

JAMES
GILLESPIE'S
NIGHT
SCHOOL 1966



MAGAZINE

EDITORIAL

Editor - - - ANNE NAYSMITH

"But the best I've known
Stays here . . ."

WE are the last of the old guard. The new school stands ready, awaiting occupation. Future years will learn amid gleaming equipment and fresh paint, isolated from the traffic by the green lawns and trees of the grounds of Bruntsfield House. And, like the school, we who are leaving are moving from the old world to the new. We too are forsaking the shelter of familiar surroundings to take our places in this modern society. This year is a time of change, a time for abandoning old traditions and forming new habits, both for the School and those who are leaving it.

It is only now that we can begin to consider objectively what we have gained from our stay at Gillespie's. The fruits of a centuries-old tradition of learning and culture have been offered to us here; we have steeped ourselves in the beauties of literature and the marvels of science, in the subtle nuances of foreign languages and the satisfying precision of mathematics. In addition, along with our academic education has gone our integration into the life of this community. However, though an attempt has been made, by the examinations which from time to time have darkened our horizon, to measure our progress in scholastic attainments, there is no yardstick to measure the maturity and responsibility which the life of Gillespie's has developed in its pupils.

But, whether or not we have made full use of the opportunities offered to us, we shall now be criticised on new grounds. Not "What do you know?" but "What kind of person have you become?" is the question we shall have to answer. We must now substantiate our claim to a place in society, whatever our intellectual qualifications.

The society which we are about to enter seems to our eyes one of confusion, uncertainty and disillusion. The horrors of two wars have failed to unite the countries of the world in a genuine attempt to find peace or to make common cause in the fight against poverty, hunger, disease, ignorance and prejudice. However materially advanced is Western civilisation, no solutions are apparent to the problems of colour and creed, nor has a defence been found against the stresses and strains of modern life.

The real test of our education is whether we have acquired tolerance and patience, intellectual honesty and the courage to learn from our mistakes, and above all a breadth of vision which takes in not only our own small circle but the whole troubled world. "Peace is indivisible," said Litvinov; so also are prosperity and happiness. While there are still people starving in the world; while there are still war and the fear of war, poverty and the misery poverty breeds, ignorance, injustice and persecution, we cannot with a clear conscience live for ourselves alone. The education which we have received, and which others after us will continue to receive, although in more luxurious surroundings, must be used to make us citizens, not only of Britain, but of the world.

* * * * *

DUSK

Alone in autumn in the woods,
The evening drawing nigh;
The clouds are scudding, scudding fast
Across the darkening sky,
And from the east a chilly breeze
Sweeps through the branches of the trees.

The shadows lengthen slowly as
The sun seeps lower down,
To leave the dusk to creep in with
The sunset for a crown;
And suddenly the wood is cold,
And I am caught within its hold.

My hollow footsteps echo long
And loud into the air,
So still and quiet as the dusk
Draws in—and I prepare
To turn for home before the light
Has faded out to welcome night.

ALISON BAYES, 3L2



Photo by J. Kinghorn

MISS ALISON E. FOSTER, M.A.

MY first recollection of Miss Foster fixes her, in the late 'thirties, on a lambent summer evening, on the verandah of the much-loved hostel at Langie in Manor valley, deep in conversation with "Teddy" Albert (like herself, much-gifted, many-faceted) burbling occasionally with gusts of laughter therapeutic as the Border wind that had combed the bents all day on our tramp over from St. Mary's Loch. Round about milled and queried, frying pan in hand, Gillespie girls, creatures then as alien to me as Madagascar lemurs. The future was, charitably, sealed.

Modest, though symbolic, then, the frying pan; but in other places, other moods: crepes suzette, fried crisps, manna and dates in argosy transferred (I am not very well up in these, but she always seemed to move effortlessly among the exotics) would as naturally be conjured up on that hospitable little table beside her chattering gas-fire as the more modest painch, tripe or thairm that often stood blandly between me and starvation. Then when the cigarette was lit (like Bridget she has her "foibles") her mind would range fascinatingly over the continents of her experience: collecting wild flowers high up on the Pyrenees (another of her foibles);

making dresses (how skilled in making new claes amaiast as weel's the Dior!); her reading; her girls; her friends—her power of evocation so absolute because it was fundamentally linguistic. *Omnia tetigit; omnia ornavit.*

Linguistic, then, the fabric: the essence humane and scholarly. For the virtue that (save one) first comes to mind when pupils or colleagues of Miss Foster foregather is sheer erudition: wide, precise, infectious, exciting. She got, of course, almost automatically, her First at Edinburgh, and the Eliot Prize as the most distinguished Honours Student in English of her year, and the way was wide open for her to a University career, most probably in English Language, in which she had specialised. She had, moreover, made herself an expert in Scottish Literature—perhaps that beloved "Aunt Maggie" in Forfar had sowed more fruitfully than she knew. But from these exciting prospects she turned to one even more, for her, exciting; and how profoundly Gillespie's has cause to rejoice in that decision and in those 40 years of inspiring service.

As a scholar she naturally made scholars. She enriched and ennobled lives. Only pupils, of course, shared the inviolacy of the classroom; the Lit (which she created) revealed to the outside world the overspill of these riches. She could put six girls on a sickle of chairs on an unkind platform and you had not a performance but sorcery. She called one of her pieces "Her Infinite Variety" (the title could equally well have been applied to herself) and the series of plays which she produced, culminating in "Alcestis," is not likely to be rivalled even in the glistening plenitudes of the new hall at Bruntsfield.

The springs which feed all this vitality lie deep and they seem to draw great sustenance from the bonds of family. Thus when one thinks of Miss Foster, it is almost impossible not to think of her brother John, and it seems no coincidence that at a time when, after a distinguished teaching career in Robert Gordon's College, he has entered the ministry of the Church, she has also turned her hand to a new task which offers similar opportunities for the use of her great gifts.

Back therefore to Bridget: she was excellent to be at a play with; or upon a visit, but best when she goes on a journey. And now, with one central, fruitful stent in her life completed, Miss Foster has gone on a journey—further than the throstle song of Langie; further than the edelweiss of the high Pyrenees; and is now in West Africa with Miss McLaren, an old colleague. We hope that the palm trees waving high and the bulbul sweetly singing will not render her unmindful of the earlier charms of the broom wi' its tassels on the lea and the lintie's sang. Like the rest of our goodly fellowship, she often recalls the pleasure it gave her to think of herself as one of Grierson's bairns, and similarly how great, how

grateful, the band who take pride in thinking of themselves as her "bairns." With them we join: with all those who owe so much to her ranging scholarship, her wisdom, and especially (and this is what I meant when I said that even her scholarship came only second in recollection) the liberality and the fidelity of her friendship. Our heartfelt wish is the high Roman one:

Ad multos annos.

J. D. M.

MR JOHN C. BRASH, B.SC., A.R.I.C.

DURING the last few years the School has lost many of its staff who were members of long standing—teachers who had spent most of their working years at Gillespie's and contributed much to its success. Mr Brash, who retired in August, was undoubtedly one of these. A Herioter and Graduate of the University of Edinburgh, he joined the Science Department in 1926, having come from Kinross Public School. On the retirement of Mr Peter White, in 1943, he was appointed Head of the Science Department.

Particularly in the earlier years, Mr Brash did much to foster "out of school" activities. He organised school trips abroad and took part in the tours organised by "School Journeys." He was interested in sport and a keen member of the Staff Badminton Club. He started the Cricket Club for the girls and was its mainstay for many years. When Mr Seton left the staff he took over the organisation of the School Sports. The administration of the House System, inaugurated by Miss Andrew, was in his hands for a long time. Perhaps the School activity owing most to Mr Brash is the Science Association started by him in 1927 and of which he was President until 1956. He would no doubt have appreciated the greater scope for its activities which the more ample laboratory accommodation in the new school should afford, much of which he planned. Latterly, home commitments prevented his taking as much part in all these varied projects as we should have liked and he had to confine himself to his quiet, efficient teaching which must have done much toward the steady expansion of the Science Department over the last 20 years. As a final contribution he started the use of the new Science syllabus in the lower forms.

Pupils and colleagues wish him every happiness in the years ahead.



Photo by E. R. Yerbury & Son

MISS GERTRUDE M. GLOAG, M.A.

WHEN Miss Gertrude M. Gloag retired at the end of last session, the Modern Languages Department suffered a great loss. A capable and esteemed colleague, Miss Gloag came to Gillespie's in December 1946, after a long period of service in Kirkcaldy High School. A native of Angus and daughter of a country schoolmaster, she was educated at the Harris Academy, Dundee and at St. Andrews University, where she graduated M.A. with Honours in French and German.

Her keen mind and high degree of scholarship in her chosen field won for Miss Gloag the respect and admiration of pupils and staff alike and contributed largely to her success as a teacher. She exacted a high standard of work from her pupils and they would be the first to acknowledge the debt of gratitude they owe to her meticulous and scholarly teaching.

Her activities, however, were not restricted to the classroom. On several occasions she organised summer holiday tours to France and Switzerland, thus enabling the girls who had the good fortune to accompany her to savour the joys of foreign travel. She was also one of the Group Leaders who, in June 1964, escorted a party of Gillespie girls on the Edinburgh Schools' Scandinavian Cruise.

Although she was of a reserved nature, Miss Glog's qualities were recognised and appreciated by her colleagues, and she will be remembered by the habitués of the Common Room as an expert solver of crossword puzzles.

Since her retiral, her love of travel has taken her far afield. She has recently returned to Edinburgh after spending three months in the sunshine of Barbados. We hope she will be able to indulge her wanderlust for many years to come and wish her happiness in her well-earned leisure.

MISS DOROTHY A. H. GORDON M.A.

AT Christmas-time Miss Gordon took an unobtrusive farewell of us. In her own words she "slipped away quietly." The manner of Miss Gordon's going gives a very true insight to her character—her quietness, her lack of ostentation; but one of Miss Gordon's outstanding characteristics was her kindness, as so many of the little girls who came under her care can testify, a kindness always shown in a practical way.

After graduating M.A. at Edinburgh University and completing her teacher-training at Moray House Training College, Miss Gordon started her teaching career in Jedburgh. On her return to Edinburgh she was appointed to Castlehill School, now no longer in existence. She was ideally suited to her work there. Miss Gordon had a sympathetic understanding of the problems of both parents and children, but she could also see the lighter side and had many a story of the comic happenings of those years.

More than 20 years ago Miss Gordon came to Gillespie's to teach the seven-to eight-year-olds, a section of School requiring much patience, tact and humour, all of which she has in abundance. Miss Gordon will be remembered by us all, staff and pupils alike, for her spontaneous sense of fun: her telling of a story always had the unexpected turn of phrase. We miss very much these side-lights on the bright side of Gillespie school life.

We hope that Miss Gordon will have many years to enjoy her interests—her garden, her concert-going, her search for new and exciting dishes and all her other hobbies—and that she will look back with pleasure to her happy and successful years in Gillespie's.

MR ALEXANDER C. MURPHY, M.A.

THOUGH it is over 20 years since Mr Murphy retired, the announcement of his death last December brought to many of his former pupils and colleagues vivid and grateful memories of his distinctive personality and his long and faithful service to the School. Himself a pupil of the old school in Gillespie Crescent, he returned, shortly after graduating with Honours in English, as a teacher of English, History and Latin, and in due course was promoted to be Principal Teacher of English. Through the changes and developments of 30 years he conducted his department with an unobtrusive and unremitting faithfulness to duty. His tolerance and fairness, his kindness and characteristic humour, his depth of understanding and sympathy in times of difficulty are still remembered with affection by those who worked with him whether as assistants or pupils. Qualities such as his are the stuff of which the best traditions of a school are moulded.

A. E. F.

MR DONALD WALKER, B.D.

MR WALKER came to us from the little fishing village of Eyemouth, where he had spent a long ministry among men who are constantly aware that danger is a shipmate on every fishing boat that noses its way out into the North Sea. This experience had underlined a natural modesty, a courage and an integrity which was quite alien to the more flashy and facile virtues that appeal to some modern tastes, and which found a very natural and sincere outlet simply in helping others. How often in these past months have we had evidence in the most unexpected quarters of his deep and affectionate interest in everyone who came in contact with him, and especially those who needed help, even the littlest of his pupils.

And yet a school like this, inescapably fenced off from the harsher pressures of the world by its academic disciplines, circumscribes, naturally, the number of channels in which service can find ready expression. He was looking forward to his future home near Ellisland and his work with country children and country people. The air of Eyemouth was, as it were, still in his nostrils. How sad that his hopes were to be unfulfilled and the Dumfries children were to be denied the privilege of his friendship.

His passing has left us with a very real friend to mourn and a memory to cherish with very deep affection.

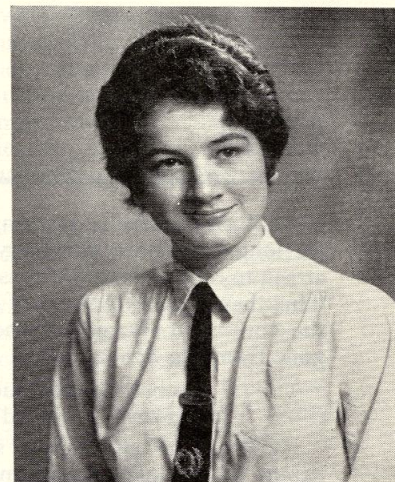
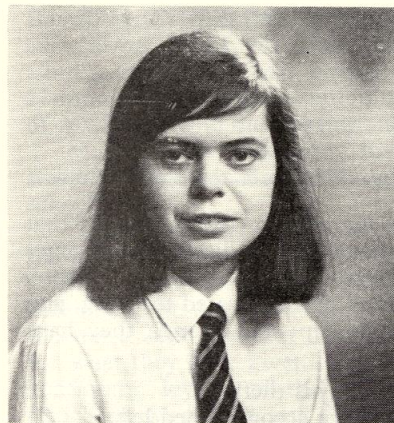
MR ALBERT MORE

MR MORE, a gifted and kindly musician, who had done valuable work in teaching the violin in School, died during the summer vacation. He had been ailing for some time but had borne his infirmities with great fortitude and we sometimes saw him here, doing his work, sustained more, perhaps, by the powers of his spirit and will than by his failing strength. We liked to share his interests and enthusiasms in the staff room—including memories of Bavaria, from which some of his ancestors had come—and especially in the field of that rewarding subject in which his professional skills gave him, and those who benefited from his teaching, such very real satisfactions. We shall miss him, and are very sad at his passing.

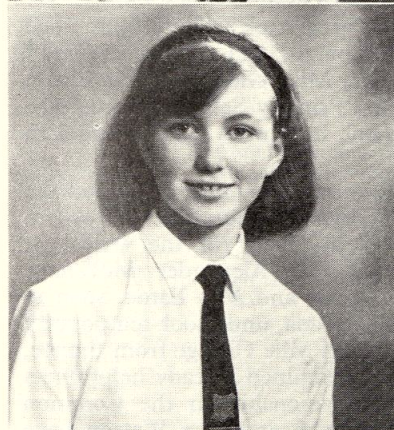
MR ALISTAIR McKENZIE, M.A.

WHATEVER cachet attaches to the names of Aberdeen-Angus and Galloway (a teacher understandably finds the word "belted" troublesome on the tongue) in the breeding grounds of things Scottish, Mr McKenzie had the good fortune to be born and educated in the Granite City, and after a trial run with one hand, as it were, on the plough in Stonehaven, went on to the Stewartry, where presently he had both on and was ready for other fields. He found them in Gillespie's, and, as Head of the Classics Department, a rewarding tillage which, after five years, has, unhappily for us, been terminated by his translation (unfortunate word) to the corridors of pomp and circumstance in Sighthill. It is unlikely, considering the professional skills he has at his finger tips, that success can do other than just naturally come his way. He is not far from us, and we hope that we may be able to inveigle him, from time to time, to look into the Common Room just to let us share his ready smile and to tell us how he is managing to keep stout Boreas on the other side of the threshold of his new bungalow up in the tundras of Fairmilehead. We wish him every happiness in his new work and his new home; and of course wish Mrs McKenzie and the children to share it.

J. D. M.



Top left: JOAN WILSON, Dux on Arts side.



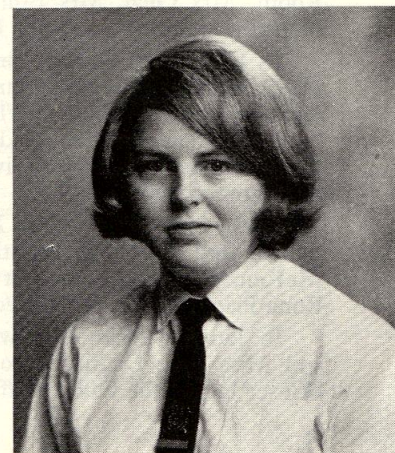
Centre left: ANNE NAYSMITH, Joint Dux on Science side.



Bottom left: JENNIFER HORN, Joint Dux on Science side.

Top right: ALISON SMITH, Captain of School.

Bottom right: ALISON BASHFORD, Vice-Captain of School.



STAFF

FROM the Staff the captains and the queens depart. Names that for long have been almost synonymous with Gillespie's no longer attach to those who in the classrooms maintain the life of the School. They have left a tradition of sustained and dedicated teaching, and the continued warmth of their friendship; and though they have gone from the School,

Time has but half succeeded in his theft:
Themselves removed; their work accomplished left.

The end of last session saw the great trek at its height. The extent of the loss may be measured by the fact that one "party" marked the departure of Miss Foster, Miss Gloag and Mr Brash. At the same time, Miss Black left the Primary School to undertake work in Duncan Street Special School, her duties here being taken over by Miss Muriel Smith.

At the beginning of the autumn term Mrs Jamieson joined the Mathematics Department. Mrs Burgoyne temporarily took over a post in the Modern Languages Department till the arrival in October of Miss Mairi Macdonald. Mr Alexander McKenzie became head of the Physics Department, and Mrs Eaton, soon to be followed by Mrs McMordie from Canada, undertook temporarily the work of Miss Foster. Mlle Baton and Mlle Orange from France, and Fraulein Kohne from Germany, combined a ready helpfulness in the classroom with pleasant companionship in the Common Room, Mrs Glen, Mrs Bull, Mrs Carson and Mrs Watson have helped with games; and Mr Houston has provided tuition in golf.

In December we were deeply saddened by the untimely death of Mr Walker. The Rev. John Sutherland, the Rev. Robert Christie and now the Very Rev. Charles Watt, who is on leave from Malawi, have very generously ensured that the continuity of his work should be maintained until the arrival of his successor, who has recently been appointed.

At the end of December Miss Gordon retired from the Primary School and the same month saw the departure of Mr Charles McKenzie to take up a post in the Royal Blind School, and Miss Rona Pringle, who had served with charm and loyalty in the Office.

In January Miss Kerr was appointed to Miss Gordon's post, and Miss Jane Dickinson to Mr Charles McKenzie's. Miss June Winsor joined the Office staff.

In March Mr Alistair McKenzie joined the Examinations Board, Mr Stewart (late of Daniel Stewart's) undertaking his duties till the arrival of Mr Hay, who comes from Robert Gordon's College in June to take charge of the Classics Department. Mrs Hampton has joined the staff to continue the work in violin teaching of Mr More, who died during the summer vacation.

Mr Froud is continuing his duties as Janitor of the present building while Mr Armstrong takes over responsibility for the new school.

Changes on this scale—and they are happening in most schools these days—amount to an upheaval. Even without the translation to Bruntsfield House this would have been a climacteric year: you take my house when you take the pillars that doth sustain my house. To those who have left we would say a sincere Thank you, both for what they have given to the School in service, and to us in the continuing loyalty of their friendship. To those who have just joined us we would say: There is much to do and it will richly deserve, and reward, the doing. Make yourself indispensable to Gillespie's.

FAREWELL TO NINA

Could that one last farewell,
Standing there amidst the noise
And bustle of the airport, really tell
What I felt within my heart?
Could that one light kiss and smile
Truly express what words could not?
Tell the love and secret fears
That we never more might meet;
Speak the anguish that I felt—
Who can say what fate will do
When, severed from your love, you go
To live in far-off lands—and yet,
Your heart is clamorous to go
Back to Nina.

One light kiss—and that was all:
One "good-bye;" a quick farewell
It was; I walked away
Not turning back but striding on
Out into the dark. Did she know
The love I felt? Had she too
Meant to say so much—and failed?
Was her smile like mine, unsteady,
Painted; or was she conscious only
Of fleeting friendship, soon to fade?
No—her eyes too were bright,
And her voice was strangely quiet,
And I knew that when we parted,
Though 'twas only for a moment,
Our hearts had met and said in silence
A true farewell.

CHRISTINE ROSEMARY PHILP, 5L2

SCHOOL NOTES

WE obey no summons to the bosom of the urgent south. This red-sandstone context has suited us, nurtured us, possibly spoiled us. But like the hermit crab, we find we have to move; and for very much the same reasons. We have become too big for our home and have to seek another. We are flitting to glass and concrete boxes the spit image of other boxes in Stockholm, Stuttgart and (as some of the Sixth Form are surprisingly finding out at the moment) Louisville, Ky. We shall reflect the contemporary image, and communicate in the modern idiom.

If we, for our personal part, feel that the tradition and dignity of a great school need to be endorsed by a sense of history in its surroundings, we can look from any one of our many windows through trees (blessed boon) to the formal elegance which 17th century builders have left us in Brunstfield House. Thus, torn from our context, we look forward without rancour, and with solid pride and confidence, to a new chapter in the unfolding destiny of Gillespie's. But for the moment the present chronicle. . . .

The appointment of Dr Small as the Moderator of this year's General Assembly of the Church of Scotland marks a recognition of his great gifts and services which was bound to come but which gives us a deep sense of almost domestic satisfaction once it has. On the 15th March, the School presented to him a set of lace ruffles, made by women in India, which he will wear on ceremonial occasions. Dr Small carries into his year of high office the warmest good wishes of us all here in Gillespie's.

This year tradition expanded a chink to admit, very properly, a lady as Guest of Honour on Founder's Day. Dame Margaret Drummond, Commandant of the W.R.N.S. spoke with a sense of tradition of the principles that animate the Senior Service. The Rev. Canon Sutcliffe Hay led the assembly in prayer, the choir sang the anthem "Lord be Thy Word my Rule." Alison Bashford, the Vice-Captain, read the Lesson from James Gillespie's Bible, and Alison Smith, the School Captain, contrived in a happy little speech of thanks to touch gracefully on such appropriate matters as Handel's Water Music and pieces of eight. A little silver box, as the occasion required, supplanted the traditional snuff mull.

The School continues throughout the session (though more markedly at Christmas) to turn its thoughts to others. In December the Primary School collected over £14 for Christmas seals in aid of spastic children; and the Christmas gift services, both in the Primary and the Senior Schools, were generously supported, senior girls again helping in the distribution of gifts to old people. Other

projects have included the collecting and dispatching of cotton-frocks to an African leper colony, books and toys to children, and a substantial donation to the U.N.I.C.E.F. Christmas Card Fund. One which deserves special recognition was a coffee morning, organised and conducted largely on the initiative of Sandra Grant, Maxine Fender and Glenyse Gibson, which realised over £100 for the Old People's Home at Dalry House. In addition several girls are doing voluntary service in Edinburgh.

A brief catalogue must suffice to indicate the degree of involvement of the School in activities outside its walls. Conferences in which we have participated include: the S.C.M. conference, and one on Nigeria, in May of this year; and the Overseas Council, and one on Canada, in May of last year. In October, girls took part in a Sixth Year conference on "The Film and the Book;" and in March the David Livingstone Birthday meeting. Parties have visited the Law Courts, Mellerstain House, Hadrian's Wall, the conferring of the Freedom of the City on Yehudi Menuhin and (a project which now must undergo some change in view of the departure of the central figure for South Africa) Dalkeith Home Farm. Organised visits to the theatre and the concert hall have continued. The exchange with the school in Metz was repeated this Easter. Mr Burrows came to lecture to us on "Parliament and how it Works" and Dr Betz on "How Science is changing America;" and a party of Czech dancers performed for our pleasure in the gymnasium. We have three violinists and two viola players in the Primary Schools Orchestra, and a number of instrumentalists in the Secondary School Orchestra.

In May 1965 three girls spent a month at the Outward Bound School at Aberdovey; and nine Sixth Form girls are in Kentucky from 13th May till the 6th June of this year.

In the Royal Horticultural Society Spring Show the Primary School had the following successes: 1st Prize, Jennifer Bouch; 2nd Prizes, Janette Taylor and Fiona Malcolm; 3rd Prize, Alison Simpson and Anne Johnstone. Burns Certificates were won by: Jane Woodburn; Lynda Rivers; Marjorie Tucker; Linda Britton; Moira Cunningham; Karen Dickson; Dorothy Tabor; Sheila Cameron; Shena Ross; and Morag Reid, all of the Primary School.

The Library has benefited by gifts from: Mrs Mundie; Miss Henderson; Sheena Keith; Faerlyn Whitney; and Olwen Renshaw.

And finally, Miss McIntyre and Mrs Macdonald and their band of tireless and sweet myrmidons. When in the last cataract of desperation manuscripts fell on them thick as autumnal leaves, no thought was there of dastard flight. Our recognition of the way they stemmed the onslaught is a sincere, if inescapably frail, tribute to their courage and endurance. And they have a way of never considering anything a trouble, which gives great pleasure to those (like us) whom they help so much.

FOUNDER'S DAY ADDRESS

Thursday, 10th February 1966

DAME MARGARET DRUMMOND began by expressing her pleasure at being with us, and by conveying to us the greetings of the service she represents, the W.R.N.S. Then, turning to her theme, she continued: I wondered if perhaps you would be interested in hearing very briefly about two functions that I have attended since I have been in my present job and which will always stand out in my memory, no matter how long I live.

The first was a dinner given by Her Majesty's Royal Marines—that magnificent Corps which you may have seen up here doing ceremonial work with their bands, and who are as well known for their Commando work in Borneo as for the other somewhat ordinary jobs they do. They were having their 300th birthday and one of the functions was a dinner held at the Royal Naval College at Greenwich. It is a former Royal Palace of Henry VIII, where Elizabeth I was born, where Sir Walter Raleigh put down his cloak on a muddy place so that the Queen should not step in a puddle, and it is now a Naval College. But there was no need for cloaks being put down on the night I was there on this particular occasion for it was the most perfect summer evening. The Duke of Edinburgh, as Head of the Royal Marines, and the Queen came to pay tribute to the Corps, and we dined in that most magnificent hall, most of the men in their scarlet mess jackets, including the Duke of Edinburgh. The Queen looked like something out of a fairy tale, with a shimmering white dress and the blue sash of the Order of the Garter. We sat down to dine there with the silver glistening, and after dinner the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh moved among their guests. And after dinner we all went outside and the College had been floodlit and the lights were put out and we watched the most tremendous display of fireworks over the river and Handel's Water Music was played. When it was all over, literally on the stroke of midnight, the Queen drove away in a lighted large car which for all the world could have been a coach and horses, and it was a wonderful ending to an evening I shall never forget.

Now the other occasion was on a much more sombre note. It was when I had the great privilege of being in Westminster Cathedral for Sir Winston Churchill's funeral service—and that really was history. It is a trite phrase, but really time did seem to stand quite, quite still. It is now passing into history because it is a year ago since it happened. For me the most moving moment was when we all rose to sing the Battle Hymn of the Republic and one's mind went to President Kennedy and how the two men had striven for what is so true and good and in spite of the generations that separated them they had so much in common. There was the Queen again, looking so very different this time, rather bereft, I thought, a tiny, tiny figure in unrelieved black. The Captains and Kings were all there and, of course, General de Gaulle stood out, as you can imagine, above and beyond them all. We were particularly proud in our Service because the W.R.N.S. were helping to line the route. They had a week's practice—practice in just standing still which perhaps some of us don't find so easy, and also standing still in the bitter cold. One of the rehearsals was at two o'clock in the morning when the streets were still, so that they could see how it was going to go, which resulted, of course, in the whole ceremony being carried through like clockwork. That was a magnificent occasion—indeed it was history and I just felt more privileged than I can say to have been present there on that day. These two ceremonies happened about six months apart and it seemed to me that we had done honour to a Corps and to a man to whom your school motto would apply.

May I in closing just say a word to those of you who before very long will be going out into that exciting world that lies ahead. May I suggest to you that you should not lay aside your school motto but live up to the example of your Founder when you lay aside your school uniform, because in this day and age we do need people who, while making the most of and enjoying to the full all the exciting developments that are happening so fast (and which some of us older ones find difficulty in keeping up with), are going to hold fast to the standards which are laid down and cannot be laid down better than in that chapter (Ephesians, Ch. vi, verses 10-18) that was read to us today. I do commend that to you as one who I feel has been tremendously fortunate because I have so enjoyed my job and one cannot ask for more, however long or however short one's career may be. Some of you will make your name as individuals, some as members of a team, but I feel certain that with the foundations you have here you will all be good citizens, and I do wish you every success and every happiness.

THE LOOTING



Photo by E. R. Yerbury & Son

C. RUTH SCOTT, 4c.

ESSENTIALLY NEWFOUNDLAND

MOODY grey clouds, heavy with rain, loomed across the sky. Wet white mist clung to the tops of the mountains. Odd mountains they were—red and stark with their flat table tops and steep scarred sides, here and there sheltering a patch of startlingly white snow. The sea rolled up in grey waves to meet the shingle-shore. The trees flowed down the hill slopes as cool green water glides over the stones of a brook in summer. These tall sentinels, green all year to signify their watchfulness, guarded all in its undisturbed beauty.

Down in the bay plied the busy ferries proudly bearing Canada's new flag in its red and white gaiety with the maple leaf, a flaunting emblem, symbol of Canada's youth and courage. Back and forward went these little ships between Norris Point and Woody Point bringing loads of cheerful chattering people—women dressed in their Sunday best on the way to shop at Deer Lake, some few holidaymakers conspicuous by their holiday gaiety and many, many cars—big, bright and bewinged as Canadian cars all are.

A diver was working in the bay, putting down an electric cable. An admiring crowd stood round. Nobody in Newfoundland is ever in a hurry. Everyone has time "to stand and stare," and idly speculate.

The bright houses were scattered along by the water's edge. Some were green, picked out with yellow doors and window frames, others russet with beige, but prettiest were those—white with that particular colour of blue for roofs. All were wooden: some had verandahs, others balconies. In fact, each house had its own peculiarity, thus characterising individuals, for every man builds his own house in Newfoundland.

"The Struggle," a precipitous road, wound its twisting way up the steep hillside to gain the valley beyond. As the cars and lorries ground up it they seemed to be almost out of breath before they reached the top. Then with a final sigh they reached the summit and passed out of sight. It had been so dry that the dust swirled and billowed after them (all roads in Newfoundland except the Trans-Canada Highway are dirt tracks), and came to rest on the parched trees and languishing flowers, but the refreshing rain was not far distant. Those comfort-giving grey clouds were drawing nearer.

Up on the hillside was the school, a long, low building, so fresh with its blue roof and white bulk. It stood looking over the bay, as if watching the daily bustle of the small township below, and patiently awaiting the days when the children would be back once more to fill its now silent walls with the sound of their laughter and chatter.

A profusion of buttercups spread its golden carpet at the foot of the hills. The gentle, soft-eyed cows wandered among the flowers and contentedly munched the grass, their bells softly ringing as they moved. Round the rushy brook where the cows came to drink its cool waters were clumped wild irises in their blue splendour—an idyllic scene of country life! No wonder the French named it Bonne Bay with its tree-clad hills clustering round the water's edge in all its beauty affording shelter, a calm sea and a tranquil resting place.

Newfoundland is still a wild country, little touched by the hand of man. Nature is waiting to pounce: to overrun man's puny attempts at civilisation: to regain the splendour of what once was hers.

VALERIE HODDINOTT, 6A

LAUGHED IN THE SUN

"BREATHLESS we flung us on the windy hill," laughing, shouting and crying—filled with the exhilaration of an arduous climb with the wind in our hair, the sun on our backs and the cool grass underfoot. This was Austria!

Austria, home of culture and character, music-halls and cowbells—and my home for two weeks.

It was about October when notices were read out to us concerning an intended school-trip to Innsbruck. That it was to cost £34 5s. 0d. and that we were to travel by train to London and Dover, by boat to Calais . . . we knew, but of Innsbruck nothing.

Oh yes, people told us of the mountains soaring into the sky but we answered gaily that "we have seen mountains before, you know. What about Arthur's Seat and Ben Nevis?" What about them indeed!

As the train wound its way higher and higher up the tortuous track in the Swiss Alps we were convinced that here were surely the highest, grandest mountains in the world—except for those in Austria of course. Everything there was just a fraction more distinctive than in any other country. Where else could one climb from a sunny valley by cable-car to the icy regions of the snow-covered Mafelekar 7,650 feet high, where else could a woman be heard yodelling in the city square or cowbells be heard in surrounding fields? We were impressed by the Goldene Dachl in Maria-Theresien-Strasse, thrilled with the palace-retreat of the Hapsburg family and over-awed by the sun-tanned Austrian youths.

Igls, however, I shall never forget—a little village tucked into the folds of the Alps where sunshine was reflected off white-washed chalets and apfelsaft was served in open-air cafes. I bought a Tyrolean horn from a slot-machine, I remember—how happily I blew it in the woods nearby, pretending that I was a shepherdess, not stopping until the cows showed by their uneasy ambling in the opposite direction that my "music" was not appreciated.

It was when visiting the home of the winter Olympics, Seefeld, that we had the happy notion of climbing a grass-covered hill to see what lay on the other side. Thus it was that two hours later breathless we flung us on the windy hill, laughing, shouting and crying—filled with the exhilaration of our arduous climb.

Surely this was the top of the world. This was Austria!

CATHERINE FALCONER, 5L1

FROM THE RUSSIAN OF PUSHKIN

I loved you once; indeed my love for you
Perhaps has not entirely left my heart.
But he no longer troubled, for I wish
No sadness to o'ercome you when we part.
I loved you once, but you my love denied,
Now shy, now jealous, I pray that God may bless
You with another love; for I loved you
With such sincerity and tenderness.

JANET WALKER, 6A

FAR HAVE I TRAVELLED

I LEAF through my Atlas, and, stopping at a map of the Mediterranean, I find a name catches my eye—Tangier: that mysterious town which, when I was younger, meant the origin of "tangerine" oranges. I never dreamed that the school's cruise, of which I had always wanted to be part, would take me there—to another world.

It seemed so natural then that native vendors should start peddling their wares over the ship's side, as soon as we had docked. There followed a vigorous session of bargaining until everyone in our party reluctantly extricated herself from the bustling throng, and we set off, hot, encumbered with purchases, and somewhat poorer, for the beach. How disagreeable I thought it to wear a cardigan and large sunhat in such glorious sunshine! But sunshine is somewhat less glorious than suntan, as some found to their cost! We trudged an interminable distance along endless open dockyards and pale dusty pavements the heat of which could be felt even through one's shoes. At last only the railway line barred the entrance to our goal. This crossed, a lengthy process, we made haste to reach the beach, whereupon we removed our shoes to plough through soft, scorching, white sand. "Instant blisters," we laughingly quipped and ran to deposit our heavy bags. The eager swam, the lazy, with myself among them, preferred simply to paddle.

Photographs taken and baggage collected, we departed from the beautiful clean beach. What did I care if Mick Jagger had been cornered there? At any rate an eager schoolgirl's bongo drum is hardly what such an elevated young man would choose to autograph—no wonder he refused. Still, I am sure we all enjoyed the beach.

The afternoon saw us embarking on a coach tour—even then I remember bargaining through the window. The lighthouse—with a charming native band providing background music, historic caves, the Kasbah and the Sultan's beautiful palace were included in our tour. I will always remember the smells and the lovely reddish-haired children with the liquid brown eyes, both of which abounded in the Kasbah. Everywhere there were the salesmen with everything from a cushion to a wristwatch. In the town shops there was not much custom, however. We had all spent as much as we dared earlier in the day.

The evening was fascinating. Standing on deck, we watched a display of native dancing, quaint and intriguing in the sunset. We saw the vendors bundling up their property and children running along high walls back to the town, silhouetted against the rapidly deepening blue of the sky. Tangier was lovely—if only I could have stayed there a little longer. I really was there. Can it really be so far away as the map tells me?

FRANCES LOWE, 4L

BLUE BEADS

Your depths reflect
Fandango joy,
Pulsating street,
A canopy of glistening beads
Enticing hearts.

Your essence lies
In moonlit grass,
Wrought fantasy,
In his dark eyes of Spanish fire
Forsaking hearts.

ALISON SMITH, 6A

A VISIT TO BELGIUM

ON Thursday, 1st July 1965, Christine Wellwood and I (representing Edinburgh) set off along with six other guides from all over Scotland. We were on our way to Belgium where we were to attend local company camps. It was the 50th anniversary of the Belgian Guide Movement and this was part of their way of celebrating.

We flew to Brussels, where we split up. Christine and I boarded a train to take us to Libramont, our final destination. We were taken to the homes of the two families with whom we were to stay for part of our Belgian holiday. I had to speak French all the time and to begin with I had difficulty in hearing and understanding what the people said as they spoke very, very quickly. I soon, however, became used to this.

Presently we set off for Guirsch, a small one-street village. We camped in the grounds of the Chateau of Guirsch, where there were a few other guide companies. The Brownies were staying in the Chateau itself. Quite different from the Scottish equivalent, we had calor gas for cooking, and the tents were very big, each holding as many as 12 guides.

On arrival at the camp we were given a "totem," which is a nickname relating to the person's appearance. (Mine was "Caribou" although nobody has told me why.) For some activities all the companies combined. One day we went a 13-mile hike. In a strange country this was quite exciting. On Parent's Day we had a huge camp-fire with the Brownies from the Chateau and the parents.

All too soon the camp ended and we returned to Libramont. Extremely kind to me, my hostess's family took me on a visit to France and Luxembourg.

At last it was time to return home and we arrived back in London on 22nd July. This was, for me, a wonderful experience and I hope that other guides will have a similar opportunity. I made a number of friends in Libramont and correspond with some of them.

SHEENAH HENDERSON, 4B

WINTER ROAD

From the Russian of A. S. Pushkin

Through the waving, whispering mist
Filters a moonbeam, bright.
Into the mournful, lonely glades
Sadly she scatters light.

Along the deserted, winter road
A sleigh is swiftly skimming.
Three horses strain, the sleigh-bell rings,
Now resonant, soon dimming.

Awakened by the coachman's song,
Dear memories return,
For all the dreams of dashing youth,
For things deepfelt, I yearn.

SUSAN SWINTON, 6A

LISBON

I LOOKED out of the porthole at a world of velvety black spangled with stars and city lights. At the docks it was quiet, except for the noise of the engines churning the water and the cries of the dockers. Half an hour later we disembarked and looked for a taxi.

We soon found that there is plenty of night life in Lisbon. Our taxi driver took us to the top of a hill in the city. Every street was thronged with people, and when we stopped about a dozen small boys rushed forward to open the door. Small hands were outstretched for money, and the boys accepted English sweets and sixpences as eagerly as Portuguese coins. When the boys had gone, women selling lace and hand-embroidered tablecloths came up. Eventually we could turn our attention to the view, which was spectacular. For about half a mile before us were gardens, all floodlit, sloping gently down the hill. Beyond the gardens were streets and squares paved with black-and-white marble mosaic. There was more, but we had to be back at the ship by 11 o'clock.

The following morning we joined a party from Penicuik High School and went on a tour of Lisbon. We walked through a large arcade beside the clocks, buying baskets and embroidered aprons. In the square beyond the arcade men were watering the gardens which, we discovered, were found all over the city. Some time later we found ourselves completely lost. No-one knew any Portuguese, and we were wondering where to go when we met two students studying English at the university. They took us back to the docks and told us how glad they were to meet people whose native language was English.

In the afternoon a coach took us to the Monteiro dos Jeronimos (Jeronimos Monastery), the cloisters of which are built of carved white marble, and are surrounded by beds of red roses. We then visited the Torre de Belém, a river fortress, which looks straight out of a fairy tale. The glistening white stone contrasts beautifully with the deep blue of the Rio Tejo. In the evening we saw the Olympic stadium, and bought scarves and dolls.

As the ship left Lisbon, men and women came and danced Country Dances in national costume on the quayside. Slowly the land receded and once again Lisbon was lights, stars and sea.

JENNIFER MALCOLM, 1L

IN CONTEMPLATION OF IMPENDING HIGHERS

When I consider how my days are spent,
By what unending tests and trials are frayed
My distraught nerves, I stand apart dismayed,
And fondly wonder why I still present
Myself a victim to the tireless quest
For knowledge. Others their escape have made,
Pursuing pleasures by the world displayed.
I in this murky lab'rinth find no rest,
But like the sturdy Paul of Hebrew blood,
Who 'gainst all foes of God or man or beast
Wrestled with all his might to win the race,
And ne'er once wavered from the place he stood,
So must I now for some more months at least
To gain a pass mark strive to stay the pace.

DOROTHY WALTERS, 5L

SENIOR SCHOOL

DO YOU REMEMBER?

THE warm smell of strawberry jam simmering in a large, old-fashioned pot drifted uneasily into the heat of the long afternoon. I could imagine the kitchen scene distortedly reflected on the pot's chubby, middle-aged paunch. I rolled over on my other side. The grass felt smooth and cool between my toes and I could faintly hear the lazy, hypnotic voice of the newscaster reading the cricket scores—the soft murmur fading along the attentive rows of night-scented stock.

Blinded for a moment by the sun engaged in wrenching itself free from some clouds which were plotting a conspiracy, I closed my eyes and watched shapes “yellow, black and pale and hectic red” sweep across my eyelids. As children we had played at trying to form these dazzling, misshapen blobs into pictures, pressing our fingers on our eyelids to make the colours more intense.

Slowly the colours mingled into the past. Was it so long ago that you and I played “Goodies and Baddies” and climbed on top of the garden shed and you fell off and I laughed . . . ?

So long ago you pushed me on the garden swing which creaked, smoothly splitting our silence broken only by the scuffing of sandals on the powdery earth? Do you remember hiding behind the lupins and “pinching” rasps off the bushes next door—fear on opening them up to look for “beasties” and relief at not finding any—and those bitter, sweet mouthfuls. It was so still in the garden that I could hear the ticking of the kitchen clock—almost overbearing yet rhythmic, persuasive.

Suddenly an ambulance siren ripped the silence of the afternoon and tore it jaggedly into shreds. The chill, hysterical wail broke unkindly into my memories. I could see you still lying twisted at the foot of the garden shed.

Somewhere in the house a door banged. In the garden next door the lawnmower rattled to a halt. The fragrance of newly mown grass suddenly went stale. The wail came nearer. A window opened and a dull impersonal voice called “The ambulance has stopped down the Crescent, Tom.”

Minutes later the cold wail trailed once more into the distance. The lawnmower chewed on its way again and the window clattered down. It was over.

Three streets away the church bells began to ring—their leaden circles melting slowly in the hot air. I went into the house—inside it was soothingly cool and dark and I was wondering if you were recalling the time you fell off the garden shed and I laughed. . . .

MARISSA PETRIE, 5L2

UNCLE ROBERT

I don't know how old he is. For me Uncle Robert, or Dod, as the family insists on calling him, will always stay at the age when one is called eccentric rather than senile. He is a tall man of military bearing—he was in the cavalry in India for many years—and with a luxuriant growth of black curls, quite out of keeping with his advancing years. Coming from Orkney, he has that lilting accent of an Orcadian but it is rich and resounding rather than thin and piping. I shall always remember walking down Main Street, West Kilbride, hearing Uncle's booming chords vying with those of the old organ he played loudly, if not very well. And yet this deep voice could often quite unexpectedly change into a squeaky, school-girlish giggle, which always reminded me of Tommy Trinder and made me laugh as a result.

Giggling was one of those things Uncle did all-too-readily. While putting one day in the Glen behind his grocery shop, Uncle Dod, teaching us to play, sent the ball zipping into the putting-green-attendant's booth and knocked over his cup of tea. Uncle practically collapsed with laughter and this did nothing to mend the irate “parkie's” feelings, nor his cracked tea-cup. He put us out! We must have looked weird—a small girl and an even smaller, roly-poly type boy supporting a giggling old man down the road.

Absent-mindedness was Uncle's other endearing foible. His dark, shining eyes and intelligent-looking eyebrows were deceptive for Uncle had a memory like a sieve which has lost its mesh. I remember going to an auction with my aunt and him, in a private house. Uncle wandered off and returned with a “wally doug” under his arm. When we pointed it out to him he just could not remember picking it up or buying it. Aunt took it from him and hid it in an old gas oven.—The only sensible thing to do.

Talking about ovens reminds me of one of Uncle's rare visits to us in Portobello. He was lost, or should I say more lost, outside

his own home and sat nervously on the edge of a chair until mother invited him to smoke his pipe while she prepared dinner. Tom and I discreetly rushed out of the room, for Uncle's tobacco smelt like burning sulphur but just as I had bought "Old Kent Road" in Monopoly, we heard that famous giggle. We rushed back to find Mum regarding a casserole dish of toad-in-the-hole with great sadness. No wonder! Uncle had opened the wrong door in the range and had thrown his match neatly into the oven and there it was reposing on our dinner. I didn't mind—I hate toad-in-the-hole!

As I have already said, Uncle was a fine-looking man—and he knew it. On the long, sunny summer days he would take us all down to the sea-shore and appear in a bathing costume to dazzle us with his muscles. I didn't notice his muscles for gazing spellbound at this bathing costume! It should have been in a museum! We used to hurry him into the sea before a crowd could gather. Uncle was blissfully unaware of it all.

Perhaps I have made Uncle out to be a rather eccentric old man, but he was not. I have never met anyone so sensitive to nature in all my life. He had a long garden that looked out onto smooth summer-green hills. The garden walls were white-washed and high enough to trap the sunlight and heat, and were covered with sweet-peas, wall-flowers and other blooms whose names I never knew. Picture Uncle stooping over the strawberry nets, the sunshine glinting on his spectacle frames, and hear him humming, or growling, an old military tune. I can still smell the dewy smell of the grass and the fruity scent of the little apple-trees, and taste the bitter blackberries we used to "pinch" when Uncle wasn't looking.

But we were young and too restless to spend long sitting in the drowsy garden. There was a swing-park in the glen behind the house and no sooner had Uncle cleaned the mud from his hands with carbolic than we would drag him from the house to give us a "shove" on the swings. We never ever got that "shove," for Uncle was on the swings before us. He never "swung" much, just sat there, swaying gently, glueing new emery paper onto his old match box to renew it. Uncle was a bit of a miser too, you see!

But that is how I shall always remember Uncle—sitting in the sunshine, a smoking pipe in his pocket, an old match-box in his hand, and a faraway look in his eyes.

DOREEN JAMES, 5L2

ALL ON A SUMMER DAY

AGAIN the lazy eye-lids of the afternoon, sagging in the golden warmth, were stirred by a flurry of brown curls and rushing feet. The child was chasing her shadow round the sunlit garden. "Not in there!" she cried as it dodged across a flower-bed and wriggled through the prongs of a fork. Laughing, the sun splashed her eyes with gaiety and joined in the game. At last they cornered it in an old zinc bath where the child drummed with her sandals until she heard a squeal for mercy. "Only if you promise never to trample on the flowers," she scolded. Flushed and tingling with this early taste of power, she tossed a plumed head and surveyed her domain. But the sunshine burst out of her and she danced in maypole abandon until the sky split into blue rags about her ears, and she plunged into warm, green grass. There she lay, amongst spilled daisies and broken daisy-chains, watching the sun waltzing above her. She had no past and no future. Time was still. . . .

The singing in her ears merged with a distant drone and a sweet fragrance filled her mouth and nostrils. She padded over to the honeysuckle hedge, and let its shade pour over her hot limbs before she buried her face in the silky, trumpet bloom. Furry bees, brushing the blossom, held her in an electric hypnotism of whirring wings. The child began to think that time belonged to herself, the fat bees and the sun, but noticed a bobbing straw hat on the other side of the hedge.

The old lady was tending her flowers. She wore a loose black dress and gardening gloves, which the child decided were to hide the ugly blue veins in her hands. She would raise her head every few minutes to admire the orange butterflies in the old japonica creeper, and to inhale the scents of summer. The little girl watched the changing expressions of the wise, lined face with growing wonder. "And she uses such big words like lobelia and antirrhinum," she thought. But the old lady was absorbed in memories of the past, and when her faded eyes searched a dwindling future they met the youthful challenge of the child's detached stare. The heat was suddenly oppressive, the sun mocked from a shrill blue sky and time slipped from her fingers as she fumbled between the plants. "How quickly the weeds grow. . . ."

But time did not matter to the child who was engulfed with the bees and the sun in a fragrant unreality. A flourish of honeysuckle trumpets proclaimed youth's victory, and the summer wind bore the fanfare to the skies.

ALISON SMITH, 6A

"TOLERABLE CONSANGUINITY"

IT'S strange, but the first adjective which springs to my mind when I try to describe my aunt is "green." I'd never really thought about it before, but it's true—she's a very "green" person: green eyes, green clothes, green . . . everything about her is green.

Apart from her green-ness there is nothing very remarkable about her appearance—small, thin, neat features, short, wavy hair and that distinctive smell which is so difficult to describe, a sort of fresh smell—a "green" smell.

It's her character which intrigues me, even when I was very young it intrigued me—absent-minded, passionately fond of cats, terrified of birds, kind but strict, even eccentric, I suppose. She doesn't care what others think about her—but I think most people like her.

I suppose I ought to have told you her name before now, but it didn't really seem relevant. Everyone calls her "Heff" and, oddly enough, I gave her the name. To my childish ears (I was very young at the time), Evelyn, her real name, suggested "Heffa-lump," the well-known character in my favourite "Pooh" book. The name stuck—even her husband began to call her Heff, although for about 12 years he had been quite content to call her Eve.

That's something else I ought to have mentioned before—her husband. But he retires rather into the background, content for most of the time to accept her decisions in his good-natured way—she even dictates to him what foods he likes and dislikes. Occasionally, however, he rebels and she must give way to his determined will with a good grace.

I don't think I have ever met anyone as forgetful as she is, even though, I am told, she had a brilliant scholastic career. She gained an Honours Degree at St. Andrews University—but, travelling home after graduating, she left her diploma on the train. On one occasion she took her neighbour's dog a walk to the nearby village. She tied him to some railings and went into a shop. Five minutes later, she was happily cycling home when, suddenly, a thought struck her: "This isn't my bike," she muttered. Fortunately a passer-by heard her and was kind enough to inform her that she had come up on foot with a dog—I'm afraid she found it rather difficult to explain to the owner of the bicycle and to the dog, who was barking frantically and trying to free himself.

I think I mentioned that she was fond of cats. I remember when I was six going to stay with her in London, where she lived at that time. The vicinity was highly populated by cats and, to please me

(or so she said), she decided to have a cat-party. I know I enjoyed it, but I am sure not as she did. She was blissfully happy standing in the garden, surrounded by cats of all shapes, sizes and colours, trying to induce them all to stay with bits of food, and being a charming hostess.

It is odd that someone who is as fond of cats as Heff is, can be so afraid of birds. I remember once we were both walking along Princes Street when she suddenly found herself in the midst of a large crowd of pigeons on the pavement beside the Gardens. To my horror, she began to scream and leap about. I must admit it—I deserted her and left her standing there surrounded by helpful passers-by and enshrouded in a flurry of feathers as the startled pigeons fluttered away.

It's a year now since I last saw her and the picture I am left with is of a distraught figure, waving out of the car window and holding a green hat on to her head.

DIANA MACDONALD, 5L2

A NEW SCHOOL

One famous gossip "spread it 'round"
That showers were going to be found.
This thought alone appalled the girls
Who visioned wet and straggly curls,
And no more dirt to warm their toes.
"Oh, well," said some, "that's how it goes!"
A swimming pool, without a doubt,
(Once this fact too had been found out)
Was really thought to be a trump
Until they found they could not jump
From the high dives—for there were none.
This too would spoil their fun.
New uniform was another thought,
But what about the one they'd got?
For many of these were newly bought,
And thrift, a lesson early taught,
Made some think and worried some.
How could they ask a bankrupt mum
For another uniform?
But on the whole, I must admit,
I think the new school will just fit
Each girl's requirements and her whims
From swimming pools to brand-new gymns.
One thing at least will not be changed—
We wish it would! We wish it ranged
From sponge and cabbage, mince and stew,
And let's have something really new!
Something which will munch and crunch,
Oh cookie, please change the *new* school's lunch.

ISOBEL INGLIS, 2L1

THE BOOK

SHE had bought the book that afternoon on her way home. She did not know what had prompted her to enter the little bookshop—perhaps nothing more than a desire to be out of the glare of the sun and the bustle of the noisy street. It was cool and dark inside with a faint smell of must pervading everything. Somewhere in the back of the shop someone had sneezed—as a cat sneezes. A little, bent old man, his face shrivelled like an apple left lying too long, had shuffled forward. She had explained, suddenly shy, that she only wanted to look round, and he had nodded like a solemn old mandarin and wordlessly turned away.

There was peace in the bookshop—peace and a feeling of timelessness. She had moved slowly up and down among the books, pausing now and again to examine one more closely, to read the faded inscriptions and turn the yellowing pages. Then she had seen the book. She had picked it up and read the first few pages, knowing instinctively that he would like it. The old man had been hovering anxiously nearby, pretending to dust some shelves. Then he had drawn near, peering intently at her over his gold-rimmed spectacles. On a sudden impulse she had said that she would take the book. The church clock struck six, the chimes quivering in the dusty heat. She had watched impatiently as the old man slowly, almost reverently, wrapped up the book in tissue paper. Its price had startled her—for a moment she had been tempted to say that she did not want it after all—but, forgetting unpaid bills, she had taken it. All the way home she had clasped it to herself, thinking of the pleasure it would give.

Now the book lay between them on the table.

“Why did you buy me it?” he asked.

“I just happened to be in the shop and I saw it and bought it,” she explained.

“But why?” he insisted.

A little of her pleasure evaporated. “I thought you would like it,” she replied. “So I got it for you.”

“Just like that?” He fingered the heavy leather cover. “It must have been expensive,” he said awkwardly and then, clearing his throat, “I can’t afford to buy you anything like this, you know.”

Then she became angry, shouting at him out of her own hurt and disappointment. And he in turn became angry. When he left, the book was still lying on the table.

She sat down again, cupping her chin in her hand, gazing unseeingly into the gathering dusk. A few hot tears pricked her eyelids. It was not just the book—the book was merely a symbol of the gulf between them. Perhaps it was an extravagance, but it

was to please him. And he had been embarrassed, even slightly annoyed by it. Looking at it, he had seen only that it was expensive and did not understand that it was given spontaneously because of the affection she felt for him. It was ridiculous to feel hurt, she told herself, and yet. . . . With a sudden spurt of irritation she swept the book off the table into the waste-paper basket and went slowly upstairs to bed.

JANET HUTCHISON, 6A

THE FOLLY OF MANKIND

When I think of my life and the time I've spent,
Trying to prove that in some field I'm a scholar,
Toiling and sweating under a neat white collar,
It's then I realise the folly of mankind,
The stupidity of the human race.

Once, my country consisted of
Rolling rivers and valleys green,
Meandering rivers and peaceful hamlets,
Honest people, striving to love God
And follow the path of Christianity.

But now, there are grimy towns,
With tall, dark, impersonal buildings,
And man rushes onward to his toil,
Striving to better himself,
In the self-created rat race,
Known to all.

It was man's own faults,
That led him to know the horrors of war.
It was inevitable that one man,
Should seek a place of power,
Power, that ends in horror.

The horrors of war will come again,
So will our Hitlers and Mussolinis.
Simply because the power of man
Is out of control.

The upward surge to better himself,
Will lead to man's utter destruction,
The folly of mankind is apparent,
The fate of man is decided.

And so, I sit here and wait,
Striving to find the road to success,
Waiting, like so many others,
Who hope, that the current of knowledge,
Will fill their humble minds,
And then, they also will be scholars.

LINDA MCNAIR, 4B

BUT A SLEEP

SHE was old, very old and tired. She wanted to rest. Her kind face was framed by her snowy hair and her sinewy hands were wrinkled with work and age. She had raised her own children, wept with them, laughed with them and she had watched fondly as her grandchildren grew, but time had taken its toll and now she was helpless, dependent, her being spent and ready for rest.

She died quietly in her daughter's home, and at her funeral we all stood with bowed heads and solemn faces, watching the brown impersonal coffin being carried in and we did not associate it with the loving spirit and happy soul that had once possessed the body within. There were flowers, fresh and gay, in yellow, pink, red and blue. They lay around: a tribute to the dead, now shrouded in blessed oblivion and finally at rest.

Two days later a child was born. It was her great-grandchild and when we saw her she was lying in her cot, her tiny limbs pregnant with potential strength yet helpless, at the moment, dependent, resting, waiting for maturity. Here was a personality of the future, who now lay sleeping, pink smooth and innocent, swathed in blessed oblivion—and I thought of the irony of life.

THELMA WILSON, 6B1

ON DEATH

Lying still in a cardboard box,
The kitten was unaware
Of the passing time of day.
The others moved away
To another corner of the room,
Aware that they could do nothing
And that Death was near.

In her invisible form,
Death crept into the room,
And like a skeleton at a feast,
She devoured every morsel.
And the onlooker only heard
Helpless, dull undertones.

The kitten's life in this world
Was completely finished. However,
I believe that she will go to Paradise,
And in that land of feline friends,
She'll live for ever more.

LINDA McNAIR, 4B

CONVERSATION IN THE LIBRARY Told by the Shelf

"TWO silly giggling girls were reading me yesterday; I was frightfully offended," said the Enid Blyton who had been weeping over a small coffee stain on her shiny red cover.

"I would have given them a nightmare," growled the science fiction.

"Look, another book. OH, LA LA!" That was the French grammar. The book settled himself and cleared his throat as though he expected one of us to say something. "Pray, what is thy name?" the Bible inquired.

"My name is 'History of Western Philosophy'," said the book, who had a faded green and blue cover. "I am a classic of royal birth. I was written by Bertrand Russell and am much better than you common romances and Agatha Christie's."

"Not better than the Bible or the encyclopaedia," said a cheeky young Noddy book.

"I do not believe in religion," was the haughty reply, "and encyclopaedias are reference books." The clock struck—ten, eleven, twelve. It was midnight. The library was dark and still.

"Time for service," said a book with the name torn off the cover.

The Bible began in a deep voice, "In the beginning, God created the heaven and the earth and the earth was without form and void."

"What does 'void' mean?" asked the Noddy book.

"Sh, dear," said his mother who was called 'Murder in the Vicarage' by Agatha Christie. "Ask the dictionary." "Ah, empty; of no effect," was the reply.

"Empty, hmm! Er . . . let us pray," began the Bible.

"Service over," shouted "Alice in Wonderland." The older books fell into a shocked silence. The conversation of the younger books was not very interesting as they all agreed with Noddy. It would, indeed, have been difficult to disagree as the kind of comment made was, "This shelf is made of wood, solid stuff, wood."

The younger books would reply, "You are so clever." When a young book asked why it was night, Noddy replied, "Because it is not day, of course."

"I do wish you would be quiet, Noddy. I am trying to read myself, but I can see that it is quite hopeless," said the Enid Blyton. "I shall lose the place. Please lend me your book mark, 'Murder in the Vicarage'."

"Neither a borrower or a lender be," quoted the Shakespeare. After this, all the books began to argue and confusion gradually

became chaos until some men entered and switched on the light. It was the day the library was to close. I was tipped up and all the grubby torn books fell out. Class distinction was now forgotten and the fate of Agatha Christie's, Enid Blyton's, Bertrand Russell's, dictionaries and encyclopaedias was death by burning. All, that is, but the Bible who said, "Amen. The end has come. Rest in peace."

PAMELA SMART 1F1

THE GREAT HALL

I STOOD feeling out of place and conspicuous in the very heart of Scottish Law.

The monotonous drone of legal voices rose and fell, each foot-step echoing in the spacious hall. I turned and gazed at the Great South Window, depicting the inauguration of the Court of Session by King James V in 1532, thinking how breathtaking it all was with the sunlight pouring through—almost making the scene live.

I walked over to one of the many wooden seats and with a sigh, not of boredom but, I think perhaps, awe, dropped into it and contented myself with gazing round the Great Hall, letting my eye take in every bit of the scene.

The white statues and the pictures of the late judges surrounded the walls; fixed in them are ancient fireplaces which would consume about a truck of coal each time a fire was laid. I raised my head to look at the imposing hammer-beamed and gilt corbelled roof of oak. What a wonderful piece of work it all is. Closing out the continuous murmurings in the hall my mind fell back about four hundred years.

From the pictures I had seen I was quite capable of imagining the hall in its original state with the original advocates and Q.C.s pacing up and down discussing their cases with their clients. My Scottish mind was working. If it were for no other reason than that, beneath its old oaken roof, on a dark day in March, 1707, the independence of the Scottish people was completely and irrevocably surrendered, the Parliament House, Edinburgh, would stand out in the nation's history.

GRACE MILNE, 1L

THURSDAY, 24th February, began like every other morning, but with an extra rush for Scripture Union. As I was sitting at breakfast with a radio on, the announcer suddenly said, "Stand by for a news flash." Still half asleep, I continued eating and then—I sat bolt upright. What was that he had said? "News has just come that there has been a bloodless coup in Ghana." This may not have meant very much to the rest of the listeners in Edinburgh but to me it meant a great deal. My father was in Ghana, and my mother was preparing to leave to join him the next day. We felt our little world had collapsed.

I had to rush off to school, and at lunch time phoned my mother to see what was going to happen about her departure. She had heard that Accra airport was under guard and that all communications between Ghana and Britain had been cut.

Ghana Airways arranged for my mother to go on the first flight to Accra, which was on Sunday, 27th. The plane on which she travelled was the same one which had flown the deposed President, Dr Kwame Nkrumah, to Rangoon en route to a peace mission in China.

As it was the first flight to arrive after the coup, special military precautions were taken on the arrival of the plane. My mother said it was like something one sees on television, but never imagines will actually happen to one personally. They were searched by guards while soldiers stood everywhere with fixed bayonets, and the passengers were escorted everywhere under guard.

Great changes have taken place in Ghana since the coup, and as I am going there for my summer holidays, I am looking forward to see how the people are enjoying their new freedom under new leaders.

In Ghana they talk of the Glorious 24th February, and I imagine if we had been under suppression as the Ghanians have been, we also might call the Revolution "glorious."

ELAINE M. DAVIS, 1L

TO A BABY BIRD

Oh how cold, so small, forlorn,
Why is it, bird, that you were born?
Surely 'twas not to meet this fate
To show up this true tabby trait!
Could Nature not have held one more
Instead of barring up her door?

ALISON BAYES, 3L2

TOPSY

My dog is a Basenji—
You've never heard of that?
Well, they're neither short nor tall,
And certainly not fat.
The former Belgian Congo,
Is her natural habitat.

She greets a guest—in typical Basenji fashion;
Then, to the kitchen, she will bash on,
Leaving the guest in wonder smiling
Over Topsy's wrinkles beguiling
And her curly white-tipped tail,
Which she will use someone to hail.
You see, Basenjies cannot bark,
And their wrinkles are an identifying mark.

At the sight of a dustbin she may quail,
Though Basenjies should never bungle,
When facing lions in the jungle.
The man at the veterinary surgery said
That, by a breeder, £50 for Topsy would be paid!
That's all I'll say now about my lamb—
Oh no! Now she's stolen the ham!

MARION SIMPSON, 1L

RUSH HOUR

Hustle, bustle, here, and there,
People milling everywhere,
Tall, and small, and medium size,
Dark, and blonde with pale blue eyes.

Horns ablowing loud and clear
People scatter far and near,
Pushing, shoving, all the time
Out into the city's grime.

City men with bowler hats,
Cricketers with cricket bats
Housewives with their shopping bags,
Beggars dressed in dirty rags.

Sightseers with mackintoshes
Winter boots or big galoshes
Which, in case the rain comes on,
They can very quickly don.

Keep on moving, travellers all;
In the end you'll reach your goal.
Every morning, rain or shine,
Rush hour comes from eight to nine.

ALISON BARCLAY, 3L1

STUPID LAUGHTER BRINGS SORROW AFTER

On Friday morn the wind did blow,
The sleet did fall and then the snow.
The day wore on, the third bell rang,
And then I felt an hunger pang.
My lunch box was my only hope;
Into my bag a hand did grope
And stealthily I did withdraw
A small round object which I saw
And there to my complete surprise,
An orange lay before my eyes:
A perfect sphere, and golden bright
So tempting to my appetite.
I peeled it quick as quick could be
And laid it out upon my knee.
A segment in my mouth I popped.
Into the room the teacher hopped!
Alas, alack what could I do?
For Oh! my mouth, it was so fu'.
If he should catch me eating here
I would have cause to quake with fear.
But Oh I thought I had him beat,
For I was safe in the back seat.
My orange had a lovely taste
Until the teacher said with haste
"Arleen, read the 'Cante'ville Ghost'"
And then I knew all hope was lost.
I tried to read but only choked
And into laughter was provoked.
A scolding took away my glee
And turned it into misery.
I wandered home and sat so glum.
I scratched my head, I bit my thumb.
To write a poem was my lot,
But soon I'll reach my closing dot.
The task of course was not quite fair;
'Twas "Laughing Matter" I declare.

ARLEEN HANNA, 3C

FYSICS IS PHUN

I manage to swim and to walk of course,
Without understanding the pull of porce.
Perhaps when I'm phat and I'm phorthy
And phamous phor what I've attained,
I'll remember that phriction
Has the oddest addiction
To phacilitate fysical change.

JACQUELINE SALTON, 2L2

DEATH

One golden-yellow goldfish,
Lying dead, in one corner of the bowl.
Lying dead!
No more shall her delicate tail flash from side to side;
No more shall she come to the surface for food.
What has happened, that she has become lifeless,
Suddenly, quietly?
What has she done to deserve such a punishment?

What is this?
A snail;
Two snails;
And another golden-yellow goldfish,
Come to investigate.
One living fish, looking at another dead fish.
What is he thinking?

Does he wonder why his friend no longer swishes her tail,
Her delicate tail?
I don't know
No-one knows
No-one will ever know.

All alone he returns to his own domain,
Deserted and lonely.

No more will she play with him
Swimming round and round.
No more will light glint from her scales:
That is over.

Poor fish!
Her life denied her;
She will sleep quietly, peacefully forever now.

ALISON BARCLAY, 3L1

IMPASSE

Carrying a 'cello on a Corporation bus,
Goodness, the conductor he really made a fuss,
I tried to get it up the stairs
And jammed it on the bend;
We stayed there till the terminus,
It really was the end,
People going up and down were climbing over us,
My 'cello suffered badly on that Corporation bus.

CHRISTINE THOMSON, 1L

HERE AND THERE

Staffroom— And they sang as they sat and waited till their billies
boiled.
Staff— This particularly rapid unintelligible patter
Isn't generally heard, and if it is it doesn't matter.
You can tell a man by his socks and ties.
Second Year— The golden rule is that there are no golden rules.
Fifth Year— Cheer up! The worst is yet to come.
Sixth Year— I mutht thay we're much more maturer than we wath
befour!
General Subjects— Will you have your tedium rare or medium?
Games I fell no pain, dear mother now, but oh! I am so dry.
Oh take me to a brewery, and leave me there to die.
Prefects' Room— Life is a Vale of Giggles.
School Lunches— Vive l'Intérieur!
Choir— Sir, we are a nest of singing birds.
Orchestra— Have you noticed about little fingers?
When they hit a sour note, they lingers.

Sixth Year—
A.S.— Excited, passionate, fantastical imagination.
A.B.— Most vices may be committed very genteely.
E.J.— Oh, lucky Jim!
J.H.— If my face is white, it's simply pale.
E.G.— Think I but sleep too late.
S.D.— Oh John, come kiss me now!
A.N.— I will say this for her—she never makes a mistake.
L.W.— For ever thou whisperest two by two
C.S.— Of who is madly in love with who.
E.M.— If music be the food of love—then stop!
I.K.— Better a witty fool than a foolish wit.
I.R.— Full many a flower is born to blush unseen.

EXAMINATION

Cooped up in four dirty walls,
Great streaks of tortured art floating on every side,
With "examination" looming overhead like
The long forgotten symbol of revenge:

Revenge for five years, wasted in ignored facts
That had no appeal on a hot summer's day,
When the sun shook a dirty window pane,
And shirts clung to sweating bodies.

A dropped pen, a frantic sneeze
Vibrate through a bored, tense room,
Where people have ceased to be
And machines, choked with learning or emptiness,
Have taken their places.

Beyond a yellow window are flowers and grass
And swarming birds and beautiful people,
We are cooped up like battery hens
And cannot see them.

SUSAN FINLAY, 5P

CATS

The Lion is a noble beast,
You'll never see him beg,
But, although he's king of the jungle,
He's stamped upon an egg.

The Tiger was once a proud, free beast,
Second only to the lion in rank,
But now ever car that is going very far
Has a "tiger" interned in its tank.

ISHBEL MORRISON, 2L1

SHOES

A problem nowadays is shoes,
What ones to wear,
What ones to choose,
Square toes, pointers, chisels too,
I really don't know what to do.

Op-art shoes are all the rage,
They're on nearly every magazine page,
Others are made for feet like kippers,
But, what I like best
Is a pair of slippers.

ELIZABETH MCKENZIE, 1F2

FASHION—AH-HEM!!

In fashion books I gaze and ponder,
And hope to find that skirts are longer,
But alas! my knees will be,
More exposed for all to see.

This latest craze in op-art fun,
Is clearly not for everyone.
Squares and circles for us lasses,
Are better kept for geometry classes.

JEAN GOWANS, 1F2

SCHOOL

French, then poetry,
Maths. and geometry,
Science, domestics,
They're all just PESTICS.

HEATHER HARTLEY, 1F3

SALISBURY

Eternity embodied here on earth
In all thy columned majesty and spires!
What man can name the moment of thy birth,
Or count the countless chanting of thy choirs
That through thy vaulted silences have raised
In faultless harmony their voices true;
And through the passing ages still have praised,
Within thy walls, with laud and honour due,
Their God, Whose hand majestic hath made,
Within a fleeting hour, both them and thee:
The one to live a moment, and then fade,
And thee to stand to all eternity.

ELIZABETH A. BRANFORD, 6A

LITTLE FOAL

Little foal so small and tender,
With thy body, Oh, so slender,
Pray thou tell me where you wander.
Is it to thy mother yonder?
That she too may see your beauty,
And to mind recall her duty,
To watch over thee so slender,
Little foal so small and tender.

AILEEN RICHARDSON, 1F1

INUNDATION

Beside the limpid waters of the Nile,
Where stood a cliff of sandstone rough and bare,
Where basked the long and scaly crocodile,
Young Rameses contrived a temple there.

Immense it was, and seated all around
Enormous shapes of Rameses in state,
Full sixty feet they towered from the ground,
Guarding the almost overshadowed gate.

For centuries long, the temple proudly stood
Midst burning sands, beneath a blazing sky,
Untouched by years of famine, war and flood,
Which shattered man and turned the world awry.

Alas! Ere long, the torrents swift will flow,
Engulfing all the ancient majesty,
While fishes swim in stately halls below,
The thirsty earth above blooms fruitfully.

JUDITH WESTHORN, 4P

SCHOOL PREFECTS 1965-66

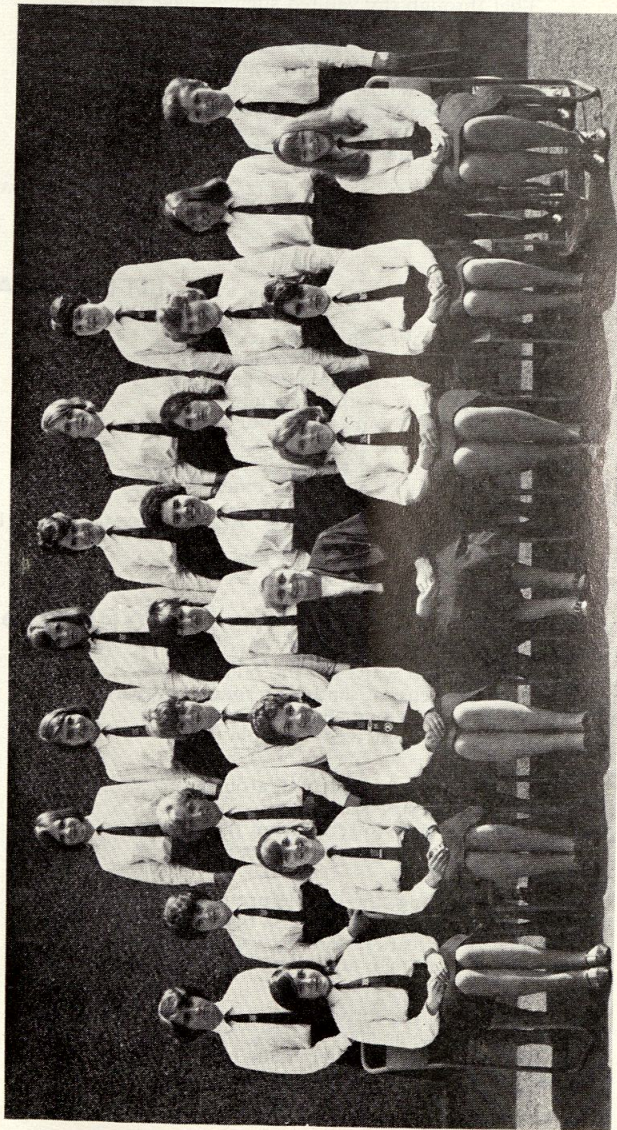


Photo by E. R. Yerbury & Son

Back Row—J. BURNS, C. FIDDLER, L. ROBERTS, D. WALTERS, C. FALCONER, J. DOIG.
 Centre Row—D. DUNCAN, S. ARTHUR, M. RUNNICES, S. DEANS, C. WELLWOOD, S. JAMIESON, J. OGILVIE,
 G. MORE, S. MACFARLANE, L. DICKSON.
 Front Row—I. RENNIE, A. NAYSMITH, A. SMITH (*Captain*), MISS STEEL, A. BASHFORD (*Vice-Captain*), C. THOMSON,
 F. ARDAL.

PRIMARY SCHOOL

A BOX AT THE THEATRE

“. . . AND hello, you rich people in the doo' cots!” Rikki Fulton greeted the grandees in the boxes. I craned my neck to look at these persons of wealth. Ever since then, my greatest ambition was to sit in one of these boxes. One day, my mother and I decided to go to see “The Vagabond King.” My enthusiasm was somewhat dampened by the reminder that we had not booked. At the box office I did not notice the lady’s apologetic tone when she told us that there were only boxes left. I raced up the stairs and burst into our box. I blushed as I found myself gazing into the eyes of the entire audience. Sitting down primly, I staired in amazement. Where was the stage? All during the performance I was unhappily unaware of three-quarters of what was taking place. Boxes no longer enchant me. Even the back row of the family circle would be bliss compared to an upper, end box.

OLGA WOJTAS, P7(1)

FIRE

ONE night as I lay in bed, I smelt smoke coming from downstairs. I got up and started to go down the stairs but stopped suddenly when I saw that the living-room door was on fire. I called my mother and father, but there was no answer. As I turned round I saw that the doorway to their bedroom was burning. The rest of the family were all surrounded by the flames. I shouted and shouted but they still slept. There was no sound at all except the crackling of the fire. I was very frightened and worried.

Finally I just sat down, too scared to do anything else. Then I heard a familiar voice. It was my mother who had come to waken me. Then I realised that it all had been a horrible nightmare.

FRANCES MCINTOSH, P7(1)

A VISIT TO THE SALT MINES

ONE of our most interesting experiences in Poland was a visit to the salt mines in Wieliczka. It was a short train journey from Cracow.

After a seemingly endless descent in absolute darkness we reached the bottom, where a guide awaited us in the dim light of an electric bulb. He led us down flight after flight of stairs into a maze of passages. We were warned not to leave the party as it was very easy to be lost in the many corridors—but I needed no such warning! Finally we reached a small chapel carved entirely from salt. The altar, murals and statues glittered in the electric light hanging from beautiful crystal-like chandeliers. Beyond the chapel there was a salt lake in the centre of which stood a floodlit statue.

After almost crawling along small corridors we came to a huge hall. During the war this was used for storing aircraft spare parts but nowadays it is used for tennis tournaments and football. Built in salt was a shop selling souvenirs carved from salt! Further on we visited a hall housing a museum of old mining equipment and implements. The signature of the Emperor of China, Lord Baden Powell and many other famous people were in the visitors' book.

Finally we emerged from the refreshing coolness of the mines into the dazzling sun and scorching heat. It was an unforgettable experience!

VANDA GORZKOWSKI, P7(2)

A TRIP TO THE BASS ROCK

IN the month of August last year, my mother took me to North Berwick. The wind blew and the sea roared high above the wet rocks, but still we went for a boat trip to the Bass Rock! The little red and yellow boat was called the "Mary-Lou." It rocked up and down on the rough waves. Undaunted we climbed aboard and made for the back of the boat where it was less cold. The "Mary-Lou" nosed her way out of the harbour and her exciting trip to the bird sanctuary had started. The sea pounded up against the boat trying to hold it back, but it pushed on regardless.

The Bass Rock at last came in clear view. We slowly made our way round the rock, noisy with bird-calls. Sea-gulls, were wheeling round the rock in plenty—black, white and grey birds, sitting, flying and swimming. Although we were not allowed to climb the rock, we saw enough of it to arouse our interest.

The lighthouse loomed up startingly white against the grey sky. Sadly we left the rock to make our trip home. "Good-bye, Bass Rock. We shall see you soon," I said blinking into the grey descending mist.

LYNDA RIVERS, P7(2)

CHINA HORSE

My china horse is so smooth,
But hard and cold.
There is hardly a straight line, all curves.
I run my hand over its fine shape;
I feel where the ear is chipped.
Its liver-bay shape stands out so well
With arched neck, small ears, small head.
So perfect, so lovely
Is MY china horse.

ELIZABETH BROCKIE, P6(1)

MY "DYNE"

LIKE most girls of my age I just hate going to bed. One thing, however, compensates for having to do so, and this is having my dyne to snuggle under. "Dyne" is the Danish word for down—the light fluffy feathers from the breast of a goose or eiderduck. As my Danish quilt lies there on the bed, it positively beckons me to rest beneath its enveloping cosiness and warmth. It looks like the billows of a wind-whipped ocean or like frothy ice-cream spilling out of a cornet. If I sit beneath it with my knees up, it resembles a snow-covered country with my knees for mountains and the hollows as valleys. The very feel of the dyne spells Slumber. When I crush it between my fingers I can feel the feathers that so many Danish geese have given up to lull one girl to sleep.

Wouldn't you like to own a dyne too?

FIONA SCOTT-BARRETT, P6(1)

THE BIG ONE THAT GOT AWAY

ONE rainy day in February we decided to go fishing. Off we went, with fishing-rods in hands, jars of worms, hooks and fly hooks.

When we reached our destination, which was the River Almond, it began to rain more heavily than before which means the fish would be biting. We got on our raincoats and started to put the bait on the hooks and cast them into the water. I was told to keep quiet or I wouldn't have a bite of anything.

All of a sudden a flock of brightly coloured birds flew past us. I was so engrossed in the colours that went past me that I never noticed tugging at the end of my line. Suddenly I felt myself slipping on the muddy bank into the river. Then I was splashing about in the river because I could not swim. When I came out from my water-world Mummy told me that I had hooked a salmon which would have approximately weighed seven pounds. How I wished the big one hadn't got away.

MARGO MCMURDO, P6(2)

ATTEMPTED BURGLARY

ONE night Mummy went out to take the washing in. Suddenly she saw a strange man and asked, "Is that you David?" Then the man ran off and jumped over the wall. We discovered he was looking at Peggy's room waiting for her to go out. After that six policemen came with two dogs. They looked for fingerprints and footprints but could find nothing. When Peggy found out she was mad and said, "It was probably my boy-friend trying to get in through the window," so it ended happily.

MARIA WATSON, P6(2)

A VISIT TO THE ROYAL HIGHLAND SHOW

EACH year, as I don my blazer and tussore dress, I remember my first school blazer. Its first outing was to the Royal Highland Show. There I was, clutching my mother's hand, when who should come out of one of the tents but H.R.H. Princess Alexandria with her attendants! As my mother said, "Here comes the Princess," she stopped, bent down, and said to me, "What is your name, and where do you come from?" After I had replied, she said to my mother, "Isn't Helen sweet?" and then she passed on with all her retinue.

Before she was out of sight, newspaper reporters came and asked us all about it. The next day, the story was on the front page of the newspapers, and my parents have kept the cuttings for me.

On Princess Alexandria's wedding day, I bought and sent her a wedding-day card, and I received a crested letter of thanks from Kensington Palace.

In the letter, the Princess recalled her pleasant and happy memories of that visit to the Royal Highland Show. The letter was written and signed by Lady Moira Hamilton, Princess Alexandria's Lady-in-Waiting.

That was a very exciting and unusual experience to happen on the day when I wore my very first Gillespie blazer, and paid my very first visit to the Royal Highland Show.

HELEN JONES, P5(1)

THE DAY I MET ANDY STEWART

I WAS very excited. One day there was a meeting for all the members of the "Scottish Children's League of Pity" which raises money for orphanages, and helps badly-treated children.

The meeting was in Princes Street. Every year a famous personality is invited and, as I took my place in the hall, I wondered who this Year's guest would be. I was soon to know!

After the somewhat dreary speeches, Andy Stewart walked in. "So *he* is this year's guest," I thought. As he was mounting the small platform, I noticed he was not wearing a kilt, but trousers. Before singing, he told us that he was recuperating from influenza and his doctor said he had to wear trousers instead of his usual kilt to keep his knees warm. Later he sang "Campbeltown Loch," and told us we could have his autograph.

Unfortunately neither I nor my friend had paper, let alone autograph books, with us. However, my friend's mother came to the rescue, telling us Andy Stewart would not mind writing on the back of her visiting cards. Happily we ran out to ask him for his autographs.

I shall always remember the day I met Andy Stewart.

JANE RODGER, P5(1)

OUR HOLIDAY AT MELROSE

ONE day our Brown Owl told us we were going on a Brownie camp to a youth hostel in Melrose. We had much to prepare but at last it was all ready. When we arrived there the rest of the day was spent by settling down. The next day we went on a tour of the Border Abbeys. First we went to Dryburgh. Then we went to Mary Queen of Scots' home at Jedburgh. There we saw her watch which had fallen in peat and had kept well, her tiny shoes and a letter she wrote. We then discovered that she was executed by an axe instead of a saw, which was used for important people while the axe was used for common witches. We had many adventures but this was my favourite tale.

DOROTHY MESSER, P5(2)

A SURPRISE

ONE day on the way to the dentist Mummy had a queer look on her face but she would not tell us why she was looking that way. Soon we found out. Father works with a company called Ferranti. The company wants my father to go to America. This was a great surprise to all of us but we were not allowed to tell anyone, so it remained a secret until we knew for certain we were going. As soon as we were allowed to tell, I rushed and told my friend. We have started to prepare—we go away in July. Next year I shall return having been a little American for a year.

LESLEY OGDEN, P5(2)

DUCKLINGS

YESTERDAY while I was out walking with my friend I came upon steps leading to the edge of a pond. There a mother duck was teaching her family of 15 how to swim. Some of the ducklings were waddling on the bank. When we approached them they did a sort of running step in the water till they caught up with the mother duck. As they were quite near we had a good view of them. They were fluffy yellow with brown markings. I wished I could have picked one up and stroked it. All of them were so small and soft.

DIANE KERR, P4(1)

AN UNUSUAL PHOTOGRAPH

ONE day I went to the zoo with my father. After we had seen the bear we visited the hippopotamus. Daddy thought he would take a photograph of it. Just as he was taking it the hippopotamus opened its mouth and daddy took a photograph of its tonsils.

ELSPETH RUTHVEN, P4(1)

THE FARM I LIVE ON

ON our farm we have the most lovely farmhouse with a thatched roof and roses climbing the grey walls. We have a sunlounge joined on to our house where our three dogs sleep as well as the tabby cat and her kittens.

My father has seven tractors, a combine harvester, a plough and many others. The garden has a swing and many trees in it. One season the fruit on the apple trees bent the branches so far down that they touched the ground. At harvest time the barn is full of grain. On a farm you cannot go away for holidays so I go to my aunt's for a week while father carries on with the work.

SUSAN RAYMOND, P4(2)

MY TRIP OVER THE FRENCH ALPS

THE sun was shining brightly as we approached Grenoble a wonderful city on the Route Napoleon. This is also the route Hannibal and his army took when they crossed the Alps many years before Napoleon did. I loved the scenery of the mountains near the Eiger which was covered in snow and where the sweet little Edelweiss flowers grow on the slopes.

SHENA HARTLEY, P4(2)

AN INTERESTING VISIT

DURING the Easter Holidays I went with Granny, Grandad and my little brother to the museum in Queen Street. We saw the stool that Jenny Geddes threw at the minister. John Knox's pulpit was also to be seen. It was a bit dirty because it is very old. I saw the rings they used to wear and was amazed at the tiny writing that someone had written on them. Michael, my little brother, was more interested in the canoe that had been made out of a hollowed-out tree-trunk. Then it was time to go home. I had enjoyed myself very much.

JILL BUCHAN, P3(1)

A DAY IN DUNDEE

ON the last Saturday of my holidays, my family went to Dundee. Our Uncle Ralph had died and so Grandma has gone to stay with Aunt Ruby. Aunt Ruby has a wild robin that knows her voice. It has a little dish for his breakfast, dinner and tea all in one. It was mostly cheese. We all had dinner in the Royal Hotel of Dundee which is very, very grand. We all had ices except Grandma who had biscuits and cheese. I enjoyed my day in Dundee very much.

JACQUELINE PRIDE, P3(1)

MY GRANDFATHER

EVERY morning I go to school. I go on the same bus as my grandfather. He is seventy-five years of age and still goes to work. When I am old enough I am going to get a scooter and give him a lift. That will save him paying our bus fares. He looks young for his age.

ELIZABETH NEIL, P3(2)

MY LITTLE SISTER

MY little sister Elspeth is often very funny. She calls penguins pen-ones. Elspeth is two and will be three in May. Once when we were in a bus queue Elspeth said aloud, "Is that David McCallum?" My mother began to laugh and said, "I wish it was."

MHAIRI GRAY, P3(2)

PRIMARY 2(1)

1. I am going to the dentist to get four of my big teeth out. I hope I don't get fals teeth. If I get fals teeth I won't come to school and I won't go anywhere. I hope Mummy forgets. If she forgets I will start lafing.

2. My little brother is going to school. He is going to the royall haay and he is going on Monday and my boy-friend is going too. I am shoer they will get a row the first day. He wants to go by himself the first day but my friend and I think he is silly.

3. I have a funny uncle. He bumped his second teeth out and he has false teeth and do you know what he does. He takes his teeth out and it looks like a tortoise.

4. At the weekend we had a visitor called Andrew. On Sunday we went swimming. It was great fun and Andrew had to go downstairs in his bare feet and it was cold. When Daddy and Andrew were not in the pool they had a race, and ges who won. Well if you cannot I will tell you will I. Yes I think I will. Well it was Andrew.

5. I have two little brothers not only one you no, but I wish I had no brothers because they bother me and my littlest brother keeps taking the things I make.

PRIMARY 2(2)

1. We had a fire in our house. My sister left the gas on fool and came through to the living room to talk to Mum. Then we herd cracks in the kitchen and my sister went to look and the kitchen was in flames. I started to cry and Mum went through and grabbed the pan and birint her hand.

2. We are going to build an xtension on to our house. We are going to get three thousand bricks today. I help the men to pile the bricks. I enjoy helping the men very much.

3. Tomorrow I am going to the hairdresser. I like my hairdresser. If I keep still he gives me a sugar lump. He is very kind. He likes me—I think. He is very quick. I like him. He has glasses.

4. My mummy has a cactus called Finlay. He is big but he is still rather young. Every morning I go to Finlay and say "Good morning, Finlay" Finlay has spikes all over him. His spikes make your hand swell up.

5. I have a good Mummy. She has curly brown hair. Her eyes are brown. My Mummy is midilsisde. Mummy is good fun to us all. I love Mummy and Mummy loves me.

PRIMARY 1(1)

1. The lolapopman pos up his lolapop wen we cross the rodd. We do not cros bhand him we wock on frunt of him.

2. I went to the zoo and saw a big elifnt I fed him wi a shoogr lum.

3. I am gonng to bee a bally teechr I will tech the pyoopls to dans and poynt thar tose.

4. Last Sunday mornin I hud on the warles. Docter Smol was makin a spech.

5. I won a toy scwirl at a fansi dress parti and I mite bring it to scool one day.

6. Wee had chinc for tae and afte theat we had uees creem and cholot. Daddy mad the chinc in the presher cookr.

7. When I gro up I am gon bee a harjesir. I muet mak nues har sdaeels.

8. I wos at the hosbitll doctr. He seid yoor tonslls ar to big yooow ill haf toow get yooow tonslls oot.

9. We got Jim too da. We did handstans and sumur solts and crolt on the floar.

10. My little sistr cut my dols hiar off. We ar gon get nyoo hiar at the dolsospitl.

11. Lasd neit I fel uoot ov bed an neeli broc me arm.

12. I goo to glespes an the teejr dusent brak hur pensl bi Kos she dusent pres hur self.

13. Wen I gro up I thinc I will be teetsher of god littil chilgin and it will be the fist clas I shal chanj ther seets.

PRIMARY 1(2)

1. Ann is bad she hit the dog and hey crid. Ann sed soray pup.

2. My dad stuk at Franti he cold a AA man and the AA man sed the belt woz loos he tint the belt.

3. I med a snowman I drest him with a nold hat and a jomper as a scarf the sun mad his fase ol slipary.

4. today my Granma is comen to meet me from scool and tac me for lunch to Golburcs and go up the escalatur.

5. the uvir day I went to the chirsh at sins Jons and a cind lada gav us a lift in the car and the chirsh was byootifil and I luvud it.

6. I went to marry popins yestday and all the horid grancees floo a way by marry popins majick.

7. my sistr jane was sick last nit she kept us wakned all nit my mummy had to shoosh her and she fell fast a sllep.

8. I had the German meeslls I got them on Saterda my daddy has a bad bad colld and Jane wets her bed.

9. On Sundy I so a ded burd on the rod and I pikt it up and poot it in my gardin.

10. My mummy nose huoo to make tablit and the tablit that the cooker makes is luvly and when it will not make it Mummy is very cros and so am I.

11. Yesterday I went to Aberdur with Mummy and I went by esemtee bus.

12. I went to the cunchray on Sunday we went in the car we went to Dadds hedcworrtrs it was luvlylly thayr and we pickt dafiddls.

13. I went to the zoo and we so lamz and we so donkez and I gav a donki a shooger lump then we went to see the munceiz I throo afroot gum in to the caj and a munca cam don the tree and at the froot gum.

16. On Sunday Carilueen was likeen uoot Mummys miksker bole when she dropt it raet on my toe and it felt like water.

REPORTS OF SOCIETIES

LITERARY AND DRAMATIC SOCIETY

WE have had a very successful year at the "Lit."

We debated—"That too much is done for modern youth"; "That state boundaries have no meaning in the modern world"; and "That the happiness of childhood is over-estimated." The last two were joint meetings with George Watson's College and The Royal High School. Both were enjoyed with their usual popularity, providing scope for serious debating as well as amusing banter.

Shona Arthur and Janet Hutchison represented the school in the English-Speaking Union Debating Competition but, unfortunately, their tactics could get them no further than the second round.

After much persuasion, four members of staff very nobly "volunteered" to take part in a "Raft Night." This meeting attracted a very large and curious audience whose enthusiastic applause was well deserved by the team.

Two evenings with a distinctly historical flavour evolved from the syllabus under the titles of "Junior Lit. Night" and "Lit. Muses." The Third and Fourth year members contributed to the first evening, with an interesting programme of scenes, poems and songs about the Victorian era. "Lit. Muses" was designed to be a musical and poetry evening, and developed further into a very full and varied production with an Elizabethan theme. The opening fanfare of trumpets heralded the success of the whole entertainment—from the light-hearted songs of minstrels to the more serious atmosphere of a Morality Play; from the buffoonery of "Pyramus and Thisby" to the final epilogue.

At the "Brains Trust" we were fortunate to have a panel of four distinguished guests whose authoritative answers to our questions allowed us to appreciate better the problems behind many of the controversial issues of the day.

"Surprise Night" took the form of a theatre outing to the King's Theatre where we saw "Camelot." Another meeting, entitled "Continue, Please" was intended to encourage extempore speaking.

This year it was again our turn to act as host at the annual Burns Supper with the boys of George Heriot's School. Mr Baillie Ruthven proposed the Immortal Memory, and it was indeed a most eloquent and stirring tribute to Robert Burns. The evening was a most memorable one and perhaps fittingly so as it was the last one to be held in the "Old School."

Last, came the Inter-House Drama Competition and we were very pleased to welcome Miss Foster back as adjudicator for the four plays. The winners were Roslin House with their production of "The Happy Journey" by Thornton Wilder.

The many enjoyable and successful meetings will, I am sure, remain "unforgettable, unforgotten" to all those who were involved with the Lit. this year. The success must partly be attributed to all those who have so generously given us their help—to Miss Dingwall, the President; to the Vice-Presidents; to Mrs Brotherton, Mr Froud, the committee and to the members for their unflinching enthusiasm throughout the year.

Finally, I offer the new committee our best wishes. The work involved in running the Lit. is repaid ten-fold by the fun and experience gained from it. Next year in the new school, much-awaited facilities will mark a new challenge and new successes for the Lit.

ALISON J. BASHFORD, *Secretary*

SCIENCE ASSOCIATION

OUR syllabus this session has been ambitious and not only interesting but also enjoyable to all its members. We were glad to note that not only the younger members patronised the meetings but also girls in the senior school. Miss Catherine Monteagle of the French Institute joined us in October and has since been welcomed at all the meetings.

Our Film Night dealt firstly with one of the most interesting topics, that of food, and finally with a film "Making the most of Ourselves" which was amusing and possibly of great value.

Members of St. Andrews Ambulance Association gave demonstrations of resuscitation and wounds and a talk. A very successful visit to the Dick Vet. was the highlight of the winter term.

The visit from members of the Gas Board was greatly appreciated by all, because of the interesting demonstrations given in the lab., and also for the discussion on the difference between the Gas Board and the Electricity Board.

Unfortunately, Mr Gilbert Fisher was unable to be with us, but we hope that he may be able to be present in the following term.

Professor Carstairs gave an enjoyable start to the Spring Term. The Staff Night, which took the form of a Brains Trust, was entertaining.

The importance of forestry in Scotland was outlined by Mr J. Davidson of the Forestry Commission.

The excursion to Lauriston Fire Station, following an appreciated talk and film the previous evening, brought the session to a successful climax.

Unfortunately great use has not yet been made of the Science Association Library, but perhaps future members in the new school will find time to avail themselves of its contents.

With the help of Miss Dunbar to whom we are sincerely grateful for all her help throughout the session, the Association has enjoyed another successful year and we wish next year's committee as fruitful a year as we have had.

SANDRA M. ROBERTSON, *Secretary*

CHOIR

ONCE more Choir has been one of the highlights of the school year.

In November we sang in "Music in St. Giles." A varied and successful programme included a Chorale from Bach's "Sleepers Awake," Philip Cranmer's "Jesu dulcis memoria," to which we tried to lend the necessary ethereal quality, and a rousing carol, "As I outrode this enderis night." The anthem was "Except the Lord build the House" by Armstrong Gibbs. "Lord be my Word my Rule," by John Wood, was sung on Founder's Day.

Evelyn Johnson is again singing with the Scottish Festival Chorus and will take part in its performance of Mahler's 8th Symphony in the Edinburgh International Festival.

A mark of the Choir's growing reputation this year has been the B.B.C.'s request for the provision of the hymns for primary schools' morning services on the Home Service. Recording sessions in St. Cuthbert's Church were exciting and entertaining and justified our arduous rehearsals. All financial gains go towards the Organ Fund, for which contributions are always welcome.

We hope that our programme for the school concert will suit all tastes as it ranges from a very amusing arrangement of "Old Macdonald had a Farm" to songs by Bartok.

Those of us who are leaving will retain many vivid and happy memories of Choir and are grateful for the experience gained. Our thanks go to Mr Sommerville whose humour and patience has always encouraged us to "maken melodeye."

ALISON SMITH, 6A

THE ORCHESTRA

THE first term in the orchestra was occupied in practising for the "Music in St. Giles" series, for which we supplied the music on Sunday, 28th November. On this occasion we played three rousing items from Handel's "Water Music," Mussorgsky's "The Great Gate of Kiev" (which proved so successful that we were asked to repeat it), and we accompanied the choir in "Tyrley, Tyrlow" by Peter Warlock. The string section of the orchestra united with the choir in the moving chorale from the cantata, "Sleepers Awake" by J. S. Bach, the brass section played "O Magnum Mysterium" by Gabrieli and the slow movement of Hindemith's Sonata for Flute and Piano was played by Alison Smith and Shiela Deans.

During the remainder of the session we have been practising a "Suite of Scottish Dances" by William Alwyn which has provided us with much amusement.

At the closing concert we are playing the exciting overture to Gluck's "Iphigenie in Aulide" and an arrangement of a Somerset folk-song, "Spanish Ladies." The strings are accompanying the choir in a setting of "Linden Lea" and an interesting item should be a first performance of a Quintet for flute, clarinet, bassoon, horn and piano by Shiela Deans.

However, we in the orchestra know that, without the enthusiastic and able conductor whom we have in Mr Sommerville, our attainments would not have been realised and we offer him our warmest thanks for all he has done for us this year.

SHEILA DEANS, 6A

SCRIPTURE UNION

THE past year has been a successful one for the Scripture Union, although fewer girls have attended the meetings.

We have had a varied programme throughout the year—an Inter-House Quiz, discussions on "Let's Talk" leaflets, published by the Scripture Union, in addition to "Ordinary" meetings which consist of choruses, a prayer and an address which is usually based on the Scripture Union reading for the day.

In November, we were delighted to welcome back Kathleen Samuel, a former pupil, and her friend, Sandra Brown, who gave us a most enjoyable meeting of "Modern Song."

In April, members of the staff took one of the meetings and provided us with much food for thought.

This term we were very pleased to welcome Miss F. S. Kilpatrick, the East of Scotland Staff Worker, and we also enjoyed a meeting which was taken exclusively by 3rd Year members.

Two of the major events this term were a Squash which was held for First and Second Years and an outing which was arranged for Third to Sixth Years.

A weekly Bible Study has again been held for Fifth and Sixth Years and we have greatly benefited from our study of "Ephesians."

This year we had the great joy of beginning a Prayer Meeting which has been of real encouragement to us.

At Easter some of the girls spent an enjoyable time at camp and others are looking forward to going in the summer.

The First to Third Years have enjoyed attending the monthly Squallies in Tollcross School and at the monthly Rallies, we were proud to be the winners of the Inter-School Quiz, having triumphed over a team from George Watson's Boys' College.

We take this opportunity of expressing our sincere thanks to Miss Young, Mrs Wilson, Miss Minck, Miss Cochrane and Miss Moncur for all their support and encouragement and most of all to Miss Steel for her unflinching guidance and interest in the Scripture Union.

We hope and pray that God's blessing will be on the committee and all members of the Scripture Union next session.

JOAN WILSON, 6A
MARION MABON, 6B1

THE MUSIC CLUB

THIS year the Music Club has had its largest membership since its inauguration and most of our meetings have been concerned with displaying the musical talent from First Year upwards. The number of joint meetings has increased and we united with George Watson's College, George Heriot's and the Royal High School for three very enjoyable evenings.

We held a "Twenty Questions" contest which proved very successful, the panel gaining an overwhelming victory.

We are, at the moment, looking forward very much to a piano recital by Mr Sommerville, a "Composers' Night" for future Benjamin Brittens and a recital evening by Fourth and Fifth Years.

We should like to thank Mr Sommerville for his support throughout this year and we hope he will continue to see the Music Club flourish in the more suitable surroundings of the new school.

SHEILA DEANS, *Secretary*

E.S.C.A.

ALTHOUGH the membership of E.S.C.A. has decreased in number, the high standard of the meetings has not depreciated.

This session we have enjoyed a variety of subjects for discussion and debate including a Political Evening, a Kirk Session, a Hat Night, a Musical Evening and a United Nations' Service in St. Giles'.

I have been privileged and have had great pleasure in being Gillespie's representative and wish the association and the next representative much success in the future.

R. JANE CHISHOLM, 6B2

EDINBURGH SCHOOLS' SCIENTIFIC CLUB

THIS session the subjects on the syllabus have ranged from "How to Measure the Earth" to "Modern Heart Operations." During the lecture on "Modern Heart Operations" we were shown many models and pieces of equipment used during such operations.

Other items on the syllabus included "The Development of Hydro-Electric Pump Storage Schemes," "A Botanist in Sarawak and New Guinea" and "Elementary Particles," a lecture given by Professor N. Kemmer.

Several excursions have been arranged in June and the session finishes with a lecture entitled, "My Life Amongst Crystals" by Dr C. D. Beaves.

Next session our School representative will be Gillian More and to her and the rest of the Society I offer my best wishes.

CAROLINE THOMSON, *School Representative*

EDINBURGH SCHOOLS' FILM SOCIETY

THIS year saw the birth of a new inter-schools' society, the E.S.F.S. Its 500 members drawn from many Edinburgh Senior Secondary Schools have attended this society with a view to furthering their appreciation of films. Many films, ranging from "Tom Jones" and "Lord of the Flies" to "The Great Train Robbery" (no, not the 1960 one) and "The Cabinet of Dr Caligari" have been shown and the reception has been mixed. We must extend our thanks to Miss Henderson (P.T.) for being our school patron. We must also extend thanks to the representatives who fulfilled their duties admirably.

I. KAVERAU, 6B1
D. DUNCAN, 6B2

EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY BURSARY COMPETITION 1966

Natural Science:—

4th Place—Anne Naysmith; 9th Place—Jennifer Horn.

"THE SCOTSMAN" SCHOOL MAGAZINES COMPETITION 1965

1st Prize for Prose Contributions (£15)—Jean Brodie.

Runner-up in Verse Competition—Christine Binnie.



Photo by E. R. Yerbury & Son

Back Row—D. JONES, D. MACKENZIE, M. PINKERTON, C. FIDDLER,
Front Row—A. ROBINSON, S. ROBERTS, C. THOMSON (*Captain*),
B. BAIN, M. ELLIS.

SPORT

HOCKEY

THIS season we have suffered a great deal from cancellations and this may partly explain our unimpressive performance throughout the year.

Both the Junior and Senior teams were unsuccessful in the Inter-scholastics and in the under 21 seven-a-side we failed to retain the cup.

In the Liberton Tournament, the 1st XI were narrowly beaten in the semi-final by Dunfermline, the eventual winners.

Unfortunately the staff match had to be cancelled because of the lack of time but the game against the F.P.s was won by the school.

Hockey colours were awarded to Catherine Sidor, and Caroline Thomson played goalkeeper in the Junior East Reserve Team and acted as captain.

We should like to thank Miss Lambert and Miss Henderson for all the help and encouragement we received during the season.

CAROLINE THOMSON, *Captain*

BADMINTON

THIS season there was a growing interest in badminton throughout the school. The first team, consisting of C. Longmuir and E. Mitchell, H. Cowe and G. More and C. McKie and A. Robinson, was enthusiastic, if not completely successful. We beat St. Margaret's Convent and Boroughmuir but lost to George Watson's Ladies twice and to Esdaile once. We also had American Tournaments with the Royal High School and George Heriot's School.

The second team beat George Watson's Ladies once and lost to them once.

Warrender House won the inter-house matches.

C. Longmuir won the Girls' Singles, under 16 in the East of Scotland Junior Badminton Tournament and E. Mitchell won the school badminton tournament.

The Gillespie-Heriot's team, including H. Cowe, C. McKie and A. Robinson, came fifth in the first division of the East of Scotland Junior League and also played some friendly matches with other mixed teams.

We wish to thank both Miss Henderson and Miss Lambert for their help during the season.

ELIZABETH A. MITCHELL, *Captain*

TENNIS

THIS year our team comprises:—K. Inglis, J. Grant, E. Mitchell, S. Roberts, A. McCallum and H. Cowe. Owing to the examinations we have not played many matches, but we hope that we shall have a successful and enjoyable season.

We should like to thank Miss Lambert and Miss Henderson for their encouragement and advice.

ELIZABETH A. MITCHELL, *Captain*

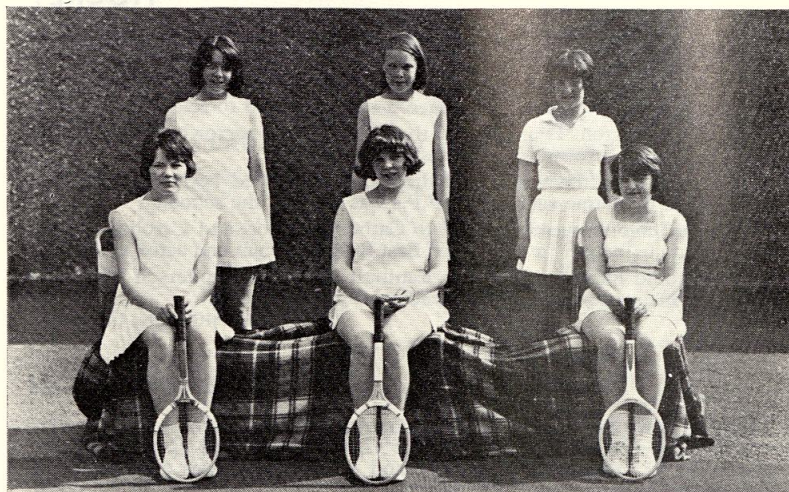


Photo by E. R. Yerbury & Son

Back Row—K. INGLIS, J. GRANT, A. MCCALLUM.
Front Row—S. ROBERTS, E. MITCHELL, H. COWE.

LACROSSE 1965-66



Photo by E. R. Yerbury & Son

Back Row—J. WILSON, B. SEATH, C. FALCONER, J. OGLIVIE, E. OGLIVIE.
Front Row—S. ROBERTS, C. FIDDLER, S. ROBERTSON (*Captain*),
A. NAYSMITH, L. DICKSON.

ATHLETICS

LAST season proved to be quite a successful one for us. In the Scottish Schoolgirls' Athletic Championships in Glasgow, Shona Roberts was first in the Intermediate Javelin, Elizabeth Sheddan was third in the Senior Javelin and Brenda Bain was third in the Senior Shot.

In the Edinburgh Schools Athletic Championships, our Senior team came second, being the runners up to Trinity Academy.

We narrowly beat George Watson's Ladies' College and managed to achieve quite an outstanding victory over Boroughmuir in a three-sided contest at Meggetland.

We were delighted to hear that Elizabeth Sheddan managed to gain a place in the Scottish Athletic team and we hope that she will continue to do well.

Although this season is not properly under way, we are hoping to be successful in the contests to come and should like to thank the gymnastics staff for their help and encouragement so far.

BRENDA BAIN, *Captain*

GOLF

GOLF lessons were given to 12 girls in the Sixth form by Mr Houston, the Braid Hills' professional, and his assistant, in the gymnasium during the first term; and at the Braid Hills during the Second and Third terms.

In October 1965 Anne Gray and Carolyn McKie represented the school in the Inter-schools Golf Competition but were beaten in the final by a team from George Watson's Ladies' College.

The Golf Club would like to record their appreciation to the school for the opportunity given them to benefit from Mr Houston's tuition.

CAROLYN A. MCKIE, 6B1

PRIMARY SCHOOL NETBALL



Photo by E. R. Yerbury & Son

Back Row—RONA BISSET, ROSALIE MASON, JACQUELINE RENWICK,
PATRICIA YOUNG.

Front Row—FRANCES MCINTOSH, JANE WOODBURN (*Captain*),
HILARY CHALMERS.

FORMER PUPILS

FORMER PUPILS' ASSOCIATION

A Reunion was held in the school at the end of February at which a new committee was appointed: President, Miss Margaret King; Treasurer, Miss Sarah Mackenzie; Secretary, Miss Marjorie Macdonald, 37 Plewlands Avenue (MOR 4687); Committee Members, Mrs Joyce Mallinson (*nee* McInnes) and Mrs Sheila Bell (*nee* Scott).

A coffee morning, also held in February, resulted in £10 being given to Miss Steel for the Organ Fund.

Next session's Reunion will be held on Friday, 4th November, at 7.30 p.m. in the new school. It is hoped to have a conducted tour round the building. Entertainment and tea will be provided, as well as a chance to meet old friends. Names of those wishing to attend should be sent to the Secretary no later than Friday, 14th October.

MARJORIE V. MACDONALD, *Secretary*

F.P. NOTES

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

Ll.B.—Jennifer Lister.

M.B., Ch.B.—Mary Watt.

B.D.S.—Moira Sharp.

M.A. with Honours—Elizabeth A. Ogilvie (French Language and Literature);
Kathryn B. Thompkins (Classics).

M.A.—Hazel Ballantyne and Diane Sellar.

B.Sc. with Honours—Florence Vida Mowat (Chemistry).

B.Sc.—Janice J. C. Cairns and Roberta Wood (*nee* Batchelor).

Honours in the History of Music (after graduation) have been awarded to
Cecilia Cavaye, B.MUS.

ADRIENNE HALL (Science Dux in 1964) now at St. Andrews University, has
been awarded a scholarship for one year's study at Sweetbriar College,
Virginia.

MURIEL SPARK has been awarded the James Tait Black Memorial Prize
for the best novel of the year for *The Mandelbaum Gate*, and her *The
Prime of Miss Jean Brodie* has been successfully dramatised.

Miss MURIEL J. HAY, B.SC., and Miss MONICA MACPHERSON have been
appointed H.M. Inspectors of Schools.

F.P. HOCKEY CLUB

THE Club have fielded two elevens this year and would welcome new
members who leave school at the end of the session.

1st XI results were:—

Matches Played—13; Won—4; Lost—6; Drawn—3.

The Secretary for the 1966-67 session is Mrs Maureen Mooney, 25
Clerwood Way, Edinburgh, 12 (MOR 5147).

MARRIAGES

- FAIRLEY—*RUSSELL-LESLIE*.—JOHN H. FAIRLEY to FIONA RUSSELL-LESLIE, 10 Gillespie Crescent.
- ROBERTSON—*TAYLOR*.—ROBERT M. ROBERTSON to ANNE S. TAYLOR, 33 Morningside Drive.
- MARTIN—*BLACK*.—HENRY L. MARTIN to PAMELA BLACK, 40 Biggar Road.
- SLATER—*FYVIE*.—HARRY SLATER to LENA FYVIE, 53 Balcarres Street.
- DEVLIN—*KINGHORN*.—J. B. S. DEVLIN to MARGARET S. KINGHORN, 23 Cumlodden Avenue.
- DAVIS—*PARK*.—ALLEN DAVIS to ANNE M. PARK, 1 Lismore Crescent.
- HOUSTON—*DICKSON*.—HENRY S. HOUSTON to MARJORIE DICKSON, 11 Durham Avenue.
- GARDNER—*FERGUSON*.—ALASTAIR GARDNER to IRENE FERGUSON, 118 Greenbank Road.
- TROUP—*CHRYSTAL*.—ANGUS TROUP to VIOLET A. CHRYSTAL, 6 Vivian Terrace.
- ROBERTSON—*NICHOLL*.—JOHN M. ROBERTSON to E. WENDY NICHOLL, 1 Granton Road.
- LEIGHTON—*POZZI*.—A. D. LEIGHTON to WINIFRED POZZI, 284 Gilmerton Road.
- DUNCAN—*BURT*.—PETER DUNCAN to C. MARGARET BURT, 15 Ulster Drive.
- BRYCE—*GOURLAY*.—DOUGLAS BRYCE to BETTY GOURLAY, 6 Temple Park Crescent.
- HARTLEY—*McCALLUM*.—J. P. HARTLEY to JULIA McCALLUM, 91 Greenbank Road.
- NICHOLSON—*FROUD*.—DAVID NICHOLSON to WENDY FROUD, Warrinder Park Crescent.
- THOMAS—*POZZI*.—FREDERICK THOMAS to PHYLLIS POZZI, 284 Gilmerton Road.
- McINTYRE—*O'RORKE*.—JAMES R. McINTYRE to KATHLEEN O'RORKE, 50 Broomlea Crescent.
- KNOWLES—*BIRRELL*.—STEPHEN KNOWLES to EDYTHE BIRRELL, 95 St. Alban's Road.
- MACNAMARA—*ROBERTSON*.—MICHAEL MACNAMARA to GAIL ROBERTSON, 26 Colinton Mains Crescent.
- WILLIAMS—*MILLAR*.—JOHN M. WILLIAMS to SANDRA MILLAR, 95 West Savile Terrace.
- EADIE—*MORRIS*.—JAMES W. EADIE to CYNTHIA MORRIS, 8 Lower Granton Road.
- HENDERSON—*MELDRUM*.—ALEXANDER M. HENDERSON to JENNIFER MELDRUM, 35 Kingsknowe Avenue.
- DYSON—*DALLAS*.—CARL DYSON to KATRINA DALLAS, 13 Queen's Avenue.
- GASS—*RENNILSON*.—DAVID GASS to SHEILA RENNILSON, 124 Viewforth.
- WALKINGSHAW—*SHAUGHNESSY*.—IAN WALKINGSHAW to PATRICIA SHAUGHNESSY.
- KERR—*HENDRIE*.—WILLIAM S. KERR to LORRAINE HENDRIE, 72 Morningside Road.

- SCOTT—*McBAIN*.—A. P. SCOTT to SHEILA McBAIN, 51 Forrester Road.
- SMITH—*COGHILL*.—JOHN SMITH to SHEILA COGHILL, 14 Comely Bank Street.
- MUSTARD—*PURDIE*.—F. O. ALEXANDER MUSTARD to MARION PURDIE, 11 Plewlands Avenue.
- RUSSELL—*HOGG*.—GORDON RUSSELL to LINDA HOGG, 5 Buckstone Terrace.
- SMITH—*BROOKS*.—JAMES SMITH to PATRICIA BROOKS, 8 Hailes Terrace.
- EMERY—*PALMER*.—CHARLES EMERY to MARGARET PALMER, 34 Craigleith Hill Gardens.
- BLYTH—*BURGESS*.—MELVIN BLYTH to MOIRA BURGESS, 5 Braid Avenue.

BIRTHS

- JOHNSON.—To Mr and Mrs D. JOHNSON (JEAN MCKILLOP), a son.
- ORMONDE.—To Dr and Mrs NICOL ORMONDE (Dr EVA FORBES), a son.
- ATKINS.—To the Rev. PETER and Mrs ATKINS (BERYL SINCLAIR), a daughter.
- BOOTH.—To Dr and Mrs JAMES BOOTH (Dr ROSEMARY FRASER), a son.
- MELVIN.—To Mr and Mrs W. D. MELVIN (MURIEL HARLEY), a son.
- MIERAS.—To Mr and Mrs D. MIERAS (ISOBEL LAMB), a son.
- BLYTHE.—To Dr and Mrs A. R. BLYTHE (KATRINA DOUGHTY), a son.
- HUSBAND.—To Mr and Mrs C. HUSBAND (LORNA TOWILL), a daughter.
- SOUTHWARD.—To Mr and Mrs H. SOUTHWARD (Dr GWEN BUTCHER), a son.
- KAYE.—To Mr and Mrs J. KAYE (DOREEN MILNE), a daughter.
- FRASER.—To Mr and Mrs D. FRASER (MARJORIE MCKENDRICK), a daughter.
- FORGIE.—To Mr and Mrs JOHN FORGIE (WILMA STEWART), a son.
- WILLIAMS.—To Mr and Mrs D. WILLIAMS (WINIFRED MARTIN), a son.
- PICKLES.—To Lt. and Mrs DAVID PICKLES (AUDREY COCHRANE), a son.
- DRUMMOND.—To Mr and Mrs JOHN DRUMMOND (HELEN HARLEY), a son.
- McLEOD.—To Mr and Mrs GEORGE McLEOD (JOYCE BELL), a daughter.
- LINES.—To Mr and Mrs DEREK LINES (PAT LOCKHART), a son.
- BOUCHARD.—To Mr and Mrs E. BOUCHARD (EDITH SIME), a son.
- FAIRLEY.—To Mr and Mrs JOHN FAIRLEY (FIONA RUSSELL-LESLIE), a son.
- LESLIE.—To Mr and Mrs D. LESLIE (LOUISE ANDERSON), a daughter.
- BROWN.—To the Rev. IAN and Mrs BROWN (Dr ISOBEL COCHRANE), a daughter.
- REID.—To Mr and Mrs R. REID (VERA CHALMERS), a daughter.
- FAGE.—To Mr and Mrs SIDNEY FAGE (ELEANOR MITCHELL), a son.
- HARKNESS.—To Mr and Mrs J. HARKNESS (DOROTHY GLENDINNING), a son.
- FULLERTON.—To Mr and Mrs R. FULLERTON (MARION MARTIN), a daughter.

General Editor—Mr JAMES D. McEWAN.

Business Editor—Miss ANNE DINGWALL.

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

School Editor, 1966—ANNE NAYSMITH.

Contributors range in age from about 12 years in Class 1 to 18 years in Class 6.