

JAMES
GILLESPIE'S
HIGH SCHOOL 1962



MAGAZINE



Editor - - - - ANN C. McNEILL

THE bell rings. Dull and deliberate its steady summons greets the morning Meadows and ambling scholars on Bruntfield's pathways start into scurrying urgency at the sound of its sure imperative.

The bell stammers and stops. A late riser bounds breakfastless across the playground and classroom clatter dies away as staff arrive to wrestle with registers. The neighbouring Links are quiet and still. Another day has begun.

Most readers of this page have still before them many such beginnings, many such reassuringly regular, at times maddeningly well-ordered, days. For members of the lower forms these stretch unendingly into the future and the times when they will attain the top-T corridor and seniority are unconsidered, immeasurably distant. But the days of the Sixth are numbered; the end is in sight; soon the bell will call us for the last time.

The last time . . . and what a final, irrevocable ending to one phase of our lives. Six years is a long time for those who have lived only thrice that period and we face with eagerness the challenge of a change. The challenge of beginning again, no longer privileged seniors but as mere juniors, be it in office, training college or university; the challenge of accepting new responsibilities outside the familiar, sheltering walls of our schooldays; the challenge of living and working in the world today as mature and independent individuals—all this is before.

But the customs and affections of six years die hard and few will pass out of school for the last time without a wistful regret for all the laughter, companionship, fun and frustration that has been. New attachments will take their places but we shall miss the pigeons crooning, soothingly soporific, on warm window-sills, the skittish

little top-floor draughts, the sound of singing from above during morning prayers . . . these are for others.

We, however, shall not leave everything behind. With the learning and experience of six years' schooling we take an affection, loyalty and pride which will last long after the thrill of passing gloriously heedless to the bell has died.

But that other bell clangs insistently. It is right that we heed it. We know what it means. To other hands we pass the torch—grateful and confident.

MISS MARY S. R. BURNS

AT the beginning of the spring term Miss Burns left us to take up the post of Principal Teacher of Classics in the Mary Erskine School for Girls. Our pleasure in hearing of her promotion, at this early stage in her teaching career, was tempered with real regret at losing a teacher who in her six years with us has given notable service to the Classics Department, in which she has handled all stages from First to Sixth Year.

With sound scholarship and genuine enthusiasm for the Classics, Miss Burns combines a gift for teaching, which was attested by the award to her, at the end of her year at training college, of the Dickson Prize for the most distinguished student of the year. The promise thus indicated has been amply fulfilled. Her work in teaching Latin and Greek at the most advanced level has borne fruit, of recent years, in the outstanding successes of Gillespie's girls in the University Bursary Competition. These older pupils speak with much appreciation of how she inspired them with her own enthusiasm and encouraged them to wide reading and lively discussion. At every stage she sought to make Greek and Latin "live" studies, by the use of slides, pictures and charts, by encouraging her girls to attend meetings of the Schools' Classical Society, and, not least, by organising excursions to Hadrian's and Antonine's Walls ("where," as a former pupil pleasantly says, "the gap between teacher and pupils narrowed almost to nothing."). Her younger girls, in particular, benefited much from her quickness in understanding and patience in solving their difficulties, and her kindly interest in them as individuals. The meticulousness characteristic of the true classical scholar was shown in Miss Burns's careful training in the correct pronunciation of Greek and Latin, which was rewarded by the successes of her pupils in the Verse and Prose Speaking Competitions held by the Classical Association of Scotland.

Miss Burns will be remembered among us as a dedicated teacher and a pleasant and co-operative colleague.

A. E. F.

STAFF

IN August 1961, Mr Alastair Mackenzie took over Miss Munro's duties as Head of the Classics Department, and he brings to the task some qualities which are happily appropriate; a wide, humane and disciplined scholarship and (like his predecessor) an engaging lilt which distinguishes those who have been lucky enough to have had their schooling beside Don and Deveron and Dee. He has also made a robust contribution to the Girls-Staff Hockey match, and, with Mrs Mackenzie, has shown a welcome interest in such things as Lit. evenings. We wish them much happiness in Gillespie's. Miss Munro, meantime, is finding New Zealand much to her liking.

Miss Burns came to us from the Borders, via the University and Moray House, in both of which she had won high distinction, and her years with us have borne fruitful testimony to the shrewdness of her lecturers, who prophesied great things from her. She set herself the highest standards of efficiency in her teaching and also, for instance, in her work for the Girl Guides. She has now taken over responsibility for the Classics Department in the Mary Erskine School for Girls, where her marked gifts will doubtless find appropriate scope.

Miss Brown joined the Physical Training Department in August and left us again at Christmas. Mrs Walker, who has given valuable assistance in the Geography and English Departments, found finally that the demands of school left her too little time to devote to her family, and Mrs Rozga has taken her place. Only the impercipient would fail to realise that her name does little to conceal the remarkably sound training in scholarship and efficiency associated with Aberdeen. Miss White, after teaching in Switzerland where, we imagine, she would accomplish perfection in French and German, and little less than that on skis, has joined the Modern Languages Department. Mrs Corson is assisting with the work of the Physical Training Department, and Mr Duncan with that of the Classics and the English Departments. In Miss Donaldson's absence, Mr Campbell and then Mrs Melvin have been serving in the History Department.

Miss A. McIntyre left the Primary Department in September on her appointment as a mathematics mistress in Penicuik. Miss D. Murray left in September on her appointment as Infant Mistress at Lismore School. Miss C. Ross and Miss M. S. Cook have taken over their duties.

Our assistants from abroad have again made their distinctive contribution to school life. Mlle. Sow and Madame Noel have been giving valuable help in the French Department, while it would be a bold observer who would be sure whether Herr Jaffke has made his greatest impact on the Upper School by virtue of his con-

scientious teaching, or a large audience at Christmas by his singing of German songs.

Miss Kilpatrick, who for thirty-seven years, has given devoted service to the Primary School, retires at the end of the session. Miss Harris, upon whose scholarship and thoroughness the English Department has for long relied, also retires then though the word might mislead as she intends to give more undivided attention to the writing of those textbooks which have carried her name over the English-speaking world. We were about to make the remarkable pronouncement that the Domestic Department had remained four-square this session, when the news arrived that Miss Urquhart leaves us in June.

To those who, after serving the School for many years—or for fewer—have now left, we would say a sincere thank you; to those who have joined us we extend a warm welcome and hope that they will be as happy with us as we should like them to be.

EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY BURSARY COMPETITION 1962

Modern Languages

1st—EILEEN ARNOTT

FOR A FRIEND

A whistle of wind
And the silver scythe shed icy tears
To sting our faces.
The bikes snorted at the black track,
Kicked the acrid dust
And spat grit
To prick our sight.

We three laughed
When summer swung in laburnum locks,
But a gull wheeled white
Cleaving grey sky with steely wings.
It split our faith
Giving two grief
And one death.

Will the leaden cloud
Turn crystal for our friend
Severed now from tears?
If grinding wheels and wind wound peace,
We have yet laburnum lights
To melt that scythe.
But what of him?

ROSEMARY JOHNSTONE, 6A.

SCHOOL NOTES

ONCE again, on the last day of the spring term, the whole School assembled in St. Cuthbert's Church for the central devotional act of the year, when returning spring, coloured by the afternoon sun, grey-pink on the Castle Rock above, and vocal in the sparrows' throats, garrulously busy amongst the budding boughs, called the young to a re-dedication of faith. This is a good audience for any minister, but what a testing one, and few can parallel Dr Small's gifts in bringing the visual illustration to fortify the eternal verities, making an arresting appeal at once to the mature girls of the Sixth Form and the tots in Primary 1. Dr Small also attended the Carol Service arranged by Miss Nicoll in the Primary School at Christmas, and on several occasions he comes to offer his experience fruitfully to our Scripture lessons.

But the girls of the School are always alert to the value of living, as well as learning, a way of life, and the numerous activities which embody this alertness lead them into all kinds of useful service. A few will indicate their nature. In June, the Foreign Mission Meeting in the Usher Hall was attended by a party from the 6th Form, while from the 5th Form a large group attended the 5th Form S.C.M. Conference in Moray House in the same month. In March, School representatives attended the Livingstone Memorial Service, and members of the 6th Form the S.C.M. Conference in Moray House. That it finds an even more immediately practical expression is testified by the most generous giving which marks the Christmas services, when girls from the senior classes take gifts of food and clothing to older citizens whose years now make especially valuable the service which the girls are able to give. The Primary School continues to play a distinguished part in all this work. In November, £14, 7s. 6d. was sent to the School for Spastics at Westerlea, and their stall at the S.S.P.C.A. Bazaar in the Assembly Rooms raised £47, 13s. 3d.

The wider cultural activities of the School, extending far beyond the classroom, may be illustrated by a few examples. We again entered a closely-knit team for the debating competition organised by the English-speaking Union, and the Johnstone twins illustrated another dimension of their versatility by reaching the semi-final before succumbing to Fettes College, who proved the eventual winners. The School also acted happily as hosts on the occasion of the final of the competition, when four schools representing both East and West demonstrated the easy eloquence which young people seem now to be able to call upon. The Orchestra this session possesses a string quartet who, combining marked natural endowment and dedicated practice, have achieved a standard which makes their appearance both in the Senior and Junior School Concerts something more than a gracious recognition of worthy

talent. Two of the Primary School violinists have in addition been chosen to join the newly-formed Primary Schools Orchestra for Edinburgh.

Our two pioneers, Janice O'Rorke and Dilys Brown, are busy at their important work in Central Africa and we are happy to learn that following a high purpose in life does not preclude participation in the occasional high jink. We look forward to their return and a first-hand account. Rosemary Cathels represented the School at the International Youth Science Fortnight in London in July and was given the signal honour of replying on behalf of the Conference to the speech of Lord Hailsham, and, we learn, spoke with great charm and acceptance.

Last summer a School party spent a happy and profitable fortnight at Glenmore Lodge, while a smaller group attended a course at the Inverclyde Physical Recreation Centre. The 1st Hockey XI won the Senior Cup in the Inter-Scholastic Competition.

Foreign travel continues not only to enrich the foreign language teaching in the School, but also to widen the horizons of those fortunate enough to take part in it. Hospitality was extended to a party of French girls from Savigny, and a party from the School were guests of the town of Nice. At the moment, we learn, too, that "weeds wide enough" are engaging the speculations of many of our fairies who this summer will add colour to the promenades of places as far apart as the Rhine and Innsbruck.

But work, and the solemnity of high dedication, is relieved of pomposity by the happy recurrence of what may be technically termed "divertissements." Of these the School party holds an honoured place, with the Primary 7 party, this time held in the Senior School, by way of initiation for the innocents. There also takes place each year a homely and heart-warming excursion which goes by the name of the "Prefects' Outing" which, in distant years, may give to Staff and Prefects alike who were fortunate to participate in one, the convivial recollection of "we twa having paiddled i' the burn." On the occasion of the retiral of Miss Anderson and Miss Munro, the Staff met to say farewell to their two colleagues in a ceremony which joyed all our hearts. The big formal occasions scarcely require special mention: the Exhibition of Work; the Concert and Prize-giving in the Usher Hall; the Primary School Concert, which this year will take place on 6th and 7th June. The School opens its doors then and we are happy to welcome our many friends.

We are also, throughout the session, happy to welcome other friends who, representing many lands, give us great pleasure by the interest they show in our activities. They have included:—Mlle. Karakashian, an Armenian Headmistress from Paris; Miss Kubo, a teacher from Japan; Mr Oyama, a member of the Research Bureau of the Ministry of Education in Tokyo; Mr Ozdemir, a

music teacher from Cyprus; Herr Scheidel of the Department of Education, Berlin; Miss Martha Hamilton, Principal of the Girls' High School in Gangtok (who spoke to the senior girls of her fascinating work there); and Miss Meyer, a teacher from Iowa.

Adrienne Alexander, 5L, has obtained first place for Britain in the Civil Service Clerical Class Competition.

In the Royal Caledonian Horticultural Society Flower Show, Marion Notman, Primary 5(1) won a 1st Prize, and Linda McIlwrick, Primary 6(1), a 3rd Prize.

Burns Federation Certificates were won by:—Priscilla Watson, Donna Mackenzie, Anne McGregor, June McKenzie, Jennifer Cowper, Joan Harvey, Celia Ramage, Lesley McIntosh, Diane Patten and Alison Rodger, representing classes P.7(1) to P.3(2) of the Primary School.

In March, Margaret Gunn, P.5(1), had two short stories published in *The Exmouth Journal*.

Mr Brash and Miss Campbell have again taken parties to factories and exhibitions, which trips are invaluable in helping girls to adjust their school studies to the context of industrial living. We are grateful for the help and hospitality put at our disposal in this way.

This session the Library has benefited from the gifts of:—Miss Doris Murray; Mrs Nicoll; Mr Tam Dalyell and Mrs Dalyell, his mother; Miss McPherson; Mrs Bullough; Miss Munro; Mrs Murdie; Herr Gillich; Dilys Brown and the girls of the 6th Form; Janice O'Rorke; Margaret Watt; Rosemary Cathels; and Kathryn Thomkins.

And lastly, Miss McIntyre and her typing girls, in particular, Morag Littlejohn, Sheila Henderson, Elizabeth Balsillie and Irene Cant, for whom no trouble was too great, no writing too bad, no demand too vexatious. Our thanks to them for the invaluable service which they so smilingly render is expressed with very real sincerity.

ERIGAL

I came out of the Poisoned Glen,
Into the dazzling day;
Out of a valley of fear,
On to a peaceful plain.
Before me, pointed, painted and peaked
Against a cerulean chasm, crowned,
And lanced with liling gold,
Lay Erigal
In Donegal.

DIANA GUTHRIE, 6A.

FOUNDER'S DAY

FOUNDER'S DAY this year was celebrated with the pleasing flutter of daffodil heads and flush of silks—and bleached and ironed blouses which on such occasions proudly make do for silks—that is now happily traditional. Miss Andrew presided on this occasion, which must have given her—as it gave us all—lively satisfaction as it was her twenty-fifth Commemoration Day Service. “Does one,” she asked, “call it a Jubilee Year?” and this is the kind of rhetorical question for which the Latin *nonne* was doubtless devised.

She recalled a winter's morning years ago when two little people, coming along the School corridor and seeing the bust of the Founder still “clad in his nightshirt,” exclaimed: “Just look at James Gillespie!” And that is what Miss Andrew did: recounting the humble, almost humdrum, regularity of his life: his birth in 1715 (“an easy date to remember”); his shop near the law courts and his mill—and, with increasing prosperity, more ambitious property acquisitions—in Colinton; then she came to his benefactions:—

“When we think of him we see a quaint smiling face, plain, honest and sensible, looking quizzically at this Girls' School and the footprints that he has left on the sands of time. He was liked by his neighbours. He was friendly, kindly, with a dry wit that is typical of the Scot. He served his fellow-men in his life and in his death he destined his beautiful house and £12,000 to found a home for old men and women, and £1,750 for a school for boys—for poor boys. It was not much money in 1803 when the School was founded. Mr John Robertson was appointed Headmaster at a salary of £65 per year and as there was no money for any assistants, Mr Robertson had to do all the work himself, but the children were keen and eager to learn. He was a headmaster of exceptional ability and his success was very great. One never knows when one is to leave footprints on the sands of time.”

Miss Andrew then referred to the long line of distinguished men and women who year after year on Founder's Day have come to James Gillespie's, kindling anew our pride in our heritage and inspiring us by “the fine patterns they have made of their lives.” Miss Kidd, the Guest of Honour, added lustre to the list. She had blazed the trail for women in the legal profession. After schooldays in Linlithgow, and graduation at Edinburgh University, she became, in 1923, the first woman K.C. in Britain. In 1960 she became Sheriff of Dumfries and Galloway. And yet, despite these triumphs and honours, she had still managed to find time to devote to her family and the many youth organisations—particularly Guides—who have profited by her help and encouragement.

Dr Small led the assembly in prayer. The reading from James Gillespie's own venerable Bible was performed by Isobel Johnstone,

our Vice-Captain. The Choir gave an impressive rendering of Vaughan Williams's "Antiphon" and the proceedings culminated in that endearing piece of pageantry when Beth Downie, our Head Girl, hand in hand with an entrancing tot from the Primary School, appeared on the platform, and that voice from Eden (how lucky we are in our Head Girls!) expressed our warm thanks with a felicity few of us could have emulated.

And then—these happiest moments speed so swiftly—it was over and we were making our way to talk and tea, the older girls (fresh from "Guy Mannering") sure that the descendants of Glossin and Dirk Hatteraick were in wise and humane hands, and the little saffron ladies, while missing possibly a few of the obscurer points, at least grasping firmly the basic idea that it is a very important thing to be connected with that "long livd man kold Inglesp."

ALONE IN THE MOUNTAINS

The oyster of the morning sky
Liquid-lustred
Cradles the pale sun-sheen
Like a pearl.
The lambent waters' sun-shimmering ripples
Lap on the shore
Liltingly
And the loch-side larches thrill in the bantering breeze.
The mountains tower—
Bold,
Inviting,
And I seek them in the sureness of the morning.

The low sky's heavy mass
Weighs upon me
Smothering.
Wan, wistful sun is swallowed in its folds.
The sullen pit of restless, writhing waters
Gapes greedily below
And hostile trees in bristling bands relay relentless rustle.
The mountains glower—
Cold,
And frightening.
I dread them in the darkness of their warning.

ANN MCNEILL, 6A.

FOUNDER'S DAY ORATION

Friday, 17th March 1962

By Miss MARGARET H. KIDD, Q.C.

Sheriff of Dumfries and Galloway

AFTER a gracious word of thanks in response to the welcome of the School, Miss Kidd began her address by referring to the remarkable achievements of "the women of Edinburgh."

"Coming along this afternoon," she continued, "I could not help thinking about the women of Edinburgh and what a great contribution they have made to the world. You, in this School, must often remember the medical profession, and, although I am very happy to have been a member of the legal profession, I still think that perhaps the most useful work in the world is done by the people who practise medicine. I hope, therefore, that many of you will become medicals or qualify as something in the medical line. I suppose you must sometimes think about the Scottish Women's Hospitals, and I have always thought that one of the most distinguished pages of history was written by the women in 1914 from this very city. I was thinking about Dr Elsie Inglis and the women she took out to form the Scottish Women's Hospital—a great landmark in the progress of women. It wasn't until 1919 that the doors were opened to women and when I first began to wonder what I ought to do, as I hope that all of you will soon be wondering (even the little ones down in front), it was the end of the First World War just at the time when women were being admitted to professions. It was only, I think, after the Industrial Revolution that the idea grew up that the woman's place was the home and that she should not be admitted freely to the professions but that went out after the 1914-18 War because then they had proved how very important they were to every community, not only in war but in peacetime too, because there were so many jobs that the women just had to do and they discharged them so well that the Government realised how great was their contribution. So it was that in 1920-21 I decided—more by chance than anything else—to do Law, and there are one or two things from my own experience which might be amusing and interesting.

"I did not intend to talk too much about my own profession, but just wanted to say a few words of good wishes to you young people who have got all your lives before you. One thing above all else that I had wanted to say was that although people are a bit tiresome, you do learn some things as you go through life. Every individual person has got some individual contribution to make and we sometimes make the great mistake of comparing our achievements with that of another, rather than developing our own special gifts to the best advantage. Everybody has got some very distinct contri-

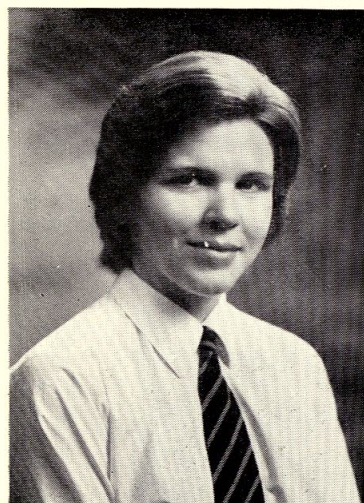
bution to make to life and the society in which she lives, and it is up to each one of us to develop the gifts which have been bestowed upon us to the best advantage, and I am sure that each one of you has got a very special contribution that you can make to this life and this society.

"And one other thing that isn't stressed nearly enough—we always hear about people who want to shorten hours. I have found that work can be a great comfort and what I regret is that I did not work harder when I was a bit younger. You have a School with a tremendous opportunity to see all the doors you may open for yourselves. I remember a wonderful and very delightful old lady who used to teach me French. She had really a very hard life. Originally her father had been a refugee during the Franco-Prussian War and had come to England in 1870. She used to say: 'I have never felt that I did not know what I wanted to do.' I do think that is the kind of attitude one ought to adopt if one wants to be happy.

"And one other thing—we are always hearing about the tremendous difficulties and all the terrible things that happen in the world today, but let us think about the good things—not the wars and murders. Of course, in Law Courts one sees a lot of the seamy side of life, but I have seen far more of the good side of life. There is more good in people than bad. But you young people should never forget what a wonderful thing life is. There is so much that is really marvellous even in ordinary everyday life . . .

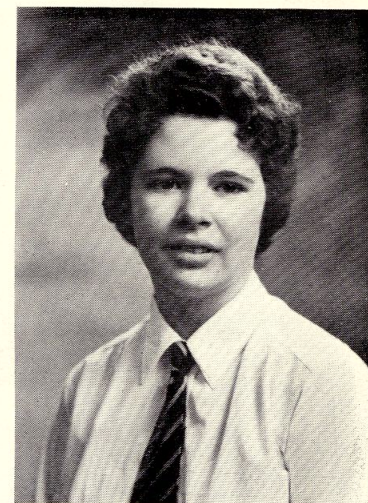
"This is a great scientific age in which we live and great discoveries have been made and yet sometimes it seems as if the younger generation were very impatient of the past. Old people are not always wrong and sometimes it is worth while listening to what they have got to say. Forty years ago when I was a student, St. Andrews University had Sir James Barrie as Lord Rector and in his Rectorial Address he talked about courage, and I am sure that courage is something that we all ought to cultivate—the courage to come to our own conclusions and never to be afraid to stand up for what we believe to be right. Shortly after Barrie's term of office, Field Marshal Smuts was Rector, and he talked to the students about freedom and somehow or other it seems to me that we won't have freedom any longer if we have not courage. I am certain that the future of our civilisation rests in the hands of the women. The contribution which we have got to make to freedom is tremendous and you (for the time of those on the platform is nearly over) will only do it if you believe in truth, courage and freedom."

DUX ON ARTS SIDE



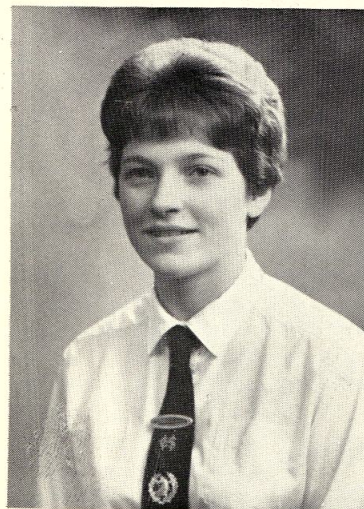
EILEEN ARNOTT

DUX ON SCIENCE SIDE



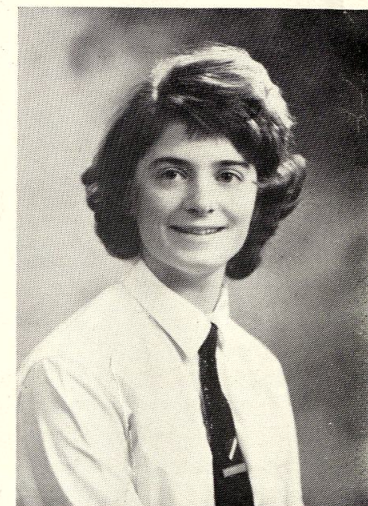
MARJORIE CAMPBELL

CAPTAIN OF SCHOOL



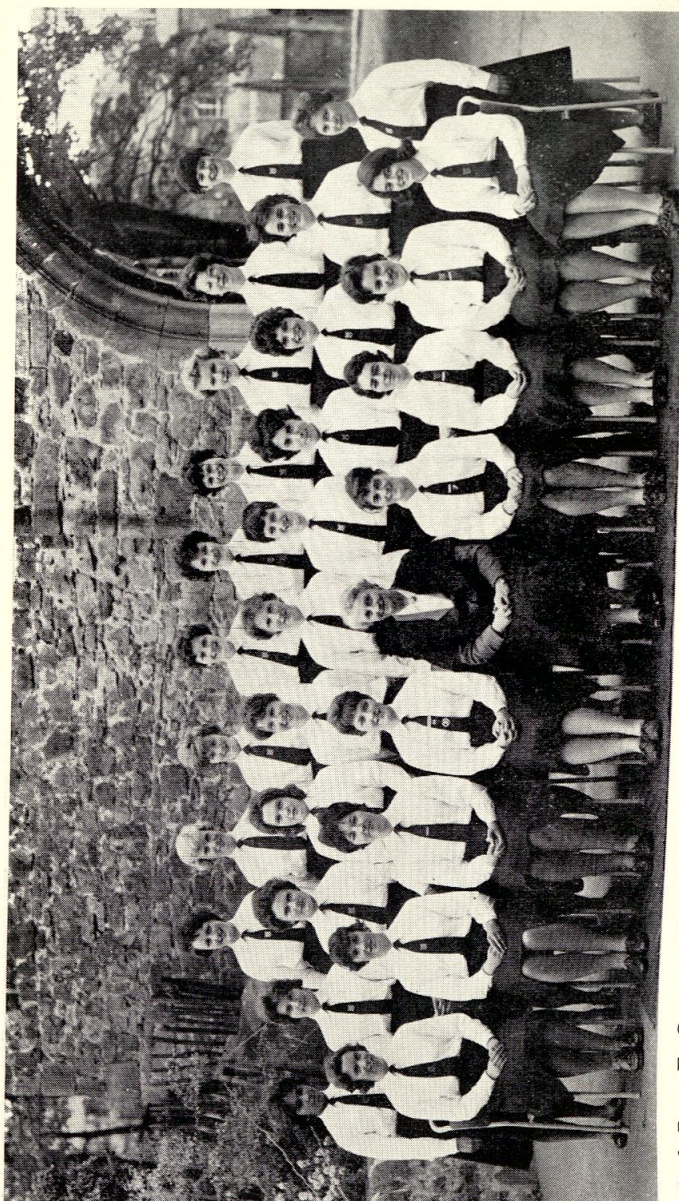
ELIZABETH M. DOWNIE

VICE-CAPTAIN OF SCHOOL



ISOBEL T. JOHNSTONE

Photos by E. R. Yerbury & Son



Back Row—E. CARNEGIE, J. WAITT, M. BROWNIE, S. FAIRBAIN, P. ANDREW, E. SCOTT, S. WILLIAMSON, A. YOUNG, M. BURGESS.
 Middle Row—S. SEGOBIN, V. STEWART, K. BELL, P. LUMSDEN, I. DEWAR, P. BOOTH, J. CAIRNS, M. LIDDLE, W. BARCLAY, G. SMITH, R. WILSON.
 Front Row—M. GROSSFET, J. MACKENZIE, A. MCNEILL, B. DOWNIE (Captain), MISS STEEL, I. JOHNSTONE (Vice-Captain), M. LITTLEJOHNS, M. HOLLAND, R. JOHNSTONE.

Photo by E. R. Yorbury & Son

LOOKING BACK

By Miss ALLIE ANDERSON

HAVING completed forty-five years as a Drill Teacher, a P.T. and a Specialist in Physical Education, I look back over these years—not in anger, but with a mixture of nostalgia and amusement.

I taught in all types of schools, from the one-teacher country school to the College of Physical Education, and found all most interesting, and, in most cases, rewarding.

My first post, with Edinburgh as centre, saw me visiting twenty-seven schools scattered through three counties. When one awoke, the problem was "Where today?" Transport in those days was certainly varied—cable car, train, bus, motor bike and side-car, dog cart, but mainly "shanks mare." One frosty morning as I was sitting perched beside the driver of the dog cart, while trotting along a country lane the horse slipped on the icy road and came down. This caused us to be catapulted over the hedges at either side of the road. I think this must have been the first "ejector seat."

In these pioneer days a fitted gymnasium, or even a hall, was unknown and it was the playground—usually very poor—for all classes, who wore ordinary clothing and boots. If weather did not permit use of playground, the alternative was classroom with fixed desks. One had to be an enthusiast; otherwise despair!

From these far-off days various personalities and incidents come vividly to mind. The joy of my young life was the Infants' Mistress of a primary school. Never have I met a more charming and delightful Mrs Malaprop. This lady enjoyed "cambric" sausages for breakfast; donned her elegant "linoleum" gown on festive occasions, and possessed "a beautiful Georginian silver tea service, handed down as it were from generation to generation to posterity." There was one school, which shall be nameless, where the headmaster and his staff retired to the staffroom for the morning while in the playground I wrestled with the entire school from babies to the "Qually." One night, after teaching a group of miners in a classroom with immovable desks and long bench seats, I remember walking from Prestonpans to the "digs" at the top of Marchmont Road—this during a Zeppelin raid.

After years of roving I reached the comparatively quiet haven of Gillespie's. I saw and experienced many changes here. When I arrived the School was co-educational and Intermediate. Later it became Secondary. Next the boys were "removed." Then it became James Gillespie's High School for Girls. The Middle Hall was the only "gym," where all classes were held. I shared the staffroom in the Middle-T corridor. In those days it was "just not done" to show a scrap of bare arm or leg, so I had to change into long black stockings and navy tunic inside the cupboard—without a glimmer of light—where staff now hang cloaks, then

emerge completely "covered" and well nigh asphyxiated! We had a censor in the staffroom who kept us all in order and when she retired, believe it or not, her mantle fell on me!

Here I must pay tribute to Miss Forgan, who took me under her wing and put the "new girl" on the right lines of the Gillespie's tradition. For her great kindness and help I shall be ever grateful.

Life seemed more leisurely in those days and the staff had many outlets for their surplus energy, for instance, flourishing tennis, badminton and golf clubs. Another was a dance club which went regularly to the Palais on Fridays and which demanded full evening dress. I hasten to assure any reader that the Palais, at this time, was eminently respectable! Badminton was played in the Music Room and when not on the court I spent my time teaching the male members the latest dance steps—this in the corridor outside the Head's room—and did we cut a dash at the Palais! Miss Napier and Mr Brash are the only remaining members of this happy band. Science and "Lit." socials, Christmas and Hallowe'en parties and the many School journey trips to various centres abroad have many happy memories, e.g. the gym. and dancing display we put on at a concert in the square at Thonon-les-Bains, having marched there behind the town band.

I lived and worked through three reigns in Gillespie's: first with the late Mr Burnett; after my return from being seconded to Dunfermline College of Physical Education to take charge of the first one-year course for women, I found Miss Andrew installed; after her retiral, Miss Steel was appointed.

I sincerely hope that Gillespie's will go on from strength to strength and wish Miss Steel, all members of the staff and pupils many happy days.

THE PANTHER

(from the German of Rainer Maria Rilke)

Numbed by passing and re-passing bars
Are sightless eyes, which cease to comprehend.
Instead of thoughts are countless thousand spars
And life without a meaning or an end.

So softly moves this sloe-black, beast of night,
His steps a rippling, powerful swing
Of movement, circling like a ritual-rite
About a stifled soul—a captive thing.

Now blind slits open into smouldering eyes.
Soundlessly something sears his brain.
And a jungle fire controls his limbs and tries
In vain to kindle what can't live again.

ISOBEL T. JOHNSTONE, 6A.

AMSTERDAM, 1961

I LEFT home at 7.10 a.m. on the rather chilly, grey morning of 19th May 1961, and arrived at the K.L.M. Office in Glasgow at 8.25 a.m. The occasion? I was about to embark upon a two-day trip to Amsterdam to celebrate the inauguration of the D.C.8 jet service in the North Atlantic. A Boy Scout, Malcolm Ritchie, and I had been chosen to represent the Youth of Scotland and Scottish Scouts and Guides for this great event.

On arriving at Prestwick, we were shown round the K.L.M. desk and had the pleasure of listening to a plane about to land. The pressmen then arrived and we stood at the foot of the gangway shivering with mingled cold and excitement and were photographed. During the flight we were invited to visit the cockpit after which we made a tour of the plane and I was presented with a large teddy-bear. In addition to all this, we were, on disembarking, given a silver keyring each, as a memento of our flight.

After meeting three Dutch Guides and the Chief Sea Scout of Amsterdam, we were given a real Dutch meal in the restaurant of Schiphol Airport. This meal began with orange juice and meat pie with chicken sauce, after which came three fillets of fish with potatoes, egg, tomatoes and lettuce, strawberries and cream and coffee. Malcolm and I felt as if we should never be able to move after this, but the Dutch people were still hungry!

We then went on a sight-seeing tour and the first thing that impressed me was the contrast between different parts of the city. One moment we were in one of the noisiest, busiest thoroughfares and the next moment we had passed through a little alley-way and were in a peaceful little enclosure. In the centre was the Church of Scotland and it was surrounded by picturesque little houses and a green, exactly reminiscent of an old English village. It was very hard to believe that this beautiful, restful place was only a stone's throw from that great shopping centre.

Although I could speak no Dutch and the Dutch Guides could speak only a very little English, we managed an amazing amount of conversation with the help of grins and gestures.

We had tea in the Harbour Offices, thirteen storeys up, with the panorama of Amsterdam spread below us. In the distance I could distinguish some "hills," but was soon disillusioned when informed that they were the sand dunes and dykes facing the North Sea. After this we toured the East Harbour in a police control boat and we went down into a dry dock. It was amazing to think that I could have easily seen a dry dock any day of my life and yet travelled 600 miles before ever going down one. This made it all the more interesting.

I eventually tumbled into bed about 11.30 p.m. and was soon quite oblivious to the world around which was very fortunate.

For the week before Whitsun, Dutch children say that nobody should be lazy and that everybody should begin working very early in the morning. With this in mind many children rise at 3 a.m. and tie tin cans and hooters to their bicycles and cycle round the streets, making the most horrible noise, until about 10 a.m. My visit coincided with this custom but, fortunately, I was not roused by it until a more respectable hour.

Next day we began with a tour by canal taxi and we had the chance of seeing many old, colourful barges and quaint houses, which otherwise we could never have enjoyed. All too soon it was time to return to Schiphol Airport, where we dined in the departure lounge. I was given the most wonderful bouquet of sweet peas and, to add to this surprise, I was presented with a package which contained a Dutch Guide lanyard and several other tokens which will always remind me of my visit. On the return flight Malcolm and I exchanged the few words of Dutch we had learned in our respective homes; these amounting to "yes," "no," "please," "thank you" and "hello!"

During my stay I saw only one pair of clogs actually being worn, and so it may be seen that the streets do not echo with the clacking of wood on stone as may be supposed. On our arrival at Prestwick we were met by my parents and on the way home, Malcolm fell asleep, which was hardly surprising considering that he had been playing chess at midnight.

I also felt inexpressibly tired but although this feeling almost swamped me, I could not help wishing that for this one time in my life, I could have stayed awake for forty-eight hours on end.

I had been a V.I.P. for the first, and probably the last, time in my life.

JUDITH ANDERSON, 4P.

SUNSET

Far away in the crimson West,
Apollo draws at last his rein,
His noble steeds sink down to rest,
And even comes, day lingers vain.
It strives to seize those last bright sparks,
Immortal hooves have cast behind,
And sears its blue with fiery marks,
And dies with softest crimson lined.
Then comes Diana's chariot white,
To soothe the burning, fire-flushed sky,
With cooling, pure, grey-veiling night,
And breezes, softly fanned from high.

SUSAN NICOL, 2L1.

HERE AND THERE

First Year—I's wicked—I is. I's mighty wicked, anyhow. I can't help it.

Fifth Year—I am determined to prove a villain.

First period, Monday morning—You blocks, you stones, you worse than useless things.

Last period, Friday—Though we seemed dead, we did but sleep.

Prefects—Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going.

First Hockey XI—I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips.

Staff v. Pupils Hockey Match—A plague of all cowards!

General Subjects—What mighty contests rise from trivial things.

Bursary Competition—The attempt and not the deed confounds us.

The Music Room—What's the business,

That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley

The sleepers of the house?

Women's Staffroom—Smoke gets in your eyes.

The Common Room—Love and scandal are the best sweeteners of tea.

School Dinners—A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

Staff—He is the very pineapple of politeness.

And though she be but little she is fierce.

I am the very model of a modern major-general.

The warlike Harry.

She was a worthy woman all her life.

Frosty, but kindly.

O du schone, susse Nachtigall!

Torment or treasure? Comfort or bane?

Duncan was a lad o' grace.

Form 6a—

W.B., M.H. and E.N.—Viva schola regia!

P.B. and J.C.—Double, double toil and trouble.

D.B.—She's a merry Greek indeed.

A.C.—A Cameron never can yield.

E.D.—Sweet rose of vertue and of gentleness.

D.G.—Now fie upon my false French!

M.H.—Gude pity me because I'm little.

I.J.—I'm going to "go it" a bit before I settle down.

R.J.—The only Latin I construe is *amo*, I love!

C.K.—And she who scorns a man must die a maid.

J.M.—Company, villainous company, hath been the spoil of me.

M.M.—I will drink life to the lees.

F.M.—Pensive nun, devout and pure.

E.Mc.—In such soft bosoms dwells such mighty rage?

A.Mc.—Kiss me, Hardy!

A.R. and V.R.—A sunbeam! A sunbeam!



ON BEING SPOILT (By our Grandparents)

WE lay in a fairy-tale night—a black night confused in the curling green light of the African jungle—a night noisy with screaming antics of monkeys and arguments of Swahili warriors—a thumping, tom-tom night with the women pounding corn. And Grandpa sat big and black perched, at the end of the bed, on top of a pile of carcasses, skulls and twisted horns—"one morning's bag!" "More, Grandpa, more . . .!" and we wriggled and snuggled and listened. "Just one more," he said for we were going home next day. His forests were dark and green and damp, clustering with bananas and clinging with lianas. He and his boy, Chipanto Johnson, had shot antelope, hartebeast and hippo by the hundred. He was always B'wana. He swung cobras by the tail and flying, smashed their skulls in the sand. His gun boys said: "Yes, B'wana . . . Yes, B'wana!" And Grandpa would leave his tower of skulls and walk around a tree trunk so big that that took him a minute. "Yes, B'wana," and B'wana talked on and his stories were alive in the dark jungle of the room. He climbed down from his perch at the end of the bed. He went out softly. He left us far away on the shores of Lake Tanganyika, asleep in a canoe.

The blind zoomed out of sight and sunlight pounced into the room. It played halos around the plums ripening on the window ledge. The silver-framed photographs suddenly smiled demurely. We could hear Granny padding happily about the house and singing sweetly to herself. And Grandpa sang out of tune and loudly in the bathroom. We were going home that day . . .! And a cloud passed across the sun. The halos dropped off the plums and fell tinkling to the floor. The photographs frowned. We got up.

The Cloch moaned befogged out across the Holy Loch. We went to fetch the eggs for the last time. The hens scrabbled about the length of the garden in a run cut off from it by a riotous

rhododendron hedge, in which orange nasturtiums and white convolvulus trumpets tangled themselves and got lost. We flapped our arms and shoo-ed as hard as we could. Ever so carefully, we stretched nervous fingers into the cosy boxes and drew out warm eggs and straw. Heads together we looked and weighed each one. We made up our minds. We put the china one back. Grandpa had said that this was to show the hens what to do and how to do it. Any hens that did not do as they were told ended up on a plate at Christmas dinner.

The fog-horn moaned again reminding us of the soot of the city. The rookery of tufted skeleton trees on stilts had woken up. The birds called "good morning" across a noisy silence. Crossing the white pebble path, we wandered back through the dew-silvered grass to breakfast, leaving an emerald trail in our wake. Bowls of porridge swimming in cream were waiting for us. Toast came hot and steaming from the toaster beside the plant at the window. This plant was a mighty "mother o' millions," so big that she dappled any morning light that managed to get past her a pale grey-green.

But we were whisked off home. We sped along flat sea roads, around deer forests and lochs and long-legged herons fishing in the grey pools on the pebbled shore. We passed untidy houses in hollows. We wound on until the roads became straight. The houses became tidy. Lines paralleled and running along to infinity, square houses standing along to infinity saw no sea and no herons—only straggling sparrows sitting in the gutters in the dust. Where were the living things; the white pebbles, the green grass, the nasturtium-tangled hen-run? The angry cars moaned at us. And we moaned with them. Night came.

Long-past-bed-time, sleepy eyes stared out at the black Clyde. But, look . . .! The river was having a party, right in the middle of Glasgow! The neon signs gazed with a tremulous green and blue and red, across the ebony-lapping to the silver moon. The street lamps waltzed like diamonds with the stars. Yellow light from river-black hulls winked lazily at the limpid pools, lulling the orange-peel cradles to sleep. This was a fairyland river we saw. And there was Grandpa, on his pile of skulls, towering above the hammerheads, beating a tom-tom! Then the pulses of the neon signs quickened and they mamba-ed with the moon. B'wana beat better and better and harder and faster. And the stars shot down to jig with the lamps blinking over the wharves. As the car rolled out of sight behind the sheds, the river lights tango-ed with the twisting tom-tom, pounding the air into writhing jungle shapes with lianas like neon-light curling and twisting around the moon. The demon had got into the fairyland of night. Tired out, we slept . . .

ROSEMARY JOHNSTONE, 6A.

ONE EYE ON ADEN

IT was strange indeed—strange to lean against the crumbling parapet of that old bridge and trace the serpent's course of the stream that lazily led through the gates of yesterday's small, lost world. Strange it was, too, to look upon that world with alien eyes—a world whose every speckled stone and tufted bank was once a part of you and you of it. Surely it was not all *so long ago*? For—you remember!

You remember those bright, clamorous mornings as the sunlight seeped into the room and you awoke to dawn's loud herald—the oily tractor from across the way snorting its kangaroo path up the hill to the cornfields. The cock's raucous bass kept time for a chorus of greedy trebles in the shape of the baby swallows by your bedroom window. You scrambled out of bed, threw on your clothes and let the teasing smell of frying bacon draw you to the kitchen. Everyone but you and your great-grandmother was half-asleep—an uncle and an aunt preparing reluctantly to go to work and the dog too lazy even to eat his breakfast. The cat ran one fastidious paw around her ear before she leapt to your lap and thrust her damp nose against your hand, purring. The days were long then—long and light and lyrical.

The cottage too—it was just up there a way. How many afternoons did you spend watching it, hoping—and fearing—to see the “witch” folk said had lived there? Your toes trailing in the icy brook, you sat and waited, listening to the water's idle chatter and the chuckle of the grasshoppers nearby. You looked around—the patchwork hills of rust and green and gold and bracken-brown; the blue-green, secretive forests that crowned the hills with mystery on three sides; those four leafless, stricken sentinels of trees ahead who guarded the boundary between your world and the other over the hill. Your thoughts switched back to the cottage. Wherever she had gone the old witch must have had a lot of money because she had left her curtains behind and *you* knew curtains were expensive. Where would you go next? The farm perhaps? Or no! A load of maize had arrived at the mill so the wheel would be working. You would go and watch it.

And so you were by the aged, dusty mill. It was a wonderful place, the mill. What kind of man, you wondered now, could design such a fascinatingly untidy building, every line of which seemed intent on making you guess where it was going next and where no right angle was? Then, you just loved the wheel. Feeling deliciously naughty, you strained on tiptoe to push up the hook of the door leading to the wheel—and there it was! A huge monster chained to the mill grinding rustily round and round for ever, its

only protest the angry water it dashed at you—always just missing. My, but it was exciting!

There on the bridge you turned to cast your eyes longingly back to Aden—that watery, willowy wilderness, behind whose every bush there lurked a tiny streamlet just waiting to trap you. And the rabbits! Were there still multitudes of them bobbing about with their nervous white tails and vapid little faces? The manor house would be even more ruined and overgrown with roses and ivy. The cracked surfaces of the tennis courts would have bred an even bigger crop of dandelions and dockin leaves, but it would be much the same as it was when you were a child. Aden was your kingdom as it had been that of many another child before you and would be of others again. There was so much there—and all of it yours—even if you did know you ought not to be there at all!

And what had you liked most about Aden? The house? The February snowdrops and April primroses who made every step a peril lest you destroy one of their delicate blooms? The long-deserted farm? No—none of these. It was the lake you loved the best. Even on the clearest day it still seemed shrouded in the merest web of mist, turning its rich colours into softest hues of green and gold and blue and purple. The water—glassy still—was yet alive.

And there you were—all of six years old and thinking what a fine thing life was! What a pity the boat was so leaky! The island in the middle of the lake looked such a nice place to play! What was the name of King Arthur's island—Avalon? Well, maybe that was it. And there was that Church that sank beneath a lake! You peered eagerly into the depths of the myriad waters, but all you ever found was mud and weeds. Perhaps in the deeper water?

Such a lot of memories there were of those wild nights you spent snug in bed while the wind whipped round the dripping eaves and cried to you to run away with it to the crest of the storm-scoured hill and laugh at all those folk safe in their beds. Oh but the covers had been heavy on those nights! Then there was “The Green Roadie” that led to—where? You never reached the end yet. Where, you wondered?

Then it was the bridge again, and a friend who knew of all tugged at your arm.

“It's no use,” he quietly said. “I've tried. It's no use. Come on home.”

So home you went. For the village bells that told you time tolled time away.

ELIZABETH MCKENZIE, 6A.

"CONFLICTS ON THE TOP DECK"

"NO, Sir, I've never eaten Scampi . . . once, though, my mother-in-law bought some for a treat—but I think she had to give it to the cat." And was that a laugh—that nervous wheeze like a flurry of the East wind down a dry fish-bone? But the man in the next seat sat solid under his city hat and black overcoat and said "Oh . . ." in a taut voice, narrow with scorn. The corner of the mouth twitched. Then the bus conductor whistled a shrill arpeggio through his pursed lips. The man with the mother-in-law fumbled and failed to find his small change. That's right—pay for them both, I thought. You scampi-soundrel with your scathing sneer, I hate your city hat. And you, poor fellow; why do you not tell him he can keep his scampi. Tell him you can eat sardines to a band playing. Tell him about your mother-in-law's Saturday night suppers with their pyramid-plates of sardines on toast.

"So I says I was nae feelin' well and goes ta powder ma nose. I'm through wi' Jake, Em'ly. Sid took me hame. He's quite a good-looker, ain't he, Em'ly?"

"Who, Jake?"

"No, Sid."

"Well . . . aye."

"He's got a 'blow-wave,' you know!"

"Oh . . ."—said in silent wonder. Go on Em'ly, tell her you do not like "blow-waves." The conductor does not like them either, do you? "Half, please" . . . the music stopped, "Thanks, dear" and began again. It whistled through his teeth, zoomed down the bus and dropped its dead notes into the ears of the people sitting in the red seats, amid rustling newspapers, cigarette smoke, scampi, "blow-waves" and sardines.

"Will you excuse me, please, dear?" and I got up to let the old lady out. Unsteadily, she went downstairs. I saw her padding, pussy-footed down the pavement, carpet-soft in winter boots, down past the undertaker's with its "in-loving-memories" set out with green and white finality in three regular rows of ten. The bus lurched forward and the conductor's wheezy solo gathered volume as it gathered speed.

"Now, Henry, I hope you cleaned your teeth!"

"Yes, Mum."

"You havn't been eating toffees at school, have you, dear?"

"No, Mum."

"You didn't forget your apple at playtime, did you, dear?"

"No, Mum."—No, Mum. No, Mum. No, Mum. And I do not want to go to the dentist's today. Go on, Henry, tell her you do not want to go to the dentist's. Tell her she can read this month's *Vogue* at Mrs Smith's next week . . . "Get the fares, will you, dear?"

"Yes, Mum." The whistling stopped, "Thanks, sonny."

I got up. Sid's charm had Em'ly wide-eyed and wondering what a "blow-wave" was. Little Henry was sitting palely on the edge of his seat twiddling the tickets. With his eyes glued to the pony-tail of the girl in front, he was thinking hard about the gleam of the dentist's drill. The scampi-fiend had unfolded the evening paper and the top corner kept fluttering about the ear of the sardine-fan, who laughed non-stop at the tickle and nervously at the man behind it.

I drowned the eternal whistling. I shouted and Em'ly and the son-in-law and Henry cried with me. We hate Sid's "blow-waves," scampi and the dentist's—even if there's the new *Vogue* in the waiting-room. We are getting off here—leaving you all to your Sids and magazines! In your choking, blue clouds of cigarette smoke we can see the whirr of the dentist's drill burst the black "blow-wave" and spatter the city hat with scampi. We shall rip your scorn and pride from beneath your selfish feet. Yes, we are running off. We are having no more of you. But—the three went on sitting there. They stared silently in front at nothing. I turned. I went downstairs and got off the bus. It drove on up the hill. I heard the windy whistle curling along behind it and weaving in and out of "in-loving-memories," lying quietly in three neat rows of ten along the never-ending road.

ROSEMARY JOHNSTONE, 6A.

THE BLACKBIRD

Every day at half past three
A blackbird sat in the walnut tree,
A blackbird sat and sang to me.

And as I passed the road along,
I could hear his glorious song
Lilting, ever clear and strong.

But then, one day, I stopped disturbed;
For in the tree there was no bird.
His song no longer could be heard.

But happy are the memories of
Him—and I feel in heaven above,
A voice now sings of peace and love.

Yes, I say this, for I am sure
My blackbird sits at heaven's door;
He sits and sings for evermore.

JEAN OGILVIE, 2L1.

MISS WISPETT

MISS EMILY WISPETT saw the great, glass door swing to and turned to look around her in pleasant anticipation. It had been a long time indeed since she had shopped in Parks & Pearsons—a long time indeed since she had shopped anywhere, observed Miss Wispett with a pained, little smile. She would have liked to go to Venners—her family's custom had always been appreciated there—but the doorman had with polite confidence refused her entrance. Of course, she had protested but to what avail? Mr Smith, the manager, had appeared to confirm the sentence. Oh, indeed, he had been very courteous but she had known what he was thinking and that had sent her scurrying off more surely than any words.

Miss Wispett looked around her at the long, neat, impersonal rows of counters, all glass and glow, the price tickets screaming their wares in stentorian scarlet, the assistants, special Parks & Pearsons brand, uniform in their blue nylon overalls. The atmosphere had none of the gracious refinement of Messrs Venners, she shrugged, but it would suffice. Now where to start?

Miss Wispett meandered over the marble floor, blushed her way past "Men's Vests 9/11" and came to rest at "Nylon Gloves—very Good Quality—Only 7/6 Per Pair." The shop was busy this morning, she noted with satisfaction. That was as she liked it. Now what colour of gloves ought she to wear? Miss Wispett considered, looking thoughtfully from her grey coat to her faded brown leather bag. A little frown creased her brow. Then the decision made, she was soon pattering downstairs to the food department, a pair of grey gloves safely tucked away in her bag.

These were soon joined by an orange, a slab of fruit cake, two packets of peppermint creams and several rashers of bacon wrapped in cellophane paper. Miss Wispett made her purchases rather more quickly than most people. She twinkled slyly; that gentleman had been at the bacon counter long before she had approached it, patiently waiting to pay the assistant and have his package wrapped. She left him still waiting and trotted off to "Assorted Biscuits."

But a few yards away one of the blue-coated band beckoned worriedly to the manager. A few words were exchanged, with a quick glance towards Miss Wispett, who was even now wrestling with the problem of whether to have coconut or chocolate biscuits. She had just made up her mind and reached out a hand when . . .

"Miss Wispett," said the manager's reproachful voice and his hands gently took the bag from her. This opened, there lay her little messages—gloves, orange, peppermint creams—in naked guilt, unwrapped, unpaid for. The manager gave a resigned sigh and addressed the downcast head: "I think you had better come along with me."

Miss Wispett looked shyly up. "Good morning Mr Robertson," she said.

ANN MCNEILL, 6A.

THE HOUSE OF THE HIPPOPOTAMUS

I HAVE a very feminine partiality for china—there, however, I must confess, ends any similarity between friend Elia and myself. For I prefer new china with slightly "off-beat" designs in shiny, black or dark, muddy colours. I am fascinated by long, slender, asymmetrical vases, with highlights in the most improbable places, and by crazy ash-trays.

Our house possesses hundreds—well, almost hundreds—of ash-trays, which have accumulated somehow or other over the years, and it is very odd that, although plates and cups are smashed with amazing regularity, no one ever drops an ash-tray. Despite the fact that there are ash-trays in practically every room in the house—yes, even in the "smallest" room—there is never one to be found when most needed. At Hogmanay, for instance, guests can be observed at intervals frantically casting their eyes this way and that, cigarettes held aloft while a whole inch of grey ash threatens to let go any minute and fall on the carpet. Usually it does just that.

Very often the ash-trays are used as receptacles for anything but ash. My sister and I are, I admit, the worst offenders in this, and our ash-tray, which is in the stand of our bed-side lamp, is a sort of collecting dump for odds and ends—usually very odd ends, I might add. Since—as yet—it is not called upon to perform its official duty as a receptacle for ash, it is frequently used as a convenient place to put such things as hair-grips, safety-pins and buttons, till such a time as we can be prevailed upon to put them where they belong.

Our ash-trays are a very motley collection, ranging from a plain, unwieldy glass "thing," which my father, according to the very ancient and revered custom of young men, "removed" from a Naafi canteen many moons ago, to a hippopotamus.

He is the cutest, the craziest thing you ever saw. He is black and his bulbous nose has little white blobs all over it; his gaping jaws positively demand to be fed with large supplies of delicious, fluffy, grey-white ash. He is not at all fussy about his meals—filter-tipped, menthol-flavoured or the blend that is setting the trend, they are all one to him. We call him Hubert. Why? I do not know; nobody knows. If you asked any one of us, you would be told that he looks a Hubert, or something equally enlightening.

You have to excuse us—we are a slightly crazy family. Everyone says so.

ADRIENNE ALEXANDER, 5L.

"SLUGS AND SNAILS AND PUPPYDOGS' TAILS"

"THERE'S an octopus under that rock!"

We swam in, refusing to panic at the feel of the clumps of weed and the encampments of barnacles, and scrambled up the warm, harsh, yellow rock. There we clustered like limpets and looked over into the ultramarine and brown waving water.

I was horribly fascinated and quite ready to believe the warning. Earlier in my stay in Nice, on a visit to a bay a few miles from the Airport, we had met a little boy "guddling" in the pools among the rocks. We watched him calmly stuffing a writhing baby octopus into a polythene bag. What was it for? "To eat," the young boy had replied so occupied in forcing his reluctant prey into its polythene prison that he did not look up at us. We doubted the credibility of this statement but his repeated assurance that he was going to "mange" it (this was said with a strong Nicois accent) and the fact that we knew of the French taste for snails and frogs, made us quite willing to add to the list of their unholy habits. The boy succeeded in pushing all eight legs into the bag. He tied a knot in it, made as though to leave it on the rocks, glanced at us doubtfully (you can never trust foreigners), decided not to leave it, and trotted off, captive in hand, to find more food for the Sunday dinner.

As I looked into the weedy wilderness I expected, and hoped for, a scene, which would give me cause to scorn the efforts of Hans and Lotte Haas. Someone found a stick and prodded about in the seaweed. The rock shelved away under us and certainly looked gloomy and forbidding. The Les Rins Islands have long, deep crevices eaten out by the sea, furnishing ideal homes for all that is horrible. However, after ten minutes' prodding for the unsociable octopus the excitement died down and we wanted to play in the water again. A few of the boys, eager to display their fortitude, dived in first—no beast emerged for blood—we followed but kept away from the brown, weedy curtain enclosing his hole.

If we were disappointed at the refusal to appear of the star of the Haas films, all was forgotten when, on our way up to the cafe for a meal we saw a large, red-faced gentleman who seemed, despite the guise of a straw beach hat and palm-treed beach shorts, vaguely familiar.

"Are you h-h-h-having a h-h-h-happy h-h-h-holiday?" inquired one inspired member of our party. Tony had probably come out to the islands to escape the crowd at Cannes. Nevertheless he rose to the occasion with typical Hancock good humour and tore up his paper table-cloth. Each of us received a little wine-stained autograph.

I looked at the table, denuded of its cloth and felt guilty. Poor Tony's meal must have grown cold. It was probably a dish of . . . I looked again. It certainly was not salade Nicoise nor was it veal

and mushrooms. What was that shapeless, doubtful-looking lump of meat on his plate? I thought of the polythene bag and those eight struggling, spotted tentacles . . . that oval eye . . . ?

ISOBEL T. JOHNSTONE, 6A.

INNSBRUCK

WE left Edinburgh half asleep. It was ten-thirty, or later—bound to be, trains never leave on time, unless you have left your own time too neat. When we arrived in London at six o'clock, we were taken round town all day, sleep-walking, of course. From London we travelled to Folkestone, then sailed—on calm seas—to Boulogne. We travelled through France during the night and had breakfast in Basle. The rolls were lovely; so was the coffee. They had to be: that is all you get for breakfast on the Continent. We arrived at our destination, Innsbruck, in the late afternoon. By this time we were grubby, tired and hungry, but Innsbruck was a home from home: it was raining.

We were taken by bus to our hostel and on route received passing glimpses of Innsbruck. We divided into groups of fours and were allotted bedrooms. These were lovely and all had a French window leading on to a balcony. The view was wonderful; the mountains were very near us. By morning we had realised that we were on one of the main routes to Munich. The traffic was another thing that made Innsbruck a home from home. Everybody and everything seemed to start moving at an unearthly hour of the morning. Chapel bells started ringing at five-thirty. That is the truth; I was up and heard them.

On our first morning we were taken round the town to get our bearings. The town consisted of old and new buildings, but they blended well together. We were told that the word Innsbruck means "the bridge over the River Inn." The River Inn is a fast-flowing river and is a greyish colour because it comes from the ice on the mountains. The river acts like a boundary between the town and the mountains. Swimming, or maybe it was sunbathing, seemed to be a popular pastime all over Austria. Innsbruck boasted a swimming ground that contained no less than five pools, all a decent size and for different stages in the sport of swimming. In between the pools were stretches of grass for sunbathing on. When we emerged, suitably attired, it was obvious that we were Britons. Our skin was pink; theirs was brown, sometimes like Indians. We felt really conspicuous, just as really brown skin is conspicuous in Portobello.

One night we were taken to a musical evening in the main street. Even some of the instruments were different from the ones in Britain. I noticed one that was a cross between a trumpet and a

trombone. We were taken up the Haffelekar in a mountain railway. The six feet swing of the Forth Bridge was a mere trifle to that. It was worth it; the view was marvellous; so was the sensation. Within a twenty-five mile radius of Innsbruck there are many lakes which have been made into public swimming pools. Some of them are warm but one we were taken to was fed by melted snow. Seven of us caused a sensation by swimming in it; from the audience it might have been a swimming gala.

Our greatest evening was a show in the best hotel in Innsbruck. The music and the dancing made it worth while paying the price we did. I loved watching the men in these natty leather shorts performing those side-kicks.

There are small trains that go up some of the smaller mountains; actually they don't look or move like trains; they are more like tramcars. These make the journey anywhere very enjoyable. There are also modern tram-cars which have the same kind of doors as in the London tubes. That caused trouble every time fifty-six of us got on or off.

The food in Austria is vastly different from ours. Austrians must have cast-iron stomachs to digest it. The mixtures were incredible. Actually I think that to the inhabitants, the standard of the food we received was very good but . . . well let's say that I have not got a cast-iron stomach. We arrived home early in the morning and the first thing I had was a plate of porridge. It was great, like ambrosia to the gods. When I was in a cafe one day, somebody at a table nearby ordered a piece of cake. When it arrived it looked as if it could have done as a meal. Needless to say, the price was also fantastic, about six shillings in British money.

The children in their national costumes were like dolls. Some adults wore national costume as well and looked more splendid. It was not the done thing for females to wear shorts, but the majority of the males, even old ones, wore them. Also, I think everybody owns a bicycle, or if not a whole one, a seat on one. The Austrians have a great sense of humour and were very friendly to us. I wanted to buy a purse in the shape of leather trousers so I went into a shop and mimed what I wanted to buy. The man behind the counter promptly mimed back that I should go next door. He thought I wanted a real pair. Members of our party in kilts caused one man in a car to stop and stare. As a result cars queued up to see the kilts.

Austria is truly a beautiful country and does not seem to be industrial. The climate can be bad, I know, but it is generally very good. We did have temperatures of one hundred and seven degrees. The wooden houses must be lovely to live in. Austria seems to be a contented country. It has everything it needs within its borders.

LENA FYVIE, 4D.

DRUMS



FORM 6A

ISOBEL JOHNSTONE

DESIGN



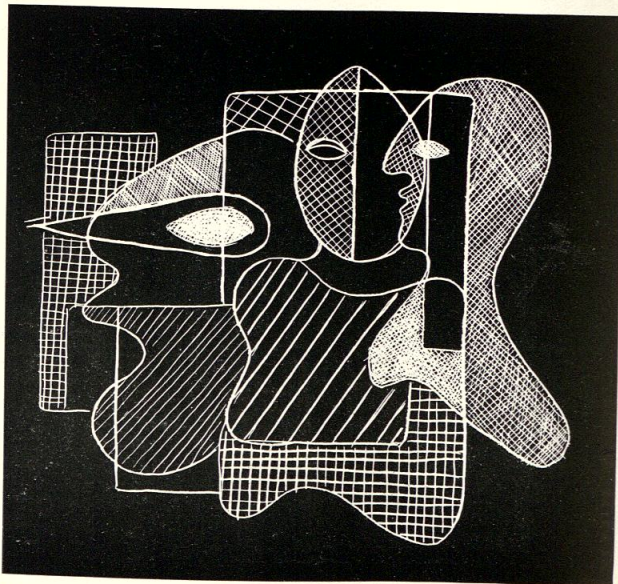
FORM 4M

SHELAGH MUNRO



By courtesy of "The Evening Dispatch"

HEADS



NICOLA RUTHERFORD

FORM 4M

THE SHETLAND BUS

AT nine o'clock on weekday mornings (Thursday excepted) a spacious silver and chromium omnibus leaves Lerwick for Hillswick. This splendid conveyance has large, clear windows, plush seats with head-rests, and a tinted glass roof which lets in the sunshine when there is any. The driver wears a smart uniform and a peaked cap. Like time and tide, he waits for no man.

At a similar hour in Hillswick another bus is setting out for Lerwick. Who owns it is doubtful, but it is driven by Pokey. Pokey's uniform is an oily boiler-suit, for he spends a large proportion of his time searching the innards of his bus for the source of its very audible pain. Pokey's bus is like a square tin box, with a smaller tin box tacked on at the front, and the whole is perched precariously on four large wheels. It is painted a dusty yellow with blue trimmings. The interior is very dim, and in this eternal twilight there are all sorts of hazards to trap the unwary. Cans of paraffin, uncured fleeces and drums of sheep dip are among the many I have come into contact with.

It is almost impossible to miss Pokey's bus. It never leaves at the advertised time in the morning, and in the evening Pokey waits patiently until everyone is present before he goes. There may be six or seven passengers, and the meeting place is the wall beside the harbour. They all sit there and chat while Pokey smokes his pipe and puffs contemplative clouds into the evening air. When the conversation begins to wane Pokey remarks, "Well, I suppose we'd better be making for home," and with a shrug he climbs into his seat.

When Pokey's bus is not going to Lerwick, it is used for social occasions. As he remarks, what is the use of his going to Lerwick if no one wants to go with him? Therefore, he runs a special service to the regatta, agricultural show, dance, or whatever the occasion may be. He also provides the transport for the Sunday School Picnic, and he can be seen the next morning with a mop, wiping off the faces which the children have drawn in the dust on the windows. On Monday mornings in summer he comes especially early in order to meet the boat, and it is usually Pokey who welcomes me with the traditional greeting—"Well, what sort of trip did you have?" and when my green face and trembling hand tell him, he delves into his pocket and produces a packet of pan-drops. Somehow they never fail as a remedy.

On these mornings, Pokey's bus and the silver and chromium bus leave about the same time. The road from Lerwick to Hillswick is very narrow and the silver and chromium bus very broad. Therefore, which ever reaches the road first maintains the lead all the way. If the silver and chromium bus wins, it quickly disappears in a cloud of dust. If Pokey does, he maintains a steady thirty-five miles per hour and the other snorts like an unleashed tiger, in the

rear. In just over an hour the bus reaches its destination. The silver and chromium affair stops hopefully outside the Hotel, but Pokey continues up the hill and so I arrive in state at my grandmother's front door.

CHRISTINA MANSON, 4(1).

AUTUMN

Twirling, swirling leaves of gold,
Soft, white mist and gentle rain;
Berries bright on bushes bare;
Autumn walks the country lane,
While I, a captive of the season's beauty, stand
And view with awe the copper splendours of the land.

M. ANNE REID, 6A.

SHOW-JUMPING—CONSOLATION PRIZE

When aunts and uncles come to stay,
They ask in an indulgent way:
"How's the riding going, dear?
The gymkhana season's drawing near,
And you'll be jumping in the show.
We watch it on TV you know."

They seem to think I'm a horsey wonder,
Riding and jumping without blunder.
Each time my mount takes it in mind
To try a jump of any kind,
They've never seen me try in vain
To hang on to the horse's mane.

When hedge or gate looms up in sight,
I clench my teeth with all my might,
Grip with my knees, turn up my toes
And over the jump the pony goes.
Over he goes. I'm left behind.
Our equine friends *can* be unkind!

In spite of this, the fact remains
I keep returning to the reins.
Some declare I've got it bad;
Others there are who think I'm mad.
Dad swears I'll come off once too often
And prematurely win—a coffin!

SHEENA KEITH, 3L2.

EPITAPH ON A TORTOISE

At this hour I bury him there,
Under this old pear tree,
None but me murmuring a prayer;
Few friends in life had he.

AUDREY BLAKE, 1F2.

RECOLLECTIONS OF CHILDHOOD

"TRAILING clouds of glory do we come"—all right, Mr Wordsworth, "clouds of glory" if you like; no original sin?—well maybe, but in my case, a goodly share of obstinacy!

Consider my sex, for instance. I foiled my parents from the start! Everything was prepared for a boy—the very name was chosen—and to everybody's consternation I turned out to be a girl. Point number one to me! I am told I looked quite mature at birth. No doubt I was enjoying the little joke I had perpetrated on my family.

Then there was my hair! Fond grandparents and aunts, looking down on my mop of glamour, said knowingly to one another, "Of course, it will all come out and probably be replaced by black." But no such thing ever happened; the red (or "auburn," as the more kindly disposed of my relations would have it) persisted and is with me to this day.

All the experiences of my early childhood are coloured with this tinge of obstinacy. I bitterly resented the intrusion into my childish world of doctors, dentist and even hairdressers. I regarded all their efforts to bribe or cajole me into submission with extreme suspicion and even disgust. "Will you walk into my parlour?" they seemed to say, and I, the little fly, was not going to be tempted if I could help it. I should say, however, in self-defence that having once been obliged to cross the Rubicon, I became a model patient in the hands of these torturers!

The greatest nightmare of my early years was the day I was first introduced to school. I was the victim of one of these pre-school interviews, when psychologists tell you small children are "put at their ease" and simply "play their way" into a school. Some "hobgoblin or foul fiend" got between me and the poor innocent woman who was trying to put me at my ease; I took one look at the flowing black gown which enveloped her, and I resolved there and then that nothing would induce me to respond to her questions. I again won the day. However, records will show that I have now attended school for eleven years. Something must have broken down my defences on some later occasion.

This was, I believe, the last recorded occasion of any very strong resistance to authority. Perhaps by this time my "trailing clouds" had all disappeared and I had acquired new vices which overshadowed my contrariness. But my parents always assert that I was well named.

MAY WALTERS, 5L.

WEATHERS

This is the weather the world likes,
And so do I.
When grass is green, and buds are seen,
And spring is nigh.
Flowers and heat, lambs' twinkling feet,
And little daisies the morn do greet,
And birds from the south our eyes do meet,
And old men like a garden seat;
And so do I.

This is the weather the shepherds shun,
And so do I.
When driving rain hides the golden sun,
And no grain is dry.
The harvest is late, less bread on our plate,
And fruits for export go bad in a crate,
And people hope St. Swithin's is not the date;
And so do I.

SUSAN FINLAY, 1L.

GILLESPIE GIRL

She leaves her house at half past eight,
And rushes wildly down the lane,
Her clothes awry, a shoe undone.
My goodness, she'll be late again!

Arriving at the bus-stop soon,
She puffs and pants; her bus has gone!
At last another comes in sight.
It's full, alas! and carries on.

In desperation she decides
To walk to school, or rather run!
For now it's nearly twenty to,
And late marks aren't that much fun!

Eventually she's at the Links,
And dashes madly up the slope,
Because, to reach the school before
The bell has ceased to ring's her hope.

With each swift step her spirits rise,
As near and nearer comes her goal.
She slackens pace, then—dreadful sound!
The warning bell begins to toll.

A final dash, the gate is reached.
She then begins the stairs to climb.
Her desk is won, she heaves a sigh.
Gillespie Girls MUST be on time.

JANET WALKER, 2L1.

LAST PERIOD IN THE MORNING

We waited full of hunger for the appetising ring,
But the time our teachers can go on is really surprising,
For when at last the bell does ring, to our complete dismay
The teacher says, "Don't go out yet; I've something else to say."

She talks for simply ages—of course we never listen—
We're all too busy dreaming of a really scrumptious vision
Of delicious runny mince and super creamy jelly too,
Oh, we're sick of sitting quiet when there's eating still to do.

But, ah! We're getting off the leash; she's opening the door.
We all rush out, for now we want our dinner even more,
But our only consolation is: we may be getting thinner
For it's fish and cheese and stodge once more: the typical school dinner!

CAROL RITCHIE, 1L.

THE LAW OF THE SCHOOL

Now this is the Law of the School—as ancient and dead as the hills;
And the Girl that obeys it may prosper, or else is afflicted with ills.

As the shuttle that weaveth the cloth, the Law struggles inwards and out.
For the strength of the School is the Girl, and the converse is true without
doubt.

Wash daily from hair root to toe nail; think deeply, but never too deep;
And remember the evenings for viewing, and forget not the day's not for
sleep.

Keep peace with the might of the School—the Prefects, the Staff and the
Head;
And pester not teachers in study, or you'd better—much better—be dead.

When Team meets with Team on the Field, and neither will budge from
the Pitch,
Don't run till the Captains have conversed—for fear you end up in the
ditch.

The desk of the Girl is her refuge, where books can be seen all around;
Not even the Teacher may come near, and others are there "out of bound."

School Right is the right of the Girl, but hardly exists here at all;
For she may not munch 'cept in the playground, and never there throw a
snowball.

Hear ye, the Laws of the School, for many and mighty are they;
But the head and the foot of the Law, and even the back-bone's—Obey.

PAMELA FERNS, 2L1.

WRITTEN ON A SICK BED

I am in bed and wracked with pain;
 It is my sinuses again!
 My throat is sore; I feel quite weak,
 And, what is more, I cannot speak.
 I've also gargled with baking soda
 And inhaled salts with a terrible oda,
 O now it's my stomach—No, it's my back!
 I know, I'm a HYPOCHONDRIAC!

JANETTE MCNEILL, 4C.

THE ATHENS OF THE NORTH

Bright lights,
 Busy shops,
 Girls in tights
 With hairstyle mops.

 Muddy streets,
 Pouring rain,
 Wet seats
 While the band's playing.

Floodlit Castle,
 Holyrood Palace,
 Festival bustle
 For Maria Callas.

Famous for whisky,
 Famous for beer,
 Yes, it's Auld Reekie
 I'm describing here.

ANNE L. HUME, 3L1.

KING OF THE JUNGLE

Here he comes swishing, swishing through the grass.
 By the dusty mule track,
 On the sunny hillside,
 Slinks past a tiger,
 Coming swishing through the grass.

"Here I come creeping, creeping to the water;
 Here I come upon a little rill;
 All around me is the twilight still.
 But, listen! A noise of water mingled
 With the song of birds warbling everywhere.
 Here comes an animal's quiver
 Mixed with the shiver
 Of realising I am near—
 An animal shaking with fear.
 Escape is useless, stay just there!"

MARGOT ROSE, 2L1.

FRACTIONS

Three-fourths of my life I waste
 In idle dreams or chatter,
 And yet I sometimes feel
 That they're the fourths that matter.

ELIZABETH CRAWFORD, 3F1.

MURRAYFIELD

(A Supporter's Address to the Scottish Rugby Team)

Scots, wha now the English dread,
 Scots, whom Smith has aften led,
 All by porridge oats been fed,
 On to victorie!

Now's the time and there's the whistle,
 See, the crowd holds high a thistle,
 How the English players bristle
 As they watch you, "try!"

Wha won't in the line-out tower,
 In the scrum push with all power?
 Let him in the background cower,
 Since weakness does not pay!

Wha for the Calcutta cup,
 Won't on England's forwards drop?
 Let us stand and let them stop.
 On to win the day!

By the tackled's woes and pains!
 By the mud and by the stains!
 Every inch the runner gains,
 Helps for victorie!

Lay their fastest runners low!
 Danger falls with every foe!
 Ground is gained by every throw!
 Let us win the fray!

ELIZABETH SHEDDAN, 3L1.

GOLDFISH

A flash of silver, of gold and black,
 A splash, a ripple, a cloud of bubbles—
 If only I were a fish in a bowl—
 No work, no toil, no troubles.

PATRICIA LESLIE, 4C.

WHY I ANK MY PEN

The plural of that is referred to as those,
One hat is a hat, but hats are not hose,
Two mans are men, two cans are not cen,
This language of ours, it baffles all men.

We now come to house, the plural not hice,
Then why let the plural of mouse by mice?
A man wears a boot on one of his feet,
But on both of his feet he never wears beet.

The next are the verbs, now just look and see.
You've seen? Then you saw? Correct, so to be
In the past should be baw, I'm sure you'll agree.

I wondered just now as I ank my pen,
If the past of sink is sank, why then
did I ink my pen?

WENDY FROUD, 4L.

ZEE GIRLS

Eelezabet, Eelezabet, she was so verree fair,
Ze garcons zay all shas-ed her,
But Leezie she took care,
To see zat none could catch her,
Et kiss her rosy leep,
Mais une day I caught up weez her
Et made poor Leezee weep!

Jacqueline, ah Jacqueline!
As ugly as could be,
Ze boys, zey run quand zey see her
Et she always shas-ed me.
But I to run can go so queek,
I sank ze stars above
Mais une day she caught up weez me
Et say she me deed love.

Jacqueline ou Leezabet,
Which one deed I marry?
Jacqueline? Non Leezabet? Non,
Pour I deed marry Sallie.

ROSEMARY GUNN, 4C.

LIMERICK

Kitty Kon-Tiki from Crail,
Went out to sea in a pail.
What a commotion!
It sank in the ocean
And she ended up in a whale.

SANDRA McNEILL, 2L1.



WRITING AN ESSAY

I HAVE never considered the effort of writing an essay worth the glory of publication, even in the School Magazine, but as everyone had to try I thought I might as well think up a good title. This was where my parents came in. Actually I never take any of their ideas but I thought I might as well consult them. To begin with father suggested "Building a Garage" and mother suggested "My Cousin." Not to be outdone, father very helpfully told me that Hilaire Belloc once wrote an essay on "Nothing" but as I normally cannot think of very much to write about, this did not strike me as a very good idea. Suddenly it hit me. I should write an essay on "Writing an Essay." At least it was original even if the actual essay was not very good. I collected paper and a pen and seated myself on our window seat in case I was tempted to look at the television. Eventually I decided to start.

Soon I saw that I had already written quite enough for a "Magazine Entry," so now I am finishing. But I am afraid that, unlike Hilaire Belloc's, my essay will never appear in print.

LINDA TENNENT, Primary 7(1).

A HOLIDAY MEMORY

TOURING and camping in France makes a most delightful holiday. Our family, last summer, spent two very enjoyable weeks in this manner. A new country always provides many interesting sights, but one particular place we visited stands out in my memory. It was the Chateau at Azay-le-Rideau. The Chateau is encircled by a moat on which, at night, lights are shone. In the darkness there are heard, from a recorder, conversations which took place many years ago by famous people who lived and died at the Chateau. It is so realistic that one imagines a victim being killed or beaten there and then. I am afraid we came away from the Chateau with mixed feelings—the beauty of the scene rather over-shadowed by the eerie, almost human, voices from the past.

JAN COVENTRY, Primary 7(1).

A VISIT TO THE OSPREYS

ONE day when we were at Grantown-on-Spey, we decided to visit the ospreys, which are a rare species of bird usually found farther south. Boat-of-Garten, beside Loch Garten, was where they had nested and made

their home. Once there, we saw a notice "To the Ospreys," and along that heather-beaten track we went until we reached a tent in which the bird-watchers had made their headquarters. Into that tent we went to find a large telescope through which we could see two large ospreys about the size of an eagle and beside them three smaller ones, the babies, about the size of a seagull. They had nested high up in a tall tree which overlooked Loch Garten, where they could fish for their daily food. This year, however, they have not yet arrived but are due in a month's time. Although the birds have not yet arrived, the apparatus has, and once more they are preparing for the coming of these rare visitors.

KATHLEEN DENT, Primary 7(2).

A SAUNA BATH

LAST year my father visited Finland. He travelled to many towns such as Helsinki the capital, Turku, Lachti and Tampere where he had an extraordinary bath called a Sauna.

Entering a steaming hot room, my father and his friends hit each other with birch twigs. Later an old woman came in and threw tepid water over them to cool them down as the temperature was about 112°C. My father stayed in the baths until the temperature rose to 120°C, far hotter than boiling water. Going out, he lay on a board where the woman massaged his back and shampooed his hair. He then had to swim across a cold pond to reach the cubicles, where there was a bed and my father fell fast asleep. About an hour later he woke up feeling as fresh as a daisy.

A few days after this event he received a certificate which says: "You are now a member of the glorious fraternity of Sauna-Friends."

ARLEEN HANNA, Primary 7(2).

THE MINIATURE ISLAND

IT was a warm, sunny day when we set out in a coach to the Island of Walcheren in Holland, where we were staying for our holidays. On the island was a model, in miniature, of all the towns, villages and farms on the isle. The Churches were the same size as I was and in one of the doorways stood a married couple. There were windmills everywhere and, inside one, grain was being milled into flour for bread.

Suddenly the big Belfry Tower a few miles away chimed out the hour. It was twelve o'clock. I heard another close to my feet. Looking down, I saw that this time the sound came from the miniature clock.

My brother David, was fascinated with the harbour. Representing fish were tadpoles, and by some marvellous machinery, ships were loading and unloading cargo.

Near the docks stood some burning haystacks. Little firemen with water spouting from tiny hoses were trying to put the fire out.

Bridges, horses and cattle stood at the side of a railway track. An electric train ran round the whole of the island and attached to it were two carriages that carried passengers and a truck that carried coal and a guard's van.

All too soon I was told it was time to leave, and so we set off home in a real big bus.

KERRY CHALMERS, Primary 6(1).

FIRST APPEARANCE ON TELEVISION

A FEW years ago when I was only about six I appeared on television. It happened like this.

I was getting off the bus when I saw my Daddy. He told me that there was a man interviewing people along the road. I ran as quickly as I could up the hill to our house and tried to persuade Mummy to let me go down and watch.

When we got down the road we recognised the man who was interviewing people as Jamieson Clark. He was very nice and asked me if I would like to face the camera. I was a little bit shy but I said I would. He asked me what I preferred, trams or buses. At that time the tramcars were being replaced by buses. I said I liked buses because they went faster.

A few weeks later I received a letter saying that I would appear on B.B.C. television in April. I laughed when I saw myself on television.

ELAINE GILLON, Primary 6(1).

MONEY!

ON one bright but chilly Saturday morning my mother asked me to run to the shops to buy some provisions.

I was not very happy at the thought of going out into the chilly air, but I ran upstairs and fetched my over-coat and hat. After collecting a basket and some money, I set off. The streets were deserted, all except for old Mrs Jones brushing her garden path. When I was nearly at the shops, I saw something lying on the pavement. To my surprise it was a pound note. Quickly I ran to pick it up but a gust of wind blew it from the pavement over a wall. I had never seen over that wall before but when I looked to my horror it was a junkyard. I began to think I would never find the pound note, but desperately I climbed over the wall. On the other side it was a mass of broken milk bottles and old tin cans. At last the pound note came to rest beside a milk bottle. I grabbed it and climbed back over the wall. When I got over I saw a lady hunting for something. She was looking for the pound note. After I gave it to her and she thanked me I carried on with my shopping. When I reached home my mother was surprised to hear the extraordinary story.

LAURA FULTON, Primary 6(2).

MEETING PRINCESS GRACE

AT last we had arrived at Monte Carlo. An open bus arrived to take us to our hotel. When we saw the hotel in which we were going to stay, we thought it must be a paradise for its door was carved with gold and its pillars were made of marble.

Next morning I awoke refreshed and ate a hearty breakfast. A short while after my morning meal I found out that my Uncle Harry was going to the Casino and that he was leaving the car to us.

When Uncle Harry had left, we decided to go to Monaco to see Prince Rainer's Palace and the changing of the Guard. We arrived just in time to see the Princess Grace and Prince Rainer appear on a balcony in view of everyone.

Suddenly Princess Grace vanished from the balcony and reappeared in the crowd. She approached us and welcomed us to the State of Monaco. She showed us round the beautiful grounds of her palace for a long time and at length when we had to go she presented me with a charming bracelet as a souvenir.

What a wonderful day that was!

HEATHER MCCALLUM, Primary 6(2).

MY BUDGIE PETER

I HAVE a budgie whose name is Peter. He is a clear speaker but the trouble is he gets muddled up. Instead of saying, "Peter's a pretty budgie," he says, "Peter's a Doreen budgie." He is very fond of his name for he constantly says, "Peter's a Peter, Pete, Pete, Pete, Pete, Pete." Also some of his favourite phrases are, "Peter's a pretty budgie boy, boy, Pete! . . . Kissie Petey budgie . . . kissie, kissie Doreen . . ." Peter is a green male budgie with a sky blue wattle. I love him very much.

DOREEN YOUNGER, Primary 5(1).

GOING TO SCHOOL

WHEN we brought our puppy home several months ago, he looked a shy, well-behaved little fluffy black-and-tan bundle, though the breeder said he was very mischievous. Not only did he chew slippers and rugs as other puppies, but, when he found he could climb, he chewed the leaves off all mother's plants, even a cactus. After he had ruined father's golf balls and torn mother's foam rubber cushion and would not come when he was called, we decided to have him trained at the Dog Training School. The trainer showed us how to make our dogs "heel," "sit" and "stay," but Shadow, who was not in the least bit interested, would much rather have played with the poodle in front, or the beagle behind. However, after much scolding and coaxing, he obeyed me. Like all pupils he gets homework to do and is now surprisingly well-behaved. In fact, one day mother had him down to the grocer's and the lady asked if Shadow was ill as he was sitting so quietly at mother's feet.

VALERIE BATHIE, Primary 5(1).

MY NEW BABY SISTER

"IS there a baby in the house?" That is what my mother sometimes says when my baby sister starts to cry for a feed. She is very good and I love her very much. She has blue eyes and not much hair, which is reddish gold. We do not know where the red came from but mother is very pleased about it. Her name is Barbara Jane and she is three months old. We often wonder what the house was like before she came. She smiles a great deal and makes lovely baby noises, one of which sounds like "Hello." We got her last Christmas and I think she was the nicest Christmas present I have ever had. Every day she goes out into the garden and listens to the birds. In her pram she has a musical teddy bear of which she is very fond. I am trying to keep all my clothes good for her but maybe she will not be allowed into Gillespie's so mother says I can wear my blazers until they are finished.

CHRISTINE LOWE, Primary 5(2).

MY JOURNEY TO CYPRUS

MY father, who is in the police force, had to go to Cyprus. Father had the choice of taking Mother and me also, or leaving us behind in Scotland. Mother and I were pleased when father took us with him. Our plane was to leave from London airport. Just as we arrived in the airport an announcement came for a Miss Gaye Gordon to collect a parcel from the custom's desk. To my surprise I found in the parcel a beautiful doll dressed as a bride. My grandmother had sent it as a going-away present. When the plane was about three hundred feet high, the air-hostess came round with sweets and cottonwool plugs for our ears. At eleven o'clock we landed at Zurich. After thirty minutes we left and round about six thirty p.m. we touched down at Istanbul for twenty minutes. I fell asleep for the rest of the journey. At about ten to ten o'clock I woke with a start at the sound of the airhostess's voice. Looking out of the window I saw the lights of Nicosia, capital of Cyprus. At last my adventure in Cyprus had begun.

GAYE GORDON, Primary 5(2).

ALBERT

ON Monday morning Daddy said he would make me a large funny turnip lantern for Brownies. We started by cutting off one end for his top hat. Then Daddy hollowed it out. At lunch time the face was cut out. Naughty Daddy took some lip stick and made eyebrows and cheeks and coloured round his lips. He had teeth too. When I came home from school and saw him I was delighted. I decided to call him Albert.

MOIRA DUNLOP, Primary 4(1).

SHOPPING IN TOWN

I THINK shopping is a complete bore. You have to trail in and out of shops and have to wait hours for mothers and fathers to make up their minds about which goods they'll purchase. They then see things they don't really need and buy them. You end up trailing around Princes Street, a cold wind blowing in your face, and with tired and weary feet. When you eventually get home you are exhausted.

ANN L. LANDELS, Primary 4(1).

THE LAND OF LITTLE PEOPLE

WHEN I went to visit Southport I went to the land of little people. It is a model village and a miniature. The first thing you come to is the slate quarry and cottages. A little farther on is Merrivale Zoo. Next you turn a corner and come to the Huntley & Palmer's biscuit factory where real biscuits are made in tins. Some fishermen are fishing round a bend and there is a big notice saying "No fishing" and a policeman coming to arrest them. You cross a little bridge and come upon a gypsy camp where a lady is dancing and a man is playing the fiddle. Then you come to a Church. The bride is just coming out. The wedding car is at the gate with the ribbons on the front. The music is playing "Here comes the bride." The children's hospital is near and there is a veranda. At the end is the Swiss village and winter sports with Sooty and Sweep. You come to a wishing well before you go out, and I wished for a new coat.

GILLIAN ANDERSON, Primary 4(2).

HELPING MOTHER

ONE day I stayed off school to help Mummy as she was very ill. The doctor came with his big black glasses on and looked at Mummy in a very strange way. He said that there was a broken muscle in her back. Then he turned to me and said, "You will have to do all the jobs as well as look after your Mummy." I said to myself, "Anne, at last you are a house-wife," and I was very pleased with myself. First of all I washed the dishes and dried them. Then I made the beds and tucked up Mummy. I made a cup of tea but I had a dreadful job doing it. First I filled the kettle all right but when I lit the gas I nearly burnt my fingers. They were so painful that I held them tight and danced up and down. Then I put the kettle on and waited until the steam came out at the spout. I put in four spoonfuls of tea instead of two. How glad I was when the others came home!

ANNE MCQUEEN, Primary 4(2).

A THRILLING MORNING

ONE morning I had just gone for my music lesson in Methven Simpson's and Mother was going to Castle Street when the fire-engine raced along. It stopped where Mother had left me. Firemen rushed out and dashed upstairs while mother gazed open-mouthed. She ran up into my music teacher's room and told the whole story. My music teacher's eyes goggled. We trooped out of the room together. I smelt smoke and cuddled close to Mother. Mother thought the fire would affect my music but it did not. We then went home.

OLGA WOJTAS, Primary 3(1).

TOPSY

TOPSY is a bad dog. She is always being naughty. Once we planted a bulb and Topsy-pig spoiled it. We call her Topsy-pig because she is very rude. This morning I was lazy but Topsy-pig woke me up. Once boys came into our garden. Topsy-pig was very clever. She chased them out of our garden. After that we all shouted Hip, hip, hooray for Topsy was clever. She is a lovely puppy.

SUSAN LOVE, Primary 3(2).

PRIMARY 2(1)

1. On Sunday May 8th in 1955 in the Simpson Memorial Maternity Pavilion I was born. The lady next to Mummy would keep on saying to her have a sleep but Mummy was too excited. If you like I'll bring you a book with pictures of when I was young.

2. I am going to leave my school and go down to Wales. I do not want to because I will miss my friends. I shall miss Denise and Susan Ross very much indeed because they are my best friends. I play with them every day. I like them because they like me.

3. I got many toys from Santa. The one I liked best was a pair of roller skates. They had white laces and red straps. Daddy and I are going out on Saturday on them.

4. I am getting a new baby at Easter. We will call it Judith if it is a girl and David if it is a boy. Mummy will go to the Queen Mary to have it.

5. I have a swing in the back garden. It is all rusty. It has a brown seat and chains to hold on to. It is just at the kitchen window so when I am swinging I have to be careful my feet don't go into the kitchen window. Sometimes Mummy has a turn but Mummy can't go very high. I like my swing very much.

PRIMARY 2(2)

1. On Sunday I was eating my Mars bar. My wobbly tooth came out. If I had not had a tongue I would not have known it was not there. I never felt a thing.

2. I have a doll. Her name is Rose. She is blind because her eyes fell out. It is very sad because she is not old. Daddy is going to collect her for the hospital. Daddy is good.

3. My mummy is going to a ball tonight. I am going to stay with gran and papa for the night. The ball is going to be held in the Woodside Hotel. My sister is going to stay with our Aunt Nan. Our gran and papa have gas central heating.

4. I meet a little dog nearly every day. It is a corgi. Its name is Glen. I like Glen. On Friday I got a loan of the lead. On Friday we went a long walk with Glen. We went round George Street to see if we could wave to daddy because he works in George Street.

5. I have a baby sister. Her name is Rona. One day Mummy was in the kitchen. She put Rona in the dining-room and Rona wriggled along to the switches of the wireless set and pulled them out. Then mummy heard a silence.

PRIMARY 1(1)

1. Daddy came with me to the casell. I saw piprse and I saw pipmadshr fosee from Jordanea.

2. I thouat at first it was Flounder's Day but now I know it is Founder's Day.

3. Helen has pigteyls. I am growing pigtilse. We are gowing to live in glasgoe untile we are big, rag, tag, and bobtale.

4. My Mummy can do the tims and the ands and the twikaway sums with the rods.

5. I went to the othoptic with my Is. I had to get the layon in the caje. I didnt get it in so I was sent to school.

6. That coat is too big, my goodness, I said, give me an ordinaryaysise coat.

7. Feeona is off scool. She has pirsol 62 rash. I think her cloths were washed in it.

8. I went to the btanex and saw a squirrel.

9. I went to the skool doc to have my injekchn. It is a needl going throo your arm.

10. I poot my sister and dady to bed with a tempercher befor we went to sis famlay robinsin.

11. Ther was a big kyoo at the bus-stop becas the sci was not very blue.

12. I went down the hihg street to mr eggo for eggs and a lof.

PRIMARY 1(2)

1. We had a servs to da. We sang los of songs and mis steil brot along long livd man kold Jnglesp.

2. It is fuonders day and mis steel came and we were singin songs and we were singin Jesus bits a shueen with a pyoor cleer lite. James Gillespae lade lots of munae.

3. I went to the pichrs. And saw hands crishchin andrson. And saw the playn ones too. It was fun.

4. Last sumur I went to England to a luvly litl bit of cuchry suyd where my mummys mummy lived.

5. I went to the zoo. I saw tigres and zeebras to. The zoo is a luvly plase. The drafts hav long neccs. They can reech hi.

6. Yesterday I went to my nana for my tea. I had a boild egg. My papa has a sweety shop. I had a pakit of tyooing gum.

7. On Sunday I went to church with my mummy and the minister was sloe.

8. I had a buje and it did and we burid it at the medos.

9. I have a puppy. He wags his tail all the time nearly. And I call him waggy-tail. He wags his tail when he wants a story.

10. I am going to the sitchdrens hospitoll. There is rocing horsis. My big sistr has a ride on a hors.

11. I am going on sunday to see horses and ponies at the stabils. My Daddy nose the stabilman.

12. From santaclos I got a book and it was the fary hoo lost her majic.

EDINBURGH SCHOOLS' SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY

THE total membership of the Society fell this year to under five hundred, but this has been compensated by the enthusiasm of the members. Our School membership fe l to just over forty.

The constitution was changed to allow the Annual General Meeting to be held in March and not in June, as previously. The subject on the syllabus were varied, ranging from oceanography to oil refining, and including psychology, liquid oxygen, geology and surgery. We are looking forward to a lecture which will be given by our Honorary President, Sir Edward Appleton, in June.

The Committee hopes to arrange a few excursions which will take place during the summer term. We hope that next session will be as successful as this one has been.

SUSAN WILLIAMSON, *School Representative.*

SWIMMING (JUNIOR)

<i>Champion</i>	-	-	-	-	FRANCES M. BROOKS, Primary 7(1).
<i>Runner-up</i>	-	-	-	-	LINDA MILNE, Primary 7(2).
<i>Diving Champion</i>	-	-	-	-	LINDA MILNE, Primary 7(2).
<i>House Relay</i>	-	-	-	-	GILMORE.

Certificates gained to date:—50 Elementary, 35 Intermediate and 13 Advanced.

HOCKEY 1st XI, 1961-62



Back Row—Miss LAMBERT, P. DAUNT, S. MORE, G. SMITH, K. PULLAR, K. CARNEGIE, J. DEWAR.
Front Row—P. BOOTH, I. JOHNSTONE, J. MACKENZIE (*Captain*), R. JOHNSTONE, S. FAIRBAIRN.

ATHLETICS, 1962



Back Row—M. WARNOCK, R. HUNTER, M. LIDDLE, N. CHAMBERLAIN, D. GILCHRIST.
Front Row—H. RUNNICKES, J. CAIRNS, J. MACKENZIE (*Captain*), J. EVANS, F. CALDER.

Photos by E. R. Yerbury & Son

TENNIS, 1962



Back Row—I. JOHNSTONE, F. CALDER, R. JOHNSTONE.
Front Row—M. BINNS, A. CAMERON (*Captain*), F. HENDERSON.

PRIMARY SCHOOL NETBALL, 1961-62



Back Row—DONNA MACKENZIE, ELIZABETH DOONER, PATRICIA SCOTT, ANNE MARTIN.
Front Row—FRANCES BROOKS, MARGARET HUDSON (*Captain*), SUSAN RODGER.

Photos by E. R. Yerbury & Son



THE LITERARY AND DRAMATIC SOCIETY

WE have had a very busy, varied and therefore successful year.

At the beginning of the session we had a number of debates: "Better Red than Dead," "We've never had it so good," "That Universal Education is a Curse." This was to give our speakers for the English Speaking Union Debating Competition an opportunity to practise for the ordeal ahead. Although the School team—Isobel T. Johnstone and Rosemary N. Johnstone—reached the semi-final of the East of Scotland, their tactics were not wily enough to get them any further. In February, however, we had the honour of holding the Scottish finals in our School hall.

One of our most successful debates this year was the joint meeting with George Watson's Boys' College. This was held in the boys' school, the debate being "That Self Interest is the Best Personal Policy." It provided scope for both serious debating and amusing banter.

Some of our younger members' maiden speeches have yet to come as the Third Year debate—"That Dangerous Sports are not worth the Risk"—is to be held in the summer term.

"A Rogues' Gallery" was one of our more unusual evenings. We had some remarkable villains, dressed in fantastic costumes, saying the most amusing things in the most amazing accents. Other fancy-dress occasions were the Fourth Year Night and the Sixth Form Pantomime. The Fourth Year performance, "The Pied Piper," although "backward" in costume, was certainly very much "up-to-date" as far as certain allusions and songs went! The Sixth Form produced "Cinderella," for which they had written the script. The audience seemed to enjoy the performance as much as the actors—and that was saying a lot!

We were the hosts at the Burns Supper this year. The toast to the Immortal Memory was proposed by Mr John Rankin, who, accompanied by his wife, was our guest of honour. Once again orange juice, haggis and hearty Heriot's boys ensured the success of the evening.

At our "Outside Speaker's Evening," Mrs Margrete Stevenson gave us a delightful talk on "Housekeeping in Denmark as Compared with that in Scotland." As the housewives-of-tomorrow we found this most interesting and instructive. Films had been very kindly lent for the occasion by the Danish Institute.

The Easter term closed on a weird note. "Enchantments," devised by Miss Foster and Mr Sommerville, took us, by means of old Scots ballads,

ethereal music and wistful song, into the domains of the Devil and the realms of fairy-land. Yeats's "The Land of Heart's Desire," produced by Miss Bain, happily filled the second half of the programme.

The variety and success of our meetings this year have been stimulated by the support and encouragement of many members of staff. We have found also great allies in Mr Froud and Mr Baxter, the janitors, who have never deserted us yet on the field of battle. For this we are most grateful.

Though caught often in the throes of exams when a "Lit" meeting was imminent, the committee have been thankful for this very fact. Our Dramatic and Debating ventures have given us endless excitement and fun, and the experience gained by us during this year has, I am sure, been of more value to us than many a textbook.

ROSEMARY N. JOHNSTONE, *Secretary*.

SCIENCE ASSOCIATION

THIS year has been an extremely successful one for the Science Association, the membership, especially from the First and Second Years, being greatly increased. The Committee, with the help of Mrs Dobbie, managed to arrange an interesting and varied syllabus.

The first and last meetings were in the form of "Film Evenings," and the subjects ranged from "What is Margarine?" to "Surf Riders of Accra."

We had several interesting talks, many illustrated with coloured slides, the first one being given by Mr Roger on the subject of "Man's Influence on Scottish Landscape and Wild Life."

Dr McIntosh came to speak to us about meteorology and when Mr Withers gave us a talk about the work of a veterinary surgeon, many of the members took the opportunity to ask questions concerning their own pets. Mr Raeburn, a former teacher at School, returned to address an interested audience on Russia, and to Miss Paterson we owe our thanks for a most instructive and enjoyable talk on the Grand Canyon.

The Committee organised a "Competition Night," which proved to be very popular and the winners were presented with prizes at the following meeting.

We, of the Committee, should like to express our thanks to Mrs Dobbie for her encouragement and never-failing interest and also to Miss Ferguson on whose capability in working the projector we rely. To next year's Committee and to the Association we offer our good wishes for their continued success.

ELMA CARNEGIE, *Secretary*.

ORCHESTRA

ONCE again this session the Middle Hall has resounded to the strains of Handel and Mozart on Thursdays after School.

Although some of the older girls have left us, we have not decreased in numbers as many enthusiastic young violinists have come to join us from the Primary Department. From the older Fifth Year string players, a very successful quartet has been formed, which showed its talent at Christmas-time when the members gave us an impressive recital.

We have now begun to practise for the Closing Concert and hope to play "La Rejouissance" and "La Paix" from "Music for the Royal Fireworks" by Handel; a movement from Gordon Jacob's Piano Concerto;

and two pieces from Bizet's "Carmen," in which we shall accompany the Choir.

We know that the conductor's lot is a hard one, but Mr Sommerville bears our efforts with patience and understanding and to him we are ever grateful.

MARGARET HOLLAND, 6A.
ANN L. YOUNG, 6B1.

CHOIR

AS in previous years the Choir has been occupied in a variety of musical enterprises. During the Christmas season we were invited to participate in a service held in the Central Halls, Tollcross, when we sang a selection of carols including Holst's "Lullay my Liking," "He Smiles Within His Cradle" and a Spanish Carol, "Rouse Good Folk" as well as four anthems.

In the course of the second term, the Choir enthusiastically prepared one of Vaughan Williams's Five Mystical Songs, the stirring anthem "Antiphon," which we performed at the Founder's Day Service.

On the occasion of the School's Annual Service at St. Cuthbert's on the last day of the spring term we sang the anthem "O Lord God."

At the present moment we are rehearsing for the closing concert to be held on 26th June. Our varied programme consists of two sea-songs "Where Lies the Land" and "Sea Fever," a madrigal, "All Creatures now are Merry-minded," "O Waly, Waly" and a rousing Scottish air "Johnny Cope," arranged by Mr Sommerville. Accompanied by the Orchestra we are also singing two duets from Bizet's "Carmen."

Without the help and inspiration of Mr Sommerville, however, none of these performances would have been possible and we should like to take this opportunity of thanking him and our accompanist, Miss Nicoll, for everything they have done to make this year such a successful and enjoyable one for the Choir.

WILNA BARCLAY, 6A.
DIANA GUTHRIE, 6A.

SCRIPTURE UNION

THE past year has proved to be a busy and interesting one for the Scripture Union. Our first outing, well attended by our junior members, took us to the wooded slopes of the Pentlands near Swanston village where we introduced new members to the somewhat exhausting game of croquet.

During the Christmas holidays eight girls in the Fifth and Sixth Forms represented the School at a Conference at Auchendennan Youth Hostel beside Loch Lomond.

Two of our outside activities have been with the Scripture Union branches of other schools. The Film Evening which we held with Heriot's early in the second term proved to be very popular.

Ruth Richardson gallantly captained the Senior Hockey Team which played against a team of boys from George Watson's Scripture Union Branch in a friendly match held in Roseburn Park.

The first of the hikes which we plan to have during the summer months took place at the end of the second term when several of our members spent an enjoyable day among the Pentland Hills.

The monthly rallies are well-attended and one or two of our senior girls take a party of girls from the Royal Blind School to these meetings, an outing which is looked forward to with great enthusiasm by these children.

As always we have tried our best to make the weekly meetings as interesting as possible for our members. Our Top of the Form quiz game, when questions based on the Bible are put to girls from different Houses, is among our more light-hearted meetings. We were very pleased to welcome back Miss Rosemary Cathels, our last year's Secretary, to speak to us and during the third term we hope to invite the new staff-worker for the East of Scotland, Miss Kilpatrick. In the planning of the meetings we welcome suggestions from our members and are greatly encouraged by the loyal support they give us during the session. We appreciate greatly the advice and continual co-operation of Miss Valentine and Miss Young, and should like to take this opportunity of thanking them. Miss Steel has proved to be most sympathetic and we are extremely grateful for her guidance and support in all our activities.

Although the numbers at the meetings have dropped slightly during this session we pray that the Scripture Union will continue to prosper and grow during future years.

DIANA GUTHRIE, 6A, *Secretary*.
RUTH RICHARDSON, 6A.

E.S.C.A.

E.S.C.A. HAS enjoyed yet another successful and interesting year. Membership has been high and general attendance good.

Dr Small gave the Association a fine beginning with his challenging Inaugural Address, and a particularly successful Film Evening followed, when the highest attendance for many years was recorded. The next two meetings were a debate and Fourth Year Evening, both of which proved enjoyable, and, especially in the case of the latter, very amusing. The Annual Dance held in George Heriot's School set the seal to the winter term.

January saw another debate this time on the United Nations' action in the Congo and in February the ever-popular and always interesting Kirk Session took place. The March International Night took the form of a fascinating lecture on world-wide architecture by Mr Percy Johnson-Marshall. He illustrated his talk with many coloured slides and afterwards valiantly answered many questions on his work as a much-travelled architect.

We now look forward to the C.E.W.C. Easter Conference at Belmont Camp in Perthshire and to the annual debate with Glasgow C.E.W.C. next term.

I have greatly enjoyed my term of office as E.S.C.A. Representative for Gillespie's and I wish the Association every success in future years.

ELIZABETH DOWNIE *School Representative*.



HOCKEY

MISS ANDERSON, Miss Brown, Miss Lambert, Mrs Grieve and Mr Corsons have all shown great patience with the teams this season. The last three continue in the struggle.

The season has been one of reasonable standard and rose to a climax when the 1st XI were runners-up in the American Tournament at Liberton.

This was followed by the winning of the Open Championship at the Inter-School Sports at Meggetland. The Junior Team, however, did not gain entry to their final.

The Staff were forced to concede a draw in their match against the 1st XI.

Colours were awarded to Pat Booth, Isobel Johnstone, Susan Fairbairn and Jean Mackenzie.

The results for the season are as follows:—

						Goals	
		Played	Won	Lost	Drawn	Cancelled	For Against
1st XI	-	18	6	8	4	7	51 50
2nd XI	-	15	7	5	3	8	43 26
3rd XI	-	17	8	4	5	6	46 32
4th XI	-	16	6	7	3	7	27 41
5th XI	-	14	7	3	4	9	36 20
6th XI	-	16	6	6	4	7	37 34

JEAN MACKENZIE, *Captain*.

CRICKET CLUB

AT the beginning of the term the following were elected:—Susan Fairbairn, Captain; Pauline Andrew, Vice-Captain.

After a reasonably successful season last year when we played against the University, Esdaile, Atholl Crescent, and St. George's, we hope to improve our team this year, and look forward to seeing more of the younger pupils attending the practices.

Unfortunately, the Staff Match could not be arranged last year, but we very much hope our challenge will be accepted this year.

We should also like to thank Mr Sommerville and Miss Lambert for the help and advice they have given us.

SUSAN FAIRBAIRN, *Captain*.

TENNIS

1961 WAS an outstandingly successful year for Gillespie's. In the East of Scotland Junior Championships Gillespie's won all three titles, the Under-15 Singles being won by Fiona Henderson, the Open Singles by Ann Cameron and the Doubles by Margaret Binns and Ann Cameron. Fiona Henderson and Ann Cameron are receiving coaching sponsored by the E.S.L.T.A. and Fiona Henderson is attending the training course at Largs under the S.L.T.A. In the inter-district matches Fiona Henderson and Ann Cameron were chosen to play for the East of Scotland Under-18 team against the Midlands, and Margaret Binns and Ann Cameron were chosen to play for the Under-21 team against the West.

In our school matches in 1961 we retained the unbeaten record which we have now held for the last three years. We also had enjoyable American Tournaments with George Heriot's, George Watson's and the Royal High School. The School Championship was won by Ann Cameron. This year we have entered for a new knock-out tournament, the Inter-Schools Cup, in which we meet Trinity Academy in the first round.

We thank Miss Lambert for all she has done to further School tennis.

ANN D. CAMERON.

BADMINTON CLUB

THIS year a Badminton Club was started for those girls in the Fifth and Sixth Forms who were interested. A team was formed from Sixth Form players and we have played several matches:—against Boroughmuir (lost 5—4), Esdaile (won 8—1) and George Watson's Ladies' College (won 5—4). We also played two friendly matches with George Heriot's and one with the Royal High School, all of which were enjoyed.

We must thank Miss Lambert for her encouragement and help and in the summer term it is hoped to hold a Staff Match and an American Tournament.

ANNE JAMES, *Captain*.

SWIMMING (SENIOR)

THIS year the Swimming Club has shown progress in many fields. Our Senior Team was placed second at Warrender and Portobello Galas and third at Boroughmuir Gala. Unfortunately, the Edinburgh Schools' Swimming Championships have been postponed until a later date but we hope that our entrants will maintain the high standard achieved in former years. In January we held Inter-House Races where latent talent was discovered which augurs well for the future. Normal club days have been marked by an enthusiasm which is reflected in the number of certificates gained.

I wish to thank Miss Lambert for her unfailing interest in the Club and for her advice and encouragement throughout the session.

The Swimming Championship was won by Flora Calder, 4M (31 points); the runner-up being Jocelyn Wilson, 4M (27 points). The results of the first and second term examinations are:—23 Elementary, 16 Intermediate, 15 Advanced, 18 Life-saving, 12 Bronze Medallion and 2 Instructor's Certificates.

MARGARET J. GROSSET, 6B1.



FORMER PUPILS' ASSOCIATION

AT the Annual Reunion in November it was pleasant to find that a number of older former pupils had returned to join those who had just left school. The evening passed quickly with conversation, a brief but enjoyable programme of songs by Loraine Hendrie and Annette McCluskey, and a short business meeting.

The new Secretary is Norma McDonald, 60 Ratcliffe Terrace, Edinburgh, 9. Tel.: NEW 1573

F.P. HOCKEY CLUB

BOTH 1st XI and 2nd XI teams have had a successful season, although the 2nd XI have suffered from a lack of reserves. In the Melrose Sevens, held in April, the representative team reached the final, in which they were beaten 1—0 by Melrose.

The Club accepted with regret the resignation of Miss Anderson who had been President for many years; and to mark her retirement, presented her with a silver cup which she has given to the School for inter-house hockey.

The new Secretary, Miss Sheila MacBain, 51 Forrester Road, Edinburgh, 12 (Tel.: COR 2786), would be glad to hear from intending members.

MARION PURDIE, *Hon. Secretary*.

F.P. NOTES

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

M.B., Ch.B.—ISOBEL COCHRANE and ROSEMARY FRASER.

M.A. with Honours.—CHRISTINE CRICHTON and RACHAEL TARRIER (Geography); CHRISTINE WOODS (Social Anthropology); JOAN MOORE and AILEEN THOMSON (French and German); ELIZABETH GOURLAY (French and German, additional after graduation).

M.A.—HELEN DUNCAN, MARGARET DUNCAN and PHYLLIS POZZI.

The Diploma in Education has been gained by DOREEN STEVEN, M.A.

At St. Andrews University, AILSA THOMSON has graduated M.A. with Honours in French and German.

At the Edinburgh College of Domestic Science, MARGOT MUNRO has gained Diploma I.

At the Edinburgh College of Art, the Diploma in Drawing and Painting has been gained by LORNA TAYLOR.

MURIEL SPARK (*nee* CAMBERG), whose earlier book "The Ballad of Peckham Rye" has been adapted both for sound radio and for television, has received favourable notices for "The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie."

MARRIAGES

- MACPHERSON—DAVIDSON.—IAN C. MACPHERSON to ANN W. DAVIDSON, 108 Greenbank Road.
- SINCLAIR—ARTHUR.—K. I. SINCLAIR to VALERIE ARTHUR, 38 Allan Park Drive.
- SOUTHWARD — BUTCHER.—HAROLD SOUTHWARD to C. GWEN BUTCHER, M.B., CH.B., D.R.C.O.G., 86 Pentland Terrace.
- TAIT—HUTTON.—CLARKE TAIT to LYNDESAY HUTTON, 71 Silverknowes Gardens.
- WILSON—OPPLIGER.—R. M. WILSON to ROSALIE OPPLIGER, 54 Carrick Knowe Drive.
- COCKBURN—MARSHALL.—PETER B. COCKBURN to NORMA MARSHALL, 44 Chesser Grove.
- DEMPSTER—SALVINI.—IAN S. DEMPSTER to ELLEN SALVINI, 49 Mountcastle Drive North.
- ATKINS—SINCLAIR.—Rev. PETER ATKINS to BERYL T. SINCLAIR, 22 Vivian Terrace.
- WILLIAMS—LATIMER.—JAMES F. WILLIAMS, B.Sc., to MERLYN LATIMER, 15 Bellenden Gardens.
- MURRAY—LONGDEN.—JAMES L. MURRAY to PATRICIA G. LONGDEN, 40 Craigentenny Crescent.
- SMITH—BURNS.—ROY SMITH to JOSEPHINE BURNS, 16 Allan Park Gardens.
- MUNRO—TAIT.—CHARLES S. MUNRO to WILMA TAIT, 97 Craigentenny Avenue.
- MACKAY—STEPHEN.—RONALD J. MACKAY to MARION STEPHEN, 3 Mountcastle Grove.
- WISE—HYSLOP.—BRIAN WISE to AUDREY HYSLOP, 28 Cathcart Place.
- PRINCIPE—GILLESPIE.—LEOPOLDO PRINCIPE to LORNA GILLESPE, 28 Parkhead Avenue.
- WILSON—BURGESS.—EDWARD WILSON to RAE BURGESS, 90 Mayfield Road.
- CUTLER—MUNRO.—WILLIAM R. CUTLER to LOUISE MUNRO, 8 Bruntsfield Gardens.
- ROBERTSON—PATON.—JOHN L. ROBERTSON to EVELYN M. PATON, 22 East Mayfield.
- BROWN—FORRESTER.—WALTER H. S. BROWN to MARIAN FORRESTER, 40 Riversdale Road.
- ERSKINE—GOOD.—IAN ERSKINE to CECILIA GOOD, 5 Barclay Place.
- HARCUS—WALLACE.—ROBERT HARCUS to ELIZABETH ANN WALLACE, 23 Carfrae Gardens.
- SCOTT—PURDIE.—DAVID SCOTT to FLORENCE PURDIE, 54 Comiston Road.
- JONES—SIMPSON.—DAVID H. JONES to MARGARET E. SIMPSON, 34 Corstorphine Hill Gardens.
- SCOTT—SNEDDON.—WILLIAM SCOTT to NAN SNEDDON, 88 Moredun Park Gardens.
- LESLIE—ANDERSON.—DAVID W. LESLIE, B.Sc., to LOUISE ANDERSON, B.Sc.
- WILLIAMS—MORRIS.—DAVID WILLIAMS to ALIX MORRIS, 47A Manor Place.

- BLYTH—SMITH.—Lt. PHILIP BLYTH to SHEILA C. SMITH, Singapore.
- HOBBS—MORRIS.—ANTHONY HOBBS to MARY MORRIS, A.R.C.M., 82 Ashley Terrace.
- PATERSON—CARGILL.—ADAM L. PATERSON to MARGARET CARGILL, 1 Cluny Gardens.
- MCGREGOR—BROUGHTON.—MICHAEL C. B. MCGREGOR to ABIGAIL S. BROUGHTON.
- MURRAY—FLOWERS.—ALAN N. W. MURRAY to LUCY FLOWERS.
- EDMISTON—AITKEN.—JOHN A. EDMISTON to MARJORY AITKEN, 182 Willowbrae Road.
- REID—KIRKWOOD.—GEORGE REID to CHRISTINE E. KIRKWOOD, 16 Kirkhill Road.
- STOANE—FINLAYSON.—JOHN S. STOANE to CYNTHIA FINLAYSON, 3 Silverknowes Drive.
- MORRIS—SPONDER.—A. S. MORRIS to GRACE R. SPONDER, 17 Orchard Road.
- MAIN—BOLT.—JAMES W. H. MAIN to ELSPETH BOLT, 80 Crewe Crescent.
- BURNETT-HALL—LOURIE.—DAVID BURNETT-HALL to JANE LOURIE, 64 Grange Terrace, Bo'ness.
- CROMBIE—HERCULESON.—ALEXANDER CROMBIE to RITA HERCULESON, 63 Pirniefield Place.
- GARROD—WADDELL.—PETER R. GARROD to E. JUNE WADDELL, 42 West Garth Avenue.
- HENDERSON—MACMILLAN.—IAIN HENDERSON to MARGARET A. MACMILLAN, 1/4 Inchgarvie Court.

BIRTHS

- CRUICKSHANK.—To Mr and Mrs JOHN CRUICKSHANK (EVELYN LAMBERT), a daughter.
- SNEDDON.—To Dr and Mrs D. J. C. SNEDDON (MARGARET N. SCOTT), a son and a daughter.
- MACKAILL.—To Mr and Mrs W. K. MACKAILL (RUTH CORNFIELD), a daughter.
- NECHVATAL.—To Mr and Mrs A. NECHVATAL (SHEILA FINDLAY), a daughter.
- BAXTER.—To Mr and Mrs GEORGE BAXTER (DOREEN KIDD), a son.
- SPENCE.—To Mr and Mrs A. SPENCE (MORAG STRACHAN), a daughter.
- BOUCHARD.—To Mr and Mrs E. BOUCHARD (EDITH SIME), Chingola, N. Rhodesia, a son.
- MARTIN.—To Mr and Mrs JAMES MARTIN (MAUREEN FULLERTON), a son.
- FULTON.—To Mr and Mrs RONALD FULTON (ANNE TAIT), a daughter.
- KILPATRICK.—To Mr and Mrs H. A. KILPATRICK (ELSPETH CADDIS), a daughter.
- RUSSELL.—To Mr and Mrs STEWART RUSSELL (IRENE TWADDLE), a son.
- GELLATLY.—To Mr and Mrs MORTON GELLATLY (BINNIE TAYLOR), a son.
- WILLIAMS.—To Mr and Mrs DESMOND WILLIAMS (AILEEN BIRTLES), a daughter.
- SUNNERS.—To Mr and Mrs DONALD SUNNERS (ELEANOR MONCRIEFF), a son.

TAIT.—To Mr and Mrs STANLEY TAIT (SHEILA GARRIOCK), a daughter.
 WALKER.—To Mr and Mrs JOHN WALKER (SHIRLEY MANSON), a daughter.
 FORGIE.—To Mr and Mrs JOHN FORGIE (WILMA STEWART), a son.
 JOHNSON.—In Nairobi, to Mr and Mrs J. JOHNSON (JEAN MACKILLOP), a son.

MACPHERSON.—To Dr and Mrs IAN MACPHERSON (CLAIR PHILIP), a son.

SMALE.—To Mr and Mrs ALLAN SMALE (NORMA DRUMMOND), a son.

RENNIE.—To Mr and Mrs HOWIESON RENNIE (MYRA MACDOUGALL), a daughter.

STEELE.—To Dr and Mrs ROBERT STEELE (LETTY CUTHBERTSON), a son.

LEAN.—To Mr and Mrs DONALD LEAN (MARGUERITE MYLES), a daughter.

REEKIE.—To Mr and Mrs D. REEKIE (BARRIE CAMPBELL), a daughter.

GILLIES.—To Mr and Mrs D. GILLIES (RENE CAMERSON), a son.

NAPIER.—To Dr and Mrs R. A. N. NAPIER (AILEEN KENNEDY), a daughter.

CAIRNS.—To Mr and Mrs ROBERT CAIRNS (DOREEN BORTHWICK), a daughter.

WETHERALL.—To Mr and Mrs GEORGE WETHERALL (MORFYDD THOMAS), a son.

HUGHES.—To Dr and Mrs J. H. HUGHES (Dr ELINOR CLELAND), a son.

SCOTLAND.—To Mr and Mrs KENNETH SCOTLAND (DOREEN MARSHALL), a son.

WEST.—To Mr and Mrs MICHAEL WEST (MURIEL WHITE), a son.

ROCHOW.—To Mr and Mrs KEITH ROCHOW (SHENAGH BLAIR), a son.

CATTO.—To Mr and Mrs EOIN CATTO (MURIEL LEISHMAN), a daughter.

DUNCAN.—To Mr and Mrs RODERICK DUNCAN (JEAN FRASER), a son.

ROY.—To the Rev. and Mrs ALAN ROY (ROMA FINLAYSON), a son.

MACKENZIE.—To Dr and Mrs J. MACKENZIE (BESSIE CONNOR), a son.

MANN.—To Mr and Mrs TREVOR MAIN (SHEILA LOGAN), a daughter.

GIRDWOOD.—To Mr and Mrs DREW GIRDWOOD (IRENE GRIMSTON), a daughter.

HOISETH.—To Mr and Mrs PETTER HOISETH (DOROTHY SEATON), a son.

CAMERON.—To Dr and Mrs A. E. CAMERON (AUDREY HENDERSON), a son.

ADDISON.—To Mr and Mrs R. S. ADDISON (ROSEMARY YOUNG), a son.

GOULD.—To Mr and Mrs JOHN GOULD (FRANCES BAILLIE), a son.

WILLIAMS.—To Mr and Mrs J. F. WILLIAMS (MERLYN LATIMER), a daughter.

MOULD.—To Mr and Mrs MOULD (OLIVE MOFFAT), a daughter.

EDITORIAL COMMITTEE

General Editor—Mr JAMES D. McEWAN.

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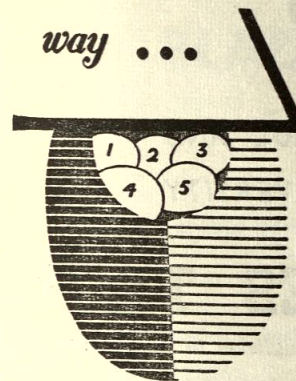
Editor, Former Pupils' Section—Miss M. E. R. HENDERSON.

School Editor, 1962—Miss ANN C. McNEIL.

Class Numbering.—Class 1 indicates a girl of about 12, and for each increase in class number add a year to age, to Class 6 when girls are about 18.

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