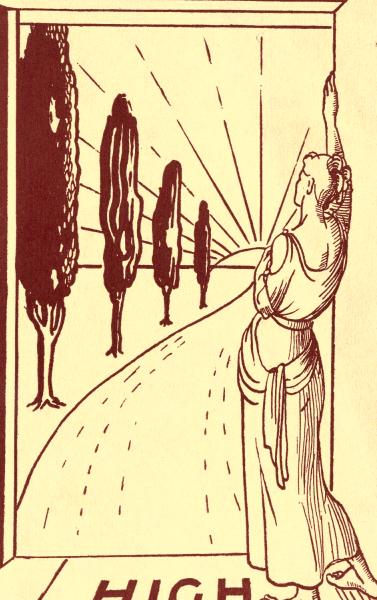
JAMES CILLESPI'S



SCHOOL

JUNE 1957

EDITORIAL

Editor - - ELIZABETH CAMPBELL

ONCE more the glories of the summer term are upon us. At last we have reached the promised days of relaxation. Homework is decreasing in quantity (and, we are rebuked, in quality). The Junior School waxes enthusiastic over ball-games at lunch-time and the Sixth waxes nostalgic over the rapidly retreating "halcyon days of youth." Let me not bore you with a glowing description of past years which could not possibly bear in reality the rosy flush bestowed on them by the passage of Time. Let me rather look with you into the school of the future.

For a number of years now we have been promised a new building for our School. It is daringly rumoured that the foundations will be laid in 1960. Let us be conservative and set the opening date in 1970. What of James Gillespie's High School for Girls, 1971?

It has been suggested that in the future girls will be expected to train as scientists and technicians. Many of us have come to realise that becoming a "quarter-baked" scientist is a time-consuming task. Doubtless, future generations will be expected to be at least "half-baked" and will, perforce, spend all their time studying nuclear Physics, Advanced Mathematics, etc. We may, therefore, assume that our school of the future will be able to dispense with the Art, Music and Ancient Languages Departments. Fortunately, this is unthinkable, and so we quietly replace them. After all, no one has dreamed of ceasing to study Latin in the sixteen hundred years since the Romans left the country of our Southern neighbours. Dare we expect twenty years to cause the old order to change, "yielding place to new"?

It seems probable, therefore, that our daughters will study the subjects that we study. Will other things be different, then? Almost certainly. For example, school uniform will not remain the same forever. Someone may even accomplish the Herculean task of designing a uniform as flattering to the eighteen-year-old

as to the five-year-old. Doubtless, other things, too, will change. Can you not imagine, for instance, 1,000 hungry, toil-worn schoolgirls trooping into a plastic dining-hall to devour with relish four vitamin pills—two blue, one red, one yellow. Can you not hear the chatter across the table?

Many things may change, but one thing is unchanging and that is the character of the Gillespie girl. It is the same as that of any girl anywhere. These girls will chatter when they ought not to and take off their hats whenever possible, no matter how attractive the future uniform may be. Underneath these superficialities the girls will still resemble us. They will be interested in the same things; school societies will be enjoyed with the same measure of enthusiasm; and school institutions will be spoken of in the same affectionate, deprecatory terms.

In spite of uniform and lunches, Gillespie girls of the future will enjoy school life as much as we have done. We have worked and played in the red stone building at the head of Bruntsfield Links for some years. We have been happy and sad here. but the happy times outnumber the sad ones. May it always be so in Gillespie's.

FROM LE LAC

By LAMARTINE

- "Oh time, suspend thy flight! Oh gracious hours, Thy rapid course delay,
 That we may savour to the full the joys
 Of this, our sweetest day.
- "On earth, in trouble men are calling thee: For them, thy speed increase; Bear, with the days, their soul-oppressing cares; But, for the happy, cease!
- "In vain I ask for moments yet of grace,
 Time slips from me in flight;
 I say, 'Oh night, flow slowly'; comes the dawn
 And melts away the night.
- "Then let us love! Make haste, enjoy
 The swiftly-fleeting hour!
 Man has no port; no boundary holds time;
 It flows, beyond our power!"

Bus moon as whose self of a Pamela Heron, Form 6a.

Miss RAFFAN

IT was with very mixed feelings that we took farewell of Miss Raffan when she retired from the Modern Languages Department in March. While we rejoiced with her in the knowledge that she would now be free to enjoy her well-earned leisure, we realised that not only this School but the teaching profession as a whole was losing a teacher whose friendliness, devotion to duty and scholar-ship would be very much missed.

Miss Raffan has retained the enquiring mind of the student and has wide interests, but her chief concern has always been the welfare of her pupils, and there must be many of her former pupils in all walks of life who remember with a deep sense of gratitude the help she so ungrudgingly gave them at a crucial stage in their education. The fact that she altered all her plans for retirement and continued to teach during the two hardest months of the session is evidence of her genuine desire to put the interests of her pupils before personal matters.

Miss Raffan has a gift for friendship which has won her a host of friends of all ages who now join in wishing her good health to enjoy a long and happy retirement.

FOUNDER'S DAY

IT was fitting that the Law should provide our Guest-of-Honour on Founder's Day and it was doubly fitting that Lord Guthrie should deliver the Oration, his own, and his family's connection with the School extending over many years.

The Lord Provost, Sir John G. Banks, presided and introducing the speaker, spiced much biographical information with an engaging wit. The School Chaplain, Mr Small, led the gathering in prayer; the choir sang the anthem: "You that have spent the silent night," and Eva Forbes read the lesson with understanding and distinction. In thanking the Guest-of-Honour and in presenting him with the traditional snuff-mull Christine Crichton, the School Captain, won golden opinions from all, indeed from Lord Guthrie and Sir John Banks, whose commendation, coming from such exalted judges and practitioners of oratory, represented high praise.

Miss Steel, by way of epilogue, expressed the general gratitude, and must herself have experienced the liveliest sentiments of gratification on this, her first Founder's Day. We may be wrong, but we thought we detected a more precocious challenge in the elm tree buds and a richer greenness in the grass as we walked home afterwards over the Meadows in the kindly afternoon sun.



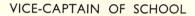
MISS MARY D. STEEL, B.Sc. HEADMISTRESS

Photo by E. R. Yerbury & Son.



ELIZABETH CAMPBELL.

CAPTAIN OF SCHOOL





CHRISTINE CRICHTON.



EVA FORBES.

Photos by E. R. Yerbury & Son.

FOUNDER'S DAY ORATION FRIDAY, 15th FEBRUARY 1957 By The Hon. LORD GUTHRIE Senator of the College of Justice

Lord Guthrie began by referring to the long and happy association of himself and his family with the School. His father and Mr Burnett, a former Headmaster, had been students together. He also referred, in gracious terms, to the pleasure of all in seeing the Lord Provost, Sir John G. Banks, in the chair, and to his distinguished term of office which was nearing its end.

He then referred to his own earliest acquaintance with the name of James Gillespie and to his more recent researches which had unearthed the meagre details of his industrious life.

The person of our Founder had few recommendations, but to his native industry he added business acumen and the estates of Spylaw and Bonaly bore increasing testimony to his success. Yet he remained essentially a humble man, unspoiled by wealth, interested in gossip, lacing his homely conversation with rustic aphorisms and Doric wit. Lord Guthrie referred to the patriarchal benevolence with which he treated his tenants and his kindness to his beasts, which often led to his embarrassment, for he "had difficulty in escaping from their affectionate gambols and their joyous clamour." He then went on to examine his declining years and the circumstances of the foundation which now illustriously perpetuates his name.

"Well now, James in his later years began to feel the infirmities of old age and so he bought a carriage. It was of the plainest description but one of the wits in Edinburgh at that time," the Honourable Henry Erskine, said, "Wha wud hae thocht it, that noses hae bocht it!" alluding to the fact that snuff bought it. In Kay's "Edinburgh Portraits" you will see a portrait of the Founder of this School and it shows a very kindly looking gentleman with curious features and a very large and prolonged nose. But whether James Gillespie really looked like that or whether the nose was enlarged only to show the nature of his business, we do not know. At any rate, it is a very interesting portrait in that fascinating book.

James Gillespie had taken under his protection a young man whom he intended to set up in the world, but this young man offended James Gillespie in some way and the result was that in 1796, when he made his will, he disinherited this young man and instead he left £12,000 to build a hospital for old folk and £2,700 to found a school, and it is out of that £2,700 that the first James Gillespie's School was built. As you know, it was opened in 1803. . . . "The School endowed by Mr Gillespie stands"

entirely detached from the hospital for old people. The number of children taught averages 150. The teacher, Mr John Robertson, has held the situation since the opening of the School in 1803 and he is aided by an assistant." Nowadays, it is a hard task for a teacher to manage 30 of the present generation and how the heroic Mr Robertson and his courageous assistant managed to cope with 150 between them is beyond conjecture!

In the days of James Gillespie there were many distinguished people living in Edinburgh—historians such as David Hume and Robertson, philosophers like Dugald Stewart, judges like Lord Kaimes, and many others whose names have come down to posterity because it was a very distinguished period in the life of our city.

It was then that Robert Burns visited Edinburgh and it was in those days that Sir Walter Scott spent part of his youth in this town—also Burns's predecessor, the poet Fergusson, whose works are not sufficiently appreciated.

James Gillespie was a comparatively humble figure in Edinburgh society in those days, and I think most of the distinguished people whose names I have given you would have been surprised if they had known that 160 years after his death people would assemble in order to revere his memory, but the reason that James Gillespie is recalled to-day with gratitude is the same reason as that for which we honour people like George Heriot, George Watson and Daniel Stewart, because they were all men who thought not only of themselves but of those who were to come after them, and who devoted the goods with which Providence had endowed them to found schools to enable young people in succeeding generations to get the benefits of a good Scottish education and to fit themselves for the struggle of life. That is why we are honouring the memory of the humble snuff merchant of the High Street.

Since 1803, when it was founded, this School has built a great tradition—a tradition which has not just come about. It is due to the hard and conscientious work of the various generations of teachers who have lived and worked in the School, and due to the achievements of successive generations of pupils who, having been trained here, have gone out into the world and have contributed by their ability and by their education, to the growth and to the prosperity and to the reputation of our city and our country. It is right on this Founder's Day, therefore, that we should recall the Founder, but it is also wise that one should remind you, the present generation, that it is for you to maintain and enhance it. Whatever you achieve in after life will add to the records and to the distinction of this School.

I suppose most of you young people were born and have spent your early years in Edinburgh, and perhaps you are accustomed to Edinburgh as the place in which you have always lived. For

me, who was born and spent my early days in Fife, Edinburgh was always a city of romance. Even to me, before I came to stay here, it was the city where Randolph and his followers had scaled the castle rock one night and surprised the English garrison and liberated it—the city of Mary and Darnley, Rizzio and Bothwell, and Kirkaldy of Grange when the country had turned against the Queen-of Bonnie Prince Charlie who had revived for a brief period in 1745 the ancient glories of the Stuart Dynasty. It was the city over which there still hovered in my youth the great and benign spirit of Sir Walter Scott who was entitled to call it, as he did, "my own romantic town." That was Edinburgh and it appealed to me in my youth, and I still feel at times the glamour and romance of the ancient city, particularly when the Queen or her High Commissioner comes to reside at Holyrood and the State Apartments are lit up and the distinguished company of Scotland is gathered there to honour the Queen or her representatives. I felt that most strongly four years ago when the Queen came to Edinburgh after her Coronation. I was present at that service in St. Giles when the honours of Scotland were borne from the castle and presented to Her Majesty by members of the Peerage of Scotland whose family histories are inextricably interwoven in the tapestry of our history. Then, indeed, one saw all the pride and glory, the romance and tragedy of Scotland's story.

Now you are, or will be, citizens of this great city and, just as the traditions of your School are in your hands, so the traditions of Edinburgh are in your hands because Edinburgh is not a relic of the dead past but is living and breathing and pulsing. It is a city of many varied activities in industry, trade and commerce, so that it is a matter of great difficulty to find space for the factories that we would like to see erected in and around our city, and for the people who wish to earn their livelihood within our boundaries. Edinburgh to-day is a living and growing community and its traditions are daily being added to. For example, just after the war, the then Lord Provost, Sir John Falconer, conceived the idea that in Edinburgh there could be established a Festival of Music and Arts. It was a great idea because at that time the world was rent and torn by the recent struggle, and Sir John Falconer saw that the establishment of such a festival would help to heal the wounds of the nations and bring men together again in the pursuit of peace, and by his work he succeeded in adding another chapter to the traditions of Edinburgh, so that nowadays people flock to enjoy the fine fruits of human achievement. If that can be done, if Edinburgh is still growing and still achieving, then it is for you, the citizens of to-morrow, to maintain and enhance that tradition. Edinburgh is just part—but a great part—of the life of our country and the traditions of Scotland are also in your hands. Patriotism is a fine and noble sentiment, especially when it springs from the soil and

is based upon old associations and the ties of kinship. Sir Alexander Gray, a professor in our city for many years, wrote a poem on this theme and one of the verses runs like this:—

"This is my country,
The land that begat me.
Those windy spaces
Are surely my own.
And those who here toil
In the sweat of their faces
Are flesh of my flesh
And bone of my bone."

That is true patriotism based upon love of our country and based upon the fact that here our fathers have dwelt and here our kindred dwell. It is for us who are proud of our Scottish ancestry so to devote ourselves to the welfare of our country that its future shall be no less glorious than its past. But there is a false patriotism which involves hatred or ill-will of other communities. The proper attitude for any visitor abroad is to go to admire and to respect, to give and to receive friendship because, after all, these other countries also have their traditions and their achievements. They are proud of their history just as we are proud of ours and their forefathers have helped to build the glorious structure of human civilisation. If you go abroad (and many of you now have the opportunity to do so) you will see places which are rich in historical associations and you will see magnificent buildings, great sculptures and lovely paintings. These are the achievements of men and women of nations other than our own. It is for us to look upon them as our brothers and sisters, as inheritors with us of the achievements of the past and as collaborators in building the future. So, on this your Founder's Day, I leave you with this message— You are the heirs of a great tradition which it is for you to enhance and pass on. Yours are the achievements of the past; yours are the opportunities of the present, and yours is the glorious promise of the future.

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My home is the pole of the world.
Round it the whole world spins.
It is its axis, and mine,
As I whirl through the days,
Parting with nothing, snatching all . . .
But some day I will have an excess . . .
An overflow . . . and I will be left
With the bitter-sweet dregs
Of youth's hard gaiety.

English bila comit applying at appropriate Joan McCaig, 3a(1).

MEMORIES OF A NEW ZEALAND HOLIDAY By Miss MAY ANDREW, O.B.E., M.A.

WE set sail from Tilbury on a lovely morning in October, overwhelmed with the nostalgic feeling that the thought of saying good-bye always brings. Five weeks at sea in a well-run ship, with leisure to read (though it is hard to concentrate on any subject when lulled by the drowsy wash of the sea along the ship's side) was a wonderful experience. Four days out from London we stepped out at Las Palmas in the Canaries, steaming then for twelve days southward through a level sapphire sea, sparkling in brilliant sunshine. The ship provided a little world of our own; we were strangers thrown together for a few weeks to share the same new experience, and the days passed quickly. From Capetown we sailed due east for twelve days, till we called at Fremantle and Adelaide, reached Melbourne just then in the final thrills of preparation for the Olympic Games, and sailed up Sydney Harbour (the "finest in the world" the Australians say), on a lovely morning, when the Heads stood clear against an azure sky; as the great bridge spanning the harbour came in sight my heart leapt up. Five happy days, spent in seeing the wonders of the great port and the blue Mountains, sped quickly by, and we set sail in the evening, with the myriad lights of the city already twinkling, to cross the 1,200 miles of the Tasman Sea that separate New Zealand from the great Continent.

A brilliant sun was shining on an early summer morning as we sailed down the coast of the North Island into the Waitemata, Auckland's lovely harbour. The shining, calm blue sea stretched for miles from the busy waterfront to the suburban bays, on one of which I was to make my home. The sea danced and sparkled in the sunlight, while the great ridge of sand shone like newly fallen snow, and all the time I was in Murray's Bay I loved the views of sunset and moonlight over the island-strewn waters of Hauraki Gulf.

More than most cities in the world—except Amsterdam and Venice—Auckland is a city of water. The island-strewn waters of Hauraki Gulf are a paradise for yachtsmen; at week-ends, and on holidays, hundreds of sailing boats skim like white-winged birds across the sheltered water of the harbour, and families (Duke's son and cook's son alike) are off to camp on one of the lovely islands and to fish and swim to their hearts' content.

It is extraordinary to think that it was as recently as 1841—little more than a hundred years ago—that the site of the city of Auckland, then fern and manuka-covered hills, was purchased from the Maoris for £50 and a strange assortment of oddments. In little more than a man's life-time the lovely city has grown up on the lonely hills till now there are a quarter of a million inhabitants, handsome buildings and charming homes looking over the harbour where ferry boats ply.

The more I travelled through New Zealand the more I marvelled at the wonderful things that have been accomplished in the century. And nowhere may one marvel more than in Auckland. It seemed to me extraordinarily impressive to look over the city, as we did one lovely evening in January, from One Tree Hill, on which stands the monument to the benefactor, Sir John Logan Campbell, to see the beautiful University buildings overlooking Albert Park, the Domain with the noble War Memorial housing the finest museum collection in the Dominion, the botanical gardens, and the flood-lit Cenotaph dominating the whole city; and to know that when Campbell first viewed the landscape from the hill-top there was no city at all, that as he worked in the new land of his adoption, the city grew—and that before he died he was able to make the great gift to the town in which he built the first house. "Si monumentum quaeris, circumspice."

For many people Auckland is the far north, the rim of the Pacific. Yet from Auckland to the Bay of Islands, on the east coast, we had a journey of 170 miles and had not come within easy distance of the north coast, the land where the godwits dwell. It was an exciting drive for me, for I was at the wheel of my friend's little car, and the clay roads, made more difficult by long stretches of "reconstruction," were reminiscent of the fun of the fair. We bumped into pot-holes, bumped out again, skidded along on loose metal which made the road surface, but had time, too, to admire the rolling country, the vineyards and farms, the groves of cabbage trees and ferns, which brought us to the Bay of Islands where all the history of New Zealand first began.

It is a most lovely spot, and as I looked on it that dove-grey peaceful afternoon, lit by summer sunshine, how I wished that I could bring the School out to share its beauty. Here amongst the lovely bays we looked across the reaches of the island-dotted harbour to the little town of Russell, now quietly browsing in the long sunshine of the North. Here, in the Bay of Islands, everything began. Here in 1823 Henry Williams, the young English naval officer, established his mission. I could see the mountain under which Samuel Marsden preached his first sermon, "I bring you good tidings"; here the first printing press in New Zealand was set up in 1834; here the first boat was built and launched; and here in 1840, little more than a hundred years ago, was signed the Treaty of Waitangi, which transferred the sovereignty of the islands to Queen Victoria and made New Zealand one with Britain.

Reluctantly we left to drive to the west coast, indented with bays and beaches of firm far-stretching sands, and as we turned south through the huge forests the journey became more and more dream-like; we picnicked amongst the luxuriant bush, with the giant kauri towering above us. These forest giants are a magnificent sight; their massive trunks are mottled lavender and silver, uprising straight and grand for 40 feet without a branch, like the pillars of a great cathedral. Some are 30 to 40 feet in girth and more than 100 feet high; an expert woodsman, using spiked boots and sharp pointed axe, climbs them like an Alpine mountaineer, with a rope to help him get down.

It seemed incredible that it was really Christmas time. The day was warm and clear, as every day since my arrival in New Zealand, and indeed I found the sunshine of each new brightly dawning day a cause in itself for joy and happiness. Before we left the forest we stood, by common consent, silent and almost breathless, listening to the hoarse croak of the ka-ka, or the wild, sweet, plaintive note of the bell-bird; then we crept softly up to a low branch to have a good look at the tui—the parson bird—most clerical looking in its dapper glossy black suit, with white slender feathers curled coquettishly at each side of its throat. As we travelled further south we found sweet briars and convolvulus in bloom, larks singing madly in the deep blue sky, a warm wind stirring the flowering ti-trees, and the feathery toi-toi beside the lake. The neighbouring hills were ablaze with the scarlet blossoms of the pohuturkawo and the gardens, growing high hedges of hydrangeas, had the advantage of tall tree ferns, nikau pahus and Australian red gums, to make a backcloth for their beauty.

Part of the Christmas holiday we spent in a cottage on the shores of Lake Rotorua, that wonderland for tourists, set in a fantastic area of boiling springs, belching geysers, and mud, bubbling and plopping like porridge. At the famous Maori settlement of Whakarewarewa—known as "Whaka" for ease—we crossed the bridge where the Maori children entertain visitors by deftly diving for pennies, and entered the village. Immediately a guide took us completely under her wing, setting off at a brisk pace on the two-mile walk through the settlement. It is a weird, uncanny valley, and it is hard to give in words any idea of this vast, steaming boiling tract

of country. We looked with a sort of fascinated terror at the bubbling, heaving crust of the earth—the cauldrons where boiling mud shoots up in fantastic shapes, spreading into the form of roses and lilies, or, like an army of little demons, jumping three or four feet into the air. We saw the great Pohutu geyser sending its cloud of boiling water to a height of 70 feet—a dramatic sight. And as we walked, our guide entertained us with chatter about their never fearing a coal strike and never requiring an expensive pressure cooker, for the evening meal, as she showed us was cooking in a steam hole in the ground—the billy covered with an old sack set on a primitive wooden box with a board or two knocked out. She told us gruesome stories of the bottomless boiling pools, of the fate of foolish visitors who stepped off the path to get a nearer view, and diverted our minds from the terrors with facetious comments: "This is where Captain Cook's pig fell into a hole; there's nothing left of him now but his grunt." "And here you can catch your trout in that cold stream, swing him still on the line into the boiling pool in front of you and take him out all ready to be eaten."

Whaka is not the only wonder spot of Rotorua, and indeed it is amazing that the Maoris in their native settlement can sleep comfortably at night, with the boiling pools and shaking crust of the barren sulphur-crusted earth literally on their doorsteps. From our cottage we made many tours. We drove twenty miles on to Lake Rotomahana (the Maori names have a magic in their sound), where in a little motor launch we passed over the seething lake and sailed alongside the steaming cliffs, where ferns and mosses cling beside the boiling cascades, till at the end of the day we came to the Buried Village, overwhelmed in the great earthquake of 1886.

There is much beauty, too, in the surrounding country; the shores of the lakes Rotoiti, Rotoehu and Okatania are a dream of loveliness. Nothing could be more beautiful than the clear, pellucid blue of the water, the boat drawn up on the silvery beach, the tree ferns trailing in the water, and the tuis singing in the high tops of the fern-tangled bush.

It was in Rotorua, too, that we learned something of the Maoris. Large numbers live in little settlements, where they love to show their visitors their carved meeting houses and churches, and explain the symbolism of the tiki and other ornaments. There, too, we enjoyed a concert, organised by the famous Guide Fangi, to raise funds to send the young Maori girl, Ruia Morrison, overseas to compete at Wimbledon this summer. The young men danced traditional hakas (the final shout of victory nearly took the roof off the hall) and the girls in lovely costumes entertained us with poi dances—using a poi ball made of dry bullrush leaves about the size of an orange, while, in perfect time, to the chanting of their leaders, and the swaying of their own bodies, they swung the ball round and round in graceful movement. The curtain came down; there was a great burst of applause and I came down to earth with a start.

The Christmas holiday took us to another wonder of the North Island—the glow-worm cave at Waitomo. No words can describe nor picture capture the atmosphere and eerie beauty of this amazing cavern, radiant with the pin points of light from a million tiny glow-worms. There are three caves—discovered in 1879 by an intrepid surveyor, Mr Mace—forming together a series of great halls and chambers in the heart of wooded hills and making an underground fairyland of stalagmites, stalactites and glow-worms. I could not help wondering what the explorer's thoughts had been when his canoe first penetrated into the heart of these enchanted hills. He must have believed that some of the Maori legends of fairies in the bush were true and that he had surprised the little people at a moment when their halls were illuminated for high festival. The fantastic stalactites have taken odd shapes. In one, an enchanting crystal palace with

a 65 feet high roof, we found Aladdin's Cave, Snow-White with the little dwarfs (with Grumpy sitting sulkily apart), Peter and Paul, the apostles, and the bust of Bernard Shaw standing beside the head of a tiger. In the second, where a mighty hidden waterfall echoed among the strange formations, we saw the bridal chamber with a huge bridescake, formed from cream limestone, dripping icing over the edge, while nearby hung the bride's jewels—a long slender rope of limestone pearls.

But far the most spectacular of the three, the Glow-Worm Cave, we visited in the evening, winding our way down the path from the hotel with tiny electric lights gleaming amongst the tree ferns. Passing through the Organ Loft, the great Cathedral Hall showing lovely examples of ecclesiastical architecture, we crept, like a party of ghosts, down stairways and corridors to the river level where we stepped silently into a little boat and set out on the dark mysterious water into the huge cave—a spectacle breath-taking in its loveliness. It seemed as if all the stars in the night sky had turned into tiny sapphires and the whole dome of heaven had then dropped down to within arm's reach of earth. Waitomo is one of Nature's masterpieces; I felt that if I had seen nothing else but this, it alone was worth the journey to New Zealand.

In early February we set out on a tour of the South Island, flying down from Auckland to Christchurch, the attractive English city of the Plains. When the Canterbury Pilgrims, who came over the seas in 1850, first viewed their new country from the hills that skirt the sea-board, there was no sign of civilisation. They set to work to build a dream town, transplanted from England to a summer clime. They named their streets after Anglican bishoprics and planted the borders of the River Avon, that winds through the city, with limes, and sycamores, and silver birch trees which might remind them of their Motherland. University students stroll and read on the tow-path of the Avon as they do by the Cam and Cherwell.

Our route from Christchurch took us south through the Canterbury Plains and the rugged grandeur of the country where Samuel Butler wrote "Erewhon" and brought us over the border from England to Scotland, for Dunedin, the main city of Otago, was founded by Scots. From the top of Mount Cargill we looked down over the Otago harbour and Port Chalmers, and, as our car wound down the hill, Dunedin lay clear in the valley below. We walked along Princes Street, visited the sights of the city and spent a quiet hour in Knox Church where Mr Small's ministry is remembered with gratitude. We drove, too, into the surrounding hills to enjoy the beauties of the Edinburgh of New Zealand and its outskirts.

Two days later we turned due west and were on our way to Fiordland, where amidst the giant mountains lie lakes of glorious loveliness, canyons and waterfalls thundering from incredible heights, forests and ferns, raging torrents and shimmering cascades. The only way to reach Milford is by way of a rough track which runs for thirty miles through the steep Eglinton Valley and ends abruptly at the Homer Saddle. Under this mountain-pass lies the Homer Tunnel, and through this the track runs for three-quarters of a mile under 3,000 feet of solid rock. It was a good moment when we saw a slit of light in the distance and knew, for sure, that we really were going to emerge into the outside world again. It was a hair-raising ride in that lurching shaky bus, for the track becomes narrower and more alarming, and in places where the road had almost collapsed there was barely room for the four wheels, while over the crumbling edge we could see the river boiling and frothing hundreds of feet below. From the top of the Divide some of the most magnificent scenery in the world met our eyes and gradually we dropped down through beautiful bushland to Milford Sound, to the comfortable hotel, whose windows frame what must be one of the loveliest sights in New Zealand. From a setting of forest, Mitre Peak, the Monarch of Milford, rises a sheer

5,560 feet out of the water, its dark sides alternately sunlit and shadowed, its peak flecked with soft white cloud.

Next morning we were taken in a comfortable motor launch right down to the mouth of the Sound, a distance of about 18 miles. As we steered between the steep walls we saw the Bowen Falls spraying out like billowing white chiffon from a tremendous height. Grey-blue peaks rose on both sides of us and on the skyline glistened the blue ice of the Pembroke Glacier.

Our next objective was Queenstown, the gem of the Southern Lake District, nestling on the shores of Lake Wakatipu at the foot of the Remarkables, the mountain range that dominates the townships rising gaunt and grand from the unfathomable depths of the lake for nearly 8,000 feet to the sky. The view from the Gardens, looking over the great expanse of lake to the snowcapped peaks is one not easily forgotten. At the end of the peninsula stands a great rock with a tablet set in it in memory of Scott of the Antarctic and those who died with him. Below the stars of the Southern Cross is graven the last passage from the explorer's diary—a fine memorial to the dead and an inspiration to the living.

In the peace of that little township, with a population of a thousand people, it is difficult to think of the days of the gold rush in the early sixties, when Queenstown was a canvas town with a population of 12,000. All kinds of fascinating tales were told us of the discovery of gold, of how two Maori shepherds, swimming out into the River Shotover to rescue a drowning dog, brought him to shore with lumps of gold sticking to his coat, and how very soon the banks of the river swarmed with diggers, and nearly 15 millions worth of gold were taken from it in six years; but the rush was already waning when a great flood drowned a hundred men on the river bank, and tents, equipment and men were washed away. Before many days passed the diggers began to drift to the new fields on the West Coast.

From Queenstown we made excursions by lake and road—the most memorable of them to Skipper's Canyon—a drive of forty miles to that gold-dredging outpost, through weird forbidding hills with continuous cork-screw bends, along rough roads cut out on the side of the precipice, with the Shotover River raging in the chasm below.

The drive from Queenstown to Mount Cook is as interesting as it is surprising. We drove over the Crown Range, mounting the zig-zag path to a height of 3,575 feet, till peak after peak came into sight, and the view of the valleys might well have been seen from an aeroplane. The high hills backing the slopes had a little scarf of cloud as white and soft as swansdown; and miles away were the far peaks of the mountains under their canopy of snow.

In a magical moment we got a full view of the Alpine charm as we swung round a corner and drove up the shores of Lake Puhaki, with Mount Cook dominating the valley at the head of the lake. No opal ever held such softly shaded colours as Puhaki that morning—the foreshore bronze, the further range a pure mauve. Amongst the bright green raupo reeds were scattered sheets of water-like fragments of a broken mirror, reflecting clearly blue skies, bushed gullies, grey bare crags and mountain peaks, the snow rose-tinted in the sunshine.

In that lovely valley stands a great modern comfortable hotel, from whose windows we looked out on Mount Cook rising majestically to a height of 12,349 feet above us. The dazzling whiteness of the peaks, where the snow seems smoothed out with a gigantic palette knife, stood out from a stainless blue sky. There was no sound in all the valley until suddenly, like distant thunder, came the sound of an avalanche. A wall of ice from a hundred feet high had pushed over its precipice and crashed down far below.

On a perfect day, under a cloudless sky, fitted with climbing boots

alpen-stock and dark glasses, and accompanied by impressive guides armed with ice axes, we tried to pretend that we were mountaineers, and set off to the Tasman Glacier, a river of ice, eighteen miles long and two miles wide. The only mountaineering we did was in a rickety truck, which bumped madly over fourteen miles of boulders, to take our little party from the hotel to the Bell Hut, followed by a weary scramble over the moraine, the track a succession of precipitous slopes and valleys made up of broken boulders. It was thrilling to meet and chat with young men setting off over the Grand Saddle to the Franz Joseph Glacier on the west of the range, and to remember that three New Zealanders, who had learned to climb on these giant peaks, were members of the great Himalayan expedition.

We left Mount Cook the following day to drive through the Mackenzie Country (named after a notorious sheep stealer) to Christchurch, and as sunset touched the peak, we watched breathlessly as snow pinnacles changed from saffron to ruby, and from lilac to deep purple. Our second tour in the South Island started again from Christchurch, driving on a bright blue blowing day across the great mountain barrier to the west coast. To cross from Canterbury to Westland is to enter a new world. The journey itself, whether by road or rail, is astonishing. We drove through cuttings and along hillsides with great chasms beneath, through which the river roars, and after many tortuous windings, we came to Arthur's Pass. From the height the road winds down a steep hillside into Otira Gorge, where the river, fed by innumerable small waterfalls, quickly becomes a mountain torrent.

In the evening we had reached Hokitika, a region utterly peaceful but also lost and lovely. In the '60's the west was the scene of great activity —of exciting days and gaudy nights, when gold diggers played skittles with bottles of champagne, when one man had his horse shod with gold and prospectors made fortunes in a night. Hohitika and the coast towns rushed into prosperity; but to-day they are deserted and desolate. They have had their day of glory, and now on the whole coast only one gold dredge is still at work.

The journey south to the Franz Joseph and Fox Glaciers is a journey never to be forgotten. For many miles the road winds through bushland, the most wonderful, unspoilt scenery in New Zealand. Rimus and kahikatea, which line the road, are eighty and one hundred feet high, the trunks rising straight as a mast without a branch for forty or fifty feet. I loved the luxuriance of that native forest which sometimes closed in on us on both sides at once; tall umbrella ferns, the trunks of the evergreens, the tremendous fronds of the tree ferns, wove a thatched roof over our heads. Nearly every spreading giant of a tree seemed to be a home for stray plants which festooned the adopted parent and made a colourful curtain of velvet.

Lovely, too, were the glimpses of the lakes we passed—bushed to the water's edge and reflecting, like mirrors, the tall pines and fern trees of the surrounding hills. It was from the very top of a bush-clad hill that we caught our first sight of Lake Iaultia, the shimmering sheet of water was lost and found again with every twist of the hill, till at last we were driving right alongside it. The lake, its beauty enhanced by the very changing reflections, made a perfect picture, and when we came to Lake Mapourika, Mount Cook and Mount Tasman shone clear in the still waters.

Along the precarious road we drove to reach the two great glaciers of Westland—the Franz Joseph and the Fox—two rivers of ice, winding imperceptibly through the tropical richness of mountain forest with snowy peaks towering above them. And when we had stumbled over the moraine we found a great white cliff, its walls split and corrugated by ice-blue caves and tunnels—frozen rivers running through tree-clad mountains, flaming scarlet with the rata blossom.

From the Fox we returned by the route already travelled (for there is none other) to Hokitika, and from there northwards to Cape Farewell, the road snaking its way around precipitous cliffs, with the sea smashing in on the rocks below, till we reached the Pancake Rocks—a strange freak of nature that has formed a giant-mined castle of huge limestone pancakes.

As we swung inland through the famous Buller Gorge—a spectacular valley—our coach seemed like an ant on the mountain side, and we looked in awe at the dizzy drop over the umbrella tops of giant fern trees and the rushing waters of the river hundreds of feet below.

Here we were in the wilds, far from civilisation, driving through back block townships which sprang into life in the gold rush and have now slipped back into obscurity and dreams, but when we had crossed the mountain tops we came down to the fertile valleys of the north coast and found apple orchards, hop fields, tobacco plantations and rich fruit-farms stretching far and wide before us.

Over the Marble Mountain we went—ten miles to the top—to visit Cape Farewell at the north-west tip of the Island, and to complete our round tour we drove along the coast from west to east, arriving at the little town of Picton, which lies tucked under a steep hillside on Queen Charlotte Sound, looking rather like a Cornish fishing village. The deep blue water of the Sound is sheltered from the wind by the bushed hills and further ranges; for a week in brilliant sunshine we lingered enjoying the pleasures of a motor launch that took us to the lovely bays, with their little landing jetties, then bright flower gardens and the bush-embowered holiday cottages.

Crossing by steamer from Picton to Wellington we sailed through the Sounds, which Captain Cook described as a fairyland of beauty and music, and two days later we left by the Great North Road which climbs out of the capital in a steep scenic drive over the Rimtaka Mountains through the centre of the North Island. From the summit of the pass we could see peaks and valley stretching away to the horizon, though compared to the giants of the South Island these were mere dwarfs.

It was a wild, wet, gusty day and in places the wind was so strong that we were not surprised, when we took a steep hair-pin bend round a particularly unpleasant precipice, to find a notice warning us in very large capitals "Beware of the Wind." How does one set about it? On the drive north, through the desert road, we ran into a fierce cloudburst; in a matter of minutes the road was a river and the inside of the coach was almost as wet as the outside!

A long run brought us to the centre of the island where, by lovely chance, the clouds parted to give us a magnificent close-up view of the rugged pile of Mount Ruapehu and the mighty snow-clad mountains of National Park.

As we drove back to Auckland fragments of Kipling's poem came to life for me:

"Broom behind the windy town; pollen o' the pine Bell-bird in the leafy deep, where the ratas twine Fern above the saddle bow, flax upon the plain Take the flower, and turn the hour. . . ."

My holiday in this new country, a younger Britain in a summer clime, had shown me a land of endless charm for the visitor. Here in two small islands is a country of amazing diversity and overwhelming beauty of scenery. Its people, warm-hearted and welcoming, "wonder 'mid their fern why men depart to seek the Happy Isles." But as I joined the ship that was to bring me home to Scotland, I knew that my heart is in the Highlands.

STAFF

THE beginning and latter part of the session have been marked by departures from the Needlework Department: Mrs Gray leaving in July 1956 and Mrs Ramsay in April 1957. Both have given faithful service and they take with them the good wishes of the School. Miss M. Campbell, after three years in the gymnasium, left us in December 1956 for an appointment in Dumfries, and the expressions of goodwill and gratitude at her departure would leave her in no doubt of the success of her too short stay with us. In January 1957, Miss Hay, Old Girl of the School, scientist, teacher, wit, raconteuse, took with her to Moray House those rare qualities which lent lustre to her Laboratory and patina to the badinage of the Common-room. Miss Raffan left in March 1957, after notable and faithful service, and colleagues and pupils alike unite in wishing her a speedy recovery from the indisposition that clouded her departure, and many years of happy and fruitful retirement.

Miss Reid filled the vacancy in the Needlework Department from August till December 1956, when Miss Valentine joined us, and with Miss Macpherson's arrival in April 1957, the Needlework complement was restored to normal. Since January 1957 Mrs Macdonald has been filling the vacancy in the Science Department. In January 1957 Miss Lambert joined the Physical Training, and in March 1957 Miss Burnard, the Modern Languages Departments.

The Primary Department has achieved the rare but desirable condition of no change, so far as the teaching Staff is concerned. Miss Ducat is now training the Primary School Choir. Miss Wardlaw, the Primary School Matron, retired in October after seven years' service and carries with her our good wishes. Her place has been taken by Mrs Hunter.

Mlle. Gaudet, the Assistant in the French Department, early in the session became a victim of our icy roads and her long period of convalescence in the Royal Infirmary has just ended. Frl. Zimmers brings with her from Germany a zest and mastery of English at all levels from the classical to the colloquial which is indistinguishable from the native and which must infuse her German teaching with lively understanding. To both we would express our thanks for all they have done; they take with them back to their homelands our warmest good wishes.

SCHOOL NOTES

OF the many visitors to School this session it may be observed that they delighted us by their interest in our work here, and by their varied gifts and interests afforded us some insight into their own work in their homelands. In June 1956 five foreign students from the Education School of London University spent some time in the School. America has sent several visitors: in November 1956 Mrs Watson visited the Music Department, and she was followed in May 1957 by Miss Mackenroth, a Fulbright Scholar, and Mrs Sommerer, whose charming and shy presence belied the "American teacher of the year," an honour bestowed for quite outstanding services to education. January 1957 saw the visit of Miss Graham, Senior English Mistress of Hamilton School, Victoria, Australia, who, having devoted much time and interest to the working of the English Department, pronounced gratifying satisfaction. In February 1957 Mr G. St. M. Dawson lectured to Form 2 on Australia. In January 1957 came Miss Narbadar from Sanwal, India, and she will be followed in June by a party of Indian science students. It may be regretted that opportunity seldom arises for an adequate return traffic; however, in May 1956 Mr McEwan spent a profitable fortnight in Bavaria, visiting schools and other places where an interest in English literature and way of life is being vigorously fostered.

On another level the traffic is heavy and by no means unilateral. The Holland expedition of this Easter is another sign that our ties with our friends in Heriot's, as well as overseas, are strong. Ten boys from Heriot's and ten of our girls, under the charge of Miss Paterson and Mr Stone, were the guests for a fortnight of the High School, Wassenaar, and contributed to the Exhibition which concluded a major study-project on Scottish life and achievement. If one may read the auspices aright they also contributed in a recognisable way to the gaiety of nations.

Our girls continue to take an interest in fruitful projects outside the curriculum. In March 1957 four girls attended the Livingstone Commemoration Service in the Merchants Hall. Last July eight girls spent three days on an expedition to Hadrian's Wall. In February 1957 Major Wemyss came to talk to Forms 1, 2 and 3 on the Trans-Antarctic Expeditions. In May 1957, senior girls took part in the 6th Form Conference on the Commonwealth in South and Central Africa, and in June they will follow this up by a series of lectures on the United States. Our lecturers have also included officers from the W.R.E.N.S. and the W.R.A.F., who explained conditions of life and work in the services.

This year the Christmas Carol Service was held in St. Cuthbert's Church, the whole School, on this occasion, being thereby able to attend. The service followed the established pattern of the Seven

Lessons and Carols, the Lessons being read by Miss Steel and girls, and the choir and congregation joining in the carols with youthful sweetness and sincerity. Mr Small delivered the address, and few can overcome with such easy mastery the difficulties of making a personal and direct appeal at the same time to the little ones of the Preparatory Department and the mature scholars of the Sixth. The Preparatory and the Primary Departments also had carol services of their own in School.

Christmas is a time of receiving; but the complementary joy of giving is never lost sight of in Gillespie's, the gifts this year indicating the customary liberality. These were distributed, as formerly, to children in various places in the city, but a happy innovation also led senior girls to deliver personally, to many old people in straitened circumstances, gifts of food and other necessaries which were as welcome as the gratitude with which they were received was overwhelming. "Go ye out into all the world . . "; this very needy and deserving part of the world will reward our active interest in the future. The girls of the Primary Department also contributed £13 to buying Christmas Seals in aid of the School for Spastic Children at Westerlea and the Marie Curie Memorial Foundation, the latter also a new venture this year.

The Primary and Preparatory girls maintain their participation in the maintenance of "Jim" and his friends in the Zoo at Corstorphine. Many have, in addition, become Associate Members (Subscription, 10s. 6d.) and all this interest is being recognised when, on 24th June, Mr Fisher, the Director-Secretary, is coming to talk on the Zoo in general and "Jim" in particular. The sum required to endow a second "Jim"—this time a guide-dog for the blind—has not yet been achieved, but weekly contributions continue on a generous scale. Mr Woodlock, the Scottish representative, is to speak to the girls on 4th June.

The Pan Puppets visited the School in February, giving much delight, especially to the younger children.

The Burns Federation Prizes were won by Ruth Wilson, 7(1), and Maureen McAdam, 7(2), the S.S.P.C.A. essay competition being won by Janie McGregor, 7(1), and Anne Dukes, 7(2).

At the end of the First Term Parents' Meetings, along the lines of those already established in the Senior School, were held in the Primary Department and were marked by a similar success

The Primary and Preparatory Exhibition of Art and Needlework will be held on 19th June and the School Concert will be held in the Usher Hall on 21st June. The School Sports take place at Meggetland on 12th June.

The list of benefactors of the Library continues to expand, books having been received from: Elaine Cochrane, Mlle. Baudin, the Education Committee, the Faculty of Actuaries, the North of

Scotland Hydro-Electric Board, Phyllis Stroller, Miss Fleming and Mr Brash; and records from: Elizabeth Guthrie and Sheila McCluskey.

The new block-headings to some of the sections in the magazine are from designs by Cynthia Finlayson, 5L.

The production of a School Magazine leans heavily on the co-operation of many, often working under pressure, in the scant leisure available from other duties. To this collaboration no contribution is more vital, more meticulously discharged, or more graciously given, than that of Miss McIntyre and her girls. The traditional recognition only inadequately indicates the degree of our gratitude and the sincerity of our "Thank you!"

Class Numbering.—Class 1 indicates a girl of about 12, and each increase in class number indicates a year's increase in age, to class 6, when girls are about 18.

EDITORIAL COMMITTEE

General Editor—Mr James D. McEwan.

Business Editor—Miss Anne Dingwall.

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

School Editor, 1957—Miss Elizabeth Campbell.

EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY BURSARY COMPETITION

10th—Elizabeth Campbell. 21st—Eva Forbes. 35th—Pamela Heron.

John Welsh Mathematical Bursary 8th—ELIZABETH CAMPBELL.

Edinburgh University

Moira Gunn—Medallist, Rhetoric and English Literature; Medallist, 1st Ord. Latin.

Civil Service Examination—Clerical Class

Home—4th, Ann Purves; 18th, Diane Howison; 32nd, Anne Lynas; and 33rd, Christine Spence.

Foreign—5th, Diane Howison; 7th, Evelyn Sangster; 9th, Anne Lynas; 12th, Moira Miller.

BARGES, BULBS AND BICYCLES

GEORGE HERIOT'S SCHOOL and JAMES GILLESPIE'S HIGH SCHOOL COMBINED VISIT TO HOLLAND—12th to 27th APRIL 1957

THE strains of a very much hepped-up "Loch Lomond" blared through the corridors of the large modern building of the Rijnlands Lyceum as the pupils, clad in jeans and sweaters, dashed madly from room to room with a bottle of Coca Cola in one hand, a sandwich in the other and a paint brush between their teeth. We Gillespie girls and Heriot's boys watched fascinated as the Rijnlands Exhibition on Scotland gradually took shape.

It was Sunday, 14th April, the first day of our fortnight's stay as the guests of one of Holland's most important schools situated in Wassenaar on the outskirts of the Hague.

By Monday, 9.30 a.m., we were all well and truly settled in and waiting, in the entrance hall, the arrival of Mr Kenneth Bumstead, C.B.E., the British Consul from Rotterdam to open the Exhibition.

This consisted of seven classrooms where every aspect of Scotland was excellently portrayed by artistic arrangements of photographs, models, samples and drawings.

The Exhibition lasted for three days. Our part consisted in giving a display of Scottish music and dancing to the pupils in the mornings and the parents in the evening. The Dutch audiences seemed quite stirred by the skirl of the pipes and found the boys "skirts" quite "cute." We were always given a rousing cheer as we left the hall in spite of one or two hitches such as the time when one of our number, in the middle of a dance, daintily put his foot right through the platform.

Other features of the Exhibition were a Scottish and Dutch folk-song recital, two Scottish films and the Scottish play, "Campbell of Kilmohr," translated into Dutch.

The afternoons of these days were free and we visited Madurodam, the model village in the Hague and the Keukenhof, a huge bulb park. The first amazed us by its skilful and accurate representation of everything from the huge new liner, the New Amsterdam and the extensive airport, to the organ-grinder and the real scent of hyacinths in the tiny bulb fields. To reach the Keukenhof we drove through miles of what seemed a dazzling patchwork quilt. As far as the eye could see were fields of tulips, daffodils and hyacinths of every conceivable colour. Bewildered by the splendour of what we had seen, we found that yet another feast of beauty awaited us. At the Keukenhof the flowers are shown against a background of lake, lawn and the fresh spring leaves of the loveliest trees.

From Thursday, 17th, till the following Tuesday we were free to be entertained by the Dutch families with whom we were staying. Usually, after a great many telephone calls all over the district, the majority of us would get together and in troupes of about thirty we saw much that was interesting and beautiful in Holland.

Whenever possible our form of transport was the bicycle. Most of us were given old boneshakers, some of which had no brakes but had to be back-pedalled to stop—and singing and laughing, we cycled in droves all over the district immediately surrounding the Hague.

Excursions were made to Delft, Rotterdam and the Hague, while some of our party were fortunate enough to be taken to see some of the fishing villages on the Iselmeer (formerly the Zuider Zee) and to the moorlands further south. On Saturday, the 20th, we all went into the Hague

where we saw the Parliament buildings and the Peace Palace. The latter is an imposing building of great grace and beauty where international cases are tried. Together, with an American party, we had a most amusing tour of the interior, after a heated argument as to whether Andrew Carnegie, who first gave the money for the Peace Palace to be built, was a Scot or an American. This argument was refereed very cleverly by our fascinating guide in his charming Dutch-American English.

The entire tram journey from the Hague to its seaside resort was spent in trying to pronounce the place to which we were going, spelt Scheveningen and pronounced "Schchchrrraveningin" with a big explosion in the back of the throat on the "Schchchrr." After walking along the beautiful sands dotted with high-backed straw chairs which looked rather like cradles standing on end, we were taken to one of the many Indonesian restaurants for a meal. There, in a room to ourselves, we had the hottest meal of our lives! After a few mouthfuls we felt sure our breath would catch fire at any moment.

That evening one of the Dutch girls gave a party in her lovely big home, and what a party! The coloured lights, log fire and an enormous stack of modern records soon had us all "in the mood" and for most of us it was the liveliest, gayest, most partyish party we had ever known. Everyone joined in the merrymaking until eventually, exhausted with sheer exhilaration, we regretfully said good-bye.

The one-and-a-half hours' bus run from Wassenaar the following Tuesday morning took us to "camp." Situated in wooded sand dunes, this consisted of long wooden chalets each consisting of six "cabins." A cabin had four bunks, a table and four chairs and made a comfortable H.Q. for our three days stay there at Driebergen.

Wednesday was spent in Utrecht where we climbed the Dom, a church tower 360 feet high, and visited several old churches dating from the thirteenth century. The music-teacher from the Rijnlands Lyceum gave us an organ recital on an organ of which the magnificent tone and appearance were in perfect harmony.

Thursday was spent in Amsterdam, a handsome, graceful city with its fine shops and its many tree-lined canals. Here we all enjoyed a very interesting tour round some of the paintings of Rembrandt in the famous Rijks Museum and spent a pleasant hour sailing round the canals and docks of the great port.

Evenings at camp were spent together in the assembly hall where we learnt much about Holland. We were especially interested by the talk given by a member of the Zuider Zee Works Committee about the reclamation work being done in the Zuider Zee and the battle of the Netherlanders against the sea became for us not merely a vague piece of information from a story book but a reality which filled us with admiration. The force of this struggle was appreciated most by those of us who had had the awe-inspiring experience of standing on a dyke and seeing the sea on one side at a higher level than the rich green polders and the farmhouses on the other.

But the Friday we hoped would never come, came and sadly we had to say good-bye. Good-bye to all the exciting new friends who had taken us so generously into their homes and who had been our most gracious hosts throughout an unforgettable fortnight.

CHRISTINE S. CRICHTON, 6A. Eva A. Forbes, 6A.

HERE AND THERE

First Year.—" What is thy business? Petting lapdog and sucking sugarsticks. I call that muck."

Duty in Middle Corridor.—"There she collects the force of female lungs."

Third Year.—"Those chambers hold barbarian hordes."

Fourth Year.— "Ye learned sisters ..."

Fifth at Games.—"I for one venerate a petticoat."

Choir.—" Their lean and flashy songs grate on their scrannel pipes." Orchestra.—" Bang, whang, whang goes the drum,

Tootle-te-tootle the fife."

S.U.—"Perverts the Prophets and Purloins the Psalms." School Lunches.—" It was in my mouth sweet as honey,

And as soon as I had eaten it, my belly was bitter." The Magazine.—" Il arrive que l'esprit demande la poesie."

9.30 a.m.—"Too late, too late, ye cannot enter now."

At the Baths.—"I pant, I sink, I tremble, I expire."

School Dance.—"Love watching madness with unalterable mien."

"Before—I will be good.
After—Must you go? Can't you stay?"

After—Must you go? Can't you stay?"

Gymnastics.—"It is my turn now; and if I come back it is yours."

"Ah, when will this weary day have end?"

Of Maths.—"I'm very well acquainted too with matters mathematical, I understand equations, both the simple and quadratical."

"Assorted geometries—plane and fancy."

Of English.—" Paradox lost and paradox regained."

Night before Exam.—" This is the night

Exams.—"This is the night
That either makes me or fordoes me quite."

Exams.—"Tell me my soul can this be death?"
Highers.—"Cheer up the worst is yet to come."

Bursary Comp.—"Now ceasse ye damsels your delights forepast."

Sixth at Chemistry.—"Those suspensions, those solutions must we die?"

After Latin—"Then forewell. Horses: whom I have deep After Latin.—"Then farewell, Horace; whom I hated so,

not for thy faults but mine." Staff.—"I love to keep work by me; the thought of getting rid of it nearly breaks my heart."

"No one knows how ungentlemanly he looks, until he has seen himself in a shocking bad hat."

"A man not old, but mellow, like good wine."
"No, I am not Prince Hamlet, nor was meant to be."

Form 6a:

A guide, a ruler, and example,

A guide, a ruler, and example."

A. I. (at singing(.—" Tax not so bad a voice

To slander music anymore than once."

"I cannot sing. As a singist I am not a success. I

am saddest when I sing. So are those who hear me. They are sadder than I."

O. R.—" Sweetness void of pride."

M. M.—" More brain, O Lord, more brain."

M. B.—" If a woman's wit be wandering let her study the mathematics."

B. C.—" My dear, her hair"

J. A.—" Light she was and like a fairy

And her shoes were no. 9."

E. F.—"I caught a tremendous fish And held him beside the boat; He didn't fight He hadn't fought at all."

F. S.—" She has many strings to her bow, And many beaux to her string." F. G.—"A lass so neat, with smile so sweet."

C. D.—" Her head up and her flaming hair tossed by the wind."

R. T.—"Walter, Walter, lead me to the altar!"
F. M.—"Like Douglas conquer, or like Douglas die." E. P.—"A happy bridesmaid makes a happy bride."
P. H.—"Full o' beans and benevolence."
J. M.—"I'm afraid to come home in the dark!"

A. T. (returning from a hike)—" A coming shower your shooting corns presage."

M. S.—"The female woman is one of the greatest instituoshuns of which this land can boste—and one of the mister-ies of Do-rémy."

J. McP.—"OH! OH! Antonio!

Don't leave me on my own-i-o."

CROWING CROOSE

Past the long, long nights of study; O'er the grinding hours of graft; Back the electric bill to normal; And to-day I really laughed.

Gone the pile of reference notebooks; Gone the flames of bedroom fires; Gone the harried frown from count'nance; For behind I've left the Highers.

Hark! My feathered friends are twittering, who have Full of song and joie de vivre and ton a matter por action Is my heart each newborn morning Et pourquoi? J'oublie mes livres.

Yet behind my smiling facade (Am I " crowing croose " too soon?)

Lurks a dread, though hopeful waiting For the news produced in June.

PATRICIA A. COLLEY, Form 5L.

the his was no longer atoms and a kind of wood ON THE QUEUE T.

"Will you move a little faster?" said a prefect to the First, "There's another class behind you and the cloakroom walls may burst." See how eagerly the "blondes" gaze round and all the "brunettes" too; They are waiting for the mirror—"Will you come and join the queue?"

You can really have no notion of how different they will be When they have finished titivations just at twenty-five past three.
The prefect cried, "Too slow! Too slow!" but looked as if she knew, And thanked them very kindly, but she would not join the queue.

"What matter's it how slow we are?" one little girl sighed, "There is another cloakroom over at the other side. It's further off from me, of course, but nearer far to you— So be not wild, beloved child, you need not join the queue."

ISOBEL STRUTHERS, Form 5s.



THE PINK SHOE

IT was her shoes which first caught his attention.

For over an hour, ever since he had first got on the train, he had stared straight opposite him at the faded, yellow, time-stained picture that faced his seat. Somehow he had the idea that this sordidly respectable scene of an English village represented all the drabness and sneering mediocrity that was the railway carriage, that was life.

"If I can only stare you out," he thought, caught up in this bitterly metaphorical mood, "if I can only stare you out, I'd have done something to get the better of you. At least, I'll have proved

that I'm strong enough to beat you when I want to."

But after an hour his senses could no longer repulse the inanimate attacks made by the blind, inane appearance of the cobbled street in the afternoon sunlight. He felt both physically and mentally sick, and just in the moment when he knew he would have to give in the picture leered at him, and he knew that he had lost a real battle. Then, as his eyes fell to the floor, he found that he was no longer alone, and a kind of wondering triumph rose in him as he saw the pink shoes. Challenging, defiant, they faced the barricade of the hostile and repressing stares of all the ugly pictures on the wall with derision and contempt. Almost, they seemed to yawn and turn aside in boredom from the nonplussed enemy.

"By God!" he thought, in admiration. "You're not afraid of them! You'd win any day," and he felt envious of their calm

superiority in the grey and dirt of the carriage.

Slowly, he came back into a more conscious state of mind and

looked up to see the girl who was wearing the shoes.

She was fairly young, with long brown hair neatly tied back from her face which, although grotesquely pale in the acid light from the single, uncovered bulb which lit the carriage, was carefully made up. The mocking air of her shoes was reflected in the gleam of her eyes and the slight twist at one corner of her mouth. With careful precision she blew cigarette smoke out of her mouth, staring at him all the time.

Instinctively he knew she would understand if he told her about the picture, and he also knew that she and her shoes had solved their problems, whereas he had not the strength to solve his, because he scarcely comprehended them.

He said the first thing that came into his head: "How pretty your shoes are!"

She puffed the cigarette and watched the lighted end glow into life then said, quietly, "Thank you!"

There was a pause while the smoke from the cigarette hung motionless in the stale air like a curtain between them. Slowly, it climbed up to the roof and seemed to trickle through the many cracks that patterned it.

Still looking at him steadily, she spoke again, and he knew she had been planning to say it for a while.

"I'd better warn you I'm going to kill myself by jumping off this train in about four minutes."

His only feeling was one of surprise.

"But why? Why you, of all people?"

She shrugged. "Why not?"

He had to say what was in his mind.

"I thought you had conquered life," he said slowly, and the words were like the tolling of a bell.

The train began to climb up a gradient, gradually losing speed. The girl thought for a moment, then smiled.

"In a way I have," she said, "because I've learned that it isn't necessary. I'm not going to kill myself because I can't stand life any more, but because I don't want it. Can you understand that?"

His brain was not working quickly enough to absorb all she said, but he knew she was right and dimly he began to see why.

"It's not enough to fight life," she went on, "you must also reject it."

Yes, he could understand that. "But is it necessary to kill yourself?" he asked, unconscious of the pleading in his voice.

Her reply was barely audible above the chanting of the wheels as the train, coming downhill, gathered speed.

"For me—it's necessary. I don't know why, but I know it is. I've thought about it for a long time and I knew that this was

the night. That's why I wore my pink shoes—as a parting gesture of contempt."

He hardly heard her last words. He was thinking, "Yes, this is the night, now, here, in this place that typifies all you've conquered."

Vaguely, he realised that this had come at a crucial moment in his life and he knew that somehow everything would be different from now on. It was meant to be like that.

Deliberately, the girl leaned forward and dropped her cigarette on the floor, where it was crushed by one dainty pink shoe. Then she stood up, smoothing her skirt.

Awkwardly, she said, "I'm going to jump now. Perhaps you'd better close your eyes."

He nodded, smiling a little to let her know he understood, then, as if falling asleep, he leaned back and drowned all thought in the vibrant, insistent pounding of the wheels.

The door creaked open. There was a momentary silence, then a half-stifled gasp, and the monotonous thud of the carriage door as it swung backwards and forwards.

He opened his eyes and stood up. Uncertain what to do, he raised his hand to the communication cord, then froze before pulling it. Lying on the floor was a pink shoe. Carefully he picked it up, then straightened himself and walked over to the picture which had defeated him earlier. Slowly he raised the shoe and brought down the heel with all his force against the grubby glass.

M. Tod, Form 4M.

IN GRATITUDE FOR . . .

In gratitude for
Honest wind and sweet rain;
The shivering blue of stars;
Drag of ocean's fingertips
On fields of sand—velvet wet;
Pure coldness of beating wings;
Through silken fur
Heartbeats scurrying;
Perfection of form—perfection of wind
Cradling a sea-bird in up-bearing surge;
Black water, sinuous and free,
Cathedrals—candles—incense faint,
The unfair drowsy drug of song;
Warmth of golden rocking corn,
And a rose, blood-soaked.

Morag Forsyth, Form B(1).

SECONDARY EDUCATION IN GERMANY

LAST year, while on holiday in Germany, I had the privilege of attending a German school for some time.

The first thing that would probably strike the average Scottish teacher on entering a German classroom is the lack of discipline. This, with the complete absence of any uniform, is due, most likely, to the reaction from the war. Not that this lack of discipline amounts to a positive insurrection on the part of the pupils—far from it! It is merely the over-exuberance of their spirits manifesting itself in a continual restlessness and hum of conversation.

Between the pupils and teachers, too, there is a great feeling of comradeship. Teachers take a personal interest in their pupils, often inviting them home. This friendship is fostered by the compulsory excursions made each month by the whole class with its teacher. They go, often for the whole day, to some place of particular beauty, or of national historical interest. In these excursions they are educated in the best sense of the word. Not only do they learn to take an interest in things outside mere booklearning, and to appreciate art and culture for its own sake, but, seeing their schoolmates informally, they learn to know each other better and to co-operate together. These monthly excursions, as the annual trip lasting a fortnight, are made in school hours. On the annual trip they often stay in Youth Hostels and travel round the country. In this way their outlook is broadened and they develop a genuine interest in their country and their fellowmen.

Although they spend so much time on excursions, their schooling is of a very high standard. They have incorporated the principles of a modern psychology into their school curriculum with conspicuous success.

A wide range of subjects is studied during the whole of the school course with scarcely any specialisation. The Abitur, the equivalent of the "Highers," which they sit when they are eighteen, is the only examination in the secondary school. The marks on the report cards, which are issued twice a year, are based solely on the work done in class. Neither are the pupils given individual marks, but are placed in grades according to their ability. As a result there can be no "top," and just as important, no "bottom." Much futile worry and fruitless strivings are thus eliminated as well as that nadir of vices, "mark-grubbing!" There is a greater incentive to seek knowledge for the sake of knowledge and not merely for the immediate result.

Because they are graded according to class work, and because much of the teaching is done by discussion, homework is more thoroughly learned, and through not being allowed to accumulate is more likely to remain a permanent part of their knowledge. Of course, using these methods, it is far more difficult to force the pace, as the constant threat of tests is removed. But this is more than compensated for by the extra time available for teaching.

On the whole, the trend in German schools is towards a freer and more liberal education which encourages the growth of character. Unlike the American system which, in pursuit of these aims, has resulted in confusion and chaos, German schools have succeeded in finding a workable ideal, which places them in the forefront of modern education.

JUSTUS H. WILSON, Form 5s.

FANTASY

Then I came upon a shop
The sun shone through.
Its windows were of glass
Green as the sea;
And when I touched the glass
Spray fell on me;
And as I bent to catch it
Shells cut my hand.
The shells were milky white
And sharp as light.
They led me to a castle
Bright as the sun,
But when I tried to enter
My dream had flown.

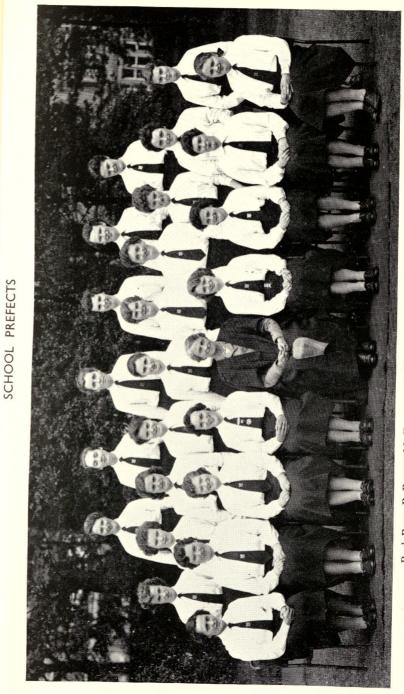
ELIZABETH CAMPBELL, Form 6A.

HOLIDAY THOUGHTS

"I'm going to the sea,
 I'm going to the sea,"
That's what the wheels will say to me.
We'll pass some cottages, farms and all,
In the distance some mountains gaunt and tall.
I might spend a holiday there some day;
Now I'd rather go down to the sea and play.
The sands are yellow; the seagulls white;
To swim in the sea is such a delight.
We'll stay in a house so trim and neat,
And maybe a new friend I shall meet.
There's fishing-boats, motor-boats, yachts and skiffs,
And oh! such interesting walks on the cliffs.
So roll on the holidays, roll on the day,
I'll hear the message the wheels convey:
 "I'm going to the sea.

"I'm going to the sea,"
I'm going to the sea,"
That's what the wheels will say to me.

ALICE M. LAWRIE, Form 1A(1).



Back Row—P. Black, M. Forsyth, A. Elliott, J. Stephen, H. Duncan, M. Duncan.

Middle Row—A. Nicol, J. Poole, M. Gregor, A. Thomson, O. Rutherford, M. McCallum, H. Guilan, C. Rogers, L. Bruce, F. Macdonald.

F. Macdonald.

F. Macdonald.

F. Macdonald.

F. Macdonald.

F. Macdonald.

F. Carlchton (Captain), Miss Steel, E. Forbes (Vice-Captain), E. Campbell, A. Innes, A. Reid.

the Council Room in tayanab anal covered with murals of

Ce lac est le plus beau.—Voltaire.

I WAS sitting on my suitcase in the Schweiz-Bundes-Bahnhof at Bâle eating a large peach. This was my second visit to the station—the first being but a fortnight before when I was bubbling over with excitement at the prospect of spending a holiday by Lake Geneva.

Some juice from my peach dropped on to the top of my suitcase and then trickled down the side—down over the labels I had bought to remind myself of each place. The first was Montreux.

Rather sadly, I thought of the little town spread along two miles of the lake-side and the gigantic peaks of the Alps, crowned with eternal snow, framing it and giving the placid blue waters of the lake a strangely foreboding air. Montreux is a place of bright flowers, day-long sunshine and gay little cafés, with brightly-coloured awnings and I shall always remember it as such. I thought, too, of my pen-friend's visit; my first reaction to the taste of the continental wine—my nose turned up in mingled dislike and the thrill of something new. After five or six glasses (not one after the other) of this wine (which I am sure had some effect on me), I was requested to sing "God Save the Queen" for the benefit of my friend's parents and the other people on the terracing of the hotel. It must have sounded oddly out of place, particularly as I was accompanied by my friend on her mouth-organ.

At the eastern end of Montreux there stands, jutting into the lake, the solid grey mass of the Chateau de Chillon, whose tragic prisoner inspired both Lord Byron and Victor Hugo.

The juice trickled down—St. Gingolph and the pearl "factory" sprang to mind. St. Gingolph is a little town on the Franco-Swiss frontier on the southern side of the lake and boasts a pearl "factory." A little further east stands le Bouveret, where the Rhône enters the lake. The muddy waters of the river can be seen for about half a mile into the limpid blue of the lake.

The next label is a shield of red, white and green vertical stripes (the colours of Italy) which brought back the day spent at the Great Saint Bernard Pass—extensive patches of snow lying on the shaggy mountainsides like great frozen clouds filled with tiny silver sequins glittering in the electric heat of the sun, and the continuous clanging of cow-bells transforming the whole scene into a mountain fairyland, the statue of St. Bernard, with arm outstretched, reigning over the serene beauty of it all. Even the dogs, in the kennels at the Hospice, seemed less mundane because of their beautiful names—Heidi, Gretel, Hans, Hilda.

Quickly my thoughts turned from this veritable paradise to the Palais des Nations in the cosmopolitan city of Geneva, watched over by that Alpine giant—Mont Blanc. The walls and ceiling of



NORMA MARSHALL

Class 5D.



I'm a pirate looking for my fee on the bonny coast of Barbary.

Class 5c.

the Council Room in the Palais are entirely covered with murals in dark brown and gold tints, representing Justice, Strength, Peace and Law and on the ceiling the five continents united in peace. These murals were gifted by Spain and everything in the Palais was given by the Member Nations. Wandering in and out of the rooms one feels the sensation of having travelled all over the world. Geneva is also a city of wonderful parks, full of beautiful flowers and fountains and to sail on the lake is to sail into happiness.

But my thoughts were soon disturbed by the sound of a train drawing into the station—it was our train, the train which was to take me further and further away from it all. I wondered if it had really happened—it just seemed to flit past as quickly as the juice

had trickled down the side of my suitcase.

I rose, walked slowly over, and plopped the unfinished peach into a litter bin.

DOROTHY MORTIMER, 4L.

TAGS OF SONG

"... FOR me now far from Islay." How often do I remember, on thinking of the one line of this song, the wonderful holiday I spent on Islay. It evokes in my mind the golden sunset streaked with cotton-wool clouds which we watched from the shore at Port Charlotte, waiting for the seals to come up to the shore; the wonderful view of the flat, though interesting, island from Rhuval Lighthouse; the walk across the sandy bay, barefooted, at low tide in the invigorating air of a blowy, Sunday morning; trailing my fingers through the green, rippling water from the ferry boat on the return journey from Jura; the thick black smoke which always seemed to take the place of the "peat-fire flame"; and finally, the friendly Islanders waving good-bye as the boat sailed away from Port Askaig to the faint strains of "Will'ye no' come back again?"

"Will ye no' come back again?" I still hear this snatch of the immortal song with which we sent off the party of French students from the Waverley Station. It was a Tuesday morning at nine o'clock—a typical Edinburgh morning, grey, cold, misty. Marie-Louise seems to be here at this moment comforting Laurette whose emotions have overpowered her. Jacot is sitting there, with wild eyes and dishevelled hair, still trying to master on his mouthorgan the evasive notes of a Scottish tune, accompanying Jeanette who is trying to master the equally evasive steps of a Scottish country dance. They take with them, and leave behind them, memories of a marvellous holiday of sight-seeing, tennis, hiking, swimming, theatre, and some of the most rousing singing I have ever heard. A lump rises to my throat as the final echoing notes die in the grey, cold, misty morning. And they are gone.

The good-night of the nurses was indeed cordial, and as we left the nursery a little girl was still humming to herself the tune of "One, two, three, four, five-once I caught a fish alive." It was at the annual party of the Children's Shelter, and everyone was greatly impressed by the confidence and self-assurance with which the children, some of them no more than two years old, stood up to say their "party pieces." The children ended by giving a quiet and dignified reproduction of the Nativity. The young Mary cradled her Baby to sleep with a lovely lullaby, which became a triumphant chorus into which the angels joined with their sweet soprano voices. The young mite beside me started to chant "One, two, three, four, five . . .", and the spell was abruptly broken. Mary laid her doll most unceremoniously in the manger, came in our direction, and slapped the offender deliberately on her already scarlet face. She then returned to the stable, sat down once more, and refused to move until her Baby was asleep again. As we left, still quite undaunted, my little friend sang "One, two, three, four, five. . . ."

"But what is the sixth note?" I asked myself as I sat trembling waiting for my name to be called. I was about to enter for my first music examination, but it was not the sixth note of "Everglades" which escaped me, but that of the latest modern tune, which ran inanely through my brain. Sometimes it was played in the latest jazz rhythm, sometimes with the stately grace of Bach, but that sixth note refused to be played. I heard my name, walked slowly up to the piano and sat down. The stool was too high. How could I play with the stool at that height? The first note I struck was the elusive sixth note which had escaped me for at least twenty minutes. I heard nothing of the melody of "Everglades." All I heard was that note repeated over and over again until I felt that it could not be I who was playing it. After what seemed an eternity I finished, descended the platform, sat down and awaited the decision of the judges. I did not even know what I had played. I heard my own name called-eightyseven out of a hundred, and that sixth note came ringing in my brain, now as familiar as the chimes of Big Ben. I had passed with honours!

Other snatches of song are more elusive. One at this present midnight hour boisterously declines to linger more than a moment in my memory. Why did Horace have to write odes!

"... carmina non prius
Audita musarum sacerdos
Virginibus puerisque canto."

JOAN MOORE, Form VA.

See 28 bas ded UNEXPECTED DIVERSION! Boog sall

THE sun shone brilliantly from a cloudless sky; the "tarmac" of the playground glistened in the heat; the sparkling water of the swimming-pool reflected the unbelievable blue of the heavens and the tall, grey spire of Christchurch Cathedral shimmered with the heat waves. An extremely bored, torpid class gazed unintelligently at the poor, suffering teacher who was vainly trying to instil some of the history of New Zealand into them. I had lost track hours ago of what he was saying and was in a happy, happy daze, gazing out of the window at the pleasant scene described above.

Then, at first imperceptibly, then more noticeably, my desk began to move gently from side to side. I gazed at it stupidly for a few moments, wondering if I were having hallucinations. But the rocking began to be more pronounced and I saw and felt the whole room heaving, seemingly quite alarmingly. I have often read that people go "all hot and cold inside," and this seems to describe exactly my feelings. One word kept suggesting itself to me, although I kept trying not to be so silly. I attempted in vain to think of some sensible reason for this quaking of the entire surroundings.

By this time, everyone was giggling and looking rather pleased at this unexpected diversion and even the teacher smiled in an amused way. I heard the word which had forced itself upon my brain being whispered around the room. "An earthquake. It's an earthquake!" Having been in New Zealand for less than a month, I found this very alarming, and I was astounded that no one else seemed at all put out, but giggled more than ever. As the novel and unpleasant sensation continued, I discovered from my neighbour's candid remarks afterwards, that I had turned whiter than I have ever been before. After what seemed to be centuries of torture the "slight tremor," which had lasted precisely two minutes, had passed, leaving me with a relieved feeling mixed with one that I wanted to be sick, while the rest giggled over this occurrence which they had experienced several times before. After a few minutes, order was restored and the class resumed its former bored and torpid state.

Eileen Daniels, Form 3a(1).

ELEGY

Curious cat—
Enquiring pat—
Broken dish—
Dead fish.

IRENE DAINTY, Form 5L.

IBADAN: CITY OF CONTRASTS

AS we approached Ibadan, the impenetrable, tropical forest which had flanked our road south gradually gave way to a less luxuriant type of vegetation. This in turn was replaced by small, round mud huts in which the Yorubas (natives of Western Nigeria) live. Outside the huts dark-skinned women prepared a meal of yam, plantains and meat over a smoky, wood fire. Shrieking children, practically naked, played happily in the sun or carried water in large gourds from the communal tap.

There was a steady flow of traffic travelling towards the city, consisting mainly of pedestrians and cyclists. The latter were a perfect menace to the community as each machine usually carried two persons and a large amount of baggage. Goats and oxen were also to be seen in great numbers blocking the road as a result of their slow, stubborn habits. Sleek, shiny American cars presented a peculiar contrast to the noisy, rickety native buses or "Mammy wagons" as they are called. Most of these wagons were in a state of dilapidation and were driven by reckless drivers at break-neck speeds in total disregard for the safety of those doomed to travel on them. They were filled to capacity with such things as livestock, food bundles, and personal belongings, in addition to the passengers themselves, a few of whom were always to be seen perched precariously on the running board. Each wagon had a slogan such as "Rest and be Thankful" painted in large print on the front.

In one of the smaller streets we saw a medicine-man surrounded by his "Ju-ju" (magic) animal skins, strange bones and teeth, various herbs and special leather bands advertised as being able to keep evil spirits away. We also passed several shops—if the word shop can be applied to a mud hut with a corrugated iron roof, with its bright goods displayed outside in colourful array. The modern Government offices formed a striking comparison with these primitive dwellings; likewise the large stores and University buildings. One of the main streets proved another example of the mixture of old and new, the electric lights contrasting with the paraffin lamps still used in the city.

Clothes too differed greatly. Some people were completely Westernised, wearing light-coloured trousers, bright shirts and "jazzy" ties, while others were the traditional flowing robes and light sandals. A few had managed to go half-way, wearing long, loose garments, a bowler hat and carrying an umbrella. The fairer sex, however, seemed content with the more comfortable native dress consisting of a piece of brightly coloured cloth wound round the waist to form a skirt and a loose blouse with large wide sleeves. The younger children were conveniently carried by means of a broad band of material fastened at the waist. Hair

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styles were unique, the hair being usually woven into small tight plaits and arranged in startling fashions over the head.

During our stay in Nigeria we saw many examples of the old and of the new, of African and European, and we can only hope that Western ideas will not completely overrun this "City of Contrasts."

JANICE O'RORKE, 2A(1).

clared darrely in the sun or carried welce in THE NEWSVENDOR

"SUGAR?" and goalle worth aftern the work where a case of the

"Yes, please." atally a han anarraphon to vicinary normal

The bowl was duly passed to me and I selected three lumps and dropped them into the steaming liquid. The bubbles rose and quickly burst. The conversation among my friends was mostly about their school and as I did not belong to the same one as they did their talk did not include me. Thus my attention wandered.

The café was gay, modern and packed, the people within chattering busily, endlessly; the people without rushing to and fro in a frenzied state of ant-like haste. But one figure remained still in the ceaseless flow. An old man, he stood at a near-by corner, weather-beaten and bent, a bundle of newspapers under his right arm. I looked more closely at his wrinkled face where many toilsome years had left their mark.

"Strange," I thought, "that face was smooth once," and then my imagination caught fire and my thoughts wandered back to a day when the same man, in his youth, had perhaps stood in the same spot waiting, at first for his friends, later perhaps, for the lady of his choice whom he had in time married. In due course his family had come and gone, three boys perhaps, then no more for his wife had died and his sons had grown up, prospered in business and left their father to find his own employment after he had had to retire from his own work. Or perhaps . . .

"What are you gazing at?" An amused voice broke in on my reverie.

"Pardon? Oh, I was just wondering about that old man over there."

"Who? The neswpaper man?"

"Yes."

"Hmmmm. It's an awful shame about him. Mum was just saying the other day that he has three sons with plenty of money who don't bother about him at all. Isn't it terrible?"

"Dreadful," I said, and drank my now lukewarm tea in one

Morag Westland, Form 4c(1).

BOUND BY OUR PROMISE AND LAW

IT was about half-past six in the evening of 22nd February 1957, a day that would be remembered for ever by millions of boys and girls all the world over-the centenary of the birth of Lord Robert Baden-Powell of Gilwell, the Founder of the Boy Scout movement. I was waiting for a bus, in Gilmore Place and, as it was a cold night, I was standing in a shop doorway. The man and the based win or no

A number 9 bus drew up at the stop and seven or eight people alighted. One of them I noticed particularly. He began to cross the road, then turned back and came over to where I was standing. He was a small, dark man with unruly, wavy hair and was slightly hunch-backed. He was dressed poorly but tidily. As he approached me, I edged my way out of the doorway into the pool of light cast by the nearby street lamp.

"You look kind and friendly," he said in an indistinct voice. "I would gladly pay you for five minutes conversation—if I had anything to pay you with."

He had an impediment in his speech and a strange light in his eyes which made me feel vaguely uneasy. I looked hurriedly around me, but there was no one else in sight.

"Why's that?" I, at last, managed to say.

"I'm so lonely. No one speaks to me. No one wants me." A tear trickled down his cheek. "You may not believe this, but I was quite well off, once. I went to Daniel Stewart's and then to Edinburgh University. But I've since fallen on hard times. I have not had the friendship of a human being since I left the Boy Scouts. I'm just going across to the Doctor-but I know exactly what will happen. He'll say as usual, 'No, Briggs, I'm sorry. I can't do anything for you. You are perfectly able to work. You expect to get money without your doing anything for it.""

"But I'm not really like that," he continued in a broken voice, which was becoming more and more difficult to follow. "My one ambition is to be like Noel Coward."

Here he paused and, drawing a handkerchief from his pocket, wiped his eyes. Although I felt deeply sorry for this strange man the feeling of uneasiness had not left me.

"Do you like Noel Coward's music?" he continued.

"Yes, very much," I replied, not knowing much about him, but not wishing a dissertation on him, there and then.

"Is that music you have there?" the man asked, pointing to the folder I was carrying.

"Yes, it's an organ tutor, by John Stainer," I said.

"And would you say that it was rubbish?"

"No. No, of course it isn't," I answered, surprised at the question.

He drew a sheaf of papers from his pocket, contemplated it

JAMES GILLESPIE'S HIGH SCHOOL MAGAZINE

for a moment or two in silence, then turned his eyes on me. There was a strange gleam in them and at that moment I felt afraid, horribly afraid. I wanted to run away, but my legs would not move. Just then, I heard the noise of brakes a few yards away. The glow from the headlamps of the bus mingled with the light from the street lamp.

"That's my bus," I said, pulling my Guide beret more firmly

on to my head. "I'm sorry, but I'll have to go."

"Yes, you'd better. Thank you," he said, but his voice was no longer broken and sad and, instead of the wild look on his face, was an expression of peace and tranquillity.

The same Land was vibrated on Ruth Alston, Form 4L. He was diseased poorly but piddy. As he approached

SHETLAND HOLIDAY

"AND what do you think of Shetland?"

The wind was strong and icy, and as I had to cling on to the lorry for my life I was not in the mood to admire the scenery-

not that there was very much new to see.

There are the everlasting hills, wrapped up in a blanket of stubbly heather and grass; there are tiny, shy flowers snuggling up to the protective grass, and there is always the sea. Sometimes the sea is gentle, sometimes it swirls ruthlessly around the rocks, but at all times it has a luring magic, a beautiful, if cruel, power.

We stopped beside a slope, thickly dotted with little stacks of peats, and immediately started to throw them into the lorry. I was willing to help at first, but after I had repeated the same

monotonous action for five hours I changed my mind.

In the evening we were invited to a neighbouring croft.

"Big Andrew is very hard-working and very kind," began Maggie tentatively, "but there is one thing you mustn't worry about . . ."

I wondered what tic the man suffered from— " . . . You see, he's never washed his face."

While the men discussed Nasser and the Panama Canal, I was being shown around the garden by two small boys.

"This," confided young Andrew, "is a plant called a daisy. Do you have daisies in your country?"

"Come 'n' see this peerie (little) darling. It's my very own chick." Wee Andrew tugged at my hand.

"A chick is really a young hen, and a hen is a bird that gives eggs," I was informed by young Andrew.

"Oh!" I tried to assume a surprised tone.

"These hens are Old Andrew's and the ones yonder on the hill are Big Andrew's." "Is Big Andrew your father?"

"Oh, no!"—the imps grinned at my ignorance—"Big Andrew's our granda. Our Daddy's name is Andrew."

After I had explored the planticrub (a walled-in enclosure to protect very young plants), admired the cows and examined every flower, I managed to escape indoors. There I was asked the inevitable question:

"And what do you think of Shetland?"

I replied that it was completely different from what I had imagined.

Old Andrew roared with laughter.

"You-you thought we wore skins and-lived in caves-" another burst of laughter—" and ate raw meat. Heh! heh! heh!"

I tried to protest but it was useless.

"Never mind him," said Maggie. "His heid's just a box of fish."

This provoked fresh spasms from everyone and I could still hear them laughing as we drove home.

> ASTRID GILLIS, 3A(2). SOSTROM & STATE BOLLDON SER SERVICE TO BE TO STATE OF THE STATE OF THE

MATHEMATICS

From the French of JULES SUPERVIELLE

What a gloom in the room, As the forty distort
Their faces.

On the board is a horde Of triangles which wrangle Like natives.

And the A and the K, Do they seek for a creek In some word?

Can you prove with one move Or two sums that that drum's Was sent to prison for ten verse. A circle?

All do try to reply But the sum is become As a snake.

The angle has the skill To appear with a leer As a dog.

So in vain must the brain, when the brain to be so the brain, when the brain to be so the In a fog or a bog, Thus remain.

MARGARET MITCHELL, Form 6a.

THE ACCIDENT

I RUSHED into the station, clinging to my hat with one hand, clutching my grip with the other. Nearby a train whistled warningly—my train. I pushed my ticket at the placid collector and rushed past the barrier, just in time to see the train swaying out of sight.

"Trains!" I muttered. "Why they don't run buses on this

route I shall never know."

The last remark was half addressed to the only other person on the platform. He was a man of about forty yet his face, which was deeply lined, made him look older.

"Where are you going?" he asked, "Cheam?"

"Yes," I replied.

"Take the five-five to Myneside and change for the Cheam

train; that'll save you waiting so long."

"Thank you," I answered gratefully, sitting on the greenpainted bench ("Gifted by Mrs McArthy to the people of Bridgeton") beside him. "You know a lot about trains?"

"I should do—drove one for ten years." Drove?" I enquired inquisitively.

"Until I got the sack," he replied with a grimace.

"What happened?" I asked.

"Oh well! I suppose I can tell you."
"Of course. Please do," I said reassuringly.

"Do you remember the big accident near Cheam in 1947? Forty-six men, women and children going to a picnic, all killed. Only one survivor—a baby. No! it would be before your time." Before I could reply he continued: "The driver's fault. He went through the signals when they were against him and crashed." As he spoke tears welled up in his eyes and his lips quivered.

"You, you were the driver?" I whispered aghast.

"I was the driver. That day I was so happy. I'd only been married a week. I was singing and joking with my fireman. That signal was always down. I didn't bother to look. I didn't bother to look," he repeated. "But I was punished for it. I lost my job. Was sent to prison for ten years. Was despised and spat upon. Everyone hated me. I got out of prison to-day."

"But that's all over now. I'm sure everything will be all right. And," I said with a catch in my throat, "I'm sure you're

forgiven. You've paid for your crime."

"Yes, that's all over. I'm going home to my wife and a job and I'm going to forget it all!" His face lit up with a smile. He rose for the train which had just come in—the five o'clock train for London. He waved to me from his carriage. And smiled. A smile full of joy and hope for the future.

When the train had disappeared from view, I wept until my

eyes were red. I am an orphan. My parents died in 1947 in a train crash near Cheam—I was the sole survivor.

JOAN MITCHELL, Form 4M.

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ON reaching the top landing she paused to regain her breath. She felt tired and old. The noise of the children playing in the street below reached her ears and she smiled; she could do with some of their energies and high spirits. Once inside her room, she put the kettle on the fire to make a cup of tea, sat down in her big, shiny armchair and opened the evening paper. Her eyes travelled down the "entertainments" column until at last she found what she was looking for: yes, that film was in the "Gaumont." Old Mrs Brown had seen it and had told her enough about it to make her want to see it herself. Besides Arthur Gray was in it and she liked him very much; he reminded her of Robert. She looked at the old brown-and-white wedding photograph on the dresser and sighed gently. Robert used to like going to the cinema too; in fact, it was really he who had introduced her to the cinema, for, every Friday evening, he insisted on taking her to the "Ritz." Sometimes after the show they would visit the little "fish and chip" shop on the corner and "sit in." She liked that. They would make a game of it, pretending they were dining at the most expensive hotel in town; even old Primo would join in the fun and would serve up their humble "fish and chips" with a flourish that any head waiter would have been proud of. She sighed again. It was such a long time ago. . . .

With a jerk, she brought her thoughts back to the present and went to fetch her purse from her handbag. She made a few mental calculations—coal, groceries, rent—yes, she could afford to go; there was even enough to buy some pandrops. She sipped her tea in a glow of anticipation; it was a long time since she had been to the cinema. The last time had been two months ago. Yes, only two months . . . it was strange how time seemed to pass so slowly nowadays. She stopped this train of thought, telling herself that she must not waste any more time thinking of days gone by and how they contrasted so much with the present. Instead, she rinsed her cup and saucer, put some coal on the fire and began to get herself dressed to go out. With excited fingers she buttoned up her coat and planted her hat firmly on her head. Locking the door carefully behind her, she paused on the landing at the top of the stairs, took a deep breath and descended, making good use of the bannister.

MADELINE STREET, Form 4M.

AN EVENING INTERLUDE

IT had been a cold, blustery autumn day and now dusk was falling as I stood at the window looking out at the greyness of the scene spread before me. I watched the few solitary pedestrians battling against the wind, whilst some fallen leaves, shed of their summer glory, were swirled helplessly to and fro.

Growing weary of such a dismal and colourless view, I hastily drew the curtains and found myself transported to a world of warmth and cosiness.

On pulling a chair closer to the fire I was soon settled down and absorbed in an exciting story. Gradually, however, becoming drowsy I lost interest in the book, and with it lying unheeded on my lap I sat gazing into the leaping, darting tongues of flame. A kaleidoscope of pictures and incidents passed before me but my thoughts were too inert to retain any one of them. Presently my wandering reflections were arrested by the patter of raindrops on the window which brought me to a more definite train of thought and I thought how pleasant some of our everyday words are. I pondered on "raindrops" and realised how jolly it sounded like imps of mischief descending from the clouds, seeking to land on some unwary mortal—a "snowflake" with its suggestion of gossamer daintiness—a "rainbow" a galaxy of colour, or a sunbeam" like shimmering, dancing gold. I then mused over some words-crystal, jacinth and opal, pixie, tinkle and star; or a meadow, a stream, trees and buttercups . . .

... I awoke with a start as my mother called to tell me that supper was ready. Not pretty words, certainly, but, oh how welcome . .!

has the reachest of shad anigural Dorothy Hare, Form 2a(1).

ON DOING A CROSSWORD PUZZLE

Nibbling pencil, tongue in cheek—
Just a moment! (please don't speak)
Ten across: I'm sure it's "leaven"—
Now let's have a look at seven.
Ah! I have it!—um . . . oh dear!
A letter short—and yet so near!
Never mind, let's try another . . .
"Suffocate?"—too long—um . . . "smother?"
That would mean six down was wrong . . .
But it can't be—it's so long . . .
Turn on the radio—turn it higher—
And here's some paper for the fire!

ANNE PURVES, Form 5L.

A FINAL TUNING-UP

THERE must be few from the ranks of music-lovers, be they grand opera, high-brow or jazz low-brow, who do not thrill to the plaintive pitch-note of the oboe as it alerts the orchestra into the unsophisticated raptures of pre-concert tuning-up.

Who can sit stolidly unresponsive to the sparkle and joie-de-faire of that unscripted symphony? And what musical banquet would satisfy if the hors-d'oeuvre of the orchestral tuning-up were first omitted? How often one feels that composers would do well to infuse into their scores, and conductors into their interpretations, something of the fresh indiscipline of the orchestral warming-up.

Is it the discipline of baton and rostrum, of white tie and black tailed-coat, that shock the exuberance of orchestral boyishness into formal rectitude? Possibly. Or perhaps the weighty presence of the audience? Surely this also, I thought one evening, a short time ago, as I sat alone in the vast darkened auditorium of the Usher Hall, before me on the wide sweep of the platform in a blaze of light the orderly ranks of the Scottish National Orchestra, backed by the massed groupings of the Edinburgh Royal Choral Union.

But they were an orchestra and a choir metamorphosed and humanised. There, in shirt sleeves and sweaters, conducted by an unfamiliar Rankl, in maroon jersey and grey flannel trousers, were the Scottish and the Choral Union interpreting Wagner and Verdi with the intensity, zest and formal dash of the pre-concert tune-up. To hear the *Meistersingers* and *Aïda* come vividly alive in the sparkling freshness of relaxation and orderly informality was surely a pleasure never accorded an audience.

What a pity the music-loving public cannot have the good fortune that was mine, of attending a pre-concert rehearsal; and how ironic the thought, that if it did it would enjoy only the formal exactitude that its presence dictated!

In the interests of music-making, audiences should be banned and auditoriums reserved only to fortunate individual devotees.

Alison J. B. Keith, Form 4c(1).

LAMENT

Oh, whit a change! Nae jolts or jars. They've scrapped "Auld Reekie's Tramway cars.

Nae shooglie-shoogle, a to some the house the Nae bumps, nae fuss In a streamlined Corporation bus.

Oh, sic a sin they Hae committed, They found they werena Sae quick-witted.

As sune as they Became "bus-fashioned," Suez was nabbed And petrol rationed.

It riles me when About they race, and and the following the first than A' ower the street,

So even wi' Their jolts and jars, Gie me "Auld Reekie's"
Tramway cars.

PAT CAMPBELL, Form 2A(1).

STEEDON SAME VERY DOWN HIGHBROWN AND MAKE

When at a loss with naught to do— That is when there's no prep. to stew-Your English master says that you Should study Shakespeare.

> Don't sit and sew, or knit, or snore, Forget the flicks; T.V. ignore. Get to a Library and explore The works of Shakespeare.

> Proceed to learn great Caesar's fate, How Hamlet's mum bumped off her mate; How to be tamed you'll learn from Kate. It's all in Shakespeare.

Go to it, girls, there's fun in store, No Rock 'n' Roll could offer more; With Elvis Presley wipe the floor And worship Shakespeare. ALISON I. B. KRITH, FOIR 40(1)

ISOBYL COULL, Form 3c.



AN UNEXPECTED PRESENT

ONE morning, not long ago, I was very proud to receive a shiny telegram bearing my name, which read, "Present arriving by rail to-morrow. Please meet at station. Love. Uncle Bob."

Uncle Bob lives in the south of England and I am afraid he is rather forgetful.

However, next morning my young brother Jimmy and I duly set off for the station. On arriving there we were handed a basket bearing the words: "Do not touch or feed." When we opened the basket at home out clambered a tiny bundle of fur and in the basket was a note from Uncle Bob, who is an explorer, telling us how to feed the animal and that he couldn't look after it as he was going on another expedition.

How like Uncle Bob! He forgot to tell us what it was! However, we found out that it was a bushbaby but, unfortunately, we could not keep him. He was given as a present to the Zoo.

SHEILA TILLEY, Primary 7(1).

A DAY IN MY LIFE I SHALL NEVER FORGET

ABOUT three years ago I was very fortunate to receive a special invitation to the ceremony of the Presentation of the New Colours to the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders by the Colonel of the Regiment, Her Majesty The Queen.

It was a sunny morning when I arrived at Holyrood Palace. The ladies, in their gaily coloured dresses, walking through beautifully laid out gardens made a breath-taking picture.

At 11 o'clock the Queen and the Duke crossed the lawn and took up their positions on the dais. The Queen looked lovely and the Duke very handsome in Highland uniform. A few minutes later I heard the skirl of bagpipes, and through the gates came the Highlanders marching bravely.

I felt sad when the Old Colours were piped for the last time, but proud when the New Colours were carried in by my uncle, Major Brown. He laid them on a pile of drums in front of Her Majesty, saluted and marched smartly away. The Chaplain offered up a prayer in which he blessed the Colours, and the Queen handed them over to the Colour Party.

Again the bagpipes skirled, the Highlanders marched away and this magic moment was over.

ANNE DUKES, Primary 7(2).

A GREAT HONOUR

ON arriving at school one Wednesday morning I was stopped by Miss Dewar, the Preparatory Headmistress. She told me that Barbara Parkin and I were to present a bouquet to the Lady Provost and to Miss Andrew our Headmistress, who has now retired.

On the following Thursday evening Barbara and I were taken down to the Usher Hall where the concert was to take place. After a few minutes Miss Fraser came into the room and told us we could see part of the concert. We heard a singing item which was followed by a gymnastic display.

Later we went back to a little room and one of the older girls opened a cupboard. Inside were two beautiful bouquets of flowers. I had to give one to Miss Andrew and say something to her quietly, but instead I said it in my loudest voice so that all the audience heard too.

We returned back to the small room and my mother was there to take me home. I did not feel tired then, but Miss Dewar said I need not come to school until 11 a.m. the following morning.

KATHLEEN CARNEGIE, Primary 7(2).

TWO LITTLE IMPS

ONE Saturday afternoon our Brownie Pack went an outing to the Zoo. We had a wonderful time watching the animals, birds and fish, some performing very amusing antics to the pleasure of us all. We arrived back in town about 7.30 p.m. and Brown Owl saw all but two little Imps safely on their homeward journey. The remaining two stood carefully outside the church door where the respective parents were to collect them. The parents duly arrived but as there was no one to be seen decided that the children had gone home by bus and likewise made tracks for home only to discover that the Imps weren't there. Phone calls were made to leaders and various other people without success. At last someone suggested the church caretaker, who discovered the two little Imps (who had taken shelter from the rain) thoroughly enjoying themselves inside the church, quite oblivious to the commotion outside. I was one of the Imps, my friend, Sheila, the other, and what a thrilling time we had that day.

JOY COCHRANE, Primary 6(1).

SUGGESTIONS

WHEN asking for ideas for the School Magazine the suggestions came-

"Write about the trip down the Rhine!" said mother. "No," said I. "What about the night you spent in Monchau?" said my sister. Once more I said no.

My aunt said, "What about the journey from Edinburgh to London?" but I did not want to do that because it was very dreary.

"Heidleberg and the Student Prince," from mother.

"Fishing at Ullapool"—Janet.
"Hiking in the Manor Valley"—Father.

"The Tattoo"—Auntie Nettie.

"The Comet"—myself.

So many ideas, but what to choose is the puzzle.

"Oh well," said father, "write down all the suggestions you don't want to write about." So I have done this and come to the end of "Suggestions" without having made up my mind.

CATRIONA SMITH, Primary 6(1).

TOO MANY TORTOISES

NOT so long ago my little sister had a birthday. She had always wanted a tortoise and she certainly got what she wanted.

For the past four years we have had staying with us a medical student called Fiona. She could not think what to give Carla, my sister, and was just deciding to give her a book when she had the idea of a tortoise.

As she was to collect Carla from her dancing lesson she gave the tortoise to a friend who took it home. She put it in her small garden thinking it would like some air but unfortunately she did not think it might escape. That night when Fiona came to collect it she found it had disappeared

and could not be found. It was certainly not in the garden.

Next morning Fiona bought another tortoise.

That afternoon Carla was having a party. Just about five o'clock Fiona's friend came to say that that morning she had bought another tortoise to replace the lost one and when she had got home to her surprise a neighbour had found the missing tortoise. Altogether that was three tortoises. So Fiona gave two tortoises to Carla and one to me.

Moira Stewart, Primary 6(2).

DURING the summer holidays I went to see St. Magnus' Cathedral, in Kirkwall, Orkney, with my parents. This is a very old and beautiful cathedral which has always been kept in a good state of repair. There is a narrow winding stone staircase which leads to the Belfry Tower in which there is a chiming clock. From that one one can go up a wooden staircase to a look-out at the top of the spire. We climbed up to the clock tower and whilst my parents were gazing at the huge bells I started to run up the wooden staircase, but before I could realise what had happened I was back down clutching my mother's hand. The clock had struck two o'clock and I thought my eardrums had burst. Of course, my parents only laughed and chanted, "Hickory Dickory Dock!"

KAREN MACKAY, Primary 5(1).

A CATTY STORY

MY mother plays bridge once a week and occasionally I accompany her for tea. On one of these visits we arrived to find Mrs A's house in an uproar. The hall was filled with trunks and suitcases and two of the ladies, armed with an umbrella and a walking stick, were rummaging frantically in the box room. The third lady was cowering in the lounge. A pathetic, but quite loud miaowing came from the direction of the box room. Mrs A. told us that she was sure a stray cat was imprisoned somewhere between the box room and coal cellar walls and begged mother to do something. The lady in the lounge said there was indeed a strong smell of cats. Mother, although dressed for an afternoon, assisted Mrs A. to move the coal away from the side of the wall but there was no sign of pussy although the miaowing continued. She then decided to phone the R.S.P.C.A. from a call box. To our amazement mother returned smiling. Evidently the R.S.P.C.A. have experience of this kind of call. The explanation was that some gas meters make exactly the sound of a miaowing cat. Needless to say there was no bridge that afternoon!

JENNIFER DUNCAN, Primary 5(1).

A HOLIDAY IN MAJORCA

AT Easter time this year I was very fortunate to have a holiday in Majorca, which is in the centre of the Mediterranean Sea. I travelled by aeroplane to Barcelona, and then a Spanish aeroplane took me to Palma Airport, in Majorca, and as I journeyed through the town in the bus I could see beautiful flowers everywhere and oranges and lemons growing on the trees.

On the eve of Good Friday I saw the Holy Procession in the town and this was really wonderful. The streets were covered with sand and hundreds of hooded figures walked on either side carrying huge burning candles, many walking with bare feet. As they passed me some handed over white sweets which was rather frightening as the figures looked so huge with their high hoods covering their faces.

Now that I am home again I have many happy memories of my holiday in Majorca.

Marian Fisher, Primary 5(2).

"TELEVISION STAR"

NEVER had I hoped to see myself on Television but I actually did. This is how it came about.

One Thursday evening my daddy took me to a Television Exhibition. It was very crowded and I held on tightly to his hand so that I would not lose him. We made our way through the crowd to where a man was speaking into a microphone. He asked me if I had ever been on television before. Then he lifted me up on to the platform beside him and suddenly my face was being shown on all the T.V. screens in the hall. I hardly knew myself. I seemed to be quite different from the person I thought I was. Daddy told me that this was a good example of "seeing myself as others see me."

LINDA BARCLAY, Primary 5(2).

JEAN OGILVIE, Primary 4(1).

SANDY

ONE dull night in October my father was out for a walk with his friend when a poor thin dog followed them home. We took him and fed him. We phoned the police but told them that we would keep the dog if he was not claimed. No one claimed him so he is now our dog. He is sleek and well-fed and I think he is glad that he met my father that night.

A SAD STORY

FIVE months ago my budgie died on the twenty-fifth of December. I was at a party that day and when I returned I went straight away into the living-room. My other budgie was there, but Chuckles was not anywhere to be seen. In a few minutes the whole family was searching for her, but it was all in vain. She was not to be found. The same night mother was poking the fire when down fell Chuckles. She had flown up the chimney and suffocated herself. What a sad story.

CHRISTINE FERGUSON, Primary 4(1).

MY DOG

I HAVE a Cocker Spaniel. His name is Sooty. He is very good at doing things and often carries the paper in the morning. When I go to school each day Sooty starts to cry. In the morning, when I am still in bed, Sooty comes on to my bed and licks my face to wake me up.

BARBARA SIMPSON, Primary 4(2).

MY EASTER BONNET

THE day before Easter was very exciting for me because Auntie Peggy was coming to stay with us. I went out with Mummy and Auntie Peggy. I bought my new Easter Bonnet for Sunday. When I awoke I hurried to get dressed and I found two big Easter eggs on the table. I wore my Easter Bonnet to church.

BARBARA WILSON, Primary 3(1).

MY FATHER

MY daddy has ginger hair, blue eyes and a freckley face. He is tall, thin and handsome. His weight is eleven stone. Half-past six is his usual time of wakening. He hurries to get dressed and then goes to the fish market. Now you will know he is a fishmonger. I don't think the fishmongers are much use even if they earn a lot of money because they work every day except Sunday and a half-day on Monday. Or at least my daddy does. Seven o'clock he comes home. That's shocking, don't you think?

CHRISTINE BROWN, Primary 3(2).

MY FATHER

MY father is called Thomas Lyal Horsburgh. He is rather tall and not very fat. Daddy works in the Cruelty to children office up town. He has blue eyes and black hair. His heart is very kind. He loves me very much and I love him. When he gets home he buys me sweeties if I have his slippers by the fire. On Saturdays he takes me down to see the rugby.

Frances Horsburgh, Primary 3(2).

PRIMARY II(I)

ON Easter Sunday we all went to church. I went in to Sunday School. We sang hymns and said a prayer. Then we saw a table on which was a lovely garden. There was the tomb where Jesus was laid. There was an angel in the tomb and Mary was there with John and Peter. Jesus was standing behind Mary.

I wish I had a pony but I have no room in the garden for it. Mummy said it would have to sleep in the shed for daddy has not got the money to buy a stable, but I am just thinking, who is going to keep it when I go out.

I wish I was a lady. I wish I was a lady because I would like a child like my own mummy at home. I would send her to James Gillespie's High School if I was a lady now. But oh, such a long time to wait because I am only seven. I would look after her well, if only I was a lady.

My teacher has thirty-four of a family to look after. I don't think my mummy would like to have thirty-four children come pouring in at the front door and out the back door. I don't think she would like it very much. She has only two people to look after, but if you count the man next door, daddy and the cat, she has five to look after.

One day my teacher said she would have a lovely room if she had thirty-four little Lorraines in her class. When I told mummy she said it would be an awfully noisy room, but when I told daddy he fell off his chair.

On Easter Sunday the Easter Bunny did not come to our house because I am seven now and when you are seven you do not get eggs from the Easter Bunny any more. I got a book of Jesus from my Nana and twenty chocolate pennies from my daddy.

PRIMARY P. I(I)

YESTERDAY I said to my friend two scalitons were on the bus, which one pade, none of them pade, because they were scind. This is a jock, (Written on 1st April.)

I have a cudley escymow and it is coled Sosan.

I coold rued a hors when I was one. I got it in arasoanna.

St. Cuthbert's, Dec. 19

We had karills in chirch. Ole I cood see was the minister and the guir and the organ man beside Miss Nicl.

The minister sed we will say a prer. I did shut my Is and got my hands togetha and pryd. Sad was me.

I got my so in ma cheen and my wash in ma cheen from Santa I also not a nittin set and a kroschee hook

I got three paers of new shoows. They were red peep-toe, white sandls, and black painted.

I got my cake sprichilld with hoollee water vestrday. Barbra made the cake herself and got the hoollee water in chirch.

I went to the mew-seeim last Saturday and I prest all the butns. I reely do want to go again, but I don't want to dusturb mummy and daddy.

I have so many toys and books and five dollys, but I am beyond them all, and I am just sitting knitting,

PRIMARY 1(2)

- 1. My Dad has fols teeth and he can et meet. Sumtimes he dusint et enithin.
- 2. I saw the schoodints and sum of them had bathing costyooms on. One dansed on culird lorase. One had a big hed on him.
- 3. I saw the styoudants on Satarday. I licte the girl scwarting water on me.
- 4. My daddy was wircing for the sity-lord-chamber. I took his lunch in my schoolbag. He was wirching all day and half of the night.
- 5. I had jerme and meesls and they were coming and going but when they had finisht I had to wate a wee while to come back today.
- 6. I am to have a brase in my teeth wen I am bigar and I will huftoo tace it out for the necs day.

PRIMARY II(2)

I HAVE a tortoise. It is a male. Frances has got one too. They don't like each other and they stare at each other for ages. After ages the tortoise just turns away. They are very funny.

My birthday is to-morrow. It is going to be a very happy day, because Miss Steel, our headmistress, is coming to our School. Mr Small is coming too. He is the minister of St. Cuthbert's Church. Once we went there. We had a lovely time.

On Saturday I went to see the procession. I saw some doing rock and roll and the big white whale. There was a man on the lorry. He saw a penny and jumped off the lorry and picked up the penny, and then he jumped on again. There was a man, and do you know, he was in a

I have a little sister. She is very funny. When mummy sits her on the floor instead of crawling she wobbles. She cannot hold her cup yet.



THE LITERARY AND DRAMATIC SOCIETY

THE "Lit." has enjoyed a highly successful and lively session and we are delighted to see that the membership is increasing and that so many of the younger girls are taking a keen interest in the Society's activities.

The session opened with a symposium entitled "Festivally Speaking"

in which a number of girls told us of visits they paid to the Festival shows

and their "peeps behind the scenes."

We have had only two actual debates this session, but the standard of debating proved to be very high in both. The first was entitled: "That the Twentieth Century cannot produce great men"; and the second, a very successful joint-meeting with the Royal High School held in their school, "That we are the smug citizens of a provincial city."

We were very honoured in having, as our guest-speaker for this year, Mr Nigel Tranter, the Scottish novelist, who not only told us of the many difficulties an author has to face these dsys, but amused us greatly by giving us the background of some of his books and telling us how they are written.

For the final meeting of the winter term Miss Foster and Mr Sommerville arranged a Music-and-Poetry Evening, comprising poems and songs on similar themes. The meeting was enjoyed immensely by everyone, and our grateful thanks are extended to Miss Foster for her never-failing enthusiasm and readiness to help on such occasions.

The Spring Term began with a mock trial entitled "Authors on Trial." Miss Foster was the "judge," the members of the audience the "jury," and for each of the six authors, accused of having bored generations of schoolchildren, there was a "prosecutor" and a "defendant."

This was followed by the most outstanding meeting of the session,

the Annual Burns Supper with George Heriot's Society, held, this year, in their school. This has come to be the highlight of the year, and, certainly the meeting to which the members of the Society look forward with greatest enthusiasm.

The Inter-Douse Drama Festival this year was won by Gilmore, who presented Louisa Alcott's ever-popular "Little Women." We are grateful to Mrs Jamieson, the adjudicator, who gave us much helpful advice for future performances.

A discussion on the degeneration of modern life, under the title of "Homo Sapiens," provided a wide variety of topics and raised many controversial points from the floor of the House. This was still the case in "Fourth Year Night," when the Fourth Year presented a debate entitled, "That Women should have the sole right of proposing marriage."

The session was brought to a close with "Surprise Night" which took,

as usual, the form of a party.

The committee's most grateful thanks are again due to Miss Steel, Mr McEwan, Miss Foster, Miss Henderson and Mr Sommerville for their generous help and continued interest in our efforts; to Christine Crichton, our able artist, who so willingly designs our posters; and to the janitors, who give so much of their valuable time to superintend our "exits and our entrances."

Long may the "Lit." flourish! A. RACHAEL TARRIER, Secretary.

SCIENCE ASSOCIATION

THE Science Association has had another busy and interesting session. We were fortunate to have Mr Waterston of the Fair Isles Bird Sanctuary as our guest speaker and we learnt with interest of the research into bird migration made on that delightful island.

The session saw two excursions, one to Duncan's Chocolate Factory and the other to *The Scotsman* Office. The former was very popular, especially with the younger girls who, no doubt, anticipated the samples.

Most of the popular meetings re-appeared on this year's syllabus, including the annual social which proved very successful. The Sixth Year Experiment Night was interesting for the younger girls who watched our apparent magic in amazement. The Staff Quiz proved very popular, the panel being: Messrs Dall, McEwan, Mackenzie and Sommerville. There were two film evenings this session and both were instructive and entertaining.

The Committee records, with pleasure, that the membership from the first and second years has increased considerably this session and we hope this is not a temporary state of affairs. To Miss Ferguson we extend our grateful thanks for her never-failing and cheerful help and to next session's committee we wish every success.

JOAN A. G. McPherson, Secretary.

CHOIR

DURING the first term our attention was focussed on the Christmas music for our service in St. Cuthbert's Parish Church on Wednesday, 19th December 1956. The carols were "Ding dong merrily on high," "A Virgin most pure," "Matthew, Mark, and Luke and John" and "God rest ye merry, gentlemen." Some of the hymns had solo verses sung by choir members.

Handel's "Messiah" was tackled in the second term. The Easter Part which we were using had been arranged for ladies' voices only and though we did not perform this work we had many enjoyable practices trying to overcome the difficulties in the recitatives and some of the choruses.

For Founder's Day on 15th February the choir sang the anthem, "You that have spent the silent night."

Our music for the concert this year is very international. Ireland,

Spain, Germany and Britain are represented in our songs.

With the orchestra the choir are to perform, "O may all bounteous God," from Cantata 192 by Bach. Other songs are: "Follow me down to Carlow," which is a medley of Irish folk tunes; "Spring Pastoral," by Alec Rowley; "Ballad of the Spanish Armada"; "Dance to your Daddy," and "Spring." The words of this last song are by Nash and the music by Mr Sommerville, our music master.

To Mr Sommerville, our conductor, and to Miss Nicol, our accompanist, we give our thanks for all the work they do for the school choir and for making the concert a success.

CHRISTINE S. CRICHTON.

ORCHESTRA

THROUGHOUT the session we have welcomed many new members to the orchestra and, in particular, to the woodwind section. This section now consists of three flutes, three clarinets and an oboe. Other new members have joined the third violins.

At present we are preparing for the closing concert. This year we are performing the first movement of a Piano Concerto by Alec Rowley. The other pieces are "Swift Nicks of Gad's Hill" from "A Kentish Suite," by Hubert Clifford; and "O may all bounteous God," from Cantata 192 by Bach in which we accompany the choir.

We extend our grateful thanks to Mr Sommerville for all the work he has done for and with the orchestra during the session.

CHRISTINE S. CRICHTON

SCRIPTURE UNION

IN spite of lower attendances we feel happy to be able to place the 1956-57 session among the successful ones. We are pleased to report that many of the girls came from the Senior School. We also count it a measure of success that so many of our younger members have proved themselves well capable of taking an active part in meetings. This is a most encouraging omen for the future.

As always we have found Miss Moncur helpful and it was with much pleasure we welcomed Miss Valentine in January. Already we have enjoyed listening to her and we look forward to her continued co-operation.

The winter rallies in Bristo Church Hall have been well attended and the talks on the challenge to various Christian characteristics were of practical as well as spiritual value.

In December we sent three representatives to a conference in the Palace of Arts, Glasgow. There they had many suggestions, some of which we have applied to the running of our own meetings with gratifying results.

In the first term we were privileged to have as one of our speakers Miss MacKenzie, the staff worker for the North of Scotland. This term we were again visited by Miss Peebles Brown, our local staff worker. Both these speakers presented to us challenging messages and we hope that both visits will be repeated.

Summer camps will be held at Tain, Cromarty, Aberfeldy, St. Andrews, Arran, Cockermouth and Ambleside. Those who have attended Easter camp will agree that this type of holiday is beneficial in every way. Instead of a swimming gala this year there was an outing to North Berwick in May.

Apart from these extra-mural activities the regular Thursday morning meetings have been a great blessing to many of us. We have found that the quiet atmosphere of the gym and the simple form of the meeting have proved a source of strength in our daily lives.

We wish to thank all those who attended and pray that Scripture Union may thrive in the coming years.

BETTY CAMPBELL, OLIVE J. RUTHERFORD, Secretary.

E.S.C.A.

ALTHOUGH the number of Gillespie girls who joined E.S.C.A. this year dropped slightly, on the whole the members have been keener and a gratifyingly large number attended regularly.

Our Inaugural Address was given by the Headmaster of George Watson's College, Mr McIntosh. His arresting talk on world citizenship

brought forth many intelligent questions. This enthusiasm was again displayed in Discussion Groups which were held in Boroughmuir School.

As always, the Political evening and the Kirk Session were received with justifiable appreciation, thanks mainly to the distinguished speakers who answered our questions most ably. At the debate which read: "That U.S.A. constitutes a greater threat to world peace than U.S.S.R." the standard of speaking was exceptionally high. This may be attributed to the fact that the President had just announced that a shield would be presented at the end of the session to the most eloquent E.S.C.A. member.

International Night, which took the form of a concert, was one of the most enjoyable evenings E.S.C.A. has had. Worthy of note were the George Watson's Boys' Scottish Dance Band, the two singers from Gillespie's School, Hazel Muir and Isobel Lamb, and the Royal High School Jazz Band.

Towards the end of the second term the committee, instead of "Summer Reports," decided to have a "Mock Trial," which was held in the Dean of Guild Court. The success of this novel meeting was deu to the indisputable eloquence of the two counsels, D. M. S. Steel and H. T. Westwater.

During the Easter holidays the C.E.W.C. Conference was held at Wiston Lodge, Biggar. Nationalism, Refugees and Racial Problems were discussed. Our inter-debate with the West of Scotland C.E.W.C. is 10 be held in Edinburgh this June and later in the month the Annual General

Again E.S.C.A. has enjoyed an excellent session and I wish the society unbounded success in the future.

CHRISTINE ROGERS, School Representative.

EDINBURGH SCHOOLS' SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY

THE Society has had a very busy and successful session under the leadership of our competent president from the Mary Erskine School for Girls.

This session we have had lectures on Plastic Surgery, which although the slides were rather unpleasant at times, proved very popular with the majority of members and especially the potential doctors, and on Revolution and the slides were rather unpleasant at times, proved very popular with the majority of members and especially the potential doctors, and on Psychology, which also appealed to those who favoured a medical career.
Two visits have been made, one to the Dental Hospital and the other to the Plastic Surgery Department of Bangour Hospital. Both were very popular and we hope future members will have the opportunity of making equally interesting visits.

This session our School's membership has risen, but it is still not as high as we should like.

Dorothy Russell Leslie is next year's School Representative. School Representative and Assistant Secretary.

THE FIELD CLUB

SO far this term we have had two very successful outings. Our first one, on the first Saturday in May, was to Roslin Glen, and the second outing, a week later, was to Colinton Dell, where again we found many

Among our future excursions we hope to go along the sea coast. We all enjoy these outings very much and take this opportunity of thanking Miss Ferguson and her colleagues for their invaluable help throughout the term.

> MERLE WATT, 5s, MAISIE MOTHERWELL, 58.



RITA WARREN

Class 5c.

TENNIS 1956-57



Back Row-A. REDPATH, J. SCOTT, H. KINNEAR. Front Row-M. MUNRO, N. MARSHALL (Captain), S. MANSON. Photo by E. R. Yerbury & Son.

HOCKEY 1st XI 1956-57



Back Row—A. Drummond, J. Flannigan, A. Robinson, N. Marshall, S. Manson, M. Kerr.

Front Row—J. Scott, M. Stevenson, A. Reid (Captain), P. Black, F. Rielly.

Photo by E. R. Yerbury & Son

CRICKET 1st XI 1956-57



Back Row—J. Taylor, C. Mann, H. Duncan, S. Turnbull, M. Stevenson, H. Sefton.

Front Row—J. Flannigan, F. Rielly, A. Reid (Captain), H. Gullan, J. Fairbairn.

Photo by E. R. Yerbury & Son



HOCKEY

ALTHOUGH the teams this year have not been outstandingly successful, the hockey season has been enjoyed by all members of the Club. A First-year team, for which four fixtures were arranged, was introduced and it is to be hoped that in the years to come such a team will continue.

Our thanks must be extended to Miss Campbell, Miss Lambert, Miss Anderson and Miss Henderson, all of whom so ably and willingly coached us and encouraged us.

In the Inter-Schools Hockey Tournament at Meggetland the 1st XI was unfortunate in not gaining entry to the final, having been beaten only on goal average by Boroughmuir. The Junior XI played well, winning all their matches until the final in which they were narrowly defeated by Trinity.

The American Tourmanent, which was to have been played at Liberton, was cancelled because of the Hockey International in Glasgow that afternoon.

The Inter-House Matches were deservedly won by Gilmore. The Staff v. Pupils Match resulted in a win for the 1st XI.

The results of the season's matches are as follows:-

				Games			Goals		
	P	layed	Won	Lost	Drawn	Cancelled	For	Against	
1st XI	mor	17	10	6	1	7	66	45	
2nd XI	-	17	2	13	2	6	20	60	
3rd XI	-	13	4	8	1	5	16	32	
4th XI	-	9	0-43	3	-2	IMMTAVE	24	23	
5th XI		12	6	4	2	6	26	21	
6th XI	-	10	6	3	1	- 5	26	11	
which V Anderson W All) and Dairden V						ANNE	ANNE REID Captain		

CRICKET

AT the Annual General Meeting of the Cricket Club the following office-bearers were elected for this season:—

Captain	ANNE REID.
Vice-Captain -	FLORA RIELLY.
Secretary	HILARY GULLAN

Matches have been arranged against Edinburgh University, St. George's, Esdaile, Atholl Crescent and the Women's Royal Army Corps. Although 1st XI fixtures remain fairly steady we regret to say that those for the Xnd XI have dropped.

Practices, however, have increased to twice weekly and for the excellent coaching which we receive we do indeed thank Miss Lambert, Mr Sommerville and Mr McEwan. May their success be reflected in the performances of the teams!

ANNE REID, Captain.

TENNIS

ALTHOUGH as yet we have played no matches we are hoping to have as successful a season as last year. This year we have fixtures with Boroughmuir, St. Hilary's, Dunfermline, Kirkcaldy, Colinton Club, George Watson's and Esdaile Lodge. At the Annual General Meeting the following office-bearers were elected:—

Captain - - - Norma Marshall.

Vice-Captain - - Margo Monroe.

Secretary - - Sheila Manson.

Norma Marshall, Captain.

SWIMMING—SENIOR

THIS year the Swimming Club has had many keen members. The numbers of certificates gained during the first two terms are as follows: 15 Elementary, 8 Intermediate, 6 Advanced and 8 Life-Saving. Twelve girls worked very hard to enter for the Bronze Medallion Examination and were rewarded when they heard that they had all passed. We also gained one Instructor's Certificate.

We were represented very well this year in the area Championships of the Scottish Schools Swimming Association and Alison Dow, Maureen Whitson and May Ritchie go forward to swim against the rest of Scotland at Perth. The nurses of Dean College invited us to send a team to swim at their gala in Dalry Baths. After a very close race against the team from Trinity Academy our team was pronounced the winner.

Our School Championships this year were held during the Spring Term and in a very exciting finish Alison Dow won with 10 points and Norma Hardy was runner-up with 8 points.

The Club members wish to take this opportunity of thanking Miss Anderson and Miss Lambert who have given so readily their valuable services through the year.

ROSEMARY H. MELDRUM.

SWIMMING—PRIMARY SCHOOL

Prize List

Champion—Glenda E. Edwards, P. 6(1).

Runners-up (equal)—Judith V. Anderson, P. 6(1), and Deirdre M. Gilchrist, P. 6(1).

Beginners' Prizes-1. Elizabeth C. Brooks, P. 5(1). 2. Elizabeth M. Sheddan, P. 5(1).

House Relay-Spylaw.

House Championship—Gilmore.

Class Cup—1st Term, P. 6(1) and P. 6(2) (equal); 2nd Term, 7(1.) Certificates gained during winter and spring terms:—

Elementary, 34; Intermediate, 17; Advanced, 10.

A. B. L.



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

FORMER PUPILS' REUNION—19th OCTOBER 1956

THE Annual Reunion of Former Pupils and present and former members of Staff was again well attended. As usual, the majority of the guests were those who had recently left school, but this year a considerable number of former pupils of earlier years—some from far afield—came to join us and to welcome Miss Steel.

The musical programme, as always greatly appreciated, was provided by old friends and new—Edna Arthur (Mrs Gould), Pat Cresswell, June Crosbie and Mary Morris.

F.P. NOTES

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

M.A. with Honours.—ANN DAVIDSON and ANNIE NICOLSON (English); C. DOREEN CUMMING (French and German).

M.A.—MARGARET CESSFORD, MORAG MITCHELL and MARGARET RAMAGE. B.Sc. with Honours.—NETTA THOMSON (Chemistry).

B.Sc.—Roma Finlayson and Mary Frizell.

The Diploma in Education has been gained by Winifred Auckland, M.A.; Elizabeth Burns, M.A.; Margaret Howieson, B.Sc.; Rona Macpherson, M.A.; Olive Robertson, M.A.; Kathleen Singer, M.A.; Margaret Watters, B.Sc.; and Dorothy Wilson, M.A.

At Moray House Training College, James Robertson Bursaries were awarded to Margaret Howieson, B.Sc.; Margaret Walters, B.Sc.; and Catherine Beaton.

F.P. HOCKEY CLUB

SEASON 1956-57 proved to be fairly successful, as regards both weather and results. Fewer matches had to be cancelled and this enabled us to field two regular elevens each week. We were glad to welcome new members from school at the beginning of the season, some of whom have held a regular place in the first XI. There are twenty-seven members in the Club and any new members who would like to play for us next season will be very welcome. They are advised to get in touch with the Secretary, Sheila McNaughton, 6 Hutchison Road. Tel. GRA 2797.

MARRIAGES

ALLAN-HARDIE.-In May 1956, ROBERT ALLAN, R.N.Z.A.F., to JOYCE HARDIE, 5 Savile Place.

FULTON-TAIT.-In May 1956, RONALD C. FULTON to ANNE TAIT. 59 Spottiswoode Street.

DEUCHARS-HILL.-In June 1856, Dr JAMES DEUCHARS to SYBIL HILL, 10 East Camus Place.

SWORD-COGHILL.-In June 1956, WILLIAM T. D. SWORD to MURIEL Coghill, 47 Columba Road.

LEAN-MYLES.-In July 1956, Donald Lean to Marguerite Myles. 61 Stenhouse Drive.

MACPHERSON-PHILIP.-In July 1956, IAN MACPHERSON, B.Sc., to CLAIR PHILIP, 16 Merchiston Avenue.

PHILIP-AITCHISON.-In July 1956, Rev. Norris E. Philip to Mary AITCHISON, 9 Hillview Terrace.

McFARLANE-MONCRIEFF.-In July 1956, IAN McFARLANE to Moira Moncrieff, 35 House o' Hill Road.

SUNNERS-CALDERWOOD .- In July 1956, BRIAN SUNNERS to ANNE CALDERWOOD, 7 Corbiehill Gardens.

NICHOLL—SUTHERLAND.—In August 1956, Dr Frederick Nicholl

to Dr Ann Sutherland, 99 Viewforth.
BARBOUR—WATERSTON.—In August 1956, Ian G. Barbour, M.A., to Dorothy Waterston, M.A., 33 St. Alban's Road.

STRAUSSENBURG-HALL.—In August 1956, Herbert Straussenburg to AUDREY HALL, M.A.

ADAMS-BARR.-In August, 1956 THOMAS ADAMS to JOYCE BARR, 14 Gladstone Terrace.

DICKSON-MELVILLE.-In August 1956, Thomas W. Dickson to ELSIE G. MELVILLE, 17 Pitt Street.

HENDERSON-McCANN.-In August 1956, MICHAEL A. HENDERSON, M.B., Ch.B., to RUTH McCANN, 9 Jeffrey Avenue.

HEBDEN-TURNBULL.-In September 1956, Peter F. Hebden, M.A., to JEAN TURNBULL, M.A., Forbes Road.

MAHAFFY-HOLTON.-In September 1956, GIBSON MAHAFFY to JEANETTE HOLTON, 27 Craigleith View.
BOUCHARD—SIME.—In September 1956, EDOUARD BOUCHARD, M.A.,

to Edith Sime, 10 Lee Crescent. DICKSON-SHIRRA.-In September 1956, JOHN G. DICKSON, B.L.,

to JEAN SHIRRA, M.A., 136 St. Stephen Street.

MURDOCH-KIDD.-In September 1956, DAVID B. MURDOCH to ELIZABETH KIDD, 16 Mardale Crescent.

WINTERS-JENKINSON.-In October 1956, ANTHONY WINTERS, B.L., A.T.P.I., to Sheila Jenkinson, 172 Willowbrae Road.

GOUDIE-GOULD.-In October 1956, GEORGE O. GOUDIE, B.Sc., to RUTH GOULD, B.Sc., 26 Little Road.

NAPIER—KENNEDY.—In November 1956, ROBERT A. N. NAPIER to

AILEEN KENNEDY, 13 March Road.

SLATER-CUMMING.-In November 1956, George A. SLATER to MARGARET CUMMING, R.G.N., 14 Wolseley Crescent.

CHISHOLM-SOUTAR.-In November 1956, Duncan Chisholm to SYLVIA SOUTAR, 14 Caledonian Road.

SUTHERLAND—DUNDAS.—In December 1956, JAMES SUTHERLAND to Elizabeth Dundas, 22 Hawthornbank Terrace.

MACGILLIVRAY-WALKER.-In December 1956, IAN MACGILLIVRAY, B.Sc., to Audrey Walker, 23 Pilton Crescent.

SHAND-ROWAT .- In December 1956, JOHN SHAND to VIDA ROWAT, 36 Parkgrove Drive. BRA MCYAUCHTON, 6 Hatchise

CUNNINGHAM—GILLIES.—In December 1956, CHARLES CUNNING-HAM to MARGARET GILLIES, 228 Milton Road West.

GAIREE-PLUMMER.-In December 1956, RAUNAQ C. GAIREE, L.D.S., R.S.C., to OLIVE PLUMMER, 37 Longformacus Road.

SOMMERFIELD-McWALTER.-In December 1956, GODFREY SOM-MERFIELD to JEAN MCWALTER.

DE SILVA-GILCHRIST.-In December 1956, Dr E. P. DE SILVA to PATRICIA GILCHRIST, 51 Morningside Road.

SCOTT-MILLER.—In January 1957, Lieut. Commander Trevor Scott, R.N., to MARGARET MILLER (née MACANNA).

BEDFORD—GULLAND.—In March 1957, I. C. BEDFORD to CHRISTINA GULLAND, Rugby.

CAMERON-HENDERSON.-In March 1957, ALLAN E. CAMERON to AUDREY HENDERSON, 108 Greenbank Crescent.

INGLIS-HARKNESS.-In April 1957, WILLIAM INGLIS to JANET KATHLEEN HARKNESS, M.A., 10 Shandon Street.

SCOTT-MACPHERSON.-In April 1957, JOHN L. SCOTT to JEAN MACPHERSON, 10 Greenbank Grove.

IRVAL-WHITELEY.-In April 1957, ADO IRVAL to ISOBEL WHITELEY, 9 Gladstone Terrace.

NECHVATAL-FINDLAY.-In April 1957, ANTONY NECHVATAL, M.Sc., Ph.D., to SHEILA FINDLAY, M.S.R., 3 Pearce Road.

BIRTHS

DIXON.—In May 1956, to Mr and Mrs P. W. DIXON (SHEILA KIDD), a daughter.

IRVINE.—In May 1956, to Mr and Mrs R. B. IRVINE (CATHRYN HARVEY).

FREEMAN.-In June 1956, to Mr and Mrs Freeman (Heather Horsburgh), a son.

PHILPOT.—In June 1956, to Rev. and Mrs D. H. PHILPOT (FRANCES. WOOD), a daughter. WRIGHT.-In June 1956, to Mr and Mrs STEWART WRIGHT (MAE

LOCHEAD), a son. BIRSE.—In June 1956, to Mr and Mrs RONALD BIRSE (SYBIL KIRK), a daughter.

McCABE.—In June 1956, to Mr and Mrs J. J. McCABE (ENID MURRAY), a daughter.

MOULD.—In July 1956, to Mr and Mrs E. J. Mould (Olive MOFFAT),

GILCHRIST.—In August 1956, to Dr and Mrs D. GILCHRIST (Dr MARGARET MILLS), a daughter. BRAZENALL.—In August 1956, to Mr and Mrs Ronald Brazenall

(MORAY BRYCE), a son. HUGHES.—In August 1956, to Dr and Mrs J. H. Hughes (Dr ELINOR

CLELAND), a son. ABBOTT.—In August 1956, to Mr and Mrs Dudley Abbott (Eileen

BEALE), a daughter. GELLATLY.—In September 1956, to Mr and Mrs Morton GELLATLY

(BINNIE TAYLOR), a daughter. HAY.—In September 1956, to Mr and Mrs Jas. Hay (ELSPETH BRYDON), a daughter.

MILLER.-In October 1956, to Mr and Mrs Nicholas Miller (Audrey BARKER), a daughter.

MILLER.-In October 1956, to Mr and Mrs Alfred Miller (NANCY CAMPBELL), a daughter.

SMART.—In October 1956, to Mr and Mrs James Smart (Zanna Macgregor), a son.

STRACHAN.—In October 1956, to Mr and Mrs Kenneth Strachan (Joyce Waddell), a son.

TOON.—In October 1956, to Flt./Lt. David and Mrs Toon (Helen Stevens), a daughter.

WATT.—In October 1956, to Mr and Mrs Leslie Watt (Marjorie WADDELL), a daughter.

JOHNSTONE.—In November 1956, to Mr and Mrs Dennis Johnstone (Helen Pestell), a daughter.

INGRAM.—In November 1956, to Dr and Mrs I. M. INGRAM (CHRISTINE CHRISTIE), a son.

DOYLE.—In December 1956, to Mr and Mrs Richard Doyle (Alison Fleming), a son.

HENDRY.—In December 1956, to Mr and Mrs John Hendry (Muriel H. Marshall), a daughter.

SQUAIR.—In December 1956, to Mr and Mrs Arthur Squair (Evelyn Huish), twin boys.

MARSH.—In December 1956, to Mr and Mrs W. Marsh (Joyce Hamilton), a son.

McGOWAN.—In December 1956, to Mr and Mrs Leslie McGowan (Kathleen Wishart), a son.

PROVAN.—In December 1956, to Mr and Mrs Douglas Provan (Margaret Goodlet), a daughter.

McCOMBIE.—In January 1957, to Mr and Mrs Alan McCombie (Muriel Marshall), a son.

McLEAN.—!n January 1957, to Mr and Mrs A. McLean (Nancy Noble), a daughter.

TURNBULL.—In February 1957, to Mr and Mrs Jas. Turnbull (MARY MACK), a son.

McCALL.—In February 1957, to Mr and Mrs Ernest McCall (PHYLLIS HAY), a daughter.

KENNEDY.—In February 1957, to Mr and Mrs Brian Kennedy (Freda Philip), a son.

MACKINNON.—In February 1957, to Mr and Mrs Duncan MacKinnon (Joan Stansfield), a son.

UNDERWOOD.—In February 1957, to Mr and Mrs Robert Underwood (Rhoda Lothian), a daughter.

SEWELL.—In March 1957, to Mr and Mrs William Sewell (Shan Beale), a son.

PHILIP.—In April 1957, to Rev. Norris and Mrs Philip (MARY AITCHISON), a son.

McATEER.—In April 1957, to Mr and Mrs W. McATEER (Doreen Воотн), a daughter.

THIRKELL.—In April 1957, to Mr and Mrs D. THIRKELL (ALISON FLEMING), a daughter.

ANSLOW.—In April 1957, to Mr and Mrs L. Anslow (Muriel Shand), a son.

HARVEY.—In May 1957, to Rev. W. B. and Mrs Harvey (Pauline Shires), a daughter.

ALEXANDER.—In May 1957, to Dr and Mrs R. ALEXANDER (ISOBEL TWADDLE), a son.

REEKIE.—In May 1957, to Mr and Mrs Douglas Reekie (Barrie CAMPBELL), a daughter.

EWEN.—In May 1957, to Mr and Mrs Robert Ewen (Emily Blight), a daughter.

