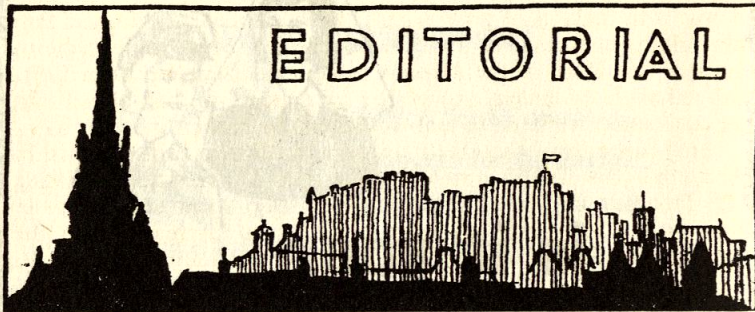


JAMES
GILLESPIE'S
HIGH SCHOOL 1964



MAGAZINE



Editor - - - - CHRISTINA MANSON

WINTER passes almost unnoticed into green, wet spring. It is green, too, in Gillespie's, as school dresses appear to remind us summer is not far off. And we are caught up, not without nostalgia, in the unstemmable surge of the seasons, ever moving forward towards the fateful day. But on the brink of July and the first page of our magazine there is no place for melancholy—not even when we see our own emergence to Sixth Form splendour signposted in the following pages. We hasten to deny that all Gillespie girls think and act alike—our independence of mind might even, at times, be called aggressive. But it is probably true to say that the outlook of a girl in First Year herein expressed might bear similarities, astonishing to those perched in the giddy turret of the top T-corridor, to our own at the age of thirteen. We were not like that, we say, never. But we were. In this state of mind, therefore, it is futile to attempt an assessment of our debt to the school. We are still part—a necessary part, we hope—of the establishment, and our bell-bounded days leave little time for retrospect—or for looking into the future where we shall suddenly find ourselves set down once more amid the lowly. But we take with us from school two things to arm us: memories—mostly happy, some hilarious, some only to be recalled suddenly and inexplicably in later years. We have also the invaluable training which the school has given us, and how much we owe to this we shall probably never know. But we set forth confidently, if not complacently, knowing there will be other springs in Gillespie's, and that the green dress will be worn by others as fortunate and as conscious of their fortune as we are.

MISS JESSIE S. PHILIP

IT was with feelings of great regret that her colleagues learned that Miss Philip had decided to retire at Easter. Miss Philip came to Gillespie's as Head of the Modern Languages Department in 1951, and, although we cannot grudge her her leisure, we had hoped that her association with the school would not be broken quite so soon.

An Aberdonian—that heart-warming accent can still be heard in her voice—Miss Philip studied at Aberdeen University, graduating with Honours in French and German. She spent some time in Bonn and in Paris and was about to return to Germany when she was persuaded to take a teaching post in the Ladies' College in Guernsey.

After two happy years in this pleasant island she came north as Head of Department first in Nairn Academy and then in Elgin, and it was from there that she came to Gillespie's.

The responsibilities of a Principal Teacher in a girls' secondary school are by no means light, but Miss Philip has shown a most sympathetic understanding of young people's problems and has met any difficulty that arose with the quiet and unassuming efficiency that those of us who worked most closely with her had come to expect.

She is greatly missed in common room and class-room alike where her willingness to help and her kindness won the affection of both colleagues and pupils. We all wish her well in her retirement and hope that, whilst she and her sister are looking forward to many happy years in their native Aberdeen, they will always look upon Edinburgh as their second home.

MISS EMILY RUDDOCK

MISS Emily Ruddock joined the staff of this school in April, 1951, having come to us from Bolton School, where she was Head of the Mathematics Department. Edinburgh was no strange city to her but might have been regarded as her spiritual home, for it was at Edinburgh University that she studied Mathematics and there graduated M.A. with Honours in Mathematics and Physics.

Her long association with advanced work at Bolton School—a school from which many girls won scholarships to Oxford and Cambridge—meant that we in Gillespie's received into our Mathematics Department a teacher whose scholarship in her subject was of a very high standard. Consequently the girls of Form 6 in the classes of Elementary Analysis and Dynamics owe a special debt of gratitude to Miss Ruddock's enthusiastic teaching and keen brain.

Apart from her subject, Miss Ruddock was interested in teaching itself and took pleasure in it whether she was imparting Advanced

Mathematics or simply the elements. She was interested in her pupils as persons whether they were clever or dull, young or old. Herself courteous and pleasing in manner, she tried to inculcate courtesy and kindness in her pupils, both by precept and example. Her interest in the girls and their welfare had a practical outlet in her position as Careers Mistress, a post which she held for several years and to the work of which she devoted much time and energy.

As a colleague and a member of the Mathematics Department, Miss Ruddock was most co-operative, meticulous in her performance of duty and ever ready to give extra help when this was needed.

While Mathematics might be regarded as one of Miss Ruddock's hobbies, it was by no means the only one. She was a great lover of the theatre and the proximity of her house to the theatre allowed her to indulge this liking to the full. She was a keen member of the Geographical Society and of the National Trust and participated in the expeditions which the latter organised. To these and to her other interests, to her golf and her gardening, she will now be able to devote her time. Although she still imparts her knowledge of Mathematics to a few in need of her help and skill, Miss Ruddock's retirement from classroom teaching is a great loss to this school and to the profession. We cannot but acknowledge, however, that by her faithful and inspired work she has earned time to enjoy her personal interests and we wish her many and happy years of retirement.

THE TOWN

(from the German of Theodor Storm)

Grey shore, grey sea and there the town
Lies blanketed in haar
Low on the roof-tops pressing down,
And the sea's one note throughout the town
Is sounding near and far.
No rustling trees in May there sigh:
No birds their song outpour;
The wild goose with its raucous cry
Upon an autumn night flies by
The whispering, grassy shore.
But still my heart belongs to you,
My grey town by the shore:
The charm of youth is through and through,
And smiling sleeps in you, in you,
My grey town, evermore.

CHRISTINA MANSON, 6A.

STAFF

IN August, 1963, Mr Donaldson M. Walker, who left a charge in Eyemouth, joined the staff as teacher in Religious Instruction. The vacancy in the English Department caused by the departure of Miss Smith, who left to be married, was filled by the appointment of Miss Valerie Hill; and that in the Science Department, caused by Mrs Dobbie's departure from Edinburgh, by Dr Sinclair. The name "Mrs Glen" on the August Staff list indicates that a happy ceremony in the summer had not denied us the future services of Miss Bain. In the autumn, too, Mlle. Perrad and Mlle. Michel joined the French, and Fraulein Glaeser and Fraulein Meschede the German, departments.

In September Miss Ruddock retired, her duties in the Mathematics Department being undertaken by Mrs Forbes.

In October the widening scope of Science Teaching in the school was marked by the appointment of Miss Dunbar as Principal Teacher of Chemistry, and Miss Ferguson as Principal Teacher of Biology, Mr Brash being Principal Teacher of Physics. Mr Milne became Principal Teacher of Russian.

In December Miss Kathleen Wheatley left on her marriage to Mr Tam Dalyell, M.P. for West Lothian; Miss Jennifer Cochrane, who takes over in the History Department, is also a hockey internationalist. Mrs Grieve left at the end of the autumn term; her work was mainly in the Primary Department and she helped with Games, being a basketball internationalist and keenly interested in athletics. Mrs Corson has come temporarily to do Mrs Grieve's work.

At Easter Miss Philip retired from the post of Principal Teacher of Modern Languages, a post she held since 1951. Miss Paterson has succeeded her as Principal Teacher, and Miss Dorothy Minck began duty at the beginning of the summer term as assistant teacher of French and German.

Miss Margaret Connel left at the end of the Spring Term, having been transferred to Trinity Academy; her work is being undertaken temporarily by Mrs Elder, Mrs Spowart and Miss S. Douglas.

Mrs Rozga has been appointed Careers Mistress in place of Miss Paterson.

At the end of the Summer Term Miss Dewar retires from the post of Infant Mistress, which she has held since 1942, and Miss Coutie from the Science Department to which she came in 1937.

SCHOOL NOTES

GREAT and terrible machines are devouring the loved mansionry of Bruntsfield House; trees have toppled and trenches are filling with concrete which presently will support beams and walls. We are on the move. The new school, at various times a promise, a chimera, is taking shape before our eyes.

And now, unbelievably, we are experiencing emotions we never thought would disturb our souls. The red Dumfries stone, the green slates laid with a precision a slater once told us made him proud every time he looked at them from Whitehouse Loan, the stairs—the interminable stairs—with their white tiles, and the pigeons on the balcony strutting raucously up and down like Horse Guards, and the Barclay Church, and the Castle, and the Lomonds away across in Fife: our school—“for many a year renowned”—at least for many a year beloved, will know us no more. Will the harsh angularities of glass and concrete now rising round Bruntsfield House readily house the elusive genius loci of our home on the Links? This, anyhow, marks the great change and the great challenge that in about a couple of years from now we must face.

Christmas 1963: not the snarling snowy scowl of the previous year: not the service in St Cuthbert's (that being postponed to a blander season): but still, at the very heart of it, as before, kindness and generosity. The Primary girls contributed £16 ls. 0d. for Christmas Seals on behalf of spastic children, and both the senior and junior girls brought their toys and games and books which later would bring happiness to many children. The senior girls visited homes of old and lonely people, taking with their gifts the other blessing of youthful companionship. The primary school produced its nativity play. The Middle Hall saw also two functions, organised by the senior and primary schools, to whose gaiety and very real pleasure the unromantic word “party” hardly does justice.

The expansion of musical activity in the school to which the founding of the Musical Society and the growth of the orchestra bore witness last year was again in evidence this year. Concerts in Portobello Town Hall at the time of the Festival, and in the Usher Hall by the Scottish National Orchestra on two later occasions were largely attended. Margaret Sheddan and Irene Fiddler, both of the primary school, took part in the Primary Schools String Orchestra Concert in the Music Hall in March, the former playing a violin solo. The newly formed Edinburgh Corporation Secondary Schools Orchestra, conductor Mr Eric Roberts, practises each Monday in our School Hall and several of our girls are members. The singing competition, at which this year Mr Styles

was the adjudicator, fosters a very important part of our school activities. In October, too, the Margand String Quartet, from Paris, on their visit to the school, presented a programme of rare excellence.

The various conferences attended by our senior girls provided a wider forum for discussion than is possible within school. Among these may be mentioned: the Fifth Form Conference in September, and the Sixth Form one in March, sponsored by the Student Christian Movement in Schools, both held in Moray House; and also in March the Sixth Form Conference in Craigroyston School on “Emergent Africa”.

In October the school took part in the television “Top of the Form” competition, the team being: Barbara Thomson, 6A; Gloria Chewen, 3L2; Pat Frost, 3L; and Carol Smith, 1L1. A keen first round competition resulted in a tie. The final decision then rested upon a snap arithmetic problem which saw our elimination, after a very creditable performance, from the competition.

In March the Junior XI won the Inter-Scholastic Hockey Competition.

Burns certificates were awarded in the junior school to: Vivien Small, P7(1); Gaye Gordon, P7(2); Gillian Hood, P6(1); Alison McConachie, P6(2); Kathleen Tabor, P5(1); Gillian Sutherland, P5(2); Valerie Millar, P4(1); Linda Britton, P4(2); Valerie Lester, P3(1); Heather Pearson, P3(2).

In the Royal Caledonian Horticultural Society Flower Show prizes were won by Elizabeth Stewart P7(2) (1st); Jacqueline Maxwell P6(1) (2nd); Ann Fairley P3(1) (2nd); Ann Stewart P3(1) (3rd).

Our visitors this year have included Miss Fernandes, a teacher of English from Portugal; Mrs. Wardaki, who is attached to the Government Education Dept. in Afghanistan, and Mr Knight, Senior Inspector of Schools, from South Island, New Zealand. On 29th January, members of the Gideons Society attended morning service and thereafter presented copies of the New Testament to girls in Form I.

Books have been presented to the Library by Miss Henderson, Miss Sutherland, Miss Burns, Fraulein Dohne, Herr Jaffke, Eileen Arnott and Pat Robb.

Finally, Miss McIntyre and her girls, dealing without urgency, and simultaneously with S.C.E. examinations and the demands we make upon them: to them goes a very special, and very sincere, thank you.

FOUNDER'S DAY

TUESDAY, 4th February, 1964: the air a little taut with the sense of occasion; the blouses crisply white; the eyes glistening.

The Moderator of the Church of Scotland, our chaplain for seven years, remembered for an earlier inspiring Founder's Day oration: Professor James Stewart could count on a very warm welcome in Gillespie's.

Our proceedings were conducted by the Lord Provost, the Rt. Hon. Duncan M. Weatherstone. Our Vice-Captain, Deirdre Gilchrist, read the lesson from James Gillespie's Bible; the choir sang the anthem "Alleluja!" by Mozart, and Dr Small, our chaplain, led the assembly in prayer. Professor Stewart then delivered a memorable address and soon the familiar pattern of pageantry was establishing itself before our eyes: Rosalind Hunter, our head girl, and her sweet little lieutenant from the primary school collaborating in the presentation that represented the gratitude of us all. At the end we sang "Fidelis et Fortis" with a full-throated sincerity.

ABOVE THE ROOF

(from the French of Verlaine)

Above the roof
The blue sky is at peace.
Above the roof
A tree sways in the breeze.
In this sky
A bell sings softly and long.
In this tree
A bird sings sadly his song.
Life is out there,
Peaceful and sweet.
That noise out there
Comes from the street.
Oh, what have you done?
Speak through your tears.
Tell me what you've done
With those youthful years.

ANNE MATHER, 6A.

FOUNDER'S DAY ORATION

Tuesday, 4th February, 1964

PROFESSOR James S. Stewart, D.D., Moderator of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, began by paying tribute to the Rev. David Read and Dr Small, who succeeded him as our chaplains, to the occasion eight years ago when he delivered our Founder's Day Oration, and to his association with Miss Andrew, first when they were at school together in Dundee and later when she was Headmistress of Gillespie's. He then spoke of the Moderator's dress, telling how the lace came from Chinglepur, near Madras, in India, where it was made by Indian girls, and how this had been done for every Moderator in the past 123 years. He also spoke of the Moderator's ring, explaining the significance of the Burning Bush and St Andrew's Cross, with which it is engraved. After referring to his visit to schools and other places, both in Scotland, and abroad, Professor Stewart continued:

"It is inevitable that the national Church should take a great interest in education because the Church was responsible for all the education in Scotland in 1560 in the time of John Knox and the Reformation. The first Book of Discipline drew up a nation-wide system of education based on the Christian faith and religion and it was only in 1872 that the Act was passed vesting this power in statutory authorities but still to-day the Church has a tremendous interest in education and everything that concerns it. And the reason is this—that the task of both are very largely one and the same thing, viz. (to put it simply), helping people to see, that there is more in life than fun and games and having a good time and enjoying all the material things in this world. Helping people to see. And here I want to quote from John Ruskin. "The greatest thing that anyone can do for other people in this world is to see something and to tell what he saw in a clear way. There are a hundred people who can talk for one who can think and there are thousands who can think for one who can see." To see clearly is education. This is the task of the Church and this is the task of the school—to help you to see clearly the invisible, the real values of life. There are plenty, of course, who do not want a wide horizon: they are quite content to remain as they are. There is a character in Dickens who recommended a house as "having an uninterrupted view across the street". But religion and education exist to show the wider horizon. Gilbert Murray once took up a copy of Shakespeare's "Macbeth" and started to read the scenes which he knew almost by heart and as he read the comments in the margin he found that there were points on every page which he had been missing completely, and this is not so far from our task in religion

and in the Church. And I can take you into the realm of music, too. The draft of one of the most lovely themes in Wagner's "Parsifal" consisted of about a dozen notes on cardboard. The cardboard is such stuff as show-boxes are made of; the pencil marks are such stuff as dreams are made of. To take you beyond the cardboard of life to the dreams, to see the invisible, is the task of religion and education.

"I wonder if you have ever climbed the Eildon Hills. They are three heights and on the middle one there is an indicator. If you climb up from Melrose and St Boswells it points out to the things you can see from that point—Flodden Field, Carter Bar, etc., and the mileage in each case. One pointer indicates St Paul's Cathedral, 301 miles. I looked along that line and tried to see St Paul's and I couldn't and I began to think, 'This is rather stupid. How can one see away over the border country and the Cheviot Hills and beyond the Midlands? How can anybody see it?' And then I came to see that it isn't so stupid after all, for I began to see in imagination Fleet Street and Ludgate Hill and the traffic. That pointer, in other words, was helping me to see the invisible, and this is the point of education and this is the point of religion, and this is why the task of religion and education come so close together. If you do see the invisible in this sense, if you get beyond the material prizes of this world and see the real values of this life, then that will transform the whole of life and even the dullest tasks will become transfigured. When St Paul's Cathedral was being built, Sir Christopher Wren went one day to see how things were going and when he arrived down there he saw three men working in a corner. He said to the first, 'What are you doing to-day?' and the man looked up and said, 'I am just cutting this stone.' And Sir Christopher went to the second man and said to him, 'What are you doing to-day?' and he said, 'I am earning three and six a day.' And he said to the third man, 'What are you doing?' and the third man drew himself up, straightened his shoulders and said, 'I am helping Sir Christopher Wren to build his great Cathedral.' They were all doing the same job but they had three different angles on the job. The first said, 'I am doing this bit of drudgery' and the second said, 'I am making a living' and the third said, 'I am helping the great architect to build his cathedral.' Now when you leave school, it is up to you to choose which angle of approach you are going to have. Is it to be, 'I am doing this bit of drudgery' or 'I am earning my living', or 'I am helping the great architect of the universe to build his kingdom here upon earth.' Perhaps you may think that anything you can do is too small to be of much account. Well, let me finish by telling you one other story. This was long ago and far away across the sea. A cathedral church was being built and the best sculptors and architects had been employed for the job, and an old man whom

nobody knew came along and he begged to be given something to do in the building of this great church but the foreman said 'No!' and sent him away. But he came back the next day and begged, 'Please let me do something in the building of this great church: it doesn't matter how small it is.' And again the foreman—angrily this time—sent him away saying, 'We don't want you here. Go away!' But he plagued the life out of the foreman and came back day after day and at last the foreman said, 'Well, there's a dark corner where you can go and do what you like, but don't come bothering me any more.' So he went into the dark corner under the stairs and in response to some inner vision of his own soul he carved the face of Jesus Christ, and today in order that the sunshine may fall on that face of Christ under the stairs there is special lighting and people come from all over to see it because it is the most wonderful thing—the face of Christ by the man who left no name. If you can carve in your life and in your character even the smallest thing, if it is the reflection of the life and the character of Jesus Christ, this is a tremendous service for your country and your Church and the world and other people."

Professor Stewart concluded by conveying the greetings of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland to the school, and his own blessing, in our studies and in all the exciting future stretching out in front of us.

BLUE THOUGHTS

I sit amidst a blue light, head in my hands.
Despondent.
Depressed.
The world around is grey, is dark, is midnight.
People are shabbily dressed, dogs howl.
Cats cry like agonised children,
The souls of agonised children deserted.
Are cats the souls of deserted children?
Winter is coming, and each ruined leaf
Feels the chill creeping round it, and nipping it from its mother twig.
A sigh presses open my lips, and flies into my bare room,
Seeming to blow a mist of tears into my presence.
Beside my bed, a newspaper. Today's.
It shows more death and ruination than even yesterday's.
Midnight has chimed, dolefully.
In my blue room, I awaken in my bed.
"One day I shall not awaken."
This I know, and fear.
From the moment of our birth, we are doomed
To die.
To die.
And to be buried in a blue-white shroud.

CYNTHIA SCOTT, 5M.

LETTER FROM THE UNIVERSITY

SCHOOL now two years behind me, I am in a better position to write this letter than I would have been a year and a half ago when my scorn at the restrictions and regimental discipline of school was at its height. Then I was enjoying a new freedom that, in the very exuberance of its youth could not look back longingly at the confinements of the school curriculum. But freedom is not an easy thing to live with. You have to come to terms with it, You have to draw your own boundaries and guiding lines. You try to develop the ability to make objective judgements. This is perhaps why my attitude towards school has changed somewhat. Scorn has become mild disapproval. Remembering the good times, however, I forget to criticise. The University is not a place for nostalgia. There is little time to look back. We are so caught up in the moment and the promise of the future.

Study at the University is a process of "independent activity" and not the familiar "submissive receptivity" of school. I am an individual, doing what I want to do, studying what I want to study. I can talk when I like and with whom I like and this is one of the most stimulating aspects of University life for there is such a variety of personalities and such abundance of ideas. Differences of nationality and religion make for as many lively conversations as differences in the subjects one studies, the parties one goes to, the people one likes or even the food one eats. It is an ever-expanding world that is eager to unfold new riches.

There are examinations but they do not darken my life with their dismal shadow throughout the whole academic year. Everyone goes to earth about a fortnight beforehand. One of the most interesting pieces of study is the termly essays which comprise the bulk of University work. They present a challenge which can only be met by performing the ritual of "finding out". The student listens to lectures, reads, becomes exasperated, discusses, in fact, may even climb up to the top of the David Hume Tower to have a chat with his tutor. He tries to satisfy himself about his conclusions and not to accept gratefully those he finds in the text book—"pre-thought" and "ready-for-use".

I felt a little lost when I first came up to the University. Lecturers and tutors seem much more distant than school teachers and give little indication of praise or blame—unless when strongly provoked or directly challenged! You must never be intimidated. Nor is it any good being shy about things, No-one will cajole you into using your talents but once you decide to do so, you will find all kinds of societies opening their arms to greet you. Never be frightened of making a mistake or of making a fool of yourself.

It is possible to remain a school-girl at the University. But it is not profitable. You have to be prepared to jump in at the deep end of the swimming-pool. You will never learn to enjoy swimming if you insist on paddling around in the shallows, being too timid to venture into deeper waters. A University degree can be won by routine, adequate study but a good degree and an interesting University life can only be gained by an intelligent and adventurous investigation of ideas.
Edinburgh, May, 1964.

ROSEMARY M. JOHNSTONE.

DUX ON ARTS SIDE



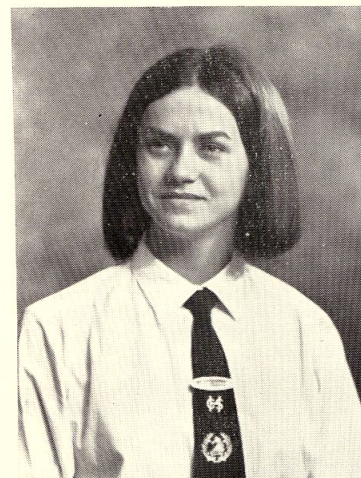
ANNE MATHER

DUX ON SCIENCE SIDE



ADRIENNE HALL

CAPTAIN OF SCHOOL



ROSALIND HUNTER

VICE-CAPTAIN OF SCHOOL



DEIRDRE GILCHRIST

Photos by E. R. Yerbury & Son



Back Row—E. BROOKS, F. ELLERY, J. POTTS, V. CONWAY, M. RUNNIGLES, R. GREIG, S. MACKENZIE, J. DUNCAN,
A. McCLAFERTY.
Centre Row—J. BURLEY, F. KELLY, C. BASHFORD, J. ANDERSON, W. FROUD, A. HALL, A. FLEMING, B. THOMSON,
N. RUTHERFORD, J. COCHRANE.
Front Row—M. GORDON, F. HENDERSON, M. STEWART, R. HUNTER, MISS STEEL, D. GILCHRIST, F. CALDER,
L. ERSKINE, O. MILNE.

Photo by E. R. Yerbury & Son

WHAT NURSING MEANS TO ME

(THE author of this article is a former pupil who, after the very varied career which she sketches, is now in charge of nursing services in Christopher City, a new and rapidly growing town in Arizona, U.S.A.)

How can Christmas be happy without a home, brothers, sisters, parents or someone to love? It was this question which started me on a long, happy and interesting career as a nurse.

When I was a pupil at James Gillespie's School for Girls I had to decide my future career. Many of my friends were hoping to become school teachers or private secretaries, but I always felt that I wanted to be with babies. My only sister was born at this time and I was much more interested in home than my studies at school.

Since I had always loved little children and babies, it was in answer to my first question that I went to help at Christmas time in the Children's Shelter. What an experience that was! The nursing superintendent was a very wise and experienced registered nurse and the medical officer an elderly family doctor who practised pediatrics. These two people taught their young staff how to care for these little ones and how to put some Christian love and care into those deprived lives all year round.

During the year I was at the Shelter, several of the babies had to be transferred to the hospital with very serious illnesses. I was upset because I could not care for "my" babies when they were sick and when I thought they needed me. So there I came to my next step. I decided to go and find out how to care for them.

The City Hospital, where I trained, treated infectious diseases and here I learned the great joy in complete recovery and the sorrow of parting and death. Many experiences I can still use today though conditions have changed. Our patients had no penicillin for their pneumonias. We had rows of cases of diphtheria, scarlet fever and whooping cough. We also had wards full of convalescents where laughter was always the order of the day. Can you imagine the pride of a young probationer nurse when a little boy who was just admitted cried out to me, "Lady, Lady" and my young friend in the next bed announced, "That's no lady, that's a nurse!"

Unfortunately a few of these patients developed surgical conditions and again I "lost" them. Well, only one thing to do, go and find out about surgical nursing.

This time I spent four years in training as a general nurse. What busy years packed with work and study as well as friends and fun too! I can still feel the sense of pride when I helped to undress an old man after a street accident and he said I was so gentle with him. I had not been a top student at school but I was here to take advantage of another kind of education and I was determined to find out

all about everything. To learn from the classroom, from books and lectures of the science and mechanism which God has created to shape a living person; the excitement of the wars between blood corpuscles and invading bacteria; the reason for breathing, eating and of retaining a healthy mind. How much, too, I learned from patients and practice! We used to use feeding cups. How far up do you tip the cup? One day I shut myself in a private room and lay flat on the bed to find out just how I should tip it. How was I to know that the chief was on a tour of inspection? I was not sure after the interview if she thought I was plain stupid or a little mad.

Strange things happen to a young nurse. My feet would be so painful that I would wonder how I could walk; then, after duty and a quick change and a dance with a young doctor, my feet no longer hurt! The next morning I would trip around my patients walking on air, for the intern and I would have diagnosed and were curing them all, as well as having found the answer to most of the world's problems.

One day I heard a woman in labour crying, "God help me, someone help me." I thought maybe God meant me to hear that cry but how could I help? One thing certain, I must again go and find out.

On completion of my training as a general nurse I was awarded the gold medal as the best nurse of the year; not just an achievement to me but some proof that I really had "found out" and could use my findings. This would have been a memorable day in any girl's life because of compliments, congratulations, excited patients, photographs (smiling, with new shoes pinching like mad) but most of all perhaps for the dawning of a sense of pride in the profession which had accepted me, and a realization of the contribution I could try to make in the healing arts.

I carried my curiosity and increasing enthusiasm into my midwifery training. Of course it was hard work, but don't the mothers too work hard, and is there any greater reward than to hear the cry of a new baby? I practised midwifery during the war when babies seemed to be plentiful in Britain and midwives scarce. What about the mothers in air raid shelters? How about the courage of the mother whose baby I was delivering under a table while Hitler's bombs scattered glass and worse all around. Poor little baby! The mother and I tried to help him into the world before the next bomb and he cried just as the siren sounded. He is now carrying through life the name of Siren.

Soon it became apparent to me that I had much more to go and find out. I went to train as a district nurse and then studied for my Health Visitor's Certificate, both in Edinburgh. I not only learned a lot in these two periods of education but I learned how to learn a great deal more that would benefit not only my patients but their

whole families; those healthy and those who were sick; from before birth to the sunset of life.

Another honour came my way which my patients love to hear about. As a nurse I received from Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II a Royal Command to attend a garden party at Buckingham Palace. My pride in my profession really did reach bursting-point when I found myself presented to His Royal Highness Prince Philip and he was gracious enough to take time to talk with me and ask questions about our work.

One hobby that I followed all year round was the perusal of travel literature. During the war I had been so grateful to the Americans for their "Bundles for Britain" but also very curious about people who could send baby clothes that were so different (sometimes adorned with dainty posies) and little notes of goodwill. I wondered if these English-speaking friends from across the Atlantic were really different from us. I enjoyed reading about the States and I wanted to go and find out. Imagine my joy when I found that I really could as the recipient of a Fullbright Scholarship.

My first impression of the U.S.A. would fill a book! What joy to find that here in the hearts and homes of the people I was no foreigner or alien. I was a nurse! The problems in the big city where I worked were the same as those in other cities across the ocean. Some traditions and customs varied but basic needs are common to all.

As an exchange student I visited homes in an Italian community. Most of the women did not speak English. I communicated where I could in a slow simple way with a limited vocabulary. One old man asked me, "How long you be in this country?" I said two weeks. "Oh, two weeks! You speeka language good." If you think that man was simple just consider how many ways there are of using the same language on this continent.

My scholarship ended and I returned home. But at the next opportunity I returned to America, this time to work in the mountains of Kentucky. I wanted to find out how people under the care of the Frontier Nursing Service lived and to lend a hand as a nurse-midwife. What enjoyable and rewarding work this was! To have the privilege of being able to help a mother in the birth of her baby, to guide in health and treat in sickness all these wonderful mountain people in their own homes. This life is a story in itself; of sunny days, snow-storms, floods (called Tides in Kentucky) and all the babies (twins too), cuts, burns, sick cows and dogs. Anything that can happen in a family would be followed by a knock at the outpost centre nurse's door at any hour of the day or night with the plea "We want you all to come."

Yes, I have many treasures from Kentucky; my licence to practise as a Registered Nurse, my certificate (by examination) to practise as a nurse midwife, but most of all memories. Still I can

hear the whip-poor-will, the cardinal and other birds, shut my eyes and see the dogwood and the red bud and listen to the creeks running and hear the little mountain girl singing "How far is Heaven". I can imagine the children waiting for us on the porch and telling us "Get ye a char", while the mother baked the biscuits or cornbread. What hospitality!

When my friend going to Arizona invited me to visit, what better invitation could come to someone who had played Cowboys and Indians for years? I could go and find out about them.

Now I am the proud possessor of a licence to practise as a registered nurse in Arizona. I am working as a nurse giving health care and guidance with exercise, nutrition, etc. My patients are of all creeds, classes and of different races. One thing remains the same all the time, common on two continents, in two different countries and I imagine throughout the world: that is, the basic needs of the patient are the same. My older patients have different backgrounds, including Russian, German, Polish, Italian, Mexican and the true American Indian. They are also my friends and I am glad to share with them their joys and sorrows. I am a member of the Episcopal Church but I also visit with my friends, the Sisters of the Roman Catholic Faith, and I have accepted with pleasure invitations to Jewish Feasts. I am happy that my profession is without prejudice as to creed, class or colour. What better way is there to live?

I am working, too, as a consultant to the participants in a conference in Restorative Nursing, sponsored by the South-western Arizona League for Nursing, University of Arizona School of Nursing, with funds provided by the U.S. Department of Health. We, that is, the faculty, participants and patients, are all working together to find ways of improving nursing care towards helping everyone to reach their utmost potential and to adjust to their condition of injury, disease or increasing age.

I still love children and at the nursery school where I check their health every day they know me as Nurse Peggie. They are teaching me (as are some of the more senior students) more about young America, while they develop a friendship with the "English Nurse" which I hope will set a foundation for their international relationships.

Perhaps the future of the world lies in international understanding. I envy the young nurse starting on her career today for the world is her doorstep. In no other walk of life is the door of every home open with the welcome mat out. In no other profession can you visit, teach and actually assist men, women and children when they need you most and where they need you most.

Folks say that nursing is a hard life. Yes, you give a lot. But how much more do you get back? Nursing means so much today. It means, to quote the dictionary, "to nourish" or "cherish", but the well educated nurse can be a simple nurse like me, or she may

become an educator of other nurses or still again she may specialize in a variety of subjects.

Where do I look for inspiration and courage? To music in the song of the birds and in laughter of little children; to art in the wild flowers and in the "blossom patch"; to poetry in Kipling's "If" (he might have written that for nurses); and to all the Johns and Janes who have been such valiant patients!

MARGARET MARY FOSTER

2710 East 7th Street

Tucson, Arizona

EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY BURSARY COMPETITION, 1964

Modern Languages

1st—ANNE MATHER.

History

2nd—FRANCES SHAW.

Geography

3rd—CATHERINE MACFARQUHAR.

ST. ANDREWS UNIVERSITY COMPETITION, 1964

Adrienne Hall has been awarded a Russell Bursary of £50 a year for four years.

FEDERATION BRITANNIQUE DES COMITES DE L'ALLIANCE FRANCAISE ESSAY COMPETITION

Anne Mather has been placed 1st for Scotland and 4th for Great Britain in this competition and has been awarded one of the eight travel grants offered to British students.

She will spend a fortnight in Paris during the summer.

EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY DEBATING TEAM TO TOUR CEYLON AND THE EAST, 1964

Of the team of four the two women members are both Gillespie girls: Janice Duncan and Christine MacGregor.

LONDON UNIVERSITY SCHOLARSHIP

London University in association with the Slade School of Art this year offered one scholarship to post-graduates to allow research to be conducted over the period of a year in London into certain aspects of the cinema and literature.

This scholarship has been won by Astrid Gillies who has just completed her studies for the degree of Honours in English at Edinburgh University

HERE AND THERE

"Let these describe the undescrivable."

- 6 A.— They have a plentiful lack of wit.
 R.H.— The royal captain of this ruined band.
 D.G.— And her hair was so charmingly curled.
 A.M.— Speaks three or four languages, word for word, without book.
 A.H.— There is a divinity in odd numbers.
 F.S.— Learn to write well or not to write at all.
 W.F.— Much have I travelled . . .
 J.M.— Pleasure is labour too and twice as much.
 L.E.— England, with all thy faults, I love thee still.
 B.T.— Blotted out and raz'd, by her rebellion.
 1st Year.— Not there, not there, my child!
 2nd Year.— A hat not much the worse for wear.
 3rd Year.— A sweet disorder in the dress.
 Prefects.— I've told you before—Oh!—You can't do that!
 General Subjects.— Let us contemplate existence.
 Oh! Reform it altogether.
 Study Periods.— Quiet to quick bosoms is a hell.
 Oh! Sleep it is a gentle thing.
 Pantomime.— Oh, don't you remember sweet Alice?
 Choir.— I am never merry when I hear sweet music.
 Orienteering.— By indirections find direction out.
 Hockey.— Which way shall I fly?
 Late comers.— That practised falsehood under saintly show.
 New School.— A sight to dream of, not to tell.
 Exams.— The petrifications of a plodding brain.
 Highers.— Our final hope is flat despair.
 Monday morning.— The march of the human mind is slow.
 School Lunches.— Whence and what art thou?
 Staff.— I wish he would explain his explanation.
 Cookery is a noble science.
 My days among the Dead are passed.
 Beware the fury of a patient man.
 I am not mad, but soon shall be.

OUTWARD BOUND, 47

LAST year I was fortunate and privileged enough to have been chosen to take part in a one-month Outward Bound course at the first-ever Outward Bound Girls' School at Rhowniar, near Aberdovey, North Wales. The object of this course was not to turn the sixty girls taking part into Amazons, but to enable us to find out our abilities and to instil in us the importance of comradeship.

To give an account of the course would fill a book for each hour brought something new and exciting. Before going on expeditions we were thoroughly grounded in map and compass reading, expedition ration preparation (known as ERP) and first aid. These were all essential preliminaries to our hill-walking, camping, rock climbing and canoeing.

There were five groups in the school each having the name of a Welsh mountain or river—Rhynog, Dyssynni, Arrah, Moelwyn and Cader. There was a great feeling of rivalry between the groups and everyone was eager to win points for her dormitory in the many group competitions, such as initiative tests, in which we were asked to do anything from pitching a tent blindfold to dealing with a faked accident.

A great part of our time was taken up by expeditions, canoeing, camping and one-day expeditions over the mountains. On many of these we had to bring back reports and sketches. Everyone had to take part in rock climbing and most of us found it exhilarating and exciting.

Everything we had learned on our previous expeditions led up to the Final Scheme. This lasted for four days, and in groups of six we hiked and climbed in the countryside around Plinlimmon searching for clues which would lead us to our base camps at night. The Final Scheme took the part of an exercise to open up the supposedly uninhabitable countryside in the Plinlimmon area. We had to drop pills into the water supplies, carry "air purifying" canisters, cross "radio-active" roads and take notes of dwellings mines and settlements. This added greatly to the interest of the scheme.

There were other aspects to Outward Bound life. We had drama lessons and everyone had to take part in the Public-Speaking competition, and at the end of the course we enacted "Pilgrim's Progress." We also had to take a religious service each morning.

On our last week the Queen and Prince Philip visited us at the school, and I was honoured enough to have them both speak to me.

All of us from Edinburgh had great misgivings on the way to Rhowniar, and by the time we had reached the school we all felt like returning home. By the end of the course, however, no one wanted to leave, and I am sure that Rhowniar and Outward Bounding will hold forever a place in the hearts of all the girls who take part.

Outward Bounding does not stop at the end of a four-week course but after one has experienced it it influences your life greatly. Personally I cannot imagine how it could fail to with the motto of "To serve, to strive, and not to yield."

ANNE FLEMING, 6B2.

VISIT TO DENMARK

DURING last summer, the Education Authorities arranged for a party of twenty-five Danish girls accompanied by two of their teachers to visit Edinburgh and stay with twenty-five girls from the third and fourth years.

The Danish girls were in Edinburgh for a fortnight, and a number of tours were arranged for them, including a tour of the Royal Highland Show at Ingleston, and a visit to the "Sunset Ceremony" in the forecourt of Holyrood Palace.

This visit was returned when our party of girls, accompanied by Miss Wilson and Miss Edmondston, left Edinburgh by bus three weeks later. There was some anxiety at Coldstream when our bus broke down, but we arrived in Newcastle in time to embark on the Danish boat, the *Parkeston*, which was bound for Esbjerg in Jutland. The crossing was reasonably calm, and we arrived at Esbjerg on the following afternoon. From there, we took the boat-train to Copenhagen via the ferries linking Jutland to Fünen and Fünen to Zealand.

When we arrived in Copenhagen, late in the evening, we were warmly welcomed by the Danish girls and their parents.

The Saint Andrew Society of Denmark had organised a number of tours for us. On the following day we were entertained by a member of this society by being shown round the Town Hall, and having our lunch in the Tivoli Gardens. Throughout the fortnight the tours took us to Sweden, a Danish farm, and the canals and harbour of Copenhagen. During this tour, we were thrilled to see the Royal Barge, and many girls took photographs of the "Little Mermaid" at the entrance to the harbour. Our tour of Zealand took us to one of the highlights of our stay. This was a tour of the castle at Elsinore, the setting of Shakespeare's "Hamlet".

When the time came for us to leave, it was with great regret that we said good-bye to our Danish friends. But many long-lasting friendships had been made, and many of us are corresponding with our Danish friends, and this year, a number of invitations have been extended to some of our girls to pay another visit to Copenhagen in the summer.

MARGARET ROBERTSON, MARGARET RUNNICLES, ROSALIND NICOL, 5M.0

A TRIP TO NORWAY

THIS Easter our Bible Class went to Norway. On the morning of the 4th of April we met in front of our church—Braid Church, Morningside. We set off in a bus for Fred Olsen Dock, Newcastle. Once there, we went through the customs and boarded the liner *M.S. Braemar* at 2.30. At 4.30 we had lifeboat drill and then the boat left for Oslo. An hour later we all had to change our watches to Norwegian time, and the leader of our party gave us our money in Norwegian currency, which is very easy to understand. The boat was very comfortable but was difficult to get used to. We found it surprisingly easy to sleep. The weather on board was wonderful and when we docked in at Oslo the sun was shining at 4.30 in the morning!

From Oslo station we caught the train up the side of the lake to Lillehammer. When we arrived there, many of our pen-pals were there to meet us. We spent that morning getting settled in Birkebeiner Hostel.

For two weeks we spent our time ski-ing and going up the mountains. We made many friends in the town who met us every night. The juke

boxes in all the cafes played the British top twenty records as well as the Norwegian.

One morning we went to school with our pen-pals. The High School in Lillehammer is similar to our school except that it is mixed. We found the English classes very amusing. We were asked many questions about Scotland and our way of schooling.

On our last night we had a party with our pen-pals and they all wore national dress. The men of our party wore kilts to the Norwegian's delight—men wearing skirts!

We were sad to leave our new-found friends but on the 14th April we were back aboard *M.S. Braemar*. The voyage back was very stormy and the weather got worse and worse as we neared Newcastle. We arrived there in dense fog and rain. After going through the customs and declaring all our legal possessions, we all sighed with relief that the customs officers had not noticed the cigarettes and whisky that our fathers were so anxiously waiting for. As soon as we said goodbye to all the friends we had made, the bus came to bring us home. We struggled with our cases as they were heavier than they were when we left. As soon as we crossed the border into Scotland the sun came out but it was nothing compared with Norway. The scenery in Scotland was very dull compared with Norway. We all wished we could go back to live there.

We arrived home at 1.30 on the 17th April and spent the afternoon telling interested parents and lonely friends our adventures.

FRANCES HORSBURGH, 3D.

THE LAND OF TYROL

I HAVE often dreamed of some beautiful desert island with golden, sandy beaches and pretty girls adorned with grass skirts and flower garlands as my paradise, as my most exciting place to be in; but after spending an unforgettable holiday last summer in Austria that dream of dreams has now faded. To awaken with the brilliant sun streaming gaily in at my window, and to look out on the majestic and beautiful Alps is my great desire.

I stayed in a luxury hotel in the picturesque village of Igls, nestling cosily in the Alps, immediately above the tourist town of Innsbruck. The charm, beauty and near perfection of this area is indescribably. Every building is so typically clean and bright, and they are mostly of the chalet type. The little church of the village is the most ornate I have ever seen. The entire interior is of gold, and although I have visited most of the English churches and cathedrals on a previous holiday, this one is unequalled in my estimation.

In Austria, night falls early and suddenly as if a black, velvet curtain had been drawn across the sky. One evening after dinner many of the hotel guests, myself included, were relaxing on the balcony when a sound of distant music reached our ears. As it became louder, we saw a group of men in national costume, playing horns and various other musical instruments by the light of torches and candles. Followed by many tourists, they continued playing as they marched high up into the mountains. They stopped at a hall in the middle of a pine wood. This, I soon discovered, was the traditional beginning to the Saturday "hop," which provided a thoroughly enjoyable evening for young and old.

Next day I saw the most breath-taking sight ever. I climbed the Patscherkofel Schutzhau Alp (which is 1970 metres high) in a cable car. To me it was like a dream and as we arrived at the summit I could hardly believe my eyes. The whole world stretched before me in a panorama of colours. Innsbruck, like a model village, lay contentedly in the distant valley below. This natural beauty is far more wonderful, far more moving, than any man-made spectacle! This was more than an exciting place to be in. The genuinely friendly people, the young girls attractive in their national dresses and frilly aprons, crisp and clean; the handsome men with fair hair, rugged features and blue eyes are impossible to forget, their memory haunting me for ever, calling me back.

Innsbruck is a great tourist attraction. Shopping was so exciting in the boutique-like shops, reasonably cool in the cloisters. The Imperial Palace and the house with the golden roof are places which I visited and photographed along with many more tourists. Nearby, the beer garden echoed its music through the thronged street. A certain air of magic hovered around these places and invited holiday makers in, although all the younger people could drink was Sinalco lemonade or "Apfelsaft".

The burning sun seemed to fill me with energy, giving me a thirst for exercise and excitement. About eight or nine o'clock in the evening, a walk in the still, sweet-scented, pine wood was relaxing and refreshing. In a small souvenir shop I bought a chart which showed me all the different walks, each with an enchanting name. These walks were all numbered and this made it more exciting to leave the chart and just follow the numbers, unaware of the finishing place, be it a shining blue lake hidden in mountains, a small café with chairs and shaded tables outside, a view point or a beauty spot in the wood.

Our hotel itself provided many pastimes. Dances were held frequently in the grand lounge, but these were not complete without the handsome, versatile Ferry Trio who played superbly throughout the evening; a private swimming pool, crazy golf course and putting green were located in very attractive grounds. Lounge chairs were provided among the trees, in the shade, which, for the lazier person, tipped back and made a couch. Many shows were produced where men played twenty-foot long Alpine horns, where dancing and clapping were the order of the day, and where small boys performed, wearing their lovely outfits of Tyrolean hats and leather breeches, known as Lederhosen.

On many occasions since my wonderful holiday I have found it hard to stop dreaming and wishing that I could suddenly be lifted away to my dreamland, to the most exciting place I have ever known, the land of the Tyrol.

IRENE LESLIE, 5B.

CAIRNGORM HOLIDAY

High in the hills the rain pours down;
The land is sodden, like a sea;
And here a little stream is formed—
Could be the Don, could be the Dee.

ALISON BAYES, 1F2.



GROWING UP

I remember you.
You're the one that made my dreams come true
A few . . .

WAS it last year, last month, or even last week when you went, Billy? Life seemed to stop living after it happened; the trees, strangely still, would look blankly, bleakly down on me, and then quickly turn away again, lest I should notice. And I always noticed. Time ceased to have any meaning for me: it might well have been a hundred years ago.

"Would you like to buy a flag, please? It's for the R.S.P.C.A."

She pushed unanswering past me, and I was alone once more with Billy. He was not a big cat, but had the most beautiful black and white markings. Why Billy? I do not know: it was my father's choice, and this I accepted in the same way as I accepted that two times two made four.

That day—"Why, thank you, madam. Yes, certainly, you may take two. Yes, it is such a good cause. I know, isn't it a lovely morning? Thank you very much."

That day the sun had shone too, and I had come home from school trailing my blazer in the dust, a happy, somewhat toothless, unsuspecting smile on my face. I remember lifting you gently in my arms off the road and down into the garden. And the blood had started to flow again: deep crimson, dribbling like school custard down the front of my blouse. You were so much heavier than you had been before.

Perhaps the bird-song was sweeter in the days that followed, in the painfully empty days. Perhaps they sang exultantly, mocking because they need no longer be afraid, because you were no longer there. Perhaps they did; but I do not know. I only know that the trees looked bleakly, blankly down on me, and life was full of emptiness.

You were such a good hunter, Billy. Not only birds, but mice and even moles you used to catch. Do you remember the day when you caught a sparrow, and brought it into the kitchen to show us? And the little thing was still half-alive, and cheeping frenziedly in your mouth? And do you remember how my mother was angry, and shuddered, and shouted at you to get out? But I did not shudder: I felt nothing but primitive scorn for something that was so small, and weak, and helpless, and fierce pride in you. And I gave you some extra milk that night, just to show how pleased I was.

Yes, life was young then, and the blue sky and the green grass were always laughing, happily, and you and I and the red ball played together. While you tickled my bare toes, I remember thinking how beautiful the deep crimson of the ball looked against your black and white fur. You played with me like this long after you were a kitten. Though the grown-ups thought of you as mature and self-sufficient, yet you would—when nobody was looking—put out a warm, soft paw to touch my bare leg, as if to say: we are together, you and I, together against the rest of the world.

But all this finished that day I carried you in off the road. I did not cry. When you were seven, you did not cry for this kind of thing: you cried because you had to go to bed and had not finished your game, or you cried because the boy next door could run faster than you, and he was younger—but you did not cry when your cat was killed by a car.

On and on and on. Would this hour of flag-selling never end?

"Would you like to buy a flag, please?"

"Please, would you like to buy a flag?"

"I wonder if you'd care to buy a flag . . .?"

"Excuse me, please would you . . .?"

Yes, it all finished that day I carried you in off the road. The blue sky and the green grass stopped laughing, and the trees looked blankly, bleakly down on a little girl trailing her school coat in the dust. Life was old now, and dragged its way painfully through innumerable days and nights. The wind blew, and it was autumn.

"Your hour finished now?" said the efficient, soulless voice at the table. "Thank you very much for your help." I handed over my collecting box and went out again.

Sitting outside a close, a starved stray cat mewed pathetically. I avoided it, feeling nothing but primitive scorn for something so small, and weak, and helpless.

SHEILA GRAHAM, 6A.

DAISIES AND WORMS

MY first memories before the age of two are, quite distinctly, the then two great passions of my life—daisies and worms. I know they occurred before the age of two as, until that age, we stayed in a very small house with three very large gardens. As a result, I remember, my mother no doubt harassed to the utmost by her offspring—and I lay no claims to model behaviour even at that tender age—banished me, within the safe confines of a playpen to the far corner of the sunniest garden—complete with daisy-choked lawn.

Now daisies are attractive little flowers, appetising, rather like miniature fried eggs; whether it was that or whether it was that I was still teething I cannot remember, but when Mama returned for her daughter, the area of grass within the playpen and within a tiny arm's radius of it was entirely bare of daisies! On the face of the babe was a blissful smile like the proverbial cat that stole the cream and on the innocent mouth was a guilty trace of bruised white petals and pollen!

So began the battle of the daisy. I can remember the frustration of a wide, thick rug placed under my playpen and so my passion turned to worms.

No! I did not eat them this time. I hoarded them. I must have been a little older then for I was able to walk and help my father in the garden. I made it my personal job to gather all the worms turned up by the spade—especially those cut in two—and set them out in a line on the path. The two halves of bisected worms I tried vainly to stick together again and when finally unsuccessful I stuffed them into a tiny dungaree pocket to wait until another day. As for the other worms—well, as it seemed such a shame to leave them out on the path I put them in my pocket too. To this day my mother loathes worms. I think the constant emptying of my pockets must have been too much for her.

Then at the advanced age of two and six months came my elopement. It was a matter of a likely lad of about four or thereabouts. His name was John. As a matter of fact I had two admirers at that time. The other was called Noisy Boosy because he used to hang over the high adjoining wall, shouting and throwing his toy trains at me. I didn't like him.

But John was my dear friend. He helped me with my gardening, digging with the little trowel I had been given, and pulling out the weeds—at least I think they were weeds—and even helped me with my vast collection of worms. Then came the day. John had a grandmother who freely distributed digestive biscuits. But dare I leave the familiar surroundings from where I have never ventured unaccompanied? We were gardening alone at the time with neither parent in sight. Quick over the wall—shoulder high—with a dint

of pushing and pulling by John, I finally tumbled over and soon was trotting down the road to see his grandmother.

Into a strange garden we went and up a strange staircase, a rather laborious ascent as I had not quite mastered the tactics of staircase climbing. Then—catastrophe!—I was still carrying my earthy garden trowel. To appear in such an awesome presence carrying a trowel was unthinkable. With admirable presence of mind John hid the offending object on the staircase, well tucked into the shelter of a step, so that it could not be seen by one coming down the stairs. All was well.

My meeting with grandmother was brief. A digestive biscuit half-eaten when a clatter and thud sounded from the stairs. My trowel! I made a dismayed dash to save my possession.

So ended my romance. John's mother took a dislike to me—although I had more reason to dislike her as she had bent my trowel and my parents no longer liked John as my twenty-minute absence had disturbed them more than a little.

And so the results of my good upbringing are shown in my eighteenth year. I no longer eat daisies, nor collect worms and I have not eloped—yet!

MARTA MCGLYNN, 6A.

DRIVING TEST

"Miss Jane Smith, please!"

Almost lunch-time—hope it's not mince again.

"Miss Jane Smith! Ah! Right! Come this way."

Hm—pretty girl. Ha—she's nervous!

"Yes, it is very cold for June. Your car?"

Needn't think you'll get round me that way, young lady!

"Move off when you are ready."

Nice legs!

"Try turning on the engine first! When you are ready."

Women—all the same. Take her up the Mound—plenty of traffic and she can do a hill-start on that nasty vertical climb.

"Turn right and use hand signals only please. RIGHT!!"

Nice pair of legs these. Of course Annie's were good twenty years ago.

"Left past the traffic lights."

Hm—no change of gear on approaching lights. Blast! Must buy a new pen.

"Stop half way up this hill."

Ha! This is the best part of the test. Hm—reasonable clutch control. In fact it was quite a good hill-start. Pity!

"Left at the top."

She's getting too confident—I'll take her into the High Street again.

"I am going to say 'Now' somewhere along this road and I want you to stop as quickly as possible."

Ha—she thinks I'm going to look behind to check the traffic but I'm not!

"Now!"

That gave her a fright.

"Move off when you are ready."

Her hands were shaking. Fantastic stockings they wear these days. Annie still wears these thick fawn ones.

"Second road on the left and stop at the corner. Reverse round it keeping close to the kerb."

Hm—didn't check blind-spot.

"First on the right and then third to the left."

Ten minutes till lunch-time. Too close to that bus. She doesn't use the mirror enough. Ask her some code questions and that's that.

"Draw up in front of that blue B.S.M. car if you please."

What was that one the last girl didn't know? Ah yes!

"What are the two most difficult manoeuvres in driving?"

If she knows this one, I'll ask her the questions on braking distances and level crossings and night parking.

"I see. Thank you."

Ha—she doesn't know whether she was right or not—let her sweat it out for a few minutes. Shall I pass her? Let's see—I've failed twelve out of twenty this week . . . Hm—nice legs!

"You have passed the test."

CAROL BAILLIE, 6B1.

A YOUNG GIRL'S LAMENT

Ye low heels and ye crew-cuts

O whaur hae ye gone?

They hae slain the bonnie barbers

And laid them on the lawn.

Wir fellae were braw gallants

But noo they've grown their hair.

O the boys of Edinburry

Are not boys ony mair.

O woe be tae ye, Beatles!

Why did ye come this way?

Wi' Chelsea buits an' lang, lang, hair

Their manliness tae slay.

Wir fellae were braw gallants

When they wore the narry buit.

O the boys of Edinburry

Hae noo a shauchled fit.

6B1.

REX

I WAS leaning forward to close the curtains when I saw the dog: an ordinary collie, a little grizzled about the muzzle, and plump from sedentary old age, it was padding down the street with an air of supreme detachment. It was this demeanour which reminded me so much of Rex, and Rex reminded me of childhood and summers spent beside Loch Tay and I remembered the last day I saw Rex . . .

I awoke to the lowing of cattle in the byre. Chains jingled as they tossed their impatient heads and the sound rose thinly through the silvery air. The morning breeze danced with the fairy muslin curtains and revealed, in tantalizing glimpses, Ben Lawers mistily aloof and unsympathetic. After all, it was the last day of my holidays. Gloomily I went downstairs, deliberately stepping on the boards which creaked. Into the surgical atmosphere of the dairy I went, past the stoic rows of milk cans and out again on to the grass, daisy-starred and wet with dew. I took off shoes and socks and wriggled my toes in the damp blades—then ran back into the dairy, looking over my shoulder at the foot-prints on the stone floor—a funny blob, and five little dots, but they were fading already. I went back into the kitchen and quickly drank the warm and frothy milk.

I picked up the pail and went outside. There was Rex. He opened one eye and closed it again laconically—"Come on, Rex, we're going to feed the hens!" There was no response. I put my arms around his barrel-like body and tried to raise him to a standing position. Shuddering at the prospect of such humiliation, he arose, and with consummate dignity, followed me down to where the hens scratched and gobbled amongst the rocks. Futile wings beating, they scattered before us and careered into each other in their panic. "Silly creatures!" I thought. Gleeefully I scooped out handfuls of the steaming mash and threw it at the hens. Then, forgetting the battered pail, Rex and I proceeded towards the farmyard. On tip-toe I reached up to the tap. The water spattered out upon the cobbles in a thin stream. I watched its cold, crystalline beauty trickle through my fingers, cleansing them of the sticky meal. "Not very exciting," I thought.

Rex had disappeared, and so I strolled off alone to explore. Across the lawn I went, through the archway and down the cinder-path—horrid cinders which jumped into my shoes and hurt. I picked the head from a flower, and sniffed it—then threw it behind me. And another—careless of their intricate perfection. I left a trail of bruised and broken blooms in my wake. Then from behind came the crunch of grown-up feet on the gravel—no use trying to hide in a lupin—there I was swung off my feet and deposited once more on the lawn with injunctions not to stray. And poor, harassed mother returned to continue her unequal struggle with the suitcases and my "collection"—bones which Rex had exhumed,

MANNEQUIN PARADE, 3rd JUNE 1964



MARION FISHER, 5F; EVELYN MARTIN, 5F; SHEILA DALL, 5F

Photo by E. R. Yerbury & Son

stones which were "special", slimy cork floats from fishing-nets: these were all to go home with me and Rex too, though Mummy didn't know. But he had his instructions—he would follow me. Dogs did it in stories, so Rex could do it too.

Of course he never came. I waited and waited and wept in secret because my friend had been faithless. I went back to school and started money sums—but this step towards maturity failed to console me. Then gradually I forgot, and when I went back to Fearnan next summer, Rex's absence was no pain to me. "Children forget so quickly," my mother said. To what was she referring? I neither knew nor cared.

CHRISTINA MANSON, 6A.

ON "LOOKING BACK"

As for those terms of hope and sad despair,
I cannot find much comfort in my mind,
For all that knowledge trusted to my care
So much have I forgotten; left behind.
—It is of pleasant walks on Bruntsfield Links,
Where earnest, eager, undisturbed chat
Could be conducted peacefully; methinks
There was no harm at all in doing that.
It is those winter treks to Blackford Hill,
With chattering tongues and icy fingers cold
—All those nostalgic, happy days well-filled
That bring back many recollections old.
And while I thus do moan at knowledge lost,
'Tis happy memories that I cherish most.

ANNE L. HUME, 5P.

BY HEAVEN

"What is heaven?" the people say.
My heaven is a new spring day,
The first pale primrose, fresh with dew
A solitary violet blue,
A walk along the rocky shore
To hear the mighty waters roar,
To see the fulmar swooping by
Dropping from the misty sky.
The flowers, the birds, the sea, the sky
All grow more dear as time goes by,
And, like the never-ending blue,
My heaven lasts for ever too.

JEAN OGILVIE, 4L.

PENCIL DRAWINGS—HEADS



GWEN FULTON

MUSIC, WHEN SOFT VOICES DIE

FIRST it was Christopher Robin saying his prayers and going to see the changing of the guard at Buckingham Palace. This is a most affectionate reminder of—need I say—happy, lazy, blissful days in a pram. Coupled with the Teddybear's Picnic and the Big Rock Candy Mountain, I have a perfect memory of pre-school days. But when I donned my Gillespie "box", I graduated to greater heights. Piano lessons gave me a feeling of superiority to Christopher Robin. I composed my first "opus", which I proudly headed:

Title: "The Dance Of The Little Robbins."

So! I was to become another Mozart! A child prodigy! Teacher and parent frantically discussed whether I should devote my precocious talents to composing or playing the piano. Unaffected by all this fuss and praise, I sweetly continued on my way.

Then my horns began to grow. At first it was said I was shy of my prowess at the piano, and would soon overcome my modesty with no bad effects on my brilliant career. Later, alarm was expressed more openly when I did not resume my practice, playing for a total of two and a half minutes per day. I knew what it was. I was no child prodigy. I could barely thump out "Twinkle, twinkle, little star" after a year's hard work—on my teacher's part. I did no work: I did not want to be different from the other children in the street. Above all, I hated to admit that I was not what my adoring piano teacher and relatives imagined me to be.

However I struggled on, ploughing through "On the Farm" duets with my teacher, eventually tearing up the book in a tantrum, only to have it replaced with "Pleasure in Progress". What a misleading title. I never quite recovered from the horrors of its pages!

As a last resort, I was entered for the Edinburgh Musical Festival. My teacher thought that competition with other, though obviously inferior, children would force me to work my fingers to the bone. She thought I would carry off the first prize. What a delusion! I was not even placed in the top five contestants. Everybody was outraged. I was promptly sent to another teacher, a more expensive teacher. "This time, surely," was the unexpressed hope.

But the truth had to be faced. I was not destined to be a great virtuoso of the piano. The "practice" degenerated to bribery and corruption. Naught would induce me to go into the room where the piano, baring its black and white teeth in a fiendish grin, snarled at me when I approached.

Then one day, after listening to a record of "The Sugar Plum Fairy", I had a marvellous idea. I dashed into the kitchen, grabbed eight milk bottles and took them upstairs to the bathroom, where I filled each one with water until I had a beautifully tuned major scale of A flat (which was the deepest note obtainable on a milk bottle). I then proceeded to play the "Sugar Plum Fairy" on my latest invention.

Everyone was thrilled and my enthusiasm was infectious until one disastrous day, my mother came into my bedroom—or, more correctly waded in. I had disappeared, leaving behind me a set of overturned bottles. All that remains to be said regarding that sad incident is that for the ensuing week I ate my meals standing up.

Then followed a period of quiet brooding. Suddenly, in the third year in secondary, everything happened at once. We were granted an opportunity to play an orchestral instrument. When the selections had been made, I found myself the (somewhat reluctant) owner of a large, oddly-shaped black case. Inside was the instigator of a series of events which would change my whole attitude to music. "Horatio"—my friend, the French horn.

Then came the proud day when we (the four horn players) made our first public appearance. I had been heard to say that I would not be seen dead in the school orchestra, but inevitably, that is precisely where I spent my Thursday afternoons from that day on. My prestige, aided by my ebullient imagination, zoomed to giddy heights. Perhaps I would become a horn virtuoso! A horn player of world-wide renown. My name would go down in history, and would be uttered with great awe. Piano-playing became interesting again. I spent hours at a time flashing up and down the keys which at one time had mocked me with hideous leer. Piano or horn: which was it to be? Both competed madly, jealously for my favour. However, things could not continue in this way for long—two musical instruments at loggerheads.

The most obvious solution would have been to devote half my attention to each. Some unfeeling individual might even suggest giving them both up. But I think you will agree that my solution is best and fair to both. I believe there is an old violin in the attic—now how about that?

ELLA MACLEOD, 4L.

LINES

I am tired of the hard stone under my feet;
I am tired of the buildings tall.
Oh give me the grass between my toes
And the blue sky over all.
I am tired of the noise, the clamour, the strife:
I am tired of the traffic's roar.
Oh give me the song of a little bird
And I'll not ask for more.

JEAN OGILVIE, 4L.

MY GARDEN

The grass is long, the hedge is high,
The rhubarb's like a wood.
The very sight could make you cry,
For my garden is not good.
The rockery is full of soil,
There are no plants at all
Except the weeds which work and toil
And drive me up the wall.

MOIRA HOGG, 1F3

THE SIX-YEAR PILGRIMAGE

As forth they sally, young and sweet,
 And, oh! so wordly wise,
 Their cares, with fearful joy, they meet,
 There's courage in their eyes.
 But see them now—one year has gone!
 A noisy, careless crew
 They have become—and teachers groan
 O'er every problem new!
 But days and months fly swiftly by—
 The mighty Third behold!
 They Know It All—their heads held high,
 With blasé looks and bold!
 And now, with stealthy step, creeps on
 The Fourth—ah trouble's nigh!
 Their high and mighty looks are gone!
 The next few months will fly!
 They fly indeed—the Fifth is here,
 Excitement—panic now!
 This is indeed the testing year
 The sweat is on each brow!
 Relief! the crisis now is past
 Their thoughts more tender grow—
 Of all the years this is the last,
 Too soon, too soon they'll go
 Forth from their school's enfolding shell—
 Oh may kind Fortune guard them well!

PATRICIA WALL, 3F.

ELEVEN TWO

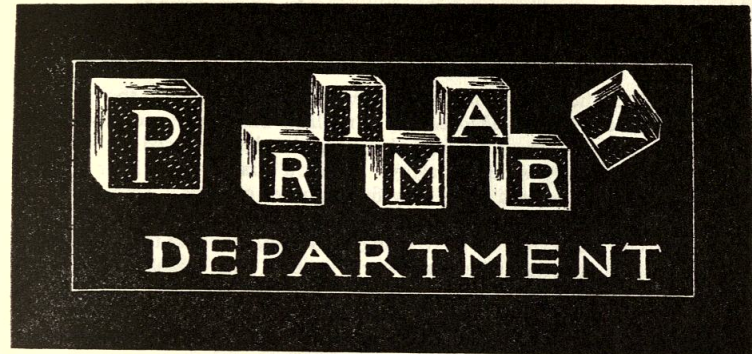
One and a half seasons;
 And many good reasons
 I should have left well alone;
 But now, my nerves shattered,
 And the shuttlecock battered,
 And a score something like eleven-two,
 Should give you a clue,
 That although Badminton is my favourite game,
 I would have been better off,
 At the ZOO.

NICOLA THOMSON, 3F.

TO THE 34TH EDINBURGH MUSIC FESTIVAL

Ah—woe is me!
 The bell doth ring,
 But I feel sick,
 And falt-ringly, I start,
 Preferring Bach to Bart.

JEAN SELKIRK, 4L.



JACKO ESCAPES

MY family once owned a cheeky monkey given us by an uncle. My brother named him Jacko.

One day when Jacko was out in the back garden, on a long chain, he somehow broke free, and ran through all the neighbours' gardens. We had only left him for a few minutes when we caught a glimpse of him disappearing into the upstairs window of somebody's house. Without thinking, we ran through everyone's garden, and up the stairs to the room in which Jacko sat. He was sitting on a bedpost eating a banana which he had found in a bowl on the side-board. The little girl who lived in the house was hiding under the bed.

After that episode we decided reluctantly that it would be better for him to go to the zoo. The next day we presented him and he was put in quarantine.

Later, if we wanted to distinguish him from the other monkeys, all we had to do was hold a bird's millet-spray, which he liked, up to the bars of the cage. On seeing it, he would come over, take it in his tiny paws and go into a corner to eat it.

MARGARET GUNN, P7(1)

MY MOUSE'S DAY

IN the morning the first I see of my mouse is a quivering pink nose from behind a barrier of straw. "Good morning Twinkle," I say. Half shutting her eyes, she opens a pink mouth and promptly bites me! Eventually two pink feet are on the palm of my hand and she runs up my arm and cuddles in the top of my cardigan.

After school I find her sitting, wide awake on her nest. Whiskers a-quivering, she climbs gingerly up my cardigan. I sit down to do my lessons and curiosity makes her examine everything from my pen to my schoolbag. She must be a very educated mouse for she sits on my homework and examines all the spelling and the arithmetic.

Before I go to bed, Twinkle has a lovely "midnight run" in and out of knitting, gloves, coffee percolator, salt jar, even cacti bowls! When caught, the rascal gives us a cheeky grin as if to say, "I'm *not* going back to bed so what are you going to do about it?"

JANE ROBERTSON, P7(1).

THE JOYS OF MOTORING

ON December the twenty-fifth my father and I went down to the garage to take our first car home. Dad seated himself in the driver's seat and I was in the passenger's seat. Dad turned the ignition key, pressed the starter—slowly and cautiously we drove away. About a quarter of an hour later we reached home although it takes only five minutes on foot. After lunch we decided to go for a run in the car. We started off at two o'clock and went down the road. Because we were going so slowly, Dad had time to take his hands off the steering wheel to wave to the bank manager who was WALKING past! Eventually we started speeding up a bit. We went at eight miles per hour, a speed which we thought Jim Clark could never beat. As we were going along the road suddenly the dog fell off the seat, the rest of us nearly went through the windscreen and the reason for this was we were doing ten miles per hour. A couple of days later the car wouldn't start and the reason for this was the accelerator was broken. We were very pleased to find out that it was not my father's bad driving but the accelerator was at fault.

ANNE McLAREN, P7(2).

MY VISIT TO DUNDEE

WE spent a weekend recently at Dundee with my aunt and uncle. After dinner my aunt suggested we climbed up the "Law."

When it was time for my uncle putting the car in the garage he discovered he had lost his only set of keys for it. Before daylight on the Sunday morning my uncle went up the Law and as it was still dark he circled round and round the top. The harbour master was suspicious about these lights and phoned the police who raced up the Law in a patrol car and stopped him on his way down.

Luckily the police knew him as he has a business in Dundee and after answering several questions they allowed him to go home very happy to have found his keys.

CATHERINE GRANT, P7(2).

LE VOYAGE

IT happened on the train going from Paris to Dinard.

We boarded the crowded train at Gare Du Nord, and found seats at last. We settled ourselves down. In the compartment with us sat a family, immaculately dressed.

We were carrying our lunch in a string bag, which held half a chicken, six croissants, some fruit, a packet of butter, a flask of tea and another of milk.

Just as Mummy was putting the bag on the luggage rack, it collapsed, and the butter fell on to the small boy's head. The bag of croissants had also fallen out, and the rolls fell on the seat. Mummy quickly picked them up, and managed to place them back on the shelf. Then she apologised in her best French and sat down.

Lunch time came. Daddy said, "Let's eat our lunch," but Mummy said, "No. We must eat our lunch in the corridor," for we had to man-handle half a chicken!

As we were going out, the lady who spoke a little English said to Mummy,

"Excuse me," and pointed. We looked up and there, perched on the luggage rack, lay a lonely croissant.

GILLIAN ANDERSON, P6(1).

THE UNBREAKABLE GLASS

ONE hot summer day my brothers, a friend and I were relaxing after an energetic game. My mother brought us lemonade and biscuits. That day my father had brought some unbreakable glasses. During a conversation about them I said that I knew the tumblers would not break. My friend was not convinced and I wanted to prove my point. The question was—"How?"

My glass was now empty and I was concentrating on how to prove my words when out of the corner of my eye I saw the very thing. What was it?—a heavy coal hammer! I ran towards the coal bunker and dragged the hammer back to my seat.

I was tired, but eager to prove my point! I lifted the heavy hammer and brought it down on my empty glass with all my might. To my astonishment the glass shattered into hundreds of little pieces. So did my faith in advertisements!

LESLEY ARCHIBALD, P6(1).

DECORATING

ON Saturday, 2nd May, we were painting the kitchen. I asked if I could help paint it white. Mummy allowed me to paint a pipe. When I started to paint I dropped the paint brush and now there is a big white mark on our floor! When my aunt was painting the ceiling I was sitting on the table. We took off our plastic table cloth and left on our large, thick, felt one. The drips of paint from the paint brush fell on the felt, which was brown. It now has white spots all over it and looks most attractive!

SANDRA LOTHIAN, P6(2).

A DOGGY TALE

ON the 10th of September, 1963, our dog had puppies. They were born at 7.40 p.m. and they all survived.

The next day, in the morning, we saw that they were different shades of brown and tan. They grew extremely fast and each day they explored the box in which they had their home. In three weeks' time a vet came and docked their tails. When they had found their feet a bit we let them outside. Instead of one dog there were five pups and one dog! There was one little pup I liked in particular—a little white and tan fat ball of fluff with two dark brown eyes and a cold wet nose. She was always in first at the food and was always first to welcome you.

Now we have only one puppy left, Kandy and her mother Mitzie.

HEATHER HARTLEY, P6(2).

HAPPENINGS AT MIDNIGHT

ONE Saturday night, just as the clock struck midnight, Mummy and Daddy heard footsteps on the stairs. Their first thoughts were that the house was being burgled but they soon found out that this was not the case for they saw me walk into the living room. My eyes were open and I started to talk to them. Suddenly Mummy realised that I was talking a lot

of nonsense and that I was really sleep-walking and sleep-talking. I quite often do this so they were not surprised in the least. I went over to the settee and sat down beside Daddy. He asked me what I was doing out of bed at that time of the night. I gave him a hard bump in the ribs with my elbow and told him to mind his own business. You see when I sleep-talk and walk I understand what people say to me. He then told me to go back to bed. He shouldn't really have said that because it made me angry. I gave him another bump in the ribs and he said no more. Mummy then asked me if I wanted to be carried up to my bed. I promptly said, "Yes," turned round, patted the dog, picked up Daddy's jacket and went back to bed. In the morning I was flabbergasted to see in the doorway a stool, which Mummy had put there in case I walked again. This story is true, absolutely true.

SUSAN HENDRIE, P5(1).

THE WONDERFUL LETTER

THE tragic death of President Kennedy came as a great shock to the whole world and I, like so many others, felt I wanted to send to Mrs Kennedy my sympathy. I wrote and told her about the lovely memorial service held in St Giles Cathedral, and told her how I hoped that she, John and Caroline would soon find happiness again. A month or two later something really wonderful happened. One morning a black edged letter arrived addressed to me and inside was a formal card from Jacqueline Kennedy thanking me for my kind sympathy. The letter is now one of my most treasured possessions.

OLGA WOJTAS, P5(1).

MY MISCHIEVOUS PET

MY pet is a mischievous little white angora rabbit. She has grey ears, grey paws, and a grey scut. Her eyes are a very dark pink, and her nose is black. I call her Mandy.

She lives in a green hutch round the back. Her hutch is made up of two sections joined together. She has a closed-in bedroom and an open room where she can sit and where she can eat.

I let her run around the garden. The lady next door is very kind and lets Mandy run around in her garden too.

Mandy loves eating grass. I feed her on carrots, porridge oats, tea-leaves and greens. She will eat hair, clothes, wood, shoes, carpet, rubber, plastic, or anything she can find.

JOAN S. ROSS, P5(2).

NIKI

IT was a summer day when my father said he was going out but would not admit where he was going. When he came back he was carrying a mysterious large box. I wondered what was in that box. While he was taking off his coat I carried the box into the sitting-room. I was told to open the box. When I did so out jumped a lovely little poodle. What a little white beauty he was! Down his back ran a champagne-coloured streak. It did not take us long to find a name for him. We called him Niki. As the weeks passed he grew bigger and bigger until he was full grown. I am the one who takes him walking every day in the morning, in

the afternoon and at tea-time. Daddy takes him out last thing at night. Niki is now two years old and I love him more than ever.

SANDRA WALKER, P5(2).

LAMBS

IT was the long weekend and we were going to Dalmally, a village on Loch Awe, Argyll. Our caravan was in a minister's ground and this particular minister kept sheep. Each year the sheep have lambs, and this year there were nine. There were three sets of twins. They were all mixed up and one had a mother who would not look after it. The minister had a feeding bottle with which he gave the lambs milk. But they did get it from their mothers too. It sounded very funny when the lambs tried to bleat and take the milk from the bottle at the same time. We had great fun cuddling them, but we were not allowed to cuddle them too much in case we gave them our smell and then the mothers would not take them. I like Dalmally very much and I will be very sorry to leave this summer.

FIONA MALCOLM, P4(1).

THE COURT ROOM

ONE DAY Daddy took us to the Sheriff Court and when we were coming away I looked into a room. What a surprise I got when I saw it was the Court Room. A man came over to us and asked us to follow him and he would show us round the room. He was very friendly so we followed him. When we were inside he told us what was what. First of all you come to the Jury Box and opposite it is the press box for the newspaper reporters. Next to it is the witness box and at the far end is the judge's chair overlooking everybody. Suddenly I noticed some stairs coming up from something underground. They turned out to be steps leading down to the cells. The guide asked us if we would like to go down and of course we said yes. We went down and he put the light on. It became brighter and we could see quite well. People's names were written on the wall and table, and the beds were made of wood with a blanket over them. We came up again and I felt quite happy. After all, not everybody has been in Court Cells.

ALISON INNES, P4(1).

MY PET

ONE day my sister came home with a basket. It was a blue basket with a yellow top and had something inside. When my sister let me look inside, what did I see but a live grass snake called Beauty. June, my sister, laughed because she was going to let Mummy see it. When Mummy saw it she screamed as loud as a lion. Then we settled down to go to bed. The next day we went to look at the snake but it wasn't there. We looked all round the house for it. Suddenly I thought of a good place. My bed. It was there, lying on a hot water bottle all snug and warm. It could not stay with us, so we gave it away.

LORNA ROTHERY, P4(2).

THE UNDERTAKER

JUST before 25th January every class was deciding which person should say a Scottish poem. I was to recite the poem in our class. When I was chosen, a girl asked our teacher why we could not have an "undertaker". The word she meant was "understudy" in case I was off. Miss Gordon

began to laugh, but nobody could see what was wrong. Then she told us, an "undertaker" is someone who buries people when they die.

We then, too, began to laugh.

LINDA BRITTON, P4(2).

MY FAMILY

THE eldest of my family is my father. He is a tall comical man. My father used to be in the army. He has short yellowy-black hair. He wears glasses and has a smiling face. The next eldest is my mother. My mother is nearly as tall as my father. She has ginger hair and she, too, has a smile on her face. She has blue eyes. Next comes David, my little brother. He is a mischievous little scallywag. Last of all comes Kay, my baby. She is a tubby little thing. We are a happy family.

JILL PANMAN, P3(1).

MY FAMILY

I HAVE a kind father who has black hair, hazel coloured eyes and a strong liking for a paper. My father will eat nearly anything and loves television wrestling. He will do nearly anything for me. Father is mainly called Dad. I have been in his office. My mother has brown hair and blue eyes. She bakes lovely cakes. Mother can play the piano.

SHONA CURRIE, P3(1).

GOLDBERG'S

ON the first Monday in the Easter holidays I went to Goldberg's for the first time. They have a parrot there. My father was talking to it and the parrot was talking back. Mother and I did not like going down the moving stairs. We went to the Viking to have a cup of tea. Then we looked at the dresses. Mother wanted to buy one but it did not fit her or suit her. Just once more we went to see the parrot.

KAREN DICKSON, P3(2).

MY TWO LITTLE SISTERS

I HAVE two little sisters. One is named Julia and the other Sarah. Sarah has a new pram-coat and pants. When she is having her bath she speaks to the wall-paper. Before she is having her six o'clock feed she hits her ball and watches it go round. I try to be up at six o'clock in the morning to see her being fed.

KAREN CHEYNE, P3(2).

PRIMARY 2(1)

1. My Dad is not too bad
He's the only one I've ever had.
2. The picture I am working at
Is one about the Beatles.
Although I'm doing very well,
I cannot draw their feetles.
3. Ten weeks ahead till we move to a new house in Silverknowes Road East! It is semy dittached. It will have an upstairs in it. It is big. There will be four bedrooms. We shall be able to have parties. We shall all help with the flitting. It will be fun.

4. In my family there are four people. They are, my Mummy, my Daddy, my little brother and myself. We live in a bungalow with six rooms. Mummy is always busy in the kitchen preparing the food. Daddy is a survivor. We are very happy.

5. Yesterday I went to the Commemoration Service I like it. I went down to the big school. The service was in the middle hall at the big school. The Lord Provost was there and so was the Lady Provost. They both had gold chains on. Mr Somerville played the piano. The big girls sang the Allelujah Anthem. Dr Small was on the platform with Miss Steele. The Moderator was there. He wore a ring with the burning bush on it. We sang hymns. James Gillespie is our Founder.

6. When I was walking through Colinton with my parents I saw a big bird. As soon as Daddy went near, it ran away. It caught on the ivy then fell into the water. Daddy discovered that it had a broken foot. I wrapped the bird cosily in my pink scarf. Daddy took it to the Dick Vet College. Yesterday when I phoned they said it was getting on fine and would soon be well again. It was a jackdaw.

PRIMARY 2(2)

1. My daddy went to London on Tuesday. I hope he remembers to bring me and Pinkie, my teddy bear, a toy and mummy something too.

2. My big sister brought her daffodils today. I hope she will go to the Waverley Market. The daffodils have a red ribbon round them. If I were the judge I would choose hers.

3. There is a dog I know. His name is Honey. We do not like Honey. Honey bites people. Last year our granny was bitten by Honey. I do not think he should be called Honey—perhaps Baddy.

4. I still remember when Mitzies little puppies were born. They were sweet. Then they were only five inches long. Mitzie was a good mother. They were born on the 10th of September 1963. I liked them. Mrs Banks the vet. came and put elastics round their tails, to make them fall off. We sold all of them except Candy. That was a sad day for us all.

5. We have a baby called Frances. She tries to speak a little. She is a bit too small to say mama and dada. She makes a little noise now and then. Last Sunday Frances was dedicated. She wore a pretty dress.

PRIMARY 1(1)

1. Dear Santa I wood luv enithin.
2. There were a sheep whoaw got lost in a dish.
3. Won day there wos a poor man hoo got robd and thy lef him nufg.
4. Today we did sum speecing sums and were choking on our blakbords.
5. I have a doll called Sally. She has a toorcwoys dress, oranjy gold hair and a tyool head-dress.
6. I have giveing my crampa the mumps and his neck is swolin and he is got to stay in bed.
7. I get a andapan comic and my favrit stora is andeay and mutamoooutl wiul Mummy is burping my wee sistor.
8. I am going to bee a balareenuy and if I am a balareenu I wood bee abul to stand on my tos.
9. We woch the eliktrishon men puting elektrisity in the garij and porche and under the kitchin floor.

10. I am going to be a nurse and I like doktor kuldar and I askt Mummy if I kood woch doktor kuldar yuisthurdy nite.

11. I am going to watch my daddy play tennis. I will tack som rotrees pasteels with me and I will give my daddy a grate big clop if he hits the ball.

12. I went to the beech and it was the plase when a play had been dun and they shot two men one was cold Daved the other was name AlnBrec-Stuoout.

PRIMARY 1(2)

1. See my farm with the dux.
2. I went uoot for a walk I soarabt he was a wut rabt.
3. I have a silae puppy it is a mungirl. we call him tim.
4. why was Jeasus pind to a cross for he did nuthing rong.
5. I went to makaes for tea the tea was good. It had a toylet in it.
6. I made marey bacers cackes with orinj iseing they were vere good.
7. I was sirprist wen ioor hedmithsris kam into the room with hir dlo on I thot it was the prinminisir.
8. My dollis ar in bed with the flow the dokter has been but he ses that I will have to keep them in the bed. thay will get cofmicstyor.
9. I went to vote with my Daddy we went to a coory hole we put a cross on a bit of papre then we went home.
10. my church had a bred and ches lunsh I nevr went to it I washt dady put wee kilir on the stons and on the path.
11. I went to the muoozeeum on sunday I saw a room with anilmils I saw lions and tigers and bears and girafs and monkys and scelitins.
12. I was at the zoo last tchoosty. I fed a parret with Mongckynuts. I saw Jim glespy. I saw culered chickens at the childrens farm. And I had a ride on a dongcky.



THE LITERARY AND DRAMATIC SOCIETY

THE first four meetings of this session took the form of debates. In the first two debates, "That All Censorship is Bad" and "That this House Detests All Racial Segregation" the speakers were from the Sixth Form but the third debate, "That Schools are Wasting our Time" was an inter-debate with the boys of George Watson's. The last of the four "That to be a Practising Christian today is impossible" was a fifth-year debate to prepare the speakers for the trials of the English Speaking Union Competition next year. This year, unfortunately, our all-male opponents in the first round proved rather overwhelming.

"Ask Me Another" was a rather more light-hearted evening and was a quiz between staff and pupils. Mr Dall finally led the staff team to victory.

Sixth Year Night—produced on time—was the next meeting. This year the Sixth Form presented "Alice in Wonderland"—considerably modernised by very able script writers. On this evening, in grateful recognition of her long and inspiring service to the Society, we made a presentation to Miss Alison Foster. We are sorry to see her give up her active part in our affairs but hope that she will still take an "unofficial" interest in the society.

We were very pleased to welcome Miss Young, Mrs Rozga and Mr Alistair McKenzie as Vice-Presidents.

Once again it was our turn to play host to the boys of George Heriot's at the Annual Burns Supper. The Reverend and Mrs Hewitt were the guests of honour at this enjoyable evening.

The third-year debate, "That there are no Individualists in Modern Youth" led to heated discussion and the motion was finally defeated.

Fourth Year Night was an original combination of witchcraft, fantasy and comedy.

This year we are holding the Inter-House Drama Festival and we are looking forward to a successful evening.

Finally, we should like to thank all those who have helped the society this year, especially Mrs Rozga and Miss Young who have helped with the house plays and tackled the enormous task of putting the "Props" room in order.

LESLEY ERSKINE, *Secretary.*

SCIENCE ASSOCIATION

THE Association has again experienced a successful year, in which we endeavoured to broaden the knowledge of our members in all branches of science.

The syllabus was indeed a varied one. A number of films were shown, dealing with a wide range of subjects, from "Your Digestion" to "The Pioneers". A number of speakers came to address the meetings throughout the session.

Topics ranged from a talk on "Electronics in Industry" by Mr Duncan from Ferranti's, to "The Story of Tea" told to us by a beautifully dressed young Indian lady from the Indian Tea Centre in Princes Street.

One of our most successful meetings was held in November when Mr Keenan from the Royal Botanical Gardens gave us a talk, illustrated by slides, on his recent expedition to Burma.

In January, as is customary, we held one of our more amusing meetings, in which we attempted to mix "reason with pleasure and wisdom with mirth" by inviting four members of staff to take part in a "Brains Trust".

A meeting on the subject of astronomy was held towards the end of the session and was given by three well-informed boys from Herior's.

In addition to these, a Competition Night, arranged by the Sixth Year, was held and proved to be popular. The prizes were awarded at the following meeting.

Two excursions were arranged, the first to the Royal Botanical Gardens and the second to the Thistle's Pottery Works at Portobello—both of which proved a great success.

On behalf of the Science Association, I should like to offer our sincere thanks to Miss Dunbar for the help and enthusiasm she has shown in her new position as President. Finally there only remains for me to extend the best wishes of the Sixth-Year members to next year's Committee.

DEIRDRE GILCHRIST, 6A.

CHOIR

THE choir has had an enjoyable and rewarding year. As in the last two years, we were invited during the Christmas season to the Central Halls, where we sang a selection of carols.

During the second term we took part in the service at Greenbank church. This visit was thoroughly enjoyed; the choir sang some unusual Latin motets as well as three anthems, and Carol Christie and Evelyn Johnson sang Mendelssohn's "I Waited for the Lord".

At the annual Founder's Day service we gave a performance of Mozart's stirring anthem "Alleluja".

At the present time we are rehearsing for the closing concert. Among the items are "Nightingale Lane", by Arthur Benjamin and Robin Milford's "When the Morning Riseth Red". With the orchestra we shall perform "Sigh no more", by Vaughan Williams, and "Ask if yon Damask Rose", by Handel.

But without Mr Sommerville none of this would have been possible, and to him must go our grateful thanks for making this session such a harmonious one.

SHEILA GRAHAM, 6A.

ORCHESTRA

THE orchestra goes from strength to strength under the able baton of Mr Sommerville. We now have a full complement of brass so that each section is complete.

In October we played at the Civic Exhibition in the Waverley Market. On this occasion Alison Cartledge, our former leader, donned school uniform to play Telemann's Concerto for two violins and orchestra with Barbara Thomson. Other items were Elgar's "Idyll", Wagner's "Meistersingers" overture and the last movement of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, while the brass section provided an interlude in the programme.

Earlier in the year we tackled Stephen Dodgson's "Vilanelle", "Marche Joyeuse" by Chabrier and a Miniature Concerto by Rowley, and we hope to play Hugo Cole's "Black Lion Dances" at the concert, as well as combining with the choir to perform Vaughan Williams's "Sigh No More Ladies" and Handel's "Ask If Yon Damask Rose Be Sweet".

Twenty-six of our members are in the Edinburgh Schools' Secondary Orchestra and some also joined the Edinburgh Youth Orchestra. We have had an enjoyable and successful year, with new adventures in music guided by the patient hand of Mr Sommerville, who continually encourages us.

BARBARA THOMSON, 6A.

SCRIPTURE UNION

THE past session has been a very full and interesting one for the Scripture Union and our activities, both in the regular Thursday morning meetings and outside school, have been very varied. The first and second year outing took us once again to the slopes of the Pentlands for a very enjoyable afternoon and on two other occasions we have had the sometimes hilarious experience of battling against wind and rain—and mud—among those same esteemed hills.

At the beginning of December, a party was held for first, second and third year members and on this occasion we welcomed back a former School Captain, Miss Winifred Kidd, who gave the Epilogue. During the Christmas holidays, five of the senior members attended a conference at Keil School, Dumbarton, and at Easter several girls attended camps at such places as Ambleside, Ballater and Lochgilphead. Many more girls are looking forward to camps during the summer holidays.

On several occasions, we have been very pleased to welcome outside speakers to our meetings: Miss Joan Currie, a former pupil; Miss Kilpatrick, the Scripture Union Staff Worker for the East of Scotland, and Miss Carol Kidd, last year's branch secretary.

Under the heading of "unusual" meetings can be mentioned: a camp meeting, at which a film strip about camps was shown; a Top of the Form Quiz, which was eventually won by a team from Warrender; a meeting at which the music for choruses was provided by piano, three recorders, oboe and bassoon; and two meetings conducted exclusively by second and third year members. The library begun last year has been continued and has proved very successful. A weekly Bible Study has been held for fifth and sixth years.

The school has been very well represented at the weekly Senior S.U. Fellowship and monthly rallies and, for the second year running, members

of the first three years won for us the Squailly Cup. Later in the term we hope to compete in the S.U. swimming gala and are aiming at a higher position than the fourth place we gained last year.

We have welcomed Mr Walker to our midst this session and to him, along with Miss Steel, Miss Young, Miss Downie and Miss Moncur we extend our grateful thanks for their interest and support.

Throughout the session we have been greatly helped by the support of all the members who have attended the meetings and played such a large part in the activities of the branch. We hope and pray that next session will be as profitable as this one has been.

JUDITH ANDERSON, 6A, *Secretary*.
PAT LAWSON, 6A.

MUSIC CLUB

THE Music Club has continued to flourish in this second year of its existence. A small but enthusiastic membership has provided an appreciative audience as well as taking an active part in the proceedings.

Among our most successful meetings has been the recital by the Margand Quartet from Paris, and the illustrated talk on woodwind instruments provided by Mr Fox. Other outstanding occasions were: a joint meeting with George Heriot's Music Club, further strengthening the entente cordiale between the schools; a concert in which our members showed their musical ability; and a Juke Box Jury consisting of Miss Hill, Mr Sommerville, Miss Catherine Field and Miss Barbara Thomson, who judged records ranging from Stravinsky to the Beatles. Mr Sommerville set a high standard to the year with his piano recital as our first meeting and we are indebted to him for his support.

BARBARA THOMSON, *Secretary*.

E.S.C.A.

THE session 1963-64 has been a most successful and full one for E.S.C.A. The membership has been high with Gillespie's leading the field in this respect with 85 of the 500 members. Several new member schools have joined the association.

The session was launched in October by Professor Carstairs in his inaugural address on "The life and habits of the people of Northern India". This meeting was closely followed by the United Nations service, always an impressive turnout of E.S.C.A. with the flags of the member nations being carried into St Andrews Church, George Street, a debate and a film evening which had, as usual, an excellent attendance. In December a mock trial held in the suitably imposing surroundings of the Royal High School provided a delightful mixture of fun and more serious thought. The end of the year was marked by the dance, held for the first time in Leith Town Hall.

The new term began with another debate, followed by the ever popular Kirk Session evening. One innovation, in March, was the Musical Evening, which proved both interesting and amusing. The Easter Conference this year was held at Middleton Camp with "Human Rights" as its main topic.

We now look forward to the Inter-Debate with the West of Scotland C.E.W.C. and to Political Brains Trust and finally to the Annual General Meeting.

UNDER 15—JUNIOR HOCKEY 1963-64



Back Row—P. JOHNSON, H. ROBERTSON, S. ROBERTS, C. SIDOR, D. JONES,
I. FIDDLER.
Front Row—C. FALCONER, S. CAIRNS, C. THOMSON (*Captain*), F. COOK,
A. HENDRIE.

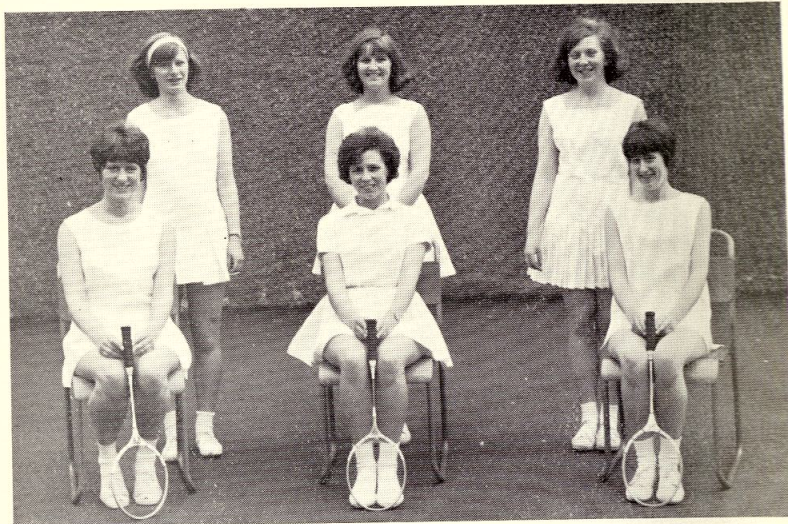
ORIENTEERING 1964



M. BAIN, L. MEIKLE, W. FROUD,
C. MCFARQUHAR, D. GILCHRIST (*Captain*), K. WYLIE

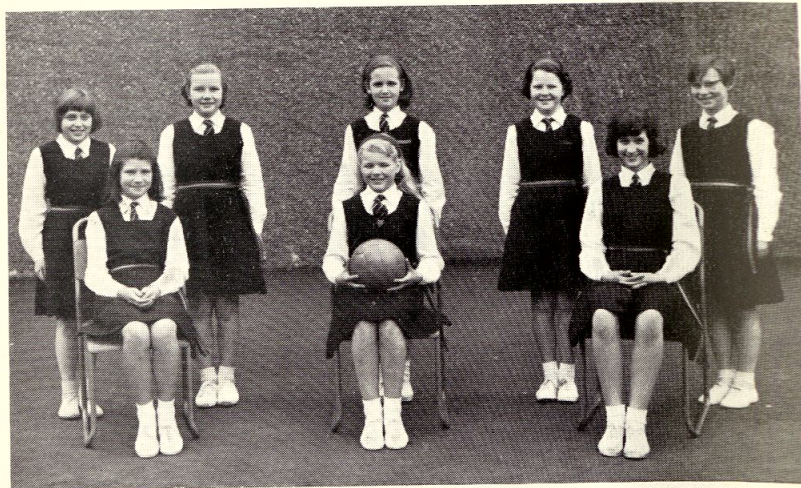
Photos by E. R. Yerbury & Son

BADMINTON 1963-64



Back Row—B. BEATTIE, A. HALL, A. MARSHALL.
Front Row—K. WYLIE, F. HENDERSON (Captain), M. BAIN.
Absent—A. BORTHWICK.

PRIMARY SCHOOL NETBALL 1963-64



Back Row—J. CAMPBELL, S. KERR, D. MCLEOD, P. SWANSTON, L. BARRIE.
Front Row—M. THOMPSON, V. BATHIE (Captain), M. DUTHIE.

Photos by E. R. Yerbury & Son

I have greatly enjoyed my term of office as E.S.C.A. representative and I wish the association every success in the future.

EVELYN M. DOUGLAS, *School Representative.*

E.S.S.S. ANNUAL REPORT

THIS has been a very busy and varied year for the society. We have had lectures on subjects varying from the electron microscope by Mr Bradley to dentistry by Professor Boyes. One very successful and interesting lecture was in the University Medical School. The lecturer was Mr Wallace and his subject "Plastic Surgery". In the summer months there are visits to a coal-mine, refuse-disposal works, a cinema and a hospital. We are also lucky enough to have one of our girls, Aileen Smith, on next year's executive committee. Our school representative will be Elizabeth Sheddan.

WENDY FROUD, *School Representative.*

GILLESPIE SEAGULLS

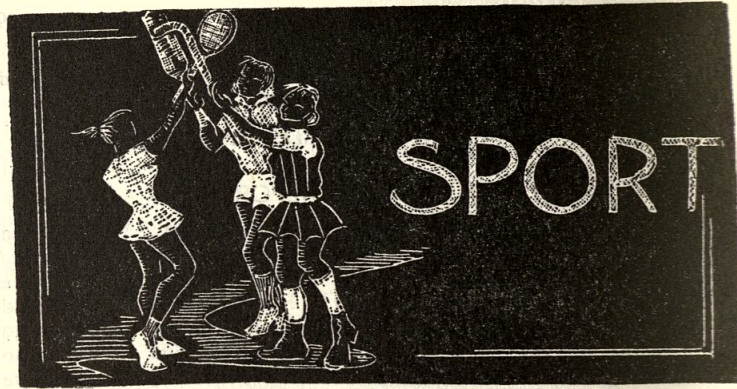
The bell rings every morn at nine,
And then you may be certain
That soon you'll hear—rain, hail or shine—
Wings flap from each direction.
Towards our good old school they fly
With "squawks" by way of greetings,
For on the roof, beneath the sky,
They have their daily meetings.
The chairman is a noisy soul,
And talks too much of feeding,
The others say that, on the whole,
This just shows lack of breeding.
The meeting's over. What a din!
Some say, "They sound like eagles."
But I assure them, with a grin,
They're just "Gillespie Seagulls".

MOIRA F. PINKERTON, 4L.

ANOTHER POEM ABOUT THEM

Oh, that I could write like John,
A book that's gay and witty;
Or have a hairstyle just like George
To make me look more pretty.
And oh, that I could sing like Paul,
Or play the drums like Ringo!
Or think of some good rhyming word
To end this little jingle.

PATRICIA A. LESLIE, 6B1.



HOCKEY

The standard of hockey this season has been fairly high in all teams.

In the Inter-Scholastic Sports at Meggetland our junior team retained the cup. The senior team, however, just failed to gain entry to their final. This disappointment was made up by winning the Prestonfield Under-21 Seven-a-Side Tournament.

Marion Warnock and Sarah McKenzie represented the junior east this season at right inner and right wing respectively.

Colours were awarded to Marion Warnock, Sarah McKenzie, Margaret McKechnie, Jennifer Fairbairn and Flora Calder.

We should like to thank Miss Lambert, Miss Connel and Mrs Grieve for their help and advice during the season although we regret that Miss Connel and Mrs Grieve have left the staff.

FLORA CALDER, *Captain*.

ORIENTEERING

ORIENTEERING was first introduced, as a new sport, to this school in March of this year. A team of six girls from the sixth year volunteered to take part in the Scottish Schools Orienteering Championships and spent the week prior to this event learning the essentials of the sport.

Orienteering consists basically of finding one's way from point to point by the quickest possible route. A map of the area in question and a compass are provided. Following the straight line indicated by the compass is not always the quickest way, as accurate interpretation of relief and judgement are of prime importance. For example, in densely forested country it is often quicker to go round the foot of a hill than over the top of it.

This was the first year that the Scottish Schools Orienteering Championships were held and the team from our school returned victorious from Aberfoyle, where the championships took place, having won the Senior Girls' Trophy.

We found orienteering both an entertaining as well as an invigorating sport as it is so easy to lose one's way, and urge younger girls in the school to take an interest in this new sport. I am sure they will find it very rewarding.

DEIRDRE GILCHRIST, 6A.

TENNIS

1963 WAS another successful year for our tennis team although we broke our four-year-old record of being undefeated.

In the final of the East of Scotland Interscholastic Cup we lost to Mary Erskine (2-3) after defeating Cranley (3-0), St. George's (3-2) and St Denis' (3-2). We also beat Kirkcaldy and Boroughmuir but lost to St Hilary's. Again we enjoyed American Tournaments with Royal High School and Heriot's.

The Nestle Ladder Tournament was won by Fiona Henderson, who then represented the school in a knock-out tournament in which she reached the semi-finals of the Northern Area of Great Britain.

Some girls did well in the East of Scotland Junior Championships and Fiona Henderson won the Open Doubles.

We should like to thank Miss Lambert for the encouragement and support given by her to the tennis teams.

FIONA HENDERSON, *Captain*.

GOLF

THE school golf section was inaugurated at the beginning of the second term and lessons, at first in the school and later at the Braid Hills, were given by Mr David Houston.

Eleven girls from the Sixth Form received tuition and the opportunity given by the school was very much appreciated.

Anne Gray, 4F, and Wilma Couper, 6B2, prior to the inauguration of the section represented the school in the Inter-Schools Golf Competition in 1962 and 1963 and won the shield on both occasions. They are competing again this year.

It is hoped that the interest shown in the golf section will be maintained and the membership increased.

WILMA B. COUPER, 6B2.

SWIMMING (SENIOR)

DURING the course of this year classes for Elementary, Intermediate, Advanced and S.S.S.A. junior certificates have been held, terminating in these examinations in which we gained 32 passes. Bronze and silver certificates are being sat this term and similarly good passes are expected.

There were three swimming galas held this year—Portobello Annual Gala, at which we were second, Portobello School Gala and Boroughmuir School Gala, at which we were fourth. The team consisted of Flora Calder, Glenda Edwards, Kay Torkington, Susan Liddell, Elizabeth Brooks, Catherine McPherson and Jocelyn Wilson.

Susan Liddell, Glenda Edwards and Flora Calder were selected to swim for the Edinburgh Area team in the Scottish Schools championships at Dunfermline. The school swimming championships, held in March, consisted of diving, style and speed swimming with Flora Calder coming first, Jocelyn Wilson second and Anne McGregor third.

I should like to thank Miss Lambert for all the help which she has given us during the last terms.

JOCELYN L. WILSON.

ATHLETICS

AFTER quite a successful season last year we are looking forward to a contest with George Watson's Ladies' College.

During the Easter holidays, Elizabeth Sheddan and Flora Calder attended the Scottish Schoolgirls' Athletic Course at Inverclyde.

Brenda Bain was first in the under-16 shot putt in the East of Scotland Championships, and we hope to have a large entry in the Scottish School-girls' Championships later this season.

Unfortunately, Mrs Grieve has left the staff. We thank Miss Lambert, Mrs Corson, Mrs Spowart and Miss Glen for their patience and encouragement.

FLORA CALDER.

BADMINTON

THIS season our undefeated team consisted of Ann Borthwick, Fiona Henderson, Kay Wylie, Marjorie Bain, Adrienne Hall and Anne Marshall, although we had a strong supply of reserves. We beat Esdaile twice (9-0; 7-2), George Watson's Ladies (7-2) and Boroughmuir (9-0) and played American Tournaments with Royal High twice and George Watson's Boys. We also challenged the staff to a match and won 9-0 although everyone enjoyed it.

We introduced house matches this season and each house presented three couples. The fifty-four matches resulted as follows: Warrender, 25; Roslin, 16; Gilmore, 7; Spylaw, 6.

A team from Gillespie's and Heriot's, including Barbara Beattie, Sheila Thompson and Rosemary Brown, entered the East of Scotland Junior League and won the third division after defeating 12th (5-0); St Andrews (9-0); North Leith (9-0); Abbey (7-1); Granton Parish (7-1) and Leith Academy (7-1). This means that they are promoted to the second division next season.

We wish to express our gratitude to Miss Lambert for her support.

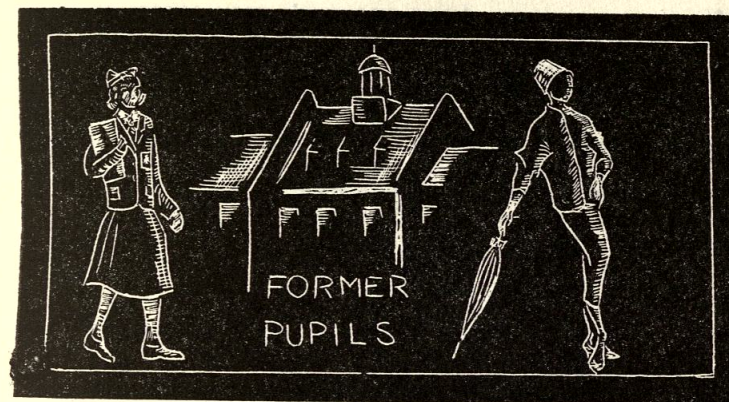
FIONA HENDERSON, *Captain*.

CRICKET

THE cricket eleven have played several matches this season and fourth, fifth and sixth year girls have had coaching during school hours.

We would like to thank Miss Lambert, Mrs Bull and Mr Sommerville for all their help.

LESLEY ERSKINE.



FORMER PUPILS' ASSOCIATION

THE Annual Reunion, held in school in November, was once again most successful.

Miss Munro, who had just returned from a world tour following her retirement, gave a most interesting account of her experiences, and the evening ended with a very enjoyable musical programme.

It has been proposed that former pupils might give contributions to provide an organ for the new school. We hope that all former pupils will respond generously to an appeal which will be circulated next session. The new secretary is Miss Rosemary Cathels, 58 Silverknowes Drive, Edinburgh, 4 (Dav. 2902).

F.P. NOTES

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

M.B., Ch.B.—EVA FORBES and ANNE INNES.

M.A. with Honours.—ANNE GAULT (Classics); JOAN REILLY (German with French).

M.A.—MARGARET BELBIN, IRENE FERGUSON, WINIFRED KIDD, ANNE LYNAS ANNE MACSWEEN and LAUREL NORWELL.

B.Sc. with Honours.—MARGARET BELBIN (Mathematical Science); ELIZABETH ANN MILNE (Chemistry).

B.Sc.—PATRICIA COULL.

MARGARET BELBIN was medallist in the 4th year class in Foundations of Analysis.

The Diploma in Education has been gained by KATRINA DOUGHTY, B.Sc., ROSEMARY KIRK, B.Sc., AVERIL MACINTOSH, M.A., and JEAN OSLER, M.A. At the Edinburgh College of Art the Diploma in Drawing and Painting has been gained by Alison Keith, who was awarded a post-graduate scholarship for one year.

MONICA MACPHERSON has been appointed principal teacher of homecraft in Ainslie Park Secondary School. IRENE FERGUSON has been appointed to Tynecastle Secondary School, PATRICIA COULL to Craigroyston Secondary School and ANN PAE to Dundee High School.

SHEENA MCDUGALL, A.L.A., is now employed in the Edinburgh Room of the Central Library and Patricia Dudgeon has been appointed a Museum Assistant in Huntly House.

ELAINE COCHRANE, R.G.N., has taken up a nursing appointment in Montreal. **JEAN PALMER** was awarded the Sir John Murray nursing prize at the Great Ormond Street Hospital for Sick Children.

JOYCE FLANNIGAN was a member of the Scottish Women's Hockey Association touring team to America in autumn 1963; was in the 1st East District team this year and was a member of the Scottish reserves team versus the Scottish Universities. She is Treasurer of the Scottish Schoolgirls' Amateur Athletic Association.

MURIEL SPARK'S latest book, "The Girls of Slender Means," received many favourable reviews.

SHEILA WHITE, who has completed the full theological course at New College and has passed her trials for licence, was commissioned and licensed as a Deaconess of the Church of Scotland at a service in Liberton Kirk on 1st May. As it has only recently become possible for certain duly qualified Deaconesses to be licensed to preach in the Church of Scotland, this was the first Service of Licensing to be carried out in Edinburgh.

F.P. HOCKEY CLUB

THE 2nd XI had a better season than last year, although there were occasions when it was not possible to field a full team.

While the 1st XI did not have a very successful season, two players, **Pat Adamson** and **Moyra Murray**, had the honour of being selected for the East District; and **Pat Adamson** has gained her B Umpire's Badge.

School leavers who are keen players are asked to contact the new secretary, **Miss Vida Browning**, 102 Comiston Road, Edinburgh, 10 (MOR 5147).

MARION PURDIE, *Hon. Secretary.*

MARRIAGES

RICHARDSON—SPENCE.—**IAN B. RICHARDSON, C.A.**, to **JANET L. SPENCE, M.P.S.**, 96 Oxfangs Road.

MIERAS—LAMB.—**DAVID G. MIERAS** to **ISOBEL LAMB**, 120 Braid Road. **FYFE—MANSON.**—**JOHN J. D. FYFE** to **F. MOIRA MANSON**, 3b Lussielaw Road.

BEGG—HYND.—**ALASTAIR G. BEGG** to **CHRISTINE HYND**, 9 Kingsknowe Terrace.

ALLAN—NIVEN.—**WILLIAM L. ALLAN** to **SHEILA NIVEN**, 23 Abercorn Drive.

FOTHERINGHAM—BATHGATE.—**KENNETH G. FOTHERINGHAM** to **JANICE BATHGATE**, 19 Hailes Park.

CLOW—STODDART.—**HENRY A. CLOW** to **MARGARET A. A. STODDART**. **TOWNSEND—RITCHIE.**—**RAYMOND C. TOWNSEND** to **HAZEL RITCHIE**, 5 Comely Bank Grove.

BENNETT—WHITEHEAD.—**DONALD A. BENNETT** to **SYBIL WHITEHEAD**. **HERKES—EDGAR.**—**REV. GEORGE HERKES** to **JENNIFER EDGAR**, 17 Paisley Avenue.

CROSS—HENDERSON.—**GORDON CROSS** to **MAUREEN HENDERSON**, 26 Hillview Drive.

JARDINE—WALKER.—**JAMES J. JARDINE** to **ELIZABETH WALKER**, 13 Union Street.

ORMONDE—FORBES.—**NICOL W. H. ORMONDE** to **EVA FORBES**, 38 Craiglockhart Drive South.

PHILPOT—RITCHIE.—**MAURICE PHILPOT** to **VALERIE RITCHIE**, 204 Bruntsfield Place.

MCINTYRE—TARRIER.—**JAMES W. MCINTYRE** to **A. RACHEL TARRIER**. **REID—CHALMERS.**—**ROBERT L. REID** to **G. VERA CHALMERS**, 41 Argyle Crescent.

HOFFMAN—LINN.—**DEREK HOFFMAN** to **ANNE LINN**, 38 Gordon Road. **GAUCI—FORBES.**—**PETER GAUCI** to **PATRICIA FORBES**, 30 Grange Road. **MCCORMICK—HOGG.**—**DAVID MCCORMICK, C.P.O., R.N.**, to **HELEN (SANDRA) HOGG**, 50 Hailes Gardens.

EGGLETON—RUSSELL—LESLIE.—**PETER P. EGGLETON** to **DOROTHY RUSSELL—LESLIE**, 10 Gillespie Crescent.

DAWSON—GRIFFITHS.—**JOHN R. DAWSON** to **DIANA GRIFFITHS**, 8 Allan Park Gardens.

CLAY—CRICHTON.—**THOMAS F. CLAY** to **CHRISTINE CRICHTON**, 18 Kingsknowe Road South.

SLATER—GIBSON.—In Tanganyika, **DAVID G. SLATER** to **SYLVIA GIBSON**, 7 East Caiystane Road.

SCHMIDT—GARSON.—**HANS-WERNER SCHMIDT** to **PATRICIA GARSON**, 4 Buckstone Avenue.

PEARSON—SMITH.—**IRVINE PEARSON** to **ANNETTE SMITH**, 69 Montpelier Park.

EVANS—ADAMS.—**CHARLES S. EVANS** to **NOEL ADAMS**, 36 Riccarton Crescent.

GALLOWAY—McBAIN.—**THOMAS M. GALLOWAY** to **HEATHER McBAIN**, 51 Forrester Road.

ARMSTRONG—PIKE.—**ROBERT B. ARMSTRONG** to **WINIFRED PIKE**, 35A Argyle Crescent.

ALLAN—LAIDLAW.—**KENNETH A. R. ALLAN** to **RUTH LAIDLAW**, 2 Ashley Grove.

MORRISON—OSLER.—**PETER K. MORRISON** to **MARY B. OSLER**, 7 House o' Hill Terrace.

GROS—PURDIE.—**LAURENT GROS** to **ISOBEL PURDIE**, 54 Comiston Road.

CARTER—SMITH.—**BARRY CARTER, M.A., LL.B.**, to **MOIRA SMITH**, 83 West Savile Terrace.

MACRAE—ANDERSON.—**ALEXANDER MACRAE** to **JOYCE ANDERSON**, 54 Christiemiiller Avenue.

STEWART—FLEMING.—**HENRY J. STEWART** to **FRANCES FLEMING**, 13 Spottiswoode Road.

NIMMO—FREW.—**JAMES NIMMO** to **PATRICIA FREW**, 56 North Gyle Terrace.

PURVES-HUME—FAIRBAIRN.—**IAN C. PURVES-HUME** to **JILL FAIRBAIRN**, 11a Murrayfield Avenue.

BRANDA—FERRIER.—**LUIS BRANDA** to **BARBARA FERRIER**, 11 Craighouse Road.

RUTHERFORD—HAMILTON.—**HARRY N. RUTHERFORD** to **JACQUELINE HAMILTON**.

TAIT—SCOTT.—**GEORGE H. TAIT** to **EVELYN SCOTT**, 4 Greenhill Place.

- LEMIEUX—*CESSFORD*.—DAVID C. LEMIEUX to MARGARET CESSFORD, 1 Merchiston Mews.
 BOOTH—*FRASER*.—DR JAMES C. BOOTH to DR ROSEMARY FRASER.
 KELLY—*DOBSON*.—REGIS KELLY to AILEEN DOBSON, 67 Milton Crescent.
 PATTIE—*CLELAND*.—THOMAS S. PATTIE to DOROTHY CLELAND, 6 Greenbank Park.
 BANIGAN—*CRICHTON*.—STANLEY W. S. BANIGAN to ELIZABETH CRICHTON, 18 Kingsknowe Road South.
 MACARTHUR—*WARDEN*.—COLIN MACARTHUR to JOAN WARDEN, 37 Bruntsfield Gardens.
 DEGNAN—*WALKER*.—FRANCIS DEGNAN to EVELYN WALKER, 11 North Gyle Drive.
 SCOULAR—*MACDONALD*.—REV. STANLEY SCOULAR to MARGARET MACDONALD, 67 Pilton Crescent.
 TABONE—*NAPLES*.—In Malta, PETER TABONE to ELIZABETH NAPLES.
 HOGG—*TAIT*.—WILLIAM HOGG to ALISON TAIT, 10 Hermitage Park South.
 MCGUIGAN—*PULLAR*.—DAVID MCGUIGAN to KATHLEEN PULLAR, 42 Kingsknowe Drive.
 MCARDLE—*MACLEOD*.—JOHN MCARDLE to FIONA MACLEOD, 32 Woodhall Bank.
 PICKLES—*COCHRANE*.—LIEUT. D. A. PICKLES, R.N., to AUDREY COCHRANE, 7 Merchiston Gardens.
 MURPHY—*WALLACE*.—MALCOLM MURPHY to PATRICIA WALLACE.

BIRTHS

- FINDLAY.—To Mr and Mrs IAN FINDLAY (JUNE CROSBIE), a daughter.
 GEDDES.—To the Rev. T. C. and Mrs GEDDES (EILEEN WAITT), a son.
 KING.—To Mr and Mrs FRED KING (SHEILA PEARCEY), a son.
 KENNEDY.—To Mr and Mrs PETER KENNEDY (JOSEPHINE FORREST), a daughter.
 WHITE.—To Mr and Mrs J. A. WHITE (PAMELA MOORBY), a son.
 LESLIE.—To Mr and Mrs IAN LESLIE (SONYA REID), a son.
 HOISETH.—To Mr and Mrs PETER HOISETH (DOROTHY SEATON), two sons.
 McCULLOCH.—To Mr and Mrs CHARLES McCULLOCH (EILEEN EDWARDS), a son.
 SCOTLAND.—To Mr and Mrs KENNETH SCOTLAND (DOREEN MARSHALL), a son.
 SHIRER.—To Mr and Mrs ALLAN SHIRER (MARGARET BAPTIE), a son.
 VERWAY.—To Mr and Mrs DAVID VERWAY (SHEILA NOBLE), a daughter.
 CASTREE.—To Mr and Mrs ALAN CASTREE (CATHERINE ALLAN), a daughter.
 HARVEY.—To Mr and Mrs IAN HARVEY (ANNE BAPTIE), a daughter.
 HARDING.—To Mr and Mrs M. H. HARDING (MARGARET BOTTERILL), a son.
 SCOTT.—To Mr and Mrs DAVID SCOTT (FLORENCE PURDIE), a son.
 WALKER.—To Mr and Mrs JOHN WALKER (SHIRLEY MANSON), a son.
 COOPER.—To Mr and Mrs ALFRED COOPER (ANNE MARIE MACDONALD), a daughter.

- BROWN.—In Eastern Nigeria, to the Rev. IAN and Mrs BROWN (ISOBEL COCHRANE), a son.
 LINES.—To Mr and Mrs DEREK LINES (PAT LOCKHART), a daughter.
 ATKINS.—To the Rev. PETER and Mrs ATKINS (BERYL SINCLAIR), a son.
 FRASER.—To Mr and Mrs BILL FRASER (MARGOT WATTERS), a daughter.
 MACPHERSON.—To Mr and Mrs IAN MACPHERSON (ANN DAVIDSON), a son.
 MORGAN.—To Mr and Mrs JOHN MORGAN (MERLE WATT), a son.
 DAWSON.—To Mr and Mrs JOHN DAWSON (DIANE GRIFFITHS), a daughter.
 PEARSON.—To Lt. R. R. PEARSON, U.S.N.R., and Mrs PEARSON (MOIRA SKEA), a son.
 STRITCH.—To Mr and Mrs ALAN STRITCH (LOMOND BRUCE), a son.
 VINE.—To Mr and Mrs IAN VINE (JOYCE LAING), a daughter.
 MANN.—To Mr and Mrs TREVOR MANN (SHEILA LOGAN), a daughter.
 INCHBOLD-STEVENS.—To Mr and Mrs STEWART INCHBOLD-STEVENS (FIONA SANDERSON), a son.
 McCUBBING.—To Mr and Mrs J. S. McCUBBING (SHEILA FERGUSON), a daughter.
 WIGHT.—To Mr and Mrs R. WIGHT (ANN WINCHESTER), a son.
 GRAY.—To Mr and Mrs J. GRAY (FRANCES GRANT), a son.
 ROLWEGAN.—To Mr and Mrs K. ROLWEGAN (MARJORY HENDRY), a daughter.
 MIERAS.—To Mr and Mrs DAVID MIERAS (ISOBEL LAMB), a daughter.
 IRVING.—To Mr and Mrs GORDON IRVING (CHRISTINE WILSON), a son.
 RENNIE.—To Mr and Mrs HOWIESON RENNIE (MYRA MACDOUGALL), a son.

General Editor—Mr JAMES D. McEwan.

Business Editor—Miss ANNE DINGWALL.

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

School Editor, 1964—Miss CHRISTINA MANSON.

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.

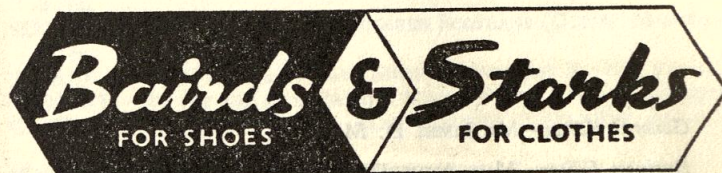
THE TEENAGERS OF YESTERDAY

The adults of today
 Will shake their heads and sigh
 When they see a Mod or a Rocker
 Go ambling slowly by.
 The adults of today
 Will clutch their brows and groan
 When the latest Beatles number
 Blares through the microphone.
 The adults of today
 Will cry till their hearts break
 When they see the young ones jerking
 To the dance they call the Shake.
 The adults of today
 Were once the young ones too.
 They did things just as crazy
 As ever I or you.
 The pleasures they knew then
 Are not the ones we know—
 What have the *Beatles* got?
 —Compared to Valentino!

PATRICIA A. LESLIE, 6B1.

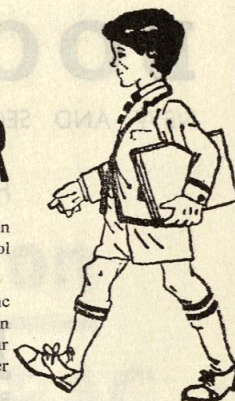
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CLAN HOUSE is a local family business—this ensures that your family will be given the best service—always under our personal supervision.

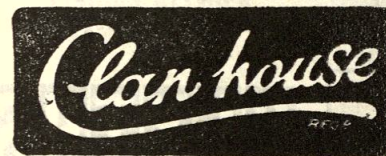
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