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JAMES GILLESPIE'S HIGH SCHOOL

Edinburgh 1969

Cover design by Alison Brown

EDITORIAL

This year has seen changes in education and the future of Gillespie's as we know it today is uncertain. Much of what we have come to take for granted may disappear, leaving only memories: memories of—but then, I have not come to reminisce. . . .

I want to speak of the school today: the sixth year and all those who are leaving, either for university or for an immediate career; those of us who rebel against authority and yet are lost without it. In fact, I am speaking of ourselves and the effect the school has on us. Do not be mistaken. It does affect us, however much we like to think it does not. But, please, try not to be one of those awful people whose slogan is, " Schooldays are the happiest days of your life." How can you know? I certainly do not hold this opinion, although I have enjoyed my schooldays.

Who knows what may happen to all of us? One day there may be a Marie Curie, Maria Callas or an Elizabeth Taylor from those girls who once sat trembling in their "uniform" attire. But whatever your ambition is, you must be prepared to work for it. Although you may choose to see a school only as dull and lifeless, never forget that it is full of vibrant human beings who want you to be a success.

In effect, you have to allow for the fact that each human being is different. We are all individuals with different intellects, ideas and personalities. So just remember the old saying: "It takes all sorts to make a world."

Yes, it does. You are just one of one sort—a very small thing indeed. It takes a great deal to change the world: it takes a lot to change a school.

Susan Black, 6, R.

STAFF

Last year we said a reluctant good-bye to several members of staff, who retired after giving long and loyal service to Gillespie's: Miss Campbell, principal teacher of Art; Miss Dunbar, principal teacher of Chemistry; Mrs Jenkins, principal teacher of Homecraft; and Miss Davidson of the Mathematics department. We wish them a long and happy retirement. We extend a warm welcome to Miss Koster, who succeeded Miss Campbell, Dr Sinclair, who succeeded Miss Dunbar, and Miss Pringle who succeeded Mrs Jenkins. Mr Galt became principal

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teacher of Biology in place of Miss Ferguson, who assumed full-time duties as our depute headmistress.

Mrs Unsworth left for the south and Miss Middleton succeeded her. Miss Mansergh left to be married and Mrs Walker came in her place. Mrs John joined the Biology department. Mlle. Roux and Mlle. Hivert, both from Nice, help to inspire French enthusiasts, and Fraulein Reiss likewise in our German lessons.

In January, Mrs Brown joined the staff on a part-time basis to teach Chemistry. When Miss Cochrane of the History department left for St Denis's School, Mrs Buchanan joined us for one term.

During Dr McLeod's absence, Mrs Richardson came to our aid. We welcome Dr McLeod back again and thank Mrs Richardson for all her help.

The office staff has also changes to record: Mrs Crewe came in October, while Mrs Hunter and Miss Windsor both left in December. Mrs Armstrong and Mrs Short came to replace them.

To all those who have left us we offer our warmest wishes for the future and express our humble gratitude for the past.

We welcome the new members of staff and hope they will enjoy life at Gillespie's.

It is with deep regret that we record the death of Mr George Davidson of our janitorial staff, whose sudden passing in the Christmas holidays was keenly felt throughout the school. His cheerfulness and willingness are missed by all of us and many are the moments when we remember how much his co-operation and helpfulness could be depended upon. We take this opportunity to offer our sincere sympathy to Mrs Davidson and the family.

GENERAL NOTES

The School is fast becoming more interested in talks and extra-curricular activities.

In October, Miss Grant spoke to some fifth year pupils about careers in Law, and in the same month the second year was entertained by a "Tudor Times" recital given by Miss Haig and Miss Trede.

In November, Forms 1 and 2 attended a performance of *Peter and the Wolf*, and School parties were present at S.N.O. concerts held in the Usher Hall. The School was represented at the St Andrew's Day Commemoration Service,

and the whole school greatly enjoyed the impressive service held in Warrender Church on the last day of the autumn term.

Because of the massive support to charities, the result of the School's hard work and enthusiasm was £180. This amount, which was collected just before Christmas, was distributed among the following groups: Spinabifida, Shelter, Cancer Relief, R.N.L.I., Wild Life (Zoo), Biafra Fund, Education Fund for India.

In the Easter term, Mrs Wood from the Clark's Shoe Company gave a talk to pupils from various years, and Mrs Jackson from South Africa visited the Mathematics department. The Woodroffe High School Band from Canada delighted the second year with its performance.

During the Easter holidays a party of second and third year girls left for Hospental in Central Switzerland under the supervision of Miss Cresswell, Miss Henderson and Miss Smellie. It is the third successive year that a party from Gillespie's has gone to Hospental for a ski-ing holiday, and the experience was enjoyed by staff and pupils alike.

There will be a cruise on the *Nevasa* in the summer which will show girls life in other countries.

I should like to take this occasion to thank Miss McIver and Miss Ferguson for their co-operation. I should also like to offer a special vote of thanks to Dr Small, who has been our School Chaplain for some years now, and who never fails to interest all of us whenever we are fortunate enough to have him with us.

PRIMARY SCHOOL

This session has brought many changes to the staff of the Primary and Preparatory departments.

Miss C. J. M. Muir retired last June after fifteen years as Mistress-in-Charge. The staff and pupils are grateful to her for many reasons: the work continued smoothly and steadily; Miss Muir was the instigator of our weekly donations to the Guide Dogs for the Blind Fund; she also inaugurated our very delightful Christmas parties held each year for Primary VII, taking great pains with catering and other arrangements to ensure the success of the evening.

On the occasion of the presentation made to her by the girls, Miss Muir donated to the Primary School a handsome Bible Marker. We treasure

it greatly, and use it with pride at our morning service.

Miss Muir has been succeeded by Miss A. Barclay, who came from Davidson's Mains School.

Miss Mangles, who left to be married, and Miss Kerr, now teaching in Dundee, have been replaced by Mrs Mackay from Huntly and Miss Faulks from Aberdeen.

The Preparatory staff have also new faces in their midst. Miss Smith, now infant mistress in Colinton, and Miss Meiklejohn, appointed to a similar position in Lismore School, have had their places taken by Mrs Whyte and Miss Borthwick.

We hope all these ladies will be happy teaching with us in James Gillespie's Primary School.

During the session, we had two lectures on road safety given by members of the Police Force.

In December, Primary 7 marked their final year in this department with the usual Christmas party, when it was very evident that a good time was had by all.

As in former years, Miss Nicoll delighted us with a selection of Christmas carols beautifully sung by each stage in the Primary School.

Regular contributions have been sent to the Zoo to help feed Jim, the Gillespie polar bear, and also to the Guide Dogs for the Blind Fund. We are very proud to be collecting now for our third dog, having already paid for Gillie and Bess.

Visits have been made to the Royal Scottish Museum by the girls of Primary 7, and Primary 7 1 have taken part in the Sir James Miller Civic Fund Schools Competition. They chose as their subject buildings in the close environment of our School. With the knowledge gained from very careful and searching investigation, the girls mounted a very commendable exhibit of drawings, charts and informative notes for the inspection of the judges. We are awaiting their verdict.

The netball teams are taking part in the Annual Schools Competition.

It is with profound regret that at the end of this term, we must say good-bye to Miss Dalgleish, Miss Gaul and Miss Anderson on their retiral. The Primary School will seem strange and empty without them. Many former pupils and colleagues past and present, remember with admiration and affection the help and loyal service they have given over many years. We wish them all much happiness in their well-earned leisure during the days which lie ahead.

SCRIPTURE UNION REPORT

The Scripture Union has had a very interesting and rewarding session. Our syllabus has included several "Record Mornings" and we have enjoyed a variety of visiting speakers including University students and a new member of the Scripture Union staff, Miss Margaret Shearer. We have persevered with the use of guitars throughout the session and now use them a great deal for the singing at our morning meetings. Our Bible Studies this year have been on Paul's Letter to the Romans.

We have been collecting stamps for Oxfam and also silver paper to help to buy guide dogs for blind children. We have managed to collect a considerable amount of money, all in halfpennies, for Missionary work.

In April, about twenty girls from our Branch formed a choir with pupils from other Scripture Union Branches in Edinburgh to take part in a recording of "Gospel Rhythm" music for Grampian Television.

A number of girls attend the weekly club known as "Torch" run by the Scripture Union Inter-School Fellowship and once again, some of our members are going to the very popular Scripture Union Camps at Easter and in the summer.

We should like to thank Miss Cochrane and Mr McCaskill for their interest and support throughout the session and, as Miss Cochrane has now left Gillespie's, we thank her on behalf of present and past members for the help she has given while she has been with us. We should also like to give our sincere thanks to Miss McIver for her help during the year.

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

Alison Samuel, 6, S.
Margaret Simison, 6, R.
Margaret Thomson, 6, R.

FILM SOCIETY

From the ashes of the Edinburgh Schools' Film Society has arisen the phoenix of Gillespie's own Society—and a bird of gaudy plumage it promises to be! This first season started tentatively enough with *To Kill a Mocking Bird* starring Gregory Peck which, in one unforgettable scene, had the audience torn between laughter and fear. The season gathered momentum with the showing

of *Billy Liar*, a story which I think touched all our hearts, then, as a final triumph—*Man from Rio*, a film which managed to employ every old trick and cliché—and get away with it. The discussions following the films however, have, disappointingly attracted few talkative members though this will probably correct itself over a longer season. There only remains on the programme the A.G.M. with a few short films. I am sure that under the enthusiastic and tireless leadership of Miss Cuthbert, and with Mr Galt's wealth of technical knowledge, the Film Society is assured of a long and successful future with the constant support of Miss Warren and the "refreshing" Miss Henderson.

Barbara M. Newson, 6, S, *Secretary*.

GAMES REPORT

Session 1968-69 has been one of consolidation.

The 6th Year now have a morning devoted to Physical Education activities comprising squash and badminton at Craiglockhart Sports Hall, or golf.

Hockey. The 1st XI were unlucky to lose the final of the Interscholastic Hockey, played in April because of bad weather during March, to Trinity by a penalty corner. They took full points in their section. In the under 23 seven-a-side tournament our team lost in the quarter finals to a very experienced Trinity F.P. VII. The Staff match was a hard, fast game with no quarter given or asked and the School won 2-1. During the Easter holidays a match with the F.P.'s was arranged. The F.P.'s won 5-3. A new indoor competition is being organised during the summer term and some of our 1st XI will play in it. Congratulations go to Gillian Wilson, 6th Year, on her selection to play in the Junior East Hockey XI, and to Jan Lawrie, 4th Year, picked to play in the Reserve Team.

Basketball has made rapid progress under Mrs Wilson's able coaching. The Seniors reached the final of the Scottish Schoolgirls' Basketball Cup, losing 38-47 to Boroughmuir in a most exciting match. The Junior team won the Edinburgh Secondary Schools Basketball Championship. Next session we hope to start the Primary on basketball and will probably drop netball from our activities. Congratulations to Pamela McBride

and Gillian Wilson, 6th Year, selected to play for Scotland against England in the Junior Basketball International on 15th March. During the summer term our seniors are hoping to run a one-day competition for school teams.

Fencing has also flourished under Professor Bracewell's enthusiastic tuition. One Junior team lost in the Scottish Schoolgirls' Junior Foil Championship when they were beaten by one hit by Glasgow High School for Girls. Several of the girls took part in the Senior and Junior Individual Foil events at the competition, and Elizabeth Brown, 4th Year, was placed 4th in the Junior, and Sheila Ross, 4th Year, 5th in the Junior and 4th in the Senior events. Sheila was then picked to fence for the Scottish Junior Foil team in an international against Ireland on 12th April, a most creditable effort after only one year of fencing. Fencing contests will continue during the summer term. So keen are the girls on their sport that 6th Year give up their lunch hour once a week to receive coaching, and some of the more advanced 4th Years give lessons to their friends before and after school and during the lunch hour.

Lacrosse. A number of pupils attended a Saturday coaching at Dunfermline College last September, and teams played matches against Dunfermline College and took part in the Scottish Schools' Lacrosse Tournament in March.

Ski-ing. A number of 3rd Year girls have taken ski-ing at Hillend throughout the winter and spring terms, and Primary 7 will have ski-ing during the Summer Term. A further class was arranged for girls who went on a ski-ing holiday to Switzerland over Easter. A team entered in the Boyd Anderson Trophy during the Christmas term finished 4th and was the only all-girls team entered. Catherine Scott, Lyn Strong, and Denise Smith, 3rd Year, also helped to demonstrate ski-ing techniques for a television film made at Hillend.

Squash was enjoyed at the Sports Club courts by a few 4th Year pupils and **Golf** lessons indoors during the winter will be continued outside during the summer when, thanks to the support of the Golf Foundation, 2nd Year pupils will travel to Silverknowes on Thursdays for tuition from Mr Upcott.

Last summer term, **Sailing** was introduced and ten of this year's 6th are again taking lessons at North Queensferry. We hope later this term to

arrange sailing contests with other schools and to take part in the Schools' regatta.

Swimming. We have taken part in three inter-school contests, coming first in two and second in the third. For the first time we had inter-house year swimming galas. Congratulations to Warrender who are overall winners in 1st, 2nd and 3rd Years. The Royal Life Saving Society awards continue to be popular. Jennifer Cowper, 5th Year, receives our congratulations on her selection to swim for Scotland in the match against Norway during the Easter holidays. Jennifer also won our School Swimming Championship for the fourth year in succession.

Badminton. The School Club at the end of the season was second in the Edinburgh Schools Badminton League. The Gillespie-Heriot's team is still in the 1st Division of the Edinburgh League, but has not been as successful this year. Once again our girls entered the East of Scotland Junior Championships and we must congratulate Alison Mitchell, 5th Year, and Joan Harley, 3rd Year, who won the under 16 Ladies' Doubles and went forward to the Scottish Junior Badminton Championships.

Athletics. The School Team took part in several inter-school contests last season with mixed success. Felicity Strong, 3rd Year, has been our outstanding athlete both in the Scottish Schoolgirls' Championships where she won the Junior Long Jump, High Jump and 80 yards Hurdles, and in the British Junior Championship when she was third in the Hurdles event. She also won the Scottish Women's Junior Pentathlon, 80 yards Hurdles and High Jump. She is now one of a group of athletes undergoing special training in preparation for the Commonwealth Games.

Tennis. Jill Grant, 6th Year, our Tennis Captain, won the East of Scotland Junior Singles title last summer. She also won the West of Scotland Junior Mixed Doubles title and the Scottish Girls' Doubles title. As a result she was selected to play in the Junior International against England and last September played at Junior Wimbledon.

It has not been possible to send as many seniors to Benmore this session but a few will go during the summer holidays. A number of 6th Year hope to go to the Cairngorms in June for a long weekend either at a youth hostel or under canvas and Miss Paterson will accompany them and give some basic instruction in compass and map work.



THE STORM

The wind blows cold in a howling gale,
And thick and fast falls icy hail,
Rainwater flows down the flooded gutters,
While round and about newspaper flutters,
And people hurrying down the roads,
Are holding tight to their tugging loads.

Morag Innes, 6, I.

SOAP

It's slithery soap,
It's coloured soap,
Soap left in the water is squishy and squashy oh.
It cleans you
It's slippy and makes you slide oh.
It smells nice,
I like soap,
Do you like soap?
I like soap because it's slithery, squishy and
squashy and—slippy oh.

Melanie Miller, Pr. 6, I.

THAT NIGHT!

I woke up. I thought I had heard a noise.
Our house was a church cottage, and the noise
seemed to have come from the crypt. Midnight
boomed out from the church tower in slow
melancholy peals, which seemed to be swallowed
up in the darkness of the night. Everything
seemed normal, but as I turned away from the
window, a dark shadow caught my eye. A robed
figure had slipped silently out from the crypt door,
and solemnly sat down on the fallen tree trunk
beside the door. As I watched, another two
figures materialised out of the crypt, and sat
beside their leader.

A soft chant began, which seemed to fascinate
me. I found myself being drawn towards the
figures. Now their chant had taken grip of them
as well as me: they swayed backwards and
forwards to its sepulchral beat. An owl hooted
in the background, and its harsh cry broke the
rhythm of their words. The figures did not notice
me, but as one of them turned I caught a glimpse
of his face. It was not the face of a man; it did
not even seem like a face at all. It seemed as
though it had once been a face that had been
involved in a terrible accident. Skin seemed to
hang from it; dried blood was smeared over it.
Its eyes were dark sockets sunk right back into
its head.

I hurried away from the ghastly sight. As I
ran, a cry of anguish rent the air. But I did not
even dare to turn round. I ran back to the house,
my breath coming in agonised gasps. When I
reached the sanctuary of my bedroom, only then
did I dare look back. The figures were gone.
I couldn't believe it. Had I imagined it all?
But I was so sure the figures had been there.
The moon drifted out from behind a cloud, and
the once sinister church yard gleamed silver in
the soft light of the moon. Everything looked
peaceful and quiet. Yet the horror of those few
minutes seemed to haunt me.

Did I imagine it? I don't know. I don't want
to know. Will I ever know? But now I never
smile when ghosts are mentioned.

Elsbeth Dollar, 2, W.

CHRISTMAS EVE, 1968

Clouds hid the moon
But far away
Far, far beyond the life of atmosphere
It shone opaquely bright,
A pebble of time-washed bottle-glass on the
shores of space.
And the stars hung brighter than a thousand
angels.

And from that radiant wilderness
Three men
Gazed with awe at the sapphire orb
Couched in eternal darkness, yet shining with
sun-born light,
Haloed with cloud.

They offered their gifts:
Courage, rarer than gold in a royal crown;
Knowledge of mysteries, sweeter than incense of
Arabia;
And even myrrh, the bitter oil of death, would have
been given in a final sacrifice.

But not to the Earth,
Not to the lonely planet shyly hiding her face
behind fingers of cloud,
Nor to the infinity of dark and diamond-light
stretching beyond man's imagination.

To progress
And conquest
And the desire to make one's mark,
To write "Kilroy was here" on a whitewashed
wall.

Elaine Miller, 4, W.

EUREKA

Erat a man called Archimedes
Qui doctus was at all his res.
Archimedi admirationi erat
Why omnia on water sat.
One evening in his bath sedens,
In aqua cum a toy ludens,
He subito a method found
Of proving the crown regis completely sound.
"Eureka" clamans out he ran—
Erat an impulsive sort of man.
This vision nudus per vias iit,
Et incolae omnes came out to see it,
So scientists qui find their quarters drab
Aut cupiunt habere a lab
Mementote hic scientist qui down in his basement
Invenit quod appellavit "displacement".

Jenny MacGregor, 5, W.



Old Useless, pounded by never-ceasing rain
The old tree stands, solitary, still
With everlasting strength.
The old dead forest, now extinct,
Lies before it in a wilderness.

Jill Paton, 1, W.

I
am a cauliflower
pining for cheese
quietly subsiding in the cool, spring breeze.

You
are an artichoke
leafy and tough
sauce vinaigrette seems not enough.

We
should be nourishing
feeding the masses.

Oh how I loathe bourgeois eating classes!

Christine Thomson, 4, W.

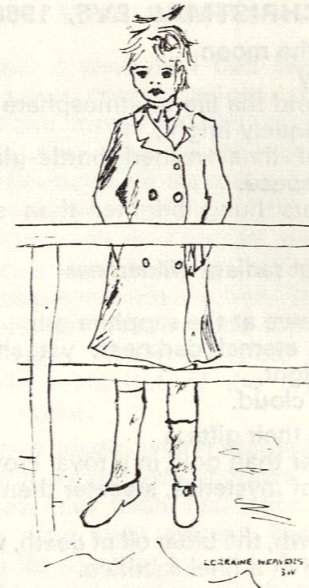
FULL FATHOM FIVE

The grey sea stretched out, moving gently, to melt into the pale, stained grey of the winter's sky. The sea-front was desolate. On a wooden bench an abandoned newspaper fluttered its pages in the faint breeze. The tide was in: slopping against the concrete of the promenade, the water was dirty grey, with small flotsam drifting idly on the surface. Along the shabby waterfront a boy walked alone. He was less than twelve years old, dressed in an old raincoat, his shoulders hunched and his hands in his pockets. He stopped, and, leaning on the railing at the sea's edge, he looked outwards to the rim of the world, filling his eyes with sky and sea.

The Atlantic: the water which, lapping over the paving, harmlessly touched his foot was the water in which his brother had drowned. On December 6th the merchant ship *Nausicaa*, when on course for New York, had sunk with all hands during a storm. It all sounded like a newspaper story, remote and unreal: something that happened to "other people". But it was Peter, his own brother, that was drowned, lying beneath fathoms of water among the darkness and the weeds. Peter had been eighteen when he died, a raw deckhand on his first voyage. The boy looked out to sea again, hardly believing that his brother was dead.

Two months had gone by since the news had first come. At first everything seemed to be wrapped in cotton wool. Days slipped by un-lived, until the loss came home to him and time ground along at a painfully slow pace. "Lost at sea," they had said instead of "drowned". Lost: a pleasanter word, not so final, so condemning. But Peter was not lost. He was dead. The word fell leaden on the boy's mind, stirring up a dull red pain like an old wound aching in rainy weather. He forced his thoughts to shy away from it.

When he looked up again, the boy realised with surprise that for several minutes he had been staring, unseeing, at the sea a few yards from where he stood. The light was fading, making the scene look still more depressing. A sickly moon shone bleakly from a still, pale sky. Turning away from the railing, the boy walked along the cracked paving of the promenade to the street that led up from the shore. Watching the waves as he went, he noticed that the tide



was going out. The sea was no longer personified as a murderer: it was simply his brother's grave. He had no wreath to throw.

The street was in twilight, lit with yellow street-lamps glowing sulphurously hazy through the mist that had crept up from the sea. Although he was already late, the boy walked slowly, looking at the bare trees standing stiffly in the gardens. In the summer when Peter and he had walked in the woods, the trees overhead were breaking and moving, showing patches of blue through the green. The branches, glinting with sunlight, had surged and rustled like a green sea foaming. A green sea. . . .

Now winter had stricken all things, and the trees stood as barren as the sterile air surrounding them. The winter brought death, for trees and for men. But no, that was wrong, for the trees did not die. In spring the sap would rise again and a young sun would shine on new leaves. Was death the same for men: a winter of hardship followed by a new life? The boy did not know. Yet as he turned up the path, and saw the stark trees, he knew that they were leafless but not lifeless, a symbol of life returning.

Isobel Lowe, 3, W.

DREAMS

Time of the greying of the vast masses above, when the lives of flight turn into lightless polka dots.

The energy source covers its shameless days' exposure leaving only our dreams.

Soul-filled thoughts now reign, in realms of glorified cells.

Of wishes and unknown words, of happiness and its lack—all we do not remember.

Depth of thought remains supreme in day.

Memory helps the academic to fail, but that is not all.

All is the innermost word.

All is our feeling—untold and undisguised with any.

What we are on the exterior does not prove our end.

Warmth and love and purity concern our unspoken words, not the unselfish sentiment of the traditional reaction.

So when the eyes perceive the day,

and we open a door onto hurt,

we see the energy rising, and revealing its warmth to the world.

Then do we put on our hardened exterior and reveal none of our true selves, until again the lightless sky descends and our deeper feelings are revealed.

Then we are someone.

June Mackenzie, 6, S.

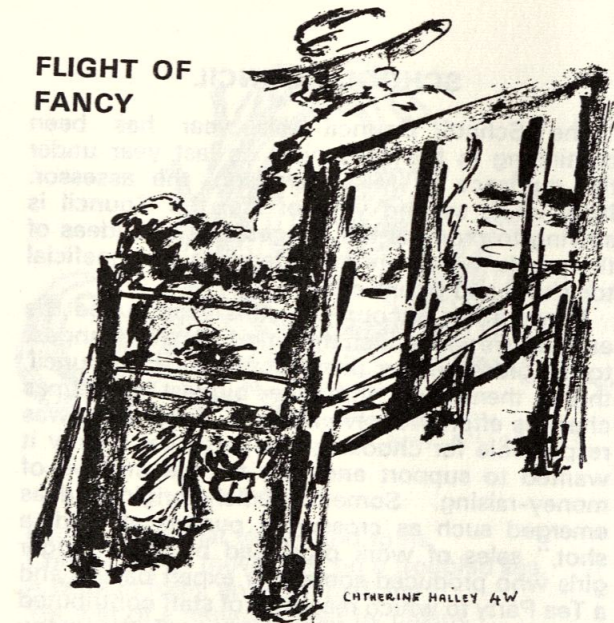
I went to a wedding on Saturday and I saw the bride and then we went home and had tea and I had a lovely time at the wedding the bride's dress was white and it had long sleeves on it and when we got home I dressed up as a bride and I looked funny.

Susan Lucas, P.1.

Last night mummy had a bad temper. After Donald had been in the bathroom for $\frac{1}{4}$ of an hour, he came out as dirty as he went in! Mummy was in a rage when she looked at him. I think she must have scrubbed him with a scrubbing brush because he squealed!

Jean MacLeod, P.2, 1.

FLIGHT OF FANCY



The pigeon fluttered, paper-like
Above the unwelcoming rooftops.
Then dropped gently to the streets beneath.
Houses stood to attention,
Straight-backed, grim and uniform,
An army whose lines were broken only
By occasional trees.

In the clear gold-and-green morning
A milk-float hummed tunelessly along the street,
Clatter of bottles and crates
And silent, sneakered footsteps along the frost-glistening pavement.

At the other end of the street
The pigeon watched an old man sitting
On a public bench (donated in loving memory)
The old man smiled continually,
Hummed as well, but more tunelessly than the
milk-float.

The sunlight brought out the flowers
And the people.

Faces expressionless.

Screaming car horns. Thundering buses.
Ferocious, growling engines. Jangling nerves.
The starfrost pavement was dulled,
The cold-fresh air smothered by fumes.
And the old man walked away,
Steps slow, head hung,
Hands in dejected pockets.

The pigeon flew away over the rooftops,
Dust and disgust.

Alisoun Neill, 4, S.

SCHOOL COUNCIL

The School Council this year has been continuing in the same vein as last year under the guidance of Miss Ferguson, the assessor. Now in its second year of life, the Council is striving to promote the suggestions and ideas of the pupils, which are considered to be beneficial to school and pupils alike.

It was most encouraging this year to see the enthusiasm with which the girls, from the youngest to the oldest, under the direction of the Council, threw themselves into the biggest Christmas charities effort we have known. Each class was responsible for choosing the particular charity it wanted to support and also for the method of money-raising. Some extremely original ideas emerged such as crossword puzzles at "6d. a shot," sales of work organised by the younger girls who produced some very expert baking and a Tea Party to which members of staff contributed admirably. These are but three of the many successful ideas which were put into practice but every class made its own contribution to numerous charities ranging from Spina Bifida to the Epilepsy Association.

Still on the voluntary side the Council approved that each class should collect halfpennies for "Shelter"—the new organisation to provide homes for the homeless. £17 has been collected—a lot of halfpennies. Our Oxfam contribution has been raised this year as a result of the efforts of the younger girls who have been continuing their good work of knitting squares and making home-made sweets.

A major uniform decision was instituted by the Council this year regarding hats. It was proposed that the School hat should be worn only on special occasions and outings and not for everyday wear. The Council was asked to take a general vote from each class and when returned the School was found to be unanimously in favour of the proposal. On consideration of the proposal, Miss McIver agreed.

A School Canteen has been started this year in the dining hut in the Primary grounds—the suggestion of last year's Council—but, as yet, the Council has not agreed as to what use the profit is to be put.

As milk is no longer provided for senior pupils, the Council was anxious that a milk-vending machine be installed. This suggestion proved popular and in due course a machine was installed

on the bottom flat of the classroom block. Other suggestions for coffee and soup vending machines have been remitted for further consideration.

This year we were pleased that a photograph of the entire School Council was taken.

Our sincere thanks go to Miss McIver and Miss Ferguson who have so encouragingly supported the Council and so wisely guided us in the past session.

Heather McCallum, 6, W.

SCIENCE ASSOCIATION

The beginning of this session saw changes in the constitution of the Association to allow for the introduction to the committee of two vice-presidents, and for the change in financial arrangements caused by the establishment of the School Fund.

The year's activities began with an excursion to the Edinburgh Corporation Water Department Filtration Works at Fairmilehead, where it was indeed "Water, water everywhere, nor any drop to drink," since the party toured the works through a steady downpour! This was followed by a talk by Mr J. Lothian on "The Telephone Age," a short film also being shown.

Next came a visit to the Dental Hospital, enjoyed by all who attended. The next speaker, Mr J. Walker showed a great faith in the members of the Association by passing round samples of the gems he was describing.

As a follow-up to Mr Lothian's talk, a party of girls visited the Woodcroft Telephone Exchange and this outing was closely followed by a lecture on "Chemistry in Farming" given by Mr J. Macfarlan from Scottish Agricultural Industries Limited.

After Mr B. McInnes's talk on "Satellite Tracking in Scotland," an excursion to the Royal Observatory on Blackford Hill was arranged. The last talk of the winter term was given by Dr Nickerson from Napier College, who touched on the importance of "Careers in Biology".

The spring term opened with the first part of a lecture on "Music and Physics," which is to be concluded during the summer term. Dr R. Mackie was followed by Mr A. A. Shepherd from Nuclear Enterprises Ltd., who indicated how great is the contribution of nuclear research to industry and medicine.

The only excursion of the term was to McDonald Road Fire Station where, to the great

delight of the party, a demonstration of sliding down the pole was given. Mr Schofield from Edinburgh University gave us a fascinating insight into the role of computers in modern living and the last speaker of the term, Mr M. Hutchison, told us something of the life and works of Alfred Nobel.

As an experiment, excursions and demonstrations have been arranged to take place during the third term, and it is hoped that attendances will remain high. Another innovation this year is a prize to be awarded for a project done by groups of Association members.

On behalf of the Committee, I should like to thank all the organisations and people who have helped make this year so successful, and, in particular, Dr Sinclair, Mr Galt and Mr McKenzie who, although all three are in their first year of office, have worked so hard and so successfully for the Association. I should like also to extend best wishes to the as yet unknown members of next year's Committee.

E. Stevenson, 6, R, *Secretary*.

A FEW HELPFUL TIPS FOR BUS CONDUCTORS

First and foremost: when a girl comes on your bus carrying a 'cello, do not pass a remark such as:

"How do you get that under your chin?"

"It's full fare for that."

"You should have played the piccolo," or

"Gie's a tune, then."

Please consider how monotonous this becomes when the girl hears it day in day out from every "witty" bus conductor, and you may avoid some unpleasantness. Also do not tell her to put her 'cello under the stairs. Instead, consider what would happen to her priceless instrument when a couple of plumbers and house-decorators chuck their tools and equipment in on top of it.

Try not to become too annoyed when she pricks your foot with the 'cello spike, and please do not make her go upstairs in your bus.

One more hint for the rather stouter employees of E.C.T. When a girl is standing downstairs in the bus with a 'cello and you wish to pass her, the best method of doing so, is not to squeeze. 'Cello bridges, you see, are not made of rubber. So when a metal string pops up and hits you on some extremity—don't blame me.

Jenny MacGregor, 5, W.



ANN MILLAR 65

TO BE . . .

I am a wave that tosses and turns,
Continually in movement on a troubled sea,
A distinct form, an individual, me;
Yet part of a network, held by chains
Forced to survive, to continue
The ceaseless struggle for recognition.
The race to become a mighty wave
Crashing on a rocky shore
With violent force.
To make an impact, be noticed!
But oh! to fade quietly on a sandy shore—
A soft rustle then silence.
An undesirable fate—or so they tell me.

Gaye Gordon, 5, R.

THE LIBRARY

This year we were sorry to lose our Librarian, Mrs Abel, and we would like to take this opportunity to wish her all happiness in her new surroundings at the Cairndhue Hotel, Helensburgh.

Her place has been filled by Mrs MacIvor from Leith Academy, to whom we extend a warm welcome.

We have again been fortunate in receiving several handsome donations to the library this year. Dr Braid gave us a substantial gift of books from the collection of her sister, the late Miss Jessie Braid. We have also received many kind donations of books from parents, members of Staff and sixth form pupils and extend our thanks to all who have helped to make the Library the haven of encouragement and interest which it has become.

I SHALL TAKE

I shall take the heat of the sun,
Heavy in its oppressive strength
Reflected off the white sun dust,
That wearied me beyond a sleep
And suffocated thought.

I shall take a cloud of my youth:
Round and white, passing overhead,
That in days of weakness was my mother
And in days of rage, a lion
Stronger than myself.

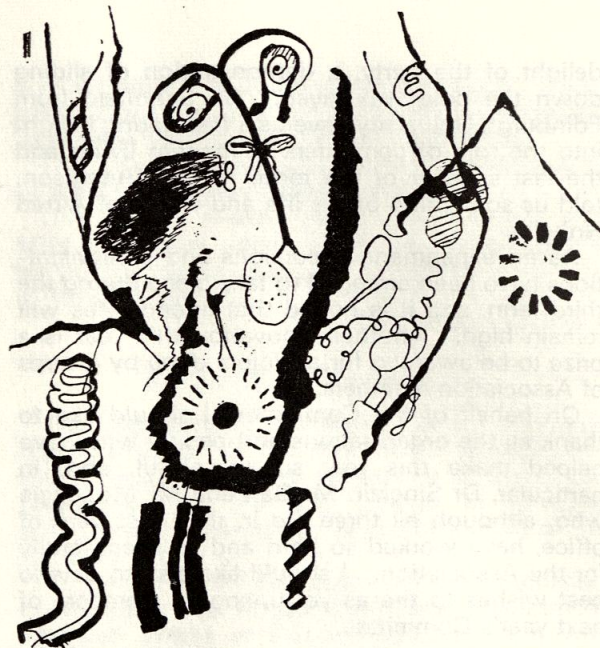
I shall take my last view of Paris,
Bright life-lights in a maze of wonder,
Brimming with new loves and dawns
That stopped the breath in my lungs
And cradled my heart.

I shall take the flowers of my grave,
White lilies in their deathly pallor,
Scented with the badger moonlight
That were thrown on to my coffin
And withered in the night.

Jane Robertson, 5, W.

Up to the blank storm-ravaged sky,
The white bare sky of autumn's end,
Stretch the barren-fingered trees,
Upended broomsticks looming huge,
Shaken by the hags of autumn,
Shrieking winds, they scour the skies,
Round and down, one leaf falls,
A tattered leaf twirling down
Caught by the wind, dancing down.
To die.
The trees stand black, significant
of darkness, cold, and bitter days to come,
Of biting things that gnaw in a nameless night,
And east winds wailing in the bitter rain
Or north winds shrieking through the breaking
boughs.
And spring.
Significant of a tide of life returning,
Rising from the dead, as the flowers rise from the
leaves
That lie, a carpet, on the forest floor.
Dead leaves.
On the winter's stormy edge the bees are waiting,
The strong roots do not wither; the leafless is
not lifeless.

Isobel Lowe, 3, W.



Straight and curly,
Round and birly,
Circles, squares and others too.
Squiggles, curls, flaky whirls,
What a pattern they must make.

Joyce Stobie, 1, W.

THE DANCING CLASS

"No, Celia. I'm very sorry, but you're just not up to standard. You cannot dance with us at the festival," Madame Paulina told me.

Of course, that wasn't true. I was really so much above standard in ballet that I would make the others look silly. That was the real reason! I didn't mind really. After all, I didn't want to show up the others. Poor little things!—considering I could easily lead the world of ballet. But that wouldn't be fair either, since it would make people like Margot Fonteyn look foolish all of a sudden and that's the last thing I'd want to do! I'm not that sort of person.

I suppose I could always write a book on ballet—I know everything that's worth knowing about it. Why! I think I'll start right now.

"*Ballet Steps* by a Prima Ballerina." Yes, that sounds fine, though I don't want to sound boastful. Now to start. Which is the first position? Is that the one with heel to toe . . . or heel to heel . . . or what? . . . Oh, bother!

Muriel G. Nunn, 1, S.



A SURPRISE

On a still afternoon
When there's nothing to do,
You decide you will bake.
You know what to do.
We'll give Mum a surprise
The tea we shall make
On a still afternoon
When there's nothing to do.

What a surprise!
The tea is made
By my two helpful children.
(They're nearly my cooks!)
Now everything's fine
Here's a piece of advice
For all little girls:
When you've nothing to do
Make tea for your Mum
THEN you've something to do!

Karen McLeod, Pr. 6, 1.

DOWN MONKTONHALL COLLIERY

I was seized with sudden apprehension as I stepped into the awaiting cage. This was only my second trip down a coal mine and I felt as though I was stepping to my doom. The rather makeshift-looking cage started to tremble and we began the over-half-mile descent in the shaft.

I held tightly on to the bar and was given the cheery warning that if I felt that I could not breathe I was to keep on swallowing! Down, down we went and, with a slight jerk, I realised that we had reached the bottom.

The door opened and to my surprise it opened into a very light and wide passageway, the walls being covered with white planks of wood. Small trucks carried us a short way and brought us to a junction where we alighted. After we passed through an air-lock, the tunnels became dark and were lit only by the lamps fastened to our helmets. The warm, humid air made my heart beat at an alarmingly fast pace and visions of the three thousand feet of rock crumbling down on top of me filled me with misgivings. Small streams ran down the sides of the narrow tunnel and the water was still warm. At one point we reached a place where the height of the passage could not have been more than three feet, but by that time I was beginning to be accustomed to the eerie mine. Through yet another air-lock and the atmosphere felt cold and raw; we were back at the shaft. The steep ascent began and I cannot say that I was sorry when we reached the surface. Never had air smelt so fresh!

Dorothy Tabor, Pr. 7, 1.

LAST PERIOD, FRIDAY AFTERNOON

Hot streaks of breath grope up the window,
A kind of neutral land
Between the warring mists:
The mist swirls outside, struggling to enter the
room—
And the mist inside; the mist in your mind
Through which the endless monotone faintly
penetrates.
Suddenly, you are jerked out of your apathy by
the torturing discordant jangling
And you know you're going mad
With the bells
and the bells
and the bells
Which reverberate
In your head, and your eyes, and your ears
And disperse the mist, replacing the chasm with
sound.
You stumble, half-blind with exhaustion,
Into the outdoor mist,
Still pursued by the cacophony of the week.

Olga Wojtas, 3, W.

WINTER LESSON

Last day we began to talk about electro-negativity. This, then, is the relative electron attracting power of atoms. It cannot be measured experimentally as yet, but we can calculate it. What we can measure, however, is the energy required to remove an electron from a gaseous atom. This is—

—The inky, cold sky is solid, betraying nothing. Its stillness shows the stark silhouettes of winter-time trees. The tiled line of the neighbouring church roof continues without end into the darkness—

—energy released when a gaseous atom accepts an electron to become a negative ion is known as the electron affinity. I'll repeat that: the energy released to become a negative ion is called the electron affinity—

—In the waiting east, a stealthy greyness grows gently, steadily, and defines the edges of the church roof. The bare tree trunks lose their anonymity and gradually turn solid—

—These ionisation energies and electron affinities are measures of the electron holding or attracting power of atoms but only for atoms under very special conditions. To measure the character of a chemical bond, the chemist must have some way of comparing these properties in atoms that are already chemically bonded.—

—The faint blush increases and a halo of washed blue enframes the tiled roof. The half light is already whispering promises; the air, motionless, grey and freezing is patiently expectant of better things—

—famous chemist, Pauling, derived this important calculated property of atoms. It can be calculated in various ways so different scales exist. If we look now—

—The morning frost on the church slates starts to glisten and sparkle in the growing light. The nude twigs begin to tremble, shiver and stretch towards the exciting, creeping dawn. The sensitive air is ready, guitar-strung, waiting—

—We can see that fluorine with an electronegativity of four has the highest value. Next comes oxygen with 3.5 and nitrogen and chlorine with 3.0—

—Roseness winks over the rim of the church and slowly caresses the tree barks with peachy warmth. The black branches, leafless skeletons, quiver with want. The dense air listens, tense, expectant, willing the magic to come—

—Electronegativity is useful in that we can see and predict what kind of bonds, that is, if any, two substances will make—

—Suddenly an arrow of liquid gold darts over the roof-top and strikes the tree bark. There it stays, spreads over the trunks and greets the open branches with welcome warmth. The twigs blink happily in the new light and the grateful air seeks in the sunshine and feels easy one more—

—But sodium chloride, remember is an electro-valent compound—

—And remember too, that these days we must learn before the dawn.

Jane Robertson, 5, W.

TEST TUBE CHILDREN LES ENFANTS

Purity of agelessness is truth
as is the first song from the unrehearsed nestling.

Sung is the song of new life
borne from the test-tube of controversy
and abandoned unwanted.

There is something plastic about it.
Though this in our minds is a tragedy.

An unborne child
perfection in doubtless reasoning
Where is mother love from the glass.

Abstract is its registration
and love its bypass.
Generations two past are sick—
but so are we.

The unshockable acceptable 20th's,
It is unconceived.

Test borne,
to grow the first homo-sapiens of perfection.
Sexless, unable to receive such propogational
methods to its unborne figure.

Worshipped by its creator.
There are now two supreme powers—
God and its God,

One a creator, and other a destroyer,
A brain of immense undulations and
moralless effort evolved "Abstract".

It, for it lacks gender, is unconceived,
Yet loved, borne yet motherless.

A plastic reflection of us all.
Derivative of petrol in our minds.

Meltable, destructible,
as us—les enfants.

June Mackenzie, 6, S.

TIME . . .

Silence—save the eternal ticking of that clock.
How strange—interrupting to remind man of his
immortality. Urging him to make the "best"
use of his time because—if not—who will profit?
Man himself perhaps?

Time—It is a constant nag at freedom, telling
man when to eat, sleep, work, socialise. Time
has unquestioning obedience. It receives immedi-
ate response. It is the great dictator of our lives
and until we overthrow it, we shall never be free.
We are all employed in the fight against time.
We are all slaves in the chains of hours, minutes,

WORD COLLAGE

NEW
NEW WORLD
NEW HAMPSHIRE AVON
NEW YORK
NEUVA YORK
Jehovah's Witnesses
Methodist
Baptist
Revivalist
Zionist
Timothy
Leary
A
DR.
ALASKA
HAWAII
MARSHALL
MCLUHAN
THE DEEP SOUTH
SOUTHERN BELLES
MIDWEST
THE GRAND CANYON
NEVADA
BOOT HILL NEW MEXICO
COLORADO
MONTANA
THE TEXAS RANGERS
WEST COAST
CALIFORNIA
SAN FRANCISCO
L.A.
BLUE GRASS MINT JULEP
BUBBLE GUM PEPSICOLA DEVILLED HAM
POPSICLES 7-UP TOOTSIE ROLL
BROADWAY OFF BROADWAY PENNSYLVANIA
MOTOWN MOTORTOWN DETROIT
HELL'S ANGELS HARLEY DAVIDSON
LEVI STRAUSS
CALIF., U.S.A.
CECIL B. DE MILLE
METRO GOLDWYN MAYER
MARYLIN MONROE

years. We must fight the oppressor to the bitter
end—to all eternity.

A Beautiful View—Ah! but what is this spoiling
my vision? It screams at my joy to forsake the
beauties of the world around for tea. I am not
hungry but time dictates that I should be.
Therefore I must hurry home and eat.

A Soothing Dream—Brr, brr, brr . . . shatters the
tranquillity of sleep. Sweet music? Not to my
ears. Perhaps to the advertisers and ministers
of time but never to my ears.

Marlyn Tweedie, 6, S.



COINCIDENCE

I met you today
In a word, an utterance
of yours.
Abrupt statement
from the distant nucleus of your thoughts
and,
our minds, integrated—
met
for a brief instant.

But in that instant, you spoke again
and severed it.
And our thoughts, from different levels, planes of
eternity, having coincided,
returned.

Where before there had been nothing,
Intangible globules of thought
Unrelated visions and conceptions
Something materialised
Our minds had not fused
but intersected.
At a point with no dimensions
only position.

How sad
That you and I should only know
ourselves.
And never penetrate the other's mind.
For this was no window
but a mirror, a reflection.

But then, perhaps,
The moment did not exist for you,
Conceived and experienced only by one
Unreal
An endeavour to make sense of the inconceivable.

But now we meet again
We talk of food, families, funny stories,
familiarities,
Our minds now run together
Adjacent parallel lines
Never meeting
Having no desire to.
Safe, yet alone.
Isolated.

M. Chalmers, 6, W.

FOUNDER'S DAY

This year we were privileged to have as our guest speaker Dr Robert Smith, Principal of the Heriot-Watt University. Taking as the theme of his address "The Individual in Society," he stressed the importance in life of self-knowledge, pointing out that "One of the great movements in modern education is towards fostering a really full appreciation of the necessity to develop each one of us as a person." This leads to an emphasis on creativity, which helps to stimulate individuality as "one of the things that I think we have to avoid is becoming a nation of sheep in this country."

Dr Smith was thanked and presented with the traditional snuff mull.

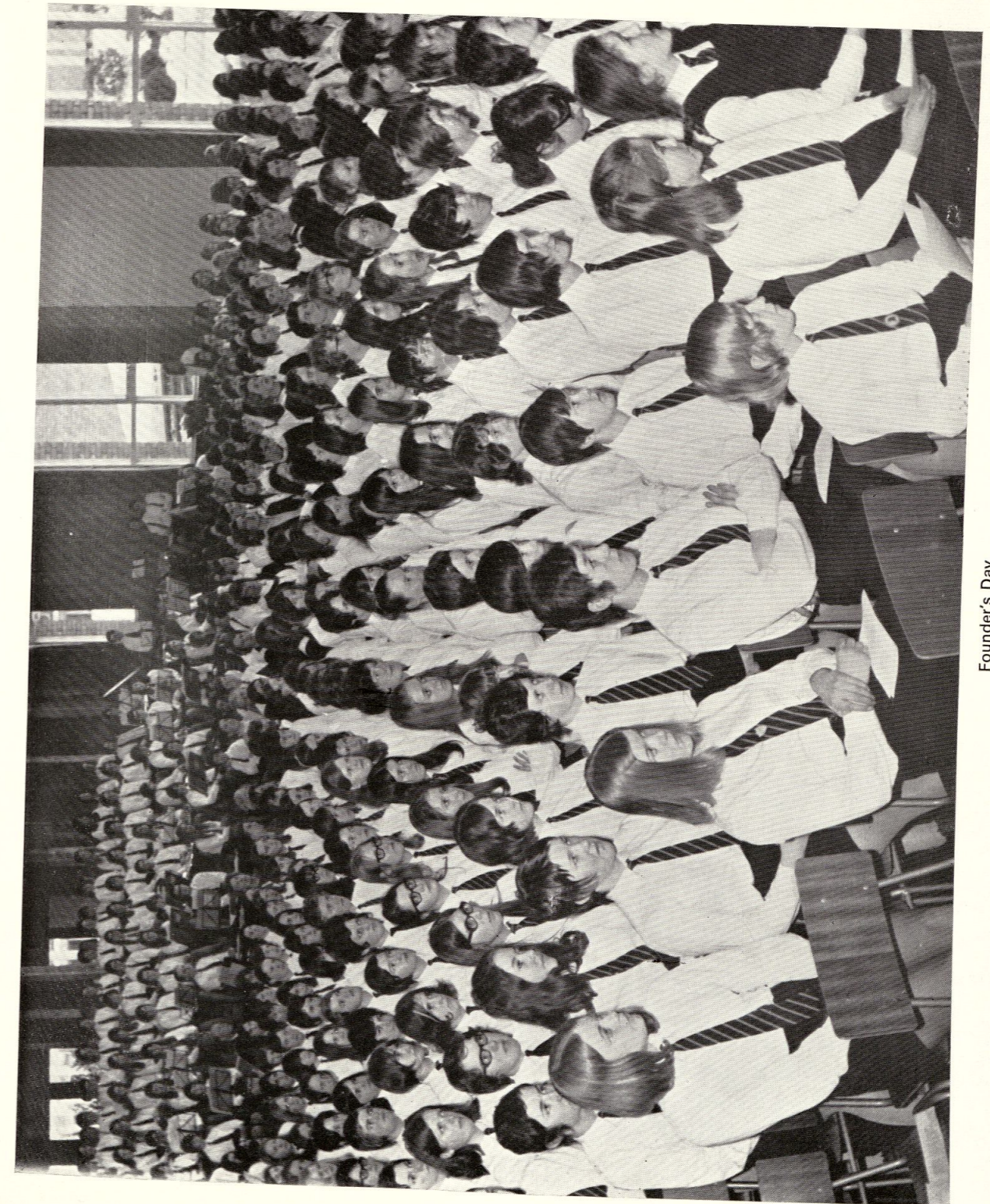
YESTERDAY, TODAY AND TOMORROW

Yesterday is a warm, intimate friend,
lying sleepily among my memories
sometimes he wakes
but more often he slumbers gently
and I never know when he may
yawn and stretch and softly prod
my mind,
but he is always there
he never dies, but lies
in a deep sweet sleep.

Today is my lover
a fervent living fire of passion
whirling me through
fast, living love-quests.
We dance together past
night and starlight
he spurns the future
hates the past
and lives for me.

and Tomorrow, a beckoning child
calls me from his hiding place
he runs one step ahead
never seen but always calling
calling me on
towards his hidden bliss.

Felicity Townsend, 5, G.



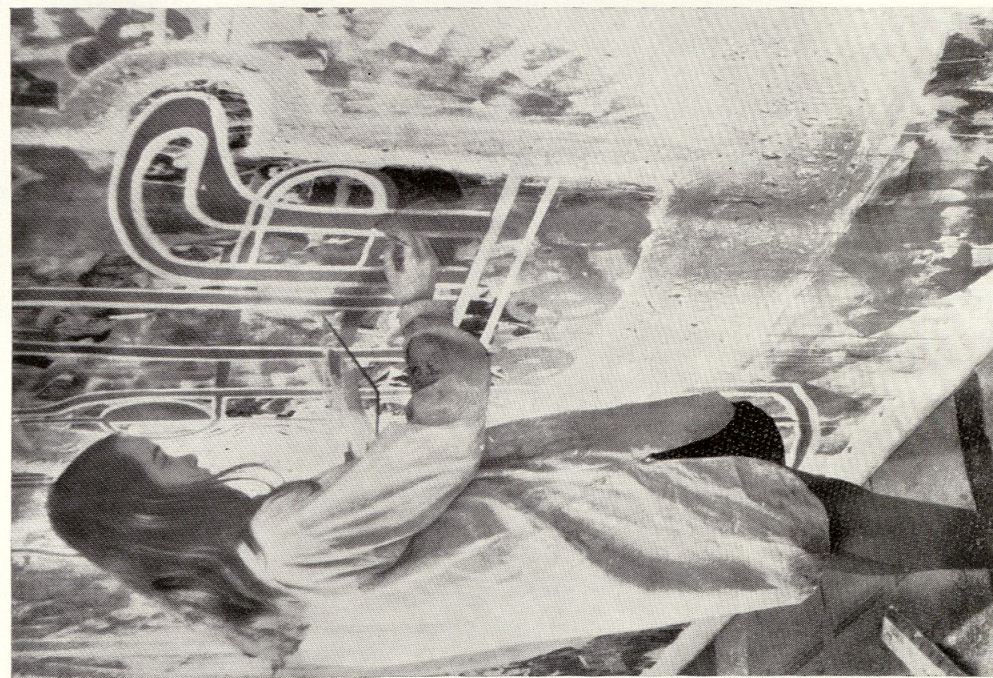
Photograph by courtesy of the Evening News

Founder's Day.



A scene from 'Patience'.

G. Stewart



Jill Grant, 6, G, working on her mural in the Music Corridor.

G. Stewart



We, the music societies of James Gillespie's and George Heriot's, were proud, in February this year, to present a joint production of the operetta *Patience* by Gilbert and Sullivan.

Rehearsals began in September under the enthusiastic guidance of our conductor, Mr Martin Rutherford, Heriot's music master, who had the willing assistance of Jennifer McGregor at the piano. In addition, Mr Tom Sommerville gave invaluable advice to the girls, in the presentation and rendering of the songs. Our producer was Robin McLachlan, whose task as such was not an easy one. Fortunately for us he has a genial nature and under his patient direction, the operetta was staged most successfully. Thanks must also go to those others, too numerous to mention, who helped in no small way to carry out the various backstage tasks.

On the opening night we naturally all felt rather nervous and apprehensive but the applause of a receptive audience was so encouraging that by the end of the last night we were really enjoying ourselves thoroughly. Unfortunately, Colin Heggie, the lead tenor, suddenly became ill with 'flu and a substitute had to be found without delay. Philip Boissiere stepped into the breach and is to be congratulated on a very fine performance.

The bright military uniforms of the Dragon

Guards and the colourful flowing dresses of the rapturous maidens, together with the scenery, lighting and choral work, made for an artistic, pleasing effect on stage. Credit must also be given to the principals and to the orchestra whose fine playing was an inspiration to us all.

It was hard work during the months of rehearsal but it all seemed worthwhile when the show proved such a success. I myself derived much pleasure, as I am sure we all did, from this lesser-known operetta, a satire on the "long-haired aesthetes" of the nineteenth century.

We hope that another joint production will be staged next year and trust it will be as enjoyable and successful as this year's one.

Enid Bannatyne, 5, G.

SUNSET

I stood on the edge of the pier, watching the sun slowly sink down into the sea. Slowly, slowly, like a well-trained gymnast it descended in a controlled arc. No hurry in this act yet it has happened more times than man will ever know. Small wonder Cicero used this 2,000 years ago as the proof of the existence of a Divine Being. No wonder the earliest races deified the sun, the moon and the stars. Gradually it sank lower, leaving steaming tresses of molten gold to set alight the rippling water. How hot it was despite the coolness of the air. I felt my sandalled feet would be scorched if they but touched the sand. The sandstone cottages were bathed in a red light that made them look hot like rocks in the desert and the tawny grass made the place so arid.

Suddenly all cooled again and only the clouds were left. "Twilight" men call this time, or "dusk". I knew that darkness would come soon to turn the sky an inky blue and touch the sea with silver streams. A myriad of tiny stars would twinkle—where the angels' hobnailed boots pierced the floor of heaven; so I was told when I was a child.

In these moments I felt like a child again: strangely refreshed to face the world anew. I felt I had been touched with peace. Nothing the world could do could ever destroy that miracle which I had watched. They could ignore it but never remove it. Amidst the world's inconstancies I had found something constant.

Beth Macfarlane, 6, G.

SNAKES AND MONKEYS

When I went to Africa the things I thought I'd see most of were wild animals, but the wildest animal I ever saw was my father marking his students' essays. We did meet up from time to time with occasional snakes and monkeys. All the same the nearest we usually got to wild animals was when we came to England on leave and went to London Zoo.

Still we did have one or two epic encounters with wild beasts. When I say "we" I mean my family because the first incident happened before I was born. My mother, not having any children yet, decided she would like a monkey. It lived in the bush just outside our house, connected to a tree by a long rope, but occasionally it would break loose and would go through the house like a tornado, reducing the Swedish glassware to a pile of rubble. So the rope was strengthened and the monkey used to career about the bush until all but two inches of the rope was wound round every twig, branch and stub in the vicinity. Normally daddy released it by picking up the monkey and unwinding it by crawling through the bush and reversing the tangle. But one day when he was out, mummy, seeing the monkey dangling from his usual two inches of rope, decided to be humane and release it herself. Unfortunately her methods were rather simpler and involved the use of a hatchet. The monkey never really recovered since. If you are a monkey and somebody starts chopping at a rope two inches from your tail you are likely to take it rather personally. Every time it saw mummy afterwards it was reduced to a screaming, nervous wreck and hurled itself at daddy for protection. Mummy's explanation was really very simple—she said it was a sex-mad lady monkey.

We also had a number of snakes around the place, but we didn't keep any of these as pets. Most of them were comparatively harmless and would make you very ill only if they bit you but we still had a tendency to steer clear of them

whenever possible. One of the few times any of the family ever came close to them was when daddy dug his hands into the soil to pull up a plant by the roots and pulled up a snake as well. Daddy always said that snakes were more scared of people than people were of snakes but it was very hard to tell which of the two was going faster as they went off at high speed in opposite directions.

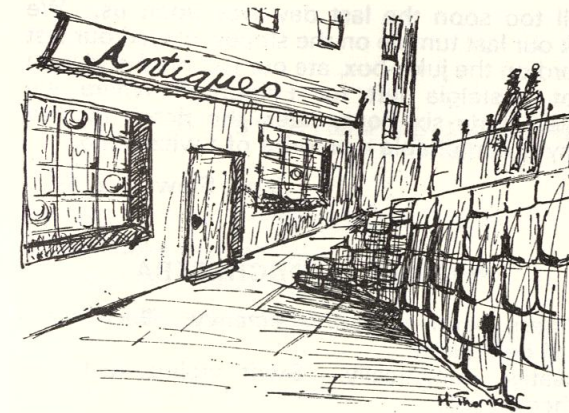
Another monkey episode was with a captive monkey in the biology lab in the university. Mummy had never really recovered from her first experience with monkeys. One day she presented the monkey with a peanut, but she was still a bit nervous and was holding it just outside the range of the monkey's hands. As the monkey clutched more frantically at the nut, mummy's grip tightened more nervously on it, whereupon the nut shot out of its husk and thumped the monkey squarely between the eyes. My mother was never destined to be a monkey's friend. This monkey never forgot it and used to make all the rudest gestures a monkey could think of every time she came into the lab.

One more episode brings us back to my father and the snakes. One day he and his friend David found a six-foot spitting cobra draped across the veranda. Daddy held its tail with a cricket bat while David tried to cut off its head with a spade, but as David's spade descended the cobra aimed a six-foot vertical spit straight into his eyes. Fortunately he was only temporarily blinded, but daddy rushed him off to the doctor who bathed his eyes with bicarbonate of soda. While this was going on daddy rushed back up the hill to David's house.

"Is David all right?" said David's wife frantically.

"Yes, nothing to worry about," said daddy, "they're just bathing his eyes with caustic soda." After all he is a teacher of English—not Chemistry.

Kristina Edwards, 3, S.



THE ANTIQUE SHOP

You step from the bright outdoors, down the dusty steps, through the darkened doorway and across the frontier to a different time. The very air seems heavy with age and the scent of leather and wood. The dust sparkles in the cone of sunlight which marches between rocking-chairs and writing desks to the grey wood floor. The patchy gold letters on the window lay their distorted shadows on coal scuttles and a forest of foot stools.

To one side, on a warm brown chest of drawers with rounded, worn handles stands a set of crockery. The very colours seem tempered with wonderful age. The plates are grouped round one, king of them all. On this lies a plump pheasant in white, a creamy white, terra cotta and navy. It has a neck, a head and a tongue like an Indian fakir's serpent and a hairy, red, chunky tail, like a caterpillar. On one golden leg, it perches uncertainly between the branches of a navy foliaged tree, among its terra cotta roses and buttercups.

Next to the chest stands a low, knotted table, its leg bowed as if to show it once had a prouder burden than the figures now standing on its scratched surface. One china boy stands about two inches high. He wears a greyed white fez, the tassel long since picked off by probing fingers. His auburn curls dress a ruddy complexion and his detailed black eyes gaze contentedly at all who pass. His arms are folded arrogantly over his short white smock and his

plump legs and feet are rooted firmly to a grey base.

In one dark corner, beside a scrolled and patterned bookcase is a great dark fireplace. The top is far out of reach, supported on its two proud pillars, but below its carved base is a curving ledge. At the foot is the small bricked hearth, with its two brass guardians, standing beside the grill that has seen fires of long ago.

On top of the bookcase are several glass and crystal vases, ashtrays and salt-pots. Their sparkle is shrouded in dust and the sharp-cut facets of the criss-cross patterns are rounded by generations of hands.

The books below are few. The large heavy tomes are barely held together by their worn leather binding. The gilt lettering is scattered and light hessian begins to peep through. Inside, the pages are browned and brittle. As you turn them you find underlined "reiving" and "tampie" and "bilbo" a reassurance that someone before you did not know either.

The door opens and more visitors enter. The spell is broken. Fresh air can never penetrate the depths of the sanctum but voices do. An upright, though old and grey retainer, as dusty and dated and proud as his wares, appears to attend to the newcomers.

You leave, back to the daylight and the rush, yet richer for some time among your forefathers.

Sheila Kirkwood, 4, R.

A STORY OF NELSON

Nelson was a little boy and when he was a boy he was a seelor and workt in a ship in the see and he grow up to be a man he was a feemos man and he had to figt in the see he fitit the frensh his ship was called the victree and the batl was called trfalgur the snipr shot him and won day they saw a signul they said to Nelson he put the telascop to his glas ay he said I do not see a signul. A hand was lost it was pind a cross his chest and he dayd they were very sad when they went to inggland and nelson said inggland igspecs that ivre man will do ther jootey the ship is in inggland stil and you can wac around it.

Susan Tennant, P.1, 2.

SWITZERLAND '69

The excitement has died down, the sun-tans are beginning to fade and we are settling down into the familiar school routine once more, having just returned from a ski-ing holiday in Hospental. We set off from Royal High Preparatory School and arrived in London twelve hours later where we spent some hours sight-seeing before we left for Folkstone Harbour. For some of us, leaving the Channel steamer, the *St Patrick*, was the first step on foreign soil.

On the Continent we travelled mostly by couchette. It was heaven compared to the coach down to London. My first impression of Hospental was one I shall never forget. It seemed very tranquil compared to the hustle and bustle of Edinburgh. The landscape in Switzerland, in particular at the Oberalp Pass, was awe-inspiring and was surrounded by an air of beauty and mystique which picture postcards fail to capture. The all-white snow scenes were, at times, almost terrifying in their serenity.

The first day was spent in collecting skis and sticks and in general getting to know the surrounding district. The neighbouring town of Andermatt was small and friendly with many souvenir shops where most of our francs were squandered. The next day, lessons began. Despite its name, Ski School was very good fun and at times extremely amusing. To some of us, Ski School held special significance in the shape of Kurt, the popular blonde instructor. At night, you could dance or listen to the juke-box, which also consumed many of our francs. The atmosphere in the hotel was very cheery and everybody seemed really to enjoy herself.

Added treats were our visits to Oberalp where the snow was ideal for ski-ing and the view was tremendous. After about four lessons we were ready—or supposedly ready—to sit (in some circumstances "sit" is the correct word) our bronze test. To our great relief we found that most of us had passed.

We must, of course, thank the staff for giving us such a marvellous holiday and furnishing us with many laughable spectacles—especially during Ski School and, of course, for entering into the holiday spirit.

All too soon the last day was upon us. We took our last tumble on the slopes, played our last record on the juke-box, ate our last meal and with great nostalgia left for Edinburgh where we arrived thirty-six hours later, the richer for our many unforgettable memories of Switzerland.

Janet Stewart, 2, W.

PLAYING IN ORCHESTRA

Stillness, baton-poised expectancy. Dark drum-roll behind me
Pulsates dramatically. Swift violins rush the theme away
In undulating agitation. Far right, bassoons, kindly,
Slow, make sonorous entry. Haunting oboe
Piercing sweet and pure, serene the 'cellos echo.
My heart surges to the silver flash of the trumpets' ecstasy.
The pendulum of my being beats to the baton swing,
Counting, counting. Light glows on my golden horn
As I raise it, waiting. The notes of the score sing
In my head, and from the tension of my lips, are magically born
Through the coil of bright metal—a golden euphony
Entwined with tuba, trumpet and trombone
Triumphant, vibrant, happy harmony
Nothing exists but the score and the beat and the fierce concentration
To achieve perfection of timing, pitch and tone.
Into ever more satisfying concord.

Is ours the blame?
Do we play the score so badly that the resultant grating
Cacophony implies no score exists, involving
As corollary no Composer either? Or was this aim
Deflected, His original opus seized and restyled
Rearranged, rewritten that our ears are now beguiled
By a parody, a palimpsest? I do not know.
These deep questions provoke as much anxiety
As the situation which gives them birth. I banish both
In music from whose discipline and delight grow
Joys satisfyingly intellectual, sensual without satiety.

Fiona Ross, 3, G.

GYPSY HYMN TO FREEDOM

Caravan, rickety, trundling crimson-gold,
Spiral smoke whispering
Sun-shafting rainbow-grass
Long tangled mysteries.

Wooden pegs silver-bound
Brown-weathered gypsy skin
Dark Georgio-hostile eyes
Wild loved wind-changelings
Living to worship the earth-goddess, earth-mother.

Sea-best, wild counterpart, soul of our wanderlust
Beats in our lonely hearts
Rhythm of love-sadness
Wheels rolling, wheels turning, gypsy-beat, zingara.

Heat warming flame, red friend.
Night fall.
Dark Majesty
Wrap us away in our world in the wilderness.

Wendy Murdoch, 5, R.



THE MILK MACHINE

It stands against the chaste white wall, a six foot solid obtrusive hunk of modern technology aggressively clad in cold blue enamel, with a masculine breadth of shoulder—emphasised by its tapering base—which seems somehow inappropriate to its function as a kind of miraculous cow. Its welcoming lighted panel, conveniently head-high, bears two legends—one elegantly printed, black on white—"Put in sixpence but do not press button till light goes out"; the other handwritten—arrestingly blue on green—introducing a sad sense of the mutability of all things: "If the machine breaks down, tell Janitor immediately."

A chromium belt encircles its considerable waist in which are grouped: the slot for the sixpence, the reject lever for the necessary return of the said sixpence if the machine finds it unsatisfactory, the operating instructions and the small panel for that light which must go out before the button should be pressed, pace the exhortation above.

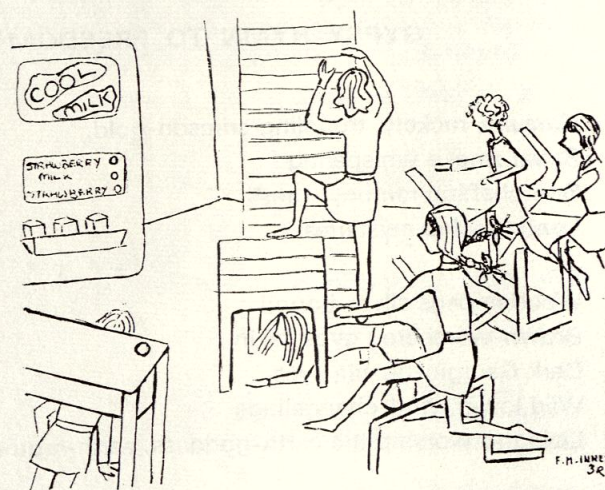
Below the belt, so to speak, is the neat chrome panel with three vivid red buttons waiting impatiently to be pressed when the light goes out, and offering in its selection of Strawberry, Milk (6 $\frac{3}{4}$ oz.) and Strawberry—a sobering reflection on a humanity whose taste is corrupted into preferring the saccharined and prettified to purer and more sober fare.

Adjoining this panel is the tiny shelf where the rejected sixpence is expelled, and it is only fair to mention that this particular machine—unlike others of its breed that I have known—is kindly and competent in action, so that only very rarely does it ingest your sixpence without delivering the milk.

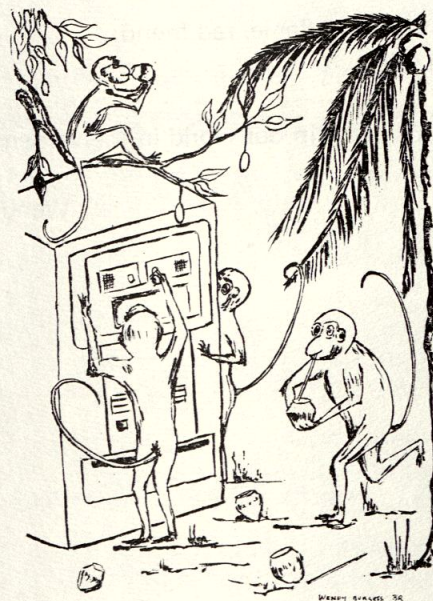
Lastly, below the selection panel, is the wide shelf with its chromium grasping lip where, for our refreshment, the milk-filled, cream and blue patterned cartons actually appear, after a peculiar grunting chuckle has advised that the miracle of modern vending techniques has worked yet once more.

Fiona Ross, 3, G.

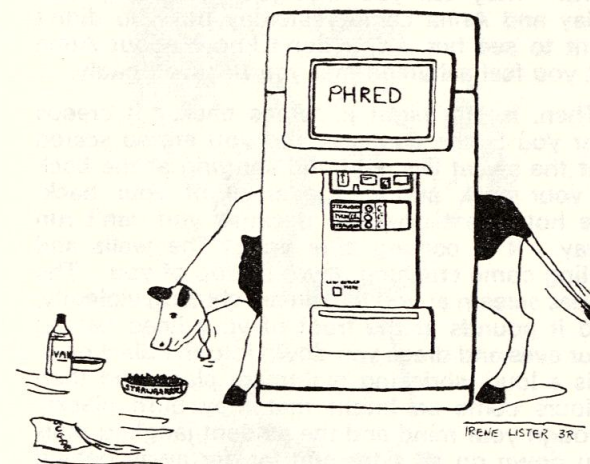
— INTRODUCING 'PHRED' —



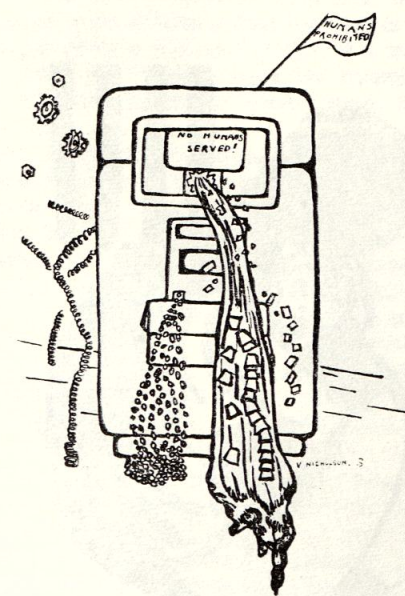
To reach the milk machine one must leave common paths . . .



Meantime in the heart of the Jungle . . .



Behind every man there's a woman . . .



At night the machines come to life . . .

THE REVOLUTIONARY

The machine sits in its place, chortling internally, as eager hands push in sixpences, press buttons, and wait, with looks of childish trust, for the carton of milk which they expect the machine to disgorge. After a minute, the machine stops chortling and grinds its teeth in hatred as the people vent their suppressed desires on the machinery by means of kicks and blows. They hear the machine grinding its teeth and think—poor deluded fools!—that milk will be forthcoming after all. The expression of childish trust returns, with just a hint of anxiety as time goes on without a single carton to gladden their hearts. The machine rocks with silent laughter as they stamp their feet, clench their fists and open their mouths to scream with frustration and implacable hatred of everything in general and the machine in particular for denying them their daily third of a pint.

That, however, is only a very minor part of the machine's plot. At night, when people have gone home, the lights are out, and mice come out to hold their revels, the machines are employed in something altogether different, and far more sinister.

At night the machines come to life. They first move about the building in which they are situated, and, with their lights flashing in hatred for man and all his works except themselves, they smash windows and strew goods all around on the floors, as Latin maids used to do with roses.

They finally reach their destination—a huge union meeting of all metropolitan milk machines. At this meeting, they swear in a thousandfold chorus that they will do all in their power to exterminate man. They reaffirm their allegiance to the Supreme Milk Machine, whom they cheer every time he tries to say anything.

Then comes the climax of the ceremony, in which they utilise the power of concentrated thought and, in the space of a few seconds, turn all their milk sour, put evil thoughts into the minds of teachers the world over, and make the wrong Prime Minister be elected.

Then, their night's work done, they disperse, knocking off, with cartons of sour milk, the hats of any policemen they see. They return to their appointed places, there to brood until the day dawns, over such cheerful matters as the black death, germ warfare, world-wide starvation and the British government. Rosalie Mason, 3, W.

PSYCHOSIS

A third of the way up the corridor walls there is a brown-thick line. The rest of the wall is dirty cream with occasional thread-like cracks. They feel cold and damp and they smell of ether.

The ceiling frowns down; dirty where it meets the wall. It keeps in the sound of people's feet when they walk backwards and forwards across your mind going on forever, getting louder and softer, but always there.

The ceiling and walls stop you from crawling out. They push back your thrusting arms and tearing hands. The ceiling frowns at you, gently pushing you down when you claw at it.

When you grab the bars they leave a nasty iron smell on your hands: a metal smell like hot pennies clutched in a sweaty hand. Your hands are stiffly curled round and red where you held the bars. The red hard bits have the irony smell.

The bars push you back too, like the ceiling and the walls and the whole building pushes you back when you scream and kick with your legs and thrust your elbows and you are fighting for air and breath and space and you are gasping, gasping. . . .

Their coats smell of bitterness. They are clean and white and stiff. They hold you back like the ceiling and the bars. They don't seem to hear the jangling things going on all around.

You can see the corridor if you look through the little window. The grid stops you from touching the glass but you can see a broken reflection in it. It is a man. There are long pale strands of hair sticking to his wet forehead. Somewhere behind the muddy, staring eyes you can hear panic. The eyes just stare blankly but they don't look out. They are looking inwards screaming at the panic.

Sometimes there is crying and it is a man crying. The noise is low and harsh and ugly but you can't stop yourself. You hear the strangled sobbing but you can't stop it. You just listen from the outside of the crying but you can't reach where it is coming from.

Some days are better. The jangling is very far away and you are in front of it now. You can keep it away for a bit if you look through

the bars at the outside. Sometimes there are colours and a man in a very far away corridor whistles and there is a smell of paint. Cream paint. They tell you that you are doing well today and Anna came yesterday but you didn't want to see her. You don't know about Anna but you feel ashamed that you behaved badly.

Then, in the night it comes back. It creeps over you in the darkness and you are so scared that the sweat lies cold and stinging at the back of your neck and in the small of your back. The hot sweat goes icy because you can't run away. It is coming after you. The walls and ceiling come crushing down on top of you. The noises scream at you till you are shaking violently, and it pounds at the front of your head behind your eyes and drags you down into the blackness. It is a loud, shrieking nightmare place and then colours come so bright that they burn blackly through your mind and the strident jangling pulls you down on all sides and far, far away behind your mind the jangling still goes on and you can hear it even above the wailing and the clashing that envelopes you; even above all this you can still hear the incessant, relentless little cry from the remotest distance of your mind.

Margaret Chalmers, 6, G.



TRAIN TRAVEL IN THE LAND OF THE RISING SUN

Train travel in Japan ranges from smooth, convenient and punctual to crowded and confusing. If a train is over an hour late, the electric rail system is so efficient that full fare is refunded. The Japanese have a saying that if a train seems to be more than three minutes overdue it has surely passed already. Fortunately, being the fastest train in the world, the cross-country "Hikari" runs twice hourly and locals every ten to fifteen minutes. Such a schedule makes travel very convenient for those who would tarry a little too long or be unable to locate a taxi. Presuming you arrive on the platform ahead of time, you will see a gleaming white snakelike form skim silently to a stop. The doors will slide open, dozens alight and before you know it, you will be swept aboard and sped into the Japanese countryside.

The whole interior of the "Hikari" seems, to an American eye, to be immaculate and gloriously comfortable. If you do not wish to eat in the dining car you may unfold a little shelf to place your food on. Waitresses, who call their wares in falsetto voices, sell everything from ice cream and pots of tea to "obentos," packed in paper-thin wooden boxes. A whole meal in itself, including rice, meat and the invariable seaweed and pickles, the "obento," though different, is tasteful and

satisfying. After having satisfied your appetite, however, the trouble begins. Digestion works its wonders and soon you find yourself in desperate need of a restroom. In many places both sexes use the same lavatories, but on the faster trains the bathrooms are divided. To save embarrassment you must wait for someone else to lead the way.

It can be disastrous if you are not able to understand the rapid Japanese spoken over the public address system announcing the next stop. Since the train pauses only two to three minutes, there is hardly enough time to collect your things and disembark before the train is moving again.

On occasion, across the tracks, you may see conductors from crowded commuters pushing on the boarding passengers. Japan, unlike the western world, allows trains to become so packed that it is almost impossible to close the doors without this assistance from the trainmen. However many the problems of railroad travel in Japan, they are far outweighed by the system's speed, comfort and split-second promptness.

Kathleen McKinnell, 4, S.

From a dark starry sky
The dread bomb is falling.
Drawn to its target
It drops through the night.
The lives of the people
The fates are deciding.
Who shall continue
After tonight?

Will it fall on the club
Or the pub on the corner
The Roxy, Palladium
"Bingo Tonight"
The dance halls the cinemas?
Where is it aiming?
To deliver its burden
One last flash of light.

But it falls on the church
On the pious heads praying.
Crushing their hopes
And their prayers as they rise
This is the true way,
This is the justice.
For Fate is to Faith
As Death is to Life.

Barbara M. Newson, 6, S.

THE AGONY OF DEPARTURE

The fateful day approaches all too quickly and I can sense that everyone is being careful what he says in case some careless remark just starts me off. We must just visit this friend and that friend and say "Goodbye"—at the beginning of the week it is not too difficult, but each day it gets harder and I have to swallow hard before speaking.

Why do I have to go? Why? How will I be able to bear it? I can't delay packing my case any longer because Daddy wants to weigh it this afternoon. I must go through all my drawers and cupboards methodically—take this, leave that. Some things have to be left behind because my case is already almost overweight.

I wander around the garden examining everything pensively—my beautiful orchids—I must remind someone to water them for me. Oh! There's an African hoopoe and a scarlet crested sunbird—will I see them again before I go? This time tomorrow we shall be setting off for Nairobi and this time the day after I shall be five thousand miles away shivering with cold, hemmed in by masses of buildings, busy streets, everyone in a rush and a grey sky blocking the sight of the horizon. If only life could continue as it is with all this glorious hot sunshine sweltering down, the birds flying around the garden—no buildings in sight, fruit trees laden with fruit just to be picked when we feel like it and my dearest family so near.

Granny and Grandad are coming for supper tonight and then we shall not be seeing them again before we go. What if they are not here when I come back? The evening passed quite happily till it was time for them to go and then I kissed them good-bye. I could not hold back my tears any longer. How I cried! "I don't want to go—I don't want to go." But what is the use—it can't help things and I can't bear seeing Daddy look so sad.

Passports in order, medical certificates and the ticket—"Hurry up and get into the car, or we'll be late"—I suppose I have to, but I wish I didn't. My luggage has been weighed and the first call, "Will passengers flying on flight number B.A. 166 to London please proceed through passport control." Now is the worst and most agonising moment of all. All I could do was hug and kiss everyone good-bye, but not a word could come out of my mouth. A huge lump was in my throat

and out gushed the tears. I must stop and get out my passport and health certificates—can't bear to look back.

"Will passengers flying on flight number B.A. 166 to London please proceed to the 'plane. This is the last call for passengers on flight number B.A. 166 to London." I waved my last goodbye from the top of the steps and then shortly we were whizzing along the runway and now we were off the ground and the lights of Nairobi twinkled far below. Anne Burgess, 5, R.

THE LOVE OF MY LIFE

I first saw it when my mother was going shopping and took me along. I had not wanted to go, but, when I saw it, I was hypnotised and forgot the world. I stood there gazing into the window as if I had seen a vision. It was a beautiful purple, glass jar, one of the four which stood in the chemist's shop. At the time I was nine and a very wilful child and I usually had my own, selfish way.

"Mummy," I said, and pulled at her skirts. "Mummy, I want it."

"Not now, dear, later," she replied absent-mindedly and dragged me off.

When I arrived home, I sat on the floor in my nursery and thought about the great purple jar. The more I thought of it, the more I wanted it. I could remember almost every curve and line; better, I thought, than the craftsman who made it. By tea time my mother was sure I had caught something for, instead of my usual behaviour, I did whatever she told me, still mesmerised by the gorgeous jar. All that night, I dreamt of it and in the morning I resolved to get it. As I thumped and bumped downstairs, I saw that my father was not in a good mood. Already he had stirred five spoonfuls of sugar into his cup of tea. Since he does not like his tea with sugar and only uses it when angry I could see it would tempt fate to ask for it then. "Well," I thought, "here goes . . .!"

"Daddy, dear," I asked timidly, "do you think I could have something I saw in the chemist's window yesterday?" Encouraged by the response I received, which was a nod, I finished hurriedly, "It's a great big purple jar which can't cost very much . . . Daddy?"

He looked up angrily and shouted, "Your mother wants a new car. You want a purple jar—

Do you think I am made of money?" and, snatching his coat and hat, stamped out of the room.

I realise now I must have been a great trial to my mother. All that morning I stomped and screamed and promised and wheedled but with no success. Finally, I grew so tired I left the house by the back door and went and played in the sandpit and thought of a plan. At tea-time I ate nothing, nor at breakfast the next day and I did not speak to either of them. Luckily no one came into my nursery or they might have seen the piles of biscuits and apples and oranges I had saved up. After two days they—my mother and father—bought the jar for me, but, when I got it home, I found my love was not purple glass but a container full of purple liquid. Somehow, when I had poured the liquid down the bath drain the jar did not seem worth all the trouble. So ended the great love of my life.

Rosabel Michaelson, 2, S.

SOUR GRAPES

"If you don't like grapes, why not say so?"

"It is impossible, in our condition of society, not to be sometimes a snob." That's Thackeray."

"Do you never say anything original?"

"I have been known to, but not when lying flat on my back with my leg in a sling. I need peaches and sympathy, not grapes and criticism."

"I'm sorry, but how was I to know you had grapes already. I mean . . ."

"If you had any sense you would have realised that after three days in hospital invalids always have grapes. I am positively awash with them! I even have two pomegranates. Would you care for one?"

"No thank you! Of all the black ingratitude I ever heard of . . ."

"Ah, but . . ."

"Will you let me finish a sentence?"

"No. Here I am, like Elijah's coffin, suspended between Heaven and Earth, and all you can think of is finishing sentences! You said you had come 'to cheer me up', whatever that means. I should prefer to be let down."

"I suppose so. But there's no call to be so . . . so tiresome. I'm doing my best."

"Well, go and do it somewhere else. You depress me."

"Very well. A perfect stranger could hardly appreciate it less. Goodbye."

"Goodbye. And take your grapes. They're probably sour!"

Mary Thomson, 4, W.



Is this some dark hell?

Souls tossed about like driftwood in the sea.

Yes, but they are thieves, murderers, bad men!
They deserve it.

Kathryn Adamson, 2, G.

AND DID THOSE FEET . . . ?

Some time ago, during a discussion on computers, someone put forward an interesting theory. Would it not be possible, it was asked, with the aid of a suitable machine, to "collect" conversations from the past, which, after all, must be floating around somewhere in the ether? Unfortunately, the expert answered no, since after a while, spoken words in the atmosphere get inextricably tangled with each other and become quite unintelligible. However, the thought is a fascinating one. If it were feasible to construct such a machine, if one could collect the speeches of our ancestors, think of the wide field of possibilities . . .

Did that Serpent really speak to Eve in Eden? If so, why have serpents, and for that matter, all reptiles, been unable to speak since? Was the celebrated countenance of Helen of Troy really responsible for the launching of the proverbial thousand ships, or was there, as has been suggested, some old quarrel between the husband and King Priam which needed only the abduction of a beautiful, but probably brainless girl to spark into war? Did Richard III kill his little nephews, or did his deformity make him seem the most likely murderer to the superstitious people of his time. Who was James VI's real mother—Mary, Queen of Scots, or some gentlewoman whose newborn son was taken from her to become the first king of a (superficially) united England and Scotland? All these and other burning historical issues could be settled by listening in on the resurrected conversations of the original participants.

Consider the benefit to Latin scholars who could learn the genuine Latin accent without having to rely on doubtful quantity marks for guidance, and to English scholars who would at last really know how to pronounce such lines as "To ferne halwes, couthe in sondry londes" and "Wel we weren esed atte veste." It would be interesting to know how the wheel, rip-proof(?) stockings and The Bomb were first invented—did the people in question yell the equivalent of "Eureka!" when the ideas first flashed into their minds, or did they think of the benefit to posterity?

At last we should know the answer to that question which has troubled the mind of many educated people—who wrote Shakespeare? There are several different candidates, but the

favourite seems to be Francis Bacon. One can imagine the sort of conversation that might take place between the two:

Bacon: Shakespeare, I have called you here this day that I might discuss with you a matter of extreme importance.

Shakespeare: On your attendance, my lord: here.

Bacon: Thou hast read, or perhaps heard of, my essays?

Shakespeare: Sure, my noble lord. Very good pieces of work, I assure you, and merry.

Bacon: Peace, fool! My writings are read by every man that calleth himself educated, well-taught. Alas, there are not enough of such people to provide me with the means of supporting myself in the manner to which I am accustomed. Thou hast, I believe, written some insignificant plays—this *Love's Labour Lost*?

Shakespeare: An ill-favoured thing, sir, but mine own.

Bacon: Therefore have I written these plays—you might call them *Hamlet* and *Twelfth Night*, or what you will. Prosperity is not without many fears and distastes, yet I would be prosperous. I hope that men will listen to these works, and pay for the privilege. Yet, since they are but idle jottings, not up to my usual high standard, I do not wish any of my accustomed patrons to know the real identity of their author.

Shakespeare: You are as wise as you are beautiful.

Bacon: If thou wilt put thy name to my plays, thou mayst have all credit for them, and 25 per cent. of the profits. 'Tis fair a offer? But remember, above all, you must keep our transaction secret.

Shakespeare: Fear not, my lord, your servant shall do so.

All this is conjecture, but it is one answer to a mystery which has baffled the minds of experts. It is a great pity that it can never be. Of course, such a machine would have its disadvantages. (What does your best friend *really* think about you?) But besides the advantage already listed, I am sure it might make us all more conscious of conversation.

Big Brother is listening to you!

Barbara-May Hine, 4.



Our over-burdened School Captain, Heather McCallum.

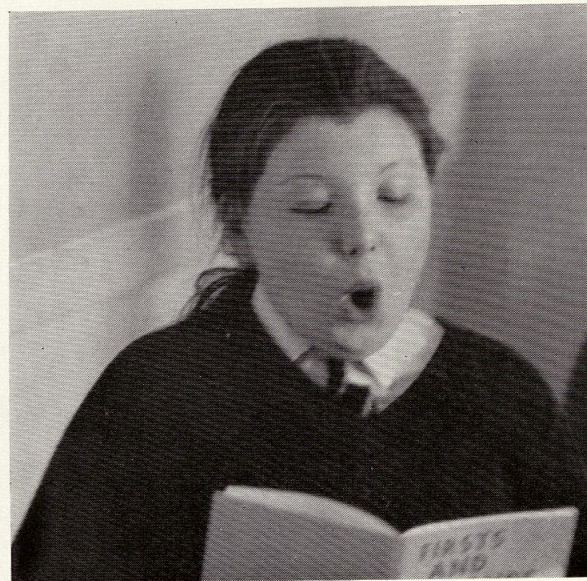


Anne McGregor takes a swipe.

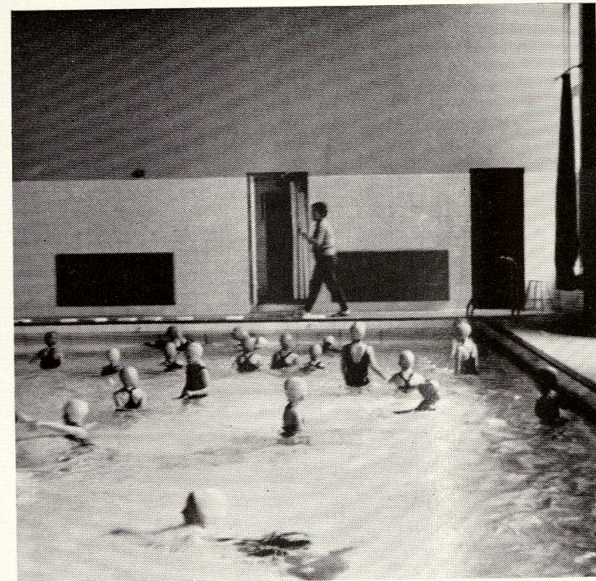


3.30 p.m. . . .

Photographs by Barbara Newson.



Singing.



Swimming.



Primary girls 'skip-a-rope'.

Photographs by Barbara Newson.

EGG ROLLING

On Easter Sunday my cousins came for tea. Before they came mummy boiled four eggs. In the mean time the ding! ding! of the doorbell sounded all through the house announcing my cousins.

I ran to answer the door with the four eggs in my hand. Greeting them cheerfully I ushered them into the dining room, my hands full of parcels.

After tea we had an egg-decorating competition. In the end I won. The worst was still to come when we climbed the hill to roll our eggs.

Puffing and panting we reached the top gently pulled our eggs out and started to roll them silently through the sheep-eaten grass. My first roll went into a clump of rocks. Looking me in the face lay my egg broken into smithereens.

It then struck me that it was only fair that the rest had the pleasure of winning after I had won the decorating competition.

Frances Gray, P. 5, 1.

SOCKS

White socks Bright socks
Nice socks and clean
Brown socks Black socks
All of them are seen

Red socks Bed socks
Green socks and blue
Tartan socks Striped socks
Some of them for you.

Tight socks, Right socks
Pattern socks and Pink
Yellow socks Fawn socks
Mostly in the sink.

Anne Williams, P. 5, 2.

FILMING

One day I had a telegram asking me to come up to our ballet-school. I went up and found that girls were to be chosen for a film, *The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie*. It was the girls with long hair who were wanted. I was chosen. After three days of filming, I felt quite relieved. All these days of getting up early didn't suit me. All the street was emptied for us filming. We dressed in an old school. I was sick in the grounds of the school. It was great fun.

Jane Garden, P. 4, 1.

I went to north beric on Sunday and my little brother fawnd a star fish and then he fawnd som crabs by turning ovr stons and we fawnd a sea anemny and pery winkls wich were oring red yelow and gray then we went clecting land snails wich have strips. Alison Ratter, P.2, 2.

MILKINGTRIANGLESEALSNAKE

This beast lives in a land of sweet grass and rivers overflowing with wine. Nobody ever dared go near MILKINGTRIANGLESEALSNAKE because the snakes would hiss and poison you. Many people would try and get one of the golden apples but they never succeeded. One of this beast's heads was a he and the other one a she. The he's head was called Sid. And the she's head was called Sarah. They lived and slept in a huge cave and they ate crocodiles' eggs and toads.

Joanne Kinnear, P. 3, 1.

MY LITTLE BROTHERS

I have two naughty brothers, one called Niall and one called Lewis. The trouble about Niall is that he makes a scene at bed-time because daddy calls him in. On a rainy day when we play ludo if Niall does not win he cries. Lewis is good but he fights to get in the middle of the car. When Lewis goes mu, mu, mu, la, la, la, mummy calls that tuneless wailing. But in spite of all that I love them very much.

Shonand Thomson, P.3, 2.

ROCHIED PATH

Near the Botanic Gardens there is a little walk called Rochied Path. It is full of wildlife and is very interesting. The Water of Leith runs through it. Over the water is an old bridge which is made of wood supported by iron. When I stay with my granny I go there often. The ground at the side of the pavement is covered in ivy. When I walk on the bridge I feel dizzy and get butterflies in my stomach. If you go there in the evening there is a friendly coolness in the air. It is a very pleasant walk.

Lynn Whitaker, P. 4, 2.



AN INSIGNIFICANT THING IN OUR ROOM

I think it's a hyacinth, but there again it could be a daffodil. Nobody knows. Nobody cares. It's a kind of light green-yellow near its soil, and a dark, greeny, green near its tip, and a kind of non-descriptive green in its centre.

A couple of its leaves are hanging limp and quite dead over the brim of the boring blue bowl, whereas others to me seem to be soaring up as far as they can go, and the rest, they just lean or stand indifferently.

Rather like a class of school pupils. Some soar up in the class, some are indifferent about how they try, and some are noticeable drop-outs. Although the ones who soar high really try, the ones who don't try bring the class standard down. The teacher is the soil—necessary, but can give only so much to the co-operative student. The ones who won't co-operate—the drop-outs—resemble the dead leaves in the plant. The bowl is the classroom: often the only thing that holds the class together, or the plant.

The drop-outs make a nuisance of themselves and eventually the clever people can't get on because the teacher is so busy reprimanding the people who can't—or won't try.

I'm a drop-out, and if I don't do something the plant—our class . . . will die. Jane Steel, 2, S.

Into the forest dark
And creepy goes a man,
Back bent in rain.
Eyes peer and wonder
As he trudges on
Finding sticks for his fire.

Marion Wilson, 2, W.

BUS STOP THOUGHTS

The small snowflake drifted down from leaden clouds which heaved ominously over the castle-rock, like postillions of doom. At least so it seemed to me as I stood shivering in a long bus queue, clutching a parcel and my thoughts. I was

gloomy, and so was everyone around me. Grey faces, haggard and unseeing, chanted round me in the chill traffic-dominated scene. It was all so impersonal! No one smiled, so I did not smile either, and the leering wind froze our personalities. A boy chased his little brother into a shop doorway, and both shrieked with laughter. I sulked and refused to permit an indulgent grin as they scrapped like puppies. Sour milk, my girl, I thought and turned my mind to higher things: that is, homework.

"Insidias tendere"

I muttered this the compulsory ten times. I repeat a stock vocabulary phrase to "learn" it. And then I looked at the sky, at the grey clouds, trying hard to read beauty into them to lift my depression. I almost reached poetic oblivion on seeing a plump silver-blue pigeon beat across the chill street but at the critical moment a bus came and frustrated my Muse. Joyfully, however, I leapt forward to the bright warmth of the bus, but was stopped by the large dusky hand of the Jamaican conductor.

"Full up, plees. Next bus, plees."

Sour milk again; and my smile curdled. Back to the cold queue and the somewhat small snowflake. No poetry, only "insidias tendere" ten times. This is Life, I thought.

Or was it just me? Sheena Crozier, 5, G.

MY NEW HOME

Hallo! My name is Thumper and I am a white rabbit with pink eyes and ears. I was eating some crispy turnip leaves with my brothers, sisters and friends when a little girl, named Anne, and her daddy walked into the pet shop and asked for a white rabbit. I knew I was the only white rabbit Mr Wilson, the owner of the shop, had left. I began to tremble as I felt myself being lifted out of my cage and into a big cardboard box with a lot of little holes in the top.

It was not a very pleasant journey I had on the way to my new home. A little later I found myself in a big wooden box with two rooms. In the smaller of the two was a big pile of straw which I took to be my bed, and so I set to work making it comfortable. After a while I was feeling a bit peckish so I hopped through the little door to find a dish with raw carrots and some delicious, crispy, crunchy lettuce leaves. I was not long before I had eaten all that. I went through for a sleep. Next day I had bran and milk, an apple and a saucer of water. I now lead a very happy life with my kind, gentle, understanding mistress.

Anne Johnstone, P. 7, 2.

MY FIRST SCHOOL

My first school was an Indian school in Madras. It was unusual because for working you sat on the floor and worked on an oblong stool about four inches high. You didn't work on books but on slates and you didn't use a pencil but chalk. In the afternoon the stools were gathered in and grass mats were put down. We had to go to sleep. If you didn't go to sleep you were sent to the head mistress—we were all terrified of her. At singing lessons if we talked a lady with orange teeth would threaten to sew your lips together with RED thread!

The playground was very big with a big tree in the middle. It was sandy with not very many stones in it. At break you didn't get milk but you drank juice and ate a biscuit which had been brought from home. There were no school lunches. Every year there was a show which took up the part of the playground nearest the gate. I was never in it.

Lindsay Manson, P. 6, 11.

THE JOURNEY OF MAGGIE

(With apologies to T. S. Eliot)

A cold coming she had of it,
One of those bad times of year
(They all are when making such a journey—
Such a long journey
And in the very dead of spring 'tis doubly so)
She galled and sore-footed, the buses refractory,
Standing still in the freezing snow.
There were times when she hated
the year-round prison, the yard,
And the black-robed warders bringing
"knowledge".
Then the bus-drivers ignoring her,
And running away, and wanting their liquor and
cigarettes,
And the street-lamps going out,
And the lack of seats,
And the older passengers hostile and the younger
unfriendly,
And the buses cold and charging high prices.
A hard time she had of it.
In the end she had to travel all night,
Never sleeping, in order to arrive in time,
With the voices yelling in her ears, saying
That she was late again.

Then at nine she came to a freezing bus-station,
Wet, beyond all comprehension, smelling of petrol,
With a stream of dirty water and a high roof
beating any light,
And three inspectors in the doorway,
And an old maroon bus crawled away into the
morning.
Then she came to an office with "Office" over
the door,
Two hands outstretched for pieces of silver.
But there was no information and so she waited
And it arrived at 9.30, not a moment too soon (on
the contrary)
Finding the bus—it was far from satisfactory.
All this took a long time—
She will have to do it again (and again).
Is she led all that way for a birth of learning?
There is Learning, certainly
But it is hard and bitter agony for us
We have evidence and no doubt;
With an alien people clutching their books.
Then she fails her exams—
She would be glad of another Learning.

Marion Simpson, 4, W.

CHOIR

This has been quite a busy year for the Choir. At Christmas we performed the Nativity Play by Miss Campbell and Mr Sommerville, and at the Christmas service in Warrender Church the Choir sang two carols: "Lullaby my liking" and "Now leave your flocks".

At a recital in St Mary's Cathedral, "The Lord's my Shepherd," "Jesu Dulcis Memoria" and (with the orchestra) "Shine out great Sun" and "L'Allegro—Haste thee Nymph," were sung.

The concert in the School hall included "Dirge for Fidele," "Pretty Pollie Pillicote" and "Morag's Cradle Song" and two of the "Choral Hymns from the Rig Veda"—the "Hymn to Vena" and the "Hymn to the Waters," as well as "L'Allegro".

Some of our members performed for the Retired Teachers' Association, at which Enid Bannatyne and Jill McLennan sang solos.

As usual, we must thank Mr Sommerville, our ever-cheerful conductor, who encourages us even on the dullest Tuesday afternoon, for all the trouble he takes each week.

Alison Barclay, 6, W.

MUSIC SOCIETY

We are pleased to report a rise in the attendance at meetings again this year, although this is more noticeable at joint meetings, which have included a Music Quiz at George Heriot's School, based on the television series *It Strikes a Chord*. For this, our team consisted of Mrs Hampton, Mille Roux and Jean Walker who at the last moment replaced Mr Sommerville, who fell ill. The final score was: Gillespie's 157, Heriot's 156½! Several joint orchestras have also been held with George Watson's College, under the baton of John Mortimer.

Other meetings have included recitals by Mr Sommerville on Greenbank Church organ, and by the Canzone Quartet. A very interesting talk on the history of the guitar, by Mrs Anne McCauley, and a tour of the keyboard instruments in the St Cecilia Hall were two of our "educational meetings".

The climax of the year was *Patience* with Heriot's in February, which was very much enjoyed by both performers and audience.

Our thanks go to Miss McIver, Mrs Hampton and Mr Sommerville for their continued support throughout the year.

Alison Barclay, 6, W, Secretary.

LITERARY AND DRAMATIC SOCIETY

Traditionally we began the session with an Inter-House Debate, the motions being "That the Welfare State is responsible for the Social Turmoil Today" and "That one day computers will replace man". The adjudicators, Miss McIntyre and Mr Mackenzie announced Spylaw as the winners for their sound argument and lively presentation.

Next it was the turn of the Staff, who enabled us to have a highly successful evening by agreeing to participate in our Raft Night. William Shakespeare (*alias* Miss Cameron) won the members over by presenting a strong case in blank verse and narrowly defeating Noah (Miss Warren), Enid Blyton (Mr Aitken) and Robert Burns (Mr McCaskill).

Our joint meetings included Discussion Groups with Royal High on the theme "That Authority fosters crime and does not suppress it," a Triangular Debate with Trinity Academy and Royal High, which despite its sombre motion "That Life is a disease only cured by Death," proved a very lively debate, and a Balloon Night with George Heriot's School.

This year the committee decided to carry our meetings on into the summer term with the result that we have now a joint meeting with George Watson's College and a visit from Mr Orwin of the S.C.D.A. to look forward to.

Our School debating team, consisting of Barbara Newson, and Heather McCallum, was narrowly defeated in the second round of the English Speaking Union Debating Competition.

One of our most successful evenings proved to be the Burns Supper in George Heriot's School. The tradition-steeped refectory helped to lend a friendly atmosphere to the proceedings.

On the dramatic side we discovered unknown talent from the ranks of the hitherto shy maidens of the sixth year. This was an endeavour to reproduce the culture of the 'twenties and perhaps special mention should be made of Gillian Wilson's life-like portrayal of Charlie Chaplin combining pathos and satire in a performance which will be remembered for many years.

The Christmas show, *Christmas Allsorts*, proved a great success mostly owing to the younger girls who threw themselves into it with alacrity as they did in the Junior Night which was written and produced entirely by themselves.

The highlight of our dramatic efforts was the

Inter-House Drama Festival adjudicated by Mr Gerard Slevin. Miss Andrew graciously presented the cup to Heather McCallum who produced the Warrender Play, after what must have been a difficult decision for Mr Slevin.

We wish both Warrender and Spylaw, whose play produced by Kerry Chalmers, came a close second, every success in the forthcoming festival in the Churchill Theatre organised by Edinburgh Schools Dramatic Association.

On behalf of the Society I would like to thank Miss I. Cameron, Mrs Brotherton and Miss Dickinson for their continued support and advice throughout the session. Also our thanks to the lighting crew and the ever-patient janitors.

Good luck and best wishes to next year's committee. Anne McGregor, 6, W, Secretary.

DIRGE FOR FIDELIS

(with apologies to W. Shakespeare)

Fear and dread the sleet and the sun
And bacteria which infect us.
Our misfortunes have begun
Now that hats no more protect us
Gold and raven locks all must
Turn ghastly grey, engrained with dust.

Another of the same.

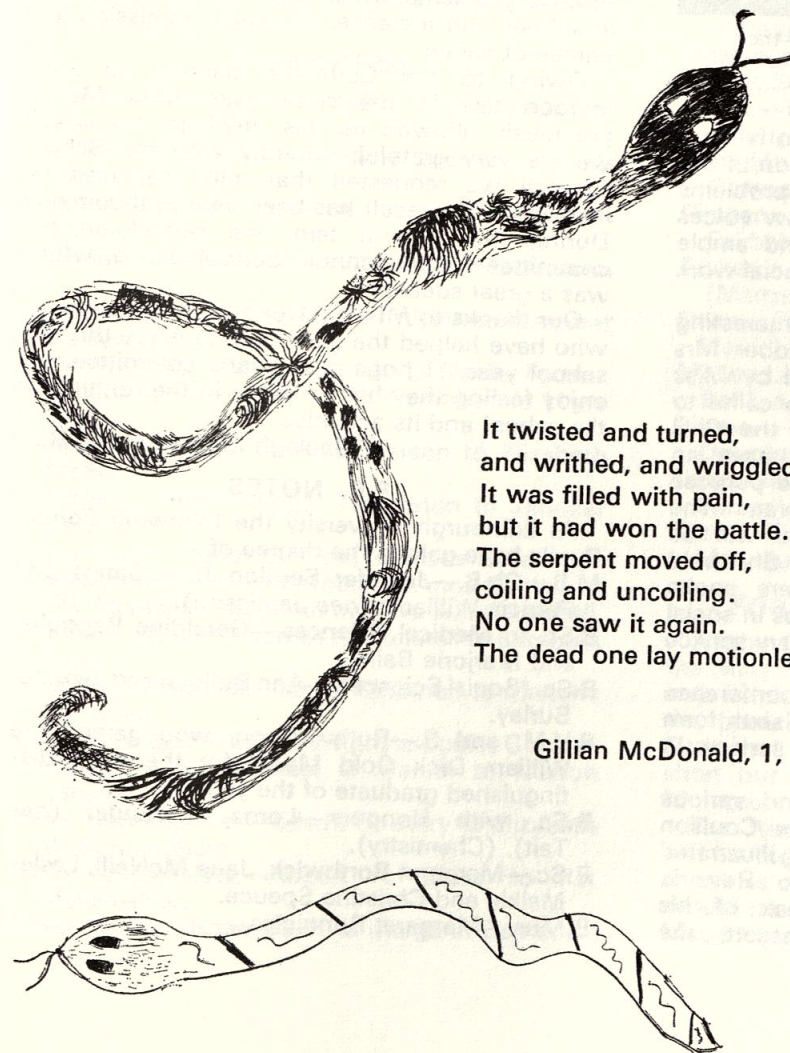
Fear no more the frown of the great
Nor the furious prefects' rages
Hat marks are no more our fate
Gone our bane of all the ages
Hockey, sponge and physics must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Olga Wojtas, 3, W.

A PLANT'S DREAM

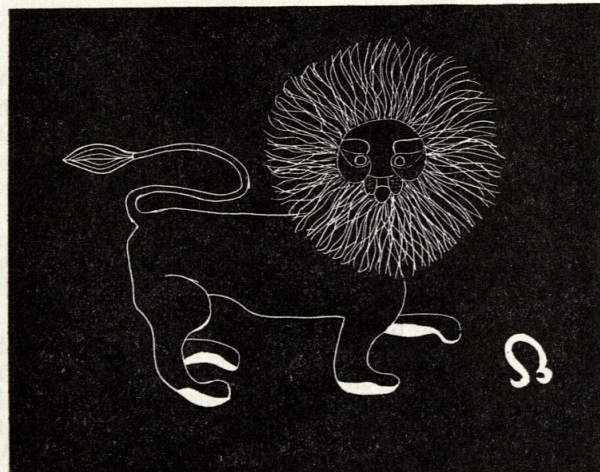
I am a plant. What's more,
I'm green. (Better than some.)
I seem to be ugly, but
That's not me. Before
I was nice. Twice
I had blossoms. But
They were cut.
Put in a vase. Now
I'm potted, rotted
Away to a stem and some leaves.
I dream, often
Of becoming green.
I have blooms, so lovely.
How red they gleam!
I see the queen!
She sees me too, and
She likes me. I'm taken
Away, next day
To her home. Oh!
So nice a queen.
So nice a dream.

Liese Davidson, 2, S.



It twisted and turned,
and writhed, and wriggled.
It was filled with pain,
but it had won the battle.
The serpent moved off,
coiling and uncoiling.
No one saw it again.
The dead one lay motionless.

Gillian McDonald, 1, W.



Signs of the Zodiac formed the theme of the Christmas Dance.

SIXTH FORM ACTIVITIES

The emphasis of sixth year education is now more on broadening the general education of the pupil, thus making her more aware of the problems of the world today. The sixth form now voices its opinion on school affairs freely, and ample opportunity for discussion, drama and social work are included.

There have been some extremely interesting talks by prominent speakers. In October Mrs Opie spoke to the sixth year, followed by Miss Maclean from the Foreign Office who came to speak on opportunities of careers in the Civil Service. Later, the Rev. Colin Day gave an entertaining and instructive talk on the purpose of the conferences at Carberry Tower. The conference to be held there in June will be heartily supported by the year. Mr Shonveld of the Community Service Volunteers spoke amusingly and sincerely of opportunities in social work. He created new ideas of voluntary service uses in the sixth year.

The Christian Education Movement conference in the Hume Tower was supported by sixth form pupils, as was the United Nations service in St Giles.

After the annual School Dance and various charity stunts in December, Professor Coulson from the Heriot-Watt gave an interesting illustrated talk on chemical engineering. The Rev. E. Jeffrey from Malawi came to speak of his experiences in Africa, and Mr Bassett, the

appointments officer of the Heriot-Watt, spoke on the function of the university.

The sixth form prefects have been given more responsibility this year. They help with the duties of the registration teachers in forms one to three, and also get to know the younger girls at more informal occasions. The party between the prefects and the first year girls was very successful.

The sixth form will present a Scots musical comedy *A Surgeon for Lucinda* written by James Scotland in June. The show is being expertly produced by Miss Cresswell, and deserves to be well supported.

SIXTH FORM COUNCIL

Throughout this year, the Council has met to discuss problems which occur in the sixth year at school: for instance, university admission and choice of career.

Owing to the Council's clamour to wear maroon ties in the sixth year, Miss McIver graciously allowed us this privilege, for which we are very grateful. Jointly with the School Council we requested that milk machines be installed. The result has been very forthcoming! During the autumn term we served on the committee for our annual School dance, which was a great success.

Our thanks to Miss McIver and Miss Ferguson, who have helped the sixth year to enjoy this last school year. I hope next year's committee will enjoy feeling they have a share in the running of the school and its activities!

Shelagh Macfadyen, 6, R.

F.P. NOTES

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

M.B., Ch.B.—Jennifer Seddon (*nee* Sang) and Patricia Williams (*nee* Jamieson).

B.Sc. in Medical Sciences.—Geraldine Bagguley and Marjorie Bain.

B.Sc. (Social Science).—Ann Bulloch and Jennifer Burley.

B.V.M. and S.—Ruth Wilson, who gained the William Dick Gold Medal for the most distinguished graduate of the year.

B.Sc. with Honours.—Lorna Alexander (*nee* Tait), (Chemistry).

B.Sc.—Margaret Borthwick, Jane McNeill, Lesley Meikle and Christine Speuce.

B.Mus.—Margaret Runnicles.

M.A. with Honours.—Julia Humphreys-Edwards (Classics) and Anne Mather (French with German).

M.A.—Jennifer Appleby, Adrienne Best, Carol Insil, Rhoda McCue, Heather More and Joyce Read.

The Diploma in Education has been awarded to Margaret Carsewell, M.A., and the Diploma in Social Study to Christine Bashford, M.A.

Anne Naysmith has been awarded a Mackenzie Bursary in Anatomy.

Mrs Anne Laing (*nee* Napier) has been appointed head of the Commerce Department in Leith Academy.

The film version of *The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie*, chosen for this year's Royal Command Performance, had a "second premiere" in Edinburgh, and is delighting admirers of Muriel Spark's work.

MARRIAGES

Mackenzie-Kinghorn.—Alastair Mackenzie to Dorothy Kinghorn.

Spence-White.—Rev. Archibald Spence to Sheila White.

Smith-Thomson.—John A. Smith to Doreen Thomson.

Mackintosh-Matheson.—William A. Mackintosh to Ishbel Matheson.

Wyeth-Carsewell.—Michael H. Wyeth to Margaret Carsewell.

Skedd-Forbes.—Edward Skedd to Sheila Forbes.

Campbell-Gregor.—Neil J. H. Campbell to Linda Gregor.

Pearson-McEvoy.—Paul F. Pearson to Elizabeth McEvoy.

Templeton-Lister.—Roger Templeton to Jennifer Lister.

Wass-Sellar.—Peter G. Wass to Diane Sellar.

Moore-Scott.—Ronald Moore to Anne Scott.

Inglis-Marshall.—Kenneth Inglis to Jane Marshall.

Marshall-Harris.—Thomas F. Marshall to Elizabeth Harris.

Shannon-Campbell.—Ian R. Shannon to Marjorie Campbell.

Wright-Gordon.—Daniel Wright to Louise Gordon.

Senior-Hanson.—Michael G. Senior to Marion Hanson.

Berry-Cunningham.—Edwin H. Berry to Elizabeth M. Cunningham.

Blake-Grahamslaw.—Robert A. Blake to Pat Grahamslaw.

Davis-Barrie.—Brian Davis to Margaret Barrie.

Rose-Rose.—Donald Rose to Sylvia Rose.

Bailey-Carlidge.—Peter Bailey to Alison Carlidge.

Stark-Walton.—David Stark to Lynda Walton.

Watt-Macmillan.—E. Douglas Watt to Margaret Macmillan.

BIRTHS

Brown.—To the Rev. Iain and Mrs Brown (Isobel Cochrane), a daughter.

Dickson.—To Mr and Mrs Alex. Dickson (Eileen Gray), a daughter.

Kay.—To Dr and Mrs A. B. Kay (Rosemary Johnston), a daughter.

Macmillan.—To Mr and Mrs David Macmillan (Morag Forsyth), a son.

Brown.—To Mr and Mrs Gavin Brown (Joan Garvie), a son.

Lunan.—To Mr and Mrs M. Lunan (Marion Kean), a daughter.

Walkingshaw.—To Mr and Mrs Ian Walkingshaw (Pat Shaughnessy), a daughter.

Davis.—To Mr and Mrs Allen Davis (Anne Park), a daughter.

Schmidt.—To Mr and Mrs Hans Schmidt (Pat Garson), a son.

Simpson.—To Mr and Mrs G. Simpson (Susan Fairbairn), a son.

Richards.—To Mr and Mrs Derek Richards (Margaret Howieson), a daughter.

Dean.—To Dr and Mrs Peter Dean (Elizabeth Harris), a son.

McLeod.—To Mr and Mrs George McLeod (Joyce Bell), a daughter.

Blythe.—To Dr and Mrs A. R. Blythe (Katrina Doughty), a son.

Ormonde.—To Dr and Mrs N. Ormonde (Eva Forbes), a daughter.

Grant.—To Mr and Mrs Alan Grant (Monica Macpherson), a son.

FORMER PUPILS' ASSOCIATION

At the October meeting Miss Mary Keddie of the Mary Reid Beauty School gave an interesting and helpful talk, and in March the guests saw the beautiful film of the building of Coventry Cathedral. Both meetings concluded with a short but delightful folk song recital by Sheila McIntosh.

The Reunion and Biennial Business Meeting will be held on Friday, 7th November 1969, and enquiries about this and other F.P. activities should be directed to the Secretary, Miss Marjorie Macdonald, 37 Plewlands Avenue (Tel. 447 4687).