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1971



JAMES GILLESPIE'S HIGH SCHOOL

EDINBURGH 1971

COVER DESIGN BY ALISON RODGER, 5G
END PAPERS BY SUSAN MOSS, 5R

EDITORIAL

In this past year of civil wars, strikes, political changes, and proposed educational reforms on both sides of the desk, it is to be hoped that we, the future adult generations of the "1984" period, will be prepared for the decisions and traumas of this ever-erupting world.

We will be responsible, some day, for pushing the fatal button or signing the peace treaty. It will be up to us, but the spectrum here is too wide for us to realize and, in narrowing the out-look in order to find a security and stability for the future, we can all find the answer to the question "How do we prepare?" by looking at the dreaded school blazer! Nothing unusual? No, but look at the three faded Latin words—FIDELIS ET FORTIS. A motto, it doesn't mean much, no; it is only a possible way of life and a plan of future positive action that every day could diminish the hate around us.

"FIDELIS" — Faithful, loyal; able to be faithful in friendships and in any undertaking; this is an adjective that is on your blazer. It could prevent the rot from setting in. "ET FORTIS"?—strong, secure, dependable, able to take action where others only speak; strong — an adjective to describe you when you are faced with a change or development that goes against your ideals.

'FIDELIS ET FORTIS'—our motto, the motto of a school that gives us the "bits of paper", but also, I believe, a standard of achievement and the security of mind to "get out there and do something". We, the Sixth year, are leaving, but I'm sorry and I suspect the others are as well: the one thing that we can all share is our motto "FIDELIS ET FORTIS". Not unusual? No, just a way of life.

Hannah P. Rodgers, 6W.

STAFF NOTES

Secondary

Homecraft Department.—Miss Blair is now happily settled in Rhodesia. Mrs Begbie replaced Mrs Montgomery, who left in July.

Physics Department.—In October Mrs Starling joined the Department.

Throughout the session we have enjoyed being taught by the various instructors who have helped us in the Music and P. E. Departments and by the assistants in the Modern Languages Department. To all of them we extend a grateful "thank you".

Primary

Miss E. Pirie retired in July, 1970.

Miss C. M. Rose, who joined the staff in August, left during the first term to take up a senior appointment.

Miss G. Millar joined us and Miss Ross returned as Mrs K. Syme.

Mrs A. T. Baird came as a temporary teacher in August and has now been appointed to the permanent staff.

Miss J. Faulks left in December and Miss P. Perreur-Lloyd came in January.

Mrs N. MacKay left in March and in April Miss B. Dean arrived.

Preparatory

Miss M. Smith came in August as Infants Mistress in place of Mrs P. Riddell, and Miss M. Cook, who had acted as Infants Mistress until Miss Smith's arrival, left Edinburgh in December.

Miss S. McDonald is at present filling the vacancy caused by Miss Cook's departure to Fife.

Mrs J. M. Mutch was permanently appointed in August in place of Mrs L. Whyte, who left in May, 1969.

Mrs Paterson and Mrs McKay, matrons in Secondary and Primary departments respectively, retired, and Mrs McKean and Mrs McLaren replaced them.

SCHOOL NOTES

The outstanding feature of this session is that there has been plenty of opportunity

to participate in an activity dear to the hearts of all—eating! At the beginning of the session, the 6th Year gave a tea-party for the 1st Year, who, with the maximum amount of noise, consumed vast quantities of cakes and lemonade, and appeared to enjoy themselves hugely. The Sixth continued to act as hostess: in December to the smallest girls in the school, at a party which was a great success; and in January to some of last year's Sixth and the staff, all of whom took advantage of the refreshments offered. The climax to this succession of gastronomic delights was in December, when we held a school dance entitled "Kaleidoscope", at which the musicians in the Hall had to work hard to compete with the buffet in the Common Room. In addition to all this, I am informed that school lunches have reached an unprecedentedly high standard.

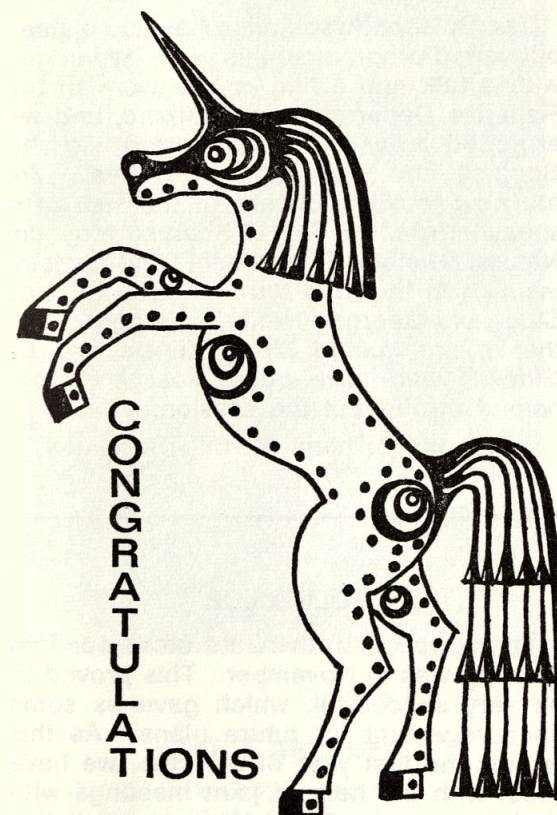
Other people have to eat, and to this end, everyone from 1st to 6th Year worked hard at Christmas to make money for charity. We contributed about £40 to the Pakistan Disaster Fund, and several other charities, such as Spina Bifida, Cancer Relief and Oxfam, benefited. In November, we almost had to open a Gillespie's relief fund when several of the more exalted members of the school were rendered homeless (or rather, officeless) when heavy rain caused a flood in Bruntsfield House. In the same month, some of the choir were chosen to supply the "Voices of Peace" at the U.N.O. Service in the Castle, where we were addressed by Lord Birsay. The school E.S.C.A. representative was also there.

After a talk by Mr Beasley, the Community Officer of the C.W.E.C., several girls began to do charity work in their spare time at Martin House, Simon Square and other similar establishments.

In June, the Sixth Year (yes, them again!) performed the musical "The Boy-friend". It was well produced by Miss Cresswell, with occasional help from the cast.

B. M. Hine.

CONGRATULATIONS



Aileen Keith, 5S.

Primary

Six Edinburgh schools received awards this year from the Sir James Miller Civic Fund for projects on local government themes. The Preparatory department gained first place for schools where only one department took part. Their project was: "How the City Spends its Money".

Swimming

Congratulations to Margaret Black on reaching the final of the Scottish Junior 200 metres Backstroke Championship along with Elspeth Dollar, 4W, who was also a finalist in the Individual Medley. Elspeth was selected to swim for the East District Senior Team and was one of Edinburgh's representatives in the schools' Inter-city relay events. Congratulations to

Lesley Ogden who came fourth in the Scottish Junior Diving Championship.

Hockey

Sheila Ross, 6th Year, was a member of the Junior East Hockey XI.

Basketball

The Senior Basketball team were runners-up in the Scottish Schools Cup, and Leslie Hosie, 3rd Year, and Gaye Clapperton, 4th Year, represented Scotland in the Under-16 Schoolgirls' International.

Badminton

Ailsa Borthwick and Rhona Goff, 4th Year, represented Edinburgh at the Scottish Schools Badminton Tournament.

Volleyball

Jan Lawrie and Anne Bauermeister, 6th Year, played in the Edinburgh District team in the Scottish Area Finals. Patricia Bell and Ann Black, 3rd Year, played in the Junior District team.

Ski-ing

The school team was ninth over-all and second girls' team in the British Schools Race held at Hillend in December. In the Boyd Anderson Trophy, C. Scott, the captain, was the fastest girl. The team finished fourth.

English

Olga Wojtas, 5W, gained a "runners-up" prize in the "Daily Mirror" 12th Children's Literary Competition for her poem 'To My Mistaken Elders'. The competition attracted an entry of 55,000 (see page 4).

Congratulations to those of Gillespie's and Heriot's who took part in the February production of "Antony and Cleopatra", which took place in the Churchill Theatre, also 2nd year girls who took part in the production of Harlequin.

Art

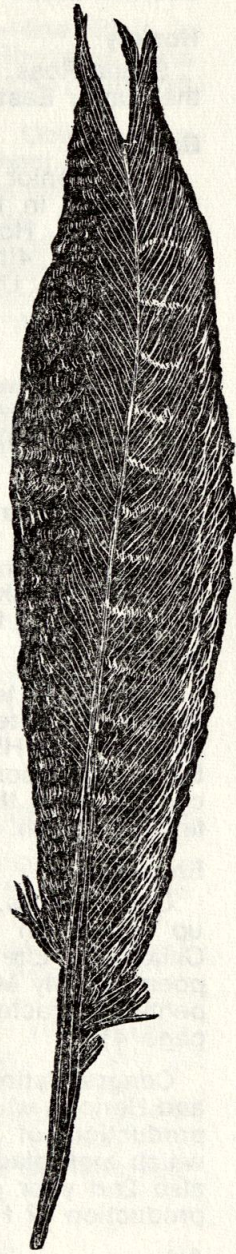
"Sunday Mirror" National Exhibition Children's Art 1970.—Isobel Evans, 11 years, for painting of "Sad Clown".

TO MY MISTAKEN ELDERS

Old people,
Do not condemn me
With my generation.
I am honoured
Of course
That you can identify
Me with them, but
For the most part
They do not even grant
Me the recognition
Of a sneer.
I fear them
With their brash and
Winning ways
Revelling in
Destruction.
They frighten me—
Perhaps they too are
Insecure nonentities
Seeking identities—
But I dare not
Probe too far
Or they will turn on
Me with their
Protective searing
Sarcasm.
Old people,
Do not condemn me
With my generation.
They reject me and
Suspect me of
Collaboration with
You. I could not.
I have not yet
Finished being
Amazed
By both your
Generation and
Mine.

Olga Wojtas, 5A.

Kathryn
Duncan, 6R.



SCIENCE ASSOCIATION

The Science Association has had a small but varied programme this year. We began with a talk and a film on the work of the Fisheries Department in Scotland, and we arranged a very well-supported visit to Scottish and Newcastle Breweries. We are now looking forward to the visit of a speaker from the Royal Scottish Museum Natural History Department and a joint meeting in the third term with the Physics Club of George Heriot's School. Our thanks are due to Mr McKenzie and Dr Sinclair who have been most kind and helpful throughout the session.

Mary Thomson, 6W, Secretary.

FOLK CLUB

Owing to our rather late start, our first meeting was in November. This proved to be very successful, which gave us some encouragement for future plans. As this is only the first year of the club, we have tried, with the help of joint meetings with Heriot's and the Royal High, to merit it a place in the ever-increasing proliferation of societies and clubs.

I hope that in future years a guitar will be bought for the use of club members and that some of the girls who are proficient guitarists will spare some time to assist others in need of tuition. Also I hope that records and song books will be bought by the club for the use of members, and every encouragement given to younger girls interested.

I should like to thank Miss Cresswell and Miss Warren for their help; the committee for all their hard work; and members for their support.

Best wishes to the new committee for success next year.

Aileen Richardson, 6R.



Cynthia Lorimer, 2S.

LITTLE DREAMER

Jump, little boy, jump
out of that
hazy world
The Dreamland.
That world of fantasy
where stars are people
And people are stars.
But you, little boy,
you are the moon.
Yes, little one, the moon,
In your intense, burning mind.
Not as you are — or were
but as you will be —
or as you hope to be.
Revolving shapes evolve,
of such richness, depth
and beauty
That your body bursts
with real joy;
But the beauty is unreal.
So you must find real beauty.

Farzana Ahmad, 2G.

OUR KETTLE

Our kettle has a very aristocratic appearance — which is deceptive because it also has the most piercing scream I know of. Moreover, it is impossible to ignore, because the longer it is left alone, the more agonised the shrieks become, till one rushes to soothe it lest it should suffer an apoplectic fit. It takes a long time to calm, going on grumbling, muttering and squeaking to itself, far longer than is necessary, as if it had been very personally insulted.

Nothing makes the kettle as furiously angry as being filled with too much water. When this boils, the kettle's vigorous screams are interspersed with comparative silences as it spits wildly onto the floor, choking in rage.

However, I much prefer it to the type of kettle which smugly switches itself off with a click and a self-satisfied hiss, or whistles gently till someone finds time to attend to it.

Sheena Kinghorn, 4W.

Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,
Before they spray weed-killer,
The stuff that withered all the corn,
And poisoned Jack the Miller.

Old Time is still a-flying,
Nor is pollution slow.
There isn't room for both of us,
Suppose we have to go?

And this flower that smiles today,
Tomorrow soot-encrusted,
Shall fall down to the starving earth,
All radio-active dusted.

Tomorrow will be dying
All we should value most.
See tormented creatures crying,
From coast to oilstained coast.

Susan Wood, 4W.

GAMES REPORT

Games Committee

This session has seen the formation of a games committee to run our various after-school games clubs. Composed of all school captains, it is chaired by the games prefect, with the P.E. staff present in an advisory capacity. It is the duty of the committee to correlate all after-school games activities and matches, to allocate our games fund money, and also to arrange the inter-house activities.

Fencing Club.—Last season was undoubtedly the most successful for our senior team, culminating in the winning of the Scottish Amateur Fencing Union's Ladies' League Cup, the Edinburgh Schools' senior girls' team competition, and becoming runners-up in the Scottish Schools' Senior Girls Foil Team competition. At the end of the season, Sheila Ross and Brenda McMullen (in the senior category) and Alison Simpson (in the junior category) were chosen to fence for Scotland in a Schools' International against Northern Ireland in Belfast. This year, these three girls were again chosen for the International Team, with Sheila Ross as Scottish Girls' captain for the season.

Alison Simpson and Karen Dickson were asked to be two of Scotland's four representatives at the British Junior Foils Championship for Girls, held in London.

Ski-ing.—The Ski Club has an impressive membership this year, and girls have attended classes at Hillend after school on Tuesdays throughout the session.

A large party of junior girls went to Switzerland during the Easter holidays with Miss Cresswell and Miss Paterson.

Badminton Report.—This season we continued to play with George Heriot's School

in the mixed events. It was also possible to arrange practices with Heriot's on a Tuesday at Meadowbank. With Mary Erskine's and George Watson's we had friendly matches, of which we won three out of four. Gilmore House won both the junior and senior inter-house badminton.

Hockey Club.—Although the numbers in the Hockey Club have decreased this year, we have been able to raise five teams, including a 2nd XI composed almost entirely of enthusiastic 6th Year girls. The house matches proved a great success, with Gilmore coming out on top and Roslin "pipping" Warrender for second place. The 1st XI had a challenging season with three major tournaments and the staff hockey match, which the pupils' team won 2-0!

Swimming Club.—The Swimming Club has been very active this year with a large number of girls training in the school pool every Monday afternoon. Many pupils, including some from the primary, have gained S.A.S.A. awards in speed, distance and survival swimming.

With Dunfermline College of P.E. and George Watson's Ladies' College, the team had a triangular match, which we won by a narrow margin. Junior contests have been held against Watson's, where the team lost by one point, and against St. Thomas of Aquinas, where the team won comfortably. An exciting "B" team match was held against St. Denis but we were unfortunate to lose. The life-saving club has flourished this year with several girls gaining Bronze Medallions and Teacher's Certificates.

Volleyball.—This, the Volleyball Club's second season of competition, has been very successful. Already the senior team has beaten this year's and last year's Scottish Schools champions. The standard

of play has improved tremendously owing to Miss Robertson's patient teaching, and we look forward to an even more successful season next year.

Basketball.—This season has been very successful for both the senior and junior Basketball teams. In the Edinburgh League the juniors have won all the matches in their section. The seniors have not been quite so successful, having been beaten by one other school in their section. This year, for the first time, both teams reached the semi-final of the Scottish Cup. Our under-15 team met Musselburgh, but were beaten. The "open" team met Dalkeith High and won 52-46, which qualified them to play in the final against Broughton. In May we hope to hold our annual Invitation Tournament. Many thanks are due to Mrs R. Wilson, our coach, without whose help and patience we could never have reached the standard we now attain.

Table Tennis.—This year we have formed a table tennis club, which has been well supported, especially by the younger years.

At the moment we are organising a table tennis tournament, and we hope to take part in inter-school matches in the near future.

Our thanks must go to the gym department, who have been most helpful in supplying equipment, and to Mr McCaskill who was the brain behind it all, and who teaches us how to play.

Tennis.—We had another very enjoyable season, playing many matches. Unfortunately the results were not quite so good!

On Open Day we played our house matches, with Gilmore winning and Roslin runners-up.

FOUNDER'S DAY

This year we were fortunate to have as our guest speaker such a distinguished lady as Mrs Christian Tudhope, O.B.E., M.A., LL.B. Formerly Senior Town Clerk Depute in Dundee, and later Head of Department in the Faculty of Law at Dundee University, she recently retired from the Wardenship of MacIntosh Hall of Residence in St. Andrews, a post she held for eleven years.

Mrs Tudhope's wide range of activities and interests includes the Youth Employment Service, where she was a member of the Advisory Council for Scotland, and the National Health Service. Her concern for young people and their interests made her a most sympathetic speaker whose advice was valued by her young listeners.

Gillian Hood, School Captain, gave the vote of thanks and Mrs Tudhope was charmingly presented with the traditional snuff box by Deirdre Campbell of the Primary Department.

The service was conducted by Dr Small, and Councillor Robert Knox chaired the ceremony.

PHYSICS LESSON

Unbalanced forces
Friction and gravity
Bodies' free fall
Is the subject today.
Little spring balances
Measure the force applied.
How can we wait
Till it's all analysed?

Carolyn Thompson, 3W.

SIXTH FORM ACTIVITIES

The Sixth Form began their final year determined to make the most of this valuable period between school and college. The resulting mad activity has, however, left me with an imposing list of pursuits to sum up and, due to their varied nature, I unfortunately can only touch upon each.

Early in the Autumn term we held for the 1st Year what purported to be a tea party but what finally turned into a somewhat riotous "Party Game and Folk Music Festival". Also around this time, several members of the year spent some particularly enjoyable weeks at Benmore Lodge and returned bursting with health and tales of such curious pastimes as "gybing" and "abseiling"

In December we held our Sixth Year Dance, Kaleidoscope, which proved to be a great success and was much enjoyed by all. A few days later, the same girls who had, on that occasion, swept regally round the hall in their long dresses, returned to the scene in the guise of somewhat overgrown five-year-olds to hold a Christmas Party for our Preparatory friends. I hope it is no reflection on us that the "Grand Old Duke of York" turned out to be just as popular as the elegant waltz! Soon after the Christmas Festivities in school—perhaps as a luxurious form of recuperation—a sizeable group from our year departed for the Caribbean on the Nevasa cruise. As I write this it is now several months since their return, and yet still they are sighing over pictures of palm trees and strains of steel band music. Early in the Spring Term we invited last year's Sixth to a tea party, thus gaining first-hand information about life in our chosen colleges.

Throughout the session, the 6th Year has sent representatives to a number of functions, including the United Nations

Service in St Giles, a Sixth Form Conference on social work held in Edinburgh, and the preliminary meeting at Carberry Tower before its summer Sixth Year Conference which several girls are hoping to attend.

This year our Charities Drive has taken the form of an appeal on behalf of flood-stricken Pakistan. The impressive sum of £56 was raised. We also held a sponsored basketball match against the senior team, for which we received £16 and a wealth of bruises! Several other fund-raising activities are planned for the summer term. In the field of social work a number of girls have participated in most interesting and rewarding jobs at the Sick Children's and Princess Margaret Rose Hospitals, the Mound Centre, Martin House and Canaan Lodge.

The opportunity to participate in this work arose from a talk given during our weekly conference periods and we are greatly indebted to Miss Ferguson for arranging a host of extremely informative lectures for us throughout the year.

In February the height of our year's dramatic achievement was reached in a most praiseworthy joint production with Heriot's of "Antony and Cleopatra". In addition to this, if on a slightly less grand scale, a soirée française is being held at the end of the Spring term, and in June, under the expert and much-appreciated aegis of our producer, Miss Cresswell, we are presenting the musical "The Boy-friend".

It only remains for me to extend the most sincere gratitude of the prefects to Miss Kyle and Mrs Brotherton for their advice on public speaking, and of all in the 6th Year to Miss McIver, Miss Ferguson and the staff for their invaluable help and guidance throughout our most enjoyable final year.

Jill Hood, 6W.

CORSTORPHINE WOODS TRAMPING SONG

If you go down to the woods today,
You'll never believe your eyes.

In rainproof shoes and patchy trews
The 5th Year are in disguise.

"Look North!" they cry; "Go West!" the
reply
(Straight through the marsh, 'cos we can't
fly)

Monday's the day the 5th Year go Orienteering!

(Compasses and Maps only)

If they go down to the woods today
They're in for a big surprise;

We'll show the wrong way and lead them
astray

And give them some exercise.

Through thick and thin, through briar and
whin

We'll send them the rounds of Corstorphine,

Monday's the day the 5th Year go Orienteering!

(Mrs Brotherton only)

If I go down to the woods today

The cynosure of all eyes,

In black plus-fours, while Corstorphine
roars,

"You'd better try that for size!"

I stand alone; through paths unknown

The 5th Year wander on their own,

Monday's the day the 5th Year go Orienteering!

(Us)

If we go down to the woods today
The woods will be filled with sighs;
Alarmed, bemused, alone, confused,
And tethered by turncoat ties.
But though beset by hips and haws.
We'll gather there for certain because
Today's the day the 5th Year go Orienteering!

O. H. M. Wojtas and R. I. Mason, 5W.

ORIENTEERING

Last winter, thirty-two 5th Year girls formed an orienteering class. We started by making up, and following, courses in the school grounds. We then branched out a little, travelling to Corstorphine Woods each Monday afternoon. This area is ideal for our sport for, with its even coverage of trees, it is not too open. We once went to the high, open area of Holyrood Park, and on other occasions to the Braid Hills golf course where, with the gorse blooming and the sun shining, we spent a very enjoyable time.

As a class, we learnt to use a Silva compass, to read and to follow a map, and to run fast!

Two orienteering courses were laid for the Edinburgh Schools Events, on 21st February. Eight of our girls entered and we were happy to congratulate Susan Ritchie (5S) in coming first in her class.

Judith Basden (5W).

TO RUSSIA WITH LOVE

Customs regulations on entering the Soviet Union are not unreasonable. As Intourist phrases it, only "U.S.S.R. currency, lottery tickets, weapons, ammunition, pornographic and anti-Communist literature, live fowl, raw meat, fresh fruit and drugs are prohibited". We soon discovered that the sgian-dubh came into this class! As a rule the Russians did not appreciate the Scottish national costume: one Leningrad citizen informed us vociferously that the kilt was "obscene, indecent and degrading to our beautiful hero-city". The mini-skirt did not prove a success either.

"Intourist offers de-luxe accommodation in central hotels and provides excellent transport, arranging excursions daily to museums, exhibitions, educational institutions and industrial enterprises." Unfortunately this was not our experience. Our "central hotel" was first the "T.S. Baltuka", situated in Leningrad docks; then the "Ostankino", a mere half-hour's travel from the centre of Moscow. Finally the authorities took pity on us and gave us rooms in the "Europe Hotel", a former home of the nobility.

"Lenin lived, Lenin lives, Lenin will live!"

We were made very much aware of this, especially because 1970 was the centenary of Lenin's birth. After waiting for two hours in blazing sunshine we filed past Lenin's body, sealed in the cold, dim vault where the only light illuminated his waxen white face and hands. This made the greatest impression on us as it seemed to symbolize Russia more than the grandeur of the Summer Palace and the magnificent art galleries.

Russian food—exotic, rich and certainly unique! Where else in the world can one chew a combination of coffee and tea and have an hors d'oeuvres of spring onions in oil with tomatoes in sour cream? Does the scarcity of domestic animals have any bearing on the quality of the meat? We were saved from total starvation only by the delicious Russian ice-cream.

"Intourist spare no efforts to make your tour pleasant and entertaining." This is indeed true. Please do not be misled by this account. This was our holiday of a lifetime.

Kay Crawford, Elaine Miller,
Angela Munro, Alison Blacklaws,
6th Year.

THE WIND

Sighing,
Flying,
Trying,
To rise.
The wind swoops on clouded wings.
Flying,
Crying,
Vying
With the skies.
The wind rocks and softly sings.
Weeping,
Leaping,
Runs the gale.
Creeping,
Peeping
Through the vale,
Weeping,
Sweeping,
Soon to fail,
The wind, a lord, a king of kings.

Catriona McOwan, 2S.

REVELATION

A warm, calm morning
with sun
Shining through the hazy
Mist
Which seemed to float
On the surface of the water.

And mountains
(snow-capped)
Rise above the listless
day.
And light carves
Sharp edges
In the snow.
Silence, long.
Then, all at once clear
As if
The whole sky rises
revealing
Earth itself.

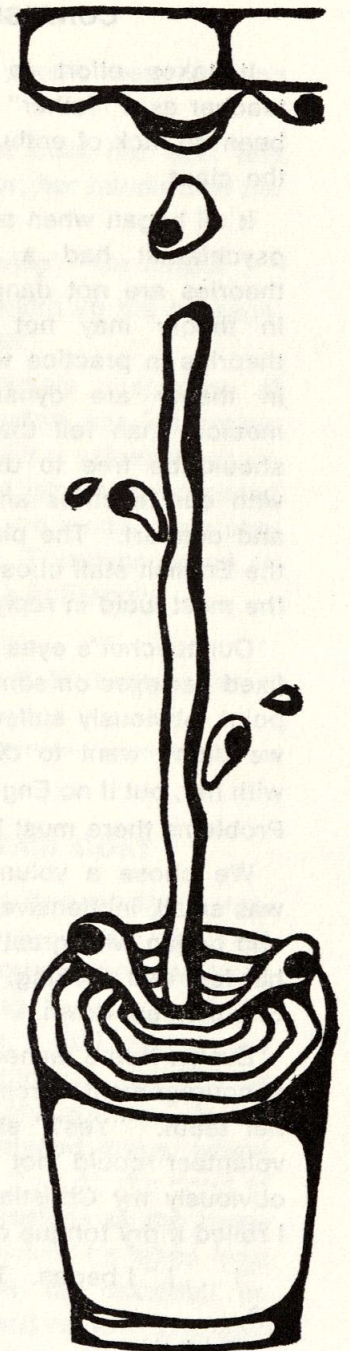
Sheila Ross, 6G.

A
Splash,
dash-
ing
down;
drown-
ing

the
dust.
The heart melts
the ice-ache.

A
Swell,
'whelm-
ing
realms
dwell-
ing

in
you.
A tear-drop
of joy.



Hilary Birse, 5S.

CONFESSIONAL

It takes effort to see one's English teacher as a "father" figure, but there has been no lack of enthusiasm on the part of the class.

It all began when an eminent Edinburgh psychiatrist had a theory. In theory, theories are not dangerous, and theories in theory may not be dangerous, but theories in practice which are dynamic in theory are dynamite. This learned medical man felt that we schoolchildren should be free to discuss our problems with our teachers and be given strength and comfort. The plan was adopted and the English staff chosen, as they would be the most lucid in reply.

Our teacher's eyes glazed over and she fixed her eyes on some unspecified, far-off point, obviously suffering. To begin with, we didn't want to discuss our problems with her, but if no English was forthcoming, Problems there must be.

We chose a volunteer to begin. She was small, inoffensive, and easily coerced, and began with great vigour by leaping to her feet and choking, "I've got a problem!" She then sat down.

Evelyn Home leaned forward maternally, encouragement forcing its way between her teeth. "Yes?" she breathed, but the volunteer could not be drawn. It was obviously my Christian duty to take over. I rolled a dry tongue over even drier lips.

"I . . . I," I began. The class rounded on me.

"Egoist!"

"Delusions of grandeur?"

My eyes closed. "I blush," I muttered, and blushed.

"Oh, that's perfectly . . .," began our counsellor, but I had been roused, and nothing could stay my inexorable speech.

"You don't know what it's like!" I cried, impassioned. "There are accusations of theft in this school, and who blushes? !! I look guilty. And this worries me. I lie awake at night."

My voice had dropped: I had the audience soft and malleable in my mouth. "I have a doctor. He is an Austrian Jew and he tells me not to worry. He tells me it is well for me that I should blush, not like the brazen modern miss. He tells me nice boys like a girl who blushed. He—", I realized that the class was reciting my speech with me. (I tend to broadcast my visits to the doctor, ever since that injection in the hip-hip-hooray!)

"Oi," moaned the class tragically in their best Austrian-Jewish accent.

"Any more questions?" leered our Friend, swaying backwards and forwards in her chair.

"Blackford Hill!" called out one notorious female. I blushed. But the effect on the Guide was electrifying.

"Now there's a problem that concerns us all," she began elatedly, while the class exchanged incredulous glances, "but you remember, girls, that 1970 was Conservation Year, and and so we can take heart that . . ."

Obviously the moment had come for a diversion of Lady Macbeth-like strategy, and even although with the last confession

our store had been almost exhausted, one brave soul leapt to her feet.

"What time do you think I should come home?" she demanded. "I have to be in by half-past seven!"

Modern Woman tst-tsted at her feet, still swaying, back parallel to the floor. "I do think that is a little early," she admitted. "One tends to have no social life when one must be home so early." She sighed deeply, for no apparent reason. "Perhaps I could have a word with your parents and try to persuade them . . ."

I, in a fit of philanthropism, saved her. Our little friend had to be home by 7.30 a.m.

Suddenly we began to give vent to our feelings for the staff.

"Pure tyranny, that's what I call it!"

"Positively piles on the prep!" (Alliteration.)

"Makes us tie our hair back!"

"I am not free to discuss my colleagues," she called out fairly, pawing weakly at the air.

We tried religion after that since many of our members are Zen Buddhists and Free Thinkers, but she was obviously a Christian, as she kept moaning, "Oh God!" and raising her hands in supplication to Heaven.

We moved on to the moral issues in the school: as to whether it was right to beat up the 1st Year as they came from all the new classes that we never had; as to whether it was right to play pig-in-the-middle with bottles of acid in the science labs; as to whether it was right to pull away

the trampette when people were jumping up and down on it.

Suddenly she shot from her seat and fled down the corridor, her hands over her ears.

"Where are you going?" we called.

The reply came wafting up the passage. "To see a psychiatrist!"

I consider it extremely unsporting of her, as a communal effort was just taking shape. However, it was a valuable experience, and it would be greatly appreciated if a second attempt were made, preferably with the French staff. Problems sound so much more fascinating in French.

"Chère Prof, je rougis. . . ."

Olga W. M. Wojtas, 5W.

THE MOUNTAIN GOAT

The oily river slinks through the gorge, still showing the brown of the peat left behind. Nearer the source, the pine trees cling together, bearing the signs of the wind's strong breath. Still nearer the source, the waterfall tumbles, cleaving its way through the age-old granite. At the source, in the heath-fringed crags, where the spring first bursts through the crust of the earth, we find ourselves at the home of our hero. Like the river he leaps from height to depths, like the waterfall he tumbles over stones and rocks. He enjoys his life and happily he lives in his mountain surroundings, the lonely mountain goat.

Elizabeth Allan, 2R

HER CAVE

This was Lady Charlotte's cave. Now there is only a mass of rubble where there was a chair and bed, a rubbish heap where there was a fireplace. When I was young I could stand here and pretend I was The Lady, taking refuge in the hills. I would look down and see the river winding its way through the valley, sometimes in rushing torrents and sometimes just ambling along past the ruins of the cathedral. The squirrels would natter in the trees and a stag stand proudly in the distance. There would be a thin whiff of smoke, wafted by the breeze through the firs, slinking out of a fissure on the cave roof.

Now this is all broken. A McEwan's Export lies grinning at me from the depths of a dark, murky corner. A Marvel tin stands crooked by the entrance and the floor is a mat of paper, dirty and smelly. But time has not changed the stream, as yet. The crystal clear water still slithers over the moss-covered stones and rounded pebbles, glinting in the shafts of sunlight.

Bending my head, I stoop out under the cave door to be met by the crispness of the air on my face and it feels good and pure—but for how long?

Patricia Robertson, 4W.

THE FLAME OF LIFE

The flame leapt up
And glowed a brilliant red.
Do you ever stop to think
How like life that is?
Like a child when born
Growing, growing,
Leaping and dancing
In its prime.

It dies.
Growing weaker and weaker
With the passing of time.
The pity is
We cannot live forever
But maybe that is just as well
To be like the flame
Living, dying and rising again.

Susan Frame, P7(1).

THE SEA

Endlessly pounding
Ebbing and flowing
Ceaselessly sounding
Merciless drowning.
Shallow and depthless
Mirror of calmness
Stormy and endless
Tracherous plunder.
Foaming and spraying
Crashing and thunder
Secretly displaying
Beauty and wonder.
Waves everlasting
Ebbing and flowing
Peace and serenity
Returning and going.

Susan Hay, 4R.

LONGING

I walk along familiar streets
In silence and alone;
The footsteps fall with rhythmic beats,
One step, one paving stone
And yet whichever way I go
I walk with you, it seems;
Until at times I hardly know
Which world is real, which dreams.
There are now flowers beneath my feet,
And hills that soar above,
All soaked with tears that run to meet
The seas of wounded love.
And there I see the distant sands
Beside some splendid shore
Where you are holding out your hands—
And we're apart no more.

Morag Walgate, 2W.

WHEN I WAS ILL



When I was ill,
I was ill,
But when I wasn't,
I wasn't,
So when I am
And when I am not
I still don't mind as long as,
I have my mummy.

Andrea Crawford, P4(2).

MY WISH

I wish I'd a fish
That could swim in a dish,
A fish that could jump in the air,
Of a fish that could sleep
And wake up with a leap
I'd always take very good care
Of a fish
Like this.

Valerie Stainton, P3 (1).

HAPPINESS

It was six o'clock so I stepped into the car and sat down beside Dad. He started the engine and the car sped away with a grinding of stiff gears. The angry rain lashed down against the windows and mud spurted onto the newly cleaned white car. It was not a long journey and we soon arrived at the cottage where a lady in a green crinkling raincoat met us. The rain was easing off as we walked down the garden path to the wooden hutch. Mrs Oldeham opened the door and there lay Smokey cuddled up beside his big grey mother cat receiving all the heat from her furry body. A watery sun shone into the hutch and Smokey opened his big, yellow eyes. Mrs Oldeham picked up the tiny squirming body and laid him on the palm of her hand. I stroked his soft, grey fur and felt him shiver with fear and cold. She passed him over to me and, as I held him, he crawled onto the furry lining of my anorak and snuggled into it. Carrying him back to the car, I could see how handsome he was with soft grey fur lining his back and a white waistcoat and paws. I was even happier when, in the car, he laid his small head on my knees and fell asleep, purring like an engine.

Sylvia Lorimer, P7(2).

THE PRAYER OF THE COWS on entering the Ark

Oh Father give us water to drink,
And please don't let us ever sink,
Oh give us lots of grass to eat,
Just for a very special treat.

Enid Armstrong, P3(2).

BLOCKADE

(In Leningrad there is a cemetery in which are buried the soldiers and civilians who died during the blockade. The story is told with pictures and exhibits in two small museums. On display is part of the diary of a ten-year old girl, Tanya, who had to watch as her whole family died from hunger or from cold. It ends: "Today Mama died. And Tanya is left alone".)

Today was three days before New Year.
Long icicles decorated my window,
And garlanded the fir trees
In the dawn that lit the candles in the
snowflakes,

And painted the sky.
Today my brother, Zhenya, died.

Today, my babushka died.
She will tell me no more fairy-tales,
About the kind, grey wolf,
And the Fire-bird
With a tail that flows like flames of burning
houses,

And eyes as bright as tears.
Nor stories I was not supposed to hear
About a gentle prince of peace and love.

Vasya and Lesha, my uncles, have died
now, too,
In the cold and hungry streets of war,
And winter drifts so slowly into spring.

At last today the sky was blue, and sharp
as crystal
And a snow-drop bowed its head under
the weight of the world,

But the snow was as white as her face
And the light on the river-ice laughed,
As her eyes laughed so long ago . . .
And I cried.

For today Mama died.

And Tanya is left alone.

Elaine Miller, 6W.

OWL

He sat there, blinking his buttercup eyes,
And nodding

Lazily, he shook one almond wing,
And surveyed the landscape
'So beautiful', he thought—himself or the
landscape?

He with his smooth, petal-like breast.

His colour, like a brown chryanthemum,
Tinged with honeysuckle.

Stalky, tree-stump legs,
Roots like winter-holly,
And the stamen-seeming beak,
Curved, like a brown leaf.

'An owl' you say?

Susan Hendrie, 5W.

Owl illustration by Seonaide McGlynn, 5S.

When you creep by a ruined church
Or graveyard, spiked with pale, cold heads;
Remember how you laughed and joked
At ghoulish stories of the dead;
A bony hand of twigs and fear
Beckons you to follow;
A hooded skull creeps from its grave,
You will not laugh tomorrow;
If you are sitting all alone
Just take a look behind you,
You may have thought it all a joke,
Don't move! What's that beside you?

Wendy Stewart, 4W.



To the instructors, especially Bob Shaw, our group leader, Benmore is:
 Downed double bunks in dormitories things that go bump in the night (B. McM.) lights out at eleven, rise and shine at seven. It's all go . . . go girls . . . (quote from our stuttering Bob)
 two and a half miles to the Coylett (very inconvenient)
 breakfast for a family of fifty and a bright idea to make tea sans tea-pot (A. R. at camp)
 Orienteering, hill-walking, following a compass or rather, the person in front.
 odd socks and blisters (F. McL.)
 these boots weren't made for walking
 "Don't play volleyball with people when you've midges to hit."
 . . . there will be time and yet more time . . . to scratch.
 climbing with ropes, belays, karabiners
 abseiling is the second quickest way down—
 (A.—B1)—took the quickest!
 Meanwhile back at the loch (with kayaks and paddles)
 "ready about leo . . . or was it lee ho? . . . give way to the superior boat—collision in the middle of the Holy Loch
 Speed trials and swimming tests (at 10 o'clock at night)
 And here is an announcement "Gold fish pond is now out of bounds"
 (Think about it L.A.!)
 But with Bodies littering the campsite sunbathing;
 guitars, mouth organs and folk singing;
 a candlelight, torchlight dance after love laughter and sunshine
 . . . it was a sad journey home.

Leslie Archibald, Allison Blacklaws, Brenda McMullen, Fiona McLean and Anne Robertson—6th Year.

REMINDERS . . .

"Good morning students. It is now 7.15."
 Schools of dolphins among white-crested waves,
 Sea—sapphire blue, honey—coloured sand,
 Poinsettias cascading tongues of flame,
 Colourful clothes of dark children playing on beaches
 (Think of hot sand, huge waves and the advert for 'Bounty')
 Yet living in the squalor of shanty towns
 Women washing their clothes in the river
 Dire poverty siding with great wealth.
 Unforgettable sound of the calypso and steel band,
 Rain forest, tall, tall trees
 Like an everlasting greenhouse,
 Unemployment, obvious at street corners,
 At times hostility towards the whites
 At times the warmth of their friendship.
 Friends now lost and distant.

6th Form Cruisers.

SILENCE

The silence hung in the room, as a heavy mantle
 Draping everything.
 I did not move, for fear it would break,
 and I
 Would be plunged into the noise and Chatter and bustle
 Of the everyday world, once more.
 But even as I thought, a tiny mouse,
 Brown, like an old penny,
 Scuttled its frightened way across the floor,
 And I lost my silence.

Anne White, 3S.

TRANSLATE TO RELATE:—

translations from various languages, all on the theme of — YOU

First and last stanzas translated from Russian by Elaine Miller and Kay Crawford.

Du gingst fort. Du wirst fortgehen immer.
 Wenn der Tag graue Tauben ans Herz nimmt.

Und die Dämmerung ihr Tuch übet uns wirft.

Du gingst fort. Schwarz wurde das Blau
 in den Floten des Enzian.

Die Nacht kommt mit gefarbten Haaren
 und dem Geruch von Mandelkern
 Mond steht in dem von Minze parfümierten Stoppeln.

Triste, et le jour pour moi sera comme la nuit

Je marcherai, les yeux fixés sur mes pensées,
 Sans rien voir au dehors.

Demain, dès l'aube, je partirai.
 Vois-tu, je sais que tu m'attends.

Is tu dh'fhag silteach mo shuil.
 Faicinn t'fhearainn gun surd,
 Is do bhaile gun smuid
 Fo charraig nan sugh
 Dheagh Mhic Chaluim nan tur
 A Ratharsa.

Chaidh tonn baite ort;
 Craobh a b'aird de'n
 Abhall thu.

Fay Lorimer, 6G: German.
 Jill Hood, 6W, Heather Malcolm, 6G French.

Catriona Jones, 6R: Gaelic.

Your peaceful gaze like a fallow deer,
 And all that I love so tenderly in it,
 I have not yet forgotten in my sorrow,
 Although your image is now vague, misty
 in my mind.

You went away. You will always go away
 When the day takes grey doves to his heart
 And the dust casts her shadows over us.

You went away. Blue was transformed into
 black
 in the gentian's trumpet.

Night comes with tinted hair, the scent of
 almonds
 Moon gleams on mint-perfumed stubble.

I am overcome with sadness, and for me
 The day is as the night.
 With my eyes focused on my thoughts,
 I shall walk—
 Indifferent.

Tomorrow at first light, I shall leave.
 Don't you see, I know that you are waiting
 for me.

I am left here weeping
 Your land is neglected,
 Your homestead is empty
 By the side of the sea-cliffs.
 Fine son of Calum:
 True son of Raasay.

The sea-waves drowned you.
 You were the choicest tree in the orchard.

But the day will come when even grief
 will fail,
 And the dream of remembrance fade into
 the blue,
 Where this is no hope, joy, or suffering,
 Only distance, where all is forgotten.

Edinburgh School's Citizenship Association

E.S.C.A. has held a series of highly interesting meetings this year, including a very successful talk on Russia given by Mr Milne, a heated discussion about charities and their role in society, and a musical evening where members were invited to take part. In addition to this, as last year was the twenty-fifth anniversary of the United Nations, to which E.S.C.A. are affiliated, a service was held in Edinburgh Castle, and the ideals and aims of the U.N. were reaffirmed.

During the eventful year, Miss J. McIntyre has given invaluable assistance and we should like to thank her for her support. Finally, we hope that next year's members will enjoy E.S.C.A. as much as we have.

Pamela Carter, 6R.
Elisabeth Wilkie, 6R.

MUSIC SOCIETY REPORT

Attendance at meetings this session has been rather disappointing with only a handful of the faithful at some of them. However, the meetings themselves, many of which were joint meetings with George Heriot's School, have been of a very interesting and varied nature, ranging from a madrigal evening to an Electric concert. We have also enjoyed an Organ Recital by Mr Sommerville, a lecture on the history of the guitar given by Mrs Anne Macaulay, and a Desert Island Discs night at which Mr Dall's choice of records combined with his anecdotes proved very enjoyable.

We still have two outings to look forward to later in the year; one to a performance of the St. John Passion and the other to the Army School of Piping.

The President and committee would like to thank those members who have supported them throughout the year and hope that the new session will see a few more added to their ranks.

Jennifer Malcolm, 6S.

PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY

The Photographic Society was founded this session thanks to its President, Fiona Riddoch, and her persistence and ability to overcome all obstacles. We have held a few successful meetings and an interesting photograph display. Sheena Kinghorn, 4W, won our vote for the best photograph entered and it is illustrated opposite. The help of Mr McKenzie and Miss Koster throughout this first session has been indispensable.

We also give our sincere thanks to the Royal High School in their patient help.

We now have a dark room, camera and a good number of enthusiasts and we wish the Society and next year's committee the enthusiasm we had this year.

Diane Campbell, 6S.

CHOIR AND ORCHESTRA REPORT

This session has been a very enjoyable one for the choir and orchestra, and we have sung and played a lot of exciting music.

Unfortunately, the Second Orchestra has had to be disbanded as it was impossible to find a free evening when it could meet.

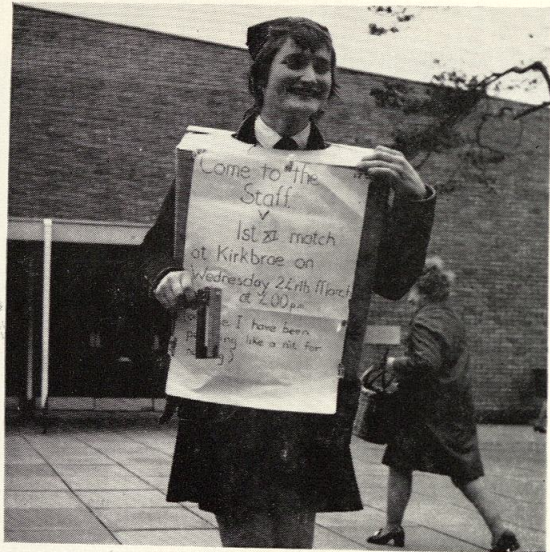
In the Autumn term, a group from the choir were very proud to sing at the celebration of the 25th anniversary of the United Nations in the Banqueting Hall of the Castle in the presence of the Secretary of State for Scotland and several civic dignitaries.

The choir sang the anthem "Praise, my soul, the King of Heaven" by Norman Gilbert at the Founder's Day service.

At a concert in the School hall in March, the orchestral items included "Festive Overture" by Kenneth Leighton and "Pictures from an Exhibition" by Mussorgsky, and the choir sang "Lullaby" by Robert Long and some lively songs by Kodaly. The programme also included a wind Divertimento by Mozart and solos



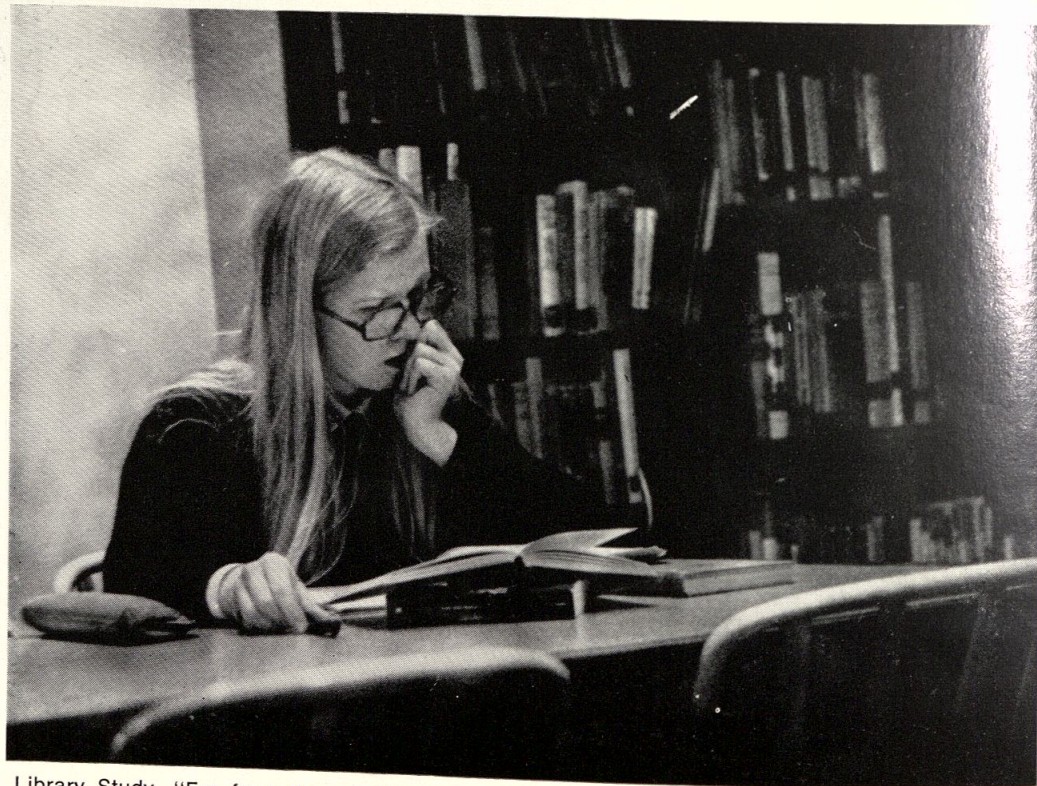
This photograph by Sheena Kinghorn, 4W was considered the best submitted for display by a Photographic Society Member.



Our efficient Games Captain Jan Lawrie advertising the Staff v. Pupils Hockey Match.



Gillian Hood, our School Captain, and Morag McLeish, our Vice-Captain.



Library Study, "Far from the madding crowd".

Vivienne Stirling.

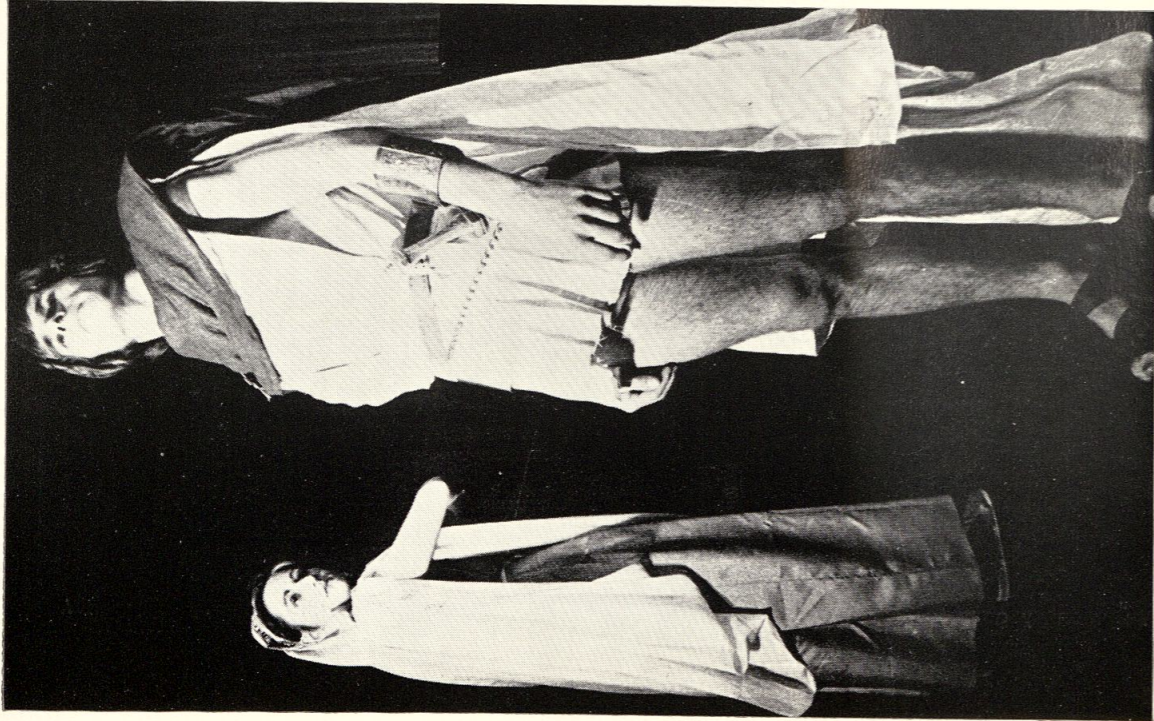


"Wee monkey goes to school".

Photograph by Christine Thomson, 6W.



Hannah P. Rodgers as Cleopatra.



Mary Thomson as Octavia and Charles Nowosielski as Antony.

Photographs by Stuart Leonard and Martin Hogan of George Heriot's School.

played by Jennifer Malcolm (trumpet) and Fiona Ross (French horn).

The choir and orchestra also performed in St Giles one Sunday evening, the programme including the "Music for the Royal Fireworks" by Handel and three of the "Choral Hymns from the Rig Veda" by Holst.

We should like to thank Mr Sommerville for choosing such varied music for us to play and sing and for giving up so much of his time to rehearse with us.

Barbara Townhill, 6S.

THE LITERARY AND DRAMATIC SOCIETY

This session has been a year of new talent, good production and fascinating debates. We did, of course, start with the Inter-House Debate and our adjudicators, Miss Cameron and Miss Kyle, decided on Warrender as the winners. Our members have debated with the Royal High School and George Heriot's, and the School Debating team, Hannah Rodgers and Mary Thomson, came a close second in the semi-final of the English Speaking Union's Debating Competition.

The talent was seen early in the session when we had a joint play-reading of Dylan Thomas's "Under Milkwood" with Heriot's. A large audience enjoyed accents ranging from Welsh and Irish to Pakistani! After that came the Poetry Evening, with people from 3rd to 6th year reading and singing their own work. The committee held a limerick competition for staff and pupils. This caused much amusement!

On returning from singing at Coran,
Majestic wi' kilt and wi' sporan,
Iona wi' clarsach cried "Death to the
Sassenach!"

An' scared the wits oot o' Miss Warren!
(Winning Limerick of Competition.)

The Music Society participated with the Lit in giving one of the funniest and varied Christmas shows ever presented. Jill McLennan, with her first year urchins, sang Nancy in colourful excerpts from "Oliver"

and was responsible for the production. Olga Wotjas and Isobel Lowe wrote and acted in the curtain raiser "Star Wreck", and between items there were sketches, music and poetry recitals that added balance to the evening. Heriot's were our hosts at our 16th Burns' Supper. It was a pleasant evening, high-lighted by dancing in the Mysterious Quad! Junior Night took the form of a Victorian melodrama called "Murder in The Red Barn". Our congratulations to Rosabelle Michaelson, the producer, and her cast, on achieving one of the Lit's highest standards of entertainment. After that we came to the end of our official programme with the traditional Inter-House Drama competition. This ambitious group of plays was given a detailed and very helpful adjudication by Miss Ida Watt. Miss Watt declared Spylaw's play "As Good As New", produced by Diane Campbell, to be the winner.

It is to Miss Kyle, who fortunately returns to help us, that we owe the most gratitude. The committee would like to thank members for their energy and loyalty, the janitors and lighting crew for their invaluable assistance, and the society, I know, would thank Miss Dickinson, Mrs Brotherton, and especially Miss Iona Cameron, for their support throughout the year. Our good wishes to next year's committee.

Hannah P. Rodgers, 6W.

THE LIBRARY

It is difficult to imagine how much work has been entailed in expanding the library to its present size, but the results are obvious. An ever-increasing selection of books is being made available and all interests are being catered for. Mrs McIver has been invaluable in choosing and displaying the varied selection of books. The Sixth Year is especially grateful for her willingness to help with research for projects and dissertations.

TALKING LIT SHOW BLUES

Well it was getting on for the end of term
and the weather was cold, you know it
wasn't warm,
So we thought we'd get up some Christmas
cheer
But when we called for helpers there was
no-one near
We had chairs
tables
desks
lots of paper
but no girls.
So we rounded up some cats and we went
on our way
and ran around the school 'n' kept
shouting "Hey!
You gotta find some time for the
Christmas show,"
But everyone we asked, they just
answered 'no'
We had homework
prelims
boyfriends
'flu
but no time.
Well exams came and went and it still
wasn't done
so we hit the road again and we hollered
some,
We hustled and we bustled and we rushed
about a lot
and then we began to strike it hot
We had sketches
plays
folk-songs
musicals
but no props.
So we rounded up some staff and they
set us straight
and they made us get a move on, it was
getting late,
But even when we'd done that we were
still in a stew
we had to find the time to find a lighting
crew
We had managers
stage crew
prop-men
performers
—but no power.

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But we made it to the day and we started
on time
and the people that we saw said it was
going fine,
And we had no disasters, you know no-
one had died
and when it was over, well we almost cried
We'd been rushing
pushing
laughing
acting
we'd had fun.

R. Wilma Alexander, 5W.

A large, red dog
who, several years ago
had been a small orange puppy
is looking at me
with large brown eyes.

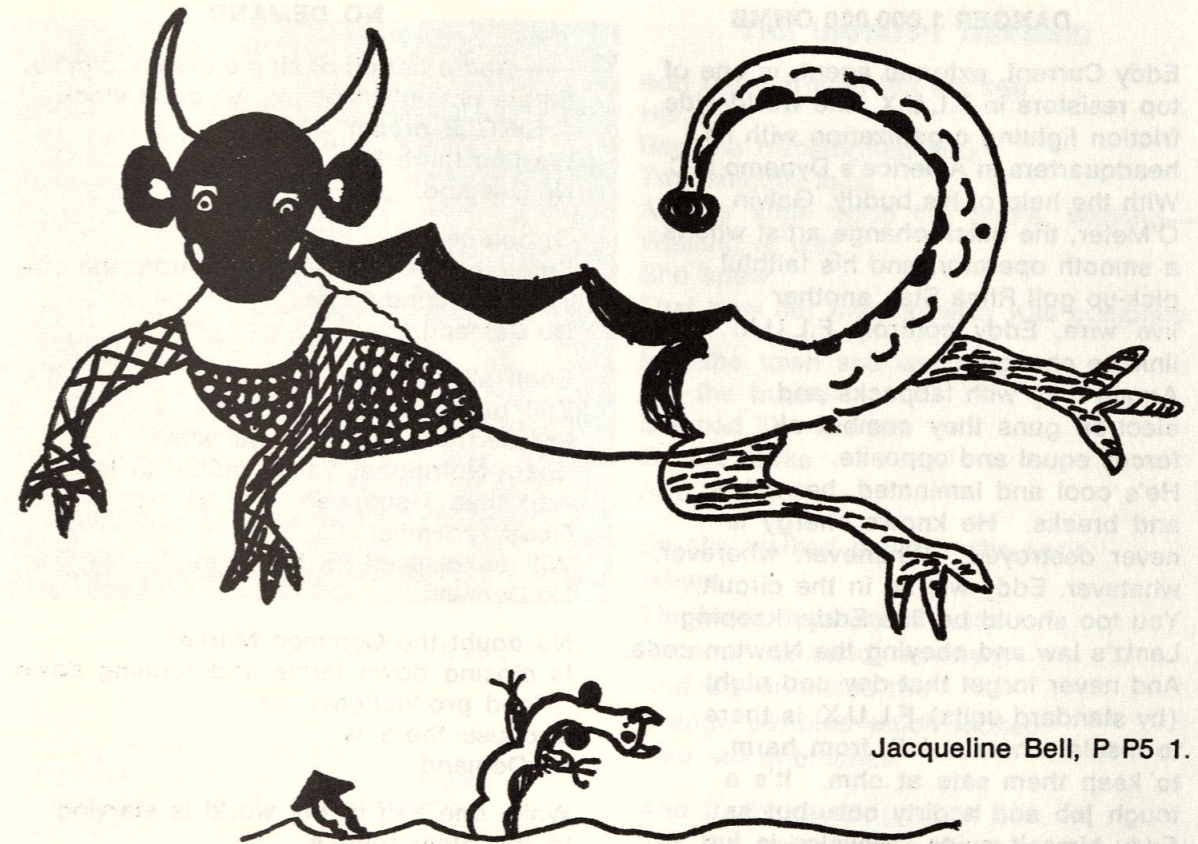
he is running thru the long grass
as the wind feathers his tail
and the children are running after him

the children: small, red-cheeked
sparkling eyes and sun-bleached hair
who know that he
is more than just a red dog.

he is sun and red light
wind and all swiftness
he is laughter in rain
and hundreds and thousands
on small pink cakes
he is birth in springtime
and death in winter.

but I watch in sadness
knowing that when the summer comes
they will go to the sea
to return in autumn
to find all things changed
the big red dog
is a pet called rufus
and then only I shall know

R. Wilma Alexander, 5W.



Jacqueline Bell, P P5 1.

COWOSAURUS

Cowosaurus has the head of a cow and
the body of a dinosaur. His chief food is
oak trees and anything made of steel. He
lives in a cave up Ben Nevis and his best
friend is the Loch Ness Monster.

Lesley Bryce, P5.

ME

I'm a good wee girl and wear my brown
hair in two plaits. I am eight years old.
My eyes are hazel and my hair looks ginger
when the sun shines.

Kirstin Moore, P3 1.

I went from the school to see the worc
men they war in the hut they war not
worcng a toll.

Sharon Robertson, P1 2.

My Daddy smocs a sugar and my mummy
dus not like the smell of it and my daddy
is a cimpyootr man.

Gillian C. P1 1.

If the roads are all bumpy and if the
roads have holles in them the cars will go
bumpily bump, bumpily bump across the
road. Then when the work men see the
holles they fixe all the roads then all the
roads will be nice and flat.

Catherine Hamilton, P2 2.

The school doctor comes tow schools he
takes Jags. A lady wais you and texts
your eyes. Anatur laidy came round look-
ing at all the little girls teath for a tooth
brush and tooth paist.

Katherine Marshall, P2 2.

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DANGER 1,000,000 OHMS

Eddy Current, external agent, is one of top resistors in F.L.U.X., the world-wide friction fighting organization with its headquarters in America's Dynamo D.C. With the help of his buddy, Galvin O'Meter, the quick change artist who is a smooth operator, and his faithful pick-up goil Rhea Stat, another live wire, Eddy controls F.L.U.X. linkage change.

Armed only with labpacks and electron guns they combat all forces equal and opposite. He's cool and laminated, he makes and breaks. He knows energy is never destroyed. Whenever, wherever, whatever, Eddy will be in the circuit. You too should be like Eddy, keeping Lentz's law and obeying the Newton code. And never forget that day and night (by standard units) F.L.U.X. is there to insulate honest folk from harm, to keep them safe at ohm. It's a tough job and a dirty one, but as Eddy himself quips, "Physics is fun."

Rosabel Michaelson, 4.S.

CANDLELIGHT

Candlelight
Flickers, glows
Candlelight
Shadows and silhouettes
Beautiful, gleaming spears of gold
Honey patterns on your face
Tangles of silver in your hair
Diamonds in your eyes . . .
Candlelight.

Suzanne Whitaker, 2W.

NO DEMAND

—And a carton of single cream, please
Single cream? Madam, we don't stock
SINGLE cream
We find there is
No Demand.

Of course
Single cream comes straight from the cow
There's bound to be
No Demand.

Soon all our food
Will be soya bean extract
Pressed into moulds and with
'Extra Nutritional Value' added to taste
And then I suppose
Good red meat
Will be classed as being in
No Demand.

No doubt the Common Market
Is closing down farms and running down
food production
Because there is
No Demand.

While one half of the world is starving
In the other there's
No Demand.

Fiona Scott-Barrett, Form 4G.

NEW SONGS FOR OLD

I've got 2½ pence
Jolly, jolly 2½ pence
I've got 2½ pence
To last me all my life
I've point 83 repeated to spend
And point 83 repeated to lend
And point 83 repeated to send home to
my wife.

Elizabeth Brockie, Form 4S.



Moira Innes, 2 9.

MOTHS

In my brightly-lit room,
Against the black night outside,
I see moths on the window pane,
Luminous-eyed.

By glare mesmerised,
To left and to right,
They hover and flutter,
To make for the light.

I put off the light,
And when I switch on,
I look at the window,
And see — all are gone!

Colette Fulton, 2R.

ODE TO AN EAGLE

Oh, to be like the eagle great,
No cause for love, no cause for hate,
No ties to ever hold him down,
Eternity without a frown.

Katy Stewart, P7 1.

THE UNHAPPY MERMAID

And the mermaid left the sea . . .
Her tail
Became transformed into
Two smooth legs.
As she stole upon the shore, walking—
Walking at last
She knew
That now her lifelong wish was complete.

Into the town she walked
But the bustle
Seemed like the sea
On the rocks
And she left.

So she walked down to the park
Where,

The huge expanse of grass
Became the sandy sea-bed.
And she caressed the
Orange pebbles which looked
Like sea-anemones.

And in the rustling wood she sat
But the twigs which brushed her cheek
Were of coral—
Soft and spongy
Calling her home.
The rusted leaves reminded her
Of her friends—
The sea-horses and starfish and
Slimy eels.

And the little stream
Sparkled
And glistened
Like the tail
She once had had but
Had now lost—
For ever.

Suzanne Whitaker, 2W.

AFTERMATH

Aroused too early by a well-meaning cup of tea and ironic sleeping tablet, I watched the nurses lift the great, dusty blinds to admit the cold, strained light on the cold, strained faces. Why did they have to put me, aged twelve, in a ward full of old people, some hopeless and sad, others noisy and argumentative, but all old?

It was rather ironic really that, on the day of the accident I was being sent to my grandmother's to avoid being left alone in the house, where harm could come to me. In brief, I was crossing a vast and busy road when I made the mistake of trying to run across in front of a car, instead of waiting. I heard a great noise on my leg, but I didn't feel anything except that I seemed to be in an air of rushing darkness while my life story turned in my head. And all I could say to myself, with a kind of flippancy, was, "You great twit, you're dead," because I saw what a ghastly joke life and death are part of.

But I was by no means dead when I awoke on the road with pains screaming everywhere and people in a suffocating crowd. The fact that my teeth were broken worried me more than my broken leg. Vanity! I am glad to have forgotten now the horror of that pain and the disbelief that at last it had "happened to me". I had even forgotten then, lying in the great gloom of the ward, the edge of the pain.

A nurse came bobbing in with the mail: a letter or two for me. I was pleased. I opened one and found a card from my worst enemy; and I don't mean a friend I had fallen out with I mean my enemy, the very enemy of my soul, who every day sought to destroy me, with petty insults and nagging persecution. She said "I never realised how much I liked you till this happened." I was so astonished with joy and relief that I stopped reading. I even

told the old dear in the next bed: "I've just had a get-well card from my worst enemy!", and she smiled into wrinkles and continued her infinite knitting.

I lay in thought as the nursing auxiliaries came in. Around me the hospital smell was intensified as they made their rounds of the dingy wards that were green and yellow and bilious. I thought now of the driver: how would I like a great thumping girl to plummet across the road directly in front of my car? I was full of admiration and sympathy for him, and amazement that I was, in fact, alive.

I also thought about the strangeness of events when they set my leg. I was wheeled into the setting room and they said they had to wait for the Professor who was to perform the operation. Meanwhile they gave me an injection in my wrist. As I lay I shut my eyes, not feeling at all tired. I just closed them voluntarily and opened them a second later, and saw the Professor. To my bewilderment, I was wheeled out, protesting, while nurses sat on me (metaphorically speaking). When returned to my bed, I asked "When are they doing it, then?"

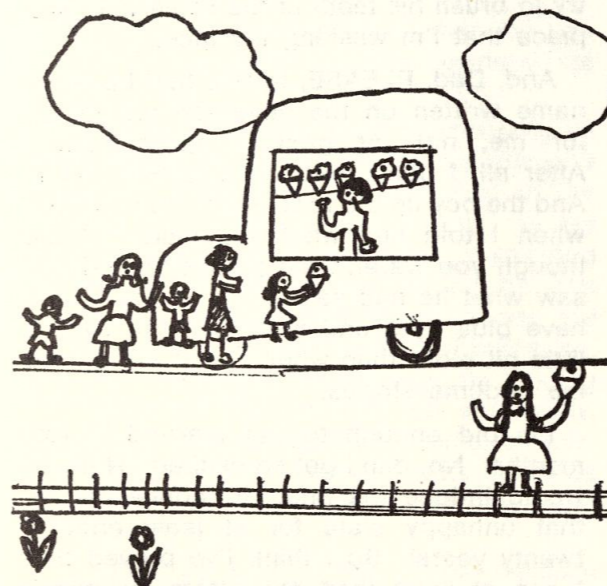
"My dear," she replied, "it's been done."

It certainly had. The great, wet, heavy plaster weighed on my right leg. But I couldn't believe it, although I knew how others would explain it.

On a Monday, I believe, I left the hospital on crutches and returned home by taxi with my mother. I was a little different—in fact, very different—after these experiences and their resulting meditations. My worst enemy liked me, God was in his Heaven, and I was in bed.

Isobel Lowe, 5W.

ICE CREAM



I really do like ice cream
All kinds like peach and cherry
Tasty Fruity Caramel
Chocolate and Strawberry.

But Mummy says on special days
When I'm dressed up in frills
That I must choose vanilla
Just in case of spills.

Mhairi Sumner, P5 2.

THE PROF. AND THE "THING"

There was a mad Prof. from Berling,
Who had just invented a "thing"
When they asked, "Does it work?"
He said, "Fights like a Turk!"
And fell dead at a clonk from its wing.

Amanda Brett, P4 2.

DARKNESS

A creak in the floorboards
My heart thumps faster
The twelve o'clock chime
And here comes the master.

His dark black cloak
Swings round as he walks
All through the house
When nobody talks.

A creak in the floorboards
My heart weighs a ton
Then I realise he's gone
For daylight has come.

Fiona Simpson, P6 1.

THE MARMALADE CAT

A sleepy cat along the road
Sits basking in the sun
"Oh, cat! Oh, cat! Oh, come along
Come on and have some fun."

"Oh, no!" said the cat, then with a yawn
He settled back to sleep
"I'm made for dreams, you're made for fun
That fun you have, you keep."

Norma Haig, P6 1.

FARMYARD THUNDERSTORM

There goes a chimney,
There goes the dustbin,
And thousands of leaves coming fluttering
down,
"Mew," goes pussy from under a bed,
"Woof," goes the dog from the wood pile
shed,
"Moo," goes Daisy and the manger creaks
"Cluck," go the chickens as they watch
the lightning streaks.

Katherine Kirkland, P6 2.

OPEN LETTER

Dear Parents,

I have noticed recently that there is some unfairness in our treatment of each other and I, as a future enfranchised citizen of the world, would like to air my grievances.

Firstly, I would like to point out that though the Bible does say, "Honour thy Father and thy Mother," it also includes, "and parents, rouse not your children unto anger." I think the meaning is quite clear.

Secondly, I appreciate having a room to myself. I think it's good to have somewhere that belongs to me, a place where I can be private; but that's half the trouble—I'm not. I know that I should be understanding towards my brother, but when I was twelve I did my homework by myself. Yes, I'll help him when I've done my own work, but it won't improve my marks if I am constantly being interrupted. You see, the notice on my door means what it says: "LEAVE ME IN PEACE".

Still on the subject of my room, Mum, I'm sorry about the mess. But when you tidy it I can never find anything! If you'll just keep out of it — it only makes you annoyed to see it anyway. I promise I'll make my bed and do a general cleaning-up, every weekend. After all, though "foxes have holes and birds of the air have nests. . ." it doesn't say what state they keep them in, does it?

Still to you, Mum, about your passion for moving furniture round every week. Can you not restrict it to the other rooms of the house? It's terrible to come home from school, rush into my bedroom and fling myself down on the wardrobe. . . .

"Go to the ant, Thou sluggard, consider her ways, and be wise." All right, I take the hint; I'll get up for my breakfast during

the week—on condition that Scott doesn't try to brush his teeth at the same time and piece that I'm washing my face.

And, Dad, PLEASE, letters that have my name written on the envelope are meant for me, not for general entertainment. After all, I don't read the gas bills, do I? And the boy up the road wasn't too pleased when I told him what you said. (Even though **you** weren't too pleased when you saw what **he** had said. . . .) I maybe still have blue eyes and curly hair but I am a **little** bit older than when you used to read me bedtime stories.

I'm old enough to get married in two months! No, don't get so excited. Nothing would induce me into, or reduce me to, that unhappy state for at least another twenty years! So I think I've proved that I can at least read my letters by myself (and you might mention to Scott that that applies to my diary too).

What are we going to do about music practice? I simply can't practise the piano while Scott's playing his guitar and Dad's playing "March Tunes" by the Royal Scots Guards Brass Band. I'm sorry that you don't like my playing but I'm sure there must be some other way to avoid hearing it, and you can't expect me to improve if I don't have quietness to practise. Take David, for example, I guarantee that if he hadn't practised for simply ages in dead stillness he would have driven Saul crazy with his harp.

To sum up, what I would like to say is, "Finally, my brethren, let us love one another", and I'm sure that way we'll have a nice happy family.

Your loving daughter,
Elaine.

Elaine Anderson, 4W.

THE UPS AND DOWNS OF LIFE

It is an odd circumstance that the ups of life get me down and the downs of life buoy me up.

The first of my ups must of necessity be "getting up". At 7 a.m., five mornings a week, I think long hard thoughts of the man who invented alarm clocks, as my father, having been effectively awakened by his, proceeds to get me up by first switching on the light, which floods the cosily dark room with a blaze of brilliance. He then continues the struggle by tickling me under the chin, shaking me, and, lastly, if neither of these methods works, by talking so loudly that I cannot muffle his voice by hiding under the bedclothes, and have to open my eyes.

Another up which I feel I must mention is "washing up". In the interests of hygiene, crockery and cutlery must be washed, and after dinner on Saturday I see a mountain of dirty dishes piling up. Suddenly, as I struggle with greasy saucepans, I remember that I have promised to meet a friend. I murmur a hasty explanation to my father—sitting, incidentally, in the lounge—and dash out of the house. When I return, a stern mother informs me that I left the kitchen in a disgraceful mess and that it just won't do. Oh, the trials of washing up!

When it comes to the downs of life, however, what can be more pleasant than laying down the law to one's small brother? Every time the poor little soul ventures to contradict me, I say in my best elder-sister tones, "As I was saying, I learned that fact before you were born"—and so I continue until my elder sister comes and starts lecturing me, on, of all things, the undesirability of lecturing one's younger relatives.

Then there are the joys of settling down. My brother is safe in bed, my sister is out for the evening, my parents are engrossed

in a crossword competition, and I can settle down in front of the fire to indulge myself with home-made fudge and a good book, having a clear conscience that my homework is done, perhaps not well, but at least to the best of my ability.

Alison Fisher, Form 2R.

DECIMAL DAY

Brilliant, shining new coins marching out
in tens
Come to pay for eggs and cheese, houses,
prams and pens
Lighter than those old coins, more beautiful
by far
Used for buying anything, even that new
car.

Wearily the old coins tramp back home
again
All have paid for eggs and cheese, houses,
prams and pens
Some are sad and some are glad the old
are replaced by new
But please remember and don't forget
The old were new once too.

Ruth Halley, 2R.

Hands
long fingered
blue veined
light and free
as blown sands

In death
clasped together
fingers locked
small thumbs crossed
gone forever

Kristina Edwards, 5S.

HERE AND THERE

G.H.—“My speeches are all different, and they are all my own work too, if you will excuse that brief commercial.”

M.M.—“When you see fair hair be pitiful.”

A.D.—“A man's a man for a' that.”

H.P.R.—“What is the price of your voice?”

L. & F. S.—“The weird sisters.”

S.R.—“My stomach serves me instead of a clock.”

M.A.T.—“I don't think anything, I'm just making a point.”

L.A.—“I can't sing. As a singist I am not a success. I am saddest when I sing. So are those who hear me. They are sadder even than I.”

J.M.—“I have caught an everlasting cold.”

Y.S.—“I have nothing to declare except my genius.”

Staff—“And before you let the sun in, mind it wipes its shoes.”

“The greater the philosopher, the harder it is for him to answer the question of the average man.”

“Sweet is revenge especially to women.”

“In my hot youth when George the Third was King.”

“Retired to their tea and scandal according to their ancient custom.”

“I preach for ever, but I preach in vain.”

“In came a most peculiar figure.”

Projects.—The world is full of people; some willing to work and the rest willing to let them.

1st XI.—Now's the day and now's the hour see the front of battle lour.

2nd XI.—Life's little ironies.

1st Year.—“With just enough of learning to misquote.”

2nd Year.—“I have made noise enough in the world.”

3rd Year.—“One ear it heard, at the other out it went.”

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4th Year.—“Everyone is as God made him, and oftentimes a great deal worse.”

5th Year.—“Much talk, much foolishness.”

6th Year.—“Friends though present are still absent.”

Highers.—“Every drop of ink in my pen ran cold.”

Janitors.—“The nobler tenants of the flood.”

Swimming Pool.—“The green mantle of the standing pool.”

Choir.—“That which is not worth saying is sung.”

Lit.—

“But far more numerous was the herd of such
Who thinks too little, and who talks too much.”

C.S.Y.S.—“The march of the human mind is slow.”

Caricature is the tribute that mediocrity pays to genius.

FORMER PUPILS' ASSOCIATION

The Autumn Meeting was held in school on Friday, 6th November, when a performance of “School and Crossbones” by young present pupils was greatly enjoyed.

The 1971 Autumn Meeting will be held in school on Friday, 5th November. The Honorary Secretary is Mrs Paton, 29 Buckstone Crescent, Edinburgh, 10 (445 2891) and the School Representative is Miss Joan Cameron.

F.P. NOTES

Former Pupils have gained the following degrees:—

At Edinburgh University

M.B., Ch.B.—Wendy Froud, B.Sc., Deirdre Gilchrist, B.Sc.

B.Sc (Medical Sciences) with Honours—Anne Naysmith (Physiology), gaining the Dr. R. J. Maule Horne Prize.

B.Sc. with Honours.—Jennifer Horn (Physics).

B.Sc. (Social Sciences).—Frances Kelly.

M.A. with Honours.—Moira Scarlett (Economics and Economic History), Valerie Hoddinott and Christine Weilwood (French with German), Alison Pollock (Politics and Modern History), Janet Hutchison (English), Janet Walker (Russian with French).

M.A.—Christine Archibald, Janet Cawthorne, Pamela Johnston, Frances MacLeod (née Crowe), Marissa Petrie, Leslie Purdie.

B.Ed.—Morven Mitchell.

At the Heriot-Watt University

Ph.D.—Sheila Stevens (née MacKenzie), B.Sc.

B.Sc. with Honours—Carol Fiddler and Susan Duncan (Pharmacy), Susan Copland and Moira Duffy (Computer Science).

At Essex University

B.A. with Honours.—Pamela Ferns (Sociology), Rosalind Nicol (Latin-American Literature).

At Edinburgh College of Art

The Design and Crafts Diploma has been gained by Carolyn Wight.

Dorothy Halliday's third thriller “Dolly and the Doctor Bird” has added to her considerable reputation in this field; and Muriel Spark “at her incomparable best” is to be found in her latest novel “The Driver's Seat.”

MARRIAGES

Watt-Chalmers.—Andrew D. Watt to Kerry Chalmers.

Noble-Gunn.—John F. Noble to Rosemary A. M. Gunn.

Homer-Kelly.—Neville R. Homer to Joan Kelly.

Bullock-Kemp.—Warren A. Bullock to Christina M. Kemp.

Crook-Harley.—William Crook to Lorna Harley.

Anderson-Gillies.—Ronald Anderson to Fay Gillies.

Beringer-Gillies.—John Beringer to Sheila Gillies.

Langdon-Hardie.—Stanley Langdon to Joyce M. Hardie.

Shaw-McMartin.—Ian J. Shaw to Dorothy M. McMartin.

Chilton-Campbell.—Ronald M. L. Chilton to Jennifer K. Campbell.

Alexander-Keith.—Ian Alexander to Sheena Keith.

Salmon-Kyles.—William B. Salmon to Marion Kyles.

Ronde - Oustan - Haliburton. — Bernard Ronde-Oustan to Heather Halliburton.

Rayner-Williamson.—Vernon Rayner to Susan Williamson.

Duncan-Bleazard.—Alister N. Duncan to Diana Bleazard.

Naismith-Wilson.—Douglas G. Naismith to Alison G. M. Wilson.

Stuart-Cathels.—Paul Stuart to Rosemary Cathels.

Smith-Fisher.—Gordon L. Smith to Marian I. Fisher.

Sloss-Murphy.—John Sloss to Moira Murphy.

Warburton-Runnicles. — John D. Warburton to Marjorie Runnicles.

Saunders-Anderson. — Iain Saunders to Hilary Anderson.

Howson-Kelly. — Anthony Howson to Frances B. Kelly.

Spencer-Johnstone.—Donald Spencer to Isobel Johnstone.

Priest-Bryce.—Bernard Priest to Linda Bryce.

Henderson-Whyte.—William R. Henderson to Phyllis Whyte.

Lindsay-Young.—Patrick Lindsay to Hazel Young.

Hall-Drummond.—John Hall to Joyce M. Drummond.

Katsavras-Penman.—George Katsavras to Joyce Penman.