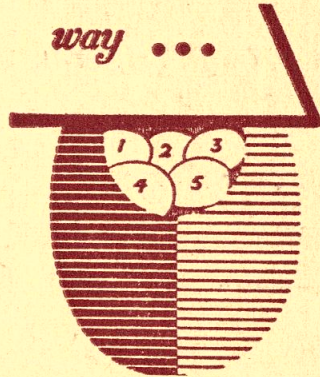


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JGHS
1968

magazine

Editorial

Editor: Joan Macdonald

THE process of integration is almost complete. The grass is taller, the stark white paint of the corridors has mellowed into a dappled cream, the desks are a little more chipped (though not quite "X slept here" standard yet) and the whole place seems to have acquired that elusive quality—an atmosphere of its own. But how can one define "atmosphere?" Perhaps it is the spirit of a place that is lived in, dependent upon the kind of people who come there day by day to live out a part of their lives. If this is true, then the atmosphere of the school depends upon ourselves, and our attitudes and beliefs. What each one of us thinks and does is important, because it affects those around us, and therefore gives us a great responsibility to bear.

This year has brought many changes. How these affect the life of the school is yet to be seen, but the salient point is that new ideas have to be put into operation, have to be tested (ugly word!) before we can assess their viability. It isn't easy to be 'guinea-pigs,' but we must all bear in mind that these changes are primarily intended to benefit us all, not just to create irksome alterations to our normal routine.

The School Council and the Sixth Form Council have been recent developments, and reflect a spirit of democracy which augurs well for the future. Efforts are also being made to give the Sixth Year more preparation for the life they will lead when they leave school, by developing in us the sense of self-discipline which is necessary for a successful career in college, university or office.

In the end, what do they amount to, these years of concentrated communal learning? Probably we shall forget most of the facts which have been crowded into our minds. What then will remain? Sentimental memories of the old school: the clamour in the Middle-T corridor; the carefully carved "graphitti" that enlivened many a boring lesson; and the new school: heated arguments in the Sixth Form Room; the welcoming aroma of coffee; the laughter of friends. For education is far more than the laborious gain of academic qualifications. It has something to do with learning to be an individual, and treating other people as individuals, even if we do not agree with their beliefs and actions.

Finally, an exhortation. Make the most of these fleeting moments, for once you have left, there will be only a few tangible reminders of your sojourn here. One will be the School Magazine:

"Go, songs, for ended is our brief, sweet play;
Go, children of swift joy and tardy sorrow:
And some are sung, and that was yesterday,
And some unsung, and that may be tomorrow."

Staff

LAST July saw the departure of many familiar faces from among the ranks of the Staff. Miss Paterson, Principal Teacher of Modern Languages, retired, and her place was taken by Miss Macdonald. In the same department, Miss Brill also left and was succeeded by Miss Peden. Miss Dingwall retired from the English department, and Miss McIntosh from the Mathematics department, their places being taken by Miss Warren and Miss Smellie, respectively. Miss Forbes left the Homecraft department to be married and was succeeded by Miss J. Cameron. Mrs Day joined the ranks of the Classics department. Miss White returned from a year's leave of absence, spent attending an in-service course on the teaching of Russian. Miss Paterson became a full-time member of the Physical Education department.

From abroad, Mr Smith, an Australian, joined the Science department for a short time at the beginning of the session. From France, Mlle. Cuny and Mlle. Fontvieille came to help in the Modern Languages department. Fraulein Retzow, from Germany, helped from October to mid-January.

In December, Mr McEwan, Principal Teacher of English, retired and was succeeded in January by Miss I. Cameron. Mrs Glen left the Classics department and her place was filled temporarily by Dr. Clarke until the arrival of Mrs Petzsch. Mrs Davidson left the Modern Languages department and was replaced by Miss Mansergh. Miss Hurdle returned from the Christmas holidays under the new name of Mrs Unsworth. In March, Mr Scholes, another Australian, became a temporary member of the Science department.

We should like to offer our sincere thanks to all those who have left, for all they have given, both in time and effort, to the school. To all new members of the Staff we give our warmest welcome.

Miss Lilian W. Paterson, M.A. (Hons.)

THE end of last session saw the retiral of Miss Paterson as Principal Teacher of Modern Languages. Miss Paterson came to Gillespie's in 1946 and, on the departure of Miss Philip in 1954, she was appointed Head of the Department.

A native of Kirkcudbright, Miss Paterson was educated at Kirkcudbright Academy and Glasgow University, from where she graduated with First Class Honours in French and German. While a student at Glasgow University, she spent a year teaching at Nevers in France.

Miss Paterson held various teaching posts in Stirlingshire before embarking on her long and devoted service to Gillespie's, and during session 1952-53 spent an interesting year as an exchange teacher in the Senior High School, West Vancouver, B.C., Canada.

Through her scholarship, and, above all, through her kindness and understanding, she won the respect of her pupils. This was a quality which was also manifest in Miss Paterson's spell as Careers Mistress, during which time she wisely and conscientiously directed many a Gillespie girl on her future career.

Miss Paterson never lacked a word of encouragement and displayed endless patience and perseverance, for which all her pupils are greatly indebted to her.

Many visits by parties of Gillespie girls to France and Germany were the more smoothly accomplished because of Miss Paterson's organisation and the more enjoyable for her friendly company. These, and her own frequent holiday visits to the Continent, served to enrich her knowledge of these countries, their languages and their customs, providing a wealth of experience which she, as ever, delighted to share with her pupils.

We felt a sense of loss at her retiral, for in her teaching we found efficiency and thoroughness, yet constantly an atmosphere of ease and friendship. We sincerely wish her many years of the happiness and leisure which she so richly deserves.

Mr James D. McEwan, M.A. (Hons.)

MR JAMES D. McEWAN, Principal Teacher of English, joined the staff of Gillespie's in August 1952. Fifteen years later, in December 1967, he retired, leaving in the life and atmosphere of the school a gap which will not easily be filled.

Memories of Mr McEwan inevitably centre on his methods of teaching English. His lessons were unique in classroom technique in that he nearly always began with some quotation or anecdote suitable to his theme, or reflecting the spirit of his listeners, and drawn from the vast depths of his experience. Pupils might say of his lessons that they were clear, assertive, vitally alive, but always gentle enough to allow a good deal of humour or the valuable introduction of some side issue.

Not the least of his many achievements was the annual production of the School Magazine, edited by him with characteristic assiduousness, and reflecting in its taste and quality his own uncompromising standards and literary talent. ("More MSS in folio than ever Aquinas left, and full as useful!") He was always utterly and single-mindedly devoted to Gillespie's and took a genuine interest in his pupils' out-of-school activities, encouraging individuality but never a breach of good manners. Such warmth of personality, such honesty and scrupulous fairness, were bound to engender respect and admiration.

There was an efficiency and assuredness of manner, at times even dogmatic, in his teaching which made success a certainty for his pupils. He did not merely lecture; he communicated, in his abundantly figurative style of speech, his own emotional involvement with the text. In a contemplative mood his speech was terse, concise, punctuated with silences which served to intensify the feeling of his next words. Thus he brought English to life and gave us the feeling of it as well as the understanding.

What better memory can any pupil have of any teacher than that he made learning a joy, and success in external exams a foregone conclusion.

Miss Anne Dingwall, M.A. (Hons.)

MISS ANNE DINGWALL retired from the English Department in June 1967, after 21 years of loyal service. She came to Gillespie's in 1946, from a teaching post which she had held for a number of years at Tynecastle School, Edinburgh. Educated at North Berwick High School, Miss Dingwall then gained an M.A. Honours degree at Edinburgh University.

Throughout her years at Gillespie's, Miss Dingwall ably assisted the two Heads of the English Department under whom she served, Miss Foster and Mr McEwan.

Miss Dingwall succeeded to the position of President of the Literary and Dramatic Society on the retiral of Miss Foster, and is now among the distinguished number of Honorary Presidents. The valuable assistance given by Miss Dingwall in producing the School Magazine, of which she was Business Editor, will not be forgotten.

The pupils whom she helped and encouraged throughout their school life will not forget her friendliness and readiness to give advice on school matters or on future careers.

Miss Dingwall's thoroughness in her work imparted valuable knowledge of the study of English to her pupils. Her criticism, which was fair and constructive, was never resented by her pupils, who strove to reach the high standards of achievement which she admired.

Staff and Pupils have the warmest feelings of gratitude towards Miss Dingwall for her pleasantness and diligence, and wish her many happy, active years of retirement in which to pursue her many interests. These include gardening, her enthusiasm for which bears fruit in the charming garden of her bungalow. She is also a keen Bridge player, and takes part in social work, including Sunday School Teaching and visiting hospitals. Miss Dingwall has a delightful country cottage at Carlops, in which she will no doubt spend many a pleasant summer.

Once more it must be said how pleased are all those who have known and been taught by Miss Dingwall to wish her the fruitful years of leisure which her long and active service has earned.

Miss Jean G. McIntosh, M.A. (Hons.)

MISS MCINTOSH was on the staff of Gillespie's for twenty-four years, and it was with great sorrow that we said good-bye to her last summer. Miss McIntosh was brought up in country surroundings in Meigle in Perthshire and was consequently very interested in gardening, at one time starting a Gardening Club in Gillespie's. Miss McIntosh was also very interested in music—she played the piano and also the organ, and for a time played the organ in a Kirkcaldy church. Before coming to Gillespie's, Miss McIntosh taught at Campeltown Grammar School and then at Kirkcaldy High School.

In 1943 she joined the Mathematics Staff of Gillespie's, where over the years she imparted to many girls her vast knowledge of mathematics. She was always very kind and willing to help and advise girls on the courses which they should follow. When the

examinations were approaching she was very reassuring and we all felt that doing that extra little bit of work was worth while because she always had time to help us with it. Those of us who were taught by her and who were doing Higher Mathematics with marks somewhere in the lower 30's were encouraged by Miss McIntosh, who was always sure that we could do better and there was still time to improve.

Being taught mathematics by Miss McIntosh gave one a true interest in the subject and an appreciation of its importance. We, in Gillespie's, miss her very much and wish her every happiness in her retirement.

SOIR DU PRINTEMPS

Cette lueur,
Rayons de sang qui s'épanouissent
dans un ciel au crépuscule.
Ce beau soir,
Le couchant rouge et baigné d'or
brûle dans mes yeux.
Cette Nature
Que l'on y voit une merveille!
Belle création de Dieu.

FRANCES LOWE 6L

SMALL TALK

(On showing a Former Pupil round the School)

"This is the pool wherein we swim."

"Fat and slim?"

"Flabby and trim.

All shapes and sizes in costumes black.

(Once in the water they sag like a sack)."

"Must be a sight."

"Oh quite."

"Who are employed to keep it clean?"

Those that I've seen?"

"On what did they lean?"

"Brushes and brooms. When none were to hand,

They sat on the stairs, reluctant to stand."

"Those would be they."

"Good-day."

"Good-bye."

Look in again if you're passing by."

WENDY MURDOCH, 4L1

Founder's Day Address

Thursday, 8th February, 1968

PROFESSOR MICHAEL SWANN, Principal of the University, began by expressing his pleasure at visiting our new school and went on to mention two other reasons for feeling glad on this occasion. One was that the school sent a lot of girls to the University—"girls of the best sort"—and the other that his senior secretary—who keeps him sane among his 10,000 students, 1,000 teaching staff and several thousands of administrators—is an old girl of ours. He then proceeded to discuss the role of women in society.

"I do not know if any of you have ever been to a Gilbert and Sullivan opera called 'Patience.' It is all about a lot of women who set up a sort of university—all women and no men, and their chief slogan was this: 'Man is Nature's great mistake.' Well now, these women discovered that they could not get on all the time without men although they did quite well for a while, and this started me thinking about Men *v.* Women in society today. When you really look at it, men are such an awful nuisance. The real trouble, of course, is that, not only biologically but in the way they think and work, they are different. Nobody quite knows why this is so but it is rather curious that if you look among what are called the geniuses of the world—the people who have made the most striking discoveries, and the most remarkable music—it is nearly all men—not entirely, but the men out-number the women by 20 to 1. But how many men are in prison, for example? And here again you find there are twenty times as many men in prison as women. Putting it roughly, I think men are perhaps more extreme in the way they think and that is what leads them to have more geniuses and leads more of them into prison. Women are basically more stable. Men, by and large, have to be tamed. This is an alarming thought but you have an example of this in front of you—why do you think the Lord Provost has a great big chain round his neck? In fact, if man is ever going to achieve anything, he has got to be tamed. The Lord Provost has achieved rather a lot and he has been tamed. Where does the end of that chain lead to? You cannot see because I am in the way and I am rather large, but if you look carefully you can see the other end of the chain—there it is (pointing to the Lady Provost).

Having been a Professor of Biology, Professor Swann attributed the different roles of men and women in society to the fundamental differences between the sexes.

"It is quite easy to go from that to a slightly old-fashioned view that men should be out and about making money and the poor girls merely sitting at home and washing up and looking after children and all the rest of it. Well now, I don't subscribe to that. This is the anniversary of the Suffragette Movement, and nowadays women should be able to compete on complete equality with men. If you look at what is predominantly a man's world—politics, medicine and science—you do nevertheless find quite a lot of women who have made their mark. I think, without exception if they compete on equality with men, they can actually do just as well if they want to. The fact of the matter is that in the home with children making the demands they do, most of you won't need to compete in a man's world. You will, in fact, be looking after families in your own home. Some silly people in this day and age tend to feel that this is a second-rate occupation. I do not think this is second-rate: I think this is perhaps the most important occupation that there is."

Professor Swann gave two reasons for this belief: one being that those who really made society were the people who brought up young children—mothers and teachers; and the other that what was important in this day and age was the imposition and teaching of worthwhile standards and worthwhile understanding of human problems. Society, everywhere, is in turmoil, and women can provide the greater stability that is needed.

Then Professor Swann concluded:

"Well, that is really all I want to say to you. Think of it perhaps in terms of the difference between yourselves and your brothers in the way you work, and think of the particular contribution you can make in this world. Remember what these ladies in 'Patience' thought about 'Nature's great mistake,' because, remember, it is up to you to do something to put that mistake right."

THE VILLAGE CONGREGATION

A high-pitched wavering voice leads off, joined by the swell of the
woman's guild,
The children add with their own version, the men sing at their shoes
with desperate eyes,
And in the pulpit the minister gives a surge, subsiding once again to
mumbled praise.
The organist in the transept finds one perfect note and blushes in
confusion at the sound.

For eight, long, verses, this wild, but sincere attempt to please, drives
the wind to moan in sympathy.
But was He pleased?
Perhaps.
One day I'll tell you.

FIONA RIDDOCH 3L2

HERE AND THERE

- Staff:* Chip hat had she on.
(Rumoresque senum severiorum
(Omnes unius aestimemus assis
To gie them music was his charge.
Good!
Who is pining for you then?
A man, inebriated with the exuberance of his own
verbosity.
- 1st Year:* Not in front of the children!
- 2nd Year:* Love is like the measles—we all have to go through it.
- 3rd Year:* Neither have the hearts to stay
Nor wit enough to run away.
- 4th Year:* I like work; it fascinates me—I can sit and look at it
for hours.
- 5th Year:* Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest—but it's
not likely.
- 6th Year:* To-morrow and to-morrow and to-morrow . . .
- C.H.:* But anxious cares the pensive nymph opprest.
- D.D.:* In heav'n yclept Euphrosyne.
- R.S.:* I said it very loud and clear
I went and shouted in her ear.
- F.L.:* Who's been sitting in my chair?
- E.B.:* The devil will not come into Cornwall for fear of being
put into Pie.
- Y.M.:* Her cutty sark . . . o' navy blue.
- E.(or M.)S.:* Her heart—how shall I say—too soon made glad.
- P.D.:* She is an excellent creature, but she never can
L.C.: remember which came first—the Greeks or the Romans.
- J.B.:* Wert thou in the cauld blast.
- A.T.:* Love is a fiend, a fire, a heaven and a hell.
- Corridors:* Glory be to God for dappled things
- Swimming:* "Courage!" she said, and pointed towards the land.
- Lunches:* It is reported thou didst eat strange flesh
Which some did die to look upon.
- Choir & Orchestra:* Whose music hell can move.
- Morning Service:* When the morning stars sang to-gether, and all the
the sons of God shouted for joy.
- School Magazine:* Publish and be damned.

This year's cover was designed by Alison Harris, 5P.

Reports

SIXTH FORM ACTIVITIES

THE novelty of our new school building has worn off with our second year of occupation, but the experience of having a new headmistress has made this a year of fruitful change for staff and pupils. The Sixth Form especially have found themselves taking a much more active part in school affairs. With the formation of the School and Sixth Form Councils, opportunities for girls to discuss ideas with staff have been provided. Miss McIver's ambitious programme for Sixth Form activities has brought, and will bring, many eminent speakers to interest the girls with talks based on their very varied careers and views.

In September, the British American Association brought us Dr Betz, who gave a talk and answered questions in a fascinating and informative discussion on American life.

Mrs Batt, of the University Appointments Office, in her October visit most helpfully answered girls' queries and smoothed doubts about university entrance; later, Miss Mackie, youth employment adviser, explained about various careers open to girls of Sixth Form age.

In November, the St. Andrew's Day Commemoration Service held in St. Giles' Cathedral was attended by Sixth Form girls, and a party of History students, under the direction of Miss J. McIntyre, head of the History department, heard the John Knox Lecture, also held in St. Giles'.

December saw much Sixth Form activity including voluntary social work, the Christmas show, and the dance. Other events were a Christian Education Movement conference in Moray House, and at the Christmas party of Abbeyfield House, a home for old age pensioners, five Sixth Form girls willingly undertook to decorate the premises and help generally.

Girls from the Sixth Year attended the Livingstone Memorial Service in March, held in St. Andrew's Church, George Street. The Choir and Orchestra gave a delightful concert for parents and staff, at which Sixth Form volunteers served coffee to staff and former pupils.

The return to school after Easter brought an April visit from Miss Irene Glass, a Gillespie former pupil, whose talk on missionary work in India, illustrated with slides, was of great interest.

In early May, Sir James Robertson came to address a meeting of Senior girls. As a former Founder's Day speaker, Sir James was particularly interested in our new school, and by skilful reference to those—in Africa, for instance—less fortunate than ourselves, he reminded us of how appreciative we should be of our wonderful facilities and the opportunities provided by them. Later in May, two American visitors are expected at the school, Mrs Hutton for three days, and Miss Casteel, from the British American Association, as a visiting speaker.

Miss McIver has agreed to Sixth Year proposals, gleaned from regular meetings in the Lecture Hall, of visits to the Primary Department—which have proved very popular—and to industrial plants and administrative centres in which the girls express a special interest. Parties of girls may visit law courts, a synagogue, or glass-blowing works, to name but a few.

In June, a joint play with the Royal High School, "The Physicists," with a cast of Senior pupils, was performed.

SIXTH FORM COUNCIL

THIS year has seen the materialisation of Miss McIver's plan for a council to deal with topics relating to girls of the Sixth Form. One of the prime problems for the Council has been to instil tidiness into the girls who use the Common Room—and it is, indeed, a common room, as it combines the functions of dining-room, coffee lounge, and study.

A more pleasant task has been the arrangement of the two school dances; the first, with an attendance of about 370 persons, taking place at Christmas, and the second being a Sixth Form school leavers' dance in June. Both were enjoyed by staff and pupils. The Art Department's wonderful decorations—and the retinue of boys invited from four Edinburgh schools—greatly enhanced both occasions.

The Council made arrangements also for a show staged in June by Fifth and Sixth Year girls, for the patients of the Astley Ainslie Hospital.

Charities have continued to be supported, for, throughout May and June, various schemes were devised to raise money for Oxfam. Some of these schemes, for example a pea-guessing competition and the washing of cars belonging to members of staff, may be revived by next year's Council.

PAT DUNSMORE 6L, *Convener*

THE LIBRARY

SINCE our entry into the new building in 1966, the library has played an increasingly active part in the school, mainly because of the greater variety of books available but partly, too, because of the spacious, pleasant setting which holds more attraction for the girls than the cramped accommodation of the old school. It is most interesting to note that there is a marked increase in the number of non-fiction books being borrowed by the girls and also that the younger girls especially are availing themselves of the amenities of the library, a privilege not previously granted to them.

Our selection of books has been widely enhanced by donations from various sources. On her retirement, Miss Steele made a generous gift of many books, some particularly good reference books, which were on display before being put into use and are very much appreciated by both members of staff and pupils. Miss Rennie of Nelson Hall gave 400 books mainly suitable for First, Second and Third Years. Miss Lambert's gift of a set of "Times" geographical books and her other donations have proved most popular with the girls, as has Mrs Jenkins' donation. We must also thank Dr Macleod for her books. Of special interest this year is the book "Ships of the '45," gifted by the author, John S. Gibson, father of Elizabeth Gibson 5M. The English Speaking Union's experiment "Books Across the Sea" has been successful judging by the favourable reception of the books on American life. The Scottish National Dictionary Association Ltd. donated Volume VI of their dictionary and the Public Library gave us twelve French and German novels and several assorted books. Some schoolgirls must also be thanked for their gifts: Anne Martin, Carol Greer, Wanda Gorkowski and Hannah Rodgers. The History Department gave us two books and our own school societies, the Science Association and the Music Society, donated books. Finally the girls will be interested to know that "fine" money is used to buy books specially requested and many have been purchased this year, including a complete set of works by modern poets.

We are also indebted to Miss Laidlaw of the Primary Department, who has generously donated McCall's Needlework Magazine.

All these new books and many more (numbering over 1,000 this year) are shown on the display stands along with other articles of interest such as current affairs, theatre and careers items and the ever-popular magazines.

Mrs Abel takes this opportunity of thanking the pupil librarians for their useful and appreciated assistance and we, in our turn, join with the school to thank her for her invaluable guidance and organisation without which the library could not be run.

HEATHER WILKINSON 5L1

GENERAL NOTES

Out-of-school activities, including travelling and residential courses, are growing ever more important in our girls' lives. Courses at Glenmore, Benmore Adventure Centre, and Scottish Churches House, Dunblane, have been enjoyed. At Easter a party of third year girls accompanied by Miss Henderson, Miss Dickinson and Miss Cresswell enjoyed a week's ski-ing at Hospenthal in Switzerland. A representative is to be sent to the Youth Science Fortnight in London, in July. Two Sixth Form girls have left in mid-May for an exchange visit to Louisville, Kentucky. A party of Fifth Year girls went on the Schools' Cruise, in May, to Madeira and North Africa, and in July, the School Journeys Association is sending two parties of about thirty girls to Yugoslavia and Paris respectively.

SCHOOL COUNCIL

AN innovation this session was the establishment of a School Council consisting of representatives elected from each form in the Senior School. Most of the matters that come before the Council concern the life of the school community, but this does not mean that meetings have not been lively and ideas abounding.

The Council was unanimously in favour of a change in the summer dress. After a referendum to the school, blue and tussore were chosen for the colours and the patterns were selected by the Council members. Skirts and blouses will now be worn "for best" and a medley of colours will no longer be seen at the annual Concert and Prize-giving.

One of the main functions of the Council is to arrange voluntary work and to select the charities that the school wishes to support. A large collection of woollens was made in school and the money raised was sent to the Campaign for Cancer Research. At Christmas, UNICEF cards were sold in every class. As in previous years, girls brought gifts of food to school and parcels were delivered to old folks by Sixth Form girls. Many of the younger girls have devoted some of their spare time to knitting squares for blankets.

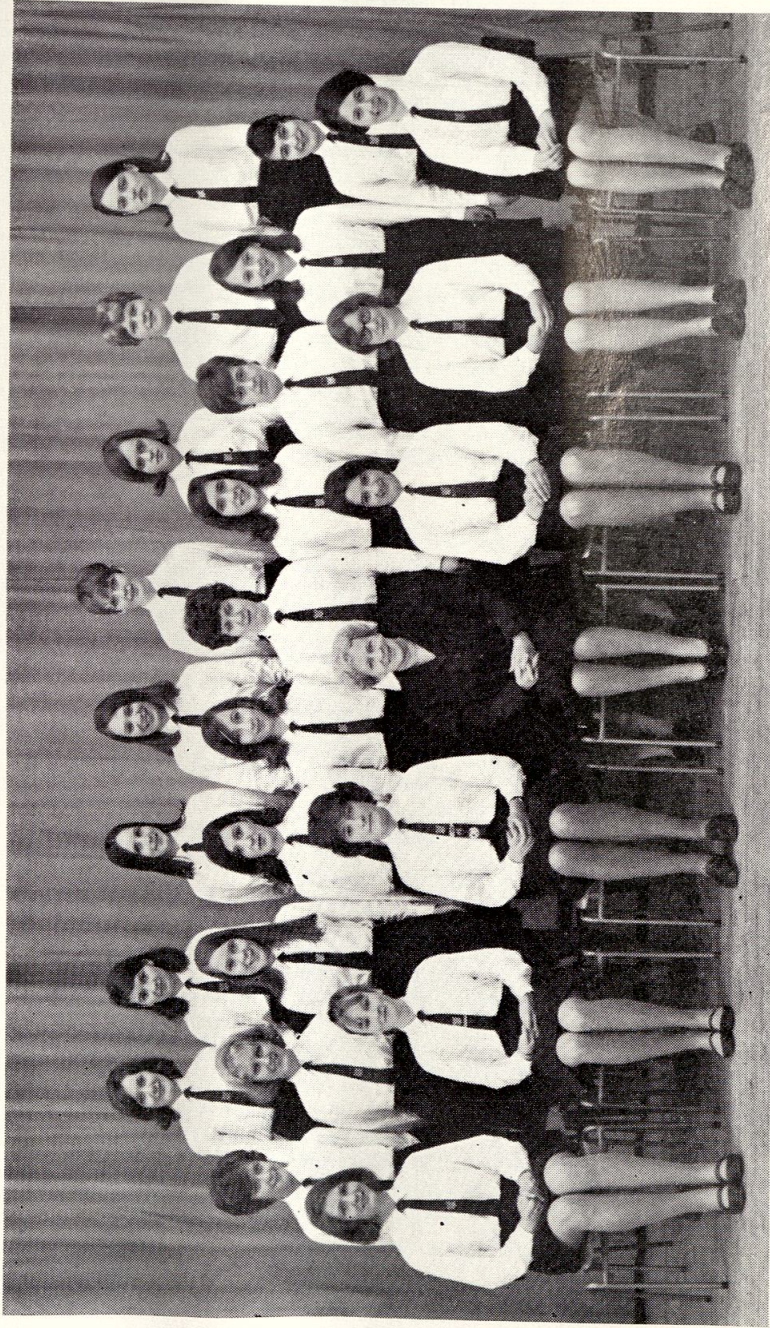
Many Fifth and Sixth Year girls were keen to take advantage of the facilities for study which the library offers, and now work there after school undisturbed by the demands of younger brothers and sisters at home.

The Council welcomed the suggestions that more seats should be obtained for the school grounds, as those we possess at present are always in short supply during sunny lunchtimes.

The Council members were eager that class photographs should be taken of each form and, as a result, this suggestion has been adopted.

We should like to thank Miss McIver for establishing this link between staff and pupils, from which we feel we all stand to gain, and Miss Ferguson for sympathetically guiding the Council throughout the session.

CATHERINE HARRIS, 6P



Back Row—L. CORDNER, S. MARSHALL, M. HALLEY, J. HALCROW, P. MITCHELL, L. TENNENT, F. BROOKS, S. SHOVE.
 Centre Row—E. STEVENSON, M. GUILD, J. GRANT, A. MCGREGOR, S. RODGER, K. WISHART, E. MORRIS, D. MACKENZIE,
 J. GREIG, H. MCCALLUM.
 Front Row—A. COWELL, P. DUNSMORE, C. HARRIS (Captain), Miss McIVER, D. DAVIDSON (Vice-Captain), J. MACDONALD,
 L. STEVENSON.

THE MUSIC SOCIETY

WITH an ever increasing membership, this session has been an encouraging one for the Music Society. The visit to Craighall Recording Studios provided an insight into some of the more interesting technical processes of music recording, while the Organ Recital by Dennis Townhill, the Piano recital by Mr Sommerville, and the evening of chamber music led by Robin Adair proved to be musical occasions with a very wide appeal.

An innovation this year was the joint production with George Heriot's Music Society of Gilbert and Sullivan's "Iolanthe." In spite of the hard work involved, members derived a great deal of enjoyment from the rehearsals and production and the outcome was most successful. This venture stimulated a new interest in Gilbert and Sullivan and an evening of excerpts from the famous operas, given by the Gilbert and Sullivan Society of Edinburgh, was well attended by members of our society.

Musical education with a touch of humour was the highlight of the lecture-recital given by Ivor James (horn).

As in previous years, Mr Sommerville has continued to support us in his capacity as adviser and performer and we are very grateful for his help. We are also grateful to Mrs Brotherton, who was the producer of "Iolanthe."

The president, Lorna Stevenson, and the other members of the committee would like to give their best wishes to the new committee for a successful session.

SUSAN RODGER, 6L, *Secretary.*

THE LITERARY AND DRAMATIC SOCIETY

THIS year the Lit's activities began with an Inter-House Debating Competition won by Warrender in which the topical motions "That Flower-Power is Popycock" and "That Edinburgh deserves neither the Festival nor the Commonwealth Games" aroused much discussion. We were happy to have Miss Foster amongst us again to adjudicate.

All of the debates were lively—much to everyone's relief—and the Staff *v.* Pupils debate "That our elders are not necessarily our betters" could not fail to be interesting, thanks largely to the intrepid members of staff who took part.

Next, the informal Discussion Groups with the Royal High School decided that "Advertising is not 'a threat to society'." Our main debate was the Annual Quadrangular Debate—held in Gillespie's. This was certainly a lively—if not rowdy—discussion between our own representatives and those of George Watson's, George Heriot's and St. George's, the motion being "That we should not submit to the tyranny of convention." (Some of our guests would not submit to the convention of courtesy!).

Another annual event—the Burns Supper with George Heriot's—was also held in Gillespie's. The first in the new school, it was one of the most successful, perhaps because the speeches were admirably short, perhaps because of the high standard of the performances.

Having had the benefit of helpful advice from Mr Onwin on "Amateur Dramatics," the Lit's aspiring actresses proceeded with a highly successful play-reading with Heriot's and an entertaining Christmas show entitled "Santaclaustrophobia" which incorporated drama, music and mime.

Unfortunately we could not follow Mr Onwin's rule of "take your time" for our sixth year production "Remember . . . Remember"—but such audience as there was enjoyed it as much as the players.

The second term began with "First foot forward!"—an inter-house quiz won by Gilmore. "Junior Night" was quite ambitious this year, the younger girls providing verse, comedy and folk-singing. Our season ended with the usual flourish of the House Plays—all of a very high standard. Mr Onwin adjudicated and chose Spylaw as winner. This play was later included in a festival organised by the Edinburgh Schools' Drama Association, at the Churchill Theatre. Joan Macdonald 6L, was the producer.

On behalf of the committee, I should like to thank Mrs Brotherton for her assistance this session and to extend our best wishes to next year's committee, whoever they may be.

PAT FROST, 6B, *Secretary*.

E.S.C.A.

THIS year has been another highly successful one for E.S.C.A. Our Inaugural Address was given this session by Mr Norman Murchison, O.B.E., a very interesting and informative speaker. Some of the highlights of the year so far have been Discussion Groups—so successful that we have held them twice; a Balloon Night, when the Bishop of Southwark was awarded the only place on the slowly deflating balloon; and our Christmas Dance, which this year was held in the Royal High School.

An International Evening, held in Gillespie's, proved to be very entertaining. The most notable artists performing were Sammy, a student from Nigeria, and a group of young Polish dancers. A Rebel evening gave some of the more left-wing elements a chance to express their views while a debate and a hustings gave everyone an opportunity.

This term there is the Week-end Conference, the A.G.M. and Film Evening and the Inter-Debate with West of Scotland C.E.W.C. to look forward to.

I have thoroughly enjoyed being Gillespie's representative, and would like to thank Miss J. McIntyre for her valuable assistance and to assure next year's representative that this is a very happy and profitable pursuit.

E. M. BERNARD, 6L, *School Representative*.

SCRIPTURE UNION REPORT

OVER the past session our Thursday morning meetings have been varied and interesting. Girls from different years have supported them regularly. This has been an experimental year in our branch. Guitars have been introduced to accompany the singing and many modern choruses rank among our favourites. During the session we have included in our meetings a record morning, a "raft" meeting, book reviews, discussions, as well as Monthly Teach-ins. We were pleased to welcome as visiting speakers a student with his guitar, our East of Scotland Staff Worker Miss Kilpatrick, and a student studying at New College. A filmstrip of camps was also shown, encouraging several of our members to apply for places at Easter and Summer Camps.

Our School has participated in many inter-school activities, including a social evening at George Watson's College for Boys and a Barn B-Q with Melville College. Scripture Union in Edinburgh planned a sponsored walk, a barbeque for seniors and a party for juniors, all held in June.

We would like to thank Miss McIver, Mr McCaskill and other members of staff for their help and encouragement during this session, and also the Janitors for finding us suitable accommodation for our meetings.

We pray that next year those who attend Scripture Union will continue to be helped and challenged by the various meetings.

MARGARET HUDSON 6P, *Secretary*,
ANNETTE ROBERTSON 6P, HELEN MACDONALD 6P.

ORCHESTRA

THIS session we have again boasted two orchestras. The second orchestra has been practising Handel's "Water Music" and "Five Waltzes" by Schubert, and, if the strings are slightly outnumbered, it seems to provide much enjoyment, for which thanks go to Miss Nicoll.

The first orchestra gave two concerts in March. At the first one in St. Mary's Cathedral, Susan Rodger gave a very enjoyable performance as soloist in Handel's Oboe Concerto. We joined with the choir for "And his mercy he doth show" from the Magnificat and a Chorale from the cantata "Sleepers Awake," both by J. S. Bach. Our other concert, given in the School hall, was very well received, items including "Fantasia on Green-sleeves" by Vaughan Williams, in which Christine Burnett played the solo flute, and selections from Bizet's "Carmen" in which we joined the choir.

During the first term we practised Mozart's "Paris" Symphony, which proved both enjoyable and challenging.

In February a few of us gave a small concert for the Edinburgh Society of Retired Teachers, which was much appreciated.

We were very proud that we managed to provide ten players for the Edinburgh Youth Orchestra course held this April.

To Mr Sommerville, who knows how to combine discipline with fun, go our warmest thanks, and those of us in our final year would like him to know how much we appreciate the experience and enjoyment of many years in the School Orchestra. We hope that the Orchestra will continue to thrive under his excellent guidance.

LORNA J. STEVENSON, 6L.

SCIENCE ASSOCIATION

THIS session has been interesting and varied, starting with a talk by Mr John Smith, an Australian teaching for a short time in the school, on his home country and its geography. This was followed by a talk given by Det. Sgt. Delaird on "The Scientific Detection of Crime" which helped us to understand the methods used by the police in their daily work.

Next came an excursion to the Grampian Television Studios, where we learnt about how a programme is televised and were ourselves allowed to use the television cameras. A film evening came next on the syllabus, and three films—"Colour," "Open Secret" and "Water in Biology"—were shown. The winter term finished with a lecture given by Mr Mitchell, from Granton Gas works, which touched on the problems presented by the conversion to natural gas.

The spring term opened with a visit from Mr Ross, a Chiropodist, who told us how to take care of our feet. Then Dr Black informed us on the widely-varying uses of seaweed, from jellies to medicated bandages. The Brains Trust gave us an interesting and entertaining insight into the staff's views on contemporary problems. Our last speaker, Mr Brown, told us of his work on plankton research, and illustrated his talk with some fascinating slides.

As Miss Dunbar is retiring at the end of this year, we should like to thank her for her constant support and help in organisation and also with the projector, over the past few years. We should like to wish her all the best for the future, and also our best wishes to go next year's committee for the coming session.

ANNE M. THOMSON, 6P, *Secretary*.

CHOIR

THE first main event this year was Founder's Day, at which, accompanied by the orchestra, we performed the chorale "Zion Hears Our Watchmen's Voices" from Bach's cantata "Sleepers Awake."

On Sunday, 17th March, the choir and orchestra gave a concert in St Mary's Cathedral. The choir items were "Love is Come Again" and the anthem "Praise My Soul" and, with the orchestra, the chorale from "Sleepers Awake" and the Duetto from the Magnificat, both by Bach.

On Tuesday, 26th March, we gave a concert in the school hall, at which the choir sang four unaccompanied songs, "Eriskay Love Lilt," "Spring," "O Waly, Waly," and "Bobby Shaftoe." Enid Bannatyne sang four soprano solos, accompanied by Jennifer Macgregor. The concert ended triumphantly with the "Gypsy Canzonet" chorus from "Carmen" which was sung with great enthusiasm.

During this term we shall be occupied in preparing for the school concert at the prize-giving in the Usher Hall.

Once again our thanks must go to Mr Sommerville, whose help and patience encourage us constantly.

FRANCES KIRK 6L

THE EDINBURGH SCHOOLS SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY

THE subjects of the lectures this year have been extremely varied, ranging from "The Drug Problem" to "Aviation—a Kaleidoscope." Unfortunately Mr R. M. Sillitto, who was to give the first lecture of the session on "The Many-sidedness of Light," was unable to attend, but Dr Hunter of the Heriot-Watt University agreed at short notice to give a lecture on semi-conductors, which was very interesting.

Other items on the syllabus included "Turn to the Sea," a lecture on Geology, and a Film Night. Members of the Society were also invited to a meeting of the Royal Meteorological Society to hear a lecture by Mr K. Williamson F.R.S.E. on "Weather Systems and Migrant Birds" Two more lectures still to be held are "Energy in Ecosystems" and "Automatic Chemistry." Final arrangements have still to be made for summer outings.

I should like to thank all members for their support and to offer my good wishes to the society for the coming session.

LINDA TENNENT, 6P, *School Representative*

EDINBURGH SCHOOLS' FILM SOCIETY (E.S.F.S.)

THE society is moving from strength to strength as the membership increases and this year Gillespie's has the largest representation. It is hoped that as interest grows the committee will organise a programme of first feature films with some of recent vintage. Already during this session such varying films as "How to Murder your Wife," "Les Parapluies de Cherbourg" and "Lord Jim" have been shown—films to suit all tastes.

An extra season entitled "E.S.F.S. Goes Cultural" was introduced. This consisted of "Julius Caesar," "Hamlet" and "Lord of the Flies." It proved popular and was thought to be of assistance to Higher English candidates.

The idea of a summer season has been continued and such films as "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?" and "The Raven" (our first in cinema-scope!) have been screened under the title of "Fanterspense" originated by our inimitable president Mr C. A. Picken.

Our president since the society's birth three years ago, Mr Picken is now demitting office.

We should like to extend our best wishes to the representatives for next year when the society will flourish, we are sure, as a member of the Federation of Film Societies.

PATRICIA DUNSMORE, 6L, ANNE THOMSON, 6P, *Secretaries*.

MY LITTLE BROTHER

I CAN look out of the window any day during term-time and see my little brother ambling slowly home from school, head down, eyes fixed unseeingly on the road. His shoes are scuffed and muddy with trailing laces. One garter is lost so that its sock has concertina-ed round his ankle. His coat is buttoned wrongly, revealing a congealed rivulet of gravy on his blazer. Its belt is twisted and its collar folded in on one side. A dirty mark on one cheek, and brown hair released from its prim early morning restraint, all tousled on his forehead, complete a singularly untidy picture.

You think I am describing a typical, tiresome, teasing, tough, ten-year-old male. But Niall is utterly unlike any other boy I have ever known. He is the gentlest, kindest, most co-operative brother. You ask his help. "Of course," he says, however unattractive the task, and it is done immediately without petulance or bargaining.

This contradiction seems to run right through his personality and makes him a fascinating enigma to me.

For example, he has an amazing memory. He can briefly read through a long poem or even a piece of prose and repeat it verbatim days later. But he is utterly unable to spell—presumably in the heat of composition—words which he has learnt, and evidently knew earlier. Likewise he has to be reminded with deadly frequency about simple things such as chewing with his mouth shut, blowing his nose, eating so that the food does not drip from the spoon all over his person. Even when he remembers, he finds great difficulty in mastering those skills which are so easy for ordinary folk. This appears stranger still as his teachers evidently think him very clever and he is, in fact, top of his class. When he explains a problem in my physics for me, I agree with their opinion but when he finds difficulty in swallowing a pill and drenches himself—and me—by simply throwing a glass of water at his mouth and missing . . . can I be blamed for calling him an ass?

His frequent disregard of people, even his nearest and dearest, is bound up I suspect, with the fact that what goes on inside his head is so real to him that the outside world only rarely impinges. In our family, matters affecting us all are democratically talked over, usually at meal times. Later when the discussed event occurs he is all outrage. "You never told me!" he protests, and refuses to accept that we cannot be expected to be aware of every occasion when he is absent in the spirit though present in the body.

In a family devoted especially to music and the arts generally, he cares only, overwhelmingly, for Science, especially space exploration. His voluminous reading contains a high proportion of chemistry, physics and astronomy. Strange noises suggestive of rockets blasting off, or space ships soaring in the illimitable blue, issue constantly from his room or accompany his movements as he acts out some great space drama.

Recently at an exhibition he was observed sitting rapt for a long time in front of a large oil painting. When at last he was led away, Mother, delighted that his imagination had been captivated, asked, "What were you thinking, Niall?"

"Don't talk to me now, Mummy," he said. "I'm busy dividing 30 by 61. You see, I've been working out a gorgeous sum about seven men, who have only three oars, rowing in a small boat against a strong current. . . ."

FIONA ROSS, 2L

FINALE

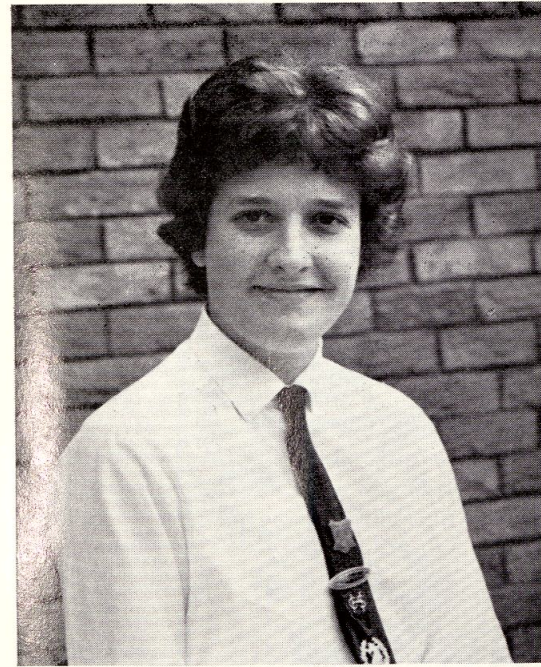
A passionate pounding
surrounds their frenzied firelit faces.
Flames of love and fire
mingle with the exhilarating rhythm.

A wide-eyed wondered child
gazes at the throbbing rapture
The rapture of the guitars
strumming the gypsy heritage.

The swirling swishing scarlet sea
stops short—
The child runs to seek shelter as the
deluge pours on his drenched desires.

The frenzied firelight fades
The powerful pounding of the rain
drowns the exhilarating rapture.

HEATHER McCALLUM 5L



SCHOOL CAPTAIN
CATHERINE HARRIS 6P



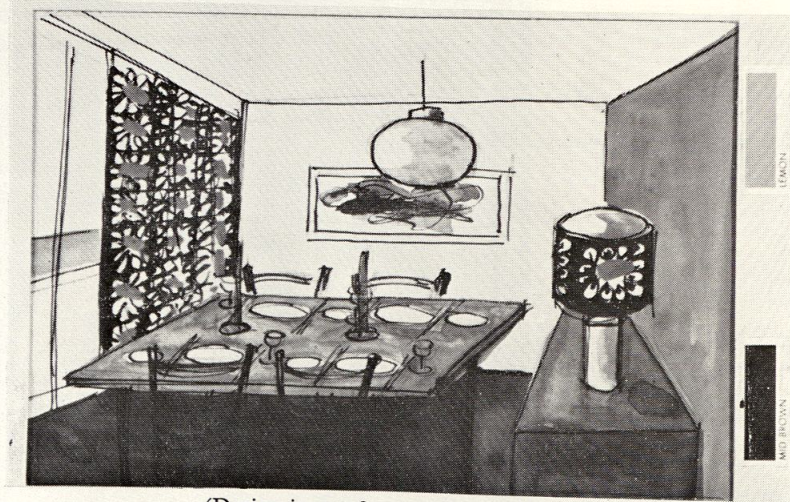
SCHOOL VICE-CAPTAIN
DOROTHY E. DAVIDSON 6P

"BIRDS" (Graphic)



JUDITH ORANGE 4F

SCREEN PRINTED FABRIC



(Design in use for curtains and lamps)

MURIEL MCKENZIE 6M

THE ROAD

IT WAS a long, narrow road that twisted and turned its way far before me, until it disappeared into a scarlet cleft of the hills. It had always been a dusty road and it carried little traffic. It was a road with stony verges and was bordered by a pine wood through which trickled a quiet stream. It was my road and I loved it.

But one day the men came. They carried long red and white poles and drove sticks into every available space.

Then the machines took over. Like great, flashing, snorting monsters, they dug unmercifully with their iron claws and swallowed mound upon mound of brown earth, stones and rock. Then the trees were felled, heaped on to lorries and driven off. Then they took the quicksilver stream and hid it within concrete pipes. They cut off all the twists and turns and substituted for the grey dust black, smooth tarmac. It no longer disappeared into a crimson wonderland, but carried enormous, grunting lorries to smoky towns.

Man, machine and science had made the perfect road—or had they?

SHIRLEY L. SMITH, 3L2

HOW TO FIND HONEY

Christopher Robin is reading a book,
When Winnie-the-Pooh comes up to look.
Says he, "This book's no good to me,
It doesn't say where to find honee."
Then Christopher Robin, to Pooh says he,
"To find some—first, you must find a bee."
"A bee!" says Pooh, says he, "a bee?
And where will I find a bee like he?"

Christopher Robin looks up from his nook,
"I once read in a book,—a bee sort of book.
That if you have need to find a bee,
Then first of all find a honey tree."
"A honey tree," says Pooh, says he,
"And then I will find my honey bee."
"By how," says Pooh, "I just can't see,
Will I know my tree is a honeyish tree?"

So Christopher Robin looks up again,
Pooh being a bear of little brain,
"You are sure to know it's a honeyish tree,
'Cos you're bound to see a honeyish bee."
"Too true," says Pooh, "how clever you be."

MOIRA RINTOUL 3L1

"OTHELLO"

"Othello." A Tragedy.

I sit down in my seat, my mind pleasantly a blank.
Vacantly existing.

Stolid.

The lights dim, leaving the stage the central focus.

Enter Iago.

He talks and immediately my brain jerks painfully and tells me I must watch this man.

A villain.

His actions are crude, and soon

The Moor and Desdemona are caught in his toils.

I hate his words, and yet, perversely, ache for more,
wishing I could be like

My more predictable friends

and feel at one with Michael Cassio.

But I am lost to Iago, submerged

in the brutality of his character.

The lights go up, and everyone rushes out for coffee,

Except me, left trembling in my seat

Very alone.

My brain pounds, like a sledge-hammer

On a blacksmith's anvil

While people laugh carelessly, and

the noise reaches me from a great distance.

In the second act

Crazily I follow Iago

His venomous words seem hurled at me,

His snapping eyes single me out.

I try to turn my eyes away,

But Iago is there, suppressing all thought,

Till at last he lies, roped, on the ground

Spurned in all his vileness,

His victims sprawling in the agony of death.

I pity him, but at last

Cassio rules . . . in Cyprus.

SHEENA CROZIER 4L1

THE GRASS SNAKE

THE snake uncurled slowly, moving in a way that you might call stretching. When fully uncurled it wriggled away, slithering, sliding, slipping, through the sighing grasses, making its way towards another point on which it could bask and bake. Then it stopped as if it had heard a noise. It wriggled, moving fast, quickly out of sight in the tall swaying grasses.

Into sight came a small boy, looking for a pet grass snake.

FREDA SHAW, FORM 1W

DOGS

ONE of the most common animals on the British scene is the dog, commonly called "man's best friend," or by the educated "morbus canis" (dog disease). Available in many shapes and sizes, this animal is curiously adapted to appeal to everyone, especially the animal-loving English.

If you are firm in your decision to purchase this prized animal, consider the following points carefully.

Examine your home closely. If you jealously hoard a prized collection of Spode china, you will obviously not buy a dog addicted to knocking things off dressers. If you inhabit a bed-sitter, it is advisable not to purchase a dog such as an Old English Sheepdog, or your quarters may grow rather cramped, or, if you have a landlady, non-existent. People whose pride and joy is their carpet are best advised not to buy a puppy.

Calculate your financial resources. If you can afford only about 7s. 6d., this precludes your buying either a pedigree miniature poodle or a huge Alsatian.

Enquire among your friends to find who would consider guarding your pride and joy in the time you are lounging in Spain, otherwise you may be forced to stay at Margate as there are unfortunately no canine coach tours to Madrid. Relatives may also be used for dog-keeping, but will generally break off relations afterwards. This, of course, can be a useful way of getting rid of unwelcome family members—one of a dog's few advantages.

The final consideration is your canine friend's future role. It has been found that poodles dislike rounding up sheep and sheep-dogs prefer to go without clothes.

Now proceed—with caution—to the local pet shop. Here you will be tempted by every sort of canine beauty under the sun, and a large number of adjuncts to a dog's costume and welfare. Those with sufficient assets buy a dog to match their own characters. Elegant film stars buy poodles dressed in outfits similar to their own, detectives have a distinct affinity with bloodhounds with sensitive noses, and an Alsatian is definitely for the strongman. The melancholy own a sad-eyed spaniel, the ardent monarchist, a corgi. Sheepdogs for farmers, retrievers for gamekeepers or poachers, Olde-Englishe Sheepdodge for the olde worlde types (this dog also likes Dulux painters—as a contrast) dachshunds for the sausage eaters. The list is endless. The most common type the mongrel, is for those in impecunious straits and to be avoided like the plague by the well-to-do.

You are now the owner of the craftiest non-human fiend on this earth. It will cause you to lavish money on its basket, bones, meat, toys, kennel and costume. It will bark at about 1 a.m. because you carelessly omitted to stroke it before retiring; it will drive away any friends who are not indifferent to muddy pawprints, laddered nylons and clawed legs. It will ruin your prize herbaceous border by burying its bones in the middle; it will eat your food off the plate before you can stop it; it will reduce your slippers to a soggy mass of leather, and steal your favourite chair. It will drive you almost crazy, but you won't be able to resist its loving lick.

You have been well and truly caught by a designing dog. There is only one way to avoid this disaster; do not buy a dog—ever!

Which reminds me, I haven't seen Fido recently. Oh dear, what shall I do? Good dog! Here! No! Fido! My essay!

CATRIONA MCKAY, 4L1

TAY EIDERS

(After oil pollution in the Tay in which about 2,000 birds died, March 1968.)

Coal breasted, snow-backed they floated
Upon the winter tide
Mottled, downy brown their mates,
Hundreds and hundreds

Resplendent upon sandbanks wide.
In biting wind, the ice
Of the New Year,
Yet we came and stood
Braved the bitter clime
Eyes drank and drank their fill
Of beauty
Somehow that plumage warmed our very hearts
Made us feel
That cold did not matter.

Oh, God! What an infinity of pain man spreads
Now that his power his wisdom far outrides.
Black from the beating life long crushed and dead
Hydrocarbons—fuels—thick oils we draw
And set upon waters great in ships.

Now they are gone, the eiders,
Huddled heaps, helpless and dying upon the beach;
Broken the trail, wing-thick, of cloying carnage;
Slow are the toxins sinking in the blood.
A silent massacre of those who have no tongues
A moment's thoughtlessness, a heedless crime
Pollution.

JOAN BATHIE 6P

ON REFLECTION

THE resemblance between the two girls was remarkable. In fact, one might say that they were absolutely identical right down to the small, moon-shaped birth marks on their cheeks.

It was uncanny the way they gazed intently into each other's eyes and then turned away at precisely the same moment, as if transmitting thoughts from one brain to the other—telling of the next action. Their facial expressions were also the same, both showing angry emotion in the form of parallel furrows between their eyebrows. They were annoyed. Annoyed at being copied. One called out in her anger.

The other passengers in the bus turned to her in amazement. "What a strange little girl!" they thought. "Talking to yourself is a bad sign," they said, wagging their heads knowingly.

She was very embarrassed and got up to leave. As she did so, once more her reflection caught her eye.

Was that a smile she saw on its face?

LINDSAY STRONG 3F2

THE FILTH AND FASCINATION OF VENICE

LAST summer I spent a few days in Venice and, next to my own city of Edinburgh, I think that it is the most impressive city that I have ever had the good fortune to see. The beauty of Venice is not to be found in her face-value, but in her character. Lord Byron once said "her palaces are crumbling to the shore," but for me she will remain, "a white swan of cities," until she is at last imbibed by the sea for ever.

I will always remember Venice the way I saw her from a gondola as, in the half-light of evening, we passed along her diverse canals and under her little stone bridges. I felt transported into another age as we sailed along her ancient thoroughfares and journeyed farther from the bustle of modern life. It was a clammy evening and the breathless atmosphere intensified the dank fetor, yet this added to the experience and was not at all offensive. Cafes on the pavements were crowded with tourists of many nations sampling the local Italian wines, but as we sailed farther up the Grand Canal and left the crowd behind, a stunning silence fell, which was interrupted only by the steady creaking of the single oar as it forced its way through the murky depths, and the gentle lapping of water against the stone pavement. The boatman coughed and the sound echoed across the water and seemed to pierce the silence like a knife. As we passed under the Rialto Bridge, I almost expected to see Shylock, clad in black skull cap and cloak, appear from one of

the cloisters. It was only ten o' clock, yet the majority of the citizens were indoors and the dimly lit windows might easily have been illuminated by the warm glow of oil lamps rather than electricity.

After turning off the Grand Canal we journeyed down many lesser canals, past dark, mysterious alley-ways and under numerous, low stone bridges. But all too soon we gained St. Mark's Square and the milling crowds. As we strolled across St. Mark's Square, I realised that we had returned to the Twentieth Century, but still I could visualise the Doge's Gondola, decked with flowers, glide past us towards the Bridge of Sighs. How I detest this century and yet how grateful I am to live in an age such as ours!

I stopped for a moment and studied the big, white liner in the distance, her lights sparkling in the black, Venetian night. I felt glad to know that on her I would return to a clean, healthy city. Had I lived in the days of Venice's glory, I should not have experienced this but would have lived in an unhealthy city, smelly and decadent.

If ever I return to Venice, I fear I may see her through different eyes, but I will treasure for ever the memory of that clammy summer evening as dusk fell and, for me, Venice came alive.

GAYE GORDON, 4L2

LIFE OR DEATH IN A SWISS HOSPITAL

A DAY in a Swiss Hopsital begins by one's being roughly awakened at the uncivilised hour of 6 a.m. After the washing routine has been observed, one's breakfast—consisting of rolls, butter, jam and hospital coffee—is thrust on the tray. That unmistakable concoction, hospital black coffee, is served with every meal and in it floats sleeping pills or anything else prescribed.

The doctors, who were very kind, did their rounds in the morning. Two of them spoke "English." Their conversation consisted of, "Good Night. Do you have pain? No? That is good. Good Night,"—and a series of wide grins. They then proceeded to tell the sister the treatment for a broken leg.

On Swiss Radio 1, they played English music all day. Everything from Engelbert Humperdinck to the Beatles could be heard from 6.30 a.m.-1 a.m.

Lunch was about 12.30. Vegetable soup was followed by raw, hung, cured, salted bacon with whole boiled carrots in tomato sauce and spaghetti. I disgusted the cook by putting the spaghetti in the tomato sauce and eating it in truly British fashion.

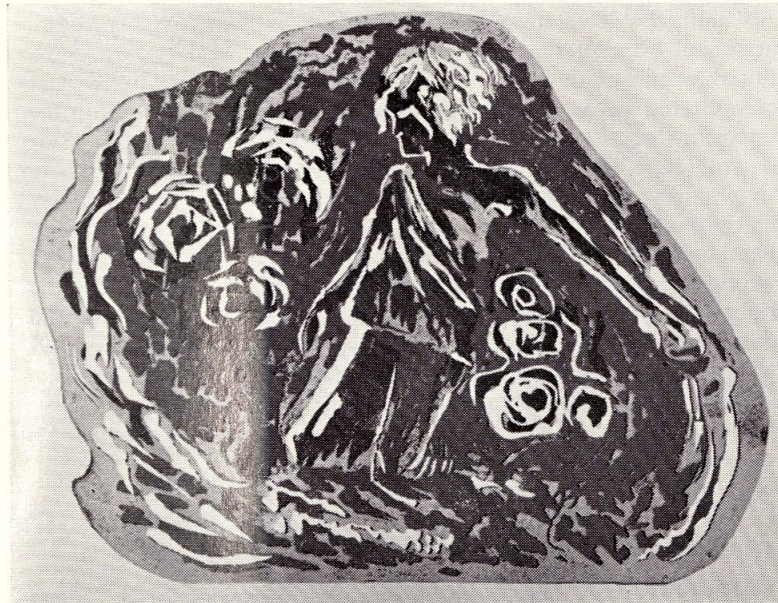
That evening some friends and a ski-ing instructor came to visit me. I discovered that most of my friends had passed their bronze ski-ing test. They brought me a cow imitator with which I frightened the Sister out of her wits for the next few days.

The day ends with a cup of hospital coffee in which plainly floats a sleeping pill.

After that one knows nothing until one awakens—or rather is awakened—next morning.

CAROLYN PITHIE, 2F2.

"INDIAN BOY" (Lino-cut)



MARION NOTMAN 4F

"THE GORDON RIOTS" (Painting)



WENDY MURDOCH 4L

WHAT GOES UP MUST COME DOWN

AT home the down stairs go upstairs and also downstairs. Therefore at school I forget that the down-stairs are not also the up stairs, but the stairs with a red arrow pointing downstairs. This is very complicated as the up stairs also have an arrow, but pointing in the opposite direction. As everyone knows, what goes up must come down. Therefore, as the up stairs go up, they must also come down, so why can't we go on either stair when they both go the same way in the end? Many people cannot distinguish between their right hand and their left foot so they confuse the right stair and the wrong stair—which is the left stair if you are on its right, but the right stair if you are on the left. As far as I know, the upstairs go downstairs as well as upstairs, so what is all the fuss about, and what is wrong in going on the right stair at the wrong time when what goes up, must come down?

SUSAN HENDRIE 2L

MINI-GANTOR AND GIGANTOR

MINI-GANTOR was buzzing round Gigantor's head. "Stop buzzing round my head, Mini-Gantor," Gigantor said. "It's annoying."

"I don't want to stop," protested Mini-Gantor.

"All right, I'll sort you," snarled Gigantor, and, producing a fly-swat from his hip-pocket, which wasn't even there, he proceeded to swat Mini-Gantor, but Mini-Gantor just dodged each time.

Eventually Gigantor gave up, because he could not catch Mini-Gantor, who had hidden. Gigantor could not guess where he was hidden.

"I will give you ten guesses," said Mini-Gantor, "and I will only answer yes or no."

"Are you . . . are you . . . in my pocket?" Gigantor began.

"Don't be silly," said Mini-Gantor, "you don't have any pockets."

"Are you behind me?"

"No"

"Are you up a tree?"

"No, there aren't any."

"Are you higher than I am?"

"Yes. That's four guesses."

Gigantor looked up and round but he could not see Mini-Gantor anywhere. "I can't see you," he said.

"Of course you can't. I'm hiding, silly," answered Mini-Gantor. "Can you jump higher than I can?"

"Yes."

"Prove it then."

"All right, you jump first," answered Mini-Gantor.

Now Gigantor, who had powerful, jet propelled rockets, could fly, so he jumped and rose high into the air. When he thought that he was high enough, he stopped and hovered. "Right," he shouted, "your turn Mini-Gantor."

"Right. Here I go," was the reply.

[Gigantor looked up, and saw Mini-Gantor a few feet above him. "How did you get up there?" he exclaimed.

"I jumped," was the reply.

Gigantor was so surprised that he released his rockets and started to go down. Fortunately he managed to stop himself before he hit the ground.

Mini-Gantor came slowly down, laughing his head off. "You see," he said, "I can jump higher than you, but you still have not guessed where I was hiding."

"I give up," sighed the exasperated Gigantor.

"I was on top of your head, idiot," laughed Mini-Gantor.

CAROLINE CASSELLS, 1G.

LUNCH, ONE DAY

He put sauce on his shepherd's pie,
And pushed the bottle,
Across the table,
Towards me.

I wanted to look closer,
At the contents of this sauce,
So I drew it to me,
Five inches nearer.

He didn't seem to like that,
So he pulled the bottle back,
I did the same,
He also acted,
And continued the game,
The sauce was retracted.

He was grinning,
(It was obvious he was enjoying it)
Yet it was war.
For nobody's fault,
Don't know what for.

JOAN N. AITKEN, 3L2

A MODERN PARABLE

THERE was once a very clever young man who had studied at many of the best universities in Europe and America, who wanted to learn the way to lead a peaceful and contented life.

To do this, he first studied the Greek philosophers in the original Greek, with many learned professors. But the professors could not agree on the interpretation of the philosophy and they spent much of their time quarrelling amongst themselves. So the clever young man decided that Greek philosophy did not provide a solution to the mysteries of life and left the learned professors still in argument.

Next the young man joined the Christian Church, to find spiritual peace. Here too, however, people could not agree. They argued about bishops, the Immaculate Conception and Papal Infallibility. The clever young man read tracts and sermons and attended daily services, but he did not find the contentment he was seeking. So he turned to other religions. He studied in detail the beliefs of Islam, Hinduism and Buddhism. He agreed with the writings of the great teachers but when he tried to carry them out, he always felt disappointed at the result. The clever young man came to the conclusion that religion and philosophy were not practical enough.

So the young man turned to Communism in the hope of finding a practical way to lead a contented life. But he found that Communists had too militant an attitude towards life ever to live in peace with the world.

In despair, the clever young man decided that he would travel in search of an ordinary man who led a contented life and, when he found one, he would study his way of life and write a book about it, so that all the peoples of the world could read it and learn how to live in peace and content.

The clever young man searched the cities of the world but everyone was too busy making money to care about peace and contentment. Then he searched the pleasure resorts, but there people were too worried about enjoying themselves to care about peace and contentment. In the country, people spent their time worrying about the weather for the crops and what the price of cattle was. Eventually the clever young man found the kind of person he was looking for in a small country that no-one had heard of. He was an ordinary man, who lived with his family on a very small farm; who did not worry about the weather, or his income tax, or whether he could afford a new car, for he had just enough to live on and no more. But he was contented.

The clever young man lived with him for a year, and then

went back to his own country and wrote a book about this contented way of life. The book was deep enough to appeal to the intellectuals, but not so deep that ordinary people could not read it and learn from it. The critics unanimously acclaimed it as the most perceptive and meaningful book of the day and it was published in paperback form.

The clever young man, pleased that everyone could now lead a peaceful and happy life, sent a dozen copies of his book to the contented man. But the contented man could not read.

ANNE M. THOMSON, 6P

THE AGONY OF WAITING

Written after the Hull Trawler Disasters.

The men have left, please God be with them.
"Don't worry, Luv," Davie cries from the bridge.
What else can you do?
He's gone for six weeks.
"The Bostun came last night, Mrs Brown
Jack says weather's bad
Reckons it'll get worse."
"Mrs Brown!"
"Oh sorry. . . . Three haddocks, Alice, please."
He always was a good skipper, Davie
He'll be safe.
"Good morning, ladies,
It's your old mate Jimmy Young speaking.
Our first record. . . ."
The telephone—Davie!
No, he's safe remember.
"Hullo"—"Mrs Brown, please come down to the
harbour immediately."
"Why, yes, yes, of course."
But Davie's a good skipper. He'll be safe.
Must hurry, though.
"Have patience, ladies, please
We'll have more news soon."
"Please, what has happened?"
"Why, lady, haven't you heard?
Ross Cleveland's sunk.
Reckon there are no survivors."
"No, not my Davie he's a good skipper—
He's safe"
"Sorry, Mrs Brown."
"You've not heard the last o' this!"
"I'll take it to the Prime Minister"
"Please, Lil, be quiet. It's done now."
"Mrs Brown, a message came through
Before the ship sank—
Davie sent his love"

JANET MACLEAN 4F

AS OTHERS SEE US

"AND what are you going to do, dear? When you grow up and go out into the big world?"

I shrugged at the inevitable question which I had heard so many times before. But a sudden thought came to me, which I decided to pursue. This question had implied that at the moment I was not in the "big world." Was I different from her? Surely I, too, belonged in the society which was educating me? Did the fact that I was still at school mean that I was separate in some way? Would I have to wait until I was eighteen—or if I continued my studies to university level—twenty-three, until I was accepted as "one of us?" Was I so very different? Should I be different?

Whatever the answer to these questions may be, I do not know it. I know that the average adult in the average society regards me, and the millions of others like me, as something different, alien from himself. It is up to others to decide if this should be so.

WILMA ALEXANDER, 2L

THE INVIOLEATE SEA

THE SEA has an irresistible pull: its smell an evocative breath of freedom; its sight a bow that plucks many heartstrings. The sea should force each and every one of us to our humble knees. It is all powerful. It is master. It changes its moods as a whimsical god. One moment it may be the destroyer—hurling its huge breakers like battering rams on the cringing continents, tossing vast floating cities on its angry back, then swallowing them without a thought—or slowly, spitefully, eating away the land; trying to stem man's selfish curiosity.

But in an instant it becomes the gentle mother, nurturing flocks of silly fish like children in its arms; carefully tending little sailing boats bobbing like ducklings in its generous hand. Then man thinks he is the conqueror, the master of the elements, but he is only there on sufferance; at any moment he may be tossed aside, an unwanted grape pip in the hands of a deity. He serves only to embellish the might of the sea. He cannot control—only be controlled.

But the sea, in its calmer moods, beckons man to it. Then it plays games with him. It brings down dark mists to envelop him; it creates whirlpools to seduce him. But man enjoys all this; he takes it as a challenge to his honour. He shines lights from the shore to penetrate the fog; he sets buoys to mark the deadly rocks and

the sucking maelstrom. His greatest pleasure is to defy the oceans, to brave great storms and fight the monsters.

Civilised man, however, looks upon the sea simply as a huge all-useful transport system. He has lined his shores with harbours, where he rests before once again venturing out into the void between earth and sky. He has infected the oceans with oil and refuse which is thrown angrily back at him, soiling his beaches and killing his birds.

Others, though, look upon the sea as a plaything. They make little houses float on its waters. They tiptoe across its back on a summer's day with fishing lines trailing, and red flaring spinnakers billowing out to catch the playful breeze. Or they zoom across the mirror of its sheltered bays in gaudy speedboats, exulting in the danger and the spray in their faces. And little children with buckets and spades dabble between its tickling fingers, jumping over little waves it makes to amuse them, or building sand castles and waiting breathlessly till the tide comes to wash them away.

Out in the silence of the ocean, man and his little craft are lonely. Even the faithful gull disappears when he is out of sight of land. And man is left, the only person in the world, to sail over the horizon and into his dreams. . . .

FELICITY TOWNSEND, 4L2

THE DAY OF DAYS

THAT morning was golden: the glowing warm sun; the daffodils gaily trumpeting in the gentle breeze; the stone of the old houses near the bridge. All were golden. The first whisperings of green showed on dark branches. Beneath their freshness, the happy feet of children scuffled through the damp remains of last year's leaves, now turned to dull brown mould. But even they had been golden once. A perfect day—as golden and symmetrical as a guinea piece.

Living joy bubbled from every flower and stone and drop of water left from the preceding night's storm. Happiness was visible in every new leaf and petal, in the waving tail of the tired old mongrel padding home, his hair still damp from the heavy rain. He had rolled in the grass like a puppy, astonishing himself by his own agility, gambolling for sheer delight in the morning—now his mouth was watering in anticipation of the breakfast awaiting him at home.

A tiny chapel sheltered a group of children. Sunbeams glanced through the old stained glass, colouring the rapt, angelic young faces with pale shadows of the rich colour. A searching ray of

sunlight discovered a forgotten plaque to the memory of Christina Jane Hughes. A woman stopped to read the inscription on the little gold-coloured square, and wondered what Christina had been like, and how old she had been when she died. The children cared nothing for her. Silent for once, overawed by the solemn peace of the chapel, they were listening to a story—a story so sad that even on so perfect a day, their expressions were serious.

“Once upon a time, hundreds of years ago on a day like this. . . .”

A day like this—why had it happened on a day like this, when the birds were singing and the glorious blue, deep sky gave promise of eternity? It was that promise that caused it, and made it possible. It? Just a death, one among so many since the world began. A young man with unpopular ideas. He was dangerous, so they killed him. That day was different; the death was different. Then, the sky turned black, and they said the young man was not dead after all.

The children’s faces brightened. This, they understood, was a day of grief, but also, strangely, a day for rejoicing; a day in the golden Spring, full of promise of new life. It was Good Friday.

BARBARA HINE 3L1

FOOTSTEPS

THE street resounds to the clatter of newly-heeled shoes on pavement—my newly-heeled shoes. Fascinated by the noise they make, I vary my step, experimentally, all the way down the terrace, listening intently. Ordinary walking—an even, steady beat like a metronome or a large, solid-wood clock with a slow tick; running—not nearly so dignified or solemn but light and frivolous, like laughing girls rushing to escape the hair-despoiling rain; skipping with a young, irregular rhythm, the uncertain rhythm of a child learning to read and occasionally stumbling—I try them all. The rhythm infects my mood and I begin to play the old game of avoiding cracks in the pavement.

In search of new sounds, I move on to the grass in the park. The long grass swirls and swishes pleasantly round my ankles, but on the shorter, trimmed grass, my feet do not make the same crisp, sharp satisfying noise as on concrete, but a dull, earth thud with almost ominous overtones. I progress on to a winding, cobbly street, leading down to the river—one of the few interestingly irregular and uneven cobbly streets still left in the city. Sometimes my heels strike square on the top of a cobble and give a full, round note. Sometimes they land half on and slip downwards with a shrieking sound that makes me shudder. Once my heel wedges in a crack. I have to pause to release it.

Down I continue to the river, the dank, dirty, slimy river, incongruously covered with hosts of white swans. Unconsciously my thoughts fit in rhythmically with my footsteps.

Dark river,
Shiny river,
White swans on
shiny river.

I start swinging the rusty-iron, protective chain on the river bank and it clanks in time, like one section of an orchestra joining in with the other instruments.

I turn into a busy street and lose my own individual sound in the trample of many feet. In any case, my footsteps are losing their keen snap, and I return home, my carefree mood dulled along with the heels of my shoes.

ANNE M. THOMSON, 6P

DANSE MACABRE

Two daffodils on a verandah, dancing and bright
Against the greyness of the stone, grey as a flight
Of gulls’ wings over an evening river.

I see them shiver
Although they are beauty—wanton, gay
I see them. I turn away.
My eyes cannot evade them, but I fight
Against them. A moth is drawn to light,
And their intricate ballet persists, filling the scene
As back and forward, forward and back they lean
in the spring breeze. Strange in an incongruous way
—the old lady who planted them died yesterday.

JOAN MACDONALD 6L

SATELLITE AND ORB

IT WAS eight years ago and on an evening in May. The moon was full, the trees were still and there was not a breath of wind. The nearby lake, with the soft motion of water climbing up the sand, was the only sound to be heard.

Some are frightened by darkness, some expect ghosts and hunchbacked gargoyles to come leaping out from behind a rock, and others expect the wildlife to come alive and dance round in circles like a never-ceasing nightmare. But they are all wrong. The night is a million stars, an owl awaking and hooting, trees standing motionless, water becoming a sound and not a sight. But most of all the night is the moon—the moon with its soft glow, not harsh

and glaring like the sun; the moon with its clear outline and hazy markings.

I walked through the forest taking care not to disturb the silence. A twig snapped beneath my feet and seemed to start off a choir of noise. Suddenly, there was night coming alive. The water started to roar, the trees moved in a restless way, the whole world wanted to escape: the water pulling itself out; the trees pulling up their roots, aching and creaking; bats in a nearby cave. They were all escaping from the world. But they were the world.

The trees were clumsily dancing round, their barks and branches seemingly transformed into human features. They all had eyes, noses, mouths. They all had hands and feet. . . . They were all laughing. Laughing at me! I tried to run away, but I stood as though paralysed. I looked down at my feet. There were no feet. I had roots like the trees and my legs suddenly turned to wood. My arms became part of my body. I could not move about, only sway. The rushes by the water ran merrily round me, while the cackling trees disappeared over the horizon. It went on and on and. . . .

It was much later when the sun arrived to take over from the moon. Its rays crept quietly over the eastern horizon and were closely followed by the sun itself; the same sun which had been worshipped thousands of years before, by people who did not know any better. People who did not know any better? But the sun is our ruler, our king. The sun clothes us, feeds us, warms us and gives us life.

Life! My first day as a tree?

The great and mysterious sun awakened me from my slumbers.

VIVIEN SMALL, 4F

THE ROYAL LYCEUM YOUNG PLAYGOERS CLUB

LET me introduce you to this new and active club. It was formed about one and a half years ago for youngsters between 12 and 18 who are interested in the theatre. It is thriving well and beginning to catch the public's eye, and there are seventeen Gillespie members.

We, as a group, find the Club great fun and a marvellous opportunity for coming in contact with the theatre. Meetings, held every third Saturday at 11 a.m. in the Lyceum, are always interesting; they offer the chance to go up onto the stage and try things for yourself—the results are often hilarious!

It is fascinating to meet and talk to people such as Callum Mill, Jimmy Logan, David Sumner (of "St. Ives" fame) David Burke (of "Inheritance") and members of the hard-working Theatre Company.

Also the previews of current plays, explanation of the various plots, the difficulties encountered by the actor himself, all help greatly in the appreciation of the magically lit stage when the play begins. It is amusing to hear theatre back-chat; the funny little faults which make good actors human—for example Bryan Stanyon as Captain Absolute was left standing at the end of "The Rivals" feeling like a fool when the curtain got stuck on the stage-set!

The Lyceum's Associate Producer Michael Burrell organised the Club, but recently went to the Chichester Theatre to appear with Peter Ustinov. A principal company actor, Bryan Stanyon, "inherited us" and he has thought up new ideas for us—visits to the theatre at Billingham and Glasgow, showings of well-known films, and, best of all, we are to be allowed to see dress-rehearsals and, Director permitting, early rehearsals of Lyceum productions.

In July, three plays written by members are to be produced in the theatre and more plays will be done in the autumn—there will be plenty of opportunities for new members. In addition to this, the Club is well travelled: this Easter some members went to the Salzburg Festival.

We appreciate how much the Lyceum Theatre is doing for us; there are only four theatres in Britain where you can attend such a variety of excellent plays in repertory, and we are very lucky that the Lyceum is one. Bryan Stanyon said that he wants us to feel very much part of the theatre and the company; after all we are, as Callum Mill pointed out, 7s. 6d. shareholders in the Lyceum Theatre!

JANE M. S. ROBERTSON, SHEENA CROZIER, 4L1

MEMBERS

First Year: Freda Shaw, Lesley Richardson, Janet Stewart, Alison Triggs, Jill Redgrave, Marjory Fulton, Alison McKie, Eileen Wallace.

Second Year: Linda Dorren.

Third Year: Pamela Smart.

Fourth Year: Sheena Crozier, Jane Robertson, Catriona McKay, Felicity Townsend.

Fifth Year: Heather McCallum.

EARTHQUAKE

The rain tumbles from a darkened heaven
Beating relentlessly on the once dusty street.
Flashes of lightning streak across the sky
And the whole town shakes with the vehemence of the thunder.

Screams rend the air as a house is
Consumed by the yawning earth,
And frantic mothers search for their doomed children.

Buildings crumble and fall like
Icing on a Christmas cake.
And then there is silence.
A silence filled with sounds, the sounds
Of the dying and the dead.

The papers shout "A hundred die!"
But no one cares.
Turkey is a million miles away.
And in a little hospital a child cries
For his mother buried beneath the
Rubble of her dreams.

EILEEN M. BERNARD 6L

ON A SPRING EVENING

Shrill piping, an incessant dusk-note.
Sodium lit,
Crouched in the regal twilight,
Chill in the living dusk,
A single avian beggar.
Ruffled, his gaunt feathers tattered upon him,
Beak—his one aureate treasure—agape
Calls and calls
Piercing darkness; tiny puff-chested notes that fill the whole evening.
A lonely invocation to coy brownness?
Or a pain? An agony of slowly stirring Spring?
Or defence of a green entomic domain,
Larvae crawling, worm ridden, seed heavy?
Young are but ever gaping mouths, blind bones strung with scrawny skin
Hard toil for you, sable patriach.
But now the veil has fallen
The sorrowed rapier of notes, intermittent impulse,
Dies.
He crouches, hops, vanishes into the shrubs.
Shivering in the night breeze, I move away.

JOAN BATHIE 6P

Primary School

MISS MURIEL M. WEIR left us last summer to take up a position under the British Council lecturing in English to adult students in Sweden. Her place was taken by Miss Shona M. Mangles who is leaving this summer to be married.

Miss M. M. Smith left from the Preparatory Department during the Christmas term to become Infant Mistress in Colinton. Her post was filled temporarily by Miss Clark.

Miss C. J. M. Muir, mistress in charge of the Primary Department, retires at the end of this session and her position has been filled by Miss Barclay, who is coming from Davidson's Mains School.

On 10th October two "Road Safety" lectures were given and two films shown by the police. Both lectures and films were excellent.

Christmas activities included the collection of £19 8s. 6d. for Christmas Seals, which were sold on behalf of Spastic children; on 19th December the Christmas Party for P7(1) and P7(2) was enjoyed by all—staff and pupils alike—though perhaps a trifle strenuous for the staff!

On 22nd December, Miss Nicoll was the producer of a very beautiful Nativity Play, mimed by some of the girls on the stage, while all the other girls sang carols to illustrate the Christmas story—truly a concerted effort.

The Primary School holds a competition annually in each class for the repetition of Burns or Scots poems. The winners this year were:—

P7(1) Lorna Dakers; P6(1) Catriona McOwan; P5(1) Sheila Gilfillan; P4(1) Caroline McLean; P3(1) Alison Hendry; P7(2) Jean Runnicles, P6(2) Moira Brochie, P5(2) Fiona Fulton, P4(2) Amanda Hay, P3(2) Alison Macleod.

A very interesting visit was paid by P6(1) on 29th February, to the Sail Training Association schooner, the "Malcolm Miller," at Leith Docks. They were shown over the ship and every piece of apparatus was explained to them. P7(1) and P7(2) took part in the Sir James Miller Civic Fund Schools Competition, whose theme for this year is "Edinburgh's Transport and Communications"—the competition to be judged in mid-June.

The Primary School has a Penny-a-week Fund, the money being divided between helping to pay for the upkeep of "Jim," the Polar Bear in the Zoo, and contributing to the Guide Dogs for the Blind Association. They finished their collection for a first guide dog (£250) on 30th June 1961. He was called Gillie and his owner brought him to school in September 1961. By then a collection for a second guide dog had been started and it was finished on 13th March, 1968. In appreciation of these efforts the Guide Dogs for the Blind Association is going to give the school a replica guide dog, which is to be presented on Tuesday, 18th June, by a guide dog owner. Meanwhile one of the young puppies that is to be trained is to be called "Bess" after James Gillespie's mother, who was called Elizabeth. In due course the Primary is to receive a portrait of "Bess." Now a collection is being made for a third dog.

Royal Scottish Museum visits were made by P7(1) and P7(2) to Transport and Communications Exhibits; by P6(1) to "Seashore Plants and Animals;" and P6(2) to "Wild Life of the Scottish Lowlands."

Representatives from P7(1) attended a Primary Pupil-Librarians Conference at Drylaw Primary School on 25th May.

The Netball Teams drawn from P7 and P6 are taking part in the Edinburgh Competition and are trying to win the cup.

Finally—an annual highlight to which all look forward eagerly—the Primary School Concert is to be held this year on Wednesday, 12th June, and Thursday, 13th June.

APRIL 1st

ON “April Fool’s Day,” my friend Lorna was coming for lunch and who would be better to make an April Fool? I had bought a plate-lifter trick and decided to see if it would work. Lunch time came. I had put the trick under the tablecloth and so everything was ready. The first course was stew.

Lorna was half-way through when I pressed the bladder. The stew joggled about and to say the least of it, Lorna looked very taken aback but decided to ignore it. At last she asked what was wrong with the plate. “Gremlins,” said my father who loves to play tricks on people. On we went like this. Maybe Lorna remembered it was April 1st. Anyway she looked under the tablecloth and found the bladder. “April Fool,” I shouted. Every time she comes now she always checks under the tablecloth for the bladder or some other trick.

PATRICIA WALTON P7(1)

MY STRANGE VISITOR

ONE bright July morning, I was awakened by a strange noise. I hurriedly donned my dressing-gown and slippers. “Ooo Ooo!” the noise echoed round the room. I suddenly realised what it was. It must be a pigeon. I stealthily crept to the kitchen windowsill, and peered over the ledge. Sitting there, was a poor bedraggled pigeon. Slowly I opened the window and put out some bread crumbs. Perky (as I later christened him) gobbled up the bread as if he had not been fed for weeks.

It was then that I noticed the ghastly disease on his feet. Poor Perky had no feet, only two little red stumps on which he limped along. Each morning he sits patiently on the ledge waiting for his breakfast. He is quite tame now, and one day to my delight he took some seed from my hand. It was a great achievement, and he is now well on the way to recovery.

LESLEY WALL, P7(1)

VIENNA

“WIEN” the signpost read as we neared the Austrian capital. Soon my family and I were crossing the suspension bridge over the meandering River Danube.

My father parked the car and we went on a sightseeing tour of the splendid old city. We gazed at the shops with their magnificent window displays. The jewellers’ shops attracted my attention as I looked with envy at the finely wrought filigree which showed meticulous care.

We proceeded to an opening which proved to be an escalator and my brothers and I found great pleasure going up and down on one of the eight escalators providing the entrance and exit to the shopping arcade.

Our fun came to an end when Mummy called us over and then took us up to the gardens of the Royal Opera House where Daddy joined us.

Our next stop was Saint Stephen’s Church where we were taken up by lift to practically the top of the church spire. We were taken out on to a platform which consisted of wire mesh and I was very glad when I was back on solid ground again.

Daddy then took us to an exclusive restaurant where my parents had coffee and cream cakes and we, the children, had orange juice and ice cream. A very smart young Lady came in and took off her Marie Antoinette-style wig and deposited it on the chair beside her.

It was now time to trudge back to the car. I was very sad to leave the said “city of my dreams.”

BARBARA STANLEY, P7(2)

Dr MARTIN LUTHER KING

A death that stirred the whole wide world,
A man so good in mind,
Was shot down in Memphis town,
Helping his fellow kind.

Until the eighteenth of this month,
His killer was not known,
And now all America is joining in,
The big hunt for this man.

The thing which gave this man away,
Was the pulling of his ear,
And no small child can walk about,
Without a touch of fear.

KIRSTEEN MACHELLAN P7(2)

THE CHRISTENING

A dress of white,
With silv’ry rim,
A satin cap,
With furry trim,
The silver bowl,
On wooden stand,
The baby woke,
She looked around,
All, All was quiet—
All but the minister,
His words. . . .”
. . . . “I Christen thee,—
Sheila.

ALISON AITKEN, P6(1)

A VISIT TO THE "MALCOLM MILLER"

A FEW months ago our class was taken to see the schooner "Malcolm Miller," which was berthed at Leith Docks. After a long bus journey through unfamiliar parts of our city, we arrived at the docks. The schooner, which is sister ship to the "Sir Winston Churchill," was built by Sir James Miller in memory of his son, Malcolm, who was killed in a car crash beside Loch Lomond.

The "Malcolm Miller," which is one hundred and thirty-five feet long and twenty feet wide, is a sail training schooner where children can go for a holiday. They help to sail the ship, doing things like hoisting the sails, lowering the anchor, etc. We saw the galley, the ship's kitchen, which was very hot inside and we were glad to get out into the fresh air. Our next port of call was the chart room, full of gadgets which were very interesting, especially the radar system.

The bunks, although they looked rather cramped, were very comfortable. I sampled one! Mr Arnott, the man who showed us round, told us many things about the ship and we felt we knew a lot more about sailing than when we had first stepped on board. We were sorry when the tour had ended, as we had enjoyed ourselves very much.

EVELYN LOVE, P6(2)

MY FUNNY PET

HE is awake! Every night there is a rustle of straw as my pet hamster wakens, surfacing through layers of sleep and straw. Whenever you put his food in his cage he wakes in an instant, gives a yawn that could swallow up Mount Everest and starts to eat. Hammy is nocturnal and only awakes at night. I think he must be the funniest pet in the world. The things he does! He goes up the chimney and reappears looking absolutely filthy. Next he attempts to struggle inside the fridge and fails and scampers over to the window to try to get inside a cupboard which we recently had to board up because he created such havoc in it. At last he manages to climb like a mountaineer on to the top of the washing-machine and from there to struggle on to the drying board.

One night I left three marbles on the drying board and the next day when I went to get them there were only two left! I strongly suspect that Hammy had something to do with this. I shall be very sorry if I ever lose him because I think he must be the best and funniest pet in the whole of the world.

GILLIAN ARBUTHNOTT, P5(1)

A BUMPY RIDE

ONE day during the summer holidays I went to stay with my cousins out in the country. The very first day they asked me if I would like to go riding so I accepted their invitation. Just as we were going out my aunt told them that they must help in the house. Jane told me just to go on by myself. I wandered into the stables and found a horse that was saddled ready to ride. First when I was trying to get up into the saddle the horse ran away and left me sitting on the grass. At last I managed to get up. Now I had to make him move. Trying to be a good rider, I kneed the horse. To my great surprise he went galloping off. I knew how to start him but how could I stop him?

We went down dells in and out of trees for a long time. At last he stopped but where was I? I was just about to get off when the beast set off at a tremendous speed. I did not know what had happened but the next moment I was seeing things upside down. I realised that I was clinging to the tummy of the horse. Soon I realised I was home.

HILARY COCKBURN, P5(2)

THE STORM

All night long raging and taging
the storm went on
never stopping tearing along.

The rain went
pitter patter
on the roof
the thunder
was like horse's hoofs.

Bottles broken
flowers bent
children wept.

Suddenly a gust of wind,
snap,
the fence lay flat on the
ground.

A flash of lightning—
that was very frightening.
Would this night ever stop?

CAROLINE PATERSON, P5(1)

WHERE IS WILLIE?

Where is Willie?
He's gone again!
Hurry, Belinda,
Run down the lane.

Is he up in the attic
Or under the bed?
Or locked in a cupboard
Or out in the shed.

Ah—there is Willie!
Do come and peep,
He's in the dog's basket
Sound asleep.

Willie we'll buy you
A bell on a string,
And then when you wander
You'll jingle-jing-jing!

LINDA URQUHART, P4(1)

MY FAMILY

THERE are four in our family. My big brother has short ginger hair and grey eyes. His name is Keith and he is quite fat. Keith is eight stone, takes a seven in shoes and is eleven years old. My Mummy has short curly ginger hair and china blue eyes. She is very small in height. My Daddy has black wavy hair and brown eyes. He is tall and slim. We have no pet, but my big brother is a monkey.

LYNN MCALPINE, P4(2)

MY SIAMESE KETTEN

I HAVE a Siamese kitten. Her name is Treasure. My Daddy bought her for my mummy on the Friday before Easter. One Saturday my mummy ordered fish and chips from a shop. You will never guess what the kitten did. She would not leave the fish and chips alone. In the end the kitten won. My mum had to give the kitten some fish and she gobbled it up till it was all gone.

SUSAN WALGATE, P3(1)

A DAY IN ARBROATH

ONE day my family and I went to Arbroath. It was great fun on the holidays. We all went to a Chinese Restaurant. I had chicken and curry and my two sisters had steak and chips but I don't know what my mother and father had because it was a peculiar word to pronounce. The waiters looked Chinese but they weren't.

JANE OGDEN, P3(2)

PRIMARY 1(2)

1. I went to the Sunday skool patty at the end of December I was in the bloo teme and Mary was in the pingk we came home when the stars wer twingklen.

2. For Easter I had an Easter bunny in a spas-ship with littel eggs on the awt-side.

3. I have got new shos from a shop for scool and I got sum new clos for Toots.

4. My swimming is nice we put ore swimming costyoms on we splash in the wattr. I Love swimming. Our teachers are cold Mrs Lamberert and Mrs-Hendresh.

PRIMARY 1(1)

1. On the holadays we went to Perthshir it was a long way when we got there we saw the batle of banic burn it was a nice statyou.

2. doo you no ware we went to haf dinr we had it at my Daddy's club I had tmato sop and stak and cini pie and for poding I had a bit of spunj with cnashn milk.

3. I went to the casle on Tuesday I saw Sainte-margret's chapl and guns and the buzbaes and yunaefoms.

4. We are going to antynansys on Saterday to see her little girl baby and she is not very big jusnaoo beecos she has just noorly been born.

5. I went to a party on Saturday we had nice games one game was flip the ciper you have a book and a fliper and you flipt the ciper.

PRIMARY 2(2)

1. My mummy thoght that my work was very nice and we went to a cafe but when mummy wanted to pay she had lost her purse and she said the clinic might have found it and put it in her room and so mummy wasnt able to pay for my swimming and yesterday daddy lost his suitcase and he and mummy were very worried.

2. On Saturday we went to Auntie Helens house for dinner and tea but oh dear mummy was very silly becoese she left her handbag in the house and we were out of the house when she said so and nobody had a key daddy never had his key with him and Francis had taken hers out of her handbag so when we came back we had to go throgh the window but daddy went first to open the door and then we had a lot of fuss to put down the window and I was needing the bathroom.

3. On Friday afternoon we went to Bones to see Uncle Tim and wile we were away ghe frogs laid eggs and we have not seen them yet but Fiona Nesbit told us today and she thinks there is 100 eggs in the pond and we dont no what to do with them if there is a 100 and we have no weed.

PRIMARY 2(1)

1. It wasint much of a holaday for me on Friday becose in the morning my dog got into my bedroom and my mummy had to chais her down the stairs and she slipt on the carpet and went rite throw the back door and she has stiches in her paw and in the afternoon the washing machine went on fire but the house didnt go on fire.

2. On Tuesday I went to see the new James Bond film the bit that I liked was the blood out of peoples tummy. Mr Bond was the best acter in the film he was the man who killed all the people I liked it espeshilly his guns ther was only one thing I didnt like it was the Love it was horribl so did my big brother think it was horribil.

Games Report

THE session 1967-68 has been one of change and development with an increased range of activities being made available for study during games periods. The first change came last September when we left Meggetland and took up residence at Kirkbrae.

Basketball has been added to our team games, and our thanks are due to Mrs Rosalie Wilson who has given up a lot of time to coaching the girls. So great is her enthusiasm that a senior team played in the Scottish Cup, and Senior and Junior teams in the Edinburgh Schools League. Although we did not win these competitions, both teams finished high in the league.

Third Year girls have had an opportunity to study Fencing with Professor Bracewell, the Scottish Fencing Coach. As a number of 6th Year girls showed interest in the sport, a class is now run for them during their lunch hour. A number of pupils from both groups entered the East of Scotland Schoolgirls' Championships in both individual and team events and Carol Hemphill showed great promise in the former event. Matches were arranged against teams from Ainslie Park School and St. George's School for Girls.

Squash has again been played at Craiglockhart, and two 4th Years attended special coaching at the Edinburgh Sports Club.

The Badminton teams have had a most successful year winning all their matches; we continue to play with Heriot's in the mixed events. Kathleen Livie was chosen to play for East Juniors against West Juniors and in March she won the Under 16 Scottish Schoolgirls' Singles title in Glasgow.

Our Hockey XI's have had a mixed season. The long break in October and November, due to bus difficulties, damped enthusiasm, and after Christmas the usual run of bad weather upset the fixtures. Lacking match practice, the 1st XI performed quite well; the 3rd Year A XI were most enthusiastic, but greater support would have helped the 3rd Year B XI and 2nd Year teams. We finished the season well, however, when our Under 15 team won the Junior Interscholastic Hockey Cup.

Lacrosse, like Hockey, suffered during the Christmas and Spring terms from lack of practice. Steady progress is being maintained and a number of fixtures have been made for next season.

Ski-ing at Hillend is very popular and girls from 2nd, 4th and 6th Years have had coaching, a number gaining proficiency awards.

Swimming has been carried on under some difficulty. In September the pool was out of action, and in January and February alterations to the changing rooms caused us to cancel one or two swimming fixtures. Work for certificate and R.L.S.S. awards continues, however, and an increasing number of girls hope to sit their Bronze, Instructors and Award of Merit examinations during the Summer term. The swimming team has competed in a number of school galas, and Frances Brooks and Jennifer Cowper have represented the East District on a number of occasions.

Golf is increasing in popularity, and girls are coached at the Braids when weather permits. A golf practice net has been erected in school, and increasing numbers of Secondary pupils now have an opportunity to try out their swing before venturing on to a course.

Three all-weather Tennis Courts are used on week-days till 8 p.m., and so enthusiastic are the 1st Years that they are to be seen on the courts

NETBALL (PRIMARY SCHOOL)

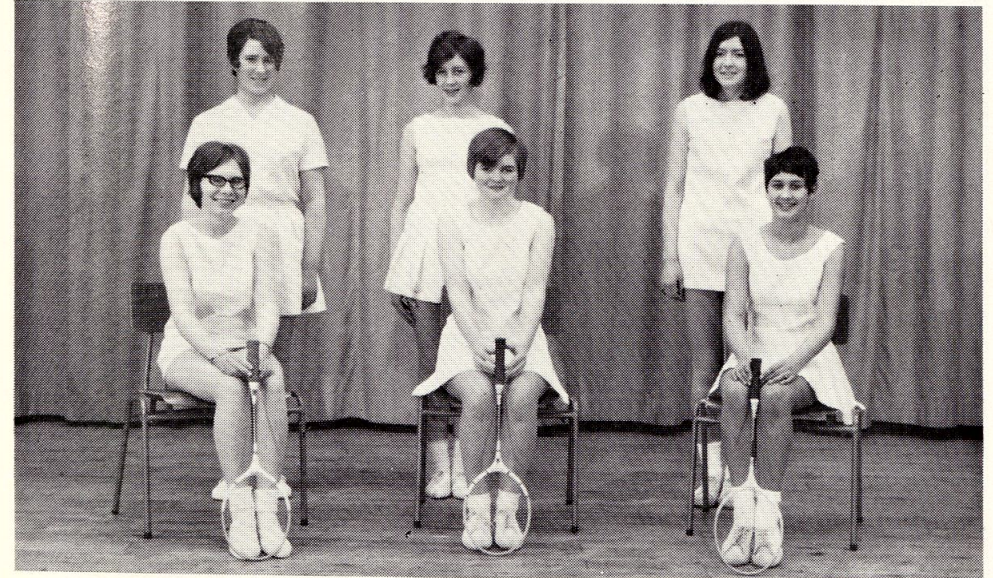


Photograph by J. Kinghorn, Edinburgh.

Back Row—LORNA DAKERS, LESLEY WALL, GILLIAN MAXWELL, KAREN DICKSON.

Front Row—PAULINE DICKSON, HEATHER PEARSON (Captain), MOIRA CUNNINGHAM.

BADMINTON



Back Row—C. BAIN, A. MITCHELL, H. LONGMUIR.

Front Row—L. MCNAIR, C. CRUICKSHANK (Captain), K. LIVIE.

HOCKEY



Back Row—G. WILSON, C. CRUICKSHANK, P. KERR, A. SPEIGHT, A. ELLIS, M. SMITH.
Front Row—H. MACDONALD, F. BROOKS, D. MACKENZIE (Captain), K. WISHART, P. STEWART.

FENCING



Back Row—J. MARR, B. McMULLEN, L. REDLEY, S. MARSHALL.
Front Row—C. SMITH, A. McKELVIE, P. DUNSMORE, M. SMITH, C. HEMPHILL.

before school starts in the morning! A full fixture list for 1st, 2nd and Junior VI's has been arranged and in addition a school knock-out tournament and the Nestlé ladder tournament will be run. Since there are no courts at Kirkbrae we are using the courts at the Inch public park and the Meadows during school hours.

Our Athletes, though small in number, are an enthusiastic and dedicated group. Felicity Strong won the Junior High Jump at the Scottish School-girls' Championship last September.

A group of 6th Year girls have started Sailing at North Queensferry, and seem very keen even in cold wet weather.

The Primary Netball Club continues to be popular and it is unfortunate that the Netball court was not marked until the end of March. The teams are looking forward to their matches in the Primary Schools League.

The arrival of four Table Tennis Tables now erected in the old lunch huts, has proved a popular alternative to Gymnastics and Dancing.

Finally, as can be seen from the two following tributes, Benmore Adventure Centre has been very popular with the seniors, and several groups are returning for more advanced courses towards the end of the summer term.

ON RETURNING FROM BENMORE ADVENTURE CENTRE—MAY 1967

With due apologies to Steve Mitchell, one of our instructors

To be sung to the tune "Mocking Bird Hill"

O, Stevie, dear Stevie, we're back home here now,
Our feet full of blisters, for ever, we trow,,
Our skin's weather-beaten, complexions we've none,
We feel all washed out from the lack of the sun.

CHORUS

*Fal-de-da, Fal-de-dee dee, three cheers for Benmore,
The home of our wild life, adventures galore.
For climbing and sailing, good comrades and fun,
A spell in the outBAC is second to none.*

O, Stevie, dear Stevie, when courage did fail,
You were always above us to man the abseil
A shoulder to cry on, a firm helping hand,
A strong flow of language was at your command.

CHORUS

I kid you not, Stevie, our thoughts ever turn
 To the mud and the midges, the mountain, the burn.
 Our only ambition, it's true, never fear,
 Is to come back and haunt you at Benmore next year.

CHORUS

BENMORE

Grey; gaunt; hidden-Home,
 Mountain-swallowed, purple; blood-
 Red of the rhododendrons. Skies
 Of grey, and clouds of black,
 Paradise,
 Rain and grass, and hills and rain,
 Waterproofs and boots, sore feet and happiness.

Loud cries of pain, and louder
 Shrieks of joy, and over all
 Contentment.
 Birds in the gardens, and in the house
 Us. Loud life from the library, and,
 From the grounds nothing. Nothing
 Which pulled, like love, at my heart,
 At my whole being.
 Silence,
 Behind the yard, a mocking-
 Hill; near, but beyond, calling: Calling them

Moving back from me.
 Oh to fly there, to stay
 And ever live on the shore
 Of the loch, and the slopes
 Of the hill, but even to remain there
 Was denied me. And
 As the bus pulled out
 My heart stayed there, but the core
 Cried; Cried much for
 Fast-fleeing, crimson-quiet joys, loved
 More than life itself.

ANN TALBOT, 6P

HOCKEY TEAMS

	1st X1	2nd X1	3rd X1
<i>GK</i>	P. Kerr	M. Brown	J. Liesching
<i>RB</i>	M. Smith	I. Fiddler	I. Blacklaws
<i>LB</i>	H. Macdonald*	A. Alexander	L. Barrie
<i>RH</i>	P. Stewart	S. Mckie	J. Grant
<i>CH</i>	D. Mackenzie* (Capt.)	S. Mcfadyen	J. Cowper
<i>LH</i>	K. Wishart	I. Carrick	S. Smith
<i>RW</i>	F. Brooks	M. Evans	L. McNair
<i>RI</i>	A. Ellis	S. Kerr	Y. Stuart
<i>C</i>	C. Cruickshank	L. Milne (Capt.)	S. Firth (Capt.)
<i>LI</i>	A. Speight	A. McGregor	A. Blacklaws
<i>LW</i>	G. Wilson*	P. McBride	P. Swanston

* Colours

2nd Year B X1

<i>GK</i>	K. Edwards
<i>RB</i>	E. Buchan
<i>LB</i>	M. Tinlin
<i>RH</i>	M. Thomson
<i>CH</i>	S. Park
<i>LH</i>	A. Mirtle
<i>RW</i>	A. Henderson
<i>RI</i>	A. Keith
<i>C</i>	J. Blackhall
<i>LI</i>	J. McLennan
<i>LW</i>	P. Fantom

Under 15 X1

J. Aitken
L. Lawrie
L. Archibald
M. Leitch
S. Ross
J. Woodburn
H. Rodgers
S. Kerr (Capt.)
F. Strong
A. Bauermeister
J. Morris

3rd Year A X1

<i>GK</i>	J. Aitken
<i>RB</i>	J. Lawrie (Capt.)
<i>LB</i>	L. Archibald
<i>RH</i>	M. Leitch
<i>CH</i>	S. Ross
<i>LH</i>	C. Clark
<i>RW</i>	A. Robertson
<i>RI</i>	A. Bauermeister
<i>C</i>	F. Strong
<i>LI</i>	H. Rodgers
<i>LW</i>	J. Morris

3rd Year B X1

H. Pride
G. Milne (Capt.)
J. Liggat
S. Middlemiss
A. Nicholson
E. Munro
V. Scott
D. Burkhart
J. Maxwell
L. Strong
L. Dickson

2nd Year A X1

R. Bisset
L. Clephane
C. Watson
F. Dickie
J. Woodburn (Capt.)
C. Pithie
F. Mackintosh
R. Rankin
D. Dickson
J. Harley
S. Landles

SWIMMING

F. Brooks (Capt.)
P. Kerr
J. Cowper
A. Anderson
J. Taylor
E. Dollar
A. Henderson

BADMINTON

C. Cruickshank (Capt.)
L. McNair
K. Livie
C. Bain
A. Mitchell
H. Longmuir

STAFF v PUPILS

Ground! Stick!
Ground! Stick!
Ground! Stick! Away!
The "Staff versus Pupils'" Match
Is on at Kirk Brae.

What's that?
Golfing?
And football too?
Some poor teachers
Just haven't a clue!

Dribble up.
Take aim.
That's goal number four.
Minister and Scientist
Have equalised the score.

Time up!
Match drawn!
Listen to the cheer.
Aren't the Staff glad
That's it for another year?

ALLISON BLACKLAWS, 3L(1)

BASKETBALL

Senior	Junior
K. Wishart (Capt.)	J. Harley (Capt.)
L. McNair	G. Clapperton
F. Brooks	J. Woodburn
H. Wilkinson	A. Keith
C. Cruikshank	C. Watson
G. Wilson	S. Caulton
J. Liesching	R. Bisset
A. Speight	M. Thomson
L. Milne	B. Smith
P. McBride	S. Hendrie
I. Blacklaws	

FENCING

P. Dunsmore (Capt.)
J. Marr
B. McMullen
L. Redley
S. Marshall
C. Smith
C. Hemphill
A. McKelvie
M. Smith

Former Pupils

FORMER PUPILS' ASSOCIATION

THE Annual Reunion and biennial Business Meeting was held in the school hall on 4th November, 1967. A new constitution was adopted and new office-bearers were elected, the President being Mrs Joyce Mallinson and the Secretary Miss Marjorie Macdonald, 37 Plewlands Avenue (447-4687). After the business had been concluded, Mrs Hall (Miss Napier) gave an interesting and entertaining account of a holiday voyage on a cargo boat.

At the next meeting, on 22nd March, the company enjoyed an illustrated talk by Miss Irene Glass on her life as a missionary in India, and a song recital by Mrs Joan Chandler, accompanied by Mrs Mary Boag.

A coffee morning in November raised £18 11s. 10d.

The next reunion has been fixed for Friday, 25th October, 1968, and a coffee evening (tickets 2s. 6d.) for Friday, 15th November, 7-9 p.m. It is hoped that there will be a large attendance at both functions.

MARJORIE V. MACDONALD, *Secretary*

F.P. NOTES

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

M.B., Ch. B.,—Rosemary Ann Cathels.

B.Sc. in Medical Sciences.—Janice Duncan, Evelyn Mitchell, Wendy Froud and Deirdre Gilchrist.

B.Sc. with Honours.—Helen McCall and Sheila Gillies (Mathematical Science); Isobel Smith (Mathematics) and Julie Golding (Chemistry).

B.Sc.—Gail Brewster and Kathleen Young.

B.Sc. in the Faculty of Social Science.—Catriona Smith.

M.A. with Honours.—Margaret Carsewell and Mary Walters (Geography); Lindsey Polson (English); Judith Flett (French with German) and Isobel Johnstone (Fine Art).

M.A.—Carol Baillie, Christine Bashford, Jennifer Campbell, Margaret Cutt, Linda Fergusson and Rosalind Hunter.

B.Mus.—Alison Cartlidge.

The Diploma in Education has been awarded to Margaret Grosset, M.A., Joan Purdie, M.A., Elizabeth Scott, M.A., and Marian Hensan, B.Sc.

The MacGillivray Prize in Biology for 1967 was awarded to Anne Naysmith.

VIDA CUNNIFFE (*nee MOWAT*), B.Sc., now teaching at East Elgin Secondary School, Aylmer, Ontario, has gained the David Younger Award for an outstanding record at the Ontario College of Education.

JENNIFER BURLEY, School Vice-Captain in 1964-65, is to begin a year's V.S.O. work in the Sudan in July.

JEAN BUTCHART is now head of the Cookery Department and Assistant Principal at the Aberdeen College of Domestic Science.

DOROTHY DUNNETT (*nee HALLIDAY*), well known as the writer of historical romances, has this year entered the field of detective fiction with "Dolly and the Singing Bird," a lively thriller set in Edinburgh and the Western Isles.

MURIEL SPARK, whose early poems were often printed in this magazine, has this year had published "Collected Poems I;" and preparations are being made for a film version of "The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie," already a stage success.

FRANCES BRUNT, having been Senior House Mistress at the Dick Sheppard Girls' Comprehensive School, is now Senior Mistress in charge of girls in Camrose Co-educational School. She is also Honorary Secretary of the Association of Teachers of Spanish and Portuguese and Chief Moderator in Spanish for the S.W. Regional Board in London.

PRESENTATION TO THE SCHOOL

THE school acknowledges with deep gratitude the gift of an antique settle from Mr Alexander E. Drysdale, in memory of his wife, JEAN CATHERINE MACANNA (1929-1967), who was dux of the school in 1947. The gift has been placed in the main entrance of Bruntsfield House.

F.P. HOCKEY CLUB

INFORMATION may be had from Mrs Maureen Moonie, 25 Clerwood Way (334-6848).

F.P. SWIMMING CLUB

THE swimming club continues to meet in school (Lauderdale Street) on Tuesday evenings. Those who wish to join in September, 1968, should communicate with Miss Margaret King, 93 Colinton Mains Road, Edinburgh 13 (441-3596).

MARRIAGES

MCLEOD—SCOTT.—NEIL MCLEOD to DOROTHY SCOTT.
BOE—MITCHELL.—ALAN G. BOE to PAMELA MITCHELL.
BOYLE—ELLIOTT.—NEIL A. BOYLE to ANNE ELLIOTT.
MCGREGOR—MILNE.—ALEXANDER W. MCGREGOR to ELIZABETH ANNE MILNE.
MATHESON—OSLER.—THOMAS MATHESON to JEAN M. OSLER.
FRASER—MORE.—LAURENCE H. FRASER to SANDRA MORE.
WEIR—BUCHANAN.—ALISTAIR E. L. WEIR to NANETTE BUCHANAN.
FORSYTH—McCROW.—WILLIAM FORSYTH to LORNA McCROW.
SYME—LESLIE.—DOUGLAS SYME to IRENE LESLIE.
DUNBAR—HUNTER.—GRAHAM S. DUNBAR to ROSALIND A. HUNTER.
FERENBACH—SMITH.—CAMPBELL FERENBACH to GILLIAN SMITH.
LAING—NAPIER.—ERIC T. LAING to ANNE M. NAPIER.
LUNAN—KEAN.—MICHAEL J. LUNAN to MARION KEAN.
LAIDLAW—ROSE.—GEORGE E. LAIDLAW to WINIFRED ROSE.
BLAIR—METCALF.—IAN S. BLAIR to JUNE METCALFE.
MACDONALD—CAMERON.—THOMAS MACDONALD to RUTH CAMERON.
BULLOCH—MORRISON.—ROBIN BULLOCH to KATHLEEN MORRISON.
AULD—MARSHALL.—CHARLES AULD to MARGARET MARSHALL.
MAXWELL—FRASER.—JOHN MAXWELL to MARGARET FRASER.
SIMPSON—ANDERSON.—E. R. SIMPSON to NORMA ANDERSON.
DAVIDSON—PUTT.—CLIFFORD DAVIDSON to ROSALIND PUTT.
STEWART—BALLANTYNE.—ALAN STEWART to HAZEL BALLANTYNE.

SEDDON—SANG.—J. M. SEDDON to JENNIFER SANG.
FOGGIE—WATT.—DAVID S. FOGGIE to MARGARET A. WATT.
MACLEAN—SWANSON.—IAN A. MACLEAN to JUNE C. SWANSON.
IRELAND—BACON.—EDWARD IRELAND to MOIRA BACON.
GREENHILL—THOM.—ALISTAIR S. GREENHILL to CATHERINE THOM.
MACDONALD—STRATHDEE.—MICHAEL MACDONALD to JENNIFER STRATHDEE.
GRATTAN—FINLAYSON.—DENNIS F. GRATTON to SANDRA FINLAYSON.
SMITH—BREWSTER.—JOHN W. SMITH to GAIL BREWSTER.
KIRKNESS—DALLAS.—ALAN KIRKNESS to ELIZABETH DALLAS.
CLERHEW—BURNS.—LESLIE W. CLERHEW to GERALDINE J. BURNS.
CURRIE—KIRK.—DOUGLAS N. CURRIE to ROSEMARY H. KIRK.
ROBSON—KIDD.—IAN ROBSON to WINIFRED A. KIDD.
BAILLIE—INGLE.—ROBERT A. BAILLIE to JENNIFER INGLE.
CHAPMAN—GILLONE.—BRYAN H. CHAPMAN to KATHERINE A. GILLONE.
STEPHENSON—BEVIS.—GODFREY L. STEPHENSON to ILONA BEVIS.
MCCLUSKEY—UTTERSON.—JOHN MCCLUSKEY to JOAN UTTERSON.

BIRTHS

MACPHERSON.—To Dr and Mrs IAN MACPHERSON (CLAIR PHILIP), a son.
SLATER.—To Mr and Mrs DAVID SLATER (SYLVIA GIBSON), a son.
SCHMIDT.—To Mr and Mrs HANS SCHMIDT (PAT GARSON), a son.
SOUTAR.—To Mr and Mrs DON SOUTAR (IRENE FOUBISTER), a son.
REID.—To Mr and Mrs ROBIN REID (VERA CHALMERS), a son.
GASS.—To Mr and Mrs DAVID GASS (SHEILA RENNILSON), a son.
CAMERON.—To Mr and Mrs IAN CAMERON (KATHLEEN BEEVERS), a daughter.
MCGREGOR.—To Mr and Mrs MICHAEL MCGREGOR (GAIL BROUGHTON), a daughter.
FISHER.—To Mr and Mrs PRINGLE FISHER (ELIZABETH MYERSCOUGH), a son.
NOBLE.—To Mr and Mrs IAIN NOBLE (MARY BIRD), twin daughters.
BARCLAY.—To Mr and Mrs ROBERT BARCLAY (SANDRA WHIGHAM), a daughter.
KENNOWAY.—To Mr and Mrs BRIAN KENNOWAY (NORMA NISBET), a son.
HOWARD.—To Mr and Mrs JOHN HOWARD (ALISON BEE), a son.
MCBAIN.—To Mr and Mrs W. MCBAIN (ELIZABETH JOHNSTONE), a daughter.
STEWART.—To Mr and Mrs I. STEWART (DOLINA MACDONALD), a daughter.
DYSON.—To Mr and Mrs CARL DYSON (KATRINA DALLAS), a son.
BRYCE.—To Dr and Mrs DOUGLAS BRYCE (BETTY GOURLAY), a daughter.
DUNCAN.—To Mr and Mrs P. DUNCAN (MARGARET BURT), a son.
MORGAN.—To Mr and Mrs JOHN MORGAN (MERLE WATT), a son.
SCOTT.—To Mr and Mrs STEWART SCOTT (EDITH FULLERTON), a daughter.
GRANT.—To Mr and Mrs ALAN GRANT (MONICA MACPHERSON), a son.
LOVELL.—To Mr and Mrs RAE LOVELL (MARETTE MCGILL), a son.
DOLAN.—To Mr and Mrs TIM DOLAN (PAT COULL), a daughter.

MILLIGAN.—To Mr and Mrs ALEX. MILLIGAN (JACQUELINE COWELL), a son.
 MENZIES.—To Mr and Mrs JIM MENZIES (SHEENA TROUP), a daughter.
 BAXTER.—To Mr and Mrs G. BAXTER (DOREEN KIDD), a son.
 PICKLES.—To Lt.-Cmdr. D. A. PICKLES, R.N., and Mrs PICKLES (AUDREY COCHRANE), a son.
 FINNIE.—To Mr and Mrs JAMES FINNIE (MARGARET TAIT), a son.
 WISE.—To Mr and Mrs BRIAN WISE (AUDREY HISLOP), a son.
 ATKINS.—To the Rev. PETER and Mrs ATKINS (BERYL SINCLAIR), a daughter.
 MARTIN.—To Mr and Mrs JAMES MARTIN (MAUREEN FULLERTON), a son.
 COCKBURN.—To Mr and Mrs GUS COCKBURN (SHIRLEY BROTHERSTONE), a son.

EDITORIAL COMMITTEE

General Editor—Miss I. M. CAMERON.

Business Editor—Mrs J. MACDONALD.

Primary Department Editor—Miss C. J. MUIR.

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

School Editor, 1968—JOAN MACDONALD, 6L.

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