





**JAMES GILLESPIE'S HIGH SCHOOL
EDINBURGH 1973**

editorial

This magazine is dedicated to all those people who have never had a magazine dedicated to them before.

So here I sit in the library trying to write the editorial, wondering what exactly it is that school does to us, what school makes of us. I suppose that's the point. It not what school does for us, it's what we do for it—school is what you make it. It's like a milk machine, the more you put in, the more you get out. Depending on the buttons you press and the decisions you make, your schooldays can be strawberry milk or just rejected.

Oh, it used to be so simple. When I started school, life was care-free—well, at first I wondered if we kept our hats on inside the school and even if (horror of horrors) we went swimming in them. I soon learned the answer. From that first day when I arrived with my new geometry set and shiny white ankle length socks, I was told where to go, how to get there, what to do once I got there and "STOP HITTING THAT GIRL—I don't care if she bit you—stop doing it at once".

Nowadays I'm the one that has to make decisions, I'm the one that has to think. We are no longer given everything; we have to work it all out for ourselves. We can voice our opinions, or not, as the case may be. And now after six years of hopeful travelling, having been taught to make decisions and withstand responsibilities, still armed with geometry set and grubby socks, I have arrived. I have reached whatever it is we are supposed to reach only to find that outside in the grim real world it's just the same as in school, if not worse. We still have to think for ourselves; we still have to make an effort.

At least in school we have a milk machine in which we can go and drown our sorrows and ourselves. All in all, the old pile is not bad really. Go on, admit it—you love every minute of it all (masochist)—well, almost every minute. You see, I have these dreams. I dream of being rich, of being famous and happy, but above all I dream of having a magazine dedicated to **ME!**



acknowledgements

ROSABEL MICHAELSON

RONA BRUCE

LYNN SANDERSON

HELEN FIELD

SUSAN ROSS

CATHERINE CRICHTON

cover : design by RONA BRUCE

: photograph by CHRISTIAN KINGHORN 2W

endpapers by HELEN SIMPSON

Rosabel Michaelson.

STAFF NOTES

PRIMARY DEPARTMENT

Congratulations to Miss Joan Currie on her appointment as Assistant-Head Teacher in our Primary Department.

Miss P. Perreux-Lloyd left in May 1972 and was replaced by Mrs. R. Levison

Mrs. R. Jamieson and Miss P. Borthwick left in June 1972 and Miss H. Miller and Miss E. Beaumont joined the Staff in August.

SECONDARY DEPARTMENT

There have again been changes in the School staff, and we wish to thank those who have left, and wish them well in the future, and to welcome the newcomers.

Mrs. Rozga retired last October, after many years of loyal service to the English Department, and as Careers Teacher. Mrs. Begbie has left the Home Economics Department to take up an appointment as Principal Teacher of Home Economics in Trinity Academy, and Miss Robertson (P.E.), has been appointed Principal Teacher of Physical Education at a school in Wales. Miss Pringle (Home Economics) has left to be married. Other departures were those of Miss White (Modern Languages), Mrs. Wilson (P.E.), Mrs. John (Biology), Mrs. Ness (P.E.), Miss Kyle (Speech & Drama) and Mrs. McQuistan (English). We welcome Miss Gray as Principal Teacher of Home Economics, Mr. Davidson as Principal Teacher of English, and in order of arrival, Miss Simpson (Biology), Miss Thomson (Physics), Miss Johnston (P.E.), Miss Pairman (Speech & Drama), Mr. Allan (Chemistry), Mrs. Luckins (History & Russian), Mrs. Morrison (English & French), Mrs. Nimmo (English), Mrs. Turner (Home Economics) and Mrs. Gowans (F.P. Susan Firth) (P.E.).

Miss I.M. Cameron has been promoted to the post of Assistant Head Teacher, and Miss Wilson (Maths), Miss Burnard (Modern Languages), and Miss Cuthbert (English) have become Assistant Principal Teachers in their Departments. Mrs. Day has been appointed House Mistress, and Mrs. Gray and Miss Smellie, Assistant House Mistresses. We wish to thank Mrs. Dempsey, Mrs. Naismith and Mrs. Manson for their services during their time in the School Office and we welcome Mrs. Thorburn.

Mrs. Bazin, Technician in the Chemistry Department has left and Miss L. Reid has joined us as Trainee Lab. Technician.

We include in our thanks the Modern Language Assistants, and all those teachers, who, in a temporary capacity, have given such valuable assistance.

FILM SOCIETY

This session we have had a somewhat varied programme. Our first film, "Bullitt" starring Steve McQueen, was well-attended, and proved to be a thrilling detective drama. To follow we had a more sombre programme, with "The Grapes of Wrath", based on Steinbeck's famous novel. Exams, perhaps, were the cause of depleted numbers over the months of November and December when "Shane" and "The Nutty Professor", a hilarious comedy starring Jerry Lewis, were shown. In contrast, "The Lord of the Flies", a chilling and horrifying film, was well-attended in January (even first years had been admitted): perhaps this was due to English Department pressure. The Oscar award winning film "The African Queen" followed in February, and to close the session Jacques Tati's film, "Trafic" proved to be his funniest yet.

On behalf of the committee I would like to send warmest and most sincere thanks to our faithful President, Miss Cuthbert, Miss Warren, Mr. Galt and the never tiring Janitors and also, to wish the best of luck to next year's committee.

Anne Ireland 6R
(Secretary).

LIBRARY REPORT

This year the library has again increased the supply of books considerably. Chess still remains a very popular pastime with the girls, particularly amongst the younger years.

I would like to take this opportunity to thank Mrs. McIver for all the valuable time she has spent in helping the girls, in their 'quest for knowledge'.

Valerie Curran 6G

F.P. NOTES

Former pupils have gained the following degrees:—

At Cambridge University:

B.Sc. with honours — Anne M. Thomson.

At Edinburgh University:

Ph. D. — Eileen Arnott, M.A.

M.A. with Honours — Lorraine Chalmers and Patricia Dunsmore — Classics), Frances Lowe, Joan Macdonald, Marion Marshall, Yvonne Mitchell and Pamela Smith (English Language and Literature), Marta McGlynn and Sarah Shove (Geography).

M.A. — Helen Sidor.

B.Sc. with Honours — Margaret Slater (Bacteriology), Joan Bathie (Zoology), Pamela Mitchell (Microbiology), Dorothy Davidson, Patricia Steart and Elizabeth Walker (Chemistry), Erica June Rowe (Computer Science and Mathematics), Christine Bain (Geography), Susan Kirkwood (Geology).

B.Sc. — Mary Halley.

B.Sc. (Social Sciences) — Annette Robertson and Norma Robertson

B.Sc. (Agriculture) with Honours — Carol Christie.

At Heriot-Watt University:

B.Sc. with Honours — Janet Little (nee Heyworth) and Elizabeth Wisely (Chemistry), Muriel Bryce (Pharmacy), Rosemary Soutar and Sheila Macintosh (Computer Science).

At Aberdeen University:

M.A. — Gaye Dickson (nee Gordon).

At Edinburgh College of Art:

The Diploma in Drawing and Painting has been awarded to Jan Coventry who was granted a scholarship for Post Diploma work.

Anne Thomson, B.Sc., has gained an open scholarship to Stanford University, California.

Muriel Spark has again delighted her admirers — and puzzled the critics — with "The Hot House by the East River".

Congratulations go to Hannah Rodgers for producing the winning poems in the tenth annual programme for verse written by students at Scottish colleges and universities.

PRIMARY

The following pupils were awarded prizes for the Daffodil Competition held by the Royal Caledonian Horticultural Society, Scottish Spring Show 1973.

1st Prize — Susan Smith Pr 6.2

1st Prize — Valerie Smith Pr 5.2

1st Prize — Kirsten Young Pr 4.1

3rd Prize — Audrey Mallinson Pr 7.1

3rd Prize — Jennifer Mitchel Pr 2.1

ART

Congratulations go to three girls who have had their work exhibited in the "Sunday Mirror" National Exhibition of Children's Art 1972: Fiona Kears 3.S, Lesley Wilson 3.R and Alison Osbond Pr 5.2.

Entries for the 1972 European Art Competition with the subject "Pollution" were of a very high standard. Moira Innes 3.A was judged first in her age group. Elizabeth Anderson 3.G and Pat Roger 2.G were also awarded prizes.

RUSSIAN

Elizabeth White 6.S won the John L. Kinloch Essay Prize, a fortnight's trip to the Soviet Union, for an essay in Russian in 1972. The competition was open to all senior pupils in Scotland.

CLASSICS

Rosalie Mason 6.W gained a Classics Bursary in the 1972 Edinburgh University Bursary Competition.

RELIGIOUS EDUCATION

Congratulations to Sandra Hawthorne, 2.W, for winning the School Bible Essay Competition.

MUSIC

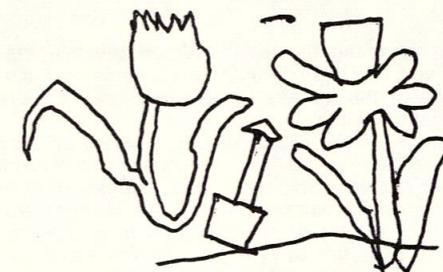
Sara Dyer 3.R won a trip to London to watch the London Philamonic Orchestra in rehearsal for her essay about the Edinburgh Festival.

Congratulations to Anne Ireland 6.R who has been selected as Scotland's representative to attend a music project planned by the Cumberland Valley Girl Scouts in Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tennessee, during July and August.

DIVING

Lesley Ogden 5G has gained her grade 4 Scottish Schools Swimmer's Badge.

congratulations



FENCING

Alison Simpson 5W was 2nd in the Scottish Under 20 Ladies Foil Championships. Alison was fourth, qualifying both for the Scottish Championships. Jennifer Cutler 4R was 3rd in the Scottish Schools Senior Championship.

SQUASH

Alison Ritchie 3W won the girls Plate Tournament in the Edinburgh Schools Squash Tournament in which Isobel Evans 3S reached the semi-finals.

SWIMMING

In the Scottish Schools Swimming Championships, Susan Robb 5S won the bronze medal in the over 16, 100 metre breast stroke.



ATHLETICS

Gay Clapperton 6G won the Senior Scottish Schools Cross Country Championships with the result that she has been chosen to run in the Schools International in Wales. Janice Eaglesham 3R was 3rd in the Junior age group. In the Scottish Schools Championships, Gaye Clapperton was 2nd in the 100 metres hurdles and the discus and was 2nd in the Scottish Schools Pentathlon. In the Edinburgh Schools Championships Eleanor Brown 5G won the long jump in the Open age group.

TABLE TENNIS

Wendy Pullen 2W won the Edinburgh Schools Junior Championship and Rosalyn Clitheroe 1G was fourth, qualifying both for the Scottish Championships. Jennifer Cutler 4R was 3rd in the Scottish Schools Senior Championship.

VOLLEYBALL

Elizabeth Menzies 4G, Moira Innes 4G, Hilary Wilkinson 4W and Sheila Wragg 5G played for the Edinburgh District Team and Ann Black 5G and Hilary Wilkinson 4W reached the final Scottish trials. Pat Bell 5G was chosen to play for the Scottish Schoolgirls Open team.

BADMINTON

Ailsa Borthwick 6G won the following awards: winner of the East Scotland Under 18 mixed doubles and runner-up in the singles; Semi-finalist in the Scottish National Under 18 singles, ladies doubles and mixed doubles. Winner of the under 18 singles and doubles with Rhona Goff 6R, and runner-up in the mixed doubles at the Meadowbank Christmas Tournament.

Ailsa was also chosen to play for the Scottish Schools Team.

BASKETBALL

Lesley Hosie 5R, Elizabeth Allan 4R, Lyndsey Gibson 4R and Dorothy Tabor 4G were chosen to play for the Under 16 Scottish Schools Team and Gaye Clapperton 6G and Moira Cunningham 5W for the Senior Team. Gaye Clapperton 6G was chosen to captain the Scottish Junior Women's Team of which Lesley Hosie was also a member.

MUSIC SOCIETY

Interest in the Music Society seemed to be revived at the beginning of the session with 126(!) girls paying their membership fee. It is unfortunate however, that out of this vast number only one third has attended any one of our meetings. But perhaps after reading this report the other two thirds will see what they missed!

Activities ranged from appreciative listening to Mr. Sommerville's organ playing and the Scottish National Orchestra, to scaling the roof of St. Mary's Cathedral in order to reach the belfry where we tried our hand(s) at dumb bellringing and later listened to professionals on bells with the ring put back in. We danced and sang with the Lit. both at our Joint Folk Evening and at THE Christmas Show. With tenors and basses provided by the Royal High School we went on a very joyful (and profitable for Oxfam) bout of Carol singing. We learnt about recording at the Craighill Studios and were defeated (very narrowly) in quizzes against the Staff and Heriot's. The 1st, 2nd and 3rd year meeting (attended by 1st and 2nd year) began with entertainment by Debbie, Hazel and Susan, ended with some rousing folk singing and middled with a quiz in which 2nd year beat 1st year plus committee. The 4th, 5th and 6th year meeting did not take place because no-one read my notice. Despite a low attendance at The Former Pupils' meeting, we had an extremely entertaining meeting with performances by Morvyth Armstrong, (nee Davis) on violin, Jenny MacGregor on piano and Enid Bannatyne singing. Yet to come are meetings with Heriot's (again !!) and Geroge Watson's (Boys), not to mention all those surprise meetings that you are all so used to now!

My apologies for all the meetings that did not take place due to "technical difficulties" and my thanks to everyone who has supported the society this session.

"Music, the greatest good that mortals know,
And all of heaven we have below.

Anne M.T. Ruthven (Junior President)

LIT REPORT

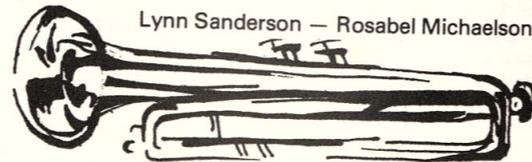
To introduce the uninitiated to the delights, folly and fun! fun! fun! (*and we mean that sincerely*) of the literally literary and traumatically Dramatic society

We began the ordeal with a meeting entitled "just a minute" obviously not based on A well known Radio Program. The success of the evening was mainly due to the valiant (*and hilarious*) efforts of the staff team who were, reading from left to right (*or right to left if you stand on your head!*) Miss Smellie, Miss Warren, and Mr. Dall. They won (*curses! foiled again*) by a narrow margin of 919 to 2 after speaking on such various topics as how to untie a pretzle, aardvarks and camels. Next came the Folk Night joint with the Music Society and this year's resident musician on guitar, penny-whistle (*and feet*) was Anne Ruthven (*hurrah!*) President of the aforementioned musical soc. A special mention must go to the Russian choir imported at great expense from the fourth and sixth year. We would like to recommend this evening as an excellent way of straining ones vocal chords. In December (*ho, ho, ho,*) came the never-to-be-forgotten highlight of the year — The Annual Christmas Extravaganza. This time under the production of Rosabel "Do you want to see your name in lights" Michaelson we (*foolishly*) attempted a star-studded, cast-of-thousands pantomime. It was a saga of the loves, hates and problems of a young man facing the realities of life in the slums of Baghdad. It was jestingly called "Alibaba and the forty thieves." As always the actual production was greeted with customary enthusiasm by the huge audience who joined in the fun with shouts of "oh no he doesn't, oh yes he does!" and "kill the author!" etc.

To uphold our literacy we have held many outings to Lyceum plays and on the dramatic side there was a heated "Women's Lib" debate at Daniel Stewarts. The Burns Supper held at Heriots was a great success (*at least the committee enjoyed the evening*). Junior night was produced by our own Rona McCandlish (*hurrah!*) and starred the leading light bulbs of the

third and fourth years. This years interhouse drama competition was won by Spylaw's "The Man who wouldn't go to Heaven" (*it was fixed, it was fixed.*)

We would like to thank Miss Pairman for putting up with Rosabel (*eh?*), for advice, help and patience (*not to mention for courage beyond the call of duty.*) Thanks also go to the English department Miss Dickinson Miss Cresswell and the janitors without whose help the Show Would Not Have Gone On.



Lynn Sanderson — Rosabel Michaelson

CHOIR AND ORCHESTRA

The choir began the session by entertaining, along with the Royal High School, a lecture theatre full of forensic scientists who were attending a one-week conference here in celebration of sixty years of this fascinating subject.

In December we presented a concert in the school hall and special mention must go to Christine Martin, Rosabel Michaelson and Carolyn Thomson (violin), Jane Rodger (flute), and Heather Boyd and Elspeth Ruthven (singing) whose performances, solo and duet, were a credit to us all.

At the beginning of March, the choir and the string section of the orchestra visited Candlish church to take part in one of a series of 'Music in Worship' services.

Members of the choir are at present rehearsing with the Royal High School, for a production of Benjamin Britten's "Beggars' Opera". Soloists from Gillespie's are Heather Boyd, Sarah Dyer, Helen Heatlie and Elspeth Ruthven.

Our sincere thanks as always, go to Mr. Sommerville for all the hard work and enthusiasm which he has put in this session.



THE JOYS OF BEING SCHOOL CAPTAIN

Having been bullied and blackmailed by the editors of the school magazines to produce an article, I finally resolved to compose a piece of deathless prose, full of scintillating wit, that would go down in the annals of the magazine's history. Strangely enough however when I got down to putting pen to paper, all inspiration seemed to leave me, as it has been wont to do over six years of English exams!

Nothing daunted, I was reduced to reflecting over this, my last year at school, and I came to the conclusion that undoubtedly the most amusing aspect of this past year, was the fact that I was school captain!

So first let me start with a piece of advice to any aspiring school captain; the post is easy obtainable by a subtle 'fiddling' of the ballot papers. At this point two alternatives are open to the prospective holder of the honour/mug's job/most coveted post in the school/most dreaded post in the school/****. The first option requires a ready number of corruptible friends, who, for a small fee, like half a dozen cream eggs, may be easily coerced into voting for you. The second option requires a certain amount of sleight of hand when the ballot papers are collected and entails a substitution of the genuine ballot papers by a good number all bearing your name, which you have carefully prepared the night before. I guarantee the success of both these methods as does my second-in-command, Lynn, who employed the latter method, while I myself chose the former, as my friends have a particular weakness for cream eggs!

So having obtained the post, the rates of pay which I may add, would bring any union out on strike, you are then faced with breaking the news to the family! When I broke the news at home I was faced with a mixed reaction, ranging from rank disbelief to total incomprehension. When I arrived home on that afternoon, despite my efforts to retain my usual nonchalant look, my mother immediately knew that something had happened, and her reaction was, "You weren't late for school again this morning were you? That's three times in the first three weeks!" Sadly reflecting on parental mistrust of their talented offspring, and also, let me add, back to earth with a bang, I then proceeded to break the news. My mother's reaction at this point, I must admit was better than I had anticipated and she was quite carried away with the fact that I had

achieved something, (in her eyes) worthwhile at school. This reaction proved to be in complete contrast to that of my little sister—sorry I forgot—my young sister. Due to the fact that she is two inches taller than me, after negotiations it has been agreed that I am not to introduce her to anyone as 'my little sister' any longer!

To continue, her reaction was one of total horror; 'You're not are you? Oh NO!' At this point, if the newly elected girl is not feeling about as important as a piece of stewed cabbage, I suggest she comes to my family to break the news!

After these initial reactions, the follow up was one of great amusement. My father spent the rest of the evening chortling into his newspaper, while Alison my sister, sat with a broad grin on her face! This type of reaction I found was also very common amongst my friends, both inside and outside school, who thought that Elspeth being head girl was funnier than Monty Python at its best!

But what about the job itself? Well having been bought up on a diet of 'Angela, School Captain' 'Natalie leads the Sixth' and 'Jo of the Chalet School' which I read avidly when in primary school and indeed even up to second year, I was suffering under the delusion that the head girl was respected, held in awe, and almost worshipped by the school, by the younger girls at any rate. Even thinking back to my own first year days I can remember the crushes we had on some of the prefects and the respect in which we held them. Sadly, however, I was to discover that these days are past, and only exist in the minds of old fashioned authors. My utter disillusionment took place in February during the snowy weather, when one day as I came into school, I was met by a gleeful whisper of, 'Great here's Elspeth!' and a snowball right on my back! Even first year respect seems to have disappeared!

So, do not expect the slightest bit of respect from the school, and I would advise any future school captain to stop reading Angela Brazil and Elinor M. Brent Dyer at least by the start of the fifth year!

Finally, what I have found most difficult about the job is to try and preserve some aura of dignity and 'grown-upness' and to refrain from sliding over the courtyard in front of Bruntsfield House and from jumping up to touch the ceiling of the corridors in the classroom block!

Elspeth Dollar, 6W



SCHOOL CAPTAIN Elspeth M. Dollar

RIGHT ABOVE: SUPPORTING THE TEAM



BELOW: AS WIDOW TWANKY



VICE-CAPTAIN Lynn Sanderson



GAMES CAPTAIN Gaye Clapperton



SCHOOL COUNCIL

Faced once more with yet another agenda bemoaning the tastelessness of school food and the fact that silver lurex tops are not allowed in the gym changing room I sighed. Wot, I asked myself sadly, wot happened to all those young revolutionaries — wot happened to all the original young fire-eaters that roamed the school quoting quickly and easily from that little red book or suddenly shouting in the middle of a latin lesson "Workers of the world unite"? Ah me, those were the days. I sighed again. I remembered, they had all been elected school council representatives and were now submitting burning questions on the smell behind the bicycle shed.

I sighed heavily — not that I blame them for submitting the articles or expect anything more exciting to happen. I, too, have felt a drowsy numbness o'ersteal my senses as if on hemlock I had drunk when school council raises its awesome head. And maybe it's a reflection on the contentment of many of the inmates of Gillespie's that they can't find much to complain about — officially I mean. Well, you may ask, why a school council? Why any council? Wot, you wail, poor benighted fools that you are, wot is it all for? Ah, there you have, what is it all for — I'm glad you asked. Is it so that I can spout my head off, power-mad and tell you to hammer in the nails that catch in your tights? Yes! you say, but you'd be wrong. The school council exists for every member of the school as a public speaking place, a means of testing the school's reaction and a way of easing communication. Can you imagine no school council? No way of banning small annoyances (like the first year). And where else can you be informed about the nutritional value of caterpillars, and how to get rid of smells behind bicycle sheds. The time has come the walrus said to talk of many things of sealing wax of smelling salts of cabbages and kings and why can't we wear silver lurex shorts in the gym?

Rosabel Michaelson

SIXTH YEAR COMMITTEE REPORT

How we activated the Sixth Year Mind Bomb (or did it really go off?)

The first rocket of the season was, of course, the school dance, which, needless to say, went with a bang and was, in passing, quite successful. Cunningly designed spiders' webs were placed to trap any wandering stars, flies and broken hearts.

Meanwhile, life continued in the cordon bleu (it up) rooms where girls attempted recipes such as Upsidedown Pineapple Pizza with curry (gun-powder) sauce. In sewing, many sowed seeds of psychopathy, and gaelic classes were started. Many go to yoga, you know, plus their matt finish (or Swedish).

Still some of us are careering around looking for jobs, places at University (have you seen any?), strumming guitars, and driving (?) cars in threes.

Everything mushroomed until at the end of the second term the Sixth Year blew up the Heriot's football team by 6-4.

Our education was continued (started) at Monday afternoon conferences. (not pears) Firstly, we were told how to make (earn) money ie by getting employment, going to University on a grant or going on the dole. Then we were informed how to keep our hard baked bread safe either at home by keeping it locked in the fridge out of goldfish reach or in the bank-not flowers, but in a safe deposit box. However, other sources sprang upon us the idea that the aforementioned SDB should not be dumped in a river, stream, spring, summer of such like ecologically beautiful place, but in a bank.

But joking aside, we would all like to thank our varied and interesting speakers for giving us new knowledge and broadening our horizons. Thanks also are due to the staff members of the Sixth Form Committee, especially Miss Warren, who lit the fuses and glued the broken bits together.

Freda Shaw 6W
Convenor, Sixth Form Committee)

DUKE OF EDINBURGH AWARD SCHEME

The number of girls participating in the scheme is increasing and already seven have gained the Bronze level. They then, if they wish, go on to Silver and Gold levels.

The Service courses cover First Aid Child Care, Care of Animals, Police and Community Service, which includes fifteen hours of voluntary social service.

In the Design for Living section the courses deal with the individual, her friends and her surroundings. Good grooming, make-up and hairstyles are all part of it.

There is a very wide choice of Interests and those taken up ranged from Classical Music Appreciation to collecting Tropical Fish. During six months as much is found out about the subject as possible and then an assessment is made.

Many have finished the training course which has to be taken before the expedition. This includes safety precautions, map reading, Country and Highway Code, use of timetables and compass. About thirteen of us went on a practise walk on 20th November 1972 on the Pentlands, starting at Bonaly Tower. We were escorted by Mrs. Waugh and Dr. Sinclair. Two groups did their final seven mile expeditions during the Christmas holidays, one group to Roslin Chapel, the other to Carberry Tower. On the expedition to Roslin Mrs. Begbie was to meet us at certain points on the route. At the second check point the group waited at one end of Alnwickhall Road while Mrs. Begbie waited in her van at the other. Could we recommend a course in map-reading for the next supervisor!

Mens sana in corpore sano — a healthy mind in a fit body — this is the reward of the Duke of Edinburgh's Award Scheme.

Eileen Fenton 4R

HERE AND THERE

1st year: Who hath despised the day of small things.

2nd: None so deaf as those who will not hear.

3rd year: Youk'n hide de fier, but wat you gwine do wid de smoke?

4th year: Eat drink and be merry for tomorrow you may diet.

5th year: Blessed are the sleepy for they shall soon drop off.

6th year: Certain things are good for nothing until they are kept a long while.

classes:

She who sings scared away her woes.

Act if you like but you do so at your peril.

Speak in french if you cannot think of the english for a thing.

Kissing don't last-cooking do.

Can we do distilling today, miss?

As you sew, so shall ye reap.

Water, water, everywhere and not a drop to drink.

Break: Drink up your tea before it coagulates.

School council: You can fool some of the people all of the time and all of the people some of the time but you can't fool all of the people all of the time, can you?

School meals: They also wait who only stand and serve.

S.U.: People may say what they like about Christianity, the religious system that produced Green Chartreuse can never really die.

Staff: There's small choice in rotten apples. Is that school uniform?

We are all born equal, but some are more equal than others.

Look on me as Achilles and this piece of chalk as a tortoise.

I can't understand what you don't understand.

Suppose you have twenty monks and a Van der Graff machine

We can't all be Michaelangelos, can we?

Heriots: But would you let your daughter marry one?

R.M.: She was born silly and had a relapse.

L.S.: The preterpluperfect always caused her uneasiness although to the world she appeared calm and serene.

S.R.: Early to rise and late to bed makes a girl healthy, wealthy and dead.

E.D.: Let's not make a song and dance about it.

Scripture Union Report

Thursday morning meetings have been varied with many interesting speakers, including the S.U. staff workers and several teachers. Girls from different years have led the meetings. Numbers have improved this year and we regularly have fifty turning up at 8.20 am. Prayer meetings are held at lunchtime on Mondays and Thursdays, and we are very grateful to Miss Ferguson for use of the Prefect's room for lunchtime meetings. On Wednesday lunchtimes Bible studies take place, and although not very well attended, they have been a benefit to those who turn up. First to third year meetings, on Friday have also proved popular. Martin Allan, a divinity student, came in January to talk on "God is love". This open meeting was well attended and provoked discussion. In February a Day Camp was held in Rutland Square for first to third years, and we hope to hold a joint Day Camp with Royal High in the summer term. Many girls have gone to out-of-school activities organised by the S.U. — Q5, a club for 1st-3rd years on Saturday afternoons, Torch, a Youth fellowship for 4th year upwards, and Open houses, informal get-togethers, for 4th to 6th years once a month.

Many girls are going to Easter and Summer Camps, which we hope they will enjoy.

Our thanks go to Miss Ferguson, Mr. McCaskill, members of staff and janitors for their help and cooperation this year. We would also like to take this opportunity to thank all those who support us in prayer.

We pray for the guidance of next year's committee and that our SU will continue to grow spiritually.

Sandra Clark
Janet Stewart
co. leaders



1ST YEAR DRAMA

GILMORE: ELIZABETH Barrie.

For the first term of this year the 1st year drama club was taken up with small skits and mimes. In the second term 10 of the class wrote a play which is now desperately trying to be rehearsed and produced amongst exams and other activities.

ROSLIN: Rhona Goff.

After an enthusiastic start, support for the club quickly dropped off. With the remaining few regulars production of Winnie-the-Pooh was attempted despite the failure in the art of learning lines.

SPYLAW: Janie Munro.

We made funny noises, fought, laughed, mimed, spoke, shouted, sang, danced, enjoyed ourselves and some of us were even angels in sheets in the house play.

WARRENDER: Freda Shaw

I must admit, it's all been rather chaotic, ad libbing, reading plays, doing character studies, but remarkably stimulating and interesting.

PRIMARY department



TWINS

In early July my mother came home from hospital carrying two large bundles of white. Twins! Just imagine the innumerable nappies on the line, pins and toys on the floor, and everywhere babies' clothes. You cannot help but notice that there is at least one new baby in the house. In the dining-room there is a poor, heavily laden trolley, absolutely covered with babies' things, hair brushes, cream, Babygrows, cardigans, angel tops and rompers.

The worse time is when they cry, one at a time, or both together, sounding like banshees wailing. Their faces change colour, first a light pink, then a deep red and eventually purple. It's not always like that. Sometimes they smile and I feel pleased with my new brother and sister.

Alison Conn, P.6(2)

IN BED

I switch off the light and fumble back to bed. Off goes the electric blanket and I cuddle down. I curl up, pulling my downie over my head and making a cave. I then imagine I am a Red Indian. My cave is small and there is only just enough room for me. This cave of mine soon becomes too hot, so I poke out my head.

There is a space between the curtains and a light shines in. I see a vague shape in the corner of the room. It looks like an elephant. In the beam of light there are tiny molecules of dust dancing about in the air. The door opens and the room is filled with light. I blink, and the door shuts again. After that, I cuddle down ready for sleep.

Mhairi Watt, P5(1)

THE CAPTIVE

In the icy atmosphere of the gleaming white glacier a ragged and lean dog had a thick, but slightly frayed, rope around its neck. I could see the animosity in the slaughterer's eyes and his thin, cruel mouth. The dog's eyes were different, sorrowful, deplorable, despairing eyes. Suddenly the dog broke away, the frayed rope now in two parts, the remains dangling around the large icicle to which he had been tied. The dog ran to the steep crevasse and jumped easily across. The man followed but stopped short of the crevasse edge realising the two thousand feet drop would lead him to his death. The dog was free. Free! And pranced happily into the approaching mist.

Louise Scott, P. 7(2)



The Primary Christmas Party

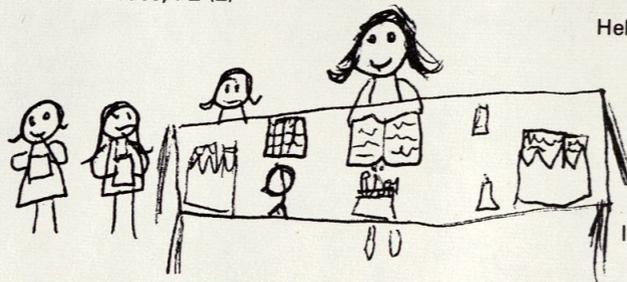


PRIMARY At Work in the Gym



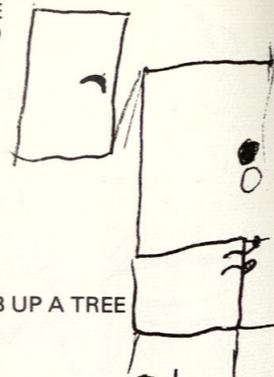
ON CHRISTMAS EVE I PUT MY PILOCASE UP AND IN THE MORNING I SAW THAT IT WAS FOOL TO THE BROOM.

Caroline Bruce, P2 (2)



I AM A MOUES I LIVE IN A CKOSIE WEE HOUSE I AM NOT TO SMALL OR NOT TO TAILL I HAVE POTS AND PANS IVRY WHERE WITH A GREEN FRONT DOOR AND A RED ROOF ON TOP OFF ME WITH A WARM BED.

Helen Semple P2 (1)



I HAD SUM FEET TO CLIMB UP A TREE

Emma Rawlinson

P1 (1)

YESTERDAY I WENT TO THE CASTLE AND I SO THE CRONE AND SORD

Nicola Cassels

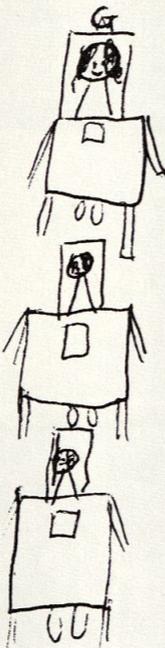


FEET ARE WHAT WE WAT WITH

Lynda McDougall

I HERD OF JEEZUZ A BOY THE BOY GOOS TO THE SCHOOL THE GRIL GOOS TO THE WELL

Sheila Aitken



AT SCHOOL I LEARN TO WRITE BOOKS

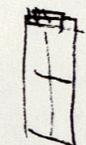
Marie Dinnis

Alison Kerr P3(2)

P1 (2)

MY DADDY WIKS HAD.

Gillian Thomson



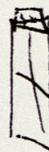
MY MUMMY GOS TO WIRC TO GET MANEE.

Rosie Coventry



I CAN CLUUM TRIIES.

Alison Brand



MUMMY CAN NOT MACE PANCAKX.

Susan Henderson



WHEN I GROW UP

WHEN I GROW UP I WILL BAY A HOUES AND A CAR AND BE A TEACHA TO GET MONY.

Birgit Hoehnke, P2 (2)

MY FIRST DAY AT SCHOOL

ON THE FIRST DAY THAT I WENT TO SCHOOL I SAW A LOLLY POPMAN WITH A DOVE SITTING ON HIS HAT.

Frances Slater, P2 (2)



Caroline Giles P41

THE SACK RACE

I'm going to win
I'm going to win

Oh no she's
Catching up
I'm going to
Have to hurry up!

Bang! off I go
Jumping like a
Kangaroo
At the zoo.

Oops! I'm down again
Will I never rise to win the prize
I'm up at last
Oh blast! I'm last.

Kirsty Malcolm, P4(1)

THE EARTH QUAKE

Silence
Then an avalanche of noise!
Invasion, fear and unhappiness
Is all that it brings.
Rocks falling,
People running,
Tears!

Then once again, silence!
Everything stops—motionless still.
Everything grinds to a halt.
Peace,
Peace,
Silence of death.

Susan Tennant, P5(2)



CAROLELAINE MARTIN P5(1)

NIGHT VISITOR

She crept along the path.
Looking up she saw a dull, dark tower.
The silence surged round her,
Still shadows watched her,
The fog swirled round her,
Only she knew the feeling of the blurred, black
Night.

She walked up to the rotting door
Which creaked as she went in.
She thought she saw some small red eyes.
Only rats, she thought.
But as her small hands felt
The cold black stone
And her eyes saw only black,
Her thought were of what dwelt
Within.
Out of the door she fled,
Down the muddy path,
—And she was gone.

IN THE DARK

Lost in the dark
I'm lost in the dark
So scaring
So scaring
So scaring in the dark
It's as dark as can be
As ever can be
I'm lost
I'm lost
I'm lost in the dark.

MIGRATION

South! South! South to the sun
Away from the winter, away from the cold
Forward to the sun.
Our mad onward rush
unchecked.
Skein after skien of geese and ducks.
Our only thought; South to the Sun.

We are free to follow the path of life.
So, on, on, to the sun!
Cross the water, forward to the sun!
Away over land our mad rush takes us,
We are the children of the wind
Our only thought; South to the sun.

Eagles and Robins may stay,
We do not care,
For we are the sons of the south
Let them stay in the North
We are the children of the wind,
We are the rulers of the air.



Alison Pawley P31

I WISH I WAS OLD

When I'm old I'll stop all the cars.
I'll wear black and purple.
I'll eat roast beef and ice-cream
every day.
I shall wear summer clothes.
When it's cold.

If I ever be a grand-ma,
I never shall fuss.
I'll do what I like and they'll do what
they like.
I'll pry in people's windows.
And pick their flowers.

I will unloose guard dogs.
I will stay up all night,
I will turn to Tom and Jerry
Instead of long talks about money
and strikes.
I'll have fun when I'm old.

'OUR FUTURE'

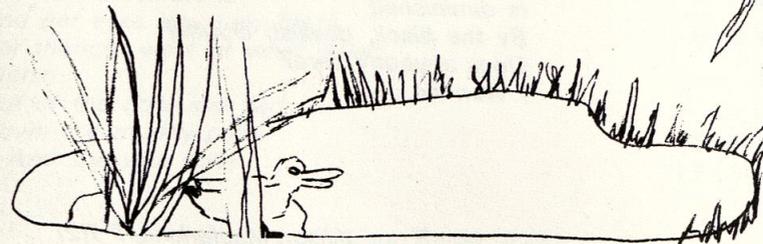
Do our parents really care
About all this pollution,
Or the bustle of our lives?
Maybe they don't think,
or do they?
The Future,
Or the eternal wars?
Or maybe they worry
About M.P.'s, Barbara Castle,
And her high handed ways.
Does she care?
Does she have time to think
In this clockwork life?

She talks to numerous people
But do they really mind,
Really worry
If our treasured country lanes
Become the futuristic highways?
And the sentimental cottages
Are devoured,
And modern flats
Become the towering giants?
Or the fresh country air
Is diminished
By the black, devilish clouds?
Does anybody care?
I wonder.

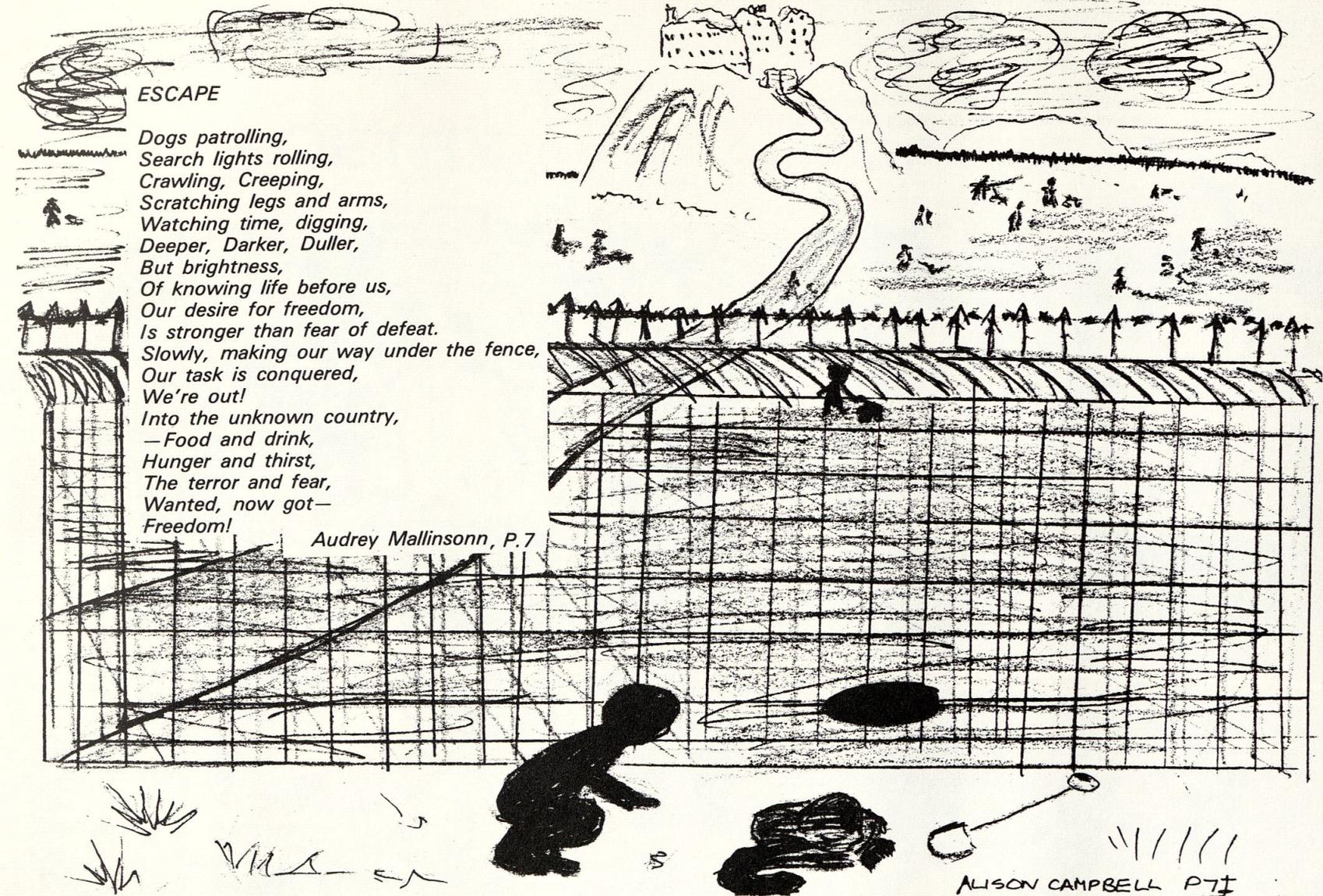
HUNTING SEASON

1. All birds are alert,
Watching,
Watching for the hunters who come every year.
All birds are waiting,
Waiting for gun shots which come every year.
All birds are listening,
listen for the rustle of leaves which they hear every year.
2. They're here.
Panic in the woods,
Panic by the stream.
Ducks waddle to safety
Even owls fly to their nests,
High in the tree tops.
Small birds rush from the marsh to the safety of the trees.
3. The woodpeckers tapping can be heard no more.
The magpie flies to its nest
Keeping guard over his precious possessions.
Down by the marsh, the geese scramble into the rushes.
And then!
4. Animals scatter when they hear the leaves rustling.
A boot!
The end of a gun!
A shot!
A dead goose!
A dinner!
They're away.
Once more, peace in the woods and marsh.

Christine Baird, P.6(1)



Mhairi Watt P51



ESCAPE

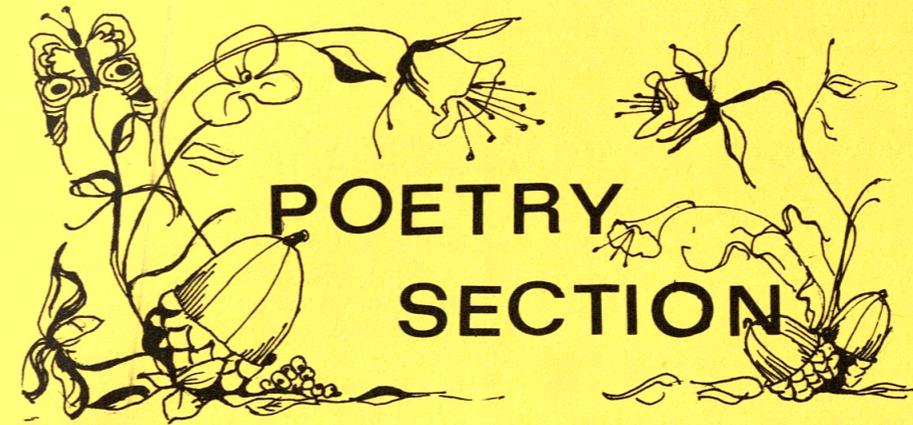
Dogs patrolling,
Search lights rolling,
Crawling, Creeping,
Scratching legs and arms,
Watching time, digging,
Deeper, Darker, Duller,
But brightness,
Of knowing life before us,
Our desire for freedom,
Is stronger than fear of defeat.
Slowly, making our way under the fence,
Our task is conquered,
We're out!
Into the unknown country,
—Food and drink,
Hunger and thirst,
The terror and fear,
Wanted, now got—
Freedom!

Audrey Mallinsonn, P.7

ALISON CAMPBELL P7J



Daniel Stewarts v Gillespie's Hockey Match



POETRY SECTION

TRILOGY

*Yesterday was an uphill morning
With a bitter blue sky
And a breathless dog biting cold
Like a slap in the face.*

*Yesterday was a dayblack plunge
Into an icebreak pool
Cold as broken glass.*

*Yesterday kas a shivering sparrow
Puffed up to keep it warm.*

*There was frost on the grass this morning
(Between the dead leaves and the sweet wrappers)
A woven water webbed by cold
Among the crushed blades.
A delicate network, it patterned the ground
Gently and unobtrusively.
It glistened faintly
With the water of it own melting
And silently, it merely existed.*

*When you stood on it, it vanished
Leaving only the dead leaves and the sweet wrappers
In the damp footprints.*

*The old woman of today is pregnant with tomorrow
As the hour approaches when death gives birth to hope,
The mother sacrificing her life as the child
Strains its way into the world, unnoticed.*

*Tomorrow is unobtrusive, the tight bud
Of a new daisy, petalled with minutes,
To be cherished of else bruised underfoot
As moment by moment gently unfolds.*

*Tomorrow is a droplet of pure morning dew,
The distilled essence of hope
But which can become muddied by our actions
Or merely evaporated under the fierce glare of apathy,*

*Tomorrow is only a grain in the sands of eternity
A glance in the windows of time.
It flits past like a stray feather in the breeze
To be grasped or else lost.
It falls downward out of reach
And once gone can never be recalled.*

*Tomorrow also will grow old and pregnant
As it prepares to give birth to the child
It conceived during its passage through our lives
Into eternity.*

*Wednesday morning
and the tenements stood staring with dusty eyes
into the canal that was black as a slum
and slime and rusted beer cans.
The building site opposite echoed with shouts
iron girders and pneumatic drills.
The world was age-black stone and new brick,
scarred down the middle by the bleak water.*

*But that morning a white swan
like a soft ray of light
glided gently among the weeds and rubbish.
Like a birth it was sudden and warm and living
and my heart smiled when I saw it.*

Muriel Nunn, 5S

SONG FOR THE NEW YEAR—1973

New Year, you are but newly-born,
You are as yet unshaped, unformed
I am afraid of you.
You rise too vacant and too hollow
I fear that you will stretch into tomorrow and tomorrow
Unmarked by smiles and tears.

New Year, you are too colourless, too grey
There is no difference in tomorrow and today
I am afraid of you
Lest there should be no lasting hue
That will remain in times to come
When I look back at you.

New Year, I cannot hear your music yet.
There is no drum, no flute, no castanet
To measure out the rhythm of your days.
I am afraid
For you might be a funeral dirge
Or yet a gentle love song or a glorious hymn
And I must write the words.

Lynn Sanderson, 6G

Underneath this stone—
dreams locked fast.
Underneath this face—
flowers (dark and heavy-scented)
wilt without warmth
underneath fast waters
laugh sad-eyed mermaids

Underneath this mountain—
hope fatted tight
Underneath these eyes
birds (jewelled with stars song)
wingless weep weary
underneath your words and mine
run countless currents and nameless seas.

Early on cold, winter mornings
I am woken to the black
of another day and I am wrapped
in thick clothes and misery
for the sunless sky.
The streets swim in brown filth,
the city snow,
long spoiled by heavy traffic,
hurrying from shade to shade
from street to office.
And I say: "This time, this time,
the sun has really gone. No
more summers".
But each time the clouds
pass with the months. The green,
green grass grows richer and
my footsteps bounce again
in sunshine gardens.

Fiona McBain, 6S

Rosabel Michaelson, 6S

never trust a man with greeneyes
a greeneyed man
is like a cat.

my aunt's cat had greeneyes
and it was a wicked beast
it clawed her curtains
and ran through my papers
to upset me.
i hated that cat.

oneday when i was twelve
i was out walking
and when i came back
the hooded claw was in the garden.
i forgot to shut the gate,
my aunt lived next to a busy road.

the flat cat bled on the mat.

it was a greeneyed boy who brought
my aunt's cat home.
and there were wicked greentears
and mighty moanings
and i was beaten
by that cat and my aunt.

the greeneyed boy
came back to see me
more than once
he said
orphans whose pets are killed
have a hard time.

i didn't care
i wonder if boys
run out of open gates
under passing milk tankers?

Anne White, 5S

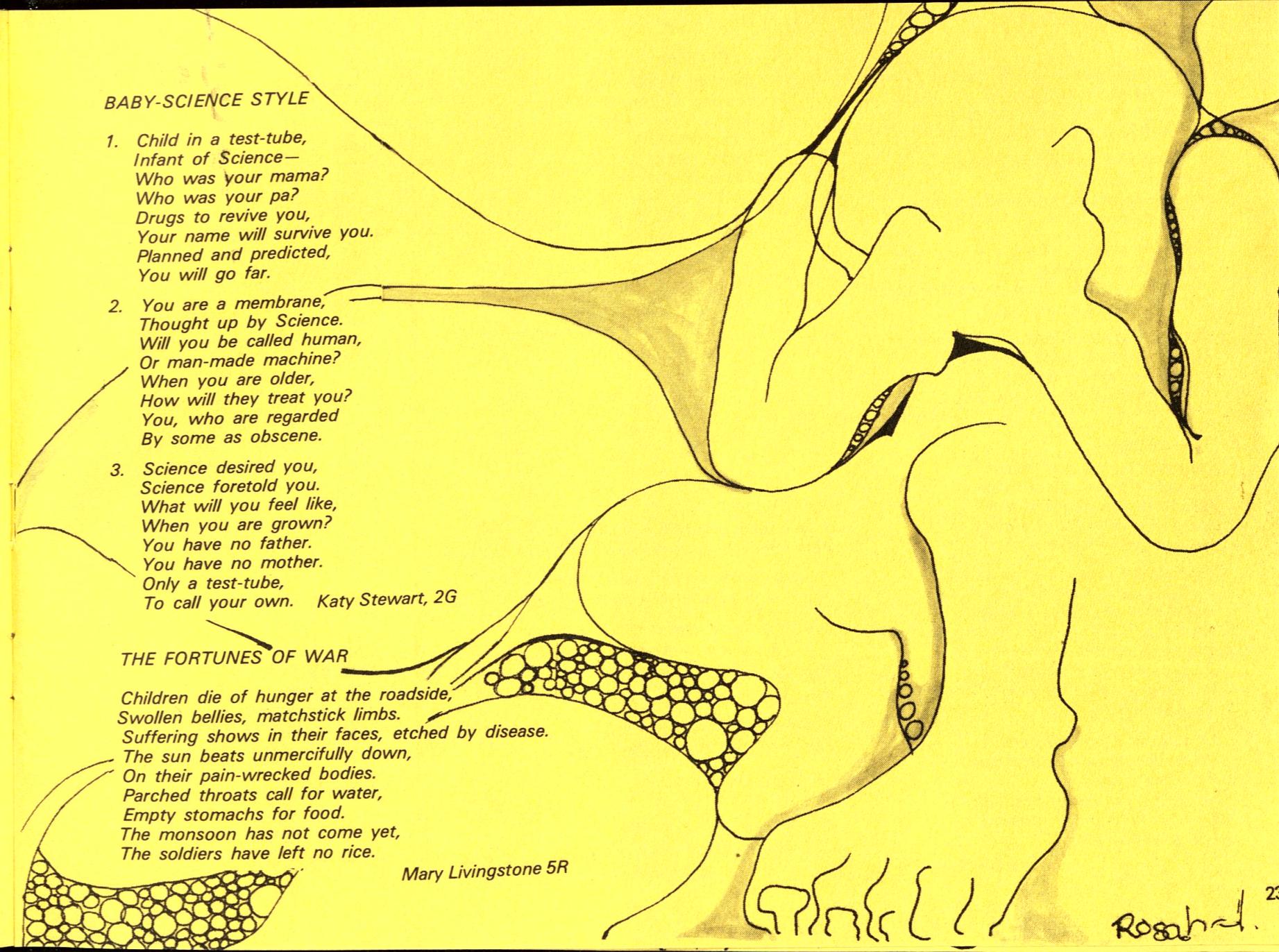
BABY-SCIENCE STYLE

1. Child in a test-tube,
Infant of Science—
Who was your mama?
Who was your pa?
Drugs to revive you,
Your name will survive you.
Planned and predicted,
You will go far.
2. You are a membrane,
Thought up by Science.
Will you be called human,
Or man-made machine?
When you are older,
How will they treat you?
You, who are regarded
By some as obscene.
3. Science desired you,
Science foretold you.
What will you feel like,
When you are grown?
You have no father.
You have no mother.
Only a test-tube,
To call your own. Katy Stewart, 2G

THE FORTUNES OF WAR

Children die of hunger at the roadside,
Swollen bellies, matchstick limbs.
Suffering shows in their faces, etched by disease.
The sun beats unmercifully down,
On their pain-wrecked bodies.
Parched throats call for water,
Empty stomachs for food.
The monsoon has not come yet,
The soldiers have left no rice.

Mary Livingstone 5R



A ZOO?

The animal queue slowly moved forward,
Towards the turnstile,
Where a badger took the fee,
For entering the zoo.

A stench of sun baked humans,
Filled the air,
As the creatures gathered around
The iron cages.

'Isn't he sweet' said one young cow,
Referring to a duke,
'Imagine keeping them caged like this,'
Was his mother's reply.

Bank managers, cooks, lorry drivers,
All the humans were in the zoo.
I wonder what it would be like, if,
The animals were in their place?

Christine Hadden, 1W

THE CLOWN

He wasn't a normal clown,
He didn't dress like a clown,
He didn't talk like a clown,
He didn't walk like a clown,
He just acted like a clown.

We walked down the icy street,
He fell over.
We fished in a rowing boat,
He fell in.
We skied on the mountainside,
He couldn't stop himself.
We sang in a pantomime,
He went flat.

He is now a normal person,
He no longer acts like a clown,
He hides away.
He didn't like being laughed at,
So now he's just a nobody,
Like anybody else.

Mary Edwards, 2R

SLEDGING

Climbing up the hill,
Leaving footprints behind,
Sledge marks there;
Birds' marks,
Dogs' marks,
Foxes footprints,
Children's too,
On our way down,
Quicker, quicker, quicker . . .

All the excitement over,
All that is left to do,
Is to go home.

Karen Livingston, 1G

COLOURS

What is 'red'?
They say that red is hot,
But when I hold a tomato
It feels cool,
Why?

What is 'green'?
They say that green is cool,
But when I hold a lettuce
It too feels cold,
Is it different from red?

What is 'white'?
They say that white is cold like snow,
The sheets of my bed keep me warm,
And they they are white,
How?

'Day is light, night is dark'
But it is all the same to me,
I can only 'see' shapes with my hands,
'See' everything with my mind's eye!

Christine McDonald, 1W

HAPPY AND SAD

I was feeling happy, yesterday,
And I decided to go down to the beach and play.

I went down to the water's edge,
And found a crab with a deep red shell.

I looked up to the sky,
And saw a star smiling at me.

I glanced at the cliff,
And saw a seagull, sitting on a nest.

But today I'm feeling sad,
The crab has a dirty grey shell.

I look at the sky,
The star has gone.

And at the bottom of the cliff,
Lie three smashed seagull's eggs.

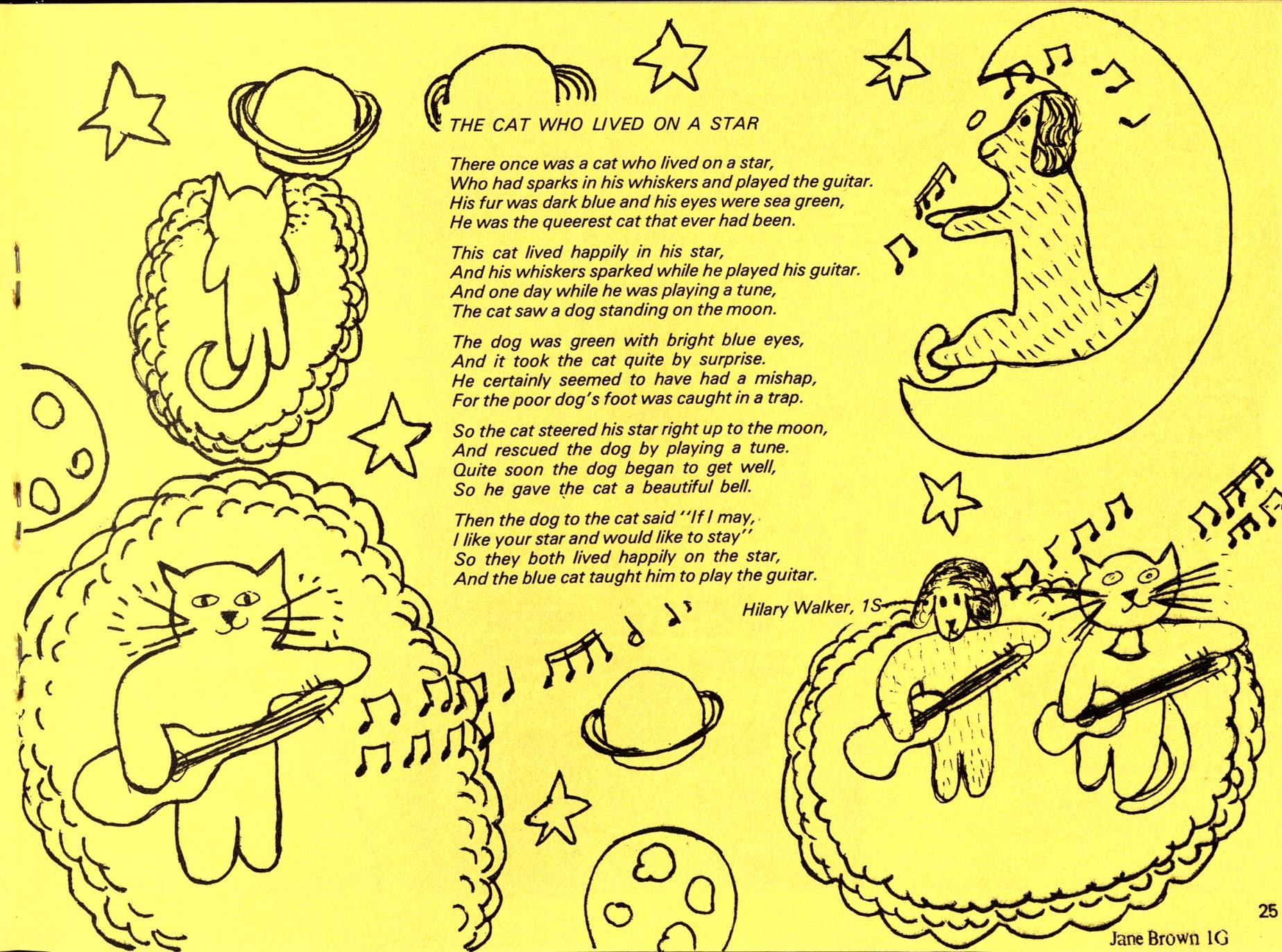
Jennifer Macpherson, 1W

I'M JUST NOBODY

Funny, no-one's here yet.
The sea smells good.
I hope they've remembered.
They couldn't have forgotten!
I'll just lie on the sand and wait.
What a lovely sky, so blue.
My, I am sleepy

They must have come.
But they didn't wake me.
And I waited so long to be friends.

Lynn Kinnear, 1S



THE CAT WHO LIVED ON A STAR

There once was a cat who lived on a star,
Who had sparks in his whiskers and played the guitar.
His fur was dark blue and his eyes were sea green,
He was the queerest cat that ever had been.

This cat lived happily in his star,
And his whiskers sparked while he played his guitar.
And one day while he was playing a tune,
The cat saw a dog standing on the moon.

The dog was green with bright blue eyes,
And it took the cat quite by surprise.
He certainly seemed to have had a mishap,
For the poor dog's foot was caught in a trap.

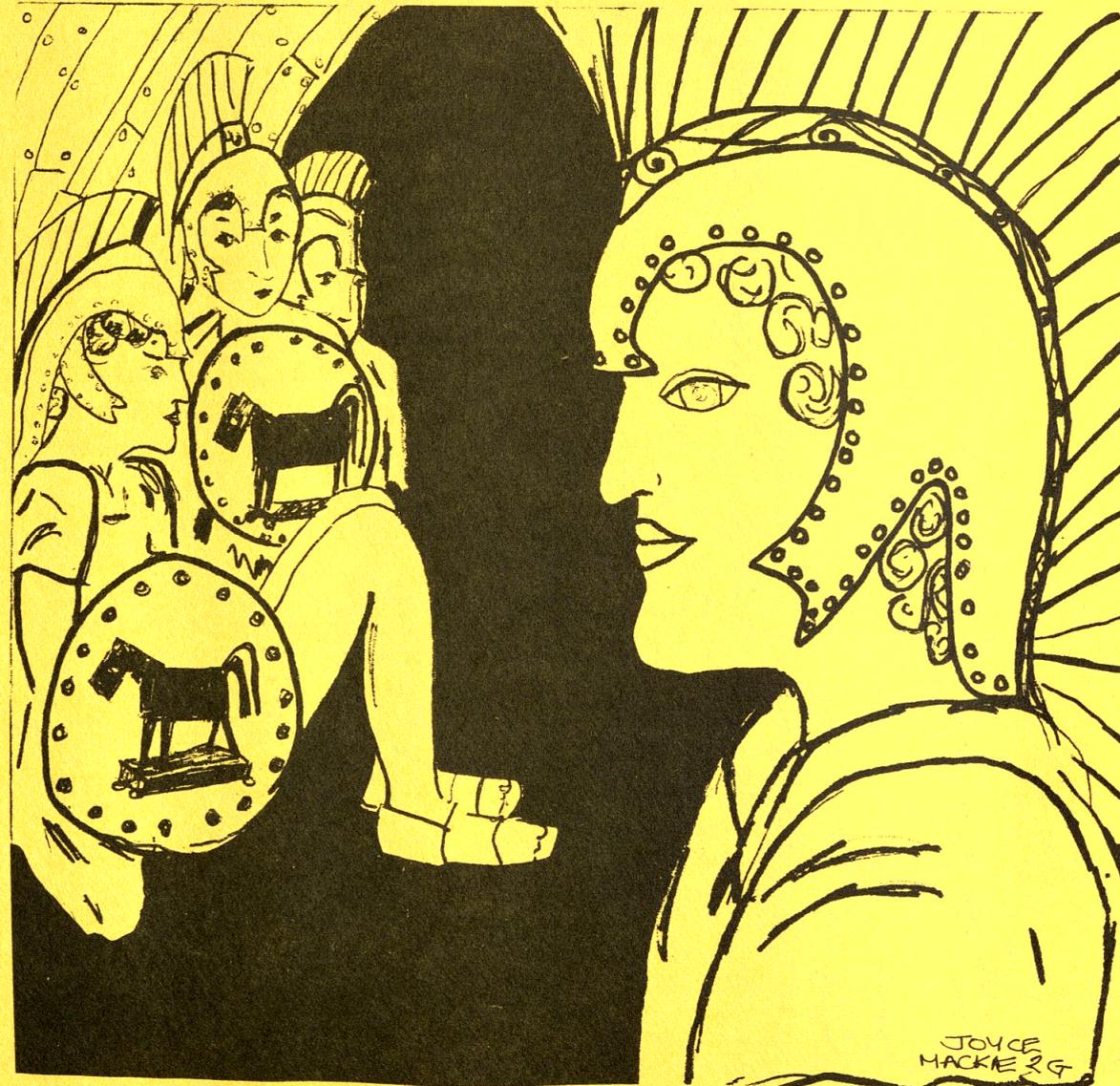
So the cat steered his star right up to the moon,
And rescued the dog by playing a tune.
Quite soon the dog began to get well,
So he gave the cat a beautiful bell.

Then the dog to the cat said "If I may,
I like your star and would like to stay"
So they both lived happily on the star,
And the blue cat taught him to play the guitar.

Hilary Walker, 1S

We had been chosen;
 we were the ones inside
 the horse.
 The atmosphere was tense.
 We longed to let out
 the suppressed groans
 we had developed because of cramp.
 The air would have been filled
 with heavy breathing,
 but we were too worried
 to think about breathing.
 Someone coughed;
 we lay silent
 until our lungs were bursting,
 but no-one heard.
 The people just passed by:
 we relaxed slightly.
 Nobody could relax their aching muscles
 completely.
 We dare not fall asleep;
 in the state we were in
 we would have missed our chance.
 It was dark now,
 all we needed to do
 was wait.
 Wait for the right time,
 then climb out.
 Nobody needed
 to be told what to do;
 we knew what was to be done,
 backwards.
 Now the time was right:
 someone crept towards
 the hatch.
 We moved our tense muscles
 and prepared to climb out.
 The hatch opened silently
 and we slid out of
 the warm horse,
 into the cold,
 darkness.

Ailsa Mackay, 1R



BLOSSOM

In Winter,
 the birds sit on
 the bare branches of
 our cherry tree.

Alone.

Solitary.

But in May
 the blossom blooms.
 A blossom so white,
 that it dazzles

your eyes,
 with its radiance.
 The branches wave
 in the soft,
 mellow air.

The sparrow sings
 without a care,
 on the laden branches of
 our cherry tree.

Joyous.

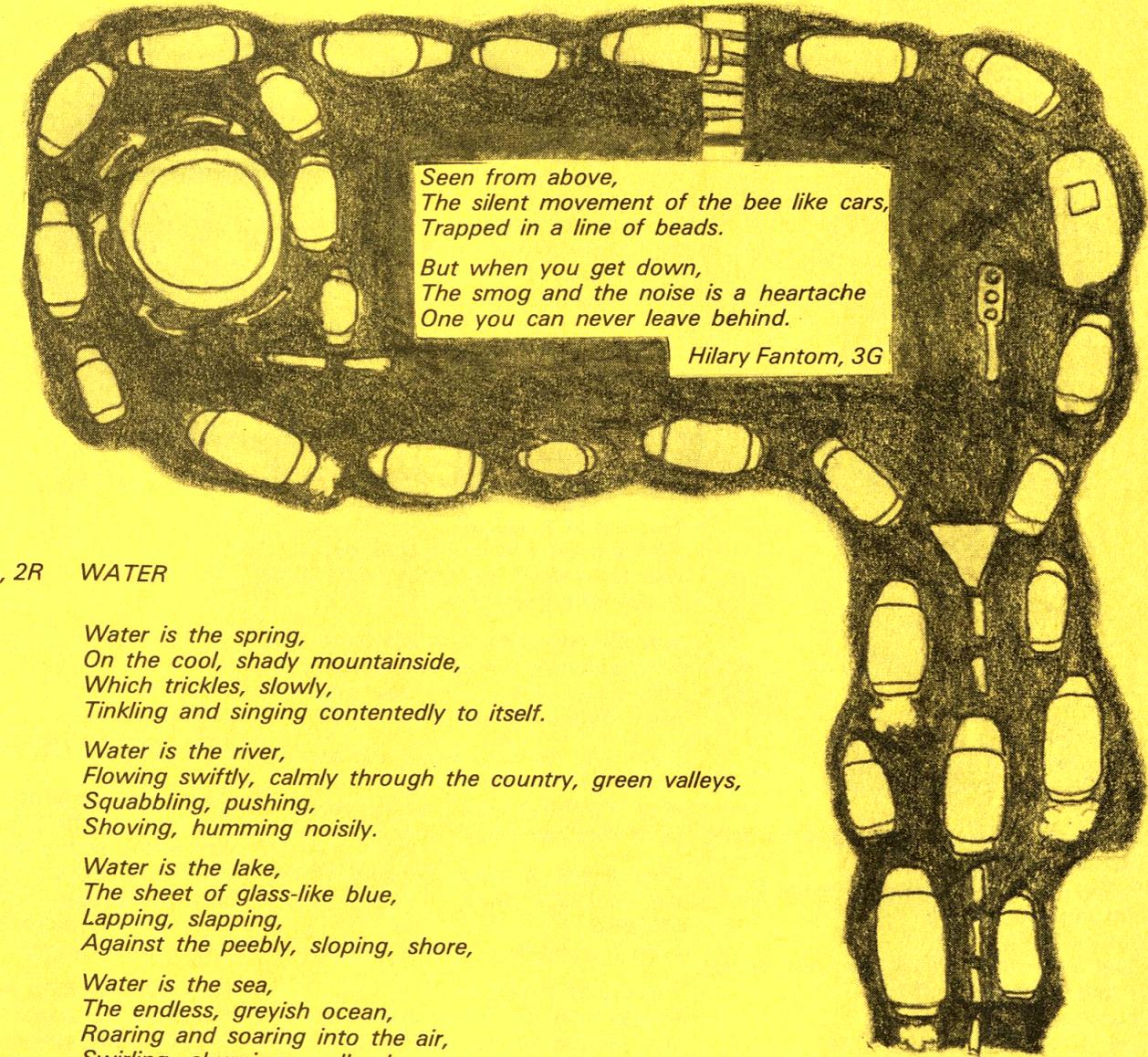
Carefree. Lesley Fenton, 2R

WATER

RING OF BROGAR

Monument
 To long past days
 And primitive man,
 What secrets are held
 In your weathery-worn stones?
 What sacrifices were made
 To heathen Gods
 In your shadows?
 Where was the quarry
 When men shaped you
 With their simple tools?
 To us you are a mystery
 Concealing the past.
 All that we see
 Is a broken circle,
 Of stones
 In this barren landscape.

Mary Livingstone, 5R



Seen from above,
 The silent movement of the bee like cars,
 Trapped in a line of beads.

But when you get down,
 The smog and the noise is a heartache
 One you can never leave behind.

Hilary Fantom, 3G

Water is the spring,
 On the cool, shady mountainside,
 Which trickles, slowly,
 Tinkling and singing contentedly to itself.

Water is the river,
 Flowing swiftly, calmly through the country, green valleys,
 Squabbling, pushing,
 Shoving, humming noisily.

Water is the lake,
 The sheet of glass-like blue,
 Lapping, slapping,
 Against the peebly, sloping, shore,

Water is the sea,
 The endless, greyish ocean,
 Roaring and soaring into the air,
 Swirling, churning, endlessly.

Anne Barrat, 2G

JANET ENGLISH 3R

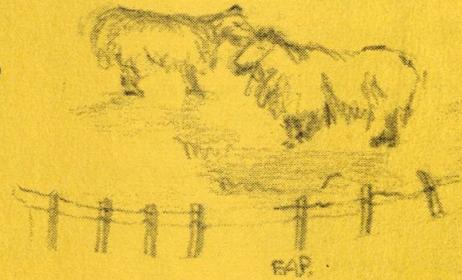


Fiona Phillips 2W

ABANDONED CROFT

An empty shell
 Gaping doorways and windows
 Carpet of grass
 Moss-covered walls.
 Once someone lived here
 Life began,
 Life ended.
 Once the smell of fresh baking
 Filled these empty walls
 Now,
 The faint odour of sheep.
 The sound of children laughing
 Echoed in these rooms
 Where only birds are heard
 And the contented bleating of the sheep.

Mary Livingstone, 5R



THE REMAINS OF THE ROMAN FORT AT CRAMOND

The cry of a seagull,
 Shatters the silence of ages past,
 Like the call of the sentry, long gone
 'Halt! Who goes there?'

And the sky rang with stamping feet
 With shouting voices and dashing steel.
 Where only the rabbits now play,
 Men fought and died.

Trees and ivy both weak and strong,
 No longer bow to the will of man
 And crumbling walls, rotting wood
 Is all that remains of them.

(The aroma of food, the cooking fire
 Are no longer there,
 Mingling
 With the smells of wood and peat).

The cry of a seagull,
 Shatters the silence of ages past,
 Like the call of the sentry, long gone,
 'Halt! Who goes there?'

Jane Ogden, 1G

Fiona Chuck, 3G

THE FORGOTTEN ISLAND

Quiet and peaceful,
 Cool and bright,
 Still is the sky in the cool moonlight.
 Shady the trees,
 Chill is the surf,
 High rise the mountains and
 Low lies the earth.

forgotten the huts where the natives once lived,
 forgotten the boats which the natives once sailed,
 forgotten the streams where the natives once fished,
 forgotten the island where living once failed.

Katherine Kirkland, 1W



Liz Kerr



Liz Kerr 2B



S.J. Hawthorne 2W



Liz Kerr

'Brandy'

VISITS THE ART DEPARTMENT

THE HIJACKER

The world from the windows looked small. Toy cows grazed in toy fields, toy houses were full of toy people. The scenery flashed by, the passengers relaxed in the comfort of the plush seats. The engines droned on.

Then someone moved, quickly, like a flash of lightning. He stood between the passengers, a youth, not very old, not very tall. His black beret was crammed down on his head, his bulky anorak muffled his face and voice. He wore a holster round his slim hips, leather and studded with stars which flashed in the sunlight. Slowly he drew his weapon, a gleaming pistol, and pointed it at the head of one of the women passengers. The people gasped, the woman screamed as she felt the muzzle of the gun hard against her skull.

"This is a hijack", he muttered. His voice was barely audible. Everyone drew in his breath. He wouldn't shoot the woman, would he? But he mentioned to a girl in uniform who stood near one of the doors.

"Come here," he rasped. He grabbed the girl and twisted her arm.

"One wrong move, and I'll kill her," he threatened, and pushed her towards the pilot's quarters. The passengers sat petrified. This couldn't be happening to them. It only happened in films, or in the newspapers. But it was real. They sat ashen-faced, motionless, waiting for what?

The hijacker and the girl reached the cockpit. There sat the pilot, quite oblivious to what was happening. The rows of dials before him flickered and winked. The hijacker coughed. The pilot turned round slowly. The hijacker thrust the gun into his face and tightened his grip on the girl.

"You're hurting me", she wailed. He looked at her. It was a look of contempt. "Fly me to Cuba", whispered the hijacker. The pilot's hand tightened on the steering column, the knuckles showing white. The hijacker gazed at him through cold, grey eyes.

"To Cuba", he said through clenched teeth, and waved the gun.

"Now, now, Johnny," said his mother from the front seat. "Don't disturb Daddy while he's driving".

"And let go my arm", exclaimed his sister, as she wrenched her hand away. Johnny sat back in his seat. These long car journeys were so boring. He looked out of the window. Everything went by so fast, he might have been in a rocket.

Captain Kirk gripped his phaser and, turning to Spock said Gillian Turner, 4W



THE LIE

The boy was playing beside the river. His mother had told him he must never go there because it was very fast flowing and if he fell in he would be carried away in the swirling waters to the black cave with no end and where it was said there lived a terrible creature somehow preserved from the age the world began and who lived on the victims, gained by its life-giving bloodstream, the river. But the boy disobeyed his mother, maybe because he knew that no harm could come to him while he was wearing his magic sword (he knew it was magic because had not the tree he had cut it from been split clean down the middle in a demon's fury?) or maybe because the building of an orange, sandstone castle with an ice-water moat was so important that he would gladly forfeit his life, at least for the time being. And so the boy carried on with the most important task in the world picking only the brightest stones and carrying in his cap only the coldest water.

Down by the river also walked Thomas the rich, young heir to the largest estate in the country and old Kraky, the peasant, who had lived in the white cottage at the riverside for as long as the oldest person in the village could remember, and they were talking. Everybody knew of their quarrel over the bit of land that Kraky's cottage stood on, which was needed by Thomas for the betterment of the community. They walked close to the river's edge arguing first one way then another. So engrossed were they in their argument they did not notice the boy or the most important building of all mankind and as Thomas walked by his foot, ever so slightly, scuffed against the base of the beautiful palace. For ten seconds the world stopped and held its breath, and then disaster. Almost one by one, the stones fell and the hollow thud they made were as a knell for mankind. Thomas and Kraky walked on.

Using one argument then another, they rounded a bend in the river and walked slowly on. Suddenly Kraky slipped on a slimy, slithery stone at the water's edge. He shouted and Thomas reached out to grab him but too late Kraky's white face and anguished eyes were swept away in the greedy waters to the land of no return. Thomas looked for a long, long time and then hurried on his way.

The boy knew he must free the earth from this scourge that had made everyone so broken-hearted at the destruction of their palace. He looked at the pile of stones at his feet and ran home.

When he told his mother that Thomas had pushed Kraky into

the river she told him to stay in the house and putting on her gaily-coloured scarf she left in a great hurry. The boy sat down to eat some bread and made bigger and better plans for a palace.

The judge looked at Thomas over the top of his horn-rimmed spectacles. There was no doubt in his mind that a heinous murder had been carried out by this calculating criminal in front of him. If only the man would confess it would make the course of justice so much easier. He was getting old and no longer enjoyed the battle of words between clever lawyers. The man had a motive against that peasant Kraky and had not an innocent child actually seen him committing the crime? The accused seemed to be saying something. He had heard it all before and he was so tired. Ah, now it was time for him to pronounce sentence. The jury had found him unanimously guilty.

Thomas was led away. Tomorrow they would start building the gallows.

Barbara Bryce, 4G

THE AWKWARD SILENCE

"How are you?"
"Fine".
The end of yet another conversation.
Silence.
"How's school?"
"Fine".
Oh well, I give up!
"How's your mum?"
"Fine".
"What's your favourite record?"
"Dunno".
Well that's it.
He's impossible.
I try my best to start conversation.
It's no good.
So it's back to talking to myself.
At least I can start an intelligent conversation.



Fiona Bryson, 2S

THE PANTOMIME

by Elspeth Hogglesbootham

"Go back about ten lines" came an anguished cry from the 'orchestra pit' (ahem).

"No, leave us alone, this is OOR pantomime—you're only the producer" grumbled the four characters on stage—quite reasonably, I thought.

"Go back, or I'll throttle you" she (the producer that is) screamed.

I threw my "HAIG SCOTCH WHISKY" pen at her.

"Okay" we said, and started the scene again.

The audience loved it.

I looked down at my dimpled knees as they gleamed in the baton-two sun. "Tee-hee", I thought, taking a size 19 crown from Widow Twanky who had thankfully recovered from going through the mangle. I handed it on to Ali-Baba, who was STILL in a bad mood through having to walk a million miles from Pasadena for one of his mother's smiles (yewch)—she was leaning on a lamp-post at the time, I believe.

We merrily tripped—or rather stumbled—through "I'm forever blowing bubbles" twice, and then again as sweetie-pie Silverbell and her mother came in, and I pirouetted gracefully.

We, the honourable and longsuffering cast, staggered through to the last act, the last scene and finally the finale. "Yoicks" I thought, "twill all be over in a few minutes", then perhaps I can get back to being an ordinary constable on the beat, and stop playing around with chief-of-policeships and all. I muffed Widow Twanky, my true love (eh?), who was trying to put the dirty bits into the "The Sheik of Arabie"—who happened to be Ali-Baba (isn't it funny how all pantomimes have the same plot?).

The curtains closed on a panoramic view of chaos, and we all trooped off stage to tell each other how awful/marvellous/hectic (delete where applicable) it had been; or how more mishaps than usual had mis-happened, such as Magicians and sultans, etcetera, being four (or maybe I exaggerate—2½?) miles away when their cue (Q? queue? kew?, cyu?) came up; or the Chief of Police's (that's me folks) disguise falling off when he was supposed to be the Sheik of Arabie—along with approximately forty others.

Not to worry, good fun was had by all, well-some, that is, or rather a few; or maybe one or two . . .

CHIEF OF POLICE FOR ALL BAGHDAD
Kate Sinclair-Gieben, 4R



PHOTOGRAPH BY CATHERINE CRICHTON

games report



The BADMINTON CLUB as usual has been very well attended and the Primary Dept. encouraged by Miss Scott and Mrs. Sime have also started to play. Senior and Junior teams played their fixtures with Heriots and the Royal High. The Senior Team won the Edinburgh Schools Knockout Tournament at Christmas. Both teams reached the semi-final of the Edinburgh League, the Senior team having to withdraw in order to play in the Bank of Scotland Quaich in which they have done very well to reach the semi-final. Thanks go to Ailsa Borthwick 6G for running this club efficiently and enthusiastically.

The SKIING CLUB have been very active this year continuing tuition at Hillend and skiing many weekends on the Cairngorms. A skiing party, under Miss Cresswell, are going to Switzerland in the Easter vacation. The 6th year have also been skiing for a week at Lagganlia.

Several fixtures were arranged for the ATHLETIC CLUB last season. The Under 15's took 1st place in the Edinburgh Schools Team Event and also won a triangular match against Mary Erskine's and Trinity. Four girls represented the school in the Scottish Schools Cross-Country Championships in March.

Although not increasing much in number, the TABLE TENNIS CLUB has improved in standard. Three girls have qualified for the Scottish Schoolgirls Championships.

This season, the VOLLEYBALL CLUB have been quite successful with both Senior and Junior teams taking 2nd place in their respective age groups in the Edinburgh Area Championships. The club also have representatives in the Edinburgh and Scottish Schools Squads.

The SWIMMING CLUB this year has had an increase in the number of their fixtures. There is a large support from the younger years and land training and special coaching groups are now arranged by Lorna Dakers 5R to whom thanks go for her enthusiasm and competent running of this club. Katharine Grandison and Astrid Telfer have now gained their Teachers Certificate of the R.L.S.S. with result that six girls gained their bronze medallion.

The TENNIS CLUB have entered the Scottish Cup this year and are hoping to do well as six of the players have been receiving special coaching.

The BASKETBALL CLUB have had another successful season with the Senior team winning the Scottish Cup and the Juniors reaching the semi-finals. Both teams played well in the league losing only three games overall. The Senior team have also reached the final of the blitz and the knock-out tournaments. Six girls played for the Scottish Schools teams who beat England earlier in the season. Thanks go to Miss Robertson for coaching the teams and encouraging a first year group.



The School took part in a Sponsored Swim to aid the Scottish Women's Hockey 1975 Fund and the school raised over £220.

After the exams, some of the 5th year are hoping to take part in Outdoor Pursuits.



FENCING has become popular with the younger years and thanks go to Sheila Ross, a former pupil, who has returned to help Alison Simpson with coaching.



THE HOCKEY CLUB has increased in number this year with sufficient players to form a 1st XI, a newly formed 2nd XI, a 3rd year XI and two 2nd year XI's. As well as playing in regular weekly matches, the club have entered several tournaments with varying results throughout.

NEVER GIVE ALL THE HEART



"Yeah, he's leaving at the end of term".
"Must be sixty-five then, eh? Makes you think, eh?"
"Aye, none of us are getting any younger".
"Been here as long as I can remember, and that's all of thirty-five years".
"Is it as long as that? Goodness, how time flies."
"Here, we'd better get up some sort of presentation".
"Hmm, that's a point. A clock, I should think. He'd like a clock. Could leave it on the mantelpiece in his sitting-room".
"All right then, what'll we make a basic amount? Fifty pence? Let's see that'll come to, eh . . . hmmm . . . about ten pounds. Yes, that ought to do. You can get a nice watch for ten pounds. We could get one with something written on it".
"Uh-huh. Something like 'With best wishes, on his retirement, to Bill Hardie from the staff of George Academy'.
"Hear you're retiring at the end of the session, Bill".
"Yes, Mister Clarke. Been here a long time you know. Nearly all my life except for during the two wars".
"Oh, I hadn't realised you'd been here that long. Oh well, you'll be able to do things when you retire. Plenty of time for all your hobbies then".
"I suppose so, Mister Clarke. Haven't got all that many".
"You'll find something, don't you worry. I expect you'll be busier than ever. After all, you're never still here. Oh, don't worry. You'll find something".
"My last day. My last day at the Academy. This time tomorrow I'll be retired. This time tomorrow I'll be an Old Age Pensioner. This is the last time I'll open up the school. Last time I'll see the lads playing football before the school. I'll never find the boys smoking round corners now. That'll be all the boys away in for the last Assembly. My last Assembly too, I suppose".
"Oh, Bill, would you come round here a minute. Come into Assembly would you?"
"Must take off my overall first, Mister King. Can't go to the Head with my overall on."
"Right. Now, we've got something we'd like to give you, because you've been here so long, because your leaving".
"Now Bill, we've got something we'd like to give you, because you've been here so long, because your leaving".
"Been here so long, I'm leaving. Been here so long, I'm leaving . . ."

"And the school would like to give you this, Bill, as a token of our appreciation for all you've done for us. School, three cheers for Bill."

"And the staff would like to give you this Bill, Bill, to show we remember a little the work you've done for the school. And now, here's to Bill and retirement!"

"Lock up. Go home. Nice of them to give me a clock. And the boys to give me a radio. Have plenty of time to listen to it now. Home. Never been at home for a whole week, and not gone up to the school. Always something to do, even during the holidays."

"School starts again today. . Hope that new janitor knows what to do. Hope he remembers some milk for the cat. Mustn't let someone park in the Head's place. He won't know where to find the boys smoking."

"Wonder what's happening at school. Be break time now."
"Wonder what they're doing about the black-outs at school. Be cold too."

"Wish their clock would stop chiming. Only twelve? I thought it was later."

"Haven't seen any of the school people. Wonder how they're getting on."

"Haven't seen Bill around have you?"

"No, he just seems to stay at home. He ought to go out more—do things".

"Bill's dead. Did you know? Retirement killed him. Didn't know what to do with himself. Shame. Nice old chap. Going to the funeral?"

"Never give all the heart, Bill. You didn't learn that all your life, and it killed you. Never give all the heart".

Francesca Conacher, 6G

EXPEDITION TO ICELAND

by Anne Ireland, 6R

A party of 26 senior pupils left Abbotsinch on the 3rd July, to take part in an adventure—a month's pony trekking expedition in Southern Iceland. Having acquired quite a lot of experience previously on training weekends, and long sessions at Woodhouselee Stables, we did not feel complete novices! Already we had started log-books and were becoming interested in the geography and politics of Iceland.

On arrival we formed our base-camp in Laugervatn and this was where we were to collect our horses. Rising at 7 a.m. each morning to an exciting breakfast of dehydrated porridge, dehydrated eggs, and then an exciting cup of dehydrated milk, we then ventured to catch the horses from the neighbouring pastures. These beasts, however, made the horses in Edinburgh appear quite docile!

Some of the horses had scarcely been ridden, others had been race-horses when younger. However, my horse lived up to the nickname of "Clown Face". One day whilst slowly jogging along, a black sheep popped up from behind a bush, my horse was so frightened that it turned through an angle of 90 degrees, galloped up a neighbouring hill and deposited its rider on the grass. Allowances had to be made however—on further examination I realised that she was a bit 'passed it'—in that she only had 2 teeth!! Since we were in the land of the midnight sun we had the opportunity to explore the many diverse situations of this unique country, including the saunas which are powered by the natural sulphur springs, the boiling springs at Geysir and the spectacular water falls at Gullfoss.

We covered approximately 200 miles through Iceland. We started on our way by seeing wonders such as the majestic snow-capped volcano—Hekla, and at the end we stayed in Reykjavik, the capital, in time to feel the tension of the Fischer/Spasky chess match.

I think I gained a great deal from this expedition—not only experiencing the hardships of making human chains in ice-cold water up to one's waist, pitching tents in the rain and keeping a pony watch until midnight, but also realizing the significance of being independant.



"IT WAS BEGINNING WINTER . . ."

A pale sun drifted slowly up into a grey sky, blurred with frozen clouds, like an unfocused photograph. Coldness hung in the air, a vapour rising from the whitened ground, as the embryo light uncovered the first of the winter. A rocky waste of ploughed earth flung back the sun in a thousand rainbows from encrusted ice, glittering like a field of salt crystals. The soft brown fuzz of dry grasses at the rim of the field stirred and rustled and shivered in the cold morning breeze, while the skeletal hedge behind them stood stark and unmoved.

Crows rose with dignity from a dejected, naked tree, grating and wheeling up like burnt rags from a bonfire, spreading their finger feathers wide to clutch at the thin air, while a cluster of black sparrows leapt into the air, like dew drops from a shaken branch, and fresh below their tantalising flight, a frustated bark tore the air and echoed like cannonshot among his prey in the myriad scents locked in the icy mud. He sniffed, snorted, then sneezed the harsh cold from his lungs, in a fast-repeating cycle. There a fox ran in the night, blood on its musky pads; there a mole, somehow trapped above ground, locked out of the warm earth, had dragged itself in its dying spasms. The dog found the dead mole and rolled on it, then trotted on towards the climbing sun. The sparrows and crows dropped to their rests again, as if drawn by a magnet, and all was still and silent again.

Jane Walker, 5S

The End of an Era



A HOUSE is being built. Masons, carpenters, slaters, plasterers, painters, ply their skills. The structure is brash, new, unfamiliar, perhaps slightly resented.

Now it is occupied, it becomes a home. Those who live in it come to know its every corner, creak, and unreachable cobweb. Those who pass by accept it as a known and homely feature of their daily lives.

The house settles, its stonework mellows, its woodwork rounds and polishes, its hinges sag a little. It becomes a part of the natural landscape. Generations know it, live in it, it becomes part of the comfortable furniture of memory.

The demolition team arrives in a lorry, armed with bulldozer, pneumatic drills. They attack, Metal shrieks, stone crumbles, wood splinters, dust envelopes all, then settles. The heaped, unrecognisable remains are shovelled into lorries, and depart.

The levelled, vacant site exudes a sense of transience, of loss. Something that, by its very existence for so long, had seemed to have earned the right to remain, has gone. An indefinable crime has been committed.

But a tentative weed reaches from the dark earth.

ANONYMOUS



the end.