



Edinburgh 1970

**JAMES GILLESPIE'S HIGH SCHOOL**



## EDITORIAL

I thank all those who have contributed in their many ways to this year's edition of the magazine.

When a Gillespie school magazine was first instituted in 1910, it proved so popular that a second print had to be ordered. The items then were of the "Blushing peonies grow beside stately lupins" nature, the subjects of the essays and poems were more conventional than they are today, and no illustrations appeared to complement the articles. But, of course, the school in common with many other things, has moved with the times, and the James Gillespie's of 1970 provides a freedom which, by virtue of its gradual process, seems to have come upon us unnoticed and is perhaps not always appreciated. This point strikes me more forcibly as I read through old school magazines.

The opportunities provided by—unsupervised study periods; "pass-outs" to enable us to visit, for example, a library or museum on some set assignment; the dissertation in the various subjects of the Certificate of Sixth Year Studies, where freedom is given for us to choose individually a topic of interest and to organise for ourselves the work and time involved—have all helped us to realise the importance of sixth year, not only in the academic sense but in particular because it gives us our first real experience of a sense of responsibility. We may have chatted and "sipped the scandal potion pretty" when we might have worked; we may have left dissertations until the last possible moment; we may have neglected to fulfil certain duties, and fallen into other "sinful ways", but this is the experience that helps us to bridge the gap between school and whatever life may have to offer us. It helps us to grow up.

There are other opportunities of which we might have made use. It is sad, but typical of human nature, to appreciate them too late. We who are leaving school find that things previously taken for granted, or even disliked, are suddenly interesting and desirable, and one would hope in that context that teachers might view their departing charges in a new and tender light, discovering in them rare and precious virtues hitherto quite unsuspected!

This year heralds an era of many changes—particularly in the field of education—and we

who are leaving will follow the fortunes of our school into its period of change with a special interest, considerable nostalgia, and a lasting affection.  
Vivien Small, 6 S.

## STAFF NOTES

### Departed

Miss M. Henderson of the Games Department, to take up the post of Principal Teacher in Banff Academy.

Mrs Buchanan, after one term's temporary assistance in the History Department.

Miss Middleton, to take up the position of Principal Teacher of Physics in Currie High School.

Mr Aitken in November, to go to Leith Academy English Department.

Dr McLeod of the Biology Department, retired.

Mr Armstrong, the Head Janitor, to go to Stevenson College of Education.

### Arrived

Miss Robertson, from Gracemount, Games Department.

Mrs Gray, from Glasgow, joining the History Department.

Miss Dunbar, on a part-time basis (Physics).

Mrs Paterson, who assisted until Miss Laursen, from Bathgate, joined the English Department to take over.

Mr Skilling, from Ainslie Park (Biology).

Miss Kyle, who is organising Speech and Drama.

Mlle Gaujacq, Mlle Hadad and Frau Bartl of the Language Department.

Mrs Armstrong to teach part-time in the Language Department.

## OFFICE STAFF

Miss Edmonston, our Administrative Assistant, left in September and was succeeded by Mrs Balsillie, who was with us for a short time until replaced by Mrs Arnold. In the General Office we have been joined by Mrs Simon and Mrs Bridgeford.

We thank all those who have left for their services in the past and we wish to welcome all newcomers.

## THE PRIMARY STAFF

### An Appreciation

The Wind of Change has blown with fury these last twelve months through the ranks of the Primary Staff.

Five members, Miss Dalgleish, Miss Douglas, Miss Laidlaw, Miss Gaul and Miss Anderson retired last year, and Miss Pirie will join them at the end of the current session. All of these ladies worked for many years in this department of James Gillespie's High School, giving loyal and devoted service to both pupils and colleagues. Each has a distinctive personality, yet, common to all was a high standard of scholarship and concern for their charges. They are remembered with affection and gratitude by all, staff and former pupils alike, associated with them here.

We wish them much health and happiness in their retirement.

E. B. E.

### GENERAL NOTES

Out-of-school activities are becoming more and more abundant, so much so that only a very brief mention of each is possible.

During the year, we have had visits from a party of French teachers: Mr Ogowa, a Japanese educationalist; an Indian headmistress, Miss Rongon; and some Yugoslavs, who came to survey our education system. We hope they found the school of interest.

The school was represented at the U.N. Service in St Giles in October and at the opening of the Commonwealth Pool.

A course for 5th Year on Nursing was held, which proved to be very interesting.

The 5th Year also enjoyed an informative talk, given by Mr Costello, on Australia.

This year the S.N.O. School Concerts were held in December and in February, and were attended by large groups from the school.

In December, the Theatre in Education team from the Lyceum came to give us an interesting if controversial demonstration on a war theme.

Our dramatic activities have been most successful—*Dido and Aeneas*, an opera, and *The Insect Play*, both of which were performed in conjunction with George Heriot's School.

Miss Cresswell and Miss Paterson took a group of girls ski-ing in Switzerland, and Miss Burnard and Miss Minck are organising a trip to Germany in May and June, when there will be another S.S. *Nevasa* cruise.

After the exams, various departments are organising outings to places of interest in Scotland. There are even rumours of the 6th Year being escorted to Court!

### GAMES REPORT

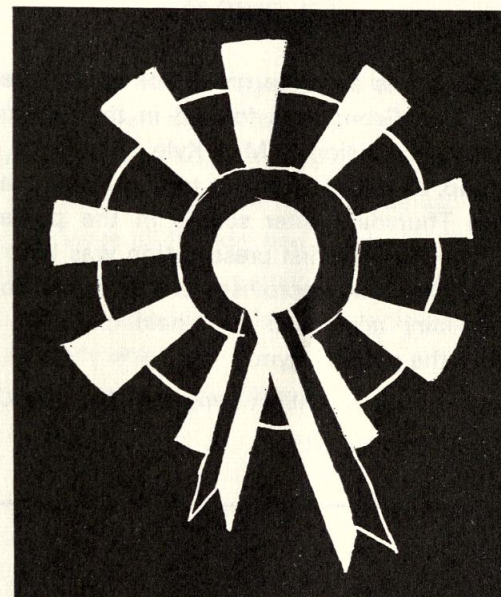
The range of activities and sports offered during games periods has again been extended—Volleyball, with Miss Robertson as coach, having been added this session.

Fencing continues to flourish and we have received our set of electric apparatus, a great thrill to all.

The swimmers have trained hard and a record number of girls hope to participate in the Schools Gala to be held at the Royal Commonwealth Pool early in June. This year our Primary Department took part for the first time in the preliminary events and acquitted themselves well. More girls than ever before entered the Edinburgh Schools Championships and we won in two close contests with Dunfermline College and George Watson's.

Our Hockey team finished the season by winning the Telford College six-a-side tournament and the Corporation Senior Secondary Schools invitation tournament held to replace the Inter-Scholastic tournaments this year.

In Basketball we are again indebted to Mrs Wilson for her enthusiastic coaching, and in addition to the Senior and Junior Secondary teams we have started Primary 7 on "Biddy Basketball" this year.



### CONGRATULATIONS . . .

Alison Brown, on having a painting accepted for the current exhibition of R.S.A.

*How Right Can You Be?* Team—Rosalie Mason, Leslie Ramage, Fiona Crawford—for winning the National Final of the B.B.C. quiz game.

Prizewinners in the Lord Mansfield Art Competition—Elizabeth Malcome and Patricia Rodger, P7(2); Muriel Nunn, Jane Roger and Lesley Wall, 2S. Thus we retained the cup for the best school exhibit.

Patricia McAteer 1W, Lorna Munro P7(1), Susan Grubb P5(1) and Heather Gray P3(1) on their success in the Christmas Card Competition sponsored by the *Evening News*.

Susan McKie 6R, Susan Tuck 6G, Susan Hendrie and Caroline Scott for work accepted for the Exhibition "Creative Embroidery as a Hobby".

Anne Hogarth 6R for receiving the Gold Star in Ballroom Dancing at the "Top Rank Rendezvous for Dancing".

Under 19 Scottish Champion in Squash—Jane Macdonald (S.W.S.R.A.).

Under 15 Team who won the Scottish Junior Basketball Championship.

Aileen Keith, who was selected to play for the Scottish Junior Basketball team along with Gaye Clapperton and Jane Woodburn. These girls

were also selected to play for the Scottish Schoolgirls Basketball team.

Susan McKie and Jan Lawrie, who were chosen to play for the Junior East District Hockey Reserve XI.

Jennifer Cowper, who is to train as one of the Commonwealth Games Squad (Swimming).

Sheila Ross who was selected to fence for Scotland in the Junior International against England and who was fourth in the Scottish Schoolgirls Fencing Competition, in which B. McMullen was runner-up. Karen Dickson was sixth in the final of the Scottish Junior Girls Championship.

On winning, with her Heriot's partner, the Edinburgh and Lothians Over 16 Badminton Mixed Doubles Championship, Alison Mitchell.

Felicity Strong for being first in: High Jump and 80 m. Hurdles in the S.W.A.A. Championships; 80 m. Hurdles in the Scottish Schoolgirls Championships. Felicity was fifth in the 80 m. Hurdles of the British Women's Championship. She is a member of the Commonwealth Games Athletic Squad also, and of the record-breaking 4x100 m. British Intermediate Relay Team.

Senior Fencing Team, who were runners-up in the Scottish Schoolgirls Foil Team events.

Games Department on achieving so many successes in so many new and varied fields.

All Classes for charities efforts. The result was staggering, not only in the money raised, but in voluntary activities, such as delivering food parcels to the old. 6th Year alone raised £70 for Oxfam.

Heather Heatlie of 2nd Year on winning the Bible Society Essay Competition.

The Year who typed all those envelopes for the Edinburgh University Settlement Appeal.

Joan Walker, who won a trip to Russia for her prizewinning essay.

Spylaw on winning the Inter-house Drama Competition with *The Property Man's Apprentice* produced by Vivien Small, and on winning the Inter-house Debating Competition with Morag McLeish and Vivien Small.

E.S.U. and Daily Express Debating Teams of Felicity Townsend, Anne Bonar, Morvyth Davis and Joan Walker for doing so well.

Members of Edinburgh Youth Orchestra.

Staff Hockey Team, on maintaining a draw and their equilibrium at Kirkbrae.

Mr Armstrong—"Outstanding Diplomat of the Year".

## SCRIPTURE UNION REPORT

SCRIPTURE UNION	TORCH	DOULOI
MARGARET HQ	FILMS	SILVER
SHEARER	TEACH	PAPER
CHRISTMAS	INSQ5	MRGALT
CONFERENCE	CAMPS	STMARK
SCIENCE&RELIGION	PIANO	GUITAR
YOUTH PRAISE TWO	TALKS	PRAYER
PERCUSSION	DANCE	SQUASH
4TH YEAR	SONGS	STAMPS
BIG-JOHN	CAROLS	WITNESS
MISS WHITE	HERIOTS	WATSONS
Q5 MISSIONARY	PETERLEE	CHORUSES
INTERSCHOOLS QUIZ	MISTER McCASKILL	

## " UNICORN "

" Unicorn " is a drama group for second year pupils. The Group was formed in the autumn, under the supervision of Miss Kyle. Meetings of the Group, attended by about forty members, are held on Thursdays after school in the primary gym. The Group's first presentation was *Who is Ptaya's Mother?*, an improvised play based on four Russian fairy tales, and was held on 12th of March in the primary gym.

Gillian Lang, 2R, *Secretary*.

## THE SCHOOL COUNCIL

Now in its third year, the School Council has continued to help girls to discuss their queries, criticisms and suggestions concerning the school.

Once again the response to charities at Christmas was excellent.

It was decided that the profits from the Tuck Shop should go to the Games Department who took over the running of it this year, although it has not yet been decided to what specific purpose the money will be put.

The School Council agreed to the prefects' proposal that there should be only twelve vice-prefects, whose duties would be decided by the prefects themselves.

Again this year we had a photograph taken of the School Council.

On behalf of the Council, I should like to thank Miss McIver and Miss Ferguson, our assessor, for listening so patiently to our grievances and for their helpful guidance.

Anne Bonar, 6W.

## IMAGINE IF . . .

Imagine if it were sunny all year round.  
 Imagine if men never fought.  
 Imagine if there were no death.  
 If everything were warm and wonderful.  
 If men were all friends, and loved one another.  
 If there were always a smile on everyone's face.  
 Imagine if there were nothing in this world that was not beautiful.  
 Imagine if the sun went out.

Marion Simpson, 5W.



## SUN

They say it's just a star,  
 Though it can darken our whole world by its withdrawal,  
 And sets the daily, annual, eternal metre of our lives,  
 And is the source of all our warmth and being.  
 Some day they'll reach for it;  
 Put it beside its sister moon, in our sitting rooms,  
 Between the football and the soap commercials,  
 trained at last.  
 Then what? Per ardua ad other astra, while the world below still starves?  
 Oh no—when you've seen one sun, you've seen them all;  
 All one of them.

Mary Thomson, 5W.

## A THING OF BEAUTY

A king, a golden ball of fire  
 He haughtily looks down at us, his worshipping subjects,  
 Laughing while we lie on silver beaches,  
 trying hard to catch his rays of burning heat  
 He floats by in a gleaming, dazzling carriage of shimmering robes.  
 The clouds step back to form a way for His Majesty to pass  
 Trees sway in the warm breeze bowing to and fanning him in His grace  
 The sun shines on  
 He looks proudly at us, knowing He is the Creator.

Cynthia M. Lorimer, 1S.

## EDINBURGH SCHOOLS CITIZENSHIP ASSOCIATION

This year there has been a highly successful variety of meetings. These have ranged from an interesting and informative Political Evening, to which Labour, Conservative, Liberal and S.N.P. candidates were invited, to the very entertaining Balloon Night when Winnie the Pooh beat, among others, Mr Wilson and Boadicea to remain the only survivor in the slowly deflating balloon.

Members now look forward to the summer term, when there will be the Conference in Glasgow with West of Scotland schools, the Film Night and Barbecue.

I should like to thank Miss McIntyre once more for her help and to say that I have greatly enjoyed my two years as school representative. I wish next year's representative and members every success.

Marilyn Jackson, 6G, *Treasurer*.

## YELLOW

What is yellow? How could you describe yellow? You could say that it is a very bright, primary colour. You say that a daffodil, a sunflower and the sun are yellow. You can think of innumerable objects which are yellow.

All the four seasons can be associated with the colour yellow. In spring the flowers begin to brighten our gardens and yellow crocuses and daffodils burst into full bloom. At Easter, you think of the fluffy, yellow chickens which crack through their shells and scuttle around, pecking at the ground with yellow beaks.

In summer you see all the gold and yellow roses dotted about in gardens with large yellow butterflies flitting from one flower to another. Large yellow and black bees buzz busily to and from the big yellow sunflowers. At the beach you can watch the sparkling blue waves break gently on the golden yellow sand while the startling yellow of the summer sun beats down on the wonderful view.

In autumn, the fluttering, green summer leaves reluctantly turn to the deep, golden brown and yellow of autumn. The trees turn from green to a bright yellow, then slowly, leaf by leaf, they turn brown and bare. The ground is now covered by a soft cushion of yellow leaves. Then the air turns yellow as the wind picks up the leaves and whisks them up into the clouds. At the end of autumn, as the nights grow colder, you can warm yourself round the big yellow bonfire which roars and sparks on Guy Fawkes' night.

Now it is winter. The warm, yellow colour may not seem to have much to do with this cold, icy season, but if you stop and think, there is a lot of yellow in winter. The sun turns from a deep gold to a cold, pale, watery yellow.

This blob of pale colour peeps through greyish, yellow clouds in between the heavy snow showers. Children dressed in bright coloured clothes run out and play, wrapping yellow woolly scarves

round glistening white snowmen. Then the children sit round a warm, yellow, flickering fire and think of Christmas, when the brilliant, yellow star shone over the stable where baby Jesus lay in yellow straw.

Yellow is an essential colour. What would the world look like without it? What colour would the sun be? We would not have green or orange because yellow is included in both. The grass would be blue, red or purple. Our school tie would lose its yellow stripes. Everyone would have black or brown hair. Chickens would turn pink. There would not be such a thing as a sunflower. It is impossible to imagine absolutely no yellow anywhere.

Irene Brownie, 1G.

You lay in the long grass and smiled stupidly,  
sweetly, into my eyes.

Your hand moved, to brush a yellowing leaf away  
from my ear, and whisper your love.  
But you are not mine—were you ever?

She, the other one, the first one was beautiful,  
you said.

She understood your mind, your body, your life.  
But did you lose her as I am losing you, in the  
long grass across the water?

You have caressed my body, but more, my life has  
moved to encircle you and your ways.

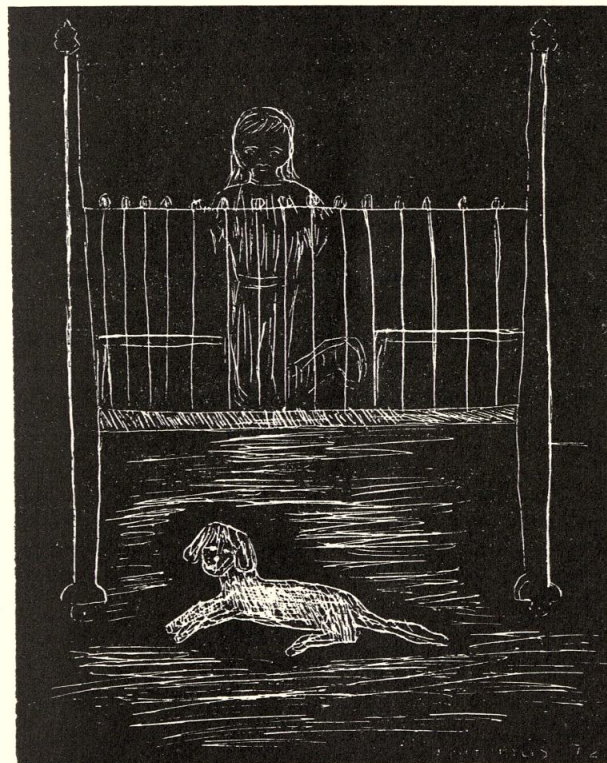
Be soft, be gentle, you said.  
But I never understood and I was loud and happy  
with childish joy.

Will you ever bring your magic back, to my life,  
my body, my mind?

Can you forgive me for my ways, for my want of  
you?

Kristina Edwards, 4S.

## OUR PUPPY



Under the bed, so very sad,  
He's been so very, very bad.  
Chewed Mum's new towel,  
And made Mum howl,  
That's why he's sad!

Janet Ellis, P7(2).

My daddy is a doctor and he works very hard  
when he is not working he woches wrestling I do  
not like wrestling my daddy is tall and he is some  
times good-tempered. He is young and hand-  
some.

Mhairi Watt, P2(1).

## PRINCESS PRIMROSE

Once upon a time there lived a King and Queen. They had a beautiful daughter called Primrose. Primrose was loved by everyone who knew her. There was one prince that knew knowone. The only people he knew were the forest animals. Now one day he was walking through the wood he set his eyes on primrose. He fell in love with her at once. For he had seen knowone so beautiful. Primrose saw him and she fell in love at once. She had seen knowone so lovely. Primrose said will you marry me. Yes said the prince so primrose married the Prince.

Christine Andrew, P3(2).

## MY NOISY CRESCENT

There are boys in my Crescent,  
Very noisy too.  
One of them wears a new jacket of blue.  
One day I asked if I could play,  
But all the boys shouted, "GO AWAY".  
That's how boys are noisy.

The cars in my Crescent,  
Bustle up and down,  
I'm lucky I don't live in a NOISIER town.  
The noisy footsteps on the floor,  
The people knocking at the door,  
That's how my Crescent is noisy.

Christine Baird, P3(1).



### THE TRAMP

Along the windy road the tramp comes,  
His right leg limping.  
His basket holds the things he owns.  
An old scarf to keep out the cold,  
A bottle of medicine which relieves his aching  
bones.  
Last of all a newspaper a few weeks old.  
He travels from town to town,  
Nearly always alone.

Alison Smith, P7(2).

### A GIRL'S HEAD

In it there are babies  
and an idea  
for going swimming with my verruca  
And there is a wardrobe  
of long and beautiful dresses  
And there is  
an entirely new school  
an entirely new doll  
an entirely new way to carry a school bag  
There is rain that comes up from the ground  
There are free colour televisions

Elaine Simpson, P5(2).

## FIRST YEAR DRAMA CLUBS

House Drama Clubs for 1G, 1R, 1S and 1W were started for the first time by Drama Captains in an attempt to establish an activity exclusively for 1st Years.

### 1S

Our name is "The Elastic Band". Our game is enjoyment through all aspects of drama. Our aim is to have a basic familiarity with drama, so we can follow up our interest in years to come—Spylaw 1st Years.

I included five of the Group in House Play, *The Property Man's Apprentice*, and their performances were a credit to Spylaw.—Vivien Small.

### 1W

I started a Group as an experiment, but unfortunately too few girls attended to make it worthwhile. However, I was lucky to have many drama enthusiasts in the Warrender House play—*Punch and Go*.

I hope that, in future, a 1W Group can be formed to cater for the younger girls.

Jane Robertson.

### 1G

We hope finally to produce an improvised play, and the theme of the classes so far has been improvisation to music or rhythm. The class enjoyed screaming, fighting, and falling down—in the correct "stage" style of course! I feel the class is a success. Felicity Townsend.

The Gilmore play was an extract from *The Diary of Anne Frank*. Marilyn Jackson.

### 1R

At weekly meetings—the key factor being improvisation—varied themes provided a stimulant to the imagination.

The House play was *The Skin of Our Teeth*, which was most interesting to perform.

Sylvia Scott.

We all hope that the 1st Year Drama Groups will be maintained by next year's Drama Captains and that they will grow in the years to come to be a regular school institution.

## STILL LIFE

Two woollen coats,  
Four furry boots,  
Two felt hats,  
Four dimming eyes.

The sisters, ever spinster—  
Talk of their mother,  
The scandalous gossip,  
The weather tomorrow,  
The new knitting patterns.

Net-bagged, hand-bagged,  
Buttoned up, muffled up,  
Shopping, eating, sleeping,  
Cupboard existence like  
Old soft toys,  
Forgotten, left behind by the callous windy world  
Blowing wet leaves in their path.

Jane Robertson, 6W.

## DAVIE STREET THEATRE ARTS CENTRE

We have:—

limbered  
improvised  
chanted  
invented

Charleston'd  
imagined  
recorded  
explored

mimed  
set-designed  
stage fought  
Frenchwalked

clinche-ed  
stanislavskied  
criticised  
mask-played

orchestrated  
choreographed  
narrated  
created

read plays  
miracle played  
Japanese theatred  
Davie Street theatred

6th Year  
Tuesdays  
learnt a lot  
enjoyed ourselves

**Members**  
Vivien Small  
Jane Robertson  
Charlotte Anderson  
Marilyn Dougal  
Catriona McKay

## THE EDINBURGH SCHOOLS SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY

The subjects of the lectures this year have been extremely varied, ranging from "Proteins from Petroleum" to "Machine Intelligence and Perception". During a lecture on "Materials for Deep-diving Submarines" we were shown samples of these materials. Other meetings included a lecture on "Micro-electronics" and a film night. We are looking forward to a lecture in May, "The Misuse of Antibiotics", to be given by Professor Swan. Final arrangements have still to be made for summer outings.

We have had great pleasure in being Gillespie's representatives and hope that next year's girls will have as much satisfaction out of the Society.

Margaret Malcolm, 6G.

Lynne Smith, 6G.

## THINGS I LIKE

The setting sun,  
Shafts of light playing upon the gurgling waters  
of the burn, as it tumbles  
down towards the sea,  
The sea, the cool blue sea lapping against the  
ragged rocks of the shore,  
The lonely cries of seabirds soaring in the endless  
blue sky,  
The first spring lambs gambolling in the meadows,  
Cool spring breezes stirring the blossom-laden  
gardens.

Horses grazing peacefully in the shade, avoiding  
the strong summer sun,  
The clatter of their hooves as with ears pricked  
they prance,  
along winding country lanes,  
The breeze ruffling their manes and tails,  
The jingling of their bits as they strain to have their  
head for a wild gallop over the desolate moor.  
Lonely hills, their summits reaching into a  
cloudless sky,  
Reflections in the clear waters of the loch,  
Ripples travelling across the surface, creating a  
chiaroscuro of comic shapes and sizes.

The golden days of autumn, when everything is  
being prepared for winter.  
Leaves fluttering to the ground, leaving the trees  
black and bare,  
The roasting of chestnuts over a roaring fire, and  
eager faces glowing in the firelight,  
The cool crisp days of winter,  
The world hushed with a carpet of snow,  
Children's happy shouts as they play in this  
new-found delight.  
The magic of Christmas, the bulging stocking, the  
glittering tree, faces full of wonder.

Rona Carse, 2G.

A thing I like is coloured flowers,  
Another thing is drizzly showers,  
I like steaming fish and chips,  
And the lovely pin-sharp pencil tips.  
A thing I like is reading books,  
And my mother's gleaming curtain hooks.  
I like all silver sparkling stones,  
And a noisy trombone's drones.  
I like watching raindrops run,  
I think it is such super fun.  
I like watching the big brown bear,  
And I like the noise of a rip or tear.  
I also like all shining things,  
And anyone that sweetly sings.

Lynn Whitaker, P5(2).

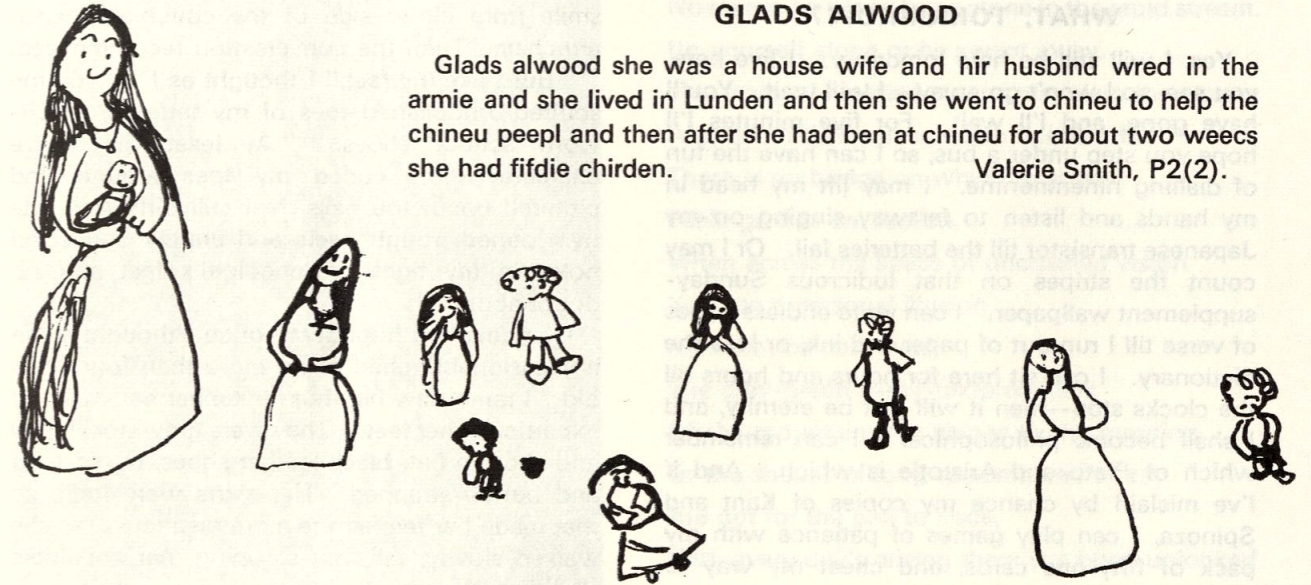
## RAIN IN THE MORNING

I like Rain.  
Shiny streets like  
A crocodile's back.  
Glaring lights, like  
Goat's eyes  
Make pools of gold  
In the gutter.  
Rain is exciting,  
Refreshing,  
And wet;  
I like Rain.

Patricia Knox, 3W.

## GLADS ALWOOD

Glads alwood she was a house wife and hir husband wred in the  
armie and she lived in Lunden and then she went to chineu to help the  
chineu peepl and then after she had ben at chineu for about two weecs  
she had fidfie chirden.  
Valerie Smith, P2(2).



Georgi Coventry

My antay Margot's hilminimp broc down  
yesterday so she was not abel to go oet to day.  
We were gowing to dancing class. meen whil  
my poor antay Margot was having trubel with  
her hilminimp. Karina Townsend, P1(1).

I went to the hosptel beecos my tos wer very  
soor beecos I dropd a pavynston on my tos and  
I crad all the wy to the hosptel and I hud to sty  
in hosptel for one nut and I had to hav a caj over  
my tos to keep the blanets off.

Dawn Tweedie, P1(2).

when I come home from school I don't see  
tely nuw becos uwr beebesees 1 is not working.  
it is apity but we will get it wring in a fyo days.

Sarah Cheyne, P1(1).

## MY WEE SISTER MORAG

One Sunday morning when I got up what a  
surprise I got. My mummy was gone. She had  
gone to the Queen Mary Nursing Home to get  
a baby. The baby was born on the tenth  
november 1968. She was a girl so we decided  
to call her Morag. When mummy was still in the  
Queen Mary she sent a postcard to me to say  
that she would be home in time for my birthday.  
The next Sunday when I got home from church  
mummy was in bed. She got up for dinner.  
Afterwards she brought Morag down to wish me  
a happy birthday. What a sweet little face she  
had. I loved her right away.

Lyndsay Howieson, P4(2).

## WHAT, TOMORROW?

Yes, I will still be here tomorrow. I live here, you see, so I won't go away. I will wait. You'll have gone, and I'll wait. For five minutes I'll hope you step under a bus, so I can have the fun of dialling nineninenine. I may lift my head in my hands and listen to faraway singing on my Japanese transistor till the batteries fail. Or I may count the stripes on that ludicrous Sunday-supplement wallpaper. I can write endless pages of verse till I run out of paper and ink, or lose the dictionary. I can sit here for hours and hours till the clocks stop—then it will just be eternity, and I shall become philosophical if I can remember which of Plato and Aristotle is which. And if I've mislaid by chance my copies of Kant and Spinoza, I can play games of patience with my pack of fifty-one cards, and cheat my way to endless victory, morally Pyrrhic. Then?

Then I'll cheer myself up with cocktails of flat cider and advocaat; fry up the left-over pate-de-foie-gras and pickles for breakfast; wash it all down with sparkling Vimto, or possibly Pepsi. At length—at great length—the daily help (who comes once a week) will arrive and, once she's plied me with dry biscuits and glasses of fruit salt, I shall begin to feel remotely human rather than humanly remote. The rest of the day?

For the rest of the day, I'll answer the desperate 'phone calls to ask for addresses and handbags and offer apologies. I'll find out precisely what happened to that cigarette you were smoking a moment ago. And then?

And then I shall begin to feel depressed.

Mary Thomson, 5W.

## "AND DID THESE FEET . . . ?"

"Yes, Shirley definitely has Grandma Smith's feet," said my mother, rising to pour another of those interminable cups of tea. It had been a typical evening spent in ardent discussion of family fortunes and failings, between aunts, sisters and sisters-in-law. I was flashed a sympathetic

smile from either side of the couch and each armchair. Then the conversation recommenced.

"But I like my feet," I thought as I viewed the scuffed, unpolished toes of my tattered, much-worn school shoes. "At least they have character!" I curled my toes around and pictured uncut toe-nails, feet still dirty from the gym period, rough heels and craftily concealed holes in my tights. Schoolgirl's feet and no doubt about it!

Grandma had huge feet—or so I thought as an impressionable child of no more than four years old. I rarely saw her, but remember her well and in particular her feet! They were grey-stockinged and shod in flat, black leather shoes, round-toed and button-strapped. Her skirts were long, so that made her feet all the more distinctive, as she walked slowly, tall, but stooping, her shoulders slightly rounded.

I first saw Grandma when we went to visit her while on holiday. She was sitting in a glass room, surrounded by beautiful, sweet-smelling, red flowers. It was so hot, I was sure the sun lived there. She rose from a cane armchair and a heap of faded, crumpled cushions and, kissing us all, exclaimed that we were all as "brown as berries". I found it very strange that she could be so ignorant as to think that berries were brown and not red.

Then Grandma came to visit us. She had a black straw hat, decorated with flowers around the brim and wore it when we went for walks. I remember when we climbed a hill and, in great excitement, pointing out a train winding its way slowly, through the valley far below. Grandma let me sit right on top of a five-bar gate while we watched it disappear.

Grandma died when I was ten.

I looked at my own feet again and wondered what they would be like and where and with whom they would walk fifty years hence. Perhaps . . .

"More tea, dear?"

Shirley L. Smith, 5S.



A full bus

The air heavy with the stench of smoke  
Each person in a lonely cocoon of his own,  
Knowing no-one.  
Even the two schoolgirls at the back of the bus  
Speak in muted tones  
Not to break the uneasy silence.  
No-one knows the thoughts  
Or feelings of the human being beside him  
Each might be a robot, or living in a cell  
For all his communication with his fellow man.

Fiona Scott-Barett, 3G.

No man is an island but a stone in the rapid stream.  
Be yourself alone or be swept away.  
The mass of huddled stones may dam the stream  
And damn themselves when floods arise.  
There is no bridge on which to scrawl  
Feelings that are foolish.  
When across the space of unchained vision  
You see a personal illusion  
It cannot be conveyed.  
The grey-green many-textured flank  
Of the mountain that shines in the morning,  
Or the shapes of long-remembered trees  
Are not for the pen to trace,  
With every day's arising there is a hope unlooked  
for  
Which touches the undeserving  
And when you try to convey some thought across  
the water  
They cry "Pretentious" in chorus, so gregarious  
Though they are lonely as the eagle.  
Pretentious it is, yes, all pretence.  
A poem may end up an empty mould  
Once shaped in hope to pour your thoughts  
Into lasting loveliness.  
But the springs of thought are quicksilver  
The distillation of mind, elusive.  
They fled from petrification.  
The mould is vain and cumbersome  
Obscurity fills its hollows.  
Touch it and it crumbles.  
Dust to dust . . .

Isobel Lowe, 4W.



My grandmother had a nasty habit of going down and collecting stones from the bed of a little stream in a wood near her house. They were never nice stones; always black and ugly, in evil-looking shapes. She never told me where she got them, but I soon found out.

I followed her down to the stream one day. There it was: a narrow, mean little thing, overhung with black creepers, ivy, entwined leaves, branches and twigs. It didn't gurgle or chuckle happily as most streams do. It sighed dismally and plopped evilly and hungrily. Grandmother picked up a large black-and-silver coloured stone and hurled it into the stream. Then she went back home, collecting all the black stones she could see.

Every day for a week the same thing happened.

Then, on a Saturday, I followed her again. She threw the stone in as usual, but this time there was a sound like millions of people clapping. She stood and waited on the bank for about five minutes until there was an extra loud plop. Then she jumped in. She did a racing front crawl down to the other end of the tunnel where she was swallowed up in a large, gaping ravine which mysteriously opened.

I often come down here now. . . . Now then, isn't that just the prettiest black stone?

Kate Sinclair-Gieben, 1R.



Look up there! In the sky!

Is it a bird?

Is it a 'plane?

No! It's SUPERTEACHER!

Leaping tall metaphors at a single bound, or out-parsing a speeding conjunction; analysing leguminous nodosities in a millisecond; chromatising a harmonic minor; photosynthesising an arable pampas.

Sacra sapientia!

Can *you* disseminate a conglomeration of longitudinal rarefactions? Can *you* recite the dates of Rumanian accessions backwards?

Could *you* have made this silk purse out of a sow's ear?

Rosabel Michaelson, 3S.

## T.V. VENDETTA

Vision blurred in the hot Sicilian sun  
And the saints muttering  
Non Scipio sed Angelo  
In dogmatic Latin  
To the stranger shooting up the pearly gates  
And Danny boy down there on his own  
Pouring brandy  
Down his sunhat in an Italian accent  
And not caring about Gabriella  
Or was it Lucretia  
As she kept explaining that she didn't  
Know anything about  
Anything  
(They never do, do they?)  
And enigmatic dark glasses concealing pudgy  
faces  
And static wine glasses concealed in pudgy hands  
And unknown types doing their thing with their  
shoulders  
So that one can see the white linen imprint of a  
holster  
The tomato-ketchup man is wandering aimlessly  
about  
And the producer is shrieking in his camp treble  
"One more time!"  
Which sounds like the cue for a song  
Except Stelio never learnt O Sole Mio  
While he was driving along a quiet country lane  
with  
Gabriella's glycerine tears  
Pounding on the windscreen  
And a machine gun is doing up Angelo something  
awful  
Because he wants to break his contract  
Which makes the producer break his voice  
As he sings through the metronome.  
I suppose they have to make a living.

Olga Wojtas, 4W.

## BUT, YET . . . DO

Don't argue Discussion! But don't forget Agreement.	Don't cry Laugh! And don't forget The tide.
Don't boast Humility! Yet do remember Ambition.	Don't know Ignorance! But don't forget The image.
Don't question Answer And don't forget Your catechism.	Don't communicate Detachment! Yet do remember The island.
Don't mature Innocence But don't forget Guilt.	Don't struggle Submit! And don't forget Society.
Don't dream Facts! Yet do remember The rock.	Don't be natural Niceness But, yet . . . do remember, soon, Your soul.

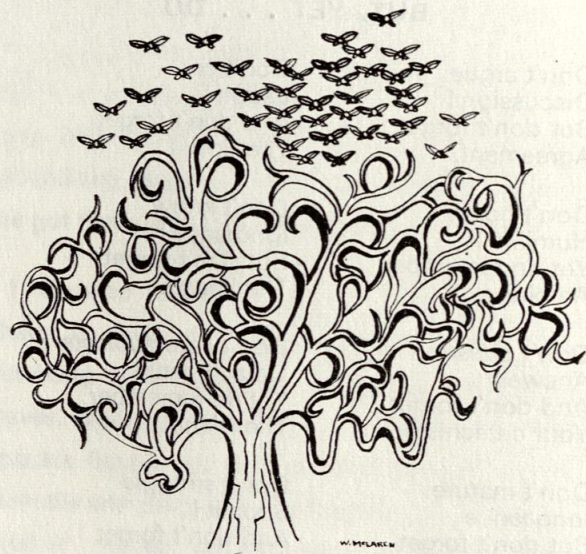
Hannah P. Rogers, 5W.

## CHARITY

Money for charity  
Clinking in collection tins  
Clanking in tin boxes  
Donated  
Used to buy the endless tablet  
Toffee, shortbread  
That brings in the money  
Money  
Money for charity

Where does it go?  
We don't know  
We just give,  
We don't love,  
We just give  
Money for charity

Elizabeth Brockie, 3S.



## MY WOODS

On dead varnished wood I sit  
Where once I swung on living branch.  
There I absorbed the language of Nature,  
Where now I cram French.

In those days we were released to the woods  
At the bell-stroke, like prisoners set free  
From the straight jacket of too-ordered lives  
So young that Nature alone was reality.

In summer the sunshine leaves shut out  
The school. Their green walls made  
A magic shelter. In this forest of fairy-tale  
Imagination and senses developed as we played.

The demands of the disciplined World expanded  
And destroyed our wood. But in my mind  
It sometimes grows there still. In ghostly  
existence  
By buildings unimpaired and unconfined.

The great beech bole rears through the English  
class  
Its golden leaves lie thick on the green glass floor  
I see my teacher through a screen of twigs  
Dappled by shadows easy to ignore.

A blackbird in its very topmost branch  
Two storeys up sings out so sweet and strong  
Ignoring blackboard, books and restless girls  
That my French teacher's voice is lost in song.

One floor below I wrestle hard with maths.  
Engendering little light and much despair  
A scolding squirrel leaps from bough to bough  
His bright eyes mock away my mounting care.

At least the imagination can still cheat,  
And woods long gone provide serene retreat.

Fiona Ross, 4G.

The smell of a certain bush that used to stand  
in our garden, where we lived in our old house.  
Used to . . . I suppose it's still there, but it seems  
seems strange to think of it now. To this day,  
I cannot say what type of bush it was. All I know  
is that of all my childhood memories, it remains  
prominent.

It was large and bees seemed attracted to it;  
and I remember, how, when it was hot, there was  
a drowsy hum of insects and the scent filled  
the air. I can't describe the smell. It wasn't  
really sweet—more spicy—and the flowers were  
heavy and red. I was frightened to go near it,  
because of the bees.

And earwigs behind the garden hut. And  
toads in the green, long grass, where it was always  
shaded and cool, no matter how hot elsewhere.

Strange that memories should be almost all of  
the summer and endless hot, humid days in the  
garden, watching the bees swarm around a large  
bush.

Susan Ross, 3W.

## HERE AND THERE

1st Year.—“ Go directly, see what she's doing and  
tell her she mustn't.”

2nd Year.—“ An inability to stay quiet is one of  
the most conspicuous failings of mankind.”

3rd Year.—“ Love and smoke cannot be con-  
cealed.”

4th Year.—“ For the better cure of vice they think  
it necessary to study it, and the only efficient  
study is through practice.”

5th Year.—“ If they are only a little lower than the  
angels, the angels should reform.”

6th Year.—“ A smattering of everything and a  
knowledge of nothing.”

E.F.—“ She looks as if her soul had got the better  
of her.”

A.B.—“ Remember the most beautiful things in  
the world are the most useless.”

J.C.—“ I can swim like a duck.”

E.B.—“ She was a singer who had to take every  
note above A with her eyebrows.”

D.Y.—“ What's on your mind—if you'll forgive the  
overstatement? ”

J.S.—“ The reports of my death are greatly  
exaggerated.”

V.S.—“ The whole of my life has passed like a  
razor—in hot water or a scrape.”

S.S.—“ Her words y-clad with wisdom's majesty.”

J.R.—“ Her long loose yellow locks like golden  
wire.”

F.T.—“ Sitting in the sunlight waiting for Adam.”

C.M.—“ Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.”

M.J.—“ Love is like linen, often changed, the  
sweeter.”

H.W.—“ If she were on her way to execution, she  
would demand a little time to put on make-up.”

E.W.—“ She wasn't exactly hostile to facts, but  
she was apathetic about them.”

### Staff

“ He'd make a lovely corpse.”

“ So nice of you to offer to clean the board.”

“ Conceit is God's gift to little women.”

“ I wish he would explain his explanation.”

“ Then . . . ”

“ And well she can persuade.”

“ What religion is he of? Why, he is an  
Anythingarian.”

### Subjects

“ Shakespeare was a dramatist of note,  
Who lived by writing things to quote.”

“ It is a great pity that Chawcer, who had geneyus,  
was so uneducated; he's the wuss speller I  
know of.”

“ If the Romans had been obliged to learn Latin,  
they would never have found time to conquer  
the world.”

“ Dancing is a wonderful training for girls; it's  
the first way you learn to guess what a man is  
going to do before he does it.”

“ That must be wonderful; I don't understand it  
at all.”

Carefully compiled by the 6th Year ! ! !

## FILM SOCIETY

In this year's season we have tried to cater for  
every taste, and as a result the films have been  
very varied indeed. Comedy ranged from the  
slapstick of Buster Keaton in *The General* to the  
incredible fantasies of *Viva Maria*. *The Train* and  
*Twelve Angry Men* were of a more serious nature  
while *North by North West* provided all that could  
be desired in a spy drama. Tragedy was repre-  
sented by the wonderful documentary *Culloden*  
which really exposed the tragic events of that  
battle. We were very fortunate to have Mr Gray  
with us on that evening and his excellent talk  
helped us to appreciate the skill and methods  
used in this type of filming.

I would like to thank Miss Cuthbert and Miss  
Warren for their help and advice, Mr Galt for his  
lessons in projection, Miss Cresswell for her  
“ silent movie ” piano playing, and also the  
janitors and the committee for their hard work.

Catriona Riddoch, *Secretary*.

## MY HOME IN THE COUNTRY

I spent the first seven years of my life in a Highland parish called Edinkillie, which is Gaelic, meaning "the face of the wood". It is well named, for, if one climbs a certain hill, the Knock of Braemoray, much that is seen is covered in trees. Near our house flowed the River Divie in which people fished, some not caring if they landed one of the excellent salmon or not, as it was pleasant to sit in the peaceful surroundings. In the south of the parish is Lochindorb. In the middle of this loch, which is two miles long, stands the remains of a thirteenth century castle. This was once the stronghold of the Wolf of Badenoch, who raided and plundered the district. One of his most notorious escapades was the burning of Elgin Cathedral. The Wolf's lair had only once been captured and that was by Edward I. I have often wanted to row over to the castle but the water is over forty feet deep around the island. In winter the loch has been known to be frozen over, providing a very handy but dangerous short-cut, as there are freshwater springs under the ice. The loch also served as a swimming pool in summer, for the nearest public swimming baths were twenty miles away. The nearest town was eight miles away and could be reached by bus or by train. Whenever I heard a train thundering over the viaduct near our house, I ran into the garden and waved and was greeted by a "toot" from the engine driver.

In May it was time for the peat cutting. This meant, to me, a picnic on the moor as a whole day was needed for cutting and laying. The moor, Dava, is extensive, wild and very bleak, especially in winter. The winters are very hard in this part of Scotland, but the railway line between Forres and Aviemore was still kept clear by the enormous snowploughs.

Fortunately, or rather unfortunately, I was never kept off school because of a snow-blocked road. The school roll was seventeen when I left, and now the school has been closed down because of declining population. Twenty years ago there were five primary schools in the parish, each with its own community gathered round it; now there is only one. Although there are thirty-five thousand acres of land there are only about five hundred and fifty inhabitants.

From the main road near the church in the centre of Edinkillie, one can see the Cairngorms to the south, and to the north the Moray Firth, the Black Isle and, even further, to the hills of Sutherland.

And now? "Auld Reekie"!

Isabel Garden, 3R.

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## FOUNDER'S DAY

Our service was conducted, as usual, by Dr Small, and Sir Herbert Brechin chaired the ceremony. Miss Rennie, Principal of Craigie College of Education, Ayr, was our speaker, and addressed the school in a stimulating, amusing and charming way, on the role of women in our modern world, emphasising the availability of a wide range of opportunities. She is indeed an excellent advertisement for the advice she offers.

Miss Rennie was thanked and presented with the traditional snuff mull.

## MAN ON THE MOON

Not long before the first landing on the moon, last summer, I heard a discussion of its merits and in the end, despite the anticipation of this undoubtedly momentous event, my views were with the opposing side. Those speaking in favour of the motion, "That the moon landing is a good thing," presented the case that the mission was an example of man's endeavour, his conquering of his environment, and every spirit that has raised man from the animals since ancient history. They cited the example of the climbing of Everest: why was Everest climbed?—because it is there. A good enough reason for climbing a mountain, but surely not a good enough reason for a space programme into which the Americans pour millions of dollars every year.

We land on the moon because it is there, a far-off symbol in the night sky—space (that magic word of nothingness)—the unattainable. But if these spirits raise us from the animals, we must remember that too many of the world's population live and die like animals, in horrible poverty and ignorance. Should not these dollars, and the money spent by Russians to keep up with the Joneses, be used to feed these millions? Could it not be spent on educating them? It is an unfair world that holds one country so rich that it can send men to the moon in costly crafts that orbit, useless, after they have served their purpose, and holds another just as large and populated, but starving and full of disease. On earth we have enough problems: our future has foundations built on the sands of a shallow sea. We must rebuild our house on rock before we seek the moon.

Not only money is spent, but the brains of scientists, technicians and engineers: men who are so intelligent and skilful that though each part of a rocket is made separately, they fit together and work together without a single fault. Such qualities should not be wasted on a barren sphere of rock: could they not be better employed in food research? They are always telling us we will starve by 1985 or some such ominously close date. How many are shocked by this? Do we just disregard it, as though it were a man in sandwich boards displaying the words, "The end is near"? We must take notice, and do everything we can to solve our many, many problems. Over-population, air pollution, feeding the hungry, racial conflict: all these and many more are worth greater consideration than any Apollo mission. Racial conflict: well, indeed, we have a good example in the space race itself. America and Russia vie to be "top nation". Is this a good example when we wish East and West to melt the frozen barriers of the Cold War? Atomic warfare is today's looming threat: shall there be space warfare? If our earthly problems are not solved, we will extend them to the heavens. What good is landing on the moon, which can produce no life, no food, no air, only barren enmity? We live trapped in the city, in a chain we have wrought for ourselves, the wars drag on, hunger cries, black and white live in mutual hate: what do we do? We send a rocket of escapism sky-high, lessening the gravity of the situation.

Well, you may say, it is in the cause of science, not only endeavour to land on the moon "because it is there". What scientific miracles have been

produced? A tube of dust, black like coal, a rock or two: to tell us what? That the moon cannot support life, which we knew already in any case. Maybe the moon-dust holds some mysterious and marvellous substance which will cure all the world's ills! You might suppose so from the reverence with which it is treated. Another point might be: if Man conquers the moon, he may in time conquer space, and then, what does it matter about this world's death?—we can jump from world to everstretching world. This is surely putting the cart before the horse, to use a cliché. We let this world die, decay and starve so that some day we may find another world which could possibly support life.

Apart from all the social and moral issues, it is rather a pity that we have conquered that unattainable sixpence in the sky. Which are we to have: the Man in the Moon, or Man on the Moon? No longer green cheese, no longer Luna or Diana, huntress of the night. A thousand poems and allusions, songs and legends vanish with the touch of a lunar module. The magic of the unattainable is its distant brightness and impossibility: before, we only landed in our dreams, flying on invisible wings through heaven. Instead, now, we have a bright and barren horizon, sharp shadow, confused light and shade, a lunar module looming on its legs, and a crackling voice as a flag is planted—a flag that has no wind to make it float, and so we stiffen it with wire.

Therefore I say that Man on the Moon is a cause for regret. I do not think Man should never travel into space, but let us wait until our

problems are better solved and our intent is clearly for the good of man as a whole. Remember that there once was another such project, just as massive, sky-stretching, and expensive, and it was thought possible at the time. It produced, so it is said, the greatest of all discord. It was called the Tower of Babel.

Isobel Lowe, 4W.

### THE EPIC TALE O' THE HAGGIS!

High in the sky on a braw simmer day  
A muckle great haggis wis fleelin'  
An' a' ower the land it made sic a din  
Like as some yin wis lyin' there deein'.

The wimmen folks got on the parritch tae bile  
An' the men pit it intae the cannon.  
They fired an' they hit it richt in the e'en!  
An' up jumped McDoug and McHannon.

They ran tae the place whaur the burdie had fell  
They took it richt hame tae the hoose,  
The bairnies a' fleech'd fur a tastin' o' it,  
An' a' were sae canty an' crouse.

They plucked it an' biled it, an' cut aff its heid  
'Twas easily seven feet lang!  
Richt roon its middle wis twenty fu' feet,  
An' it weighed mair than Fatty McBang.

They'd haggis fur dinner, an' supper an' tea.  
It did them fur near oan a week!  
An' richt tae this day, if ye mention the word  
O' Haggis!! Ye'd mak them a' seec!?!?

Muriel G. Nunn, 2S.



### AQUARIUS

Swigert, Lovell and Haise  
Gied awa' for a trip into space.  
They were up by the moon, fair birlin' aroon'  
When something went wrang,  
Gied aff wi' a bang,  
An' they thocht that they'd nivver come doon.

Noo whit could they dae  
A' that distance away  
But sit on their hunkers an' think:  
They could jump oot the hatch  
An' hope for a catch  
But they'd mebbe end up in the drink.

They sent a wee message  
Frae their soss o' a wreckage  
"O, tell us, please, whit we're tae dae"  
The suggestion frae base  
Which went oot intae space  
Wis—"We think ye should sit doon and pray."

But oor heroes hung oan  
An' kept the craft goan'  
Till it slappit richt doon in Pacific  
They soon fished them oot  
An' the world gie'd a toot  
For we a' jist think they're terrific!

Lindsey Gibson, 1R.

### SPACE TERMINAL 1999

"Calling astro-driver 376, come in please:  
terminal to astro-driver . . ." Bleep-bleep,  
bleep-bleep."

"Drat! It's that planetary phone again.  
Hullo, Space Terminal here . . . who? Oh, it's  
you Miss Malbert . . . NO! I'm very sorry, but  
we cannot supply ships to take your girls to  
hockey on Marsbrae. We have only a limited  
number of space ships available during the inter-  
planetary festival and we have none to spare for  
at least three weeks. Good day to you."

The operator turned to his colleague and said,  
"What a life! Service 376 from Mars to Venus  
via Earth is twenty minutes late, and complaints  
have been flooding in. Oh, and to crown it all  
that Malbert woman is demanding extra buses  
to take her girls to hockey on Marsbrae."

"Bleep-bleep, bleep-bleep."

"Hello. Oh, it's you at last, 376; where have  
you been? You're twenty minutes late already  
. . . yes, I know there are terrible ship-jams at the  
crossroads between Pluto and Venus; but surely  
twenty minutes. . . Oh well, thank you for letting  
us know. Good day. Oh what a life! Give me  
the good old-fashioned buses any day."

Elsbeth Dollar, 3W.

## THE SIMON GROUP

The Simon Community began in 1963 to help those who have "fallen through the safety net of the Welfare State". All over the country Simon sets up houses, operates soup runs, makes surveys, and generally brings to public notice the unfortunate lives of these people. Here in Edinburgh an all-night cafe was opened in the Cowgate. "Skipper's Cafe" functioned for a year giving out soup and bread, offering friendship and acceptance. During this period the high percentage of young people was noted and once the Church of Scotland took over Skipper's, Simon, under the new name "Edinburgh Cyrenians", decided to open a house for young men who, mostly for psychological reasons, are unable to adapt to modern society and could possibly be tomorrow's rough sleepers and meths drinkers.

Simon and Cyrenians need money. For about two years many people in Gillespie's, along with friends, have been helping. This school year we launched a Cyrenian Campaign to raise money and collect household items and food. In September we held a sponsored car wash and raised £66. At Christmas time a competition was organised to see which form could collect most tins of food. The result of this "tin-drive" was five large cardboard boxes piled high with food for the Cyrenian house. (A few of us—four to be exact—braved the doorsteps and croaked carols to the tune of £5 16s. A second night a similar amount was raised.)

Alas, we haven't done much this term owing to these—Shhh!—you-know-whats, but when

they're over in May we'll be active again. We do hope that the people who've helped before will support us again. With both Simon and Cyrenians desperate for money to survive and develop more projects, we really do need, and appreciate, you very much.

Joan Aitken, 5S.

## THE SCIENCE ASSOCIATION

First we decided to change our meeting time from Fridays to Mondays after school and to reduce the number of meetings. We hoped to have talks of a more general and informal nature to encourage the younger members of the Science Association.

After a film afternoon, we began with Mr O'Regan's talk on the Psychology of the I.Q. test. Professor G. F. Boddie of the Bush Field Station gave us an informative talk entitled "Mr Dick Vet" and convinced us that a vet has to be a jack-of-all-scientific-trades. Mr Boyd from the Department of Biochemistry answered the topical question "What are Hormones?" and handed round some ordinary-looking crystals which, although very ordinary in appearance, can have amazing effects on people's lives.

We hope to have an outing, and at the time of writing two more talks are scheduled. One is a meeting of a practical nature on how to develop our own photographs and the other deals with the science of our hair—which should prove interesting to our female audience!

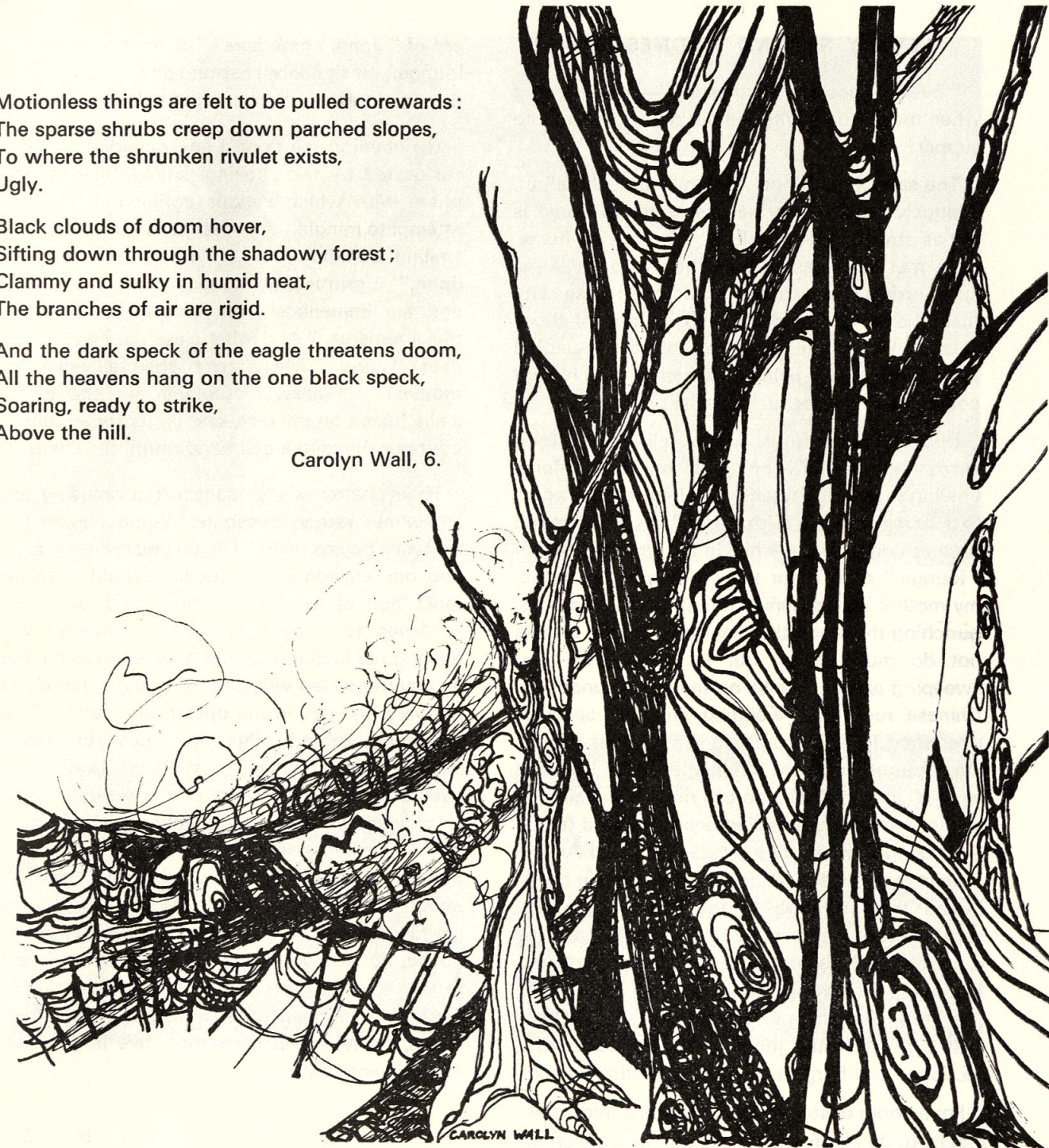
Jane Robertson, 6W, *Secretary*.

Motionless things are felt to be pulled corewards:  
The sparse shrubs creep down parched slopes,  
To where the shrunken rivulet exists,  
Ugly.

Black clouds of doom hover,  
Sifting down through the shadowy forest;  
Clammy and sulky in humid heat,  
The branches of air are rigid.

And the dark speck of the eagle threatens doom,  
All the heavens hang on the one black speck,  
Soaring, ready to strike,  
Above the hill.

Carolyn Wall, 6.



## " EVERY SECOND WEDNESDAY "

" Every Second Wednesday"—the evening when my mother invites all her nursing friends to supper!

The school bell rings. It is half-past three but, strangely enough, my eagerness to go home is not as obvious as it usually is. On arriving home, I am met by a harassed mother, who gives me strict orders " not to come into the house with these boots on" and " not to eat any of those cakes" which are displayed on the beautiful three-tiered, hand-painted cakestand which is, of course, reserved for such special occasions.

I partake of my frugal supper (all the best food is reserved for the evening) in my room, alone, vowing to remind myself when I am middle-aged, to treat *my* daughter with the utmost consideration on these occasions; while in the sitting-room, or " lounge" as it is for the evening to be called, my mother busies herself lifting up the cushions, punching them and then replacing them—it does not do much good, but it looks good—and sweeping all the crumbs on the carpet under the Chinese rug. Her wedding china is specially unearthed for the evening and the silver spoons are brought out from hibernation. At last it is eight o'clock and the doorbell rings. The alluring task of answering it having been assigned to me, I am confronted by Lily (Maternity), and Angela (Geriatrics), suitably attired in their best fur coats. I lead them through to the sitting-room—no, sorry—lounge—and once more retreat to my room, only to be in turn disturbed by Lisa (Private), Margaret (Children), Anne (Fever) and Grace (Surgical Outpatients' Department). By half-past eight, I would judge there is a fair cross-section of Edinburgh's nursing population present.

For an hour or so, I am left in peace to read my—that is, to do all my homework, until an imperious

cry of " Joan, come here!" summons me to the lounge. Resignedly, I rise and go along, knowing, through long experience, what will ensue.

On opening the door, I am immediately nearly suffocated by the choking, smoke-filled atmosphere with which various conflicting perfumes attempt to mingle. All heads turn and my mother, smiling benignly, says, " This is my daughter, Joan." I grin feebly, mutter, " How d'you do?" and am immediately bombarded by the usual trivial remarks, " And what class are you in now, dear?" and " My! Isn't she tall, like her mother!" I answer automatically, the plastic smile frozen on my face, and linger for a while to pour out the coffee and hand round the cakes.

Their chatter is incessant, often amusing and sometimes rather gruesome. Almost every sentence begins with, " Oh, do you remember . . ." and one anecdote in particular would have put most normal people off their food but I am hardened to it by now. Jean (Theatre) was relating her favourite tale of how she was handed an amputated leg wrapped up in paper towels on her very first day in the operating theatre. This, of course, stirred other memories (or was it imaginations?) and soon they were all vying with each other to produce the most gruesome story. Unnoticed, I slip out and return to my room, quietly smiling over the incident and storing it up in my mind to relate at a suitable time. At about midnight, they all depart, making earnest promises to meet again two weeks later at Jean's house, but the worst part of the evening is still to come. Piled up in the sink waiting to be washed, are fifteen cups, fifteen saucers, fifteen plates, twelve silver teaspoons, five large plates and six ashtrays.

Joan Fleming, 4G.



Miss Rennie, Principal of Craigie College of Education, Ayr, addresses the school on Founder's Day.

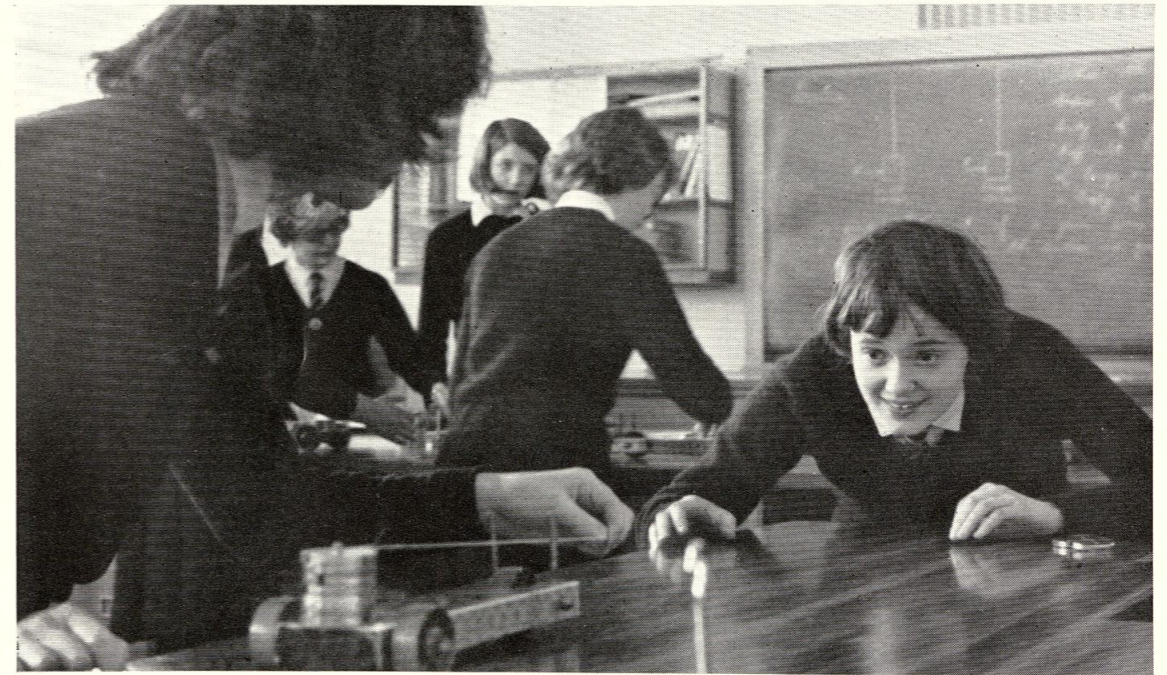


School choir and pupils in the audience on Founder's Day.

Photographs on this page by courtesy of Scotsman Publications



Ann Bonar, School Captain (centre), holds court in the Prefects' Room.



Second Year study time and motion.



Primary pupils await the beginning of their Easter plays.



Fourth Year prepare for future domesticity.



" Rumpelstiltskin "



" Peter Rabbit "



" Cinderella "

**What you think  
And why I am correcting you**

Man mad  
Man maid  
Man made  
  
O man!  
Remember  
The womb  
Of woman

Olga Wojtas, 4W.

**LE CONGE**

The sun beats down on my exposed flesh,  
Sends probing fingers into my skin.  
The fierce sharpness of its rays rains on my back  
like hailstones,  
Such heat, such burning heat!  
The stillness of the day has wiped away the very  
breath from my throat.  
Everything waits in the shimmering heat,  
Everything waits.  
Then the stillness is broken by a trilling . . . a  
chirping.  
A tiny feathered body, throbbing and quivering in  
its life.  
It regards me, its head to one side.  
I am at one with it . . . we are at one with the heat.  
The question-mark which is the little living thing  
Resolves itself  
And  
As if in slow motion, it rouses itself into flight.  
  
I am alone again, but the spell is broken.  
This tiny soul has awoken my world,  
And I will cast off my blanket of heat,  
And start to live again,  
Forgetting, momentarily, what it is like to take a  
little time off from life,  
But it will strike my memory now and then  
Just to say,  
Remember?

Marion Simpson, 5W.

**LIFE AND DEATH**

My pet hamster was full of life.  
Never still.  
Rustling, bustling in her cage.  
Gnawing at the bar,  
Treadling her wheel or  
Storing up her food.  
She was happy in her own small world.

One morning she was still.  
Cold, silent,  
Motionless.  
Huddled in a corner.  
Her food untouched.  
Her wheel stopped.  
Dead.

Shauna Morris, 2W.

**YOUR WARMTH**

Like silver daggers, the rain slashes the  
sulphurous ribbons of city lamplight, and brutally  
stabs the endless concrete paving before our feet.  
There is a constant, weird, monotonous hiss, the  
steady growth of a white path on the black road,  
and a car seems to emerge from the inky sky and  
tumbling clouds. The wind is screaming. The  
frail "city-parks-department" trees lashed to  
wooden posts, offer little resistance to their cruel  
whipping. My cheeks are beaten red and tingling;  
my nose cold and my hair damp and tousled.

Yet, I am warm. The warmth I feel is deep  
down inside and nothing—not even this fierce  
wind and piercing rain—can ever take it from me.

It is an orange warmth; a glowing golden  
warmth found only in your strong arms and soft  
green eyes; a warmth forever there.

Shirley L. Smith, 5S.



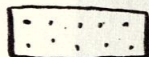


### THE FAMILY

My daddy is tall  
And my mother is small.



My tortoise, Topsy



Is asleep in her boxie.



Marianne is naughty  
Linda is haughty.



Billy is in bed



Grandfather is dead.



Auntie is lovely

Uncle is funny

And I am just right.

Sylvia Wheeldon, P4(2).

### TIME HAD PASSED

The old clock in the corner spoke the eleventh hour loudly and returned to its whispering conversation with the shadows. Time had passed in the old house. Time had passed and no-one knew. She sat as she had sat so many times before, grey and quiet in her armchair, with her eyes fixed on the faded wallpaper. The neighbours had noticed she was thin. They thought food was all that was lacking. But it wasn't food that she lacked—she had enough. It wasn't time that she was short of—she had too much. And now she hadn't any.

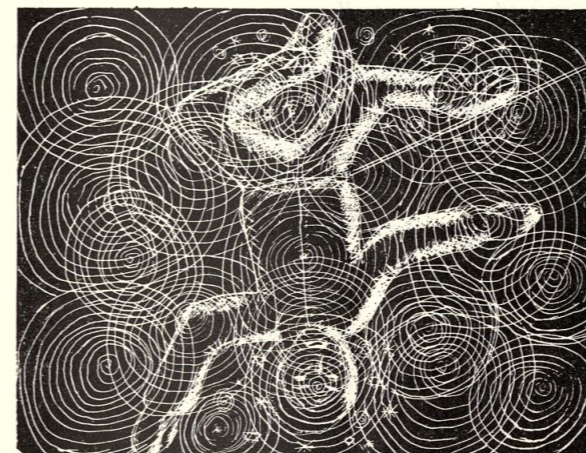
"It's a shame about Mrs Emery," someone said. "She really needed someone to look after her." And the subject was changed. No-one liked to think of a dark, dusty room where an old lady had run out of time.

Lynn Sanderson, 3G.

### GUY FAWKES

I am guy fawkes. On the 5th of November I went to the houses of parliament I crept throw passages and tunnels it was very dark and I onlay had one candel to light my way but soon I got to the cellar. In the cellar there was a barrel of gunpowder Just as I was going to light the gun-powder I herd an ofil nois and in came hundreds of soldiers and I was caught.

Enid Armstrong, P2(2).



The following poem was written by Catriona McOwan, 1S, in Kanton Hospital, Altdorf, to which she was taken after a ski-ing accident while on a school trip to Switzerland.

Flying,  
Rushing,  
The snow whirls,  
Blowing,  
Charging,  
The wind howls,  
I move—confidently,  
Sliding,  
Freezing,  
Then—  
Avalanche!  
Earthquake!  
Thunder!  
A wolf attacks and bites.  
My ankles shriek,  
Stabbing,  
Searing,  
Then . . .  
They come to comfort—  
I tremble from shock.  
The snow has surrendered its victim.

Drowsy eyelids,  
Flickering light,  
A friendly murmur calms me,  
A warm, dark smile,  
A kindly look,  
A gentle stroking rests me,  
And so I rest,  
Rocking, humming, humming, humming,  
Through time and space,  
Always swaying, swaying, swaying,  
Always swaying, swaying . . .

They move me—slowly,  
They soothe me—gently,  
And they take me away.  
Flitting figures,  
Swaying shadows,  
Weaving whiteness,  
Calming coolness,  
Drowsy,  
Sleepy,  
Aching,  
Waking,  
Submerged shapes appear.  
A bed, a chair, a picture.  
A snowy hill adorns my leg.  
But now the sun glows on the mountains,  
Chalets nestle at its sparkling feet,  
No snow-god sweeps the gulleys,  
No roaring blizzard threatens me,  
No icy gale can chill me,  
And so, I rest.  
Above me, my passport to comfort,  
A buzzer—  
A summoning bell.  
And so, I rest.  
For what better care than love and care?  
What better rest than soothing talk?  
What better peace than peace itself?  
And so, I rest,  
Gute Nacht.

*Inspired by a cemented crack on a classroom wall.*

### CRACK COBRA

Black Kaa,  
Smuttily scrawled across my white wall,  
You curve, poised at my closed door,  
Waiting.  
  
You hang, eternally swinging,  
Between life and your instinct to kill,  
Expectant, prepared to add another victim  
To the mottled bulges on your sooty length  
That are your breakfast or last night's tea.  
You are not slenderly smooth, like the poem snakes  
Yet gracefully you sway your head  
And hood your stabbing eyes  
You hypnotic killer,  
Frozen, suddenly  
Tensed to strike  
At an entering shadow  
Destroyer of life, black Kaa hangs waiting.  
  
And I wait too,  
Watching him spoil my pure virgin wall  
A stain on white perfection.  
But I am the power,  
And Kaa awaits my coming  
To kill or let him go,  
For he is my creation, my image  
A killer, my hired assassin  
A dream snake  
I make for company.  
  
Tomorrow he may toss as a wave  
Arch as a sea monster  
Grasp as a clutching human hand  
Or twist a quiet country stream on a map.  
  
But today my crack is Kaa  
Black Kaa,  
The cobra, the killer, but my friend.

Catriona McKay, 6R.

Like a mouth open to talk  
Like Hen Broon going for a walk  
Like a wave upon the sea  
That's what it looks like to me.

Like an arm stretched out afar  
Like a slow river of tar  
Like cold spaghetti on a plate  
Like a cock perched on a gate.

These are the things it looks like to me  
Now I wonder what you can see?

Ruth Halley, 1R.

### LIMELIGHT

No—don't try to force people to see you as the centre of attraction. I tell you from experience it doesn't work. It's something that happens, quite suddenly, and you realise that everyone is paying attention to YOU, curious and admiring. If you try to force people to admire you, you dwindle into an unloved, unwanted, unattractive, arrogant show-off.

Believe me—I have been one for years. (Oh, please, please, let me start you off singing "Wild Rover" and let me stand in the centre of the stage, and put my make-up on two shades darker than everyone else's, and if they're having psychedelic costumes, I want mine all black—come back! Listen to me! Listen to ME!). But they all go away, with a slight dismissive shrug of the shoulders. They start singing "Wild Rover" without you, they let you stand in the centre of the stage, indeed, but behind everyone so that no-one can see your bubonic make-up and mourning dress.

I didn't only want to monopolise the limelight on the stage—I wanted everyone to be My Friend (and belong to nobody else), I wanted my dog to adore me, I wanted my relations and teachers to marvel at my genius. I needn't tell you, of course. You can guess. I ended up friendless, with conversations reaching sonic boom level, or—much worse—ceasing altogether when I passed. Whenever I seized my dog to lavish affection on him, he gave deep menacing growls and bit me. My relations would mutter worriedly, "How odd! It's not as if the family isn't intelligent," and my kindly mentors bludgeoned me with the full force of their sarcasm and suggested I try for an O Grade instead of a Higher, just in case.

I became more and more nauseating. I became almost violent in my orders for recognition and admiration. I frequently contemplated suicide. When they saw my poor mutilated corpse, how they would all suffer! Remorse for what they had forced me to do would torture them day and night. And I would certainly have made God sit up and take notice. The Holy Angels would see what a hell I had had on earth, and make sure I had a more heavenly-than-usual time. Looking back, I can hardly believe my good fortune. Surely my colleagues were sore put to it not to wield the fatal knife themselves! Even long-suffering Jove must often have been tempted to hurl a thunderbolt at me and send me to Tartarus forever, forever condemned to try to get into the flame-surrounded limelight.

Then came the conversion of Saul on the road to Damascus. There was an exhibition in London, 1,000 Years of Art in Poland, and, since it was too expensive to bring to Scotland, the Scottish-Polish Society in Edinburgh decided to send a representative to London. They chose me. At least it would get me out of the vicinity for a time, and in their view, sending someone to London was like sending him to Coventry, except worse.

I proclaimed my voyage from the rooftops—no-one paid any attention. Either they didn't care ("So you're going to London?") or they didn't believe me ("So I'm going to the South of France").

I went to the Exhibition, and spent a couple of hours bumping into people and stepping on their toes so that I could apologise in Polish. I muttered childhood Polish poems, leaving out the rhyming words, whenever I saw anyone English approach. If I saw a Pole, I muttered even louder in a thick Scottish burr, interspersed with the two words of Gaelic I knew. Truly, I was an abomination on the face of the Earth. And then, I don't know why, I began to look at the exhibits.

There were innumerable portraits of the ancient Polish rulers. There was Polish modern art. There were illustrated manuscripts. There was typically Polish sculpture. There were myriads of Polish ideas and ideals, and my soul greeted them, and my eyes greeted them. I was united with them and they knew me. The limelight was all around me. Queen Ann Jagellonian turned to her husband and admitted, "For all that her blood is thinned with her Scottish blood, she has a remarkable feeling for things Polish."

"Oh, indeed," agreed her husband fervently. They looked at me approvingly, and Michalowski, surrounded by his modern art, called to me, "And you understand me! You have soul, you have Polish soul!"

I blushed, and stammered some English words of thanks. I turned, and there came more, Polish patriots, Polish rulers, all around me, accepting me, until the eagle chained in my heart died from joy and was born again, phoenix-like, with more joy in him than before. "You are our people!" they cried. "In you is our country!"

Like I said, don't force people to tell you things like that. Just let them do it naturally, and it makes for far better relationships all round. Try it.

Olge Wojtas, 4W.

## IS THIS REALLY SPAIN?

Spain usually brings to the minds of most people a picture of blazing sun, sandy beaches, warm, crystal-clear water, Flamenco dancing and holidays. In tourist areas this is perfectly true, but, away from these areas, it is not. The poverty is dreadful, and if you go to the poor mountain area you will see what I mean.

You will find the men hoeing the dry, barren land by hand, wearing old, large hats, dirty open-necked shirts, ragged, dirty trousers and sandals. Many of the old women will be wearing black dresses and shawls, mourning for their husbands long since dead. The little girls will be running around in dirty, flimsy cotton dresses and the little boys in ragged, cotton trousers and shirts. The farmhouses are mostly whitewashed but the whitewash is usually peeling off. The animals are mostly sheep, of the type belonging to hot Mediterranean countries.

In the villages it is not unusual to see the animals sleeping in the house. Also the flea-bitten donkeys which are covered in sores wander quite happily through the streets when they are not working. Tourists in cars are not often seen in those villages and cause quite an interest when they do appear.

These people are very hard-working, cultivating the land, making anything that will sell to tourists. This, of course, isn't true of all villages, but for some it certainly is. It is in very great contrast to the view most tourists have of Spain.

Lynn Maclean, 1G.

## IMPRESSIONS OF THE CARIBBEAN

The jacoranda and hibiscus in the sun  
The sugar-cane fields like forests of spears  
The Royal palm-trees with heads full of coconuts  
The red and white dresses of Black-skinned girls  
The fragrant perfume of fresh bananas  
The cold coconuts and silver flying fish  
The calypso beat of the wild steel band  
The warm foaming breakers for swimming at sunset  
The toothless, workless men leaning on gates  
The sagging women balancing baskets on their heads  
The reeking rubbish-filled streams and drains  
The limp washing drying by the shanty shacks  
The laughing black children playing in mud  
The anti-war slogans pinned on church walls  
The curler-capped girls hiding in doorways  
There is a feeling  
of working for nothing  
and of doing nothing  
for lack of work  
Multi-coloured  
multi-cultured  
exploited by multi-millionaires.

Jane Robertson, 6W.

Valerie Bathie, 6R.

Alison Mitchell, 6R.

Just before Easter, Primaries IV(1) and IV(2) entertained enthusiastic audiences of parents, teachers and pupils with dramatised versions of their favourite stories, "Cinderella," "Rumpelstiltskin" and "Peter Rabbit". To the producers, Miss Scott and Miss Pirie, and to Miss Nicoll for her lively accompaniment on the piano, we extend our congratulations and our thanks.

The very creditable sum of £63 10s. 9d. has been collected in the Preparatory and Primary departments to help to feed Jim, the Gillespie Polar bear at the zoo, and towards providing a third guide dog for the Blind.

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## HIS BUNNY!

His bunny had an eye missing  
And one ear flopped down dead.  
The boy took his bunny to his sandbox,  
And at night he took him to his bed.

Lesley Strachan, P4(1).

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## A FOAL'S FIRST STEPS

The foal slowly opened his eyes and blinked at the light. Quivering and shaking, he attempted to stand. With outstretched forelegs he pushed his little body up until he was standing on all four spindly legs. Cautiously he tried his first faltering steps. One, two, three very shaky steps, but then down he fell. Again and again he tried until at last with a tottering effort he reached his mother's side. There he nuzzled contentedly.

Fiona D. Smith, P5(1).

## BORED IN BED

It was boring in bed,  
So I laid down my head,  
But get to sleep I could not.  
They said I had flu,  
And chicken-pox too,  
And I felt stuffed up and hot.  
There were books galore,  
Lying on the floor,  
And magazines lying in a heap,  
A bottle of medicine,  
Cough sweets in a tin,  
And rubbish I wanted to keep.  
I felt I was dying,  
I felt like crying,  
I was hot, restless and bored,  
The rest were at school,  
And I felt a fool,  
Left in my room ignored.

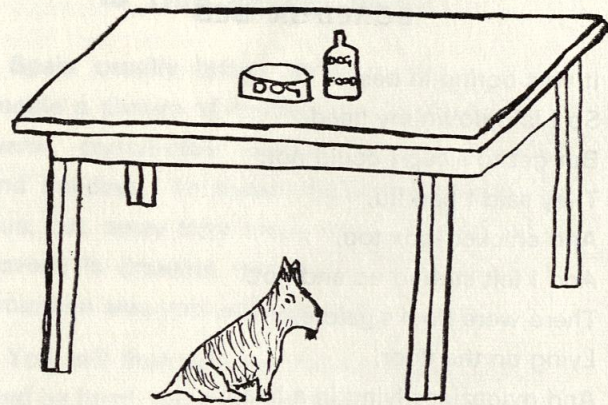
Hilda Anderson, P7(2).

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## LAMBS

This morning as I was walking through the fields I saw some little lambs frisking gaily in their large, green meadow. They were too busy playing a game to notice me but one tiny lamb left his mother and edged towards me. His cold, wet nose went over my hand and his tiny heart thumped against my leg. When his mother bleated for him to come back, he gave me a loving glance and then trotted back to her. When I left, I had a warm place in my heart for that little lamb.

Fiona Watson, P6(2).



### ENTER KIM!

I can well remember the day we bought him. He was just four months old, and ever so tiny.

"Prr! Prr! Prr!" went the car. My family and I were on our way. "Ah! look! Drumbeg at last," said my father, turning in at the roadend. The vehicle ground to a skidding halt before the door, and we all got out. I rang the doorbell, my mind full of exciting visions of a darling cuddly puppy.

Uncle Richie breeds Cairn terriers, and was ready to take us to the kennels, for Lindsay, my brother, and I were impatient to see our new pet at once. We came to the dog pens, and Uncle Richie, picked up one of the puppies.

"Oh, he's a darling!" I cried. The rest of the family followed with a chorus of "oohs!" and "ahs!" He really was delightful. My father placed him in a cardboard box at the back of the car, and we set off for home.

Arrived back, my father carried Kim, as we had previously decided to call him, into the house, and gently put him in the middle of the kitchen floor. The tiny creature looked so unhappy and lonely, so afraid and desolate.

After a few days however, he had quite settled down in our family circle. He played and romped with us in the garden, and ate his meals normally. My puppy was definitely up to expectations.

Sheila Gilfillan, P7(1).

### MASCOTS AND ME

My education on the subject of the mascot began with a ballet concert where all the others in my class had brought their mascots and lodged them in appropriate places, while I was left wondering why Ruth, to whom I had always looked up, and whom I had thought so sophisticated and grown up, had brought her teddy bear along with her. It was soon explained to me, however, that she had not brought it along for the reasons which I had attributed to her, but because it was her mascot. As long as she knew that teddy was sitting on her clean hanky on top of her case, nothing would go wrong. Teddy would be bringing her luck.

This, so I thought, explained the fact that, whereas all the others accomplished beautiful pirouettes, I skipped into the middle of the stage and promptly forgot what I was there for. At first, the frantic signals of my teacher, who caught my attention from her place in the wings and then turned completely round, did not enlighten me. I simply thought that she was stranger than I had supposed. At last, however, enlightenment came. I rose on to my toes and spun round, slightly too enthusiastically, and finished with my back to the audience. One of the "big" dancers, a ballet student, reached out and drew me into the wings.

This event was very important in my life. Reasonably enough, I feel, it prejudiced me greatly in favour of mascots.

At examinations, after that, I would always take care to be surrounded by my little furry friends, gonks of all descriptions. The fact that the results did not always justify my faith in the mascots did not alter it in any way. Just think what would have happened if I had been unprotected by my bodyguard!

Then came one fateful day.

I had, as usual, several mascots of varying characters and descriptions secreted about my person, in case any enemy should try to steal one of them and thus lessen my luck. I was a very suspicious child, after watching several series of *The Man from U.N.C.L.E.* Keeping a sharp lookout for enemy agents, I made my way to the theatre where I was to perform. Having successfully eluded several suspicious-looking characters—who, when I think of it, were probably as suspicious of me as I was of them, considering that my anorak hood, pulled as far forward as possible, was enveloping my head, and that for every second step forward I took one in a sideways direction to fool possible pick-pockets. I climbed the stairs to my dressing-room, where I arranged my mascots in their favourite attitudes. Mindful of that far-off ballet concert, I had a teddy bear, on a clean handkerchief, on my case.

That was where the trouble began. Once settled, teddy must not on any account be disturbed or he would be annoyed and cast a blight on my performance. Thus, it was prudent to leave teddy in solitary state when once he was settled.

Unwittingly, I had left the shoes for one of my costumes in the case, as I discovered when I was checking that all was in order. Panic ensued. I could not disturb teddy—that was out of the question. And yet the shoes were absolutely necessary for the act—one cannot tap-dance in bare feet with any marked degree of success.

I decided to ask all my other mascots to unite and turn teddy's handkerchief into a Turkish flying carpet for long enough to enable me to fish out my tap-dance shoes. Either I did not speak loudly enough or they thought teddy did not look

like a fakir, because nothing happened. It was my first disappointment with my mascots.

After rejecting several improbable plans, I decided I would just have to go on barefoot and trust to luck, which my mascots would provide—especially teddy, since I had left him undisturbed.

Accordingly, I headed out of the dressing-room, and bumped into a returning dresser. She took a casual look at my feet, looked again, and barred the way. She soon had the story, marched over to my case, calmly brought calamity upon me by disturbing teddy, and handed me the shoes, with the injunction that I was to stop quaking and put them on. I did so, privately thinking that teddy wasn't a powerful mascot anyway; the others could easily bring me luck despite him. They were all arranged in their favourite positions, which I had been taught at that concert in days of yore.

Gaily singing, I tripped down the stairs. I had the surety that all my other mascots could overpower teddy. What could possibly go wrong? Ruth had told me that unity was strength, so several mascots could always overcome one.

Then I was on stage, clattering gaily till I realised that I was alone except for a solo singer, whose back was giving me very nasty looks. I was one item late. As I blundered off stage, I hit something which dislodged thousands of balloons in the middle of a funeral dirge. I groped upstairs to my dressing-room, where I saw that teddy had not even been disturbed, as I had thought—someone else's shoes had been given to me, someone else's case opened. Teddy was undisturbed. All my mascots were, and yet this had happened. So much for my faith in mascots!

Rosalie Mason, 4W.

## CHOIR AND ORCHESTRA

The Choir and Orchestra have greatly enjoyed singing and playing together throughout the session, under Mr Sommerville's guidance. In addition, less experienced players have rehearsed in the second orchestra with Miss Nicol and this year a wind band has been formed and is conducted by Mr Swiffin.

On 13th December, the Choir and Orchestra gave a recital to the Edinburgh Society of Organists. The programme included: a Handel oboe concerto, in which Joan Souza was the soloist; lieder sung by Enid Bannatyne and Jennifer Macgregor; and music by Gluck and Borodin.

Members of the choir and string players from the orchestra helped to provide the music for Purcell's "Dido and Aeneas" which was performed in the school hall in February. Mr Sommerville directed the music and Miss Dickinson was responsible for the production. All of us who took part enjoyed ourselves thoroughly and we were well supported by pupils, parents and friends.

Because we have had such a full year of activities, it has not been possible to have the concert which is usually held in March in the school hall, but we are at present rehearsing a programme for our other traditional performance—the closing concert in the Usher Hall.

Our sincere thanks are due to Mr Sommerville, without whose hard work and enthusiasm we could not maintain such a high standard of music in the school.

Morvyth Davis, 6R.

## MUSIC SOCIETY REPORT

Our meetings this year have been nothing if not varied; the same might be said of their attendance, which has oscillated unpredictably between the two extremes of being packed to capacity and being alarmingly sparse. We have enjoyed, among others, a joint madrigal evening with Heriot's, an organ recital by Mr Sommerville, a "Twenty Questions" Staff Night, a highly popular outing to the changeringers at St Cuthbert's and a "Desert Island Discs" Evening with Miss I. Cameron. We are looking forward to outings to the Army School of Piping at Edinburgh Castle and to St Mary's Choir School.

Undoubtedly, the highlight of the year was the joint production with George Heriot's School of Purcell's opera *Dido and Aeneas* and we are grateful to Mr Sommerville for all his help on this occasion and on others throughout the session.

The President and Committee members would like to extend their best wishes to the new Committee for a successful year.

Jenny Macgregor, 6W, *Secretary*.

## PASSING MIGHT

Once dinosaurs ruled this world,  
Many were tyrants, great and cruel,  
Unconquerable they seemed  
Yet they died.  
So must humans some day perish  
For though they seem invincible  
They are yet mortal.

Katy Stewart, P6(1).

## LITERARY AND DRAMATIC SOCIETY

As always, the first meeting of the session was the Inter-house debate. For the second year Spylaw won this, their speakers, Vivien Small and Morag McLeish, opposing light-heartedly the motion "That Yellow is better than Blue".

We had two debates after this: one with Mr Aitken and Mr McCaskill. Mr McCaskill triumphantly supported the motion "That the man should wear the trousers" — opposed by two sixth year girls, Diane Wallace and Elspeth Fretwell. The other was against Daniel Stewart's College when the motion "That the top twenty is representative of an inferior type of music" was carried by one vote. Morvyth Davis and Hannah Rogers were our speakers.

Our English Speaking Union Debating Team, Felicity Townsend and Anne Bonar, reached the second round of the competition, and Joan Walker and Morvyth Davis braved the *Daily Express* tournament. Although unsuccessful, both girls did well.

Mr Onwin, from the Scottish Community Drama Association, came to speak to us about mime and stage fighting, and Mr Norman MacCaig, the Edinburgh poet, came to read us some of his own poetry, which inspired us to hold our own, very successful, poetry evening the following term.

We held a number of meetings with other schools: a Folk Night and a quiz "Just a Minute" with The Royal High School; and of course, the annual Burns Supper with George Heriot's School, which was the highlight of the year. Particularly outstanding was the "Immortal Memory" given by Mrs Dorothy Dunnett.

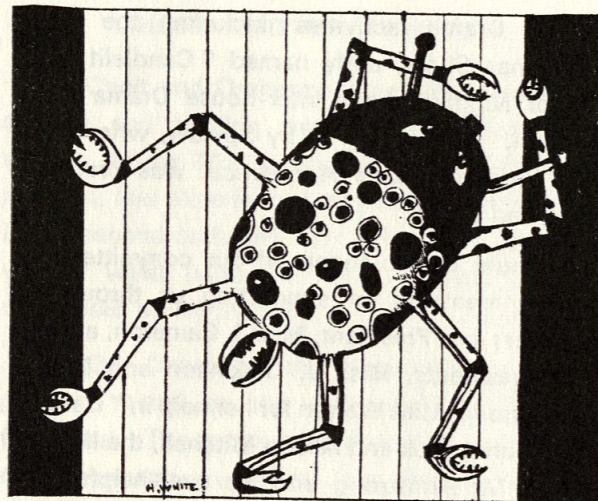
Our Drama activities included the usual Christmas Show, aptly named "Candlelit", the Junior Night and the inter-house Drama Competition. This was won by Spylaw, whose play *The Property Man's Apprentice*, was produced by Vivien Small.

I should like to thank all our committee and society members for supporting us throughout the year; our President, Miss I. Cameron, and the Vice-Presidents, Miss J. Dickinson and Mrs V. Brotherton; Miss Warren for her help in "Candlelit"; Janet Dick and Alison Mitchell, the lighting crew; Mr Armstrong and his ever-helpful and patient team of Janitors, and, of course, Miss A. Kyle on whom so much of this year's success has greatly depended. Elspeth Fretwell, 6S.

## THE LIBRARY

Miss Campbell, the former Head of the Art Department, made a generous gift of books, as did the History Department from the sale of the History magazine. Books were also acquired by pupils' gifts and the use of the fine money. A new addition to the Library is a topics file which has proved extremely helpful. A modern poetry board has also been provided.

We should like to take this opportunity to thank Mrs McIver for her invaluable assistance, without which the Library would not run so pleasantly and efficiently. Alison Taylor, 6W.



### SIXTH FORM ACTIVITIES

This year the sixth year has been involved in a very wide range of activities, including drama, debating and discussion, but perhaps the most glamorous was the December cruise to the West Indies enjoyed by twenty-seven of the most envied girls of the year. They arrived back gloriously tanned after a month of sight-seeing in such exotic places as Madeira, Trinidad and Guadeloupe.

During Oxfam Week, the whole of the sixth year contributed to a large sale of work which was extremely successful. More money was raised by a sponsored swim by Jennifer Cowper who managed the breathtaking (literally!) swim of 200 lengths during the lunch-hour. This provided a considerable amount of the £77 sent to Oxfam. Many girls also helped Craigentenny Community Centre during the Christmas holidays by serving lunches for old people.

Other activities included: an excellent sixth form conference of Edinburgh Schools, this year

on Race Relations; the United Nations Service at St Giles; the opening of the Royal Commonwealth Pool; and a reunion with last year's sixth year.

This year's Christmas Dance, the "Ugly Bug Ball", was a great success and was enjoyed by all. Particular thanks are due to the sixth form Council and Hazel White, who designed the decorations.

One event which deserves particular mention is the French Soirée organised by Pamela Hazelden and Jane Robertson. It included a film, songs and a very amusing skit, all in French—tres bien!

During the year, Miss Ferguson has kindly arranged for us to have various talks given by invited speakers on subjects as varied as the Women's Police Force and Dr Barnardo's Homes. Again this year Rev. Colin Day came to speak to us about his work at Carberry Tower and a few of the sixth year will be going there in June.

As usual, the prefects held a tea party to introduce themselves to the first year and also one with the staff, although there we needed no introduction! Again we have delegated two prefects to each of the younger classes and this has been extremely successful.

I feel I should like to thank Miss Kyle, our Speech and Drama Teacher, who has helped a number of sixth year girls in public speaking, and especially the prefects, in reading at Morning Assembly.

On behalf of everyone, I should like to thank Miss McIver, Miss Ferguson and the staff for their invaluable help in making this a most enjoyable year.

Anne Bonar, 6W.

### F.P. NOTES

Former Pupils have gained the following degrees:—

#### At Edinburgh University

M.B., Ch.B.—Janice M. Duncan.

B.Sc. with Honours.—Margaret Marshall and Elizabeth Shedden (Chemistry); Marion Lyall (Mathematics); Vivienne Conway (Pharmacology); Valerie Bagshaw and Christine Binnie (Psychology).

B.Sc.—Janet Elliot and Lorna Harley.

B.Sc. (Social Sciences).—Alison Bashford (with distinction), Alma Forsyth, Lesley Falconer and Carla Stewart.

M.A. with Honours.—Mary Ambrose (Italian and English), Irene Kyles (Mathematics), Marion Kyles (Geography), Sarah Mackenzie (History), Kathleen Samuel (Social Anthropology).

M.A.—Yvonne Carabine, Dorothy Hobson, Carolyn McKie, Jean Ogilvie, Joan Potts, Irene Rennie, Barbara Seath, Jamesanna Smart, Alison Smith, Sally Smith, Margaret Turnbull, Dorothy Williamson and Thelma Wilson.

B.Mus.—Sheila Deans.

#### At the Heriot-Watt University

B.Sc. with Honours.—Eva Wilson, Sheila Brown and Maureen Main (Applied Chemistry); Ruth Williamson (Pharmacy).

#### At St Andrew's University

B.Sc. with Honours.—Adrienne Hall (Mathematics) who was awarded the Carstairs Prize for the Senior Honours year and shared the Miller Prize for the most distinguished Honours graduate in the Science Faculty.

#### At Edinburgh University

Anne Naysmith has been awarded an Undergraduate Scholarship, a Carnegie Trust Vacation Scholarship, the Senior John Aitken Carlyle Bursary in Anatomy and Physiology and an Ian Oswald Prize in Anatomy.

Dorothy Halliday's second thriller *Dolly and the Cookie Bird* has been well received; and Muriel Spark—novelist, poet, playwright and critical biographer—has gained acclaim in a new field with her book for children, *The Very Fine Clock*.

### MARRIAGES

Robertson-Rushton. — Alan S. Robertson to Jennifer Rushton.

Macleod-Crowe. — Kenneth C. Macleod to Frances M. Crowe.

Aitken-Wilson.—John Aitken to Ruth Wilson.

Ferguson-Colley. — Douglas M. Ferguson to Patricia A. Colley.

Henderson-Turnbull. — Peter Henderson to Margaret A. Turnbull.

Jack-Manson.—Gavin Jack to Aileen Manson.

Watson-Lorimer.—William E. Watson to Shelagh Lorimer.

Bleazard-Allwinkle.—Gavin J. Bleazard to Anne Allwinkle.

Buckler-Chinnery.—Ian L. Buckler to Frances J. Chinnery.

Hunt-Carnegie.—Francis J. Hunt to Kathleen A. Carnegie.

Holland-Bashford.—Peter Holland to Christine Bashford.

Skidmore-Smith.—Alan Skidmore to Janet Smith.

Robb-Graham.—James B. Robb to Anne E. Graham.

Nicholls-Fleming.—Peter H. Nicholls to Patricia M. Fleming.

Barr-Wishart.—James W. Barr to Kathleen Wishart.

Duncan-McIlwrick. — Alan Duncan to Gwen McIlwrick.

Halliday-Beattie.—John S. Halliday to Barbara J. Beattie.

Paton-Macdonald. — Iain Paton to Marjorie Macdonald.

### FORMER PUPILS' ASSOCIATION

The Annual General Meeting was held on 7th November 1969, and was followed by an enjoyable talk by Dorothy Dunnett (*nee* Halliday) on "The Innocent Novelist", an amusing account of some of her experiences as a writer.

A dinner in the Carlton Hotel on 1st May was most enjoyable and well attended.

The next meeting will be held in school on Friday, 6th November, 1970. For further information F.P.s should contact the Honorary Secretary Mrs Paton, 29 Buckstone Crescent, Edinburgh, 10 (Telephone 445-2891), or the School representative, Miss Joan Cameron.