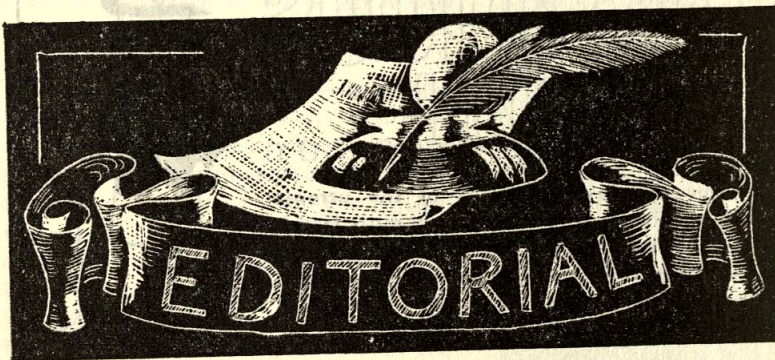


TAMES
LLESPIE'S
HIGH SCHOOL 1965



MAGAZINE



Editor - - - - - JEAN BRODIE

EDUCATION means, according to its Latin roots, a "leading out." I must confess that until now I had given little thought to the word's meaning, but had had a vague notion that it meant, in practice, a "forcing in."

Of what value is it to us? And has the effective meaning of the word not been radically altered since it was first used?

What can our schooling be said to have "led out" of us, except perhaps, irreparably, initiative and the will to learn for interest? Anyone of us can see, without looking far, what it has forced into us (strange things which were never there before); as always this situation is neither wholly commendable nor utterly to be condemned but on balance, I should say that schooling which consists entirely of indoctrination (in its non-political sense) destroys more than it creates. I have learned, I think, as much from the minutes spent in reflection, the ones which slipped past unnoticed as I sat day-dreaming, as I have from six years' tuition.

What we have to learn eventually is "to get our priorities right." This does not mean that we must attach the same values to things, list them in the same order of precedence, as our teachers, as our parents, or as each other, but that we must have a concept of what is important which fits our own specifications and is appropriate to our own lives.

We must hope that our school education can teach us to use our abilities, and develop our powers of thought, for constructive ends; that by it our individuality may be emphasised rather than destroyed. And if we must of force depend on our school to provide the tools and the guidance, on us devolves the responsibility of

making the best possible use of them, and, even more important, of deciding what the best use is.

What we must not allow ourselves to think is that Gillespie's has finished our education—that we must do for ourselves whether or not we have a university to help us. The school has, or should have, shown us how to learn, but it shelters us from the very life whose acceptance is our ultimate lesson.

We must find a value not only for our knowledge and skills, but for ourselves. The way has been pointed out and we must choose to follow it.

Even if our memories and illusions usurp the reality of these years, they will have a validity of their own. They recede from the foreground of the mind's tableau, but, as they lose their accuracy, we gain a new perspective, and a backcloth against which our present and future hope may unfold.

Take advantage of the stolen moments that you dream away, and learn to see in them, as well as a respite from learning, a new sphere of knowledge, and one valuable aspect of our life now which we may soon lose.

"Dormez;
Revez;
Moi, je m'en vais."

DEAD CROW

Look: lying by the roadside,
Car-broken, deliberately tossed aside,
A bird—stretched with the agony of dying.
Ceremonious on its asphalt slab,
Lovingly, precisely arranged (claws in air, beak pointing mutely forward),
It is thus that man's inventions do him homage.

Look: the offering is soiled now.
Ecstatic spill of sacrificial blood dimmed
Into a sad rusting of priest-black plumage.
Futile consecration. For selfish, hasty, man is
Heedless of the tribute, and the now-vengeful cataract of cars
Must grey the rust-black ruins with the dust of their passing.

ROSALIND NICOL, 6A.

MISS MARGARET M. NAPIER, M.A., B.Sc.

ON the retiral of Miss Napier in March of this year we parted with a member of staff who will be long and warmly remembered by past and present colleagues and pupils, for her personal qualities and her outstanding services to the school throughout the whole of her professional life.

After a distinguished career at Edinburgh University Miss Napier graduated M.A., B.Sc., with First Class Honours in Mathematics and Physics. In 1924 she was appointed assistant teacher of Mathematics in this school, where she has remained except for session 1931 to 1932 when she went as one of two Scottish teachers on exchange to America, and spent a happy and fruitful year in Buffalo Seminary. In 1940 she became Principal Teacher of Mathematics, and in 1945 Deputy Headmistress. To these positions of increasing responsibility she gave herself without stint—to her teaching, mastery of her subject, skill and patience in imparting it and a warm personal interest in her pupils: to her administration, clear thinking and meticulous planning—through the changes and developments of over forty years. Just how great one development has been comes out when Miss Napier recalls that in her first year of presenting Leaving Certificate candidates in the various branches of her subject the names on her pre-examination schedules totalled thirty, whereas in the current session they were three hundred and fifty!

Throughout all Miss Napier's time, the results achieved by herself, and by her department as a whole, in both Leaving Certificate examinations and University Bursary Competitions, have been consistently and outstandingly good. In particular, the frequent appearance of "Gillespie" names in the Merit List for the John Welsh Mathematical Bursary—a distinction associated more commonly with boys' than with girls' schools—indicates both a very high standard of teaching and, as her colleagues testify, a true "team spirit" in the department. They speak appreciatively of her considerateness, her ability to see other people's point of view, which made frank discussion always possible, her willingness to adapt schemes of work to suit the needs and abilities of different classes, and not least, what one of them happily calls "her wonderful sense of the ridiculous." All of these qualities contributed to harmonious relations with her assistants and to the success of their work.

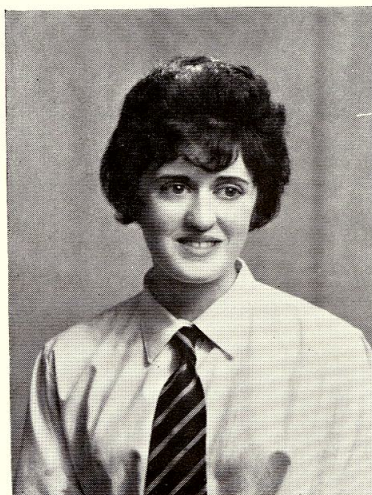
But academic successes are not the only, or even the most important, criterion of good teaching, and here it is a pleasure to quote a former pupil for whom on her own admission, "Maths. possessed not the slightest intrinsic interest," and who in fact specialised in English at the University. She writes:—"I look back on all that painstaking work for the Highers ruefully but without



Miss MARGARET NAPIER

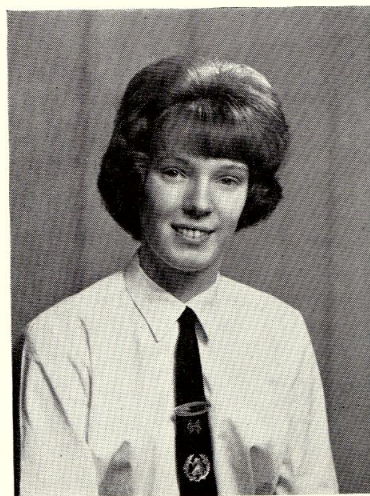
Photo by E. R. Yerbury & Son

DUX ON ARTS SIDE



ROSALIND NICOL

CAPTAIN OF SCHOOL



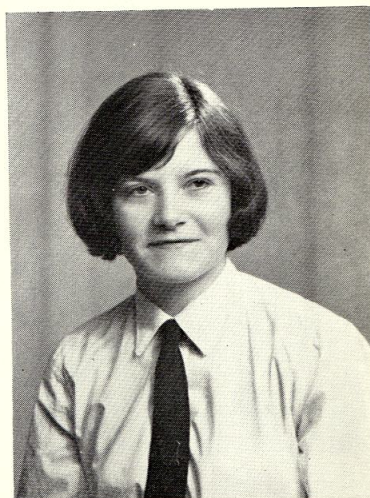
MARGARET RUNNICLES

DUX ON SCIENCE SIDE



MARION E. LYALL

VICE-CAPTAIN OF SCHOOL



JENNIFER BURLEY

Photos by E. R. Yerbury & Son

distaste. Under a teacher less skilled and devoted than Miss Napier I and many like me would have fallen by the wayside. She inspired her pupils to the sustained effort where little natural inclination exists, and her patience was wonderful. Only the best teachers gladly give so much. . . . There must be many who like myself remember also with gratitude that, apart from the classroom, we could always bring personal problems to her. She always had time to listen and advise, and help us to come to terms with ourselves and with the world. Dismayed at how inarticulate I feel in expressing the debt I owe her, I re-read Marcus Aurelius' tribute to his preceptors, and felt that I might let him speak for me, for Miss Napier also has been 'one not peevish in giving information, one ever ready to tolerate ignorant persons and those who form opinions without consideration.' She, too, 'possessed much knowledge without ostentation,' and from her 'I learned self-government, and not to be led aside by anything, and cheerfulness in all circumstances,' a just admixture in the moral character of sweetness and dignity, and 'to do what was set before me without complaining'."

Miss Napier's contribution to the life of the school extended far beyond the bounds of her own department. One of her staff, recalling the unkind description of some distinguished professor of mathematics as "The human embodiment of a mathematical formula", suggested that that was the complete antithesis to Miss Napier, whose interests were always so wide, and her approach to pupils and colleagues so wholly human. There were, in fact, few sides of school life with which she did not identify herself. When pupils of earlier days forgather, their image of her is less often the schoolma'am in the classroom than the formidable opponent in Staff v. Pupils' hockey matches, or the best of good companions on some of the first School Journeys, to London, Paris or Belgium, or a fellow-hosteller on hiking week-ends by Yarrow and Manor Water, or, on winter evening excursions to the Observatory, a guide to the wonders of the starry sky. For years she acted as joint editor of the school magazine and took an active interest in both the Literary Society and the Science Association. Her own love of music made her a valued member of the School Orchestra, in which she has for long played the 'cello.

One other valuable service to the upper forms of the school must not be forgotten. It is now generally accepted that the school curriculum must be closely linked with contemporary events and conditions, but it was Miss Napier, inspired by her experience of her American school, who pioneered and conducted regular Current Events periods. In the days when "wireless" denoted crystal sets and TV was as yet a distant dream, these classes led pupils to discuss Roosevelt's policies and Ghandi's ideals, or what was happening in Hitler's Germany and Stalin's Russia, and opened

their eyes to wider horizons. It was wholly fitting that when E.S.C.A. was inaugurated in 1943 Miss Napier was chosen to act on the Advisory Council, on which she continued to serve till this year.

Looking back on this "many-faceted" record of devoted service and good fellowship, we parted with Miss Napier regretfully and still miss her greatly, but it gave much pleasure to all her friends to hear of her wedding, and we wish her every happiness in her new home in Crieff. She takes with her the gratitude and affection of colleagues and pupils, and the knowledge that the work to which she dedicated her gifts in her teaching years will abide, woven into the best traditions of our school and into the stuff of many lives.

A. E. F.

MISS MAY DEWAR M.A.

MISS MAY DEWAR came as Infant Mistress to School in January 1942 and even remembering those years and noticing her white hair, it was difficult to realise that she had reached the age for retiral when she left us in July 1964—she was still so full of enthusiasm for the work she was doing and so interested in the children under her care. Throughout her years of service, there was a very evident sense of vocation in all that Miss Dewar did, a dedication to the work she had chosen and an unflagging loyalty to the school in which she served, and for those qualities she will be remembered with respect and real affection. The standards she set herself in all that she did, and those which she expected from her pupils in all that they did were always high, and the second-best never won favour from Miss Dewar.

The Infant Department is now in spacious transportable units in the grounds of Bruntfield House, having moved there from the old mansion house itself where for many years girls began their school days in the rooms of a home that had been lived in—this combined with the welcome that Miss Dewar and her staff gave them on their arrival for what could be the first great upheaval of their lives, made the transition easy and pleasant. They sensed the real love Miss Dewar has for young children, and the security that this gave them must have smoothed many a timorous path for small feet—and also for anxious parents.

Under Miss Dewar's guidance, small girls of five and six years old found their first gathering of knowledge exciting, adventuresome and enjoyable—if they lagged, they were encouraged and helped along, if learning came easily, they had wider horizons opened to them. No child was ever idle or bored in Miss Dewar's classes—hands and heads and voices were all made use of, and the results were always successful and often amazing.

Children confide easily in Miss Dewar, and she was always ready to comfort them, rejoice with them and give them the kind of guidance children value. She had a most happy relationship with the parents of her pupils and many mothers have been touched by her kindness in remembering them when illness or sadness came to a household.

Many girls have started their school career in Miss Dewar's department, and they owe her a deep debt of gratitude, as we, her colleagues, do for showing us a high sense of duty, an admirable devotion to the calling she chose, and an attitude to living which permits of no slackening in moral standards.

We wish Miss Dewar good health in those days of greater leisure, days which are already full of interests and activities, and we record our affectionate esteem for all that she was to School and all that she gave to it.

MISS ISABELLA C. M. MACGREGOR, M.A.

WE are all sorry that Miss Macgregor had to retire at the end of the Easter term owing to ill-health. Reared in the atmosphere of school—her father having been a well-known Edinburgh headmaster—Miss Macgregor graduated M.A. at Edinburgh University. After receiving her teacher-training at Moray House Training College, she taught for a short time in Fife before being appointed to Edinburgh. Then over thirty years ago Miss Macgregor joined the staff of Gillespie's.

One of Miss Macgregor's endearing qualities was her enthusiasm for both work and play; and she imbued her pupils with that enthusiasm. One might say truly of her that she was a born teacher. Miss Macgregor's outside interests overflowed into her school work. Her love of music, fostered by attendance at the Freemasons' Hall Concerts from their inception, at Scottish Orchestral Concerts and at the many musical events during the Edinburgh Festival, caused her to become a founder member of the School Orchestra. For many years she had great delight in playing the viola there. Then, too, she enjoyed the staff golf foursomes at Gullane and spirited games of badminton with her colleagues on the staff.

During the war Miss Macgregor volunteered as a policewoman and drove a police car. She had many a vivid tale to tell of her adventures of that time.

Miss Macgregor has a great capacity for friendship and her colleagues will long remember her fighting spirit when struggling against the ill-health that dogged her footsteps during her last years at school. We all wish her well in her retirement and hope that her dreams of travelling abroad once more will soon be realised.

MISS ELIZABETH H. COUTIE, B.Sc.

MISS COUTIE retired at the end of last session after spending twenty seven years in the Science Department. There, her careful teaching was undoubtedly appreciated by the hundreds of girls who passed through her hands—teaching which gave them a thorough training in accurate and methodical work, logical thinking and clear expression. These girls must have realised, too, her kindly interest in their doings and welfare.

Miss Coutie was educated at George Watson's Ladies' College and from there she went to the University of Edinburgh, where she graduated B.Sc. with Honours in Chemistry. After training at Moray House Training College, she taught for several years in primary schools of which work she retained many pleasant memories. She came to Gillespie's in 1937, teaching first Botany and later Chemistry to the senior classes in addition to General Science. During the war years she took part in the various staff entertainments produced in these days, where her pleasant soprano voice was a great asset. She was an enthusiastic member of the Teachers' Choir for many years. Her conscientious work as secretary of the Scottish Branch of the Association of Women Science Teachers did much for this group. A keen gardener, she had "green fingers" and kept the corridor to her laboratory, and the laboratory itself, bright with pot plants—no mean task in the variable temperature conditions of a school building and in the fumes and odours of a laboratory.

As a colleague, the staff remember her reliability, helpful friendliness, plain speaking and sense of order. She always took care to make newcomers and visitors feel at home in the school. Her sense of humour and ability to tell a tale enlivened the staff room. She has the warmest wishes of all for the enjoyment of the years ahead with the time to spend on her garden, her photography and entertaining her friends.

EARLY MORNING

Fresh-cut grass smiles—easy beneath the sun's leniency.
Spring laughs up through the throats of birds.
Faint tremor of pale-pink cherry deepens,
Intensifying into purple rhododendron-wounds.

May. A branch hanging over the brown familiar wall
Is heavy with orange blossom—scented hoarfrost
A dense impenetrable page, unmarked as the day before us:
We walk on—and our steps will be the veins of the day's memories.

ROSALIND NICOL, 6A.

STAFF

THE plate glass and the bricks, brittle and blatant, are already gleaming amidst the (sadly decimated) trees in Bruntsfield grounds, proclaiming change, and progress. Doubtless one of the ways in which fulfilment channels our destinies. The evening sun is on the old, red sandstone walls. The imminent parting is charged, in many of our hearts, with pain.

In the Staff Room, this, in what are now these last days, is often almost poignantly so: places long (and lovingly) reserved for those whose days are now spent elsewhere; the air somewhat pallid without the familiar voices; the word in the corridor, rippling the cheek to a smile of acceptance, even when its purpose was to ensure that some deserted redoubt on the Top Corridor, even at that most inviolate hour of high noon, had its reluctant sentry.

Which means, amongst other things, that Miss Napier (now Mrs Hall) has left; and Miss Foster and Mr Brash and Miss Gloag will follow her in June. Miss MacGregor, too, has gone from the Primary Department.

This is not the place to attempt to assess what they gave, and meant, to the School; whatever it was, it was important, and lasting, and whatever comes after it will be different.

In August, Mrs Riddell joined the Primary Staff as successor to Miss Dewar, and in the Senior School Mrs Macaulay took over Miss Coutie's duties, and Miss Moira Henderson joined the Physical Education Dept.

Mrs Mutch is acting as a relief teacher in the Preparatory Dept. in place of Mrs Williamson, who has retired.

Miss Barbara Reid has come to us from Glasgow to take over Miss Napier's duties as Head of the Mathematics Dept. Miss Joan Currie, a former pupil, succeeds Miss MacGregor.

Miss Ferguson, Head of the Biology Dept., has been appointed Deputy Headmistress of the School.

Mlle Gras and Mlle Bonnet, and Herr Bolender, have been attached to the Modern Languages Dept.

★ ★ ★

SCHOOL NOTES

THE premonitory polish to the windows, through which, alas, only a soggy, grey sky was visible; the flowers, doubly welcome in the depth of the doolie season: Thursday, 18th February 1965 the day we remembered James Gillespie. Sir William Arbuckle delivered the Oration; Dr Small led the assembly in prayer; the Choir sang the anthem: "Praise my soul."; Jennifer Burley, the Vice-Captain, read the Lesson from James Gillespie's Bible, and Margaret Runnicles, the School Captain, expressed to Sir William our gratitude as a prologue to the little ceremony in which our Guest of Honour shared the centre of the stage with the saffroned poise of the little presenter of the snuff mull. Thank you, Sir William, and thank you, sweet little lady.

Christmas saw the usual religious awareness, festivities, and giving. The annual service was held in St Cuthbert's Church on Friday evening, 4th December, thus affording parents an opportunity to join us. In the Senior School Miss Campbell and Mr Sommerville produced a Nativity Play, while another was produced by Mrs Riddell in the Preparatory Department. The Primary Department had their Carol Service, the carols being arranged by Miss Nicoll. There were, in addition, the usual, and typically happy, School Parties. In School, at this time, gifts were collected and later taken by senior girls to old people in the city. In the Primary School toys were collected and sent to places where their power to produce pleasure will be richly prolonged. Seals were sold to the value of over £17, and the usual £2 per month was sent to the Zoo. By the end of this session the Primary School will have contributed over £170 towards their second Guide Dog for the Blind. A presentation in which the girls were the recipients took place in January when Gideon Testaments were presented to girls in Form 1.

The functions of a school these days spill over to mingle with the general life of the community; and a necessarily scanty catalogue does little justice to the multiplicity of this engagement. In September a party of girls attended the opening of the Forth Road Bridge, and another the special film showing attended by the Queen. In September, twelve girls attended a course for librarians in Napier College. In September, also, Gillespie girls took part in the 5th Year Conference in Moray House, arranged by the Student Christian Movement. In November 6th Form girls joined the Hellenic Cruise on the "Dunera;" and on many occasions 6th Form girls have attended lectures on scientific subjects. In March a group attended the Traverse Theatre for a special performance and discussion on dramatic production. Another party attended the David Livingstone Birthday meeting in the Merchants' Hall. Miss Paterson, at Easter, took a party to Metz on a family exchange. Later Forms 5 and 6 visited the "Becket" film.

The School Singing Competition took place in March, the adjudicator being Mr Whitfield. The Primary School has five members of the Edinburgh Primary Schools String Orchestra, Joan Fleming, P6(1), being chosen as solo pianist for the spring concert in 1966. Senior girls are also represented in the Edinburgh Secondary Schools Orchestra. The Music Club has been profitably active.

The School offers wide opportunities for games: hockey, lacrosse, squash, swimming, golf, ski-ing in the autumn and spring terms; and tennis, cricket, athletics and swimming in the summer. In March, the 1st XI won the Senior Hockey Cup in the Inter-Scholastic Sports. In November eighteen girls attended Glenmore Lodge, and at Easter a party is joining the athletics course at Largs. Fourteen Primary girls received Scottish School Swimming Association Junior badges.

In the Royal Caledonian Horticultural Society Spring Show, Anne Stewart, P4, won a 1st, and Gillian Anderson, P7, a 2nd Prize.

Caroline Stewart; 3L(1) and Lesley Bayne, P7, won bicycles for a Safety-First slogan in the November Safety-First Rally.

Burns Certificates were won by: Kay Cromferd, P7(1); Mirriam Murray, P7(2); Isobel Lorne, P6(1); Patricia Young, P6(2); Rhona Goff, P5(1); Margot McMurdo P5(2); Helen Jones, P6(1); Judith Lundy, P4(2); Diane Kerr, P3(1); and Sheena Hartley, P3(2).

Our visitors have once again come from far-flung places; Sister Mary Henrietta from British Honduras; Mrs Carnegie, Mrs Prescod, Mr Francis and Mr Thomson, from Jamaica; a party of Russian students; Mr and Mrs Macdonald from the Itu Leper Colony (to say Thank You for the cotton frocks we sent); and Miss Debono from Malta and Mrs Eastmond from the West Indies as students.

The days ahead are full: Sports Day on Wednesday, 26th May; School Concert on Tuesday, 29th June; Sixth Form Conference on Canada on 24th May; course at Inverclyde, 12th-19th June; two girls to the Outward Bound School at Aberdovey, 24th May-29th June; three girls in the official party to Nice in July; a party to Innsbruck in the summer, and another party on the "Devonia" cruise to the Mediterranean.

We are also arranging a coffee morning from which the proceeds will be given to Dalry House for the old people. This is the culmination of some very active interest in the needs of the old people on the part of Sandra Grant, Margot Northwood, and Margaret Marshall in Form 6, with help from girls in Form 4L(2).

Books have been gifted to the Library by: Mrs MacLean (Marjorie Hunter); Mrs Murdie; Alison Keith, and Miss McDonald.

And finally, to a faithful, modest, and ever-helpful band, Form 4C, and their Captains, Miss McIntyre and Mrs MacDonald, a word of thanks for what they have done with their typewriters. That word, indeed, is said with ready sincerity.

FOUNDER'S DAY ORATION

Thursday 18th February 1965

SIR WILLIAM ARBUCKLE, after recalling his earlier connections with Gillespie's (his first Headmaster at Daniel Stewart's College came from Gillespie's in 1876; and he himself later visited the School as an Inspector) continued:

Our purpose in meeting today is to honour the memory of James Gillespie, and I only wish that we knew more about him. We know about his physical appearance, not perhaps from the rather gloomy portrait by James Foulis which you have in your corridor, where he peers out from a dark background, but in the livelier presentations in the bust and another portrait which do justice to the remarkable nose—a nose that seems to have been designed for the easy reception of the commodity in which he traded. That is the only portrait which Foulis painted. What the moral is I do not know! The school should hang on to it for the day when Foulis is recognised by an art critic as the Picasso of Colinton!

James Gillespie, as you probably have been told by many previous speakers, was born in 1726 in Edinburgh, not I believe in Roslin but in Edinburgh. He was of quite humble origin and set up business as you know as a tobacconist in the High Street and here he seems to have laid the foundations of his fortunes by speculation in tobacco at the outbreak of the American War, which set the price of tobacco rocketing. I am afraid that if he had lived today he would have received many gloomy looks both for his speculation and for the commodities in which he speculated, but as most of the people were pipe smokers then, the harm spread did not amount to very much.

Of the other relics of him, there are few—Spylaw House, (his house at Colinton), and traces of the wheel which drove his snuff mill in the tobacco premises. In Huntly House Museum they have what is believed to be a snuff-making machine which was salvaged from the old shop, and a very attractive shop sign of a barrel with the rather elegant figure of a black boy standing by smoking a pipe, and there is, of course, James Gillespie's Bible which we have here today.

Most of the stories about the man suggest that he was not the slightly vain person which the famous story about his "carriage and noses" rather suggests. It suggests he was ambitious and ostentatious, but he was quite the opposite. He was a hard-working, unassuming, kindly and generous man with a great many of the solid virtues with which we perhaps flatter ourselves when we think of them as distinctly Scottish.

I was rather pained the other day to discover that Cockburn wrote of Gillespie in a rather bitter note and referred to him as

one who gave to charity simply from the vanity of wishing his name to be perpetuated, and suggests that in doing so he had defrauded his own heir, but there is no evidence to suppose that a very kindly man should have done this. What was perhaps the cause (and I hope I am not so uncharitable to Cockburn as he was to Gillespie) was that Gillespie's trustees had to get a site for the School and the trouble arose, as it usually does in Edinburgh when looking for a site, when the only site that was suitable was where Gillespie Crescent is, occupied then by Wricht's or Wright's houses which had to be pulled down at the time. The governors probably had no choice but Cockburn never forgave Gillespie's trustees for this. All the evidence, however, presents him as a kindly man who lived for his work, believing in a friendly, paternal atmosphere, and being generally respected.

I will not trace the history of the School to the present time: it is an extraordinarily tortuous one! But what would he think if he could come back today and see us and all our work? I cannot help feeling he would approve of the School. He might be abashed, of course, to see that the "free school for boys" had become a "fee-paying school for girls." I think he would recognise in the life of Gillespie's School the kind of qualities he himself admired and practised and which in his will he tried to have cultivated in the old free school across the way.

We like to think of him as living in a simple age when the pace of life was slow and so of course it was. But, on the other hand, he did live through the period that Sir Walter Scott described as that in which there had been greater changes in the life of Scotland in these sixty years than in the whole of its preceding history. Then, if he came back to us today he might be disconcerted by the age of affluence. His motto was "Waste not, want not." I think he would appreciate the changes that are taking place today and would be glad to see the School trying to equip its pupils to live up to these changes and to take their place in the rapidly and constantly changing society. There have, as you all know, been many changes in recent years in our schools in the things we teach and the way we teach them. The pace of change is going to be quicker as time goes on. With rapid advances in science and politics of everyday life, our work will change enormously and we shall have to put our backs less into things but our minds as much as ever. We have been told that we are going to have more leisure and this fact, I think, has implications for the schools, because when we have a lot of leisure it ceases to be a brief break or respite for recreation and recuperation after hard work. It is going to become a substantial part of our life. It will be dreadfully tedious if we cannot fill in the time. Some retired people welcome the change because they can have something positive to do and find time to take up all sorts of activities, but others seem quite lost without the routine of ordinary work, and this

is a lesson for the preparation we ought to be making for our leisure, and that is why I am glad that the schools in recent years are encouraging to an increasing extent what one might call "worthtime interests" for the pupil's leisure. Sports and competitive team games are very good but one can't go on playing them all one's life. I am referring, however, to ski-ing, mountaineering, sailing, and so on, which are so popular and in which girls are taking an increasing part, and the Duke of Edinburgh's award and the host of activities that grow up round schools. These are not really as in the past things that were frills, things on the margin or the fringe. They really are part of the essential stuff of education today. This is not a doctrine one would preach to any school if one thought it likely to neglect serious work, for we shall never have that leisure unless we work too.

But that risk does not arise here, and I should in conclusion like to wish the School great success, and to wish you all success in particular when you go your new premises, and this time I am glad you are not pulling down Bruntsfield House as you did Wright's houses and being accused as the original trustees were by the Right Honourable Lord Cockburn.

WINTER EVENING IN THE CITY

Slowly the sun sets
And a crimson glow spreads over the evening sky.
It darkens,
And the big stone houses of the city
Become black, awesome, forbidding,
And chimney pots stand out like sentinels
Against the scarlet clouds.
It is cold, and my feet and fingers are numb;
A biting wind comes sweeping down
From the saxe-blue, northern heavens,
And I shiver, and pull a scarf over my tingling cheeks.
The world is cold to-night, and cheerless;
Little boys scream and shout as they kick a ball
Over the frozen ground, hard as rocks.
And across the chilly air
Comes the sound of a factory horn,
Bringing remembrances of tall, dark buildings
And the dingy dreariness of city streets.
I trudge onwards,
And only the fiery westward sky above me
Gives light and colour
To the cold darkening world.

HANNAH SCOUGAL, 5C.

GLENMORE November 1964

"Sunset and evening star
And one clear call for me."

THIS quotation could easily illustrate our feelings on the first night at Glenmore Lodge in November, 1964. We had left Edinburgh by bus at 9 o'clock in the morning and at 2.30 we had entered a different world among the mountains of the Cairngorms plateau near Aviemore in Inverness-shire.

For a fortnight our party of twenty along with forty others from various Edinburgh schools forgot our books and changed the routine of the classroom for the rigours of out-doors, devoting what energies we had to many new and exciting activities. Although we never seemed to have a free moment, our duties in the Lodge itself were not onerous, grumbles being saved for when the rising bell rang at 7 o'clock!

Nearly every day saw us attempting something new, the first week mostly involving hill-walking and orienteering among the magnificent mountains and lochs of the area. Unfortunately, the weather was not particularly good but clad in waterproof clothing and climbing boots we were still able to enjoy rock-climbing in driving wind and snow. Our day of rock-climbing which tested both strength and will-power was regarded as one of the highlights of our stay.

The impact of nature on city-dwellers was keenly felt during a three-day camp. Our equipment had all to be carried on our backs, no mean task, as may be imagined. An inch of snow had to be contended with too, but this only raised the sense of achievement we experienced. Cooking for three in a howling gale over a temperamental primus stove is a good test for resourcefulness—also for patient tempers.

Our list of activities appears endless. Memories recur of days collecting wood and weeding gardens for public service, and visiting well-known places in the district on local history expeditions. The evenings were divided among lectures on mountain rescue, and similar subjects, films on various topics and country-dancing ceilidhs. The writing of a log-book, although occupying some time, will be a permanent reminder of a memorable visit. Our last day was spent taking part in an exploration competition which some of us found more arduous than the previous fortnight!

Through all these pass-times ran the spirit of fellowship in tackling new-found pursuits—and there was plenty to be pursued. Those of us who were fortunate enough to visit the Lodge have all been left with a desire for more experience of this sort of life, especially in the beautiful scenery of the Cairngorms, and hope it will not be long before we may return.

We must give our thanks to the staff of the Scottish Council for Physical Recreation at Glenmore Lodge who introduced us to so many exhilarating activities, and also to Miss Steel and Edinburgh Corporation who made our visit possible.

A result of our fortnight was that six girls participated in the Scottish schools orienteering competition in March this year, where they were able to put their training into practice.

May there be many more girls who will continue the tradition of Gillespie's at Glenmore, and enjoy it as much as we did!

DOROTHY OGILVIE, 6A.

BRUNEI AFTERNOON

IN the early afternoon the sun beat down with its usual intensity. I lay on the beach, drowsily enjoying the feeling of slowly toasting. The only thing to mar my contentment was the horse flies which occasionally dared to bite me despite my thick smearing of insect repellent. When we became too hot, we slipped into the pleasant waters of the South China Sea. From the water one can see the beach stretch round the bay for miles, edged all the way by bushy types of palm and tangled undergrowth growing surprisingly close to the water. The sun was shining on a small corrugated roof beneath which the yacht club's boats were stored, waiting for Sunday when the yacht club would descend on the beach for the weekly sail.

When the sun began to lower in the sky, we packed up our belongings and returned to the car. The sixteen miles of road back to Brunei runs mainly through jungle, so dense that one can see no further than a few feet. It is a strange sensation to stop and listen to the noises of the jungle without being able to see anything. All around suspicious eyes are watching. At intervals there are small clearings planted with tapioca, pineapples and bananas. Tiny Malay houses built of wood and thatched with banana leaves are scattered along the fringe of the jungle, half hidden in the trees. Beside them very often hangs a line of washing, strung up between the trees. Small children stop their games to watch a car go by. The little girls are always clad in short gaily coloured dresses which they wear until they are about twelve when they progress to the long sarong. Often one sees young Malay girls walking along the road with their babies on their hips and very few people could fail to be impressed by the graceful way they carry themselves. The majority of these young women seem to be very attractive and it is a pity to see how quickly their youth fades. A Malay woman of thirty is usually past her prime.

My father's bungalow, which is on the outskirts of Brunei, did not take long to reach. Before long we had showered, put on fresh cool clothes and were feeling beautifully clean and comfortable. Although Friday is a holiday for my father as it is the Muslim's holy day, he always goes to the hospital for a few hours in the morning and also goes round the wards in the evening. I went down to the hospital with him as usual and watched as he spoke to the patients with the help of an interpreter.

As we left the hospital, the daylight was just beginning to fade. The mosque, visible for many miles around, was lit up with coloured lights as a sign of the approaching celebration of the Prophet's birthday. This mosque, often called the Taj Mahal of Brunei, was built by the very devout Sultan not many years ago. The magnificence of its white marble topped with a dome of gold, rising as it does so near to the small wooden houses on stilts built over the water of Brunei river, symbolises the wealth of the oil lord and the poverty of his people. The tremendous riches of this tiny state are due entirely to the oil field at Seria, about sixty miles from Brunei. Vast quantities of oil are drawn off every day and the inflammable gases are burnt in tall flares rising above the trees. At night these immense roaring orange flames are a most impressive sight. Since the rebellion in December 1962, the Sultan has been spending more of his income on public services. The Sultan, being very religious, has given a bigger proportion of the money to the Department of Religion than to the whole of the medical service.

Driving through the main shopping streets we saw the Chinese shopkeepers still busy in their open-fronted shops. All of the shops are owned by the Chinese and a few Indians. The Chinese are very shrewd and business-like compared with the easy-going Malays. They open their shops very early in the morning and remain open as long as there is anyone to buy anything. The Chinese women are easily distinguished from the Malays because their mode of dress is entirely different. The Chinese wear short, close-fitting cheongsams with mandarin collars, or the sampoo which consists of baggy trousers and a close-fitting mandarin-collared bodice. The Malay women on the other hand always wear the sarong which is a length of material wound round the waist in a rather complicated manner.

As usual crowds of people were converging on Brunei's three Chinese-owned cinemas. Out of the three of them, one at least would be bound to be showing an Elvis Presley film as he appears to be the favourite film star in Brunei. Postcards of him abound in all the shops, rivalling even the mosque for popularity.

We passed the Buddhist temple where the Chinese worship, and stopped to look at the sacred turtles in their pond. The temple is painted in gaudy reds, blues, yellows and greens with a roof shaped in the characteristic way to ward off devils. Inside little Chinese children were shouting and laughing as they played while their parents went through mysterious religious rituals. Doll-like figures which must represent ancestors were seated on the equivalent of the altar. The pillars in the temple were carved with a dragon winding round and round each one and near the ceiling the dragons' wicked faces leered at those below. These dragons were painted bright red and blue which made them look like something out of a child's picture book.

A few minutes drive from the temple brought us to the yacht club-house. Sounds of conversation and laughter floated into the still air. People leaning on the railings looking out over the river, smiled at us as we approached the club-house. A large proportion of those that make up Brunei's small European community were standing round the bar, pouring their Tiger beers from the familiar blue and gold cans. The very sudden tropical darkness was beginning to fall. The club-house is built on stilts which means it is high enough to offer a wonderful view over the river to kampong ayer, the water village. In the brief minutes of twilight we gazed at the cluster of little houses built on stilts above the water. The moon was rising and the shadows of kampong ayer were reflected in the still, silvery water of the river. In the distance the great whiteness of the mosque was just visible in the dim light. To the eyes of a European, the scene was fantastically beautiful and strange. Across the water came a cry from the minaret of the mosque—the faithful were being called to prayer.

ELIZABETH HARRIS, 6A.

SAILING AT INVERCLYDE

LAST summer several of us, then in the fifth year, spent a week at Inverclyde National Recreation Centre at Largs on a sailing course.

On the first day, Sunday, instead of a preliminary introduction to sailing, knots, rigging etc., we were handed our life-jackets (which we always wore sailing) and were straightaway taken on a race round the Great Cumbrae, and we had never sailed before! The instructors felt that this was

too good an opportunity to miss and as a "baptism by fire" it was very successful.

During the week we learned how to hoist and lower sails, to steer and crew the dinghies, to tack, come about, to gybe, how to get under way and how to come on to a mooring. We became familiar with the various points of sailing e.g. close-hauled, reaching, running.

Several times we went across the small channel to Fairhaven, which lay directly opposite the boats' moorings on Great Cumbræ. There we swam, tanned and burned for the weather was perfect—almost too perfect for sailing.

Wednesday was a half-day and in the afternoon we were given the chance to try water ski-ing—I was lucky—I managed to stay upright and actually ski several times round the boats moored in the bay. In the evenings there was tennis, netball matches, a car treasure hunt, football matches and on our last night, a party.

We all enjoyed the week so much and have been fired with such enthusiasm for sailing that nearly all of us, by devious means, are returning to Inverclyde this summer.

The courses are instructive and although one works hard there is great fun to be had in the big house in its lovely setting.

FIONA SMITH, 6B1.

BACK TO THE SUNLESS LAND: NICE—Summer 1964

THE train rushed on, swaying rhythmically to and fro through the night. With some sadness we traced the flight of the glittering lights into the darkness and caught our last glimpse of the gentle Mediterranean before the express gained Marseilles.

An eternity seemed to have elapsed between arrival and departure, but in reality it had been only three weeks since we had scrambled eagerly out of the train on to the dusty Nice platform to form a ragged line of pale, young foreigners, pupils from Edinburgh schools who were participating in an exchange arranged annually by the corporations of the two cities.

Now it was over. We were sorry to leave behind the new friendships made and the haunting landscapes of Provence but perhaps most of all we regretted that different quality of the bright southern air with its ever-present sunshine, and the warmth of the blue sea.

Thanks to the experienced supervision of the group's leaders those three weeks had been filled with interest and enjoyment gained from excursions into the hinterland, visits to Menton and Monaco as well as official receptions where champagne flowed freely under that marvellous Mediterranean sky. There were opportunities to see the works of Matisse and to hear "La Chauve-Souris" performed at night in an open-air theatre.

I am sure we all thought nostalgically during the long, cold winter of those sun-soaked days on the beach and the midnight bathes by moonlight or remembered the gay atmosphere of Nice at carnival time when floats decorated with pink flowers filled the streets and everyone threw pink confetti in the Promenade des Anglais.

Therefore we felt sad as the train devoured the long, flat miles between the Riviera and Paris and as the holiday drew to its close, although we realised we had enough memories to sustain us through the cold and wet of another Edinburgh winter.

CHRISTINE BINNIE, 6A.

METZ—1965

THIS Easter a party of pupils from George Heriot's and our own school was lucky enough to spend a fortnight in France. Our visit was arranged on an exchange basis with the Robert Schumann school in Metz so that each one of us stayed with a French family.

After travelling for almost twenty-four hours via Dover, Calais, and Lille, we arrived, somewhat apprehensively, at the station, where we were to meet our correspondents. From the train we could see the floodlit top of the cathedral shining above the surrounding buildings. The well-lit main streets were decorated with flags and we felt sure that those were in our honour. Later we were disappointed to discover otherwise, but our presence was acknowledged in other ways for, not only were two receptions held for us in the school, but we were even entertained with speeches and champagne in the Town Hall.

On our first evening, we were surprised and pleased to find that there was a programme on television with various British "pop" stars including the Beatles which made us feel quite at home.

The single-decker buses were rather terrifying since they had only twenty-three seats while, according to a notice above the doors, there was space for sixty-one people to stand. Another typically French feature was the amount of time spent in cafes. Hardly a day passed that we did not visit one or other of the numerous cafes, often to find some other Scottish boys or girls there too.

A full-day excursion by bus to Luxemburg had also been organised but most of the time we were able to amuse ourselves in various different ways with our correspondents and their families. During the first week most of our party attended the enormous school which is situated in an extremely attractive district, although some of us could not as our correspondents were sitting the equivalent of our "Highers."

The magnificent cathedral is perhaps the most outstanding place of interest for sight-seers. During our stay, there was a festival of sacred music in the cathedral, and one morning a few of us heard a choir and orchestra rehearsing. In the beautiful, tremendously high building, which dates from the twelfth century, the music sounded wonderful. While we were in Metz, a large exhibition called "Expometz" was held. The exhibits, which ranged from yachts to square frying-pans, included local products and articles from all over the world.

All too soon our holiday came to an end although we can still look forward to the return visit of the French students in late August. It was with regret that we left the things which we had begun to like so much and which had made our stay such an enjoyable one: the town of Metz, and the friendliness of the French people, not to mention the food and the wine. I know there are several of us who hope very much to return to Metz in the near future.

MARGARET BAYES 4L1, MOIRA T. WILSON 3L1.

OH ISLAND IN THE SUN

ON Thursday, 3rd December the "Dunera" left Venice on a Sixth Form Hellenic Cruise to Rhodes, Istanbul and Athens, all three steeped in history but still vitally alive.

Four days later, five hundred British school-children—among them four "Wee Scots lassies"—descended on the town of Rhodes which had to withstand yet another invasion. We four set out on our own to try to form, within three short hours, a full impression of this ebullient, cosmopolitan retreat. Under the blazing sun we walked through the tropical gardens of the medieval Castle of the Great Magistrates. From that vantage point we gazed at the indescribable blueness of the Mediterranean sea and sky intensifying the whiteness of the "Dunera" and the Rhodian houses. True international brotherhood was symbolised in the Street of the Knights where the Knights Hospitallers of different nationalities gathered to form a Christian stronghold against the common enemy.

In the afternoon buses took us on a lightning tour of the surrounding district—to a headland from where we could see the grey outline of the Asian coast; to the ruined temple of Phoebus Apollo with the stadium and very small theatre, scene of ancient festivals; to Kallithea Springs with its palms and cacti; to a typical village where we saw the seemingly strange combination of poverty and pride; back to Rhodes itself to visit the Moslem district. Here Turk and Greek live peacefully side by side.

Our last sight of this island of contrasts was, fittingly, the three remaining columns of the Greek temple silhouetted against the red of the sunset with below the glaring electric lights of modern Rhodes.

JENNIFER APPLEBY, MARGARET KING,
ANNE McCLAFFERTY, SARAH MACKENZIE, 6A

VALEDICTORY

The town watches us greyly;
Sad and empty streets
Filled with caressing mists
Watch us walking, tears in their eyes,
Or perhaps in ours.

The souls of the streets are peeping
Through the windows, resentful
Beauty of a sordid glory,
Making our future hope empty
With more than our city's farewell.

Our tears do not understand now
The loss or the gain of going,
Do not recognise in themselves
The epitaph of the years, the heralds
Of a new reality.

JEAN BRODIE, 6A.

HERE AND THERE

Staff—

Steel could the works of mortal pride confound
And hew triumphal arches to the ground.
What wonder then fair nymph! Thy hair should feel
The conquering force of unresisted steel?

A smale hounde had she, that she fed,
On milk and wastel breed.

Full well they laughed, with counterfeited glee,
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he.

Her gait detached her from the moving throng.

Of his visage children were aferd.

Let us now praise prime numbers.

Right at the back of my head I know wild, fantastic
things.

Sixth Year—

J.B.— Youth, beauty, graceful action seldom fail.
J.K.— Thus praised and loved the noble youth remained.
G.B.— Men are brutes on the quiet.
S.M.— She stands in strong, athletic pose.
M.R.— As some fair female unadorned and plain
Secure to please while youth confirms her reign.

E.M.— I don't care if he is common.
S.K.— The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair.
K.M.— Some nymphs there are, too conscious of their face,
For life predestined to the gnomes' embrace.

R.N.— And hence, indeed, she sports with words.
C.B.— The tottering China shook without a wind.

R.L.— There is something about the girl. . . .
M.M.— How can you contrive to write so even?

F.P.s— And old girls in the snug.
1st Year— 'Tis hard to settle order once again.

5th Year— Let not Ambition mock their useful toil.
Choir— O Goddess! I hear these tuneless numbers.

Games— With weary steps I loiter on.
Dancing— But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys and reels.

School Lunches— Swallow, my sister, O sister swallow.
Exams.— It was a violent time. Wheels, racks and jires.

Results— All is vain. I will cease now.

Theses— Lamps burn all the night.

General Subjects— The miserable despot could not quell
The insulted mind he sought to quench.

Friday, last period— Stirring suddenly from long hibernation.



GOLDEN DAYS

"ONE to Tollcross, please."

I looked hopefully at the conductor, fearing the worst.

"Six."

"Six?"

"Sixpence please."

"Could you change a pound?"

"No."

Before his astonished eyes I rose from the seat and left the bus.

It was the last Saturday of the summer holidays—wonderful holidays which seemed to have flitted past in a burst of golden sunshine. The misty wet days were forgotten in memories of hot, shimmering rocks and glistening green water.

I thrust my hands into my pockets, and fingered the sharp corners of a folded pound note, the last of my earnings from my holiday job. What could I buy with my pound?

I wandered aimlessly, pondering, listening to my sandals on the wet pavement . . . thud, flap; thud, flap; and at every "flap" a shower of cold, muddy puddle-water pattered to rest on the calves of my legs.

What could I buy with my pound?

My mind was blank. I thought . . . and thought. Now, if I had a guitar . . . if I had a guitar. . . .

I had wanted a guitar for many years.

"Yes!" I thought. "Today I will look for a guitar!"

I had something to do. I set off purposefully for Tollcross, not pausing to think that a guitar would cost at least six pounds. But I didn't want a new guitar; I wanted an instrument of character.

Tollcross was soon behind me, and I toiled over the irregular cobbles of the High Riggs, lured on by the junk shops of the West Port.

"Asnu Ladies' Drapery" announced a peeling board above a dirty window. I peered through the grime; no guitars—just dirty old clothes. On the other side of the street was a genuine junk shop. The window was heaped with every sort of rubbish imaginable, including the proverbial kitchen sink. Swords and stuffed birds, bath tubs and gramophone records spilled out on to the pavement. Coats and suits festooned the doorway. I plunged in through an avenue of moth-eaten fur and threadbare serge.

"Well?"

I peered through the gloom, terrified.

"Well?"

The voice came from my right. I looked round and saw a woman emerging from behind a stuffed buffalo head.

"Well?" she snapped again, her thin lips barely parting.

"Please," I wavered, "please, do you have any guitars?"

An expression of incredulity came over her sharp features.

"Guitars? Oh no. We don't keep that sort of thing . . ." then, ". . . I could give you a violin." I thanked her and found my way out.

I recrossed the street to investigate the mysteries of "Campbell's Salerooms". In one window was an incredible collection of old shoes. In the other was a flute—and a violin—and a mandolin. Full of hope I entered . . . and there, hanging on the wall was a guitar, shining and beautiful and tantalizing.

"Please, can I see that guitar?"

I fondled its long neck, stroked its smooth sides. I plucked the strings. It had a deep, mellow, throaty voice. I loved it.

"How much?"

"Eight pounds."

I laid it down, laughed stupidly and hastily left the shop.

Through the Grassmarket I now proceeded, peering into every murky window. No guitars. I began to lose heart. What a depressing ending to a wonderful holiday! The rain started again. The shoulders of my coat were wet through. Drops began to run down between my shoulder-blades; my hair clung wetly to my forehead.

I made my way between the dismal, weeping warehouses of the Cowgate. The majority of the shops were derelict. Rotten boards covered the windows. The paint had long ago peeled or faded away, until the shop fronts were uniformly dark, dirty, colourless and utterly depressing.

But here was a shop, seemingly still in business. The door stood open, but the shop appeared to be deserted. It was much the same as all the rest—clothes and dirt and rubbish. I was turning to leave when I felt myself being watched. I glanced behind me and gazed into the face of a hag. She was crouched over a handleless cup half full of tea. Through the curling steam her ancient, wet

eyes quivered like opaque, colourless jellyfish. I gasped involuntarily.

"Have you a guitar?"

"Just a banjo," she croaked.

I asked to see it and she uncured herself from her stool behind the counter. I watched her as she shuffled into the back of the shop. She was hideous, twisted and shrunken; her dress hung limply from her fleshless shoulders. She was tragedy. She frightened me.

The banjo was beautiful. It had an engraved silver back and a long slender neck. I drew my fingers across the strings.

"Plunk!" they said.

I was disappointed. I remembered the resonant, rich voice of the guitar.

"No. It must be a guitar."

The hag wound her claws round the banjo's elegant neck and restored it to its allotted corner.

"Ye're awfu' fussy," she said, and thereafter ignored me and returned to her stool.

I crossed the street and was somehow cheered by the satisfying "squelch" my shoes made at every step. I began to feel optimistic.

I "squelched" into the next shop, oblivious to the notice in the window saying "clocks and radios."

The walls were lined with empty shelves and there was a curious, nauseating aroma of mould and cats and engine oil. High-pitched shrieks and wails issued from an old-fashioned radio which was occupying the attention of a skinny young man. He glanced up.

"Have you any guitars?" I asked.

He straightened himself, and opening his elastic mouth until it seemed to engulf his whole face, he thundered, "Da-ad . . . Guitar!"

"We hivnae ony," replied a reedy voice from behind a door at the end of the counter. There was a pause, then,

"Oh aye, we hiv! But it's broke an' it's no got nae wires."

An old man then emerged carrying a little guitar. It was scratched; it was battered; the back was cracked; it had no bridge; it had no strings; it had character.

"How much?"

"One pound."

I handed over my pound, lifted the guitar, and stepped out into the rain, leaving the shop and its obnoxious atmosphere.

A man called, "Hey hen! Your guitar's getting wet!"

Your guitar . . . my guitar. Soon he would have a bridge, and strings, and a voice—a mellow, rich, resonant voice.

Suddenly the grey day was golden.

SHEENA KEITH, 6A

BAREFOOT

A GENTLE thudding, its slight irregularity proclaiming its human origins, makes its way along the road, the satisfactory sound of the impact of rough stone with our bare and dusty feet.

"Voudrais-tu acheter quelques fruits?"

"Pourquoi parles-tu en français?"

"Des oranges, peut-être?"

"Si tu le veux."

"Well, I look French, and your hair's dissolute enough for anything—anyhow pieds nus and old jeans."

I laugh.

She buys two oranges, miming, extravagantly, as she does most things, to an indulgently bewildered assistant and emerged in triumph bearing her booty, fat round fruit. She is unblushing in the face of her deception, but the oranges redden with shame.

Expecting no argument she hands them to me to carry and appropriates my father's heavy sweater—she is, as always, cold.

Sitting on the steps of an indignant war memorial, ten miles from home we eat crab out of its shell, (not as nice as the one she dressed herself last week, the one we and the dog ate in the back garden), fruit whose juice marks the white stone at our feet, and coffee without sugar because she doesn't take any. Twice I jump at the approach of a ferocious and hungry wasp, which amuses her. Strangely, the deceptively attractive creature ignores her, as she does it, and pursues me twice round the war memorial before scenting the blood of the grapes which lie bruised on the ground and leaving me in uneasy peace until it flies away seaward.

We finish the food, pack the empty wrappers and pungent orange-skin into my canvas bag, the shoes into hers, and follow the wasp to the sea. The evenly rising levels of the water defined by the drop at the shoreward limit of each wave, seem a stairway to infinity in the vague mist which is beginning to fall—and even she is silenced.

Walking now soundlessly, barefooted, at the very edge of the waters, gives us anonymity, effacing all knowledge of us, destroying our identity as it sweeps in over the imprints of our feet, and retreats to reveal a sandy vastness, unadulterated, smooth.

We climb back to the road and after a minute I stop to take a glass splinter from my heel.

"O.K.?"

I nod.

We walk on. I can see the bones in her feet moving, only the bones under the dust-grey skin, bone on a hard road.

"The veins in your feet are blue."

"Royal blood. Didn't I tell you?"

"Despotic, at any rate."

"Pig."

The grass is cool and wet here; as we walk our moving feet are only a stir in the green, a shadow under the dampness. The rhythm of walking is hypnotic and reduces everything but the cold wet ground, the mist, these hours snatched from time, to forgotten unreality.

As we pass, the wind carries our laughter far away; sound and sight of us have gone, laughter stolen by the sighing wind, footprints by the monotonous sea, and we will go, too, stolen—or reclaimed—by Time—but not yet awhile. There is a journey to be completed.

JEAN BRODIE 6A.

"NAILSWORTH—A SMALL COTSWOLD TOWN"

Here, time holds its breath.
All stands still.
I love it here,
And I always will.

The feeling of peace
Reigns over all.
Each Sunday morning
Bells give their call,
From the old tower.
The church is showing
The strength of its power.
Here, the people will pray
To the Almighty above
Giving thanks for their life,
This town and the love
Which shows in the faces
Of all who live here, work here,
And die here—
Contented.
For their life has been full,
Because of the life
Which this old town gives
To all who love it,
And praise it,
As I.
For I'll think of this place,
In peace,
Till I die.

JULIA COOK, 4B.

I'LL LOOK NO MORE

WE visited Mon to-day, a tiny island in the South-East connected to the mainland by a fine new bridge. The only town of any size is Stege, which has preserved its medieval fortification—a charming anachronism. Inside—juxtaposition of old and new—tiers of newly-built workers' flats stare vacuously at the dumpy red-brick St. Hans' Church; a precarious half-timbered house rests thankfully against the uncompromising Euclidean statement of a modern office-block: the narrow cobbled streets wind capriciously, making driving difficult. We do not stop, anxious to reach the cliffs, which lie on the other side of the island.

"The cliffs" we are informed by the guide-book "are of chalk, formed in the sea about sixty or seventy million years ago. They are impressive, and worth a visit." Impressive! How inadequate a description!

The cliffs leap out of the sea to a height of four hundred feet—four hundred feet of chalk treacherously crumbling in some places, of a siliceous, flinty hardness in others. Throwing a small stone over the edge, I watch it fall straight, then strike off at an angle from a protruding rock-shelf with a distinct, oddly sickening little crack. Finally it hits the water, immediately giving up its identity to the anonymous ocean. We step back, suddenly conscious of the crumbling edge. . . .

Less drastically than the stone we reach the sea—by a vertiginous path, so steep that steps have been cut in places. Now a tiny strip of shore (invisible from the top) is seen; though sloping alarmingly towards the sea it provides an adequate foothold; and reaching it, we turn to look up at the cliffs.

Immense, like some fantastic lunar landscape, their surface is scored by a thousand wrinkles, pitted with a million pock-marks. Even the few black bushes, naked but for several ragged, tattered leaves, seem unearthly—jutting out at crazy angles to the cliff-face. Then we can look no longer, for the unremitting blinding whiteness of chalk forces our eyes away; we turn, for relief, to the sea.

Despite the soft blueness of sky, the water is sombrely grey, its surface pleated into tiny, malicious white-capped waves by the wind. Cold and crabbed it is a tight little fist of a wind, sucked bone-dry by the thirsty chalk. The sullen, mouse-grey waves, patient in their revenge, gnaw ceaselessly at the cliff's foundations.

Flawlessness of line; the purse-strings of the sky's embrace are drawn together by fleshless cliffs and implacable ocean.

I stoop down, pick up a small brown-glazed pebble which lies by my foot. It is narrow, a delicate, hollowed-out cone. Hanne tells us that it is the tip of a fossilized octopus tentacle, some millions of years in the forming, cast up only now by the arbitrary sea. Infinity of time then, as well as of space. . . .

Endless lapping water; I laugh to break its oddly disquieting regularity. The sound, amplified, is thrown back at us by the contemptuous cliffs. But now it is hollow, overlaid with mockery, and the echoes are long in dying away . . .

Unspeaking, we take the path back to the familiar proportions of our human world. Straying into the arena of an elemental struggle, whose participants are oblivious of us, we realise our own impermanence; frightened, we hurry to escape the chilly shadow of this wider perspective.

Grass, with the freshly-scrubbed look of early spring; a bird rustling through the undergrowth; the comfortable roughness of tree-bark. Typically, our world reasserts itself, its momentarily-stilled heartbeat grows strong and regular again. Skeletal cliffs; scarecrow-black branches; remorseless ocean—now hastily pinned down, held beneath the close-woven net of dark subconsciousness. Flinching from the sear white-heat of self-knowledge—yet we are guilty. Of an evasion.

ROSALIND NICOL, 6A

HOMEWARD JOURNEY

It was dark and lonely as I lay there,
writhing with pain. We had won,
I had fought my last battle,
And the day was ended.

I fell into a dream and heard
voices from above. In soft tones
they were speaking to me, and I, in
deep solitude, was listening.

And then I realised it all—I was
going home. Home, to the place
where beauty and peace reign,
Paradise.

Now the pain had gone, and I
was well again. Rivers of crystal
flowed from mountains of gold.

I was home—in Heaven.

MARION MABON, 5L.

EDINBURGH—THE GLAUR AND THE GLORY

AH, Edinburgh! City of culture and beauty, home of royalty and nobility, splendid in sunshine and moonshine, fog and frost, snow and rain: how I love your medieval disorder, your Georgian elegance, your modern simplicity! How I love your stately homes, your churches, your Castle, grim and paternal, threatening and protective, watching over its huddled brood.

I look out from the Castle, over Edinburgh, and I see a thousand years of history. I see the ancient and the modern, the majestic and the mean. I see St. Giles Cathedral, lifting his crown proudly above the city. The clock in the tower strikes and the round notes reverberate through the vaults and arches of his gloomy, glorious interior. A dim, religious light filters through the ancient glass saints, giving an air of tranquil mystery to this celestial cavern, home of Edinburgh's God, last home of Edinburgh's great . . . Ah, Edinburgh! How many of your sons are worthy of your pride!

I visit the Palace of Holyroodhouse. The light, tragic footstep of Mary Stuart echoes furtively through the corridors; the harsh buffoonery of James VI resounds in the great halls. The rumble of wheels is replaced by the grumble of touring buses. Edinburgh carriage Corporation Transport tours—The Castle, the Royal Mile, Holyrood Palace, the Georgian New Town. . . .

The tourists gaze in blank uninterest at the solid elegance of Moray Place. The monotonous voice of the guide floats over their heads unheard. They find the symmetry and uniformity of the buildings very boring.

"Can't you show us anything more exciting?"

Very well. Let's try the pseudo-Grecian splendour of the art galleries.

Ah, Edinburgh! City of culture and beauty.

The tourists stream into the National Gallery, eager, full of anticipation. I follow. Why does the parquet floor impress them more than the magnificence of Tiepolo and the mystery of El Greco? Why do they amble blindly past Rembrandt and Rubens? I leave, sadly ashamed of my fellow human-beings.

The Mound leads me upwards to the Lawnmarket. Curious, I wander into Lady Stair's Close. The houses are tall and narrow and interesting. How wonderful it must be to live in such beautiful historical surroundings. There is one of the lucky occupants now, her ample person more than filling a narrow casement. She calls:

"Hey! Robert! Dirk! Come awa' in. It's time ye wis in bed!"

Mrs McPhee had always thought Dirk Bogarde was handsome so she'd called her first-born after him, despite the wrath of her husband. Wee Robert was called after his Grandpa. He was a fine man, till he took to drink. Remember, he used to say. . . .

Her reverie is rudely interrupted by the entrance of her sons. "Hush, hush!" she exclaims in a loud whisper, "Ye'll wake the bairns." Her two small daughters are already abed in the corner of the room. She leads her reluctant offspring to the sink under the window and ruthlessly washes off the day's warpaint and battle-stains. The grumbling warriors are now escorted "ben the hoose" to the tiny bedroom where they spend the night together on a dilapidated bedstead. Their mother bids them an unceremonious goodnight, and retires, leaving the complaining door ajar behind her. She scoops her mangy cat off the floor and steals from the room.

She gropes her way down the stinking spiral stair. At the second landing she pauses, sighs in annoyance at the gurgling sound which is issuing from behind a rough door, enters and viciously pulls the clanking chain of an unsavoury communal "cludgie," as it is known to the occupants of the house. The cistern wheezes and continues to gurgle; years ago it ceased to function properly.

She continues her descent and is startled by a slight movement in one of the dark recesses beside the doorway which leads to the back court. She recognises Stella, the girl who lives upstairs. Her platinum locks can be seen over the padded shoulder of an unattractive, pustular youth who is bidding her an amorous goodnight. Stella looks vaguely guilty, vaguely embarrassed, then shuts her eyes again and pretends she hasn't seen Mrs McPhee.

Mrs McPhee proceeds on her way, feeling slightly wistful, perhaps a trifle jealous. She deposits Bawdrons on the doorstep, removes her meagre washing from the line and gazes round the courtyard. A freshly-painted notice announces that this is Lady Stair's Close, of great historical interest and beauty. With an exclamation of "Them tourists!" Mrs McPhee remounts the stairs to join her eldest daughter in bed in the kitchen. There she will sleep fitfully until she is disturbed by the return of her husband from night-shift at six o'clock tomorrow morning.

Ah, Edinburgh! City of culture and beauty, home of royalty and nobility, home of poverty and misery, city of contrasts, how beautiful you are in the eyes of the affluent!

SHEENA KEITH, 6A.

GOLDFIN

He darts through the rippling water,
A flash of gold.
Bubbles of air float above him
His mouth snaps at unseen morsels
Is he lonely in his cold and watery home?
Wide, unblinking eyes gaze
Unseeing through the glass
Of his self-contained world.

JOYCE DORFMAN, 2L1.

"THE GIRL WITH THE MISSING TOOTH"

I HAVE a small friend. She is nine years old and graced with the name Maisie. She lives next door and there are five other children in her family. With such a big family, it is little wonder we forget names and call the children by nicknames, such as Johnny, "the boy with his socks round his ankles," Rena, "little Miss Busybody," and Maisie, "the girl with the missing tooth." It is about this tooth that I wish to tell you.

About two years ago, when I was sixteen and Maisie was seven, there was an accident. It happened one sunny summer day when I was baby-sitting next door while Maisie's mother, Mrs McConochie, was at work. This was my summer job and I loved it because of William. William McConochie was the sweetest, chubbiest, gurgliest baby I have ever seen and I looked after him. However, one morning, as I say, I was dandling William on my knee when the door burst open and a little figure flew in, wailing like a banshee. It was Maisie!

"Why, whatever is wrong?" I enquired, adopting a maternal air and reaching for a handkerchief.

"Thynthia'th bwoken my tooth!" she howled. "It wath my new one."

True enough, there was a gaping hole and a jagged bit of tooth, where once had been a new, white tooth. I had not reckoned on a situation like this—cut knees, black eyes or bleeding noses, perhaps—but not this!

"It'th ever tho thore!" wailed the youngster, hopping about in agony.

I decided that a visit to the dentist was necessary, so I called to the children to be good, popped William into his push chair, took him out again when I realised that he was wearing only a vest, replaced him dressed, shook Maisie into the wrong coat and rushed out of the house and whoosh! I tripped on a roller skate, fell down three stairs and broke a tooth! I could have wept—true it was not badly broken and could be crowned but I had the awful picture of Maisie and me appearing, a dentist's dream, looking like two prize fighters. William chuckled heartily and, thinking it was a new game, urged me on to greater efforts and Maisie was vastly amused and even forgot her sore tooth. Unfortunately I was not so appreciative of the joke and dragged them, hooting with laughter, to the bus stop.

We boarded the bus and I got the fare money out of my purse. The conductor, a rotund, jolly man breezed up and I heard myself say to him "A thixpenny and a half, pleathe." I had a horrible lisp! The conductor grinned; Maisie and I grinned back. The sight of us both, with the same teeth broken, grinning like a pair of idiots, quite overcame him and he went down the aisle guffawing loudly and shouting "Fareth, pleath!"

We got off at the next stop and after a short walk arrived at the dentist's house—a big, grey-stone, sombre place which looked about as inviting as a cowshed. This subdued even Maisie and we entered the waiting room like three slaves waiting to be fed to the lions.

"It's fine weather for the time of year, don't you think?" said a little old lady. Everyone looked up enquiringly. "I said, 'It's fine weather for the time of year,'" repeated the lady, speaking slowly as if to a backward child. Everyone nodded or grunted in reply and relapsed into silence. The old woman moved her chair over to William's push-chair and leaning over started to gurgle and coo at him. Frightened out of his skin, William started to cry lustily.

"Oh! Dear! What have I done now! Oh, my dear, I am sorry!" the poor old lady was quite flustered.

"It is all right," I said reassuringly, "William is nervous when he first meets strangers." I smiled sweetly, showing my gap. Maisie smiled too. . . .

"Oh! You are sisters then?" said the lady, evidently deciding that this lack of teeth was hereditary.

"Well, no! Not actually!" I mumbled. By this time everyone was gaping with great interest at us so I felt that there was nothing for it but to tell the whole story. Strangely enough, I found it amusing, too, and everyone exploded into mirth, especially when I told them about the conductor. Then the buzzer went and a young man went out, wiping his eyes and giggling hysterically.

"He is away to have all his teeth out!" someone told me. I do not think any dentist has ever had such happy patients.

That is my story. It may sound far-fetched but if you ever see a little girl, with a tooth missing, called Maithie McConochie, ask her if it's true.

DOREEN JAMES 4L2.

IONA

TO the unexpected day-tripper, the enchanting island of Iona can come as something of a shock. They are not prepared for the effect the island has upon them. After all, in this hard-bitten world where we live today, few people believe that there is still a place for enchantment.

On first view, Iona looks very similar to any other small island. Three miles by one-and-a-half, it rises gently from the sapphire-emerald sea to its highest point of 332 feet on Dun-I. The "village" has only one street with a small road leading directly up from the jetty. There is a Post Office, General Store, and two shops selling the usual souvenirs to tourists.

What, then, makes Iona different? An abbey; not just an ordinary abbey, but one so steeped in history that it has an aura of mystery which radiates over the whole island. Here St. Columba came in A.D. 563, with his small band of followers, to build the first abbey. Since then, it has been ruined and restored again and again. In 1938, the Iona Community was founded by Dr George McLeod. He, too, found men to help him to restore the abbey to its present state of completion this year.

As one of the youth campers going to Iona this summer, I hope that the completion of the abbey has not given a "dead-end" feeling to the island. If that has happened, Iona will have lost forever the charm, beauty, and peace which go to make up the unique atmosphere. To experience it you must go there yourself and see and feel what makes the island of Iona.

MARJORIE NEILL, 6B1.

THE CHRISTMAS EVE SERVICE

THE cynics of today are often heard to say that Christmas is mere sentimentality. If what I hear and see in St. Cuthbert's Church on Christmas Eve is sentimental rubbish, I wish there could be more of it throughout the year.

The pavements glisten with frost and Christmas trees sparkle in every window, as the joyous crowd make their way to church. Once we are inside the heavy doors, the laughter stills, and a reverent hush falls over the congregation. From high above echoes the music of the bells and the candles along the choir-stalls flicker daintily. A stately Christmas tree, clad all in silver, reflects a host of tiny flames.

The service is a simple one. The old familiar carols are sung with joyous enthusiasm. The Minister's message is simple and direct, and touches the heart of each of the thousands who throng his church. As I sit in the beauty of that dark church, my eyes fill with tears frequently. Why? I don't know. There is no sadness, only serene joy.

The chimes of midnight ring out. It is Christmas Day—the Birthday of Baby Jesus. The congregation rise to sing, "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing, Christ is born in Bethlehem."

Too soon, it is all over and the crowd jostles its way outside, with many happy cries of, "Merry Christmas!" and as the people go their various ways, I think it is rather sad that at only Christmas can the church be full.

KERRY CHALMERS, 2L1.

THE EARLIEST "WILD BIRDS PROTECTION ACT" ON RECORD?

RECENTLY, while reading through some old history reference books on Edinburgh in the Public Library, I noted an article on the Meadows, and part of Bruntsfield Links. Approximately four centuries ago, the Meadows consisted of a large loch known as the Burgh or South Loch. Through the decades, it has been gradually drained by the breweries using the waters and building sluices, till it was as it is today. One of these sluices was at Tollcross in Lochrin—the rin or run of the loch.

The surrounding marshland bore a rough grass known as "gyrs." The poorer people used this for bedding for their animals, etc. They also collected the eggs of the water-fowl that nested in the "gyrs" (possibly ducks) for nourishment. The removal of the eggs and "gyrs" was cutting down the numbers of birds.

A motion was set before the Council, and on 19th April, 1581, the Council decreed that persons found removing either "gyrs" or eggs were liable for prosecution, before "midsummer next." This period protected the nesting time. Reference to this may be found in Book X of the Old Edinburgh Club, page 254.

GAYE GORDON, 1fl.

McKAY

There was a wee haggis whose name was McKay,
He was born in the heather wi' three ither fry,
But he was the brawest, the pick o' the litter,
And nae ither haggis could brag they were fitter.

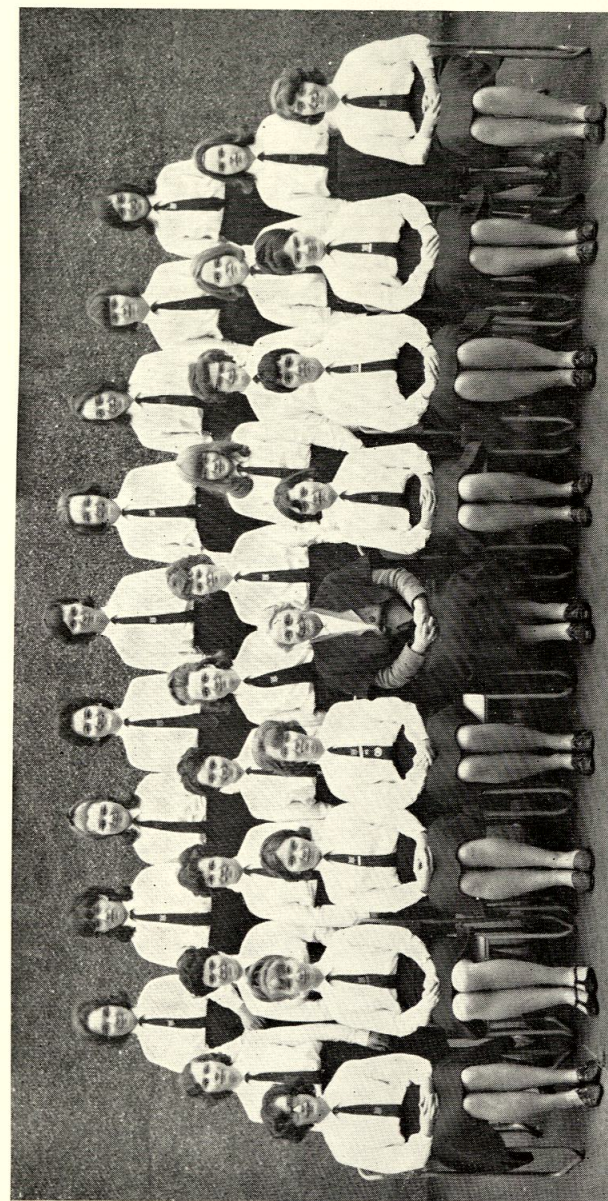
He dwelt all his days in the hills near Glencoe
Where lived haggis Macdonald—a hazardous foe.
There wasnae a day passed that they didnae fight.
For McKay lived on land which was 'Donald's by right.

But through all their battles McKay fought sae weel
That Macdonald invited him ower for a spiel.
There they drank all the whisky till up came the moon
And they rolled on their tummies and slept until noon.

The next day the bagpipes were blown full blast
By the two little haggis who were friendly at last,
In their sporrans and kilties they made a braw show
In the heather, the Highlands, the hills near Glencoe.

ALISON BAYES, 2L2.

SCHOOL PREFECTS 1964-65



Back Row—E. GRANT, E. SHEDDAN, M. ROBERTSON, A. SMITH, L. WISHART, E. WILSON, K. AITKEN, L. FALCONER, I. RENNIE.
Centre Row—M. KING, G. BAGGULEY, M. WARNOCK, M. WHIGHAM, M. GUNN, J. POTTS, F. ARDAL, K. SAMUEL, A. BASHFORD,
G. FULTON.
Front Row—V. CONWAY, S. KEITH, E. BROOKS, M. RUNNICKES, MISS STEEL, J. BURLEY, S. MACKENZIE, A. MCCLAFFERTY,
D. OGILVIE.

Photo by E. R. Yerbury & Son

JAPANESE PRINT (18th Century)

Monumental wave,
 poised in clawing menace over the tiny vessel deep in its trough;
 Formless clouds,
 moving across the sky: dark, broodingly oppressive;
 Insignificant craft,
 whose cowering occupants, frenzied, cover their faces;
 While one,
 convulsively leans forward, as though to quell the wave with impotent
 outstretched arms;

And behind,
 the pleated mountains, fold on fold, impassive symbols of eternity;
 All,
 caught in an everlasting climax, whose tension—forces the eyes away.

ROSALIND NICOL, 6A.

LINES

From the Russian of A. Fyot

To you with greeting I have come,
 To tell o' the rising of the sun;
 To say that, 'mid the leaves, its light
 Is quivering, now hot and bright;
 To say that the whole forest, first,
 Is filled with its keen spring thirst,
 In every branch, is wide awake.
 Where every bird its wings doth shake;
 To plead that with passion, the same
 As yesterday, I've come again,
 My soul as ready as before
 To serve both joy and you—e'en more;
 To tell you that from everywhere
 A breath of mirth comes to me here;
 And know I not what I shall sing—
 But that a song is ripening. . . .

MARGARET MACKENZIE, 6A.

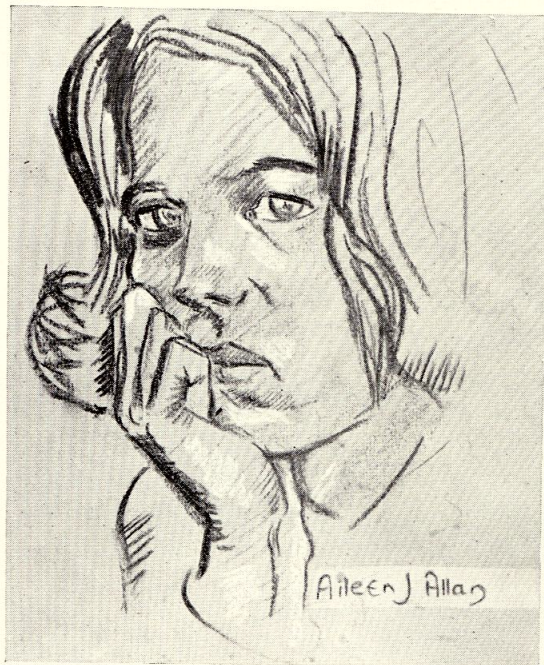
TRUST

A childlike trust is that which lacks
 The doubt that bars the adult mind
 From quite believing in the facts
 That children, without seeking, find.

I hope that when I grow in years
 The doubt will vanish and I'll see
 That in my heart there'll be no fears
 And once again a child I'll be.

MAUREEN FORRESTER, 3L2.

GWEN FULTON 5C.



AILEEN ALLAN 5C.

LITTER

In town and country, streets and lanes,
On the pavements, down the drains,
Beside us here, and over there.
Litter scattered everywhere.

Dirty; smelling; unhygienic;
Spoiling all the scenic
Beauty of the Scottish Highlands,
On the mainland; on the islands;
Always over hills and vales
Blown about in all the gales.
Litter baskets do no good,
Picnickers leave all their food
And other scraps lying around
In little heaps upon the ground.

Paper; tin cans; broken glass;
Lying hidden in the grass,
At the seashore, in the sea,
To cut the feet of you and me,
Or anyone who plays about.
Next thing they'll know
(Without a doubt)
Is having stitches in and out.

Rubbish; waste, and ashes hidden,
In an overflowing midden.
Tickets; papers—it's a pity
Signs like these spoil every city.

Fines of one pound, five pounds, ten pounds,
You must agree, it really sounds
As though the culprit would then stop
Letting bits of paper drop.
But this is not the case, you see,
Folks are known to you and me
Who fling their rubbish all about,
And earn the name of litter lout.

Shame; disgust and apprehension,
Living in a state of tension;
Never since the first creation
Has the future of our nation
Been so imperilled from within
As now, because of this foul sin.

Ideas, Ideals, thoughts for others,
Mothers, Fathers, Sisters, Brothers,
Aunts and Uncles; Friends and Neighbours,
Strangers; any one who labours

Must fight on
To free the country of these scandals
Imposed by oh! so many vandals,
Until they feel they each can thole
This motto—clean in mind and soul.
For, people with a love of beauty
Will always try to do their duty,
And put waste in their litter bins,
And not be guilty of these sins
Of leaving litter in the street,
But keep the cities clean and neat.

ISOBEL BLACKLAWS, 2L1.

"THESE I HAVE LOVED"

These I have loved:
Old blackboards, past their best,
The scrape of chalk and feathery, fairy dust;
School dinners; many-tasting food;
Kilted sausages, dripping grease, but good;
Yellow sponge, drowned in a sea of custard,
Or Apple Charlotte, Eve's Pudding and rhubarb:
Wind; howling round a corner classroom;
Rows of blazers, scarves; gold and maroon—
Name tags gone; the rough male kiss
Of paper towels; the hot water's steamy hiss;
Carbolic soap; crates of milk piled
At the foot of the stairs; reports filed
Away; bowls of hyacinth and daffodils,
That for six spring terms on window-sills
Filled the air with pleasant smells; the view
From dusty windows; the ethereal blue
Of the sky; our friendly red sandstone
Building, defying wind and weather; the home
Of our feathered friends; the pale green
Of summer dresses; the Persil whiteness of blouses . . .

Dear names,—

Caesar's Gallic Wars; conic sections and planes;
The deep-panting at games; the strong wield
Of a hockey stick; the foe vanquished in the field:
Gentle sleep in the library, enwrapped
With books; desks engraved "Here slept . . .";
The comfortable smell of inky fingers;
Bunsen burners; the musty reek that lingers
About the science lab.; voices that sing,
Laughter and cloakroom gossip; the welcome ring
After a lazy Friday afternoon; the last day,
The last term; the concert with full-throated harmony;
Speeches; silver cups—clean gleaming—and prizes;
The "fideles" and the "fortes";
All these have been my loves.

ANNE L. HUME, 6A.

HORSES

Horses—wild ones,
Strong, muscular stallions of white,
black and grey in colour.

Small, swift mares nibbling
the grass, but keeping a watchful
eye on their young.

Dainty foals, fillies and colts,
Some newly-born,
Others a few weeks old,
playing on the grass.
A few chasing each other,
Some staging mock battles,
Others content to lie blissfully in the sun.

A few mares stray too far from the herd;
The stallion rounds them up,
Head low on the ground, neck stretched.
Gently he nips them.
The mares automatically swing round, and
gallop back to the herd.
The stallion follows, his hoof-beats sounding
like thunder on the hard ground.

Evening falls, all is quiet,
The mares and foals fall asleep one by one.
The stallion stands upright,
Head erect, nose quivering, ears pricked
for any sound of danger.
He is a picture of harsh beauty as he stands
against the rocks, his mane blowing in the breeze.
He will guard his herd from danger.

The horse—especially the wild one,
was, is, and always will be, one of
the most beautiful creatures in the world.

LINDSAY McLEAN, 2L1.

GUITAR

Have you ever sat and looked,
Like me, with longing at a guitar,
Watched a light bulb, swinging back and forth
Reflecting in the smooth, curved body?

What beauty there is in a guitar!
All lines are smooth, no angles
To mar the gentleness or harden the eye
Of the enraptured beholder.

Run your hand over the wooden
Body. See the gold and red grain
Blending to make a thing of beauty—
A guitar.

Look at the shining strings, look, my friend.
They sparkle in the sunlight of a new,
Free day, the moonlight of a lover's ballad,
Or the false light of forked tongues.

But more. Listen, listen!
Love, my brothers and sisters, love as I do
The gentleness of love,
The roughness of protest.

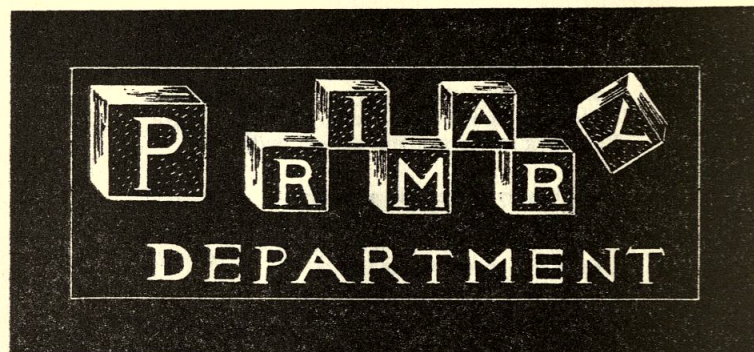
I reach out to the instrument that
Makes the sounds
That pluck at my heart strings.

SUSAN FINLAY, 4P.

SUBURBIA

Red-roofed rows with apple trees and lilacs,
And cherry petal-scattered velvet squares,
Rich tea roses growing near the garages
Comfort the tired eyes of returning commuters.
But here and there a gash, and in the gap
A highflung tower of glass that gently sways
Its topmost tip in time with apple trees and lilacs,
And scarcely sees the neat, green velvet squares.
The comfortable bourgeois shake their heads
Within their comfortable villa-boxes.
A new stiff giant marches on their world
And scatters all the sweet, tea roses in the sky.

CHRISTINE BINNIE, 6A.



PETS

ONCE I received a letter addressed to Jennifer Malcolm, Firdene Menagerie. The address was not very far wrong for at that time we had two tortoises, two goldfish, dozens of tadpoles, dozens of stick insects and we owned two dogs, but only one lived with us.

Since then one of our tortoises went blind and died, but the male, Johnny, has demolished a large portion of our rockery. Last year he buried himself under two-thirds of the compost heap before he was discovered. One of our goldfish died naturally, but the other had to be gassed, as it was dying slowly and painfully. We spent a shilling on phone calls trying to find out what to do with it.

All the stick insects are dead; so are the tadpoles (the dog drank them!). One insect's egg was stuck in our button jar. My mother was finding some buttons when something walked across the table. It was a stick insect. I gave it food, but it was too weak to live.

Both dogs are alive. Teufel has a habit of watering our hall for us, and then barking furiously. Ianto will tear to shreds anything tearable, including doors and windowsills.

I would like to keep an otter, and some more goldfish would be welcome. I have threatened my mother that I will keep a toad, but so far I have not found one.

JENNIFER MALCOLM, P7(1).

ON HER MAJESTY'S SERVICE

OUR class was told to make a scrapbook about New Zealand. Unfortunately I had no pictures or information about that country. So I decided to write a letter to the only person I had heard of in New Zealand, Mr Keith Holyoake, the Prime Minister, asking him for information. Soon a reply came back. It was stamped with the New Zealand coat-of-arms and had "Prime Minister of New Zealand" and "O.H.M.S." written on it. Mr Holyoake thanked me for my letter and promised to send me some pictures of his country. My parents and I were very excited about the letter which is now one of my most treasured possessions.

ANN LANDELS, P7(1).

A VISIT TO "HILL 60"

IN July, 1963, my family went abroad. We visited Belgium, and saw several very interesting sights. The first was the Menin Gate, which is a huge arch over the main road near Ypres. On it were millions of names of soldiers who died in the First World War. Daddy thought that his uncle's name might be on it, but we didn't see it.

Next we went to "Hill 60", near Paschendael, which is a little village that was completely demolished during the fighting. "Hill 60" is an open-air museum, showing relics of the war. The trenches are still there, and also uniforms, rifles, and other tools of war. There was even a set, with a knife, fork, spoon, comb, razor and toothbrush, belonging to a dead soldier. There was also a small building with pictures taken at the time of the fighting. Looking at the surrounding green fields, we were told that they had been a sea of mud in which soldiers had drowned. I thought that it sounded horrible but my little brother revelled in it. At last, we came away feeling that we had been privileged to see a part of history.

BARBARA HINE, P7(1).

TELEVISION APPEARANCE

IT all started when Daddy was to appear on television. He received a phone message at work and he came rushing into the house at one o'clock intending to mount stamps on black pieces of cardboard. None could be found in the house, and I had to rush out to buy some at once.

He put all his stamps into his brief case. As he was doing this, a button fell off his jacket. Mummy quickly sewed it on for him, and just as she was finishing off, the car which was to take him to Glasgow drew up to our door. Off he went.

About ten minutes later the door bell rang. I went to the door and to my surprise I saw Daddy there, furiously angry.

He had left his stamps behind! Then he went away again.

When we saw him on the television, the monitor didn't work and the interviewer and Daddy were talking about stamps that were not on the monitor. Mary Marquis was upset because of that and because of the item about a doll collection which was also on the programme. The man who was supposed to explain about the dolls walked out and she had to do it herself.

When Daddy came home he discovered that he had left his stamps at Queen Margaret Drive B.B.C. television studios, and that crowned everything!

That was an exciting day!

LINDA JONES, P7(2).

TWENTY-FOUR POUNDS

IN the holidays I went to Kirkcaldy. The Roundabouts were playing gay music and there were also hoopla stalls, fruit machines, ponies, the Helter Skelter, Wall of Death, Roll the Penny Stalls, Roll the Ball Stalls, Rockets, Hit the Coconut Stalls, Win a Goldfish Stalls, Bingo and Darts, etc., but my favourite was the Shooting Gallery.

We had wandered through the Fair for some time before we found it. I had only one shilling left so I decided to spend it here. I waited while the man loaded my gun then aimed for the tiny black spot in the middle of the card. I fired a perfect hit! I was amazed. I fired three more shots all of them perfect hits. I had won the jackpot which was £24.

The man handed me the money. I felt as if I was robbing him. I had paid one shilling and received twenty-four pounds! That night I took my family out for supper as a special treat.

JENNIFER MORRIS, P7(2).

A ROYAL VISIT

MY mother is matron of Silverlea Old Folk's Home at Silverknowes. The Home is occupied by fifty-four old people.

In the month of December, 1964, it was arranged that Princess Alexandra should visit Silverlea before she went to Portobello Secondary School. As the date of the Princess's visit drew nearer the old folk became very excited. At last the day came and at 10.30 a.m. the Princess arrived. The oldest lady, Mrs Macdonald, who was ninety-three at the time, presented a small bouquet of flowers to Her Royal Highness. At first, my mother was very nervous but she was soon at ease with the Princess who spoke to each of the old folk separately. This made them very pleased. All too soon, however, it was time for the Princess to leave.

That night, I was very proud to see my mother appear on television and to see her picture in the newspaper. A few days later my mother received a letter from Princess Alexandra's lady-in-waiting who had written to say how much the Princess had enjoyed her visit to Silverlea. This letter is now framed and hangs upon the wall of my mother's office.

JOAN FLEMING, P6(1).

FIRE!

MY young sister and I were sitting at the living-room table when my mother ran in calling that the chips would be burning as she had left them far too long. Sure enough, when she threw open the kitchenette door, part of the cooker was ablaze, and the fire was spreading fast.

We were hustled into our bedroom to be out of the way while mother ran to fetch the neighbours. When she returned she found our living-room filled with smoke, and so she opened the window. Both the living-room and bedroom windows are at the back of the house, and as the wind was blowing towards the back of the house, the smoke billowing from the living-room window was being blown back into our bedroom window. Meanwhile mother had telephoned for the Fire Brigade.

Just as I thought we would be suffocated, some kind neighbours invited us into their house. Thankfully we went along the hall, amidst the smell of smoke and burning, to our neighbour's house.

When we returned to the house a little while later, we found our living-room a mass of charred, black articles. I was very relieved it was all over.

FIONA McOWAN, P.6(1).

BUYING MY BUDGERIGAR

ON Monday the 27th of August 1963, I raced down the Meadows to find Mummy and Daddy waiting for me in the car.

We drove round the corner where the Tollcross Pet Shop is. I saw rabbits, hamsters but something caught my eye, yes—it was a lovely blue budgerigar.

He has a sparkling blue plumage and an exceptionally long, bright, blue tail. The time before when we went to buy him he was still in an egg.

I received him in a little cardboard box with a handle to hold it. There were a few holes for him to breathe through.

At last when we arrived home I made up my mind to call him "Joey."

ANNE MILLER, P6(2).

THE KIEL CANAL

ON our way to Poland we passed through the Kiel Canal which was an interesting experience. As we approached the lock we saw vessels from every direction converging on the canal. It was like Princes Street on a Saturday. We stopped to pick up the pilot who climbed nimbly up the rope ladder. He guided us slowly into the lock with only inches to spare on either side. Soon we were cruising slowly eastwards over the still waters of the canal. A steady flow of ships of many different countries passed us going in the opposite direction, occasionally stopping at the traffic lights. We saw several windmills on the flat countryside we passed. At intervals road and rail bridges spanned the waterway. Everything was very clean and tidy and the houses were freshly painted. As we stopped for six hours for refuelling it was late afternoon before the "Baltrover" reached the second half of the canal. Here the flat countryside gave way to steep, thickly wooded banks. Darkness had fallen as we reached the busy industrial town of Kiel. There, under the bright lights we took aboard some cargo, passed through the lock and out to the Baltic Sea. Behind us lay the twinkling lights of Kiel. Ahead, a day's journey away, was Poland and the most exciting holiday I have ever had.

VANDA GORZKOWSKI, P6(2).

UP IN A HELICOPTER

WHIRR! The blue helicopter landed beside us and the door opened. The pilot came out and shook hands with us all.

His helicopter was carrying steel bars up on to the mountains to build pylons. He was employed by the firm to which my father belonged and, as Dad was the head of that job, we were invited to go up in the helicopter.

We were standing in the yard of Inversnaid Hotel on the shores of Loch Lomond.

Mummy and I went up first. It was wonderful up in the air, everything was so small, yet so easy to pick out. We were even able to see the men building the pylons. We circled round quite a bit and then came down in the yard again.

I enjoyed my ride in a helicopter very much!

FIONA MALCOLM, P5(1).

A DAY WITH GREYFRIAR'S BOBBY

WHEN my daddy was a policeman he was asked to take the dog who played the part of Greyfriar's Bobby to the children's home at Granton and, as we live at Granton daddy said he would take us. Of course this was lovely, for travelling in a police car was nice enough, but sitting in a police car with a famous dog on your knee—well I was too astonished for words! The dog was very good-natured and his rough, wiry coat shone. His little velvety ears were cocked up with pleasure. He behaved well all the way and when we arrived at the home I was very sad to leave him. I was very happy to know that he had a good home for he had retired from show life.

SUSAN ROSS, P5(1).

A VISIT TO THE DOCTOR

ONE day I went to the doctor because my knees were squint. A lady doctor and four students looked at my knees. Then the doctor said, "Go for a walk and shut the door." I thought that she meant, go for a walk along the corridor, but she meant, walk round the room and shut the door. I had walked out and was walking along the corridor when a student caught up with me and told me to come back. When I went into the room everyone was laughing.

SUSAN FOLEY, P5(2).

SMIGUS

OF all Polish customs smigus (pronounced smee-goosh) is the funniest. Young men and boys, shouting "Smigus!" run after their girl friends trying to throw water on them. Instead of throwing water some richer townfolk spray perfume. You can only do this on Easter Monday.

MARIA WATSON, P5(2).

MY BROTHER

MY brother's name is Douglas. If Douglas is in a good mood it is a rare thing. On Saturday, 1st May, my father took him to get a bicycle. It cost ten pounds. The week before had been Douglas's birthday. He received £7 10s. and a record, and also money from a paper round he does. The next day after getting the bicycle, Douglas rode to Kirknewton before anyone else was up. We used to have to push Douglas out. Now we can't keep him in.

JEAN MORRISON, P4(1).

THE FUNNY MISTAKE

ONE day I brought home from school three daffodil bulbs for the Flower Show in March. Knowing that they were quite safe, mummy put them on the kitchen table. In came daddy that night. He was hungry. Daddy went into the kitchen where the bulbs were. He lifted them up, put them into the frying-pan, and fried them for his supper. Later he found out that he had fried bulbs instead of onions!

VALERIE LESTER, P4(1).

POOR MUFFINS

ON Friday Mother went to the busy shops. When she came back, Muffins, my dog, was chewing the tooth-paste. Her mouth was foaming with it. Mother had to rinse her mouth six times before it was cleaned. It was all very funny.

JANE GELLATLY P4(2).

LAMBING

IN our Easter holidays I travelled to my Uncle Frank's farm at St. Boswells. My uncle was waiting in the house.

After dinner we were looking at a sheep that was lying down. Suddenly the sheep started pressing my uncle, who told me that it was going to lamb. My uncle tried to help, and he did. At first the lamb did not breathe, and so my uncle had to give the lamb the kiss of life.

AILEEN GUTHRIE, P4(2).

KAREN

MY Auntie Margaret has had a new baby. Her name is Karen Margaret. When we went to see Karen, she was sleeping, and when she was wakened I was allowed to hold her. She was very warm indeed, and made my legs very warm. She had a lot of hair. She was wearing a little suit that will grow with her.

LINDA McLEAN, P3(1).

MY DOG

I HAVE a Dobermann Pinscher puppy. His name is Kaspar, which is German for Jasper. Although he is only five months old he is already very big and eats lots of meat. Dobermanns are the largest terriers in the world and are used as watch dogs, but mummy has to watch Kaspar because he is such a terror.

SUZANNE WHITAKER P3(1).

GRANDAD'S HOUSE

I VISIT Gran and Grandad every Saturday at their house. Grandad was a good runner and he won so many races that he was given a black and gold clock. It has never stopped for fifty years.

FIONA GLOVER P3(2).

MY BROKEN ARM

I SHALL never forget the day I fell off my scooter and broke my arm. The doctor said I must go to hospital. The nurse came and took me to be X-rayed. While my arm was being set they put me to sleep. When I awoke mummy took me home.

JANE HESLOP P3(2).

PRIMARY 2(1)

1. I went to Goldbirgs to meet my Grandma. We went into Goldbirgs. My Grandma was skarde to go on the eskilaters. I had to take her hand. I had jouse and a chocklate biscit.
2. One day I did not feel well, so my mummy phoned the doctor. The doctor said to stay in bed and he said I had pneumone. Then I got better and I was aloud back to school.
3. I have a kind Mummy. She is a good cook. She has brown hair. She has greeny brown eyes. I like her. She has a beautiful smile. She is a gay person.
4. My Father has blue eyes. He is forty years old. He wears a brown suit and a blue and white shirt. He has brown hair. He is called James. He works at a shkool.
5. Yestersay was Parents Day. Before my Mummy came I made my desk nice and tidy. When my Mummy came I let her see my stories. I let my Mummy see our goldfish. Best of all Mummy liked the season pictures we had made. I am glad we had a Parents Day.

PRIMARY 2(2)

1. My daddy works in a yonaversary and he is a teacher and he teaches stydents and he has a car. He has blue eyes like me and he has black hair and he has tickely toes.
2. A circus is grate fun. Have you ever been to a circus. I haven't been to a circus but I know what it is like in the tent.
3. Once my daddy went to Italy. He saw a volcano. It was smoking. He told me about it. That is why I am writing about it. I thot he was very very brave.
4. My daddy is a funny daddy. He is an engineer. He makes pennies and shillings. He is clever and he plays tricks on mummy. He has black hair.
5. A little lamb slid and fell to the bottom and brocked his leg. He could not walk but it was lucky a boy came over. He said is this lamb yours to a farmer. He said yes O my God what could I do with such a noty lamb.

PRIMARY 1(1)

1. We went to a funders servas today and Miss Steel was shoing us a snuff box and James Glespees Buebell. James Glespee had a nofel lot of muny. Our school soing is a nice soing at the servas we said prars we saing soings I liked the servas.
2. I am going to the heelins to see my Uunckl Androo at lochlochly neer the see.
3. I got a new dufl bag it is tartin it has injustbl straps I like it.
4. I went to see a membr ov palamints wife and we staid for tea on the poling day.
5. When I had chichn pocs I had lots ov spoots on my tumey. Mumey poot puooder on me uoot ov a tin.
6. I went to Selcirk on Sunday. Dad had to go to cut a ladas feet. I had tea it was a hotel.
7. I got new kinky boots. I like them they are cosy. I got them in Jane are alins.

8. I went to birmingham for a week and owrs it took us to get there it took us 10 owrs.
9. On Sunday I went to graey frayers chirch yard. I saw graey fraers bobys grave and my cusin to.
10. I am getting mymosic to day. I like it my aunty gives me it no wane is a loud in the room not even mummy.
11. On Sunday I saw two babys being crisand thay were a boy and a giril. I liked the boy best becos he was qyite.
12. I went to see the styoodents they were funy one was scooshing woter at us my little bruther luvd the divls I saw big ben.
13. I went to the lion house at the zoo and played with a pouma. A he or she was in the cage, and I saw him up on the bars and waved good-by.

PRIMARY 1(2)

1. My favret progam is top of the pops it is oll a buwt sining I lik the betills best and the rolling stons and the moojibloos.
2. I had a crislis and one day it chancht into a butrfly I let it uot and it floo a way.
3. I am going to a weding necxt weeck on Satrdi Aftmrnoon my mother is waringe a muster dress at the weding her boy frend name is moss.
4. wee so mrs steel and mrs ridll and the snuf box and we did sing thankin god for all thees thins.
5. I saw jimglespis bibl I saw dokrsmol with his red robon I saw al the big girls and ol the luvly flours that were ol dfrint kulrs.
6. I had chicanpocs and I playd gams with maicel and mummy and granny and jock my dog barced at us he wonted to play to.
7. I went to athir seet it was a long wae I went up the gutd hadi it was dficklt I went down the cesae wae.
8. after dady came home from americer he went strat to bed we hato be very kquiete notto awechim.
9. On tuesday I had a holiday off school. on the holiday I was a coock and I coockd sisige rowlse and a cacke and some biscuits. at tea-time we ate the sosige rowlse the cake and the biscuits.
10. Pegy is a graye sqwrll she leks nuts and crisps a speshlly nuts Pegy is kwite tame she cums into the classroom and looks for nuts.
11. We feed a polre baer, his name is jim glespay. he has a chum his name is cweenay. Do you no how we feed him. we save penase and send them away to bye fish. wuns they ate a seel.
12. On Satrday peeter and dorothi came to my house and on Sunday peeter put his foot throo the glass door and he had to be tackne a way to hospite.



THE LITERARY AND DRAMATIC SOCIETY

THE object of the Literary and Dramatic Society this session has been to diversify the syllabus by having fewer debates than in previous years. To this end we have had only two debates in school, entitled "That conformity to fashion is a sign of mediocrity" and "That the pace of modern life detracts from its pleasure." We also had two inter-debates, one with the Royal High School, entitled "That hypocrisy is the pillar to which Christianity clings," and a quadrangular debate with George Watson's College, Cranley and Boroughmuir—"That men are becoming more effeminate." The latter was a source of great amusement, and both inter-debates were well attended.

The second meeting of the session was something of an innovation. Under the auspices of the "Lit," we visited the Gateway Theatre to see Noel Coward's sophisticated comedy, "Present Laughter."

Although towards the end of the winter term attendances had been falling off, they picked up again in the spring term, encouraged no doubt by the wealth of hitherto undiscovered talent displayed by the Fourth Year in their play, "The Bully," produced by their representative, Barbara Wilson.

The joint Burns Supper with George Heriot's School enjoyed its usual popularity; this year it was held in Heriot's and the witty and amusing address given by the speaker, the Rev. Andrew Graham, contributed much to the success of the evening.

The Third Year's contribution was a "Tall Story Evening" at which our younger members exhibited both skill and confidence.

After frantic rehearsal, the Sixth Year presented "Sixth Year Knights," an unrecorded event in the life of King Arthur and his Round Table companions. Our thanks go to the producer, Rosemary Lister, for the time and work which she devoted to the cause of "culture."

The Inter-House Drama Competition proved to be a great success, and was won by Gilmore House.

The end of the Spring Term saw the "Lit" committee taking part with George Heriot's School in an informal reading of John Dighton's farcical comedy, "The Happiest Days of Your Life." The cast, at least, found it highly amusing!

Lastly, I should like to thank all members of the committee for their help and co-operation, especially Miss Dingwall, who has nobly encouraged us with her unfailing support. Our appreciation also goes to Mr Froud and Mr Baxter, who, despite many encroachments upon their time, have remained patient throughout.

To our successors on the committee, and to all future "Lit" members, we convey our best wishes for as much enjoyment from the Society as we ourselves have had.

VIVIENNE J. CONWAY, *Secretary.*

SCIENCE ASSOCIATION

OUR Syllabus this session has been both varied and enjoyable, and we were glad to see the consistent support given to the Association by its members, especially the younger ones.

We have had two Film Nights, the films ranging in subject from "The Manufacture of Soap" to "The Discovery of Penicillin."

Dr Gordon Craig, from Edinburgh University, delivered an absorbing lecture, amply illustrated with colourful slides, on his journey through the Grand Canyon, and an account given by George Heriot's Sub-aqua Group of their activities proved very successful.

We were disappointed that Mr Gilbert Fisher's talk had to be cancelled, but we hope that he will consent to visit us next year instead.

The winter term ended with a lecture on the weather, given by Mr Jessop of the Meteorological Office. This provided us with an insight into the complexities of weather forecasting, and helped us to appreciate the hard work and research necessary to make accurate predictions.

The highlights of the spring term was a talk on the making of beer, and this was later followed up by an extremely interesting and informative outing to the brewery.

A talk on the making of Ordnance Survey Maps, given by Commander Clint, brought the session to a successful finish. That this lecture had been of great interest was shown by the numbers who stayed behind to examine at close quarters the maps which had been brought along.

Throughout the session, the committee and other volunteers have been covering and cataloguing books, kindly lent by Miss Dunbar, which are to form the basis of a Science Association Library. We hope that future members will make full use of this library, which contains much up-to-date and informative reading matter.

Our sincere thanks go to Miss Dunbar for her helpful advice and services throughout the session, and we wish next year's committee every success.

VIVIENNE J. CONWAY, *Secretary.*

THE CHOIR

THIS year has been a very rewarding one for the school choir. Under the able guidance of Mr Sommerville we have given a number of public performances. Probably the highlights of the Session was the performance which we gave to the Organists' Society in March. The programme included "See the Gypsies," "Oh Waly, Waly," and "Johnnie Cope," which was arranged by Mr Sommerville. As is the custom, we sang a group of carols at the annual service at St. Cuthbert's, and "Praise, My Soul, the King of Heaven" at the Founder's Day Service. The Reid Memorial Church

has a number of musical half-hours before each evening service, and it was at one of these half-hours that we were invited to sing. It was a most enjoyable evening, and tea was provided for us afterwards by members of the Youth Fellowship.

Once again, we should like to convey our sincere thanks to Mr Sommerville for the never-ending work and patience with which he has guided us through this Session.

MARGARET RUNNICLES, 6A.

THE ORCHESTRA

The orchestra has had another profitable and enjoyable session under the expert guidance of its conductor Mr Sommerville. Most of the time was spent in preparing for a recital given near the end of the second term by choir, orchestra and soloists in the Middle Hall, James Gillespie's High School, for the Edinburgh Society of Organists.

The works included excerpts from Wagner's Overture to The Meistersingers and Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, a concertino for piano and string orchestra by Walter Leigh, with Margaret Robertson as soloist, and a serenade by Matthias. This was followed in the last week of term by an abbreviated programme of the same works given in the Reid Memorial Church. The summer term was spent as usual in preparing for the school concert. Many thanks are due to Mr Sommerville to whose valuable guidance we are all very much indebted.

OLWEN RENSHAW, 6B(1).

SCRIPTURE UNION

THE Scripture Union has had a profitable year, with numbers for the summer term remaining constantly above those for the same period last year.

In our Thursday morning meetings we have varied our activities by holding an Inter-House Quiz, a discussion taken from a Scripture Union Publication called "Let's Talk" in which members of the Branch had an opportunity to take an active part in the meeting, two meetings conducted exclusively by Second and Third Year girls, and one conducted by members of the Staff. We have shown film-strips about Easter and about S.U. camp, and slides of the Holy Land at Christmas proved popular. Our guest speakers have included Miss Judith Anderson, last year's Branch Secretary, Miss Elizabeth Tucker and Miss Lizbeth Hodnett, secretary of the Africa Evangelical Fellowship. Later this term we hope to welcome Miss F. S. Kilpatrick, the East of Scotland Staff worker.

We have not, however, confined our activities to school but have experienced the dangers of a hockey match against Daniel Stewart's S.U. Branch, which "they" won, enjoyed an outing for First to Third Year girls to Corstorphine Hill and look forward to a Swimming Gala to be held in June. Six girls attended the Africa Evangelical Fellowship Conference in November at Crieff, and other Branch members went to the S.U. Christmas Conference in Dumbarton. Several girls attended camp at Easter; many more intend to go during the Summer holidays. We have held a weekly Bible Study for Fifth and Sixth Year girls, while First to Third Year girls have enjoyed the once-monthly "Squallies" held in Tollcross

HOCKEY 1st XI 1964-65



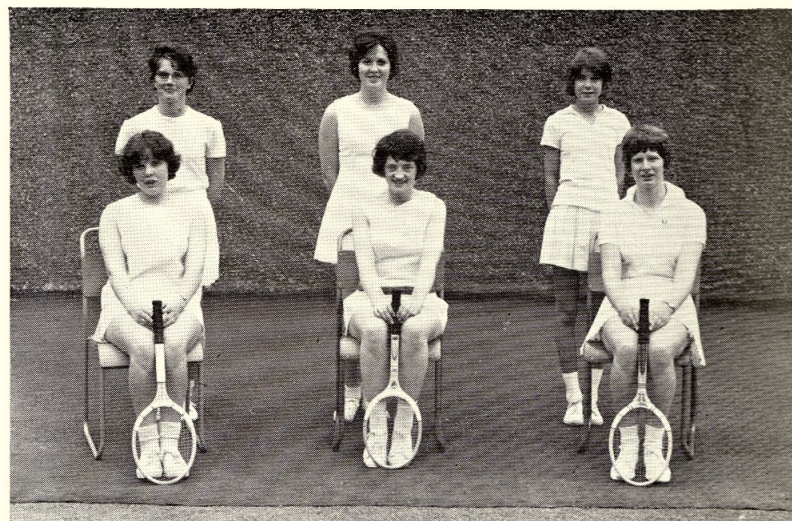
Back Row—M. KEAN, J. GEDDES, E. WILSON, C. SIDOR, S. ROBERTS.
Front Row—M. KING, M. WARNOCK, S. MACKENZIE (Captain),
M. McKECHNIE, M. WHIGHAM.
Absent—C. THOMSON.

ATHLETICS 1965



Back Row—A. ALEXANDER, A. SPEIGHT, M. KAY, M. RUNNICLES, S.
ROBERTS, D. MACKENZIE.
Front Row—S. MACKENZIE, B. BAIN, E. SHEDDAN (Captain), M. WARNOCK,
M. KEAN.

Photos by E. R. Yerbury & Son



Back Row—H. KEAN, M. NORTHWOOD, J. GRANT.
Front Row—E. MITCHELL, M. McKECHNIE (Captain), B. BEATTIE.

PRIMARY SCHOOL NETBALL



Back Row—J. MACDONALD, L. DICKSON, R. GORDON, J. MAXWELL.
Front Row—L. ARCHIBALD, A. BAUERMEISTER (Captain), F. COCKBURN.

Photos by E. R. Yerbury & Son

School. At the monthly Rallies we reached the final of the Inter-School Quiz, to be beaten by a team from Edinburgh Schoolgirls' S.U. Branch.

To Miss Young, Mrs Wilson, Miss Moncur, Miss Minck, Miss Cochrane, and Mr Walker must go our thanks for their continual interest and support but above all to Miss Steel for her kindness and help.

We hope and pray that next session will be as profitable as this one has been.

JENNIFER APPLEBY, 6A, Secretary.
MAUREN GOWANS, 6A.

THE MUSIC CLUB

THIS year the Music Club's most ambitious project was the performance of a Nativity Play written by two members of staff, Mr Sommerville and Miss Campbell. The play was sung and acted by the girls, and proved to be a great success.

Other meetings throughout the Session have included a violin and piano recital by two former pupils, Miss Alison Cartlidge and Miss Lindsay Polson; a record night; a piano recital by Mr Sommerville; and a joint meeting with George Heriot's Music Club.

Membership has been small, but the audiences always enthusiastic, and it is hoped that the Music Club will continue to flourish next year.

MARGARET ROBERTSON, Secretary.

E.S.C.A.

ONCE more E.S.C.A. has enjoyed a successful and profitable session. Membership has been high, and the meetings enthusiastically attended.

Our year started with a most informative Inaugural Address by Professor Ritchie Calder. The "Mock Trial," which has become an E.S.C.A. tradition, was held in November and proved to be, as ever, interesting and amusing. In December we had the Film Evening, followed by the Christmas Dance which ended the term on a light-hearted note.

During the second term we had a Debate, a Discussion Evening and the ever-popular Kirk Session. The Musical Evening in March took the form of a heated but friendly discussion on the merits and demerits of currently popular records. The Easter Conference this year was held at Middleton Camp, the object of discussion being Africa.

We now look forward to the Political Brains Trust, the first meeting of E.S.C.A. to be held in Gillespie's for many years. This is followed by the Inter-Debate with the West of Scotland C.E.W.C.

It has been a privilege and pleasure to be E.S.C.A. Representative for Gillespie's and I wish my successor, and the Association, every success in the coming year.

SHEENA KEITH, School Representative.

EDINBURGH SCHOOLS SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY

THIS session has been a most successful one for the Edinburgh Schools Scientific Society. Membership has greatly increased and the lectures have been very interesting. In October, at very short notice, Mr R. W. Plenderleith gave the opening talk, entitled "The Mysteries of the Astrolabe,"

and we are very grateful to him. We have had lectures on "The Life Story of a Star;" "Resources of the Seas;" "Ideas and Experiments in Organic Chemistry;" and "Modern Analytical Chemistry." The Annual General Meeting was held in March and the lecture in May is entitled "The Microbes—Our Smallest Servants." In June, four outings have been arranged and the session will conclude with a lecture on "Colour Vision."

I thank all members of the society for their support and wish the society and Miss Caroline Thomson, next year's school representative, every success in the coming session.

AILEEN L. CRAWFORD, *Secretary.*

PECULIAR PETS

Playful, timid, little creatures,
With endearing, sharpish features,
Pink eyes,
Noses,
Little claws,
For clasping food between their paws.

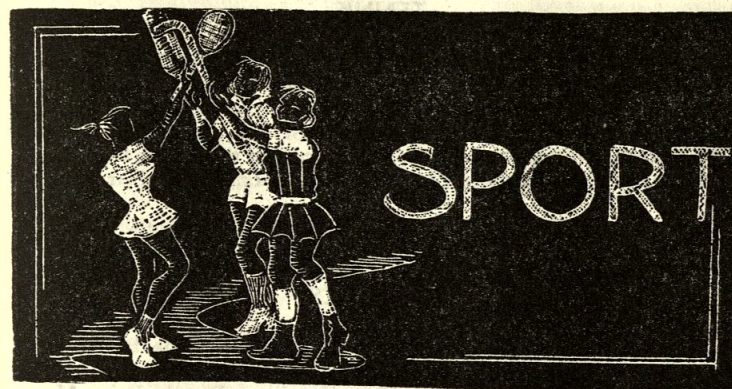
Very clean in all they did,
All the toys they found, they hid,
Papers,
Pencils,
They liked best,
To store these things inside their nest.

When we let them out to play,
We had to put our toys away,
Nibbling,
Gnashing,
Ever clawing,
And at loose wires always gnawing.

Strangers gasped and looked with awe,
Disbelieving what they saw,
Amazed,
Astonished,
Were we bats?
Because our pets were two white rats!

Of course we weren't, we were sane,
The friendship was to us all gain,
Until,
Alas,
We were denied,
Because our pets grew old and died.

ISOBEL BLACKLAWS, 2L1.



HOCKEY

ON the whole the standard of hockey this season has been very high although the results of the younger teams have been rather disappointing.

The 1st XI rounded off an excellent season by winning the Secondary Open Cup at the Inter-Scholastic Sports at Meggetland.

Marion Warnock played left inner and captained the Junior East Hockey Team and Marion Kean played left half. In the Junior East Reserve Team Caroline Thomson played goal keeper and Sarah Mackenzie was at right wing and acted as captain.

Hockey colours have been awarded to Margaret McKechnie, Marion Warnock, Caroline Thomson and Sarah Mackenzie.

Unfortunately the tournament at Liberton, the under 21 seven-a-side tournament and our match against the Staff, were all cancelled because of bad weather.

Miss Henderson has brought added enthusiasm to the Gym Staff and we should like to thank Miss Lambert and Miss Henderson for all their help.

SARAH MACKENZIE, *Captain.*

BADMINTON

THE team this year, consisting of B. Tarrant, E. Mitchell, B. Beattie, J. Mackenzie, M. Gunn, R. Brown and reserve K. Torkington, has had a successful season, having won all matches by beating Esdaile twice, George Watson's Ladies twice and Boroughmuir once. We also had two American tournaments with George Watson's Boys' College and one with the Royal High School.

In the inter-house matches, Roslin drew with Warrender in games but won on points.

This year the Gillespie-Heriot's team, including S. Thomson, B. Beattie and R. Brown, came fourth in the first division of the East of Scotland Junior League, having won and been promoted from the third division last year.

We wish to thank both Miss Lambert and Miss Henderson for their help during the season.

ROSEMARY E. BROWN, *Captain.*

TENNIS

OUR team this year comprises:—J. Grant and M. McKechnie, B. Beattie and M. Northwood, E. Mitchell and M. Kean. Owing to the "Highers" we have not played many matches, but we have reached the semi-finals of the East Schools Cup. We have defeated St Hilary's, St George's and St Margaret's and hope our success will be carried through to the cup.

We thank Miss Lambert and Miss Henderson for all their time and effort.

MARGARET McKECHNIE, 6B(1).

ATHLETICS

ALTHOUGH the season is not fully under way, Brenda Bain was 4th in the Senior Shot Putt and Elizabeth Sheddán was 4th in the Senior Javelin at the East of Scotland Championships. Brenda Bain, Marion Kean, and Elizabeth Sheddán attended the Scottish Schoolgirls' Athletics Course at Largs during the Easter holidays.

There are several contests to come, including the Scottish Schoolgirls' Championships.

We must thank the staff for their enthusiastic interest, which has encouraged a greater number of pupils to attend the coaching on Tuesday evenings.

ELIZABETH M. SHEDDAN, 6A.

GOLF

THIS session has seen a number of beginners taking up the game. During the autumn and winter terms we practised strokes in the Gymnasium on Monday and Wednesday afternoons while in the summer term there have been opportunities to practise at the Braid Hills Golf Course under the guidance of Mr Houston and his assistant. We should like to convey our thanks to them both.

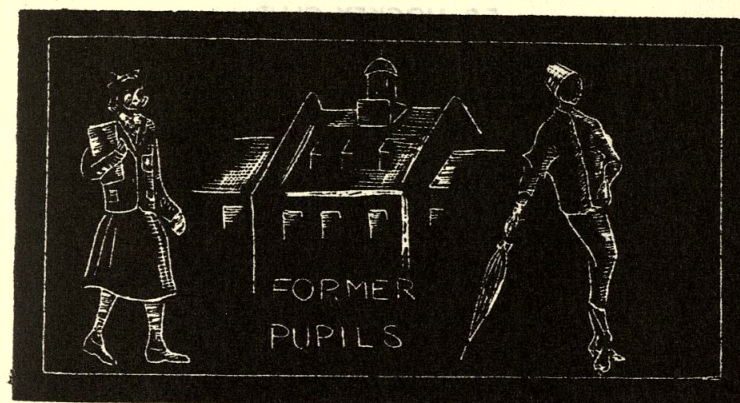
The competition for the Inter-Schools Golf Shield is to be held later this summer. For the past three years the school has held this shield and it is hoped that this year's team—Anne Gray and Caroline McKie—will once more be successful.

ELIZABETH BROOKS, 6A.

THE SWIMMING CLUB

THIS year the swimming club has had an enthusiastic attendance. The number of certificates gained was 14 elementary, 17 intermediate and 15 advanced and several girls are at present preparing for Bronze and Silver medallions. The swimming team has competed in two Galas, Boroughmuir and Portobello, in the invitation relay races. We would like to thank Miss Lambert and Miss Henderson for their help and advice throughout the year.

SUSAN LIDDELL, 5B.



FORMER PUPILS' ASSOCIATION

IN spite of transport difficulties created by a bus strike, a large number of former pupils and staff attended the Annual Reunion, to enjoy the singing of Margaret Bowie, winner of last session's school singing prize, and to meet old friends.

The secretary, Miss Rosemary Cathels, 58 Silverknowes Drive, Edinburgh 4 (DAV 2902) would like to remind F.P.s of the proposal that former pupils might give contributions to provide an organ or other gift from the Association for the new school.

F.P. NOTES

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

Ph.D.—CHRISTINE P. LAING, B.Sc.

B.D.—SHEILA M. WHITE, M.A.

M.B., Ch.B.—DOROTHY ANDERSON and ANNE ELLIOT.

B.D.S.—MURIEL F. HILLS and MOIRA MUIR.

M.A. with Honours.—MARIAN C. BERRY (English); JOAN McCAIG (Classics); MORAG MACKENZIE and CHRISTINE SKINNER (Geography); HANNA TERLECKA (Russian with French); FRANCES CHINNERY (French with German).

M.A.—ILONA BEVIS, HELEN McKECHNIE and LINDA PEAT.

L.I.B.—MARGARET A. WATT.

B.Sc. with Honours.—JESSIE A. BAIN (Chemistry).

B.Sc.—NORMA ANDERSON, JENNIFER HARKES (née EDGAR), KRYSZYNA JAWORSKA, KATHLEEN MORRISON and MARY TAYLOR.

B.Mus.—CECILIA CAVAYE.

ELAINE COCHRANE, R.G.N., formerly a stewardess with Pan American Airways, has just completed six months' service as a Staff Nurse in Montreal Children's Hospital.

SHEENA TROUP has completed her nursing training at Edinburgh Royal Infirmary.

KRYSZYN A. HUME (née JAWORSKA) has a post as production engineer with Ferranti.

F.P. HOCKEY CLUB

THE results for the 1964-65 session were:—

1st XI—Goals For—41; Against—36.

2nd XI—Goals For—25, Against—25.

Pat Adamson played for the East II team in the district trials and Lena Fyvie was also selected.

Practices have been well attended but both teams would benefit from an increased number of reserves. School leavers who are keen players should get in touch with the secretary, Miss Vida Browning, 102 Comiston Road, Edinburgh, 9. (MOR 5147).

MARRIAGES

DOWSON—STEWART.—ALLAN DOWSON to RHODA W. STEWART, 20 Temple Park Crescent.

LACEY—MUNRO.—JAMES B. LACEY to MARGOT MUNRO, 33 Barony Terrace.

MACLEAN—McCAIG.—JAMES G. S. MACLEAN to JOAN McCAIG, 7 Leamington Terrace.

McINNES—KILGOUR.—EDWARD McINNES to JEAN KILGOUR, 33 Montpelier Park.

ARCHIBALD—STEPHEN.—JAMES C. ARCHIBALD to JANETTE STEPHEN, 3 Mountcastle Grove.

BLYTHER—DOUGHTY.—DR ANTHONY R. BLYTHE to KATRINA DOUGHTY, 71 Comely Bank Avenue.

MURRAY—BROWN.—ROBERT D. MURRAY to ANNETTE BROWN, 26 Saughtonhall Avenue.

LEARY—FREW.—JAMES LEARY to KATHLEEN FREW, 1a Fraser Avenue.

COCKBURN—BROTHERSTONE.—JAMES A. COCKBURN to SHIRLEY E. BROTHERSTONE, 269 Morningside Road.

MELVIN—HARLEY.—WALLACE D. MELVIN to MARY MURIEL HARLEY, 385 Queensferry Road.

MORGANS—MACGREGOR.—J. R. MORGANS to MARGARET MACGREGOR, 63 Saughtonhall Drive.

DALLAS—PRINGLE.—WILLIAM DALLAS to ESTHER PRINGLE, 96 Marchmont Road.

STEWART—COLLING.—ROBERT B. STEWART to JAN COLLING, 23 Blackwood Crescent.

EASDALE—FISHER.—BRIAN R. EASDALE to MURIEL I. FISHER, 57 Durham Terrace.

DAVIDSON—McANGUS.—ALLAN L. DAVIDSON to CHRISTINE McANGUS, 13 Lismore Avenue.

SMITH—KELLY.—BRIAN D. SMITH to MAUREEN M. KELLY, 83 Comiston Drive.

ROSS—MONCRIEFF.—HUGH B. ROSS to MARJORIE I. MONCRIEFF, 35 House O'Hill Road.

THOMSON—ARRIGHI.—IAN THOMSON to JANETTE ARRIGHI, 38 Ardeer Street.

SOUTAR—FOUBISTER.—DON SOUTAR to IRENE FOUBISTER, 14 Craigen-tinny Crescent.

McCALL—SHEDDEN.—WILLIAM A. McCALL to MARIAN SHEDDEN, 21 Craiglockhart Drive S.

MATHESON—McKILLOP.—KENNETH MATHESON to NORMA McKILLOP, 3 Eltringham Grove.

SPOONER—ADDISON.—MICHAEL SPOONER to MARJORIE ADDISON, 15 Clerk Street.

MUNRO—ELLIS.—JAMES D. MUNRO to MYRA ELLIS, 132 Greenbank Road.

KAYE—MILNE.—JOHN C. KAYE to A. DOREEN MILNE, 100 Milton Road W.

HUNTER—SKINNER.—THOMAS HUNTER to CHRISTINE SKINNER, 53 Argyle Crescent.

EMERSON—BOTTERILL.—RONALD W. EMERSON to BERYL BOTTERILL, 19 Gordon Road.

LAMBERT—SMITH.—KENNETH LAMBERT to MARION SMITH, 4 Easter Drylaw View.

GIBBS—DAVIDSON.—BRIAN GIBBS to SARA DAVIDSON.

ROTH—COCHRANE.—In New York, WALTER P. ROTH to ELAINE COCHRANE.

COSSAR—HEADSPEATH.—ROBIN W. COSSAR to MARJORIE HEADSPEATH, 8 Barnton Terrace.

STODDART—WAITT.—JAMES STODDART to JENNIFER WAITT, 7 Cramond Avenue.

MACFARLANE—WALSH.—DOUGLAS MACFARLANE to MARGO WALSH, 64 Durham Avenue.

CAMERON—BEEVERS.—IAN CAMERON to KATHLEEN BEEVERS, 49 Arden Street.

HUME—JAWORSKA.—WILLIAM J. M. HUME to KRYSZYNA JAWORSKA, now 10 Mertoun Place.

SINCLAIR—McGREGOR.—CLIVE SINCLAIR to AILEEN MCGREGOR, 19 Drylaw Crescent.

BIRTHS

DRUMMOND.—To Mr and Mrs JOHN DRUMMOND (HELEN HARLEY), a daughter.

MURRAY.—To Mr and Mrs J. MURRAY (PAT LONGDEN), a son.

RUSSELL.—To Mr and Mrs STUART RUSSELL (IRENE TWADDLE), a son.

HENNEY.—To Mr and Mrs T. HENNEY (CHARLOTTE BLACKLOCK), a son.

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

CROSS.—To Mr and Mrs GORDON CROSS (MAUREEN HENDERSON), a daughter.

OGILVIE.—To Mr and Mrs NEIL OGILVIE (ISOBEL SPOUSE), a son.

SEARLE.—To Mr and Mrs PETER SEARLE (VERONICA HUTCHINSON), a daughter.

ORMONDE.—To Dr and Mrs NICOL ORMONDE (DR EVA FORBES), a son.

McGUIGAN.—To Mr and Mrs DAVID McGUIGAN (KATHLEEN PULLAR), a son.

CLAY.—To Mr and Mrs T. CLAY (CHRISTINE CRICHTON), a son.

ROBERTSON.—To Mr and Mrs W. A. ROBERTSON (MARGARET CHINNERY), a daughter.

- BOA.—To Mr and Mrs GORDON BOA (RUBY LOWE), a son.
 HOWARD.—To Mr and Mrs JOHN HOWARD (ALISON BEE), a daughter.
 KILPATRICK.—To Mr and Mrs H. A. KILPATRICK (ELSPETH CADDIS), a son.
 MCINTYRE.—To Rev. and Mrs J. W. MCINTYRE (RACHEL TARRIER), a daughter.
 FRASER.—To Mr and Mrs D. FRASER (MARJORIE MCKENDRICK), a daughter.
 BAXTER.—To Mr and Mrs GEORGE BAXTER (DOREEN KIDD), a daughter.
 MCKENZIE.—To Rev. and Mrs D. MCKENZIE (RONA MACPHERSON), a son.
 BRANDA.—To Mr and Mrs LUIS BRANDA (RAY FERRIER), a son.
 AITCHISON.—To Mr and Mrs RONALD AITCHISON (PAT PENNIE), a son.
 JOLLY.—To Mr and Mrs ALEXANDER JOLLY (JANETTE WATERSON), a daughter.
 LACEY.—To Mr and Mrs J. LACEY (MARGOT MUNRO), a daughter.
 HAY.—To Mr and Mrs JAMES HAY (ELSPETH BRYDON), a son.
 FYFE.—To Mr and Mrs JOHN FYFE (MOIRA MANSON), a son.
 MORRISON.—To Mr and Mrs PETER MORRISON (MARY OSLER), a daughter.
 SLATER.—To Mr and Mrs D. SLATER (SYLVIA GIBSON), a daughter.
 MOXLEY.—To Mr and Mrs M. MOXLEY (MAIRI MACNAB), a daughter.
 MACARTHUR.—To Mr and Mrs COLIN MACARTHUR (JOAN WARDEN), a son.
 RUTHERFORD.—To Mr and Mrs H. RUTHERFORD (JACQUELINE HAMILTON), a son.
 MACKAY.—To Mr and Mrs R. MACKAY (MARION STEPHEN), a daughter.
 REYNOLDS.—To Mr and Mrs G. REYNOLDS (MAUREEN HEATHERILL), a daughter.
 DUFF.—To Mr and Mrs J. DUFF (HEATHER WHITE), a daughter.
 FINLAY.—To Mr and Mrs W. FINLAY (KATHERINE TOWILL), a son.
 CROMBIE.—To Mr and Mrs SANDY CROMBIE (RITA HERCULESON), a son.
 BROWN.—To Mr and Mrs A. BROWN (OLIVE WIGHTMAN), a son.
 BOVILL.—To Mr and Mrs D. BOVILL (MOIRA GUNN), a son.
 COLLEDGE.—To Mr and Mrs IAN COLLEDGE (RENA LAIDLAW), a daughter.
 TAIT.—To Mr and Mrs HARRY TAIT (EVELYN SCOTT), a daughter.
 STRITCH.—To Mr and Mrs ALAN STRITCH (LOMOND BRUCE), a daughter.
 MACASKILL.—To Mr and Mrs KENNETH MACASKILL (WINIFRED AUCKLAND) a daughter.
 DALLAS.—To Mr and Mrs W. DALLAS (ESTHER PRINGLE), a daughter.
 MORGANS.—To Mr and Mrs J. R. MORGANS (MARGARET MACGREGOR), a son.
 GRAY.—To Mr and Mrs DONALD GRAY (LINDA BERRIMAN-RUTTER), a son.

Distinctions

EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY BURSARY COMPETITION, 1965

Mathematics

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9th—IRENE E. KYLES.

JOHN WELSH MATHEMATICAL BURSARY

7th—MARION E. LYALL

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MARGARET RUNNICKES.

General Editor—Mr JAMES D. MCEWAN.

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School Editor, 1965—JEAN BRODIE.

Class Numbering—Class 1-6 indicates girls from about 12-18 years.