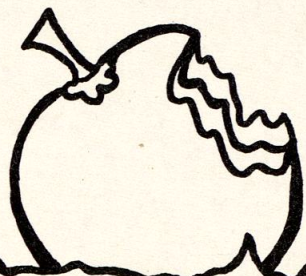


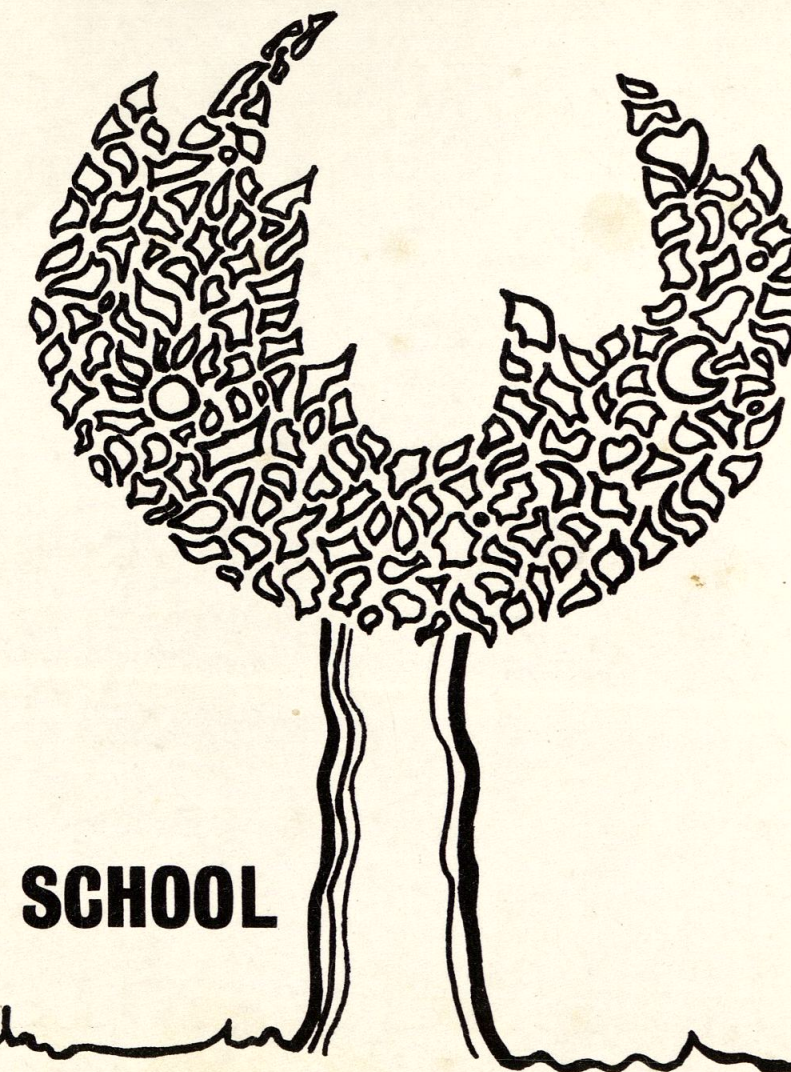
Edinburgh 1972

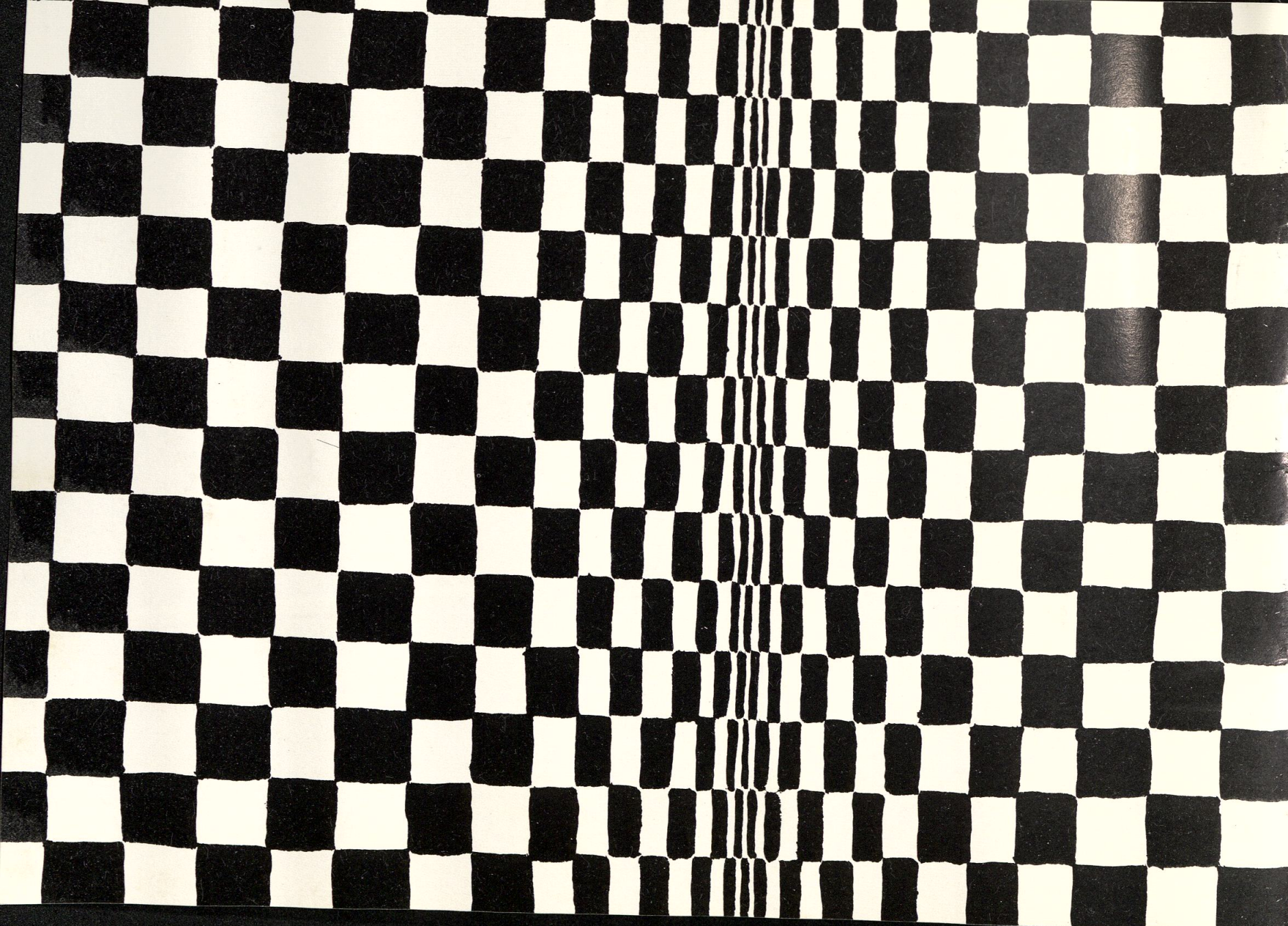


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JAMES GILLESPIE'S HIGH SCHOOL





EDITORIAL

It was at 3 a.m. one January morning that I decided to pin down the reason for my insomnia. After a few moments' reflection I realised it was because after five years of being pursued up and down stairs by enraged members of staff, I could now use any stairs I wished, provided I kept to the left. This confused me, besides taking a great deal of fun out of life. But it was yet another reminder that the school is constantly changing.

I can even now remember my first week here. The school was baffling not only to me, but to everyone, since the new secondary had just been built, and for weeks you found classes and teachers wandering disconsolately around looking for each other and a free classroom. However, this soon changed, and things haven't stopped changing since. Walls have fallen down, milk machines have been installed, hats have disappeared in the sands of time . . .

But by now, of course, my fellow-pupils are at my throat. "Rubbish", they are saying. "This school is Stagnant. Nothing ever changes. Up the Revolution." I don't expect anything else. For we too are changing. School is taking up most of our adolescent years, and, being one of the major influences in our lives, we feel compelled to decry it. And what use is that? I don't mean we should march round the corridors with placards saying: "My School—Right or Wrong" and "Gillespie's—Love It or Leave It", but if we must have a revolution, let's have a constructive one. Muttering in corners achieves nothing. So we rip our tights on the rough edges of the desks—but how many people bring along sandpaper to eradicate the problem? The very idea was laughed to scorn at a School Council meeting.

This school is a community in which we have more say than we will have in any other community. But what use do we make of our freedom? All our energy is expended on cries that we are ruthlessly oppressed and subjugated. Instead of wandering around in a cloud of gloom, let's see what improvements are in our power to make, and then get to work on them. Bearing in mind that the first improvements may have to be made in ourselves . . .

UP THE REVOLUTION!

Olga H. M. Wojtas, 6W.

STAFF NOTES

Primary Department

Miss E. B. Edwards retired in July, 1971.

Miss A. Mackenzie joined the staff in August, 1971.

Miss P. Perreur-Lloyd left on 30th April to take up an appointment in London.

Secondary Department

This year we record with regret the departure of two "pillars of the school". Mrs. MacDonald of the Commerce Staff left in May, 1971, to take up a new post on Islay, after having been on the staff here for twenty-one years. She was replaced in August by Miss Kay.

Miss Marr who, with remarkable stamina, instructed us in Maths and good manners for thirty-eight years, retired at the beginning of 1972. She was temporarily replaced by Mrs. Scott, and Mrs. Burns replaced her permanently in April.

Mrs. Findlay of the French Department left in June, 1971, and was replaced temporarily by Mrs. Hamilton until Miss Hainsworth arrived in January, 1972.

Due to illness, Mrs. Starling left the Physics Department and was replaced temporarily by Mr. Souter and Miss Dunbar.

Miss Kyle made a welcome return after a year's absence during which she was attending a course at Jordanhill.

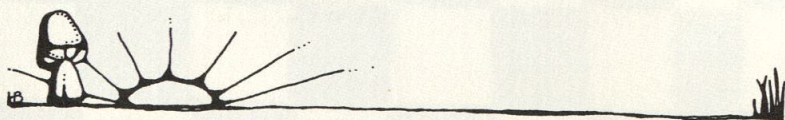
Mrs. Brotherton left us in November and was replaced by Mrs. MacQuistan (F.P. Carol Kidd).

Miss Paterson returned after the summer holidays as Mrs. Galloway.

Mrs. Bridgeford of the Office Staff left in July, and Mrs. Naismith arrived to take her place in August.

We extend our thanks, and good wishes for the future to all the members of staff who have left the school and welcome those who have newly joined us.

May we also say how much we have enjoyed hearing "language as she is spoke" by the assistants in the Modern Languages Department.



SCHOOL COUNCIL

This year the School Council Constitution was put into practice for the first time. Agenda and minutes have been printed before and after each meeting, thereby aiding the smooth running of the Council.

It was decided that for the morning services, the school should be divided: 1st and 2nd years—Monday, 3rd-6th years—Friday: in order that seating may be provided. This has proved to be successful and much appreciated.

Of the School Subscriptions we were given half (£100), the School Council has seen fit to use it for such purposes as:

- New Strips for the Games Club;
- Equipment for the Photographic Society;
- Books for the Scripture Union.

Less important matters have included—the approval of black tights as part of the school uniform, and the abolition of space clackers.

The latest matters considered have been—a prevision of the events held at Sports Day, and discussion as to the form of this year's end-of-term concert, due to the indisposition of the Usher Hall.

Miss McIver and Miss Ferguson have the Council's thanks for their invaluable assistance throughout the session.

We would also like to thank Susan Gunn, 6G, who has so willingly assisted us as the assistant secretary.

Christine Watson, 6R.

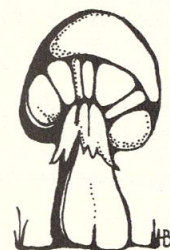
FOUNDER'S DAY

This year we were privileged to have as our speaker Professor B. T. Ruthven of Stirling University. The topic on which he chose to speak was "Youth of Today", a deceptively innocuous title finding us totally unprepared for a speech charged with humour and perception, which was discussed, at least in the 6th Form Common Room, with great enthusiasm for many days.

The School Captain, Christine Watson, proposed the vote of thanks, and Professor Ruthven was presented with the traditional snuff-box by Deirdre Moir of Primary I.

Dr. Small conducted the service, and we were proud to welcome as our chairman Sir James McKay, the Lord Provost.

SCHOOL NOTES



A title of "School Notes" would imply that the following notes are about what happened in school. On the contrary, they are more concerned with what happened *out* of school, and should perhaps be re-named "Non-School Notes". It appears that activities which involve an excursion away from school or which involve non-school type lessons have been most popular.

On various occasions throughout the school year, numerous girls from forms 4, 5, and 6 have paid visits to Lagganlia, Benmore, Paris and Innsbruck for periods of time ranging from a weekend to ten days. The departments involved with these trips were Geography, Biology, P.E., and Modern Languages. Activities ranged from sight-seeing and shopping to more strenuous hill-walking, skiing, and canoeing.

Last August eighteen 5th and 6th Year girls enjoyed a cruise to Portugal and Spain aboard the S.S. Uganda and at Easter over fifty girls went skiing in Switzerland.

Still on away-from-home events, two 5th year girls are to attend the Fourteenth International Youth Science Fortnight in London in July, and the 4th year paid the annual visit to Hadrian's Wall during October.

Nearer home, some girls attended various musical concerts throughout the session—Yehudi Menuin, EESO, EYO, and SNO. Incidentally, around twenty of the hundred members of ESSO I (Edinburgh Secondary Schools' First Orchestra) and several more in ESSO II are pupils of Gillespie's, as are eight of the hundred in EYO (Edinburg Youth Orchestra). The annual March concert by the school first orchestra was cancelled due to the power cuts, but the choir and a wind quintet performed in St. Cuthbert's Church in October.

On the subject of churches, the school was represented at the St. Andrew's Day Service in St. Giles' Cathedral in December.

In October, Mr. McCaskill press-ganged eighty girls from all years (except the lazy 5th, for whom the exercise would have been highly beneficial—see "Here and There", page 30) into walking many miles for "Action for the Crippled Child", and the money raised from sponsors amounted to £325.

For other charities, including the well-known "Oxfam", "Red Cross", "Spina Bifida", and the perhaps less well-known, but closer to home Church of Scotland Mission, the 1st to 5th year pupils raised £370 in their Christmas Effort.

Finally, a Careers Evening was held for 4th year pupils and their parents in September, and this was organised by the Further Education Department. In November, the school was visited twice by members of the Theatre in Education Group.

I think that I can safely say that every one of these activities—whether in or out of school—was enjoyed by all concerned, and that it is hoped that this pattern will continue for many more "fun" school years.

Barbara E. Hunter, 6W.





PRIMARY

Congratulations to Karina Townsend, Sheila Small, and Alison Martin who won prizes for story writing in the Platignum National School Competition, 1971.

The Primary Department have this year gained an award of £60 in the Sir James Miller Civic Fund Competition. The topic they worked under was 'Historical Edinburgh' and they colourfully illustrated the city through the ages by educational games, pictures, models and collages. Every child contributed towards the final state of the project. Well done!

HOME ECONOMICS DEPARTMENT

Congratulations to the Home Economics Department, who managed to keep the staff coffee hot during the power cuts!

Congratulations to Miss Joan Cameron for her beautiful and much admired flower arrangements.

MUSIC

Congratulations to Christine Turner, 6R, and Anne Ireland, 5G, who, singing with two other Sea Rangers, won Group 4 of the National Guide Festival of Song, (in conjunction with the BBC), in London during the Easter holidays. The quartet will be featured on the new BBC enterprises record (RED 127S) which is issued in June.



ENGLISH

Rosabel Michaelson, 5S, gained a major award in the "Daily Mirror" 13th Children's Literary Competition for her poem "Downward Through the Echoes". (See p. 5.)

For the first time the annual Quill Toastmasters' Award was won by a girls' school—Elspeth Dollar, 5W, won the award for her speech on Old Maidism and Bachelorhood.

Olga Wojtas, 6W, came second in the poetry section of "The Scotsman" School Magazine Awards in September, 1971.

BADMINTON

Ailsa Borthwick, 5G, was selected to play for Edinburgh in the Scottish Schools' Inter-region Tournament held in Perth. At the Edinburgh Schools' Tournament held in March, Ailsa qualified to go forward to the Scottish Schools' Tournament, in the singles, doubles with Janice Weir, 6W, and the mixed doubles.

FENCING

Karen Dickson, 4G, came 3rd in the Scottish Junior Schoolgirls' Foil Championships. This qualified her for entry into the British Junior Schoolgirls' Foil. Karen was also selected to fence in the International v. Northern Ireland on 11th and 12th March.

Alison Simpson, 4W, was selected to fence for the Scottish Fencing Coaches Association in a 4-Weapon Quadrangular Match with the Scottish Fencing Union, the Scottish Universities and the Northern Ireland team.

VOLLEYBALL

Elizabeth Menzies, 3G, Hilary Wilkinson, 3W, Anne Black, and Pat Bell, 4G, were chosen for the Edinburgh Schools' Under-16 volleyball squad. Pat Bell is also in the Under-16 Scottish Schoolgirls' Pool.

BASKETBALL

Both the senior and junior basketball teams won the Scottish Schools' Basketball Cup this year. Moira Cunningham, 4W, and Leslie Hosie, 4R, were selected to play for the Under-16 Scottish Team and Gaye Clapperton, 5G, Jane Woodburn, 4S, and Joan Harley, 6G, were selected to play for the open team in the Schoolgirls' International against England.

ATHLETICS

Janice Eaglesham, 2R, was selected for the Scottish Junior Team in the cross country League. Janice was also 7th in the Cross Country at the Scottish Championships and her team gained 2nd prize.

SWIMMING

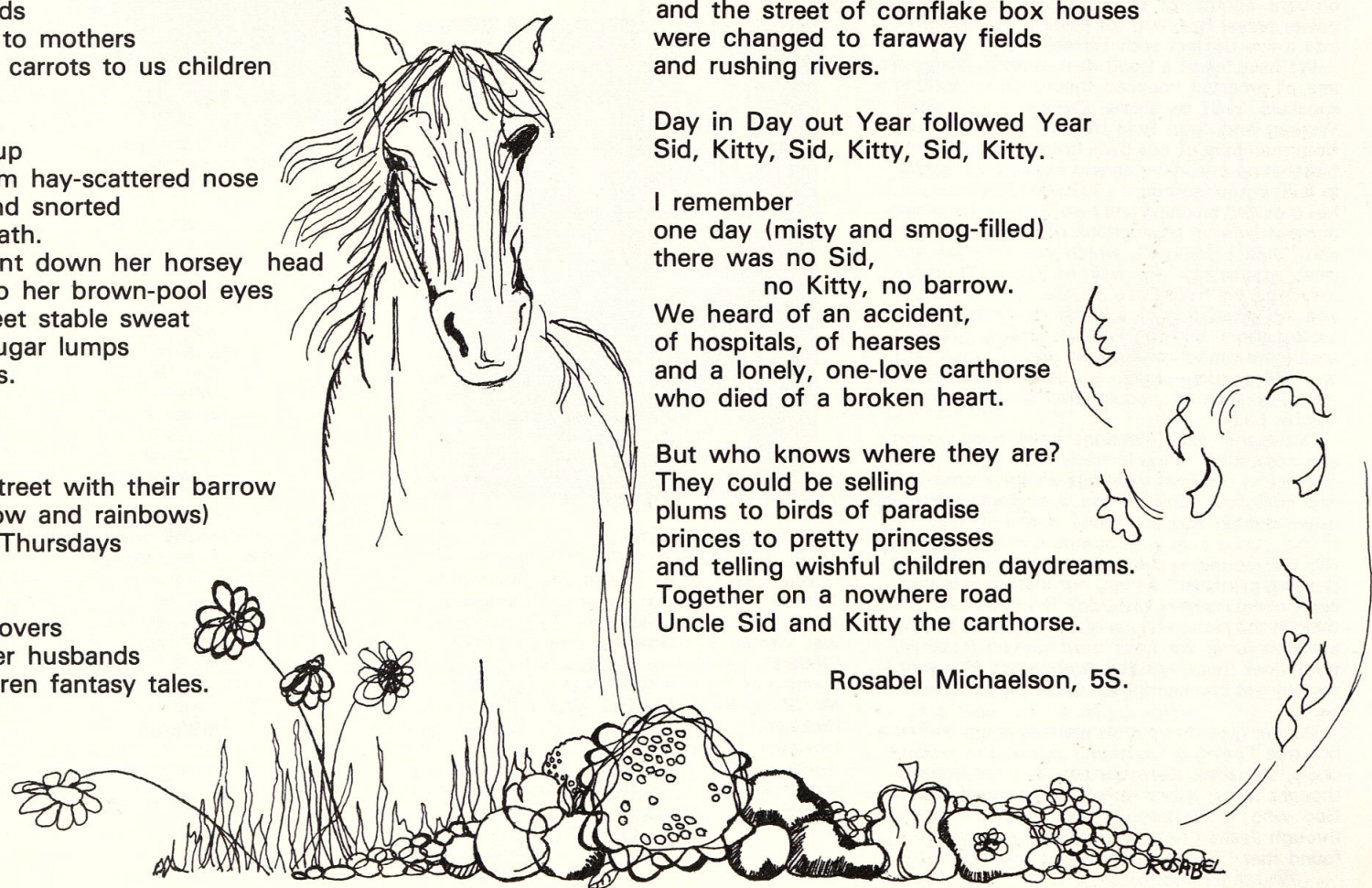
Susan Robb, 4S, qualified in the 110 yards backstroke for Under-16 girls and swam for Edinburgh in the Scottish Schools' National Championships. Leslie Ogden, 4G, was selected to dive for Scotland in their match against Norway.

DOWNWARD THROUGH THE ECHOES

Uncle Sid
had a carthorse called Kitty
to pull his greengrocer's barrow
in Hammersmith
near the Queen's Head Arms.
They sold
apples to old maids
clean mushrooms to mothers
and gave crunchy carrots to us children
for a treat.

We would reach up
to pat Kitty's warm hay-scattered nose
as she snuffled and snorted
her hot hazey breath.
And when she bent down her horsey head
we could look into her brown-pool eyes
and smell her sweet stable sweat
holding out our sugar lumps
on flat-palm hands.

Uncle Sid
and old Kitty
came down our street with their barrow
(rain and sun, snow and rainbows)
on Mondays and Thursdays
every week.
They sold
daisies to spring lovers
red roses to winter husbands
and told the children fantasy tales.



We would come
from our mudpies
and old battered toys
to hear stories of laughter
said with love.
Sid became a wizened wizard
Kitty a prancing, dancing circus horse
and the grey gravelled road
and the street of cornflake box houses
were changed to faraway fields
and rushing rivers.

Day in Day out Year followed Year
Sid, Kitty, Sid, Kitty, Sid, Kitty.

I remember
one day (misty and smog-filled)
there was no Sid,
no Kitty, no barrow.
We heard of an accident,
of hospitals, of hearses
and a lonely, one-love carthorse
who died of a broken heart.

But who knows where they are?
They could be selling
plums to birds of paradise
princes to pretty princesses
and telling wishful children daydreams.
Together on a nowhere road
Uncle Sid and Kitty the carthorse.

Rosabel Michaelson, 5S.

SCRIPTURE UNION REPORT

"Praise the Lord! Praise Him for His mighty deeds; praise Him according to His exceeding greatness!"

Looking at what has happened to S.U. this year, that is the only reaction possible for those of us who have been leading it. We praise God for the greater awareness of Himself that He has brought about; for showing us the immense power prayer has, and for leading so many folk into a live contact with Himself.

We have learnt a good deal, both of doctrine and of practical "applied theory" from visiting speakers such as Esme Duncan (S.U. Staff Worker) and John Reid (medical student), and from members of our own branch—despite the fact that no-one in her senses would be in school as 8.20 in the morning!!! Gospel Rhythm, too, has provided teaching and help, and we have had our own special productions of "Call my Bluff" and "Just a Minute", which were, to say the least, interesting! As well as these Thursday meetings, we have Bible Studies for the seniors and the innovation of a lunch-time meeting for 1st-3rd years, both on Fridays. Prayer meetings are before school on Tuesday and at lunch time on Wednesday—with a quite inexplicable preponderance of people attending the Wednesday one!

Occasional joint meetings have been varied and interesting, to put it mildly once again. Once or twice in our own meetings we have done our best to follow some of the later verses of the psalm quoted above: "Praise Him with trumpet sound, praise Him with strings and pipe! Praise Him with sounding cymbals; praise Him with loud clashing cymbals!" As yet, our instruments have been comparatively orthodox (by the way, the thing in the picture is one of the 6th year playing a euphonium); we have used guitars (several), trombones (two), and the euphonium. However, we may yet branch out and do as the psalm tells us.

We are glad that people are beginning to find out that "being a Christian" is not the melancholy, negative disaster that it is sometimes thought to be; it is a real, living contact with a God who is far beyond our greatest hopes, through Jesus Christ, who is also so. We have found that "For me to live is Christ, to die is

gain", and we pray that this knowledge will grow in the school next year as it has in this. We are grateful for all the help and patience of staff and janitors.

To finish the psalm that has been quoted:
"Let everything that breathes praise the Lord.
Praise ye the Lord!"

Rosalie Mason, 6W.



THE MUSIC SOCIETY

The main feature of this year for the Music Society was the pantomime "Cinderella" for which we provided the music. In fact, some of it was written by ourselves, notably "Poor Little Cinders" by Marian Robson. The only other meeting of the year so far was a Raft Night with Mr. Sommerville, Mr. Dall, Miss White and Miss Dickinson. Miss White, as Cliff Richard, won. However, attendance at this, and at all other meetings over the past two years, was very poor, and it has been suggested that the music and folk societies should merge.

Fiona Ross, 6G.



CHOIR AND ORCHESTRA

The choir and orchestra practised hard this session under the ever competent leadership of Mr. Sommerville. At the school Christmas Service the choir sang two Benjamin Britten carols, "There is no Rose" and "This Little Babe", and also the Sommerville arrangement of "Ding Dong Merrily on High". Then, at the Founder's Day service the anthem "Be Strong in the Lord" was enjoyed by all.

Last October the choir and a few instrumentalists gave a recital in St. Cuthbert's Church. The school wind quintet played a Mozart Divertimento and Christine Turner played two movements from Strauss' first Horn Concerto. The choir included Schubert's arrangement of "The Lord is my Shepherd" and "Jesu Dulcis Memoria" in their programme.

The orchestra had hoped to play "Variations on a Shaker Melody" by Aaron Copland, "Miniature Symphony" by Philip Wilkinson and other pieces in our customary March concert. Unfortunately, due to the power crisis, this had to be postponed.

We would like to say how grateful we are to Mr. Sommerville for the opportunities he gives us to enjoy music-making together.

Christine Turner, 6R,
Judith Basden, 6W.

Baby of the Seventies

for Claire Brotherton

The storm is rag-ing once a- gain — out- side the trees are wee- ping
But here in crad- le snug a- nd warm, a lit- tle - ch- ild is
Sle - eping — .
Chance has put her where she is — A - round her love and ki - nd - ness
La - ter on where will she be — in this world — of bli - nd - ness.

Dreaming in her rosy sleep,
(Her fingers round the blanket curled)
Oh child, too soon you must grow up,
And take your place in this, God's world.

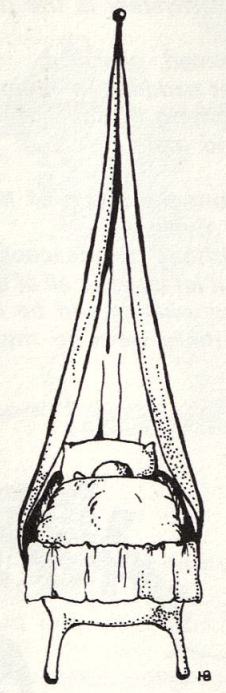
Chance has put you where you are,
Around you, love and kindness.
Later on, where will you be
In this world of blindness?

God made this world to worship Him,
But men have used it badly.
May you grow up in faith and love
To serve all people gladly.

Chance has put you where you are,
Around you, love and kindness,
Later on, where will you be
In this world of blindness?

And may you have a happy life,
With friends and fun and laughter,
And bring great joy to all you meet,
—And not regret it after.

Chance has put you where you are,
Around you, love and kindness,
Later on where will you be
In this world of blindness?



Christine Turner, 6R.

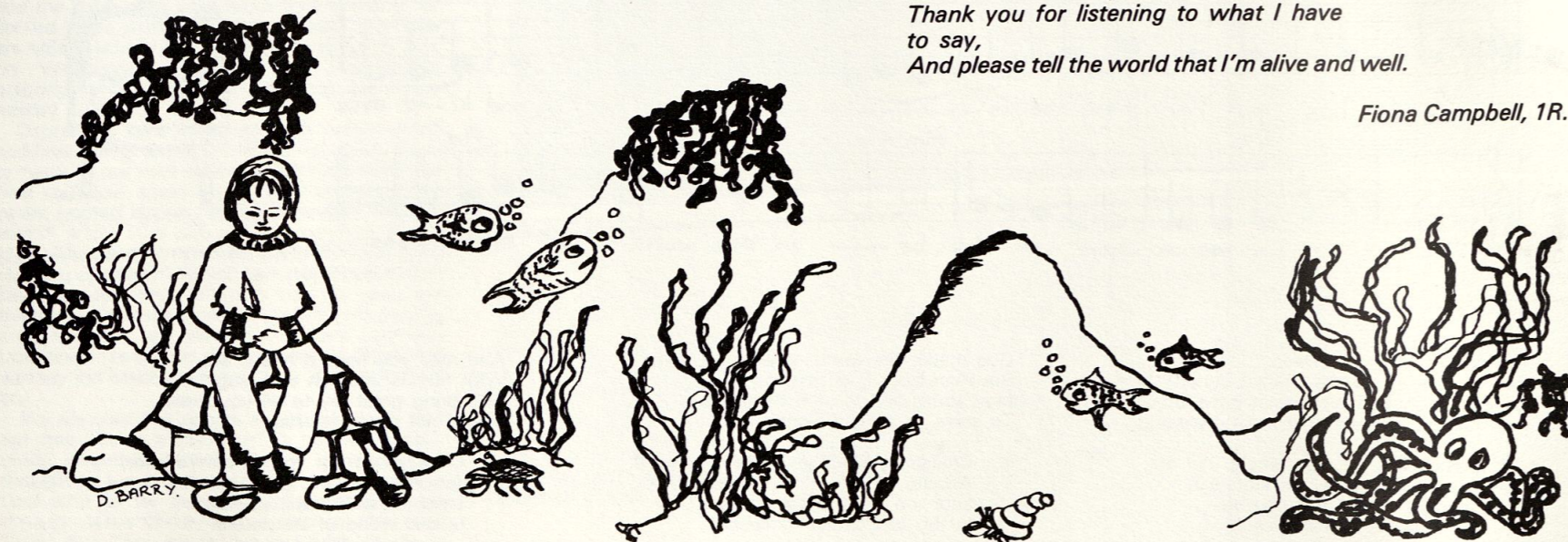
THE TRUTH OF THE SEA

Terror is the sea.
Excitement is the sea.
But mystery is the truth of the sea.

Calmed, peaceful;
But suddenly a raging battle,
Fighting against civilisation
And man.

From the dawn of time,
A mystery.
Perhaps our descendants will partly solve it.
But let us hope all of it is never found.
For what would be left of the sea
If there were no mystery?

Amanda Brett. P. 5.2.



I'm writing this from the bottom of the sea
The people up there think I exist no longer
I'm sitting on a turtle shell with pen and
ink on my knee,
And writing a letter to you.
It'll not be a long letter
I hope I can make it interesting,
Only I am getting rather lonely
With no one here to speak to.
Yesterday a boat passed over,
A small one, like the one I fell out of
The one from which no one came to
look for me
They all think that I am dead now
Drowned,
Or even eaten by a shark.
But something strange happened
And here I am now.
I've got a bottle,
And I'll put this note in it
With a cork on top for safety
Thank you for listening to what I have
to say,
And please tell the world that I'm alive and well.

Fiona Campbell, 1R.

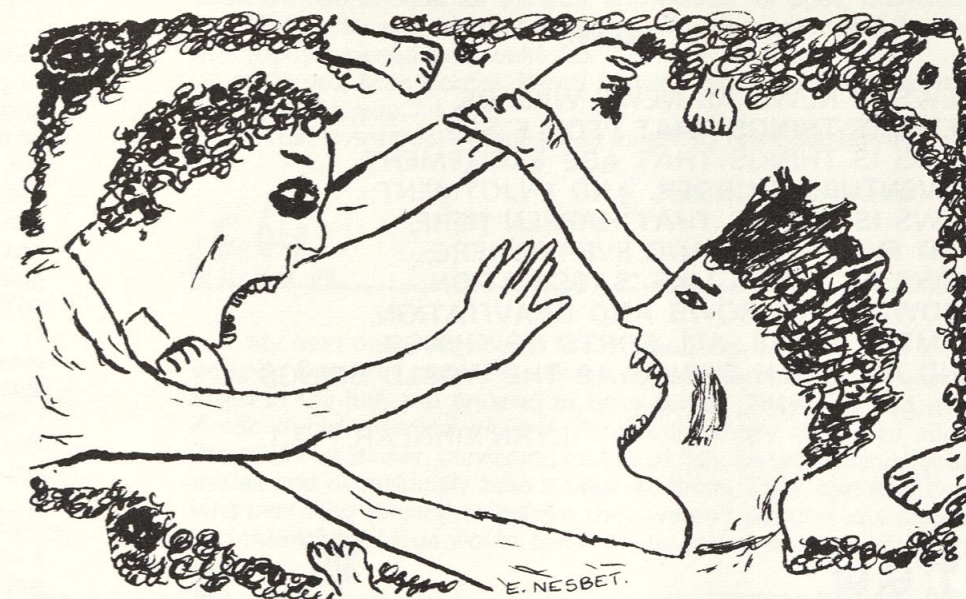
Brothers

The pulling of fingers and the pinching of arms,
The squeals of surprise and the yelps of alarm,
The tears of defeat and the laughs of success,
The blackening eyes and the clothes in a mess.

The well aimed punches and the hardened fist,
The crying of pain and the twisted wrist,
The broken tooth and the bleeding lip,
The cheeky remark and the well earned hit.

The thump of a fist and the cry of despair,
The clenching of teeth and the tugging of hair,
The scratching of hands and the kicking of feet,
The jeers of the victor at the loser's defeat.

Alison Smith, 2S.



My Little Brother

Well, my little brother is not bad, I suppose, as far as little brothers go, but like most little brothers he does get on the nerves of his big sister.

One night last week I was sitting in my room puzzling over some homework when he came sneaking up the stairs (it's amazing how quietly he can move when he wants to) and yelled at the top of his voice. My nerves are never at their best when I am doing homework, and I leapt up and started screaming. This scared him so much that he rushed over to me and flung his arms round my waist.

When we had both calmed down I gave him a good ticking off, and he went away sulking. Still, he is never gloomy for long (more is the pity) and he was soon up to his tricks again.

The thing that annoys me most is whenever any of my friends are in he is so sweet and angelic that they wonder why I dislike him so much. Oh no! I think I can hear him coming. I had better rush off and hide my new pin-up of my favourite pop star before he gets his grubby little paws on it, and makes a paper aeroplane out of it.

Caroline McLean, 1S.

"The Day I Nearly Ran Away"

"I am going! I don't care what you say, I am going! I hate you all!" I stated with determination. "No, no, I don't want you to go," sobbed my little brother rushing to the front door and fumbling frantically with the lock.

I picked up my suitcase containing my precious possessions and what, at eight years old, I thought were essentials for leaving home. At that he grabbed the key of the locked door and pushed it into his pocket. I headed for the window and unlatched it. My little brother let out a shriek, "Mummy! Daddy! She is going out of the window." My father, trying to calm him, said, "Don't worry, Jimmy, we will ask your friend Derek's father who is in the police force to find her if she gets lost." Jimmy wailed despairingly with tears rolling down his chubby little face, "You'd be better to get Bruce Marshall's Daddy—he is a chief inspector!"

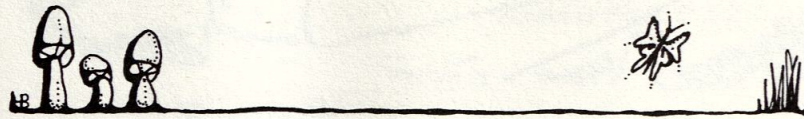
I looked at his pathetic face. It was tear stained, miserable and frantic. After a little sobbing all round, I decided to unpack and go to bed.

Alison Steele, 1S.

NEWS !

NEWS IS NEWS AS NEWS WILL BE,
NEWS IS THINGS THAT PEOPLE SEE,
NEWS IS THINGS THAT ARE EXCITEMENT,
ADVENTURE, MURDER, AND ENJOYMENT;
NEWS IS THINGS THAT HAPPEN HERE,
AND EVEN THERE AND EVERYWHERE;
NEWS IS THINGS LIKE 'SASSINATION,
CROWDS AND ROWS AND GRAVITATION,
CAMELS, COWS, ALL SORTS OF THINGS,
AND ALL SUCH THINGS AS THE WORLD BRINGS.

LYNN KINNEAR, P. 7.1.



"Your society has collected £1,000 for the new hospital scheme. My congratulations, Madam."

"Do I want more details? Why, Madam?" . . .

"Publish it? I'm afraid that is out of the question."

"Why?"

"Madam, I have sundry murders, with exclusive photographs, a rape of a young mother, and an interview with the M.P. who is said to be the father of Miss Angela Danbey's child, all for the next edition. I cannot possibly find room for your little article!"

"Public demand, Madam. I frankly cannot see a headline of 'Young Wives' League Fete' boosting sales."

"Yes, it is rather horrific Madam, but we must face facts."

"Facts, Madam. Life IS a horror story all too frequently."

"Give the other side of the coin? Madam, I thought I had already explained that your suggestion is simply not feasible."

"Thank you for contacting me. Good day."

Muriel Nunn, 4S.



Suddenly

As if she had been rudely wakened
She pranced so gracefully across the fields.

Oh how she shone!

And villagers from a nearby town
Saw the blinding light and cried

"Will o' the Wisp!"

And she was gone.

ALISON MATHEW 2S

SUNDAY-SCHOOL PICNIC

My heart sank as I boarded the green and white bus. I chose my seat and sat down. The seat was hard and prickly. As soon as we moved off, our teacher cried out in a jovial voice, "Come along then children, what shall we sing? What about 'One man went to Mow'? You all know that one, don't you?" She peered over her thick glasses at us. "Ye-es", we all yelled back. We all sang our hearts out, even although we were rather out of tune. Suddenly the boys at the back of the bus had had enough of the same song and started to sing football songs. Miss Cootes mumbled something and looked disapprovingly at them, but they still carried on. The singing soon faded out.

The journey was long and tedious. Some people were moaning something about feeling sick, and even Miss Cootes looked a rather alarming shade of green. But the bus crawled on. I stifled a yawn, and fell forward, thump! Eventually the driver slammed on the brakes and the bus stopped. We crawled off the bus, our legs stiff.

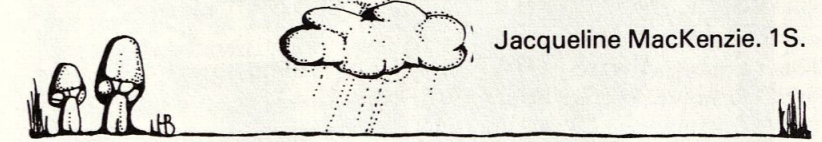
As it would say in books, "We poured on to the golden sand". Sand! It looked more like a long string of mud-pies. The sea was a bluey-grey colour and it looked icy-cold. I wouldn't have dared put my little toe "in". It was breezy and foggy, the sea fog had a drizzle in it. We stood shivering and chattering. When someone suggested a game of rounders we agreed readily. All went reasonably well until the other side scored a rounder that should have been disallowed. We said it wasn't a rounder, and they said it was. We all lost our tempers and said a lot of things that you shouldn't say on Sunday-School Picnics. We stood around shivering again. Then Mr. Peterson suggested running the races. Well, it had to be done sometime, why not now? The little ones were first. Then the juniors. Now us! I was third. I smiled at Miss Cootes as she handed me the prize and congratulated me. It was also the fourth time I had won a paint box.

Then it was tea-time. I helped carry in the boxes of sausage rolls and juice. Now I enjoyed myself. I had six sausage rolls, three bottles of juice and a few more cakes than anyone else. Then it happened! Well, I mean, it had to happen. It poured, cats and dogs, it really rained. Everybody rushed around, screaming and gathering up things. We made our way to the glass shelter. Unfortunately there was no glass in the shelter, so we weren't much better off.

After we had phoned for the bus, and waited for ages, it arrived. We climbed in, wet, tired and irritable. As we approached home, everybody yawned and woke up. The bus stopped.

"Oh yes, Miss Cootes, it was a lovely picnic. I enjoyed it very much, thank you." I said.

"That is *not* true", I thought to myself as I plodded home.



Jacqueline MacKenzie. 1S.

My next door neighbours like the unusual in pets. Take their penguin Sam, for instance: whenever they had visitors he would stand in the hall and pretend to be a butler. They also had two Arctic ducks, Mamaduck and Papaduck. Every time you took Papaduck his dinner, consisting mainly of fish, he would circle your ankles and occasionally take a peck at them. They also had two whippets who refused to believe they weren't puppies any longer and these huge dogs would climb on to your knee and refuse to move.

Lindesay Malcolm, 1G.

When I was very little, my Aunty May asked me if I would like to visit an old friend of hers, Mr. Jackson.

Jackson . . . I thought. Jackson . . . Jackson . . . Jackdaw! And I really could not wait to see if he really was like a Jackdaw.

Early in the afternoon we set off, and when we reached the house Mr. Jackson answered the door and asked us in. I was so disappointed. He wasn't in the least like a Jackdaw. But as we entered the sitting-room I heard Aunty May say, "And how's Tina getting on?"

"Perfectly," he replied. "Like to come and meet her?"

Suddenly he whistled and I expected to see a lovely big dog come bounding into the room. But instead there was a scurry of wings and a huge bird with saucer eyes and a sharp beak flew on to his shoulder. It was an owl. I was absolutely terrified.

For the rest of the afternoon it sat and stared at me. Never again will I think of anyone as a bird. I'd rather be on the safe side!

Marion Clark, 1R.



AN ARROW IS TWO THINGS AND YOU HOLD ON TO ONE OF THE THINGS AND LET THE OTHER THING GO.

Rona MacMillan, P2(1).



MY MUMMY HAS GOT A LOM DRESS IT IS COLD A MACSY IT HAS A BLOO BELT. SHE WERS IT WHEN SHE GOS TOO A DANS.

Alison Kerr, P. 1.2.

MY BRUTHER HAS FRECS ON HIS FAS AND HE HAS RED HER AND HE HAS A VERE LOW VOS.

Ailsa Farmer, P1(1).



SAINT MARY'S PARISH CHURCH

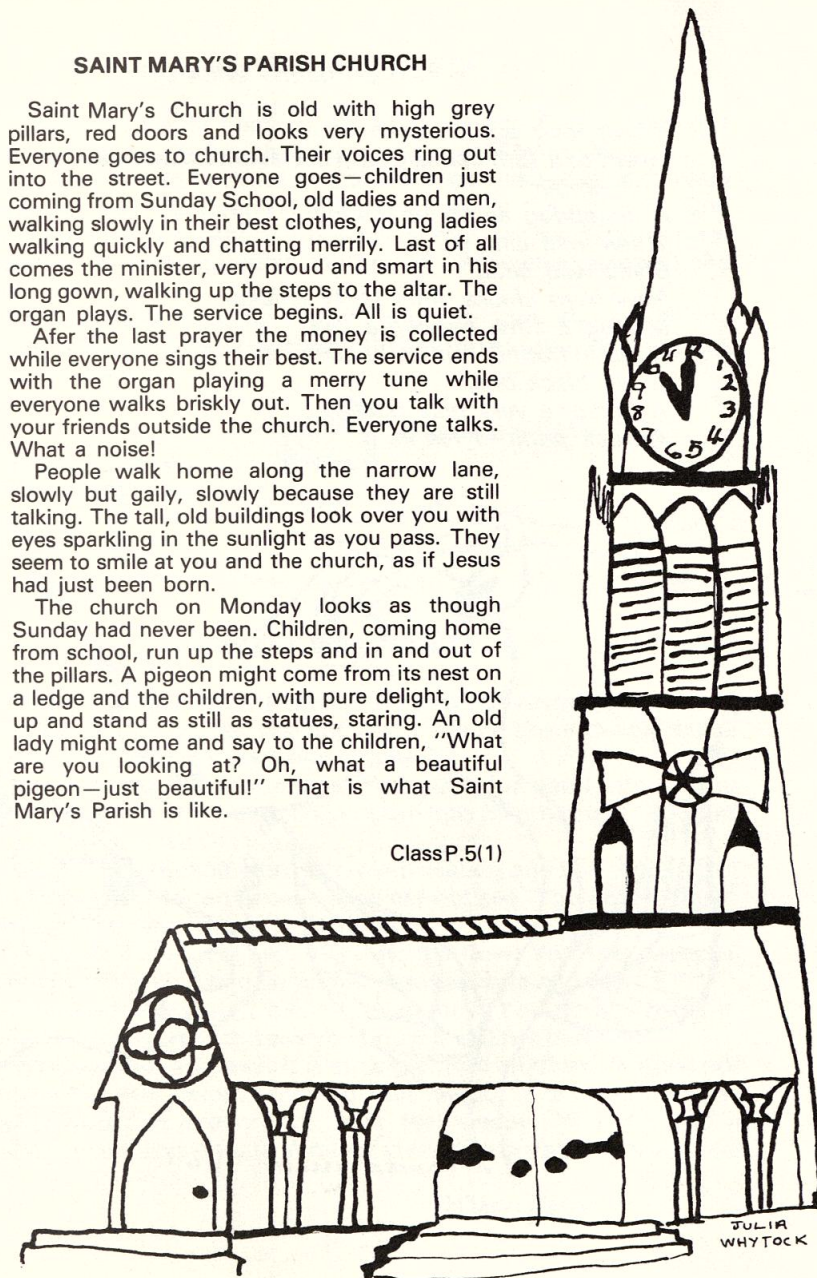
Saint Mary's Church is old with high grey pillars, red doors and looks very mysterious. Everyone goes to church. Their voices ring out into the street. Everyone goes—children just coming from Sunday School, old ladies and men, walking slowly in their best clothes, young ladies walking quickly and chatting merrily. Last of all comes the minister, very proud and smart in his long gown, walking up the steps to the altar. The organ plays. The service begins. All is quiet.

Afer the last prayer the money is collected while everyone sings their best. The service ends with the organ playing a merry tune while everyone walks briskly out. Then you talk with your friends outside the church. Everyone talks. What a noise!

People walk home along the narrow lane, slowly but gaily, slowly because they are still talking. The tall, old buildings look over you with eyes sparkling in the sunlight as you pass. They seem to smile at you and the church, as if Jesus had just been born.

The church on Monday looks as though Sunday had never been. Children, coming home from school, run up the steps and in and out of the pillars. A pigeon might come from its nest on a ledge and the children, with pure delight, look up and stand as still as statues, staring. An old lady might come and say to the children, "What are you looking at? Oh, what a beautiful pigeon—just beautiful!" That is what Saint Mary's Parish is like.

Class P.5(1)



WHAT AM I?

I have two homes. One of my homes is in a large dark grotto. Sometimes a gigantic tidal wave will rush in the opening and it might carry with it bits of debris. At the other side of the opening to the grotto there is an awful draught where queer noises come and go out the opening. The floor of the grotto moves so much that I get very dizzy indeed. I am usually pressed up and down and I get exhausted. Sometimes I get stuck in a sticky substance and sometimes a horrid smell drifts through the grotto. My other home is a sort of see-through tower. The tower has an opening at the top, and as soon as I am put in it begins raining and I have to hold my breath for maybe up to eight hours underneath a sea of water. During the time I am being drowned in water, a pink bomb is dropped from the opening. It hisses madly at me and shrinks. The water then gets all misty and I don't like it at all. Then after waiting a long time I get taken out and put back into my grotto. Mind you, 'tis tiring work! Do you know what I am?

ANSWER: False teeth.

Barbara Leslie, P. 6.1.

MIDGE IS A HAMSTER. ONE DAY SHE HAD DISAPPEARED SHE HAD MADE HER NEST IN THE CUPBOARD. THE JAINTOR LOOKT LOOKT AND LOOKT HE LOOKT EVRY WHERE EVEN UNDER THE CLASSROOM.

Gillian Mercer, P. 2.2.

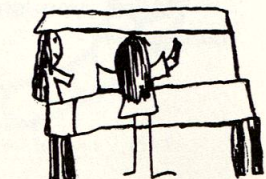


THE RICH PEOPOL HAVE WINE AND THE ORDINARY PEOPOL HAVE TO MAKE DO WITH WHAT THEY GET.

Rhona McTavish, P2(1).

MY BIG BROTHER GOT A ROW THIS MORNING BECOS HE DID NOT GET UP THIS MORNING.

Fiona Meikle, P1(1).



ALICE IN WONDERLAND AGAIN

One day Alice was dining with the Queen of Hearts when the Queen noticed they didn't have any butter.

"Oh, Alice dear, please go and get me some butter and you'd better hurry because the shops will shut soon—if there are any shops!" the Queen added wistfully.

So Alice went out of the palace gate and up the path but she didn't know where on earth the shops were. She wandered up the lane and she came to a gate which had a notice on it saying: "This way to the garden of live flowers".

"Live flowers?" thought Alice.

By this time she had forgotten about the Queen and her butter, so she entered the gate and came to a beautiful garden. There was a beautiful pond in the middle of a large lawn, with a path running by the side and shady trees waving in the breeze. In the distance she saw a bed of flowers and walked up to it. But she heard growling and roaring and looked closely at the flowers.

"Goodness!" said Alice out aloud. "There are live heads on the flowers." And so there were! For on the stalks peering out of the leaves were tigers' heads.

"What kind of flower are you?" asked Alice in surprise.

"We are TIGER-lilies and we don't like strangers. Grrrrrow!" Alice hurried on.

"Now I see why it's called the garden of LIVE flowers." Then she heard popping. "I wonder what kind of flower that is?"

When she turned a corner she saw big red flowers popping for all they were worth.

"We're POPpies!" they called to her. She heard snapping and looked ahead. Peeping out from the leaves were dragons' heads and they were snapping at her.

"Oh, you must be SNAP DRAGONS," and beside them were cups on stalks with butter in them.

"We're BUTTERcups. Do you want us?"

"Yes, Yes!" cried Alice, remembering that the Queen had sent her for some. So she picked up a cup and ran back to the palace.

"Alice, you are clever!" said the Queen. "How did you manage?"

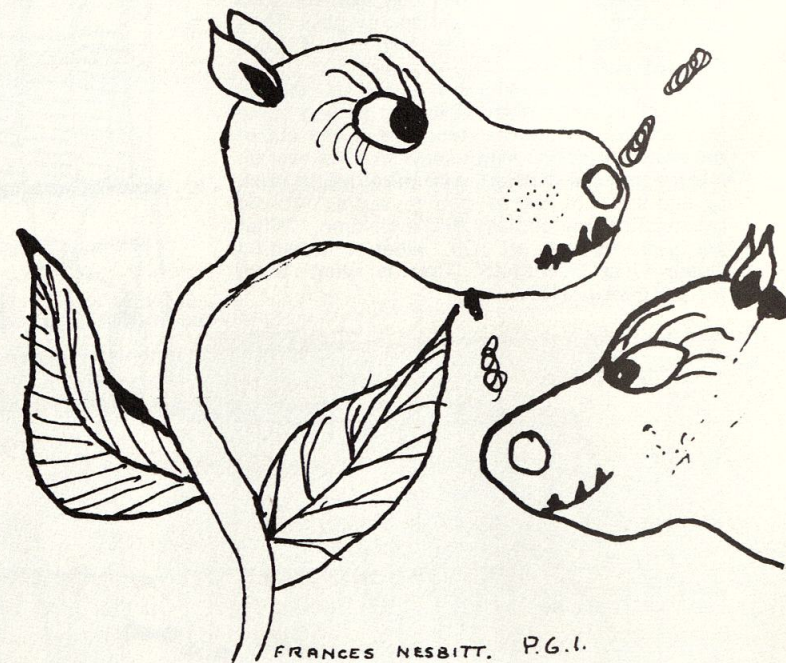
S. Wheeldon. P. 6.2.

MY EARLIEST MEMORY

*It was long ago I remember,
I went to a 15th century farm in Devon, I remember.
I remember*

*A sheepdog and a watchdog.
Three wild cats,
Black wild cats,
New born chicks, little fluffy chicks,
Milking a cow, feeding a calf.
A bull in front of our car I remember,
A big black bull,
A horse, a very nice horse,
A duck pond—I fell in.*

Linda Coltman. P. 4.1.



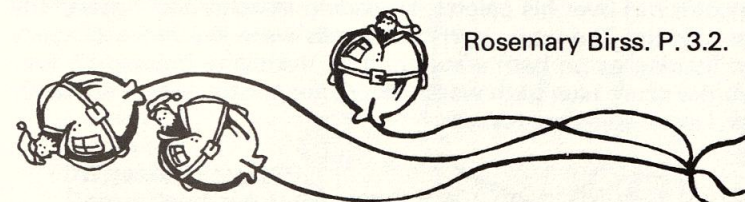
FRANCES NESBITT. P. 6.1.

Why I believe in SANTA

I believe in Santa because my Mummy and Daddy have not got enough money to buy the presents that I get from him.

Another reason I believe in Santa is that I leave him lemonade and a carrot for Rudolf, and it is always gone in the morning. One other thing which makes me believe is that my Mummy cannot dress-make and we couldn't see any of the same capes in the shops.

I also believe because I don't know anyone else to fill my stocking without me hearing them. One more reason is that I spoke to him in Jenner's.



Rosemary Birss. P. 3.2.

BLACK AND WHITE

Black is a hot colour. A squirming mass of vastness. It has the denseness of half set tar, twisting and writhing like a deadly snake about to strike and sink its fangs into flesh.

It is a sticky mass of chaos. You put your hand into it. You cannot pull it free. You are being sucked into its greatness. You call out, but your voice is muffled by blackness.

Black is strong and sturdy. It is suffocating and you feel part of it. You are so frustrated because you cannot see. You are lost in an endless nightmare. Black is death.

White is like a cool sea. It is a gentle flow. You feel peaceful and relaxed. It is kind and generous. You feel safe and secure.

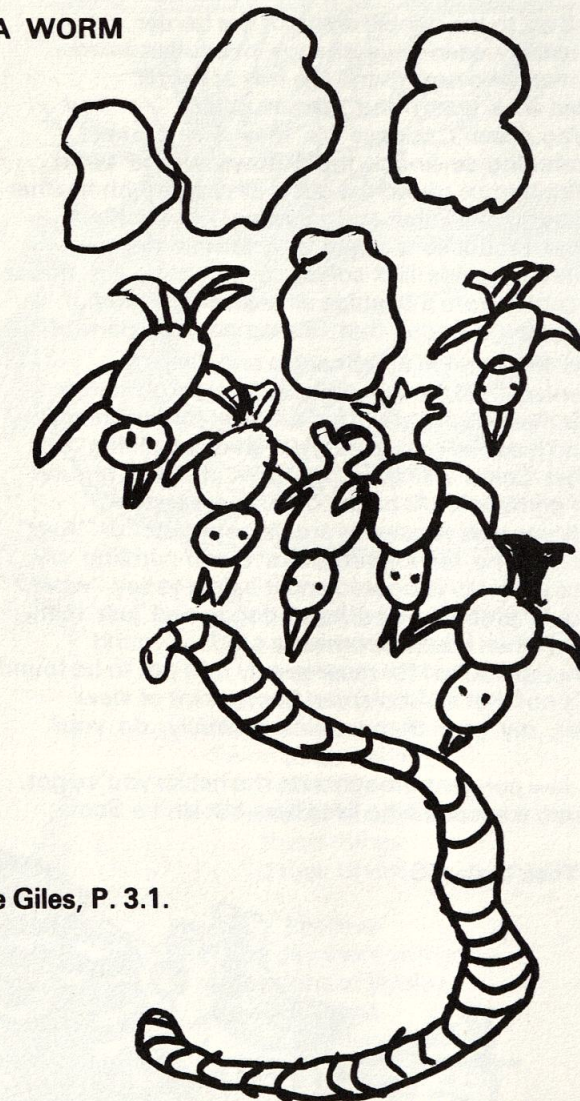
It is solid although it has no substance. You do not resist it. You let it draw you in because you know it will not hurt you.

White is light and airy. It is stronger than anything. It does not hurt you but will defeat anything that is bad. It does not matter whether you can see or not. You feel sleepy. You fall into a slumber, an endless dream. White is clear, like crystal. White is life.

Hilary Walker. P. 7.2.

THE PLAINT OF A WORM

All
day
long
I
crawl
through
the
damp
and
cold
earth.
In
the
summer
the
earth
goes
cold
and hard
like clay.
I
never like
the birds.
They always
peck at me.



Caroline Giles, P. 3.1.

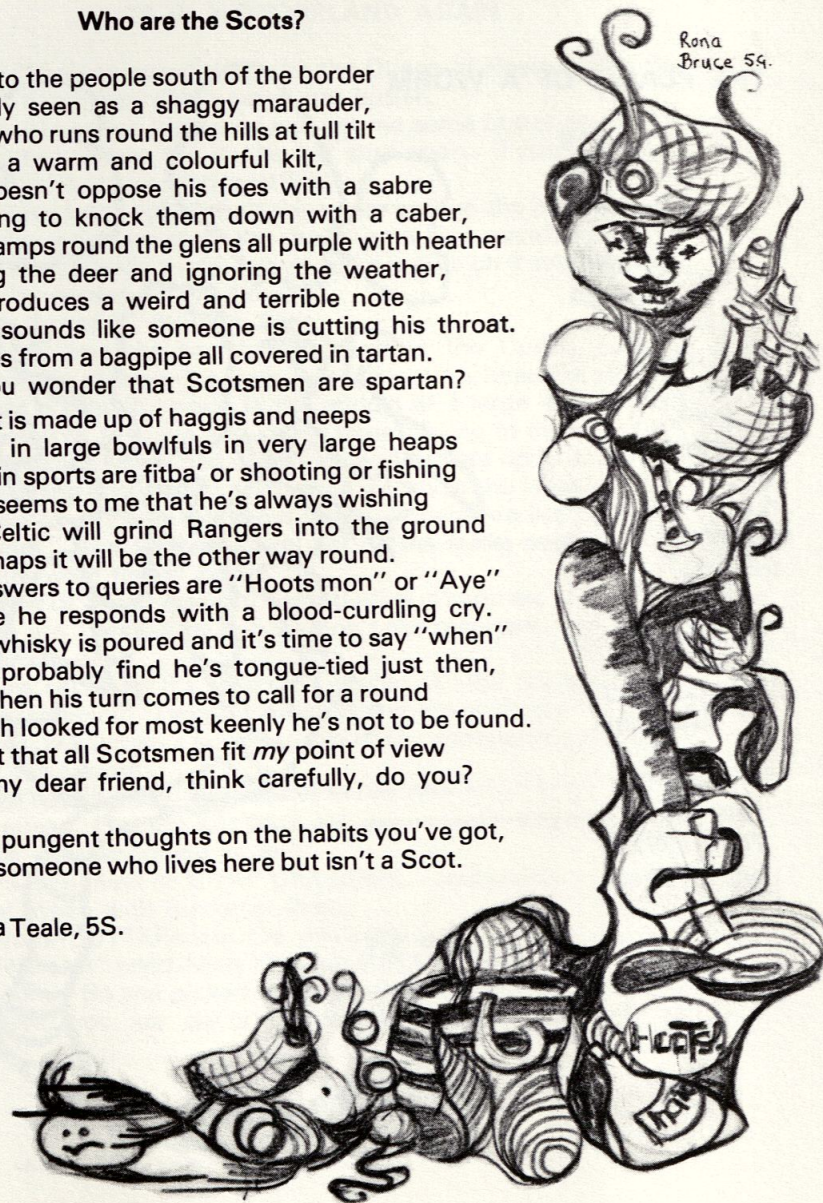
VICTORIA FAKHOURY P.3.1.

Who are the Scots?

A Scot to the people south of the border
Is clearly seen as a shaggy marauder,
A man who runs round the hills at full tilt
Clad in a warm and colourful kilt,
Who doesn't oppose his foes with a sabre
Preferring to knock them down with a caber,
Who tramps round the glens all purple with heather
Chasing the deer and ignoring the weather,
Who produces a weird and terrible note
Which sounds like someone is cutting his throat.
It comes from a bagpipe all covered in tartan.
Can you wonder that Scotsmen are spartan?
His diet is made up of haggis and neeps
Served in large bowlfuls in very large heaps
His main sports are fitba' or shooting or fishing
And it seems to me that he's always wishing
That Celtic will grind Rangers into the ground
Or perhaps it will be the other way round.
His answers to queries are "Hoots mon" or "Aye"
Or else he responds with a blood-curdling cry.
But if whisky is poured and it's time to say "when"
You'll probably find he's tongue-tied just then,
And when his turn comes to call for a round
Though looked for most keenly he's not to be found.
It's not that all Scotsmen fit *my* point of view
But, my dear friend, think carefully, do you?

A few pungent thoughts on the habits you've got,
From someone who lives here but isn't a Scot.

Thea Teale, 5S.



Rona
Bruce 5G.

There we were sitting, outwardly calm, but oh, these butterflies—as if an entomologist was after them with his net.

"Fasten your seat belts, please! We are about to take off," boomed a voice over the loud speaker. I was on my first flight.

The engines roared their take-off message in turn, and then, charging in unison, off and into the skies.

When the fury of our thrust into space had ceased, I opened my eyes and looked out of the circular window to see the colourful palette of an artist, a rather careless artist, who had let a tube of blue paint run over his palette, spreading in its course among the other colours. The white puff-ball clouds were like blobs of crazy foam floating as on bath water, and as the plane bobbed its way down the azure blue bath water, like some plastic duck, I suddenly knew I was enjoying myself.

Elsbeth Calder, 1R.

EMBARRASSMENT

Embarrassment is your mother laughing longer and louder than anyone else in the theatre. It is your father in church, singing the bass part, out of tune. It is your little sister seeing you say goodnight to your boyfriend.

Embarrassment is falling *on* to a bus—or when you hand the witty conductor a pile of halfpennies and he asks in a loud voice if you've been singing in the streets—or getting off the train and not being able to shut the door.

Embarrassment is coming out of the cinema knowing your mascara has run; wearing a smock and getting sympathetic glances; bumping into a lamp-post—and apologizing.

Embarrassment is that stomach rumbling in the quiet classroom, that hole in your tights in the shoe-shop, that display you knocked over in the supermarket.

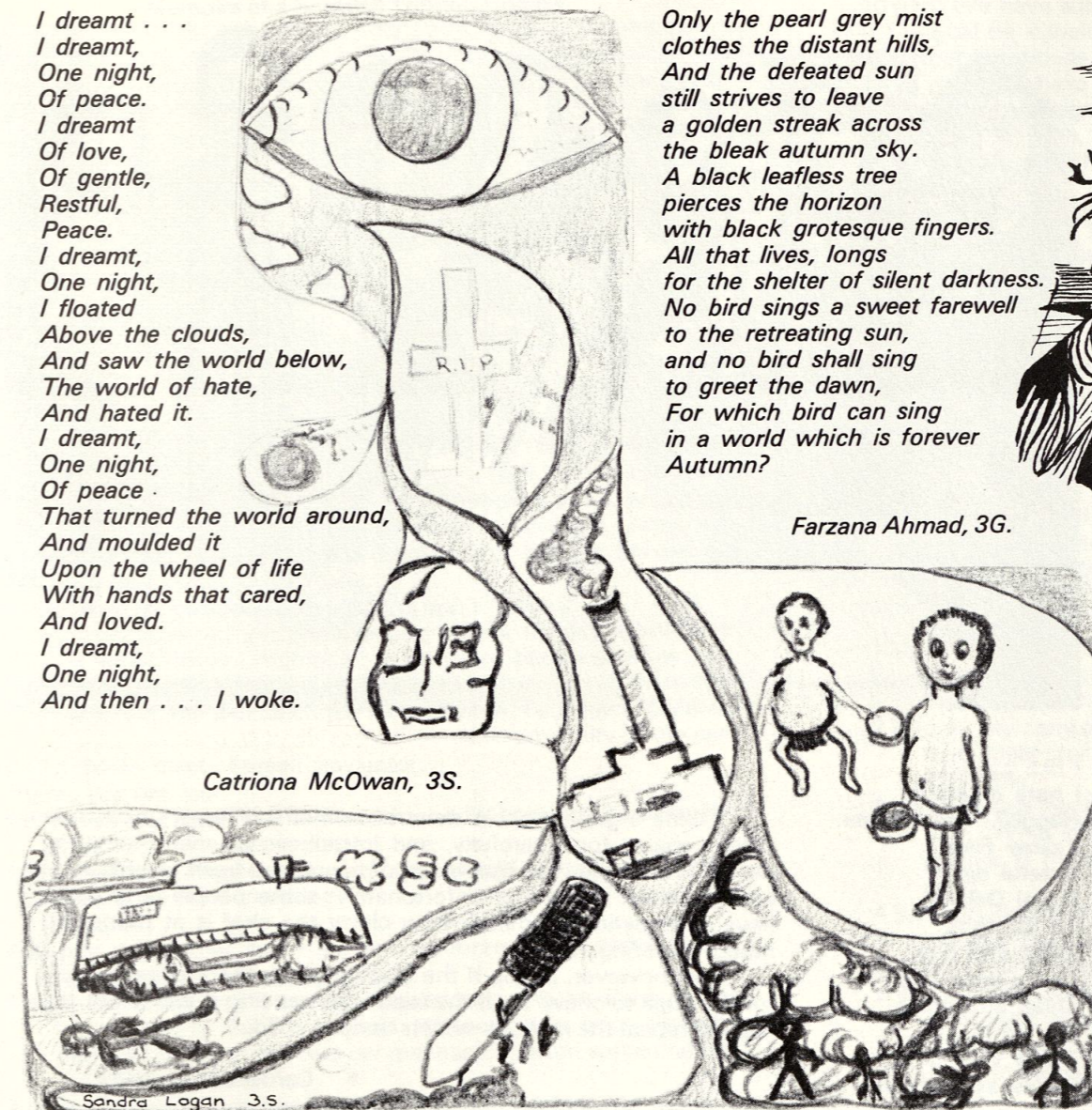
Embarrassment is having a name that no-one can spell.

Embarrassment is seeing your name at the end of a magazine article.

"Embarrassed."

I dreamt . . .
I dreamt,
One night,
Of peace.
I dreamt
Of love,
Of gentle,
Restful,
Peace.
I dreamt,
One night,
I floated
Above the clouds,
And saw the world below,
The world of hate,
And hated it.
I dreamt,
One night,
Of peace .
That turned the world around,
And moulded it
Upon the wheel of life
With hands that cared,
And loved.
I dreamt,
One night,
And then . . . I woke.

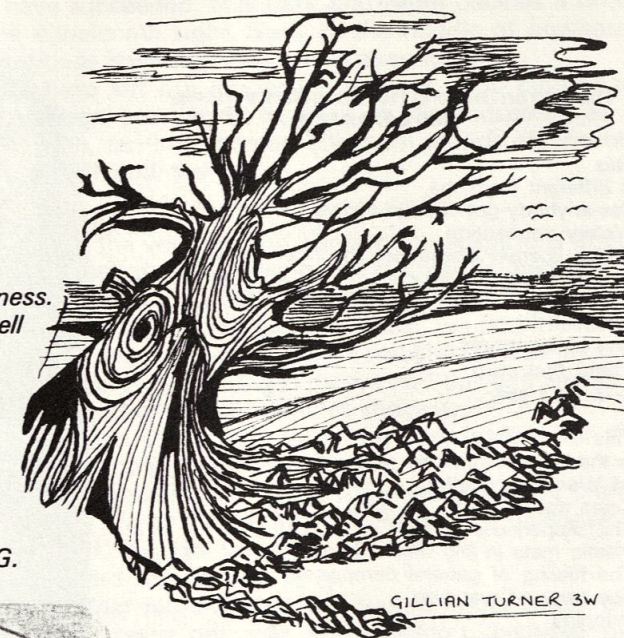
Catriona McOwan, 3S.



Sandra Logan 3S.

Only the pearl grey mist
clothes the distant hills,
And the defeated sun
still strives to leave
a golden streak across
the bleak autumn sky.
A black leafless tree
pierces the horizon
with black grotesque fingers.
All that lives, longs
for the shelter of silent darkness.
No bird sings a sweet farewell
to the retreating sun,
and no bird shall sing
to greet the dawn,
For which bird can sing
in a world which is forever
Autumn?

Farzana Ahmad, 3G.



GILLIAN TURNER 3W

I hate phonies
I am amazed by the
frustration
of my fellow man
Affectation and mimicry
Seem to be the order
of the day
They should confine
these things
To their dreams

I believe
That one day there will be no
deceptions or illusions
But then,
I'm a self-deceiver.

Joyce H. Fergie, 5G.

**Thought on Drinking Hot Chocolate at Home
with a Friend**

This
Is different from the
Has-anybody-got-change-of-five-pence
Watery concoction
Which liberally bespatters the floor
Of the Classroom Block
Like mud
At break
And at lunchtime.
I hate that stuff
—Or so I say.

This
Is the treat sometimes received after swimming
At Warrender Baths
Years ago,
The slipperiness of the
Plastic mats in the dim changing-room,
The feeling of general dampness,
The taste of wet hair
Dripping
Over-chlorinated water
Into the sweet, brown liquid
Of which even
Small sips
Scalded the tongue,
The keen wind which
Cut through the skull
As the draught was
Reverently preceded
Through the swinging door
And borne past the crowd of
Impatient
Small boys awaiting
Admittance.

This
Is probably
Exactly
The same.
But,
Contrary,
I like it.



Sheena Kinghorn, 5W.



**I like custard,
I hate mustard,
Haggis?—not for me.
Yellow Fish,
Hateful dish!
Angel Delight,
It's all right.
Pears and rice,
That's very nice,
Steak and chips,
Cut up in bits,
That's very good,
Tastes as it should.**

Sarah Weatherston. P. 4.2.

I think a good teacher must be something like a good cook who prepares food carefully, and introduces as many tempting dishes as possible. The dish must, of course, be fresh when served and not stale. There are, unfortunately, some people who never have an appetite, no matter how clever the chef is at producing mouth-watering recipes.

It is, however, a help if the teacher produces interesting fare for the pupil to chew, for if the food is entrancing it will tempt the pupil to repeat the meal, as sweets tempt a child.

Caroline Brandt, 2G.

Memoirs of a Scottish Touring Holiday

Mon., 26th July, 1971

8 a.m. Pack cases in the boot and bags and Mum on the back seat of our car. They don't fit.

8.10 a.m. Pack cases on the back seat and bags in the boot, Mum on the back seat. They still don't fit.

8.15 a.m. Pack cases in the boot, bags on the back seat, Mum in the boot.

8.30 a.m. A compromise has been reached and we depart.

9 a.m. Forth Road Bridge—an embarrassing moment when Dad grovels for change for the toll and can only produce a £5 note. Our change is given to us in 5p and 10p pieces. Mum has a premonition that we will break down on the bridge.

9.03 a.m. We haven't.

From then on until midday, my father and I take turns in driving our old, bright blue Ford Anglia. Mother drives all the way. "You can go when they turn to green," she remarks.

12 noon. We lunch in a small lay-by near Dalwhinnie. We have spectators in the form of an open-mouthed crow, an open-mouthed seagull and an open-mouthed dustbin. After my mother has fed all three, she complains of hunger. Maybe it'll keep her mind off the road.

2 p.m. We pass through Aviemore and don't notice it.

3 p.m. Inverness—Mum mentions a previous holiday spent here not long after her marriage . . . and Dad hastily silences her.

5 p.m. It is decided to have a cafeteria tea in Evanton as Mum has consumed our sandwich tea for her lunch. Four nasty children are playing football in the rather-too-close proximity of the car.

6 p.m. Mum elects herself navigator.

7 p.m. We are lost.

8 p.m. We—all right, I—hit a wall in, oddly enough, Barbaraville. The front wheel is locked.

8.05 p.m. Mum, engrossed in getting us unlost, questions our halt. "Have we hit something?"

I snarl.

8.30 p.m. My father and I are endeavouring to fit some fancy-named part to the front wheel.

9 p.m. My father and I are still endeavouring to fit some fancy-named part to the front wheel. We seek help from a nearby cottage, in which live two car mechanics! Mum settles herself in front of a peat fire.

9.45 p.m. I report our near-success but Mum refuses to move in case we don't get the car started. Faith . . .

10 p.m. We have succeeded. It is dark and Mum decides a hotel would be a welcome sight. Sure, in the middle of nowhere.

11 p.m. A farmhouse is willing to take us in overnight.

11.10 p.m. We have left our luggage in the car. I go outside to collect our bags but decide to sleep in my underwear as a three-foot high, ten-inch horned billy-goat stands stubbornly between myself and the car.

Tues., 27th July, 1971

7 a.m. I look out of the window and confirm my suspicions about the goat—it's still there. A change of clothing is inadvisable.

9 a.m. We have received instructions for finding the Struie Road over the moors and, without Mother's help, we find it. From 9 a.m. until noon we journey north to Scrabster, pleasantly and uneventfully over mountains and moors and through beautiful countryside. Mother sleeps most of the way.

12 noon. An officious little man places the cars waiting for the Orkney ferry in one LONG queue.

12.30 p.m. The car is swung on board by a shaky-looking crane. Mother gasps, "What if they drop it?" Father just manages to restrain himself, though he twitches violently.

12.45 p.m. We board the St. Ola ferry.

12.50 p.m. My mother remarks that one would hardly know one was moving. I point out that one wouldn't, because one wasn't.

1.30 p.m. The boat sails.

2 p.m. I am pleasantly surprised that the trip is fine, not rough as is the wont of the Pentland Firth.

2.30 p.m. My complacency has gone. The sea is now rough. I'll kill that child for laughing and running around when I'm miserable.

3 p.m. The sea has almost saved me the trouble. I manage a sneer.

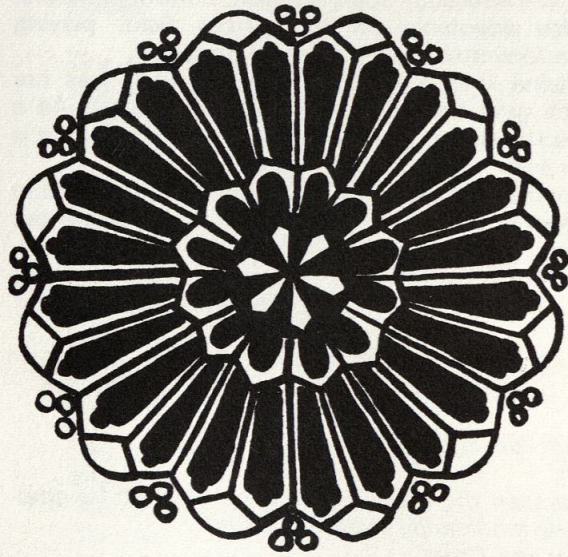
3.30 p.m. What old man of Hoy? I don't care. Meanwhile my mother is madly sightseeing and my father is sleeping—or dead.

4 p.m. Dry land and my father has the audacity to declare it was a smooth trip. He must have been dead.

5.10 p.m. Our car is unloaded—the last of fifty.

5.45 p.m. We reach our proposed residence—my uncle's country croft, and with the prospect of seven more days' motoring in Orkney and the return journey, I sink slowly and painfully to sleep in a sleeping bag on a hard flag-stone floor.

Barbara E. Hunter, 6W.



A WINDOW: NOTRE DAME DE PARIS

After hot hard stone
 Carved and moulded, gold-white
 Into dark-candled twilight
 Arch leaping into arch
 Serene heaven flight
 Enclosing half-dark silence
 Transfixed, bodiless, a mind
 Walking at eye-level into the transept
 you come upon

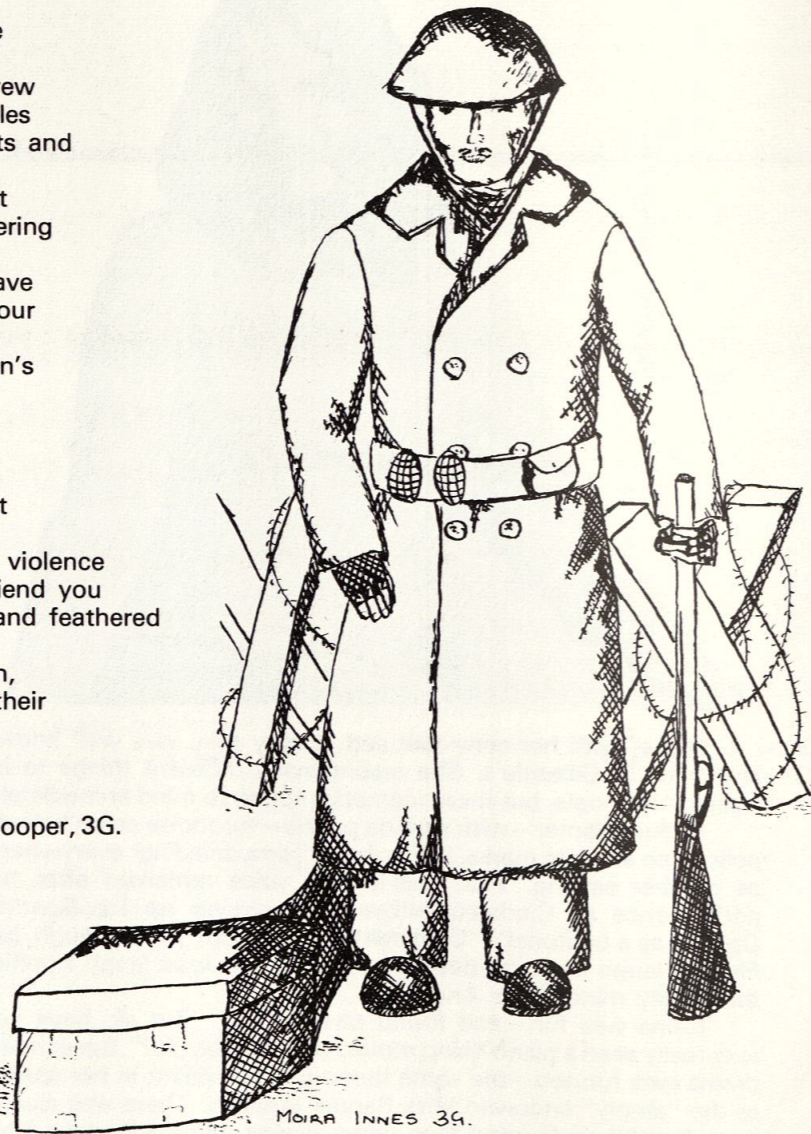
Kaleidoscope
 ever burning
 rushing forward on fire
 dance-within-dance!
 A window
 of colours molten from the free-flying
 essence of light.
 And it was made by hands.

Isobel Lowe, 6W.

ON DUTY

You stand there
 your gun ready
 Before, they threw
 stones and bottles
 Now, it is bullets and
 bombs
 Your family wait
 at home, wondering
 if today they
 will hear you have
 been killed in your
 duty to man
 But what is man's
 duty to YOU
 help you?
 harass you?
 MURDER you?
 But they do not
 all hate you
 In this place of violence
 those who befriend you
 may be tarred and feathered
 Like you, they
 are marked men,
 they too need their
 homes,
 their lives

Fiona Cooper, 3G.



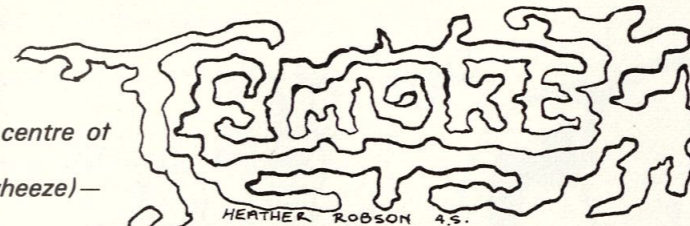
Some Men's Pleasure

Old, yellow, shaking—
 The fingers grope for
 The grimy packet in the centre of
 The crumby table.
 "No (cough) matches (wheeze)—
 Gat a (splutter) light,
 Mate?"

A young hand, new to
 The profession,
 Gently shielding the cigarette's
 Life-blood from the
 Unsteady breathing
 Of the old-timer,
 "Here."

"You're a young 'un," he
 Said with a weak grin,
 "to be letting that filth attack
 Your insides. Don't let
 The obsession
 Seize you—listen to
 Me!"
 The attack takes
 Over—eyes streaming,
 Wild with the pain that irritates
 His throat too. Choking
 Now. Mind clogged up. The
 Beginning of the
 End.

Heather Robson, 4S.



HEATHER ROBSON 4S.

I would write a love poem,
 unexpected of my youth,
 but I am exiled from love
 and I know only lustful pretence,
 innocence banished into darkness.

I would shout a protest,
 conform to non-conformity
 but I know no cause
 other than my own.

I loathe this failing,
 born of self-pity,
 inside myself
 for caring.

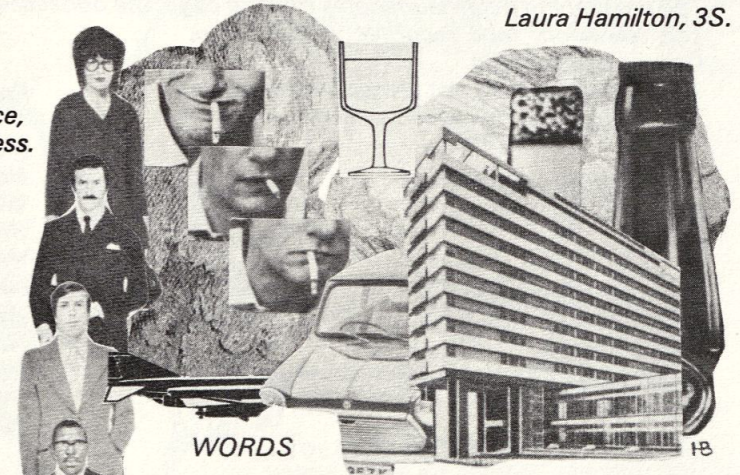
Their smiling faces have
 watched me.
 Their dawn was old
 as they awaited
 my great awakening
 to futility.

But now they are the mirrors
 reflecting my pain
 distortions of disillusionment.
 They are the ruined bars
 of my cage
 through which I see my dawn
 stumbling through the void.

Pat Muir, 5S.

Man pollutes himself;
 He draws in smoke and blackens his lungs,
 He drinks alcohol and poisons his bloodstream,
 He takes drugs and damages his thinking.
 He is choking his wonderful body,
 He is killing nature,
 Everywhere there are people lying, dying . . .
 But the trouble is that man likes it—
 Likes pollution.

Laura Hamilton, 3S.



WORDS

I'm sorry that I spoke,
 For if these pebble words from hearts of stone
 Did not hit the minds at which they're thrown
 You would still tell me your ideals,
 The dreams of shattered glass
 I broke with pebble words.

I'm sorry that I cried,
 For if my crying had not been a stormy sea,
 Had not demanded stilling pools of falsity
 You would have broken barriers of grief
 And dried my tears with burning words of truth
 I gave you long ago.

Lynn Sanderson. 5G.

Written during a power cut

I sit.
And the flickering candle flame
Breathes;
Imprisoned behind a glass jar,
Wax-blobbed.
The hovering circle of light on the ceiling
Shivers, with cold.
The broadening beam illuminates the bird cage, the bookcase;
The television, tape recorder, corner lamp,
Dear in its light-life.
The budgie chatters as I glance at my watch.
Two hours, twenty-seven minutes to go.

Muriel Nunn, 4S.

Bath by candlelight

Silken water
Slides over prosaic flesh,
Melts and resolves it
Into buttermilk undulations.

Beads of moisture glisten silver and gold
Then trickle slowly over the flawless skin
The figure rises
And lush sensuosity
Is cruelly transformed by grotesque dancing shadows
To an elephantine fertility symbol
With bulging buttocks and sagging breasts.

Then at last, as the candlelight
Flickers and dies
The flesh is made flesh again.

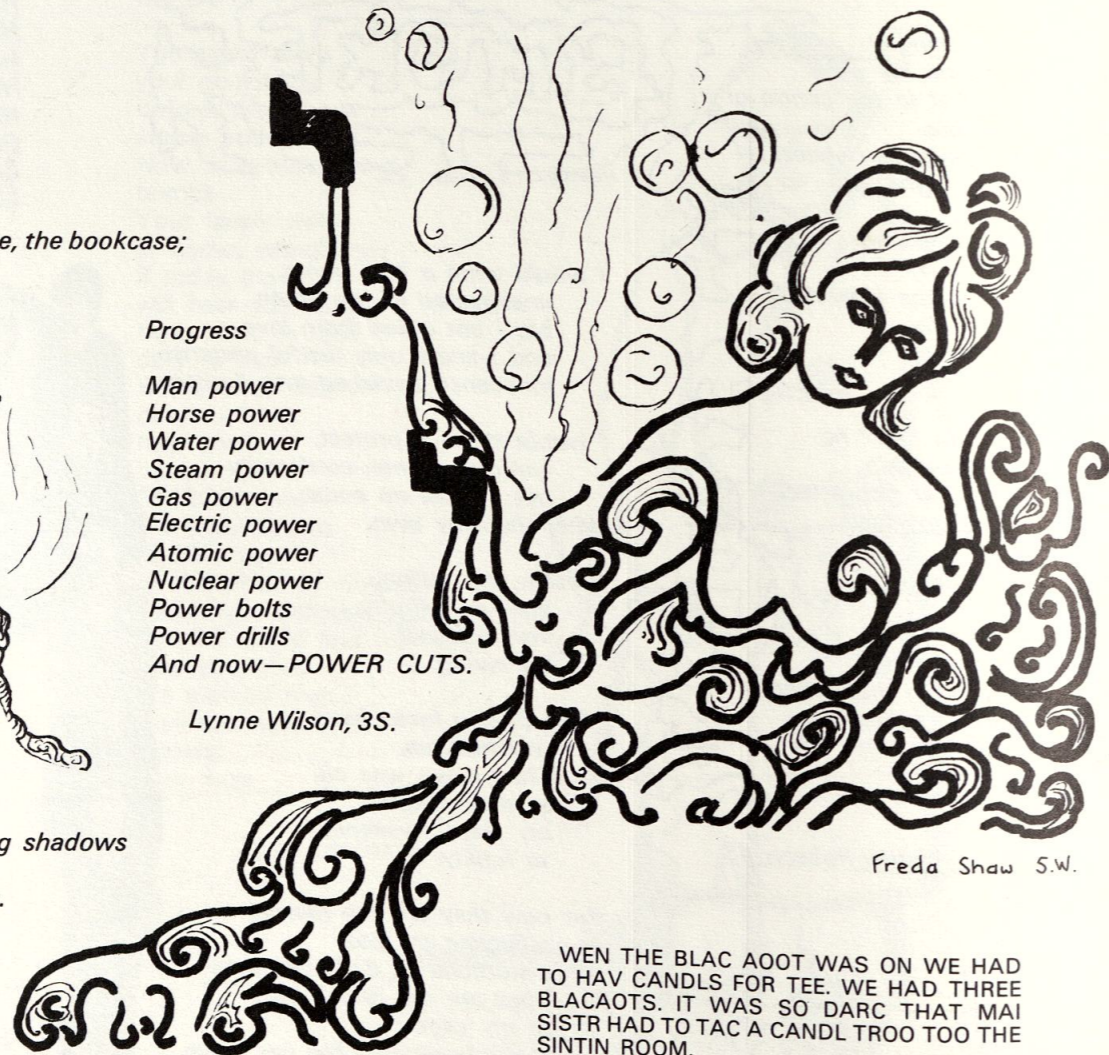
Fiona Scott-Barrett, 5G.



Progress

Man power
Horse power
Water power
Steam power
Gas power
Electric power
Atomic power
Nuclear power
Power bolts
Power drills
And now—POWER CUTS.

Lynne Wilson, 3S.



Freda Shaw S.W.

WEN THE BLAC AOOT WAS ON WE HAD
TO HAV CANDLS FOR TEE. WE HAD THREE
BLACAOTS. IT WAS SO DARC THAT MAI
SISTR HAD TO TAC A CANDL TROO TOO THE
SINTIN ROOM.

Claire Simpson, P1(2).

Thoughts at Dawn preceding a Thunderstorm

The beauty of the trees, silhouetted-still-standing across the frost-
furred dawn,
Wakes and lures the lank light from the sky, and redness
Reigns with oh, so precious peace over darkness
And death-drawn
Depth. Red turns to black as wispy—
White and free-roll clouds are entombed in heavy
Thunder-thoughts of lightning. The rain-winded day
Of destruction drags on and demise
Draws closer as man multiplies
And negativity
Becomes more numerous in him.
It is now. Night crashes down.

Barbara E. Hunter, 6W.

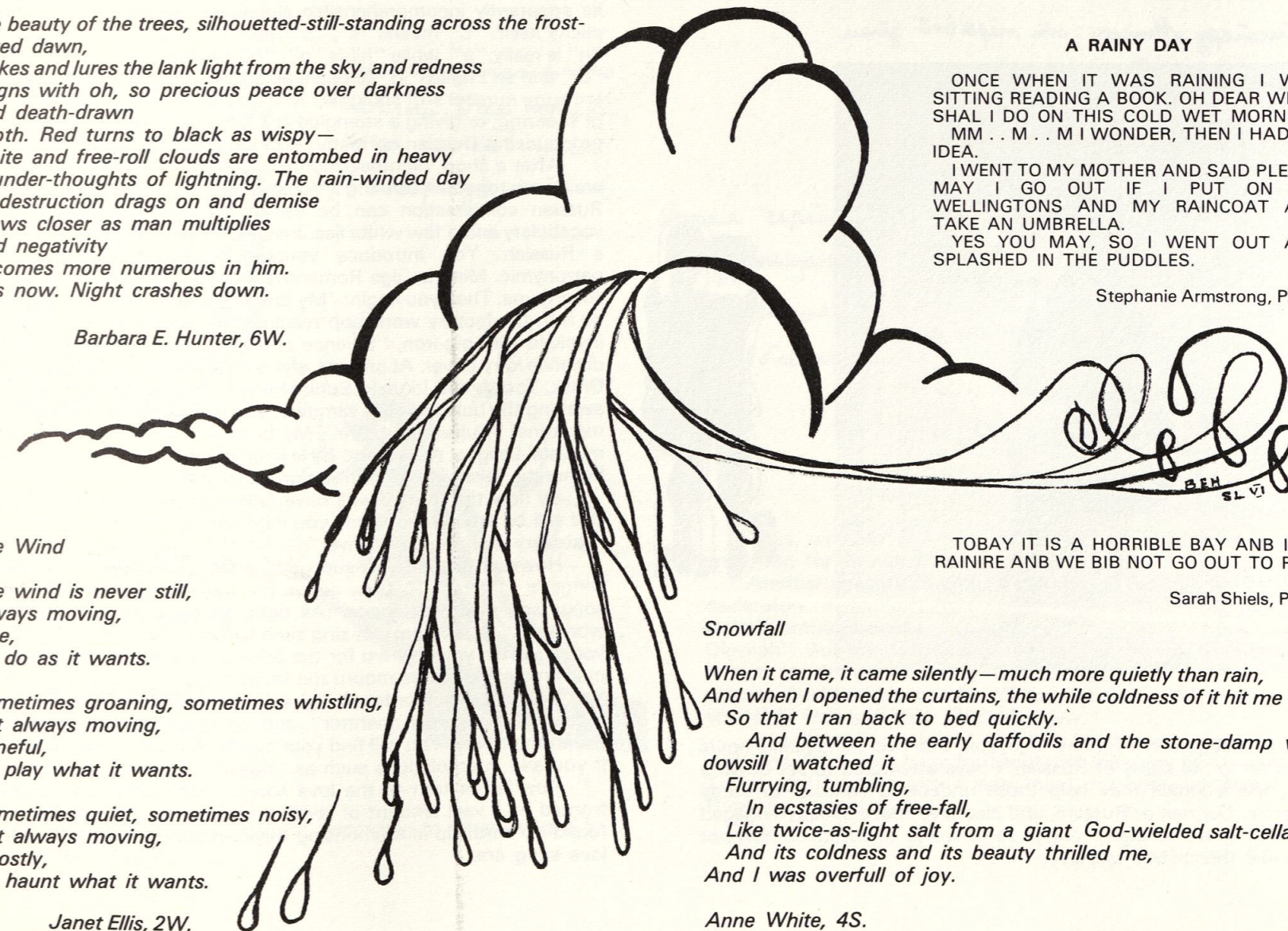
The Wind

The wind is never still,
Always moving,
Free,
To do as it wants.

Sometimes groaning, sometimes whistling,
But always moving,
Tuneful,
To play what it wants.

Sometimes quiet, sometimes noisy,
But always moving,
Ghostly,
To haunt what it wants.

Janet Ellis, 2W.



A RAINY DAY

ONCE WHEN IT WAS RAINING I WAS
SITTING READING A BOOK. OH DEAR WHAT
SHAL I DO ON THIS COLD WET MORNING.
MM . . M . . M I WONDER, THEN I HAD AN
IDEA.
I WENT TO MY MOTHER AND SAID PLEASE
MAY I GO OUT IF I PUT ON MY
WELLINGTONS AND MY RAINCOAT AND
TAKE AN UMBRELLA.
YES YOU MAY, SO I WENT OUT AND
SPLASHED IN THE PUDDLES.

Stephanie Armstrong, P2(1).

TOBAY IT IS A HORRIBLE BAY ANB IT IS
RAINIRE ANB WE BIB NOT GO OUT TO PLY.

Sarah Shiels, P1(1).

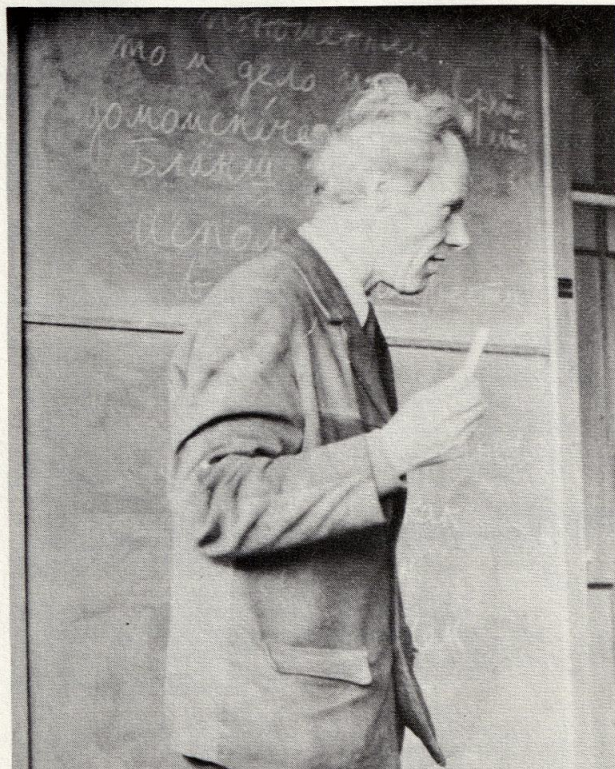
Snowfall

When it came, it came silently—much more quietly than rain,
And when I opened the curtains, the while coldness of it hit me
So that I ran back to bed quickly.
And between the early daffodils and the stone-damp win-
dowsill I watched it
Flurrying, tumbling,
In ecstasies of free-fall,
Like twice-as-light salt from a giant God-wielded salt-cellar.
And its coldness and its beauty thrilled me,
And I was overfull of joy.

Anne White, 4S.

RUSSKI WITHOUT TEARSKI!

Мистеру Минску: от неярвои утки



Firstly, to all those who hesitate to study Russian because of its apparently incomprehensible alphabet, I would say it is simplicity itself. "С" means "s", "р" means "r", and what looks like "n" is really "p", while "h" is "n". "N" backwards is "ee", "g" is "d", and an English "g" appears as a fish-hook. In addition, there are large numbers of squiggles which one pronounces by spitting, or sneezing, or giving a strangled cry. One can always tell if one is pronouncing Russian correctly. If one's jaw is dislocated, one is.

After a short, eighteen-month course on the alphabet, letters are strung together, forming a Vocabulary. I have discovered that a Russian conversation can be carried out with a minimum of vocabulary and a few white lies. Imagine yourself face to face with a Russian. You introduce yourself, using your name and patronymic. Mine is Olga Romanova. Yours might well be Jeanie Albertovna. Then you begin: 'My father is an engineer. At present, he is in the factory workshop reading the newspaper of all those involved with pig-iron, "Science and Life". My mother is a long-distance lorry driver. At present, she is en route to Vladivostock, via Omsk, Tomsk and Irkutsk. Soon she will stop her lorry, and while awaiting the boiling of her samovar, she will glance at the popular magazine, "Culture and Life". My brother is in the Young Communists' League. At present, he is laughing heartily over the highly humorous jokes in the publication "Krokodil".'

By now the Russian will have fallen on your neck in delight, and will be attempting to ply you with vodka. One simple word is necessary at this point: "nyet".

However, should you succumb, a fair knowledge of Russian songs is required. Russian songs fall into two categories, love songs and marching songs. (All right, all right. What about the workers? . . . One does not sing such songs under the influence of vodka.) Often you get two for the price of one, so to speak, since many marching songs mourn the loved ones left behind. You will find useful such words as "glory", "covered in blood", and "machine gun carrier operator", and we return to our old friend, the strangled cry. You will find your audience much more receptive if you add interpolations such as "naaa!", "chuuu!" and "iiiy!".

Now let us turn to the love songs. Admittedly, one is confronted by a vast amount of lavish endearments, but I personally found no hardship in memorising these. Requisites for a Russian love song are:

In recognition of many enjoyable but over-exhausting hours devoted to the study of Russian, I have attempted to set down a few points which may help those undecided whether to study Science, German or Russian, and also give those already engaged in learning this scholarly tongue some words of advice on how not to exert themselves unduly.

a) a garden, preferably warm. It's no fun exchanging vows in a Siberian blizzard.



*Сад, предположительно
тёплый. Фей потехи,
когда потонувшая
в сибирскую тетьку.*



*Соловей поёт
или молчит
согласно тому
окликаются
ли на любовь
или нет.*

b) a nightingale, singing or silent, according to whether love is required or not.

c) a wild bird-cherry tree behind which one meets the loved one.



*Викая герейнуха,
за которой
вырезаешься
со влюбленным.*

Thus, with six or seven words you can hold an audience enthralled for as many hours.

Another imaginary hurdle which people fear needlessly is the declension of nouns. I have often sat writhing while the class recited enthusiastically. "Olga, Olgoo, Olgee, Olgyeah, Olgoy, Olgyeah". But from experience I advise you simply to pay no attention to declensions. Any Russian going through the same process would merely mumble, "Olga, Olg, Ol . . ." It is difficult to enunciate clearly with a dislocated jaw.

And, most important of all, never capitulate to unreasonable prejudice. Pack your bags for Leningrad (itinerary includes Omsk, Tomsk and Irkutsk) with a clear mind, remembering that not all Russians are red squares.

Olga Wojtas. 6W.

The Waiting Room

As I enter the dentist's waiting room, expectant faces rise, but immediately bury themselves with discreet relief. I take a chair . . . the only one which creaks.

They look again.

Heavy echoing footsteps draw near. Magazines are fluttered and fumbled . . . the room is held in an ecstasy of fidgeting, but the steps grow silent.

A hand still taps.

A cigarette is lit in despair and a cloud of stifling smoke veils coughing faces. Old ladies grimace and look out of the window, but their eyes return, seeking comfort in the naked walls.

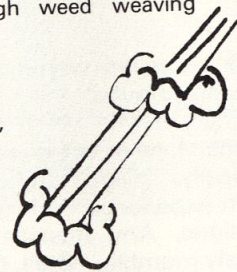
Carol Swan, 3W.

garden in snow

tonight
first snow falls
gentle as
star fish swimming through weed weaving
depths

an
orange cat
submarines, a periscope tail,
fur fat and dainty
in the uncharted
seafogsinging stillness
below
above floats
the crystal
winter;
buoy-bobbing
bauble
as the night ebbs
to a soft
mermaidhairflow
of first
timeless
snow

Rosabel Michaelson, 5S.



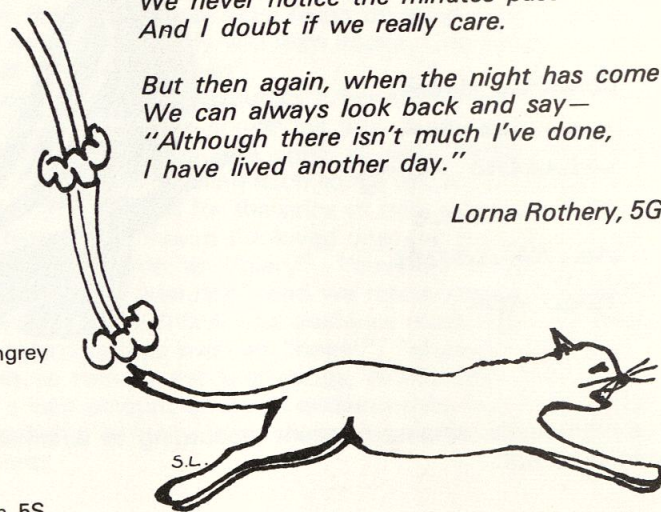
There's a tabby o'er the road
It's a wonder it's no deid,
'Cause oor wee dug Kirsty
Bit twa holes in its heid.

Lesley Gascoyne, 2R.

it's got to be spring

it's got to be spring,
the lollypopman has taken of his slushgrey
muffler,
he's undone the top button of his mud sad
overcast coat and
is absentmindedly licking the end of his
sunnyday dream of a lollypop.

Rosabel Michaelson, 5S.



Life seems to travel by so fast,
It's like a fleeting fair.
We never notice the minutes pass
And I doubt if we really care.

But then again, when the night has come
We can always look back and say—
"Although there isn't much I've done,
I have lived another day."

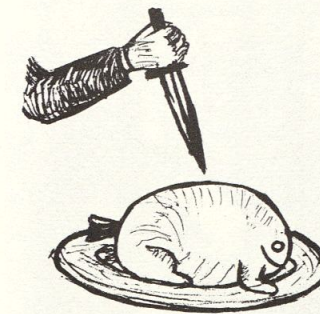
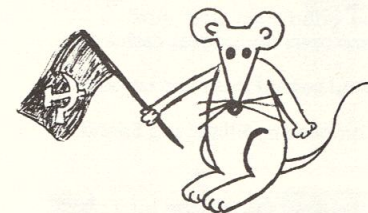
Lorna Rothery, 5G.

Ratified

He was thrown down on to the board. Thump! He landed heavily and didn't move. I looked down at him in dismay. He was small, about five inches long—or 12 cm. as we're now asked to think—and had soft white fur. How cold he was too—he'd been in the fridge. I pinned him out, tummy upwards, and reached for the scissors. One small snip, then I cut carefully up his front. Was his soul looking down from a distant ratty heaven? His coat peeled back easily. Musquash? That's what we'd been told. Make them into a coat, we were told, a nice soft fur coat. Soon he lay there, pink and naked. His ribs showed through. They obviously didn't feed them well at the University. I slit up the abdomen wall and laid bare his internal organs. What a lot of intestine!

It was then that I made by great discovery. What's this? I asked. The ovaries. "He" was a she.

Amanda Jones, 5R.



LITERARY AND DRAMATIC SOCIETY

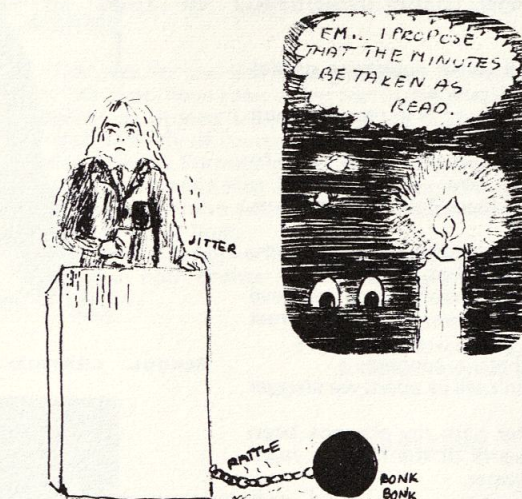
This year we broke the long tradition of starting the session with the inter-house debate, and instead had a joint meeting with George Heriot's School. The meeting bore the enigmatic title "21 Tonight", and proved to be a very amusing panel game loosely based on "Twenty Questions".

Debating, however, was by no means abandoned; in fact the Scriptwriters' Competition was postponed, not due to a lack of response, but because its date coincided with that of the English Speaking Union Debating Competition. Our team, Diane Dixon and Isobel Lowe, reached the second round (despite the first speaker's appendicitis), and suffered honourable defeat.

One of the year's dramatic highlights is always the Christmas Show. This year we bravely departed from the usual format to put on a pantomime, "CINDERELLA", (pronounced CinderellaA). The name may be familiar, but the plot showed that remarkable originality we should expect from scriptwriters Olga Wojtas, Barbara Hunter and Rosabel Michaelson. The production was joint with the Music Society, members of which wrote some of the songs, and helped Miss Cresswell to provide an excellent musical accompaniment. Complete with an all-singing, all-dancing, collapsible Pantomime Camel, a Wicked Witch and a cast of thousands (or a thousand cast-offs?) Cinderella was one of the most successful and enjoyable productions the Lit. has ever presented.

Mr. John Gray of the B.B.C. came to give us a fascinating talk on "Writing for Radio", which I am sure must have encouraged all our budding dramatists. We were particularly intrigued when he gave us some idea of the complexities of a television production script, complete with instructions to the camera crew.

The annual Burns Supper, without which we would hardly know it was January, was held this year in Gillespie's and, needless to say, was a resounding success. It commenced, as always, with the Address to the Haggis, carried out by Barbara Hunter with what can only be described as incredible gusto. A novel addition to the programme was Olga Wojtas' "To a Mysh", a Slavonic diversion (mysh is Russian for mouse) which combined the glories of the Russian language with an equal measure of Burns, to the



DEBATING WAS BY NO MEANS
ABANDONED.



illustrated
by
Isobel



amusement of all and sundry. The highlight of the evening was, of course, the Immortal Memory, given this year by Mr. Robert Tait, poet, and Editor of "Scottish International".

Unfortunately a great number of our meetings, such as the Junior Night and the joint revue with Daniel Stewart's, has been postponed due to CIRCUMSTANCES BEYOND OUR CONTROL. We hope that you will bear with us and we assure you that normal service will be resumed as soon as possible.

On behalf of the Society, I would like to thank Miss I. Cameron, Mrs. Brotherton and Miss Dickinson for their constant support. We are particularly grateful to Miss Cresswell for her help with the musical side of the Christmas pantomime and to Miss Kyle for her invaluable advice throughout the session. Our thanks also go to the long-suffering janitors, and to the stage and lighting crews.

Whoever fate may call upon to next year's committee, we wish them the very best of luck.

Isobel Lowe, 6W (Secretary).

HERE AND THERE

1st Year: Hail, ye small sweet courtesies of life!
 2nd Year: Curiouser and curiouser.
 3rd Year: And still my delight is in proper young men.
 4th Year: I owe a lot to my teachers and mean to pay them back some day.
 5th Year (dieting): Bless thee, Bottom, bless thee, thou art translated!
 6th Year: Take care to get what you like or you may be forced to like what you get.
 C.W.: Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them.
 A.S.: Give thy thoughts no tongue.
 J.H. & A.P.: People can't tell us apart, we stagger so much alike.
 J.F.: How like a winter hath my absence been from thee, the pleasure of the fleeting year.
 J.G.: Fear death by water.
 A.H.: I'm a bad, bad man!
 B.H.: I am low, thou art high.
 E.I. & S.A.: Hi! Peanut butter and jelly!
 S.L.: My genius is rebuked.
 I.L.: Methought I heard a voice cry "Sleep no more!"
 M.R.: Age is like love, it cannot be hid.
 J.S.: Whisky is a bad thing, especially bad whisky.
 K.T.: He-hem, well, I've got the wrong one again.
 O.W.: The girl is mad, or else she's writing verses.



SCHOOL CAPTAIN: Christine Watson



PRINCIPAL TEACHERS: You're not a man, you're a machine!
 Set thine house in order.
 "Right, lass!"
 God giveth speech to all, song to the few.
 "The two great enemies of Maths are music and the dentist."
 Haste, they say, is the wind that blows down the scaffolding.
 Every man over forty is a scoundrel.
 SCHOOL: Education is what remains when we have forgotten all that we have been taught.
 POWER CUTS: What freezing have I felt, what dark days seen!
 LUNCH HUTS: A very ancient and fish-like smell.
 6th FORM COMMON ROOM: Sisterly animosity.
 STAFFROOMS: I have measured out my life with coffee spoons.
 CHOIR: What! all this for a song?
 CAUCASIAN CHALK CIRCLE: Two thousand feet, eleven horses and thirty-one cows, and not a single man!
 HERIOT'S: Queer Street is full of lodgers at present.
 CONVENER OF HERIOT'S LIT: There sat Auld Nick in shape o' beast.
 JANITORS: Are you good men and true?
 POST-HIGHERS: Now does my project gather to a head.
 DISSERTATIONS: And indeed there will be time.

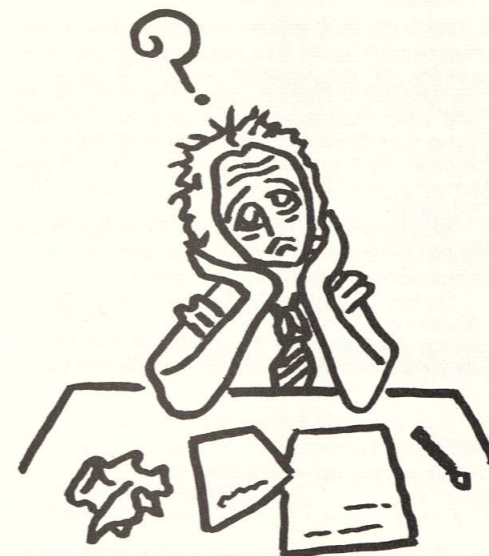
Compiled by Editor and Friend.



GAMES CAPTAIN: Joan Hanley



VICE-CAPTAIN: Alison Sum



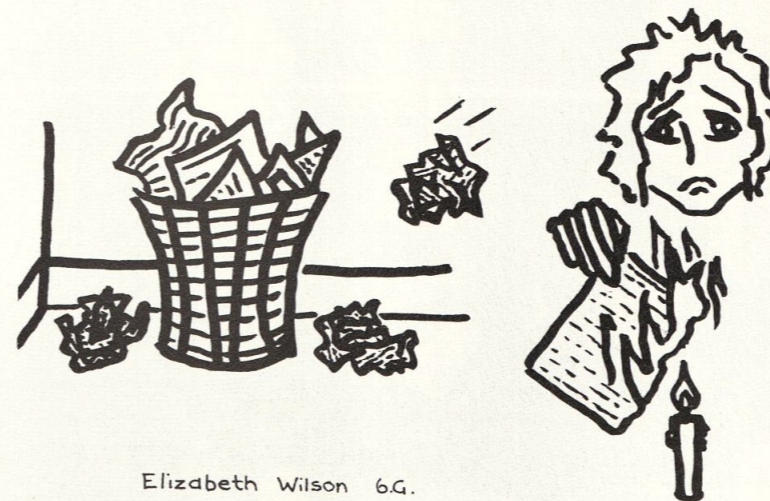
The Born Loser

"Write!" she said:
 I worked and sighed.
 I burnt the results—
 At least I'd tried.

"Compose!" she said:
 An idea came,
 I wrote it down
 T'was burnt again.

"Sketch!" she said:
 I lightly drew
 A squarish house
 With roof askew,
 A door, a window,
 Path and gate,
 And gave it to her—
 "Much too late!"

Amanda Smith. 6G.



Elizabeth Wilson 6G.

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH'S AWARD SCHEME

This year for the first time girls from 3rd, 4th and 5th Years have been taking part in the Award Scheme at Bronze Level. So far we have attended a variety of courses including Child Care, Police Service, Furnishings, Expedition Training, Beauty Culture and First Aid and it is hoped that many of us will have achieved our Bronze Award by the summer time.

Next year it is hoped that many others will be involved at both Bronze and Silver Levels. Why not join us?

Fiona Donaldson, 5G,
 Judith Lundy, 4R.



Crossed Lines

The glass door swings back.
 I lift the receiver from its resting place.
 The coins leave my hand and are swallowed by the ever-hungry machine.
 Dial the number—wait—continuous ringing in my ear.
 It stops.
 A voice is speaking. Press Button A.
 "Hello? May I speak to . . . ?"
 "And when I arrived all I could see was the body lying under a pile of rubbish."
 "A body! Whose body? Where?" I say, astonished.
 "At the garage—the car was completely burned out. Haven't you been listening to me?"
 A deep voice answers in exaggerated tone,
 "Of course I've been listening."
 "Who's there?" I wait. No reply. Ages pass. I try again.
 "Hello, I'm trying to make a call . . ."
 "This is a private conversation. Kindly . . ."
 I lay down the receiver.
 Moon shot costing two hundred and fifty million pounds! . . .
 Simple communication problem—What is this world coming to—"Ah! hello, Mary."

Lindsay Hunter, 1W.

FILM SOCIETY

With membership of the Film Society open to 3rd Year for the first time, our numbers this year exceed 200.

The first film to be shown was "Tell them Willie Boy is here", and this filled the hall as never before, with every available space occupied.

"The Manchurian Candidate", despite a slow beginning, showed how well-deserved is its reputation as a film classic, and in "Modesty Blaise" we saw the female James Bond in action.

The January programme differed from anything previously shown as, for the first time, we had a full-length cartoon, "Animal Farm", which again attracted a very considerable audience, perhaps on account of no little pressure from the English Department. This was supported by our first ever Japanese film "Woman of the Snows", which eventually succeeded in winning over the audience.

Unfortunately, because of power cuts, our Spring programme was curtailed and we were unable to show the promised Marx Brothers film.

The last film of the season was "In the Heat of the Night", a tense murder mystery with a racial theme, starring Sidney Poitier and Rod Steiger.

On behalf of the Committee, I should like to thank our tireless President, Miss Cuthbert, and also Miss Warren, Mr. Galt and the Janitors for their invaluable assistance.

Joan Fleming, 6G (Secretary).

This year the 1st Year Drama Club has again had a very high attendance. The number remained almost constant at 25 and this gave great scope for the exploration of crowd scenes and group interactions. In the autumn term, we concentrated on mime, leading up to an adaption of "The Golden Goose", for mime. This was performed with great enthusiasm to the rest of the 1st year.

In the second term, speech was introduced, and each week we explored a different topic, such as "Emotion", "Imagination", etc. At the end of the term the girls devised their own plays, in small groups of 5 or 6. I was delighted by the tremendous enthusiasm shown throughout, and hope that the girls will keep up this interest by joining Unicorn next year.

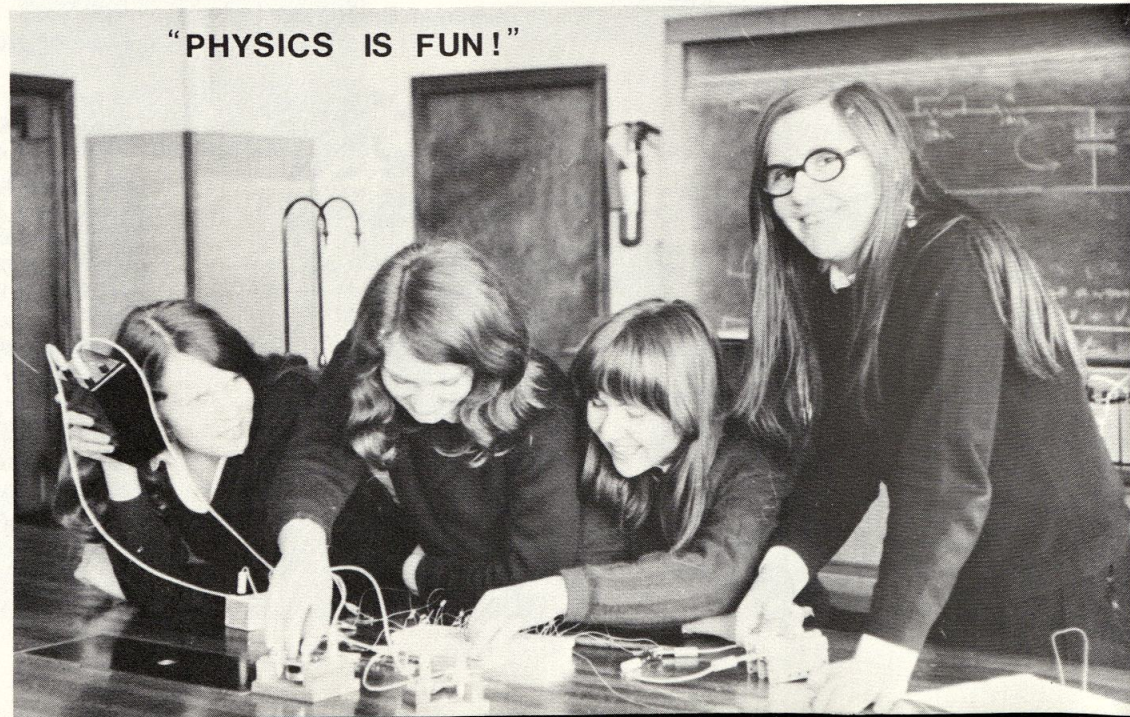
Caragh Morris, 6R.
(Roslin Drama Captain).

A Drama Club was held this session for 1st and 2nd year, meeting after school until, sundry cancellations later, it was deemed wise to meet during the lunch hour. Enthusiasm and talent were unconfined, and future playwrights produced a short revue script. Grateful thanks to Lieutenant Barbara.

Olga Wojtas, 6W.
(Warrender Drama Captain).

1G have appeared to enjoy their drama club although they often seemed more interested in the three sixth year in charge of them and their boy friends than in acting. However, they worked very hard at a mimed version of 'The Sleeping Beauty' that they performed at the end of the Christmas term. They are now working on a fantasy with which they hope to entertain the rest of the 1st year at the end of the summer term.

Fiona Ross, 6G.
(Gilmore Drama Captain).



LIBRARY REPORT

With the introduction of Chess Sets towards the beginning of this session, the use of the Library by the younger years has greatly increased (so has the volume of noise). A very wide and varied selection of books is now available, either for reference or home-reading and we owe a great deal to Mrs. McIver for her efforts in keeping the Library both up to date and informative.

Also over the past year, the TOPICS FILE has gradually been increased and now its various articles cover many diverse issues.

On behalf of the 6th year, we must offer Mrs. McIver our most heartfelt thanks for all the work which she has done in connection with various dissertations—both Literary and Scientific.

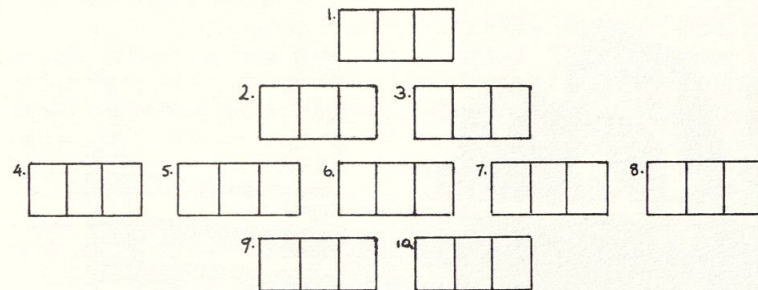
Linda Dorren, 6W.

Ten turned up—I enjoyed it.
Rosabel Michaelson, 5S.
(Spylaw Drama Captain).

Solve the clues as in a crossword (the figures in the brackets indicate the number of letters in answer). The following numbers indicate which letters of the answer are to be inserted in the frame. When completed you will have formed a quotation. For example, the first clue, "Humour her and she will dry up"—six-letter answer is "Wither". Insert letters 3, 4 and 5 in frame.

Clues:

1. Humour her and she will dry up (6) 3, 4, 5.
2. The sun never set on it while Victoria reigned (6) 2, 4, 5.
3. Start tea, add mistake—result, fear (6) 4, 5, 6.
4. God took six days to do this (6) 1, 2, 4.
5. Snap, - - - - - , pop (7) 4, 5, 7.
6. Not the same (9) 1, 3, 6.
7. I.O.U. and give my word (7) 3, 4, 6.
8. Remains to be seen (7) 4, 5, 7.
9. They can be partly vulgar (9) 5, 7, 9.
10. Caesar was advised to beware of them (4) 1, 2, 3.



- Answers:**
- | | | |
|--------------|--------------|--------------|
| 1. different | 6. promise | 10. crackle |
| 2. empire | 7. residue | 9. fractions |
| 3. terror | 8. fractions | 8. fractions |
| 4. create | 9. residue | 7. promise |
| 5. crackle | 10. crackle | 6. promise |

Quotation: "The mirror cracked from side to side."
—Tennyson.

Betsy Dorfman, 5G.

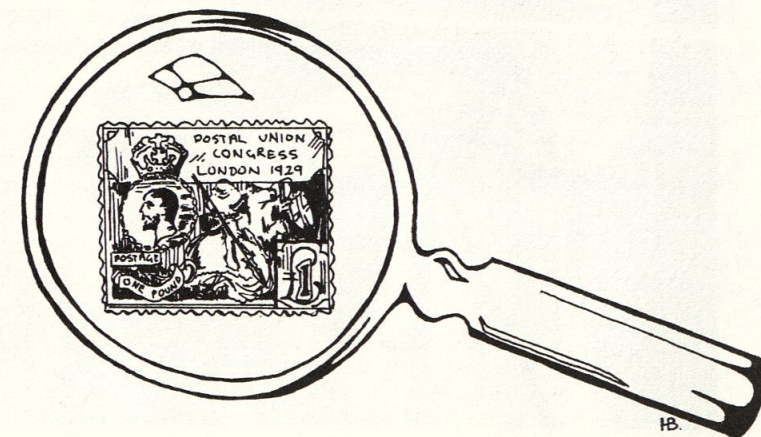
Living with Stamps

Stamp collecting is a hobby enjoyed by thousands. It is educational, it is absorbing. But where does stamp collecting end and fanaticism begin?

Do you know what it is like to live in a house full of stamp fanatics? Bookcases are filled with books on the subject. Old envelopes lie scattered around to be thrown out at one's peril. Encyclopaedias weigh down sheets of blotting paper with . . . stamps pressed between the sheets. Old albums are borne home in triumph to be gloated over for months and talked about endlessly with fiendish glee. The number of albums in our house has increased to the point that even my bedroom shelves are in jeopardy. My Mother is a well-known figure, one might even say an infamous figure, at the local Post Office where she holds up queues and insists that the assistant brings out a whole new sheet just so that she can select which stamp she wants. All mail is seized from the postman's hand as he puts it through the letter box, to appear later with neat rectangles cut out of the envelopes. It is not only stamps—there are stamp magazines; they are hoarded as well. "It's only till I have time to cut out the articles I want to keep."

The biggest disadvantage of this infuriating, exasperating, wonderful hobby is that—it is contagious.

Jackie Auchterlonie, 4G.



Caucasian Chalk Circle



photograph by Sheena M Kinghorn 5W

This session the Sixth Year ranks have included two American girls whose irrepressible good humour and sandwiches with genuine-U.S.-fillings have enlivened many of our classes. Here they give their views on the "Jesus Revolution".

It's easy to become bored or dissatisfied with life, and this seems to have been what had happened to so many of our kids in the United States. Thousands swallowed the story that materialism is the answer to happiness. People went in search of what was really the truth. They tried drugs, sex, and rebellion; things which they didn't fully understand but thought might be the answer. Still they were lonely, unhappy and felt something missing in their lives.

News began spreading of something better, the ultimate trip. They had tried to help themselves and the world, and yet nothing had seemed to move, so when people began hearing that Jesus was the only answer and that he cares, it was something to look into, and many did. Most people just realised he was a pretty wonderful person. They weren't sure if he was really what he claimed to be, but just prayed, "If you are, please come into my heart and change me."

Through reading the Bible, having fellowship with God, they began living the love they had accepted. This time they had grasped the real truth and God poured his spirit upon them. At first, when something super happened, they thought it a coincidence, but soon it became clear that there was no more room for coincidence: Jesus was real and living in them.

Because truth is reality, it held them. A revolution that could never legislate its rules had begun. People proclaiming publicly their membership in God's family. They were baptized in oceans, fountains, in groups or with a few friends. They praise God in all things and at all times, trusting in his perfect plan.

When you know inner peace, happiness and truth, you tell everyone who is willing to listen. People began newspapers, marches, coffee houses, bible studies and street witnessing, all proclaiming Jesus as the way. Centres were set up for runaway kids, addicts, and anyone else with a problem. They were places where addicts were not declared "hopeless cases, bound to return to the habit". Tracts are placed everywhere—even in the fold-out of *Playboy*, and in school desks, with "Any questions? Talk to Mary, Room 222".

What is the Jesus Revolution? It's a Renaissance, and it's growing.

Susan Anderson, 6R, Ethel Inskeep, 6R.



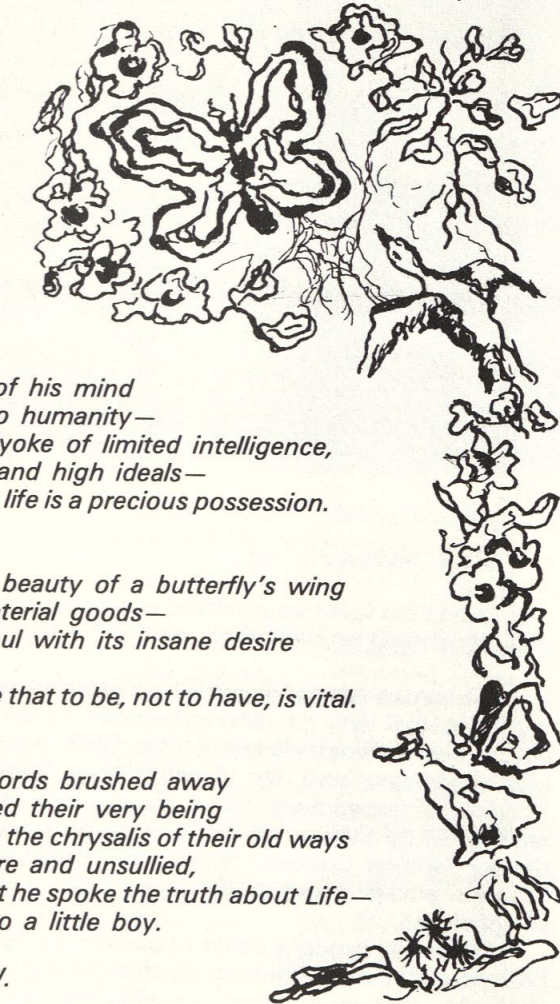
The Visionary

*If everything
Born in the caverns of his mind
Could be conveyed to humanity—
Labouring under the yoke of limited intelligence,
Half-formed theories and high ideals—
They would know that life is a precious possession.*

*If he explained
That the shimmering beauty of a butterfly's wing
Means more than material goods—
Which corrupt the soul with its insane desire
For MORE, MORE!—
They would appreciate that to be, not to have, is vital.*

*If they only listened
While his soothing words brushed away
The dust which defiled their very being
And they merged from the chrysalis of their old ways
Complete entities, pure and unsullied,
They would realise that he spoke the truth about Life—
But no-one listens to a little boy.*

Gillian McDonald. 4W.





Due to the fact that in recent years ever-increasing numbers of girls are staying on until sixth year, there has been a more varied range of activities.

We would like to thank Miss Ferguson who, on our behalf, invited several very interesting speakers to talk to us. Concerning our futures, we were visited by Miss Giles, the careers adviser, and Miss Phemister and Dr. Crosby from Stirling and Edinburgh Universities respectively. There were various other discussions and talks given by Edinburgh C.I.D.; Mrs. McWhirter, an S.N.P. candidate; Jennifer Cowper, an F.P.; Dr. Small and Mrs. Hulbert—through whose contact we now visit patients in Longmore Hospital.

Christmas brought other opportunities for voluntary work—present wrapping at Simon Square Centre, and helping invalids shop in Littlewoods—and occasion for the 1st year party and school dance. The vast amount of silver paper used in dance decorations was gratefully received by the Royal Blind Asylum. Donations have also been sent to Stockbridge House and Cancer Research appeals.

The formation of a sixth form and staff committee resulted in a coffee morning in the common room for the staff, and a basketball match against them.

Girls from sixth year joined in several external conferences, and with some boys from Heriot's in a very successful production of 'The Caucasian Chalk Circle'. An equally successful experiment was the prefects' football match, which Heriot's lost—three goals to seven!

Discussion has resulted in planned activities after the Highers including classes in beauty culture and car maintenance, and a hostelling holiday.

We would like to wish all success to those taking part in "Annie Get Your Gun", to be staged in June, and to thank Miss Cresswell, Miss Kyle and Miss Frater for all their hard work.

We have all been given a great deal of help and guidance during the session for which we would like to thank Miss McIver, Miss Ferguson and all members of the staff most sincerely.



FORMER PUPILS' ASSOCIATION

Two purely social meetings were held last year—a dinner in May and a skittles evening in October. The biennial business meeting in November was followed by a most interesting account of his visit to Australia by Dr. Small.

The school representative is Miss Joan Cameron and the new Honorary Secretary is Mrs. Sutherland, 34 Dalkeith Road, Edinburgh, EH16 5BS (667 1170).



F.P. NOTES

The honorary degree of Doctor of Letters has been conferred by the University of Strathclyde on Muriel Spark (nee Camberg), the citation describing her talent as "the most varied and original in Scotland since the time of Robert Louis Stevenson".

Former pupils have gained the following degrees:—

At Edinburgh University:

M.A. with Honours—Jacqueline Doig with French, Janet Halley (French Language and Literature), Diana McDonald (Classics), Dorothy Walters (French with Medieval Studies).

M.A.—Eileen Bernard, Sheila Cowell, Margery Evans, Frances Kirk, Fiona Mackay, Pat Frost, Anne McKelvie, Kathleen Wishart, Rosalind Thomson, Rosemary Stein, Lorna Stevenson.

B.Ed.—Margaret Macgregor.

B.Com.—Marilyn Webster (nee Minto).

B.Sc. with Honours—Carolyn Longmuir and Frances Cook (Mathematics).

B.Sc.—Elizabeth Calder, Julie Murdoch, Alison Gray.

B.Sc. (Medical Sciences)—Linda Tennent.

M.B., Ch.B.—Geraldine Bagguley.

At Aberdeen University:

M.A. with Honours—Elizabeth Fleming (Geography), Glenyse Gibson (English), Sheila Munro (Sociology).

At the Heriot-Watt University:
B.Sc.—Eileen Rintoul.

At Edinburgh College of Art the Diploma in Drawing and Painting has been awarded to Kathryn E. Howieson and Nora A. Webster (nee Forbes).

Dorothy Dunnett (nee Halliday) has recently produced "The Ringed Castle", the latest in her Crawford of Lymond series, and Muriel Spark a rather macabre "Not To Disturb".

The Diploma in Social Work (Administration) has been gained by Christine Holland (nee Bashford), M.A.

Alison Tierney (nee Bashford), B.Sc., has been awarded a two years' Nursing Research Fellowship by the Scottish Home and Health Department.

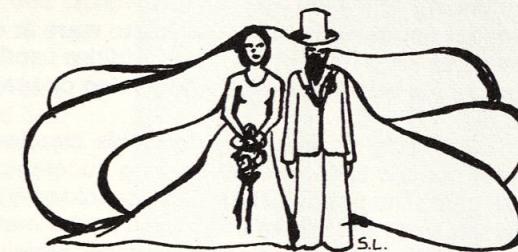
Maureen Forrester has gained the Diploma in Occupational Therapy, with a special commendation award, the first such award to be made in Scotland.

Mrs. Lesley Anne Robertson (nee Rankin) received the Queen's Commendation for Brave Conduct.

Gwen Edmonston is now a permanent member of the Scottish Ballet Company.

Jennifer Halcrow has begun a year's service with V.S.O. in New Guinea and Sarah Mackenzie has just returned from two years' V.S.O. work in Thailand.

Morag W. Murray, M.A., has been appointed Principal of Solway College, Masterton, New Zealand.



MARRIAGES

Sutherland—Ramsay — John Sutherland to Fiona Ramsay.

McIndoe—Smart — William McIndoe to Jamesanna Smart (nee Macgregor).

Selby—Frizell — Dr. Ian Selby to Mary M. Frizell.

McAuley—Bain — Peter McAuley to Brenda Bain.

Woodcock—Forrest — William Woodcock to Valerie Forrest.

Basset—Gordon — Moray Basset to Lynette Gordon.

Cunningham—Brooks — James Cunningham to Frances Brooks.

Pointon—Wellwood — Graham Pointon to Christine Wellwood.

Tierney—Bashford — Ian Tierney to Alison Bashford.

Stalford—Duncan — Frederick Stalford to Jennifer Duncan.

Simmons—Edwards — Michael Simmons to Glenda Edwards.

Gillon—Whigham — Douglas Gillon to Mary Whigham.

Rush—Humphreys-Edwards — Malcolm Rush to Julia Humphreys-Edwards.

Stevenson—Scarlett — Donald Stevenson to Moira Scarlett.

Morrison—McKie — Kenneth Morrison to Carolyn McKie.

Donaldson—Imrie — Iain Donaldson to Karin Imrie.

Gowans—Firth — William N. Gowans to Susan Firth.

Tulloch—Addison — Sidney Tulloch to Vaile Addison.

Rhynas—Ker — Allan F. Rhynas to Margaret G. Ker.

Pretending to watch the passing fields, she cautiously eyed the stranger opposite. True it was rude to stare at deformed children or flea-supporting tramps, but their oddities captivated her. This man was fat. No hunched back, wooden leg or scarred face—just plain fat.

The folds of pink flesh from his circular face had collected under the jaw to form a fascinating succession of chin after chin after chin. The podgy dimpled hands folded across the hillock belly seemed small and out of proportion to the massive buttocks which now bore the full weight of his tonnage. Slowly the litty piggy eyes began to disappear under the droopy lids, and before long the whole mass of him spasmodically wobbled in silent snores.

As she quickly cast a reassuring glance over her slim frame, her eye was caught by a small silver object which glinted beside her left foot. She slowly bent down, hoping the crackling of her plastic raincoat would not intrude upon the stranger's dreams—which must have been vivid, judging by the smirk of satisfaction the rubber lips had twisted into.

It was a ring; small, and embellished by a single diamond. It must be his—there were no other passengers in this compartment and the train had had a late morning departure, so it was unlikely that a previous traveller had dropped it. Suddenly she saw words intricately engraved on the silver band, "For ever, Jeremy". They bore a lot of love. Him—*Love?* A shiver of revulsion went through her. She tried to concentrate on the telegraph poles fleeing past outside the window, to direct her mind towards—well, whatever she should think about next . . .

The journey was becoming tedious, the constant click-clack of the wheels seemed to churn her stomach, and a dull headache had developed, pressing down on her eyes. Without actively thinking, she had laid the ring on the window ledge, where the man would undoubtedly see it when he awoke.

Three stations later he sleepily glanced around him. Immediately his expression changed to radiance on seeing the ring. - His ring. The one for Margo. He thought he'd lost it. Oh, how lucky! Had it been there long? He gibbered on. She found herself blushing, much to her annoyance, and sat consciously trying to share the fat fool's joy.

Twenty minutes later she gathered up her luggage, preparing to alight. It would be good seeing her parents again. Craning her neck forward, she spotted them looking the length of the train for

her, and without even waiting for the train to draw to a halt she jumped off and raced towards them—joy mounting in her heart as she warmly embraced the familiar, fat figure of her loving mother.

Veronica Tyre. 5R.

*There is a terrible sadness
About a journey on a train
Your heart turns over and is ground
With every revolution of the triangular wheels.*

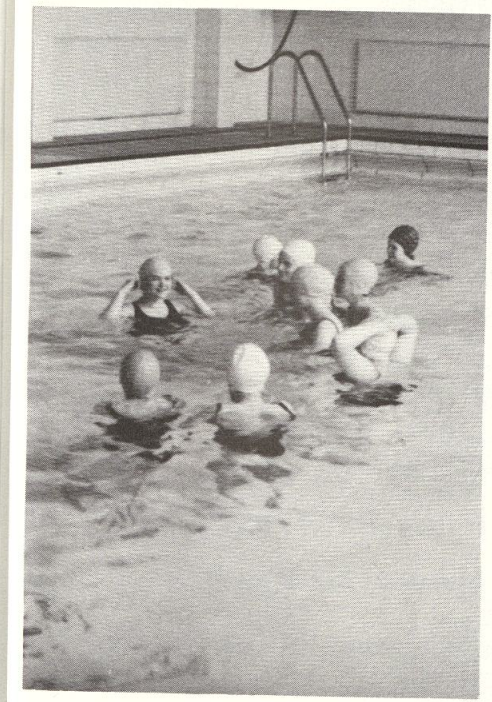
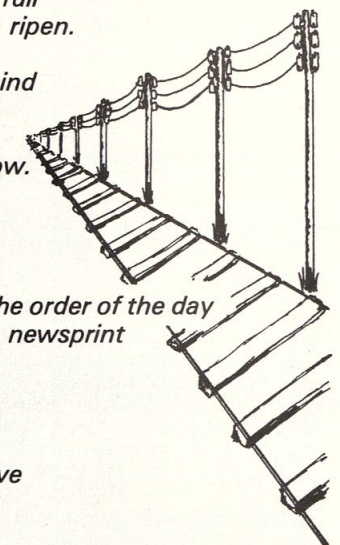
*Even when the parting was happy
Once the last waving figure has receded
With the concrete end of the platform
The mind is recalled
To the moment which was not entirely full
The relationship which did not perfectly ripen.*

*What were you seeking? inquires the mind
But the soul soars higher
In an ecstasy of torture
Searching to find the foot of the rainbow.*

*Anna Karenina left by train
A train is a symbol of heartbreak
Why—I'm not heartbroken
Yet sorrow and introspection seem to be the order of the day
The people barricaded behind sheets of newsprint
Which they read over and over again
Are they sad-happy too?*

*I never love the "painted stations"
To travel hopefully is better than to arrive
But what of the return R.L.S?
What then?*

Fiona Scott-Barrett. 5G.



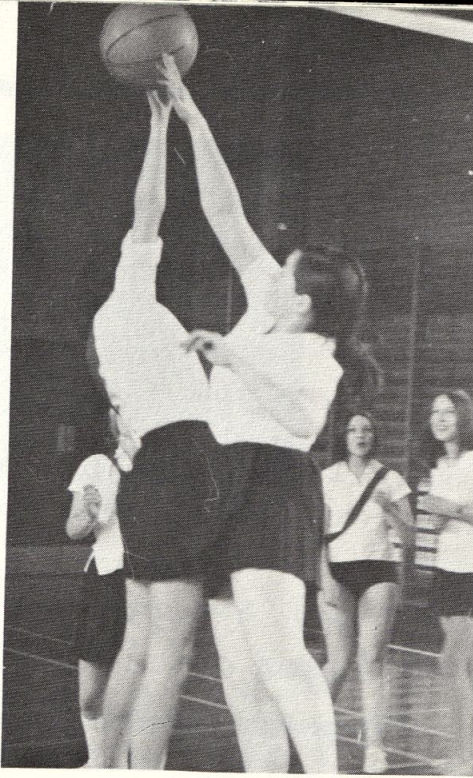
games report

The hockey club this session has had a very lean time due mainly to lack of numbers. We have very enthusiastic 2nd and 3rd year teams, but there is little response among the senior years. Despite this, we look forward to next year, when we hope once more the school will be able to run two senior and four junior teams.

The swimming club has benefited this year by the attendance and enthusiasm of the first year swimmers. We have been very successful this year, winning contests against St. Augustine's and St. Denis. Five of our seniors also took part in a triangular meeting and took second place. Our thanks go to Mrs. Galloway for coaching us.

The volleyball club ran only one competing team this year which took part in the Edinburgh Under-16 league. They had a very successful season and reached the semi-final of the Edinburgh District Championships. Next year we hope the club will be able to run teams in both the open and Under-16 sections.

Skiing activities have continued this session with after school classes at Hillend, and very successful trips to Switzerland and Lagganlia. The skiing team again took part in the race for the Boyd Anderson Trophy at Hillend.



The membership of the Table Tennis Club has increased greatly this session. We played a friendly match against Heriot's which we enjoyed very much. All our thanks go to Mr. McCaskill for help and encouragement.

The fencing club has been very popular this year, with classes held three times a week and still more people wanting to play. It was a great loss this year when Professor Bracewell, the National Coach, gave up coaching in schools.

This season has been very successful for both senior and junior Basketball teams. For the first time, it will be a double final in the Scottish Schools' Cup for Gillespie's. The teams are also top of the Edinburgh League. Our thanks go to Mrs. Wilson for coaching us.

The badminton club has had a very successful season, with the joint Gillespie/Heriot team doing extremely well in the Edinburgh Schools' Senior League. We have also played several friendly matches—winning some and losing others.