

Margaret S. Shearer '68.

JAMES GILLESPIE'S



HIGH
SCHOOL

JUNE 1955



Editor - - G. VERA CHALMERS

"Farewell happy fields
Where joy for ever dwells : hail, horrors, hail . . ."

THE shining, new First-Former, well brushed, admonished and kissed, entering for the first time the domain of Minerva stands "silent upon a peak in Darien," contemplating, with an awe destined to be short-lived, labyrinthine corridors in which flit black, bat-like forms; the toil-laden Fifth-Form lament, as did Sisyphus, the relentless trial which dominates their waking hours and disturbs their hours of slumber; the Sixth-Former, peering back through the mists of sentimentalism, and wandering at will among the shades of the Garden of Eden, plucking whatever scholastic fruit she may desire, can only regard school as an echo of home, where teachers are friends, girls occasionally obedient, and lessons "fun." If, therefore, this Editorial is perfumed with nostalgia and heavy with reminiscence, the Editor craves your indulgence, assuring you that the same spirit will not permeate the entire magazine.

To those who ask, "What have you learned at school?" we may proudly list English, French, Zoology or even Greek as our passport for admission to a further stage in our careers, but we have undoubtedly learned much more. Even the youngest child amid the sunlit grounds of the Preparatory Department could echo with Wordsworth: "For I have learned

To look on nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth,"

as she learns to read, to the accompaniment of a blackbird's song, and plays amid the saffron crocuses. In the gymnasium, weary-limbed girls learn the value of exercise; in the library they can find an enthralling book from shelves of happy miscellany, and in

the lunch-room they warm to the sound, motherly sense of its long-suffering staff, while conversation on stairs, in corridors and particularly where conversation is illegal, ranges from "ships and shoes and sealing wax" to catapults and slings.

What have we seen at school?—just the sprawling, black blots on old, wooden desks, or the modernistic hues of a sun-dappled classroom, just the wriggling files of fidgeting girls, or stolid Prefects standing to rigid attention? Or has our gaze strayed over the undulating meadows to wider horizons—to the guardian monster crouching by the Queen's Park and the crannied cliff crowned by the Castle whose gun daily rouses teachers from despair and pupils from slumber?

Most important of all is the question, "What have we given to our school? a question which applies to every girl who bears the name of Gillespie. It is indeed difficult to repay, in any way, what one has learned, except by bringing that knowledge to hundred-fold fruition in order to benefit others in turn. Thus we cast a timidly anticipating glance forward to the unmapped world before us and a nostalgically dimmed gaze back to the Eden from which we must now set out. And what memory shall we cling to most faithfully in the years that lie ahead?—that of clamorous girlhood or austere teachers, of memorable lessons or invigorating sport?—perhaps . . . but for one at least the peace of a typical Morning Service will remain amid the turmoil of life—when girls and teachers unite to dedicate the day to its Creator, amid all the tradition that is woven inextricably into the texture of our school life:

"So hence shall flow fresh strength and grace,
As from a full-fed spring,
To make the world a better place,
And life a worthier thing."

AUTUMN IN GLEN CLOVA

Under my feet a wisp of sphagnum moss,
A withered bracken stem, an eyebright flower,
A tuft of wiry, moorland grass pierced by
A feather barred in grey and white and black.
Above I watch thin branches weave and cross
In patterns changing softly hour by hour.
Birch leaves are golden on the clear blue sky.
Birch bole is smooth and silver at my back.

SHEILA A. MCGREGOR, 5P.

MISS MARY P. KERR, M.A., B.Sc.

AT the end of this term, Miss Kerr is leaving the post in the Science Department which she has held since 1943. She has reached that point in her career where it is possible to contemplate retirement, but to Miss Kerr, with her energy and initiative and her delight in ever-widening experience, retirement offered very little attraction. She has, therefore, accepted a post as Science Mistress in the Union Secondary School, Ibiaku, Calabar, Nigeria. The news that she has decided to set out on this great adventure comes as no surprise to us, because we have always rejoiced in and benefited from the versatility of her talents and the deep and warm sympathy which has always made her so sincerely interested in other people. We are sure she will have great success and satisfaction in her new post. The work she has to do is important, because at the present time so much depends on the emergence of a new and better order in Africa, and the school to which she is going does pioneer work in the education of girls in a remote part of the country.

Many people join us in our good wishes to Miss Kerr for the future. She has a host of friends, of all ages, and in many places, since she has travelled widely, taken an interest in so many things, and has always been so quick to respond to others. One-time pupils of hers, too, are to be found in many places, for her teaching experience has been varied. From her home in Nairn she went to Edinburgh University, graduating there M.A. and B.Sc. Her first teaching post was in Arbroath; her second in Kirkwall, where she acquired a love of the northern islands which has never left her, and where she still has many friends. From Kirkwall she went to Dumfries Academy for ten years of good fellowship and hard work, which included the varied duties which came the way of teachers in the war years. Her work as a Red Cross auxiliary nurse gave her great pleasure and was much valued. In 1943 she came to James Gillespie's High School for Girls, and has been occupied in teaching, principally, biology. Her pupils have always found her interest and enthusiasm an inspiration, and many still remember their pleasant—and adventurous—excursions with the Field Club. There is always something new to be seen in Lab. D—white mice, tropical fish, bees in an observation hive, collections of flowers, and beautifully executed drawings—all the outward signs of a lively interest in living things on the part of teacher and pupils. We wish that she may find such happy collaboration with the girls of her new school.

Staff and pupils will miss her very much. She is always ready with help and encouragement: in fact, she has that rarer gift of offering help before the need becomes apparent. Her sure and confident faith and her sympathy and understanding have helped

DUX OF SCHOOL 1954-55
FIRST BURSAR EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY

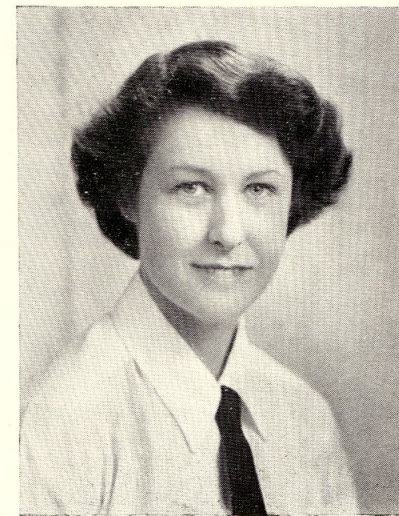
ELIZABETH GOURLAY

CAPTAIN OF SCHOOL



SANDRA WATSON

VICE-CAPTAIN OF SCHOOL



VERA CHALMERS

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E. R. Yerbury & Son



Back Row—I. Cochrane, S. McLaren, N. Fleming, M. Mitchell, M. Scott, D. Steven, M. Harley, J. Barhgate.
 Middle Row—L. Hall, E. Gourlay, E. Brown, A. Thomson, M. Davidson, M. Jarvie, E. Glen, J. Crosbie, J. Spence.
 Front Row—H. Watson, P. Adamson, S. Watson (Captain), Miss M. Andrew, C.B.E., M.A., V. Chalmers (Vice-Captain),
 L. Anderson, D. H. Cleland.

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Photos by

many. Her zest for life and her appreciation of the amusing incident make her a good companion. We send her off with our best wishes and look forward to reading her descriptions of her life in Calabar, and to having her back to visit us when her first tour of duty is over.

E. L. D.

MISS AGNES B. CLUNIE, M.A.

In January of this year staff and pupils said a regretful goodbye to Miss Clunie on her retiral from teaching. A graduate of Edinburgh University, Miss Clunie brought to our Geography Department, to which she was appointed in 1943, long experience of teaching in various types of school, together with that essential for all good teachers—a lively and abiding interest in her subject. She read widely in the literature of present-day travel and exploration, and travelled abroad at every opportunity—and her pupils reaped the benefit in that for them as for her, Geography became something more than a mere 'subject' for examination.

Numerous parting gifts bore witness to Miss Clunie's popularity with all her classes who regarded her as a friend and confidante. Let one of her pupils speak: "Miss Clunie was not only a teacher; she was a friend to every one in the class. Her warm, cheerful manner helped us through times of trial and she encouraged us to make the most of our talents." Many a senior girl to whom the Leaving Certificate examination appeared a formidable hurdle will remember with gratitude Miss Clunie's patience and understanding, and with pleasure her illumination of her lessons by vivid pictures, drawn from her own experiences, of life in strange places as far apart as North Cape and Istanbul.

From the staffroom we miss a pleasant and kindly colleague. Unlike that friend of Dr. Johnson who once said regretfully of himself, "I too in my time have tried to be a philosopher, but cheerfulness kept breaking in," Miss Clunie succeeded in combining a placidly philosophic outlook on life with cheerfulness, quiet humour and an endearing zest for living, which neither the years nor the routine work of school could quench. One likes to remember how she planned each holiday voyage with as much enthusiasm as if it were her first venture abroad!

We thank Miss Clunie for her service to the School; we wish her many years of leisure to enjoy her home, her garden, her friends and her various interests; and may she yet have many another "safe journey and happy landing!"

A. E. F.

MISS M. L. MACGREGOR, B.Sc.

We were very sorry to say good-bye to Miss Macgregor who left us in September 1954 to become Head of the Science Department at St. George's School, Edinburgh.

When she joined the staff of Gillespie's as an assistant teacher of Science in 1947, Miss Macgregor had already taught in varied types of schools, both in England and Scotland, and the wide experience thus gained gave her a breadth of outlook, stimulating to both staff and girls.

Miss Macgregor is keenly interested in her subject and has the gift of inspiring interest. She has the scientist's predilection for neatness and precision, and the teacher's for instilling them in her pupils.

But Miss Macgregor was not only a Science teacher in our School: two such diverse subjects as religious instruction and golf also claimed her interest. She considered religious instruction to be a most important part of education, and the senior girls, particularly, gained much from teaching that reflected her own religious faith and was nourished by wide reading and study. At the other end of the scale, girls interested in golf found a kindred spirit in Miss Macgregor, herself a keen player. She ran the golf club, arranging tuition at the Braid Hills Course for the serious players, and for the dilettantes an annual staff-and-girls putting match on Bruntsfield Links.

Miss Macgregor has now been almost a year at St. George's. We hope that she is enjoying her work and we send her our good wishes for the future. May we also hope that she will sometimes think of her old school on the Links?

A. M. M.

MISS C. Y. MUIR and MISS I. REID

IT was with very great regret that we learned that both Miss Muir and Miss Reid were retiring at the beginning of the present session after many years of excellent service in our Primary Department.

Miss Christine Y. Muir joined the staff thirty-two years ago after a brief experience in Fife, and speedily showed great teaching powers. Sympathetic in difficulties, kindly and thorough in class work, and always fond of a joke, she was a most successful and popular teacher with those who *did* work, and quickly set about the rapid reformation of any one who didn't! A propos of that, an amazing story is told of a former pupil who ran after her one evening as she was leaving the theatre and asked if her (very new) husband might have a word with her. Soon, with Miss Muir smiling and his lady chuckling, he was shaking hands seriously and

heartily, and expressing his lasting gratitude that she had,—so he had been told,—transformed a careless young idler into his very worthy bride! Many a parent expressed the same sense of gratitude and backed Miss Muir's initiative with many a model as she and her pupils created delightful little Swiss chalets and realistic Indian villages. Her ready helpfulness in any emergency and her exact and prompt returns made her a most valuable member of staff. And now as she sets off on a European tour, culminating in a visit to Rome, our best wishes will most certainly follow her.

Miss Isabella Reid, though her service with us was shorter, also did exceedingly fine work. Gentle in voice and kindly in manner, she had in addition a very firm determination that would never allow half-hearted efforts or slipshod work. She was intensely proud of the success of many of her former pupils. Her standards were high and her girls were encouraged to strive towards them. Recent flights to Canada, in one of which she reached the Pacific coast, gave much colour to her geography lessons, and her pupils' knowledge in that and other subjects was both wide and accurate.

Mistresses like these, exemplary in both class and staff rooms, who have impressed the hall mark of care and effort on so much of the girls' later work, do much for the prestige of the school, and it is with most heartfelt gratitude that we speed them both to well-earned leisure.

B. J. M.

FOUNDER'S DAY

HAD we possessed—this 18th of February, 1955—merely a loop'd and window'd raggedness to defend us, we should have viewed with misgivings the inhospitable Links. But within the School Hall all was warm, eager, expectant.

The oration was delivered by the Right Rev. Dr. E. D. Jarvis, Moderator of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland. The costume of his high office, he told us, was probably identical with that worn by Dr. Johnson, and the spirit of the great Lexicographer—wise, eloquent, practical, devout—appropriately informed the whole proceedings.

The Lord Provost of Edinburgh, The Rt. Hon. John G. Banks, C.B.E., who presided, referred happily to the reputation the School had built up, and the responsibility of all to maintain and enrich its traditions. He called to mind, in introducing the Guest of Honour, the words of Professor Baillie, who referred to Dr. Jarvis "as a man in whom notable intellectual talent was conjoined with Christian good sense of the highest quality, and a devoted sense of the pastoral office of the Ministry with a quiet eloquence and, not least, a true humility."

The proceedings which followed the delivery of the oration were enlivened by a happy Attic grace: the allusion which flickered for a moment to illumine a point and was gone before you could put your finger on it; the shuttlecock of repartee caught on the wing and deftly flicked back; Miss Andrew calling upon Sir Roger's Sunday at church to adorn a tale, and recalling friendships of youthful days in Forfar to point a moral germane to the message, and to the office, of our distinguished guest; Sandra Watson, our School Captain, winning, with her snuff mull and gracious little speech, the heart (we feel) of Dr. Jarvis, and resiliently refusing to be put out by his happy quip.

Meantime the underlying purpose of the ceremony was not forgotten; the choir singing with acceptance, the Lesson being read by Vera Chalmers, and our Chaplain, the Rev. R. Leonard Small, leading Guests and School in prayer.

Let the last word be with Dr. Johnson. "Whatever shall be the final sentence of mankind," he—(James Gillespie)—"at least endeavoured to deserve their kindness." Is not this the School, and annual commemoration of his liberality, assurance to his frugal shade of a success beyond his dreams?

EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY BURSARY COMPETITION, 1955

1. Elizabeth M. Gourlay.
17. Helen R. Watson.
18. G. Vera Chalmers.
34. Sheila Rennilson.
39. Isobel M. Cochrane.

THE SLIOCH

Here is a mountain venerable indeed.
High to the cloud-barred sky it heaves
Its hoary head, streaked with the white
Hairs of snow that long escape the sun,
Hidden in narrow gullies. The loch below
Sleeps blue beneath the cold blue skies.
Some stunted pines grow closely, fearful
Of that lonely spot. They crowd the mull.
Elsewhere, cruel granite horns of ancient
Rock butt upwards through the shallow soil.
An awful spirit fills this place. It is
No Christian scene. A pagan dread of
The unknown whispers on every breeze;
The very pines can understand it and are
Afraid. They are but passing foliage—
The everlasting Mountain thus shall stand,
Inscrutable and cold, unchanging till the end.

SHEILA A. MCGREGOR, 5P.

STAFF

THE beginning of the Session was marked by the usual flurry of welcoming and valedictory handshakes, which leaves us in happy bewilderment at the School's ability to replace the indispensables. Miss Kathleen Black stepped on to the rostrum so long occupied by Miss Nettie Mackay, and Miss Margaret Kilgour presented herself for duty at the Domestic Science door which she had but lately left to discard her box-cap. She was accompanied through that now busy portal by Mrs. Gray.

The impact of another new personality was not long in making itself felt in class and staff-room, though its arrival was regrettably delayed two months by illness. Mr. Lane came to redress the balance upset in the Old World by the departure of Miss Campbell to join Miss Kermode in Vancouver. Like hers, his pennant is transitorily unfurled in unexpectedly distant outposts, and while she blazes an exploratory trail in the Yukon, her "pardner" is as likely to be reconnoitring the Arc de Triomphe as the Cuillins. Both happily possess cameras, and retentive and enquiring minds, whose rich harvests audiences in both Vancouver and in Edinburgh are looking forward to enjoy. We hope that Scotland has been kind to Mr. and Mrs. Lane, and we should like them to take back to their homeland kindly memories of us, as we shall retain lively gratitude for their charm, their enthusiasm, and their freshness of view.

The advancing term saw the exodus renewed. Miss Macgregor was promoted to the Headship of the Science Department in St. George's School, her place here being taken by Miss June Findlay; and Miss C. Y. Muir and Miss Isabella Reid retired after long and fruitful service to the Junior School, the vacancies being filled by Miss Elizabeth Pirie and Miss Isabel Robertson. All three carry from the school they have served so well our warmest good wishes.

Miss Doris Adamson, who is succeeded in the Physical Education Department by Miss Mary Campbell, brought a variety of gifts to her professional task. As an exponent of the traditional Scottish dances, which Miss Anderson has done so much to revive and record, Miss Adamson was of international stature; and the high qualities of her teaching have been accorded the inevitable recognition by her appointment to the Staff of Darlington Training College, to which she carries with her our good wishes. The same Department, which had lost Miss Jean Hamilton to Ross School, Tranent, is again, through the appointment of Mrs. Thomson, restored to normal establishment.

In the second term, Miss Clunie embarked on the strenuous programme of activities which in some quarters goes by the misguided name of retirement. These embrace such things as super-

vising S.L.C. Examinations, keeping a magisterial eye on Geography teaching in her "ain Buckheyn," and taking a stroll round the Levant. If she inevitably returns with the expected "kist" of amphorae, we shall know that M. Cousteau has taken appropriate recognition of such an intrepid geographer. Miss Wills, who came from Peebles to take over her duties, has recently added to her regalia a "golden round" which Fate (without metaphysical aid) may eventually use to deprive us of services which we have already come to value highly.

Miss Forrester, who has returned to her native Boroughmuir, was a resourceful teacher, who drew no nice distinctions between the worlds of class-room and of practical affairs. It is—to take one illustration of this—extremely unlikely that any Gillespie girl will ever come to grief through putting her head out of a carriage window. She was, in addition, an indefatigable swimming enthusiast. Notice-boards and enrolment-lists bore testimony to the comprehensiveness of her organisation and enthusiasm, and the work was fruitful. The youthful cynics among us regard her going as a defection to the Tuscan ranks. We know better, extending to her our best wishes, and to our rivals, our congratulations.

At the end of the Session, Miss Kerr who like Miss Clunie places a very catholic interpretation upon the word "retirement" sets off for West Africa. We wish her well in this courageous and pioneering work.

During the session the Modern Languages Department has been unobtrusively, but loyally, served by Mlle. Bussy and Herr Gerstenberg. Herr Gerstenberg's accomplishments are not confined to the linguistic world: fittingly in a fellow-countryman of Karl Zeiss, he is an artist with a camera. Both have displayed a tolerant and appreciative regard for the land of their temporary adoption for which we are grateful.

MY SNOWMAN

From my bedroom window,
The world looks bleak and dim
And in the garden stands my snowman,
Courageous, tall, and slim.

The snow beats hard against his face,
But he has not a care,
Although he has no hat nor coat,
Nor boots, nor gloves, nor hair!

LESLEY RANKIN, 1B(2).

SCHOOL NOTES

A session of good hard work has earned its varied recognition in all Departments of the School. Apart from the daily round and regular routine, interesting projects have been sponsored, and rewards have come our way.

In the Civil Service Clerical Class Examinations held in the Spring term, the School scored signal successes. More than 1,250 candidates from the United Kingdom competed and to our pleasure, Joyce Davidson, Class 5P, won the first place, Kathleen McGregor, Class 5L the third place, and nine Gillespie girls were ranked in the first seventy names on the merit list. In the Foreign Service Department, Margaret Burns, Class 5L, ranked second for the United Kingdom, and has already been offered a post in the London office.

In October we learned that both prizes offered by the Royal Scottish Forestry Society in an Essay Competition to mark their Centenary Year were carried off by Gillespie girls—Rosemary Robertson, Form 5L, and Alison Keith, Form 2A1, being the Prize winners in the Senior and Intermediate Sections.

Last year's Burnett Prize was offered for work of an artistic nature which could be used in the service of the School. Both the winning entries were embroidered cloths for the lecterns in the Halls, the winners being—1st, Una McKinley, Form 5D and 2nd, Sheila MacLaren, Form 6A. The subject for this year's competition is the preparation of a Nature Diary, and already some excellent entries have been received.

The Primary School, too, have many successes to their credit. In the "Children's Newspaper" National Handwriting Test of 1954, prizes were won by Elizabeth Ogilvie and Sheila McQuattie, and Merit Certificates by Anne Napier and Katherine Moore, all of Primary 7(1).

Material things have prospered and spiritual things have not been forgotten. We owe a deep debt of gratitude to our Chaplain whose service continues to be of very real value to the School. Mr. Small makes his appeal at the very heart of school life; his visits are eagerly anticipated and greatly appreciated by both Staff and girls.

Two of his visits this session were especially memorable. On 1st April the School assembled for service in St. Giles Cathedral, again most generously put at our disposal. The banners of Scotland's chivalry, sunlight streaming through the stained glass, the organ music, the spring-clear voices of choir and congregation, all combined to make their impression. Dr. Whitley conducted our worship, Miss Andrew and Sandra Watson read the lessons, and our Chaplain gave an inspiring and moving message. A great day indeed; and in a respectful hush we stepped out on to the sun-warmed cobbles of the historic square.

The other memory, a more intimate occasion. Mr. Small has been the guest of Her Majesty at Balmoral. He has come to speak to us about it. How alert that eye; how memorable the telling; how human the picture! It is, appropriately, September, and what a harvest! To each, her fancy. There is something for all. Is it inappropriate for one adult to remember, when much that is greater fades, the tale of Her Majesty with Prince Charles and his friends building a dam across a hill burn? It is an endearing picture of a family linked by warm human ties, by high ideals, bearing a frightening load of responsibility, and relaxing on their Highland holiday, as we ourselves love to do.

In addition? The Harvest Thanksgiving Services in the autumn, the Christmas Carol Services, the United Nations Service, the Christmas-Gift Service, and many visits to brush away the theological cobwebs that at times settle on even the most zealously garnished Scripture-Lesson room. Mr. Small never fails to make things clearer: few can match his deftness of illustration; none his ability to pack ten minutes with wisdom.

Another aspect of our social services requires special recording. To the staff it is a source of unfailing admiration that the numerous appeals for help are met. Bruntfield Hospital, the Princess Margaret Rose Hospital, and those of our own girls in hospital in the city benefited from the generous gifts of fruit and flowers that the Harvest Thanksgiving called forth; the sum of £40 was sent in the name of the school to the Edinburgh Branch of the United Nations Fund; on Founder's Day, Miss Andrew handed over to the Lord Provost £41 10/- as the School's contribution to the "Save the Children" Fund, and this was accompanied by valuable parcels of useful clothing, to be despatched to destitute children in other lands. Such continued liberality must represent sacrifice on the part of parents and pupils alike. Is some inarticulate and unchronicled "Thank you!" from a child in Refugee Camp, in Korea or Jordan, or in need and loneliness nearer our doorstep, rich enough reward for such well-doing? The youthful letters that come our way are eloquent of the worthwhile nature of this work.

To record our visitors this Session is to indicate the lively interest in our activities displayed at home and overseas. Sir William Murrie, K.B.E., C.B., Secretary of the Scottish Education Department, honoured us by coming to see our work, and to acknowledge an old friendship with Miss Andrew that went back to his schooldays in Dundee. The Countess of Dalkeith, on a later visit, was greeted by the current hansom of Scottish blizzard, but her graciousness and charm took the fangs from the blast, and a host of girls crowding the playground did not realise till she

was gone that they were coatless. Mr. Voss, a genial Viking from Stavanger, where he controls the destinies of the High School, revealed to us through film and story the remarkable significance of the Oseberg ship. India has been represented by Sister Livingstone, of Ludhiana Medical College in the Punjab, and Miss Karchare, Head of the Maharani Girls' School, Jaipur, who spoke of their work there, and in May a group of students from Canada, France and Siam, at present studying at the London Institute of Education, visited us to exchange information. Our visitors in the immediate future include Mr. Frizell, Director of Education for Edinburgh, who will speak to the senior girls on his recent visit to America, and fifteen teachers who have come to Scotland "on exchange" for the school year.

The artistic life of the School has been enriched by outstanding contributions from visiting artists. In the autumn term, Miss June Mills and Mr. James Maddocks, "The Music Makers," gave a delightful performance involving instruments ancient and modern, and just before Christmas Madame Bera (Nadya Tagrine) gave a pianoforte recital of particular charm. In January, Miss Bertha Waddell's Children's Theatre renewed her friendship with us, giving two performances in the School Gymnasium, which laid on the youthful audience a spell to which the older members were very obviously not insensitive.

The Primary School Choir is again to compete at the Edinburgh Musical Festival in the Under-thirteen Class, in which it was placed first last year.

At Easter a party from the Edinburgh Schools returned the visit which a group of boys and girls from Munich had made to Edinburgh last year. Betty Gourlay and Helen Watson, both of Class 6A, proved excellent leaders, and for a race traditionally so unoratorical as the Scots, it is no small triumph that a Munich newspaper, referring to Betty's speech at the farewell party, reported that it was difficult to realise that she had not been born to speak German.

Our girls competed successfully this session in the sporting events open to Edinburgh Girls' Schools, the Senior Hockey Team carrying off the Meggetland Tournament after a series of keenly-contested ties, and the School Swimming Team renewing their success of last year in again winning the Swimming Trophy of the Edinburgh Education Committee for the Team Race.

In another field success was also noteworthy: Louise Anderson, Class 6A, after being the sole Guide nominee for Scotland at a Selection Meeting in Birmingham, will now represent Scotland at a summer camp in Norway, and Aileen Thomson, Class 4L, will similarly represent Scotland in Sweden.

In October a Reunion of Former Pupils which was attended by

over 300 old girls of the School proved a happy occasion for the renewal of old friendships amongst each other and with many members of staff of to-day and yesterday. A lively programme of song and dance, the recognition of a face last seen on a neighbouring school bench, a handshake which brought back the memories of halcyon days, a voice long unheard but still remembered—it was an evening richly worthwhile. It is hoped to arrange another Reunion along the same lines in October 1955.

This summer term has seen much camera-work, here and at Bruntsfield House, and charming group-photographs bear pleasing testimony to the skill of the photographer and the attractiveness of his subjects. So infectious has the habit proved that the staff, for the first time for many years, have submitted readily to this somewhat unnerving experience, and now await with tempered expectancy the result :

“ Fra Pandolf's hand
Worked busily a day, and there they stand.”

Former pupils, and former members of staff, may care at a later date to add a copy to the family album.

We are indebted to many friends for gifts to the School Libraries and greatly appreciate the interest and friendship which they come to make manifest.

The Danish Government, commemorating the centenary of the birth of their great countryman, presented to the School six copies of Hans Christian Andersen's Tales. These were awarded to girls of the First and Second Years whose work in English had merited recognition.

Catherine Beaton and Norah Jeffrey have each presented two records to the School Music Department, while books have been presented to the School Library by Mrs. Murdie, Miss Harley, Sheila Reid, Moira Henderson, Margaret Gough, Mrs. Strachan, June Waddell, Evelyn White, Sylvia Crowe, Anne Baxter, Noel Adams, Audrey Hyslop, Aileen Hall, Janet Darling, Miss Forrester, Mr. Hutchinson, Miss Livingstone, The Trefoil School, The Royal Numismatic Society, Edinburgh Education Committee, The British Council, The Danish Consul General.

Our end-of-term functions include an Exhibition of Art and Needlework of the Primary School to be held on 22nd June, when we again look forward to welcoming friends and parents, and Sports Day which is planned for June 15th.

The Session wanes from its successes, from its record of satisfying work and solid achievement into the unfolding pattern of the School's destiny. Before rolling up the map, let us acknowledge the work of Wilma Stewart and Una McKinley of Form 5D who have prepared the new scraper-board page-headings—and thank Miss McIntyre and her girls who unobtrusively, almost shyly,

undertake the important task of preparing our copy for the printer. We recognize this indebtedness very cordially.

THIS EARTH

Glorious beyond words, these powers of Nature
Are deeper than the comprehensive faculties of
Ordinary men.

What mortal can understand

The glory of the sunset ? Dust it is, we are told,
But touched and blessed by the hand of the Almighty.
What mortal but can feel uplifted, purified,
Cleansed from the dust of mortal decay which
Settles on us, by watching this heavenly pageant.
Here is glory fit not for our eyes. We cannot
Originate these colours but only feebly copy them,
If we dare.

And there is power in wind, not city wind,
Fouled by straws and grit, but the great mountain winds,
Cool and clean. Here is the elixir of life,
If men would find it, to cleanse the soul and body
With great gusts from the eternal hills. It bears
Their scent and knows the secret of their age.
Fling your arms to the heavens and give your soul
To God.

Water has strength. When is the mind
So strangely moved as when watching a river
In flood ? There is power irresistible in that spate
Of brown water. It has not beginning nor end,
Surging ever onwards, a torrent of hate. Man may
Harness this might, but where can man's pettiness
Equal or control it ? There is a soul akin to ours
There, struggling for freedom and rejoicing in
Its victory.

SHEILA A. MCGREGOR, 5P.

“ THESE THINGS I LOVE ”

When strife is gone and Life's last race is run,
When conflict's o'er and Life's last battle won,
Then let my spirit soar towards the sun ;
Unchain my soul and let it wander free.

Lead me through verdant woods and meadows sweet,
By whispering streams and copses guide my feet,
Where all is light and Care's dark shades retreat ;
There make my home.

I crave not fame nor fortune, immortality,
But only Nature's gifts to all humanity—
The sun, the trees, the sky. Until eternity
These things I love.

JOSEPHINE FORREST, 6B.

FOUNDER'S DAY ORATION

18th February, 1955

by the Right Rev. Dr. E. D. Jarvis, Moderator of
the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland

DR. JARVIS began happily by referring to the occasion—a moment for stock-taking, a backward casting of the eye. He continued: "Now one way in which I am helping you to celebrate your Founder's Day properly will not have occurred to you. When James Gillespie put off his apron, his day's work done, and went out to Colinton, or when he got up on Sunday morning and got ready to go to Colinton Parish Church, he was dressed precisely as I am to-day. I daresay the lace in his case was lawn, but this is the dress of a gentleman of the 18th century in his best clothes, and James Gillespie lived and flourished in the second half of the 18th century. In the same half of the century, Samuel Johnson came on his famous visit to the Hebrides when he went to Dunvegan Castle. In Dunvegan Castle to-day there are two pictures of Samuel Johnson, and he in 1785 was dressed precisely like this. There is the link, like a book with pictures.

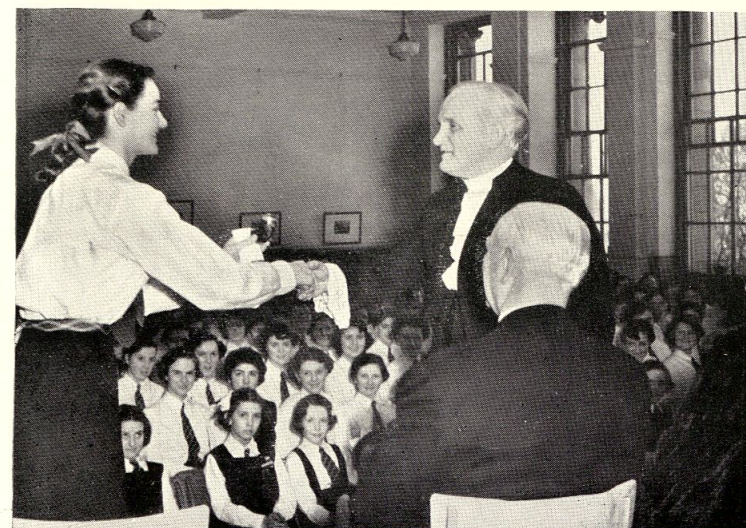
"Now I am well aware, of course, that since James Gillespie's time a great many influences have been building up this school—the Headmistress, Governors, staff and pupils. The school was not built in a day, and a school is not created by the man who leaves the money to lay its foundations. The school is a corporate effort, and *you* are still at the building of it. And so I think that to-day we ought to remember along with your Founder all the people who have gone before us, who have given you this rich heritage. Of course, it is too long a story to linger on to-day; it is a commemoration of the past. And I find it easier, being a minister, to take a text for my address, and we are going into James Gillespie's shop to get the text.

"Your Founder was a snuff merchant. We are going into his shop then, to buy an ounce or half an ounce of snuff. There is a pleasant aroma, and James Gillespie (or his brother) is coming to serve us. He takes, with a little scoop, the requisite amount of snuff and puts it on one of the most prominent objects in the shop—the scales. "Balances" you may call them, if you like. And you may be perfectly sure of this, that these balances were honest. You paid for half an ounce and you got it. James Gillespie was the kind of man who had taken to heart the proverb, "A false balance is an abomination unto the Lord." Gillespie did not have a false balance; he had an honest one, something that weighed accurately and proved true. He would not have built up the fortune he did and founded this school if he had not been an honest merchant of

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FOUNDER'S DAY, 1955



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Edinburgh Evening News

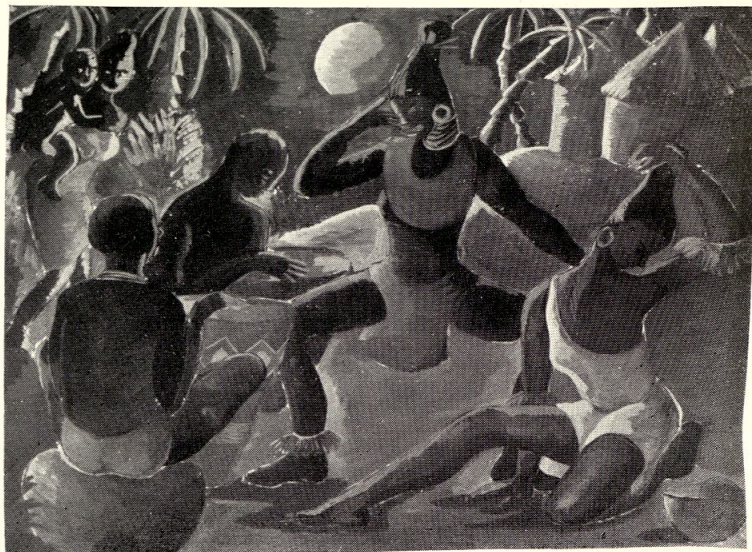
BIVOUAC



MURIEL ROSS

Class 3A

GAUGUINESQUE



UNA MCKINLEY

Class 5D

the city of Edinburgh. Our text, therefore, is the balance that you find in James Gillespie's shop."

Dr. Jarvis then illustrated, by reference to work, recreation, and sport, how universal is the need for balance in life. Pointing out how boys, by paying too much attention to sport, and girls, to personal adornment, can upset that balance, he continued :

"We men want you to be as beautiful as you can be, but the other thing is more important, and to get the balanced life, the balanced character, and the balanced personality, you must pay more attention to mind and spirit than you pay to your body. We want to see you give colour to our grey lives, but the girl who is not particularly good at that, may have other good gifts to give. The thing to aim at is the balanced personality, the balanced life, the balanced character—body, mind and spirit—giving heed to *all three*."

Dr. Jarvis then illustrated his message by a story of the French resistance movement, which brought out very clearly his point that the spirit, the vital part of personality, is impossible to impersonate. And using as an illustration the story of a Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons of Edinburgh who, a Prisoner of War in the hands of the Japanese, and refused an opportunity to use his professional skill, swept the camp and, as an orderly, scrubbed hospital floors, Dr. Jarvis continued : "The mark of his spirit was very clear to see. I think the Fellowship that surgeon had was not an F.R.C.S.—distinguished as that is. It was the Fellowship of the Holy Spirit, and that is the greatest Fellowship of all. It is that Fellowship which is conferred upon you when something of the spirit of Christ comes into your life, and you are brave and humble and self-sacrificing. Only when we have that spirit are we truly balanced people. God does not take any pleasure in the physical likeness of the man ; God has more pleasure in the mind of the man—the mind of Christ. That is the greatest thing for us men and women. You are the women of the future on whom will be found the marks of the Holy Spirit, the spirit of the Lord Jesus Christ.

"To be balanced—bodies exercised and made strong, beautiful and fit for service, minds developed—that is what school is for, and you will never have quite the same opportunity again. Let the spirit be brave and be humble, be honest, be kind. That is what I would have you do.

"We are commemorating to-day an old citizen of Edinburgh, James Gillespie, a snuff merchant, your Founder. All know perfectly well that a false balance was something that James Gillespie would have nothing to do with. May the girls of James Gillespie's School never have anything to do with it either."

"WINTER IN FINLAND"

IN September, 1954, unable to face the prospect of another Scottish winter, I packed bag and baggage and set off for Finland, to be the British "Teacher-Secretary" in a town called variously Jakobstad (in Swedish) and Pietarsaari (in Finnish). Jakobstad, quite a large town, by Finnish standards, with a population of 13,000, lies about 200 miles south of the Arctic Circle, on the west coast of the country.

"Finland! Why Finland?" asked my friends in Britain, in tones which made Scotland seem like the South Sea Islands. Armed with everything from thick woolly Victorian-type underwear to a camera with which to photograph the wolves, bears and icebergs, I landed in Finland at the beginning of September, to find a land of brilliant colours, bathed in sunlight. The bright blue of the sky, flecked with cotton-wool clouds, was reflected in the calm waters of the fabulous 70,000 lakes. The forests, dark green fir interspersed with silver birch and red rowan trees, which cover about two-thirds of Finland's surface area, stretched right down over grey granite rocks to the water's edge; small towns nestled in the valleys and forest clearings, their white wooden houses shining in the sunlight, and in the country the red or yellow wooden houses, with their white paintwork, added yet another hue to this brilliant tapestry. Not a wolf nor a bear nor an iceberg in sight.

Agreeably surprised, I settled down in Jakobstad to wait for winter, and did not have long to wait. Autumn, with its glorious reds, oranges, russet browns and harvest yellows, was soon over, and winter began in late October. Where were the Christmas card scenes I had dreamt of? The days grew shorter and shorter; the weather was cold, damp and miserable, and for some little time in December we had no daylight at all. Even the characteristic Finnish cheerfulness began to wane, until Christmas burst upon us with all its warmth and light. Perhaps because of the long dark winter, the festive season begins in Finland on Advent Sunday, and lasts until Twelfth Night. The streets of Jakobstad were decorated with shining symbols of Faith, Hope and Charity. Huge meals are eaten (the traditional Christmas fare in Finland consists of boiled ham, a fish which is treated continuously by various processes—cooking, embalming and probably disinfecting, too, from the taste—from the summer to December, and rice pudding), and though holly and mistletoe are unknown here, every house has its own Christmas tree, decked with stars, flags, goblins, tinsel, miniature Santa Clauses, and lights.

Winter proper had set in. Houses, trees, motor-cars, rocks and the ground itself grew uniformly white under their ever-thickening mantle of snow. Sugary hoar-frost coated the trees. The snow-

plough kept the streets of the town passable, but piled up enormous drifts in the gutters, until from the road you could see only the head and shoulders of the people on the pavements. Then, all of a sudden, at the end of January, the snow stopped falling, the temperature dropped still further (to about 40° of frost), the sky became a clear blue, and the sun, which had sneaked shamefacedly round the horizon for a couple of months, roused itself and began to shine again, giving the snow a blinding whiteness.

Were we, you will wonder, in any fit state to appreciate the sun by this time?

The answer is "yes," thanks to the Finnish attitude to winter. Unlike the British, who consider the regular cold of each winter an ill-deserved freak of nature, not to be repeated in a life-time, and therefore not to be guarded against, the Finns expect the winter to be cold, and take the necessary steps to be comfortable. The houses are solidly built with central heating or a continuously burning stove in each room. All the windows and the outer doors are double (in Lapland there are three panes of glass between you and the elements), and in autumn the windows are solidly packed with cotton-wool, against the draughts, and sealed up with paper. Ventilation henceforth depending on small ventilators in the walls,

Outside each window there hangs a thermometer, and you dress according to the height of the mercury. The Finnish diet has a basis of porridge, bread and potatoes, to stoke up for winter, and all considerations of figure are thrown to the winds, as anyway when fully dressed you achieve a perfect O-line. Every inch of the skin, except for the face, is covered with layer upon layer of wool, and the streets are full of teddy-bear-like figures. Going out to tea is quite a problem, as the houses are so well heated that a considerable amount of undressing and dressing is necessary on arrival and departure! On really cold days a street scene in Finland looks like something out of an old silent film, all sounds muffled by the snow, and people scurrying along at top speed to keep warm—no stopping for a chat here, if you stand too long your boots freeze to the pavement. On the rare damp days people sprout enormous white eyebrows and eyelashes—thickly coated with frost!

Cars, cycles, buses and trains run normally throughout winter, but there are other means of transport too, notably the "spark-stotting" or "potkukelkka," a small chair on sledge-blades. You push this chair along—with the shopping, or baby, or both, on it—and jump on to the blades behind when you have got up enough speed; like ski-ing and skating, the national sports, this is an art mastered by the Finns in early childhood; I have had considerably difficulty in learning to control my "spark," and so far my toll of direct-hits includes two women, a lorry, a stationary car and a

few trees. Horses and sleighs are a common sight here, and in Lapland I travelled a good bit of my journey by reindeer sleigh.

Such is Finland by winter—with snow, snow and more snow lying under clear blue skies. At night the stars seem so near you feel you could reach out and pluck them, and the aurora borealis glows in the north, occasionally shooting out its multicoloured rays across the star-studded darkness.

Finland, small in population but with an infinite store of hospitality, generosity and friendliness, is a grand, hardy, fiercely independent country—perhaps it is its resemblance to Scotland which has made me come to love it so much.

Jakobstad, April, 1955.

Beryl T. Sinclair.

RAIN AT NIGHT

I do not like the sound of rain at night
For, when in all the sunless, tired half-world
My restless soul alone roams, banned from sleep
Then can I hear, all else being stilled and quiet,
The sound of falling rain. My primitive
And frightened soul from that sound shrinks.

On the lonely hillside the rain is falling,
Gently, whispering on the grass.
It seeps into the dark earth,
Dissolving the bones of the unknown dead,
And washing them far away.

The rain is blowing on to my window.
It rattles in gusts against the panes ;
Blackness within, without.
The sound is hollow and ghostly as if
A fleshless hand were knocking there.

Raindrops falling at night are the tears
Of an angel crying in darkness,
Of an angel weeping bitterly and alone :
Banished and doomed to a barren, deserted,
Windswept Hell of rain and tears.

Thus when the sun has set and rain begins
To mar the beauty of the shadowed hours
Such messages my soul, unwilling, hears
But dares not understand. They have in them
A note both savage, lonely, cruel and sad.
I do not like the sound of rain at night.

SHEILA A. MCGREGOR, 5P.

UNIVERSITY LETTER

UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH,

May, 1955.

DEAR MADAM,

Those who have preceded me in this brief return to the ordered serenity of school have made my task yet more Herculean. To be original is seldom simple ; to emit oracles new to the perusers of these pages, yet satisfactory to the secret aspirations of all, is, I fear, a Sibylline monopoly. Nor, alas, am I a satiric moralist to describe with witty conciseness "What oft was thought, yet ne'er so well express'd." The glory of being part of University makes the task that position has gained for me one which I undertake with pride. What can a student in any one faculty say which will describe that extensive life of varied sorrows and delights ? I, as a student in English, British History and Latin, will make an inadequate endeavour to reveal some of its aspects as it instructs and entertains.

My first impression was one of bewilderment, proud bewilderment. I felt pride in the attainment of my long ambition ; I felt bewildered by the hosts of strangers who gazed at me in frank curiosity. With difficulty, I convinced my self-conscious mind that my invulnerable armour was a blank, wooden expression, least likely to betray in a puzzled air the ignominy of my being a "fresher." Little did I realise how many of those who gazed were also "freshers," hiding their own vacillating courage beneath a mask of inquisitiveness !

The lecture-halls seemed vast ; the lecturers, minor deities sent for my particular elevation. My feelings alternated between extreme confidence and timid self-abasement. My natural reaction to the initial eagerness which compelled me to record each word the moment afforded found expression in a belief that work was quite redundant and unnecessary. The slow realization that I had complete independence taught me that with me alone lay the power to waste or put to profit my new and responsible status. With painstaking slowness, I learned to stand alone ; to comprehend that the lecturers, to whom I am but one of many, feel no interest in my progress. At the weekly tutorials, insufficient to supply the individual tuition of school, I learned I must work if I would advance ; I could not rest on past achievements and decline to attempt new ones unless prompted by others. Here, with my own efforts I knew I could go forward or by my own indolence, rapidly decline. School educated me ; University had made me responsible, as it advanced that education.

As one's laziness is not observed, neither is one's progress. Students are assumed to have intelligence to work without constant

supervision. One swiftly learns that concentrated study does not offer immediate tangible reward, or effusive praise, merely the inward satisfaction of a task accomplished with success. To the experienced student, there is enjoyment in using the library facilities of the University or in spending long thoughtful hours in the various reading-rooms. No longer is work considered as something irksome and onerous; now it is the necessary, but golden, key to a fast-approaching kingdom.

The student is given the opportunity of a yet more liberal education in the amazing, almost formidable selection of societies which the University offers on the imposing notice-boards. Here I make no attempt to describe them; I am content to claim the presence of one to suit every taste from amateur dramatics to politics, an astonishing range! Although the large number of students in the Faculty of Arts does not admit of close friendships, blossoming from the daily intimacy of lectures, these societies succeed in widening the horizon of acquaintances from very varied backgrounds and give an understanding and tolerance for the beliefs of others.

Thus, and in innumerable other ways, does University life instruct. Rapidly did I learn to accept, with that instruction, the entertainment it rejoices to provide. My shocked surprise at the occasional lack of civility of my fellow-students and my sympathy for the lecturer soon yielded place to exuberant participation as with the entire class I applauded for the first time the tardy entrance of some subdued latecomers, creeping in with downcast eyes and furtive celerity. As the term advanced, I grew to sympathize with the unofficial activities of those around me—to my right, on frequent occasions, mysterious symbols in the shape of circles and crossed strokes, reminiscent of the characters of Babylonian astrology, defiled a virgin page . . . ; to my left, just as frequently, a beatific smile and closed eyes would denote the vacant mind . . . !

The essential quality which to my mind sets University life apart from all other adolescent life is disciplined intensity. Now for the first time in their lives a society of gifted youth is set against a task which will demand the most vigorous response that mind and body can give. "Disciplined?" I hear the cynic scoff, all too recently conscious of the dignity of the Old Quad. Adam walls unseemly sullied by irrelevant paint and malodorous missiles. And the cynic is right, except in ignoring that such juvenilities are merely momentary escapes from the real arena of University life where, in reading-room and lecture-hall, in examination and debate, in operating-theatre and on playing-field that "immortal garland is to be run for, not without dust and heat . . ."

What, then, can compare to a University life with its varied sorrows and delights and rewards? My only fear is that the precious years will too rapidly slip away.

Yours sincerely,
CLAIRE A. CONDIE.

HERE AND THERE

The Bursary Competition.—"Vaunting aloud but racked with deep despair."

School Orchestra.—" . . . cette mer d'harmonie n'est point un chaos?"

School Lunches.—"I'll sit down o'er my scanty meal."

"Under what torments inwardly I groan."

Our School Dance.—

In quest of a partner.—"To wonder "Do I dare?" and "Do I dare?"
"Time to turn back and descend the stair."

Our Partners.—" . . . trampled by insistent feet."

After the Dance.—"Ye nymphs of rosy lips and radiant eyes
Whom pleasure keeps too busy to be wise."

6A at Gymnastics.—"From what height fallen!"

Motto for the School Prefect.—"Yet I am here, a chosen sample
 . . . A guide, a ruler, an example."

Hockey v. Watson's Boys.—"And in short, I was afraid."

First Year.—"To do aught good never will be our task,
But ever to do ill our sole delight."

HOME THOUGHTS FROM ABROAD

Oh, to be in Scotland

Now that summer's there,

And whoever wakes in Scotland

Says, each morning, "Is it fair?"

But the lowest boughs to the topmost leaf

From now till autumn have no dry leaf,

While the birds' wings droop on the orchard bough

In Scotland—now!

And after summer, rain still follows

And even the geese mourn, like the swallows:

Hark, where my rain-showered pear tree in the hedge

Leans to the field and scatters on the clover

Torrents of raindrops—at the bent sprays' edge

That's the wise thrush; he sings each song 'neath cover,

Because he thinks a wise bird really oughter

Not trill through sheets of water.

And though the fields are lochs with pouring rain,

They'll be the same when summer comes again,

With raindrops, the holiday makers' nightmare,

Who think, poor souls, next summer will be fair.

GERTRUDE ALEXANDER, 2A(2).

OF TRAVEL

"Let diaries, therefore, be brought in use"—BACON.

OBERLAHNSTEIN

SUMMER, 1954.

TRACE the course of the Rhine from where it rises in the snow of the southern mountains and flows northwards. See it leave these cold, sublime peaks and seek the more homely wooded hills of the north. See it in turn leave these and flow through a wide valley, the misty blue line of whose bordering slopes is but a memory to this great river. Now watch carefully. See how it bends and twists in its efforts to elude these same hills. But in vain. They hold it captive, crowding in on it on both sides and it must carve its way through them, testing its great strength against theirs until finally it wins its way through to the vast level plains of the north and the eternal sea beyond.

Now return to the Gorge and see where another river has cut a valley through these hills in the east to join the Rhine. Mark the confluence and mark it carefully, for here stands Oberlahnstein—"das gemutliches Nest am Rhein," to translate freely, the most attractive, most comfortable, most homely little town on the Rhine.

I first made its acquaintance last summer, scarcely eight months ago, but how long it seems since I said farewell to its grey towers and storied battlements. One thing I regret about my visit is the way I came. To travel it is better that one should be alone or as one of a group of two, or three at the most, but I came in a large group, where one is influenced more by one's companions than by one's surroundings. This little town, nevertheless, imprinted on my mind, a fadeless impression of itself and of its atmosphere which will be as clear-cut and as poignant in fifty years as it is today.

How can I describe the atmosphere of this little town, perched somewhat precariously on a narrow strip of land which the hills have stolen back from the river? It was not entirely picturesque but nothing could have been more satisfactorily mediaeval than the town market-hall which I could see if I leaned far enough out of my bedroom window, or the well opposite, whose intriguing shape still fascinates and eludes me as I try to draw it. Oberlahnstein had its castles (two of them) and one tripped over the watchtowers and other remnants of the wall not infrequently in odd corners of the town. It has its narrow, mediaeval lanes where pedestrians had to give way to a yoke of oxen pulling a cart.

But it had another side, a thriving modern side and the town had a feeling of bustle and a look of prosperity. These were not altogether explained by the Maschinfabrik, the Papierfabrik, the ship-breaking yards, or the factory where underground resources had been tapped to provide mineral water, in various flavours and in variously-shaped bottles, and carbon dioxide, which was pressurised and pumped into the familiar long metal cases with a terrifying accompaniment of steam, sparks and hissing in a workshop which looked like a scene from Dante's Inferno. Another cause was undoubtedly the rivers to which the town owes its existence. For here at the junction is a natural stopping place for barges carrying coal, cement, iron ore, dogs, children and washing. This obvious prosperity was also reflected in the new school and in the enormous number of new houses which were being built, both in Oberlahnstein itself and in a refugee village further up the river, which formed part of the same township.

Although predominantly German, Oberlahnstein had a distinct Continental flavour, being en route for troupes of French, Dutch, and Belgian cyclists and many other travellers from farther afield.

In no other place which I have visited can one find this same perfect combination. Oberlahnstein is old enough to be interesting historically, modern enough to be fully alive, Continental enough to satisfy the most avid of tourists and yet German enough to make the traveller feel completely at home.

SHEILA A. MCGREGOR, 5P.

"RAPIDE, MADEMOISELLE ?"

THE Paris-Lyon line is France's fastest, most stream-lined and most efficient line. In fact, it is by far the best stretch of line in the world, at least in the opinion of all Frenchmen, if not of the world at large. At exactly 5.13 p.m. the old fishermen at Neuville on the banks of the Saone point out the record-breaking "Mistral" as it dashes towards Perrache station, Lyon, on its way to Marseilles, Vertimiglia and Northern Italy. As it leaves the French capital the line passes through the lovely, leafy, Parisian outskirts with their long avenues of continental houses. The white shutters and verandahs entwined with Virginia creeper entranced me. It was in just such a house that I was to stay for three weeks.

As we ran through the Forest of Fontainebleau I congratulated myself on my excellent management. After all, I told myself, it was not everybody who could go from Edinburgh to Lyon all alone. My French must be better than I imagined. I continued to compliment myself for some little time, after which a young man poked his head through the window and began to address the three of us in the compartment. Under his arm he carried a chubby contented baby. The son and heir, without a doubt, I surmised. As the young man got no response from the elderly couple who were both asleep he turned to me. Unfortunately my French would not stand the strain and I felt as if I was attempting to converse with a man from Mars. The elderly lady woke up and said "Oui, oui" several times, whereupon the young man hoisted the baby through the window on to my knee. I stared at the baby and he returned my gaze suspiciously. The lady then realised that I was either an imbecile or a foreigner and, deducing the latter to be true, explained in simple French that the gentleman had gone to the dining-car to fill his son's bottle.

This was my first experience of French children whom I soon learned to adore. To me all French children are just "mignon," and will remain so, since I can find no other word which quite expresses all their characteristics.

I arrived at Perrache just before midnight and was taken to my friend's home outside Lyon. As we drove along by the Saone the lights on each bank shone through the plane trees making dancing patterns on the dark shimmering waters of the great river.

"My dear, in the South of France, it just never rains," I had been told by many seasoned travellers and so in complete disregard of all the Geography teacher has said about fogs in the Rhone Corridor I took only a light plastic mac. Although the French Weather Clerk was kind to me during the first week of my stay, on the day of my longest outing, to the Grottes de la Balme in the foothills of the Juras, I was to experience a real continental storm. As we approached the Madeleine, a huge statue of the Virgin and Child, which dominates the region, we could see a thick, milky fog enveloping the floor of the valley.

The descent towards the Rhone brought us into a heavy drizzle which lasted until dinner time when we reached La Balme. The sun was shining as we entered the caves. During our exploration the lights went out and we had to grope in the dark until the guide provided us with candles. He

was a fat man and found it difficult to squeeze through the narrow rock passages.

We were soon to find out that the power failure was due to a storm. Great hailstones were falling and sinister leaves swirled past the mouth of the cave. A black eerie night had settled mysteriously and silently. We were saved, however, by the timely arrival of M. Daujat in his camionette.

But what was this one day compared with the glorious times I spent in Lyon, feeding the pigeons in the Place des Terreaux, visiting the fabulous Musée des Beaux Arts and the cathedral of Notre-Dame de Fourvière, or the afternoon passed in Ars at the house of S. Jean d'Ars, the cure?

Soon the three weeks were over and I was back again at Perrache waiting for the Blue Train to take me home. I stood tearfully at the side of the famous Paris-Lyon railway which had once been only a dark line on a map and a column of baffling figures to me. Now it was something much more personal; it was part of me.

CHRISTINE M. WOODS, 5P.

KARL

*"Nowher so bisy a man as he ther was,
And yet he seemed bisier than he was."*

IT happened on the cable railway. At last he spoke to me. He had a pleasant voice with wonderful rolling "r's" even in his English. We spoke German. The chair was stopped. We alighted on a concrete platform sadly besmirching the top of a green, vine-clad hill. The cold, grey sky seemed to envelop the nearby hills. Surprisingly three factory chimneys peeped over the summit of a great, green crag. No one was about: the drizzle did not invite one to linger. We sauntered towards the fence. He was indulging in his favourite occupation—gathering flowers for his wife—a strange occupation, we always thought, as we tried to look serious.

Karl was of average height, slim, and erect. His fair hair was shorter than most men's. We surveyed him carefully, this ex-Nazi officer and leader of the Hitler Youth. His left leg was stiff and thin, the result of American bullets. In spite of the extra effort involved in climbing stairs, he did it as fast as anyone, sometimes—but not often—with the aid of a stick. His mouth was aslant, and generally a pipe adorned the upper corner. On rainy days a brown beret perched jauntily on top of his head. He indulged, too, in that favourite German instrument of death—a "motor-bike." This we saw only when it was in need of repairs.

In spite of his handicaps, or perhaps because of them, Karl led a more active life than most men. When he was not travelling with visitors between Cologne and Wiesbaden, he was the swimming instructor or alternatively the leader of the local gym club. This seemed to consist of youths who swam in all weathers and played football whenever they had a spare moment. I think Karl must have been the wildest of them all. Despite his leg and the strong currents he had swum across the Rhine for a bet, landing only three hundred yards below his starting point.

On two occasions, to our delight, he brought his small daughter with him. She was a slim, fair-haired child of six. Irmtraut, we soon discovered, was his pride and joy. Although six years old, she seemed younger, as German children do not go to school until they are six. She wore the long socks and apron common to all small German girls. She was very, very shy. I only once heard her speak, and then she uttered only one word. She was the most affectionate child I have ever known and clung to one or other of the girls almost all the time. Above all, however, she preferred

her father, and evidently admired him very much. Only he could silence her animal imitations and squeals with a word.

In common with their neighbours Karl and his daughter ate a great deal. One day young Irmtraut was given a colossal plateful of ham in a village which specialized in that product. Her plateful would have provided a meal for six people here, but she succeeded in eating every morsel. I am afraid our tables were never so bare when we had finished a meal.

Karl's sense of humour was very well developed, but it had a slightly cruel twist. From the top of the Lorelei one day we caught sight of a girl clambering about a rock below attempting to pose for a photograph. She had fair hair and was wearing slacks. Karl eyes gleamed as he saw her. "Well!" he said thoughtfully, "your hair is almost golden," and proceeded to compare her with the Lorelei of Heine fame. For us it was amusing, but the girl found it otherwise. "I am not connected with the Lorelei," she said angrily. Secretly I sympathized with her.

The number of Karl's friends always astonished us. In every town or village where we stopped, however small it might be, he met someone of his acquaintance. Visiting friends made him elusive. Eventually he would appear, sometimes rather late. Once, when we arrived at the pier where the motor-boat landed, we found that it had already moved away. He immediately called it back. He certainly was not shy or retiring, and perhaps that was a very useful quality for us.

In general I think he was rather vain. He was proud of conquering his handicaps and proud of his prowess at swimming. He liked to appear in public and very much enjoyed acting as master of ceremonies at our party. He even indulged in singing for us, his voice making up in an attractive lustiness what it lacked in quality. I found him, however, an interesting guide, and more important, an interesting character. With Charles Lamb "I venerate an honest obliquity of understanding."

ELIZABETH GOURLAY, 6A.

MUNICH

APRIL, 1955.

8.25 a.m. The train draws slowly in. Early morning in Munich. We edge along the narrow corridor, finally succeed in getting our luggage, our bags and ourselves out on to the platform, where our German friends are waiting for us. Sudden recognition, joyous cries and happy reunion. A quick breakfast, then departure homewards to meet our "families."

We settle down quickly and become familiar with German customs. Everything is so new, so thrilling. Our following days are a breathless whirl of theatre-going, sightseeing and shopping. Prinzregentenstrasse, the Kaufhof Leopoldstrasse. We're all so happy, and so busy that there's not even time to be homesick... Our well-planned time-table is crammed with exciting arrangements.

Monday, 4th. Reception in the town hall, where we are welcomed by the Oberbürgermeister. We dine, and listen to the Scots music played by our kilt-clad piper. A tour of the city follows. We see the Frauenkirche, Bavaria Statue, St. Peter's Church...

Tuesday, 5th. We go to the Hofbrauhaus to taste its famous beer. Noisy Germans drink happily, mop perspiring brows and smile benignly through the smoke haze at us. Foaming ale... stone mugs... plump waitresses... The Bavarian band plays brassy Strauss melodies as we leave. We say goodbye... but only till next time!

Thursday, 7th. Ludwig II of Bavaria, the mad king, is still a colourful figure in German history. To his memory still stand the luxurious palaces he built. We visit the castle of Chiemsee. The island on which the castle

is built is surrounded by a clear lake, while Schloss Chiemsee stands serenely in the shadows of the trees. State apartments luxuriously furnished . . . Dresden china . . . gleaming mirrors . . . gilt panelling . . . A secret stairway, a marble bath, a trap-door operated table which sinks through the floor. The spirit of this mad king lives here, amid the fantasy of the furnishings. We think of his sad fate . . . A chill autumn morning near the Starnberger See . . . gray, reed-rippled water . . . he plunges in, and wades to his doom . . .

Saturday, 9th. The Easter week-end. We are going to Innsbruck—just six of us.

5.30 a.m. A wet, windy, cold, dark morning. A gentle tap on my bedroom door. I turn obligingly from the blankets and bid my girl-friend a sleepy 'Good-morning! I promise to rise 'in a minute.'

5.45 a.m. A slightly louder knock, and I am forced to tumble despairingly out of bed. Irmgard, already washed and dressed, stands over me . . . Six o'clock strikes. Panic follows. Where's the soap? the towel? A hasty wash, a quick breakfast of rolls and coffee. The door bell rings. "What?" we exclaim, "already?" Wild confusion ensues as we snatch up gloves, bags and hankies and rush downstairs. It is some consolation to note that our other friends are not their usual cheery selves. We run through mud and puddles to the No. 7 car stance, pile in, pile out, and 'skelp on thro' dub and mire' into the station. Finally installed in the Austria bound train, we have time to stretch, yawn and wake up.

Monday, again, 11th. We leave Munich for the mountains, where we spend three days in a Youth Hostel. The scenery around it is wonderful—dark pines, snow-capped mountains and Alpine flowers. From our hostel we travel to Berchtesgaden and Salzburg, and to Königssee, a deep green lake fringed by steep pine-clad cliffs. Our guide blows on his trumpet once . . . twice . . . thrice, the notes carry over the still water and are thrown back hauntingly, mockingly . . . Two days later we return to Munich, after a long bus ride livened by our spirited renderings of "Annie Laurie" and "Nellie Dean." We arrange to meet in town, dash wildly home, devour some tea, retail a garbled account of our adventures, and once more we are pursuing that elusive No. 7 car . . .

Thursday, 14th. We are invited to tour a Munich brewery. The rain outside is heavy, but the interior of the building is warm, moist with the smell of yeast. We see the fermenting vats, sniff appraisingly and finally taste the "reaming swats" in the adjoining restaurant. White sausages are served. Loud laughter breaks out at the stricken face of our luckless Scot who lives in constant terror of renewing their unpalatable acquaintance at every meal.

A visit to the ballet rounds off our tour of visiting. We think of leaving . . . how awful that the time has passed so quickly!

Our last night in Munich is spent at a party held for us in the Chinese Tower of the Englische Garten. We dance together, and are entertained by Bavarian dancers in national costume who perform traditional dances. Our piper once again tunes up and bids our hosts "Gute Nacht." We end by singing "Auld Lang Syne" . . .

Sunday morning . . . 10.25 . . . Munich Station. Rather sadly we gather on the platform, and unwillingly load our cases into the racks. We crowd to the window to wave good-bye. As always, at such moments, the Doric seems more potent to express the tugging at the heart-strings. "We're no awa' tae bide awa." We know it is true.

LESLEY JONES, 5L.

SALT WITHOUT PEPPER

WHEN, in Germany, I agreed "to visit" a salt-mine, I did not at first realize what I had undertaken to do. By "visit" I understood that we should have an attractive walk up the mountains, examine the site of the mine and come happily back down again. Imagine my feelings when we arrived there and my German friend pointing to some people wearing curious clothes which I had taken to be some sort of national costume, said, "See! That's what we'll look like when we go down the mine!"

I was still digesting this fact when our group was separated into boys and girls, and I found myself in a large cloakroom, confronted by a heap of clothes in which I was supposed to dress. What a difference a change of clothes can make! By the time we were clad in white "pyjama-like" trousers and black jackets, trimmed with blue, we hardly knew each other. A black "flower pot" hat and a large piece of leather tied round us, to protect our clothes "while sliding" provided the finishing touches.

At last, our preparations completed, we joined the male members of the party, who were waiting outside the door leading to the mine. My suspense was hardly lessened by Hilde, who had been there before, and Ingrid, who mysteriously knew by instinct, informing me that we should have to clamber down a steep slope into the heart of the mine, and wade across an underground lake! It was with great relief that I saw, as the door opened, a little train waiting to receive us. We clambered on, holding on to each other in a long row, and the journey began.

It was a pleasant sensation to pass through many dark, low-roofed little tunnels, knowing that the train was going gradually downwards all the time. We were feeling cool and collected when we saw in front of us an enormous notice, bearing the words 'GLUCK-AUF' As this means, "GOOD LUCK!" we began once more to wonder what lay ahead of us! Soon our train drew up in an open space, where we dismounted. After seeing various things of interest, such as models of miners at work, we were taken to the top of a chute and told to go down it. As it stretched away into darkness, a few of us, I must admit, were cowards enough to contemplate using the nearby steps! Actually, the chute was only twenty-five feet long and it was wonderful to whizz down it. We were shown an old disused mine-shaft before being taken up a short distance in a lift to the top of another chute, by means of which we promptly went down again! This time we landed beside an underground salt lake, across which our guide rowed us. It was long and narrow, illuminated by many coloured lights which were placed round the edges. On the other side there was a great heap of a sticky white substance, which was, presumably, the unrefined salt. Now, our visit nearly over, we were taken to another chute, which, we were told, was forty feet long. This time everyone was eager, and we enjoyed a breathless slide to the bottom, where the little train was waiting for us.

The journey up was much quicker than the descent had been. We were warned to sit still and hold on tightly as we were whizzed round corners until at last we emerged into the daylight, startlingly bright after the dimness of the mine. Now that I had had such a pleasant experience, I was glad that "the visit" had not been what I had at first expected!

PAMELA HERON, 4L.



MIDSIDE MAGGIE

AS the shepherd paused to light his clay pipe, I was able to take a look at the humble dwelling. It was a typical country-house with white-washed walls and deal furniture which was black with age. Outside the windows the mist was whirling down eerily from Soutra. Edinburgh seemed so distant that it was difficult to believe that the bus would pick me up shortly and that I should reach the capital that night.

"Midside Maggie?" began the shepherd, puffing contentedly at his pipe, as he thought for a moment or two over my question about an old Border story my grandmother used to tell me. "Weel, ma lass, its like this. No far frae here lies the fairm o' Tollishill. In the seventeenth century it had been tenanted by three brithers, ca'ed Hardie, whase landlord became the first Duke o' Lauderdale. Pairt o' the fairm ca'ed Midside was tenanted by Tammas Hardie and his hard-working wife, Maggie.

"Times were hard. Year after year crops and cattle were destroyed by frost, snaw, or the cruel winds that swept across the bare country. Money became that scarce that they couldna pay the rent. Midside Maggie, hooiver, buried her pride and set aff tae see the Earl o' Lauderdale wha lived in Thirlestane Castle six miles font. She was ta'en intae the hoose by a graund servant. The Earl was sitting at this desk and Maggie had time tae hae a bit look roond afore she started her case. She telt the tale o' the lean years and o' the hinmaist dolefu' winter o' heavy snaw, in sic avey that it cairried convection wi' it. Mony ither tales o' wae and poverty had been telt to the Earl but nane o' the peteetioners was sae conveecin' or sae weel favoured as Maggie o' Tollishill. The laird listened and telt her that if she brocht some o' the awfu snaw she girmed aboot on Midsimmer Day he would let her aff wa the

rent for life. Maggie was weel satisfied wi' the bargain and surprised the Earl summat.

"Maggie and her man made a muckle snaw ba', hid it in a graund bield and covered it ower wi bracken sae that neither wind nor sun could goam it. On Midsimmer Day Maggie yince mair veesited Thirlestane Castle and took wi' her the snaw ba'. Maggie won the deal but niver forgot the Earl's kindness. When prosperity cam at last tae Tollishill, each year Maggie laid by the rent in case yin day it micht be needed.

"That day did cam for when the Earl was ta'en efter the Battle o' Worcester and hae been in preeson for nine lang years Maggie, like Jeanie Deans, took the gowd bakit in a bannock for his ransom and walked the fower hunner lang weary miles tae the preeson Tower. Ootside the Tower she stood and sang yin o' the Earl's favourite sangs. Afore lang she was let in and presented her rent in the bannock. Her lang walk had no been in vain because wi' the gowd the Earl got his pardon. For her kindness Maggie received a graund silver girdle frae the Earl. It can still be seen in the Museum in Edinburgh."

The fog was lifting as I heard the drone of the bus on the hill road. It ran from Earlston to Lauder, but sometimes, as on the present occasion, it ventured into the capital city. I said a grateful goodbye to my hosts and turning to the door saw a name printed along the side of the vehicle. How suitable, I thought, that a bus which travelled among these lonely hills should be called "Midside Maggie."

NAN S. FLEMING, 5D.

WHENE'ER YOU SMILE

Whene'er you smile, I see bright days returning,

Days on the hills, the splendour of the sun;

In your dear eyes I see a clear light burning,

Like moonlight on Threipmuir, when day is done.

Whene'er you smile, I hear a blackbird singing,

His song of rapture, to the smiling earth.

From lone Caerketton's brow, his notes come ringing

A melody of love and joy and mirth.

The sky, the birds, the trees, the round earth swinging,

Are all reflected in your smile divine;

Each seems to share the song my heart is singing

Because I feel, I know that you are mine.

SHIRLEY BUIST, 4B.

went, as though to break the tense stillness. The man lowered his weapon and passed a torn cuff over his eyes.

Ashamed of his weaker feelings, he sat up and suddenly stiffened. Juan was coming across the lower field to join the sunken road not far from his hiding place. Strange that he had changed his position, mused Giacomo, or else he would have been in full view of the swarthy man striding along, little thinking of the reckoning which Fate held so soon for him. Giacomo's leg gave a twitch and he moved it slightly. Juan looked up, alert and on his guard at once. The shot would be heard in the village, but no matter. Giacomo pulled the trigger . . .

An hour later, the villagers found Juan lying beside the road to the village, his face contorted with agony and fear. He was dead and his limbs were beginning to stiffen. They carried him down to the village and laid him before his wife's door, with his arms spread out on either side of his body. It was late evening now, and the two candles burning by the hands of the corpse sent eddying shadows over the market place.

Anna Conchita knelt beside her husband's body, her head buried in the folds of her black cloak, her glossy braids soiled with the dust. The last traces of daylight vanished from the night sky; Anna Conchita raised her head and began to sing, slowly, mournfully. In the still night air, the bitterness and sorrow in her voice rose to the hillside behind the village. It reached the ears of the hidden watcher who had left the sunken road, and he knew it contained the deepest and sharpest grief of all, that of a woman lamenting the loss of the man she loved. Giacomo smiled . . .

AILSA THOMSON, 5L.

ODE TO ARCHIMEDES

As I struggle with my weighing,
 "Hurry up, girls, no delaying,"
 But my Balance won't stop swaying,
 And I'll never find the weight,
 Out of window, greatly daring,
 I am standing still and staring.
 My results will be quite scaring,
 And I'll have to stay in late!

Oh, I don't know what to do first!
 Find the weight displaced or upthrust?
 But my answer I will NOT trust!
 It's quite wrong, I will be bound!
 Archimedes, Greeks admired you,
 Your inventions never tired you,
 But I don't know what inspired you,
 Oh! that Principle you found!

MURIEL R. ROSS, 3A(1).

THE SCOTS WHA' HAE NOT

WHAT is a typical Scotsman? In the eyes of all, but the Scots themselves, he is a fanatical, red-haired, kilt-clad, barbarian, whose main occupations are making porridge, cattle-thieving and trying to overthrow the constitution of England. Some more enlightened people know that he is not quite as uncivilised as this, though his favourite expression is, "Och aye!" and that he reads no other poet but Burns, as he sits beside the peat fire at night in a primitive bothie, making himself gloriously drunk on illicit whiskey.

Such is the popular conception. The Scot has always seemed to be a person somewhat apart from the rest of the British Commonwealth. But he has played a fundamental part in its building, which, even abroad, the popular travesty distorts. For in scattered log-cabins, from the Yukon to the Veldt, popular imagination pictures brawny frames, pining away for the sight of the misty hills, and misty-eyed from heather dew. Nostalgically, he listens when the (to him) angelically dulcet tones of pseudo-pipe music waft over the humid air from weirdly tartaned players. Even the sight of Grand Canyon cannot be compared with sunrise over Loch Lomond, and it is a kind of blasphemy to mention Caruso's "On With the Motley" in the same breath as Harry Lauder's "Roamin' in the Gloamin'." He honours St. Andrew's Day like the Lupercal, ignoring the fact that he never knew when it was till he went abroad.

But his tribe is decreasing. He is on the way out. His place will soon be with the Maoris or the dinosaurs. The new Scot cares little for Wallace, though he may still stake a patriotic claim to John Haig. He is a little self-conscious about fanatical things like Home-Rule, and does not like to be thought of as "tweedy." He even languishes in his main occupation of overthrowing the constitution of England. He is, indeed, merely an Englishman who rolls his r's—and often, in Scotland, pretends he doesn't.

The Scotsman, in fact, has come of age.

ANN R. HENDERSON, 5L.

A 6th Former's Meditation While Doing Homework

Can he hear me?
 What does he think?
 Will he ever
 Jump over the brink?
 Is he hungry?
 Is he cold?
 My tiny little goldfish
 Who is only four years old.

SHEILA McLAREN, 6A.

TO "DEPARTING GUESTS"

GONE are the long, lazy days of legendary summer. The tempo of life quickens with the advent of the chilly, autumn mornings with the sparkle of frost in the air. The loquacious gatherings of fork-tailed swallows seek parliament on the tops of trees or buildings, and even on the swaying telegraph wires, to discuss their impending journey.

The spotted flycatcher, with its characteristic high squeak like that of a wheelbarrow with a rusty wheel, no longer moves unnoticed in the woods and copses. This bird, clad in its inconspicuous plumage, leaves the sheltering corners of our lanes and gardens to seek refuge from the stormy blasts of winter in a warmer land.

The woods seem almost woe-begone without the familiar voices of the cuckoo, and the turtle-dove. Yet the liquid notes of the eternal nightingale still seem to echo faintly among the feathery branches of the trees.

"Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird !
No hungry generations tread thee down ;
The voice I hear this passing night was heard
In ancient days by emperor and clown."

In the "Ode to a Nightingale," Keats has enshrined the essential spirit of the nightingale. Year after year it leaves our shores, only to return the following summer, its song enriched by its sojourn among the beauties of another land.

By the sea, the sandy floats, well-loved haunts of the terns, miss the bustle and activity of their summer nesting colonies. The welcoming sea, dancing on to the sand, with arms outspread to embrace all lying before it, no longer laps round the yellow legs of the dainty tern.

The ubiquitous swift, which makes its home anywhere—even among the sooty buildings of London, takes farewell of Britain as it twists and glides with less ease than before. The rising strength of the bitter, wintry winds proves a stern reminder of its journey southwards.

Like its distant relation, the swallow, the swift is hastening to include itself in one of the large gatherings of birds. The swallows, themselves, their plans made, begin to fly off in flock after flock in search of warmth. As the French poet, Theophile Gautier, in the last line of his poem "Ce que disent les Hirondelles," so charmingly expresses the aim of the journey, may we repeat his poignant words, as we see the swallows winging their way southwards, "au soleil d'or, au printemps vert."

HELEN R. WATSON, 6A.

"A BOAT CALLED PUFFIN"

IT was my brother who first noticed the cloud.

"There's a frightfully big, black cloud coming up behind us," he told me.

We were sailing our black-and-white painted dinghy, Puffin, away far out into the green sea, and had left the peaceful, sunny bay of Fowey with its cottages and tiny harbour, behind us long ago. We were running before the wind, and, as we were neither very good nor very experienced sailors, I kept letting the red sail swing over, and twice the boom had hit David, my brother, who is one year younger than I, on the head. Our mother had been teaching us to sail that summer, for this was my first sailing boat.

"Oh dear," I said, looking round. "We'll have to turn about and go back. I hope we can reach the bay in time, for I don't want to get stuck in a storm out here. We'll have to tack, because we'll be against the wind."

We turned Puffin round and started tacking back the way we had come, but we made slow progress, and all the time the black cloud was coming nearer and nearer, until it had blotted out the sun. A cold wind sprang up, and it lashed the tiny waves into a grey, choppy sea. I was beginning to think we should never reach the bay.

Then came a lightning flash and a tremendous roll of thunder. A huge, hungry wave splashed over us, soaking everything and leaving several inches of water in the bottom of the boat, which was tossing about like a cork. David began baling with an old tin can. I hung on desperately to the tiller, with the wind and rain beating in my face. What did you do when you were caught in a storm ? I was not sure. Did you lower the sail and drop anchor or what ?

"We'd better lower the sail," I said.

"What ?" shouted David.

"Lower the sail !" I yelled.

David took hold of one of the ropes by the mast.

"This one ?" he asked.

"No, that's the flag halyard ! The other one !"

He found it and loosened it from its cleat, but we were too late. There was a terrific bang and the sail fell down with a huge rent in it. Suddenly there came an immense wave which enveloped poor Puffin completely. I heard a loud snap. Then I lost hold of the tiller and sprawled in the bottom of the boat among pieces of torn sail, mixed-up ropes, and gallons of seawater. I knocked my leg against the centreboard case, and gashed it frightfully. David was safe in the bows. Then I realized that the snap had been the mast breaking.

"We're near the rocks at the mouth of the bay," my brother shouted. A new terror assailed me. I managed to get to the tiller and clutch it.

"Where are they?"

"I think that's them to the left," he shouted.

I tried to keep the tiller steady. If they were to port it would be all right: the bay would be straight ahead. In my desperation I forgot the angry sea was just tossing us where it willed. The driving rain blinded us.

Suddenly there was a sickening crash. A cruel, jagged rock showed through Puffin's hull. I was thrown forward among the debris in her bottom. David had disappeared. A splitting noise, and half her hull was sinking. I climbed out on to the rock somehow and sat there exhausted. The rest of Puffin cracked up and sank too, dragging the sail and spars with it. In a few seconds there was nothing but the seething sea . . .

Puffin was gone. It would be no use trying to salvage the pieces that had been that dear tiny ship. With a dull ache in my heart, I regarded my bloody leg. What mattered now? Boats often sank into the sea and were gone forever. She was just another: a boat called Puffin.

The storm seemed to be abating, and it was much lighter. The rain had almost ceased. I heard a shout from a neighbouring rock, and there was David.

"She's gone," he said.

"I know."

"I've got her flag."

Somehow this comforted me. Puffin was dead, and yet she was not. Somehow she still lived on. Somehow I would get another Puffin, just the same, with a red sail, and a black-and-white hull. Perhaps Puffin II would be better . . .

The sun came out rather cautiously from behind the fast fleeing clouds.

"We'll have to swim home," remarked David.

"All right! Come on!" I said.

"Good-bye, Puffin," I whispered as I plunged into the ice-cold sea, . . . "but only for a time."

INGA WELLESLEY, 3A1.

"THE MAD LITTLE ROAD"

YOU'VE probably never seen this little road because it is in the North-West Highlands of Scotland between Lochinver and Ullapool. To me it is a very exciting road, full of adventure all the way, but to others it is merely a very rough way to get from one place to another. Every corner introduces something different

from its neighbour—birds singing, a host of brightly coloured wild flowers, an unexpected loch, a lone cottage—hundreds of things meet the eye.

As we wend our way slowly up the hill from Lochinver, we suddenly see the pretty little village school on the shores of a lovely loch which, in summer, is covered with water lilies. Climbing further up we see the peaks of Suilven, Canisp and Coulbeg—three well-known landmarks in the district. All is well and easy-going until we pass the Kirkaig Bridge when the road becomes more like a sheep track which bends and twists and goes up and down. Soon we find the road nestling at the foot of the sinister, jagged peaks of Stac Polly. From here it seems like Fairyland with Stac Polly as the barrier to the outside world. You never know whether that stone that moved really was a stone or whether it was one of the "Wee Folk" that you hear about up in the North. The road continues to bend and twist, passing this stream and that, this loch and that till at last we see Loch Broom. From the top of the hill there lies, stretched out before us, the picturesque little fishing village of Ullapool. Now the road is easier, and we relax a little for behind us lies all the excitement and the enchantment of the "Mad Little Road."

MARGARET RUSSELL, 3B1.

THE THINGS THAT WE CREATE

IT was late evening, and darkness, heavy and oppressive, had settled over the city. There was a clamminess in the air, and a close, pressing feeling, as if the darkness were squeezing down on her, shutting her away from the rest of the world. Squeezing tighter . . . tighter . . . tighter, until . . . She shuddered. She must stop thinking things like that. Especially when she was writing a story like this. What was it she had read in that spiritualist book? Something about one's thoughts making an impression so strong that a medium, if the thoughts were powerful enough, could make them take shape. It could be dangerous. Suppose, for instance, that what she was writing about now was strong enough to make such an impression? The book had said that creative artists could give their inventions shape, but the horrible thing was that if one created something so evil or powerful that it took an earthly form, it became a separate being from its creator, who had no control over it. Suppose her inventions came alive? She broke off her thoughts with a feeling akin to terror. Such a thing was impossible! She must finish the story.

" . . . The air inside the tomb was dank and oppressive. It seemed to be pressing down on him, squeezing the life slowly from him. He fought down his panic and forced himself to go on. And then . . . a hand, cold as ice, touched him on the neck."

She stopped writing, and flung down her pen with a gasp. It couldn't be true! It couldn't! And yet . . . the conditions were exactly the same. It had grown much darker in the last few minutes, and the air had grown much heavier. Dimly, all around her, she could make out shapes which might almost be coffins. There was a new smell, too; a heavy stench of decaying substances. Like the smell of dead, rotting bodies. The darkness pressed down on her, fiercer and fiercer, until she felt as if her soul were being slowly pushed out of her body. Yes, it was almost exactly the same. Only one thing was missing . . .

An icy hand touched her, very gently, on the neck.

MARGARET TOD, 2A1.

BRIEF ENCOUNTER

DURING our holiday in Glen Gairn, near Ballater, we liked to walk every morning to collect the milk at a farm a mile away. It was a beautiful country road, lined with silver birches and juniper bushes and early in the morning the birds were singing and every sound came clearly in the still air—the croaking call of the grouse on the hill, the faint squeak of a shrew, the ticking of grasshoppers, or the cooing of wood-pigeons in the tall pines.

But one day when we were returning home with the milk the morning stillness was disturbed by the roar of a car in the distance. As it came nearer the shrews stopped their squeaking and the birds seemed to flutter into the bushes. Two wood-pigeons, disturbed by such an unusual sound in the quiet country road, beat their wings noisily as they rose out of the dark trees. My sister and I hurriedly jumped on to the bank at the side of the road and waited for the car to come round the corner.

When it came into sight I saw that it was a small blue "Consul," driven by a young man wearing sunglasses. Seated beside him was a lady in blue and as the car slowed down to pass us she waved as most motorists do when they meet children on a country road. We waved back and I saw that a little boy in a red jersey was standing between the two people. Suddenly I recognised the lady as our beautiful young Queen! and as the car swept round the next corner I saw the back of a curly fair head at the back window—Princess Anne! You could not imagine how delighted we both were to have received a wave of our own from the Queen—not a formal Royal greeting, but just a friendly little wave. And we quite forgave the Duke for disturbing the peaceful morning.

ALISON J. B. KEITH, 2A1

MY FIRST IMPRESSION OF HONG KONG

FROM the depths of the dark, musty shop came the sound of the monotonous music that is peculiar to China. I listened, entranced, until Mummy suddenly announced her intention of going into the tiny place to buy the exquisitely carved fan, tucked away in a corner of the window. Daddy and I accompanied her, and listened gleefully as the shopkeeper and Daddy bargained about the price of the trinket. The shopkeeper was talking rapidly, gesticulating wildly as he spoke. He was gradually becoming more and more excited as he listened to Daddy patiently but firmly telling him the price we were prepared to pay, but, fortunately the two men came to an agreement and we all went out into the bright sunlight.

Further down the street, we entered the Chinese part of the town where washing was hanging from the windows. Once a small boy, of about three years old, ran past us. He was completely naked and was obviously quite oblivious of the fact that anything was wrong. In this part of the town, we had to hold our noses as we passed, for all kinds of strange and horrible smells pervaded the air. We were astounded to see a mother calmly washing her tiny baby's head in the deep gutter which ran by the pavements, while, across the street, another woman washed her clothes in the same gutter.

Out again, in the more English part of the town, we discovered a park in which Chinese and British children played happily together. As I played there, for a time, I could hardly believe that this was a park thousands of miles from home, and not one just up the road in Edinburgh. As we started for home, again, we decided to risk the bus. How innocent we were! First of all, we decorously stood in a queue until the bus came. When it did come, what a shock we received! Instead of quietly mounting the steps, the crowd surged forward, jostling and pushing their elbows into one another's eyes until they got on the bus. Needless to say, we did not get on. However, after two more tries we succeeded, only to be almost thrown out again as the vehicle started. It rattled its way along the streets, full of Chinese. Mummy, determinedly looking out of the window, trying to forget that her stomach was mixed up with her heart, felt something plucking her arms. On looking round, she discovered an ancient specimen of China feeling her white arm to see if it was real.

At last we arrived at the camp, where, after showing our passes, we entered our bungalow. Our "amah" or Chinese servant met us at the door, and after demanding if we would like "chipees missy?" which was the only thing she could make, she hurried away to make them. Wearily, I sank down in a chair, laid back my head to rest for a minute, and—fell fast asleep.

EILEEN DANIELS, 1A1.

THE TATTIES

THE sky was still faintly tinged with the brilliance of the morning sunrise. There was a calm, tranquil atmosphere, only broken by the pitiful and sometimes indignant protest of a lamb, or the sage counsel of a grandmother sheep. It was Sunday.

The elder moaned and groaned as he ascended the steps to the tower. He grasped the rope, which was extravagantly decorated with spiders' webs, and tugged. Rich, mellow notes resounded throughout the glen and immediately the "world" awoke and gathered beside the church.

The church was not huge and regal, with dignified spires supporting the clouds, and beautifully stained windows, but the kindly grey stone structure, the fantastically stumpy shape, the sturdy pine keeping guard in the background, the fringe of dog-roses by the path and the cluster of honey-suckle overhanging the gate left a deep and indelible impression.

The minister earnestly addressed his congregation and everybody, even my small sister, was absorbed in the simple sincerity of the sermon. Suddenly, Mr. Cattenach, the gamekeeper, stamped out. One would expect a rude departure like this to be made as unobtrusively as possible but he, with a look of fury on his purple face, and loud snorts escaping from his ginger whiskers, had noisily marched out and even slammed the door.

As the people finally dispersed, low murmurings, astonished, wondering, intrigued and even disgusted, were heard.

I liked Mr. Cattanach. He was always willing to take me fishing or boating, and never tired of telling stories of the animal kingdom with which he was so closely associated, but, as I perched irreverently on a grave stone and meditated, I could not arrive at a satisfying conclusion.

Next morning I went to the lodge.

"Didn't you like the sermon?" I asked him innocently.

He looked puzzled for a moment; then his face cleared.

"Ach naw, that wis michty guid, but"—he blushed and gave an embarrassed titter—"Ah remembered Ah'd left the tatties on."

ASTRID GILLIS, 1A2.

Schooldays are the Happiest Days of Your Life

Oh woe is me! my future drear,
Of school-days left just one short year;
With doleful thoughts my mind is rife,
In this the gayest span of life.

Gone for me those evenings gay,
With Chaucer's tales to light the way,
And forced to find my nightly solace,
With Charteris or Edgar Wallace.

Must I with a reluctant sigh,
Bid Euclid and his works good-bye,
And will the fortune I'll be earning,
Make up for all the loss of learning?

No ankle socks or blazer neat,
No nice flat shoes upon my feet,
No dainty little hat so spry,
Oh must I bid school-days good-bye?

ISOBEL PEARSON, 4B.

FRUSTRATED!

I had read the little booklet
On "How to address your letters,"
Instead of seeking wrong advice
From my elders and my betters.

It told me that the main things
Were number, street and town—
And t'would be a great advantage
Not to write it upside down.

It also said, "In case that
The epistle go astray,
Put your address on t'other side;
You'll get it back that way."

As I am an obedient child—
Tho' not with many brains—
When I next wrote to my pen-pal
I took extra-special pains.

To see if I could carry out
Th' instructions to a tee,
But affixed the stamp to the quite wrong side
And my letter came straight to me.

ANN KENNEDY, 5L.

REMINGTON AND CO.

I'm sitting up straight ;
 My back is erect ;
 My fingers are all on the keys.
 " Begin after eight,
 " Your fingers correct ?
 " Now type. Do it now, with ease."

One day I'll be free
 To do as I please ;
 And no-one will say, " Wrists up ! "
 I'll have to brew teas
 For oth'r employees,
 And afterwards wash every cup.

Some day, when I'm old,
 In years still to come,
 The head of a firm I'll be.
 I'll sit and count gold,
 The whole immense sum,
 And think what I learned in 4C.

ETHEL LAWRIE, 4C.

THE HOUSE ON THE HILL

There's a house upon a hill-top,
 With a plaque upon the door
 Saying " Welcome " to the stranger
 Who is weary and footsore.

There's a window in that cottage
 Where a lantern, burning bright,
 Sheds its radiance on the traveller
 When he stops there for the night.

There's a hot meal ready, waiting
 For the man who's travelled far ;
 And outside, through the darkness
 Gleams a bright and shining star.

'Tis the star that led the traveller
 To this haven of good will ;
 Led him onward, through the darkness,
 To the house upon the hill.

IRENE DAINITY, 3A(1).

NONSENSE

Oh, that I were a doormat !
 A thrill would run through me,
 If on me thou wouldst wipe thy feet ;
 How pleased then I should be !

I, with a flat and hairy form,
 Outside the door would lie,
 And welcome everybody in
 With loud and joyful cry,

" Scrape ! Scrape ! Wipe, wipe ! "
 Upwards my soul would fly.
 Oh, the romantic doormat
 I would that it were I.

JEAN McCAIG, 1A(1).

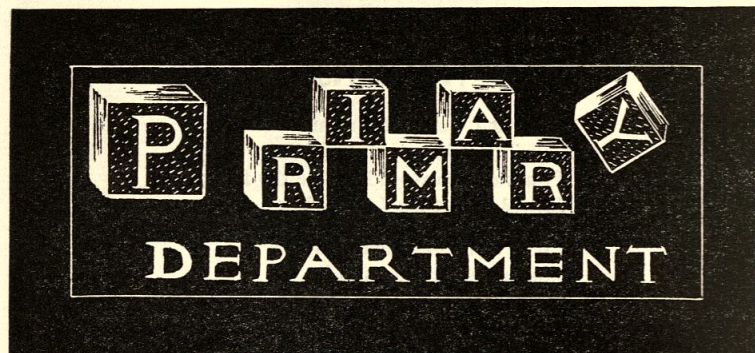
DANCING TIME

" Where are you going to my pretty maid ? "
 " I'm going a-dancing, Sir," she said.
 " May I come with you my pretty maid ? "
 " Yes, if you quickstep, Sir," she said.

" Oh, yes, I quickstep and foxtrot too,"
 He answered her, and she cried, " You do ? "
 Then he said, " Though it's nothing to brag about,
 I know the tango inside out."

Then she said, " I am glad you do,
 But can you do the Charleston too ? "
 " All this I can do when given a chance."
 And so, they went off to the Palais de Danse.

NORMA NICHOLSON, 3B(1).



RANGER IN DANGER

CATS and dogs are natural enemies, hating each other violently. The chief delight of most dogs is to chase cats, Ranger, our black pedigree Alsatian, being no exception. Ever since he has been a small, woolly, black bundle of ecstatic vitality, he has created havoc in shops and houses while in hot pursuit of elusive felines.

One Spring morning, as he obediently followed me around the Leith shops, he caught sight of a cat, regarding him with malicious hatred from the doorway of a nearby grocer's shop. The temptation was too much for Ranger, who, heedless of oncoming vehicles, promptly careered across the road to pursue the alarmed puss. After a few moments of excited barking, and plaintive mewling, Ranger, accompanied by an irate grocer, triumphantly emerged, leaving behind a crate of eggs, intermingled with the sawdust on the floor, and a cat, which would require a short retreat from social activities, until its tail was restored to its normal appearance.

As I walked homeward, I knew Father would decide this was the last straw, and, although my brother, Ronald, would be heartbroken, Ranger would have to go tomorrow. Before breakfast, the next morning, he and Ranger, went, for the last time, to play beside the Water of Leith, where, losing his footing on the muddy bank, Ronald made a spectacular entrance into the icy depths. Without hesitation, his pal jumped in after him, and together, boy and dog returned to safety. Suffice it to say, after his display of heroism, Father relented, and Ranger remains.

ELAINE TAYLOR, P.7(1).

SCAMPER I

ONE day my friend and I went to a pet-shop to buy a little white mouse.

By the time we had arrived home again we had decided to call him Scamper. Later on in the day we let Scamper out on the kitchen floor. We left him there for a little while until we realised that he had suddenly vanished. Frantically we looked for him but he was not to be found. As at this time my mother was out, the only solution was to go and buy another white mouse before she came home. This mouse we called Scamper II. After a time mother found out so our task now was to catch Scamper I. We eventually found out that he had made his home behind the Aga

cooker. Every evening at about six o'clock Scamper would come out and rattle the little tin in which his food was put. One night we decided we should have to catch Scamper because that morning he had brought two little field mice into the kitchen. We set about our task. We found a small stick and propped a coal-riddle up with it and attached a piece of string to the stick. We then put some cheese underneath the riddle and waited. Eventually we trapped him and put him back into his cage.

Later on we found that Scamper was tormenting the other pet mice because he had grown wild so we had to give him away. From that day onwards I have never seen him but I often think about him and wonder if he would still rather be living behind the Aga cooker.

LORRAINE HENDRIE, P.7(2).

THE BEST DAY IN THE EASTER HOLIDAYS

ON the day before I left Copenhagen my father, my little sister and I were invited out. Father's friend took us in his car to some of the villages outside the city. He drove at a reasonable rate so that we could see things clearly.

First of all we went on and up the main street. On our way we passed the new football stadium where crowds of people were entering the ground to see a match.

We journeyed on through the town and the new housing area, and, as we came along a country road, we saw, down in the hollow of the hills, a little Danish Farm. Not ten paces from it lay a lake, half-covered with ice which gave it a cold appearance. In the reeds at the edge of the lake there were many ducks. The ducks had a name which I cannot pronounce. We were lucky enough to see them rise, taking a circular flight round the lake, and settle again on the island which seemed to be their nesting place.

We continued on, and soon we came to the coast and a village where King Frederick's brother has a beautiful Palace called Solofrea. Soon we came to the coast and we passed many villages where people go for holidays. We then completed our journey and soon we were back in Copenhagen.

ELIZABETH ANDERSON, P.6(2).

A BEAUTIFUL CAPITAL

OF the three foreign capitals which I have been lucky enough to visit I like Stockholm best. Why?—because it is beautiful, and has wonders which are outstanding. Now I shall tell you a little about this city.

Stockholm is built on many islands connected by richly carved bridges. On almost every island is a fountain which tosses up its crystal jets to the blue skies.

One island in particular is interesting because the Swedish Navy is stationed there. Moored to a quay is a great old-fashioned ship which is used as a luxurious Youth Hostel. If it were not for the smell of fresh paint, one might think one was in a Spanish Galleon.

Another intriguing island is Skansen, which caters for the tourists because it is an everlasting fun-fair. There we watched Swedish folk-dancing, but unfortunately this had to cease owing to rain.

A sight worth remembering is the Town Hall built of red brick with a flashing tower, gleaming in the sunlight. Inside are staircases, richly carpeted floors, and walls covered with beautiful tapestries.

I really think that some day I shall pay a return visit to Stockholm.

MARGARET HOLLAND, P.6(1).

MY AMERICAN FRIENDS

RECENTLY I had three pen-friends who, though they all lived in the American Continent, lived in quite different countries. Nancy still lives in California, my cousin Sheila is, at present, still in Canada but Rosemary, though she has now returned to Britain, has, I think, led the most interesting life of the three, in British Guiana.

Rosemary's mother is Scottish and a friend of my family, but her father is a South American doctor. On one occasion she accompanied him to remote Indian villages where he attended to the natives. They were the savage type of natives seen on films and it was a wonderful opportunity to see native life.

Several times when Rosemary was out in a canoe, she saw sharks, or at least, the wicked-looking fins on their backs, as they circled round the craft. On other occasions crocodiles were seen basking in the sun.

But despite all the experiences my friends have, I think that Scotland, in its own way, is just as wonderful a country as any of the others and, to me, the finest in the whole world.

JANIE MCGREGOR, P.5(1).

A ROYAL CONTRACT

MY mother was born in the Angus town called Forfar. Six miles to the west of this town is a village called Glamis. This village has been world-famous because in it stands Glamis Castle, the childhood home of our Queen Mother.

When my mother was a young girl she was taken to a garden fete held near Glamis and the Queen Mother, then Lady Elizabeth Bowes Lyon, was present. A young lady, anxious to raise money for the fete, came to my granny and grandfather with a large bottle containing pebbles and asked them to guess the number in it. After they had taken a ticket in my mother's name, imagine their delight when they discovered she had won the prize—a big beautiful doll.

As the Queen Mother, or Lady Elizabeth as she was then, presented the prizes, my mother must have been very proud that day for she received a pat on the head and congratulations from that gracious lady who was one day to be our Queen.

KATHLEEN A. PULLAR, P.5(1).

A MORNING IN LOCKERBIE

I wake up in the morning to find the bright sun high in the heavens shining in through my window making dancing patterns on my wallpaper which brightens my room with its pink blossom and blue-birds. I always think that the blue-birds are alive and singing but it is just tits singing and making shadows on the wall from the rose sprays outside.

After lying in bed for quite a while I get up and go down to help to feed the chickens while Grandpa feeds the hens down in the field. He has about 2,104 hens and I don't know how many cocks. There is one little Bantam cock with feathers right down to his feet. He flies at you if you go too near.

At the back of the house there is a green. Then there is a wall over which is a field that goes downhill. If you stand at the top of the hill you can see acres and acres of landscape which is just like a green-and-brown carpet. At the bottom of the field there is a burn that twists and turns like a worm.

The part of the day I like is the morning, especially in Spring because, when I go into the back green to feed chickens, nearly every blade of grass is holding a jewel-like thing called dew. I could just imagine some little fairies coming skipping along with a basket of dew to crown each piece of grass with a dew drop.

SANDRA MORE, P.5(2).

VOTING DAY

YESTERDAY, I went with my mother and father to Darroch School to vote. They both voted and then they let me put their votes in the box. The clerk laughed and said I had two votes. Afterwards we went down town to see the shops. This morning I found out that the people mother and father voted for were the men that had most votes. I was very pleased and wished that I had been able to vote.

GILLIAN HAND, P.4(1).

AT ABBOTSFORD

ONE day when I was staying at Melrose I went to Abbotsford, the home of Sir Walter Scott. We set out early on the morning that it was opened. We were the first visitors to see the dining-room. This room has a lovely view of the Tweed and Sir Walter was carried to the window when he was dying. I was interested to see his study where he wrote most of his books. I would like to read them all when I am older.

FIONA RAMSAY, P.4(2).

COYA

MY Aunt and Uncle have a yacht. Its name is *Coya*. While Mum and Dad and the others work on it we play on the see-saw. It is at Dumbarton. There is a ladder up to *Coya* because she is so big. *Coya* is 52 years old. We go to see *Coya* every Saturday. We stay till Sunday. There is a picture of *Coya* along with this.

PATRICIA A. CURRALL, P.3(1).

FERRANTI'S

AS we were going to Princes Street Station in the train from Granton Road, we passed a large building. I asked my Mummy what it was. She said it was Ferranti's. I asked why it was just for aunts and not for uncles.

MURIEL FERGUSON, Prim. 3(2).

AT LAST !

For seven long years I've tried in vain,
Within this book to get my name,
Success may come, I hope, quite soon,
For I shall use a nom-de-plume.

The ending of my name I fear,
Has been a blight to my career,
But this year I must change my tag,
And foil the editor of our mag.

But, if my mark is not in gold,
For future pupils to behold,
My name I'll carve all nice and neat,
Underneath my classroom seat.

SANDRA WHIG—'HAM', P.7(1).

HOLIDAYS

To see the sunshine in the lanes,
To note the lengthening of the days,
To hear the rattle of the trains
Makes me dream of holidays.

IRENE AUSTIN, P.7(2).

AN UNWELCOME VISITOR

My little peke's life seemed to be
As quiet and peaceful as could be,
Until one day she was disturbed
By the appearance of a bird ;
Our neighbours had to go away,
And brought the bird with us to stay.

My little dog—a charming pet—
Immediately became upset ;
She sits beneath the cage all day ;
If she could talk, I'm sure she'd say,
" This bird should not be here at all,
I hope he's only come to call."

JANE DYER, P.6(1).

THE ZOO

If you ever visit the Zoo,
Be sure to visit the kangaroo.
The monkeys live to a very old age,
And red and green parrots scream in their cage.

The Polar bear, whose name is Jim,
Loves to frolic, play, and swim,
He is Gillespie's special pet,
But has not been to school—as yet.

ANNE BROWN, P.6(2).

ICY DAYS

Take care ! Take care !
Oh children, beware !
There's ice on the road
And snow in the air.
Jack Frost's been around,
And he's sprinkl'd the ground
With slippery ice.
So take my advice—
Don't hop, run or jump !
Or down you'll go—BUMP !

ELAINE C. WHIG—'HAM', P.5(1).

LIKES AND DISLIKES

I like potatoes but I don't like carrots,
I like animals or birds like parrots,
I don't like sums but I do like spelling,
So that is all that I am telling.

LAUREEN CASS, P.4(2).

PRIMARY 2(1)

I HAVE a kitten and a dog. When we got the kitten, Bush chased him so much that we had to put the kitten high up somewhere, where the dog couldn't get him. In the place where we put the kitten there is a jug. The kitten goes inside the jug and hides. When someone comes in he pops his head out. Sometimes he knocks the jug over.

WHEN I went to the Zoo I went to see the monkeys. I threw a bun with currants in it. The monkey was really very naughty. He took the bun and started to pick out all the currants. Then he threw the bun back at me and it landed on my nose.

I HAVE a dog. His name is Gipsy. He is black and white. When I first got him I used to put him in my doll's pram. When I take him out now, I throw a ball or a stick for him. Sometimes Gipsy takes me for a walk instead of me taking Gipsy.

I AM a fairy. My name is Twinkle. At night I dance in the fairy ring. In the day time I go to sleep in my toadstool. I don't dance in the fairy ring every night. Sometimes I just fly about. If a little boy or girl's tooth comes out I put a sixpence under their pillow. I stay at home when it is raining because the wet makes my wings droop.

ONCE WE went for a picnic beside a river. My big brother Neil took his fishing rod. The river was shallow, but Neil is so heavy that he fell in with a big splash. Mummy Neil and I wore our bathing costumes but daddy and granny didn't. We opened the picnic basket and ate our sandwiches. At last we all had a drink and when we were full we went to sleep.

PRIMARY 2(2)

I HAVE a little puppy. His name is Tobby. He has a bell to play with. I was playing with him one day. I took him to the pond. He fell in and I could not get him out. Then I did. I took him home and gave him a bath put him to bed and gave him a hot drink.

IN MY holidays I went to the seaside. I made a big sand pie and some small pies. I paddled in the sea. Daddy dug a hole in the sand and I went into the hole. When Daddy was not looking I jumped into the hole. Daddy got up and began to look for me. I jumped up and said boo.

IN THE holidays I saw a horse. It ran away from its master. It was pulling a cart. It ran right up my road and right into a garden. The cart got stuck in the fence. The horse fell and it could not get up. It knocked down the flowers. My daddy helped it up.

MY DADDY has a big garden. I have a plot in it. I said that the girl Marsley that lives next door could share my garden with me. I have dug it. Now I have the flowers in it. My mummy sent away for twelve packets of seeds. One packet was the childrens mixture.

ONE DAY I went to the Botanic Gardens. We went into the hot houses. In the hot houses it was so hot I had to take off my hat and coat. We saw palm trees plants and flowers. We gave the birds bread and cake. I saw a robin. We had a happy afternoon.

MY DADDY gets a holiday on Monday, and we are thinking of going out in the afternoon. We might be going to Blackford Pond. We may go up the hill but I don't think so because of daddys sore leg but I would like to go right to the very top and go down the other side. We will go to the pond and feed the ducks. Mummy and daddy will take a seat while I play.

PRIMARY 1(1)

MY wee sister was coff, coff, coffin the hole night.

MY dady said he was going to hash duoon the flowers, and as he did it, he did a sumrsolt.

JANY 12th The "Muffin" Lady.

THE lady she plas the peano is ded after a opirashon a buwt her brans.

I WAS macing a Micy Mouse and I gave him a little peril for his nose.

MY daddy diald the fairys fone number and I spoke to the fairy qeen abowt my tooth.

WHEN I was wacing with my little dog he was run over by a bus, and I ran crying to mummy. He is in heaven.

I WAS out playing last night. I had no jrrcn on, and in the morning I was cofing a lot and daddy sed I had a real beaser of a cof.

I DREST my teddy bear with a masc, and then I drest my lamb up in my crising dress. I played at houses and I betended that my lamb was the baby.

I SAW the styoodints. They were funny, and one of them scooted water on my left cheec.

PRIMARY 1(2)

ONE DAY at Derelton I fell into the water and had a drink of sea.

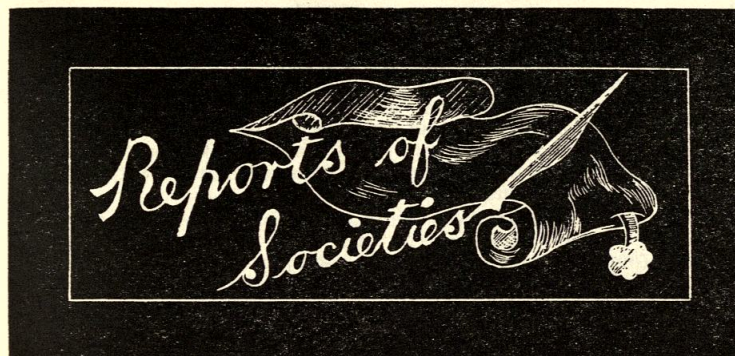
I HAD car. I had to go to Mums bed.

I HAD to get my hare washt agen becos Mummy had set it in the rong plase.

IN a levin wekes my Uncl Stanli is kumin home.

I HAVE fore rele things. They are a rele gastove the second is a rele washing-mishene the therd is a soing-mishene the foreth is a irne.

I WENT to fife yesterday. I had to cross a bridge called cinkarden bridge.



LITERARY AND DRAMATIC SOCIETY

IN September, an Extra-ordinary General Meeting of the Society was called by Miss Andrew, the Honorary President. The purpose was a re-statement of policy—that the emphasis should be on the "Literary" part of our Society—and to remind members that the Society's function was to give practice in public speaking and widen literary knowledge. At this meeting, it was decided that a new form of committee should be adopted, of which a member of staff should be President and a pupil be Junior President. It was also agreed that Third Form girls be admitted as junior members.

Of the three debates which were held, one was a Joint-Meeting with the Royal High School to discuss the motion: "That we all suffer from having too many interests." The subjects of our other debates were: "That this House regrets having been born in the Twentieth Century" and "That Royalty to-day is merely a picturesque anachronism." Those seemed to lend themselves more to discussion as the standard of speaking at them was considerably higher. A discussion on "Shakespeare," led by three speakers, proved very interesting as well as enlightening.

Our foreign visitors, Mademoiselle Bussy and Herr Gerstenberg, gave us their impressions of Edinburgh in papers which were the highlights of our Symposium, "Our Scottish Capital." Miss Foster, enthusiastic as ever, prepared for us a most delightful "Enchantments" programme comprising a Yeats play-reading, varied recitations, and appropriate music provided by Miss Oliver and Mr. Sommerville. This year, our "Outside Speaker" was no outsider but our own Miss McIntyre who enthralled us with a very lively lecture—illustrated by most thrilling and instructive colour-films—on her experiences in South Africa.

Our meeting with George Heriot's Society this year took the form of a Burns' Supper held in all the dignity of the beautiful Council Chamber, permission for the use of which was kindly granted by the Heriot Trustees. So great was the success of the occasion that the authors of it, Miss Andrew and Mr. Dewar, are considering making it an annual event. The courtesy of our hosts and the high standard of entertainment lent much to the making of such an enjoyable evening.

Our Inter-House Drama Festival, judged by our good friend Miss Hardie, was again won by Warrender House, who, under the able guidance

of Miss Isobel Cochrane, produced "Riders to the Sea." Fourth-Year Night took the form of "Eight Women in a Boat," and though one character (the actress) was thrown overboard, to conform to the convention, it was decided that the boat would hold eight, so well had each argued her case. To conclude a very happy and prosperous session, the Society bade Farewell to the older members at an equally happy social of dancing, games and literary entertainment.

Sincere thanks go, from the committee, to Miss Andrew, Mr. McEwan, Miss Foster and Miss Henderson for their never-failing guidance; to the "pictrix" (our poster-painter) Lucy Pearson; and to the many faithful members for their support. May the society continue to prosper!

SANDRA M. M. WATSON (Secretary).

SCIENCE ASSOCIATION

IN the exploration of the varied delights and mysteries offered by the world of science, the Association has enjoyed another year of entertainment and enlightenment.

Our first meeting, held in late October, consisted of "Short Papers" given by some of those members of the Association who are endowed with literary talent, the choice of subjects ranging from "Ants" to the history and uses of the Firework. To emphasize the botanical aspect of science, Mr. A. T. Harrison, Superintendent of Edinburgh Corporation Parks Committee, spent some of his valuable time in giving us a delightfully illustrated lecture on "Our Floral City." Our other two outside speakers, Mr. Hall of Post Office Telephones, and Mr. Mitchell, assisted by Mr. Grieve of the Scottish Gas Board, explained to us, with infinite patience and lively humour, the intricacies involved in our Telephone system and in the making of coal gas. Both speakers kindly prepared detailed diagrams and working models, so that their lectures were fully understood.

The "school-produced" items on our programme consisted this year of a "Quiz Night" during which scientific objects, smells, sounds and anagrams were enthusiastically identified by members, and a "Film Night," kindly prepared and presented by Miss Ferguson, Miss Dunbar and Miss Kerr. Three films, on the subjects of "Water," "The Fight against Disease" and "Colour," and a travel film entitled "A Ticket to Jasper" were viewed with justifiable appreciation.

Perhaps our most exciting meeting was held in December, when a party from the Association paid a visit to the Royal Scottish Museum, where they saw not only the exhibits in the halls, but also were allowed to see round the laboratory in which animals are stuffed and mounted for display. For this visit we are indebted to Dr. Allen and to our two guides whose knowledge and enthusiasm were themselves an inspiration.

The Science Association looks forward with eager anticipation to the session ahead. To Miss Ferguson, whose constant interest and untiring work mean so much, we say a grateful "thank-you"; to those who will be members of the Association next year, we wish unbounded success.

G. VERA C. CHALMERS (Secretary).

SCHOOL CHOIR

ONCE more the choir has had an interesting and varied session of singing under the guidance of our conductor Mr. Sommerville whose good humour has proved an added inspiration to all.

At the beginning of the year the choir took part in a delightfully informal concert for the old people of the Canongate at the "People's Palace." The

audience seemed highly appreciative of the programme of Scots songs and of the singing of our two soloists. The choir and orchestra combined to give a carol service at Christmas when we sang several well-known carols including Peter Warlock's setting of "As I sat under a Sycamore Tree." We once more took part in the services on Founder's Day and at St. Giles. Mozart's "Alleluia" and Mendelssohn's "O for the Wings of a Dove" were the anthems sung at these services.

At the closing concert this year the choir will sing "Falstaff and the Fairies" from "In Windsor Forest" by Vaughan Williams, a folk song "O Waly Waly" and "Lullaby" by Cyril Scott. The contributions of choir and orchestra will be "Love is Meant to Make us Glad" from "Merrie England" by Edward German.

We must take this opportunity of thanking our pianist, Miss Nicoll, for her untiring work and once more express our gratitude to Mr. Sommerville for his help throughout the session.

LINDA HALL.

SCHOOL ORCHESTRA

ALTHOUGH many gaps have been made in our ranks by the departure of the senior members of the orchestra, they have been most ably filled by our enthusiastic younger members. Our numbers increase steadily from year to year and this session sees the addition of a trombone to our brass section.

In former years the orchestra has had only one opportunity of playing in public but this year we played at a carol service held at the end of the Autumn term. We accompanied the choir in Peter Warlock's "As I sat under a Sycamore Tree," and played for the hymns sung by the whole school. Our own contributions to the service were a selection from Alex. Rowley's "Christmas Suite" and a Passepied by Sacchini. Our repertoire this session has also included Elgar's "Chanson de Matin," "Cornelius March" by Mendelssohn and the Minuet from "Samson" by Handel.

We are now rehearsing for the closing concert where we will play "Allegretto" by Marcello and a Gavotte by Handel. Once more we combine with the choir for Edward German's "Love is Meant to Make us Glad."

To our conductor Mr. Sommerville must go our thanks for his leadership throughout the session and for his hard work, which has borne fruit in the improved playing of the orchestra.

LINDA HALL.

SCRIPTURE UNION

THIS session has seen another increase in numbers, and meetings have been held regularly each Thursday in the Gymnasium at 8.30 a.m., where we have been privileged to welcome from time to time various former pupils as speakers, and where we have also gained from the keen interest which Miss Moncur has shown in our Branch. Interest in S.U. activities outwith school has also grown, notably in the winter series of young people's rallies held in Bristo Baptist Church, Queensferry Road, and also in the Edinburgh Schools' Fellowship, which meets each Saturday Evening in 108, Hanover Street. It is gratifying to see the good attendance of Gillespie girls at this most enjoyable meeting, and we welcome any new members from the Fourth, Fifth, and Sixth years.

As usual, several of our members attended the Scottish S.U. Conference held at Christmas at Dounan's Camp, Aberfoyle, and returned with glowing

reports of the happy fellowship which they enjoyed with other Scottish S.U. members.

In connection with our fellowship with other schools, we invited two members from Boroughmuir Secondary School to share in our Thursday morning meeting once this session. We trust that in the near future we shall again be able to extend an invitation to some other school to join with us.

This being the third term of our session, we look forward with eager anticipation to the summer camps at St. Andrews and various other places, which are very popular with so many girls in our school. We are constantly grateful for the blessing which has been ours this year, and we trust and pray that the work may prosper in future years.

J. S. McLAREN (Secretary).

E.S.C.A., 1954-1955

E.S.C.A. has again enjoyed an excellent session this year with a good attendance at all the meetings. Gillespie's had the largest membership of any school—over seventy—and a gratifyingly large number came regularly.

Our Inaugural Address was given by the Headmaster of Boroughmuir School, Mr. Carswell, and his talk on various aspects of citizenship called forth many questions. The hope raised by this fact was justified in our succeeding meetings when questioning was keen and discussion spirited, especially in the Discussion Groups when an unprecedentedly large number of Fourth-year members took part. The Summer Reports were once again cosmopolitan. We heard of trips to Yugoslavia, Turkey and France and of the visit which Noel Adams, our last year's representative, made to Stuttgart. The Fourth-year Evening, a series of short debates, introduced us to many promising speakers. The meeting entitled "Law and Order" was held in our own school, when Mr. Harold Leslie, Q.C., addressed a capacity audience which, he said, impressed him greatly.

A Brains Trust, with speakers representing the Church, the Nobility, the Common Man and the Press, was extremely popular, as was our Kirk Session, whose five excellent speakers included the Reverend Wendell Hook from California. Councillor Herbert Brechin presided at this meeting. Mr. R. H. Westwater addressed the Association on the subject of "Ars Virginibus Puerisque," and we also held two full debates. The second, not on the syllabus, was perhaps the more successful, the ladies in the audience having gained courage to speak.

The C.E.W.C. Conference usually held at Wiston Lodge, Biggar, at Easter was this year postponed, as Miss Freda Hawkins was absent on an educational tour of India, but it may be held during the summer. Our inter-debate with the West of Scotland C.E.W.C. is to be held in Edinburgh in June, and in that month, too, will be the Annual General Meeting. We are repeating our Third-year Conference this year to introduce future members comparatively gently to E.S.C.A.'s enthusiasm.

DOREEN F. STEVEN,
School Representative.

THE FIELD CLUB

DESPITE the weather, we have enjoyed three excursions so far this year, to Roslin Glen, Crichton Castle and Colinton Dell. The attendance at these outings was very encouraging and it is hoped that subsequent excursions will be as well attended. At the end of this year we say goodbye very regretfully to Miss Kerr who has done so much work for the Field Club. We should like to thank Miss Kerr and Miss Ferguson for their good advice and friendly guidance throughout the year.

ANN WEBSTER, Secretary.



HOCKEY

THE 1st XI has completed a very successful season being undefeated in all their matches against other girls' schools. Only in two extra fixtures, against Watsons' boys and the F.P.'s, did they suffer defeat.

In the Annual Schools' Tournament the Senior XI were worthy victors, defeating in turn Boroughmuir, Leith Academy, and Trinity. Unfortunately the Junior XI were narrowly defeated in the first round by Knox Academy.

The American Tournament suffered the fate of many of this season's matches, being cancelled because of weather conditions.

The inter-house hockey matches were won by Warrender while the Staff-versus-Pupils annual match was cancelled.

We have benefited from the tuition of both Miss Campbell and Miss Adamson and have warmly appreciated their help and encouragement.

Results.

						Goals	
	Played	Won	Lost	Drawn	Cancelled	For	Agst.
1st XI ...	11	10	—	1	8	32	6
2nd XI ...	13	11	2	—	11	53	17
3rd XI ...	10	9	1	—	9	35	17
4th XI ...	7	3	3	1	10	17	17
5th XI ...	5	4	—	1	13	16	6
6th XI ...	5	4	—	1	11	16	6

PAT ADAMSON (Captain).

TENNIS

THE school is represented this year by Pat Adamson and Sheila Morris; Anne MacFarlane and Morag Scott; Helen Anderson and Margaret McGregor. As yet only two games have been played, the school emerging victorious over St. Hilary's by 6 matches to 3 and over Dunfermline by the same margin.

This year has seen the introduction of a Junior Team to encourage the younger girls.

We take this opportunity of thanking Miss Campbell for the great patience she has shown in an effort to improve our play.

PAT ADAMSON (Captain).

CRICKET

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

Captain	-	-	-	Pat Adamson
Vice-Captain	-	-	-	Josephine Forrest
Secretary	-	-	-	Sandra Watson

No matches have yet been played but as there has been a large attendance at practices, we have every hope of a successful season. Matches against Esdaile, St. George's, Edinburgh University, John Watson's, and the Staff have been arranged.

The club is grateful to Mr. Sommerville for his tuition and to Miss Campbell who is proving an able coach.

PAT ADAMSON (Captain).

SWIMMING—SENIOR

Attendances fell during the winter months but in spite of that the numbers of certificates gained remain much the same. During the first two terms 11 Elementary, 16 Intermediate, 13 Advanced and 8 Life-Saving Certificates were gained.

During the second Term the School Swimming Championship was held. After a close contest Alison Dow, 1A(2), was declared winner, with Muriel Ross, 3A(1), second.

Also during the Spring Term the Area Championships of the Scottish Schools Swimming Association were held. Our Junior team were successful in this and went into the semi-final, swum at Dundee on May 7. Unfortunately they did not reach the final. The team comprised Catherine Paterson, 3C, Elizabeth McBain, 2B(2), Irene Brannan, 2A(2), and May Ritchie, 1A(2), taking the place of Alison Dow who, unfortunately, was ill. Margaret McDade, 5B, was also swimming at Dundee and gained fourth place in the final of the 100 yards breast-stroke.

Boroughmuir School invited us to compete in an inter-school relay race at their Gala on April 29. We came second to Boroughmuir in a very close race.

Miss Forrester, who has long been in charge of Swimming at Gillespie's has, so to speak, gone over to the enemies' camp for, at the beginning of this Summer Term, she took up a teaching post at Boroughmuir School. We shall miss her very much.

We welcome Miss Anderson and Miss Campbell who have taken over her duties.

CICELY CURRIE, 5P.

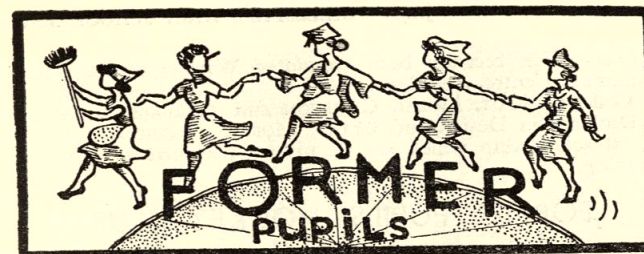
SWIMMING—PRIMARY SCHOOL

This term we had to say good-bye to Mrs. Beatson. We should like her to know how much we appreciate all she has done during these past years to make swimming such a popular feature of our curriculum. We shall miss her very much indeed.

Prize List.

Champion	-	-	Rosemary Cathels	Prim. 7 (1)
Runner-up	-	-	Jennifer Downie	Prim. 7 (1)
Life-Saving Prize	-	-	Janet Smith	Prim. 6 (1)
Beginner's Prize	-	-	Pauline Lindores	Prim. (5) 2
House Relay Race—Roslin	(Rosemary Cathels, Alice Downie and Sheila McBain).			

A. B. L.



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.

FORMER PUPILS' RE-UNION—15th OCTOBER, 1954

WHEN, in September 1949, a large reunion of Former Pupils was held in the grounds of Bruntfield House, it was agreed that so enjoyable a function must one day be repeated.

The 'repeat performance,' held in the School Hall in October 1954, was even more successful. More than 300 Former Pupils, representing every year from 1926 to 1954, were welcomed by Miss Andrew, and with many present and former members of staff enjoyed a musical programme—with delightful performances by June Stevenson, Edna Arthur (Mrs. Gould) and Mr. Sommerville—some energetic but very crowded country dancing, and much conversation and reminiscence.

It is planned to hold another Re-union of the same nature in October, 1955.

F.P. NOTES

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

M.A. with Honours—ALISON FLEMING and EILEEN WAITT (English); EILEEN GREENBURY, AUDREY HALL and JANETTE WATERSON (French with German); HAZEL BREMNER (German with French); CARMEL CAPLAN (Semitic Languages); MARY BIRD (Psychology and Social Anthropology).

M.A.—PATRICIA AMBROSE. B.Sc.

B.Sc. with Honours—CHRISTINE MATHESON (Botany); BESSIE CONNOR and BARBARA FERRIER (Chemistry).

The *Vans Dunlop Scholarship in Chemistry* was awarded to BARBARA FERRIER.

The *Diploma in Education* has been gained by MOIRA HENDERSON, *M.A.*, and the *Certificate in Medical Illustration* by UNA MACKIE.

At Moray House Training College Steele prizes for English in the Non-Graduate Course were awarded to BETTY CANT and JEAN MOSS, a Boyd Prize in Religious Instruction to DIANE VYNER, and the Morgan Prize for Games to KATHLEEN DUNLOP.

MARY AMBROSE has been appointed to the teaching staff of Harris Academy, Dundee, and PATRICIA AMBROSE to Craigmount School, Hawick, and CATHERINE FORSYTH (nee Brown) to a teaching post in Toronto.

BERYL SINCLAIR has spent this year as a teacher-secretary with the British Council in Finland.

EDITH GARVIE has recently been appointed Warden of St. Katherine's Community Centre, Aberdeen.
At the College of Art, MORAG CAMERON and MARGARET LECKIE gained the Diploma in Design and Crafts, MORAG CAMERON being awarded a £250 scholarship which she is to use for further study in glass engraving.

FORMER PUPILS' HOCKEY CLUB

OWING to severe weather conditions, the hockey season for 1954-55 has not been very successful. More than half of the matches had to be cancelled, the 2nd XI being most affected. Membership has stood at 28 and, although we lost four of our more experienced players at the beginning of the season, two elevens have been fielded each week. Miss Rennie and Miss Torrance still take an active interest in the club as non-playing members, and render valuable service as umpires.

The Committee extends a welcome to any members from school who wish to join in September. They should communicate with the Secretary, Miss Amy Simpson, 25 East Trinity Road, Edinburgh (Telephone 86575).

MARRIAGES

WATSON—WATTIE.—In June 1954, ROBERT G. WATSON to MAY T. WATTIE, 23 Chesser Grove.

CAIRNS—BORTHWICK.—In June 1954, R. D. CAIRNS to DOREEN BORTHWICK, 12 Claremont Gardens.

FORSYTH—BROWN.—In July 1954, LAUCHLAN FORSYTH to CATHERINE S. BROWN, 2 Durham Grove.

MAUCLAN—MUCKLOW.—In July 1954, at the British Embassy Paris, ERROL MAUCLAN to MARGARET MUCKLOW.

DRYSDALE—MACANNA.—In August 1954, ALEX. E. DRYSDALE to JEAN C. MACANNA, M.A., 4 Strathfillan Road.

EWEN—BLIGHT.—In August 1954, ROBERT F. EWEN to EMILY E. BLIGHT, 13 Keith Crescent.

HOUSTON—LUNDIUS.—In August 1954, JOHN C. HOUSTON to THELMA LUNDIUS, 13 Northfield Road.

SHREIR—GOLDBERG.—In August 1954, LIONEL SHREIR, Ph.D., F.R.I.C. F.I.M., to VIVIENNE GOLDBERG, Ph.C., 20 Thirlestane Road.

MACKINTOSH—SMITH.—In August 1954, GEORGE MACKINTOSH to ALICE SMITH, 18 Shandon Place.

FRENCH—WALKER.—In September 1954, W. J. B. FRENCH to HELEN WALKER, R.G.N., 47 Saughtonhall Drive.

KEDDIE—BLACK.—In September 1954, Dr. BARRY G. KEDDIE to Dr. SHEILA M. BLACK, 20 Corstorphine Hill Gardens.

SMITH—HASTON.—In September 1954, ALAN SMITH to KATHLEEN HASTON, 31 St. Alban's Road.

ENGER—LECKIE.—In October 1954, JAN ENGER to MARGARET LECKIE, D.A., Elliot Road.

MACLARDY—ROSS.—In October 1954, IAIN H. MACLARDY, M.A., Ch.B., to JEAN ROSS, S.R.N., O.N.C., 31 Baronscourt Terrace.

INCHBOLD-STEVENS—SANDERSON.—In October 1954, STEWART H. INCHBOLD-STEVENS to FIONA SANDERSON, 62 Meadowhouse Road.

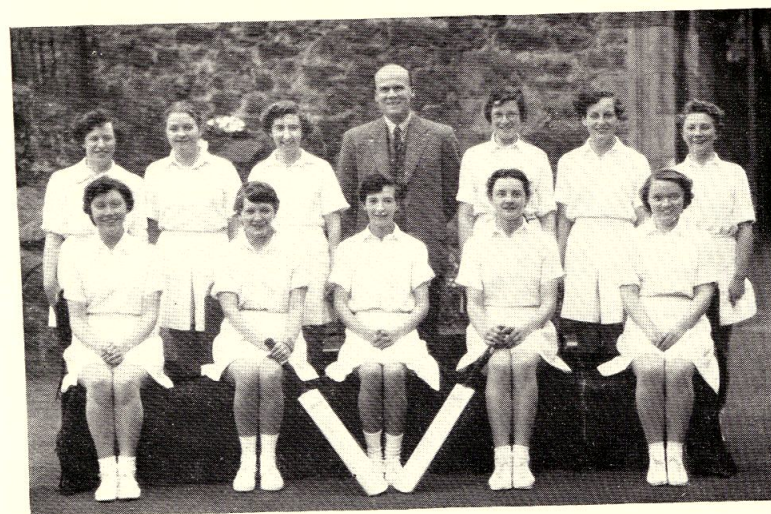
BUCHAN—BELL.—In December 1954, LAWRENCE BUCHAN, S.D.H., to CATHERINE BELL, M.A., 70 Meadowhouse Road.

HOCKEY 1st XI 1954-55



Back Row—H. Cooper, M. Stevenson, M. I. Scott, M. McGregor, E. Brown, J. Scott, A. Hall.
Front Row—A. Foley, S. M. M. Watson, P. Adamson (Captain), D. H. Cleland, J. L. Spence.

CRICKET 1st XI 1954-55

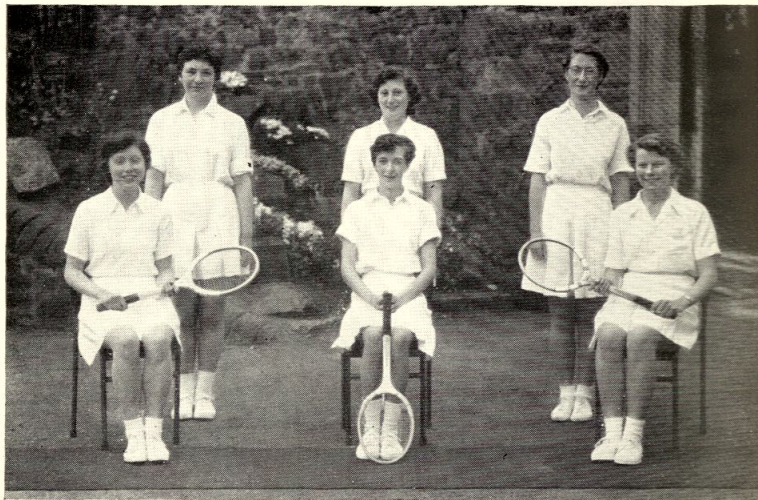


Back Row—T. Wilson, A. Reid, D. H. Cleland, Mr Somerville, J. Cameron, J. Flannigan, M. Bennett.
Front Row—S. Morris, J. Forrest, P. Adamson (Captain), S. Watson, A. Foley.

Photos by

E. R. Yerbury & Son

TENNIS 1954-55



*Back Row—M. McGregor, H. Anderson, A. MacFarlane.
Front Row—S. Morris, P. Adamson (Captain), M. Scott.*

THE JUNIOR CHOIR



Photos by

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- BRUNTON—MOSS.—In December 1954, JOHN BRUNTON to JEAN MOSS, 88 Glasgow Road.
- RAYNER—GADD.—In December 1954, JOHN H. RAYNER to JULIA GADD, 13 Spottiswoode Street.
- BRENNAN—McPAKE.—In January 1955, COLIN J. BRENNAN to MARGUERITE McPAKE, 3 Harden Place.
- CRUICKSHANK—LAMBERT.—In February 1955, JOHN R. CRUICKSHANK to EVELYN LAMBERT, 166 Granton Road.
- FAIRLEY—MASSINA.—In February 1955, THOMAS FAIRLEY, M.A., to MARGARET MASSINA, 14 Rintoul Road.
- FLOCKHART—SMITH.—In March 1955, A. J. FLOCKHART to IRENE SMITH, 9 Glendevon Road.
- HAY—BRYDON.—In March 1955, JAMES HAY to ELSPETH BRYDON, 27 Lauderdale Street.
- MOORE—CURRIE.—In March 1955, PHILIP MOORE, B.A.(Cantab.), B.Comm., F.R.S.S., to KATHLEEN CURRIE, D.A., 4 Murieston Terrace.
- BLAKE—GARDINER.—In March 1955, DANIEL BLAKE to MURIEL GARDINER, P.O. Box 483, N'Dola, N. Rhodesia.
- IRVINE—HARVEY.—In April 1955, ROBERT B. IRVINE to CATHRYN L. D. HARVEY, 16 Montpelier Terrace.
- HORN—TEMPLEMAN.—In April 1955, STANLEY M. HORN to MABEL TEMPLEMAN, 96 Mayfield Road.
- MILLER—BARKER.—In May 1955, NICHOLAS MILLER to AUDREY BARKER.

BIRTHS

- MILLER.—In June 1954, to Mr. and Mrs. A. H. MILLER (NANCY CAMPBELL), a son.
- ROBINSON.—In July 1954, to Dr. and Mrs. D. ROBINSON (ESTELLA WEDDELL), a daughter.
- MALCOLM.—In August 1954, to Mr. and Mrs. B. MALCOLM (NORAH NELDER), a son.
- GOULDESBROUGH.—In October 1954, to Mr. and Mrs. P. GOULDESBROUGH (CHRISTINE MACANNA), a daughter.
- MONCUR.—In November 1954, to Mr. and Mrs. W. MONCUR (DOROTHY CLEMENT), a son.
- WETHERILL.—In December 1954, to Mr. and Mrs. G. WETHERILL (MORFYDD THOMAS), a son.
- GILROY.—In December 1954, to Dr. and Mrs. G. GILROY (ANNE PRINGLE), a daughter.
- KENNEDY.—In January 1955, to Mr. and Mrs. B. KENNEDY (FREDA PHILIP), a daughter.
- MUTCH.—In January 1955, to Mr. and Mrs. G. MUTCH (MARGARET STEVENS), a son.
- JAMIESON.—In January 1955, to Mr. and Mrs. A. JAMIESON (EVELYN HIDDLESTON), a daughter.
- WARREN.—In January 1955, to Mr. and Mrs. R. WARREN (WILMA HATENBOER), a daughter.
- BUCHANAN.—In January 1955, to Mr. and Mrs. W. K. BUCHANAN (RITA GOSWELL), a daughter.

MACRAE.—In January 1955, to Mr. and Mrs. W. MACRAE (MARGARET SCOTT), a son.

SMART.—In February 1955, to Mr. and Mrs. J. SMART (ZANA MACGREGOR), a daughter.

BUCHAN.—In February 1955, to Mr. and Mrs. G. BUCHAN (LUCY NEISH), a daughter.

ARCHIBALD.—In February 1955, to Mr. and Mrs. M. ARCHIBALD (IRENE CORMACK), a son.

GRAHAM.—In February 1955, to Mr. and Mrs. W. K. GRAHAM (BRENDA McLEAN), a son.

IRESON.—In May 1955, to Mr. and Mrs. IRESON (DOROTHY WALKER), a son.

SKETCH CLUB

ONCE again the Sketch Club has enjoyed a prosperous year. Although the membership of this club is small, the enthusiasm shown by its members makes up for lack of members.

This year, during the first term, we did some scraper-board work under the guidance of Miss Somerville, and during the Spring term each member worked on an entry for an Easter Painting Competition in aid of "The Children's Shelter." We were very pleased to learn that both Margaret Brown and Lomond Bruce won prizes.

We should like to take this opportunity to thank our Art Mistresses, Miss Somerville, Mrs. Fairie and Miss Moncur who have generously given up their Thursday afternoons for us.

CECILY CURRIE.

Class Numbering.—Class I indicates a girl of about 12, and each increase in class number indicates a year's increase in age, to class 6, when girls are about 18.

EDITORIAL COMMITTEE

General Editor—Mr JAMES D. McEWAN.

Business Editor—Miss ANNE DINGWALL.

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

School Editor, 1955—G. VERA CHALMERS

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