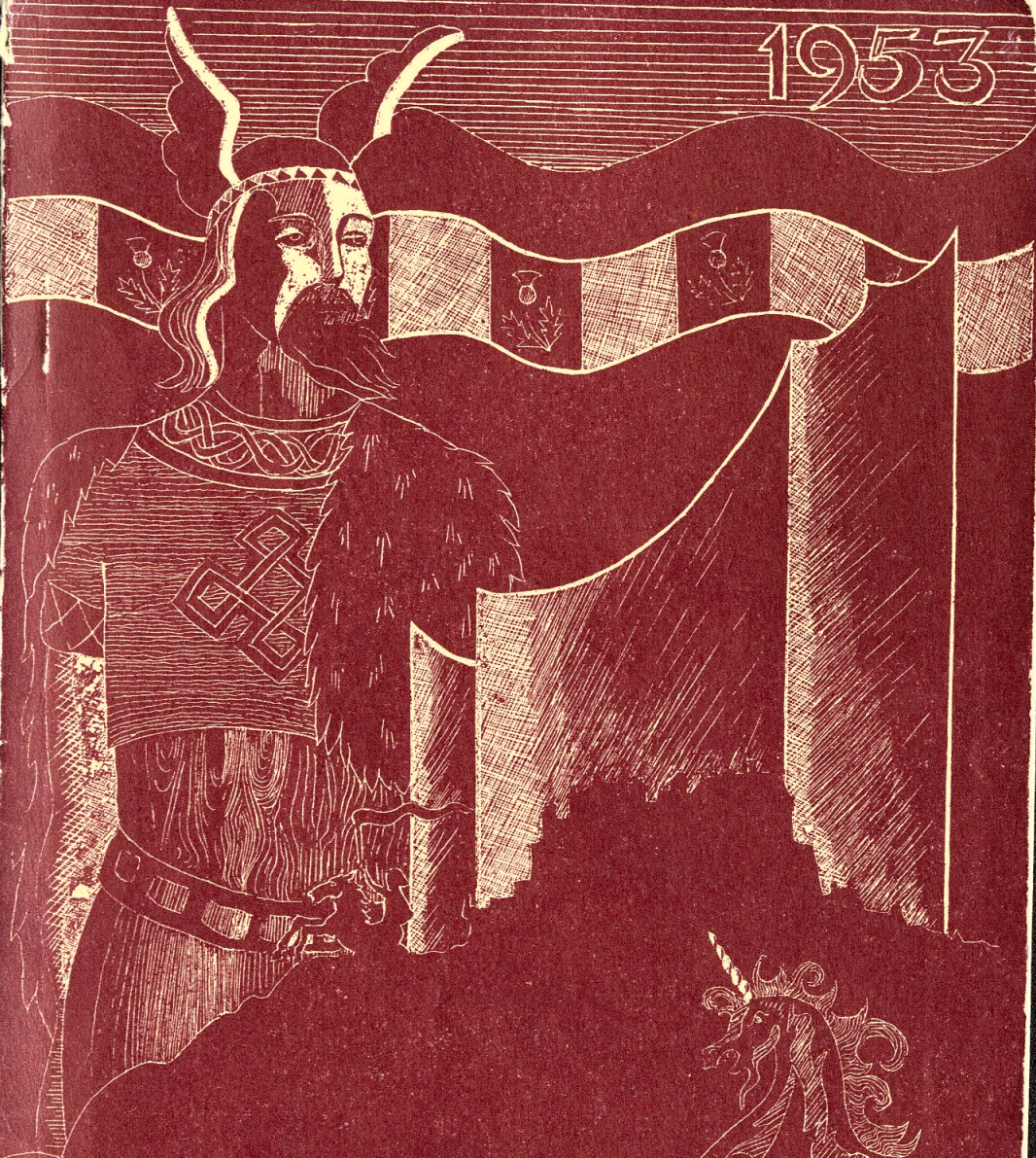


1953



# JAMES CILLESPIE'S

HIGH SCHOOL



# PETER ALLANS

*are the best for  
Schoolwear*



IN these days of rising prices it pays to buy only the best for Schoolwear—and that is why you should shop at Peter Allan's where quality clothes can be bought at the lowest possible prices.

**PETER ALLANS : SOUTH BRIDGE : EDINBURGH**

## *A Crowning Achievement*

In this Year of Coronation we take pleasure in drawing the attention of all parents to what we consider to be our Crowning Achievement

**A School Outfit of the highest quality with ample allowance for growth, at a moderate price**

*Items include—*

School Blazers in top quality flannel	-	from 50/3
Blazer Badges	- - - -	at 5/2
White Poplin Blouses	- - - -	from 18/9
Gym Tunics, Navy Serge	- - - -	from 73/9
Summer Dresses by "Lindsay Maid"—		
Junior in tussore shade	- - - -	from 45/9
Senior in green	- - - -	from 59/2
Summer Undervests in sea island cotton		from 7/6
Cardigans with Colours	- - - -	from 22/3
Panama Hats	- - - -	at 24/6
Hat Bands	- - - -	at 2/9
Box Hats	- - - -	at 7/6
Hat Badges	- - - -	at 1/11
Navy Wool Gaberdine Raincoats with detachable hoods		
	- - - -	from 115/-
Raincoat Hoods in navy	- - - -	at 12/-

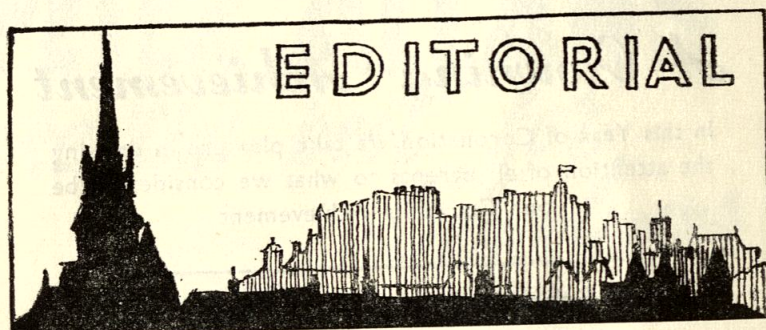
## *Aitken & Niven Ltd.*

*Outfitters to all the prominent Edinburgh Schools*

**46 QUEENSFERRY STREET, EDINBURGH 2**

TELE: 34378/9





Editor - - MARY SLATER

THE career of the Editor of this Magazine is short and irremediable, and the editorial is the only memorial of her ephemeral reign. The occasion therefore calls for a triumphant declamation in the grand tradition—the Miltonic, the Burkean—something lapidary which will keep our memory evergreen. But the darkling chasms of the future yawn beyond the friendly walls of James Gillespie's, and we pause to reflect on all to which we now bid adieu.

Adieu to the pigeons, crooling outside the windows, the fragrant aroma of roasties and the trill of "a thousand blended notes" from the Music Room. There are the flowers in the corridors with their soft speckled mouths and the tall pentstemons with their burning red petals. We shall miss the pictures—the exquisite charcoal-drawing by Lawrence, and the white robe of Queen Bess, pure and cold against a blue sky. They have taken away our Raoul Dufy which never quite fitted any of our explanations—where *did* that bathing pool end?

In summer the Annexe Corridor is barred with shadow as the yellow light burns in through the panes—a lazy spot, peaceful save for the tinkle of glass, and the incriminating gurgle from the surreptitiously turned tap. The end of the corridor is cool and gracious, a semi-circle of shade with five brown doors set in the yellow walls. The Madonna and Child look down in the glory of their Renaissance hues—a sacred harmony of colour.

Beyond the two doors on the left lie two square little rooms, and, beyond these, the spacious arena of the Gymnasium. How often, O lofty beams, did our poor First-Year hearts quail as we pulled your multifarious ropes!—a choice of cords so bewildering left ample margin for error. Now we are the masters, and your structure trembles beneath our tread. But thou, O Buck, art invincible! Thy baleful

ten eyes paralyse our frail limbs. Thou art "impartial Jove"—First and Sixth Years alike revere thy bald head.

How carefree we were in our First Year. Our French pronunciation was a subject for mirth rather than anxiety, Science was one glorious fever of anticipation and execution, and the declension of "mensa" was a labour of Hercules terminating in a prolonged ablative whose sepulchral roll was intoned with relish. Everything was new and exciting, and we felt just a tiny bit unsure of ourselves, until we remembered our newly-conferred dignity—*WE* could decline "mensa."

The following August we stepped proudly up the white Meadow-paths, and looked pityingly at the newcomers who stood in nervous little groups—"procul, procul, O profani!" We had not yet read Virgil, but he expressed our sentiments perfectly. Other Augusts passed by and we plunged into a Slough of Despond which, the Sixth callously barked, was called "The Highers." Infidels! That name was sacred—it had to be uttered in hushed accents of tremulous awe while visages paled at the dread sound.

But the infidels were right. Prefects still roamed the corridors, fresh papers adorned the notice boards, there were still roasties for lunch, and the hyacinths still purpled the corridors as fragrantly as ever. On the velvet green of the Links the seagulls held their parliaments—the world whirled merrily on. The Highers were not, after all, the Armageddon. We felt strangely cheated.

At last we had been initiated! No longer would we cast envious glances at that door in the rafters. For five years we had struggled up the slopes, and now we stood "silent on a peak in Darien" with the School murmuring at our feet. Delightedly we scrambled down the narrow red stairs, and then strode regally to Room 23. We were in the Sixth, the best year, the omnipotent year! . . . our last year.

We will say our goodbyes when the chimes of the Coronation bells have echoed into silence. 1953 is a memorable year, and we hope that the pages of this magazine have captured, even imperfectly, the gleam of its interest and renown. And now farewell to all our greatness—a long farewell—as we lay down the pen and say:

Valete.

## LARGO

The raucous cries of sea-gulls in the air,  
The sharp, clear tang of sea-weed and of tar,  
The little things that seemed so pleasant there,  
Are happier still remembered from afar.

PAMELA HERON, (2A1).



## MISS BERTHA MACKAY, M.A.

AT the close of the first term of this session the school reluctantly bade farewell to Miss Bertha Mackay who had served for thirty years on the staff of the School. Her connection with "Gillespie's" goes back very much further for, at the tender age of four, she upon occasion attended the original building in Gillespie Crescent.

In that, we have the keynote to Miss Mackay's whole career, throughout which she has shown the spirit of adventure. Friday, in Gillespie's Infant Department in her early years, being "fun" day, to school each Friday she went, but that same spirit of adventure drove her, once in a while, to desert the Infants and seek out the older girls to join in their play.

From James Gillespie's School she went to the Mary Erskine School where she was Dux in Mathematics, and won the Daniel Stewart Medal. Graduation at Edinburgh University followed.

Compulsory learning over, she continued to find scope for further education in the wider school of the world. After teaching for a short time in a private school, she went as assistant to Bristo School, and then, in 1923, became a member of the Primary Staff here. In 1946 she was chosen from many candidates, to be Mistress-in-Charge of the Primary School. In that capacity, her enthusiasm for the success of her department, her fearlessness in venturing on new ground, and her friendliness to all who served under her inspired her colleagues to help her to make a success of whatever project she suggested.

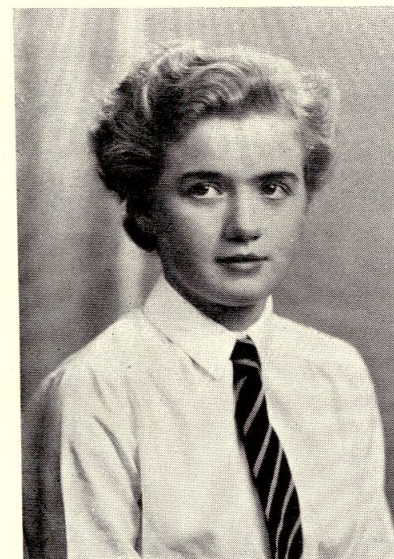
She was never lacking in new ideas and was indefatigable in their exploitation. Through her efforts the Zoo Club became one of the School's best-loved ventures. Her letters to the Zoo were masterpieces in humour and interest, and through them she brought the authorities at Corstorphine into close contact with the School. No Gillespie pupil but was familiar with the antics of *Jim*, and many a happy tea-party was held at the Zoo when pupils were the guests of Mr. Gillespie and later of Mr. Bowles.

To encourage pupils who had missed lessons or failed to master them, she held tutorial classes in her room, from which her "students" returned all smiles, with renewed confidence in their ability. She was tireless in her efforts to improve our Primary School and its grounds, and many of its amenities—sundial, rustic seats and bird bath—bear testimony to her constant thought for the improvement of her school.

Born of Sutherland parents, Miss Mackay has inherited many Highland traits. The name "Mackay" itself means "Son of Hospitality," and at no time is Miss Mackay happier than when entertaining her friends.

She has served on the Council of the Clan Mackay Society for many years, and the rugged peaks and rocky shores of Sutherland

## DUX OF SCHOOL 1952-53



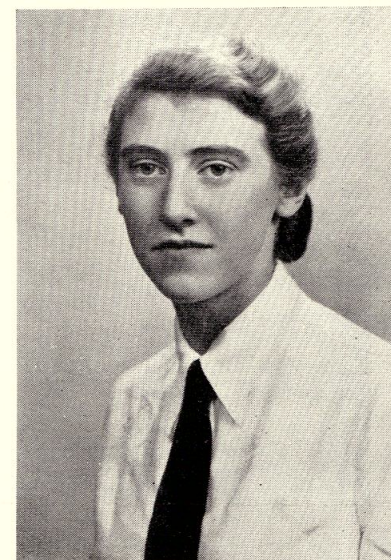
CHRISTINE P. LAING

## CAPTAIN OF SCHOOL

## VICE-CAPTAIN OF SCHOOL



J. J. MARY SLATER



AILEEN ALDEN





Back Row—M. Baptie, N. Adams, E. Campbell, J. Cameron, S. Crowe, M. Fisher, H. Norwell, H. Harrison.  
 Middle Row—P. Ferguson, K. Young, M. Gillies, R. Laidlaw, A. Neilson, J. Kircaldy, M. Osler, M. Forrest.  
 Front Row—A. Harper, D. Ritchie, M. Slater (*Captain*), Miss Andrew, A. Alden (*Vice-Captain*), E. McNaughton, M. Ramage.  
 N. Pringle.  
 E. R. Yerbury & Son  
 J. Darling.

Photo by

draw her annually northwards where old friends are ready to welcome her.

She has the gift of making and keeping friends and is always ready with wise counsel and practical help. With her wide circle of friends, her varied interests and her spirit of adventure, she will never retire from active service. Our sincere wish for her is that she may have very many happy years of exploring pastures new.

C. J. M. M.  
 H. McK.

### THE REV. DAVID H. C. READ

THE influence exerted by the Rev. David Read is not confined to our School, where it has been strongly felt, nor to Scotland, where from Crathie to St. Giles it has been recognised as that of one of the increasingly dominant figures in the Scottish Church. But as the University and the Dominions strengthened their hold we realized that we could not expect to enjoy his services indefinitely. He has now been compelled to relinquish his duties as School Chaplain, and we set down our appreciation of his work among us, congratulating ourselves on the good fortune which granted us such a succession as Prof. Stewart, Mr. Read, and now Mr. Small. Mr. Read took leave of us in a typically eloquent Christmas address; but we do not like to think of it as leave, and we shall welcome him back whenever his numerous duties permit him to join us.

### DR ROBERT PORTEOUS

FEW, in the space of a short year, can have made such an impression on the School as Dr Porteous. He was immediately recognised by all as a friend. He had a deep interest in the welfare of the young, which was understood by even the smallest who came to see him. This in part explains the affection in which he was held; the rest is bound up with the indefinable charm which marked his personality.

The School is the poorer for his untimely passing.

### FOUNDER'S DAY

THE memory of James Gillespie was honoured on 16th October, 1952, by the observance of the traditional service in the School Hall. The address, which was delivered by the Rev. W. M. Laing of Colinton Parish Church, was preceded by the singing of two hymns, a reading, and the anthem: "Ex Ore Innocentium." The



School Chaplain, the Rev. David H. C. Read, led the assembly in prayer.

Miss Andrew, in introducing the Guest of Honour, welcomed the happy contingency that brought together the Founder of our School and the Minister of the church at Colinton within which he worshipped and beside which he lies buried. She also adverted to the significance of the ceremony, with its purpose of reminding us that we are inheritors of the past and trustees for the future.

Mary Slater's vote of thanks, in presenting the traditional snuff mull to the Guest of Honour, was marked by a felicity not unworthy of the occasion.

### AS IT WAS FROM THE BEGINNING . . .

Many thousands of years have passed  
 Since the heather was bent by Pictish footsteps ;  
 Small, squat men, they were, who built  
 Small, squat, stone houses and were buried in  
 Small, squat, stone graves.  
 They had strange, warm crafts,  
 To be born in that wilderness of cold, unyielding bog.  
 Then came the Scots, tall, cultured, graceful.  
 They mingled with the Picts, mixing  
 Culture and grace with culture and utility,  
 Combining the Christian with the pagan.  
 And, for a time, all was peaceful.  
 Stone crosses rose to their feet  
 On the graves of forgotten kings.  
 Love, marriage and death went on  
 As from the conception of the globe,  
 When sudden chill whispers were blown on the wind,  
 The wind that came from the north.  
 The grey geese brought the warning of fear,  
 Honking it as they flew low over the salt flats.  
 And with the last of the geese, came  
 The first of the galleys, sweeping low-breasted  
 Over the curling waves. They came  
 One after the other—hungry, hydra-headed monsters,  
 Stabbing with cruel fingers at church and homestead.  
 " God save us from the Northmen ! " was the whispered prayer ;  
 But still the Vikings poured in from the north,  
 To burn, to plunder—and at last to settle—  
 In this land.  
 They were tall men, strong and fair and warlike,  
 Worshippers of martial Thor and Odin.  
 They came from a land of blue mountains,  
 Green valleys and white rivers,  
 And made their homes here, in a land of blue mountains,  
 Green valleys and white-foaming rivers.  
 This, the land of Viking, Scot, and Pict,  
 Is my land too.  
 Scotland, this is my Heritage !

SHEILA A. MCGREGOR, 3A(1).

### STAFF

AT the beginning of the School session Miss Foster was compelled for health reasons to give up the responsibilities of the work of the English Department, and to our regret has been seriously ill throughout the winter. She has been greatly missed. So much fell to her direction: in addition to the work and guidance of the English Department, the " Lit " and its dramatic activities and this magazine were her creations and evoked her continuing interest. It will give great pleasure to her friends to know that she is re-established in health and back in harness again.

Early in the session Mr James D. McEwan took over Miss Foster's duties as Principal Teacher of English, and Miss Donald was appointed to a post in Leith Academy.

During Miss Foster's absence, her teaching duties were undertaken at short notice by Mrs Taylor, one of those rare and enviable people who can run a home, a family, and a class-room, with a sunny and gracious efficiency which most of us would be happy to be able to devote to any one.

In September 1952, Miss Elizabeth Baikie left us to take up a domestic science teaching post in Lanarkshire ; Miss Cuppleditch has taken over her duties here. In the following month Miss Heather Duff joined the Staff of the Needlework Department.

Miss Carswell, in the autumn, narrowed the scope of her domestic duties from the classroom to the kitchen, exchanging (temporarily) in the transition the white cloak of the cook for the " saffron robe " of the bride. She is now settled in Calcutta. Miss J. Scott has taken over her duties in School.

In December, Miss McConville left us to take up a post in another Edinburgh school. She is a gifted musician with a flair for dramatic work, to which the Operetta produced at Christmas in the Gymnasium bore testimony.

Miss Oliver has been appointed to the vacancy in the Music Department.

After thirty years' teaching in the Junior School, and a connection with Gillespie's which goes much further back, Miss Bertha Mackay retired in December 1952. An appreciation appears elsewhere. Miss C. M. Muir has been appointed Head of the Primary Department.

Miss Kay Kermode has brought to the French Department an experience nurtured in Vancouver, and matured (academically) in Paris. She has likewise brought a gracious and retiring personality which has won the affection, as well as the respect, of her pupils, and the friendship of all members of the Staff. She has lectured with acceptance to the " Lit.", and her forays have taken her into such varied places as the wilds of Galloway and the cultured purlieus of Cambridge. We hope that Scotland has been kind to her. She



takes with her, back to her native British Columbia, the good wishes of her friends, of all ages, in Gillespie's.

Miss Lilian Paterson is meantime occupying Miss Kermode's post in Canada and will return to duty here at the beginning of the new school session.

Mlle Irène Ribaud has brought to her teaching a Gallic charm, and to her acquisition of the English language an ardour which some of her colleagues in Gillespie's have satisfied with a generosity not always (and we hope pardonably) discriminating sufficiently between the language of Gibbon and that of the Grassmarket. She has made numerous friends here and all have profited from a wide scholarship which could stride with enviable ease from the etymology of an obscure English word to the elucidation of a theological point in the trial of Joan of Arc.

Mlle Geneviève Sanua writes engagingly from her home in Savoy. A perfect avalanche of influenza which appears, at one time or other, to have laid low a host of acquaintances which extended far beyond her family circle, has not blinded her to the good fortune which placed her beside a window from which she could contemplate the majesty of Mont Blanc. How persuasive must be her French when such an Addisonian adequacy of style marks her English.

Mlle Denise Devaucher, another of our former "assistantes" in the French Department, has extended her travels to include California, and is about to restrict her responsibilities by sharing them with a husband. Her fiancé is an Assistant in the University of California; she will take up a post soon in a Catholic college in Los Angeles. We extend to them both our felicitations.

### TO A NIGHTINGALE

He was born there under the oak  
In a lilac's lingering scent;  
To the voice of the stream he awoke,  
And the unseen woodland folk  
Rejoiced at the great event.

His attire is plain and brown,  
For nature's fine hues are stored  
For voiceless things; his renown  
Is king of songbirds; his crown  
Was won by a song outpoured.

And when the dim twilight  
O'er hill and valley lies,  
He sings far into the night.  
Proclaiming his delight  
In mystic, shadowy skies.

ROSEMARY H. FRASER, 5S.

### SCHOOL NOTES

IN the autumn a School Sale-of-Work evoked such an enthusiastic response both from parents and friends, as well as from the pupils themselves, that the enrichment our school fund received permitted us to look around for amenities calling for improvement or institution. A visitor to school these days cannot fail to be conscious of the many recent additions to the beauty and comfort of our surroundings.

This was General Inspection year; our visitors from the Scottish Education Department have carried out their duties with customary unobtrusive efficiency, and the impression left is that it has been helpful and profitable for all.

We have had many visitors. In November 1953, Mr Donald Grant interrupted, momentarily, his hasty and recurring pilgrimages from Tírē to Texas to tell us about Growing Pains in the World Today. Dr Clive Irvine, with the help of a coloured film, gave us an illuminating glimpse of mission life in the sadly-distracted colony of Kenya. Miss Brihta from Jugo-Slavia, and Mr Hutasoit from Indonesia, came to exchange views on educational work. Mrs Wolczer brought a group of singers from Moray House to illustrate the history of music, and Miss Stack, on her first visit to Scotland, included Gillespie's in a performance of folk songs and ballads marked by a rare and captivating artistry. Miss Bertha Waddell returned in January to charm the Junior School with her Children's Theatre, whose appeal is youthful as well as adult, but whose art is essentially mature.

In competition with over fifty schools in Scotland, our Scripture Union Branch was successful in winning (and bringing for the first time to the south east of Scotland) the Shield for the Bible Knowledge Competition. The members of the team were presented with Coronation Bibles at the 74th Anniversary Rally in St Andrews Hall, Glasgow, on 2nd May 1953.

In October 1953, a conference on "Christian Faith and Action in Modern Society" was held in Fettes College. Several of our Senior girls attended.

To the King George VI Memorial Fund the School donated 100 guineas, and to the Flood Relief Fund 72 guineas, this sum being equally divided between the National and the Dutch Funds.

At the end of the Spring Term a short anthology dealing with Scotland in general, and Edinburgh in particular, the theme being indicated in the title "Heritage," was presented in the Hall. The lines were spoken with distinction by Mary Slater, Margaret Ramage, Moyra Robertson (all of 6A) and Anne Henderson of 3A1.

Later in the same day a School Service was held in St Giles Cathedral. The service was conducted by the Rev. Mr Laing of the Cathedral, the address being delivered by the School Chaplain,



the Rev. Mr Small. The Lessons were read by Miss Andrew and Mary Slater, and the Choir sang the anthem: "The Lord's my Shepherd" to Schubert's setting. It was a moving and memorable experience for all: beneath the Scottish battle standards, in the rich half-light of the stained glass, listening to the young voices rising harmoniously to fill the vaulted arches, one felt oneself brushed unforgettably by the spirit of dedication and continuity.

At Christmas 1952, a Carol Service was held in School, the anthems and solos being sung by the Choir, and the Lessons being read by girls representing all sections of the Senior School. We were happy to welcome both our retiring Chaplain, the Rev. David Read, and our new Chaplain, the Rev. Leonard Small. The address was given by Mr Read.

On 29th May, 1953, we are holding our Coronation Service, which will be conducted by Mr Small.

In the Edinburgh Inter-School Hockey Tournament our girls were successful in the Senior Event, and Runners-up in the Junior.

The Swimming Gala, on 23rd April, 1953, in Warrender Baths, again proved very successful. We are grateful for the continued interest and support of parents and friends, and the smoothness with which the events were carried out reflects great credit on the members of the Staff and friends responsible for the organisation.

We acknowledge the kind gesture of the Education Committee in presenting to the School beakers and pencils, and in the case of the Primary School, flags, which will be presented to pupils to mark the Coronation.

Several of our girls are among the Girl Guides chosen to represent Scotland at the Coronation Service in Westminster Abbey on 21st June, 1953.

It is fitting that the School here records gifts of books to the Library from the following: Elma Brotherton, Kathleen Dunlop, Clair Philip, Mrs Scott, Dr Dougary, Mrs Rachel Elliot, Edith Garvie, Elma Jobson, Miss Gordon, Miss Donaldson, Mlle Sanua, Miss Philip, Mr Somerville, Ann Davidson, Pamela Butcher, Roma Finlayson, Monica Macpherson.

Miss McIntyre and her girls have been indefatigable, and intuitive, in translating our holograph from the Roman to the Remington. We, and the printers, record our indebtedness.

The cover of this magazine is from a scraper-board drawing by Mary Slater.

#### EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY BURSARY COMPETITION 1953

2. Morag H. B. Mitchell.

14. Jessie J. M. Slater.

17. Marion B. Cameron.

25. (Equal) Christine P. Laing.

27. (Equal) Helen M. E. Harrison.

## FOUNDER'S DAY ORATION

16th October, 1952

by the Rev. W. M. Laing, M.A.

IT is a curious and very understandable trait in human nature that men like to be remembered by their brethren for their good. Truly the ways of immortality are strange. The world remembers, and the world forgets. How few names are written in the scroll of history. How many silent influences are woven into the fabric of life! "Let us now praise famous men" says Ecclesiasticus, but in the same breath, "Some there be that have no memorial and are perished as though they had never been . . ." But here is the true immortality—"Their name liveth for evermore"—not perhaps in the remembrance of man, but in the soul of the universe within the heart of God.

Some have planned their immortality. They have built great pyramids of stone to attract the eyes of man for centuries. Their bodies were embalmed and if you were to go to Upper Egypt, to the Valley of the Kings, you would be able to gaze upon the actual proud features of the old Pharaohs lying there in state—great figures of a civilisation long since past. But the story they tell is just that the perpetuation of the material does not ensure immortality. To one who understands they are merely expressions of the past tense: they were; they have been. But some have acquired their remembrance without knowing how. They have walked kindly, gently through life perhaps long ago but the soul of the world is still touched by the wonder of their genius, by the magnitude of their discoveries, by the beauties of their deeds. To others has come a remembrance not to be envied, a remembrance which is of evil. And this remembrance persists even as does the good. It is interesting to note that there is always one particular trait or characteristic by which a person is remembered. It may be a resultant note of his character; it may be some particular decision and devotion in his career; it may be an unexpected light that he has shed upon the world's darkness; it may be some striking achievement or some tragic lapse, but when the name occurs this is associated with it for the admiration or for the contempt of succeeding generations. If I mention a few names—Nero, Pontius Pilate, Henry VIII, General Gordon, Abraham Lincoln, President Wilson, Lord Kelvin, Rupert Brooke—some distinctive thought or association is evoked in our minds at the remembrance of them.

Today we are thinking of James Gillespie, and two associations take form and these centre round snuff and benevolence. His name lives and is recalled with gratitude not because he had just an impulse towards charity, towards doing good, but also because that impulse was coupled with a far-seeing provision—the machinery, as it were—by which his benevolent plans would be, and would continue



progressively to be, carried out. His bequest was made possible by a life of thrift and downright hard work. So many people today seem to think that you can become great in your sleep without doing anything for it. Let me remind you what W. B. Yeats says:

"It's certain there is no fine thing  
Since Adam's fall but needs much labouring."

And you know that that is true.

After referring, in outline, to the life, industry, success and modesty of James Gillespie, and to the far-sighted provision that stands as his enduring memorial, Mr Laing continued:

That, briefly, is the story of this benevolence which has given generations reason to bless the Laird of Spylaw. One cannot help being impressed with the humanity of his choice of objects of his benevolence—the aged and the very young, two stages in life when poverty can be so distressing and tragic. He knew the poor. He was of them. He mingled with the people and saw some in the village, poor and sick, who were unable to get the help and medical attention that other people did . . . These were poor people who just could not get the attention that they needed—and so the hospital. Then the very young—the formative age when care and education mean so much to after life, and we just cannot withhold our admiration for this man who literally started from nothing. He had no silver spoon in his mouth when he was born and he probably felt the handicap of a very meagre education. Among the Incas of Peru the great hardship was that a man could not better his condition, however industrious he might be. He could not add to his own possessions nor advance himself one hair's breadth in the social scale. Where he was born, there he remained. The great law of human progress was not for him. As he was born, so he died. Now James Gillespie knew from his own experience of life that a man *could* better his lot, and he must have seen what we can see any day in Scotland now—the sacrifices that parents make for their children. I want you to be conscious of it. They give their children an education and send them out equipped mentally and morally to face the world; and here was an outlet for his sympathy and understanding—a school, and from that school have gone forth those who have achieved honour and respect in high places. The work of God has been carried on in the world by such agencies as these, as the Psalmist says, "to raise up the poor out of the dust, that he may set him with princes, even the princes of his people." Many have left this School and today are walking with the princes of this nation.

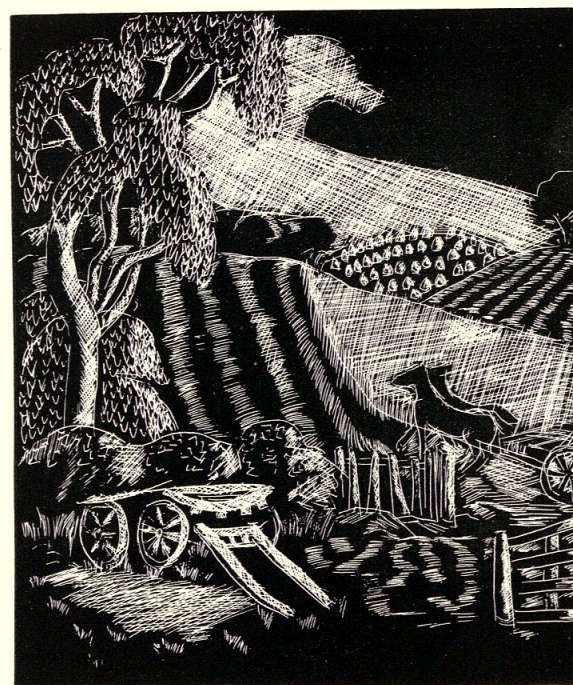
I think it is most right and fitting in this School that we should meet as we now do, to remember with deep gratitude the work of mercy and blessing that has been made possible by the decision of the kindly heart and the understanding mind of James Gillespie,

## HEAD OF A CHILD



From a Scraperboard Drawing by ISOBEL HOWIESON, 5c1

## LANDSCAPE



From a Scraperboard Drawing by ANNE NEILSON, 6A1.



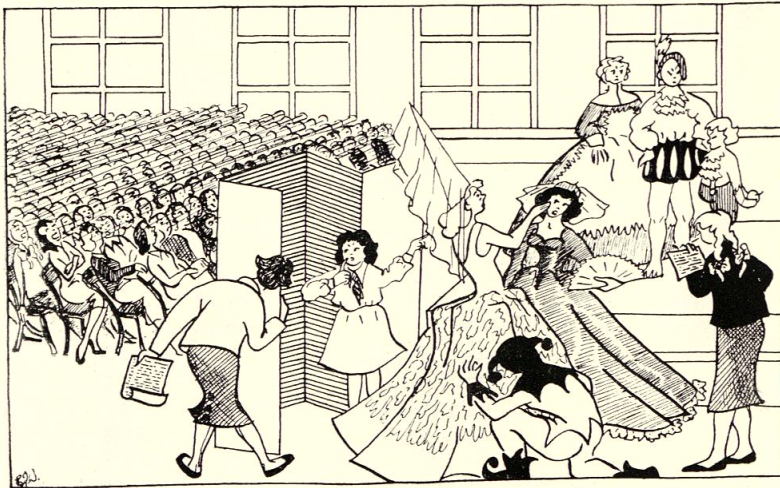
## "FIRST THE INFANT . . ."



Photo by

E. R. Yerbury & Son

## ". . . AND WOMEN MERELY PLAYERS "



From a Drawing by  
JUNE WADDELL, 6B.

and with like appreciation we should recall the wonderful way in which his Trust has been administered.

Years ago I had to learn some of the odes of Horace. I remember one which ran—

"Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona  
Multi; sed omnes illacrimabiles  
Urgentur ignotique longa  
Nocte, carent quia vate sacro."

They were forgotten because there was no one to tell the world about them. George Heriot, the wealthy goldsmith of King James, had Sir Walter Scott, the wizard of the north, to immortalize him but James Gillespie's name, without the help of a wizard, has its entry upon the scroll of the City's benefactors. It lives in the gratitude of age and in the promise of youth and it will continue to be held in the honour and praise of men so long as there issues from this cradle of learning a stream of young, gracious womanhood, equipped in knowledge and ready to serve in the world and ready to repay their nurture. I counsel you to strive to cultivate and to develop in yourselves here at school and in the homes from which you have come and in the homes of which some day you will be the centre, these qualities of diligence and thrift and kindness and benevolence which in the person and the work of your Founder have produced such an abundant harvest of happiness and good.

## AN OLD MAN

(From the French of Henri de Régnier)

I left the ceaseless, ever-surging sea  
For this, a quiet, calm and fertile vale.  
Here, reaching to the sky, there is a wood  
Whose whispering confusion seems to be  
The faint-heard murmur of a distant wave,  
Awaking memories of my sailor's life.  
And, when the elm trees groan, the pines strain hard  
Wind-shaken, I think that yet again I hear  
The creaking rigging and the cracking spars.  
Or, as I walk behind my plough, and trace  
An even furrow straight across my field,  
It seems as if the heavy, rich-brown earth  
Might be a wave, held still, unbroken yet,  
Which heaves and swells, sweeps out, and does not foam.  
For, age now come, I leave behind at last  
The trouble and the toil of life at sea  
For this quiet task where I my strength may use.  
The morning past, in great adventure spent,  
May this, the evening of my life, be calm.  
My fisher's nets, so many times repaired,  
Have yet their use. In them, I carry now  
The fruits which earth gives to my gathering.

CHRISTINE LAING, 6A.



## ON TOUR WITH MR WILSON BARRETT AND HIS COMPANY IN SOUTH AFRICA

AS I stood on the deck of the *Pretoria Castle* which was to bring us home to Scotland, and watched the imposing mass of Table Mountain, clothed in its mantle of soft billowing mist, gradually disappear into the distance, my thoughts drifted back to a night almost nineteen weeks before—to the shrill whistle of the engine as the train steamed out of Edinburgh, carrying my colleagues and myself to a new and fascinating adventure.

At 12.30 p.m. on September 18th, I had my first look at the ship *Arundel Castle* which was to be my home for fourteen days. As I mounted the gangway a strange sense of elation came over me; I experienced the thrill of adventures to come. The entire company were to travel first class, and we were soon lost in admiration of the amenities provided.

The following morning we left Southampton, heading for our first port of call, the Island of Madeira. As we tied up at the quay-side in Madeira we caught sight of gaily-dressed flower-sellers and vendors, with brightly-painted carts drawn by mules with straw hats (two holes cut for the ears) a strange scene in multicolour, and indeed, not at all unlike a setting for a Hollywood film.

The food on board was excellent, and the days passed rapidly in rehearsals, dancing, films, and deck games. As we approached the equator, excitement mounted and very soon in the ship's bathing pool we were to receive the customary ducking due to all passengers on their first crossing the Line. At the conclusion of "King Neptune's Court" (complete with beard, seaweed, etc.), we scuttled off to make ready for a fancy-dress ball, which completed the day's festivities and at which make-up played some funny tricks.

It seemed no time at all till I was awakened one morning with the news that land was in sight. I rushed up on deck, and there before me was the wonderful Table Mountain, framed against a blue velvet sky, its constant companion, laying with careful precision a cloth of white billowing mist over the flat-topped plateau.

On landing, the company were welcomed by members of the press who took photographs in great profusion, and then escorted us to the Municipal Buildings where we were entertained to lunch by the civic dignitaries. In the evening we entrained for Johannesburg which we reached after a long, tedious journey through the Karoo (a huge waste of rocks and dust, devoid of vegetation). Jo'burg (as the natives call it) is a very modern city, tending to be Americanised, large and bustling, with tall imposing buildings, streamlined, always very warm and rather dusty. We were to stay for a short season of eight weeks and were to play at "His Majesty's," a theatre comparable to Edinburgh's "King's Theatre." We opened with "Harvey," followed by "St Joan," "His Excellency,"

"Quiet Wedding," "Chiltern Hundreds," and "Pride and Prejudice"—which we played for two weeks by special request. It is interesting to note that there are no Repertory Companies in South Africa, although there are numerous small dramatic clubs.

We were warned not to go out in the evenings without an escort because of racial ill-feeling, and one could sense the ever-present strain between white and black—a situation to which time may hold the answer.

Our next date was in Durban, in the Province of Natal, where we were destined to spend Christmas sunbathing on the beach—in complete contrast to our memories of the festive season in Britain. Durban is a very colourful city, its trees laden with flamboyant red blossom, and a profusion of wonderful blue jacaranda in evidence everywhere. The colourings indeed are at times breath-taking, the air ever scented. The beach at Durban is extensive, tempting me to spend many happy hours bathing and surf riding, although one is allowed to venture only a few yards into the water, and guards keep constant watch for sharks which are to be found in great numbers around the coast. We visited the Zulu Reserves, where the natives live in natural state in "The Valley of a Thousand Hills." We were present at the tribal dances where native dancers wear all sorts of weird costumes and dance in tribal teams. One costume which appealed specially to us was a top hat, white spats, and a tartan kilt (requiring only bag-pipes to complete the picture).

It was with great reluctance that we left Durban during a typical tropical storm where the forces of nature are unleashed and lightning and rain are on a scale unknown to us at home.

Pietermaritzburg (yes, "Sleepy Hollow," as the natives call it, and believe me, no town was ever more aptly named), was peaceful and quiet, a picturesque little town where everybody was "Hail fellow-well met," and black and white lived side by side in complete harmony—a strange contrast to Jo'burg. Our stay here was limited to one week, but "Sleepy Hollow" managed to raise its tired head to give us a grand farewell.

Pretoria was our next port of call, a beautiful city, and (so we were informed) the birth place (if it can be so called) of the blue jacaranda. Every year a Jacaranda Queen is crowned and a floral pageant passes through the streets, followed by a night of festivities.

We finished our tour in Cape Town, a truly beautiful city with its old-world buildings steeped in tradition, and the influence of the early Dutch settlers much in evidence. Surrounding the coast we found beautiful bays, and from the top of Table Mountain, the miles of countryside presented a picture which no words can describe; a contented sigh contains visions of paradise.

We visited Simonstown, the famous naval base, and were entertained by several Scottish families, all anxious for news from home.



I shall always remember South Africa for her wonderful sunsets. The sun seems to lay her head midst colourings too subtle to describe. To watch is to feel; to be present at the birth of such grandeur is reward enough for being alive.

FREDA FERGUSON.

## HERE AND THERE

*The Bursary Comp.*—"I am afraid to think what I have done ;  
Look on't again I dare not"

*H.L.C. (Geography).*—"Is this the region, this the soil, the clime?"

*Lunch Room.*—"I can not eat but little meat."

*Prefect to First Year.*—"Children, you are very little,  
And your bones are very brittle."

*The Sixth Form at Gym.*—"Every part of you blasted with antiquity."

*The Sixth Form at Music.*—"Like a wind that howls all night . . ."

*The Sixth Form at Maths.*—" . . . deeper drooped its head, Calculus  
racked it."

*The Prefects' Room.*—" 'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights  
unholy."

*M.G. (in the English Room).*—"Forth from her coral lips such folly  
broke."

*On being late for Gym.*—"Then lend the eye a terrible aspect."

*On First Looking into Pythagoras' Theorem.*—"Gosh, what a figure!"

*C.L.*—"Look on my works ye mighty and despair!"

*M.R.*—"Mêlez-vous de vos affaires."

*R.L.*—"She has her vices from St Catherine and St Margaret and the  
Blessed Michael."

## PASTEL

(From the French of Théophile Gautier)

Old oval frames encircling old portraits  
Of beautiful ladies of days gone by;  
Held in their hands, the roses are drooping  
Still blooming palely as centuries fly.

Winter's chill blast has kissed your fair faces  
With'ring their lily and carnation hue.  
Gone are your beauty spots, ashes and dust you lie  
Blighted on chill quays bedraggled with dew.

The sweet reign of belles for aye is departed:  
Parabère, Pompadour, shadows of fame  
Would find no worshipper prone at their feet laid,  
And the gloom of their tombs has smothered love's flame.

But you, forlorn and forgotten portraits  
Still sniff the scent of your painted bouquets  
And wistfully smile as you sadly remember  
The gay cavaliers of the long dead days.

SEKTA.

## UNIVERSITY LETTER

UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH.

May, 1953.

DEAR MADAM,

A more accurate heading would be "A Part of a University" Letter, that part which concerns me most, since to presume to write about the University as a whole would inevitably produce impressions akin to the desultory hotch-potch of a gossip guide-book. My corner is in Minto House, the ivory tower for modern-language students, with its ornate, crumbling facade and phenomenal central-heating.

"What we've never had we never miss." So they say. It pleases the lazy mind, for in reality once we have achieved the thing in question, we realize just how much we were missing. That remark is prompted by the French Library in Minto House, which (by way of explanation) is reserved for Intermediate and Final Honours students only. The French Library, therefore, symbolises the progress from a fresher "doing" French to a student of French in the Intermediate Honours Class, which sounds pompous—which probably is pompous. And that is a pity, for it was really meant to be an expression of gladness, because hand in hand with the progress from the one step to the next comes the realisation of just how much of the fun of the French Department is missed by the average First Year student.

The obvious change is in the size of the class. Out of two hundred and fifty in the First Year there are approximately thirty on the Inter-Hons roll. These thirty survivors will probably likewise be subjected (awful thought) to further thinning-out before the session closes, when the thinnings this time retire unhonoured from the fray, or else try again.

The trouble with the First Year, therefore, is that for the greatest part of the time the thirty seriously disposed towards French are scattered throughout the other two hundred and twenty-five students, who look upon French generally as one of the "minimum of seven qualifying courses" required for certain M.A. degrees, or as one of the two outside subjects in a different Honours course. The blame lies at no one's door; and the attitude is reciprocal. Did not I myself enrol in the European History Class last year?

The second round is entirely different, or ought to be. In the smaller group there is a vague feeling of unity of purpose. Here at least are the sheep bleating all together in the Library, separated from the goats, which are now nibbling at academic forage elsewhere. Faces have Christian names to go with them, and, in a little while surnames as well. Back and forth through the door swing the Final Honours students, for the first few weeks trailing a nostalgic blasé aura of France in their wake, conscious also of being Final Honours,



just as one is conscious at School of being in the Sixth. The French Assistants also have their exits and their entrances, so that we see them in settings other than the far end of the table in a grubby tutorial room, listening to the weekly hour's attempts to speak French. In the Library they make their presence felt.

This year as in the previous year the French Society meets every second Thursday. The difference is that this year we go. The first twenty minutes are congenially spent in drinking tea and eating Edinburgh-and-Dumfriesshire Dairy cakes, or Penguin biscuits, or Munchmallows, which are delectable inventions. We are all together: Final and Second-Year students, and Staff. I sometimes wonder if the Staff engage in verbal autopsies similar to those of which they are the victims.

Of course a French play is produced. The difference is that we now play our parts, mostly small, mostly off-stage. Throughout the performance, the reactions of the Staff and of the French Institute are noted for later examination. The Prof's. and the Director's chortlings are greatly appreciated; someone else's back-slapping comes in for comment, especially since the back he is slapping is not in a contiguous seat.

Even the Staff seem to unbend during the second year. The sole representative of the fair sex, for example, enlivens her lectures with remarkable anecdotes at unexpected moments. Another lecturer makes the type of comment which sits up and begs, sometimes unsuccessfully, for foot-stamping.

But I mislead you—this apparent particularism and this narrowness. There are other departments, other societies: I am not saying we have no interest in them. There is no reason to pre-suppose by what has gone before that we never attend or enjoy other classes and dislike studying other subjects; that we are unacquainted with the inside of the Pollock Gym, where at least (so they tell you) a healthy body can be obtained independent of the state of the mind; that we never go gay at a party or a dance; that we belong to the French Society and the French Society alone, snobbishly ignoring all the other ninety-odd; that we never go near the Common Room, where through the haze, one can distinguish, amongst others, the devotees of the Dram. Soc., the fair number of Americans spending a session over here, the card enthusiasts, the S.R.C. supporters, the scientists and the mathematicians, who forever seem to talk shop; that we would not turn a hair if Aladdin's wicked uncle transported the Old College to Africa, leaving the spiders and the slaters running all over the open ground on South Bridge, as long as Minto House, and especially the French Department, was spared. We love it all but especially the French Department.

There it would be possible to end my letter. But loyalty demands that my conclusion should touch, merely brush with the hand, that

most exact and exacting linguistic tool devised by the mind of man. The first allusion that irrelevantly leaps to mind is—No, that will not do. Let's try again. "Laissez dire les sots; le savoir a son prix." There! That's better. La Fontaine thought of that. Let me relish it, and take my leave, sending, as I do, my fondest greetings to the School, which can still raise nostalgic feeling within my susceptible heart.

Yours sincerely,

JEAN C. GARDNER.

### AT THE EDGE OF A MOOR

Beneath my feet, burnt, blackened heather springs,  
And stoops to hide a blue pool glistening there.  
Now all the majesty the mountains bear  
Is spread before my gaze. Tall pines, like kings,  
Are proudly standing guard. A blackbird sings  
And breaks the quiet that hangs upon the air.  
A lark is soaring 'mid the clouds. All care  
Has fled; and to this scene a soft peace clings.

This calm my weary mind pervades. For one  
Short space of time I feel at peace with all  
The earth. If men at strife o'er all the world  
Were brought to this grey moor, perhaps undone  
Their plans of war would be. Here springs a call  
To let the battle-flag remain unfurled.

SHEILA COCKBURN, 5C(1).

### MINE BE A COT

A white-washed house  
With a gravel path;  
A big red gate,  
And a stone bird-bath.

Red and yellow windows  
Curtained with white;  
A wooden fence,  
And an outside light.

Marigolds peeping  
Through grass so green;  
Crimson-tipped daisies  
That are hardly seen.

Mine be that house  
With a gravel path;  
A big red gate  
And a stone bird-bath.

IRENE DAINTY, 1A(1).



## FROM THE SECONDARY DEPARTMENT

TOMMY TAIT

"TOMMY TAIT'S preachin' the morn."

This inoffensive statement has the effect of an ultimatum on the usually phlegmatic islanders who keep the Sabbath with sincere, but uninspired, regularity. One sermon is forgotten as easily as another though there is a preference for the "fire and brimstone" type of homily. Such vigorous eloquence raises the preacher considerably in the eyes of the islanders, but the strength of his vocal chords will enjoy a longevity denied his words. A simply-phrased sermon on an old, established theme, listened to in pandrop silence, will afterwards be carefully discussed, whereas a rich flow of lofty English will be discreetly ignored.

The Reverend Thomas Tait—son of Tait the tinsmith in Kirk-wall who married Bella Muir, a daughter of old Magnus Muir o' Elseness—is one of the most popular ministers on the Mainland. My first acquaintance with this plump firebrand stamped itself so vividly on my memory that I can still remember the very chapters from which he read the lessons. It was a bracing Sunday morning in early August, and a pale streamer of the morning mist still drifted above Copinshay lighthouse.

Slowly the pews of the little church filled; the light poured in through the clear glass windows, gleaming on the varnished wood and striking rainbow hues from the crystal vase, choking with sweet william, which stood on the table. The oil lamps rocked gently in their elaborate brass holders, and the organist fidgeted with her books. Then the beadle appeared, ambled up to the pulpit with the large, black Bible, and descended with the same unhurried gait. A scurry of feet—and the Reverend Thomas Tait bounced up the steps, hurled himself into the pulpit, and dropped behind the Bible. Suddenly he popped up, and, fixing his eyes on the congregation with the uncanny fascination of a boa-constrictor, proceeded to announce the first psalm.

Instead of the measured, sepulchral accents peculiar to the island ministers, the information was delivered in a high animated squeak. This penetrating utterance came from a small, rosebud mouth—almost lost in the ruddy glow of the Reverend Thomas Tait's complexion. On a little cherry of a nose a pair of rimless spectacles hovered precariously, and behind the shining splendour of his countenance rose a brush of brownish hair which, apparently, shared the astonishment of his optics for every hair stood erect.

As the "Amen" died away he opened the heavy old Bible, and intimated that the Old Testament lesson would be read from the second book of "Chronicles," chapter twenty-nine. The rustle of hastily turned pages whispered in the still air, and the preacher—after a quick glance round to see how his flock were faring—added helpfully, "'Chronicles'—'Kings,' 'Chronicles'." Satisfied at last that the elusive "Chronicles" had been tracked down, he solemnly re-announced: "Chapter twenty-nine," and waited encouragingly till the required chapter had been found, before revealing that he would begin to read at verse twenty-seven. Then he delivered the whole statement—"Second 'Chronicles,' chapter twenty-nine, at verse twenty-seven."

Abandoning the English intonation which fleetingly coloured his speech he dropped into the rich, purring accents of the North as he read with respectful awe the sumptuous description of Israel's grand atonement. The three and four figure totals of the sacrificial animals were rolled out with impressive solemnity, and he brought his astonished eyes into full play as he emphasised the closing line "for the thing was done sudd-denly!"

To the children he delivered a lively and appealing address on a quarrel among the five fingers, with illustrations from his own plump, pink members. Even the two young rascals in front of me stopped kicking each other to listen. I remember especially the fore-finger's claim to importance: "And the fore-finger said"—each finger began his claim after the manner of the three Bears—"I am the most important finger, because when someone wants to know the way to a farm in Deerness he points with me to show the way'." By the time the Reverend Thomas Tait had reached the last phrase his naturally high tones had soared to the pitch of a piccolo!

The new Testament reading was St Paul's famous advice to the Church at Corinth, and I have never heard such a spirited and sincere rendering of "Corinthians" chapter thirteen. The words fell with a freshness and directness in that little country church that they often lack because of their very familiarity.

The theme of his sermon was "Self-sacrifice" with most of the illustrations drawn from island life. He treated the Divinity with perfect amicability: "The King (Hezekiah) was a man after God's own heart." This easy sympathy with the people of the Bible has earned him the nickname of "Samson" derived from his famous declaration—"Samson, puir sowl, he didna get a second chance; he hadna a fatted calf tae mak merry wi' his freends." His little discourse was instilled with his sparkling vitality—little, because it neatly filled those often sadly abused twenty minutes, and because of the apparent brevity due to the spate of words with which he crammed the passing minutes.

The closing hymn sung, he pronounced a rapid benediction,



hurtled down the stairs, and vanished in a flurry of scarlet and black . . .

So if you have a brave heart to hazard the tantrums of the surly Pentland waters, and land in the misty isles beyond, be sure to attend the kirk where the Reverend Thomas Tait conducts the Sabbath worship—

“Samson, puir sowl, he didna get a second chance.”

MARY SLATER, 6A.

## A NOUS LA VICTOIRE

OVERHEAD hung the dark swastikas, the streets resounded to the stern tread of an invading army, but Paris still retained an austere, proud, aloof beauty. It was as if she disdained to recognise the desolation Fate had made of her gaiety. And yet she was as much a prisoner as he was who watched her tragedy from behind barred windows. His gaze shifted from the classic skyline to the street directly below him. It was strangely deserted. The only vehicles to be seen were the German troop-cars or an occasional “velo-taxi.” How strange, and how frightening it was. The whole outlook of a city had been completely changed in a few weeks. It seemed so short a time ago he had stood on that very street, and watched the whirling traffic career madly along, the drivers completely oblivious to the fate of the crowds of pedestrians. They had all been so gay, so sure. The Germans could never get any farther, they had said; it's all a matter of patience, they had repeated.

Outside the shops, queues of women stood waiting. They looked tired. He could almost hear the muttered conversation. There would be no mention of the defeat; already it seemed to have receded into history. The sole topic of conversation would be the price of food, and the likelihood of their getting any.

The people loitering aimlessly at the street corners looked hungry, miserable and tired. There was a Jew just disappearing round that corner, furtive, seeking the shadows, the yellow star on his sleeve betraying to all his nationality.

A thin wail floated up from the silent street. A little girl was crying, as she stood stock-still amid the crowd. They pushed past her. Had she laughed, they would have looked at her curiously.

It was then he suddenly noticed the police cordon, moving menacingly up the street. They were checking everyone's papers. Another line advanced slowly and methodically to meet them, from the opposite direction.

Among that crowd someone was thinking desperately, striving to escape from the trap he found himself in. The man by the window knew that feeling well. He had been caught that way himself. And then inexplicably, the one thing he wanted was for that man to

escape. He felt at that moment as if the whole fate of France hung in the balance, as one man was hunted in a dark, Parisian side-street. The lines were very near now; only a few remained to be checked. He tensed himself for the moment when the fugitive would be found, and hurried into the waiting Gestapo car. But it never came. Miraculously the lines had met. The policemen exchanged a few words and dispersed. The car drew off. It was all over as quickly as that.

He stepped off the chair he had used to reach the window and looked around him. The cell walls were covered with inscriptions pencilled or scratched on the plaster. Picking up a rusty nail he added his contribution, slowly and painstakingly forming each letter:

“ . . . condamné à mort par les Boches et devant  
être fusillé dans les 24 heures, dit courage et confiance  
à ceux qui le suivront dans cette cellule. Nous  
vaincrons. Vive la France ! ”

MOIRA GUNN, 3A(1).

## SONNET

Silent it stands beside the busy street ;  
The dappled sun all day upon it falls ;  
The wheeling birds around its steeple meet,  
And build their nests against its mellow walls.  
A pair of pigeons play above the clock,  
Which tells with tuneful chimes the passing hours,  
A black-bird lights upon the weather-cock  
And greets the cat which on the roof-top cowers.  
Within its cool grey walls the world is still.  
There, hearts must leave their cares and look above,  
And, as the aisles with organ-music fill,  
Must come in bondage to the rule of Love.  
Within these walls all fears and conflicts cease,  
And weary soul, and broken heart, find peace.

MARGERY B. ANDERSON, 4F.

## HILL MAGIC

The sweet hill air breathes amongst my hair,  
The grass is velvet under foot.  
The sun beats down with unrelenting glare ;  
I close my eyes and fall asleep.

The slumbrous murmur of a thousand bees ;  
An aeroplane with drowsy drone ;  
The stream laps like the splashing of the seas.  
Soft, silky sleep engulfs my soul.

How can one sleep 'mongst beauty such as this—  
The hills, the streams, the purple stained heather?  
How can the rimless sun e'en dare to kiss  
These venerable, yet ever-youthful hills?

5c(1).



## "O, THE SUMMER NIGHT HAS A SMILE OF LIGHT!"

THE river Ooze was, unsurprisingly, a muddy stream bordered by sooty willows. On the left bank stood a red-brick monstrosity, Smith's Sauce Factory, behind which stretched the town of Snorton. Every week there were letters in the local newspaper declaring the river a danger to children or complaining about its unsavoury smell. There was, however, one man, John Oliver, who merely smiled at the fierce condemnations of his friends and thought of a certain evening in August.

It had been an unbearably hot day, so, when the grey of evening had dimmed the brilliance of the sun, John decided to take a stroll. Reaching the bridge over the Ooze, he paused to light a cigarette, leaned on the parapet and looked down at the mysterious, gliding water. A welcome breeze caressed John's face and for the first time that day he did not feel tired. It suddenly struck him that the water did not look muddy, but—but luminous. The willows, too, were different. Now they were ethereal figures with trailing, silver hair and—they were whispering to one another. John's breath was taken from him, for the factory—that harsh reminder of the everyday world—had disappeared as if by magic. In its place stood a dusky mass—an old mill? Somehow there was a vague feeling in John's mind that something was missing in the idyllic scene. Then it came to him—a punt with a young girl lying back on cushions, while a boy stood easily wielding the pole. In that world of witchery, however, he could imagine that lost piece in the jigsaw of the perfect English scene and he stood there on the bridge like a statue, forgetful of the grimy town behind him.

John did not know how long he stood there, but suddenly he felt something burning his fingers. It was the cigarette he had lit when he reached the bridge. The surprising beauty of the river had made him forget it completely. The spell was now broken, and after looking once more at the ghostly willows and listening to the lapping of the water against the bridge, he turned his back on the magic scene. "If only I were a poet . . ." said he silently, to himself.

NOEL ADAMS, 5L

## MILKING THE KYE

Tink, tank, under a bank,  
Ten about four.  
Let them hear the pail clank,  
Asking for more.

NETA PERCY, 3B(1).

## WILLIAM ANDERSON—CONFECTIONER

I HAD passed the shop many times before I eventually went in. It stood off the beaten track, in one of these shopping colonies which can be found in all residential districts. Wedged between the Savings Bank and a prosperous family grocer's, it was shabby and insignificant. The paint-work, originally green, had degenerated into nondescript dullness. The show-window was lined with corrugated red velvet, on which reposed a vase of paper flowers, or a nodding Father Christmas, according to season. Only the straggling black letters above the door betrayed the nature of the place:

*William Anderson, Confectioner.*

I could not have been more than eight years old when I first opened that green-draped door and penetrated into the dim, musty interior. The inside of the shop was in keeping with the outside. To my left a tier of empty wooden shelves rose almost to the ceiling. Upon a massive oak counter stood a row of tall glass jars, containing sticks of rock and barley-sugar and liquorice. The opposite wall was occupied by a long glass-topped case, such as is seen in museums, in which were displayed gaily painted and be-ribboned chocolate boxes. And there on that first visit, I heard the story which I was told each time I went—the life-story of William Anderson.

In future, I learned never to enter that shop if I were in a hurry. For the tale took a long time in telling, and I could not have interrupted without offending the old man. His technique in beginning was always the same. "Aye," he would say, "do you see the houses outside there? I mind when there were no houses there, nothing—only fields. That was a long time ago, and do you know what I was in my young days?" (He would smile, like a gambler pulling out his trump card.) "A traveller in ladies' underwear. I almost went to Australia, too—my brother Jim's out there, in the same line as myself. I'd given up my job and booked my passage, but my father died and I had to stay with my mother. Then I bought this shop, and I've been here ever since.

"But the stuff isn't as good as it was—they can't get the sugar. You know, one time before the war, I bought up so many boxes of chocolates from Paris that the back-room was full to the ceiling!" (Here he would take me to inspect the room behind the shop, so that I should realise the magnitude of the undertaking.) "I got them just before Christmas, and they were so good that by the New Year I hadn't a box in the place. No, the sweets nowadays aren't worth the handling. What with one thing and another, I still have a notion to go to Australia after the war." And he would smile and open the door for me to go out.

He was a kind man, and always treated my few years with the consideration he would have shown to ninety. He must have been



well over sixty himself, but he still held his spare, tall form stiffly erect. His fluffy white hair was scanty, his eyebrows bushy, his blue eyes deep-set in his long thin face. He dressed neatly in dark clothes, but the black bow-tie which he always wore was never straight. He spoke slowly, with a pleasantly burring Scots accent, and his voice had a pleasing upward inflection at the end of his sentences.

I think he was a widower, because he never mentioned a wife, and yet he lacked the elderly bachelor's invariable crankiness. He always seemed to me faintly sad, and his eagerness to talk was a sign of loneliness. I think he kept the shop merely in order to talk to people. He never had a large stock, and seemed to have few customers. I used to go there when I had nothing else to do, hoping for some addition to the story in return for my patience.

It was with this hope that I went to the shop last week, after being absent from the district for four or five years. But the paint was fresh, and the window held a gay display of confectionery. Inside, the counter had been moved and the shelves destroyed. The name above the door was changed.

My old friend has perhaps died, but I cannot imagine him dead. I prefer to believe that in some quiet suburb of Sydney or Adelaide, or Melbourne, there is a shop, and above the window there is the inscription:

*James and William Anderson, Confectioners.*

MARION CAMERON, 6A.

## MY TRAIN

Archibald and Jonathan both go to London  
Because they are great big trains ;  
But th' important men who drive them aren't very friendly,  
So I don't wait to see them if it rains.

But—

Jimmy is a wee train with only two carriages,  
And Jimmy is his driver's name too ;  
And because I didn't want to miss my Jimmies last Tuesday  
I refused to go with Daddy to the Zoo.

Archibald's driver has got very white hair,  
And Jonathan's has a black thatch,  
But my friend Jimmy has got very bright red hair  
And his train has a funnel just to match.

Archibald's driver has driven Mr Churchill  
And Jonathan's once drove the Queen—  
But my Jimmy drives a train with lots of coal along  
And that is why he's not so very clean.

Archibald and Jonathan go racing down the main line  
And never seem to see me where I stand—  
But when my friends, the Jimmies, come ambling 'long the track,  
They blow their whistle for me and it's grand.

3A(1).

## "THE MOON KEPT COURT IN HOLYROOD".

THE moon hung, a silver orb, casting furtive shadows on the rocks of Arthur's Seat, and flooding with an eerie light the deserted halls of the palace. The city around lay silent, wrapped in slumber.

Slowly a low, mournful sound broke the stillness—a faint and distant murmuring. As the unmistakable chanting drew nearer, the moon illumined the dark figures of black-robed monks reverently, solemnly crossing the white-lit courtyard of the Abbey. Gradually the sound of voices died away, and the last candle flame flickered as the great black door swung into position, leaving the night in peace again and the monks at their midnight devotions.

Only for a little. The monks were no more. A king kept court at Holyrood amid the flower of Scotland's youth, and the mighty rock looked down upon "the revel loud and long," while on the great moor without the city wall, the army lay encamped, ready to march on the morrow for the "fatal field," for the shivering of fair Scotland's spear and the breaking of her shield.

Time passed and a queen held her court in Holyrood. In the late, dark evenings, music wafted softly on the cool breeze, melancholy, beautiful music, as the master hand of Rizzio plucked the strings in the dimly lighted hall. Gently it came, bringing dreams of a land of sunshine and flowers, memories of the lily land of France, of days that had been and might not be again. But the tears and the folly and the prison-bars were not yet, for, even as the music faded, laughter sweet and clear rang through the haunted halls, until a new note entered—strong, impassioned, deep—and the great Reformer hurled his denunciatory thunderbolts at the unrelenting girl queen.

But Mary's music and Knox's sermon were soon, like all else, only a memory in the ancient palace, giving place years afterwards to the court of a Prince, as the charmer of the laggard hearts, the hero of the bold, led the dance through the lighted hall, unheeding that the white rose of his fortunes withered meanwhile to the dust.

And now the moon keeps court in Holyrood, cold, austere, unwavering in her impassive stare—only the moon and the dark, unearthly shadows.

MARY OSLER, 6A.

## NOCTURNE

I WAS living in a nightmare world ; someone was driving nails into my cheek. In a cold sweat, I woke up and realized I was in the safe haven of my bed with toothache as an ever-present companion. My cheek throbbed intolerably. I rose and paced restlessly up and down, down and up, up and down, all to no avail. Suddenly a wet nose was pushed into the hand with which I was not pressing my



aching face—my dog had come to offer comfort. On a sudden inspiration, I dressed and crept silently down the stairs, out into the cool night air.

My footsteps rang out with surprising clarity on the empty streets. Houses, dark and forbidding, gazed at me with blind, sightless eyes, mere shapes, throwing grotesque shadows on the deserted pavements. My dog, repressing his usual exuberance, slunk close to my feet, confused by the unaccustomed silence. My toothache forgotten, I felt exhilarated, a superior creature from another world, a monarch surveying his kingdom under a black star-studded canopy. Inexplicably, my mood changed. Now, I was infinitely tiny and infinitely inconsequential. I reflected on the enormity of the earth and the far greater enormity of the universe. My spirits were quite crushed.

Suddenly, a light caught my eye. My insatiable curiosity compelled me to investigate further and in a very short time, I was engaged in conversation with a grizzled and slightly begrimed night-watchman, who proceeded to tell me with the greatest pleasure of his job, the injustice of his always being delegated to go on night-shift, and how much he liked sausage sandwiches! The passing of two watchmen in the distance, who were being relieved of night duty, incited him to further complaints and me to further condolences.

A terrible noise distracted my attention, and I viewed with horror my quiet, demure dog pursuing a cat not at all demurely through a hedge, across a lawn and up a flight of stairs, punctuating his chase by extremely loud barks. In vain did I attempt to quieten him—if anything, my remonstrances seemed to spur him on to louder and more prolonged efforts. Eventually, a window was angrily thrown up, and an irate voice demanded "the meaning of the disturbance." With humble apologies I dragged my dog and myself from the respective companies of the cat and the watchman.

Peace restored, the night again seemed calm and placid. The moon floated through wisps of white cloud and it cast a beautiful halo upon the impenetrable blackness around it. The stars twinkled unceasingly, and with pride I recognised the Great Bear and the Milky Way. A soft breeze lifted my hair from my forehead. A feeling of well-being pervaded my mind and body. I even felt forgiving towards my dog.

With a start of surprise, I became aware that my toothache had completely disappeared. There was a pleasant lack of pain in my cheek. Regretfully, I decided to wend my way homewards and, in turning, remarked, in the East, the first streaks of grey in the sky. Simultaneously, I realized the stars had all disappeared and that my meditations must have been of a longer duration than I had believed. Now, I was nearly home and my footsteps were dragging.

Oh, how tired I was! I let myself in and crawled slowly upstairs. With inexpressible relief, I gained access to my room and stood for one moment gazing out of the window towards the deserted streets. It was all so still. The great city seemed frozen into a silver serenity in the half-light of dawn:

"Dear God! The very houses seemed asleep,  
And all that mighty heart was lying still."

CLAIRE A. CONDIE, 5L.

### "A BROKEN CHANCEL WITH A BROKEN CROSS"

HAD I known I might never have bought the old, grey mansion on the hill but in my ignorance I did buy it. There it stood as grey and as ancient as the gnarled tree trunks surrounding it, stately but deserted, once the lively scene of gorgeous banquets and of duels, now a desolate heap of dreary ruins on a lonely hillside and it was mine, to repair and restore to its former grandeur and glory.

And then I heard! I might have guessed, I told myself irritably, by the very way the dark ash trees swayed and sighed softly in the caressing wind, their age-old branches creaking complainingly and their lifeless leaves whispering and shivering, that some idle tale would be connected with this weird building. At dusk in the dungeons on mid-winter's eve, some said, a murdered child could be heard wailing piteously as she dragged along with her the cruel rope which encircled her innocent neck. From head to foot she was robed in grey sackcloth and she walked, ever carrying the length of rope and wailing shudderingly, from the mansion dungeons through the tangled maze of twisting underground passages to the derelict chapel on the moor. Why she frequented this, the villagers either did not know, or would not tell, but the story, though I hardly believed it authentic, had roused my curiosity and, staid houseowner though I was, I determined to unearth this persistent maiden of the night...

Gently the evening breeze piercing the narrow window-slit fanned the flickering candle flame. The oppressive stillness in the dungeon room, where I was vainly attempting to read by the dim candle-light, was broken by the scurrying and scuttling of the mice. It was twilight, the murky gloaming when all earthly creatures cease their daily toils and witches and warlocks prepare for the midnight revels. A sleepy bird chirped in a nearby tree, a tiny star peeped from behind the bulky shoulder of a passing cloud, a faint breeze stirred and flapped shut the pages of my book, the candle flame trembled and went out. All was silent and still!

Suddenly the weirdest sound I ever heard rent the eerie stillness. It was indescribably harsh and unearthly yet infinitely mournful and it echoed and re-echoed in the dark unlit caverns beyond. I



retreated to a small recess and waited listening to the terrified pounding of my heart and cursing the whim that had made me buy the house. The wailing was repeated at irregular intervals. The door creaked as the handle was noiselessly turned; slowly, inch by inch, it swung open, groaning on its rusty hinges, and there in the doorway, her face framed by a wild mass of tangled golden hair, and one small foot peeping from under the heavy grey shroud, stood the strangled child. She carried a rope in her hand, at which she tugged incessantly, each wrench tightening the cords round her throat. But in this picture of horror I was most terrified by the face. There was suffering in it? Yes, but no suffering could ever be equal to the expression of vicious hatred in the glazed eyes and wasted, withered features. On she glided wailing perpetually and tugging relentlessly at the frayed end of cord. I followed her blindly and instinctively. I do not know how many tortuous passages we traversed before eventually we came out on a barren hillside, desolate save for the isolated chapel which we now approached. Just then it was bathed in moonlight, the grey, ruined walls gleaming eerily in the soft beams, and I noticed (entirely without surprise as all my senses were clouded by an unconquerable fear) that my companion, or rather guide, and I were not alone. The silver streams of light shed by the moon illuminated a group of figures, half naked, dancing wildly to some strange, unearthly music. I stood still and listened. There was something oddly fascinating in this wild accompaniment—something which was unimaginably alluring and yet malignant. The very revelling strains of it seemed Satanic. I closed my ears to it resolutely and, turning, found that my guide had moved slowly forward to the group of dancers. Suddenly she stopped and after a second's hesitation threw herself amongst the revellers. The circle closed in around her, stifling her and as I stared stupidly she was bound to the altar with one of the malicious dancers leering over her ready to pull tighter the cord. Another fiend joined him and as I watched, the moon revealed something long and sharp-pointed glittering in his hand. Stunned with fear I looked dazedly round for help and then recalled that probably this was what took place each year, and always the same girl would be tortured on the altar, always, again and again. My eyes alighted on a plain wooden crucifix broken in two and cast down. It had been trodden under the dancers' carefree feet. Suddenly it was as though a curtain which, till now had veiled the windows of my mind, had been drawn back and I could see.

The full significance of what was taking place rushed upon me. This girl was to be sacrificed to Satan upon the sacred altar of Christ! I did not wait to witness the sameful orgy but, turning, fled back the way we had come, away, away, anywhere away from those fiendish apparitions towards the world of sanity that I knew and could understand.

JEAN M. OSLER, 3A1.

## A SHINING PEACE

A THOUSAND angry devils pursued me through a nightmare world, each with a more taunting jibe, encouraging me to further fear and desperate frenzy. I had killed. I was stained forever with blood—the blood of my best friend. It had been in self-defence, but who was to know that but myself? Remorse dogged my footsteps. Charles was—no, had been—my dearest friend; but, since he had come home tired, disappointed and disillusioned from his wild bid for adventure, the dreadful evil, jealousy, had crept in, ruining what had been a perfect friendship. I told myself, again and again, that it was not my fault. What could anyone have done in the circumstances? He had been in a mad fit of jealousy brought on by over-drinking; I could have done nothing else—nothing! But still the insistent voice at my shoulder whispered:

"You need not have killed him. You need not have killed him."

I pressed the accelerator, and the car leapt forward along the dark, rain-swept road. The weather was a fitting companion for my thoughts. The sky was a disillusioned grey, the rain lashed the trees, bending them almost double, and in the distance, came the muffled roar of thunder. The rain poured steadily down. It was as if the very heavens wept.

I knew what I did was wrong. I was being false to every ideal I had ever held dear in running away like this, but the nightmare spectre, Death, hunted me, driving me on to further recklessness. On every side I seemed to see the shadow of a rope, a noose ready to coil itself round my neck. At that moment life seemed very precious indeed to me. The mellow beauty of Autumn in all her glory of gold and crimson, doomed so soon to be sacrificed on the icy altar of Winter; Winter, itself, the season of the crisp, dry snow, and the sound of bells, and then Spring, the Queen of them all, full of hope and the delirious joy of the year's rebirth; all these flitted through my mind. If I went back, they whispered, never more would I see their wonder, never more would I see dewy-eyed Dawn trip over the mountain tops, or comforting Night shroud the land with her star-spangled mantle. All these would be lost to me, and so much more. And the little voice whispered that because of me another had been shut off from just these things.

But the thunder outside had stopped, the rain had vanished and the straggling sunbeams valiantly struggled out from beneath the clouds. As inexplicably as the weather had changed, my mood altered, and I knew that I was going back. To do otherwise would be to betray myself.

It was evening before I reached the town. Twilight had drained all colour from the landscape, leaving the fields, the dim outline of the horizon, and the dark city a dull grey underneath the molten silver of the sky. In the west hung the tattered banners of the



dying sun. Over everything brooded that serene peace that is only found after the sudden calm following a storm. Throughout my whole soul I felt the soothing gentle touch of it, and was strangely happy. Joy encircled me. Glory enfolded me. I was doing right, and the tiny nagging voice had been silenced forever. As if in answer to the rapture in my heart, the sweet throbbing cry of a bird resounded from the distant plains. It was then the beautiful lines of "Margaritae Sorori" came to my lips and I found myself repeating:

"A late lark twitters from the quiet skies,  
And from the West,  
Where the sun, his day's work ended,  
Lingers as in content,  
There falls on the old grey city,  
An influence, luminous and serene,  
A shining peace."

MOIRA GUNN, 3A(1).

### AU CAFE DE PARIS

THE ancient gramophone blared lustily from its corner in the rat-infested Parisian café, a typical subterranean burrow for the artists of the Montmartre who provided the chief custom and who gave the squalid café its full complement of Bohemian clientèle. Along the yellow walls were dotted, at irregular intervals, the imprints of many greasy bodies, which one could just see by the light of the guttering candles which were placed in wine bottles in the centre of each of the rickety tables. The tables seemed to form a barricade for a centre ring of floor-space which was filled to overflowing with a patch of sweating, jostling bodies who were trying to dance on the beer-stained floor, amid the humid air, filled with the reek of cigarette smoke and cheap wine.

Suddenly, from a dimly-lit corner, men's voices compete in discord with the jarring squeak of the gramophone, which is still uttering the disjointed airs of modern jazz music. The voices of the two men can now be heard above the blaring of the music and the murmuring, shuffling throng. One can hear the words which they are saying, "Elle est à moi!" "Non, non, elle est la mienne!" The wordy argument reaches its peak. The excitable tempers of the bystanders are aroused, each taking the side he thinks is right. The cause of the dispute, a typical Parisian beauty, takes no part in the argument, but stares mutely with disgust, mingled with horror, as her two wooers dispute her love with fists. The table breaks with a rending crash as the weight of the two heaving, panting bodies is forced upon its flimsy structure. The distraught and rather intoxicated proprietor sends a dirty little urchin up the stairs which lead

to the street. In a few seconds he comes scurrying back like a frightened rabbit. "Police!" he cries. "Les agents de police!"

Two uniformed policemen enter the café and separate the struggling pair. They are led away up the little stairway, swearing and trying to kick themselves free from their captors' grasp.

Peace settles once more on the café. Once more the couples take their place on the floor-space and dance once more to the gramophone, and in a few minutes they have forgotten the episode, while the cause of the trouble, having found herself another admiring partner, dances gaily round, with the gaiety known only to the forgetful, and the young.

### "ODE TO THE NORTH-EAST WIND"

(Revised Version)

Hateful wild North-Easter!  
Shame it is to see  
Me stand cold and shivering  
Warbling odes to thee.  
Horrid black North-Easter!  
Bringing winter sleet;  
Bringing coughs—and chilblains  
To our frozen feet!  
We by fires are huddling,  
Wrapt in scarves and coats,  
Gargling vile salt water  
For our painful throats.  
So, you dark North-Easter,  
Turn again for home;  
Welcome to the Zephyr,  
Let the summer come!

SYLVIA NEWTON, 2A(2).

### A CLASSROOM SOUND

A classroom sound—  
Only a stir and a sigh  
Of a young maiden  
Striving earnestly;  
Page on to page  
She slowly turns;  
No answer comes—  
The bunsen burns.

A classroom sound—  
Only a classroom, a classroom,  
The quickening whisper  
Of the murmuring voices;  
The request for silence,  
The trembling pupil,  
The Master, the rage, the agony  
Of the unknown peril.

PAT ADAMSON, 4P.



### "ALL THE PERFUMES OF ARABIA . . ."

THE dark of the night was settling over the bleak, windswept countryside, and driving rain was hurled against the battlements of the solitary fortress which stood gaunt as a giant, over the trees. The wind, moaning and sighing like a demented soul, tossed their gnarled branches, or beat them down with ruthless force, as though wreaking vengeance for a past wrong.

Within the keep, the failing light of a rushlight flicked moving shadows on to the rough stone of the walls of a long passage and poked prying fingers of light into the gloom of the vaulted ceiling. An ill-excluded draught stirred in the tattered remnants of a battle-standard which hung just within the ever-increasing circle of light, and caused the flame to leap up in a last desperate effort to live, rolling a little cloud of black smoke into the current of air.

As the glow faded, and the shadows slowed their wild dancing, a small light protected from the draught by a cupped hand, pinpricked the darkness. Hardly seeming to touch the flag-paving, a tall and regal figure drifted from the gloom. Her tangled hair fell unheeded around her shoulders, and her long, white robe billowed out behind her, faintly rustling. Her face was drawn and pale, the skin seemed tight over her cheekbones, above hollow, wasted cheeks, and her sunken eyes, dark-rimmed, stared vacantly, wide open, yet asleep.

Her silent footsteps slowly drew to a halt, and she wrung and twisted her thin hands as if attempting to wash off some persistent stain, whispering to herself in a monotone. Her lips moved slowly as she murmured resignedly, "What's done cannot be undone." She moved on, and over and over she kept drowsily crooning, "To bed . . . to bed . . . to bed." As the light faded and died, and the shadows stilled, she was lost like a dream—or a nightmare—in the darkness.

EILEEN BROWN, 3A1.

### "THEY TELL ME—"

They tell me, Mr Editor,  
Of how you did decree  
That each and every Gillespie girl  
A poetess must be.

I weep as I endeavour,  
An ice-pack on my head,  
To pen perhaps a tiny ode  
Ere I can go to bed.

The floor is strewn with paper;  
My face is worn with care.  
Alas! That spark of genius—  
It simply isn't there.

ISABEL PEARSON, 2A(1).

## FROM THE PRIMARY DEPARTMENT

### PRIMARY SCHOOL NOTES

THIS has indeed been an eventful year, marked in all our memories by the retiral of Miss Bertha Mackay, who has now severed a life-long connection with us, but whose interest in everything that concerns Gillespie's is still intense. A tribute appears in this magazine, but I should like to express my personal gratitude to her and to Miss Andrew for the smoothness and ease with which it was possible for me to take over the work of the Primary Department.

Our girls and their parents have again been very generous in many ways—in their gifts, in the splendid collection of toys, games and books sent at Christmas time for our friends in Trefoil School and in the City Nursery Schools (from all of whom we have had delightful letters of thanks), in their contributions to the Flood Relief Fund, and in their continuing interest in all our work and play. The weekly contributions to the Zoo Fund are steady, and the Director-Secretary tells us that Jim, our special care, is looking his best for Coronation Year.

Our Hall has been decorated with flowers by the classes in rotation, and we are very grateful to the children who have taken time and trouble to make the Hall gay, and to the fathers who so willingly send the flowers from their gardens. Early in the spring term we had a visit from Miss Bertha Waddell's Children's Theatre and were delighted to welcome the Lady Provost to one of the two performances which the versatile company gave us. Much of the pleasure for the grown-ups was derived from the whole-hearted appreciation shown by the young audiences, especially by the little girls of the Preparatory School.

The most distressing event of the session took place during the night when fire destroyed a great part of Bruntsfield House, and we were all sorry to arrive at school to find the historic old building still smouldering, firemen at work on the roof, hoses disfiguring our carefully-kept garden, and policemen on guard. Temporary arrangements for the children of the Preparatory Department were made immediately, and we are grateful to the Minister and office-bearers of Barclay Church, who once more, and very willingly, gave us accommodation for the summer term in the Church Hall.

A very successful function of the summer term was the Swimming Gala. The clockwork precision with which event followed event was largely due to the organisation of Miss Laidlaw, whose enthusiasm



makes swimming very popular among the Primary girls. This year we have entered the Net Ball League and we have two teams striving hard to win the cup, which will be awarded before the end of June.

In the Burns Federation Scottish Literature Competition for girls in Primary VII, full marks were scored by Ruth Alston VII(1), and in the Annual Prize Essay Competition of the S.S.P.C.A., Margaret Giles VII(1) was placed first. Two teams came forward for the novel Safety First Competition run by the Edinburgh City Police. The girls were required not only to write poems on "Road Safety" set to familiar song tunes, but they had to sing them! We await the final stages of the competition with interest. Meanwhile, all in the Preparatory and Primary Schools are busily preparing for the Exhibition of Art and Needlework which is to be held towards the end of June, and as we go to press we are eagerly looking forward to the celebrations and ceremonies arranged for the Coronation of Her Majesty.

### FROM LONDON TO CARDIFF

AT the docks in London my mother, my brother Andrew and I kept our eyes open for my Dad's ship. Then we saw her. She was a large ship of 12,000 tons and looked extremely dirty. Her cargo was iron-ore and the wind had blown some of the dust on to the deck. My cabin was nicely furnished and it intrigued me using a bunk instead of a bed. When I was unpacking my clothes and placing them in a drawer, I noticed to my horror a small black creature. Dad told me that it was only a cockroach and it was most amusing to see him pat it, saying it was a nice little creature. I did not think so! We sailed at three o'clock and saw many liners on our way down the Thames. It is a tragic sight to see the masts of sunken ships on the Goodwin Sands. The danger is not so bad now as there are red lightships all round to give warning. Approaching Dover, we saw the white cliffs gleaming in the distance, I was allowed to stay up later that night to see them. Dad pointed out the various places along the coast and we passed the liner *Orion* on her way back from Australia. We had gloriously warm weather and played games on the upper deck. The Third Officer made us deck quoits and we made paper darts attached to string to prevent them being blown out to sea. When Dad was not busy he allowed us to see the Radar working. The deep-sea pilot told us to watch out for seals and we had a good view using telescopes.

When we arrived in Cardiff we had to leave the ship for a day as she was to be fumigated. Then Dad received orders to sail in ballast to West Africa. Our voyage was at an end.

ISOBEL MILNE, P7(1).

### A CROWNING INCIDENT

A FEW summers ago Daddy and I decided to visit Nelson's Column on the top of the Calton Hill.

"How much is it?" asked Daddy.

"Sixpence," said the man, "but don't bother paying for her. You can lift her over the gate."

Now, directly above the gate hung Nelson's cross-swords. As Daddy lifted me up, I knocked my head against them and they fell on top of me! I was not hurt, and fortunately the swords were not damaged, but I shall always remember the experience of being "crowned" with Nelson's swords!

JOAN WARDEN, P.7(2).

### AFTER THE STORM

CAN we forget January 31st, 1953? I cannot, for it was my birthday; but to thousands it was not a happy day. Disaster and sorrow came to countless homes and devastation ruined the beauty of the countryside especially in the North of Scotland.

In Aberdeenshire, where I often spend my holidays, one has to see to believe the extent of the damage done to the woods. Around Haddo House, the home of Lord Haddo, scarcely a tree now stands where once stood thousands. Crathes Castle on Deeside, which once was hidden from view, is now clearly visible from the roadway. Crathes woods, famed for their beauty, with stately tall and straight trees, are now no more. Thousands lie on the ground waiting to be removed to the nearest saw-mill and the few which still remain upright will be felled in due course.

We will remember that dreadful storm on the last day in January.  
MARGARET LAIDLAW, P6(1).

### MY FIRST CATCH

I WONDER how many girls like fishing. Last year, I was fishing in a small river in the Highlands.

One day I was sitting on a rock beside this river. Suddenly, I felt a tug, and then another! I was full of joy and excitement. At that moment I was dreaming of landing a salmon. Full of joy, I pulled my "catch" up. I saw a baby trout dangling on my line. I ran to Daddy shouting, "I have caught a fish." Daddy took it off the hook for me.

At tea-time Daddy cleaned it and I had it for tea. My pet cat Snaps had a little piece of it too.

I am looking forward to fishing this year. If any other girl is an enthusiastic fisher, I wish her good-luck, and hope that she has a good catch.

ISABEL BEGG, P6(2).



## A CHURCH ON A HILL

IT was Sunday and it was very hot. I strolled through Ring o' Bells village.

When I had walked right through the village, and was on the wide country road again, I suddenly heard the sound of bells, and there on the summit of a small hill in front of me was a church. The little church was white-washed with a black slate roof. By the open door entered many people. Even more people were wending their way up the hillside. By this time the bell had stopped ringing and the door was about to be closed.

I turned to go home. Just then the sound of the organ came floating down to me. Some day, thought I, I too may go to worship in that little church on the hill.

SYLVIA WALTON, P5(1).

## A STORY OF A GOOSE

AT a farm in Falkirk is a goose. I would like to tell you how it got there. Well, a railway runs near and a driver one day picked up a squeaking ball of fluff that had fallen out of a waggon. The driver took it to the farm and gave it to Miss Wilson who looked after it. It is three years old now. It thinks it is the boss of the hens. When we go for hens' eggs it marches boldly across the yard. One day we saw it chasing a rabbit.

SHEENA CAMERON, P4(2).

## MY CAT

LAST year I got a pussy cat. When it was six months old she had kittens. There were five; four girls and one boy. When they were six weeks old, Mummy found good homes for the four little girl pussy cats and we kept the boy and called him Darky.

GILLIAN WORK, P3(2).

## PRIMARY 2(1)

MUMMY had her hair done. I said you look like a golliwog. Daddy laughed and my brother laughed. The cat at the back door mewed. Daddy said the cat was laughing too, so we all laughed. MY mummy is busy making dinner from one o'clock till two o'clock for six people. At the weekend there are only five people because one man goes home to see his father and mother in Galashiels. The other man can't go home at the weekend because he stays in California.

I WAS at the Zoo last week. We saw a very funny monkey there. He had a paper bag. He kept putting it over his face. He did look funny.

## PRIMARY 2(2)

MUMMY has a new dress out of Pat's. It is green with white flowers on it. She likes it. She is really nice with her pearls and handbag. Daddy says she looks swanky. My brother laughed when he saw her dressed up.

THERE is a French girl coming on Thursday. It will be nice. I will have to teach her English. She will know a little English. I have not seen her before. I hope she is nice.

PATRICK hit me on the head with his mallet and a big lump rose. It was very sore. I started to cry. Mummy and Daddy thought that it was unkind of Patrick.

## PRIMARY 1(1)

MY daddy has gray hare and he wares his kilt a lot to church and he dus go to colage to teach and he is a speshol poleesman.

I BATH my baby in the bath and I dress my baby when Mother gets her out, and she splashes and lafs.

I THINK my Mummy is the best thing in the world. I rly love her. She has a silk evening frock with net on it and it is lite purpl undurnyth the net. My Daddy has a evening dress and bow tie. he looks very nice.

I SAW seven kittens playing in the grass. I laft when I saw them. Kittens are funy every wun says it.

THIS is the first of May and you wash your face in the grass. if you do that you will be pritty all the year round. I forgot so I washed it in the school grass.

YESTERDAY at three oclock in the morning our school went on fire. We had school in the jgm hall. Two fire engens came and I saw them go up.

## PRIMARY 1(2)

I WAS at the dentist yesterday for the first time and she bloue wind on my teeth. The man scraped the yelonis then I got three sweeties. I AM a nowl. It wit at nite.

I wont to act in Peeter Pan becos I chos it. It wold be good.

I AM a garden. I have an apltree. I have dafadils choollips loopins and swete wilyum also meni uther things like cherry trees lilac roses and grass.

DILIS invitite me to her birthday partay I think it was very kind o her don't you.



## OFF TO SCHOOL

The alarm clock goes at ten to eight,  
I blink my eyes and hesitate.  
But I must rush and not be late  
For Gillespie's in the morning.

To get me out there's lots of fuss.  
I meet my chums—there's three of us,  
All rushing down to get the bus  
For Gillespie's in the morning.

Aboard the bus—it does seem slow,  
We talk of games and girls we know,  
And all agree it's fun to go  
To Gillespie's in the morning.

MOIRA HARKNESS, P.7(1).

## THE CORONATION

This is the great Coronation Year,  
When all the people will shout and cheer,  
To see the Queen drive past in state,  
In a golden coach from the palace gate.

Her Consort standing by her side,  
Will give her strength and help to guide  
This land of ours, always to be,  
A place where Britons shall be free.

IRENE BRANNAN, P.7(2).

## A SPRING DAY

Where was I going? I didn't quite know.  
Down to the sea where the big waves grow—  
Up on the hills where the cold winds blow—  
Anywhere, somewhere. I didn't know.

Where was I going? The clouds sailed by.  
Big ones, black ones, covered the sky—  
Where was I going, I didn't quite know—  
The clouds were laden. Rain or snow?

Where was I going? The rain poured down.  
Neither to sea-side, nor yet to the town—  
A book by the fireside was calling to me—  
I was dreaming while indoors of country and sea.

MARGARET MOORE, P.6(1).

## THE QUIETEST HOUR

At night when Mother comes to see  
If I'm in bed as I should be,  
I always ask what she has seen  
Upon the Television screen.

MURIEL FISHER, P.5(1).

## WITCHES

People say, "On Hallowe'en,  
Many witches can be seen."  
I looked in vain to see this sight,  
But not a witch saw I that night.

ELAINE TAYLOR, P.5(1).

## MAGAZINE TIME

Each year I try to write a poem.  
I worry all the folks at home.  
I cover paper by the ream.  
At all the waste poor Mum could scream,  
I try and try but it would seem  
I am no poet.

DORREN KILLIN, P.5(2).

## THE SPORTS

Our school sports will be held in June,  
I hope it is a lovely afternoon,  
I think the golden sun will shine,  
I hope there's a prize for Elma, who's nine.

ELMA CARNEGIE, P.4(1).

## SHAGGY DOG

I am a shaggy dog  
And sit on a wobbly log,  
I am white and black  
And I sleep on a sack.

DEIRDRE DONALD, P.4(2).

## PRETTY JOEY

Pretty Joey, Pretty Joey,  
He is my Budgie blue.  
"Pretty Joey, Pretty Joey,"  
He says the whole day through.

Pretty Joey, Pretty Joey,  
Plays upon his swing.  
Pretty Joey, Pretty Joey,  
Does not miss a thing.

Pretty Joey, Pretty Joey,  
Goes to bed at night.  
Pretty Joey, Pretty Joey,  
Sleeps till morning light.

FRANCES L. H. BROWN, P.3(1).



## REPORTS OF SOCIETIES

### LITERARY AND DRAMATIC SOCIETY

IT is with a feeling of pleasure tinged with regret that "Lit" members look back on the varied meetings which took place this year—pleasure that every meeting was so much enjoyed, and regret that the year has seemed so short.

The syllabus included such old favourites as "Hat Night" and "Fourth Year Night." This Year's Fourth acquitted themselves very well in the former, where the general standard of debating was high, and excelled themselves in the latter. The audience had the privilege of visiting them in the Café à la Fourth, and shared in the pleasure given by the talented and vivacious younger members of the Society. With such zeal and originality at its command, the "Lit" need have no fear for the future.

Three debates were included this year: "That a Blue Stocking is Better than a Nylon," "That Uniforms Stifle Individuality" and, together with the Literary Society of Daniel Stewart's College, "That 'Mulier Est Hominis Confusio'." In the first, which was perhaps the most hilarious, the negative was carried by a very small majority. The second debate differed from previous ones in respect that two of its leaders were Former Pupils. The joint-debate, too, was extremely successful and amusing and was again won by the negative.

Our other joint meeting was with George Heriot's Literary Society and revived the form of a meeting held some years ago—a comic version of the Radio Programme, "Have a Go." The character-acting both of boys and of girls will long be remembered. This was certainly one of our most entertaining meetings.

One which vied with it as first-class entertainment was "Staff Night" when "The Staff Entertained." The title tells the tale.

We were fortunate this year in having two outstandingly accomplished outside speakers. The first, Mr Cromar, warden of Glenmore Lodge, illustrated a most interesting talk on the work and play which takes place there, with magnificent coloured slides, showing Scotland's wild scenery at its best. The other speaker was the celebrated Scottish playwright, Mr. Robert Kemp. His talk, "Some Dramatic Occasions at which I have Assisted" was of great interest to the audience, and was garnished with many delightful, humorous touches.

Our only dramatic night this year was the Inter-House Drama Festival. All four productions were greatly appreciated by the audience. Mr Ian Wishart made a very competent adjudication of the plays, declaring Lady Gregory's "Spreading the News," which was presented by Roslin, to be the winner.

This year the Societies of several Edinburgh schools again combined in having a Literary Dinner at which the boys of George Watson's College were the hosts, Gillespie's contribution to the programme being a Scottish Country Dance, "The Braes of Balquhider." All thoroughly enjoyed the evening: its success augurs well for the future.

There now remains but one meeting. In June we hold our "Final Fling, 1953," when the Sixth Year members say goodbye to the "Lit" in characteristic and traditional fashion.

We extend to all who have helped us make this year so happy and successful—from our distinguished outside speakers to the more menial but indispensable helpers who saw that the post-oratorical tea-pot was not

untended—our sincere thanks. Our regret at saying farewell to the "Lit" is tempered by the assurance that its future is in enthusiastic and competent hands.  
MARGARET RAMAGE, *Secretary*.

### SCIENCE ASSOCIATION

THE Science Association has had yet another busy and interesting year. We were fortunate enough to have two guest speakers to address us this year; in October Dr Childs gave a talk with demonstrations, on "Light and Colour" and later in the year Professor Ritchie spoke on "Light and Chlorophyll."

The session opened with a debate, "That the development of greater speed serves no useful purpose." This proved the occasion for some lively discussion and the motion was defeated narrowly.

One of our most successful meetings was a demonstration given by Mr Brash, our President. The subject was "Liquid Air" and many interesting and amusing experiments were shown.

We had our usual Staff Meeting which this year took the form of "Twenty Questions." Our annual "Film Night" was successful although this year we were unfortunately without Mr Seaton.

The older girls in the Association entertained the younger ones on two occasions. "Short Papers" dealt with a variety of subjects, including cactus-growing, glass, the Crown Jewels, and space. Our last meeting was "Experiment Night" which was given by the Sixth Form chemistry class.

The Committee records, with regret, that the attendance, at some of the meetings, was not as large as one might wish, but the demands on the time of the Senior pupils are necessarily exacting, though we hope that next year more members of the Fifth and Sixth Forms will find it possible to attend. The Committee take this opportunity of thanking Mr Brash for his constant help and encouragement. To next year's Committee, we wish every success.

KATHARINE A. C. YOUNG, *Secretary*.

### SCHOOL CHOIR

THE Choir has enjoyed another very busy and interesting year. At the beginning of the first term we sang several anthems at morning service, and at Founder's Day in October, "Ex Ore Innocentium." One of the most enjoyable occasions of the year was the presentation of an opera "The Shades of Night," in which the part of the heroine Rosabelle was taken alternately by Maureen Cumming and Maud Chirnside and that of the eccentric schoolmaster by Mr Sommerville whose performance was, in many ways, memorable. Miss McConville, the producer, who has now left us, is to be congratulated on the outstanding success of the performances. A service of Christmas carols was held on the last day of term.

In the second term, some of the Choir attended a recital given in School by the Moray House Choir and later in the term, the School was entertained by Miss Stack, who sang to us folksongs from all parts of the world. The Annual Thanksgiving Service was held in St Giles on the 27th March, the anthem being Schubert's beautiful setting of the 23rd Psalm. Two days later part of the Choir rendered anthems at the evening service in Cramond Church. Mr Small, the minister, is our School Chaplain and the organist is our own Mr Sommerville.

Another outside engagement to which we are greatly looking forward is our participation in the Display of Music and Dancing to be given before the Queen at Murrayfield during the State Visit. Our Annual Concert is being



devoted to a Fantasia of songs, dances and poetry of the British Isles, specially arranged to commemorate the Coronation.

Next session, in September, just after the Edinburgh Festival, part of the Choir is to give a recital of Scottish folksongs in the Nelson Hall.

To our choirmaster, Mr Sommerville, and our accompanist, Miss Nicoll, we extend sincere thanks for their guidance throughout the session.

ELEANOR McNAUGHTON,  
DOROTHY RITCHIE.

## SCHOOL ORCHESTRA

ONCE more the orchestra had a most enjoyable session under the conductorship of Mr Sommerville. We were fortunate in not losing many of our members last year, with the result that the orchestra has increased in numbers during the current session. In addition to the usual "strings" we now have two clarinets, a flute and a trumpet which add variety and colour to the playing.

This year we have played a number of pieces from the "King Arthur" Suite by Purcell; the slow movement from Symphony No. 7 by Schubert; and the Minuet from the "Linz" Symphony by Mozart.

Practices for this year's Closing Concert are now in progress. With the choir we are performing a choral Fantasia which includes a number of patriotic songs ending with "Rule! Britannia!" and "Land of Hope and Glory." The two purely orchestral pieces in this Fantasia are the Overture to King Arthur by Purcell and the Minuet from the Royal Fireworks by Handel. This Minuet is particularly interesting as the Trio is scored for the woodwind section only.

Attendances have been good and it is encouraging to note that the majority of the players are from the younger members of the School. The prospects for the future are bright and we urge all who play an instrument to join the orchestra next session. Enthusiasm not (necessarily) proficiency is essential.

EVELYN DRUMMOND,  
PATRICIA GREENAN.

## SCRIPTURE UNION

THIS has been a year of great success, membership showing a considerable increase, and attendance being well maintained.

During the Christmas holidays two members attended the Scottish Conference at Aberfoyle. The guest-speaker was the Rev. Duncan Leitch from the North of Scotland, the prayer-meetings and discussion-groups which followed the talks proved stimulating and rewarding, and the school-sessions included reports of the work in the schools. Pleasant excursions were made to Callander, the Trossachs, and Crieff.

Easter Camps were held at North Berwick and Strathpeffer, and we look forward to camps in the summer, the most popular possibly being Aberfeldy. We hope to be represented at many of these.

In February, at the Anniversary Rally in the Central Halls, Tollcross, The Rev. George Duncan, M.A., gave a most helpful address.

At the Glasgow 74th Anniversary Rally, held on 2nd May, 1953, in St Andrew's Halls, the guest-speaker was our former School Chaplain, the Rev. Professor James Stewart.

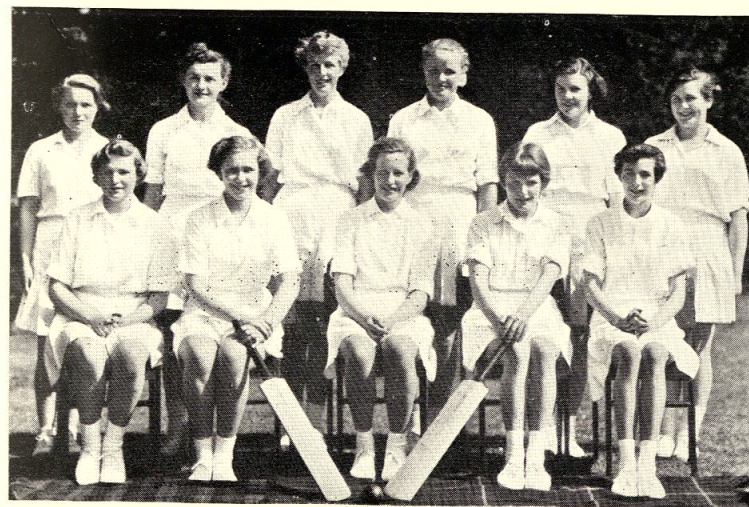
A team of girls from School took part in the Swimming Gala held at Warrender Baths on 14th May, 1953.

## HOCKEY 1st XI 1952-53



Back Row—Miss Adamson, S. M. M. Watson, M. R. Syme, M. McL. Gillies, I. E. Howieson, M. A. A. Stoddart, P. Adamson.  
Front Row—H. Cooper, I. W. Grimston, A. P. Harper, (Captain) A. Hughes, M. E. Wardell.

## CRICKET 1st XI 1952-53

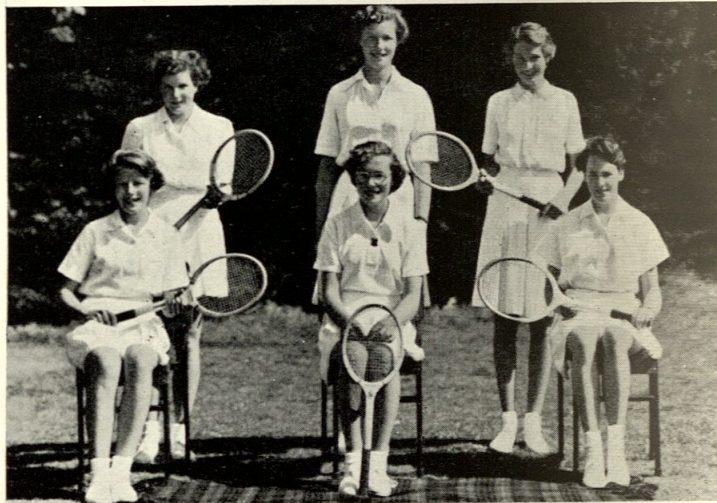


Back Row—A. G. S. Foley, S. M. M. Watson, M. McL. Gillies, J. I. R. Morrison, M. D. Sutherland, I. W. Grimston.  
Front Row—A. C. Millar, P. S. Ferguson, A. P. Harper (Captain), J. H. Forrest, P. Adamson.

Photos by

E. R. Yerbury & Son





Back Row—P. M. Ormiston, S. M. Amos, G. B. Taylor.  
Front Row—M. I. Scott, H. M. G. Harrison (Captain), A. Hughes.

## PRIMARY SCHOOL SWIMMING



Back Row—H. Thomson, M. Crocket, J. Taylor, J. Meldrum.  
Front Row—A. Wood, I. Brannan (Champion), M. Forbes.

Photos by

E. R. Yerbury &

It remains to record what is probably the most marked distinction achieved by the School Branch since its inception in 1949. After gaining 1st Place in both the written and the oral Inter-School Bible Knowledge Competitions held at the monthly rallies in Bristo Baptist Church Hall, the team went on to win the Shield at the Scottish Finals in Glasgow, scoring 42 points out of a possible 47. This is the first time the Shield has come to the South-east of Scotland. The members of the winning team were presented with Coronation Bibles at the Glasgow rally, and the Shield remains in the custody of the School for one year. We congratulate the members of the team on an achievement which is praiseworthy in itself, and which will, we hope, inspire emulation in those who follow. The team comprised:

Senior—Rosemary Fraser, Isobel Cochrane, Vera Chalmers and Betty Gourlay.

Junior—Dorothy Davidson, Margaret Mitchell, Belle Wright and Olive Rutherford.  
AILEEN ALDEN, Secretary.

## E.S.C.A.

E.S.C.A. has proved as popular as ever this session. Gillespie members number almost forty, and it is pleasing to report that the Fourth Year have taken a lively interest.

In the first term there were two interesting lectures. The first, on the work of the World Health Organisation, was given by Dr R. Passmore. The second was an address by Lieut.-General Sir C. M. Barber on certain aspects of military life. One of the most popular meetings of the year was "Consultation" in which four representatives from the Edinburgh Consular Corps talked about their own countries and their impressions of Scotland. The latter were often amusing. The last meeting of the term was the Tenth Anniversary Dance, which was a great success.

For the opening meeting of the second term, "Left-Right," two members of the Junior Chamber of Commerce and two members of the Trades Council were invited to answer questions which aroused keen, if not too heated, discussion. At the next meeting Mr John Whitfield gave a very interesting and entertaining lecture on music. For the second year in succession a Fourth Year Evening was held, and this year in the opinion of some it proved the best meeting of all. A panel of Fourth Year members discussed "Teen-age Troubles" and when they had finished, there was open discussion. The standard of speaking of both the Fourth Year and older members was extremely high.

During the Easter Holidays five Gillespie members attended the C.E.W.C. Conference at Wiston Lodge, Biggar. The theme was, appropriately, "The Queen and her Realm." Besides the time allotted to discussion, there was ample opportunity for recreational activities. This was a profitable and enjoyable Conference.

NOEL ADAMS.

## FIELD CLUB

THE Field Club, which has flourished so successfully for the past five years, has already held two very successful outings this term: one to Roslin Glen and the other along the banks of the Almond. We hope to have several more outings this season, including some to the sea and the hills.

We thank Miss Kerr and Miss Ferguson for all the work they have done for us.

CATHERINE MOYES, Secretary.



## SCHOOL SPORTS

### HOCKEY

On the whole, the 1st XI has been quite successful this season although many matches were disappointing in that the team only managed to draw. The standard of play of the younger teams is high.

In the American Tournament at Liberton, Gillespie's were not at all outstanding.

The 1st XI, however, won the Senior Inter-School Hockey Tournament at Meggetland, beating Boroughmuir in the Final by a very narrow margin. The Junior XI reached the Final, only to be beaten by Trinity.

The Inter-House Matches were won by Gilmore and the Staff beat the Pupils in the Staff v. Pupils Match.

This year saw the re-introduction of 1st XI dates.

The Club is indebted to Miss Adamson and Mr Gardiner who have spent much valuable time in improving its play.

The results for this season are:—

	Played	Won	Lost	Drawn	Cancelled	Goals	
						For	Against
1st XI	- 17	5	5	7	5	46	45
2nd XI	- 17	8	7	2	6	35	38
3rd XI	- 13	8	4	1	8	39	16
4th XI	- 14	9	4	1	5	56	23
5th XI	- 18	11	6	3	1	57	34
6th XI	- 15	10	4	1	3	50	22

ANNE P. HARPER.

### TENNIS

The tennis team this year has been built up almost from scratch, but it holds promise for future years. The School is represented by: Anne Hughes and Patricia Ormiston, Helen Harrison and Morag Scott, Gillian Taylor and Sheila Amos. Several matches are to be played—against Esdaile, Broughton, Boroughmuir, Trinity and the Staff, and play is now in progress for the School Championships.

HELEN M. E. HARRISON.

### CRICKET

At the Annual General Business Meeting, the following office-bearers were elected:—

<i>Captain</i>	-	-	-	-	ANNE HARPER.
<i>Vice-Captain</i>	-	-	-	-	PATRICIA FERGUSON.
<i>Secretary</i>	-	-	-	-	JOSEPHINE FORREST.

Until the middle of the season, we are to be without the valuable services of Mr Sommerville. We are carrying on by ourselves meanwhile, with Mr Gardiner's assistance.

There is the usual large membership. Practice night is on a Tuesday and Mr Linn has once more kindly undertaken to coach the 1st XI on Wednesday nights.

As yet, no matches have been played, but the fixture list is as full as ever.

ANNE P. HARPER.

### GOLF CLUB

A membership of about thirty girls has been maintained this year, the majority coming from the younger forms. Lessons have again been started with Mr Houston, the Braid Hills professional.

It is extremely difficult to have an active golf club in a girls' school and the committee feel that the best they can do is to give the girls a solid grounding from a professional and hope that they will practise regularly. Unfortunately few of the girls are members of private clubs and regular practice is therefore almost impossible. We do, however, hope to hold the School Championship, the match against George Watson's Ladies' College, and the popular Staff v. Pupils Putting Competition this term. To our president, Miss Macgregor, who is always so helpful and encouraging, we extend our thanks.

ELEANOR McNAUGHTON.

### SWIMMING—SENIOR

The Gala, which was held on 23rd April, 1953, was very successful. This success owes much to assistance in the organisation given by some of the Senior girls, in particular, the Swimming Captain, Katherine Young, and, on the night of the event, to the Prefects.

The Championship Silver Cup was won by Cicely Currie, 3A(1), the runner-up being Isobel Howieson, 5. House points were as follows: Gilmore, 58; Warrender, 32; Roslin, 15; and Spylaw, 9.

Points, can, of course, be obtained through gaining certificates. Sixty-one certificates were won in the first two terms. This is creditable enough in itself, but could be improved, in view of the fact that some girls gained more than one and our membership is well over two hundred.

However, there was a good entry for the more advanced awards of the Royal Life-Saving Society. The following eleven girls won the Bronze Medallion: Grace Cant, Cicely Currie, Elizabeth Gourlay, Edith Hay, Ann Kennedy, Janet Kennedy, Muriel Morrison, Winifred Pozzi, Florence Purdie, Rosemary Wares and Sandra Watson.

Three girls passed the still more arduous tests for the Award of Merit: Isobel Howieson, Margaret Howieson and Katherine Young.

Three of our girls appeared at the Scottish Schools Swimming Association Championships at Paisley in May. Cicely Currie was 4th in the Open Hundred Yards Breast Stroke, and Isobel Howieson and Catherine Paterson, 1C, were chosen to represent the Edinburgh area in team races. Our school-team won the Inter-School race at Boroughmuir Secondary School Gala this year, unfortunately in the absence of our most dangerous rivals, the Portobello team, who had beaten us at our own gala.

As an innovation, several girls of Form 6 have during this session devoted the normal games periods to swimming.

D. L. F.



## SWIMMING—PRIMARY SCHOOL

Membership of the Club is limited to approximately one hundred. Beginners are accepted for instruction not sooner than Primary 5. Those who can swim are admitted from Primary 3 provided they pass a simple test.

We wish to thank Mr Stewart for his generous gift of swimming permits at the beginning of the session.

## PRIZE LIST

*Championship*—1st, Irene Brannan, Prim. 7(2); 2nd, Moira Forbes, Prim. 6(2).

*Life Saving Prize*—Jennifer Meldrum, Prim. 6(2).

*Progress Prize*—Anne Wood, Prim. 6(1).

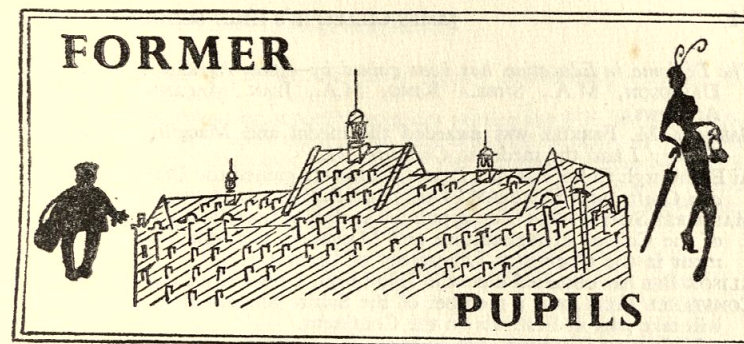
*Beginner's Prize*—Helda Thomson, Prim. 6(1).

*House Championship*—Gilmore

*House Relay Winners*—Gilmore (Irene Brannan, Mary Crocket, Julia Taylor).

*Class Competition*—1st Term, Prim. 6(1); 2nd Term, Prim. 6(2).

*Certificates Gained*—Elementary, 39; Intermediate, 22; Advanced, 13; Life Saving, 1.



## FORMER PUPILS' CLUB

*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 PARTY of eighty Former Pupils and their friends enjoyed a most successful Scottish Country Dance in the School in November, 1952.

It is proposed to hold the Annual Business Meeting for Session 1953-54, followed by a social, early in November 1953. Arrangements for further meetings for the session will be made by the committee elected on that occasion.

The present committee have been considering the desirability of dividing the club into a junior and a senior section, each with its own committee. It would be helpful to know the views of former pupils on this matter; and their presence—and expression of opinion—at the Annual Business Meeting would be appreciated.

Further information about the social will be sent to members in October, and others interested should make enquiries at school before the beginning of November.

Subscriptions (2/6d. including the cost of a School Magazine) should be paid at the Business Meeting, or to Miss M. E. R. Henderson, Hon. Sec., at School.

## F.P. NOTES

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

*M.B., Ch.B.*—KATHLEEN ROBB.

*B.Sc.*—CHRISTINE CLEPHANE, NANCY HENDERSON, MARGARET SIMPSON, MARGARET WATTERS.

*M.A. with Honours*—ALISON BEE, ELIZABETH CHILDS, MURIEL MCCURRACH, DUSELINE STEWART (French with German); BERY SINCLAIR (French with Spanish); MARJORY HARKNESS (Mathematics and Natural Philosophy).

*M.A.*—CATHERINE BELL, JEAN GEDDES, MARGARET GOUGH, MARY HUNTER, DOROTHY PRIMROSE, JEAN SHIRRA.



*The Diploma in Education* has been gained by—JEAN AITKEN, M.A., LILIAS DAVIDSON, M.A., SHEILA KING, M.A., JEAN MACANNA, M.A. (St Andrews).

BARBARA M. FERRIER was awarded the medal and Macgillivray prize in *Zoology I* and the medal in *Chemistry II*.

At Edinburgh College of Art, PRISCILLA MINAY gained the *Diploma in Design and Crafts*, and DOROTHY FORREST the *Diploma in Drawing and Painting*.

MARGARET SIMPSON has been appointed analyst in the Chemistry Department of the College of Agriculture and MARGARET WATTERS has an appointment in the Chemistry Laboratory of Ferranti's.

ALISON BEE has obtained a post in Edinburgh University Library.

CONSTANCE MULLAY is a member of the Saltire Singers who, this summer, will take part in Festivals on the Continent.

ANN MCINTOSH is soprano soloist in the Choir of St Giles Cathedral.

EDNA ARTHUR is a violinist with the B.B.C. Scottish Orchestra.

CATHERINE TURNER is Secretary to the City Chamberlain, Edinburgh.

HAZEL BREMNER is at Cologne.

AUDREY HALL is enjoying her "year abroad" in Lyon, taking University classes and acting as "assistante" in one of the large schools. She is finding time to arrange exchanges between French and Scottish girls, and to welcome any Gillespie friends who can make the journey to Lyon.

EILEEN GREENBURY is in Rodez for the year, and spent the Christmas vacation happily with AUDREY HALL in Lyon.

JANETTE WATERSON is in Monlucon, in a school which has not hitherto had the benefit of an English assistant. She is very conscious of her responsibility and full of enthusiasm for the work.

BERYL SINCLAIR is on the Staff of the Lycée Victor Durny (Mlle. Gillot's old school) in Paris, and is showing her usual zest for life, felicitously combining business and pleasure.

DUSELINE STEWART is Lectrice in Caen University.

FREDA FERGUSSON has recently returned from a tour of South Africa as a member of the Wilson Barrett Company which took her into most corners of the Dominion.

PAT CRESSWELL: The annual theatrical event which goes by the name of "Varsity Vanities" achieves a refinement of wit joined to a musical score which immediately invite comparison with professional standards. The musical part of the performance (both as composer and pianist) is the work of PAT CRESSWELL. We shall hear more of Pat.

ROSALIND STANSFIELD is a Director of Studies at Galahill Children's Hotel and School, Galashiels.

MONICA A. S. MACPHERSON is teaching domestic science in Holy Cross Academy and at St Anthony's School.

PAULINE R. SHIRES and JEAN MACPHERSON are in their final year at the Dunfermline Physical Training College, Aberdeen.

JULIA A. GADD is in Government service as a shorthand typist in Wellington, New Zealand.

SHEILA REID enters on an appointment as a therapist in the City Hospital on 1st June.

Mevrouw SMIT-MACKENZIE-GRAHAM (Hilda Graham) now lives in Hoogezand, Holland, with her husband and two children.

## FORMER PUPILS' HOCKEY CLUB

WE began the 1952-53 season resplendent in new uniforms of yellow tops and maroon shorts and socks; our record, however, has not been marked by the same resplendence. We experienced difficulty in fielding two elevens every Saturday, membership being inadequate. The second eleven, indeed,

have played almost all season without a regular goalkeeper; this fact is reflected in the results.

We ask all girls leaving school to consider joining the F.P. Hockey Club rather than any of the open clubs which have attracted so many of our girls in recent years. A club cannot thrive unless new members are recruited each year. The new secretary, Miss Mary Macgregor, 63 Saughtonhall Drive Edinburgh 10, will be pleased to have the names of girls who intend to join. All interested will be made very welcome.

		Played	Won	Lost	Drawn	For	Goals Against
1st XI	-	17	6	8	3	52	38
2nd XI	-	19	3	15	1	21	81

MOIRA MACKENZIE, Hon. Sec.

## BIRTHS

HALL.—In May 1952, to Surgeon Lt.-Commander (D) W. HALL, R.N., and Mrs HALL (ROSE MCGIBBON), a son.

PETERKIN.—In May 1952, to Dr. and Mrs. N. B. PETERKIN (HELEN PETER), a son.

GRAIN.—In June 1952, to Mr and Mrs R. F. GRAIN (BETTY WALLER), a son.

WHITE.—In June 1952, to Mr and Mrs C. WHITE (CISSIE FLINT), a daughter.

KIRKPATRICK.—In June 1952, to Mr and Mrs R. KIRKPATRICK (SANDRA MORT), a daughter.

CANNON.—In July 1952, to Mr and Mrs JACK CANNON (EVELYN HARDIE), a daughter.

BOA.—In July 1952, to F./O. G. R. BOA, M.A., and Mrs BOA (RUBY LOWE, L.R.A.M.), a son.

BROWN.—In July 1952, to Mr and Mrs ALAN BROWN (DORIS UNDERWOOD), a son.

BUKOWSKI.—In July 1952, to Mr and Mrs ZYGMUNT BUKOWSKI (EDITH BLIGHT), a daughter.

RENTON.—In July 1952, to Dr and Mrs R. RENTON (DOROTHY SEYMOUR), a daughter.

SEMEONOFF.—In July 1952, to Mr and Mrs BORIS SEMEONOFF (CATHERINE DAVIE), a son.

BIRSE.—In September 1952, to Mr and Mrs RONALD BIRSE (SYBIL KIRK), a daughter.

GOWANS.—In September 1952, to Mr and Mrs WALTER GOWANS (CHRISSIE SWAIN), a son.

DONALDSON.—In September 1952, to Mr and Mrs I. C. DONALDSON (JOYCE CROWE), a son.

MURRAY.—In September 1952, to Mr and Mrs W. MURRAY (WILMA LORIMER), a daughter.

RAFFAN.—In September, 1952, to the Rev. STANLEY RAFFAN and Mrs RAFFAN (BETTY LOCHORE), a son.

WRIGHT.—In October 1952, to Mr and Mrs WRIGHT (BARBARA LOWE), a son.



- SMITH.—In November 1952, to Mr and Mrs E. SMITH (ANNE VINT), a daughter.
- HILLS.—In December 1952, to Mr and Mrs H. HILLS (JOAN LITTLE), a son.
- STEELE.—In December 1952, to Mr and Mrs D. A. STEELE (KATHLEEN EMMERSON), a son.
- MACLEAN.—In December 1952, to Mr and Mrs CALUM MACLEAN (RUTH MACMILLAN), triplets (daughters).
- BLACK.—In January 1953, to Mr and Mrs A. C. BLACK (SHEILA FISKEN), a son.
- CURRIE.—In February 1953, to Mr and Mrs J. H. CURRIE (GAIL HOWIESON), a daughter.
- SMITH.—In February 1953, to Mr and Mrs R. M. SMITH (ETHELJEAN SUTHERLAND), a son.
- UNDERWOOD.—In February 1953, to Mr and Mrs R. T. S. UNDERWOOD (RHODA LOTHIAN), a daughter.
- MALCOLM.—In February 1953, to Mr and Mrs ERIC MALCOLM (MURIEL BAIRD), a daughter.
- ALLAN.—In March 1953, to Mr and Mrs DEREK ALLAN (MARGARET THOMSON), a son.
- COOKE.—In March 1953, to Mr and Mrs DERRIK COOKE (MARY LITTLE), a daughter.
- CHADWICK.—In April 1953, to Mr and Mrs H. B. CHADWICK (DOREEN KELLOCK), a son.
- RUTHERFORD.—In April 1953, to Mr and Mrs CHAS. RUTHERFORD (AGNES GAVINE), a son.
- ABBOTT.—In April 1953, to Mr and Mrs DUDLEY ABBOTT (EILEEN BEALE), a son.
- HAYES.—In April 1953, to Mr and Mrs H. T. HAYES (MARGARET BRIGGS BROWN), a son.
- MITCHELL.—In April 1953, to Mr and Mrs J. MITCHELL (BETTY ROSIE), a daughter.
- HUNTER.—In May 1953, to Mr and Mrs T. HUNTER (MARGARET MACNAUGHTON), a daughter.

## MARRIAGES

- HAWTHORNE—LORIMER.—In May 1952, J. F. HAWTHORNE to NANETTE LORIMER, 6 Sandford Gardens.
- McCABE—MURRAY.—In May 1952, J. J. McCABE to ENID MURRAY, 16 Orchard Bank.
- HUNTER—GOWANS.—In June 1952, S. W. HUNTER to MARY GOWANS, 37 Boswall Drive.
- THOMSON—BROTHERSTON.—In June 1952, JAMES THOMSON to FLORENCE BROTHERSTON, 62 Longstone Crescent.
- HUNTER—MacNAUGHTON.—In June 1952, THOS. D. HUNTER, B.Sc., A.M.I.C.E., to MARGARET MACNAUGHTON, M.B., Ch.B., 9 Maybank Villas.
- RANKINE—CLARK.—In June 1952, ERIC M. RANKINE to AUDREY CLARK, 27 Viewforth.

- SMITH—LONGDEN.—In June 1952, Rev. R. SMITH, B.D., to AGNES LONGDEN, M.S.R.R., 1 St Ninian's Road.
- EWART—TEMPLEMAN.—In June 1952, JAMES EWART to MAUREEN TEMPLEMAN, 96 Mayfield Road.
- BATCHELOR—JAMIESON.—In July 1952, K. M. BATCHELOR to MAY JAMIESON, 27 Merchiston Crescent.
- ALLAN—THOMSON.—In July 1952, DEREK ALLAN to MARGARET THOMSON, 22 Ivy Terrace.
- SEARLE—HUTCHINSON.—In July 1952, P. G. SEARLE to H. VERONICA HUTCHINSON, 14 Gracemount Road.
- BRAZENALL—BRYCE.—In July 1952, R. W. BRAZENALL, L.D.S., R.C.S., to MORAY BRYCE, 7 Baird Avenue.
- BUNYAN—BURNESS.—In July 1952, PETER BUNYAN to RITA BURNESS, 12 Lanark Road.
- CHANT—ROBERTSON.—In July 1952, IAN W. A. CHANT, B.Sc., to AVRIL ROBERTSON, 13 E. Carystane Road.
- HUNTER—HOWIESON.—In July 1952, RONALD A. HUNTER to JEAN HOWIESON, 12 Bruntisfield Gardens.
- KENNEDY—PHILIP.—In July 1952, B. M. KENNEDY to FRED A. PHILIP, 16 Merchiston Avenue.
- MONCUR—CLEMENT.—In July 1952, W. K. MONCUR to DOROTHY CLEMENT.
- FINLAYSON—BRAIDWOOD.—In August 1952, DOUGLAS S. FINLAYSON M.A., to AILSA BRAIDWOOD, 80 Leamington Terrace.
- SUTTON—BROTHERSTON.—In August 1952, J. W. R. SUTTON to NANCY BROTHERSTON, 26 Greenbank Road.
- BRABHAM—McLEAN.—In August 1952, Capt. J. B. S. BRABHAM to JESSIE B. McLEAN, M.A., 9 Morningside Grove.
- ROBERTSON—MUNRO.—In August 1952, W. D. ROBERTSON, M.A., to LAURA MUNRO, 29 Mentone Terrace.
- HENDRY—MARSHALL.—In August 1952, J. M. HENDRY to MURIEL H. MARSHALL, B.Sc., 16 Drylaw Crescent.
- ELLIOTT—BIRNIE.—In August 1952, W. A. ELLIOTT, M.B., Ch.B., to IRENE BIRNIE, R.G.N., 152 N. Saughton Road.
- SMITH—RYRIE.—In August 1952, C. H. SMITH, B.L., to PAMELA RYRIE, 87 Gilmore Place.
- MARSHALL—LAMBERT.—In September 1952, R. H. C. O. MARSHALL to SHEILA LAMBERT, 166 Granton Road.
- HANNYA—WOOLGAR.—In September 1952, A. J. HANNAY to HELEN WOOLGAR, 23 Spittal Street.
- McCUTCHEON—TAIT.—In October 1952, IAN A. McCUTCHEON to EVELYN S. TAIT, 45 Charlotte Square.
- MACREADIE—LUNAN.—In November 1952, J. A. MACREADIE to ISABELLA LUNAN, 89 McDonald Road.
- WARDEN—MITCHELL.—In December 1952, JOHN H. WARDEN to HARRIET MITCHELL, 13 Harrison Road.
- McCOMBIE—MARSHALL.—In December 1952, ALAN G. McCOMBIE, M.A., to MURIEL MARSHALL, 44 Chesser Grove.



- FORBES—CARSEWELL.—In January 1953, DOUGLAS FORBES to KATHLEEN CARSEWELL (Staff), 42 Mayfield Road.
- MILLER—JENKINS.—In February 1953, GEORGE MILLER, C.A., A.I.I.F., to DOROTHY JENKINS, 3 Baird Gardens.
- ATKIN—GRAY.—In March 1953, RICHARD P. ATKIN to MURIEL GRAY, Tigh-na Geat Cottage, Lothianburn.
- JAMIESON—HIDDLESTON.—In March 1953, A. T. JAMIESON to EVELYN HIDDLESTON, 91 Morningside Drive.
- MACKAY—TABEL.—In March 1953, DONALD L. MACKAY, M.B., Ch.B., D.T.M. and H., to JOYCE TABEL, 47 Christiemiiller Avenue.
- SHAW—MATHIESON.—In March 1953, IAIN SHAW to MARY ROSE MATHESON, 10 Meadow Place.
- SPIERS—GADD.—In March 1953, JAMES SPIERS to JOAN GADD, 13 Spottiswoode Street.
- STRACHAN—WADDELL.—In March 1953, K. D. STRACHAN, B.L., to JOYCE WADDELL, 42 Westgarth Avenue.
- GARDNER—REID.—In March 1953, P. DOUGLAS GARDNER to JANETTE REID, M.A., Ph.D.
- CAMPBELL—GOUDIE.—In April 1953, W. M. CAMPBELL to EVELYN GOUDIE, 16 Belmont Gardens.
- FISKEN—LOTHIAN.—In April 1953, A. G. FISKEN, B.Sc., to MURIEL LOTHIAN, 12 Hamilton Street.
- MCLEAN—BEATTIE.—In April 1953, N. W. MCLEAN, A.S.A.A., to DORIS BEATTIE, L.R.A.M., 100 Comiston Road.
- SMITH—JAMIESON.—In April 1953, WILLIAM SMITH to BEATRICE JAMIESON, 89 Craighleith Crescent.
- HENDERSON—THAIN.—In May 1953, C. P. HENDERSON to MARJORIE H. THAIN, 28 Bingham Road.

### EDITORIAL COMMITTEE

*General Editor*—Mr JAMES D. McEWAN.

*Business Editor*—Miss ANNE DINGWALL.

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

*School Editor, 1953*—MARY SLATER.

### Test Your Intelligence in Esperanto . . .

Esperanto estas la praktika solvo de la problemo de internacia kompreno.

Solena melodio estas simila al la fluo de majesta rivero.

Inteligenta homo lernas la lingvon Esperanto rapide kaj facile.

La prezidanto prezentis la financa raporton al la direktoroj de la kompanio.

Esperanto estas kultura lingvo por la moderna mondo.

Whether you take up Esperanto as a hobby, for the insight it will give you into the culture of other countries, for business reasons, or as your part in the furtherance of the great ideal of The Brotherhood of Man, YOU WILL NEVER REGRET IT.

The EDINBURGH ESPERANTO SOCIETY meets at Room 29, Synod Hall. Information about the language and classes can be had at the above address any Wednesday evening, or from the Honorary Secretary, Mr R. CALDER, 20 Glendevon Road, Edinburgh, 12.

### Fountain Pens for School Use

De la Rue "Junior "	14/6	De la Rue " 1701 "	16/9
Blackbird	14/-	De la Rue " 1612 "	19/-
Waterman's " 501 "	19/3	Conway Stewart	from 15/9

And the New

Parker "Slimfold" 23/11

Choose **YOUR PEN** with the **CORRECT NIB**  
for **YOUR HAND** from

**DURIE BROWNS LTD.**

SPECIALISTS IN FOUNTAIN PENS

101A PRINCES STREET EDINBURGH