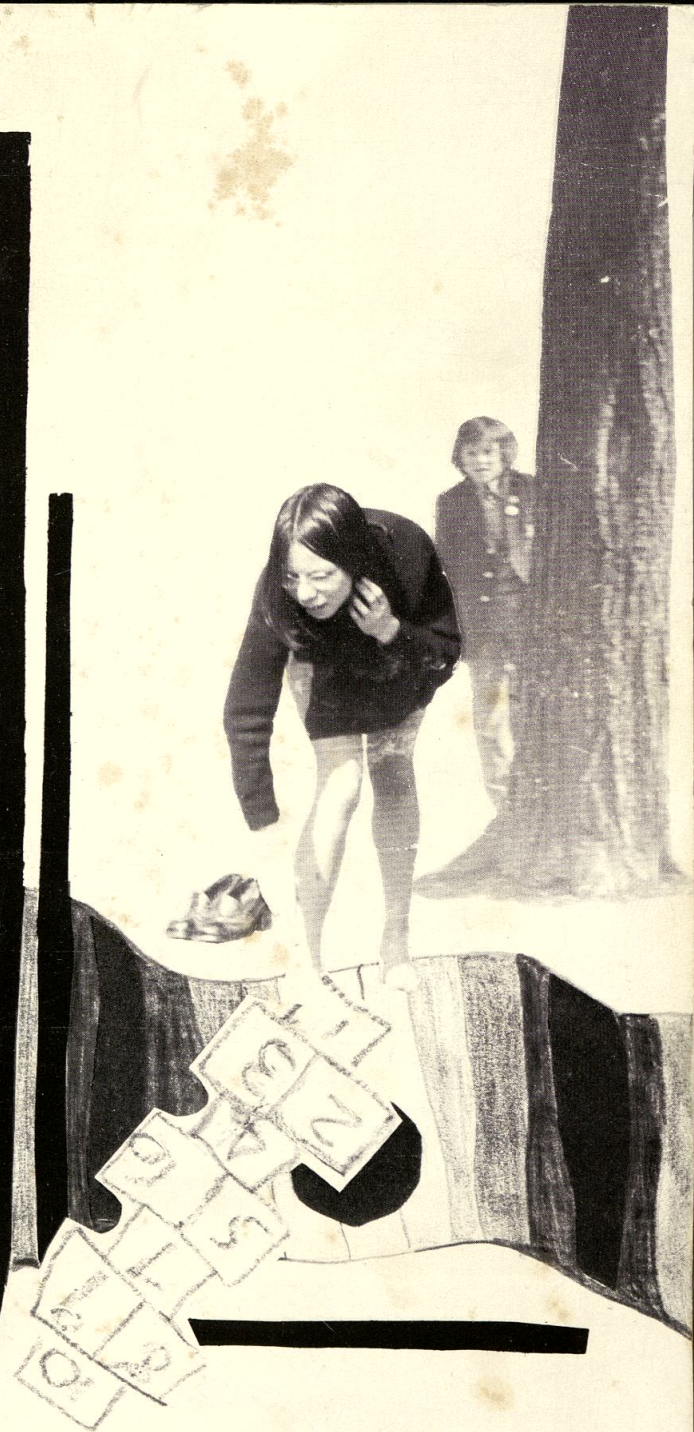
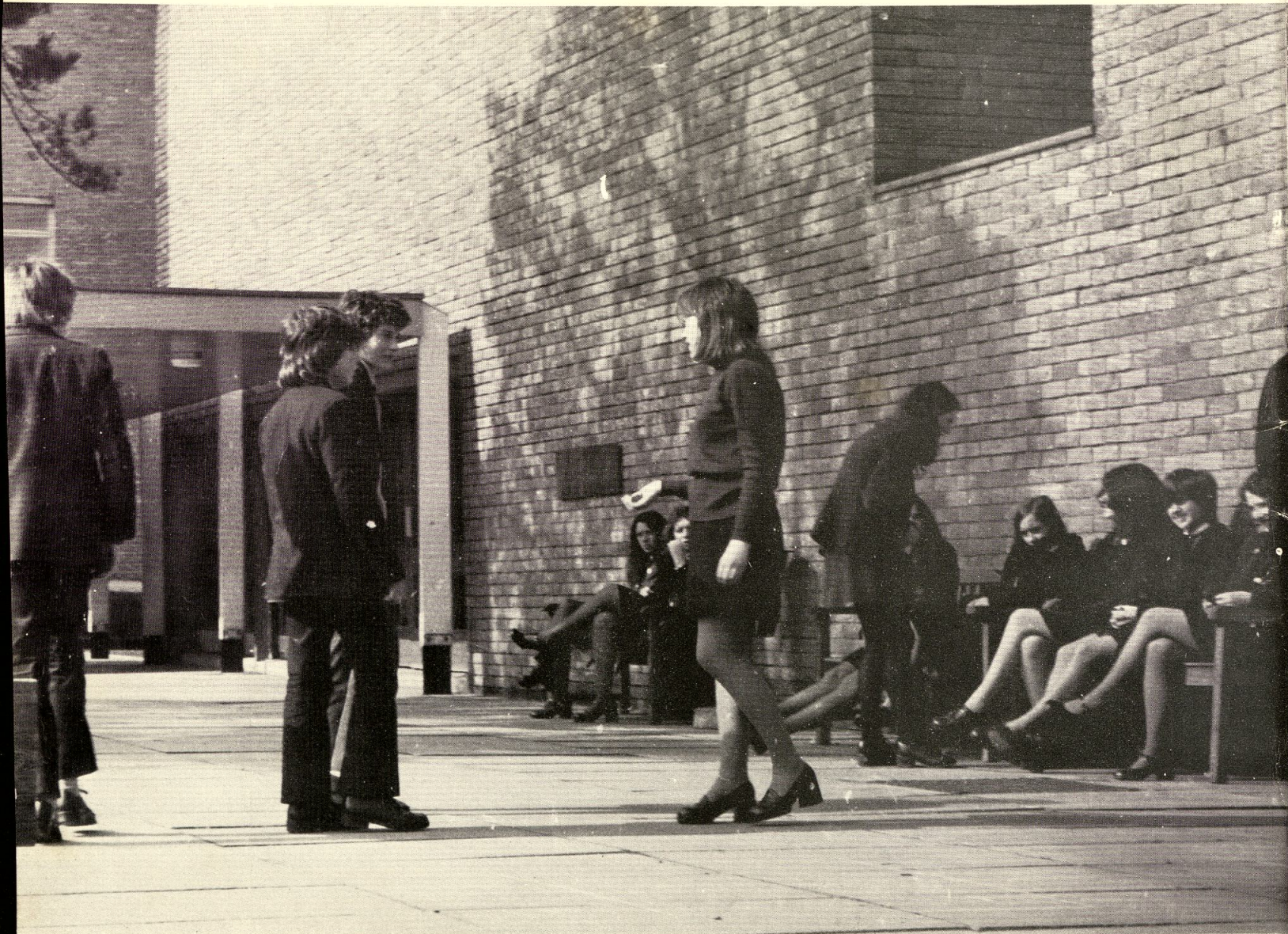


JAMES GILLESPIE'S HIGH SCHOOL





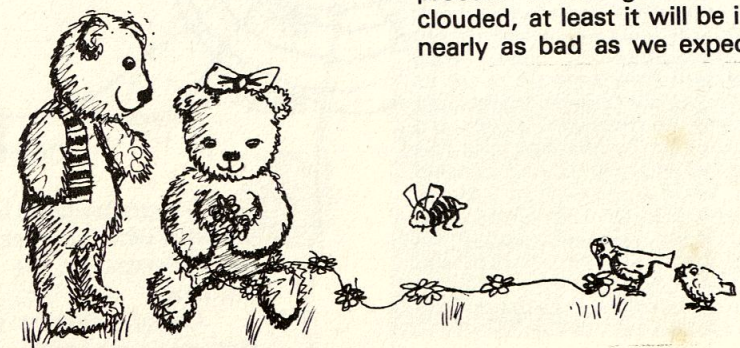
JAMES GILLESPIE'S HIGH SCHOOL

EDINBURGH 1974



ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

DOROTHY NICOL
GILLIAN McDONALD
JILL PENMAN
CATHERINE LESLIE
JANET IRVING
MARY LIVINGSTONE



Editorial

When a multiplicity of great-aunts ask me about my plans, now that I have reached the lofty heights of the Sixth Year, my instinctive reply is that my schooldays are over and my future is completely settled. Yet this cannot be true as none of us know for sure whether or not his plans will turn out well; nothing in the future is at all certain. For example, how many of us would have guessed, six years ago as we tiptoed wide-eyed into our New School that in a few short weeks our initial nervousness would wear off and we too could join the 'Blue-Knee-Length-Socks-for-School-Uniform Campaign.' Even more unbelievable was the idea that in a few short years, this last bastion of femininity would be invaded by a small army of be-trousered young gentlemen known affectionately to the school as 'The First Year Boys'. When we first heard that the school was to be changed so radically, we all exclaimed vehemently, 'It'll never work! . . . We'll all be murdered on the hockey pitches! . . . Rugger in our school? — Never!'

Now after a few early teething troubles, we can hardly imagine a time when there were no boys here. The changeover had been remarkably smooth and effortless, and far from splitting into two schools of 'Us' and 'Them' we have remained a completely integrated community. Not only is school a community, it is also a preparation for life and one of the principal features of life is the way that circumstances are constantly changing. The introduction of the boys has shown us that, even though we thought the school was stagnant, nothing stands still for ever. So even though I say that my school days are over, the ever-changing process of life goes on and though the future is clouded, at least it will be interesting and probably not nearly as bad as we expect.

Gillian McDonald. 6W

STAFF NOTES

We would like to welcome all new members of staff and hope they will be very happy with us. We extend our best wishes to all those who have left us during the past year and congratulate those who have been promoted.

We would like especially to mention Miss Henderson (Mathematics), Miss Hampton (Modern Languages), Miss Wilson (Mathematics), Miss Perkins (Home Economics) and Miss Moncur (Art), who all retired after long and loyal service to the school.

Mr. Skilling (Biology) has been appointed Principal Teacher of Biology at Forrester Secondary School and Mrs. Domanska has been appointed Assistant Principal Teacher in the Mathematics Department. Mrs. Burns has left the Mathematics Department to take up the post of Assistant Housemistress at the Royal High School, and Miss Warren (English) has obtained a post at the Telford College of Further Education. Mr. McCaskill (Religious Education) left in December to take up a charge in the parish of Monimail and Bow of Fife by Cupar.

We welcome Mr. Edwards as Assistant Principal Teacher of Religious Education and, in order of arrival, Mr. Jones (Mathematics), Mrs. Ritchie (Home Economics), Mrs. Marsh (Biology), Mrs. Scott (Mathematics), Miss Guy (French), Mr. Merrick (Physical Education), Mr. Broad (Art), Mrs. Roberts (Mathematics/Science) and Mr. Syrett.

TUTOR APPOINTMENTS

This year, for the first time, there have been the following appointments of Year Tutors:

- Senior Tutor — Mrs. Day.
- 5th Year — Mrs. Wainwright.
- 4th Year — Miss Addly.
- 3rd Year — Mrs. Gray.
- 2nd Year — Miss Smellie.
- 1st Year — Mrs. Viney.

CARBERRY TOWER

From the 24th-28th September, 1973, eight girls from Gillespie's Sixth Form attended a residential course at Carberry Towers, dealing with transition from school to university. About forty pupils from Edinburgh and surrounding district were present, and various speakers came from universities to tell us about the problems of university life and the facilities available for students. We took part in several small discussion groups and students came to tell us of their experiences. We were also told how to use the university libraries and the student banking facilities. We heard of the sports facilities, and while at Carberry Towers we had the chance to take part in recreational activities, including an introduction to trampolining and to orienteering. We all had a very enjoyable time and made many new friends, and after a 'disco' on the Thursday night left reluctantly on Friday morning. It was a very worthwhile conference and an opportunity not to be missed.

Ann Henderson, 6R.

F.P. NOTES

Former pupils have gained the following degrees:—

At Edinburgh University:

M.B., Ch.B.—Anne Naysmith, B.Sc.

M.A. with Honours—Sheena Crozier, Wendy Murdoch (English Language and Literature), Patricia Frost (Philosophy and English Literature), Moira Wilson (French), Alison Barclay (Geography), Heather Wilkinson (Classics), Angela Lindsay (nee Constable) (History of Art).

M.A.—Lesley Stewart (nee Stantiall).

b.sc. (Social Sciences)—Angela Speight, Marilyn Tweedie.

B.Com.—Marilyn Jackson.

B.Ed.—Sheenah Henderson.

At Reading University:

Geography—Alison Hamley (nee Taylor).

B.Sc. with Honours in Food Science—Pauline Murphy.

Alison Tierney (nee Bashford), B.Sc., has been appointed to a lectureship in the department of Nursing Studies at the University of Edinburgh.

At Edinburgh College of Art:

D.A.—Jill Grant.

Congratulations go to Carolyn Wall on winning the Chalmers Jervise Prize and MacLaine Watters Bronze medal in the Royal Scottish Academy Annual Competition 1974.

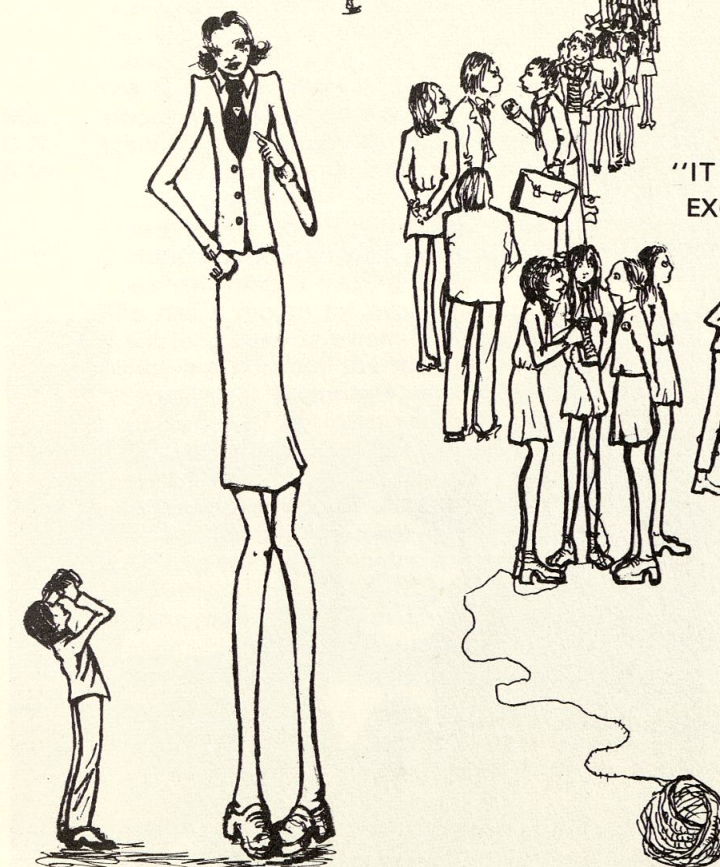
Congratulations to Enid Bannatyne 4th year singing student at the Royal Scottish Academy of Music and Drama who has given two broadcasts of Lieder on Radio 3 and sang "Queen of Night" in Scottish Opera production of Mozart's Magic Flute at very short notice. She sang the lead in "Traviata" and is presently singing lead in Bellini's "The Sleepwalker." She is shortly to have an audition in London for a scholarship to enable her to study abroad.

CONGRATULATIONS

Congratulations to the pupils in 1S and 1G girls and 1G boys who won second prize of £150 for their project on Tollcross in the Sir James Miller Civic Award Scheme.

Congratulations to all pupils who contributed to last year's magazine which was awarded Second prize in the Scotsman's Magazine Awards.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF GILLESPIE'S



"I WAS THINKING OF GIANT PREFECTS AND MYSELF LIKE A MIDGET."

"IT HAS EVERYTHING IN IT — EXCEPT A SNOOKER TABLE."



"I LIKE THE COFFEE AND JUICE MACHINES, THEY'RE QUITE HANDY LIKE THE ICE CREAM"

"THE BOYS ARE A GOOD LAFF."



"SOME OF THE BOYS ARE NICE LOOKING."

C. LESLIE, 6R.



School Captain Jane Rodger



Games Captain

Nova Cunningham



Vice Captain

Lealey Samuel

HERE AND THERE

1st Year Girls: Hasten slowly.

1st Year Boys: The wildest colts make the best horses.

2nd Year: Thy tongue runs upon wheels this morning.

3rd Year: When you go to dance, take heed whom you take by the hand.

4th Year: Never do today what you can put off till tomorrow.

5th Year: Time not given to study is time lost.

6th Year: All learned and all drunk!

J.R. Towering in her pride of place.

L.S. When all is done, the help of good counsel is that which setteth business straight.

L.D. Mislike me not for my complexion,
The shadowed livery of the burnished sun.

M.C. Innocence itself hath need of a mask.

D.N. America is a country of young men.

A.W. To speak much is one thing, to speak to the point is another.

F.M. Whate'er my fate, 'tis my fate to write.

H.B. Come, sing now, sing: I know you sing well.
I see you have a singing face.

P.B. She has a mouth for every matter.

C.T. It has long been an axiom of mine that the little things are infinitely the most important.

G.M. A sophistical rhetorician, inebriated with the exuberance of her own verbosity.

Staff This young man expresses himself in terms too deep for me.

Life without vanity is almost impossible.

Her own opinion was her law.

He traces the steam engine always back to the tea kettle.

I am no orator, but as you know me all a plain, blunt man.

There is no royal road to geometry.

SPYLAW FIRST YEAR DRAMA GROUP

After futile attempts to attract any boys (to the Group!) we girls turned our minds to greater things. We explored the finer points of stage fights and falls. We had a look at the technical side of our stage and used it as a venue where we improvised on everything from 'Nationwide' interviews to ghostly experiences.

Rona McCandlish 5S.

SCHOOL LUNCHES: The all-in-all of life.

6th FORM COMMON ROOM: And women's slander is the worst.

HERIOT'S: Is man no more than this?

1st YEAR DANCE: I stood among them, but not of them.

STAFF ROOM: I smile, of course,
And go on drinking tea.

PREFECTS: There is little friendship in the world and least of all among equals.

ORCHESTRA: Where there's music there can't be mischief.

HIGHERS: Sighed and looked, and sighed again.

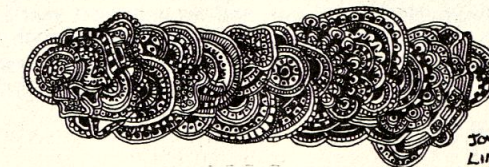
STAIRS: Push on, keep moving.

DISSERTATIONS: Choose a subject, ye who write, suited to your strength.

SCHOOL COUNCIL: Methinks the lady doth protest too much.

DUKE OF EDINBURGH'S AWARD SCHEME

We are very pleased to report that 23 of the 3rd year, having survived a very wet Sunday morning on the Pentlands, are in the last stages of the work for their Bronze award. Special congratulations are due to Hazel Grieve, Eileen Fenton, Sheila Hutcheson, Esther Prime and Anne Paxton being the first pupils of James Gillespie's to gain their Silver Award.



JOYCE
LINDSAY 6F

FILM SOCIETY

Despite the power crisis causing the cancellation of two of our films, we have managed to show five films including 'Taming of the Shrew' and 'Goldfinger.' Once again, however, there has been a very poor response to films and attendance has been low, so we hope for better support next year.

We would like to thank Miss Cuthbert, Mr. Galt and the janitors for turning out on Wednesday nights. Finally, we wish good luck to next year's committee.

Jane Alexander, Secretary.

Aileen Guthrie, Treasurer.

SIXTH FORM REPORT

Once again the affairs of the Sixth Year (I) have been administered by the Sixth Form Committee consisting of two elected members from each class and chaired by Jane and Lesley. This Committee is run in conjunction with staff members, whose support we can count on, if necessary.

At the beginning of the session an innovation was made in the form of a discotheque for 1st Year pupils. This was greatly enjoyed by everyone and we hope this will become an annual event. In November the Prefects braved Arctic conditions and a barrage of snowballs to play a charity hockey match against Royal High Prefects and drew 6-all, raising £54. On 19th December we held our Christmas Zodiac Dance. Much effort and fore-planning was put into this—the decorations were much admired and the buffet, as well as providing plenty for the evening itself, provided a substantial brunch for the Sixth Form the next day.

In February thirty girls—team and cheer leaders alike—had a "thrilling" game of football against the Heriot's Prefects. Thanks go to Mr. Merrick, Mr. Jones and the 1st Year boys for their coaching and advice... unfortunately we lost 7-6. Girls also took part in various other activities—helping in the Polwarth Children's Home, swimming with handicapped children, taking old people shopping at Christmas, and visiting old people in hospitals and in homes.

Also during Sixth Year we benefited from a series of interesting talks during conference time, and with the use of pass outs managed to spend time at the Reference library as well as visiting various exhibitions. Representatives from our Sixth Year have also attended a number of Sixth Form conferences—a residential course dealing with transition to university at Carberry Towers, a conference at the Dean Centre dealing with social problems, and one concerning the local government reforms.

Proposed ventures include a bowling outing with Royal High Prefects, and during the school's production of 'Princess Ida' joint with Royal High, Prefects are planning to take along old people. The 'highlight' of the year will, of course, be the Sixth Form production of the musical 'Anne of Green Gables', produced by Miss Cresswell.

Our thanks go to Miss Ferguson for all her help and encouragement during the year, and we wish next year's Sixth all the best and hope they enjoy their final year as much as we all have done.

Ann Henderson, 6R
Secretary, Sixth Form Committee.

U.N.I.C.E.F.

The purpose of the school branch of the United Nations Children's Fund is to raise funds to help children in underprivileged and needy countries. Our methods this year have ranged from selling balloons, pens and tea towels to a quiz to guess the birthday of a member of staff.

We have raised £50 for this worthy cause and hope to improve on this figure before the end of the session.

The Committee wish to thank all who have helped by giving donations and supporting our efforts, especially our Honorary President, Mrs. Gray, for her invaluable help throughout the year.

Heather Boyd, 6G
Secretary.

CHOIR AND ORCHESTRA

This year the choir and orchestra have had a very enjoyable time, beginning with a concert in St. Giles Cathedral, the programme of which included music from the "Royal Fireworks Suite" by Handel and the Farandole from "L'Arlesienne" Suite by Bizet. Jane Rodger played a flute solo, and the choir sang Michael Hurd's "Missa Brevis," accompanied by Mr. Herrick Bunney on the organ. During the evening service, the choir also sang the negro spiritual "Steal Away" as an anthem.

At the beginning of the Spring Term, a group of girls entertained a Senior Citizens' Club in Corstorphine by giving a very varied performance including solos on the violin, horn, flute and bassoon, and solo singing.

Our Founder's Day anthem on 14th February was "Alleluia" by Mozart.

Our annual concert will take place at the end of March. Both choir and orchestra are taking part, presenting a very interesting programme of music and songs.

Later in the session some members of the choir are combining with boys from the Royal High School for a production of "Princess Ida," a comic opera by Gilbert and Sullivan. Rehearsals are now under way for this and are thoroughly enjoyed by all.

On behalf of the choir and orchestra, I would like to thank our conductor, Mr. Sommerville, for putting up with us so cheerfully throughout the session and for directing us so well.

Heather Boyd, 6G.

LITERARY AND DRAMATIC SOCIETY ANNUAL REPORT

We began the meetings this session with a visit from Neil Cameron of Theatre Workshop, who directed a group of us through a series of improvisations, all based on "The Role of Women in Modern Society." This involved a certain loss of dignity while leaping around with a waste paper basket, being the Empress of the World for two minutes (very good for the soul), improvising speeches, and various other things too complicated to explain to the layman (or laywoman). Two Lyceum visits then followed in quick succession, and then came the first of our joint meetings with Heriot's. This took the form of a reading of "The Importance of Being Earnest" by Oscar Wilde, starring four of our beautiful Gillespie's damsels and five of THEM!

Then came the biggest and best piece of Creative Writing this side of the Prelims... The Pantomime!!! This year, we decided that the script should be finished before the dress rehearsal, so writing started in early September. We had previously decided to attempt a dramatic production of "Little Red Riding Hood," the script of which flowed from the pens, pencils and brains of the Misses Gillian McDonald and Anne White. Rehearsals were frustrating and temper-raising (and the last fortnight before the show was hectic), but all (well, nearly all) went well on The Night, and the show played to a packed house. There were a few minor mishaps, such as Robin Hood's bow breaking in half at a particularly tense moment (she's sorry, Andrew, really she is), but such incidents were carried off with fortitude (forty-free, forty-four...!). The audience enjoyed the evening, and participated with gusto, right up to the last action-packed minute of revelation.



CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME

Due to the fuel crisis this year, we were unable to have the Burns Supper in Gillespie's. After various comings and goings and several frantic inter-committee 'phone calls, it was decided to cancel the Supper, and to have a Scottish Evening in Heriot's instead. This ethnic "happening" comprised of renderings of traditional (and some not-so-traditional) Scottish songs and fiddle music, poetry readings, folk records, and a traumatic but short discussion on the uses of the S.N.P. Haggi and chips were imported from Lannie's at enormous expense and were consumed to the strains of accordion and bagpipe music.

This year, Junior Lit Night turned out to be Junior Lit Morning and Afternoon, as it was shown during school hours (again due to the fuel crisis). Pat Rodger was this year's producer and managed well, considering the difficulties she was up against.

The next meeting of the session was an inter-debate with Royal High, the motion being "That Man is his own God." Speaking for the motion were Miss Gillian McDonald and Miss Anne White of James Gillespie's (we manage to get in everywhere, don't we?), and speaking for the amendment were Mr. Grieve and Mr. Johnston of Royal High. The motion was eventually carried by 10 votes to 4, with 3 abstentions.

Both of the next two meetings were held jointly with

Heriot's. The first was a talk by Mr. Gordon Emslie from B.B.C. Radio, on the subject of "Radio Drama." This was an interesting and worthwhile meeting, and the question time was enlightening, to say the least. The second meeting was in a lighter vein, and took the form of a "Hootenanny."

The final meeting this session was the Inter-House Plays, which were adjudicated this year by Mrs. Heller, of Queen Margaret College Drama Department. The competition was won by Spylaw, with Rona McCandlish's production of "The Great Dark" by Dan Thornton. All the plays were of a high standard, and Mrs. Heller gave a constructive criticism of each.

On behalf of the Literary and Dramatic Society, I would like to thank Miss I. Cameron, Miss Dickinson and Mr. Davidson for their support. We are grateful to Miss Cresswell and her "orchestra" for their help with the pantomime, and would like to thank the janitors for their help with everything. A special thank you must go, however, to one who was "with us but not of us"—Mr. Caw, of Heriot's English department, who very kindly lent us his gas-heated room for several of our meetings.

To end this Lit report for 1974, a quotation from Sheridan, which, I think sums up this year's Lit...

"Through all the Drama—whether damn'd or not—
Love gilds the scene, and women guide the plot."

Anne White, 6S Secretary.





THE WORLD

Great, wide and wonderful world,
With the wonderful water round you curled,
And the wonderful trees, flowers, butterflies, grass and
wonderful strange creatures upon your breast;
World, you are beautifully dressed.

The air is over me
And the wind is shaking the trees;
It walks on the water and whirls the mills,
And talks to itself on the tops of the hills.

Ngozi Obue, 1S (G)

HYPOCRITE

Before he came, I rubbed oil into my hair.
It shone, a cascade of slithering snakes.
My white robe fell to my ankles, its folds
The waves of the sea moving
Up down
Up down.
I waited.

I heard his horse in the yard
his step in the hall
his hand on the door
his voice in my ear.
"Samson, Samson, Samson."

Later, I cradle his head in my lap.
He sings a love song, slowly,
The moon in his voice. Suddenly —

He is afraid.
His sword flashes.
His eyes harden.
His moon sets.
"We are not alone."
He searches, but the secrets of my house
Are hidden, like those of my heart.
I reassure him, pouring sweet honey into his ears.
He sleeps like one already dead.
My scissors do their work.

I laugh.

Gillian McDonald, 6W



OLD AGE

ALISON C. STEELE 35.

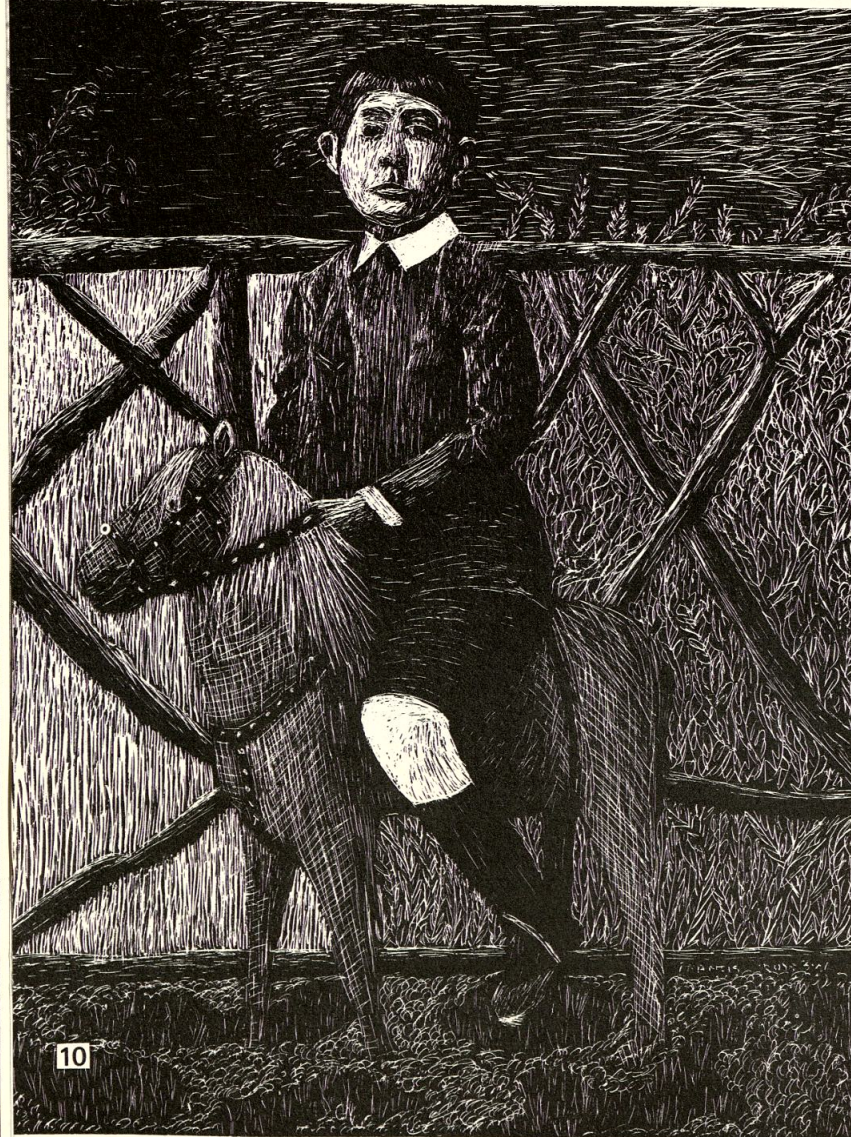
I looked at myself in the mirror
this morning.
Somehow I can't forget, I suppose I never shall,
the face that jumped out at me
and grabbed me by the throat and shook and shook me
until I, weeping,
picked up the 'Stay Young' face cream and smashed the mirror
which lied so truthfully.

M. Hunter, 3G

A FOUR-YEAR-OLD BOY

The small boy gazed longingly at the small group of children playing in the sand. His huge blue eyes watched every move that they made; in his mind he joined in all their games but it was only in his mind. He was too small, they said, too small. So he sat alone, his face smothered in sticky ice cream and sand, building huge, huge castles with giants who trampled on big children who wouldn't play with little boys.

Fiona Cameron, 3G.



Live and Let Live

He stopped in the small outer room and listened. Despite all he had been told about this job, the silence in the big room ahead was almost unbelievable. He felt his pocket to check that his only weapon was still there. The feel of it was reassuring as he made a quick mental check of what must be done. The thick, creamy texture of the recent drink had turned to water in his veins, and he had a cold, sickly feeling in his stomach.

Just at that moment he became aware of a hissing sound, as if air was being blown through narrow pipes. It seemed to come from all around him, above, below, from the room in front. The door behind him opened, and he spun round to meet a new adversary. The man entering was very tall and slim, with dark hair which was greying at the temples. His black jacket was a perfect fit, but the grey trousers were a little short. His highly polished, obviously new shoes gleamed as he stepped inside the doorway and moved to face James.

"Are you ready?" the tall man demanded.

James felt in his pocket for his small wooden weapon, the only protection he had other than his fists, and nodded. His companion saw the movement, and, holding James's arm tightly, removed the offending article.

"I said 'No weapons'" he said coldly.

The others who were due to make up the party now entered the small room. There was one other man, dressed totally in long black robes, an excellent disguise, even James hardly recognised his old friend. Two women completed the party.

"You all know what you must do?". The tall man glanced around the assembled group, then turned to James.

"Good luck, young man."

The tallest woman moved to stand in front of James. She was very slim and pretty, with dark hair and eyes. She leaned forward and kissed James lightly on the cheek. "Do well" she whispered, her smile betrayed only by the tear glistening in her eye.

James gathered up his equipment in his arms and nodded. The dark man led off, followed by the tall man and the pretty woman.

James sighed and followed the procession up the aisle, carrying the bride's train. Being a page boy was not his idea of excitement at all!

Heather Boyd, 6G



On 14th February, 1974, at our annual service we were honoured by having as our guest speaker the Chairman of the Edinburgh Education Committee, Bailie Charles Stuart.

Bailie Stuart talked to us about the history of the positions of office in local government and the changes which will be effected when the local government reforms are carried out.

This year saw a change in the general appearance of the audience, with a row of unusually smart First Year boys in the front. Also for the first time the traditional presentation of the snuff box was made by a boy—James Wallace, Form Captain of 1W.

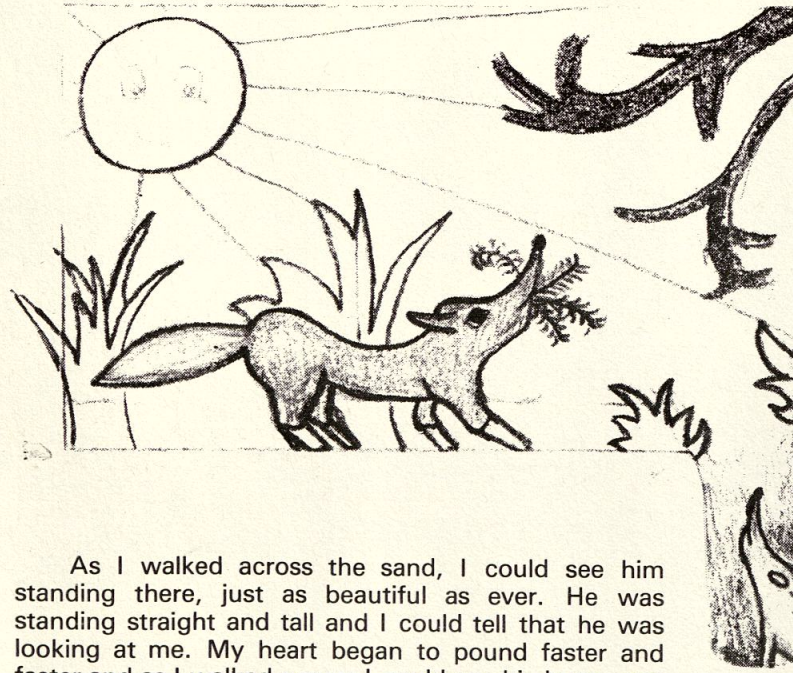
Afterwards staff and visitors met for tea with representatives of the 6th Form.

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THE STRANGER

A rustle of leaves and he was there, his long, smiling mouth half open with a bundle of feathers caught up inside. Two bright amber eyes shining in the sunset like a pair of burning jewels. His lean frame loped across the grass, showing his red fur coat with long white boots. Lifting a glossy nose to the wind he sniffed and bolted with a flick of his tail. The darkness enfolded him and he was nowhere to be seen.

Anne McDowall, 2S.



As I walked across the sand, I could see him standing there, just as beautiful as ever. He was standing straight and tall and I could tell that he was looking at me. My heart began to pound faster and faster and as I walked nearer I could see his huge eyes with their lovely long lashes. He was watching me as I came towards him and I smiled. He didn't smile back, he just looked. I now began to dread this and wished I had never said I would come. If this afternoon was not going to go right then I wished I had never set eyes on him. He now acknowledged my presence with a blink of his eyes and he knelt down on the sand. My nervousness was not so great by now and I walked to him till I was barely a few inches away from him. As I climbed on to his back I knew my first camel ride would turn out to be a success.

Pamela Hay, 3R

The Thing on Tork Moor

The mist rolled over the moor. Out to sea a ship's siren sounded far off the point. The village of Tweeds Muir was a collection of lights down near the mouth of the river Tork. The salt tang of the harbour drifted over the moor.

People in Tweeds Muir stayed indoors on nights like this. Legend had it that Torker of Tork Moor walked on such nights. This legend had brought me, a reporter, to this quiet village in Strath Spie and while most folk were inside in the warmth, I was out on the cold, misty moor.

I stamped my feet for warmth and sipped from my thermos of hot soup which Mrs. Macdonald, my landlady, had given me. I was thinking of going home when I felt the hair on the back of my neck tingle. I turned round but there was nothing in sight. Still the fear stayed with me and I smelt a strange smell of peat. It was smothering. I felt sick. Then though the mist I saw a pair of red eyes floating in mid air. They glowed and throbbed. Suddenly I was seized by blind terror and I bolted. I ran for my life back to the village where I collapsed in exhaustion in front of Bill McGregor.

The villagers believed me but no one else would. They said I was drunk, but can a drunk man sprint 300 yards over heather and bracken? It makes you wonder!

Fraser Simon, IW(B)

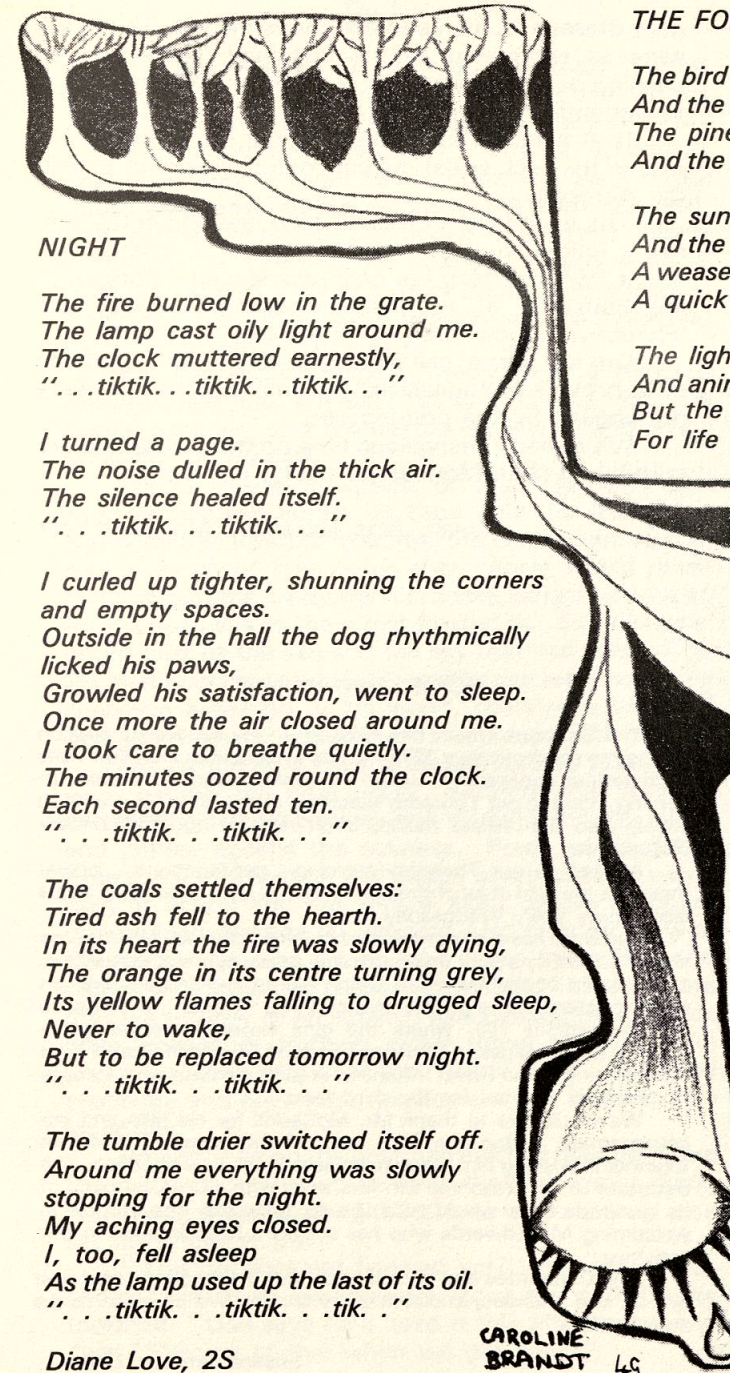


VERONICA GUTHRIE 2R

I can remember my first day dream. It was about me falling off a cliff. This is how it goes.

One day I was looking over a cliff where my Granny lives and suddenly I fell. As I went under water, I saw a whole lot of things—caves, mermaids, whales, sharks and dolphins. Suddenly one of the dolphins came over to me and let me ride on its back. We soon came up to the surface. When I started to swim for land it followed me. I named it Kipper.

Fiona Mackay, 1S(G).



NIGHT

*The fire burned low in the grate.
The lamp cast oily light around me.
The clock muttered earnestly,
". . . tiktik. . . tiktik. . . tiktik. . ."*

*I turned a page.
The noise dulled in the thick air.
The silence healed itself.
". . . tiktik. . . tiktik. . ."*

*I curled up tighter, shunning the corners
and empty spaces.
Outside in the hall the dog rhythmically
licked his paws,
Growled his satisfaction, went to sleep.
Once more the air closed around me.
I took care to breathe quietly.
The minutes oozed round the clock.
Each second lasted ten.
". . . tiktik. . . tiktik. . ."*

*The coals settled themselves:
Tired ash fell to the hearth.
In its heart the fire was slowly dying,
The orange in its centre turning grey,
Its yellow flames falling to drugged sleep,
Never to wake,
But to be replaced tomorrow night.
". . . tiktik. . . tiktik. . ."*

*The tumble drier switched itself off.
Around me everything was slowly
stopping for the night.
My aching eyes closed.
I, too, fell asleep
As the lamp used up the last of its oil.
". . . tiktik. . . tiktik. . . tik. . ."*

Diane Love, 2S

CAROLINE
BRANDT 4G

THE FOREST

*The bird opened its beak and trilled its sweet song,
And the droning of the pollen-laden insects filled the air,
The pines stood erect, slender and strong,
And the spotted brown fawn, with the big velvet eyes, stopped just to stare.*

*The sun threw shadows that dappled the bark,
And the spring bubbled joyously in its wooded glade.
A weasel, concealed in a bush, was intent on a lark,
A quick spring and the kill was made.*

*The light fades and the darkness has come,
And animals creep, on weary limbs, home to rest,
But the day is just beginning for some,
For life never stops in the forest.*

Morag Lancaster, 2G

THE RUINED COTTAGE

*The silver, sunlit waters, of the Forth
Island studded, shimmering through the air,
I saw and marvelled.
It might have been before the dawn of man.
Only the moors, the heather and the yellow spangled whins,
The sunbeams bouncing from the quiet river
meandering down the valley to the sea.
All was quiet and peaceful as could be.
And then, with tearing human anguish, I espied
A neatly ruined cottage, nestling by that stream
Beside the sheltering rowans, and my dream
was now within the span of man.
What lives had yonder cottage held
Beside the slowly moving stream?
What lives? What hopes? What dreams? What fears?
And when and whence had come the end, and why
Thereafter quiet and stately had decayed the home
Unto its present, pleasant, dream-provoking state?*

Alison Gibb, 4R



6th Form Cruise

"Good morning, students, the time is now 6.30 and all students should be getting up. Breakfast will be served at 7.00 in the following order, groups III, IV, V, VI, I, II."

This was followed by a quick blast of 'Honky Tonk Woman', which greeted us every morning for the twelve days that we were on board the S.S. UGANDA cruising in the Mediterranean.

Our first impressions of the ship were the 300 Canadians swarming round the decks in faded blue denims and checked lumber jackets, and the food, which was fine as long as you like eating rubber spaghetti, plastic spam and sloppy potatoes — no wonder Jean was seasick most of the time.

Our first contact with the Mediterranean was sailing down the Grand Canal in the Venetian moonlight.

Olympia, first home of the Olympic Games, was lush, green and scattered with relics of ancient Greek buildings.

Antalaya in Turkey was basically dirty, smelly and noisy but also fascinating with its horse-drawn carts,

gaily dressed women and enormous market. The buses were as antiquated as the buildings; we ended up pushing ours out of a ditch near the vast Greek theatre at Aspendos.

In Athens we spent nearly all our remaining drachmae in the back street markets before going on to visit the Acropolis.

The ruined city of Delphi, 1500 feet above the sea, had a unique aura of the past. It was completely different from anything we had experienced before, with the backdrop of its two majestic mountains, the 'Flamboyant One' and the 'Rosy One'.

Our last port of call was the beautiful old walled city of Dubrovnik in Yugoslavia. Our impressions of it were not spoiled by the pouring rain.

We all had a marvellous time on the cruise, and are grateful to Miss Moncur for taking our party.

Jean, Jane, Gillian and Mary, 6th Year

SCRIPTURE UNION

The Scripture Union has enjoyed a very successful session during the academic year 1973-74. Our syllabus has included visits from various speakers (to whom we must extend our thanks for coming along to our Thursday meetings at the early hour of 8.20 a.m.), also film strips, music, book reviews and many lively discussions.

As well as our Thursday morning "get-togethers," prayer meetings are held at lunchtime on Mondays and Thursdays, and a bible study every Wednesday.

The S.U. has also participated in joint activities with George Heriot's, namely a joint meeting in the music room at Gillespie's, a day camp at the Scripture Union hall in Rutland Square, an evening listening to a gospel rhythm group "Flame", a barbecue on Corstorphine Hill, where the girls excelled themselves in cooking the sausages, a Christmas party at Charlotte Chapel, and carol singing in the Royal Infirmary. A joint meeting with George Watson's is planned for the third term.

We would like to thank Mr. McCaskill for his help and encouragement during the first term of this session, and join together in wishing him every happiness in his new vocation. The Scripture Union presented Mr. McCaskill with a book in token of its gratitude. We would also like to take this opportunity in welcoming Mr. Edwards who has shown a keen interest in our activities.

The Committee and myself hope that the meetings next year will be well attended, and that every support will be given to the new leaders.

Sheena Simpson, 6W.

The Net

The eight brown fingers and two stout thumbs spun in a flurry of action over the orange-brown strings and threads lying on the old man's knee, in a way totally out of character with the still, dormant afternoon. Shafts of stray sunlight fell through the gaps in the clouds and threw bright beacons on the dusty seaweed, paint and tar floor of the boathouse. Motes swam dizzily in the beams. The sea was strangely docile and had barely the energy to form a wave to lap by his seaboots of windwashed rubber, and even the seagulls floated on paths of lethargy high above.

But the brown fingers, brown with a hundred summers and with the salty toil of a lifetime, spun on across his knee, and the needle flashed up and down between the threads.

His face was a pattern of life. The lines and wrinkles writhing across his brow told the stories his grandchildren loved to hear, and the crinkles on his chin held a world of knowledge that people would never know, whilst the creases on his cheek looked on with an experienced eye as the world floated by. And his eyes, bright blue as the sea and the sky that had formed his life, that now grew tired in his senility and wearied by the changing evolution of his world, sparkled softly as if saying, "I know peace", on that sleepy afternoon.

Out by the jetty, Peter Drew and his two young lads were getting the boat ready, clattering the winches and rattling the old engines and throwing on the boxes and crates, against the stillness. Peter was a good-fisherman. The best on that coast, some said. He was a man of action and life with a loud, deeply accented voice which shouted to Jim and Alec to hurry up with the crates. He was a man who loved the action and passions of his job and there was nothing he loved more than the ferocity of an Atlantic gale beating on the deck while towers of frothing water threw themselves in anguish against the hull of the "Derry Maid". He loved challenge and adventure, excitement and freedom. He loved life.

Presently when the boys had finished their tasks and the water had crept up towards the high water mark, young Jim whistled along the jetty to where the old man sat on a lobster pot.

"You got that net finished yet?" he asked, watching Jean Reilly swaggering along the path by the toolshed. "Dad says he'll need it this afternoon. Hey, Jean! See you at five when we get back?"

Jean flashed back a smile of answer and paraded off round the corner. Jim gave a satisfied grin. "Can I take it then? Dad said you'd best hurry."

The fingers slowed and halted and with a nod the old man passed the folds to big Jim who bundled them up in his arms and whistled back down to the "Derry Maid".

The old brown hands rested on the worn knees of his trousers and the tired eyes closed for sleep. The "Derry Maid" chugged out of the harbour some time later.

The afternoon peace dissolved through the passing hours. Out to the north black storm clouds were blowing in, bringing a fierce Atlantic wind and driving rain over the rising crests of water. Mary hurried out at half past five and shook her old father gently by the shoulder and led him back to the house, away from the approaching weather.

By six, the gale had reached the village and torrents of driving water beat thunderously on the window panes. The ferocious wind was crying through the oak beams and Mary stopped singing as she scrubbed the dinner dishes for she could not hear her voice. The tired pool eyes peered through the window into the dark and tempest outside. As time passed on, they did not see the storm lessen, and the darkness battered against their blue. By eleven, the wind had dropped a little and then her eyes could pierce the darkness. He saw lights waving on the pier and they made his eyes dizzy so he closed them and his head began to nod.

"I must go down to the pier a while, father. Mind the fire, would you?" shouted Mary as she passed out the door, mackintosh clad. His chin dropped on to his chest and he gently snored.

He woke stiff the next morning to a white and rain-washed vista and a new peaceful world. His sleep had refreshed him and recharged him and he said, "I wonder how young Drew fared with my net?"

Mary's tired eyes swept the floor and a trickle of moisture ran down her cheek.

"I don't know, father, No-one does. Your net was lost in the storm, along with" she sobbed quietly.

The eyes darkened and a new wrinkle joined the others on the old face. He knew, but he felt very tired now..

Very tired.

Morag F. Innes, 4W 15



HOW DID I GET HERE?

How did I get here?
 No biological forces pieced together this
 pile of heaving
 flesh and bones.
 No Goddamn forces hold together these
 metal braces and
 plastic sockets.
 What could make such vile distortions of nature?
 Only now,
 it's been so long, God knows, so long,
 can I point an accusing finger at you
 and proclaim you guilty.
 And there are few witnesses;
 Their poor confused minds have forgotten
 the pains of right and wrong.
 And the consequences they forgot willingly.
 Yes, they all learned or so they said,
 But why, then, did you bring us this
 WAR?

Dianne Barry 3S

Dark Gethsemane, and quiet
 Silent as the grave
 Only quiet breathing
 Quiet sleeping
 Quiet praying

"Will no-one stay awake with me?"
 Quiet pleading
 Quiet sleeping
 Quiet praying

They came, breaking silence
 Waking the sleepers
 Disturbing the prayers

They fought
 His friends fought
 Quiet betrayal
 Quiet exit

No resistance
 It is written
 Thus it is written.

Heather
 Boyd, 6G

LAMENTATIONS OF THE ISLES OF THE NORTH

Chapter I, verses 1-8

1. For it came to pass in the twenty-first year of the reign of the Great Queen that the people turned away from the Lord and followed not in his ways, so that a darkness fell upon the councillors and a spirit of contention entered into the people.

2. And they muttered among themselves saying, "We that labour in the bowels of the earth and earn our bread by our sweat in the blackness and mire of the Great Pits, we have been made a sacrifice to the greed of the multitude; we have been rewarded with the scant measure that is an abomination; we are made strangers to the good grain, and the new wine cometh not to our mouths."

3. Therefore we will no more strive to fill your hearths with fire and put lights in your streets and in your palaces."

4. Then were the rulers wroth, and the governors of the people much enraged, and they took counsel together how they should deal with this thing.

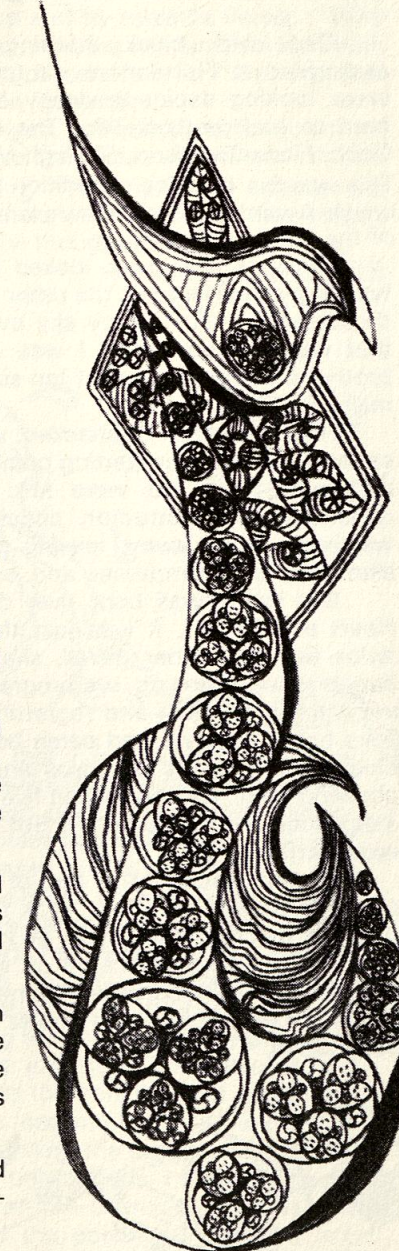
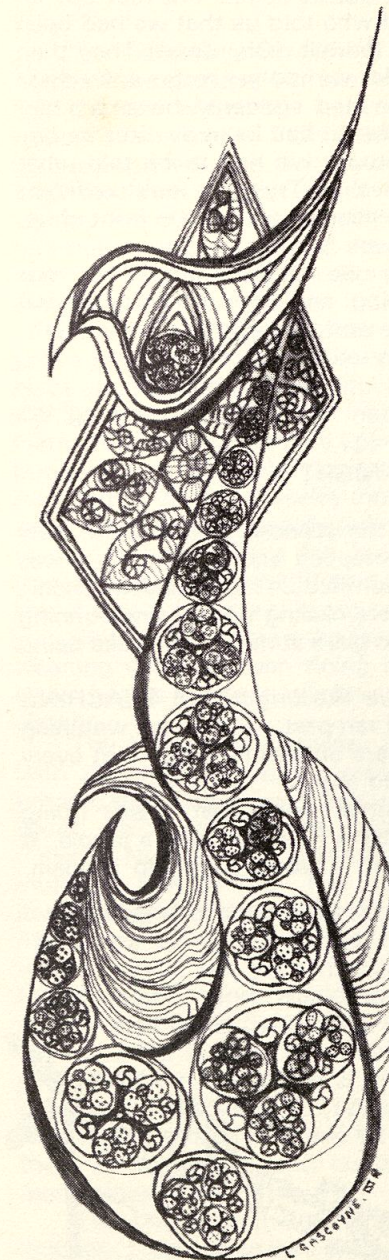
5. And they said, "Be advised ye delvers, and turn from your iniquities all ye that strike the living rock. For the shekels we have apportioned you must suffice else the nation shall be made small in the eyes of the heathen."

6. Then the artificers whose hands were stilled were filled with lamentation, and the idle merchants howled in the darkened ways, for the fires had failed and the lamps were unlit in the desolate land.

7. Then the hearts of the labourers smote them that they said, "We are defiled by our labour, and the time of purification is long. Recompense us therefore for the period of the cleansing and we will work as before."

8. But the Elders hardened their hearts and would not hearken so that the nation was divided against itself, and no man prospered.

Shona Ross, 4G.



The Duke of Edinburgh Expedition

One cold, bleak morning found twenty girls assembled at Flotterstone car park. Four of the girls were looking decidedly sleepy, but we tried very, very hard to look enthusiastic. The four girls were Elaine Cobb, Fiona Davidson, Shelagh McAdam and myself. This was the practice expedition for the Duke of Edinburgh Award. (We are now planning an assassination of the Duke of Edinburgh.)

Two of the group looked like walking beacons, wearing yellow kagools the other was looking decidedly discouraged, with a grey sky overhead an anorak that wasn't waterproof! I was wearing a coat of my brother's which was about ten sizes too big and didn't really look like a coat.

Having had our kit checked, we were shoved into a car and taken to our starting point. Clutching our maps and compasses we were left: (Where, is another question!) The instructor, chuckling to himself very wickedly, drove away, leaving us to battle with the elements, our compasses and our maps.

But Elaine was bent over double. Appendicitis? Heart attack? No, it was just that her rucksack was twice the size of her. (Well, she's only little.) Having straightened Elaine up, we progressed. Two steps later we were in a marsh and regretting every minute of it. Two hours later we had eaten between us, two crunchies, four packets of crisps and several packets of chewing gum. Two hours and five minutes later we had indigestion (who wouldn't?). But these four brave girls kept battling on.

As we reached the top of yet another hill we couldn't believe our eyes. Was this a road below us, had we reached civilisation at long last? Clambering over fences, through herds of sheep, across private property, we at last reached the beautiful, hard, smooth tarmac road, surely we must have reached our destination.



But the worst was yet to come. We met our instructors along the road who told us that we had been watched coming down the hill. (Oh, dear!) They then asked us how many miles we had yet to go and where we were going next. The map suddenly became a blur of lines and blotches when it had been as clear as day up on the hill, so eventually we had to be told what direction we were to travel in. Trying to look confident we continued on. Mist behind us and mud in front of us, the situation did look very bleak.

Three hours later, we at last arrived at our destination, backs aching and feet soaking, but we managed to force a smile and mutter through our teeth, "Yes, we enjoyed every minute of it!"

Fiona Armstrong, 3G

NIGHT

An owl hooted in the stillness of the night. My heart leaped. A twig snapped and I jumped. I was nervous and absolutely terrified. I had a claustrophobic feeling that the trees were closing up as I was running past. The bark seemed to glare at me. It was like being in enemy territory.

Their branches were like long ARMS REACHING OUT TO GRAB ME AS I ran past. Eyes were watching me, I was sure. They were unseen but I felt that every bush and tree concealed them.

This was only a small wood that I was going through but it seemed like a forest or even a jungle. It was a nightmare journey. I would never do it again.

Margaret Young, 2R.



Escape

The baby was screaming again. Norma Murray dropped the damp cloth she was holding and rushed into the hall where the baby normally spent his afternoons in his pram. "Oh God! shut up, can't you," Norma implored. She picked up the sweetened dummy from the floor and put it into "wee Johnny's" mouth, rocking the pram with the other hand. The doctor had said the sweetened dummy decayed Johnny's teeth as soon as they erupted but Norma felt it was the only thing that kept him quiet.

It was about nine months since Norma had come to live in a flat on the top floor of a twelve storey tower block and still she knew no other person in the building. Her husband had left her nearly a year before and Norma had soon found the upkeep of her pleasant little bungalow impossible on the meagre National Assistance. Now her weekly trips to the Post Office and supermarket were the only outings she had — or indeed wanted. Although she felt isolated at the top of the tower block she was frightened to meet other people for fear they would stare at her or criticise her.

She wandered into the living room, forgetting the cleaning she had been doing in the kitchen, and sat down beside the open window staring at the hills in the distance.

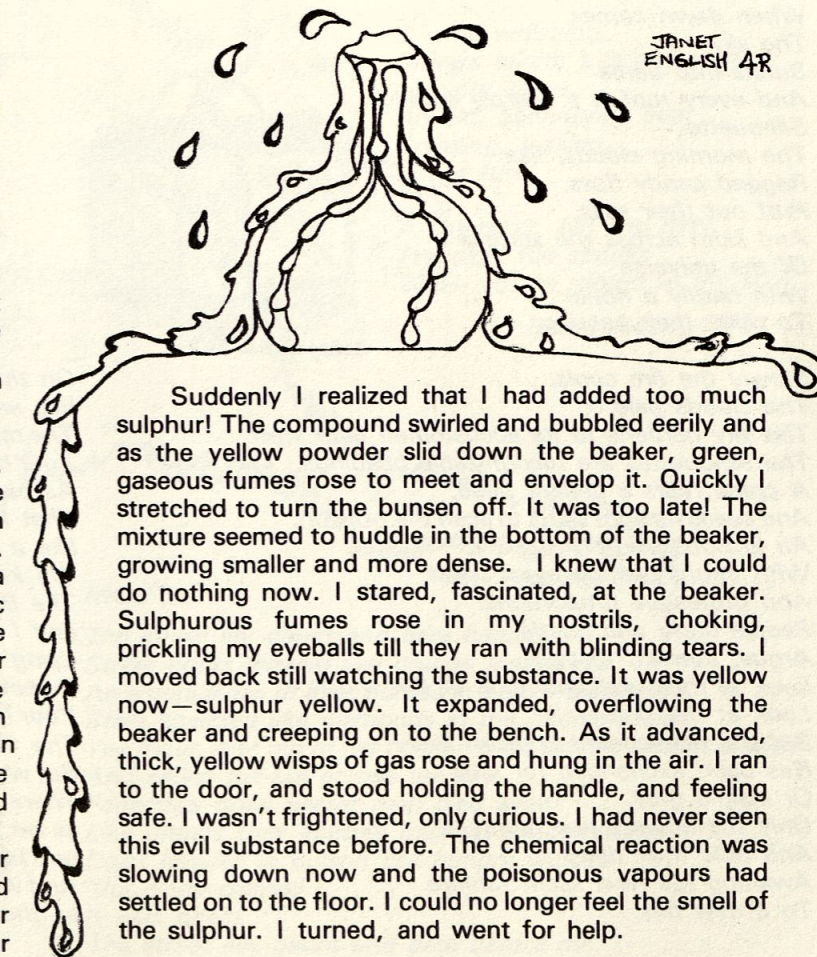
The four-year old twins, Simon and Sylvia, both with runny noses, dirty clothes and whining voices, entered the small room, "Can we play the carpet game, Mum, eh?" said Simon, sucking his dirty fingers. "Yes," Norma said absently and knelt beside the imitation Persian rug. The 'carpet game' had been invented by Norma to quieten her two elder children. The twins would sit on the Persian rug and Norma would say, "Close your eyes and pretend it's a magic flying carpet" and would proceed to describe the sensation of floating out of the window and flying faster than a bird to the hills and then beyond to Persia. (Here she drew from her stores of knowledge acquired from children's comics she had taken to reading.) The children would close their eyes and let their imaginations take them to a dream world during which Norma would move quietly away.

This time though she remained kneeling beside her children. "Let me come" she said suddenly and pushed her way on to the rug. The twins took on their familiar dreamy expressions as they floated away with their

imaginations. But Norma sat tense and nervous waiting for the carpet to rise up and fly towards Persia. "Why doesn't it fly" she cried, pushing her hands underneath the rug as if in an attempt to levitate it. "Fly — please fly — get me out" she begged.

"Mum" Simon began, but before reality could call her back, Norma dragged the carpet away from him and his sister. Still shouting "Fly, fly!" she ran to the window. She climbed out and holding the carpet, jumped. "Goodness" she thought, "I really am flying."

Margaret Lea, 3S



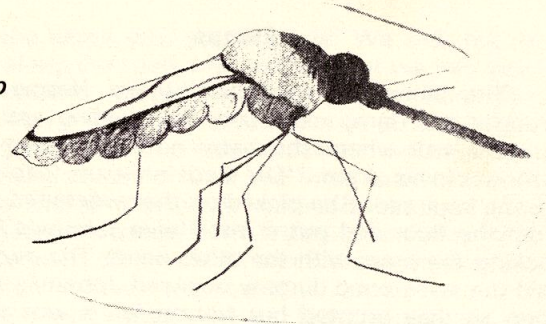
Suddenly I realized that I had added too much sulphur! The compound swirled and bubbled eerily and as the yellow powder slid down the beaker, green, gaseous fumes rose to meet and envelop it. Quickly I stretched to turn the bunsen off. It was too late! The mixture seemed to huddle in the bottom of the beaker, growing smaller and more dense. I knew that I could do nothing now. I stared, fascinated, at the beaker. Sulphurous fumes rose in my nostrils, choking, prickling my eyeballs till they ran with blinding tears. I moved back still watching the substance. It was yellow now — sulphur yellow. It expanded, overflowing the beaker and creeping on to the bench. As it advanced, thick, yellow wisps of gas rose and hung in the air. I ran to the door, and stood holding the handle, and feeling safe. I wasn't frightened, only curious. I had never seen this evil substance before. The chemical reaction was slowing down now and the poisonous vapours had settled on to the floor. I could no longer feel the smell of the sulphur. I turned, and went for help.

Edith J. Willimott, 4W.

MOSQUITO.

In the yellow shadows of the paraffin lamp
A mosquito pranced and flirited
Leggily around me.
On the wall of the tent her reflection
Shivering to the whisper of moonshine,
She hovered with all legs lifted
Poised ready for the kill.
She bit deep into my flesh,
A cruel recurring nightmare.

Diane Barry, 3S

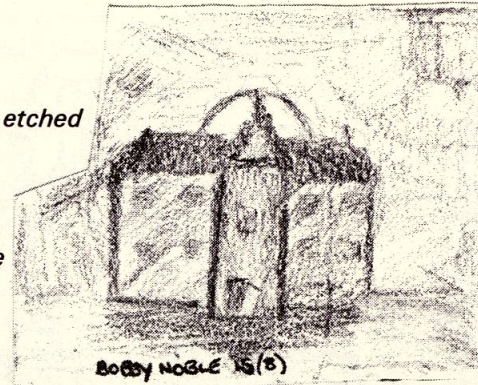


SANDRA
HAWTHORN 3W

AN OLD HOUSE

I stood in the dark old house,
I felt like a very scared mouse.
My friend was nowhere to be found.
I wanted to dig myself a hole in the ground
So that I could hide from the thing that was roaring
And I thought town life was so boring.
Never again shall I step in that house
That made me feel like a scampering mouse.

Ian Meikle, 1S (B)



Bobby Noble 1S(B)

On that sleep-filled heavy day of Autumn
We ambled in a dream towards love.
The ripe golden corn was a reflection of your hair,
Your hands, long fingered, blue veined, light and free
As blown sands.
That lonely little sky-blue flower you plucked was
like a timeless message.
We knew and that was all that mattered.
The flower was our wedding ring
and I was your bride.
Lying in the long grass, you smiled stupidly,
Sweetly, into my eyes.
Your hand moved, to brush a yellowing leaf away from my ear.
The fiery-glintoned poppies made us drowsy
But we were sealed away from the mists of the world.
There was trust in that season of fruitfulness,
as we, with childish joy, stretched two grasses between
our taut thumbs.
And we sang of our love beside the water,
as the sun-chilled heat turned into winter.

Sheila Bryce, 4W

SILENT FANFARE

Grey morn —
Scarce dawn,
Yet minds are already plied
To work.
When dawn comes,
The sky
Bursts into flame
And every roof is a sharply etched
Silhouette.
The morning clouds, like
Ragged candy floss,
Puff out their sails
And skim across the surface
Of the universe
With hardly a ripple
To mark their passing.

Slowly the fire cools;
The clouds pale,
The sky hardens to its accustomed blue steel,
The silhouettes are recognizable buildings.
A crane rears a defiant head,
And swirls its tight skirts to scan the horizon,
An anxious bird
With bright glinting eye
And grotesque proportions.
People hurry and hustle,
Argue, correct, restrain,
Look at their watches, look at the shops —
Look at the sky.
But the resplendent crimson livery
Has been exchanged for blue
Or insipid grey.
Only the flowers nod gently
And bide their time,
Awaiting the next silent fanfare
To a new day.

Susan Horsburgh, 2S

FEAR

The wind howled,
The ship rocked,
The raging sea,
I was all alone,
It frightened me.

The only survivor,
Jim Brown:
That was me.
My friends, my crew and enemies
Were lost, lost in the cruel sea.

The mast had broke,
The rudder bent,
I could not explain the fear,
I was lost at sea,
The end was near.

My ship was as bent as a tin can
Kicked about the streets, stood on.
A rock, a huge rock, came in sight.
The boat rocked.
I tried to steer it with all my might
past the rocks.
OH PLEASE, OH PLEASE don't go to sea
Said my mother.

Eric Morrison, 1S(B)

CANDLES IN THE CHURCH

When I was standing there,
Holding the cream wax candle
In my hands, taller than my arm,
The cool damp around
But no flicker from the pale flames,
And warm with feeling,
The warm flame opened
Into delicate flower
Like magnolia blossoms
On the finely wrought frame,
The black silhouette of the tree itself.
And then the tree was whole,
And I was one with that
Atmosphere, of communion.

C. Sarah Dyer, 4R

SPOOKS.

Fear plagues you,
Terrifies you.
Your imagination
Gives you the want to die.

The graveyard at night,
A heart going thump, thump,
Scary things,
Like a moan, or a groan,
From something you can't see,
A spook?

A wind whistling,
Shivers taking a one-way trip
Up your spine.
An old, abandoned boat
Creaking, leaking,
Is not fun!

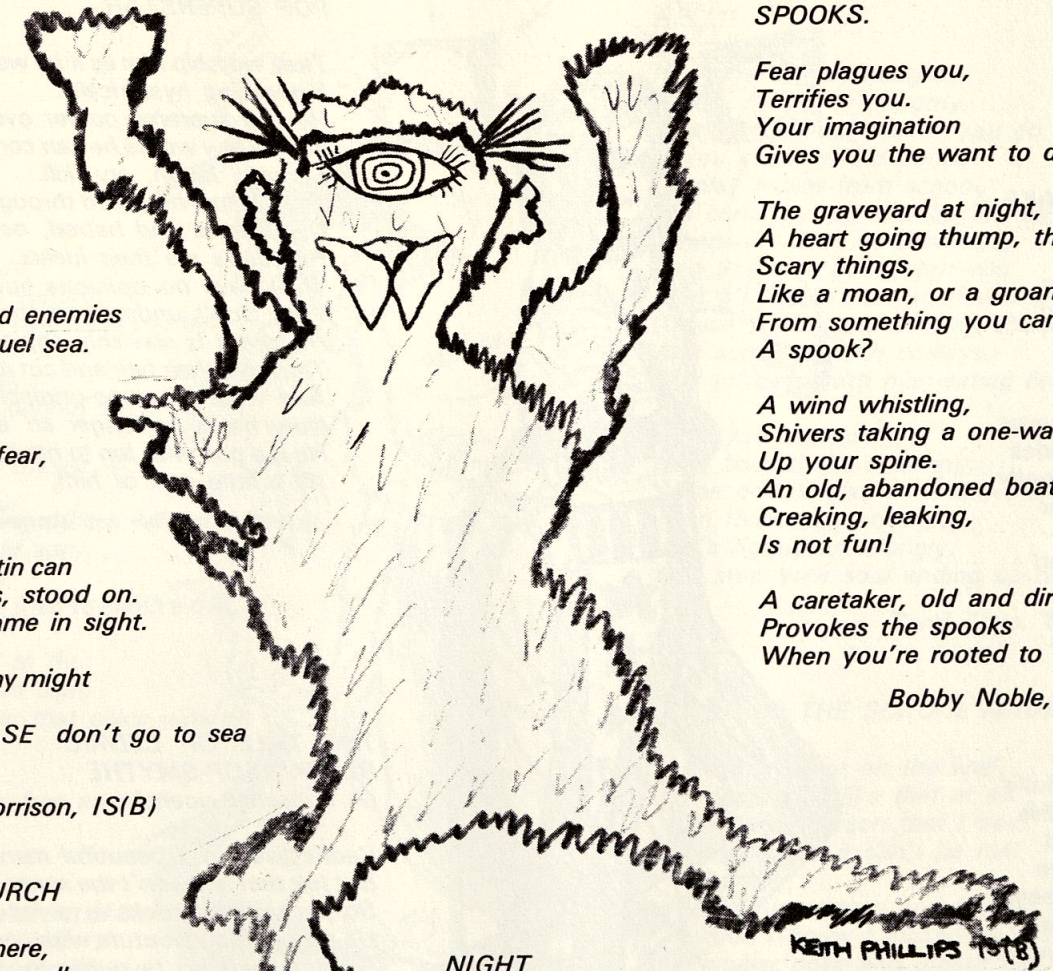
A caretaker, old and dirty,
Provokes the spooks
When you're rooted to the spot.

Bobby Noble, 1S(B)

NIGHT

The street lay gaunt and bare behind me.
Street lights glowed like orange meteorites.
An emerald pair of eyes burned in a pitch-black alley.
Stars sparkled like diamonds in the midnight sky.
The moon rose out of her pocket in the black overcoat of night
And sailed full-sail across the sky.
Footsteps grew nearer then died away.
Like ghosts they echoed their weary complaint.
Dogs howled in unison like hungry wolves.
The clock chimed.
It was dawn.
The street lies gaunt and bare before me.

Lynn Kinnear, 2S.

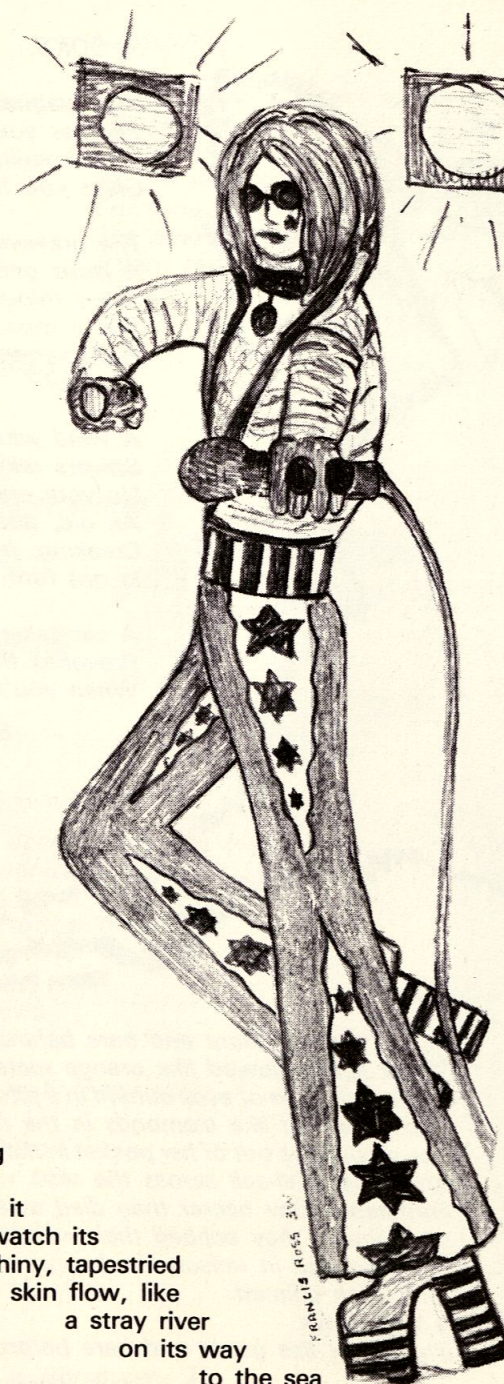


KETH PHILLIPS 1S(B)

THE SNAKE

A snake
ripples
along
like
cool
sparkling
water
it glides
silently
over
the
ground
as
a bird
glides
through
the
air
It moves
so gracefully
that this
afraid
creature
is pleasant
to watch
as it weaves
along the
ground
in peace
and doing
no harm,
only watching
the earth
beneath it
as I watch its
shiny, tapestried
skin flow, like
a stray river
on its way
to the sea

22 Hilary Walker, 2S



POP SUPERSTAR

They worship him as if he were a god,
Screaming hysterically.
He has supreme power over them.
With a few words he can compel them to
Scream, laugh, cry, kill.
They follow his creed through his music and poetry
Of violence and hatred, occasionally love.
His ideals are their ideals.
They have no opinions but his opinions although
They don't understand them.
His dress is slavishly copied by them.
They dye their hair and cut it like his
And wear his once-original clothes.
Now he is no longer an independent being,
He is a god with ten to nth term disciples,
All a little part of him.

Anne Matthews, 3S

THE TALE OF CEDRIC BLENKINSOP-SMYTHE (A nonsense poem)

Cedric lived in a beautiful mansion,
But felt that he hadn't the space for expansion,
So packing his socks in a red-spotted cloth,
He set out for adventure with pea and ham broth,
For that was his favourite foodstuff, you see,
So he packed twenty tinfuls and marched to Dundee,
From there he did hitch-hike to fine Aberdeen,
Where he did, quite by chance, meet her Highness the
Queen,
She was shopping in Woolworth's for Uncle Ben's rice,
So he carried her parcels 'cos he was so nice,
And because of his chivalrous way with her blankets,
She said, "Do please come to my annual banquet,"
And after the rave-up, just as he'd perceived,
When he asked for her hand she sweetly accepted;
So that is the tale of young Blenkinsop-Smythe,
Who, because he was bored, took the Queen for his wife.

Carol Tinto, 2W.



A FABLE OF OUR TIME

"I would like a little culture"
Said the hedgehog to the vulture,
"And I'm sure that you can help me if you try."
"Why certainly" said he,
In a voice like sugared tea,
"Unfortunately, son, you cannot fly."

You see, with beings like myself —
Left never on the shelf,
Culture comes with meeting others wild and free,
But with you, my poor old son,
Culture cannot ever come
Because you've never even tried to climb a tree.

And if you've never tried to fly,
You may well sit there and sigh,
For culture's only found in that place where
Every person's intellect
Is chosen and select
Because every individual's free as air."

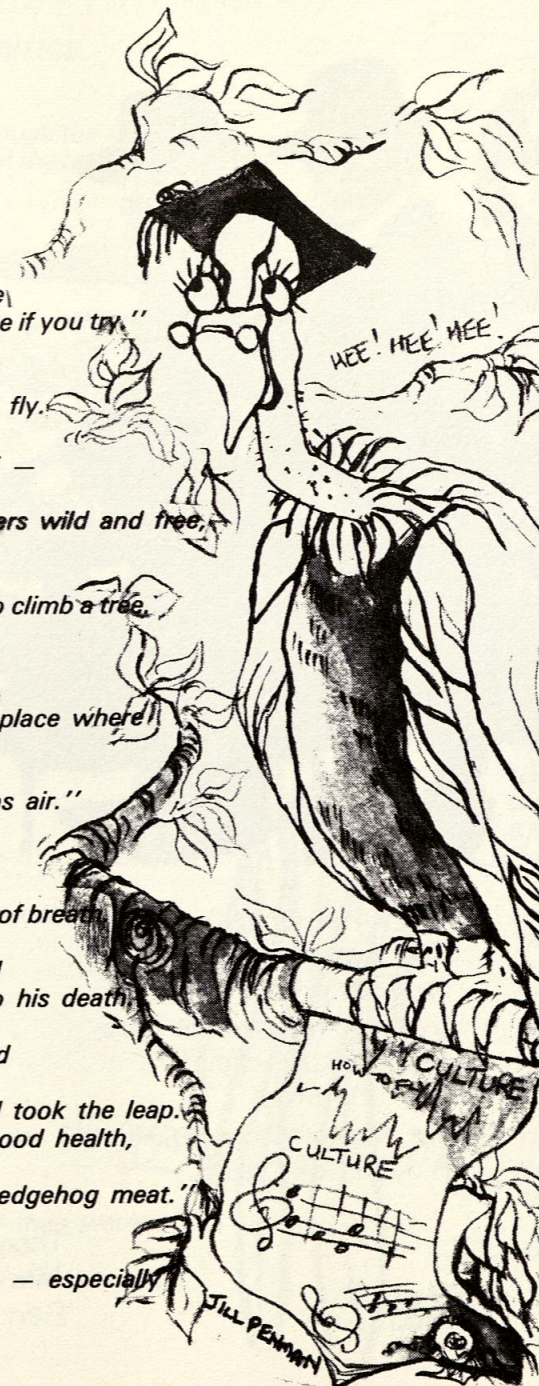
"I'll try flying if I may"
Said the hog that fateful day
As he struggled up the tree all out of breath,
But the vulture merely grinned
For he knew that he had sinned
In leading the poor hedgehog to his death.

In surprise the hog looked round
"How far away's the ground"
Thought he, and bravely faithful took the leap.
Smirked the vulture — "Your good health,
I really wanted you myself —
You see, I just ADORE warm hedgehog meat."

Moral:

Never trust a smooth talker — especially
if he's a culture vulture.

Kate Sinclair-Gieben, 5R



HELL!!

If you're terribly naughty,
Proud, selfish or haughty,
Or tales on your friends you do tell,
If you cheat in the pools,
Or play truant from school,
I'm certain you'll end up in Hell,
Where the fires do burn you,
And the devil does learn you
That it's better for you if you're nice,
'Cause you're pricked with sharp poles,
And scorched with coaleys,
And infested with man-eating lice.

So if you are going,
Hard balls to be throwing,
When double-glazed windows are near,
Then think very strongly,
If it's rightly or wrongly,
And stop your soul ending up here.

Carol Tinto, 2W

ODE TO THE SCHOOL MIRRORS

Mirror, mirror on the wall,
I don't look like that at all.
This ugly person that I see
I just know it can't be me!

With funny eyes and face all spotty,
I didn't know I looked so grotty,
Peculiar nose and greasy hair,
It can't be me that's standing there!

Her clothes hang off her like a sack,
Her skirt is half way round her back,
Her tie's a crumpled piece of string,
Goodness, what a horrid thing!

I didn't think I was so fat,
I cannot look as bad as that!
This reflection can't be true,
Mirror, mirror it must be you!

(I hope)

Alison Glover 3W

23



We stand, eyes fixed on a far distant point,
Wrinkled now, all alike,
In face and suit.
Time leans heavily on us,
As we on our sticks —
It was not always so.

Once when we were young
Our hearts sung
And our sticks swung
In time to Capone's tune.
His backing-group
The Mobsters,
We reinforced his message with
A Wall of Sound —

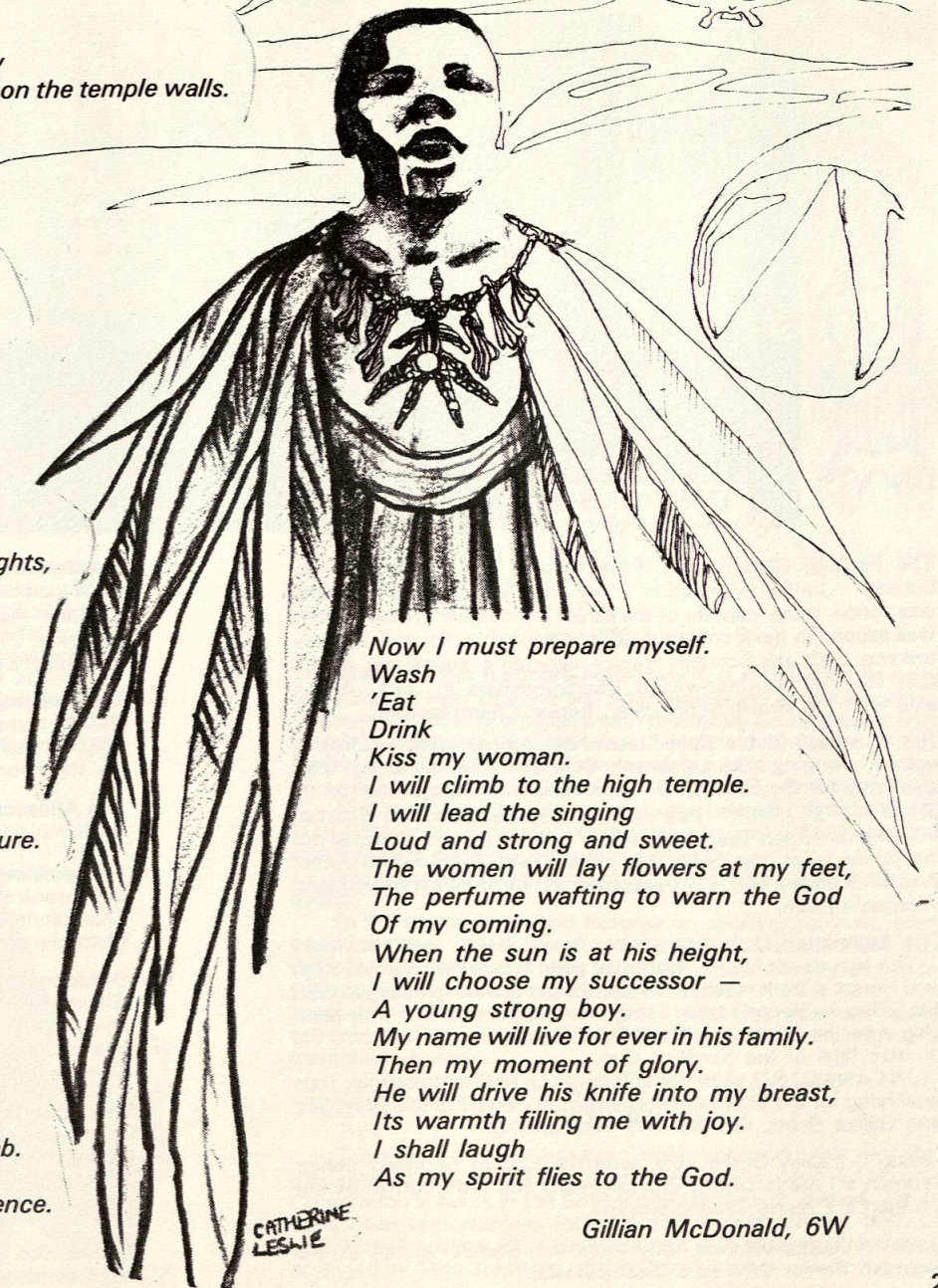
"Get your hands up!
(Bop, bop)
Back against the wall!
(Shoo-be-doo-wah)
You're a dirty rat!
(Hey hey hey)
Now you die!"
(Rat-a-tat-tat)

Then, death was song and dance
Now we fade
Even my cigarette droops.

GILLIAN McDONALD BW

SONG OF THE WILLING SACRIFICE

My year is over.
The sun has driven his chariot through the sky
So many times that I cannot count the marks on the temple walls.
I have worn garlands
And eaten soft fruits.
Girls with dark skin,
Dark hair and
Dark eyes
Have smiled at me, their bodies
Glowing with holy oils.
My smile brings honour to their house —
Xithpelhoatl, Beloved of the God.
In the temple I led the singing,
My voice an eagle,
Soaring above the others.
Warm fire burns in my heart.
It is joy —
Joy to sing to the gods,
Joy to be a man in these sun-filled days,
Joys to love a woman in the musky, dusky nights,
Joy to live.
On the holy days,
I found gifts at my door —
Loaves
Eggs
A lamb, freshly killed
Wine
Bracelets
Fine cloth.
I used these with honour and much pleasure.
In the dance, the men leapt.
I leapt higher.
In the race, the men were fast.
I was faster.
In the sacrifice, the men killed
Noisily.
My knife shone in the sunlight.
It flew through the air as a snake
Flies for its prey.
A goat was dead.
Three women have my seed in their womb.
I have not neglected my duties
But carried them out with love and reverence.
I have not failed.



Now I must prepare myself.
Wash
'Eat
Drink
Kiss my woman.
I will climb to the high temple.
I will lead the singing
Loud and strong and sweet.
The women will lay flowers at my feet,
The perfume wafting to warn the God
Of my coming.
When the sun is at his height,
I will choose my successor —
A young strong boy.
My name will live for ever in his family.
Then my moment of glory.
He will drive his knife into my breast,
Its warmth filling me with joy.
I shall laugh
As my spirit flies to the God.

CATHERINE
LESLIE

Gillian McDonald, 6W



CHARITY MATCH AGAINST HERIOTS



GAMES REPORT

The Fencing Club Lucy Armstrong, 3G, reached the Scottish Junior Schoolgirls' Pool and Alison Simpson, 6W, was once more captain of the senior Schoolgirls' Team. Alison was second in the Scottish U-20's Championship and is now training with the Scottish Senior Women's squad for selection for the Commonwealth Championships in July. Alison also won the British Schoolgirls' Senior Championship.

The Volleyball Club's senior team have had another successful season, winning the Edinburgh Schools Championship, thus qualifying for the Scottish Championship and lying at the top of the Edinburgh League. Patricia Bell, 6G, captained the Scottish Schoolgirls' Open Team and Hilary Wilkinson, was selected for the junior team. Patricia is also training with the Scottish Junior Women's squad and Hilary was selected for the East of Scotland Women's Team.

The Badminton Club has once more been well attended

The two senior teams, who play their fixtures with Royal High and Heriot's, both reached the final of the Edinburgh League with the Gillespie/Heriot's team being the eventual winners. This team also won the Edinburgh Knockout Tournament and reached the quarter final of the Scottish Cup.

Jill Crombie, 3W, won the Edinburgh U-14 Championship, thus qualifying for the Scottish Tournament in which Francis Gray, 3S, and Gillian Scott, 4S, are also participating.

Diving — Lesley Ogden, 6G, won the East of Scotland Senior Women's 1 metre Diving Championship and the Scottish Senior Women's 1 metre Championship.

Judo — Louise Watson, 6S, won the Bronze Medal in the Scottish Senior Women's Championship.

The Squash Club has gained the interest of many of the younger years including the boys. Catherine Crease, 3G, was runner-up in the Girls' Plate in the Scottish Schools' Tournament while Lyn Whitaker, 2W, defeated Ann Henderson, 6R, in the final of the Edinburgh Schools Girls' Plate.

The Swimming Club Congratulations to Jill Dickson, 2R, and Robert Hume, 1R, who both qualified in the back stroke for the Scottish Schools' Championship and also to Lynne Wilson, 5S, who won the school swimming championship.

The Athletics Club had a good start to the season with the boys decisively winning an inter-school cross country event.

Trampoline—Dawn Drysdale, 1R, won the Scottish Ladies' Synchronized Trampoline Championship, the Scottish U-14 Girls' Championship, the Northumberland Schools U-13 Open Championships and was fifth in the British Championship.

Outdoor Pursuits Groups have been taken skiing to Lagganlia, Glenmore and Kincaig while the first year pupils spent an enjoyable week at Benmore. Aileen Guthrie, 6G, spent a month in Wales on an outward bound course sponsored by the Edinburgh Corporation.

The Table Tennis Club regrettably lost Mr. McCaskill during the Christmas term but our thanks go to Mr. Duncan for continuing the organisation of the Club. Wendy Pullen, 3W, shared the Edinburgh Junior Individual Title which she won last year and thus qualifies for the National Championships in Aberdeen.

Gymnastics — Alex Roberts, 1W, and James Wallace, 1W, have been selected for the Edinburgh Schools' Gymnastics squad.

The Basketball Club has had another very successful season. The senior team have so far won all their games in the Edinburgh League and have reached the final of the Scottish Cup for the third year in succession. Brenda Hosie, 4R, and Lindsey Gibson, 5R, were selected for the Scottish Junior Schoolgirls' Team, while Lesley Hosie, 6R, Moira Cunningham, 6W, and Elizabeth Allan, 5R were selected for the senior team, of which Lesley was also captain. Lesley and Moira were also chosen to play in the Scottish Junior Women's Team, both gaining three caps.

The Rugby Club was started late in the season and many of the boys had never played the game before. However a game was won against Trinity and it is hoped that more fixtures will be arranged at the beginning of the summer term.

The Football Club was started by Mr. Merrick and two first year boys' teams were formed. Although the second team suffered heavy defeats, the first team generally fared better with their fortunes mixed at times.

The Hockey Club has been well supported this year with the First XI having its best season for the past few years. The third year team was also very successful. Both teams entered the Edinburgh Knockout Tournament.

Eleanor Brown, 6G, Sheila Wragg, 6G, and Elizabeth Menzies, 5G, were all selected for the Edinburgh Schools Second XI.

Munich — The Edinburgh Corporation organised a sports visit to Munich for 153 pupils throughout the city. These pupils were representing Edinburgh in their own particular sport and in terms of results the balance was in Edinburgh's favour. We would like to congratulate eleven girls who were selected from Gillespie's—a commendable number from any one school.

Basketball—Moira Cunningham, 6W, Captain; Elizabeth Allan, 5R; Lindsey Gibson, 5R.

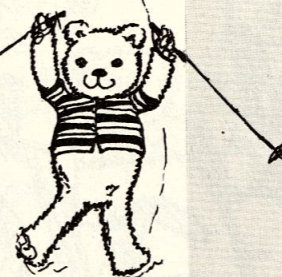
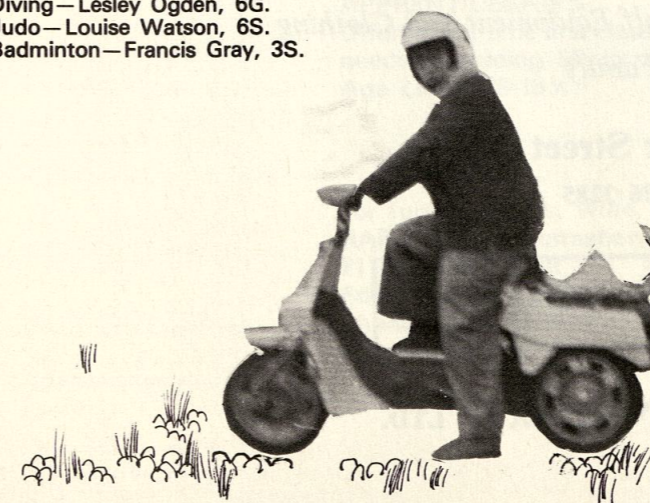
Volleyball—Ann Black, 6G (Captain), Patricia Bell, 6G; Hilary Wilkinson, 5W; Elizabeth Menzies, 5G.

Fencing—Alison Simpson, 6W (Captain).

Diving—Lesley Ogden, 6G.

Judo—Louise Watson, 6S.

Badminton—Francis Gray, 3S.



BENMORE

We arrived at Benmore house which is situated in pleasant surroundings near Dunoon and were welcomed by the Principal. Soon we were being equipped with protective clothing and boots for our outdoor activities. We were divided into four groups, each having a leader. The course we were on included rock climbing, hill walking, map reading, gorge walking, caving and swimming.

Most days we had two pursuits, one in the morning and one in the afternoon. Before going out we were instructed about the activity, rock climbing being our favourite.

We spent a most exciting and enjoyable day visiting a quarry.

In the evenings we had lectures on sporting subjects, after which the tuck shop opened and we listened to the latest pop records. There were also table tennis facilities and other games to keep us occupied. Lights were out at 10 p.m.

On the final evening we had a Miss Benmore '74 (drag queen) contest. A very happy ending to an exciting and memorable holiday.

Eric S. Morrison, 1S(B)

SKI-ING

The school ski team has been highly successful this year and managed to attain the 5th place out of fourteen Edinburgh Corporation schools in the Boyd Anderson race at Hillend. There have been opportunities for all pupils to learn ski-ing both at Hillend on Tuesdays after school and on profitable week-end trips arranged by Miss Johnston at the Cairngorms.



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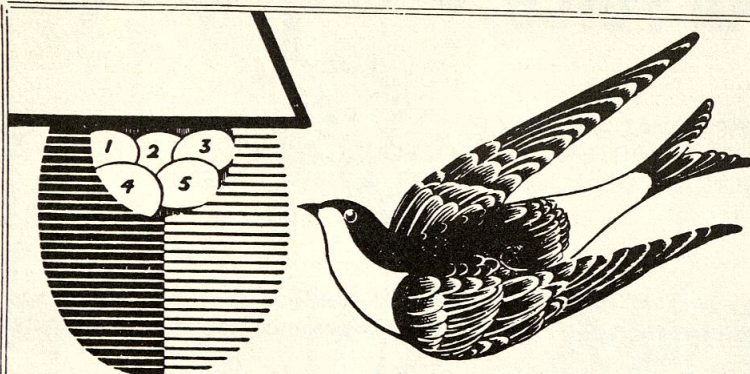
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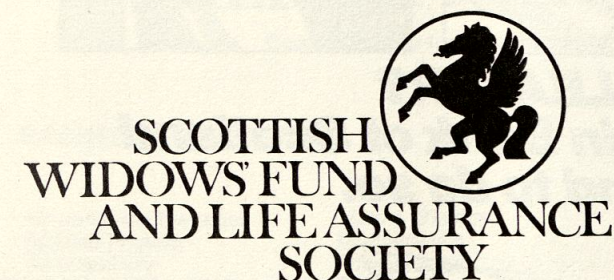
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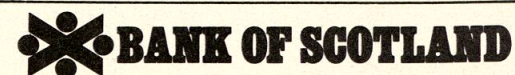
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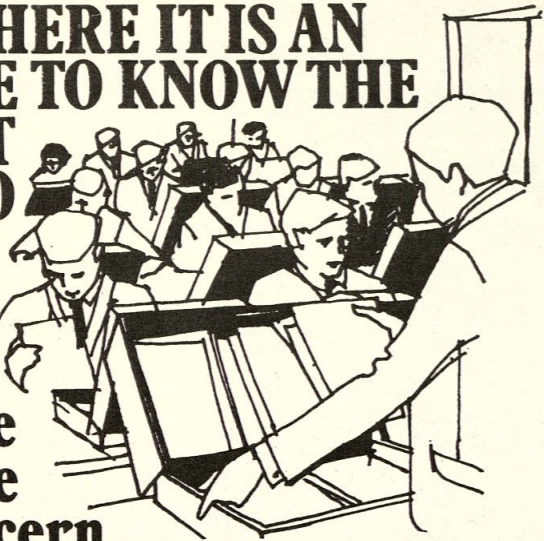
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