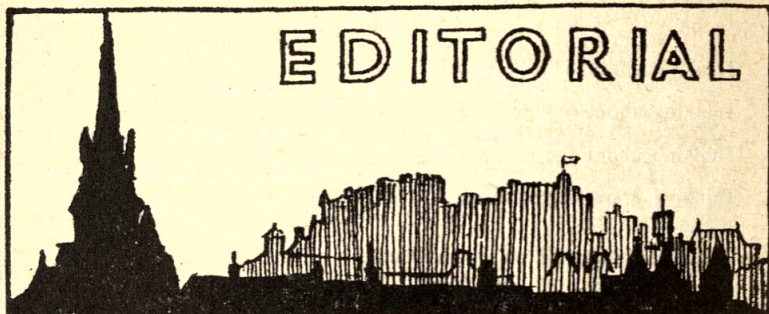


60  
TAMES  
LLESPIE'S  
HIGH SCHOOL 1963



MAGAZINE





Editor - - - - - CAROL KIDD

*"Every moment brings a pleasure  
With its own especial treasure.  
Though the moments quickly die  
Greet them gaily as they fly."*

AND suddenly it is June, the month we have been waiting for expectantly, the month that spells freedom and independence. But all of a sudden we realise that the moments are passing, fleetingly, slipping through our fingers, and we reach out to catch them and to hold them to us for just a little longer. Suddenly we see how much they mean to us these moments which for almost six years we have taken so much for granted. For our life at school is not made up of years, or terms, or periods: it is made up of moments rich in sentiment which will be stored away in the treasure-house of our memory and taken out and polished and put back, long after we have forgotten this Latin construction, that maths. formula. In later years we may not remember all the words of the School Song but we will remember the opening notes swelling up majestically into the dome of the Usher Hall as we, with almost reluctant pride, gazed at a mist of green. We may forget the clamour and the bustle on the stairs between periods, but how can we forget that clear, shrill ring of "unsensible" shoes echoing guiltily through the shadowy deserts of the corridors on "Lit." nights? Yet what we shall remember most of all will be the silence—perhaps because it was so unusual!—in the library of people studying—a large, warm, friendly silence which wrapped us round until we could feel it, in all its intensity, joining us together in a common bond of purpose.

Moments like these will never leave our memories; but they are flying and we must move on. Looking forward, we see eternity—not cold and menacing but full of such moments, warm and inviting,

challenging. Behind us we see others, sharing "our" feelings, discovering "our" treasured minutes. What shall we say to them? Just this—enjoy these moments as they come: don't wait until it is too late but grasp them now; live life to the full in this present time. So shall we know that they, in their turn, will pass on this heritage, this torch not only of learning, but of living.

### MISS ELIZABETH DONALDSON

THE death of Miss Donaldson, in May 1962, has brought to us in the staff a deep personal loss and to the School the loss of one of its most valuable teachers.

Although she was not well, with her characteristic determination she returned to work for a few days after the summer holiday but was unable to continue and when we heard the real nature of her illness it was obvious that her absence would be prolonged. For some months she greeted us in her home with the jokes and the sardonic humour which we who knew her well considered a part of the essential Miss Donaldson—the jokes against us, herself and the rheumatism which, alas, had played so great a part in her life. Indeed, we almost believed that she would return in due course to Gillespie's, but in February these hopes were proved to be without foundation.

Miss Donaldson spent four years at St. Andrews University and graduated with Honours in History and English in June 1932. Throughout her student career she combined hard work with an active interest in the social side of University life—in fact, she had that sense of proportion which she exhibited so well throughout her teaching career.

In 1933, she was appointed to Dumfries Academy, a large school where the work of a young teacher would be severely tested. From the beginning of her career there it was evident that her scholarship, vigour, penetrating gifts of assessment of the pupil's worth, her breadth of vision and imaginative approach to the teaching of History would rapidly bring her promotion. After a short period, 1939-41, as Principal Teacher of History in Bo'ness Academy, she returned to Dumfries, from which she came to Gillespie's in 1945 to the post of Responsible Teacher of History, which post with the growth of the Department became Principal Teacher of History.

How successfully she filled this position is evident by the results in Leaving Certificate examinations, University Competitions and Inspectors' Reports, but Miss Donaldson was equally successful with the lower classes. Her pupils knew well that as her standard of work was high so must theirs be, and many a former pupil has testified to what she gained from Miss Donaldson's teaching, and to the brilliantly witty if sometimes sharp asides which accompanied



that teaching. In her classroom they found the living past, the complex present and the exciting vision of the future.

In the School as elsewhere Miss Donaldson took an active part in all school activities and by her wit and personality contributed her share to the life of the Literary Society. For a number of years she devoted much of her time to the Library and from her own wide and catholic taste in reading introduced to the pupils many of the books in the catalogue. Her greatest disappointment was when the rheumatism from which she had suffered so long forced her to detach herself from these activities which had brought her into such close contact with her pupils, but her strength of will was such that she refused consistently to allow herself any relief from routine school duties. Indeed, those who taught in her Department knew how ready she was to take more than her share of correction because, as she said, "she had more time now—and she must put her disability in its proper place!"

All those who taught with her or who were taught by her mourn the loss of a friend and of one who for many years, but especially in those last months, illustrated the true meaning of the word courage.

#### MISS MARGARET A. KILPATRICK

AT the end of last session, Miss Kilpatrick retired after spending thirty-seven years in the Primary Department. That life-time's teaching must have influenced hundreds of girls in the peculiarly intimate type of teaching essential to Primary School work. Miss Kilpatrick's influence over all those years has been excellent both in character-building and in the inculcation of courtesy. Many Gillespie girls will be grateful all their lives for the thorough grounding in "the Three R's" which they received in her classroom.

A daughter of the manse, Miss Kilpatrick was educated at George Watson's Ladies' College, from which she went to Edinburgh University, where she graduated M.A. After training at Moray House Training College, Miss Kilpatrick was appointed to Moray House Demonstration School, from which she came to Gillespie's. Though she was by nature a home-lover, yet Miss Kilpatrick joined in the Staff activities before the war. She was a member of the Staff Badminton Club and enjoyed games of golf with her fellow-members on the Staff. A country-lover herself, Miss Kilpatrick shared her great knowledge of plants and wild flowers with the girls and aroused their interest and enthusiasm.

As a colleague, Miss Kilpatrick could be relied upon to do whatever was asked of her in schoolwork well and at once. Her balanced judgement and pleasant ways are much missed in School both by staff and pupils. We all join in wishing her many happy active years ahead.

#### MISS CLARA HARRIS

"THERE'S Clara Harris," exclaimed one day in the corridor a distinguished visitor to School, a tender gleam of recollection kindling his eye. "I taught her once in Arbroath. I should say that she is the ablest pupil I ever had in my class."

It was, one felt, as true as it was spontaneous; and yet it was the kind of thing that could not have crossed the mind of Miss Harris herself; nor have given her pleasure to hear crossing the lips of another. The bushel was never far from her hand. But despite it her light never flickered, never went out.

It was kindled, appropriately, in the Howe of the Mearns. The deep fires that smoulder in that ancient land and its people anneal something into their character. Behind her, as a girl, she would see the Grampians, "gurgling in summer heat," and to the east and south, where she was to spend her life, the restless heaving of the North Sea. Arbroath, then, saw her set out, and St. Andrews set the seal on her scholarship with an Honours degree in English and History. There followed apprentice days in Prestonpans, and journeyman's in Haddington. When she arrived in Gillespie's twelve years ago, her craftsman's skills were tempered and toughened.

But the toughening had overlooked, strangely, a flaw sadly rare these days. Miss Harris was a perfectionist, and a perfectionist pays the price. Her reach, as with us all, exceeded her grasp, but the gap was amazingly small, and her constant determination to close it made her worthily intolerant of some of the slick mountebankery that is calculated these days to influence people and make friends. The glib, the slipshod, the casual, the dilettante; these had no place in her own armoury, and they got brisk dismissal in others. She would have been unhappy to think that her pupils were contented with less than the best which she thought they deserved; and her success in the Bursary Competition, the Leaving Certificate examination, and markedly with those girls whose special gifts lay in other spheres, notably Domestic Science, showed that they had learned from her to measure their own work by the hardest, highest standards. The stranger might have pointed to a patina of austerity that overlaid her work, but those (and that is her pupils and the staff) who came within the warm ambience of her personality knew that that was misleading.

Scholarship, then, exact and wide, is probably what one would primarily associate with the work of Miss Harris. But her enthusiasms sent off all kinds of shoots: editing magazines, organising the Library and Literary Society, and a fine skill, in school games in Haddington, and since then on the golf course. She has, of course, in recent years won fame as the writer of school books; one of the reasons, indeed, for her early retirement was that she should have more time to devote to this important work.



Now that the exacting burden of daily teaching has been taken from her shoulders, Miss Harris has retired to the gracious comfort of Strathearn Road, where she has now made her home. There she may mull over, in that lean and sinewy prose of hers, projects with Longmans for another book; or the mystique of rose-growing in the little garden beyond the glasshouse she has just had built; or give great pleasure to her friends by inviting them for tea. Or she may merely sit and look back through the windows of memory to Gillespie's and Haddington and St. Andrews and girlhood days in Arbroath. Life's pleasures are many-faceted for a Mearns girl.

THE LITTLE BIRD  
(from the Russian of Pushkin)

Here, far from home, I have once more recalled  
The native peasant custom, sacred, old,  
Of my own land.  
A bird was freed, once more to fly and sing,  
At the brilliant festival of spring,  
Just by my hand.  
I now have comfort where I once had none,  
So why should I have any cause to shun  
My God in Heaven,  
When to one creature of sky, sea, or land,  
To bird or fish or man or beast, this hand  
Has freedom given.

JANIE MCGREGOR, 6A.

AUTUMN

(from the German of Rainer Maria Rilke)

Sir: it is time: the summer has been long.  
On the sundial cast your lengthening shadow,  
And on the meadow, loose the wind's sad song.

Order the last, late, unripe fruits to swell,  
Giving them summer warmth for two days more,  
And haste their bursting growth; and pour  
The last lush drops of sweetness in the vine's dark well.

He who still lacks shelter will build no other home;  
He who is still alone will find himself no friend,  
But with a cheerless book long evenings spend,  
And, restless, through the chill dark alleys roam,  
While thin brown autumn leaves from quiet trees descend.

RUTH WILSON, 6A.

STAFF

MISS DONALDSON, who died in May of last year, gave to the School long years of devoted service in circumstances of personal illness and pain which would have daunted anyone with less than her courageous and dedicated spirit. She has left to the School a noble example of fortitude.

In the autumn, at one of these gracious afternoon ceremonies in Bruntsfield House where we take farewell of colleagues who have been long with us, we met to pay tribute to the life-time of teaching given to the Primary School by Miss Kilpatrick, and the twelve years given to the Secondary School by Miss Harris.

Fuller notices of all three colleagues appear elsewhere in this issue.

At the beginning of the session Miss Downie joined the Classics Department, Miss Connel the Physical Education, Miss Ritchie the Domestic Science, and Miss Weir the Primary Departments. In October, Mrs Melvin, who had been teaching temporarily in the History Department, left us on the appointment of Miss Kathleen Wheatley.

Miss Valentine left the Needlework Department at the end of the autumn term. In a quiet way she gave a great deal to the School—in the high standard of her work in the classroom and in the interest she took in the Scripture Union, where her help and advice were always welcomed by the girls. Her place was taken temporarily by Mrs Scott till the arrival in March of Miss Myra Ellis, who joins the Staff after a short absence from the rooms where she was recently a pupil.

In September, Miss Donnetta Smith joined the English Staff to undertake the duties of Miss Harris, but next session will see her in Dunfermline with a husband and a new job. The student poet seems to have put his finger on one aspect of the present teacher malaise:—

“ Still the Cytherean quest continues;  
Still the voyagers embark . . . ”

Mlle. Chabot, Mlle de Gourville and Fraulein Dohner are giving valuable assistance in the Modern Languages Department.

In December, Miss Anne Downie, who had served with much acceptance in the Secretarial Department, left on her appointment to the East Lothian Police. Miss Rona Pringle has taken over her duties.



## SCHOOL NOTES

THE Annual School Service used to take place in the bleak mid-winter, just the worst time of the year for our journey, and many a cold coming we had of it. Then we changed to Easter: a watery sun might cast a wan smile on our way to St. Cuthbert's and a wash of green might animate the grey branches thrown in sombre silhouette against the Castle Rock. But we did not quite anticipate the wateriness of this year's journey. Dr Small, as usual, was not daunted by the elements and his memorable address did much to recall us from discomfort to more memorable considerations. How aptly and eloquently did the lilies, tossing a defiant head at the rain outside, provide a text.

But one custom remained for Christmas. It is a time of giving, and how warmly and generously the girls, and their parents, give. The older girls, as previously, contributed, and delivered personally, to needy old people in the city, gifts which are as gratefully received as the youthful kindness which accompanies them. Toys and gifts for younger people were generously given by both the Senior and Primary Schools and we hear that these gifts gave great pleasure in places where pleasure is not always as prevalent as it ought to be. This year Christmas Cards were sold for the "Save the Children Fund." Possibly the most notable effort in this field this session was in response to the "Freedom from Hunger Campaign." The Sixth Form girls organised a Coffee Morning which with a collection throughout the School gave nearly £200 to the cause. But this figure—and it is an impressive one—would constitute a soul-less litany of charity, without the kindness of a giving spirit, and one cannot spend long in Gillespie's without learning that the girls are constantly alert to do what they can towards helping to make life sweeter for as many as they can.

One recent innovation in the School has experienced a vigorously successful session. The Music Club was started in the hope that the noisy rituals of Tin Pan Alley had not hardened youthful ears against melodies more permanent and rewarding. Under their auspices concerts have been given in School by the Eric Roberts Trio, and by artistes under the direction of Miss D'Arcy Thomson, who also generously adjudicated in the Singing Competition. The Club produced "The Shades of Night," a comic opera, in which alongside successful performances by some of our more mature girls there was much promise from girls in younger classes. Their chief success, however, might be considered to be the part they played in the evening service in St. Giles Cathedral when, with the School Choir and Orchestra, they carried out a rewarding programme. Barbara Thomson and Alison Cartlidge, the violinists, are showing much promise. Margaret Sheddan and Irene Fiddler, both from P.6(2) have joined Edinburgh Primary Schools String Orchestra.

In the debating competition organised by the English-Speaking Union a success was ultimately achieved, just short of the ultimate, which we imagine almost surprised the two protagonists. Janice Duncan and Margaret Carswell got through the first round as runners-up to Loretto School. But now fired with ambition, as well as confidence, they won the East of Scotland Finals, and went on to the Scottish Finals at Dundee where they were defeated by Hutchesons' Girls' School, Glasgow. They also called forth very appreciative comment when they went to Kirkcaldy in a non-competitive capacity. The School has also given hospitality to visiting teams engaged in the competition.

In sport and athletics this has been a most successful year and an impressive array of silver trophies has come to rest beside the Debating Shield. In the Inter-Scholastic Hockey Tournament at Meggetland both the Senior and the Junior XI's carried off the premier award, and a tennis and a golf trophy show that success is catholic.

At the beginning of this session Miss Laidlaw gave up the organisation of swimming in the Primary School, a task which she has carried on with dedication and success for fourteen years. In addition to coaching the younger girls, she has been responsible for the swimming galas held in Warrender Baths during these years. Miss Lambert and Miss Connel, who now take over the work, have inherited a vigorous organisation.

In December a Nativity Play was produced in the Preparatory School under the direction of Miss Dewar, and one in the Primary School in the production of which Miss Nicoll and Miss Edwards collaborated. Miss Bertha Waddell's Children's Theatre returned to the Junior School for two performances in which gaiety, colour and elegant dancing, even on a small stage, lit happy fires in the hearts of their youthful audiences.

Burns Certificates were awarded in the Junior School to:—Lesley Vincent, 7(1); Rona Macnaughton, 7(2); Enid Bannatyne, 6(1); Gaye Gordon, 6(2); Anne Landels, 5(1); Freya Cockburn, 5(2); Eleanor Buchan, 4(1); Jill McLellan, 4(2); Janet Smith, 3(1); and Karen Pryde, 3(2).

At the Royal Caledonian Horticultural Society Spring Show the cup competed for by Edinburgh schools was won by the Primary School. Individual prizes for their bowls of daffodils were won by:—Marion Notman, 6(1)—1st Prize; Jean Gowans, 6(2)—1st Prize; Marion Simpson, 5(1)—2nd Prize.

Throughout the session there is a constant dispatch of parties from the School to take part in the various broader activities which help to give balance to education. To catalogue all these would be confusing but some may be taken to represent their variety. In September a party attended a Festival Concert in the Embassy



Cinema. In October the Fifth Form sent representatives to the S.C.M. Schools Conference in Moray House. In October, also, a school party attended the Freedom of the City ceremony for King Olaf of Norway in the Usher Hall, the younger girls in the Choir singing afterwards at the Civic Luncheon in the Music Hall, while another party attended the ceremony of the Order of the Thistle in St. Giles Cathedral. In this month, too, the Choir sang at the evening service in the Central Methodist Church. In March the Sixth Form took part in the S.C.M. Conference in Moray House, and in April in the Schools Conference on India. At Easter, girls attended the conferences at St. Ninian's, Crieff, and at Loch Ard. Elizabeth Sheddan went to an athletic course at Largs, and six girls are going there in June; two girls are going to the Outward Bound School at Aberdovey in July (we sent two to Devon last summer), and one girl is attending the Youth Science Fortnight in London in August.

At Easter, Miss Young of the English Department arranged a party to Stratford, which packed an incredible amount of activity into a brief ten days: the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre performances of three plays, the Cotswolds, Oxford and Kenilworth, show a nice taste in blending the literary, the historical and the picturesque. Miss Paterson is taking a party to Blois in July, and Miss Hampton and the Edinburgh Schools Journeys Association are arranging groups for Oberlahnstein on the Rhine and as far afield as Vienna. In June, twenty-five girls and two mistresses arrive from a school in Copenhagen to take part in a family exchange with our girls who go to Copenhagen on a return visit in July. But we have been taking also a practical look at life nearer home, as occasion offered, and Mr Brash's excursions to industrial concerns, Miss McIntyre's to the Law Courts, and Mr MacKenzie's to Hadrian's Wall (which will take place later in the summer term) all indicate a happy awareness, characteristic of the age, that education is confined to the schoolroom only at the cost of a disabling constriction.

Our link with Sydney High School for Girls, Australia, was maintained by a visit there by Dr Small during his Australian tour last year, and a tape-recording of the School Concert was sent out in return for the varied and interesting picture of school activities in Sydney which their recording provided for us earlier.

In November the presentation of Testaments to the First Form by the Gideon Society marks the continuance of this generous work whose influence it is difficult to assess but must be always far-reaching and often vital.

Some school activities are, of course, so established as almost to be beyond the necessity of recording. Amongst their number possibly the Joint Burns Supper with George Heriot's School holds a central place. Here in sophisticated surroundings a warm,

sparkling tribute to a poet not very sophisticated is made annually and to those few—those happy few—fortunate enough to attend, possibly no School function will give just as lively pleasure to recall in distant days.

In the spring, H.M. Inspectors carried out a General Inspection of the School. They seemed to be satisfied by what they saw but the report of their examination has not yet come to us.

A succession of visitors has come to see us at work and it gives us as great pleasure to record their visits as it gave us to welcome them. In August, three members of the Russian delegation to the Film Festival spent a lively afternoon in the School and the film actress captivated everybody by her bubbling personality. At the same time a Schools' Orchestra from Staffordshire gave an accomplished performance in the Hall. In September, Miss Richardson, a biology teacher from Tasmania, and in October, Mr Ebeid, a post-graduate student from Egypt (and Oxford), visited us, and in November, Miss Avoine and Miss K. Sen Gupta, Headmistresses from India, and Miss Whipple, a Mathematics teacher from New Brunswick. In December came Mr Pinsin, a science teacher from Australia, and in March, Mr Hewitson, a School's Inspector from Auckland. A party of foreign correspondents in Russia, Japan and France are also paying us a visit.

In February, Mr Stephenson of the Voluntary Services Overseas Organisation spoke to Sixth Form pupils in Corporation schools; in May a talk was given on "Voluntary Services at Home," and representatives from the Services came to speak to the girls about the possibilities of finding a rewarding career in the Forces.

Books have been presented to the Library by Miss Andrew, Mrs Murdie and Herr Jaffke.

The tulips in the garden at Bruntsfield must these days lift wondering petals at the clatter and clanging that goes on behind the new walls of cedar and glass that have come to share their lawns. So do we, but for a very different reason, for in a remarkably short time, without fuss or reproach, they hammer out what we send to them into happy typescript. Our thanks to Miss McIntyre and her girls, though sincere and spontaneous, is a very pallid recognition of the service they perform.

## FOUNDER'S DAY

A CLOUD loomed on the horizon of Founder's Day; then it darkened and burst. Professor Butt, of the English Department of Edinburgh University, had had an accident; his indisposition would



cause a postponement in the delivery of his Founder's Day address. Then complications ensued. Professor Butt could not come. Our disappointment was great, as was our distress at its cause.

In moments like this there is one to whom we inevitably turn. Dr Small, long our friend, master of the trenchant, often homely, phrase and the apt and memorable metaphor, acutely alive to the fundamental in human life and values, and sensitive to the spirit of occasion: none more qualified than our Chaplain to turn an original and illuminating light on the uncomplicated character of our Founder, but the very complicated city in which he lived. Just how much we owe to Dr Small this lucid, vivid and uncompromising appraisal did (if, indeed, it were ever necessary) remind us.

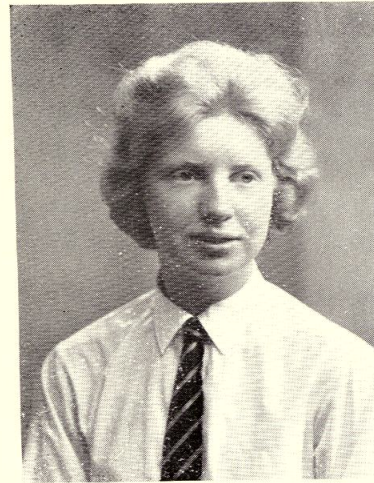
Canon Sutcliffe conducted the service. Our Vice-Captain, Kathleen Bell, read the lesson from James Gillespie's venerable Bible. The Choir sang Schubert's "The Lord is My Shepherd," the youthful voices reaffirming for us that neither time nor custom can stale its infinite compulsiveness. Then before we were quite aware of what was really happening, our School Captain, Gillian Smith, a slightly deeper crimson tincturing her sunny cheeks, was on the platform hand in hand with a smiling cherub from the Primary School, cool as a cucumber. One always wishes that Time at these moments would lessen its haste: that the quiver of excitement that animates pageantry did not drown in our ears the happy phrases in which the Head Girl voices the gratitude of the School. Anyhow it all seemed gracious and sweet and charming, and the snuff mull being presented, the sounds of "*Fidelis et Fortis*" were, full-throated, over us, buffeting the high roof.

Thus the afternoon waned from ceremony into the future, just as it had waned from other ceremonies to other futures that now embraced our present. We usually get Founder's Day memories mixed up with lilies on the high table. Somehow we cannot remember whether there were lilies or not, for this was the 8th March 1963, in the middle of the great frost, as dark and cold as any that ever seized on this often grey-skied and bleak land. One warm thought remains, though. We hope that Professor Butt is now re-established in health after his accident and illness and will come to speak to us at some later time. We hope that very cordially.

### FOUNDER'S DAY ORATION Friday, 8th March 1963

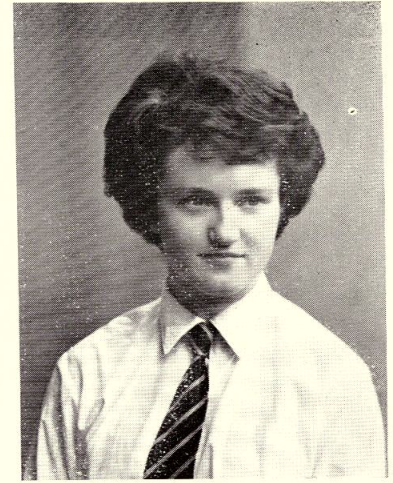
By the Rev. LEONARD SMALL, D.D., of St. Cuthbert's, Edinburgh  
DR SMALL began by referring to how little we knew about James Gillespie. On the other hand, we knew a great deal about the Edinburgh in which he lived. He continued:

#### DUX ON ARTS SIDE



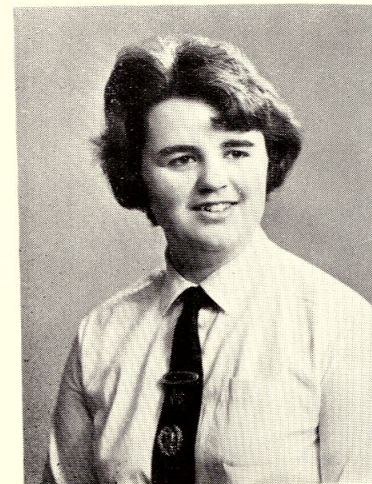
JUDITH FLETT

#### DUX ON SCIENCE SIDE



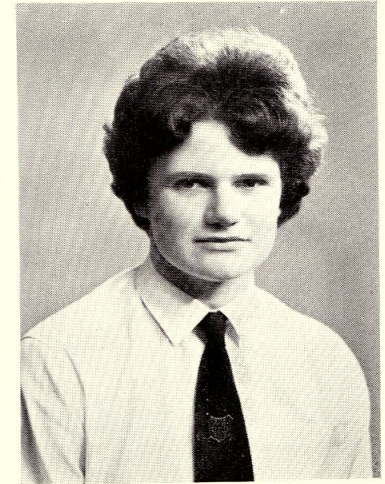
ISOBEL SMITH

#### CAPTAIN OF SCHOOL



GILLIAN I. SMITH

#### VICE-CAPTAIN OF SCHOOL



KATHLEEN BELL

Photos by E. R. Yerbury & Son



## ENFANT PERDUE



MHAIKI GUNN

FORM 4M

Photo by E. R. Yerbury & Son

"It is very difficult for us today to realise how comparatively tiny was the Edinburgh so completely familiar to James Gillespie. Imagine away practically everything outside the old city walls taking in the only two streets Edinburgh then had—the Royal Mile, from Castle Hill running down through the Lawnmarket to Canon-gate and Holyrood, and the Grassmarket. Imagine away all that lies in the south up the Bridges—no George IV Bridge, no North Bridge, only the spine of slope from the Castle Rock to Holyrood and along the ridge the High Street and its extensions east and west, and down below in the north in the hollow no houses because of the water in the great Nor' Loch stretching from St. Cuthbert's to Trinity College in Jeffrey Street, and on the other side a similar landslide down into the Cowgate and Grassmarket and beyond that nothing—and I can say this with impunity—nothing but George Heriot's and Greyfriars, and outside that, in all directions, was an occasional little cluster of houses like the Dean Village, and that was the entire Edinburgh that James Gillespie knew. But inside that comparatively small area 50,000 people somehow lived in these buildings on either side of the closes that were so narrow and ran down like herring-bones linked to the main ridge. There they lived in houses with non-existent sanitation for which a substitute was the notorious arrangement whereby at a set hour the windows opened and all the household refuse and slops were emptied into the close with that famous aftermath 'Gardy loo.' In these great towering buildings let us not forget all kinds of people lived, the rich and the poor and the in-betweens. It was a curious social structure with the poor people in the ground floor and the cellars and the rich people in between. They all met on the stair, rich and poor, wise and simple, clean and not-so-clean. There was a curious quality of togetherness in the life of Edinburgh society in James Gillespie's days. Every morning at 11.30 the St. Giles' bell—the meridian bell—called the people and the shopkeepers together for the ancient equivalent of our elevenses. At that hour they would lock their doors and hang the latch key on the lintel—an extraordinary means of keeping the place safe! And increasingly throughout the afternoon the High Street was alive with people milling around—the wealthy in their sedan chairs—and in that small congested area you had the total life of the capital city of Scotland very close together. There was no getting away from people, and plumb in the centre of it, in the very heart of it, at 231 High Street, the snuff shop of James Gillespie. This is why I say that James Gillespie knew everybody, and this is the world he knew—people of all sorts and descriptions, the rich and the poor, the learned and the not-so-learned. Everybody that could afford it came to his shop for their snuff and



tobacco, and don't let us forget the ladies of Edinburgh because it was highly fashionable for ladies to take the stuff, and a lady of fashion would carry in her bag, among the indescribable, unchangeable and mysterious accessories of a lady's handbag, a little snuff-box, and in these days the equivalent of a 'boy friend' would express his undying devotion to the lady of his choice by choosing a particularly fine and unusual snuff-box. So the ladies also came to James Gillespie's shop, and, incorrigible old bachelor that he remained, he knew about the ladies and their fashions, and their high-heeled shoes, with heels three inches high. Of course, the ladies in those days had to tread the streets as delicately as possible, so high heels were surely excusable.

"The man who lived in that kind of a world with everybody herded together like that, in the hub of the universe, dealing with them day and daily and living as I have suggested, was a man who led a very interesting life indeed, and I want you to imagine him coming back today. From the Edinburgh he knew and the people with whom he was familiar, what would strike him as different? What would he think? First and foremost, riding or driving in from Spylaw to Edinburgh to his old shop he would be amazed and astounded at the spread of Edinburgh. In his day it began to spread, first of all to George Square and this was regarded as so much a jaunt out to the country that they had to visit a tavern to strengthen themselves for the journey. And it then spread with the draining of the Nor' Loch away across the new town, the glory of Edinburgh today—Princes Street, George Street, Queen Street, Charlotte Square at one end and St. Andrew Square at the other. And as that happened the overcrowded lands of the Lawnmarket began first of all to be emptied and then to be filled up again and so came down in the world. He saw Edinburgh beginning to spread, and look at it now. He could not ride now one yard without having houses on either side or both sides of the road, and looking at Edinburgh as it now is, I think his first impression would be one of true wonder at how the city has grown, and the fullness of our modern life. He would be a little surprised at first because we take it all for granted. He would challenge us: 'Don't lose your sense of wonder,' and if we told him that the horizons of life today have extended, even to breaking the sound barrier, he would just rub his eyes and scratch his head and say, 'It is most marvellous.' I would like our Founder to say to you, girls, especially today, 'Don't ever lose your sense of wonder and don't ever take anything for granted.'

"He was thought to be a little bit upstage when he affected a carriage, but it was a long journey from Spylaw into his place of

business, and it was not a very pretentious carriage: it did not have any coat-of-arms, just his initials J.G. However, a local wag did say:

'Wha wuld hae thocht it,  
That noses hae bocht it.'

If he came, I think he would be particularly astounded at the new opportunities for girls today. In his day it was not worth while educating a girl at all. It wasn't done. His famous legacy, mind you, has been embezzled and misappropriated. There is nothing in his will about educating girls like you. -t was for boys. He would be amazed to find that James Gillespie's Girls' School has become so famous because I cannot imagine anything would have been further from his thoughts then. Think of the incredible new fields of opportunity! Might I mention just one or two of them in passing.

"Think of the way in which as a modern development girls have opportunities in the world of trade and business and commerce. In his days the merchants of Edinburgh repeatedly protested violently about the number of young girls and women who were opening shops and places of merchandise. This was a hideous innovation, and now the whole world of trade and commerce and the banking profession is open to you. Think of the teaching profession now. He would be very interested that so many Gillespie girls are going into the teaching profession. When will they learn! In his day a teacher, a man teacher, received the princely sum of £11 per annum, and near the end of his career there was a serious attempt made by the organisation of teachers to have some improvement made in their miserable lot, but it stayed as it was, and now with its faults and failings look at the wonderful field of opportunity that opens up for girls in that profession.

"Or look at the service of healing. It is very refreshing for me as a minister to go into the wards and be hospitably treated by a member of the nursing staff as if I were a person, not just a nuisance coming in from the outside at an awkward time. Generally, if I find that a nurse is particularly helpful, I ask her 'Why are you so helpful?' and she usually says, 'I am a Gillespie girl' and she goes and asks sister for me. The medical profession generally has opened a wonderful new field before us today. It was when James Gillespie was a little boy that the Edinburgh Royal Infirmary was founded in 1729, and it was at the same time that the now world-famous Medical Faculty of our University was established. Just think of modern medicine with its incredible achievements and its wonderful discoveries. But in James Gillespie's time it was literally awful. The ingredients in his day would make you physically sick. One of the mildest was to take a supply of toads and put them in a dish in the oven and cook them till they crumbled into powder.



That was a specific for all ills. That was the status of the ministry of healing in the days of James Gillespie. As somebody who probably left school when he was eleven years of age and never had any chance of going to university even when boys went at thirteen, he would say to you, 'Don't neglect your quite terrific opportunities.'

"And the last difference which I think would immediately impress him would be our quite undoubtedly changed attitude in the matters of religion. There is no doubt about his personal religion. We know that he attended Colinton Kirk regularly and that the boys educated in his hospital had to have certain items in their training—reading, writing and arithmetic (the inevitable three), and, along with this, training in the knowledge of the Bible and the understanding of Christian doctrine. Was he just being old-fashioned? No, he was simply stating what he personally believed, and I think that this old snuff maker of Colinton and 231 High Street would challenge us today on three very direct points in relation to religion, and I make no apology for mentioning them on Founder's Day which, after all, began as a religious service.

"I think that James Gillespie who knew the Bible much better than we do, having used it as the book from which he learned to read, would be very familiar with a host of texts. People of his generation were fond of the Book of Proverbs, perhaps because they were so easy to quote. There is one that he would quote, 'The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom' or, in a modern translation, 'Reverence for the Eternal is the beginning of wisdom.' How much have we left in terms of reverence? Skill, knowledge, cleverness, know-how—yes, any amount, but how much have we left in terms of reverence?

"I think another text would be 'Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.' To be concerned about other people was one of his greatest principles—concern about his tenants at Spylaw, and concern for his customers, and interest in other people. And remember that in his Edinburgh you could not get away from it: you could not say, 'I'm all right, Jack.' And, after all, don't forget that thing that raised the money to build our school was a very social thing because you could not take out your snuff-box and help yourself. He would smile when he heard about the way the senior girls help the old people at Christmas, and would say that it is your business to love your neighbour as yourself.

"The last text, I think, would be one that was quoted in this hall by the then Moderator of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland. The Moderator pictured James Gillespie choosing the text, 'A false balance is an abomination unto the Lord.' You can just see it: the wee pair of scales so carefully adjusted every bit as well as any you have in the Physics laboratory, for if he gave a shade of snuff too much that would be profit lost, and if he gave two

grains less that was dishonesty in the sight of God. That is the slightly old-fashioned way he would think about it. He believed in a true balance and he believed in a life that has a true balance—a balance between myself getting everything I can in this rich and full life and my neighbour. He believed in a balance between accepting things and putting something into life, and a balance between this wonderful material world and the world of things that are unseen and eternal.

"Somebody had the effrontery to suggest that our school is built on an act of vanity, the reason why James Gillespie left his estate and his money being to perpetuate his memory after he was dead. I don't think that is true. I think the impulse in his heart that started our school's life was something that he passes on to us today, and the determination to use life wisely and well from start to finish. It is to that kind of man that we are glad today to be '*fidelis*,' faithful, and in that spirit that we can best be '*fortes*,' strong and great."

#### GOING NOWHERE—FAST

Our stations are empty,  
Our passengers few;  
Our trains aren't paying,  
Oh, what shall we do?  
Call in Dr Beeching,  
He's got it all planned,  
He'll wipe all the trains  
From the face of the land.

So our railways have gone,  
And our roads have got busy,  
And all of our drivers  
Are in a real tizzy,  
Bumper to bumper  
They crawl on their way,  
And "It's better by bike,"  
Mr Marples will say.

Lets cut down the air fares  
And people will fly,  
And they'll be divided  
'Twixt earth and the sky.  
Politicians together,  
They gabble and talk  
If you ask me, the best way's  
Just—get out and walk!

VIVIENNE CONWAY, 4B.



## PREMIÈRES IMPRESSIONS

DIRAI-JE que j'avais une sorte d'appréhension de venir en Angleterre, excusez-moi, en *Grande Bretagne*, parmi des gens qui, au dire "du continent" sont si froids, si réservés et si calmes et dans un pays où le parapluie est aussi indispensable qu'un sac à main ? Mais oui, je puis le dire, puisque tous ces partis pris ont été détruits dès le premier jour.

Au moment même où j'entras dans Edimbourg je sentis que la ville m'enthousiasmerait. Et quel étranger ne le serait-il pas, à la vue d'un pays de conte de fées avec des rues aux maisonnettes identiques qui ne se distinguent les unes des autres que par un jardin plus fleuri, par une porte peinte en couleur vive et, Dieu merci, par un numéro ! Et le château, et toutes ces églises, ces constructions étranges, un peu tordues, un peu noires mais combien pittoresques ! Et ces immenses parcs où j'ai pu enfin admirer, palper, caresser même le "fameux gazon anglais" que nous essayons en vain de faire pousser dans nos jardins et d'en égaler le vert intense. La ville toute entière dégage une sensation de mystère, de poésie ; elle semble préservée de la machine infernale du progrès, des buildings modernes, du matérialisme qui enveloppe de plus en plus le "continent," à tel point préservée que si l'on regarde attentivement les tourelles du château, l'on croirait y voir rôder l'ombre d'une Mary Stuart ou d'un Walter Scott. Les fantômes anglais existeraient-ils ?

Vous rêvez, vous rêvez, et tout d'un coup, au moment de traverser la route, vous vous faites à moitié écraser par un "géant" à deux étages parce que vous avez eu le malheur de tourner d'abord la tête à gauche avant de vous engager sur la chaussée. Oh, gens de Grande Bretagne, que vous êtes différents !—Circulation, monnaie, poids, mesures, que tout est compliqué ! Et comme il est difficile de se conduire correctement à table ! La main gauche sur les genoux, et jamais, mais alors jamais, vous ne posez votre couteau sur l'assiette, changez la fourchette de main et mangez avec la droite.

Tout semble différent de chez nous, les écoles, les indispensables et combien importantes uniformes, les femmes-conducteurs dans les bus, les femmes qui fument dans la rue et s'y promènent en bigoudis, les couleurs très vives de vos habits—peut-être est-ce pour mieux supporter la monotonie d'un ciel trop souvent gris ?—et enfin les innombrables chevelures rousses et yeux bleus. Tout semble différent, oui, mais l'on s'aperçoit peu à peu que vous marchez, riez, pensez comme nous. Ah non, j'oubliais, il y a une différence essentielle ! Vous êtes beaucoup plus hospitaliers que nous, fort gais, et il semble que la gentillesse, le sourire et la bonne humeur soient innés en vous. Je n'ai rencontré que des gens aimables en Ecosse, et je n'ai qu'un regret c'est de ne pouvoir y

rester plus que deux mois. Mais je suis sûre, et je vous le promets, j'emporterai dans mon coeur un peu de "Bonnie Scotland" à qui désormais je sens d'appartenir aussi un peu.

ALBA GROPETTI, Lausanne.

"WHEN A NEW PLANET SWIMS INTO HER KEN"  
(An American girl looks at Scotland)

BEFORE I departed for this hitherto unknown region from my own familiar land, I was given much advice by well-meaning people on what to expect. For example, I was warned never to call a kilt a skirt, nor to ask who Robert Burns was, nor to use the word Scotch except when referring to an alcoholic beverage, nor to say "bloody," for, although it is a harmless word in my country, meaning merely covered with gore, it has an entirely different connotation here. However, my kind advisers neglected to inform me of the evidently unexplainable system of numbering the houses, Cliff Richard, or that it was wiser to remain silent on certain subjects, i.e., ban-the-bomb and Polaris marches, Great Britain in the Second World War and Home Rule for Scotland.

So, wide-eyed and feeling much enlightened, I entered Scotland prepared, I thought, to behave as if I had all situations well in hand. However, everything was against me. The system of money had me giving out too much money and then suspecting everyone of cheating me. This was minute compared to the difficulties I encountered on the buses. I never knew where I was to get off, but I wasn't alone in my predicament: the conductors didn't know either. They were very helpful about it though. One went up and down the aisles of the bus asking other passengers for directions. Another item I have noticed about your buses—they don't like to come to a full stop. I guess it wastes petrol or something. Anyway, I find myself sprinting behind the bus for a wee distance; so near, yet so far away.

The weather here is a bit unusual in some aspects. But in one way there is absolutely no difference between it and the weather at home. Whatever the forecast, you can expect a completely opposite reaction from the heavens. I heard before I came here that whenever the temperature rises above seventy degrees the entire populace practically wilts away. I was quite puzzled by this until the other day. It was rather warm so all one needed was a sweater. Much to my surprise, most of the people had on a heavy winter coat buttoned all the way up, and, in case some air might stray their way, they had a scarf wrapped around their necks. It must be that putting on a winter coat is so much a habit that when it becomes warmer, one finds that he is unable to discard the practice of bundling up well before going out.



In Scotland, as in all other parts of the world, the older generations are complaining about their offspring, especially those in the second decade of their life. Foremost among these objections is the fact that many young people are failing from university during their first year. As they were looking for the why of this, they seemed to have found their answer in the schools. Not enough is being done to teach our pupils to think, not enough writing, and the list grows. Scotland's school system, if I may judge from the newspapers and attending a Scottish school, is really quite good. Pupils specialise earlier here and are much surer of what they intend to do later on. As a result, it seems that the girls are much more mature in their thoughts and actions. I should warn you that before I came here I had absolutely no idea of what school or schoolgirls would be like. Having seen "The Belles of St. Trinian's" and read various articles on the British schoolgirl, I was more than partially convinced you all would be simply mad about hockey and look like one of Ronald Searle's characters.

Ceremony appears to be an integral part of life here—so much so that the natives hardly seem to notice it at all while the tourists drag out their paraphernalia and take numerous pictures to show the folks back home. Some of the best examples of this are when the High Court files into St. Giles High Kirk, resplendent in ermine and red velvet capes, one in knee breeches carrying a gold mace, or the times at the Castle when the changing of the guard occurs. Even the relative mundane job of directing traffic on Princes Street becomes a rite to the white-coated policeman; he looks as if conducting a huge orchestra.

The Scots are fiercely proud of their country and its heritage and rightly so. In this small area there is an abundant variety of beauty: mountains where one may climb or ski, beaches where one would be very brave to bathe, lochs, and a myriad number of ruins of other days, constitute quiet and sometimes pastoral scenes that are most restful to me, for where I come from everything is changing very fast. Here there is a substantial feeling that things have been here for a long time and are not likely to change rapidly.

I must confess that when I first came to Edinburgh I was a bit disappointed for, aside from the Scott Monument and Princes Street Gardens, it looked much like any other city. But now that I have lived here, the city takes on a personality all its own—the Grassmarket, the Bridges, Leith Walk, Haymarket, the University, Cramond—the new mingles nonchalantly with the old. The charm of Edinburgh is catching me and I know that, inasmuch as home is home, I shall be most regretful to leave Edinburgh and Scotland.

PENNY GRAHAM, U.S.A.

## A BUS HOLIDAY IN NORTH AMERICA (This is an extract from a letter)

THE tour started from London, Ontario, and went west via Detroit, Duluth, Winnipeg, Regina, Calgary (for the Stampede), Edmonton, Jasper, Banff, Grand Coulee Dam, Vancouver, south to Seattle (for the World Fair), Portland, then Dallas, Crater Lake, Crescent City, Prairie Creek, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Tijuana (Mexico), north again to Las Vegas, Zion, Grand Canyon, Salt Lake City, Yellowstone National Park, Cody, Rapid City, Sioux Falls, Chicago and back to Detroit. It was a wonderful experience and we saw so many amazing things, some man-made and others natural scenery.

The things I enjoyed most were a horse-back ride we took one evening in the Rockies when we rode up a mountain side to gain a wonderful view of mountain tops and snow fields with the Athabasca River, milky white in colour, far beneath. The Calgary Stampede was thrilling—all the atmosphere of frontier days, steer-riding, bareback riding, chuck wagon races, and all the people of the city wearing cowboy clothes, even the bank clerks and office workers. The other place with atmosphere was Tijuana in Mexico. The town itself is a dirty ramshackle place but although the Mexicans are said to be backward and poverty-stricken they have bags of personality!

Disneyland I loved—the imagination of Walt Disney is beyond description. Basically he has taken sets from his films (Sleeping Beauty, Peter Pan, etc.) and set them up for children to wander in but he has also created "adventures" for one to go on and they are tremendous fun for adults who enjoy being childish!

Some of the group became extremely interested in the wild flowers and the varying life zones through which we passed, but we in our small group were more interested in the geology, especially in the Rockies, at the three great canyons—Zion, Grand and Bryce—and at Crater Lake which is a most beautiful place.

Of the man-made structures the Grand Coulee Dam and the five-mile-long Mackinnon suspension bridge stand out in my memory and the highways in the States, some of them switchbacking up mountain sides and driven through rock to provide communication across this huge continent.

Another two vastly different but very impressive experiences were going on a five-mile hike through the magnificent Redwood forests and taking a ride on a snowmobile on the Athabasca glacier. On the former occasion I expected to meet a dinosaur at any moment amongst these immense and ancient trees and was terrified when we disturbed a group of elk and I almost stepped on a black and yellow garter snake! On the latter expedition the driver of the vehicle took a sadistic delight in frightening his passengers by driving to the



edge of various crevasses and potholes and precariously parking with two wheels over the shiny blue depths while he lectured us on the formation of glaciers—and we were too nervous to take it in!

Of the cities we visited the most beautiful were Vancouver with its mountains and tree-lined shore and San Francisco with the pastel-coloured architecture remaining from Spanish influence. Las Vegas is a ghastly place, but Salt Lake City a miracle of what can be created in the desert by hard work and imagination. This visit was also interesting as we visited the Mormon Tabernacle and learned something of this faith.

The most lasting impressions are those of space and vast distance (we travelled altogether 10,000 miles) and varying temperatures and climatic conditions—the cold, even in July, in the Rockies and at Crater Lake, and the intense heat of the desert, also the foggy air around the Pacific coast. In Yellowstone Park, too, the bubbling-hot mud pools and shooting geysers erupting all around were a little disconcerting—there was an earthquake in this area as recently as two years ago.

Once you start to travel it is so difficult to stop! I was very happy teaching in Montreal last year, am now teaching deaf children in Calgary and next year I hope to get a job in the Yukon.

ANNE KENNEDY.

## EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY BURSARY COMPETITION

### Mathematics

4th—ISOBEL M. SMITH.

### Modern Languages

2nd (equal)—JUDITH L. FLETT.

### Classics

4th—JULIA A. HUMPHREYS-EDWARDS.

### John Welsh Mathematical Bursary

1st (equal)—ISOBEL M. SMITH.

Company Sergeant-Major James Armstrong of the Scottish Battalion, the Parachute Regiment (T.A.), has been awarded the M.B.E. in the latest Honours List.

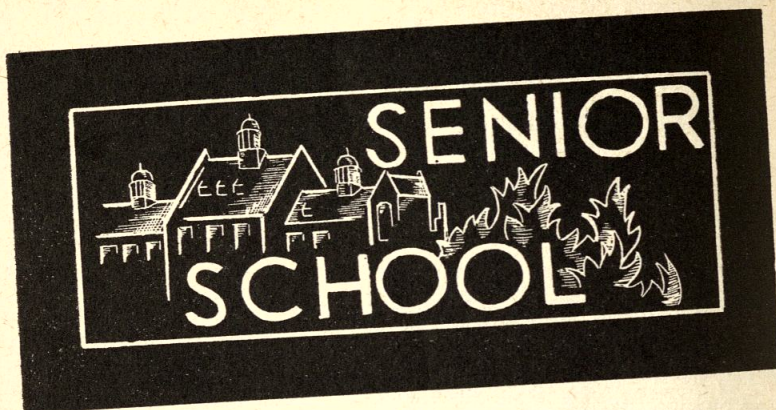
We congratulate our Janitor in the Primary Department on this signal distinction he has earned for himself, and brought to the School.

## "HERE AND THERE"

Compilers of "Here and There": I hate to hunt down a tired metaphor.

- 6 A.— On the whole we are not intelligent.  
 M.C.— The daughter of debate.  
 J.D.— Such stuff as dreams are made of.  
 J.F.— I have taught me other tongues.  
 S.G.— And my silly old collar-bone's bust.  
 C.K., etc.— You ought to see me on Sunday!  
 L.P.— I was born to be all mirth and no matter.  
 E.S.— No scandal about Elizabeth, I hope?  
 2 (G.S.)— Double, double toil and trouble.  
 I.S.— Go, wondrous creature! Mount where science guides.  
 2 (M.W.)— I am not hungry but, thank goodness, I am greedy.  
 R.W.— Animals are such agreeable friends.  
 S.W.— Quick, thy tablet!  
 Sixth Year— *At Hockey*—The ground flew up and hit me in the head.  
*At the Baths*—I have a kind of alacrity in sinking.  
*In the Library*—With half-shut eyes, ever to seem  
 Falling asleep in a half dream.  
 Bursary Competition— All things have rest: why should we toil alone?  
 School Dinners— I will do anything ere I will be married to a sponge!  
 Mid-Term— Doth every beast keep holiday?  
 1st Year— There were the young barbarians, all at play!  
 2nd Year— It is a waste of time admonishing you.  
 3rd Year— They talk of some strict testing of us—Pish!  
 4th Year— This is the forest primeval.  
 5th Year— What a piece of work is a man!  
 General Subjects— He knows about it all, he knows, he knows.  
 In quibbles angels and archangels join.  
 General Subjects Exam— Such laboured nothings in so strange a style.  
 The Bell— One ring to rule them all.  
 The Choir— "Jug, Jug," to dirty ears.  
 Orchestra— 'Tis like the howling of Irish wolves against the moon.  
 Commercial— Capital i apostrophe m doing the best capital i can  
 under difficulties period.  
 Staff— All looking remarkably Roman.  
 For e'en though vanquished he could argue still.  
 A beast, but a just beast.  
 He is the most married man I ever saw in my life.  
 The opposite of "vacant" is "engaged."





### THE KING OF NORWAY'S VISIT TO EDINBURGH

Fragment of an Ode purporting to come from the pen of the shade of one Sir William Topaz McGonagall, Poet and Tragedian, L.I.A.R. (Lyric Inditer and Reciter), Knight of the Order of the White Elephant, etc.

We welcome thee, O King, from o'er the foam,  
From the land which (although thou wert born in Norfolk) is thy spiritual  
as well as geographical home,  
Where the very steep and rugged mountains are topped with ice,  
At the sight of which the weary traveller cries out, "Oh! How nice!"  
You and our great Queen decided to hold the state visit in Edinburgh,  
Which filled all Sassenachs and quite a few other people as well with sorrow,  
Especially we,  
In Dundee,  
Who hoped to see you sail up the silvery Tay,  
That flows past our windows every other day.

When thy great ship docked early in the morning at Leith,  
There were large crowds there, and to restrain them a lot of police,  
In thy triumphal procedure along great Princes Street  
Where the flags were flapping gaily, although the day before they had got  
rather weat,  
First came the Household Cavalry, most beautiful to see—  
(In fact I cannot recall ever having seen anything quite like it before, even  
in Bonnie Dundee—  
Which, you may remember, is situated on the Silvery Tay,  
That flows past its chimneys nearly every day.)  
Thou wert greeted, O King, by a happy throng  
Which it is said were at least ten thousand strong.

Beside thee were the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh as well as the  
Marchioness of Abergavenny  
And the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, and others, ever so many,  
Thou didst at one point meet Mr Magne Fying-glass and wife and his  
Hardanger fiddle  
(Although how he plays the thing is indeed a riddle.)

When thou wert given the Freedom of the City of Edinburgh in the  
Usher Hall,  
At which they could not possibly place any more people into the Hall, at all  
In thy gracious speech, O King, thou saidst that our two countries' mutual  
good relationship and friendship did foster.  
Also present were the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester,  
As well as all the magistrates and provosts with their robes and chains of gilt,  
And the Prime Minister and Lord Home the Foreign Secretary and the  
Secretary of State for Scotland, Mr Michael Noble, in his kilt,  
Although I regret to say that his knees were not quite the right kind  
For a kilt, none of the audience seemed to mind.  
Afterwards, with three cheers for His Majesty the hall rang;  
Then came the Norwegian National Anthem at which nobody sang  
Because they did not know the tune—but perhaps if Mr Bunney  
Had played it over once, it would not have sounded quite so funny.

Next day thou wert installed in St. Giles as a Knight of the Thistle,  
So that now with insignia and medals thou dost fairly bristle.  
Then thou didst visit the beautiful city of Glasgow with its triple expansion  
engines

By means of which the workmen get some fearful singeing.  
Alas! after a week thy visit had to come to an end then,  
But we all hope (even the Sassenachs) that thou wilt find time in the midst  
of all thy kingly duties in thy far-off native land to come sometime and  
visit us again.

And that *next* time thou wilt see the Silvery Tay  
That flows past our . . .

(Here the Muse Polyhymnia scored a direct hit on the poet's cranium with  
her lyre, and consequently, the rest of the Ode is, mercifully, lost.)

LINDSAY K. POLSON, 6A.

### TO HER COY MASTER (with apologies to Andrew Marvell)

Were it not that World War III  
Might send us to eternity,  
And each might reach a different place  
In order to fill up the space,  
I'd think your hesitancy charming  
Instead of finding it alarming.  
You'd have to wait at least a week  
Before I'd let you kiss my cheek,  
And we'd progress by slow degrees  
From holding hands, to bear-like squeeze.  
But, sure, it would not work out well,  
With you in Heaven and me in Hell!  
So, as my final homeward bus  
Is starting from the terminus,  
Quickly, before my mother miss me,  
For pete's sake, kiss me!

BARBARA THOMSON, 5L.



### "WRITE ME—AS ONE WHO LOVED HER FELLOW-MEN"

I SHALL never quite know why cousin Mavis confided in me so much. Perhaps she thought the distance between Aberdeen and Edinburgh sufficient to let her express her dreams without fear of my ever seeing the reality. Whatever the cause, a lengthy epistle was regularly conveyed from the "Granite City" to "Auld Reekie."

The letters were full of one subject—it vied with the address for first place, ran all the way through, and was not content to retire until the very last postscript. It flooded every letter, rushed in torrents through every sentence and even moistened the stamp—for Mavis was a girl of one love—men!

It started, if I remember correctly, at the tender age of thirteen when Mavis fell madly in love for the first time—there had been other men in her life, of course, like the nasty little boy next door who had pulled her pigtailed when she was seven and the dashing young gentleman who had carried her books to school when she was nine—but this time it was different: she was "really in love"—with her English teacher, a sophisticated bachelor gay. Faithfully she followed his every step along the school corridors. Lovingly she lavished on each exercise tender care—but all in vain! A sharp command to "pay attention, child" and an order mark for "sitting dreaming in the English class" quickly dethroned this hero and in her letters "that darling, dreamy Mr McSween" became "old Sweenie" and I knew then that it was all over.

But the spark of emotion in Mavis's heart was not to be completely extinguished. Indeed, it was stirred into life again by the gentle breath from Cupid's rosy lips—or was it whipped into life by the howling gale that tugged at her coat and her heart-strings as, standing on the muddy turf of the local rugby pitch, she watched Hamish—or, at least, as much of Hamish as could be seen when he was buried in a scrum! For several months the tale between two cities was as alive with rugby as Murrayfield on Calcutta Cup day. Mavis had no desire to be out of touch, and I was tackled by a whole line-out of questions. Had I been at the Welsh International? Did Campbell-Lamerton weigh fifteen or sixteen stones? Why did they let Waddell near the ball?—and so on.

The letter from my aunt, Mavis's mother, was brief—"Mavis has influenza from standing for three hours in the rain on Saturday." The letter from Mavis which followed made it obvious—Hamish was a dropped goal!

Did Cupid despair? No, indeed! "Amor vincit omnia." Once more he drew his bow but this time he used not arrows but a violin—to be quite precise, the first violin, second to the left in the

front row of the Scottish National Orchestra. They had been holding a series of concerts in Aberdeen and Mavis had fallen in love with Schumann and Dvorak and Brahms and Bert, the first violinist. He was tall and gangling with a shock of blond hair, a wisp of which fell over his forehead at every second bar and semi-quavered its way through the rest of the piece. Alas! Mavis's symphony of love was to remain unfinished—for Bert and Roger and Alexander and the rest of the Scottish National Orchestra returned to Edinburgh. With them came Mavis's letters—dirges, full of plaintive notes, bewailing her sad state and the clef-t that now separated her from Bert.

When Mavis wrote to say that she had bought a crash-helmet, I knew that for once this first violinist was playing second fiddle. For another man had slipped into Mavis's life—or rather roared in—astride a 500 c.c. motor bike! Now Mavis's life was one long scramble. Once her ardour was fully revved up, she was ready to ride behind the toughest, most leather-jacketed of any of the ton-kids.

The reply to my "get well" card took a long time to reach Edinburgh—Mavis was several months in hospital. When it did arrive, however, it proved worth the wait. My dear cousin had lost interest in men—that is, in the plural! It was a wedding invitation! Mavis was to be married—to the nasty little boy next door who had proved "such a pet" when she had been ill—and so Mavis was married.

I still get letters from Mavis and they are still filled with her favourite subject. The latest victims don't play rugby or violins. They are fair, handsome twin boys, but they don't ride motor bikes—only perambulatores.

CAROL KIDD, 6A.

### MY DOG, LUCY

Lucy is my little dog,  
Her coat is grey as grey.  
She loves a walk; she loves a run;  
She loves to go and play.

She has a lot of doggy friends  
Who come from far and wide,  
And when she plays about with them  
She won't come to my side.

She plays with my slipper in the house  
And at hide and seek in the fog,  
And then she'll lie at the foot of my bed,  
A tired little dog.

CAROLYN ROY, 1F1.



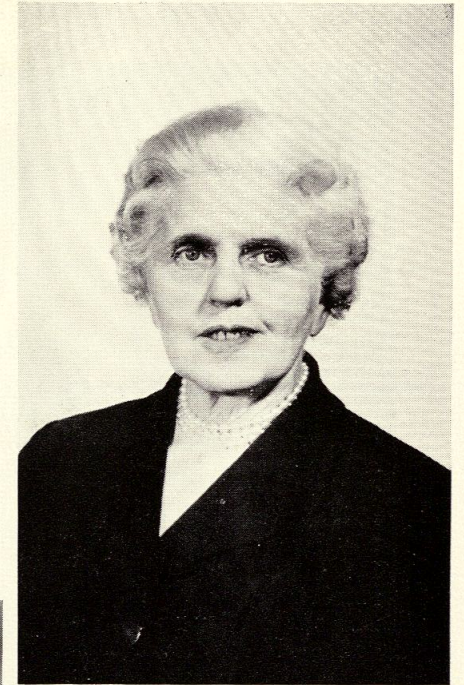
ALEXANDER'S FEAST  
or  
GASTROLOGICAL WARFARE  
(with apologies to J. Dryden)

'Twas at the royal feast for Persia won  
By Philip's warlike son.  
The Greeks all sat and ate,  
And all the while, a spate  
Of Persian cooks did run.  
Piles and piles of food they bore:  
They ran until their poor old feet were sore,  
But still the Greeks all yelled for more!  
Potatoes, macaroni, cheese,  
Pickles, pie, chips and thrushes' knees!  
Happy, lucky, greedy beasts!  
None but the brave  
Deserve such feasts!

Timotheus-Mahmud, the chief cook,  
Watched the proceedings with despair.  
Said he, "That dreadful mob in there  
Will eat the palace empty! Look!  
There is another table bare!  
We'll soon have nothing left at all.  
Those Greeks will soon have eaten all  
The palace larder, wall to wall!  
Now, something must be done.  
We'll have to stop them soon.  
By some means, either foul or fair,  
We'll have to get them out of there!"

"Now, is it wisdom that we should  
Thus feed them with our finest food—  
Our larks' tongues, chocolate-covered ants?  
—They've appetites like elephants!  
—Deep in our cellars, there's a hoard  
Of food not fit to grace the board  
Of pigs!"—the cooks with mirth grew red,  
"What shall we take them first?" they said.  
"Bring on the HAGGIS!" cried Timotheus,  
"And turnip too! and don't create a fuss,  
But serve it as you would a pheasant pie,  
—And don't forget the mashed potatoes!—Hi!"  
He called his menials back—"If this won't do,  
We'll give them something different,—Spanish Stew!"  
With bated breath the old cook stood,  
The great Timotheus-Mahmud,  
And listened to the sounds within,  
And heard a most tumultuous din.  
His brain reeled wildly at the sound—  
"Give us some more!" they shout around  
"Some more!" the vaulted roofs rebound:

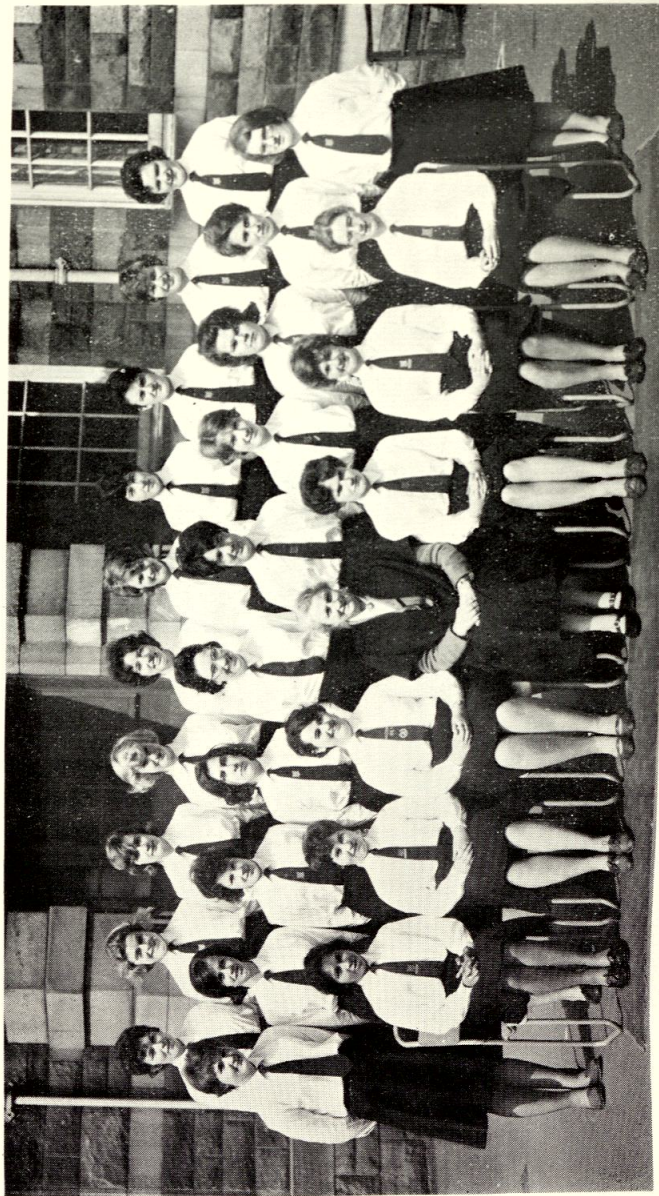
Miss CLARA HARRIS



Miss ELIZABETH DONALDSON



SCHOOL PREFECTS 1962-63



Back Row—D. GILCHRIST, S. WILLIAMSON, J. COCHRANE, J. WAITT, J. DUNCAN, M. BROWNIE, J. YOUNG, A. FLEMING,  
 Centre Row—F. KELLY, R. HUNTER, F. CALDER, H. HALLIBURTON, C. KIDD, J. MCNEILL, G. SMITH, F. COWIESON,  
 Front Row—S. SREGOBIN, R. WILSON, G. SMITH (Captain), MISS STEEL, K. BELL (Vice-Captain), S. GILLIES, L. POLSON

Photo by E. R. Yerbury & Son

Timotheus hears  
 With stonished ears,  
 And with the shock,  
 Like toppling rock

He faints, and shakes the ground!  
 Revived again, Timotheus tries the stew  
 But all in vain, for that uproarious crew  
 Devoured it all, the burnt tomatoes too!

The old cook thinks again,  
 And racks his whirling brain,  
 "I know! Darius great and good  
 Lies in our refrigerator,  
 Fallen from his high estate,  
 And waiting for the undertaker!  
 Let's chop him, in our utmost need,  
 Into nice steaks, and him we'll feed  
 To those insatiable Greeks—  
 And if that doesn't turn their cheeks  
 From red to green—I know not what  
 We may try next, upon that hapless lot!

Well—

They ate Darius good and great  
 Still in his half-frozen state.  
 —A King, by too severe a fate  
 Doomed thus, as sirloin, to be ate!  
 Then poor Timotheus sighed and thought  
 And sighed and racked his brains again.  
 "If they can eat our monarch—well!  
 What can they *not* eat? Who can tell?  
 Hark! Hark! the horrid sound!  
 The Greeks are wanting more!  
 Timotheus paced the floor  
 And on a sudden—his solution found!  
 The Sponge! The Sponge! Timotheus cries  
 See the cooks all arise  
 See them rush to the deeps—  
 And now, out each one creeps  
 With a ton-weight of iron-hard sponge!  
 Behold the ghastly sight  
 In all its ancient might  
 Primeval sponge of age unguessable!  
 Behold the cooks all  
 To the Banqueting Hall  
 Go bearing the terrible Sponge!  
 See the Greeks all arise,  
 Their panic now see,  
 As, all in confusion, they lunge  
 For the great hall door  
 And score upon score  
 Into the night they flee!



Thus, long ago  
 Ere pressure-cookers learned to blow,  
 And hot-plates were not made,  
 Timotheus was the first that played  
 At culinary war,  
 And chased the Greeks from Persian halls afar.

Envoi:—

Now let all praise to Sponge be sung—  
 The Sponge that Persia's Empire won—  
 The Ancient Sponge, all glorious—  
 And keep, oh keep it far from us!

LINDSEY K. POLSON, 6A.

#### ADDRESS TO A DEPARTING 6A (on aspiring to the University)

Lasses o' Bruntisfield! tak' tent,  
 Ye wha tae College Yairds are bent,  
 Ne'er let your glances gang asklent  
 Wi' flickerin' e'e—  
 Aye haud them fast tae books and prent,  
 Tae pass or dee.  
 Oor brither Man will like disarm ye;  
 Agin his wiles I'd better warn ye.  
 Let chiels like Freud and Rousseau charm ye  
 Wi' a' their queries.  
 So long's they're deid they canna hairm ye,  
 Ma bonnie dearies!  
 Gin by the wayside ye should fa'  
 Senatus chiels no please at a'  
 Then ye maun up and creep awa'  
 Jist like a moose,  
 Over the South Brig, tae jine the raw  
 For Moray Hoose.

MARY WALTERS, 6A.

#### THE RUNNER

Poised alert, she stands waiting. The sharp  
 crack commands to run.  
 Time seems motionless, stands still,  
 Her race is endless,  
 A lifetime.  
 Her spiked feet fly,  
 Hurled,  
 To where her team-mate lies waiting.  
 They change with precision,  
 Quickly,  
 But for her, her race is won  
 Ended.

MARION KEAN, 3F1.

#### WITH THE HANDMAIDEN OF THE LORD

IT was a dream, of course . . . When I opened my eyes the sky was a clear exotic blue above me, and there was lush green grass beneath me. I seemed to be on the outskirts of a village for, turning to the side, I could see white houses intermingled with the dark green of trees unknown to me. I stood up, barely noticing that I now wore a plain homespun dress, which was the garb there, and began to walk uncertainly in the direction of the village. I was still a little dazed by my journey. Just as I was coming to a well where several women were talking, two girls of about fourteen detached themselves from the group and ran towards me.

"Hail—!" Their voices ceased simultaneously as they did not recognise me. "Who are you?"

This was rather complicated. I said, "I have just arrived here. I haven't even had time to find out the name of this place."

They seemed surprised. "It's Nazareth," said the taller girl. "In Palestine," added the smaller.

I turned my attention to her as she spoke, and almost exclaimed aloud. There was such supreme beauty of spirit, as well as of outward form, portayed in her face, as has surely never been seen since. At a glance, she was, with her long wavy black hair, deep blue eyes and classical, unspoilt features, an unusually lovely girl. But upon looking into her eyes, surely one could not possibly mistake her identity.

"What are your names?" I asked.

"Judith," said the one.

"Mary," said the other.

I told them mine. Together we went back to Mary's house, Judith and Mary with their water jars upon their shoulders.

I met Mary's mother, Anne. They lived in a small, square house with cypress beams for a ceiling. Judith had to return to her own house to do her chores there, but Anne allowed Mary to show me around Nazareth.

Thus it was that that day my eyes feasted on the beauty of Nazareth, and my soul revelled in the presence of one who, I knew, was to become divine. I learnt that the trees I had not known were cypress trees, and that fig and olive trees also grew there. I ran over the flower-studded grass hand in hand with Mary; I sat down beside her to the simple meals they ate. And later in the evening, she knelt beside a big chest and, opening it, pulled out an impressive-looking scroll.

"This," she said proudly, "shows that I belong to the House of David." Her voice lowered to a confidential whisper. "There's only one other person that belongs to the House in this village. That's Joseph, the carpenter. He's got a little shop not far from here. We're betrothed."



I looked at her profile. She was happy, but innocent. She could not yet know that she was the handmaiden of the Lord.

Later we slept side by side on bed mats. It was taken for granted that I should stay with them—once or twice I saw Anne looking at me with an expression which could only be described as “knowing.” But I knew that was impossible.

A light mist was outside as I awoke and scarcely a bird had started to sing. I gazed at Mary, who, with eyes closed, was murmuring a prayer. For the first time in several months I felt inclined to follow her example. A short while later, we rose and dressed behind the curtain which cut off Mary's special room from the rest of the house.

After the custom of the village we fed first the animals, then ourselves. Then we went to the well, the only well, for water. Judith was there, and some other girls. Mary chatted eagerly with them. I drew a little aside, thinking what a picture the group at the well would make. Then, suddenly, they seemed to recede before my eyes and I was going back, back, faster and faster, until Mary was a black speck amidst a group of black specks . . .

I awoke to find myself back in my armchair, in the dark room. Snow had started to fall outside. The choir was singing “Away in a Manger.” I sat engrossed in thought; then I ran to fetch my coat and to hurry outside to sing with the choir:

“The stars in the bright sky looked down where He lay,  
The little Lord Jesus asleep on the hay.”

JANE DUNNET, Form 4.

### TERROR!

(with apologies to Rudyard Kipling)

Ere Mor the Mistress mutters, ere the pupils heave a sigh,  
Ere the shadow darkly crosses o'er their paths,  
Through the tension-laden classroom there's the echo of a cry—  
“It is MATHS—oh fellow-scholars—it is MATHS!”

Very softly down the passage comes a petrifying tread,  
And the whisper spreads and widens far and near;  
And the sweat is on each brow—and they know they're “for it” now,  
For of MATHS they have a real and mighty fear!

When the outburst comes upon them, and they tremble, wilt and cower,  
When the blinding, blaring onslaught rushes by—  
Through the war-gongs of the thunder rings a voice of wondrous power—  
“It is *x*, you stupid girl—it is NOT *y*!”

Now the fearful hour is past—now the period's o'er at last,  
And they're limp as though they'd come from Turkish Baths;  
Still their throats are shut and dried, and each heart against each side  
Hammers—“MATHS, oh fellow-scholars—that was MATHS!”

PATRICIA WALL, 2F1.

### CANDID CAMERA

MY friend and I went to buy material in a little shop called “The Cotton Reel.” When we arrived we gazed in at the pretty cottons, prints, silks and satins draped round models in the window. A plump lady with rosy cheeks and a neat cotton dress opened the door for us. She ushered us to the counter and brought out rolls and rolls of material. I chose mine and while my friend's was being wrapped I glanced round the shop. The walls were covered with plain pink wallpaper and in the corner stood a sewing machine.

Just as I was turning round, a man walked out from the back of the shop. His face seemed familiar but I could not place it. He asked me for my parcel. When I gave it to him, he opened it and took out the contents which he proceeded to cut up into small squares. I did not know what to do. I just stood fixed to the spot watching the pieces falling to the ground with dismay. Then suddenly it clicked. I remembered who the man was: it was Jonathan Routh from “Candid Camera,” the television programme. I shouted out his name, and he sighed with relief. He said that his hand was sore with cutting up so much material. Then he asked me if I should like to see myself on television. I said that I should, and he was also very kind about the material, and gave me more of the material I had had and also my choice of four yards of any material in the shop.

The next week the whole family sat in front of the television watching “Candid Camera” and laughing at the expressions on my face. We also watched other people who were tricked into doing things such as myself.

BRENDA ROBERTSON, 2F3.

### BALLAD

“Farewell, farewell my ane true love for I must gang awa,  
But never fear for I'll be back tae bring you things sae brow.”

He's gaen awa tae some far land tae seek a fortune fair,  
An' seven lang years have gane an' passed an' he's found a new love here.

But wicked is his new-found love and cruel is her ee,  
And cauld and cruel her stany heart—as cauld and cruel's could be.

Noo he's turned back tae his mother-land wi' fortune fair an' grand,  
Tae greet the wife he's left sae lang tae wait upon the strand.

But follows sune his new-found love wi' cruel deadly knife,  
And strikes it deep intae the heart o' his waiting lonely wife.

O sad, sad were her dying words, and sadder was his ee,  
“The knife that struck the life frae you, will strike the life frae me.”

MARY HALLEY and LINDA CANT, 1F2.



## THE VALENTYNE, OR, LOVE'S LABOUR'S WASTED

What nitte this scented card hath sente  
 To mee who lacke the grace  
 To winne alle folke by pleasing aires,  
 Or winsomeness of face,  
 For folke have run for miles and miles  
 From one of e'en my sweetest smiles!

I wonder why hee hadde the cheeke  
 To Sende this thyng to mee?  
 Was it in jeste, or is hee madde—?  
 Mayhappe, can *blinde* hee bee,  
 In truth, I thinke hee *might* love mee,  
 As long as mee hee could not see!

I'm puzzled who in heavene were  
 A fitting mate for mee—  
 But not in heavene, nor yet on earth,  
 But *Hell* is where hee'd bee—  
 In soothe, the author of this tricke  
 Muste bee noe other than—Olde Nicke!

CYNICKE.

## THE STALLION KING

With one proud foot placed firmly in the stone, cold earth,  
 The snorting smoke billowing from his wine-red nostrils,  
 He stands, a silver silhouette against the midnight sky.  
 His eyes aflame, revenge in every seething ripple of his kingly body,

He flings his wild, mane-swinging head into the blackness,  
 And the quiet stillness of the night is broken  
 By the challenging call of the Stallion King.

PAT DOWNIE, 3F1.

## PRELUDE

The morning comes to consciousness  
 Of carbohc-scrubbed corridors  
 Wincing in the watery sun.  
 To consciousness of confident feet  
 Cramming the barren staircases  
 And pulsating under the light-soaked ceilings.  
 And one thinks of all the hands  
 Raised in mute resignation  
 Among the plateaux, Betas and gerunds  
 Of endless classrooms.

SHEILA GRAHAM, 5L.

## EAGLE

Eagle proud, of golden hue,  
 Swooping, gliding into view,  
 Whose outstretched wings are vats of power,  
 That serve you well in battle hour;  
 How full of grace are you.

JENNIFER KING, 1F1.

## WINTER

Steelcast skies. A monotonous landscape of white  
 Stretching as far as the eye can see,  
 Broken by a trail of tiny elfin footprints disappearing  
 Down a dark hole into the depths of the earth,  
 A pattern of icicles hanging from a blackbirds' nest  
 Deserted last spring:  
 Covered in a sparkling coat of hoar frost.

Mist, mist and more mist.  
 All is still as Death:  
 Stillier than Death could ever be  
 And now Death's blanket swooping down from the heavens:  
 Snow;  
 Snow biting, stinging bloodshot eyes:  
 Frost nipping blue fingers . . .  
 Winter.

ELLA MACLEOD, 3L2.

## BEGINNER'S LUCK

The day dawned bright; I dressed in white,  
 And gripped my bat with all my might;  
 T'was going to be a fearsome fight.

My tread on red blaze court was light,  
 And though I was transfixed with fright,  
 I hit the ball with all my might.

With drives and lobs of fearful height,  
 Backhand, forehand, left and right,  
 My friend was in a sorry plight.

In my bed all snug and tight,  
 I realised to my delight,  
 My first big match I'd won that night.

PAMELA MITCHELL, 1L.



## EL GALEAN

AT about ten o'clock that night in Spain my parents and I left the hotel, and, making our way through the back streets, came to some stairs which we climbed. I found myself in a room furnished with rough wooden tables and half barrels in place of chairs. The room was lit by candles which gave it a mysterious, romantic air. In the centre of the tables was a clearing for the dancers to perform in.

Not long after, a man dressed in a coloured shirt and tight black trousers and holding a guitar entered the clearing. He was joined by a husky dark-haired girl in a bright red and white dress with a swirling skirt. The girl started to dance a very exciting dance to the gypsy music, her bare feet stamping and her fingers snapping in time to the music. Then her partner in black shoes with small heels, black trousers and a yellow shirt with black spots, joined her in another dance, singing as he danced. They danced three times and each time seemed to me more wonderful than the last. At last I had to go back to the hotel, but I shall never forget that night.

ANNE THOMSON, 1L.

## ME

Every morning at seven o'clock  
I get up and make my bed;  
I comb my hair and run around  
Until my face is red.  
I eat my toast and drink my milk,  
Then rush to find my blazer.  
I hear a shout; I run to find  
Dad's lost his safety razor.  
I catch the bus at eight o'clock;  
No girl is late for school,  
But since I've joined Gillespie's  
Exception proves the rule.  
But when I reach the classroom door,  
The bell's already gone.  
I come in and apologise  
For lessons have begun.

SHEILA HEWIT, 1F2.

## US

" Susan Gardener, come here! "  
" Suzanne Garden, stay there! "  
Which one is it?  
We don't really care!

It's really quite annoying,  
But funny as you see:  
I'm Susan, she's Suzanne,  
As plain as plain could be.

SUZANNE GARDENER and SUSAN GARDEN, 1F2.

## A VISIT TO AMSTERDAM

WE woke early and we washed and dressed quickly, cleaned our shoes and badges and made our beds before breakfast. We hurried downstairs to breakfast as Carla was ringing the cow bell.

We arrived at Baarn Station puffing and panting as we had run the last part of the way. Miss Harvey ushered us to the platform, where the train was waiting. We arrived at Amsterdam about half an hour later.

Miss Harvey told us to meet in the Square at 1 p.m. Janette, Sheila and I then wandered around the Square, which contained Queen Juliana's palace and the Church where the Kings and Queens of Holland are crowned. We then went on the Water Taxis which toured the canals. The Water Taxi then passed the smallest house in Amsterdam and also the smallest canal.

Later in the day our party split up and the younger Guides went to the Zoo while we went to the Rijks Museum where we saw Rembrant's "Night-Watch" and many others of his paintings. We met the others and caught the train back to Baarn.

That night everybody went to bed very happy but tired after their trip to Amsterdam.

HELEN KERR, 2F3.

## WHAT'S IN A NAME?

We two are one, the one is two,  
How can we choose between?  
One is fair and one is dark  
The difference can be seen.

Our middle names are different too;  
One has initial I,  
But both were christened with an M  
To blur identity.

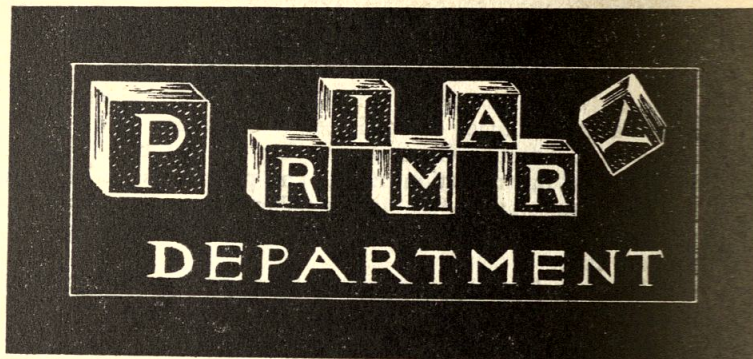
The one can wield a hockey stick  
And leads the team to win;  
The other wields an iron rod  
And leads the prefects in.

The Pantomime we all agreed  
Was chaos—but such fun.  
The prince he wooed the pretty maid,  
The cook, she made her run.

But all is left behind us now  
And soon we'll be away.  
Once in the Wide World each shall gain  
Her own identity.

GILLIAN I. M. SMITH and GILIAN M. SMITH, 6A.





### JOCKIE

A SQUAWKING jackdaw only a few weeks old, looking comically ugly without any feathers and rescued from an early death by falling out of his nest—that was how Jockie came to stay with my cousin. During these early weeks of his life his only call was for food which was given to him in the form of bread and milk. On this he thrived.

One day after he had been put into his shed, Jockie met with his first accident. He flew against the closing door and damaged his beak. Though his beak never grew to the correct size another accident, caused by curiosity over the gardens shears while hedging was in progress, evened things up very well. My cousin found this bird very amusing particularly when Jockie hid his valuables under the hearth rug. Very amusing articles they were—milk tops, teaspoons, shirt buttons, shillings and sixpences, to mention just a few.

He had to be kept in on Mondays, a popular washing day, because he liked to run along the lines, usually with muddy feet, pulling out all the pegs. Jockie was my cousin's amusing, though often annoying pet for two years. Although he was given complete freedom he never seemed to have any desire to fly away.

ANNE MCGREGOR, Primary 7(1).

### LETTER IN A BOTTLE

WHEN I was on holiday in Paignton last year I found, lying on the beach, a green glass bottle which had been washed up with the tide. Now there would have been nothing unusual about that had I not picked it up to examine it. Thinking of numerous stories about letters in bottles I opened my find and there, sure enough, lay a folded piece of paper inside. Imagine my excitement as I fumbled with that letter which read as follows:

"Will the person who finds this bottle please write to the enclosed address,

225A Fifth Street,  
Toronto,  
Canada.

I would very much like to have a penpal.  
ANNE MARTIN."

That was how I came to write to Anne Martin and I still find great joy in continuing to do so.

SUSAN ELLIOT, Primary 7(1).

### MY HOLIDAY

FROM London we travelled by plane to Ostend where we joined a coach tour visiting France, Germany and Holland. From Ostend we travelled to Bruges then on to Brussels where we stopped for some time. Leaving Brussels, we made our way to Holland.

We drove straight to Amsterdam where we spent the night. In the morning we went on to a small town called Volendam where we hired Dutch costumes. All the tourists thought Mummy and I were really Dutch and took pictures of us. Then we went to see a man making clogs. He was very expert. He made a pair of clogs from a block of willow in two minutes. Then a woman showed us how they make the famous Dutch cheeses. At the German Border I clambered out of the coach and stood with one foot on either side of the white line which marked the boundary.

In Germany we went into a cafe and asked the waitress for a sausage. She plunged her fork into a small tray and drew out a large sausage about one foot long! It took Mummy and me quite a while to eat our way through it, and when we had finished we did not think we would ever want another sausage.

BARBARA NEWSON, Primary 7(2).

### SURPRISE! SURPRISE!

IT was a warm Saturday morning and I felt like doing some gardening. There was a patch at the side of the garden which was not exactly tidy, and so I decided to start working on it. After about two hours of digging and raking I finished, my mind filled with that lovely extra pocket-money which I thought I deserved, for by now I was quite exhausted!

At last I heard the car and quickly stood up with the rake in one hand and the spade in the other, like the champion of a great victory. Daddy walked round the side with a big grin all over his face, which I thought was rather unusual for he doesn't normally come home from work so cheerfully. To my disappointment he did not seem very thrilled. When I mentioned pocket-money he said, "You'll get no extra pocket money from me!"

He was nearly at the back door when he called out that he had left his glasses in the car and asked me to go for them. Reluctantly I turned back. I opened the car door and there, in a box, peeping over the edge was a tiny puppy—a Border terrier! At first, all I saw was a pair of paws and a tiny black face. I yelled at the top of my voice, "Oh Dad!" much to the fright of the dog. Immediately Anne, my big sister, came out. In her delight she picked him up and cuddled him and we went joyfully into the house.

Who wanted pocket-money now?

MOIRA HOOD, Primary 7(2).

### AN IRISH JOURNEY

A FEW years ago we went to Ireland for our summer holidays. Strabane is the name of the small town where we were staying. It is in Northern Ireland. One day we hired a Vauxhall Victor and went to Dublin. We started off early in the morning and arrived at two o'clock in the afternoon. At the customs office the customs officer asked us to open the boot. When Daddy tried he found it was jammed but the customs officer said that it was all right. We knew we had to be at the customs office by midnight but we were enjoying ourselves so much in Dublin we left it rather late. Daddy



had to drive very fast along the dark twisting country roads while the rain was pouring down. To make matters worse we came across a gipsy caravan and then some pigs in the middle of the road and worst of all when we had such little time to spare Daddy took a wrong turning. By this time my little brother had fallen asleep and Mummy and Daddy were getting worried about reaching the customs office in time. It was a quarter to twelve o'clock when we reached the Border. The customs officer did not ask to see inside the boot but he shone a torch in the back seat. Daddy said, "There's only the children and they were there when we came." We arrived home at one o'clock very tired and excited after such a wonderful day.

MYRA KELLY, Primary 6(1).

### OUR FRIEND MARC

ON Tuesday 9th of April Father, Gordon and Donald set off in the "Mini-bus" for Prestwick Airport. They were going to meet Marc who was coming from America. He was coming by B.O.A.C. Marc was Polish by blood but his parents had emigrated to South America when he was very small. In South America the people are used to warm weather, but during his stay here he has had every kind of weather, rain, sleet, hail, sun and even snow! South Americans are very lazy in their ways and Marc was no exception. He took two hours to write a letter and spent two hours in the bathroom each morning so I was glad when he left.

MARILYN JACKSON, Primary 6(1).

### A GUNMAN ON MY DOORSTEP

IT was a sunny Saturday morning in 1957. A police-sergeant knocked at the door and told us that a youth, who was on the run from the police and was also armed, was at the top of the road where he had shot a policeman. We quickly obeyed our orders and, leaving the front door wide open, we ran through to our neighbour where we had been told to stay until everything was under control. In her bedroom we stood looking out of the back window. On the garden fence the youth sat brandishing the pistol in his hand that was keeping the police at bay. Mother started to talk to him. When he answered back she realised he was truly serious. What with ambulances and police cars going up and down there was great excitement in our street. As we watched he made off towards Blackhall where he was later captured. Only last week I was interested to read that he had escaped from an escort taking him to Carstairs mental institution where he has been for six years. His brief period of freedom was soon ended and he was back under lock and key.

GAYE GORDON, Primary 6(2).

### PRINTING WORKS

THE high-light of my holidays was going round my grandpa's printing works. I first saw maps of Edinburgh being printed. They used a very thick blue ink and then put it into a machine. The machine then sucks up the paper and drops it into the ink and out comes the map. I next went into the artists' room. In it were three men who said they were doing a rough copy. Their rough copies were better than my best drawing! As I

walked past the artists' room I saw the photographer's room. I was disappointed to find that we could not disturb him as he was in his dark-room. Outside the dark-room was a tap and a window and there was a notice printed in capital letters "KEEP WINDOW CLOSED" and also "KEEP TAP TURNED OFF." The window was wide open and the tap was on as full as it would go. The next room I went into was the printing room. They print with the letters upside down and back to front on a metal thing that is called furniture. I then passed machines that made labels for Stergene, Parisian Creams, Cognac Brandy and many other things. All too soon I was back in my grandpa's office and he gave me six writing pads.

ANNE MCLAREN, Primary 6(2).

### THE HERCULEANS

DURING the Easter holidays, I started a club. I called it the Hercules Club. It is now going strong, for we have a President, Vice President, Editorial adviser, Vice-Editor, Chairman and two members. We do all kinds of things, which include climbing on to the roof of an electrical building and using it as a club house.

Two of the Herculeans, Elizabeth and Anne, go to Gillespie's. Anne is silly. She tells tall stories, but I am trying to reform her. Elizabeth is a nice girl whom I like, as she has the same ideas as I have. Marie, Anne's small sister, is a terrible bother. Rosalind influences her a bit. Ros is eleven. She goes to Wardie School. She is keen on writing and such things. James?—Oh, well he is just a pest! By the way, if you want to join this interesting establishment, apply to Barbara Hine, 1st Seat, Club Roof, Edinburgh 4.

BARBARA HINE, Primary 5(1).

### OUR HEIRLOOM

WE have a very interesting rolling pin in our family. It is made of Venetian glass and it once belonged to Flora MacDonald. It was brought back from the Continent by one of my ancestors, Alan MacDonald of Clanranald, when he was a young officer in the French Army. He gave it to his cousin Flora MacDonald. Many years later, when Flora MacDonald was going to live in America, she gave the rolling pin to her niece, who was my grandmother's great, great grandmother. Flora said to the young girl, "Take great care of this, my dear, for it once rolled out oatcakes for your Prince."

FIONA K. MACNAUGHTON, Primary 5(1).

### JOHN

"CAR bloke, Mo Mo. Car bloke, Mo Mo," was John's comment on the car running out of petrol. John is my little brother, aged two. He is very small and slim with a small, round, cheeky face and very fair curly hair. His speech is really good compared with some other two-year-olds. He says for hot "ot" and for broke "bloke." Mummy is constantly correcting him when he does not say words properly, but one day John was ready for her. When we were out visiting, Mummy said to John, "Where are we going, John? Are we going 'ome?" And John answering said solemnly as he shook his little head, "No Mummy, not 'ome, home mummy."

He is very entertaining in his ways and speech and I just hope that he won't grow up to be a big, rough boy.

MORAG MCLEISH, Primary 5(2).



## JEDBURGH "SEVENS"

ONE Saturday morning, Dad decided we would all go to see the Rugby Sevens at Jedburgh, so after lunch we set out in the car with our picnic tea. There were a great many people at the rugby pitch and just as many cars, so we had to park the car quite a distance away. Reggie, my big brother, Allan, my little brother and Mum and Dad, not forgetting myself, all walked back to the ground. Just as we settled down to watch the game, the rain came down. Oh dear! it certainly came down! Needless to say we retreated to the car where we started to tuck into our picnic. Dad had taken off his jacket and left it in the boot of the car which jammed, and it wasn't until we decided to come home that he realised that the key of the boot and the ignition key were in the jacket. What an uproar! At last Allan managed to squeeze under the back seat and pull the jacket through so we were saved. Although it wasn't what one could call a perfect day we shall never forget the Jedburgh Sevens.

ANNE McQUEEN, Primary 5(2).

## A BLIND GIRL

ON Sunday last I joined Fairmilehead Sunday School. I was amazed at seeing my friend in exactly the same clothes as me. She waved, said, "Hullo!" and took me to her class. In the middle of hymn eighteen I turned round and saw a brown paper book in a girl's hands. It was not at all like a hymn book. Suddenly I realised that it was a Braille book. She was blind. I sympathised with her very much but was fascinated by the way she read Braille. She had four big books and two small books. At the end she went up on to the platform with some other girls and began to sing. She was in the choir. I thought that it was all very wonderful.

SUSAN HENDRIE, Primary 4(1).

## A WALK ALONG THE BEACH

ONE day when we went for a walk along the beach we saw a conger eel. My father opened its mouth with a stick and it started to wriggle. As we walked on we saw more. Soon we saw a large object which was dark blue on top and white underneath. It was a porpoise with an eel beside it. You could see where the eel had been eating it because its ribs were showing.

PAMELA BOLTON, Primary 4(1).

## SELLING THE HOUSE

FOR many days we have had many people looking at our house. I am fed up with it, and will be very pleased when all is done. I am always late to bed, round about 8 o'clock. There is always hustle and bustle to tidy the house. When I arrive home I find people in the house looking in all the rooms. Mummy cannot go to the shops for all the enquiries she has to answer.

FRANCES BLAIR, Primary 4(2).

## BUILDING MULTI-STOREY FLATS

IT all started one summer when men began to test the ground very frequently. The days passed quickly and it was now autumn. This was when the cranes and bulldozers began to arrive. When that was over they set to work. They dug a foundation which was as deep as the flats. The only difference was that one went up and the other down. They put a scaffolding in the hole. Now the time had come for the actual building to be put up. Now the building of the flats has come to an end.

RUTH LIDDLE, Primary 4(2).

## MY BROTHER

I HAVE a brother called David and he is a terror. Once when Mummy said, "What are you doing with your slippers off?" he said, "Catching cold." He loves the pipes and drums. Whenever he hears them he goes to find a tin and spoons and pretends he is a drummer boy. Sometimes he jumps up on me and gives me a fright. I don't care if he is good or not. I love him all the same.

SUSAN GELLAITRY, Primary 3(1).

## MY UNUSUAL BIRTHDAY

ONCE I had a most peculiar birthday because we all went to Holyrood Palace. You see when we came to the room where the thrones were kept, all the girls got a turn of sitting on the throne. I was the only one to whom the guide took his cap off, bowed and said, "Your Majesty," and I was proud. For the rest of the day Daddy called me, "Your Majesty."

KAREN VACHA, Primary 3(1).

WHEN I grow up I want to be a teacher. I would like to teach little ones. Can you guess why I want to teach little ones? I just love little boys and girls. I am hoping to be a teacher in James Gillespie's High School for Girls. You know why I want to teach in Gillespie's? Well I am in Gillespie's just now.

SUSAN PATERSON, Primary 3(2).

WHEN I grow up I am going to be a hairdresser. I like washing daddys hair and Stephens but best of all grandmas because she has curly hair. I have a job putting in the curlers because I usually put them in the wrong places. I put in too many curls too.

NICOLA MCKERRAL, Primary 3(2).

## PRIMARY 2(1)

1. When I grow up I will be a sintst. I would like to do that because I like to look at chubes. I think I will wear a white coat and I will work in Edinburgh.

2. I wish that everything was made of food—cream cakes, meringues, stew, chops, chickens, turkeys and all the things we eat—especially if you could pick up anything and eat it. I would eat anything. I would very soon grow very fat.

3. I saw King Olav on Tuesday. He came in his royal yacht, the Norge. King Olav came through Princes Street in a carriage. It was very old fashioned but it looked very nice. A rider fell off his horse. King Olav waved to me.



4. My little sister eats all the biscuits. Once she went up the chimney. Mummy was having visitors. At night she had made some meringues. Alison was in the kitchen. Mummy told me to go and see what she was doing. She was sitting on the floor with all the meringues in a circle with a bite out of all of them. We laughed.

5. This is Bruntsfield House speaking. I was built in 1605 stone by stone. I will soon be empty because the Gillespie Preparatory girls are soon going to a new school, but I am looking forward to having a repair. I do not know what will happen to me then . . . so good-bye.

#### PRIMARY 2(2)

1. My baby Hugh is being christened next Sunday. He is going to wear a special gown. It is long enough to fit mummy. The gown that Hugh is going to wear has a petticoat.

2. Miss Steel was at the service today. Gillian was there too. She has rosy cheeks. Gillian brought James Gillespie's Bible. He was a tobacco merchant. He had no wife and no child. James Gillespie is our founder.

3. Last Friday we had a fire in the kitchen. Daddy put the chip pan on and forgot about it. When he went in again it was in flames, so he threw it out the door. When it was over the place was black. It was worse on the roof. It is not so bad now because we have had it plastered.

4. It is my mummy's birthday today. She is 21. I have bought her some sweets to share with daddy.

I went to the zoo. I saw a baby elephant. I think she was trying to do a somersault out of her cage. Mummy and Julia saw a mummy monkey giving her baby a ride. I think Julia wished mummy would like to give her one too.

#### PRIMARY 1(1)

1. We are getting a new car it is a folks Virgin.

2. I have a dog and a man and my mum.

3. I gave Feeona my emejinsi thrupnae to pay the konduckter on the bus.

4. On Saturday I went scating at hamarcite.

5. I am tired macing a snowman. I have mad a snowlady.

6. My pet buji has pect mumis plant in haf. We will haf to tren her to be good.

7. I have a Eskimo dolly. It is nice. It has fire all rounde. I play with it ovin.

8. My little bruther has scarleteena and I have chicken pox this is a very spoty house.

9. I no a boy in Greenoc with 30 stars be-cos he is clever. I am clever be-cos I eat all my porej.

10. I had a party and Fiona cood not come becas she had cold feet and I gave her a brooch.

11. I am sad that I must leave Bruntsfield House. It was nice and I will never forget it. I hope Peggie our pet squirrel will follow us. I was happy in Bruntsfield House and I will never forget it all my life.

12. Yesterday I went away down to the big ones. I liket it so much I wood like to gow agen. I was in the frunt row and I saw a stachoo of jams glespy and docter smol said. Have you ever seen a gointed chin and a big nos and evri one laft. I did not think it was funy. There was flowers in frunt of me. If he herd that he wood be angry and be after docter smol.

#### SENIOR HOCKEY (1st XI) 1962-63



Back Row—M. McKECHNIE, S. MACKENZIE, F. CALDER, S. MORE, H. McCALL,  
L. FVIE.  
Front Row—P. DAUNT, M. CARSWELL, G. SMITH (Captain), M. WARNOCK,  
K. PULLAR.

#### UNDER 15—JUNIOR HOCKEY 1962-63

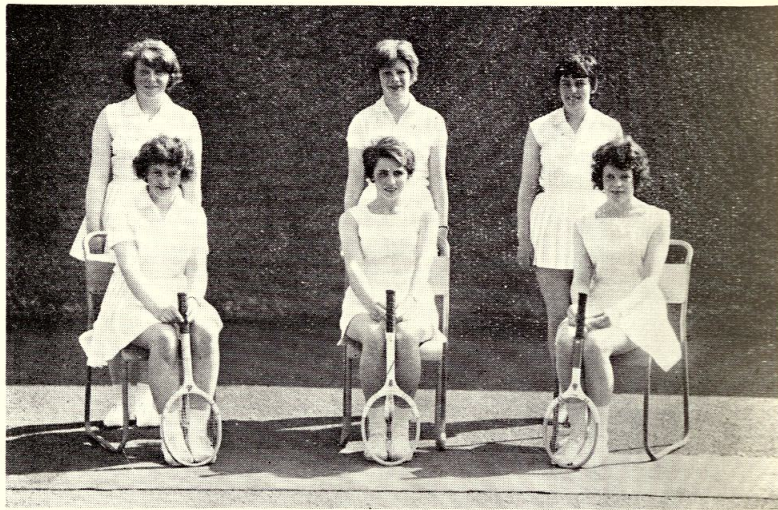


Back Row—M. GRAY, J. WALKER, E. WILSON, M. PINKERTON, M. KEAN.  
Front Row—M. ELLIS, E. DALLAS, I. LESLIE (Captain), A. SMITH, B. BAIN.

Photos by E. R. Yerbury & Son

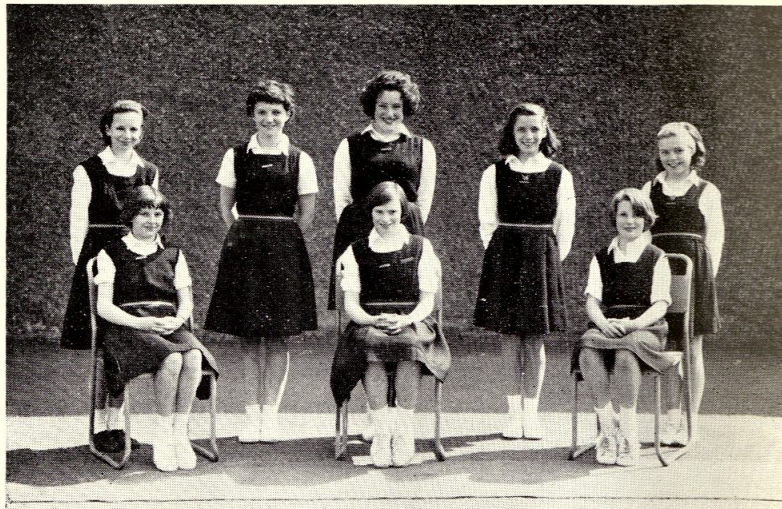


TENNIS 1963



Back Row—A. MARSHALL, B. BEATTIE, M. CARSWELL.  
Front Row—M. McKECHNIE, F. HENDERSON (Captain), F. CALDER.

PRIMARY SCHOOL NETBALL 1962-63



Back Row—AVRIL NISBET, ANNE MCGREGOR, ELEANOR CAMERSON, ELAINE MORRIS, KERRY CHALMERS.  
Front Row—ANNE ALEXANDER, GILLIAN WILSON (Captain), ANN ELLIS.

Photos by E. R. Yerbury & Son

PRIMARY 1(2)

1. I went too the pijers and I sow clifrijd.
2. I washed my dolis klose the klose were verdutie.
3. I went too the Myoozeeum yesterday too see the toys I sor lots of pupits and I sor punch and dyoody.
4. mi mumi wasanrs in thered cros and shee did feed the bibis.
5. I am going to the kings thearter to see andy schout.
6. A Crismas tree is a joly think.
7. I had jolifun at the Jilrnseetar.
8. I went to fownders day. I saw a stachooow of jimglespy it was good. jimglespy is awer fownder. he cept a shop wer he solde snuv.
9. My mummy is going to the dentist becas shes got three teeth that want filing. And I am very sory that shes gast.
10. Prinses aliczandra is in Scotland for her honymoon and I am so happy. she was maryd to anggisogilvy.
11. We have a squirrel called peggy. she is a little deer. she likes buiskits. I wish she had sum babis.
12. ther wos a blackbird on the roof his bil wos fooll ov wirms. the wirms wer for the baby blackbird.

C.E.W.C. EASTER CONFERENCE

"PUBLIC OPINION" was the subject of this year's Conference held at Belmont Camp, Meigle, in Perthshire. Over sixty delegates attended from all over Scotland. Amongst the subjects discussed were Broadcasting, Advertising and in particular Newspapers. Each discussion group was given a "news" paper to analyse—ranging from *The Sunday Times* to *The Sunday Mail*—with shattering results! Ideas—both official and unofficial—were exchanged with fervour and provided a very stimulating week-end.

A hectic social life was the rule with a dance each evening and various "reviews"—of a rather enigmatic nature!

Our grateful thanks must go to Miss Freda Hawkins, Mr Douglas Law, the three "members of staff" and all those "who taught us so much." Public opinion held that the Conference was a great success.

JANICE M. DUNCAN, 6A.

EDINBURGH SCHOOLS' SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY

ONCE again we have had a most successful session. The meetings have been both interesting and varied.

The first lecture of the session was given by Mr R. Sillitto, who spoke about "Physics." This was followed by a fascinating talk by Professor Watson entitled "Science and Agriculture." There were also lectures on subjects ranging from "Wildfowl Conservation" to "Technology in the Motor Industry." But we were not left without a reminder of the advances of science: Mr B. McInnes lectured to us on the subject "Satellite Tracking." There was a most informative lecture about the Forth Road Bridge. One of the highlights of the year was an interesting lecture delivered by Professor Romanes entitled "Nerves."

Next year our School Representative will be Wendy Froud. To her and to the rest of the Society those of us who are leaving school offer our best wishes for the future.

SUSAN WILLIAMSON, School Representative.





### THE LITERARY AND DRAMATIC SOCIETY

"THAT Tradition is not an Obstacle to Progress" was the unanimous decision of our first debate, and "traditionally speaking" we began the session.

Three other motions followed:—"That Great Britain should not join the Common Market"; "That this House deplores Television"; and the most exciting of all (our Inter-Debate with George Watson's Boys' College) "That Punishment is the best way to reform the Criminal."

After such rigorous practice, the School Debating Team—Miss Janice Duncan and Miss Margaret Carswell—prepared for battle—and the English-Speaking Union Debating Competition. To their own surprise—and to the surprise of all concerned—they found themselves winners of the East of Scotland Trophy! The Scottish Finals, however, forced surrender to Glasgow, but it is to be hoped that future years will consider these as "fresh fields to conquer." The team are very grateful to all those who gave their support and encouragement throughout the campaign.

The final debate of the year, "That man is by Nature lazy," was a Third-Year monopoly and proved highly successful. The motion was defeated. "Divertissements" were many and varied.

A new venture was an International Night arranged for us by Mr Nigel Thompson. Five ladies from Spain, France, Jamaica, Mauritius and Holland, respectively, told us about their native lands and Mr Thompson provided two hilarious musical interludes.

The year ended on an intellectual note: Miss Smith, Mr Dall, Mr Milne and Miss Fiona Cowieson—to prove that we have a democracy!—"trusted" their "brains" to our tender mercies—and our questions, and gave us a great deal both to laugh and think about.

Our annual celebration, the Burns Supper, was held this year in Heriot's. We were privileged to have as our guest of honour, Mr John Foster—the brother of our own Miss Foster—who had come all the way from Aberdeen to be with us. In proposing a toast that was both amusing and profound, Mr Foster gave us a memory of Burns we shall not readily forget. Such evenings always make us proud of our Scottish traditions.

After weeks of chaotic rehearsal and indefinite postponement, the Sixth Form finally managed to produce their pantomime: a somewhat tortured—

and tortuous—version of Snow-white and the Seven Dwarfs. However, under the guiding hand of Miss Aileen Duff, order prevailed and "a good time was had by all."

The final meeting was Fourth Year Night. To compensate for leaving the "telly" at home, the Fourth Year gave us "A Night's Viewing" ranging from "Dr Kil." and "Dick of Leith Docks" to "The Prancing Years." As always, this revealed a great deal of hitherto unknown acting ability—which augurs well for the future.

Regrettably our "Experiment with Time," the Inter-House Drama Festival, had to be cancelled because of an over-crowded timetable.

To compensate we hope to start a Debating Club during the summer term. This should provide a greater opportunity, particularly for our younger members, to speak from the rostrum—a valuable experience—and give wider scope for debating in general.

But "the old order changeth; yielding place to new" and it is with sadness and not a little envy that the "Lit" committee hand on their "titles" to their successors. All that remains is to thank the janitors, Mr Froud and Mr Baxter, for letting us in and locking us out each Friday night, and the "Lit" itself, for all it has taught us.

Finally, we would wish future committees and future "Lit" members every success—and a great deal of fun!

JANICE M. DUNCAN, *Secretary.*

### SCIENCE ASSOCIATION

THE past session has been one filled with interest and excitement for all our members. We have had three enjoyable Film Evenings, and our outside speakers have all given interesting and instructive talks. Attendances at the meetings have been very good.

Mr Lusk from the Heriot-Watt College gave an illustrated talk on "Mine Rescue," and he brought with him various types of apparatus used. We all left with a deep sense of respect and admiration for mine rescuers. A suitable sequel to this was a fascinating lecture on "The Manufacture of Coal Gas." A talk on "Geology" proved most interesting, as did Miss Waterson's talk on "Occupational Therapy." Judging from the ensuing avalanche of questions, her visit was much appreciated.

In the bleak wintry days of February, Miss Hay brought some rays of sunshine into the school as she showed beautiful slides of the countryside illustrating her talk on "Mushrooms and Toadstools."

Perhaps the highlight of the year was "Surprise Night," the panel for a "Twenty Questions" evening being formed by members of staff.

Two excursions have been made—one to the Edinburgh Crystal Glass Works, and one to the Calton Hill Observatory. Both of these were enjoyed by all who attended, but unfortunately numbers had to be restricted.

As usual our sincere thanks are due to Mrs Dobbie, who works constantly behind the scenes to make "Science Association" the success it is. Miss Ferguson's services are also invaluable, and we are grateful to her for her regular attendance behind the projector.

To next year's Committee we of the Sixth Form wish every success.

GILLIAN SMITH, *Secretary.*



## ORCHESTRA

THIS is a memorable year in the orchestral annals of James Gillespie's High School. For the first time in our history, we now possess a full-scale orchestra—the only thing we have not yet got is a tuba, but no doubt time will remedy this problem!

We started the session by practising, among other things, a Purcell "Air" and "Rondo," and Handel's eternal "Water Music." In March, the strings, and especially the two soloists, Alison Cartlidge and Barbara Thomson, covered themselves with glory in a performance of a Telemann concerto for two violins, at St. Giles. Also in the spring term, when our meagre ranks were reinforced by the above-mentioned new woodwind and brass players, we launched into no less than the final movement of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony (abridged!) as well as a march from Wagner's "Meistersinger." For the end-of-term concert, we are practising two Peter Warlock songs with the choir.

As always, we are indebted to Mr Sommerville for making the best of a bad job, but after this year, with all the new string and wind tuition, there are hopes, if not expectations, of considerable improvement in the standard of playing.

LINDSEY K. POLSON, 6A.

## CHOIR

THIS year, the Choir was invited once again to the Methodist Central Halls, to take part in a "Guest Night" series. There we sang the anthems, "I Waited for the Lord," "Be Strong in the Lord," "Except the Lord Build the House" and "The Lord is my Shepherd." This last (Schubert's arrangement) we also sang at the Founder's Day Service.

On 31st March, we sang in the "Music in St. Giles" series. On this great occasion, we sang some ancient and beautiful Latin hymns, as well as two Easter carols, and an extremely difficult five-part Kyrie by Mozart.

For the closing concert, we are practising Mr Sommerville's own setting of "Spring," "Lullaby" by Cyril Scott, "See the Gipsies" by Kodaly and our "joint effort" with orchestra, "Tyrley Tyrlow" and "Balulalow" by Peter Warlock.

In all, thanks to the efforts of Mr Sommerville, the session has been a most stimulating and successful one.

LINDSEY K. POLSON, 6A.

## MUSIC CLUB

MUSIC CLUB is a new venture, started only at the beginning of this session, and has been surprisingly successful. Although the attendance has been small, all members have played an exceedingly active part in the proceedings.

The year's activities fell into two categories—performances by the members themselves, and lectures or recitals (or both) by visiting artistes. Some of the highlights of this year's programme were: the hilarious joint meeting with Heriot's Music Club; our production of a comic operetta, "The Shades of Night"; the extremely interesting lecture-recital given by Miss Ruth D'Arcy Thompson and two of her pupils; and the fine 'cello recital by Mr Ian Hampton (the 'cellist of the Edinburgh Quartet) accompanied by Miss Cecilia Cavaye, a Former Pupil who has done much to support us in this our inaugural year.

Last but by no means least, our grateful thanks must go to Mr

Sommerville, without whose kindness and help our new ship must surely have foundered.

ALISON CARTLIDGE, *President.*

LINDSEY K. POLSON, *Secretary.*

## SCRIPTURE UNION

ONCE again the past year has been a busy and enjoyable one for the Scripture Union. In spite of the lure of warm blankets on cold, wintry morning, the attendance at our Thursday meetings has risen slightly.

In addition to our ordinary meetings we have been glad to welcome the staff-worker for the East of Scotland, Miss Kilpatrick, who told us all about S.U. camps. Recently the "young 'uns" have taken the meeting into their own hands and both Second and Third Years have shown great ability in "going it alone."

The First, Second and Third Years gained a victory—and a cup—for Gillespie's by having the largest number present at the new S.U. activities called Squallies. These "things" were enjoyed by everyone. The older members have also been well represented both at the Fellowship which meets every Saturday night and the Rallies held monthly. A Bible Study Group has been held on Monday afternoons for Sixth Year girls.

Our activities are now, however, confined to school or even to Edinburgh: an inter-school social evening, a hike and a rather extraordinary hockey match with George Heriot's Branch all took us further afield. We are eagerly looking forward to an inter-school swimming gala to be held in June.

November saw several of our senior members on the snow-clad slopes of Crieff for the South African General Mission Conference. December came, to find several more in conference at Loch Lomond—the snow still with us. At Easter many of us enjoyed a week at camp in various places—some of them still with snow. Even more plan to go to camp in the summer—let's hope the snow will at last have left!

We would express our sincere thanks to Miss Valentine, who left at the end of the first term, for all the help she gave us and we once again thank Miss Young, Miss Downie and Miss Steel for their continued support and co-operation.

CAROL KIDD, *Secretary.*

DOROTHY SUTHERLAND.

## E.S.C.A.

"ESCA"—in its Latin sense—was the subject of our inaugural address by D. Passmore, entitled "The World Food Shortage."

We have had a very full programme this year including several debates.

Fourth Year Night took the form of two short debates:—"That ignorance is bliss" and "That evil is the root of all money." Jennifer Duncan (4L) led for Gillespie's—and the negative—in the former.

Two of our most successful meetings were the Film Evening and a Discussion Evening. The latter aroused much controversy. Kirk Session provided food for thought. Under heavy—and relentless—fire were a Protestant, a Roman Catholic, a Jewish Rabbi and a Mohammedan.

Our Inter-meeting with the West of Scotland C.E.W.C. consisted of a debate "That the people have more need of a political constitution than rice," followed by a dance.

We still look forward to two meetings: "The mess we are in—and solutions," when we intend to debate Religion, Education and Politics, and an Annual General Meeting and Final Debate.

JANICE M. DUNCAN, *School Representative.*





**HOCKEY**

MISS CONNELL has proved an efficient and popular addition to the Gym Staff this year.

The standard of hockey this season has been, on the whole, higher than usual, but the long winter, during which no matches were played for three months, was a great setback.

Eight members of the 1st XI acted as ball girls at the Scotland v. England international hockey match at Murrayfield. They were very highly praised by both teams.

In the Junior East American Tournament at Liberton, the 1st XI won their section, but lost, on corners, to North Berwick High School in the quarter final.

In the under 21 seven-a-side tournament the 1st XI had the highest goal average in their section, but were beaten by Western Wanderers in the semi-final.

The highlight of the season was the winning of both the Secondary Open and Secondary Junior hockey cups at the Inter-Scholastic Sports at Meggetland.

Marion Warnock played left inner in the Junior East Hockey Team this year, and playing for the Junior East Reserve Team were Margaret Carswell, Pat Daunt and Lena Fyvie.

The Staff v. 1st XI match was cancelled this year because of rain.

Hockey colours have been awarded to Pat Daunt, Kathleen Pullar, Marion Warnock and Gilian Smith.

The season's results are as follows:—

	Played	Won	Lost	Drawn	Cancelled	Goals	
						For	Against
1st XI	12	8	2	2	15	34	23
2nd XI	7	4	3	0	16	11	14
3rd XI	7	3	4	0	14	6	13
4th XI	6	3	3	0	14	17	21
3rd Year XI	7	5	2	0	15	31	7
2nd Year A.	9	6	3	0	14	30	13
2nd Year B.	3	0	2	1	0	2	8

GILIAN M. SMITH, *Captain.*

**TENNIS**

1962 proved to be successful for Gillespie's. Many girls entered for the East of Scotland Junior Championships and Fiona Henderson won the open doubles and was runner-up in the open singles. Ann Cameron won the School Championships.

Last year the East of Scotland Inter-Schools' Cup was introduced and, by beating St. Margaret's in the Final, Gillespie's won the cup presented by Dr D. S. Dhillon. We have entered for it again this year and have reached the semi-final having defeated Cranley and St. George's.

The School Championships are taking the form of a Ladder Tournament sponsored by Nestle which seems to be encouraging the younger and more inexperienced players to play competitive tennis.

We should like to thank Miss Lambert and Miss Connel for their never-failing interest and encouragement.

FIONA J. HENDERSON, *Captain.*

**ATHLETICS**

GILLESPIE'S won the Senior Inter--Scholastic's Athletic Cup for the first time last June.

Last session's School Sports Champions were Janice Cairns, Senior; and Margaret Runnicles, Junior.

Elizabeth Sheddan was second for the East of Scotland in the javelin throw event this year.

GILIAN M. SMITH.

**SWIMMING (Senior)**

CLASSES this year have been well attended. The school team, which consists of Kay Torkington, Glenda Edwards, Flora Calder, Jocelyn Wilson and Susan Liddell, did well in several galas, coming first in the Portobello Club and school galas and second in the Boroughmuir and Warrender Galas. In the Scottish Schools' Swimming Championships held in Paisley in December, four girls—Susan Liddell, Glenda Edwards, Flora Calder and Jocelyn Wilson—all took part and each did well. The School Championships, including style swimming, speed swimming and diving, were held last term and several girls took part. The result was as follows:—1st, Flora Calder; 2nd, Jocelyn Wilson; and 3rd, Susan Liddell.

On behalf of the Swimming Club we should like to thank Miss Lambert and Miss Connel for all the help and guidance which they have given us during the past year.

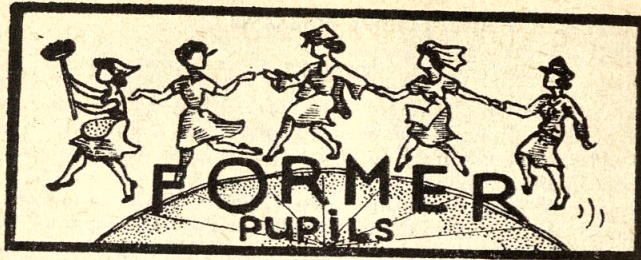
FLORA CALDER, 5M.  
JOCELYN WILSON, 5M.

**SWIMMING (Junior)**

Champion	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	ANNE MCGREGOR, 7(1).
Runner-up	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	VALERIE BATHIE, 6(1).
Diving Champion	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	ANNE MCGREGOR, 7(1).
Runners-up	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	VALERIE BATHIE, 6(1).
									DOREEN YOUNGER, 6(1).
House Relay	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	SPYLAW.

Certificates gained to date:—33 Elementary, 6 Intermediate and 4 Advanced.





### FORMER PUPILS' ASSOCIATION

THE Annual Reunion of former pupils and staff was held in November. An enjoyable musical programme was provided by Elizabeth Alexander, Brenda Prisk, Nina Spence and Annette McCluskey.

Janice O'Rorke and Dilys Brown, recently home from Voluntary Service Overseas in Tanganyika, gave most interesting accounts of their experiences.

Members are reminded that new office-bearers will be elected at the next Reunion.

Norma McDonald, Hon. Secretary, 60 Ratcliffe Terrace, Edinburgh, 9 (Tel.: NEW 1573).

### F.P. NOTES

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

*M.A. with Honours.*—JUSTUS WILSON (Mental Philosophy) and AVERIL MACKINTOSH (History).

*M.A.*—EUNICE SPEIRS, MOIRA MCGREGOR and E. ANNE REID.

*B.Sc.*—MARGARET BURT, KATRINA DOUGHTY, ISOBEL GARDNER, ROSEMARY KIRK, JEAN LINN, ROSEMARY MELDRUM and FIONA SUTHERLAND.

*The Diploma in Education* has been gained by AILSA THOMSON, *M.A.*

MURIEL SPARK (*nee* CAMBERG) has had four more of her books—"The Bachelors," "The Comforters," "The Ballad of Peckham Rye" and "The Go-Away Bird"—published in the Penguin series.

Mrs BERYL ATKINS has established an agency—Graduaid—to find temporary or part-time work for women with professional training.

FRANCES SANDER has won a Junior Open Scholarship of £400 at Edinburgh College of Art.

ISOBEL JOHNSTONE has won the Baldwin Brown Prize of £37 in Fine Art at Edinburgh University.

We announce with regret the death of Miss PHYLLIS M. F. SHATTOCK, *B.Sc., Ph.D.*, Reader in Micro-biology in the University of Reading.

### MARRIAGES

FRASER — MCKENDRICK.—DONALD C. FRASER to MARJORIE MCKENDRICK, 23 Cluny Terrace.

JOLLY—WATERSON.—WILLIAM A. JOLLY to JANETTE WATERSON, 1 Grierson Crescent.

MCLEOD—BELL.—GEORGE F. MCLEOD to JOYCE BELL, 70 Meadowhouse Road.

SHIRER—BAPTIE.—ALAN W. H. SHIRER to MARGARET BAPTIE, 30 Polwarth Crescent.

PHILIPS—CROWE.—Rev. MARTIN PHILIPS to SYLVIA CROWE, 3 Wester Broom Avenue.

MCLEAN—HUNTER.—In British Columbia, DONALD MCLEAN, *M.D.*, to MARJORIE HUNTER, 52 Redford Avenue.

BOVILL—GUNN.—DAVID BOVILL to MOIRA GUNN, 22 Craiglockhart Avenue.

HARDING—BOTTERILL.—MALCOLM H. C. HARDING to MARGARET BOTTERILL, 19 Gordon Road.

BALFOUR—CARLOW.—ALEXANDER BALFOUR to ROSEMARY CARLOW, 41 Durham Square.

HALLIWELL—LINDSAY.—BERNARD HALLIWELL to ALISON LINDSAY, 2 Comely Bank Street.

DRUMMOND—HARLEY.—JOHN DRUMMOND to HELEN HARLEY, 385 Queensferry Road.

COGHILL—SHANNON.—IAN S. COGHILL to WILMA SHANNON.

IRVING—WILSON.—GORDON A. IRVING to CHRISTINE WILSON, 4 Craiglea Drive.

HARVEY—BAPTIE.—WILLIAM I. HARVEY to ANNE BAPTIE, 30 Polwarth Crescent.

CLARKSON—BROWN.—JAMES CLARKSON to MARY BROWN, 31 Charterhall Road.

BROWN—COCHRANE.—IAIN BROWN to Dr ISOBEL COCHRANE, 59 Ashley Drive.

MCDUGALL—GREGOR.—ALASDAIR D. MCDUGALL to VIOLET GREGOR, 20 Springvalley Gardens.

STEWART—WARREN.—DOUGLAS STEWART to RITA WARREN, 26 Dinmont Drive.

BLANE—MURPHY.—RONALD W. BLANE to ANNETTE MURPHY, 5 Comiston Gardens.

WALLACE—BOWES.—GEORGE M. WALLACE to ISLA BOWES, 26 Scotland Street.

JAMIESON—MENZIES.—HARRY S. JAMIESON to VILDA MENZIES, 8 East Camus Road.

HARKNESS—ROY.—ROBERT A. HARKNESS to EVELINE ROY, 293 Lanark Road.

WOOD—AMBROSE.—WILLIAM F. WOOD to PATRICIA AMBROSE, Deanwood, Pencaitland.

KENNEDY—FORREST.—PETER A. KENNEDY to JOSEPHINE FORREST, 53 Marchmont Road.



- TAINSH—*BLOWN*.—ERIC H. TAINSH to AVRIL BLOWN.  
 TELFER—*DAVIDSON*.—CLIVE TELFER to JOYCE DAVIDSON, 151 Telford Road.  
 MARGAN—*WATT*.—JOHN G. MORGAN to MERLE WATT, 1 Alderbank Terrace.  
 SEMPLE—*EDWARDS*.—JOHN SEMPLE to SHEILA EDWARDS, 29 Parkgrove Crescent.  
 CROMBIE—*WOTHERSPOON*.—DAVID B. CROMBIE to MARJORIE WOTHERSPOON, 27 Vandeleur Avenue.  
 WALKER—*SCOTT*.—JAMES WALKER to PATRICIA SCOTT, 12 Kingsknowe Avenue.  
 GRAY—*McLELLAN*.—ALLAN S. GRAY to AILEEN McLELLAN, 511 Lanark Road.  
 WILLIAMS—*MARTIN*.—DAVID WILLIAMS to WINIFRED MARTIN.

## BIRTHS

- DISHINGTON.—To Mr and Mrs J. DISHINGTON (KATHLEEN GIFFORD), a daughter.  
 DEMPSTER.—To Mr and Mrs I. DEMPSTER (ELLEN SALVINI), a daughter.  
 BROWN.—To Mr and Mrs I. BROWN (MORAG DENOON), a son.  
 SMITH.—To Mr and Mrs A. SMITH (SHEILA MITTELL), a son.  
 BUCHAN.—To Mr and Mrs G. BUCHAN (LUCY NEISH), a daughter.  
 FINLAY.—To Mr and Mrs W. FINLAY (KATHERINE TOWILL), a daughter.  
 ROSS.—To Mr and Mrs J. ROSS (JEAN B. R. COOK), a son.  
 WILSON.—To Mr and Mrs E. WILSON (RAE BURGESS), a son.  
 CAMPBELL.—To Mr and Mrs W. CAMPBELL (EVELYN GOUDIE), a daughter.  
 COOPER.—To Mr and Mrs C. COOPER (CATHIE NEILL), a son.  
 REYNOLDS.—To Mr and Mrs G. REYNOLDS (MAUREEN HEATHERILL), a daughter.  
 HENDERSON.—To Mr and Mrs I. HENDERSON (MARGARET MACMILLAN), a son.  
 MENZIES.—To Mr and Mrs R. MENZIES (JANE MCKENZIE), a son.  
 MCBAIN.—To Mr and Mrs W. MCBAIN (ELIZABETH JOHNSTONE), a son.  
 SUNNERS.—To Mr and Mrs D. SUNNERS (ELEANOR MONCRIEFF), a daughter.  
 KINNAIRD.—To Mr and Mrs W. KINNAIRD (ELINOR ANGUS), a daughter.  
 RICHARDS.—To Mr and Mrs D. RICHARDS (MARGARET HOWIESON), a son.  
 McLEAN.—To Mr and Mrs NORMAN McLEAN (DORIS BEATTIE), a son.  
 CATTLE.—To Mr and Mrs R. CATTLE (MARGARET TOPP), a son.  
 MACKENZIE.—To Mr and Mrs D. MACKENZIE (RONA McPHERSON), a son.  
 COOPER.—To Mr and Mrs A. COOPER (ANN MARIE MACDONALD), a son.  
 MURRAY.—To Mr and Mrs N. MURRAY (LUCY FLOWERS), a daughter.  
 ROWE.—To Mr and Mrs M. ROWE (KATHLEEN SINGER), a daughter.  
 DICK.—To Mr and Mrs A. DICK (ELSPETH FORSYTH), a son.  
 JORDAN.—To Dr and Mrs B. JORDAN (CLAIRE CONDIE), a son.  
 GRAY.—To Mr and Mrs W. GRAY (RITA WELSH), a son.  
 MOXLEY.—To Mr and Mrs M. MOXLEY (MAIRI MACNAB), a daughter.  
 SUNNERS.—To Dr and Mrs B. SUNNERS (ANNE CALDERWOOD), a daughter.

- CROMBIE.—To Mr and Mrs A. CROMBIE (RITA HERCULESON), a son.  
 LOVELL.—To Mr and Mrs R. LOVELL (MARETTE MCGILL), a daughter.  
 MENZIES.—To Cr and Mrs G. MENZIES (CHARLOTTE McANGUS), a son.  
 NICOLL.—To Dr and Mrs F. NICOLL (Dr ANN SUTHERLAND), a daughter.  
 MARTIN.—To Mr and Mrs J. MARTIN (MAUREEN FULLERTON), a son.  
 LESLIE.—To Mr and Mrs D. LESLIE (LOUISE ANDERSON), a daughter.  
 CROAN.—To Mr and Mrs T. CROAN (JOAN LAW), a daughter.  
 GRUBB.—To Mr and Mrs D. GRUBB (ISOBEL MAIN), a son.  
 MACKAY.—To Mr and Mrs R. MACKAY (MARION STEPHEN), a daughter.  
 HUSBAND.—To Mr and Mrs C. HUSBAND (LORNA TOWILL), a daughter.  
 BOVILL.—To Mr and Mrs D. BOVILL (MOIRA GUNN), a son.  
 WYLLIE.—To Mr and Mrs S. WYLLIE (ROWENA KERR), a son.

## TRIOLET

We're so profound in prose and rhyme,  
 No one dare jest or lift an eyebrow—  
 You'd surely think it was a crime,  
 So dull and sober we. In time,  
 I hope, we'll change and be less highbrow—  
 We're so profound in prose and rhyme,  
 No one dare jest or lift an eyebrow.

LINDSAY K. POLSON, 6A.

## EDITORIAL COMMITTEE

*General Editor*—Mr JAMES D. McEWAN.

*Business Editor*—Miss ANNE DINGWALL.

*Editor, Former Pupils' Section*—Miss M. E. R. HENDERSON.

*School Editor, 1962*—Miss CAROL KIDD.

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