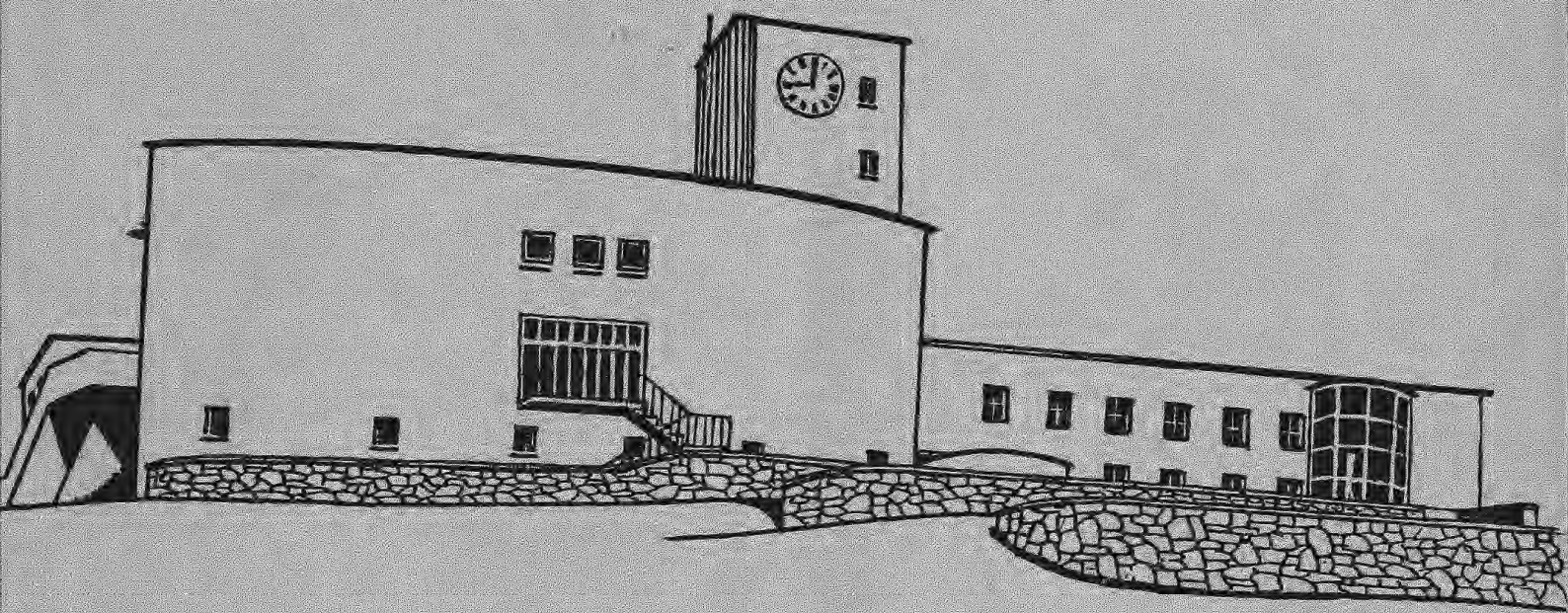


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JUNE, 1957

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KILSYTH ACADEMY MAGAZINE

June, 1957.



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Foreword



The Magazine produced by our pupils in June 1956 proved embarrassingly successful. Many who would have wished a copy were disappointed. Interested and interesting comment came to us from many points of the globe, bearing witness, if such may be necessary, to the wanderlust of the Kilsythians.

This production will, I hope, commend itself to you as a worthy successor to Magazine Number One. I am grateful to have this opportunity of sending greetings from the school to all former pupils wherever they may be. One of the features of this session has been the number of pupils who have left us to settle in Australia, Canada, New Zealand or some other part of the world. For them the school motto must surely have a fresh and special significance. May all their hopes be realized.

I am grateful also to have this opportunity of expressing my sincere thanks to all who have planned and worked for the production of this magazine. Portraying as it does, in its own way, certain facets of our school life, it serves to link school with home and the past with the present. May you find much pleasure and enjoyment in the perusal of its pages.

FRANCIS T. KIDD,
Rector.



EDITORIAL

*"Spring is sprung, the grass is ris,"
"I wonder where the birdies is."*

Lines like these have been haunting our sleep recently, rebounding from the subconscious where we have been trying to push the forty-five poems on spring showered upon us by poetic Academicians. You will therefore appreciate our eagerness to ensure that the effort called, "I will not sing of Spring" should have a place in our pages. Apart from the too frequent recurrence of this theme, we were satisfied with the interest and variety of subject and we believe contributions were considerably more numerous than last year's. At any rate, we have been able once more to represent each class in the school.

The selection of articles is made by an editorial committee who have bravely and painstakingly read every article handed in for consideration. The Editor's Room (alias the store-cupboard of Room 31) has been a hive of Fifth Year industry for several weeks and we cannot but be hurt and indignant at the malicious rumour that these secluded premises have been used for the undignified pursuit of "skipping" classes.

There are some innovations in this, our second edition. Our ardent public will probably have noticed the changed colour of our cover decided on after much discussion and experiment, by our art department. We should also like to draw attention to a new departure in the photographic section where this year we have spot-lighted the Physical Training activities in the Academy. We intend from now on to concentrate each year on some aspect of our school life.

We must now thank those to whom we are indebted for the issuing of this magazine. First we wish to express our gratitude to the advertisers without whose generosity we should be unable to finance our magazine. We hope that their kindness will be repaid by the added custom to their business. We wish also to thank the printers who have been very helpful at every stage of production. Finally we thank every pupil who submitted an article, whether or not it was accepted, and all members of staff who encouraged the writing of these articles or who helped us in this new field of editing a school magazine.

ANNE K. KENNEDY,
Editress.

Seasons

SPRING FEVER

*Homework is a weary thing
Especially in the early Spring
You sit and watch the birds at play
And all your thoughts just fly away.*

*The open window there before you,
Nature's glory round and o'er you
Books lie here, pencils there,
But Oh! your thoughts are everywhere.*

ROBERTA YOUNG, Class 1D.

AUTUMN

*The season I think is prettiest of all
Is Autumn when the red leaves fall.
When little squirrels scamper about
Up the trees in and out.*

*The squirrels are going to hibernate,
Don't you think they are rather late?
The birds have already gone away.
And all the flowers can no longer stay.*

*The little hedgehog has curled up tight
In his snug home where there is no light.
Rabbits gay no longer play,
The earth's asleep till the first spring day.*

SANDRA HUTCHISON, Class 1D.

WINTER

*In winter when the snow is lying
And all the birds are homeward flying,
The flowers have gone to take their rest
And the squirrel stores his nuts in his nest,
And branches on the trees lie bare
And children from the windows stare,
At the white fields and empty roads,
And animals sleep in snug abodes,
We wish the warm sun would come through
And Spring could be here to welcome you.*

SANDRA BURNS, Class 1B.

CHRISTMAS TIME

*Oh, Christmas is a happy season,
And all good children know the reason,
For Santa comes and brings his toys,
To satisfy the girls and boys.*

*The stockings all hung up in a row,
And as old Santa turned to go,
He smiled and looked upon each head,
"God bless them all," is what he said.*

*I love dear Santa Claus don't you?
We never see him that is true,
But yet we trust him every year,
To bring the gifts we hold most dear.*

EVELYN NEIL, Class 1F.

SPRING

*All the flowers come out in Spring
And the birds begin to sing.
When winter gales are over at last
And all the storms and snow are past.*

*This is the time that I like best
When all the birds begin to nest.
And all the lambs skip and play
And the glorious sun shines all the day.*

*Then we think of summer days
When we brown with the sun's rays.
When the school bell no longer rings
And we can think of pleasant things.*

COLIN MURRAY, Class 1E.

EASTER

*Lambs are dancing, sunbeams glancing,
Every boy and girl at play.
Flowers are springing, song birds singing,
On this happy Easter day.*

*The children remember this great day,
They roll their eggs in the same way
As Christ's tomb was rolled away
On this happy Easter day.*

ANNE ROBERTSON, Class 2D.

NEW MEMBERS OF STAFF

New members of staff were interviewed on behalf of the magazine by 2F.

Miss Kennedy has joined the music department. She was educated at Whitehall School and took her musical degree at the Atheneum. Miss Kennedy has taught in Cumbernauld, Renton and Clydebank High Schools. She has many interests including reading, riding and dancing. We asked her what she thought of school when she was a pupil. She replied that she enjoyed school, but held a poor opinion of teachers.

Miss McHutchen has joined the staff as school librarian. She obtained her training at Stirling High and the School of Librarianship. Miss McHutchen was abroad with H.M.F. during the war. She stayed at Palestine and saw many of the famous places mentioned in the Bible. She thinks that the pupils of Kilsyth Academy are very lucky to have such a nice school. When we asked her to express her opinion of the pupils, she said she preferred to reserve her judgement on this question.

Mr. Griffin who has come to teach physical training and mathematics is a former pupil of the Douglas Ewart High School. Previously he taught in Govan Senior Secondary School. Mr. Griffin's chief hobby is football.

Mr. William M. Wilson has come to Kilsyth Academy as Principal Teacher of Classics. He was educated at Stirling High and St. Andrew's University. His favourite hobby is scooting and every morning when he rounds a bend on his scooter he enjoys seeing 'the lovely new building upon the hill.' When asked what he would like to have been instead of a teacher, he replied "A millionaire."

Mr. Burns who teaches mathematics, is a former pupil of Lenzie Academy. His last teaching appointment was in Dundas School, Grangemouth. Mr. Burns' favourite hobby is bowling, and he told us that he

was the best bowler in his district. Mr. Burns says that if he were not a teacher he would wish to be an engineer so that he could frequently go on strike.

THE GHOST SHIP

*Wild blows the wind o'er the hungry seas
Roaring in angry haste,
As the eerie "Flying Dutchman"
Sails swiftly o'er the waste.
The ghost ship's sails are flapping,
They glimmer through ghostly light
As the eerie "Flying Dutchman"
Sails on into the night.
Her captain is a skeleton,
Each sailor is a shade
And every ship upon the seas
Hopes that bark to evade.
Her phantom crew is deadly;
Their dreadful laugh is death.
The hearer of their ghastly tale
Is frozen by their breath,
Never on land to step again.
From the ocean's sounding caves
Their death-knell will be slowly rung
As they rest in watery graves.*

CHRISTINE ANDERSON, Class 2A.

A MYSTERY

*The wintry sky was cold and gray,
The snow lay on the ground;
And there, as plain as plain could be,
A rabbit's tracks I found.
I followed them across the field,
Down to the river's edge,
From there across the wooden bridge
And through the broken hedge.
They passed the row of tall green firs,
Then made towards the stream,
And here I stopped, and stood, and stared,
Convinced it was a dream.
The virgin snow was smooth and white
Beyond the last paw mark;
No sign of struggle, hole or trap
Threw light upon the dark.
And Lucy Gray came to my mind
As I brought my thoughts to bear
On this mystery of the animal kind—
But I found no answer there.*

WILLIAM CUNNINGHAM, Class 3A.

STRATFORD UPON AVON

Stratford upon Avon is perhaps best known to most people as the birthplace of William Shakespeare. It lies on the River Avon and is quite near to Oxford. The overseas visitor to Britain makes a point of visiting Stratford as it is an excellent example of an English town in the Tudor times. Most of the buildings in Stratford are in this half-timbered Tudor style and have changed very little through the centuries.

One of these houses is the one in which William Shakespeare was born in 1564. His father was probably a glover and was a well-known figure in Stratford. When William was about nineteen, he married Anne Hathaway and soon left Stratford and went to London. In London he became well known for his plays and made a good deal of money. He returned home and bought a large house in which he lived with his family till his death in 1616.

One of the "musts" to visit in Stratford is Anne Hathaway's picturesque thatched cottage. Anne lived in this house with her family who were all farmers. The inside of the house is still as it was when the Hathaway family lived in it. The roof is very low and heavy wooden beams show through. The orchard and gardens are beautiful and filled with all the flowers Shakespeare mentions in his plays.

Perhaps the best known building in Stratford is the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre. The theatre is on the banks of the Avon, and is of modern design. The first theatre was burnt down, but six years later the new one was opened. It is an interesting fact that the biggest subscription of money to build the new theatre came from America. A part of the old theatre which survived the fire is now a picture gallery and museum.

The museum is an extremely interesting place. It contains many costumes and props used by famous actors and actresses who played in Shakespeare's plays.

A pleasant part of Stratford is the River. Its banks have been made into gardens and there are also tennis courts, putting greens, golf courses and many other recreations.

Stratford is really a delightful place and one of the things that impressed me was the courtesy and civility of the people; but it

was a strange contrast to find in the midst of this Tudor setting an "Expresso Coffee Bar."

ANN HAGGERTY, Class 3D.

ISLAND PARADISE

When I first went to live in Bermuda, I lived on an island called Somerset. The Bermudas are actually composed of three hundred and sixty-five small islands. The larger islands are all populated and are joined together by a series of small bridges. I had to travel to school at the Naval Dockyard in Ireland Island and each morning my brother and I left the house carrying our satchels and lunch boxes to catch the special bus which took us to school along a beautiful white road skirting the sea. As the widest part of the islands is only about one mile across, you will realize that one very seldom loses sight of the sea which is a wonderful colour of blue for most of the year. This was a great change for us as we usually travelled to school wrapped up in an overcoat and here we wore a cardigan or raincoat as the rain can be very heavy. The Bermudians depend on the rainfall for their water supply (there are no rivers or lochs) and so they are very pleased to have heavy showers now and again.

Our school was a large, yellow washed building with a white roof and green shutters on the windows. We were taught by naval lieutenants who were on a tour of duty from Britain. Our curriculum was the same as that of any other school although sometimes in the afternoon we played baseball or netball. After school was over for the day, we rushed home, donned our swimsuits and plunged into the sea. The water was warm enough for swimming all the year round to someone used to the cold climes of this country but the natives would only enter the water from May till October after which it was too cold.

During the holidays we usually swam, rode bicycles or fished. At other times we played in an old, very leaky punt which usually sank below us half-way between the shore and our destination. The years I spent in Bermuda were very happy and enjoyable ones and it was not without some reluctance that I came back to live in Britain.

LINDA VEITCH, Class 4B.

FESTIVITIES IN INDIA

The season that I liked best in India was the rainy season, when all the festive days take place.

First there was Diwali, when rows of little lamps were placed along the window sills and roof edges. At night those rows of twinkling lights made a scene like fairy-land.

At the close of the rains there are the Celebrations of the Durga 'Puja. These last for ten days, and are to commemorate the goddess Durga's victory over the buffalo-headed demon. Usually the villagers make her image of clay, paint it with bright colours and place it in a shrine. She has ten arms with a weapon in each hand. Offerings of fruit and flowers are placed before her and at the end of ten days she is thrown in a nearby river or pond.

A few weeks later there is a festivity in honour of Kali, the goddess of death and destruction. She is usually painted black, with four red arms, a blood-stained tongue and face and teeth like fangs. She wears a necklace of skulls and a girdle of snakes and is sometimes seen standing on her husband's chest. A goat's head is offered to Kali and the rest of it is eaten by guests on the darkest night of November. One of Kali's shrines was Kalighat which is now called Calcutta.

During the festivities there is much dancing and merry-making and the drums can be heard far into the night.

SHEENA BARROWMAN, Class 1A.

UP HELLY A'

In Shetland the festival of Up Helly A' is still celebrated in remembrance of the period when the Norse occupied the islands.

The main event in the celebrations is the burning of a Norse Galley. The making of it has been the pastime of many of the squads taking part in the festivities for months before. The galley which is about thirty feet long is beautifully decorated and has its prow carved in the form of a dragon's head.

On the morning of the great day, a proclamation is put up, which tells the starting place and route of the procession. Later in the day the galley is on view.

The squads meet at the appointed place about half past seven. Everyone is disguised and holds a large torch which is lit before the procession begins. The Guizer Jarl and his squad, dressed as Vikings with traditional helmets and armour, light their torches first. They start the procession along the route and each squad follows according to its number. Some squads are dressed as cats or dogs and some as butchers, bakers or nurses.

The squads march in procession all round the town before going to the site on which the galley is to be burned. When they are nearing the site, the Guizer Jarl goes into the galley and it is led to the field.

Soon after the galley reaches its destination, the Jarl leaves his position. Then all the guizers throw torches into the ship, encircle it, and sing the Galley Song while it is burning.

After some time, the squads disperse, each going to the various halls where the festivities continue far into the night.

LUCY GUNN, Class 2A.

A VALLEY IN VIENNA

The valley ran north and south, so that in the evening, the west side was engulfed in shadow while the east was still alight; then the gold gradually moved upwards till it dwelt only on the rock summits of the mountains and, after a glowing interval, died completely.

A rough little road ran down the valley and turned over a roofed wooden bridge, thereafter dropping swiftly to the village, resting in the valley bottom. All round the village the mountains stood on guard and the evening silence was broken only by the sound of the cowbells, running down beneath the dark pines in a silver rivulet.

MARY MARSHALL, Class 3A.

*O Nasser ! O Nasser ! O what have you done?
Though we have a car now, we still have to run
For the bus in the morning.
Let me give you fair warning,
Just stop it 'ere somebody uses a gun.*

RUSSELL KELLY, Class 1C.

A FOX

*When the world is dark and the fields bare,
A fox comes slinking from his lair.
Sniffing the air and following his nose,
He ambles along the dark hedge-rows.
Downwind he scents the farmer's fowl,
And deep in his throat he begins to growl.
When he reaches the farm he begins to fret
Because he can't get under the wire net.
The clouds above go speeding past
And the fox's hunger is mounting fast.
When a hole he spies with his red rimmed eyes.
And over the ground you think he flies
With a leap and a bound he's under the ground
And up on the other side.
With one low howl he's in at the fowl,
And tearing with every stride,
But the farmer's awake and his gun does he take
And the ground beneath his foot doth quake.
The fox comes slipping out of the door,
And in a few seconds he'll live no more
With a click and a bang
In his ears it rang,
And the fox was dead, so the farmer said.
His body lies stretched on the flower bed.*

VICTOR BARRIE, Class 2E.

THE STREAM

*All hail thou crystal stream,
Home of the speckled trout,
Thy banks by trees are girt about,
Thou art the angler's dream.*

*By high noon tide or evening still,
To listen to thy murmuring rill,
And cast out o'er thy waters clear,
Makes my heart leap and thrill.*

*Upon thy banks fu' many an hour,
I've wandered under each shady bower,
And seen the well known silvery sheen,
The gleam of the salmon fresh and clean.*

*Oh let me there return once more,
Recalling every happy hour,
That wandering by your side I've passed,
And cast a line just at the last.*

GEORGE CAMPBELL, Class 2B.

THE DAFFODILS OF SPRING

*Daffodils are lovely things,
They bloom beside the trees and springs ;
They bloom in Spring in full array,
And brighten up the dullest day.*

CAROLINE PATRICK, Class 1B.

THE VERY FIRST SNOWDROP

*A small, white flower that hangs its head,
Unsullied white in a soft brown bed.
That is the snowdrop, the very first bloom,
Like a radiant light in a gloomy room.
Patiently waiting, hour after hour
For the brave appearance of the next small
flower.
And when it comes, with another day,
The very first snowdrop fades away.*

CHRISTINE ANDERSON, Class 2A.

THE MOON

*From the dark purple velvet sky
The frosty moon peeps from on high,
And casts her lovely silver beams
On every garden on every stream.
And shines down like a silver spray
Through all the night till dawns the day,
And then the moon will say goodnight
To all things she made silver bright.*

SANDRA BURNS, Class 1B.

THE COUNTRY

*I love to walk in the country
Among the flowers and trees.
I do so love the country
With all its birds and bees.*

*I'd love to live in a cottage
In a lonely country lane
With roses round my window
And shining window panes.*

*The jumpy lambs are lovely,
The primroses are gay,
The shepherd with his sheepdog
Is humming happily.*

JEAN WILSON Class 2F.

THAT MAGAZINE ARTICLE'

Sunday 9.30 p.m.—Paper is strewn all over the floor, the family sit silently round the fire, the dog sleeps peacefully, not a sound is heard save the steady chewing of a pencil. "Oh dash!", a sharp and hasty exclamation breaks the uneasy silence. "Can no one think of anything for one to write for this wretched magazine?" I could hang the editor, drown the secretary and staff and positively throttle the person who thought of it!"

"Well, my dear, you have left it rather late" reproached my mother, just like all mothers, making extremely unnecessary remarks.

"I don't care! Look at the time. Oh yes, I've had plenty of ideas but they just wouldn't be accepted. If you can write about teachers, they will probably glare ferociously at you every time they meet you or chop marks off your exam papers. If you can write poetry, you're called 'Long Hair,' anyhow I can't write poetry!"

Father turned in his chair with a loud snore, the dog stretched luxuriously in front of the warm fire as if to say, "Thank goodness I don't have to bother about magazine articles."

"Perhaps a history of our dog might be interesting," I mused, biting another inch off my pencil, which rather hurt my teeth, "But who is interested in our dog?"

"Now dear," mother's voice with its not-to-be-ignored tone, "Bed!"

Despairingly I threw the last inch of my pencil in the fire and folded the precious blank piece of paper.

At last, after several hours tossing and turning in bed, I settled down to sleep—but what a sleep! Horrible creatures called Magazine articles glared at me from ogling eyes, teachers with green faces slashed great red marks through all my exam papers, all the world seemed to be falling in pieces round my confused brain.

At last daylight came and still no inspiration, but I consoled myself with the thought "Perhaps next year"

JESSICA TRUTEN, Class 3A.

MURDER IN KILSYTH ACADEMY

It was a lovely September morning as we, first year pupils, walked up the hill to Kilsyth Academy a few minutes before nine a.m. to begin another day's study.

Our morning lessons continued without interruption and then dinner time arrived, and those of us who could not manage home in time, had our meal in the large dining hall.

English was the subject immediately after dinner and we all filed into our places, not suspecting the impending tragedy so soon to take place.

Our teacher, looking round, pointed to a boy called John Quayle and said, "Where is the ink exercise you should have handed in to me yesterday?" "Here it is," he replied, "I done it last night." The teacher was about to say something to him when she caught sight of the empty seat beside him. "Where is Robert Bertram today?" she asked. "He has went away to England where he belongs," replied John Quayle.

"How do you know?" asked the Teacher.

"Because I seen him at the bus stop and he telt me," said the boy.

There was an expression of indescribable horror on the teacher's face, and a look of fear and dispair in her eyes, as she said, "Children, murder has been committed in this class-room today by this boy John Quayle—murder of the English Language."

Our faces were colourless as each of us tried not to look at the culprit but we did not succeed as our eyes were focussed on the boy's cringing figure.

The teacher then said, "I must pass sentence on the murderer but as he seems to be oblivious of the fact that he has murdered anyone or anything I will reduce his sentence to five year's hard study of the English Language. If, after that, there is still no improvement he shall go out into the big world and earn his living where this language is not spoken."

JOYCE DAVIDSON, Class 1B.

Pets Corner

BIRKEY

He has big intelligent eyes, sharp and alert ears, a black and white, glossy wavy coat. I have had him for three years. He is Birkey, my dog.

One day, Birkey was out shopping with my mother. Around his neck was a leather collar, and a little lead, which slipped over his head. He wandered away from her and she returned without him. After tea my mother and I went to the local police station and told a tall stout sergeant that we were looking for a black and white collie. The sergeant escorted us to the kennels. There was a black and white whimpering collie, looking very forlorn, but—not ours! He told us that he would contact all policemen on the beat in our area, and instruct them to look out for him.

We were all in the living-room when I thought I heard scraping at the front door. Rising, I opened the door, and sure enough, there was Birkey, drenched with the rain, and his tail wagging madly. With what ecstasy he greeted us! You would have imagined he had not seen us for ages. For us these six hours had seemed like ages. My mother went to a police phone-box and told the sergeant the dog had come home.

MARGARET ANDERSON, Class 2C.

DANIEL THE SPANIEL

*Now, chasing cats makes dear old Daniel
A very, very naughty spaniel.
He likes 'em lean, he likes them fat
He likes the look of any cat.*

*Especially when they're on the fence,
Excitement then is very tense,
But yesterday our little terror,
Made what proved a fatal error.*

*Barking loudly, full of fight,
Upon a tail he took a bite,
Then round the fence came an Alsatian,
Who took up Daniel's education.*

WILLIAM CLELLAND, Class 2C.

MY FRIEND, THE ROBIN

The rays of the sunshine gleamed through my bedroom window at 7.30 a.m. Tap! tap! A little beak knocked on my window, Hop! Hop! A little bird danced as I opened it. In flew my friend the robin and straightway made for the food on the table. He had done this every morning for two months.

I had found him lying on our garden. He had been fighting with another bird and was very badly wounded. I had taken him into the house and nursed him back to health. When he had fully recovered, I let him go free. He did not go away but built a nest in our back garden. Since then, every morning he comes to my bedroom window, and I give him something to eat and drink.

HELEN NOBLETT, Class 2C.

MY DOG

*Understanding, patient, loyal and true,
In trust and adoration
He gives his heart to you;
And come what may till journey's end
You'll never find a nobler friend.*

JEAN BLACK, Class 2D.

FEEDING BIRDS

In cold weather feeding birds is a delightful form of entertainment. You may gather a crowd of guests without the trouble of sending out invitation cards, and they are always pleased with their fare.

Every kind of tit, and many of the finches will come into the garden with great speed besides thrushes, blackbirds, robins, a few wood-pigeons, and, of course, a great number of the sparrow clan. Few except the ravens have bad manners, but they have a nasty way of carrying off all the largest crumbs, and hiding them for future use. They are so quick, and greedy, that a pair or two will eat up almost all the bread, before the tits have begun to think of feeding, and long

before the chaffinch has begun his meal. The raven's bad behaviour can be defeated, however, if the bread is thrown out in large pieces, so that he has to work for his share, and the tits prefer digging out what they want, to picking up crumbs. Pieces of food are very acceptable to the tits, as well as coconuts, and robins love cheese rind.

Some people who do not like ravens, and other large birds, hang small bird-boxes out in their garden, so that if a large bird came along, he could not squeeze through the little opening meant for a smaller bird, and make off with the bread. Some, also, have coconut shells hanging under the eaves of a roof, so that the crumbs do not scatter, and encourage rats. The robins are usually the first to arrive when coconut shells are hung out.

It is unwise to feed birds in cold frosty weather if you are not going to continue this until the thaw comes. So many birds leave this country in winter to seek warmer climates, and only return in the spring, that it is our duty to protect and feed the birds who stay with us all through the cold winter.

MARGARET CAMERON, Class 2B.

MY UNUSUAL PETS

My pets are fairly unusual for a girl to keep. It is usually boys who keep mice. I bought two brown mice first of all, at 1/6 each out of a Falkirk Pet Shop. But unfortunately one of them died. I was very much afraid for the other one, because a day after its friend Tiney, died, it stopped eating and drinking altogether, and it gradually grew thinner and weaker. My mother suggested that I buy another mouse, in place of the one which died.

Next day I took another trip to Falkirk, and in the pet-shop, I saw a cage of beautiful, young, white mice. I bought one right away, and I noticed that the price had risen from 1/6 to 2/6.

When I brought home the white mouse, which I had called Snowy, my family were delighted with it. At the time we did not think that the two mice would disagree. I put the white mouse in beside Cheeky, the brown one. At once Cheeky attacked Snowy, and it took us all our time to separate them. After that I kept them apart.

One day I decided to lift the brown mouse into the white mouse's cage. When I did this they did not fight, but in fact they seemed pleased to see each other. I put the two of them into the brown one's cage again, and at once they began to fight. It was then that I realised that the brown one did not like the white one to come into the cage, so I kept them in Snowy's cage, and there they are to this day. I feed them on everything, soup, bread, cheese, potatoes, carrots, and many other things. We also have a dog, and when I let him near the mice he snapped at them, and for a moment I thought that he had eaten one. I never allow him to go near the mice now.

If you are thinking of buying pets I suggest you buy mice, because they make lovable pets, but don't forget to tell your parents, because not all people like mice.

BETH BAXTER, Class 3D.

PERPETUUM MOBILE

*We cannot live alone in this great world,
For each one in his way affects the other,
The very air we breathe is part derived, from
what is grass,
And what is flower—and yet this same
breathe once again
Returns to succour that from which it came—
and so the
World, and we, are intermingled, one with
another, like
Drops of water in the sea ; which, when they
merge,
Make one, great creation, but singly,
evaporate—and are
Nothing, in the great abyss beyond that
which we know. And
So each word we speak and each unspoken,
yet has its
Impact on those we do not know, for though
we may
Not ever retain all, yet deep within us is a
hazy maze
Of unremembered memories, which, like the
moon behind
A cloud, have yet the power to sway the tide
of that
Great sea which is our thought.*

ISOBEL HERBERTSON, Class 6.

EDUCATIONAL ADVICE COLUMN

Consultant—Etta Napple

Dear Etta,

I am a schoolboy who has just reached the age of fifteen. I cannot decide whether to leave school or go on to University. In my last examination, I failed in French, English, Maths, Science, History and Geography, but gained a high mark in P.T., Swimming, Music and Art. Please help me to decide on my career. "DISTRACTED."

Answer. A psychologist friend tells me that you may be a "late developer," and that you should wait for a more definite sign that your school work is below standard. Personally, however, I advise you to go on the stage as a crooner. You seem to have the necessary qualifications, and today a good singing voice is quite unnecessary.

Dear Etta,

I used to love my work as a teacher but recently I have begun to lose sleep over the unnatural behaviour of my pupils. Never a morning passes but several pupils offer to carry my brief case and flowers are laid on my desk. In the past few weeks no one has forgotten an exercise and everyone has been able to say his poetry. What can be wrong? I feel I cannot go on like this much longer.

"WORRIED TEACHER"

Answer Your anxiety is understandable though without more information it is difficult to say what has upset the normal pupil-teacher relationship. Can it be that you have inadvertently shown some kindness and consideration to your class? Think back over the last few weeks and if this is so, you should know yourself how to put it right.

Dear Etta,

My son has just entered his first year at a secondary school. He frequently feels ill in the mornings, and when Friday comes he is so listless that he often has to come home at lunchtime. Do you think that his school work is too much of a strain on him and that I should ask his teachers to be more considerate of his health?

"ANXIOUS MOTHER"

Answer. First of all I suggest you find out from his teacher what subjects he has on a Friday afternoon. If he has a test or an examination, send him straight back to school with a slap where it hurts most. If there is no apparent reason for his reluctance to attend school, see his doctor. He will tell you that his body and mind need deep relaxed sleep. Try him with a glass of H . . . s every night. Then he will wake feeling "Alive! Alert! Refreshed!"

ANNE KENNEDY, Class 5A.

FROM PARIS TO HELEN

*My lady, nymph divine,
Give me the love for which I pine.
Sweet Helen, goddess fair,
Give me one lock of thy golden hair.*

*Aphrodite is no fairer,
Nor Hebe, the God's cup-bearer.
The voice of Apollo is less sweet
The feet of Atalanta were less fleet.*

*Ares would worship thy face
Zeus would bow before thy grace
If Hades of the Lower World had seen thee
He would never have taken Persephone.*

*For thee the Universe would dim
Its glory. For thy slightest whim
The Gods in Olympia would die.
Why, then, charm my mortal eye?*

SANDRA SHAW, Class 2A.

DUSK

*As dusk falls, and the light begins to go,
The dreamy shadows darken into blue;
In opal sky the stars begin to glow,
Their bright, unstable forms pricked out
anew.
Now well-known landscapes seem to blur away
Swathed in the veiling of the dying day.*

*Streams that are strident over stones in light
Now softly sluggish, drift and melt around
The lips of those same pebbles in the night,
Somehow producing a more dulcet sound,
And leaves that swished and crackled in the
noon
Are hushed beneath a dim and shadowy moon*

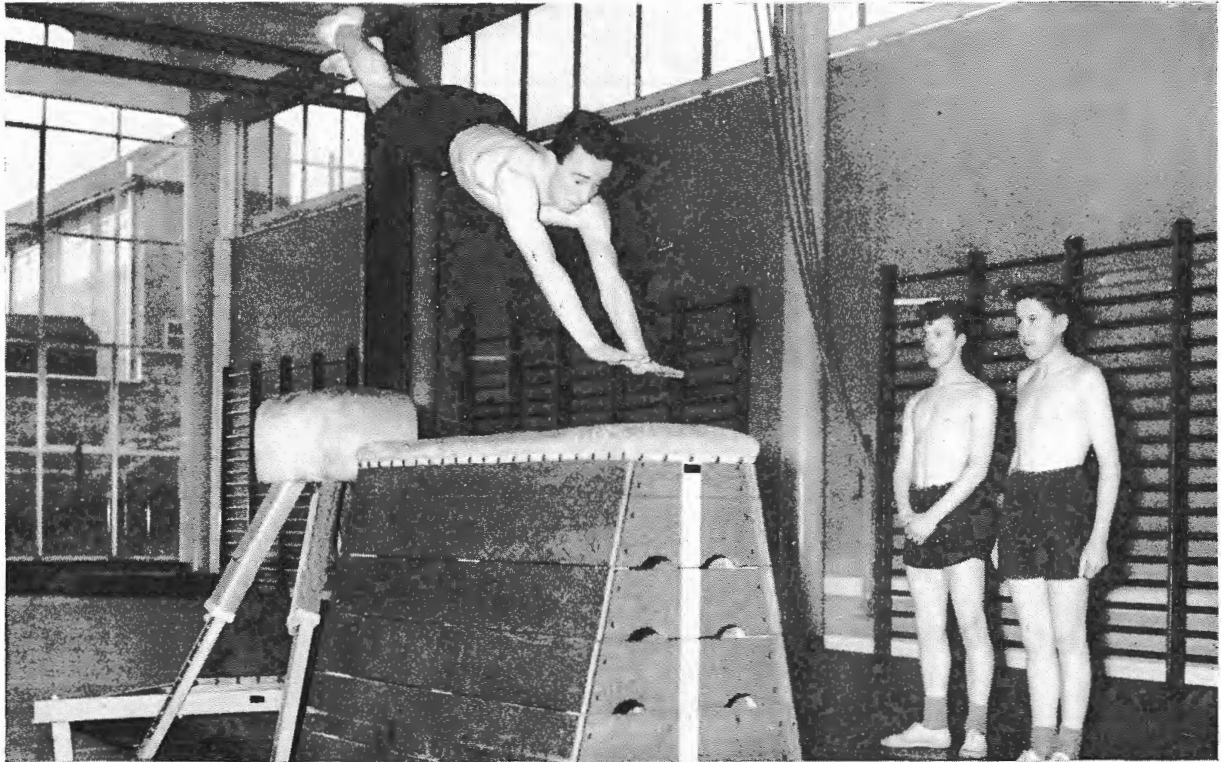
ERIC BINNIE, Class 6.



PREFECTS, CLASS CAPTAINS AND VICE-CAPTAINS



THE NEW PLAYING FIELD



THE BOYS' GYMNASIUM



A GAME OF NETBALL



COUNTRY DANCING



IN THE SWIMMING POOL



Back Row—Elaine Nicholson, Fiona Kidd, Janette Blades, Irene Hamilton, Eileen Laidlaw, Nan Welsh, Phyllis McNeil, Jessica Truten.
Front Row—Alison Vaughan, Marion Robertson, Hazel McAulay (*Capt.*), Christine Morton, Rosemary Carmichael.



Back Row—Alex. Sutherland, Jim Johnston, John Priestley, Robert Gracie, Harry Ashmall (*Capt.*), William Taggart, Frank Kidd.
Front Row—Alex. Binnie, Alistair McNiven, Robert Profit, Hugh Muir, Andrew McFarlane.

SUB-EDITORIAL JOTTINGS

I have been allocated the task of gossiping about the odds and ends that have happened or are about to happen this session, matters which are not strictly regarded as belonging to education in a narrow sense but probably have as strong an influence on pupil's lives as the accepted forms of teaching.

Throughout the year various outings have been arranged by members of the staff connected with subjects as far apart as Domestic Science and Music.

Just before the Christmas holidays Mr. Wilson took a party of pupils to the Royal College of Science of Technology in Glasgow to hear an interesting and informative lecture on the intricacies of the electro-microscope.

Another outing, this time in connection with Domestic Science, was made to the Glasgow and West of Scotland College of Domestic Science. The party consisted of all girls of the fourth and fifth years and was under the supervision of Miss Steele and Miss Gault. The girls were shown round the work done by College pupils, covering cookery, laundry and needlework.

A party of pupils attended the concert given by the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra in the St. Andrew's Halls, Glasgow on May 3rd. Among the items rendered was the "Planets Suite" by Holst. Although rather different from the contortions of Messrs. Haley and Presley, the performance provided a very enjoyable evening for all.

Senior pupils were kindly invited to the Kirkintilloch Players' productions of "The Honours of Drumlie" in December and "The Paper Chain" in March. Both performances were well up to the Players' usual high standard and were thoroughly enjoyed by all present.

Pupils have also been encouraged to enter external competitions. On May 18th a Latin prose reading and verse speaking competition will be held in Glasgow University. Those taking part are Andrew D. Fleming of 5A in the senior prose reading competition, Jean McGinnes in the Junior verse speaking and Georgina Motherwell and Jan Morrison in the Senior verse speaking competition. We wish all competitors the very best in this new venture.

Jean McGinnes has entered the answer to a competition in "Acta Diurna," the Latin newspaper. We wish Jean all success in the competition, this being another innovation in the Latin department.

The School Concert will be held sometime in June and will run possibly for three nights as, in the event of warm weather, it is better not to overcrowd the hall. The Concert promises to be varied and enjoyable with the pupils providing a musical play and an excerpt from "Twelfth Night" (Shakespeare is a new venture) while there will be again a performance by some members of staff.

The prizewinners in the National Bible Society Essay Competition held for the third year pupils were Elizabeth Martin (3A), Peter Balfour (3B), Tom McIntyre (3B) and Ann Haggerty (3D).

ALISTAIR STIRLING, Class 5A.

MY IDEAL MAN OR WOMAN

Our two budding reporters Sandra Stevenson and Hugh Muir have been busy canvassing opinions from the budding men and women of the Fourth on the above superlatively important subject. They have selected the presentable replies though in most cases those who volunteered them preferred to hide behind a pseudonym.

Men—

The long-haired, species biped femina—*Zoologist.*

Marilyn—*Still Hoping.*

She's blonde, curvacious, beautiful,

And always in a whirl.

She's witty, wise and dutiful,

That's my ideal girl.—*Poet.*

40—18—36—*Statistician.*

Women :—

"Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look."—*She-wolf.*

A hep-cat who digs jive the mostest—*Aint' no square.*

Anything masculine—*Desperate.*

A head, a body, two arms, two legs—*Anxious.*

Class 4A.

I WILL NOT SING OF SPRING

*Some poets sing of joys of Spring,
But give me Winter's pleasure,
On a cosy night, with the door shut tight,
A fellow finds some leisure.
No voice says, "Look! Lay down that book,
And go and sweep the yard!"
Or drags you away from a "Tele" play,
To do a job that's hard.
So I will not sing of the joys of Spring
And there's another reason.
With buzzing bees, and blossoming trees,
Comes the end of the Football Season.*

WILLIAM SPOTTISWOOD, Class 2C.

THE TRUTH ABOUT SPUGGY

*Spuggy went cheerfully on his way
With his hair like mouldy straw and hay,
Spuggy thought he'd laugh and snigger,
Until he saw the grey mare Nigger,
His hair was ruffled in the breeze,
That hair which nearly reached his knees.*

*O yes, we thought old Spuggy Spiers
A gay lad without any fears
Until mare Nigger reared, with speed,
And made a dive for Spuggy's heid.*

*Now Spuggy thought himself full of tricks
Until he found himself in this fix—
When he tried to ride Nigger the crafty mare,
She turned and chewed up half his hair.*

*And now we make a fool of Spuggy,
Because his hair, so long and tuggy,
Was taken for hay by Nigger, the mare,
And he said farewell to his golden hair.*

Class 3C.

CARELESS JACK AND CAREFUL JIM

*Although Jack's bike
Is almost new
It's splashed with mud
and rusty too.*

*Jim takes oil
And cloths each day
To wipe the mud
and rust away.*

JOHN DUNCAN, Class 1E.

TWO POEMS AFTER CATULLUS

Homecoming

*Oh wondrous isle of Sirmio
Whose beauty doth surpass
All that great Neptune hath produced
In lake or ocean vast.
With joy and gladness in my heart
I visit thee once more
Scarce feeling that in safety I
Have reached thy well-loved shore.*

*I come from far Bythinian plains
This blessedness to find
A longed-for rest and quietude,
A heavenly peace of mind.
Reward for toil is mine at last
Smirmio rejoice with me
Rejoice! Oh waves of Lydian lake
With all thy laughter free.*

JEAN MCGINNES, Class 4A.

Death of a Sparrow

*O, God of love, thou shouldst be sadly weeping
That my love's eyes no longer on me glow,
Because her sparrow now in death is sleeping
My darling has forgot me in her woe.*

*He only asked to perch upon her knee
To know but her, to chirp for her alone.
She prized him o'er her eyes, so sweet was he;
He now lies dead, his tiny heart a stone.*

*O cruel deed! This perfect creature dead,
Alone to travel paths whence none return?
Successful Death! to leave behind thee dread.
My darling pensive bends her head to mourn.*

BARBARA MACDONALD, Class 4A.

DATAE ACADEMIAE PUDIE KALENDAS
MAIAS

LIMERICK

*There was an old woman of Skye,
Who was baked by mistake in a pie.
To the family's disgust,
She broke through the crust,
And exclaimed with a yawn, "Where am I?"*

GRACE FORBES, Class 2C.

THE MISSING PILGRIM (with apologies to Geoff Chaucer)

*A man ther was that lived biside a toun,
A footballere with visage lyke the moon ;
In sooth, his face it was a faire messe,
From kickes and dunts and other foules, I
guesse,
Bisides he knew eche taverne verray wel ;
A practyce that his traynere tryed to quel.
Oft clad he was in cote of whyte and grene
And on his backe a nomber could be sene.
Dribbling he was and dodging al the day,
And, sooth to seyn oft in the mudde he lay.
And tho at batailles hadde he been fiftene,
Men sayde that he was aye a player clene ;
But when the whistler snybbed him sharp
withalle
He leet quaynte morsels from his lippes falle.
He was the beste that ever kycked a balle
But sooth to seyn, I noot how men hym calle.*

ERIC BINNIE, Class 6.

AN ASPRO

*An Aspro is a good thing,
It's used for colds and flu,
But if you take too much of it,
You'll find it's bad for you.*

*An Aspro is a good thing,
When colds attack your body,
And believe me it'll do the trick,
As good as any toddy.*

*An Aspro is a good thing,
When toothache's at its head,
Just take a tablet late at night,
Then you can rest in bed.*

*An Aspro is a good thing,
For it I raise a clap,
There's just one thing it will not cure,
The sting of teacher's strap.*

IAN HARROWER, Class 2C.

A PUIR WEE MOUSE

*A puir wee mouse cam' oot o' the grate
An' on the hob it took its sate.
Says I tae mase! " Your days are dune,
For in a meenit I'll dae ye in "
An' wi' a poker in ma' haun,
I made sic' a swipe an' missed
That the puir wee mouse fell doon deid wi'
fricht !*

JOHN GEBBIE, Class 2E.

RANGERS

*At Ibrox there's a park
It's kept in prime condition
For, as you see, it's got to be
To follow our Tradition.
The boys who play out there,
No matter what the stakes,
All play their best and play with zest
And pray they get their breaks.
They're known as the best team,
The best in all the land,
Well, we think so,
And we should know,
Yes Sir ! the "Gers" are Grand.*

ALEX JARVIE, Class 2E.

MY HOME

*My home lies at the foot of a hill,
And all the snow lies in a crevice,
And although the hill is very big,
It's not so big as Ben Nevis.*

*There is a burn runs past my home,
Which is so clear and fast,
And when the sunshine melts the snow,
I can hear it rushing past.*

*The stately lime trees near my home,
Against the North wind brace,
Where many birds return each Spring,
To meet in their favourite place.*

ROBERT DOBIE, Class 3B.

SUGAR-PLUM TOWN

*Oh, Sugar-Plum Town is a wonderful place !
Of toffee its roads are made ;
And all the pavements of every street
Are with dainty caramels laid.*

*You enter the town by Ice-Cream Lake
O'er a bridge of Chocolate Block
Then follow your mouth, it will lead
You straight to the Palace of Peppermint
Rock.*

*'Tis a beautiful palace, with marshmallow
walls,
And columns of lemon and rose,
And a garden of crystallised cherries and
pears
Where a fountain of lemonade flows.*

SAMUEL PICKEN, Class 1E.

TO IGNORANT PARENTS

Because of the recent criticisms of the Scottish Leaving Certificate Examinations, I thought readers might like to know the sort of papers pupils are faced with.

ENGLISH (Lowest Grade)

Marks will be deducted for good spelling, good punctuation and for writing that is easy to read.

1. Write compositions of not less than SIX pages on FIVE of the following subjects.

- A Refuse Heap you know well.
- Ichthyography.
- The arguments for and against starting life at the age of six.
- A character sketch of ONE of the following :—

A Pawnbroker, a woman with goose pimples, an Arab Shiek.

(e) The surreptitiousness of school life.

2. Rewrite the following passage, correcting bad spelling, bad grammar, and punctuating the passage correctly.

kin yoo sing ye canny shuve yer granny aff thi bus naw ah canny bicaws ave no goat a grannay tae shuve aff thi bus kin yew sing it naw a kin nut whit dae yew think ah wiz askin ewe fur

3. Read the following passage carefully at least three times, then answer the questions that follow **in your own words**.

The fat cat ran after the bad rat in the stream. The fat cat and the bad rat were drowned, so that is the end of the fat cat and the bad rat.

(1) Give the meanings of the following words as they are not used in the passage : the, of, and, in, that, so.

(2) What happened to the fat cat ?

(3) What happened to the other character in the story ?

(4) Summarise the passage in **NOT LESS THAN 100 words**.

(NOTE :—your summary should not contain any material which is not relevant to the passage.)

4. Use the following expressions in well-constructed sentences and in such a way that you clearly indicate to the examiner that you understand the meaning of the phrase :—

Git aff ; whit's up ? ; mind yer ain bisniss ; aw, the sin ; dinny be daft ; as sure

as a'm stauning here ; A'm tellin ma mammy ; ah dinny ken.

5. Write a character sketch of ONE of the following. (Do not merely describe the part they play in the story in which they appear.)

William Bunter ; Daphne Brown ; Champion, the Wonder Horse ; Father Bear ; Humpty Dumpty ; Lassie.

Here are some selections from other papers.

HISTORY (Highest)

Section I.

1. On the accompanying map of Europe mark the following :—

- High Banton.
- Croy.
- Twechar.
- Auchenstarry.
- Hell (Scandinavia).
- Low Banton.

2. Give the century B.C. or A.D. of the following, say who or what each was and indicate their historical importance.

- Birth of the Blues.
- Count Ivan Stravinsky Stravar.
- The Church Activities of Pitt the Elder.
- William Haley.
- The change from monkey to man.
- Mrs. McNamara.

Section II. Answer THREE questions.

- Explain the connections between the Darien Scheme and the Milk Marketing Board.
- "A kiss on the lips is worth two on the cheek." Discuss this dictum with reference to Henry VIII.
- Describe the foreign policy of Rita Hayworth with special reference to Persia and the Far East.

GEOGRAPHY

1. On the accompanying map of Europe mark the following :—

Dullatur, Kilsyth - Banknock Railway, River Glazert, "The couches" mountain range, Banton Loch.

2. Compare and contrast Western Balmalloch and Eastern Latvia under the following headings only :—

Mineral resources, rivers, crops, different races which inhabit these regions, climate.

MATHEMATICS (Very Low Grade)

The distance through which a teacher's strap falls to a pupil's hand varies indirectly

as the square root of the length of the teacher's arm. If it takes four and four seventeenths minutes for a teacher to administer four strokes of the strap to six pupils whose average height is five feet six and a half inches and if the height of the teacher varies as twice the cube root of the sum of the heights of the pupils, find the length of the teacher's arm.

ANDREW FLEMING, Class 5A.

TEACHERS

*Mrs. Young our form teacher
Really is a born preacher,
Every morning be it dry or wet
Religious Instruction we're sure to get.*

*Who teaches us to work with wood
Makes sure the finished job is good,
And helps us work with metal too?
'Tis Mr. Corbett, I tell you.*

*Miss Martin teaches about the land,
Far away and near at hand,
Miss Montgomery teaches of the days of old,
But I don't believe half the things we're told.*

*Mr. Griffin who teaches maths.,
Also gives us swimming in the baths,
He is a P.T. teacher too,
And makes us run till we are blue.*

*At English we are very bad,
It really makes Miss Riley sad,
I'm not surprised that this is so
Because of the things we do not know.*

*On a Friday morning to Assembly we go
Heel for heel and toe for toe,
To hear Mr. Kidd or the Minister say
"Now boys and girls, let us pray."*

*But, all in all, I've no complaints,
To me the teachers are just like saints,
Why! even when I'm ill in bed
I get a letter from the Head.*

PETER LEITCH, Class 2D.

LESSONS AND TEACHERS

*Lessons here, lessons there,
Lessons they are everywhere.
We never find the time to play,
For doing lessons every day.*

*Teachers here, teachers there,
Teachers they are everywhere.
We cannot see for dust or chalk,
And we are pounced on if we talk.*

MOLLY STEVENSON, Class 2C.

TO MISS DONALDSON

*I've read o' your retiral,
It's the saddest news I've seen,
And even as I write tae ye
The saut tears dim my e'en.
The scholars here are quite pit doon
And think it only fair
To tell ye, each and everyone
Is gaun tae miss ye sair.*

MARLENE MCGREGOR, Class 2F.

KILSYTH

*Kilsyth is my very own town
So very gay and so bright,
It's a very quaint, little town
And lovely at night when alight,
Behind lie the green wooded hills
That give such a splendid view,
I like so much to live in Kilsyth,
Wouldn't you?*

INA ANDERSON, Class 1F.

MY SCHOOL

*I go to a school that is built on a hill,
And each day I go there it gives me a thrill,
Though not very clever yet I do my best,
To answer the questions when sitting my test.*

*The teachers are helpful they try to explain,
For Oh there are subjects that puzzle my brain,
If I could but grasp all they try to unfold,
When question time comes I would answer
quite bold.*

*The time will soon come when I must say
goodbye,
And leave the old school with a tear in my eye,
Perhaps you are wondering what school—
don't you see?
It is known by the name of "Kilsyth Academy"*

WILMA NEIL, Class 2F.

COLZIUM HOUSE

Colzium House was originally the family seat of the Edmonstones. It was continually occupied by the Baronets of this ancient line from before the nineteenth century. Sir Archibald Edmonstone restored Duntreath Castle, the older seat of his family, but he continued to live at Colzium. His successor Admiral Sir William Edmonstone, lived at Duntreath and, after his removal, Colzium House was let to a succession of tenants of the richer commercial class.

In recent years, Colzium House and its grounds were gifted by their owner, Mr. William Lennox, to the hurch of Kilsyth. There, nowadays, we find a museum, rooms hung with paintings, and a small chapel. Behind the house is an aviary which adds to the attraction and interest for visitors.

In summer, Colzium grounds are a favourite haunt of day trippers. They are extensive, and in spring are gilded with daffodils, while in summer, various brightly-coloured flowers make gay patterns. A bandstand, designed by a local architect, Mr. J. Park, fits delightfully into its setting and the antique sport of archery is practised nearby. Kilsyth should be proud of Colzium House and its surroundings.

BARBARA LINDSAY, Class 3A.

CENTENARY CELEBRATIONS

For all Guides, 1957 will be remembered as an important occasion because it was the centenary of the birth of Lord Baden-Powell, the founder of the Scout and Guide Movement which has spread to many countries within and outside the British Commonwealth. This year many celebrations are being held because, as well as being the centenary of Lord Baden-Powell, it is the fiftieth anniversary of the foundation of the Scout Movement.

The Guide Company, to which I belong, celebrated the event in various ways. All wore their uniforms at school on "Thinking Day," the 22nd February, and each gave a gift to an elderly person in the town. Many people looked with admiration in the window of one of our local bakers, to see the beautiful birthday cake with a most realistic Guide Badge for decoration. This had been baked for our party in the evening at which all the

Scouts, Guides, Cubs and Brownies of the town joined in. To me the most fascinating of our celebrations was the gesture of putting a light in the window, which shone all night. This was done by all Guides, and it was very pretty to see the numerous lights twinkling cheerfully from windows. After a snow-storm on the 23rd, Sunday the 24th was heralded with deep snow, slush on the roads and rain. Once again the weather had disappointed us and any hopes that we had had of a parade were banished. We still, however, held our Memorial Service in Church in the afternoon. This service, before which the colours were presented, took the same form all over the country. Many parents and ex-Guides attended the service during which the Guide promise was renewed. As the service ended the colours were slowly marched from the church and the Guides dispersed to talk over a most interesting week-end and to look forward to further celebrations to be held later in the year.

FIONA KIDD, Class 2A.

THE BEACON LIGHT (With apologies to Rabbie Burns)

*There is a licht whose beaming ray,
Shines by nicht an' shines by day,
It overlooks the Beacon Inn,
Jist by Dumbreck's big durt bing.*

*The weary miners frae the pit,
Richt tae the bus stop their wey is lit,
They don't gi' a thought tae the cheery flame,
That keeps them oan the road back hame.*

*It shines away across the bog,
Jist like a lichthoose in the fog,
It keeps the bus drivers richt oan line,
To arrive in Kilsyth, dead oan time.*

*Frae Kirkintilloch tae Bantone,
Its flame is seen forever glowin'
The Queenzieburn folk don't need a licht,
The beacon is aye sae clear an' bricht.*

*Let Parliaments an' councils rise an fa',
This world has many turns,
But brichter far abin them aw',
The beacon always burns.*

LILLIAN WELSH, Class 3D.

EXCITEMENT ON LOCH LOMOND

We started off from Balmaha on a clear but windy morning, excited at the prospect of an invigorating sail.

A man kindly took us out to the yacht in his boat and we cast off from the moorings, arranging with him to pick us up on our return.

We cleared the mouth of the bay, and with the aid of a stiff wind which came from the west, we were able to sail right to Rowardennan at the speed of five knots.

When the excitement of sailing had passed, we were able to view the expanse of sparkling blue, surrounded by stunted birches and oaks, behind which grew the taller, more nourished trees, and towering above all, the bracken and heather-clad mountains. Ben Lomond in all its splendour, with the red sandstone youth hostel nestled at the foot, surrounded by ancient beech trees.

After we left Rowardennan, the wind had decreased considerably but was coming in fairly strong between islands.

My foot was resting on the bulwark, and I was admiring the scenery, when the sail boom swung over and hit me in the back. For an instant I did not realise what had happened to me, until I opened my eyes under water and saw a light green colour all around me. Next minute I bobbed up to the surface.

I knew enough about swimming to keep myself afloat and even hampered as I was by my wet clothes, I kept up for a while. But as soon as I saw help coming, the power seemed to leave my limbs and I began to sink just as the boat came along side. I was hauled aboard.

The wind by this time had died down completely and we had to paddle to Balmaha. There we quickly disembarked with our gear and I rushed home to a hot bath.

An untimely ending to a happy day.

JAMES REID, Class 2C.

THE CADGERS' SHEUCH

How many people know the reason for the name "Cadgers' Sheuch" otherwise known as Dullatur roadend?

The cadgers were very important people in the olden times. They travelled around

the country with merchandise for sale. In Kilsyth they sold their goods in an open-air market which gave its name to Market Square. Not only did the townsfolk buy from this market, but this was the only supply from which the shopkeepers could re-stock their shops.

At that time there was no Stirling Road as we know it today. The only road into Kilsyth from the East turned left at the "Cadgers' Sheuch." The road from there to the foot of Mall Fleming's Brae was a narrow valley. The old Scotch name for such a road was a "sheuch."

Before going up Mall Fleming's Brae, the cadgers had to have track horses for their loaded carts. These horses waited at what we now call Lazy Hollow, a spot where the tinkers still encamp. One Kilsyth man, at that time, made a living for himself by keeping a horse to "cleek on" to the cadgers' carts and pull them up the hill. He was called Cleekum by the townsfolk.

In recent years, English names have been given to places and streets. They are mostly uninteresting and less colourful than the old Scotch names which conjure up the history and customs of days gone by.

ELIZABETH PARK, Class 1A.

MY WEAKNESS

*English is a tricky thing,
And French is not much better,
But, worst of all, is my downfall
When asked to write a letter.*

ANDREW GRAY, Class 2C.

A SPRING MORNING

*The clouds are white and fluffy,
The sky is clearest blue,
And the mist on the hills is grey and dull
But it leaves the sparkling dew.
The sun comes out in triumph.
The birds begin to sing,
As the flowers in all their glory,
Welcome this new day of Spring.*

NORMA SMITH, Class 2D.

THE CIRCUS IS COMING

"Hurray, hurray," shouted the children, "we can hear the drums, the circus is coming," and sure enough the red and gold jackets of the band blazing in the sun came into view with their instruments flashing back fire.

Then came some of the elephants adorned with gold-tasselled covers, lumbering along with gaudily dressed Indians on their backs. The men smiled at the children who were charmed by their capers as they swayed on the elephants' backs.

"Oh, look at the beautiful horses!" said someone, and no wonder. They were groomed until their coats gleamed and as they pranced along the street, the red and blue plumes on their heads tossed and danced. The performers beside them were brilliant as they jumped on and off the horses' backs while the children cheered them.

As a wagon which was covered in flowers drew near, the girls whispered to one another, "This is what I've been waiting for." Girls, dazzling in sun-struck sequins pirouetted round.

"The clowns are coming!" and there they were tumbling along the road. One of them, Coco, seemed to outdo the others' skill. He wore a white, silky costume besprinkled with red fluffy balls, a red ruff round his neck and a cone-shaped hat on his head, crowned with another red ball. He turned cartwheels, walked on his hands and then balanced a balloon on his feet while walking on his hands.

"Here come the animals!" shouted the children, and then the cages came along the road. The monkeys were first, amusing everyone with their capers, but a formidable roar was torn from the next cage where a lion lay. After this, came the dogs, running down the street performing various tricks, and seeming delighted with themselves as they smugly did so.

Can you wonder that the children, having watched the procession disappear into the distance, looked up into their mothers' faces and said, "May I go to the Circus?"

PHYLLIS MCNEIL, Class 2A'



BRITISH WEATHER

*Of wonders we hear, of wonders we blether
Of spacemen, and rockets and jiving—
Though sad 'tis to say, I make it my lay
To sing of our versatile weather.*

*A strange contradiction, a magical mix-up
Of umbrellas and swimsuits and cycles.
Though it's raining today, perhaps if we pray
The met. men may manage a fix-up.*

*A forked flash of lightning, an ominous rumble ;
Skies glower, winds wail and we tremble.
But before we can turn, old Sol starts to burn
No one even has time for a grumble.*

*The forecast can hardly be blamed altogether
If snow follows fog follows hail-stones.
I agree and I ask—can't we take it to task
Our insufferable, insane—BRITISH
WEATHER.*

BARBARA MACDONALD, Class 4A.

SPRING

It won't be long now till the loveliest lady of the land is passing through. Yes, spring is on the way, bringing with it little nestlings, green, sweet-smelling grass and fresh little buds on the trees. Spring is the time when the country really lives with excitement. The little fluffy, white lambs, running and leaping beside their mothers and baby calves in wide-eyed wonder, look at the beautiful scenery which surrounds them.

Spring should be looked upon as a lady of loveliness and n t just spring !

ALAN MAXWELL, Class 1C.

A COUNTRY FAIR

The setting was perfect I thought, gazing home from the slopes of a high hill. There amid the din of gramophone records was a typical country fair thronging with people who had come to join in the fun from all the neighbouring villages. It was a gay scene and one pleasing to the eye. My first glimpse of it had revealed only a mosaic of twinkling brightly coloured lights and a mass of people below them but closer observation showed much more.

Nearest to the hill on which I stood, studded with bright blue and orange lights was a towering Helter Skelter. Spiralling from the top to bottom was the shoot down which numerous people tumbled every second. Beside this busy attraction was the ever-popular Jungle Ride and, amid blaring music, this whirled, round and round at breakneck speed. This attraction was crowded with people who were supposed to be enjoying themselves, but, judging from the deafening terrified screams which circulated in the night air, this could be doubted. Surrounding the enclosure of the Dodgem Cars, which were also providing endless fun, were brilliant illuminations of varying colours—crimson, red, green and yellow. It remained a mystery to me how these tiny cars managed to survive the violent collisions in which they were constantly involved. Although there were other roundabouts and attractions included in the scene before me, they did not have the popularity with the country people of these three.

Providing extensive colour and added gaiety were the side shows arranged round the moving attractions in an outer circle. These prettily decorated stalls with their tawdry prizes were drawing many people all eager to try their luck at winning some prize. The rifle-shooting and dart-throwing stalls were well patronised by men and boys but some of the shots were very wide of the mark and it was only occasionally as I watched that any notable prize was procured.

As I moved away towards home, my grateful ears were conscious of the gradually lessening din of this hub of what some people call enjoyment.

MARLENE WATSON, Class 2A.

HELPFUL HINTS

To clean tall narrow vases when your fingers will not reach the bottom, mix tea leaves with vinegar and leave to soak for half an hour. Then pour away the mixture and rinse the jug a few times. Use cold tea also for cleaning varnished wood. It brings it up as good as new. The liquid will also wash windows and mirrors better than soapy water.

An easy way to make matching buttons for your jumper is to pierce a hole in a linen button and then sew from the hole to the edge of the button over and over with left-over wool from your jumper.

Sew zip fasteners along tops of children's blazer pockets so that they can be closed like purses. Money, pencils, and other small items are prevented from escaping.

When ironing anything with buttons, protect each button by covering it with a teaspoon. This way the heat of the iron cannot harm the prettiest button or buckle.

If you wish to pour some perfume from a big bottle into a small one for use in your handbag, use a steel knitting needle with points at both ends. Insert one end into each bottle and pour. Not one drop is wasted.

If a cork is too large for a bottle, cut a narrow strip out of the middle with a safety razor blade. Insert it in the bottle and it will fit perfectly.

TERESA BENNETT, Class 3D.

THE RIVER

*The river rolls with a silver sheen,
Down to the ocean cool and green,
Past where the violets bloom and fade,
Under the weeping willow's shade.
Past where the brown cow chews all day,
Away from the hot sun's burning ray,
Into the greenwood cool and dark,
Out of the wood and into the park,
Round by the side of the old oak tree,
Over the pebbles and into the sea,
Into the ocean cool and green,
Rolls the river with the silver sheen.*

CHRISTINE ANDERSON, Class 2A.

SHE BENDS WITH THE REMOVER TO REMOVE

Being nobly resolved to assist in our "flitting," I don old clothes and fill a barrow with odds and ends—lino, rugs, a pail and scrubbing brush, a box of linen, four pots, two cushions, a basket of groceries, and, on top of that, a stool. After all, the new house is only half a mile away and the barrow is small and light. I complacently trundle on with my load till I reach the Cross, the busiest spot in our village, where two buses have just unloaded their passengers to whom I seem to be "the cynosure of neighbouring eyes"—but I push on, regardless, trying to appear nonchalant, though the weight, after three hundred yards, is becoming rather noticeable.

Now I have reached the main road and must mount the pavement with my barrow-load. I push. The barrow refuses to leave the road. I push again. The barrow bucks—and—Oh, no! rugs, stool, pail, cushions

fall out on the ground—all but the heaviest pot. I rush to gather everything up—and try to look as though I am just a helpful spectator. I finally pick up my little barrow again and proceed, ignoring the traffic, and the faces peering interestedly from every bus, car, and house window at my rocking-and-rolling progress down the road, to the tempo of the trundling, truculent barrow.

I find that a wedding is just about to take place in the church, and that there is nothing for it but to brave the stares, grins and remarks of the crowd gathered to see the blushing bride, who certainly is not blushing so much as I am, as, with dirty hands and face and desreputably cald, I involuntarily change the tempo of my progress to the strains of "The Wedding March."

None too soon for the well-being of my nervous system, I reach the new house. The barrow drops from aching fingers, which fumble in my pocket for the key. I discover after a frantic search, that the key of the new house is still in the old house.

ISOBEL HERBERTSON, Year VI.

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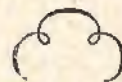
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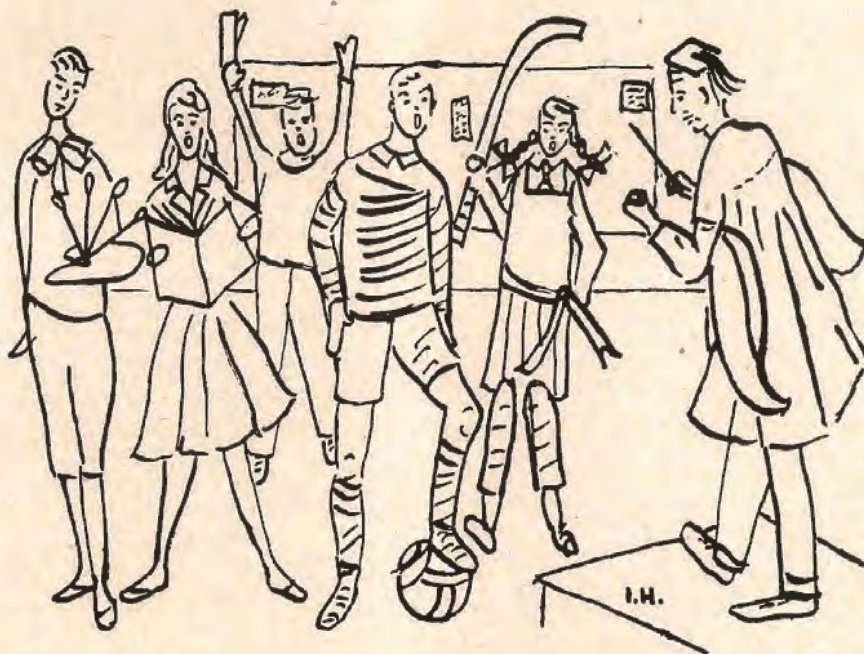
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School Activities



SPORTS

Personality Spot

Robert Gracie, our school captain, has undoubtedly been this year's personality.

During the past session Robert has played in three different spheres of football and in each case he has been picked for representative teams because of his good play. Robert played in the Scottish Schoolboys' Trials and he was picked as reserve for the Rest of Scotland Team. When he was playing with his Boys' Brigade team he was picked as captain of the Strathkelvin Battalion Team and then when he joined Kilsyth Y.M.C.A. he was picked for the Scottish Y.M.C.A. team.

Every boy's ambition is to score a goal for his team, but one Saturday Robert had the distinction of scoring ten. In the morning he scored four goals for the school Senior Team and in the afternoon he completed his field day by scoring six more for his Boys' Brigade team—quite an amazing feat!

Lady Luck was not to stay with Robert

until the end of the year, however, as he broke his collar-bone in one of the School trial matches.

Our sympathy goes to Robert and, in the knowledge that his shoulder is healing quickly, we wish him a speedy return to the football field and the success he has had this year.

Senior Team

At the time of writing we cannot say whether or not our Senior Team has won the league for the second successive year. We head the league at present but we may be involved in a "play-off" for the championship as either St. Modan's or Falkirk Technical can reach our points total. If these teams draw we shall be champions without the need of a deciding game. Naturally we shall hope for a draw from these two but we are quite confident of winning any necessary deciding game.

Intermediate Team

The fortune of our Intermediate Team during the past season has been almost the same as

that of last year's team. The team had a poor spell at the beginning of the season and it was not until early in 1957 that they showed their true colours when for a while they created a surprise by defeating several of the better Stirlingshire schools. This winning burst was not prolonged, however, and the results grew poorer once more. The team had the consolation, however, of reaching the fourth round of the Intermediate Shield—quite a feat for an Academy side nowadays !

First and Second Year Teams

During the past session there have been held a great number of trial games for first and second year teams. There have been several games played against other schools and the showing of the teams and the results have been quite satisfactory. Some of the players are quite promising and give hope that in three or four years time the Academy should have strong Intermediate and Senior Teams established.

Hockey

The hockey team did not have a very successful season this year. A number of matches were cancelled due to weather conditions, but those that were played were enjoyed in spite of disappointing scores. It is hoped that the new field will be ready for next session, so perhaps with more practice the team will have much more Success.

Cross Country

This is the third year that Stirlingshire Schools have competed for the "Joe McGhee" Cross Country Trophy and this year was Kilsyth Academy's best effort in the competition so far. In the two previous years the Academy finished third and fourth respectively but this year we finished second in the team event.

We are pleased to record, however, that, although we did not win the team event, one of our runners, James Stirling was the winner

of the race. James took the lead about 400 yards after the start of the 1½ mile course and he kept in the lead to finish about 50 yards in front of his nearest rivals. Although the rest of the Academy team finished well up among the 130 runners, we were narrowly beaten into second place by Falkirk High School.

County Sports

Wednesday, 8th May, 1957, was a dismal, wet morning and just as the Academy competitors' bus was about to leave for Falkirk, word was received from Brockville Park that the Sports had been cancelled for this year. After three weeks of good weather it was unfortunate that County Sports day should be wet but we must accept the bad with the good and hope that next year's sports will have better luck.

WILLIAM B. TAGGART,
Sports Editor.

Debating Society Report

On the whole attendances this year did not rise to the very high level of last year. The session opened well with a "Raft Night" but thereafter attendances began to dwindle. Among the topics debated were that "The Advance of Science is a cause for regret," that "Public Houses should be re-introduced into Kilsyth" and that "The Monarchy should be Abolished," this debate being conducted by the Third Year. Other meetings included "A Matter of Opinion" when a panel of teachers answered questions submitted by the audience, and a film lecture by Miss Shearer of Larbert High School on her tour of Canada. At the Easter Dance, run by the Debating Society, there was a profit of 17/1d. The session will end with the annual competition for the Colzium Trophy, donated by the F.P. Association for skill in debating. This trophy was won last session, for the second year in succession, by Isobel Herbertson.

A. D. FLEMING,
Secretary.

Former Pupils

THE FORMER PUPIL'S ASSOCIATION

This has not been an altogether happy year for the Former Pupils' Association. For the first time since our inception we have failed to hold our annual re-union. This was because we felt that the Assembly Hall was the only building in Kilsyth which could do justice to the occasion that this re-union has become—and the Assembly Hall was not available to us this year.

Let me remind you, however, that in other respects your Academy's Former Pupils' Association is alive—and kicking; that it has a very active Badminton Club; that it has a Discussion Group, small in numbers but big in ideas; that it has been running a Chess Section; that it has the funds and the organization necessary to start up a Dramatic Club again at a moment's notice; that it fully intends to resume its annual re-unions again as soon as possible; that it is prepared to encourage and help Former Pupils to embark on any organized effort that merits support; and, above all, that it needs you as a member when you leave school to maintain its life and rigour. In this way, you can help yourself, your school, and your town, for don't forget that our chief purpose has always been to foster and strengthen the link between the school and the community, and in that way to help to build up a healthier society. A school is not just a building at any one time: it comprises all the pupils and all the staff who have ever studied, worked and played there, the people whom it has helped to make, and who carry something of what it has given them throughout all their lives. The school is a living part of a community: each needs the other if they are to do their jobs properly, and that is why a Former Pupils' Association which can link them together, is so important.

JAMES WHYTE, *President,*
Former Pupils' Association.

BULLETIN

Once again we have great pleasure in giving a brief report on the successes of some of our Former Pupils.

Ian Lindsay, our dux of 1955 has now completed the second year of his Arts course at Glasgow University. His energies are by no means confined to the pursuit of learning, for this year he was Vice-President of the Scottish Union of Students. He was also mainly responsible for the campaign concerning Grants to Students, and was Finance Manager to the "Gilmorehill Guardian," a recently established Students' weekly newspaper.

Three of last year's pupils are in the first year of their course at the University of Glasgow—John Freebairn in Civil Engineering, Douglas Kirkpatrick and Margaret Patrick in Arts. Robert Beath is attending classes in Metallurgy at the Royal Technical College.

Frances Caldwell, Elizabeth Farquharson, and Helen Patrick are now students at Jordanhill Training College. Four of our Jordanhill students completed their training last year and are now teaching—Dorothy Calder, Jean McLuckie, Aileen Provan and Jean Thomson.

Evelyn Crawford has graduated M.A. and is now completing her Honours course in Political Economy and Political Science. Hamilton Smith has graduated B.Sc. and is now studying for a Ph.D. degree. His work is mainly concerned with research into the connection between smoking and lung cancer.

Two years ago, June Roseweir graduated B.Sc. in Pharmacy, and after a year of practical training at Glasgow Royal Infirmary, she is now a Pharmaceutical Research Officer in Glaxo Laboratories in London.

Of these beginnings, distinctions and achievements we are justifiably proud and we send our best wishes not only to the above-mentioned, but to all Former Pupils, who, in one way or another, are bringing credit to their old school.

Mrs. M. MAXWELL,
Lady Superintendent.

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