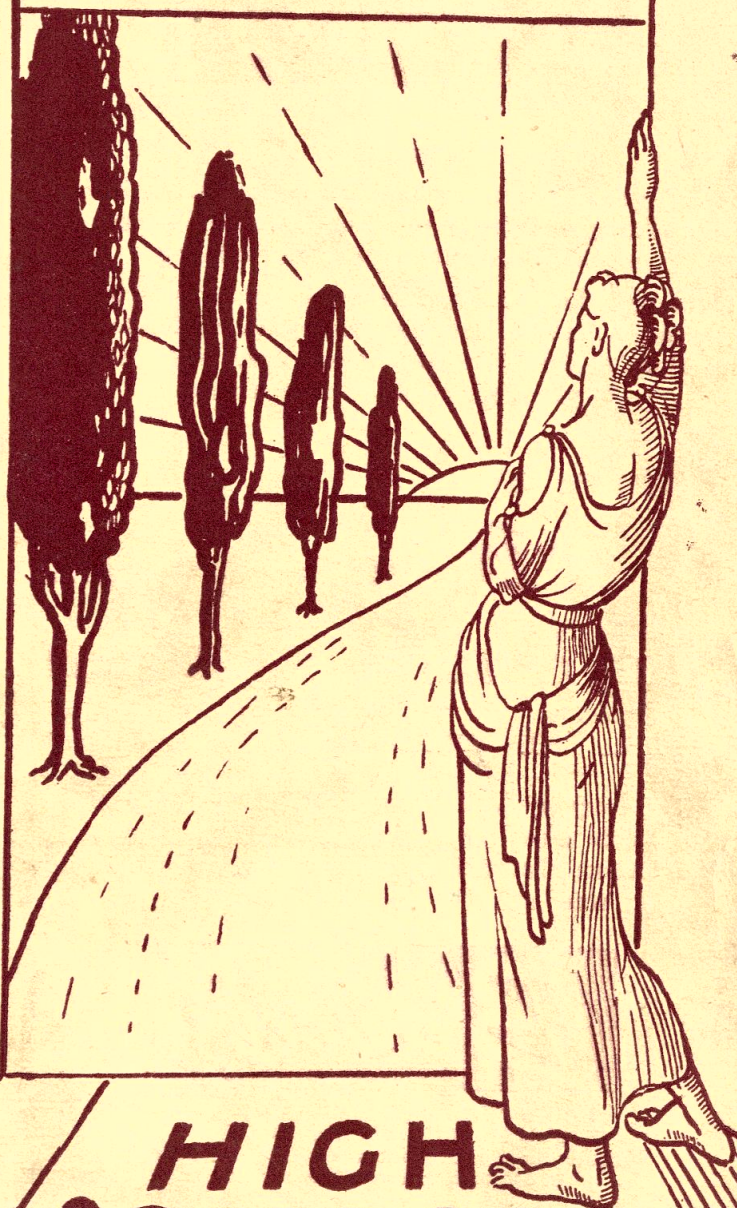
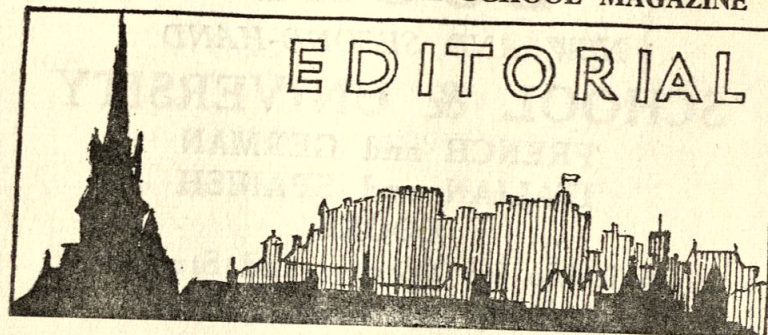


JAMES GILLESPIE'S



HIGH SCHOOL

JUNE 1956



Editor - - SHEILA A. MCGREGOR

THE end of the summer term has come again, a time to make every heart rejoice with its beauty, fulfilling the promise of spring and with its own promise of a wealth of pleasant days to come. Already our thoughts occasionally stray beyond the walls of the classroom, perhaps to the mountains, where the heather is beginning to flower, or to some golden shore, where the air is shrill with the screams of seamews and where yesterday, to-day and an infinity of to-morrows stretch on undivided, one glorious harmony of sun, waves, wind and warm sand.

This season also sees the publication of the school magazine, an event which is of significance and value to the whole school; for, in the following pages are recorded the events and achievements of another year in our history. The retiral of our former Headmistress, Miss Andrew, and Miss Steel's subsequent appointment are naturally outstanding, for such changes are outwith the normal fabric of school life. But the warp and woof of this fabric, spun from the familiar routine of the classroom, from our hours of pleasure and our hours of toil, shows a pattern very similar to that of previous years. Our achievements may not always have equalled our aspirations but indeed

"A man's reach should exceed his grasp,
Or what's a Heaven for?"

The end of this, our shortest and most pleasant term, is also the time when certain of our company bid farewell to the friendly walls which have sheltered them for so long and, like the knights of old, go forth with swords bright and keen and shields as yet without blazon, to do battle against the unknown. This year it is we who are testing our lances and putting the final touches to our armour before setting out on our quest.

But this school which we are so soon to leave is essentially the same as that to which we came some thirteen summers ago

at the tender age of five. We came quite untroubled by any feelings either of nostalgia for the lost freedom of the past, or of foreboding of the possible horrors which lay ahead. We can point out the exact position of the desk we occupied and remember the "happy play in grassy places" of those faraway days. Since then there has been much change both in and around the school. The drab creams and browns of war-time economy have been banished to the nether Stygian regions whence they came, and our walls now glow with pinks and blues and yellows. That rather sepulchral little shrubbery has been replaced by gay flower-beds and every year has seen some improvement inside the school—new pictures for the walls, new desks for the classrooms, new carpets for the corridors.

But the spirit of the school has not changed. Fostered by tradition and nourished by the present, by such occasions as the Founder's Day Service, the Closing Concert, the Christmas and Easter Services in St. Giles' Cathedral, and the Sports, it also flourishes in the ordinary round of school activity, in the various societies, in the Morning Assembly, in the classroom, on the hockey field, in the gymnasium and the laboratory.

This is the flame which will never be put out as long as the school exists—this bright torch which has been handed down to us from the past and which we will in turn pass on to the future:

"High may we bear it as of old!"

Let us go forward remembering the promise of the old psalmist:

"The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in
From this time forth, and even for evermore."

ARRAN

Island of rest, and gentle sunny slopes;
Island of bays and streams, delighting those
Who seek thy charm in bright and flowered days:
Arran.

Island of mists and secret hidden places;
Island never giving up thy children
To smoke and grime of busy man-made towns:
Arran.

Island majestic, lofty in thy grandeur;
Island mysterious, casting over me
Thy spell, that I should never find another—
Arran.

HELEN DUNCAN, Form 4S.

Miss MAY ANDREW, C.B.E., M.A.

HEADMISTRESS, 1937-1956

From a Former Pupil of the Twenties

BEN JONSON noted that a good poet is made as well as born. Doubtless this is equally true of a good teacher. But so also is the converse; and while May Andrew had the advantage of all that goes to the making of a good teacher—a school and a University of character, quality and distinction—her success is fundamentally due to the fact that she was born one. She has the gift of communicating her own knowledge, her own interest, her own point of view, almost without letting her pupil know that she is doing so. She has the greater gift of taking it for granted that the pupil wants to receive what she has to give, and of making the assumption a reality.

It is difficult to believe that it is now over thirty years since I first encountered these unusual qualities—almost as difficult as it is to believe that they are now being withdrawn from James Gillespie's. For a young woman, with little teaching experience behind her, to tackle the teaching of English and history to the senior classes of a mixed school in the Dundee of the early twenties can be seen in retrospect to have been more of an undertaking than it appeared at the time. She succeeded, I believe, because she did not so regard it; because she had been born a teacher as well as trained to teach. The problems which made some of her colleagues old before their time, the resistance to learning which they encountered every hour and which broke their tempers if not their spirits—these were things she did not recognise because she did not meet them. English and history were good for you; English and history were fun; English and history were things that, of course, you wanted to know about. And, strangely, it was so—with her, but not with some of the others. The fault, dear Brutus, was not in their stars . . .!

That was long ago, and she has since travelled far. The infectious qualities of the teacher have, I am assured, remained. But those of the headmistress have been revealed in equal abundance. I suppose someone may have tried to define what makes a good headmistress; but I suspect that, whatever it is, she too is born. She must obviously have the gift of leadership—of leading both her pupils and her staff in the directions she wants them to follow. We sometimes, as we get older and more absorbed in our daily work, forget how much the direction our life has taken was determined by our school; which means that it



Miss MAY ANDREW, C.B.E., M.A., Headmistress, 1937-1956

Photo by

Elliot & Fry



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was determined by those who taught us and by those—especially the head of the school—who influenced both them and us. There are unlikely to be many among the staff and pupils of James Gillespie's who would deny this influence to Miss Andrew or dispute the wisdom and understanding which underlay it.

But the good headmistress—made or born!—must nowadays possess also the qualities of the administrator. Miss Andrew once—there is no reason to suspect a serious leg-pull—asked another administrator in a different walk of life what sort of work he did and, not for the first time, he didn't know how to answer her question. But the fact that she asked it reveals how naturally she had adapted herself to the heavy administrative work of her years at James Gillespie's. The Oxford Dictionary defines "administrator" as one who administers, and as one who has the faculty of organising; and it defines "administer" as "to manage as a steward, to carry on." The evidence of good organisation in Gillespie's was never far to seek. But it is more by the way in which she managed "as a steward," and carried on and greatly enhanced a long tradition, that Miss Andrew is likely to be remembered. The ideals of Scottish education, the belief that the young have the stuff of life in them no less in times present than in times past, the conviction that the talents entrusted to them will be duly multiplied in times to come—these things, like all good stewards of the tradition of Scottish teaching, she believes in deeply. That the belief bore fruit to an exceptional degree was recognised by the high award which was made to her in a recent Honours List.

Nor must one forget her breadth of interest in life and in affairs outside her school. She is intensely human, fascinated by people, by the work they do and by their personal hopes, ambitions and anxieties. She is equally interested in all the wider problems of the world about her, and she is saved by a breadth of outlook, and above all by a sense of humour, from the depressions into which many of us less happily endowed are often driven by events. What those whose lives have come under her influence owe to that humanity and balance the years ahead will show.

One last point. Age has not withered her, nor custom staled her infinite variety. She is leaving her professional work with—one hopes—many years of vigour and usefulness ahead of her. Some leisure and its enjoyment everyone will wish her. But the gifts with which she was born, and which her experience has developed, are too rare to remain unused. It is up to those who know so well how valuable they are to see that they do not. Our *ave atque vale* is not, in her case, *in perpetuum*.

FROM A COLLEAGUE

A FEW weeks ago Miss Andrew was in her room at Gillespie's, full of vitality, deeply involved in plans for the future, active, alert and happy as ever. One could not think of any hand but hers at the helm. Now she has handed over the captaincy. But these nineteen of her richest years that went to the shaping of Gillespie's produced a work that will last as long as the school lasts.

She is of very Scottish origin, born in the town of Forfar, and had her schooling in Dundee. She always speaks with admiration of her early teachers. Of her life there one gathers that it was industrious, purposeful and happy. At the University of St. Andrews she read English, in which she won the inevitable distinguished First. She also enjoyed speaking at the University Societies, and acting. She made rapid progress in what she later often happily referred to as "good companionship." Among her fellow-students were Edwin and Willa Muir, and Professor James Stewart. She also often spoke from a heavy heart of the men in her own class who were almost all wiped out in 1914. Self-sacrifice was a very real thing to Miss Andrew.

Her teaching career at the beginning seems to have been a savouring of different systems. It took her to Edinburgh, and the Lakes. Then she came back to Dundee and, as earlier as a school-girl, her spirit seized its native power. Many distinguished men and women in all walks of life who came under her influence in these formative years speak of her drive, enthusiasm, and fire. Some of her favourite authors in these days still retain her loyalty. When recently an opportunity arose for her to take the Sixth, it was Browning she chose. One, knowing Miss Andrew, can be in no doubt why: she likes certainty; she possessed it, and she likes others to possess it too. She believes ultimately in the spiritual values of life.

On her first entrance into the classroom her pupils must have been aware of what must strike anyone meeting Miss Andrew for the first time. Her presence has every recommendation. Her head possesses leonine power. The eyes temper it with understanding, and when need be, gentleness. But there is never any trifling when it comes to fundamentals. Irrked by some instruction of which one did not know enough to see the value, one would go to her room, pretty sure of a grievance, to make a case. Then with a slightly perceptible toss of her head, the blue eyes looking fearlessly at yours, "Why not?" she would say. And the carapace of one's argument suddenly became an egg-shell.

Miss Andrew, as a teacher, was an amazing judge of character. She looked people shrewdly in the eye, seized their personality in their face, and possessed herself of what was basic in their

character before they were more than a minute or two in her room. Those of the staff who knew girls well over a period of years were often astounded at the shrewdness of these momentary assessments. She rarely forgot a face, and she never forgot a personality. That was because she was interested in people. Nothing gave her greater pleasure than to hear of the success of girls either at school, or who had left. It was disturbing at first to deal with a Headmistress who was not satisfied with your best. But you soon found that when she was keeping an eye on you—as she always was—you did better than your best. That was one of the main factors in the academic and other successes that have come the way of Gillespie girls.

Miss Andrew possesses a rare fund of humour, and tells stories with great felicity. She takes delight in doing what she must know she does incomparably well. Coming into a classroom unexpectedly, she would on occasion illuminate a point under discussion with a priceless anecdote, often from Dundee days, but Norway, London, America, dozens of places in her richly-packed experience, provided it just as well.

Her grasp of administration and detail was prodigious. There was not a Department in Gillespie's that she did not know more about than did the Principal Teacher. That made her control informed, and to the solution of the many tricky problems of school life she brought to bear a perception which must have been unique. I imagine that with an administrative body such as an Education Committee no Head of a great school could have been more popular.

Of the daily part she played in the life of the school I suppose the ceremony that made the greatest impact on the minds and subsequent lives of her hearers was the morning service. Deeply religious herself, she holds strongly that religious belief should animate the whole life of the school. For her conduct of the service one feels gratitude and admiration. She had an unerring instinct for occasion. Her scorn for the trivial and the insincere was very great. With Mr Small during the last few years she collaborated to great effect. Her farewell service was strangely moving. Mr Small naturally resisted, to a small extent, her typical desire that no mention should be made of what was uppermost in all minds. She was moved, but outwardly even less than the most phlegmatic of her hearers. Then the rare discipline re-asserted itself. "Much has been given to me," she said. "Let me also give." She had decided as a gift to the school to present a Head Girl's badge, and this happy thought, artistically translated into goldsmith's craft, symbolically handed over, will record that for nineteen years she has given to Gillespie's without stint.

The virtue which must have impressed all those who knew

Miss Andrew only from her public appearances is her eloquence. She is singularly sensitive to the magic of words. To her the sound and colour of words are very real, to be tasted on the tongue and relished in the ear, to be used with disciplined discrimination. On these occasions, the eminent in all walks of life were present, and it was never apparent that they outdid her in verbal felicity. She used this rare gift to great effect, and always with the highest purpose. She felt that all Gillespie girls were bound in a spiritual sodality that transcended the classroom. They shared the same enthusiasms, and revered the same, and the right things. To enforce this she felt that the most potent instrument was noble speech. About this quality which she possessed she was always singularly modest, though she could not have been unaware of the power she wielded:

"What matter, I or they,
Mine, or another's, day?
So the right word be said,
And life the sweeter made."

It has been remarked that certain words come readily to her lips. Of these, "good companions" which has been mentioned is an example, and others are "lovely" and "happy." In the duties of friendship she gives and gets constancy, and it is natural that the words that convey her zest for living should be present to her mind. Her devotion to duty has somewhat restricted her in seeing the loveliness of Scotland, through the changing pageantry of the seasons, as she would have liked to. Her little car has recently provided her with the means, and now her greater leisure will extend the opportunity. She recently confided that she had never seen Scotland in June. She often speaks of the glens of Angus, or the north-west up Lochinver way, which she explored as a girl by bicycle, and this summer the long unvisited hills, with their flush of purple and glint of birch-bark, will not fail to give her a heady welcome before she says farewell to them as she leaves for New Zealand.

No woman ever deserved better of any school than Miss Andrew of hers. At the disposal of all she placed her wide scholarship, her judicious and faithful counsel, her kindly interest and her inflexible friendship. During her faithful devotion to Gillespie's she never wearied in well-doing. She left the school enriched by her service. Wherever, over all the world, a Gillespie girl sets up a home, Miss Andrew's name will often be mentioned, and it will never be mentioned without veneration, gratitude, and affection.

FROM A PRESENT PUPIL

ALTHOUGH Miss Andrew will soon be two oceans distant in New Zealand, she will leave an essential part of herself here with us, in the school to which she has given so freely of her unfailing energy and inspiration. The stirring and friendly spirit of the school is the reflection of her own infectious enthusiasm, and the kindness which drew all to her; its scholarship is modelled after the example she constantly held before us. She has created for us a tradition which we may uphold with pride, as a lasting tribute to her vision and wisdom.

Miss Andrew's authority was potent, because it was she who exercised it; it could not be withstood because of the delightful way in which she did so. It was extremely difficult to forgo the pleasure of agreeing with her. On susceptible natures, her charm seemed to have a hypnotic effect, the result being a confusion, or rather fusion, of her wishes and theirs. The more resolute found in her an iron determination which more than matched their own, and, as she almost invariably proved right, had finally to accept defeat with a sort of rueful gratitude. But she had a way of serenely ignoring such minor differences in opinion—indeed I hardly think she considered them as such; they were merely misunderstandings which had happily been put right.

She was a strict disciplinarian, but her object was to teach us to discipline ourselves. When the occasion merited she could be devastating and there were few second offenders; yet she had a remarkably short memory for such things, and, as the old physician would say, wrote her wrongs in ashes. Her reverent regard for life and confidence in the future have stimulated, and encouraged, all who have known her. She had a composure which nothing could disturb; a genuine interest in each one of us, and in our work; a sense of humour which could lighten the saddest of occasions, and make the most of an amusing one. Above all she possessed an inward eye for the true value of education.

Those of us who were privileged to be taught by her know well how she can kindle a spark in the most finished and finite of our number, but perhaps we owe her more for the lesson she so often read us in the "horn-book of the heart." She taught that study had a purpose beyond the gaining of academic honours; that there was a strange alchemy in endeavour which could transmute apparent failure into a metal more precious than success; that to win or to lose was nothing; to strive, all. Partings are never happy occasions, but perhaps this one is less sad than most: it gives us the opportunity to look back on a memorable past, to offer our thanks—although that is a poor word for the feeling we would express—and to look forward to a future which shows every promise.

Miss MARY STEEL, B.Sc.

HEADMISTRESS

AT the opening ceremony of the summer term, on 23rd April, the School met to welcome its new Headmistress. Councillor Brechin introduced to us Miss Steel, who had come to guide the destinies of the School through the years that lie ahead. With him he had Mr Frizell and Dr Reith, Mr Small, Mr Findlay, and Miss Napier, all come to wish happiness and success to a fine scholar and a gracious lady who had accepted this challenging task.

Councillor Brechin spoke of how his personal history and municipal duties were closely bound up with James Gillespie's, and how this appointment had been for him, as for many in Edinburgh, a matter of great interest and importance. But he was sure that the election had been a happy one, and that James Gillespie's would go on, under Miss Steel's wise discretion, to continued distinction and success.

Miss Steel, in acknowledgment, expressed satisfaction at the honour that had been done her, and stressed the opportunities for service, the challenges and the rewards, which her new post held out. It was a speech in which dignity and charm united with humility and which conveyed a sense of dedication. In her new duties she will have the ready support of the whole School.

To these exacting professional duties which Miss Steel has now assumed, she brings high qualities of scholarship and character. We are happy to know that she first went to school in the Border hills and that rich experience was later broadened by years spent in England and in the rewarding atmosphere that exudes from St. Leonard's mediaeval walls. To this background she adds a rather more unusual, but, at the present time, quite invaluable qualification of being a stimulating and widely informed teacher of science.

Of the sincerity and warmth of the welcome of the girls and staff the applause that followed her introduction would leave her in no doubt. In our new Headmistress even the youngest of her pupils will recognise, if not as yet, like her older sisters and staff, the sharp penetration which goes to the heart of a problem, the ability to see fundamentals embedded in clogging masses of details, the quiet sincerity and dignity which animates her conduct of the Morning Service, at least the ready sympathy and kindly interest of a charming lady. We feel sure that she will be steady and inflexible not only in maintaining the traditions of the School, but in upholding the principles of religion, morality, scholarship and discipline, on which all great schools are founded, and from whose wells they perennially draw their strength.

FOUNDER'S DAY

IT was appropriate that this year's Founder's Day should bring as Guest of Honour one whose distinguished career began in the Dundee classroom which at that time also sheltered Miss Andrew. In welcoming Professor Stewart, Gillespie's was greeting an old friend who, as chaplain, had served the school for nearly seven fruitful years.

Councillor Brechin presided, and referred to the pre-eminent place in the religious and spiritual life of Scotland which Professor Stewart held. At a later point in the proceedings Miss Andrew recalled the happy association which now culminated on the platform of Gillespie's Hall.

Mr Small led guests and School in prayer; June Crosbie read the lesson; the choir sang with accomplishment, and the School Captain, Eileen Brown, presented the Guest of Honour with the traditional snuff mull, and expressed to him the gratitude and appreciation of the School for his coming and for his message.

THE COBBLER

Three jagged fingers prod the sky.
Clouds scud with scatterings of hail.
Out of breath, new hatched from the city,
We look, strung with rope and carabiners,
Not as lovers of nature, or keen with the surge of youth,
In ecstasy towards you.
Arrete, ridges, pitch, belays,
Jangle through our jazz-ridden minds.
Guide-book, Humble, V-Severe;
A shaded expert eye sizes up the cliff.

By the Narnain Stone we pause
In the giddy headlong tumble from the heights.
Our day is done, our short fight is ended.
We who have toiled to the top,
We who have torn our nails on the shaggy schist,
We who have poised ourselves on your ledges,
Cracks and crevices, crumbling with Tricuni,
Turn, as the last rays of the sun trickle
In tortuous veins
Over your gnarled wizened face,
Sobering symbol of God,
Who has brought emptiness
To our complacency, hollowness
To our pale laughter, showing us
Failure in the set of a stone,
Impossibility in the slope of a ledge,
And the presence of God over
The Torpedo Range, Buttermilk Burn,
Arrochar and the Sugach.

ANN HENDERSON, Form 6A.

FOUNDER'S DAY ORATION

Friday, 17th February, 1956

by the Rev. Professor JAMES S. STEWART, M.A., D.D.,
Chaplain to H.M. The Queen in Scotland

Professor Stewart's opening remarks referred to his happy association with the School as chaplain. He continued:

Now, to-day, I think there are two people very specially in our thoughts. One, of course, is our Founder, James Gillespie, the laird of Spylaw, a man who, away back in the eighteenth century, during the War of American Independence, was able to make what in those days, I suppose, was something of a fortune from his snuff mill, the price of tobacco during that American War having become quite prohibitive in this country. His mortal remains lie buried in the churchyard at Colinton but his name and his benefactions go on. Like so many men of old, he saw a vision of the future, and when he died, bequeathed his estate, as you know, partly to found a hospital for aged persons and partly to start and endow a school for poor boys. There were about 130 boys in his first school and now in this great school 1,300 girls, and still his great work prospers, and we think to-day with gratitude to God of your Founder, James Gillespie.

There is someone else of whom we are thinking to-day—Miss Andrew—one of the great headmistresses of this generation. I feel that I have a special right to talk to you about Miss Andrew. She and I were at school and university together. We sat in the same schoolroom; we studied together "The English Parnassus"; we solved—or failed to solve—the same quadratic equations; we sailed the stormy seas of the "Odyssey" together, and so I feel I can speak with some personal experience to-day. It is magnificent work that she has been able to do, both for education in general and James Gillespie's in particular. Hundreds, yes, thousands of people to-day are full of gratitude to her—former pupils of this school, not simply for teaching them lessons but for teaching them the real lesson of life and the whole of this Edinburgh community knows what this school stands for now—an example to all our education in this city, and everyone of us ought to express our gratitude and our deepest affection to Miss Andrew on the eve of her forthcoming retirement.

When I come back to this school after an interval of years, I find I do not need to ask, "How is the school getting on?" I know, for I have heard, and I now see how this great school is thriving, but I want to ask you this question: "What makes a school like this?" Is it organisation? Well, that is predominantly important and those behind the scenes know the organisational burden that your Headmistress has been carrying through these years. In the

Church, organisation is very important too, but sometimes it becomes too important, I think. . . . It is very important, but it is not a thing that makes a school. Well then, is it success in examinations? Whenever I look at *The Scotsman* at the time of the Bursary Competition, I am always sure to see James Gillespie's, and the Leaving Certificate lists are very impressive indeed every year. It is a great thing if you can claim such successes in your examinations but it is not everything. What makes a school then? Is it eagerness, alertness, the will to learn? That is one thing that impressed me as I came out and in your classrooms at Religious Instruction—the sense of all those girls eager to get down to the subject, to learn and acquire a knowledge of it. I think that eagerness and wide-awakeness is a great thing but it is not the secret. There is something more subtle—something like loyalty, and comradeship, and faith, and hope, and love.

In the College where I teach to-day in Edinburgh, long, long ago there was a very famous University scholar—Dr John Duncan. When he was wishing his students farewell, he wanted to give them some advice and said, "Gentlemen, if you are going to make anything of life in this world, you will require three g's. You will require Greek, and you will require Grace, and you will need Gumption," and then falling into the Doric, as he often did, he said, "If ye hinnae Greek, ye can work for it; if ye hinnae Grace, ye can pray for it; but if ye hinnae Gumption, the Lord peety ye for Ah dinnae ken whaur ye'll get it!"

These three g's are still the basic elements in the making of a life of a great school like this: Greek, that is to say, scholarliness; Gumption, that is to say, "character"; and Grace, that is to say, "religion." A school exists to teach not only Mathematics and Latin and so forth, but to teach how to live.

Now I wonder what you girls, especially the older ones who will be leaving soon, want from life. There are two things that most young people want from life as they leave school and fare forth into the world, and I think one of them is freedom. They say, "I want to decide my own career." That is perfectly natural and a perfectly healthy instinct. "I want the fashioning of my own destiny. I want to steer my own ship" you say, but perhaps we ought to remember that it is not quite so simple as it sounds and that is where the discipline in school comes in—if you are going to be free in the best sense of the word, there has to be a point of bondage in your life somewhere. I am free to drive my car along the streets of Edinburgh, but my freedom depends on my bondage to the Highway Code. I am free to sit down at the piano and play a Beethoven Sonata but I am certainly not free to play it as Pachmann or Paderewski would have played it, because I have not accepted the daily bondage and discipline of twelve

hours' practice on end. There has to be a point of bondage somewhere.

The great Indian mystic and poet, Rabindranath Tagore, said, "Here lying on my table is a violin string. It is quite free. I can take it up and turn it, but now I take it and put it into my violin and tighten it up. It is not free any longer but for the first time it is really free because it is free to sing." If you are going to be free to sing in God's good world, there has to be that bondage somewhere, that discipline, before an ideal can be achieved. I cannot think of an ideal greater than the love of Jesus of Nazareth.

The second thing I think you want when you go out into the world is adventure—something to live for. Think of the great women in the world—Ruth in the Old Testament, "Whither thou goest, I will go . . ."; and from her right down to Mary Slessor, the Dundee mill girl at whose grave our Queen was standing a few days ago. A passion for adventure has haunted the human heart always—a desire to go on some great crusade carrying the torch of loyalty, and comradeship, and faith, and hope, and love. That is adventure.

Soon we shall be getting excited about the next Olympic Games to be held in Melbourne, Australia. I was at the Olympic Games when I was in London in 1948. It was a marvellous sight and a great thrill to be in that great arena with 80,000 spectators and the flags of 60 nations flying in the sunshine, but the most wonderful thing of all to me was the Olympic flame on its high pedestal and it was kept burning for the whole fortnight without ever going out. The symbol of hope and eternal youth, it had been carried on 1,600 torches right across Europe from a Greek mountainside and across the English Channel into the stadium in London, and the last young runner into the stadium with the kindled Olympic flame was a young Cambridge athlete—John Mark. That memory suggested another John Mark I know—the man who wrote the Gospel of Mark. He was also a torch-bearer who carried the flame, not from a Greek mountainside but from an empty tomb in a Jerusalem garden—the light of Christ, and we are all torch-bearers to-day.

I once knew an Olympic champion from Edinburgh—Eric Liddell—the fastest three-quarter that Edinburgh University ever produced. He set up a world record for the 400 metres at Paris. One day he went to China as a missionary for Christ and during the last war he died in a concentration camp in Japan and the torch fell from his hands.

If you are going to carry the torch on this crusade for a nobler world, with loyalty, and comradeship, and faith, and hope, and love, which you have found here in school and if you go out and

do this, then your Headmistress, looking back across the years to come, will know that her labour has not been in vain and perhaps one day from someone great you will also receive, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter the joy of your Lord."

CATULLUS LXXVI

If loving-kindly deeds remembered
Afford their mover late delight, if faith,
Well kept a blessing prove, and it is just,
For man's deception, never to abuse
The sanctity of holy things—oh then
To thee this thankless love of thine shall bring
Enduring joys in recompense. For all
A man could say or do in kindness
And love, was said and done by thee:
But all, entrusted to a thankless heart,
Was lost. So why prolong thy torment thus?
Be resolute in mind; thy fealty
Forswear, and though God turn His face from thee
Bid all thy grieving cease. To cast aside
A love long cherished is pain indeed
But must perforce be done: for only this
Thy traitor self subdued, shall bring thee peace.
Oh God, be merciful, deny me not.
If to a dying man Thou ever gav'st
Release, look down on me: my life was clean,
So from me take this blight, this cancer growth
Of murd'rous love. Alas, a numbness steals
Along my blood and banishes delight!
I ask no more that she should in return
Be loving, nor that she be chaste—a thing
Without her power—I only seek from this
Vile scourge deliverance. O God, requite
My piety of old, and grant me this.

MOIRA GUNN, Form 6A.

EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY BURSARY COMPETITION

1st, (equal) Moira F. Gunn.
9th, SHEILA A. MCGREGOR.
29th, JEAN M. OSLER.

JOHN WELSH CLASSICAL BURSARY

2nd, JEAN M. OSLER.

ST. ANDREWS UNIVERSITY BURSARY COMPETITION

Ann Henderson: the Endowment Bursary of £40 per annum.
Ailsa Thomson: the Murray Bursary of £40 per annum.

PRESENTATION to Miss MAY ANDREW, C.B.E., M.A.
ON THE OCCASION OF HER RETIRAL, 3rd April, 1956

ON 3rd April, a large assembly, representing relatives, friends, staff, former staff and former pupils, met in the Hall to pay tribute to Miss Andrew at the end of her long and distinguished service to the school. To Miss Napier, Deputy Headmistress of the School, fell the honour of speaking first. The following are excerpts from her speech.

"We are met this afternoon to pay tribute to one who has served us long and well—our Headmistress, Miss Andrew—and, as chief representative of staff and pupils of the school, and as one who has served under her during the whole of her time in Gillespie's, I should like to be the first to express our appreciation of her.

"I well remember Miss Andrew's coming. . . . Even more clearly, as you would expect, do I remember the occasion on which she announced her retiral. Miss Andrew had spoken from time to time of the imminence of this event but somehow, I suppose, we found it difficult to imagine the school without her, and her retiral did not seem to belong to the world of realities, so that when the announcement came at a staff meeting, it was received with a stunned silence. It seemed as if the very foundation and support of the school was to be withdrawn and we were to be left helpless and at a loss.

"And this spontaneous feeling brings into sharp focus Miss Andrew's outstanding quality—her strength; strength of personality, strength of purpose, strength of will—a strength under whose direction the school has expanded till it has overflowed its bounds. . . . When Miss Andrew came, the number of Leaving Certificate presentations was round about 35. Now there are over 135. This expansion within the limits of our building has made administration increasingly difficult but Miss Andrew's grasp of a situation is so quick and her flair for organisation so outstanding that each new problem was resolved almost as soon as it arose. And more than that, Miss Andrew's active mind and abundant enthusiasm have never allowed a complacent acceptance of the status quo but she has sought continually to try this and that, to change and improve, to experiment and expand. . . .

"When I think of Miss Andrew's work, my thoughts turn immediately to the very fine body of girls who have left this school to go out into the outside world. Personally, I am very proud of them. They are gracious, polite and well disciplined. They have a true set of values and are able to take their places with credit in many walks of life. This I attribute to Miss Andrew's fine leadership. At Morning Service, in classroom and out, she

has insisted on the practice and cultivation of these qualities which I have mentioned and the fine tone of the school (which I think is accepted by the whole community) is a continual tribute to her teaching and leadership. . . .

"In a school of this size one might forgive a Headmistress for lack of knowledge of individual girls. But one of Miss Andrew's great qualities is her knowledge of, and interest in, the individual. She knows the girls by name. She knows their background. A girl has had polio—Miss Andrew sets about finding her a means of transport to school. A girl has had a bereavement—Miss Andrew finds some means of pecuniary aid. And so it goes on. And her interest in all the varied school activities has been a continual encouragement to their leaders. In short, Miss Andrew has been tireless in her endeavour to improve and expand every sphere of school life. She has loved the school, and its welfare and growth have been her constant concern these past nineteen years.

"And on public occasions, Miss Andrew, we have so often been proud of you. Your personal charm and enthusiasm, your ability to address any audience at short notice, whether it be at a Staff Lunch, or a Literary Society Burns Supper, or a Parents' Meeting, have so often given us great pleasure and confidence. There is an endearing quality about this enthusiasm of yours as if you had never lost that capacity for enjoyment which as a child you must have had abundantly—an endearing quality which makes you such a good companion when we have time to get together outside school.

"A number of people have written to me, 'But I can't imagine the school without Miss Andrew.' Well, I don't think we shall ever be quite without Miss Andrew. Her influence will long remain. We hope that she will visit us from time to time and we hope that in due course she will lend to us the portrait which we are about to present to her and which will keep her personality always with us.

"We thank you, Miss Andrew, for all you have done for the school. On it you have bestowed without stint your energies, your many gifts, and your abundant enthusiasm. You have brought honour to the school, by the many distinguished people whose interest in it you have aroused, and by the reflected glory in which the School has shone when you were honoured by the Queen. You will go down in the history of the city as an outstanding Headmistress. You will long remain in the memories of your staff and pupils."

Mr Murphy spoke on behalf of former members of staff. He had been in the School at the time of Miss Andrew's appointment, and had served under her for about half of her period as Headmistress. He felt that the Education Committee had made a very wise choice in appointing Miss Andrew.

In adding his tribute, he felt rather like a village worthy roused from his quieter existence to recollect past events. He alluded to Miss Andrew's varied services to education: to problems of parents, pupils, colleagues; the School's future, and work on committees, in associations, at conferences, and in the larger world of education. With real concern Miss Andrew made herself responsible for her pupils' studies, sports, recreations, general well-being and later careers; and the School's competitive successes, and its reputation in Edinburgh households, were evidence of the rich fruits of her influence. She had expanded the school; she had really re-made it. Her strenuous example, and high standards, induced the same in others. Miss Andrew, Mr Murphy declared, had been quite the best Head with whom he had ever been in service. He experienced great joy in speaking on behalf of former members of staff.

Miss Andrew personally, with her rich gifts, wide scholarship and outlook, natural sense of authority, her decisiveness and yet her charm, her power to cope with any challenge or any person, her planning and her management, possessed great reserves of sympathetic understanding.

As this smart and well-graced figure left the Gillespie stage, an older hand had taken pleasure in recalling some of her accomplishments and achievements. She had won honours and glory, gratitude and affection. Long might she continue to enjoy good health, with leisure for enjoyment and happiness as well as fresh activities. And when later she reached the other side of the globe, with new worlds to explore, it was the wish of all that her natural sparkle and her flair for good fellowship would gain her many new friends.

Miss Ray Ferrier, who in her own way has brought distinction to the school, was a happy choice to express the feelings of the Former Pupils. In opening, she alluded to the very great influence Miss Andrew had exercised upon all their lives, for which they were supremely grateful.

Girls, she said, were always surprised at the very active and real interest Miss Andrew took in their school lives, and in their careers after they left school. She had done much to foster pride and loyalty towards the school in all who came within its walls. Pupils learned that there was more to school life than learning and sitting exams.; they took great pleasure in the Morning Service, which Miss Andrew conducted with great acceptance, in singing the school song, and in wearing their green summer frocks. She encouraged self-government, which trained many of her girls to be more self-reliant and responsible than they would otherwise have been.

But it was in her primary capacity as an educator that Miss Andrew's influence had been exercised with greatest potency.

Those who had been taught by her knew what a wonderful teacher she is. She not only imparts knowledge to her pupils but fires them with a love of knowledge. This influence permeated the whole school. At times pupils may have felt that they were being asked to do too much, but only in this way could the utmost have been made of the varied talents that required development. Pupils were trained to despise mental cowardice and to grapple with any problem, and this grappling brought success in after life as in school. Unlike many who say that schooldays are the best and the happiest, Miss Andrew taught her pupils to look forward to the future, convinced that "the best is yet to be."

For these things which old pupils owed to her: a broad and liberal culture which avoided specialisation even in Form VI, the ability and desire to seek knowledge for themselves, and for a "happy looking-forward," for these they thanked her, and for many happy memories of school and of her own friendship.

All Former Pupils wished her a pleasant holiday, knowing that in her retirement many would still benefit from her wisdom and great experience. As she taught them, so might they wish that for her too "the best is yet to be."

Councillor Brechin brought the good wishes of the Education Committee. He recalled Miss Andrew's appointment, and how wise that had proved in the event. He himself had a very close connection with James Gillespie's, in his home, his professional duties as Chairman of the Education Committee, and in his many and happy visits to the school. This had brought him into much contact with Miss Andrew's work. The school, he felt, was in good heart. Miss Andrew's period as Headmistress was now almost over, but her work in Gillespie's would go on. He hoped that she would continue to attend the public functions of the School. He was happy to convey to her the warm wishes of the Education Committee for happiness in the future.

It was appropriate that the last word should be said by one of Miss Andrew's old pupils in Dundee, and also appropriate that in his person the distinguished Head of the Scottish Education Department should acknowledge his debt to her teaching. Sir William Murrie paid tribute to Miss Andrew's inspiration to him and his colleagues when she came to his school as a teacher fresh from the University with new ideas. Her enthusiasm spurred them on to greater things, though she did not succeed in persuading him to attend the same University as she had. As Sixth Formers they thought they knew everything, but Miss Andrew soon disillusioned them. He would always remember her injunction never to read Addison's "Spectator" but to read the Bible at all times.

Their schoolroom was a dull, dingy place, and would certainly have been condemned by modern standards, and did not bear comparison with our pleasant classrooms.

In conclusion Sir William expressed great pleasure in having an opportunity of acknowledging his debt to his old teacher, of paying tribute to her great work for Scottish education, and of wishing her happiness in the days ahead.

A portrait of Miss Andrew, painted by Sir William Hutchison, P.R.S.A. (who because of a commission at Buckingham Palace was regrettably unable to be present) was the gift of staff, pupils, former staff and former pupils. The unveiling ceremony was performed by Eileen Brown, the Head Girl. Gifts from the staff and pupils took the form of a gold watch, a travelling clock, and a handbag. The presentation of these gifts was charmingly undertaken by little Pamela Mitchell, who, in her saffron dress, and with enviable composure, brought to the proceedings some of the grace which is the endearing prerogative of childhood.

Miss Andrew unfailingly responds to the challenge of the great occasion with assurance and dignity, and, though deeply moved by the general expression of esteem and affection, on none can she have found strength in the more apt and glistening phrase. She spoke of her years with the school as if conscious of what she had daily received rather than given. She was proud of her girls and rejoiced in their successes. She looked forward with assurance to the future, confident that James Gillespie's would continue to prosper. That those who heard her would more ardently strive "the torch aflame to hold" none who left that assembly would for a moment doubt, and as we sang, in conclusion, the school song, "fidelis" and "fortis" seemed to hold for all a deeper and more symbolic significance.

TWENTIETH CENTURY PILGRIM

Grey it was at Our Lady of Lutèce by the smooth river,
That quiet house of God was open for men to walk in.
Grey was the sky and heavy the clouds over us,
But the roses in the windows were no less bright.
The storm came, big-dropped and heavy-thundered, rolling round us
As we came to God's white house on the hill. It was full,
For fear of God outside had driven men in to Him,
And had kept them there in fear and wonder. The vault above
Was vast and dark and I nothing before the Strength of the Lord.
For His presence filled the temple as His glory the earth,
And I was afraid. But His beauty comforted me: it shone
From the windows, more brightly for the storm outside;
It glowed in candles from the altar and rose softly
In voices of prayer.
But we had to hurry on
For we had much to see, and the driver had his dinner.
The soul of man may be living, but we cannot feed it.
So we rushed on
When I would have sat there and looked at God all day.

SHEILA MCGREGOR, Form 6A.

STAFF

AT the end of last session Mr Lane and Miss Campbell again changed places, though on Miss Campbell the renewed impact of the robust winds of Edinburgh brought about an indisposition from which she is again happily re-established in health. From Calabar, where Miss Kerr pursues her zest for living, and doing good, we have happy reports that things are prospering with her there. Her place has been taken by Miss Muriel Hay, who now conducts from the rostrum, probably a little more magisterially, scientific activities which at an earlier period she carried out with acceptance at the scholar's bench. Miss Findlay left on 6th April to take up scientific research in Aberdeen.

At the beginning of the session, too, there joined us Miss Mary Burns, who had made a name for herself while still a student both here and in the Royal High School. Her winning of the Dickson Prize as the most distinguished teacher at Moray House last session set the seal on qualities which are proving very fruitful here.

The Physical Training Department has experienced the normal changes: Miss Christine Wallace, who replaced Mrs Margaret Thompson, has since gone to Landsdowne House School, and Miss Isobel Henderson has replaced Miss Marshall, while Miss Margaret Fyfe has taken over duties in connection with games. The Art Department lost Mrs Fairie at the end of the winter term on her taking up residence in Glasgow, her place being taken by Mrs Enger till the appointment of Mr Charles Mackenzie, who, on 1st March, came to reinforce the strength of the Men's Staff-room.

Mrs Messer's services, which latterly had been shared by the school and a home, from 6th April have been exclusively devoted to the latter; the school thus surrenders a connection which during its short duration held much promise. We trust that the Geography Department, in welcoming Miss Winifred Dalgleish, who, like Miss Hay, maintains the happy tradition that old girls come back to join us in teaching in the rooms where they have been taught, is now about to embark on a more settled period of continuity. Miss Kilgour, in adopting the name of the son of a distinguished English scholar whom some of the staff will remember at Edinburgh University and who is now Professor of English in London University, interrupted, with rare professional loyalty, her teaching work for merely a day or two to carry out the happy ceremony. To Mr and Mrs Bullough, as to Mr and Mrs Buist (Miss Oliver) who also were married during the session, we offer our best wishes.

In the Primary Department, Miss Isabella Robertson was appointed, on 4th November, to Broomhouse School, her place being taken by Miss C. W. Anderson. Miss Ella MacGregor,

who for some time has been carrying out her teaching duties courageously in the face of illness, has, we regret to record, been compelled for the time being, to undergo a period of convalescence. Miss Foster has almost recovered from an indisposition which has kept her off work this term. Miss Elizabeth Gorrie has acceptably undertaken her duties.

Mademoiselle Jacqueline Baudin, and Herr Luczak have throughout the session continued to discharge, with unobtrusive efficiency, the duties which are so valuable, and so valued, in the French and the German Departments. We hope that they have found Scotland a kindly place, and that they will take back to their native lands pleasant memories of their stay in Edinburgh, as we shall keep of their constant willingness to help the school.

LINES

Why do you scorn to listen and be still?
O cease to sweep through this fair world alone!
'Tis joy to know of sunrise and the hills,
Curved pine-trees where the slow soft winds still moan.

Or is it that your eyes are old and dim?
That must not be, for you should still have youth,
How worn is your sad heart? Is your tired mind
Grown cold and grey before soft-speaking truth?

Go out into the world! You once were young
And knew what still the eye of childhood sees—
The shadow passing lightly on the grass,
Those thin faint voices singing in the breeze.

For you the light glows dusky in the west;
Your last chance comes. The dark could turn to fire
And with a dying glory stain the sky
Broad as th' impassioned flames from Dido's pyre.

AILSA C. THOMSON, Form 6A.

TWO TREES

Near the centre of the city is a garage.
Behind it stand two trees.
No-one knows who planted them;
No-one knows now why they stand.
Others were cut to leave space for new houses
That fill the town, and keep forever their newness.
But still two trees remain there,
Soiled by grime, and soot, and smog,
But still bringing forth fresh leaves each year
To tell the world of Nature's beauty.
But the city's throng, hurrying by,
Does not look at the trees.
They do not care.

Form 5P.

SCHOOL NOTES

ALL in Gillespie's take pleasure in the news of Mr Small's appointment to the historic charge of St. Cuthbert's. In Cramond, as here, Mr Small has conducted a memorable pastorate, and it comes as no surprise that he should now be called to exercise his great gifts in the wider field of one of the famous churches of Scotland. We in Gillespie's think of him as a friend, ever by to encourage us in our studies in the classroom and ready to collaborate to memorable effect in the morning service. We extend to him our warmest good wishes for happiness and success in the great charge to which he is about to direct his energies.

In September, Harvest Thanksgiving Services were held both in the Senior and the Primary Schools. These were marked by continued liberality, and valuable gifts of fruit and vegetables and other good things were later sent to the Princess Margaret Rose Hospital and to other places where their arrival brings pleasure to those who are thus remembered.

Similarly, at Christmas time, Gift Services were held in both departments of the School, to which girls brought a rich collection of toys and books, which were distributed to various organisations in the city, and even as far afield as Speyside, where the news of need was generously and happily met. This is a good and profitable work, and brings to those who work so earnestly for its success much reward in real gratitude and in the creation of happiness. All parents are thanked for their ready co-operation in work whose wide consequences they cannot, in the nature of things, hear very much about, but the letters that come our way, and are read to the girls at Morning Service, are assurance to those at home that their help is deeply appreciated.

In the face of a violent snow-storm, our Christmas Service was held in St. Giles' Cathedral. At one time it appeared that the dangers inherent in the weather conditions would make the service impossible, but Miss Andrew's indomitable overcoming of obstacles led to a success which was happy and memorable. The service took the form of Seven Lessons and Carols, the lessons being read by Miss Andrew and pupils and former pupils, and the choir singing the carols with compelling grace, the youthful voices rising with sweet clarity through the arched vaults of the great edifice. Dr Whitley delivered the Christmas message, and then we turned from the hallowed and storied walls, darker with their denial of winter light, to face the sharp teeth of the blizzard.

On the following day, 21st December, a Nativity play was produced in the Hall of the Primary School, the whole school singing the carols, while girls from Primary 3(1), 3(2), 4(2), 5(2) and 6(2) enacted on the stage the Christmas story. Miss Nicoll and Miss Moncur collaborated in directing the presentation.

The Primary Burns Competition was won by Valerie Ramshaw, 6(1).

On 16th March, Mr O'Shaughnessy, organiser for Scotland for the Guide Dogs for the Blind Association, brought with him to the Primary and Preparatory School, Mr Douglas Hood and his dog, Binnie. Since September 1954, the Primary School and Preparatory School have sent a contribution of £30 per year in the hope that they will some day be able to provide a dog called Jim; that privilege requires £200. Meantime, £24 is contributed annually towards the upkeep of our other Jim, who continues to thrive out at Corstorphine.

In the Royal Caledonian Horticultural Society's Spring Show Daffodil Competition for Schools, 2nd Price was won by Ann Gruber, 6(2), and 3rd Prize by Karen Mackay, 6(1).

In April, the 1st XI won the Senior Hockey Tournament in the Edinburgh School Sports at Meggetland.

Last June, the Primary School won the Edinburgh Schools Netball Competition, having been runners-up the previous year.

Two girls of Form 6A—Doreen Steven and Ann Henderson—had contributions published in the "My Hobby" column of *The Edinburgh Evening News*.

The Library continues to profit from the liberality of friends. The following have contributed volumes to its shelves: Miss M. Kerr, Mrs Murdie, Janet Spence, Irene Thomas, Mr Sommerville, Gillian White, Mrs Watson and Sandra Watson, Flora MacGregor, Rosemary Fraser, Aileen Alden, Irene Philp, Muriel Davidson, Louise Anderson, Marjorie McKendrick, Rona MacPherson, Mrs Crossley, Frances Hallside and Rosalind Adelman, Mlle. Genevieve Bussy. Linda Hall and Annette McCluskey have presented gramophone records.

The end-of-term activities display their usual variety. On 30th and 31st May, the Primary Concert is being held in the School Hall. On 25th May a conference on Canada is being held in the Royal High School, which about twenty-two girls from Form 6 will attend. The School Sports will be held on 13th June, and the Senior Exhibition of Work on 20th June. The School Closing Concert will take place in the Usher Hall on 5th July.

Miss Campbell has provided this year's cover design; and Miss McIntyre and her girls continue with willingness and charm to lessen both our, and the printer's, task. To these we readily acknowledge our debt, and would offer a sincere "Thank You."

DUXES OF SCHOOL

MOIRA F. GUNN
EILEEN E. R. BROWN

SHEILA A. MCGREGOR
JUNE O. CROSBIE

DUXES OF SCHOOL, 1955-56

JOINT DUX

First Bursar Edinburgh University

JOINT DUX



MOIRA F. GUNN



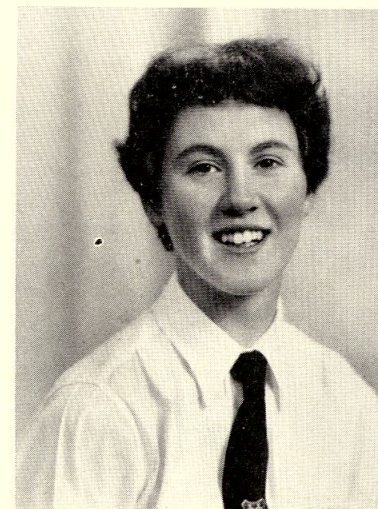
SHEILA A. MCGREGOR

CAPTAIN OF SCHOOL

VICE-CAPTAIN OF SCHOOL



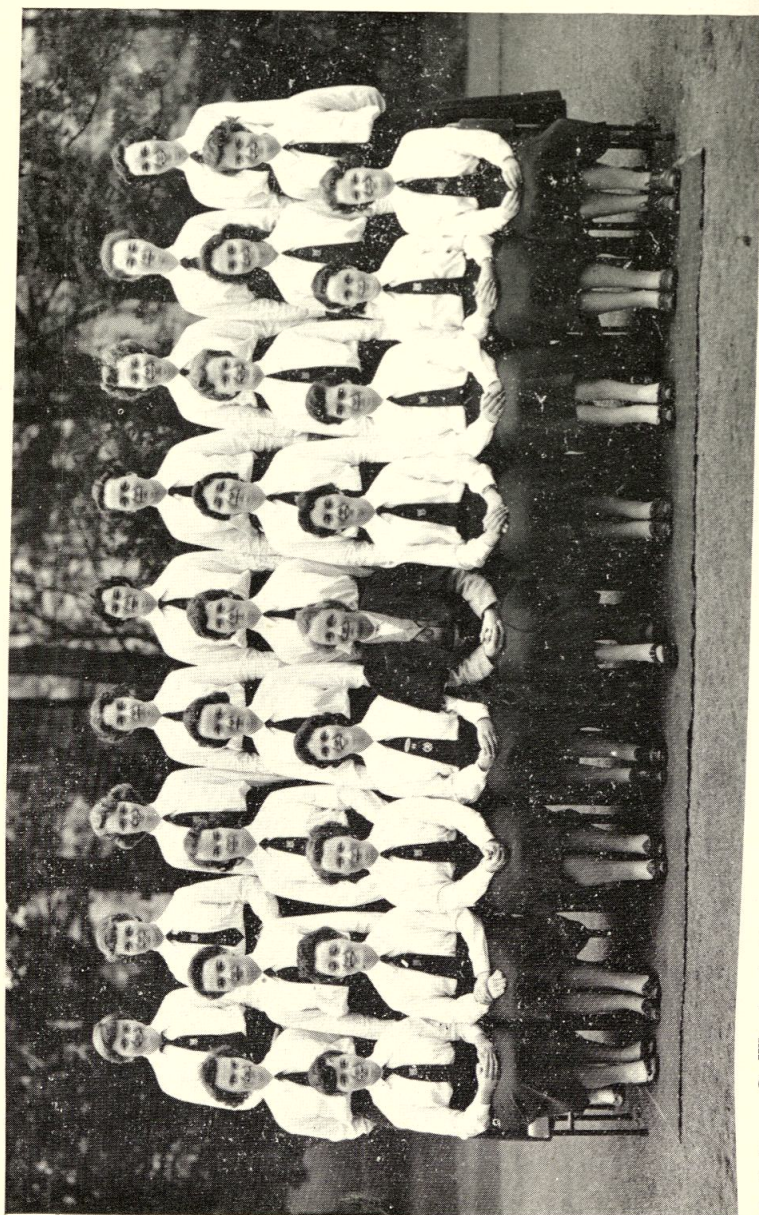
EILEEN E. R. BROWNE



JUNE O. CROSBIE

Photos by

E. R. Yerbury & Son



Back Row—C. Woods, A. Forrest, E. Forbes, E. Lawrie, A. Innes, R. Tarrier, M. Stephen, M. Gunn, C. Crichton.
 Middle Row—E. Thomson, E. Garriock, L. Jones, A. C. Thomson, A. McLellan, M. McGregor, W. Rodger, L. Pearson,
 A. Thomson.
 Front Row—J. Osler, S. McGregor, M. Harley, E. Brown (*Captain*), Miss M. Steel, B.Sc., J. Crosbie (*Vice-Captain*),
 D. Steven, J. Bathgate.

OF TRAVEL WANDERBIRDS

A Sixth-Former in Action !

AT 6.45 on the first morning of the Easter holidays I left Princes Street Station for the Island of Mull to join the "Tell Scotland" team who were working at that time in the Mull Presbytery, comprising the islands of Mull, Coll and Tiree and the peninsulas of Morven and Ardnamurchan. I arrived at Oban to be told by the leader, Rev. D. P. Thomson, in which of the six centres I was to stay. These houses were for the most part vacant manses. The first one I visited was Linne View, Craignure, in the south-east corner of Mull, a private house on loan to the team. I was there for four days and left with the team at six o'clock on Wednesday morning to go to Tobermory. The main party were sailing immediately for Tiree to begin work there. The house at Tobermory was palatial—it had a beautiful upstairs lounge with a large bay-window giving a view across Tobermory Bay down the Sound of Mull. It had a hitherto unheard of luxury for "Tell Scotland": an Indian carpet. On Friday I sailed for Tiree to work with the team there for just under a week. In Tiree we lived in the U.F. Manse, which had been vacant for many years. Its main drawback was the fact that every drop of water had to be pumped into the house from a well. This caused us endless trouble and one midnight saw the team leader, his assistant and one of the team members leaning out of the back window with a jam jar on a piece of string trying to find out how much water was in the tank.

The main object of the campaign was to visit every home, bringing Christ to everyone by his own fireside, to conduct special team services at every preaching point, and to visit the people at their work and recreation. For house-to-house visitation we were sent out in pairs and for services and other visitation in teams of three or four.

We had a wonderful reception all over the area. One day I had five teas and another couple made a record of nine. The people were very appreciative of the efforts and work of the team and gave very generously for the campaign expenses. We were able to have prayer and Bible reading in almost every home. In one parish in Mull the biggest congregation in forty years attended a team service.

The team included representatives of eleven nations and all walks of life from schoolgirls like myself to a Q.C. and a chartered accountant. I had never realised that so many people could live together so joyfully before. We laughed, prayed, studied the Bible and worked together in complete union and fellowship. There were never any denominational differences, yet there were representatives of groups differing as widely as Waldensians and Episcopalians, because we were "all one in Christ" working for Him and for His Kingdom which shall have no end.

There was nobody in the team from whom I did not learn much. When I was returning on the steamer with the leader, Rev. D. P. Thomson, we sent a team of four to the Island of Coll and as we saw them disappearing in the little motor boat he asked me if I would like to go, too. My eyes filled with tears. All I could do was to whisper "Yes" and dash away to the other end of the boat. I did not want to come home. But I brought so much home with me: new experiences, new strength, new hope far beyond what I had given.

C. M. W., Form 6A.

LAKE LEMAN, 1955

THIRTY-ONE of us left Edinburgh on the evening of Wednesday, 6th July, and Thursday evening found us in a little Parisian café, 600 miles away. Early next morning we picked up our cases again and went on for another 400 miles. The efficiency of the French railway system got us to Montreux before tea-time.

En route, we had seen the battlefield of Flodden, the white cliffs of Newhaven and heard the porters at Dieppe saying things which we could not understand. From the window of the French train we saw some extraordinary mottled cows, lots of stagnant, weedy little rivers meandering over the northern plains, the Eiffel Tower, the Sacré-Coeur and the Paris Municipal Gasworks. Next day we saw our first chalet at Vallorbe on the French-Swiss border and soon, on the other side of Lake Geneva, the great sweep of the Savoy Alps loomed up through the mist.

The next days were pleasantly hot, extremely happy, occasionally energetic. Plastic raincoats were discarded, a practice inviting disastrous consequences in a region subject to sudden and extreme reversals of atmospheric conditions. We were unable to record the highest temperature because it was too hot to venture outside to consult the thermometer. During the heat of the day, we refreshed ourselves with cherries—enormous, black, juicy ones, which we gathered indiscriminately and enthusiastically—and with the ice-cold water of the stone fountains, fed by the mountain snows and garlanded with pink roses.

Our first excursion was to the Castle of Chillon, a most impressive and very well preserved mediaeval stronghold, surrounded completely by the waters of the lake. Here we could see the Middle Ages at a glance: the beauty of the wall paintings and the carved wooden balconies; the deep religious atmosphere of the chapel, with its curiously flat, painted saints, and those monuments to days of continual warfare, the fortified battlements and watch-towers.

During the rest of our stay we visited many other places on the lake. Vevey, a charming little market town, could be reached by a two-mile walk across country, through the vineyards and cherry orchards. Our visit to Geneva was one of our main excursions. There we admired the façades of a large number of buildings: the United Nations Palace, St. Peter's Cathedral, the Town Hall; set up a new record for climbing the escalators in one of the bigger shops, and arrived back in Montreux unable to afford a postage stamp.

The little villages on the slopes behind the hotel offered a complete contrast to the lakeside towns. The people are farmers and their wealth may be estimated roughly by the size of the midden in the courtyard. Outside each house, but protected by the great overhanging eaves, piles of winter firewood are stacked on the cobbles, and women scrub pans and soak clothes in the mediaeval stone fountains. In the village of Blonay is a twelfth century castle which has been the home of the de Blonay family since its foundation. We decided to walk over to it on one of those afternoons when the red stars of the pimpnells were twinkling gaily by the roadside, and when even the lizards were looking for cool cracks in the rocks. But we had to own defeat when about half a mile from its grey battlements, faintly visible through the heat haze, and consoled ourselves by buying a picture postcard in the village post office.

Our one glimpse of the Switzerland of the tourist agency poster was brief but delightful: mountain railways, glaciated valleys, snow in July, cows with cow-bells (in size varying from tea-cups to inverted buckets), chairlifts, Alpine flowers, and little wooden chalets which looked as if the winter snows would cover them completely if the autumn gales had not blown them off the mountain.

That we all came through unscathed and arrived home more or less intact is due in no small measure to those three brave and intrepid ladies, Miss Gloag, Miss Paterson and Miss Davidson. We would take the opportunity of thanking them again for making this holiday so happy and so successful.

SHEILA A. MCGREGOR, Form 6A.

TO SPAIN

CHUG, thug, thug, pfff . . . silence, and there we were, stranded nine thousand, five hundred feet up on the Pyrenees, the engine of our car having boiled up for the third time that day, and left us, once more, to enjoy the wonderful rugged scenery of the Spanish countryside.

We—Dad, Mum, my sister and I—were on holiday, and had just passed a wonderful week touring through France, and we were now tingling with anticipation at the thought of spending a week in Spain.

After having left the car to cool once more, we continued on our way, going very slowly along the "road" which was no more than a track littered by huge stones. We were awed by the great jagged peaks of the mountains (the highest of which is stated to be thirteen thousand feet high), which were, even in the height of summer, covered with snow.

Having spent a most enjoyable week at Salau, a marvellous little bathing resort, we passed on to Tarragona. During one of the many happy days we spent there, we visited an old Roman Aqueduct. It was still in perfect condition, and we were able to see the marks where the water had worn down the hillside before it reached the aqueduct, and afterwards disappeared round the bend of a hill. It was wonderful just to stand there, where, centuries before, the Romans had sweated and toiled with the massive slabs of rock to make this wonderful piece of work. The full realisation of what amazing builders the Romans must have been came to me then, and I wondered if, even with our modern machinery, we could build such a masterpiece as those Romans did with their bare hands.

My father and I spent another most enjoyable day at Barcelona, where we went to see a bullfight, which, much to my amazement, I enjoyed very much. It was amusing to listen to the crowd cheering on their favourite Matador, just as we in England would cheer on our favourite football player.

On our way back through France we stayed in Paris for a time, visiting the Eiffel Tower and the Arc de Triomphe, where I saw the flame which is constantly burning over the grave of the Unknown Soldier. I also walked down the Champs-Élysées.

Our last night was spent in Dieppe, and the next morning found us sailing back to England. The most wonderful holiday I have ever had in my life was over.

SANDRA J. WALKER, Form 4c1.

COLOGNE CATHEDRAL

AS I entered the cathedral, I covered my head with a green-and-red "tourist" cap. It must have looked very garish, but it did cover my head. A notice inside the doorway reminded me that this was God's House and no museum.

The beauty of the interior is beyond my powers of description. Compared with many Gothic cathedrals, it is quite simple, but the stained-glass windows are magnificent. They shine with a glorious richness of colour which I found truly awe-inspiring. The dreadful thing is that along one wall the window-frames are bricked up, and they glare like great blind eyes. A bomb shattered the windows there.

I turned from the accusing glare of these blind eyes and sat down in front of a large, rather beautiful crucifix. I remembered Jesus' words: "Greater love hath no man than this . . ." His love had inspired this beautiful cathedral. Had men obeyed the Great Commandment, all the window-frames would have contained beautifully coloured glass, but men had not obeyed and I was ever conscious of the piercing stare of the blind eyes.

I left the cathedral.

Outside, the traffic was rushing past and the neon lights were flashing in the dusk. On the steps of the cathedral, I stopped at a booth to buy a souvenir-brooch to pin on to the red-and-green cap.

BETTY CAMPBELL, Form 5P.

THE BARREN ROCKS OF ADEN

THE sun was setting as we arrived at the Barren Rocks of Aden. We had had dinner and were leaning over the rail looking towards the bright lights of the port and wondering what mysteries lay in its darkness at the back of the town. After our passports had been checked, we found one of the little launches which were waiting to take us ashore.

As we stepped on the quayside and looked around for a moment, we found ourselves besieged by natives begging, imploring and practically forcing us to hire one of their very modern cars. While many hired a car, we preferred to look at the shops. There were not many shops at the port so we also hired a car and motored the five miles to Aden.

Their shops, unlike ours, are situated between buildings with canvas coverings for roofs. Their wares were very cheap, since there is no tax. Everywhere you went, you had to step over sleeping natives because the people were holding "The Feast of Ramadan," during which they neither eat, drink, nor smoke. Many slept on beds which consisted of a wooden frame with a plaited mattress on it. Children in this part of the world start at a very early age to beg from the many visitors who visit the town from the big liners plying between the European countries and the East.

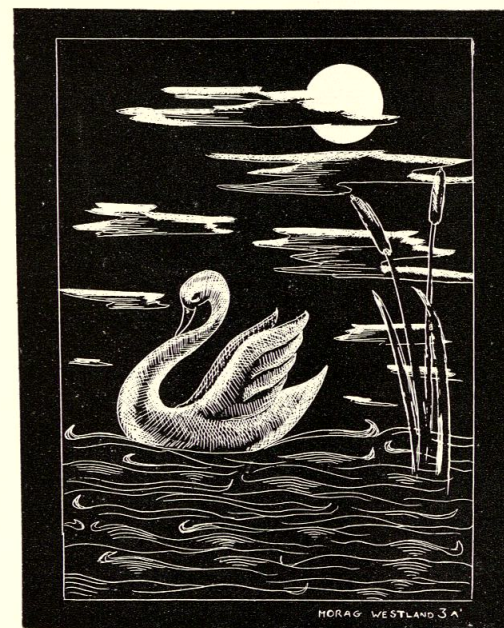
Aden itself is very dirty and has a very strong smell which many find most sickening. There is a great deal of disease and plenty of signs of a past lack of surgery.

Next day we were due to leave, but found we had a few hours more to look around if we wished. Keen to see the oasis from which Aden drew its water, we motored out to the desert and were fortunate in meeting a caravan of five hundred camels coming from the oasis with water. The water is sold daily in the market square and costs very little. Aden had not had rain for over five years. This appears to be Aden's greatest scarcity and has been for thousands of years, since we saw how King Solomon had tried to store it by means of four huge stone-built containers from the top of a mountain to the base, the first one overflowing to the second, the second to the third and so on. This is known as King Solomon's Wells but when we saw them they were absolutely dry.

As we sailed away, we were not altogether regretful. The rocks, with not a blade of grass growing on them, shone brightly in the sun as they had on our arrival, and the last connection with the Protectorate was the pilot who had guided our ship through the rocks which guard the entrance to the harbour. So, once more, we headed for the open sea and our next port of call—Port Said.

VALERIE LOW, Form 4C(1).

Like some full-breasted swan



MORAG WESTLAND

Class 3A(1)

Mixed with a sound of water murmuring
Along a shelving bank of turf . . .



FAIRLEY SELKIRK

Class 3A(1)

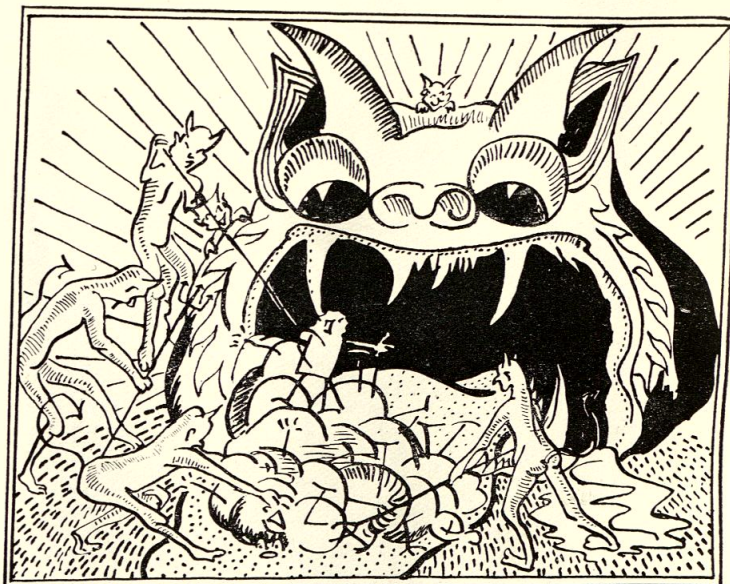
HEAVEN



LOMOND BRUCE

Class 4D

HELL



MARION FALCONER

Class 4C(1)

THE SCHOOL CREST ABROAD

FROM where I stood precariously balanced between the small jetty and the motor-boat which had brought us across the deep blue waters of the Italian Lake Maggiore to this Isola Bella, I could only just see a corner of a beautiful palace, the summer residence of the Borromean family. As it was the object of our party to see through this palace and its surrounding gardens, we were soon introduced to an experienced Italian guide who would tell us the history and the legends of the marvellous old building. After opening a great iron-studded door, our guide showed us into a huge hall and began talking in a curiously accented voice which was very hard to follow. Carlo escorted us through many rooms, each of which seemed more unusual or more lovely than the last. A very unusual room was one whose walls and ceiling were made of pieces of lava from Vesuvius and whose floor consisted entirely of pebbles from the lake. When our tour of the palace was concluded, Carlo took us out by a side door and along a path until we were confronted by an iron gate which was the exit from the palace. To our anger he would not allow us to pass through the gates until we had "tipped" him.

After leaving the palace we entered a palm-shaded restaurant where we sampled delicious Italian cooking to the music of a piano and violin which was rather screechy but nevertheless quite pleasant. When we had finished our meal we were conducted through the gardens surrounding the palace. The gardens of Isola Bella were filled with trees, bushes and flowers brought from many distant parts of the world. While wandering round the lovely flowers with their bright contrasting colours and deep green foliage, we spied three beautiful pure-white peacocks evidently quite at home in the picturesque surroundings. As we passed, each one raised its head to give us an enquiring stare, but soon forgot us as we went on our way. Suddenly we came upon a marvellous built-up wall beautifully decorated with carvings of the white peacocks and large shells, and, on top, a huge sculptured head of a unicorn. As I had seen many carvings of the unicorn in the palace, I wondered at the reason for it until our guide told us that the crest of the Borromean family was the unicorn. How strange it seemed that I should come hundreds of miles to the home of a family whose crest was the same as that of my school!

KATHLEEN MORRISON, Form 1A(1).

LA TIPULE

Tipulae oleraceae,
Commonly known as
daddy
long

legs,

Give me the creeps.

Not because they creep (nothing I know creeps less),
But because they birstle around,

Dragging long angular
spindles of shanks
behind them.

SHEILA MCGREGOR, Form 6A.

HERE AND THERE

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

The Prefects.—"Away, for vengeance comes along with them!
Nay, stay not to expostulate! Make speed!"

The Orchestra.—"Music's self, the soul unseen,
Dwells in the intervals between."

Lunch, Second Sitting.—"I'll be so bold to take what they have left."

After the Highers.—"Burn the papers, sell the books."

The Dance.—"God match me with a good dancer,
And God keep him out of my sight when the dance is done."

The First Year.—"A rabble of sturdy, unkillable infants."

The 6th at English.—"Peace, peace, and give experience tongue."

Form 6A are variously described—

"When you wake, Dawn shall over Lethe break."

"What pleasure lives in height?"

"'Tis said she dips her hair in strange syrups."

"She is spread of late into a goodly bulk."

"The Eddy whirled her round and round."

"'Tis said she hath more hair than wit."

"Of all man's clotted clay the dingiest clot."

"The very meekest of us cannot be at peace
When her ill neighbour will not let her rest."

Under the spell of T. S. E.—

A soft, amorphous, piebald mass
Detaching from the russet stone
Expands and rolls across the grass,
Mimallon, myrmidon, maroon.

Coagulates in compact pools
Of undeveloped intellect.
The style of the Romantic Schools
Is hyper-luscious when unchecked.

LANDSCAPE

The gnarled birch—alone it stood,
Its glist'ning flowers like cataracts,
Red, against the azure sky—
Revealed to us those basic facts:
"As it was from the beginning."

On the far side, a hill arose:
An amethyst into a myriad of blue,
Sloping down to the mahogany earth,
Where timid celandines had just peeped through,
Into a world of their own.

The brook, iridescent in the sun,
Gurgled along—leaping and young and free.
Over stones and mud and leaves it went,
Never resting—night nor day—
"Out of the mist and hum of that low land."

MAISIE MOTHERWELL, Form 4S.

LE CYGNE MOURANT

A moonlit pool;
A drooping willow
Tracing the ripples with shimmering leaves.
A gentle breeze.

A cry escaping, floats through swaying rushes,
Like some weird spirit's cry—
Plaintive, sad,
And ghostly tremors stir the silent bushes,
As with a mystic grace
A swan drifts by.
Beneath the moon each feather glistens white,
White as summer's softest cloud;
But now they droop, and as the night
Moves on, her slender neck once straight and proud,
Sinks lower on her breast.
Now beneath the snowy down, a shudder springs
Ruffling the waters at her side.
And she, as if to shake it free,
Unfolds to heaven the white arch of her wings
Then folds them close and drifts
A willow-dappled shadow 'neath the moon.

LUCY PEARSON, Form 6B.

NOON

Noon lies heavy in an azure sky; the sun
Labours its way to its zenith,
While the drowsy roadside crickets sing,
And smoke drifts from chimneys.

The birds rest silent and no breeze
Ripples through the ripened corn,
Which rests like a calm sea
Bathed in sunlight.

The brooklet bubbles through fields
Drenched in angry light
To woody glades of quiet
Sequestered shade.

The sky is blue; no cloud breaks
The pellucid expanse, broken only
By the fiery white-hot globe
Of the sun.

The hour passes; life starts anew;
The birds begin to stir, the air to cool.
The corn begins to dance in salutation
To the passing noon.

Form 4S.



PASTICHE: HYDRIOTAPHIA

... IF the nearness of our last necessity brought a nearer conformity unto it, there were a happiness in hoary hairs, and no calamity in half-senses. But the long habit of living indisposeth us for dying: when avarice makes us the sport of death, when even David grew politicly cruel, and Solomon could hardly be said to be the wisest of men. It is the infirmity of age to rebuke the generosity of youth, and a mistaken prudence to give, and count the cost. To regret good offices, which are the nectar and ambrosia of our immortal part, were a fallacy in judgement. The soul's altar fires once eclipsed, where should we discover that Promethean heat to relume the ashes thereof? Then indeed by our own hand is the Emerald Tablet¹ cast down, and the secret of Life's alchemy lost. But the souls of many are too early old, and before the date of age. For these Menander revealeth a gracious dispensation of divine favour²: the aged spirit can find nor peace nor pleasure in a youthful frame, and the Bed of Aurora comforteth not Tithonus.

Yet it were best to be content with death rather than to desire it: to endure cheerfully the winter of our years, trusting that with the Roman we may say:

"Perpetuum mihi ver cogit illacrimabilis urna
Et commutavi saecula, non obii."³

Indeed it is a curious inconsistency in man to deplore the finish of life. The dead are not maligned, neither are they envied; they gain a secure haven, and join an illustrious fellowship. The shears of Atropos are more just than Themis' sword, and Death looketh on kings without awe, and on beggars without contempt. Against Her, His nightly lucubration avails the sage naught, and knowledge She gives to every fool gratis . . .

¹ "Tabula Smaragdina" of Hermes, founder of the science of alchemy.

² "He whom the gods love, dies young."

³ Ausonius.

FORM 6A.

SMELLS

WHAT is a smell? A smell is practically indescribable; oh, I know some smells are not, but the general term—a smell—cannot be satisfactorily summed up in a concise little synonym. It is a funny word, a "smell"—it exemplifies science labs where white-coated bespectacled "boffins" are concocting some foul potion which bubbles evilly and gives off the most nose-repelling fumes; or a sea-weed-choked harbour on a hot day at low tide, fish-pungent, sea-exhaling "smell." But there are other words which lexicographically mean the same but conjure up in the mind's nose a totally different meaning. "Perfume," coupled with its cliché "exotic," turns the feminine nose a little more retroussé and thoughts of Dior, Coty, and Bond Street whirl through the fragrant mists in a spring dance with "L'Aimant," "No. 5," "In Love," "Seduction," twisting with enticing siren vapours.

"Scent" gives a totally different scene of the hunt, pink coats, slobbering beagles and steaming horses. For true onomatopoeia, if that can be used of smells, there is the neologism, "fug." The nose finds breathing hampered by fumes of numbing nicotine, aesthetic alcohol, and stagnant stuffiness. "Odour" could perhaps be placed in the same category as "fug" but it is not quite so repulsive. It could perhaps describe the invisible fog which wallows behind a Woolworth beauty on her way to the "Palais," or to a lurching, red-faced, beer-barrel-bellied inebriate on his homeward journey.

Nearest to my own heart, flows the gastronomically delightful "savour." That produces a mouth-watering thought of Christmas Day, when a savoury cocktail of roast chicken and goodwill floats, unseen, but not unfelt, over the cities and hamlets of Britain.

Each month has a smell. January has a peculiar "newness" in each hard keen bite of toe-nipping frost; February, a dark, dank, thick wet smell of snow-sodden grass surging above a dusky grey blanket. But March, in its gales, heaves the tarry whiff of pine-needles, while April, sweet after its blusters, smells of rain on dry places and budding freshness. In May, June and July the flowers, seas, and hills then sing out a "Hallelujah" of praise to the sun. But August can only add a pitiful squeak to the chorus, for its voice is deadened by the dread smell of books, ink in classrooms and best quality blackboard chalk. September relieves it by the gales and their salt-tang spray which blows in with the rain lash from the sea and dies away in the smoky rich smell of leaf-burning in October and the choky frostiness of November.

We remember events of our lives by smells. The sandy smell of sea-weed in a tiled hotel porch with the crash of the sea and the screeching of gulls reminds me always of our-war-time holidays at North Berwick. Musty smells, like those of old books, unopened

for years, remind me of the Anderson shelter, swarming with children and cockroaches, war, dehydrated eggs and food parcels from America. Antique shop smells, of venerableness due to the stately things of the past, remind me of the smell of the church where I played an angel in a Nativity play. The memory of all else has gone, but the smell still remains somewhere in the back of my sensitive smell glands.

There is nothing quite like the smell of a B.B.C. Studio. Years of stale air and cigarette smoke have gathered in invisible folds in the wall-deadening, and on opening a sound-proof door one is met by a waft of this slightly over-heated, nauseating dryness.

Sight, touch, hearing and speech all add colour to our lives, but smells, in their infinite variety of vaporous forms, enrich the glory of our brief days.

ANN HENDERSON, Form 6A.

TRAVELS WITH A TRUNK

OF course we ought never to have travelled with a trunk in the first place. But we were unused to continental travel in general, and to the vagaries of the French railway system in particular; and being a comparatively large family, we decided our trunk to be a necessity.

Though our troubles did not attain their final grand dimensions until the return trip, they started on our way there. On reaching Bayeux, we found that the trunk had unaccountably vanished and was probably at that moment speeding on its way to Paris, leaving us with nothing but the clothes we stood in. Fortunately, it was recovered some hours afterwards, but I see now that we should have taken this as an omen of what was later to happen.

On the day of our departure, we arrived at the station in good time to register the trunk. The only official present, a small, fat man, totally incapable of registering the trunk any further than to Rouen, was besieged by a frenzied mob of vociferous travellers, all demanding that their trunks or their suit-cases or their bicycles should be registered first. The situation threatened to develop into a free-for-all with the unfortunate official on the losing side, when, luckily for him, the train drew in and everybody made a concerted rush towards it.

So much for Bayeux!

At Rouen, the situation deteriorated. Our trunk had to be conveyed by lorry from the station of our arrival to that of our departure, there to be registered through to London, and we could not leave Rouen until this was done.

In vain we waited for the trunk. The lorry came. Certainly! And out of it were heaved bicycles, more bicycles and yet more

bicycles—all of which were deposited in the "Left Luggage" and none of which we ever saw claimed.

Hours passed. By this time we had had our lunch, visited the very fine "Musée de Beaux Arts," in which we spent several delightful, if very footsore, hours, and missed two boat trains.

We returned to the station. A laconic individual with a sour look informed us that our trunk had not yet arrived and that he could do nothing about it. The bicycles were still arriving, we noted—as always, unclaimed.

So for the next two hours we occupied ourselves mainly, in sitting opposite the "Left Luggage," glowering at the hostile being behind it, while he in his turn, threw us looks of an equally amicable nature.

Eventually, we went for tea and then enquired again about trains. By this time, the whole family was in the final stages of exhaustion. Having been in Rouen for seven hours we almost despaired of ever leaving it. There were still two more trains to leave, which, if things continued as they had been, we probably should not catch. We returned grimly to the "Left Luggage," and waited.

Once again the lorry drew up. Out of it poured the never-ending stream of bicycles. Our hearts sank even as we watched them. Then, suddenly, almost as an afterthought, out of the murky depths of the lorry came—our trunk!

At long last! Seldom in one's life does one feel truly grateful, but that was one of these moments. Hastily we registered the wretched thing through to London and then left it to continue its own wayward route by the last train, while we caught the next train with barely two minutes to spare. At last we were rid of it—or so we fondly imagined.

Wearily we staggered through the Customs, up the gang-plank, and into the peace and seclusion of our cabins. The voice on the loud-speaker continually repeating its message meant nothing to us, as, half-asleep, our minds dreamed pleasantly of our return to Scotland.

Suddenly there was a knock on the cabin door. "Will Mrs Wilson please come and claim her trunk at the Customs!"

My mother drew what clothes she could around her and followed the man to the Customs shed. There, in solitary splendour, stood the trunk! My mother identified it with a cursory glance, while the thing positively leered back at her. The Customs officer chalked his sign on it, and it was finally through. But as the French would put it: "Quel jour, quelle douane, quelle malle!"

JUSTUS WILSON, Form 4s.

THE MAN WHO CAME TO SEE MARY

I WAS quite young at the time. We were living in a large suburban house, about twenty miles out of the city, prior to a spring emigration north of the Hudson, to the little town of St. Mart, within whose boundary there lived the majority of my aunts, uncles, cousins, third cousins removed by one, and so on. I was filled with delight at the thought of the long train-journey and all the other excitements which were shortly to be experienced. Only one thing dimmed my joy.

Since I had been a few years old, I had collected numerous pets of all sizes and shapes. The current one, which I had found two summers before on the river bank, was a three-foot crocodile. Its charming smile and affectionate manner had captivated my childish heart from the moment I saw it lying snoring unconcernedly in its steaming mud-bath, and it was by this time a firm family favourite.

However well it may have suited us to keep a pet like this, it did not, apparently, appeal to my fond relations' sense of propriety, and it was after much consideration and disputing that my elder sister was sent into the city to insert the following advertisement in the *Weekly Press*—"For Sale—A Crocodile; dependable character; two and a half years old; parents unknown; owner should have a long standing affection for animals, and a large zinc bath."

We were extremely proud of Joanna's literary accomplishments and at times like this she never failed us. Within a month our advertisement had attracted someone's attention and twenty-seven days later Mary, for that was the crocodile's appellation, met her new master.

The moment Mom heard of his impending visit she started to clean out the lounge, after chasing out the hens, but progress is slow in our family and after two days' work we decided it would be quicker to show the visitor straight into the wash-house where Mary's bath was installed.

On the day of his arrival we spruced Mary up tremendously and lavished on her Bunty's new talcum but even that couldn't quite outdo the natural odour of the beast.

Mary herself was most upset by all this and insisted on diving back into her tub, although only moments before we had adorned her scaly neck with Mom's new chiffon.

Eventually order, peace and Mom's control were restored and we all washed our faces, put on our shoes—or rather those that possessed a pair did so—and sat down in great expectation.

Having prepared for the gentleman's arrival, we sat waiting for the sound of the handle falling off the gate when he closed it—

this served us as well as any electric doorbell—and sure enough within an hour the handle fell.

I suddenly wondered how much I should ask for my poor Mary, and having used all my fingers I had just counted my eighth toe when Mom came rushing into the room, collapsed on to the sofa in a fit of hysterics and pointed frantically through the open door.

Mary's master had arrived! I don't know who was the more astonished, he or we, for, you see, it was Uncle Amos of St. Mart in person.

The explanation was given after everyone had taken off his shoes again, for they didn't fit very well, and we all sat round the table to satisfy our hunger with our curiosity. Uncle Amos had been abroad for a few years, during which time we had moved from Ohio to Kentucky, and on hearing of our approaching visit to his district which would coincide with his return home, he determined to buy something special for his favourite niece, that's me.

He knew of my passion for animals, he read the *Weekly Press* and thus he came to us, totally unprepared for what he found.

But I graciously allowed Uncle Amos to buy Mary, present her to me and pay for her passage, and a new zinc bath, up north.

BETH GUTHRIE, Form 5B.

HOME DECORATING

We decided to paper the walls,
And give all the woodwork some paint,
It said it was easy for folks that were bright,
And we thought we were—but we ain't.

We knew it was right to paint first,
And opened the pots without fuss;
We carefully dabbed the bright paint on the wood,
But most of the paint was on us!

We cleared up the mess right away,
And rolled out the paper for paste:
As fast as we rolled it out flat and held tight,
It rolled itself back up in haste.

We tripped on the paste-bucket twice,
The paper slipped, slithered about,
And big lumps appeared underneath it at once,
But why? That we couldn't find out.

It said it was easy to do it,
And we did try to do what it said;
But we'll never attempt it ourselves the next time—
We'll call in a painter instead!

NINA SPENCE, Form 4L.

BEGINNERS IN SUNDAY SCHOOL

"We are standing in a ring
Holding hands together,
Glad to be in Sunday School
In this ——— weather."

SUCH is the opening song at St. Andrew's Sunday School, when the three- and four-year-olds depart from Church and appear with shiny, smiling, expectant faces in the Church Hall. The blank in the verse has, of course, to be filled; therefore the weather is an important topic. The opinions inevitably vary, and usually include windy, sunny and cold—all for the same day. We must, therefore, to please all the weather critics, sing every view.

Such a topic invariably urges the beginners to tell that, "Mummy said that I would need to wear my blue coat to-day because I have a cold."

Then our attention is captured by the news that Alison has a new coat which she is only permitted to wear on Sundays as she must keep it good. This rather lengthy story is followed by several from others, whose small voices lisp, stammer and squeak about their new dresses, gloves and trousers, all of which must be equally admired.

Soon we discover that the next item on the agenda is the collection.

"Who would like to take the collection to-day? Has anyone had a birthday since last Sunday?"

"Yes. Me."

"But your birthday is not for another month, Graham."

"No, I've had one before."

"When?"

"I don't know, but I had one."

Then someone is seized with a brilliant idea, and asks, "What did you get for your birthday, Graham?"

"A red train," is the undaunted reply.

"But wasn't that for Christmas?"

"Yes," is the short and completely innocent answer, which seems rather an anti-climax after the logic which it follows. When everything has been straightened out for Graham, we proceed with the collection, with another enthusiast—a dark, brown-eyed, mischievous-looking bundle of energy—clutching the little house with the slit in the roof into which the pennies are diligently dropped, after having rolled around the floor several times, or having been retrieved from the point of glove fingers. Again we strike up, and this time with:

"Hear the pennies dropping,
Listen while they fall,
Every one for Jesus,
He shall have them all,"

the word "fall" having an underlying meaning.

Later, we turn our eyes to a picture which has been placed on an easel for examination.

"What can you see in the picture to-day?"

The boys, usually more intelligent than the fairer sex, quickly answer.

"A ship."

"Waves and birds," those answers usually being echoed by the girls, who do not like to be forgotten.

"And I can see some men!" exclaims Kenneth, usually very shy, blushing slightly at hearing himself speak.

"Yes. The men are fishing. And who is this? Can anyone guess?"

When any one man is singled out, the children invariably know the desired answer, and reply in chorus, "Jesus."

"Yes. Well, go to your story-corners now, and your teachers will tell you about this week's lesson."

Chaos ensues. Teachers, after valiant efforts to rise from the low chairs, manage to struggle to their feet, and almost trip over their charges who are vainly trying to drag *their* respective chairs in a worthless attempt to help, but who are really moving in every direction but the correct one. Desperately, I scan the restive flock, single out *my* stray sheep, and guide them to our special corner. When all are assembled—two boys and four girls—I mark the Roll Book, and settle down to read the story.

"This is a story about two fishermen called Peter and Andrew who were—" I am here cut short by one of the supposed listeners enquiring about the position of one of the ballet dancer's legs on my brooch. When all questions have been answered to the satisfaction of the inquirers, I proceed. After another sentence or two I, aware that something is happening, look up, and see two girls admiring a third's cardigan, the latter showing it off to the best advantage, with her coat lifted up high, and her face red with the exertion of holding it in such an awkward position. I grimly pull down the coat, and smooth the now dishevelled fair curls (oh, how I envy those curls!) before trying once more to continue with the story. Silence reigns, but only for about three minutes. The next interruption calls for yet another reaction—I try to sound threatening but, since not sincere, prove unsuccessful. I tell the rest of the story as quickly as possible, unheeding all disturbances, and, when finished, furnish the six with crayons and paper for drawing or "writing" as they will persist in saying.

On returning later, I am met with choruses of "Look what I've done!"

"That's lovely," I answer, but, to speak truthfully, I should have said "What is it?"

For the following five minutes, I "write" Helen a house, pick up fallen crayons and fold up sheets of paper to be taken home "to show to Mummy."

Back in the circle, we decide to sing "Away in a Manger," and gently rock our supposed babies. We close with "Thank you for the World so Sweet," and twenty pairs of eyes shut—or maybe only sixteen—twenty pairs of hands clasp, and twenty childish trebles mingle with the six self-important tones of us teachers.

IRENE M. PHILP, Form 6B.

"Happy those early days when I
Shined in My Angel-Infancy."

THE world first saw the Angel-Infant at two o'clock on a snowy, November morning. Perhaps the world did not like it—it had no choice. I, unlike my poor mother, was strong and bouncing and, to my mother's joy and father's dismay, a girl. I was handed to my mother, after two days, in a lovely white hand-knitted shawl. I poked my fingers through it, on a weak spot, and one more hole was added to its intricate pattern. I stayed for six weeks in Edinburgh with my mother and then left on a train for Birmingham where I was to burst a few more ear-drums.

My aunt and uncle, who at that time stayed with us, were thrilled. They were childless and I was adored by them. I had only to open my cavern and shake one tiny tonsil with sound, and they came, at full speed. I revelled in this for many months, but my poor mother had to stand my howling during the day when no one was there except her to race to me. I loved being pushed in my pram but if the pushing stopped, I stopped loving it and howled. I walked at eleven months, and, to my aunt and uncle, was the world's eighth wonder. Soon I had learned to stand up in my cot, shake the bars and shout through the open door, "Tea, Do! Tea, Do!" and tea and a little toast were brought up the stairs by my aunt. My favourite room was the dining-room. There the sideboard was and it was my greatest joy. It contained the unknown—I could not turn the key in the stiff lock. But one day my unsuspecting father oiled the lock and I on my daily inspection found that the door opened. What did I find inside? A baby's delight. Thick sauce, thin sauce, mustard, pepper, salt, sugar, milk, a little, very scarce, butter and all my powdered foods. Soon, at the sound of sneezing my mother returned from making the beds. I had made a mixture and was

plastering the walls, and filling in the carvings on the sideboard. Lying later, on my tummy, I still thought it looked better than before.

I was soon well known in the district and whenever the pram emerged from the Avenue the streets cleared, except for the old ladies who also loved to speak and pat. Perhaps that is why I am small: I was patted on the head so often.

At the tender age of three, I moved to Oldham to a huge house, the only one available. It was there that I had a fight with a dog about whose bone it was. The dog won.

I often came up to Edinburgh to visit my relations. I enjoyed this and the people of Edinburgh thought better of me this time. I did not cry so much but walked for what I wanted. Next door to my Granny in Edinburgh lived a large black cat who hunted rats but he dropped them in the wrong garden and I found them and took them to my Granny saying, "Pretty pussy, cold Gany, put im side a fire and give him bekkky and feefee," in a strong Lancashire accent. My Granny was not amused.

Soon we moved again, to Cheam this time, to an old house with a huge garden containing an orchard and hens. Soon two ducks were added, and they became my pets. When my paternal and rather portly, grandfather was reclining in a deck chair I threw one at him and it bit him. He did not bite me, but it was just as sore I am sure.

The days of infancy were past when, at four and a half, I went to school. I was a big girl then.

JOAN MITCHELL, Form 3A(1).

FROM THE FRENCH OF ALBERT SAMAIN

Those fields are bare where once stood flowing grain
And rest now ends the long day on the farm.
A ploughshare stretches like a naked arm
Towards the heavens from the lonely plain.

The clear notes of a distant bell ring out,
And all the quiet earth lies listening there
As if it breathed a simple evening prayer,
Like an old woman, humble and devout.

The ashes in the east lie dead and black,
But in the west a single fire still glows:
Its golden warmth dims cold, and darkness grows
To hide the chalky furrows of the track.

Then all are one, in one great sweep of grey;
The darkened sky is plain, the plain is sky.
But listen! through the silence comes a sigh
To mourn the passing of another day.

SHEILA A. MCGREGOR, Form 6A.

FEUD

"I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills
When all at once I saw— ———"

the gamekeeper! His gun was levelled at me! I scurried a few steps, shook out my wings, and was flapping hurriedly over the hawthorn tree when I heard the loud bang. I felt air moving just under my left wing, as had often happened before. I turned my head and kronked jeeringly at him. Then I noticed that he had nearly finished reloading his rifle.

Quickly I scanned the cliff in front of me for our ledge. Once there, I would be safe. I glided down on to it, and settled myself in a corner.

Although I had been careless enough to come within range of his gun, I had certainly scored that time! But safety was not enough. Already I felt that exhilaration dying, and a feeling of depression stealing over me.

For what use is a raven without a mate?

I huddled into a corner and stared out. Two ravens, happy in each other's company, flew past. I remembered bitterly that of my mate all I had was the empty end of the ledge.

One day, when the leaves were withering and the thin frost lying, my mate and I had gone to hunt in the stubble fields for new-grown families of field-mice. Suddenly, from behind a thorn bush, had come the flash of fire and the shattering noise I thereafter knew to avoid. But that time my mate had been killed, and ever since then I have been a solitary hunter, still living on our ledge, with no pleasures except that of taking my revenge on the gamekeeper.

That gamekeeper! Oh, how I hate him! He has given me a life of dreary loneliness on our ledge, haunted by the presence of my mate.

I can always see her smoothing down her feathers, cocking her head away from me, glancing at me with her small, beady eyes, and then darting off.

I swooped angrily off the ledge trying to banish the vision of my mate, and hovered above the trees, looking for the gamekeeper.

JOAN McCAIG, Form 2A(1).

SOME ASPECTS OF SPRING CLEANING

THE annual curse has come round again. Females revel in it. Most men, however, slink off at the mention of the word, muttering wildly improbable excuses about not participating in the general hubbub.

It must be a peculiar instinct that makes women either go out and spend all the housekeeping money in one gloriously magnificent fling or go on furniture-heaving sprees. The warning signs are perfectly obvious. If a few tattered but treasured mementoes of one's infancy disappear and the drawers which you meant to tidy out during the winter (but forgot to) are raided, the storm is about to break. In a few days' time you will be press-ganged into re-decorating your own bedroom and doing similar loathsome tasks.

The paint in one of our bedrooms is streaky (my father's work). We attacked it with due vigour. In two days' time we finished it, beaming with achievement (our paintwork is streaky, only very slightly, mind you). Father was rather offended about the whole affair and said he did not like the colour. We retired in disgust.

I can sympathise with him, however, for it must be rather disconcerting to arrive home and find the kitchen furniture plus a Queen Anne couch (fruit of an afternoon at a saleroom) reposing in the hall and the rest of the family beating carpets and singing noisily in the back garden.

My father has a very large hide-bound "Encyclopedia of Names" from which he obstinately refuses to be parted. My mother and he argue each spring over this volume; my father always succeeds in overriding her by stating emphatically that it may sometime be useful. Men are hoarders; women are not, and therein lies the conflict associated with spring cleaning.

I do hoard books. My mother has just come in. She is standing looking speculatively at my collection. She stoops down and picks one up.

"You don't want this, do you?" she says.

The book battle has begun.

BARBARA MESSER, Form 4c(1).

A MUSICIAN'S LAMENT

Devoid of a musician's brain,
I puzzle over time and key;
Sight-singing really is a pain—
I never could thole Doh, Ray, Me.
'Tis hard to give the reason why,
But music really is my thorn.
That's why I always want to cry,
Oh, why was Mozart ever born?

It is not that I am inane,
Though not an intellectual guy;
And yet I harmonize in vain,
And shall, in vain, until I die.
I've turned to work when night is nigh,
And turned again at early morn.
'Tis useless; I am forced to cry,
Oh, why was Mozart ever born?

LAILA BLYTH, Form 4c(1).

A DAY IN WARD 24

AT exactly 6 a.m. Nurse Younger shook me up and offered me a cup of tea. I turned over, mumbled something and promptly fell asleep again. However, it is not nearly as easy as that to remain asleep after 6 o'clock. Ten minutes later I was shaken up again and almost lifted out of bed. It was time for bed-making and I had to walk rather dazedly up the ward to wash. How I envied these patients who could sleep on, since they were not allowed to get out of bed! I envied them almost as much as I had envied patients in my own position a few weeks earlier. When I returned I was given a job such as pulling up blinds or handing out wash-basins to patients confined to bed. After that I had to hurry back to bed before the day staff came on duty.

About 7.30 a.m. the day nurses began to appear and start taking temperatures and other such tasks. At 8 o'clock Sister appeared to hear the night nurses' report. Then she rang a hand bell and breakfast trays began to appear as the night nurses disappeared. The hour following breakfast, dinner, tea or supper was a continuous bustle. Beds were tidied, mouths rinsed, medicines distributed and dirty dishes collected. About 9 o'clock the resident doctor appeared. In Ward 24 we had a lady doctor who was always understanding, cheerful and untiring in her work. One night when she was going to a dance she was called back to attend an elderly lady; instead of rushing off again she came over and showed me her dress and told me where she was going.

It had been snowing all night and when the nurse was taking my temperature I said how much I would like a snowball to throw at some of the medical students who came round the ward. After breakfast this nurse came up to me with her hands behind her back. "Here you are," she said, presenting me with a snowball. I am sorry to say it had melted before the students arrived.

The morning was always devoted to doctors' rounds and students' lectures. Once I was better a bit I came to know some of the students and as a result came in for a lot of teasing. The morning's finale was the "Chief's" round. In Ward 24 the chief was a well-known professor who addressed his patients as "Ma'am" and called me, "His little girl." This was followed by lunch and general tidying before the long-awaited visiting hour. This was undoubtedly the shortest hour in the day. I never ever remembered all I had to tell my visitors. After visitors and tea we were allowed up for a while. There was great excitement when a patient was allowed up for the first time. Between 5 and 7 o'clock there was so much work for the nurses that the stronger patients helped with flower vases, water jugs and other easy tasks. While

we were having supper Sister came round to speak to each patient. At this time she was always ready to listen to everything you had to tell her. Next to visiting hour this was the nicest part of the day. After supper our white bed covers were removed, revealing scarlet blankets. It was about then that the younger girls in the ward and I began to cheer up and chatter much to the annoyance of other older patients. However, Sister encouraged us, until the night nurses came on, so that we never really felt guilty. Whenever the night nurses came on duty people began to settle down. The final reports were given and glasses of hot milk handed out. At 9 o'clock the lights were put out and only shaded lights glowed in the darkness to help the night nurses in their silent work.

ELIZABETH WALLACE, Form 4s.

WILLIE

IT was while spending a delightful holiday at Diabaig in Wester Ross that I made the acquaintance of Willie. I first saw him sitting on an old, upturned boat, placidly smoking his pipe. He was a typical native of Diabaig—never in a hurry and always ready for a friendly chat. His hair had long been white and his wrinkled, weather-beaten face was always bright and cheerful. Willie was one of the two remaining fishermen left in the village and was finding fishing very difficult because of the lack of helpers.

With his great sense of humour, he coaxed me to eat one or two slimy-looking lobster eggs which tasted dreadful but which, he assured me, were filled with wonderful vitamins!

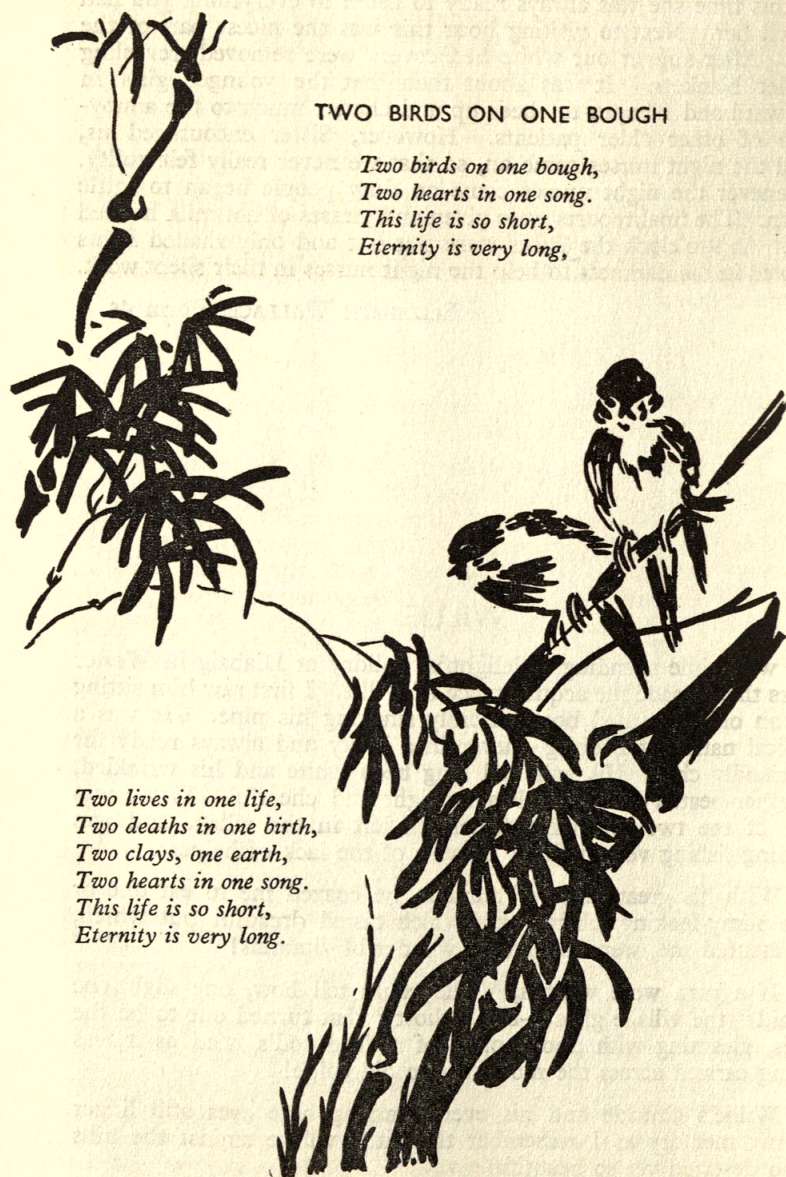
If a yarn were wanted, Willie could tell how, one night, he "laid" the village ghost—the "ghost" that turned out to be the eyes, gleaming with phosphorus, of a dead cod's head as it was being carried across the moors by an old collie!

Willie's chuckle and his ever-twinkling blue eyes still linger in my memory as I remember that little village amidst the hills—so deserted yet so beautiful.

MARGARET BURNETT, Form 3A(1).

TWO BIRDS ON ONE BOUGH

*Two birds on one bough,
Two hearts in one song.
This life is so short,
Eternity is very long,*



*Two lives in one life,
Two deaths in one birth,
Two clays, one earth,
Two hearts in one song.
This life is so short,
Eternity is very long.*

Drawing by Wilma Stewart

Verses by Sheila A. McGregor

PRIMARY DEPARTMENT

THE PRIMARY SCHOOL CONCERT

THE Primary School concert was held on Wednesday and Thursday, 30th and 31st May 1956.

To childhood the impossible becomes the ordinary. Inhibitions are unknown, and stage-fright still to come. They can thus tackle fourteen items, including choral singing, drama, physical training, and instrumental work, in an hour and a half of smooth efficiency. They can call upon the Music, Art and Physical Training Departments in addition to the Primary School staff, and still dominate them all by being just charmingly themselves.

Thus the best items are those that foster this self-expression. Sophistication kills it; its slight intrusion into "Christopher Robin" and "Animal Antics" took the sharpest edge off the delight. But that childhood triumphed so completely reflects great credit on all who had a hand in the production.

Normal criteria of criticism are irrelevant. One surrenders oneself to the joy of the thing, and each member of the enthusiastic audiences would take joy in different things.

Childhood is the time for singing. Never again is singing so straight from the heart—and to the heart. Naturally the Junior Choir was the most finished production—disciplined, understanding, joyous. But the Danish, British, and A. A. Milne dances and singing were delightful. Precise articulation and phrasing as in the Strauss or "John Peel" songs is rare.

The Physical Training, and the European and English dancing were colourful and zestful; the piano solos competent, and ambitious; the speaking of poetry, apart from an occasional doubtful phrasing, very successful, especially in the difficult synchronisation of chorus-work; the play, despite the adult demands it made, a worth-while work. Sometimes the speaking

was ventriloquial, the gesture mechanical, the thing not mediaeval. But what fun it is to play at being big people in Chester; that, and not the technical success, is the measure of achievement.

What concentration, what skill, what achievement was in that percussion band! In their conductor they have a girl who is precocious, gifted, and—like so many of the others—just bonny.

In the middle, a group of saffron-clad patriots sang "Scots Wha Hae" and hoisted the Saltire. They might have done it with complete assurance at the end. For it was indeed a welcome to victory.

The critic has always a word in his ear, and this one has been told to be understood by the children. His last sentence at least shows happy compliance: "You were charming, every one of you; we hope you loved the concert as much as we did; thank you."

TIBS

SLOWLY from a battered dust-bin emerges our heroine, Tibs. Our first glimpse of her indicates that she is indeed a cat who eats the best food at hand for the dust-bin, which has been her "dining-room," is that of the Hotel-de-Luxe.

She has always been an "alley adventurer," living on the left-overs from the town's most fashionable tables.

Gloria is her special friend, who, having come from a reasonable family, occasionally considers our heroine as a common puss. Both cats delight in entertaining people and each night, about 2 a.m., they perch themselves in a good position and begin their concert, "Maiow! maiow! maiow!" b-u-t, "Whoosh!" that water just missed them.

Next morning Tibs rises early and walks along the alley to the hotel dust-bin. Once inside, she hopes to begin breakfast but a few minutes later our heroine is in trouble for already, inside the hotel, the French guest, Madame Fifi, has just begun breakfast, but Scottish fare does not appeal to her.

"Waiter! waiter! take this horrible porridge away!" The waiter removes the offending dish, the lid of the bin is lifted, and Tibs realises that Madame Fifi could not have liked her porridge! Luckily Tibs is not in too much of a mess, and her coat is soon clean again.

But even such disturbing incidents as these cannot stop Tibs from returning for each meal.

JANE DYER, Primary 7(1).

A STRANGER IN EAST LoTHIAN

WE were driving along the Great North Road by Little Pinkerton and stretched before us was a ploughed field. Suddenly as if by magic a deer was standing in the middle of it. He gazed at us, twitching with freedom. The sun shone down on his antlers and made him look like a King of the Forest. Suddenly he gave an immense spring and went bounding over the field, and, when he came to the other side he gave a soaring leap over the fence into the forest glades beyond, lost from the world by a few tall fir trees.

FIONA LETHAM, Primary 7(2).

A VISIT TO HOLLAND

LAST year I was lucky enough to accompany my cousin on a visit to Holland. I welcomed the invitation with enthusiasm, and although it was April when we began to make preparations it did not seem three months till we were boarding the "Viscount" to take us to London. We reached our destination which was Schiphol Airport, Amsterdam, before lunch, which we had with our new hostess.

Lunch over, we had a most enjoyable journey to our friends' house which was in Maassluis, the residential area of Rotterdam. Of our many tours round the quaint country I liked our visit to Alkmaar. At this town there is a large cheese-market to which the natives of the Netherlands carry the cheeses on wooden trays. Each worker has a large straw hat, each of a different colour to mark the quality of the cheese.

On our way back to Maassluis we passed through Amsterdam at the peak hour which is quite the wrong time because everybody seemed to be on a bicycle.

ELAINE C. WIGHTMAN, Primary 6(1).

MY BUDGIE

ONE Monday morning when Mummy was washing, Roy, the budgie, was flying about. As Mummy opened the door he flew through to the kitchen. After looking around he fluttered across to the washing machine which was switched on and flew right into the soapy bubbles, disappearing out of sight. Poor Roy! He was a bedraggled bird until Mummy wiped his eyes and sat him on the window-sill to dry.

ISOBEL ROBERTSON, Primary 6(2).

"GUDDLING" FOR TROUT

THIS is a brief account of what happened on 22nd April, a Sunday afternoon. The family and I set out for a run in the car to Hope's Reservoir which lies to the north of the Lammermoor Hills, situated by the pretty little village of Gifford. As soon as we arrived, Elaine and I ran to a little burn which gushed from the hillside and ended in a black pool full of mystery. In a tiny, deep horse-shoe-shaped hole we found many trout which darted to and fro among the stones and waterweed embedded at the foot of the pool. After much trouble and grunts of annoyance from Elaine, she managed to guddle three, one of which was more than six inches long. After much hilarious fun splashing in the icy water during which I became soaked, we took our captives home with us in the car and bedded them in an old wash-house sink into which we put stones and weed to make them feel at home.

CAROL BAILLIE, Primary 5(1).

GRANDMOTHER'S TREASURE BOX

I LOVE to explore my Grandmother's treasure box. It stays in Grandmother's secret drawer. Although the drawer is called secret it is anything but that to me. In the box I find many things which I love to try

on. There is an old hand-painted fan laced with pink ribbon, a locket belonging to my great-grandmother with a lock of hair of her child who was called Williamina. When Grandmother told me this I asked if the child had been half a boy and half a girl. How Grandmother laughed at this! Now that I am older I do feel so silly when I am reminded of it. In the box there are two rings I like to try on. One is studded with rubies and diamonds, the other is her "keeper" ring, which to me looked like a tiny dog's collar. Other keepsakes are her amber, coral, and pearl beads, and her silver chain with her little watch attached. I feel sorry to close this box because each time it brings me so much pleasure.

DIANE PETERS, Primary 5(1).

PARIS

IT could only have happened in Paris. My family and I were having a late dinner in the Montmartre Café. The busy little chef was hurrying about with trays and dishes in his hands. Mother, Father and Anne were having omelette while I had salad. Across the busy street was a fire-eater but we could hardly see him for the crowds. Just as we were in the middle of our meal a loud scream was heard and someone ran past with a handbag in his hand. At the head of the running crowd was a little Frenchman in his shirt sleeves and braces. When the police searched the thief they found the lady's handbag. Two policemen took him to the police station and we went on with our interrupted meal.

NICOLA RUTHERFORD, Primary 5(1).

DUNNOTTAR CASTLE

WHEN on holiday we went to see Dunnottar Castle. First we went to the dungeons where the guide showed us three very old silver coins which he had dug up in the castle garden. There was an old stone stair which we went up. We went along a kind of balcony and what do you think we saw there? An old lion's den. Farther on was an old guard house. In it were swords, daggers and belts made of large cowries. The Banqueting Hall had a blue, gold, red and green ceiling. I pulled out a chair from the oak table and sat on it. What a shock when I sat down! The cushion sank under me. The guide told us that the cushions were filled with feathers from the eiderducks. When we were leaving, the guide gave me a box of small John-o'-Groat shells to make a necklace. We also saw where the Scottish crown jewels had been concealed from Cromwell's men. On our way home we visited Kinneff Parish Church, where they were buried after a servant smuggled them out of the castle.

SHEILA THOMSON, Primary 5(2).

SUMMER HOLIDAYS

HOLIDAYS are exciting. All through the year we look forward to ours in the Isle of Lewis where every day we can play on the moors or by the sea. This year we are flying from Renfrew over the Grampians to Inverness and back over the North of Scotland to Stornoway. How exciting to know that the Queen is to visit the island while we are there! Early that morning we will race down the steep hill to the rocks to watch the royal yacht *Britannia* sail into the harbour. Later Her Majesty is to pass through the village and we are sure to be there to see her. Our joy will be complete if the Queen takes Prince Charles and Princess Anne with her. We always like holidaying in Lewis but don't you think we are especially lucky this year?

MARGARET MACKENZIE, Primary 4(1).

A VISIT TO THE ZOO

ONE day my friend Rosemary and I went to Dudley Zoo. I borrowed a pencil from Daddy to fill in my I Spy Book.

Daddy never saw the pencil again—you see the goat ate it.

MARGOT NORTHWOOD, Primary 4(1).

RABBITS AND HARES

AS my Grandpa is bald, Grandma suggested I ought to paint rabbits on his head and from a distance they might look like hares!

KAREN MACKAY, Primary 4(1).

AN UNUSUAL SIGHT

MY Daddy says that a most unusual sight is me coming home from school clean.

FRANCES ELLERY, Primary 4(2).

CATERPILLARS

ONE day when Moira, my sister, was reading in the garden, I had busied myself by gathering some caterpillars. I said to her I had named them and she asked what their names were. I said, "This one's Milton," pulling out a long thin one. "This is Shelley and this is Hamlet." She laughed her head off. Why I don't know. When Mummy heard she nearly dropped the sandwich she was carrying, in laughter.

MHAIRI GUNN, Primary 4(2).

2's AND 3's

MY little brother who is nearly four told Mummy that his teddy-bear had a tummy-ache. Mummy asked him if teddy had eaten too many biscuits.

"No," he replied, "he has eaten three many chocolates."

KAY TORKINGTON, Primary 4(1).

A TRIP TO COLINTON

ONE day an old lady and gentleman went for a bus run to Colinton for the first time. On reaching their stop the old lady said to the old gentleman that she did not like the bumpy buses and she would go home by tram. Now there are no trams at Colinton. I wonder how long she waited.

SHEILA HENDERSON, Primary 3(1).

A SHIP SINKS

DURING the Easter holidays I was in Dunoon. When I was in bed I heard a loud noise. It was a ship from Sweden hitting the rocks. The ship sank and some men were drowned. Next day I saw the two masts of the ship sticking out of the water.

MORAG GILLESPIE, Primary 3(2).

PRIMARY II(1)

IT is a pity that Miss Andrew has left the school, but I will like Miss Steel just the same. I hope Miss Andrew will have a lovely holiday in New Zealand. It will be very hot there and she will get sunburnt. We don't often see Miss Steel for she has just arrived, but I hope she will be happy here. We used to sing to Miss Andrew and we will sing to Miss Steel too.

I went with my mother and father and brother to Bridge of Allan. Alex and John and I were playing at Davy Crockett. Alex and I were the baddies. John came in and made a funny face, and said I am Bullgunnan. Then he made another funny face and said, I am Crustchof. We all laughed.

I saw a procession on Saturday. It was the students procession. I saw Davy Crockett, King of the wild front ear. I saw a cowboy on a real horse.

On Tuesday afternoon I went out with daddy. I put threepence into a students collecting box. She was dressed up and I didn't notice that it was my cousin Margaret. Then I went with daddy to vote. After we voted we went to daddy's office to see Mr Wishart. He wasn't what I expected him to be at all.

PRIMARY II(2)

ON Monday daddy and mummy were having tea. Mummy saw a bird. She said it was a tit. Then we realised it was a budgie. I jumped up. You should have seen me. We caught the bird and put it in a cage. It keeps pecking my nose when I say goodnight.

Mummy said to me I would still be able to go my holidays even although my granny was dead. We are going to Crail with my grandpa and my two wee cousins. They are called Marlyn and the other little girl is not christened yet. She is going to be called Linda. Mummy is worried about Cushion our stray pussy. Grandpa said that I should go up to his house and get the cat basket and we could take him with us to Crail.

I have a black cat. His name is Timothy. Timothy has Kittens. There is a ginger one and a grey one. Mummy said I must not touch them or Timothy would scratch me. He has sharp claws. I let my friends see them when they come. I love them very much. They cry sometimes.

One day I saw daddy painting the door. When he had gone in I tried as well but I was not very good. It was a good job it was the first coat.

PRIMARY I(1)

1. My nana is macing me a duffers cote.
2. I have a sore tooth. I keep nagg on to my mumi to go to the dentist.
3. My bally iggsam was on Friday. I did evry exssis and little dans to the lady.
4. My daddy had a crab for his dinner and he eight the hole inside.
5. To-day we went to the Big School to see Miss Androo's portrate pictoor. We saw a gold wotch, a clock, and a handbag. Gilien was sic.
6. I had mezles befor the hllidays. I cude not see them all but I new where they were becos they were ichie.
7. I am going to see dis gras Kelly weding one day with mummy if I am not too late.
8. It will be icxcitine to have a cornsort with a robin and grouly bair.
9. At the konsert I am going to be a siner. When I gro up I am goin to be a siner.
10. My daddy was a Pirsiding Ofersar in the Poiling.
11. I go to dancing every Wednesday at a cwater past three. I can do the cumanlindreel and the hilindfling.

PRIMARY I(2)

I LOVE the school but not the school holiday i was icsitide to-day when I came to school.

I am getting my nouw teeth I never get time to eat.

I am going to my granny's in Nyocasksil in the sumertime. We wer going at east time but I dvelopt meesils.

The saftre noon I am going to the seeseide.

My big sister is going with my cuzin to see the home-x-a bisin today.

On Sunday I went to the sunday school We sang hims we said prers and then we put our clechen in the bowl Then we all went home.

I hate today becos it is raining and I was sachiratinge.

I was so dizay cuming home yesterday becos my Daddy was giving me birlays whising round and I landid so dizay that I nearlay fell down.



LITERARY AND DRAMATIC SOCIETY

THE "Lit," supported by the unbounded enthusiasm of its many members, has again enjoyed a most successful session.

We have had two debates, the first being a joint meeting with Holy Cross Academy, to discuss the motion: "That tradition is an obstacle to progress." Unfortunately, accommodation at the Academy was rather limited, and only a certain number of our members were able to attend, but the evening was voted a very happy one. The second debate was: "That this House disapproves of the Edinburgh Festival." The amendment was carried in both cases.

The first meeting of the session, entitled: "To Start you Talking," was comprised of several short debates in which our Third Year members played a large part—a fact which augurs well for the future. In "Personally Speaking," girls told us of their own particular likes and dislikes. Quite a number of pupils and staff have been abroad to romantic places, so that, one wintry evening, Moira Gunn, Sheila McGregor and Miss Campbell took us travelling with them to Italy, Switzerland, and North America respectively to make us yearn for the lands across the sea.

One of the highlights of our Society was the visit of the Rev. M. E. Macdonald, B.D., of St. George's West, our outside speaker, who recounted his experiences as a prisoner in the "Wooden Horse" Camp. He made a lasting impression on us and we are extremely grateful to him for sparing some of his valuable time to be with us. We again joined with George Heriot's School to remember Robert Burns. The speeches and entertainments provided by both schools were of a very high order.

Warrender House kept up a grand record by winning the Inter-House Drama Festival for the third year running with their play "Bright is the Waning Moon," produced by Ailsa Thomson. Mrs Malcolm, the adjudicator, found its presentation practically faultless. Miss Foster helped the Fourth Year to present a programme entitled "Scotch Broth" in which were various items with a distinctly Scottish flavour. We take this opportunity of thanking Miss Foster for her continuing support and hope very sincerely that she will soon be back among us.

"Surprise Night" again took the form of a party. The Sixth Year left all sedateness behind and, together with the other members of the Society, joined in laughter-raising games and dances. The evening was not without its sadness, however, for Miss Andrew was present for the last time in her capacity as Headmistress of our School. We staged four

excerpts from plays which the Society had acted during the last twenty years, and Miss Andrew was then presented with a bouquet and a book on behalf of "Lit" members, past and present, in gratitude for her ever-ready help through the years.

Mr McEwan and Miss Henderson continue to give us their whole-hearted support, and the committee would like to express its thanks to all who have made this session another memorable one in the history of the Society. May there always be many who are willing to carry on its great tradition.

ELIZABETH K. GARRIOCK, *Secretary.*

SCIENCE ASSOCIATION

THIS session has been both successful and unsuccessful, excellent in the quality of the meetings but disappointing in attendance and membership. The Committee succeeded in arranging a varied and interesting syllabus, combining the ability of the members of the Association with the knowledge and experience of outside speakers.

Professor Greenwood gave a most interesting talk on Poultry Breeding for our second meeting. During the year we heard three other outside speakers: Mr Alistair Stuart, M.A., Features Editor of *The Evening Dispatch*, gave a most interesting address about running a newspaper; Det. Insp. Ian Johnston, of Edinburgh C.I.D., enthralled a large audience by his talk and illustrations on "The Science of Crime Detection," and Mr T. L. Devlin showed us a deeply interesting film and talked to us about "Trawling at Granton."

Our meetings included a Hobbies Night in which members spoke to the Association about their hobbies, varying from collecting cheese-labels and hostelling to collecting fossils. The Film Evening interested us all in subjects ranging from birds to oil-refining and to Koala bears.

Our opening meeting, "Experiments into Mind-reading," by Mr Brash, fascinated us all. Another interesting meeting was an illustrated talk on "Research on Pollen Dust" given by Miss Hay. So far we have had only one excursion, to Fountainbridge Telephone Exchange. During the year we had, unfortunately, to cancel two meetings.

Throughout the session we have benefited greatly by the enthusiastic help given to the Committee by our President, Miss Ferguson, and we wish to record our thanks to her. The retiring Committee hopes that the Science Association will continue to function successfully and stresses that anybody can join; it is not necessary to be a Mme. Curie to enjoy the wonders of Science. We are sorry to be leaving School and the Science Association.

DOREEN F. STEVEN, *Secretary.*

SCHOOL CHOIR

WE had one public appearance, in the Usher Hall, where we took part in a concert of music and dancing arranged by Miss Marjory Middleton. "Dream Angus," "Where lies the land?" and "Ships of Arcady," among others, were received very well by the audience.

At Christmas, the choir provided the musical background for the Service of Nine Lessons and Carols. The traditional carols, some well-known and sung in unison, others sung by the choir or soloists, had a most moving effect as they sounded through St. Giles.

On Founder's Day, the anthem was "Lift thine eyes" by Mendelssohn; two of the the anthems at Morning Service were "O for the wings of a dove" and "Seek ye the Lord." The latter was particularly enjoyed as the solo was sung by Mr Sommerville.

At this point in the year the choir is busy rehearsing for the closing concert, for which an extremely varied programme is contemplated. One of the more unusual items is a group of three Hungarian songs; in two of the songs from Borodin's "Prince Igor" we are to be assisted by the orchestra, at whose willing help our younger members tend to look askance.

Indeed, we can look back on an enjoyable and successful year; we can think, too, with deep gratitude of the time and care which Mr Sommerville has spent to make the choir one of the most flourishing of the School's Societies. Sincere thanks must also be given to Miss Nicoll, our pianist, who never fails to help and encourage us.

May our audiences continue to enjoy our songs as much as we enjoy singing them!

AILSA THOMSON.

SCHOOL ORCHESTRA

WE are now practising hard for the closing concert when we are combining with the choir to perform part of Borodin's "Prince Igor." We are also playing "Idyll," by Elgar, and "March" from Bizet's "Carmen." During the session we have spent some time on several short pieces: "Dances" from Handel's "Comus," Elgar's "Chanson du Matin" and "Waltzes" by Schubert.

This year the orchestra has increased considerably in proficiency and size. We now boast a woodwind section of four. Each member of the orchestra is indebted to our conductor, Mr Sommerville, for his patience in helping us to overcome the difficult passages, his suggestions in interpretation, his humour, and his encouragement of our efforts.

C. M. W., Form 6A.

SCRIPTURE UNION

AS yet another session draws to a close we look back with gratitude over a year that has seen an ever-increasing interest in our meetings. At tendances have been higher than ever before—reaching 210. Miss Moncur's never-failing interest, advice and encouragement, have stimulated a real zest for yet better things in us all. More girls, from Form 1 upwards have been encouraged to take part in the meetings and their ability to do so has shown that their interest in the work of Scripture Union is not merely superficial.

During the winter, monthly rallies were held in Bristo Baptist Church Hall, and here again the enthusiasm of our school branch was very much in evidence. The S.U. Fellowship meetings, held every Saturday evening in Riddle's Court, have been times when many of our senior members have benefited from helpful talks and discussions. The recently formed choir of Edinburgh S.U. members has also attracted some of our seniors.

We were privileged to be able to send six representatives to the annual Christmas Conference at Aberfoyle, where school S.U. leaders from all parts of Scotland met together to be instructed and advised as to how the meetings in school should be run most profitably. During this short

time of fellowship each gained much, not only from the practical help given by the Rev. Brunton Scott of St. Andrews, but also from discussion groups which were held every evening.

Hikes over different parts of the Pentlands provided another opportunity for members to become better acquainted with one another. On Good Friday S.U. members from other schools joined us for a service by Bonaly Reservoir, and we were privileged to have the Rev. Robison James from Alabama to lead us in our worship. Throughout the summer term we hope to continue to have hikes and outings; a swimming gala is being held at the end of May in Warrender Baths and we intend entering a team. We shall be pleased to welcome Miss Heather Peebles Brown, our East of Scotland staff worker, to one of the meetings in May.

This year S.U. camps are to be held at Aberfeldy, St. Andrews, Inverness, Glenluce, Cromarty and Hoylake. Those of our members who attended Easter camps will fully realise the value of these holidays.

As meetings will continue throughout the summer term we take this opportunity to welcome any new members and also those who have not been attending regularly. We do pray most sincerely that these brief times together in the morning will continue to be a great blessing to us all.

JANICE E. BATHGATE,
JUNE O. CROSBIE.

E.S.C.A.

WE have had yet another highly successful session of E.S.C.A. The total membership topped 500, to which Gillespie's contributed over 70. Lansdowne House School and Leith Academy joined to bring the total number of schools represented to 17. In addition to this our financial position is very secure.

Throughout the year we have had meetings which were excellent both in content and attendance. Our Inaugural Address was given by Dr Balfour Melville, who also acted as question-master in a nation-wide quiz competition. Edinburgh won gratifyingly at first, but were narrowly defeated by a team from Leeds which was joint-winner of the contest.

The Discussion Groups revealed the talent of our members and the summer reports proved as interesting as they had been before. Our first debate had one new feature which is likely to prove popular. We invited outside speakers, Mr Charles Macara, and Mr Smith of *The Evening News*, to address the house on the motion "That the Mass Media of To-day Curb Individuality." In "Viewpoint," members of E.S.C.A. stated their opinions on matters as widely separated as "The Goon Show" and the political situation in the Middle East.

The Political Evening was one of the most interesting for those who wished to hear the opinions of a panel of politicians on current questions. The Film Evening placed the emphasis on the work being done in basic education and health services by U.N.E.S.C.O. and W.H.O. A series of splendid short papers from 4th year members was followed by International Night, a concert given by young people from various nations.

The Kirk Session, in which topical questions were put to representatives of several Western and Eastern religions, was highly successful. Our school Chaplain, Mr Small, was on the panel. The term was brought to a close by a meeting in which we had two short debates, both most interesting.

During the Third Term we will have our annual inter-debate with the West of Scotland C.E.W.C. to be held in Glasgow on 16th June.

On 23rd June our Annual General Meeting will be combined with a short debate. The date of the Third Year Conference has not yet been settled. The Edinburgh Branch of the U.N.A. is holding a Garden Fete in the grounds of the Congregational College on 9th June.

During the year several E.S.C.A. members attended the two C.E.W.C. Conferences, the first in London, the second at Wiston Lodge, Biggar. Both were exhilarating experiences, both intellectually and socially. In London there were over 2,000 delegates (43 Scots), while we numbered 51 (all Scots) at Wiston. Naturally, the full-sized conference boasted the more eminent speakers—Earl Attlee, Mr Selwyn Lloyd, Mr Ritchie Calder, the wife of the Ambassador from Pakistan (she deputised for Mme. Pandit who was ill) and Dame Margot Fonteyn. The last-named autographed several programmes to be auctioned in aid of the Central School for the Blind in Lahore. E.S.C.A. now possesses one of these, bearing two signatures.

The smaller conference, however, was equally interesting. It concerned the U.S.A. and one of our speakers was the American Consul in Glasgow.

Thus has passed a full and interesting year. I am proud to have been associated with E.S.C.A., and I hope that succeeding representatives and members will derive as much pleasure and instruction from E.S.C.A. as I have.

DOREEN F. STEVEN,
Secretary and School Representative.

EDINBURGH SCHOOLS SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY

THE Society has had a very successful session under the leadership of an able President—Stuart Semple of George Watson's.

We were lucky enough to get the use of the lecture rooms at King's Buildings in January and February for talks on Carbon, and Growth and Living Things. In December we enjoyed a talk on Dentistry with some very interesting slides which, unfortunately however, did not recommend the profession to the audience.

The most successful lecture was in our own school, that of Chief Constable Merrilees on "Crime and the Criminal."

The number of members from the school has decreased this year, but we hope this will be remedied next session.

JOAN MCPHERSON, *School Representative.*

THE FIELD CLUB

THE Field Club has already enjoyed a visit to Roslin Glen and Arniston Glen, where many colourful wild flowers were coming out in all their splendour. Both meetings were well attended by many young members whom we welcome to the Club. Our future excursions will be to the coast, moors and other places of interest, and we hope that the weather will be good for these outings this summer.

We are indebted to Miss Ferguson and Miss Hay for giving up their valuable time to accompany us on these excursions. Their help and knowledge are invaluable to all members, young and "old." We welcome Miss Hay to the Field Club and we hope that she will continue to enjoy these outings as much as we do.

NETA PERCY, 6B,
MAUREEN HENDERSON, 6D.



HOCKEY

THE 1st XI has enjoyed quite a successful season, despite having to cancel a number of matches because of adverse weather conditions.

The Inter-Schools Hockey Tournament held at Meggetland, which has always been a Knock-out Competition, was played for the first time on American Tournament lines. The 1st XI won the Senior Section, defeating Leith Academy in the Final, but unfortunately the Junior XI were not successful in their section.

The Senior XI also entered the American Tournament played at Liberton but were defeated by Kirkcaldy.

Gilmore won the Inter-House Matches and in the annual match against the Staff, the pupils emerged victorious.

The Club is indebted to Miss Campbell and Miss Wallace for their tuition and encouragement throughout the season.

		Results					Goals	
	<i>Played</i>	<i>Won</i>	<i>Lost</i>	<i>Drawn</i>	<i>Cancelled</i>	<i>For</i>	<i>Against</i>	
1st XI	- 13	7	3	3	7	31	14	
2nd XI	- 17	8	8	1	8	49	55	
3rd XI	- 14	7	7	—	7	29	32	
4th XI	- 12	5	4	3	6	23	16	
5th XI	- 12	5	4	3	6	26	19	
6th XI	- 11	5	5	1	6	21	20	

ELAINE F. GRAY, *Captain.*

CRICKET

AT the Annual General Meeting, which was held during the last week of the Spring Term, the following office-bearers were elected:

Captain	-	-	-	-	ANNE REID.
Vice-Captain	-	-	-	-	ELAINE GRAY.
Secretary	-	-	-	-	ALISON CLARK.

We are looking forward to matches against Edinburgh University, St. George's, John Watson's, Atholl Crescent, Royal High and the Staff. Our 1st XI has already played one match against Esdaile. We won this by a narrow margin in spite of the fact that our batting is not strong. Our fielding and bowling, however, are accurate and, naturally, we are hoping for continued success.

We take this opportunity to thank Mr Sommerville and Mr McEwan for coaching us at Meggetland.

ANNE REID, *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 of two terms 19 Elementary, 10 Intermediate and 9 Advanced Certificates were gained. The Life-Saving classes were taken by Mrs Ridley.

At Warrender Club Gala our team came in first, after a close race, in an inter-school relay. The team were Alison Dow, 2A(2); Elizabeth McBain, 3B(2); Rosemary Meldrum, 4s; and Muriel Ross, 4s.

Boroughmuir School have invited us to compete in an inter-school relay on 3rd May.

During the Spring Term the Area Championships of the Scottish Schools were held. Our Junior team was unfortunately beaten in the finals.

The Club is grateful to Miss Anderson and Miss Campbell for the help they have so willingly given.

MARGARET McDADE.

SWIMMING—PRIMARY SCHOOL

Prize List

Champion—Sheena B. Steedman, Primary 7(2).

Runner-up—Margaret J. Grosset, Primary 7(1).

House Championship—Roslin.

House Relay—Warrender.

Class Cup—1st Term, Primary 7(1); 2nd Term, Primary 6(1).

Swimming Certificates gained during Winter and Spring Terms:

Elementary	-	-	-	-	-	45
Intermediate	-	-	-	-	-	21
Advanced	-	-	-	-	-	6

A. B. L.

HOCKEY 1st XI, 1955-56



Back Row—Miss Campbell, A. Hall, M. Stevenson, A. Waterston, M. Kerr, J. Scott, N. Farlowe.
Front Row—S. McNaughton, M. McGregor (*Vice-Captain*), E. Gray (*Captain*), E. Brown, N. Marshall.

CRICKET 1st XI, 1955-56

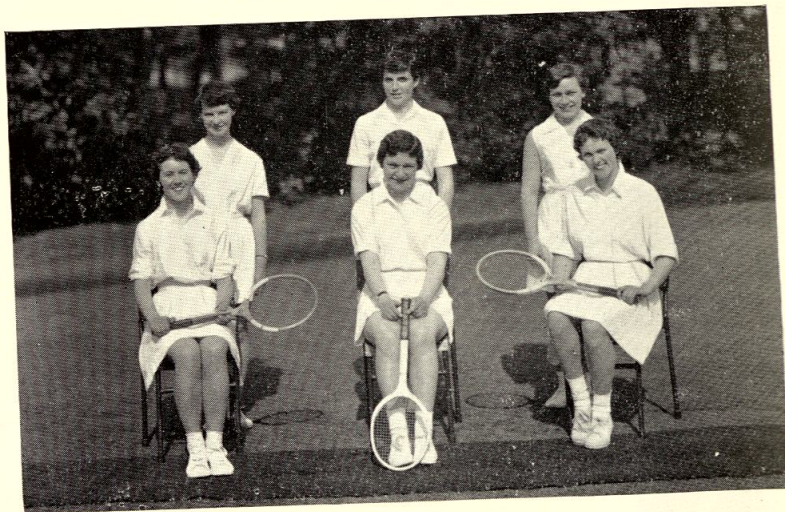


Back Row—C. Ritchie, N. Percy, H. Gullan, M. Wilson, L. Pearson, R. Oppliger.
Front Row—J. Flannigan, E. Gray (*Vice-Captain*), A. Reid (*Captain*), A. Clark, F. Reilly.

Photos by

E. R. Yerbury & Son

TENNIS 1st VI, 1955-56



Back Row—S. McNaughton, N. Marshall, M. Easton.
Front Row—J. Crosbie Vice-Captain, M. McGregor (Captain), E. Brown.
Photo by E. R. Yerbury & Son

SPORTS DAY, June 1955



Photo by

Jack Fisher



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 be considered for inclusion in the Magazine.

FORMER PUPILS' REUNION—14th October 1955

THE success of last year's reunion was repeated this session when, at Miss Andrew's invitation, a company of over 300 Former Pupils, former staff and present staff gathered in the School Hall. The babble of conversation was pleasantly interrupted by country dancing, and a musical programme provided by Edna Arthur (Mrs Gould), Pat Cresswell, Linda Hall, June Stevenson (Mrs Berry) and Miss Nicoll; and the evening provided an opportunity for the Former Pupils to meet Miss Andrew once more before her retirement.

F.P. NOTES

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

M.B., Ch.B.—C. GWEN BUTCHER, BEATRICE MARWICK, MARGARET ROBB, ANN SUTHERLAND, ELIZABETH TAYLOR and MARJORIE WRIGHT.

M.A. with Honours.—LETITIA CUTHBERTSON and JOYCE FORSYTH (English); ELIZABETH BURNS and JEAN GARDNER (French and German); KATHLEEN SINGER (French Language and Literature); K. RONA MACPHERSON (Geography).

M.A.—WINIFRED AUCKLAND, JULIA FLOCKHART, OLIVE ROBERTSON, JEAN TURNBULL and DOROTHY WILSON.

B.Sc. with Honours.—MYRA MACDOUGALL (Chemistry).

B.Sc.—MURIEL GRAY and MARGARET HOWIESON.

Mus. Bac.—MURIEL WHITE.

BARBARA FERRIER, B.Sc., is now an assistant in the Chemistry Department of Edinburgh University; MYRA MACDOUGALL, B.Sc., is doing research at the Heriot Watt College and EVELINE ROY, B.Sc., is working under the Medical Research Council.

SHIRLEY MANSON is teaching in Kirkcudbright, EILEEN GREENBURY in Aberdeen High School, EILEEN WAITT in Kirkcaldy High School, EVELYN BREMNER in Fort William and JANETTE WATERSON in the Knox Academy, Haddington.

DOROTHY DRUMMOND and AUDREY GIBB have received teaching appointments with Edinburgh Corporation; as has also MURIEL WHITE, who while studying for her Mus. Bac. degree gained the Neicks Essay Competition Prize.

LINDSAY HUTTON has been accepted as a pupil in the Sadler's Wells Ballet School.

SHEILA AMOS, now in London, has passed the Law Society's Intermediate Examination.

Dr G. TURNER and Mrs TURNER (Lola Trenwith) have gone to work with the Nepali Evangelistic Band Mission.

CISSIE WILSON, after taking the *Certificate in Social Studies* at Edinburgh University and completing her training at St. Thomas's Hospital, London, has been appointed an assistant almoner at Glasgow Royal Infirmary.

At the College of Art, JEAN FRASER has been awarded the Diploma in Drawing and Painting and JOAN HADDOW the Diploma in Design and Crafts. MORAG CAMERON, D.A., has been awarded the Design and Crafts Post Diploma, with commendation.

DOROTHY RITCHIE, having completed her training in occupational therapy, has accepted a post in Strathcathro Hospital.

SHEILA MILLER has finished her course of training at Dunfermline Physical Training College and is now teaching.

At the end of varied courses of training at Edinburgh College of Domestic Science, EVA VAUGHAN is now teaching in West Lothian, Margaret FISHER has a post as demonstrator with the Electricity Board, KATHERINE Towill is a cook in the Nurses' Training Home of the Royal Infirmary, and GRACE JERMYN has been appointed to the College staff.

FORMER PUPILS' HOCKEY CLUB

AS was the case last year, most of the matches in the second half of the season were cancelled owing to bad weather. This was most disappointing as both teams had shown an encouraging improvement at the beginning of the season. We were very pleased to welcome a few girls who left school last year, but at times found it difficult to field two teams.

The Committee would be glad to hear from girls leaving School this year who wish to join the Club. Those interested should communicate with the new Secretary, Miss MOIRA KIDD, 53 Silverknowes Crescent, Edinburgh, 4.

MARRIAGES

SMITH—HORSBURGH.—In May 1955, K. F. SMITH to ANNE C. HORSBURGH, 31 Falcon Avenue.

MACKINTOSH—WATSON.—In June 1955, PETER MACKINTOSH to NORMA WATSON, 259 Dalkeith Road.

DUNCAN—FRASER.—In July 1955, RODERICK DUNCAN, D.A., to JEAN FRASER, D.A.

MCCALL—WHITLIE.—In July 1955, JAMES P. MCCALL to E. RUTH WHITLIE, 5 Sydney Terrace.

CHRYSTAL—LYALL.—In July 1955, G. F. CHRYSTAL to SHEILA LYALL, 47 Chesser Grove.

DIXON—KIDD.—In July 1955, P. W. DIXON, M.B.E., E.R.D., to SHEILA M. KIDD, 53 Silverknowes Crescent.

DONALDSON—POLSON.—In July 1955, J. H. DONALDSON, D.A., to DOROTHY POLSON, M.A., 110 St. Alban's Road.

MARSH—HAMILTON.—In July 1955, W. E. MARSH to JOYCE E. HAMILTON.

PHILPOT—WOOD.—In July 1955, Rev. D. H. PHILPOT, B.D., to FRANCES B. WOOD, M.A., 17 Craiglockhart Loan.

SHAW—HEATHERILL.—In July 1955, THOMAS SHAW to MARGARET HEATHERILL, 42 Greenbank Loan.

HARVEY—SHIRES.—In July 1955, W. B. HARVEY to PAULINE SHIRES, 3 Wardie Park.

SHERLAW—YOUNG.—In August 1955, GEORGE SHERLAW to JEAN E. YOUNG, 22 Comiston Terrace.

STEELE—CUTHBERTSON.—In August 1955, Dr ROBERT STEELE to LETITIA CUTHBERTSON, M.A., 28 Roseneath Place.

MACKENZIE—CONNOR.—In August 1955, JOHN MACKENZIE, B.Sc., Ph.D. to ELIZABETH CONNOR, B.Sc., 24 Downfield Place.

RENNIE—MANNION.—In August 1955, W. R. RENNIE, M.A., to ELLA MANNION, 50 Learmonth Crescent.

EUMAN—PESTELL.—In August 1955, JAMES EUMAN to MOIRA PESTELL, 61 Chesser Crescent.

WILLIAMS—BIRTLES.—In September 1955, DESMOND V. S. WILLIAMS to AILEEN M. BIRTLES, 33 Craigmount Terrace.

BADENOCH—MATHESON.—In September 1955, G. S. G. BADENOCH to JOYCE G. MATHESON, 10 Meadow Place.

MENZIES—McKENZIE.—In October 1955, R. D. MENZIES to JANE T. McKENZIE, 32 Montpelier Park.

HOWARD—BEE.—In October 1955, JOHN V. HOWARD to ALISON K. BEE, 28 St. Alban's Road.

McLAREN—RINGROSE.—In October 1955, ALEXANDER C. McLAREN to PAMELA W. RINGROSE, 3 Wardie Crescent.

SUTHERLAND—BROWN.—In December 1955, JAMES L. SUTHERLAND to CHRISTINA M. BROWN, 41 Macdowall Road.

PATERSON—MACPHERSON.—In December 1955, DAVID PATERSON to BUNTY MACPHERSON, 47 Kekewich Avenue.

THIRKELL—FLEMING.—In December 1955, DEREK G. THIRKELL to ALISON M. FLEMING, 50 High Street, Tranent.

DISHINGTON—GIFFORD.—In March 1956, JOHN V. DISHINGTON to KATHLEEN GIFFORD, 23 Craigmount Park.

- LINTON—*BRUCE*.—In March 1956, R. H. C. LINTON to MARJORIE S. BRUCE, 8 Glendevon Grove.
- STOTT—*FORREST*.—In March 1956, D. B. STOTT to NANETTE FORREST, 9 Pentland Crescent.
- PROVAN—*GOODLET*.—In March 1956, DOUGLAS PROVAN to MARGARET GOODLET, 10 Hutchison Loan.
- BULLOUGH—*KILGOUR*.—In March 1956, STEPHEN BULLOUGH to MARGARET KILGOUR, 33 Montpelier Park.
- COURTNEY—*FORSYTH*.—In March 1956, NORMAN A. COURTNEY to EILEEN FORSYTH, 2 Thirlestane Road.
- KINNAIRD—*ANGUS*.—In March 1956, W. R. KINNAIRD to ELINOR ANGUS, 5 Orchard Terrace.
- MENZIES—*McANGUS*.—In March 1956, GORDON MENZIES to CHARLOTTE McANGUS, 16 Northfield Farm Road.
- WATKINS—*CHARTERS*.—In March 1956, ROLAND WATKINS, A.H.W.C., to SHEENA CHARTERS, 4 House o' Hill Crescent.
- TURNBULL—*MACK*.—In April 1956, JAMES TURNBULL to MARY MACK, 100 Findhorn Place.
- MCGOWAN—*WISHART*.—In April 1956, LESLIE H. MCGOWAN to KATHLEEN WISHART, 25 Carfrae Gardens.
- GENTLEMAN—*DARGO*.—In April 1956, JACK GENTLEMAN to MARGARET DARGO, 14 Piershill Terrace.
- COOPER—*GEDDES*.—In April 1956, JOHN COOPER to JEAN GEDDES, 48 Bruntsfield Gardens.
- CORSON—*STORRAR*.—In April 1956, LEN CORSON to MINA STORRAR, 14 Shandon Street.
- SPALDING—*MILNE*.—In May 1956, R. SPALDING to JOAN MILNE, 76 Crewe Terrace.

BIRTHS

- HANNAY.—In May 1955, to Mr and Mrs A. J. HANNAY (HELEN WOOLGAR), a daughter.
- STEWART.—In June 1955, to Mr and Mrs G. R. STEWART (JEAN CURLE), a son.
- MCGOWAN.—In June 1955, to Mr and Mrs IVAN MCGOWAN (MORAG FRASER), a son.
- BATCHELOR.—In July 1955, to Mr and Mrs K. M. BATCHELOR (MAY JAMIESON), a son.
- SMITH.—In August 1955, to Mr and Mrs R. M. SMITH (ETHELJEAN SUTHERLAND), a son.
- CAMPBELL.—In August 1955, to Mr and Mrs W. M. CAMPBELL (EVELYN GOUDIE), a daughter.

- DRYSDALE.—In September 1955, to Mr and Mrs A. DRYSDALE (JEAN MACANNA), a son.
- GOODALL.—In October 1955, to Mr and Mrs F. GOODALL (DAVINA MITCHELL), a son.
- McBAIN.—In October 1955, to Mr and Mrs A. McBAIN (NORAH NOTMAN), a daughter.
- ROBERTSON.—In November 1955, to Mr and Mrs J. ROBERTSON (MARGARET MACBEATH), a son.
- EWART.—In November 1955, to Mr and Mrs J. EWART (MAUREEN TEMPLEMAN), a daughter.
- ORD.—In November 1955, to Lt. J. P. ORD, R.N., and Mrs ORD (BETTY SWANSON), a son.
- SPENCER.—In November 1955, to Mr and Mrs W. SPENCER (AILEEN KELLOCK), a son.
- McLAUCHLAN.—In November 1955, to Mr and Mrs O. W. McLAUCHLAN (MAUREEN KEMP), a daughter.
- GROSSETT.—In December 1955, to Mr and Mrs B. GROSSETT (JEAN SPROTT), a son.
- MURDIE.—In December 1955, to Mr and Mrs H. MURDIE (ELMA BROTHERTON), a son.
- BROWN.—In December 1955, to Mr and Mrs W. L. BROWN (RAE BROWN), a daughter.
- KEDDIE.—In December 1955, to Dr and Mrs B. G. KEDDIE (Dr SHEILA BLACK), a daughter.
- GIBB.—In January 1956, to Mr and Mrs J. GIBB (MURIEL LEUCHARS), a daughter.
- MCCOMBIE.—In January 1956, to Mr and Mrs A. MCCOMBIE (MURIEL MARSHALL), a son.
- BUCHANAN.—In January 1956, to Mr and Mrs D. BUCHANAN (NAN EDGAR), a daughter.
- BURNETT.—In January 1956, to Mr and Mrs W. G. BURNETT (MARGARET SIME), twin daughters.
- FRASER.—In February 1956, to Mr and Mrs H. J. FRASER (DOROTHY ECKFORD), a daughter.
- INCHBOLD-STEVENS.—In February 1956, to Mr and Mrs INCHBOLD-STEVENS (FIONA SANDERSON), a daughter.
- BOA.—In March 1956, to Mr and Mrs G. BOA (RUBY LOWE), a daughter.
- HAY.—In March 1956, to Mr and Mrs A. HAY (AGNES MACDOUGALL), a son.
- GILRAY.—In March 1956, to Dr and Mrs GEORGE GILRAY (ANNE PRINGLE), a daughter.

FORRESTER.—In April 1956, to Mr and Mrs W. N. FORRESTER (NORA RODGERS), a son.

SMITH.—In April 1956, to Mr and Mrs D. SMITH (KATHLEEN HALKETT), a daughter.

SHIELDS.—In April 1956, to Mr and Mrs J. W. SHIELDS (SADIE MURPHY), a daughter.

WRIGHT.—In May 1956, to Mr and Mrs W. WRIGHT (BARBARA LOWE), a son.

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.

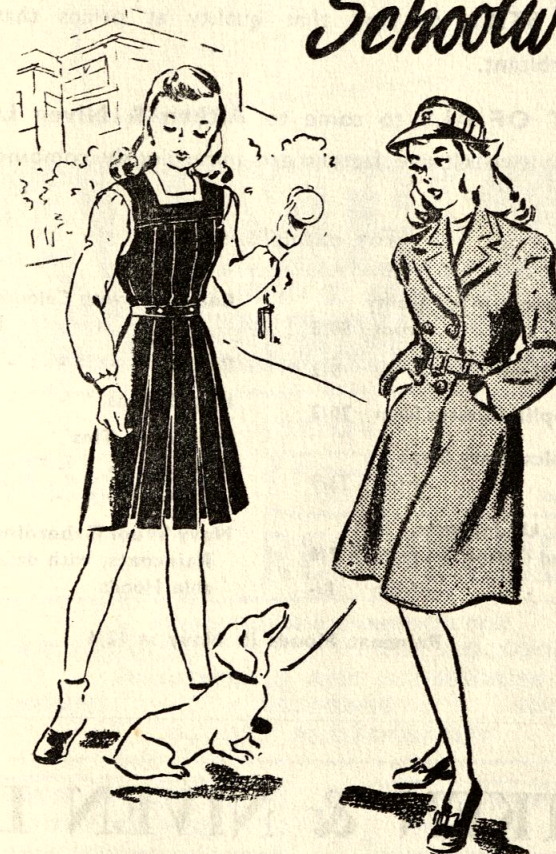
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