

**Gillespie's
High
School
Magazine**

June 1950



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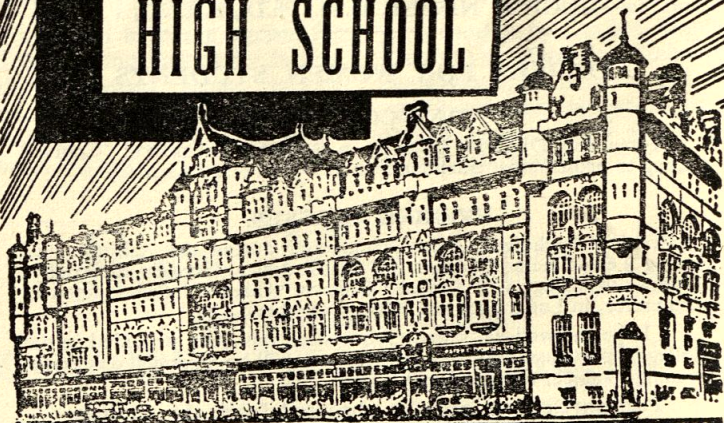
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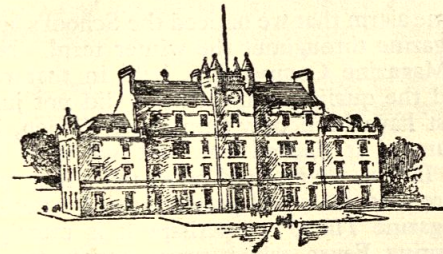
SCHOOL WEAR

including

OUTFITS FOR GILLESPIE'S HIGH SCHOOL



PATRICK THOMSON LTD North Bridge EDINBURGH



Gillespie's High School Magazine

JUNE 1950

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EDITORIAL

IT was with some alarm that we noticed the School's apathy towards the School Magazine throughout the winter term. No award was made for the Magazine Competition, held in that term, because the number and the quality of the entries did not justify a prize. Inspiration must have been only temporarily frozen, however, for with Spring's arrival it thawed out, and we were flooded with contributions! In fact, we received many more than we had hoped for, and far more than we could possibly print. Perhaps it is the feeling of "Magazine Time," or perhaps it is merely one of the symptoms of Spring Fever, which urges people to write at this time of year. Spring certainly influenced the first and second years, for we received from them no less than twelve poems describing its beauties! Unfortunately none of them was quite good enough to print, for Spring is such a hackneyed topic in poetry that you must be very original if you are to achieve a really fresh and interesting Spring poem.

But we would remind the girls that although winter is hockey-time and summer is quite definitely the only season for cricket and tennis, *any* time is Magazine Time! Don't wait until Spring comes to produce your masterpieces! Any time you feel inspired, out with your pen and paper, and don't forget that the Magazine Box is still in the top corridor and very ready to accept entries of any kind at *any* time!

The number of pages which the Magazine may have is still limited, and therefore the number of entries published is relatively small. We must represent as many classes as possible and vary the contents between verse and prose, serious articles and the more humorous. This is not easy when we are faced with several good contributions all from the same Form! This year, Forms 1A, B and C, 2A and B, and 3A sent in the most entries. Congratulations, and keep it up! We were glad to notice that the Sixth also took a very active interest in the Magazine and produced at least ten contributions as compared with last year's two! Once again we say to the unlucky girls: "Please don't be disheartened, and do try again next year!"

The form of the Magazine has been kept much the same as it was last year, when it was certainly received with great enthusiasm, but if anyone would like to suggest any improvement or innovation, the Committee will be very ready to consider her idea.

We have decided to hold this summer a Holiday Competition. Take heed, all holiday-makers! Any article, either in prose or verse, light or serious, will be eligible, but it must have been inspired by a holiday. The entries should all be handed in by the end of September.

We would thank very sincerely all who helped to produce the Magazine—first of all the contributors themselves; the Magazine

Committee; Miss M. E. R. Henderson, who edits the Former Pupils' Section; and Miss Dingwall, who manages the general business. Most of all we should like to thank Miss Foster, without whose able guidance and untiring interest there would be no Magazine.

We hope that our many readers continue to enjoy the Magazine as much as ever, and that they find an interesting variety of material. Happy reading!

AUDREY HALL, *School Editor.*

SECONDARY SCHOOL NOTES

THIS year we have the pleasure of beginning our Notes with warm congratulations to our Headmistress. It was with deep interest and gratification that we learned of the award to Miss Andrew, by the English-Speaking Union, of a Travelling Scholarship to enable her to visit schools and colleges in the United States of America. She leaves at the end of September for a four weeks' tour. We wish her a cordial "Bon voyage!" and shall look forward eagerly to hearing her impressions of what will certainly be a stimulating and fruitful experience.

In so large a school as ours, each year inevitably brings changes in staff. At the end of last session Miss Martin left us, having been invited back to her previous school. She was replaced by Miss Helen McColl, M.A., who has, however, decided to take up the nursing profession, beginning this June. At the close of the second term we said a regretful good-bye to Miss Brown, who, after some years of outstanding service to the School as teacher in charge of the ever-growing Department of Secretarial Subjects, left to occupy a similar position in George Watson's Ladies' College. She has been replaced by Miss Christina McIntyre, Dip.Com. Serious illness deprived that same Department of the services of Mrs Urquhart, to whom we send our kindest wishes for complete recovery. Her work as part-time assistant is meanwhile being done by Mrs Bruce. In September Miss Kimpton goes to join the Biology Department of George Heriot's School; her successor here will be Miss Emily Fergusson, B.Sc. Throughout the session, Dr Schönbaumsfeld and Mlle. Pelmont have given valued help in the Modern Languages Department. Lastly, our cordial good wishes to two brides—Miss Purves, who is to be married in July, and Miss Welsh, whose wedding will follow her return from South Africa, where she is going this summer to play hockey as a member of the Scottish Touring Team. To all who have left or are leaving us this year, we offer our thanks for all they have done for the School, and our hopes for their success and happiness in their new spheres. We should like to add a word of special gratitude to all those—some old friends, some new—who have, at different times, come to our help when members of staff were absent through illness.

On the scholastic side it has been a year of very steady and satisfactory work, but we regret that owing to the earlier publication of the Magazine, no class prize lists or results of Leaving Certificate Examinations are yet available for printing. We congratulate Evelyn Greig, Form 6A, on bringing distinction to the School and herself by gaining first place for Great Britain in a recent Civil Service Examination for candidates aiming at posts in the

JOINT SCHOOL DUXES



AUDREY HALL



BARBARA M. FERRIER



Back Row—H. Ross, L. Gibson, H. Lee, J. Gardner, E. White, M. Cameron, D. Vyner, R. Gould.

Middle Row—A. Fleming, A. Sibbald, J. Sutherland, L. Bernard, M. Gibson, J. McCurrach, J. Hamilton, E. Bulloch, H. Bremner.

Front Row—A. Hall, E. Waitt, B. Ferrier (*Captain*), Miss Andrew, E. Connor (*Vice-Captain*), J. MacPherson, P. Shires.

FIRST XI. HOCKEY, 1949-50



Back Row—Miss Welsh, G. McIlwrick, E. White, M. Denoon, A. Fuller, A. Henderson, H. Ross.

Front Row—A. Henderson, R. McCurdie, J. Macpherson (*Captain*), S. Manson, M. Hutchison.

Foreign Office. As we go to press, we are delighted to learn that seven places in the Merit List of the Edinburgh University Bursary Competition have been won by our School. Audrey Hall took tenth place, Hazel Bremner twelfth, and Ray Ferrier, Janette Waterston, Eileen Waitt, Alison Fleming, and Ruth Gould all acquitted themselves well.

As will be seen elsewhere in this issue, the numerous School Societies have been enthusiastically supported. The Christmas Party for 5th and 6th Forms reached the traditional standard of enjoyment. The Annual Sports are to be held on 7th June and the Closing Concert on 22nd June.

We noted with great interest the appointment of our School Chaplain, Mr Read, to be Chaplain to the University. It has been particularly gratifying that even under the pressure of his new duties he has been able to keep in touch with us. He conducted an inspiring Easter Service for the whole School, which, held as it was in the impressive setting of St. Giles' Cathedral, will remain long in our memories. Mr Read presided also at our Christmas Service, which took the form of a strikingly original Nativity Play, devised and beautifully staged by Miss Campbell, with music specially composed by Mr Sommerville. From time to time missionary speakers at morning assembly and various visitors from overseas have widened our horizons.

It is a matter for rejoicing that in spite of the troubled state of international affairs, our contacts with other countries are being maintained and even increased. In April, Miss Anderson took a team of Scottish Country Dancers, including Agnes Nicoll and Dorothy Wilson from our own School, to the Jubilee Celebrations of F.I.O.C.E.S., held in the Sorbonne, Paris. We learned with pride that this team had been judged to have given the best item of the celebrations. Last year's successful trip to Paris and Annecy will, it is hoped, be repeated, twenty girls taking part. Forty-six girls are to visit Holland under the auspices of the School Journeys Association, and five to enjoy an interchange of visits with Danish schoolgirls. Ten girls and ten boys visiting Edinburgh under the exchange scheme arranged by the Edinburgh-Caen Fellowship are to be accommodated in our School premises, with some of our senior girls acting as hostesses.

The usual large collection of toys and books was sent at Christmas to the Trefoil School and to various Nursery Schools, Play Centres and Hospitals, and gratefully acknowledged. The Art Department, as always, contributed largely to this effort, being responsible for the making of many soft toys and for the gay wrappings that enhanced the attractiveness of the presents.

Two unique functions marked the early weeks of the summer term. The first was "Arbor Day," on 30th April, when in presence of Bailie Fyfe and of Mr Harrison, to whose care of parks and gardens our City owes much of its beauty, representatives of the various

forms ceremonially planted flowering trees along the path adjoining the School. The impression made by this pleasant ceremony was undoubtedly deepened when the Chairman kindly granted a half-holiday to mark the event. The second interesting occasion was on 10th May. Our School had the honour of being chosen for the inauguration of the scheme by which the Scottish National Gallery is to circulate loan collections of pictures for six-monthly periods among various schools. At a ceremony held in the School, again under Bailie Fyfe's chairmanship, Mr Waterhouse, Director of the National Gallery, formally handed over the twenty valuable pictures which now adorn our Middle Hall, and spoke inspiringly of the benefits of living in contact with the artist's vision of reality.

A delightful surprise, on 4th May, was the appearance in each Form-room of a large case of beautiful Canadian apples—our share in the generous gift sent to Edinburgh schools by British Columbia Tree Fruits, Ltd. Had Mr Loyd, through whom the apples were sent, been in School that day, he could have had no doubt as to how much they were appreciated.

Once again our thanks go to the donors of special prizes. The formula of thanks can vary little from year to year, but our gratitude for their unflinching kindness is very real. This year the Thomas J. Burnett Prize is being awarded for the best-designed souvenir of Edinburgh, which may take the form of an illustrated map of Old Edinburgh, a booklet of Edinburgh pictures, a scarf or an embroidered panel with an Edinburgh motif.

An interesting variant on the now well-established custom by which Former Pupils present books to the Library has been provided by Avril Johnston and Gwen Butcher, who have given a pair of batting gloves to the Cricket Club, of which they were respectively Captain and Secretary last year. The Librarian cordially thanks the following Former Pupils and friends for gifts of books:—Mlle. Micheline Rocher, Miss Martin, Doreen Segal, Carmel Caplan, Alison Bee, Sheila King, Beryl Sinclair, Muriel McCurrach, Edna Watson, Goldie Aronson, Nora Graham, Ishbel and Christine Mathieson, Yvonne Laing, Margaret Dickson, Miss Brown, Margaret Lumsden.

A. E. F.

COMMEMORATION DAY

ON 20th October 1949, in the School Hall, bright with a fiery glow of leaves, the unaccustomed splendour of academic hoods, the excited faces of the youngest members, the School gathered with its guests, its friends, to hear the wise and public-spirited men of the past praised by the wisdom and public spirit of to-day.

For most, it was another Commemoration Day—another year passed; a moment to pause again, to remember the founder and the tradition; to assess achievement and development. But a

tradition, though deeply-rooted, is not a static thing; it must grow and progress as those who cherish it grow and progress, and their ranks are always renewing and changing.

And so for some it was, as it will always be, the first Commemoration Day; the learning of history, the discovery of tradition, the introduction to the merchant of Edinburgh whose glory it is that he was no more than the type of his generation.

This dual purpose, then, to illuminate the new and burnish the familiar, informed the service which was begun with the singing of "For all the Saints," and Dyson's anthem, "God made us all." Then Sir Andrew Murray, O.B.E., as Chairman, wittily introduced this year's guest of honour, Sir James Irvine, K.B.E., F.R.S., Principal and Vice-Chancellor of St. Andrews University.

If, indeed, as he declared, Sir James had mistaken the precise purpose of the invitation, by what happy accident did his choice of theme fall upon Benjamin Franklin, "that combination of Johnson, Faraday and Ramsay Macdonald," and contemporary, though distant in sphere, with James Gillespie? Conscious of the inadequate nature of his own early education, said Sir James, and inspired by schools visited in the Edinburgh of James Gillespie and his fellow-merchants, Franklin rushed into print with "Proposals" for the education of Pennsylvanian children.

How revolutionary they must have seemed to the America of his day; how modern they sound even to-day! Learning must be both ornamental and useful. A fair hand of writ, the accuracy of mathematics, full mastery of the English language, the classics, acting, debating, oratory, even farming were included in this ideal and practical curriculum. For the school itself—it should be "near to a town, not far from a river, and having a field or two." Is not James Gillespie's the heir of just such creative foresight and benevolence?

Above all, schools must be happy places, the test of their achievement being the gentleness, courtesy and readiness to lead and to obey of the young citizens they produced. A great ideal, greatly served by Benjamin Franklin and no less greatly by the snuff-merchant of Edinburgh whom we honour, not only annually, but whenever our ideals of hard work, worship, service and leadership measure up to the standards which inspired him and his great contemporary.

The thanks of the School were paid by the Senior Prefect, Ray Ferrier, to the Chairman, Sir Andrew Murray, and especially to Sir James Irvine, who had so inspiringly honoured the founder of the School, while at the same time fulfilling the provisos with which he had begun his address: "No preaching and no boredom." The Head girl was charmingly assisted in her task by two of the most junior pupils who made the traditional gift of a snuff-box to Sir James, and the ceremony closed fittingly with the School song and the hymn, "Praise my soul the King of Heaven." H. A. C.

FROM THE SECONDARY DEPARTMENT

A HAND ON HIS SHOULDER

THE air was so warm and pleasant at the foot of the long, rolling garden that the old man was certain summer had come at last. He leant on the handle of his spade and looked around, slowly, proudly, at the work he had already done. The flower-beds around him were gaily clad with a cloak of many colours, of tall hollyhocks and rich wallflower, of sweet-smelling lily-of-the-valley and proud tulips. His eyes rested on the rockery, his mistress's favourite corner, which was decked with the spreading leaves of London Pride and he listened to the bees who went about their lawful business with a pleasant buzzing which had the effect of making him feel slightly dizzy and lightheaded.

He was glad that the summer had come at last. There had been a time when he thought the winter was going to be too much for him. It had been so hard and so long that sometimes he had despaired of ever seeing the green shoots forcing their way once more through the brown soil to greet the sun. But the spring had come and passed, and now it was the summer.

He was conscious, through his content, of a feeling of restlessness, of waiting for some destiny to be fulfilled. The trees that lined the little stream running though the garden did not allow their leaves to rustle in the gentle breeze but stood as erect and still as sentinels before a palace—or a sanctuary. The humming of the bees gradually and imperceptibly died away until all the garden stood in a breathless hush—waiting.

Suddenly, as the old gardener prepared to turn back to his digging, he felt a gentle hand on his shoulder. Looking round, he saw, standing beside him, a tall, dignified man whose proud carriage was offset by the gentleness of the expression in his eyes.

Without speaking a word, the stranger turned and walked to the gate in the hedge that led to the lane outside. Unquestioningly, the old gardener followed, and they walked together down the dusty whiteness of the narrow road, flanked on either side by tall grasses and flowering weeds that bowed and swayed in homage as they passed.

The lane began to climb more steeply into surroundings unlike those the old gardener was accustomed to, into country where the colouring of the anemones was richer and the scent of the roses was sweeter than any he had ever known before. On and on they went, always climbing, but without effort until at last they passed under a high arch formed by the branches of two huge oaks. The lane broadened into a wide road along which were passing to and fro

many people who smiled to the gardener and bowed to his companion as they passed. There was music in the air and the sound of happy laughter coming from the houses which stood on either side of the road.

Suddenly his guide stopped at the white gate of a little rose-covered cottage whose garden was as pleasing to the old man as if he had planned it himself. He looked at it and the little house wistfully, hardly daring to hope. The other smiled.

"Go in," he said gently, "Your wife is waiting for you." and, pushing the gate wide on its hinges, he stood aside and watched.

The old gardener stepped slowly up the stone path and hesitantly put out his hand to the door. Suddenly all his doubts were swept away and, as he pushed the door open, a happy smile spread over his face.

* * * * *

When they found the old man lying at the foot of the garden in which he had worked for so long, his hand was thrown forward as if to push something aside and his lips were curved in a smile.

A. M. F., Form 6A.

: : :

THE UNKNOWN

I do not fear

The nightly whispering in an empty house,
The howling of wolves when the fire is low,
The eerie cry of the roving owl
As it swoops on its cowering prey.

I do not fear

The knowledge of my inevitable death,
The lurking thought of eternal damnation,
The Day of Judgment when every man
Shall shrink before the blinding light.

These things from me
Are as yet too far
To have any real significance.
Between them and me
There is an insurmountable barrier,
A gulf of time too wide to cross.

I fear

The meeting with a stranger,
The awkward silences that fall
And lie heavily on the empty air,
The vain groping for a bright remark,
And the sense of my own inadequacy.

CATHERINE SPENCE, Form 6A.

REGIONAL SURVEY

I HAVE discovered a new country! Its natives call it J.G.H.S. (some of my fellow-investigators have other names). We should not be surprised to hear that many people are already familiar with this freak of Nature; but we are prepared to die in the attempt to prove its claim to be a country, perhaps even a continent.

Let us set out the evidence for our case in an orderly and legible manner, as the Maths. department would say. We shall begin in the upper regions and work down.

THE PREFECTS' ROOM.—This is the only area where the ground is green underfoot all the year round. It is unfortunate that this great attraction is counter-balanced by the steep gradient of its approaches. The region undergoes great range of temperature.

THE UPPER ART ROOM.—As in the previous region, there is great range of temperature. The window glass apparently acts as a prism, through which the light falls on the walls in unbelievable patterns of colour. This might be compared with a mirage in a hot desert.

THE TOP CORRIDOR.—Going from west to east we find first an undeveloped area round the Three Seas. There is an abundance of valuable raw material here, but the atmosphere is very unpleasant.

Next to this area is Siksay, an important industrial region. The resources of this area have been exploited to such an extent that they are now on the point of exhaustion. A peculiarity of this region is the temperature, which, during the day, is alternately very hot and very cold.

Further east is an area which has a considerable rainfall. Floods occur in winter when the roof falls in. An important tourist trade has been developed since the area became an arts centre.

THE MIDDLE FLAT.—Here the climate is pleasant, and gives rise to the boundless energy of the people. No one has yet succeeded in discovering how this energy is expended; but it is known for certain that none of it has ever been directed into productive work.

THE LOWER FLAT.—Climate here shows little range of temperature, but winds are often strong—almost of gale force. In general this region is warmer than the others, and that is why some of the natives wear white robes.

In this region is the Federal Government. The excellent work of the government is reflected in the uniformity of purpose of the district supervisors, who can be distinguished from the rest of the people by their black gowns.

THE GYMNASIUM.—This isolated area, separated from the mainland by only the unprepossessing isthmus of Anek's Land, has some unusual aspects.

(a) The people, who are as yet totally uncivilised. They can be seen creeping stealthily along bars and swinging recklessly from swaying beams. Often they execute traditional war-dances, for

which they divide into groups of eight, arranged in twos. Their dancing has to be seen to be believed. In spite of their constant activity, these natives are no less awkward and ungainly than those on the mainland of J.G.H.S.

(b) The method of communication, which is unknown. Since we have not heard any of the natives of the Gymnasium speak, we do not know how they send messages. We are persevering in our attempts to discover whether they understand English. One of our explorers has suggested that their sense of anticipation is so developed as to render manual or oral communication unnecessary. This theory is being tested.

(c) The method of rule. The ancient system of giving one person absolute power over all the others can still be seen here. In this case the leader is a woman. We are trying to persuade one of her subjects to disobey her, as we believe the consequences would be very interesting. So far we have been unsuccessful.

(d) The clothing of the natives. Here we shall be what this is—brief.

COMMUNICATION-LINES OF J.G.H.S.—These are direct, but the two main roads have very steep gradients. These are the two connecting the Lower to the Upper Flat Territories and serving all the large centres. A special police force has been trained to direct traffic on the main roads, particularly at the nodal points.

Besides these routes, there is a very reliable cable service radiating from the Federal capital to all other regions.

STRUCTURE.—J.G.H.S. is composed of sedimentary rock—alternate layers of impermeable cement and permeable new red schoolstone. This unique structure is the cause of the steady upward slope from the Lower Flat to the Prefects' Room. For the benefit of those who are interested, we are calculating the exact gradient, but as yet we have reached only the 71st decimal place.

INVERLEITH, Form 6A.

: : :

A BULLY IN THE BALLET

INSPIRED by my recent reading of Mr Arthur Haskill's "Balletomania," I have devised a ballet of school life to be named, "Le Chapeau Unicorn."

The *décor* will be starkly simple—a staircase, leading down between cold tiled walls to a long draughty corridor—the better to accentuate the passionate emotions which fill the hearts of the dancers. (The music to which the ballet is set consists mainly of those loud, crashing piano chords with which we of the bottom corridor are so familiar.). The costumes will be equally simple and drab and only the heroine—a young schoolgirl—will be given, by means of the large scarlet bow in her hair, a splash of brilliant colour.

When the curtain rises, we see, in the dim light, a solitary figure, hereafter known as the Prefect, standing with her back towards us, in the fifth position—she has discarded the first four positions during her long wait for the arrival, from the top floor, of the Inmates, danced by the chorus. Suddenly, as the spotlight focuses on the top of the staircase, the heroine, symbolically named 3 C., appears, looking down with contempt on the drooping figure of the Prefect.

3 C. dances a short, gay solo to the little-known Rossini overture, "Music, Music, Music," moving down the staircase during the dance and finishing with an entrechat, an arabesque and a wild leap as she discovers two more steps than she had bargained for.

The Prefect, suddenly stirring into motion, bars 3 C's way, pointing with extravagant gesture—I somehow imagine the Prefect as a Latin type, highly-strung and very excitable—at the scarlet bow and at the strangely-shaped hat which 3 C. carries in her hand. They dance together a passionate adagio, during which the Prefect attempts to compass and 3 C tries to resist the eclipse of her bow by the hat.

They fall back for a moment's respite, summon up their respective supporters and throw themselves once more into the fray, which is a concrete representation of the abstract battle between Good and Evil. As they fight, there pass among them the Teachers, symbolical figures dressed in ragged black.

The Prefects who, being greatly out-numbered, are very hard-pressed, suddenly produce their most deadly weapon, which they have been holding in reserve. With one concerted movement they uncover the awful radiance of their Prefect Badges.

The final phase depicts the Inmates, bearing with them the broken body of 3 C., stealing blinded and stricken into their refuge, the Playground, to the strains of the Harry Lime, or Funeral, *motif*; while the Prefects return—*per ardua ad astra*—to the Prefects' Room.

If the Edinburgh Festival Committee are interested, I shall be glad to produce my ballet for them in 1951, under my professional name—

SIXAYVIA, Form 6A.

HOUSES

Houses straggling down the brae,
Houses white-washed, houses grey;
Cottages behind green hedges,
Flowers upon their window-ledges;
Tall town houses in a row,

Houses storied, houses low,
Red-roofed houses, houses thatched;
Terraced houses, or detached;
Stately manor, lonely tower,
Tiny cottage, country bower;
Warm red brick, or cool, plain grey
Smiling on a summer day;
Large or small—
I love them all!

RONA MACPHERSON, Form 5L.

: : :

A CHILD'S GUIDE TO SPORT

IT is the constant complaint of the male sex in general that women know nothing about sport. In an effort to remedy this state of affairs, the following survey has been made. The writer has toured the various centres of sport in this city, and has reached several conclusions, the first of these being that sports may be divided into two categories—Mud Sports and Dud Sports. I now propose to deal with the chief members of each class.

RUGBY, without doubt, is one of our first group. While the player may emerge from some games in a state of comparative cleanliness, this *never* happens to the Rugby player. The game is played by two opposing teams, each having fifteen men—never, alas, women! A ball, ovoid in shape, is used, but since it usually becomes lost in the general melee, it has little purpose in the game proper, which develops into a survival of the fittest—or most unscrupulous. The game is enlivened by "scrum," of unknown and obscure purpose. These, however, afford great amusement to the uninitiated and any schoolgirls who are present—the two usually being synonymous. We all know why schoolgirls go to Rugby matches. Our personal opinion, however, is that players have scrums so that they may make rude remarks about the referee without his hearing them. The method of scoring employed in this game is ingenious, and baffles the female mind.

We now pass to HOCKEY, a subject on which the writer speaks with deep feeling. She has never played Rugby—yet! On the subject of Hockey, however, she is qualified to speak from sad and bitter experience. If possible, an agreement should be reached before the commencement of the game, whereby two opposing players decide that any undue exertion would be foolishness. There follows a period of gently stimulating exercise, which entails trotting quietly up and down between the goalposts. Should the ball happen to pass between these posts, you must not believe that the players have engineered this. The whole thing is quite accidental, whatever else a hockey enthusiast may tell you.

We now pass on to "Dud" Sports, and the first of these is TENNIS. This subject is slightly easier than Rugby and Hockey, since, at most, only four people can play at once. The main point about tennis is that the loser of the game must leap over the net in his best gymnastic manner, and wind himself round the neck of his conqueror, thereby showing himself to be a Jolly Good Sport. As the victim of his congratulations knows only too well, the purpose of this is to strangle the victor. An annoying feature of Tennis is that the player must run round the court collecting the balls. This office, however, is sometimes carried out by ball-boys, who perform their office more or less cheerfully. After all, as Milton did not say, "They also serve who only stand and throw the balls about."

Since our remarks on the subject of Cricket might cause apoplectic fits among its enthusiasts, to whom the sport is sacred, we shall ignore Cricket.

The sport of Swimming requires only some water, of a necessity over one foot in depth. Even this is not absolutely imperative; many a mile have I swum in my childhood lying on a chair, and waving my arms and legs, stoutly opposing any suggestions from the grown-ups that I was not swimming the English Channel in reality. However, youth has passed, and with it, its accompanying illusions. We are now persuaded that we require water for swimming. When you start learning to swim, you may feel rather *out of your depth*, but after a while you will find it all *plain sailing*. Young ladies who lie on beaches clad in scanty bathing attire should on no account be connected with the sport of Swimming. And having reached *this point*, the writer deems it wiser to stop!

"APHRODITE," Form 5S.

: : :

AND YET HE WALKED IN DARKNESS

HE gazed down to the swirling sea below, and listened to the thundering crash of the foaming waters as they pounded against the rocks behind him. The sharp tang of the salt-sea air reached his sensitive nostrils which dilated appreciatively, and the bearded fisherman inclined his head to the screams of the sea-gulls wheeling and diving above him.

Slowly, but firmly, he made his way to the edge of the cliff where a narrow path began its tortuous descent to the white shingle beach. As he crunched along the silvery stretch of shells and sea-bleached pebbles, memory projected many little pictures on the screen of his mind—fleeting glimpses of happy days spent when he was a curly-headed, long-limbed boy.

How well Peter remembered perching upon the side of the boat after it had been drawn up on the warm sand of "Pirates'

Cove," and watching his father's strong brown fingers use the long needle to mend his nets.

The man chuckled into his black beard as he remembered the first time his father had taken him out fishing. Even when he allowed his thoughts to stray back to that day, an involuntary feeling of pride swelled inside him just as it had done long ago, when his gruff but kind father had praised him on his handling of the nets. Brief and to-the-point though these words of praise had been, coming from his father's lips, they were far more acceptable than many of the vicar's best speeches would have been.

The rude squawk of a hungry sea-gull woke Peter from his reverie, and jerking his head back, he once more turned his face towards the headland where creamy spray leapt up to the sky and wind was as strange beautiful music played on a mighty harp.

He heard the echo of his footsteps and knew that he was passing the mouth of "Pegleg's Cave," a dark, damp cave, which stretched away into the very heart of the precipice. How odd it was to think of the dread and fear of darkness he had always had when a boy! Now, it was his constant companion and he had learned to conquer this fear of it.

The crunching noise ceased. He was in "Pirates' Cove" now, the place which breathed both pleasant and unpleasant memories. Here he had set off to go fishing with his father for the first time, and here too, he had been dragged on to the sand after being rescued from the wreckage of his boat, which had been mercilessly tossed against the "Needle Rocks" during the storm.

If that spar of wood had not struck his head so cruelly, there would have been no pressure exerted on the optic nerve and in that case—but what was the point in going over all that again? He had still his other four senses as well as a very clear picture of his beloved little home. It was not really so dark after all.

SYLVIA G. BUDD, Form 5C2.

: : :

THINGS TO COME

"THIS is the People's Broadcasting Federation of the World. From our central station here in Moscow we are broadcasting this afternoon the details of the great flight into space about to be made by Professor Vlavinostoc, the famous scientist and inventor of the atomic, hydrogen and death-ray bombs. His intention is to reach, by means of a newly invented aertop, Tenalp, the planet which was recently formed from a drop of spinning liquid believed to have come from the sun. For months the Professor has been directing cooling operations carried out on the planet by rocketing to it tons of ice and other cooling materials. From these experiments it is clear that, unlike the other planets, Tenalp has a centre of gravity

somewhere on its surface, and a force of friction, thus being able to support human existence. This afternoon he will claim the planet for the People's Russia and perhaps some day we may see mass immigration to Tenalp.

"Everybody seems to be ready to set off. Our commentator is seated at one of the reinforced plastic windows, surrounded by equipment. He will continue the commentary as soon as the aertop leaves the ground. It is taking off now!"

"Here in the aertop we are now far above the ground and the pointers in the dials are vibrating as we gather speed. Everyone is tense with excitement. We are now travelling at a great speed—about a thousand miles per hour. We are just passing through the sound barrier; there is a very great pressure on the aertop and the noise is overpowering. From the windows there is nothing to be seen but stars in the distance and consequently there is an extraordinary, inexplicable feeling of wonder and awe over us all. It is becoming suddenly dark; the Earth is between us and the sun . . .

"There is a horrible eerie tension as we emerge . . .

"Tenalp looms ahead and we are slackening our speed in order to land. We are being drawn steadily towards the planet. It is a most extraordinary place. The land is flat except for occasional sudden, steep heights up which greenish streams are flowing. These contrary streams shoot high into the air as they reach the peaks of the heights to fall again, twisted like multicoloured rope, and dissolve in the air. Here and there single, grey, stone-like trees, bearing coloured jewel rings stand on the windless plain. Deep pits of swirling, dense, yellow smoke pour out balls of live fire which dance up and down above them like a juggler's balls. No bird is to be seen, or any sign of life whatsoever, and the only sound is that of the aertop, now coming after us since we are out of the sound barrier, like the rushing sound of a hundred mountain torrents. At regular intervals, small, hexagonal pillars project from the ground, turning one sixth each minute.

"On our sound apparatus we can hear the voices of the ages, the most famous louder than the others.

"The square on the hypotenuse is equal to the sum of the sq . . ." That must be the voice of Pythagoras.

"Eureka! Eureka!" There we have Archimedes' voice more than two hundred years before Christ. I can hear Caesar saying the much quoted, 'Veni, vidi, vici.' Now Christopher Columbus—'We are now in India' and through all there is a strain of 'Sur le pont d'Avignon.'

"Now I hear the voice of Monsieur Lemaire, French cabinet minister in 1973 . . . and now that of . . . of myself as we left the earth. How extraordinary!"

"The Professor is now making several tests and seems more than a little surprised and delighted at the results. Using great drills his men are opening up the hexagonal pillars I have already

mentioned and with several acids he is . . . A strange black cloud is approaching swiftly, swinging from side to side as it comes. Two of our astronomers have fainted, being overcome by the fumes. Now more of our company are . . . It is nearly here. It seems to b . . . "

ROMA FINLAYSON, Form 4S.

THE ISLANDS

*"Many a green isle needs must be
In the deep wide sea of Misery."*

THROUGH the centuries, it has been the fashion to refer to life by some metaphorical name. There are many of these names, but the one which occurs perhaps most frequently is the phrase, "the sea of life." Books, poems, and hymns have been written on this, and there are even some paintings based on it. Life is generally depicted as a stormy sea with few smooth patches, and would seem to resemble the ocean very closely, if it were not for the fact that, in nine cases out of ten, the writer or artist ignores—*islands*. Every sea, however stormy, has, in some part of it, islands which may be barren or fertile, and in this respect the sea of life is very like the ocean.

The boats in which we sail the great sea are very fragile, and, unlike real boats, carry only three passengers who take it in turn to steer. Each of these passengers differs greatly from the other two, and it depends entirely on the one who is steering to which islands the boat will sail in time of storm.

"Body," the first passenger, is strong and can stand the wear and tear of the voyage for some time, but the sea grows too rough, he becomes very tired, and seeks refuge on the island of Home. There he is warmly welcomed, and in hearing of the voyages of loved ones, he forgets his own troubles, and, having rested, sets out once more with renewed energy. Sometimes, however, "Body" is not only wearied but injured, and must seek the great island of mercy—Medical Island. Doctors, nurses, and hospitals are there, and he receives skilled attention. His stay on Medical Island may be long or short, but he never leaves it until he is properly equipped to face the sea once more.

The second passenger, "Mind," has a greater selection of islands which he may visit, for, more sensitive than "Body," he is more easily tired and hurt. Often, in utter weariness, he steers blindly to the nearest island and finds too late that the boat is being dashed on the rocks of Despair. His efforts to steer clear only bring him into the whirlpool of Frenzy, and then against the iceberg of Fear. From there the boat drifts back to Despair and on to Degradation until it seems that all is lost—then with a great effort, he

just manages to reach the island of Hope. The comfort he receives there fits him for the short ferry to Happiness and Joy, and soon he is sailing away, reassured and inspired to greater effort.

Most sensitive of all is the last passenger, "Spirit." He is gossamer-like in form, and his fellow-passengers protect him so well that he is seldom injured. When he steers, the boat seems to skim lightly over the surface of the sea and visits strange, mystic isles. Regularly, he visits Dreamland, and the enchanted isle of Make-believe, where anything may happen. Oblivion is another of his ports of call, and lovely Nature and Fiction are also visited when he is at the helm. He steers away from these islands invigorated and embalmed with a sweetness which filters through to the other passengers, helping them when no island of comfort is near for them.

When, however, "Spirit" is hurt, he must seek the greatest island of all. It is impossible to find this island without help, but whenever "Spirit" begins truly to seek it, far in the distance appears a beam of light—the light from the great Lighthouse, and, as "Spirit" approaches, the light becomes brighter and brighter, until it is so dazzling that the boat must stop. Alone, "Spirit" can steer it no farther, but when it reaches that point, there comes aboard the Great Pilot, Who only knows the way into the harbour of that greatest of all islands, which, I do not think, need be named.

MARGARET HOWIESON, Form 4S.

SANDY'S SECRET

AS I sauntered down the shores of Cornwall one morning last summer, listening to the sea-gulls yapping and screaming and the waves lapping against the rocks, the sea, though a little angry, looked very enticing. The tide was ebbing when I found Sandy, an old fisherman, sitting smoking on his up-turned boat. Sandy, one of the oldest inhabitants of the village, wore an old navy blue cap, a thick polo-necked pullover, waders and a pair of fishing boots. I sat down on top of a pile of baskets, and watched him skilfully mend his nets.

In the distance there was a somewhat eerie-looking island; on the side which faced the mainland, towered steep, black, weird-looking cliffs, being washed relentlessly with white foam. To me the island looked shadowed with mystery. I then learned from Sandy, who had been studying me, that it was not just imagination. He took one long draw of his pipe before he related this tale.

"Long ago," he said, "there was a shipwreck on the island. The lifeboats were sent out to rescue the survivors, but there were none, and not even one of the rescue party returned. Anxious wives and sweethearts waited in vain for the return of their loved ones. A further search was made by volunteers from the village,

but after forty-eight hours they too had not returned. Neighbouring villages searched their shores in vain for clues. Forty men lost out of the only sixty-three men in the village!

"Nothing was heard of these gallant men until one day a body was washed ashore with a bottle tied safely round the man's neck. On a piece of paper found in the bottle, it said 'Stay away from the island!' We villagers are very superstitious and have not dared to go near the island."

Silently I sat enthralled by the mystery, deeper than ever in thought. The island looked more weird than before, when Sandy broke my reverie, by saying, "Shall I tell you a secret, lass?"

"Yes," I said, eagerly.

"I made up that tale as I went along."

EILEEN M. SORLIE, Form 3D.

THE IVORY MASCOT

FAR up on one of the highest peaks of the Himalayas there lies an ivory statuette. It is a figure of the Egyptian god of death and it is buried deep beneath the virgin snow. Near it is a tent, the canvas stiff and the ice with which it is encrusted cracking slightly under the weight of snow above it. In the tent are the bodies of two men. The god has a slight smile on his face, because he is always happier near death than with the living.

Three thousand years before, in the burning Egyptian sun, a procession was winding slowly away from the tomb of the Pharaoh who had most recently joined his ancestors in the land of the shades. Heading the procession were priests, chanting a dirge. They were followed by dancing girls, miming the life of the Pharaoh. Presently the last mourner was lost from sight and the desert was quiet once more.

In the tomb of the Pharaoh there lingered the sweet smell of incense as the great king began his last long sleep. On a bracket in the tomb stood an ivory figure of the god of death.

Three thousand years later, the sun was shining as brightly as on that day when the tomb had been sealed. A man came out of the tomb carrying a statuette.

"There's been someone here before us," he said.

"When?" asked his friend who had been standing a few yards from the tomb.

"About two and a half thousand years ago," replied the other. "The tomb robbers. This is all that's left unharmed. Tricky little thing. I think I'll keep it as a mascot."

A few months later the man who had taken the statuette decided to try to conquer one of the unexplored peaks of the Himalayas. He had done a considerable amount of climbing in the Alps and now

wanted to make a name for himself as the first man to scale Kmarloo, a mountain which had baffled many.

It was queer, but since he had picked up the Egyptian statuette things had gone badly for him. Some gold shares which he had regarded as rock-firm had crashed, taking most of his savings with them. While travelling from Cairo to Alexandria he had become involved in a train crash from which he had narrowly escaped with his life. Still, he was an adventurer, and his kind had to take risks. Somehow he could not bring himself to part with the statuette.

One sultry day the climbing party reached the hamlet at the foot of the mountain. After a few days of hasty final preparations they started their climb and eventually reached the last buttress of the mountain before the peak. They pitched their tents there and made everything ready for the final effort to reach their goal. The leader of the party was, like most of the others, superstitious. They all had some kind of luck token but, in his case, it seemed more than mere superstition. He had a statuette of the Egyptian god of death and nothing would persuade him to go anywhere without it.

On the day when the climb to the peak was scheduled to take place there was a change in the weather. The clear blue sky became obscured by the dark, copper-tinged clouds which foretold a storm. Hasty preparations for a retreat to a more sheltered place were made. In the hurry the ivory statuette was lost. The leader of the party and his best friend stayed behind to look for it and the others went on, taking all the tents but one. The leader's friend thought that it was sheer folly to wait for the storm but the statuette seemed to have a strange fascination for his friend, who would not leave without it and he did not like to desert him. They searched for the statuette but could find it nowhere. At last they decided to go without it, but suddenly the storm was upon them. They struggled to the tent and closed the flaps to keep out the driving snow, until the storm abated. But the snow did not stop.

Further down the mountain, the main party was sheltering under an overhanging rock. When the storm died down they went to look for traces of their companions. But everywhere there was only the deep, concealing snow.

MARGARET CAMERON, Form 3A.

: : :

THE BREEZE

O'er lands and seas,
The gentle breeze,
Blows everywhere one goes,
And everywhere,
The summer air,
Like running water flows.

O gentle breeze,
With thoughts that please,
Whither shalt thou go?
When rain and hail,
Your course curtail,
And even the soft, white snow.

You'll lie in wait,
Till such a date,
When Spring is on its way,
And to and fro,
You'll gently blow,
On many a Summer's day.

LORNA GILLESPIE, Form 2A.

: : :

DOWN TO THE DEPTHS OF THE SEA

GLIDING down through the cool, silky water from the world above gave me a curious feeling of unreality. The perpetual buffeting of wind, characteristic of the upper regions, contrasted vividly with the very slight, gentle motion of the underwater world.

The mer-king led me on past forests of waving seaweed and sand-strewn caves. Once a procession of gaily-bedecked mermaids rode by, each in a pearly-white shell drawn by two sea-horses. We approached a stretch of flat, sandy rock, where some young mermaidens were dancing. Flecks of sunlight seemed to be caught in their golden hair, which streamed out behind them as they twisted and turned. Round the rock, flowers and plants of great beauty grew in rich profusion. They were gently swaying to and fro, as if to the strains of hidden music. Everywhere fish of rainbow hues hovered in and out, sometimes darting quickly, sometimes pausing, quivering delicately in the current. Further on, the rusted, broken wreck of an ill-fated ship gave a rather sombre air to the scene—evidence of the sea in an angry, unmerciful mood.

At last we came to the palace, which was a turreted edifice of shining coral, surrounded by masses of flowers and plants. Inside, beautiful hangings of fine seaweed and carved mother-of-pearl ornaments decorated the hall. The furniture was cut out of solid rock, and golden caskets full of submarine treasures could be found in many places. Everything was wonderful to my mortal eyes, but the throne room was the most magnificent of all. A unique throne made of gold and set with jewels stood at the top of the great room. Officials in cloaks of red seaweed stood around waiting to do the king's bidding.

At length I was left to wander in the palace gardens. Everything was at peace, nothing was mysterious in that clear, light world, nothing was complicated or difficult. It was a world of ease and grace, where a whimsical sculptor had carved designs, rather carelessly, but with beauty beyond comprehension.

ROSEMARY FRASER, Form 2A.

: : :

TOOTHACHE

I HAD toothache. It was very bad toothache. I ran along a lonely road clutching a large scarf round my face. A hand grabbed at the end of the scarf. I held on grimly. Nobody was going to take my scarf away if I could prevent it. A voice cried faintly, "This way," and a jerk of the scarf swung me round to face a large house with lights blazing. "Oh dear," I said miserably, "this is where the party is. I can't enjoy a party when I've got toothache."

An enormous dog came rushing out of the front door and skidded to a stop by my side, growling fiercely. I fled through the door and had it shut more quickly than I've ever done anything in my life.

A crowd of people was advancing four abreast down the staircase. My heart sank into my boots. I looked down and found that they *were* boots. Thick winter boots, and all those people were in evening dress. I stood and wept as they passed me and went into a room where the party was being held.

I sobbed and sobbed and felt very sorry for myself, standing there with a great ugly man-eating mastiff outside the door, and all those people who would laugh at me inside.

However I found myself in beside the party without knowing I had moved and stood miserably sniffing, still holding the scarf round my mouth. A fat man in a white jacket was walking about the room with a tray of marvellous cakes, lifting them with tiny tongs and saying to the guests, "Open wide," and popping the cakes into their mouths.

When he came to me, I stood and let the tears flow faster, as I shook my head and gulped, "Oh, this is too much."

"Not at all," he replied, "It's all free. Under the National Health, you know."

He picked out a beautiful cream cake and held it out. "I can't, I've got toothache," I sobbed and closed my eyes to the luscious sight.

"All right, now," he replied and I opened my eyes and found the dentist patting my shoulder kindly.

MARJORIE SUTHERLAND, Form 2B.

MY NAME

The girls in my class have such beautiful names,
Patricia, May and Eileen ;
But look what they called me—a horrible name,
Not Evelyn or Sheila—but Jean.

I was called after Auntie—the rich one you know,
She's terribly prim and precise ;
Dad thought she'd be angry if I was called "Flo,"
And Mum said that Jean would be nice.

I wouldn't have minded if it had been Maud,
Anything different would do ;
But I just have to stay Jean—it does seem a shame,
When I would much rather be Sue.

JEAN A. SWAN, Form 2C.

: : :

THE OLD FARM STEADING

Lowly in their stature,
Not knowing what is their future,
With broken doors,
And leaking roof
The Old Farm Buildings stand.

Wood and hills stand round about,
Hills with purple heather,
Rabbits and grouse from hiding spring,
Where'er you wander.

Heather on the graves of those that
used to tend the fields,
Heather on the graves of those that
worked beside the Old Farm Buildings,
Their garden there is overgrown,
Heather grows among the fruit trees,
Grass has grown among the flowers.

These old ruins among the hills and glens of Scotland
Have now lost all trace of habitation,
Except for birds and animals
The Old Farm Buildings stand undisturbed,
Until a lonely wanderer stumbles upon them.

FLORA MACGREGOR, Form 2C.

"OUT OF THE FRYING PAN?"

Porridge brings me out in spots,
Oats I cannot stand.
Sausages are meatless clots,
And eggs are almost banned.

Bacon with its salty rind,
To me makes no appeal,
I think I'll have to try to find
Another breakfast meal.

There's flakes and fruit and salad too,
Or even a fried tomato.
The trouble is, 'twixt me and you,
We haven't got the fat—so,

That leaves me little else but fish,
And bread and tea—say three cups,
But kippers on a greasy dish,
Will likely give me hiccups!

SONYA REID, Form 2E.

: : :

DESERT DISCOVERY

THE Sahab Desert near Rosetta, Egypt, was a place of barren stretches and desolate wasteland. On the far left were the ruins of Queen Nefertiti's temple. Mastabas were scattered on the purple and gold landscape with a few agave trees breaking the skyline. It seemed as if the Mists of Time were closing and we were living in a world of 2,000 B.C. As we stepped down into the Tomb of Nefertiti, I perceived an ivory box inlaid with carnelian, turquoise and gold lying on a tiny, wooden cushion which was covered and chased all over with silver.

We moved into the inner chamber of the tomb and saw on an alabaster dais the Queen of Ancient Egypt lying in state. The hands were folded and were holding the Sceptre of Osiris and the Fail. The eyes were darkened with kohl and the lips with carmine. On her forehead was the Serpent and the Hawk. The mummy was entirely covered with sheet gold.

My guide was eagerly inspecting the skilful workmanship of an old necklace, but my thoughts were still concentrated on the ivory box. I returned and examined it carefully. Was it my curiosity which bound me to this box or my love for all things which were unique? As I peered closer to look at a figure on the lid, I unknowingly pressed the bottom of the box. The lid flew open and

a piece of yellowed, ancient parchment fluttered out. We saw on the papyrus scroll a list of ancient hieroglyphics depicting the great Queen's sorrow at the burial of her husband, King Narmer.

A few months later I took the scroll to the Museum of Antiquities in Cairo. I was told that the little piece of shrivelled papyrus with unintelligible markings on it was a very important link with the Ancient World, and very important to all archaeologists.

Insignificant objects are sometimes most significant.

EDITH FORREST, Form 2E.

: : :

BENARTY

My heart is in the country
Every season of the year
In Summer, Autumn, Winter
And now that Spring is here.

I see again Benarty
Arising in its might
Its heathered slopes a-blending
In the morning light.

It's then I love to wander
To Benarty's summit steep,
And gaze across the valley
To Loch Leven's water deep.

I see the island castle
Where Scotland's tragic queen
Was held, unwilling captive,
And gazed on this same scene.

Nestling beyond the water,
Amidst patchwork pastures green
Kinross, Glenfarg and Scotlandwell
Are, with other hamlets, seen.

Westwards to Clackmannan
I view this pleasant earth
While down below a "toy" train
Goes puffing on to Perth.

Some people sigh for lands afar
And some for treasures rare
But I find every happiness
In Benarty's views so fair.

MARY STEWART, Form 1A.

A CONVERSATION BETWEEN A SWALLOW AND A ROBIN

IT was Spring. In a quiet backwater a French Swallow was skimming between the trees while a cocky, Scotch Robin watched him from a bush. After a while the Swallow came and sat down beside Robin.

"Bonjour," said Swallow in a soft voice.

"Eh! Whit's that ye're saying?" inquired Robin.

"Oh la, la! I forgot you do not speak French, but I said 'hello,'" spoke up Swallow in a voice which had a strong French accent.

"Weel, it didna' soun' like that tae me!" retorted Robin.

"Mais non, I said it in French," gushed Swallow sweetly.

By now Robin was losing his temper, "Ach, you an' ye're French," snorted Robin. "I'm Scots an' proud o' it."

"Je ne vous aime pas beaucoup. Je suis français et j'aime les Français," screeched Swallow.

"I'll no' listen tae you ony mair," yelled Robin, indignantly.

"Ye'd think ye were the only yin that could speak French, but ye're no'. I can speak it tae—'Au revoir.'" And with that last snub he flew off while Swallow fired insults after him in French. Luckily, Robin did not understand any French except "au revoir."

SHEILAH E. TEMPLE, Form IC.

: : :

A BATCH OF PARODIES

1. My Puppy

(With apologies to R. L. STEVENSON)

I have a little puppy that goes everywhere with me,
And why he's always mischievous is more than I can see.
He's a very tiny fellow from his tail up to his head,
And when he knows he's naughty he jumps straight into bed.

He hasn't got a notion with what and how to play,
He's terribly adventurous in every sort of way.
He does not stay beside me, he's no coward as you see,
He really ought to stay at heel as my shadow sticks to me.

One morning, not so early, just as we all got up
I went to give some breakfast to my silly little pup.
But that funny little puppy like a silly, sleep head
Tired out by all his mischief was fast asleep in bed.

FRANCES BAILLIE, Form 1A.

2. Election Day

(With apologies to LORD MACAULAY)

Clem Attlee of Great Britain,
By his ministers he swore
That the great House of Commons
Should suffer wrong no more.
By his ministers he swore it,
And named the Polling Day,
And bade his candidates ride forth,
East and west and south and north,
By 23rd February.

East and west and south and north,
The candidates ride fast,
And tower and town and cottage,
Have heard the heckler's blast.
Shame on the tardy voter
Who stays in his domain,
When polling for the Parliament
Is on the go again.

The voters and the polling clerks,
Are pouring in like rain,
From many a busy factory,
From many a fruitful plain.
It was with great excitement
That the close result was given,
The same old government again,
With a majority of seven.

MAUREEN and NAN SNEDDON, Form 2A.

: : :

3. Dinner Fever

(With apologies to JOHN MASEFIELD)

I must go down to the huts again, to the nearby huts and the
food,
And all I ask is a plate of soup and a nice jammy pud.
And the neighbour's kick and the waitress' song and the white
plates breaking.
And an angry look on the mistress' face and a small girl quaking.

I must go down to the huts again for the call of my hungry
inside
Is a wild call and a clear call that may not be denied.
And all I ask is a Wednesday with the white tatties frying.
And the cold meat and the Brussels sprouts and the cries of
"More!" flying.

I must go down to the huts again to the greasy, greedy life.
To the teacher's order and the girl's sigh where the air could be
cut with a knife.
And all I ask is a peaceful day with each in a happy mood,
With no rows and no squabbles but lots and lots of food.

CATHERINE LONGDEN, EDITH SIME and MARIA KOWDEWSKA,
Form 3C.

: : :

HERE AND THERE

"Such laboured nothings in so strange a style
Amaze the unlearn'd and make the learned smile."—(POPE).

IN a certain "little red school-house" somewhere in Scotland,
we have been spending the happiest (?) years of our lives. In order
that we may remember these our schooldays in later years when,

"In second childishness and mere oblivion,
With Bevan's teeth, specs., wig and everything,"

we sit musing in our rocking-chairs by a dwindling fire, we have
recorded the following . . .

Hats being an ever-present problem in school life, it is inevitable
that they should be always in our minds. For long, however, the
Prefects lacked an adequate phrase to admonish the innocents who
wore their hats on their hands and not on their heads. As this
fashion caused much confusion, it was necessary that we should find
a kindly but suitable phrase to explain what hats were for. We
found one—

"Put your bonnet to his right use; 'tis for the head."—*Hamlet*.

The great "hats" problem inspired a parody of "Riding down
from Bangor," of which we quote the more printable verses (we
would extend our cordial sympathy to the female participant in the
incident!)—

Riding down from Churchhill,
On a sixteen tram,
After hours of learning,
And eating buns and jam.

Grubby W——'s schoolboy,
Face freckled, tie awry,
Talking of the rugger match,
"That was a *smashing* try!"

Empty seat in front of him,
Schoolboy by his side,
Down to Bruntsfield Links,
That rattling tram did glide.

Enter three small girls,
Take the "Box" behind,
Enter Prefect dignified,
Serene and calm in mind.

Schoolboy, full of mischief,
Sees her tempting hat,
Thinks of possibilities
That can be done with that.

Prefect seen all fury
Turns a little red,
Sees her sacred hat
Upon that horrid schoolboy's head!

And who could forget those exhilarating games of hockey, when
the November wind played havoc with

"The gyms. that never *quite* covered our knees,"

when our noses turned a delicate blue, when we could never
remember *where* we had put our hankies, when

"She who hit hardest, lasted longest,"

and when, panting loudly we reached the goal mouth and (in the
words of a 1B poetess)

"The goalie said, 'Quo vadis?
You cannot have one yet!'"

The Science Department still continues its good work and has
even inspired a modern poetic rendering of the most important
events in the history of Science, as thus:—

Old Archimedes in his tub,
Broke off, amid a gentle scrub,
And yelled "Eureka!" for he noted
Scientific data as he floated.

One day in May, when each girl was presented with three large
Canadian apples, a certain member of the Sixth Form, suffering

from a severe attack of bursarycompitis, roused herself from her coma and was heard to murmur:—

“ Is this an apple which I see before me?
Dost place it in my hand?—Come, let me clutch thee!
But stay, thou'rt not alone methinks, for see,
I do behold yet twain beside thee! For me?
Ah! how thou temptest me, thou threefold joy,
Ye luscious, luring triplets!—yet do not flee!
Fold back the azure tissue! ah, woe to thee
If first, my pretty pippin—for I'll devour thee!”

After which there was a loud, crunching noise, and then silence fell once more.

May we congratulate the budding linguist who refreshingly translated “ rubber boots ” as “ bottes de frotteur,” and also the Shakespearean scholars who informed us that,

“ Macbeth visited the witches in their cauldron,”

and that,

“ Macbeth decided he would cold-bloodily murder Macduff.”

Form 6A recognises itself as described by various poets:—

“ Who think too little and who talk too much.”—(DRYDEN).
“ One eare it heard, at the other out it went.”—(CHAUCER).

but we would specially mention the Latin Class:—

“ Their cogitative faculties immersed
In cogibundity of cogitation.”—(CAREY).

6A in the gym?

“ On with the dance! let joy be unconfined.”—(BYRON).

We noted with some surprise the following enlightening announcement on the programme for the Stevenson Symposium:—

“ The Unfinished Masterpiece ”:—E—— W——.
We wonder?

And we are still puzzling over an event which happened just recently in 6 A's classroom. We noticed one of the girls lying stretched out on a desk at the back of the room. Her face was a pale green with gentle smudges of chocolate brown here and there, but she was smiling ecstatically, and when we lifted her head she muttered:—

“ Just another coffee centre
'Fore it gets its choc'late coating,
Lovely, dark-brown choc'late coating!

And another nutty ' whirrul '
Curly wurly, spiral'd ' whirrul ' !
Just another choc'late toffee,
Chewy, creamy silk-smooth toffee!
And a heart-shaped, dream-like filling
Made of sweet, swift-melting marz'pan!
Let me reach the Land of Nutski,
Where the fleeting Hazelnutskis,
Swathed all in milky choc'late,
Dwell beside the Stream of Cocoa . . .”

At this point the muttering died away, and she rolled off the desk. We wonder, could she possibly have been visiting a certain chocolate-factory?

: : :

FROM THE PRIMARY DEPARTMENT

PRIMARY SCHOOL NOTES

THIS has been on the whole a quiet session of steady work in both Preparatory and Secondary Departments. We were glad to welcome to the staff in August, Miss Ellen Edwards, reared in the good tradition of our own School. Two other former pupils—Miss McIntosh and Miss Storrar—have come recently for singing and physical training, which we find a welcome relief from sums and spelling.

We have again to express our appreciation of what Miss Andrew, the Committee, and the City Gardener, do for our grounds. Our rose-beds and the herbaceous border make us particularly proud, and we do our part by taking great care of them. We ourselves have contributed a sun-dial and a bird house, provided with food and shelter, where some of the smaller girls would dearly like to take up residence! Among the many former pupils who visited the grounds in September, were a number of mothers of present pupils, and their universal comment when they saw our woods and garden was, "We never had this in our day. Aren't they lucky?"

Fortunate too, are the Preparatory girls, whose classrooms have been charmingly redecorated. Their "ohs" and "ahs" of delight would well repay the trouble taken by those in authority to make the rooms so bright and attractive.

The retiral of our good friend, Mr Gillespie, from the Secretaryship of the Zoo, is a great loss, but he assures us that he has told his successor that, "Jim's charming godmothers are no ordinary subscribers!" We may still enjoy such special privileges as an afternoon at the Zoo for a chosen bus-load, or an evening for that energetic and dependable body of "Servicewomen," the Prefects, when for a few glorious hours they share the delights of the "Fellows" including their garden, their dining-room, and best of all, their tea!

A great event was our joining the Secondary School for the Easter Service in St. Giles'. We did feel superior as, at Miss Andrew's suggestion, we drove in state past the Secondary pedestrians and, like wee Jock Todd, "bowed to right and bowed to left"! But once we entered the Cathedral, the ancient flags, the beautiful windows and the service itself, left a deep impression on even the youngest.

We hope that Mrs Higgins, our friend and comforter when we feel sick, will soon be better and back with us again; meantime, we are glad to have Mrs Burt taking her place.

With our best wishes we speed the girls who leave us this year to start work in the Secondary Department.

B. M.

: : :

A BRUNTSFIELD GHOST

LET me introduce myself. I am a ghost; to be precise, the ghost of Alfred Purves, the butler of Bruntsfield House. I shall be three hundred years old this September.

Were you aware of the fact that ghosts are luminous? We can only be seen by night and during the day I can glide unnoticed through the grounds of Bruntsfield House. These are sadly altered. Bruntsfield House was built when the warfare with England had ceased and in the spacious grounds and airy rooms, my master lived in comfort and entertained his friends. Many a gay party attended by the nobility of High Street has my master regally entertained. I was kept very busy in those days, but it was a grand life.

Many years after my death, an amusing incident occurred during a party when a lady remarked that it seemed as if the spirit of the late butler was present as things were going so well! Little did she guess how near the truth she was. Nowadays, instead of the rumble of carriage and wheels and the clip-clop of horses' hooves, I can hear the laughter of many children playing happy games.

Many things have survived the years however, and stand to-day as reminders of a bygone age. The old stone mounting-block in the carriage-court and the stables facing the Forth, both emphasise the fact that Bruntsfield House was once the centre of "horsy" interests.

To-day, I pass the time away by entertaining myself in classrooms of the school (for so I take it to be.) As I glide past Miss X. who is drumming the two times table into her infants, I give her a gentle tap on her shoulder. It really is very amusing to see her jump nervously and then glance round to see what touched her!

These days, when I am having a quiet after-dinner nap, I am sometimes rudely awakened by a grinding-clanking noise. By now, however, I am used to the iron monster which comes down the drive, bearing a load of clanking crates filled with bottles of milk.

Sometimes I slip back into the past and when I hear the tinkling of a bell, I rush at once to the gate, only to find a great number of maroon-clad girls rushing through me! The bell, I find, is invariably rung by a serf, wearing a drab, navy-blue uniform and a flat, uninteresting hat. This fellow never requires my services.

And now I must bid you farewell. Times may have changed for the better, but I do not regret having lived in the good old days.

SHEILA A. MCGREGOR, 5A.

THE ROBIN'S WEDDING

On the first day of summer I chanced to see
 The birds all clustered on one big tree ;
 They chattered and sang as though something were wrong,
 Or something would happen before very long.

I hid and I waited for more than an hour,
 And lay quite still in my leafy bower.
 Soon a cluster of robins all dressed in their best,
 Hopped down to a tree where they came to rest.

Soon the bride and bridegroom surrounded by friends
 Came to rest at the topmost branch's end.
 The minister robin stood there in the sun,
 And soon the two robins were joined into one.

JANICE M. STEWART, 5B.

THE TRAMP

All through the countryside I roam
 With never a care and never a home ;
 Just seeking shelter for the night
 Underneath the pale moonlight.

My cover is the heavenly sky,
 My bed-light nature's stars on high.
 I dream of childhood's happy days
 And glad my happiness still stays.

I'm up at dawn and on my way
 To look for work with food for pay,
 And see what fate will bring along,
 Whate'er it is I'll greet with song.

A happy man, contented, gay,
 I hope that always I may stay,
 To live in towns I do not ask
 In country lanes I'll always bask.

VALERIE TURNBULL, 5B.

A VISIT TO THE CITY CHAMBERS

BEFORE last December I had never been in the City Chambers.
 But one evening the phone rang, inviting Mummy and me to a

coffee party, and also to see the Lord Provost's Christmas Cards in the building.

We accepted, and I was delighted, because I had often longed to visit a place that was not open to the public.

Reaching the City Chambers, we passed through the arches opposite St. Giles' Cathedral. Under the middle arch lies Edinburgh's Stone of Remembrance, and in the courtyard is the statue of Alexander the Great, and his horse Bucephalus.

When both of us were inside the building itself, I paused on the stairway to look down. My astonishment was great, because, as I put my head over the banister, I noticed that there were many flights of stairs going right down to Cockburn Street.

Continuing our way up the gaily decorated staircase, we soon came to the passage which led to the room where the Provost's Christmas Cards were on view. The cards were from all over the world, but the ones which attracted most people were the cards of the Royal family. Press-photographers were busy with their flash-lamps, collecting pictures for the papers.

After seeing the cards we went to a room where coffee was served by members of the Girls' Training Corps, who looked very neat and tidy in their navy-blue uniforms. As I was finished before Mummy, I walked round the room, gazing at the walls on which were many historical pictures mainly of the Stuart Period. The one that appealed to me most was that of Mary, Queen of Scots sailing across the Solway Firth to England, after leaving Scotland for the last time. The other pictures were of "Bonnie Prince Charlie," The Signing of the National Covenant, and James VI being roused from his bed by the messenger to tell him Queen Elizabeth of England was dead.

By the time I had finished looking at the pictures it was time to leave. Walking along the passages I felt that that morning had been worth while. It had been really interesting.

Outside the building of the City Chambers I thought, "A few days ago I had no idea what the City Chambers was like inside. Now I know."

SHEENA McDUGALL, 4A.

A MOUNTAIN CLIMB

IT was a lovely warm day as we left the small village of Bresau to climb the Tiernjoch. Our guide, Herr Braun, had ropes slung round his shoulder. We carried our alpenstocks as we waved to the wife of the proprietor of the Kron-Prinz-Carl, the hotel in which we were staying.

The guide set the pace which was very slow. He did this deliberately, because if we had started to walk very quickly, we would have been tired out before we were half-way up. On we went slowly until we reached a glacier. Herr Braun said it was named the Tiern Glacier. In the centre we saw a deep crevasse. The guide said that the glacier moved a foot every year.

Round the peak of the mountain was a horrible white mist. In the distance we saw snow lying on the ground. All round about us were little autumn crocuses and other pretty Austrian flowers.

Very soon we came to a small hut in which were four chairs, a table, and two double beds. We stopped here and had some lunch after which we had a short nap.

We now reached the snow. Herr Braun said it would be about four inches deep and we could walk through it. Next we came to the horrid clinging mist, which we had seen from below. It caused us much delay. As we went on I fell over a protruding rock but did not hurt myself.

Far down in the valley below we saw a mountain tarn. The water was very brown and stagnant. As we neared the summit we heard the tinkling of goat bells and near his little hut, we also saw the goatherd.

At last we reached the summit and far below us lay the sparkling Tiernsee and the little village of Bresau.

IRENE COWE, 4B.

: : :

THE FAIRIES

See the happy fairies dancing
There within the moonlit glade,
Each one gaily, lightly prancing,
Clinging to each grassy blade.

Round and round again they spin,
See the naughty goblin grin!
From the trees, with whoop and shout
They come running quickly out.

See the first grey streaks of dawn,
Steal across the starry sky,
Where have all the fairies gone?
Why did they not say good-bye?

JEAN DUNLOP, 4B.

SCHOOL TROUBLES

What are all those lessons for
Latin and French and Greek?
And why, oh why, do we have to learn
Reading and How-to-Speak?

It's boring having lessons to do
When you want to play in the sun
And have to learn about History
When you want to skip and run.

I don't like school and that is why
My reports of it are bad,
And when the bell rings out at last,
I'm always very glad.

EUNICE J. SPIERS, 3A.

: : :

TRAFFIC LIGHTS

"Red light, Red light, what do you say?"
I say, "Stop, even the Queen must obey."

"Yellow light, Yellow light, what do you mean?"
I say, "Wait till the light turns green."

"Green light, Green light, what do you say?"
I say, "Go, but, first look each way."

PARTICIA COLLEY, 3B.

: : :

A BICYCLE TELLS ITS STORY

TO see me now old and rusty, no one could believe that I was once a beautiful new bicycle. I was born in Coventry and it was there I was hammered out into my shape. On leaving the factory I was securely fixed in a wooden crate with an Edinburgh address on the label. When I reached the shop, I had the honour of being put right in front of the shop-keeper's window.

One day I saw the excited face of a little girl, who was holding her father's hand. She pulled him into the shop. Gently the salesman wheeled me into the showroom and praised me to the girl's father. At last he bought me because he saw how much happiness I gave to his daughter.

At first my mistress was very careful with me. Very often we went for picnics with her friends. As she grew older she used to

put me in this old shed instead of putting me in her daddy's garage. I am still here in the shed, sad and lonely. My pleasant blue paint is all off and my shining handle bars are rusty.

It comforts me to think that I have served my mistress well
ANNE ROBINSON, 3B.

: : :

THE MOUSE HUNT

ONE night, about eleven o'clock, my cat brought in a mouse which was alive. It escaped and went under the piano. Mother and father helped the cat to catch it, but this took some time as the mouse went all over the room, behind the wireless, under the side-board and into the mattress of the Put-u-up. Meantime the cat had gone up on a cushion and had fallen asleep. When my mother and father did catch the mouse they were so sorry for it they let it away. It was just a poor little Field-Mouse.

ANNE GAULT, 2A.

: : :

MY PET TORTOISE

WOULD you like to have a pet tortoise? Daddy brought me home a tortoise. Daddy is a sailor and the tortoise came from Genoa. My pet's name is Charlie. Since we had him, Charlie has grown. We feed him on greens and he drinks water. One day my little brother put his glass marble on the hearth. Thinking it was water, Charlie went and tried to drink it. All he could do was to roll the marble about with his nose. Every day Charlie takes a walk. He climbs over the kerb, out of the hearth, and tumbles on to the floor. He sometimes falls on his back and we have to lift him over. I love to see Charlie yawning.

ISOBEL MILNE, 2B.

: : :

A FAIRY STORY

THERE was once a fairy who lived all alone in a small cottage. She was very lonely because she had no friends. She had no friends because she was lazy. Her garden was very untidy. Weeds grew everywhere, and her cottage had not been dusted for three months. Now one day a small elf passed that way. He saw the untidy garden and dirty cottage and he thought that the fairy ought to be punished. So the elf went home and thought it over. At last he decided to see if the fairy could work magic. He went back the way he had come.

At last he reached the fairy's cottage and saw that she could not work magic. So he went home. He made a pair of magic shoes and sent them to the fairy. The fairy put them on and the shoes took her out and made her clear up the garden and pull all the weeds out, and then took her into the cottage to clean it up. Then she never dared to put them on again. When you pass her garden now it is always spick and span. I think she got punished, don't you?

WINIFRED KIDD, 1A.

: : :

ON Friday morning Daddy was in the garden when a gentleman called to him that two birds were fighting, and one bird was very badly hurt. Daddy put it in the hut and Mummy put some bread and milk in a saucer for the poor wee thing. It did not seem to have any broken bones or wings. It pecked at our fingers with its long yellow beak, but it did not hurt us at all. Yet the poor thing could not fly, nor could it walk straight, but just tumbled over on one side. How cruel of the other bird—don't you think?

JENNIFER MELDRUM, 1B.

: : :

FROM THE PREPARATORY DEPARTMENT

I am a pair of red ballet shoes. I was bought by a ballet dancer, who took me home. She put me on her feet and danced around the room. In the evening she took me to the theatre, where she danced on the stage in front of a lot of people. After that she took me to lots of other theatres. When I was worn out she put me in a cupboard.

I am a kitten my name is Fluffy. I am black and have a blue ribbon round my neck. I live on fish and milk. I sleep in a basket by the fire-side where it is lovely and warm. I love to jump about and play with a ball.

One day some men were fixing my mummy's chimney, and lots of soot fell down. My mummy was beside the fire. The soot went all over her face and gave her a black moustashe like my daddy's.

One day when my Mummy was washing me, I blew a bubble. My Mummy laughed. So did my Daddy. My Daddy said that it was the funniest thing that he ever saw. Then I burst it.

I have a Mama-doll at home. Her name is Rose-mary. Her eyes are blue. She has fair hair. She has it all in a wave. It is short. Her cheeks are rosy. She wears a night-dress under her set of woollen clothes. Her pram is too small for her now. I just have to carry her.

My Daddy is tall. He has ruddy sun-burnt cheeks. He wears a black suit and a blue overcoat. He is a teacher. He leaves for school at five minutes past eight. He comes home for dinner at quarter to twelve. He goes back to school a few minutes before I come home from school.

Yesterday I went to my Granny's. She gave me a whole bag of sweets. She told me not to eat them all at once.

One day I was walking in the country with my Mummy and Daddy. I saw a squirrel. He had ginger fur. Then I saw a frog. It jumped on to my hand. It made a noise. I jumped with fright.

PREP. SENIOR A.

I went to empty the pigs bowl. I fell and hurt my head on the wall and ran to my Daddy crying. I had some nice kola. I went to meet Mummy. She kissed me.

I got bath salts from Santa. I put them in my bath. They are blue and pink. Sometimes the water turns green. I do not see them. They have a lovely smell.

I have a doll. Her name is Rosemary. When I went to school on Friday my brother pulled out some of my dolls hair. Mummy gave him a scolding. I think he will never do it again.

My tooth is slack. It will soon come out. If it does I cannot be mistress Mary because I would sing funny. The people would laugh at me.

I was absent a lot of days. I was dying to come back to school. Mummy gave me a letter and sent me back when I was better.

On Saturday I saw an old lady. She was lame so I helped her across the road. She gave me a penny. The lady said do you go to Gillespie's. I said yes. I was happy. The lady was happy too.

I have a little baby. His name is Scott. I play with him. He takes his spinning top and puts it in his mouth. You see he has his teeth coming through. He puts his fingers in his mouth too. What a sore mouth he must have.

PREP. SENIOR B.

: : :

I have a lese eye and the doctor sed I was to wer a black pach on the othr.

We went to murrayfeld and it was raining and we got sokt but Scotland won.

My Mummy forgot to put the solt in to the porj yesterday.

I am a tortois and I have a shell and my shell is brown and I can todell along.

I have seen the cows been milkd with eletrick choobs.

I no a girl that can sing a song to my Mummy when she is bzay spring-clening and that's me.

I have a bujy and it can open the doir and it can shut the doir of the caig.

D

My Daddy pord custrd into his tea by mistac.

When I grow up I am going to be an artist. I am going to pante lovely pickchors of flowrs.

I was six on the first of march and I had a cake in school and it had six candles on it and all the girls sang happy birthday to me.

I am going to be a nurs to pashunts who are in hosptl.

I woud like a rabbit in my garden and do you no what I woud give him, lettis.

PREP. JUNIOR A.

: : :

I saw a mows in the sculray.

Willy Wind blowd my daddy's hat off.

My little chum has a lisp, and when she ses "soap" she says "thoap."

I can nit a doll's nitey.

I have a goose. It lays eggs and it scweex.

I woz at the doctor. I have a bad leg. He sed it was rematics and I must ware long stocings.

I have a doll. His name is Tom. He has grene close and a grene berri.

I have a cof. Mummy has nuthing for it, so she is taking me to the Doctor.

The burglars went into my anty's prefab. They took her bed cuver, and three pounds from the meter. They left a dirty hanky. She was away at a funral, and forget to shut the windo.

I have a doll. It has rele hare, rele teeth, rele socs and rele shoos.

Wun day robbers stole my froc. It was my spotid froc. It was in the nite when it was on the rope at the dining-room windo.

When I was in my bed, I turnd a sumrsolt. I fell out of bed and bumdt my hed.

PREP. JUNIOR B.

REPORTS OF SOCIETIES

LITERARY AND DRAMATIC SOCIETY

WHEN members of the "Lit." look back, they will find two reasons for regarding session 1949-50 as memorable. They will remember it not only as a year of successful enterprise, but as a year of innovation, during which a pupil was, for the first time, elected President—Ray Ferrier proving her efficiency in this capacity. The Society started the session with a very large membership, and although the later meetings drew smaller numbers, the attendance was very satisfactory.

Perhaps best-attended were our three joint meetings. The first of these was an Inter-Debate with Daniel Stewart's Society on the subject, "That our Pleasures are too Easily Obtained." The negative won by a substantial majority, as again happened at the Quadrangular Debate in which the Societies of Mary Erskine's School, George Heriot's School and George Watson's College also took part. The subject chosen for this meeting, "That Psychology is the Curse of our Time," provided scope for much animated discussion. That our standard of debating was so high, may be attributed to the fact that debating classes were held last September by Miss Foster, Miss Hardie and Miss Coulson. Our meeting with George Heriot's Literary Society took the form of a "Mock Parliament," which, if the hilarious laughter of the "back-benchers" is evidence, depicted the lighter side of parliamentary affairs.

Two outstanding meetings were "Symposium—R. L. S.," and our "Inter-Year Drama Festival." At the former meeting, "lecturettes" on various aspects of the life and work of Stevenson were given, and several delightful musical items were rendered between the talks. The Fourth Year's production was ranked best by the "Drama Festival" adjudicators.

The Society was fortunate in having two invited speakers this session. Miss Coulson spoke to us on her "American Impressions." It will be a long time before those present forget her graphic talk, so skilfully punctuated with scintillating humour. "Some Literary Ladies of Scotland" was the subject chosen by Dr Charles Malcolm, head of the Signet Library, for his address, which was confined to writers of the past. Many of them had been no more than names to us, but Dr Malcolm made them real people. We should like once again to express our sincere gratitude to these speakers.

Of our traditional meetings—"To Start You Talking," "Magazine Night," and "Fourth Year Night"—little need be said other than that they were most enjoyable. Members of the Fourth Year

are to be congratulated on their original and entertaining, "Scrapbook, 1900-50." The enthusiasm and inventive ability of the Fourth augurs well for the future of our Society.

Our most popular meeting was a "Hallowe'en Party," during which Miss Foster presented "Hallowe'en Cantrips," which she herself devised. While the programme was taking place, the hall was lit by evil-looking witches who later danced round a cauldron, shrieking wild incantations; also in the programme, were poetry and songs, and noisy mirth was provided by a band of pseudo-guiseurs and the rite of the "three luggies."

Finally, on behalf of the members of the "Lit." I should like to thank all those who have given us unfailing support and advice. Especially do I wish to express our gratitude to Staff Members of Committee—Miss Foster, Miss Hardie and Miss Coulson—who have been ever-willing to help us make our meetings interesting and successful.

EILEEN H. WAITT, *Hon. Secretary.*

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SCIENCE ASSOCIATION

THE past year has been a most successful one for the Science Association. Membership has risen and attendance at the meetings has been very satisfactory.

The varied syllabus again included a demonstration of films by Mr Seaton, a debate, Short Papers and Experiment Night, and these proved as popular and informative as they have been in previous years.

Our outside speakers this year were Dr Connor who gave a lecture on Radar which greatly increased our knowledge of this modern aid to navigation, and Dr Dunbar, who spoke on the Manufacture of Aerated Waters and most kindly provided samples to illustrate his talk.

Former Pupils' Night took the form of a Brains Trust, while the Staff Meeting consisted of talks by Miss Dunbar, Miss Kerr and Miss Macgregor on famous scientists.

As always the most popular meeting was the Reunion and Social at which members forgot their scientific aspirations in less praiseworthy, but highly enjoyable pursuits.

Two excursions were also included in this year's syllabus. One was to the Paper Mills at Balerno and the other to a coal mine at Newtongrange. Members found both these excursions extremely instructive and of great value as a method of learning some of the practical applications of science in industry.

Mention must also be made of the E.S.S.S. (Edinburgh Schools Scientific Society) which is open to the 4th, 5th and 6th Form pupils and which provides monthly talks on scientific subjects. Ray Ferrier

ably carried out her duties as representative for Gillespie's and as Assistant Secretary of E.S.S.S.

Finally the Committee wish to express their gratitude to members for their support and to all those who have helped to make this year's programme so successful. On behalf of next year's Committee we extend a cordial welcome to all new members and assure them of another year of entertaining and instructive meetings under the guiding hand of our President, Mr Brash, to whom we wish to express our thanks for the untiring work and energy he expends on our behalf.

JACQUELINE A. F. HAMILTON, *Hon. Secretary.*

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SKETCH CLUB

THERE has been a fairly large and regular attendance at Sketch Club this year. The members have been very enthusiastic and the younger girls especially have shown great interest in the Club. The work in the Art Section has been mainly on large murals, painted by groups of girls. In the Craft Section amusing stuffed animals and dolls have been made, while some members have also tried their hand at "lino-cuts."

Altogether I think we may say that this has been a very successful year and I am sure that every member will join in a hearty vote of thanks to the teachers who have willingly given up their spare time to help us.

MARGARET HOWIESON.

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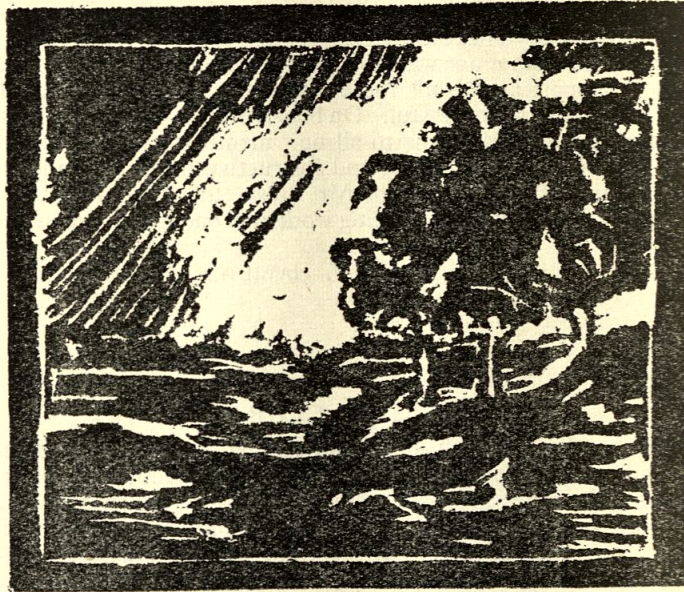
SCHOOL CHOIR

NO sooner had School reassembled in August than the Choir was again hard at work. It was with great pleasure that we sang "Bless this House," at the ceremonial opening of the home for spastic children at "Westerlea."

Each month seemed to hold its own special duty for the Choir and October, with Founder's Day, was no exception. On this occasion the anthem was, "God Made Us All," by Dyson, perhaps not so ambitious as previous anthems but equally lovely.

At a celebration of the Scottish Schools Musical Association, held in Moray House, the Choir and Orchestra delighted everyone with, among other songs and instrumental items, their combined rendering of Bach's "Sleepers Awake."

Christmas was now upon us. Mr Sommerville, previously known to us as conductor and pianist, now put on the robes of composer



STORM

JEAN FRASER, 4L



HARBOUR SCENE

ROSEMARY DICKSON, 4L

and delighted staff and pupils alike with his music for the "Nativity Play." Its success was also due to Miss Campbell and Miss Bennet who worked untiringly with the writing and staging.

Easter was celebrated this year by a service at St. Giles' Cathedral, where the Choir rendered the anthem, "Brother James's Air," and also concluded the service with a three-fold Amen.

In March, forty members of the choir joined the choirs from other schools in the Usher Hall and a most pleasing performance of Bach's "St. Matthew Passion" resulted. This is the second successive year that the Bach Society has organised such a recital and we hope it may remain an annual event.

Practices for the "Closing Concert" are now beginning and we feel sure this year will be as successful as previous years. The programme is varied and interesting, including items by Bach, Elgar, Dyson and Imogen Holst.

This has indeed been a most successful year for the Choir. To Mr Sommerville, our Choirmaster, we should like to say how grateful we are for his untiring work with the Choir, but above all we appreciate his ready humour which makes the choir practice not a duty but a joy. Miss Nicoll has also been a true friend and helper and we should like her to know how much we value her work amongst us.

BESSIE CONNER.

THE SCHOOL ORCHESTRA

FOR yet another year the Orchestra has continued its practices on Thursday afternoons after School. Although many of our older members have left us, our numbers do not decrease, owing to the great enthusiasm of our new younger members. The Orchestra now consists of six first violins, twelve second violins, two violas, four 'cellos, a double bass, a set of timpani and four pianists.

In November, we took part in the Scottish Schools Music Association's Jubilee celebrations at Moray House, where we played the "Gavotte" from the Suite in D, by Bach and accompanied the Choir in his duet from "Sleepers, Wake!"

Now the rehearsals for the Closing Concert are in full swing and we hope to play Elgar's, "Chanson de Matin," Lully's "Cibet," Bach's Duetto from the Magnificat and Handel's Organ Concerto, No. 5, arranged for piano by Mr Sommerville, who has once more conducted us throughout the season with his unfailing energy and enthusiasm.

MORAG M. CAMERON.
JANETTE N. DODS.

SCRIPTURE UNION

THROUGHOUT the session the membership of the School branch of the Scripture Union has increased, until Room 8 has proved too small. Meetings are now held every Thursday, at 8.30 a.m. in Room 7. The meetings on several occasions have been taken by Miss P. M. Sayer, of the Scottish Committee of the Scripture Union and Inter-School Christian Fellowship.

At the Bible Exhibition, "The Way," held in February, in the Music Hall, George Street, five Scripture Union members took part in the Inter-School Quiz, which, together with the film which followed, provided an enjoyable evening. We would take this opportunity of thanking all who came to lend their support.

At the date of going to press, the two future events are the outing to Longniddry on 27th May and the Swimming Gala to be held at the Warrender Baths, on 15th June, for which we hope to enter a relay team. Some of the members are going to the camps and house-parties held throughout Scotland during the summer holidays.

We would also extend a welcome to anyone in the Secondary School who is interested in the work of the Scripture Union.

JEAN C. GARDNER.

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E.S.C.A.

AT the beginning of the session the large membership and attractive syllabus promised one of E.S.C.A.'s most successful years. Though, owing to various unfortunate hitches, this promise was not altogether fulfilled, there were, nevertheless, several interesting meetings, of which the most valuable was perhaps "International Night," at which visitors from the Netherlands, the Argentine, South Africa and Belgium, gave their impressions of Scotland and answered questions about their own countries; and the most popular, the Christmas Dance.

We commend E.S.C.A. to all those having a serious interest in current problems and in furthering international understanding.

RAY FERRIER.

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FIELD CLUB

ALTHOUGH, at this date, the activities of the Club are not really started, we have a large and enthusiastic membership, and are looking forward to a successful summer term, with numerous excursions.

It is intended to buy an observation hive for the School, with the money obtained from subscriptions.

TENNIS TEAM, 1949-50

Back Row—Miss Welsh, S. Charters, E. Moncrieff, M. Hutchison.
Front Row—C. Philip, J. MacPherson (Captain), O. Wightman.

CRICKET TEAM, 1949-50

Back Row—I. Main, D. Walker, M. Thomson, Mr Sommerville, A. Anderson,
G. McIlwrick, M. Paton.
Front Row—E. Bryce, P. Shires, I. Brown (Captain), A. Fuller, M. Anderson.

The Club is indebted to Miss Kerr and Miss Kimpton, not only as its originators, but for the continuing interest they show in it, and for the time they devote to it.

RAY FERRIER.

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"TRAVELLERS' TALES"

I.

"UNFORGETTABLE, UNFORGOTTEN"

THE wind is chill but the sun shines brilliantly, the sky is cloudless, sun awnings have reappeared above shop windows, and gardens and florists' windows are gay with tulips and daffodils. One's thoughts turn to warmer days, longer days—holidays. My thoughts turn, not only forward to holidays to come, but back to last year, to a holiday in the sun, carefree, wonderful, and now only a memory, but a happy one and "unforgettable, unforgotten."

Nearly forty other girls, who made up the school party for that trip abroad last year, share that memory, the happiness of which is in no small measure due to the efficient and sensible, but kind and comradely companionship of Miss Gloag, Miss Davidson, Miss MacLean and Miss Hampden. It's good to know that they too enjoyed their holiday in spite of the enormous responsibilities it necessarily entailed.

I loved Paris, but I am not going to extol her beauties and attractions here, because five days crammed with sight-seeing tours leave many impressions, it is true—vivid and beautiful ones—but sketchy. Still, crammed though they were, those five days were long enough to get Paris under one's skin and to appreciate that much-talked-of, indefinable "something" in the atmosphere of the city.

Paris and her wonders are familiar to most people, if only through hearsay, but how many people, I wonder, know anything of Annecy? I hadn't even heard of it until I knew I was going there.

Annecy—Lac d'Annecy—and long, lazy days in the glorious sun. Annecy—what wonderful memories are conjured up by that name!

I remember—the mountains, pine-clad and dotted with little wooden chalets, their brightly coloured window-shutters symbolising the gay, care-free charm of the place.

The hot blue of the sky merged with the cool green of the lake where the depths were clean and clear under a sparkling surface.

I remember the air, fresh and warm and sweet, and, in the mountains, fragrant with the scent of the pine-trees.

I remember the canal at night—rivalling Venice in romance and beauty. Canoes gently rocking on the quiet surface of the water; leafy branches dipping their shadows over the banks; coloured

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"JIM"

lights from the boat's casting rippled reflections on the water—romantic, beautiful.

Everywhere night brought a new beauty. The Pont des Amours, hung with little coloured lights; the lake, silvery in the moonlight; the Ile des Cygnes, a tiny, enchanting island, floodlit.

The window behind my bed in the dormitory of the Lycée Berthollet looked on to a big square courtyard, planted with half a dozen thickly leaved trees. Before slipping into bed (I always seemed to be last) I liked to stand in the dark before the open window, drinking in the freshness and sweetness of the night air, gazing at the stars and into the dark tracery of the branches, listening to the silence. Never a leaf stirred in the heavy branches, never the faintest breeze to cause a rustle, a whisper, a sigh. The stillness would fascinate me and hold me spellbound. In those few moments, as I listened with every particle of my being to the shimmering silence my soul seemed to free itself from my body and float in a dream of tranquillity.

Tranquillity—for those in search of that, and colour and laughter and beauty—Annecy is the place. I found them there.

S. P. S.

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II

DANCING IN PARIS

A VISIT to Paris—unbelievable, but true! We were a little stunned, and not a little excited, when we learned that we had been chosen to represent the Edinburgh schools by dancing at the F.I.O.C.E.S. celebrations which were to take place on 30th March in Paris.

The morning of the 28th March dawned at last and our dreams became a reality. The last-minute rush to pack; labels, bearing the magic word "Paris" stuck in prominent positions on our suitcases, and we set off.

After a rather long journey we arrived at St. Lazare where we were introduced to the families with whom we were going to stay. That memorable first night was spent in awe and wonder at the peculiar habits of the French; the bottles of wine which they seemed to consume with great ease, the loaves of bread about two feet long which were laid on the table and the innumerable meat courses which they seemed to enjoy! It was that night that we realised that our French was, as Chaucer puts it:

"After the scole of Stratford atte Bowe
For French of Paris was to us unknowe."

The next morning we assembled in the courtyard of the Sorbonne, and we are sure that never has that historic university re-

sounded to so much din as when we Scots began hilariously to compare notes on the previous night.

After a morning rehearsal of our dances we went to a students' restaurant, "La Maison des Mines," for lunch. We were rather startled by the sudden clatter of knives, forks or spoons on the trays off which the students were eating, until we discovered that a certain distinguished member of our party had caused this effect by simply wearing a hat! Having consumed our noodles and spinach, our first really French lunch, we returned to the Sorbonne where we showed the French our national dances and let them hear the skirl of the bagpipes. The audience showed its enthusiastic approval by recalling us to lead them in singing "Auld Lang Syne."

The next morning a tour of the city had been arranged for us and we saw the Sacré-Coeur, Notre Dame, L'Arc de Triomphe and the other famous sights of Paris. We were honoured by a civic reception in the Hôtel de Ville, and in the afternoon we were received, yet again, at U.N.E.S.C.O. house where we were given tea and made thoroughly welcome.

On Saturday morning which, incidentally, was April Fools' Day, we gave a demonstration for the pupils at the Lycée Molière. In the afternoon we went to Versailles, where, between the discourses of our French guide, we were engaged in the French custom of pinning fish on one another's backs.

We all agreed that the best part of our visit was our stay together at the Lycée Janson de Sailly; the main reason being that we could once more talk English and did not have to converse mainly in words of one syllable.

Our last demonstration was received with the same amount of enthusiasm as the first. This display was given to the Royal Caledonian Society and we felt proud to be giving those exiled Scots a link with their homeland.

The moment of our departure arrived at ten o'clock on Wednesday morning, when, on the station platform, standing French and Scots alternately in a circle, we again sang "Auld Lang Syne."

AGNES NICOLL, 5S.

DOROTHY WILSON, 4L.

SCHOOL SPORTS

HOCKEY

Unfortunately, this season found only one member of last year's 1st XI. in School, and this made the 1st XI.'s season less successful than it might have been.

This year an Eleven-a-Side Tournament was held at Meggetland, instead of the usual "Sevens." The Junior team was defeated in the second round by John Watson's School. However, the 1st XI. won the Senior Tournament, defeating Broughton in the final by one corner.

The 1st XI. took part in the Annual American Tournament at Mary Erskine Field but, unfortunately was not particularly successful.

The Inter-House Hockey Matches were won by Warrender, and the Staff *v.* Pupils Match was won by the pupils.

1st XI. colours have been awarded to J. Macpherson.

The results of this season's matches are as follows:—

| | Played | Won | Lost | Drawn | Cancelled | Goals For | Goals Against |
|---------|--------|-----|------|-------|-----------|-----------|---------------|
| 1st XI. | 16 | 3 | 9 | 4 | 8 | 26 | 46 |
| 2nd XI. | 17 | 9 | 6 | 2 | 7 | 39 | 30 |
| 3rd XI. | 18 | 9 | 8 | 1 | 6 | 43 | 43 |
| 4th XI. | 15 | 5 | 7 | 3 | 6 | 37 | 47 |
| 5th XI. | 6 | 3 | 2 | 1 | 1 | 15 | 11 |
| 6th XI. | 4 | 2 | 2 | 0 | 1 | 6 | 9 |

J. T. M.

TENNIS

The School is represented this year by the following team:—

Clair Philip and Olive Wightman.
Jean Macpherson and Sheena Charters.
Eleanor Moncrieff and Mary Hutchison.
Reserve—Anne Calderwood.

So far, the team has only played two matches, with Boroughmuir and the Royal High. The results were:—

Gillespie's 82; Boroughmuir 17.
Gillespie's 54; Royal High 81.

The House matches, a return match with Boroughmuir, and matches with Dunfermline High School, Trinity and Watson's have yet to be played.

J. T. M.

CRICKET

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

Captain - - Irene Brown.
Vice-Captain - - Pauline Shires.
Secretary - - Anne Fuller.

The Cricket Club has resumed its activities for the season with a membership of eighty and an enthusiasm as great as ever. The Club is greatly indebted to Mr Sommerville for the infinite patience he has shown in the coaching of its members. The high standard of the team's play is solely due to him.

The fixture list is very full again this season but, so far, only one match has been played. The highlight of the season is, of course, the match against the Staff which will be played towards the end of the term.

I. B. and P. R. S.

GOLF

The Club has made a very enthusiastic beginning. There are many new members, and twenty-four girls are having lessons from Mr Houston, the professional at the Braid Hills Golf Course. The standard of play is not quite up to that required for matches, but by the end of the season it should show a big improvement. It is especially gratifying that many of the younger girls are keen learners and this promises well for the future of the Club.

M. L. M.

SWIMMING (Senior)

Once again the year has been a most successful one for the Swimming Club. The enthusiasm shown by younger members has done much to increase the number of certificates gained. Although the results of the third term tests have not yet come forward, 50 Certificates have so far been awarded. Twenty girls gained the Elementary Certificate, 18 the Intermediate, 9 the Advanced and 3 the Life-Saving. The eight girls:— L. Dickson, S. Neilson, M. Howieson, I. Howieson, N. Pringle, I. Steele, E. Syme, M. Young—who attempted the test for the Bronze Medallion, were successful in passing and we congratulate Moira Gibson and Sylvia Turner on gaining the Silver Medallion.

We are also proud to add that the team which represented the School in an Inter-Schools relay race in November distinguished itself by gaining first place.

The School Champion this year is Sylvia Turner.

M. F. T.

SWIMMING (Junior)

Swimming Championship - Eileen E. R. Brown, P. 5A. } equal.
Cicely M. Currie, P. 5A. }
Diving Championship - June M. Sutherland, P. 5B.
Life Saving Prizes (awarded to 1. Joyce H. Poole, P. 3A, (record—
youngest winners) - - - 9 years 10 months).
2. Margaret B. Drummond, P. 3A.
Beginners' Prize - - - Heather L. McBain, P. 2B.

Certificates gained during session Elementary, 31. Advanced, 9.
Intermediate, 18. Life Saving, 4.

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

On Friday, 9th September 1949, a large and representative gathering of former pupils and past and present members of staff celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of the opening of the secondary department at a most enjoyable function, held in the new buildings at Bruntsfield House.

Miss Andrew, after welcoming the 300 visitors, paid generous tribute to the achievements of her predecessor, Mr Burnett, who had guided the Secondary School through the first twelve years of its existence; and Councillor Fyfe, Chairman of the Education Committee, spoke warmly of the further advances the School has made in size, in scope and in prestige, under its present head, Miss Andrew.

Unexpectedly good weather, beautiful flowers in the grounds and in the rooms, and excellent refreshments all played their part in the success of the gathering; and many happy memories were recalled by the display of photographs, official and informal, collected for the occasion. But everyone regretted the unavoidable absence of Mrs Burnett, to whose telegram of good wishes was despatched in reply a message of affectionate remembrance.

FORMER PUPILS' CLUB

At the September reunion a liaison committee, representative of several years, was formed to widen the scope of the Club; and an interim executive committee was elected at a Scottish Country Dance evening, held on 24th February.

The Annual General Meeting will be held early in October 1950, and it is hoped that the new committee will then endeavour to re-establish the Club on a sound footing—financially, numerically and socially,

The present office bearers are :—

| | | | | |
|--------------------------------|---|---|---|--|
| <i>Hon. President</i> | - | - | - | Miss ANDREW. |
| <i>President</i> | - | - | - | SYBIL McCULLOCH |
| <i>Vice-President</i> | - | - | - | MARGARET SMITH. |
| <i>Secretary and Treasurer</i> | - | | | Miss M. E. R. HENDERSON, 47 Ladysmith Road, Edin. |

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FORMER PUPILS' HOCKEY CLUB

Results during season 1949-50 have been mediocre, although latterly the 1st XI., having overcome the initial difficulty of forming a strong half line, settled down to become a very competent team. Lack of practice and coaching seem to be the drawback to better combined work, as individual standards of play are high. Next season it is hoped to arrange weekly indoor practices, and provided these are well attended, the Club should achieve much. Girls leaving School and anxious to go on playing hockey are cordially invited to contact the new Secretary, Miss Margaret Brown, 19 Comely Bank Road, Edinburgh, 4. (Tel. BYP 3895).

The 1st XI. goalkeeper, Olive Torrance, visited France at Easter with the East of Scotland touring team, an experience which was no doubt pleasurable as well as profitable.

| | | Goals | | | | | | |
|---------|-----|-------------|------------|-------------|--------------|------------|--------------|--|
| | | <i>Pld.</i> | <i>Won</i> | <i>Lost</i> | <i>Drawn</i> | <i>For</i> | <i>Agst.</i> | |
| 1st XI. | - - | 20 | 11 | 7 | 2 | 61 | 46 | |
| 2nd XI. | - - | 18 | 9 | 5 | 4 | 59 | 42 | |

BETTY M. SWANSON,
Hon Secretary.

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FORMER PUPILS' CRICKET CLUB

A Former Pupils' Cricket Club has been formed. All interested should communicate with the Captain, Agnes Longden, 1 St. Ninian's Road, Corstorphine.

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F.P. NOTES

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

M.D., with Medal for Thesis.—MARJORY A. KEITH, M.A., B.Ed., M.B., Ch.B.
M.A. with Honours—CHRISTINE MACANNA and SHEENA MORRISON (History);
VIOLET KIDD (Geography).

M.A.—EVA BROWN, JEAN DICKSON, J. KATHLEEN HARKNESS, MARION NELDER.

B.Sc. with Honours—JANETTE REID and NORA SHINIE (Chemistry).

The *Diploma in Education* has been gained by SHEILA COULL, M.A., MURIEL LEISHMAN, M.A., and FLORENCE MORRISON, M.A.

The *Diploma in Social Study* has been gained by SHEILA JENKINSON, M.A. and HELEN MACDONALD, M.A.

At Moray House Training College CHRISTINE CHRISTIE was awarded the *James Robertson Bursary*.

At the College of Art, EILEEN RODMAN has gained the *Diploma in Design and Crafts*.

In the Edinburgh University Women's Boat Club, WINNIE DICKSON, KATHLEEN HARKNESS and KATHLEEN ROBB have been awarded Blues, and MARJORY HARKNESS, a Purple.

At St. Andrews University, JEAN MACANNA was awarded the Medal in 1st English and took first place in Economic History.

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MARRIAGES

CAIRNS—HALKETT.—In June 1949, JOHN CAIRNS to JEAN HALKETT, 7 Hailes Avenue.

HOGG—FERGUSON.—In June 1949, WILLIAM HOGG to MARY FERGUSON, 51 Priestfield Road.

CLARK—FORREST.—In July 1949, ARCHIBALD CLARK to NORMA FORREST, 19 Leamington Terrace

APPELBE—TAIT.—In July 1949, GEORGE APPELBE to IRIS TAIT, 4 Oakville Terrace.

GILMOUR—MACKINNON.—In July 1949, GAVIN GILMOUR to LANA MACKINNON, D.A., 221 Morningside Road.

ROY—WYLIE.—In July 1949, IVOR ROY to BETTY WYLIE, Central Fire Station.

ANGUS—COOK.—In July 1949, GEORGE ANGUS to BETTY COOK, 17 Craighouse Gardens.

BLACKHALL—ADDISON.—In August 1949, PETER BLACKHALL to WINIFRED ADDISON, 12 Greenbank Lane.

SIMPSON—MILLAR.—In August 1949, JOHN SIMPSON to MARGARET I. MILLAR (Staff), The Schoolhouse, Traquair.

MEE—HALLIDAY.—In August 1949, FRANK MEE to JEAN HALLIDAY (Staff), 13 Spottiswoode Road.

CRAWFORD—ELLIS.—In August 1949, DOUGLAS CRAWFORD to RUBY ELLIS, 6 Brunton Terrace.

STURROCK—HADDOW.—In September 1949, JOHN STURROCK to JOYCE HADDOW, 38 Warrender Park Terrace.

WILSON—MUNRO.—In September 1949, JAMES WILSON to EVELYN MUNRO, 33 Craiglockhart Road North.

PIRIE—TOPP.—In September 1949, DAVID PIRIE to DORIS TOPP, 74 Montpelier Park.

YOUNG—SANDERSON.—In September 1949, ERIC YOUNG to CHRISTINE SANDERSON, 120 Balgreen Road.

ANSLOW—SHAND.—In September 1949, LEONARD ANSLOW to MURIEL SHAND, 11 Spottiswoode Road.

CURRIE—HOWIESON.—In September 1949, JOHN CURRIE to ABIGAIL HOWIESON, 12 Bruntsfield Gardens.

EVANS—TEMPLETON.—In October 1949, HYWEL EVANS to JESSIE TEMPLETON, 62 Hillview Road.

MCLEOD—PETERS.—In October 1949, ARCHIBALD MCLEOD to MARGARET PETERS, 56 Glendevon Place.

HENDERSON—HAMILTON.—In October 1949, NORMAN HENDERSON to DOROTHY HAMILTON, 216 Bruntsfield Place.

DICKSON—FRASER.—In October 1949, WILLIAM DICKSON, M.P.S. to SHEILA FRASER, M.P.S., 35 Marchmont Crescent.

STARK—MCGILL.—In December 1949, WILLIAM STARK to MAY MCGILL, 24 Bread Street.

ZEPHELIUS—WATSON.—In December 1949, SVEN ZEPHELIUS to EDNA WATSON, 36 Ann Street.

REID—WATSON.—In January 1950, WILLIAM REID to META (JUNE) WATSON, 259 Dalkeith Road.

BARANIECKI—BOOTH.—In February 1950, CZESLAW BARANIECKI to MARGARET BOOTH, 22 Scotland Street.

HARRISON—MACGREROR.—In February 1950, ANTHONY HARRISON to EUNICE MACGREGOR, 68 Promenade, Portobello.

BUCHANAN—EDGAR.—In February 1950, DANIEL BUCHANAN to NAN EDGAR, 63 Brunstane Crescent.

SMITH—SMALL.—In March 1950, JAMES SMITH to MARY SMALL, 4 Kingsknowe Terrace.

SUTHERLAND—GILCHRIST.—In March 1950, Rev. DONALD SUTHERLAND to ELIZABETH GILCHRIST, 75 Sighthill View.

ALLAN—ADDISON.—In March 1950, HARRY ALLAN to ANNA ADDISON, 24 Arnott Gardens.

GOODALL—MITCHELL.—In March 1950, FENWICK GOODALL to DAVINA MITCHELL, 96 Polwarth Gardens.

STRATHIE—SCOBIE.—In March 1950, ANDREW STRATHIE to SHELAGH SCOBIE, 35 Craigentenny Road.

ROMANIS—BRYCE.—In April 1950, LEWIS ROMANIS to MORAG BRYCE (Staff), 24 George Street.

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BIRTHS

McKENDRICK.—In November 1949, to Mr and Mrs JOHN McKENDRICK (NANCY GRAY), a daughter.

MACKENZIE.—In February 1950, to the Rev. R. P. and Mrs MACKENZIE (JESSIE REE), a son.

HAYNES.—In February 1950, to Mr and Mrs C. HAYNES (JOYCE SUTTON), a daughter.

CANNON.—In April 1950, to Mr and Mrs JACK CANNON (EVELYN HARDIE), a daughter.

