

**Gillespie's
High
School
Magazine**

June 1952



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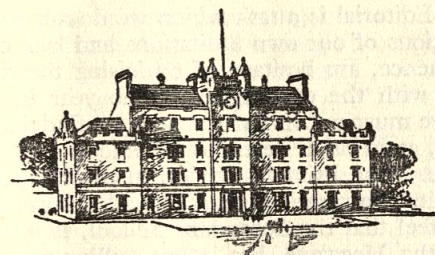
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Gillespie's High School Magazine

JUNE 1952

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EDITORIAL

WRITING an Editorial is a task which we do not relish. We are extremely conscious of our own limitations and lack of inspiration, and, in consequence, are hesitant of criticising the literary efforts of others, but, with the experience of one year in the Editorial office, we feel we must put in our few words of advice.

We are glad, as in other years, to be able to present a full and varied Magazine. The Primary School, in particular, continues to delight us with its contributions, but, like all Editors of all School Magazines, we feel that the Secondary School, as a whole, is very willing to *read* the Magazine, but is less willing to *write* it. The Editor and Magazine Committee would earnestly remind the Senior girls especially, that, whatever their other preoccupations, if we are to have a worthy School Magazine, it must be written largely by them. And the time to think about the Magazine is not in May; the School must have it in mind all session. We did, at the eleventh hour, find contributions coming in in large numbers, and were not ungrateful, but, though some great men have admitted to writing best when "desperation set in," few of these efforts have any mark of greatness.

Class-room jokes and howlers, again, which all our readers assure us are one of the most popular features of the Magazine, should be noted at once and deposited in one of the Magazine boxes—otherwise they are laughed at, and promptly forgotten. The Magazine boxes, in short, are not, like tennis and cricket equipment, sacred to the summer term, but should be in constant use from September onwards.

But this Editorial is not to be taken up wholly with voicing our grievances. We turn to the pleasanter task of giving credit where it is due, and some consolation and advice to disappointed contributors, some of whom deserve personal mention. The enthusiasm of the First and Second years, of 2A1 in particular, is good to see, but too many of their poems were on hackneyed subjects, such as Spring. Bird-song, lambs, "things in bloom" remain as a new delight each year, but so many poets, from Chaucer onwards, have written on such subjects, that it becomes increasingly difficult to find new words for the feelings they arouse.

Few poems were good all through, though many contained good lines. We liked, for instance, that of Isla Bowes, 1A2, on "Rain," which contained some promising lines:—

"Raindrops, raindrops, coming from above,
Tell me of God's tender love.
Did he make you with silver thread?
Is it your beauty that made him shed
A shower of silver rain?"

Isobel Pearson, 1A1, wrote pleasantly on Summer:—

"Sea-shore all a-sparkle,
Sand all golden-brown,
Happy children splashing,
Sea-gulls swooping down,"

but that quality was not maintained throughout.

We must congratulate Lily Maclean, also of 1A1, who submitted two contributions, both of which were of high quality. The first, however, the story of a dream, bordered on the indiscreet in its jesting about the "Olympians," while the second, a skilfully-told tale of "treasure-trove," was, unfortunately, too long.

A particularly careful essay on Leonardo da Vinci, from Janice Bathgate, 2B1, had to be omitted, like numerous other articles from farther up the school, for its lack of "news value." It was assiduously documented and well-written, but lacked the element of novelty and personal interest, which is what distinguishes the class-room essay which gains top marks, from the Magazine article, which everyone wants to read.

Poems and articles on school topics are always welcome, and, indeed, were produced in abundance. The Editors derived a great deal of private pleasure from reading poems hailing the re-painting of class-rooms, and commenting on school lunches, but, to be printed, such contributions must have a good deal of real wit besides their popular appeal. Another reason for the rejection of some contributions was the need, within a very limited number of pages, to preserve variety, as between prose and verse, and between serious and humorous material.

The end is near; our school days are almost over, and, as we finish this, our last task, we should like to leave on a note of gratitude. First, for all our grumbling, we do appreciate the work of all who *did* write for the Magazine, and we wish to say to all disappointed authoresses—"Try again!" Secondly we thank Miss Foster, who is ever present, to encourage and to guide us with her steady influence, Miss Henderson, who provides us with the Former Pupils' Section, and Miss Dingwall, who supervises the business side of the Magazine. To all who have helped make this Magazine possible we express our deepest gratitude. Now read on!

DOROTHY S. WILSON, *School Editor.*

SECONDARY SCHOOL NOTES

THE adage, "Happy is the nation that has no history" perhaps applies to schools as well as nations. If so, this has been a happy session, with every activity in and out of the class-room proceeding normally, but with few or none of the outstanding events which "make news"—or history.

Further redecoration, and the institution and equipment of a Staff Common-room, have added to our amenities. The Biology Department has become a generally popular resort since the installation of two tropical aquariums, where guppies, mollies, White Cloud Mountain minnows and flame-fish rear their families. In thinking of amenities we must again thank the City's Parks and Gardens Committee, to whom we owe the bright flower-beds near our school which are such a joy to us, and the wealth of beautiful pot plants which appear in halls and corridors on special occasions.

A few changes in staff have to be recorded. Miss Jessie Philip, M.A., who replaced Miss M. Y. Henderson as Principal Teacher of Modern Languages, has already won an assured place in the esteem of both pupils and staff. We have welcomed Miss Joan Donald, M.A., to the English Department and Miss Jean Hamilton (a Former Pupil) to the Department of Physical Training in place of Miss Mildred Storrar. At the beginning of the first term Miss Bennet took up an appointment in Broughton Secondary School, and was replaced by Mrs Fairie, D.A. We sincerely thank those who have left us for their services to the School, and wish the newcomers much happiness in their work here. We have greatly valued the help given throughout the year by Mlle. Sanua and Dr Bohnsack in the French and German classes respectively. It is good to have Mrs Jenkins with us again after her long illness. In this connection, we are particularly grateful to our old friend Miss McCormack, who returned so willingly to take command of the Needlework Department during Mrs Jenkins's absence. We are indeed much indebted to all those who have at various times kept the work of the school running smoothly when members of the staff were absent through illness.

Our official School Visitors are perhaps better known to the Headmistress and staff than to the pupils, but we all value their interest in the school. It was with deep regret and a feeling of personal loss that we learned of the death of Colonel Bruce Turnbull. His was no mere official connection with us, but a warm and continued concern for our welfare. To Councillor Mrs Cameron and the Rev. Edwin D. Towill, who have resigned from the Education Committee, we express our thanks for their services to the School and our good wishes for the future.

Following last year's precedent, our morning worship has been frequently planned, and sometimes entirely conducted, by the girls of various forms. At Christmas Mr Sommerville and Miss Campbell again gave an impressive presentation of their Nativity Play. In February we joined with the great multitude of mourners in our own and other lands, in holding memorial services for our late King, His Majesty George VI.

At morning Assembly and at other times, our contacts with the wider world have been maintained. We have entertained visitors from America, from Africa—indeed, it almost seems from every land "from China to Peru"! A most welcome visitor of another kind was Mr Walter Wilkinson,

who in October brought his well-known puppets and gave a much appreciated afternoon's entertainment to the younger forms of the Secondary School.

We noted with interest and pride that "our" Miss Adamson had the honour of being one of the Scottish Country Dance Team who took part in the ceremonial inauguration of Scottish Television.

"Health Week," from 12th to 16th May, had a particular interest for us, in that the inaugural concert, held in the Usher Hall on Sunday, 11th May, was provided by our Special Choir and Third Year pupils, under Mr Sommerville's direction. Some of our pupils also took part in a display of dancing in Princes Street Gardens during that week. We had numerous enthusiastic competitors in the Health Quiz for Schools.

To the general regret, the popular institution of a school trip abroad has had to be sacrificed to the exigencies of the difficult times in which we live. Nineteen girls, however, hope to go to Anserenne in the Ardennes with the School Journeys Association. Agnes Knox (Form 6A) is to have the interesting experience of an exchange visit to a German family in Rothenburg.

Publishing conditions, as our readers know, now make it impossible to print prize-lists, but we are delighted to be able to announce that in this year's Bursary Competition at Edinburgh University, Doreen Cumming and Annie Nicolson have brought credit to the school and themselves by taking fourth and seventh places respectively.

Once again we express our sincerest thanks to all those friends whose generous interest in our school expresses itself in the form of special prizes. The Thomas J. Burnett Prize is being awarded this year for the best "project" on "Our Royal Mile", essays, maps and sketches being considered as eligible entries.

As we go to press, the various departments concerned are busily preparing for the Exhibition of Work which is to be held on the afternoon of 25th June. School Sports Day is on 18th June, and our Closing Concert on 3rd July.

The School Library, to which we are glad to say several new book-cases have been added, continues to run smoothly under Miss McLaren's able charge. The following friends and Former Pupils are cordially thanked for gifts of books:—Elma Brotherton, Dr Dougary, Muriel Hay, Janette Waterson, Margaret Kirkby, Ruth Gould, Mary Hutchison, Edith Mackenzie, Rona Macpherson, Jean Wishart, Margaret Graham, Catherine Rogers, Lilian Winton, Elizabeth Lamb, Jean Gardner, Vivienne Goldberg, Eileen Waitt, Barbara Ferrier, Elizabeth Connor, Eileen Greenbury and Violet Whish.

A. E. F.

COMMEMORATION DAY—15th MAY 1952

THIS year it was in May sunshine, in a hall gay with early summer flowers, that we met to observe the traditional ceremonies that remind us of the "goodly heritage" that is ours. The occasion had the same "family" quality as last year's, with our Headmistress conducting the service, senior members of staff constituting the platform party, and our distinguished speaker, Dr D. A. Allan, Director of the Royal Scottish Museum, as the only outside guest.

The School Choir led the hymns of praise and sang, as an anthem, Schubert's beautiful setting of "The Lord is my Shepherd". The scripture passage, from the Apocryphal Book of Tobit, was read by Margaret Cessford.

In introducing Dr Allan, Miss Andrew paid tribute to the great service he has done in making the Museum no mere exhibition of dusty antiquities but a living force in the City, attracting visitors from many lands. She referred in particular to the "Living Traditions" exhibition held during last year's Festival, which won international repute.

Dr Allan expressed some trepidation at having to address an audience so different from the learned bodies of experts on this or that subject to whom he is accustomed to speak, but his genial and informal manner, his touches of humour, and the interest of what he had to say, combined to reach, as he himself hoped it would, "from the front benches to the back." He referred to two personal links with our school; his mother had been a pupil of the old Gillespie's School, and he himself was familiar with at least the fabric of the building, having spent some time here as a Junior Student in the days when another school occupied it.

The first part of Dr Allan's address dealt with heroes and hero-worship. All young people, especially in this age of the screen and the picture magazine, tended to choose their heroes by outward appearance. By this criterion, he humorously remarked, our Founder, like many a great figure in history, could hardly be called "photogenic." What counted in the realm of permanent values was not what people looked like but what they were and did. From the time when we first proudly donned the blazer of a great school, till we left it for our chosen profession, we were learning not merely a given number of "subjects", but the right sort of heroes to admire—men and women who had staunchly faced their difficulties and lived up to their ideals. Of such had been our Founder.

"Your Founder," said Mr Allan, "was a typical Scot who had exceedingly little in the way of family background. His education was simple. He had hardly two pennies to rub against each other but he had the Scottish element of grit to carry him forward. He had the honesty and truthfulness which are welcome in any society, and with that very small package of treasures in his wallet—his grit, his honesty, his conscientious devotion to his job—he made himself a place in the history of Edinburgh." The years of his lifetime, from 1720 to 1797, were stirring years, when the '45 Rebellion rose and passed, when great writers were appearing, great schemes being begun—and through all the wonderful things happening in the city, James Gillespie went quietly and conscientiously on making and selling snuff!

Here Dr Allan gave an illuminating digression on the subject of snuff. To us snuff-making might seem an odd kind of occupation,

perhaps even one on which to keep quiet, but in the eighteenth century snuff-taking with the recognised forms and courtesies (forms as much part of correct social behaviour as the graceful manipulation of a plumed hat or a swinging cloak) was the hallmark of a gentleman. We were told of the various methods of presenting and taking snuff, and shown an exquisite little snuff-bottle with spoon attached, carved out of rose-quartz by some Chinese craftsman, which proved that "from Colinton to China the making of snuff, the carrying of it in appropriate little boxes and the general good manners of exchanging it were wide-spread." Thus our Founder was engaged in a highly respectable industry; and if people smiled at the old nightcap and blanket in which he moved about through the all-pervading brown clouds of his little snuff-mill, that "queer rig-out" was as much the uniform for the job as any modern factory-girl's or dairymaid's overalls!

James Gillespie, unromantic figure as he may be, had a characteristic which we should do well to take with us out of school—the kindness which issues in public service. That he left a fortune with which to benefit his own city was due to another very Scottish trait, that of carefulness. "Waste not, want not" was a maxim which he himself often quoted, and which is indeed all Scotland's maxim. Those brought up in a country like ours, poor in natural resources, learn the carefulness that wastes neither their own nor other people's possessions. And when this typical Scot by his industry and carefulness had amassed wealth, and could see that his days on earth were limited, he did not squander it but used it for others. Long before these happier days of educational opportunity for all, James Gillespie was far-sighted enough to see that Scotland's best wealth lay in her educated men and women. He left a tradition of which we are the inheritors and the trustees. Dr Allan's closing words were addressed to those now leaving school. "You will," he said, "look back, and say, 'At Gillespie's School, which was a happy school to be in, I learned not only lessons but the high ideals left to us by our Founder, adopted them myself and was encouraged to do so by the staff.' And if you can say that, no pupils could go out with a greater fortune in their wallets."

The Senior Prefect, Roma Finlayson, conveyed the thanks of the school to Dr Allan in a dignified little speech, and presented him with the traditional memento of a snuff-mull. The service concluded with the singing of the School Song. A holiday was granted on the day following Commemoration Day.

A. E. F.

OBITUARY

It is with the deepest regret that we record the death on 22nd December 1951, of ANNE H. MAXWELL, Form 2A1.

FROM THE SECONDARY DEPARTMENT

NORMAN AUTUMN

(From the French of Lucie Delarue—Mardrus)

I love to wander through my Norman fields
Along the slopes and midst the luscious grass.
A flight of greedy sparrows on the ground
Flies swiftly upward as it sees me pass.
The old tree creaks like mast before the breeze!
No movement where the fruit trees have their seat.
A rosy apple from the branches falls,
And rests, with gentle thud, before my feet.
Autumn has passed o'er all the countryside.
There, o'er the holly, flies a great black crow!
Skies are more blue, more red the winding paths,
And where the waters of the streamlet flow,
The rich, damp grass a fresh, green border makes.
Alone I love to roam, ere winter's chill
Has the whole earth in her relentless grasp.
And in my heart I feel an urchin still.

NANCY KNOX, Form 6A.

MIRAGE

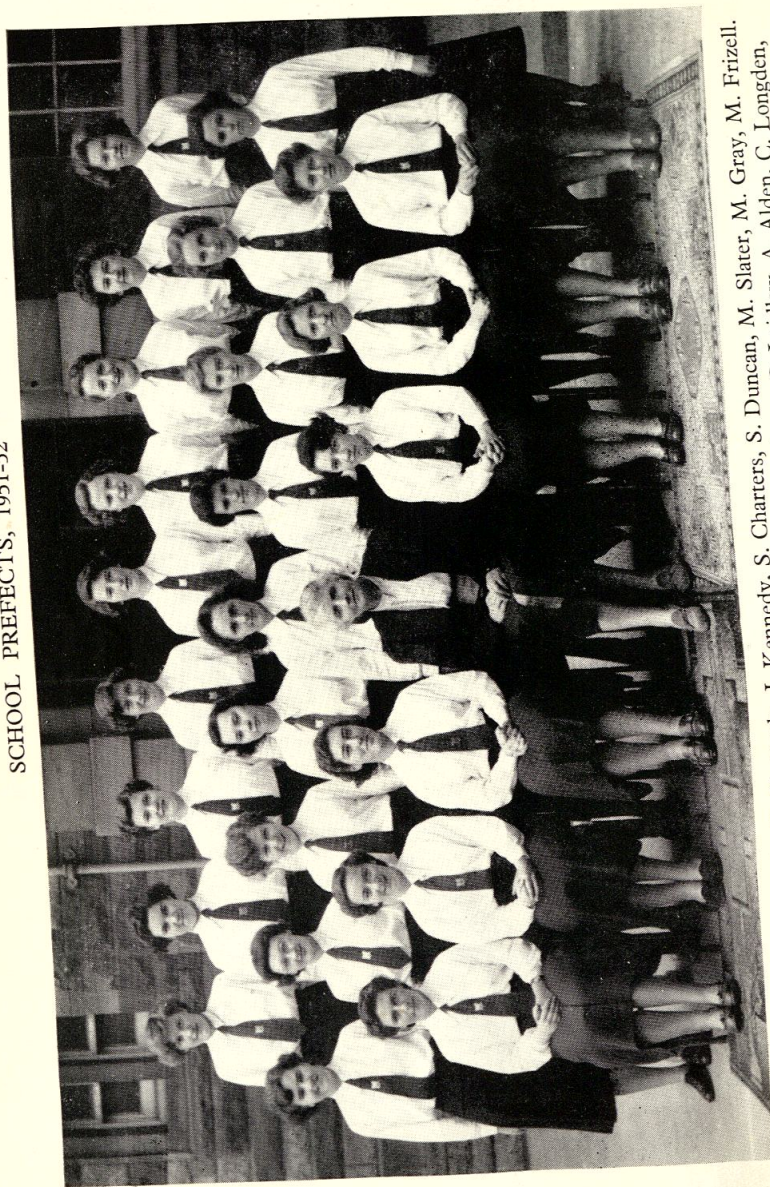
Isolated in a pool of ghostly light
Thrown by the journeying moon upon the desert sand
Painting its fearful shapes alternately of white
And murderous black,
A lonely camel paces out the tedious time
Of night, his rider nodding as he glides his way
Across the weary, lonely waste. His shadow cast
Obliquely by him, rides monotonously there
Forming grotesque black patterns at his side, as though
An evil spirit follows him throughout the night
Waiting to grasp him in its power.
Fatigued by hours of travel, yet not daring to
Dismount, he wraps his hooded cloak more closely round.
Shudders of cold and fear possess him and, seeing the moon
Hide her maiden pallor in a downy cloud,
He, likewise, seeks refuge in his hood and clasps,
As though it were the sole remaining hope of life,
The shaggy neck of his unsympathetic beast.

Gigantic, swaying palms menace his narrow path
Pointing their fearsome fingers, grasping for his hands
To loose his hold and throw him headlong to the ground
For vultures to devour. Roughened and parched with thirst,
His throat burns like a glowing coal, stifling his cries
And sending beads of sweat to glisten on his brow.

SCHOOL DUX 1951-52



ANNIE S. M. NICOLSON



Back Row—A. Knox, A. Taylor, E. Kennedy, J. Kennedy, S. Charters, S. Duncan, M. Slater, M. Gray, M. Frizell.
 Middle Row—P. Kane, D. Wilson, M. Ramage, A. Nicolson, M. Howieson, C. Laidlaw, A. Alden, C. Longden, M. Mackenzie.
 Front Row—O. Wightman, I. Lawson, R. Finlayson (*Captain*), Miss Andrew, M. Cessford (*Vice-Captain*), V. Ormonde, J. Turnbull.

As in the garish rays of every sun-lit day,
 The spangled lamps of heaven are dimmed to human eyes
 And yet are never taken from their wonted place,
 So hope will linger in the bitter springs of life,
 The last support, the final buttress of the soul.
 Such hope lights the distracted rider's haggard face,
 For towers and gardens rear before him, symbolising
 Refugee friendship, comfort, everything he lacks.
 He finds himself
 Within a half-lit courtyard, lined with Moorish tiles
 Of striking blue, where from the earth springs forth
 A glorious fountain of cool waters, bubbling clear.
 In weakness crawling forward to the sparkling goal,
 An avid lustre gleaming in his eye,
 He feels his body, gripped by quicksand, sinking fast.
 Only the spray moistens his dusty face
 And licks his tongue, torturing him the more.
 So, with a death-moan, he surrenders to despair.

By morning, in the shade of an oasis, rests
 A camel, contemplating day like some great sage.
 Beside him lies a body, stretched as though it sought
 The spring of water near its hand. Its shadow thrown
 Upon the sand is lifeless too. Only a bird
 Disturbs the silence of that peaceful scene.

ROMA M. H. FINLAYSON, 6A.

**"In a dream of the night I was wafted away,
 To the moorlands of mist where the martyrs lay."**

THE burning splendour of a perfect day was slowly giving place to the gentler shades of evening. The sun, setting in red magnificence behind the hills, cast his dying rays on the loch, where not a ripple stirred the grey surface. Mirrored in the loch were the blue hills and the flaming sky.

A whaup arose, flew across the loch, uttered his strange cry and returned again to the hillside. There was peace again—peace!

The sun had set; the sky was no longer bright, but a cool, peaceful grey. Everything was grey—the sky, the loch, the hills—and everything was at peace. The moorbirds had gone to rest in a world of stillness and infinite beauty. Soon darkness would fall, the stars would begin to twinkle and the moon to bathe the land in her radiance. Morning would dawn—a morning bright with the singing of birds and yet peaceful. Surely in such a world as this there could be no strife... no strife...

A shot rang out in the evening stillness! For a moment the hills echoed to the sound and the young birds cried in the heather. It was scarcely a second, but the beauty, the peace were shattered—and this was not all. Across the night came a harsh, cruel laugh and then into the distance faded the tramp of horses' hooves.

The evening shades became lost in the glory of moonlight. The trees swayed noiselessly in the gentle breeze; eerie shadows darted across the hillside. Cold on the purple heather lay the lifeless body and in the town Claverhouse's dragoons laughed and sang lustily in their drunken revels.

MARY OSLER, 5L.

THE TYPEWRITER

AS a struggling student of the Commercial Course, I feel I am qualified to speak of the work of a Typewriter and the help it gives to the grateful but incompetent typist. First, what is a typewriter? That is a question asked only by what Charles Lamb, in another connection, calls "tender novices." A Typewriter is a dangerous animal, used mainly by irresponsible persons. It has an innocent air of complete safety, but, in reality, it is a lethal weapon of death and destruction. Woe betide the unwary who venture to cross its path or to disturb in any way the even tenor of its life! Great harm awaits those who trespass into its peaceful life of indolence.

The keys and type form the basic structure of the machine. They have an uncommonly alarming method of dodging the typist's finger; and the said finger is likely—in the case of an extremely stupid typist or an extremely venomous machine—to be caught in the gripping talons of two keys; in which case the finger will be amputated, decapitated or just nipped.

There is a strange kind of black magic about the Typewriter. Its peculiarity is to produce words with no relation to those the operator intended. For example, one method of spelling "that" is "yjsy." Those who know the keyboard will tell you that there has been a slight misplacement of the fingers; but I still maintain that the letters are bewitched. The budding typist thinks she has typed "the cat sat on the mat"; but what appears on the paper is "yjr vsy dsy pm yjr ,sy"—more like an algebraic equation than the Queen's English! Again, the typist strikes—

"IMFRT YSR D;TRSFOMH VJRDYMIY YTRR
YSR BO;;SHR D,OYJU DYSMFD."

Can there be any connection between this and

"Under the spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stands?"

Surely not, I hear you say. Yet it is so. The typist may be an exalted and respected Fifth-former; yet the result, as you can see, is like the work of a rather backward five-year-old.

I hope this account of the Typewriter and its ways will not discourage any girls whose choice of a future career indicates that they take the Commercial Course. Remember that typewriting can be done by an agency at a cost of 5s. per 1000 words! And, for all prospective private secretaries, a word of advice—get a junior typist and save both your temper and your fingers!

AUDREY LEE, 5C.

THE SPIRIT OF PLACE

I. Sands

THE ancient, tired sun shines with a hard, dry brilliance on Nature's overwhelming defeat of man—the nomadic sands. Acres of perpetually moving, slipping, whispering, scratching white sand (so fine that a small quantity refuses to remain in the palm of your hand for one minute, but is all the time trickling away through your fingers) constitute a phantom-

like, weird desolation of solemn waste on the shores of the Moray Firth, known as the Culbin Sands. The Culbins are surrounded by a fringe of sour, spongy bog beyond which lie the rich corn lands of the "Laich o' Moray." It is strange to find such barren sadness so near such laughing fertility.

Not even Glencoe, it has been said, with its sombre, sorrowful mountains, nor yet the piercing peaks of the Coolins can instil such a sense of depression and variety of eeriness as these tragic stretches of dunes. Walking here is difficult both physically and in spirit. The hills and vales (if so pleasant words may be used for so devastated a region) are totally composed of sand—white, glistening sand, grey, or even saffron yellow, but still shifting, shirring, sighing, running away under the foot and leaving still more following. In this bewitchingly strange air one is ever conscious of treading on man's toil, hope and effort. It may even be said that the air smells "as though 'twas some strange scent of death." One becomes acutely aware of how puny, frail a being man is. He is but a wisp—a straw—which turns to dust, dust which is lighter than sand. He speaks with difficulty here, among these ever whispering, winnowing sands, for this is not the domain of man but the territory of Nature. Here is heard the "eternal note of sadness." The sea moans sullenly on the curving shore. Overhead sea-birds wheel with a melancholy scream as though pronouncing a wailing dirge in the chill breeze. The destruction wrought by Nature in Culbin is evidence that Nature's strength is far beyond all power of which man may boast. "Earth is not ours."

LILIAS CAMERON, 5C.

II. River.

I SEE the ribbon of water tapering away until it merges into the blue of the distant hills, where the first signs of its life are found.

The tiny spring bubbles joyously and trickles, slowly, so slowly, down the slope. Soon, the waters are rushing eagerly to meet the rocks below. When at last the two meet, a glorious cascade of glimmering, scintillating diamonds thunders to the bed far, far beneath.

On the river flows, majestically now, with gathering force and speed. Quite suddenly, it enters the plain. Gone is the excitable, giddy young stream. The languid, meandering flow is creeping slowly towards the mighty sea. The great life is almost ended, and the tide embraces it warmly before, with one last defiant rush, it enters the deep and is lost forever.

MOIRA BELL, 4C1.

NOW!

NOW the sun blazes from a cloudless heaven and the shade is a place of utter bliss.

Now the streets glisten and are hazed by heat and dust. Now shoppers idly linger under sun-canopies. Now girls wear their lightest clothes and are still hot. Now ice-cream kiosks do a roaring trade if any one of the dull-minded queuers could stir himself to roar!

Now the swimming-pool is packed and fish are envied. Now tennis is a game of slow and tiring sauntering to and fro. Now the cricket-bat is used only to make a breeze for the perspiring bowler. Now the parks

are full of people whiling the time dreamily away. Now a cool green stream is beyond the imagination of townsfolk. Now even young children are sometimes tired. Now lemonade is compared to nectar. Now meals out-of-doors are the only possible thing. Now cooks are cross and tempers frayed. Now buses should have no glass windows and conductors no work to do. Now motorists go to the sea. Now the flowers are fainting with thirst. Now gardeners find weeds in the sky as they lie a-gazing up.

Now scholars are even more dim-witted than usual. Now teachers (according to the scholars) are . . . And *now* the writer thinks it best to stop!

M. D., 3A1.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY

Ethereal she lay, and pale as death,
Yet from her rosy lips her silent breath,
Escaped into the rosebud-scented air.
The golden sunbeams played on her still form,
As slept she 'neath a silken mantle warm,
And little breezes fanned her brow so fair.

Her face was beautiful as any flower,
As slept she on, through every fleeting hour,
Divine, yet lovely, was her gentle mien.
Her pale pink gown the bloom of peaches showed
Her sash draped round with all its heavy load
Of gorgeous gems of blue and fairy green.

She slumbers on her flower'd couch in bliss,
Awaiting but her handsome prince's kiss,
To bring her soul back from "The Land of Dreams."

AILSA THOMSON, 2A1.

"HOW THE PEACOCK GOT ITS TAIL"—A JUST-SO STORY

NEARLY everyone has seen, at some time or another, a Peacock. Nearly everyone has said of the Peacock, "What a lovely bird!" Everyone has been correct in this statement. However, once upon a time, the Peacock was a nondescript, even ugly, bird.

A long, long time ago, the Peacock was a queer-looking bird with only a stump for a tail. At the time of which you are reading there were some very strange birds called "Eyes." This name was very apt as they consisted of a few feathers with several eyes on each. They were often in trouble, as will soon be apparent, because they were very inquisitive.

Although the Peacock was so ugly from the rear, he was very fond of admiring his beautiful head feathers. He was very self-conscious about his lack of a tail but often went into the woods to admire his front view in a pool. On these occasions, the Eyes *would* follow him and they always laughed at the unhappy Peacock. He, however, knew he could do nothing about it and he was able, after a considerable time, to forget his stump. Having managed this, he went about without a care.

The Eyes were not at all pleased as they now had no-one to follow into the wood. These spiteful creatures decided to remind poor Peacock of his disgraceful stump. They enlisted the help of some butterflies who were transformed into mirrors by having dew rubbed on to their wings.

While Peacock was sound asleep, the butterflies flew into such positions as to reflect Peacock's stump in the wings of those butterflies in front of Peacock. When Peacock awoke, the first thing he saw was the reflection of his stump. Poor Peacock cried in humiliation amidst the taunts and laughter of the Eyes.

Later that day, Peacock went to see Eagle, the King of the Birds. After hearing Peacock's story, the Eagle said that he would punish the Eyes severely, for they had already been warned against such behaviour. Peacock went home happily, secure in the knowledge that the Eyes were to be punished for their misdeeds.

Meanwhile Eagle had not been idle. He flew away to his friend, the North Wind, told him the story, and asked his help. The North Wind was only too pleased to be of assistance and together, he and Eagle devised a plan.

The next day the Eyes crowded together and followed Peacock, laughing, tittering and pointing at his stump. The North Wind came swooping down behind the Eyes, puffed out his cheeks and blew. The Eyes were blown on to Peacock's stump and stuck there, held fast by Eagle's spell.

That is how the Peacock got his tail. Surely you have noticed how rarely he opens it, and, if you have, you now know that it is because he is afraid that the Eyes will blow away again.

R. K., 2A1.

THE SEASONS

I like the Spring because 'tis then,
God's promise is renewed to men,
For every hedge-row, field and grove,
Clothed in beauty tells His love.

I like high Summer, glorious bright;
The warmth and stillness of the night,
The flowers displaying every hue,
The white clouds sailing in the blue.

I welcome Autumn once again
I like the time of fruits and grain,
When squirrels lay in their winter store,
And the dormouse goes to sleep once more.

When winter comes I like the snow,
But much prefer the firelight's glow,
I like the elements in their strife,
I like . . . I think, I just like life.

ELSPETH BROWN, 2.C.

FAIRIES

Yes! I saw them dancing,
In a moonlit glade,
Elves and fairies prancing,
E'er the light began to fade.

Bright ribbon bound their tresses
Of the fairest gold,
And all their coloured dresses
No hand could ever hold.

Glimmering in the darkness
Their wings shone out like lights
Eager in their gladness
To dance away the nights.

One moment rang their laughter,
Next moment they were gone,
A mem'ry ever after,
For there I stood alone.

FREDA SIBBALD, 1A1.

LATE FOR SCHOOL

I hurry to school each morning,
But still I am very late.
I race o'er a field and a meadow
And jump over the farmer's gate.
But—I stop to look at the pony
Of which I am very fond,
And I look through the rickety fence
At the ducklings in the pond.

I hurry to school each morning
But I never arrive in time;
As the brook is so enchanting
And the peace there is sublime.
But—I remember too late about teacher
And she usually is so cross,
For although I am good at most things
My punctuality is—a loss.

ELIZABETH CAMPBELL, 1C.

HERE AND THERE

"Such laboured nothings in so strange a style
Amaze the unlearned and make the learned smile."—POPE.

CONTRIBUTIONS to this popular feature of the Magazine have this in common with the work of certain modern poets—that they depend much on private associations and strange and abstruse allusions, and therefore the jokes appeal to a very limited circle. The Sixth Form has played the old

familiar game of misapplied quotations, from sources ranging from Shakespeare to song and film titles of the moment, and sees itself thus:—

The Editor of this Magazine:—

"And forced them though it were in spite
Of Nature and their stars to write."

BUTLER.

Any contributor:—"O for a Muse of fire!"—SHAKESPEARE.

Any Senior Prefect:—"Give me a place to stand and I will move the earth."—ARCHIMEDES.

E.T.:—"There's always room at our house."

M.C.:—"Charlie was my darling."

M.F.:—"Sweet Auburn!"

D.W.:—"The Importance of Being Earnest."

M.H.:—"Pack up your troubles in—as many bags as possible."

A.N.:—"Still waters run deep."

J.T.:—"When Irish eyes are smiling."

S.C.:—"An American in Paris?" No, in Nice.

A.D.:—"Big White Chief of the Library."

R.F.:—"She's a law unto herself."

Gym Class:—"It has all the contortions of the sibyl without the inspiration."—BURKE.

* * * * *

Recent reading of a modern poem, by Miss Steire Smith, inspired a Sixth Former to apply it, with variations (for which due apologies) to the Senior Prefects, as thus:—

"We are the self-appointed guardians of law and discipline.

We believe tremendously in the significance of age;

We believe that a school-girl is wicked at twelve,

Three years wilder at fifteen, at eighteen—a prefect!

We believe that juniors are lively, to be encouraged with discretion, and snubbed.

We believe that they are bouncing, ill-mannered, antagonistic and, of course, young.

But then we are old fogies.

We always write (for the Magazine) more in sorrow than in anger.

We are, after all, devoted to F—I, P—y,

And coming to our own times,

Of course,

Herr B.

We have never been known to say a word against the established classics.

We are, in fact, devoted to the established classics (?)."

* * * * *

The said "guardians of law and discipline," apropos of a certain Third Form, were recently heard to sing this version of a popular song:—

"I've got a lovely bunch of order marks.

There they are a-sitting on the wall.

Big ones, small ones, some as big as your head.

Book-marks? No! Late marks? No! Prefects' marks instead!"

* * * * *

The intricacies of advanced Mathematics produced this "soul-cry":—
A "truncated right circular cone"—I ask you—a "truncated right circular cone"! There it was staring the Victim in the face from the world's most fiendish invention—an examination paper. The Victim goggled, turned as white as a sheet, came up for a breath of air, took a deep gulp, and again scrutinised the offending four words. They were still there, as meaningless as before. The Victim gathered her scattered wits together, stopped gnashing her teeth and ceased tearing her hair. She would attack this thing rationally and analyse each word separately.

"Cone?" she thought. That was an easy one. Roughly, a dunce's cap.

"Circular?" Also easy. Like a hoop.

"Right?" At a guess it must be something to do with 90 degrees.

"Truncated?" ... ? ... ? Stumped!

It was unfair of the examiners. The Victim felt wronged. How could she show her mathematical genius by solving this problem on a T.R.C.C. when she had no idea what a T.R.C.C. was? It was a caddish trick—the sort of thing no fair-minded person would do. The Victim had seen it happen before. For instance, you would expect a *rectangular* hyperbola to have something to do with a *rectangle*, wouldn't you? But has it? Oh no, not a bit of it. A rectangular hyperbola is simply a couple of *curves*!

You see what I mean? It's quite unfair. Someone should put a stop to this terrible torture of Innocents. It's enough to turn them into juvenile delinquents and make them do something foolish in revenge—like adding water to the school ink. That would be tragic.

But I am afraid I have digressed. You want to know what a truncated right circular cone is? Well, it's just an inverted bucket!!

* * * * *

Have pupils ceased to perpetuate howlers, and teachers to make those occasional slips of the tongue that so delight classes? Such general accuracy is to be commended, but leaves the Editors strongly tempted to manufacture inspired errors. This year's scanty harvest mainly consisted of one or two mildly amusing misapprehensions. One innocent wrote that the Ancient Mariner slew "the harmless Albert Ross"; another (obviously under the influence of "Western" stories) imagined that "Bacchus and his pards" (leopards for the benefit of young readers!) meant "Bacchus and his friends." A happy misprint in a song-sheet, where "No exorciser harm thee" appeared as "no exercises harm thee" evoked thoughts of the gym class. But the year's best howler was undoubtedly a fantastic misunderstanding of Chaucer, where the expression "Wo was his cook!" was interpreted as "The Franklin had a Chinese cook whose name was Wo!"

* * * * *

To close this medley, we append an excessively flattering poem—"Upon Gillespie Girls"—which bears some remote relation to a familiar sonnet of Wordsworth's:—

Earth has not anything to show more fair;
Sad must he be of heart who has not seen
A crowd of maidens in Gillespie green;
For sweet are they who such a garment wear.

The beauty of the morning! Silent, gay,
Dark, auburn, fair; hazel or blue their eye.
Some heads are empty as a cloudless sky
(At least, I've heard, that's what some teachers say).

Never can class be sunk in peaceful sleep.
For, filled with ardour and with strength of will,
The teachers o'er their charges watch do keep.

Girls' silvery laughter ripples like a rill
As up the ropes at "gyms" they squirm and creep.
And yet they keep their grace and beauty still!

"TRAVELLERS' TALES"

The Wonderland of William Tell

WHEN I was a child, I often wondered what wonderland the children saw who followed the Pied Piper of Hamelin into the mountain. Now I know!

After leaving Basle on the French-Swiss frontier, we went speeding along on the electric railway and in a very short time were whizzing straight through a great mountain. The tunnel lasted for fully five miles and on emerging from it we saw spread before us what must surely be one of the loveliest countries in the world, Switzerland, the land of William Tell. Words cannot do justice to the pure soaring beauty of the snow-clad Alps, the ever-changing greens and blues of the sparkling lakes or the charm of the quaint chalets, all of which have brightly-hued flowers falling in profusion from windows and balconies.

There are so many things of which I could speak, such as the marvel of the St. Gotthard Tunnel or the majesty of Berne Cathedral, but space does not permit. So I shall just mention a few things from among my many memories. Perhaps two of the strangest were, 7000 feet up the Furka, to sit eating lunch in the blazing hot sunshine and to be able to touch the snow; or to walk into the Ice Grotto of the Rhone Glacier and watch the colour change from ice-blue to deep blue and, on turning to come out, to see a deep pink slowly fade to the merest blush.

In all the towns, but especially in Berne, I was rendered speechless with amazement at the shops. Every conceivable thing the heart could desire was spread out in endless variety. I remember, too, the gaiety, the music, and the colour of the brightly decked streets on the Swiss National Day and the fireworks and bonfires leaping from all the mountains and the beauty of the flood-lit Chalet of the Rütli where Swiss independence was born.

I recall the day when I jumped almost as high as the Alps with fright. We had been gathering gentians and Alpine roses, and I was admiring my bouquet when a great velvety nose was thrust into my face and there was a Swiss cow looking for a meal. I do not know which made the most noise, my shout or the clang of the cow-bell! One of the funniest experiences is to travel by chair-lift: you stand on a little platform with your back to the chair, then the endlessly moving chair catches the back of your knees

and you are sitting with the bar clamped in front of you and being shot out of the hut and up the mountain on the single chair-lift before you have quite gained your breath.

Laughter and friendliness seem to be everywhere, British, French, Germans, Americans and Italians all enjoying themselves and helping others to do the same. For instance, in Lugano, in the Italian part of Switzerland, I was about to go into the funny little funicular from the town itself to the Station when a friendly gentleman, for no obvious reason, presented me with a bag of luscious peaches. Talking of peaches—oh, the food! Gargantuan feasts—a fortnight's ration of meat at each meal! Piles of vegetables and salads and for the dessert, the kind of sweets one dreams about!

In the evening with coloured lights winking on the water, one could go dancing, listen to the lively Continental concerts or watch the excitement at the gaming tables.

So, I am left with happy memories and the strong desire to go back—and I recommend you all to do the same.

NAN SNEDDON, 4L.

II. Nice

N-I-C-E!—Four ordinary letters which go to spell an ordinary name, but on the 5th of July 1951 these same letters seemed written in fire on the minds of twenty-six Gillespie pupils. For weeks plans had been in the making; money had been changed from English to French currency; train and boat tickets had been placed carefully in folders; dresses, bathing costumes, sun-glasses, sun-suits, shady hats, and one hundred and one other things had been packed, unpacked, and packed again—and now we were off! Off to the Riviera!

Of the first stages of the journey, little need be said. It is sufficient to remark that when we at last caught sight of the Tour Eiffel, we were greatly relieved to have the first long stretch of travel near its close, and tremendously thrilled to be within sight of "Gay Paris." That first night on French soil is one which we shall never forget, our first glimpses of L'Opéra, La Place de La Concorde, and L'Arc de Triomphe being caught as the bus took us through the busy streets to our hotel, and dinner at an open-air café making us realise that we were really in the land of which we had heard so much.

The next day dawned bright and sunny, and, after several hours, the famous Galeries Lafayette occupied our attention—particularly the roof café! Later, some of the party also fitted in a short tour of sight-seeing, but as most of the important buildings were to be visited when we returned to Paris, not all of the girls joined in.

On the Sunday morning, we rather sorrowfully left Paris, and spent the day travelling through country somewhat similar to that which might be seen on any tour in our own country. Lyons, too, seemed quite "English" when we reached it in the early evening for the Rhone, as it flows through the town, is very disappointingly muddy, and the town itself had none of the grandeur or gaiety of Paris. Later in the evening the impression of being still in England was even greater, for, no sooner had we finished dinner than there was a power-cut!

Next morning, we met for the first time someone who, I am sure, will never be forgotten by any of those who visited Nice in 1951—the bus-driver whom we were soon to christen "Vite!" At first he appeared to be neither more nor less than an exceptionally grumpy French driver, but by the time he had driven us through the French Alps, along roads which skirted terrifying precipices, through tunnels cut in the living rock, and on until we caught our first wonderful glimpse of that blue blue gem which is the Mediterranean Sea, we knew quite well that "Vite" was no ordinary person—that he was indeed what we in Scotland might term a "Character."

We cannot tell here of all that lovely, sunny, almost oriental Nice came to mean to us in the next fourteen days. Admittedly, we all underwent a most effective process of slimming during our stay there, and, although "La Parisienne" proved to be a friend in need, those of us who were, as ever, short of pocket money, fulfilled the ambition of many Edinburgh schoolgirls, and slimmed rapidly—despite the results of some tree-shaking operations which we believe provided *some* of the party with plums "juicy and mellow." Our stay in Nice was, however, well worth any discomfort suffered, and particularly when, one sunny day, we paid a flying visit to Menton, Monte Carlo and Monaco, we felt that this was one holiday which we should never forget.

Paris, when, aided by "Vite", we returned to it once more, seemed rather "dull" after lovely Nice, but when we had grown accustomed to it once more, we thoroughly enjoyed our sight-seeing tour there. Notre Dame was, on the whole, rather disappointing, we decided, but "Sainte Chapelle," "Sacre Coeur," and many of the other spots which we visited amply made up for this. Thus it was with a feeling almost akin to nostalgia that we left France—left it the richer of our experiences, and considerably browner than even dear "sunny" Scotland could ever make us.

I. S. L., M. E. H., 6A.

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FROM THE PRIMARY DEPARTMENT

PRIMARY SCHOOL NOTES

MANY were the improvements which we found when we returned to school at the beginning of the session. The most attractive were the freshly painted class-room walls—pastel shades everywhere, even in the Hall where the iron beams now resemble oak. The most desirable were the new doors at the back of the middle building, which give easy access to the Hall for service or for drill, a very great benefit indeed in wintry or in stormy weather. The most surprising was the new film room, created from the old kitchen of Bruntfield House, its door a transformed window, where film strips can be shown on the white wall as part of a class lesson and where we can sing lustily with no fear of disturbing the class next door. Now, too, every class possesses either a glass-fronted bookcase or a low cupboard on which stand new pottery bowls and jugs (unbreakable, we *hope*) with our class libraries and our own peculiar treasures inside. Later in the session Miss Andrew was able to get for us a hundred comfortable chairs which can partially seat the Hall either for visitors at a concert or for ourselves at a lecture and yet, when stacked, take up very little room.

Our Christmas collection of toys and books this year was the "biggest ever." After helping to supply the Trefoil School, the Play Centres, and Nursery and other schools we were able to extend our list of beneficiaries to include the Children's Shelter and also children who are boarded out either temporarily or permanently. We greatly value the many appreciative letters of thanks which Miss Andrew received.

Jim, our bear, is now in the big pool, and usually has a wide circle of admirers, his intelligence quotient and his standard of physical training being equally high. I saw him one icy day in December perched on a broad steep slide leading sheer into the pool. An orange which had been flung in was making its precipitous flight down the slide into the water when Jim, catching it with two claws, managed to lick out its entire contents before the skin resumed its headlong dive. For this sleight of paw Jim got a round of well-deserved applause! The director-secretary tells us that we are his steadiest contributors and has again invited the prefects to come out as his guests some summer afternoon and enjoy tea and ices.

There was much excitement in the Primary Department over the Swimming Gala and Miss Laidlaw deserves high praise for devoting so much of her time to its preparations. It was surprising

to see how many of the Primary girls can do "life-saving"—most reassuring this to the many grown-ups trembling like myself on the brink at the deep end, though, fortunately for us, they were not required to show their prowess there. The egg and spoon race was good fun, though the "eggs" were really *much* too precious for such hollow spoons! We are all very proud of Joyce Poole who was chosen to represent the East of Scotland in the Scottish National Championship Races, of which more is in the Sports Section.

The high-light of the session was our Primary Concert where for two afternoons in a packed hall we showed what we could do on the lighter side of school life. Very charming items came from both Preparatory grades, one of which showed how nursery characters came so delightfully alive to one small girl. The singing of Miss Nicoll's choirs and soloists was most attractive, and the Household Symphony with its excellent part singing showed what could be done with most ordinary instruments in the efficient hands of Miss McConville. The dancing, particularly of the older girls, was very good and many budding actresses did credit to their elocution mistresses. Perhaps most interesting of all was the class-room play produced by Miss Reid whose ingenuity and patience overcame many an obstacle. The principals all acted well, the witch and her incantations providing much amusement. We would not forget the fine work of the art mistresses whose scenery made an effective background to the whole concert and whose transformation of a fire-guard into a perfectly credible witch's house was a very clever piece of work.

We have again to report six successful entries in the National "Safety First" Competitions in Art and Composition, open to the whole United Kingdom. In the various sections Cynthia Finlayson and Valerie Ramshaw each were placed second and gained prizes of 30s., three others were placed fourth, and one was placed fifth—a very gratifying result indeed.

In conclusion we should like to give to Miss McIntyre an official welcome to the Preparatory Staff where her artistic ability is much valued, and her resourcefulness is already a very present help in all times of difficulty.

B. M.

LIFE DURING THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

as told by a Lady of that Period

AS you doubtless know Queen Victoria was on the throne during the nineteenth century. It is of this period I am about to speak.

I was born in a spacious mansion to a mother who was very strict. My private governess, Miss Wishart, was equally particular as to whom I met, how I dressed, and about the shape of my mouth.

She had an irritating way of calling me "Preescilla" instead of Priscilla. The rules of the house were very strict also. I had to wear a gingham dress with almost fifty buttons down the back, ugly striped stockings, and ankle boots. My brothers wore lace and velvet suits which to boys of to-day may seem ridiculous. In my teens I wore a long dress with a high, stiff collar and, just where I wanted to sit down, an uncomfortable bustle. My hats were huge, with gaudy floral decorations draped round them. Amusements of those days consisted of tea-parties or piano-playing both of which I found very boring. Upon one occasion, at a tea-party, I found events quite exciting. After I had walked round the huge grounds of the mansion with my hostess, dutifully admiring everything, we sat down to tea. Suddenly we heard shouts from the direction of the huge lily pond. We hastened in that direction, walking quickly, but not deigning to run. A small boy, the son of my hostess, had wandered too near the pond. His dog had scampered between his legs tripping him up so that he had fallen into the pond. My hostess was very angry with him for drawing so much attention to himself.

At the age of twenty I was given the position of lady-in-waiting to the Queen. I was not, of course, chief lady-in-waiting. It was indeed a great honour, but in spite of it life seemed to consist of clothes, tea-parties and—the Queen. Her Majesty was also very strict with rules. One of her chief rules was that smoking was prohibited in the Palace. Everyone was thrilled at that time with the new railway engines although I did not enjoy my first journey because of the smoke which easily reached one, owing to the roofless carriages.

You see now how much luckier we are to-day. Smoking is not considered unseemly. The clothes we wear are more hygienic. From the crinoline a bustle appeared which slipped to reveal smooth hip-lines while the dresses crept up to their present length. We have also a greater variety of amusements and freedom to play games. How glad I am I have lived so long!

ISOBEL LAMB, VII(I).

NOVICES ON A CARAVAN TOUR

IT was with great excitement that my sister and I learned that Father had bought a caravan. Our first anxious thought was as to whether the car would be able to pull the caravan, which weighed one ton unloaded. The packing of bedding and food was accomplished with great zest. At last the great day when we were to set off came! It was a glorious Saturday afternoon and we bowled along smoothly. Our first stop was at Callander, where we found a delightful site for caravans. It was great fun making the beds which were very comfortable. As it was late I soon fell asleep.

Suddenly I awoke! A rather curious sound came to my ears. I sat up stiff with fright. Rising, I wakened Father. After we had investigated we found out that it was only the lowing of an inquisitive cow. In the morning after going through the various processes of making the beds and tidying the van, we started out for Oban. On the way we met two very spectacular American girls who were hitch-hiking in Britain. We gave them a lift and learned that they had hitch-hiked through nearly all the countries of Europe. After they had left us we continued on our way to Oban. The site there was called Ganavan Sands. This site provided for all the needs of caravaners. While shopping one day in Oban, we met the American girls wearing tartan trousers. This time we took them to view the beauties of Kilmelford. Next day we left Oban and travelled up the Caledonian Canal to Fort William. There, the site was on a farm which over-looked a loch. At this time the farm-hands were hay-making and I had a glorious time helping them. From Fort William we went to Inverness. We passed Loch Ness, the home of the "Loch Ness Monster."

After a day's shopping in Inverness we went to Ullapool, picnicking on the way. The cottages there became more primitive and we had to carry water quite a distance. Father decided to go on to Lochinver. Little did he know what the roads were like! While Mother was closing a gate, she met a lorry-driver who was very surprised to see a huge trailer going so far north. The road became worse and the ascent became steeper. Suddenly three cars came over the brow of the hill. At this spot there were no passing-places. All the drivers held a conference as to which was the best way to pass. Amid the varied directions, father managed to ditch car and caravan! However, willing hands soon helped us out. When we were told that the roads were like that for ten miles, Father's face fell. After coming to a better road we started for home going by Aberdeen and Perth. Perth was our last halt, and the end of an exciting holiday.

MARGARET DUNCAN, VII(1).

BRUNTSFIELD LINKS

The Links are Bruntsfield's joy and pride,
Whose open spaces green and wide
Encompass on the northern side—
James Gillespie's.

At half-past eight the pilgrims start
Upon their journey, neat and smart;
And later-comers swiftly dart
Over the Links—to Gillespie's.

At lunch-time I would ask, take note!
'Tis speckled with many a crimson coat
Of girls (on whom their teachers dote)—
At Gillespie's.

Young ladies there in many cloaks
Who put the "putters" off their strokes,
And with their chatter glares invoke
At three—by Gillespie's.

All hail to Bruntsfield's meadow green
And to that building so serene;
And to the girls that learn therein,
The girls—of Gillespie's.

DIANE HOWISON, VII(1).

MY THREE HOURS WALK ON THE PENTLANDS

IT was a sunny afternoon when I travelled by bus to Habbie's Howe. Leaving the main road at Habbie's Howe I started my first Pentland walk, the "right of way" passing through a farm and continuing uphill.

The long steady climb brought me to the top of a hill, and there before me lay a picturesque view. This was very beautiful, with the placid stretch of water called North Esk Reservoir in front and the changing colours of the surrounding hills, dotted with sheep and little lambs.

The descending path was steep, curving and winding its way to the valley below. I stopped at a hill spring and drank thirstily.

The walk continued along the river Esk to the little village of Carlops. I stopped many times lingering over little pools, watching the dragon flies flit about and the frogs scurrying to safety between the submerged stones.

Near a very old mill with its derelict water wheel was a small waterfall cascading into a pool below. It made a very pretty picture.

Arriving at a hillside farm, I saw a tiny lamb resting beside its mother. It was a dear little thing, so small that I am sure it was only a few hours old.

Nearby was the village of Carlops, where I had an enjoyable tea, and travelled back to Edinburgh satisfied that my three hours' walk on the Pentlands had been very worth while.

MARGARET LOGAN, VII(2).

A DOG'S LIFE

I wish I were a little dog,
Playing in the park;
For all I'd have to do all day,
Is run about and bark.

I'd have no school to worry me,
Or exams in which to fail;
I'd be quite free to frisk about
In gentle breeze or gale.

I'd take long walks o'er hill and dale,
As happy as could be;
You talk about a dog's life,
Well, that's the life for me.

ANNE WINCHESTER, VII(2).

THE STREAM

Down from the rugged mountain side
A stream of water flows;
'Tis icy cold and crystal clear,
As towards the sea it goes.

It winds and turns its tortuous path,
With many small cascades;
With everwidening banks it flows
Through ferns and mossy glades.

It travels on through verdant fields,
With trees right at its brink;
Down through the valleys and the glens,
Where wild deer come to drink.

IRENE WATSON, VII(2).

FUN IN THE TOY SHOP

ONE late night in a toy shop at the corner of a square in London all the toys came to life, first the golliwog, second the rocking horse, third the teddy bear and after him all the other toys. Sambo Golliwog started speaking. "Dolls and animals," he began, "it is a great pleasure to see you all so wide awake." Then he smiled. "I have planned a midnight train ride to Fairy Dell. We will all travel in the midget Flying Scotsman." "Oh! good," cried all the toys in chorus. "Well, hop in," smiled the friendly porter. "I am off," boomed the train in his gruff voice. "To Fairy Dell," sang the toys. Off they went through the now empty streets of

London, on to Owl's Wood and past the sign-post showing the way to Fairy Dell. At last they were there and the fairies gave them a hearty welcome. The table was spread with many good things to eat. After a feast they played games and sang songs, till at last it was time to say good-bye and thank the fairies. Away they went in the train again through the dim streets of London. When they arrived at the shop out tumbled the toys. "Since we are wide awake," said the golliwog, "Let us have a really jolly time ourselves." "The fun started again. The teddy told jokes, the golliwog did tricks and the sailor doll sang chancies. Suddenly they heard a noise. Scatter to your shelves," squeaked the mouse. In strode the shop-keeper. "All quiet," he murmured. "Must have been a mouse!" The toys were all back on their shelves and not a sign of their revels could be seen.

JEAN S. GRANT, VI(1).

MY PETS

I bought two little mice one day,
Only two shillings did I pay;
I often had them on my lap,
Where they could play or have a nap.

Their nest was just a bit of sack,
They soon had babies—all were black;
I thought them very very small,
But much I liked them one and all.

My poor cat Fluff upon the box,
With the cunning of a fox,
Waits and looks as if to say,
"With those mice I'd like to play!"

But all the mice I could not keep,
So at the "Pet Shop" some now sleep;
With them I did not like to part,
It very nearly broke my heart.

ANN GAULT, VI(1).

AN AMUSING INCIDENT

LAST summer my parents and I went for a cycling tour of the Highlands.

One sunny afternoon Mummy and I were wearing eye-shades, and as we were climbing Glenogle, we passed a car-load of picnickers. One of them, an elderly man, shouted at us, "Ye've lost a' yer hat but the snoot."

We were very amused at this and have kept it in mind ever since.

RUTH ALSTON, VI(1).

A PICNIC ON A RAINY DAY

IT was a lovely sunny day when we started off on our picnic to the Pentland Hills.

First, we took the bus to Balerno and walked up to the hills where we seated ourselves beside a reservoir. We were watching a fisherman who caught a trout. After he had finished fishing he showed us his trout and told us that he had been fishing since seven o'clock in the morning and that was the only fish he had caught.

All of a sudden dark clouds began to roll up over the sky and we felt a few spots of rain. Luckily we had with us water-proof sheets which we could put over our heads. As we sheltered under the cover Daddy thought of a bright idea. There were a few pine trees all clumped together. Daddy's idea was to tie the sheet from four trees so that we could shelter under it. That we did, and we had tea under cover with the rain pouring down outside our hut. The rain was so bad that we wondered how we were going to arrive home, but luckily Jerry had his motor-bike and one at a time he took us down to the village where we got the bus home. Jerry then went to fetch Mummy who was still at the reservoir.

We were soon all home. We enjoyed ourselves very much in spite of the rain and we all thought it was very exciting.

PAMELA MITCHELL, VI(2).

THE SKYLON

When I was going to London Town,
I thought with such a frown,
What is this thing they talk about,
And call it the Skylon?

The Skylon is so long and straight,
And slender in its way;
I wonder how it stands erect
On its cables all the day.

The wires mix up together
Like the muddle in my brain,
When I think of that great puzzle,
Oh, again, and again!

At night time, it is at its best,
With a colour like the moon;
I think it's much too beautiful,
To take away so soon.

CAROL DICKSON, VI(2).

CHANGED DAYS

Where once I used to "haw" and "hum"
 When I was called from play;
 I'm ready now when Mum calls "Come,"
 And "No" I never say.

In through the door without a fuss
 I wash and scrub so clean;
 Then settle down to see what's shown
 On the television screen.

SHEILA JOHNSTON, VI(2).

THE WEATHERVANE'S STORY

LET me introduce myself. I am a weather-vane, and I live on the summit of the church steeple in the little village of Innerwick in East Lothian.

From my elevated position, I am at the mercy of the elements in spring, summer, autumn and winter. The prevailing wind in all seasons is the wild west wind.

In spring, when baby birds are peeping from their eggs, there sometimes blows up a north-easterly wind which is accompanied by a clear air, and, though the temperature be low, distant objects can be viewed to a greater advantage.

In summer, normally, with the wind blowing gently from the west, pleasant conditions might be experienced, but when my arrow veers round in a southerly direction, bright and warm holiday weather should prevail. At this time, owing to the sultry air thunderstorms could develop.

Autumn weather is variable. Sometimes there is a dead calm, and then, hey presto! a gusty, boisterous, westerly wind whirls dead leaves from the trees, which now become denuded of their foliage.

This introduces me to winter, with raw, penetrating, easterly winds, which drive the erstwhile gay and happy humans to the cosy comforts of the inglenook, far below my starry station.

Of all the seasons I do not know which I like best, for they all hold comforts and discomforts for a weathervane.

MARY HOPE, V(1).

A LITTLE MAID

A little maid tripped o'er the lea
 In a yellow dress and hat so wee;
 She was as gay as she could be,
 As she went to Ipswich.

As she went she sang a song
 To the sound of the bluebells' ding, ding, dong;
 So she did not think the road was long,
 As she went to Ipswich.

Soon she found that she was near
 The town that lay so bright and clear;
 So she stopped to give a cheer,
 For she'd arrived at Ipswich.

AILEEN MCGREGOR, V(1).

COLOURS

What are White?
 Swans' feathers are white,
 Gliding in the light.

What is Green?
 Grass is green.
 With a lovely sheen.

What is Blue?
 The sea is blue,
 With mysteries for you.

What are Red?
 Leaves are red,
 In the Autumn shed.

What are Black?
 Shadows are black,
 Falling at your back.

What are Grey?
 Sheep are grey,
 Eating all the day.

FLORENCE WADE, V(2).

MY BUDGIES

SOME time ago Daddy and I decided that we should like to breed budgies. We looked through all the papers until one Saturday evening we saw an advertisement saying, "Two blue budgies for sale: male and female." After tea we proceeded to the address given in the advertisement and as Daddy had already bred budgies it was not difficult to choose a good pair.

The budgies were put in a cardboard shoe box with holes in the lid and tied with string. It was comical coming home in the

tram as the budgies squawked the whole journey. On arriving home we agreed to call them Jocky and Jenny. After putting them in a cage and giving them some seed we covered them up for the night. The next day Daddy made a breeding cage for them and fixed a nesting box to it.

I am now pleased to say Jenny has five eggs and we are hoping that very soon we shall have blue budgie chicks.

INEZ ANDERSON, V(2).

MY SWANS

ON the banks of the canal opposite my bedroom window Mr and Mrs Swan have built their nest. Mrs Swan now sits on the eggs and Mr Swan keeps guard beside the nest. Sometimes he swims on the canal in front of the nest and when the row-boats come along he has a busy time trying to chase them away. I look out of my bedroom window every morning hoping to see the baby swans but they are not hatched yet. However they will be out soon and then very quickly their mother takes them on her back into the water. Then they are soon able to swim themselves.

PAMELA ARTHUR, IV(1).

MY GOLLIWOG

My golliwog is a silly chap,
He has a silly coloured cap.
His coat is red and is quite new,
His pantaloons are royal blue.
Socks of bright yellow and shoes of brown,
Complete the dress of this dear clown.

FRANCES BROWN, IV(1).

THE LILY WOOD

ONE day when we were staying in Galloway for our Easter holidays, we went to Whithorn Priory. When we reached the Priory, Mr Flannagan, who was showing us round, told us that it was here St. Ninian landed and first told the Scots about Jesus. Afterwards, Mummy asked Mr Flannagan if there were any daffodils growing wild and he told us about the Lily Wood. We went where he told us and found it quite easily and it looked a picture! The further we went, the more daffodils we saw. After we had gone a little way, Daddy took some photographs. Mr Bell said he would make me a little house in his Lily Wood, so that I could watch all the different flowers come up during the summer. When we went home in the car, we had three big bunches of daffodils.

ALISON WOOD, IV(2).

THE SUN AND MOON

Look! look! everyone,
There is the sun.
From its golden ball
The sunbeams fall.
Look! look! everyone,
There is the sun.

Look up soon,
For there is the moon.
It's casting shadows
All over my room.
Some on the doorway,
Some on the walls,
Some on the wardrobe,
And some on the dolls.

EVELYN MARILYN WALKER, IV(2).

A BIG SURPRISE

DURING my holidays in Aberdeenshire I was living in a small cottage. One day I was near the woods when all of a sudden I saw something that made my heart leap. It was a deer! The next day I saw it again boxing a nearby tree. Suddenly it jumped on me and started boxing. I held on tightly to one of her furry horns and started to scream. My mother came running out and said, Get up! Get up! I just could not. There I was rooted to the spot while mother ran behind a tree. The deer ran after her and I escaped after all. Afterwards I thought it was all rather funny.

Wouldn't you?

DOROTHY ANDERSON, III(1).

MY PUSSY

I have a little pussy cat,
His coat is grey with stripes;
He always cuddles close to me
When I say to him, Good-night.

He likes when it's his day for fish,
He sits on a shelf to wait;
Until his fish comes from the pot
And is mashed up on his plate.

But sometimes Tim is naughty,
And plays with Mummy's wool.
But he always runs to meet us
When we come home from school.

ROSALIND HALL, III(1).

MY HEDGEHOG

WHEN my daddy went golfing he found a hedgehog. Daddy thought it was hurt. He put it in his golf bag and brought it home. I asked him what it ate and drank. He said it drank milk and ate bread. I kept it in the hutch that my brother keeps his pigeons in. Its name is Horace.

MARLENE MARTIN, III(2).

A CAT

I wish I were a cat,
To sit upon the mat,
I'd go to the stream,
And forget my bowl of cream.

I'd like to chase mice,
And slide upon the ice,
All my little kittens
Would be given tiny mittens.

PAULINE GARDINER, III(2).

Last Thursday my mummy, my daddy, my sister, my auntie and I, all went away for the day. First of all we stopped at Carluke and went in to a cafe to have a cup of tea. Then we went away again in daddy's car until we came to Straveen. Here we stopped to have our dinner. After dinner we went to play in the park. Just before we came home, when we were all feeling hungry and thirsty, my auntie bought us some lemonade and ice-cream. We all sat down, but Elma could not find her ice-cream. Mummy said, "I hope no one is sitting on it." When Mummy looked round she was sitting on it herself!

I was at the Zoo on Wednesday, and I saw Jim and Queenie. I was wearing my School uniform, and whenever Jim saw my School badge he began to show off. Jim got hold of a log. Queenie was on a rock and dived on Jim. Then they did mummertsalts together in the water. When we were tired watching them we went for tea. After we had our tea we went to see the monkeys having their tea. One of the monkeys wanted to get my mummy's brooch.

On the holiday daddy and I are going to see the fishes in the Waverley Market. They are in glass of course, and there is water in the glass for them. They could not live outside, could they? They would be too dry, wouldn't they? Yes, of course you know that. I wonder which fish will be there! Tunny-fish? Herring? Cod?—I wonder! I like herrings. I love the look of them. I think they are sweet.

On Saturday I went to see the Students' Procession. We saw a funny man dressed like a baby. He was in a pram and was sucking a bottle. He was very funny. Then we saw a car with a truck at the end of it. In the truck there was a man who kept shouting, "Bang-bang." When my wee brother Colin saw him, he shouted, "Bang, bang," back to the man. He made everyone laugh.

I have a dolly. I like her very much. She has two dresses. One is her party dress, the other one is her playing dress. When I was sleeping last night in my bed she wakened me. She wanted to come for the night to sleep with me. I told her she was naughty and put her back in her own cot. Soon she fell fast asleep again.

In the holidays I went to Portobello. My daddy didn't come with us. It was just my mummy and I. There was a black and white collie dog there. It brought me a stone to throw, then brought it back again. After a while it lost the stone and brought me a stick instead. We had to throw it, or else the dog started to whine. I was very sorry to leave him, and Portobello, but I had had a lot of fun that day.

On Saturday and Sunday my cousin and I went to gather primroses. We got some on Sunday but on Saturday we got lost, and we did not see any. We had our tea at the Black Barony on the way home. We saw some black faced lambs near a reservoir. We had to turn the car back here, because the road was blocked by a farm gate which was locked. We had to go right round the reservoir again, before we could get home.

I am going to London for my holidays this year. I think I will like it. I want to see a lot of things. We will stay with my Auntie. She is going to take us to the Palace where we will see the Queen. I am also going to see The Tower Bridge. The last time my mummy was there she bumped in to Charlie Chaplin.

II(1).

My grandfather on Saturday cleared my cupboard, and the box under mummy's bed. Now I don't lose anything. Last night me and grandpa cleared my cot. Now for once my dollies can go to bed so they are having a long sleep.

My nana had a dog. He was a very nice dog. He died. I was very very sorry because I liked him but soon I got happy again because the next door lady had a pussy and it came over to us.

Last summer I went to Brechin. I went into the lounge. A man took a penny out of his pocket, twirled it round his hand and the next minute it was on my frock.

In the holidays daddy put me up on a haystack. It was good fun, but suddenly I got a fright and gave a yell, because I stood on a hen and broke two of her seven eggs.

On Monday I went to the Botanic Gardens. I went to the hot houses. Some hot houses had poisonous flowers in them. I could hardly walk for the hotness made me hot. I went to the cool pool and to see the rocks with flowers.

On Saturday I fell down the stairs. I hurt my back and forehead. I was sick ten times. After that I had a headache but I could still go to the party.

I want a pup but mummy won't let me have one. I said a black and white one but mummy still said no.

On Sunday mummy is carrying a baby into church. His name is David Graham Rayle. My mummy is going to be his godmother. He is going to be christened. I have never seen him but I am going to see him next Saturday.

I was at the zoo. It was nice. My mummy was giving a piece of carrot to a monkey and another monkey put out his tongue at her, and bit her. He took the carrot and nipped the other monkey.
II(2).

My classroom is like a garden becos oll the girls brot lovly flours.

We went to Colinton Dell and we salde a ship. On the way back we saw a lot of rooks nests in the trees.

I have a funi cat. One day it jumpst up on my head.

When I was at Ullapool I was out in a boat. I caut four macaril and one saith.

I live by the hills and I can see little lams friscing and jumping abowt.

I was at Dunoon and I saw some primroses with roots and we pict them and took them home and I have them in my wee plot at the alotment.

I went in a plane to paris with my Mummy and it was hot and sunny. I had my dolly to . We stayed in an hotel.

Dickie is my bird, he lives in a cage I give him seed and water every day. At night I put a cuver on his cage. Some day I will let him fly about the room.

I have a new baby brother colled Richid. My mother is comeing up to School to show him to the teachir and the girls.

One day my little sister took mummy's lipstick and Mummy had her back turned and when Mummy lookt at my little sister she had lipstick on her face and hands and nees.

Wuns my chimney went on fire and Nessy foned the plese and the plese foned the firemen and the firemen put out the fire.

My mother can so my frocks with a nedil and thred.

(I1).

I went out with Mummy and I bot a teashurt.

I am in the consert and I am a bunarabit.

I have a cold and I shod be in bed.

I am in the cwyr I am a doll.

I have a Sunday cote for Sunday it is Mron.

We had sandwijs and the went out for tea.

I have a yelo blous it has a coller.

I saw the stuedints on the shor and I had a icescreme and I came home.

I so a wich in the consert.

I had tothic I was playing with my big elifant.

I have a wacy tocy doll it has a pinge frock and a hat to mach it.

I go to church and I sing hims. I like church Mummy, Daddy and Kenneth go then I go to sunday scholl and here storise and dro pichers.

Yestirday I was at Cariknow and I saw to crans caring a brig on the ralway.

One day we went to the Zoo and saw Sally. She has one tale and a trunc. She etes buns and can pick up muny.

I(2).

REPORTS OF SOCIETIES

LITERARY AND DRAMATIC SOCIETY

MEMBERS of the Literary Society can once more look back on a year full of interest and entertainment, in which both debating and drama played a considerable part.

Both "To Start You Talking" and "Fourth Year Night" held their customary places in the syllabus. In the first, both serious and amusing subjects were discussed and the standard of debating was high. The Fourth Year presented a very witty and highly entertaining "Television Show" and at the same time brought to the fore a wealth of new talent. Not only the inventive ability of the Fourth Year but also their willingness to co-operate in every programme reassure us that the Society is in safe keeping while they are at the helm. Unfortunately "Magazine Night" had to be cancelled because of the national mourning.

We have had three debates this year—the first, "That this House regrets the Discovery of America," in which the affirmative was beaten by a very narrow majority. The second was with the Literary Society of George Heriot's School and was entitled "That Custom and Formality should be abolished." One can guess by the title that this turned into a hilarious meeting in which the negative won by an overwhelming majority. The third debate, "That this Century has achieved little to be proud of" was with Daniel Stewart's Literary Society and once again the negative won. In those two joint debates it was gratifying to see that the members of our own Society were not backward in expressing their opinions.

Our outside speaker this year was Mr P. M. B. Smith, Publicity Manager of the *Scottish Daily Mail*. Mr Smith gave a most fascinating and instructive talk on "Some Aspects of Daily Newspaper Production."

One of our most enjoyable meetings was "One minute, Please," adapted from the radio programme. Six members of staff formed the two teams and three pupils the jury. It was indeed a most entertaining evening with everyone entering into the spirit of the occasion unreservedly. Another very successful meeting was a symposium "Old versus New in Literature, Art and Music," for which several members of the Society had prepared short papers, the music section being illustrated with gramophone records. At this meeting our President read us some very interesting articles from Victorian newspapers.

Our two dramatic evenings were the "Inter-House Drama Festival," in which Spylaw's production, "Elizabeth Refuses," was judged best, and "Give me your Answer, Do," our Leap Year programme. The latter, devised entirely by Miss Foster, was enjoyed immensely by the audience.

A delightful innovation this year was a joint "Literary Dinner" held with the Literary Societies of six other schools. With the boys of George Heriot's School as hosts we spent a most enjoyable evening. Our share in the after-dinner entertainment was a series of dramatic readings from Shakespeare under the heading "Lovers' Meetings." Since our first Literary Dinner was so successful, we are sure it will not be the last.

We hope to hold our Social, our "Final Fling of 1952," in June. "Lit." parties are usually carefree and very happy occasions, and we hope this one will be no exception.

To our President, Roma Finlayson, we should like to extend the Society's thanks, for her charm, competence and good humour have been an inspiration to us all. And we wholeheartedly thank Miss Foster, Miss Henderson and Miss Donald for their support and guidance throughout the session.

Finally to next year's "Lit." we wish the best of luck for an enjoyable year.

MARGARET CESSFORD, *Hon. Secy.*

SCIENCE ASSOCIATION

DURING yet another session the Science Association has maintained its reputation for being truly scientific in its interests, and yet attracting members from almost every form in the School, even those whose main interests are other than scientific.

We were most fortunate this year in having two distinguished outside speakers—Mr John Knight and Mr T. H. Gillespie. Mr Knight, who is well known in photographic circles, and who holds several prizes for his photographs, visited us in the first term to give a most interesting and, indeed, fascinating lantern lecture on the subject "How to Take a Good Photograph."

It was in the second term that Mr Gillespie came to visit us, and, despite the pressure of approaching examinations, many of our members were present to hear our well-known "Zoo-Man" give a most instructive lantern lecture on "Snakes" in his own inimitable way.

In the second term also came our annual visit from Mr Seaton. This is an event to which our members look forward eagerly, and the anticipation of all was well rewarded by the excellence of the film show which was given.

Our Association has by no means lost the art of entertaining itself, however, and "Impromptu Debates," "Short Papers," "Experiments," and a debate "That the Test-tube is Mightier than the Pen," have all played important parts in our year's syllabus.

Perhaps the most popular meeting was that held on December 7th in the Middle Hall. This was the 25th Annual Social of the Association, and former pupils, present pupils, and staff, spent a most enjoyable evening together, all greatly admiring the lovely two-tier cake which bore scientific symbols as well as the school motto and crest.

As we look back over this session, we must all feel very deeply indebted to our President, Mr Brash, who gives so ungrudgingly of his time each year. Few of us will ever forget the instruction and training which he has given us throughout our years of membership, and we hope that the Association will have yet another prosperous session in 1952-53.

MARGARET E. HOWIESON, *Hon. Secy.*

SKETCH CLUB

WE are pleased to say that the Sketch Club has once more had a prosperous year. As before, it was divided into two sections, Art Section and Craft Section, with some two dozen members in all.

The Craft Section proved the more popular among the older girls. Some fine specimens of blockprinted mats were produced. Some of the girls wove scarves and made cushion-covers while the making of dolls was preferred by others. The nine members of this Section have, I am sure,

greatly appreciated the help rendered by Miss Moncur who has so willingly given up her time to encourage the talent she found in the girls.

The Art Section comprised mainly younger girls. The work was centred on figure compositions, and fashion drawings were attempted by some. We hope that Miss Campbell and Miss Somerville will accept our most sincere gratitude for working so untiringly with us every Thursday.

Our warmest welcome goes to all those who would like to join next session and we hope for a larger membership and a very prosperous year.

SANDRA WATSON.

SCHOOL CHOIR

WE have had a most enjoyable session under Mr Sommerville's expert and good-humoured guidance. Unfortunately, we have had few anthems at morning service, since many of the senior girls could attend practices for only a short time, owing to late classes.

At the end of the first term, the nativity play, so successfully devised and produced two years ago by Mr Sommerville and Miss Campbell, was repeated. The main parts were taken by Alison Fleming as Gabriel, Maureen Cumming as Mary, and Linda Hall, Margaret Sharp and Catherine Beaton as the wise men.

On Sunday, 11th May, the Choir gave the opening concert of Health Week, in the Usher Hall. The choral items, which included "Cargoes", "The Campbells are Comin'", and "The Eriskay Love Lilt", solos by Linda Hall and Jessie Cameron, piano solos by Frances Hallside, and a trio played by Jean Gardner, Irene Twaddle and Pat Greenan were greatly appreciated by the audience.

At the Founder's Day Ceremony, the choir sang a lovely setting by Schubert of "The Lord is My Shepherd."

We are now practising for the Closing Concert, which this year is to include Mozart's "Alleluia," "Spring's Return" by Strauss and "The Vagabond" by Vaughan Williams.

We owe our thanks to Miss Nicoll, without whose help throughout the year we should have been at a loss.

JEAN McK. TURNBULL.
OLIVE WIGHTMAN.

SCHOOL ORCHESTRA

THIS has been another successful session for the orchestra, and although we lost many of our members last year, our numbers are no smaller, owing to the enthusiasm of our younger players. This session we have started a third violin section in which junior members play. The music for this section is kept fairly simple so that no one may feel that she is not able to take part in the orchestra. Another innovation this year is the introduction of a clarinet which adds variety to our playing.

Earlier in the session we played a number of English Folk Tunes from the Stanwell Album and part of Mozart's "Jupiter" Symphony. Another of our pieces was Rameau's "Rigaudan de Dardenus."

Now we are busy practising for the Closing Concert where we hope to play the First Movement of "The Toy Symphony" by Haydn. Our

other pieces are both choral and are Mozart's "Alleluia" and a Strauss waltz, "The Spring's Return."

In closing a word of thanks must go to Mr Sommerville who has shown great patience in conducting us throughout this session. Under his guidance the Orchestra goes from strength to strength and becomes increasingly enthusiastic.

SHIRLEY H. E. DUNCAN.

SCRIPTURE UNION

THIS session has proved most successful and eventful in the life of our School Scripture Union Branch. Membership has increased almost every week since our meetings started in September, and by the middle of the autumn term our growing numbers forced us to move to the Gymnasium where we now meet each Thursday, at 8.30 a.m.

A marked increase has also been seen in the numbers attending the monthly rallies held in Bristo Baptist Church Hall, Queensferry Road. At these rallies, the School Branch took first place for Edinburgh in the Inter-School Quiz, and this entitled us to send a quiz team of five to Glasgow, where we won the semi-finals of the Scottish Inter-School Quiz. One month later, however, we were defeated in the Scottish Finals by Invergordon Academy who gained one-sixth of a point more than did our team over a Bible Quiz of three rounds. Each member of our team was presented by Mrs Naismith with a New Testament bearing the Scripture Union Badge.

During the Christmas holidays, our school was again represented by two of our members at a Scottish Conference held for a few days at Dounan's Camp, Aberfoyle. The guest speaker, Rev. George Rolster, B.D., of Wishaw Baptist Church, gave a most interesting series of talks on the main items of worship in a Church service, and the Schools Sessions which were conducted by Mr Sydney Thomson, M.A., B.Sc., of Rothesay Academy, and Rev. J. W. Meiklejohn, M.A., will long be remembered by all present for the amusement and very helpful instruction which they provided. At the missionary session, the Moody Bible Institute Film "Unto Every Creature" was shown in the Camp Conference Hall, and few can have left the hall unimpressed by the urgency of the need for trained men and women of all professions in the vast unevangelised regions of the world.

Not all the time of the Conference was, of course, devoted to talks, and in the beautiful countryside round Aberfoyle friendships were made and renewed, and the fellowship among those who are working in the Scripture Union in all parts of Scotland was considerably deepened.

We are looking forward once more to the Swimming Gala at Warrender Park Baths, and also to several proposed outings. Summer camps, too, are in the offing, and we hope to be represented at several of these.

In summing up, we can only say that this session has brought increased prosperity to our Branch and great blessing to many of our members.

MARGARET E. HOWIESON, *Secretary*.

E.S.C.A.

E.S.C.A. has again had a fairly good percentage of Gillespie members at its meetings this year. Although many Fifth and Sixth Form girls joined the Association, pressure of work or other activities seems to have kept

most of them from attending meetings so that the representatives have been mostly from the Fourth Form. This, however, is, in a way, a good sign, and bodes well for the future of E.S.C.A.

Meetings this year have been varied and interesting, including all those which are steadily becoming traditions, such as "Discussion Groups," a "Brains Trust," and, of course, the Dance.

In the second term the Association tried a new idea, in the form of a "Fourth Year Evening." This was left almost entirely to the Fourth Forms of the various schools to arrange, and they presented us with an excellent evening's entertainment and instruction by their adaptation of the popular radio programme into "Fourth Form Opinion."

Yet another successful evening was the "Kirk Session," to which were invited a Jewish Rabbi, a Scottish Episcopal Canon, a Minister of the Church of Scotland, and a Roman Catholic Priest. They answered questions put to them by their youthful audience, but, as the questions had first been sifted, arguments were not too fiery, but conducted in a very good spirit.

On our programme of lectures this session was an amusing and informative talk on "E.S.C.A." by Miss Freda Hawkins, our indispensable guide; a lecture on art by Mr W. O. Hutchison, President of the Royal Scottish Academy; and a lecture entitled "The Arts lead to Scotland," by Mr Nigel Tranter. We were very fortunate in having, every time, interesting and lively speakers, who knew their subjects thoroughly, and could answer all the testing questions, with which E.S.C.A. is always ready.

The President, the Secretary and the Treasurer of E.S.C.A. this year attended the Council for Education in World Citizenship Conference in London at the beginning of January. Among the many distinguished speakers were Dr Gilbert Murray, O.M., Sir Benegal Rau, Mr Richard O'Sullivan, Q.C., Miss Mary Trevelyan, Mr Kingsley Martin, Professor John Humphrey and Canon John Collins, lecturing on varying aspects of the subject, "Human Rights." Social activities were also included in the programme, and the Conference was highly successful. Another enjoyable and instructive conference was held at Wiston Lodge, during the Easter holidays. Four Gillespie girls attended, and derived much pleasure from the few days spent at the lovely house in the country. Hockey, tennis, indoor games and swimming were pleasantly combined with lectures and discussions to make a memorable week-end for all.

DOROTHY S. WILSON.

FIELD CLUB

THE Field Club, whose aim is to give members a knowledge, not only of flowers and trees, but of the surrounding countryside, has again started with its summer activities. The membership is large, with representatives from nearly every class from the first year to the sixth. So far we have had two outings, one of them to Roslin Glen, which is always good for spring flowers, and we hope to arrange many more outings this term, both revisiting old haunts and finding out new routes.

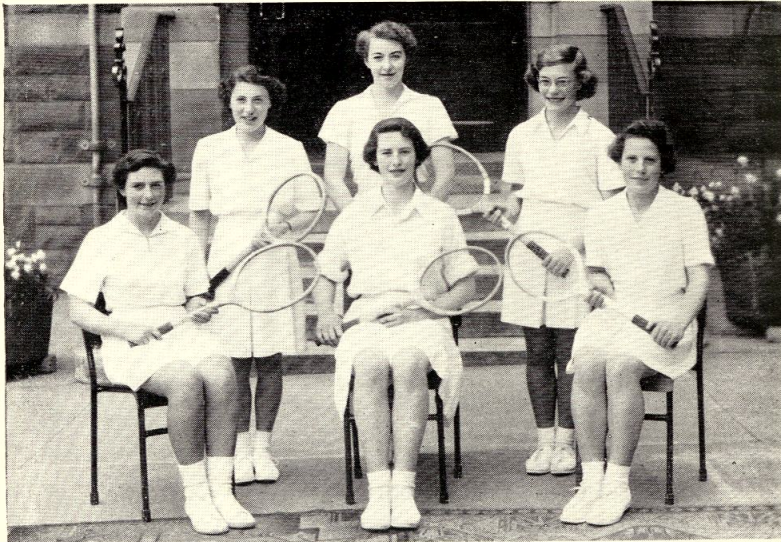
M. M.

FIRST XI HOCKEY, 1951-52



Back Row—M. Mackenzie, M. Stoddart, S. Watson, Miss Adamson, A. Harper, M. Hamilton, I. Grimston.
Front Row—E. Kennedy, E. Sime, I. Lawson (Captain), S. Charters, S. Miller.

TENNIS TEAM, 1951-52



Back Row—D. Drummend, E. Jobson, H. Harrison.
Front Row—O. Wightman, S. Charters (Captain), S. Miller.

CRICKET TEAM, 1951-52



Back Row—E. Vaughan, P. Adamson, M. Sutherland, S. Duncan,
C. Longden, A. Millar, J. Forrest.
Front Row—M. Wright, M. Mackenzie, A. Harper (Captain), P. Ferguson, S. Brown.

SCHOOL SPORTS

HOCKEY

Only two of last year's 1st XI were left, but in spite of this the new team settled down fairly quickly. The team was beaten only by Boroughmuir, Queen Street, and Leith Academy. The 2nd XI had a poor season but the other XI's did fairly well.

In the Annual Inter-Schools Tournament the Senior XI was defeated in the second round by Trinity Academy. The Junior Team played well and, for the first time in several years defeated all comers.

In the American Tournament Gillespie's beat St. Hilary's, St. Denis, and George Square to win its section. In the next round, however, it was beaten by Boroughmuir, who eventually went on to win.

The Inter-House Tournament was won by Spylaw and the pupils beat the staff in a very enjoyable Staff *v.* Pupils match.

1st XI colours were awarded to Irene Lawson. It is hoped that next year will see the introduction of Junior colours.

The results of this season's matches are as follows:—

						Goals	
		Won	Lost	Drawn	Cancelled	For	Against
1st XI	-	6	3	3	9	47	29
2nd XI	-	4	6	2	10	24	40
3rd XI	-	4	6	2	8	23	19
4th XI	-	5	2	2	9	40	17
5th XI	-	6	1	2	12	36	11
6th XI	-	5	1	1	11	17	7

I. L.

TENNIS

This year's team, which comprises Olive Wightman and Sheena Charters, Sheila Miller and Elma Jobson, Helen Harrison and Dorothy Drummond, with Elizabeth Reid as reserve, has opened the season by winning against Esdaile by 4 matches to 2, Broughton by 9 matches to 0, and Dunfermline by 7 matches to 2. It lost against the Royal High School by 3 matches to 6. The team hopes for further victories in the remaining matches.

Play for the School Championship for this year remains to be completed.

S. E. C.

CRICKET

The Annual General Business Meeting was held on Friday, 25th April, and the following office-bearers were elected:—Captain, Anne Harper; Vice-Captain, Marjorie Mackenzie; and Secretary, Patricia Ferguson.

There is a large membership this year and we have two enthusiastic teams. We are looking forward to games with St. George's, John Watson's,

D

Edinburgh and Glasgow Universities, Former Pupils and the Staff, and return games with Heriot's and Esdaile.

The 1st XI visited the Festival of Sport at the Waverley Market and were coached by Godfrey Evans and Douglas Wright, two of the Kent and M.C.C. cricketers. The Club practice night is on Tuesdays at Meggetland and there is a special 1st XI team practice on Wednesday nights at Union Park, Corstorphine, where we have the services of Mr Linn as coach.

We take this opportunity to thank Mr Sommerville for giving up so much of his valuable time to help us.

P. F.

GOLF

The Golf Club has a membership of about thirty girls this year. Many of them are receiving lessons from Mr Houston, the Braid Hills professional, who is always very willing to encourage us.

Outings were held over Braids No. 1 on 6th May and Ingliston on 16th May and others will be held later in the term.

A match is proposed against George Watson's Ladies College with a team of six, and the annual Staff *v.* Pupils Putting Competition will take place in June.

We take this opportunity to thank Miss Macgregor for the kind help she gives us throughout the season.

C. McN.

SWIMMING (Senior)

At the beginning of the session the number allowed to enrol for each of the three swimming classes was limited to fifty, but attendances fell, so that others were admitted later, to a total of 230.

The certificates gained by Secondary girls during the first two terms were:—Elementary, 19; Intermediate, 15; Advanced, 14; Life-saving, 13.

The event of the year was the Gala, which was held, for the first time since before the war, at the beginning of the summer term. Both Primary and Secondary Girls took part in the programme, which included serious and comic individual events, house relay races, a Former Pupils' race, an inter-school race (won by Portobello), and demonstrations of swimming and life-saving.

House points gained at the Gala were as follows:—Gilmore, 51½; Warrender, 43; Roslin, 18; and Spylaw, 6½.

The Senior Champion is Isobel Howieson, who was last year's runner-up, and the runner-up is her sister Margaret, last year's champion.

The School swimming team gave a good account of itself when it appeared at two other galas, being second on each occasion.

D. L. F.

SWIMMING (Junior)

Another successful season has just concluded, the high-light being the Gala which was held at the beginning of the summer term. Twenty girls took part and our section had the honour of presenting half of the life-saving exhibition.

Early in the autumn Mrs Burnett (Miss Jean McDowell) gave us her prize medals which will be awarded to the champions of the next few seasons; and Miss Edwards presented us with a silver cup for inter-class competition. We greatly appreciate their interest and thank them for their generosity.

Our heartiest congratulations go to Joyce Poole, Primary VII.1., who was chosen to represent the Edinburgh and Lothians Area in the relay team (under 13) at the Scottish Schools National Championships in May. The team won their heat and were placed second in the final.

PRIZE LIST

Championship—Joyce Poole, Pr. VII.1.

Runner-up—Margaret Drummond, Pr. VII.1.

Progress Prize—Moirra Sellar, Pr. V.2.

Life-saving—Heather McBain, Pr. VI.2.

House Championship—Roslin.

House Relay—Roslin (Jacqueline Hogg, Margaret Drummond and Phyllis Pozzi).

Class Cup—1st Term, Pr. VII.2; 2nd Term, Pr. VI.1.

Swimming Certificates gained—Elementary, 20; Intermediate, 17; Advanced, 10; and Life-saving, 10.

A. B. L.

FORMER PUPILS' SECTION

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

"A FRESHER AT VARSITY"

(Rona Macpherson, Editor of last year's magazine, sums up her impressions of her first year at the University.)

IT is an odd feeling to be writing for the School Magazine again after a whole year away from school and all school activities. As I sit down to write, I feel that no time has passed since I last wrote an article for the Magazine—and yet it is a whole year! I thought I had left all such things far behind me, and had assumed a new and entirely different personality with my new navy, green and silver scarf—and now I find that I haven't.

Oh yes, one was happy at School, but one is also happy at Varsity, now that the first shyness has passed. When first I tiptoed, self-consciously draped with my new scarf, up the steps of the Old Quad., I felt very young and lost in the midst of crowds of assured and experienced students. It was like one's first day at school all over again! I felt as if I were the only fresher in the whole university, and thought that I should never completely master the technique of strolling casually into the Common Room and unblushingly meeting the questioning stares of myriads of apparently hostile faces! I thought I should never be able to walk up the New Reading Room without tripping over a carpet or stepping on a squeaky board—and yet I have, often!

Now that I look back on my first few weeks at Varsity, I realise that such a period of initiation is inevitable in student life. My advice to any prospective Freshers who will take it is to go to the (free) "Freshers' Hops" provided for them, no matter what Society is giving them, and to join as many societies as possible; for it is there that one meets First Year students in similar circumstances to one's own, and it is then that friendships are first built up at University. I know that this is good advice, as I regret not taking it myself!

I know I speak for all my fellow-Freshers from Gillespie's when I say that we are now all loving University life. We like the atmosphere of friendliness and happiness that we find here, we enjoy the freedom we are allowed, we love the chances we get of expressing ourselves and of contributing to the happiness of student life as well as gaining from it. We work hard (in the weeks before the Examinations!) and we play hard (all the rest of the term!). If we neglect our studies—though I am not saying that we do—we have to pay for it by hard work at top speed; if we do our best, we proudly carry off our Merit Certificates.

Although I do not see our New Quad representatives, Sandra Dunbar and May Hutchison, very often, I often see our budding linguists and mathematicians tripping gaily between Chambers Street and the Old Quad. Jean Gardner, Betty Burns, Betty Sinclair, Olive Inglis, Pat Ambrose and Margaret Ramsay make up a large portion of the more talented part of the French class, while Letty Cuthbertson and Joyce Forsyth are doing well

in English. In the Maths Institute and King's Buildings we are well represented by Myra MacDougall and Shirley Manson, while I am the whole of the Gillespie battalion in the Geography class! We are generally distinguished by our *always* serious and thoughtful expressions, and by the fact that we *never* wilfully neglect a lecture or a tutorial!

So far, none of us has distinguished herself in the administrative or society life of the University, but just wait until we get into our stride! Next year we may (perhaps) dominate the S.R.C., not to mention the Women's Union; while every society may soon have a Gillespie president! And who knows? You may even see one or two Gillespie girls adorning the chorus of "Varsity Vanities of 1953"!

"LUNCH HOUR—OLD QUAD"

(Two Former Pupils, now seasoned University students, have chosen this unconventional form in which to reflect various aspects of University life and the part Gillespie's girls are taking in it.)

"MUST be nearly bell time, is it?"

"A minute to go."

"Good. I'm ravenous. Where are we having lunch?"

"Common Room, I suppose."

"Well, at least it's cheaper there . . . Thank goodness, the bell at last!"

* * * * *

"These notices ought to have been taken down weeks ago! That poster for the French play is positively ancient. Did you see it?"

"Yes, didn't you?"

"Yes. It was a scream—and full of F.P.'s. Well, three at least—Duseline Stewart, Beryl Sinclair and Alison Bee. I believe they borrowed some of the props from school, and Alison was wardrobe mistress."

"I loved Muriel McCurrach's French songs before the play. The French Society certainly flourishes under Gillespie influence."

"We are rather a bright lot when you think of it. Did you know that Pat Cresswell wrote the music for 'Varsity Vanities'?"

"Yes. And it was a great success."

"Are you going to the German Society meeting this week?"

"I don't think so. I have a Social Anthropology lecture I really ought to go to . . ."

"Can't think why you ever chose to study that."

"It's only one of my outside subjects. Mary Bird is doing Honours in it."

"Poor girl."

"Oh, I don't know; it's very interesting."

"How I wish Varsity were all in one piece! I very rarely see any of the Medicals and I don't know how they're getting on, do you?"

"I hear about the Science people occasionally and they are doing very well. Bessie Connor and Ruth Gould seem quite happy, and Ray Ferrier is weighed down with laurels."

"I wish we had classes at King's Buildings. It's so much airier out there."

"I envy them their Common Room and Squash Courts and Ping-Pong and . . ."

"We do have a Common Room."

"Yes, but it's so full of people playing bridge and struggling with coffee cups—and the noise!"

"Still, you must admit it's a glorious place. Most of my Varsity life will have been spent there."

* * * * *

"What are you doing? Can't you *ever* walk past a notice-board?"

"Hardly ever! Not *one* F.P. in the Rowing Club."

"That's funny. There used to be masses of them—Marjory Harkness, Kathleen Robb, Mary Ambrose, Sheila King, Beatrice Marwick and perhaps more."

"Still, Gillespie's people are shining in the sports field. Christine Clephane and Avril Johnstone look like budding Olympists!"

"By the way, Duseline Stewart is going to Caen University as a 'lectrice' next year."

"Lucky girl. Any of the other finals people hoping to go abroad?"

"Marion Childs, and Beryl Sinclair. I'm not sure about the others."

"There seem to be quite a few F.P.'s doing Finals this year—Alison, Muriel, Duseline, Marion and Beryl all in French, Mary Ambrose in English and Marjory Harkness in Maths."

"And as to the ordinary people. There's Catherine Bell, Jean Shirra, Margaret Gough to mention only a few. Of course Moira Henderson is doing Geography. So she has another year to go yet."

"Margot Watters, Nancy Henderson and Margaret Simpson finish this year too."

"It's amazing how quickly the time passes!"

"Oh, there's Eileen Waitt. Must go and say 'hello'."

* * * * *

"How is she?"

"Very well, and liking English as much as ever. Alison Fleming seems to be quite happy too."

"She's in the Dramatic Society, isn't she?—What a decrepit old car over there!"

"One of the lecturers', I suppose. Wish we'd had it for Charities Day."

"Were you out?"

"Yes. Were you?"

"Not this time. I'm tired of grease paint and clanking cans. What were you?"

"An aged yokel. I love wearing whiskers!"

"Did you go to the 'Drag Inn'? I believe Ann Cruickshank had something to do with it."

"No. I didn't go. I was too busy selling Happy Holidays Tickets."

"Did you sell them all?"

"Yes. They went like hot cakes.—There's Janette Waterson going into Minto House, and Eileen Greenbury too, still looking radiant after five weeks in Germany."

"There must be something fascinating about German. Hazel Bremner is doing German now instead of French."

"Did you see there's another German exam on Thursday?"

"Oh no! We've got..."

"Quite enough already. I agree."

"Still. I don't suppose I'd like *not* to be at Varsity."

"One becomes remarkably attached to the Old Quad."

"Help! The Prof's punctual to-day! Where on earth did I put my notes?..."

B. S., A. H.

FORMER PUPILS' CLUB

Three meetings have been held this season. The first, in December, was a combined Business Meeting and Social. The others, in February and March, were Scottish Country Dance evenings, and were enjoyed by about eighty Former Pupils and their friends.

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

FORMER PUPILS' HOCKEY CLUB

Results during season 1951-52 have been pretty poor, but it is only fair to the Club members to say that the standard of play is a good deal higher than the actual results indicate.

Miss Marjorie Rennie and Miss Evelyn Scott took part in an East District Trial and Miss Rennie was chosen to play in the East III team on a number of occasions.

It should be noted that, commencing on 2nd September, practices will be held on Tuesday and Thursday evenings during September, when it is hoped coaching will be available. A specially warm welcome is extended to all girls now leaving school and intending to go on playing hockey. They should send their names and addresses to the new Secretary, Miss Moira Mackenzie, 7 Spottiswoode Road, Edinburgh, 9 (Telephone—JUB 1295), as soon as possible so that she can contact them at the beginning of the season.

		Goals				
		Played	Won	Lost	Drawn	For Against
1st XI	-	15	7	7	1	44 50
2nd XI	-	13	4	7	2	35 42

MARGARET M. BROWN, Hon. Secy.

F.P. NOTES

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

M.B., Ch.B. with Honours, gaining the Scottish Association for Medical Education Prize for the most distinguished woman graduate of the year, the James Scott Scholarship, the Dorothy Gilfillan Memorial Prize, the Keith Memorial Prize and the Royal Victoria Hospital Tuberculosis Trust Medal—ELINOR CLELAND.

M.B., Ch.B.—MARGARET MACNAUGHTON.

B.Sc. with Honours—MURIEL MARSHALL (Botany).

M.A. with Honours—JEAN AITKEN (French); LILIAS DAVIDSON (Geography); WINIFRED DALGLEISH (Geography, after graduation).

M.A.—SHEILA KING.

The *Diploma in Education* has been gained by ANNE CANTLEY, M.A., BETTY CROMARTY, M.A., LILIAN SPENCE, M.A., and FRANCES WOOD, M.A. At St. Andrews University, JEAN MACANNA gained the degree of *M.A. with Honours in English*. At the Edinburgh College of Domestic Science, MADELINE KERR gained a *Diploma in Domestic Science*; and she has received an appointment to Stranraer High School. At the College of Art, VALERIE TRENWITH gained the *Diploma in Design and Crafts*. FRANCES BRUNT has been appointed to a post as specialist teacher of Spanish in Burton Grammar School. MURIEL CAMBERG (Mrs Spark) published early this year a critical study of Mary Shelley entitled "Child of Light," which was very well reviewed. In December she was awarded the first prize of £250 in the "Sunday Observer" Christmas Short Story Competition. At the Heriot-Watt College NANCY KERR has gained the College Medal for third year Chemistry and the Findlay Prize for Mathematics III. At Edinburgh University, RONA MACPHERSON has been awarded the medal in the Geography Class.

MARRIAGES

JARDINE—FERGUSON.—In June 1951, WILLIAM L. JARDINE to ISOBEL D. FERGUSON, 51 Priestfield Road.
HILLS—LITTLE.—In June 1951, J. N. HILLS to JOAN I. K. LITTLE, 35 Bellevue Place.
HOPE—JEFFERS.—In June 1951, W. G. HOPE to EVELYN JEFFERS, 5 Perth Street.
MILLER—CAMPBELL.—In June 1951, A. H. MILLER, M.R.C.V.S., to NANCY CAMPBELL, 128 West Savile Terrace.
BLACKMAN—MACPHERSON.—In July 1951, W. J. BLACKMAN to ELIZABETH MACPHERSON, 10 Greenbank Grove.
RENTON—SEYMOUR.—In July 1951, Dr ROBERT RENTON to DAPHNE SEYMOUR, 42 Durham Square, Portobello.
GRANDISON—SMITH.—In July 1951, A. GRANDISON, M.A., to MARGARET SMITH, 1 Mortonhall Road.
BROWN—CARR-BROWN.—In August 1951, W. M. BROWN to RAE CARR-BROWN, Redcroft House, Redford Road.
POPE—TRENWITH.—At Singapore, in August 1951, Cdr. J. H. N. POPE, R.N., to VALERIE TRENWITH, D.A.
REEKIE—CAMPBELL.—In September 1951, DOUGLAS T. REEKIE to BARRIE CAMPBELL, 128 West Savile Terrace.
BERRY—BALD.—In September 1951, CHARLES W. BERRY to ELA BALD, 15 Viewforth.
JOHNSTONE—PESTELL.—In September 1951, J. D. Johnstone to HELEN M. PESTELL, 61 Chesser Crescent.
SMITH—SUTHERLAND.—In September 1951, ROBERT M. SMITH to ETHELJEAN SUTHERLAND, 33 Shandon Crescent.
WATT—WADDELL.—In September 1951, LESLIE S. WATT to MARJORIE WADDELL, Westgarth Avenue.
WHITWORTH—MONCUR.—In September 1951, BRIAN WHITWORTH to JACQUELINE MONCUR, E.S.M., 419 Gilmerton Road.

GIBB—LEUCHARS.—In September 1951, JOHN M. GIBB to MURIEL LEUCHARS, 7 Hailes Park.
WATT—BAIRD.—In September 1951, JAMES O. WATT to CECILIA BAIRD, 106 Spottiswoode Street.
LOGAN—GLOAG.—In September 1951, GEORGE F. LOGAN to HELEN GLOAG, 48 Macdowall Road.
BLACKHALL—BENNETT.—In September 1951, J. M. BLACKHALL to JANE A. BENNETT, 8 Orchard Crescent.
DONALDSON—CROWE.—In October 1951, IAN C. DONALDSON to JOYCE CROWE, 5 Roseburn Crescent.
BLACK—FISKIN.—In October 1951, ALAN C. BLACK to SHEILA FISKIN, Craighleithhill Loan.
MORRIS—HUNTER.—In October 1951, WILLIAM A. MORRIS to MURIEL HUNTER, Leamor, Portobello.
BAIN—POZZI.—In November 1951, Rev. JAMES S. BAIN to MARGARET Pozzi, Liberton.
MURRAY—LORIMER.—In December 1951, WILLIAM MURRAY, M.A., B.Com., to WILMA LORIMER, Portobello.
ROBERTSON—MACBEATH.—In December 1951, JOHN ROBERTSON, B.Sc., to MARGARET MACBEATH, L.R.A.M., 6 Craigmount Terrace.
CUNNINGHAM—WOOD.—In January 1952, JAMES D. CUNNINGHAM to MARJORIE WOOD, 2 Bonaly Road.
MACRAE—SCOTT.—In January 1952, WILLIAM T. MACRAE to MARGARET SCOTT, Davidson's Mains.
COOKE—LITTLE.—In February 1952, DERRIK L. COOKE to MARY LITTLE, 35 Bellevue Place.
DICK—RITCHIE.—In February 1952, ROBERT DICK to JANET Y. RITCHIE, Gilmerton Gardens.
HAYES—BROWN.—In February 1952, HERBERT HAYES, M.Sc., A.R.I.C., to MARGARET BROWN, Redcroft House, Redford Road.
COLCOMB—MURRAY.—In February 1952, HARRY COLCOMB to MARGARET R. MURRAY, Beechgrove, Ladybank.
STALKER—FALLSIDE.—In March 1952, GEORGE STALKER to DAISY FALLSIDE, 124 Charterhall Road.
DEVLIN—BROWN.—In March 1952, JOHN A. DEVLIN to LETTY BROWN, 96 Greenbank Road.
TAIT—HUNTER.—In March 1952, JOHN TAIT to RINA HUNTER, Leamor, Portobello.
LAKE—WHITE.—In April 1952, JOHN R. LAKE, B.Sc., to IRENE WHITE, 187 Colinton Mains Drive.

BIRTHS

DUNLOP.—In June 1951, to Mr and Mrs W. DUNLOP (SYBIL MASON), a son.
RACE.—In July 1951, to Mr and Mrs RACE (ESTHER HORTOP), a daughter.
RUTHERFORD.—In July 1951, to Mr and Mrs CHARLES RUTHERFORD (AGNES GAVINE), a daughter.
ZEPHELIUS.—In July 1951, to Dr SVEN and Senora ZEPHELIUS (EDNA WATSON), a son.
RAFFAN.—In August 1951, to the Rev. STANLEY and Mrs RAFFAN (BETTY LOCHORE), a daughter.
THOMAS.—In August 1951, to Mr and Mrs HARRY THOMAS (FRANCES FLEMING), a son.

- BEATON.—In September 1951, to Mr and Mrs DUNCAN BEATON (JESSIE PURVES), a son.
 WRIGHT.—In September 1951, to Mr and Mrs W. WRIGHT (BARBARA LOWE), s daughter.
 GROSSET.—In October 1951, to Mr and Mrs BLAIR GROSSET (JEAN SPROTT), a daughter.
 ABRAMSON.—In October 1951, to Dr and Mrs ABRAMSON (Dr MORAG DODS), a son.
 CHALMERS.—In October 1951, to Mr and Mrs T. CHALMERS (EVELYN TURLY), a daughter.
 ALLAN.—In November 1951, to Mr and Mrs H. ALLAN (ANNA ADDISON), a son.
 MILLER.—In April 1952, to Mr and Mrs A. MILLER (NANCY CAMPBELL), a son.
 DAVIDMANN.—In April 1952, to Mr and Mrs M. DAVIDMANN (AUDREY PURVES), a daughter.
 JOHNSTON.—In May 1952, to Mr and Mrs R. B. JOHNSTON (MURIEL MACDOUGALL), a son.
 GILCHRIST.—In May 1952, to Dr and Mrs D. K. GILCHRIST (Dr MARGARET MILLS), 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 *George Square Chronicle*, The *Merchant Maiden*, *Morgan Academy Magazine*, The *Boroughmuir Magazine*.

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