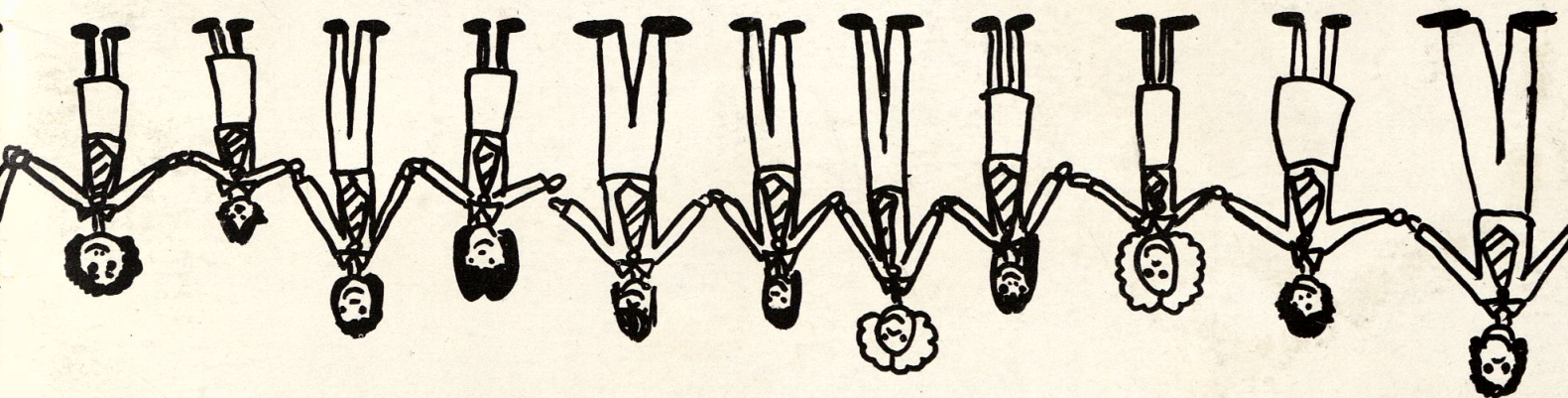


JAMES GILLESPIE'S 1975

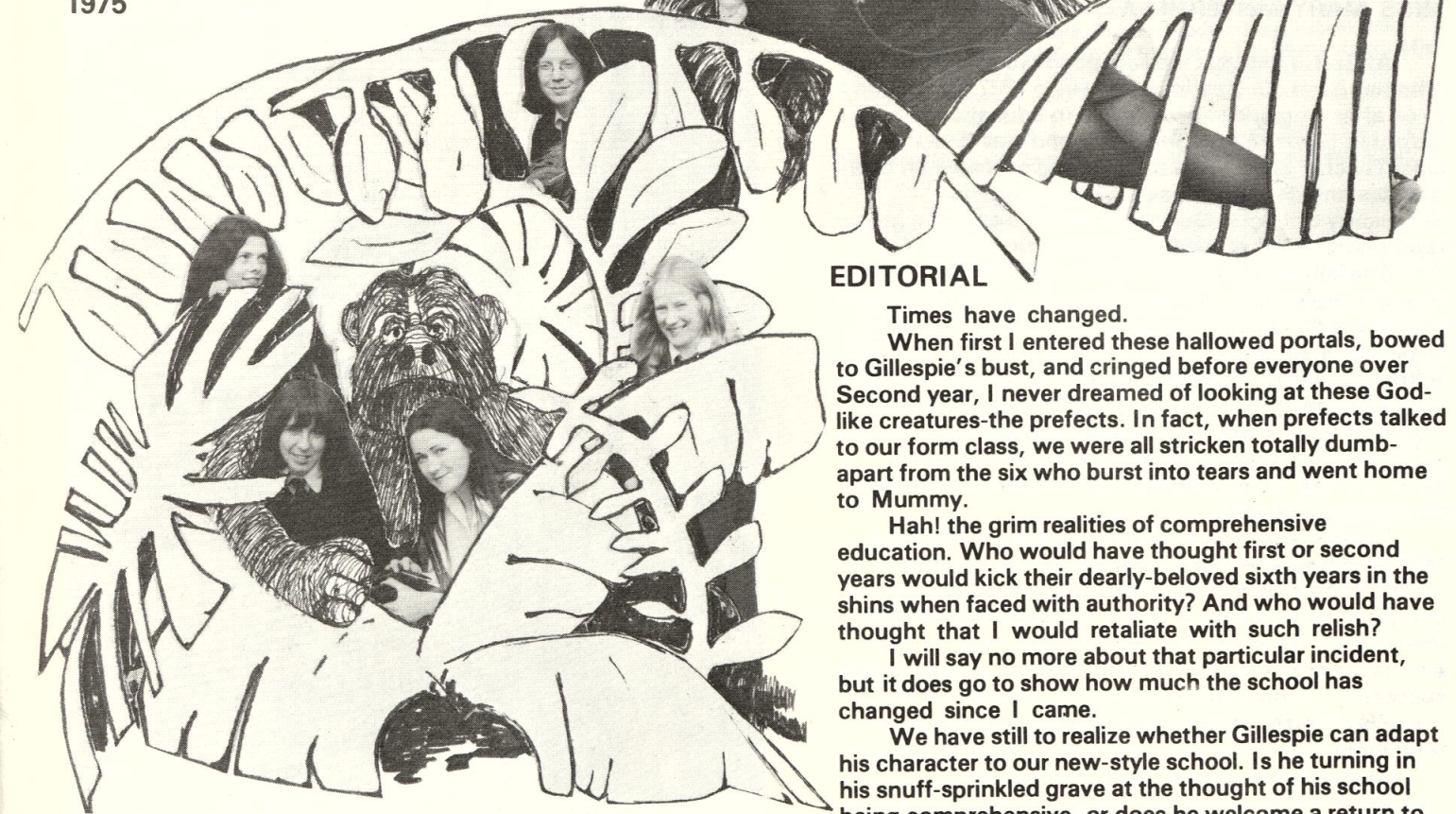






E. Lac-Cayado

JAMES GILLESPIE'S HIGH SCHOOL  
Lauderdale Road  
Edinburgh.  
1975



## EDITORIAL

Times have changed.

When first I entered these hallowed portals, bowed to Gillespie's bust, and cringed before everyone over Second year, I never dreamed of looking at these God-like creatures-the prefects. In fact, when prefects talked to our form class, we were all stricken totally dumb-apart from the six who burst into tears and went home to Mummy.

Hah! the grim realities of comprehensive education. Who would have thought first or second years would kick their dearly-beloved sixth years in the shins when faced with authority? And who would have thought that I would retaliate with such relish?

I will say no more about that particular incident, but it does go to show how much the school has changed since I came.

We have still to realize whether Gillespie can adapt his character to our new-style school. Is he turning in his snuff-sprinkled grave at the thought of his school being comprehensive, or does he welcome a return to the co-education of yester-year?

Will this school be a wild success? We cannot tell until all six years are comprehensive. I am optimistic, however, as most people would concede that running two different schools in the same place at the same time is somewhat difficult; and I think they would agree that we are doing very well.

What can I say now, except "God bless Gillespie's and All who sail in Her (or Him)" and Best of Luck, Dr. Thomas!

Cheers, comrades,

Kate Sinclair-Gieben.

Magazine Committee

Barbara Bryce

Moir Innes

bimbo

Gillian Turner

Elizabeth Calder Martine McGuire

Kate Sinclair-Gieben



#### MISS MARY McIVER, M.A.

At Easter this year we said goodbye to Miss McIver who has been our Headmistress since 1967. She came to us after long and varied service to Education. She taught in Glasgow for some years and was then Principal Teacher and Lady Adviser at Elgin Academy. She then became Headmistress at Stobswell Girls' Secondary School in Dundee where she gained a high reputation for her efforts on behalf of the pupils.

She came to Gillespie's at a time when many changes were taking place in Education. She developed the idea of the School Council, encouraging the pupils to take as great a share as possible in the running of the school. She has always encouraged participation in outdoor pursuits and has always had a keen interest in the development of voluntary work on the part of pupils. In connection with this she served for some years on the Committee for Community Service in Secondary Schools.

Possibly the most memorable event during Miss McIver's tenure of office was the change of Gillespie's from being a selective secondary school into a fully comprehensive school in which once again boys took their place. Her efforts to make this transition an easy one have been rewarded and she now hands over to her successor a school which has much to thank her for.

We all wish her good luck and good health in her retirement.



DR. P. THOMAS

We welcome to the school Dr. P. Thomas as our new headmistress. Dr. Thomas obtained a degree in chemistry at the University of Leeds and then completed her doctorate there. After teaching for some years both in England and Scotland, she became Assistant Rector at Blackburn Academy, West Lothian. Her main interest there was in the Guidance side of teaching. We look forward to having Dr. Thomas as our new headmistress and hope that she will be happy with us.

#### STAFF NOTES

We would like to welcome to the school the following new teachers- Mr. Burke who was appointed Assistant Head Teacher; Mr. Cairns who was appointed Principal Teacher of Technical Subjects and Mr. Merriman, Principal Teacher of Guidance.

We also welcome to the teaching staff Mr. Mitchell (English), Mr. Rendall (Maths), Mrs. Watson (Maths), Miss Watson (Modern Languages), Mrs. Pontin (Modern Languages), Mr. Carroll (Chemistry), Mrs. Cowie (Physics), Mr. Mutter (Art), Miss Jeffrey (P.E.), Mrs. Milne (P.E.), Miss Preston (P.E.), Miss Macdonald (Music), Miss Clark (Drama), Mr. Leslie (Tutor), Mrs. Muiry (Chemistry).

Mrs. Smail joined the office staff this year and Miss S. Vora became Chief Lab. Technician and Mr. J. Adams became Lab. Technician.

We congratulate Mr. Syrett on his appointment as Assistant Principal Teacher of Remedial Subjects.

We have already said goodbye to Miss Frier (Chemistry) and Miss Nicoll (Music) who retired last year after many years devoted to the school.

The following staff left us to take up appointments in other schools: Miss Thomson (Physics), Miss Minck (Modern Languages), Miss Johnston (P.E.), Miss Dickinson (Art), Miss P. Cresswell (Music), Mrs. Galloway (P.E.), Mrs. Gowans (P.E.), Mrs. Roberts (Maths/Physics), Mr. Edwards (R.E.), Mr. Merrick (P.E.), Dr. Allan (Chemistry), Mrs. Turner (Home Economics), Miss J. Cameron (Home Economics), Mr. Jones (Maths).

Mrs. Simon has left the office this year. Mrs. J. Arthur, Mrs. Douglas and Mrs. Hill all left the Laboratory Technician Staff this year.

We congratulated Miss Guy who married during the year and returned as Mrs. Wright.

We would also like to thank all those teachers who helped us out during the year in a temporary capacity whenever we had staff shortages.

#### MISS REID

We also say good-bye to Miss Reid, the Principal Teacher of Maths, after ten years of devoted service to the school. Miss Reid's great interest in her subject impressed both colleagues and pupils- many of whom have achieved considerable success in their studies.

#### MISS C.M. McINTYRE

Miss C. M. McIntyre retired this year after twenty-five years as Principal Teacher of Business Studies in the school. She came to us after 7 years at Hutcheson's Grammar School for Girls, Glasgow. She will always be remembered for her conscientious teaching and many of her former pupils have gone on themselves to be Principal Teachers of Business Studies. We, on the Magazine Committee, have always been grateful for the considerable help she has given us in producing the magazine. We wish her well in her retirement.





Anne Pat Lindsey

#### The Joys of Being School Captain

"Some are born great; some achieve greatness,  
And some have greatness thrust upon them."

It all started one sunny day last year, when the imperial summons awakened me from my usual pre-eleven o'clock stupor. On coffee-laden wings, I wafted up to the sanctum, where on bended knee in the headmistress's office, my fate was decided.

After 12 long years, I was about to see my name splashed in golf leaf on the School Captain's Board. At last, that silver unicorn badge was in my grasp, and all the power and the glory associated with it. Ego-trip followed ego-trip. A new dictator was born.

Now as I sit, wondering how to finish magazine articles; abandoning that writer's licence for good, I realise that if only Hitler had been Herr Kapitan of Gillespies-how different thing might have been . . . Just imagine neat rows of regimented 1st and 2nd Year boys lined up in the playground-no more corridor duty, Anne! - all uniforms immaculate; readings at service without a smile; speeches that were clear and to the point-where did we go wrong, Kate?-6th Year dances with no punch (however fruity!); keen competition for hockey team places; no Bay City Roller Clubs, unless officially affiliated to the Adopt a 6th Year Charity Money Campaign; or even-no bribery and corruption of innocent school members into writing magazine articles. All this makes me feel remotely human (instead of humanly remote) and in conclusion, I can only repeat that-  
"Some have greatness (eh?) thrust upon them."

Pat.

#### SIXTH FORM COMMITTEE

The first triumph of our committee was the organisation of the first year disco which was greatly enjoyed by the staff and sixth year — the first year enjoyed themselves as well. The sixth Year Dance also was a great success and everything went with a bang — especially the punch!

Unfortunately due to the strikes and the exams — yes, we do work . . . occasionally, our charity-raising ideas had to be postponed until after Christmas. Hopefully, they will include a little-mentioned boys' school — Heriot's.

A more unusual charity was the accidental feeding of the Biafran-type mice in our common room — charity begins at home. Following years please note that they prefer roast chicken crisps to most other food.

The production at the end of the year will take on the new shape of a revue in which we hope to do anything we feel like, well almost anything.

On behalf of the sixth year, I would like to thank Miss Ferguson for all her help and guidance, not to mention patience, and all the other members of staff who helped us throughout our final year. Finally there is a motto which next year's sixth should keep in mind, "All work and no play makes for a hard school day."

Moir Innes, 6th  
Convener

#### WRITER IN RESIDENCE

For the first time, this year, we have had the services of Mr. Donald Campbell, the well known poet and writer, who has been instructing the 6th year in creative Writing.

#### THE OPEN DAY

Parents and friends gathered on a bright sunny day last June, all ready to enjoy themselves and be stripped of their pennies and half pence in aid of the school funds. Every form of enticement was offered to them from putting the tail on the donkey, hoopla, kicking a football, passing a metal hoop over an electric wire, down to landing a dart in the centre of teacher. Food, drinks and crisps were there to sustain the customers on their tour of a bring and buy, plants for sale, books, home made toys and every other imaginable kind of stall. Thanks to the noble efforts of pupils, staff and parents the School was delighted to have raised £800 at the end of the day.

#### SCHOOL COUNCIL REPORT

At the first meeting this year, we elected representatives for the Consultative Committee and the Staff-Pupil Liaison Committee. This has been the only meeting so far. I was not present. Ah well, I suppose it looks good on my UCCA form.

Kate Sinclair-Gieben, 6R  
President

#### The 6th Form Cruise

This winter only six girls went on the 6th Form cruise and, as a result, on the evening of the 24th November, a tiny knot of parents, girls and staff could be dimly perceived through the fog and rain outside Waverley Station awaiting the arrival of the coach which was to take us down to London Gatwick in order to fly out to Malta and board the S.S. Nevasa there.

Our first impressions of Egypt were particularly favourable as we were greeted by a brass band, bouquets of flowers, and for the Scottish contingent a piper played. It was here that we encountered, for the first time, the varied delights of bartering and although we are sure that on many occasions we were completely taken it it was great fun to try. On disembarking in Alexandria our vulnerable little party of six set off, unchaperoned, on a sight-seeing tour of the town but it was not very long before we, having been surrounded by a large number of Arabs, about turned and fled in terror to the main square where we sought out the protection of a party of boys from Aberdeen who gallantly fended off the unwanted attentions of these over-eager Arabs for the rest of the afternoon.

Leaving Egypt we journeyed to the two Greek islands of Rhodes and Santorin; these we found very beautiful indeed and though they did not possess the same wealth or magnificence as The Treasures of Tutenkamen or the Citadel, they did not seem to suffer from the same abject poverty — in fact, all looked reasonably prosperous. The ancient Greek town of Lindos and the acropolis of Rhodes were very interesting and incredibly beautiful in the brilliant sunshine but the Geographers in our number found the rock structure and formation of the volcanic island of Santorin worthy of a whole film of photographs. The tiny town of Santorin was situated at the top of this rock face and the only mode of transport available up the steep zig-zag path was a donkey!

From Santorin we sailed on toward the conclusion of our trip to Sicily and Italy. Sicily was very beautiful and we were all very impressed by Mount Etna which looked magnificent when viewed from the town of Taormina where we were taken when on Sicily.

Our journey from Sicily to Italy was particularly interesting as we sailed past the active volcano of Stromboli. It was pitch dark and in this setting the brilliant red flames bursting forth and the lava cascading down the mountain side were really fantastic.

In conclusion then we would just like to thank Miss Ferguson most sincerely for all the hard work she put in beforehand in order to make our holiday possible.

Alison D. Fisher, 6R





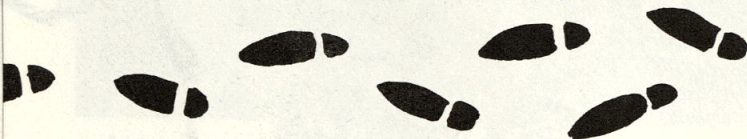
## DUKE OF EDINBURGH AWARD SCHEME

This year even more interest has been shown in the Duke of Edinburgh Award Scheme. Twenty-five girls from the 3rd year have begun working for their Bronze Award, and in October, seventeen girls from the 4th Year gained their Bronze, thirteen of whom are now working for their Silver Award.

Six of the 6th year have had an especially busy year working for their Gold Award, which they have now almost finished. This has included attending a marriage guidance course, giving voluntary service each week at Muirburn and Avenel, going to Benmore, and training for the final expedition which involves camping out for three nights and walking thirty six miles. These girls hope to achieve their Gold Awards from the Duke of Edinburgh in the Autumn, providing they survive the expedition.

Thanks go to Miss Matthew for all her help throughout the year.

**Hazel Grieve 6R, Esther Prime 6S**



## SCRIPTURE UNION REPORT

As usual this year we have held our main meeting on Thursday mornings at 8.20 a.m. This meeting has been well attended with 25 - 30 girls, coming regularly and has taken various forms — singing, quizzes, book and record reviews, plus meetings taken by 3rd 4th 5th and 6th year, our own versions of 'Call My Bluff' and 'Just a Minute', a T.E.A.R. fund film strip (Gillespie's S.U. collected £6 as a result of it for T.E.A.R. fund) and several outside speakers including a missionary teacher from Nigeria, a University Student, a full-time member of S.U. Staff, and a former pupil. We are, indeed, very grateful to all our speakers.

We have also included three lunch-time meetings per week in our programme — on Mondays a Bible Study/ Discussion for 3rd — 6th years, on Wednesday a prayer meeting, and on Thursdays a meeting specially for 1st and 2nd years which has been extremely well attended, our thanks go to Heather Robertson 5W and Co.

We have had several meetings with others school. As usual Heriot's Christian Union organised a Christmas Party for us and this was very much appreciated. This session sixteen girls from Gillespie's are going to Easter and Summer camps.

We would like to thanks Miss Barclay for so graciously allowing us to continue to use the Primary hut for our main Thursday morning meeting and Miss Ferguson for allowing us to use one of the rooms in Bruntsfield House.

In conclusion then, S.U. has enjoyed a very profitable and worthwhile year and wish to renew a warm invitation to all pupils to attend.

**Alison D Fisher, 6R**  
**Esther J Prime, 6S**

## THE PANTOMIME (or How to lose friends and affront your father)

**This extraordinary extravaganza, the most unusual ever to be produced anywhere in the world at any time, took place on December 13th to a packed audience, carefully vetted by the Kalamazoo Bung Company before being allowed into the Hall. None of yer plebs, y'know!**

Such unbelievable characters as "Rookie" played with great aplomb, two wings and a beak by Miss Dil Loft-Us, the "Glumpo" promoter, who kept pretending to be Kate Anderson, and the unforgettable "Haggis McSween", played by the effervescent Debby (sexy) Michaelson, all added immeasurably to the lunacy of this festive occasion. Such gems as "Maybe This Time" done in purple lurex tights by Elspeth Ruthven, "I'd do anything" by the Misses Menzies, and "Silvery Moon" in panama hats, chain belts, chiffon cravats and wired shorts by Nellie and Matty (alias me and E. Doris Wigglesworth (Miss) all contributed to the general jollity. However, the musical highlight was undoubtedly Margaret "I can scrape the ivory off your piano keys too" Menzies, who delighted us all with her rendering of "I'm Gonna Wash That Girl (Rite outta my Hair)" leaving us in no doubt that Maria Callas, million from Aristotle or not, is just not in the same league!

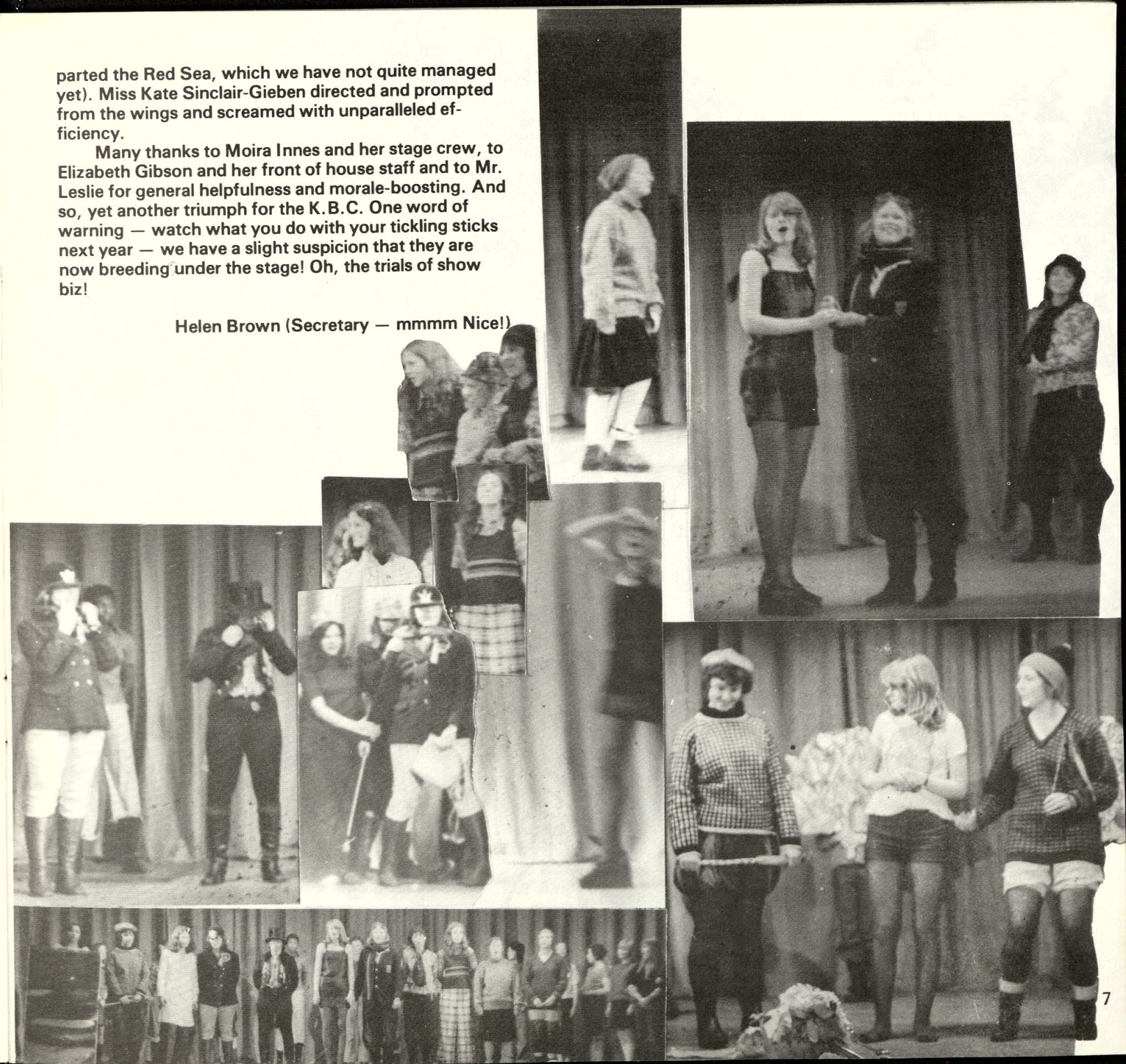
Bonnie Prince Dougall (Pat McAteer) nobly fought the wicked stepmother and her sidekick, Sir Rastus Fowlpesst, while the two body-snatchers, Hurke and Bare, did their "Kung-Fu Fightin'" in embroidered dressing-gowns and hiking boots (borrowed from Mr. Menzies with 100,000 thanks yous) with accents veering between Frank Spencer, Larry Grayson and Young Mental Drylaw (B.C.R's va Bass).

There being a world shortage of dwarfs, Miss Lynn Thomson and Miss Maureen (Whaley) Logan filled their parts as super duper, economy size elves very well — especially since Lynn's tickling stick disappeared down a knot-hole in the stage after a slight mishap in rehearsal. Elspeth and her microphone starred in an epic number — "When Will I See You Again" while the chorus (who were uniformly waiting on a Number 11 bus) did their collective thing, while Mr. John Murray, from ye Olde Royale Highe Schoole, tried to keep us in turne, a well-nigh impossible task, while the Mirror (Fiona Armstrong) continued to insult the wicked Queen as to the state of her complexion. All in all, there has never been such an extravaganza in all the history of the stage and screen (except Cecil B. de Mille who

parted the Red Sea, which we have not quite managed yet). Miss Kate Sinclair-Gieben directed and prompted from the wings and screamed with unparalleled efficiency.

Many thanks to Moira Innes and her stage crew, to Elizabeth Gibson and her front of house staff and to Mr. Leslie for general helpfulness and morale-boosting. And so, yet another triumph for the K.B.C. One word of warning — watch what you do with your tickling sticks next year — we have a slight suspicion that they are now breeding under the stage! Oh, the trials of show biz!

**Helen Brown (Secretary — mmmm Nice!)**







## SCHOOL PHOTOGRAPH

It stands there on the mantelpiece  
Proudly framed, beaming down.  
The hair is clean and combed,  
No squint parting, always straight,  
Tied back with fresh ribbons and kirby grips.  
The eyes glancing for one second at the machine,  
Now stare constantly, fixedly around the room,  
The shy smile, creasing the corners of the mouth  
Revealing two rows of Colgated teeth.  
The clean shirt, stiff collar,  
Top button closed, straight tie,  
In ten years' time it will be nice to look at  
And remember. . .  
But is it really you?

Fiona Campbell, 4R

## FIREWORKS

Boom, crash — a dazzling light,  
Rockets shoot off into the night,

Whirling, dashing, round and round,  
Giving off a hissing sound.

Screechings and wailings fill the night,  
The bonfire, a source of heat and light.

As the flames get higher and higher,  
The charred guy falls into the fire.

As the night gets darker and colder,  
The crowds leave and the bonfires smoulder.

Andrew Inglis, 2R

## NIGHTMARE

Pictures, unreal pictures,  
Floating pictures in my mind:  
Monsters, demons, dragons  
Frightening, eerie, dashing back and forth  
Where am I? Why am I here?  
Who or what is this? What are these creatures?  
I've never seen anything like them, they're huge.  
Now they are closing in. . .  
Coming closer. I shout madly but am alone!  
I turn and run but still they come  
Nearer, nearer. I'm lost but they cover more ground  
than I can in ten steps.  
Where shall I go?  
Horrible gleamy eyes, slimy bodies,  
Numerous heads, claws of steel, green scales,  
Running faster — oh, help someone, help.  
But as I run a sharp claw tears my back.  
I scream!

Shelagh Wilkie, 2W(g)

## DARKNESS

It hit my mind  
Like a pebble hits  
A lake,  
A lake before a storm.

I sat still  
Becalmed off the shore  
Black clouds gathering  
In my brain

And it was quiet.  
No mouths spoke to me  
And I felt a cold wind  
Blowing inside my skull

Then the rain came  
Their eyes stretched out hands  
Reaching towards me  
But they could not touch  
As I slowly drowned in my head.

Freda Gardiner, 6th Year.

## THE SHELF

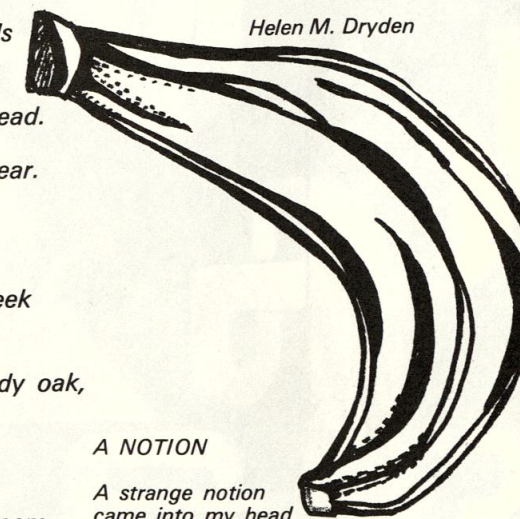
Curse you shelf!  
That's the fourth time this week  
You've cracked my head.  
I'm going to get a saw,  
You overgrown lump of mouldy oak,  
And I'm going to chop  
the corners off.  
Then I'm going to get some  
meths and burn you up.  
Another thing — you don't seem  
to hit my smaller brother  
or sister.  
Why don't you give them an  
egg?  
I wonder what other devious plots  
I can do,  
Put woodworm on you,  
put fungi on you  
or maybe I'll just. . .  
"Harris, go to the shops!"  
You just wait shelf!  
Next time I come  
I won't come alone.

Harris Morrison, 1S(b)

## I LOVE THE RAIN BUT THE OUTCOMES. . .

Edinburgh in Rain  
Dull, dull buildings  
Wet, wet, ground  
Spinning, spinning chimneys.  
Depressing, boring outlook  
Withering dying views  
It makes me think. . .  
As I look out of the window  
It's only ducks weather.  
Edinburgh in sun.  
Bright esteemed buildings  
Happy, flowing ground  
Lifeless, honourable chimneys.  
Happy, free feelings  
Wonderful, sunny outlook,  
Beautiful, blue sky  
It makes me think. . .  
As I look out of the window.  
It's the pessimist's weather.

Helen M. Dryden



## A NOTION

A strange notion  
came into my head  
About life  
and our place in the universe —  
Maybe our world is one big cell  
and we are components  
and the solar system is a cell structure  
And together we form some greater being  
While inside our bodies  
In the cells  
There is a miniature world in each cell  
Evolving  
Where people carry on daily life  
Oblivious to the fact  
That we look at their world  
Under microscopes  
And see them not.





## Evil C and the Zombologists Live! or The Litt. Bitt

Our first great triumph was the "Just a Minnitt" meeting where Mr. Dall unashamedly revealed the effect that Smirnoff had on him, and Mr. Hume explained why he was still a John-son's baby. A-hem! Yes, well, the Plebs (that was our side) won by the huge margin of 85 to 70, and the Profs have never dared show their faces again, which was a great relief to all concerned, since it made skiving classes 99.99 % easier.

However, our other efforts included a "Ghost Evening" when we succeeded in scaring the living daylight out of our members and made them eat treacle scones on elastic and roll peanuts across the floor of the Common Room with their noses. Some people will do anything, won't they?

The "Twenty Questions" — joint with Heriot's — was won by two people — Lynne "does it come built in?" Thomson and Alasdair "Chef" Cook, the former guessing the final word "immersion heater". Never know what kind of friends you've got, do you? I didn't go to the Merri Exams Parti, hosted by Heriot's, but I have been told on good authority that the grub was grotti.

Departing from tradition we had a "Burns' Ceilidh" which was fun, fun, fun! only the Heriot's bunch couldn't do the "Gay Gordons", which surprised me greatly, knowing several Heriot's boys.

Our last tremendous effort (which I again missed through slaving over a hot piano for my Higher Music Practical — I'll use any excuse, y'know) was a "Hootenanny" which, I hear, was good. Miss Debby (sexy) Michaelson sang two songs in Gaelic which were much appreciated, Misses Menzies (M) and McGuire read an ode wot they had wrote themselves, and Miss Kate "the Mighty Hulke" Sinclair-Gieben sang some folk songs. Versatility is our by-word.

All hail to our illustrious Pres., M.C.D.P. (Pianissimo Dank-worth) Sinclair-Gieben, Roseneath, Edinburgh, and to the Committee, without whom this year's Litt. would probably never have existed (and a good thing too!). Next term we plan to hold a joint play with Heriot's called "Luke the Labourer" — a VIC-TORIAN MELODRAMA — which should be different anyway, and a G.R.O.Y.E.B. (or Get Rid Of Your Exam Blues) which at the moment is a state secret — so secret, in fact, that nobody knows about it. There's efficiency for you!

So now the Kalamazoo Bung Company, incorporating "The Royal Shakespeare Company" and "This is Your Life" is signing off for tonite. God bless her — they'll need all the help they can get!

Helen Brown (II Sekretari)

(P.S. You thought I'd missed it out, didn't you? But the world will hear from me again — see page 83.)

### MUSIC SOCIETY

Like most other societies, the Music Society suffered greatly during the first term. Our joint effort with the 'Lit' in producing the Christmas Pantomime was enjoyed by all involved. In addition to this, we raised £10 for Christian Aid by carol singing. We wish next year's committee every success for the coming season.

Elsbeth Ruthven, 6S

### CHOIR AND ORCHESTRA

There was an encouraging rise in choir membership at the beginning of this session but, due to the teachers' strike, we were unable to hold our annual Christmas Concert. Instead, the choir and orchestra performed at Founder's Day. On behalf of the members of both groups, I should like to thank Mr. Sommerville for all his hard work and enthusiasm.

Elsbeth Ruthven, 6S



BEAUTY AND THE TWO BEASTS

During our study of Art in 6th Year, we were able to escape from school and pay frequent visits to the Royal Scottish Museum.

Gradually, we got to know several of the Musuem staff, who were on the whole very helpful. We were very lucky to be shown round the Taxidermist Lab and see the various stages of stuffing animals.

The photograph was taken as we accidentally bumped into the Scotsman photographer, who was taking photographs to mark the opening of a new section in the Museum.

Our visits to the Museum throughout the year have been very enjoyable and we would urge anyone else interested in such ventures, that they are well worth pursuing.

Christine Ross, 6W



## "HERE AND THERE"

1st Year — And thick and fast they come at last and more and more and more.

2nd Year — Tush! Tush! fear boys with bugs.

3rd Year — Amid the measureless grossness and the slag.

4th Year — I want what I want when I want it.

5th Year — Idleness and lust are sworn friends.

6th Year — Little gossips blythe and hale

Tatting many a broken tale.

S.U. — God hath his little interpreters

School Lunches — Touch not, taste not, handle not.

Highers — You cataracts and hurricanoes spout

Orchestra — Come on and hear Alexander's rag time band.

The Strike-Thou art slave to Fate, Chance, Kings and desperate men.

Heriots — Passion maketh man a beast, but wine maketh him worse.

Dissertations — Enterprises of great pith.

A.P.H. — Dem bones, dem bones, dem dry bones.

6th Year Dance — Young men taken in and done for.

Latecomers — A good story cannot be too often told

Staff — Do you think I am easier to be played on than a pipe.

It's just not on guruls

I'm not a militant myself, but. . .

Mad abbot of misrule.

Why didn't you ask me when I was in the cupboard?

Pupils — P.M.c.A. It is virtue and not birth that makes us noble.

A.G. — It's nice to get up in the morning  
But it's nicer to stay in bed.

E.R. — Go play thy trumpet in the market place.

L.G. — Take me out to the ball game.

K.S.G. — Resolved to ruin or to rule the state.

M.McG — Silence is the virtue of fools.

A.F. — Oh no John, no John, no John, no!

H.B. I'm 'avinn a bit of trubble

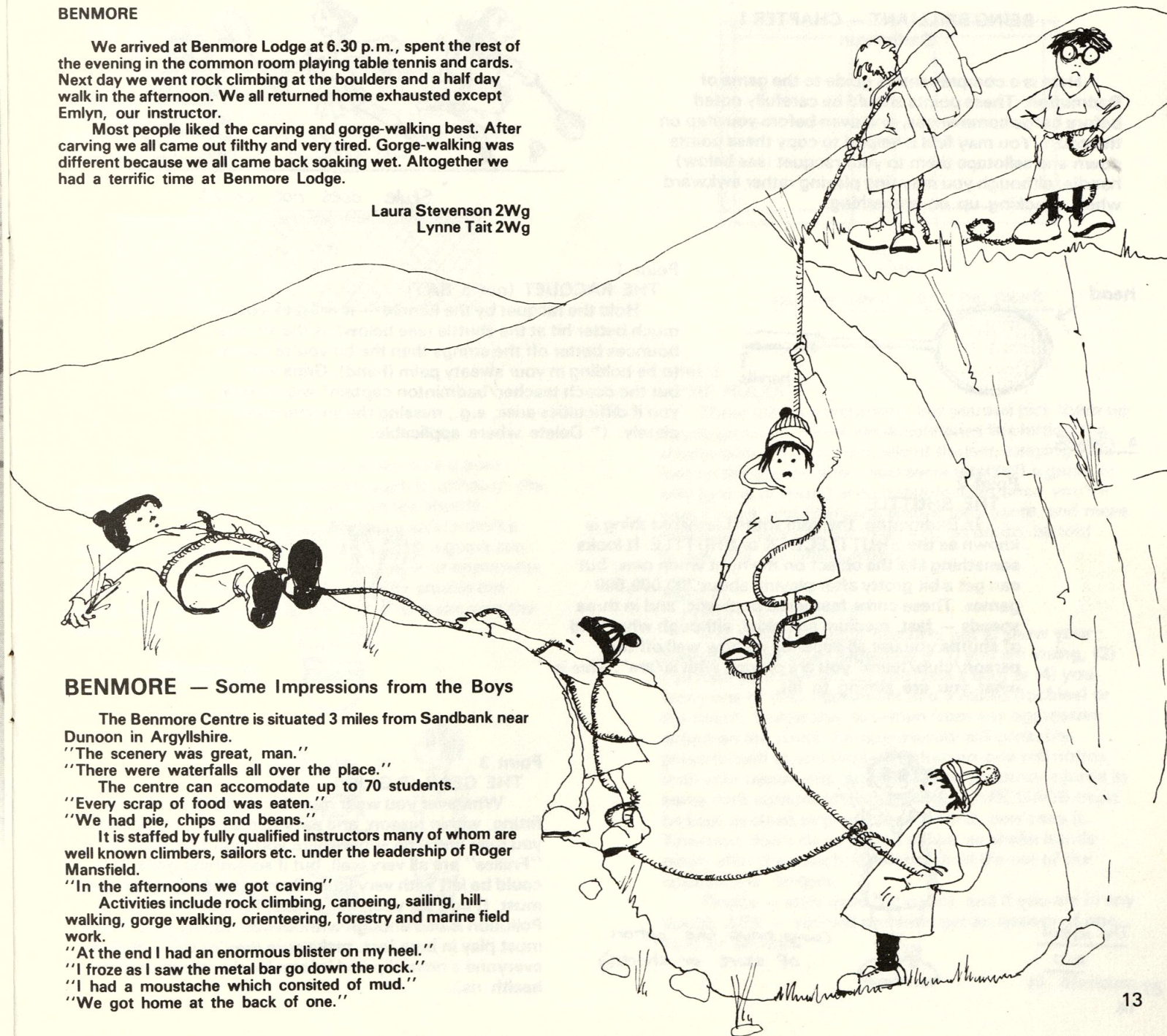


## BENMORE

We arrived at Benmore Lodge at 6.30 p.m., spent the rest of the evening in the common room playing table tennis and cards. Next day we went rock climbing at the boulders and a half day walk in the afternoon. We all returned home exhausted except Emlyn, our instructor.

Most people liked the carving and gorge-walking best. After carving we all came out filthy and very tired. Gorge-walking was different because we all came back soaking wet. Altogether we had a terrific time at Benmore Lodge.

Laura Stevenson 2Wg  
Lynne Tait 2Wg



## BENMORE — Some Impressions from the Boys

The Benmore Centre is situated 3 miles from Sandbank near Dunoon in Argyllshire.

"The scenery was great, man."

"There were waterfalls all over the place."

The centre can accomodate up to 70 students.

"Every scrap of food was eaten."

"We had pie, chips and beans."

It is staffed by fully qualified instructors many of whom are well known climbers, sailors etc. under the leadership of Roger Mansfield.

"In the afternoons we got caving"

Activities include rock climbing, canoeing, sailing, hill-walking, gorge walking, orienteering, forestry and marine field work.

"At the end I had an enormous blister on my heel."

"I froze as I saw the metal bar go down the rock."

"I had a moustache which consisted of mud."

"We got home at the back of one."



## BEING BRILLIANT — CHAPTER 1

### Badminton

Here is a comprehensive guide to the game of Badminton. These points should be carefully noted before battle commences, and even before you step on the court. You may find it helpful to copy these points down and sellotape them to your racquet (see below) handle, although you may find playing rather awkward when checking up on something.

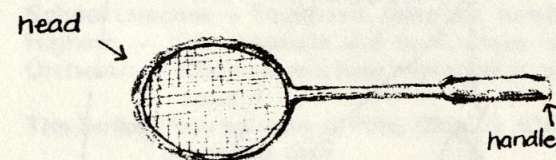


*"Style does not count"*

#### Point 1

##### THE RACQUET (not a BAT)

Hold the racquet by the handle — it will give you a much better hit at the shuttle (see below) as the shuttle bounces better off the strings than the bit you're meant to be holding in your sweaty palm (hand). Grips vary, but the coach teacher/badminton captain\* will correct you if difficulties arise, e.g., missing the shuttle completely. (\* Delete where applicable.

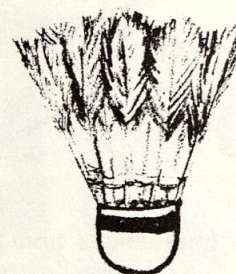


*A racquet*

#### Point 2

##### THE SHUTTLE

In Badminton, the little white feathered thing is known as the SHUTTLECOCK or SHUTTLE. It looks something like the object on the right when new, but can get a bit grotty after playing about 200,000,000 games. These come feathered or plastic, and in three speeds — fast, medium and slow, although what kind of shuttle you use all depends on how well off the person/club/team\* you are playing with is/are\*. This is what you are aiming to hit.



*a shuttle*

#### Point 3

##### THE GEAR (E.G. Kit)

Whatever you wear must be comfortable, loose fitting, within reason, and easy to move in, otherwise you may find a rip somewhere you didn't bargain for. "Frillies" are all very well, but if something goes, you could be left with very little. Gym or training shoes are a must. If not, for your feet's sake, for everyone else's. Pollution is bad enough without you adding to it. If you must play in bare feet, make sure they're clean or give everyone a nose clip and inform local authorities of the health risk.



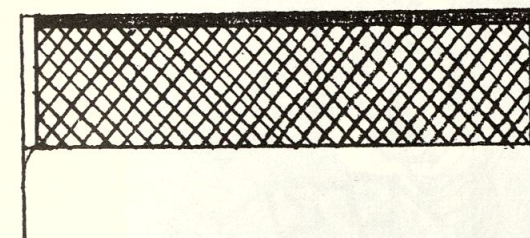
*(boys have the option of skirt or shorts)*

*The ideal kit*

#### Point 4

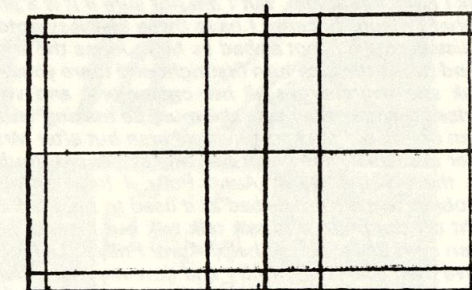
##### THE COURT

(a) This is roughly what you will be playing on, although it is much bigger in real life. The idea is to hit the shuttle down onto the ground where your opponent(s) is (are) not, after a serve from either you or your partner, keeping it inside the court.



*the net*

(b) When hitting the shuttle, make sure it goes above the net, and not under or through it, although the holes in it shouldn't be as big as to let the shuttle through in any case. It is also there as a safety device between you and your opponents. Losing a game can do funny things to people, so if you see your opponents moving forward and not trying to hit the shuttle but something else (e.g., you), don't stay to make sure the score was 15-0, 15-0 in your favour.



*net line*

*looking down on the court*

#### Point 5

##### THE RULES

These are very important, but you will pick them up as you go along. There are simple ones like hitting the shuttle once on your own side of the net, keeping your feet on the ground when you serve (start off a game or rally (group of shots) and changing sides once you've won a point, and changing ends after a game, and more which are more difficult. You will, no doubt, be told where you are going wrong.

#### Point 6

##### COURT ETIQUETTE

It is, naturally, good manners not to show your feelings on the court especially if (1) you are losing, (2) you hate your partner, (3) you miss a shot or (4) you fancy one of your opponents (if it's mixed doubles) or the coach. Remember to refrain from any aggressive action on the court. An opportunity will probably present itself to you later on, when no-one will notice, until your opponents are found lying seriously injured in some dark corridor after the match. LANGUAGE must be kept as clean as possible — think it, don't say it. Tantrums don't do any good either, so shake hands nicely after the match; don't crush all life out of the opposition's fingers.

Finally — style does not count, and if you are in any doubt, ASK — you will probably get an answer of one kind or another.



Dear Auntie Prilly,

I think I have a problem, but I am not sure if it is a problem if you see what I mean, because I have these awful symptoms of a very rare disease but it is not as bad as Mrs. Jones the shop down the road and down the lane turn first right and there you are.

I think she overcharges all her customers, and what with today's prices the way they are, she must be making an absolute bomb, even on the old packets of whole bran but after Mrs. Smith had that for breakfast, she never had any of her old troubles ever again. So there you have it, Auntie Prilly. I have an almost incurable problem but it's not as bad as it used to be. I always seem to get right off the point and talk talk talk but I'm not as bad as that woman next door. Please help, Auntie Prilly. YOU are my last hope, I have tried everything to try and cure my digression . . . .

Worried, anxious and confused, or even bemused.

Dear W, A, C, or B,

I agree with you about Mrs. Jones and the price of All-Bran. However, I suggest that you and Charles further up the page get together — you sound just right for each other. To do this send a SAE to "Auntie Prilly, c/o Tweesome Twosomes, Neasden" along with a cheque for £25, and I will send you one of my booklets "Girls and their Problems", Charles's address, and a course of Bob Martin's no 7 tablets, Great value for money, eh? Why don't you teel all your friends?

As ever,

Auntie P.

cuddle, cuddle, cuddle.

Dear Prilly,

I hope you can help me as I am at my wit's end. In the past year I have been divorced fourteen times. I am beginning to think that there is something wrong with me. I met all of my ex-husbands at the O.A.P. Club which I attend. I agree that most of the marriages were the result of a whirlwind romance, but I was sure that this time it had to be the man of my dreams. I knew them all well before I took the plunge . . . or at least as well as one can in four days.

Please help me.

P.S. I am 65

Yours,

Golda Digger, Stirling

Dear Golda,

I agree your problem is most distressing. Might I say, however, that I think you are taking things a little too seriously. I agree that to be divorced fourteen times must be a traumatic experience, but it doesn't merit the worry you seem to be undergoing.

Perhaps you could try and get to know the gentlemen before you marry them. One doesn't learn much about a person in four days, you know. I know it sounds horrid, but they might suspect you are marrying them for money. A preposterous idea, I'll agree, but you know how funny old men can be. Yes, I should think you would know.

Failing this, might I suggest you have a word with your mother about this. She has been through it all before, you know.

Yours,

P.A.

Dear anti-Prillie,

I am havin a bitt ov trubble att skool. Four sum reesin, the teecheirs and staf ar undirr thee impreshun thattt i cannott spel.

Thay r ov coars compleetli unfowndid inn ther suspishuns, but i amm begining too dowt mi capabillityt. Iff u hav enny ideaz two hellp mee, pleez lett mee no.

urs houpfuoly

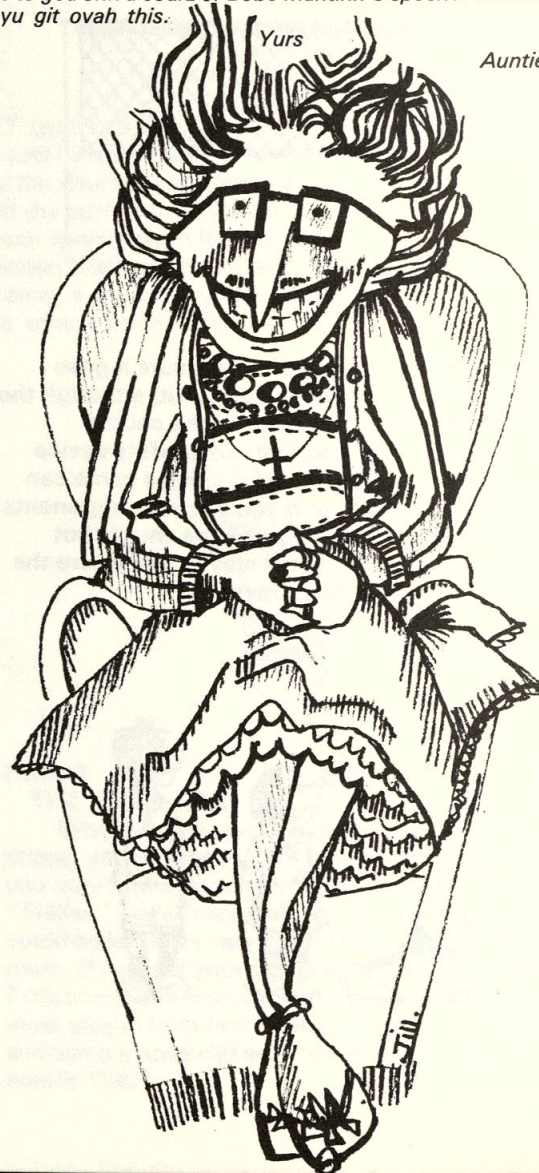
Asteroid Singklare (Miss)

Dear Asteroide,

I right two yu in yure oan vernackyoulare in thi huope that yu to myt understaned mi betta. I thingc indede that yu wood bi bezte to goa onn a coarz of Bobe Mahtinn's spechul tabblets, two lett yu git ovah this.

Yurs

Auntie X X X



#### AFTER THE SALE

The hustle bustle bargaining  
is over now.

The outcast garments lie awaiting their fate.

On the trestle they sit

Dejected.

The wig that held hope of beauty  
for some young heart

Now sits forlorn beside the spectacles  
Darkened, not only to hide sightless eyes  
but pain and sorrow.

The threadbare winter coat  
Which covered scanty inadequate clothes  
while the snell winds whipped at the bare legs

No more does some lonely widow want to remember.

The old ties in the old box,

Ties of Laughter and Love,

Ties that bound two hearts together  
In love that no man could sever  
"Till death do us part,"

As it did.

Or the child's dress  
Worn while playing "Can't Catch me".

Now no one can catch her  
Flying on Achilles heels away from the love-nest  
To independence.

But why, you ask,  
Do these garments bring back  
Only memories of sorrow.  
I'll tell you.

Only sadness is discarded  
But good memories  
Are nurtured in the heart  
Forever.

Margaret Nunn, 3S



## HILL WALKING

About 100 members of the school have become interested in hillwalking. Every second or third Sunday, 2 minibus loads leave the school and head for the hills. The first walk was a nice easy one from Flotterston to Balerno, or vice versa depending on which bus you were in. The weather was good which encouraged everyone. Following walks have been slightly longer, and up and down more hills such as the Nine Mile Burn to Bavelaw walk.

Although most of the participants are from the first two years, some older girls — mainly from the Duke of Edinburgh Award group — joined in and found it very enjoyable.

Thanks to Mr. Merriman, Mr. Leslie and Miss Simpson for starting this and for giving up their Sundays to take the groups out.

## VOLLEYBALL

The volleyball club this year can now boast two successful teams. The Open Age Girls Team which, has managed to reach the top of the Edinburgh League and the Boys' under 14 team which came third equal in both mini-volleyball tournaments held this session.

There are now six senior girls and four under 16 girls attending Edinburgh Training at Meadowbank and at least six under 16 boys. Hilary Wilkinson 6W, Elizabeth Menzies 6G, Ruth Sime 6W, Jeannie Stewart 6W, Moira McEwan and Lyn Hendry 4R were chosen to play for the Edinburgh Schools Open Team in the regional championships.

Hilary Wilkinson 6W is now training with the Scottish Junior Women's team. She was also selected to play for the Scottish Senior Women's Volleyball team against the English Senior Team at Meadowbank. Unfortunately, the tables were turned on Scotland who beat England in Bristol last year, and England won by three sets to none.

## FOOTBALL AND RUGBY

Many boys were introduced to rugby for the first time and two competitive games were played by a fifteen, winning one of them.

The football teams played with great spirit and some success, generally against other teams of boys who were older and physically stronger.

The under 14 team reached the quarter-final of the John Irvine Trophy before losing 3-0 to Craigmount.

As all the under 14 team are eligible to play in the same age competitions next year, the forthcoming season can be looked forward to with anticipation.

## SQUASH

Lynn Whitaker 3W reached the final of the Edinburgh Corporation School's Tournament and Jacqueline Pride 5S won the Plate competition.

We hope the squash club will attract a larger membership next session.

## CANOEING

Although there is no canoeing club in school, a team of three sixth year girls competed in the Edinburgh slalom and long distance race at Benmore last November. The team: Morag Eaton, Lilian Williamson and Jeannie Stewart came 5th, 4th and 9th in the Ladies Individual Slalom and 2nd in the Ladies team event. In the long distance race Morag came 2nd gaining a medal and helping the team to achieve first place in the Ladies team event.

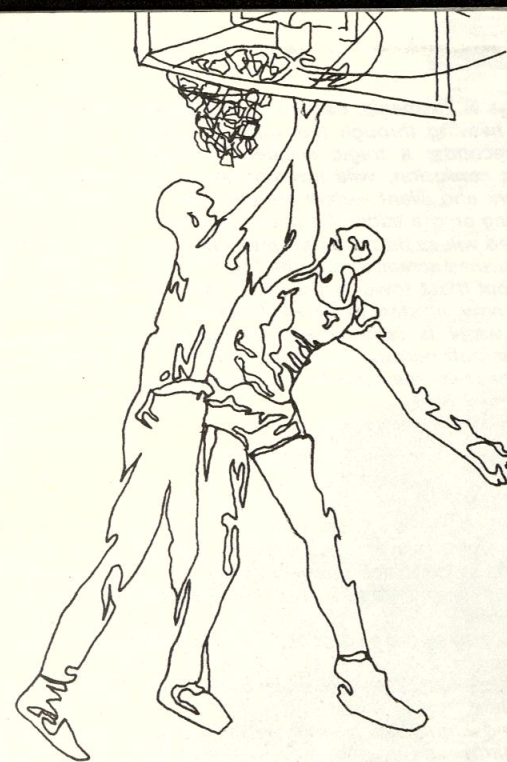
This term a group of sixth year girls have started canoeing with an instructor from the City Outdoor Pursuits Centre and after instruction in the baths and canal, hope to attempt some rivers and a sea trip.



## SWIMMING

There have been several swimming matches this session involving all grades of swimmers but unfortunately we have been triumphant in one only.

Several children have attended swimming teachers courses and many girls have also taken part in life-saving activities organised by the school.



## BASKETBALL

The basketball club, with increased numbers since last year, are again having a very successful season, especially in the Open age-group. The Open team have once again managed to reach and win the Final of the Scottish Cup for the 4th year in succession. This team are also unbeaten so far in the Edinburgh League. Shona Munro, Lindsey Gibson, and Elizabeth Allan, all 6R, represented Edinburgh in the annual Regional Tournament.

Unfortunately the under 16 girls team are not having such a good season losing most of their matches. But congratulations go to Fiona Young 4S who was selected to play for Scottish Junior Schoolgirls.

For the second year our school has entered an under 14 boys basketball team for the Edinburgh League. Thanks to the interest of two new members of staff, Miss Preston and Mr. Leslie, this team has improved greatly over the past year.

Congratulations are due to Elizabeth Allan who has been selected as Captain of Scottish Schoolgirls Senior Team, and Lindsey Gibson who is reserve. Elizabeth and Lindsey also represented the Scottish Junior Women's Team in the Triangular Tournament, and Elizabeth has been chosen to play with Scottish Junior Women in Vienna in the qualifying round of the European Championship.

## HOCKEY

The Hockey club, although numbers have fallen slightly since last year, managed to field three teams, a 1st XI, 3rd Year XI and a 2nd Year XI.

The second and third Year XIs had mixed fortunes, the 3rd faring better, on the whole, than the 2nd Year, although for enthusiasm it would be hard to beat some members of the 2nd Year XI.

A much improved first XI had their best season for a good number of years, losing only three of the eighteen fixtures. However, a spell of bad weather and strikes put paid to a few fixtures.

Jean McIntyre 5W and Elizabeth Menzies 6G both played for the Edinburgh Schools 1st XI against Fife Schools, Edinburgh University and East Lothian Schools.

The club entered tournaments at 1st XI and 3rd Year levels, with varying success throughout.

## TABLE-TENNIS

Four pupils from this school were chosen to play for the Edinburgh District teams in the Scottish District Championships. Alan Nisbet 2S gained a medal for playing with the Junior boys team which won the Junior Championships.

The school's Senior girls team won the Edinburgh School's Team Championship and the Junior Team came third in their event, so both teams qualified to play in the Scottish Schools Team Championship in Falkirk in February. The Senior girls team Wendy Pullen, Belinda Petherick, Fiona Rae and Jeannie Stewart, came third in the Scottish Schools team championship behind Grangemouth and Harlaw (Aberdeen).

In the Edinburgh Schools Individual Championship, Laura Stevenson was placed third in the Junior event. Four boys from Gillespie's reached the Finals of the Junior event but were not placed. Gillespie's were well represented in the Senior event having five girls in the Final eight, Wendy Pullen, Fiona Rae and Ruth Sime coming 2nd, 3rd, and 4th. All five girls have qualified to play in the Scottish Individual Championship to be played later on this term.

## BADMINTON

Once again the badminton club has had a very successful season. The J.G.H.S./ROYAL HIGH team beat the J.G.H.S./Heriots team in the finals of the Edinburgh Schools Knockout competition and went on to represent Edinburgh in the Bank of Scotland Quaich, but were, unfortunately, to lose to Airdrie in the 2nd round.

The under 14 J.G.H.S./Royal High junior team and both the senior teams have all won places in the final play-offs in the Edinburgh Schools League.

Throughout all the fixtures, Gillespie badminton teams have yet to lose a match, and there has been the usual participation in Meadowbank coaching sessions and tournaments.

Congratulations must go to Jill Crombie 4W who was selected to play for the Scottish Schools International team after her success in several tournaments. Hilary Sneddon and Pat Donald, both 3W, were also selected to play for the Edinburgh under 14 team. Thanks must go to Mrs. Galloway, who has now left us, for all her help in the past, and to the janitors and gym staff for putting up with the Club every Monday, Wednesday and Friday.



## THE ENEMY

A child crying! The Noise echoes through the desolate town. It is alone in its little corner of the world. It cannot survive, the enemy has killed all hope. Too young to understand it cries on and on. I feel sorry for it, trapped, unable to move, helpless, weak. But I can't help the child as I am the Enemy. I march on, destroying, destructing. Nothing is left, except children crying on rubbish heaps, penetrating the brain of the enemy, trying to destroy it. But it can't. And I can't either. I cannot change now, go back and help. I have gone too far. I feel confused.

The wrinkled face is puckered with hate, anger, despair. I want to shut myself out from it. I must not give in! I am the Enemy, the greatest, the supreme one. I never give in!

The cry rings out behind me again. I stop, unwillingly, and look around. I walk, slowly at first, then quicker. Next I find myself running and I scoop up the child and carry on. Now I, the Enemy, am no longer an enemy to this child. I am none, a mother, sister, father rolled into one. The child is now part of the enemy.

Lynn McCreadie, 3S

## MR. PENNY

Mr. Penny is an old tramp who travels around Edinburgh staying here and there. He was once a gipsy at some time, I think. He wears an old army (war) helmet tied round his head, on his back is a thin green overcoat all ripped and torn and which looks filthy. Under that coat he has about another dozen coats, inside which he keeps old bits of rubbish that he finds. He wears long baggy trousers (which are rolled up to his knees when it is warm) with big, black wellingtons that have two pierced holes at the toe with string threaded through the rubber and tied all the way under his clothes right up to his neck. He wears a gold earring in his right ear. Mr. Penny carries hug, big, heavy haversacks on his back, which slows him down a lot when he is going places.

His name is important. He got his name, "Mr. Penny", because every Sunday he walks all the way along Princes Street (looking in the buckets as he is going) to the church at the corner to put a penny in the collection box. He sits on the church seat (he takes up the whole seat with all his luggage) all day Sunday, so this is sort of a way to pay the church for the use of the seat. He is a kind old man and well known in Edinburgh.

Kim Robertson, 2W

## TASMAN BRIDGE

A bridge in Tasmania; cars going and coming; a ship, slowly labouring, heaving through the water; the night sky peaceful. Then, in seconds, a tragic accident has occurred. There is tremendous confusion, wild screams pierce the peaceful night sky, the dark and silent waters are churned. The cars skid to a halt, teetering on the edge of a precipice, the bridge is snapped. Angry, raised voices drift through the night, from the back of the queue, anguished screams from the front. People run madly in all directions, but most towards the land. Panic spreads easily. The sky is black now, all stars obliterated it seems. When ambulances come, the water is calm. Panic dies down, newspapers are already reeling off millions of copies of reports and pictures. The "tragedy" has become a piece of information to read over breakfast.

Ralph Findlay 2B

## JIMMY

Jimmy's face was burning hot but inside he felt cold. The judge's face was very stern, the jury all seemed old. And Jimmy felt so scared that as he swore in Jesus name, He also swore a silent oath — he'd not be here again.

The judge's face was grave as he read out Jimmy's name, And Jimmy saw his mother's face and hung his head in shame. He heard the judge's awesome tones: "This boy is going to get A lesson in humility he never will forget."

Prison life was hell to him, he felt the judge was right Until he met young Don McDade who'd killed in a pub fight. Don was only marking time in jail, or so he said, But Jim admired this tall, tough lad and Don became his friend.

Jimmy's time was up, the warden said: "Okay, you're free." But Don had said to Jim before, "You gonna wait for me?" And Don showed Jim the way to steal, said, "This how it's done." Young Jim was proud of his new friend — he thought the game was fun.

The court room seemed much smaller now and Jimmy felt quite bold. He laughed a lot, grinned at his mum and did what Don had told. The judge said, "Son, no need to smirk, you're paying for this crime." But Jimmy only winked at Don, said: "Here's to the next time."

Susan Cook, 4G

## BEAVER VERSUS MAN

The beaver swam happily in the sunlight that flickered down between the tall trees; now and again he would flip over and splash the water with his strong, broad tail. In the rising Spring he was contented in his own paradise.

His home lay by a dam, a masterpiece of engineering, twigs were bent into the main structure, intertwining, strengthening. Mud was plastered over so that not even the most wayward stream of water would trickle through. It was at first glance ugly, but to know that one of God's lowliest creatures had constructed this without mechanical aid made one realise that it was more beautiful than concrete and stone.

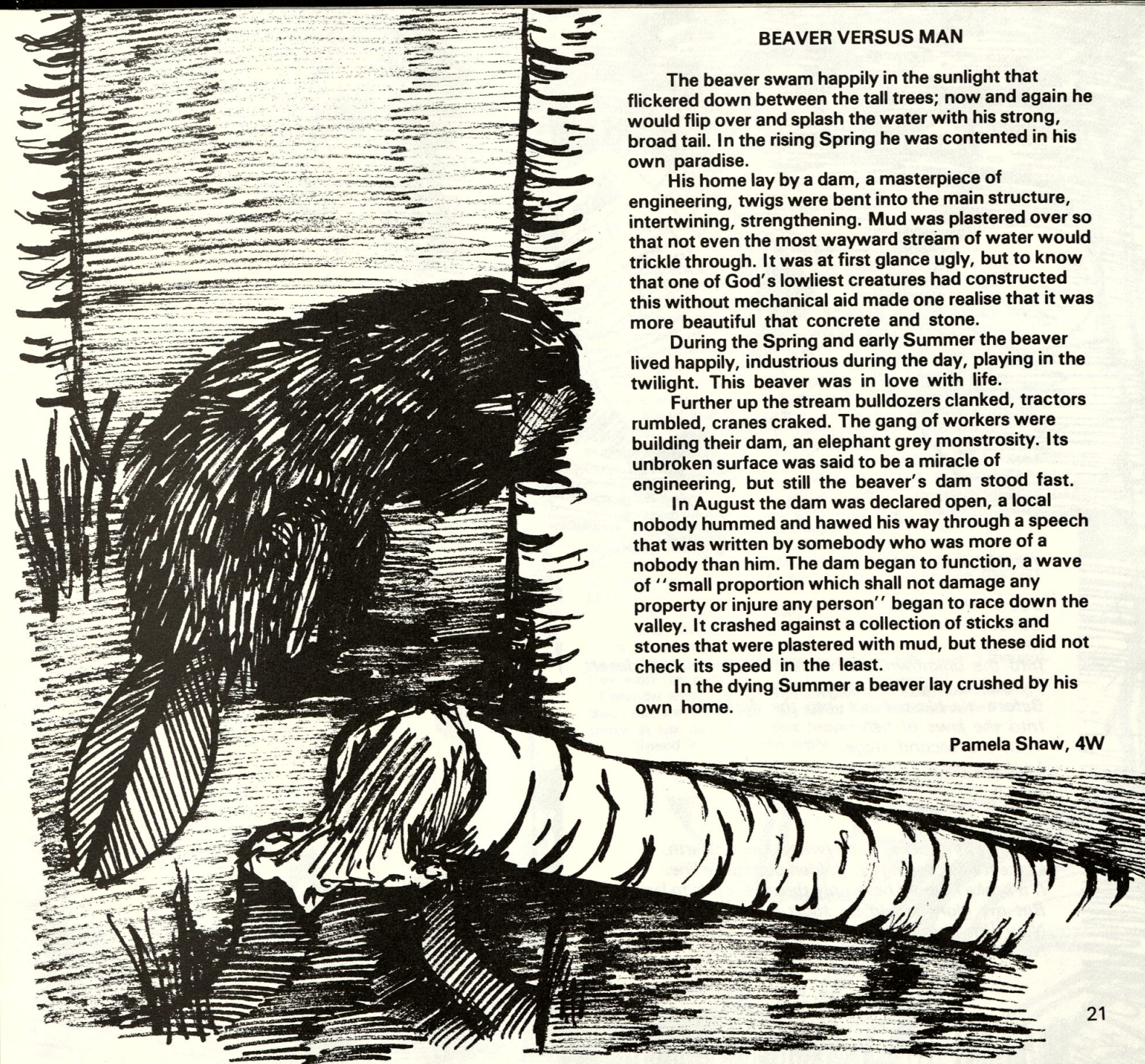
During the Spring and early Summer the beaver lived happily, industrious during the day, playing in the twilight. This beaver was in love with life.

Further up the stream bulldozers clanked, tractors rumbled, cranes craked. The gang of workers were building their dam, an elephant grey monstrosity. Its unbroken surface was said to be a miracle of engineering, but still the beaver's dam stood fast.

In August the dam was declared open, a local nobody hummed and hawed his way through a speech that was written by somebody who was more of a nobody than him. The dam began to function, a wave of "small proportion which shall not damage any property or injure any person" began to race down the valley. It crashed against a collection of sticks and stones that were plastered with mud, but these did not check its speed in the least.

In the dying Summer a beaver lay crushed by his own home.

Pamela Shaw, 4W





### THE SPACEWALK

Out of the trap door —  
 Out of the home I've known for three days —  
 Into space,  
 Into the unknown, the wilderness, the space desert,  
 I crawl to the film I must retrieve  
 Before it's blasted out into the darkness  
 Into the jaws of hell  
 With the second stage.  
 Looking back I can see the old destination.  
 Has it moved or have we moved?  
 I never felt a movement.  
 I grasp the tape,  
 I twist it as easily as I can twist a hair on earth,  
 I take it back seeing my golden plated life line.  
 If it broke I would have only three seconds to live.  
 But my glory would be short lived.  
 Now I'm going home to my loved ones.  
 No longer shall space lay claim on me.

Alan Pithie, 1S(b)

### THE DEVIL'S CAVES

I shouldn't have taken that bet, I thought while I lay in front of the now dead fire. Ten pence to stay the night in the Devil's Caves. Ten pence!!! What could I get with ten pence? I didn't mind staying in the Caves. I knew that that ghost-like shape was just moonlight reflecting off the water in the underground lake. I knew that that scraping noise on the other side of the rock wall was just the rats. I knew that these pinpoints of red light were the rats eyes. But there was no reason why I shouldn't hide behind that rock, shaking all over, if I wanted to. Then I heard the rats again. I got up and kicked a few of their heads in. That made me feel better. Then I heard the footsteps. Clump! Clump! I, brave as ever, turned and ran, and so did the footsteps. I ran into a small cave. But there was no other way out. Still being brave, I turned round, faced the entrance, and shouted "HELP"

Then a very strange thing happened. The footsteps stopped and they also shouted "help". Intrigued now, I walked forwards. The footsteps started again. Then it hit me. I did not fall to the ground as what hit me was not a monster but an idea. I took a deep breath and shouted "GIANT HOGWEED LIVES!" Again the footsteps stopped and again shouted "GIANT HOGWEED LIVES!"

"Aha" I said to myself.

"Aha" came the reply

"I've been running away from myself." I said.  
 Again the voice replied exactly the same words. Great, I thought.  
 I've won ten pence.

"I wonder what I can do with ten pence," I said, now realising that I had stayed all night. My blood froze and I screamed with terror at the next thing that happened.

"Spend it" came the reply.

Andrew Shirling. 1W6



## THE SPECTACLE

All day long the highway from Newtown was teeming with cars in long lines moving slowly in the direction of Owin. When they reached the lush green coast road, the sun burned down on the hot metal. Excitement and anticipation hung over them in a heat dazzle.

From middle-class suburbia they came, mother, father, gormless children in the back seat. The coast camp sites lay deserted but for a few. Dormobiles, trailers, caravans, ice cream vendors flooded to the scene.

There had been no movement from the two caravans all afternoon. They stood in the shade, curtains drawn, the doors firmly closed — defiant in appearance.

Not far off stood the press, aloof from the rest of the crowd — notebooks and cine cameras at the ready. They chain smoked, drank warm beer from cans, swore; they were bored — they had waited all day.

Crowds flocked in but the faces did not change. Some had been waiting since dawn and now it was nearing sunset. Radios blared disturbing the stillness and tension of the afternoon. Babies cried, children wailed and car horns played duets — booming and resounding. It had continued all day.

The sun sank in the west — a golden ball of fire singeing the edges of the clouds — pale pink against the night blue.

One of the caravan doors opened — a hush fell over the crowd. Three men emerged and clambered onto the scaffolding where the posters fluttered in the air. The other door opened and he stepped out — a bold impressive figure, clad in black. The press hesitated, then swarmed forwards — the crowd swallowed.

He climbed steadily onto the rostrum followed by his wife — a small, insignificant figure with a veil over her face — also in black. She stood wrenching her hands almost as if she were trying to tie them in knots — grasping a handkerchief with which she constantly dabbed her eyes.

He stood before the crowd. "Friends, the time has come for me to hang myself." He paused. The noose swayed satirically in the breeze above his head. "I am not afraid of death — are you?" He pointed his finger at the onlookers. "Are you?" he screamed, his black eyes flashing.

No one spoke.

"You all know why I'm doing this. I must prove my point. I am making a protest. We must bring back the death penalty in this state. I have said so for years. Life is meaningless. Death is harmless. I will show you."

Looks of scorn and bewilderment crossed their faces. Some believed he would hang himself but even they now had doubts.

He climbed the wooden steps and put the hangman's halter around his neck. His black eyes searched them all. For some reason they felt a pang of guilt.

It was soon over. His body was swaying lifelessly. His wife's cry of anguish rent the silence.

There was a buzz from the crowd. They turned to their neighbours. "I don't believe it! What a show!! It'll be in all the papers! It was worth waiting for!"

They held up the children so they could see. "Look, look, he killed himself!"

They left happy and contented. There had been nothing so exciting in years! It was in all the papers the next day and it was remembered for months afterwards.

Such a pity the death penalty wasn't brought back.

Sandra Hawthorne, 4W

## HATE

*Hate crawled his way through the long, lank, grasses,  
His snake, squirming and slithering,  
Casting its eyes all around.  
Hate's hands clutched the golden neck  
Of the snake, who curled and writhed under him.*

*And as this hateful man began to pass,  
His head, with quick deft movements, turned  
From side to side  
To glare at all that passed him by  
To stare them down  
Till on the ground they fell with fear,  
At this strong, thin man,  
Who with his eyes,  
Could break a nation.*

Jill Crombie, 4W



## THE OCCUPATION

*She sits, her limbs carelessly arranged  
Beneath a dress of faded print,  
Two shapely cones of seamed, tan silk  
Are topped with lifeless, milky flesh,  
Like icing on a ginger cake,  
A little is pleasant, too much and  
It loses its sweetness.*

*She wears a pair of worn stilettos,  
Once a shiny polished black,  
Long bony talons dipped in blood  
Hold a cheap cigarette end to crimson  
Painted lips.  
She sucks on it, and blows a cloud  
To join the other million in the New York air.*

*From a distance she is lovely,  
But the silver hair is dyed from gray,  
Make-up covers tired lines of age,  
And thickly blackened lashes hide  
The desperate hunger in two green eyes;  
They even now light up with hope,  
As a stranger beckons from the  
Shadows of a side street.  
A sheaf of bills, a vivid green,  
Are pushed down into the bodice  
Of her dress; and she follows him  
To a basement flat.*

Carol Tinto, 3W



HUNGER

Hunger, a black rodent, gnawed away the inside of the jaguar's belly. Nothing mattered apart from this tormenting sensation. It must stop. The wind, ruffling the shoulder-high grasses brought a tantalising smell of food drifting to the quivering nostrils, and with saliva dribbling down its muzzle the jaguar stealthily padded forward. The grasses swished together behind it as it passed. Patiently, though goaded on by pangs of hunger, the huge cat crept nearer and nearer the unsuspecting herd of gazelles.

Suddenly, a bird flashed upwards from under the very paws of the advancing menace. The air was torn with a shrieked alarm. Instantaneously the peaceful herd became alert, and as with a snort the jaguar burst into action, it scattered. The cat, its muscles working like uncoiling springs, bounded forward and streaked across the open ground towards the slowest gazelle.

Nearer, nearer. Exulting in the speed, the power of its strong limbs, the wind rushing past, the acrid smell of sweating, terrified gazelle, the jaguar drew closer and closer to its prey. Mad with fright, and heavy with young, the doe tried desperately to evade death, springing, jumping, twisting. But the distance between the cat, driven to even greater speed by the pain in its belly, and the frantic gazelle became inexorably smaller.

Now! One mighty leap! The jaguar sprang forward, sinking its sharp white teeth into the soft column of the gazelle's neck. The hot red blood spurted forth, and with the high-pitched squeal of a dying animal, the gazelle was still.

The cat emitted a low ecstatic growl and began to tear voraciously at the succulent flesh. Soon it was replete, and some of the jackals that had quickly gathered became bolder and edged nearer the ravaged carcass.

Satisfied now, the gorged jaguar snarled contemptuously at the scavengers, and rising leisurely, padded away to look for a sleeping place.

Sheila Prestage, 4S

HATE

*Hate charged down the road at 100 mph,  
In his chariot pulled by two dozen bulls,  
Urging them to go faster, faster.  
The other sins were scattered by him,  
And he lashed at them with his whip,  
As he passed.*

*Hate saw a small child trying to pick a rose.  
He stopped the bulls and jumped out,  
And approached the child.  
He took the form of a thorn and stabbed.  
The child ran away crying  
As Hate laughed.*

*He was dressed in black and silver.  
His large black platform boots with silver soles  
Made him tower over the other sins.  
A large black cloak hung stiffly,  
Over a tight black leather jacket studded with silver.*

*His left hand was bare and clung to the charriot,  
Showing long, unkept nails  
That have scratched many people just for fun,  
And his right hand was clenched tightly to the reins,  
Tightening the black leather across his knuckles  
And demonstrating his strength.*

*Hate has no friends.  
Even though many try to understand him —  
Like Malice and Spite.  
No-one can befriend him  
But some can over power and outwit him —  
Like Love.*

Frances Ross, 4W

THE LIBRARY

Thanks are due this year to the inexhaustable Anne Paxton for giving up her valuable time and energy to run our library. (She must be mad!) Without even financial incentive, she has undergone the many practical problems of this task, this year ranging from the normal headaches of bookwork to bruised shins and threats to her life. (She is mad!) But it must be admitted that she did have the advantage of an EXTREMELY loud voice, and several Mafia-type 5th years to add support. (I'm afraid we have had to forget the 'Silence' rule!)

Thanks are also due to Mrs. Huett, Mr. Burke and the Staff Committee for their assistance, and to the first and second years for their valuable additions to the suggestions book. (Noddy in Toyland!?)

JD, MI, KMcl.

CANDLE FLAME

*Long and thin,  
the flame,  
cool blue and yellow  
elegantly stretches to a point.  
Wavering,  
flickering,  
in a draught,  
it never loses  
its dignified stature.  
Silent as the night,  
it creeps slowly down the wick,  
a sophisticated flame.*

Elizabeth Charleson, 3G

THE FILM SOCIETY  
1974-1975

This year the film society membership has reached astronomic proportions — well, over two hundred anyway. A record audience saw "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid" and all the other films on our varied programme were also very well attended. These included Hitchcock's gruesome thriller "Psycho", Peter Sellars in "What's New Pussycat" and the "Prime of Miss Jean Brodie". Next year it is hoped to include "The Sting" as one of ten films in an increased programme, which I hope will as much success as we've had this year.

I'd like to thank everyone concerned with the running of the Film Society for all their help, especially Mr. Spalding, Mr. Galt, the rest of the committee, and, of course, Miss Cuthbert.

Jeannie Stewart — 6th.

FOUNDER'S DAY

This year we were privileged to have as our guest speaker Mr. Jack Kane, Lord Provost of Edinburgh. Taking as the theme of his address "The Role of the School in the Community", the Provost stressed the importance of the individual being aware of his or her place in the network of society.

The occasion was also a sad one for the school as it marked the retiral of Dr. Small as School Chaplain. He was presented with a gift token in appreciation of his many years' work for the school.

Mr. Jack Kane was thanked by the School Captain, Patricia McAteer, and was presented with the traditional snuff mull by Keith Gilchrist.

THE SECOND YEAR YOUTH CLUB

the Youth Club started last term in the middle of January. It is on every Wednesday night starting at seven o'clock and ending at nine o'clock. It costs ten pence to get in which is well worth the money. Every week one class provides records for the disco and helps to set up the two table tennis tables, the two snooker tables, the table skittle game, the chess and the draughts boards. Refreshments are also sold by the class involved with the Youth Club at that time. We would all like to thank Mr. Leslie and Mr. Merriman and all the other members of Staff involved in the running of the club.

Laura Stevenson 2Wg

SOLO MIO  
I am myself  
And yet  
I am everyone  
I am my father  
And mother  
My ancestors  
My descendants  
All time  
Has acted together  
In an everlasting web  
of love  
And here I am  
Adam and Eve  
With a snake  
Coiled round  
The Apple of my mind  
F S Gardiner



## NIGHT HUNTER

Wolf creeps through the quiet forest.  
His tongue drips with blood, but not his own.  
In the trees heads turn silently, green eyes blink.  
Mouths and beaks stay shut until he passes,  
Leaving a memory of fear and an echo  
Of the noise his feet made on broken twigs.  
Across his wide face is the image of a grin,  
Really a snarl at the things in the trees.  
He does not hear the softly falling footsteps  
Gently coinciding with his own.  
He never looks round to see  
The tall shadow flitting from tree to tree.  
He smells nothing  
Because of the thick smell of blood in his nose.  
A sudden click  
And his ears prick up  
Too late to catch all of the sudden roar  
As his body crumples into a hairy dead heap.  
As his yellow eyes die  
As his paws twitch to stillness.  
The silence of the forest reforms  
Around the gentle bumping  
Of the hunter taking home his prey.

Diane Love, 3S



## HOPE

Hope climbed,  
dragging his feet,  
Each step cautious and unsure.  
Clinging to each tuft of grass, each cleft  
in the rock,  
Hope made his way up the hard, steel-like mountain.

When suddenly the sky turned grey,  
The sun was blotted out,  
Hope stopped for a moment, but then continued  
on his way.  
But a large, black cloud hung over Hope's head,  
Ready to engulf him.

The lightning struck!  
Reaching for Hope with its evil fingers  
Hope fell,  
Hope clattered to the ground.

Silence,  
All was still, no movement.  
Hope was dead?  
But then an action,  
Hope heaved himself upwards,  
Then started again on his long, long climb.

Faster, faster, faster, faster, faster,  
Faster, I whirl round  
Suddenly a feeling of pure elation,  
The pure silkiness of calmed waters  
As I fall into the depths of nowhere  
A bottomless ocean of darkness,  
Ever-falling, never stopping,  
My head spins, my body floats  
On the darkness, I have no cares  
No worries, just pure happiness.  
Suddenly a bump, a heart —  
tearing bump.  
I see a placard declaring "THE END  
IS NIGH"  
I know it is,  
Suddenly a greater bump  
My stomach churns, my eyes  
Ache, my body is writhing  
into long, thin, bell-shaped  
Contortions.  
I break apart  
Molecules turn into multi-coloured  
globules and fly away,  
I am nothing, nothing, nothing.  
I am the Darkness, ever-falling.  
I AM the Darkness.  
I do not exist at all.

Celia Northam 2nd Year.

## RAIN

The rain fell,  
Slowly at first,  
In gentle teardrops.  
It added a sparkle to the grass  
And magic to the sky,  
It made the flowers shimmer  
With its silver glow,  
And gave to the eye  
A looking-glass of beauty.

The rain fell,  
In torrents now,  
Lashing out destruction.  
It flattened the grass to muddy pulp  
And blackened the sky.  
It tortured the flowers  
Till it beat them down,  
And took from the eye  
Its looking-glass of beauty.

The rain fell and fell and fell. . .

Lorna Russel, 3S



## A MODERN LOVE STORY

It was pouring with rain and Maggie Smith didn't have a brolly. Suddenly a gallant young man ran out of a narrow close with a golf umbrella. After struggling for five minutes trying to open the d-n thing, he asked Maggie to open it for him, saying that she could shelter under it until the bus came if she wished.

Maggie was experienced in these matters, having worked in a fish and chip shop for most of her life. She quickly opened the brolly and proceeded to use it as a suitable means of shelter. The gallant young man whimpered in the rain. If he didn't get under the brolly, his armour would go all rusty.

But Maggie was having none of it.

"You said I could shelter under your brolly!" yelled 20-stone karate champ Maggie, "and shelter under it I will!" As she said this, a karate-chop which fell out of a passing butcher's van hit the poor gallant young man (who went by the name of Fred Bloggs) and knocked him unconscious.

This was the beginning of a beautiful friendship (one for a song???). Maggie was really quite a kind person at heart and the sight of this poor young man in armour lying on the ground in the pouring rain really got to her. She immediately picked him up and hailed a taxi. She took him home and laid him on the bed. After half a can of 3-in-1 oil the man sat up as right as rain (groan!)

He stayed for tea. They had corn on the cob which inspired Maggie to tell a corny joke. The conversation went as follows:-

Magie: "Have you heard the joke about the railway?"

Fred: "No."

Maggie: "Hard lines!" (Yeugh!)

Soon after this first meeting, a romance blossomed and they were married in the spring (just like the bed bugs!)

They had lots of little 20-stone children who wore armour and carried golf umbrellas wherever they went — just in case!

Anne Wilson, 4W

## F.P. NOTES Graduations

The following former pupils have now completed their University courses and we congratulate them on their success.

### University of Aberdeen (1974)

Valerie A. Anderson, M.A. II English; Marian Heyworth, B.Sc. II Biochemistry; Moira M. Hunter, B.Sc. I Biochemistry; Morag McLeish, M.A. Ord.; Ann McMurdo, M.A. II Political Studies; Catriona H. Riddoch, M.A. II Geography; Eleanor R. Sim, M.A. II Geography; Violet Thornber, B.Sc. Agric; Margaret Hudson, M.B.ChB.

### Univeristy of Edinburgh (1974)

Lily Crawford, M.A. II in English Lanugage and Literature; Pamela Christine Hazelden, M.A. II in English and Italian; Caroline Susan McIntyre, M.A. II in French; Muriel Jean Ferguson, M.A., Janet Margaret McBain, B.A. (with Merit); Doreen Mitchell, B.A., Margaret Georgina Morris, B.A., Elaine Munro, B.A. (with Merit); June Alison Spalding, B.A.; Margery Frances Wilson, B.A.; Jennifer Elizabeth Macgregor, B. Mus. II : Pauline Anne Andrews, M.A. I Geography; Elizabeth Anne Rowe, M.A. II Sociology; Lesley May Barrie, B. Ed; Irene Dorothy Fiddler, B. Ed; Alison Margaret Barclay, M.A., Dip. Ed; Irene Bruce Muir, B.Sc., Dip. Ed; Linda Jane Tennent, B.Sc. (Scotland), Bachelor of Medicine and Bachelor of Surgery; Barbara May Hine, Bachelor of Law; Laura Dickson, Bachelor of Science in Medical Science; Susan Anne Middlemiss, Bachelor of Science in Medical Science; Hilary Jean Pride, Bachelor of Science in Medical Science; Valerie Margaret Bathie, M.A. II French; Diane Helen Wallace, B.Sc. III Microbiology; Elizabeth Anne Dundas, B.Sc. III Chemistry; Jean Brown, B.Sc. I Electronics and Electrical Engineering; Catriona Mairi Jean McKay, B.Sc. II Maths and Statistics; Lesley Margaret Keith, B.Sc. II Civil Engineering.

### Heriot-Watt University (1974)

Evelynne Christine Smith, B.Sc. II Computer Science; Anne Florence Grayshan, B.Sc. II Pharmacy; Fiona Margaret McLean, B.Sc.

### University of Stirling

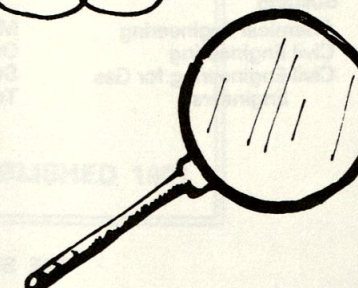
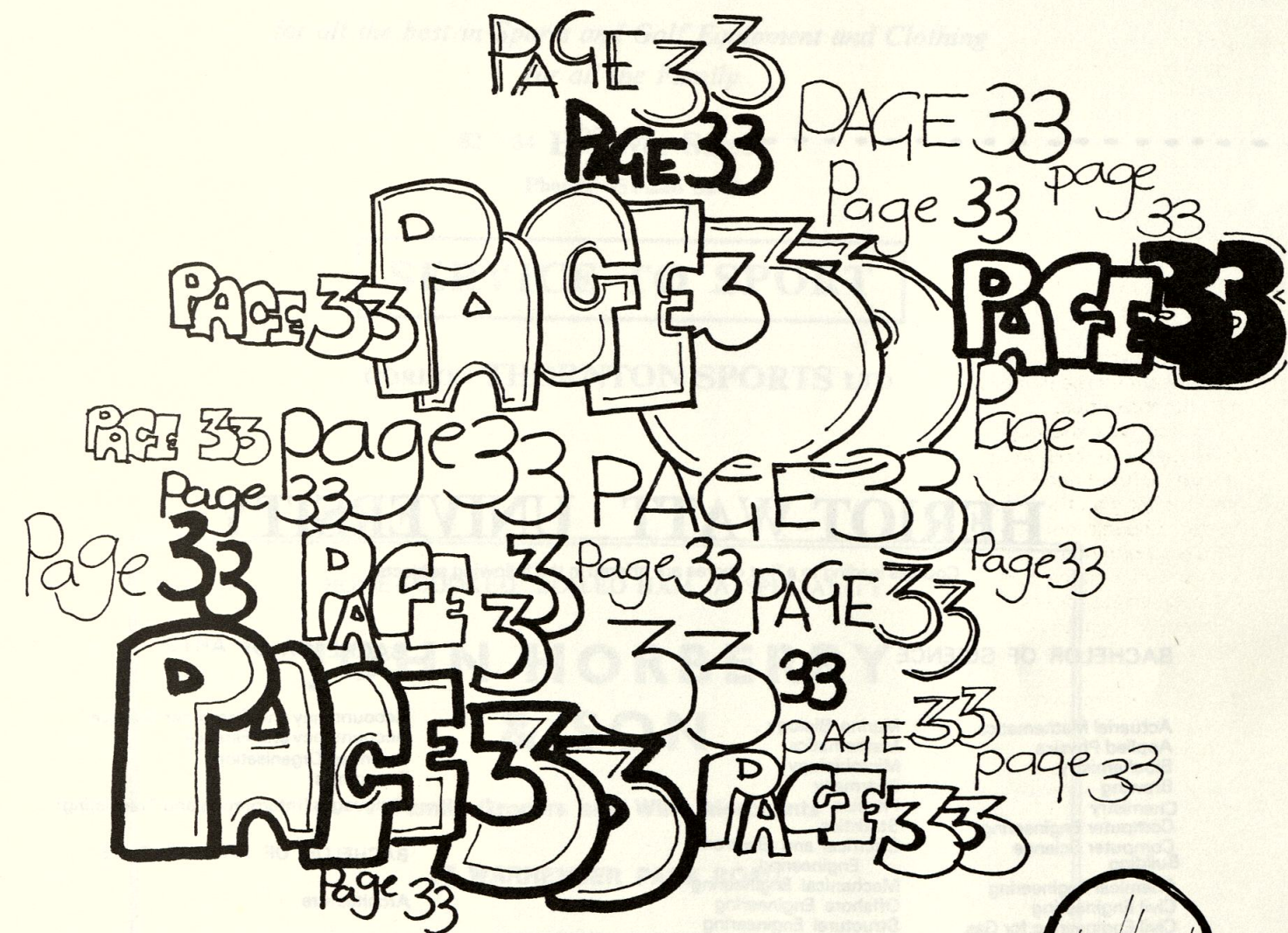
Anne E. Boyd (nee Alexander) Honours II Psychology; Susan M. Caulton, General, Biology; Janet Birks, General, Sociology.

### University of STRATHCLYDE

Dorothy E. Owen, B.Sc. pass Maths.

### RUSSIAN SPEAKING COMPETITION

Hilary Wilkinson, 6W, has gained one of the two places in the Senior Section in the Scottish Regional Heats of the Second International Schools Spoken Russian Olympiad, organized by the International Association of Teachers of Russian. She will go to London in April to take part in the Great Britian national finals at which the British team of five seniors and juniors will be selected for the international finals in Moscow in July.





the end

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Physics  
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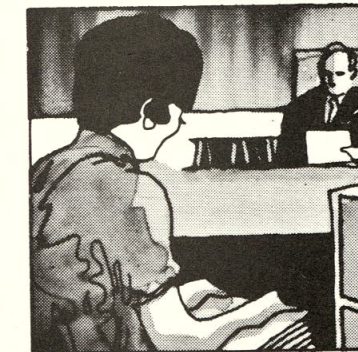
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