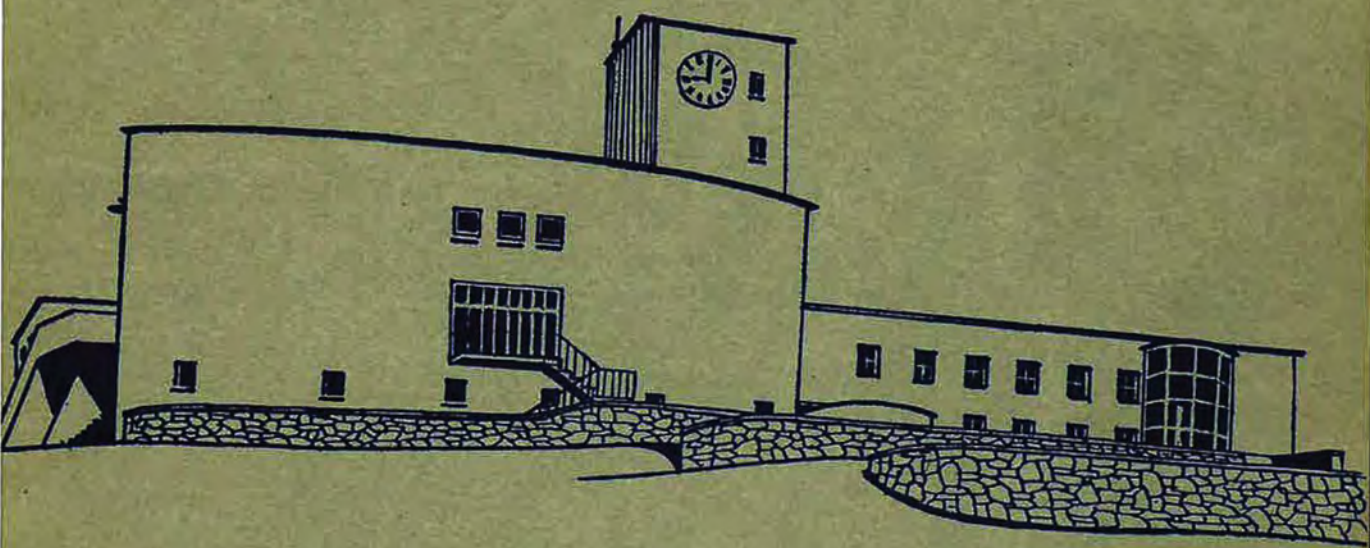


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# KILSYTH ACADEMY MAGAZINE

June, 1958.



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|                           |                                                                                                                                       |
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A. WILSON, S.A.

## EDITORIAL

“Fame is the Spur . . . . .”

Perhaps our School notices which promised fame and fortune through the pages of the magazine have been responsible for the deluge of articles sent in by the aspiring poets and writers of the Academy, or perhaps it was because two of last year's contributors gained recognition in wider fields. Isobel Herbertson's poem "Perpetuum Mobile" was printed in the E.I.S. Journal and Ian Harrower received a gift, after a local chemist sent in his poem "An Aspro" to the firm.

Anyhow, this year's contributions have come well above expectation, and once again every class has been represented. Class 2A deserve special praise for the quality and quantity of their articles, which range from runaway bulls to volcanoes. We also extend our sincere thanks to the English staff, especially Miss Stark, whose co-operation has relieved many headaches in editing the Magazine.

As to the contents of this edition—we have attempted to arrange many of the articles under headings; for example, there is a section on local history, and another named "Over the hills and far away". We are also continuing the feature, begun last year, of spotlighting one aspect of School life. This year it is the turn of the Technical Department.

Now it only remains for us to thank all those who have helped us in any way. As regards finance, once again the advertisers have proved generous contributors and we are indebted to them for their support. We also wish to express our gratitude to the printers who have been extremely co-operative. Finally we, the Editors, thank all who have contributed, whether successfully or not, and we sincerely hope that those contributions we have accepted will afford you, the readers, a great deal of pleasure.



*We think that our Committee deserves a word of praise  
So we've dragged them out of hiding to face the public gaze.  
In charge of our finances we've a cheery lad called Roy  
Whose ability to mimic is a source of endless joy.  
His aider and abettor is a devilish gent named Hugh,  
Whose sarcastic, crafty humour often lands him in a stew.  
Another member of our team is unassuming Ron,  
He saunters in to lend a hand, but when you look he's gone.  
And here's a chap who'd love to be the captain of our crew,  
To run the Magazine himself, our sportsman friend named Drew.  
The journalist of the future is known to all as Ally,  
He types for us, but unlike some, round us girls does not dally.  
And Ally has an ally, a bookish girl named Helen  
She's good at punctuation and also helps with spellin'.  
Next among the females is gentle dreamy Anne  
A source of inspiration who aids us all she can.  
And last, but no means least, we come to artist Sandra  
Her name suggests no rhyme to us but we admit she can draw.*

BARBARA MACDONALD.

JEAN MCGINNES.

*Joint Editors.*

# LOCAL HISTORY

## EDUCATION IN KILSYTH

The Magazine Committee felt that, as a tribute to Civic Week, we should feature some of the lesser-known aspects of local history. I was commissioned to write about education and must acknowledge the great help in research of a former pupil who now works in the Mitchell Library and who has access to records out of my reach.

The earliest recorded date in connection with education seems to be 1695, at which time a schoolmaster in Kilsyth was noted as earning £5 11/1½d. per annum, for teaching English, Writing, Arithmetic and Latin.

We next hear of a Mr. John Patrick, a merchant of London and a native of the West Barony (Queenzieburn), who in 1723 gave an endowment of £60 for the building of Chapelgreen School and the payment of a teacher. Under the conditions of the endowment, poor children were to be taught free.

In 1760, a school-house was built in Kilsyth, probably at the Burngreen, for the teacher, Mr. Alexander Stewart. Fees were charged from children who could afford them. It is recorded that in 1796 these quarterly fees were—2/2d. for English, 3/-d. for Writing and Arithmetic, and 4/6d. for Latin, Greek and French. It is remarkable that Greek was taught at this time, although the population was only 2,650, whereas it has just recently been re-introduced to the school curriculum when our population is 10,264.

By 1825 the schoolmaster's salary was £11 2/2d., and Book-keeping had replaced Greek. There were by then several schools besides those already mentioned. In 1836 a school was established under the auspices of the Relief Church and was situated near it. A widow called Mrs. Rose had a school in the Craigs where, among things, she taught sewing. There was also a female teacher in Banton "who was very assiduous and successful in instructing". In a list of books used in these schools it is noticeable that over half of them were Testaments or Catechisms.

After the 1872 Education Act, Kilsyth schools were divided into Burghal and Landward. Now that education was compulsory, a new school was urgently needed. This was built at the Craigends and permission was given to call it "Kilsyth Academy Public School", provided that higher education was taught. The infants and juniors are now taught in this building. In time, this, too, became over-crowded and an addition was built in 1901, now known as "The Senior Building". Later other buildings were added, particularly for technical and science instruction.

The rest most of us know—how the present Kilsyth Academy was begun before and interrupted by the War, and how Kilsyth's senior pupils now have the satisfaction of knowing that they are being educated in one of the most modern centres of instruction in the country.

MOLLY DUFF, 5A.



ROBERT HANNISH 2A.

## AUCHINVOLE CASTLE

I am naturally interested in Auchinvole Castle. I live there. It stands on the Dunbartonshire side of the River Kelvin at the foot of Castle Hill, between Twechar and Auchenstarry. The present building, reproduced above, is a Victorian re-construction of twenty-six rooms, over the doorway of

which is built in a coat-of-arms representing a Lion Rampant with trailing foliage, and a skull and cross-bones in one corner. But the original building is probably one of the oldest foundations in Kilsyth. In a history of Kirkintilloch Town and Parish, the author states that this castle had a moat, filled from the Kelvin, and a drawbridge. This would suggest an origin in the Middle Ages, but the first proof of its existence I have been able to discover is the reference, in legal documents, to its being in the possession, in 1575, of a certain James Stark. I also know that his descendants occupied Auchinvoile until at least 1705 and that one of them was appointed Commissioner of Excise for Dunbartonshire about 1675. The estate subsequently passed through the hands of the Wallaces and the Wrights.

The income of the fields of the estate does not seem to have been very great, but the owners of Auchinvoile gained their wealth from the minerals and from quarrying the whinstone in the Castle Hill.

A foundation which reaches so far back into the past is bound to have legend attached to it. There is a strong local belief in the existence of underground passages from the castle. Before the kitchen floor was concreted, there was a flagstone in the floor with a ring in it which is said to have given access to a tunnel which came up near Kilsyth Parish Church and to have continued to Allanfauld Castle.

Another legend, with less "concrete" evidence, is of a ghost. At a high window in the old part of the castle, a beautiful damsel, stands, gazing fixedly on the clump of trees on the Kelvin bank. Here, some say, lies buried treasure, but others suggest that in this spot her lover lies buried after being treacherously murdered.

What research I have done has whetted my appetite to know more about my home, and some day I may write a detailed account of what I now realise may be its fascinating history.

RONALD ALEXANDER, 5A.

### THE BODY-SNATCHERS

Who would suspect of the drowsy, peaceful clachan of Campsie that it was once, in the early 19th Century, the scene of the myster-

ious and profitable activities of the resurrectionists who turned their attentions to country graveyards when those near Glasgow became too dangerous ?



Some amusing stories are still told of these stirring days. One character, Robert Brown, often accompanied the watchmen, (who were detailed from the village in threes as custodians of new graves) and kept up their spirits by always having a plentiful supply of whisky on hand. It was only after the corpse had been removed on three occasions on which Rab accompanied the guards, that the villagers tumbled to the fact that his plying them with spirits had an ulterior motive—he was in league with the body-snatchers.

Another story tells how one cold night a suspected resurrectionist, Robin McH—, stopped his cart for a dram at Strathblane toll. The innkeeper asked if his companion on the cart couldn't do with something to warm him too. "No' him," was the reply, "he disnae feel the cauld". It was only after his departure that the significance of the answer dawned. This same worthy is also said to have been so disgusted on one occasion by the price offered him that he promptly restored the body to its proper place.

Finally, there is the tale of how, one moonless night, a group of resurrectionists were disturbed at their gruesome task. Though they escaped, one of the guards was sure he had hit someone with a hedge-hook. This incident coincided with the disappearance of one Will Monach, for some time suspected as a body-snatcher. But some

months later, Will turned up larger than life—well, not quite—he was minus a leg!

These were the days!

ROBERT MAXWELL and IAIN O'PRAY, 3A.

### HOW D'YOU DO IT?

Kilsyth is a place where there have always been well-known "characters" who have acquired nicknames more often used than their own names.

One such person was "How d'you do it" and this is how he got his name. He was a farmer who, in the old days, came into Kilsyth every market day. After finishing his business, he tied up his horse and cart in Market Square and went for a "refreshment". It is said that he usually refreshed himself so well that his horse had to take him home.

One market day some young men decided to play a practical joke on him. They unyoked the horse and took the wheels off the cart. By turning the latter on its side they manoeuvred it through a close off Market Square. Then they put the wheels back on and yoked the horse again.

Eventually the farmer, "fu' and unco happy", returned to find his means of transport missing. The jokers, after pretending to help him search in other places, "found" it through the close. The drunken farmer, whose judgement was naturally weaker than usual, blithely began to urge his horse through the narrow opening back to the Square. Of course the cart stuck. In comical bewilderment he looked at the hilarious crowd which had now gathered and then, turning to his horse, said, "How d'you do it?" For the rest of his life he was known by no other name.

ELIZABETH PARK, 2A.

### SPACE TRAVEL

*I can't help wondering how and why  
People send space ships into the sky.  
But no matter how many sputniks they send  
To the moon, the sun or the universe end,  
They'll never convince me that there will be  
A moon-man in England or even Dundee.*

HELEN ADAMS, 1A.

### WASHING UP

*Upon the kitchen sink there stands  
A pile of dirty dishes.  
For me to escape this tiresome task  
Is foremost of my wishes.  
I search my brains for some excuse,  
At first to no avail—  
Perhaps my homework I'll produce,  
Yes, surely this can't fail!  
But mother knows my every ruse,  
And even though I scowl,  
She gently takes me by the ear  
And leads me to the towel.*

NAN MCLURE, 3C.

### THE TOOTHACHE

*The worst disease that we can get  
Is the toothache, I will bet,  
It makes us howl for weeks with pain,  
Until we nearly turn insane.*

*At last we gather what courage we can  
And pay a visit to Mr. Tugman.  
The only time it isn't sore  
Is when we knock upon his door.*

*Then holding tight the hand of Mum,  
We feel the needle pierce our gum.  
The dentist then inserts his pliers  
And soon the dreadful pain expires.*

*Oh, it's out with the tooth and away with the  
pain  
And dear Mr. Tugman, my loss is your gain.*

PETER LEITCH, 3D.

### AUTUMN

The first change we notice is in the weather. The winds are higher and the rain more frequent. No longer are we cheered by azure skies but instead are depressed by their soft, sultry grey. The sun has lost much of its splendour but sometimes can be seen smiling palely through the mists. The birds' song becomes less frequent, and most are preparing to migrate.

But the sadness of autumn is lightened by its colour—in leaves russet, red or yellow falling down as though guided by a fairy, in the golden harvest; and in the rich mellow tints of its fruits.

MARGARET DRUMMOND, 3D.



ALISON VAUGHAN, 3A.

### THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME

It's Monday night and a typical evening for me. First, I have to wash the dishes. I did once devise an ingenious idea to escape this torture—break them. But “J'ai eu mal à la derrière” for some time after.

Just as I am trying to sit down to watch television, my mother notices I am doing nothing. I fetch coal. Just as I am slinking into my seat again, a knock comes to the door and at a signal from Mother I spend the next five seconds frantically tidying up while she answers. It is almost disappointing after that heroic effort to find it is only someone asking the way.

As the room seems too quiet at this juncture, my brother decides to cheer us up with Elvis Presley's records “digging the most”. My main reaction is a desire to dig an axe into that contraption which is yelling “Don't”.

By the time my brother has had enough and gone out, my favourite T.V. programme is over. In the unusual peace, I feel this is the moment to write my English essay, but I find myself doing so to the accompaniment

of “Knit one, purl one, knit one, purl one” from the depths of my mother's chair.

Is it any wonder that I'm still an undiscovered genius?

JOHN COWAN, 2A.

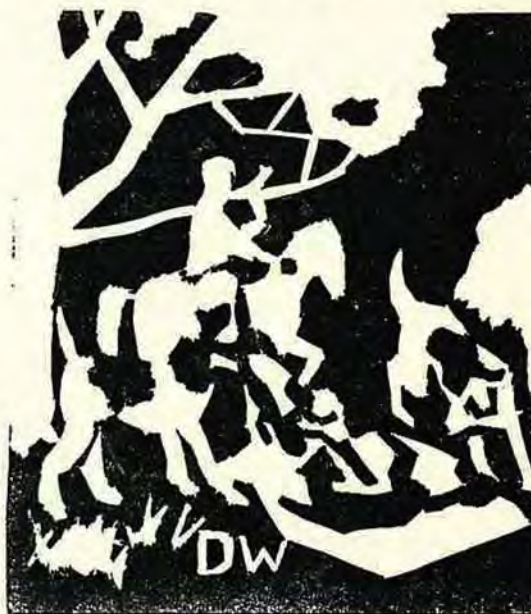
### THE HUNT

*A flashing of chestnut, of dun and of dapple,  
A brown spotted pack on the heels of the fox,  
The splash of a bright coat, as red as an apple,  
A high-mettled piebald with mud on its hocks.*

*A scampering and scurrying disturbing the  
hedgerow,  
And there goes by panting the hard-driven  
prey,  
And here come the horsemen all bending their  
heads low,  
Looking for tracks, while the noisy packs  
bay.*

*The horn of the huntsman calls out o'er the  
meadow,  
The head of the pack gives triumphant  
shrill cries,  
One scurry, one flurry, and poor fox is dead-oh,  
The cheers of his victors ring out as he dies.*

MARIE RODGER, Class 2A.



DONALD WILSON, 2A.

# “OF MATTERS ACADEMIC”

## NEW MEMBERS OF STAFF

(Interviewed by 3F)

We went first to Room 7, to interview Miss Henderson, who has come from Falkirk High School to join our Geography Department.

Miss Henderson, we decided, is undoubtedly one of the most elegant members of our staff. She is a graduate of Edinburgh University, with a degree of M.A. (Hons. Geography).

We asked Miss Henderson if she had any absorbing hobby. “Yes,” she replied, “chasing buses, up-mountain at 9 a.m., down-mountain at 4 p.m.” We enquired which occupation she would have chosen had she not entered the teaching profession. “A beach-comber’s,” she answered.

We proceeded to the Lab., where amidst an impressive array of scientific apparatus, we found Mr. Fleming, who has left Allan Glen’s School, Glasgow, to become our Principal Teacher of Science. Mr. Fleming is a graduate of Glasgow University, with the degree B.Sc. (Hons. Chemistry).

When we requested his views of the pupils of Kilsyth Academy, he discreetly murmured, “Great variety”. But when asked what he thought of the opposite sex, he was more emphatic. “Not much!” he said.

Mr. Fleming has a three-year-old son whose interests, we learn to our disappointment, are as yet wholly unscientific.

Our third new member of staff is Mr. Lindsay, M.A. (Hons. English), who has joined our English Department. Mr. Lindsay’s chief hobby, he confessed, was exercise designed to strengthen his right arm. We wonder why! Had he not been a teacher, he would have preferred the life of a tramp, or, he added as an after-thought, perhaps of the Prime Minister.

We had asked each of the three what advice they would offer to young people intending to enter the teaching profession. Without hesitation, each answered, “Don’t”.

## “THE POETS HAVE A WORD FOR THEM”

Miss H.—

“She is pretty to walk with  
And witty to talk with  
And pleasant, too, to think on”.

*Brennoraht.*

Miss S.—

“What would the world do without tea?  
How did it exist?  
I am glad I was not born before tea”.

*Sydney Smith.*

Mr. D.—

“What is this that roareth thus?”.

*Alfred Dennis Godley.*

Mr. McC.—

“There was a laughing devil in his sneer”.

*Byron.*

Mr. R.—

“I think the most ridiculous sight in the world is a man on a bicycle”.

*Shaw.*

Dining Hall.—

“Are at their savoury dinner set  
Of herbs and other country messes”.

*Milton.*

A. D. F.—

“If you can keep your head when all about you  
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you”.

*Kipling.*

Mr. W.—

“Away with him! Away with him! He speaks Latin!”.

*Shakespeare.*

Men’s Staffroom.—

“We heard behind the woodbine veil  
The buzzings of the honied hours”.

*Tennyson.*

SIXTH FORMER:

### THE DOMINIE'S LAMENT

*Ilk' year when "Magazine" draws roon',  
I hope wi' mony a weary stoon,  
Tae ken if ony wean has foun'  
Ane word o' cheer,  
For that maist ill-respectit loon,  
The schule-maister.*

*But ne'er upon my anguished e'eri,  
Fa's word o' praise, but mair o' spleen,  
Ye'd think that nocht we dae but lean  
Wi' waesome wecht.  
Against this fare I'll wage and syne,  
Pit up a fecht.*

*What then ye lads and lasses baith,  
Wha'll hark tae what a teacher saith,  
And concentrate, tho' ye be laith,  
Tae dae's ye're telt  
Wi' a' yer poo'er, or, by my faith  
Ye'll get the belt.*

*Weel may ye rant and tear yer hair,  
Nocht think ye' o the maister's share ?  
Wha's nerves are rive'd wi' muckle care  
And clatterin' dint.  
Till, girnin' at the shirkers, fair  
Wi' tears he's blint'.*

*But yet some-whiles it's no sae bad  
A noble effort frae some lad.  
Micht sublimate the pain, and glad  
His he'rt fu' fill.  
And gar him swear, tho' he gae mad  
Tae stick it still.*

WIDDIE.

### THE PEARL

(A true incident in Kilsyth Academy)

*What dire events from playful causes spring,  
Example academic now I sing.*

*The room was drowsy and the silence deep,  
Nay, more than half the pupils were asleep.  
The maiden's mind had ceased to concentrate,  
But wandered blithely to an evening date.  
A tiny pearl from her purse she took,  
And fondly wondered how that night she'd look,  
When, with a glowing pearl upon each ear,  
She would before her new boy-friend appear.  
Unthinking, to her ear she raised the pearl,  
It glimmered white beside a coal-black curl.*

*But, ah, the cruel master saw her then,  
And shouted with the voice of twenty men.  
The timid maiden jumped in her surprise.  
With piercing shriek that echoed to the skies,  
She gazed upon her hand with dire dismay—  
The little pearl had vanished quite away.  
The dainty jewel had chosen to disappear  
Amid the whorls of her shell-like ear !  
At first the master would not heed her fears,  
Till unbelief was melted by her tears.  
Ah, then, did chaos and confusion reign,  
And every remedy was tried in vain.  
At last, a wiser damsel than the rest  
A crotchet hook was prompted to suggest.  
This did the trick, and hearty was the cheer,  
When pearl emerged from out the maiden's ear.*

*The moral of this tale would seem quite clear—  
For day-dreaming in class you may pay dear.*

E. N. and M. B., 4A.

### GUESS WHO

We list below some characteristic sayings of members of the Academy staff in the hope that you will have some fun identifying their owners.

Now, then, young people . . .  
Wasting the ratepayers' money . . .  
Mr. Goodwin, may I borrow some . . .  
Right, well, come on then, uh-huh !  
What tremend - u - ous ignorance ! You,  
clown, boy !  
Man, if you don't know that, you shouldna  
be in the Fourth Year.  
Talking in the lines ? Right, into my room !  
You can do everything with a needle but sew !  
Now, take the Americans . . .  
You've read your home reader ? With a  
mark like that I'd be ashamed to admit it.

THE ARTIFUL DODGERS, 4A.

### OUR SCHOOL

*Aloof, it stands upon a hill,  
O'erlooking factories, town and mill,  
Majestic, dominating all,  
Kilsyth Academy—learning hall.*  
RUSSELL KELLY, 2C.

## ACADEMY ALPHABET

- A is for Academy where we go to school.  
 B is for our bathing suits we use when in the pool.  
 C is for the lovely cakes we bake at cookery.  
 D is for the dancing we practise at P.T.  
 E is for the English with which we learn to speak.  
 F is for the fun we have in the playground every week.  
 G is for gymnastics which we do for certain reasons.  
 H is for the holidays we get throughout the seasons.  
 I is for the ink we use in all our exercises.  
 J is for our jotters which we write on to win prizes.  
 K is for Kilsyth where our school is situated.  
 L is for the learning upon which we are concentrated.  
 M is for mathematics which we learn every day.  
 N is for our netball which we play in the right way.  
 O is for the orderly way in which our school is run.  
 P is for the parents who see our homework's done.  
 Q is for the questions we answer when we're able.  
 R is for the Rector who works hard at his table.  
 S is for the spelling which sometimes no-one knows.  
 T is for the teachers who keep us on our toes.  
 U is for umbrellas which we carry when it's raining.  
 V is for the vigour we show when we are training.  
 W is for our writing which is neat and clear and strong.  
 X is for the mark the teacher uses when we're wrong.  
 Y is for the young folk with one another vying.  
 Z is for the zealous way in which we all are trying.

MYRA RITCHIE, 2F.

## MY FAVOURITE SUBJECT

The subject I like best is cookery because we always get interesting things to do and plenty of time to do them in. I like it, too, because I learn how to do some baking at home. Sometimes if my mother is ill I can always make the dinner and tea for the family. When I am bigger and have a home of my own I will be able to make lovely dishes and cakes for my visitors who come to my house for tea.

CHRISTINE TURNBULL, 1E.

## HOLIDAY SEASON

*The holiday season will soon be here,  
 And every one loves this time of the year,  
 Exams will be over, results good or bad,  
 Will make each of us joyful, or perhaps very sad.*

*It's off to the seaside for a fortnight or more,  
 I will swim, I will dig and pick shells from the shore,  
 And no one will stop me, of this I am sure,  
 For down at the seaside the air is so pure.*

*It makes me so happy to think of this treat,  
 That really and truly I scarcely can eat,  
 So roll on July, then to Morecambe I'll go.  
 Shall I want to come back? Well, the answer  
 is "NO".*

EVELYN NEIL, 2F.

## AN ANCIENT FARMER

*There was a farmer long ago,  
 Who lived in Ancient Rome.  
 He had no clothes, no food, no tools,  
 A brave cave was his home.*

*His tools were made of sticks and stones,  
 His clothes of skins so rare.  
 His food he found in nearby trees,  
 And insects were his fare.*

*Care he did not take to clean,  
 The food which he found there.  
 So children died and grown ups too,  
 Because he did not care.*

JEAN BROWN, 1E.





NORMAN MACDONALD, 2A.

### NO TIME TO STAND

The twentieth century has truly been called the "Age of Speed". Faster and faster cars, boats, trains and planes have been hurtling across the earth and one of man's greatest ambitions seems to be the breaking of speed records. This century has seen the mile run under four minutes, cars speeding at 394 miles per hour, boats travelling at 202 miles per hour, trains careering along the tracks at 126 miles per hour, while planes fly at speeds greater than that of sound. In all this quest for speed how can one hope to see the beauties which God has put there for all to see? We have forgotten how to stand and stare.

In our rush, we miss the squirrel's hiding places, the field-mouse's nest and store of corn, the hedgehog, ambling along by the hedgerows, the little rabbit peeping out of its burrow or the weasel stalking his prey through the long grasses. The beauty of a field of wild flowers swaying and dancing in the breeze is lost to us in our rush and bustle. The twinkling stream sparkling and babbling beneath overhanging trees is completely hidden from our gaze which never leaves the

road except to glance at the speedometer. The silver flash of the trout in the stream is not for us. The song of the birds is drowned by the roar of the petrol and jet engines. All the beauties of nature are hidden from those who have forgotten how to stand and stare.

Everyone would benefit from taking a walk through the quiet country lanes far from the busy roads and all sounds of traffic. Here, stopping often, we would have time to appreciate the beauties of little things around us and the quiet and peace of the whole countryside would do much to restore nerves, strained by the pace of modern living which leaves no time to stand and stare.

DAVID YOUNG, 2A.

### AN INTERESTING BUS RIDE

"Oh, no! She'd never do that, surely!"

I heard this snatch of conversation as I took my seat in the bus. The speaker was a young schoolgirl in the seat in front, distinguished from her companion by pig-tails. I'm quite sure no woman could have resisted "listening-in" to what followed that first enticing snippet. I didn't anyway.

"Do you know," went on the girl with the pig-tails, "I went out a walk with her one day and every chap we passed made eyes at her".

"I'm not surprised," replied the girl without the pig-tails. "I wish I had her beautiful black curls. I wonder if they're really natural or if they're permed".

"I don't think so," laughed Pig-tails, "though, mind you, I know she goes to a beauty parlour every so often. Jane told me that her—" here the conversation descended to a maddening whisper which ended in a fit of the giggles.

They recovered themselves sufficiently to rise as their bus stop drew near.

"Look!" called back Pig-tails to her companion. "Jane has brought her to meet us!"

I craned my neck to assuage my curiosity about the raving black beauty whose curls I had come to envy. But all I could see accompanying the girl who greeted my conversationalists was a darling black poodle.

CORYN PARKER, 4B.

# "OF GHAISTS AND BOGLIS"

## HOPPER'S HILL

*The winter wind wailed ruthless, biting, keen.  
The aged oak tree creaked unsteadily ;  
But in the warm well-lit village inn,  
Laughter rang out, clear and readily.*

*Singing and drinking, rocking back in mirth,  
Young Dick, old Tom, and drunken Charlie too  
When a stranger, sitting quietly near the door,  
Old Tom did spy, with wavering, watery view.*

*The group, well filled and out for sport that  
night,  
In tottering array approached the stranger,  
Inviting him to come to Hopper's Hill,  
How could this gentleman know of the danger ?*

*For on Hopper's Hill a ruined castle stood,  
Battered, bleak, gloomy, eerie, old,  
A cavalier had once been murdered there,  
Whose ghost the ruined fortress still patrolled.*

*The stranger laid his cap upon the table,  
And pulled a large black hood over his head  
In the inn now reigned a deadly hush,  
As through the door, the party young Dick led.*

*Young Dick, the stranger, Charlie and old Tom  
One by one disappeared from sight.  
And nothing has been seen of any since . . .  
Since they left the inn that fateful night.*

*The landlord saw the cap upon the table,  
The outside bearing specks of dust and grit.  
But just behind the brim he saw two small holes,  
Into which a pair of horns might fit . . . !*

*A lonely shepherd on the hill next day,  
Found there imprinted, deep and definite  
grooves.  
The marks of six feet on the soft brown earth,  
Marks made by six feet—and two hooves.*

ANGUS CRAIG, 3B.

## FEAR STALKS KILSYTH ACADEMY

It was Friday night and even the cleaners

had all gone home. Kilsyth Academy was as silent as the grave.

Into the gloom of the corridor peered the white faces of two girls.

"It's eerie, isn't it, Janet?"

"Let's go home, Jean".

"No, we must find your coat. If you hadn't left it, we wouldn't be here in the first place". They felt their way along the corridor towards the cloakroom, clutching each other's hand.

"Listen Jean. Do you hear something?" They held their breath. Irregular and muffled steps were approaching.

"A-a-a-ah! Look, Janet! Did you see it—half-man, half-wolf?"

The Janitor and his Alsatian appeared on the scene just then.

ISABELLA MACDONALD, 3C.

## THE GHOSTS OF THE MILL

*When the moon comes out and all is still,  
The old wheel creaks beside the mill,  
The owl flies out from the big oak tree,  
And the ghost begins to dance with glee.*

*They haunt the mill till the sun comes out,  
And they turn the wheel as they flit about.  
All the ghosts have an eerie sway,  
As they dance about in the moonlight's ray.*

MARGARET SPIERS, 2B.

## PROPHETIC DREAMS

Many people, especially in the Highlands of Scotland, believe that dreams can foretell the future. I myself have complete faith in this belief. This is the reason. Last year, while on holiday abroad, on the last night before leaving for home, I dreamt my little dog, Trixie, was dying. In the morning, I woke with a strange foreboding and sense of loss.

My depression lasted most of the day until I decided to confide its cause in my friend Elspeth. Of course, she laughed

at my fears and lifted some of the weight of my apparently unreasonable sadness.

But on reaching St. Enoch's station, I was met by my mother who gravely told me my little dog had died the previous night. They were amazed when I took the news calmly as if I already knew about it. Then I told them of my dream. My mother, being a Highlander, and having had similar experiences herself, had no difficulty in believing me, and ever since, my faith in the prophetic power of dreams has been unshakable.

MARJORY MAIN, 4B.

### IS THIS YOUR PROBLEM ?

By I Wilsolvit

*Q.* I did nott haf a goud edukashun and konsekwently my speling is nott verry goud. Kan yoo help mee too impruve it !—*Skoller.*

*A.* Yoor speling dus nott seme verry bad too mee, but a dikshonnary wood help yoo too impruve it.

*Q.* All my girl friend thinks of is Frankie Vaughan giving her "Kisses sweeter than Wine" in "The Garden of Eden". What will cure her of this ?—*Anxious Lover.*

*A.* Tell her to take "A cold, cold shower".

*Q.* For some years now I have been trying to learn how to swim. I have gone to many instructors, but have met with no success. Can you suggest anything ?—*Keen Swimmer.*

*A.* Why not go to the baths ?

*Q.* My girl friend seems to prefer classical music to rock 'n roll, and I am beginning to worry about her. Should I send her to a psychiatrist ?—*Teddy Boy.*

*A.* Yes, you should "send" her right away.

*Q.* When my 18 year old son, who is still at school, returns home after 9 p.m. he is reprimanded and twopence is deducted from his weekly allowance of 1/-. Am I being too severe ?—*Doting Father.*

*A.* Certainly not. You must not let your son take advantage of your generosity and obvious kindness to him.

*Q.* When my 13 year old daughter brings her boy friend home at night, they go into the sitting room where they are alone for the rest of the evening. I think she is too young for this. What shall I do ?—*Worried Mother.*

*A.* Move to a house which has no sitting room.

H.M., A.McN., J.J., 5A.

### A ROSE BY ANY OTHER NAME . . .

Parents—be careful when choosing the name of your child ! It seems to me there are two dangers. Either the name affects the child's personality or it is so wildly at variance with it that the nominee becomes a laughingstock.

Take myself. I was christened Annie, but my strong-minded granny insisted on my being called the more sedate Anne. I am eternally grateful. I am quite sure that as Annie I should have been a cheeky minx, but as Anne, dignity is my second name.

So much for the influence of names on personality. The other danger—of a madly improbable name—is mainly incurred by parents under the influence of some strong enthusiasm. Film fans might find that the offspring they had named Marilyn turned out to have bow legs, cross eyes and buck teeth. The patriotic parents of Winston Churchill Smith might be disconcerted to discover that they had produced a tounge-tied, shrinking violet. Worse still, the literary parents of Shakespeare Brown would probably be disappointed when their child, far from writing the play of the century, had the makings of a football international. Margot Fonteyn Wilson may have splay feet. Montgomery Wellington Jones may be an arrant coward and what if Caruso Thomson can't sing a note ?

Parents, I say, beware ! Play safe ! Give your child a simple name. Then if plain Jane turns out to be a raving beauty, or plain John the actor of his generation, their names will merely be foils to their greatness.

ANNE WILSON, 5A.



BARBARA MACDONALD, 5A.

### ACCIDITNE ?

Caught on the temple by a well-aimed flint thrown by a wild-looking Pict, Legionary Flavius of the IXth legion guarding Antonine's Wall and stationed at Castelhill, dropped senseless into a clump of bracken.

When he woke up he found the wall buried in parts and mere moss-covered ruins in others and, on looking around for his friends, he could find no sign of them.

Rising, Flavius was further astonished to see all around arable land under cultivation and in the valley below sprawled an unwall'd town with two black hills rearing their ugly heads to the west of it.

Gripping his sword and shield tighter he decided to investigate and, setting off, he found a first-class highway—by Roman standards—and darted into a ditch as he heard a roaring sound coming from the other side of a bend in the road.

Presently there appeared, labouring round the uphill curve, a huge red monster. Thinking about all the dragons he had heard of, Flavius could not find one to fit this description. Smoking at the tail, with two huge eyes at the front and moving on all fours,

the monster screeched to a halt with an ear-splitting roar as Flavius jumped from a hedgerow and brandished a gleaming sword.

He struck out. His sword rebounded from impenetrable tegument. He tried again and this time it jammed in the monster's NOSTRILS. He felt its hot breath burning on his cheek. His courage deserted him. He fled, but slipped and struck his head.

When he revived his friends in the Legion laughed in disbelief as he described his adventure with the unslayable dragon, breathing fire.

Kilsyth folk laughed too, when a bus driver insisted that he had seen a Roman on the Croy road. But the fact remains that somewhere an old red bus is still running with a sword in its radiator. Moreover, as Bridgette Canovan was playing about on her way home from school last week she came upon a rusty, worn helmet resembling that worn by a Roman legionary.

JAMES PROVAN, 3A.

### TECHNICAL SUBJECTS

The photographs in the centre pages of our magazine try to give some impression of the varied work done in our School under the heading of Technical Subjects. In this century, this form of instruction has greatly expanded for it has become recognized that a knowledge of technical matters is necessary for those who wish to play an active and contented part in our changing age. To-day Technical Subjects has an assured place in the curriculum of secondary education.

How do Technical Subjects prepare pupils for this changing age? Broadly, the subject is taught in two parts, the practical and the theoretical or paper work.

Woodwork and Metalwork are the means used to foster craftsmanship which demands precise measurement and first-class design. Technical Drawing is a means of expressing and interpreting ideas. It can therefore open up a field of constructive thinking of great interest and value. Applied Mechanics is taught during the last years of the course and is the application of the principles of mechanics found in our highly industrialized society.



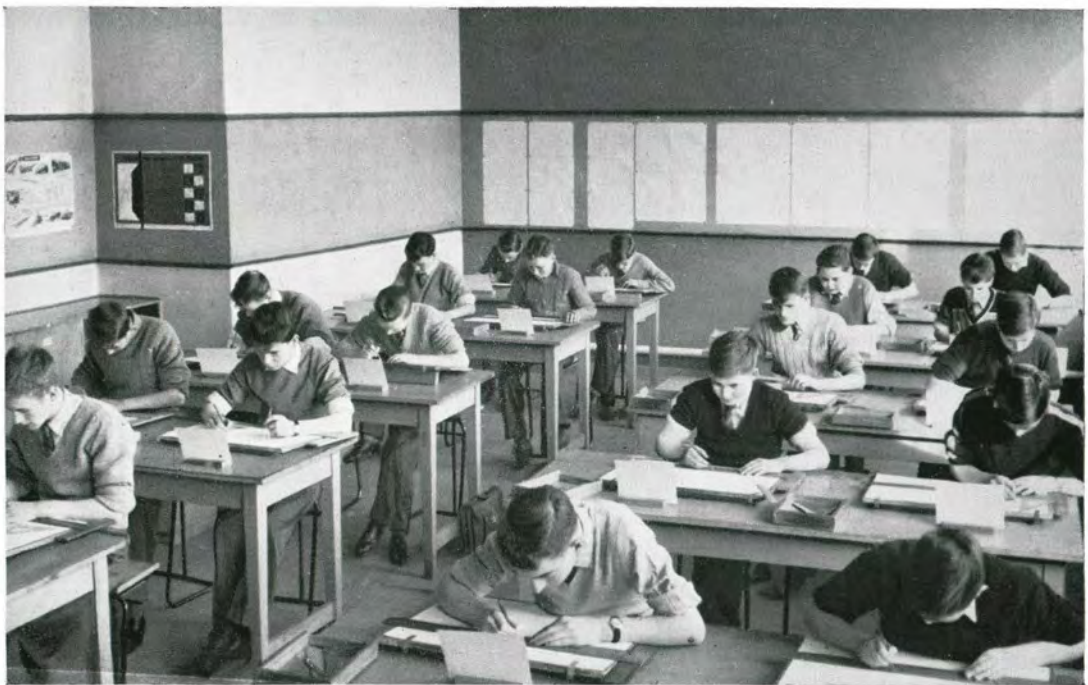
CAPTAINS AND VICE-CAPTAINS



SCHOOL PREFECTS



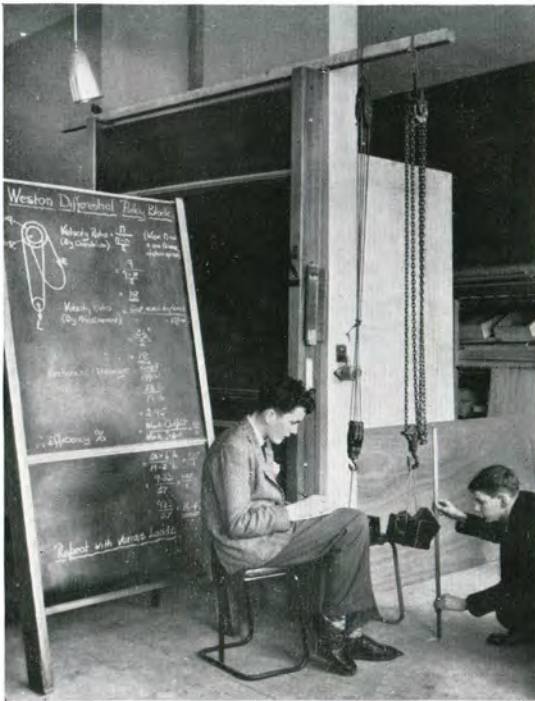
**METALWORK**



**TECHNICAL DRAWING**



MECHANICS



ADVANCED MECHANICS



WOOD TURNING LATHE



*Back Row—Coryn Parker, Marlene Watson, Jessica Truten, Marilyn Marshall, Nan Welsh, Irene Hamilton.  
Front Row—Rosemary Carmichael, Fiona Kidd, Alison Vaughan, Phyllis McNeil, Jessie Duncan.*



*Back Row—Roy Thomson, Robert Burns, Robert Young, Peter Leitch, John Bassy, Alec Shaw.  
Front Row—James Gall, Ross Graham, Thomas Steele, William Mathieson, Paul Fleming.*



# “OVER THE HILLS”

## A VISIT TO PARIS

It was late on the night of April 3rd when in drizzling rain a weary band of travellers descended on Paris. After our ship, the “Arrromanches”, had rocked and rolled across the Channel in a very rough crossing in which the “stronger” sex had fared worse, our school party had arrived at its destination.

As we thought of how “Gay Paris” in April is usually advertised we felt rather disappointed in the dull weather. The bright lights, open air cafes and the sound of French voices, however, soon lifted our spirits and we realized that, apart from the weather, this was Paris as we had imagined it.

We toured Paris daily and in a surprisingly short time realized that we had seen most of its principal sights. What we were all looking forward to, however, was our ascension of the Eiffel Tower. As we gazed up at this “giant skeleton” from below, we thought with apprehension of how the top of it swayed to and fro in the wind. We began the wearisome ascent on foot and I personally felt somewhat giddy as the ground very gradually sank further beneath me. On reaching the second floor most of us of the “weaker” sex decided to continue upwards while only a handful of the “stronger” sex risked the final journey by lift to the highest platform. From here we had a marvellous view for miles around and recognised most of the important buildings of Paris by which we had previously been so impressed. We were very amused on seeing the cafe tables like mushrooms beneath us.

We found, however, that time was all too short for our sightseeing and souvenir-hunting and our holiday seemed to pass in a flash. There are some sights which we shall never forget such as the splendour of the Champs Elysees in the evening glittering with bright lights and brilliantly-lit shop windows with the floodlit “Arc de Triomphe” at its head. Indeed we shall long remember our first and most exciting visit to Paris.

FIONA KIDD, 3A.

## ISLAY

Islay is a small island off the west coast of Scotland. I paid a visit to this island two years ago and enjoyed it immensely.

The sands at Islay are pastel coloured and are smooth and clean. They stretch for many miles round the island. Although it is only seven miles in length, it has long stretches of sand.

There are not many towns in Islay. The largest town is Portaskaig, which is made up of Hotels, the Burgh Chambers, some shops, a swimming-pool, and some houses. During the summer months the hotels are usually filled but if it has been a cold wet winter, they are not so busy because Islay has worse weather than the mainland. A few small towns are scattered over the island, but these are not very popular in the summer because many people prefer to go for a camping holiday in the beautiful green dales in order to be free from the noise of the towns and cities.

Most of Islay is taken up by green pastures on which feed Ayrshire cows. On the small mountains there are a few sheep.

Campers and hikers sometimes have to walk a mile or so for their provisions. It depends on where the nearest cottage is because the travelling shop stops only twice a week. This van contains everything from chocolate mice to kitchen tables. A van comes round once a month, stopping at every house and shows a film lasting for an hour. Apart from this the hikers and campers have no amusements except from cards or games which have to be sedentary because there is only one oil lamp which gives a limited light.

Some people have great difficulty in understanding the language as the people there speak Gaelic. Very few people in Islay speak English.

Islay is sheltered from winds although not from rain, and has a fair share of sunlight. Although the mountains are not very high there is snow on the summits for a great part of the year.

I hope that I have given such a good description that you will pay a visit to Islay in the near future.

JESSIE FITZSIMMONS, 1A.

### VENEZUELA

Although I was born in Scotland and attended school in Scotland, my real home is Venezuela four thousand miles away, a northern country of South America.

How I look forward to the summer holidays when I can visit my parents there—those glorious six weeks when daylight is always bathed in sun!

Come with me, and let me show you the beauties of a South American city. We leave Prestwick Airport about midnight. During this we touch down at Gander for refuelling. After thirteen hours we arrive at New York. From there we continue our journey to Venezuela. This hop takes seven hours—not so long but still very wearisome. At last we see beneath us the Caribbean Sea and in two hours' time the mountains of Caracas—the capital city—loom ahead. We touch down at Maquetia Airport and are received with great courtesy.

Soon we are travelling homewards. Caracas could be termed an "oil city", which, within the last few years has become fabulously wealthy. Father stops the car to point out the newest building which is twenty-five stories high and is constructed mainly of glass. Why not visit the restaurant on the top floor and see beyond the city while we enjoy a delicious Continental meal?

From where we sit we see in the hazy distance small green cable-cars gliding up the mountain slopes to the newest hotel where wealthy holiday-makers escape from the heat and the bustle of the sweltering city. In these mountains, too, live the poor natives of Venezuela who scratch a living from the very poor soil and occasionally bring down merchandise on the backs of their small but strong "burros".

Father points out to us a highway which is the pride of the Venezuelan engineers. From the east side of the city this highway would take us for twenty kilometres almost in a straight line through mountain and valley to the coast.

But we are very tired, so let us go home

and rest. We have six glorious weeks to explore the wonders of this strange and beautiful country.

ROBIN WILLIAMSON, 2A.

### AN AFRICAN MARKET

I spent my last summer holidays in Ghana and one of its features I found most interesting was the market. It was situated in the centre of Kumasi, the chief town of Ashanti. The stalls were arranged untidily in groups. The women sat in front of the stalls on wooden boxes jabbering like monkeys to each other, while at the same time they were chewing the chewing-stick. Their animals are allowed to wander freely around the market. Our African cook was showing us round and we were taken into all the nooks and crannies.

We passed through the food section and the smell was nauseating. There were heaps of dried fish, bits of monkeys on sticks, pieces of snakes, large snails which were being roasted and sold, yams, vegetables like large potatoes, cassava, coconuts, paw-paws like melons, pineapples, green oranges, peppers, garden eggs like tomatoes, sugar cane, bunches of plantain like bananas though they grow very much bigger and do not turn yellow when ripe.

Then we came to the section where they sold jewellery, handbags, cloth and other fancy goods. At the first stall a bearded old man was selling beads, some so tiny you could hardly see them; others were very large. They were of every colour imaginable. Next there was a stall with a fat, greasy-looking woman selling crocodile, snakeskin, and various other reptile skin bags. The stall next to it was filled with bales of cloth from every conceivable country.

At the market gate stood a huge garage filled to capacity with American, British, French and German cars. Inside, the up-to-date assistants were showing the cocoa farmers the cars. These farmers make their money with the cocoa and with it they buy a car, although they live in a mud hut. Yes, Ghana is a queer mixture of primitive and modern, most obvious, perhaps, in the African Market.

DOROTHY PRESTON, 1A.

**THE BOYS OF 3E**

*The boys of 3E are very bold,  
They never do what they are told.  
In the English period they shine best,  
Just state the page and they do the rest.*

*I'm afraid at Art they make quite a splash,  
But the swimming period goes like a flash.  
At football you'll hear their praises sung,  
And the star of them all is Robert Young.*

CLASS 3E.

**THE FARMER'S BOY**

*There was a jolly farmer  
Who had a jolly son,  
Who went to join the army  
To have a lot of fun.  
But when he joined the army,  
They handed him a gun  
And marched him up and down the square  
Beneath the blazing sun.  
Now he's back to farming  
And feeling far from glum,  
Enjoying the change from army food  
To cooking done by mum.*

KATIE MACNEIL, 1C.

**THE BEST DAY IN MY SCHOOL LIFE**

Dull, uneventful, yet the best day in my school life !

At five to nine, I thought to myself that the summer holidays were near at hand and then I would be fifteen and free from the chains and slavery which bound me to my present prison. Sudden interruption ! A former pupil had returned to see the teacher. Although it was extremely bad taste, I listened in on their conversation and heard the girl say that she would give anything to be back at school.

My mind began to dwell on what the girl had just said. Come to think of it, school wasn't so bad ! And here was I, moaning and groaning because I was still

at school. Hadn't I all my life to groan ? And hadn't I only a few more weeks at school ?

I resolved then, to put my heart really into my work that day. Believe it or not, I actually began to enjoy it. Knowing that I was giving of my best, I could feel remorse at not being able to answer questions, regret that I had not been more gifted intellectually.

Later in the day, basking in the sun with my friends, I realised how much I would miss them. My thought seemed to communicate itself telepathically to one of my companions for she suddenly said, out of the blue, "You know, I'm going to miss you all". And a dismal silence fell on us all.

You may say what an uninspiring, hum-drum day. How, on earth, could anyone call it her best schoolday ? And I answer—on that day, I appreciated for the first time how much in the way of fun, friends, loyalty and teamwork, not to mention learning, I owed to my school.

ELSPETH HERD, 4B.

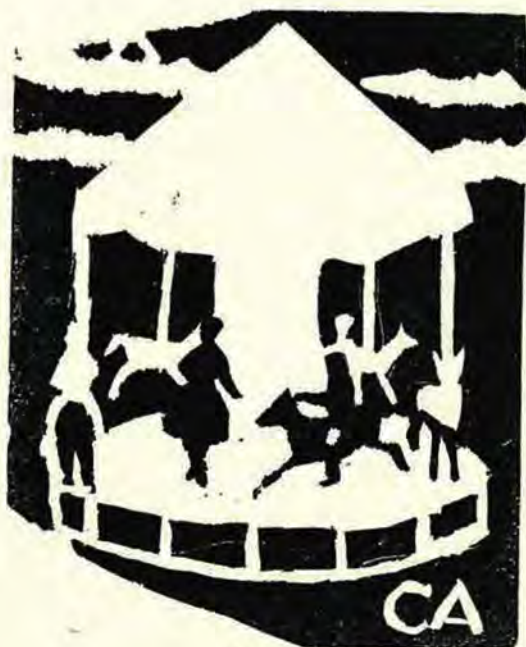
**THE ROWAN TREE AND  
"MARY'S TEARS"**

A year ago a minister on the wireless told the legend of the Rowan Tree. He said that the cross which Jesus carried to Calvary was the Mountain Ash or Rowan Tree, and when Jesus was nailed to it, his blood fell in drops. Each year the scarlet berries which appear on the tree are symbols of Jesus' blood.

One day I noticed at the foot of the Rowan Tree in our garden green leaves splashed with white spots. I was told that this plant was called "Mary's Tears" because the tears which His Mother shed as Jesus was dying on the Cross fell on a little green plant at its foot and ever after this plant was sprinkled with white spots.

I could not help thinking what a strange coincidence it was that the plant called "Mary's Tears" grows at the foot of our Rowan Tree and wondering whether the previous owner of our garden had deliberately placed them together, knowing of the old legends.

JOYCE DAVIDSON, 2B.



CHRISTINE ANDERSON, 3A.

### THE MERRY-GO-ROUND

*Look at the Merry-go-round down at the Fair,  
Prancing, fat horses with golden hair,  
Ear-piercing music, raucous and loud,  
Delighting the children and drawing the crowd.*

*Buses and steamboats and dappled giraffes,  
Happy young children ; shrill screams and  
their laughs,  
Smiles of the parents who stand at the side,  
Watching their children as they take a ride.*

*Gaudy new paint and outlines bizarre  
Of animals strange from countries afar  
Whizz past in blurrings of colourful light  
Till the Merry-go-round shuts up for the night.*

CHRISTINE ANDERSON, 3A.

### MY BRIEF LIFE AS A COMMIS-WAITER

Last summer I was temporarily a member of the peculiar species, neither fish nor flesh, known as "commis-waiter". For your information, this creature crawls between kitchen and dining-room fetching and carrying for the incomparably higher species of Waiter.

In my innocence, I arrived at G— Hotel with a case full of books for study in my "spare" time, but maturer experience showed me that this would be mainly devoted to cooling my feet and doctoring the corns, blisters and near-bunions thereon.

My first night on duty was one of inconceivable confusion and frustration ; the French menu was Greek to me, the waiters' orders indecipherable, the balancing of plates a terrifying ordeal and the impression of being disdainfully stared at by the guests something that still haunts my dreams.

I don't think the Head-Waiter thought much of me, either, for the next night I was relegated to salad-making and grapefruit-slicing in a small side room where the sight of me could not upset the digestion of the diners. Here I quixotically exchanged jackets with a waiter who'd spilled soup on himself. The fact that the sleeves ended eight inches above my wrists did not disturb me unduly until I was summoned to help out in the dining-room in a moment of rush. When the Head-Waiter noticed my nakedness, he ushered me back into privacy with a grip on my elbow that could only be described as vice-like. I shall draw a veil over the cruel, not to say obscene, words he spoke on that occasion.

That night I tried to smother my worries by attending a fancy-dress dance in the village. I impersonated a female. This, I felt required pretty vigorous rouging of my cheeks. When I came home, I dropped into bed too exhausted to wash. Dawn broke, and with it the discovery that no amount of scrubbing would remove my maiden blushes. Perforce, I had to expose them to the cold light of day and the breakfasting guests. My discomfort was increased by the fact that I could not keep my eyes open. This, naturally, made carrying a tray heavily laden with dishes a little difficult—indeed impossible. I believe the noise of the crash led those on the neighbouring golf-course to suspect some new nuclear mishap.

Believe it or not, I held my job for four more ill-starred weeks, at the end of which time both the Head-Waiter and myself decided that perhaps fate did not intend me for a commis-waiter.

W. BRADFORD, 6.

### “MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS”

Have you ever been told “Mind your own business?” I have, more times than I or an adding machine can count. I personally see nothing wrong in being corrected when doing a wrong thing. It is better than going ahead and probably making some stupid mistake. Of course, anyone will agree that it is silly to butt in on a subject and correct someone when you are not too sure of the answer yourself. But I find it maddening even to watch someone fiddling about with maybe a wireless or television, making a terrible job of it, and being told to “Mind your own business” if I timidly make some slight, helpful suggestion.

It happens in any profession or walk of life and no matter if you broach the subject carefully, tactfully or otherwise, the answer invariably is the same . . . “Mind your own business”.

Surely the world would be a better place to live in if occasionally people allowed others to “Stick their noses in” and therefore make life easier by helping each other with their problems. After all, one person can't know everything there is to know in the world and maybe the answer to that question which is nagging your mind is known by someone else. Therefore, let us try and help each other simply by not “Minding our own business”.

ISOBEL PATRICK, 3B.

### THE BATTLE OF HASTINGS

*In the year ten sixty-six,  
When the king of England died,  
Two mighty nobles rose  
And for the throne they vied.*

*Harold was tall and fair,  
William was dark and strong,  
And at Hastings these two met  
To prove the other wrong.*

*But a Norman arrow flew,  
And pierced good Harold's eye,  
And the Saxons lost the day  
When they saw their leader die.*

MALCOLM MACNIVEN, 1A.

### A MATTER OF OPINION

With gallup polls so fashionable at the moment, we thought we'd sound Fourth Year opinion on matters relevant and irrelevant to school life. We found sufficient divergence in the male and female points of view to think them worth recording separately. Limitations of space make it necessary to give majority opinion only.

Attitude to school? *Girls*—Tolerant. *Boys*—! ! ? ? ?

Attitude to homework? *Girls*—Conscientious. *Boys*—Collaborationist.

What would you like to be? *Girls*—1. Research Chemist. 2. Teacher. *Boys*—1. A man. 2. A millionaire.

Weekly pocket money? *Girls*—5/-. *Boys*—Not enough.

Favourite school subject? *Girls*—1. History. 2. English. *Boys*—Swimming.

Favourite radio programme? *Girls*—Record Shows. *Boys*—Top Twenty.

Favourite T.V. Programme? *Girls*—Emergency Ward 10. *Boys*—Sportsview.

Favourite Singer? *Girls*—Pat Boone. *Boys*—Elvis Presley.

Favourite Film Star? *Girls*—Dirk Bogarde. *Boys*—Brigitte Bardot.

Favourite Hobby? *Girls*—1. Boys. 2. Reading. *Boys*—1. Aeromodelling. 2. Girls.

I. H., J. T., 4A.

### THE BEST MONTH OF THE YEAR

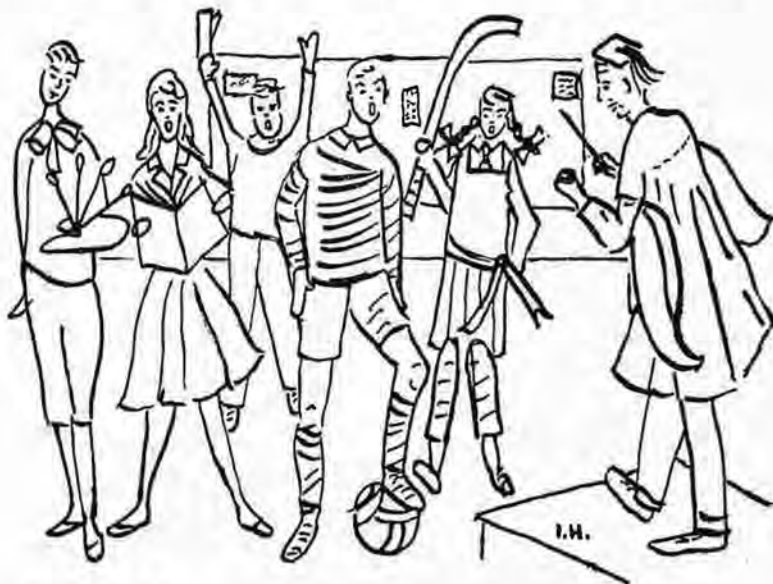
I think April is the best month of the year. Flowers begin to appear in the garden, buds on the trees, and the birds are busy gathering twigs to build their nests.

In a country lane in April, you see the full beauty of Spring. The fields on either side look green and fresh, the trees are bursting into leaf, the birds are carrying twigs and straw for their building and the snow-white lambs are jumping in the sunshine.

Farmers are busy planting oats and wheat and potatoes, gardeners are polishing up their spades, and, in the lighter nights, children are tumbling about like puppies. Yes, I like April best.

ROBERT BURROW, 2E.

# SCHOOL ACTIVITIES



## FOOTBALL

Owing to the disbanding of the Stirlingshire League, the School did not run a senior team this season. The Intermediate have been extremely unfortunate in most of their games. They played 19 games, winning 1, drawing 5 and losing 13. In the games when they lost, they recorded such scores as 5-6, 0-1, 3-4, 1-2. They were beaten 1-0 by Denny High in the first round of the Scottish Intermediate Shield.

For the first time, the School entered a team in the Intermediate Reserve League. This team consisted of young boys from the first and second years, and it proved a means of their gaining valuable experience before entering the Intermediate team. They played twelve games, winning one and losing eleven. In most of their games, however, they were up against much bigger and heavier boys.

The School also ran a first year team which fared considerably better than its "big brothers". They played nine games, winning four, losing four and drawing one.

## PUPILS—STAFF MATCH

The match between the pupils and the staff was held on the school field, under atrocious

conditions, just before the Easter holidays. The staff was handicapped by the absence of Messrs. Goodwin and Fleming but, in spite of this, they played exceedingly well up till half time when they were only one goal down. This score might have been higher but for some magnificent saves by goalkeeper Corbett. In the second half, however, the pace began to tell on the staff, and goals became frequent. Despite the frantic efforts of the referee and his linesmen to keep the score down, the game ended in a 6-0 victory for the pupils.

## FORMER-PUPIL NOTE

John Freebairn, our personality of two years ago, has achieved much fame since leaving school. This year he was chosen as goalkeeper for Amateur Scotland against Wales at Dumfries and against England at Wembley and it is to his credit that Scotland did not lose any of the games in which John participated. We wish John the best of fortunes for his future career in football.

## HOCKEY

Few matches were played owing to bad weather and the poor condition of the

school pitch. The latter reason also caused practices to be curtailed and, consequently, the School did not attain any great achievements when a game was played. A match was held between the pupils and the staff in October of last year. In this game, although the skill on the field left much to be desired, the staff showed their marked superiority by a clear 6-0 victory.

**ATHLETICS**

In the Scottish Schools' Sports last year, Agnes Freebairn gained third place in the senior high jump with a jump of 4 feet 7 in.

In the McGhee Trophy donated by Joe McGhee for Cross Country running, the team consisted of boys younger than those usually entered for this race. The boys, nevertheless put up a fine performance although they did not gain a place in the team event. The following boys represented the School and the places they attained in a field of 126 runners are shown in brackets : James Young, 4A (19th) ; Colin McMurray 4A (28th) ; Peter Leitch, 3D (31st) ; Robin Paterson, 2E (63rd) ; Ross Graham, 2C (73rd) ; Alex Abercrombie, 2C (90th). The Individual Championship was won by Denny High and the team event by Falkirk High.

**BOWLING**

Although bowling has often been termed "an old man's game", it has been played with some enthusiasm by Kilsyth Academy pupils in the past few years. Last year a game between the staff and the pupils was played on Kilsyth Miners' Welfare Green and resulted as follows :

| Pupils        |    | Staff      |    |
|---------------|----|------------|----|
| R. D. Gracie  | 10 | R. Corbett | 15 |
| F. Kidd       | 6  | L. R. Reid | 24 |
| A. D. Fleming | 16 | F. T. Kidd | 7  |
| R. T. Profit  | 11 | R. Burns   | 17 |
|               | —  |            | —  |
| Total         | 43 |            | 63 |
|               | —  |            | —  |

The staff, by their 20 shot victory, thus reversed their defeat the previous year when they lost by ten shots.

In the pairs match for the annual anonymously donated prize, the victors were Hamish Leishman and Robert Gracie (skip) who won by 9 shots.

**TENNIS**

In the final of the School Tennis Championship last year, Robert Gracie defeated Frank Kidd by 2 sets to 1 after a hard exciting game.

**PERSONALITY PARADE**

As we have had no outstanding individual in the sporting field this session, we decided to highlight the sporting life and achievements of some members of staff.

Mr. HAMPTON has played cricket all his life. Between 1947 and 1955 he played with Forfarshire and while with that county he was chosen as twelfth man for Scotland. Owing to the injury of one of the players he fielded for Scotland. He played hockey for Grove F.P. and was selected for the Midlands men's side. He also has played rugby, tennis and golf.

Miss STEELE was sports champion at Falkirk Technical. She played hockey for her District twice and played as goalkeeper in an International trial at St. Andrews. She also plays badminton and tennis and hopes to take up golf.

Mr. KIDD was awarded a full "Blue" for soccer at Aberdeen University in 1928 and played for the University from 1925-1928. He was a member of the Scottish Universities team which toured Denmark in 1927. He won the Tennis Championship at Aberdeen Training College in 1929 and has also played cricket, golf and bowls.

Mr. GOODWIN won the Boys' Golf Championship at Bonnybridge three years in succession and also won the Senior Championship there. He is at present a member of Falkirk Club and last year reached the final of the Club Championship, only to be defeated by 3 and 2 over 36 holes. He has played several times for Stirlingshire.

Mr. GRIFFIN was captain of the rugby and football teams at Douglas Ewart High School. In 1948 he represented Scotland in the Under 15 100 yards Sprint. As a soccer player he had 2 seasons with Douglasdale Juniors and played a trial with Queen of the South.

Mr. MCKENZIE played football and cricket in the Army. He represented his regiment in the Northern Command Walking Championships, walking 16 miles in 2 hours,

20 minutes.

Of the others. Mr. Rattray played Water Polo ; Mr. Fleming played Ice Hockey and also cycled ; Miss Porter played Hockey Tennis, Lacrosse and was a member of the Stirling Country Dancing team ; Mr. Reid was Senior Sports Champion at Cumnock Academy in 1946 and also represented Western Command as a Cross Country runner ; Mr. Dunlop has swum one mile back stroke in the School swimming pool and plays badminton ; Miss Fletcher was a notable Hockey player ; Mr. Lindsay has represented Jordanhill Training College at Table Tennis and also coaches in the sport ; Miss Loudon plays Badminton ; Mr. McCallum was a Cross Country runner and a Golfer ; Mr. Gillies was a middle distance runner and a hockey and badminton player ; Mr. Wilson played Rugby and his present sport is "scootering" ; Mr. Donald played Cricket and Badminton in the Deeside league representing Banchory ; and Miss Stark captained a former Kilsyth Academy Hockey team.

#### K. A. L. D. S.

This season the following people were elected for the committee :

*Convener*—Miss Stark.

*President*—William Bradford.

*Vice-President*—Andrew Fleming.

*Secretary*—Jessica Truten.

*Treasurer*—Helen Shaw.

The Society started off well with "A Matter of Opinion", with a panel of teachers. Following on were two debates, "That Capital Punishment should be Abolished", and "That Gambling is Immoral", then the ever popular "Desert Island Disc" meeting was held. After this a new panel game was tried, "My Word" and this proved to be very popular. There were only two meetings in December—one was a "Hat Night" and a rousing debate "That Sex Equality is Impossible". After Christmas followed a debate, "That Christmas should Supplant New Year", then a "Hat Night". The term ended with a debate "Science versus the Rest" and a Record Night. The Spring Dance went very well and a reasonable profit was made. It is hoped to have

one or two debates this term. Gratitude must be expressed towards the Third year who have been very courageous and brought forward many new speakers. We also express our warm thanks to Miss Stark who has given up so much of her time to help and advise us in our society.

JESSICA TRUTEN (*Secretary*).

#### THE ART SOCIETY REPORT

The Society was formed this session by Mr. Hampton, our Principal Art Teacher, for the interested members of the 3rd, 4th and 5th years. The attendances at the meetings were greater than expected as Art does not arouse much interest in Kilsyth. At our first meeting Elsa McAllister was elected President of the Society, the Art staff being general supervisors. The highlight of the session was a film and talk on Modern Art by Mr. Semple, the Art Supervisor. The Art and Debating Societies combined to run the Easter Dance which was held on 31st March.

SANDRA S. STEVENSON, *Secretary*.

#### COMPETITIONS

##### THE National Bible Society of Scotland Essay

This is a competition for 3rd year classes and each of the following who had the best essay in his or her class, will receive a beautifully-bound Bible :—

3A, Fiona Kidd ; 3B, Angus Craig ; 3C, Margaret Fisher ; 3D, Robert Anderson ; 3E, Charles Scotland ; 3F, Jean Black.

##### Road Safety Quiz

The School team entered for this competition lost by a half point to a team which reached the finals for Scotland.

##### "Top of the Form"

We had the privilege of being broadcast in a "Top of the Form" contest. The members of the team (A. Fleming, J. Paterson, D. Taylor, F. McCaffer) put up a gallant fight but were defeated in the first round.



### The Kirkintilloch Players' Essay

Alistair Stirling's review of the play "Ghosts and Old Gold" was awarded the Book Token presented by the Kirkintilloch Players.

### Central Counties Musical Festival, 1957

The Senior Country Dance Team was first in its Class with the dance "My Mother's Comin' In".

The Intermediate Team was third equal in its Class with the dance "Lady Baird's Reel".

Teams are being entered again this year and a mixed team is being entered for the first time.

The Choir was first in the Hymn Singing Class and for this gained the Cup which it is again competing for this year.

### Art Competitions, 1957

In the Clan MacDonald Competition, Norman MacDonald was first in the Glasgow Area and first in Scotland in the 10-12 age group.

Isabel Herbertson was first equal in an Art Competition, open to all Senior Secondary Schools in Stirlingshire, promoted by Stirling Society of Architects.

Jessica Truten was awarded a Certificate of Commendation in a competition sponsored by Glasgow Corporation and open to all schools in the Glasgow area.

Paintings by Robert Hannah and Norman MacDonald reached the final selection in the National Competition for Children's Art, 1957, organized by the "Sunday Pictorial".

Various competitions have been entered this year.

### Burns Competition 1957

The Burns Trophy was won by William Bradford.

### The Literary and Debating Society Competition 1957

The Colzium Trophy was won by William Bradford.

### Latin Competitions

In this session's competitions, in the Latin newspaper, "Acta Diurna", Jean McGinnes 5A has been commended four times, Eleanor Murray 3A once, and Jessica Truten and Gillian Garden shared first prize in a crossword competition.

### SCHOOL OUTINGS

In these enlightened days every effort is made to broaden the scope of education and to stimulate interest in the arts and sciences. At Kilsyth we are particularly fortunate in the number and variety of outings organised for us.

The increasingly important field of science was well covered by excursions to manufacturers of such vital products as sulphuric acid, aluminium and chemicals. The places visited were the Sulphuric Acid Manufacturers, Glasgow, Hope Junior & Sons, Chemical Manufacturers, Glasgow, British Aluminium Company, Falkirk and Burntisland.

In December acquaintance was made with the glamour subject of science at a lecture on "Electronics in Control" and to round off there was a lecture on "Food Inside and Out" at Graeme High School.

The Theatre points the value of English and we were well catered for by "Ladies in Retirement" and "Ghosts and Old Gold", performed by the Kirkintilloch Players, and "Twelfth Night", at the Citizens' Theatre, Glasgow.

History was represented by a visit of some first year pupils to the Art Galleries, Glasgow.

The Vienna Boys' Choir was enjoyed by a number of pupils who heard their performance at St. Andrew's Hall, Glasgow.

Our thanks are due to all those whose efforts made these outings possible and to the various organisations concerned for their helpfulness.

ELSA MCALLISTER, 5A.

### VISITS TO THE SCHOOL

The week before Easter was remarkable for three invasions of the School. First, on 23rd March, came the Military Band and

Dancers from the Queen Victoria School, Dunblane. The afternoon's varied programme was much appreciated by pupils of Kilsyth Academy.

The following day, we were entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Gilmour. Their recitation of old Scottish ballads and modern American poems and their amusing presentation of a scene from Oscar Wilde's play, "The Importance of being Earnest" were enthusiastically received by the audience.

On the Wednesday, the School was opened for inspection by parents. Although the weather was not propitious, one hundred and ninety parents took advantage of this opportunity and visited the School. They saw, in addition to the normal school work, displays of work arranged by the Technical, Art and Domestic Science Departments. We hope that the occasion served its purpose of forging a closer link between home and school.

ROBERT MORRISON, 5A.

### COUNTY SPORTS

Despite appalling weather conditions, the Annual Sports were held on Wednesday, 7th May, at Brockville Park, Falkirk.

The School did exceptionally well and had more than its share of bad luck. The pupils who distinguished themselves were :—

**Boys**—Group D :—Russell Kelly won 80 yards sprint. The relay team finished second. The entire team shared the McArdle Trophy with Denny High and Lennoxton St. Machans.

Group C :—Robert Black won the 100 yards sprint. James McPherson was second in the High Jump. George Campbell was third in the 220 yards sprint.

Group A :—Alex. Sutherland won the Shot Putt. The relay team were very unfortunate in the final when Hugh Dunwoodie, in a good position, fell from a cluster of runners at the first bend.

**Girls**—Group D :—Rosemary Le Poidevin won the High Jump.

Group C :—Nancy Love was second in the Long Jump. Mary McNiven was second in the High Jump. The relay team put up a magnificent performance by winning the final.

### TWO POEMS AFTER HORACE CHACUN A SON GOUT

*One man may delight to be first in a race,  
When the wheels of his chariot have set the  
best pace.*

*Another is happy when chosen by fate  
And the uncertain mob to be magistrate.*

*A third finds his pleasure in storing up corn.  
A fourth in the tilling to which he was born.*

*The land-loving merchant, quite sick of the sea,  
In the peace of the country is happy to be.*

*The man who likes war finds the camp has its  
charms,*

*His music the trumpet when calling to arms.*

*But the crown of my life would undoubtedly be  
If the poet's ivy wreath were presented to me.*

JEAN MCGINNES, 5A.

### "GATHER YE ROSEBUDS WHILE YE MAY"

*Yonder tall Sonacte is mantled o'er with snow,  
Whose flakes are borne by winds to bend the  
white pines low.*

*To hush her dancing streams with cold and  
glitt'ring frost*

*Till white numbness the mind, all other senses  
lost.*

*The roaring trumpet blasts and rends the seas  
asunder*

*The surging waves are riv'n by rushing winds  
and thunder.*

*The aged mountain ash is bowed and groans in  
pain*

*The stately cypress sways, the furies rage in  
vain.*

*Inside, the fire's slow warmth and calm and  
quiet reign ;*

*So distraught minds the great gods deign to  
calm.*

*The mellow wine is poured from sabine jar,  
Thoughts fly from present ills and lightly roam  
afar*

*As fear of storms is overcome by blindly  
trusting love,*

*So peace of mind is bought by accepting every  
move*

*Of Fortune's wheel; for all the carefree joys of  
youth*

*For love, age has its counterpart in trust and  
truth.*



KENNETH McALLISTER, 3B.

### PONY TREK

It was about ten o'clock when Billy Ross pushed open the gate of the field and Judith and Anne and myself urged our ponies in.

From this field, a gap in the dry-stone wall opened the way to the hill-top where patches of fern bordered paths, wide and safe enough for ponies.

The ponies were an assortment of colours. Billy's was an orange-brown, called, fittingly enough, Amber. Anne's was an unusual mixture of brown and grey and called Candy. Judith's was black, with white muzzle and socks, named appropriately White Socks, and mine was a piebald called Silver.

We went in single file, looking down and admiring the splendid view below—yellow fields of stubble or green ones of grass, with a sprinkling of white farm houses and red hay sheds.

As we neared the ferns we prepared to canter. Billy took the lead and off we went, bobbing at first like sacks of potatoes, then sitting better with the ponies' heads well forward. When nearing a bend, I would wonder if Silver would make it, but he always did and I was round before I knew it. Soon, care thrown to the wind, I was laughing for sheer joy as we sped along.

As the ferns at last came to an end, we slowed down. We had now to go up a very steep hill and had to lean right over the ponies' necks as they laboured up. But what exhilaration we felt then we paused at last at the top!

The homeward journey was a gentle

trot and by twelve o'clock we had dismounted and turned our trusty steeds out to grass.

BETH MITCHELL, 1A.

### A VISIT TO THE DENTIST

January 4th, the fatal day! The day I go to the dentist!

I sat down in the waiting-room and began to shiver in spite of the electric fire. Time passed. A girl was called into the surgery. Ten slow minutes ticked by and she came out crying. I shivered some more.

The assistant said, "Would you come in, now, David?". Of course, I would have liked to say no, but I had to face it.

I walked in bravely and sat on the chair. The young dentist told me to open wide. I opened and he started poking in my mouth with a steel mirror. Walking over to a small dish, he pulled out a ferocious thing which looked like a pair of scissors with a needle-like object at the end. I did not look any more. The assistant came over and held my hand. I liked that part. The dentist said I would feel a sharp jag, and he was right, except that I felt twelve jags. This was the time for a rest. I was ushered out into the waiting room where I sat till my mouth froze.

The assistant came for me again. All the dentist said was, "The worst is over". I felt a creaking noise in my mouth and then he showed me my tooth. I asked for it as a souvenir and went back to school feeling sorry for myself but proud, too.

DAVID MORTON, 1D.

### SPRING

*When lambs are frisking in the field,  
And tiny buds on twigs appear,  
And winter's grip begins to yield,  
We can rejoice that Spring is here.*

SHEILA CAMERON, 1B.

*There was a young fellow called Martin,  
Who went for a walk to Dumbarton.  
But when he got there,  
The people did stare,  
For his suit, coat and shoes were of tartan.*

ROY GRAHAM, 2C.

# PETS' CORNER

## CAVIES

Cavies or Guinea-pigs are interesting animals for pets. You can get almost any colour of a cavy, for instance my two cavies are of a tannish colour.

The best way to feed them is the way I do. In the morning, I give them straw or hay. In the afternoon I give them grass and turnip or raw beetroot or carrot. They eat nearly every kind of vegetable. At night I give them Piper Oats. Here is how to make oats. First soak some bread in water, then cut it into little pieces, then put in some Piper Oats.

Keeping cavies is not cheap, but it is fun. First you need sawdust. Then you need hay, a box or hutch, a bucket or tin or cardboard box. Next you need grass and vegetables and a packet of Piper Oats. This amounts to about 5/- and will last you about 6 months.

When you have your box or hutch made, put 3 inches of sawdust in it, some hay and some vegetables. (The box should be about 2 feet long, 15 inches high and from front to back 12 inches). I hope some people will like having cavies but here is a word of advice. Make sure they are in good condition when you buy them.

JOHN KING, 1D.

## MY DOG

*My dog looks very smart  
In his coat so bright,  
He loves to run and play,  
And often has a fight.*

*But always he comes home,  
And sleeps all through the night,  
Then wakes up bright and gay,  
To start another fight.*

ANN ARTHUR and ISABEL INGLIS, 1B.

## RABBITS

There are three types of rabbit. The first is the table rabbit which includes all large

breeds like Flemish Giants, Silver Black Giants and Chinchilla Gigantas. The second type is bred for fur and consists only of Angoras. The third is kept for show and includes Sables, Havanas and Dutch.

I keep a pair of Siamese Sables which come in three shades, dark, medium and light. I have a light buck and a dark doe which, when bred, give medium. Sables can be kept for meat or show. I keep them for both.

Rabbits can be kept outdoors in strong draught-proof hutches. I keep mine inside in hutches, four feet by two feet by two feet, with a wire front and metal trays on the floor. In the summer I put them in a morant hutch which consists of three triangles, two of which are covered with wire mesh and the other boards to keep the wind off the rabbits. The triangles are connected with six-foot runners, covered and floored with wire mesh. This last allows the grass to be eaten by the rabbits and the ground to be fertilised at the same time.

Rabbits should be fed in the morning and evening. If greens are to be used in the morning, they should be left to wilt for two or three hours. A hot bran mash should be fed in the evening.

I find rabbit-keeping a hobby providing constant interest and variety.

JOHN BUNCE, 1B.

## TIGER TIM

*I have a little pussy cat,  
His name is Tiger Tim,  
And when he plays upon the mat,  
I like to be with him.*

*He has a little ball,  
With which he likes to play,  
And then he loves to climb the wall,  
And there he likes to stay.*

*When I go off to school each day,  
My Tiger Tim is sad,  
But when I come back I can say,  
My Tiger Tim is glad.*

MARGARET GORDON, 2F.

### WEE SANDIE

*Wee Sandie was a little cat who roamed about  
the town,  
His nose was black, his eyes were green, and his  
fur was brown.  
For food Wee Sandie liked to eat  
Some birds, some fish—that was a treat.*

*One day Wee Sandie passed a door belonging  
to a house,  
And from the bottom of that door, scampered  
a little mouse.  
It was so small and slippery, he found it hard  
to catch ;  
And so the little mouse escaped without a  
single scratch.*

*It happened not long after, it was Sandie's  
turn to run,  
As a fearsome dog had seen him and to chase  
him had begun.  
But Sandie clambered up a tree and made his  
getaway,  
Though as the dog still waited, he stayed there  
till next day.*

DONALD RUSSELL, 1D.

### CANARIES

A canary that has won a prize at a show of cage birds may be worth as much as £15. If it were a Hartz canary it might be more valuable. These little singers are famous all over the world for their song-power, and in the mountains of Germany, their breeding is an important home industry. An especially fine songster is often used to train the young birds. These teachers are called "companionis".

Canaries, as cage birds, were introduced into Italy from the Canary Islands in the 16th century. They are now common house-pets in all parts of the world. They belong to the finch family, and are, in their wild state, a greenish-yellow colour.

The mother canary builds the nest and hatches the canaries from her four or five blue eggs. They are, however, fed mostly by the father bird.

Some canaries are bred more for their beauty than for their song-power. Of these, the gold and silver-coloured canaries are considered the most handsome.

Canaries must be regularly attended to,

and the cage must be kept clean. The cage should not be hung near the ceiling as the air at the top of a room becomes stale and impure. Fresh water must be kept in the cage, and a bird bath provided frequently. The perch must be no thicker than a lead pencil.

SHEENA MACDONALD, 2D.

### THE HOUSEBOATS

We stood at the side of the water, watching the gaily painted houseboats drift slowly up the canal. As we stood there, a brightly painted one caught our eye. It was small and very colourful. The deck was scrubbed very clean and the walls were painted red, with roses as a border. On the deck sat a little dog looking drowsy in the heat.

As we stood, a head popped round the door. This belonged to a little girl. She came out and sat on deck, swinging her legs to and fro. She looked at us with two bright sparkling eyes. But just at that moment we heard the noise of the engine starting up and the houseboat started to drift up the canal.

We stood watching till it went out of sight, and we thought what a wonderful life it would be to live on a houseboat.

RENA ANDERSON, 2D.

### THE APPLE TREE

*Throwing shadows o'er the lawn,  
In the greyish light of dawn  
The branches of the apple-tree,  
Now in blossom, bow to me.*

*Children play there all day long  
Singing out their cheery song,  
Tramps take refuge in the night  
Under the branches, 'till daylight.*

*Old maids with their knitting come  
To sit in the shade, out of the sun,  
Lovers stand beneath the boughs,  
Making all their life-long vows.*

*No longer dainty, pretty, bold  
But stately, proud and gnarled and old  
The branches of the apple-tree,  
Now in blossom, bow to me.*

LINDA ST. CLAIR, 2A.

# FORMER PUPILS

## FORMER PUPILS' ASSOCIATION

I am glad that this Magazine is now an established institution for many reasons, not the least of which is that it enables the Former Pupils' Association to keep the fact of its existence before the people who are busy qualifying for membership of it. Of course, pupils of the Academy have other reminders of this, in, for instance the prizes which the Association is happy to donate each year to the best pupils in English, Mathematics, French and Science, and in the Colzium Trophy which is presented annually to the winner of the Debating Competition. It gave Miss Kirkness and myself great pleasure to judge this contest last June, when the standard reached such a high level, and we are looking forward to our return visit, now drawing very near. Our own Discussion Group, which has had a very lively season under the leadership of John Matson, is anticipating some eloquent and very welcome additions to its membership in the near future.

I think I can claim that the Former Pupils' Association is still in very good heart. The Badminton Section has just completed an active and successful season: the Social Section has had some happy evenings dining and dancing: arrangements for our annual visit to Edinburgh Festival are well under way: the Reunion, after the lapse of a year was held in March in an Hotel in Bridge of Allan, and was judged a great success by all concerned, though one or two voices were heard to sigh for "another place" much nearer home. It was a particular pleasure to see many of the younger members at this reunion: I hope to see even more at next year's, and also taking advantage of out other activities. I am not inviting you for the sake of the School, or the Association, or of the Town, though all these will benefit, but simply because I know that you can get happiness and pleasure, and a better life out of it.

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

## BULLETIN

University, Training College and Tech-

nical College have claimed quite a number of last year's fifth and sixth. Harry Ashmall is studying for an Arts degree; Alexander Binnie, Robert Gracie, Frank Kidd and David Storrar for the degree of B.Sc.—all at Glasgow University. Isobel Herbertson and Jan Morrison are students at Jordanhill Training College and Elaine Garden is training in Radiography at the Royal Infirmary, Glasgow. Agnes Freebairn has a secretarial post with the I.C.I. and Anne Kennedy, the editress of last year's magazine, is in the Civil Service. Two of our pupils, Eric Binnie and Georgina Motherwell have taken up Librarianship, and last year's School Captain, Jean Crooks, is in Banking.

Civil Engineering is the career chosen by Irvine Anderson, Accountancy that chosen by David Clark and William Taggart. Robert Profit is training as a Quantity Surveyor with the Cumbernauld Land Development Association. Peter McGinnes is a student at the Royal College of Science and Technology and Andrew McFarlane is busy with the practical side of his Diploma in Horticulture. Archie McLaren is serving his apprenticeship at the Royal Institute of Chartered Surveyors. Andrew McNicol and John Anderson are Chemists—the former with Calder Dye Works and the latter with I.C.I. James Stirling is in the Burgh Surveyor's Department of Glasgow Corporation.

Last year, Elizabeth Murray graduated M.B., Ch.B., and recently Evelyn Crawford achieved distinction in becoming First Economist and Research Organiser with the Scottish Gas Board.

Janette Adamson who went to Canada more than a year ago has a secretarial post with a Toronto firm, and seems to be very happy in the land of her adoption.

All the above-mentioned are on the threshold of what we hope will be a satisfying career. Theirs is the opportunity of making a considerable contribution to the life of their community. To them, and to all Former Pupils, we send best wishes for success and happiness.

Mrs. M. MAXWELL,  
*Lady Superintendent.*

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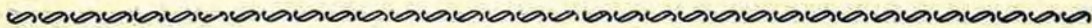
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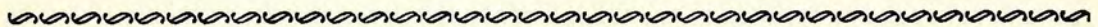
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