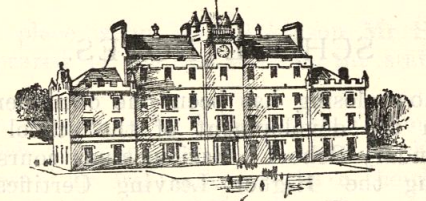


Gillespie's School
.. Magazine ..

July 1924.





GILLESPIE'S SCHOOL MAGAZINE

JULY 1924

CONTENTS

	PAGE
School Notes - - - - -	2
A South African Police Patrol - - - - -	4
From the Secondary Department - - - - -	6
From the Seniors - - - - -	20
From the Juniors - - - - -	29
From the Infants - - - - -	33
Our Trip to Wembley - - - - -	35
The School Sports - - - - -	40
The School Games - - - - -	42
J.G.S. Athletic Fund - - - - -	44
Former Pupils' Club - - - - -	44
Marriages - - - - -	45
Honours List - - - - -	46
School Scholarship List - - - - -	47
School Prize List - - - - -	48

SCHOOL NOTES.

THE session now closing has been one of numerous changes, consequent on the development of the school into a fully organised Secondary School. Various study courses have been formed, having the Higher Leaving Certificate and the University Entrance Examination as object. A larger number of teachers has been required and the teaching staff has been added to by the appointment of Miss Allan, from Holy Cross Academy, as Principal Teacher of Art; Miss Boath, from Broughton Secondary School, as teacher of Mathematics and Science; Miss Henderson, from Leith Academy, as Principal Teacher of Modern Languages; Miss Foster, from Boroughmuir Secondary School, as teacher of English; Miss Munro, from Gordon Secondary School, as teacher of Classics and English. Unfortunately two of the senior lady members of the staff have suffered a breakdown in health, and Misses Clark and Forsyth have been engaged as interim teachers in the Secondary Department for a large part of the session. Mr Collie to George Watson's, and Miss M'Callum to George Square Ladies' College, left Gillespie's last July, and Miss Graham, teacher of Cookery, was transferred to Bruntsfield School to be replaced by Miss Hardie. Miss Lily Cameron also left us at the end of last session to be married, and was the recipient of presents from the staff and pupils. Miss Hunter, who left to be Infant Mistress in South Morningside School, was entertained to tea and received a presentation in November last.

Christmas festivities were again lively and thoroughly enjoyed. The Second Form party took place on the first evening; Third and Fourth Forms combined for the next, while the First Form had its social evening in the form of a Hallowe'en party in October. A production of "Rip Van Winkle" by 1st year pupils on the closing day of the first term met with much success. Before break-up at the end of the second term, 1st year boys took part in a sketch entitled "The Conceited Pirate," and 3rd year girls in the Pyramus and Thisbe scene from "A Midsummer Night's Dream," both of which were enthusiastically received. A successful full-dress "Twelfth Night" production by the present 4th year pupils had closed the 1922-23 summer term. They hope this July to present a playlet of their own composition.

Under the new régime with Warrender Park School as James Gillespie's Junior School, interchanges of classes and of

teachers took place, when Miss Atkinson, Mr Steven and Mr Atkinson appeared for the first time on the staff of the Senior School.

Sir Samuel Chapman, M.P. for South Edinburgh, addressed the Upper School after morning service in February. Sir Samuel expressed his willingness to have the chance of being young again, and, after a reminiscence or two about early rising for School and Commons, proceeded to consider education as a preparation for the battle of life, whose weapons were the doing of the right thing in the right way at the right time. So was religion, he said, the obeying of God's laws and commandments, the beginning of everything. Likewise to be a lady or gentleman one had to obey the law, play the game in life as in sport. The value of other people's experience was very important and saved much trouble and vexation. Scott's words to Lockhart, "Be religious, be good, be virtuous," were impressed on all, and Sir Samuel closed by quoting Robert Louis Stevenson's "Happy hearts and happy faces," expressing his pleasure at being present and hoping to pay another visit. Mr L. Raithby, of the Education Authority, proposed a vote of thanks and intimated that similar visits of public men would be a feature of school life.

A talk on religious work in India was given at a Monday Morning Service in May by Rev. Mr M'Omish, formerly missionary in the Central Provinces.

Contributions to the School National Savings Association now amount to £7,130.

In session 1922-23 the Group Intermediate Certificate was gained by 71 pupils. The number of passes in individual subjects was 334. 190 pupils passed the Education Authority's Control Examination this session.

A collection of £5 at the 2nd Term closing entertainment, together with £15 from the Swimming Gala, inaugurated a fund for the construction of a stage for school dramatic performances.

The Authority's two series of winter and spring orchestral concerts in the Usher Hall were attended by many teachers and scholars.

An organised party of some 50 pupils visited Wembley during the week June 4th to June 11th, accompanied by Mr Tait, Misses Kay, Lyon and Richardson, and were entertained on the first day right royally by Sir Samuel Chapman.

A SOUTH AFRICAN POLICE PATROL.

THE following extracts are taken from a letter sent home by Mr Robert Kennedy, a former pupil, who is with the mounted branch of the South African Police, and describe an up-country "bush" patrol, one of the many duties which fall upon that band of "knights of the lists of unrenown" who, in the lonely frontier outposts, are the keepers of the King's Peace. He writes:—"We left camp with a police 'boy,' our two native 'boys' having been sent on ahead in charge of a pack mule and told to camp at a certain spot. Following on our horses, we headed straight into the bush, and after visiting several kraals (native villages) we changed our direction and took a path which brought us clear of the dense undergrowth into grasslands. Here it was that we heard the shrill whistle that a rhebuck makes when it is taken unawares or when it scents danger—exactly the same clear, penetrating sound that a boy makes when he whistles sharply through his teeth. The rhebuck is a very timid animal and does not stand long and look at you; indeed though you may hear it, you do not always see it. Keeping on our way we soon reached our first halting-place, and 'off-saddled' for about an hour or so, which time my companion filled in hunting for pigeons for the pot. His luck was out, however, so we continued the trek and came upon a gang of natives with a freshly-killed cow. There were meat, bones and blood all over the place and they were reveling in it. What though it perhaps had died of snake bite! It was meat—and plenty of it—and would go down well with Kaffir beer at the feast that night. Leaving them to their own devices, we carried on till we struck a big kraal where we decided to camp for the night, and having haltered the horses, we went up to where some women were preparing their evening meal. About the only thing you see natives cooking is a big pot of mealie (maize) meal porridge which they make thick and firm. It is rather coarse to eat and, being without salt, there is not much taste about it. Though we couldn't appreciate it, it brought home to us the realisation that we too were hungry, so we went back and prepared dinner and after a last look at our mounts we turned in. The heavy going and the heat of the sun had made us sleepy, and it took more than the myriads of ants, spiders, beetles and flies—to mention only a few of the insects which disported themselves and held high revels over, around and under us—to keep us awake. Next morning we set out early so as to



Wembley Empire Exhibition, 1924.

Sir Samuel Chapman and the Gillespie party at Westminster.

make the most of the cool morning air and soon arrived at an encampment, where we had some special work to look after. From there we made for a kraal where we got our first prisoner, and he led us to another place where we roped in our second. Our next halt was again at a kraal on the banks of a river and there we found our pack awaiting us, but no police boy, he having had to go off with one of the native boys after the mule, which had, as mules so often do, suddenly been struck with the notion that it would like to see the countryside and, if it did not like it, go home. To make matters worse, the other boy was lying ill under a tree, so, after making him comfortable and seeing to our horses, we went down to the river for a swim. Opposite to us was a Game Reserve, an area which, during certain months of the year, must not be shot over. A buck or bird, so long as it stays in the Reserve, is absolutely protected, but once it ventures out it may be shot. Crocodiles, tigers, lions, wild cats, etc., are shot at sight at any time, but though we looked long and earnestly, and though we saw their 'spoor' (tracks) now and again, we had no luck. While I was in 'dookin', my chum (with the prisoners in his charge) sat on the water's edge with his rifle ready, for you never knew the minute a crocodile would suddenly come on you and pull you down. A crocodile is a nasty customer at any time, and more especially in the water, for he is an adept at lying 'doggo,' and when he gets on the move he can raise a tremendous speed. Once caught in his vice-like jaws the victim is doomed, as he goes down like a stone taking his prey with him. On land he is equally fast, and the only way to escape is to zigzag from side to side, for, with his short legs and long heavy tail, he cannot change direction quickly.

Early next day we were again busily engaged and by the evening our 'bag' of prisoners had grown to five. Though the funny thing about a native is that he very rarely tries to escape from the Police, we were naturally anxious, as dark began to fall, to get them safe. Fortune was with us, for we again came upon a big kraal where we had an entertaining time watching the young natives. In many ways the young native is very unlike his white brother. Most of his games and dances are of a warlike nature. We watched them gathering long green reeds from the water's edge, and after dividing into 'sides,' they would charge and lash each other until the reeds were torn to shreds. They did not stop then. Back they went to the river, gathered more reeds, and started all over again. No-

body pays any heed to their comings and goings, and I could not help thinking of the difference between them and the youngsters at home. In Edinburgh if Jeanie So-and-so puts out her tongue at Maggie Somebody-else, Mrs Somebody-else pays Mrs So-and-so a visit that is usually a trifle stormy, but in the bush it is not so. In the play round the fire at night too—for the young Kaffir is no believer in 'early to bed'—everything is taken as it comes along and given back in the same spirit. The Kaffir is about the easiest going person in the world—a bit of a fatalist in his own way. There is no to-morrow with him. If the day comes along good to him he takes it, if it comes along bad—well, he does not worry about it. Next day saw us back at our station. We had had a long ride but we had been successful and had a pleasant experience to look back upon. Life in the Force here is a splendid existence, healthy and interesting, while the slight risk that may now and again crop up gives it an added zest and helps one to realise that he is doing real man's work and that he has got to think and act for himself. It is a glorious feeling to set out on patrol with a good horse under you and, so to speak, the whole world as your own and feel that you can go where you will."

Note.—The patrol was carried out in the district in the N.E. Transvaal which the South African Government are proposing to convert into a National Park. It is said that there one can see a more representative collection of wild animals and birds than in any other part of the world. So many are there that they have to be "weeded out" periodically, and last year alone no fewer than 100 lions were killed.

From the Secondary Department.

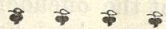
AT A LONDON SECONDARY SCHOOL.

THE routine of work at a London Secondary School is different from this. The bell rang in the morning at nine o'clock, and after the registers had been called, the whole school attended Prayers in the Hall. Every alternate Monday morning the

first period, from 9 to 9.45, was spent giving to our form-mistresses an account of the work done during the last fortnight. The form-mistresses kept a record of all we had done, how much we had not done, if we were absent, and a list of the books we had read. Our mornings were study periods, and in the afternoons we had lessons with the mistresses who took the different subjects. During the study periods the form-mistresses remained in their own form-rooms, where the girls could go if they required help. Morning school finished at 12.30, when we were free until the bell rang for afternoon school at 1.40. The girls who lived near the school went home to lunch, and the others had theirs in the Hall. Lunch was prepared at school for those who wanted it. Some took lunch with them, but all girls staying at school during the luncheon hour had to sit at the tables in the Hall as no eating was allowed in the form-rooms or grounds. The girls staying at school for lunch paid $\frac{1}{2}$ d. a day and got knife, plates or anything else they wanted. Games and drill were compulsory, and were taken in school hours. Lessons finished at 3.20 and we went to our games or preparation. Every girl had games from 3.20 to 4 three times a week and the other two days they did preparation. Our drill-mistress took us to the baths for swimming during the summer. She taught the beginners how to swim, and coached the others for the Life Saving Certificate and other honours that every girl likes to have. Out of the Upper V. and VI. Forms the prefects and head girl were chosen. The manner in which we were punished for breaking rules, or doing anything which deserved punishment, was, I think, different from any other Secondary School in London. In some schools the girls got lines, but in most there was a form government which decided what punishment the offender should have. If at the end of a week a form in our school had nothing against it, we said it had a clean sheet, and it was the ambition of every form to have a clean sheet for the whole term. For disobedience a mark was given, this really counted as three points against the form; for lateness, a late was given, which meant two marks against the form. If our exercises were not given in at the right time a late work was given which meant another two marks against the form, and if we lost anything, books, rubber, pencil, shoes, which were returned by a mistress or any of the girls chosen to keep the school tidy, we got a lost property mark, which meant one point against the form. The pupils were divided into four houses, the Beeches, the Chestnuts, the Elms and the Oaks. The sports picture, work picture, swimm-

ing cup and games picture were competed for by the houses, the awards going in each case to the house scoring most points. The houses, however, had one or two small duties to perform. The gravel path round the school had to be kept weeded, and this was done by the houses. The mistresses came down to lunch in the Hall, and the houses took it in turns to sit at the table that the head-mistress sat at. On the day that a house sat there, they had to clear the tables and tidy the Hall after lunch. During the term we were taken out for expeditions by different mistresses. Our geography mistress took us to the West Kensington museum, our history mistress to Hampton Court and other historical places, our botany mistress took us for botany rambles, our drill mistress took us to Lord's to see cricket matches and to Wimbledon to see International hockey matches, and our English mistress took us to see plays. The French mistress accompanied some girls each summer to spend a holiday in France. The Upper School formed a League of Nations group. For admission to this group 6d. was paid, and this money was spent buying the pamphlets and papers printed about the League. The Lower V. girls each represented a country, or two or three small ones. They were the leaders and had to make up their notes from the papers brought to them by members of their groups in the Upper IV. and Upper V. One girl was chosen from the Lower V. to be General Representative of the League, and it fell to her to write about the League in general. Three meetings were held a term. At the first and last the girls' notes were read, and at the other an outside speaker came and addressed the Group.

MARY SPENCE, Form IV.



PRELUDE TO HAYMAKING.

DOUBTLESS nobody would have recognised two respectable Edinburgh schoolgirls in the disreputable pair who, one brilliant day in July, were wending their way slowly in the direction of a hay field close by. Their subsequent actions would not tend to lessen the impression.

My first gay step off the civilised road was as a dash of cold water to my soaring spirits, and the few following did not revive them by any manner of means. I had plunged into a forest of grasses, the tallest of which, showed their extreme pleasure in seeing me by introducing that quaint (though

annoying) custom of rubbing noses. At every step my feet were mixed up in what seemed diminutive rabbit holes, but not made by rabbits. What a wilderness of obstacles! However, my obstinate nature struggled fiercely with the offending grasses and "rabbit holes," and was in the very act of annihilating them, when in front of me, flowing with maddening tranquility, a stream appeared. On the other side was that paradise, the hay field, in which the farm workers were industriously busy. In vain I begged the crystal stream to turn aside its waters, in vain I called to the industrious to reveal the secret of the crossing, for all the notice I received I might have been quoting from Cæsar. Madly I contemplated a jump, but treacherous reeds were gently swaying in the breeze whose appeal, in spite of their seeming reassurance, I had sanity enough left to resist. Where were all the glorious feats of agility and bravery that my heroines revelled in, and of which I had dreamed many a time? Alas, in a concrete example such doings seemed even more marvellous and mythical than ever.

Pride must have a fall.

The sight of the golden sweet-smelling hay, so temptingly near, with the glorious sun maturing it still further, broke every barrier down. In the silent humiliation of lowered dignity I sat down and removed my shoes, and paddled across like I used to when I was "so high." The rough stones hurt my town-bred feet, but the goal was reached. I frolicked about in the hay oblivious of all my former trials, and if I judge aright was more of a hindrance than a help.

But I really deserved some such reward after surmounting the difficulties in such a "heroic" manner.

ALISON M. ROBERTSON, Form 3 A.



THE RIDING OF THE MARCHES.

MANY years ago, in the days when the unfortunate Stuarts ruled in Scotland, the law decreed that the burgesses of every community should ride round the boundaries once every year. This was necessary as there were no fences in those days to mark off the property, and there would have been a great deal of quarrelling as to who was the rightful owner of any piece of ground. Later on this law became unnecessary, as the boundaries were properly fenced off. A few of the border

towns, however, still kept up the old custom and still rode the "Marches" once a year. This is still done in Hawick, Selkirk and Lauder.

I will tell you about the Lauder Common Riding, although it is a less important function than the other two. The old custom was kept up until about eighty years ago. Then it had become a rough ride for fun, quite unlike the ceremony it was of yore. At the "Watering Stone," half-way round the marches, refreshments were always provided, but one time a fatal accident occurred there which stopped the Common Ridings. For seventy years there was none, and I think people would have begun to forget there was ever such a thing in Lauder. Much to everyone's surprise and delight the old custom was revived once again in 1911. It continued only for three years until the war dispelled such pleasant thoughts from people's minds. Last year it was again resuscitated, and for weeks the only thing that was spoken about in Lauder was the "Riding of the Marches." Great excitement reigned in the small burgh. Everyone asked, "Are you going to ride at the Common Riding?" "Have you got a horse?" "Where do you think I could get one?" and so on. Early in the summer the Cornet was chosen. He is the chief man at the Common Riding as he leads the company and carries the town flag. It is rather difficult choosing a Cornet out of such a small place because there are certain conditions with which he must comply. He must be a native of the town, must be unmarried, over twenty years of age, and of course he must be a good rider.

The night before the great day it is customary to have a concert and dance to which everyone, but especially those taking part in the Common Riding, should go.

At 9 a.m. on the eventful day the riders assemble in front of the Old Tolbooth. There, after speeches have been made, the flag is presented by the Provost to the Cornet and the procession is ready to start.

Up the street it goes, accompanied by a band, and then round the boundary of the burgh. At what is commonly called the Policeman's Wynd the band leaves, and with a "Hurrah, we're off!" the riders gallop up the very steep hill to the golf course and over the golf course itself to the Whiteknowe End. Here there is a stiff descent with a burn to be jumped at the foot. Everyone safely across it, the assembly wends its way over the moors to the Watering Stone. There refreshments are provided as in olden days and a short rest

is taken. On it goes again, galloping, trotting and walking in turns without stopping again, except perhaps to oblige the photographer, until it reaches the Station Road, whence it proceeds to the War Memorial. A brief but very impressive service is held there in memory of the boys who rode at the last Common Riding ten years ago. On the return to the Town Hall the flag is handed back to the Provost, and the riders, myself among them, disperse after a very enjoyable ten-miles ride over the moors.

WINIFRED R. COSSAR, FORM 3 B.

A CAR-RIDE.

"DRAT these cars, they're always swaying from side to side. It strikes me they think they're ocean-liners or fishing-boats, judging by the way they carry on."

"Oh yes, you're right. They're always the same. Oh! but I'm right glad to be sitting!"

The two conversationalists sat down, none too quietly, behind me.

"Now," said I to myself, "I'm in for it. How can I read with two ladies talking behind me?"

"And how's your husband, Mrs Gray?" said the first speaker.

"Oh, the doctor seems to be fairly pleased wi' him the now," replied Mrs Gray. "But what is this place cried?"

"Oh, this is Haymarket. I suppose this is where the hay was brought in long ago. You see it's fine and near the station. And—Oh, but that man was near bein' run ower the now!"

"You see that building ower yonder, Mrs Stewart?" said Mrs Gray.

"Aye," was the response.

"Well, what d'ye cry it?"

"Oh, that's Donaldson's Hospital. They say that Queen Victoria wanted it for a residence and—Drat that boy! What d'ye mean by bumping my seat?—What was I saying?—Oh aye, I was saying she was wanting to stay in it. Well, we would'na gie it to her and she got up on her high horse and she would'na come doon, 'cos she never came back here!"

By this time I was thoroughly interested, in fact, more interested than I had been in my book.

"Oh, but that bridge is ower low. I feel as though I was

bumping my head on it. I'm glad we're through. Oh, yonder's Mr White! He does'na see us. That was Murrayfield Station we passed."

"Oh, is it? I've heard quite a lot about it. What place is this?"

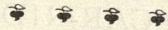
"It's Roseburn, I'm thinking," replied Mrs Stewart.

"How long will we be before we're at the Zoo now, Mrs Stewart?"

"Oh, about half an 'oor, and we'll see lions and tigers and elephants and swans, and we'll give the monkeys biscuits and—"

But I had to get up from my seat and descend the stairs.

MARION CROMBIE, Form 3 a.



THE NEW HOUSE.

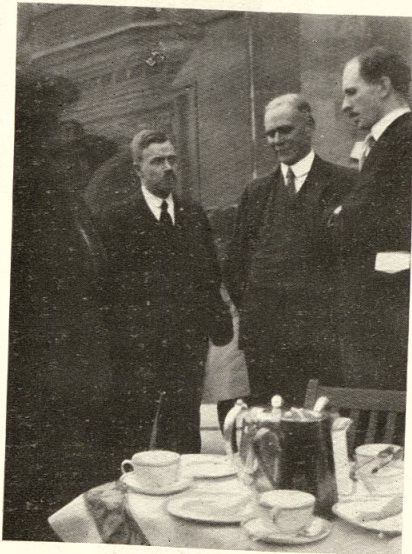
JACKSON HAINES rubbed his hands with satisfaction, for he had just disposed of one of the newest hutch-like edifices commonly called houses. Mr Smith, his victim, was meanwhile walking slowly homewards somewhat ill at ease, because the extortionate sum demanded for the "charming country residence" did not quite suit his pocket. Assailed by a thousand misgivings, he forbore to tell his wife of his purchase, dreading her scathing comments, and in consequence of this deceit he lay awake in bed for hours, seeking some way of escape.

At last sleep closed his eyes and nightmares of a fearful nature threatened to disturb his rest. He dreamt that his wife and he were furnishing their newly-acquired domicile. The carpet had just been nailed down when the irate occupant of the house below knocked at the door and asked what Smith meant by making holes in the ceiling of his home and destroying the plaster thereon. The culprit apologised and promised to repair the damage, then commenced to hang some pictures, ruining the wallpaper in the next room and a valuable portrait in the house of his next-door neighbour.

Just then a sudden noise aroused the sleeper, momentarily interrupting the dream, and when next sleep came to him Smith found himself seated by the fire in his future abode, an umbrella keeping off the rain, which poured through a hole in the roof, while a tub caught the water in another part of the room. Then all sorts of accidents were crowded into a short space of time—burst water-pipes, broken windows and many minor disasters causing the dreamer to shiver as he slept.



At Hampton Court.



Tea on the Terrace.

A bell rang and Smith awoke, completely exhausted after his night's "rest." In the meantime Haines, the builder, had also spent an anxious night, for later in the previous evening he had received a bigger offer for his house, so that by the next post Smith received the following note:—

Dear Sir,—Having received a better offer for my house, I would deem it a favour if you would withdraw your claim.—
Yours faithfully,
JACKSON HAINES.

Needless to say Smith agreed to this request with alacrity, glad to escape so easily from an embarrassing situation.

MARY HENDERSON, Form 2 A.

MY IDEAL DAY.

By A DOG.

I, SCAMP NORRIS, pride myself on being something of a poet, but as I am rather shy and modest this secret is to be shared only by you and me.

My ideal haunt is on the banks of a beautiful river, filled with gleaming fish and lovely big slimy toads—the kind that flop gracefully about, and there I can watch the beautiful scenery (and birds). The wind is gently stirring the trees and the grass is swaying rhythmically and—what is that? Oh! my eager eyes had missed the most gorgeous piece of the scene, for there lying as though asleep was a large tempting bone.

With a leap and a bound I was at its side and my little tongue was taking stock of every piece of that juicy bone. "But," I said to myself, "I am making a regular dog of myself" (I hadn't heard my mistress use that expression). So, after a few more licks, I buried my treasure in a hole which I had previously dug. While I was smacking my lips (not too noisily of course), I saw, much to my delight, a little cat. I crept noiselessly up to it, and was just going to jump at the silly creature when it turned round. Up went its back, its mouth shot forward and a horrible hissing sound came forth (notice the artistic phrase). It made me start, but of course I was not frightened, and to show my disdain I barked and barked, but the cat just hissed and spat. So I had to leave the ignorant beast alone. The barking had made me thirsty so I went down to the river to quench my longing for liquid. I had just put

my nose into its refreshing depths when into the cold, cold water I tumbled. (I am sure it was the cat that did it.) "Oh! but I don't like this," I shivered to myself, and hastily swam to the shore. Off home I went thinking to myself that it would not have been too bad if I had not joined the fishes and toads in their exercises. When home was reached, I did not receive a good reception, having spoilt my best bow of ribbon.

KATHLEEN BENNETT, Form 2 B.

MY OWN EXPERIENCE.

WHAT an unhappy home ours is now! Time was when I would tell my small brother what I thought of him in my own way. But now! Blink an eyelid and the glares you get would move Mt. Everest. The listeners-in (would that they would listen out!) sit like prize sheep, nodding their heads and smiling, but we, poor wretches, are forbidden to make a din, and life isn't worth living without noise. Oh, that the good old days were here again, when one could rustle the newspaper, throw it at someone just for the sake of throwing it, trip one's small brother up, perhaps one's big brother if escape was possible, bang one's books about, and so make the house a real home.

NORMAN NISBET, Form 2 C.

THE SOUND FAIRIES' BALL.

HAVE you ever been to a fairy ball? No? Well I *am* sorry for you. I myself have been at eight in Edinburgh, and I only paid sixpence a ball! They were held in the Usher Hall. A man stood up and waved his wand (it *must* have been a wand), and the fairies began to dance—sometimes slowly, sometimes rapidly, but never once did they get mixed up. I myself like the large, beautifully shaped, graceful sound fairies of the organ, but the fairies themselves, I know, like to dance altogether, winding themselves in and out softly in a chain, while the cornet dances a solo. The first ladies and second gentlemen (or as dull unimaginative mortals call them—first and second violins) dance most wonderful duets. You really must go to the next ball the Sound Fairies give. Some very clever men catch the fairies out of the air, put them through insulators,

transformers and valves, and they emerge as beautiful as before, and thus bring happiness to thousands. But I, myself, prefer the balls in the Usher Hall.

HELEN DIXON, Form 2 a.

A FROLIC WITH THE WIND.

I WAS sitting at the open window, one clear afternoon, with a book lying on my lap. The book was open, but my mind was not concentrated on the story, for I was looking dreamily out of the window and the wind was turning over the leaves of the book.

Suddenly a very strong gust of wind blew the book off my knee and I heard a loud voice saying, "Come! come with me and have some fun." "But," I said, "who are you and what do you want with me?"

"I," said the voice, "am the wild and care-free wind, who wanders over the meadows and whistles through the trees and goes everywhere."

"Very well," I said, "I shall come." I then felt myself being lifted up, until I found myself sitting on a beautiful white fleecy cloud, which was lined with pale pink. As I looked down on the earth I saw people moving about like small midgits. Looking around I saw no one, but I was being blown rapidly along by my friend, the wind.

In a few moments the voice again spoke and said, "Now for some fun. Let us go down to earth and have some fun."

I treated this suggestion doubtfully enough, but in a moment a strong hand gripped mine and I was aware of the fact that earth seemed drawing nearer, but instead of being near Edinburgh we were in London.

With a great swoop like that of an eagle, the wind rushed along the street. Suddenly he spied a gentleman wearing a silk hat and attempting to mount a tramcar. Along whooped the wind and knocked off the hat. Away rolled the hat, and of course the gentleman had to give up his attempt at mounting the car. Everyone joined in the pursuit, and finally the hat was blown right in front of a motor and, poor thing! it was run over.

Continuing his journey the wind blew an old lady along the street, until she finally was rescued from her plight by a gallant young gentleman. We next passed a school and one of the window blinds was partly down. The wind caught the

blind, and pulling it out of the window, left it there, and continued on his journey. After a little he said, "Now, you yourself must do something; of course," he added, "it must be something which causes mischief."

He left my hand and I was floating through the air. With a swoop I carried off a schoolboy's cap and then let it fall, so that it might land on a dog's head. This it did, and the dog at once began to bark. "Good!" said the wind, who was behind me. "Now try something else."

I noticed a lady walking along with her sunshade up. So blowing the sunshade inside out, I left her to it.

"Now," said the wind, "we must be going back to Scotland."

On the way home we did more mischievous things, one of them being to knock over a fruit stall, so scattering the contents in all directions. One of the apples rolled on to the pavement and a girl walking along fell over it, but was not hurt.

"Serves her right!" said the wind. "She should watch where she is going."

Away we flew up hill and down dale, whistling all the time a merry tune, until at last we reached Edinburgh.

"Here we are again!" said the wind. "Back in guid Auld Reekie."

We flew right over Edinburgh and back again, knocking down chimney cans, knocking off people's hats, blowing people along the street past their destination, and doing all sorts of things, which caused great confusion.

"Now," said the wind, "You must be going." I found myself sitting in my chair by the open window with the book lying closed on the floor.

"Goodbye!" said the wind. "I may come back again?"

ELLA MIDDLETON, Form 1 A.

WHO IS SARAH?

(With apologies to Shakespeare.)

Who is Sarah? What is she,

That all our school commend her?

Sporting, deft, and keen is she,

The heavens such grace did lend her,

That she might captain be.

She is swift, and she doth tear,
In daring she's not lacking,
Girls do to her team repair
To help them of their slacking,
And being help'd remain there.

Then, oh, Sarah let us cheer,
For Sarah is excelling,
She improves each mortal year
While on this old earth dwelling:
Then, "Hip! hurrah! for Sarah, dear."

MARY ROBSON, Form 1 A.



30th CENTURY—LESSONS BY WIRELESS.

"RAIN! Rain! Rain! Incessant, monotonous and dreary." One dark, threatening night I hurried through the rain-drenched streets thinking of the pleasant evening I had just spent "listening-in" with a friend. Home was reached and very soon I was in bed, still with the thoughts of wireless in my mind.

Next morning I rose and prepared for school. Imagine my surprise when I saw people with long flowing robes of white. Even the tram-cars were different from yesterday. In a white suit, the driver of each car sat on a chair driving it. I reached Gillespie's School and even it seemed strange. None of my chums could be seen going into the school and not a sound came from it. When I looked inside, instead of seeing the usual class rooms I perceived a number of wireless studios in each of which sat a figure with the same white flowing robe.

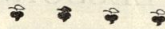
I walked into one of the studios and asked the lady where the pupils were. "At home, of course," she answered. I thanked her and beat a hasty retreat. What could it mean, I puzzled. Yet no answer came to my confused brain. In front of me I saw the house in which my chum dwelt. I decided to go to her and demand an explanation. I went to the door and asked to see my chum. A maidservant led me through many passages which I had never remembered seeing before.

She opened a door, and as I peeped in I saw a girl sitting with head-phones and at her side was—a wireless set. She was puzzling out a problem in Geometry, but she was certainly not

my chum. Suddenly the truth dawned on me. They were being taught by wireless. Someone shook me and I prepared to cry for help when I opened my eyes, saw Mother, and heard her say, "It's eight o'clock. Hurry up, or you'll be late." I scrambled out of bed and looked out of the window. The rain had ceased, the sun was shining, people were going to and fro to work, but—they had no long, flowing robes, and only then did I realise that it had been a dream. I went to school that morning to find, alas, the wireless studios had all vanished, and the rooms could be seen in their place, but my chums were there as usual.

Lessons proceeded that morning as usual, and yet my thoughts were with the wireless studios which I had seen in my dreams.

JESSIE HENDERSON, FORM 1 B.



THE GUM LANDS OF NEW ZEALAND.

A VERY little known but important industry is that of gathering Kauri gum. It is found in New Zealand, in the northern part of the North Island. Kauri gum is the fossilized remains of what were once vast forests of the Kauri pine. The extent of the industry may be gauged when it is stated that 8000 and 9000 tons are exported yearly at a value of £50 to £60 per ton according to the quality.

To secure the gum the earth is dug over to a depth of 6 to 10 feet. As the soil is sifted the gum gets left behind and is secured.

When the gum is removed from the earth it is scraped with a blunt knife to get rid of any soil that may be in cracks. The gum when polished varies considerably in colour, and the best specimens being almost transparent, fetch large prices.

The most expert gum diggers are the Austrians, who are especially good at polishing and making trinkets out of the gum. One trinket I have seen was shaped like a heart, only transparent, with a pink ti-tree flower in the middle of it. Another way of securing the gum is to make a small hole in the trunk of the Kauri pine and the resin oozes out. It is left a while, and when quite hard is white and very brittle. This way, however, is rarely used now as the number of Kauri pines is annually growing less.

Gum digging gives employment to large numbers of men,

who, when other work is slack, can reckon over a certain area of ground to make £1 or £2 a day. The gum diggers have long spears which they stick into the ground, and they can tell somehow whether there is any gum there or not.

The gum is used for making varnish and turpentine and is one of the most sought-for resins.

CONAN FRAZERHURST, FORM 1 C.



ALL MOONSHINE.

THE moon was shining magnificently. No wonder! for the elves and fairies had been helping the man in the moon to scrub and scour and polish it so that it would light up every little corner in the Branksfort Woods.

When the moon had been polished enough to please the little people—and they were very fastidious—they set to work polishing its rays. Mortals passing said, "How bright the moonbeams are!" And they were bright, so bright as to dazzle mortal eyes and thus prevent them from seeing the fairies standing on the beams, busy with their mops and polishing cloths. At last all was done, and the fairies went off to change their dresses, for there was to be a dance in Branksfort Woods this night. Elves and fairies generally create beautiful scenes, but this particular night they excelled themselves. In the centre of the wood was a clearing—a large moss-covered square. Just at one side the stream which ran through the woods fell into tiny cataracts. Butterflies, all colours, shapes and sizes, flitted about everywhere waiting for the dance to commence. Bees buzzed round seeing that the honey, which was to be the interval repast, was quite ready.

Soon twelve nightingales, who were to act as the orchestra, came up accompanied by the lark, who, however, immediately flew off, after promising to give a warning note when the party had to break up. Then the fairies and elves came trooping in. All wore the regulation dancing dresses, the fairies in fluffy white dresses that were silvered by the moonlight, the elves having suits of the tender green colour of grass at the beginning of Spring.

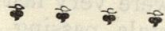
Last of all came the king and queen. Though they wore similar dresses to their subjects, one could tell at once their high rank. Not that they flaunted it, not that they were more beautiful, not even that the elves and fairies bowed and curtsied

to them; it was something that could rather be sensed than seen, heard, or felt.

The dancing began. It was a beautiful sight; elves and fairies dancing on the green, nightingales singing in the trees, little rabbits and other wood animals as excited spectators on the outskirts of the square, butterflies dancing overhead, and above, the calm, benignant face of the man in the moon smiling on all. Everyone went into an adjoining glade for the interval, and for refreshments they had honey and dewdrops. After, they danced again.

All too soon came the dawn and with it the lark's call. Fairies, butterflies, bees and animals all scurried away, and had any mortal chanced to pass that way five minutes later he would never have guessed, and indeed, would not have believed had he been told, that but a short while before the moss-covered square had been a scene of fairy revellings.

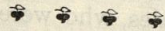
EMILY LAWRENCE, Form 1 α .



ODE TO THE STARS.

LITTLE stars, lamps of the heaven,
You are lit up at the hour of seven
By an unknown master hand,
To lighten the dreary quarrelsome land.
Gleaming jewels of the dusky night,
How can you twinkle at such a height
In that boundless sea of cloud?
Little stars, would you like to be
Guardians of the deep blue sea?

JEAN CAMERON, Form 1 β .



From the Seniors.

ODES TO THE FLOWERS.

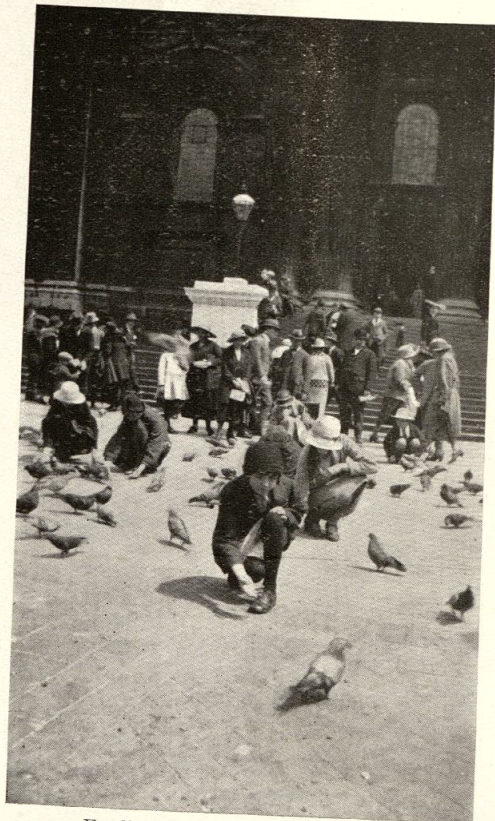
TO A PANSY.

A dear little flower smiled to the sun
A smile of contentment and innocent fun.
A dear little flower, a dear little face,
Looked at the earth in beauty and grace.

PICTURES OF TRIP TO WEMBLEY.



At the Meeting Place in the Exhibition.



Feeding the pigeons at St. Paul's.

Such fragile petals, such a delicate scent
God to that flower had kindly lent.
Its golden eye looked up to heaven
Thanking God for the gifts he had given.

TO A ROSE.

O! Mistress of the garden,
O! Queen of the flowers,
Adorning the hedges and old rustic bowers.
Wild and beautiful, yet perhaps a sharp thorn
Is hid in thy stem to keep thee from harm.

TO A PRIMROSE.

The primrose sweet
The morn did greet
So gaily,
So gaily.
And welcomed the dawn
With a smile forlorn
So early,
So early.

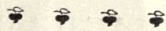
IRENE HOBSON, 1 Sen. A.

THE MAGIC BULL.

LONG ago, in a country far away, there lived a magic bull that could speak. One fine day, as the bull was being led to its field, it noticed that all the people of the village were running to and fro among the bushes, while others were pushing sticks into all the rabbits' holes they could see. "What is wrong?" asked the bull of a little boy, but the boy was too frightened to speak. The next person that the bull met as he was walking over the field was a little girl named Maie, who did not seem at all frightened when he spoke to her. Maie told him that a magician had changed the wicked giant, who lived in one of the neighbouring countries, into a little rabbit. The magician told them that if they could find the rabbit which wore a golden crown round its neck and killed it within twenty-four days they would never be troubled with him again, but if they did not succeed he would trouble them for another hundred years, and then he would change into a timorous field mouse. When

the bull heard this he made up his mind that he would try his very best to rid the people of this pest. Next day he went to a wise old man, who lived under a tiny hill called Chalkie Hill, because of the quantity of chalk which lay strewn about on the ground. The old man was very kind to the bull and told him that, if he did what he advised, he would be able to kill the rabbit. "First of all you must go to Rosalind's Green at twelve o'clock to-night, and as you see the rabbits coming up the hill you must swallow this charm, which will make you invisible for a time. You must be very careful, because witches may harm you and you will not kill the rabbit. Two white rabbits and one black rabbit will come up the hill, but you must not touch them. Next will come one black rabbit with a golden crown round its neck. Seize it and hold it tightly, when it will turn into a wriggling snake. Next, the snake will turn into a dove, but you must not let it go, and last of all it will turn into an egg. You must lay the egg on the ground and stand on it for three minutes, and you will have killed the giant." That night the bull went to Rosalind's Green, and everything happened just as the wise man had said, but in the morning the bull had vanished, and a handsome prince dressed in the finest of clothes was there instead. The prince had been changed into a bull by a naughty witch, but now the charm was broken and the prince was free.

MARGARET J. T. ROSIE, 1 Sen. B.



MRS SMITH'S DOG.

"PLEASE, missus, is this your dog?" Mrs Smith turned hastily, and her face clouded with annoyance as she beheld a tow-headed urchin grasping a sturdy Scotch terrier, who was evidently infected by the spring air and ready for anything. "It is my dog," she said, "but I have no time to take him home, so here is sixpence, if you will, and Rags,"—this was to the dog—"be very good." With that she left them, and Rags and the boy turned homewards. They had not gone far when a half-starved looking cat crossed their path. Rags was after him like a shot, and, in spite of Willie, the boy's shouts of "Rags" and "Tatters," did not give up the chase until he had cornered his quarry on one of the windows of a maindoor house. After five minutes of a most appalling din, in which Willie assisted by throwing small stones into the garden to try to dislodge the

combatants, a charwoman came out, and after giving Willie a resounding box on the ear, set upon Rags and the cat with a mop. Soon order was restored, and Willie and Rags started home again. In a little they came to a sports shop, and while Willie was criticising the various articles within, Rags, noticing that the door was ajar, slipped in and began on a box of golf balls. Hearing a noise, Willie looked in and saw what was happening. He also saw something else—a man, with a substantial looking ash-plant in his hand, creeping stealthily on to the unsuspecting Rags. "Oh, here's a go!" thought Willie, "I'd better clear out." With that he slipped into the next doorway. On hearing a series of anguished yelps, Willie slipped out of the doorway again and confronted the man who was belabouring Rags. "I'll take that dog home," he said, "I know where he lives." This time he got home with no mishaps. On the whole, Willie thought it rather a hard-earned sixpence when it came to taking home a dog like Rags.

RONALD HALL, 1 Sen. C.

A-WEMBLING!

WEMBLEY at last! The sun was setting and shed its last rays over Wembley's many buildings.

It was Thursday; the day after our arrival in London.

On arriving at the gates of the Empire Exhibition, we were told that we were going to the Amusements Park.

Wending our way through the crowds of people we found that particular place. Deciding to go on the switchback first, we got the tickets. From the party 16 or 20 went on first. I was with the next lot. The carriages started off at a smooth rate, when suddenly the front carriage disappeared, then the second and third, and then I felt my carriage go down. The carriages rattled down the slope with ever-quickenning speed. They rushed up, and slowed down on nearing the top. Just as we thought all was finished they turned a corner, and almost flew down the slope. I was not prepared for anything so sudden. I was jerked off my seat and bumped back again in a way that made me bump my nose. It was rather painful, and not knowing whether to laugh or cry, I decided on the former.

The girl who was sitting beside me enquired why I was laughing, but I could not explain.

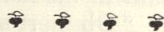
As I raised my head I was in time to see a maroon and

yellow hat disappear. The screams as we descended and ascended were not very musical, and the feeling was anything but delightful.

I was thankful to be on *terra firma* again. Everything was dancing up and down in a very strange fashion, and it was not until a good while after that I felt quite sure I was on earth.

Thus began my experiences of Wembley.

MARGARET M'GREGOR, 1 Sen. D.



WIRELESS IN FAIRYLAND.

As I lay on the grass in a glen through which a little stream was trickling, a picturesque sight met my astonished gaze. On the grass, sheltered by a tall and graceful fern, sat Titania, Queen of the Fairies. She wanted to send a message to His Majesty the King, and summoned her attendants. Whenever they heard the royal command, they sprang up and ran quickly to do her bidding.

One fairy who was exceedingly clever told the Queen that the last time she visited the land of mortals, many people had erected a thing called "Wireless." Then she noticed me and gave a cry of surprise. I realised the fact that I had been discovered.

Fortunately, they were not afraid of me and asked my help.

I showed them a book about wireless but none of them could understand, so I agreed to guide them to a house where a wireless was. Bluebell, the fairy who first mentioned the subject, agreed to accompany me. She sprinkled some magic dust over me, and I found myself able to fly. On our return Bluebell, looking very wise and important, whispered to the other fairies. Instantly they flew to carry out her wishes, some to beg a silken thread from the spider, some to gather forget-me-nots, and some to fetch the glow-worms, which would be required for valves. The thread from the spider made the finest aerial I had ever seen, and the Queen with her ear-phones (two forget-me-nots) looked very well pleased with the work of her attendants, but there was one difficulty. Although the Queen could hear the King she could not see his face. This time she herself knew what to do. In a golden buttercup she sprinkled a few drops of dew, and, with a wave of her magic wand, the image of the King appeared in the dew-drop. Then my little sister wakened me, and told me it was time for tea.

MARJORY COWE, 2 Sen. A.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A WALKING-STICK.

WELL I remember the day I was made. It was a proud day when I was placed in the second front row of sticks in a tobacconist's window. I was, however, not very long in that window before a handsome young man came with a young lady and purchased me. When I arrived at my new home I took my position next to a grumpy old umbrella in a hatstand. As soon as I was placed there the old umbrella demanded to know why I had come to upset his plans. His "plans," as he called them, were that he had decided to push all the other sticks and umbrellas out of the stand and have it to himself. This I learned from the others, who had become very friendly with me. At last, after a consultation with them, we decided to make a brave fight against him in the middle of the night.

When everyone was in bed that night and only the tick of the old hall clock was to be heard we made our charge. After a minute's fight the umbrella fell to the floor with a clatter which brought all the household running downstairs to see what was the matter. When they arrived in the hall silence reigned there except for the groans of the old umbrella. I am still at the same house, but my companions and I often think of the night when we fought the old umbrella.

LUCY BOWIE, 2 Sen. B.



FUNNY SAYINGS OF LITTLE FOLK.

I HAVE heard a good many funny sayings, so I am going to tell you a few of them.

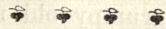
A little girl whom I know was coming downstairs one day on her mother's back, when she said to her mother, "Mummy, careful not to spill Molly." The same little girl had a sore heel one day, and she said to her mother, "Molly's foot sore round de corner."

Another little girl was unconsciously funny one day. Her brother and she were making a mess in the kitchen when her mother came in and asked them how they had managed to make that mess. Jan, looking up, said innocently, "Oh, it was quite easy, Mummy."

My brother, when he was very young, once asked my mother whether he grew from his feet upwards or his head downwards. On another occasion, when lying in bed sick, a lady calling

suggested to my mother in his presence that it might be chicken-pox. Next morning, when mother went in to see him, he told her that it was chicken-pox he had. When she asked him how he knew he said, "Cause I found a fezzar (feather) in ze bed."

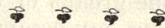
JEAN S. FARQUHARSON, 2 Sen. C.



FAIRIES.

UNDER the spreading oaken tree,
Where fairies dance with glee,
In and out through stream and dale,
Up and down o'er hill and vale,
The fairies dance and sing;
With a skip, a hop, and a fling,
Merrily they troop along
As they sing their fairy song.

RUBY CARROL, 2 Sen. D.



SANDY.

WHEN Sandy takes his walks abroad,
And scampers in the streets,
He trots about and talks to all
The little dogs he meets.

This is what he says to them—
You'd scarcely think it's true—
'I'm Mr. Nimmo's little dog,
Whose little dog are you?"

And all the time he keeps an eye
On every passer-by,
Until at last he spies the car
And hears his master cry—

"Oh, Sandy! stop that barking,
You're making such a din;
You'll get me into trouble sure
Before the day is done."

MAUD GAIN, 2 Sen. E.

MOLLY'S ADVENTURE AND WHAT IT LED TO.

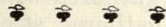
ONCE upon a time a little girl lived with her grandmother in a cottage at the edge of a forest. For a living this little girl, whose name was Molly, gathered wild flowers and sold them, while her grandmother gathered sticks for the people round about. By such means they managed to live comfortably.

What excitement there was in the village of Mardale because the King and Queen of Ritz were coming to stay for a time in the ancient castle there. The night before they arrived Molly's grandmother said to her, "Be sure and get up early and gather flowers to decorate the castle to-morrow for the royal visit." "I shall, granny dear," answered Molly. Next morning she rose early, dressed herself, and gathered flowers for the castle.

Up the winding lane went Molly with two baskets full of fragrant and beautiful flowers. She was in a blythe and merry mood, which was encouraged by the sweet scent of the flowers and the singing of the birds. Little did she know that she was being followed by someone who cared nothing for the beauties of nature. All of a sudden she felt a rough hand on her shoulder. Looking round she saw a man who exclaimed roughly, "Don't shout, but come with me and I'll spare your life." She was led to the castle, where she was blindfolded and led down steps to a huge vault or dungeon where the handkerchief was taken from her eyes. "You can go free if you promise to give me the chest which is in your cottage," the man said. "I shan't, because I promised not to mention it," answered Molly bravely. "I shall come to you to-morrow, and if you haven't given in you will go somewhere else." With that the man went his way, leaving Molly alone. Next day the man returned, but no threats could persuade Molly to break her promise to her grandmother. He again blindfolded her and led her into the lane where they had first met. When they got there, who should they meet but the King and Queen returning from a drive. The man got such a fright that he ran away down the lane and was never seen again. Molly was taken to the castle and her grandmother summoned. She immediately came and brought the chest with her, as she thought it a suitable time for disclosing Molly's identity. When it was opened it was found that it contained valuable papers concerning Molly, who was indeed Princess Eva, niece of the King and Queen of Ritz. Molly was overjoyed at the good fortune thus visiting her.

When the time was over she went with her uncle and aunt to their palace, where she lived ever after. The old woman who had cared for her was not forgotten, but was amply provided for till she died.

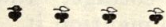
CATHERINE I. DAVIE, 3 Sen. A.



MRS TUECKY.

MRS TUECKY lived in a large farm, beside many roosters like herself. As she walked about the farmyard, she used often to look through the gate of the field where the lambs skipped and played. How she longed that she could manage to slip out into the field. She got her chance one morning, for the farmer let the cows out into the field, and Mrs Tuecky managed to slip out amongst the cows' legs. When she got out she ran a long way down a narrow path. When she stopped she met a small bird, with red legs and brown feathers. This was Mrs Partridge. Mrs Tuecky and Mrs Partridge soon got very friendly, and when it was time for the eggs to be laid Mrs Partridge laid the eggs and Mrs Tuecky helped her to sit on them. One day the eggs were hatched. Now the happy birds had very jolly times with the young birds. When Winter came Mrs Tuecky went back to the farm, after a very happy Summer with her friend Mrs Partridge.

DAVID OGILVIE, 3 Sen. B.



LOST IN A CITY.

ONE day when I was little my mother sent me for a message. We had arrived in Glasgow three days before. I got my message and was so excited about having the change to count that I turned in the opposite direction from my home. I wandered on unheeding till suddenly I looked up to find myself in a street I did not know. I looked round but I could not see anything familiar. A strange feeling came over me and I was sure my heart was in my shoes. Of course I started to cry as loudly as I could. A sympathetic lady, seeing me, came over and asked what was the matter. I answered with frequent sobs in between that I was lost. The lady said kindly that if I told her where I lived she would take me home. I



Hockey Team, 1923-24.

Elsie Nisbet, Dorothy Mackinnon, Beryl Bateman, Alison Laidlaw, Jean Macdowall, Ethel Smith,
Alice Mowat, Helena Wylie, Sarah Grant, Edith Lawrie, Violet Collie.



Rugby Football XV. — 1923-24.

Stanley Harland, Roy Watt, Walter Scott, James Cranston, Stanley Cranston, Edward Laings,
Alex. Hall, Tom. Canning, Stanley Robinson, Peddie Greig, George Beveridge,
William McFarlane, Hugh Hawson, Jack Drummond, Norman Cochrane.

told Mrs Hunter (for that was her name) that I lived at home. Mrs Hunter did not know where "home" was, but luckily for me my Auntie came along just then and, after thanking the lady, took me home.

ELLA SMITH, 3 Sen. C.



THE PROMISE OF SUMMER.

SUMMER is coming, summer is coming,
With its dew and its songs for the birds in the bowers.
What's that I hear?
It's the bees' drowsy humming,
As they go for their honey among the sweet flowers.

Now Spring's nearly past,
It's near Summer at last,
When I see the blue sky o'er my head.
With buttercups glowing and soft breezes blowing,
I think it's been true what I said.

JENNY HAINES, 3 Sen. D.



From the Juniors.

MY STORY.

BY A BOOK.

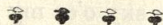
How lonely I was, sitting on the bookshelf with no one to talk to! Shall I tell you how I came to be there? My first home was in a toy shop. One day a lady and a little girl whose name was Alison came into the shop. The lady said, "You may choose any book you like, dear." Alison looked over a few books and at last chose me. So I went home with her and had a very happy time for a while, but soon Alison got tired of me, and I was left in solitary state on the bookshelf for a long time. But one day her mother came into the room and said, "Have you any books you would like to give to the poor children?" "Oh yes, they can have that one you bought me last year." So I was taken down and my battered cover was renewed. After that I was given to a poor little girl who looked after me and loved me, and my life was never lonely again.

JOAN SMITH, 1 Jun. A.

A VISIT TO THE DENTIST.

A FEW months ago I paid my first visit to the dentist. It all came about through a decaying tooth. For nights it had troubled me before I was able to pick up courage to go through what I thought was a terrible ordeal. One night, after much coaxing, my mother and I set off. After a little wait in a nicely furnished waiting room, we passed into the Dental Room. The dentist seated me in his big chair, and before I knew what was happening the dentist handed me my tooth neatly wrapped in a piece of paper. Then off we set home, and I didn't think the dentist such a bogey after all.

ANNIE ROSE, 1 Jun. B.



COMPARISONS.

I LIKE James Gillespie's Junior School best, because it has fires.

Its playground is not so large as James Gillespie's one, but it has many corners in which we can hide.

The sun shines more on the Junior School than it does on Gillespie's School.

When I first came to the Junior School I nearly got lost, as I did not know which way to go with the balconies leading from the boys' stair to the girls'. Even a stranger could quite easily find his or her way to the headmaster's room in Gillespie's, but in the Junior School it would take some time.

There is a better drill hall in Gillespie's School and we can make as much noise as we like at drill, but we can't in the Junior School.

There is just one good thing about Gillespie's, and that is that it has a bigger playground.

The sewing-room in the Junior School has desks, just like the classrooms, while Gillespie's sewing-room has tables, chairs and stools.

We always have music in the Junior School when we march in and out and that makes us cheery; the fires are cheery, too. We have a better cocoa-room forbye.

Extracts from Contributions by 1 Jun. C.

MARY'S ADVENTURE.

MARY was sitting at her bedroom window, when suddenly she heard a voice. She looked round but could not see anyone, so she went out to the garden to see who was there. Lifting up some ivy leaves she saw a little green man. The little green man said "Good-day" to her, then lifted his cap and asked her if she wanted to go for a ride in his magic cloud boat. Mary was more than pleased, but before she had time to thank him the little green man had told her to step in. Before she had gone long on her new adventure she felt a great bump. It was her mother waking her. She had been dreaming.

HELEN FORMAN, 1 Jun. D.



BETTY'S WISH.

THE birds were singing. The sky was clear. Betty rose from her bed. "What a lovely morning," she said, "if only I had a dog I could take it out." Now Betty was a very good girl and helped her mother in everything. After she had had her breakfast and helped her mother she put her favourite doll in its pram and prepared for a walk. Betty kissed her mother goodbye, and away she went. She walked for a little way and then turned back. When she reached home there was a little puppy and a note on the table that said, "From Mummy and Daddy to Betty," so Betty had her wish.

MYRTLE MOORSE, 1 Jun. E.



A NAUGHTY MONKEY.

WHEN I was a little girl, much less than I am now, my father and mother took me to the Zoo at Corstorphine. I had a ribbon on my hair for the first time. I went too near the monkey cage and a little monkey stole my ribbon. I got an awful fright and mother had to take me home. I cried nearly all the way. On reaching the house I saw a bit of ribbon lying on the table and I said, "Oh, there's my ribbon." I stopped crying, I thought the monkey had sent it back.

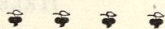
MARY A. W. STODDART, 2 Jun. A.

THE RABBITS.

In the woods I saw some rabbits,
 And they were such pretty dears.
 They had such amusing habits
 I should love to stroke their ears.

But my daddy brought me some
 And I keep them in a hutch.
 Every morn they see me come,
 We love each other very much.

GERTRUDE DRUMMOND, 2 Jun. B.

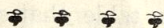


A COWBOY.

I AM a cowboy, my name is Buffalo Bill. One day I was trotting along a country road when a party of Indians came upon me. Then there was a fight and one of the Indians stunned me. I fell on the ground. When my companion saw me he came to my help. He gave me a drink of water, then he put me on my horse and took me back to the camp.

I lay in my bed for a whole day. The next day I started on my long journey.

IAN PENDREICH, 2 Jun. C.



A VISIT TO THE ZOO.

I LOVE going to the Zoo to see the animals. It is nice to be in time to see the sea-lions and the seal being fed. As the keeper throws the fishes they dive from the rocks to get them. After I had watched the seal and the sea-lions for a time, I went to see the kangaroos. The mother kangaroo had a little baby in her pouch, and the mother kangaroo let me stroke the little baby's head. I gave the rest of the kangaroos some grass. I like the monkeys and the chimps best of all. There are two little chimps, a little girl and a little boy. The brother tried to be very polite to his little sister, and she was getting into the box when her brother gave her a push to help her in, and she fell head first into the box and her little brother fell in after her.

GRACE MOON, 2 Jun. D.

From the Infants.

I AM a lion and I live in the Zoo. The keeper is very kind to me, and I sometimes get a horse's head for my dinner. People come to see me eating up my food. My cubs are very frisky. I get food once in 24 hours.

I AM a ball-frame and children count on me. Sometimes my wires break and I roll about. I am not very strong, but I can stand straight up. I have ten balls on each wire, and they are different colours.

I AM a pig and I grunt. I put my feet in amongst my food and get it dirty. I have a curly tail, and a long nose and I live in a sty. My food is milk and stuff from the brewery. A man brings it to me in a pail. Some day I suppose I will be killed and smoked for people to eat.

I AM a bucket and people put rubbish in me. I live in a very dirty house. A boy takes me down to the street and a lot of ashes fall out of me. I have a hole in the bottom of me and sometimes the ashes fall out, and the boy gets a whipping.

Adv. Inf. A.

WHEN I get my summer holidays I am going to go down to the shore and go out to swim and paddle and I will swim out to some island and see if I can find any cockanuts or see if I can find any elm-trees or beech-trees. Then I will make a boat with wood of the elm-tree and sail back again home.

I WISH I was a penny. I would like to be in a boy's pocket and be nice and warm. I would see the boy take his hankishif out. One day I was out in a motor bus with the boy. It was very windy and I blew out of his pocket.

I LIKE to go to Portobello, to play in the sands, and bathe in the sea, and to go out in a rowing boat. It would be lovely to live there all summer, I would play in the sands every day.

Adv. Inf. B.

ON Monday I had a party and we had a lot of games. On Tuesday I was very pleased because it was a holiday. It was

my sister's birthday. I gave her a ball and my Mother gave her a bottle of red ink. Daddy gave her a slave-bangle.

WE had a holiday on Empire Day. It was very wet in the morning, but Daddy took us in his motor to Peebles in the afternoon, where we had tea. We saw men fishing for trout in the river Tweed. Coming home we passed a large poultry farm where Daddy is going to get his chicks.

Adv. Inf. C.

A THRUSH built its nest beside us and it laid three eggs. And when the rain came on it was drowned out. Then it made its nest down a little bit.

I WENT to my father's garden after tea. He is very busy just now planting his potatoes, and taking out all the weeds. I carried home a big bunch of rhubarb for my mother to make jam. I love to water the flowers.

I SAW a blackbird on a tree and it was singing a pretty song. Then it flew on to a house and my baby saw it and then we went away.

Adv. Inf. D.

THE Union Jack has red, white and blue, and it is our flag and we are proud of it. Our flag is the best flag in the whole world. We put it up on Victoria Day.

DAISIES are pretty little flowers. They are called wild flowers because they grow in fields. At night they close up their petals and go to sleep.

FAIRIES have wands. They are very clever too, and nobody has ever seen them at all.

Jun. Inf. A.

OUR bonfire was huge. It was made of five mattresses, three armchairs and lots of boxes, and piles of rubbish. It was lovely. When I went to bed the policeman was taking care of it. I had ten sqibs and two of them were rockets and two of them were hand sqibs.

I HAVE a little sister and her name is Greta. She has six teeth and she is cutting another one. She is a little darling and she

looks nicest in her bath. My little friend has two twin boys so she is luckier than me because I have just one baby.

Inf. Jun. B.

MY brother told me to throw my hoop over the wall and I did so and it fell on my nose and my brother took me into the house and gave me a biscuit and the biscuit made me better. Then I got my ropes and script and my mother was out with my father at the picture house and if you look now you will see the mark.

EVERYBODY was running into school when a bell was ringing. It was the big ones bell so I did not run. I walked and you know I was not late. It was too warm but there was a breeze.

Jun. Inf. C.

OUR TRIP TO WEMBLEY.

THE station is buzzing with excitement; ladies and gentlemen are running along the platform beside the south-going train which is to convey their sons and daughters to where?—yes! to London and Wembley. In the train, fifty pupils from James Gillespie's are trying to keep calm until the train departs.

The train is moving and hurrah! we are off! We eventually settle down to our long journey and to think of that world-famous exhibition which we shall soon see. The time soon passes with card-playing, jokes and various other amusements.

Twelve o'clock and we have left Bonnie Scotland behind us. Twenty-past six and lo! we step out on to King's Cross platform, where we were welcomed by Sir Samuel Chapman, M.P. for South Edinburgh, and from there we wend our way, through rain, to a tube station and finally, after various changes, we arrive at Vale Farm Hostel, our abode for the week. There we are shown out to the bunks, which are arranged like a ship's cabin with one bed above the other. The bunks had various other occupants besides ourselves. A spider or a beetle would frequently pay us a visit, but we all just "grinned."

On Thursday morning we set out for the Houses of Parliament, through which we were so kindly shown by Sir Samuel

Chapman, who also conducted us up "Big Ben," that well known clock whose chimes are heard by millions of "listeners-in." Would we never reach the top? Up, up, up we went, and after climbing about four hundred steps we arrived, panting and gasping. After hearing it strike, the sound just about deafened us, we walked round the balcony and observed London from above. One just wondered if London ever ended, as one gazed over the house-tops and saw chimneys, chimneys, chimneys. We then descended, but—oh! our knees. All of us began to feel shaky and gave a sigh of relief when we stood on *terra firma*.

After dinner, which consisted of two sandwiches (not enough, most of us thought), we returned to the Houses of Parliament, where we witnessed the Speaker's Procession, and really some of us were helpless laughing at the man who preceded the Speaker and who carried the mace, as one of his silk stockings was worn in concertina fashion. Then we were shown out to the Terrace, where a gorgeous tea was spread for us, and I am sure we walked towards the tables with our heads held higher than usual and feeling very important.

At night we went to the Exhibition—to the Amusement Park! No one could really explain everything in it, as it is so vast and wonderful. The most exciting thing is the Switch-back. You sat down in one of the carriages and off you went slowly, and then you gradually went up, until you could see all round the Exhibition. Round a bend you went when you saw a huge dip and thought, "I'll never go down there," when—whizz z-z and you were over the edge, and before you could say "Hullo," you had arrived at the top of the opposite side only to rush down another dip. Gee, some thrill! What? The Helter Skelter, it was "posh." Laugh? you absolutely had to! Especially when one fat lady came down and landed in the "saucer" at the foot, and rising slowly, not in any hurry to get out, beamed round at everyone when—bang! down came a man and knocked her right off her feet. She got out quickly enough then!

We visited all the Countries during our week, which were all interesting and wonderful, but the one I liked best was Burma. On the outside the wood was beautifully carved and attracted attention, but inside the natives attracted one immediately with their quaint fashions and their chatter and songs. His Majesty's Government building was perhaps the most educative, with its maps of the world and Great Britain, but was not so spectacular as some of the other buildings.



Miss ELLEN KING.

No one should miss Pear's Pageant of Beauty, which is equally beautiful and attractive. From Helen of Troy to Miss 1924, all beautiful women are made more so by their dress and surroundings, which are done up to represent the periods in which they lived.

A char-a-banc tour took up one of our days, and it was then that we saw some of London's ugly narrow streets and large imposing buildings. We passed Buckingham Palace and entered Westminster Abbey, where we saw the Unknown Warrior's Grave, occupying rightly the most important position of the Abbey. We also noticed the grave of Bonar Law, our late Prime Minister. The Poets' corner is very impressive, and I was thrilled at the sight of so many famous men's statues.

Our glorious week came to an end, and if we looked funny arriving we looked hopelessly funny as we made our way to the station; for we had not only our cases, but almost everyone was taking home presents to her family, and with our cases, coats and parcels, there was little wonder that people gazed at us.

Well, we got into the train safely, and on the Thursday morning we arrived back in "Auld Reekie." It was very nice to see "The Old Familiar Faces" on the platform to welcome us back.

This finished our trip to Wembley, but although it is over, I am sure every "Wempler" shall ever remember that glorious, wonderful week.

MARGARET MOORE, Form 4.



HAPPY RECOLLECTIONS OF A FIRST VISIT TO LONDON.

"So this is London!" Well, I really wonder how many of these J.G.S. "Wemblers" omitted to mention that very phrase, recently so popular, on arriving at that longed-for destination—King's Cross. Some thirty minutes before arriving the excitement really proved great. "Where's my case?" "Where's mine?" "I've lost my 'chapeau.' Regardez the rain! I'll be simply 'drowned' before I ever see Vale Farm!" Such were some of the many thrilling exclamations uttered by us; until finally we were given the welcome order—"Get ready!"

Now the imagination of the reader may easily be directed to the "after-happenings." After much bustling through the carriages, pulling down of cases, etc., we were ready "to make

our exit." Was it not funny to see each coming out of that train, looking round the quaint little station (for, considering the appearance of the *station*, London seemed only "a geographical position"), and repeating "So this is London," one after the other.

After many tube, car and bus transportations we all landed safely at our abode. No wonder everyone stared as we started to walk from the last car terminus. The scene must have appeared pitiful!—Huge cases in one hand and coats, etc. in the other. And the rain just falling in torrents!

When we found ourselves in our bedrooms that night (after much squabbling among the "enticing bunks" that were offered to us) we could do nothing but grin about it all and think of the morrow. Who wanted to sleep that night? I am quite sure our landlady entered "umpteen" times trying to settle us, and make us lie down and think of the others who were desirous of *some* repose in peace. Next morning, 4.30 a.m. saw our dormitory awake and preparing to join the morning queue for dressing.

About 8.30 a.m. we were all seated at breakfast, awaiting a "meal." Did ever anyone get such a "drop." Just give ear to what was put before us. (Of course we Scotch girls are not accustomed to English meals.) Porridge, and *English* porridge at that, came first. It seemed scandalous! I see the poor waiter still, collecting these plates of "porridge"! If only there had been salt in it! But, of course, we could not be induced to eat that non-tasting English meal. After this, we got tea, coffee if preferred, and a huge Vienna roll. This was really very enjoyable, although sometimes (we got one practically every morning) it took very much out of me to digest it all. We felt quite weak, however, the first morning, for we had had little or no supper the night before, and felt unable to eat the roll after having seen that awful English porridge.

That first day, I think, was the most enjoyable of the stay in London. After having mounted Big Ben it was about two o'clock, and it was agreed that we should go to Victoria Park Gardens to have lunch. This lunch we had been presented with before leaving the hostel, but just imagine what our faces were like when we each got our "ration"! (This seems like war-time again, doesn't it?) Yes, a ration it really was. "Two sandwiches each! That's your allowance, so don't take any more!" These were our orders before starting. What would we not have given to fly down to Edinburgh just to satisfy our hunger and then to return for enjoyment again? I am sure

many of us expressed our feelings thus. But ere two hours had elapsed we were comfortably seated at tea on the Terrace of the Houses of Parliament with our kind friend, Sir Samuel Chapman. Did we not all bless him? What a treat it was to be able to eat till we could absolutely eat no more. ("What gluttons!" you'll be saying, but have *you* ever felt hungry?)

That same night, after supper,—I won't tell you what we had, else you would be envying us, perhaps,—we left Vale Farm for the famous Exhibition. We took a car, or rather we *had* to take a car (for we were trying to preserve the little strength we had in our feeble legs until we reached the Amusement Park). The first attraction in the Amusements was the Switchback Railway. It was really amusing to witness the expressions and to hear the opinion of each after it was all over. Some came out minus their hats. "Did you by any chance see my hat blow off? Just when we were going to descend that frightful hill I felt my hat rising. It's gone now for ever, I suppose. Do you think I can go home without it?" These remarkable statements were blurted forth as an English girl alighted. I overheard them. But the majority of our party came out dancing with glee, begging to be allowed to go on again, in spite of the fact that a few had been somewhat shaken up.

That night we all returned home talking of the fun that had been derived from that wonderful Switchback.

All went moderately smoothly at the hostel till Sunday night, when we were told to remove to the bunks outside. How sorry we were to leave the lovely beds, only to face these wretched beehives! But we did our best to make everything as bright as possible and found that, after all, it was really an addition to our enjoyment. Next evening, however, when we returned from our glorious char-a-banc tour, none of our belongings were in their places. After some hunting, we found that they had been "bunked to another bunk."

We just sat down, after discussing the matter among ourselves, and laughed. What else could we do? We had been moved to let another school have *our* bunks. That night very few slept at all. The noise caused by the newcomers through the night, screeching and parading the dormitories, was lamentable. One more night of this had to be endured and then—back to dear old Scotland! But we would fain have stayed too! However, we left London with many happy recollections, both of daytime and of night-time. Never will we forget our first adventure in London.

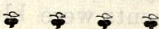
CATHIE BROWN, Form 4.

School Sports.

HOCKEY.

IN numbers the Club was as strong as in former years, and in playing strength it was quite up to the standard of the preceding years. The half-backs were the mainstay of the team, and they got an inspiring lead from the energetic and tireless centre-half, Sarah Grant, who has filled the post of Captain in an excellent way. Three XI.'s were run with an occasional 4th XI., and the results of the matches played appear below:—

	Played.	Won.	Drawn.	Lost.	Goals.	
					For.	Agst.
1st XI.	- 22	13	3	6	53	25
2nd XI.	- 14	9	1	4	36	24
3rd XI.	- 11	7	1	3	38	22



RUGBY.

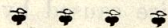
FOUR XV.'s were run last season, the following being the results of matches played:—

	Played.	Won.	Lost.	Points.	
				For.	Agst.
1st XV.	- 15	9	6	285	116
2nd XV.	- 12	2	10	125	326
Junior XV.	- 14	11	3	264	89
Preparatory XV.	7	5	2	74	42

The 2nd XV. were very weak, owing to so many players just starting the game.

The Junior XV. were exceptionally strong, and had the honour of being the only junior team to defeat the Royal High Juniors.

The Preparatory XV. showed up well in the few games played.



SWIMMING.

THE 2nd Annual Gala was held at Warrender Baths before the largest attendance we have yet had, 520 parents and pupils being present.

The following events were carried through:—

25 Yards Learners—Girls—1. L. Ogilvie; 2. H. Dickson.

25 Yards Learners—Boys—1. W. Bishop; 2. J. Booth.

Invitation Team Race—Girls—1. Gillespie's (N. Fraser, E. Smith, J. M'Dowall, E. King).

The above team were too strong for Broughton and Boroughmuir, winning easily in the fast time of 1 min. 14 secs., being one sec. faster than last year's team.

Invitation Team Race—Boys—1. Bruntfield; 2. Gillespie's.

A good race, Bruntfield just winning by inches.

Invitation Breast Stroke (100 yards)—1. G. Cormack, Boroughmuir; 2. G. F. Fisher, Portobello. Won by 1 yard. Time 1'31 2-5.

50 Yards Handicap (Boys)—1. T. Canning; 2. J. Cranston.

Blindfold Race (Girls)—J. M'Dowall.

50 Yards Handicap (F.P.'s)—1. W. Jenkins; 2. G. Campbell. Won by half a yard. 27 1-5.

50 Yards Handicap (Girls)—1. Louise Miller; 2. Ethel Smith; 3. E. King.

Boat Race (Girls)—1. Oxford; 2. Edinburgh; 3. Cambridge.

Plate Diving—1. J. Cranston; 2. A. S. Robinson.

50 yards (open to Rugby 1st XV.)—1. T. Canning; 2. J. Cranston.

F.P.'s played Boroughmuir F.P.'s at Water Polo, but were too strong for them, having the assistance of G. and R. Campbell, the Internationalists. Boroughmuir put up a game fight, but were beaten 5-1.

At the Inter-Scholastic Swimming Gala held in Infirmary Street Baths on 4th June, Grace Bateman won the bronze medal in the race for girls under 12. In the team race Gillespie's team, consisting of Patricia M'Kinnon, Margaret Foster, Lorna Ogilvie and Grace Bateman, were second and gained bronze medals.

The following awards have been gained during the season from the Royal Life Saving Society:—

Bronze Medallions—J. Cranston, T. Canning, A. S. Robinson.

Proficiency Certificates—James Cranston, William Crarer, D. Erskine, George Simpson, James M'Leod.

A special note must be made of the performances of Ellen King during this session. These include the East of Scotland 50 yards ladies' championship in the record time of 33 secs.; Bronze Medal for 100 yards (Breast stroke), 96 $\frac{1}{4}$ secs.; Scottish record-holder for 100 yards (Back stroke), 83 secs.; Silver Medal for diving; and Cameron Lees Trophy for graceful swimming. We are very pleased to note also that she has been chosen to represent Great Britain in the Swimming section of the Olympic Games to be held at Paris in July of this year.



TENNIS.

TENNIS, last summer, was as well taken advantage of, both in regard to the numbers playing and the improvement in play,

as in former years. 265 pupils joined the Club for the season, and the team played matches against Boroughmuir, Broughton, Trinity and Tynecastle.

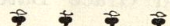
In the tennis competition run by the E.P.S.A.A. we won the open event.

The championship was won by Michael Siger, the runner-up being Sarah Grant. A "doubles" tournament was run in the various years, and the winners were:—3rd Year—James Heddle and Dorothy Littlejohn; 2nd Year—Roy Watt and Dora Sanders; 1st Year—Christopher Binnie and Cissy Clarkson.



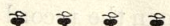
CRICKET.

LAST season the first XI. played 10 matches, of which 8 were won and 2 lost. This season we are running three elevens, but owing to the wet season many matches have been cancelled. We played Alloa Academy for the first time, the match resulting in a draw after a very enjoyable game. The Junior XI. are well balanced and should do well; they have already accounted for Watson's Juniors at Myreside, but should find stiff opposition when they face Merchiston Castle at Colinton Road.



GOLF.

THE entries for the Golf Medal Competition were not quite so numerous this year as last year. The matches were played over the Braids. John Aitchison, Robert Coffey, James McLeod and Dan Philp have won their way to the semi-final.



The School Games.

THE Annual School Games were held on Wednesday, 18th June, at the Authority's new Recreation Ground at Slateford. The entries, as usual, were very numerous, and several heats had to be run in quite a number of races. The weather was exceptionally fine, and the pupils and their friends spent a most enjoyable afternoon. At the close the prizes were presented by Parish Councillor Mrs Millar.

The chief prize winners were:—

BOYS.

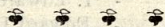
Flat Race—under 5	- - -	-	Donald Routledge.
Do. under 6	- - -	-	William Knight.
Do. under 7	- - -	-	Tom Webster.
Do. under 8	- - -	-	George Kemp.
Do. under 9	- - -	-	Neil Mackay.
Skipping Race—under 7	- - -	-	Tom Webster.
Do. under 9	- - -	-	George Kemp.
80 yards—under 10	- - -	-	Alexander Stevens.
100 yards—between 10 and 11	- - -	-	Charles Rowley.
100 yards—between 11 and 12	- - -	-	Reginald Gordon.
100 yards—between 12 and 13	- - -	-	George Kirkland.
100 yards—open	- - -	-	Thomas King.
220 yards—under 13	- - -	-	George Gillies.
300 yards—between 13 and 14	- - -	-	Jack Drummond.
440 yards—open	- - -	-	Edward Laing.
Half-Mile—open	- - -	-	1. Edward Laing; 2. Charles Rowley.
Three-Legged Race—Elem.	- - -	-	Edward Laing and Tom Forrester.
Sack Race—open	- - -	-	Edward Laing.
Squadron Race—Elem.	- - -	-	Andrew Jones, Walter Scott, Tom Forrester, Stanley Gilbert.

GIRLS.

Flat Race—under 6	- - -	-	Ruth Nairn.
Do. under 7	- - -	-	Willa Proud.
Do. under 8	- - -	-	Ena Berry.
Do. under 9	- - -	-	Viola Steele.
Skipping Race—under 7	- - -	-	Janet Henderson.
Do. under 8	- - -	-	Ena Berry.
Do. under 9	- - -	-	Jessie Stewart.
60 yards—under 10	- - -	-	Helena Gordon.
80 yards—between 10 and 11	- - -	-	Margaret Canning.
100 yards—between 11 and 12	- - -	-	Ruby Deans.
100 yards—between 12 and 13	- - -	-	Daisy Brand.
100 yards—between 13 and 14	- - -	-	Mary Drummond.
100 yards—open	- - -	-	Hetty Millar.
Skipping Race—under 10	- - -	-	Helen Graham.
Do. between 10 and 12	- - -	-	Betty Webster.
Do. between 12 and 14	- - -	-	Daisy Brand.
Do. over 14	- - -	-	Nettie Donaldson.
Egg and Spoon Race—under 11	- - -	-	Winnie Ednie.
Do. between 11 and 13	- - -	-	Nancy Littledyke.
Do. open	- - -	-	Hetty Cresser.
Squadron Race—Elem.	- - -	-	Mary Drummond, Muriel Howden, Eva Brand, Daisy Brand.
Do. Secondary	- - -	-	Nancy Fraser, Gladys Tullo, Nan Robbie, Ethel Smith.
Sack Race—Secondary	- - -	-	Lorna Ogilvie.
Three-Legged Race—Elem.	- - -	-	Daisy Brand and Eva Brand.
Do. Secondary	- - -	-	Kathie Weir and Lily Brand.

J.G.S. Athletic Fund.

THE income of the above Fund from all sources up to July 1923 amounted to £495. This money was raised chiefly by the Garden Fête held on the 30th June last year. A closing concert, a swimming gala, sales of candy by individual classes, donations from the F.P. Club and from individuals also helped. The money expended in the carrying out of these various schemes amounted to £115. The net sum raised for the Fund was thus £380. Of this sum £216, 18s. 6d. has been paid to the Education Authority as the share of James Gillespie's School in the expense of constructing the Tennis Courts at Slateford Recreation Ground. The amount of money in the Fund at present is £165.



Former Pupils' Club.

THE opening Social Meeting, held on October 12, was attended by over 150 persons. Part of the evening was spent in the enjoyment of tea and conversation, followed by a musical programme contributed to by Misses Wood, Pirie, Morrison, M'Ghee, Porter, Gladstone, and Mr H. Taylor. The evening was concluded by an informal dance.

The Dramatic Club, under the direction of Mr Glen, presented a sketch entitled "A Pretty Piece of Business" on the evening of 9th November. Misses M'Ghee, Grant, Johnson and Messrs Falconer and Stewart took part. As the play was a short one, informal dancing concluded the evening.

A very successful Musical Evening was held on 30th November. Selections on the piano by Miss Porter, humorous songs by Mr Aitchison, solo dances by Miss Mortimer and a humorous reading by Mr Murphy constituted a varied programme.

On Friday, 7th December, the Annual Re-union was held in School. Some 90 persons were present.

Owing to the success of last year's Mock Trial, the evening of 18th January was given over to the mock trial of a Breach of Promise Case. Mr Glen performed the duties of Judge, while the Counsels for the Prosecution and Defence were Messrs Aitchison and Waitt respectively. There were many

PICTURES OF TRIP TO WEMBLEY.



Waiting for Sandwiches outside the hostel.



Outside the Boys' bunks.

witnesses, and questions and answers provided a great deal of amusement to the large audience.

A Whist Drive and Dance, held in School on Saturday, 16th February, proved to be a great attraction, 137 persons being present. Whist was played for one hour and a half, at the end of which time, tea was handed round. The remainder of the evening was given over to dancing.

At the Annual Business Meeting held on March 7, besides other business, the following office-bearers were elected for 1924-5:—

<i>Hon. President</i>	-	-	Mr T. J. Burnett, M.A., F.E.I.S.
<i>Hon. Vice-President</i>	-	-	Mr T. Robertson.
<i>Joint Presidents</i>	-	-	{ Mr A. C. Murphy, M.A. Mr A. W. G. M'Ilwrick.
<i>Secretary</i>	-	-	Miss Blanche Brown.
<i>Treasurer</i>	-	-	Miss Ethel Gladstone.
<i>Committee</i>	-	-	Misses M'Ghee, H. Miller, Smith, Steele, Grant; Messrs Camp- bell, Ronchetti, Young.



FORMER PUPILS' HOCKEY CLUB.

THIS section of the F.P. Club made a very successful start last season. A full fixture card was arranged, matches being played practically every Saturday. In all 22 matches were arranged; of these the club won 6, lost 6, drew 4, and the remaining 6 were cancelled. The total number of goals scored was 40 for and 37 against.

Secretary, Miss Nora Smith, 27, Comely Bank Avenue.

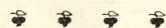


MARRIAGES.

WYLIE-REID.—At "Lareen," Craighouse Terrace, Edinburgh, on 30th June 1923, by the Rev. John F. Philip, M.A., ANDREW WRIGHT WYLIE, M.C., only son of Mr John Wylie, 26 Craighouse Avenue, Edinburgh, to JANE WATT (Jean), youngest daughter of Mr and Mrs JOHN REID, "Lareen," Craighouse Terrace, Edinburgh.

MOORE—PADDON.—At North Morningside U.F. Church, Edinburgh, on July 19th, by the Rev. Robert Drummond, D.D., W. HAROLD MOORE, elder son of Mr and Mrs Wm Moore, Victoria, B.C., Canada, to DORIS, younger daughter of Mr and Mrs F. J. PADDON, 91 Morningside Drive, Edinburgh, and of London.

MACLEOD—CAMERON.—At Darling's Regent Hotel, Edinburgh, on August 2nd, 1923, by the Rev. G. R. Macphail, Dundee (uncle of the bride), assisted by the Rev. R. Moffat Gillon, DONALD MACLEOD, M.A., Schoolhouse, Ullapool, to LILY MACKENZIE, M.A., daughter of Mr and Mrs JOHN CAMERON, 29 Hartington Place.



HONOURS LIST.

Dr H. W. MEIKLE, M.A., D.Litt., formerly Lecturer in Scottish History at Edinburgh University, has been appointed Secretary and Librarian of the Institute of Historical Research, University of London, and Adviser in History to external research students of the University.

Dr HELEN CAMPBELL has been appointed Senior Lady Resident at the Edinburgh Royal Maternity and Simpson Memorial Hospital.

Miss HELEN G. LIVINGSTONE, M.A., has been appointed to the staff of Edinburgh Ladies' College.

Mr JOHN P. SIMPSON, B.Com., has been appointed Assistant Manager of the Commonwealth Trust, and is stationed at the Head Office of the Trust at Calicut, India.

Miss ANN M. A. MAVOR, M.A., Miss MARGUERITA L. CUMMING, M.A., B.Sc., Miss HELEN G. LIVINGSTONE, M.A., Miss LOUISE ROXBURGH, M.A., and Miss ISABELLA D. S. S. RICHARDSON, M.A., have gained the Diploma in Education.

Miss ELEANOR R. CRAMB, Miss HELEN A. CRUICKSHANK and Miss ISABELLA L. URQUHART have graduated M.A. at Edinburgh University.

Mr JAMES D. DEAR has graduated M.B., Ch.B.

Dr GRACE CUMMING and Dr HELEN CAMPBELL have received the Diploma in Public Health.

Mr IAN St. C. SHAW won the Colin Symington Prize in the Insurance Institute Examinations.

Mr G. CAMPBELL and Mr. R. CAMPBELL played for Scotland in International Water-polo Matches.

Mr JACK DRUMMOND this year won the Championship at Heriot's Sports. He also won the mile race at the Interscholastic Sports.

PUPILS WHO HAVE PASSED INTERMEDIATE CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION, 1923.

Constance M. Archibald.	James M. Heddle.	Mary S. Porter.
Ethel M. Archibald.	Margaret T. S. Heddle.	Rachel B. Pringle.
Hazel I. Ashford.	Elizabeth B. Heslop.	Mary C. L. Purdie.
Annie M. Barclay.	Ruby F. Ironside.	Thomas D. Robb.
John M. Beaton.	Ella Lamb	Jean H. Robbie.
Lily M. Brand.	Margaret L. F. Law.	Catherine Robin.
Wilhelmina A. Bright.	Edith Lawrie.	Norah E. Saunders.
Christina S. Brown.	Dorothy B. Littlejohn.	Nancy F. Scott.
Jane G. G. Brown.	Agnes M'G. Logan.	Michael Siger.
Margaret G. Clark.	Mary S. Macfarlane.	Hilda M. Smith.
Helen D. Cleghorn.	Elizabeth C. A. Mackay.	Jean S. W. Smith.
William G. Cowrie.	Barbara S. M'Arthur.	Norah G. B. Smith.
Mary M. Dewar.	Peter Marshall.	Nora Somerville.
Margaret M. Doig	James W. Matthew.	Robert Mc. Sorbie.
John Drummond.	Norman I. M'Donald.	Gourlay N. Stanford.
Max Factor.	Lena J. Milligan.	Jessie S. Storie.
Gladys M. Forrest.	Olive J. Mitchell.	Herbert G. Taylor.
Mary D. Forster.	Margaret H. L. Moore.	Katherine Thomson.
Georgina Gardiner.	Alice E. Mowat.	Francis S. Todd.
Margaret Gardiner.	William Munro.	Graham S. Turnbull.
Sarah M. Grant.	Margaret W. Murray.	Isabella Watson.
Margaret J. N. Gray.	Eileen M. M. O'Leary.	Charles M. Wilson.
Violet I. Grieve.	Robert Otteleben.	Isabella Whytock.
Hilda Harris.	Mary A. Porteous.	

In the Examinations held by the Associated Board of the Royal College and Royal Academy of Music, London, the following of Mr Huxtable's pupils passed:—*In the Primary Division*—Effie Wilson, George Young; *in the Elementary Division*—Kathleen Bennet, Kathleen Bellerby, Nancy Cooper, Daphne Clark; *in the Lower Division*—Grace Johnston; *in the Higher Division*—Katharine Thomson.



SCHOOL SCHOLARSHIP LIST, 1923-24.

FORM 4.—Margaret Rae, Katharine Thomson, Catherine Brown, Margaret Moore, Elizabeth Heslop, Ella Lamb.

FORM 3 A.—Alison Robertson, Alison Laidlaw, Annie Coats, Dora Sanders.

FORM 3 B.—Alice Younger.

FORM 3 a.—Agnes E. Moon.

FORM 2 A.—Mary Henderson, Henry Milne, James Hutcheson, Mary Jamieson.

FORM 2 B.—Mary Manson.

FORM 2 C.—James Ferguson.

FORM 2 a.—Lindsay Myron.

FORM 1 A.—Dorothy M. Hurford, Katherine I. M. Robertson, E. Mary Robson, Grace R. Sponder, May Dods.

FORM 1 B.—Jessie Henderson.

FORM 1 C.—William Ross.

FORM 1 a.—Grace Johnston.

FORM 1 β.—Agnes Stavert.

CLASS 1 SEN. A.—Frances Wilson, Nancy Stewart, Helen Douglas Linton, Mary Robbie.

CLASS 1 SEN. B.—Ian Fraser.

CLASS 1 SEN. C.—George Gibson, Helen Archibald.

CLASS 1 SEN. D.—John Muir.

CLASS 2 SEN. A.—Jenny Martin.

CLASS 2 SEN. B.—Jessie Stewart.

CLASS 2 SEN. C.—Jean Farquharson.

CLASS 2 SEN. D.—Margaret Edmond.

CLASS 2 SEN. E.—Janet Sanders.

CLASS 3 SEN. A.—Catherine Davie.

CLASS 3 SEN. B.—Catherine Henderson.

CLASS 3 SEN. C.—Isabella Hardie.

CLASS 3 SEN. D.—Olga Michaelson.

CLASS 1 JUN. A.—Mary Miller.

CLASS 1 JUN. B.—David Scott.

CLASS 1 JUN. C.—Irene Glass.

CLASS 1 JUN. D.—John Pool.

CLASS 1 JUN. E.—Agnes Arthur.

CLASS 2 JUN. A.—Margaret Crawford.

CLASS 2 JUN. B.—Helen Wilson.

CLASS 2 JUN. C.—James Thomson.

CLASS 2 JUN. D.—Grace Moon.



SCHOOL PRIZE LIST, 1923-24.

<i>Dux of Intermediate School</i>	- - - - -	ALISON M. ROBERTSON.
<i>Dux in English</i>	- - - - -	ALISON M. ROBERTSON.
<i>Do. Latin</i>	- - - - -	DORA SANDERS.
<i>Do. French</i>	- - - - -	DORA SANDERS.
<i>Do. German</i>	- - - - -	JAMES YARROLL.
<i>Do. Mathematics</i>	- - - - -	ALISON LAIDLAW.
<i>Do. Science</i>	- - - - -	JAMES YARROLL.
<i>Do. Art</i>	- - - - -	GEORGE BEVERIDGE.
<i>Do. Needlework</i>	- - - - -	MURIEL CLEGHORN.

Form 4.

English.—1, Margaret Rae; 2, Katharine Thomson; 3, Margaret Moore; 4, Margaret Gardiner; 5, Margaret Doig; 6, Elizabeth Heslop.

Latin.—1, Catherine Brown; 2, Margaret Rae; 3, Elizabeth Heslop.

French.—1, Catherine Brown; 2, Margaret Rae; 3, Elizabeth Heslop; 4, Margaret Moore.

German.—Alice Mowat.

Mathematics.—1, Violet Grieve; 2, Jean Smith; 3, Ella Lamb; 4, Margaret Rae.

Science.—Hazel Ashford.

Art.—Georgina Gardiner.

Commercial Subjects.—Sarah Grant.

Physical Training.—Alice Mowat.

Form 3 A.

English.—1, Alison Robertson; 2, George Beveridge; 3, Annie Coats; 4, Alison Laidlaw; 5, Thomas King; 6, John M'Donald.

Latin.—1, Dora Sanders; 2, James M'Leod; 3, Annie Coats.

French.—1, Dora Sanders; 2 (equal), Annie Coats, Alison Robertson; 4, Robina Banks.

German.—1, James Yarroll; 2 (equal), Helen Edwards, Gladys Howden.

Mathematics.—1, Alison Laidlaw; 2 (equal), Alison Robertson, Thomas King; 4, James Yarroll.

Science.—1, James Yarroll; 2, Alison Robertson; 3, Alison Laidlaw; 4, John M'Donald.

Art.—1, George Beveridge; 2, Thomas King; 3, James Yarroll; 4, Robina Banks.

Physical Training.—Agnes Spiers, James Robertson.

Form 3 B.

English.—1, Alice Younger; 2, Winifred Cossar; 3, Stanley Cranston; 4, Adeline Carrick.

French.—1, Alice Younger; 2, Joanna Gardner; 3, Helen Philp; 4, Winifred O'Leary.

Mathematics.—1, Alice Younger; 2, John Dalgleish; 3, Margaret Brown; 4, Joanna Gardner.

Science.—1, John Dalgleish; 2, Alice Younger; 3, John Aitchison; 4 (equal), Stanley Robinson, Catherine Ledingham.

Art.—1, Hugh Hawson; 2, Winifred O'Leary; 3, Thomas Canning; 4, David P. Greig.

Physical Training.—James Cranston; Catherine Ledingham.

Cookery.—Catherine Ledingham.

Woodwork.—Hugh Hawson.

Form 3 a.

English.—1, Marion Crombie; 2, Agnes E. Moon; 3, Margaret Kennedy; 4, Edith M. Quin.

French.—1, Gladys M. Nelson; 2, Flora Craik; 3, Edith M. Quin.

Mathematics.—1, Ellen King; 2, Maisie Waugh; 3, Flora Craik.

Science.—1, Catherine G. Boyd; 2, Margaret Kennedy; 3, Flora Craik.

Art.—1, Robina Buchanan; 2, Margaret Kennedy; 3, Agnes E. Moon.

Cookery.—Maisie Waugh.

Physical Training.—Ellen King.

Form 2 A.

English.—1, Mary Henderson; 2, Henry Milne; 3, James Hutchison; 4, Mary Jamieson; 5, Margaret Nisbet; 6, Annie Brodie.

Latin.—1, Mary Henderson; 2, Annie Brodie; 3, Mary Jamieson.

French.—1, Annie Brodie; 2, Mary Henderson; 3, Mary Jamieson; 4, James Hutchison.

German.—1, Alex. Craighead; 2, Gladys Tullo; 3, Margaret Armstrong.

Mathematics.—1 (equal), Mary Henderson, James Hutchison; 3, Norman Buccleuch; 4, Henry Milne.

Science.—1, James Philp; 2, Andrew Kirkland; 3 (equal), Lewis Kennedy, Mary Henderson.

Art.—1, Betty Pringle; 2, Dorothy Melville; 3, Henry Milne; 4, William M'Farlane.

Needlework.—Jenny Stalker.

Physical Training.—Margaret Armstrong; Andrew Kirkland.

Woodwork.—William Thomson; Henry Milne.

Form 2 B.

English.—1, Beryl Bird; 2, Kathleen Bennett; 3, Mary Manson; 4, Annie Rosie.

Mathematics.—1, Mary Manson; 2, Beryl Bird; 3, Muriel Cleghorn; 4, Kathleen Bennett.

Science.—1, Mary Manson; 2, Annie Rosie; 3, Jenny Dickson.

French.—1, Annie Rosie; 2, Agnes Robbie; 3, Mary Manson; 4, Beryl Bird.

Art.—1, Muriel Cleghorn; 2, Barbara Spence; 3, Ethel Smith.

Dressmaking.—1, Muriel Cleghorn; 2, Betty Smith.

Cookery.—Flora Forbes.

Physical Training.—Ethel Smith.

Form 2 C.

English.—1, Norman Cochran; 2, Sophia Hyman; 3, James Ferguson.

French.—1, Elizabeth Kerr; 2, Adam Sorbie; 3, James Ferguson.

Mathematics.—1, James Ferguson; 2, Hugh M'Laren; 3, Evelyn Hunter.

Science.—1, Norman Nisbet; 2, Norman Cochran; 3, James Ferguson.

Art.—1, Norman Nisbet; 2, Robert Scott; 3, Catharine M'Nair and A. Evelyn MacPherson.

Cookery.—May Webster.

Physical Training.—Catharine M'Nair; Norman Nisbet.

Dressmaking.—A. Evelyn MacPherson.

Woodwork.—Norman Nisbet.

Form 2 a.

English.—1, Lindsay Myron; 2, Elizabeth Campbell; 3, Annie Meldrum.

French.—1, Lindsay Myron; 2, Catherine Munro; 3, Mary Pollock.

Mathematics.—1, Lindsay Myron; 2, Lillian Johnson; 3, Elizabeth Campbell.

Science.—1, Elizabeth Campbell; 2, Helen Dixon; 3, Lillian Johnson.

Art.—1, Elizabeth Cooper; 2, Alison Storie.

Dressmaking.—Muriel Dodds.

Cookery.—Helen Dixon.

Physical Training.—Elsie Meldrum.

Form 1 A.

English.—1, Katherine I. M. Robertson; 2, Dorothy M. Hurford; 3, Isabella C. Middleton; 4, J. May Dods; 5, E. Mary Robson; 6, Grace R. Sponder.

French.—1, Dorothy M. Hurford; 2, Isabella C. Middleton; 3, Janet J. Drummond; 4, E. Mary Robson

Latin.—1, William Ross (Form 1 C.); 2, Dorothy M. Hurford; 3, Frances P. Turnbull; 4, E. Mary Robson.

German.—1, Margaret M. Liddell; 2, Evelyn M. G. Nicol; 3, Alison W. Balfour.

Mathematics.—1, Dorothy M. Hurford; 2, Alison W. Balfour; 3, E. Mary Robson; 4, Elizabeth R. Wallace.

Science.—1, Dorothy M. Hurford; 2, E. Mary Robson; 3, Jessie K. Ree; 4, Katherine I. M. Robertson.

Art.—1, Katherine I. M. Robertson; 2 (equal), Grace R. Sponder, Lucy E. Topping; 4, Eliza C. Blair.

Needlework.—Isobel K. Giles.

Physical Training.—Francis Stein.

Form 1 B.

English.—1, Catherine Turner; 2, Margaret Rennie; 3, Jane Reid; 4, May Harland.

French.—1, Jessie Henderson; 2, Catherine Turner; 3, May Harland.

Mathematics.—1, Jessie Henderson; 2, Mary Colthart; 3, May Harland.

Science.—1, Catherine Turner; 2, Mary Colthart; 3, Margaret Rennie.

Art.—1 (equal), Hope Forde, Jessie Henderson; 3, Agnes Brydon.

Cookery.—Margaret Spence.

Physical Training.—Florence Smith.

Needlework.—Jessie Henderson.

Form 1 C.

English.—1, William Ross; 2, Tom M'Ilwrick; 3, Conan Frazerhurst; 4, George Walton.

French.—1, William Ross; 2, Conan Frazerhurst; 3, Joseph Nicol.

Mathematics.—1, William Ross; 2, Conan Frazerhurst; 3, Tom M'Ilwrick.

Science.—1, William Ross; 2, William Yarroll; 3, Conan Frazerhurst.

Art.—1, Ernest Garratt; 2, William Ross; 3, George Walton.

Physical Training.—Charles Pearson.

Woodwork.—William Ross.

Form 1 a.

English.—1, Roberta Small; 2, Grace Johnston; 3, Charlotte Millar; 4, Margaret Wilson.

French.—1, Grace Johnston; 2, Roberta Small; 3, Charlotte Millar; 4, Margaret Wilson.

Mathematics.—1, Grace Johnston; 2, Roberta Small; 3, Jean M'Leod; 4, Agnes Matheson.

Science.—1, Roberta Small; 2, Catherine Kemp; 3, Marion Davidson; 4, Margaret Wilson.

Art.—Grace Johnston.

Dressmaking.—Olive Gray.

Physical Training.—Maisie Moncur.

Cookery.—Grace Johnston.

Form 1 β.

English.—1, Agnes Stavert; 2, Hetty Miller; 3, Mary Bevin.
French.—1, Hetty Miller; 2, Mary Bevin; 3, Agnes Stavert.
Mathematics.—1, Agnes Stavert; 2, Hetty Miller; 3, Mary M'Monies.
Science.—1, Agnes Stavert; 2, Hetty Miller; 3, Mary Bevin.
Art.—1, Evelyn Mitchell; 2, Catherine Wallace.
Dressmaking.—Mary Warwick.
Cookery.—Hetty Cresser.
Physical Training.—Hetty Cresser.

Special Prizes.

Bible Prizes.—Form 4.—Katharine Thomson. Form 3.—Annie Coats. Form 2.—Mary Henderson. Form 1.—Conan Frazerhurst. 1st Senior—Frances Wilson. 2nd Senior—Janet Sanders. 3rd Senior—Catherine Davie. Junior School.—3rd Senior—John B. Maurice. 1st Junior—Millicent Dewar, Elizabeth Ritchie. 2nd Junior—Ian Pendreich, Anne Lockie.

Scott Club Prizes.—Secondary—1, Margaret Rae; 2, Katharine Thomson. Intermediate—1, Mary Henderson; 2, George Beveridge.

Pianoforte Prizes (Mr Huxtable's Pupils).—1, Cathie Thomson; 2, Grace Johnstone. (Mr Lee's Pupils).—1, Cissy Flint; 2, Eileen O'Leary.

Singing Prizes.—1, Robina Banks; 2, Dora Sanders; 3, Doris Peebles.

S.P.C.A. Prizes.—1, Kenneth A. M'Kinlay (1 Sen. A.); 2, William F. Porter (1 Sen. A.); 3, Margaret B. Tait (1 Sen. B.).

"Margaret Burt Wright" Prize for Essay on Kindness to Animals.—Thomas Brotherstone (2 Sen. E.).

"Robertson" Prizes in English, presented by Mr Robertson.—Form 3 A.—1, Alison Robertson; 2, George Beveridge. Class 1 Sen. A.—1, Nancy Stewart; 2, Helen Douglas Linton.

"Elliot" Prizes in English, presented by Miss Elliot to 3rd Senior Classes.—A. Catherine Davie; B. Catherine Henderson.

Stevenson Club Prize.—Hazel Ashford.

"Thomas Scott" Prize for Athletics.—1922-23, John Drummond; 1923-24, Sarah Grant.

Class 1 Sen. A.

1, Frances Wilson; 2, Nancy Stewart; 3, Helen Douglas Linton; 4, Mary Robbie; 5, Louis Ginsburg; 6, Elizabeth Hardie; 7, William Porter; 8, Robert Ross.

Drawing.—Edward Forde. *Sewing.*—Jessie Blake.

French.—Frances Wilson.

Class 1 Sen. B.

1, Ian Fraser; 2, James Brydon; 3, Douglas Hill; 4, John Mitchell; 5, Malcolm Crawford; 6, Donald Margach; 7, Margt. B. Tait; 8, John Drummond.

Drawing.—Daisy Brand. *Sewing.*—Margt. B. Tait and Mary Drummond (equal).

French.—Alexandrina Anderson.

Class 1 Sen. C.

1, George Gibson; 2, Helen Archibald; 3, George Kirkland; 4, James Runciman; 5, William John M'Intosh; 6, Marjory Douglas; 7, John Irvine; 8, Alice Taylor.

Drawing.—Ronald Reid. *Sewing.*—Alice Taylor.

**Prefects, 1923-24.**

Glady's Tullo, William Ross, Harry Milne, James Robertson, Alex. Russell, Christian Owens, Beatrice Barlow, Annie Coats, Lily Brand, Margaret Heddle, Margaret Moore, Ella Watson, Sarah Grant, Evelyn Macpherson, Winnie Cossar, Florence Smith, Margaret Craik, Isobel Giles, Alice Mowat, Betty Smith, Margaret Doig.

Class 1 Sen. D.

1, John Muir; 2, Philip Camberg; 3, John Adamson; 4, Isabel Brown; 5, Doris Duck; 6, Harry Kennedy; 7, Jessie Dishington; 8, Lily Lawson.

Drawing.—Lily Lawson. *Sewing.*—Lily Lawson.

Class 2 Sen. A.

1, Jenny Martin; 2, Marjory Cowe; 3, Dorothy Black; 4, Andrew Nisbet; 5, Annie Muir; 6, Margaret Logan; 7, Stanley Gilbert; 8, Mary Logan.

Drawing.—Olga Seatter. *Sewing.*—Dorothy Black.

Class 2 Sen. B.

1, Jessie Stewart; 2, Ruby Deans; 3, James Flett; 4, Margaret Liddle; 5, James Aalbrecht; 6, Goldie Jammy; 7, Margaret Syme; 8, George Forgan.

Drawing.—James Elder. *Sewing.*—Ruby Deans.

Class 2 Sen. C.

1, Jean Farquharson; 2, Catherine Rennie; 3, Mary Edmonstone; 4, Alice Fernie; 5, Douglas Craighead; 6, John Bruce; 7 (equal), Margaret Smith and Ella Grant.

Drawing.—Annie Muirhead. *Sewing.*—Frances Cameron.

Class 2 Sen. D.

1, Margaret Edmond; 2, Alan MacRae; 3, George Paterson; 4, John Duthie; 5, William Simpson; 6, Ruth Macandrew; 7, Ruby Carroll; 8, Flora C. Wishart.

Drawing.—John Duthie. *Sewing.*—Margaret Edmond.

Class 2 Sen. E.

1, Janet Sanders; 2, Thomas Brotherstone; 3, Diana Smellie; 4, Margaret Macdonald; 5, Nancy Mitchell; 6, William Harvey; 7, Margaret Brown; 8, Simon Brydon.

Drawing.—Margaret Macdonald. *Sewing.*—(equal), Margaret Macdonald and Margaret Brown.

Class 3 Sen. A.

1, Catherine Davie; 2, Jessie Crawford; 3, Amy Rookes; 4, Alastair MacLean; 5, Dorothy Cunningham; 6, Helen Kennedy; 7, Ian Findlater; 8, Lily Tait.

Drawing.—Lily Tait. *Sewing.*—Evelyn Carr.

Class 3 Sen. B.

1, Catherine Henderson; 2, Margt. Henderson; 3, Doris Brown; 4, Helen Reid; 5, May Bain; 6, Margt. Hendry; 7, Marion Brown; 8, Margt. Kemp.

Drawing.—Helen Muir. *Sewing.*—Phemie Scott.

Class 3 Sen. C.

1, Isabella Hardie; 2, Ethel Briggs; 3, Ella Smith; 4, Margaret Wilson; 5, Jean Marshall; 6, Joyce Wiltshire; 7, Alan Paterson; 8, Norma Rodger.

Drawing.—James Blyth. *Sewing.*—Mary Swanston.

Class 3 Sen. D.

1, Olga Michaelson; 2, Phyllis Hamilton; 3, Betty Renton; 4, May Potter; 5, James Couper; 6, John B. Morrice; 7, Jean Caldwell; 8 (equal), William Brown and Charles Gilmour.

Drawing.—William Brown. *Sewing.*—Lily M'Donald.

Class 1 Jun. A.

1, Mary Miller; 2, Sheila M'Ewan; 3, George Chisholm; 4, Alastair M'Neil; 5, John Christie; 6 and 7 (equal), Rhoda M'Donald, Victoria Morham; 8, John Gray.

Drawing.—John Gray. *Sewing.*—Mary Miller.

Class 1 Jun. B.

1, David Scott; 2, Wm. Denny; 3, Jean Geddes; 4, George Potter; 5 and 6 (equal), Annie Rose and Elsie Watson; 7, Catherine Thomson; 8, Betsy Howieson.

Drawing.—Beatrice Jamieson. *Sewing.*—Margaret Moore.

Class 1 Jun. C.

1, Irene Glass; 2, Ella M'Lean; 3, Betty Dobson; 4, Elsie Grant; 5, Margaret Sievwright; 6, John M'Lean; 7, Margaret M'Donald; 8, Muriel Black.

Drawing.—Margaret Gordon. *Sewing.*—Janie Gillon.

Class 1 Jun. D.

1, John Pool; 2, George Rosie; 3, Henry Gordon; 4, Arawa Houghton; 5, George Fraser; 6, Helen Forbes; 7, Ena Geddes; 8 (equal), Ann M'Intosh and Annie Sievwright.

Drawing.—Alex. Stevens. *Sewing.*—Helen Forbes.

Class 1 Jun. E.

1, Agnes Arthur; 2, Elizabeth Ritchie; 3 and 4 (equal), Helen Graham and Helene Fairbairn; 5, Mary Fairbairn; 6, Hilda Downie; 7, Margaret Findlater; 8, Margaret Hill.

Drawing.—Mary Fairbairn. *Sewing.*—Helen Graham.

Class 2 Jun. A.

1, Margaret Crawford; 2, Morag Dodds; 3, Joseph Robertson; 4, Ian M'Laren; 5, Ronald Beattie; 6, Alison Ferguson; 7, Margaret Brown; 8, Charles Inglis.

Drawing.—George Malloch. *Sewing.*—Ena Walkingshaw.

Class 2 Jun. B.

1, Helen Wilson; 2, Ann Lockie; 3, Gertrude Drummond; 4, Violet Mason; 5 and 6 (equal), Margaret Bruce and Andrew Heatlie; 7, Jean Mitchell; 8 (equal), Douglas Duncan and Winifred Renton.

Drawing.—Helen Wilson. *Sewing.*—Margaret Bruce.

Class 2 Jun. C.

1, James Thomson; 2, John Pendreich; 3, Dorothy Mason; 4, Euphemia Park; 5, William Blair; 6, Jean Cowe; 7, Janet Mitchell; 8, Sheila Adamson.

Drawing.—Dorothy Mason. *Sewing.*—Ethel Mailer.

Class 2 Jun. D.

1, Grace Moon; 2, Eleanor Chisholm; 3, Jean Watson; 4, Winnie Stewart; 5, Eila Clarke; 6, Andrew Walker; 7, Betty Lowe; 8, Doris Inglis.

Drawing.—Arch. Watt. *Sewing.*—Jean Watson.

Adv. Inf. A.

Boys.—1, David A. Flett; 2, Andrew C. Taylor; 3, Thomas Webster; 4, Thomas C. Brown.

Girls.—1, Catherine F. Scott; 2, Margaret A. M'Keizie; 3, Margaret S. Crichton; 4, Grace S. Goldie.

Adv. Inf. B.

Boys.—1, John A. Herd; 2, Harold F. Bowie; 3, David M. Taylor.

Girls.—1, Mary S. Will; 2, Colette Hogg; 3, Muriel M. Hunter; 4, Catherine B. Lang; 5, Christina Pollock.

Adv. Inf. C.

Boys.—1, James Mitchell; 2, Douglas Walker; 3, Edward Martin; 4, John M'Neillage.

Girls.—1, Edna Sanderson; 2, Caroline Scott; 3, Olive M'Ausland; 4, Margaret Scott.

Adv. Inf. D. (Montessori).

Boys.—1, Thomas S. Hand; 2, Alexander J. Irvine; 3, James C. Mackenzie; 4, Donald F. Wood.

Girls.—1, Esther A. Davidson; 2, Agnes M'Arthur; 3, Dorothy Wilson; 4, Elizabeth M. Thornton.

Jun. Inf. A.

Boys.—1, Norman Steele ; 2, Stephen Young ; 3, Stephen Couper.

Girls.—1, Violet Scott ; 2, Margaret M'Kinnon ; 3, Daisy Wood ; 4, Muriel Rudd ; 5, Jean Brian.

Jun. Inf. B.

Boys.—1, Thomas B. Crawford ; 2, James Steedman ; 3, Arthur Reid.

Girls.—1, Janet C. Henderson ; 2, Naomi J. Smith ; 3, Laura Littlefair ; 4, Margaret C. Cooper ; 5, Janet Pentland.

Jun. Inf. C. (Montessori).

Boys.—1, Stanley M. Donald ; 2, John M. Smith ; 3, Wm. J. Somerville ; 4, Abraham Lawrence.

Girls.—1, Helen Freer ; 2, Helen Gloag ; 3, Jenny Yellowlees ; 4, Elizabeth D. Allan.

