quickly the tram speeds on and soon I am alighting at Bruntsfield Links where the school bell calls me to lessons and my morning panorama is over.

SYLVIA CROWE, Form 5A.

* * * *

**"DANGER, MILITARY TRAINING GROUND.
NO ADMISSION."**

Three children, Joan, James and Jack who were on holiday in the country were walking along the road when Jack spotted the above notice fastened to a

fence. The children had never seen or heard of a Military Training Ground before and the notice excited their curiosity. "Let's see what goes on," said James, and led the way over the fence. The others were not so keen, but rather than have James rag them, they followed him over the fence.

Nothing of interest could be seen and the children were feeling somewhat disappointed in the result of their escapade when, without warning, two tanks came charging from behind some nearby trees. The children were directly in the path of the oncoming tanks which clanked and rumbled over the ground at what seemed to be very great speed. "Run," shouted Joan, "run for the fence," and darted off. The others made off after her as fast as they could, but before long realised that they had run in the wrong direction. The fields which had seemed so deserted a short time before now seemed to be alive with soldiers. Rifles were being fired and when bullets were heard striking against the trees the children realised that they were in serious danger. It was too late to turn back and they kept on, hoping they would run clear of trouble. Luckily they spied another fence ahead and soon put that between them and the noise and turmoil. When they had recovered and were able to proceed they saw the roadway just ahead and were soon heading for home chattering excitedly about their adventure.

All were agreed that in future they would obey instruction and a notice which said "No Admission" would in future be accepted without question. James, who had been ringleader in the escapade, was very subdued, and two words expressed the feeling of all—"NEVER AGAIN."

PATRICIA GREENAN, Form 5B.

* * * *

A WINDY DAY.

Like a tiger unleashed the mighty west wind swept over the land toward the great town. As it sped over the rooftops it knocked chimney cans and slates clattering noisily to the ground. Groaning signboards were eerily swaying to and fro. Struggling pedestrians were fighting against the powerful wind.

As it swept on over fields and woods it blew over a farnyard where clucking hens, gobbling turkeys, and cackling geese hurried to shelter. Frightened cattle herded together under sturdy gnarled oak trees. When the wind sped over the land toward the sea little fishing smacks were tossed like corks on the sea and even great ocean greyhounds were tossed and turned.

At last the wind died down; the sea was calm again, and peace reigned once more.

KATHLEEN MATHESON, 5B.

* * * *

MY SISTER'S BROADCAST.

The first that we heard of her broadcast was when her name was announced on "Children's Hour" for having won a programme-making competition. The winners of the competition were to broadcast their programme which they had made up. A letter was to be sent informing the winners that they were to go down to the B.B.C. for an audition and then a rehearsal for their broadcast.

The letter arrived one day in June, asking my sister and me to go to Queen Street Broadcasting House for the audition and rehearsal, both a week after.

After much excitement we set off for the Broadcasting House. I was not broadcasting because I was too young, but I was asked to go along and watch the proceedings. The audition was successful and the rehearsal also was very successful. My sister spoke through the microphone for the audition.

At last the day of the broadcast came round and we had to be at the Broadcasting House at three o'clock. As we had a half-day from school for the concert in the Usher Hall it was very convenient.

Anne, my sister, and I set out for the Broadcasting House in high spirits. The first thing we did when we arrived was to chat with the other girls and read over the scripts for the programme. We were taken into the studio and after a few rehearsals they were told they were doing very well and we were given tea and four biscuits.

After finishing our snack it was time to broadcast, and we all trooped back to the studio. Soon it was my sister's turn. She read a story for me and asked a "quiz." She did quite well.

I had earphones on and I heard the programme as it sounded over the wireless, yet I saw them performing.

It was a grand experience and I shall always remember it.

DOROTHY NEILSON, 4A.

* * * *

"I WISH I LIVED IN A CARAVAN"

From my bedroom window I can see the gipsies' caravan standing in the meadow. It is a lovely big caravan with four small windows. The outside is painted red, with yellow spots and blue stars all over it.

What a gay life the gipsies have who live in it! Every day at dinner time they gather round the door and eat their dinner which has been prepared outside, over a fire.

When I go to bed at night I can see the gipsies sitting round the fire smoking and talking. Some nights when I cannot sleep I hear them singing and laughing. They all seem to be very happy and whenever I see them I wish that I lived in a caravan and could eat my meals outside. I should like to travel all over the country in one and be happy and gay like the gipsies who live in the caravan.

AILEEN BROWN, 4B.

* * * *

SALVAGE.

"Throw out your books," the latest cry,
On every side we hear.
To win the prize we all must try.
We'll do so, never fear.

Our jotters, school books, large and small,
We'll throw into the sack.
No lessons for us then, we hope,
For we don't want them back.

MORNA MACKENZIE, 3A.

THE REMOVAL.

Towards the end of February, the four Gillespie classes left Bruntfield School.

Wonderful to relate, the long promise of a school of our own in the beautiful grounds of Bruntfield House had come to pass. We shall always remember the great excitement of packing. Many things went astray. The teacher's chair could not be found, even although it had been carefully labelled; and the chalk-marked numbers on our desks had rubbed off.

It took us quite a long time to find our desks. It was very amusing to see Mr. Thomson, the new janitor, walking through the grounds ringing a hand-bell at the intervals.

We really had to laugh the first wet day when we saw Mr. Thomson walking round the huts holding up his umbrella, and, at the same time, ringing his hand-bell.

We are very proud of this new part of James Gillespie's High School.

It is surrounded by big trees in which numbers of happy birds are making their homes; and before the summer holidays we shall see the lawns covered with beautiful green grass and the borders gay with flowers.

ELAINE COCHRANE, 3B.

* * * *

TUCKING UP.

I know a little man,
Whom no-one ever sees,
He is the little man,
Who tucks up all the bees.

Mummies tuck up babies,
Birds nestle in the trees,
Dogs tuck up their puppies,
But no-one tucks up bees.

Pussies cuddle kittens,
Flowers close their leaves,
Spiders sleep in cosy webs,
But no-one tucks up bees.

Except this little man,
Who lives among the trees,
And each night at sunset,
Starts out to tuck up bees.

He shuts their little doors,
After brushing out the leaves,
And then leaves behind him,
Cosy, warm bees.

JOAN HARCUS, 2A.

* * * *

OUR ADOPTED BABY.

The sweetest little baby
I think you ever saw;
He's soft and fat and curly,
And sometimes sleeps on straw.

He's fond of fun, enjoys a bun;
Ah! now I know you've guessed.
He's "Jim," Gillespie's polar bear,
The one we all love best.

LORNA TAYLOR, Primary 2B.

* * * *

OUR NEW SCHOOL.

Two days before the Easter holidays we moved to our new school. The new building is in Bruntfield House grounds, where we used to be when we were in the babies. Our class-room has two stoves and a new blackboard. But when the Teacher writes on it and then rubs it off we can still see it. When the flowers grow Miss Gordon said we will have a visitors' day, when our Mummies and Daddies can visit us and see our new school.

VALERIE WRIGHT, 1B.

* * * *

A PRAYER FOR THE BABY.

God bless our little man,
And let him do all the good he can,
Let him learn the good of life,
Free from sin and free from strife.
Bless him, bless him, little dear,
And do let him learn and hear,
Of that great and holy love,
Which first came from heaven above.

EUNICE SPIERS, 1A.

From the Preparatory Department

The owl is a bird. He has big eyes. He has soft wings. He kills his prey. His food is rats, mice, rabbits and young birds. He lives in the woods. He says to-wit-to-wit-to-whoo. His babies snore.

On a windy day your hat blows off. I wonder if you like a windy day? I do; but I do not like the cold. The wind makes you run. It blew the granny off our chimney. The wind makes the sea have big waves.

When I was away my holidays I went out for a walk in the country. I met a monkey. The lady who had the monkey said she wished that she had as much energy as the monkey had.

On Saturday Eleanor dressed up as an old Granny. She put on an old shawl and a lady's dress. She had a walking stick to walk with and a boy was the Grandpa. I was the little girl.

We keep a baby polar bear. Every girl in James Gillespie's High School brings a penny to send to Mr. Gillespie to get food for Jim. Jim's coat is white because he used to live on icy lands near the North Pole. If bears want to go quickly over the ice they lie down flat and push themselves along with their hind paws.

I am going to get a little pussy. She is to be called Tootles. She is greyish blue. I do not know when I am getting her.

When I went on my holiday I found wild primroses and my Aunt is going to bring them home in a pot. One night I patted pet lambs. I also saw a brown rabbit. It was a baby rabbit. I saw two boy piglets. The same night I saw two goslings with a mother hen, and chickens coming out off their eggs. On Saturday night I saw a guinea-pig and her babies. They were white.

When I went to my Uncle Jim I went in the train to Perth. On the way we saw rabbits playing in the woods and field. Wild primroses were growing all about. When we got into Perth my Uncle Jim was there to meet us. He took us in his car to the farm. Then we went a walk to the woods and heard the pheasants call nine times. We saw a dead weasel hanging on a fir tree near the gate.

PREP. SENIOR A.

Last Sunday I went out to a birthday tea. For tea we had sandwiches, chocolate biscuits, cream tarts, meringues, chocolate cake and bread. We played at "Please and Thank You." I enjoyed it very much. At the end we had ice-cream and jelly. Then I saw Alan, the baby, getting his bath. He splashed in the water. I went home in the bus.

My rabbit is a Dutch rabbit. He is white and grey. I like my rabbit. His name is Billy. We got it from a boy who has got some chickens. I feed Billy every morning. After dinner I feed him with bread. At tea-time I give him his tea. He eats oat meal and tea leaves. When I have fed my rabbit I go in for my tea.

I was at the dentist on Saturday. I got a tooth out. It was a back tooth. It broke two times. I sat on the dentist's chair. It goes up and down. I loved it.

I have a doll. Her name is Lorna. She has pink cheeks. Lorna has golden hair. She has brown eyes. She has white clothes. Lorna is big. She has real shoes. They are brown. They are tens. You would think she was a real little girl. I am not allowed to play with her, but I get to get her outside in her pram.

I am going to see my little cousin David to-day. He can dance, when we are holding him. He likes to sit in his pram and look about him. I love him very much. He gets his real dinner now. He used to get a bottle.

Mummy has got into Ayr for our holidays. The name of the lady is Miss Stewart. We are going for a fortnight. She has cots and two beds. Mummy and

Daddy get one bed. I get the other and Alexander gets a cot.

It is my Mummy's birthday to-day. I gave her a Kitchen thing to help her to remember her messages. Daddy gave her a bag with a wee mirror and my sister gave her a lovely plate with flowers and it was a lot of money.

To-day I stayed in because I had to write my error. The word was pretty. I had to write it three times. I just finished when the bell rang so I was finished in time.

To-day I am going to my Grans from school. When I get out of school I will go to the arch and wait for two little girls. This is a true story.

We have the painters in our house. They are painting two rooms. The one room is the dining-room and the other is the sitting-room. They will finish on Friday. Mummy will be glad, so will Daddy and so will I.

I got my fingers in the door yesterday. It was very sore. Mummy put a scarf round it. She put cream on it first.

PREP. SENIOR B.

I hurt my both nees when I fell. I had them wosht in hot water.

Wuns when I was litel I poold one iye out of my teddy.

Bill has hooping cof. The doctor ses I hope you don't get it.

I have a teddy. It squeecs if you poosh its tumay.

I drempt I had five babys. One was a boy.

I cannot laf, cos if I laf I cof. Mummy gave me sum medsen.

My daddy is going to take a foto of our own polar bare.

I cannot take my doll to school becos she is preshush.

I have a new nighty for my tonsil hospitl.

I dremt I was an anjel. I had on a pure white dress with pale pink wings.

Mummy gave me that book. It is an extra-speshl one, for not noking the tops off my chicken spots.

My wee pussy curils up in my cwilt.

PREP. JUNIOR A.

* * * *

I saw a klown at the sirkis on a bar and he fell of the bar and I saw a munky that took a man's hat of his head.

There was a German prisner that yoos to vizet us but he duz not vizet us now becos he is in london. My daddy sent him a box of hancase and I made a calender for his birthday.

I am getting a lovely baby of my own and it must be a girl becos we have girls frocks.

I got ten for my sums. Mummy got a surpris, so did I. when I got an isecrem I said Ha Ha Ha.

It is my bithday in five days and my mummy is making me a micensay tarten kilt. I will get six candles.

My uncle put a sheet on the table for a table cloth and my Grandma laft at him.

When my teacher comes to see my figers she says that they make her happy becos they are so pretty.

My daddy's car was stolane and burant to a sindar by two bad men. A pliceman phond my daddy in the midle of the night to tell him his car was stolane.

I am going to get a big dog and it is going to be daddys. mummy has baby and I have dolly.

My daddy touc me to fish and I cot a frog.

PREP. JUNIOR B.

Reports of Societies

LITERARY AND DRAMATIC SOCIETY.

This year in the Society's life has been one of successful enterprise and experiment. While retaining such favourites as the now annual "Hat Night" and "Magazine Night," we have added to our syllabus three entirely new types of programmes—"International Night," and the meetings with the kindred societies of George Heriot's and the Royal High School.

To "International Night" we invited representatives of Switzerland, Greece, the West Indies and the U.S.A. These four speakers each expounded one extremely interesting aspect of life in their own lands. At the meeting with George Heriot's Society, under the title of "Enemies of Literature," after an evening of almost riotous amusement aroused by the attempts of various "types" to win the title of "Arch-enemy of Literature," the Sports Fan was eventually hailed as such. Though the meeting with the Royal High School's society was something of an experiment, taking the form of a verse-speaking recital on the subject of "The Supernatural," it was eminently successful, and, in a different way, enjoyed as much as that with Heriot's.

The year began as usual with "To Start You Talking," a form of "Hat Night." Another old favourite was "Magazine Night," which proved to be as popular as ever. The increase in the number of serious contributions was very pleasing.

Our only outside speaker this year was Mr. Albert D. Mackie, M.A., editor of "The Evening Dispatch." Mr. Mackie, who punctuated his most interesting talk on Journalism with flashes of his own inimitable wit and humour, was cordially welcomed at the time by the Society, but we should like to take this opportunity of showing our appreciation of him once again.

This year's syllabus contained only one debate: "That the present examination system produces the slave mentality." Despite the well-reasoned papers presented to the Society, the general standard of debating was disappointingly poor. It would here

perhaps be not irrelevant to suggest that if members would begin to debate more seriously (by taking notes during the discussion, for example) this standard could be much improved.

As usual, dramatics played a large part in our programme. The first dramatic performance was "Great Scott!", a feature programme on the life of Sir Walter Scott; this was open to all girls in the third, fourth, fifth and sixth years.

Fourth Year Night, also, took the form of a varied dramatic presentation—a "Victorian Album," comprising songs, a burlesque, piano pieces and a humorous recitation. The ability displayed in this performance, and the enthusiasm of the fourth year members, promises a flourishing society in the future.

Our third dramatic evening was a joint meeting between staff and pupils—"Let's get together!" The exciting subject of this meeting was a mock trial brought about by a murder, supposed to have been committed in school. The evening's entertainment was not as gruesome and harrowing as might be expected, for, thanks to the whole-hearted acting of staff and pupils concerned, the farce was uproariously successful. After the identity of the murderers had been disclosed and the court had adjourned, the ceremony of the crowning of the Society's Bard (Beryl Sinclair) was carried out.

In November our Society made its contribution to the Festival of Plays held in the Cygnet Theatre by the Edinburgh Schools Drama Association, in the form of a presentation of "The Card Party," a short play adapted from "Cranford."

Perhaps the most popular, and undoubtedly the best-attended, meeting was, however, the Annual Social, which was held early in December.

Finally we should like to express our gratitude to the Society's many friends and helpers among the Staff:—Doctor Dougary, who devised, wrote and produced "Great Scott!"; Miss Helen Cruickshank (now Mrs. Cochrane), to whom we would send our sincerest wishes for married happiness, Miss Violet Henderson, to whom "International Night" owed much of its success, and who collaborated with Miss

Margaret Hardie in the production of "The Card Party," and her co-producer Miss Hardie. But, above all, we should like to say how sincerely we appreciate all that our President, Miss Foster, does for the Society, for we can truly say that the successes are very much due to Miss Foster's welcome guidance and unfailing support at all times.

BERYL T. SINCLAIR
(Hon. Secretary).

* * * *

SCIENCE ASSOCIATION.

This session the Science Association has upheld its tradition of arranging a varied and interesting syllabus. The programme included two excursions; one to the Munrospun factory at Restalrig and another to the Radiotherapy Department of the Royal Infirmary.

We were fortunate this year in having four outside speakers—Dr. Stewart, Lieutenant Stobie, Dr. Percival and Mr. Dodds. Dr. Stewart spoke on "Agricultural Chemistry"; Lieutenant Stobie spoke, in the unfortunate absence of Chief Detective Superintendent Merrilees who was ill, on the scientific aspect of "Crime and Criminals," and Dr. Percival and Mr. Dodds both discussed "Careers in Chemistry" and answered our questions on that subject. Miss Napier also gave us a very interesting talk on "America."

Although we are scientifically minded, we dared to open each term with a debate, and in both cases the affirmative was carried. The subjects were, "That Science has been of greater benefit to woman than to man," and "That the use of animals in scientific research is justifiable," the latter being an inter-debate with the Literary and Dramatic Society.

As is becoming an established custom, we had a "Short Paper Night" and a demonstration of films by Mr. Seaton who, for the first time, brought a sound projector to the school. Both these meetings were very popular.

However, by far the most popular evening was, I am afraid, the F.P. Reunion and Social which was held at the end of the second term. This was a great success and everyone agreed that the catering was excellent.

I should like to thank the members of the committee and all those who have helped with the success of this year's programme, especially our untiring President, Mr. Brash. He is always ready to help us, and without his genius the Association could not play such an important part as it does, in the lives of its members.

Lastly, this year's committee would like to welcome all prospective members and to assure them that they will be warmly received.

MARGARET E. SIMPSON
(Hon. Secretary).

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SKETCH CLUB.

During 1947-8 the Sketch Club continued up till Easter with a membership as enthusiastic as, if smaller than, in previous years. All kinds of free expression in poster work and composition were encouraged, and an embroidery and crafts section did good work. A riotously keen Primary Section continues up to date, and there is keen competition amongst its members.

Owing to the ever-increasing number of school societies and outside interests, the day of meeting has had to be changed to Tuesday. Membership is open to all pupils of the school, and the Club is commended, not only to those specially gifted in drawing, but to all who find pleasure in handicrafts.

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E. C.

SCHOOL CHOIR.

The Choir has just completed a highly successful session under the leadership of its new conductor, Mr. Sommerville.

On the second day of term the Choir gave a short concert in the Royal High School, where an exhibition had been arranged in connection with the Festival. The programme comprised several items rendered at the previous School Concert in June, and a group of Scottish ballads, spoken and sung. Our success on this occasion was to a great extent due to Mr. Macrae who kindly returned to rehearse with us before his departure.

for Canada. Although sorry to lose our Choirmaster, we nevertheless feel proud that he has received this honour, and we wish him great success in his new sphere of life.

We are grateful to Miss Hardie who helped the Choir to carry on its work until the arrival at the end of October of our new Music master, Mr. Sommerville. On Founder's Day, celebrated in November, the Choir gave a performance of "Thou Crownest the Year," by Bach, and we hope to repeat this item at the School Concert in June. At Christmas we provided the music for a nativity play which opened with a "Christmas Fanfare," composed by Mr. Sommerville. Throughout the year we practised anthems which were duly rendered at the Friday morning service.

At the closing concert in the Usher Hall, we hope to render several groups of songs, including "Sigh no More, Ladies," by Vaughan Williams, "Ships of Arcady," by Michael Head, "Ex Ore Innocentium," by John Ireland, and a small selection of Scottish folk-tunes.

It is with just pride that we look back on a session of steady progress. We extend a warm welcome to Mr. Sommerville, who has taught us several extremely interesting songs and without whose kind help and guidance it would have been impossible for the Choir to continue its work.

MURIEL MCCURRACH.

* * * *

SCHOOL ORCHESTRA.

At the end of the last school year we regretfully bade goodbye to Mr. Macrae, who, after serving us so well and achieving such a high standard of work with both Orchestra and Choir, left to take up an important position in Canada. Until the arrival of his successor the Orchestra was carried on very successfully by Miss Hardie, for whose help then and at all times we are most grateful.

Now the Orchestra continues to flourish under the skilled and patient guidance of its new Conductor, Mr. Sommerville. Attendances during the first two terms were smaller than usual, but as the Usher Hall

concert approaches the numbers at Tuesday rehearsals are steadily increasing.

It is pleasing to note that, this year, the Orchestra has recruited many players from the younger classes in school. These have given ample proof of their enthusiasm and willingness to learn by the way in which they have applied Mr. Sommerville's expert advice to their playing.

The works which have been studied this year and which will be performed at the concert, include: "Hungarian Dance No. 5," by Brahms; "Valse from *Coppelia*," by Delibes; "Sinfonietta," by Handel, and the orchestral accompaniment of "Thou crownest the year," by Bach.

Thanks are due to Miss Napier and Miss Patterson for their able assistance this year, as in previous years, and to Mr. Sommerville we owe a great deal for his untiring energy and helpful guidance at rehearsals.

We sincerely hope that next session the school orchestra will have every success and that new members will be encouraged to join.

PATRICIA CRESSWELL.
MARJORIE INKSTER.

* * * *

E.S.C.A.

E.S.C.A. this year has continued to enjoy unflinching popularity and the number of members from Gillespie's is almost seventy. The younger girls are particularly enthusiastic.

There has been a great variety of meetings, one of the highlights of the winter term being a talk on "The Police and the Citizen," by Superintendent Merrilees, who proved an extremely interesting and amusing speaker. Another enjoyable meeting which was held during the first term, took the form of a debate "That we have no faith in the present Government." The debating was lively and, at times, very heated. The affirmative won by a two-thirds majority. The Christmas Social this year was held in the Preparatory Department of the Royal High School and was a great success.

The meetings were not so numerous during the Spring Term, and were mainly of a national nature.

E.S.C.A. was honoured this year by the choice of its President, Calvin Hider of George Watson's College, to represent Scotland at an International Youth Forum in New York.

The Easter Conference was held in George Watson's College and was attended by over a hundred delegates from all parts of Scotland and England. We were fortunate in obtaining several very interesting speakers, and their inspiring talks undoubtedly gave the incentive for the animated arguments which took place in the discussion groups after the lectures.

To date, there has been only one meeting in the Summer Term, but the syllabus shows several attractive meetings to which to look forward.

E. AVRIL JOHNSTON.

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FIELD CLUB.

This year has seen the birth of a new society, namely, the Field Club, under the able guidance of Miss Kerr and Miss Kimpton. At present the membership, which is open to all years, is over two hundred.

The first excursion was to Roslin, where many interesting specimens were gathered and examined. On Saturday, 15th May, a crowd of enthusiastic members travelled by train to Burntisland and walked to Aberdour. On the way, many varied woodland flowers, which were soon classified with the help of our eager teachers, were collected. A sandwich lunch was eaten on the Silver Sands, and everyone, save the bashful staff, dabbled her feet in the Forth. Other excursions in the near future include one to the battle-field of Sheriffmuir and yet another to Ben Ledi, which some of the more able-bodied members anticipate climbing in the hopes of finding some rare specimens such as *Bellis Perennis*—or, in simple language, a daisy—at its summit.

At present the Field Club is only in its infancy, but we feel sure that it will soon become a flourishing and

popular society because of its deep interest in Nature and its love of the open air. To all prospective members I can only give this piece of advice about these excursions into the heart of the country, in these words of Rupert Brook—

“Some, it may be, can get in touch
With Nature there, or Earth, or such.”

CHRISTINE MACPHERSON.

School Sports

HOCKEY.

Unfortunately this season found only one of last year's 1st XI. left at school. This led to the forming of a completely new team. Although the team was not very successful at first, during the second term only two matches were lost. The other XI.'s also played well and scored very creditable goal averages.

Roslin won the Interhouse matches with Spylaw as runner-up.

In the Seven-a-Side Tournament, played at Meggetland on the 31st of March, the school team, after winning the first match, was unfortunately beaten by Boroughmuir in the second round. The school was represented by F. Philip, J. Adam, A. Johnston, J. B. R. Cook, D. Dickson, M. Macfarlane and D. Montgomery.

1st XI. colours were awarded to F. Philip, J. B. R. Cook and D. Montgomery; 2nd XI. colours were awarded to M. Denoon and C. Macpherson.

1st XI. girdle was awarded to J. Adam and 2nd XI. girdle to B. Sinclair.

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

| | Played | Won | Lost | Drawn | Can- celled | Goals For | Goals Against |
|--------------|--------|-----|------|-------|----------------|--------------|------------------|
| 1st XI. | 17 | 11 | 6 | 0 | 8 | 59 | 50 |
| 2nd XI. | 16 | 12 | 4 | 0 | 10 | 56 | 26 |
| 3rd XI. | 13 | 7 | 5 | 1 | 8 | 36 | 19 |
| 4th XI. | 9 | 7 | 2 | 0 | 11 | 26 | 11 |
| 5th XI. | 3 | 2 | 1 | 0 | 7 | 4 | 3 |
| 6th XI. | 4 | 3 | 1 | 0 | 4 | 16 | 4 |

F.J.P.

TENNIS.

This season again tennis has proved the most popular sport.

The school team was represented by—

Freda Philip and Norah Graham.

Jean Adam and Mary Gowans.

Eileen Gay and Mary Hunter.

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

| | | | |
|------------------|-----|------------------|----|
| Royal High | 111 | Gillespie's | 24 |
| Dunfermline | 28 | Gillespie's | 37 |
| Trinity | 59 | Gillespie's | 76 |
| Boroughmuir | 56 | Gillespie's | 79 |

There are still five matches to play and the Staff and House matches.

F.J.P.

CRICKET.

This year the Club has maintained a membership of over ninety girls, and the practices on Tuesdays and Thursdays have been well attended. The team is extremely fortunate in having as a coach on Thursdays, Mr. Sommerville, whose good-humour and enthusiasm add enjoyment to the practices. While Mr. Brash takes charge of the other members of the Club, the team has intensive practice under Mr. Sommerville's expert guidance. The advent of our new coach has impressed on us just how much Mr. Brash had to do alone in previous seasons, and we can never thank him enough for his

valuable help and encouragement. By his enthusiasm he transmits his own great love for the game to others, and through him many have gained an interest in a very fine game.

Cricket has also become one of the recognised games on Wednesday afternoons, and this enables many of us to have an extra practice under the able supervision of Mr. Gordon.

So far two matches have been played, both with St. George's School. In the first our opponents won by four runs, after a very exciting game; in the return match on Saturday, 29th May, we won, the score being—

| | | |
|--------------|-------|-------------------|
| Gillespie's | | 53 for 4 wickets. |
| St. George's | | 47 all out. |

We look forward to the F.P. and the Staff matches.

That dictator of cricket, the weather, has so far favoured us, and we hope it will continue to do so.

D. M. E. L.

GOLF.

The Club has been supported enthusiastically by the girls this year. The membership has risen to over 40 members, and many enjoyable games have been played over both the Braid Hills golf courses. We have been very fortunate in receiving consent to include golf in our sports during school hours. Thus on Mondays and Wednesdays girls from the 4th, 5th and 6th years practise shots on the course in the Bruntsfield Links under the guidance of Miss Macgregor and Miss Henderson.

The Club is much indebted to Miss Macgregor for coming on Saturday mornings to the Braid Hills course in order to coach the members.

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

H. M. W.

SWIMMING.

We had as usual a very large membership but attendance at the baths was rather poor during the autumn and winter months, owing largely to the outbreak of infantile paralysis. Consequently fewer certificates have been gained, although the number of Bronze Medallions of the Royal Life-Saving Society has increased. The summer term examinations have not yet taken place, but up to date 37 awards have been made—13 Bronze Medallions, 8 Life-saving, 4 Advanced, 4 Intermediate and 8 Elementary Certificates.

A team representing the school competed in the Inter-Schools Relay Race at the Warrender Baths Gala and also at the Boroughmuir Gala and won first place in both events.

The School Championship is won this year by Kay Tabel (2c) with 8 points, Iris Canning (2e) being runner-up with 7 points.

L. P., J. M.

ANNUAL SPORTS, 1948.

The Annual Sports were held at Meggetland on Wednesday, 16th June, under favourable weather conditions and in the presence of a large number of parents and friends. The School Championship was won by Freda Philip, with first places in the High Jump and the Hurdles, along with a third and a fourth. The runner-up was Hilda Gardner with two firsts—in the 220 yards and the 100 yards and a fourth. A very fine performance was put up by Elizabeth Willis to win the Under-15 Championship. She obtained first

place (equal) in the High Jump, first places in the Broad Jump and the Hurdles and a second in the 100 yards. In winning the Broad Jump with an effort of 14 ft. 4 ins. she created a new Under-15 School Record, the previous best, 13 ft. 7 ins., having been achieved in 1941 by Irene Chalmers. Spylaw, with 75 points, proved worthy winners of the House Championship. Roslin was second with 54 points.

PRINCIPAL RESULTS.

Preparatory Events.

PREP. JUN. A.—Ann Crocket.
PREP JUN. B.—Avril Drummond, Linda Gillespie, Maud Ure.
PREP. SEN. A.—Evelyn Cossar, Mary Crocket, Isobel Gardner.
PREP. SEN. B.—Margaret Brown, Elizabeth Dunlop.

Primary Events.

80 yards under 8.—1. Ann Elliot. 2. Morag Murray.
80 yards under 9.—1. Janette Scott. 2. Aileen Hall.
80 yards under 10.—1. Irene Cowe. 2. Lois Marshall.
100 yards under 11.—1. Lindsay Hutton. 2. Florence Purdie.
100 yards under 12.—1. Sheila Amos. 2. Sandra Watson.
100 yards, open.—1. Sonya Reid. 2. Audrey Hislop.
Skipping, under 9.—1. Janette Scott. 2. Marjorie Moncrieff.
Skipping, under 11.—1. Elaine Gray. 2. Josephine Forrest.
Skipping, open.—1. Thelma Smith. 2. Patricia Lynn
Grasshopper, under 10.—1. Jean Young. 2. Janette Noon.
Thread Needle.—1. Rosemary Young. 2. Moira McCulloch.
Egg-and-Spoon, under 10.—1. Anita Gifford. 2. Joan Garvie.
Egg-and-Spoon, open.—1. Heather Strang. 2. Margaret Payne.
Three-leg, under 10.—1. Joan West and Margaret Payne.
2. Ann Bruce and Ann Innes.
Three leg, open.—1. Sandra Watson and Sheila Amos.
2. Sonya Reid and Eunice Charters.
Dressing Race.—1. Vera Logan. 2. Pat. Taylor.
Sack Race, under 10.—1. Ann Elliot. 2. Margaret Wilson.
Sack Race, open.—1. Beatrice Blackley. 2. Eunice Charters.
High Jump, open.—1. Margaret Stoddart. 2. Eileen Brown.
Broad Jump, open.—1. Sandra Watson. 2. Audrey Hislop.
Inter-House Relay.—1. Spylaw. 2. Gilmore. 3. Roslin.

Secondary Events.

100 yards under 13.—1. Alixe Morris. 2. Janet Cattanaach.
100 yards under 14.—1. Margaret Arnott. 2. Mary Brown.
100 yards under 15.—1. Rowena Kerr. 2. Elizabeth Willis.
100 yards, open.—1. Hilda Gardner. 2. Jean Macpherson.
Skipping, under 14.—1. Elspeth Hood. 2. Jean Moss.
Skipping, open.—1. Dorothy Dickson. 2. Jean Cameron.
220 yards, open.—1. Hilda Gardner. 2. Margaret Galloway.
Egg-and-Spoon, under 14.—1. Margaret Dargo.
2. Doreen McNaughton.
Egg-and-Spoon, open.—1. Elizabeth Willis. 2. Kay Borthwick.
Hurdles, under 15.—1. Elizabeth Willis. 2. Clair Philip.
Hurdles, open.—1. Freda Philip. 2. Dorothy Dickson.
Three-leg, open.—1. Jean Fraser and Rowena Kerr.
2. Joan Howie and Joan McGregor.

Sack Race, under 14.—1. Dorothy Gordon. 2. Ann Crain.
Sack Race, open.—1. Neva Shires. 2. Shirley Duncan.
Cricket Ball.—1. Isabel Davidson. 2. Aileen Simpson.
Obstacle Race.—1. Helen Harrison. 2. Ann Henderson.
Prefects' Race.—1. Elizabeth Taylor. 2. Christine Macpherson.
High Jump, under 15.—1st (equal) Elizabeth Willis and Jean Fraser.
High Jump, open.—1. Freda Philip. 2. Moira Gibson.
Broad Jump, under 15.—1. Elizabeth Willis. 2. Mary Brown.
Broad Jump, open.—1. Christine Macpherson. 2. Shelagh Scobie.
Inter-House Relay, under 15.—1. Spylaw. 2. Gilmore. 3. Warrender.
Inter-House Relay, open.—1. Warrender. 2. Roslin. 3. Gilmore.

J. C. B.

HOUSE CHAMPIONSHIP.

Previous Winner (1946-47)—Roslin.

| | SESSION 1947-48. | | | |
|----------------------|------------------|---------|---------|-----------|
| | Gilmore | Roslin | Spylaw | Warrender |
| | Points. | Points. | Points. | Points. |
| Merit and Progress . | 111 | 117 | 115 | 107 |
| Attendance . | 42 | 35 | 37 | 36 |
| Hockey . | 17 | 50 | 33 | — |
| Sports . | 17 | 26 | 36 | 21 |
| Swimming . | 45 | 8 | 11 | 36 |
| Tennis . | 9 | 29 | 32 | 30 |
| TOTALS . | 241 | 265 | 264 | 230 |
| Less Penalty Pts. . | 77 | 87 | 69 | 67 |
| | 164 | 178 | 195 | 163 |

Champion House—SPYLAW.

Second—ROSLIN.

J. C. B.

Former Pupils' Section

TO ALL FORMER PUPILS.

With a view to having the activities and interests, of Former Pupils more fully reported in the Magazine than has always been possible in the past, it has been decided to appoint an Editor specially for the Former Pupils' Section. Miss M. E. R. Henderson has kindly agreed to undertake this duty. At any time throughout the school session she will be glad to receive notice of marriages, births, appointments, professional qualifications acquired, academic distinctions—in fact, of any news of general interest concerning our alumnae. Letters and articles from Former Pupils will be gladly considered for publication in the Magazine. We urge those who are leaving or have left the school to keep in touch, and to let us know of their doings.

* * * *

"AUTOSTOP."

(It is with pleasure that we publish this account of an unconventional holiday, contributed at the Editor's request by Moira M'Kinnon.)

To the English-speaking world the Great Game is known as "hitch-hiking": to the rest, more emphatically, it is "autostop." To both sections the sign of brotherhood is the same—the thumb extended in the direction of travel (for the Swedish brotherhood soon discovered that the white student-cap was apt to be mistaken by passing motorists for a mere gesture of good-will).

In Switzerland the great clearing-house for the brotherhood is Auberge de Jeunesse (Jugendherberge, Youth Hostel), Geneva. Into this remarkable hostelry tumble brethren from the North and East, with fabulous reports from the broad highways of France and from the almost legendary hostelry of Dijon;

from the Far North and West, with equally fantastic tales of Odysseys in these parts. Into this hostelry we, too, tumbled in the blazing July of 1947, with nothing more horrific to report than an excruciating rail journey from the far wastes of Caledonia. We were shunned as untouchables and the sun of our life was darkened: with burning shame we concealed our return rail tickets in the darkest recess—and formed a mighty resolve.

In consequence of the Resolve, the next morning sunlight which glittered on the white snows of Mont Blanc and the sparkling ice-chill waters of the Lake of Geneva, also glittered on the polished bonnet of the Citroen which had answered our hail and was carrying us in smooth luxury towards Lausanne. Our kind Jehu, a merry forensic student on vacation from the Sorbonne, was inquisitive and delighted. "Yes, we are students too. No, Artssss—not Art: no, no, not Picasso, Cezanne—Shakespeare, Racine (yes, Rabelais, if you like!). Oh, really thank you, you are going fast enough . . ." At Lausanne we were caste brethren. Berne, Interlaaken, Meiringen . . . we were soon high priests. The fever mounted in our veins, and even a strenuous walking tour among the glaciers of the Berner Oberland did not cool the surge; the Berner Oberland—colourful days of honest wandering by chill mountain streams, shady woods and tiny toy chalet villages, the air hot by day and loud with the endless tinkling of cow bells, at night bitter chill, the stars glittering cold and distant and the sun setting rose pink on the gleaming snow-caps. Then suddenly we understood Stevenson's desire to return to the world of men after his Cevennes wanderings; but, unlike Stevenson, we left our romantic solitude on a rattling brewery lorry which dropped us at Interlaaken. Our thumbs itched to be away.

Luzern across the Brunig Pass, with two American Medicals in striped jerseys, on a crazy lorry; Zurich in a gleaming Buick; Aachaffhausen and the glorious peace of the mediaeval castle of Achloss Laupen, perched above the cascading surge of the Rhine Falls; a fantastic hop by the shores of the Bodensee and down the Austrian frontier and the course of the dwindling

Rhine to Chur; the fury of an electric storm as we wound over the Bernadino Pass, on top of the world, and raced down to Bellinzina and Lake Maggiore in the full splendour of sunset: these were memories which were babbling on our consciences as we lazed about the lakes by Ascona, Locarno and Lugano. Milan, Rome, Naples lay just beyond; but the Edinburgh Festival began in some seven days and the privy purse was slender after the depredations of six weeks. "Goodbye and bonne chance" to the brethren remaining—give Naples our regards; we're off home to Bonnie Scotland!

Within an hour of our last meal on the Italian Lakes we had already transferred from the wood-shavings of a carpenter's van to the luxury of a Lincoln Zephyr, our Jehu a coloured American medical student studying at Lausanne—whither he was returning, with another American student whom he had picked up at Milan, an embryo political economist on vac. from Oxford. Alfresco lunch was enjoyed on the windy summit of the San Gottarda, in the shadow of a mighty, deserted military strongpoint (the passes are heavily fortified), all merrily gorging tongue, pickles, lunch-rolls and butter, Swiss chocolate, cheese and pastries. Then long hours of driving over the next pass, the Turka, and so on from the famous Rhone glacier down the long course of that river back to the Lake of Geneva. In the soft dark the costliest omelettes in all Switzerland were enjoyed—with the softened outlines of the Chateau de Chillon inspiring our not peaceful repose but a fierce controversy about the phrasing of Byron's sonnet, which our American friends *would* confuse with the more prominent phrases of Lincoln's Gettysburg address! After an easy run next day to the frontier, which we crossed at Belfort in the evening, came that incredible run, hour after hour, through the blacked-out villages of France (a coal famine having cut electricity supplies) to Troyes and the imposingly named Grand Hotel des Courriers. A short ride next day to Paris and an evening and night of sheerest luxury as guests of M. Frederic Aeltz, woollen manufacturer; rush to the coast and night in workmen's hut at Calais; no autostop across Channel

—night in London and then the Great North Road, destination Edinburgh. The long road which started in a carpenter's van at Lugano ended at Portobello among the acid-reeking jars on the lorry of a well-known firm of Auld Reekie manufacturing chemists!

* * * *

FORMER PUPILS' CLUB.

SESSION 1947-48.

The Annual Business Meeting of the Club was held in school on Tuesday, 4th November, 1947, when the following office-bearers were unanimously re-elected:—

| | | |
|-----------------------|-----|------------------|
| <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 first social meeting of the session was held in school on 28th November, 1947. The evening was spent in singing and dancing and was enjoyed by all Former Pupils present.

On 13th January, 1948, the Club held a Reunion Dance in the Royal Arch Halls and, in view of the success of this function, it is hoped that it will become an annual event in the Club's activities.

Owing to heavier demands being made on the resources of the Club, it has been found necessary to increase the Annual Subscription to 3/-. The cost of a magazine is included in this amount.

New members will be cordially welcomed and any girls desiring to join should communicate with the Secretary:—

SYBIL M. McCULLOCH,

10 Learmonth Crescent,

Edinburgh, 4. Telephone 30994.

SYBIL M. McCULLOCH
(*Hon. Secretary*).

FORMER PUPILS' HOCKEY CLUB.

Season 1947-48 has been fairly satisfactory although, unfortunately, a number of the 2nd XI. matches were cancelled owing to bad weather.

The results were as follows:—

| | Goals | | | | | |
|-------------|-------|-----|------|-------|-----|-------|
| | Pld. | Won | Lost | Drawn | For | Agst. |
| 1st XI. ... | 16 | 8 | 4 | 4 | 42 | 31 |
| 2nd XI. ... | 10 | 6 | 1 | 3 | 37 | 19 |

During the season the 1st XI. has been fortunate in having the services of Mrs. Dimond from the S.W.H.A. as an umpire for a number of matches.

Membership reached 34, and if this record number continues next season there is a possibility of having a 3rd XI. Fixtures are almost complete for next season.

The committee extends a welcome to new members from school, and those wishing to join should communicate with the Secretary, OLIVE W. TORRANCE, 30 Chalmers Street, Edinburgh, 3. Telephone 21663.

OLIVE W. TORRANCE
(Hon. Secretary).

* * * *

F.P. NOTES

At Edinburgh University the following Former Pupils have gained the degree of M.A. with Honours:—DOROTHY MINCK, M.A. (French, 1st Class Honours awarded after Graduation, and Rhind Scholarship in French); JANET BUCHANAN and JEAN GRANT (French with subsidiary Latin); JOAN STANSFIELD (French with subsidiary German); KATHERINE RAMSAY (English); DOROTHY POLSON (History).

The following have gained the degree of M.A.:—ETHEL DALZIEL, JOYCE DORFMAN, ELIZABETH SWANSON.

AUDREY BARKER has gained the degree of B.Sc. with Honours in Physics.

RHONA CAMERON has gained the Diploma in Education.

MARGUERITE MYLES has been awarded a medal as first student in the Intermediate Honours French Class at the University.

MURIEL MARSHALL has been awarded a medal as first student in the Botany Class at the University.

At St. Andrew's University JEAN MACANNA, last year's dux, has been awarded a medal as first student in the Latin Class.

At Moray House Training College FREDA OPPENHEIM and THELMA BEATTIE gained Currie Prizes, MARGUERITE COMBEY, M.A., a Boyd Prize, and FREDA OPPENHEIM, a Steele Prize.

At Edinburgh College of Art NORMA T. FORREST has gained a Post-Diploma Endorsement in Drawing and Painting.

ANN M'INTOSH (at present part-time teacher of Music in our own school) has gained the further qualification of L.R.A.M. (Performer) in Singing.

ANNE PATERSON, M.A., after a year's course of training at St. Colm's Missionary College, was dedicated for work in the Mission Field at this year's General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, and sails for Western India in September.

MARJORY M. COWE, M.A., has been appointed by Edinburgh Education Committee as Assistant Psychologist.

GRACE CADDIS, M.A., has gone to Achimota College, Gold Coast, to initiate and direct a French Department in the College.

JEAN M'KILLOP, M.A., has been appointed to the Staff of Nyeri Training College, Kenya.

SYLVIA SANDERSON has been appointed to the Staff of Daniel Stewart's College, Edinburgh.

SHEILA FAIRGRIEVE has been appointed to the Staff of Newcraighall School, Musselburgh.

MURIEL CAMBERG (Mrs. Spark) now holds the position of General Secretary of The Poetry Society and Editor of "The Poetry Review."

ALMA BLOOR now holds the position of Local Secretary of the International Friendship League.

JEAN PATERSON has been for a year Tutor of Almoners in the Institute of Almoners, London.

JOAN PATERSON has been appointed as Physiotherapist to Selkirkshire Public Health Department.

VIOLET CRERAR is a Physiotherapist at the Northern General Hospital, Edinburgh.

MARRIAGES.

JOLE—STEWART.—On 28th June, 1947, Alan R. Jole to Nancy B. Stewart, M.A., 10 Marchmont Street, Edinburgh.

TURNBULL—GARDNER.—On 11th July, 1947, THOMAS I. TURNBULL to EDITH M. GARDNER, 4 Liberton Gardens.

GRIFFITHS—BONALLO.—On 30th July, 1947, LEONARD H. GRIFFITHS to SHEILA M. BONALLO, 17 Chambers Street.

BROWN—GRIERSON.—On 6th September, 1947, Captain FREDERICK P. BROWN (late Indian Army) to MARGARET M. GRIERSON.

M'LEAN—HOUSTON.—On 27th September, 1947, MURDOCH M'LEAN to ROBINA M. HOUSTON, 75 Warrender Park Road.

CLARK—SANDERSON.—On 29th September, 1947, GEORGE CLARK to ELIZABETH H. SANDERSON, 14 Park Terrace, Weir Street, Falkirk.

COMRIE—MCULLOCH.—On 9th January, 1948, IAN T. COMRIE to CATHERINE A. MCULLOCH, 25 Bruntfield Avenue.

KEITH—CALDWELL.—On 29th March, 1948, JAMES KEITH to JEAN CALDWELL.

M'KEAN—HALDANE.—On 14th April, 1948, HUGH ROSS M'KEAN, M.M., D.A., to LOUISE MURIEL HALDANE, 19 Crighton Place.

COCHRANE—CRUICKSHANK.—On 14th April, 1948, WILLIAM C. B. COCHRANE to HELEN B. CRUICKSHANK, 20 Dellwood Place, Aberdeen.

GOW—BAILLIE.—On 17th April, 1948, WILLIAM ANDERSON GOW to ELIZANNE WALKER BAILLIE, 38 Baberton Crescent, Juniper Green.

Certificate and Scholarship Lists

Pupils who gained Leaving Certificates in 1948.

| | |
|-----------------------------|----------------------------|
| Adam, Jean E. | Lorraine, Margaret H. |
| Aggarwal, Sunita. | Macdonald, Margaret J. |
| Aitchison, Elizabeth J. | Macdougall, Agnes M. |
| Back, Joy M. | Macgregor, Jamesanna. |
| Baxter, Anne B. | Mackay, Morag J. M. |
| Bell, Catherine M. | Macleod, Morag I. |
| Birnie, Irene S. | Macpherson, Christina M. |
| Blair, Sheenagh C. | Macpherson, Monica A. S. |
| Brown, Catherine S. | Marshall, Agnes A. W. |
| Campbell, Elizabeth. | Marshall, Margaret I. |
| Campbell, Louise L. | Marwick, Beatrice. |
| Carrol, Joyce R. | Matheson, Christine E. |
| Chalmers, Ethel M. | Metcalfe, June M. |
| Chisholm, Muriel M. | Miller, Morag E. |
| Clephane, Christina J. | Minay, Priscilla I. M. |
| Cook, Jean B. R. | Moncrieff, Moira L. |
| Cockburn, Margaret K. | Murray, Alison G. |
| Cormack, Irene. | Neilson, Joyce M. |
| Cresswell, Patricia M. | Nicol, Audrey M. |
| Dickson, Dorothy. | Pearcey, Sheila I. |
| Duncan, Eileen E. | Primrose, Dorothy E. |
| Farquharson, Jean W. | Reid, Dorothy M. H. |
| Ferguson, Margaret E. J. T. | Robb, Margaret A. |
| Forrset, Dorothy H. N. | Robertson, Jean A. |
| Fraser, Elizabeth G. | Runcie, Evelyn M. |
| Geddes, Jean P. | Sanderson, Fiona B. |
| Goldberg, Vivienne M. | Shirra, Jean A. |
| Gough, Margaret W. | Smart, Eileen E. |
| Hamilton, Jean E. | Smith, Dorothy E. |
| Hamilton, Joyce E. | Smith, Jean M. |
| Harvey, Cathryn L. D. | Sutherland, Anne M. H. |
| Henderson, Annie R. | Swain, Elizabeth M. |
| Henderson, Moira S. F. | Tait, Evelyn S. |
| Hope, Ruth I. | Tavendale, Leonora M. |
| Hunter, Elisabeth M. | Taylor, Elizabeth A. |
| Hunter, Mary S. | Tweedie, Margaret P. |
| Hunter, Norma G. | Waddell, Elilah M. |
| Irvine, Dorothy M. | Walker, Christine J. |
| Laidlaw, Margaret F. | Watters, Margaret E. |
| Little, Joan I. K. | White, Muriel D. |
| Lloyd, Sheila M. | Wilkinson, Catherine M. S. |
| Lockhart, Patricia A. | Williamson, Dorothy A. |

Wright, Marjorie A.

Scholarships entitling to Remission of Fees for Session 1948-49.

This list is subject to the approval of the Education Committee of the Town Council.

ENTERING THE 6TH YEAR.—Beatrice Marwick, Anne Sutherland, Vivienne Goldberg, Margaret Robb, Margaret Watters, Elizabeth Taylor, Jean Shirra, Elisabeth Hunter, Jean Geddes, Shelagh Scobie, Catherine Bell, Monica Macpherson.

ENTERING THE 5TH YEAR.—Barbara Ferrier, Una Mackie, Jacqueline Hamilton, Ruth Gould, Evelyn White, Jean Macpherson, Hazel Bremner, Eileen Waitt, Janette Waterston, Margaret Dickson, Alison Fleming, Margaret Moore, Evelyn Greig, Goldie Aronson, Margaret Leckie.

ENTERING THE 4TH YEAR.—Joyce Forsyth, Myra Macdougall, Jean Gardner, Catherine Macpherson, Patricia Barclay, Ann Fuller, Margaret Ramsay, Olive Inglis, Mary Jessop, Helen Bevan, Isobel Craig, Davina Bunting, Elizabeth Sinclair, Letitia Cuthbertson, Eunice Macgregor.

ENTERING THE 3RD YEAR.—Jean Fraser, Margaret Cessford, Patricia Scott, Margaret O'Hare, Pauline Elvin, Sylvia Benert, Jean Innes, Agnes Knox, Julia Flockhart, Yvonne Arbuckle.

ENTERING THE 2ND YEAR.—Mary Brown, Margaret Gillies, Mary Osler, Christine Laing, Eleanor McNaughton, Patricia Ferguson, Moira Robertson, Helen Harrison, Joan Currie, Valerie Scott, Margaret Ramage, Janet Darling, Margaret Fraser, Muriel Black.

ENTERING THE 1ST YEAR.—Noel Adams, Marian Forrester, Lorna Gillespie, Maureen Heatherall, Audrey Hyslop, Rena Pearson, Dorothy Richardson, Margaret Stoddart, Heather Strang.

SCHOOL PRIZE LIST, 1947-48.

| | |
|----------------------------|-------------------------|
| Dux of the School | MURIEL E. MCCURRACH. |
| Proxime accessit | ALISON K. BEE. |
| Dux in English | MARY E. AMBROSE. |
| History | MURIEL E. MCCURRACH. |
| Geography | E. MARION CHILDS. |
| Latin | ALISON K. BEE. |
| French | DUSELINE M. M. STEWART. |
| German | MURIEL E. MCCURRACH. |
| Mathematics | MARJORY C. HARKNESS. |
| Science | MARY E. C. BIRD. |
| Art | DOROTHY H. N. FORREST. |
| Music | PATRICIA M. CRESSWELL. |
| Physical Training | AGNES A. W. MARSHALL. |
| Secretarial Subjects | ETHEL M. CHALMERS. |
| Duxes in Domestic Science— | |
| Needlework | MARSALI J. DARLING. |
| Cookery | FIONA B. SANDERSON. |

Special Prizes.

Thomas J. Burnett Prize—

JACQUELINE A. F. HAMILTON.

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

MURIEL E. MCCURRACH.

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

MARJORY C. HARKNESS.

Prize presented by a Former Dux to the Best Pupil in
the Department of Modern Languages—

MURIEL E. MCCURRACH.

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

MURIEL E. MCCURRACH.

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

DUSELINE M. M. STEWART.

Elma Baillie Memorial Prize in Latin—

ALISON K. BEE.

Special Prize in English for Form 6B—

ALISON G. MURRAY.

Brotherton Prize presented to the Dux in Science—

MARY E. C. BIRD.

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

MURIEL E. MCCURRACH.

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

E. MARION CHILDS.

Special Prize for Modern English—

BERYL T. SINCLAIR.

Macanna Prize for Girl best informed in Current Events—

ALISON G. MURRAY.

Hamilton Prizes in English—

Form 4—Audrey Hall.

Form 3—Norma Drummond.

Eskdale Prize—

ALISON K. BEE.

Prize for Singing—

ISOBEL M. M. TWADDLE.

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

DORIS SCOTTON.

Stevenson Club Prize—

MARY E. AMBROSE.

Prize presented by Anonymous Donor to the Dux of the
Primary Department—

NOEL ADAMS.

Prizes for Religious Knowledge—

Form.

6. MARY E. AMBROSE.

5. RUTH I. HOPE.

4. LILLIAS C. GALLOWAY.

Form.

3. DAVINA A. BUNTING.

2. LILLIAS R. D. P. TAIT.

1. MARGARET FRASER.

Primary—

Form 5. EDITH FORREST. Form 4. ROSEMARY G. HUTCHISON.

Form 3. JEAN M. OSLER.

S.S.P.C.A. Prizes—

1. PATRICIA GREENAN. 2. RENA M. PEARSON.

Burns Club Prizes—

1. DOROTHY M. R. RICHARDSON. 2. HEATHER R. STRANG.

Ryrie Memorial Prize for Athletics—

ELIZABETH R. WILLIS.

"Tom Stevenson" Cup for Athletics—

FREDA J. PHILIP.

Swimming Championship—

KATHERINE B. TABEL.

Pianoforte Prizes—

Mr Paterson's Pupils—

1—LILIAS C. GALLOWAY and GRACE N. K. WILKINSON (equal).

Mrs Langdon's Pupils—

1—MARGARET DICKSON.

Mrs Ross's Pupils—

1—SHEILA CORMACK and SYLVIA CROWE (equal).

GRACE N. K. WILKINSON has passed Grade V. (Higher) of the Associated Board of the Royal Schools of Music.

Form Places.

Form 6A.—1. MURIEL E. MCCURRACH; 2. ALISON K. BEE.

Form 6B.—1. JOYCE M. NEILSON; 2. MORAG J. M. MACKAY;
3. IRENE BIRNIE.

Form 5P.—1. BEATRICE MARWICK; 2. MARJORIE A. WRIGHT;
3. ANNE M. H. SUTHERLAND.

Form 5B.—1. DOROTHY H. M. FORREST; 2. PRISCILLA D. M. MINAY;
3. CATHRYN L. D. HARVEY.

Form 5L.—1. JEAN A. SHIRRA; 2. ELISABETH M. HUNTER;
3. JEAN P. GEDDES.

Form 5C.—1. ETHEL M. CHALMERS; 2. RUTH I. HOPE; 3. DOROTHY
M. H. REID.

Form 5D.—1. MONICA A. S. MACPHERSON; 2. MARSALI J. DARLING.

Form 4S.—1. BARBARA M. FERRIER; 2. ELIZABETH V. CONNOR;
3. UNA M. MACKIE.

Form 4L.—1. AUDREY HALL; 2. HAZEL M. BREMNER; 3. EILEEN
H. WAITT.

Form 4C1.—1. JESSIE B. THOMSON; 2. ANNETTE K. GREGOR;
3. JOAN MCGREGOR.

Form 4C2.—1. HELEN D. ROBERTSON; 2. MYRA R. M. JOHNSTON.

Form 4D.—1. MARGARET R. LECKIE; 2. MARGARET L. KILGOUR;
3. MAUREEN C. FULLERTON.

FIRST XI. HOCKEY, 1947-48.



Back Row—Miss Bryce, R. Hope, J. B. R. Cook, M. MacFarlane, M. Harkness, D. Dickson, D. Montgomery.
Front Row—J. Adam, A. Johnston, F. Philip (Captain), A. Murray, N. Graham.

TENNIS TEAM, 1947-48.



Back Row—J. B. R. Cook, M. Gowans, E. Gay.
Front Row—J. Adam, F. Philip (Captain), N. Graham.

CRICKET TEAM, 1947-48.



Back Row—
M. Loraine, A. Bee, J. B. R. Cook, M. Kinnaird, A. Simpson, M. Macdonald, A. Murray.
(12th man).
Front Row—F. Philip, B. Sinclair, A. Longden (Captain), M. Harkness, A. Johnston.

GILLESPIE'S HIGH SCHOOL MAGAZINE 69

Form 3A.—1. JOYCE I. FORSYTH; 2. MYRA MACDOUGALL; 3. JEAN C. GARDNER.

Form 3B.—1. DAVINA A. BUNTING; 2. ELIZABETH L. SINCLAIR; 3. DORIS SCOTTON.

Form 3C.—1. EUNICE M. J. MACGREGOR; 2. ELEANOR C. MONCRIEFF; 3. A. MARJORY BRUCE.

Form 3D.—1. NEVA E. SHIRES; 2. SHEILA MAIN.

Form 3E.—1. MARGARET H. BALDERSTONE; 2. SYLVIA G. BUDD.

Form 2A.—1. ANNIE S. M. NICOLSON; 2. JEAN I. FRASER; 3. MARGARET B. CESSFORD.

Form 2B.—1. A. PAULINE ELVIN; 2. WILLIAMINA RENNIE; 3. SYLVIA M. BENERT.

Form 2C.—1. JULIANA L. FLOCKHART; 2. MARGARET W. BLACKIE and ELIZABETH H. CAMPBELL (equal).

Form 2D.—1. YVONNE L. ARBUCKLE; 2. AMY M. SIMPSON.

Form 2E.—1. MAUREEN JAMIESON; 2. RHODA A. SMART.

Form 1A.—1. MARY H. A. BROWN; 2. MARGARET M. GILLIES; 3. MARY B. OSLER.

Form 1B.—1. MARGARET FRASER; 2. MORAG H. B. MITCHELL; 3. SHEILA M. DONALDSON.

Form 1C.—1. MURIEL BLACK; 2. EILEEN P. GIBB; 3. MARY M. BLACK.

Form 1D.—1. CATHERINE H. MITCHELL; 2. ELIZABETH K. H. DONALDSON and JEAN KILPATRICK (equal).

Form 1E.—1. PATRICIA KANE; 2. PAMELA M. BEAUCHAMP.

Primary 5A.—1. NOEL ADAMS; 2. AUDREY M. HYSLOP; 3. HEATHER R. STRANG and DOROTHY M. R. RICHARDSON (equal).

Primary 5B.—1. LORNA M. GILLESPIE; 2. PATRICIA GREENAN; 3. KATHLEEN A. MATHESON.

Primary 4A.—1. ROSEMARY G. HUTCHISON; 2. SANDRA M. M. WATSON; 3. MARY E. IRVINE.

Primary 4B.—1. ANNE M. HERKIS; 2. EILEEN M. EWING; 3. PATRICIA E. McDONALD.

Primary 3A.—1. MARGARET M. BURNS; 2. JEAN M. OSLER;
3. SHEILA A. MACGREGOR.

Primary 3B.—1. MARION STEPHEN; 2. JUNE M. SUTHERLAND;
3. MARGARET M. CHALMERS.

Primary 2A.—1. JOAN HARCUS and EVA MEARS (equal); 3. JEAN
E. YOUNG.

Primary 2B.—1. MAUREEN M. KELLY; 2. ELIZABETH H. SIMPSON;
3. CHRISTINE E. HYND.

Primary 1A.—1. JOYCE H. POOLE; 2. EUNICE J. SPIERS; 3.
CYNTHIA A. FINLAYSON and PHYLLIS G. POZZI (equal).

Primary 1B.—1. MARGARET H. TAYLOR; 2. NOREEN G. DAVIDSON;
3. RAE F. I. BURGESS.

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