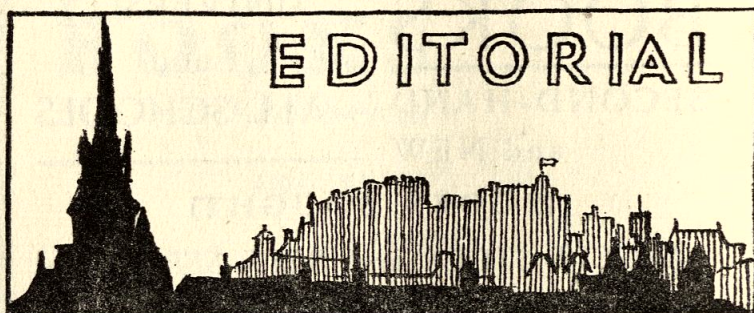


TAMES  
LLESPIE'S  
HIGHT SCHOOL 1959



MAGAZINE





Editor - - MOIRA J. MCGREGOR

*" Loveliest of trees, the cherry now  
Is hung with bloom along the bough."*

WITH the advent of May comes also the first blossom, and, as though overnight, our own favourite tree in the East Playground is transfigured from insignificance to the glory of a masterpiece of Nature. To us Spring is epitomised in that tree. We know that by the middle of May the blossom will have faded, but to our eyes the transformation this time is complete and enduring.

If we lift our eyes beyond the cherry tree through the opening between the red corner of the School and the houses opposite, we see rising starkly above trees and steeples the grey crags of Arthur's Seat. On certain spring days, when the cherry tree is a mass of copper and pink, Salisbury Crags beyond rise defiantly into the blue heavens, while below a froth of green makes obeisance and tall spires stretch towards heights which they can never attain.

A very different aspect is presented on days when a haar has wrapped its fingers round our city. The tree, unaffected at close range, lends colour to an otherwise weirdly grey scene. The mighty, immobile crags of a sunny day are writhing and smoking as though just disembowelled from unknown depths. They are luring and mysterious, and were it not for the opposing influence of the tree, would probably bewitch and engulf us.

That cherry tree in its fragility represents the strength and security of school life. It is a thing of grace and beauty even without its leaves and blossom, and we must not, in our admiration of its adornments, forget the tree which bears them.

One of the annual blossoms is the magazine, and as one of the last which we shall see budding, we hope it will be as lovely as the others. It is to us in the Sixth, of perennial value, and so we particularly hope that this year it will uphold its hard-earned reputation.

We are proud of what the magazine symbolises. It is one of the focal points of the year in which the School as a whole, from the

youngest upwards, can share. It is a reflection of the past session into which present and former inmates eagerly peer, and which has been known on many occasions to excite attention from total outsiders.

From within the familiar precincts of red stone and green railings we can, with some timidity, catch a glimpse of what lies beyond. It is a thing of many moods and humours. We can recognise its evil sides, its good sides, its challenge and its opportunities. It is a mighty thing, this life of womanhood, and our arms stretch out involuntarily towards its fascination and its hazards. For a short while yet we must cling to the tree where we have so long belonged. We hope that when the time comes we shall take root as easily on the crags as we did in the soft soil of Bruntfield House.

We proud possessors of the monochromatic tie hope that the muttered "When thou from hence away are past . . ." does not express the sole sentiment aroused by our imminent exodus.

Now we realise the inevitable, that "there are more things in heaven and earth than we can hold." As time flows on cruelly, unwavering, we glance back for a brief second and hope, suddenly and earnestly, that the tradition which we inherited is being handed on untarnished.

### MY HEART'S DWELLING

It is no palace nor mansion that has my heart;  
But a grey-walled cottage near a red-stoned road,  
With two blue windows and a blue-painted door:  
Those have my heart.

It is no shining room or hall where lives my heart;  
But an old, dark kitchen with a grey-stone floor,  
And a red, rusty range and a wood-panelled roof,  
Is where lives my heart.

There are no fine dishes or crystal to hold my heart;  
But a few cracked plates and three white pails  
And an old, black pot and a worn, crooked chair  
Hold my heart.

There is no bright garden with roses to keep my heart;  
But the rough-tufted grass and some raspberry canes  
And the rhubarb, and the tar on the coalhouse roof,  
Keep my heart.

There is no path to the blue-painted door leading my heart;  
But the road stretches on, and the windows may gaze  
At the hills and the fields and the sheep and the sky  
And so may my heart.

J. EDGAR, 5P.



## Miss JANE McDERMONT

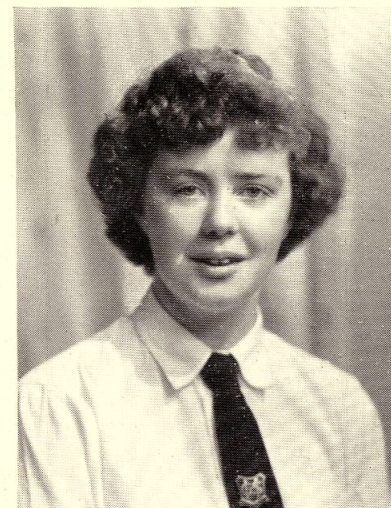
THOSE of the older members of Staff who remember the late Miss Jane McDermont as a colleague and friend received with peculiar gratification the news that she has bequeathed a generous sum of money to provide a bursary for a Gillespie girl proceeding, after a full Secondary course, to further professional training.

For eight years between 1928 and 1936, Miss McDermont held the post of Infant Mistress here. She was one of the generation of women for whom Higher Education for girls was not as yet a thing to be taken for granted, but rather a prize to be striven for, deeply valued, and used without stint in the service of the community. From an Aberdeenshire village school she went by the hard way of "pupil teaching" to the Free Kirk College of Aberdeen, where she found her particular vocation in infant teaching. The whole of her professional career was spent in Edinburgh. Miss McDermont combined, to a rare degree, exceptional powers of organisation, tireless enthusiasm, and a broad and deep humanity which made for the happiness of her staff and pupils alike. She was quick and tactful in her appreciation of the work of others, and never saw her little girls merely in the mass, but had an intimate knowledge of their individual natures and needs. Her liberal culture and discerning appreciation were dedicated to making the Infant Department a place of real beauty; for her, only the best, whether in pictures, poetry or music was good enough for the little ones.

From her first coming she identified herself with the life of the School as a whole. She took a keen and active interest in the Literary and Dramatic Society and in all the School's musical activities, and will be remembered by some old pupils as a supremely capable leader and delightful companion on the earliest School Journeys. Her wider public work is still gratefully recalled in Edinburgh; as Secretary of the Workers' Educational Association, and as a Director of the Edinburgh Concert Society she did signal service which was fittingly recognised by the bestowal of the M.B.E.

Though a severe illness in 1936 ended her teaching career, those of us who were privileged to keep in touch with her and to enjoy the hospitality of her home in Aberdeen rejoice to remember that her long years of retirement were full and happy ones. Hers was a bright and valiant spirit, which remained undaunted by the bodily limitations of age. Till very shortly before her death, she had lost nothing of her clear and penetrating mind, her informed delight in literature and music, her keen interest in current affairs, or her warm and kindly concern for each one of her wide circle of friends. Her mind never became closed to new ideas, and younger people still found her, even at eighty and upwards, a stimulating

DUX OF SCHOOL 1958-59  
First Bursar Edinburgh University



ELIZABETH ANNE MILNE

CAPTAIN OF SCHOOL



ALISON J. B. KEITH

VICE-CAPTAIN OF SCHOOL



MARY D. CROKET

Photos by E. R. Yerbury &amp; Son





Back Row—A. WOOD, A. GAULT, M. MUIR, P. MITCHELL, J. FAIRBAIN, E. CANT, I. ALLAN, J. MITCHELL, G. PATTERSON.  
 Middle Row—L. NORWELL, C. DICKSON, A. CROCKET, J. KELLY, E. ALEXANDER, W. KIDD, A. MILNE, A. HUSH, M. MARSHALL.  
 Front Row—K. DOUGHTY, M. MCGREGOR, J. REILLY, A. KEITH (*School Captain*), MISS STEEL, M. CROCKET (*Vice-Captain*),  
 M. BURT, M. GILES, H. MCBAIN.

Photo by E. R. Yerbury & Son

and understanding companion. It was given to her, more than to most, to fulfil the poet's vision of

"An old age serene and bright  
 And lovely as a Lapland night."

We welcome this characteristically generous benefaction as perpetuating the memory of one who, gifted with great talents, devoted them in fullest measure to the service of her day and generation.

A. E. F.

### Miss ANN H. ALLAN

FROM 1923 to 1946, Miss Allan was in charge of Art in the School.

Pupils of today may only have known her through seeing her at School functions and on her periodic and welcome visits back to the Department, but there must be many hundreds of F.P.'s. who remember her with a very real affection and who noted her passing last summer, with sincere regret, as did we who knew her and worked with her.

Not all her pupils might be gifted artists but all were sure of encouragement and were happy to be known as members of the Sketch Club, of which she was the founder.

Tiny, bustling with energy, she endeared herself to her pupils with her fund of cheerful anecdotes, of her student days at classes at the R.S.A., of her dog which led her on fantastic adventures and persistently got itself lost, of her travels abroad.

Indeed, Miss Allan was a very part of Gillespie's and we shall not soon forget her.

E. D. C.

### Mr JAMES G. GLEN

MR GLEN spent most of his teaching career in the French Department of Gillespie's. For the five years previous to his retirement he was Headmaster of Liberton School.

He will be remembered by colleagues and pupils, as by many other professional and outside friends, for his genial manner and bearing, and his cheerfulness at work. He ever showed lively and deep interest in important world-happenings and doings, in new studies and developments, his social contacts and varied activities later reflecting his wide experiences.

His enthusiasms were unrestricted: for the usual games and sports, notably running—more so for long walking; hill-climbing, often solitary, and lengthy motor-cycle touring, with wayside tent; or hostelling.

He hiked much and often over the Continent, knew the East well from service in the First World War, and once made a prolonged sojourn as far off as Labrador, via Newfoundland: all being related



to life-membership of the Royal Scottish Geographical Society.

He was an early editor of our School Magazine and the Gillespie Staff representative on public occasions.

All who knew him cannot but regret the passing of a well-endowed and well-informed personality, who inspired high esteem and affection.

A. C. M.

### LIVING WATERS

Out of the ferny stillness of the sleeping woods  
Comes the soothing whisper of the water—  
Water soft and deep, mysterious and living,  
Creeping over stones grey-black in th'enveloping darkness,  
Mirroring in its silver blackness the sombre shapes of the trees  
Gliding slowly through the suffocating night  
Into the crashing light and splendour of the dawn.

MARIAN BERRY, 15M.

### VAGABOND

The river to the golden sea  
Is dancing, but 'tis not for me.  
A silver trail unto the sky  
Enchants me more—so there am I.  
Follow, follow, follow me,  
To a land all bathed in light.  
There a man has golden wings;  
Night is day there, all is bright.  
Silks and satins all for thee  
If you'll only follow me.

BARBARA THOMSON, 1L1.

### CAROL

Shepherds, hasten to adore him.  
To the king all bathed in light  
Choirs of angels sing so sweetly  
Of the Baby born tonight.

Ass and oxen kneel before Him.  
In a manger full of hay  
Lies the little infant Jesus,  
Born for us this happy day.

Bearing gifts unto the Baby  
Come the wise men from afar:  
Gaspar, Balthazar, and Melchior,  
Guided by a bright new star.

Let us worship little Jesus  
Of Him did the prophets tell.  
He will pardon all our sins  
Our wondrous Lord, Emmanuel.

BARBARA THOMSON, 1L1.

### STAFF

A SCHOOL is all the better for escaping the upheaval of undue change. A garnishing, a flowing-in of springs to enrich the parent stream, are desirable enough; but generally speaking it is growing like a tree in age doth make schools better be. So we are happy to report—so far—little change.

But of those who served the School long and loyally in their generation three have, in the past few months, died. Of Miss McDermont, Miss Allan and Mr Glen fuller notice appears elsewhere. To the present wearers of the maroon blazer they are unknown but their mothers owed much to them and recall their names with affection.

One innovation there has been. Mr Raeburn joined the staff with the somewhat dubious distinction of being qualified to speak to Mr Kruschev in his own tongue. He also, on occasion, has been known to say "Yes." One of the occasions was when the girls asked him to play for the Staff Hockey team. They regretted it.

Miss Wyllie has now taken over responsibility in the lunch rooms and the fruits of her ministering are gaining cordial and appreciative comment from staff and pupils alike. There, at least, the cynic injunction to "Close your eyes with holy dread!" has no relevance. We hope that this association so happily begun may long continue.

Miss Alice McIntyre of the Preparatory has had a picture hung in the Glasgow Civic Art Exhibition in the McLellan Galleries in May.

Mr McEwan returns to Germany this summer to deliver a series of lectures on contemporary English literature to a summer school for German teachers.

Our ambassadors from the continent have continued the tradition of combining scholarship with good fellowship.

Fraulein Barbara Haack, shyly dimpled, graciously joining in our "Lit" ploys and donning the boots of Clementine's father for more boisterous frolics on the snow and heather (tantalisingly mingled) of Ben Lawers, has become one of us. From France came Mademoiselle Odile Cagneul, not so inseparably married to immortal verse as not to rush back to Paris to be married to something more substantial; and then in her place Mademoiselle Danielle Mahé who displayed an impressive expertise at Ben Lawers and has since confirmed her adoption by buckling on the modern counterpart of a tartan plaidie. To both we would say: "Thank you for coming and good wishes for the days ahead in your homelands."



## SCHOOL NOTES

HOW manifold are the activities of a School of this size! No sooner has the 3.30 bell gone than its pupils "diverge on urgent voluntary errands." This, naturally, is more manifest at Christmas time. But the catalogue of the going and giving and helping fills the School year.

It can be no more than a catalogue, but from the mere recital the satisfying pattern emerges.

Some of the senior girls gave service to the Meals on Wheels provision for the old people of the city. Others went to Humble to do much for the equally grateful young. The call for helpers on flag days has been constant, and (despite the light-hearted romp on a later page of the magazine) has been consistently met. The Christmas gifts were marked by their customary generosity; they were again, in many cases, distributed by senior girls to lonely homes where their young voices were, no doubt, like morning songs. To an appeal for books for Central Africa, made by the English Speaking Union, the response from the School was most generous. In all this giving the Primary and Preparatory Departments play a significant part. As illustrations, £12, 7s. was collected for Christmas Seals to help Spastic children, and at Hallowe'en Anne Hendrie, Shelagh McFarlane and Glenda Morrison, all in Primary 5(2), collected 8s. 6d. for the Guide Dogs for the Blind Association, which also benefits from the monthly contributions. The monthly contribution also goes out to the Zoo.

Christmas was marked, also, by the traditional, devotional pageantry through which the Church makes a compelling appeal to the young. The focal point was St. Cuthbert's, where the dykes were filled with snow and coughing almost drowned the parson's saw and everybody's nose looked red and raw. Even Dr Small, the versatile, the histrionic, the arresting, had to admit that a tiny candle, a wisp of tinsel and a match have small sanctity to the snell blow from Pentlands towering tap. But the message got through, the carols were sung with no less tenderness and the appeal of sacrifice and redemption went not unheard by infant ears. The Primary made its own contribution to the sacred festival, Primary 7(1), at morning service singing "Away in a Manger" with a descant composed by Margaret Runnicles, a member of the class, and two nativity plays being performed, one by the Preparatory, and the other, a musical nativity play arranged by Miss Ducat, by the Primary.

A happy association between the 6th Form and the English School at the University continues, through which parties of girls attended productions of two early miracle plays and later of "Antony and Cleopatra." The film of "Hamlet" was shown to the 5th

and 6th Forms in School and a French film took a party to the Usher Hall, while the Children's Theatre visited the Primary School. In the summer term the Music Makers with their delightful assortment of mediaeval instruments gave a performance for the Senior School. The Burns Bi-centenary was marked by the attendance of senior girls at the Commemoration Service in St. Giles, while the choir made an important contribution to the concert given by the Edinburgh Schools in the Usher Hall.

In the Burns Competition, certificates were won by Sheena Keith, Muriel Ferguson, Patricia Downie, Lorraine Lees, Barbara Wilson, Brenda Robertson, Rosalind Brown, Alison Dickson, Anne Hogg and Linda McIlwrick, all of the Junior School.

Girls also attended the David Livingstone Service in Princes Street Gardens.

On the scientific and practical side parties have visited the Sugar Factory at Cupar, and McVitie's Biscuit Factory and St. Cuthbert's Co-operative Laundry here, in all cases reporting much profitable information.

This year it was decided that at the School Party they should banish Peto, banish Bardolph, banish Pious, and we learn that the mirth and fun and feet went fast and furious. But being of the fellowship of Falstaff we would not know. However, the innovation seems to have been of such success that it is likely to be repeated. A more youthful group about the same time linket at it in the Primary.

There have been several other innovations. A fencing class commenced activities this session. Violin classes were begun in the Primary. Five of our senior girls, Alison Keith, Joan Mitchell, Moira McGregor, Astrid Gillis and Joan McCaig, have had book reviews published by *The Weekly Scotsman*, and several girls are candidates for the Duke of Edinburgh's award. Later in the session a party is going to Nice, where Margaret Duncan and her companions won golden opinions last session, and others are going abroad on School Journeys. A call for strawberry-pickers for the College of Agriculture has met a not unexpected flood of tooth-watering volunteers. The 6th Form Conference on Asia takes place at the end of May and the S.C.M. Conference at the end of June. The end of session will also see further volunteers go off for service to the Humble Homes. The Primary Choir are again competing in the Musical Festival and the Netball Teams in the City Schools Competition.

The S.S.P.C.A. Essay winners for this session are Christine Binnie, 7(1), Jennifer Duncan, 7(1), and Mhairi Gunn, 7(2).

Our visitors continue to be as welcome as they are numerous. Herr Himmelstrup from Copenhagen brought a scholarly and critical mind to bear on a lesson on T. S. Eliot (and other things)



and Abdul Hameedy, Principal of the Shaza College in Kabul impressed us by his fluent ease in English and his knowing from childhood that majestic river—the Oxus. Miss Andem from America, a party from the School of Applied Linguistics in London, three school inspectors from Malta and Dr Aillon from New Brunswick, showed the catholicity of our appeal.

This year the Burnett Prize took the form of a design for the cover of the School Magazine. The winning entry, by the Head Girl, Alison Keith, provides a distinctive and attractive vesture for this little book.

The Library continues to profit from the generous interest of friends: Julia Taylor presented a record, and books have been presented by Miss Raffan and Herr Pfeifle, and by Diana Guthrie, Evelyn Bremner, Patricia Mitchell, Elma Murdie, Mrs Rothbart, Dorothy Anderson and the American Information Bureau.

The last word? As always to Miss McIntyre and her kindly girls. In that room, our eyes charmed by the vase of flowers, and our ears deaved by sic a clatter, we present appalling demands and are met by unfailing helpfulness. We feel that our Thank You, though sincerely given, is pallid recognition.

#### EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY BURSARY COMPETITION 1959

1st equal—ELIZABETH A. MILNE. 30th equal—FRANCES J. CHINNERY.

##### John Welsh Mathematical Bursary

2nd—ELIZABETH A. MILNE.

##### John Welsh Classical Bursary

6th—ANNE GAULT.

##### Edinburgh University

KATHLEEN ALLANACH—Medallist, Fine Art; Travelling Scholarship.

#### REPOSE

The stream trickles wearily through its frozen bed;  
The glinting icicles hang dreamily from the shadowy rocks.  
Through the overhanging trees filters the pale sunlight,  
While a bird repeats its plaintive call from a distant bough!  
The soft music of the falling snow hulls the earth to rest,  
And the deep sleep of winter settles soothingly o'er the summer-worn land.

ANN HUGHES, 5P.

#### FOUNDER'S DAY

IT was the red-letter day in the School almanac. We had met to pay our annual tribute to our Founder. We had also met to take stock of our good fortunes and to look forward, fortified by what we had seen on looking back.

It was a kindly day on the Meadows, on the sun-grey Barclay steeple and the sun-red Salisbury Crags. Even the flowers on the high table, reft if not of their crown at least of long sojourn, tossed their heads in sprightly greeting. It was Sir Edward's Day.

How, we speculated, would a mind which moves at ease in the spacious firmament on high unbend to address the maturer scholars of the 6th and the mites from the Infant Department on the mere brim of this great world? The answer was immediate: with assurance, wisdom and charm. Here was one of the great who had not lost the human touch.

It was Sir Edward's Day; but he shared it. At the end of the proceedings, after the last bulb had irreverently flashed its intrusion, there took the stage—took it by storm shall we say?—one of these little creatures whom Burns might call a "dear charmer." Shall we name her? The record has it as Marion Anne Braithwaite Simpson. "Toddle" would be a base word to indicate the poise of her progress towards our Guest of Honour. There followed the handing over of the snuff mull; and then one of the most joyous and priceless moments of any Founder's Day we can recall: Sir Edward bent down and kissed her; and, she comported herself as if she expected it.

The Lord Provost, Sir Ian A. Johnson-Gilbert, C.B.E., occupied the chair, introducing Sir Edward and renewing our happy ties with town and gown. The Reverend Roderick Bethune, D.D., led the assembly in prayer and Mary Crocket read the lesson from the venerable if a little puzzling type of James Gillespie's own Bible. The choir sang the anthem "Ex Ore Innocentium." The Head Girl, Alison Keith, expressed to Sir Edward the pleasure of the School at his coming away from very important affairs to be with us: there is a kind of violet-by-a-mossy-stone charm about Alison's public utterances which rivals the more gaudily oratorical. Miss Steel graciously added the epilogue.

And so the day came to an end and we trooped down the stairs, the white and green tiles looking more golden, we thought. And we felt that the shade of another scientist, once working away in a smaller capacity beside the Water of Leith at Colinton, must have been watching with almost surprised admiration what wonderful things his homely thrift had wrought.



## FOUNDER'S DAY ORATION

Friday, 27th February 1959

By SIR EDWARD APPLETON, G.B.E., K.C.B.

SIR EDWARD began by thanking the Lord Provost for the happy terms in which he had introduced him, and Miss Steel for the initial invitation. He also congratulated Miss Steel, and through her the whole School, on the honour of her recent appointment as a member of the Advisory Council on Education in Scotland.

After recalling, in lighter vein, his earlier association with the girls' schools where his daughters had been educated, Sir Edward continued:—

"Of course, I had a connection with schools as an examiner in the School Certificate examinations. Now that was quite a pleasing experience because now and again I got some quite remarkable and amusing answers from school pupils. I remember this which is true in every detail. I once had to mark the answers to a science question—'Imagine that you wish to drink a cup of tea at a railway station before the train starts: imagine also that you are given the tea and milk separate and that the tea is too hot to drink. Will the tea cool quicker if you pour the milk in at once or quicker if you keep the hot tea and the milk separate during the cooling process?' I got some peculiar answers. One candidate said: 'The answer to this question depends entirely on whether you want hot tea or cold tea. Personally I loathe it.' And I can vouch for this answer: 'This is rather a silly question because anybody with any sense knows that the best way is to pour it into the saucer and blow on it.' The candidate added those words: 'However, that may be counted an action of the vulgar and so may not be permitted.'

"On the subject of examinations, however, I feel I want to say one further thing and I say it especially to those of you here and I hope we shall see some of you coming to Edinburgh University, and to those of you who will be coming on I say this, that while at University, students are told sometimes today that they are wasting their time because at the end of the day so many of them get second-class honours in their examinations, and we often hear people say, 'She only got a second.' Of course, we people in the University would like to see as many people as possible getting a first but the fact remains that men and women are not created equal. Young people do not all have the same start in life. By that I mean that all of them do not come from equally good homes or equally good schools like yours, so that sometimes getting a second in the case of one student is as great a feat of mind and character as getting a first in the case of another. As you will see I do not like the remark,

'She only got a second.' And I think it is applicable only in the rare cases where she has wasted her talent and her opportunities. You must remember this that the world is really run by the many people who are, so to speak, good enough to get second-class honours and also are dependable. In fact, speaking quite generally, we need lots of people who are second-class in this world because the world is really run by the second-class working out the ideas of the first-class.

"We often hear it said about women graduates, 'She got a good degree and then she wasted it by getting married.' Now, I suggest that it is taking far too narrow a view of education which should make us fit to live as well as fit to earn a living. When you educate a man you educate an individual, but when you educate a woman you can probably educate a whole family. You see, I never like to think of education as something that is completed either in school or university. It should go on all our lives. I have always had a good deal of sympathy with the remark of Mark Twain who said that he never allowed his schooling to interfere with his education.

"As the Lord Provost has kindly indicated, I am a scientist by trade and I am not going to apologise at all for recommending that trade—the trade of the scientist—this afternoon to those of you before me who have not made up your mind. The country needs far more scientists. Remember that the only person who has ever been awarded the Nobel Prize twice was a woman, Marie Curie, who won it for both Physics and Chemistry. And in that connection I would like to mention this—we need more women science teachers for our schools. Now I know that although there are certainly today some brilliant women mathematicians, it seems to be the rule that boys often find mathematics an easier subject than you girls. Girls, by the way, generally beat boys in command of language and, of course, words are very important. However, I would like to point this out, that science is not all abstruse and mathematical, especially in the "applied" side. In Applied Science women in the future are going to succeed. They are essentially practical creatures and I am sure that they find mathematics easier and more attractive when it is applied to things. Apart from science as a career, I think that women should take a greater interest in the "Science of the Household"—the how and why of domestic affairs—and should make their views and requirements better known. During the war, twenty years ago, men, for the first time, had to take a hand in washing up. I felt that the whole business was not good enough, so I said to some of my scientist friends in industry that there surely must be something that would help us in this washing-up business—only I called it 'separating food particles from plates.' And so very soon I was given samples to try of the new substances those chemists were then developing—detergents—



and the business of washing up became much easier. That change took place because men were assigned to the kitchen sink, and they made science come to their assistance.

"Now today I would say that the biggest problems of the subject of science in the home are concerned with heating the home—space heating and water heating—for here, you see, the situation has changed rapidly during the last few years. The electric fire merely heats, the gas fire heats and ventilates, while the coal fire heats and ventilates and entertains. However, if we wish to continue this privilege of using these benefits of the open fire we have got to produce more smokeless fuels, otherwise we shall be turning to electricity, oil and gas. Well, fortunately, scientists have made great progress in these matters and I myself have seen a number of women scientists in the testing of heating appliances of all kinds. I was glad to see recently that some really promising work was being done by the National Coal Board on the production of smokeless fuel from small coal and coal dust which, as we know, is so plentiful today while large coal is scarce.

"I do not want to take more than my allotted time, but I am just touching on one or two subjects and I hope that I have been able to show you that there is a vast field in Applied Science for women.

"It only remains now for me to say how grateful I was for the invitation and what a pleasure it has been for me to talk to you here this afternoon."

### WISHFUL THINKING

Long ago in Greece lived great mathematicians.  
The solving of problems was the joy of their hearts,  
Evolving segments,  
Sectors, loci,  
Triangles and circles and major arcs.

Little girl from Gillespie's, struggling with some homework,  
Wondering why her mathematics get low marks,  
Muddled up by segments,  
Sectors, loci,  
Triangles and circles and major arcs.

Same girl from Gillespie's wishes she could meet them,  
To solve her mathematics and get high marks,  
For understanding segments,  
Sectors, loci,  
Triangles and circles and major arcs.

ISOBEL SMITH, 12A1.

### HERE AND THERE

- School Journey to Nice*—Fifty million Frenchmen can't be wrong.  
*Short Skirts*—The human knee is a joint and not an entertainment.  
*Gymnastics*—  
(a) I strike the board and cry "No more!"  
(b) I am about to make my last voyage, a great leap in the dark.  
*6a at singing*—  
"Goodness me! Why, what was that?"  
"Silent be. It was the cat."  
Much have I seen and known: cities of men.  
I live by pulling off the hat.  
*6th form*—  
*Prefects' nightmare*—A day spent in a round of strenuous idleness.  
*School day*—Never do today what you can put off till tomorrow.  
*Homework*—We had a choice of difficulties.  
*Exams*—'Tis vain to quarrel with our destiny.  
*Results of Higher*—A crank is a little thing that makes revolutions.  
*Dynamics*—  
*Staff*—  
(a) I mete and dole unequal laws unto a savage race.  
(b) A rugged people, and thro' soft degrees  
Subdue them to the useful and the good.  
*Diving at Warrender*—To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths.  
*Confiscation*—Though much is taken, much abides.  
*Latecomers*—They hear the tolling bell across the landscape of hysteria.  
*School Orchestra*—Wi' mony an eldritch screech and hollow.  
*6a. A.J.B.K.*—A sensitive being, a creative soul.  
*M.C.*—Frankly yours.  
*A.P.*—O how full of Brians is this working-day world!  
*R.K.*—Rome wasn't built in a day.  
*H.T.*—I have rather studied men than books.  
*M.G.*—Where there is a Bill there is a way.  
*M.S.*—Come into the garden, Maud.  
*J.G.*—I like not that lean and hungry look: would she were fatter.  
*I.G.*—For ever most divinely in the wrong.  
*M.W.*—Elementary, my dear Wattson.  
*A.G.*—Beside, 'tis known she could speak Greek  
As naturally as pigs squeak.  
*J.L.*—I heard a linnnet courting.  
*E.A.M.*—I'll forgive yon Highland chief.

### THE PREFECTS

The prefects really are a lot,  
They're to be found in every spot.  
Where'er you go, whate'er you do  
There's no avoiding this awful crew.

At eleven-forty-five when the bell rings out  
This bunch do nothing else but shout  
"Single file! No talking."  
It's enough to set the entire place rocking.

At three-thirty with mournful faces  
Every day they take their places  
As the released mob rush past—  
Free at last.

MARGARET M. ANDERSON, 2B2.





### ODE BY ROBERT BURNS

On his Attendance at the Joint School Burns Supper held in  
George Heriot's School—23rd January 1959

E'en when the weighty pleuch the stibble churned,  
An' winter's blast about the chimlie girned,  
Its dirl and sooch about ma lugs hae turned  
ma wits aroun'.  
Come ordered thochts, ere ases could ha'e burn'd,  
I'll jot ye doon.

The havers o' a pleuchman wha wad read?  
Weary o' whirlin' life, or sowin' seed.  
Nae Henryson or Fergusson indeed  
sic trash wad claver;  
How could it in the mind o' man succeed  
to live for ever?

An' yet yestreen as I wi' Tam was drinkin'  
By eldritch screich Auld Cloutie sent me linkin';  
"Gang up," he said, "ye're wanted back I'm thinkin',  
I hear your name.  
But if wi' winsome lasses ye'd gang jinkin'—  
ye'll bide at hame."

Up to the bonnie licht o' day I cam'  
An' couldna' help but pity honest Tam,  
When through ma lugs I heard wi' mighty wham  
the pipes loud skirl.  
I snochter'd reek o' tatties and o' ham—  
It gar'd heid birl.

A brightly lichted windae caught ma e'en,  
An, de'il, o' a' the sights I e'er ha'e seen!  
As I gaz'd in on ilka lad and quean  
ma heartie ran,  
For there in a' its glory, braw and bien—  
a haggis! man!

Before it, wi' the cruel blade a' bared  
A lad addressed the dish wi' noble word  
An' aye I lauch to think on how he rar'd  
its flank to gash.  
O man! ma mou' fair watered as they shared  
the toothsome hash.

An' efter a' was done, the last crumb cleared,  
They drank ma health, but man they werena' feared,  
For 'stead o' something warmin' and weel-cheered  
(a wee sensation)  
Ma name in orange juice to health they steered  
wi' watery ration.

An' noo the nicht was growin' on apace,  
An' proud was I to see afore ma face  
Ma sangs performed wi' gentle fem'nine grace  
an' winsome glee—  
But suddenly ma hert began to race  
O, wae is me!

Auld Nick in tantrum wild wad fley his flock  
Gin I was ower late in gettin' back.  
I haste me doon to join Auld Horny's pack,  
But this I'll sweer—  
Gie me but hauf a chance an' I'll be back  
this time next year.

ALISON J. B. KEITH, 6A.

### SID SIDEBOARDS

"O whaur ha'e ye been, Sid Sideboards my son?  
O whaur ha'e ye been, my handsome young man?"  
"O I missed the last bus, mother make my bed soon,  
For I'm weary with walking and fain would lie doon."

"An' whaur did ye dine, Sid Sideboards my son?  
An' whaur did ye dine my handsome young man?"  
"O I dined at Demarco's, mother make my bed soon,  
For I'm no' feeling weel and fain would lie doon."

"An' what did ye ha'e, Sid Sideboards my son?  
An' what did ye ha'e, my handsome young man?"  
"I had twa pokes o' chips, mother make my bed soon,  
For I'm no' feeling weel and fain would lie doon."

"Why be your e'en bluidshot, Sid Sideboards my son?  
Why be your e'en bluidshot, my handsome young man?"  
"O they watered richt bad when I looked at the moon,  
But I'm weary with talking and fain would lie doon."

"O I fear ye've been drinking, Sid Sideboards my son!  
O I fear ye've been drinking, ye wicked young man!  
Get ben to your bed, an' get there richt soon,  
An' nae mair o' your nonsense, ye drunken baboon!"

HELEN BRODY, 4s1.



## THE SIGN OF THE CRAB

THE sea was the sky, and the sky was the sea, and all was dim and dark. Then I saw that a distant ridge of water sparkled with pink, and soon even the breeze seemed to shimmer with morning gold. I had the impression that the sunrise, when it transformed the formless world of the night into a palpable reality, represented the Creation.

We set sail in that rosy bay, so typical of Shetland, with the black rocks guarding the shore, and the clusters of drowsy little islands. And as I listened to the silken swish of the water, I became intensely aware of the breathing of the Universe, of the throbbing of life.

Suddenly I heard a psalm. A little woman, a weary bundle of life, with a black shawl over her head, trudged along the shore. She reached the water. She knelt. She wrung her hands in the waves, the water, the golden waves.

Jack had stopped rowing. I was surprised to see a look of anguish in his eyes.

"I suppose you know her—her story?"

I nodded. During the war, she had lost her husband and her son. The shock had a semi-paralytic effect on her, so that she could no longer make her living by knitting. And in her grief, she turned to the spirit of the sea.

One sunset, the clouds had gathered round the sun to form a fierce red crab. She watched the foam playing with a shell, a crab's shell, milky white, with finely etched green lines on it. In a sudden fit of moodiness, the foam flung the shell on to the sand. Maggie's heart stood still.

Puzzled, she wandered up the beach. Suddenly a huge wave struck her legs. When she looked down, she saw the shell again and she understood. Kneeling on the sand, in the water, she heard the windy voice of the spirit of the sea.

From that moment she would be able to paint the most beautiful pictures in the world. But there were two conditions. She was born under Cancer, and her sign was the sign of the crab. She must paint only on crabs' shells, and if she, or any one in her service, collected any other shells, she would be struck with a curse; the gift would be taken away, and any person who communicated with her would turn into a crab. Maggie's paintings were so exquisite that a great demand arose, and she had to employ a twelve-year-old boy to gather the shells for her. By that time, there were not enough on the beach, and he had to bring them from the islands.

One evening, when she was waiting for the boat to return, she noticed that once again there was a red crab in the sky, squirming and evil. A vague horror seized her.

"I told him about the curse," she thought in panic. "I told him . . ."

She saw the boat approaching. She heard the sound of the engine. Only when it finally crunched up that little white beach, did she realise that it was empty. A pink and prickly sea urchin lay on top of the heap of crabs' shells.

"Was the gift really taken away?" I asked Jack.

"No, but—well, you know how superstitious these old women are. She would never dare to paint again."

I gazed thoughtfully at the water, and watched the wind wooing the waves. They danced together—shyly at first, in a waltz, then more feverishly until, when they finally reached the rocks, they flung themselves into the air in a passionate embrace, and the white of the spray turned into the white of seagull's feathers.

A sudden thought struck me.

"Did they ever find the child's body?"

"No!" He smiled bitterly. "You see, after the boat had gone away, I waited for the tide to go back, and then I swam ashore."

ASTRID GILLIS, 5P.

## COALIE MACKENZIE AND CO.

WE sat, crosslegged, solemn, and four years old, on the polished hall floor, my cousin and I, for hours on end.

"Our front door's *alive*!" Lesley had whispered to me in the morning, and all day we squatted on guard to prevent it from moving.

When I reached home, I whispered into my brother's ear, "Our front door's *alive*!"

"It isn't! It can't be!" cried Ewen in desperation.

"It is," I asserted triumphantly.

"What's its name then?"

I thought of the enormous door at the foot of our dark hall.

"Coalie," I said. "Coalie Mackenzie."

Thus it was that Coalie Mackenzie came to play a major and frightening part in our young lives. I had begun it as a joke, pointing out its brass eye, its small mouth, and its cigarette (i.e. the morning *Scotsman*), but soon my fear became genuine too. It was impossible to venture into the hall if it was dark. If you did, Coalie would rush up and eat you. The light was, I suppose, a spell which kept him rooted to his hinges. But even with the light on, we were not too happy. We could not confide in the all-powerful deities, Mummy and Daddy, because if we did Coalie would summon all his friends and wipe out the entire McCaig family.



By day, Coalie was barely tolerable; by night, he was appalling. As soon as Mummy had tucked me in, kissed me and turned off the light, I was left alone to cope with him. I would lie rigidly under the bed-clothes, waiting to hear him clank up the hall to my bedroom, and I derived no consolation from the knowledge that Ewen was doing the same. Falling asleep brought nightmares of Coalie coming up and eating us all, always leaving me to the end, of Coalie promising to do no harm if I were sacrificed to him first, and, worst of all, of me falling down a big, black pit with Coalie waiting at the bottom.

As time passed, my scope for imagination widened and the furniture too was alive. I quite liked the little stool in the kitchen, but the rest were faintly, though not actively, hostile. This led to a cautious politeness which stopped me from standing on the chairs and bouncing on the beds. I must have seemed a model of goodness. I would always quietly thank a chair after I had been sitting on it, and apologise to a table after I had bumped into it. Before we left on holiday, I would tiptoe round the house, saying, "Goodbye," to everything in case it would be hurt. I was never so eager to say, "Hello!" when we came back.

When I was about eight or nine, I began to feel ashamed of these fears, and, probably because I was in reality rather less genuinely terrified, I was able to work out a solution for myself. In a blinding flash of inspiration, I nominated Bessy, the long blue curtains in my bedroom, to be a good ghost, so that she could unite her spiritual powers with the more worldly powers of Mrs Polish, an imaginary friend of mine, and between them they could guard over us all and keep us safe.

Coalie and Co. were vanquished at last.

JOAN McCAIG, 5M.

### "OF MARRIAGE AND SINGLE LIFE"

SHE that hath ne'er taken to herself a husband hath yielded herself to the needs of mankind; for she hath thrust from her the duties of the home to be replaced by those of town or of country. Certainly the important tasks of nursing and teaching are best undertaken by unmarried women for such are distracted by no solicitude for either husbands or children. But some there are who aver that marriage may in no way impede women from daily serving humanity in hospital or in school. Nay more, there are some others who assert that married women fulfil this purpose with inestimable success as having constant access to the study of human nature; for perhaps they have heard some talk, "Such a woman teacheth well but

inflicteth mistrust and fear on her pupils because of the castigation which falleth from her lips," and another give account for it, "Yea, for she hath not a charge of children and misunderstandeth their nature." But the most ordinary purpose of a married life is the influence exercised over husband and children by women of irrefragable uprightness and grace, such being Volumnia, the wife of Coriolanus, and his mother, Veturia, who, when Rome was assailed by the forces of the Volsci, led by Coriolanus, dissuaded him from treachery. Yet it were reason that women should envy celibacy unto which they may attribute liberty and freedom from onerous domestic cares. An unmarried woman is capricious for casting off the shackles of uniformity, she adorneth herself in raiment pleasing to her own eye, prepareth delicacies tempting to her own palate, nay more frequenteth places justifiable to her own desires. Prudence and resourcefulness are hers by reason of which she becometh self-willed and independent and in this manner, incurreth the envy of some, the hatred of others. Mercies and limitations no less abundant attend the lot of the married woman that hath children. To her belongeth the joy of daily guiding them in the paths of honour, wisdom and knowledge that she may transmit to future times a generation worthy of that in which she lives. She hath of necessity so to mould the pattern of her life on high principles as will serve for an admirable example for her children; and I think the erstwhile despising of maternal upbringing amongst the Lacedaemonians maketh the future soldier or statesman harsh and unscrupulous. Certainly children are a kind of benediction to women; and single women, though they be best friends to many because their time is less exhaust, yet, on the other side, they have no experience of filial devotion which maketh women sympathetic and charitable. Security and contentment led by a knowledge of their husbands' provision for material needs are commonly experienced by married women; yet some there are will put forth argument that certain married women to whom is tedious the life of the household, seek employment in spheres other than the domestic round; to whom also reply may be given that such women are often restless and proud as presuming upon the merit of labour wholly performed in neither of two places. It is one of the best bonds both of unity and affection in the family that the wife, if she care for its needs, yieldeth herself entirely to the task of establishing a home. Some there are will assert that matrimony is the more fitting for women of mature years, yet some have a quarrel to marry in the bloom of youth as being thus able to transpose to their children a youthful zest for living. Nay more, those there are that prefer lifelong celibacy to marriage whether it be in youth or in maturity; and this never fails if it is of their own choosing, against their friends' consent, for then they will be sure to make good their own folly.

ANNE GAULT, 6A.



### "FROM DOOR TO DOOR"

OUR Headmistress is often sadly disappointed when the School, as a whole, does not respond to her appeal to sell flags. Perhaps she has never tried doing it. For my part, I can only say that it is an Experience, and any qualifying adjective would be superfluous.

This is selling flags:—

Four of us, two older, and two younger, set off gaily, ready for battle, murder, or sudden death. I took one of the younger girls, Jean, and set off at top speed to climb the first stair. Jean followed, eagerly asking:

"What is it like?"

"Wait and see," I answered. She saw.

I rang the first bell without hesitation. I had forgotten about doorbells. This one set up a jangling that must have convinced everyone within hearing range that the building was on fire. Unless of course, some thought they were back at School, and History was over for the day. My reflections were cut short by the door's opening. A large housewife enquired belligerently, "Well?"

"Would you like . . ." began Jean. But the woman suddenly showed a mouth full of teeth in what I slowly realised to be a grin.

"Doctor Barnardo's. Well, well, just wait a moment and I'll see if . . ." She padded away into the distance. Lumbering back, she dropped two half-pennies into the tin, still baring her teeth, shut and locked the door. I had not the heart to explain that we were collecting for the Red Cross.

The next house took up considerably less time. I pressed their lovely, convenient, helpful electric bell. When I had pressed it for the fourth time, I came to the conclusion that it had no hope of competing with their more-than-audible television.

Then it was Jean's turn to ring. Having benefited by my earlier fire-alarm, she did not manage to make the bell ring until her fifth attempt. A young man opened the door and bought a flag. We wondered at his politeness till we saw his Red Cross badge.

For a few minutes the routine of ringing, asking and receiving or otherwise (mainly otherwise) continued, and thoroughly bored, I began to help Jean with her Latin, which she finds difficult. I daresay she finds it more difficult since I have begun to help her, but that is not the point. When I had been asking her parts of the verb "to love" for some time, I addressed a startled householder with "Are you being loved?" She shut the door. Strange to say, she did not even listen when I tried to sell her a flag.

The next half-hour was the usual mixture of loud bells, quiet bells, bells that come away in your hands, bells that play welcoming tunes until their owner opens the door, and, seeing you, slams it, and just bells. Also included were different shapes, tempers, and voices of people, various shades of fawn wallpaper, three kinds of

barking dogs, and innumerable children. We sold approximately seven flags. Then came a change in proceedings. We rang a bell, and the woman who answered the door cried, "Come in, come in!" We went in. She brought us into her sitting-room, and indicated the piano.

"Just a little, tiny bit towards the window," she explained. We moved it, with much effort.

"And the table. I think I'll have it here—no, here." We waltzed round the room with the table.

"Now, if you could just hang up those curtains. Straighter, dear," as I balanced perilously on a ladder of chairs and books. Then "thank you so much," she said, and showed us out. After she had shut the door I realised that I had not even asked her to buy a flag. But neither of us had the physical strength left even to ring her doorbell again.

"Let's do one more," said Jean. She looked rather paler and more dishevelled than at first. Even her smile had lost its pristine brightness. I should go as far as to say it was automatic.

We "did" one more.

"The Red Cross," said the man, "What's that?" I explained at some length.

"Why are you selling flags for it?" Jean went into a long explanation about School.

"Oh?" he said, and shut the door. He re-opened it to make his meaning clearer.

"I don't really want one." And we saw that familiar sight, a door being shut impatiently.

Only this morning our Headmistress asked for volunteers to sell flags. My hands remained demurely—and determinedly—folded on my lap, as I thoughtfully studied our form-room door. It struck a chord on the keyboard of my memory. Sorry, I meant a jangling discord.

JANET DAVIDSON, 4M.

### THE STORM

Enwrapped in darkest cloak, the surly night  
With furtive glances, looked about in fright.  
Great raindrops dashed themselves to death o'er countryside,  
Whilst stars, with frightened eyes, slipt quietly off to hide  
Behind great clouds, which did not leap nor scamper as in spring.

Nor glide serenely as at summer noon,  
But scurried wildly, bent on one mad fling.  
Like ghostly Spanish galleon, the moon  
Peered fitfully down between the jostling throng,  
Peered fitfully down, and waited,  
Whilst Nature's cymbals crashed her battle song.

SHEILA GRAHAM, 1L1.



### "REMEMBERING FOR AN HOUR"

WE were in the throes of flitting. Even I had finally realised that this was inevitable, and had half-heartedly settled down to the laborious task of packing. Suddenly, while checking over some old papers and accounts, I came across an ancient brown photograph. It depicted a row of beaming butchers, arrayed in their customary striped apron and jacket, standing before a huge shop window, which was hung with meat of many kinds. Yes, "Thomas Butt, 130 Heriot Street, Purveyors of Meat to His Majesty King George VI" was quite a shop in its time. Dreamily, I leaned against the packing cases, and thought back over the times when I had visited it. My most vivid memory was of New Year's Day, as it was our treat to be allowed to accompany our father, as he fulfilled his various incessant duties as manager of the shop. I can picture it still.

Our number ten tramcar, boarded at Bruntsfield lurches its way down to Princes Street, where we dismount. Hand-in-hand, the three of us—my father clad in heavy overcoat, my brother Tom in School cap and muffler, and myself still in leggings and bonnet, make our way through the icy, almost deserted streets to Heriot Street. Here it is—No. 130. Tom and I prance about, as father unpadlocks the heavy iron gates at the entrance, and then we carefully step through. Once inside, we are intimidated by the vastness of the shop, which seems to stretch dark and endless before us, like a long avenue hemmed in not by trees, but by undulating, scarred wooden tables, on which stand the fascinating weights and scales. All along the white-tiled walls hang scimitar-like knives, gleaming and evil. Quickly we run after our father to the far end. We have no sooner arrived here, than he disappears into the huge chill which towers up to the ceiling, and we are told to wait quietly outside. As the massive door swings silently open, a gust of frozen air, bringing the foul smell of blood and meat to our sensitive noses, swirls out round us, and before the door closes, we catch a glimpse of basins of dark red blood, white bobtails of rabbits, and plucked turkeys hanging by their long, stretched necks. Soon father comes out again, carrying two rabbits' tails—the cause of great envy with our friends—and hands them over to us. Next, we make for the head of the stairs which run down to the lower shop, stopping *en route* to be weighed on the big weighing machine, normally reserved for sides of beef or venison. The stairs are steep for our small legs, and are made treacherously slippery by their thin layer of greasy sawdust, but, a safe descent having been made, we are again free to explore. At first, we stand motionless, seeing only a labyrinth of half-lit passageways, and hearing only the booming throb of the big refrigeration plant. Gingerly Tom and I tiptoe away in search of the few kittens which are usually to be found, after much search-

ing and enticing. Along we go, past the red painted sausage-making machines, erect and unfriendly like sentries on duty, past the mincers, and the many sinks, where veined tongues are being pickled in some repulsive smelling liquid. Round the corner, and we come face to face with some huge sacks of grain, which, seen in the pale light filtering in from the street by a grating, remind us of prehistoric monsters ready to attack. Hesitantly, we wonder whether or not to penetrate the gloom beyond when we hear a voice calling in the distance, and somewhat thankfully turn tail and flee back.

Upstairs again, and we go past the offices into the back shop where more chills are inspected. At the very back is garaged the fleet of vans, and in a corner, we see an old harness, a remnant of the days when the horse and cart supplied transport. Up and up, round and round we climb and narrow, twisting stairway and find ourselves in the lighter and airier rooms, where the big pie-making machines are installed. Attentively we listen, as it is explained that within this door there is usually a blazing red inferno, and that here can be seen row upon row of pies, while this is the long poker for stoking the fires.

Our last visit is to the offices, in our opinion the most exciting place in the shop. There are so many interesting things: the high stools on to which we must be lifted, the pens filled with coloured ink, the heavy ledgers, and best of all—the telephones. Tom goes into the box—I sit at a desk in a private office, and in some mysterious way, we can hear each other talking. That this can be done in the same building, is a continual source of amazement to us.

Unfortunately, our visit now comes to an end, and, feeling rather as if we have been to a Sunday school soirée, we climb out once more into the biting wind, clutching firmly in our mittened hands the final treat—a packet of "Smith's Potato Crisps." And to think that nowadays this grand old shop has been . . .

"Just what have you been doing for the last hour or so?"—a down-to-earth voice broke into my thoughts, and I started, hurting my head on the rough packing-case. "Nothing . . . that is, I mean . . ."

"Nothing as you said. And where on earth did you find that terrible old photograph?" Without waiting for my reply, the voice departed. Sadly, I heaved a sigh, and returned to the dismal business of packing.

ANNE MACSWEEN, 6A.

### CHERRY BLOSSOM

These small delights, which count but nought  
To those who seek both wealth and power,  
And do not see thy shady bower.

ROSEMARY A. CATHELS, 4s1.



## A DAY IN HOLLAND

I SHALL remember the wonderful day we spent in Holland last summer, for a very long time. We breakfasted early that morning in our hotel at Knocke in Belgium and met the 'bus at about eight o'clock. As soon as we reached the open country, we were struck by the flatness of our surroundings. On either side, stretched flat fields and meadows—green broken only by a mass of snowy-white opium poppies glistening in the morning sun or the bright blue of flax—and here and there a bay horse or a cow or a narrow canal covered with green vegetation. Our guide drew our attention to these same, motionless canals and it was hard to believe that much bitter fighting had taken place on their banks but the stark reality was brought near to us by the sight of the many graveyards and war memorials with row upon row of tiny white crosses. Soon we passed a field of beet—no man's land—and stopped at the Dutch frontier to collect a stamp for our passports and then into the bus again for a dash to the coast to catch the ferry boat at Breskens.

When we arrived, however, we found that many more people had had the same idea and as there was a queue for the boat we had to leave the bus and look around. The first thing we noticed was the relative cheapness of goods and there were many souvenir shops selling model Dutch clogs and windmills. A group of mercenary Dutch people dressed in their colourful national costume danced and sang to an accordion and visitors could have their "photos" taken with them for a small fee! Our bus driver hooted his horn to tell us he was going aboard the ferry boat. She was a huge vessel, the interior consisting of a great well into which the buses and cars drove and an open deck above for passengers. Once aboard, we were struck by the cleanliness of everything round about us. The ship was painted black and white and sparkled in the sun. Soon the coastline drew away from us and we were sailing down the River Scheldt bound for Walcheren Island. The thirty minutes' sail did not seem a moment too long and we soon saw the dockyards and chimneys of Flushing, the island's port. It was a Dutch princess's birthday and as we passed through the town we saw the lamp-posts on the street decorated with small orange and green shields and bunting. After leaving Vlissingen (the Dutch name for Flushing), we took the dyke road round the island. Like the mainland it was quite flat, the highest piece of ground we saw being a dome-like mound about twenty feet high on the top of which was tethered a cow. This old animal sat looking about her like a dowager countess—quite the highest object for miles.

Walcheren Island was chosen as the first offensive for Canadian commandos to free Holland and as a result it was heavily bombarded. Many villages we passed through had been completely flattened and hardly a stone had been left whole. Over the island were scattered many German blockhouses but they had long since been

evacuated by the army and were now whitewashed and with window-boxes cascading flowers were now people's homes! Our first stop was at Westkapelle, the first village attacked and there was a small, grey monument erected to the brave commandos. Nearby, on a wooden bench, sat a row of old Dutchmen with their baggy trousers and simply enormous clogs, smoking pipes. We were to be struck by the large number of old people we saw in Holland but what this means I am not quite sure. Everyone travelled about on bicycles which were very old and ramshackle. They also wore their national costume in everyday life—the women in long black dresses and the men in their baggy trousers. As we passed down the street, every house of which had been built with a gift from a different town in Holland, we smelt new-baked bread.

Back on the 'bus again, we travelled through the picturesque villages with their Church in the centre, the blacksmith's forge opposite and all the houses round the Church. Some of these villages had been flooded a few years ago and once more rebuilt and we learned to admire the courage and spirit of the Dutch people. After lunch, we reached Middelburg, the main town of the island, where it was market-day. The square was filled with stalls, tourists and the local inhabitants in their national costumes. Above the noise and bustle of business in the square, the bells from the cathedral chimed out in harmony.

The afternoon flew by and it was time to continue on our journey back to Flushing and the ferry boat. We crossed back in the glory of the evening sun and as we relaxed in its friendly warmth, we thought about all we had seen and heard that day. Although our adventure was almost over, I knew I should never completely forget Holland and its people and if I did the smell of new-baked bread or an old bicycle or the sound of an old street organ—these little things—would remind me of that beautiful country.

ISOBEL J. GARDNER, 6A.

## POEM

The surging waves,  
The running tide,  
The gull's harsh cry,  
White horses ride.

A yacht glides by  
With sail unfurled  
Cleaving the waves;  
Wild spume is whirled.

The clouds scud past,  
Time turns her wheel,  
Men live and die.  
Time is unreal.

MORAG MACKENZIE, 5P.



## ALARMS

PERHAPS you will think that alarm clocks are peculiar things to write about but alarm clocks are so useful (or perhaps you don't think they are) that I really must praise them. At least I'll sing the praises of my own special clock and also relate my own feelings about my mother's alarm clock.

My alarm is in the form of a miniature radio. It is German-made and really looks, and sounds, bright, amongst our British "Sturdies." It wakes me every morning with a start but its bell has a more musical note than most, and more than that however, for just as soon as the alarm stops, from a musical box within, floats a merry tune. This seems to me, to sound like an early morning when all the world is bright and fresh. Unfortunately, I am inclined to lie and listen and it acts like a lullabye and sends me back to sleep.

My mother's clock was given as an advertisement for ship chandlers in Genoa, to my father. It is just like an ordinary alarm except that it has the words "Thomas L. Carr and Son, Genoa" attached to it, and when the clock is wound up this moves round and round and immediately attracts attention.

One night while on holiday I could not sleep and I glanced over the fireplace to see the time.

"Twenty past three! Oh, I wish I could get to sleep."

I looked again at the clock and saw the luminous letters spelling out "Thomas L. Carr and Son, Genoa" and I could not draw my eyes away; it was as though I was hypnotised by it. Soon instead of spelling the ship chandler's name it seemed to be spelling:—

"Ha, Ha, you can't get to sleep—Ha, Ha, you can't get to sleep."

I closed my eyes in an attempt to shut it out, but, instead, I seemed to be going round with it, and it was shouting louder and louder:—

"Ha, Ha, you can't get to sleep—to sleep—sleep—sleep—sleep—sleep."

Every night that this clock is in my room, the same thing happens. We try to stare one another out. If I'm lucky, I'll stare it out and fall asleep, but, if I'm not, it will keep on staring until the day breaks.

ELIZABETH ANDERSON, 3B1.

## THE PILGRIMAGE

EACH yard seemed steeper and more painful than the one before as the travellers picked their way up the precipitous hillside. "Rest, rest!" they gasped, but they had to press on, with the summit, their goal, beckoning to them from on high. And journeying on, they were at last able to join the main party of pilgrims and to sink with relief to the ground.

No, this was not Everest, nor yet the North Pole, though it seemed very much like it. The hour was 4.30 a.m.; the date, 1st May 1959; the scene Arthur's Seat. For in accordance with the old Druidic custom, we had climbed that volcanic mound to see the sun rise.

My original intention was to retire on Thursday night at 7 p.m. but it was at the accustomed time of 10.30 p.m. that I finally withdrew. At 12.30 a.m. I was reduced to counting the ticks of the clock, still muttering "I must get to sleep!" and when I was roused at 3 a.m. by the insistent whirr of that same clock, I was induced to rise only by the fact that I had placed the clock at the other side of the room.

My spirits rose, however, when, walking down Newington Road, I discovered that there were other misguided mortals who had risen at the same unearthly time. Of the twelve members of the expedition who were to meet the three of us, only four put in an appearance and finally, the seven of us, still in good spirits, set off down the High Street. But by the time our task had been accomplished, my envy of the still-sleeping denizens of Edinburgh knew no bounds.

Soon the curtain of grey cloud parted and there, rising from the sea, was a blood-red orb of fire, so awe-inspiring that a sudden silence fell upon those assembled and once more the utter magnificence of the sun was wondered at by mere human beings. So still was the air, that the singing of the 100th and 23rd Psalms carried far and it seemed the perfect setting for a service of worship. The absolute beauty of the dawn was worth the fatigue and the Reverend Selby Wright's sermon was quite in keeping.

The descent was soon over and the long walk home was commenced. By the time the Meadows had been reached, our shuffling feet were making little progress and it was by dint of great will-power that we ever arrived home—just in time to make breakfast.

A drowsy numbness pained my sense and my one idea was to go to bed. But the law of the land forbade it and I had accordingly to creep like snail unwillingly to School.

LAUREL NORWELL, 5M.



### "THE FIRST FROSTY MORNING"

"MONDAY morning! It can't be! Oh! How cold it is! Still, it's only seven o'clock; I shall just turn over again. But my feet are protruding from beneath the blankets and they feel like ice. Out you go bottle! 'Mummy, please don't open the windows any more.' And today we have gyms. That means a cold, cotton blouse.

"No porridge! How is one expected to survive on a day like this without hot porridge.

"Now I am late. I shall never catch the 'bus. Yes I shall watch the path. I tear down the street, my scarf and coat belt flying out like streamers behind me. Oops! Dash those corporation roads! If they had laid grit instead of a tar surface, that would not have happened. Now I have missed my 'bus. I must have dropped a glove—how convenient for such a warm climate.

"If the next 'bus doesn't arrive soon I shan't know what one has at the extremities of her legs. What a sight I must look, my ears pink and swollen to twice their size. 'Marion's nose is red and raw.'—never a truer word!

"At last it has arrived. But all the windows are closed up and such a smoky atmosphere. Well, if I can't find a seat my history will remain unread.

"School ought to be warmer. I think the 'jannie' must be ill. What a day to choose! I run to embrace the nearest radiator, but all the heat it ever gave out has warmed some poor girl in greater need than myself. Still, I don't grudge her it.

"Imagine three periods of mathematics with Beaky today. His temperament never thaws, far less on a frosty morning."

MARION SMITH, 4M.

### AUGUST IN ARRAN

THE big new car-ferry, all steel and plastic, lay idly at the pier, slowly being filled up with its cargo for the afternoon run. The sky was leaden and the wind cold, but hopes were high. Dimly to the westward lay the magic island, our home for weeks to come. At the last moment the day trippers from Glasgow poured down from the nearby station, glad to be free from their tedious jobs. How superior we felt; we would be asleep on the island when they were back in the smoky city. The vibration from below quickened and we slipped out effortlessly towards the Cumbræ and the wide Firth.

Within the hour we were in sight of the familiar white cottages of Corrie, with Goatfell towering above them, and with a majestic sweep into Brodick Bay we had arrived. The sun would shine next day, and there were the sands, the bathing huts and the boats.

The marvellous picnics by the burns and the scrambles on the hills were all awaiting us—all last year's fun to repeat.

Seagulls awoke us—a rush to the window. Just a drizzle with a mist on the hills, and Holy Island invisible. Tomorrow would be fine. Meantime those plastic macs were handy, lying underneath a pile of summer clothes.

The first week passed with a score of one blistering day and six wet days in which to recover. Week two was also wet with cold winds between showers and not even the faintest glimmer of sunshine. Why, oh why did we leave our gumboots at home? The third and fourth weeks brought little change. By now the weather forecasts were meaningless to us. Oh, for the hard pavements of "Auld Reekie."

The last Saturday had come. We must make the most of it before we leave at four. Brilliantly shone the sun on our unbelieving faces. To the sands! For as long as we could we soaked it in, then a rush for a hasty meal, packing, and off to the pier.

As we steamed again eastwards the Firth was a glorious picture, with the hills on all sides mirrored in the smooth, blue sea. Could it possibly have been there that we were soaked to the marrow? There that we squelched down the teeming glen? Or there that we shivered in the boat while our bait was nibbled off as soon as it was over the side? Surely not. Arran is wonderful and we'll be back again next year.

CAROL BISSET, 3A1.

### DARK INNOCENCE

WITH gay abandon she danced and twirled, the centre of an admiring group. Her dark eyes flashed and her pearly teeth shone. Up and down bobbed the ruby-red ribbon in her glossy dark curls as faster and faster the little feet sped. The sun was warm on her smooth skin and not a care in the world had she. At last she paused for a breath, and the watching children applauded merrily. Then, breaking away from the little group, she skipped and hopped along the road in front of me.

I recognised her as the little girl who comes to Sunday School hand-in-hand with her friend, and I remembered the day she shyly asked to share my Hymn-Book, and then sang so earnestly and true.

As I watched the now lonely little figure I found myself breathing a silent prayer that such loneliness would always be of her own choosing and not an indication of a greater loneliness to be encountered. You see, her skin is black.

PATRICIA OLIVER, 4S2.



## DISSERTATION ON NO ROAST PIG

"NOW'S the time!" . . . "Start at once!" . . . "Procrastination is the thief of time." . . . "There's no easy way out."

Every newspaper and magazine worth its salt nowadays carries a minimum of one article per week on "Slimming" for the benefit of its lady readers. There is, of course, the occasional revolutionary—"cut out the ridiculous winter salads! Indulge in fish and chips, fried omelettes, chocolate eclairs! Don't ruin the festive season by pondering over the after-effects!" One can picture a comfortably plump lady administering the fruits of a liberal larder to a submissive husband, making habitual mental notes of her latest successful, but oh-so-fattening, dish for her next persuasive article. Unfortunately this concession to the feminine conscience is soon afterwards obliterated by the depressing account the next week—by another author—of the dreadful effects of the sin of over-indulgence.

"Of course," says the suave, slim but we suspect, rather tart lady, "the choice is yours. Every woman who wishes to preserve her femininity and has the slightest pang of conscience on this subject should launch immediately on a strict selected-campaign . . . Do cut out those starches and sugars! I will include in my next article a list of the 'Shoulds' and 'Must Nots.' I suggest you frame this and place it in a prominent position in your kitchen."

We nod wisely, and smile as we think of those unfortunate people to whom articles such as this so obviously apply. It makes their friends so cross when they persistently ignore dieting articles and "weight-height" charts conveniently but unobtrusively placed within their view. Sometimes we almost suspect (if it were not incredible) that they do not realise into which category they fall.

It is not until our own School skirt (a surer gauge than an inch-tape, which can be made to meet at almost any required measurement) begins to restrict free breathing that we hastily turn over the "Wanting to Slim?" page, and look for more congenial, and less suggestive, reading matter.

M. MCGREGOR, 6A.

## THE BIBLE

DURING the early days of the Normandy landings a British soldier was in action against the German Panzer Divisions. The fighting was fierce and casualties heavy and amongst them was this particular soldier. He was brought back to this country, having lost everything including his Bible, and for many weeks lay in hospital. The battlefield was a far-off thing until, one day, a small, brown, dirty parcel was delivered to his home. On being opened it was discovered to be his Bible, which had been picked up on the battlefield by the Germans. They had revered the word of God.

This is a true story for the Bible belonged to my father and he still has it today.

JENNIFER CAMPBELL, 2A1.

## WHEN WE WERE HOSTELLING . . .

JANET was first to enter that deliciously cold water, her skirt cautiously gathered above her knees, but we were not long to follow. After we had paddled about for a while we were ready for the road.

Just before we reached Brig o' Turk, we came to a sign which said "The Byre Antique Shop." Out of curiosity we went in. The shop-owner was a Canadian with a kilt and a crew cut. We examined everything with the greatest interest.

"What is that?" asked Catriona pointing to a strange article carved out of bamboo.

"W-e-e-l-l, I'm not too sure," said the man, "you can call it whatever you like."

"Looks rather like a plant holder," began Fiona thoughtfully.

"Yes it might be that," he replied.

"So it might."

I said that it could be some old musical instrument.

"Could be that as well," the old man replied gravely. And since none of us offered to buy this unique antique he drew our attention to a faded tartan cloak.

"You see this here?" he drawled. "Well, it was found on the dead body of 'The Wolf of Badenoch.' It was given to me by my great grandfather's grandfather."

"Never heard of him," muttered Janet. "He'd have more luck if he called it Elvis Presley's shirt."

One thing that especially amused me was a tray of old broken beer bottles and clay pipes labelled "Souvenirs dug up in this beautiful district. Sixpence each." Did he really expect someone to buy one of them?

There also was a brooch with "Janet" engraved on it and when he discovered one of us was called Janet he did everything within his power to try to make us buy it. He claimed that it was mother of pearl, but later Janet said it was plastic and she could have snapped it in two quite easily.

We set off on the road again! Fiona with a silver paper knife, Catriona a wee brass mug, I had bought a floating fish for Laura, and Janet was sensible and never wasted any money.

DAGMAR GILLIS, 3B2.

## MY BABY SISTER

Bright blue eyes and curly hair,  
Long dark lashes; complexion fair:  
Ten wee fingers, ten wee toes,  
Rosebud mouth and wee snub nose,  
All go together to give us fun—  
My baby sister called "Marion."

NORMA DORWARD, 2A2.



## THE HOLIDAY QUESTION

EVERY year around February the same question arises, is discussed and hopefully left. A month later the problem is again attacked, pamphlets and maps are bought, discussion is lengthy but inconclusive. We cannot decide where to go for our holidays.

I think nearly every family has the same problem. Ours is no exception. On one point we are all agreed—we do not go back to where we were last year. However by April we have delayed so long that when a letter arrives from last year's landlady we give in, for the sake of being "fixed up." Because, as is continually being pointed out in the letter, there are many people after the house. We might miss our chance. If the weather were good it would be a very enjoyable holiday. Not very exciting—but at least a change of air.

This year we delayed as usual for a month or two getting more and more depressed: Granny was going to Spain; our cousins to Ireland; and Aunt to Stratford-on-Avon; the people up the road were going on a tour of the Highlands and so on . . .

We were on the point of giving in again when we heard one day that we could have a cottage in Glen More. Miraculously this appealed to every member of the family. A letter was dispatched at once. Return posts were anxiously watched. After a week of agonised waiting the reply came. Now it is all arranged. We go to the Cairngorms for our holidays. How much more exciting than the old familiar seaside resort!

As some one optimistically pointed out, the Cairngorms are lovely in good weather.

ISOBEL JOHNSTONE, 3A2.

## MY DASHCHUND

The Long and the Short of it

A long, long body,  
But not very high,  
A cold, black nose,  
That is inclined to pry.

Long, droopy ears,  
And persuasive eye.  
Little paddy paws

That love to try  
To dig a hole  
To bury a bone.

Sometimes he is rather a menace,  
So I think you will see why we called him Dennis.

ROSALIND HUNTER, 1L2.

## THE SWING

At sixteen years I'm heavier,  
Than what I was at ten;  
But when I saw that swing, I thought,  
"I'd like to try again!"

I sat upon the wooden seat,  
(No "Parkie" near to scold!)  
But later I could *not* sit down—  
The ropes just *didn't* hold.

CECLIA C. CAVAYE, 4M.

## "BUSH HOUSE"

Of Special Interest to Hippo-Hunters, Head-Hunters  
and House-Hunters

A LONG sweeping drive made of hard bumpy laterite, which is converted to a porridge-like substance in the rainy season, leads up to the "house," one of the stately homes of "Darkest Africa." It is a long low building of the most modern design—so modern as to be still in the experimental stage, as the occupier will discover by bitter experience. The roofing is of a type not often found in European communities, except in the housing of domesticated animals, i.e. corrugated iron. The exterior plumbing has been placed so as to exhibit to its best advantage the work of the plumber, and occupies a large proportion of the façade of the building.

Before the entrance door is a roomy veranda where one can sit and observe the full beauty of a tropical garden—one solitary palm tree—in all the comfort afforded by Portobello Holiday Hotel. The interior decoration of the bush house is of a strictly *contemptuous* nature, the chairs being of the same dangerous design as the deck chair, while the dining-room table resembles an extremely primitive carpenter's bench. As the "Coverall Surfaces" Paint Company has not yet penetrated to this remote corner of the Commonwealth with its non-spill and quick-drying products, the colour-scheme is restricted to various delicate shades of white-wash—depending on the muddiness of the water used to prepare it. The woodwork is in subtle tones of creosote and the floor is covered with the latest straw-matting or newspaper (seven kittens barely a fortnight old have not quite become house-trained).

Although far in the outbacks, a bush house is equipped with all modern *inconveniences*, including an extremely temperamental shower and an equally erratic "fridge." Unfortunately, electric light has not yet reached the district and instead of fluorescent lighting one uses an Aladdin lamp which has even less magical powers than the poorest prestidigitator.

A necessity in a country of torrential summer rain (this does not refer to Scotland) is a supply of pots, jars, tins, etc., to place under the holes in the roof in order to catch the drips. By experience I find that an empty baked beans' tin produces the most pleasing effect on the ear but one must be exact in the placing of the tin under the drip to obtain the most resonant results.

There are many more advantages, and disadvantages, attached to the bush house but there is not space here to enumerate them. Further details of the situation, structure and cost of this desirable residence can be had from:

JANICE O'RORKE, 4S.



## THE POET'S GLEN

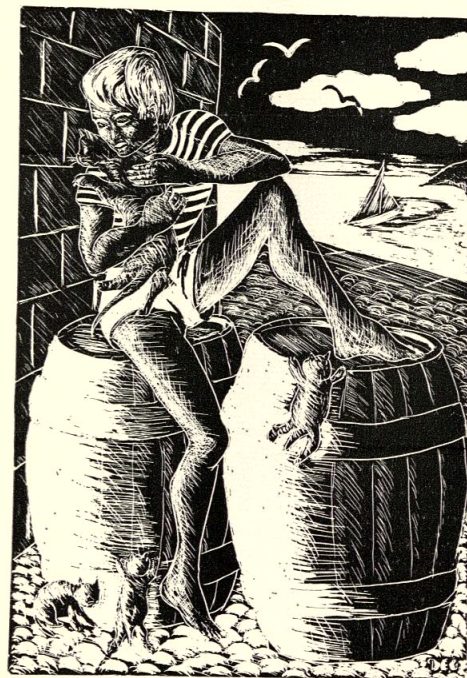
"My water's refreshing and perhaps may inspire  
The enraptured mind with poetical fire;  
I'm as wholesome and free to all who here passes  
As the Fount from the side of the Grecian Parnassus."  
(From James Thompson's "Helicon.")

THIS inscription is engraved on an old stone which is yellow with age and partly covered by moss. The stone itself is above a well which is equally old and likewise covered by moss. This well is situated in a small valley, known as the Poet's Glen, in the Pentland Hills. Through the glen runs a tiny stream which has its source in the Maidenscleugh, higher up in the hills. Although this valley is very beautiful all the year round, in spring it is perhaps at its best. The sun shines down through the trees where catkins are bobbing and dancing merrily. Violets, celandines, woodsorrel and other shy woodland flowers are to be seen peeping from behind fallen tree trunks and under autumn's dead leaves. Here and there are clusters of yellow primroses and birds seeking twigs, bits of fluff and other odds and ends for their nests in the nearby bushes. Black-faced lambs are to be heard calling to their mothers from the hilly pastures on either side of the valley.

The poet who gives this glen its title, the Poet's Glen, is James Thompson, the Weaver Poet. He lived at the top of the glen at the end of the eighteenth century. Except for a short stay in Colinton around 1787, he spent all his days here. Jamie Thompson, as he was generally called, was not only a poet and a weaver but also a physician, a barber and a shepherd. As a boy he had been a shepherd and even when he grew up and had so many other matters to occupy his time he still loved to guard the sheep. On Saturday night he shaved off all the beards in the parish and, as he worked, he entertained his customers by reciting and singing his poems and songs to them. The minister distributed copies among his friends and by the time Jamie's poems were published in 1809 he had many distinguished admirers including the Duke of Buccleuch and Lady Dundas. His poems were mainly about nature, though some told of "ghaists, bogles and witches" and other eighteenth century beliefs. In this small glen he found his inspiration. His was a simple country life and by his poems he brought pleasure to his fellow countrymen in those hard and troubled times.

From the well itself, a small building at the top of the glen is barely visible. However, as one mounts the steep slope, gradually it becomes clearer and is found to be Jamie's cottage, still inhabited by farm-workers. Over the door the words "Mount Parnassus" can plainly be seen. The cottage was so named by Jamie after the Greek mountain sacred to the Muses. It was his inspiration as Parnassus was to other writers and poets. From the top of the hill,

God who created me  
Nimble and light of limb.



DIANE E. CARR

Form 5M.

## THE OLD PUPPET MAKER



LILIAS L. MATTHEW

Form 6D.



## NATIVITY PLAY



PREPARATORY SCHOOL

Photo by E. R. Yerbury & Son

## GUIDE DOG COLLECTION

### Our Guide Dog Collection

Needed

Head  
Chest  
Forelegs

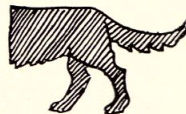
£95



Paid

Body  
Tail  
Hindlegs

£155



ON DUTY • £250

PRIMARY SCHOOL

one has a wonderful view on a clear day. Many miles away to the north lies the Firth of Forth with Fife and the Highland hills beyond. It is a really magnificent scene, more like a picture than reality. This is the same view the Weaver Poet admired and was inspired by nearly two hundred years ago and one feels very sobered by this solemn thought.

MARGARET ANNE REID, 3A1.

### "OFF SHOT THE SPECTRE . . ."

It is a school inspector;  
For Latin cometh he.  
The pupils sit in great alarm:  
"Don't let him notice me."

The classroom door is opened wide;  
Our heads do reel and spin.  
The girls are met, we must not let  
Him see the stew we're in.

Th'inspector paced into the room,  
So full of vigour he.  
Our teacher sits behind us all—  
Soon full of wrath she'll be.

He holds us with his glittering eye.  
Transfixed, the class sits still.  
And thus spake on that learned man;  
Th'inspector has his fill.

Farewell, farewell! but this I tell,  
To thee, my comrades dear,  
That whosoever worketh hard  
Need no inspector fear.

MARJORIE HEADSPEATH, 5M.

### THE LITTLE GIRL NEXT DOOR

"Are you the little girl that lives next door,  
Who always comes in and puts dirt on the floor?  
Are you the girl that screams and shouts,  
And always throws her things about?"

"Yes, I'm the girl that lives next door.  
I never come in and put dirt on the floor.  
I am not the girl that screams and shouts,  
And I don't throw my things about.

I'm as good as good, as good can be,  
My mother thinks the world of me.  
She says the girl that lives next door,  
Is the worst she ever saw."

"You are not as good as good can be.  
You are not so very good as me.  
I am not going to play with you again,  
You're a spoilt girl, that's plain."

TERRY KIRBY, 1L2.



## —WITH THANKS TO CHARLES DICKENS

One night as I lay in my bed,  
 I thought about the book I'd read—  
 I pictured Old Joe working hard at the forge,  
 I could almost hear Orlick cursing his word,  
 And as for Pip's sister—I heard her sharp tongue,  
 I spied Uncle Pumblechook drinking his rum,  
 I saw vain Estella at Satis House fair  
 Admiring her beauty and combing her hair,  
 I caught sight of her mistress so quaint but so bold,  
 Miss Havisham by name who always stayed old,  
 And then my mind pictured the convict so mad,  
 That horrible man who was dirty and bad,  
 How could I forget Wemmick and Aged Old P.,  
 Who helped Pip in London and taught him to be  
 A noble young gentleman with manners so good,  
 And then there was Jaggers with heart made of wood.  
 Suddenly I saw Herbert and kind Mr Pocket,  
 Father and son linked like chain to a locket,  
 I could "go on" all night but before I conclude,  
 I must just mention Pip, so honest and shrewd.  
 There is one other person who enters my head,  
 Because of him, this book I read,  
 For I think I've been lucky in reading this "scrip"  
 Called "Great Expectations"—the story of Pip.

ANNE MORRISON, 3B.1

## PEPE

The only man in my life you see  
 Is, Pepe, a darling wee poodle.  
 An apricot lord, with a great pedigree,  
 A spoilt, tiny baby you can't resist cuddle.

At eighteen months old, mostly does what he's told,  
 If want's anything nice is angelic as gold.  
 His lordly abode is in father's armchair  
 And there regards all with a petted, cold stare.

Whenever one mentions "Bath" in this house,  
 He's under a bed and as quiet as a mouse.  
 In the tub's dumped a shiv'ring fragment of fluff—  
 And out comes a poodle like a proud powder-puff.

He knows what he likes in the way of good food,  
 And dog biscuits, tinned meat and fish are no good!  
 It's dear mince and greens and stew that will do—  
 But it's liver and roast beef and chicken that . . . ooh!

"Out" is our darling's best liked remark,  
 As he knows that this usually leads to the "Park"  
 As he tears around, undignified, right to the core  
 Of your heart it gives joy that he's yours to care for!

ANN PEATIE, 3A2.

## EARLY IN THE MORNING

"Is there anyone there?" said my father  
 Knocking on the bathroom door,  
 And the water in his shaving mug grew colder,  
 As he paced the lobby floor.  
 And I heard him ask my mother if Vernon was still in bed  
 And he banged on the door again a second time,  
 "Is there anyone there?" he said.  
 But no one opened the door for my father  
 No mischievous little eyes  
 Peeped round and looked into his angry face  
 Where he was anxiously heaving sighs.  
 But only the sound of running water  
 And splashing on the wall  
 And a tiny plop in the basin  
 As a toothbrush was let fall.  
 But he suddenly smote on the door even louder, and lifted up his head:  
 "If you don't hurry up, I'll be late for work,  
 And you'll get no pocket-money," he said.  
 Then quickly the door pulled open  
 To show hair—tousled and red.  
 "Did I hear you say no money? But you can't do that!" he said.  
 Ay he felt his father's hand  
 Catch on to him round the waist.  
 But before the other hand dropped heavily  
 He slipped quickly past in haste.

IRENE McCABE, 5M.

## THE JOYS OF A CAR

It coughed, it spluttered,  
 It finally sighed,  
 And to our disgust  
 Just packed in and died.

What could we do  
 So far from the town,  
 On a road that went round  
 And up and down?

The bonnet was raised  
 And in father peered  
 At the knobs and the wires  
 All looking quite weird.

As to what was the matter  
 We all drew a blank,  
 And could only throw blame  
 On the petrol tank.

So do not believe  
 What the petrol gauge reads,  
 And give your car  
 All the petrol it needs.

BRENDA PRISK, 3B1.



## SPRING

The cuckoo's calling loud and clear,  
He sings because the Spring is here,  
For it's the end of Winter drear,  
And all is new.  
"Warm Summer days are coming near,"  
He sings to you.

The rabbits peep out from their holes,  
And with their "spades" the velvet moles  
Dig tunnels, while the old fox lolls  
Inside his earth.  
One of his cubs with Mother rolls  
Outside Dad's "berth."

MARJORY MILNE, 2A1.

## RAIN

Kitbags packed, we stand and wait  
With others just inside the gate.  
The rain comes pattering from the sky.  
We stand there waiting. You wonder why?  
We're going to camp.

We pass a village, a farm, a town.  
(The rain just keeps on coming down).  
Cars may pass us; we don't care;  
Excitement's hanging on the air.  
We're going to camp.

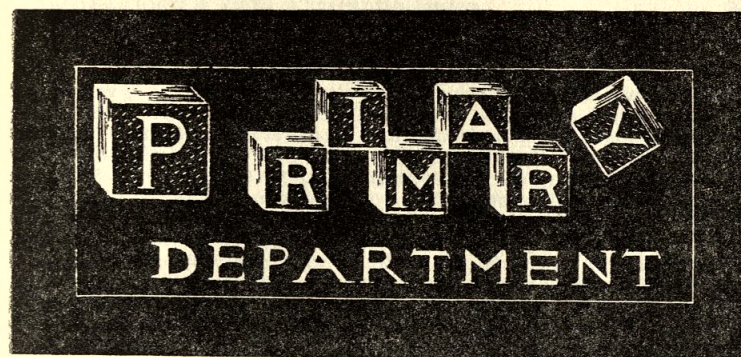
Someone starts to sing a song  
(To help the dragging time along).  
More and more folk then join in.  
We really make a dreadful din  
On our way to camp.

We're there at last and oh, what bliss!  
But wait a minute—what is this?  
The road is raging like a flood.  
We see a field—a sea of "mood."  
This is our camp.

Two days more of pouring rain  
And we're back inside that van again.  
We look forlornly at the ground.  
A weary sigh, the only sound  
As we leave camp.

The homeward road is twice as long.  
It can't be cheered up with a song.  
The only feeling is despair.  
The rain? Oh yes, the rain's still there.  
Our camp?—washed out!

SYLVIA WALLACE, 3A2.



## MANSFIELD REST FARM

OF the many worthy causes that are kept up by public contribution, perhaps one of the most deserving is the Scottish Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. One of the best of its many humane works is the Mansfield Horses Rest Farm. It is situated near Balerno. To this deserving cause Primary 7(1) very generously contributed £1, 10s. to help with the upkeep of the residents at the Farm.

One of these residents is an ex-pit horse Bill, who is piebald with a wall eye. If one offers him a carrot he will raise his hoof in acknowledgment. Peggy, an old Shetland, can only eat soft tit-bits as she is over thirty and her teeth are worn down. When passers-by see a black garron grazing peacefully they do not realise the long hours Minto has spent in the shafts of a cart. Now he has earned his rest. Chivy is usually the favourite of any visitors as he is a tiny Shetland. There are also provisions for boarders, one of which is Smoky who will be known to many as the "barrel organ pony."

These are only some of the many occupants of the farm which exists through the work of the Superintendent, Mr Fairbairn, his daughter Miss Fairbairn, and their assistant Mr Veitch.

JENNIFER DUNCAN, Primary 7(1) and  
CHRISTINE BINNIE, Primary 7(1).

## THE OTTER'S SUPPER

WHILE cycling by the side of Loch Rannoch fairly late one calm still night during the summer holidays I heard the night's peace suddenly shattered by a loud splash. My first impulse was to cycle as fast as I could up the road but plucking up courage I dismounted from my cycle and advanced the short distance to the water's edge with considerable trepidation. There, lying outstretched in the moonlight was a handsome mallard duck which was obviously beyond human aid. I wondered what had caused this unhappy occurrence and on looking over the moonlit waters I saw a sleek head surfacing and watching me intently. The head was that of an otter whose supper I had disturbed. Having always thought that trout and salmon were an otter's staple diet, I was surprised to see the duck. I put my hand on the bird and found it still warm. Picking it up I decided to take it home and bury it, leaving a hungry otter cheated of its supper by an unlucky chance.

DOROTHY McMARTIN, Primary 7(1).



## IN THE WITNESS-BOX

IN September last year I had rather an alarming experience. I was in our car with my father when we crashed with another car in Portobello. Some weeks later I had to appear in Court, as the driver of the other car involved was charged with "careless driving," and I had to be a witness for the prosecution. During the proceedings my name was called in the court and I was taken to the witness-box by a policeman. Then the Judge, who was wearing a black robe and a white wig, told me that I must answer all the questions asked and also tell the truth. It was a solemn moment. I had to explain accurately and truthfully what had happened and after a great many questions had been asked by two gentlemen in gowns and wigs, the Judge told me I could leave the Witness-Box. My ordeal was over and I sighed with relief. At the end of the day the gentleman who crashed into our car was found guilty of "careless driving" and had to pay a fine.

MARIAN FISHER, Primary 7(2).

## "FLITTING"

ONE Friday morning at eight o'clock, a loud knock shattered the silence of the house. By no uncertain means the removal van announced its presence. I was awakened by a jolt, as my dressing table disappeared through the door. Grabbing my clothes and a hair brush, I dashed to the bathroom to change. When finally we set off, we were carrying every conceivable thing. Arriving at our new house, we found the removal van in the garden. Inside the house was absolute chaos. The painters were standing holding wet sheets of wall paper, while paintpots and paste littered the floor. The joiners were hammering at the windows while a man was measuring the floor. On top of all that a man from the Post Office came to fix up a telephone. The door was too small for one wardrobe to go through, so the landing window was removed. The painters were shouting like mad, as a large piece of wallpaper had been torn off. It will be a very long time before ever we "flit" to a new house again—I hope!

MHAIRI GUNN, Primary 7(2).

## MY LIFE—BY A PEN

I'm in use all day,  
And into the night.  
The work I do,  
Is rarely right.  
I'm owned by a girl of more than eleven,  
Whose writing is that of a child of seven.

Mostly her written work,  
Turns out bad.  
Then I'm to blame,  
Which makes me sad,  
But should it be done as neat as can be,  
There's never a word of praise for me.

As I cover the pages,  
Never yet have I heard  
The musical sound  
Of a kindly word;  
I'm feeling quite grumpy just now and I think,  
Because she's so nasty, I'll run out of ink.

KAY TORKINGTON, Primary 7(2).

## A BUS SWIMS IN LOCH LOMOND

IT was only an hour's run from St. Andrew's Square to Loch Lomond and every passenger in that bus enjoyed every minute of the journey.

By the time Loch Lomond was reached everyone was friendly and happy, but the ground at the bus terminus was very muddy, wet and slippery.

Imagine the astonishment of the passengers who had not yet left the bus when they felt the vehicle give a jolt and then gradually slip down the slippery slope into the water. The bus became a boat but only for a short time. In flooded the water and the passengers were now paddling in Loch Lomond while still in the bus.

In a few minutes the bus was hauled up out of the water and after tea we all clambered into another dry bus for the return journey.

ELMA PRETSELL, Primary 6(1).

## THE QUEEN IN SKYE

WHEN I was on holiday one year in Skye, the island was visited by the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh.

On the Monday morning I went with my mother and father to see Dunvegan Castle, which was all ready to receive the Queen and Duke.

In the afternoon there was great excitement in Portree, where the *Britannia* was going to anchor. While the ship was sailing towards the town, the band on board was playing "Over the Sea to Skye."

When the Queen stepped on shore, she was presented with a bouquet, and after she had shaken hands with many people, the Queen and Duke walked towards their car. When they were seated, the Duke sat in the driving seat ready to drive off slowly through the crowded streets and out of Portree.

I am sure they both had a very happy time in Skye.

HEATHER MacPHAIL, Primary 6(2).

## MY PET

I HAVE a golden hamster which I call Freddy. One night Freddy escaped from his cage and jumped on to the floor. That night, however, Garry had forgotten to close his schoolbag. In the morning my brother closed his bag and set off for school. When he arrived in school he opened up his bag. There tucked up in the toe of Garry's gym shoe lay Freddy fast asleep. My brother's teacher was quite intrigued with Freddy and between milk and bits of lunch-pieces Freddy was well looked after. When three o'clock came Garry wondered what to do. It didn't take long for him to think of something. He phoned Daddy at the office and asked him to send a driver down with a car to take him home. Ever since then we have called our hamster "Educated Freddy."

GAIL RICHARDS, Primary 5(1).

## A VISIT TO A LADY OF A HUNDRED

RECENTLY my sister and I had the unexpected pleasure of having tea with a lady of a hundred. Mrs Robertson greeted us very warmly and asked us if we had ever seen anyone of a hundred years old before. We told her we hadn't and she laughingly replied "Neither have I." She rose slowly from her chair but told us if we shouted "Fire! Fire!" she would get up much quicker. We were shown all her birthday-cards and telegrams. I suppose the telegram from the Queen and the one from the Minister of Health would be the ones she treasured most. Also we were shown a beautiful bride's Bible with a bookmark. Mrs Robertson could walk quite well and nobody would have guessed she was a hundred. After a very happy day we returned home.

CHRISTINE BROWN, Primary 5(1).



## A DOG CALLED CRIEFF

Crieff visits mummy every day  
(He is the doggie from over the way)  
He's big and black and such a pet  
And he barks for the biscuit he knows he will get.

He wanders in without a "Beg Pardon."  
Daddy (though he likes him) shoos him from the garden,  
He's thinking of the seeds that he planted with care.  
If Crieff once starts digging we'll have no flowers there.

HELEN PATRICIA KIRKLAND, Primary 5(2).

## SANDY

I know a little dog called Sandy.  
His hair is short and his legs are bandy.  
And when he begs for sugar lumps,  
Upon the floor his tail he thumps.

ELIZABETH O'NEILL, Primary 5(2).

## A VISIT TO THE INFIRMARY

ON Friday morning father and I made our way to the Infirmary. When I had influenza the doctor came. As he was going, mother remembered about the spot on my lip. It was growing and mother was worrying about it. Many nurses were running about the Infirmary. I was *very* nervous. Soon afterwards I was called into a room. The doctor there poured some water out of a can. Then he burnt it off. Every mirror shop we passed I wanted to look in.

ROSALIND BROWN, Primary 4(1).

## MY POOR RABBIT

MY poor little rabbit Bun-Bun died on the first Saturday of our holidays. His age was three and a half. My aunt gave me him when I was six. The Friday before his death we had him out playing on the back lawn. He seemed to be quite well then. If we had only known that he was going to die the next day we would have called the Vet. On a Sunday he always ate bran with tea-leaves mixed in it. We had had him for such a long time. That was why we were so sad when he died.

PATRICIA SCOTT, Primary 4(1).

## TRYING TO CATCH A LADYBIRD

I OFTEN try to catch a Ladybird. First I make a house for it. An egg-holder will do, and then I put some grass and sawdust in with quite a small stone. You have to make some air holes in the egg-holder to let the Ladybird breathe. You should put half a matchbox in. I have put a small tin in for water. I put some flowers and leaves in, but not the stems. I have not yet caught a Ladybird.

PATRICIA DUNSMORE, Primary 4(2).

## MY FAMILY

I HAVE one brother and sister. They are both younger than me. My brother's name is David and my sister's name is Anne. Anne is going up for her test today. I am afraid David will not do that for a long time. Mummy adds a little extra on to his feed every day. Daddy is nearly always

at sea. I wrote a letter to him yesterday. My grandma broke her arm and got it in a plaster and a sling at first. She got the sling off first, then the plaster. Grandpa works at Leith docks. My aunt's water pipe burst this morning.

BARBARA CUTHBERTSON, Primary 3(1).

## MY DOG'S PUPPIES

ON Sunday morning I went to the coal cellar where Tansy was sleeping. When I looked in there were eight tiny puppies. There were four boys and four girls. There were three white pups, four black pups and one white one with black patches. I love them very much.

SHEILA ARMSTRONG, Primary 3(2).

## PRIMARY 2(1)

1. During my Easter holidays I went to Newcastle to see my cousins Eileen and Olive. Little Olive is only two years old. She is sweet and makes me laugh at meal table. She always says I want, I want, I want. Her daddy says, what else? Then she says, Please, daddy dear, in her sweet little English voice. She is very funny. I expect I must have been funny too when I was small.

2. When I couldn't get the answers to my sums correct, I said to my teacher, I wish I had a magic box to do my sums for me. My teacher said I did have one already. Do you know what it was? It was my own head.

3. On Sunday my friend Caroline came to play with me. We were able to go into the garden when the rain stopped and the sun shone. We played at skipping. When daddy came home, he said in a big voice like the daddy of the three bears, Who's been skipping on my grass because we had made it quite bare.

4. Yesterday my daddy went to the six days trial at Fort William on Uncle Ian's motor bike. I saw my daddy on T.V. He put his hand out to start the race.

## PRIMARY 2(2)

1. Yesterday I had to take one naughty boy and one good boy into Church. In Church the naughty boy said I thought I told you to stay at that page when I was looking up a hymn and if that was not enough he started to talk in the middle of the story and began thumping my Bible.

2. Today I took my porridge for my breakfast. I used to take it. The hospital put me off, because I got milk on it. I only take Murchie's milk. I like my porridge now.

3. Students Day was on Saturday. I was in town that day. I kept on giving pennies. On one of the islands they were having a bath. One sold my daddy a newspaper. It was a silly one. I saw two Siamese girls. They were tied together.

4. Last night my Auntie Evelyn came to stay all night. When I came home from my chums, daddy had bought a new book for my little sister. Daddy said "There is none for you." Mummy said "Ask daddy where it is" so I asked daddy and to my surprise under his jacket was a Topper Book. What do you think of that?

5. My mummy is going into hospital in four weeks time. My big sister will take me to school. I do not know how she will take me to school and at the same time take herself to her own work.

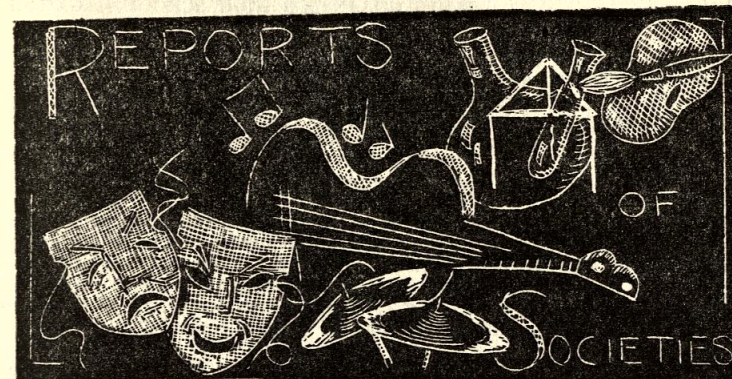


## PRIMARY 1(1)

1. The indain has a tambreen on his hed.
2. My dady shoold ov ben in bed sleepin becos he is on the niteshirt.
3. I went to Ians stutring klinic bekos he yoos to stuter.
4. I was in a hura the smoring but I was not leight.
5. We went to Sin Cuthbarts in a privet bus. The minostar had on red robs. We sang o come ole ye fitfall but the minostar did not.
6. I got a mach box motaresyckel with a sid car and tooels, and my big sister got a bruny diry.
7. The fifty of fevery is my bithtay, and at Chrch I got a book for chrch a tendons.
8. When my sister got her polio jag the doctor put something on her nose, it was methetheata.
9. Today I went for my douwn stayrs nay-brs pay-pir and his roals becos he had a payn in his tumay.
10. Mother's Day. I did not have anuf muny to by Mummy something but I gave her a nextra kis.
11. I went to the rags and saw the studunts with neerly no cloths on. Some long wuns were a big dragon.
12. I went to gala sheals and hayck and saw the lambs and girls singing hims to a norchstra outside.

## PRIMARY 1(2)

1. I went to the Canyo and I saw hopty gos to toun and gulyvars travils.
2. I had spunj for my dinr. I had frenz to tea.
3. I wish I was your best girul. I keep tryin.
4. I went to see my antian. My grany gstorfin is up in wurmit.
5. One day my granny came to my huose and I shwiid to har. She said I wood blou my frunt teeth out. it was funny I laft at har.
6. I rot a leter to my granny and mummy went out to feed the hens. I like my mummy best and love her as much as I can. my mummy is so good to me.
7. I went to the thetr and I saw punsh and shodi and I saw satu clos and it was reell good.
8. I liked to see the santer clos sho and the punshunjoody.
9. I went on the sixteen bus and at the muwnd I chanshd the bus. I got a twelv and I got home and for my dinir I had mins and ptatols.
10. My hos has a stare and a back green and I have apecanoe and I have a toy cubrd and I live upon the top flat. In my bedroom I have a new dresing table and I have a fireplas and a pooshchare. I doo not have a kitchen and I do not have a cofee table.
11. Dear Fiona, with love from Caroline and my litl sistr to.
12. Dear Moira, I want you to please come and visit us soon and I hope your are still alive.



## THE LITERARY AND DRAMATIC SOCIETY

THE session has once more been a very interesting and successful one and the "Lit" continues to flourish. Attendances at all meetings have been large and we note in particular the eloquence of our younger members who have graduated from the Junior Lit.

As is our custom, our syllabus opened with programme entitled "To Start You Talking" and this meeting lived up to its name.

This session it was decided to have more debates in the syllabus and as a result we have had five evenings of lively debating. The subjects discussed were "That Conformity to Fashion is a Sign of Mediocrity"; "That We Regret the Emancipation of Women"; "That Royalty is an Anachronism"; "That Routine is the Grave of the Soul"; and our Inter-debate with the Royal High School, "That Money is Not Everything." We were very glad to see that a large number of our members attended this meeting in the Royal High.

A new item was introduced to our programme this year, a discussion under the title "New World Symphony." The subjects dealt with were all concerned with aspects of American life, and the standard of speaking was very high.

On our last meeting before Christmas, Miss Foster and Mr Sommerville arranged a Music and Poetry Evening under the title "A Winter Garland." We heard poems, songs and a sketch on the subject of winter, and were excellently entertained once more by our faithful friend, Miss Foster.

An outstanding item on our programme was the annual Burns' Supper with the boys of George Heriot's. This year we were entertained in their historic school and once again the talents of both schools combined to produce a very enjoyable evening. Our only regret is that so few of our members can attend this, the highlight of our year.

The Fourth Year showed their worth with a programme entitled "Behind the Tartan Curtain." As its name suggests it was on a Scottish theme and many new and pleasing aspects of our native land were brought to light.

As yet we have had no "Surprise Night," but we hope to have it later in the session and we anticipate its success.

A decision was taken this year to have the Inter-house Drama Festival in the summer term to allow the houses more time to prepare, and we look forward to 5th June and the culmination of our efforts.

It is again our pleasant task to express our appreciation of the help and encouragement given by Miss Steel, Mr McEwan, Miss Foster, Miss



Henderson and Mr Sommerville. We also must thank Alison Keith for her attractive posters and the janitors for their patient help.

To all those who will help to carry on this great tradition, we, the committee, say: Good luck and every success for the future!

JOAN H. MITCHELL, *Secretary*.

### SCIENCE ASSOCIATION

THIS SESSION has proved to be a busy and interesting one for the Science Association. In November we were fortunate to have as our guest speaker, Detective Inspector Loney from the Criminal Investigation Department and we learnt with interest of the many methods employed in tracing criminals. Our other guest speaker was Mr G. D. Fisher who enthralled the younger members with his vivid account of a day in the "Hut Country."

The session brought one excursion to the Heriot-Watt College, where Mr K. A. Scott gave a talk on "Liquid Air." The experiments were enjoyed by all and the senior members learnt a great deal of interesting information.

The syllabus included our annual social, which, despite the necessity to limit the numbers present, was as great a success as it usually is. We opened the session with a debate entitled, "The great scientists have done more for the world than great men of literature" and we were delighted to see the younger members taking an active part in it. The film-evening was both instructive and entertaining and the meeting entitled, "To Keep you Guessing" proved to be very popular.

Although the membership is not exceptionally large, the committee was pleased to note that all the members attended regularly. Without Miss Ferguson, the Science Association could not continue to thrive and the committee would thank her for her unending help and patience. We hope that next year's committee will have every success and derive as much pleasure from their work as we have.

KATRINA M. DOUGHTY, *Secretary*.

### ORCHESTRA

WE have been pleased to welcome to our ranks during this session several aspiring virtuosi, mostly among the younger members of the School, and now boast a wind section of ten. This promises well for the future, although at present enthusiasm rather outshines proficiency, in all departments.

We are now practising for the closing concert, when we shall play Grieg's "Album Leaf," a Rondo by Purcell, and a movement from Handel's "L'Allegro" in which we shall accompany the choir.

Again we wish to express our gratitude to Mr Sommerville who, with his good humour and skill, has tolerated and encouraged our efforts throughout a most enjoyable year.

ALISON J. B. KEITH, 6A.

### CHOIR

AS ALWAYS the Choir has enjoyed an active and rewarding session. Our first duty and pleasure was to lead the praise at the Christmas Carol Service in St. Cuthbert's Parish Church, "O Little One Sweet," "I Saw Three Ships" and "A Coventry Carol" being among the carols sung by the Choir. At the service on Founder's Day the anthem rendered was "Ex Ore Innocentium," a sensitively composed arrangement of the hymn "It is a Thing Most Wonderful," and, after a silence of two years, the Choir sang, on two separate occasions at Friday morning prayers, the anthems "Be Strong in the Lord" and "Seek Ye the Lord," the solo part of the latter being taken by Mr Somerville.

Towards the close of the second term, a welcome variation in the Choir's annual programme appeared in the form of a concert in honour of the bicentenary of the birth of Robert Burns. To the Usher Hall were sent fifty of our members, including one soloist, to contribute, along with other Edinburgh schools, towards the audience's entertainment in a programme composed entirely of Burns's songs.

With our Scottish poet again in mind, we are at present practising for the closing concert, which includes two songs by Burns, together with "The Campbells are Comin'," "Joshua Fit de Battle ob Jericho" and "Hymn to Vena" from "The Rig Veda." Milton's "L'Allegro," set to music by Handel, finishes the concert on a cheerful note, and ensures that the verse will be immortal in our memories, more so since we shall be accompanied by the Orchestra.

We are ever grateful to our accompanying pianist for the concert, Miss Nicoll, and especially do we appreciate the hard work of our conductor, Mr Somerville, whom we magnanimously forgive for scolding us occasionally, because we well know that if he does, at times, grow

"Black, grim and large,  
To give us music is his charge."

BETTY ALEXANDER, 5P.

### SCRIPTURE UNION

THE PAST YEAR has been a very encouraging one for the Scripture Union, and it is most gratifying to have so many new and enthusiastic members from the first three years. On several occasions we have varied the normal procedure of the meetings by introducing outside speakers, among whom was Miss Peebles Brown, the Scripture Union Staff Worker for the East of Scotland. Colour slides of camp, shown one morning, encouraged many girls to apply for both Easter and summer camps. Those who went to Ballater at Easter had a most enjoyable time, and look forward to summer camps at such places as Aberfeldy, Arran and the Lake District.

At Christmas, several of our senior members represented the School at the Scottish Leaders' Training Conference at Aberfoyle and came back with many ideas, which gave a new impetus to the meeting. Also in connection with the Inter-school Fellowship, one of our members visited Boroughmuir's Branch.

We should like to thank Miss Valentine and all those who helped to make this session so profitable. We hope and pray that the Branch will continue to prosper in the years to come.

MOIRA MUIR, *Branch Secretary*.

### E. S. C. A.

MEMBERSHIP this year was again a record one though not all members were regular attenders of the Association's meetings. It is encouraging, however, to note the excellent standard of speaking of some of our younger members. The shield, awarded for public speaking, was won this year by George Watson's Boys' College.

One of the interesting meetings was the Fourth-Year Night when there were two short debates in which the principal speakers were all Fourth-Year members.

Both Political Evening and Kirk Session stimulated thought, as did the debate "That comprehensive schools cannot benefit the community" when heated discussions took place. The proposers of the motion were



severely attacked although the only member of a comprehensive school present was the principal speaker for the motion.

The Third-Year Conference, to take place at the end of May, is to be addressed by Mr David Steel. We are also looking forward to the Inter-debate with the Glasgow C.E.W.C. in Edinburgh.

The session has been a pleasant one and I hope that those following may be as enjoyable.

LAUREL NORWELL, 5M.

### EDINBURGH SCHOOLS' SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY

WE HAVE had a very successful session, the membership of the Society rising to over seven hundred, and that of the School to over forty.

The highlight of our tenth anniversary session was a lecture given by our Honorary President, Sir Edward Appleton, on "The International Geophysical Year."

A varied programme of films and lectures on such subjects as talking machines, subliminal suggestion, high speed flight, and atomic power stations has been enjoyed by the members.

In January, parties were shown round the Fountainbridge Telephone Exchange and the works of Bruce Peebles and the Scottish Agricultural Industries.

It is hoped that the Society will continue to receive support from the School next session, when Fiona Russell Leslie will be our representative.

E. ANN MILNE, *School Representative and Secretary.*

### THE C.E.W.C. EASTER CONFERENCE

WE HAD the privilege of representing the School at the C.E.W.C. Easter Conference at Wiston Lodge, from 2nd April till 6th April.

The subject of the Conference was the Middle East. On this theme there were three very interesting lectures, one of which, given by Dr Petrie of Edinburgh University and his wife, was illustrated by some examples of the work of the Desert Arabs, including a magnificently embossed sword which he had bought from a leper, and a boy's shirt, hand-woven in gay stripes, like Joseph's "coat of many colours."

There were five groups each of eleven delegates which met for an hour each day to discuss questions set by one of the Staff about present-day problems in the Middle East. When the discussion-group reports were presented we discovered, to our surprise, that, on some of the subjects at least, we had come to quite reasonable conclusions and submitted some apparently feasible suggestions.

We thoroughly enjoyed both the lectures and some less formal activities and should like to thank the Staff, the lecturers and the fifty-three other delegates who all helped to make this weekend a most interesting, enjoyable and memorable one.

KATHRYN THOMPSON, 4M.  
MARGARET WATT, 4M.



### HOCKEY

ALTHOUGH for the 1st XI, this season has been an improvement on last; it has not been as good as we had hoped. However, some of the other teams were more fortunate.

Neither the 1st XI nor the Under 15 XI was successful in the Inter-School Sports, held at Meggetland. In this, our rivals, Boroughmuir, were winners.

The Boroughmuir team was victorious, too, in the American Tournament, held at Liberton, in which our 1st XI managed to gain only second place in its section.

Once again, the House Matches were won by Gilmore.

Moyra Murray and Morag Mackenzie were awarded colours.

All hockey players in the School wish to thank Miss Anderson, Miss Lambert and Mrs Grieve for the help and encouragement they gave during the season.

The results for the season were as follows:

		Played	Won	Games			Goals	
				Lost	Drawn	Cancelled	For	Against
1st XI	-	13	5	6	2	7	19	22
2nd XI	-	12	4	5	3	8	22	27
3rd XI	-	15	8	5	2	7	34	15
4th XI	-	12	9	2	1	8	54	12
5th XI	-	11	7	3	1	11	34	9
6th XI	-	10	3	7	-	9	13	23

The 1st Year XI had two matches against Portobello. The team won the first match, while the second was drawn.

MARY CROCKET, *Captain.*

### CRICKET

AT the meeting held last term the following Office-bearers were elected: Captain, Jill Fairbairn; Vice-Captain, Marie Smith.

The 1st XI had fixtures with the University, Meadow Green, Esdaile and Atholl Crescent but was not very successful.

It was decided to start 1st and 2nd Year girls with cricket this season and a few turned up for the first practice; among them one or two promising players.

We wish to express our thanks to Miss Lambert and Mr Raeburn for the helpful advice they have given us this season.

JILL FAIRBAIRN, *Captain.*



### TENNIS

THE SCHOOL is represented this season by: Joan Reilly and Joan Kelly; Margaret Burt and Ann Cameron; Pamela Mitchell and Isobel Johnstone. Katrina Doughty takes an active part, changing at 3rd couple.

As yet we have played only one match, the result of which was Gillespie's 63, Buckhaven 36. The House matches and the School Championships have still to be played and we have fixtures with Boroughmuir, Kirkcaldy, St. Hilary's, Dunfermline and Colinton. A number of girls have also entered for the East of Scotland Junior Championship.

We should like to take this opportunity of thanking Miss Lambert and Miss Anderson for their help and interest.

JOAN REILLY, *Captain*.

### SWIMMING—SENIOR

THE SWIMMING CLUB has enjoyed a successful year and attendances have kept up reasonably well even on the cold days.

Although the swimming team has not gained a first place, they had very pleasant evenings at the Boroughmuir, Dean College and Warrender Galas.

Achievement Tests, run by the Scottish Schools' Swimming Association, have been an innovation this year and we had 26 Secondary girls gaining the Junior Award.

At the Edinburgh and District Schools' Swimming Gala at Warrender Baths many girls were entered and two First-year girls, Judith Anderson and Flora Calder, were forwarded to swim at Paisley against the rest of Scotland.

The School Championships were held at the beginning of this term and Norma Hardy, 5M, won with 13 points and Flora Calder, 1L3, was runner-up with 8 points.

This year the number of certificates gained during the first two terms is as follows: 17 Elementary, 11 Intermediate, 5 Advanced and 12 Life Saving.

Several girls have been practising for the Bronze Medallion.

On behalf of the girls, I should like to thank Miss Anderson for her never-failing interest and help throughout the session.

JENNIFER H. MELDRUM, 5D.

### SWIMMING—JUNIOR

PRIMARY CHAMPION is Elizabeth M. Sheddan, P.7(1); the runner-up being Evelyn M. Martin, P.7(2). Diving Champion is Margot Northwood, P.7(1). Certificates gained: Elementary, 32; Intermediate, 16; Advanced, 10. S.S.S.A. Achievement Tests (Junior Award), 13.

### FENCING CLUB

WE are much indebted to Mrs Milne for the time and patience which she has spent on us during the year, and for kindly lending us her equipment.

The 2nd Year were well represented, but owing to late classes, the senior members were unable to attend very often.

It is hoped that the Club will continue next year and that more girls will become members and participate in a very enjoyable sport.

MARIE L. SMITH.

### HOCKEY 1st XI 1958-59



Back Row—B. McLEAN, V. BROWNING, S. McBAIN, I. JOHNSTONE, J. FAIRBAIRN, R. JOHNSTONE, I. BEVIS.

Front Row—M. McKENZIE, J. REILLY, M. CROCKET (*Captain*), M. HARKNESS, M. MURRAY.

### CRICKET 1st XI 1959



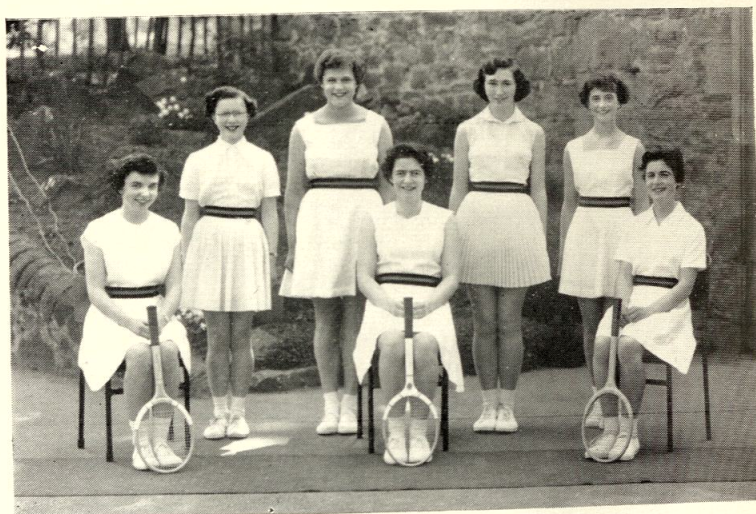
Back Row—Miss LAMBERT, V. FYVIE, H. SEFTON, S. TURNBULL, N. McDONALD, S. TROUPE, V. BROWNING.

Front Row—M. LAIDLAW, M. SMITH, J. FAIRBAIRN (*Captain*), C. MANN, A. MANSON.

Photos by E. R. Yerbury & Son



## TENNIS 1959



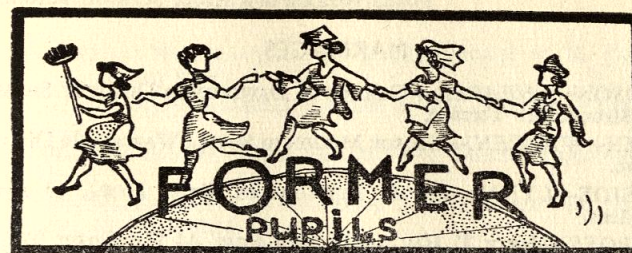
*Back Row*—A. CAMERON, J. KELLY, K. DOUGHTY, I. JOHNSTONE.  
*Front Row*—P. MITCHELL, J. REILLY (Captain), M. BURT.

## PRIMARY SCHOOL NETBALL 1958-59



*Back Row*—SARAH C. MACKENZIE, Mrs GRIEVE, HEATHER K. MORE.  
*Front Row*—FRANCES V. ELLERY, EVELYN M. MARTIN, MURIEL C. FERGUSON  
(Captain), ELIZABETH M. SHEDDAN, ELIZABETH C. BROOKS.

Photos by E. R. Yerbury & Son



## FORMER PUPILS' REUNION—24th OCTOBER 1958

AT the 1958 Reunion, Miss Steel and several members of staff welcomed a large company of former pupils. Pamela Black, Pat Cresswell, Christine Crichton and Isobel Lamb provided a most enjoyable musical programme, and the rest of the evening was devoted to conversation and the renewal of acquaintances.

It would help greatly in the organisation of future functions and in the keeping of records if former pupils would intimate changes of name and address to Miss M. E. R. Henderson.

## F.P. NOTES

Dr MARJORY A. KEITH, consultant physician to the Bruntsfield and Elsie Inglis Hospitals, was in February elected a Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, Edinburgh.

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

*Ph.D.*—BARBARA M. FERRIER, B.Sc. and MYRA MacDOUGALL, B.Sc.

*M.A. with Honours.*—CLAIRE CONDIE (English); NOEL ADAMS (German and French); LORNA GILLESPIE (History).

*M.A.*—SYLVIA CROWE, SHEILA McLAREN and SANDRA WATSON.

*B.Sc.*—LOUISE ANDERSON and MURIEL DAVIDSON.

The *Diploma of Education* has been gained by MARION CAMERON, M.A., MARY OSLER, M.A., and DOROTHY RICHARDSON, M.A.

Mrs ENGER (MARGARET LECKIE, D.A.) is teaching Dress Design in the Oslo College of Domestic Science.

HEATHER ROSS, M.S.A.O.T., has been appointed Head Occupational Therapist to the Edinburgh City Hospital Group.

ELIZABETH M. LAMB, R.G.N., S.C.M., has become a nursing sister in the Colonial Nursing Service and has been appointed to the hospital at Kampala, Uganda.

LOMOND BRUCE was awarded 1st Prize for General Proficiency in Study Day at Edinburgh Royal Infirmary.

FLORENCE PURDIE has completed her training as a Registered General Nurse.

MARJORIE HUNTER (Diploma III), DOREEN MARSHALL (Diploma I) and JOAN CAMERON (Diploma II), who have finished training at the Edinburgh College of Domestic Science, have been appointed to posts in Edinburgh schools.

IRENE GRIMSTONE, after qualifying as a Radiographer, has been appointed to a post in Edinburgh Royal Infirmary.

LORNA GILLESPIE, M.A., has been awarded a scholarship enabling her to study Italian History at an Italian university and is at present teaching English at the English Institute, Pescara, Italy.

MURIEL SPARK (née CAMBERG), whose name is familiar in the book review pages of the more serious periodicals and whose book of short stories, "The Mocking Bird," was published some time ago, has recently received high praise from the critics for her novel "Memento Mori."



## MARRIAGES

- DAVIDSON—*SHEARER*.—GORDON A. DAVIDSON to DOROTHY SHEARER, 52 Baronscourt Terrace.
- MELVIN—*WARREN*.—GEORGE MELVIN to SHEILA WARREN, 26 Dinmont Drive.
- BURNSIDE—*LYNN*.—IAN A. BURNSIDE to MYRA LYNN, 14 Arnott Gardens.
- FRY—*ROSS*.—JERZY T. FRY to HEATHER ROSS, 44 Haymarket Terrace.
- HARRISSON—*SCOTT*.—ROGER HARRISSON to NESTA SCOTT.
- JOHNSON—*SUTHERLAND*.—DONALD JOHNSON to JUNE SUTHERLAND, 162 Willowbrae Road.
- RICHARDS—*HOWIESON*.—DEREK J. RICHARDS to MARGARET HOWIESON, 12 Brunsfield Gardens.
- McKERLIE—*BEATON*.—GRAHAM McKERLIE to DOROTHY BEATON, 40 Allan Park Road.
- HOLDING—*MAYHEW*.—ALFRED J. HOLDING to JILLIAN MAYHEW, 47 West Relugas Road.
- GIBSON—*SEMPLE*.—IAN S. GIBSON to KIRSTY SEMPLE, 1 Panmure Place.
- McNEE—*McKAY*.—IAN McNEE to ELIZABETH McKAY, 36 Temple Park Crescent.
- HENDERSON—*MITCHELL*.—JACK HENDERSON to CATHERINE MITCHELL, 34 Corbiehill Crescent.
- GRANT—*HEPBURN*.—JOHN GRANT to IRENE HEPBURN, 17 Strachan Road.
- URQUHART—*CALLENDER*.—IAN A. URQUHART to ANNE CALLENDER, 93 Slateford Road.
- JARDINE—*REDDEN*.—WILLIAM JARDINE to WILMA REDDEN, 9 Westfield Street.
- WALKER—*MANSON*.—JOHN WALKER to C. M. SHIRLEY MANSON, 9 Newhailes Crescent.
- ROWE—*SINGER*.—J. MICHAEL ROWE to KATHLEEN SINGER, 37 Kirkhill Road.
- SMALE—*DRUMMOND*.—KENNETH A. SMALE to NORMA DRUMMOND, 7 Maurice Place.
- SUNNERS—*MONCRIEFF*.—DONALD SUNNERS to ELEANOR MONCRIEFF, 35 House o' Hill Road.
- THWAITE—*WILKINSON*.—KENNETH THWAITE to SYLVIA WILKINSON, 62 Macdowall Road.
- MORTON—*CRERAR*.—THOMAS MORTON to VIOLET CRERAR, 21 Caiystane Avenue.
- IRVINE—*MAYNE*.—RONALD IRVINE to MARGARET MAYNE, 14 Meadowbank Avenue.
- MACKAILL—*CORNFIELD*.—WILLIAM MACKAILL to RUTH CORNFELD, 13 Northfield Terrace.
- BEVERIDGE—*THOMSON*.—WILLIAM BEVERIDGE to KATHERINE THOMSON, Callander.
- OVENS—*WICKHAM*.—JAMES C. OVENS to MARGARET WICKHAM, 36 Macdowall Road.

- MACDONALD—*MORRIS*.—MALCOLM I. MACDONALD to R. LESLEY MORRIS, 32 Carfrae Road.
- WALKER—*STEPHEN*.—CHARLES WALKER to ENA STEPHEN, 68 Montpelier Park.
- HARRISON—*CAMERON*.—JOHN HARRISON to MORAG CAMERON, 11 Howe Street.
- KIRKPATRICK—*HOWIESON*.—NORMAN KIRKPATRICK to ISOBEL HOWIESON, 12 Brunsfield Gardens.
- CROAN—*LAW*.—THOMAS M. CROAN to JOAN LAW, 39 Thirlestane Road.
- RHIND—*LOTHIAN*.—JOHN RHIND to MARGARET LOTHIAN, 67 Moredun Park Gardens.
- ROBINSON—*MACKIE*.—JAMES ROBINSON to UNA MACKIE, 72 Comiston Drive.
- SMITH—*MITTELL*.—ALAN S. SMITH to SHEILA MITTELL, 5 Drylaw Grove.
- HUSBAND—*TOWILL*.—CHARLES HUSBAND to LORNA TOWILL, 9 Dewar Street, Dollar.
- ELLEN—*RICHARDSON*.—WILLIAM ELLEN to DOROTHY RICHARDSON, 30 Glendevon Place.
- WEST—*WHITE*.—In Kenya, MICHAEL WEST to MURIEL WHITE, 116 Findhorn Place.
- FORGIE—*STEWART*.—JOHN M. FORGIE to WILMA STEWART, Sheriffmuir, Lyne, Peebles.
- LUCAS—*ADAM*.—EDWARD LUCAS to KATHLEEN ADAM, 2 Merchiston Place.

## BIRTHS

- JONES.—To Mr and Mrs DAVID JONES (EVELYN WHITE), a daughter.
- CHRYSTAL.—To Mr and Mrs G. F. CHRYSTAL (SHEILA LYALL), a son.
- BUCHANAN.—To Mr and Mrs K. BUCHANAN (RITA GOSWELL), a son.
- WETHERILL.—To Mr and Mrs GEORGE WETHERILL (MORFYDD THOMAS), a daughter.
- TOON.—To Squadron-Leader and Mrs DAVID TOON (HELEN STEVENS), a son.
- JACQUES.—To Mr and Mrs RICHARD JACQUES (AVRIL JOHNSON), a daughter.
- SPENCER.—To Mr and Mrs B. SPENCER (AILEEN KELLOCK), a son.
- McLENNAN.—To Mr and Mrs A. McLENNAN (CHRISTINE CLEPHANE), a daughter.
- HUGHES.—To Dr and Mrs J. H. HUGHES (Dr ELINOR CLELAND), a daughter.
- ROBERTSON.—To Mr and Mrs JOHN ROBERTSON (MARGARET MACBEATH), a son.
- SHAND.—To Mr and Mrs JOHN SHAND (VIDA ROWAT), a son.
- JAMIESON.—To Mr and Mrs A. T. JAMIESON (EVELYN HIDDLESTON), a son.
- GEDDES.—To Rev. and Mrs T. C. GEDDES (EILEEN WAITT), a daughter.
- GOWANS.—To Mr and Mrs W. GOWANS (CHRISTINA SWAYNE), a daughter.



- LYNE.—To Mr and Mrs KENNETH LYNE (ELSPETH REEKIE), a daughter.  
 McGOWAN.—To Mr and Mrs LESLIE McGOWAN (KATHLEEN WISHART), a son.  
 SMITH.—To Mr and Mrs M. SMITH (KATHLEEN ROBB), a daughter.  
 ALLISON.—To Mr and Mrs R. ALLISON (MAUREEN BLACKIE), a son.  
 MACKENZIE.—To Dr and Mrs J. MACKENZIE (BESSIE CONNOR), a son.  
 BROW.—To Mr and Mrs W. S. BROW (JOYCE SCOTT), a son.  
 THOMSON.—To Mr and Mrs D. THOMSON (MAY REDPATH), a daughter.  
 DICKSON.—To Mr and Mrs TOM DICKSON (ELSIE MELVILLE), a son.  
 CAMERON.—To Surgeon-Lieut. and Mrs A. E. CAMERON (AUDREY HENDERSON), a son.  
 PROVAN.—To Mr and Mrs A. PROVAN (MARGARET GOODLET), a son.  
 McCABE.—To Mr and Mrs J. McCABE (ENID MURRAY), a son.  
 TURNER.—To Mr and Mrs H. TURNER (LILIAN SPENCE), a son.  
 WINTERS.—To Mr and Mrs ANTHONY WINTERS (SHEILA JENKINSON), a son.  
 BIRSE.—To Mr and Mrs RONALD BIRSE (SYBIL KIRK), a son.  
 WATSON.—To Mr and Mrs G. WATSON (MAY WATTIE), a daughter.  
 PHILIP.—To Rev. and Mrs R. PHILIP (MARY AITCHISON), a son.  
 GARDNER.—To Mr and Mrs DOUGLAS GARDNER (JANETTE REID), a son.  
 HENDRY.—To Mr and Mrs J. M. HENDRY (MURIEL MARSHALL), a daughter.  
 GOULD.—To Mr and Mrs BRYCE GOULD (EDNA ARTHUR), a daughter.  
 GRUBB.—To Mr and Mrs DOUGLAS GRUBB (ISOBEL MAIN), a daughter.  
 McCOMBIE.—To Mr and Mrs ALAN McCOMBIE (MURIEL MARSHALL), a daughter.  
 TAYLOR.—To Mr and Mrs W. TAYLOR (DAVINA BUNTING), a daughter.  
 WRIGHT.—To Mr and Mrs S. WRIGHT (MAE LOCHHEAD), a daughter.  
 MORE.—To Mr and Mrs K. MORE (KAY TABEL), a son.  
 ROWE.—To Mr and Mrs MICHAEL ROWE (KATHLEEN SINGER), a daughter.  
 THIRKELL.—To Mr and Mrs D. THIRKELL (ALISON FLEMING), a daughter.  
 SOMERVILLE.—To Mr and Mrs T. SOMERVILLE (MARGARET TOD), a son.  
 DIXON.—To Mr and Mrs P. DIXON (SHEILA KIDD), a daughter.

## EDITORIAL COMMITTEE

- General Editor—Mr JAMES D. McEWAN.  
 Business Editor—Miss ANNE DINGWALL.  
 Editor, Former Pupils' Section—Miss M. E. R. HENDERSON.  
 School Editor, 1959—Miss MOIRA J. MCGREGOR.

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

## HERIOT-WATT COLLEGE

### EDINBURGH

(Affiliated to the University of Edinburgh)

Principal—HUGH B. NISBET, Ph.D., D.Sc., F.R.I.C., F.R.S.E.

### COURSES FOR WOMEN STUDENTS

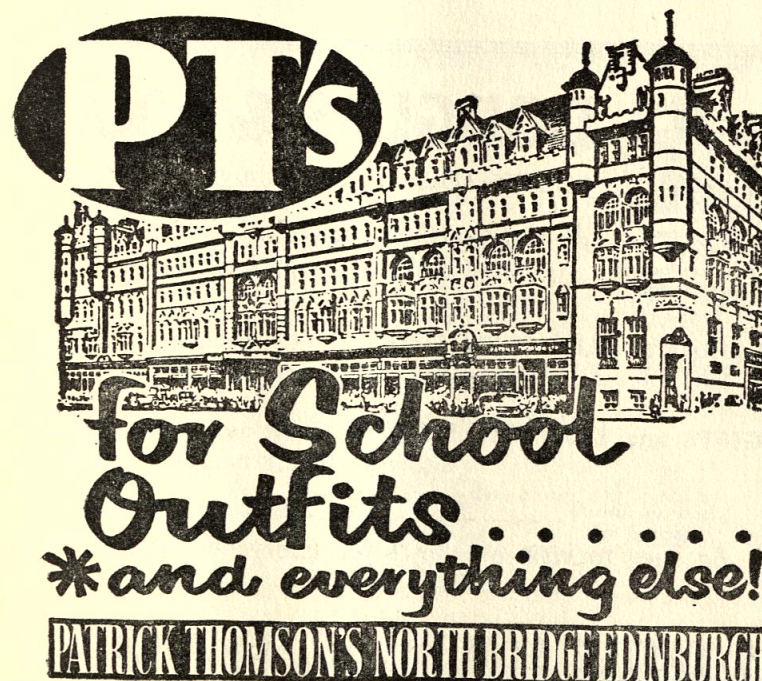
#### DAY COURSES

Degree and Associateship Courses in Applied Chemistry :  
 Associateship Courses in Applied Physics and Applied Pharmacy :  
 Courses leading to professional qualifications in Pharmacy.

#### EVENING CLASSES

Evening Technical Classes conducted during the Autumn and Spring Terms include Chemistry, Mathematics, Physics, Botany, Zoology, Physiology, Geology, Gemmology and Sanitary Science. Classes are also conducted in Commerce and Languages.

Full particulars may be obtained from the College



**PT's**

**for School Outfits**

**\*and everything else!**

**PATRICK THOMSON'S NORTH BRIDGE EDINBURGH**