

**Gillespie's
High
School
Magazine**

July 1949



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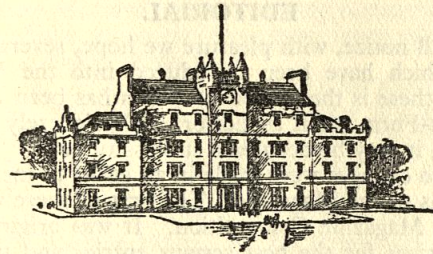
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Gillespie's High School Magazine

JULY 1949

PRINCIPAL CONTENTS

	PAGE
Editorial - - - - -	2
Secondary School Notes - - - - -	4
From the Secondary Department - - - - -	9
From the Primary Department - - - - -	36
From the Preparatory Department - - - - -	44
Reports of Societies - - - - -	47
School Sports - - - - -	63
Former Pupils' Section - - - - -	67
Certificate and Prize Lists - - - - -	71

EDITORIAL

READERS will notice, with pleasure we hope, several changes and innovations which have been introduced into the Magazine this year. One of these is the precedent which has been established by having a Sixth-Form pupil as Editor. We sincerely hope that, as an experiment, it may be deemed a successful one.

Another two changes were made in an effort to increase the flow of contributions to the Magazine. The first of these was the introduction of the Magazine Competition. It was originally intended to offer two prizes for the best serious entries and two prizes for the best humorous ones. Unfortunately, however, only *one* humorous contribution was received, and it was, therefore, decided to make the division between poetry and prose. Judging was difficult, especially as age had to be taken into consideration, but, with the help of the Magazine Committee, prize-winners were eventually chosen and awarded book tokens.

The second of these two changes was the decision to allow contributors to remain anonymous this year. It is hard to say whether this has actually produced more contributions, but we hope it may have given some encouragement to the shy and self-conscious.

For some while back, the older pupils have been pressing for a revival of "Top Corridor Notes." They should, therefore, welcome its return, under the new title of "Here and There," and we hope that it may afford some amusement to the younger pupils who may not remember the pre-war article.

In commenting generally on the contributions received for the Magazine, we must say how extremely puzzled we are by the curious response from the First Year. By the date fixed as the closing one for entries, *one* contribution had been received from them! A further appeal was made—with no result. Then, about a week later, came a perfect deluge of contributions! We are, as we said, extremely puzzled.

The response from the Third, Fifth and Sixth Forms was, on the whole, disappointing. Form 6A, we regret to say, managed to muster only *two* contributions. On the other hand, we should like to commend Form 1A, for a really magnificent (if tardy) response.

And now, we should like to accord some votes of thanks.

The first one is to the contributors—all of them, successful or unsuccessful. To the unsuccessful we would say—"Don't be discouraged; because your entry was not printed, it was not necessarily bad. Much good material had to be discarded in order that each year might be reasonably represented on the limited number of pages allowed us. Try again!" To the successful, we would say, "Keep it up. Don't let your energies flag next year because you had something printed this year. Have something printed *every* year!"

The next vote of thanks goes to the Magazine Committee. Although this may not have been an entirely successful experiment, most members of the committee have been eager and helpful, and for this we should like to thank them.

Thanks are due to the Art Department for their obliging and very welcome help with posters to advertise the Magazine; to Miss M. E. R. Henderson, who so capably looks after the Former Pupils' Section; and to Miss Dingwall, who has taken on the tedious, but very necessary general business of the Magazine.

Finally, we must thank Miss Foster, whose help and guidance have been of incalculable value. We do appreciate the benefit of her experience, her judgment and her criticism, without which the Magazine could never have been what it is.

This, then, is the Magazine. If its readers can derive as much pleasure from reading it as we have done from editing it, then, indeed, will their pleasure be great—and ours doubly great!

SHELAGH P. SCOBIE,

School Editor.

SECONDARY SCHOOL NOTES

THE customary list of "Hails and Farewells" to members of staff is this year unusually long. Early in the first term the English Department lost the services of Miss Violet Henderson (now Mrs Hughes), who took up lecturing work for the Workers' Educational Association, and at Easter, Dr Dougary was transferred to Regent Road Day Institute for Young Civil Servants. Not the least of Dr Dougary's ungrudging services to the School was her acting for some years as Business Editor of the Magazine—an important and often unrecognised task, which is now being undertaken by Miss Dingwall. In the Needlework Department, we have to congratulate Miss Leatham on her appointment as Principal Teacher of Needlework in George Watson's Ladies' College, and to offer to Miss Paterson our warmest good wishes on her approaching marriage. Miss Emily Allan sails shortly to take up a post on the staff of Montego Bay High School, Jamaica. Miss Bearsley left us early in the session, having been appointed secretary to the Scottish Secondary Teachers' Association, and the claims of domestic life have deprived us of two people who did much to keep the complicated machinery of school running smoothly—Mrs Moffat, our Secretary, and Mrs Pauline, her assistant. Miss Bryce and Miss Orr were both transferred from our Physical Training Department to other schools. Last, and very far from least, comes the retirement of one of the oldest and best friends of the School—Mr Gordon, of whom an appreciation will be found elsewhere. The expression of good wishes must necessarily be stereotyped, but we do assure all these members of staff that our gratitude for all they have done for the School in the past, and our wishes for their happiness in their various new spheres and employments are genuinely felt.

The following new members have been welcomed to the staff during the current session:—Miss Jessie Purves, M.A. and Miss Hilda Coulson, M.A. (English); Mrs Urquhart (Commercial Subjects); Miss Dorothy M. Nicoll, L.R.A.M. (Music); Miss Molly Welsh (Physical Training); Miss Edmondstone (Secretary) and her assistant, Miss Audrey Clark. In August we shall be joined by Miss Dorothy Forrester, M.A. (Modern Languages), Miss Katherine Wilson, M.A. (Mathematics) and Misses Cora Douglas and Ann McIntyre (Needlework). We have benefited much during this year from the services of Mlle. Rocher and Fräulein Lüthi. It was a pleasure to welcome Miss Dunbar back from New Zealand, and we are glad to see Miss M. Y. Henderson restored to us after an illness of many months' duration.

Staff and pupils alike are deeply indebted to all who, often at very short notice, have come to our rescue in emergencies. Mrs H. C.

SCHOOL PREFECTS, 1948-49



Back Row—A. Sutherland, C. Bell, J. Shirra, M. Gowans, A. Pringle, A. Johnston, E. Waitt, N. Graham.
 Middle Row—M. Wright, E. Connor, B. Ferrier, M. Leckie, M. Hunter, I. Twaddle, S. Scobie, G. Butcher,
 A. Baxter, D. Dodds, D. Dickson.
 Front Row—H. Gardner, N. Henderson, E. Taylor (Captain), Miss Andrew, C. Macpherson (Vice-Captain),
 M. Watters, M. Robb.



DUX OF SCHOOL
BEATRICE MARWICK

Mackay and Mr Dall have given invaluable help in the Modern Languages and Science Departments respectively, and for shorter periods Mrs Bell, and our old and valued friends Miss Forgan and Mr Murphy, have most willingly served the School when need arose.

It has been a year of steady and satisfactory work. 74 Senior Leaving Certificates were gained and our School was creditably represented in the Merit List of Edinburgh University Bursary Competition by Beatrice Marwick and Mary Hunter.

The growing number of pages devoted to reports of the various School Societies speaks for itself. The Annual Social Meetings of the Literary Society and Science Association and the Christmas Party for the 5th and 6th Forms, were largely attended and much enjoyed. As we go to press preparations are in hand for the Annual Sports on 8th June, the Exhibition of Work on 15th June and the Closing Concert on 23rd June. At the Concert, Miss Anderson and Mrs Lesslie's new country dance, "Prince Charles of Edinburgh," will be performed.

The School has this session shared largely in the general cultural life of the city. During the 1948 Festival, school parties attended the Ballet, "Androcles and the Lion," and "The Firstborn." In October, the Pamela Stirling Players were welcomed to School and presented "Les Précieuses Ridicules" and "L'Anglais tel qu'on le parle." In March, members of the School Choir sang in the Bach Society's performance of the "St. Matthew Passion." Large parties attended the series of Orchestral Concerts arranged by the Education Committee. At the Festival of School Drama held in the Cygnet Theatre in May, a cast from the Literary Society presented Lawrence Housman's "Coming Events."

Early in March we shared to the full in the excitement of the visit to Edinburgh of their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh. Those girls lucky enough to bear the name "Elizabeth," attended the Command Concert in the Usher Hall, on 1st March, and on 3rd March, 127 girls were at the Reception, held in the Waverley Market, for senior scholars and members of youth organisations. Three members of staff and several girls were presented to Princess Elizabeth, and Prince Philip gave great delight by chatting informally with some of our party. To Elizabeth Taylor, our School Captain, fell the signal honour of presenting a bouquet to Her Royal Highness.

We have, during this session, welcomed a number of interesting visitors. From time to time missionary speakers at morning assembly have turned our thoughts to the Christian solution of world problems. A party of four Inspectors of Schools from the "Benelux" countries spent a day with us, and expressed great appreciation of the work of the Modern Languages Department. A Mobile Nursing Unit visited the School and quickened interest in the career to which increasing numbers of our girls are aspiring. A real delight to the senior girls was the illustrated lecture on

"Roman Remains in Scotland," given by one of our School visitors, Mr Towill. We would express to our Chaplain, Mr Read, our continued appreciation of his services to us.

On a certain Friday in March, Laboratory "A" presented the delightful spectacle of "a host of golden daffodils"—entries for the competition organised by the Bulb-growers' Association of Holland. Prizes went to Elizabeth Crichton (1E), Elizabeth Mackay (1B), Rosemary Young (1E) and Sheila Hamilton (2E).

We are glad to note that this year again it has been found possible to arrange for school travel abroad. A party of 44 girls and four members of staff is to spend a week in Paris and another week at Annecy.

The customary collections of toys and books were made at Christmas, and appreciative letters were received from various Nursery Schools and Play Centres, and from the Trefoil School. The Art Department, whose crafts side has developed so much in recent years, was responsible for making and sending to various hospitals a very large number of soft toys.

In these difficult times we value very deeply the continued generosity of all the donors of special prizes. The School owes much to these, its friends. The "Thomas J. Burnett" prize is being awarded this year for the best collection of wild flowers found on the Pentland Hills.

The School Library continues to show gratifying expansion, and this year has been made available, for the first time, to third year pupils. It was unanimously agreed last year to devote the entry money for the Annual Sports to purchasing books for the Library. Miss M. Y. Henderson presented two handsome books of reference in memory of her aunt, Miss M. Y. Abbey. The Librarians thank the following Former Pupils and friends of the School for gifts of books:—Elma Brotherton, Elizabeth Dundas, Kathleen Robb, Irene White, Jean Walker, Edna Watson, Sheila and Morag Fraser, Betty Topp, Aileen Moyes, Elinor Wylie, Priscilla Minay, Muriel White, Margaret Simpson, Agnes Longden, Muriel Chisholm, Nancy Marshall, Constance Mullay, Maureen Kerr, Mrs Ian Bruce (Grace Johnston), Dorothy Williamson, Nora Rogers, Dr E. A. M. Dougary, Miss J. C. McCosh, Mrs Stoneley, Margaret Marshall, Margaret Macfarlane, Freda Philip, Miss Bearsley.

A. E. F.

COMMEMORATION DAY

ANNIVERSARIES are valuable days. Christmas Day, New Year's Day, birthdays, stand out clearly in the year for us all, and Commemoration Day is one of the brightest landmarks in the School calendar. Anniversaries are days when we can stand aside for a short space from the daily routine and reflect on the events and changes of the past year. Commemoration Day is a day for looking

back and remembering ourselves as we were one, two or several years ago, a day, too, for looking forward to the future, and above all, a day for thinking of our School, of its founder and of its great tradition.

And so, on Thursday, 21st October 1948, we assembled in the Middle Hall to welcome our guests and pay tribute to the memory of James Gillespie. At one side of the hall sat the staff, and the brightly-coloured hoods of different Universities and faculties provided a contrast to the uniformity of the School dress, worn by the senior girls and representatives of the junior forms and the Primary Department. Autumn flowers were in abundance, and outside the windows, branches with yellowing leaves were moving against a mild blue sky.

The School Choir sang an anthem, and then Miss Andrew, expressing gratitude to all benefactors of the School, many of whom, she said, have no memorial except in our hearts, formally welcomed the guests and introduced Miss Rodney Murray, the Lady Provost.

Miss Murray, in a charming speech, told us how she had been warned that little fresh remained to be said about James Gillespie. She had decided, therefore, to speak of the Merchant Maidens, an appropriate choice, as she herself had been a Merchant Maiden and James Gillespie's School had formerly belonged to the Merchant Company. She showed how the idea of the Maiden had for centuries been connected with Edinburgh, and how in the Edinburgh Coat of Arms, while one figure was of St. Giles, the other was of a maiden. She went on to describe the part played by women in Edinburgh life through the centuries, and, through extracts from the Burgh laws, built up a vivid and fascinating picture of a society where a woman was the active helpmate of her husband. When a Burgess had to leave home for a long period or when he died young, his wife took over the business. Such was Mary Erskine, an excellent business woman who donated money to the Merchant Company. Miss Murray reviewed the ever-exciting story of women's struggles to gain university recognition and degrees, and their success.

"You are taking your place in a notable procession of women in Edinburgh," she said then, "with the tradition of a great school behind you. Many will come after. Do what you can to make the path easier for them."

Elizabeth Taylor, the Senior Prefect, spoke for the School when she said how great an honour it was to hear a Commemoration Day Address from the Lady Provost, than whom there were few busier people in Edinburgh. Her words had been a great stimulus, a fresh incentive to carry on a great tradition.

"It makes us realise," she said, amid laughter, "that there is no better place than Gillespie's!"

The ceremony closed when the youngest member of this old School was lifted up to the platform and shyly presented to the Lady Provost the traditional snuff-box.

J. P.

MR ARCHIBALD T. GORDON, M.A.

MR GORDON'S impending retirement severs one of the last links between the Gillespie's of former days and the School as we know it to-day. He has spent most of his teaching career in this school, interrupted only by the years of war service in the East, which did not visibly impair his powers or his alertness. All who have known him will recall with gratitude his sound, steady work, and acknowledge with great appreciation his power as a well-equipped and adaptable teacher of young people.

Few have played so intimate a part in the normal activities of the School or given such unobtrusive and loyal service. The great occasions such as Founder's Day Celebrations, the Closing Concert, Sports Day with its preliminaries, pre-war School Journeys, the productions of the Dramatic and Musical Societies, and indeed all our indoor social functions would scarcely have seemed the same without his valuable aid, behind the scenes or in the lead. In another connection, he has acted as the Staff's official representative and correspondent for longer than the writer can recollect.

All such services have been given most generously and willingly. Mr Gordon gradually developing a habit of substituting himself where some other was engaged or forgetful. Extra calls answered without pressure, were as noticeable in former pupils' concerns, and he has been Big Brother to many throughout his school years. His friendly spirit has endeared him to large numbers of Gillespie girls, old and young.

A "sport" as much as a die-hard, the right man for company, Mr Gordon is yet another of the still youthful masters giving up by Government decree.

I like to remember his placid smile spreading slowly as he made some pawky reply. At a pupil's leading query, (probably not to be answered), Mr Gordon's gleam would broaden, and at long last a humorously offtaking question would follow in reply. His usual mood was tolerant; seldom did we hear him give the sharp or the crushing retort.

Still fit, quick-footed and energetic, Mr Gordon's active powers should find outlets in gardening, motoring, golf, and all the other outdoor pursuits, that he loves so well. He knows and loves the countryside, particularly his native Wigtonshire, and though he might challenge the verdict, he has always been to his city friends something of an authority on bird-life, and on the tickling of trout in many waters.

Mr Gordon takes with him the abiding gratitude of generations of Gillespie girls, and the affectionate good wishes of all his colleagues and good friends on the staff. May he long enjoy the leisure and freedom which he has earned so worthily.

A. C. MURPHY.

FROM THE SECONDARY DEPARTMENT

ELEVEN HAPPY MOMENTS IN THE OPEN AIR

(In the style of Chin Sheng 'tan)

TO find the first deep blue violet, glowing 'midst a wreath of heart-shaped leaves. Ah, is this not happiness?

To watch a flock of sheep that leisurely pass by, on a sunny April day, and catch sight of one black face. Ah, is this not happiness?

To lie in a meadow of thickly-cloved, sweet-smelling hay, on a hot June day, and watch a skylark pour out its liquid melody high in the heavens. Ah, is this not happiness?

To watch a wave—one of the few things in Nature most beautiful in the moment of its dissolution—break on the sea-shore. Ah, is this not happiness?

To see a dreamy-eyed cow routed up from meditation behind a stone wall as one climbs it suddenly. Ah, is this not happiness?

To wade ankle-deep in the wind-swept leaves of Autumn—"yellow and black and pale and hectic red." Ah, is this not happiness?

To walk in a garden after a summer shower, when each twinkling flower breathes forth its sweetest odours, each rain-washed leaf shines an intenser green, and the whole earth is filled with rainbow tints. Ah, is this not happiness?

To watch the white, powder-puffed tail of a rabbit scurrying down a hillside. Ah, is this not happiness?

To sit at sunset by a pool where floats one delicate water-lily, and watch the reflections of the clouds edged with gold and soft pink. Ah, is this not happiness?

To stand by a laughing stream, and feel the pleasant unrest of constant expectation—then be startled by the brilliant blue and orange flash of a kingfisher skimming the water. Ah, is this not happiness?

To watch the daisies fall asleep, spotting the green grass with carmine, and wait until the first star shines. Ah, is this not happiness?

TSAI-FUNG, Form 6A.

: : :

THE ANIMAL LIFE OF J.G.H.S.

(A SHORT account by Professor Hitchin, who has just completed thirteen years' comprehensive study of these creatures. The Professor was eminently suited to this task, as he is a first-class

biologist and criminologist. The following are just a few brief extracts from his book, "Life in the Raw," or, as aforementioned, "The Animal Life of J.G.H.S.)."

The Larger Spotted Prefect.—This has to be seen to be believed. Alas, one has only too many opportunities of believing it, as one meets it at every turn of the stair and in every unlikely and impossible place. Its front is almost completely covered, and in some cases I am inclined to think mercifully covered, by an expanse of plain maroon, spotted with ink, toffee and dehydrated dinner. The voice of the prefect is either shrill or hoarse, and, in either case raucous and ear-splitting. It can say, "Keep into the side, please," but has to be helped with two-syllable words. At other times it confines its conversation to the telling of unchristianlike stories. Its normal habitat is a small den, full of foul air, under the eaves and it can only emerge from thence when the ringing of a bell releases it. It eats potato crisps, aniseed balls and small, brown-beaten juniors, and all of them, preferably, in the streets. It is used as a nursemaid in summer and a draught-screen in winter. A collection of prefects is known as a blot or a glut. Nippier says they have kind hearts, but we know better.

The Lesser-brained Crusher.—Fossil thinks that this animal is the last straw, but she is wrong. In reality it is the Missing Link. Be careful, for you never know when you may be taken unawares by one, as in appearance it is undistinguished; indeed, one might sometimes imagine it is to be found in the previous class of beasties that I mentioned. It has soulful eyes and a weak heart. Its love life is fast, furious and farcical. It dwells in joy and sorrow wherever the object of its devotions is to be found. The synonym for that last phrase is often simply "the music room." The Lesser brained Crusher turns litmus paper blue.

Let us hasten from this reptile and turn instead to—

The Big-banged Scobitus.—This, like the horse, is a noble animal. It is mainly distinguished by its long, flowing mane. Some say that this keeps the rain off it. Personally, I'm all for an umbrella. Shakespeare says that the Scobitus would talk the hind leg off a donkey, but then Shakespeare is notably uncharitable, for does not Euripides say, "Better a serpent than Shakespeare for a step-mother." M—— says that it is red, but M—— often shuts her eyes to things.

The Wuzz-topped Arveril.—This creature, I am thankful to say, is unique. Indeed, I once had hopes of its becoming extinct. However, "the best laid schemes o' mice and men—" as Henry VIII said when he crossed the Rubicon. The Arveril is big, blustering and bellipotent and suffers from schizophrenia, muscles and hangman's neck. It is distinguished by the odd colours of its lower legs. These are striped and change often. Its loves are numerous and peculiar, and I think I'd better bring this account to an end, right now.

E. AVRIL JOHNSTON, Form 6B.

MORNING MIST

THE last notes of the school-bell died away as I tumbled off the tram car, and commenced my usual mad rush over the last lap of my journey. Late again! It was Friday, the 13th, but bad luck had nothing to do with it; it was my bad habit to be late, a habit that had long since reached the chronic stage.

I slunk into the classroom, hot, dishevelled and in a temper—defiantly prepared for the inevitable, but just, rebuke. To my surprise, my movement to my seat went unchallenged. Out of the corner of my eye, however, I glimpsed my form-mistress's face. It bore a look more sorrowful than angry, unspokenly eloquent of "What's the use?"

I was indeed lost—too bad even to be worthy of any further attempt at reclamation. Rebukes and lectures were bad enough, but, having at least suffered them, I felt that I had, as it were, paid some penalty for my sins. Now I was ignored as beyond all hope. Thus were sown the seeds of a fierce determination. From Monday onwards I would be a different being—I would show them what will-power was!

Never was a Sunday night more eagerly awaited, and never was I so keen to get off to bed. My father and mother were away for a few days, and everything was entirely up to myself. Needless to say, fired as I was with tremendous enthusiasm, I welcomed these additional difficulties. Alone should I conquer!

Every preparation was made with meticulous care for my departure on Monday morning. Once satisfied that I had overlooked nothing, I placed our loud-ticking alarm clock, set for 7.30 a.m., within a few inches of my ear, and lay down.

For hours I lay wide-awake, and nothing worried me more than the relentless "tick-tick" of the alarm. At last, I fell asleep. What woke me I do not know. An eerie silence pervaded the room—a silence that should not have been. Tearfully I looked at the alarm. Stolidly, silently, it leered back at me. Silently! It had stopped!

I had failed! A deep bitterness engulfed me then—I knew how Napoleon felt when he returned alone to wander dazedly over the battlefield, after the rout at Waterloo. I lay, numbed, and as I lay, I heard, vaguely, the chimes of the living-room clock as it struck the hour. I must have counted the strokes automatically, but it was several seconds before realization came to me. Seven strokes! Could it be? I leapt out of bed and reached the living-room in what must have been a new record for the "hop, step and jump."

The old clock on the mantelpiece seemed to smile at me—I could almost hear it say benignly, "Seven o'clock, my dear, and all's well." My feeling of relief was swept away by triumph, and it was the triumph of mind proving itself greater than the matter of mere man-made alarm clocks.

Dressing, breakfasting and journeying to school was a leisurely business. How easy punctuality makes life! I thought suddenly

that punctual people were cheats, taking a great deal of credit for merely taking what was really the easiest way out. Rather should the unfortunate late-comers be given sympathy—rushed, worried and generally harassed. To rebuke lateness was to add insult to injury!

Thus pleasantly philosophising, I reached school and entered my room as the bell started to ring. Nonchalantly I went to my seat, very much aware of the slightly surprised look on my form-mistress's face.

She looked up as I passed her.

"Well, Jeanie?" she asked.

"Good morning, Miss H—" I replied.

"Haven't you got a note for me?" she continued.

"A note?" I stammered, "but I'm not late—the bell hasn't even stopped yet."

Miss H— spoke again, but I did not hear her—my eyes were riveted on the day-to-day leaf calendar on her desk. There was some ghastly mistake somewhere. Was it my head that spun around—was it the room itself that spun—was I out of my senses?

Vaguely I heard Miss H— repeat her question, "Come, Jeanie—tell me—what happened to you *yesterday*?"

I was speechless—almost senseless—but sight remained to tell me that the calendar read—Tuesday, 17th June!

RIP VAN WINKLE, Form 5S.

: : :

RECOMMENDATIONS DE CHANTECLAIR A SES POULES

(Translated from the French, with apologies to
Henry Wadsworth Longfellow)

When your crimson crests appearing,
Disappearing, reappearing,
In the patch of sage and borage,
Look like poppies in the wind,
Bending downwards, seeking, hiding,
Restless, playful, swaying lightly,
Do not harm these gentle poppies,—
Scarlet poppies, nature's poppies . . .
When the shepherdesses, walking,
Counting stitches, eyes unseeing,
Knowing not and all unheeding,
Even they may not go treading,
Trampling careless in the flowers.
You, my pullets, be ye wary
Of these flowers whose only crime is
To be growing in the meadows.

It is right that even carrots
Growing wild may lovely be.
If upon the dainty surface
Of an umbel, chances strolling
Ladybird of black and crimson,
Speckled gaily, brightly coloured,
Pluck the insect, spare the poppy,
Till the scythe shall reap the harvest,
All the heads shall fall as one.
Be ye gone, my gentle pullets.
Reap not where ye have not sown.

RONA MACPHERSON, Form 4L.

: : :

"MRS BEETON HAD NOTHING ON ME!"

SO you can't see why we make such a fuss about cookery tests, eh? . . . For two years I have suffered untold agonies at the hands of the "just can't see" brigade, and now I've decided to do what I can to set matters aright! Perhaps I'll be able to smooth the path for those who follow in my footsteps, for, in my experience, the road to efficiency in the culinary arts is certainly a rocky one. I'll pass over the trials and tribulations of mid-term and end-of-term tests, and of those which come regularly at every lesson in the weeks before the major ordeal. True, they were preceded by trembling enough, but now with the "Highers Practical" fresh in my memory, they are overshadowed. I think perhaps the best way to convert you to my side would be to give you some idea of what the actual practical examination entails.

The morning of May the fourth dawned bright and clear and I unluckily awakened (I had been hoping to stay asleep till the following morning at least!) Before departing I collected a substantial bunch of flowers—somewhat irrelevant you may think, but we had been informed that the inspectress was particularly susceptible to flowers so, thought I, she shall have flowers wherever she goes! There were no earthquakes, accidents, or armed hold-ups on the way into school, neither had it been burned down over-night. Once inside the cookery room, cap and apron were donned and the store table inspected—one has to know what is available before launching on an elaborate menu . . . How the minutes of that next half-hour dragged! The silence as we sat perusing our recipe books was broken every now and then by a horrified squawk and feverish turning over of pages as someone remembered her particular anathema . . . curry!! . . . or yeast!!! After what seemed an interminable wait the examiner arrived and we were each duly issued with a small strip of paper. Mine bore the typewritten legend:—

YOU HAVE BEEN LEFT IN CHARGE OF TWO SMALL CHILDREN FOR THE DAY. PREPARE AND SERVE THEIR DINNER AND TEA. IRON THE LITTLE GIRL'S DRESS AND BRUSH HER SHOES.

We glanced at one another and exchanged sickly smiles, then someone gave a hollow laugh, which quickly changed to a chokey cough, as she studied her task. I stared at the paper blankly. Thoughts raced through my mind . . . children—invalids—one gave them the same, didn't one? Children were supposed to be "finicky," no doubt! (Huh, no child of mine would be permitted such luxuries as "likes" and "dislikes"! . . . Then, dinner and tea . . . dinner AND tea . . . DINNER AND TEA? I nearly fell off my chair.

At last I was started and three hours passed before I "ran down." Ingredients never seemed to be to hand and the most unpredictable things happened—the blanchmanges actually set (rather much so in fact!) and their colour was remarkably delicate considering that I had poured half the bottle of green colouring into them . . . well, perhaps not quite half. The gas under my hard-won mince went out, and to expect butter and sugar to form a nice smooth cream was seemingly ridiculous. However a prolonged battle between me, a wooden spoon, and the said ingredients did eventually produce something resembling a cream, then, after more spoon-work, the queen cakes were ready for the oven.

Five minutes later I had commenced shortbread biscuits when my neighbour (really my guardian angel in disguise) whispered hoarsely, "Your cakes are burning." BURNING! I flew to the oven and what a sight met my eyes! The cakes on the left of the tray were fine, while those on the right were charred beyond recognition and little trickles of half cooked mixture oozed through the surface cracks. My guardian angel commiserated with me in more hoarse whispers, and suggested that perhaps I needed an asbestos mat under the tray—Well, I ask you? After this small (?) matter had been rectified, the burnt offerings removed and the others returned to the oven, I began cutting out biscuits.

Things went on apace and without incident as I prepared potatoes and carrots, then I had to make white sauce for two purposes—to cover the carrots and to mix with the fish in fish pie. Pouring or coating sauce? And what were the quantities anyway? Somehow the sauce got itself made: I suppose I was around at the time! I know for certain I was also creaming potatoes, draining carrots and burning toast. (Query: How many hands must one have to be a successful cook?)

By the time serving was under way, my breathing had become more regular, although I must admit I nearly had a seizure when I remembered that the fish pie had been left in the oven. As luck would have it, no harm was done, for the regulo had been low. Time was nearly up and in what remained I ironed a three-year old's dress and brushed a pair of shoes—well, there you are, that's a rough

summary of what can happen, and you know, I've often wondered since what effect the two small children would have produced had they been present! Personally I'd advocate a mild narcotic as the simplest solution to that problem. Now before you turn to more congenial literature, promise me one thing—next time some poor victim sits squirming in anticipatory terror, fidgeting, fumbling and staring wildly about with glazed eyes, offer her silent sympathy—nothing more!

MARGARET R. N. LECKIE, Form 5D.

THE SPECTATOR WALKS ALONG PRINCES STREET

I HAD been having a bit of bother in Heaven. As editor to the "Heavenly Times," I had been criticising some of the archangels, and had been condemned to spend a short time on earth. The place chosen was Princes Street, Edinburgh, a famous thoroughfare, and the centre of fashion for Scotland.

I arrived on a gust of wind at a place called Waverley Steps, and was immediately blown halfway across the roadway, where I almost collided with a large and noisy chariot, which was clanking along. To my amazement it seemed to be self-propelled, and it appeared to be hanging from a wire above the street. This object so took up my attention, that I was nearly knocked down by a man on two wheels, who rang a bell at one continuously. This was the most curious bell I had ever seen, as there appeared to be no handle to it. I shot to safety, and found myself in front of a large shop, through whose doors people poured. I was carried along with the crowd and jostled into the building. I have never seen so many things and so many people eager to buy. It was laid out like a market, and the noise and bustle were every bit as great. I was truly thankful when the crowd carried me out to the street again.

I started to stroll along Princes Street, but did not make much headway, as I was pushed from pillar to post by people hurrying in both directions. I heard someone mutter something about "Fancy dress ball" and realised that my dress was completely different from the males that passed me by. They were dowdy and drably dressed, and I was frankly disappointed. Instead of showing their beautifully shaped legs, they hid them with stove-pipe trousers. To make matters worse, they wore no wigs on their cropped heads and instead of capes, wore a shapeless looking garment called a raincoat—a very necessary precaution in Edinburgh, I found.

The women in general were enchanting, but the most curiously dressed I have ever seen. They were exposed where they should have been covered and vice versa. Their sparkling eyes and pearly teeth drew my attention, and their simple hair styles were a vast improvement on the elaborate styles of my own time.

I tried still to stroll along the street, marvelling at the prices in the shop windows and on seeing some beautiful gardens on the opposite side, I decided to go there and rest awhile. Before entering, my eye was caught by a queer looking object resembling a stage coach, but covered in on top as well. At close quarters one could read on the side "thirty horse power," but to my amazement no horses could be seen. Completely bewildered, my brain whirling, I entered the gardens, to be confronted with a clock entirely made of flowers. I rushed through the gardens and stood petrified, when a monster appeared suddenly out of a tunnel, belching smoke and sparks and "tooting" furiously. In no time at all it passed, disturbing nobody but myself. I sat down to compose myself, and was aware of a steady hum, which grew louder and louder. Not only out of the earth, but from the sky as well! To my horror, I saw two large metal birds soaring towards me, but to my great relief they passed over.

The gardens seemed worse than the street, as people had now started to dance in a curious way, to raucous music. My punishment was beginning to strike me as very severe, and I longed for a little Heavenly peace, deciding I would be much more discreet in future. I emerged from the gardens to be confronted with a labyrinth of barriers, in which I became entangled with many others.

Weary, footsore, and utterly exhausted, I was thankful when yet another gust of wind carried me back to my little office and my friend Steele in Heaven.

PATRICIA E. ROBERTSON, Form 4D.

AU MARCHÉ

BY ten o'clock the sun was beginning to get very hot indeed and as we made our way along the dusty street we found it difficult to see without the aid of sun-glasses. As we rounded the bend our merry little party saw a sight never to be forgotten. The village square, with the town hall or Mairie on one side, a picture house and enclosed market on another, and shops and houses on the others, was beginning to fill with people. The Mairie was an old red-sandstone building surrounded by beautifully laid out lawns and flower-beds; the flowers in them were magnificent large red blooms which I had not seen before. The square was one bustle and the rows and rows of striped colourful marquees seemed to be alive as they were erected one by one. There was the noise of wooden sabots on the flagstones—the French call it "le bruit de claquette"—and the whole seemed a seething mass.

As soon as most of the stalls were erected crowds of Breton women came along in their quaint trailing skirts, starched white aprons, and funny stiff net caps looking like party hats and with

huge baskets over their arms. It was quite difficult to move as there were so many people and so many stalls. The wares were of divers types ranging from safety pins to ladies' dresses, including lace gloves, embroidered handkerchiefs, jewels, hats, soap and kitchen utensils. To one side was the flower and vegetable section selling the most exquisite flowers I have ever seen and a hundred kinds of fruit and vegetables. We ourselves bought some luscious peaches and plums which we enjoyed for "elevenses." Oysters were not to be excluded and at one point we were nearly deafened by a raucous voice shouting, "Huitres de cancale!"

We then visited the enclosed market, where we found more vegetables, especially artichokes which seemed to be most popular and were selling like "hot cakes," together with meat and biscuits and sweets. Sweets were too expensive, biscuits unappetising, but ham—oh the boiled ham, we could have lived on it, it was so delicious in our sandwiches. As we emerged from this part of the market we had to dodge some overalls pendent from a low rod and we stood for some time surveying the scene and listening to the various cries. A venerable voice was shouting "Dentelles pour dames," another "Bijoux charmants," and yet another "Par ici, par ici, dames, messieurs, souliers pour tous." What a conglomeration of sounds!

We left the market after some time and returned at twelve o'clock to find that all the bustle and excitement was gone. All the stalls were gone too; hardly a soul was to be seen save the penultimate straggler hastening out of the mid-day sun. I was then truly reminded of Gray's famous lines:

"The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me."

for although it was but mid-day, the scene presented the same note of solitude and the end of a day's work.

ROMA FINLAYSON, Form 3A.

A SPECIAL WEDDING

The organ plays the Wedding March,
The church door's open wide,
And there, framed in the doorway
Is the lovely, white-robed bride.

Beside her is her father,
A smile upon his face,
Watching his daughter's footsteps,
As she walks with ease and grace.

They walk up to the altar,
And there the bridegroom stands
Beside the black-robed minister,
Nervously wringing his hands.

The ceremony's over and
The choir now sing a song,
While the couple sign the register,
Which does not keep them long.

And now into the sunlight
The couple wend their way,
There is so much rejoicing,
Everyone so gay.

The photos have been taken,
The company have gone,
All following the bridegroom,
Who has our teacher won.

Yes, that bride was Miss Hardie,
Who taught us as a rule
Our singing every Tuesday,
At James Gillespie's School.

Her bridegroom, Jack T. Cannon,
Has taken her away
To be his one and only
And to love her every day.

And so as now we leave her
To all her dirty dishes,
We would join many others
And give her all good wishes.

HELEN WELLS, Form 3D.

THE MEET

THE tiny village of Torphichen lies nestled among the hills some eighteen miles north-west of Corstorphine.

On account of its ideal position, Torphichen is a favourite spot for the Meet of the Longmuir Hunt, so called because the Longmuir, a long open stretch of moorland two or three miles out from the village, is a favourite haunt for the foxes, and is always the first spot which the hounds are ordered to draw. On this bright and sunny morning, with a slight breeze rustling through the trees, the

village of Torphichen was a scene of scurry and bustle, for this was the day of the Longmuir hunt, and already the sound of horses' hooves could be heard in the distance. The children were all running down the road to see who could get the first glimpse of the horses; their mothers were scurrying about trying to finish their shopping in time; and even the shopkeepers themselves were running about the shops, so that they might get all their customers served before the huntsmen arrived.

Soon, however, everything was ready, and one by one the beautifully done-up horses, with their manes and tails neatly plaited, and their hooves shining with the gleaming black lacquer, came trotting into the square, with their heads held high, their nostrils quivering as they sniffed keenly at the air, as though they could already smell the foxes in their lairs. Chestnuts, roans, bays, piebalds, in they came in a seemingly endless procession, streaming in from all three roads. Just when it seemed as though they had all arrived, another group of horsemen would be seen winding their way up the road. The huntsmen and huntswomen alike looked very smart indeed, in their sleek black jackets and shiny black boots, the women with jockey-caps pulled firmly over their curls, the men frantically fingering their cravats. Soon the horse-van arrived in which were the Mistress of the Hounds, and the First and Second Whips, whose job it is to keep the pack in order. They, and the members of the Hunt, are the only people who are entitled to wear the red jackets, white breeches, black boots and either a black jockey-cap, bowler or top-hat, and as the procession moved slowly away towards the Longmuir, it was they who stood out as symbols of the Hunt.

JEAN MOSS, Form 3A.

A FRIGHTENING EXPERIENCE

THE rain came down in torrents, making the ground we walked on squelchy and muddy. Ugh! What a day! For two solid hours Margaret and I had been plodding on through the tangled undergrowth—hopelessly and utterly lost. Suddenly I saw a light—a small and feeble one perhaps; but a light, nevertheless.

"Margaret," I gasped, "did you see it?"

"What?" she replied.

"A light. Look! Over there! Do you see it?"

"Yes, oh yes!"

With one accord we broke into a stumbling run in the direction of the light. We could no longer see it, but "where there's 'light' there's hope," as we quoted afterwards. After about ten minutes' hard running, we came out in front of a small cottage. It stood in a clearing surrounded on three sides by the dense forest through which we had just stumbled. On the fourth side was a narrow

path, leading, presumably, out of the forest. The door of the cottage stood wide open and through it, we could just glimpse the cosy interior of the little living-room.

"Oh, so you've come back at last, Rosamund!" An old, cracked voice broke in on our thoughts as we stumbled up to the door.

"Er . . . what? Em . . . I mean . . . Pardon? We didn't hear what you said," I stammered.

The old woman peered at us through her spectacles and then grabbed Margaret by the arm with almost feverish eagerness.

"Don't pretend!" she rasped, "You've come back, just as I always said you would—dripping and wet! But come in, girl, come in!"

With that she almost dragged Margaret into the house, while I followed more reluctantly. I was not at all sure that I liked this peculiar situation. The old woman led us into the living-room and called, "Mrs Potts! Mrs Potts!"

A middle-aged woman with a serene, expressionless face entered the room in answer to the imperious summons.

"Yes, Mrs Gaunt?" she said, in a toneless voice.

"Mrs Potts, give this girl some food and dry her clothes, while I take Rosamund up to her room."

"But . . . but I'm not Rosamund! You're mistaking me for someone else!" stuttered Margaret, now thoroughly scared. Then, as the old woman with most surprising strength began to drag her upstairs she shouted, "Help! Help! June, hurry!"

Preparing to dash to her rescue I found to my horror that my hands were pinioned to my sides by Mrs Potts. Frantically I struggled, shouted, screamed for help. Quite frankly, I was terrified. Beads of perspiration gathered on my brow, as I made a last, desperate effort to free myself of that iron grip, but all to no avail. Slowly I felt myself being dragged towards the kitchen, while in the distance I could hear Margaret screaming violently.

Mrs Potts released her hold when once we were in the kitchen.

"Now, look here," I said hysterically, "just what are you playing at? Why is she calling Margaret 'Rosamund'? Why is she taking her upstairs?"

"Hush, dearie, she'll hear you," said the woman, with her finger on her lips. "Sit down and I'll tell you all about it."

Hesitatingly I sat down, but before Mrs Potts could begin speaking, there came a shrill scream and the sound of someone falling downstairs.

"Mrs Gaunt," gasped the woman and ran through the living-room to the tiny hall. At the foot of the stairs lay Mrs Gaunt with her leg twisted under her in an unnatural position. At the top of the stairs stood Margaret, looking white and shaken. Mrs Potts bent over her mistress's still form and said, "She's still alive," in

a voice which should have contained some emotion, but which, curiously, did not.

* * * * *

A few hours later Mrs Potts, Margaret and I were sitting in front of the fire in the living-room of the cottage. Mrs Gaunt was now safely inside the village cottage hospital and Mrs Potts was explaining the mysterious course of events through which we had just passed. It appeared that, many years ago, Mrs Gaunt had lived in the cottage with her niece of whom she had been extremely fond. When the niece, Rosamund, was almost eighteen years of age, she could stand Mrs Gaunt's domineering ways no longer and ran away. To Mrs Gaunt this came as a great shock, for she had been genuinely fond of her niece, and so, for the intervening space of years, she had been busy planning all the punishments she would give to Rosamund when the niece came home. "You, my dear," said Mrs Potts, turning to Margaret, "are very like Rosamund—or at least, like the Rosamund of forty years ago."

"Forty years ago!" I gasped.

"Yes, my dear, forty years ago!"

I think Mrs Potts must have known that there was one more question which I longed to ask, for she said, "You know, of course, that Mrs Gaunt is mentally deficient. Having made a close study of the brain, I know how to deal with her."

"Oh yes, of course, I see," I said, though I didn't see in the least, "but aren't you going to the hospital to see Mrs Gaunt?"

"Yes, I am going to see my aunt."

"Your aunt!"

"Yes, my dears, my aunt!"

"Do you mean to say that you lived with her all those years, and she never guessed?"

"No, she never guessed, and somehow I think she never will." And Mrs Gaunt, who died the next morning, never did.

AUDREY WALKER, Form 3C.

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BRUCE RETURNS TO THE MODERN WORLD

ROBERT THE BRUCE gave a start. Where was he? There was a strange joggling motion underneath him. He tried to sit up but men dressed in strange clothes without a shield, helmet or sword were so tightly packed around him that Bruce sat back again.

Bruce's companion on the right woke up and pulled from the pocket of his musty brown jacket a packet. Bruce noticed the letters "U.S." on his lapels. The soldier took a large bite from the packet and began to chew. He chewed and chewed.

"Filthy stuff," thought Bruce. "I wonder where my soldiers are."

At that moment the jogging motion stopped. One of the walls of the room which Bruce thought he was in, collapsed. A man dressed in musty brown came to the space and shouted in a strange accent, "O.K., kids! Here you are at Camp Edward, and here we're gonna make you worthy sons of good ole Uncle Sam!"

Bruce's companions jumped out, leaving Bruce in the strange room. Remembering that he was a general, Bruce asked the officer to kindly make arrangements for his soldiers and horse to meet him. The officer whistled, "Bud, the sooner you realise you're just a rookie, we'll like you better. Who d'ye think you are? Mr Roosevelt, or maybe George Washington?"

Bruce assured the officer that he had not had the pleasure of meeting either.

"What! You don't know George Washington! Gee, I was born in a little hole in good ole Texas, but I never thought I was brainy."

Bruce leapt down from the truck. His mind was awlirl.

By next morning Bruce was the most unpopular recruit in the U.S. Army. The night before he had been frightened by a plane. This morning he was frightened by a tank. In their Nissen hut, the other soldiers got out magazines, records and photos. Several soldiers started playing records with silly names such as "Ballin' the Jack," "Twelfth Street Rag," and "A Slow Boat to China." One soldier showed Bruce a photo of Betty Grable. Bruce astounded the men by saying that he was disgusted that any man who called himself a gentleman would enter a lady's bedroom when she was dressing. One man shouted, "Ain't ya ever seen Betty Grable? Brother, what you've missed!"

Bruce longed to be back in Heaven, and away from all these jeering men. Instantly the room was filled with a green smoke. Bruce saw the Gate of Heaven and in front of him stood St Andrew. "Robert, my son, Scotland didn't need you nor America. So come back. Mortals are entirely brainless these days."

And Bruce, wrapping his cloak around him was entirely in agreement.

KATHERINE YOUNG, Form 2A.

MY DREAM HOUSE

THE people of the village said it was haunted, but to me it was the most thrilling, romantic and beautiful house I had ever seen. It was my dream house.

It was a large rambling building, standing forlornly on the top of a cliff, overlooking a sheltered cove. A small rowing boat bobbed up and down with the quiet swell of the tide.

The garden was the old-world type of exquisite beauty, but of a beauty seen only in the faces of the aristocratic ladies of the French

Revolution, on their way to the guillotine. A look serene, regal, faded and neglected, but the perfume of the flowers seemed to accentuate the pitiful effort to keep up appearances to the bitter end.

I propped my bicycle against the tumbled-down wall and quietly pushed aside the high wrought-iron gate which grated on its rusty hinges.

Half way up the crazy-paved path, overgrown with grass, moss and rambling roses straggling from the neglected borders on either side, stood a fountain. Empty of water, for it was the end of a dry barren summer, a cupid stood poised with raised foot missing, and the arrow in position ready to fire from an invisible bow.

Timidly skirting the fountain, my feet rustling in the fallen leaves, I slowly approached the house. A squeal and scamper sounded on my left, which immediately brought me to a halt.

Should I go on? Was the place really haunted? With hands tightly clenched and biting my lower lip, I nervously approached the front entrance. A huge oak door, heavily studded, barred the way. Would the door yield to pressure? Would an ogre suddenly appear? Or perhaps an aged, half demented retainer? Summoning all my available courage, I shouldered the door open. A blaze of light met my gaze. A huge crystal chandelier winked and sparkled from the roof, throwing diamonds as pearls over the highly polished tables, occasional chairs and mirrors scattered throughout the room.

I moved towards high-hanging deep purple velvet curtains which covered the most of the room at the extreme end.

The house was deathly still. My footsteps were noiseless as they sank into thick black carpets. I could almost hear the beat of my heart as I slowly raised my arm. Nervously gripping the curtains with both hands, prepared, before my courage finally oozed away to violently tear them apart, when—

"Ray, if you don't get up immediately you'll be late for school," said Mother.

RAY THOMPSON, Form 2E.

CHOOSING THE CASKET

I AM the Prince of Arragon and I am sure you must have heard of me. I am quite enjoying my stay here in Venice. I was at Belmont the other day, tryin' my luck, you know. I must admit Portia was rather nice, but it was the money that attracted me. The Pater cut down my allowance this month and I had to get some money to pay the tailor's bills.

Well, I went to Belmont and met Portia and as I said before, she was a beauty and no mistake. She seemed rather bored. I knew I would soon settle that. When we got married I'd take her to Paris and the Riviera. Do you know I was never so surprised in all my life? I chose the wrong casket.

The caskets were all in a room. Portia took me in and told me to make my choice. There were inscriptions on the caskets and I read them. On the lead one was written, "Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath." I thought that a trifle ridiculous. After all, why should I hazard all I had. Goodness only knows I had little enough as it was. The gold one had, "Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire." Of course, I didn't take that. Fancy grading me with the hoi polloi. As I perhaps said before, I am the Prince of Arragon. Then the silver one had, "Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves." I deserved to get Portia and so I made up my mind there and then to take the silver casket.

Portia handed me the key and I opened the casket. Inside there was a fool's head with a scroll. I was annoyed. "Do you mean to say I am only worth a fool's head?" I asked Portia.

She replied, "To offend and judge are of opposed natures." I could have committed suicide. Then I took out the scroll and read that there were many fools in the world who were silvered over.

I left Belmont straight away and came to Venice. Of course, that oath was not serious. It's a good job too, because I rather like the look of a young girl here in Venice. Her father's a duke, so I suppose I might get some money to pay the tailor's bills. If he comes and asks me for the money I'll tell him he'll have to wait.

HILDA KING, Form 2A.

: : :

ISRAEL

WHEN any grown-up condescends to ask me where I should most like to live, I always like to watch their change of expression when I say, "Israel." Usually they then ask in a "we must humour the child" tone, "But surely you are happy here, among your young friends?" The answer to that is perhaps rather difficult for a Gentile to understand.

I am happy here, but I do not think I always shall be. I shall not be satisfied with ordinary work, such as teaching, nursing or secretarial duties. I feel that I shall want to live in an atmosphere where people live, and not just seem to exist; where people work for work's sake and not because they are compelled to. I should like to live amongst a people whose ideals are higher than those most common here. But why Israel? is the obvious question.

One can find part of the answer in the fact that every child from a Jewish home is taught our history, which, from the beginning of time to the present day, has been overcast with tragedy—the outcome of prejudice.

What seems to be the reason behind all our sufferings and heart-breaks is that, until last year, we have been a people without a country, a nation without a home, scattered wanderers without

protection, humiliated and subjected by unthinking ignoramuses on the slightest pretext.

Now we feel that we can lift up our heads, that we can proclaim the fact that we are Jews and look forward to a secure and happy future.

The re-birth of Israel has given us all this. It is a young country with a great heritage where, in every remote corner, one finds youth striving to build up a new country. This is the compelling factor urging me to join them and to work with them in the communal life there where one feels that every fellow-worker is truly a brother, working happily for our country.

GOLDA GREENSTONE, Form 2A.

: : :

CAPTAIN COOK'S TREASURE CHEST

DOWN in Grandma's cellar, if you ever care to look,
You will find a wooden chest which belonged to Captain Cook.
Hidden behind some broken chairs, it's difficult to see,
The only ones who know it's there are my cousin Joan and me.
When you look inside you'll see it's full of precious things,
There are clubs and spears that once belonged to cannibal kings.

And underneath some coral things, straight from the desert isles,
Is Captain Cook's own spyglass (which can see for miles and miles),
The chest itself is painted brown, just like a packing case,
And on the lid, all nice and white, some letters you can trace—
JAMES (CAPTIN) COOK ESKWIRE, it says, I painted it myself,
And when I'd done I hid the pot on the topmost shelf.

ANONYMOUS, Form 1A.

: : :

OUR GOOD TURN

ONE evening last week I went tracking with the Guides. Half of us laid the trail and the other half were to follow.

It was arranged that we should meet at the Figgate Burn Park in an hour's time. At the end of an hour there was no sign of those that were following so three of us went to look for them.

Approaching an unused gate we heard a cry. Running forward we saw that a boy, in climbing over the gate had slipped and pierced his hand. Two of us helped him off the railings and put him down on the grass. He was frantic with pain and kept on shouting, "Don't tell the Parkie!" and, "Get me a drink of water." I ran to get a drink of water from a nearby house and on returning found he had fainted.

We then rushed off for a doctor who said he would come immediately. Meanwhile our P.L. had rendered first aid and a passing motorist brought him to the doctor's surgery.

After that our services were no longer required, so ended our exciting evening.

SHEILA M. NELSON, Form 1B.

: : :

A SCHOOLBOY'S PROBLEM

Have you ever seen a schoolboy
With pink and shiny knees?
I'm sure that would be something
That would every mother please,
If soap comes off the ration
We shall hear the schoolboys groan,
For no longer will there be excuse
To leave their knees alone.

NAN SNEDDON, Form 1A.

: : :

A WALK ALONG THE SIDE OF A COUNTRY STREAM

ONE lovely day in April, I went to visit my friends who live in the country. When I arrived I had a lovely tea, and we decided to follow a stream that flowed near their house. After crossing the stream, by means of a log thrown across it, we scrambled through the long grass which bordered the water. On either side of the gurgling rivulet were tall trees on which fresh green buds were just opening. Almost hiding the grassy path were blackberry bushes intermingled with wild briars. In some places the stream was very deep, but in other places it was shallow, and I could see tiny little minnows and tadpoles, swimming in and out of the shining pebbles washed white by the endless rushing of the stream. In a short time I came to a high crooked little bridge which reared itself over a miniature waterfall. We crossed the bridge, and, as the sun was sinking and shadows lengthening, we slowly made our way home.

LOUISA GLASS, Form 1C.

: : :

THE SQUATTERS

A MOST interesting family arrived a few weeks ago in the block of flats across the road. Their activities intrigue us all and we watch their on-goings with great interest. Rain or shine, they are out and in a thousand times, bringing in their shopping, and various comforts for their home. I may tell you they are squatters and I am

sure their neighbours would be very angry if they knew they did not pay rent. They must have several babies, according to the amount of food they bring in every day—lettuce, tomatoes, bread and lots of other varieties.

You will wonder how I know all this; you see they don't bring them in paper bags like we do (but that is their affair). The children must be very naughty at times as we hear great scoldings, but on the other hand, Daddy cheers them all up by his wonderful singing and whistling. He has more control over his family than my Daddy has over my sister and I. He gets them all settled into bed early and wonder of wonders, he gets them up very early! I am sure my Daddy wishes he had his powers, but then my Daddy does not whistle or sing though he does play the piano nicely.

I feel a little sorry that they haven't a garden but I expect they borrow other peoples' and will hop over the garden wall when it suits them. Did you guess it was the Blackbird Family I was gossiping about?

IRENE TWADDLE, Form 1D.

: : :

SWEETS

I

There's queueing for rations,
There's queueing for meats.
But now all the children
Are queueing for sweets.

We go to the sweet-shop,
We ask for a "Mars,"
Caramels and snowballs
And a few chocolate bars.

May I have some "Spangles,"
Or a packet of gum?
Oh! rock's simply super,
It's really, "Yum-yum."

Pam has Devon toffee,
May I have a lick?
Now I feel quite squeamish,
I'm going to be sick.

And some of us *are* ill,
It's *the* newest fashion.
The plain reason is just,
Sweets have gone off the ration!

MARION R. FORRESTER, Form 1A.

II

(To be sung to the tune of "Cargoes," with apologies to John Masefield.)

Cinnamon from Marion at a distant window,
Wafting o'er to Mam'zelle outstanding on the floor,
With an odour of peppermint,
Liquorice, chewing gum,
Chocolate, coconut and thick Mars bars.

Stately "Caley Fortune" coming from the corner,
Dipping b'low the desk lid to a pale blue box,
With an odour of caramel,
Truffle and nougat,
Strawb'r'y cream, coffee cream and Turkish delight.

Dirty bit of toffee with a sticky paper,
Sticking to the pocket of a 2A girl,
With an odour of striped balls,
Floral gums, jelly babes,
Lollipops, ABC's and cheap pink rock.

DYSK, Form 2A.

: : :

NEWS FLASH !

IT was with great delight, and as great surprise, that we received the very kind gift of 136 lbs. of sugar to the School, from Senor Pedro Rodriguez, of Havana. Three pounds were given to each class—to dispose of as the pupils thought fit. Most classes "thought fit" to have the sugar made into tablet or toffee, which was divided into shares for everyone. If Senor Pedro Rodriguez could have heard the appreciative "Ohs" and "Aahs" as we sank our teeth into delicious bars of fudge or tablet, he would have been in little doubt as to the great pleasure he had given us.

On behalf of all the girls in the School, I should like formally to thank Senor Pedro Rodriguez for the thought which prompted his very kind action.

S. P. S.

: : :

"THE DE'IL'S CAULDRON"

(Awarded First Prize for Prose)

DOESN'T it sound fearsome? It isn't really, unless you possess a too vivid imagination and picture yourself hurtling down to a sudden death. Please come with me; I should like to show you this sight. The way lies through a dull wood where the sun rarely sheds his

golden beams, but if the day is really sunny, not half-heartedly sunny, then the path is lovely.

To reach the wood we must walk along the village street, sleepy in the sunlight. When we reach the wood we see charred branches and other traces of a "tinkers'" or gypsies' encampment. Farther on the wood becomes darker and an occasional red squirrel or grey rabbit scurries across our path to be lost to sight in nodding grasses. Here is another path taking us to the "Wee De'il's Cauldron," a replica of the object of our visit. This one makes enough noise and closely resembles a witches' cauldron. We go along another path which takes us back to our "high-road," parts of which are now bathed in sunlight. At last! Here is the path leading to the "Big Cauldron." This path is strewn with bramble trailers weighed down with luscious purple fruit. That, of course, is only in autumn when there is a carpet of red and gold leaves on this path. What a noise! That is the "Big Cauldron."

We make our way down a narrow, slippery, muddy path clutching at overhanging branches; in some parts the path is bordered by dense undergrowth and fern clumps having beautiful green fronds. We have now come out on a grassy platform overhanging the swirling, black waters in the pool beneath. Since this is not a very good view, we shall descend to a platform about fifty feet above the turbulent waters. From this view-point we can see the "De'il's Cauldron" proper.

The Cauldron is a huge rocky well about fifty feet high and thirty feet in diameter. The water spouts from a cleft in the cliff face and falls to the bottom with a sustained roar which seems to deprive you of your breath. The water froths and bubbles, bursting against the rocky sides, throwing up a mist of spray which the glancing sunlight turns into myriads of rainbows. A fringe of birch saplings overhangs the Cauldron and rustle as though laughing at the frenzied efforts of the water trying to escape through a narrow and precipitous gorge. This spectacle fills us with profound admiration for nature and shows us how useless it is for man to contend against the primitive forces of nature. When the water leaves the Cauldron it is still raging and rages through a narrow ravine for about half a mile, then, miraculously, it changes into a calm river flowing peacefully onward between overhanging trees which bow and dip their leaves in the crystal clear water. On the river's banks flowers and grasses bow and curtsy as the breeze passes gently among them. After viewing the Cauldron we retrace our steps and reach the main path through the wood to the high-road. This is a pleasant walk where the foresters have thinned the trees and the sunlight streams through on to the path. Wild birds flutter in and out of the trees and we can hear the songs of the blackbird and the mavis. The path rises steeply to join the main road which winds round the shoulder of a hill and dips down into the village. It was a lovely sight and well worth the walk. MARGARET HARDIE, Form 3B.

THE COUNTRY CHURCH

(Awarded Second Prize for Prose)

I STOOD at the top of the hill and gazed all around me. I saw the valley roll out before me, with its green downy fields. The valley rose slowly and steeply, as it disappeared on the horizon. A river was lazily flowing over the sea of green, and faded from view as it wended its way between two low mounds. I turned my head, and saw at the foot of the hill the old country church. Its old grey stones were disappearing beneath a veil of moss. I ran quickly to the foot of the hill and entered the church.

As I looked down the aisle, I saw an old tramp walking with unsteady step. He had left his bundle at the door. As I looked down I saw his bundle: an old blue handkerchief, tied in a large untidy knot. When I next looked into the church, the old man was kneeling in a pew. His hands were clasped together, and his head was bent on them. A soft murmur floated up the aisle to where I stood.

A golden shaft of light stole in through a tiny latticed window and across the heavy oaken pews. It rested for a few minutes on the old man. As it did so, the old man raised his head and gazed before him. I saw his face for the first time. It was wrinkled and worn, and was framed by a mass of white hair. The beam lit up his head in a circle of golden light. Tears were slowly streaming down his face, and as they fell from his cheeks to his gnarled hands, the beam caught them as they fell. They seemed like a shower of falling stars. The beam continued on its way and finally rested in a secluded spot at the foot of the church.

The old man still gazed forward, and he turned and clutched something in his hand. Slowly he raised himself to his feet. He stepped out into the aisle, and began to walk down the aisle towards the altar.

While he did so, I hastily knelt down and untied his bundle. I slipped a half-crown, my worldly wealth, within its folds. I wondered, should I be watching him like this?—I felt guilty—but I continued to watch his movements.

When I looked within the silent walls of the church for the third time, I saw him lay something on the altar. It was a bunch of beautiful red roses. The old man stepped back, gazing at the flowers as if hypnotized by the beauty of their velvety petals. A sudden impulse seemed to make him stretch out one of his twisted hands and gently pat these blooming flowers. He turned and came unsteadily up the aisle towards me. I quickly hid behind one of the heavy oaken doors and awaited his exit.

At last he appeared in the doorway, and stood and gazed at the sky, with its soft white, billowy clouds gracefully floating across the azure background. He sat down on the door-step, opened his little bundle, and took out a slice of dry bread. As I watched him,

hungrily munching the bread, I thought of the many steaming meals that had been laid before me, and my often lacking thanks to the maker of them. He took out the second piece, and in doing so he jerked out the half-crown with it. He bent down with groping fingers and picked it up. He turned it over and over in his hand, a broad smile spreading over his face as he did so. Whether it was the sun or the glow from his eyes that made the money shine so brightly, I shall never know. He took out an old leather purse, and slipped the money inside. He shook the purse gently, and once more a smile spread over his face, at the soft padding noise it made against the sides of the purse.

He stood up and picked up his bundle. He walked down the stony path, out on to the road. I followed him, and watched his sunken figure disappear down the road.

As I stood there, someone gripped my arm. I did not turn round, as I was still in a trance, but the person began to speak. "Have you seen anyone with a bunch of red roses? They are my prize ones. If I catch the person . . ." and on he rambled. I was not listening, but I managed to shake my head. I looked at the tiny speck on the horizon and thought, no I had not seen anyone—then I shook my head with all my might. It was not altogether a pleasant experience—but it taught me many things.

MARY M. GOWANS, Form 6B.

"THE ISLAND"

(Awarded First Prize for Verse)

Afar on the horizon, against a northern sky,
Lies a bleak and empty island, where screaming sea-birds fly.
A peaceful refuge for them is this island wild and lone,
Where man no more disturbs them in this haven of their own.
But why is it so lonely? Its boggy, rolling hills
Have sheltered human dwellings, have witnessed human ills.

The cliff tops, mist enshrouded, hold not a watching child;
Here on ledge and cranny, hide creatures, shy and wild,
Here the noble eagle, who, haughtiness indeed,
Rears up in its eyrie its cruel, royal breed.
Were there ever men here, to rule a man's domain,
Or was this always lonely, for birds and beasts to reign?

But look at yonder water, where ripples kiss the sand,
There, blackened piles are standing, where jetties used to stand.
And, huddled in a valley, where broken dykes you see,
There, empty shells are standing, where homesteads used to be.
There, broken sheep-folds moulder, and form a dismal scene;
Where round the cobbled roadway, now reeds grow, thick and green.

Behind its frowning headlands this isle a secret holds,
 To every roaming stranger its mystic charm unfolds.
 Why it is ruled by sea-birds ; why seldom man comes near—
 It tells its painful story in accents bleak and drear.
 And far upon the mainland its people's hearts are sore
 For the lone and empty island they may never visit more.

RONA MACPHERSON, Form 4L.

: : :

" AND THE HEAVENS OPENED . . . "

(Awarded Second Prize for Verse)

No breeze stirs in the blackening boughs,
 Stark in their tracery against the sky—
 —The sky, dull, cloud-massed and grey—grey,
 Grey as the wraith-like image of my soul, grief-stricken.
 The piles of dead autumn leaves lie sodden and wet,
 Drenched by tears from heaven, but the tears in my heart will not
 be wept.

As I follow the forest path, no sound marks my steps—no sound.
 The birds are silent—they mourn with me.
 Through the trees, grey-green and flat is the surface of the pool,
 And all around, this silence, like a pall lies o'er the scene,
 This deathly silence, like a pall—deathly—death !

My footsteps quicken, I hurry towards the pool,
 I kneel and gaze into its silent depths ;
 On its surface my image is wild and strange,
 Staring eyes in a white face, framed in long hanging hair.
 Gazing deeper, I see tendrils of weed, waving, seductive,
 Beckoning me to rest in their clinging, possessive arms,
 Calling me to sleep, untroubled, in the waters of Lethe.
 O, blessed, blessed sleep ! To lie—at peace—in Death !
 To let those green arms enfold me in their eager embrace !
 I am coming, O Naiads—thy dwelling shall be mine !

But—the image is gone—the depths are blurred
 By a growing, concentric ripple, and another, another.
 Faster and faster comes the rain—liquid arrows from heaven ;
 They sting my cheeks, lashing the jaded blood to life,
 Making it pulse and tingle and throb through my numb veins,
 Loosening and melting the tight, hard core of sorrow in my heart,
 So that the tears, unreined and free at last, flow like this rain.

I rise, and, turning from that cauldron of temptation, I run and run,
 Then stop, and fill my lungs with the fresh, green smell of the forest ;
 Then run again, flying as if possessed of Mercury's winged heels

The wet, swinging strands of hair whipping across my cheeks,
 Then, through my tears of mingled sorrow and joy, I laugh—madly,
 Exulting because the grief-dimmed eyes of my mind were opened
 In time to cheat Death, by a million crystal drops of rain !
 Each one washing the torment of my soul and filling it with hope
 —With hope and with the desire to *live* !
 Death, I despise thee—the coward's refuge !
 My God—I thank thee.
 Death has played and lost and I shall not die !
 I shall live !

SHELAGH P. SCOBIE, Form 6B.

: : :

HERE AND THERE

Form 6 contributes an "Ode to the Prefects' Room," with
 apologies to P. B. Shelley.

O wild "pre's" room, thou core of knitting's being.
 Thou in whose unseen bosom the stitches dead
 Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing

Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red,
 Woolly-stricken multitudes : O thou
 Who chariotest to thy dark wintry bed

The weary "pre's," where they lie cold and low,
 Each like a corpse within its grave, until
 Thine azure sister of the Bell shall blow

Her clarion o'er the dreaming school, and fill
 (Driving sweet? buds? like flocks to study there)
 With living reds and yellows, rooms once still.

Wild spirits which art moving everywhere ;
 Ignorers and Obeyers ; keep in there !

Form 6's "Catty Corner" identifies certain members of the
 Sixth Form with tune-titles :—

- "Dance, Ballerina, Dance"—C. M.
- "Give Me Five Minutes More"—D. S. or P. L.
- "Life Gets Tedious, Don't It?"—M. L.
- "Doing what come Naturally"—I. T.
- "Nancy with the Laughing Face"—A. S.
- "The Lass with the Delicate Air"—H. G.
- "Jumping Bean"—D. M. D.
- "These Foolish Things"—M. W. and M. B.
- "Cuckoo"—C. Mc. P.
- "I had a Man"—M. G.

Hope and fear inspire Form 5 to verse, with apologies to William Shakespeare :—

O classmate mine, where are you roaming?
O stay and hear, "Highers" results are coming,
That are both good and bad.
Trip no further, pretty form-mate;
Journeys end in Leaving Certificate,
Every fifth year girl doth know.

What's the result? 'tis not clear;
Present suspense hath present fear;
What's to come is still unsure:
In delay there lies no trust;
Then come tell me best or worst,
Failure is a thing I'll not endure.

Form 5 contributes some "Quotations and Cattinesses" (to use their own words!) :—

The Maths. Class—"Methought I heard a voice cry, 'Sleep no more, Miss M— doth murder sleep, the innocent sleep.'"—
"MACBETH."

A member of our musical staff?—

"Ko-ko—Lord High Executioner,
Pooh-Bah—Lord High Everything Else."

—"MIKADO."

50 per cent. of our Staff?—

"Back to Methuselah."—G. G. SHAW.

The Nippy Nippers—

"Ten to make and a match to win,
Play up, play up and play the game!"

Mrs M.—"A very present help in trouble."—PSALM 46.

The "Highers" and the "Orals"—"Put out the light and then put out the light."—"OTHELLO."

Some senior pupils are wondering—Does Miss H— wonder why the class laughed when she said, "'Hawkie' is the local name for a cow, just as in some districts the cows are called 'Daisy' or 'Blossom'?"

May a certain prefect be requested to wear her striped socks, her panama hat, and the ribbons she wore on a certain day in April, all together?

Who kissed Polly Pillicote?

Did Miss H— really mean it when she told the umpire, after giving a foul in the Staff v. Pupils Hockey match, "I didn't think you'd notice"?

and,

Did Mr S— really think you bullied off with the wrong end of the stick?

and, by the way,

Who were the kind little girls who knitted the multi-coloured scarf for Mr S—?

FROM THE PRIMARY DEPARTMENT

PRIMARY SCHOOL NOTES

THE close of this session brings a real loss to the Primary Department, in the retiral of Miss Marguerite Crear. Herself a former pupil of the School, Miss Crear had a high ideal of what "Gillespie girls" should be and do, and for over twenty years she has given her gifts, her enthusiasm and her great ability to their training. A most capable teacher of all subjects, she will be remembered pre-eminently for her discerning teaching of Art, and her positively inspired teaching of spelling. No need to create simplified spelling for Miss Crear's pupils! Listening to her and watching her play with coloured chalks was all they had to do! She takes with us our very best wishes for many happy years of freedom and enjoyment, and in times of emergency we shall hold out our arms to her, knowing that she could never resist the call of the old School.

We are very pleased to know that Miss Laidlaw is better after her operation; while we missed her very much, we greatly appreciated the way in which Miss Shaw stepped into the breach and worked so willingly and so excellently.

Our Department has now enjoyed a full session in the grounds of Bruntsfield House, and enthusiasm still runs high. The freedom of the wood as well as the beauty of the grounds is a source of constant delight, and the visits of many birds to the classroom windows and the bird-bath are of great interest. We do appreciate very much all that Miss Andrew and the city officials have done for us here.

Our "Prefects' Party," given in December to the ten most stainless characters in each class, was a great success, and we were happy to have Miss Andrew there to share our ices and present our prizes (*not* for lessons this time!). The Primary School captain and her helpers did grand work here, as on many other occasions.

As in former years, we held a Harvest Thanksgiving Service and a Christmas Gift Service, and again we acknowledge most gratefully the generosity and unselfishness of parents and children in giving so freely what they must have longed to keep.

We still support "Jim," our Polar bear, who like other Zoo residents is allowed visitors; sixty of us were his guests one day in April. He received us with anticipation and satisfaction. A chimpanzee who smoked for our entertainment was also presented by the "Zoo Man." Our "Thank you" letter in the form of a poem from 3A brought Mr Gillespie's regrets that the Zoo had no "caged Muse" to help his reply! The Council of the Zoo has

now presented us with a large framed photograph of Jim, whose paw pats a soft and slightly distended stomach (full of our food!) while with a half-smile of gratitude he gives us a knowing glint from an intelligent black eye.

As we go to press we are delighted to learn that in the "Safety First" Competition, open to all schools throughout the British Isles, we have won nine prizes. Wilma Stewart and Pearl Goldberg take first and second places respectively in the Junior Art Section.

B. M.

LADY SPRING

I have heard that she glides through the meadow,
Through the grass that is wet with dew,
But one day as I looked through my window,
I saw that the story was true.

Her fingers are long, green and slender,
As she touches the bare bracken stalks,
And crocus leaves graceful and tender,
Spring up in her wake as she walks.

Her footsteps they twinkle through grasses,
As away on her journey she goes,
And the flowers that grow in bright masses,
Show clearly the print of her toes.

JOSEPHINE FORREST, 5A.

OUR SCHOOL GROUNDS

WE have now spent almost a year in our new school. During this period many improvements have been made in our spacious grounds. The paths which surround our classrooms have been macadamised. An added attraction is the bird bath which makes an effective centre to a small flower bed. The bird bath is placed in a prominent spot for all to see. Our feathered friends are also provided with tasty tit-bits attached to pieces of string and suspended from the windows of the huts. Green flower tubs have been provided and are placed at the corner of each hut. The tubs are planted with geraniums and other floral plants which make a colourful display when in bloom. Restful moments can be enjoyed either by sitting on the simple wooden bench or on the comfortable rustic seat. These seats are well placed in sunny spots backed by the huts. The garden plots tended by the girls are most attractive.

While at our studies the quietness is sometimes broken by the happy chirruping of the birds as they fly about in the trees and bushes outside.

Playtimes are enjoyed by all. We either play on the quadrangle or on the lawn in front of the house. Hide-and-go-seek can be played to advantage in the wooded part of the grounds.

Sometimes, as I look at Bruntsfield House, I wonder what the people who lived there four hundred years ago would think, if they were to return and find their ancestral home and grounds now occupied by so many happy children.

As I am one of the older girls my stay at the new school will soon be over. I shall be sorry to leave these happy surroundings.

LOUISE ANDERSON, 5A.

: : :

AN INTERESTING VISIT

IT was during the summer holidays I became interested in keeping pets. I visited my Aunt in Glasgow with my sister, Janet. Aunt worked in the City Cancer Hospital in west Glasgow. She often used to take Janet and me to see the animals there. There were hens, chickens, hampsters, chinchilla and angora rabbits, big white rats and coloured mice. Dr. Peacock, the gentleman who was in charge, suggested I should keep some mice. I was rather taken aback as the thought had not entered my mind. I wrote to Mother who was in Edinburgh at the time and asked her permission to bring home two white mice. At first there was an argument but in the end Mother yielded. On my return journey I had two mice to keep me company. I bred them and had five youngsters with white coats and pink eyes. I fed them on carrots and cabbage leaves. Every day they had fresh water. My sister bought more mice, all different colours.

I was sent two guinea pigs in which I took great interest. They were easy to keep and comical to watch. I fed them on carrots, cabbages and dry bread.

Janet and I have now fourteen mice, one rabbit and a guinea-pig

ANITA CHAFFEY, 5B.

: : :

THE BIRD BATH

The bird bath erected
Where many birds meet,
Flowers grow round it
Arranged all so neat.

The birds they have flown,
For winter has come ;
The bath it is frozen ;
Of flowers, there are none.

But soon will come spring,
The birds will return ;
Their songs they will sing
In the warmth of the sun.

The bird bath erected,
And looking so gay.
The summer is here now,
And birds, they will stay.

EILEEN MCKENZIE, 4A.

: : :

A MOONLIGHT WALK

I WONDER if you have ever experienced the thrill of stealing away from a silent, sleeping world into the eerie woods on a moonlight night?

As I entered into the depths of the dark, mysterious woods the familiar landmarks seemed strangely different in this queer, moonlit world. The colourful flowers now took the shape of silvery stars outlined against the darkness of the earth. A shaft of moonlight shone through a gap in the stately firs, its pale light shining on the sleeping flowers of a rose bush. I looked at the tiny, baby buds nestling among the silver-tipped leaves ; this was indeed an exquisite picture. Rounding a corner, I stopped in delight, for the blue lake by the light of the moonbeams was a scene I shall never forget. It lay there, a tranquil, shimmering expanse of water framed by dark, tall firs.

As I walked home that night, my mind full of the wonderful things I had seen, a new feeling of awe awoke in me when I thought of Nature's lovely, woodland wonders.

MOIRA GUNN, 4A.

: : :

A DREAM

THE sun was shining brightly, the sea was warm, and I was swimming lazily along. Suddenly I felt a tug at my foot and on looking down, there was a little gold-fish gazing up at me and smiling. "Would you like to see the Queen of the Fish, and all her lovely ladies?" he asked. "O-oh ! I would love to see them, I whispered.

"Well, follow me," he squeaked, and with a little swish of his tail, he beckoned me to follow him.

Down and down we swam until we were almost at the bottom of the ocean. We met many lovely little fish, who as they passed, said, "Hello" to the gold-fish, and lifted their hats to me. I had never realised how friendly the fish were, and what a lovely world it was under the sea.

We swam through the cool, green water, and passed lovely flowers of blue and purple hue, until at last we came to the gates of the palace. The gold-fish pressed a bell made of rubies, and as the big diamond-studded gates opened, a little haddock asked us to enter. We passed through a large hall made of mother-of-pearl, and after swimming up a silver staircase we came to the door of the Queen's room. I could hardly breathe for excitement. Just as I was about to swim through the open door, I felt a hand shake my shoulder. "Wake-up!" someone cried, and as I opened my eyes there was my mother standing beside my bed. "It is time to get up," she said. Alas! I realised that it had been only a dream, but one which I would remember for a very long time.

KATRONA A. GOWANS, 4B.

: : :

THE PREFECTS' PARTY

I

The Prefects in the Primary
Are very, very sweet,
They held a party in the Hall,
And gave us such a treat.

We played the games we know so well,
The Hall was filled with glee,
The Prefects joined us in our fun,
Miss Andrew came to see.

With ices cool to eat in school,
We shouted, "Hip, Hurrah!"
There's many things that we'll forget,
But not that lovely day.

PAMELA HERON, 3A.

II

When I was at the party,
We played so many games,
All the different ones we played
Had very different names.

When I was at the party
We had such lovely dances,
We all went up and down the room
In frolic and in prances.

When I was at the party
We had delicious food,
We ate and ate and asked some more
Because it was so good.

When I was at the party
The time just simply flew,
'Cause we had had such lovely fun,
The best we ever knew.

CYNTHIA FINLAYSON, 2A.

: : :

A PENNY FOR JIM

A penny to the school I take
To help keep Polar Jim,
I hope that this sum is enough
I'd hate if he got thin.

A penny seems a tiny sum,
I'd like to make it two,
And double his small rations
To keep him in the Zoo.

MARION F. MARTIN, 3A.

: : :

A VISIT TO THE ZOO

SIXTY girls crowded happily on to the bus that was to take us to the Zoo. We were all thrilled and excited and a merrier group could never have been seen. Three in a seat was rather a squash, but what did that matter? We were on our way and that was the main thing to us. In a private bus we all felt very proud. We were the lucky girls who were our bear's guests for the afternoon. Soon we arrived at the Zoological Gardens and went in with a free pass. First we went to the sea-lions; of course we could not feed them. Then we went to the monkeys. We fed them with sweets and nuts. In the aviary the colours of the birds were beautiful. The lions were dozing in the sun as usual. When we saw the camel, I thought it very slobbery, especially its tongue. Mr Gillespie met us at the ape house and went round with us, telling us about the animals. He gave a cigarette to Philip, the chimp, and lit it. We could not

restrain a laugh when we saw Philip smoking. We went also to see Su-Su the baby giraffe and Sally the elephant. Miss Kissack fed the elephant. Then last but not least comes our old pal "Jim." When we came to him he was on the prowl but as soon as he saw the food, he came lumbering up to us. He was given buns and jellied veal. "Queenie" wanted some food too and she was given a share. After that we gave three loud cheers for Mr Gillespie and Miss Kissack. Then we hustled down the hill, glad to have had such a fine day. We were all put in little groups and with a teacher went on our trams. Again we thank Mr Gillespie for a very happy visit.

BETH GUTHRIE, 3A.

: : :

IN THE BALLET CLASS

THE room where ballet is taught is called a studio. Our studio is long and has big mirrors at either end. Round the room there is a thing like a hand rail called a "barre," which is used for exercises.

Our classes last an hour, and for twenty minutes we get exercises such as "Pas de Cheval," "Arabesques" and others. Then for another twenty minutes we get exercises without the support of the barre. This we call centre work. After our centre work we practise a dance for the show the ballet school has each year. Our teacher arranges the dance herself. The dance takes about five minutes for us to do. Usually we have the Polka to end up. Then after that we run and change, and go home.

ELIZABETH SIMPSON, 3B.

: : :

THE SCHOOL GROUNDS

THE bird-bath is of grey stone,
The lawn is of green grass,
The walks are made of tarry stone,
The windows of shiny glass.

Pretty is our fair ground
Flowers shine like pearls,
Pretty all that grows around,
But prettiest are the girls!

PHYLLIS POZZI, 2A.

: : :

LUNCH TIME

HOW I like my lunch! Our table prefects are called Sheila and Margaret. For our meal we had corned beef, potatoes, boiled

carrots and sauce. For second course we had pastry topped with jelly and cream. I always like it very much. I hope you do too!

ANN LAMB, 1A.

: : :

MY BUDGIE

I HAVE a budgie whose name is Billy. He looks like a lady with an ermine cape over a blue dress, for his body is blue with white wings. In the morning I let him out before I go to school. He flies about the living-room chattering to himself. I hope to have him saying little rhymes very soon. Billy is also very funny. He flies on to the chain, hangs on by one foot, twists and turns, and then hangs with his beak from the hook. He is a first-class trapeze artist, doing many interesting and funny tricks, after which he flies back to his cage for something to eat and a rest.

MARGARET LOGAN, 2B.

: : :

MY SCHOOL

MY School is called James Gillespie's High School for Girls. It is beside Bruntsfield Links. The primary school is separate from the big school. The primary school has huts for classrooms. We have flowers and trees outside our classroom. There is a bird bath round the corner. We give the birds food to eat and water to drink. The dinner hall and the gym hall are beside the huts. We have service every morning in the gym. hall. The Janitor brings the milk into the classrooms. Our Headmistress is called Miss Andrew.

JANETTE HUDSON, 1B.

: : :

FROM THE PREPARATORY DEPARTMENT

I was at a small-holding for my holiday. I played at football. I got five goals and so did Hugh. One afternoon when I was playing a big wagon arrived. What do you think was inside? Six pigs! Two big pigs and four wee pigs.

I went out with my Daddy to my Grandads, but he was out so we went to my other Granny. We had tea there. Daddy said that Mummy would be giving him a row for keeping me out.

One day I went out with my doll's pram. I took out my toy doggy too. My toy dog barked. He jumped upon the pram. He bit my dolly and she cried.

On Saturday when I got up I did my bed with my big sister. When Mummy and Daddy got up Mummy got a surprise. I saw the jet planes going across. They were very low.

One day I went to the circus with my Mummy and Daddy. I saw a clown. He jumped on a bed. Another clown came and turned on his head on the bed.

When I am down at the beach we sometimes have a picnic. I go in the water and swim. It is good fun. I like it. My wee sister splashes me.

When I got three of my front teeth out Daddy said that he was going to take me down to the dentist to get a plate of false teeth.

PREP. SENIOR A.

: : :

Santa gave me a bike. I am getting blocks on it. Then I shall learn to go it. I was always wanting it. My bike is black and silver. I like it. I was surprised to get it. I asked for a doll and that remembers me I got a lovely doll.

I have a teddy. His name is Pooh. Last night when I went to bed he was in the middle of the bed and I was nearly out. My mummy had to tuck me in. I like him very much.

I was at the zoo on Saturday. I saw Jim. Queenie jumped on the wire-netting and wet us, while we were taking a photo of Jim.

AT BEE
 ANDA CROOK
 SEE SEE THERES
 A BUMBLE BEE LOOK
 LOOK THERES A CROOK
 THE BEE GETTING THE
 HONEY AND THE
 CROOK IS GETTING THE
 MONEY
 FRANCES KEM

My Auntie Nenna got her new-look wet and Rosemary too. We got two photos of Jim.

The sweets are off the ration. We went round to Miss Johnstones. I asked for sweets and cigarettes. She said yes. I was glad for I was there last week but they were on coupons.

On Friday night Mummy was looking at the paper, when she saw a coat that she liked, so on Saturday morning she went down town and tried on a black and white striped coat. She said to the girl that she would take that one. I liked it, so did Mummy.

I have spots. Mummy rubbed some cream on them. There are more out. Mummy says it is a rash. I wonder if it is.

My Mummy is doing the spring cleaning. Daddy painted the bed-room. Mummy is washing the curtains today. Mummy is having the sweep tomorrow. He will make an awful mess.

On Sunday my little sister scratched me. It was sore. I was crying, and she was laughing. When Daddy came he asked what I was crying for. I said that Patricia had scratched me. He said if she did it again he would sell her. She began to cry.

PREP. SENIOR B.

: : :

I have a byootifool byisikil and it is green and creem.

Prince Charils Mummy has the mesils and Prince Philip is looking after the baby.

My Mummy got a wee baby and it lafs at me when I ticl its tose.

My little puppy does choo my clos and when I take my little sister on my nee he is jeles.

I got a lolipop and sum sweetes and I will eat the lolipop but I will ceep the sweetes.

My Mummy found a four leaf clover for me and I wished for a ring.

My little cat ollways sess mew and that means give me milk.

My Mummy poot a tart on the table and stuc a candl in it because it was my doll's birthday.

D

LITERARY AND DRAMATIC SOCIETY, DECEMBER 1948



"ALCESTIS"

I broght my dolly to school today and she is siting on a hiy seat and she is wareing a red coat and hat.

I see a fairy and she is pretty with her lovely culered wings and sparcling frock.

I was at the forth brij and I saw the queen margrit and when the bote went out it splasht and it gave me a shock.

PREP. JUNIOR A.

: : :

My grandpa had nuthing on his feet. There was a needle on the floor. It went into his foot, up his leg and came out of his forehead.

I have a bad cof. Mummy poot thrmajen wool on me, and I have nyoo shoos and a nyoo toof.

The doctor sed there was nuthing rong with my wee bruther's legs. It is just roomaticks.

I had a tumiac. I told mummy. She said it was a wind. She put the hot botl on it.

I went up Arthur Seat on the first of May. I poot perly joo on my face, and so did Daddy.

My daddy coodent make the tea. Insted he went and made hot water. He forgot to put in the tea-leves.

My mummy gave me milcamagneshia last night.

My baby froos the cups on the floor.

I had bacon and egg for my breakfast. I made my bacon and egg into a sangwich.

I was dreaming about my hat lost in the woter of the sea.

The swolos have their nest on the roof and we cannot get pese with them.

My daddy has a bandij on his leg. There is a musl not wurking.

My mummy yons when she gets up.

PREP. JUNIOR B.

REPORTS OF SOCIETIES

LITERARY AND DRAMATIC SOCIETY

ONCE again the members of the Society have enjoyed a varied and entertaining programme, this year debating taking a more prominent part than last year. One or two of the more outstanding events were—"Dramatic Night," a Quadrangular debate with the Societies of George Heriot's School, George Watson's Boys' College and St. George's School, and an evening entitled "Poetry and Music."

Our first debate—"That Films do more Harm than Good"—raised quite an amount of controversy, and the very narrow defeat of the negative showed the capability of the speakers. In spite of the alarming title, "That Scientific Invention is causing a Rapid Deterioration in the Human Character," the inter-debate with the Science Association proved highly successful, the majority voting for the negative. An entirely new type of debate was held this year—a Quadrangular Debate—the subject under discussion being, "That it is Better to Talk Nonsense than not to Talk at all." Our Society was seconding for the negative, but the affirmative won by a clear majority.

On the dramatic side of our programme, "Dramatic Night" must surely take first place. This year the "Lit." produced a programme entitled "Two Queens." A fuller account of this evening is to be found in another part of the magazine.

Mr J. Campbell Robson, our outside speaker, gave a very amusing, interesting and constructive talk on "The Amateur Stage." His talk was of special interest to those taking part in "Dramatic Night," but every one present enjoyed it immensely, and I know that they would all like me to thank Mr Robson once again.

Our joint meetings with the Societies of the Royal High School and George Heriot's School, proved as successful and as well-attended as ever. The meeting with Heriot's Society was a distorted version of the radio programme, "Have a Go!" while the meeting with the Royal High School Society took the form of a symposium on the short story.

The experiment of a meeting combining poetry and music was as successful as it sounds. Much of the success of this evening was due to Mr Sommerville's work on the musical side of the programme.

Our annual meetings were—"To Start You Talking," at which many strange and intriguing subjects were discussed. "Magazine Night," with its usual variety of serious and humorous contributions, and "Fourth Year Night," entitled "Fourth Programme Takes the Air," with its witty characterisations by members of the Fourth.

This year the Social took the form of a "Burns Supper," which was held according to tradition, from the piping in of the haggis by

Mr Hugh Macpherson, to the recital of "Tam o' Shanter." Festivities were carried on later in the Middle Hall, where we enjoyed a programme of country dancing and musical entertainment. The Fifth Year Domestic Class rose nobly to the occasion, thus enabling us to cook our own supper of haggis "chappit tatties and neeps." Dr Dougary also helped greatly in the catering arrangements.

I think that this report proves how successful the "Lit." has been this session, but this success could never have been had it not been for all the willing helpers, and it is to these people that the members of the Society would like to say "thank you." Once again our President, Miss Foster has proved untiring in her support and unflinching in her suggestions for meetings with a difference, and we should like her to realise that we do appreciate her guidance. Finally, I must thank all the members themselves, for without them there would be no "Lit." and without a "Lit." there would be no drama in the life of the School.

CHRISTINE MACPHERSON, *Hon. Secretary.*

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SCIENCE ASSOCIATION

THE past year has been a significant one in the records of the Science Association, for in it the Association has celebrated its Twenty-First Anniversary, a unique occasion, the culmination of many successful, happy years.

The importance of the event was acknowledged in an attempt to make our programme this year both enjoyable and memorable. The fine lectures we heard during the session certainly lived up to this aim; Mr T. H. Gillespie's talk on the Zoo animals, Dr. Miller's lecture on his "Travels in North America," and Miss McCosh's description of Maori life in New Zealand, were all greatly appreciated, both in themselves and because of the attractive illustrations the speakers had provided for them.

The excursion to the Carron Iron Works at Falkirk was also a memorable occasion, of particular scientific interest.

Such meetings as Mr Seaton's "Film Demonstration" and the Staff "Brains Trust," proved as successful as in the past, while "Experiment Night," "Junior Members Meeting," "Short Papers" and the two debates, one of which was held jointly with the Literary and Dramatic Society, once more demonstrated the Association's happy ability to provide its own amusement and even, one need not hesitate to add, to contribute to the instruction of its members. That these members could descend from the heights of scientific achievement and consent merely to enjoy themselves was abundantly evident at our party, this year taking the exalted form of a Twenty-first Birthday celebration. We were happy to welcome many former

office-bearers and other good friends to our festivities on this occasion.

In conclusion, it must be remembered that the Science Association's present esteemed position in School life is a result of the devotion to duty of its successive committees and the enthusiasm of its members. That this zeal and enthusiasm have never flagged is largely due to the influence of our President, Mr Brash. We have good cause, as will future members, to be grateful to Mr Brash for all he has done and is still doing to further the aims of science through the happy medium of the Science Association.

MARJORIE A. WRIGHT, *Hon. Secretary.*

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SKETCH CLUB

WITH a change of day for meeting, this year's Sketch Club enjoyed a large membership of over sixty, both Primary and Secondary pupils.

The spirit of the Club was, as ever, keen and enthusiastic and time was always too short. The Crafts section, which was so successful last year, was continued and developed, specializing in embroidery and toymaking, while other groups concentrated on life-drawing, painting, or posters as the spirit moved them.

An amazing amount of work was done and competition was keen and close for the numerous prizes, eight of which were awarded in Secondary and six in the Primary Section.

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SCHOOL CHOIR

IN spite of occasional depletion of numbers, especially in the weeks preceding the Higher Leaving Certificate Examination, the choir has completed a successful and enjoyable session, under its conductor, Mr Somerville.

In September, the senior members of the choir happily received the honour of singing Schubert's setting of "The Lord is my Shepherd" at Miss Hardie's wedding. It was with very deep regret that we said good-bye to Miss Hardie, who had accompanied us so beautifully and with such feeling, always. At the same time, we welcome Miss Nicoll to our midst and hope that she will find happiness and pleasure in the activities of the choir.

On Founder's Day, in October, we sang Purcell's "Sound the Trumpet."

In our Christmas service, amongst other items—including Dunhill's "To the Queen of Heaven," we sang two carols by Patricia Cresswell, last year's Dux in Music, "In Dulci Jubilo" and Blake's "Lullaby."

A successful experiment was carried out in February, when we held a joint meeting, called "Poetry and Music," with the "Lit." Musical items and poetry readings were alternated smoothly and effectively. Solos were sung by Isobel Twaddle and Mr Sommerville, and great amusement was afforded by Mr Sommerville's perfectly timed reading of part of Edith Sitwell's "Façade," to William Walton's music.

A varied and charming programme of songs has been chosen for the choir to sing at the Closing Concert, including "The Song of the Secret," by Mr Sommerville, "There was a Pig went out to Dig," by Percy Grainger, "The Blue Bird," and "Drake's Drum," both by Stanford. A specially interesting item should be the duet from "Sleepers Wake," by Bach, accompanied by the orchestra.

This session has been, for the choir, one of hard work combined with pleasure and progress, and its success has been in no small measure, due to the guidance and leadership of our choirmaster, Mr Sommerville. We thank him for the keen energy and inspiring help which he has displayed at all times, and should like to say how sincerely we appreciate all that he does for us.

SHELAGH P. SCOBIE.
ISOBEL M. M. TWADDLE.

SCHOOL ORCHESTRA

THIS session has again seen the School Orchestra at practice every week in the Music Room. Members have been very enthusiastic and the numbers in all sections have increased.

We are now the proud possessors of a set of timpani and we must thank Mr Frank Moyes for his part in enabling us to procure them.

Once again the School Orchestra did much to make the Christmas Service a success and as we go to press we are preparing for the Closing Concert. We hope to include in our programme the "Gavotte" and "Air" from the Bach Suite in D, "Chanson de Nuit," by Elgar, and the orchestral accompaniment of a duet from the "Sleepers Wake" Cantata by Bach. All this would be impossible without the untiring efforts of our talented music master, Mr Sommerville, to whom we must attribute all our success.

MURIEL D. WHITE.

SCRIPTURE UNION

AT the beginning of the summer term a branch of the Scripture Union was formed in School. A meeting is held each Thursday morning at 8.30 a.m. in Room 8, when a passage from the Bible is

read and studied. Attendances so far, have been good, but there is still room for an expansion in membership.

JEAN C. GARDNER.

E.S.C.A.

"ESCA" this year has continued to enjoy unflinching popularity amongst the members of the School. A very attractive programme was drawn up at the beginning of the session and this has generally been adhered to. Highlights of the first term were a talk by Mr Forsyth Hardy on "The Film in Scotland" and a "Kirk Session," a religious Brains Trust, where six ministers of various denominations gave their views on questions sent in by E.S.C.A. members.

During the Christmas holidays a party of eight, including two Gillespie girls, travelled to London to attend the C.E.W.C. Conference there. They were privileged to hear such speakers as Sir Stafford Cripps, Lord Woolton and Professor Gilbert Murray, who all had the happy knack of holding their listeners' complete attention throughout. There is no doubt whatever that the Edinburgh contingent thoroughly enjoyed the experience and I should like to place on record here, how much this enjoyment was added to by the kindness of the Londoners.

The meetings in the second term were fewer owing to members' pressing engagements with Euclid, Virgil, etc! The Easter Conference, held this year in George Heriot's School, was agreed by the "veterans" to be the best yet—no mean praise. It was preceded by an International Forum, organised by the *Daily Mail* and the C.E.W.C., which was attended by six foreign delegates who spent a few weeks in Edinburgh schools and also took part in the Conference, bringing fresh viewpoints and thereby widening the discussions.

So far, only two meetings have been held in the summer term, but we look forward to more as the attendance at these meetings has been good, in spite of the rival attractions of Fred Perry and the Dispatch Trophy!

We hopefully await the result of the U.N.E.S.C.O. poster and essay competitions which were held this year. In the Joan Benjamin Essay Competition (the subject for which was "Is World Government Possible?") a Watson's boy and a Gillespie girl, both E.S.C.A. members, were among the finalists.

On the whole it has been a highly successful year.

E. AVRIL JOHNSTON, *Secretary*.

FIELD CLUB

WITH a membership of about 130, the School Field Club is now in the middle of its second season. Members include girls from the

2nd to the 6th years, with the 2nd and 3rd years supplying the greater numbers.

We owe a debt of gratitude to Miss Kerr and Miss Kimpton, who have so ungrudgingly given their free time to the Field Club and who have shown such interest in the specimens found on the highways and byways, making us realise that there is something ever new and interesting in Nature.

Our excursions this term have included two Pentland walks from Flotterstone to Colinton, where many wayside flowers and also some heaths and other hill plants were gathered. These excursions were of great value to the girls entering for the Thomas J. Burnett Prize, which this year is being awarded for the best collection of plants found on the Pentland Hills. Our most recent excursion was a sea-shore walk. We travelled by bus to Gosford and walked back by the shore to Port Seton and thence home by bus. Some members of the party ate (and drank) sumptuously, while all of us (at such times as our mouths were empty) were "quizzed" on the specimens we had collected. On the 11th June, the Field Club is visiting Inchcolm on the "Royal Lady," and there are already many people wishing to go but unfortunately numbers will have to be restricted.

Prospective members! Do *not* miss this opportunity of seeing our varied and interesting countryside.

Hill climbers! Please note, it is likely that there will be another climb this year. A word of warning—remember Ben Ledi!

To all who are seeking an out-door life and an introduction to Nature, we would say, "Do not pass by the Field Club, one of the School's liveliest Societies."

CHRISTINE MATHESON.

"TWO QUEENS"

ON the evenings of 21st and 22nd December last, the Literary and Dramatic Society provided the School and its friends with an outstanding dramatic performance. The "Two Queens" of the title were separated in time by more than two thousand years, but the sharp contrast between the "period" charm of Lawrence Housman's sketches of our own Victoria and the strange beauty of Euripides' "Alcestis" put but a keener edge on the enjoyment of a tense and appreciative audience.

The plays chosen gave the maximum opportunity to the varied dramatic capacities of the girls, and the finished performances were the result of a happy co-operation between Miss Foster, the inspirer and leading spirit, Miss Campbell, Miss Hardie and Miss Kimpton, the last two being entirely responsible for "Coming Events" and "Under Fire."

In the first of the Victorian playlets, Helen Collins made an appealing figure as the youthful Princess, outwardly docile under the vigorous domination of her mother, the Duchess of Kent, very

capably played by Freda Mietzel. She was well supported by Sheila Wallace, as the correct and formal German governess, and Goldie Aronson made the first of two brief but effective appearances as a Lady-in-Waiting. The audience was quick to catch the humour of the scene and to applaud the clever touches suggesting the hidden rebellion that was presently to break maternal tyranny.

Eileen Waitt was the Victoria of the scene five years later, and with the "dangerously handsome" Albert (Ray Ferrier), conveyed admirably the mutual devotion and quiet heroism of the royal pair at a critical moment of personal danger. The parts of Lady Muriel and Lady Grace were acted with much verve and charm by Heather Ross and Anne Ferguson, and Una Mackie was good as Mr Anson, the Prince's secretary.

An interval of ten minutes gave us time to adjust our minds to the very different atmosphere of the Greek play. As soon as the curtain rose on the golden figure of Apollo, Shelagh Scobie's remarkable quality of voice and commanding presence struck a note that was quite astonishingly maintained to the end, by the entire cast. One forgot that this was the work of a girls' school, in an adapted gymnasium. Thanatos (Violet Keppie), grim and triumphant, routed the radiant god from the home of Admetus and as he retired, a chorus of seven women of Pherae, in misty blue draperies, took the stage. Led by Janice Thomson, who possessed great beauty of diction and real dramatic ability, these girls lived their parts, so that the chorus was the backbone of the whole production. Not only was the verse spoken with real mastery, the voices as varied and harmonious as those of a fine singing choir, so that none of the poetry was lost, but faces and figures too reflected the fluctuating moods of the play, from sad resignation to the strange triumph over Death that closes the last scene in a hush of mystery:

"And a path there is where no man thought;
So hath it fallen here."

The work of the two main characters, Davina Bunting as Alcestis and Christine Macpherson as Admetus, was a triumph for themselves and all concerned. The pathos and fortitude of the dying Alcestis in her farewell to her children (sweetly and simply played by Helen Harrison and Betty Mackay), were specially good, and the funeral scene, awkward on so cramped a stage, was managed without a hitch. The part of Admetus made specially heavy demands, but in a wide range of emotional situations, Christine rose wonderfully to these demands, notably in the scene with Hercules, where hospitality struggled with keen personal grief, in the passionate mutual recriminations with Pheres, and in the final scene of mingled temptation and reconciliation.

In some ways, Jean Gardner's work as Pheres was among the best of the evening. Her appearance (thanks to Miss Margaret Davidson, who created the make-up) was most effective, and by

voice, gesture and movement, she gave an impression of old age which was an astonishing *tour de force* for a schoolgirl. In the very important and difficult part of Heracles, Moira Gibson dominated the stage by her striking physical presence and gained in strength and confidence as the play proceeded. The servant of Diane Vyner was played with such sincerity and strength that it maintained the tension in one of the most critical scenes of the play, and Alison Fleming brought great sensitiveness to the part of Alcestis' Hand-maiden.

That the three plays were a delight to the eye as well as the ear was largely due to Miss Campbell and her department, who painted the settings, both Victorian and Greek, and gave invaluable help with grouping, movement and costume. In concluding this report of the most ambitious production yet undertaken by the Society, we should like to record that producers and players were encouraged by a most kind personal message from the distinguished translator of "Alcestis," Professor Gilbert Murray.

M. M.

: : :

"TRAVELLERS' TALES"

(Last summer it was possible for the first time since the war to arrange school travel abroad on a considerable scale. Here are impressions of the various trips.)

I

A BELGIAN guest, one of the "exchange" party who came to Edinburgh, writes:—

"We must leave you already,
'Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood.'

"But before starting to Brussels with our Scottish friends we should like to thank you.

"To all families, 'Thank you!' for having received us so kindly. Each of us found in Edinburgh a very welcome home, and owing to them we had the privilege of sharing the Scots' everyday life.

"Thank you for having led us through your town, Scottish companions. You taught us to love your beautiful town and to enjoy your nice countryside. We wish to express our thanks to Teachers and Guides for having explained to us the story of monuments and ancient buildings. Thanks to all Scottish people for having shown us their tradition and their great love for their country. We all love our Scottish friends. We are fond of the country of kilts, thistles, white heather and bright tartans. Let us all sing together with Burns: 'Should auld acquaintance be forgot?' . . .

"Hurrah, Scotland! Hurrah, Belgium!"

ELIANE CLEOMEDE.

II BRUSSELS

AFTER the Edinburgh half of the "exchange" we returned with our friends to Brussels. During the first week we did some sight-seeing *en groupe*, and one afternoon went out to Waterloo. The impression of Brussels that remains most vividly with one is of a city of contrasts—both in its outward appearance and in its inner life. One recalls, for example, the Grande Place—there, L'Hotel de Ville and the Maison du Poi, with the heavy architectural splendour of their majestic facades, look down upon the smiling baskets and the big coloured umbrellas of the flower market. Or there are the little, narrow, "leaning streets" in the centre of old Brussels, and the fine, broad, tree-lined boulevards on the outskirts of the city. There is the cool, hushed beauty of the interior of St. Gudule and the whirling din and garishness of "La Grande Faire." The fair was fascinating—we spun giddily through the air, ate quantities of nougat, gazed upon the women wrestlers, great, coarse, sullen creatures, standing cross-armed on a platform, one of them shrieking challenges at the onlookers.

A few of us had the pleasure of visiting "Broadcasting House" in Brussels. We were much impressed. As we trod ecstatically upon thick-piled, sound-deadening carpets, the guide poured out floods of information from which we managed to salvage such scraps as—they have the biggest studio in Europe—there is a library of 45,000 records, and there are two systems of heating and air-conditioning for every studio.

Some of us also had the privilege of seeing over such important buildings as the Parlement, and the Lycée Emile-Jacqmain, at which many of our friends were pupils. The school is pleasantly situated in a park, but does not quite equal Gillespie's, in our estimation.

The best part of my own holiday was the week spent in the Ardennes. We travelled by "autocar." Often the roads were in a very bad state, but our autocar was daunted by nothing—bomb-damage, deep ruts, roads entirely without surface—we chugged and bumped our way over all. We would climb for several miles up a steep, rowan-bordered road, with forests stretching darkly on either side, then suddenly emerge above a valley, crowded with trees, a blue river sparkling its way along at the hill-foot. The scenery was magnificent.

Our first "circuit," as it was called, was in the valley of the Semais and Lesse rivers. This is tobacco country, and we saw the plants ripening in the fields and a few yellow bunches already hanging in the pent-roofed "séchoirs" where the leaf is dried. At Roche-hant, perched on a rock above the most picturesque sweep of the Semais, our bus stopped, and a group of old peasant women, with handkerchiefs on their heads, and big baskets over their arms pushed forward. They sold packets of tobacco (amazingly cheap), and long-stemmed pipes made from heatherwood.

Quite the best tour was the one entitled "La Petite Suisse." That day we set off from Namur and followed the Meuse to Dinant, where we tasted the honey-flavoured "cougue de Dinant," with a picture of the Church and the Citadel on its wall of rock stamped on the top. But the high-light of the tour was the excursion to the Grottoes at Han. We walked for miles, I believe, through great halls and caverns cut by time into the side of a hill. Cleverly-concealed lighting threw into relief the fantastic shapes of stalactites and stalagmites. In the chill, dank passages the drip, drip of the lime went on endlessly. One immense room was lit briefly by the flaring torch of a guide as he ran down over a mountain-like formation in the centre. The last part of the journey was by water. With a white arc of daylight before us, we slid down the green-black waters of the "Styx," and as the punt reached the mouth of the cave, a tremendous cannon-shot was discharged, that boomed through the caverns behind us. The miniature cannon, with a puff of smoke above its tiny muzzle was unnoticed by many of the passengers.

The Ardennes country is strongly Catholic, I was told. By the roadside there was always a wooden "Crist" with a bunch of wild flowers beside it. In the garden of a big house or outside a village, one would find a tiny, flower-filled chapel, with a candle flickering on the altar. Often the name of a village was associated with some object of religious significance. There was the Church of Notre Dame at Foy, its oak roof covered in paintings of the Rubens school, three by the great master himself. There was the "Calvaire" at Moresnet, built by the monks in a fine park, each station of the Calvary beautified by delicate mosaic work. There was the grotto at Beauraing, with an image of the Virgin in a niche of rock, a hundred candles burning palely in the sunshine. In another village church a tiny statue of sparkling quartz was shown to us. The story was told that a woodcutter's axe had discovered it in the hollow of a tree where it had lain for a century or more. Everyone believed the story (and indeed, the mark of the axe was still to be seen), and kissing the little stone Virgin, left an offering in the church.

Leaving the beautiful scenery and the pleasant villages of "Haute Belgique," regretfully behind us, we came down to Flanders, the low-lying part of Belgium, and visited the principal town, Bruges. It is a town of enchantment. We climbed the 260-foot towers of the ancient Belfry and were almost deafened by the peal of forty-nine bells. From the top we looked down on a thousand red roofs, on the peaceful "beguinage" and on the Lac d'Amour, with the white swans on its bank. Later we made a "promenade en bateau" on the canals of Bruges. Sometimes the little bridges were so low that the boatman would cry out, "Baissez la tête, mesdames et messieurs, s'il vous plaît," and we would duck obediently.

It was a wonderful holiday, and many of us look forward with pleasure to re-visiting Brussels, the Ardennes, Bruges and all the other places. Our thanks are due to our Belgian friends for their

great hospitality and kindness during the three weeks of our stay, and to Miss Hampton who did much to organise the whole exchange and chaperoned our party to Brussels and back.

MARY AMBROSE.

III

"THE FIRST TIME I SAW PARIS . . ."

IT was a sunny day in early August, but the Channel was choppy and this had made the crossing unpleasant for some who had failed to find their "sea-legs." The rest of us, intoxicated by the bracing sea air, revelled in this strange mixture of sun and wind. We watched the French coast drawing nearer and nearer . . .

Boulogne was basking in the sunshine, which, I found, served only to emphasise the devastation caused by war. Each member of our party of twenty was, I am sure, not a little thrilled to realise that this was France at last, and a stage nearer Paris.

We had decided not to ask for or accept a porter's assistance, but suddenly, a stocky little figure, clad in a very "tired" blue uniform, appeared before us and insisted that we needed his help. Before we had time to think of a phrase which might politely, but adequately express our disapproval, our self-appointed porter had made his way to the train with our cases, and what could we do but hurriedly follow in the wake of our valuable luggage. We meekly handed the porter thirty francs, but our generosity was rewarded with a series of unintelligible mutterings. We hastily boarded the train, dragged our luggage in after us, and quickly feigned sleep.

Paris! But for me realisation was slow, and not until I had been there for some days, did I really believe it was Paris. Our hostel, La Maison des Etudiants de l'École Centrale, was a large, well-equipped, modern building. We became very fond of "La Maison."

On our first evening there, we walked down to see the Seine. As the days passed, "Seine-gazing" became a frequent and popular occupation. Notre Dame silhouetted against the evening sky; the amber lights on the embankment playing on the water; I can see it still. Like all tourists, we visited "les monuments." In the blue-gold light which pervades Les Invalides, we gazed down on Le Tombeau de l'Empereur, bending in uninviting salutation. Cunningly contrived, this tribute to the great Corsican. We walked through the innumerable galleries of the Louvre, marvelling at da Vinci and shrinking from the grotesqueness of Egyptian sculpture. We glided by lift to the top of La Tour Eiffel and watched the trees and buildings flatten out far beneath us. From "le sommet" we saw Sacré Coeur, gleaming white above the city. La Sorbonne, le Panthéon, la Conciergerie, la Madeleine, Sainte-Chappelle—we saw them all—and many more!

We spent a day at Versailles, and at last I saw the Hall of Mirrors, but I was disappointed. They were not the sparkling, polished

mirrors I had so foolishly hoped for. That evening we went to l'Opera to see "Boris Godounov," and were very thrilled with both the opera and the building.

But my favourite was Notre Dame, the huge, aweinspiring cathedral, with its magnificent, richly coloured stained glass, and the weird, haunting gargoyles who leer at you from every angle. I visited Notre Dame on my first day in Paris and again on my last.

We found time to admire the shop windows and make a few small purchases, to go swimming once or twice, to go for walks and to prowl happily around the book-sellers. We turned our backs on the notices "English spoken here," and endeavoured to repeat the much practised phrase. In some cases they smiled sadly and then asked us in perfect English what we wanted. Others were more indulgent and spoke slowly for us—but in French! Others still (and oh, how we loved them!) spoke as they would have done to any French customer.

Memories pleasant and unpleasant—brightly-lit, gay cafés, which made midnight seem like mid-day; the unforgettable experience of passing through a Metro station, no longer in use, an empty station, with a dim light above the platform, and the automatic doors that still closed when we went in and swung slowly open when we passed. . . . And I can still hear the voice of the astonished Parisian who gasped in a tone of mingled pity and wonder, when one of the kilted members of our party passed, "Ah . . . voilà . . . un Ecosais!"

But our holiday ended as all holidays have a habit of doing and we had to say "Au revoir" to Paris. It was raining when we sailed away from Boulogne. There was a mist hovering above the French coast, but we could see a religious procession making its way along the cliffs of Boulogne and the sound of the chanting drifted over to us. But that too died away, and soon Paris seemed very far off.

We should like to thank all those who made our holiday such a success, especially Miss McLean and Mr Gray who were so kind to and patient with us all.

AUDREY HALL.

IV CAEN

AS another link in the chain of the Edinburgh-Caen friendship, a party of seventeen girls and seven boys from Edinburgh schools, accompanied by Miss E. Allan of Gillespie's and Mr R. A. Dunlop of George Watson's College, spent a week in Caen, at the invitation of the Town Council. As guests of the town, we stayed with private families, who "adopted" us for the week. Ample proof of the warmth of our hosts' welcome and the kindly way in which we were so soon made to feel at home is seen in our references to "our" family—"Two of *our* family were in the Maquis during the war," or "My family is taking me to Deauville on Sunday."

France, as we saw it for the first time, was the port of Dieppe. This gallant town, its houses whitewashed in a pathetically brave attempt to camouflage the scars of war, left a deep impression on my mind; with its ragged buildings and, in contrast, its gay crowds on the quay-side, waving to us in welcome, it seemed to typify the French spirit as we were to know it—that spirit which enabled the French people to set behind them the ruins of war, and to start, with great courage, the rebuilding of "la belle France."

We were met at the quay-side and conducted by autocar to Caen by M. Priout, town councillor of Caen, and our guardian angel during our stay in France. He it was who arranged our visits to places of interest in Normandy, who accompanied us there, and who earned our deep gratitude by explaining everything to us, (mercifully in English) and by being every-ready to answer all our questions on Caen, Calvados, Normandy and even France in general.

While we spent most of our stay in France with our "adopted" families, we had two excursions together, when we went by autocar to see some of the famous places of Normandy. On one of these, to Falaise, we saw the magnificent statue of William the Conqueror; this proud monument, portraying William clinging precariously on to a prancing horse is renowned for its perfect balance, and has miraculously remained unscathed throughout the German occupation and consequent Second Front invasions. At Falaise, too, we visited William's castle, much of which is still standing.

On our way to Bayeux (the second excursion) we went by the Normandy Beaches, seeing the famous Pegasus Bridge, Atlantic Wall and Mulberry Harbour. Bayeux provides a startling contrast to Falaise, and, of course, to Caen itself, for this city is entirely unharmed by the ravages of war. At Bayeux, we visited the Cathedral, which has the most exquisite stained glass windows I have ever seen, and then went on to see the famous Bayeux tapestry. We spent a glorious half hour correcting Queen Mathilda's Latin.

On our way to Falaise and Bayeux we stopped at several British and Canadian war cemeteries, where we observed a one-minute silence in honour of the dead. They were rather a depressing sight, those rows upon rows of clean, plain, white crosses. The French expend much thought and care on the upkeep of the cemeteries, however, and the general freshness does much to alleviate the air of sadness inevitable in such places.

For the rest, we spent our stay in France with "our own" families, who did all they could to show us their country—for example, several of us were privileged to visit the Mont St. Michel, a majestic island rock, perfectly crowned by a magnificent monastery and abbey. Indeed, we were very lucky throughout our whole stay in France, and the climax of our visit came on the day before our departure—14th July, when the citizens of Caen celebrated in true French style their Independence Day. The celebrations culminated in a gorgeous display of fireworks, preceded by a public, open-air

concert, at which "God Save the King" was played in our honour.

This tribute, paid not to us in particular, but to those whom we represented—the Scottish people—brought to a close our week in Caen—a never-to-be-forgotten visit which we enjoyed so much that, in the words of the song we sang as we drove out of the Gare Routière at 7.30 on a misty July morning :

"We're no awa' tae bide awa'
We'll aye come back and see ye."

BERYL SINCLAIR.

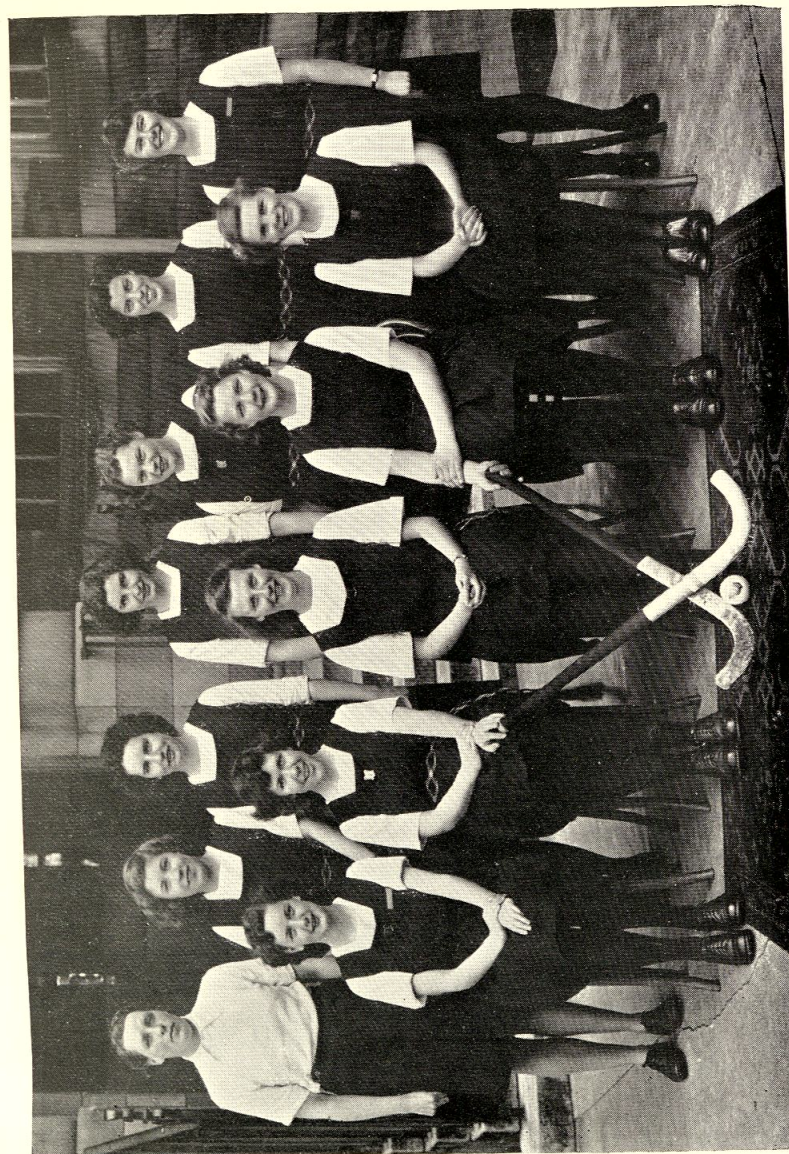
MY YEAR IN NEW ZEALAND

(Contributed, by request, by Miss Dunbar)

THREE months back from New Zealand—back to home and Gillespie's—and so completely have I slipped back into my old place again that New Zealand has almost faded into the background—but what a sunny background! Sunshine is probably the strongest impression I have retained, for I arrived in the height of summer and left in the height of summer. I was lucky enough to be sent to the Bay of Plenty, not actually on the coast unfortunately, but a name applied to a large district south of the Bay. The climate there is described in the geography books as Mediterranean, and if this means long gloriously warm summers, winters with clear sunny days following cold, frosty mornings with wet Springs and Autumn, the description is accurate.

Te Puke, Bay of Plenty, where I was to teach, had not long reached the proud rank of "burgh," but with its 1,100 population, would hardly be considered more than a village here. But such classification is natural in a country whose largest town has a population about half that of Edinburgh.

Te Puke is a centre of a prosperous dairy-farming district and has its own co-operative butter factory to which cream from all the surrounding farms is sent daily by truck. All along the roads are little shelters (from the sun of course) to which the farmers bring their ten gallon cream cans for collection. Sheep are also reared on many of the farms, as well as dairy cattle, since these will eat the short grass left by the cows, thus making full use of the pastures. These are scientifically grazed, planted and cultivated to suit the soil and climate. Indeed the district owes its present prosperity to scientific research in agriculture. Less than twenty years ago, I should say, just after its successful development by pioneers the farmers were almost bankrupt. Cattle died in great numbers and the trouble was shown to be due to lack of cobalt in the soil minerals. Very little is necessary and after this, and probably other soil deficiencies had been made good, the present prosperity developed.



FIRST XI. HOCKEY, 1948-49

Back Row—Miss Welsh, J. Howie, V. Denoon, M. Denoon, D. Dickson, M. Henderson, M. Bryce.
Front Row—J. Shirra, A. Johnston, C. Macpherson (Captain), A. Simpson, N. Graham.

TENNIS TEAM, 1948-49



Back Row—J. Macpherson, R. McCann, C. Philip.
Front Row—N. Graham, M. Gowans (Captain), M. Hunter.

CRICKET TEAM, 1948-49



Back Row—G. McIlrick, I. Davidson, P. Moorby, Mr Sommerville,
A. Cruikshank, M. Bryce, I. Brown.
Front Row—M. White, M. Anderson, A. Simpson, A. Johnston (Captain)
A. Fuller, M. McGill.

The Te Puke District High School, where I replaced Miss McCosh, was actually a primary school with a secondary department attached. This department was housed in a separate building opened only three years before. It was a one storeyed and built of wood like most houses and schools in the country. Already the four classrooms and one laboratory were inadequate for the 135 pupils and six teachers in the department. The classrooms were big and airy, with windows on two sides, those on the sunny south side opening right out. There were individual desks and chairs.

Each pupil had a definite "core" of subjects to cover before proceeding to a group school certificate at the age of 16 or 17. The core included the elements of English, Mathematics, Social Studies (*i.e.*, History and Geography), Music and Art or a Craft. In Te Puke no art was taught. Instead the girls did Homecraft and Clothing and the boys Woodwork, such subjects being usually referred to as "Tech." In addition all had one period of Physical Education and a double period for games. For School Certificate each pupil had to sit a minimum of four subjects and obtain an average mark of 50 per cent. with no subject below 30 per cent. Most sat examinations in five subjects selected from :—English, Mathematics, History, Geography, Biology, Commercial Subjects, Technical Subjects. French was just being started in the school. One or two wishing to take Latin or Art for their Certificate had to do so by correspondence course, supervised in school, for a staff of only six could not be expected to cover such a wide range of subjects. Here I must comment on the adaptability and courage of district high school teachers who, especially in two or three teacher departments had to teach subjects on which they had little or no academic training. Many of them began as primary teachers and studied for their degrees in their spare time with the help of correspondence courses or if in one of the larger centres, by attending university classes out of school hours. In spite of their lack of "paper" qualifications, many of them did a very good job, though over all it must have lowered the standard of work. It was noticeable that there was a much higher proportion of men in primary and district high schools than in similar schools in this country.

The children were very friendly and generally showed great interest and initiative in class, but were very loath to do homework—a common complaint, no doubt, but even more prevalent than in Gillespie's! There was some excuse, however, in a number of cases where the pupils came from as far as twenty miles away or where they had to help on the farm or in the house after school hours. The Maori boys and girls were rather attractive. They were happy-go-lucky and sunny-natured. Some worked very hard and did quite well in spite of language difficulty. They were very neat handed, artistic and musical, singing in harmony quite naturally. They far outstripped the "pakeha" (white) children at games.

The school equipment I thought was poor on the whole. For example, the only means of heating in the laboratory was by methylated spirit lamps and burners. This was partly because the school had opened in the middle of war time shortages. The system of providing it was different from ours. Much of the material was bought by the individual schools with the aid of government grants instead of all being supplied by the authorities. Parent-Teacher Associations raised money for special needs while the School Committee, a locally elected body, was responsible for the upkeep of the school buildings and grounds.

New Zealand folk in general I found most kind and very hospitable. I felt glad to be a Scot, for we are held in great affection out there. Indeed, all New Zealanders hastened to lay claim to as much Scottish blood as they could. The women are keen housewives and good cooks. Very many of them make their own clothes. They therefore have a very busy time, for domestic help is almost unobtainable. The men are very "handy" and make and mend widely for the home. They are well capable of looking after themselves when the occasion arises. Men and women alike take a tremendous interest in their gardens, producing fine vegetables and beautiful flowers. All homes make full use of both. I have never eaten so many vegetables in my life nor seen more beautiful flower arrangements in a home.

After it all, I am left with pictures of hilly or mountainous country with few, but very flat plains, glorious lakes, surrounded by hills covered with the dark green bush, weird hot springs and pools of boiling mud, narrow, winding rough roads, often like switch-backs, and great stretches of sandy beach with long rolling waves sweeping over them. I feel sure I could go back there and spend months seeing the hundreds of things there was no time to see last year. I hope I shall some day.

: : :

SCHOOL SPORTS

HOCKEY

The 1st XI. this year started off well, but, unfortunately, at the end of the First Term our centre-half, Jean B. R. Cook left, and the team felt this loss rather severely during the Second Term. At present, the younger XI.'s are not very strong, but under Miss Welsh's professional tuition, this standard will certainly improve.

As regards the Seven-a-Sides this year, the Junior team was defeated in the second round by John Watson's School and the Senior team, consisting of A. Simpson, A. Johnston, D. Dickson, J. Howie, N. Graham and M. Bryce, was narrowly defeated in the semi-finals by Trinity, the ultimate winners.

At Fettes' Field, the 1st XI. took part in an American Tournament, in which they were once again narrowly defeated in the semi-finals by Dalkeith, who went on to win.

Other matches of interest were :—The Inter-House Match, won this year by Spylaw, and the Staff versus Pupils Match, won by the Pupils.

1st XI. colours have been awarded this year to A. Simpson, goal-keeper, and J. B. R. Cook, who left at the end of the First Term.

2nd XI. colours have been awarded to C. Dott, Captain.

	Played	Won	Lost	Drawn	Cancelled	Goals	
						For	Against
1st XI.	- 14	7	5	2	8	27	25
2nd XI.	- 15	9	4	2	7	54	27
3rd XI.	- 12	6	6	0	6	41	39
4th XI.	- 10	4	5	1	4	12	23
5th XI.	- 9	4	4	1	4	13	14
6th XI.	- 6	0	6	0	2	4	28

C. M.

TENNIS

Tennis has proved to be a favourite sport again this summer. Apart from interference from the weather, the results so far, have been quite successful. The School team is as follows :—

Mary M. Gowans and Nora Grahame.
 Claire Philips and Ruth McCann.
 Jean McPherson and Maureen Bryce.

Mary Hunter has also taken an active part in the team, and has interchanged with Ruth McCann in second couple place. The scores so far, are as follows :—

	For	Against
Gillespie's v. Royal High School	- - - 43	92
Gillespie's v. Boroughmuir	- - - 92	43
Gillespie's v. Dunfermline Gymn College	- - - 34	47
	<u>169</u>	<u>182</u>

There are still three matches to be played, and also the House matches.

M. M. G.

CRICKET

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

<i>Captain</i> - - -	Avril Johnston.
<i>Vice-Captain</i> - -	Aileen Simpson.
<i>Secretary</i> - - -	Gwen Butcher.

We started off with a membership of over 100 which is steadily increasing. This year Mr Brash has resigned his position as coach and we realise just how much time he has given up in the past and how, by his enthusiasm and zest, he has instilled a love of the game into many girls.

Although we have found it possible to have only one net practice each week, members in the Club have been having coaching in School hours on Monday and Wednesday under the tuition of Mr Brash, Mr Gordon and Mr Sommerville.

The fixture list is very full this season and although only three matches have been played yet the results are :—

{ A. J. Cochran's XI. - -	-	70 for 3.
{ Gillespie's XI. - - -	-	23 all out.
{ St. George's XI. - - -	-	57 for 7 declared.
{ Gillespie's XI. - - -	-	41 all out.
{ University Women's XI. -	-	86 for 3 declared.
{ Gillespie's XI. - - -	-	102 for 3.

The standard of the team's play is high and Mr Sommerville has put in a great deal of work building it up almost from scratch. Without his help we would have been at a loss. It is hoped that the team will be successful in the remaining weeks of the season.

A. J. and G. B.

GOLF

This year the Club seems to have been more venturesome than in previous years and although there are only 23 members they are all extremely enthusiastic. We have been fortunate in gaining the services of Mr Houston, the Braid Hills professional, on two nights each week during the summer term and the improved standard of our golf is due, in no small degree, to his excellent tuition.

With a view to playing more matches against other schools in future years an experiment has been launched by forming a Club team. The School is represented this year by :—Doreen Calder, Catherine Rogers, Ann Cruickshanks, Avril Johnston, Anne Baxter and Christine Matheson.

We are looking forward to matches against the Staff and St. Margaret's, and a mixed foursome with A. J. Cochran's team. The Staff *v.* Pupils Putting Competition has been opened to non-members of the Club in order that as many members of Staff as possible may play. Sixteen girls have entered for the Golf Championship, which was won last year by Catherine Rogers.

The Committee would take this opportunity of thanking Miss Macgregor, our President, for her kindly guidance throughout the session and of expressing the wish that next year's committee will make full use of the fact that the Club is now fully established as an all the year round activity.

F. A. C.

SWIMMING

The Swimming Club has completed a most successful year.

The results of the summer term examinations are not yet to hand, but up to date, 73 girls have gained Elementary Certificates, 42 Intermediate,

13 Advanced and 12 Life-Saving. We are proud to say that 8 girls attempted the examination for the Silver Medallion of the Royal Life-Saving Society. Unfortunately, the results have not yet come forward.

We must congratulate Iris Canning on gaining the Swimming Championship with 15 points, Kay Tabel as runner-up, with 9 points and Anita Chaffey as Primary Champion. The House Relay Race was won by Warrender. A. B. P.

ANNUAL SPORTS, 1949

The concluding stages of the Sports which were held on Wednesday, 8th June, were noteworthy for the closeness of the results in both the House Championship and the Individual Championship of the School. Spylaw just managed to beat Roslin by half a point with 75 points to 74½ after a struggle in which the lead changed hands several times.

Jean Macpherson won the Open Championship and the "Tom Stevenson" Cup for Athletics with firsts in the Broad and High Jumps, Third in the 220 Yards and Fourth in the Hurdles, to make a total of 11 points.

Both Avril Johnston and Christine Clephane, however, made great efforts to win as shown by their respective totals, 10½ and 10 points!

Sheila Miller with Firsts in the Jumps and the Hurdles, gained the Under 15 Championship and Sandra Watson proved outstanding in the Primary events. The Obstacle Race introduced for the first time last year, again attracted the largest number of entrants and contributed greatly to the lighter side of the entertainment, while the Prefects' Race, with its last-minute variations, was much appreciated by the spectators. For the first time in the history of the Sports the Inter-House Relay races were run in lanes with staggered starts; as usual, they produced scenes of intense enthusiasm.

PRINCIPAL RESULTS

Preparatory Events

PREP. JUN. B.—Muriel Fisher, Anne Scott, Frances Brown.

PREP. JUN. A.—Sheila Lauder, Jennifer Downie, Valerie Munro, Alexandra Wigham.

PREP. SEN. B.—Helen Harley, Moira Mitchell, Anna Dunlop, Moira Sellar.

PREP. SEN. A.—Maureen Bruen, Linda Gillespie, Margaret Laidlaw, Patricia Rae.

Primary Events

80 yards under 8.—1. Joan Riley. 2. Catriona Doughty.

80 yards under 9.—1. Mary Crockett. 2. Anne Elliot.

80 yards under 10.—1. Janette Scott. 2. Aileen Hall.

100 yards under 11.—1. Ann Kennedy. 2. Elaine Gray.

100 yards under 12.—1. Irene Grimston. 2. Florence Purdie.

100 yards open.—1. Sandra Watson. 2. Sheila Amos.

Skipping, under 9.—1. Mary Crockett. 2. Isobel Gardner.

Skipping, under 11.—1. Janette Scott. 2. Jean Young.

Skipping, open.—1. Irene Grimston. 2. Sandra Watson.

Grasshopper, under 10.—1. Janette Scott. 2. Anne Elliott.

Thread Needle, over 10.—1. Sandra Watson. 2. Thelma Smith.

Egg and Spoon, under 10.—1. Lillias Matthew. 2. Isobel Milne.

Egg and Spoon, open.—1. Margaret Macmillan. 2. Irene Grimston.

Three-leg, under 10.—1. Eileen Nicholl and Norma Stewart.

2. Irene Cowe and Marjorie Moncrieff.

Three-leg, open.—1. Sandra Watson and Sheila Amos.

2. Lindsay Hutton and Margaret Macmillan.

- Sack Race, under 10.—1. Margot Munro. 2. Anne Lawrence.
 Sack Race, open.—1. Irene Grimston. 2. Edith Hay.
 High Jump, open.—1. Sandra Watson. 2. Elaine Gray.
 Broad Jump, open.—1. Sandra Watson. 2. Irene Grimston.
 Inter-House Relay.—1. Roslin. 2. Gilmore. 3. Spylaw.

Secondary Events

- 100 yards, under 13.—1. Doreen Primrose. 2. Margaret Milne.
 100 yards, under 14.—1. Sonya Reid. 2. Pat Johnston.
 100 yards, under 15.—1. Margaret Dargo. 2. Margaret Arnott.
 100 yards, open.—1. Avril Johnston. 2. Christine Clephane.
 Skipping, under 14.—1. Doreen Primrose. 2. Ann Hughes.
 Skipping, open.—1. Elspeth Hood. 2. Doreen Craig.
 220 yards, open.—1. Avril Johnston. 2. Christine Clephane.
 Egg and Spoon, under 14.—1. Pamela McKellar. 2. Margaret Milne.
 Egg and Spoon, open.—1. Joan McGregor. 2. Shena Charters.
 Hurdles, under 15.—1. Sheila Miller. 2. Pamela McKellar.
 Hurdles, open.—1. Rowena Kerr. 2. Christine Clephane.
 Three-leg, open.—1. Joan Howie and Joan McGregor.
 2. Sheena Charters and Sheila Miller.
 Sack Race, under 14.—1. Doreen Primrose. 2. Dorothea Gordon.
 Sack Race, open.—1. Shirley Wright. 2. Doreen Craig.
 Cricket Ball.—1. Isabel Davidson.
 Golf Drive.—1. Avril Johnston.
 Obstacle Race.—1. Davina Bunting. 2. Doreen Craig.
 Prefects' Race.—1. Margot Watters. 2. Catherine Bell.
 High Jump, under 15.—1. Sheila Miller. 2. Yvette Orr.
 High Jump, open.—1. Jean Macpherson.
 2. (equal) Avril Johnston and Kathleen Dunlop.
 Broad Jump, under 15.—1. Sheila Miller. 2. Dorothy Wilson.
 Broad Jump, open.—1. Jean Macpherson. 2. Ann Fuller.
 Inter-House Relay, Under 15.—1. Spylaw. 2. Roslin. 3. Warrender.
 Inter-House Relay, open.—1. Warrender. 2. Spylaw. 3. Roslin.

HOUSE CHAMPIONSHIP

Previous Winner (1947-48)—Spylaw

SESSION 1948-49

	Gilmore Pts.	Roslin Pts.	Spylaw Pts.	Warrender Pts.
Merit and Progress - - -	111	120	107	112
Attendance - - -	37	39	36	38
Hockey - - -	17	—	50	33
Sports - - -	15	32	33	20
Swimming - - -	38	15	22	25
Tennis * - - -	-	-	-	-
TOTALS - - -	218	206	248	228
Less Penalty Pts. - - -	82	77	73	68
	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>
	136	129	175	160

* We regret that, at the time of going to press, the Tennis matches have not been played off, and that therefore the House Championship for 1948-49 cannot be announced in this issue.

J. C. B.

FORMER PUPILS' SECTION

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

* * *

FORMER PUPILS' REUNION, 9th SEPTEMBER 1949

To mark the twenty-fifth anniversary of the opening of the Secondary Department, a Reunion of former pupils, former and present staff, will be held in the new buildings in the grounds of Bruntsfield House, Whitehouse Loan, on Friday, 9th September, from 3 p.m. to 5.30 p.m. As accommodation is limited and catering arrangements must be made, admission tickets (2s. each) should be obtained from the School Office, or from the F.P. Club Secretary, Miss Sybil McCulloch, 10 Learmonth Crescent, Edinburgh, (Tel. 30994) before 30th June if possible.

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FORMER PUPILS' CLUB

The 1947-48 office-bearers, still in office, are:—

Hon. President - - -	-	Miss ANDREW.
President - - -	-	AILSA BRAIDWOOD.
Vice-President - - -	-	MURIEL HAY.
Secretary - - -	-	SYBIL McCULLOCH.
Treasurer - - -	-	EVELYN GOUDIE.

It is hoped that, at the Reunion on 9th September, a committee representative of a wide range of Former pupils will be elected.

FORMER PUPILS' HOCKEY CLUB

Season 1948-49 was not too good so far as results were concerned, but the standard of play seems to have improved. Results were as follows:—

	Pld.	Won	Lost	Drawn	For	Agst.	Goals
1st XI. -	12	6	5	1	30	21	
2nd XI. -	11	5	6	—	30	24	

Membership reached a total of 36 and by December we were able to field three elevens most weeks. Difficulty has been ex-

perienced in obtaining umpires and the committee would be very grateful for names of volunteers. These should be sent to the Secretary, Elizabeth Swanson, 7 Mertoun Place, Edinburgh (Telephone, 54511). New members should also communicate with the Secretary.

A visiting team from Dublin played our 1st XI. on 15th April, and were entertained afterwards by the Club. Fixtures are well in hand for the coming season.

OLIVE W. TORRANCE,
Hon. Secretary.

FORMER PUPILS' CRICKET CLUB

Former pupils interested in the formation of a Former Pupils' Cricket Club should communicate with Agnes Longden, 1 St. Ninian's Road, Corstorphine.

F.P. NOTES

At Edinburgh University the following Former Pupils have gained the degrees of—

M.A. with Honours—BETTY E. A. TOPP (Mathematics); SHEILA G. COULL, FLORENCE E. MORRISON, ROSALIND STANSFIELD and ELINOR P. WYLIE (French with subsidiary German).

M.A.—AILSA D. BRAIDWOOD, SHEILA M. JENKINSON, SYLVIA M. JONES, MURIEL L. LEISHMAN, FRANCES D. LUNDIE.

B.Sc. with Honours—MURIEL J. HAY (Botany); ALICE M. McFARLANE (Chemistry).

The Diploma in Education has been gained by JANET S. BUCHANAN, M.A., MOIRA C. MCKINNON, M.A., and ETHEL M. ROBERTSON, M.A.

At Moray House Training College DORIS M. BEATTIE and EDITH M. GARVIE gained Currie Prizes and ISABELLE M. McDONALD, a Boyd Prize.

JANET BUCHANAN, MOIRA MCKINNON, DOROTHY POLSON, ETHEL ROBERTSON, ELIZABETH SWANSON and ELIZABETH WALKER have received teaching appointments under Edinburgh Corporation.

JEAN GRANT has been appointed to Bo'ness Academy.

ELINOR WYLIE has received a teaching appointment in Buenos Aires.

MURIEL SHINIE, S.R.N., has been appointed to Queen Charlotte Hospital, London.

MURIEL HAY has been appointed as a research worker in the Wright-Fleming Institute, London.

RUBY E. LOWE, in the Examination of the Associated Board of the Royal Schools of Music, London, gained the highest distinction marks for pianoforte playing and is to receive the W. Lindsay Lamb Memorial Bursary.

EDNA ARTHUR has received high praise from music critics for her performance as soloist with the Edinburgh Chamber Orchestra.

In the Edinburgh University Women's Boat Club, WINNIE DICKSON, KATHLEEN HARKNESS and KATHLEEN ROBB are in the 1st Crew, MARJORY HARKNESS in the 2nd, MARY AMBROSE and SHEILA KING in the 3rd and in the University Women's Cricket Club, BERYL SINCLAIR is in the 1st XI.

MARRIAGES

- McKENDRICK—*JARDINE*.—On 9th July 1948, JOHN R. McKENDRICK to AGNES D. JARDINE (*nee* GRAY), 22 South Lauder Road.
- HANCOCK—*MACAULAY*.—On 15th July 1948, DONALD M. HANCOCK, M.B., Ch.B., to MURIEL B. MACAULAY, M.A., 191 Morningside Road.
- TULLY—*MURRAY*.—On 21st July 1948, RALPH F. TULLY to ELAINE E. MURRAY, 25 South Lauder Road.
- FORBES—*KEDDIE*.—On 24th July 1948, ALEXANDER S. FORBES to NORA R. KEDDIE, 15 Barony Terrace.
- COOPER—*ROSIE*.—On 28th July 1948, EDWARD B. COOPER to CHARLOTTE M. ROSIE, 99 Newington Road.
- BRASH—*CRUICKSHANK*.—On 28th August 1948, JAMES C. H. BRASH to JENNY CRUICKSHANK.
- WALKER—*LEE*.—On 28th August 1948, JOHN M. WALKER to JANE AGNES LEE, 44 Stevenson Drive.
- BRASS—*TOPP*.—On 6th September 1948, WILLIAM BRASS, M.A., to BETTY TOPP, M.A., 74 Montpelier Park.
- HUME—*MUNRO*.—On 11th September 1948, WILLIAM W. HUME to NORA B. MUNRO, 39 Lauderdale Street.
- HALL—*McGIBBON*.—On 18th September 1948, WILFRED HALL to C. ROSE McGIBBON, 110 Comiston Road.
- MACARTHUR—*SCOTT*.—On 18th September 1948, ALBERT G. MACARTHUR to JEAN SCOTT, 3 Comely Bank Grove.
- PRINGLE—*STOKES*.—On 21st September 1948, Dr. ROBERT W. PRINGLE to CAROL STOKES, 91 Harrison Road, Edinburgh.
- CANNON—*HARDIE*.—On 25th September 1948, JOHN P. CANNON to EVELYN B. HARDIE, 3 Moat Street.
- FRASER—*GILZEAN*.—On 25th September 1948, RONALD G. FRASER to MARGARET J. GILZEAN, 5 Northfield Road.
- RUSSELL—*LOGAN*.—On 16th October 1948, JAMES R. RUSSELL to MARY LOGAN, 22 West Relugas Road.
- VEITCH—*SCOTT*.—On 20th October 1948, DAVID Y. VEITCH to CATHERINE SCOTT, 42 Spottiswoode Street.
- GILLIES—*CAMERON*.—On 20th November 1948, DAVID M. GILLIES to RENE CAMERON, 25 Northfield Avenue.
- CAMPBELL—*DONALDSON*.—On 29th December 1948, GEORGE R. CAMPBELL to HELEN DONALDSON, 20 Henderson Row.
- LAWSON—*JOBSON*.—On 15th March 1949, GORDON R. LAWSON to CHRISTIAN K. JOBSON, 69 Comely Bank Avenue.
- GREENBERG—*CAPLAN*.—On 29th March 1949, TERENCE GREENBERG to ESTHER CAPLAN, 8 Newington Road.
- LAING—*KIDD*.—On 9th April 1949, THOMAS B. J. LAING to ELEANOR M. KIDD, Edinburgh.
- GRAHAM—*McLEAN*.—On 15th April 1949, WILLIAM K. GRAHAM to BRENDA McLEAN, 5 Priestfield Road.
- HUGHES—*HENDERSON*.—On 16th April 1949, JOHN D. HUGHES to VIOLET M. HENDERSON, 8 Drum Brae South.
- MOULD—*MOFFAT*.—On 28th May 1949, EDWARD J. MOULD to OLIVE MOFFAT, 116 Milton Road East, Joppa.
- ROBERTSON—*COVENTRY*.—On 3rd June 1949, GEORGE ROBERTSON to LILY S. COVENTRY, 19 Allan Park Road.
- GOWANS—*SWAIN*.—On 4th June 1949, WALTER M. GOWANS to CHRISTINA P. SWAIN, 58 Hollybank Terrace.
- PRATT—*LAIRD*.—On 11th June 1949, ANDREW F. PRATT to RUBY S. LAIRD, 10 Corbiehill Avenue.
- SPAVEN—*MACKIE*.—On 11th June 1949, FRANCIS D. N. SPAVEN to SHEILA J. L. MACKIE, 16 Glasgow Road.
- NASH—*HOBSON*.—On 15th June 1949, DEREK W. S. NASH to CATHERINE R. M. HOBSON, 59 Craighouse Gardens.

BIRTHS

- TURNBULL.—On 6th June 1948, to Mr and Mrs T. TURNBULL (EDITH GARDNER), a son.
 SEMEONOFF.—On 14th August 1948, to Mr and Mrs BORIS SEMEONOFF (CATHERINE DAVIE), a daughter.
 WALLACE.—On 31st October 1948, to Dr and Mrs W. B. WALLACE (FRANCES EARLY), a son.
 PETERS.—On 19th November 1948, to Lieut. and Mrs J. PETERS (NORMA McLEAN), a son.
 HENDERSON.—On 5th December 1948, to Mr and Mrs W. J. HENDERSON (ANNE BRODIE), a daughter.
 MALCOLM.—On 7th January 1949, to Mr and Mrs BLAIR MALCOLM (NORAH NELDER), a daughter.
 GRIFFITHS.—On 24th February 1949, to Mr and Mrs L. H. GRIFFITHS (SHEILA BONALLO), a son.
 SETH.—On 26th February 1949, to Dr and Mrs G. SETH (MAY DODS), a daughter.
 HALL.—On 13th March 1949, to Mr and Mrs K. D. T. HALL (RHODA MACDONALD), a son.
 MOSS.—On 20th April 1949, to Mr and Mrs S. MOSS (PAT HAMILTON), a daughter.
 DON.—On 2nd May 1949, to Mr and Mrs G. A. C. DON (WILMA QUIN), a son.
 SZYDZIK.—On 7th May 1949, to Dr and Mrs J. A. SZYDZIK (MARGARET DOIG), a son.

CERTIFICATE AND SCHOLARSHIP LISTS

Pupils who gained Senior Leaving Certificates in 1949

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|--------------------------------|----------------------------|
| 1. Ahmad, Zahida. | 38. Johnston, Myra R. M. |
| 2. Aronson, Goldie S. | 39. Kennedy, Aileen R. |
| 3. Baxter, Moira. | 40. Kilgour, Margaret L. |
| 4. Bremner, Hazel M. | 41. Leckie, Margaret R. N. |
| 5. Bryce, Margaret J. | 42. Lindsay, Margaret. |
| 6. Bryce, Maureen M. | 43. Liston, Catherine K. |
| 7. Buchanan, Mary F. | 44. McAngus, Charlotte H. |
| 8. Bulloch, Elizabeth M. | 45. McBain, Frances M. |
| 9. Butcher, Catherine G. | 46. McCann, Ruth B. |
| 10. Cameron, Morag M. G. | 47. McConnachie, Rona. |
| 11. Caplan, Carmel. | 48. McGregor, Joan. |
| 12. Cleland, Margaret H. M. | 49. Mackie, Una M. |
| 13. Connor, Elizabeth U. | 50. McLaren, Mary. |
| 14. Cruickshank, Florence A. | 51. Macpherson, Jean T. |
| 15. Davidson, Anne G. | 52. Mann, Mary G. |
| 16. Denoon, Veronica M. P. | 53. Melville, Margaret M. |
| 17. Dickson, Alison C. | 54. Mietzel, Winifred T. |
| 18. Dickson, Margaret G. | 55. Moore, Margaret G. |
| 19. Dodds, Dorothy M. | 56. Morrice, Marion B. |
| 20. Dott, Cecilia D. | 57. Muir, Elizabeth J. |
| 21. Falconer, Helen T. | 58. Reid, Sheila M. |
| 22. Ferguson, Margaret A. | 59. Russell, Janetta C. |
| 23. Ferrier, Barbara M. | 60. Sangster, Mary E. |
| 24. Fleming, Alison M. | 61. Scobie, Shelagh P. |
| 25. Fullerton, Maureen C. | 62. Segal, Doreen M. |
| 26. Gardner, Margaret H. | 63. Sibbald, Anne D. |
| 27. Gordon, Brenda B. | 64. Spence, Catherine. |
| 28. Gould, Ruth. | 65. Steven, Esther B. |
| 29. Graham, Norah J. | 66. Stirling, Marion. |
| 30. Greenbury, Eileen M. | 67. Thompson, Nora W. |
| 31. Greenstone, Hannah. | 68. Thomson, Jessie B. |
| 32. Greig, Evelyn A. | 69. Topp, Margaret F. |
| 33. Hall, Audrey. | 70. Twaddle, Isobel M. M. |
| 34. Hamilton, Jacqueline A. F. | 71. Waitt, Helen H. |
| 35. Howie, Joan O. | 72. Waterson, Janette F. |
| 36. Inkster, Marjorie R. | 73. Welsh, Henrietta C. |
| 37. Johnston, Evelyn A. | 74. White, Evelyn M. F. |

1. Scholarships entitling to Remission of Fees for Session 1949-50

*This list is subject to the approval of the Education Committee
of the Town Council.*

ENTERING THE 6TH YEAR.—Goldie Aronson, Hazel Bremner, Carmel Caplan, Anne Davidson, Barbara Ferrier, Alison Fleming, Lillias Galloway, Ruth Gould, Jacqueline Hamilton, Una Mackie, Jean Macpherson, Margaret Moore, Eileen Waitt, Janette Waterson, Evelyn White.

ENTERING THE 5TH YEAR.—Patricia Barclay, Helen Bevan, Davina Bunting, Joyce Forsyth, Ann Fuller, Jean Gardner, Lillian Gibson, Moira Gibson, Joyce Hardie, Olive Inglis, May Jessop, Eleanor Kemp, Myra MacDougall, Katharine Macpherson, Margaret Ramsay, Evelyn Roy, Neva Shires, Elizabeth Sinclair, Margaret Wilson.

ENTERING THE 4TH YEAR.—Margaret Blackie, Margaret Cessford, Pauline Elvin, Juliana Flockhart, Jean Fraser, Mary Frizell, Netta Thomson, Olive Wightman.

ENTERING THE 3RD YEAR.—Muriel Black, Mary Brown, Joan Currie, Sheila Donaldson, Patricia Ferguson, Margaret Fraser, Margaret Gillies, Helen Harrison, Christine Laing, Eleanor McNaughton, Morag Mitchell, Mary Osler, Moyra Robertson.

ENTERING THE 2ND YEAR.—Noel Adams, Anne Campbell, Claire Condie, Marion Forrester, Geraldine Glass, Elizabeth Guy, Isobel Howieson, Audrey Hyslop, Margot McLean, Hazel Norwell, Rena Pearson, Dorothy Richardson, Agnes Sneddon.

ENTERING THE 1ST YEAR.—Louise Anderson, Ann Berry, Vera Chalmers, Mary Irvine, Marjory McKendrick, Sheila Rennilson, Murdina Urquhart, Sandra Watson.

SCHOOL PRIZE LIST, 1948-49

Dux of the School	- - - - -	BEATRICE MARWICK.
Dux in English	- - - - -	BEATRICE MARWICK.
History	- - - - -	JEAN P. GEDDES.
Geography	- - - - -	ANNE M. H. SUTHERLAND.
Latin	- - - - -	JEAN A. SHIRRA.
French	- - - - -	BEATRICE MARWICK.
German	- - - - -	MARJORIE A. WRIGHT.
Mathematics	- - - - -	ANNIE R. HENDERSON.
Science	- - - - -	BEATRICE MARWICK.
Art	- - - - -	E. AVRIL JOHNSTON.
Music	- - - - -	ISOBEL M. M. TWADDLE.
Physical Training	- - - - -	MAUREEN M. BRYCE.
Secretarial Subjects	- - - - -	MARGARET H. M. CLELAND.
Domestic Subjects	- - - - -	CATHERINE M. ROGERS.
Needlework	- - - - -	MARGARET R. N. LECKIE.

Special Prizes

Thomas J. Burnett Prize

ELIZABETH A. TAYLOR

Prize presented by a Former Dux (1927-28) to the Dux of the School

BEATRICE MARWICK

Prize presented by a Former Dux (1927-28) to the Dux in Mathematics

ANNIE R. HENDERSON

Mouren Prize presented by a Former Dux (1925-26) to the Dux in French

BEATRICE MARWICK

Elma Baillie Memorial Prize in Latin

JEAN A. SHIRRA

Brotherton Prize presented to the Dux in Science

BEATRICE MARWICK

"1928 Prize" presented by Anonymous Donor to the Dux in History

JEAN P. GEDDES

"1928 Prize" presented by Anonymous Donor to the Dux in Geography

ANNE M. H. SUTHERLAND

Special Prize for Modern English

ANNE M. H. SUTHERLAND

Macanna Prize presented to the Dux in English

BEATRICE MARWICK

Prize presented by a Former Dux to the best Pupil in the Department of Modern Languages

MARY S. HUNTER

Prize awarded to the Best All Round Girl

ELIZABETH A. TAYLOR

Eskdale Prize

JEAN A. SHIRRA

Prize for Singing

ELIZABETH V. CONNOR

Wishart Prize, open to Third Year, for Excellence in Sight Singing

AGNES W. KNOX

Stevenson Club Prize

ELIZABETH A. TAYLOR

Scott Club Prize

ANNE M. H. SUTHERLAND

Prize presented by Anonymous Donor to the Dux of the Primary Department

LOUISE M. I. ANDERSON

Prizes for Religious Knowledge

Form

6. JEAN P. GEDDES.

5. MARGARET L. KILGOUR.

4. DAVINA A. BUNTING.

Form

3. HELEN G. CHALMERS.

2. JANET C. CATTANACH.

1. MARGERY BAIRD.

Primary

5. ELIZABETH M. L. HALL.

4. JEAN M. OSLER.

1. JOAN REILLY.

3. JOAN MCPHERSON.

2. EUNICE J. SPIERS.

S.S.P.C.A. Prizes

1. LOUISE M. I. ANDERSON.

2. G. VERA CHALMERS.

