

**Gillespie's
High
School
Magazine**

June 1951



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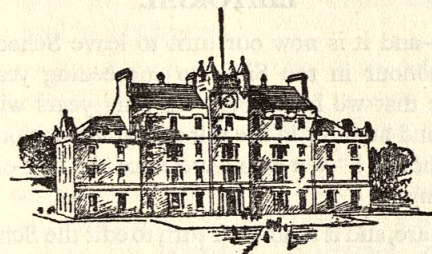
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Gillespie's High School Magazine

JUNE 1951

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EDITORIAL

TIME passes—and it is now our turn to leave School and to yield our place of honour in the Sixth to succeeding years. It seems hardly credible that we have spent six long years within the walls of this school, and are now in the unbelievable position of a Prefect ! Unbelievable indeed ! We who were once the awe-struck are now the awe-inspiring.

Yet here we are, and it is now our turn to edit the School Magazine, a task as full of pains as of pleasures. It is now our turn to urge the unwilling to write, and to render thanks to the faithful few who continue, year after year, to supply us with articles.

It is always with pleasure that we receive the contributions from the Primary Department. Perhaps the younger girls seem more willing to write for the Magazine because they are less hard-worked than the girls of the Secondary Department ; this, however, has always been a debatable point. We are inclined to think that sheer enthusiasm is the best incitement to write.

We were a trifle disappointed by the poor response from the older girls to the repeated requests, throughout the year, for Magazine contributions. We were likewise disappointed when the "Holidays Competition" organised in the first term evoked only articles negligible in number and poor in quality. We should like to know whether opinion in the School favours a definite subject for the Magazine competition or not. Considering the equally poor response to this year's and last year's competitions, we are very puzzled as to what should be done in future years. Does the School want a Magazine Competition ? If it comes to that, does the School want a Magazine ?

If we want a School Magazine run by ourselves, as distinct from an anthology of classroom "compositions," it is obvious that *we must write it*. We girls have been given the chance of partially managing the Magazine, and we must prove ourselves worthy of it.

In chastising the unfaithful, however, we must not forget to praise the faithful. Thanks must undoubtedly be given to the First Year, in particular IA1 and IA2, for their generous supply of contributions. We hope that this is a favourable omen for future Magazines. The Sixth Year finally produced a commendable amount of material, mostly poems in the modern style, presumably inspired by Mr Day Lewis and his contemporaries. The Fifth, we

regret to say, is suffering from "post-Higheritis," and the Fourth, Third, and even Second, from "ante-Higheritis," both of which diseases are fatal to inspiration !

We are truly indebted to all who have helped to write and produce this Magazine. We should like to say a particular "Thank you" to Miss Andrew for her account of her American tour. It is an especial pleasure, too, to print Miss Nancy Paterson's vivid account of her missionary work. We should like Former Pupils to note that literary contributions from them are always most welcome. Our thanks go to the Magazine Committee, to Miss M. E. R. Henderson, and to Miss Dingwall, who so competently handles the business side. To Miss Foster must go the largest bouquet, for without her guidance and inspiration the School Magazine would exist, if at all, in a much less satisfying state.

And now there is nothing left for us to do but to wish to next year's School Editor the good luck she will certainly need, and to our readers, "Good Reading."

RONA MACPHERSON, *School Editor*.

: : :

A FLYING VISIT TO AMERICA

THE Editor has asked me to write an informal personal record for the Magazine of my excursion to America last October when I went over as the guest of the English-Speaking Union to study some aspects of American education. It is impossible in a small space to give more than an outline of the month's adventure, but I am happy to tell my story, briefly and inadequately though it must be, and to take my opportunity of expressing once more my very cordial gratitude to all the many people who helped to give me this wonderfully stimulating experience.

With a sinking feeling at my heart and my spirits at zero, I left Prestwick on 28th September, but was immediately reassured when, after an easy flight, I landed in New York, to find summer suns still glowing and good friends at the airport to welcome me with excellent plans prepared for my tour.

In New York I had the great good fortune to be received as a guest in the home of Professor and Mrs Oscar Campbell of Columbia University, who introduced me to the wonders of the city, and to many of their friends, giving me my first view of the famous skyscrapers, exciting sight-seeing tours of the city, and very pleasurable opportunities of meeting many of the Faculty and students of Columbia.

From New York I travelled north to Boston, where I spent a week seeing something of the educational system and much of the wonderful beauty of Massachusetts. I was able to attend lectures at Harvard, and on a lovely autumn day to visit Wellesley College, where I was suitably envious of the beauty of the spacious campus, and of the lavish departmental equipment. I was privileged, too, to spend a day in Winsor School—a school for girls like our own—and another in Shady Hill, one of the progressive schools which has branched out to experiment in the broad field of approach and method.

During the week my host and hostess most kindly gave me many opportunities of meeting interesting friends, driving me on lovely days to enjoy the beauties of that sun-drenched and colourful countryside. One memorable day was spent at historic Concord, when I drove through a perfect panorama of beauty to be the guest of Mrs Loring (the daughter of Walter Hines Page), who cherishes the ideals of the great ambassador, and misses no opportunity of strengthening the bond between our two nations.

On 10th October, after an amusing and exciting night journey, I reached Buffalo, a city picturesque beyond belief, with spacious parkways and lovely avenues of elms in autumn dress. My three days in the city were busy and very happy. In addition to visiting the University, where I was the guest at the opening meeting for the session of the University Women's Group, I spent a whole day at

Buffalo Seminary, where the Headmistress, Miss Angell, and Mrs Hickman, who had been an exchange teacher for a year in Gillespie's when Miss Napier went over to Buffalo, welcomed me to their classes, and gave me opportunities to speak to the girls and to see the fine work that is done there. The school is beautifully situated in one of the wide parkways, and to me, its chapel, with its fine organ, its handsome, well-stocked library, its sunny study-halls, its gracious, well-furnished dining-hall, its beautiful house given to the staff by the old girls, were pure delights.

But in Buffalo I saw more than schools and universities. A never-to-be-forgotten day was spent at Niagara, which we visited on a day of brilliant sunshine, missing none of the thrills, and revelling in the beauty of the magnificent parks; the majesty of the Falls made a deep impression on my mind.

From Buffalo I flew to Washington, where I stayed for a week, enjoying most heartily the gracious hospitality and all the entertainments so kindly arranged for me. There I visited two of the large State schools (comparable to our own), marvelling on both occasions at the spacious, well-equipped buildings, the generous staffing and the artistic furnishings which were theirs. It was a pleasure to see the Americans' unbounded faith in education, and their willingness to face the cost of it. During the week in Washington I was able, too, to visit the fine School of Education of Maryland University, where I had an informative afternoon in the Department of Psychology and Child Study, and an interesting social evening, with selections on the bagpipes played in my honour in the drawing-room.

Throughout that wonderful week in Washington I was delightfully entertained, meeting and talking with people of divers interests, whose conversation on contemporary happenings and political events was both interesting and stimulating. It was a particular pleasure to have lunch with the Education Officer of the British Embassy and to be the guest of the Chief Secretary of the Australian Embassy, who drove me to Mount Vernon on one of the loveliest of autumn days. Parties, picnics and sight-seeing excursions were all planned for my delight, and I am deeply grateful to the friends, who not only gave me much information about the educational system, but showed me the beauties of Washington in sunshine and floodlight.

Thence I journeyed south to Richmond in Virginia, where I had a happy week in the friendly atmosphere of a girls' school, sharing in the communal life and finding myself much at home. It was a great pleasure to be included in the daily round of work and activities, studying the school system at close quarters, and enjoying thoroughly the friendly companionship of the Faculty and girls. They were eager to talk about Scotland, its beauty, its literature and its history, and I was happy to attend classes, services and assemblies, answering their many questions and giving informal talks.

One of the red-letter days of the week was a visit to Williamsburg to see the College of William and Mary, and the interesting colonial township built around it. On the long, lovely drive back to Richmond, my hostess was able to tell me a great deal about the coloured people of the south, and to my delight took me to one of the little rural schools for coloured children, where Moneybee Abraham and other fascinating piccaninnies showed us their work, and proved good companions. A visit to a little croft and shack, where I saw the "old folks at home"—devoted servants of my hostess—completed a day that will long remain in my memory.

A train journey brought me from Richmond to Philadelphia, to spend a few days in the house of Dr H. S. Drinker, an enthusiastic musicologist, who translates songs from many languages and sets them in attractive verse to the music of the composers. Both his wife and he welcome music lovers in great numbers to their home, and I found much pleasure in their company.

There, too, I had many interesting educational contacts, visiting day schools, both public and private, and enjoying a full day at Bryn Mawr College, where I was entertained by the President, and later driven on another afternoon of brilliant sunshine through the glorious avenues of golden trees to historic Valley Forge.

From Philadelphia I travelled back to New York to renew the friendships of my first days in the States, and to complete my tour. By good fortune I was able to spend a most interesting day at Lake Success, piloted by one of the instantaneous interpreters, who was not only a first-class guide, but an admirable host.

My last day in New York was spent in Brearly School, where Miss Jean Mitchell, a former member of the staff of George Watson's Ladies' College, is Headmistress, and my last evening with my kind friends Professor and Mrs Campbell, who had arranged a farewell party in the Rainbow Room of Rockefeller Centre, where from the ninety-second floor we watched the sun go down in a blaze of glory and the myriad lights of New York twinkle and shine out in dazzling splendour.

With a following wind the plane brought me in ten hours' flying from Idlewild to Prestwick, and on 28th October I arrived home full of gratitude to my hostesses in America, not only for the practical assistance which they so willingly gave me, but far more for the generous welcome and friendship which they always offered, making the visit to the States a rich and rewarding experience. It was a joy to be welcomed to share in American family life, to meet so many cultured, gracious people, and to enjoy the friendship and goodwill which America so bountifully extends to her visitors.

Very soon I was back at work, delighted to find the School busy as usual, and in very good heart. I am exceedingly grateful to Miss Napier, Miss Mackay, and Miss Edmondston, who so willingly

shared the burden of extra work during my absence, and whose wise and kindly guidance were greatly appreciated by staff and girls.

With a vivid picture of the artistic furnishings of the American schools in my mind, I suggested that we might try to add to our school equipment and to provide some decorative furnishings. The idea was immediately adopted by staff and girls, and on the eve of the Christmas vacation, with the briefest interruption of the daily routine, we had a most successful Bring and Buy Sale in the Form Rooms. The whole School entered enthusiastically into the scheme, staff and girls together showing much ingenuity and resource in their preparations and varied wiles for extracting money from friendly customers. As usual, parents rallied to our support most loyally, and the whole project provided a very pleasant afternoon, when parents and teachers met informally, and almost incidentally we raised over £300. School broke up for the vacation in an atmosphere of mutual congratulation and pleasure, for it was immediately possible to purchase attractive lunch table furnishings and some adornments for the corridors. Another American excursion may not be possible for a year or two, but the first fruits of the visit will remain "to charm the eye and soothe the mind."

M. A.

SECONDARY SCHOOL NOTES

THIS year has been notable for the transformations that have been wrought in the surroundings in which we work. Clean pastel-coloured walls, gleaming floors in the Music Room and Middle Hall, and woodwork stripped to a pleasant golden brown, have more than compensated for the almost continuous distraction of workmen about the school. To the City's Parks and Gardens Committee we owe the replacing of the not very decorative shrubbery at the west corner of the School by a delightful garden. These improvements, combined with the numerous additions to the comfort and beauty of the School, made possible by the proceeds of our Sale in December, have given a new comeliness to our familiar building.

The major event of the first term was, of course, Miss Andrew's four weeks' visit to America, which gave so much vicarious pleasure to pupils and staff, and of which she has given us an account.

Once again there have been numerous changes in staff. At the opening of the session we welcomed Miss Clara Harris, M.A., Miss Doris Adamson, and Mrs MacDonald to the departments of English, Physical Training and Secretarial Subjects respectively. In September Miss Hardie left us to take up an appointment on the staff of Dundee Training College. During her six years here the English Department owed much to her enthusiasm and wide range of interests; she is missed both in the classroom and in the Literary and Dramatic Society. She has been replaced by Miss Agnes M. McLaren, M.A. At the end of the first term the Mathematics Department suffered the loss of Mrs Spiers, who has gone to live in England. Many pupils will remember her gratefully as the kindest of form mistresses, and a patient and friendly guide through the difficulties of her subject. Her successor, Miss Emily Ruddock, M.A., was unable to take up duty till April, and it was a very great pleasure to have the vacancy filled, for the second term, by our good friend Mr Gordon. We should like him to know how much we appreciate his willing sacrifice of his "retired leisure" to the needs of the School he served so long. This term we bid farewell, on her retiral from teaching, to Miss M. Y. Henderson, of whose long and valued services as Principal Teacher of Modern Languages an appreciation will be found elsewhere. Miss Anne McIntyre, of the Needlework Department, is leaving us to return to her native town, and as we go to press comes the news that Miss Coulson, of the English Department, is sailing shortly for an appointment in America. Our thanks and good wishes to those who, having served the School well, leave it for other spheres, and our welcome to newcomers, must of necessity be stereotyped in form, but are wholly sincere. Throughout the session Herr Layher has given

JOINT SCHOOL DUXES



MYRA MACDOUGALL



JEAN C. GARDNER



Back Row—M. Cessford, R. Kerr, J. Fraser, L. Leckie, M. Denoon, M. Hutchison, I. Lawson, O. Wightman.
 Middle Row—K. Dunlop, P. Ambrose, R. Finlayson, B. Cant, E. Peacock, N. Drummond, R. Macpherson, H. Bevan,
 J. Forsyth, C. Philip, S. Manson.
 Front Row—E. Roy, R. McCurdie, J. Gardner (Captain), Miss Andrew, D. Vyner (Vice-Captain), H. Ross, M. MacDougall.

much-appreciated help in the German classes; we were grieved when Mlle. Devaucher's similar service in French was interrupted by her serious illness, and we send her our warmest wishes for her complete recovery. We have been very fortunate in that Mrs McMillan has taken Mlle. Devaucher's place. The Sewing Department has been deprived of its head throughout all this term; we were sorry to know of Mrs Jenkins's illness, and for her too we wish a speedy restoration to health.

School generations are short, and already most of those who were taught by Miss Christina Kay, whose death occurred recently, have long left School. But many old pupils remember her gratefully as a teacher in whose work there was always present a sense of spiritual values, and who had an unusual gift for opening the eyes of those she taught to the beauties of art in all its forms. Of the same generation of primary school teachers was Miss Jane Thomson, who has just died; we, in this age of shifting values and uncertain standards, have cause to be grateful to such teachers as Miss Kay and Miss Thomson, whose faithful and dedicated work built so much that was fine and durable into the tradition of our School.

The day-to-day work of the classroom, which makes the most important part of our School life, but which—especially since publishing conditions have made it impracticable to print prize-lists—has curiously little “news value,” has gone on very steadily and smoothly. We are glad to congratulate several present members of the School on winning distinctions. Pauline Elvin (5L) gained Second Place for Great Britain in the recent Civil Service (Clerical Officers) Examination. Roma Finlayson (5s) was one of the winners in the *Daily Mail* Current Affairs Competition for Scottish Schools, and will have a four-day trip to London to visit the South Bank Exhibition and Television Studios. Pearl Balderstone (6B) gained a prize of £10 in the Dressmaking Competition organised by Edinburgh *Evening News*. Jean Gardner, our Head Prefect, has been chosen to represent the young people of Edinburgh on a “Goodwill Tour” to Luxembourg. As we go to press we are pleased to learn that our School is once again well represented in the Merit List of the Edinburgh University Bursary Competition, creditable places having been taken by Jean Gardner, Betty Burns, Rona Macpherson, Betty Sinclair and Myra MacDougall.

The customary biennial Exhibition of Work has had to be cancelled this year, largely owing to Mrs Jenkins's illness, but the School Sports are to be held on 6th June, and rehearsals are under way for the Closing Concert on 28th June.

We have been glad that Mr Read, in spite of his heavy duties as Chaplain to the University, has been able to visit us occasionally. He conducted our Christmas Service, and was to have led an Easter Service for us in St. Giles Cathedral, but deep snow made it necessary to cancel the arrangements. There will, however, be a School

Service in St. Giles on 15th June. An innovation at our morning worship this year has been that the services were not only frequently planned, but sometimes entirely conducted, by various forms. From time to time missionary and other speakers have addressed us at Assembly. One of the most welcome was Miss Irene Glass, an old pupil of the School, who caught her hearers' imagination with her vivid presentation of her missionary work in India, and her sweet singing of an Indian hymn.

This year again, various holidays abroad are being arranged. Thirty girls, accompanied by four members of staff, hope to go to Brussels, twenty-six girls and two staff to Nice, and a number of our pupils are taking part in the School Journeys Association's trips to Northern Ireland and to Paris. Everything which promotes understanding between the young people of different countries is to be welcomed, and so it was with great pleasure that we entertained for a week in April Karen Petersen, who had flown from New Zealand to attend the Youth Forum arranged by the *Daily Mail* in conjunction with the Council for World Citizenship.

Again we thank all the donors of special prizes for their abiding and generous interest in the School. The Thomas J. Burnett Prize is this year being awarded for the best "project" under the general title, "Edinburgh as James Gillespie Knew It," entries to take the form of an essay on some aspect of eighteenth century Edinburgh, of a scrap-book of pictures which explanatory notes, or of a series of sketches.

We should like to express the warm thanks of the School to Miss Donaldson, who has, during the past few years, given ungrudging service as Librarian, and to whose enthusiasm the smooth running of the ever-growing Library has been very largely due. Miss McLaren, who has now succeeded Miss Donaldson as Librarian, cordially thanks the following Former Pupils and friends for gifts of books:—Margaret Lumsden, Elma Brotherton, Margaret Chisholm, Muriel Chisholm, Anne Sibbald, Miss Hardie, Muriel White, Mrs Beaton, Aileen Kennedy, Miss Andrew, Miss Gordon, Morag Cameron, Hazel Bremner, Janette Waterston, Catherine Spence, Audrey Hall, Margaret Watters, Nancy Henderson, Dr Oliver, Eileen Greenbury.

A. E. F.

COMMEMORATION DAY

OWING to Miss Andrews' absence in America, our Commemoration Day was postponed to the second term, and was celebrated on Friday, 30th April. The traditional features of such occasions were there—the hall and platform bright with flowers, the familiar but always inspiring songs of praise led by the School Choir, the academic

hoods, the rows of girls all, like Addison's villagers on Sunday, "in their best faces and cleanliest habits." But this time the service had an intimate quality as of a family gathering in that it was conducted by Miss Andrew herself, the platform party consisted entirely of senior members of staff, and the only outside guest was our speaker, Dr John Oliver, of Moray House Training College. It would have been hard to find a better speaker for such an occasion than Dr Oliver. He is well known to us through his frequent visits to the School; he is an authority second to none on Scottish literature and traditions, and especially on Old Edinburgh; and his pleasantly informal speech, delivered with a winning friendliness of manner, held the attention of every girl in the hall, from the critical Sixth Former to the solemn-eyed little representative of the Primary School.

Dr Oliver said that a Commemoration Day was, like some of the festivals of the Church, a time for saying a serious "Thank you" to God and to the men and women whose work and vision built up the heritage we enjoy. He proceeded to sketch vividly what is known of the life of James Gillespie, and mentioned some very interesting literary associations with him. The poet Fergusson, writing of the none-too-fragrant High Street of the eighteenth century, had said:

"Gillespie's snuff maun prime the nose
Of him that to the market goes."

We were taken on an imaginary tour of places connected with our founder. First, said Dr Oliver, we might visit the Merchants' Hall and see the portrait by James Foulis of Woodhall, in which the old man is painted sitting in an arm-chair in the garden of Spylaw House. To the plain, kindly, sensible face, so familiar to us, Dr Oliver happily applied Carlyle's words on first meeting Macaulay—"He has a good face—an honest face *with porridge in it*."

Next we were taken to see his shop, so well situated near the then Royal Exchange and the Law Courts, and shown the judges and advocates with their cocked hats and silver-topped canes walking over to James Gillespie to have their snuff-boxes filled. In Anchor Close nearby was the printing office of James Smellie, who printed the first Edinburgh edition of Robert Burns's poems. It was more than probable, said Dr Oliver, that Burns, whose snuff-box still exists, might have replenished it at Gillespie's shop on his way to the printing office to correct proofs.

Finally we heard of Gillespie's house at Spylaw, "a fine old house with no nonsense about it," and of the grave in Colinton Churchyard. Here came in another interesting link. The tomb next to his is that of the Rev. Louis Balfour, minister of Colinton and grandfather of Robert Louis Stevenson. The little boy who played round the old manse and churchyard of Colinton, and the old snuff merchant who left his fortune to found a hospital for old

men and women and to educate boys, alike left a worthy inheritance to those who came after them. The address finished, as it began, on a note of thankfulness. "Let us remember that the streets we walk on, the Links where we play, the books we read, are all due to people who did their work quietly and honestly, and thought of other people. Let us thank God for those people, and let us too try to do our work in such a way that those coming after us will call us blessed."

The Head Prefect, Jean Gardner, in a peculiarly felicitous little speech, thanked Dr Oliver and presented him with the customary snuff-box. A holiday was granted on the Monday following Commemoration Day.

We have to thank Dr Oliver for a charming gesture of goodwill to the School, namely, the presentation to our Library of a copy of the Anthology of Scottish Poetry compiled by himself and the late Dr J. C. Smith.

A. E. F.

Miss M. Y. HENDERSON, M.A.

IN a large staff such as ours, one grows accustomed to welcoming new members and to saying goodbye to them after a few years. It was, however, with great regret and a feeling of loss that we learned that Miss M. Y. Henderson, who has been with us so long, had decided to retire at the end of this session.

Miss Henderson is a native of Leith, and received her early education there. At the University of Edinburgh she graduated Master of Arts with Honours in Modern Languages. During her University course she also studied in Paris at the Sorbonne and the Collège de France, and in Germany at Gotha, Weimar and Dresden. She took her professional training at St. George's Training College, Edinburgh, and gained the Cambridge Diploma in Education. Before coming to Gillespie's, she held posts in Montrose Academy, the Hermitage School, Helensburgh, Leith Academy and Leith Technical College.

As Miss Henderson became Head of the Modern Languages Department in Gillespie's in 1923, the development of the new Secondary Course was peculiarly her responsibility. Since then the School has grown considerably, and in Miss Henderson the French and German Departments have found a leader who is not only a scholar, but also a teacher whose interest in and knowledge of the life and culture of France and Germany permeate her work and are inevitably imparted to her pupils.

Much has been heard lately of the new approach to the teaching of modern languages. This has necessitated no change in Miss Henderson's methods, for her chief concern has always been that

the foreign language should be heard, understood, and spoken at as early an age as possible. With this aim in view she has welcomed every opportunity of providing talks, readings and song recitals in French and German for her pupils, whose fluency in both languages has on many occasions surprised and delighted visitors from abroad.

Miss Henderson herself has never overestimated the importance of examination results, but it must indeed have been gratifying for her to find her pupils not only taking high places in the Bursary Competition, but also gaining honours in modern languages at the University.

We know that Miss Henderson's former pupils will wish to join her colleagues and the girls in School in offering her their affectionate good wishes and their hopes that her retirement will give her the opportunity to take up again her many interests, musical and literary, from which stress of work and indifferent health have debarred her in recent years.

N. K. D.
G. M. H.

FROM THE SECONDARY DEPARTMENT

ITALIAN JOURNEY

(Prize Prose Contribution)

ON a stifling summer's afternoon, at close on 2.30 p.m., we are standing outside a bus station in a busy street in Rome. Unfortunately for us the bus station is on the sunny side of the road, and as we stand, seven of us, with a corresponding number of cases, we begin visibly to wilt. Outside there is the hum of traffic, while inside is the sound of heavy breathing and the occasional creaking of a bench as some sleeper changes his cramped position. They all sleep, some sitting, some lying full length along the wooden benches, others lounging against the walls, and some just propped on their two legs. It is a dreary and rather depressing spectacle, broken only by the sudden appearance from some inner recess of the bus station of a cheerful little figure with a trayful of toffees in bright coloured wrappings, who calls out in a high, rich voice, "CaramELLi" to the oblivious sleepers, who might as well be hearing the shrill "Spatchyandnoos" of our street corner newsvendors for all the attention they pay. The cheerful little man himself stands quite oblivious of the glaring sun which pours down its rays on his melting wares.

As we still stand, another man approaches with a bird cage in his hand and after one or two unsuccessful attempts to arouse enthusiasm in the sleepers, he eventually finds a customer in the willing bystanders outside, and with a handful of grubby paper lire hurriedly stuffed into his trouser-pocket, he opens the door of the cage and simultaneously a little drawer in the base of the cage shoots open. The parrot, the intelligent inhabitant of the cage, advances to the door, gracefully bends its brightly plumed neck and for a moment hangs ponderingly over the drawer, then stooping it picks up in its beak a square of folded white paper—the fortune of the expectant customer. A quaint performance, and one resembling the old custom of consulting a book of oracles!

The time of departure is approaching, and as we have been watching, the crowd has been growing thicker and noisier and the piles of baggage higher. Even the sleepers have a trace of expectancy on their tanned faces. The bus arrives; the whole crowd, some with their possessions rolled up in a bundle under their arms, others with straw baskets revealing the ever-faithful wine flask, and others with children in their arms, push their way in. With a quickening sense of departure, the caramel-seller repeats his cries more loudly

and furiously. Soon the cases are all piled up on top and we are securely seated inside. The bus gives its first lurch forward and we are off. Goodbye, Rome, for a week!

We drive through busy city streets and, leaving by the Porta Maggiore, we are soon racing along dusty country roads. Gradually the air becomes closer and suddenly the rain is beating relentlessly against the roof and streaming down the panes. It continues for two solid hours. At some parts, where the roads are flooded, we are thankful for the shelter of the bus, and pity the poor hens that seem to fly out from the very jaws of the mad careering bus and scatter, terrified by the muddy brown spray that nearly drowns them in their flight. The noise is deafening—the bus thunders along the narrow country roads at 70 M.P.H., the rain lashes in a steady downpour, and there is the loud argumentative talk of Italians. Soon my ears begin to buzz and I to sway, now bumping violently against my friend at every left-hand bend—rounded, as always, at breakneck speed—now at every right-hand bend coming closely in contact with a black dress, jammed between the two rows of seats, and hanging rather imminently over my seat in particular. I am sure the corpulent wearer, poor woman, is fast asleep. Suddenly my ears cease to buzz and I become aware of an enormous wheezing sound just above my right ear—the preliminary movements of an accordion! Yes, and a moment later there bellows forth from that accursed instrument some old Italian ditty to which the peasants, cares forgotten, listen with smiling faces and dreamy eyes. With this additional accompaniment, we roar along to Sora, the blissful din being disturbed every other moment by the persistent horn, for one "drives on the horn" in Italy.

At Sora the sun is out again, and the crowd jostles and pushes and swears its way out of the bus. A hectic fifteen minutes are spent watching trunk after trunk make its way from the bus roof to the pavement via half-a-dozen burly, ill-tempered porters, all of whom in their turn demand payment. For yet another fifteen minutes we stand back, continually pestered by ill-looking beggars, as two prospective taxi-men vie with one another as to who will convey us to San Gennaro. The words fly faster, the crowds grow thicker and the sun hotter, and soon it seems very probable that the two men will roll up their sleeves and settle the matter with blows. Soon we find ourselves being practically thrown into the back seat of a baby Austin, followed promptly by seven cases and three floppy straw hats. I can just see the tops of many peering faces from behind a tin box of biscuits. We are all set—vain hope!—and the taxi-driver, sweat coursing down his face, opens the door for the last time and thrusts in two flasks of wine at our feet, but a moment later there is a crash and the sound of splintering glass on the road. From the parched lips of the gaping people breaks a gasp, "E vina!" "Il vina" is everywhere, streaming down the gutter,

inundating the pavement, while everyone just stands and stares at the red liquid, their life's blood, as it pours from the broken neck of a green flask. The dazed taxi-driver is the first to gather together his wits, and words of denial and self-justification pour from his lips, till we are glad to leave the matter undecided and to find ourselves "Grazia a Dio" on our way out of the market town of Sora, away from its rude inhabitants and their rough manners. For nearly an hour we bump over huge stones up a steeply winding road, the driver cursing each successive shake his poor car undergoes, till we arrive breathlessly in the crowded Piazza di San Gennaro, forgetting the number of times we had nearly bumped right over the edge of the road into the yawning valley below.

PATRICIA N. AMBROSE, 6A.

DESPAIR AND HOPE

TIME has moved but slowly since that April,
When into the world came a tiny baby girl,
Who, her flaxen hair gleaming in the sun, grew happily
And played, unaware of the base and wicked things in life.

At first she was perplexed at growing up,
Now she aped her elders : now she was a child.
She has lived that difficult phase and now another has been reached.
An adult now, she looks around her and ahead—
And all is black.
She sees the scars of war, anxious faces, the tragedies of life ;
The raucous clamour of war she hears. Is there yet more to come ?
Cruel war and senseless death she fears.

Then, suddenly as dawn breaks in the east,
She is young, alive and, thank God, free.
Hers are the sun, the sky, the sea. . . .
Alone she cannot quell the bloody strifes.
On quiet mountain top, in chapel grey,
To God, to God, she can pray—and praying, hope !

"PAX," VIA.

MAIN STREET

MAIN STREET travels west for twenty-five yards, turns sharply to the right, and extends itself northwards for fifty yards. To the north and to the east it merges into the main road to and from some place, but what lies on the other side of the hill is of no interest to the people of Main Street. On Main Point, the corner where Main Street makes its turn, stands the village seat, a weather-beaten,

worm-eaten "death-trap for the unwary," since its planks work on a see-saw system, demanding perfect balancing, and perfect timing in the sitting and rising of those who would enjoy its whimsical hospitality. Prudence has caused the villagers to abandon the seat to the two oldest inhabitants, who also function as the village time-pieces.

Main Street places no faith in new-fangled clocks or wireless announcers. Even the sun has to give way to old Tom and Geordie. They can be relied upon to be on the seat, in all kinds of weather, round about half-past ten in the morning. What does it matter if the sun says the day begins four hours earlier ? Everyone in Main Street knows that nothing happens until old Tom and Geordie have taken up their position.

The oldest inhabitants sit chatting to each other for an hour or so, smoking well-seasoned pipes, fondling the ears of an aged dog which seems to be in doubt as to which one is her master, or, with the skill which comes only after years of practice, cutting short the career of a roving beetle with a well-aimed stream of tobacco juice.

One might imagine that Old Tom would be telling Geordie about his cabbages, or about the fly on his currant bushes, whilst Geordie would be asking for advice, which he certainly would not take, on how best to stack his marrow-heaps. Yet one would be wrong. Geordie is far more likely to be telling Old Tom that the Laird's wife has worn her grey hat to church for five weeks in succession, while the Parson's wife has had three new hats in the past month, unless she is clever with her fingers. Old Tom will reply that she might be clever with hats, but she is not so clever with scones, for Old Tom's Martha had tea at the Parson's wife's At Home, and she said the scones were more like rock buns.

When the Parson's wife has been torn to shreds and the Laird's wife pulverised, silence falls. Geordie looks up the street, Old Tom looks down the street, and the whole village quivers with expectancy. With a sign, the Oldest Inhabitants look at each other, and as Geordie raises his eyebrows, Old Tom will nod. Together they will rise, sharing a secret joke with the old seat, whose malicious humour has once more been frustrated, and will march slowly, with great dignity, as becomes the Oldest Inhabitants, along the North Road.

Immediately, sounds of life come floating through the kitchen windows of Main Street. Paraffin stoves are pumped with vigour, potato pots slam on the stove-rings, and the bolts of the "Local" door are drawn back with noisy protest, just as Old Tom and Geordie mount the steps of the bar. It is half-past eleven—for the women, time to see to the dinner ; for the men, "opening time."

Three o'clock finds the Oldest Inhabitants back on the seat at Main Point. Nothing stirs on Main Street except a thin trickle of water, laboriously pushing its way through the dust of the gutter from the village pump. A dog may plod across the street, muffled

thuds and shouts may come from behind the school-house, where the youngsters are kicking a ball, a shrill voice may recall some erring son to a sense of duty, but Old Tom and Geordie know that nothing of interest will happen for another two hours.

The excitement then will repay a thousandfold their long wait. Doesn't the bus arrive from the town? Doesn't the express blow its whistle as it rushes past? Don't the women begin their frenzied pumping of stoves and clattering of plates and pans? And doesn't the Local open at five?

DORIS SCOTTON, 6A.

THE FISHERS

A LITTLE boy was lying on the bank, peering intently into the stream. Gradually, he slipped his hand into the water, but, in a few instants, the trout swam off, with a flick of its tail. Jimmy was so intent upon guddling trout that he failed to hear Sir John approaching.

"Well, young man, what do you think you're doing?"

Jimmy scrambled to his feet. After a moment's pause, he addressed the ground before him. "I wis guddlin' troots . . . Sir."

"And do you know you are poaching?"

"Yes, sir." Jimmy ventured a glance at Sir John's face, then, blinking quickly, he hesitated, "It's . . . ma mither, sir. She's no' very weel, an' . . . I thoch't a bonny troot wid mak' her better."

"Oh—and did you catch anything?"

Jimmy's face brightened at the kinder tone of voice. "Naethin', sir. But there was a real bonny yin, this long,"—he showed the length with his hands—"but . . ."

"It got away," finished Sir John. "Aye, laddie, I ken. Aye." He looked at Jimmy for a moment, then said, "Just come up the stream here. Do you see yon trees?"

Jimmy looked ahead and saw three old willows right at the water's edge, their branches trailing lazily in the dark, shaded water.

"Now you must be very quiet. There are some fine trout there. Ye see, laddie, they whiles like to stay in a dark corner."

Jimmy nodded, and scarcely breathing, they moved side by side to the bank, lay down on their stomachs, and peered cautiously over. Jimmy's eyes grew wide. The speckled beauties were swarming there.

"Now watch," came a hoarse whisper from Sir John, and he cautiously glided his hand down through the water, down towards one of the trout. In a few minutes, his patience was rewarded and he triumphantly drew out a finely speckled trout. Jimmy's eyes grew wider; then, with one accord, they both rolled over again on to their stomachs, and one large, rough, man's hand and a small, boyish hand slipped together into the water. In a short time,

half-a-dozen beautiful trout lay on the bank. Sir John stood up and wiped his brow. Jimmy looked at the glinting fish, then up at Sir John.

"Man, sir, ye'd mak' a grand poacher."

"Do ye think so?" said Sir John, pleased at the compliment. "Thank you, laddie." He drew a piece of twine from his pocket, bent down, and deftly strung the fish. "Here ye are. Take them home tae your mither, and tell her I hope she keeps better."

"Oh, thank ye, sir." Jimmy clutched the precious fish.

"I'll take ye to the road now. Man, I hope the gamekeeper disnae catch us."

So saying, he led the little boy to the road, and stood watching him as he walked jauntily away, his head held high, the fish hanging from one shoulder, his free arm swinging. A breathy, tuneless whistle came from his lips.

Shaking his head reminiscently, Sir John turned, half-smiling, and walked towards the house.

JEAN C. GARDNER, 6A.

LIGHT

THERE are dark evenings, city lights behind,
Dark hedges clustering close in the night
Shut out the street-lamps with a hazy veil,
Opaque gleams, shaded gleams, low light, hazy light,
Wall on one side, low house on the other
Make a long tunnel. I am shut in alone.
There is no escape. No person comes near.
What can I do when everyone is gone?
There is a light ahead, bright ahead. Go on!
Move to the bright light before it disappears!
There is no escape. I must go *now*.
Light shines in my eyes, sounds ring in my ears;
There are people down there. They move into sight,
Out of this wilderness into plains of light!

R. M., 6A.

"AND I BEHELD . . . A NEW EARTH"

SARAH, or, to give her her full title, Euphemia Sarah Mary Wright, was a small, thin child, whose slight girlish form seemed strangely out of place when one looked at her wan face, for, although she was only twelve years old, Sarah had the haggard, lined face of an old woman. In spite of her waif-like appearance and her ragged clothing, however, she was spotlessly clean. Why she troubled to wash herself and comb her hair with that stump of a comb which someone had

given her, was a mystery to all; it was certainly not her drunken father who encouraged her, for he had a strange aversion to having any of his ten children "acting big," and her poor, work-worn, shiftless mother had even less time than he to spend on "Sarah's caprices"—indeed, it is doubtful if Sarah really knew herself why she wanted to be neat, but somehow she always felt that she must try—if only to emulate her adored school-teacher.

School was, indeed, the one bright spot in Sarah's life. Most other things around her she hated—the great high tenements with their dingy closes and narrow dividing alleys—even the one dark room which she called "home." She had once heard that people came to visit this city, to see and admire it, and her astonishment had been unbounded. Admire this! She laughed bitterly, and directed her thoughts once more to a story which she had once read in school about a girl who had lived by the seaside. The sea! What could it be like? Perhaps—but she had no time to dream. There was money to be earned before bedtime!

That night, tired as she was, Sarah could not sleep. Perhaps the hovel in which the family lived, ate, and slept was warmer than usual; perhaps she was not as tired as she generally was. Whatever the reason, sleep she could not, and eventually Sarah decided to go out. Smoothing down her ragged dress as best she could, she slipped quietly from the house and out into the dim courtyard. Aimlessly she wandered through the narrow streets, turning to right or left as her fancy dictated. Soon the familiar ways were left behind, but still she walked on, scarcely knowing where she went, and quite oblivious of the fact that dawn was breaking. Seeing a wide street branching off to the right, she automatically turned into it and followed its downward course heedlessly—then she stopped. Gone were the dingy streets of her home district, the ugly buildings and smoke-filled yards! There, like a painted picture, was a new world—a fairy world of wonder and beauty.

The grey of night had gone now, and above her head the sky was indeed a "spacious firmament." Far in the east was gradually appearing that blaze of crimson glory which is the morning sun, and from it radiated beams of fiery light which inflamed the heavens. Still in the west a bold star twinkled in the deep blue which threw into such vivid contrast the radiance of the east, and overhead, where the blue of the night sky met the crimson glory of the morning, a thousand hues mingled to form a band of jewelled light.

The scene beneath this dome of splendour was hardly less beautiful in its way. Dew-spangled grass and half-open flowers lay bathed in the rosy glow of morning, and the very buildings in the wide, sunlit street beyond seemed softened and mellowed by the rays of the morning benediction. Far to the north, a band of shimmering blue could be seen, and on the horizon were veiled hills, as yet hiding their beauty from the too curious watcher. As she gazed,

the little slum girl vanished. Oh yes!—her slight ragged form remained there, motionless, but the face was now that of an ecstatic child. The lines of care had been smoothed away, and in the tear-filled eyes of the beauty-starved Sarah was reflected some of the glory of the morning—a glory which had entered and transformed the soul of the child there, gazing at our own beloved Edinburgh, for she had glimpsed the New Jerusalem.

"EDINA," 5s.

PORTRAIT OF AN ARTISTE

A CINEMA in Princes Street
Brought all our town, I'm sure, to meet
A "silent" star of world-wide fame—
Charlie Chaplin is his name.
Dark of hair and dark of eye,
Small moustache, and feet awry,
I laughed until I thought I'd die
At cheerful Charlie Chaplin.

A pensive face, devoid of guile,
Like a cherub's is his smile.
A friend of all from millionaire
To flower-girl with eyes that stare
Unseeing, till our hero's pity
Forces him to scour the city
For cash, so that his love so pretty
At last sees Charlie Chaplin.

By law pursued, he nimbly flees
Up towering cliffs, down rocky screes.
'Mong caves and rocks he tries to hide,
Hard pressed, he dives into the tide.
A bathing costume—what a prize—
He uses as his next disguise.
How fortunate it was the size
For convict Charlie Chaplin.

A maiden fair from watery grave
And villain too he needs must save.
He really is a great success
At rescuing damsels in distress.
Established in the best hotel
The ladies treat him rather well,
But still the villain tries to quell
Our hero Charlie Chaplin.

Now cold and worn he seeks the haven
 Of mission hall, where help is given.
 So next we see his outspread feet
 Tramping out the policeman's beat.
 The bully's brawn he meets with brain,
 Respect of law he does maintain.
 Soon peace abounds, thanks once again
 To P.C. Charlie Chaplin.

So if you're ever "in the blues,"
 And Charlie's at Monseigneur News,
 Just spend a florin, he'll amuse,
 Will cheerful Charlie Chaplin.

SYLVIA E. M. CROWE, 3A.

A, B AND C

THESE are three men we often meet
 In problems arithmetical.
 They have no names like Smith or Brown—
 They're simply alphabetical.

They'll paper rooms or plough a field,
 Pump water by the tankful;
 But their employer never seems
 To be the least bit thankful.

A is a hearty kind of chap,
 Who never ceases toil,
 Poor little C is delicate,
 But still is always loyal.

B plods along between the two
 With patience and persistence,
 But never waits to help poor C,
 Who labours in the distance.

A takes so long to plough a field,
 And never seems to mind;
 B always takes just twice the time,
 And C is left behind.

And when they pump a cistern out,
 We find still more confusion,
 But A of course will always win,
 That's always the conclusion.

For working out this sort of sum,
 Our hatred's quite fanatical,
 And if we'll ever get them right,
 Is very problematical.

J. F., 2A 1.

LADY SPRING

HER clothes are green, her hair is gold,
 Her skin's of lovely hue.
 Her lips are of the rosiest red,
 Her eyes the palest blue.

And when she trips across the moor,
 So lightly trippeth she,
 She's like a little fluffy cloud
 A-floating o'er the lea.

And who is she, this lovely thing
 That walks as light as air?
 She's Spring! She's Spring! so beautiful,
 The lovely lady fair.

ANN TURTON, 2C.

THE STREAM

RIPPLE, ripple, ripple goes the winding stream,
 Little boats sail on it just as you've seen.
 Down it goes,
 Fast it flows
 To the river so still and deep,
 Where, I know there,
 It has a little sleep.

It comes from haunts of woods and valleys,
 Through green fields and yellow groves.
 And as it runs or dilly-dallies,
 It murmurs as it flows.

It runs through fields, round hills, down dales,
 And chatters on its way;
 And tells of knights and pretty maids,
 Until the close of day.

P. McG., 1B1.

HORSES' PARADISE*(Prize Verse Contribution)*

GLOSSY coats shining in the heat of the sun,
 Frisky colts wobbling on their first attempts to run,
 Long tails swishing 'gainst the myriads of flies,
 And looks of great contentment in those many gentle eyes.
 There's the dainty slim-legged thoroughbred and heavy British Shire,
 There's the simple little pony that was always out on hire;
 And the little Shetland pony that carried many a child,
 And the cowboy's bucking mustang which always has been wild.

There's a glorious Arab stallion, fit to be a chieftain's steed,
 And the lanky, sheepish gelding which in life was termed a weed.
 There's the sound of horses grazing on the lush green grass,
 And a gentle snort and nicker as the old mares pass
 With their little foals playing never far from mothers' sides,
 For they know that there's protection near these smooth and shining
 hides.

But no one harms these horses that roam the glorious plain;
 They're far away from earthly toil, they've had their work and pain.
 For I saw when I was dreaming, feeding 'way above the skies,
 This sad world's horses' spirits in the horses' paradise.

LAURETTE KING, 1A2.

ONE EXCITING MEETING

DURING the Easter holidays, I went to London with my parents and one day I saw the changing of the Guard at Whitehall.

Walking down the Mall, I saw the Guards, who were dressed in blue coats, ride along on their shining black horses, and cross the Horse Guards parade ground. While they were crossing the Horse Guards parade ground, the Old Guard, who were dressed in red coats, stood waiting for them. The officers of both Guards stepped out in front of the two lines and the trumpeters blew their trumpets and then the Old Guard was changed and the new one took its place. They then rode back through the arch and up the Mall towards Buckingham Palace.

But what thrilled me most that day was that while I was walking down the Mall, I saw a pram being pushed by a lady accompanied by a gentleman. Suddenly someone tapped me on the back and said, "Do you see the pram in front? Well the baby inside is—Prince Charles!" What a surprise! We hurried on and passed the pram. While passing, I looked across and caught a glimpse of the small Prince. He looked round the hood of his pram, saw us

and waved his hand. Of course I waved back! You can imagine how I looked forward to telling my friends of my big thrill.

MARGARET H. McMILLAN, 1A2.

HALLOWE'EN NIGHTMARE

I WAS riding through the sky, perched on a witch's tartan broomstick and wearing a pointed hat and a tattered cloak. Sitting facing me was a big black cat with sparking green eyes. Suddenly, she hissed at me, "Look out! Here comes the inspector and you haven't got a ticket!"

Sure enough, this was quite true. I hunted feverishly through my many pockets, but only found a Latin grammar, which I threw wildly at the inspector as he swooped down on me. This only had the effect of infuriating him further, however, and I felt a large bony hand clutch my shoulder. "Get off!" I screamed at him.

"Stop it!" shrieked the cat, "you're standing on my tail!"

"I'm extremely sorry," I gasped between blows at the unfortunate inspector, who, by now, was beginning to loosen his grasp. With a final triumphant heave, I tipped him off my broomstick and resumed my seat beside the cat. This creature was unfortunately in the huff, however, and it took me a few minutes to restore her to her usual snappy self.

I adjusted our course by means of the windometer beside me and we sailed along uneventfully for a few minutes.

Then there was a loud crash and we were unceremoniously tipped off our broomstick. We had collided with the Wooden Horse of Troy!

We recovered our broomstick and by the light of hundreds of grotesque turnip lanterns found a spare box in a nearby Broom Park.

Written in the sky with hundreds of Roman candles, catherine wheels and rockets were the words "Welcome, O great travellers!" Immensely pleased by this gratifying piece of news, the cat and I were trotting round the corner of the Parthenon when we nearly bumped into my music teacher! He swept a stately bow and muttered, "Salvete, o discipule et cat." With this abrupt greeting he raced off and pelted back a few seconds later, tenderly carrying a miniature gold violin which he presented to me with the utmost care.

On the back was inscribed "In remembrance of N. B." I thanked him for it and quite by accident discovered that inside was a copy of a book inscribed "The Life and Works of Sheila A. McGregor, M.A., G.C.B., K.T., Mus.B., M.P., F.R.Z.S." I was just about to open this celebrated volume, when the cat dropped the fiddle with a crash and I woke up to find the morning sun streaming in through the bedroom window.

SHEILA A. MCGREGOR, 1A1.

NIGHT-PIECE

PAST the heath and up the hill,
 Along the road beyond the mill,
 Stands a house with garden bare,
 'Tis said an old witch lives in there.

At night the branches in the trees
 Stir and moan in the rising breeze,
 And the owl as he sits in the moon's yellow light
 Sends a long shrill cry through the darkening night ;
 For the moon has gone behind a cloud,
 And dark covers all in a deepening shroud.

All through the night the weird sounds last,
 As ghosts and witches go sailing past.
 But none of these sounds ever worries me,
 I'm fast asleep in bed, you see,
 Dreaming of fairies and elves up there,
 Dancing around in the scented air,
 And hundreds of pixies all at play
 Among the flowers on a summer's day.

ELSPETH BROWN, 1C.

PARODY AND PASTICHE**1. War Song of the Hostellers**

(With apologies to JAMES ELROY FLECKER)

WE are they who the sun will not 'wait : we are they who hike early
 or late :

And we'll batter your rusty old gate : you Wardens of hostels beware!
 Not on rugs nor in blankets we lie, not in hay-piled wagonettes sigh.
 Among comrades who chatter or cry, and girls a-combing their hair.
 But we sleep in the cold and the damp, and we rise very early and
 tramp

With a torch or a candle for lamp, which is more than most others
 would dare.

From the towns where the speedway-fans are, from the hostels of
 Tweed or Dunbar,

Our bikes we have brought or our car, to park near the hostel at
 Broome.

We have limped from the Solway in pain, and, by gosh, we won't
 go there again !

We have stood at a bus stop in vain, and sighed as we heard the
 wind boom.

A mort of reduction we made at Broadmeadows, where eggs were
 new-laid,
 For blisters are easily made and food is a breaker of gloom.

And the beds were the hostel physician who cured not a few of
 ambition,
 And brought not a few to submission with massage that was painful
 and strong :

And her shoes were a grief to the fool, and as hard as a shoemaker's
 tool,

And as tight as a dress of new wool when the skies have been pouring
 for long :

For the young folk succumbed with the old, and their souls for the
 bus comfort sold.

But *we* travel on through the cold, and sing to this life with a song.

Ambulando turgiduli rubent pedes (Horace)—FORM 5L.

2. Decline, Decline, Decline !

(With apologies to LORD TENNYSON)

DECLINE, decline, decline,
 O thou wretched verb "to be" !
 And I would that my tongue could utter
 The perfect tense of "to see."

O, well for the people of Paris,
 Who "parlez-vous français" with ease !
 O, well for the black-robed teachers,
 Who drop into French when they please !

And the exercise books go in
 To be freshly adorned with red ;
 But O, for the sight of that 100 per cent.
 And the praises heaped on my head !

Decline, decline, decline,
 O thou wretched verb "to be" !
 But the beauties of speech "à la française"
 Are forever a puzzle to me.

J. J. M. S., 4L.

3. The Good Prefect

(With apologies to THOMAS FULLER)

THE good prefect weareth her school uniform well and is strong-
 voiced, fair, capable, obeyed and an example to the rest of her
 school.

Without, the good prefect is known by her impeccable dress. From head to toe, she displayeth her school uniform as it should be worn—black shoes and hose, navy cloak and maroon bonnet. As in her outdoor attire she differeth in varying degrees from her “co-brethren of the quill,” so in her indoor garments she also differeth. In corridor and classroom her neat and tidy figure is distinguishable by the starched white blouse, navy skirt, maroon tie and prefect’s badge.

She is also distinguishable by her voice; the good prefect possesseth strong pulmonary organs and also the courage to exercise them. Let her beware, however, of being too licentious in their use; let her remember the days when she was a “mere schoolgirl”; let her not demand silence when only quietness is necessary; in short, let her not become a martinet.

The good prefect both obeyeth those in position above herself, and is obeyed by those in position lower than herself. She must, however, merit this obeisance. By her own fairness and capability, therefore, she earneth the respect of her younger sisters and in her bearing and conduct, both in school and out of it, let her be a globe of precepts.

On her own observance of School rules, the prefect is punctilious. She never alloweth herself the forbidden freedom of running in corridors; she never provideth the other pupils with the anomaly of beholding a prefect bonnetless; her arrival at School is always punctual; her actions at all times bear the stamp of the training she hath gained at her School. Yea, this is the good or perfect prefect, and, if in one girl there is found all these qualities, *cingamus tempora floribus*.

HELEN BEVAN, 6A.

HERE AND THERE

*“Such laboured nothings in so strange a style
Amaze the unlearn’d and make the learned smile.”*

POPE.

In the good old days when schoolgirls were schoolgirls, and admitted slight imperfections at times, there was a whole section of the magazine devoted to “howlers.” Nowadays, however, we young paragons refuse to translate languages into anything but perfect English, and show ourselves such experts in the English language that our meagre stock of “howlers” now amounts to a certain amount of misinterpretation of our greatest national poet, as thus:—
“A touzie tyke, black, grim and lairge” means “The Devil was playing the pipes, in the form of a dirty dog.”

“His lyart haffets wearin’ thin and bare” is translated as “His trousers were growing shabby at the hips.” And we now know

that Tam, as he sat in the inn at Ayr over his “reamin’ swats,” was not drinking ale, but “clouds of flies.” An interesting, if unusual, beverage!

Such is the way in which we treat our native language!

We thought of “Quotations,” and were disgusted to find that many of those we had thought of had been used in previous magazines. For quotations on the hat problem, therefore, please consult last year’s magazine.

Prefects seem to us a suitable butt for our wit. We feel of any prefect that “This you should pity rather than despise” (Shakespeare), and that the greater part of that illustrious body might say of themselves: “Men may come and men may go, but I go on for ever” (Tennyson).

Our worthy and meritorious Head Prefect, whose virtues were well extolled by herself in the “Lit.” production of “Final Fling of ’51,” would justly say of herself: “I am monarch of all I survey” (Cowper).

Our musical deputy Head Prefect, who also had her final fling on that memorable night, might be addressed in these words:

“Shall I call thee bird,
Or but a wandering voice?” (Wordsworth).

This may, of course, be applied to other people whose lives are spent within our venerable walls!

Since much has been done to improve our conditions in the dining-halls this year, we are tempted to wonder what Shakespeare might have said on entering these luxurious apartments. Were these words of his perhaps a foretaste of what was to come?

“Where shall we dine? O me! What fray is this?”

We feel that any member of 6A in class, or, for that matter, of the School, might be thus described:

“You see, her eyes are open.”
“Ay, but their sense is shut.” (Shakespeare).

The usual malady, always very prevalent in this School, which is caused by the “Highers,” and the ensuing “Orals,” occasioned this verse:

“O pupil mine, where are you roaming?
Just stay right here! The inspector’s coming
That will fail both high and low;
Trip no further, pretty sweeting,
Orals end in pupils weeping—
Anyone with sense doth know!”

We are rather proud of the following: “The late German classes were ‘de-light-ed’ by the winter power cuts.”

When asked why she translated "me taedeat linguae Latinae" as "May I be ashamed of the Latin language," a witty 6A pupil replied, "I taut I taw a 'pudeat'."

Sport is always a worthy object of our wit, and we think that suitable quotations on returning from hockey and gym respectively are: "They bleed on both sides" (*Romeo and Juliet*) and "Bow, stubborn knees!" (*Hamlet*).

And please, oh please, can anyone tell us what the hockey mistress meant when she asked "When do you get a roll-on?"

The closing chorus of "Final Fling of '51" might stand as a finale to this year's "Here and There"—

"At James Gillespie's in the Links,
We're glad examinations are all finished;
At James Gillespie's in the Links,
Of course our zeal for work is not diminished!
We never think of slacking and we work an awful lot,
We always wear our hats and come to School right on the dot,
But yet our teachers don't appreciate us as they ought,
At James Gillespie's in the Links!

"At James Gillespie's in the Links,
We're happiest when we are having dinner;
At James Gillespie's in the Links,
You'll notice none of us is getting thinner!
The waitresses run back and forward bringing us lots more;
We eat the roast potatoes by the dozen or the score;
But nothing worries us if we can still get through the door,
At James Gillespie's in the Links!

"At James Gillespie's in the Links
We're very fond of social conversation;
At James Gillespie's in the Links
We use it as a form of relaxation.
We speak in spite of prefects when the corridors are full,
We speak although we oughtn't to, and never heed the rule!
But we never speak to boys we meet when coming up to School,
At James Gillespie's in the Links!"

: : :

FROM THE PRIMARY DEPARTMENT

PRIMARY SCHOOL NOTES

SOME years drag, others amble gently, but this year has galloped madly, mainly because so many interesting things have happened. It all began when we heard that Miss Andrew was going to America. We were very proud and happy that she had been chosen, and not a little envious to think that one night's swift flight could transport her from the cold and rain here to the exhilarating sunshine of the New England "fall." After her return we were delighted to go down to the Secondary building, and hear about the small piccaninnies she saw in Virginia, and how novel and pleasant school life was at Shady Hill!

It became apparent that with economy "writ large" over the city's finances, we should have to raise funds ourselves for immediate improvements to our School, and it was decided that February was the time which would interrupt our work least. Mr T. H. Gillespie, our Zoo friend, first gave us an illustrated lecture on the Zoo in early days, and Mr Paterson charmed us with his coloured films of Switzerland. Our "unrehearsed concert" was a great success, and we must congratulate the singing mistresses and Miss Dewar's department on the polished work they produced at a week's notice, and not forget the long-suffering mothers who sat on gym. forms and enjoyed themselves so much they forgot to feel uncomfortable!

Then came the great day of the Sale! The staff had worked hard, each for all the stalls and all for each, but we owed most to the parents, who gave so generously and bought back so freely. There was a brisk, if friendly, "scrum" in front of every stall. All of them did marvels, but a special word is due to the Children's Snack Bar (*alias* "The Greedy Child's Dream of Paradise") with its shimmering jellies, sunshiny drinks and unlimited sweets; and also to our Primary VII. waitresses, who fed five hundred so efficiently and well, and still with sagging legs but high hearts would go on packing dishes "when all but they had fled." We are very conscious too of the debt we owed Miss Andrew for many practical suggestions and much personal help.

The delightful part of spending the sum of nearly £300 comes now, and our prefects have made many sensible suggestions of oak book-cases, story readers, pictures, garden seats, unbreakable vases, a joy wheel, and—for the smallest ones—individual puzzles and insets, pottery animals, and a big gangway swing for play-time.

It was with great regret that we said goodbye at Christmas time to Mr Thomson, the Janitor, who had alleviated so many of our trials in the early days when both mud and invaders were seldom off the grounds, and who was everyone's ready friend at any time of trouble. Mr Fraser is proving an excellent successor.

Our interest in the Zoo never flags, and we now find "Jim" diving and swimming in the big bears' pond near the sea lions. Beside old Wendy he looks refreshingly clean and very young, though already he growls defiantly and rather cheekily when she still claims the top walk as her own.

In the competitions organised by the Royal Society for the Prevention of Accidents, and open to all the schools in Great Britain, we had an unusual distinction this year. The first place in Composition was won by Elizabeth Guthrie (VII.1), and the first place in Art by Cynthia Finlayson (VI.1). These two girls, along with Eva Mears, our Primary Dux, Sheena McDougall, Carol Nisbet and Elizabeth Ogilvie, all prize-winners, have the honour of receiving their prizes from the Lady Provost in the City Chambers.

Altogether we are "almost persuaded" to agree with the five-year-olds who with beaming smiles and much verve and gusto proclaimed at the Concert, from their exceedingly limited experience, that Gillespie's—where their class celebrates every birthday with lighted candles, and welcomes back all absentees with a song—is "the happiest school we know."

B. M.

Miss CHARLOTTE KISSACH, M.A.

It was our former Depute Director of Education who first applied the words "a great educationist" to Miss Kissach, after his small daughter had passed through her hands. Because they are very true, and because she was ever a loyal member of staff and a delightful colleague, very great will be our loss when she leaves us on her retiral in September.

A daughter of the schoolhouse of Portsoy, she came of excellent teaching stock, her father's name being still remembered and honoured wherever his former pupils meet. After her school days in John Watson's and Gillespie's, she had a distinguished career at Edinburgh University, being Medallist in Botany and prizeman in Education. Even then, however, her heart was set on teaching very young children, and she was one of the first to train in the pioneer "Darroch" nursery school, where her studies of the reactions of young children won her special commendation. After a short period at West Calder she taught for some time in the village school at Corstorphine, where her work was recognised by the then School Board as of outstanding merit, and her departure for Gillespie's greatly regretted.

It is now twenty-eight years since she came to take over the Montessori class here, and her unique understanding of the child mind has done much to make the School a happy place for children of very varying ability, a place where each and all could make fine progress. Strangers from many places visited her room and marvelled at the quiet "busyness" of children who had been only a few months at school, yet who were purposeful and diligent as they discovered truths for themselves, wanting no interference. Every child felt free, yet was hedged round with a far-seeing protectiveness which prevented mistakes and never allowed any child to feel stupid or despondent. At exhibitions no one would willingly miss the youngest children's pictures and stories, where painful truths were never hidden, and where each drawing bore the authentic stamp of absolute naturalness.

As President of the Zoo Club, Miss Kissach extended her interest far beyond our own "Jim." It was a liberal education to see her walking round the cages with bags of delicacies which would have pleased any epicure! She talked a language quite intelligible to elephants, black bears, monkeys and even dromedaries, and they all recognised her as a kind and constant friend.

Many old pupils will remember how they used to sing a birthday song as each heroine of the day blew out candles on a real iced cake, how they were taught to love every beast and bird they met, how they climbed the "golden staircase" to their room where the rest of us saw only wooden steps; how, in short, they lived joyfully and fully, yet were completely unspoilt and never pampered. Miss Kissach's gift for writing easy verse made all her songs appropriate, and the delight and earnestness with which they were sung caused many a laugh at School concerts. Her classes sang a welcome back to every returning absentee, and always seemed to be "Glad, glad, very, very glad."

Happy she who started so many children on their school career in such a spirit! May she now have many happy days of freedom, and not forget to come back often (complete with dog!) to tell us in her own inimitable way stories of her early teaching days, and of the Portsoy fisherwomen who still welcome their old dominie's family back with "Ye'll be ane o' Maister Keesach's lassies!"

B. M.

OLD-FASHIONED FLOWERS

No one now, I suppose, makes cowslip wine or flavours puddings with penny-royal or fennel. So very old-fashioned! Still, how lovely it would be to gather armfuls of cowslips till the yellow flood poured over the sides of the huge baskets, and even lovelier to sip the pale, cool wine. I like being a modern girl, but it would be fun to be

back in the olden days when flowers had such quaint, old-fashioned names, and when they were more than just pretty things to put in vases.

I could fill a whole garden with pretty names. My grandmother, who spent many years of her life in Somerset, has told me much about these old-fashioned wild flowers and their names, and I am sure that Ragged Robin, London Pride, John-go-to-bed, and many others would come up to expectations. Perhaps the nursery-man would hold up his hands in horror at my choice of flowers (or weeds!) but I would have Batchelor's Buttons, Jock-by-the-hedge, Robin Hood, Lady-Smock or Milk-maid, Snapdragons and Lords and Ladies.

My old-fashioned garden would contain masses of wild hyacinths and mustard, spreading like a carpet of blue and gold. Pink spikes of thrift would stand up in the niches and crannies of the garden wall. As I have no desire to annoy the nursery-man, I would plant ordinary roses, but I would in secret think of making real old-fashioned rose conserve. I wonder what mother would say if I used her sugar ration and mixed spice to pack roses in little jars?

PAMELA HERON, VII.(1).

MURDERS !

HAVE you ever dreamed of burglars,
Murd'ers, blood-curdlers ?
When in the night,
Without a light,
They creep into your room.
Sometimes to rob you,
Kidnap you, gag you !
Sometimes to punish you,
Kill you, strangle you !
Sometimes to frighten you,
Scare you or torture you !
Just think !
What would you do
If dreams came true ?

RUTH LAIDLAW, VII.(1).

MAY DAY, 1951

Oh ! lady of May, what ails you ?
Your birthday is to-day ;
Your coat of blue is hidden,
Under a cloak of grey.

And those who came to greet you,
O'er many a hilly mile,
Were met with icy fingers
Instead of your cheery smile.

We'd like to meet and greet you,
Your birds, your flowers, your trees,
So do be friendly, dear Miss May,
And smile on us if you please.

MOIRA MANSON, VII. (1).

PLANET ADVENTURE

IT was the year 1984. Pat and David were going on a flight to the planet of Mercury. They did not use an aeroplane, for they had wings on their ankles. They and their family lived in a flying house. The men, women and children all wore tunics of linen which were secured by a girdle.

At eleven o'clock they set off. Soon they were soaring into the cloudless blue sky like birds. Within an hour they had reached the planet, after a dangerous but thrilling journey. They landed opposite a lake which looked like treacle, and around it were green creepers. Behind some bushes they saw something that glittered like silver. It was a flying saucer. Just as they were about to inspect it a voice hailed them : "What are you doing here ?" They turned round to face a green coloured man with a square shaped face and glinting brown eyes.

"Oh !" chorused Pat and David, "we just came here to pay a visit."

"Well," returned the man, "you will not leave here."

"What !" said the two in amazement. "You cannot keep us here."

"I can," said the man. "Now follow me. I will take you to see our king. Now hurry." Pat and David had no choice but to obey, for in his hand he held a gun.

In a few minutes they reached a pillared house. Two men suddenly emerged from the gloom and gave Pat and David a push. Then they were falling . . . falling . . . falling. "Ouch !" exclaimed David when they landed with a bump. "Move on !" said a voice. Behind them came a man and they entered into a passage which led to an enormous room. Sitting on something which looked like a throne was a man who, Pat and David presumed, would be the king.

"Ah !" said he, "you are two people from Earth."

"We are," said the two.

"Now let me tell you something. In precisely two hours my army will be ready to invade Earth."

"But——" said David.

"Oh, what will we do?" asked Pat in a frightened tone.

"We had better try and be there before them, then," David replied.

"Huh!" said the king. "You will be freed, but I do not think you will escape. One more question," he said, "how did you arrive here without an aeroplane?" Pat and David refused to tell him.

A door opened and the guard took them back the way they had come. When they arrived at the lake David whispered in Pat's ear and she nodded. Suddenly the two gave the guard a push and he toppled into the treacle-like lake. He tried to pull himself out and he watched in amazement as the two flew back to Earth to warn its inhabitants.

The people made an army ready. When the army from Mercury arrived they were taken by surprise and were utterly defeated. The men who were left ran in fear to their flying saucers, but the men of the Earth were too quick for them and destroyed the flying saucers and their occupants.

Mercury never troubled the Earth again, and Pat and David were handsomely rewarded by the king.

ELEANOR WHITEHEAD, VII.(2).

THE GHOST

THE ghost is said to walk at night,
Veiled in a horrible, eerie light.
"The Lady Lavender" was her name,
Of a noble family come from Spain.

When all is dark and nothing stirs,
The ghost appears amongst the firs,
To haunt the people far and near,
And drive them almost dead with fear.

The frightened whispers echo round,
As under a tree on the cold bare ground,
She stretches her arms as though she would grasp
Those round about in her eerie clasp.

Would she bring good luck to her native town,
When she visits it in her silken gown,
Or great misfortune? Well, nobody knows,
For they run from her path, wherever she goes.

JEAN DUNLOP, VII.(2).

MY TREE

WHEN looking down from my bedroom window I can see my tree. The apple tree is so-called because it is in my favourite part of the garden. Sedately, like a queen, it stands looking over the spacious lawn at the rose tree which climbs along the trellis. Signs of the oncoming summer show when the buds swell.

Soon the pretty pink-tipped blossom will be in bloom. Bees are then seen flitting from flower to flower to collect the pollen dust and nectar for making honey. In summer the tree looks very beautiful. Vivid green leaves and white and pink flowers are a lovely contrast against the vandyke brown trunk. Little green bumps will show when the flowers are dead. This small apple will grow until late summer.

The hoar frost in winter freezes the raindrops, making them glisten on the bare branches. Snow lies in thick layers on the grass at the foot of the tree. My tree has great beauty even in winter. Spring will soon come again. Leaves will once more be on the branches to cheer us after a dreary winter.

JOYCE POOLE, VI.(1).

A-CARAVANNING

ALONG the road a-caravanning
In warm and sunny weather;
Along the road a-caravanning,
We four friends go together.
The sun may shine and we laugh with glee,
The rain may pour but care not we—
Mummy and Daddy and Sandra and me.

Along the road a-caravanning,
To the Lake District we go;
Nor turn we back with van and pack,
Whatever winds may blow.
The sun may shine and we laugh with glee,
The rain may pour, but care not we—
Mummy and Daddy and Sandra and me.

CYNTHIA FINLAYSON, VI.(1).

IN A PLANE

IMAGINE my utmost joy when I knew I was going to fly from Turnhouse airport to Prestwick. Mother, father and I took the special bus from the Caledonian Station to Turnhouse. The steward seated us and told us to fasten our safety belts. Then he gave us a packet

of cotton wool, barley sugar sweets and some chewing gum. The engines roared and there was a little vibration. I was scared stiff, and then the ground seemed to leave us behind and it was just like sitting in a bus. What a lovely view of the Forth we had! I was just beginning really to enjoy myself when we started to circle to land again and then I felt my stomach coming up to my mouth. Bump! Bump! We had arrived. We were led out by the steward to the beautiful airport hotel. Travelling back by train seemed very dull.

YVONNE GROSSART, VI.(2).

TIRÉE

OVER the ocean and over the sea
I go this summer to lonely Tirée,
Where the seagulls cry and the steamer calls,
And the fisher-folk patiently mend their trawls.

No picture house queues, no trains and no tram,
And never to be caught in a traffic jam.
Oh! what an experience that will be
For a city-born girl of ten, like me!

PATRICIA COLLEY, VI.(2).

CHASING A CHEESE

EARLY one morning in Hilversum we decided to go to Alkmaar cheese market. We hurried over our funny Dutch breakfast, which was of raw ham and cheese. First we caught the electric train to Amsterdam, where we took another train to Alkmaar. The first thing we did when we arrived was to go to the cheese market. We arrived at the market, but were too late to buy a cheese. There were lovely scenes about the market square. One of the men dumped me on a sledge of cheeses and carried me on them round the market. The sledge was carried by ropes slung round their necks. We then decided to go for a Roonvaart, which took us round all the canals in Alkmaar. While we sat waiting for the boat we heard the old clock strike twelve, and saw the figures going round. When the boat came we sailed happily round the canals. We passed a windmill with whirling sails which we had seen before. When the day came to an end I was very sorry.

ILONA BEVIS, V.(1).

A CLOCK

I BOUGHT a clock not long ago
To give me timely warning
That I might rise in time to go
To Gillespie's in the morning.

But now I hate its round white face,
All marked with inky numbers;
And the noisy bell upon the case
Which shatters my sweet slumbers.

MOIRA HARKESS, V.(1).

DADDY'S VOYAGE

DADDY went away on the ship "Loch Dee" last October and will not come back home till July. He sailed to West Africa. The towns he called at are Dakar, Takoradi and Lagos. After going to these towns he sailed to America. When he had finished unloading he sailed back to Africa.

In Africa Daddy was asked if he would take some animals to America as he was going there again. At first he refused, but the Africans coaxed him to take them. At last he sailed away.

Daddy told me in his letter that his cargo consisted of ten snakes, three big baboons, four small ones, one big chimpanzee and three small ones. The big chimpanzee stands on its head and whimpers if it is not fed first. Daddy sometimes took the small chimpanzees out for a walk on the deck, but the big one was too fierce to be taken out of his cage. The baby baboon always laughed when he was given his food.

Daddy will soon be home now and I am looking forward to the stories he will have to tell.

ISOBEL MILNE, V.(2).

A THRILLING MORNING

ONE Saturday morning some weeks ago I went with my Mummy to the University. It was a lovely morning and the sun was shining very brightly when we set off. The building we went into was very big, and I was nearly lost in the long corridors. I also had a lovely slide on the polished floors.

Mummy took me into her Lab., where I saw lots of bottles, and glass things of funny shapes. Later I was taken to the animal house, where I saw beautiful white rats with long tails and pink eyes. They were very tame and allowed me to stroke them. I also saw white mice, hundreds of them in cages. Then I went upstairs and saw some guinea-pigs. They were very timid and have no tails. I also saw some rabbits, and in one cage were a mummy and daddy rabbit and two baby ones. The time passed very quickly and I had to leave the animal house. I went back downstairs to Mummy's Lab., where the doctors and Mummy were having coffee. I had milk and biscuits. I enjoyed them very much. While I was drinking

my milk a knock came to the door. It was the professor, and he had coffee with us. I also got two oranges from one of the doctors. I had a lovely time and Mummy has promised me she will take me again some time when I get my summer holidays.

AVRIL DRUMMOND, IV.(1).

ON INDIAN TERRITORY

OUR reservation is on Soutra Hill. Daddy and Mummy often take us there for a picnic. Big Chief White Cloud and Little Sitting Bull are two braves. They really are my cousins. They are very skilful with their bows and arrows, but they do not shoot down our Holy bird, the Eagle. I am Twinkling Star, and Valerie, my cousin, is Laughing Water. We prepare the meals for the two braves coming back. We all do a war dance round the bonfire and then go home.

ISABEL BEGG, IV.(2).

BUSY LITTLE BEE

THERE was a little Bumble Bee
With such a happy song,
He worked so hard the whole day through,
It never seemed too long.
I think this must have been the bee
That made the honey for my tea !

MARGARET MOORE, IV.(2).

MY DOG'S TEA PARTY

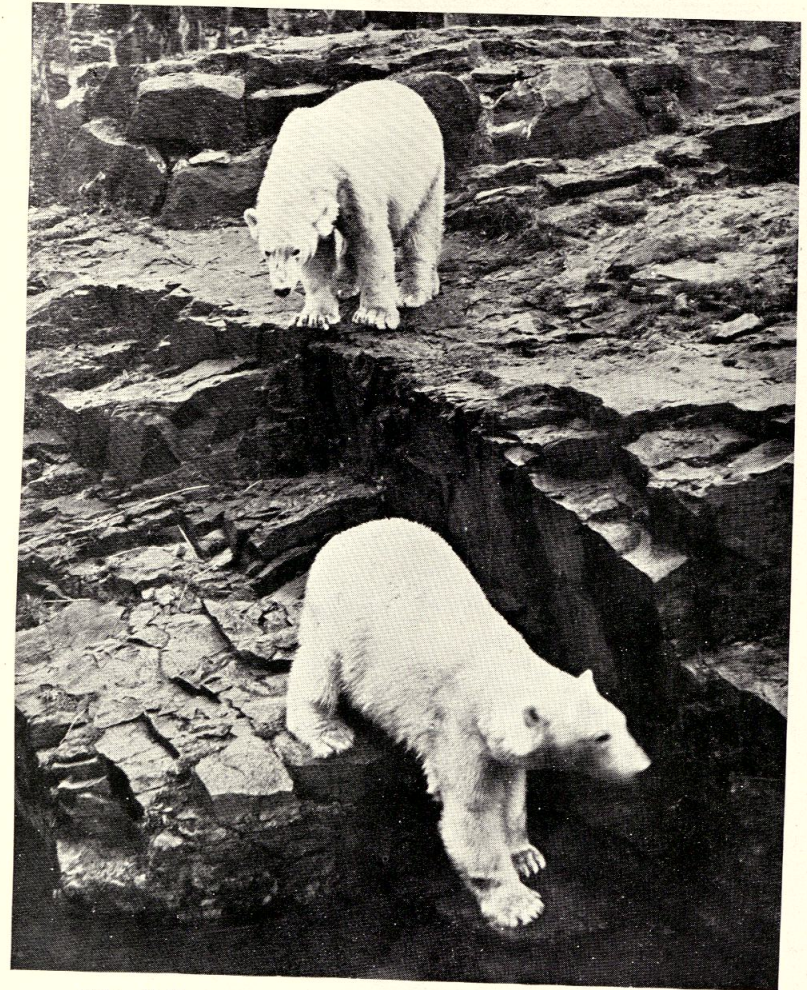
I HAVE a little dog whose name is Sheila. Her birthday is on 21st August. We prepared a little party for her. Kim, the next-door dog, came. A present from Kim was a little dish with "Sheila" on it. There were plenty of old slippers and shoes for them to play with. Afterwards the dogs had tea from saucers.

KATHLEEN MORRISON, III.(1).

TOYS AT NIGHT

WHEN you are in your bed
The Clown stands on his head ;
The Policeman sets out on his beat,
Gollywog sits upon a seat.
Mary the doll falls on one side,
The Rocking Horse gives Teddy a ride ;
The Aeroplane starts out on its flight—
And that's what happens through the night.

VALERIE BUCKLE, III.(1).



"JIM" GILLESPIE IS FOREMOST IN EXPLORING THE NEW POOL



Evening Dispatch

SIX PRIZE-WINNERS DRINK TO THE HEALTH OF OUR LADY PROVOST

Photo by

MY PET

I HAVE a little puppy. His name is Sparky. He is a West Highland Terrier and is very sweet. He sits up and begs for titbits. Mother and Father tell me to be always kind to him and he will love me all the more. I take him walks after school. Sparky has a lead and a tartan collar, for he might run across the road and be hurt. If he is not too tired in the evening I dress him in dolly's clothes. When I go to bed he sleeps in his basket.

DOROTHY HARE, III.(2).

SPRING

I HAVE very good reasons
To like all of the seasons,
But Spring is the one I like best.

The little birds begin to sing,
And to their nest they often bring
Little tit-bits for their young.

Pretty flowers of every hue
Make everything seem bright and new
As they stand with upright stalks.

Some people say that I am wrong,
But I like Spring to come along.

DOROTHY GARVIE, III.(2).

:: :: ::

I am a ball. A little girl plays with me. I like it very much. The little girl is four. I am pink and white. I am an angry ball, because the little girl throws me too much. The little girl's Mummy watches from the window.

I am a funny clown. I like the Circus very much indeed. I am dressed up in funny clothes. I fight with other clowns. Sometimes I ride on horses.

When I had my holiday Daddy was digging in the garden. I was hunting for worms. Daddy threw some worms to me. One nearly hit my hat. Then we had our dinner.

D

On Sunday I went with Brian in his Daddy's car to gather tadpoles. When we got there the tadpoles would not go into the net. Brian went to the car to get a jar. Brian's father could not catch them.

I am a Scare-crow. I wear a scarf, hat, gloves and a pipe. One day a man came to me with ragged clothes on him. I had nice clothes. Do you know what he did to me? He took off my clothes and he gave me his ragged clothes.

I went to the circus. There was a clown and a funny horse. The clown jumped on it. He laughed so much that the horse did not like it. The horse made the clown do a somersault into a pail of soap suds.

On Sunday we went to Burntisland. It was fun. I was sea-sick, then Howard and then Jeffrey. Mummy and Daddy were alright.

II.(1).

:: :: ::

Yesterday my two chums went to the park. I went too. We had good fun there. First of all we played on the swings. I pushed them, then after that Jean, that's one of my chums, went to the shoot with me. My other chum did not come on because she had a bandage on her knee. I lay down and shut my eyes. It was exciting.

I am a hen. Perhaps you would like to hear a little about my life. I live in a pen. I have five baby chickens. They are fluffy balls. One day the girl came with my food. I thought she was going to take a chicken so I pecked her.

I went to Cinderella. It was good. I saw the Prince. Cinderella was crying, then a flash of sparks came. It was her Godmother. She said why are you crying? I want to go to the ball said Cinderella. You shall go my dear. Go and get a large pumpkin. Then she drove in her carriage.

I am a pussy. I drink a lot of milk and eat fish. When the Kittens are very small I have to feed them. I run after mice, birds and rabbits. I play with fluffy balls. When people hurt me I say mew.

I have a teddy bear. He is brown. He has a pink ribbon. He has a loud squeak. When I press his tummy he always squeaks, and Mummy gets a fright.

On Sunday it was my cousin's christening. He cried all the time. My cousin and I started to laugh. We went home in a taxi. Auntie borrowed the christening robe. His name is going to be Colin.

Yesterday when I went to the park I fell. When I got home my Mummy bathed it. She put iodine on my knee. It nipped for a minute, but I did not want to be a baby so I did not cry.

II.(2).

:: :: ::

Yesterday my Mummy was cutting the bred, and the pijins were so fond of the bred that they were noking at the windo.

I went to the stooents parade and I saw my cusen and they were funny on a lorry bekos they were golewogs.

My Daddy dose magic. he can turn a pese of stick into a lolypop.

I am a fairy and I go to children when their teeth fol out and I giv them sixpens and sumtimes I giv them thrupens.

At night I have fun with my Daddy and I did a funny thing. it was a summersolt. my Daddy cant do one.

I can do the hilanfing.

My cusin is coming today and I am going to the Zoo. I am going to wear my School rigout so that Jim Glespie may see me. He is our bear.

I wake Mummy in the morning when the alarim clock gose.

I got a bottil of gum for cut out day. I stick the picture on at school and it is fun.

My tooth is slack and I cant pool it out.

My Grampa and Grama gave my Daddy a big tik-tok, and my Grampa shod me the bird hole at the bak. It was fun to see it, and it wakind me at three with three tings.

I.(1).

:: :: ::

I went to the detnist and he took five teef out.

My daddy has no teeth so he has just to have soop to-day.

My daddy has the hooping-cof. He will be off wurc for six weeks.

Gay, my dog, had anuther operashun. She is sown up.

Mr Grub at the corner has five new kittens. The big cat lade them.

I am staying with by Gaga, cos Mummy and Daddy have no cole.

My daddy went to a cwayir practis last night.

My mummy spilt a hole botil of ingk on the wol paper. The painter is cuming.

My mummy broke her tooth on a wallnut-kake

Mummy tooc her finger nale and pulld the bandich off my nee.

We are getting a new fish bowl to-day with another fish in it to make babies.

It was anty's birthday on Sunday. She got a string of pearls from Grandad, a hand-bag from Granny (and they're both ill with the same thing). Two pound ten from her husband, a tea-cosy from me, and flowers from Mummy.

My Mummy wonts a new beevur fur cote, becos her is going to a wedding. I am going too with a white dress and silver shoos and peech velvet round my middl.

I ywstoo have a rabbit but I selld it, becos I went to Kinghorn.

My twth came out at the Grafton Cafe. It went away on my chip-potato-plate. I got a big sixpence from the fairy. She left it on my pilo on the card telling her all about it.

I.(2).

REPORTS OF SOCIETIES

LITERARY AND DRAMATIC SOCIETY

It is understandable that every Committee should believe that the session in which it held office was the most successful in the Society's history. The past year, however, will always stand out as a milestone in the annals of the "Lit.," because it has marked the twenty-fifth anniversary of the foundation of the Society. We celebrated this Silver Jubilee at a party in January. The birthday cake held the place of honour, and toasts were drunk to the continuing success of the Society. The guests included many who had been associated with the Society since it began in 1926, and the evening was as noisy and entertaining as successful parties always are.

The other outstanding event of the year, the Society's production of "Tobias and the Angel," is fully reported on another page.

All the meetings in this Jubilee year have been of great interest. The "hardy annuals" of "To Start you Talking," "Magazine Night" and "Fourth Year Night" were again on the syllabus. The Fourth Year chose to present a "Scottish Night," and the applause of the audience showed how delightful we found this display of their talent. Those who are leaving the Society are happy to know that it remains in such capable hands.

We have held two debates this year, the motion for the first being "That this House Disapproves of the Edinburgh Festival." The standard of debating was good, but the motion was defeated. The other debate, held jointly with the Society of Daniel Stewart's College, was on the entertaining subject, "That Aids to Beauty are Commendable." The debating on this occasion was much more frivolous, and it was gratifying to the female part of the audience that the affirmative gained a decided majority. The joint-meeting with George Heriot's Literary and Dramatic Society was in the form of a play-reading of "The Dover Road," by A A Milne. Judging by the close attention and ready laughter of the audience, the meeting was a great success.

Our outside speaker this year was Mr Andrew McIntyre, who addressed the Society on "Writing for Radio." With his first-hand knowledge of the subject, Mr McIntyre held his audience completely absorbed, and many of the mysteries of broadcasting were solved that night. We were privileged, later in the year, to hear a talk, given by Miss Andrew, about her "Short Tour of America." This was a fascinating address, and Miss Andrew brought to life a country which, to many of us, is no more than a glamorous fairyland.

The most original meeting of the year was a symposium with the title, "These I Have Loved," in which members of the Society

presented papers on subjects varying from an Italian painting to speedway racing.

Much of the success of the year is a result of the splendid leadership of our President, Jean Gardner, for every meeting has gained by her efficient and graceful chairmanship. To Miss Foster, Miss Coulson and Miss M. E. R. Henderson we owe a tremendous debt of gratitude for the time and help which they are always willing to give. With such good friends and advise, the Society will go on from strength to strength.

NORMA L. DRUMMOND, *Hon. Secy.*

"TOBIAS AND THE ANGEL"

THE Literary and Dramatic Society chose for this year's dramatic performance James Bridie's play, "Tobias and the Angel." It was performed on the evenings of 4th and 5th April. In the main there was a separate cast for each night, although Jean Gardner, Diane Vyner, Dorothy Wilson, Sandra Dunbar, Betty Cant and Freda Finlayson played in both performances. Miss Coulson's cast played on the Wednesday night and Miss Foster's on the Thursday.

Both casts upheld worthily the traditions of good acting and good production which the Society has built up in the past years. It was evident from the first that the audience would more than agree with Bridie's own opinion that the play was "neat and lively and kept the audience awake."

The play is a testing one for amateurs, with its strange blend of history and modern idiom, its genuine religious theme, and "its jocular-conversational manner," its demons and its miracles; yet the whole was acted without the striking of a single false note. The acting was convincing from the moment when we see old Tobit groping his way across the stage, talking away to himself in his inimitable manner, to the moment when Azarias assumes his real personality, and to the awe-stricken mortals, prostrating themselves before his majesty, delivers the message of his Master.

The minor parts—the amateur acting of which can so easily ruin a production—were all well done. Sandra Dunbar as an Ethiopian slave, Lorna Goudie and Roma Finlayson as the Kurdish bandit, Dorothy Shearer as Asmoday—surely the most uncomfortable part to play—Betty Cant and Freda Finlayson, Dorothy Wilson and Diane Vyner as Sara's attendants who help to create the exotic atmosphere of a "Persian Garden"—were all at home in their parts.

The outstanding performance was undoubtedly given by Jean Gardner as Tobit. She brought out without over-acting the essential kindness and gentleness of the old man, the true worth of the man whom God had rewarded for his "works which were themselves prayers."

Mary Slater and Jean Moss also deserve special commendation for their acting of the part of Raphael. Mary Slater, perhaps, gave more the impression of the angel tolerant of the weaknesses of Tobias, while Jean Moss sounded at times rather more impatient. Both are possessed of pleasing voices, both succeeded in reconciling the characters of the servant and the angel, and both rose to the heights demanded by the climax of the play.

Margaret Hardie and Moyra Robertson acted well the part of Anna, so impatient with the quixotic generosity of her husband, Margaret Hardie appearing as the fussy, Moyra Robertson as the very practical, almost at times shrewish, wife; but both made very evident the deep, underlying love that Anna had for her "daft old Tobit."

Valerie Scott and Margaret Cessford as Tobias brought out convincingly his gradual transformation from a very young but very likable Tobias, afraid of Afreets and dead men, to the amusingly brave Tobias who can tell the bandit, "That's the sort of man I am," but who can have sudden lapses—"Azarias, get me out of this. You can marry Sara yourself." The audience enjoyed the humour of these scenes, and no less the fervent bursts of poetical fancies from the enamoured Tobias.

Winifred Auckland and Anne Davidson were obviously influential Jews conscious of their own importance, yet humorously depressed by the seven unfortunate marriages of Sara. Florence Chandler and Pamela Butcher were alluring Saras. Pamela Butcher was the more convincing in appearance, but both acted their parts well, especially in the difficult scene where we learn Sara has fallen in love "with an archangel 6000 years her senior."

The cast were fortunate in their costumes, which in the Persian scenes were quite in keeping with our conception of the gorgeous East, but the atmosphere of the play was not left to the words and the costumes; the scenery was extraordinarily realistic. The poor Jewish home in Nineveh, the banks of the Tigris, the Garden in Ecbatana, with their variations of tone were there before our eyes. Miss Campbell and the Art Department must be congratulated on the excellent sets, and thanked for the tremendous work these must have entailed.

The Literary Society are grateful to all who helped with lights, make-up and prompting; to Mr Sommerville for his ingenuity in supplying the "noises off"; Miss McIntyre, who was business manager; and Miss M. E. R. Henderson for her efficient work as stage manager; and especially to Miss Foster, Miss Coulson and Miss Campbell, who obviously devoted so much time to the production.

The appreciation of the audiences was the measure of their success.

C. C. H.

SCIENCE ASSOCIATION

ONCE more the Science Association has had a most successful year, with a large increase in membership, especially among the younger girls, who have given the Association the greatest support and help possible.

We were very fortunate this year in having two well-known outside speakers, and the Association turned out in full force to hear them. They were Mr H. H. Davidson, B.Sc., who gave an illustrated lecture on "British Plants in their Native Homes," and Professor Norman Feather, who gave a talk on "Atomic Energy."

Mr Seaton, whose film show has become a regular feature of our syllabus, again provided an instructive entertainment which was made more enjoyable by the introduction of the sound track. The presentation of small prizes to those members who excelled themselves in a quiz on the films was highly appreciated.

"Quiz Night" was a great success, and those who took part in the competitions soon found that their efforts had not been in vain when they were presented with a bar of chocolate and a pencil. Other meetings included "Impromptu Debates," "Short Papers," "Experiments" and a Staff meeting which was in the form of a Brains Trust. Unfortunately the Former Members' meeting and the Mock Trial had to be cancelled.

Our most popular meeting was of a non-scientific nature—namely, the Former Pupils' Reunion and Social, and it can be said that the Association arrived in full force to meet the Former Pupils and the Staff. Some of our members were fortunate in being invited to the Literary and Dramatic Association's Silver Jubilee, when a toast was proposed to the sister society, the Science Association.

We have had one excursion this year, to the Carron Iron Works, where we learnt much about the manufacture of baths, and, after tea in the canteen, entertained the manager and his staff with our rendering of the School Song.

I should like to thank the members for their support, and the Committee for their help, especially our untiring President, Mr Brash, for making this year a successful one, and on behalf of next year's Committee to welcome new members to the Association.

MARY C. MCGREGOR, *Hon. Treasurer.*

SKETCH CLUB

ONCE again we are able to report that the Sketch Club has had a very successful year. The Craft Section is becoming increasingly popular, and many members find that they have unsuspected talent for handiwork. The girls have concentrated on weaving and toy-making.

As there has been a smaller attendance in the Art Section, the staff have been able to pay more attention to individual painting, and we are very grateful to them for the marked improvement in our work. Most of the time has been spent in freehand painting, and we have enjoyed it very much.

We hope for an even larger attendance in the coming session, and look forward to next year.

HAZEL NORWELL, *Secretary.*

SCHOOL CHOIR

At the beginning of the session our chief difficulty was to replace those who had left our ranks, but these places were quickly refilled, and our work was well under way. There have been other difficulties from time to time, but we have had a successful and enjoyable session.

The Choir has given two performances outside School, the first to an audience of old people. It was really wonderful to see how much pleasure we gave to our listeners on this occasion. At Christmas we sang to the public again at a Youth Rally in the Central Hall, and there was little doubt that the audience enjoyed our programme of carols. A feature of this evening was the number of competent soloists who were heard.

The Choir's contribution to Founder's Day Service this year was the anthem, "Brother James's Air," and it was proved that the familiarity of this music did not make it any less beautiful. During the year the Choir has sung many anthems at Morning Assembly, adding greatly to the dignity of these services.

We are now rehearsing busily for the Closing Concert at the end of June, the occasion on which the Choir's achievements are displayed to greatest advantage. The programme will include "A Summer Night," by Thomas Dunhill, and an arrangement of "The Campbells are Comin'."

Mr Sommerville has been untiring in his efforts to make us give of our best, and what we have achieved is largely owed to him. Miss Nicoll, our accompanist, is an indispensable friend, and although her work is sometimes overlooked, we assure her that we know that we could not continue without her help.

NORMA L. DRUMMOND.

SCHOOL ORCHESTRA

ONE of the sources of pride in School is the part that music takes in the School curriculum; and music always becomes more interesting when we have an instrument of our own and take an active part in music-making.

This session the School Orchestra has again satisfied the thirst for music-making. We do not claim that our talent is generally exceptional, but our enthusiasm and enjoyment are infinitely great, which matters far more.

Mr Sommerville has recruited some of the younger pupils to the ranks of the Second Violins, and we are very glad to see young members coming along to take the place of those who will be leaving.

Earlier in the session we played "Melody in F" from "Orpheus" by Gluck; "Allegretto," by Marcello; and Three pieces from the Stanwell Album: "Largo in G," by Handel, "Sarabande" and "Gavotte and Musette in D" by J. S. Bach, who, we suspect, is one of Mr Sommerville's most preferred composers. Later in the session the orchestra played two dances from "Comus" by Arne, and a Musette by Gluck. At present we are practising our concert programme, which comprises "O Lovely Peace," by Bach, the choral item in the concert; Rondeau from "The Fairy Queen," by Purcell; and the last movement of the Concertino for Piano and Strings, by Walter Leigh, a twentieth century composer. This last work grows in interest as we play it, and we derive much pleasure from playing music of our own century.

A word of appreciation must be said to Mr Sommerville, who has faithfully conducted all the practices. It is no light task to stand conducting an orchestra for a solid hour, especially after teaching all day, and we are very grateful for his interest and patience and advice.

We hope for continued success for the Orchestra next session, urging those of you who read this report, that you will enjoy music far more if you come and play it for yourself.

JEAN GARDNER.

SCRIPTURE UNION

THIS session has seen another rise in numbers, and meetings have been held regularly each Thursday in Room 7 at 8.30 a.m. Interest in S.U. activities out of School has also increased, notably in the winter series of monthly rallies held in the Bristo Baptist Church Hall, Queensferry Road, when the School branch took third place for Edinburgh in the Inter-Schools Quiz, and Isobel Cochrane gained first prize in the Junior Quiz.

During the Christmas holidays, a Scottish Conference, attended by approximately 200 young people, was held for a few days at Dounan's Camp, Aberfoyle. Two of our School members were present. The Conference is long remembered for the inspired talk given by Mr David Bentley-Taylor, of the China Inland Mission, Mr R. MacCallum, Rector of Bathgate Academy, and Mr Brans-

Burbridge, C.U. Travelling Secretary for English Schools. The place itself is long remembered for the great beauty of the countryside at that time of year.

During the Easter holidays, for those in Edinburgh whose school holidays did not coincide with the camps, new plans were made for an "Operation Roundabout." This "holiday-at-home" comprised a week's visits to places of interest in Edinburgh, and included Duncan's Chocolate Factory and Walls' Ice Creamery, which proved extremely popular, and an optional visit on the Saturday to Renfrew Airport, followed by tea and the Glasgow Rally, in which George Watson's Ladies' College won the semi-finals of the Scottish Inter-School Quiz. Every day, except Saturday, concluded with tea and a short talk in St. Andrew's Church Halls, 43 Queen Street.

On Saturday, 12th May, some of our members took part in the conducted tour of a warship in Rosyth, and were afterwards invited to tea on board.

Special future dates are the Swimming Gala at Warrender Park Baths on 31st May and the Edinburgh outing to Aberdour on 23rd June. This summer we shall also be well represented at the Inter-Schools Camps, and Aberfeldy is very popular with the prospective campers.

This session we have seen the branch grow in number, and the work itself grow in scope, and we are constantly grateful for the increased blessing during the past two and a half years

JEAN GARDNER, *Secretary*

E.S.C.A.

E.S.C.A. this year has continued to be an extremely popular schools society, the number of members from Gillespie's this year being over forty.

The inaugural address was given by Mr P. G. Murray, of the British Council, who, most appropriately, spoke on World Citizenship. One of the most successful meetings of the first term was a "Guest Night," which was held in Youth House. Unfortunately, as accommodation was restricted, only five Gillespie members were able to attend. The discussion at this meeting was very heated, the subject being, "Has E.S.C.A. justified its existence?" The Christmas Dance was held in George Watson's, and was, of course, the best-attended meeting of the session.

In the Spring Term E.S.C.A. heard many distinguished speakers, the first of whom was Miss Anne Redpath, who lectured on "Modern Art." At two meetings later in the term, a "Political Forum" and a "Brains Trust," the Association heard the opinions of a number of M.P.s and other well-known public figures. A Mock Trial,

which was held in the Dean of Guild Court, was extremely successful, even though it was too long.

Up to date three meetings have been held in the Summer Term, two debates and a lecture on economics by Mr John Stocks. In June we are to hear a lecture on "The Theatre" by the well-known actor, Duncan Macrae.

During the Christmas holidays six members of E.S.C.A. attended the C.E.W.C. Conference in London and were privileged to hear, among other distinguished speakers, Dr Charles Hill, M.P., and the Archbishop of York.

The Easter Conference was held, for the second year running, at Wiston Lodge, and was again extremely successful. Much of its success can be attributed to Miss Freda Hawkins, who did most of the organisation. Miss Hawkins must also be thanked for the unfailing interest she has taken in E.S.C.A., not only this year, but since the Association was started ten years ago.

SANDRA C. B. DUNBAR.

FIELD CLUB

OWING to the late season and inclement weather, it has been difficult to arrange excursions this year, but we have had two outings to Colinton Dell so far. In June, however, we hope to make an extensive survey of the flora of the Water of Leith and the Colinton district. We hope to have a good attendance at these meetings.

MARGARET YOUNGER, *Secretary*.

"TRAVELLERS' TALES"

I.

ANNECY, 1950

"I JUST can't think of any remark suitable for introducing our article on Annecy! Do you think it might do to say: 'What does this glorious sunshine remind you of?' To which you would reply, 'Ah yes, of course, Annecy!'—and then perhaps we could say something to the point."

"I doubt it. You know, it is a nuisance that there was an article about Annecy in last year's magazine. I suppose we just can't repeat all the same things over again—you know, the lake shimmering in the sunshine, the blue sky above and the old town nestling at the foot of the mountains, and all that!"

"No, I suppose we can't say it all over again. Still, it is true that the beauty of the place cannot be exaggerated. . . . And we did have such a lovely time there, what with bathing and boating—

"And going up Mont Veyrier (isn't it a lovely name?) in the 'téléphérique.' I don't know when I was so frightened. There we were in that small square box going up the mountainside, and a few yards off were the cliffs, going down!"

"That was only one of our excursions, though. Don't you remember Geneva and the glacier at Chamonix?"

"I certainly do. And I remember the horrid misty rain that accompanied us that day. Quite like Scotland, wasn't it?"

"Talking of rain, do you remember that awful downpour on the 'fourteenth,' when all the fireworks were spoiled and we had to stay in our dormitory all day?"

"Don't I just! But then it did clear up in the evening, and it was lovely outside in the warm darkness, seeing the lights on the lakeside reflected in the water."

"What a fairy-like place it was! Had we only had more money and time, and perhaps a motor car, I don't think we could have had a more enjoyable holiday anywhere."

"That is true; money was a problem, but even more so in Paris than in Annecy, don't you think? There were so many lovely things to buy in Paris that I could have ignored all the historic buildings and spent all our visit there in the shops if I had had more than about three shillings left of my pocket money!"

"Yet I do feel that our holiday was hardly ruined by lack of money. I think lack of food was my greatest worry."

"Knowing you, I can well believe it would be!"

"Laugh if you like, but I don't see how *anybody* can last out a whole day with lunch at twelve and dinner at eight and *nothing* in between. And French cooking at that!"

"All right then, keep calm: it's all over now. But can't you get away from the material side of things and keep to the romantic? In retrospect, all the little natural drawbacks of a school trip fade into the background when I think of all the delights of our holiday in France. How I should love to go back!"

"I should too; and I know that that goes for all of us who were at Annecy last year."

R. M., L.C., V.I.A.

HOLLAND, 1950

ONE July evening a party of school girls and boys waved goodbye to their parents and friends as the London train steamed out of the Waverley Station; the next afternoon they were lustily singing "Westering Home" into a microphone at the Hook of Holland.

After disembarking from the steamer we were taken by bus to Zandvoort, a small seaside resort outside Haarlem, where we stayed during the fortnight we were in Holland. Several tours had been

arranged for us by Mr Numann, our Dutch guide, and in the morning after breakfast we took our cameras and climbed into a long luxurious bus which was even equipped with a radio and left Zandvoot for a day's sightseeing. One of the most interesting tours was to Volendam and Markem on the Zuyder Zee, where the villagers do not wear modern clothes, but still wear the colourful Dutch national costume, complete with clogs, white bonnets and patches. Another day we toured Amsterdam in motor launches along the canals. The canals run right through the city to the harbour, and they are crossed by hundreds of bridges of all shapes and sizes, both the very old and the very new. We also visited the cheese market at Alkmaar, the flower market at Aalsmeer, the Peace Palace at the Hague, and Schipol air port, where we saw a huge silver grey air liner leave for London airport.

Our geography books tell us that Holland is a flat low country with many windmills and canals, but while we were touring around Zandvoot the gay villas, each one different from its neighbours, impressed us most. We were also struck by the number of bicycles on the streets; during lunch time in Haarlem neither pedestrian nor motorist can move in the narrow streets for the hordes of cyclists who are rushing home in every direction. Most of the Dutch people in shops and cafes could speak English, which both relieved and surprised us because, at the beginning of our holiday, very few of us could speak a word of Dutch.

All too soon the last day came; we bought the last present, ate a last cream cake, had our last dip in the sea, and began our packing. Everyone was very anxious to spend the last cent of their Dutch currency, and rather helplessly we asked each other, "What can you buy with fifty cents?" We ate our last breakfast of smoked ham—raw bacon as it was commonly called—and soon we were walking up the gangway, having said a regretful goodbye to the windmills, the canals, our favourite little rickety bridge, and to our kindly Dutch hosts, who had made our holiday enjoyable.

MARJORIE BRUCE, VI.B.

DANISH REMINISCENCES

IN July I had the pleasure of entertaining a Danish girl, Birthe Schon, in my home. Fortunately she was able to speak fairly good English, but there were times when we had to run for our Danish-English dictionaries. On one occasion I remarked that Aarhus, a Danish town, could be called "Oor Hoose." Birthe laughed and showed us in the dictionary that that pronunciation meant "a stable."

Birthe was with us for a fortnight in Edinburgh, and then I started out on my adventure. The party of fifty was aboard S.S.

"Parkeston" from Tuesday till Thursday, and at last we were on Danish soil.

To begin with I was rather wary of tasting the different food, but I found everything very appetising. The food is mostly much sweeter than ours, and is very rich. Birthe's mother got to know what I liked best, and so during the second week of my stay my evening meal always consisted of three eggs with bread and cream cheese. I counted up later than I had had seventeen eggs in the last five days of my holiday!

Each day I was taken sightseeing, when I visited such famous places as Amalienborg Castle, Roskilde Cathedral and Carlsberg Brewery. The party was one day taken on a bus tour of Sjaelland, when we visited Fredensborg and Frederiksborg castles. Also on that tour we were taken round Kronberg Castle, Elsinore, where the scene of "Hamlet" is set.

Copenhagen is fortunate in having Tivoli, one of the largest amusement parks in Europe, which is situated in the centre of the city. This park has beautiful gardens, illuminated at night, where old people find great pleasure watching children boating on the pond. Not far from this peaceful scene the young people are enjoying themselves on the ruschabin (scenic railway), the Giant Star, and at the mime theatre or dance halls.

With such memories in our minds, the Scottish boys and girls attended a farewell party given by our hosts in Ny Carlsberg Vejens Skole, at which all our Danish friends were pupils. There I first saw the Danish national costume, which is very bright and colourful. We were shown Danish Folk-dancing and in return we showed the Danes some Scottish Country Dances.

The following evening the Scottish pupils boarded S.S. "Parkeston" once again. We ran into a very bad storm, but for those few who were not seasick—Gillespie's had four good sailors—this added excitement to our holiday. We all came through it in good spirit and arrived home in Edinburgh very tired but happy to be back amongst "oor ain folk."

MARGARET WRIGHT, 4S.

SCHOOL SPORTS

HOCKEY

The 1st XI. has completed a successful season, only having lost twice to our old enemies, Boroughmuir, and once to Mary Erskine and Dunfermline.

Neither the Junior nor the Senior Team was particularly successful in the Annual Schools Tournament held, as usual, at Meggetland. The Seniors, in a disappointing match, lost to Leith Academy, while the Juniors were defeated by Tynecastle.

Although they did not win their section, the 1st XI. played well in the American Tournament held at East Fettes Field. The team defeated West Calder and Rothesay House, but lost to Mary Erskine, who won the section.

Unfortunately this year the annual Staff v. Pupils match had to be cancelled.

The gap which was left by Miss Welsh when she left to be married has been very ably filled by Miss Adamson, under whose tuition the teams have greatly improved.

1st XI. Colours have been awarded to Mary Hutchison and Rhona McCurdie.

McCullie.			RESULTS				Goals	
	Played	Won	Lost	Drawn	Cancelled	For	Against	
1st XI.	- 16	12	4	—	8	63	37	
2nd XI.	- 14	7	5	2	12	32	29	
3rd XI.	- 14	6	5	3	9	36	24	
4th XI.	- 14	6	8	—	8	23	47	
5th XI.	- 8	4	3	1	6	21	10	
6th XI.	- 6	2	3	1	5	10	18	
							R. McC.	

TENNIS

This year's tennis team, which comprises Clair Philip and Olive Wightman, Sheena Charters and Mary Hutchison, Morag Denoon and Jean Fraser, with Sheila Logan as reserve player, has opened the season by winning the first match, played away, against Dunfermline, by seven matches to two, and the second match, played at home, against Trinity, by nine matches to nothing. Encouraged by these successes, the team hopes for further victories in the four matches which remain, against Daniel Stewart's College, Boroughmuir (two matches) and the Royal High School.

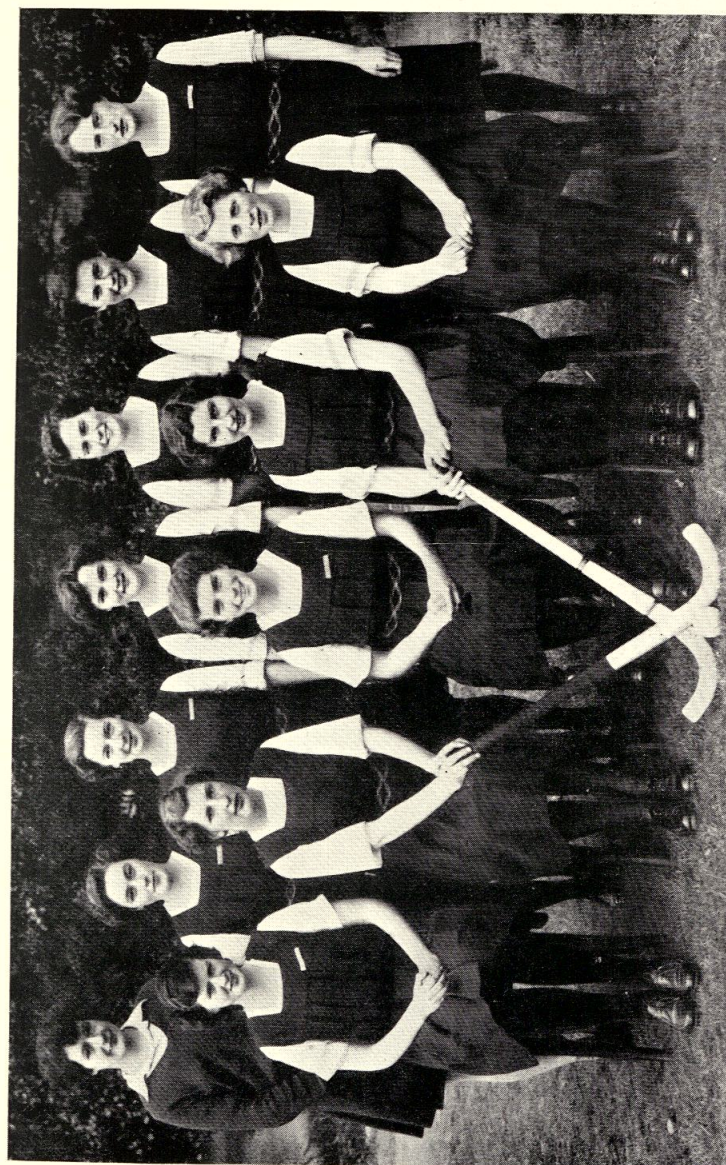
M. C. H.

CRICKET

At the General Meeting of the club, the following office-bearers were elected :—

Captain	-	-	-	-	Irene Brown.
Vice-Captain	-	-	-	-	Anne Harper.
Secretary	-	-	-	-	Marjorie MacKenzie.

Unfortunately Mr Somerville is unable to continue coaching the club but we are carrying on by ourselves meanwhile. At the time of going



FIRST XI. HOCKEY, 1950-51

Back Row—Miss Adamson, H. Ross, I. Lawson, J. Fraser, C. Philip, E. Sime, K. Dunlop.
Front Row—S. Manson, M. Hutchison, R. McCurdie (Captain), M. Denoon, A. Simpson.

TENNIS TEAM 1950-51,



Back Row—S. Logan, M. Denoon, J. Fraser.
Front Row—C. Philip, M. Hutchison, O. Wightman.

CRICKET TEAM, 1950-51



Back Row—H. Ross, M. Wright, P. Ferguson, P. McKellar, S. Brown, E. Bryce.
Front Row—M. Steele, M. Mackenzie, I. Brown (Captain), A. Harper, N. Shires.

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press, matches with Esdaile, St. George's and the University have been played. To come, there are matches with Moray House and with Glasgow University. We also hope to play the F.P.s and the Staff.

I. F. B., A. H., M. M. M.

GOLF

The Golf Club resumed its activities in the third term, and once more Mr Houston, the professional at the Braids, has kindly agreed to give lessons throughout the term. We hope that, with his tuition, our standard will reach a high level. We are looking forward to one or two outings and competitions which Miss Macgregor has arranged to take place in June on the Braids and Bruntfield Links.

E. McN.

SWIMMING (Senior)

Once again the swimming club has had a most successful year, the enthusiasm of the younger members from the Primary School doing much to maintain the high number of certificates awarded during the season. The results of the June examination are not yet available, but to date 119 certificates have been awarded, which in itself is most satisfactory.

Our congratulations go to Margaret Howieson, who is Swimming Champion this year.

Senior School Certificates awarded :—

Elementary	Intermediate	Advanced	Life Saving
22	10	9	13

SWIMMING (Junior)

Membership of the junior club is now limited to fifty on each day. As the demand is so high, places are reserved for those with a good record of attendance during the session.

The instructresses are now able to give adequate coaching to each pupil and they report that the progress made by the club members this year has been most satisfactory.

Prize List

Swimming Championship	-	-	-	1. Winifred Horsburgh, P.VII.2.
				2. Aileen Hall, P.VII.1.
Diving Championship	-	-	-	1. Joyce Poole, P.VI.1.
				2. Margaret Wilson, P.VII.1.
Life-Saving Prize	-	-	-	Eleanor Mitchell, P.VII.1.
Progress Prize	-	-	-	Irene Miller, P.VII.2.
House Championship	-	-	-	Gilmore.
Certificates gained during Winter and Spring Terms	-	-	-	Elementary, 38 ; Intermediate, 16 ; Advanced, 10 ; Life-Saving, 1.

A. B. L.

FORMER PUPILS' SECTION

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

"AN OLD GIRL ON THE FIELD"

(It is with the greatest of pleasure that we print this article from NANCY PATERSON, formerly a School Dux, and now Principal of a Training College for Primary Teachers in Poona, Western India.)

SOME time ago a patient editor asked me to write something for our School Magazine. She indicated that an article from an "Old Girl on the Field" would interest readers. This phrase—with all due deference to her who had her day of red pencil marginal comments in my essay books—filled me with horror. Is it possible that I have indeed become an "Old Girl on the Field"?

What a picture that must conjure up in your lively imaginations! Do you see me wading through jungle swamps; sitting at the door of a tent with a little ring of willing learners round my feet; or stricken with malaria, or worse, and looking like some courageous but jaundiced Lady of Shalott?

At this very moment I am lying in warm mountain sun. My face is just the colour it used to be more than ten years ago when people on the top corridor used to point and say, "She's been on the Lit. Hike!" Before me lie the snow-capped Himalayas and away to the right the strangely exciting mountains of Tibet.

The pine trees might belong to any Scottish forest, but a scarlet minivet flashing among the branches with his golden mate, or a startlingly brilliant flower-like butterfly hovering near, make me remember that I am many miles from home.

Needless to say, an "Old Girl on the Field" does not spend her life on the mountain tops gazing at birds and butterflies. You will gather that I am in holiday mood. Indeed I have just come on holiday—a mere fourteen hundred miles from Poona, where at present I live and work.

How I remember home holidays, when we all set out in search of sunshine and warmth! We have come here in search of gladdening and strengthening cold. The sight of snow is a blessing indeed, and a real, healthy shiver an experience to be treasured after the heat of the plains.

Yet it is back to the plains that I must go now in an effort to give you some sort of impression of the work there.

When I came out to India two and a half years ago, I had no idea what lay ahead. It is true that I had preconceived ideas and others' impressions amongst my mental luggage, but much of this had to be jettisoned. If anyone asked me now what my main impression of a missionary's life was, I should say briefly—a journey into the unknown and unexpected, demanding and satisfying, frustrating and stimulating by turns. From short experience, I should say that one's most valuable equipment consists of a strong personal faith, a love of people and of work, adaptability, good health, common sense and a highly developed sense of humour.

My first year was spent in Bombay in St. Columba High School teaching Scripture and English. Later on, I became Warden of the Hostel.

At first the unfamiliarity of it all was disconcerting. It seemed so unreal to teach a girl with a ruby sunk in her left nostril, or to catch sight of a jingling silver anklet on the slender brown foot which appeared underneath a front desk. I could hardly listen to a girl's answer because the bright sun played on her gold bangles, in the shining folds of her silk sari, and on the gleam of her well-oiled black hair. The sound of the wind in the palm branches or the squawk of a green parrot in the compound outside provided the most delightful distractions and I was in danger of becoming the most inattentive of teachers.

Gradually, everything became strangely familiar, and the truth that all schoolgirls are alike became quite clear to me. She may wear a ruby in her nose, pearls in her ears, oil on her hair and a gracefully folded sari, but her needs are the same as those of any Scottish girl. She is not, I may say, above doing her exercise for a Maths mistress in the English period, pretending that she is too unwell to play games; or saying her English repetition with a book carefully propped up under the desk!

Scripture lessons were most interesting. There was no question of apathy. Occasionally a Hindu girl would ask such a searching question on one of the truths from the sermon on the Mount that I myself would learn as I sought to teach.

It was with some regret that I heard that June of my transfer from Bombay to Poona. This meant a sudden change of setting, of type of work and of companions; a beginning all over again, in fact. Now, after a year in this new work, I have forgotten my regret. While the grace and loveliness of the Bombay schoolgirl remain real in my memory, the Poona work absorbs me and the place itself has become like home.

There could be no better illustration of the variety of mission work in the educational sphere alone than that afforded by Bombay and Poona. In Bombay, the work I saw lay mostly amongst the middle and privileged classes, with the High Schools and College as the centre. In Poona, we are amongst the poor, less educated. The

work becomes not only educational, but also social. The problems it presents are very different.

I had the fortune—or misfortune—to succeed a very able missionary who had spent nearly forty years in India. Many relied on her wise judgment, and there were times when I felt ridiculously like Simple Simon on the throne of Solomon. The main job was to be Principal of a Training College for Primary Teachers, Lady Superintendent of a Practising School of six hundred children, manager of five other primary schools in the city. Do you remember Loooh-bah in "The Mikado"? My position since last October has been a little like his—my offices as numerous. Now I am glad to say that a colleague has just joined me and for a time we can share the load. I now understand exactly how the little boy felt who kept his hand in the dyke to keep the floods back.

Yet in the midst of an impossible task there were lighter moments. Some of the oldest inhabitants of the compound, like the *pattiwala* (janitor-cum-messenger) or an old call-woman (who brings tiny children from their homes to the school) showed a comical awareness of my unfitness for the task, but a strangely touching protectiveness; "Leave everything to us," they said in turn, "we'll see that everything goes on as well as it did in the big lady's time. Although you have no experience at all, you'll learn."

Certain times stand out most clearly in my memory and serve to illustrate the unexpectedness of this life.

There was the month I spent at Wardha, where Gandhiji lived and worked out his principles of education based on the fundamental needs of man. Chairs were not one of man's fundamental needs, and sitting on the floor all day gave no small trouble to my long spine. It was a real privilege to live in this truly national setting for these weeks, and surprising to see how much part of that community I could become.

There was my first morning on students' prayers, the first row I gave to four little boys with slings—each in its way an ordeal in a foreign language. There was the day I visited the home of a Hindu student who had just lost her husband, and saw for the first time the meaning of widowhood in a Hindu house and the hopelessness of non-Christian grief. There was the morning when three of our school children had to be sent out of the class, sick with hunger, because there was no grain ration in the house. There was the time when we had a case of measles, of mumps and of hysteria in the students' hostel all in one day. Even the qualities of a detective are useful, as I knew when we discovered a hole in our main water-pipe through which a sugar-cane juice seller was meeting his water requirements at our expense.

It is true that a missionary has a spiritual vocation, but the material side must not be ignored, and indeed it is through ordinary things that many of us can best show what a working faith means.

In some ways, it is easier to give a devotional talk than to cope with Government officials; to teach a Scripture lesson than to find out who took two rupees from another girl's desk; to lead hymn-singing than to give a positive criticism to a very dull lesson—yet in the multitude of little things many eyes watch and judge.

It has been said that a very good missionary once undid the good work of a life-time by throwing something at his cook. This ludicrous warning has real point when one has lived through a hot season—those days when one is tempted to think nobody capable or reliable except oneself; when molehills become mountains at the slightest provocation, and every teacup holds a potential storm. It is learning to "walk and not faint" that is difficult.

But one of the joys of this work is that one is never alone. No missionary can write of "my" school and "my" work unless she has lost sight of this. We take part only in a great work which goes on at all times and in all places. "A journey into the unknown and unexpected" it is indeed, but with the traveller are fellow-pilgrims and He, who knows the path for each of us, is journeying too.

Without this conviction, no missionary could survive, but with it and the extra strength it gives, the joy of tackling the impossible becomes a real experience.

FOOTNOTE.—It may not be known to most readers how many links our School has with the type of work which is so vividly presented above. Besides Nancy Paterson in Poona, the following Former Pupils are serving, or have served, as missionaries:—Katherine Thomson (West Africa); Jessie Ree, now Mrs McKenzie (Madras); Marjory Sommerville (China); Irene Glass (Rajputana); Isobel McDonald (Peru). We have been asked by the Foreign Mission Committee of the Church of Scotland to print the following appeal:—

HAVE YOU HEARD OF THIS URGENT NEED IN PAKISTAN?

In the Punjab Mission Field there are six large districts with four women missionaries responsible for the training of Biblewomen and other evangelistic work. Three of these missionaries now nearing the age limit will shortly be retiring, and one of them sends an S.O.S. asking who is to carry on the work when this happens, and she writes:—

"We can see no way of getting more Biblewomen. We have at the moment three Biblewomen in Sialkot, one in Daska, and one in Gujrat. We have two more in training, but when the accumulated balances from Jammu W.F.M. Account are finished we have no funds for the training of more Biblewomen.

"I wonder if the people at home realise the condition of our village Christians? This year we have built a Biblewomen's room in Alshrota where we can spend a night weekly and thus reach the outlying villages in which no women's work has been done for many years, if at all. Last week we visited two of these villages to hold services. We were grieved to find that many of the Christian women did not even know the Lord's Prayer and could not sing a psalm. What was much worse, they were wearing Muslim charms and the children assured us that they go regularly to worship at the Muslim graves. In one village most of the Christian homes were destroyed in the floods, and many of the Christians have been given shelter in Muslim homes. You will understand what this is to lead to.

"We have good schools and colleges for our Christian girls, but how is this to help the Church in Pakistan if our village homes are not established in the faith and our simple people are not to hear the good news of Jesus Christ?"

Are you interested? For further information please apply to the Candidates Secretary, Foreign Mission Department, 121 George Street, Edinburgh, 2.

FORMER PUPILS' CLUB

Two enjoyable and well-attended Country Dances have been held this session—on 8th December 1950 and 23rd February 1951—a pleasing feature of these being the presence of Former Pupils of all ages, from last year's pupils to those whose School days ended twenty-five years ago.

It is hoped that next session we may be able to have more frequent meetings, and that the club membership, which has now increased to ninety, will rise still further.

Subscriptions (2s. 6d., including the cost of the Magazine) are due in October, and should be paid to the Secretary, Miss M. E. R. HENDERSON, 47 Ladysmith Road, Edinburgh, 9, or at the General Meeting in October.

FORMER PUPILS' CRICKET CLUB

All interested should communicate with the Captain, AGNES LONGDEN, 1 St. Ninian's Road, Corstorphine.

FORMER PUPILS' HOCKEY CLUB

RESULTS during season 1950-51 have not been very good, and despite the fact that the 1st XI.'s record looks reasonable, the standard of play could still be improved. A serious falling-off in membership made the fielding of two elevens difficult, and the club must thank

sincerely Miss Rhona McCurdie and the members of the School elevens who helped out on quite numerous occasions. It is hoped that this interest in the club will lead to an increase in the number of players coming from School.

Members should note that practices will be held on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays during September, commencing on the 1st, and it is hoped that coaching by the S.W.H.A. will be available on the first three Saturdays. All girls leaving School and interested in hockey are cordially invited to attend these practices, and should contact the Secretary, Miss MARGARET M. BROWN, 19 Comely Bank Road, Edinburgh, 4 (Telephone—BYP 3895) as soon as possible.

		Played	Won	Lost	Drawn	Goals	
						For	Against
1st XI.	-	15	9	3	3	42	26
2nd XI.	-	16	5	7	4	44	48

MARGARET M. BROWN, *Hon. Secretary.*

F. P. NOTES

At Edinburgh University the following Former Pupils have gained the degrees of:—

M.B., Ch.B.—SHEILA BLACK.

Ph.D.—AUDREY BARKER, B.Sc.

M.A. with Honours—ISABELLA WALLIS (English); ELIZABETH CROMARTY, DAISY FALLSIDE, MAIRI MACDONALD, ELIZABETH MACPHERSON and MARGUERITE MYLES (French and German); FRANCES WOOD, CATHERINE HERRIOT and DOROTHY WATERSTON (History); ANNE CANTLEY, JOYCE HAMILTON and JOAN LAWRENCE (Geography).

M.A.—LILLIAN SPENCE.

The *Diploma in Education* has been gained by ELSPETH CADDIS, M.A., and WINIFRED DICKSON, B.Sc. RAY FERRIER has gained the medal in the Chemistry Class.

In the Edinburgh University Women's Boat Club, MARJORY HARKNESS has rowed regularly for the 1st Crew, and KATHLEEN ROBB, MARGARET ROBB, MOYRA HENDERSON and RAY DUNLOP for the 2nd Crew.

In the University Athletic Club, CHRISTINE CLEPHANE and AVRIL JOHNSTON have had several successes, the former winning the 100, 220 and 440 yards events and the Haultain Trophy for the best individual performance at the recent University Sports.

ALICE MACFARLANE, B.Sc., has been appointed to a post in Mary Erskine School, and JOYCE HAMILTON, M.A., to Buckie High School.

FRANCES LUNDIE, M.A., was selected to represent the Scottish Primary School Teachers at the recent Brussels Conference on the teaching of reading.

Mrs SPARK (Muriel Camberg) recently broadcast, in the Third Programme, a talk on Mary Shelley's "Frankenstein" and "The Last Man."

MARRIAGES

ABBOTT—BEALE.—In June 1950, W. G. DUDLEY ABBOTT to EILEEN BEALE, 29 Lixmount Avenue.

STIRTON—GARDINER.—In June 1950, GEORGE STIRTON to ISOBEL GARDINER, 54 Hollybank Terrace.

- MACLEAN—MACMILLAN.—In July 1950, CALUM MACLEAN to RUTH MACMILLAN, Gigha.
- MUTCH—STEVENS.—In July 1950, GEORGE MUTCH to MARGARET STEVENS, 291 Dalkeith Road.
- LOWE—YOUNG.—In July 1950, JAMES LOWE to DOROTHY YOUNG, 2 Chesser Crescent.
- MCLAUCHLAN—KEMP.—In July 1950, OLIVER MCLAUCHLAN to MAUREEN KEMP, 11 Shandon Crescent.
- ORD—SWANSON.—In August 1950, Lieut. JOHN ORD, R.N., to BETTY SWANSON, 7 Mertoun Place.
- RAFFAN—LOCHORE.—In August 1950, S. J. RAFFAN to BETTY LOCHORE, 1 Tantallon Place.
- MCLEOD—BEATTIE.—In August 1950, W. T. MCLEOD to THELMA BEATTIE, 128 Balgreen Road.
- ROSS—BORTHWICK.—In August 1950, STANLEY ROSS to ELIZABETH BORTHWICK, 18 Polwarth Crescent.
- BANKS—STEWART.—In August 1950, J. G. BANKS to SHEILA STEWART.
- SCHACHINGER—SCOTT.—In September 1950, FREDERICK SCHACHINGER to WINIFRED SCOTT.
- MCMILLAN—THORN.—In September 1950, ALEXANDER MCMILLAN to ELIZABETH THORN, 7 Strathfillan Road.
- SMITH—HALKETT.—In September 1950, DANIEL SMITH to KATHLEEN HALKETT, 7 Hailes Avenue.
- STEELE—EMMERSON.—In September 1950, DAVID H. STEELE to KATHLEEN EMMERSON, 194 Crewe Road North.
- MACKAY—WELSH.—In September 1950, COLIN MACKAY to MOLLIE WELSH.
- RUTHERFORD—GAVINE.—In September 1950, CHARLES RUTHERFORD to AGNES GAVINE, 11 Viewforth.
- SEWELL—BEALE.—In September 1950, W. L. SEWELL to SHAN BEALE, Whitehouse Road.
- BUCHANAN—GOSWELL.—In September 1950, W. K. BUCHANAN to RITA GOSWELL, 10 Spylaw Bank Road.
- WRIGHT—LOCHHEAD.—In September 1950, S. M. WRIGHT to MAE LOCHHEAD, 62 Cowan Road.
- MCALL—HAY.—In September 1950, E. B. MCALL to PHYLLIS HAY, 17 Crewe Crescent.
- BEATTIE—DICKSON.—In October 1950, JOHN BEATTIE to ELIZABETH DICKSON, 25 Polwarth Crescent.
- BUROWSKI—BLIGHT.—In October 1950, ZYGMUNT BUKOWSKI to EDITH BLIGHT, 13 Keith Crescent.
- GRAHAM—LAW.—In October 1950, G. H. GRAHAM to MARGOT LAW, 39 Thirlestane Road.
- THOMSON—WALLACE.—In October 1950, I. M. THOMSON to ELMA WALLACE, 5 Eyre Crescent.
- ROYLE—COOK.—In November 1950, F. F. ROYLE to JEAN M. COOK, 28 Woodburn Terrace.
- ABRAMSON—DODS.—In December 1950, ALLAN ABRAMSON to MORAG DODS, Windyridge, Colinton Road.
- ROSS—MOORE.—In December 1950, F. S. ROSS to ELLA MOORE, 60 Marchmont Road.
- GIBBINS—ARMSTRONG.—In December 1950 F. B. GIBBINS to MARGARET ARMSTRONG, 57 Newington Road.
- ELLIOT—ETHERIDGE.—In January 1951, I. G. ELLIOT to AILSA ETHRIDGE, 6 Colinton Road.
- PETERKIN—PETER.—In January 1951, N. P. PETERKIN to HELEN PETER, 104 Broomhall Avenue.
- ATKINSON—INNES.—In February 1951, W. O. ATKINSON to MARGARET INNES, 1 Boswall Square.

- BIRSE—KIRK.—In February 1951, R. M. BIRSE to SYBIL KIRK, 83 Greenbank Road.
- MAXTON—ELLIS.—In March 1951, S. J. MAXTON to ISOBEL ELLIS, 50 Craiglockhart Crescent.
- FRASER—ECKFORD.—In March 1951, H. J. FRASER to DOROTHY ECKFORD, 7 St. John's Gardens.
- LOWIT—O'NEILL.—In March 1951, I. M. LOWIT to SHEILA O'NEILL, 103 Greenbank Road.
- MCATEER—BOOTH.—In April 1951, WILLIAM MCATEER to DOREEN BOOTH, 22 Scotland Street.
- MACLEOD—IMRIE.—In April 1951, E. H. MACLEOD to AGNES IMRIE, 2 Roseburn Street.
- BOA—LOWE.—In April 1951, G. R. BOA to RUBY LOWE, 3 Robb's Loan.
- TOON—STEVENS.—In April 1951, DAVID TOON to HELEN STEVENS, 291 Dalkeith Road.
- GRAIN—WALLER.—In May 1951, RONALD GRAIN, D.F.C., to ELIZABETH WALLER, Drylaw Green, Blackhall.

BIRTHS

- MACARTHUR.—In June 1950, to Mr and Mrs A. MACARTHUR (Jean Scott), a son.
- LAING.—In July 1950, to Mr and Mrs J. B. LAING (Eleanor Kidd), a son.
- HANCOCK.—In August 1950, to Dr and Mrs D. HANCOCK (Muriel Macaulay), a son.
- DICKSON.—In September 1950, to Mr and Mrs W. DICKSON (Sheila Fraser), a son.
- MITCHELL.—In October 1950, to Mr and Mrs J. MITCHELL (Betty Rosie), a daughter.
- GRAHAM.—In November 1950, to Mr and Mrs W. K. GRAHAM (Brenda McLean), a daughter.
- GALLOWAY.—In December 1950, to Mr and Mrs E. GALLOWAY (Edna Tait), a son.
- STARK.—In December 1950, to Mr and Mrs W. STARK (May McGill), a daughter.
- JOLE.—In March 1951, to Mr and Mrs ALAN JOLE (Nancy Stewart), a daughter.
- CHADWICK.—In April 1951, to Mr and Mrs H. CHADWICK (Doreen Kellock), a daughter.
- TURNBULL.—In April 1951, to Mr and Mrs T. I. TURNBULL (Edith Gardner), a son.
- HUGHES.—In April 1951, to Mr and Mrs J. D. Hughes (Violet Henderson), a daughter.
- YOUNG.—In April 1951, to Mr and Mrs ALAN YOUNG (Victoria Gillanders), a son.
- COOPER.—In April 1951, to Mr and Mrs C. COOPER (Cathie Neill), a daughter.
- BRYSON.—In April 1951, to Mr and Mrs CHARLES BRYSON (Dorothy Bell), a son.
- SMIT.—In April 1951, to Mr and Mrs EDSKE SMIT (Hilda Madeline Graham), a son.
- PRATT.—In May 1951, to Mr and Mrs A. F. PRATT (Ruby Laird), a son.
- PURSER.—In May 1951, to Major and Mrs P. W. PURSER (Marjory Hay), a daughter.
- GRANTHAM.—In May 1951, to Major and Mrs R. GRANTHAM (Kathleen Graham), a son.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The Editors beg to acknowledge with thanks receipt of the following School Magazines :—*The Herioter*, *The Watsonian*, *Schola Regia*, *Daniel Stewart's College Magazine*, *The Boroughmuir Magazine*, *The George Square Chronicle*, *The Merchant Maiden*, *Morgan Academy Magazine*, *Knox Academy Magazine*, *The Full Cry*.

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