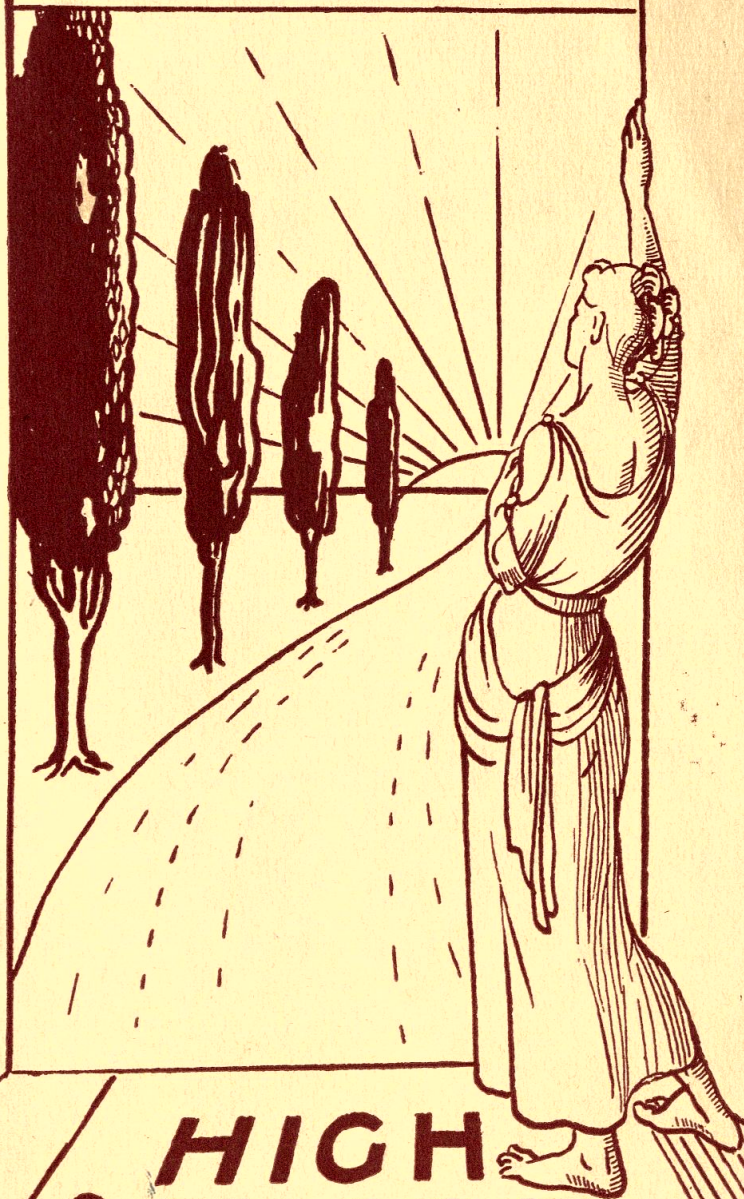
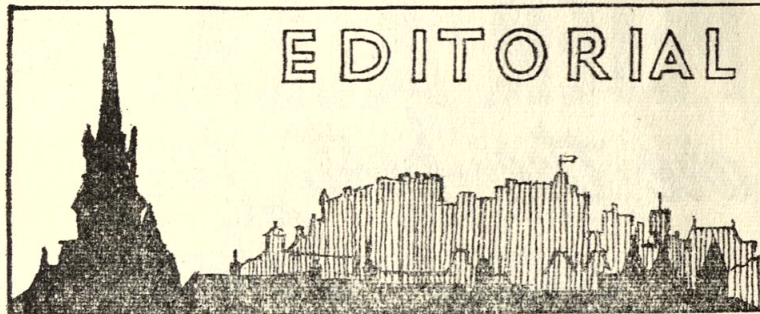


JAMES GILLESPIE'S



**HIGH
SCHOOL**

JUNE 1958



Editor - - MARGARET DUNCAN

"Parting is such sweet sorrow"

WHAT a wealth of truth is contained in these few Shakespearean words, especially for those of us who are on the last lap of the journey through School, for the thoughts which pervade our minds at this time are a trifle incongruous.

July the 4th is Independence Day—and not only for the Americans! It is a day long anticipated by many of us in the Sixth, as the time when we shall at last sally forth into the wide world, unhampered by the belittling tag of "schoolgirl." Oblivion will cast its all-enveloping mantle over such things as school dinners, late classes and the rain-swept hockey pitches at Meggetland, while cries of "Up the middle in single file!" and "Keep into the side, girls!" will gradually recede and fade away, until they are no more than a faint echo of an ephemeral past.

Yet behind the facade of superciliousness presented by the Sixth as a whole, there lurks a real feeling of sadness when we consider that the oft-quoted "happiest days of our life" are fast coming to a close. Though our departure from the somewhat restricted life of School does achieve for us a certain measure of independence, this independence is obtained only in return for the abandoning of the relative irresponsibility which marked our school-days. We must adopt a more serious and dignified attitude toward our work, whether it comprise advanced educational pursuits or a means of earning a livelihood, while the yoke of responsibility will rest even more heavily on our shoulders. We shall have to surrender certain privileges and re-adjust ourselves to comparative inferiority. We shall have to descend from the glorious pinnacles of administrative positions in the School, and resign ourselves to the unimportant status of "Freshers" at the University or Juniors in an office. But

quite apart from these aspects, we shall miss the security and friendliness offered by the School, for from now on we shall have to rely less on the support and guidance of others, and fall back on our own resources.

But we shall have something to take away with us when we go—the magazine. In its pages, now and in years to come, the inspiration and ideas of the girls will find expression, and these individual expressions of thought will echo the feelings shared by the School as a whole, for the magazine will continue to be the instrument which records the heart-beats of the School and which reflects its progress and achievements. It contains the life-story of the School, related year by year by people whose faces may differ but whose affections for the School have always been, and always will be, the same.

So eloquent is the magazine as a narrator of the chapter of events which go to make up this year of the School's history, that I shall now leave you to read this issue for yourselves. You will find that the contributions submitted by the girls, from the green-pinafored mites of Bruntsfield House to the stocking-clad inhabitants of the Top Corridor, form the canvas for yet another painting to be hung in the Art Gallery of the School's memories, while the activities of the various School societies are reported in terms which mirror the pride and enthusiasm in a "job well done."

DELL RAIN

Drip, drip.
 Rain still falling from a hard, grey sky
 Upon the thirst-quenched earth;
 The sopping, bright green grass, the muddy pools;
 A sorry, lonely sparrow cheeping
 On a black, bare ash.
 Footprints yield to water on the carpet-moss;
 Cherry blossom sadly droops, despairs of fruitful days.
 Drip, drip.
 Down there, the river tumbles over smooth, black stones,
 Greedily swallows each tiny stream;
 Then, many streams in one, falls, crashing,
 And tumbles on again.
 Still drips the rain.
 Drip, drip,
 Drip.

HELEN DUNCAN, 6A.

STAFF

"STAFF NOTES" observes the cynic in the Common-Room easy chair "are 'the short and simple annals of the poor'" adding by way of acidulated epilogue between tea and "Zoom" that if the terminal epithet is less relevant these days the first certainly is not. She is right, of course—nine times out of ten: "'Tis here. 'Tis there. 'Tis gone!" blending welcome and envoi in one embarrassing synthesis. But not with us; and little to record leaves its eloquent implication of long years of devoted service which are inseparable from the making of a school's greatness.

Even of the change that has been, much has been just home-coming. Miss Christine Matheson returned in August to a Science classroom to occupy a stool and authority a little more exalted than those she had left as a member of the Sixth Form not many years previously. In September Miss Cora Douglas joined the staff of Atholl Crescent and is now a lady "of gret auctoritee." To her place, as a temporary sojourn on her way to a permanency in Niddrie Marischal School, came Miss Aileen Alden who, like Miss Matheson, is one of our own "bairns." Miss Catherine A. Urquhart took over her duties at the beginning of January.

Miss Fraser, on her promotion to the post of Infant Mistress of Milton House School, at the end of March, was presented by the Primary School Staff with a travelling clock, the shortness of her professional emigration denying her the immediate use of the instrument but not, happily, the prospect of continued forgathering with her friends in Bruntfield House. In her place came Miss Doris Murray (like Miss Matheson a Gillespie girl) who shares with her colleagues who have recently joined the Senior School the good wishes of Staff and pupils alike for much happiness and profitable and pleasant endeavour in their new tasks.

Of Mr Robertson, the Senior Janitor, who finally laid down the seals of his office on 5th February 1958—of Mr Robertson, the indispensable, the ubiquitous, the devoted—how can a word like this be more than the russet autumn shadow of our thanks? When play lights failed, when debates lasted far too long, when winter frost and the knotty cross-grainedness of things broke the thin crust of our peevishness, there was Mr Robertson at the door and his smile lit up the grey fag-end of a weary day. His going was typical and left none unmoved. The members of the "Lit." had thought fit at the end of the Drama Festival to present him with a token of their esteem. A farewell can seldom have been more graciously taken, or more felicitously expressed. Mr and Mrs Robertson have now gone to a new house in the suburbs, which his craftsman's skill will now have scope in beautifying. They both carry with them our sincere good wishes.



DOROTHY RUSSELL LESLIE



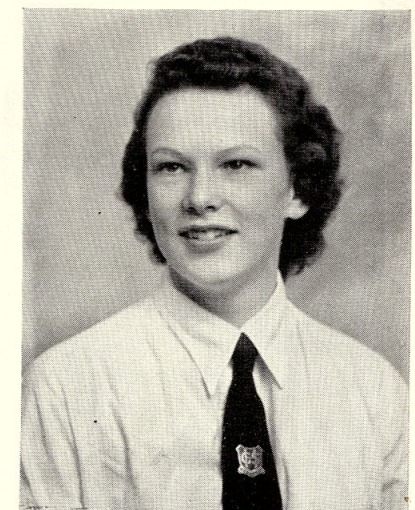
MARGARET BELBIN

CAPTAIN OF SCHOOL

VICE-CAPTAIN OF SCHOOL



ANNE ELLIOTT



HELEN DUNCAN

SCHOOL PREFECTS



Back Row—J. TAYLOR, M. CROCKETT, E. SPIERS, J. LOW, U. MacLEOD, A. KEITH, A. TAIT, I. LAMB.
 Middle Row—M. M. GREGOR, I. ROLWEGAN, M. DICKSON, A. GAULT, D. ANDERSON, I. DAINITY, P. COLLEY, H. MACBAIN, I. ALLEN.
 Front Row—J. FLANNIGAN, M. DUNCAN, J. STEPHEN, A. ELLIOTT (School Captain), Miss STEEL, H. DUNCAN (Vice-Captain), J. POOLE,
 P. POZZI, R. MELDRUM.

Photo by E. R. Yerbury & Son

Mr Froud, who had won golden opinions at Bruntsfield House, has assumed Mr Robertson's more exacting responsibilities with an unobtrusive and helpful efficiency which augurs well. Mr Drennan succeeds him in the Primary School.

From France and Germany we have had with us this session two persuasive ambassadors each typical of so much that is distinctive in their country's culture. To the casual School visitor a flutter of Dior elegance on a stair surmounted by an engagingly dimpled cheek would signify Mlle. Lacombe, assistante from Nantes, to the girls a painstaking and accomplished teacher, to the Staff a congenial colleague. Herr Pfeifle possesses many accomplishments: scholarship, skill as a teacher, musical distinction and a kindly personality. To many, a lasting memory will be the records of choirs he trained in his native Stuttgart or the sweet singing of German songs by the girls here, caught through glass partition or along dusty corridor. How much more effective two such charming visitors can be than Jericho trump in demolishing the specious dividing walls of national prejudice.

IF I WERE LORD OF TARTARY

If I were Lord of Tartary
 I would do this and that.
 I'd throw a little party
 And invite the dog and cat.

If I were Lord of Tartary
 I'd buy up every book.
 I'd invite you to my library
 And let you have a look.

If I were Lord of Tartary
 Myself, and servants three
 Would have a house in Canterb'ry
 Where you could come to tea.

If I were Lord of Tartary
 I'd have a wedding rare.
 My wife she would be beautiful,
 And have a son, my heir.

If I were Lord of Tartary
 I'd wear a gorgeous robe
 And to obtain much flattery
 Would travel round the globe.

If I were Lord of Tartary
 When I was very old
 I'd die and sleep eternally
 Within a tomb of gold.

NORMA DORWARD, 1A(2).

SCHOOL NOTES

THE honours that come to Dr Small, our School Chaplain, give us great pleasure in Gillespie's: after the challenging assumption of the pastorate of St. Cuthbert's there followed fast his doctorate and recently a month in America. Amongst all this he still finds time to be with us on the big occasions: the Christmas Service in his own church, Founder's Day, the presentation of the Gideon Bibles to Form 3. Dr Small possesses a rare sensitiveness for occasion. Who—even the youngest, and there were some very young present—will forget the scarlet canonicals, the drama of the lit match and the Russian ikon, which focussed and developed his Christmas message?

The innovation which last Christmas sent senior girls out into the City to carry gifts and the assurance that they were not forgotten to old people brought blessing to them that gave, and them that received. It was natural to repeat it. The scale was possibly greater. As one illustration of generosity represented in many forms in many classrooms, a bag of coal was collected in paper parcels from many homes. The Prefects themselves undertook the visit to Queensberry House. At the same time toys and other gifts were taken at Christmas time to various centres in the City, two of our girls going out to attend the individual presentations at the Trefoil School. The Primary School makes a notable contribution to this generous giving, sending in November £13. 9s. 3d. to the School for Spastics at Westerlea, for 2,916 Christmas seals. Of this £1. 7s. 8d. was collected at Hallowe'en by three girls from Primary 5(1) and one girl from Primary 5(2). Contributions are maintained monthly towards the Guide Dogs for the Blind Association and our Honorary School fellow—Jim—out at Corstorphine. All this work of the widest influence and greatest value springs from a co-operation in which the chief participants are the parents. To them we would convey from many a lonely City but-and-ben, or hospital bed, at Christmas the inarticulate but golden word of joyous thanks which is the rich reward of the girls who visit them.

We like to visit—and we seem to exude an almost Hebridean desire to be visited. "From the four corners of the globe we have come," announced the spokesman of a recent party. How true it is. Their names are eloquent of their diversity of backgrounds and interests: Miss Mallet from Ghana; Miss Noela Tetley, and later Miss Taylor and Mr Richards from Australia; Mr A. K. Abouseodd, Chief Inspector of English, Damascus; Dr R. M. Hooker, Professor of English, Nicaragua; Dr Watson from Ontario and Mrs Sanko from the United States; Fraulein Huack from Hamburg, Miss Carneiro from Portugal and from New Zealand, Miss Gilbertson and Miss Beaumont, and Miss Craig and Miss Birnie, Miss Andrew on this occasion taking pleasure in showing her old School to visitors

from a land where she recently enjoyed such kindly hospitality. Miss Kerr, on leave last summer from West Africa, was warmly welcomed by the girls when she returned to fill a fascinating hour with an account of her fruitful work there. These visitors each brought a contribution to our expanding knowledge and sympathies; we should like to think that they carried away something of value from their brief hour as our guests.

The activities of the girls show a happy and not always realised tendency to outspill the rather rigid framework of the curriculum. In December, senior girls attended the S.C.M. Conference in Moray House; in December, the Choir took part in the City Carol Service in the Usher Hall; in March, the Sixth Form sent representatives to the Livingstone Commemoration Service; and in May, to the Commonwealth Conference in Leith Academy. To illustrate competence in various fields, one 5th Form has four Queen's Guides and for the third year in succession the Princes Street British Railways Cadet Corps were successful in the final St. Andrew's Ambulance Association Open Scottish Competition. The team this year comprised: Maureen McMillan (4M), Astrid Gillis (4P), Marjorie Headspeath (4M) Sandra Whigham (3A2). In the elaborate organisation involved in the Swimming Gala to be held in May (the first for five years), Rosemary Meldrum (6A) has given signal illustration of a tireless devotion to detail which is quite exemplary.

In January a General Inspection of the Primary and Preparatory Departments was conducted by Her Majesty's Inspectors.

The Primary School Burns Competition was won by Catherine MacFarquhar 7(1) and Fiona Ramsay 7(2) and prizes for Scots recitations were awarded to: Marion Cook 7(1), Diana Watson 7(2), Jennifer Duncan 6(1), Joan Potts 6(2), Jean Ogilvie 5(1), Irene Rae 5(2), Carol Fiddler 4(1), Christine Brown 4(2), Jan Coventry 3(1), and Donna Mackenzie 3(2).

The S.S.P.C.A. Competition was won by Glenda Edwards 7(1) and Marta McGlynn 7(2).

At the Royal Caledonian Spring Flower Show, 1st prizes were won by Joyce Hardie 7(1) and Susan Tait 7(2). Two second prizes and two thirds were also won.

The Library continues to enlist the generous interest of Former Pupils and other benefactors. Recent volumes have been presented by: Mrs Hardie, Ann Henderson, Eileen Brown, Doreen Cumming, Margaret Macdonald, The American Information Service, Miss M. E. R. Henderson, Christine Crichton, Irene Thomas, Margaret Browning and Messrs Douglas and Foulis.

Records have been presented by Pamela Black, Sheila McCluskey and Rachel Tarrier.

Finally, the lynch-pin of all the efforts which combine to create the magazine is provided by Miss McIntyre and her girls. For the gentle eye they turned upon our unfair, un-Roman hand, for the charm which lent their service a double value, for the clatter of their toiling machines which sounded like sweet music in our ears, we set down the quite inadequate recognition of a most sincere Thank You.

FOUNDER'S DAY

SHORTLY before 14th February 1958, Dr Warr of St. Giles, who had given his consent to deliver the oration, was stricken by untimely illness. Into this breach, at the shortest notice, stepped Lord Mathers, a friend of the School of long standing, and by a speech of simple sincerity and immediate appeal, in which he extolled the virtues which in our best moments we like to think are ours, he spoke to our hearts because he was speaking from his.

The Chairman was Councillor Tom Curr, who outlined the distinguished career of our Guest of Honour who from humble beginnings rose to fill the highest offices in the land, living up to his exacting ideals, giving "his all for his Sovereign and his country and his Church." He had come to speak from his experience and his belief, to show that in noble service one might "have a very full life and be amply rewarded."

The School Chaplain, Dr Small, led the assembly in prayer; the Choir sang the anthem "Be strong in the Lord"; Helen Duncan read the lesson with distinction and the Head Girl, Anne Elliott, proposed the vote of thanks in terms of simple gratitude as befitted the occasion. The actual presentation of the snuff-mull was entrusted to one of the lovable tussore-clad little ladies of the Primary School, who displayed an aplomb which was the envy of some of her elders. And so, with the singing of the School Song and the National Anthem, the day came to its end. We are, we felt with gratitude, members of a goodly fellowship:

"From quiet homes and first beginnings
Out to the undiscovered ends,
There's nothing worth the wear of winning
Save laughter and the love of friends."

—the love of friends? And friends—as Lord Mathers's oration, recalling the Samaritan, aptly enforced—are all those who need our service.

FOUNDER'S DAY ORATION

Friday, 14th February 1958

By The Rt. Hon. LORD MATHERS, K.T.

LORD MATHERS began by referring to the good fortune enjoyed by the pupils who formed his audience. Founder's Day was a day of celebration of this good fortune when the School welcomed guests from outside "to join in thinking of the wonderful kindly benevolence of that great man whose name is enshrined in this School."

He went on to refer to the fact that he was a substitute on this occasion for Dr Warr, and that some of his own most noteworthy successes had been achieved when acting as a substitute. For instance, he gained more distinction from his term of office while deputising for Viscount Cunningham as Lord High Commissioner than from the three previous occasions when he had filled the position in his own right. This he used as an illustration of his advice to his young audience—whenever they were given the chance to do anything, to take the chance and do it to the best of their ability, "and you will find that doing that is the surest way to happiness for I know of no happiness—and I am here talking as an old man—greater than the satisfaction of doing a job and doing it well. That is my experience in this life."

Lord Mathers continued: "Now it is an unusual thing for me to be speaking to a gathering of this kind, but it is not the first time that I have spoken to a school of girls. I had the opportunity, a number of years ago, of speaking to the Copthall Girls' School in Millhill which is in Hendon, part of London, as you know. I was asked to speak on one occasion at their prize-giving. I saw the happy winners coming up with pride to get their prizes and I saw the others who were there who got no prizes and I am afraid that when I rose to speak I had a great deal of sympathy in my heart for those who got no prizes, and I thought I might help them a little and I told them not to be upset but to let them examine themselves and see if there was anything they had left undone that had disqualified them from having a prize that year and let them look forward to the gaining of a prize on the following year, and, in order to encourage them, I told them a story of a little train that I know that runs from the north-east to the Atlantic Ocean, from Dingwall to the Kyle of Lochalsh. It is only a tiny engine with a long funnel and it is a beautiful train journey that it takes you, across that narrow part of Scotland. It is a steep climb part of the way, halfway to Kyle, up over Achnasheen and then down the other side to the Atlantic Ocean, and I told them what a wonderful journey it was to make, how it was not a case of sitting quietly in a railway carriage in a compartment waiting for the time to pass: it was a case of rushing from one window

to another as the train went through the beautiful scenery—a waterfall here, a mountain in the distance there—and I told them all about this little engine. In one particular part of the journey when it came to the steep hill it seemed to be finding it very difficult and there it was saying to itself, 'I think I can, I think I can, I think I can . . .' puffing away, and then when it got to the summit and was gathering speed down the other side, there it was saying, 'I knew I could, I knew I could, I knew I could . . .' I asked them to put themselves in the position of that train in order to win a prize the next year . . . 'I think I can . . .' and then they would know the joy of winning a prize the following year and of saying 'I knew I could . . .'

"Here it seems to me that you are put in a position of obligation to this School, and loyalty is due from you to this School. I feel loyal to the School which I attended away back last century. As a matter of fact, I left school one day at twelve o'clock—someone else brought my books home at night—and started work as a railway clerk at one o'clock the same day. That was my start on the railway. I have a feeling of intense loyalty to that school and look upon myself as very lucky indeed to have had such a wonderful headmaster. I left school too early; he did not have time to make a scholar of me. I got the rudiments of education. I remember most that he had a happy disposition and that he could take a joke. He could laugh at things. He did not mind a bit of harmless mischief, but if there was anything mean or dishonest—say, a big boy taking advantage of a little one—then his temper showed itself and woe betide that boy who would do anything mean or sordid or out of keeping with the honesty and integrity and goodwill that should have existed in that building. That is the principal thing that I have in remembrance of my own school days and that makes me feel very loyal to the school which I attended and to the headmaster who taught me such good lessons. There are many things to which we are called in this life to give our loyalty, especially a school that has a reputation like that of James Gillespie's High School for Girls, where the teaching ability is looked upon as being the highest that can be attained in this City, where the work that is done is not exceeded in quality anywhere, where the Headmistress is looked up to with the greatest possible veneration and loyalty.

"We make loyalties spread wider as we go through life. They start in our homes, they spread out into the community in which we live—village or town—and those who have the privilege of living, especially those who have been born in Edinburgh, have a very great and important loyalty to maintain towards this City. I was glad to hear Dr Small giving a good interpretation of the motto of this City "*Nisi dominus frustra*" because "Except the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that built it." And in order to

express that loyalty we have to give the best we can, in every way we can, that is for the benefit of our school or our town or our city or village or home, and we can do that only by aspiring to the greatest quality of work that we can do at any time.

"Now I indicated to you that I am an old man—I have proved it to you for I was working before this century began—and I still have the belief that it is right to do anything that you start upon well, and I have no sympathy at all, no use for those people who do things carelessly as if they really do not matter. Some people think it does not really matter nowadays with all the mechanical aids that there are available. Some people think that ordinary handwriting does not matter at all. I say to you that those who are careless in writing, and that is something that is learned at a very early age, are very likely to be careless about other things as life goes on. There is an opportunity of learning to do something well that will stand them in good stead all their days. When I see some of the signatures that come to me, I am glad some of those people who write their names so that nobody can decipher them, have their names typed below. It is, of course, a confession that they cannot sign their names in a readable way. I think of them as being very foolish indeed. They should have learned in their youth to write their names clearly and to continue to do so. What I am saying to you is to try to learn a lesson here in School, to try to take that lesson with you throughout the whole of your lives, and now I shall try to bring these rather rambling remarks to a close by telling you of a man whom I knew, a colleague in the House of Commons for a number of years, namely, James Welsh. He was a miner and wrote some beautiful poetry and one of the most beautiful things that he ever wrote was meant to be spoken by a young man and the poem was named 'The Land of Heart's Desire.'"

Lord Mathers concluded his address by repeating the poem with warm and moving sincerity. It typified so much that we in Scotland value—that we in Gillespie's value. On his hushed and intent audience, the impact was unmistakable.

EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY BURSARY COMPETITION

20th equal—MARGARET BELBIN. 39th equal—DOROTHY RUSSELL LESLIE.

John Welsh Mathematical Bursary

4th equal—DOROTHY RUSSELL LESLIE.

Edinburgh University

MOIRA GUNN—Medallist, English, Second Ordinary; Medallist, English Language; Medallist, Moral Philosophy.

UNIVERSITY LETTER, 1958

EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY,
May, 1958.

DEAR MADAM,

If all the students at Edinburgh University were asked to define the difference between school and university, it would probably be difficult to find two who could agree. But in this very diversity of opinion lies the answer to the whole secret, the key to the door beyond which lies that land of mystery, university life, for every student is above all else an individual—the common-rooms leave one with the impression that some of them are very individual indeed.

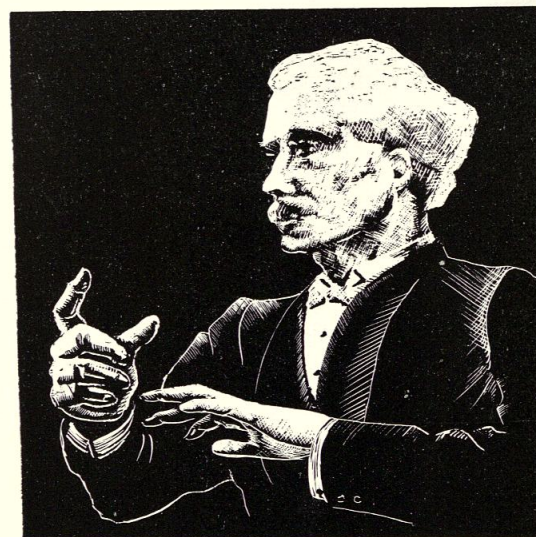
It is nevertheless true that as the terms lengthen out into years, one becomes aware of the fact that certain students run to type. With a little careful study, one can recognise at a fair distance the Fresher from the Arts Faculty, the 6th Year Medic (sometimes even the 4th Year are well enough differentiated), the Honours students and the Third Time Resits from any faculty. As for Art students . . . It is, I believe, possible, but takes considerably more practice, to distinguish at closer range between say a Chemist and a Zoologist, or between a Medic and a Dentist in their embryological forms.

More than half the sorrow and pain felt at the end of a pleasant episode in one's life is caused by a fear of a less happy future. But surely the end of one epoch must coincide with the beginning of a new one, a time of looking forward as well as back, when there should be hope on the one hand and thankfulness on the other. If we were indeed allowed to interfere with nature and hold up time because we were enjoying the present and had a vague dislike of change, most of us would never leave our cradles.

Applying this philosophy (forgive me if it sounds at all ungracious), I have never, in the past two years, wished that I could become again what I was for the thirteen years before that. Occasionally, when bowed down by innumerable and insurmountable problems such as exams and the periodic plague of "spots" that ravages the student of anatomy, I have remembered with some wonder a distant time when personal responsibility was a welcome and indeed enjoyable discipline.

My first year was interesting in many ways, partly in being spent mainly between the long-established home of Natural Philosophy in the High School Yards and the new shrines of the Sciences at West Mains Road, where the green fields of Braid slope up to the south and the Norman tower of Liberton and the splendid ruins of Craigmillar are both part of the landscape. This migration from

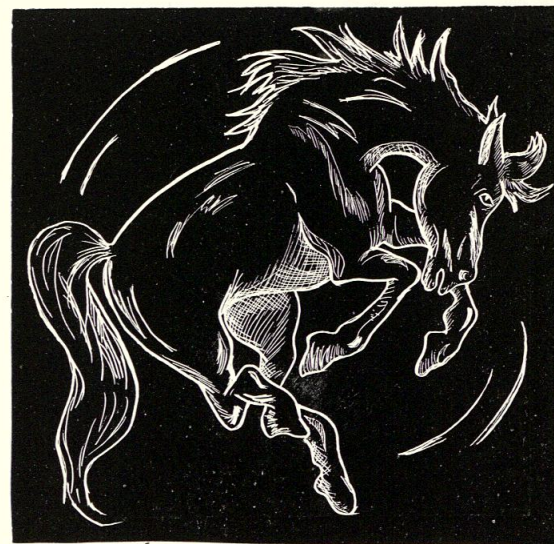
ARTURO TOSCANINI



ALISON J. B. KEITH

Class 5c.

CRIN BLANC



MARION FALCONER

Class 6b.

LE ROI D'YVETOT



*" Et sur un âne, pas à pas,
Parcourait son royaume."*

ISOBEL ANNE BEGG

Class 4M.



*" Moi, je me pare;
Moi, je me carre;
Moi, je suis gras et beau."*

EVELYN HALL

Class 4D.

the rather dull, cramped old building to the new graceful spaciousness is symbolical and stimulating. Out at King's Buildings, there is room to expand, room for all new things of value and the very air in which new ideas are bred and take root and bear good fruit. There is above all room for the realisation that paradoxically the old things come first, that there can never be a new beginning without a first beginning.

And this year I find myself in the New Quad for eight hours a day, in buildings that are not old but pretend to be. They wear the rather frivolous costume of the Italian Renaissance, with a bell, a turret, a cupola, great portentous arches, and an obvious lack of practical planning about the interior arrangements. Although in a different garb, it shares a great deal with its relative at the High School Yards and its younger cousins at K.B.—a long and (on the whole) honourable history and a present activity which presage a future of assured progress. This atmosphere is enhanced with a degree of dignity epitomised by the procession of figures clad discreetly in Medical Blues and Greys which pass through on their way from the Union to the wards of the Royal and vice versa.

This first letter from the New Quad, rather than from the Old, is a suitable place to comment on the relationship of the various bits of the University. The geographical separation which exists between the Faculty of Arts in the Old Quad and the more scientific Faculties scattered over the city seems to me to be both suitable and significant. Those who advocate the integration of the two camps have obviously never considered that their present apartness is a natural process of evolution, and that their physical approximation would certainly not make the University spiritually any more of a unity. The situation does, in many ways, resemble the relation between Scotland and England (with certain exceptions concerning control of domestic affairs!). Perhaps the most significant parallel is this—although they are by tradition and on a national scale sworn foes, in actual fact and on a personal level such lofty ideas carry very little weight.

These rather rambling paragraphs may be of interest to other students. They were never intended to "explain" the Great Mystery of Student Life to potential Freshers. That is for each one to discover herself. With this thought I leave you, and with the wish, shared by all F.P.'s in all parts of the University, that the School may continue to flourish.

Yours sincerely,

SHEILA A. MCGREGOR.

B

HERE AND THERE

Compilers of "Here and There"—

"Some for renown on scraps of learning dote,
And think they grow immortal when they quote."

Form 6a—"You can't make a head and brains out of a brass knob with nothing in it."

"... indolent vacuity of thought."

On leaving School—"There's a guid time comin'."

6a in the Library—"O here will I set up my everlasting rest."

At the Baths—"These are much deeper waters than I'd thought."

Prefects—"The noble army of martyrs."

Before the Bursary Comp.—"So little done, so much to do."

Waiting for Bursary results—"A whole long month of May in this sad plight."

School Dance—"A merry dancing, drinking, laughing, quaffing and unthinking time."

Choir—"All the 'angels' were singing out of tune."

Orchestra—"This music will untune the sky."

Staff—"The very hairs of your head are all numbered."

"In hat of antique shape and cloak of grey."

"Time shall turn these amber locks."

"It looked as if she had walked straight out of the ark."

"There is properly no history, only autobiography."

6a: A. E.—... A rarer spirit never
Did steer humanity.

H. D.—And like another Helen,
Fired another ROY!

D. S.—A baggepipe wel coude she blowe and sowne.

P. C.—A Horse! A Horse! My kingdom for a horse!

I. S.—She is mirour of all curteisyse.

G. B.—Better late than never.

ʒ. F.—Gwine to run all night, gwine to run all day.

M. B.—I have nothing to declare except my genius.

M. T.—Whenever I feel like taking a little exercise, I lie down till the feeling passes.

I. D.—England! My England!

E. S.—Marriage is nothing but a civil contract.

H. M.—Romeo's a dishclout to him!

I. L.—Submit she must to David's government.

ʒ. P.—She is beautiful and therefore to be Wood.

R. M.—O that this too, too solid flesh would melt!

E. Y.—She sits on a cushion and sews a fine seam.

D. A.—All medicine is mine!

D. L.—Mathematics are her pastime.

C. Mc.—A Highland lad my love was born.

M. M.—Oh No John! No John! No John! No.

P. P.—Phyllis without frown or smile

Sat and knitted all the while.

E. S.—The kilt is my delight.

ʒ. S.—Two lovely brown eyes.

M. D.—Lord, how it talked!



IN A FLOWER SHOP

YOU could easily imagine it to be a tear—it looked so wistful and weebegone as it crept down the crispness of the narcissus. Perhaps, of course, it was merely a drop of water, one of the millions which the assistant at Rankin's sprayed on to the spring flowers. And yet... yet, there was an unmistakable aura of distinction about it...

It glinted green under the dusk of the tulip stalks, a clear, emerald shade—nothing like the elements of wily stealth and sleepy cunning which form that mysterious jade of a cat's eyes.

Ah! this cat... In his fluffy youth, he had been shy and good, but, as he saw the green squares of linoleum diminish in size, and the level of the flower table creep within his spring, his black limbs sleekened, and his conscience deteriorated. He lounged under the vases of flowers, apparently deeply absorbed in philosophical contemplations, while all the time, his cynical eyes scrutinised the customers.

One day he saw an old man with crooked shoulders and silver hair in the queue. His face was worn with despair. His great work was nearly over—but then, so was his life. Soon, he mused, I shall own a house: perhaps a beautiful house, bought with the price of fame; perhaps a tiny black wooden house under the earth.

Suddenly the cheerfulness of the daffodils caught his eye. Yellow... yellow... yellow, the dusky gold of the rye, of the rye fields of Yugoslavia, and once again he was seven years old. He was crouching guiltily in the rye. He was frightened. The sun pierced his hair. It seemed to be accusing him, to be shouting:—

"Here he is! Here he is! Here's the boy who has let the goats far, far away; to where, he doesn't know." He was very frightened. Voices floated over to him...

"... and do you know? A reward of five million pounds has been offered to the man who makes a completely new colour. Five million pounds!"

A few of the sparks of hope and ambition which had filled him then, flashed through his heart again. By heaven! he *would* finish his experiments in time! He had worked for seventy years—was he going to give in now? And to thank the daffodils for their encouragement, he asked for a bunch.

The assistant moved over to the big table, where our feline friend was reposing, and chased him away. He was so intent on cursing the assistant, that he nearly sprawled on to a shaggy brown collie. A little boy, about five years old, held the lead.

"Next please." The child was hesitant.

"Well boy, what do you want?"

"Please miss, floors—for Mum." He perched awkwardly on his toes, for he was very small.

"Yes, yes. What kind of flowers?"

"Please, they that smells so good." He meant the white lilac. He wanted to feel it. The assistant was shocked. What? Feel it? Let him crush those delicate flowers in his filthy hands? Surely he could *see* how nice they were?

"Naw." And he added meekly "Ah'm blind, ye see."

She let him feel it. She let him feel the feathery tenderness of the flowers, and the tightness of the buds and the gloss of the leaves. She let him breathe the poignant perfume, the rare perfume of the stars. Some raspberry jam from his cheek smeared the purity of the lilac. The little boy smiled. Even his eyes smiled.

"Is it dear, please?"

Yes, it was—but violets were sixpence, though. But they did not appeal to him, for they had only a very soft scent.

"Have ye nuthin' else, please?" he asked pleadingly, hopefully.

"No, but these violets are very nice, very pretty."

"Whit are they like?"

"W-e-ll, they're a sort of dark lilacy blue . . ."

"Bloo? Whit's bloo, please?"

He did not know what blue was, and his own eyes were blue, big and blue, bluer than the mists of eternity.

Still unconvinced, he handed over a hot sixpence and walked worriedly away.

The narcissus looked around the shop. She saw the radiance of the flowers; flowers which had been created to thrill ecstasy into the hearts of men.

Then she looked at the little boy. She saw the worn trousers and thin legs and the way he hunched his shoulders to keep the braces up.

A tear slid over the scarlet frill of her petal. It was a tear of compassion.

ASTRID GILLIS, Form 4P.

APRIL LOVE

I LOVE Scotland. This burning sensation of patriotic ardour smote me yesterday as I was travelling by British Railways from Leven to Edinburgh.

We were returning from the point-to-point races at Balcormo Mains. I had not made a fortune—on the contrary, I had lost a small one—so that that could not account for my feeling of exuberance. I think the direct cause was the fact that I had eagerly been reading Mr Wilfred Taylor's books on Scotland. My admiration and sympathy had been won when I discovered that Mr Taylor shared my somewhat dormant sentiments for my native country. I believe the far north of Scotland is supposed to be a great deal more beautiful than the region round the Firth of Forth, but never having been there, I am in no position to say.

We were travelling in the evening. It has been a pleasant April day, complete with showers, bright intervals and a certain familiar "snell" east wind. The sun was shining brightly as it went down in the west when we set off on the first lap of the journey. I picked up "Scot Easy" and buried my nose in the book. It was only after we had changed trains at Thornton (that indescribably ugly junction where one never escapes a long, cold wait) that I began to look at the countryside round about me.

I always take a great interest in the sight of the sea, as in the normal course of my life I see it very infrequently. It was a very beautiful evening. Towards the east the sky was a clear blue with puffy, rosy-tinged clouds, and the estuary was correspondingly blue. The sun was setting in all its golden glory in the west. Suddenly I saw far up the Forth the three spans of the wonderful Forth Bridge. The climax of the journey, of course, was the actual crossing of the Firth. The Forth Bridge is the first bridge of my life. There may be several more breath-taking structures around the world, but I have never seen them. I never fail to be fascinated as the train rumbles on to the first arches of the Bridge, and far below one can see tiny houses and nut-shells of boats bobbing in a miniature harbour.

Many people are gasping for the advent of the Forth Road Bridge. I cannot say I am. I like to think that there is still a ferry plying between North Queensferry and South Queensferry. Of course, we do not own a car. But there is another point. Our Scottish Nationalists will have accomplished one of their favourite missions—but they are going to have a great deal of spare time on their hands. I hope they can find something else on the same lines for which to agitate.

Inverkeithing must be one of the most ugly places in Scotland. Yet, as I saw it yesterday, it was beautiful. The first glimpse of it is across a flat meadow and a stream. It is built on a hill, with a

church spire and three factory chimneys rising on the left. A large white ship from the C.P.R. Line was in the harbour for breaking up. By the side of the water below the railway were the workers' ugly, dirty houses, surrounded immediately by fresh green fields which contrasted superbly with the grimy buildings.

The final triumph of the journey is the exit from a long dark tunnel to find the massive Castle Rock towering up on one side, and Princes Street Gardens stretching upwards on the other to the most beautiful street of the Capital. Just before entering Waverley Station, one's attention is arrested by the Scott Monument, that fantastically fancy erection which Mr Taylor deplures, and which I cannot claim to be an architectural masterpiece. I, unlike Mr Taylor, have on several occasions clambered to the giddy heights, however, and have found the view to be well worth the endless climb.

I never leave a train at Haymarket. Not for anything could I miss this final triumphal entry which terminates satisfactorily a surprisingly delightful journey.

MOIRA MCGREGOR, 5P.

"ANNAN ROAD"

"Annan road is awfu' long,
And my love Maggie's wondrous bonnie;
And I am loth she shall take the bus,
Because I love her best of ony."

He's loupin in his wee red car,
In twa 'r three seconds he was ready,
For a' the storm he wadna' stay,
And he went to meet his bonnie lady.

He stopped na' for the traffic lights,
Although the lights were shining red,
And narrowly missed another car—
"Your name and hame?" the policeman said . . .

"Oh, policeman, policeman, let me past,
For I maun meet my bonnie lady;
I didna' mean to drive sae fast,
But I'm twenty minutes late already.

"Oh, Maggie said sae late yestreen,
Not ane single time, but mony,
If I was late again this week,
She'd gie me back my ring sae bonnie."

His arguments were loud and long,
I wot he talked both strong and steady,
But he got his licence ta'en away—
And so he lost his bonnie lady.

CATHERINE D. JOHNSTON, Form 3A1.

"TWENTY YEARS AFTER"

MR MANZINI, puppet-operator, leant back beneath the red and white striped awning. He permitted the stem of his wine-glass to snap between his fingers. It added a touch of polish. He was relating for the one hundred and seventy third time the story of his young wife's death in Vienna in the early years of their marriage.

"A little, slim, fair girl with dark grey eyes. She danced like a white moth round a candle flame . . . But frail . . . And then we were poor at the time. She caught pneumonia and died quite suddenly. The doctor said malnutrition had something to do with it, I don't know."

So the voice rolled on, carefully avoiding any trace of the maudlin. His performance had reached perfection after the fiftieth repetition. It was now invariable. The inflections, shades of tone, gestures, the similes not too striking, all were calculated to evoke that feeling of generosity which would compel his carefully-selected, slightly embarrassed listener to slip a hundred franc note into his limp and unwilling hand when his recital ended, he would lie sprawled against the table, hair rumped, shoulders shaking. He was a true artist. The money was a secondary consideration.

The dupe had departed. Manzini rose, smoothed his hair and sauntered along the street to the stage door. He reached his dressing-room and stood for a moment earnestly contemplating a portrait of his second wife—a Frenchwoman, plump and ageing with hair arranged in clusters of curls above her ears.

He sat down at the table, smiling a little. A sudden gust of wind made the puppets rattle against the wall. He looked round. It was his pleasure to arrange them in positions of torture, their carved hands imploring the mercy of some inexorable painted god. This made irately advancing landladies retire in confusion as did also his six cuckoo clocks set to chime simultaneously. It was seven o'clock and with a clatter and a whirr the cuckoos jerked out and gave their usual performance, perfectly in time. The window pane rattled and then a silence fell which, for the first time, in spite of all the up-raised hands and twisted, wooden shapes, seemed oppressive. Manzini reached out uneasily and turned the handle of a musical box bought in Vienna twenty years before. The brittle, trilling cadences rose and fell.

Ten minutes later, the call-boy knocked at the door and getting no response, entered the room. A million motes of dust danced in a ray of light that filtered in through the bars of the window and striped the wooden floor. From where he stood, he could see Manzini reflected in the mirror. Black puppet strings were twisted

tightly round his neck. The dust was beginning to settle again. A faint twinkling tune came to an end—like the last chords of a waltz danced by a dainty Viennese lady, flirting her fan.

MARGARET BELBIN, Form 6A.

ON MAKING THINGS FOR MYSELF

I THINK probably the first thing I made for myself was a mat. It was during my first term at School and we were making table-mats as Christmas presents, by passing wool over, and under, threads, strung through cardboard. When the teacher came round to congratulate me on my progress, however, she asked me if I had decided whom to honour with my gift, and was informed that it was for myself. "But surely your Mummy would like it?" she asked. "Oh no! she's got plenty mats," I replied cheerfully. "But what will you use it for?" persisted the teacher. "Er, er, um—to stand my money-box on!" This, I might add, was a lie, for my money-box was never in any one place—I always hid it—for security. The mat, I believe, did a great job in supporting a wardrobe on an uneven floor.

Thus it began, continued, and is still continuing—the craze to make things for myself. When I was seven, we were told at School that we were going to knit: what we were going to knit we must decide for ourselves. For me the decision was easy: Mummy was knitting a jumper at the time, so I was too. I set off next day with wool and pins; the teacher cast on the stitches—all ten of them; gave us a demonstration and left us to it. Fifteen minutes later, I went out to her desk. My ten stitches had multiplied amazingly—I now had over one hundred and had only done two rows. A note was sent home—"Please teach Joan to knit." Seven years later I really did knit a jumper, with a slightly better result.

The next thing I made for myself, which I can remember, was started when I was eleven. I desperately wanted a pet but knew I had no hope of getting a dog or cat. However, the newspaper-boy, who was also the son of a neighbour, bred budgies and had promised to give me one. That was all very well, but what would I keep it in—I could not afford a cage. I decided to make a cage for my pet. With the aid of the newspaper-boy, I set to work. The cage-to-be was an orange box which we tidied up, and in which we placed spars (alias peerie whips), and seed-dishes (alias meat paste jars) and in which we made a makeshift door. Now, all that remained was to fit a front, either of glass or wire netting. Apart from taking the sheet of glass, which was the window-to-be of the hut my father was making, and from which incidentally we had obtained the tools, we had not much chance of having a glass front. The fence, however, was of wire-netting. "Daddy never looks behind the hedge.

Anyway, the hedge will soon cover the fence and it won't be needed." With a great deal of work, and at the expense of the best pair of garden secateurs, a piece of fencing was duly removed. It had then to be nailed to the box. I quickly asserted myself as the "hammerer-in-er"; my partner therefore held the nails. Within five minutes I had to do both jobs myself—he walked off—perhaps because I could not aim very well, I really do not know. I did not get the budgie.

After that unhappy incident (Daddy did look behind the hedge) my attempts were more successful—a sewing bag, two aprons, a skirt, socks, gloves, two jumpers and a dress. The dress, although a first attempt, was of great use to me and proved very useful. I was staying on my aunt's farm at the time and my cousin insisted I should accompany her, the student farmer who lived in, and a group of her friends to a dance. At that time I hated dances and would do anything to escape one. I argued violently with her. "I can't dance; what's the use of going?"

"It's the only way to learn and anyway Carl can't dance and he's going." (Carl is the student).

"But I feel so embarrassed about my size."

"So does Carl." (Carl I might add is at the opposite end of the scale—he is six feet four).

She finally convinced me. Then came the question—what to wear. I only had the one dress with me, as I lived in slacks all day. The dress was my home-made one, with a new bodice, the first one having had a losing struggle with the electric wringer. The second bodice was not very successful as I quickly pointed out: the shoulders were wrong and the waist drooped at the front. I was excused from attending the dance.

At the present moment I am still making, and hoping to make things for myself. Making a sweater, hoping to make a rug and some flower prints. On the whole, my efforts have been encouraged by my parents, but one thing I know will please them: when I start to make some money for myself!

JOAN MITCHELL, 5M.

LANDSCAPE

Cool, blue water, sparkling in the sun,
Lapping against the stones,
As fresh-blown wind caresses lovingly
The tip-rippling waves.
And there, beyond, against a sun-happy sky
Brood melancholy pines—
Not frightening, though,
For among the rigid trunks
Glimmers the pale blue Heaven.

HELEN DUNCAN, 6A.

THE WILDCAT

"WELL, John, and how is everything to-day?" I called, walking up to the croft-house door.

"Och, yon wildcat has been at my chickens again," answered the tall figure, leaning against the door-post. "I'll have to be getting somebody up here to rid me of the nuisance. Simpson is no good at things like that, and I can't wait until my leg is better."

John hobbled into the house behind me and watched me put the basket on the table. Since he had broken his leg, I had gone down to the village once a week to fetch his mail and his messages.

A light, scurrying step sounded outside, and a small man entered the room. Catching sight of me, he started violently. John laughed.

"Don't be daft, Simpson, it's only Annie."

No one knew his other name. No one knew where he came from. He had appeared in the neighbourhood soon after John broke his leg. John was needing somebody to look after the croft and Simpson was willing to work.

He was an odd little man, timid and cowering, with the air of a mouse that the cat was chasing.

A week later, when I arrived at John's house with the messages, I found him talking to a stranger, a large brutal-looking man, carrying a gun in one hand. As I drew near, he set off up the hill. I looked enquiringly at John.

"He's come to chase yon wild-cat. I hope he gets it, for I can't afford to lose any more chickens."

Simpson's hurrying footsteps rang out behind us. We turned together. Simpson was dressed in the faded blue suit he had been wearing when he first came among us, and he was carrying a battered little case.

"Mr McKenzie," he stuttered breathlessly, "Something unexpected has turned up and I have to go south. I'm sorry I have to leave before your leg has healed." And to our astonishment he scurried along the road leading to the village.

John watched him go ruefully. "I expected that. There is nothing wrong at all, you know. He never really settled down, but why he should choose to-day to desert me . . . Och well, I could never understand him."

I stayed a little while at the croft, tidying the house and giving John the latest news. As I was leaving I heard two shots, sharp and clear in the still air.

"That's fine," said John. "Another cat less, and more chickens for me."

When I returned to the croft a week later, John greeted me with a look of exasperation. "There must have been two of yon d—cats," he cried, "my chickens are still disappearing."

On my way home, an irresistible urge made me stop at the Black

Drop, where the hillside fell straight down to the floor of the valley a hundred feet below. Cautiously I peered over. On a ledge more than half-way down the cliff, something brown was lying, almost covered with loose stones. What I saw looked to me like the corner of a suitcase . . .

ANNE MILNE, Form 5P.

A CAITHNESS MEMORY

I SHALL begin by explaining that for the first ten years of my life I lived in the country. There my Grandpa and I had the happiest of walks together. These little walks, however, often turned into big adventures, for me at least, and the best—or was it perhaps the worst?—adventure we had I shall describe to you now.

I must have been visiting Granny that afternoon, no doubt entertaining her with all the news from our end of the village, when Grandpa set off with his dog. That dog was the bane of my life, and I was terrified of it, as I had had to drag, more than once, my dangerously fascinated young sister from its clutches. However, terrified of the dog or not, I set off with Grandpa.

We walked up the village towards the station. This was a new route to me and I was delighted to find that the way passed through the station's goods yard. There I spent a wonderful few minutes crawling under wagons, climbing over trucks and swinging on couplings before I was called to heel. Then we set off down the railway line, which bore about eight trains a day, so that there was no fear of being run down, or so I happily thought. Next minute, when we were both crossing the line to enter a field, an agonising whistle of an approaching train shattered my world of dreams. There, not a hundred yards from us, was a train. I thought my last hour had come. Grandpa and I must have broken the four-minute mile between us. Where the dog was I didn't care but we must have reached safety because I am still here to tell the tale. On the return journey I discovered from a dingy, hardly decipherable notice board that each of us could have been fined five pounds. I was horrified and I wished that my dreadful curiosity had not led me to that condemning notice board.

The day was still not finished. On entering the field, I discovered a wonderful burn, crystal clear and full of minnows. I was allowed to remove my socks and shoes and whilst Grandpa sat and plaited rushes, I spent a glorious half-hour fruitlessly chasing the fish. On emerging, I found I had gashed my foot, but this was a minor calamity to what was yet to come. I decided to be brave and climb over the gate, which was rather high, instead of being a lady and squeezing through the spars. That was my undoing. As I

jumped down from the top-most spar, my bravery was going too far: there was another agonising sound—that of rending material. On my arrival on the ground I found that I was now the proud possessor of a two-piece dress. My arrival home was quite a spectacle. I was given the expected “row” and Grandpa to my delight received one too. I, however, was sworn to secrecy over the little matter about the train, receiving in payment some sweets.

How I have kept quiet for so long is a mystery in itself. Could it have been the dreadful thought that I, or rather my father, would have to pay the British Railways five whole pounds? Or perhaps was it the fact that I was frightened of the further mountains of wrath that would be heaped on my already guilty head?

CAROLYN ANDREW, 4P.

ANGUS, ANGUS

“Why does your nose sae drap wi' bluid,

Angus, Angus,

Why does your nose sae drap wi' bluid
And why gang ye sae sad O?”

“Oh, I hae fell upon the floor,

Mither, Mither,

Oh, I hae fell uopn the floor,
And hurt my nose sae bad O!”

“The floor ne'er hurt sae much as that,

Angus, Angus,

The floor ne'er hurt sae much as that,
My dear son, I tell thee O”

“Oh, I hae hit me on the door,

Mither, Mither,

Oh, I hae hit me on the door,
And squashed my nose sae wee O!”

“You'd niver drie a thing like that,

Angus, Angus,

You'd niver drie a thing like that,
The door ye always see O”

“Oh, I hae fought the lad next door,

Mither, Mither,

Oh, I hae fought the lad next door,
Alas, and wae is me O!”

“Oh, I mon rin awa' frae hame,

Mither, Mither,

Oh, I mon rin awa' frae hame,
Or Dad wull murder me O!”

“And whit about your bonny bike,

Angus, Angus,

And whit about your bonny bike?”
“That's for my brither sae wee O!”

SHEILA CAMPBELL, 3A(1).

NOT TO THE SWIFT

THE sun was shining and overhead the sky was cloudless. On either side the trees were pushing forth their leaves and the birds on the branches were singing gaily. Under us the water was crystal-clear and the wind was fresh but not too strong. The setting was perfect and for the first time I was experiencing the wonderful feeling of knowing that the boat would do whatever I wanted. We had sailed that morning from Antmouth through Potter Heigham, which necessitated our taking down the mast, and were then sailing down narrow Meastow Dyke to Horsey Mere, which was to be our mooring for the night. The fact that, through my sailing, two yachts had been forced on to the mud was not troubling me and I would have been loath to relinquish the tiller. We reached Horsey without mishap and as we were the first of our fleet to appear on the scene, we sailed around the Mere for some time. Then the fun started. My friend was standing by the mast in order to acquire a sun-tan when a long pole, flashing in the sun, caught her attention. I duly directed the boat in that direction and on reaching it we found the pole to be a quant, which is used for propelling a yacht on a windless day. We circled it once or twice trying to pick it up but to our great annoyance we found it was well and truly stuck in the mud. After some time we reluctantly abandoned our first attempt at salvage and decided to make for the staithe. I accordingly changed course but found the boat to be head to wind making “tacking” necessary. The wind had freshened considerably and was blowing in strong gusts.

We tried hard to make the boat sail in the direction required but all to no purpose as she was slowly drifting backwards. This did not worry us unduly as we were not particularly pressed for time and we were still drifting along aimlessly when we were hailed by a passing yacht. The strong wind blurred the message and it was not until another yacht hailed us that we realised anything was wrong. Suddenly the horrible truth dawned and we at last understood the purpose of the quant. We were caught up in a yacht race! Try as we might, we could not extricate ourselves and we were forced to take part. As each yacht in turn passed us, a blistering invective would reach our ears and before long our vocabularies had been increased considerably.

At last, to our huge relief, the race was over and as we passed the finishing post which was, of course, the now-loathed quant, last by a margin of four laps but very pleased with ourselves, we were cheered by the other competitors. The fickle wind had again changed and as a consolation prize, the yacht which was the winner

of the race and which had an auxiliary engine attached, towed us up the narrow entrance to the staithe and into our berth.

So ended my first, and last I hope, "gate-crash" into a yacht race.

LAUREL NORWELL, Form 4p.

" JACK "

JUST "Jack" but Jack is one of the pluckiest boys I have ever come across in the whole of my life.

Every year at Christmas we get a card signed "Arthur and Jack" and none of us, until about two years ago, had any idea where they lived or what they looked like, only that they were our second cousins. Then one day we were told about Jack's accident: how he had been run over by a tractor, how his leg was broken in three places, the long, long spell in hospital, the operations, plasters and injections and the quiet courage with which Jack had borne it all, never complaining and always cheerful.

So we had a good picture of Jack before we were invited to go and stay with him and his family on their farm near Langholm. When we arrived, Jack and his mother were there to meet us off the 'bus. I liked Jack instantly. He was a slight boy of twelve, with an impish freckled face and tousled hair. He had just had another operation and was hobbling around on crutches with his leg in plaster. He flew with startling agility round the farm in his plaster, using his crutches to vault easily over walls while we scabbled up behind.

One day Arthur and I were asked to collect a pair of lambs and their mother from a pen at the back of the farm, and we got back about an hour and a half later to find Jack, absolutely furious because he had not been allowed to climb up to the top of a high hill, with his plaster, to collect a pair of bleating, wailing lambs and an exasperating ewe that ran half way round the hillside unless her lambs were set down on the ground every six inches or so to make sure that they were still there. That alone shows Jack's determination to treat his leg like any other and I admire him all the more for it.

Jack always has a song or phrase which he repeats the whole time we are there. The last time, though it may sound peculiar, we all sang, "I do like to be beside the seaside," on the back of a manure cart at seven o'clock in the morning. It was Jack's song of the time.

We still get a card at Christmas signed "Arthur and Jack" in large scrawly writing and it reminds me of the first time I saw Jack's cheerful and smiling face in spite of all he had been through.

JILL FAIRBAIRN, Form 4c1.

MY SUMMER HOLIDAY OF 1957

I WAS on holiday in Freetown, a fact which I could hardly believe. I lived outside the town as most of the white people do. The house stands in a large garden not far from an African village. There were not many flowers out in the garden as it was the wet season, but a very pretty red one called Flame-of-the-Forest was out. At first, I was a bit afraid of going out into the garden as I thought I might stand on a snake. I only saw two snakes all the time I was out there and those our steward-boy Joe and small boy Foudi killed in the garden.

Freetown is in Sierra Leone and is a fairly large town. In one part of the town live the Syrians, who own quite a few of the shops. Once a fortnight the mail-boats, going out and coming home, call in. At the end of Pademba Road there is an enormous cotton tree under which the slaves were sold long ago. There is a lighthouse from a place called Aberdeen Point but it is not very big. Up country from Freetown are diamond mines. Sierra Leone means "the Mountain of Lions" but there are no lions in Sierra Leone. My mother told me that long ago sailors passing in ships heard the wind in the hills and thought it was the lions roaring. This may not be true.

There were several other children on holiday in Freetown, two of whom I already knew. I went out with Lavinia and Agnes a great deal. At King Tom there is a lovely little swimming pool and as Agnes and Lavinia's mother worked for the Company that own the pool they were allowed to swim there. I sometimes went with them and I enjoyed myself very much. I also went swimming as often as possible to Lumley Beach, usually with my mother, but sometimes with Lavinia and Agnes. We were never allowed out too far as the current was very strong and carried you down towards Juba beach. One Sunday night, when my family and I were down at the golf club (Lumley Beach was in front of the golf club), we were told by some other people that a European had been drowned and they were looking for his body. I was told later that his leg had been bitten off by a shark but I did not know if it was true.

About a week after I arrived in Freetown, I went to watch a Mohammedan prayer-meeting. The Mohammedans were carrying their prayer-mats, even the smallest children. It was all very colourful to watch and I wished my camera had taken coloured photographs. The men sat on one side and the women on the other. Just below where we were sitting there was an African playing an instrument rather like a zither.

I saw a few monkeys when I was out in the car. I did many other things while I was there and I was very sorry to leave.

FIONA C. MITCHELL, 2A2.

"TO BE OR NOT TO BE? THAT IS THE QUESTION"

AND what are you going to be when you leave school? At the age of fifteen years four months, to be perfectly honest, I do not know. From the age of five years onwards I have mapped out a phenomenal number of careers for myself.

When I was five, I attended the Infirmary for treatment which I received from an exceptionally kind nurse. I, too, was going to be a nurse and practised daily on my dolls, either bandaging an arm or dabbing a leg. A year later, I quickly abandoned the idea after again receiving treatment but this time from a crotchety matron. Thereafter medicine held no charms for me.

By nine I was a big girl and was working hard at School. I still remember frantically rushing home one day, my hair and coat flying, to tell Mum that I was top in sums for the week and had received a golden star. Bright prospects loomed forth and my father imagined his daughter as a University graduate. The following week my mother was slightly perturbed when I did not arrive home till 4 o'clock. My teacher had kept me in because I made only two out of eight for arithmetic.

On my twelfth birthday I received a pair of shining skates. I pictured myself gliding along the ice to the Skaters' Waltz with a gallery of spectators cheering and clapping. Three years later I can skate backwards and forwards and have also three stitches in my chin.

When the summer season came, out came the bathing suits and after swimming every day for a fortnight I resolved to swim the Channel before I was twenty. All through the winter term, rain, hail, or snow, I attended Warrender Baths and as a result received various colds. Mother, teacher and doctor objected and begged me to give up swimming. They won.

The "Qualifying" came and went, and with it more ideas for a future career. I wanted to be a missionary after hearing an inspiring sermon, an actress, an acrobat or a dog trainer. It was Wimbledon time when I visited London at the age of thirteen. I held prospects of being a "Little Mo" but then I am neither little nor called "Mo." I used to wake up at night crying "Advantage Miss Kelly," or "Lovely shot" from my partner. My sister objected.

The Third Year came and each pupil was provided with a list of courses.

"Take the Commercial Course, dear; so safe and you could have a comfortable job in an office." Yes, it was Mother's idea of my future.

"Be a policewoman," from little sister. "After all you have the large feet and an intelligent look on your face."

Auntie thought I was just the type for Atholl Crescent because I could bake such a lovely light sponge.

Yes, it is difficult to decide, especially if one has no special talent and I sympathise with those in a similar predicament. Of course, I forgot—I could be a school teacher!

JOAN KELLY, 4c2.

THE POLE

THERE'S a telegraph pole at the bottom of *our* garden.

I have been accustomed to seeing men drawing up outside our gate in a greenish van and going to perform some operation or other on the pole. Accordingly, when, one day, I had just left for a shopping expedition and a greenish van drew up at my gate, I decided to save a little of the pole-mender's time by giving him my permission to walk down to the foot of the garden.

I crossed the road and addressed him.

"Do you want to go down to the pole?" I enquired benevolently and was answered by a look such as one might give a person with an extra nose.

"Oh, it's quite all right; I live here," I hastened to assure the man, confident that all would now be clear. The same trance-like stare was fixed on me.

I decided to start afresh.

"Have you come to see the pole?"

Perhaps he thought I was Mrs Fuchs, recruiting for my husband's next expedition. It may even have crossed his mind that he had been conscripted for a Maypole dance team. Whatever may have been the thoughts passing through his mind, his countenance betrayed not the least evidence of any mental activity behind it. I returned to the fray.

"I live here, and I thought you might knock on the door, so I came to tell you that if you do knock on the door I won't answer it because I won't be there, but you have my permission to go down the garden anyway," said I, by way of clarifying my former statement and added, as a last attempt, "I'm going shopping."

By this time the bewildered gaze had spread to his hair and I decided that the poor man should not be flustered, but be allowed to ascertain the situation for himself. With an assurance that I didn't mind in the least if he wished to look at the pole, I left him with an expression of decided relief on his face.

Almost out of sight, I turned round and saw my recent acquaintance at the top of a ladder, mending—the lamp-post outside the gate!

BETTY ALEXANDER, 4p.

SKIRTS

WHO invented skirts, anyway? Slacks are much more comfortable. However, society says we wear skirts—and so skirts we wear.

Skirts come in assorted shapes and sizes. If your hips are a respectable size, you will probably own a "straight" skirt; otherwise, you can choose between gathers, gentle flares, or the really gay "full circle." So far, this is simple enough. The trouble begins when you see advertisements in *The Observer* and *The Woman* telling us that unless our hems are seventeen inches from the ground, we are absolutely out-moded. Now, a hockey-player's legs are not necessarily willow-slender, but when a friend says, "Helen, you really should take your skirts up—all the men turn and look. It's rather embarrassing at first, but then it's great fun"—well, then you start to wonder, "Shall I?" And eventually you urge yourself, "Oh, go on—be a devil!"

One evening, then, you clear all your home-work out of the way, and, armed with scissors and pins, set to work. After an hour you give your mother a free mannequin parade, but all the praise you get is, "That's far too short." "But, Mummy, it's only sixteen inches from the ground." Mummy doesn't try to argue. Undaunted, therefore, you carry on. You realise now how many skirts you have. With four completed, you feel you are getting into the swing of things. After six, you begin to wonder whether it would be profitable to set up a business. After eight—"What about my underskirts?" . . .

I like full skirts (no reed I) but these have their own problems. First—they must be made to stick out. As I deny that there is any such thing as permanently stiff material, vast quantities of starch or Grandma's boning are the only solutions. Boning round the edge of an underskirt is apt to tear stockings, though—Oh, why was I born a girl? These problems, however, are not the end. As a bus conductor said after I had come down the stairs, "It's a parachute you've got, lass!"

Oh, well—some day I'll maybe learn to control my skirts. Until then, please don't disapprove of my slacks.

HELEN DUNCAN, 6A.

GOING RIDING

Going riding? No, thank you!
For once, upon a docile mare,
I trotted down a lane;
The mud was thick, the horse did slip,
And I'm not going again.

CECILIA C. CAVAYE, 3A(1).

SWORDS AND SATCHELS

IT is strange that although the same sun has shone on people throughout the centuries they do not always understand the past.

What was the sixteenth century like? In the sixteenth century you were either French, English or Spanish, probably Spanish. You had an arduously long name like Don Rodrigo Miguel José Juan del Toledo Valencia or Don Juan José Miguel Rodrigo del Valencia Toledo, or it could even be Don José Miguel Juan Valencia del Toledo Rodrigo. You had a beautiful girl-friend who had a wicked uncle (or father), who was very powerful. You served under Drake. You always won victories, were never tortured—certainly not mentally. You got into great favour with Drake, and were eventually knighted. Your lost father was in Spanish hands. In the last chapter you rescued him without a single scratch. You were always very merciful and never wanted revenge unless you were a villain, in other words, a foreigner. You never got killed, and always survived to see your old mother, sweet and patient again. You married Jennifer in the last chapter.

Life to-day is up at seven thirty, breakfast at ten to eight, out by eight fifteen, school, Geometry, Latin, French, History, lunch, Art, Gymnastics, Singing, Algebra, run to the bus stop, get an eighteen bus, homework, bed.

Possibly some author in the future will write a story about the excitement of living in Edinburgh in 1950, in "those tiny black houses on four floors lit by electricity." Perhaps five hundred years hence there will be fierce heat on earth, great droning machines booming out monotonous rhythms, gigantic chimneys all orange and red and brown. There will not be much water left, only dirty canals reflecting red sunsets. Great monster trains will shriek far into the night as they continue their unknown purpose. The people will all be bigger and have American accents.

Excuse me, I must go and eat cornflakes for my twentieth century supper (made from unbreakable polythene).

HEATHER WOOD, 1A3.

POEM

There is a little cat I know,
With furry paws as white as snow.
Around his neck, a crimson bow
He will not wear because he knows
That all his friends and all his foes
Would give forth many ah's and oh's,
Of "catty" feline tricksters,
Twirling their own "Cats Whiskers."

BLANCHE PRINGLE, 1A(1).

THIRD ROW—FRONT STALLS

RE-ADJUSTING, in imagination, my gas-mask, I peer through the thick, smoky fumes, round several obstacles and focus on the enormous, opalescent patch looming over me.

The villain has just killed the hero's best friend and now they are both going as hired hands to find "the valley," led by the beautiful, tough heroine just fresh from the town-life of New York. She has come out West, jumped into plaid shirt and trousers and led several brawny men who have been born and raised in the Wild West to find a valley she has never seen.

No sooner are they camped out in the midst of hostile Indian territory than the villain and the hero begin to fight over the beautiful, disinterested heroine. But what is this? Thundering hooves and echoing war cries—it is the Indians! Quickly, the brave white men spring behind some convenient rocks and, as the Indians jump up on top of a ridge just opposite and stand up straight so that the hero can get a decent shot at them, Big Chief Beef tub crawls up behind the hero and, just as he is going to strike, the girl cries out in warning.

Then Big Chief becomes afraid and proposes that they come to terms. My scarf flutters in the breeze from several gusty sighs around me as the handsome American with the beautiful Californian suntan (fifty cents per bottle) and war-paint daubed on his perfect skin, stands gesticulating wildly, adding a word here and there in pidgin American.

Alas! The villain cannot restrain himself and shoots Big Chief, a brave appears and pierces his black heart with an arrow while our hero quickly turns and ends the life of the brave. Tomato sauce is much in evidence.

All that remains is for the hero to find the valley, marry the heroine and live happily ever after.

I relax my tensed muscles and, midst a seething crowd, I struggle and toe-tread my way to the door and thankfully removing my gas-mask and goggles, gulp down great mouthfuls of fine drizzle and exhaust fumes and run to catch a bus. All this—and ice-cream too—for only three shillings!

ROBERTA BATCHELOR, 4Cl.

CALEDONIA

Vision of the misty Highlands rising from the tossing sea;
Bagpipes skirling, plaid kilts swirling, smoke-flames dancing, leaping free.
Lonely crofts and sea-mews crying, salt sea-lochs and eagles' crag;
Trooping clan-chiefs from the clachan, fiery cross the summoning flag.
This is what the Highland poets wrote of in their Gaelic wild
This the land Sir Walter called "meet nurse for a poetic child."

JENNIFER DAVIDSON, 3A(1).

"THE STORY OF MA LIFE"

By Wurrum Mactavish

Ma name is Mactavish,
As Scots as can be,
Ah live in a corrie
No' far frae Glen Shee.

The Glen is ma kingdom,
An' the hills are ma ain;
The heather grows bonny
In my dear Hielan' hame.

It's there that Ah'll bide
For ever an' aye,
Fur there wus Ah born
An' there will Ah die.

'Neath the high mountains,
Beside ma wee burrun
Right under the heather
'Cos ye see—Ah'm a wurrum.

MARGARET BURNETT, 5(1).

SPRING-CLEANING

Now that it is Spring
And she begins to see the sun,
Mummy feels Spring-Cleaning
Really must be done.

Looking at the bedroom
When he sees the sun,
Daddy feels that decorating
Really must be done.

Mummy gets the carpets lifted,
Daddy paints the ceiling
They both go happily to work
Because of a "Spring feeling."

ELIZABETH McDUGALL, 1A(2).

FOOD POISONED

"Hullo," the little monster said,
And sat down by me on the bed.
I shut my eyes, I felt no pain.
The little horror spoke again,
"Don't go to sleep," his voice was clear,
Though in my head I still could hear
Him ask me if I thought a worm
(Thy beastly creatures make me squirm).
Would really honestly taste nice
For dinner mixed up with the rice.
Or did I really truly feel
That slugs are good with jellied veal?

My voice was shaky; I felt undone
 As I said to that little one
 "Now, Johnny, why not go and play
 At cricket, just like Peter May?"
 As though in answer to my prayers
 I heard him running down the stairs.
 And now that spoiled child's away
 It just remains for me to say
 I've let my inner organs grapple
 With a wiggly thing in a hole in an apple.

SYLVIA WALLACE, 2A(2).

INTERLUDE

On I.T.V. as you will know,
 They advertise between each show;
 The adverts are of varied sort,
 Some far too long—none far too short.

The tale in which the boy refuses
 To save the blonde, because he chooses
 To finish off his Hollowmint,
 The far too good to swallow mint
 Is a clever cartoon to be sure,
 But is the poor blonde quite secure
 On a rope at such a height
 Without her gallant knight in sight?

On I.T.V. as you now know,
 They advertise between each show,
 For soap and sausages and sweets,
 Chocolate biscuits and frozen meats,
 But with all these adverts you'll still see,
 Most folks have fish and chips for tea.

RUTH WILSON, Form 1A(1).

LATIN

I do not like my Latin book—
 Prefer Capt. Hook.
 It's full of words I can't translate;
 Marcum I hate.

Of them I can't make head nor tail,
 Like sand in pail.
 What I write down is never right—
 Am I not bright?

My wrongs are all explained to me.
 Doh ray fah me.
 But still I onward plodding go.
 Me fah ray doh.

I'll never be a Latinist—
 I clench my fist!
 But that, my dear, won't worry me
 With Kelly's key.

ANNE GLENDINNING, 1A(1).

HERE COMES THE BRIDE

In spring a young man's fancy
 Lightly turns to thoughts of love;
 This year is no exception,
 For Cupid flies above.

It all began in April;
 He came to live next door.
 Within a week he told me
 "You're mine for evermore."

Our romance blossoms daily;
 He brings me flowers each day.
 He's proved an ardent suitor;
 "I'll marry you in May."

What a pleasing prospect!
 Wed while still at school!
 Alter now the register,
 My name's no longer Coull.

I'll have to leave class early;
 No homework now for me,
 For I shall be too busy,
 Preparing Colin's tea.

We'll be a happy couple
 If we can but contrive
 To span the years between us—
 My suitor's only five.

ISOBYL COULL, Form 4C(2).

MOUSE AT LARGE

When standing among the crowd of shoppers,
 With Pip nestling in my hand,
 The little white mouse with his bright red eyes,
 Stared about him in scared surprise
 At the thronging bustling band.

At last, he could no longer stand it,
 And, taking a flying leap,
 He turned a somersault in the air,
 And landed (much to my despair)
 At a lady customer's feet.

He bounded round and round and round,
 Then shot up in the air.
 He scared the dear lady out of her wits,
 But that was the last of little Pip's fits,
 For, some days later, he died.

MOYRA BROWNLIE, Form 1A(2).

SONNET

Too long have we been parted, you and I.
 So many months have passed when ne'er a hope
 Has dared to bid my sorrows from me fly;
 And in this weary world alone I grope.
 Why did you go? I never did you harm;
 No trouble seemed to haunt your dear-loved eyes.
 Before your flight, you gave me no alarm.
 Return to me, and hearken to my cries.
 No honey brighter than your golden hair;
 No lips so sweet as those you offered me;
 Your beauty Time itself can not impair.
 Sweet love, be gracious, hear my lonely plea—
 Relieve this gloom, return, do not pass by;
 Else, ere the year is out, I surely die.

HELEN DUNCAN, 6A.

A RECENT ARRIVAL

Eighteen months ago to-day a new arrival came our way.
 Not much hair and big blue eyes, he really was a great surprise
 To me, but not to Mum and Dad, who really were extremely glad
 At the arrival of this boy who makes our heart so full of joy.

Until he came our life was quiet; we slept through almost every night.
 The milkman with his heavy knock woke us up at eight o'clock.
 But now our bundle neat and warm makes a really good alarm
 And we awaken with a yawn just about the crack of dawn.

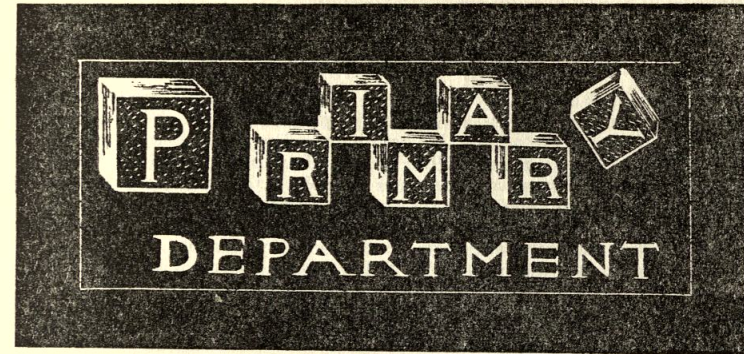
He crawls round here; he climbs up there; he's almost always in my hair.
 His sticky hand rubs on my dress and often causes me distress
 But even though he is a pest, I think I love that boy the best,
 And if I marry, my one joy will be to have a baby boy.

SHEENA BURNETT, 2A(2).

POEM

One day there was a little maid,
 Who tried to write (without the aid
 Of parent, dear but stupid thing)
 A poem about lively Spring.
 She tried to write of lambs and chicks,
 But then got really in a fix
 When trying to find out a word
 Most suitable to rhyme with "bird."
 Mountains, the next subject she tried,
 Failed again, "Because," she sighed,
 "I cannot dream of mountains high
 If I hear someone talk close by."
 So after that nobody spoke,
 But then that young maid's pencil broke.
 The lass was in an angry rage
 And wrote her poem, page for page,
 And from that really angry scene,
 Emerged a poem for her magazine.

ISOBEL SMITH, 1A(1).



MY SPACE TRAVEL

WHOOSH! What a noise! It sounded as if the world was falling down on me.
 I am Laika, the Russian space dog. I am strapped into this machine
 and it is most uncomfortable. Out of the corner of my eye I can see a long,
 red flame. Maybe it is to keep me warm. Here comes my first meal in a
 small dish. I wonder why I couldn't reach it before.

I have just awakened from my after-lunch nap and I am still hurtling
 round the world. I had a bad nightmare but it is not night, it is day—at
 least I think so. In my dream I thought I saw a Russian space-man but it
 might have been me.

I wish they would get me down.

If you could look out of the window you see round balls turning in
 circles.

This is boring—not even a slipper to chew. Well, they are not starving
 me anyway. I like to have a good run after tea, but it does not look as
 though there are any grassy gardens here.

I can feel a funny vibration under me.

This is past a joke. It might be an earthquake and there's nobody to
 care for me.

What wouldn't I give for a lovely, juicy bone with bits of meat on it!

I do not think much of my owner sending me up here. I don't even
 know where I am!

I can see the moon now. I wonder if I have any relations there?
 I could pay them a visit? Too late now, it is out of sight.

This space travel is tiring; I can hardly keep my eyes open. I think
 I am dropping off to sleep.

ADRIENNE BEST, Primary 7(1).

THE STORM

WE stood shivering with the cold but hypnotised by the huge grey roaring
 waves surging up twenty feet high over the promenade at Joppa before
 crashing down over garden walls, gates and flowerbeds, dragging with them
 every obstacle they encountered.

Afraid that our gate would be washed away in the swirling water, we
 held our breaths as every large wave towered over the premenade. Suddenly
 a huge wall of water seemed to rise before our eyes as we watched from our
 dining-room window. Unable to look any more, I hastily closed my eyes.
 When I opened them again, I saw a large gap where our next door neigh-
 bour's gate should have been. The gigantic wave had washed their gate
 away leaving ours tightly wedged against the wall in such a fashion that no
 wave, however strong, would wash it away. Relieved, we hurried into the
 back room thinking what dreadful weather it was—as after all it was an
 Easter week-end.

MARTA MCGLYNN, Primary 7(2).

TIMOTHY

IMAGINE a tiny bundle of tawny fur. Give it two black, beady eyes, a snuffly nose, two velvet ears and a pair of pink hands which are used to wash this small creature's face. He has an appealing air and sometimes sits up on his hind legs to survey his little world. He also is a skilful acrobat and you may have to hunt about for quite a while before you find him in a slipper bag (hung up) halfway up the curtains or balancing precariously on a plant, engaged in eating the leaves. He is very funny and you can never be cross with him for long, although he can be very naughty. His bed of cotton wool never satisfies him and with his paws he teases it out and makes a roof to cover himself snugly. He sleeps most of the day and rings a little bell in his cage when he wants out in the room at night. With his many misdeeds he is very lovable. Can you guess what he is?—my pet Golden Hamster.

JENNIFER DUNCAN, Primary 6(1).

OPERATION MAJORCA

THIS year I was very excited as I once more set off by plane for my Easter holiday in Majorca, and when we arrived, we were delighted to find the sun shining and the sea perfect for bathing. Soon I became very sick and miserable and it was decided to take me even at one o'clock in the morning to Hospital for an operation for appendicitis. Huge iron gates had to be unlocked and as my father carried me in I remember seeing white-robed nuns quietly walking about the corridors and smiling to me. The next thing I remember was awaking in a little white room and Mother was telling me that my appendix was gone, and I would soon feel better. One of my family was beside me all the time as none of the nuns who were nurses could speak English and I could speak no Spanish. What fun we had trying to understand each other and I soon knew how to say "Gracias" which means "Thank you." Five days later I was taken by ambulance back to the hotel, where I had a lovely reception from the staff. Mother and I stayed on an extra week, and as the sun shone every day I soon became bronzed and fit and before long we had to say good-bye to all our friends who had been so kind, and to the gentle nuns in the "Cruz Roja" Hospital whom I shall never forget.

MARIAN FISHER, Primary 6(2).

A RADIO STAR FOR A DAY

I WAS very excited because I was going to the Broadcasting Studios at Queen Street.

I was to take part in the sixth episode of Tullivore Castle.

Four other girls were with me and we were met at the door by Aunt Kathleen. She told us that we were to be ready in five minutes.

The time passed and we were told to come into the studio. We walked into what looked like a lounge and then into a hall. This was the studio.

At long last it was five o'clock and when a little green light showed, Aunt Kathleen began to speak: "We present the sixth part of Tullivore Castle."

The music started up. One man played a flute, another an accordion, a third a drum, and a lady played the piano.

In the play, Lady Margaret is supposed to bring in a tray. This sound was really made by a man clinking cups at the side of the stage. My friends and I were dancing at the party. The dance was "The Dashing White Sergeant." Then we sang a song and soon after, our exciting experience ended. It was a thrilling time for us all.

PATRICIA DOWNIE, Primary 5(1).

THE JUMPING JOTTER

ONE evening while doing my homework I laid my spare jotter on the floor beside my case. When I had finished my exercise I turned round to get my case and saw that the jotter had gone. I went around the house looking everywhere for it. When I went into my bedroom there I saw the missing jotter jumping all over the place. I lifted it up and found that my small kitten, Sooty, was underneath it and having a good time jumping about the house.

LORRAINE LEES, Primary 5(2).

GOOD EXCUSE FOR SUPPER

ONE day at school we were given a form to be filled in. Now usually I have a cup of cocoa before I go to bed. This night, however, I did not have any.

At ten to ten I suddenly remembered the slip. I jumped out of bed and ran to tell mummy. She told me to fetch it. She signed it and I put it back in my bag.

I hung around till mummy asked me what I was waiting for. (She was laying the table for supper). I smiled and she said, "Is it supper you are waiting for?" I said it was. She asked me if I would like a biscuit. So mummy made me cocoa and I had a biscuit. I was lucky, wasn't I?

JANET MARTIN, Primary 4(1).

A VISIT TO THE ZOO

ONE sunny afternoon daddy decided to take a trip to the Zoo. We invited Pat Wilson my best pal to come. When we arrived we received our tickets and went in. First we saw the gaping mouth of a hippo. Next we went into the monkey house. One of the monkeys stole a little girl's ice-lollie and ate it. Another had a cigarette and was puffing smoke at us. The children's farm was lovely and the lambs were frisking about. I rode on the pony and it was great fun. Pat went in the pony-cart with two boys and a little girl. The Llamas are lovely creatures and the kids are so sweet. Two leopards had a fight and were bleeding.

FRANCES HORSBURGH, Primary 4(2).

THE BINNS

ON the last Saturday of our Easter holidays the family went to the Binns. It is an old country house owned by the Dalyell family. The house has an old kitchen in it. It has many rooms in it. They are very wealthy people. One of the Dalryells founded the Scots Greys. The first room you come into has a chess-set in it. Peacocks strut about in the courtyard. Of all these wonders I liked the chapel best. Then we saw the King's Room. It was called the King's Room because when King Charles II wanted to visit his people, he chose a house in which to stay. It was very expensive. The place had a secret tunnel by which you could escape.

LINDA FERGUSON, Primary 3(1).

MY GRANNY'S DOG

MY granny had a dog called Spearach, which is Gaelic for Wasp. Spearach was a film star. She was in the picture called Geordie. In the picture she ran up a hill with two people. She was a very old dog, and died last January. My granny felt very sorry to lose her pet. Spearach was so well-known that there was a poem in the paper about her.

ANNE MARTIN, Primary 3(2).

MY BROTHER

I HAVE a little brother. His name is Donald. He is five years of age. I do not like him and he does not like me. I take him to school every day in the bus. He and the other boys make a loud noise in the bus. Sometimes they make me race the bus. I wish I had a sister.

ELLEN L. GALLOWAY, Primary 3(2).

PRIMARY II(1)

SOMETIMES I wish I wasn't in the world at all because I am tired of doing things and don't want to get up in the morning. But sometimes I am glad I am in the world because one day I want to have a baby.

One day I got a very funny piece of sum paper from the teacher. It had squint boxes on one side and lines on the other side. The lines were as squint as the boxes. I think the printer must have been tired when he made my piece of paper, or else he had lost his specs.

Our School is being painted. There are pots of paint all over the place. Our room is pink but we haven't been in it yet. The babies are in our room until their room is painted. One of the painters patted me on the head. The painters are always full of fun. They paint, paint, paint, all the day every day in the week and have rare fun. I wish I was a painter.

We went to the library on Monday night. On the way home Daddy said, is that one of your teachers. I looked round and saw Miss Steel waving to me. All the way home we talked about it. I told mummy about seeing Miss Steel and here I am writing this story.

PRIMARY II(2)

1. Mummy looked at the clock and she got a fright because it was 8 o'clock. Every night I creep out of my bed and get the Broons. The Broons are a laugh. There is a story of the kitchen flooded. It is Anne's book. but she shares it.
2. In the Easter holidays I was at the burn. I fell in. Splash I went. Oh dear my mummy was out. I went to my friends house. She put on me a kilt, a wind cheater and a pair of slippers.
3. It is my daddy's birthday to-day. Mummy said Johnnie. I want you to buy a shirt but daddy would not buy a shirt so mummy had to buy him handkies and a card. One card had two dogs on it. He is 35. Daddy is old now.
4. One day I was loving a dog and when I got home I patted my cat. My cat must have smelt the dog, because he bit me. I think my cat felt sorry.
5. Last Sunday I went to Prestwick airport I went on the air taxi. We did not need our safety belts because we did not go upside down. After lunch we went on a tour to the castle that they gave the top flat to President Eisenhower. We saw pistols swords and guns. We saw drums too. There were two of them. Daddy said one of them was a kettle drum. The men made their tea in it.

PRIMARY I(1)

1. I had a pig for diner yestirday. I had applsas.
2. We have a nyoo car cullird grae. It is a hilmnmngx.
3. I didn't feel well the smorning. I got some toothpaste in my Iys and I have a gumboyel.
4. I was at the dockter to get my powllyo jag, and now I betr woch out incast I get the mumps.
5. I go to bed with 2 Koalusbars and I sleep with them. I is named Mginta and I is named Mginis.
6. Once my big brother tried to make a bogy so he got some goods and chatells to make one.
7. On the holiday I was helping in the lonje. We were paporing and I washed the srunds. Then we saw teave.
8. I can yous the fown. My mummy tot me how to yous it. I yooshly fownd her with my toy fown as I nyoo how to work it.
9. Our room was being pinted, and we were in the art room, and the tabls were a wee bitty big, and we were a wee bitty wee. Our tabls were in the twilet.
10. I was iksitid and shoct to see our new pink and green pinte but after we are fery happy.
11. FOUNDER'S DAY. I saw the funny snuff box. Lord mathers told us a story about an enjan that sead tyuff a chuff, I sinc I can, I nyoo I cood. Jenafir gave Lord mathers the snuff box. The cwire sang. We sat in the frunt on our littel charse.

PRIMARY I(2)

MY Mummy got eksryd.

I got a many cyour set and it has a nail fil and sirs.

In three days more I am going to kinghorn. I was there last month. they hav lovely sands. I had ice cream they had nice ice cream. they had strobery cream. One day I went to the chiq shop. I was sic the Last day.

I am going to the farm on my sumer holidays and ther is someny piglittis theat you can not see the uther animils.

I likt the biskit theat mis jor gav me.

My mummy has made a new dress and it is stripte with a wite bellt and nics to mach.

I am going to get two tusa dreseses and probly a panama hat in akand-nivins.

I am going to the mooseim this Saturday with my daddy and I am going to press the butins when I go to the mooseim.



THE LITERARY AND DRAMATIC SOCIETY

ONCE more the "Lit." has enjoyed an extremely successful year, and we are particularly happy to note the eloquence of the Third-year members.

The session opened with a programme containing two short debates, one of them, led by Fourth-year members, and a series of extempore, one-minute speeches, in each of which we were impressed by the absence of hesitation.

We have had three debates: "That Friendship with America Has Advanced Our Culture," "That Young People of To-day are Spoon-fed," and our Inter-debate with the Royal High School, "That All Social Life is Essentially Practical." At this last, we were pleased that our members were not at all shy in the presence of our visitors.

At Hallowe'en, the Society was entertained by a symposium entitled "Hallowe'en Cantrips." This programme was arranged by Miss Foster. In the first half, we listened to poems, readings and songs; in the second half, members of the Society participated wholeheartedly in the "cantrips."

A meeting, novel to our Society, was "A Matter of Opinion," when a panel consisting of three members of Staff and three pupils discussed questions put by members from the floor of the House. I think this meeting will be repeated in the future.

Our distinguished Guest Speaker was Mr Norman McCaig, who, for an enthralling hour, told us about the contemporary scene in Scottish literature, and then answered the questions we had to ask.

One very enjoyable meeting was the Burns Supper, again happily celebrated with the boys of George Heriot's. This year it was held in our School, and we were pleased to be hostesses to such charming and talented guests.

This year the Inter-House Drama Festival was won by Spylaw, who presented the first act of Shaw's "Arms and the Man." We thank Mr Low, the adjudicator, for his helpful and encouraging criticism.

Fourth-year Night was a magnificent programme entitled "Round the World in Eighty Minutes," in which we heard songs, poetry and sketches from all parts of the world.

At the end of the second term we welcomed Miss Andrew back, and she showed us some of the slides of her New Zealand holiday. In her own fascinating manner, Miss Andrew linked the slides together with personal reminiscences.

So far, we have not had "Surprise Night," but we hope to arrange this later this term.

As always, Miss Steel, Mr McEwan, Miss Foster, Miss Henderson and Mr Sommerville deserve our thanks for all the help and encouragement they have given us. We must also thank Lomond Bruce and Joyce Poole for designing our posters, and the janitors for the patience with which they have helped us in all our ploys.

We wish next year's Committee every success in carrying on the tradition of the "Lit."

HELEN DUNCAN, *Secretary.*

SCIENCE ASSOCIATION

THE SCIENCE ASSOCIATION has again had a very interesting and varied syllabus.

Three very enthralling talks, all illustrated by coloured slides, were given by our outside speakers. "Astronomy" was the subject of the talk given by Mr N. G. Matthew from the Calton Hill Observatory. From this imaginary voyage into space we were taken, a few weeks later, "Whaling in the Antarctic" by Mr H. Kennedy. Lastly, Captain Coulson of the Royal Engineers told us of the work of the Ordnance Survey Department in his talk on "Map Making."

We had two excursions during the session. In December we visited the Calton Hill Observatory where we renewed our acquaintance with Mr Matthew. Professor Hutchison, the Superintendent of the Dental Hospital, was our second host on our visit to the Hospital, during which we were all very impressed by its spotless appearance and its efficient management.

The first meeting of the Association had as its title "To Keep You Guessing" and all the members took part enthusiastically in our annual competition night. It had been hoped that the Panel for the meeting, "Twenty Questions" would be formed by members of the science staff. Unfortunately illness took its toll of the proposed members but three Sixth Form members "volunteered" to take their place and the meeting took place as arranged. "The Film Night and Social Evening" was as popular and successful as ever with all the members and we should like to thank Miss Ferguson and Miss Matheson for showing us the films. The last meeting "Staff Night" had to be cancelled because of the pressure of end-of-term work.

We regret to have to record that the attendances at many of the meetings during the session were not as high as they might have been. This has been a complaint of Association committees for the past few years and we hope that, in future, there will be as many enthusiastic members from the older classes as there are from the First and Second years.

DOROTHY I. ANDERSON, *Secretary.*

ORCHESTRA

DESPITE what our friends in the Choir say, we all enjoy performing on "... cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, dulcimer and all kinds of music."

To our ranks this year we have welcomed new members in the string, woodwind and brass sections, and we are sure that they will continue to scrape, squeak and tootle happily in the future.

This year at the Concert we are to perform "A Rustic Dance" by Charles Woodhouse, "Minuet" by Sacchini, and we are accompanying the Choir in part of Edward German's "Merrie England."

Once again we must thank Mr Sommerville for the help and guidance he has given us in all our efforts.

HELEN DUNCAN, *6A.*

CHOIR

IT seems but yesterday that the Choir began rehearsals for the Christmas Service to be held in St. Cuthbert's Parish Church. The four carols chosen were "The Holly and the Ivy," "Lullay, My Liking," "Joseph Dearest" and "The Journey to Bethlehem," and the first three carols comprised the programme for our one public appearance, when we took part in the City Carol Service in the Usher Hall on Christmas Eve.

Our contribution to the Founder's Day Service was the anthem "Be Strong in the Lord." At the moment we are fully occupied preparing for the Closing Concert, and among the songs intended for it are two from "Merrie England," namely, "O Peaceful England" and "The Yeomen of England," in both of which the Choir are to be accompanied by the Orchestra. The other songs include "A Fife Fisher Song," "Kitty My Love, Will You Marry Me?" "Ships of Arcady" and "When Lights go Rolling round the Sky."

May I take this opportunity of saying, on behalf of the Choir, a very sincere thank you to Miss Nicoll and to Mr Sommerville our conductor, on whose painstaking efforts the success of our performances largely depends.

MARGARET DUNCAN, 6A.

SCRIPTURE UNION

WE are very pleased to be able to report another successful year in the Scripture Union. The attendances have fallen slightly, but we feel that this has been compensated for by the enthusiasm of those who attend regularly. Our meetings normally take the form of choruses and a prayer, followed by the Scripture Union Reading, which is usually read and explained by one of the older members. We are pleased to see a large number of First-Year girls at the meetings.

We have been able to start a Prayer Meeting on Friday afternoons, and we feel sure that this has greatly benefited our meetings. This term we held a Film Night which was well attended and to it we welcomed Miss Peebles-Brown, who is the Scripture Union Staff Worker for the East of Scotland.

At Christmas, several members represented the School at a Scottish Leaders' Conference at Aberfoyle. They returned with many ideas, which have aided the running of the Branch.

Several of our members attended Easter Camp at such places as Ballater, Lochgilphead, Strathpeffer and Troon and more are now looking forward to Summer Camps.

In connection with our inter-school Fellowship, we sent two members to a meeting of Boroughmuir's Branch and Trinity led a meeting in this School.

We look back, then, on a most successful year and should like to thank Miss Valentine for all her advice and help, and also Miss Urquhart, who joined us this year. We trust that the Branch will grow in the coming years.

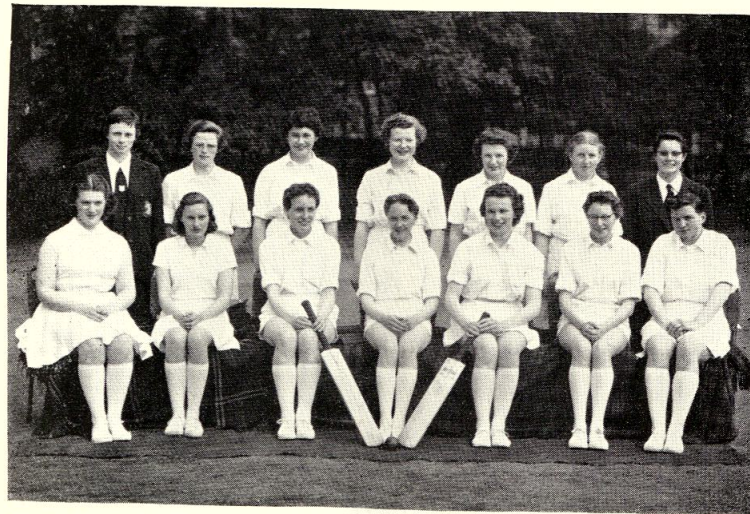
HELEN DUNCAN,
ANNE ELLIOTT (*Branch Secretary*).

HOCKEY 1st XI 1957-58



Back Row—Miss LAMBERT, M. MACKENZIE, B. McLEAN, M. CROCKET, J. REILLY, A. D. DRUMMOND, M. MURRAY, Miss ANDERSON.
Front Row—H. DUNCAN, F. REILLY, J. FLANNIGAN (*Captain*), M. KERR, I. ROLWEGAN.

CRICKET 1st XI 1958



Back Row—A. TAIT (*Scorer*), V. BROWNING, M. SMITH, P. COLLEY, R. HARDY, H. SEFTON, I. ROLWEGAN (*Scorer*).
Front Row—J. TAYLOR, J. FAIRBAIRN, J. FLANNIGAN, F. REILLY (*Captain*), H. DUNCAN, C. MANN, S. TURNBULL.

Photos by E. R. Yerbury & Son



Back Row—Miss ANDERSON, A. PRINGLE, P. MITCHELL, M. BURT, Miss LAMBERT.
Front Row—J. REILLY, A. DOW (Captain), M. HUNTER.

PRIMARY SCHOOL NETBALL 1957-58



Back Row—E. KELLY, F. CALDER, E. INGLIS.
Front Row—J. WATSON, P. LESLIE, M. WARNOCK (Captain), D. GILCHRIST.

Photos by E. R. Yerbury & Son

E.S.C.A.

WITH a membership of over five hundred from eighteen Edinburgh schools, the Edinburgh Schools' Citizenship Association has enjoyed yet another successful session. Gillespie's had the largest single membership of nearly one hundred, of which a good number attended meetings regularly.

Debates during the year included "That Christianity is still acceptable in this Modern Age" and "That Coca-Cola is more potent than Vodka." From these and other meetings, the Committee will decide to which school the shield for public speaking will be awarded and the result will be announced in June at the Annual General Meeting.

The most popular meeting of the year was International Night and congratulations must be given to Jenny Lew, Isobel Lamb, the jazz band and all the other performers for an excellent evening's entertainment.

The Annual Dance, held this year in George Watson's Boys' College, was a great success, both socially and financially.

Other favourite meetings were "Kirk Session," "Consultation" and "Guest Night."

Two girls attended the C.E.W.C. conference in London at Christmas, and it is to be hoped that more girls from School will be able to go in the future. The Scottish C.E.W.C. conference, held at Broomlee Camp, during the Easter holidays, was an immense success, greatly enjoyed by all delegates.

We are now looking forward to the inter-debate with the West of Scotland C.E.W.C., which will be held this year in Glasgow in June.

HAZEL MUIR, *School Representative.*

EDINBURGH SCHOOLS' SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY

THE session set off to a good start with the membership rising to over five hundred. A varied and interesting year was promised in the lectures arranged for the members.

The lecturers came from all branches of science and included photography, forestry, meteorology, anatomy and seaweed in their topics.

It is hoped that the membership from our own School will increase next year, when Ann Milne will be the School's representative.

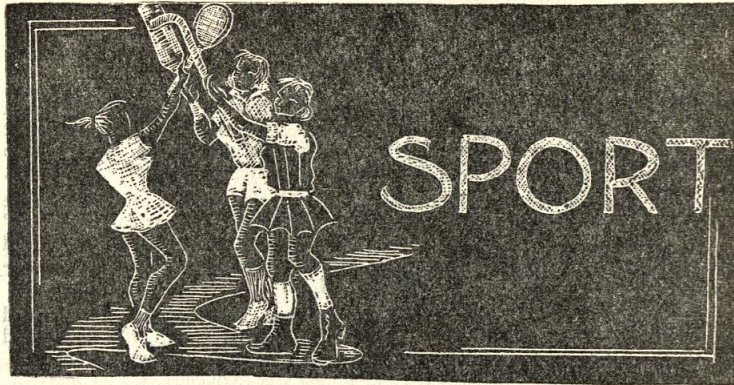
DOROTHY A. RUSSELL LESLIE,
School Representative and Assistant Secretary.

FIELD CLUB

THE Field Club has now been in existence for ten years and is still proving very popular. We have already held two successful outings this term; one to Roslin Glen and the other to the banks of the Almond. Weather permitting, we will visit the coast and the hills later on.

We thank Miss Ferguson for her invaluable help and extend a warm welcome to Miss Matheson.

KIRSTEEN BAIN, 6D.
MARGARET LOGAN, 6D.



TENNIS

THIS year the School is being represented by two teams, but as the season is not fully under way, we have no matches to report. We have, however, fixtures against St. Hilary's, Dunfermline, Kirkcaldy, George Heriot's and Esdaille Lodge.

In the forthcoming East of Scotland Tennis Championships, a number of girls have been entered for both the doubles and singles tournaments. The following Office-Bearers have been elected for this season:—

- Captain - - - - ALISON DOW.
- Vice-Captain - - - - JOAN REILLY.

The members of the Tennis Club wish to thank Miss Lambert and Miss Anderson for their interest and help shown to the tennis enthusiasts.

ALISON DOW, *Captain.*

SWIMMING—SENIOR

ALTHOUGH the sports subscription was increased this year, it did not cause any drop in the Swimming Club membership. The numbers of certificates gained during the first two terms are as follows:—21 Elementary, 10 Intermediate, 10 Advanced and 9 Life Saving. Several girls also hope to enter for the Bronze Medallion and the Award of Merit Examinations this term.

The School team (Alison Dow, Norma Hardy, Maureen Whitson and Rosemary Meldrum) has had a very successful year, winning first prize at Warrender Club Gala, coming in second at Dean College Gala and third at Boroughmuir Gala. Our junior team (Margaret Grosset, Norma Nisbet, Sheila Dobson and Margaret Dryburgh) had an enjoyable evening at Darroch Gala although they did not gain a place.

Gillespie's was well represented this year in the Area Championships of the Scottish Schools' Swimming Association, having Primary girls, as well as Senior girls, taking part. The following girls go forward to swim against the whole of Scotland at Airdrie:—Alison Dow, 4C1; Norma Hardy, 4M; Maureen Whitson, 4M; Deirdrie Gilchrist, P.7-1; Judith Anderson, P.7-1; and Flora Calder, P.7-2.

On 23rd May we are holding our first Swimming Gala since 1953. To judge by the enthusiasm of everyone concerned, it should be very successful.

Miss Anderson has given us great help throughout the year and we very much appreciate it.

ROSEMARY H. MELDRUM.

SWIMMING—JUNIOR

UNDER Miss Laidlaw's infectious influence, Primary School Swimming continues to prosper. Girls have gone out to compete in Area Championships in Leith, and National Meetings at Airdrie. They are also making a significant contribution to the School Swimming Gala in May.

Primary Champion is Judith Anderson, P.7(1); the runner-up being Glenda Edwards, P.7(1).

HOCKEY

THE 1st XI has experienced one of the most disappointing seasons for some years, although the standard of play in some of the younger teams is fairly high.

In the Inter-Schools Hockey Tournament, held at Meggetland, the 1st XI was beaten by Boroughmuir, the eventual winners. The Junior Team played very well to reach the final of their event, drawing there with Portobello, and were declared joint-winners.

The Senior XI also played in the American Tournament at Liberton, but could gain only second place in their section. The Tournament was ultimately won by Boroughmuir.

During the session, Miss Lambert, Miss Henderson and Miss Anderson gave freely of their time and knowledge in coaching us. To them we extend our deepest thanks.

The house matches were won by Gilmore this year. Colours were awarded to J. Flannigan, M. Kerr and F. Reilly. The results for the season were as follows:—

| | Played | Won | Games Lost | Drawn | Cancelled | Goals For | Goals Against |
|--------|--------|-----|---------------|-------|-----------|--------------|------------------|
| 1st XI | 19 | 4 | 14 | 1 | 5 | 28 | 62 |
| 2nd XI | 17 | 5 | 11 | 1 | 6 | 35 | 58 |
| 3rd XI | 16 | 5 | 11 | — | 7 | 26 | 35 |
| 4th XI | 16 | 7 | 6 | 3 | 4 | 28 | 27 |
| 5th XI | 11 | 9 | 1 | 1 | 7 | 40 | 8 |
| 6th XI | 12 | 5 | 5 | 2 | 7 | 44 | 7 |

JOYCE FLANNIGAN, *Captain.*

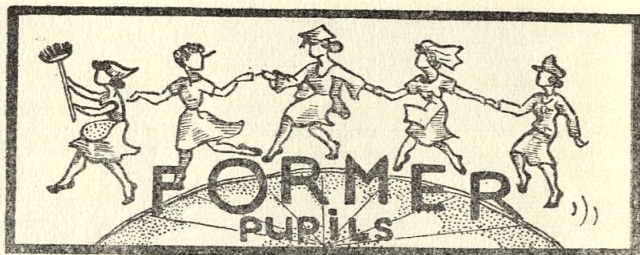
CRICKET

AT the Annual General Business Meeting, which was held at the beginning of the Summer Term, the following Office-Bearers were elected:—

- Captain - - - - FLORA REILLY.
- Vice-Captain - - - - JOYCE FLANNIGAN.
- Secretary - - - - IRENE ROLWEGAN.

May we take this opportunity to thank Miss Lambert, Mr Somerville and Mr McEwan for their helpful coaching and endless patience. We are now looking forward to our matches against W.R.A.C., St. George's and University.

FLORA REILLY, *Captain.*



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

FORMER PUPILS' REUNION—8th NOVEMBER 1957

THE Reunion was again an enjoyable, if very crowded, occasion. The musical programme provided by Edna Arthur (Mrs Gould), Christine Chrichton, Joan Law, Annette McCluskey and Mary Morris, delighted the large number of guests, which included Miss Steel, Miss Andrew and many past and present members of Staff.

It is hoped this year to hold two Reunions, which will be advertised early in October.

F.P. NOTES

Dr MARJORY A. KEITH has been appointed consultant physician to the Bruntsfield and Elsie Inglis Hospitals. Dr Keith graduated M.A. in 1931, B.Ed. in 1933; taught for five years and then spent a year at the Birmingham Child Guidance Clinic. Returning to Edinburgh, she graduated M.B., Ch.B., in 1944, and became M.R.C.P.E. in 1947. In 1949 she obtained the degree of M.D. (with a gold medal for her thesis) and more recently was awarded the Margaret Houldsworth Travelling Scholarship. Since 1948, Dr Keith has been on the staff of Bruntsfield Hospital where she is at present senior registrar.

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

M.B., Ch.B.—JACQUELINE A. F. HAMILTON.

M.A. with Honours.—J. J. MARY SLATER and MARY B. OSLER (English); MARION CAMERON (German and French).

M.A.—EVELYN BREMNER, ROMA FINLAYSON, B.Sc. and DOROTHY RICHARDSON.

B.Sc. with Honours.—CHRISTINE P. LAING (Chemistry).

B.Sc.—JANET A. B. DARLING.

The *Diploma of Education* has been gained by C. DOREEN CUMMING, M.A.; ROMA FINLAYSON, M.A., B.Sc.; and MORAG MITCHELL, M.A.

M.B.E.—In the New Year Honours, the M.B.E. was awarded to MARGARET G. JAMIESON, director of the Church of Scotland Committee on Hut and Canteen Work for H.M. Forces in North-west Europe since 1955.

At the College of Art, SYLVIA BENERT and ISOBEL HOWIESON have been awarded the *Diploma in Drawing and Painting*.

After completing various Diploma Courses at the Edinburgh College of Domestic Science, AILEEN ALDEN and MARGARET SCOTT have received teaching appointments with Edinburgh Corporation and ELEANOR PRINGLE in Mary Erskine School; and ANNE COUPE has a post as head cook in a Preparatory School in Warwickshire.

MARY E. C. BIRD, M.A., has been appointed an assistant in the Department of Phonetics at Edinburgh University.

At the final examinations of the Institute of Chartered Accountants of Scotland, the Guthrie Prize for the best woman candidate was awarded to MARY H. A. BROWN.

MAIRI MACDONALD has been appointed Children's Officer for Inverness-shire.

BERYL T. SINCLAIR, M.A., has received an appointment with the British Council in London.

F.P. HOCKEY CLUB

THE CLUB this year enjoyed a fairly successful season. One of our girls who left School last year was chosen for the East of Scotland 3rd XI and played for them very successfully.

Our 1st XI did very well in the Liberton Tournament, only failing to qualify for the final by one point.

The Committee would be glad to receive further names of girls leaving School who wish to join the Club. Those interested should communicate with the Secretary, Miss Sheila McNaughton, 6 Hutchison Road, Edinburgh, 11.

MARRIAGES

WHITE—HAIG.—In May 1957, PETER WHITE to JANETTE MOIRA HAIG, 17 Teviot Place.

MARR—LETHAM.—In June 1957, KENNETH MARR to NORMA LETHAM, 12 Royal Park Terrace.

TAYLOR—BUNTING.—In June 1957, W. C. TAYLOR to DAVINA BUNTING, 11 Craigmount Avenue.

COWAN—HENDERSON.—In June 1957, JOHN COWAN to AUDREY HENDERSON, 42 Orchard Road.

BROWN—WIGHTMAN.—In June 1957, ALISTAIR BROWN to OLIVIA WIGHTMAN, 1 Ogilvie Terrace.

FRASER—WATTERS.—In July 1957, W. D. FRASER to MARGARET WATTERS, 4 West Camus Road.

SPEARS—PRIMROSE.—In July 1957, THOMAS SPEARS, B.Sc. to DOROTHY PRIMROSE, 38 Boswall Drive.

MACGREGOR—ROBERTSON.—In July 1957, ALASDAIR MACGREGOR to SHEILA ROBERTSON, 37B Dublin Street.

- HENNEY—BLACKLOCK.—In July 1957, THOMAS HENNEY to CHARLOTTE BLACKLOCK, 104 Pilton Avenue.
- MACKENZIE—MACPHERSON.—In July 1957, DONALD MacKENZIE to RONA MACPHERSON, 41 Dovecot Road.
- MARTIN—FULLERTON.—In July 1957, JAMES MARTIN to MAUREEN FULLERTON, 39 Mansionhouse Road.
- LAMONT—ROBB.—In July 1957, W. I. LAMONT to MARGARET ROBB, 21 Braid Farm Road.
- ROSS—COOK.—In July 1957, JAMES ROSS to JEAN B. R. COOK, 44 Leamington Terrace.
- BLEISENER—GREENBURY.—In August 1957, ULRICH BLEISENER, Ph.D. to EILEEN GREENBURY, M.A., 10 Corstorphine Hill Avenue.
- BRITTON—DAVIDSON.—In August 1957, Rev. STANLEY BRITTON to LILIAS DAVIDSON, 9 Spottiswoode Road.
- CATCHPOLE—WADDELL.—In August 1957, Lieut. TREVOR CATCHPOLE, R.N. to ELILAH WADDELL.
- CRITCHLEY—LECKIE.—In August 1957, ARTHUR CRITCHLEY to LILIAS LECKIE, 41 Elliot Road.
- PILKINGTON—McCURRACH.—In August 1957, F. P. PILKINGTON to JOYCE McCURRACH, 108 Macdonald Road.
- WATSON—WHITE.—In August 1957, SYDNEY WATSON to EVELYN WHITE, Oxgangs Road.
- VERWAY—NOBLE.—In August 1957, DAVID I. VERWAY to SHEILA NOBLE, 139 Dalkeith Road.
- SMITH—CRUICKSHANK.—In August 1957, ANDREW SMITH to FLORENCE ANN CRUICKSHANK, 64 Craiglea Drive.
- LYNE—REEKIE.—In September 1957, KENNETH LYNE to ELSPETH REEKIE, 10 Greenbank Road.
- SMITH—EDGAR.—In September 1957, WILLIAM A. SMITH to DOREEN EDGAR, 37 Barnton Terrace.
- BROW—SCOTT.—In September 1957, WILLIAM S. BROW to JOYCE SCOTT, 12 Kingsknowe Avenue.
- GEDDES—WAITT.—In September 1957, THOMAS C. GEDDES, B.D. to EILEEN WAITT, M.A., Dip. Ed., 106 Craiglea Drive.
- ADAM—HADDOW.—In September 1957, HECTOR M. ADAM, M.B., Ch.B., D.P.H., to DOROTHY HADDOW, 38 Warrender Park Terrace.
- GRUBB—MAIN.—In September 1957, DOUGLAS R. B. GRUBB to ISOBEL MAIN, 157 Morningside Road.

- ALLISON—BLACKIE.—In October 1957, R. ALLISON to MAUREEN BLACKIE, 37 Greenbank Road.
- DICKSON—THOMSON.—In October 1957, W. A. DICKSON to MARJORIE THOMSON, 110 Blackford Avenue.
- MCDUGALL—HASTON.—In November 1957, COLIN MCDUGALL to DOROTHY HASTON, 31 St. Alban's Road.
- KING—PEARCEY.—In November 1957, F. F. KING to SHEILA PEARCEY, 13 Montpelier Park.
- SMITH—ROBB.—In December 1957, M. M. SMITH to KATHLEEN ROBB, 21 Braid Farm Road.
- BOLTON—BARRON.—In December 1957, MALCOLM J. BOLTON to FLORA (RAY) BARRON, 50 Hermitage Park.
- JOHNSON—MACKILLOP.—In January 1958, in Kenya, DERICK JOHNSON to JEAN MacKILLOP, 31 Charterhall Road.
- CATTLE—TOPP.—In February 1958, R. J. CATTLE to MARGARET TOPP, 74 Montpelier Park.
- ANDERSON—DAVIDSON.—In February 1958, DAVID ANDERSON to MARGARET DAVIDSON, 74 Sighthill Loan.
- CAMPBELL—WRIGHT.—In March 1958, D. A. F. CAMPBELL to MARJORIE WRIGHT, 48 Riversdale Grove.
- LINES—LOCKHART.—In March 1958, D. E. LINES to PAT LOCKHART, 2 St. Fillan's Terrace.
- COLLINS—DODS.—In April 1958, J. J. COLLINS to JANETTE DODS, 41 Craiglockhart Gardens.
- CAMERON—SKINNER.—In April 1958, G. M. CAMERON to DOROTHY SKINNER, 19 Northfield Circus.
- WHITE—MOORBY.—In April 1958, J. A. WHITE to PAMELA MOORBY 58 St. Philip's Road, Norwich.
- ROBERTSON—REID.—In April 1958, GEORGE B. ROBERTSON to SHEILA REID, 60 Durham Avenue.
- MORE—TABEL.—In May 1958, DOUGLAS C. MORE to KATHERINE TABEL, 47 Christiemiller Avenue.

BIRTHS

- MENZIES.—In August 1956, to Mr and Mrs R. D. MENZIES (JANE McKENZIE), a daughter.
- BATCHELOR.—In May 1957, to Mr and Mrs K. BATCHELOR (MAY JAMIESON), a son.
- COOPER.—In May 1957, to Mr and Mrs J. COOPER (JEAN GEDDES), a daughter.

- RENNIE.—In June 1957, to Mr and Mrs W. R. RENNIE (ELLA MANNION), a son.
- ARZ VON STRAUSSENBURG.—In June 1957, to Mr and Mrs H. ARZ VON STRAUSSENBURG (AUDREY HALL), a daughter.
- GOULDESBOROUGH.—In June 1957, to Mr and Mrs P. GOULDESBOROUGH (CHRISTINE MACANNA), twins, a son and daughter.
- CAMERON.—In June 1957, to Dr and Mrs D. W. CAMERON (HELEN ARMSTRONG), a son.
- FINLAYSON.—In June 1957, to Mr and Mrs D. S. FINLAYSON (AILSA BRAIDWOOD), a daughter.
- NICHOLL.—In July 1957, to Dr and Mrs F. J. NICHOLL (Dr ANN SUTHERLAND), a daughter.
- WINTERS.—In July 1957, to Mr and Mrs A. WINTERS (SHEILA JENKINSON), a daughter.
- LEAN.—In August 1957, to Mr and Mrs D. LEAN (MARGUERITE MYLES), a daughter.
- SMITH.—In August 1957, to Mr and Mrs A. SMITH (KAY HASTON), a son.
- HOLMES.—In August 1957, to Dr and Mrs M. HOLMES (JEAN GARDNER), a daughter.
- DONALDSON.—In August 1957, to Mr and Mrs J. DONALDSON (DOROTHY POLSON), a daughter.
- GOUDIE.—In August 1957, to Mr and Mrs G. GOUDIE (RUTH GOULD), a son.
- SCOTT.—In August 1957, to Mr and Mrs R. SCOTT (ELIZABETH PEARCEY), a daughter.
- GARDNER.—In August 1957, to Mr and Mrs D. GARDNER (JANETTE REID), a daughter.
- STEWART.—In August 1957, to Mr and Mrs G. STEWART (JEAN CURLE), a son.
- TOFSRUD.—In August 1957, to Mr and Mrs R. B. TOFSRUD (NORMA GIFFORD), a son.
- WARREN.—In September 1957, to Mr and Mrs R. WARREN (WILMA HATENBOER), a son.
- MOORE.—In September 1957, to Mr and Mrs P. MOORE (KATHLEEN CURRIE), a son.
- BURNSIDE.—In October 1957, to Mr and Mrs J. BURNSIDE (ISHBEL SIM), a daughter.

- SCOTT.—In October 1957, to Lieut.-Cmdr. and Mrs T. SCOTT (MARGARET MACANNA), a daughter.
- CRUICKSHANK.—In October 1957, to Mr and Mrs J. CRUICKSHANK (EVELYN LAMBERT), a son.
- MARSH.—In November 1957, to Mr and Mrs W. E. MARSH (JOYCE HAMILTON), a daughter.
- ALLAN.—In December 1957, to Flt.-Lieut. and Mrs R. M. ALLAN (JOYCE HARDIE), a daughter.
- CAMPBELL.—In January 1958, to Mr and Mrs W. CAMPBELL (EVELYN GOUDIE), a son.
- CHRISTY.—In January 1958, to Mr and Mrs R. CHRISTY (CYNORAH STEPHENSON), a daughter.
- MAHAFFY.—In January 1958, to Mr and Mrs G. MAHAFFY (JEANETTE HOLTON), a son.
- NECHVATAL.—In January 1958, to Mr and Mrs T. NECHVATAL (SHEILA FINDLAY), a son.
- DRYSDALE.—In February 1958, to Mr and Mrs A. DRYSDALE (JEAN MACANNA), a daughter.
- GELLATLY.—In February 1958, to Mr and Mrs M. GELLATLY (BINNIE TAYLOR), twin daughters.
- McFARLANE.—In February 1958, to Mr and Mrs I. McFARLANE (MOIRA MONCRIEFF), a son.
- MORRISON.—In February 1958, to Mr and Mrs J. MORRISON (SYLVIA SANDERSON), a daughter.
- STEELE.—In February 1958, to Dr and Mrs R. STEELE (LETTY CUTHBERTSON), a son.
- FORRESTER.—In March 1958, to Mr and Mrs W. N. FORRESTER (NORA ROGERS), a daughter.
- BUCHAN.—In March 1958, to Mr and Mrs L. BUCHAN (CATHERINE BELL), a daughter.
- MACPHERSON.—In March 1958, to Mr and Mrs IAN MACPHERSON (CLAIR PHILIP), a daughter.
- HENDERSON.—In March 1958, to Mr and Mrs C. HENDERSON (MARJORIE THAIN), a daughter.
- MURDOCH.—In March 1958, to Mr and Mrs D. MURDOCH (ELIZABETH KIDD), a son.
- MUNRO.—In March 1958, to Mr and Mrs J. MUNRO (PATRICIA ANDERSON), a son.

SUTHERLAND.—In April 1958, to Mr and Mrs J. SUTHERLAND (ELIZABETH DUNDAS), a daughter.

INCHBOLD-STEVENS.—In April 1958, to Mr and Mrs S. INCHBOLD-STEVENS (FIONA SANDERSON), a daughter.

HAY.—In May 1958, to Mr and Mrs J. HAY (ELSPETH BRYDON), a son.

LAMONT.—In May 1958, to Mr and Mrs I. LAMONT (MARGARET ROBB), a son.

VERWAY.—In May 1958, to Mr and Mrs D. VERWAY (SHEILA NOBLE), a daughter.

EDITORIAL COMMITTEE

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

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