

JAMES
GILLESPIE'S
HIGH SCHOOL
FOR GIRLS

*Royal
Number*

June 1967

Editorial

Editor: ROSEMARY PHILP

THE new paint is a little less bright, the well-polished floors begin to show the traces of many feet, an orderly clutter of papers flaps from the once bare notice-board. Gillespie's has moved in.

The new buildings, reeling in their pristine freshness at the shock of the eight-hundred-strong invasion, have nobly stood the test, and now they enter a new phase, where for the first time they begin to become a school in more than name. For a school is not a building nor an educational system; it is people—pupils and teachers together forming a character which is imprinted on the surroundings. Only with the borrowed life of those who work in it does a school become worthy of the name. Because of this, we know that the spirit of the new Gillespie's will only be a broadening of the old, since it is the girls themselves who make it. We know them as individuals amongst whom we work and we recognise the part their characters, good and bad, have played in making what we call a school.

We in our last year at Gillespie's have suddenly become aware that, like the new buildings, we too are at the end of one stage and at the beginning of another, when the ideas we have constructed over the years will be subjected to the full and merciless turbulence of life. Doubtless we will have to learn to adapt them; we hope this will develop them, not destroy them. Yet the buildings are useless if they have no inhabitants: our education, intended to prepare us for life, is useless if we do not use it to live.

Now we see the personalities and characters of our friends and companions, each intrinsically valuable and shaping all our memories of school. Is this not as it should be? A school must teach us to live with people, to be individuals having and developing our own ideas, yet with respect for those individuals we live with. It must teach us values beyond those of qualifications and financial gain—of things intangible and unseen; respect and concern for

people because they are individuals with personalities and not just complex machines; self-discipline, remembering that learning does not finish when we leave school but that like Solon, "I grow old always learning many things;" the value of that insatiable curiosity and freshness of vision which are the characteristics of a child, and which make the world one endless, marvellous question; the importance of man's spirit above his material concerns and so the worth of those precious moments of idle dreaming; awareness to hear the still, small voice above the impatient bustle of life.

Before us all stretch new opportunities, whether we are still at school or not. We go forward, as we must, for time is inexorable. If our education is to be of worth, it must show that it has made us persons, who, in a world increasingly unconcerned with individuality and with anything beyond the material, choose to live as people and for people.

POEM IN TWO PARTS

PART I

Heaven stretches outwards
Out to some land
Where—alone—I shall walk
In fields, waist deep in grass;
And where the poppies
Will surge upwards
Like many violent fists.
In this heaven
I shall hear music
Which is the shadow of silence,
The decaying of one silence into another.
There will be no birds.
And the sun will be like burning spheres—
Merging—always simultaneous.
The god of my heaven is the force
Which is in me—is me.

PART II

If I am not alive,
I am in the wastes of hell.
I am in the darkness which descends,
The darkness which hangs, beating,
Like a wandering eagle.
In this intensity of chaos,
I can find no place which is light,
The spaces are constantly shrinking
And with my hands—I reach for emptiness.

HARRIET CORDER, 5L

The Royal Visit

and the Opening of the New School by Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth, the Queen Mother

Friday, 21st October 1966

THIS happy and unforgettable day in the history of the school was ushered in by "ane orient blast" and Aeolus seemed regrettably in the ascendant. But at 2.45 p.m. the sharp wind had whipped the sky clear, and when the Royal car swung through the Main Entrance gate into the Avenue, the warmth of the greeting from the throats of the tiny scholars lining the route could leave Her Majesty in no doubt as to the cordiality of our welcome. Simultaneously, the Royal Standard was broken on the flag staff beside the Clock Tower.

At the main entrance to the sixteenth-century Bruntsfield House, the Lord Provost, the Rt. Hon. Herbert H. Brechin, C.B.E., presented to Her Majesty the Lady Provost; Councillor John Fitzpatrick, the Chairman of the Education Committee; Dr George Reith, the Director of Education; our School Chaplain, the Rev. R. Leonard Small, O.B.E., D.D., Moderator of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland; Comdr. Clark Hutchison, M.P. for South Edinburgh; representatives of the architects and the main contractors; and Miss Mary D. Steel, Headmistress of the school.

Her Majesty, accompanied by Her Maid of Honour, and guests, thereafter entered, by the main foyer, the School Hall, where the other guests and pupils representing all Forms were already assembled. As the Royal party entered, the Choir and the Orchestra joined in a stirring welcome "quhois armony to heir it wes delyt."

The Opening Ceremony began with a prayer of dedication by the School Chaplain. The assembly then sang the 121st Psalm, "I to the hills will lift mine eyes," which was followed by prayer.





*This school was opened on 21st October 1966 by
Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth The Queen Mother*

The Lord Provost then invited Her Majesty to declare open the new school. In an address of great charm, Her Majesty spoke of the increasingly important role played by women in this swiftly developing scientific age, reminding her young listeners, however, that a woman may best fulfil her destiny by being a good wife and a good mother, and that a happy home may well represent the culmination of her success in life. After Her Majesty had graciously declared the school open, bouquets were presented by the School Captain and Vice-Captain. A vote of thanks was proposed by the Chairman of the Education Committee. The assembly then joined in singing "God Save the Queen" with a sincerity and fervour born of the occasion and the graciousness of the Royal Guest.

After the proceedings in the Hall were at an end, Her Majesty then visited the Swimming Pool, where Second Year girls were under instruction. Miss Catherine H. Lambert, Principal Teacher of Physical Education, was presented to Her Majesty by the Headmistress.

Her Majesty continued to the Library. There the School Captain, Catherine Falconer, and the School Vice-Captain, Linda Dickson, and Miss Lilian W. Paterson, Principal Teacher of Modern Languages, Mr Harry Milne, Principal Teacher of Russian, and Mr John S. Hay, Principal Teacher of Classics, were presented to Her Majesty.

After an inspection of the Library, the Royal party then returned to the main entrance to the Assembly Hall. There the Lord Provost invited Her Majesty to unveil a commemorative plaque in bronze on the wall recording, for our successors, the day's events.

Her Majesty then continued on a tour of inspection of the teaching departments of the school, her first visit being to an English classroom, where Sixth Form girls were studying English literature. Her Majesty asked some of the girls about their studies and learned that an interest in modernity did not preclude an enthusiasm for Shelley. Mr James D. McEwan, Principal Teacher of English, was presented to Her Majesty.

A visit was next paid to the Art and the Commercial departments. Here Her Majesty showed keen interest in the work that was being done with advanced equipment, such as accounting machines and potters' wheels and kilns. Miss Jean C. McIntyre, Principal Teacher of History, Miss Christina M. McIntyre, Principal Teacher of Commercial Subjects, and Miss Eileen D. Campbell, Principal Teacher of Art, were presented to Her Majesty.

The Royal visitor then entered the Science Building, where she examined the work that was being done in the Needlework and the Domestic Science departments. Mrs Mary E. Jenkins, Principal

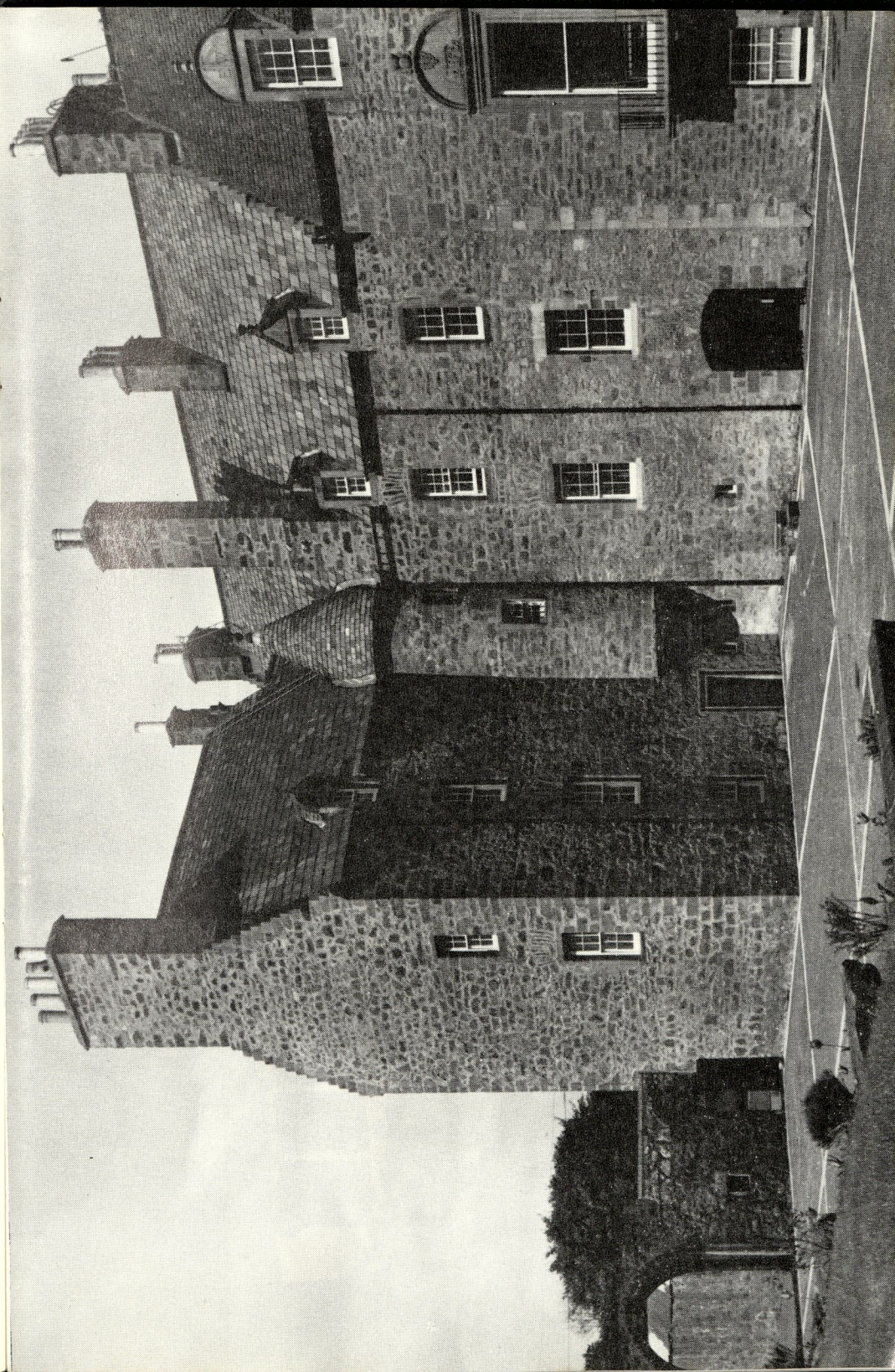
Teacher of Domestic Science, Miss Madaline H. A. Dunbar, Principal Teacher of Chemistry, Mr Alexander B. Dall, Principal Teacher of Geography, Miss Barbara M. Reid, Principal Teacher of Mathematics, Mr Alexander R. Mackenzie, Principal Teacher of Physics, and Mr Thomas Sommerville, Principal Teacher of Music, were presented to Her Majesty in the Science Building.

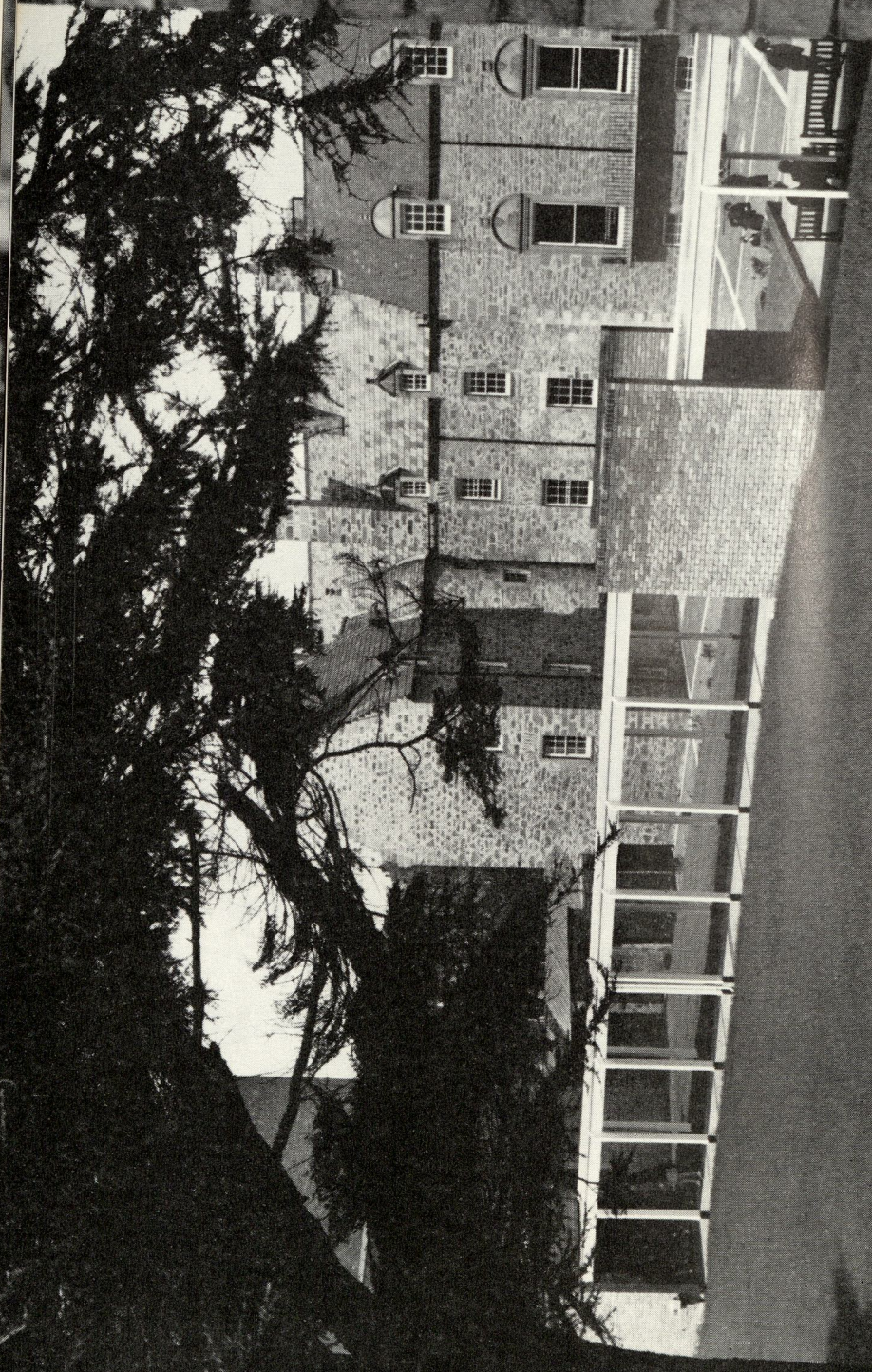
Her inspection of the work of the school being completed, Her Majesty then returned to Bruntsfield House, where, in the Headmistress' Room, the Lord Provost invited Her Majesty to sign the Visitors' Book. Miss Emily A. K. Ferguson, the Deputy Headmistress, was here presented. Her Majesty then graciously accepted an invitation to have tea in the Music Room, whose sixteenth-century architectural splendour provided a fitting framework for the concluding events of this great day. Here several ladies, including Miss May Andrew, C.B.E., late Headmistress of the school, were presented to Her Majesty.

Thereafter, escorted by the Lord Provost and the Headmistress, Her Majesty returned to the Main Entrance of Bruntsfield House, and there took leave of the school. As the Royal car, with this gracious lady, drove slowly along the entrance avenue, the grand elms looking down on the youthful scholars' full-hearted farewell, one's mind turned to the words which the captivated merchant from Augsburg addressed to her famous ancestor, their relevance seeming to echo the sentiments in every heart:—

"Scho wes sa beauteous, sa gracious and sa kind that men thocht her mair worthy to be servit for littel profet than any uther prince in Europe for gret commoditee."

Photographs are reproduced by courtesy of the following:—
Her Majesty the Queen Mother signing the Visitors' Book; and in the Library—*The Scotsman*.
Her Majesty the Queen Mother with Senior Girls in a Classroom—*The Glasgow Herald*.
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Miss Mary G. McIver, M.A.

HEADMISTRESS

ON the morning of 18th April 1967, the Staff met in the Library to welcome its new Headmistress. The bearer of the good wishes of the Education Committee was Councillor Fitzpatrick, who congratulated the school on its good fortune in securing, at this moment when momentous changes are fermenting in Scottish education, the services of such an experienced and wise hand to guide its destinies through the challenging days ahead. Dr Reith then expressed his pleasure at having the opportunity to reinforce this message of goodwill, and speculated briefly on the problems ahead and the satisfaction that would assuredly come in their resolution. He wished Miss McIver every success and happiness in her new task.

In her reply, Miss McIver gave revealing evidence that she wanted no part of the skill or elegance of phrase which such performances require. She also revealed an engaging humility. Having proved her mettle in the testing grounds of Dundee, she seemed eager to get to grips with the tasks ahead. Of the qualities that she will bring to bear on her work an opinion too favourable cannot readily be formed. The school, one felt assured, was in good hands.

On Thursday, 20th April, the Staff again assembled in the Library; on this occasion to extend their own personal message of goodwill to our Headmistress. Miss Ferguson in a happy word of introduction welcomed her, and thereafter she joined us in our "neat repast." In the afternoon Miss McIver visited the classrooms where she met the girls and was made aware of the cordiality of their welcome.

To her new duties Miss McIver brings the highest personal and professional qualifications. Her schooldays were spent in Glasgow, where later she attended the University. She was an outstanding student and graduated with First-Class Honours in Modern Lan-

guages, in which she specialised. It was early evident that she was marked out for high office in the teaching profession, which she had chosen for her career: and it is no coincidence that while Miss McIver will be directing the fortunes of Gillespie's, in her sister's hands will lie those of Hutcheson's Girls' School in Glasgow. It was in Dundee that her first training as a Headmistress was undergone, and the clear-blue, but kindly, eye gives one assurance that it was tempered with humanity.

Now in Gillespie's, when the ablest of the Sixth Form come to seek her advice, they will find her quick in thought, lucid in speech, patient, shrewd, easily able to outpace their scholarship, always willing to encourage and support them when things do not turn out as happily as they had hoped. In her presence, the littlest ladies of the Primary will find a friend who will meet them with kindness and share their simple enthusiasms. Miss McIver will worthily uphold the traditions of this great school and wisely guide it forward into the successes that lie ahead. In this she will have the ready and wholehearted support of every member of the Staff, and of every girl, for whom the motto they wear on their blazers is not just an empty catchword.

GREY MEDITATION

From the French of Jules Laforgue

Beneath the rainy grey-mist drownèd sky,
Before the pallid Ocean, on an island, I
Alone, afar from all but water, deep, sonorous,
Think, think amid the waning white squall's woeful chorus.

Like mares fleet-fly, their long manes free,
The twisting waves race shorewards from the sea,
Then crumble at my feet with sobbing wails
To rise aloft their torture to the tearing gales.

All around—the grey-great sky, the fog, the sea,
Only the terror of wind-thrashed air—and me.
No hours, no men but gloomy, lonely, free.

There in the vastness, lost, sit I,
And think that space is quite, quite limitless
And time will never die.

DOREEN JAMES, 6A

Miss Mary D. Steel B.Sc. Headmistress 1956-1967

From a Former Colleague

MISS STEEL was head of the Science Side and Second Mistress at St. Leonard's School when I came as Headmistress in January 1956. Great dismay was mingled with my congratulations when she told me that she would be leaving at the end of the term because she had been appointed Headmistress of James Gillespie's High School for Girls.

In this important post and in the field of education in Scotland, her great gifts have been used to the full in the service of girls and their training. As a member of the Scottish Branch of the Association of Headmistresses from 1956, Miss Steel has never, to my knowledge, missed a single meeting. She was a member of the Executive Committee of the Branch from 1958 until 1964 and President from 1961 until 1963. She has represented the Branch on numerous occasions at conferences, national and international; she gave evidence before the Anderson Commission on Grants for students in 1959; she has been our spokesman at St. Andrews House many times; she has been, continuously since 1958, the representative of the Scottish Headmistresses, first on the Secretary of State's Advisory Council for Education, and then on its successor, the Consultative Committee on Educational Matters. But in the midst of attending these important, and often exhausting, meetings with representatives of the Universities, County Councils, Civil Servants and Directors of Education, she has never been too busy to scrutinise S.C.E. syllabuses and examination papers in Chemistry, and make trenchant comments to her colleagues in the Branch.

As a member or Chairman of a committee, Miss Steel seems to the rest of us as near perfect as may be. We take for granted her



Miss MARY D. STEEL, B.Sc.
Headmistress—1956-67

patience and forbearance, envy her practical application of the precept, "a time to keep silence and a time to speak," and we admire her wisdom and generosity of spirit. Her own modesty would disclaim this, but we, her colleagues as Headmistresses, have come to rely upon her so much for her clear presentation of a problem, her wise suggestions for its solution and her invariable readiness to do a job of work, that we shall miss her sorely. But we will certainly continue to appeal to her, as an honoured Associate Member of the Scottish Branch, we hope, for many years to come. We have greatly enjoyed her hospitality on many occasions and we rejoice with her and with all the members of James Gillespie's Girls' School, on the completion of the beautiful new buildings surrounding Bruntsfield House.

During the past eleven years much of the real progress that has taken place in education in Scotland has been quietly expedited by the clearness of mind, administrative ability, tact and kindness of Miss Mary Steel. And she would, I think, share with Sir Francis Drake the conviction that, in endeavouring any great (or little) matter, "it is not the beginning but the continuing of the same, until it be thoroughly finished, which yieldeth the true glory."

J. A. S. M.

From a Colleague

WITH the retiral of Miss Mary D. Steel as Headmistress of James Gillespie's High School for Girls, another fine chapter in the history of the school has been concluded. The value of her service and influence in Gillespie's cannot be measured in terms of time alone, but also in the richness of its quality.

Born and educated in the Borders, she studied at Edinburgh University, where she graduated in Science. Her teaching career began in Eyemouth and she still talks of the fisher folk and her experience there. After a spell in Dundee, she moved south to Derby and some years later returned to Scotland, to become second mistress and Head of the Science Department in St. Leonard's School, St. Andrews. She came to Gillespie's as Headmistress in April 1956, and this marked the beginning of a period of service that all who have known her now review with gratitude and affection.

People who meet Miss Steel for the first time are at once struck by her natural friendliness and by the charm and graciousness which are integral parts of her personality. She is able to adapt herself to all types and all ages of people, which, in part, accounts for the wide popularity she enjoys. Her courtesy became a by-word throughout the school, and her kindness and thoughtfulness for others have spread far beyond the confines of Gillespie's.

In school, Miss Steel always regarded herself as the leader of a team and as such she gave of her best. The word "I" has seldom been on her lips, the word "we" often, and between her and the staff there existed an indefinable bond of respect and affection, a feeling of gratitude and trust beyond expression. There has always been a humility about her: never seeking the limelight herself, she always gave credit to others.

In recent years the wind of change has swept through the whole educational world and traditional methods have been replaced by methods which are experimental, stimulating and exciting. The number of pupils in Form 6 has grown steadily and all this has brought increased problems of administration. In Miss Steel we had an administrator of judgement and ability, one who was a tireless worker, with a gift of concentration and a precise memory. In spite of all this she remained a very human person and never allowed human relations to become secondary to administrative demands. Her energy and sense of duty induced her to see in others the same qualities, and she often glimpsed in them greater potentialities than they themselves had imagined, inspiring them with confidence and a desire to justify her faith in them.

In Miss Steel's eyes, examinations were never regarded as an event in the life of the school, but rather as the culmination of a period of honest endeavour—something to be taken in one's stride. She never judged by examination results alone, recognising that the real aim of education was the building of character—a character of which her own high principles, balance and stability have been an example to us all. Voluntary work was always commended and encouraged by her, and the needs of the old and the lonely were constantly her concern. Because of this many a home has been brightened by the youthful companionship of a Gillespie girl. We hope she will long be spared to continue such kindly activities which spread so much happiness around.

Our thoughts will be with Miss Steel in all the interests and activities which will occupy her in the future, activities which will be her best relaxation. May her days of retirement be happy and full. Her welcome back to Gillespie's is sure, for she will remain a very real part of our life and history.

From a Present Pupil

IT IS difficult to believe that after knowing her as our Headmistress during all our years at Gillespie's, we shall no longer have the energetic presence of Miss Steel in our midst. However, her influence and vital driving force will certainly be felt for a long time in the future at our school. Her presence at the school generated an air of calm efficiency, dignity and authority so characteristic of her. These qualities permeated the school and influenced girls from First to Sixth Years.

Our first meeting with Miss Steel was on the day of our entry to Secondary School, when she extended a warm welcome to us all and allocated our respective Forms to us. Soon a more personal contact, which continued throughout the following years, was established by the weekly Scripture Lessons we received from her. In later years she was always ready to help and advise us: she assisted us in the choice of courses, kept a close watch on our progress and encouraged us when the important external examinations approached. Always an advocate of steady and conscientious study, she instilled in us the value of individual preparation, stressing its importance in our later academic life. However, she continually emphasised the fact that learning is not only a means of achieving academic distinction but that it is a fundamental requisite in the moulding of a worthwhile and active citizen. The external examinations over, she gave us invaluable assistance in completing various application forms for colleges and universities.

Perhaps it is not until the Sixth Year, when we find ourselves vested with some small measure of authority and responsibility, that we fully realise and appreciate all that Miss Steel has contributed to our school life: we wonder at the smoothness and continuity of our daily routine which we have hitherto taken so much for granted. Rules and regulations are, of course, an essential ingredient of school routine but these were never harsh or extreme and in enforcing them, Miss Steel was unfailingly firm yet kind. She encouraged us to participate in extra-curricular activities and stimulated our interest in the various school Societies by her evident enthusiasm for them.

Perhaps now, however, when she has finally fulfilled one of her greatest ambitions of settling us in at our new school, Miss Steel will have more time to devote to the many and varied interests she has developed over the preceding years. We know that there will

never be an idle moment for her and wish her happiness and great satisfaction in pursuing her leisure activities, for which she has had so little time at Gillespie's. Recalling all that she has done for us during our school life, we find that words are singularly inadequate to record our gratitude but we all owe her a great debt and we wish her much happiness in the future.

ON THE BURNING OF ST. MARK'S CHURCH, PORTOBELLO

A desolate ruin charred and black;
A gaping hole, an ugly crack,
Where streaked a furious, fiendish fire,
Destroying, burning, slow to tire,
And leaving in its wake, the thread
Of human faith consumed with dread.

A church of glory yesterday
Is now a crust, a bleak display
Of rubble, glass and cinders cold;
A toppling pillar, grey, now old
With backless seats and hymn books charred
And paintings now for ever scarred.

Surrounded in this sickly scent,
I wonder: was it God's intent
To turn His House into this waste?
And is it so that men are faced
With hardship, so that all may come
Together to restore God's home?

And do these cruel flames disguise
A meaning deep for seeing eyes?
For Jesus Christ rose from this earth
In clouds of fire. And is it worth
Considering quietly as we pray
—The fire-swept on Ascension Day?

ALISON BAYES, 4L

Presentation to Miss Mary D. Steel, B.Sc.

on the Occasion of her Retiral — 31st March 1967

ON Tuesday, 28th March 1967, a large assembly of members of Staff, wives and husbands, met for dinner in the Roxburgh Hotel, to do honour to Miss Steel on the occasion of her laying down the reins of office. With a natural obeisance to established tradition, we found "that the chambres and the tables weren wyde, and wel we weren esed atte beste;" and when, at length, the victuals had been dispatched, "the wyn was fet anon;" the conversational shuttlecock had deftly flicked from tongue to ear; what more fitting than that our sweetest minstrel should be accorded the last word. For his first song Mr Sommerville took "O, Mistress mine, where are you roaming?" (even minstrels can be subtle) by Roger Quilter; and for his second, "Five Eyes" by Armstrong Gibbs. This great gift of Mr Sommerville's, which his fastidiousness permits him to exercise so rarely, makes us, when he does, entrancedly his debtors.

On Thursday, 30th March 1967, members and former members of Staff met in the graceful surroundings which the new Library has put at our disposal for occasions such as this. To Miss Ferguson, the Deputy Headmistress, fell the honour of first speaking of Miss Steel's long and dedicated service to the school. It had been a time of change and evolution, with its attendant complexities of administration, and had seen the translation from the old, red building on the Links to the spacious and elaborately equipped accommodation that now housed the school. In charge of bridging the gap had been Miss Steel, and the ease of the transference had been a measure of the care that had been expended on its planning. Of Miss Steel, as a Headmistress, it was sufficient testimony that she was not one of those who were to be praised only on her demitting office, for her efficiency was so generally acknowledged that praise could not but be spontaneous and continual.

But her zeal for, and pride in, the school did not extinguish in Miss Steel the kindness to all with whom she worked. In the person of her Headmistress even the smallest, or least academically endowed girl found a ready and approachable friend: gracious, helpful, understanding. Such gifts as Miss Steel possessed would surely not be denied the service of the community on her laying down office, but would be constantly called upon, as she felt sure that they would be generously given. That in the days ahead she would be blessed with continuing good health and happiness was the wish of all those now gathered to honour her. Miss Ferguson then presented Miss Steel with a gold Omega wrist-watch and a cheque, as a token of the esteem of the present and former members of the Staff.

Miss Steel in her reply thanked Miss Ferguson and the assembly for their gifts, expressed her pride and gratitude and spoke with charming modesty of her achievements. In reflective mood, she recalled her schooldays in the Borders, and the two-mile walk to school which had surely laid the foundations of her continued good health. She then recalled with obvious affection her early days in Eyemouth, in Derby, then north again to St. Leonard's, and finally to the sterner tasks in Gillespie's. That backward glance revealed a vista of solid achievement, an exacting interpretation of duty and a stirring example to all who had worked with her in the interests of young people.

The Lord Provost, the Rt. Hon. Herbert H. Brechin, C.B.E., brought to Miss Steel the thanks and good wishes of the Education Committee. He referred to Miss Steel's appointment to Gillespie's, and how he had looked forward to the maintenance of the high standards of the school, the dignity of its great occasions, the felicity of phrase which marked the Headmistress' Reports in the Usher Hall. Of Miss Steel's success no further proof was needed than that the school had gone on in the great tradition which it had accepted as its own. He referred in happy vein to his long and close association with the school, how its interests lay close to his heart, how happy had been his visits. It gave him warm pleasure to convey to Miss Steel the good wishes of the Education Committee for continued health and happiness in the future. Miss Muir expressed on behalf of the assembly our thanks.

On Friday, 31st March, in the School Hall, as the last event of Miss Steel's Headmistress-ship, the girls assembled to present her with a silver tea service and tray, an onyx clock and an album of photographs recording aspects of the life of the new school. Appropriately, members of Staff did not assist at this happy function, but we learn that Catherine Falconer, the School Captain, Elizabeth

Philp, Captain of the Junior School, and a little lady from the Preparatory Department, lent to the proceedings an authority and grace which we have now come to accept as natural. To Miss Steel it certainly provided great and lasting pleasure.

At a separate ceremony in School, the Prefects presented Miss Steel with a Parker fountain pen, suitably inscribed.

On Friday, 17th March 1967, the Former Pupils presented Miss Steel with a silver and enamel brooch, in the shape of a rose, at a function in school.

The Janitors and the Cleaning Staff expressed their appreciation of Miss Steel's services and interest in their work in the form of an Edinburgh crystal salad bowl; and the ladies of the Dining Centre presented her with an Edinburgh crystal vase, to match the bowl.

The Staff also commissioned a studio portrait of Miss Steel which was presented to her. A copy of this portrait will be retained in school, and will be displayed in the Hall.

As a Headmistress in charge of a great school in the throes of fundamental educational changes of general import, and the domestic ones attendant upon moving to a new and more elaborate habitat, Miss Steel has left a permanent mark. Her devotion to duty has been absolute; her care for detail meticulous; her interest in her pupils constant and sincere; and if any of her girls should have had occasion to cast around for a model of constant endeavour and unflagging purpose, they need have looked no further than the person of their Headmistress.

BLUNT SHAPES

We watched the starkness of the winter trees
Behind the buildings, flat, and square, and gaunt
Against the greyness of the city sky.

But then with spring the trees acquired a shape
Of subtle beauty, softness plied with ease.
The brick-built blocks took on a new-found grace.

Soon we will pass from here, and leave behind
The now familiar scene for other eyes
To search the geometrics, nature-set.

GLENYSE GIBSON, 6A

Miss Nellie K. Douglas, M.A.

ON the retiral of Miss Douglas last December, the school lost a teacher who was dedicated to her vocation and who will long be remembered for her fine character and her devoted service.

A pupil of Forres Academy, she continued her studies at Edinburgh University and graduated M.A. with Honours in French and Latin. After teaching for a few months in her own old school she was appointed to James Gillespie's High School, where she spent the rest of her professional career.

Modest and unassuming, Miss Douglas performed her duties quietly and gave herself unreservedly to her chosen profession. She was a fine scholar and her wide knowledge of her subject was periodically enriched by visits to France. She combined patient and skilful tuition with a keen personal interest in her pupils and an unflinching zest for her work.

All those girls who had the good fortune to be her students will remember a gifted and stimulating teacher who inspired them with a love of learning. Many of them achieved distinction at the University and followed in her footsteps to become teachers of French. Miss Douglas' outstanding success derived from her ability to rouse the interest and enthusiasm of all her pupils, gifted or otherwise. In her classroom they enjoyed "French without Tears" and acquired, in addition to a knowledge of the French language, an appreciation of France, the French people and their customs.

Her influence made itself felt throughout the school. Her understanding, sympathy and capacity for fun won the affection of the girls, while her integrity and devotion to duty set them an example none could fail to respect. She expected much of them and they responded by striving to live up to her expectations.

Miss Douglas' cheerfulness and good humour made her popular with all her colleagues. We recall her friendliness and ready help, her willingness to undertake any extra task, her varied interests and her keen sense of humour which made her such an excellent companion.

With typical selflessness she postponed her retiral for six months in the interests of the school and came to our assistance again in January when her successor fell ill. We were very sorry to see Miss Douglas go and we miss her greatly, but her influence will continue to be felt in Gillespie's and in all the schools where her former pupils are carrying on her work.

She takes with her the gratitude of the whole school and our warm wishes for many years of happiness and leisure.

Miss Christine R. Young, M.A.

MISS YOUNG came to us from Dundee. It is a place the impact of whose academic largesse we have had occasion before to rejoice in. The pity was that only five years were still available; but they were full, and fittingly culminated a distinguished teaching career.

Miss Young was born in Dundee and as a schoolgirl attended, with her sister—soon, like herself, to become a teacher of English—the Morgan Academy. Her University was St. Andrews, though her classes were taken in University College in her home town, and her achievement was recognised by the award of a First Class Honours degree in English.

The first ten years of her teaching career were spent in Denny and the homely atmosphere and warm friendliness of the Stirlingshire town demanded social involvement though it had not the resources to engage fully, or exploit, her academic gifts. For that she had to await a return to the staff of her native Morgan Academy, to join her sister already established there. It was a fruitful partnership.

Of her translation to Gillespie's one would be happy to think that our fame had wooed her across the silvery Tay, but the ultimate reasons lay elsewhere; though when she did come, she rejoiced that the genius loci of her new school was akin to that of her old. Her sister had acquired a bungalow at Greenbank and she came to join her, spending on the way a short spell in Leith Academy.

Of her contribution to the life of the school one cannot speak too highly. She belonged to that older, and noticeably diminishing, school of teachers who hold that whoever shall apply themselves to English language and literature will find their minds enriched and their sensibilities refined. By ignoring, she simply declined to come to any accommodation with the tawdry and the squalid which in this permissive age often brashly masquerade as art. Though her modesty, I suppose, would repudiate the claim, she was—as all true language teachers are—an Interpreter of the House Beautiful.

Apart from her warm friendliness, the two virtues of Miss Young most likely to strike the newcomer are her thoroughness and (in the best sense) her articulateness. It was this, one feels, that elected her spokesman for all the others who, like herself, were leaving the school when we met to say farewell; and her verbal felicity

matched her sincerity. She had become so much part of the school that one felt it difficult to realise that this natural assimilation was of only five years' standing.

And now she has left the classroom for the more sylvan verdancies of Greenbank. We wish her and her sister deep pleasure in their gracious home. To their light and emancipated footsteps may the flints of Greenbank Park be protractedly vocal. And since (as you will have observed) the spirit of the gentle Elia is gazing over my shoulder, let that kindest of valedictorians have the last word: "May your retirement be as full of joy as your public life was full of excellence. We must all, some sooner than others, have our public leave-taking in our turn."

J. D. M.

ASLEEP IN THE VALLEY

From the French of Arthur Rimbaud

It is a green hollow where a river sings.
Droplets that cling to the grass have silver gleams
In the sun that from the proud mountain falls.
It is a small valley alive with bright sunbeams.

On the grass beneath the clouds a soldier sleeps.
His mouth is open, without cap his head:
His neck rests in the fresh, blue watercress.
He is pale against his green, sunny bed.

His feet amongst the pale irises lie.
Smiling like an ailing child he sleeps.
He is cold. Nature, keep him warm and dry!

No more will perfumes make his nostrils quiver.
He sleeps in the sun, his hand upon his breast.
With two holes in his side he is at rest.

JANET CAWTHORNE, 6A

Staff

EMPHASIS this session has centred on the word "new"—new surroundings, new buildings and new faces in the Staff rooms.

July saw the retiral of Miss Young from the English department, and in August she was replaced by Miss Cuthbert. Mr Aitken also joined that department. The Rev. George McCaskill came as teacher of Religious Instruction, Miss Hurdle joined the ranks of the Science department and Miss Cresswell returned to the Music department of her old school as successor to Miss Ducat, who had transferred to Daniel Stewart's. Miss Dow came as an extra member of Staff to the department of Physical Education, but after one term returned to her native Perthshire. Miss Allan joined the Needlework department as successor to Miss Ritchie, who is now in Canada, and continues with us under the new name of Mrs Montgomery. In the autumn, too, Mlle. Chaplain and Mlle. Roth from France and Fraulein Jäger from Germany came to help in the Modern Language departments. Mrs Corson and Mrs Bull have continued to help with dancing and games. The promotion of Miss Edmonston to the post of Administrative Assistant gave us much pleasure and satisfaction.

In October Miss White left to attend an in-service course in Glasgow for the teaching of Russian and Mrs Davidson came in her place.

At the beginning of December Mrs Munro left the Needlework department and Mrs Ross took her place until the end of the term. The same month saw the departure of Mrs Jamieson from the Mathematics department and Mrs Macaulay from the Science department. Miss Ross left the Preparatory department to be married and has now settled in Zambia. Miss N. Douglas, a member of the French department since 1926, retired.

In January a former pupil, Miss Forbes, was appointed to succeed Mrs Munro, Miss Brill succeeded Miss Douglas, Miss Frier followed Mrs Macaulay and Miss Meiklejohn came in place of Miss Ross. Miss Edna Paterson joined the Physical Education department. Temporary work in the Mathematics department has been undertaken by Miss Pryde, by Miss McIntyre—who generously gave her help while home on furlough from Malawi—and by Mrs Fraser.

Just before Easter Mrs Wilson left the Classics department to teach in Stirling. In April her duties were temporarily undertaken by Mr Charles Stewart, of whose spell of duty last session we have such pleasant memories. At the same time Mrs Domanska joined the Mathematics department and Mrs Dempsey came to reinforce the strength of the Office Staff.

To one section of the Staff every member of the school is sensible of very real obligation. Without the devoted and tireless efforts of Mr Armstrong and his assistants our transition to our new quarters would not have been attended by the polished and garnished amenities that everywhere greeted us.

To those who have joined us we extend a warm welcome to Gillespie's, and to those who have left we say a sincere "Thank you" for their help and companionship.

At the end of the Summer Term Miss Paterson retires from the post of Principal Teacher of Modern Languages and Miss Dingwall and Miss McIntosh retire from the English and Mathematics departments respectively.

YOU SHOULD NOT LIE TO CHILDREN *From the Russian of Yevtushenko*

You should not lie to children.

You should not try to make them believe in that which is false.

You should not assure them that in the world

There is only perfect peace and divine blessing.

They will understand. You know, they are also human beings.

Confide in them that difficulties are countless.

And let them see not only that which will be

Let them see—let them see clearly—that which is.

They will often meet obstacles;

Grief and misfortune can come their way.

All right!

You know, he who does not know the price of happiness

Can never be happy!

Do not forgive them for their mistakes; otherwise they will continue

To repeat them,

And when our children recognise their errors, they will not forgive us

For having forgiven them.

MARION CHRISTIE, 6A

School Notes

THIS has been an exciting Session. Central to its events, of course, was the Royal Visit on 21st October 1966; and the translation, which it marked, from the old to the new schools. But in April 1967 Miss Steel's eleven years of dedicated service to the school ended, and we welcomed a new Headmistress in the person of Miss Mary G. McIver, who, having served a most successful apprenticeship in the arduous disciplines of Headmistress-ship in Dundee, came to us with high qualifications and rich promise. If at times in this battering Caravanserai, we have appeared a little befuddled, it is in the assurance that once we have found our feet there is no end to the opportunities awaiting exploitation: stage and dramatic equipment; Assembly Hall; swimming pool; palatial library; laboratories; art and science rooms with advanced equipment. Now that we have the tools we need a little spell of tranquillity to finish the job.

We rejoiced a year ago in the honour that had been conferred on our School Chaplain, Dr Small, and we have followed with great interest his moderatorial journeyings, near and far. We thank him for the care with which he contrived to be with us, and play a vital part, on our great occasions, notably the Royal Visit and the Opening of the School, as well as the rush from Turnhouse Airport on his return from the Far East that brought him to our platform in time for Miss Steel's farewell service.

The generous interest in others, and giving in which it finds expression, has been as noteworthy this year as previously. Possibly its most spontaneous expression marked the tragic coincidence of our Royal Visit with the catastrophe in Aberfan. The shock of the news led to a decision on the part of the girls to make a collection for the victims of the tragedy; as a result the sum of £36 was sent to Wales. The girls also decided to donate £37, the proceeds from the rebate for Lunch Money on the day of the Royal Visit, to Oxfam. Christmas saw the usual dispatch, by both the Senior and the Junior Schools, of toys, games and books to play-centres and children's homes; while food parcels were taken by Senior girls to old people, for whom a lonely day was thereby warmed by their generosity and the youthful kindness that accompanied it.

But we in turn have been the recipients of much kindness. Visitors to Bruntsfield House will note with pleasure the furnishings for the Entrance Hall which have been presented by the Former Pupils to mark our occupation of our new home. The sand painting, executed by a Canadian Indian Visitor to the city, which is on display in the Foyer of the Assembly Hall, has come from the Lord Provost. Appropriately, the list of benefactions to the School Library matches its enhanced facilities, books being received from: the German Embassy; the Edinburgh Association of University Women; Miss Sutherland; Mrs Murdie; Miss Lambert; Miss Cunningham; Miss Coutie; Miss Foster; Sheena Crozier; Joan Walker; Muriel Ferguson; Ailsa Thomson; Isla Murray; and Sheila MacLeod. Mrs McMordie, from Canada, who was a member of the English staff last session, and Anne Kennedy, a Former Pupil whom we welcomed home on leave from Alberta, have generously donated valuable reference books to the English department Library. Margot McMurdo, in the Primary School, has presented a set of 25 Volumes of Scott's works. The Gideon Society continued their benefactions to the school by presenting New Testaments to the girls of Form 1.

The greatly enriched facilities of the school now permit a greater diversity of activity within its precincts. But of the many that engage our girls outside, the following may be taken as typical: Fifth Year girls attended a Conference organised by the Christian Education Movement on "Television and the World;" Sixth Year girls attended, in St. Giles' Cathedral, a lecture on John Knox, and later in the year the St. Andrews Day Commemoration Service. Other lectures attended include "University Education in Canada" by Dr Saunders, from Winnipeg University (in school); "The Gas Industry" (in the Royal Scottish Museum); "De-Ionising of Water" by Mr Glendinning (in school); the Faraday Lecture (in the Usher Hall); "Focus on Golf" by Dai Rees (in school); an illustrated talk by Mr Tait from World Wild Life Fund; while Mr James Blades' lecture-demonstration on "Percussion" blended instruction and entertainment in a mixture that his audience reported as irresistible; Miss Agnes Walker gave a piano recital in school; Miss Bertah Waddell's children's theatre, with the facilities of the new stage at their disposal, entranced the Primary girls, as their attention, and later their essays, testify. At Christmas, with equal acceptance, they themselves provided a Nativity Play and a service of carols, which was arranged by Miss Nicoll.

Further afield, girls have attended courses at Glenmore, Inverclyde and Church House, Dunblane. Future plans include courses at Benmore in Glen Eck, a party to Nice, representation on the

Youth Service Fortnight in London, the Dunera cruise and visits to Oberlahnstein on the Rhine and to Paris.

Winners of the Junior School Burns Competition were: Lesley Coventry; Jane Rodger; Patricia McAteer; Lorna Munro; Linda Urquhart; Patricia Boyd; Pauline Dickson; Sheena Hartley; Helen Hepburn; and Lindsay Hunter. In the Royal Caledonian Horticultural Society Show, a 1st Prize for bulbs was won by Catriona Walker, and 2nd Prizes by Alison Blair, Anne Johnstone and Jennifer Bouch.

The Primary School Party was held at Christmas in the Gymnasium. The Senior School Dance at which partners will be provided from the boys of Heriot's, Watson's, The Royal High School and Melville College, shares, with the S.C.E. Examinations, responsibility for the almost universal condition of hyper-tension which characterises the pulse-beat of the senior girls at this early point in the Summer Term. But in waters stirred by such a quadrangular storm, what female heart could be averse to fish?

The richer facilities which the new school offers for music have been readily exploited and the first fruits have been most satisfying. In particular the Concert presented in school before the Society of Organists (and reported elsewhere in this issue) reached a quite unusual standard; and (to let two examples stand for all) the cello playing of Mary Laing, and the singing of Enid Bannatyne, delighted the ears and sensibilities of all who were fortunate enough to hear them. We await with keen anticipation the next performance. Meanwhile Mary Laing is a member of the National Youth Orchestra, while Ailsa Campbell and Helen Jones, both of the Primary School, are members of the Edinburgh Primary Schools Orchestra.

Our new buildings have naturally attracted numerous visitors. Among those whom we have welcomed have been Senator Davidson from Australia.

To Miss McIntyre, to Mrs MacDonald, who now assumes (from Miss Dingwall) the Business Editorship, to their girls and to Miss Dingwall, whose services over so many years have been responsible for the very existence of this magazine, we, and the whole school, have incurred an indebtedness which even the most cordial thanks seems sadly ineffectual to express. To Miss Dingwall, with our gratitude, we offer our warmest good wishes for the more spacious, emancipated days that lie ahead.

Founder's Day

Friday, 17th February 1967

THE guest of honour on this first Founder's Day in the new school was the man more closely identified than any other with its structure, Sir James Miller, G.B.E., LL.D.

Sir James, in his address, expressed his pleasure at the opportunity of renewing a link with the school established when he was present on the occasion when Her Majesty, the Queen Mother, graciously declared the new school open. Then he had been impressed by the harmonious weaving of different patterns into the fabric of the school: occupying a central position, naturally, was the fine old building of Bruntsfield House, that spans four centuries; to this had been added the new school, symbolic of the new world that was arising around us; and the natural amenities of the grounds had been incorporated in the design. Here was an institution symbolic of Edinburgh itself, a city rich in history, in romance and in tradition, and it was tradition that he wished to take as his theme.

Sir James considered himself fortunate in having been born and brought up in Edinburgh, to which he was later able to give many years of service before going to London. The City of London is not the great metropolis of eight-and-a-half million, but a square mile, constituting its heart, where 800 years of tradition persist, often unchanged. Sir James referred to the Livery Companies and the ancient method of election to the Court of Alderman and of the Lord Mayor. But tradition blended with modern efficiency, as in our school, and from London we had borrowed one tradition that had flourished in our city. It was George Heriot, eager to emulate the ideal embodied in Christ's Hospital, who left his money to found an Edinburgh school for "fatherless bairns" on the lines of Christ's Hospital. It gave Sir James great pleasure to reflect that, he, an old Heriot boy, was now a Governor of Christ's Hospital and could do something to repay the benefits he derived from the generosity of George Heriot.

George Heriot's example had been followed by other benefactors, to whose foresight we owe the Merchant Company schools, and, of course, James Gillespie's.

Sir James deprecated the defeatist attitude which might prompt a girl to remark that she could do nothing about tradition because she was a girl. Behind each successful man was a girl or a woman—his wife or his mother—and they exercised the strongest influence that there is in the world.

Sir James went on to say that new traditions are being created today, and with them, opportunities. In this his audience could play their part. Just last year a woman was elected for the first time to the Court of Alderman in London, and there is now no more popular member.

When they are looking for a career, Sir James advised them to consider that the best career still open to girls was to be a successful wife and mother. Some would consider entering the professions or business but in all cases Sir James recommended to their attention the claims of public service.

This could express itself in service for their city, the church, youth clubs or old people. You got from life what you put into it and the rewards of service were not enjoyed elsewhere. As the past and the present merged in the school, so the girls could look back to their schooldays, and the friendships they made here, and forward assured that with the training they had received in their school they could go into life determined not only to make a success of their chosen career but to do some extra good for the benefit of the community as a whole.

Before Sir James delivered his address, we sang "O God of Bethel" and "City of God, how broad and far;" the School Vice-Captain, Linda Dickson, read the lesson from James Gillespie's Bible; the choir sang the anthem "O may all bounteous God" by Bach; and our chaplain, the Rt. Rev. Dr R. Leonard Small, led the assembly in prayer. Finally, the School Captain, Catherine Falconer, with the charming spontaneity that she sustains on our public occasions, thanked our guest of honour, and the traditional snuff mull was presented with aplomb by a little lady from the Primary School. The first Founder's Day in our new school found fitting conclusion in the school song, through which the sentiments shone undimmed, though the unaccustomed hurdle presented to some by the Roman tongue saw the dismantling of a few linguistic rungs. At least we all knew the words of the National Anthem, and, remembering the recent occasion when Her Majesty the Queen Mother had so graciously addressed us from this self-same platform, we sang it with full-throated fervour.

THE PACKAGE

A man
With a parcel
Standing alone
Quite alone
Isolated from the world
Cocooned in grief,
Anguish,
Misery and hopelessness.
One solitary man
With a haunting face,
Face of grief and horror,
Face of torment.

Who is this man,
Man with a parcel,
Labelled and tied—
Heavy, heavy parcel,
Heavy, heavy heart—
Tied and labelled with a name,
Name so familiar,
Searing the heart?

Isolated, alone,
Cut off from time and space,
Looking at a parcel
Containing the remains
Packaged and labelled
Of his child,
Small child,
His son.

All that the world has left him,
All that Viet-Cong and Saigon alike can spare him,
All that the ravages of hatred and strife
The arguments of pacifists and the speeches of
politicians
Can give him—his son,
Small son, loved son
In a box.

Yet again, O Christ,
We have crucified you.
Put your mangled body in a box
Packaged and labelled.
Forgive us for we know not what we do,
Break the box,
Break the heartache,
Pierce our world
And bring us peace.

ROSEMARY PHILP, 6A



Pottery—ELIZABETH ANDERSON, 6B1, SHONA ROBERTS, 6B1, JANET CAWTHORNE, 6A,
PATRICIA KERR, 3F, JENNIFER CAMPBELL, 3F, GERALDINE MCGREGOR, 2L2.



Back Row—H. SIDOR, J. HALCROW, S. McFARLANE, C. SIDOR, K. HARRIS, M. RUNNICKLES, M. PETRIE, C. OGILVIE, A. MARTIN.
 Centre Row—J. DOIG, J. BURNS, D. WALTERS, D. JAMES, R. CAMPBELL, H. McCONACHIE, L. STEVENSON, J. LAMB, D. DAVIDSON,
 P. DUNSMORE
 Front Row—L. PURDIE, L. MITCHELL, C. FALCONER (Captain), Miss McIVER, L. DICKSON (Vice-Captain), C. LONGMUIR, G. MORR.

SCHOOL PREFECTS 1966-67

SUMMER IN GRASTONE

*"Here a boy he dwelt,
 Through the singing season,
 And departed as he came."*

That summer we went to Grastone. Nobody ever knows it but it is important as being an eternal escape, a place where one does not live as one has to constantly, but one merely exists in peace, eating and sleeping becoming a function of utmost importance. That summer, anyway, was one of rain and growing smelling plants, one of deep sunshine in between seasons of mist. The house, "Moonglow," stood at the foot of a small slope which is covered with daffodils in spring . . . but that's another story. In summer it raises clouds of cabbage, white butterflies and soft-smelling meadow-sweet, and children burrow their fairy tales and pixie noses into the cool, rich earth.

My sister came one Sunday when the rest of the family had been there for a fortnight. She is older than I and was then eighteen years old, finishing school and adolescent complexes, and a grin, with brown eyes and wispy hair . . . nobody beautiful . . . but her nose wrinkled gently and her freckles glowed when she spoke intensely to my mother.

The slope I was talking about was called Trenfall . . . the peace was trusting and solitude was precious in those days. So I went there to think, the following Tuesday after my sister's arrival. . . . I was trying to find a leprechaun because my mother had forgotten to give me my pocket money and when I complained she said "Go and ask the leprechaun and don't bother me!"

I sat still, sniffing the heavy air and counting the petals of a daisy, when I heard soft voices. I always was a curious child and this might be my leprechaun so I peeped through the spiky grasses below me.

Sitting there, her skirts flushed about her and her hand plucking the grass stems, was my sister, in intense conversation with a boy of her own age. They seemed to be involved together in some indefinable way, a closeness which does not require physical contact but knows that it is transmitted through space to the other. It was strange and peculiarly frightening to find myself so utterly outcast before these two.

"Must you go tomorrow?" my sister trembled.

"Please don't make it so melodramatic . . . it's a war and I have to fight. If we don't discuss anything connected with it we can spend these hours happily."

"I'm only eighteen and I . . ." the silence glowed with silent communication. I felt as though I had entered a church in which a death was being hallowed. Soon they left me, sitting there between two stages of my thoughts. My sister was beyond my groping reach and I was far more complete in my emotional phase than she.

I never saw that boy again; perhaps he was killed in his war. My sister didn't speak softly after he went but wore bangles that tinkled on her thin wrists and her cheekbones were prominent, like skeletons in the desert . . . and decorated with rouge . . . or tears.

HARRIET CORDER, 5L

MISS BARBARA

FOR a child of seven, Kate's tantrums were not an abnormality. We were quite used to her stormy ways, her uncontrollable tears and even the angry grimaces on her red, tearful little face, while her hot, clenched hands thumped on the table until at last her temper subsided. And this was usually only because she had been mildly reprimanded for eating with her knife. Her father and I knew how to cope in those days. I would go upstairs and there on her creaking bed I would put a comforting motherly arm around her heaving shoulders until she turned round and thrust her head on my lap, begged our forgiveness and I would receive a wet kiss from her hot little lips. The doctor said these fits of temper would go as she became older and that as a sensitive child she was not to receive too many "spankings." It was a comfort then to think we were not fighting a losing battle.

Then Kate found a new weapon. One hot, sultry afternoon Kate returned from school rather later than usual and appeared in the kitchen with a rather sad-looking posy of flowers—for me. The other hand still held the door slightly open. I reached for a small jar.

"Why, thank you, Kate. I . . ."

"I didn't pick them," she interrupted, pouting rather sullenly. "Miss Barbara did. She's my friend and . . ." She paused, licking her lips. Deep breath, and then it came out in a rush. "And she's come for tea," she finished with a triumphant toss of her head. I looked at the door.

"Well, bring her in then."

She opened the door cautiously and looked out. There was nothing—but for our rose-bed, that is. Puzzled, I looked down at her and then fondly ruffled her hair.

"Go and wash your hands for tea," I said quietly.

In a very hurt tone she asked "Miss Barbara" to follow her and disappeared up the stairs. I took the pie out of the oven and smiled distractedly.

"How strange of Katie to play such tricks," I mused, and then finished setting the tea.

From then on, Kate was never without her invisible friend. If she broke a cup or spilled her tea, it was always the fault of Miss Barbara. Scoldings seemed to bounce off her. She would smile at us in a disconcertingly old manner and then, "Why, Mummy, I didn't do that. It was . . ."

"Miss Barbara," her father would finish for her, give me a worried glance and then retreat behind his paper.

She never seemed to play with her friends any more. It was always just the two of them, herself and Miss Barbara playing with her dolls under the coal-bunker and I could hear her from the kitchen window gossiping away non-stop to her imaginary friend.

It was really her brother, John, who, in all his wisdom of twelve years of age, eventually cured her.

At five o'clock, as usual, we were having tea.

"Please John, Miss Barbara wants the jam."

John did not even raise his head from his comic. "She can ask for it herself," he mumbled indistinctly through a mouthful of fruit cake.

"Now John . . ." I began but my husband laid a hand on my arm and silenced me with a warning look.

Kate looked a bit lost for an instant and stared hard at her brother before jumping up and getting the jam herself. She spread it on her already-buttered scone. John looked up sharply. "I thought Miss Barbara wanted it?" He snatched up the scone and put it on an empty plate. "From now on everything you say is for Miss Barbara, I will keep and you're not to eat it."

Kate thumped up from the table and upstairs, but John was as good as his word until later that evening Kate came down, eyes red from crying, and said, "I would like something to eat, Mummy. And my friend, Miss Barbara, she's gone back to her own country." She followed me into the kitchen. "She didn't like it here, much." she muttered quietly.

MARGARET CHALMERS, 4D

"AND WE WILL ALL THE PLEASURES PROVE"

IT WAS a wonderful day, the most perfect day of my holiday. I wonder if you ever think of it now, or indeed, if you even remember it.

The sun was shining but it was not hot. It was one of those crisp, cold-windy, walking days so we walked—away from the village, past the old gas-works, looking as though they had come out of an old Punch cartoon, through the farmyard with its interestingly uneven cobbles. I tried to go on tiptoe without touching any of the cracks or spaces and you laughed and said that I looked about seven years old. Then we went up past the old castle, looking like a child's rather unsuccessful effort at architecture, to the quarry.

We stopped there for a moment to look over to Arran and to the Holy Loch, before you decided that we could climb up the side of the quarry and, from there, reach the top of the hill. You went up first, easily, and I tried to follow in your footsteps, but I slipped and fell back into the red sand—like a fish into fish dressings, you said. We laughed. We laughed a good deal that day.

We laughed when I collapsed on top of you at the wire fence. You had had to pull me up the last few yards because I was too exhausted to fight against the wind. We laughed when we saw that had been an easier way up.

It was a blissful day. Everything around was happily harmonious. Nothing jarred. The cemetery on the opposite hillside shone white and graceful in the sunshine, and its ghosts, one felt, must be happy, as we were. The fields pursued their checkerboard of greens and browns to the horizon, where they joined company with the vast expanse of cloudless sky. Our hillside and this small corner of the earth were divorced from humanity for a few hours. We lay there, playing with the long grass which swayed in the wind like rows of tall, slender African dancers. It grazed our faces gently but rhythmically. Its rustling provided a pleasant, monotonous background to our wandering thoughts and remarks. But we didn't speak much, just listened to the wind, the grass and the country.

We came down through a forest of brambles and at the bottom of the hill sat down and pulled the thorns off each other. Our laughing disturbed a dog. It started barking and that was funny too. It was dark when we got back and we said goodbye. I didn't wonder then how many other girls would spend days like that with you. It didn't matter then and it doesn't really matter now because our day was perfect.

ANNE M. THOMSON, 5P

BROKEN IMAGES

THE long, late autumn sun still lingered in the air, showing the deep folds of rain as they fell across the hillside. The woods flowed with rotting leaves and the naked, black branches twisted their tortured limbs to the sky. Suddenly, a dog barked somewhere far in the distance. I stopped. For a moment I had almost expected to see you and your dog, but, of course, it wasn't.

I dug my hands deeper into my pockets. It hadn't seemed so long ago that you'd said you were going. Australia, you'd said. I walked on. Then we'd been counting months, then weeks, then today you'd. . . .

I'd watched the train pull away and waved long after I couldn't tell your head from the others and cried good luck even when the metallic grind of engine wheels stifled my words.

Looking up, I watched the surging clouds tear at the last shreds of daylight. The tense nightmare black of the sky was fringed now with dusky purple and smouldering red and in the midst a deep pool of burning amber was sinking slowly behind the distant hillside.

The rain had stopped and I stood still, watching the last splinters of light fade through the trees. A thousand dark scents hungered in the air waiting for the night to scatter them. I didn't move until the last dusty drop of gold had shattered over the hilltop. Then I turned to go, still seeing those thick purples and bruised sulphurs and it was a long time before I remembered I would never see you again.

MARISSA PETRIE, 6A

CONTEMPLATIONS

A grey and rocky landscape meets my eye,
And hills surround me—yet I'm not alone,
For something that I cannot see or hear
Appears to comfort me among these huge
And fearful features of this endless earth—
A presence that just makes me more aware,
Of God's creation—hills, and streams, and sky—
And just how insignificant I am.

MARGARET BAYES, 6A

"FROM SCHOLASTIC TRAMMELS FREE. . . ."

SUDDENLY we burst into song—"Land of Hope and Glory," no less. We struggled up that slope—no, that precipice—with what seemed like half of Ben Nevis in our rucksacks, while the rain soaked our anoraks, dripped down our denims and eventually squelched about in the remains of our shoes. Such are the joys of hostelling! Even "Land of Hope and Glory" could not give us sufficient momentum to get up that hill and resort was taken to "Scots Wha Hae." With grim determination we strode on, our faces bent practically to meet the stony road beneath us, glorying in the rasping out of such gruesome phrases as "chains and slavery" between breaths at, I may add, a very low pitch indeed.

Round one more bend and there was Carbisdale Castle (or was it a mirage?). But there was yet a last task in store for us—a real labour of Hercules—the crossing of the railway bridge. "The wind blew as twa'd blawn its last" as we stepped wanly on to the first metal plank. We held on to the rail with both hands, terrified at the water we could see below us. We were buffeted about despite our great weight (i.e. rucksack included). This crossing indeed called for deep concentration: no time for singing now. Once over the bridge we were obliged to walk along a mile of railway track—disused we were sure by the state of it till we saw a train coming straight for us. . . .

Ah! Dr Beechin' at the thocht ma heid dirls:

Ye were nearly the death o' six wee Scottish girls!

But there, indeed, lay the castle. We soon heard its history: an American millionairess had it built so that she could lean out of one of the turret windows and shake her fist at her ex-husband as he passed in the train . . . or so we were told. However, unlike other castles, this one does not have a ghost. For the warden declared that there was no such thing as the White Lady or, at least, she had been seen only in the daytime. However, he *had* seen Lady Macbeth, whose portrait stands at the bottom of the main staircase, step out of her frame and glide up the stairs—that, he assured us, was merely an optical illusion.

There were only the six of us in the castle that night. When we went up to the dormitory—a massive bedroom covered with

etchings of gloomy-looking Victorians—we scornfully told the weaker members of our group that ghosts just did not exist and, even supposing they did, they were harmless anyway. We moved the beds together since it was rather cold and, without more ado, said "goodnight." My sister and I (two of the weaker members) lay whispering about anything and everything—except ghosts, of course—till we fell asleep.

We awoke to calls of "Rise and Shine" from the warden's wife: we rose. Breakfast, like lunch and tea, was easily made: we had beans. We were soon off on our way again, this time bound yet farther north for the tiny fishing-village of Ullapool. But first the ordeal of the railway bridge had to be faced again. We turned (very daringly, considering we were only half-way across) for a last look at the castle. There, at one of the windows, stood a woman waving to us . . . or was she shaking her fist?

HELEN SIDOR, 6A

QUEEN OF THE ESKIMOES

If I were Queen of Eskimoes,
Myself, and me alone,
My bed should be of flakes of snow,
Of solid ice my throne;
And in my court should sea-lions bark,
And in my mountains bears would lark,
And in my seas a hungry shark,
Waiting to catch his prey.

If I were Queen of Eskimoes,
Smoke-signals every turn,
To every meal should call for me,
And in my igloos burn.
And in the night-time lights should kiss
The Aurora Borealis
While every bell and drum that is
Made music loud and strong.

If I were Queen of Eskimoes,
I'd wear a lot of furs,
White and brown and black they'd be
And soft as gossamers;
And e'er should wane the Norther light,
They'd fetch my sleigh with bells so bright,
Eight huskies pull me through the night,
O'er Eskimoes' white wastes.

JACQUELINE GRAY, 1L

TO WIELKA PRZYJECIE

(That Great Welcome)

WE were dazed by the events of the day but blissfully happy. For sixteen hours we had travelled across Poland: taxis, trains, trolley-buses and more trains and finally a horse and cart. It was wonderful to find a haven away from the unfriendly towns, to escape from the inquisitive and suspicious stares, to leave behind the dreary railway waiting-rooms where we had killed time.

What a welcome we received when we arrived at the little village: aunts, uncles, cousins, second cousins, cousins twice removed! Our heads were whirling. Strong arms embraced us, loving hands stroked our hair, prickly chins rubbed against our cheeks, little cousins edged forward to say "Jak sie masz" then scurried back to take refuge behind their mothers' skirts. We had never met them before, nor could we speak to them but their welcome was so warm and unreserved that we immediately felt at home.

Then our grandmother arrived outside the quaint, old, wooden cottage. All her children ran out to greet her and for a moment my sister and I were left alone. We watched from the doorway. Sitting in the cart and wearing a long skirt covered by a neat apron and gaily coloured headscarf, she had the appearance of a gypsy queen with all her clan around her. Willing hands helped her down from the cart and slowly she made her way up the path, flushed with excitement and mumbling to herself in agitated tones.

We stepped forward. Suddenly I felt apprehensive. What would she think of us? Would she be proud of us . . . or would she be disappointed? She sensed our presence and reached out to us. She was trembling and tears streamed down her cheeks as she held us close, kissing us and staring hard into our faces although she could see nothing.

We lay on the little bed, on the sweet-smelling straw mattress which crackled beneath us. We were exhausted, yes—but blissfully happy.

CATHERINE SIDOR, 6A

AT THE LIBRARY

THE girl's dark hair swings round, catching the light and gleaming brightly. She always looks as if her hair is freshly-washed. She is cool and efficient, and completely at home in the quiet atmosphere.

I glance nervously round me, at the tubular copper light-shades just above my head, at the shining black counter on a level with

my chin, at the greyish tiles on the ceiling, which look as if they are made of papier maché. What a queer thing modern design is, I think, ceilings too low and counters too high. They ought to remember that children are going to use this counter too: then things would be easier for all concerned. What would a wild cave-man think of all this, of these people so silent and civilised, wandering around searching for knowledge or entertainment on the shelves which stretch symmetrically away on all sides.

"Here you are!"

I jump, startled, as the expressionless voice brings me back to the business in hand, and I take the orange tickets which the girl is offering to me. Why do they use such horrible colours for tickets? Bus tickets are lurid pink, swimming-bath tickets are white and mauve and insipid, and library tickets are this gaudy shade of orange-brown.

Coming out of the library I am confronted with the pleasant vista of grass and trees, wet after the recent rain. The sun is beginning to peep cautiously out from behind a cloud and the pavement shines darkly. Perhaps the freshness of the flowers and greenery is due to the washing they have received from the heavy rain, perhaps it is merely due to the contrast with the drab grey road. There is a clean, exhilarating scent of damp earth and leaves, mixed with the reek of petrol fumes from the passing traffic. With the bundle of books beneath my arm I hasten to the bus stop, there to await one of the benefits of modern civilisation . . . but sadly forgetful of the beauties of nature in our synthetic world.

BARBARA M. HINE, 2L1

THE RING ROAD

Straight through my garden they are planning to make it
The madness, insanity and utter callousness.
My prize rhododendrons go to certain destruction
The marrows and greenhouse—
But, of course,
There is no inclination towards us, who're the public.

Then all at once objectors and critics
Protestations, amendments and near resignation.
Surely, there must be some other way,
Some cheap means of transport that is fast and reliable
Perhaps in the air or underground railway
But we beg you to give us some consideration.

ANGELA SPEIGHT, 4L

GOING TO GRANNIE'S

HIS stout figure crossed the threshold and picked me up in his arms. She was standing in the doorway, her arms out-stretched, waiting for me to reach her. The pleasant aroma of home-cooking surrounded me and, as she embraced me, I noticed a hint of perfume.

Grandpa left me in her arms and then, taking me from her, stood back to let her embrace my parents. As usual, in her own uniquely pleasant way, she began to fuss them, me and my sleeping brother. I explored the rambling house while they unpacked and finally we went down for dinner.

Grandpa sat at the top of the table, his large frame dominating us. Taking the carving knife in one hand and the fork in the other, he began to carve the roast. It was "just done to a turn," he would say, and Grannie would blush with pleasure. He carved meticulously, lavishly serving us. He was wonderful at meal times and enjoyed his food to the full.

That last holiday seemed to fly for me. The park across the road, with all its enchantments, was an education in itself for me and the native Bradford children for I was a "Scottie."

It was the one time in the year when it was possible for Grandpa to have all his children with their children together. The old house seemed to hold welcome to all and I, six days younger than my eldest cousin, marvelled at it.

Now, when I sit in the train going there, I realise that only she will be there to greet us, but the house, which echoes his memory still, will be there to keep that memory burning. That will be the only thing that has changed, for the train still chants its song, irritating to some, but happy to me,

"Going to Grannie's,
Going to Grannie's,
Going to . . ."

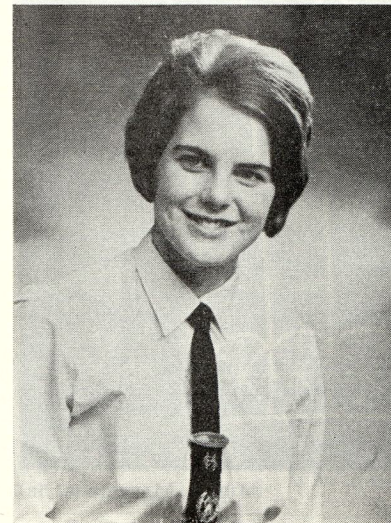
CHRISTINE UNDERWOOD, 4P

DUX ON ARTS SIDE



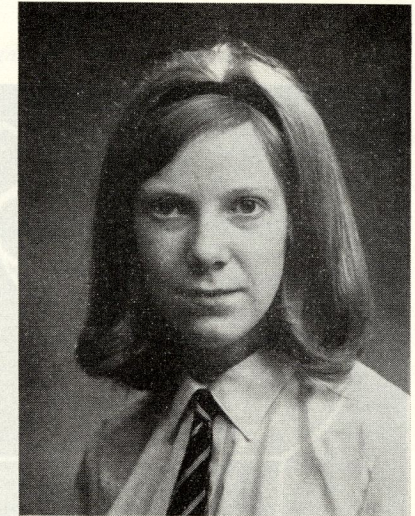
DIANA McDONALD

SCHOOL CAPTAIN



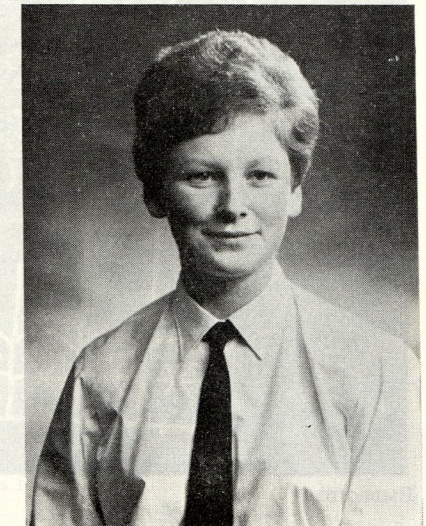
CATHERINE FALCONER

DUX ON SCIENCE SIDE

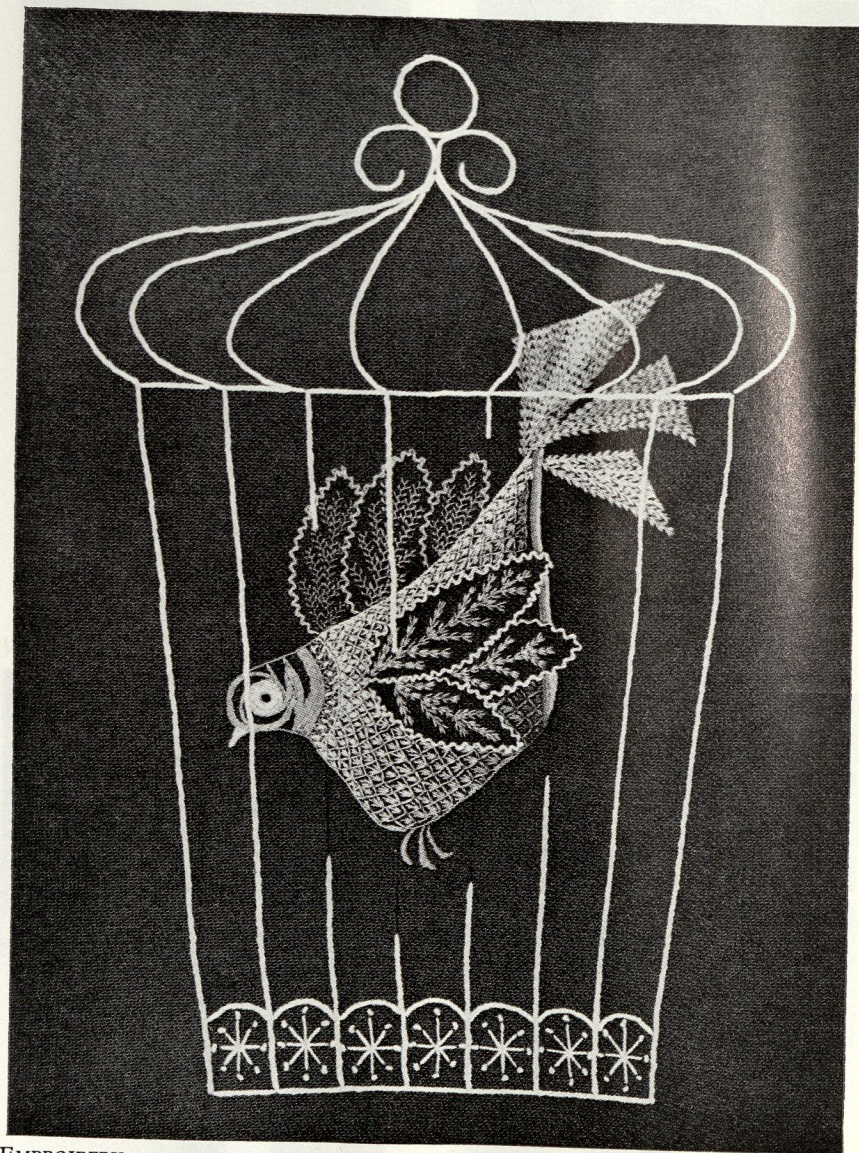


MARION LYALL

SCHOOL VICE-CAPTAIN



LINDA DICKSON



EMBROIDERY

MURIEL MACKENZIE, 5b1

CULTURAL METROPOLIS

Magnus est inmatu in nobis cognitionis amor et scientiae

Sapient, minions of the Muse,
They meet in all solemnity;
And, if the Festival should fail,
The rates will pay indemnity.

Culture. Fleshy hands applaud;
The arts have great significance
Tois pollois—let housing go.
The chairman shifts his corpulence.

Meeting adjourned; this year will be
A great success: Antigone,
Lutoslawski and a show
Of carvings made in ebony.

* * * * *

Leilah serves amid the clatter
Of the café in the station;
Lets fall her box of spoons—infernal
Tintinnabulation.

Wipes the tables, sweeps the floor,
Scrapes the chewing-gum off the wall;
Eyes longingly the clock: four hours
And she'll be at the bingo-hall.

* * * * *

Councillors in City Chambers;
Cultural metropolis.
Leilah eating fish-and-chips,
Supine for ephemeral bliss.

DIANA McDONALD, 6A

TRIOLET

If life is but an empty lie
Not really worth the living,
Then why are men afraid to die?
If life is but an empty lie
And death is but a mockery,
Why face it with misgiving?
Best postulate a Deity
Who in the end's forgiving.

JOAN MACDONALD, 5L

AMERICAN FIELD SERVICE

IN ADDITION to all the other "firsts" that our school has achieved within itself this year, a student is being sent to the United States of America to attend a High School there for a year under the American Field Service Programme for the first time. I am that fortunate student.

The American Field Service is a private organisation whose purpose is to provide an ambulance service for the armed forces of friendly nations in war time, and in peace to promote better international relations primarily through scholarships for students. It began as a volunteer ambulance service with the French Army in 1915, and served on practically every important front in France. The American volunteers felt they had gained a far greater understanding of the French nation by working side by side with its people. Until the Second World War, scholarships were awarded annually to French and American University students to study in each other's countries for a year. During the Second World War, the ambulance corps gave valuable service again in France, the Middle East, Africa and India. As in the First World War, their record of transporting the sick and wounded won the highest praise. After the war the need was greater than ever for strengthening the bonds between nations. In 1947, fifty-two students from ten countries were brought to the U.S.A., and many attended secondary schools. The programme is now devoted entirely to this teenage level. Today more than sixty countries send students to America. Vietnam and Yugoslavia are recent additions to the list. During the summer months, and for a full year, American teenagers live abroad with families in some forty countries.

I learned of this organisation through a friend who spent a rewarding and exciting year in Arizona on the A.F.S. scheme.

Now it is my turn. I leave at the end of August and shall be going to Cleveland, Ohio. I feel I shall gain in confidence and experience during my time in America, and shall help to broaden the horizons of my host school and community by telling them of my life in Scotland, my family, my native city and certainly my school and the wonderful years I have spent here.

HELEN McCONACHIE, 5L

RUSSIA 1966

IT SEEMED unbelievable that we were actually standing on genuine Russian soil. "We" were twenty-two pupils, all studying Russian, and three adults. After four days of travelling we had arrived at last. En route by ship from London to Leningrad we had spent a quiet Sunday afternoon in cloudy Copenhagen and an interesting day in sunny but expensive Helsinki. We were to spend ten days in this country about which Westerners know so little—five days in historic Leningrad and five days in Moscow. Our preconceived idea of strict security was soon shattered when we passed through customs without even opening our suitcases.

Our short stay in Leningrad was full and interesting. We were constantly reminded that we were in the centre of the communist world by large placards on the city's buildings with such messages as "Glory to the great

Russian race" and "Long Live the Communist Party," and by boards in Leningrad's numerous parks displaying the photographs of Russians who have done something admirable for their country. Leningrad, the capital for several centuries, breathes history and is recognised as one of the most beautiful cities in the world. We visited the Peter and Paul Fortress, which was used primarily as a prison for revolutionaries; the former Winter Palace of the Tsars, now called the Hermitage, is one of the longest art-galleries in the world and contains many original works of the great masters. The Summer Palaces of Peter the Great, Catherine the Great and Paul I are truly magnificent buildings and the restoration done since the war shows the pride the Russians take in their heritage.

Moscow's atmosphere is definitely that of an important city, and life generally goes on at a much faster pace. Activity centres around the Kremlin and Red Square, and we were fortunate enough to be staying in a hotel only five minutes' walk from this well-known part of Russia. We spent a morning inside the Kremlin visiting the Kremlin Palace and Cathedrals; the Moscow metro with its marble decor seemed palatial and the house where Tolstoy wrote *War and Peace* was especially interesting as we saw the first two parts of the Russian film version of the book during our visit.

Perhaps the most extraordinary place we visited was the Lenin Mausoleum in Red Square. Here, Lenin's preserved body lies in a glass case in a cool marble room. This is virtually a place of pilgrimage to all sincere Russian communists and, during the summer, people have to queue for at least four hours before entering. Another highlight of our holiday was attending a Russian wedding. This took place, as do all Russian marriages, in a Marriage Palace. Ten guests accompanied the couple, the service was short and after the ceremony the guests clapped and presented the bride with flowers.

We met several Russians and all were very interested to learn about Britain. Some of the students whom the boys in our group met were particularly interested in our type of education and government. However, the Russians we met all displayed a profound lack of knowledge about the Western World and we found this rather disturbing. Clothes and shoes were extremely expensive and of a poor quality, whereas records, books and bus-fares were very cheap.

All too soon it was time to leave this country which we found so fascinating. Our journey back to Edinburgh took us across Europe through Poland, East and West Germany and Belgium before crossing the Channel to return safely to British soil. The whole holiday was a wonderful and interesting experience, one which is not likely ever to be forgotten.

MARION CHRISTIE, HILARY COWE, JANET HALLEY, 6A

DOES NOBODY CARE?

FOR THE first few miles there is a good road, but most of the journey is along a rough track—ridged and bumpy in the hot season, a muddy river when the rains come. Usually one travels by bicycle; it is small wonder that the postman makes the trip only once a fortnight.

At length she reaches the village, climbs the hill to her new home and wearily lays down her packages. She has arrived! When her luggage will come, she does not know.

Her water supply is in a tub outside the door. Every drop has to be carried up the hill and boiled before she can use it. She must make the fire to cook her evening meal. The wood is stacked by the side of the house but she must take great care when collecting it lest there should be any scorpions lurking about.

Wherever she goes, she meets ants. There are biscuit-eating ants in her "air-tight" tins; white ants that destroy anything wooden they can find; the soldier ants that approach in great armies; the flying ants—they are the worst of all. When they come out in the evening there is but one thing to do—"call it quits and go to bed!"

Visitors arrive at all hours of the day and night: a poor woman who has walked ten miles with her sick child strapped to her back; a young lad, bitten by a poisonous snake the previous day; lepers with festering sores on hands and feet; or just one of the villagers who is lonely and needs someone to talk to.

The missionary is always on demand, never off duty.

"But why have you left family and friends to work here in a village like this as a missionary?"

"Look around you: see the disease, the neglect, the suffering. These people haven't seen a nurse for years and the nearest hospital is twenty miles away. Someone must care for them."

"Yes, I see that. But why not stick to medical work? Why try to change their religion too? Are their own religions not good enough for them? They're quite happy, aren't they?"

"By their religions, women are despised and treated like animals. Twins are killed as soon as they are born and often their mothers along with them. Young children are sent to dance to the gods in their temples till they collapse and die through fatigue and under-nourishment, or throw themselves down a well in utter despair. People will not go to a nurse or a hospital for proper treatment: that might make the gods angry. Instead they ask the native medicine-man, who prescribes nothing to drink for a poor woman with a fever—the relatives dare not disobey, and the old lady dies of thirst. Or he may suggest that a red-hot stick be thrust into a sore eye to burn out the demon which the gods have sent. Medicine can cure only diseased bodies, not minds diseased by fear and superstition."

"Why do you think Christianity will make a difference to this situation? What makes you so sure that it has any power over these other religions and age-old superstitions?"

"The power in Christianity lies in the Person behind it. When these people know Christ, they see that superstition has no power over them and then they are willing to learn new customs, better ways of living, cleaner habits. I know of no other power in the world which can transform a life in the way that Christ can do."

"Hm . . . perhaps you have something there after all. . . ."

Does nobody care about the millions who have never heard?

JANET MARTIN, 6A

"THE HAPPY WANDERER"

A WALK over the Swiss Alps at four o'clock in the morning is not in the Doreen James book of desirable achievements. Nevertheless, there I was, in the company of Susi—charming, tanned and Swiss—and Dorothy—hot, tired and Scottish—on top of one of the numerous Weissorns in the Alps, looking down on lovely Arosa, which drifted in a lake of mist, its own lake gleaming faintly in the deep valley.

The sun was heaving itself over the mountains, pouring gold on the snow, and turquoise into the opal sky. Everything was fresh and alive—everything, that is, with the notable exception of Dorothy and myself who lay limply in the grass panting faintly and vowing we would spend next summer in Holland. Susi, exasperated at our inability to leap up a few mountains before breakfast without stopping, left us to reconnoitre the route. Alone at last we could indulge in a few heartfelt groans without feeling that we were letting Scotland down by our obvious lack of stamina.

The mountainside was knee-deep in flowers which glowed like gems in the strong sunlight and put their cousins in the valleys to shame. Their scent, light and invigorating, washed over us on the cool breeze which blew from the snows of the Engadine. Vaguely a sweet calm eased our limbs and the dull thud of our blood pounding in our brains gave way to the murmur of the wind in the grass and the melancholy tinkle of cow bells. By the time Susi returned we had dragged ourselves upright though Dorothy cheated by leaning against a rock. When, however, she told us that there was a farm down in the valley which would sell us milk, we were galvanised into action. The idea of a glass of ordinary milk was very appealing after six weeks of drinking wine from Italy with every meal. To the uninitiated, it may seem quite delightful to consume gallons of wine but after a week or so the pleasure palls and the wine begins to taste of something between shampoo and vinegar.

We surged into the farmyard and found ourselves in the middle of a herd of indignant cows. We were driven along to the milking shed, through no wish of our own, where, to our relief, someone noticed that the herd was bigger than usual and came to the rescue. Before too long, therefore, we were sitting in the little scrubbed kitchen, with a glass of creamy milk straight from the horse's mouth, so to speak, in our trembling hands.

Susi, however, with that energy which is so admirable to read of and so exhausting to be confronted with, soon had us back on the mountainside. She assured us that we were late and would have to hurry to catch the post bus at Tschierchen (I never did learn how to pronounce that word) a mere five miles hence, so that the rest of the journey was a nightmare of clambering over rocks and splashing through streams of liquid ice and alternately taking off and putting on various layers of jerseys and anoraks as we plunged into the gloom and damp of pine forests or burst into the sunlight of the morning.

Tsierchen was a little village of sprawling chalets and geranium-filled window boxes. A feeling of peace lay thickly in the valley and the sun sparkled on the cobble stones. We were already planning our next trip.

DOREEN JAMES, 6A

REVERIE

What fun there'd be in Gay Paris,
Or sweet romantic Rome,
Or on the plain in sunny Spain—
Anywhere but home!

Skiing in Swiss Alps I can't miss,
Or bathing in Southern Seas,
Or trampling through sands in desert lands—
I should like all of these!

ELAINE MUNRO, 2L1

FRIENDS WHO KNEW ME NOT

I often think when I see one—a friend of former days—
That face! Why should I know it?
Where in memory's history does that friend dwell?
And I smile at it as I pass.
But no! There is no response! No glimmer in those eyes.
I walk on, wondering is my memory strange
That I know the faces of former days, so little changed?
Or am I so altered? Yet some old friends know me.
But others do not. When I return to this school
To visit old haunts, will there be some who know me?
Or shall I find only blank faces pass me by?
More friends who know me not—and more regret.

CHRISTINE T. ARCHIBALD, 6A

STOP, I SAY!

Today while in a pensive mood—
What deeper things portend
Than what to do, or what to wear,
Or what to tell a friend,
I see the music of the spring
Waft gently on the breeze,
And hear the golden daffodils
Sing gaily to the trees,
While eyeless, earless passers-by
Speed heedless on their way,
Oh stop, I say, look once around
Drink in the golden May
And hold the memory in your heart
Of this bright, lovely day.

CATHERINE FALCONER, 6A

CONCLUSION

What is this school if, full of work,
We have no time to stand and smirk;
No time to watch; no time to play
And school books disregard each day?
No time to shout and yell with joy;
No time to talk and jokes employ;
No time to stop when we desire
And homeward from the school retire?
A poor school this if, full of work,
We have no time to stand and smirk.

PATRICIA ERSKINE, 1L

THE PHANTOM RIDER

In a lonely village
Not far from the sea,
A Phantom Rider
Comes stealthily;
Where does he come from,
And whither goes he,
The Phantom Rider
of Robinlea?

The horse he rides
Is a fine black mare
Which has on her forehead
A small white square.
She carries her master
Right up from the sea,
The Phantom Rider
of Robinlea.

No one had seen him,
Until the squire's lass
Stayed up awaiting
For him to pass.
And then she unmasked him
Her sweetheart, 'twas he—
The Phantom Rider
of Robinlea.

ALISON BLACKLAWS, 2L1

HERE AND THERE

A Bird's Eye View

- Staff*— There are two sides to every question—
 Mine, and the wrong one.
 Most like a gentleman.
 Are you alive or not? Is there nothing in your head?
 Nice of you to come!
 I prithee take thy fingers from my throat.
 Doth with her lofty and shrill-sounding throat
 Wake the god of day.
 It's good noos week!
 For every season she hath dressings fit.
 Who, impotent and bed-rid, scarcely hears.
 His very foot has music in't.
- 1st Year*— The nursery still lisps out in all they utter.
2nd Year— Either they love nothing, or not long.
3rd Year— Not of that dye which their investments show.
4th Year— God hath given you one face
 And you give yourselves another.
5th Year— The ship-wreck of my ill-adventured youth.
6th Year— Seeming at first all heavenly under virgin veil.
C.F.— "Nay, list!"—bade Kate the queen.
L.D.— Of all the girls that are so smart. . . .
M.A.— She just wore
 Enough for modesty—no more.
C.A.— Oh! that forc'd thunder from her heart did fly.
A.D.— Now she murmurs, now she speaks.
W.D. & E.M.— Big oaks from little acorns grow.
G.M.— Am I not sung and proverb'd for a fool in every street?
M.P.— Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles.
G.G.— Thou canst not then be false to any man.
B.W. & J.C.— If you're nae a Gordon, you're nae use tae me!
J.D.— Go fetch to me a pint o' wine.
H.R.— Why, would that have mended my hair?
C. & H.S.— Two fairer Birds I yet did never see.
D.J.— No medicine in the world can do thee good.
New School— What freezings have I felt, what dark days seen.
Bell— Mercy of heaven, what hideous noise was that?
Janitor— Sir, I *will* walk here in the hall.
School Lunches— This rude diet and I can not accord:
 To tender meat my stomach is aye usit.
Debating— Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
Central Heating— Oh heat, dry up my brains!
Cloakroom— I summon up remembrance of things past.
Choir— The cries of agony, the endless groan.
Games— Be thou a spirit of health or goblin damn'd.
School Dance— Soft eyes look'd love to eyes which spake again.

- Showers*— And when we have our naked frailties hid.
Orchestra— Ah! what a sound will rise, how wild and dreary.
General Subjects— In argument with man a woman ever
 Goes by the worse, whatever be her cause.
Prefects— To check the erring, and reprove.
Highers— Leaving disordered papers in a dusty room.

THE LITTLE RAINWORM

From the German of Robert K. Hangekorb

Whenever it rained and whenever it "blowed,"
 The little rainworm would cross the road.
 Instructed was something he would not be
 And, although his mother said, "Stay with me,"
 The stupid wee worm was ever so haughty
 And out he did go and he did something naughty.

For sparrows the street is a great place to play.
 They can flutter their wings and then fly away.
 It isn't so easy to kill the birds
 But, for worms, the story's in different words.
 The earthbound worm, so young in years,
 Fulfilled his mother's darkest fears.

PAULINE AYRES, 6A

ANTICIPATION

I sit patiently,
 Watching and waiting,
 Hoping she will see me,
 Looking at her with my big, brown eyes;
 But she has her back to me.
 She does not notice.
 Suddenly she turns,
 My eyes by now appealing to her.
 She looks at me . . .
 . . . She smiles,
 She rises from her seat
 And she comes over to me.
 I am so happy that she has noticed me.
 She strokes me.
 She pats my head.
 Then she picks up my lead
 And we go for our walk.
 I am happy.

SANDRA BUSELL, 6B2

Junior School

STRANGERS IN THE NIGHT

THE haunting music of "Strangers in the Night" throbbed through the darkness as the ghostly outline of the Funambulist began his perilous ascent of the steeply sloping tight-wire. All eyes were riveted on the slight figure as, with fists tightly clenched on the twenty-foot long balancing pole, he inched his way upwards. As the blazing arc lights stabbed on to him, what a strange spectacle he made, for, with his head enveloped in a black sack and with his black sleeveless jerkin contrasting with his white satin tights, he looked like a pair of disembodied white arms and legs slowly ascending into the night sky.

He was nearing the top of the wire now. A voice rang out in French, "The last ten metres are always the worst." At that moment the Funambulist stumbled! A gasp of fear went up from the audience. A fall from seventy feet to the ground would mean certain death. For what seemed an eternity, he swayed and lurched; then finally recovered his balance and, with teetering steps, ran the last few feet to the supporting tower. Holding on with his left hand, he triumphantly tore off the blindfold and raised his arm in acknowledgement of the thunderous applause which greeted his daring.

What a feat of endurance, we all thought, and what a relief when at last the fearful tension was over!

FIONA SCOTT-BARRETT, P7(1)

THE BLACKSMITH

"... UNDER a spreading chestnut tree the village smithy stands..."

This forge was in north Devon in the town called Lynton. It first attracted our attention as we walked down Lynton's Main Street. A little lane ran down from the road, and the sound of heavy hammering echoed up to us. When we walked down the lane we saw what looked like an old barn at the end. Flames leapt up in a brick fireplace and a small wrinkled man of about fifty looked up at us. We asked the smith if he still did a lot of trade. He replied that he was still kept busy. He turned round and lifted up a white-hot piece of metal with a pair of tongs. After placing it on his anvil he told us that his forefathers had worked in this selfsame forge for years before him. He proudly announced to us that he was seventy-eight years old and still going strong! Seeing a certificate on the wall, we asked him what it was for. "A certificate of proficiency was given to my grandfather when he first started to work in this forge," he said. As this was all spoken in really broad Devon brogue, we had some difficulty in understanding all he said. It was very interesting to meet the oldest of the few men who still carry on this wonderful trade.

ELSPETH DOLLAR, P7(1)

A VISIT TO CHARTRES

IT WAS drizzle rain when the spire of the Cathedral of Chartres finally came into sight.

Inside it was beautiful—better than even Notre Dame in Paris. The stained-glass windows told stories from the Bible and beautiful colours reflected on the floor. We walked round, looking at the cleverly carved statues. There were hundreds of candles burning which made it look like Christmas. After this we went outside and saw the gargoyles and the flying buttresses.

We visited another older church after this. On the roof you could see the remains of colour. I did not like it as much as the cathedral, which was really wonderful. This was one of the best days of my holiday.

ANNE RUTHVEN, P7(1)

RAIN

The rain goes pitter patter pitter. . . .
It never stops.

You hear the wipers going back and forward continually.

Nobody talks; everybody is lost in his own thoughts except the driver who is thinking about the road.

Suddenly there is a big splash! The car has gone through an enormous puddle.

Then everybody talks but soon there is hush.

The rain goes monotonously on:

Past sodden wet fields the corn flattened,

Past woods with trees swaying in the howling wind and rain,

The telegraph wires whistling in the wind,

Inside everything is quiet.

You soon fall asleep and dream.

AILEEN JOHNSTONE, P7(2)

THE OLD HOUSE

SHE is situated in large grounds surrounded by new modern buildings. Once long ago she was in the midst of trees and grass seething with tots of about five or six. Inside her great motherly walls for most of the day was happiness. All sorts of things took place, singing, dancing, tears, laughter, games, lessons. For years that lovely old house enjoyed all the festive things going on inside and outside of her. Then one sunny day no tots came, but instead came big men and frightening things, bulldozers, cranes, lorries. They knocked part of her down and she took years to recover. Huts were put up but they were hardly old enough for the big responsibility of protecting so many imps.

As sad years went by, a young house was put up with shiny floors and sparkling windows. It accommodated the tots which had grown in those sad years. I am sure the old house missed them. One day some ladies came into the old house and cleaned her up. She became excited. When she was clean she was filled with big, big tots. Some she knew and remembered as mischievous ones and some as clever. All loved her. I know because I was once a Gillespie's tot too.

JANE STEEL, P7(2)

BIG FEET!

IT ALL happened on the day that my little brother started school. Mummy had put his school clothes out on the chair the night before. His shoes were polished and they shone beautifully. The next morning Daddy woke up a quarter of an hour late. He rushed here and there, and had his breakfast in ten minutes. Then, all of a sudden, he couldn't find his socks. Daddy turned the bedroom upside down and then saw a pair on a chair. He quickly pulled them on, thinking they must have shrunk in the washing machine. Later he came home and realised he had worn my little brother's socks to work.

Can you imagine? My little brother takes a small size eleven in shoes, and my Daddy a large size eight!

SHEILA HURHANGEE, P6(1)

GURKHA TREAT

MY brother, sister and I were invited to our neighbour's house where the occupants, Mr and Mrs Currie, were having a party of Gurkha soldiers along for the evening. Among them was one to whom the Queen was presenting the V.C. for bravery. Mr Currie showed us his kukri, a cutlass-like sword, used by Gurkhas. His wife then showed us a brooch given to her when Mr Currie was made an honorary Gurkha. Soon after, the Gurkhas arrived and among them was the famous V.C. holder. The Gurkhas spoke very little English, but they were very pleasant to us. They came from the foot of the Himalayas, where they live in small mud huts, and they had never seen beds before their visit to Britain. These men are very small.

We went into the garden. There, the Gurkhas had their photographs taken in groups. I was in two of the pictures. The camera developed the photographs in two minutes. I walked home through the cool refreshing evening air, clasping the treasured photographs tightly.

JANE RODGER, P6(1)

A SAND CROCODILE

ONE sunny morning, during the Easter holidays at North Berwick, I woke up feeling happy because there was a sand competition on that day.

A crocodile was what I decided to make. I found two bits of wood about a foot long and quite wide, for the mouth, and pointed shells for the teeth, and pointed shells for the back.

I worked very quickly and soon my crocodile was finished. My hard work was to be well rewarded. I was taken to the stand and presented with First Prize and the special prize.

VALERIE KIDD, P6(2)

A VISIT TO AVIEMORE

ONE day we went up to Aviemore. When we arrived it looked quite different from when we had seen it in December. The Osprey Lounge had been painted, and there were two large fountains in the middle of the concrete slabs.

First we went into the Badenoch. Before the hotels had been finished we were allowed to go to see all the rooms in the hotels. This is because my father helped to design it. Then we went to look into the Strathspey. Inside the Badenoch Hotel there is a room for small children to play. There is a little house with beds and a kitchen and other toys.

Outside the Hotels are shops selling mostly sports things. Aviemore is a lovely place and I would like to go there again soon.

JANE BLAIR, P6(2)

YOUTH REVIEW

IN THE Easter holidays a few of the Brownies from our Pack took part in the Corstorphine Rotary Club's Youth Review. In February we had had a Parents' Night, where the Brownies had done a mime entitled "The Lord High Executioner" from "The Mikado."

On the programme we were item five. When we went on stage, the lights shone down brightly, almost melting the Brownies' make-up on their faces! All went well, fortunately, during the act and when it was over we hurried to put jerseys on. At the end of the whole show we found a photographer waiting for us. He told four of the girls to kneel down and "The Lord High Executioner" to poise his axe above the necks of the prisoners. The trumpeters stood behind. Snap! The photo was taken and the next evening there was a picture in the *Evening News*!

Did you see us?

ELIZABETH MENZIES, P5(1)

LOST HAT

AS A treat I was going to the Zoo this afternoon.

Off we went to the sea-lions and watched them for over half an hour. When we were just about to go a dreadful thing happened. Tommy, one of Christine's brothers, dropped his hat accidentally into the water!

What a fuss was made over a little hat! A keeper was called and he came with a pole to fish it out. Everybody was chattering like mad about it.

The hat had now been returned to its rightful owner—Tommy. We decided we had had enough for the day and so we said "Goodbye," and went home. What a way to end a visit to the Zoo!

SUSAN ROBERTSON, P5(1)

OUR JOURNEY HOME

LAST summer we spent our holidays on the French Riviera. It was a wonderful holiday with lovely swimming and lots of sight-seeing, but the most exciting thing that happened was on the way home. The boat left from Dieppe and we were on our way across the English Channel. We went to get our passports checked and to have a snack. When we came back, Daddy's coat had been moved and his bag which contained the cameras had gone. We suspected two men who had been sitting beside us. Daddy went to find a Steward. He went to find the purser, who searched round the ship with Daddy. When they came to the snack bar, Daddy saw the bag. We were very relieved. Although Daddy and the purser knew who had removed the bag, they could not prove it. Now you will understand why Daddy never lays his camera down.

LYNN MACLEAN, P5(2)

A GREAT HONOUR

LAST year my family and I went to see the Heriot's School Show. This show had boys from Heriot's and girls from Gillespie's, who were acting together in a play called "Our Town."

At the second interval two boys came up to my little sister and me. They had another girl about my age with them. They took us up some stairs and at the top they gave us each a large bouquet and told us that we had been chosen to present bouquets to the leading ladies in the play.

I was thrilled to bits. They took us down stairs again and gave us seats near the front of the hall. Then came the great moment. I walked on to the stage and handed the bouquet to one of the girls.

Later when we were walking out, a boy came up to us and gave us each a bar of chocolate and a bag of crisps as a reward. I certainly enjoyed that evening very much.

ISABEL WALKER, P5(2)

MY BICYCLE

WHEN I first received my bicycle it was too big for me. I asked father to lower the saddle and he did so. The next day I had my first experience on a bicycle. I was very shaky indeed and was not really looking where I was going and bumped into a lamp-post. My knee was bleeding as well as my lip. Determined not to cry, I staggered to my feet. A man came along and helped me lift my bicycle. He said if I damaged any other lamp-post he would report me to the Town Council. Then he went down the road laughing.

DOROTHY COULL, P4(1)

AN UNUSUAL PET

I HAVE an uncle who lives in Africa. For my birthday he gave me a snake which was a foot long and two inches wide. It is beautifully coloured, having a green skin which is covered with red arrows and yellow spots. I call it

Rainbow. It is not a poisonous snake or my uncle would not have given it to me. One day Rainbow got lost and we looked everywhere for him. Well! —the next day Father was going to work and as he was putting on his boots suddenly he felt something move. He took his boots outside and shook them and out fell Rainbow.

SUSAN HAY, P4(1)

MY BABY

SINCE I was three I have wanted a baby. Mummy had paid no attention at all. When I was six I gave up hope. One day a year past at Christmas Mummy told me a great secret. She said I could tell Daddy too. She said we might get a baby. By this time I was eight. Soon it was time for Mummy to go into hospital. That night Daddy went to see her. About eight o'clock Daddy phoned to say Mummy had had a baby boy. I was so happy I started to prance round and round the room.

HELEN HEPBURN, P4(2)

OUR CAT

OUR cat Timmy is sometimes lazy and sometimes not. He sometimes eats his food and he sometimes won't. On his next birthday he will be thirteen which is ninety-one in cat years, but he still plays with a bit of string. My Mummy got him before I was born and he cost 4s. 11d. which is quite cheap.

JANET ENGLISH, P4(2)

MY NEW BED

ONE warm sunny afternoon I came home to find a new bed in my bedroom. Nobody could have such a lovely bed as this. I could not wait to tell everybody about it and especially I could not wait till bed time. How wonderful to lie down on the soft pillow. I never had a night's sleep like it before. It was warm and cosy and lovely to sleep in. I think it is the best bed in the world.

SANDRA HAWTHORNE, P3(1)

THE GAMEKEEPER'S GALLOWS

ONE day, during the Easter holidays, we stopped near Glen Farg. Quite suddenly, I saw a fence with something hanging from it. We saw that what was hanging from the fence were the bodies of eighteen dead rooks, three stoats, and a fox! The fox's tail was not there.

LYNN THOMSON, P3(1)

THE CHILDREN'S THEATRE

MY favourite item was the Clown and the Policeman. The clown stole sausages from the butcher. When he saw the policeman he hid sausages in a lady's umbrella. When the policeman found the culprit he took out his notebook and wrote down the clown's name.

The policeman had a baton with him. When the policeman was talking to the butcher the clown stole the policeman's baton.

PAMELA HAY, P3(2)

FOUNDER'S DAY

ONE Friday all the girls in the school got a half-day except for the girls that were going to the Founder's Day Service. I was one of the three.

Sir James Miller gave a speech which was very interesting and funny. We sang hymns and the school song in Latin. I could not understand a word of it. Then we all went home.

LINDSAY HUNTER, P3(2)

PRIMARY 2(1)

1. On Sunday when I woke up I had a blocket nose and then at break fast I had a rainy nose, at bed time kepet bloing my nose with atishoo.

2. I went to the botanicile garden's and saw a squirell runing across the grass. I nerly split my sides for laughing and he nerly slipped into the pond.

3. A fewoo weeks ago, I think it was a Tuesday? My big sister was hanging up her brownee yooniform the wordrobe fell on top of her. Do you no how it happend? Just her foot went in but it fell downen. My ant was heer she wunderd what the noys was and my dress cat scwoshed.

4. On Friday I got a new bicke and I can ride it. It has blokes on it so that my feet can reche the pedls.

5. I went to the zoo and the goat started to eet my frock. I so Jim and Cweeny and I so the muncys apes and lady elefant and a jentel manelefant.

PRIMARY 2(2)

1. granny has falls teeth. She was going to phon but with falls teeth she cood not make herself understood.

2. Yestarday I went to my granys and we went into the hen run with trim and bess. trim and bess chased the hens. in the afternoon when I went to feed the hens I herd the funyist squouking I had evr herd. trim and bess were in the hen house and trim had killed two hens.

3. My Granda has come to stay. One night when we were making an oful lot of noise he said that we would waken Moira, my smalest sister, but I said that a bomb wouldn't wake her.

4. Yestarday we went to see the schoodants prad they squurted Squezy on peepol and wet mops it was not very nise atol I thot I was getting a sham-poo.

5. When we go for our next holidays we will be going to France. it will be like travelling to greenock and back. all that way will take us to Dover. from Dover we will take the boat. then after that I do not kwno what will happen.

PRIMARY 1(1)

1. I was at the soond of myoosic and I herd I am sicteen goin on sevin-teen.

2. I had a pillo fit.

3. Hilary was sic on her nyoo dressing gon.

4. When I was getting my jersy of yesderdy it cot my tooth and poold it out.

5. I am going to my grandmar at the Ester holodays and I can play on the pecanow.

6. Best of all at school I like swimming because we get wet.

PRIMARY 1(2)

1. My big bruther has a big bindej on his nek and he has twelve stitje in his nek.

2. On Satrdy I wint to the myoozeem and we so films and on Sunday we went to a prad and we licked them becoz ther wer pirit ships.

3. My mummy came to my school to see my wurc she lecd my gold star I shod her the uchifatys she lecd the fin I myd at the junc.

4. I hav a pus cat and its nam is moggy thomson and she havs a sllpng basket.

5. I sa a clone at the childens feater I lickt nit one purl one it was grand.

6. I have a big bruhr ho is 7 and is ruf on me we went to the walis minyoment.

7. I did not sing I seid a prayr and then Susen gav the snuf box to mr milloy.

8. My mummy bot me a book becaus my wirk was so good and when mummy told daddy abot it he was very plesed.

9. On monday we had lunts in the garden becos it was a nis day then we plad in the watr and the watr was very cold and we went to the casle.

EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY BURSARY COMPETITION

CLASSICS:—3rd Place: Diana Macdonald.

JOHN WELSH CLASSICAL BURSARY:—2nd Place: Diana Macdonald.

ST. ANDREWS UNIVERSITY BURSARY COMPETITION

BISHOP KENNEDY'S FOUNDATION BURSARY:—Rosemary Philp.

Reports

THE LITERARY AND DRAMATIC SOCIETY

THIS has perhaps been the most ambitious year of the Literary and Dramatic Society as the new school buildings provided facilities for a more varied syllabus—with the emphasis on the dramatic side.

However, the literary aspect was not neglected and there were two debates in school. A Quadrangular debate with George Heriot's School, George Watson's College and St. George's School, and an Inter-debate with Merchiston Castle School proved to be most enjoyable and were just as successful as the informal Discussion Groups with the Royal High School.

Miss Campbell, Miss Minck and Miss Moncur entertained us for an evening with most interesting talks and slides of the countries they had visited. The Third Form's contribution was Charades in which our younger members exhibited both skill and confidence.

Once again we competed in the English-Speaking Union Debating Competition, and went on to the second round where, unfortunately, the male opponents proved rather overwhelming.

We took full advantage of the stage and "Witches' Brew" was produced while the Halloe'en atmosphere still prevailed. It consisted of a light-hearted sketch of "Tam o' Shanter," a witch scene from "Macbeth" and a farcical adaptation of "Snow-White and the Seven Dwarfs" and was both entertaining and successful. This was the Sixth Form's contribution to "culture."

A variety show called "Christmas Cracker" was staged at the end of the winter term when spirits were high. Girls from all years took part and much hitherto undiscovered talent was revealed.

The joint Burns Supper with George Heriot's School enjoyed its usual popularity, and the boys very kindly invited our "Lit" to join them one evening to hear an informal talk by Mr Tom Fleming on "the place of the theatre in the modern world."

Under the auspices of the "Lit" we went to see Oliver Goldsmith's comedy "She Stoops to Conquer" at the Lyceum Theatre. Another unusual but very successful evening was the Quiz Ball where Houses competed against each other.

The last item on the session's programme was the Inter-House Drama Competition. The hall was filled to capacity and the high standard of acting throughout captivated the audience. Gilmore House won, but it was a very close contest.

I should like to thank all members of the committee for their help and co-operation, especially Miss Dingwall and Mrs Brotherton. Our appreciation also goes to Mr McKenzie for his invaluable help in the lighting and to Mr Armstrong and his staff for their patience during the session. Good luck and best wishes to next year's committee.

BARBARA WILSON, *Secretary*

SCIENCE ASSOCIATION

OUR first session in the new school has been varied and interesting, with lectures, excursions and films. We have also had the added benefit of the Lecture Room, which has provided excellent facilities for our meetings.

The session began with an excursion by the senior members to a coal mine in Shotts, which proved quite an experience for all who took part.

Our first lecture by Dr Neil Campbell on Organic Chemistry combined advances in chemistry with their application in everyday life. The lecture on Civil Defence aroused considerable interest in the preparations being made for survival in a nuclear war. The following lecture on "Survival in a Hostile World" described the modern methods of defence against the continual destruction by bacteria and viruses. The winter term ended with a lecture by Dr Cumming on "Blood Transfusion," which did much to encourage many future blood donors.

The talk given by the tutor hygienist, Miss Margaret Stanley, provided us with interesting and beneficial information for keeping healthy teeth. Hobbies' Night produced such absorbing and fascinating hobbies as herpetology and astronomy. The lecture on the telephone by Mr King was followed up by a visit to the Postal and Telegraph departments of the General Post Office. Our last meeting of the spring term took the form of an excursion to John Galloway & Co. Paper Mills, which proved extremely interesting and informative.

Our thanks go to Miss Dunbar for her constant support throughout the session both in the working of the projector and in her helpful advice and we wish next year's committee every success in the new session.

JENNIFER BURNS, *Secretary*

CHOIR

THIS year—with the change to new surroundings—has been a memorable one for the School Choir.

The first important event was the official opening of the school by Her Majesty the Queen Mother on 21st October 1966, when we sang "Linden Lea" and "Ye Banks and Braes."

At Christmas we made full use of the new stage facilities in our presentation of the Nativity Play. The Art and Music Departments combined to make the two performances very successful, with Lorna Stevenson as Gabriel, Enid Bannatyne as Mary and Morveth Davies, Joan Walker and Glenyse Gibson as the Three Wise Men.

On Founder's Day the School Song was sung in Latin, and the anthem "O May All Bounteous God" was given a rousing accompaniment by the Orchestra.

In March the Choir and Orchestra gave a recital for the Centenary Appeal of the Royal College of Organists, which raised £44. We sang a Scottish medley including "Dream Angus" and "Dance to Your Daddy," and three gay Hungarian folk-songs. Enid Bannatyne sang four soprano solos which were accompanied by Jennifer McGregor on the piano. The climax of the concert—and of many rehearsals—was the jubilant rendering of Borodin's Choral Dances from "Prince Igor."

At present we are rehearsing the anthem "Except the Lord Build the House" for "Songs of Praise" which is being televised on 28th May from St. Cuthbert's Parish Church.

Finally, we should like to thank Mr Sommerville most sincerely for devoting so much of his valuable time to training and encouraging us to give a "real performance" each time.

CATHERINE FALCONER and ELIZABETH MELVILLE, 6A

THE ORCHESTRA

THIS has been a significant year as our Orchestra, which has increased rapidly in numbers over the past few years, has now been divided into two sizeable groups. The Second Orchestra meets on Wednesdays under the direction of Miss Nicol.

We were honoured by being asked to play at the official opening of the school when the Queen Mother visited us. Items included Handel's "Music for the Royal Fireworks" and a Bach cantata, in which we accompanied the Choir.

In the spring term we gave a concert with the Choir to raise funds for the Royal College of Organists, who are celebrating their centenary year. This proved particularly successful. The programme included Glück's overture "Iphigène en Aulide;" Elgar's "Chanson de Matin" and "Chanson de Nuit;" a Teleman concerto for two violins, in which Linda Dickson and Lorna Stevenson took the solo parts; and a selection from Borodin's Polovtsovian dances, arranged for us by Mr Sommerville. Mary Laing achieved great distinction in two cello solos.

The third term will be spent in preparation for the closing concert.

We offer our warmest thanks to Mr Sommerville for his patience and understanding and sincerely hope that he has shared our enjoyment of this year's meetings.

DOROTHY WALTERS, 6A

SCRIPTURE UNION

WASHING dishes, knitting squares, collecting spectacles, covering matchboxes . . . perhaps not what you would connect with Scripture Union! These, however, are just a few of the things we did for the Inter-School Centenary Competition. The year 1967 is a very special year in the history of Scripture Union and for us at Gillespie's, too, this session has been an interesting and rewarding one.

A "Record Morning" in the First Term, and "Desert Island Discs" in the Second, proved popular variations of our morning meeting. Four missionaries from Malaya, Nigeria, India and Ghana were among our visiting speakers and, on two occasions, some talented members brought along their guitars to brighten the singing.

A number of girls have enjoyed attending the new, monthly "douloi club," run by the Scripture Union Inter-School Fellowship, where controversial topics such as "Why Suffering?" are presented through songs, skits and modern poems summed up by a speaker, in café-type surroundings, with ample opportunity for discussion.

"Did Christ Rise from the Dead?" About twenty-five girls stayed after school one day to hear a tape recording, in which a lawyer gave his documentary, oral and real evidence on this subject as in a court case.

We are looking forward to taking part in "Songs of Praise" on 25th June, along with a number of other Scripture Union Branches. Many of us, too, enjoy Scripture Union Camps in the holidays, where hobbies, including swimming, pony-trekking, pottery, sailing and reading, are catered for, and excursions to places of interest help to fill the days.

We should like to thank Miss Cochrane and Mr McCaskill for their continual support to Scripture Union and also Miss McIver for her help in the last term.

Miss Steel took a great interest in Scripture Union. Her advice and support were a continual encouragement to the leaders and committees of the Branch. On behalf of members past and present, therefore, we offer to her our sincere thanks for all that she did for us.

We pray that God's blessing will be with next year's committee and on our Branch in the coming session.

JANET MARTIN, *Secretary*

THE MUSIC CLUB

ONE of the highlights of the Music Club year was a coffee morning held in March which realised the sum of £30; we are most grateful to all those who helped to make this enterprise such a success.

The meeting of George Watson's Ladies and Watson's College, Heriot's and Gillespie's, at which the Bernicia Ensemble performed, was greatly appreciated. The School Hall resounded with rhythmic good-humour when Mr James Blades, the famous percussionist gave the school a most fascinating lecture-recital. We were also delighted to welcome Margaret Runnicles, a former president of the Music Club, whose recital was very enjoyable.

We have greatly benefited from the new Music Department and the attractive surroundings in which we have held our meetings, and we should like to thank Mr Sommerville for his support throughout the session.

LINDA S. DICKSON, *President*

E.S.C.A.

THIS year membership has increased considerably. The accent has been on an international theme and in the spring term an International Evening proved to be our most successful meeting. The Inaugural Address was given this year by Baron Ritchie Calder and later a debate on Vietnam led to a heated discussion. A dance was held in Trinity at Christmas and a Political Evening in Gillespie's gave us the chance to air our political views.

The meetings this year have covered a wide range of subjects and have given much pleasure to all concerned. I give my best wishes to next year's representative and thank Miss McIntyre for her help and encouragement throughout the year.

MARILYN J. M. SWAN, 6B1

EDINBURGH SCHOOLS' SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY

THIS year there was once again an increase in membership. The syllabus was more varied than in previous years and each meeting has been attended by an enthusiastic audience. Usually the majority of the lectures are concerned with the chemical and physical sides of science. This session, however, the biological aspect was introduced in a talk on "Genetics" and a talk on "Poisoning—a common disease." Both these lectures were very well attended. Other meetings were entitled "The Place of Science in Engineering," "Stellar Evolution" and "Automation and the Civil Airliner." We are now looking forward to lectures on "Lasers" and "Minus 190° and all that." Summer outings are still to be arranged.

It has been an enjoyable privilege to be E.S.S.S. Representative for Gillespie's and I wish to thank the members of the society for their support.

GILLIAN MORE, *School Representative*

EDINBURGH SCHOOLS' FILM SOCIETY

THIS year has seen the successful season of this comparatively new society. The controversial documentary, "The War Game," proved to be the most popular attraction but the society also enjoyed such films as "Hamlet," "What's New, Pussycat?" "Summer Holiday" and "Fail Safe."

As last year's summer season, "The Age of the Film Fantasy," was so well received, the committee has decided to continue the idea of a summer season and this term various films will be shown under the title of "It's Illegal!"

We should like to thank Miss Henderson (P.T.) for being our school patron, and we offer our best wishes to next year's representatives.

MARION CHRISTIE and DOROTHY JONES, 6A

BADMINTON

ALTHOUGH this season has not been a successful one for the Badminton team—C. Longmuir, S. McFarlane, H. Cowe, E. Fleming, G. More and S. Dingwall—it has been an enjoyable one.

The team lost most of its matches, but succeeded in beating Mary Erskine's. It was narrowly defeated in a friendly match against George Watson's boys, with whom we also played an American Tournament.

The Royal High School, too, invited us to play an American Tournament, and, later in the season, a combined Royal High School-Gillespie's team defeated Trinity College 6-3.

The Gillespie's-Heriot's team, including H. Cowe, E. Fleming and C. Cruickshank, has again retained its place in the First Division of the East Scotland Junior Badminton League, finishing fourth in the division. However, it was not as successful in friendly matches, losing to Trinity, and being defeated 3-6 by a University team.

The new spacious gymnasium has produced added enthusiasm for badminton throughout the school, and we should like to thank Miss Lambert and Miss Henderson for their help in making full use of it, and for their continued interest throughout the season.

HILARY COWE, *Captain*



Back Row—G. WILSON, M. SMITH, C. OGILVIE, A. COWELL,
D. MACKENZIE, P. STEWART, H. McDONALD, Miss LAMBERT.
Front Row—C. FALCONER, H. SIDOR, C. SIDOR (*Captain*), S. ROBERTS,
D. JONES.

HOCKEY

THE 1st XI improved considerably towards the end of the season when they reached the Final of the Inter-scholastic Sports. Unfortunately, they were beaten by Trinity on corners. The Junior team failed to reach their final.

In the under 21 seven-a-side we beat Trinity but failed to make any impression on the other teams in our section.

The 1st XI were second in their section, in the Liberton Tournament, beaten by the eventual winners.

In the Staff match, the 1st XI had to succumb to the Staff, who gained a well-merited victory.

The 1st XI played well against the F.P.s, winning 3-0.

Donna Mackenzie and Gillian Wilson played in the Junior East Reserve Team as left-half and left-wing respectively.

This year the Inter-House Hockey Cup was won by Warrender, with Spylaw as runners-up.

We wish to thank Miss Lambert and Miss Henderson for their help and encouragement throughout the season and should also like to thank Miss Cochrane for her keen interest in school hockey.

CATHERINE SIDOR, *Captain*

TENNIS

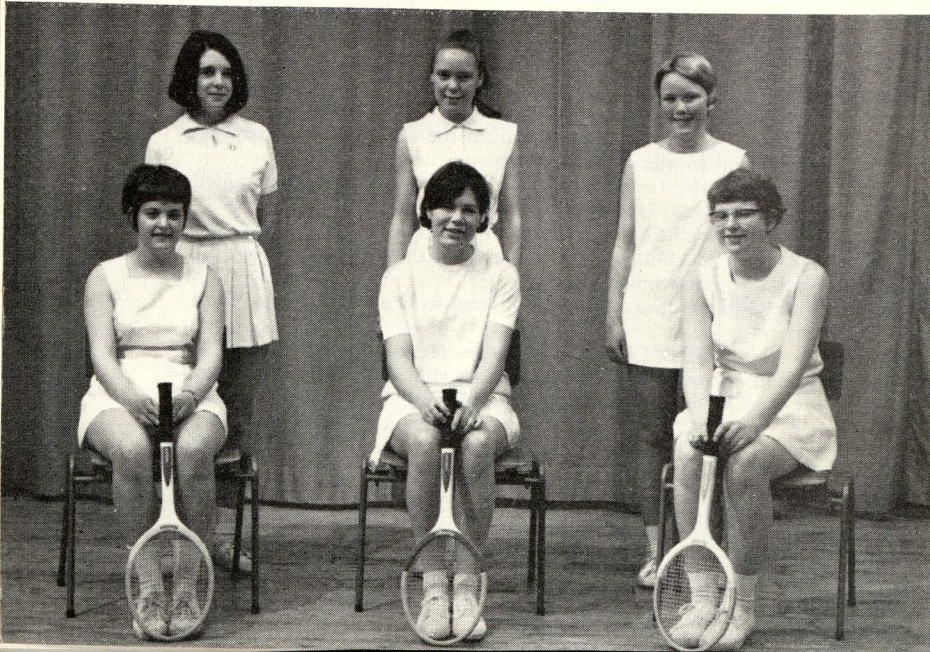
OUR team this year comprises K. Inglis, J. Grant, S. Roberts, H. Cowe, G. More and C. Grant. However, as it is early in the season, we have played only two matches, one against Dunfermline High School and the other against St. George's, but we are looking forward to the coming fixtures and hope to be successful in them.

As usual, the Nestle Ladder Tournament is creating renewed interest in the school and many girls have entered for it.

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

SHONA ROBERTS, *Captain*

*Back Row—K. INGLIS, J. GRANT, C. GRANT.
Front Row—H. COWE, S. ROBERTS, G. MORE.*



SWIMMING 1966-67

*Back Row—A. HENDERSON, J. COWPER, A. ANDERSON.
Front Row—P. MCBRIDE, F. BROOKS, A. MCGREGOR.*

SQUASH

ALTHOUGH this is a relatively new and unknown game to the school, it has aroused considerable interest. However, whether this is due to the keen athletic spirit inherent in Gillespie girls, or to the fact that squash is played indoors, thus eliminating any further wet, wintry outings to Meggetland, is a debatable point.

Our team, comprising Helen Macdonald, Margaret Hudson, June Roe, Irene Rintoul and Shona Roberts took part in a match against the Boroughmuir girls' team and, to our surprise, came out victorious.

Several girls took part in a Schoolgirls' Tournament at the Edinburgh Sports Club. This was arranged by The Scottish Women's Squash Rackets Association and we spent an enjoyable afternoon there.

Our thanks go to Mrs Bull, Miss Lambert and Miss Henderson for all their help and encouragement throughout the season.

SHONA ROBERTS, *Captain*

ATHLETICS

LAST season was quite a successful one for us as Brenda Bain came second in the senior shot putt in the Scottish Schoolgirls' Athletic Championships in Glasgow, thus securing a place in the Scottish Team representing Scottish schools in a match against Ireland in Belfast.

We hope this season will also be successful and enjoyable as we look forward to matches against Boroughmuir, George Watson's and Trinity.

Our thanks go to Miss Lambert and Miss Henderson for all their encouragement and advice during the season.

SHONA ROBERTS, *Captain*

JUNIOR SCHOOL NETBALL

Back Row—FIONA HUNTER, MARJORIE THOMSON, ELAINE ANDERSON,
LESLEY ARNOTT.

Front Row—SUSAN HAY, ELSPETH DOLLAR (*Captain*), VERONICA TYRE.



Former Pupils

FORMER PUPILS' ASSOCIATION

A VERY successful Reunion, attended by about 300 Former Pupils and members of Staff, past and present, was held in November. After a conducted tour of the new school and an opportunity for conversation with old friends, the company enjoyed a musical programme provided by Moira Pinkerton, Margaret Runnicles and Alison Smith.

In March, at an enjoyable social evening, Miss Foster, not long returned from Nigeria, gave an enlightening and interesting account of some of her experiences there and folk-singing led by Patsy Fleming, Joan Kennedy and two friends rounded off the evening. But the main purpose and highlight of the occasion was the presentation to Miss Steel of a silver brooch and a silk scarf to mark her retirement.

As their gift to the new school, the Former Pupils have provided furnishings for the entrance hall in Bruntsfield House, two benches for the grounds and prize funds of £100 for the Secondary Department and £50 for the Primary.

The next Reunion and Annual General Meeting will be held in school on Friday, 3rd November, when Mrs Hall (Miss Napier) has kindly consented to talk about her recent voyage to America. Those who wish to be present are asked to contact the secretary, Miss M. Macdonald, 37 Plewlands Avenue, Edinburgh, 10 (MOR 4687) before Saturday, 14th October.

MARJORIE V. MACDONALD, *Secretary*

F.P. HOCKEY CLUB

THE secretary, Mrs Maureen Moonie, 25 Clerwood Way (COR 6848), and the captain, Miss Frances Brown, wish to thank pupils who have helped in the teams during the recent winter and would welcome new members.

F.P. SWIMMING CLUB

A SWIMMING Club has been meeting in school from 8 p.m. to 9 p.m. on Tuesdays. Those who would care to join next season should communicate with Margaret King (COL 3596).

F.P. NOTES

THE degree of B.Litt.(Oxon.) has been gained by Moira Bovill (*née* Gunn), M.A.

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

Ph.D.—Elizabeth Ann Milne, B.Sc.

M.A. with Honours—Eileen Arnott and Wilna Barclay (French with German); Ann McNeill, Marjory H. Milne and Rosemary M. Johnstone (English).

M.A.—Margaret Grosset, Marjorie V. Macdonald, June M. A. Matheson, Joan S. Purdie, Elizabeth Scott, Gillian J. M. Smith, Alison Tait, Sheila Tilley and Susan E. W. Williamson.

B.Sc. with Honours—Marjorie Campbell, Marian Hanson and Ann Peatie (Chemistry).

B.Sc.—Pamela Arthur and Anne Glendinning.

B.Sc. (Faculty of Social Services)—Elizabeth J. C. McGregor.

B.V.M. and S.—Fiona Russell-Leslie.

At Aberdeen University Sheila Young has gained the degree of M.A. with Honours (Geography).

SHEILA MACLEOD has qualified as a Chartered Accountant.

JANICE DEWAR, JANICE CAIRNS, DIANE SELLAR, DIANA GUTHRIE, DOROTHY BERRIE, JOAN PURDIE and MARJORIE MACDONALD have received teaching appointments in Edinburgh schools.

At Edinburgh University, Elizabeth Sheddan has been awarded the Sutherland Cup for 1st Place in Throwing the Javelin; the Ireland Quaich for 1st Place in Throwing the Discus; and was also placed 1st in the Shot Putt.

Mrs BOVILL's (MOIRA GUNN's) B.Litt. degree at Oxford rounds off an academic career of great distinction: Dux of the school; 1st Place in Edinburgh University Bursary Competition; 1st Place (and only 1st Class Hons. Graduate) in her Final Hons. English Schools; a scholarship to Oxford; Lecturer in English in Singapore University; and at present in Cologne, in Germany.

ANNE MILNE, also Dux of the school; gained 1st Place in Edinburgh University Bursary Competition; got a 1st Class Hons. B.Sc. degree before now being awarded the Ph.D. degree.

AILEEN ARNOTT was Dux of the school; gained 1st Place in Edinburgh University Bursary Competition; got the only 1st Class Hons. degree in her Final Hons. class of Modern Languages; and was awarded the Vans Dunlop Scholarship.

MARJORIE MILNE left school at the end of the Fifth Year; got a 1st Class Hons. degree in English; and is now on the Staff of the Scottish National Dictionary, reading for her Ph.D. degree and is also engaged on tutorial work at the University.

MARRIAGES

YATES—STEWART.—IAN YATES to PENELOPE STEWART.

CALVERT—OGILVIE.—JOHN CALVERT to PHYLLIS OGILVIE.

RAE—ADAM.—IAN F. RAE to ELEANOR ADAM.

HUSKIE—GEORGESON.—A. R. HUSKIE to ELIZABETH GEORGESON.
ROBERTSON—RANKIN.—GRAHAM E. ROBERTSON to LESLEY RANKIN,
R.G.N., S.C.N.

MENZIES—TROUP.—JAMES M. MENZIES, C.A., to SHEENA TROUP, R.G.N.

WYLIE—ROBERTSON.—ALEXANDER M. WYLIE to ISOBEL ROBERTSON.

ALEXANDER—ONWIN.—DAVID M. ALEXANDER to HAZEL S. ONWIN.

SIMPSON—SELLAR.—JAMES SIMPSON to MOIRA W. SELLAR.

MACMILLAN—FORSYTH.—DAVID G. S. MACMILLAN to MORAG
FORSYTH.

MCCLUSKIE—KEITH.—ALEXANDER MCCLUSKIE to ALISON J. B. KEITH.

CUMMING—LAWRENCE.—COLIN CUMMING to MAYA LAWRENCE.

ROBERTSON—MACKAY.—R. H. ROBERTSON to KAREN MACKAY.

CUNNIFFE—MOWAT.—In Ottawa, THOMAS J. D. CUNNIFFE to FLORENCE
VIDA MOWAT.

FISCHER—BOWIE.—GERWIN FISCHER to MARGARET BOWIE.

DEAN—HARRIS.—PETER D. DEAN to ELIZABETH A. HARRIS.

GRANT—URQUHART.—JAMES A. GRANT to IRENE URQUHART.

KAY—JOHNSTONE.—ANTHONY B. KAY to ROSEMARY JOHNSTONE.

BAXTER—JAMES.—JOHN G. BAXTER to ANNE P. JAMES.

MALCOLM—MCNEILL.—NEIL R. MALCOLM to ANN MCNEILL.

BARCLAY—WHIGHAM.—ROBERT BARCLAY to ALEXANDRA WHIGHAM.

BELL—CALDER.—ROBERT BELL to LESLEY CALDER.

BROWN—GARVIE.—GAVIN W. BROWN to JOAN T. GARVIE.

STEWART—MACDONALD.—IAN C. STEWART to DOLINA M. MAC-
DONALD.

ANDERSON—CRAWFORD.—WILLIAM C. ANDERSON to MARY P.
CRAWFORD.

BUTCHART—ROLWEGAN.—JOHN G. BUTCHART to MARGARET R.
ROLWEGAN.

RAE—MACKENZIE.—DAVID E. RAE to MORAG MACKENZIE.

SIMPSON—FAIRBAIRN.—GILBERT SIMPSON to SUSAN FAIRBAIRN.

FORTESCUE—DUDGEON.—HUGH W. FORTESCUE to PATRICIA A.
DUDGEON.

OLIVER—TAIT.—PHILIP OLIVER to ISOBEL TAIT.

GRANT—MACPHERSON.—JOHN GRANT to MONICA A. S. MACPHER-
SON.

SCOTT—FULLERTON.—STEWART M. SCOTT to EDITH E. FULLERTON.

BIRTHS

DALLAS.—To Mr and Mrs W. DALLAS (ESTHER PRINGLE), a son.

SCOTT.—To Mr and Mrs W. SCOTT (NAN SNEDDON), a son.

WISE.—To Mr and Mrs B. WISE (AUDREY HISLOP), a daughter.

DOLAN.—To Mr and Mrs T. DOLAN (PAT COULL), a daughter.

ENGER.—To Mr and Mrs JAN ENGER (MARGARET LECKIE), a son.

LEARY.—To Mr and Mrs J. LEARY (KATHLEEN FREW), a daughter.

FYFE.—To Mr and Mrs J. FYFE (MOIRA MANSON), a daughter.

EMERSON.—To Mr and Mrs R. EMERSON (BERYL BOTTERILL), a son.

KENNEDY.—To Mr and Mrs PETER KENNEDY (JOSEPHINE FORREST), a
daughter.

SHAW.—To Mr and Mrs TOM SHAW (MARGARET HEATHERILL), a daughter.
 ROTH.—To Mr and Mrs W. ROTH (ELAINE COCHRANE), a daughter.
 LEWIS.—To Mr and Mrs ESMOR LEWIS (JUSTUS WILSON), a son.
 WILLIAMS.—To Dr and Mrs J. F. WILLIAMS (MERLYN LATIMER), a son.
 MURRAY.—To Mr and Mrs NORMAN MURRAY (LUCY FLOWERS), a son.
 NICHOL.—To Dr and Mrs HAMISH NICHOL (Dr CHRISTINE LAING), a son.
 THOMAS.—To Mr and Mrs F. THOMAS (PHYLLIS POZZI), a daughter.
 MARTIN.—To Mr and Mrs HENRY MARTIN (PAMELA BLACK), a son.
 COCKBURN.—To Mr and Mrs G. COCKBURN (SHIRLEY BROTHERSTONE), a son.
 McGUIGAN.—To Mr and Mrs D. McGUIGAN (KATHLEEN PULLAR), a daughter.
 PURVES-HUME.—To Mr and Mrs IAN PURVES-HUME (JILL FAIRBAIRN), a daughter.
 RUSSELL.—To Mr and Mrs GORDON RUSSELL (LINDA HOGG), a son.
 SEARLE.—To Mr and Mrs PETER SEARLE (VERONICA HUTCHINSON), a daughter.
 WILSON.—To Mr and Mrs E. WILSON (RAE BURGESS), a daughter.
 GALLOWAY.—To Mr and Mrs MICHAEL GALLOWAY (HEATHER MCBAIN), a son.
 MUNRO.—To Mr and Mrs DOUGLAS MUNRO (MYRA ELLIS), a daughter.
 BRANDA.—To Dr and Mrs LUIS BRANDA (Dr RAY FERRIER), a son.
 KAYE.—To Mr and Mrs JOHN KAYE (DOREEN MILNE), a son.
 MUSTARD.—To F.O. and Mrs ALEXANDER MUSTARD (MARION PURDIE), a daughter.
 FOTHERINGHAM.—To Mr and Mrs KENNETH FOTHERINGHAM (JANICE BATHGATE), a son.
 GREGOR.—To Mr and Mrs DOUGLAS GREGOR (JASMINE MATHESON), a son.
 GROS.—To M. and Mme. LAURENT GROS (ISOBEL PURDIE), a son.
 FISCHER.—To Mr and Mrs GERWIN FISCHER (MARGARET BOWIE), a daughter.
 MACKAY.—To Mr and Mrs WARWICK MACKAY (CHARLOTTE MANN), a daughter.
 JORDAN.—To Mr and Mrs B. JORDAN (CLAIRE CONDIE), a son.

General Editor—Mr JAMES D. McEWAN.

Business Editor—Mrs JANET S. T. MACDONALD.

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

School Editor 1967—ROSEMARY PHILP.

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

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