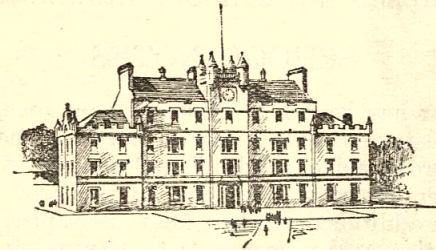


Gillespie's School  
Magazine . . . .

July 1925.





# GILLESPIE'S SCHOOL MAGAZINE

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JULY 1925

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## SCHOOL NOTES

THE past year has been less eventful than some, though the outstanding feature of recent times is still very noticeable—we continue to grow and expand. The Secondary School having added considerably to its numbers, in this way required the services of an additional teacher, Miss M. Napier, M.A., B.Sc., beginning duties in September last. Transfers of teachers between the Elementary and the Junior Schools occurred again at mid-session. In the latter Mr W. Seaton, M.A., took the place of Mr Steven, retired. In the Sewing Department Miss Falconer succeeded Miss Hutchison, now Mrs Jackson, and resident in Marsfield, England. We offer congratulations to Mr Rouchetti on his approaching wedding.

The customary social functions were celebrated during the session. A Hallowe'en Party was held for First Form pupils, when a large company, including visitors, was present, which heartily enjoyed the season's custom of "dooking" for apples, eating potatoes, and the many other games. Dancing also was a source of pleasure to nearly everybody. The Christmas Parties for the other Secondary Forms were as great a success, the Hall presenting a very festive appearance on each of the two evenings, the decorations this time being particularly effective.

Our new stage was inaugurated on the closing day of last session by the performance of a playlet, composed by Hazel Ashford, and founded on the story of R. L. Stevenson's "Kidnapped." Before the Christmas vacation pupils of the Second Form performed a short play. At Easter the First Form took part in a similar production, which was supplemented by a sketch presented by boys of the Third Form. This term we are looking forward to a production by the Fifth Form.

The Literary Society, attended by Post-Intermediate Pupils, and now two years of age, met every alternate Friday during the winter session. Keen discussions took place; the Hat Night and the Dramatic Recital Evening provided a pleasant break between the more serious debates. The Society is looking forward to producing "The Taming of the Shrew" at the end of the summer term.

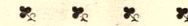
A French Club, open to older pupils and Modern Language teachers, has held meetings, at one of which, after tea and social intercourse, Dr Burns and Mlle Mathiot entertained the members with interesting talks and readings.

A School Orchestra, formed this session, is conducted by Mr Wishart, while Miss Dora Sanders accompanies. Already it has

given three creditable performances, and is practising weekly with a view to a fourth.

At the close of the Orchestral Concert Lectures in the Usher Hall, various schools sent teams of ten to take part in a musical competition: in this we took second place, Dora Sanders and Jean Steel receiving full marks and a prize. The School was the recipient of a set of gramophone records.

Intermediate certificates for 1923-24 numbered 73: individual passes 379; 234 pupils passed the Control Examination. Saving Certificate contributions now amount to £7193 17s.



## From the Secondary Department.

### A CITIZEN OF NO MEAN CITIES

ALTHOUGH to a foreigner all Scotsmen fresh from their native land may appear to be very similar, it is surprising how different the characteristics of the inhabitants of certain Scottish towns are. As I have been resident for several years in each of Scotland's three most important cities, Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Aberdeen—with apologies to Dundee—perhaps I may be permitted to give a few of the personal conclusions which I have come to regarding the manners and customs of the Scots living in these towns.

Let me begin with the Aberdonians. In my opinion the jokes against the Aberdonian are sadly out of place. Certainly, there are always exceptions which prove any rule, but, in this case, I think some person must have applied a rule to the exceptions, and have come to the conclusion that the said rule held good generally as well. I do not really think the Aberdonians, on the whole, parsimonious. They may not be lavish givers, but perhaps this may be more easily understood when it is taken into account that Aberdeen is not a very rich city, and that the inhabitants are chiefly of the middle and lower classes.

These northerly Scots are perhaps inclined to be narrow-minded, and the majority of them are old-fashioned in their ideas. Visitors to the town are regarded with great interest, and are stared at quite as if they were curiosities. The Aber-

donian, nevertheless, takes up a very friendly attitude towards strangers to his native town and will gladly point out any place of interest. This friendliness he extends also to his fellow-citizens. I have often seen two men absolutely unknown to one another exchange comments about the weather as they pass each other on the road. In Edinburgh, I fancy this would be considered very strange, but the Aberdonians think nothing of it. They are very much inclined to gossip, and anyone is liable to be freely discussed. Aberdeen in this respect is just a big village. One person knows quite as much—usually more—about his neighbour's business than the neighbour does himself.

The citizens of Edinburgh differ greatly from those of Aberdeen. In the capital the inhabitants are reserved and stand-offish. Many of them, I fear, are inclined to be "snobbish." They do not easily make friends, and a stranger to Edinburgh could quite easily settle down in a house and live there for several months without getting to know his next-door neighbour. They are certainly more broad-minded than the Aberdonians, but the Aberdonian has a warmer heart than his fellow-Scot of the South, or, if this is not so, at least he shows it more. The shop-assistants in Edinburgh are anything but friendly, and one of their chief difficulties in life seems to be to conjure up a smile. However, although the Edinburgh people are somewhat cold to begin with, when one does make a friend in Scotland's capital, that friend will usually stand by one very well in time of need.

The Glasgow people are unlike those of Edinburgh and Aberdeen. There is no stand-offishness in this city, nevertheless the citizens do not address unknown fellow-citizens with the same freedom as they do in Aberdeen. They are very hospitable people, and, unlike the Edinburgh people, will make a friend of almost anyone with the utmost ease. They are easy-going, and do not let the little worries of life bother them. "Breezy" is the sort of adjective that one thinks of applying to the Glasgow citizens. The shop-assistants there stand out in contrast to those of Edinburgh, and do not imagine that they are favouring a customer by serving him.

Of course one finds horrid people in every town, and also very nice people. After all, these failings and merits matter little, and one must be broad-minded enough to understand that circumstances and surroundings make a great deal of difference to a person's character.

MARGARET G. RAE, Form V.

## FROM THE TRUMPETER'S HORN

LITTLE is really known about our Form. In fact its light has been hidden under a bushel too long—so long that it is time the bushel was lifted. I shall endeavour to do the lifting, and dare to dazzle your eyes with the brilliancy of this hidden light.

Our little community consists of four-and-twenty fair maidens, each endowed with beauty and talents. A visitor to the school recently remarked, "How is it, Mr Burnett, that Gillespie's girls are so good-looking?" That is our beauty testimonial. Let us pass on to the talents. In our Form we have talent in every direction. To prove this I shall enumerate a few at random.

Here sits a certain shingled maiden, who holds a singing scholarship. Near-by is another maiden, who, by her prowess with the violin, covered herself with glory at the past Musical Festival; while there reclines a stately damsel who came home first in a musical competition in the winter term. That will do for an illustration of our musical side—we shall now proceed to sport.

Dotted here and there at various desks and in various attitudes repose members of the Hockey 1st XI. In a prominent position in the front row is our Olympic swimmer; while a distinguished runner is to be found somewhere about the middle of the class. There are one or two promising golfers also, and on Wednesdays may be seen some star tennis players. But these are accomplishments, I can hear you say. Well, in the academic line, we can produce an ex-school dux, and we have our scholarship holders too. But there are times when we show ennui. What talent has to do with this? say you. Well, a little maiden with sandy-coloured hair has this talent, and in my opinion it is the gem of the collection. Her good-natured banter and caustic comments cause the most solemn to smile, while her witticisms and droll mimicry convulse her audience at any time. Needless to say we are never bored for long. May she stay with us always!

To catalogue every talent like this takes time and space, both of which are valuable; so in closing I should like to say that the fair maidens in our Form constitute a bevy of damsels unrivalled throughout the whole school.

ALISON LAIDLAW, Form IV.

## A GLIMPSE OF BERMUDA

BERMUDA! that small group of islands like a speck on the Atlantic, a few square miles of land surrounded by deep, blue, transparent waters and the cloudless azure sky above. It surely is impossible to find a prettier picture anywhere than the view of these islands from the sea, the ever-changing tints of green broken here and there by white cottages.

The first thing that strikes the traveller upon reaching Hamilton, which, though the capital, is a very small but picturesque town, is the white houses, the white dusty roads, the slow traffic, and the sleepiness of the place, for, owing to the softness of the roads, there are no trams, motors, motor-cycles, or trains. Here is a group of little bare-footed, curly-headed nigger boys happily playing in the sun; there, a native driver, slowly driving a cart full of vegetables to the docks for export.

The islands are covered with red, pink, and white oleander bushes, tall cedar-trees, and stately palms. Here and there goats can be seen grazing under the shade of the trees, for nearly every native has a few goats and a cow. There are large fields of white Easter lilies which flower in the spring, and are exported in great quantities to America. The Bermudians are also very proud of their onions, and in the Bermudian metaphor that vegetable stands for perfection. A Bermudian father, sending his son out into the world, climaxes all counsel when he says, "Be an onion." It is impossible to praise a Bermudian more than to say, "He is an onion."

In the three centuries of the history of Bermuda there have been many references to hurricanes and tornadoes, for during September it well merits Sir Walter Raleigh's description as "a hellish sea for thunder, lightning, and storm." The islands are surrounded by reefs where many ships have been wrecked, and even on the calmest day a line of white surf can be seen on the horizon. There are also circular-shaped reefs nearer the shore, the rims being made up of living crusts of barnacles and mussels. They are known as "boilers" from the fact that heavy seas dash against the hard outer rim and fall into the centre like a cataract, making it very dangerous for bathers.

Fishes are naturally attracted to such a honeycombed front to the sea as these coral banks make, and at one time the islands were a centre of a whale industry; but the fisheries as a whole have not been developed.

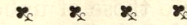
On the main island, not far from the sea, is a natural grotto where several varieties of fish were first imprisoned, and others

have been added. There they can be seen near at hand and their beauty of colour brought out. Their voracity is their most impressive characteristic, and the place is appropriately called the "Devil's Hole."

There are also beautiful inland caves connected to the sea by subterranean passages. Here are crystal lakes which rise and fall with the tide, and are so clear and deep that they reflect the marble-like stalactites like a mirror, and show clearly the upgrowing stalagmites, branching coral, and gaily coloured angel fish flitting to and fro through the beautiful seaweeds and anemones. The lakes are crossed by means of pontoon bridges, and in one cave the stalagmites and stalactites have formed pillars like the pipes of an organ, each pipe giving out a different note when tapped.

I could stay for ever in this fairy land which is so cool and refreshing after the hot glare of the sun, and even as the traveller must retrace his steps to the upper world, he has to sail away from Bermuda with regret.

PHYLLIS SHATTOCK, Form 3 A.



## THE SPIRIT OF ADVENTURE

AMONG the most subtle spirits that are, perhaps none is more dangerous than this Spirit of Adventure. At first the victim of its toils feels that he has become a true man (for, somehow, a man, no matter of what age, does not become a man until he has been possessed by this demon), but the longer he continues to find pleasure in being so possessed, the harder he finds it when he tries to break its fetters.

It has much the same characteristics as had the heavenly music which issued from the marvellous harps and the deft fingers of the sirens. As those bold sailors, of whom we are told in the classical myths, found the music sweet on hearing the first chords, and as they listened entranced, and found it impossible but to steer the ship to the rock-bound shore, so does a man become overpowered by the Spirit of Adventure.

What is it that makes a boy (or a man) spend a day in the woods? The main reason probably is that he is in search of adventure. What is it that lures our finest scientists, our noblest men to the Arctic or Antarctic lands, there to make many discoveries, and, in the end, the greatest discovery of all—their graves? Nothing but this awful mania for adventure which

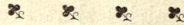
inspired them when they climbed the highest tree in the village. Such are this demon's powers.

He has been in the world from the very earliest times. Men through all ages, have been his captives. Drake was filled with this spirit for bold and courageous acts. It was this that made Cook's blood race through his veins when he landed on unknown islands and sailed uncharted seas. That is why we possess Canada, and why all the lands of the West have been discovered. If Columbus had not responded so whole-heartedly, in spite of seemingly unsurmountable difficulties, to this vision's call, we should have known nothing about these continents.

What was it that urged Speke on to solve the riddle of the Nile, that took Livingstone up the Zambezi and Stanley up the Congo? The only reply—the Spirit of the Unknown. And yet again the question is asked, "What has made the climbers of Mount Everest endure such hardships, and made Cobden think of flying to its lofty summit?" And the reply is the same—Adventure.

And so we see that, many as are the disadvantages of this spirit, still greater is the number of its gains and rewards; and this spirit will still inspire those of unborn generations for ages to come—"Splendid, Subtle Spirit of Adventure."

JAMES FERGUSON, Form 3 B.

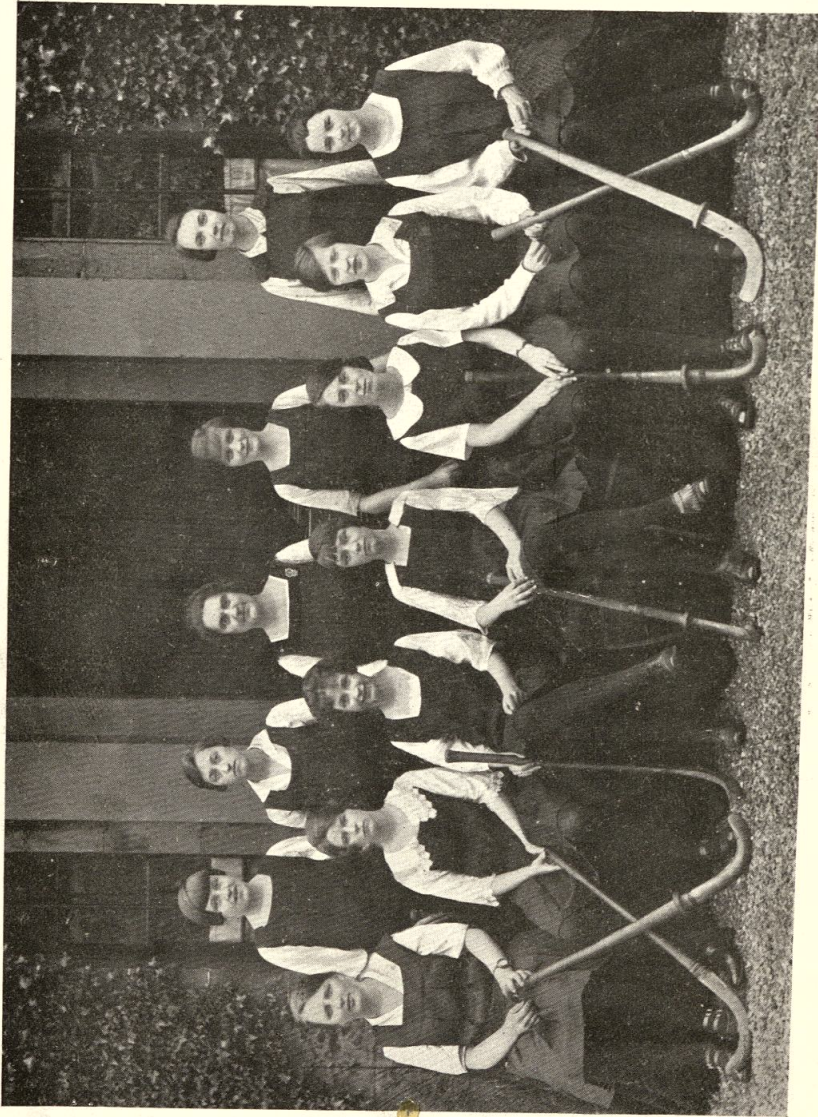


### A PIG-ISH HOLIDAY

PIGS as a class seem to hate me, no more of course than I hate them, but Fife pigs simply loathe the sight of me. I have occasion to think thus, because during my stay with some friends at Newburgh—a sleepy country town on the Tay—I had a few close encounters with pigs, two of which I shall never in all my days forget.

The first of these dreadful encounters took place when I went to visit a farmer and his wife, with my friends. After tea I was invited to go and see the live stock on the farm. My host and I went into the pig-sty first, and I stood still at the entrance, not wishing to let my host see that, at one glance, I had seen all the pigs that I ever wanted to see.

Suddenly, at a grunt from the "Head Pig," the others all made a rush for my legs. I yelled, and unceremoniously pushed my astonished host aside, and almost flew out of the yard, with a pig after me (some men had driven the others back).



**Hockey 1st XI — 1924-25.**

Nancy Fraser, May Harland, Georgina Grieve, Alison Laidlaw,  
Dora Sanders, Violet Grieve, Alison Robertson, Violet Collic, Ella Lamb, Jean Smith, Mary Spence.

Down the road I scampered, not daring to look round. Soon I missed the perpetual grunt, and plucked up courage to look back. The pig had given up the chase!

Heartily thankful, I sat down on a low wall, and after thinking about my adventure, I gave myself up to laughter. I laughed and laughed at my foolishness for quite a long time, when suddenly I felt something wet and cold touch my face, and there on the other side of the wall, its fore-feet planted beside me, was the PIG, contentedly and almost triumphantly, I thought, staring at me. I was too horrified to move, and it was a good thing for me that the farmer came along at the time with a rope for the pig.

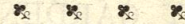
Next day, as I was standing by the waterside, a Mr Brown offered to row me across to Mugdrum Island, and, naturally delighted at the opportunity, I thanked him and stepped into the boat. Off we went, and being quite a good sailor, I enjoyed the row very much. As we stepped out of the boat Mr Brown suggested that we should go to see his sister, who lives on the island and keeps a few domestic animals.

We went up a little path and we came to some thick bushes, from which came a PIG. The pig and I stood stock-still, then suddenly the pig gave a grunt and made one rush at me. I screamed and ran down the path and fell, plump! into the water. The pig, not being fond of washing himself, stood at the edge and waited till Mr Brown came to fish me out and take me out of his sight.

I hope the pig got the thrashing he deserved, but as I was very wet I did not wait to see, besides there were more pigs on the farm and I thought it risky.

I think that pigs are much more desirable and harmless when one can buy them out of a shop, in the form of ham or bacon.

CATHERINE MUNRO, Form 3 a.



## GHOSTS

How mysterious that one word sounds! Some one shudders, another looks around cautiously, and every one has a vague feeling that something weird is going to happen.

Numerous are the tales told by people of all ages concerning the days of old when gaunt black castles each had its own legend and ghost. These ghosts were sometimes quite useful

too; for instance, if the owner of a certain castle did not wish a certain relation to become heir to it, a tale of a family ghost was circulated in the neighbourhood. Then, when the new tenant came into his own, the thought of, "the family ghost" preyed upon his mind so much that he forsook the castle, certain that the ghost was haunting him. Besides the ghost there were sometimes clanking chains, moans, and whispers which make the nervous listener feel worse. Such stories and legends are interesting but are apt to set one thinking, especially near bed-time.

Children's minds are very susceptible, and on going to bed or in the dark they conjure up all kinds of queer thoughts, many of which centre on ghosts and spectres.

Grown-ups, too, cannot deny that they are now and again startled by ghosts. When one is walking along a dark country lane, and suddenly a rustle is heard near by, one's imagination comes into play. A white figure looms in the distance and glides about noiselessly, waving about its arms draped in filmy white. Groans and sighs come from the thick darkness, and one feels chilled through; then with a sudden effort one pulls oneself together, and, realising that nothing has happened, hurries on feeling very "small" and shaken.

In olden days when people were not so well educated they were very superstitious and believed in ghosts and spectres, but nowadays such notions have fled, and few, very few indeed admit their belief in ghosts. However, tales of ghosts and apparitions prove very interesting when told on a winter's evening by the firelight. What a world it would be if the spirits of the dead really went about carrying out their deeds among the living!

GRACE SPONDER, Form 2 A.



### MY GARDEN

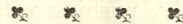
A GARDEN by a cottage small,  
Surrounded by a sheltered wall,  
Where flow'rs of every season bloom,  
To take away life's shady gloom.

A little seat for self-repose,  
Where after toil and work one goes  
To sit and take the splendour in  
Of all the wondrous things therein.

When with the breaking of the dawn  
Upon each flower the fairies fawn,  
With elfin spell enlight the hue  
Of all the flow'rs refreshed with dew.

This is the place where I am blest,  
When after work I sit and rest,  
And here until my journey's end,  
My leisure hours I'd like to spend.

MARGARET CAMPBELL, Form 2 B.



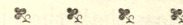
### IN PENSIVE MOOD

It little profits that an idle girl,  
In this dull room, among these scratching pens,  
Plied by such aching hands, I try to write  
Unfair exams unto these teachers stern,  
Who scoff and praise and coax, but praise not me.  
I cannot rest from sighing. I must either  
Yawn or sneeze. All times have I worked  
Plenty, have slacked plenty, both with those  
Who chummed me and alone.

I am become a name,

For always sitting with an empty page  
Much have I seen and heard; warning of lines  
And frowns, rebukes and smiles so piteous for  
Myself, the least, but gamest of them all.

BETTY CUNNINGHAM, Form 2 B.



### ON THE WAY TO THE PLAINS OF INDIA

DURING our stay in India we sometimes went on tour to the plains. We lived in Wellington, a military station, situated in the Nilgiris, South India, and nine miles from Ootacamund, the residence of the Governor of Madras. We were between six and seven thousand feet above sea-level, and the descent to the plains was very steep, and had to be made by innumerable hair-pin bends, down the slopes of the Ghats. The Nilgiris are verdure-clad from base to summit, and we had the good fortune



to see on the hills alternating waves of green and blue, for the *Strobilanthus*, which gives the Blue Nilgiris their name, was in full bloom, which happens only once in twelve years.

As we reached lower levels, the vegetation became more tropical; butterflies of brilliant hue flitted here and there, and brightly plumaged parrots screeched in the trees.

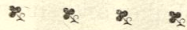
Having reached the plains, the first sight that met our gaze was a huge elephant, with a native mahout (or driver) on its back, engaged in stacking teak. Its skill in arranging the immense logs was marvellous. At a word from its master the elephant would lift up a tree-trunk, carry it over to the stack, and lay it down carefully, pushing with its tusks until it was at last in position.

Another sight which attracted our attention was a tall earthen pillar standing by the roadside. On examining it we found it to be an ant-hill. These huge pillars often reach a height of over six feet, and this one was about my father's height.

As we journeyed on we came to a place where dozens of little brown monkeys were sitting on the road, many of them with furry babies clasped in their arms. As I ran forward, the mother monkeys clutched their terrified offspring and made off with them up into the trees.

We had also the fortune to see a snake of the deadly cobra species, which raised its hooded head and hissed angrily.

JAMES GUTHRIE, Form 2 C.



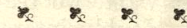
### THE CHARGE OF TWO ALPHA

HALF the class, half the class,  
Half the class, backward,  
Into the second year,  
Leaving some comrades dear,  
Hobbled two alpha!  
French to the right of them,  
Maths to the left of them,  
Teachers in front of them  
Volleyed and thundered!  
Hetty did storm and yell,  
Jean followed suit as well,  
Threatening a tale to tell.  
Then they all grumbled.

Flashed all their answers there,  
Pleasing the teachers dear,  
Maths, French, and English, while  
All the class wondered!  
Plunged in the term exams,  
Breaking all rules and plans,  
Grey-haired grow poor school ma'ams,  
Shattered and sundered!

When can their glory fade?  
(When the results are read!)  
All the school wondered!  
Honour this famous class!  
Which all exams did pass (?)  
Noble two alpha!

Form 2 a.



### TO THE FORGET-ME-NOT

EXQUISITE flower! thou little gem,  
Who in the woods is found,  
Who dares to scorn thine earth-green stem,  
Or tear thee from the ground?

Thine eye is bright, it yellow is,  
Thy petals azure blue;  
Thy pretty countenance I'd miss  
If thou wert lost to view.

Thou art the May-time's rarest flower,  
Though small thou art in head;  
Thy slender stem, its court each hour  
Holds, 'mid the blossoms red.

Forgive us if we scornèd thee  
Or heeded not thy form;  
Thou'rt prettiest when on the lea,  
In summer's May-time morn.

MARY ROBBIE, Form 1 A.

## A VISIT TO THE PICTISH TOWERS

A LOVELY day in the middle of June, the birds singing in the green foliage of the trees, the river rippling and singing along over its rocky bed, and the fresh green mountains, strewn with frowning grey boulders, and cliffs, forms a very alluring picture, does it not?

Well, it was on such a day that, along with Mummy and some friends, I made a visit to the renowned Pictish towers, far up Glen More, in the West Highlands. They were built centuries ago, in the fierce and stormy times when the warlike Picts were the principal tribe in the Highlands.

Our road lay between two wooded mountains. The river ran alongside, singing its sleepy song, and the trees nodded cheerily to their fantastic reflections in its bubbling stream, while pretty lights and shadows danced over the whole scene. After an hour's pleasant walk, we reached the towers themselves. They were made doubly interesting by the fact that, a few years ago, many interesting relics, including gold rings and armlets and fossils, were dug up.

The construction of the buildings themselves was also one calculated to rouse the interest of any individual interested in ancient architecture. They are formed in a sort of semi-circle, through which run stone galleries, some of which do not allow one to stand upright inside. They usually increase in height as you come to the third or fourth of these galleries. I suppose they were originally built in a complete circle, but part of that circle collapsed through the wear and tear of centuries. As a proof of this supposition there is a grass-grown wall of about three or four feet in height and breadth to form a full circle, but above this the semi-circle rises alone many feet into the air. It is really wonderful how those savage, ignorant peoples built these crude forts strongly enough to last for a thousand or more years.

Tea in such surroundings is always very romantic, though perhaps a common event in itself when taken in an everyday vicinity. Imagine a great stone, semi-circular edifice, moss growing between the stones, but kingly and commanding still, surrounded by stately trees in nature's beautiful robes; the mountain-side, dotted with trees and cliffs, and showing shining silver streaks where foaming cascades hurl themselves over rocks and cliffs, and the quiet sheep feeding in the midst of it all. Imagine among the shadows of the trees and towers a little

party taking a modern meal and using boulders for table and seats, and you have the picture completed.

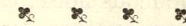
In silence we ate, our merry chatter hushed by the stately grandeur of the beautiful yet solitary scene. All that broke the stillness was the roar of the waterfalls and the rustling of the trees as they responded to the gentle breath of the summer wind and the occasional mournful bleat of a lonely sheep.

By this time the air was slightly chilly and the sun was disappearing in a blaze of crimson glory over the horizon. We packed up our things in the basket and proceeded to take our departure. As we came to a bend in the road we turned to take a farewell look at the landscape. There stood the kingly towers, touched and turned to purple and gold by last rays of the setting sun, surrounded by the stately trees on the mountain-side, and behind, the mountain rising wave upon wave of green, save where it was broken by the pink of the budding heather, and yellow of the brilliant broom, and where the waterfalls fell over the frowning rocks. The sheep had disappeared to rest in nooks and hollows, but occasionally let out a sleepy bleat, which gradually trailed off into intense silence.

In fact, the whole scene might have been purely primeval but for ourselves, the only blots upon that horizon of antiquity.

The sun's last trace of crimson fire sank below the sky-line, and twilight prevailed. Even then we could scarcely tear ourselves from the sight, but the thought of our three-mile walk home preyed on our minds, and with a universal long-drawn sigh, we tore away our eyes, and slowly walked around the corner, where the romantic ruins were hid from view.

CHRISSE MACLEOD, Form 1 B.



## LOOKING BACK AT BRITAIN IN 2925

SUCH queer people lived a thousand years ago. They had different nationalities, spoke hundreds of different languages, and it was such a waste of time learning each other's language. They built quite stately buildings in groups, called cities. Then one nation would quarrel with another, declare war, and try to knock down the other's cities with weapons called guns.

They used a very crude method of heating their homes, burning in fireplaces a mineral called coal, dug out of the earth with great labour and hardship.

About that time man first began to learn flying. He must have had plenty of nerve, for no one to-day would care to fly

in one of these crude machines, specimens of which can be seen in our museums. These machines were called aeroplanes.

Each nation had its own King or President, which must have been very confusing.

Travel in those far-off days must have been very wearisome. It actually took ten days or so to go from Europe to America, while to go round the world took about two months. But what a difference to-day! Now we can pay an afternoon call to our friends in America, or go off for a week-end to Australia or Africa; or, if circumstances don't permit, we can sit in our comfortable radium-heated homes and converse with friends anywhere on our little planet.

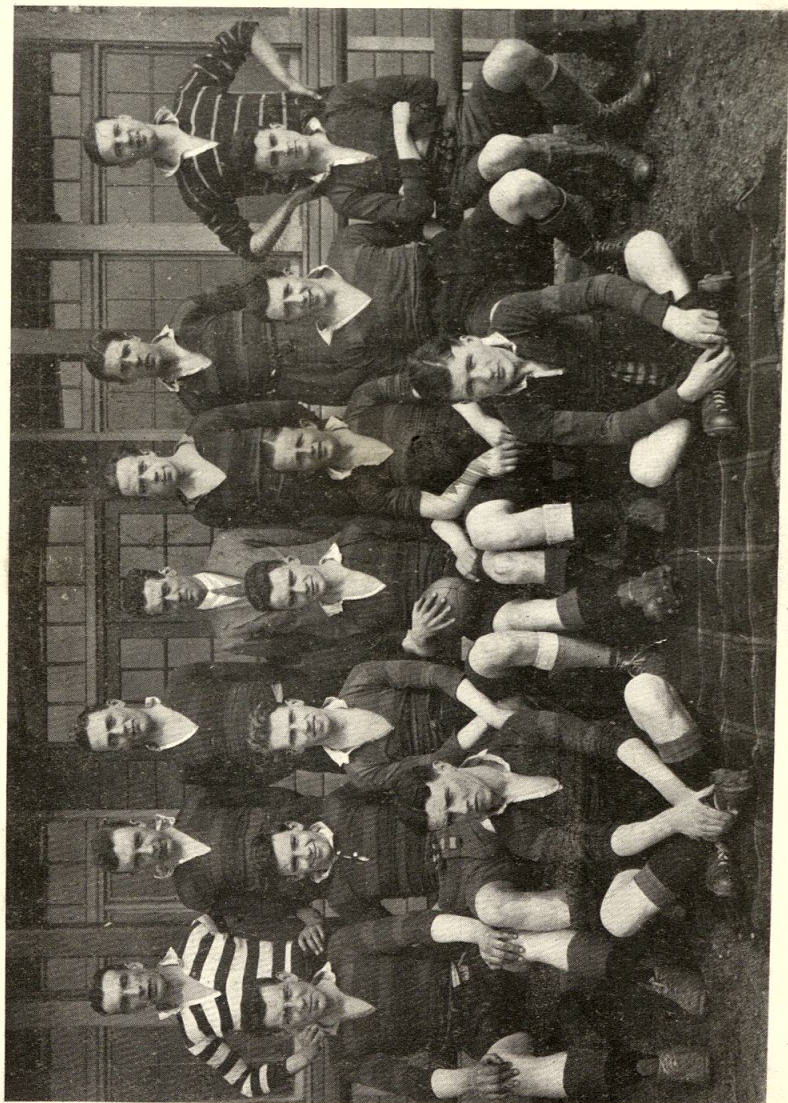
Of recent years our scientists have actually got in touch with the planets Mars and Venus. It should only be a matter of years before we shall have regular planetary communication. Yes, it must have been a slow place to live in, a thousand years ago.

Man's chief aim in those days was to make money. This they exchanged for food and clothes. But while we have two tabloids of extracted meat twice a day, the people then sat down to huge meals four times a day. Clothes or dress, as it was called, had a great attraction for women, especially about the years 1924-1925, when there was great demand for an article of feminine attire called a jumper. The reason for this name has never been solved from the specimens seen in our museums. They were of a woolly texture, and of barbaric colouring. The people of those days loved dancing, although of a queer kind. Their chief dance was called a fox-trot. From pictures it looks a rather silly sort of business. They danced to what must have been a hideous noise, called a jazz-band.

They also suffered from another queer disease called golf, men being known to leave their wives to go in chase of a small white ball. We have never quite grasped the meaning of this game of bygone ages. The idea seemed to be to hit the little white ball into eighteen holes in the ground; we read about there having been a nineteenth hole, but we have never really fathomed this mystery.

Their scientists were very hard-working, always trying to find out something, but it was a wonder that they ever discovered anything, for their apparatus was exceedingly small and weird.

They had vehicles which conveyed people to and fro through their cities. These vehicles roared and squeaked, though they were the best, their makers said. Now, with the power of the atom, a secret no longer, for these ancient scientists were always

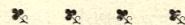


**F.P. Rugby Team, 1924-25.**

A. McIlwrick, C. H. Kemp, R. Nisbet, G. Macdonald, P. Greig, A. Peatson,  
 A. Cramb, A. S. Robinson, D. M. Young, E. Gilbert, A. Murray, W. G. Cowrie, W. Adams,  
 J. M. Beaton.  
 D. MacLachlan.

trying to get that secret, we have absolutely noiseless vehicles, which have only one control.

JOHN DICKSON, Form 1 C.



### LAMENT ON THE DEATH OF A WALKING-STICK

BY A "CHUBBY" UMBRELLA

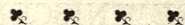
BROTHER Stick! Brother Stick!  
 Oh! how I've wept for thee,  
 Until I've made the hall-stand look  
 Just like a boundless sea.

I heard a spiteful umbrella say:  
 "I'm glad he is now dead;  
 He always was the master's 'pet',  
 Perhaps I'll be the 'pet' instead."

And often when I'm all alone,  
 I feel so terribly glum,  
 Because I have not now got you,  
 My best and only chum.

And oh! it will be dreadful,  
 If another stick comes here,  
 But I will never, never love it,  
 As I loved you, my dear.

IRENE GOW, Form 1 D.



### CLASS I ALPHA

I ALPHA is a brainy class,  
 That there's no denying;  
 Every one is of the best,  
 Defeat they are defying.

Teachers always say the same,  
 They are my pride and joy;  
 Now what's the secret, pray?  
 —There's not one single boy.

At maths they show their mighty brains,  
 At French they're even better:  
 "Monsieur, parlez-vous français?"  
 They know it to the letter.

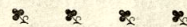
English is their chief delight,  
 Grammar! oh, they love it;  
 Any word that seems o'er long  
 Oh! they're keen to learn it.

They can wield the pencil too,  
 They're told they're artists born;  
 Their works in crayons, I tell you,  
 A palace would adorn.

At gyms they always are in form,  
 Scientists they are also,  
 And ev'n at play no one need say,  
 "Oh! please do not bawl so."

Oh, she is a lucky girl  
 That finds herself in here—  
 She'll only find the time too short,  
 One fleeting hurried year.

ENA MACKINNON, Form 1 A.



## From the Seniors.

### A REMINISCENCE

It has occurred to me lately that I would like to put on paper my school experiences especially when I am now midway in my school-life. Things are realised to-day which yesterday seemed incredible. In a few years my anticipations of to-day will, I hope, come to pass. I have felt for long years as if I have been living on the surface of things. As far back as I can remember my great ambition was to go to school. From the time I was almost six, the school bell has scarcely ever rung in vain for me, although I have often wished it did not keep such good time. As a small tot in the Infant class I was more than content, but as time went on I began to feel it was neces-

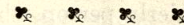
sary to be upstairs to be of any importance. When the class in which I was was considered sufficiently educated to be promoted to one flat up, I felt I was in the centre of things.

I remember the first day in my new class-room, I was greatly impressed by the fact that there were ink-wells in our desks, and in the teacher's desk there was—a strap. On relating these circumstances at home I was asked if I had felt the latter, and I answered with something like awe, "No, but I *saw* it."

For some time I was satisfied here, but not for long, because rumours were continually coming to my ears. Rumours are hard to believe at times, but when they are told by some one who has a sister in the Higher Grade, then they, the rumours, must be true: stories of prefects, Hallowe'en parties, dances, dramatic entertainments, etc. These I found applied only to the *élite*—the Higher Grade. This roused my jealousy, and I found I was a mere nothing and the Higher Grade was "IT." At all turns we, juniors and seniors, were feeling mere mortals, and if a Higher Grade girl spoke about us, she referred to us as "the kids," and if she deigned to speak to us we felt highly honoured, and wondered if it could possibly be that we would ever be in her position. It was dinned into us by the Higher Grade that our examinations were nothing but child's play, and that their tests lasted for weeks on end???? Still my ardour never cooled. The years have gone on; the Control Examination is in sight, and my ambition seems likely to be obtained.

Already I begin to wonder, "Is it not the Secondary School that is 'IT,' and not the Higher Grade?"

JENNY MARTIN, 1 Sen. A.



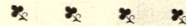
### AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF "A KETTLE"

AH! how many times have I yearned to be left alone. I am sure I have done enough work. You see, I am an old kettle, and I am always being dumped somewhere. I can quite clearly recall past memories of my life in the ironmonger's shop, when I was young. During my life there I was very happy. There were many kettles beside me, whom I could talk to all day long, without being disturbed. I certainly am very ugly, and that is why nobody bought me. But, one day, an old grumpy lady visited the shop, and spied me whenever she entered. She walked straight over to me and lifted me up. After taking me

to the shopkeeper, and inquiring about my price, she then said that she would purchase me. I was made into a neat parcel and conveyed to the old lady's house. Arriving there, I was taken to the kitchen, where I was received by an old cook, who was as surly as her mistress. That night I was filled with water, and placed on the fire. Oh! I assure you I *was* hot. Then, the water having boiled, I was removed from the fire to the hob. This process continued for many months, aye, for many years, and I still remain at the same quarters, with only one other kettle beside me, and he older than myself.

But, listen! I will tell you a story. One day I discovered a small hole in my side, which, fortunately, cook also discovered. I was duly shown to the old lady, who said that I would have to be repaired at the shop. You can imagine my excitement, at the thought of perhaps renewing the acquaintance of any of my old friends. Arriving at the shop, I scanned the shelves eagerly, and only recognised one of the faces in the row of shining kettles. There he was, sitting at his ease among his new friends. But alas! he did not know me, because I was so dirty and begrimed. I was very disappointed, and tried to attract his attention while I was being repaired, but it was all to no purpose, because he did not look up. I still sit on the hob, thinking of the many happy days which I spent with my playmates on the shelf in the ironmonger's shop.

LUCY F. BOWIE, 1 Sen. B.



### MRS JENKINS' PEKINESE

MRS JENKINS was an elderly person who believed that children should be treated as they were in Victorian days. She had a little Pekinese which she called "Jinks." This puppy was mostly peaceful, but sometimes it had spasms of friskiness.

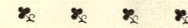
One day she took Jinks to the Museum with her. There was a notice on the door saying, "No Dogs Admitted."

Mrs Jenkins paid no heed to this notice, so a man who had charge of this section of the Museum came up and asked her to send the dog out. Mrs Jenkins objected. A heated argument took place between the official and Mrs Jenkins, the former at last saying that the dog should be let in, if on a lead. Mrs Jenkins consented.

She proceeded to fix the lead, but at that moment the dog had one of its spasms. It broke loose and dashed away to the

"Wild Animal" department. Here it saw a lynx, and feeling a bit afraid, retreated with its tail between its legs. On turning a corner it confronted two hippopotami, and with a yelp of fear dashed away again. After half an hour's chase it was caught by an official who demanded a florin for his trouble. No more will Jinks be taken to the Museum. As one of the attendants remarked, "He's High Jinks, all right."

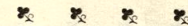
JAMES O'BRIEN, 1 Sen. C.



### WEEK DAYS

MONDAY is a lucky day,  
 Tuesday's rather shy,  
 Wednesday can be pleasant  
 If she likes to try;  
 Thursday dawdles on the way,  
 Friday gallops past;  
 Run a race with Saturday,  
 And Sunday comes at last.

FRANCES FLEMING, 1 Sen. D.



### BETTY'S PRANKS

WHEN Betty was a little girl  
 And always in a fix,  
 She played great pranks on brother Jim  
 Though she was only six.  
 One prank she played,  
 This little maid,  
 When looking for her ball  
 She ran outside and hid from Jim  
 Across the garden wall.  
 When Jim came out  
 He gave a shout,  
 But she heeded not his call,  
 But he looked about  
 And found her out,  
 For Jim was very tall.

ETHEL JOHNSON, 1 Sen. E.

## ODE TO A PRIMROSE

AS SEEN GROWING ALONE ON THE BANKS OF A STREAM

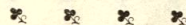
I WENT a country walk one day,  
I saw you there;  
With your leaves a gentle breeze did play,  
And your petals rare.

On a bank of a rushing stream you stood alone,  
In solitude.  
If you could speak you'd speak in gentle tone,  
I know you would.

With modesty unbounded there you grow,  
In peace and rest,  
And after death you'll come again, we know,  
And grow your best.

And there, sweet primrose, do you reign supreme  
O'er all the flowers,  
An innocent and beauteous queen,  
Of shady bowers.

CATHERINE DAVIE, 2 Sen. A.

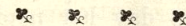


## THE MAGIC VIOLET

ONE day as Betty and Helen were out for a walk in a wood, Betty called out, "Oh, look at that pretty purple flower! What do you call it, Helen?" "It is called a violet," Helen answered. "Oh! I must pick just one," Betty said. "Very well then," answered Helen. After they had gone a bit farther into the wood, they heard a very tiny voice saying, "Would you like to come to Fairyland?" At this they looked round, but they could see nobody. The same voice then called out again. They both started searching to see where the voice had come from. When they could not find it, Betty shouted, "Where are you?" The voice came again and said, "I am the violet in your hand." At this both Helen and Betty said together, "Oh, yes! I would just love to come." "Then come," said the violet, "shut your eyes, count three, and see where you find yourselves." This done, they opened their eyes and found themselves in Fairyland. "Oh!" said Betty and

Helen, "we are in Fairyland." Suddenly, along came a beautiful carriage, and in it was the Fairy Queen herself. The carriage stopped, the Queen stepped out, and came towards them and said, "You are welcome to Fairyland; come and have a look over it." They saw many wonderful sights. Helen then said, "I think we had better go home now." They said, "Good-bye," closed their eyes, and counted three. When they opened their eyes again they were in the wood and ran home feeling very happy.

MAY BADENOCH, 2 Sen. B.



## OUR PLAY

OUR teacher one day said that we  
Might try and act a play,  
And after talking quite a lot,  
At last we saw our way.

"Sir Lanval" was the play we chose:  
Both girls and boys were needed,  
And soon our parts we pondered o'er,  
Our lessons now unheeded.

The work was harder than we thought  
But still we persevered,  
Till by and by rehearsal day  
Passed better than we'd feared.

At last the day appointed came,  
And we excited were,  
But all to the occasion rose,  
And pleased those who were there.

Sir Lanval in his coat of mail,  
Left with his lovely queen;  
She was a queen of Fairyland,  
The fairest ever seen.

King Arthur mourned for his good knight,  
But Guinevere cared not,  
For ever since he'd spruned her love  
To work his ruin she'd wrought.

ELLA M. SMITH, 2 Sen. C.

## THE MAGIC FLOWER-POT

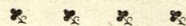
ONCE upon a time there was a poor widow who lived in the garret of an old mansion. It had been the dwelling-place of knights and other great people many years before, but now the beautiful carvings and pictures were all broken and the place was only used for very poor people. Well, this poor old woman, I am sorry to say, was very dirty, and she never cleaned her house or did anything, except she was forced to try and earn a little money for food. Worst of all she was very bad-tempered and never spoke a civil word to anyone.

But it happened one day her nephew from the country visited her and brought a lovely pot of geraniums as a present from his mother. She took them but just grunted and said, "It'll be withered by to-morrow," and turned him out without saying thank you. That night the old woman went to bed feeling very cross, but in the morning to her surprise the flowers were as bright as anything, so she thought she would go to the river and bring some water. This she did and at the same time she thought she would wash her face—a very unusual thing for her to do. After this she spread up her bed clothes, which she always left untidy.

When she came home at night again she found that she had earned an extra twopence, so she began to tidy up her garret and do everything she hadn't done before. Next day she did her same progress of housewifery till her small garret became very neat and tidy, and also she was much more sweet tempered.

And now the widow often thinks on her past days and how everything seemed to go on all right after the pot of red geraniums came to her house, so she christened her flower-pot "The Magic Flower-pot."

JEAN D. CALDWELL, 2 Sen. D.



## THE RAT TRAP

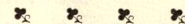
THE hole was in our garden, where dwelt a large family of rats. So long as they remained outside we did not worry them, but when one night they raided our pantry, and made away with some of the next morning's breakfast, we thought it was about time something was done. Next day the matter was decided, when the thief of the night ran out of the pantry over my mother's feet, nearly causing her to drop the dish she was

carrying. Her scream of terror brought my father to the rescue, and he quickly despatched the little intruder, by throwing at it the first thing he could grasp, which happened to be a piece of soap.

That night the trap was purchased, and was prepared for its victim. It looked a very nice trap, and if only the rat would be kind enough to step on to the proper place, down would come the fatal spring and catch him by the neck. More than once our fingers were caught, which showed there was nothing wrong with the spring at anyrate. We placed the baited trap near the rat's hole, and went to bed with the expectation that at least one of the troublesome pests would be caught.

To our disgust next morning we found the cheese gone but no rat in the trap. Imagine our surprise that afternoon while sitting at the window to see a great big rat come out of the hole, sniff round the trap, and from a safe distance at the side quickly snatch the cheese away, and hurry off to its burrow. The next time we set the trap we tied the cheese to the spring so that it could not be removed without the trap going off. This proved more successful, and two small rats have now been caught. The old rats, however, still roam through our garden. The trap goes off mysteriously through the night, and the cheese disappears. We sometimes catch glimpses of the rascals among the bushes, and they seem to be laughing at us and our wonderful rat trap.

ELMA BAILLIE, 3 Sen. A.



## THE MAY QUEEN

HERE cometh the May Queen: Hark! Hark!

She's as happy and as gay as a lark,  
All fresh and dressed green with the spring,  
Come, greet her with joy as we sing.

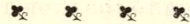
Welcome! Oh, welcome! our Queen,  
We happily greet thee again,  
With flowers we gladden the scene,  
After the frost, the snow, and the rain.

We frolic about, we dance and we sing,  
And, oh! we're as happy and gay to be seen;  
We dance with each other and all of us bring  
Some flowers to give to our sweet May Queen.



The sun will be sinking beneath the tall hills,  
 The darkness is drawing nigh;  
 Over hills, over valleys, over rivers and rills  
 Together we bid you good-bye.

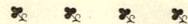
DORIS HAIR, 3 Sen. B.



### A RAILWAY STATION

WHAT a busy scene a large railway station presents! Porters are shouting to each other and wheeling trolleys laden with luggage. Irate old gentlemen and flurried old ladies are panting and puffing up and down the platform asking information from porters. The banging of doors, the yelling of newsboys, and the shrieking of trains are typical of a busy railway station. The constant purring of taxis coupled with the noise of the horses' hoofs beating a restless tattoo upon the cobbles add to the noise. "Ger-out o' the way, there," growls a surly-tempered porter to some boys, and, "Make way for the old lydy, can't ye?" to the same boys. A grinding of brakes, and in steams an express train. Most of the people in the station move towards it and board it. With an ear-splitting whistle the express goes from the station. The proverb, "Silence is golden," is proved when the people have gone.

MURIEL E. BLACK, 3 Sen. C.

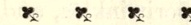


### THE IDEAL SCHOOL

I HAD the joy of attending the Ideal School for one day only. In the Ideal School it does not matter when you arrive in the morning, therefore I turned up at about a quarter to ten, and the first lesson we had was reading. The teacher gave out copies of comic papers, and while she read the stories we looked at the pictures, and after playtime, which lasted half an hour, we had an arithmetic lesson. In the middle of the room there was a box of oranges, and after we had counted them and found the price of each orange, they were divided among us and we ate them on our way home to dinner. In the afternoon the student took us to the Blackford Pond, to give us a lesson on the duck. We were told to look at the duck's webbed feet, and while I was examining them, I slipped and fell in head first.

Just then I woke up to find that my brother had thrown a wet sponge at me, and that, alas! the delightful Ideal School was only a dream!

ALICK STEVENS, 3 Sen. D.



### WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY

WIRELESS Telegraphy is a very wonderful invention. By it people can send messages over thousands of miles. When it was first invented people could only send messages for two or three miles.

In this country we can hear a person's voice in Australia or New Zealand as plainly as if he were in the room beside us.

We have only got a crystal set, and one night we heard a grand concert in the United States.

Besides letting people hear concerts and similar entertainments, "Wireless" has other uses. Nearly every ship nowadays is fitted with "Wireless," and a ship in distress can send out an S.O.S.

The name "Wireless" really means without wires, and so it is without wires, for it is all made possible by electricity in the air.

ELIZABETH RITCHIE, 3 Sen. E.



## From the Juniors.

### TO A ROSE

ONCE in a garden bloomed a rose  
 Its colour was deep, deep red;  
 Beneath my window there it grows,  
 I see it when going to bed.

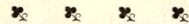
I tend it alway every day  
 It is a joy to me;  
 It grows in beauty day by day,  
 And it belongs to me.

MARJORY HAY, 1 Jun. A.

## HAPPY DAYS AT ST ABBS

WHEN I was at St Abbs this is how I spent some of my days. First of all I found the rocky path to the beach, and was so surprised with the pools among the rocks. I watched the hermit crabs, the limpets, the periwinkles, and young crabs moving in the water. Then I had great fun pulling the sand-eels out of the damp sand and putting them into my pail. The gulls used to flock round my head wanting the sand-eels. The next day I went a walk to St Abb's Head. When I was going I saw the guillemots flying about, and what a funny noise they make. The young ones sit on the narrow ledge of the rock and look like penguins. Then I went on and on until I came to the Head, and it made me dizzy to look over. The lighthouse was there, and I went to see it too. The Head is not the highest point, so I went on farther. The view is very beautiful but fearsome. I found lots of pretty wild flowers, and also had a sail to Fast Castle, but it would take too long to tell any more about St Abbs.

BETTY GAULDIE, 1 Jun. B

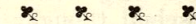


## THE ADVENTURES OF DI

ONCE, long ago in midsummer, a little girl named Di was walking in a wood. She had been turned out of her home by her cruel step-mother. All at once a bush parted and out of one half stepped a tiny fairy just about six inches from the ground. Suddenly Di felt herself grow smaller and smaller. Then she felt herself rise into the air. Di was very frightened at first, but when she looked about her became aware that the fairy was flying beside her as light as swan's-down. The fairy looked at Di and smiled, "Do you think you would like to come to Fairyland," she asked. "Me!" cried Di, forgetting her fright. "I should think so." "All right," said the fairy, "you shall." Di's joy was out of bounds. "We shall reach our destination at midnight," said the fairy. The fairy was as true as her word. They did reach Fairyland at midnight. When they got there there was a great stillness in the city. As they descended they asked another fairy why it was so quiet. Fairy Silverwing said the Queen was sinking and would not live long. "I can cure her," said Di quickly, for Di's stepmother had taught her to use certain herbs. When they were going along a passage a

moan came from a door and Di went in. On a couch lay the Queen. Di soon cured her, and the Queen made her stay with them, and for all I know she is there still.

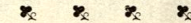
SHIELA M. ADAMSON, 1 Jun. C.



## TWO LITTLE FAIRIES

ONCE upon a time there lived in a bed of ferns and violets a little fairy named Rose, and she had golden hair. One dark winter night when the wind was strong, her little house, made of withered ferns, was blown away. The little fairy woke up, and thought that she would get up early next morning and find another home for herself in a different part of the wood. When morning came, it was cold and frosty, so she quickly left her old home, and started off through the wood. On her way she met another fairy, named Primrose, and when Rose told Primrose that she was looking for a home she asked Rose to come and live with her. Rose was very glad to have some one to live with, so she went to live with Primrose in her warm little home, in the hollow of a tree, filled with moss.

GRACE M. MOON, 1 Jun. D.



## SUMMER

THE sun is shining brightly,  
Oh, so bright to-day;  
I love the sun,  
The lovely sun,  
It drives the clouds away.

The flowers are blooming sweetly,  
Oh, so sweet to-day;  
I love the flowers,  
The pretty flowers,  
In the merry month of May.

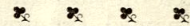
The birds are singing cheerily,  
Oh, so cheery to-day;  
I love the birds,  
The darling birds,  
They are so merry and gay.

BETTY SMITH, 2 Jun. A.

## THE STORY OF A KING AND HIS DAUGHTER

ONCE upon a time there was a king who had one daughter whose name was Rosebud. The king wondered how he could be a poor man. He and Rosebud thought of a plan. He was to disguise himself as an old clothes man and go from door to door asking rags. Rosebud thought she would like to do the house-keeping, also some of the work of the palace. One day the king returned and found Rosebud gone, but after a short time she returned with a bundle of firewood which she had gathered. She had often watched the village people do the same. They were very happy but soon got tired of the life, and they soon returned to their own way of living in a palace.

JESSIE STEWART, 2 Jun. B.



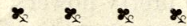
## THE FAIRIES

THE wood looks very dark to-day,  
Because the fairies have gone away ;  
But when the fairies come back again,  
The wood looks bright as bright as a gem.

Now the fairies have gone to sleep  
When the sun begins to peep ;  
But when the trees look fierce and tall,  
They make the fairies fear them all.

Now the fairies begin their play,  
When they have slept the whole of the day ;  
And after the great big sun has sunk,  
The fairies start and play many a prank.

MAY WILL, 2 Jun. C.

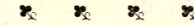


## OUR WIRELESS

WE have a crystal-set. Dadda got it in a present. He put it up himself, but it did not work. One night I was playing with the wireless, putting the cat's whiskers on the crystal, and in this way set it a-going. Now we hear the children's hour.

The wireless was discovered by Marconi in a strange way. He tied a tin-can to a broom-handle and made his first aerial. Now the wireless is used all over the world, and the S.O.S. has been the means of saving thousands of lives at sea.

CHARLES A. NEIL, 2 Jun. D.



## From the Infants.

I KNOW a little fairy,  
That lives in Fairyland  
Who always says to me,  
" Please, will you take my hand ? "

I walked along the shore with him,  
To see the Fairy Queen,  
I saw her sitting on a rock,  
All dressed in blue and green.

My school is a nice big one, and it stands on the Bruntsfield Links. It is called after James Gillespie of Spylaw, a rich gentleman who made his money by making snuff.

I AM a tree, and I live with a lot of other trees in a wood. It is very cold in winter, and the wind blows my leaves off. In the summer time my buds open. I am an oak-tree. Some day I might be cut down and made into firewood.

I AM a stone and I lie in the King's Park. When Arthur-Seat was a volcano I was inside the hill, but when it burst I was blown out into the Park.

Adv. Inf. A.

AT Easter mother and I went to Largo for our holidays. I think it is the nicest place in the whole world. Our garden stretched right down to the beach, where I was able to play in

the sand, or to wade in the sea. In the morning, we used to go down to the harbour to watch the slippery fish being brought in. I was very very sorry when I had to come home, but I mean to go back in the Summer time.

I HAVE two little goldfish in a jar called Nutty and Beauty. They love to dive up to the top of their jar and splash the water out of their home. We have to clean the bowl every-day. I give them ants' eggs half-an-hour after the fresh water has been given to them. It is so nice to watch them swim happily round. Then I sit at the fireplace and see them dart up and down in the water. If you put your hand in the bowl to catch them, they will dart and kick up the ants' eggs and then gobble their food as fast as they can. It is nice to watch them having races.

Adv. Inf. B.

I AM going to be a teacher when I am big. Before I said I was going to be a teacher I said I was going to have a sweetie shop but I cant have a sweetie shop and be a teacher both at the same time.

THIS morning when I came into the kitchen mummy said hush, and I hushed and do you know what I saw, I saw two blackbirds singing a love song to one another and it was very sweet.

I HAVE four dolls and one Teddy Bear and it is brown and I broke one of my dollys but I only broke its head I can get another head on it because I know a shop that sells dollys heads and if I cant get it mended I will get a new one but I am sorry it broke because it was a sweet one it was a nofil dear one I am glad I didnt brake the whole of it I would rather if I hadnt broke it a toll it was dressed in blue.

Adv. Inf. C.

WHEN I am big I am going to be a teacher in a nice school and have lots of girls and boys. I hope they will be good and come to school at nine in the moring. They should get up at six.

I WANT to be in an office when I grow up. I think it will be nice. My daddy is in an office and he has to work late. He takes a lunch because he doesent come home for dinner you see.

Then sometime I will be head of the office. On Sundays I will have to have to go and see that that the place is all right.

WHEN I am big I am going to be a solger with a horse. I am going to be one of the Kings gards with my sawrd at my side and my gun on my back and a dager at my other side, and a pistle, and my helmet on my head.

Jun. Inf. A.

I HAVE got a bird at home. It is a grand singer. It lives in a cage. At night I put a cloth over it and it goes to sleep.

My dog's name is Spot. He is all white, with little black spots. He jumps up on mother's nee and licks her face.

I HAVE a dolly at home and her name is Mary. She is very nice but she is not reel. She is just a toy. I have a little rabbit in a wooden cage.

I HAVE a deer little baby at home. Her name is Jean and I take her out for a wok.

Jun. Inf. B.

I HAVE two gold-fish and I call them Jo and Micky. The gold-fish live in a bowl.

MY daddy will be home soon. He is in the ship with my brother. He brings me toys.

I HAVE a new hat for my auntie's weden. I am going to be a brids made.

I HAVE a teddy bear but when I was a baby I broke it. It can not squeek now.

Jun. Inf. C.

I HAVE a skipping rope. I am going to bring it to-day.

I HAVE a red hat with sum shampain round the ej.

I AM going to a well to get sum water for a drink.

As I was going out I met a cow.

A HORS is at the shed getting its dinner.

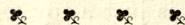
Jun. Inf. D.

## School Sports.

### HOCKEY

THE Club was as strong numerically as in former years, 116 girls playing regularly throughout the season. 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.	- 18	7	0	11	38	56
2nd XI.	- 17	10	2	5	41	33
3rd XI.	- 11	7	0	4	29	18
4th XI.	- 6	5	0	1	21	7



### RUGBY

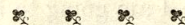
DURING the season the "Senior Form" played 14 matches, the "Junior Form" 13. For the first time the F.P. fielded a XV. carrying through a very good fixture list, and showed great promise for future seasons.

The following matches show results of season's work.

	Played.	Won.	Lost.	Points.	
				For.	Agst.
Senior Form XV.	- 14	9	5	287	193
Junior Form XV.	- 13	8	5	176	85
F.P. XV.	- 13	2	10	83	154

The 1st XV. were quite strong in the back division, but forwards lacked combination.

The Junior XV. as a team were better balanced, but owing to light forward line were too often beaten in the scrum.

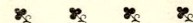


### SWIMMING

THE Annual Gala was held at Warrender Baths before a record gathering of parents and friends, the following members of the Education Authority being present: T. Scott, Esq., in the Chair; L. Raithby, Esq.; J. Kemp, Esq.; Rev. Wm. Ross; J. Trotter, Esq.

The proceeds were handed over to the School Stage Fund. Results of the various items as follows :—

25 Yards Learners' Race—Girls—Class A—1. E. Leck; 2. B. Hogg.  
 25 Yards Learners' Race—Girls—Class B—1. W. Duncan; 2. A. Wilson.  
 25 Yards Learners' Race—Boys—1. S. Bryden; 2. J. Bryden.  
 Invitation Team Race (Girls)—1. James Gillespie's; 2. Boroughmuir.  
 Won easily. Time 1 min. 17 secs.  
 Invitation Team Race (Boys)—Bruntsfield beat Gillespie's by 15 yards.  
 50 Yards Back Stroke (Girls)—1. E. Stewart; 2. J. Foster.  
 50 Yards Handicap (Girls)—1. J. Ogilvie; 2. E. King. Time 32½ secs.  
 50 Yards Back Stroke (Boys)—1. G. Kirkland; 2. G. Simpson.  
 50 Yards F.P. (Girls)—1. E. Smith; 2. J. M'Dowell; 3. L. Waitt.  
 Boat Race F.P. v. P.P. (Girls)—1. P.P. won by a touch. Time 39 secs.  
 Team Race (F.P. v. Boroughmuir F.P.)—Gillespie's won by 5 yards in 1 min. 15 secs.  
 The "Monte Cristo" sack feat was performed by G. Robertson.  
 Polo Match (F.P. v. Boroughmuir F.P.) ended the proceedings, Boroughmuir winning by 3 goals to 0.

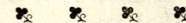


### TENNIS

LAST summer our Club played on the new courts at the Slateford Recreation Ground, where some 250 pupils played regularly throughout the season.

The championship (1924) was won by James Robertson, the runner-up being Sarah Grant. The various "doubles" tournaments resulted as follows: 3rd Year—Winnie O'Leary and James Robertson; 2nd Year—Edith Hall and Mary Jamieson; 1st Year—Jean Renton and Margaret Martin.

This year we have again a large membership, and the usual tournaments are in progress.



### CRICKET

WE are fielding 3 XI.'s this season and all teams seem to be in for a successful time.

The 1st XI. are being well served by K. Clark and N. Wills, who share the bowling and are supported by J. Irvine, who shows great promise for the future. The fielding leaves little to be desired, but the batting requires to be greatly improved. The 2nd XI. are better with the bat than ball owing to lack of a good steady bowler.

The Junior XI. is very strong in all departments, having accounted so far for Watson's, Heriot's, Trinity, Boroughmuir, and Leith Academy.

## ATHLETICS

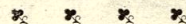
At the Inter-Scholastic Sports in 1924 the following were the school successes: (1) Boys took 2nd place for the M.P.'s Cup, *i.e.* the Boys' Championship; (2) Girls won the Pretsell Trophy, *i.e.* the Girl's Championship; (3) The aggregate points gained gave us the Shennan Flag as Champion School.

At the Inter-Scholastic Sports meeting this year Jack Drummond (1 C) gained 2nd place in the 100 yds., tied in the High Jump, clearing 4 ft.,  $4\frac{3}{4}$  ins., and shows great promise for the Hurdles.



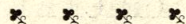
## GOLF

LAST year John Aitchison won the Golf Medal for the second time, while James Macleod was runner-up. In this year's competition the semi-finalists were Eric Middleton, Joe Walton, Tom M'Ilwrick, and Dan Philp. In the final Tom M'Ilwrick beat Eric Middleton. Tom M'Ilwrick (2 C) is thus the winner of the Golf Medal for 1925.



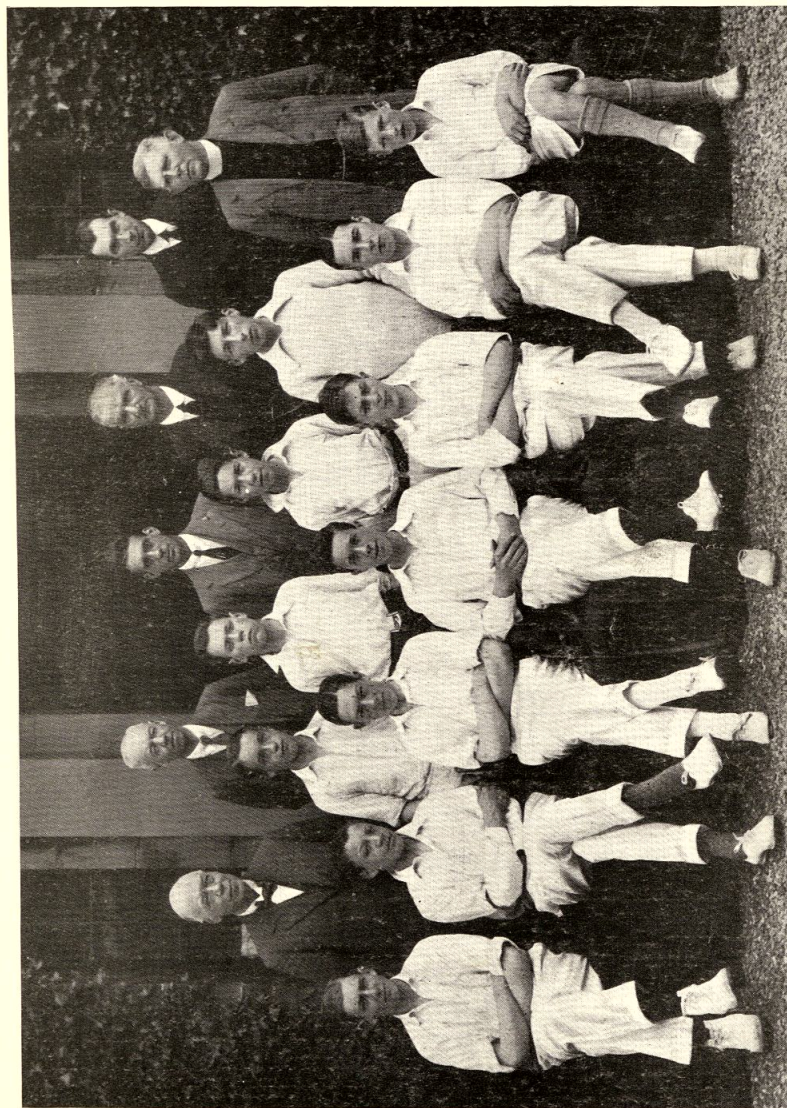
## J.G.S. ATHLETIC FUND

THE Balance of money in the Athletic Fund carried forward from last session amounted to £165. During the past session expenditures amounted to £30, 10s., leaving a balance in hand at 30th June 1925 of £134, 10s.



## THE SCHOOL GAMES

THE Annual School Games were held this year on Wednesday, 17th June, at the Authority's Recreation Ground at Slateford. The entries numbered over 1200, and several heats had to be run in a number of races. Again we were favoured with exceptionally fine weather, and the pupils and their friends spent a most enjoyable afternoon. At the close Mr Kemp, member of the Authority, said a few words, and Mrs Kemp presented the prizes. The principal prize-winners were:—



Cricket 1st XI.—1924-25.

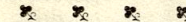
Jack Drummond, John Adams, Kenneth Clark, Adam Sorbie,  
Norman Cochrane, Norman Wills, Andrew Kirkland, Robert Scott, Gordon Robertson, Jack Adamson, John Irvine.

*Boys*

Under 6 . . . . .	Alex. Gray.
Under 7 . . . . .	William Knight.
Under 8 . . . . .	James Milne.
Under 9 . . . . .	Arthur Batts.
100 yards—under 10 . . . . .	William Poole.
100 yards—under 11 . . . . .	Alex. Stevens.
100 yards—under 12 . . . . .	Kenneth M'Lean.
100 yards—under 13 . . . . .	Angus M'Beath.
100 yards—Open . . . . .	John Drummond.
220 yards—under 13 . . . . .	Angus M'Beath.
300 yards—13 to 14 . . . . .	Walter La Frenais.
440 yards—open . . . . .	John Drummond.
Half Mile—open . . . . .	John Drummond.
Sack Race—open . . . . .	James Brydon.

*Girls*

Under 6 . . . . .	Isabella Simpson.
Under 7 . . . . .	Elizabeth Mercer.
Under 8 . . . . .	Willa Proud.
Under 9 . . . . .	Phyllis Manson.
Skipping Race—under 6 . . . . .	Isabella Simpson.
Skipping Race—under 7 . . . . .	Margaret M'Beath.
Skipping Race—under 8 . . . . .	Willa Proud.
Skipping Race—under 9 . . . . .	Barbara Stevens.
100 yards—under 10 . . . . .	Rena Brown.
100 yards—under 11 . . . . .	Helena Gordon.
100 yards—under 12 . . . . .	Chrissie Graham.
100 yards—under 13 . . . . .	Ruby Deans.
100 yards—under 14 . . . . .	Daisy Brand.
100 yards—under 15 . . . . .	Margaret Glass.
100 yards—open . . . . .	Nancy Fraser.
Skipping Race—under 10 . . . . .	Rena Brown.
Skipping Race—under 12 . . . . .	Helen Graham.
Skipping Race—under 14 . . . . .	Ruby Deans.
Skipping Race—under 15 . . . . .	Eva Brand.
Egg and Spoon Race—under 11 . . . . .	Ellen M'Intosh.
Do. under 13 . . . . .	Ruby Carrol.
Do. open . . . . .	Nancy Littlelyke.
Sack Race . . . . .	Evelyn Hunter.



## FORMER PUPILS' CLUB, 1924-1925

The opening Social Meeting of the Club was held in School on Friday, 17th October. A varied musical programme was contributed to by Misses Gladstone, Porter, Miller, Somerville, and O'Leary. The President, Mr Murphy, welcomed all new-comers while the Hon. President, Mr Burnett, also addressed the meeting.

On November 14, Mr Wiseman gave a delightful lecture on "The Operas of Gilbert and Sullivan." The lecturer pointed

out the genial satire and humour to be found in the librettos, as well as the wonderful orchestration of some of the better known operas. Gramophone records played by way of illustration proved most enjoyable.

The Annual Re-Union held in School on 5th December was as enjoyable socially as former Re-Unions, but a larger gathering might have added to the success.

A Musical Evening was held on 16th January. The Club is indebted to Misses Pirie, Somerville, O'Leary, Brown, and Mr Murphy for an impromptu programme.

The Whist Drive of 13th February proved an attraction. A large gathering included many members of the School Staff. The short dance which followed was enjoyed by every one.

On Friday, 6th March, the Annual Business Meeting was held, Mr Murphy presiding. The year's reports were given by the Secretary and the Treasurer. Fortunately the financial status of the Club is good, but there is room for an increase in membership. A little more enthusiasm among the eighty-odd members would be encouraging to all concerned. The Meetings of the Club for session 1925-26 have been reduced to four in number, and the subscription consequently becomes one shilling and sixpence.

The Committee for next Session is as follows :—

<i>Hon. President</i>	Mr T. J. Burnett, M.A.
<i>Hon. Vice-President</i>	Mr Robertson.
<i>Joint Presidents</i>	{ Mr A. C. Murphy, M.A.
	{ Mr M'Ilwrick.
<i>Secretary</i>	Miss Blanche Brown.
<i>Treasurer</i>	Miss Ethel Gladstone.
<i>Committee</i>	Misses Forrest, Grant, Miller, Smith; Messrs Heddle, Ronchetti, Thomson.

A suggestion has been made to form a Sketching Section in connection with the F.P. Club. Both Miss Allan and Mr Jamieson have kindly offered to help in the establishment and activities of such a section. Former Pupils desirous of joining this proposed F.P. Sketching Club should send their names and addresses to Mr W. Jamieson at the School as soon as possible.



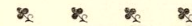
### FORMER PUPILS' (GIRLS) HOCKEY CLUB

THIS section of the F.P. Club had a most encouraging season, being able to run two XI's in this, their second season. The

only drawback was that a number of matches had to be scratched owing to bad weather. Appended is a list of matches :—

	Arranged.	Played.	Won.	Lost.	Drawn.	Goals.	
						For.	Agst.
1st XI.	22	14	11	2	1	48	15
2nd XI.	22	11	5	4	2	39	21

The Secretary for next season, to whom communications should be sent, is Miss Dorothy Littlejohn, 245 Dalkeith Road.



### JAS. GILLESPIE'S F.P. RUGBY F.C.

THE first season of the F.P. Rugby Club has not been a particularly brilliant one from a playing point of view.

However, now that a Club has been formed, the Committee hope it will be the earnest endeavour of all members to induce some of the older Former Pupils to join the Club and thus increase the weight of the team. One of the main factors responsible for last season's non-success was the inability of our light forwards to cope with their heavier opponents.

It is to be hoped that the present membership will be greatly augmented, so that the Secretary can arrange to run an "A" team next season. Intending members should communicate with the writer at undernoted address, so that an "A" team fixture list can be compiled at once.

Meantime the 1st XV's fixture list is rapidly filling up, and should be wellnigh complete by the time this report appears in print.

In conclusion, I wish to convey the Club's sincere gratitude to Mr R. A. Ronchetti, our popular President, for his services to us during the early winter. It was unfortunate that the members could not take fuller advantage of Mr Ronchetti's class.

We are also greatly indebted to the F.P. Club and to Mr Gilbert for their contributions to our funds.

The result of the season's matches as appended are :—

Played.	Won.	Drawn.	Lost.	Points.	
				For.	Agst.
13	2	1	10	83	154

JOHN M. BEATON, *Hon. Sec.*

10 MARCHMONT CRESCENT,  
EDINBURGH.



## MARRIAGES

GALLOWAY—*KEIR*.—At Craiglockhart Parish Church, Edinburgh, on 12th July 1924, ROBERT STIRLING, eldest son of D. M. Galloway and Mrs Galloway, Marchfield, Corstorphine, to KATHLEEN DOROTHY, only daughter of the late ROBERT KEIR and Mrs KEIR, 1 Bruntsfield Gardens, Edinburgh, and niece of the Misses Keir, Tillicoultry.

SCOTT—*MFADYEN*.—At the North British Station Hotel, Edinburgh, on Tuesday, 15th July 1924, WILLIAM, elder son of the late George Scott, Coldstream, and of Mrs Scott, 8 Arden Street, Edinburgh, to ANNIE JAMIE, eldest daughter of Mr and Mrs ANGUS MFADYEN, 10 Argyle Place, Edinburgh.

STEVENSON—*BUCHANAN*.—At the Royal Arch Halls, Edinburgh, on the 16th July 1924, MICHAEL STEVENSON, M.C., of G. F. Merson (Ltd.), Edinburgh, to MAUD, daughter of Mr and Mrs ROBERT BUCHANAN, 24 Findhorn Place.

WISHART—*MONTGOMERIE-BELL*.—At St Columba's, Pont Street, Belgravia, London, S.W., on the 23rd August 1924, FREDERICK WISHART, barrister at law, eldest son of W. F. Wishart and Mrs Wishart, of Westerfolds, Elgin, to MARY ELISABETH, younger daughter of HENRY MONTGOMERIE-BELL, of 32 Braid Crescent, Edinburgh.

JACKSON—*HUTCHISON*.—At the Station Hotel, Perth, on the 6th September 1924, HERBERT, second son of Mr and Mrs JACKSON, Bulwell, Notts., to EMMA CABLE, fourth daughter of the late JAMES HUTCHISON, Superintendent, Prudential Assurance Company, Ltd., and of Mrs HUTCHISON, Annbank, Tullylumb Terrace, Perth.

FOGGO—*MACKAY*.—At the Queen Hotel, Edinburgh, on the 7th October 1924, JACK FOUBISTER, son of Mr James Foggo, 23 Luton Place, Edinburgh, to ETHEL MARY SCOTT, youngest daughter of Mrs MACKAY, 15 Barclay Place, Edinburgh.

NISH—*SOMERVILLE*.—At St Vincent House, Great King Street, Edinburgh, on 2nd September 1924, PERCY NISH, 9 HILLSIDE STREET, Edinburgh, to AGNES KERR, second daughter of Mr and Mrs JOHN SOMERVILLE, 109 Gilmore Place, Edinburgh.

HAY—*DUTHIE*.—At Windsor House, Edinburgh, on the 4th October 1924, JAMES HAY, only son of the late Mr John Hay and Mrs Hay, 7 Whitehouse Terrace, Corstorphine, Edinburgh, to ANNIE BISSET, second daughter of Mr and Mrs GEORGE B. DUTHIE, 10 Waverley Park, Edinburgh.

HENDERSON—*SMITH*.—At Darling's Regent Hotel, Edinburgh, on 30th September 1924, THOMAS, son of Thomas Henderson, 93 Links Street, Kirkcaldy, to MARY, youngest daughter of the late JAMES SMITH and of Mrs SMITH, 30 Morningside Drive, Edinburgh.

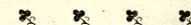
WORLING—*COCKBURN*.—At Edinburgh, on 26th November, 1924, JOHN, son of Mr and Mrs James Worling, London, to ROBERTA WHITE, daughter of Mr and Mrs CHARLES D. COCKBURN, Edinburgh.

JENKINS—*WILSON*.—At the Grand Hotel, Glasgow, on the 11th December 1924, WILLIAM JOHN, elder son of the late William Jenkins, Esq., and Mrs Jenkins, 29 Cluny Drive, Edinburgh, to LILIAN (Kathleen) MAGRARET, youngest daughter of the late R. J. WILSON, Esq., 9 Windsor Circus, Glasgow, W.

BIRSE—*PATERSON*.—At 82 Great King Street, Edinburgh, on 14th January 1925, JAMES MACDONALD BIRSE, elder son of Mr and Mrs J. S. Birse, 52 Morningside Road, to MARY SCOTT (May), elder daughter of Mr and Mrs D. PATERSON, 167 Morningside Road, Edinburgh.

GALL—*MILLER*.—At 32 Shandon Crescent, Edinburgh, on the 4th March 1925, DAVID MENMUIR, fourth son of Mr and Mrs Gall, 3 Plewlands Gardens, to ISOBEL KATE, elder daughter of Mr and Mrs MILLER.

GARDNER—*NEILSON*.—At St Michael's Parish Church, Edinburgh, on the 1st July, GEORGE STRANG SIMLA GARDNER, only son of Councillor Gardner, J.P., and Mrs Gardner, 25 Merchiston Avenue, Edinburgh, to NETTIE LAMBERT, younger daughter of the late JAMES B. NEILSON and Mrs NEILSON, Wester Millerhill, by Dalkeith.



## HONOURS LIST

Mr ALEXANDER J. ROSS, former Science Master in James Gillespie's School, has been appointed Headmaster of Dunoon Grammar School.

Mr E. LEONARD GILL, assistant in the Natural History Department of the Royal Scottish Museum, has been appointed Director of the South African Museum, Cape Town.

Rev. T. ERIC ROBERTSON, M.A., B.D., formerly minister of Kirkcaldy O.S. Church, has been appointed Educational Superintendent and Missionary at Seoni Mission, India.

Dr JAMES D. DEAR has been admitted Diplomat in Public Health.

Miss MARGARET CUMMING, M.A., B.Sc., has been appointed an Assistant Teacher at Edinburgh Ladies' College.

Miss NETTA SEATH, M.A., B.Sc., has been appointed an Assistant Teacher in the Ministers' Daughters' College, Edinburgh.

Miss EMILY RUDDOCK has graduated M.A. with Honours in Mathematics at Edinburgh University.

Miss ELEANOR C. F. ORR has graduated M.A. with Honours in French and German at Edinburgh University.

Miss ANN MAVER, M.A., has gained the Diploma in Education of Edinburgh University.

Miss EVELYN M. GRAHAM and Mr DOUGLAS M. ROSS have graduated M.A. at Edinburgh University.

Mr GEORGE JOHNSTON has graduated B.Sc. at Edinburgh University.

Miss ISOBEL J. ROBERTSON has gained the Diploma in Social Study of Edinburgh University.

Mr JOHN BATEMAN has qualified as a Member of the Pharmaceutical Society.

Mr JACK F. SHIRLAW, Mr WILLIAM G. BEATON, and Mr ROBERT J. P. WATSON have passed the Final Examination of the Royal (Dick) Veterinary College and qualified as M.R.C.V.S.

Mr JAMES A. HALL and Mr NORMAN G. MICHIE have passed the First Professional Examination of the Royal (Dick) Veterinary College.

Miss MARGARET JENKINS played for Scotland in each of the International Hockey Matches last winter, and also won the Ladies' Tennis (Hard Court) Doubles Championship of Scotland at St Andrews last year.

Mr JACK DRUMMOND this year won the Championship at Heriot's Sports, thus repeating his success of last year.

#### PUPILS WHO GAINED INTERMEDIATE CERTIFICATES IN 1924

John Aitchison.	Alexander Hall.	Elsie M'G. Nisbet.
Jeannette F. Bain.	Christina Hamilton.	Winifred S. G. O'Leary.
Robina F. Banks.	Stanley Harland.	Doris G. Peebles.
George A. Beveridge.	Hugh Hawson.	Helen L. Philp.
Annie G. Brydon.	Jane F. Home.	May C. W. Poole.
Winifred E. S. Buchan.	Gladys E. Howden.	Edith M. O. Quin.
Margaret M. T. Buchanan.	Ethel M. T. Hume.	Margaret G. Rae.
Thomas D. L. Canning.	Pearl Hyman.	Alison M. Robertson.
Adeline H. Carrick.	Margaret Kennedy.	Catherine M. Robertson,
Catherine A. Carter.	Ellen King.	James Robertson.
Annie S. P. Coats.	Thomas J. King.	Arthur S. Robinson.
Violet M. Collie.	Alison B. Laidlaw.	Jessie M. Ross.
Winifred R. Cossar.	Catherine A. L. Ledingham.	Dora S. C. Sanders.
Marjory Cowie.	Helen R. L. Livingstone.	Walter Scott.
Flora M. Craik.	Alice M. Lynch.	Agnes H. W. Spiers.
Stanley Cranston.	Gladys J. Macarthur.	Jean W. Thomson.
Jessie B. Crawford.	John W. Macdonald.	Margaret C. Waugh.
Marion F. D. Cr�mbie.	William D. M'Donald.	Kathleen H. Weir.
Ann R. Cruikshank.	Joanna M. Mackay.	Helen C. Wyllie.
John Dalgleish.	Dorothy M. Mackinnon.	James E. Yarroll.
Fanny R. Davies.	Jean H. MacDowall.	Alison D. Young.
Catherine Dewar.	Eliz. M. McIlwrick.	Elizabeth F. Young.
Helen B. Edwards.	James H. Macleod.	Elizabeth A. Younger.
Joanna D. Gardner.	Agnes E. Moon.	
David P. Greig.	Gladys M. Nelson.	

The following of Mr Huxtable's pupils passed the Associated Board Local School Examinations in Music: *Primary Division*—George Gay; *Elementary Division*—Ella Middleton, Nan Proud; *Higher Division*—Grace Johnston.

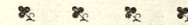
At the Gaelic Mod held at Perth on 29th Sept. 1924, Cecily Ross gained the 1st Prize for Pianoforte Playing (March, Strathspey, and Reel).

In the Children's Fruit-Painting Competition held in connection with the Edinburgh and District Fruit Week Betty Hope won the 1st Prize in the Junior Section (Girls). Prizes were won in the Senior Section (Girls) by Grace Johnston, Evelyn R. Mitchell, Hope M. Ford, Henrietta O. Millar, Lucy E. Topping, and Dorothy E. B. Melville.

#### Bursaries—

William Porter gained the Robertson Trust Bursary entitling him to four years' education at the Royal High School and a money grant of £20 per annum.

Louis Ginsburg, George Marwick, Eric Cameron, gained three of the eight Heriot Trust Bursaries open to pupils of Edinburgh Schools.



#### SCHOOL SCHOLARSHIP LIST, 1924-25

FORM 5.—Elizabeth Heslop, Margaret Moore, Katharine Thomson, Jean Smith, Ella Lamb, Hazel Ashford.

FORM 4.—Dora Sanders, Alison Laidlaw, Alison Robertson, Annie Coats.

FORM 3 A.—Mary Henderson, Mary Jamieson, Annie Brodie, Margaret Nisbet.

FORM 3 B.—Barbara Spence.

FORM 3 a.—Winnie Mouatt.

FORM 2 A.—Dorothy Hurford, Margaret Liddell, Mary Dods, Katherine Robertson.

FORM 2 B.—Grace Johnston.

FORM 2 C.—William Ross.

FORM 2 a.—Jean Cameron.

FORM 1 A.—Florence Wilson, Nancy Stewart, Margaret Savage, Mary Robbie.

FORM 1 B.—Robert G. Ross.

FORM 1 C.—John Dickson.

FORM 1 D.—Irene Gow.

FORM 1 a.—Christina Mackinnon.

CLASS 1 SEN. A.—Janet Sanders, Jenny Martin, Thomas Brotherstone, Ruby Deans.

CLASS 1 SEN. B.—Jean M'Clarence.

CLASS 1 SEN. C.—Agnes Alexander.

CLASS 1 SEN. D.—Marguerite Gow.

CLASS 1 SEN. E.—May Crosbie.

CLASS 2 SEN. A.—Catherine Davie.

CLASS 2 SEN. B.—Doris Brown.

CLASS 2 SEN. C.—Ethel Briggs.

CLASS 2 SEN. D.—Phyllis Hamilton.

CLASS 3 SEN. A.—John Christie.

CLASS 3 SEN. B.—William Denny.

CLASS 3 SEN. C.—Elsie Grant.

CLASS 3 SEN. D.—John Pool.

CLASS 3 SEN. E.—Mary Fairbairn.

## SCHOOL PRIZE LIST

<i>Dux of School</i>	MARGARET RAE.
<i>Dux in English</i>	MARGARET RAE.
<i>Do. Latin</i>	MARGARET RAE.
<i>Do. French</i>	CATHERINE BROWN.
<i>Do. German</i>	HELEN EDWARDS.
<i>Do. Mathematics</i>	ELIZABETH HESLOP.
<i>Do. Science</i>	ISABELLA WATSON.
<i>Do. Art</i>	JESSIE STORIE.
<i>Do. Dressmaking</i>	LORNA OGILVIE.
<i>Dux of Intermediate School</i>	MARY E. R. HENDERSON.

## Form 5

- English*.—1. Margaret Rae; 2. Katharine Thomson; 3. Margaret Moore; 4. Margaret Doig; 5. Margaret Gardiner; 6. Elizabeth Heslop.
- Latin*.—1. Margaret Rae; 2. Catherine Brown; 3. Katharine Thomson.
- French*.—1. Catherine Brown; 2. Margaret Rae; 3. Margaret Doig; 4. (equal) Elizabeth Heslop, Jean Smith.
- Mathematics*.—1. Elizabeth Heslop; 2. Hazel Ashford; 3. Jean Smith; 4. Ella Lamb.
- Science*.—Isabella Watson.
- Art*.—1. Jessie Storie; 2. Margaret Doig.
- Physical Training*.—Violet Grieve.

## Form 4

- English*.—1. Alison Robertson; 2. Annie Coats; 3. Alison Laidlaw; 4. Dora Sanders; 5. Aileen Young; 6. Marion Crombie.
- Latin*.—1. Dora Sanders; 2. Annie Coats; 3. Alison Robertson.
- French*.—1. Dora Sanders; 2. Annie Coats; 3. Alison Robertson; 4. Alison Laidlaw.
- German*.—1. Helen Edwards; 2. Gladys Howden.
- Mathematics*.—1. Dora Sanders; 2. Alison Laidlaw; 3. Alison Robertson; 4. Aileen Young.
- Science*.—1. Pearl Hyman; 2. Alison Laidlaw.
- Art*.—1. Winifred O'Leary; 2. Janie Home.
- Physical Training*.—Agnes Speirs.

## Form 3 A

- English*.—1. Mary E. R. Henderson; 2. Margaret Nisbet; 3. Annie Brodie; 4. James Hutchison; 5. Alex. Craighead; 6. Marion J. Donaldson.
- Latin*.—1. Mary E. R. Henderson; 2. Mary K. Jamieson; 3. Annie Brodie.
- French*.—1. Mary E. R. Henderson; 2. Annie Brodie; 3. Margaret Nisbet; 4. Jessie S. Pottinger.
- German*.—1. Jessie S. Pottinger; 2. Alex. Craighead; 3. Wm. H. Thomson.
- Mathematics*.—1. Mary E. R. Henderson; 2. Margaret Nisbet; 3. Wm. H. Thomson; 4. James Hutchison.
- Science*.—1. Mary E. R. Henderson; 2. Wm. V. Macfarlane; 3. (equal) Andrew F. Kirkland, Wm. H. Thomson.



Prefects, 1924-25.

Jack Drummond, Dan Philp, Jack Adamson, Eva Brand, Hetty Cresser, Chrissie Ross, Jean Steel, Nancy Fraser, Cathie M'Nair, Certie Sinclair, May Hatland, Daisy Brand, Ellen King, Annie Coats, Margaret Moore, Cathie Brown, Ella Watson, Alison Robertson.

*Art.*—1. Elizabeth S. Pringle ; 2. Dorothy Melville ; 3. Norman P. L. S. Buccleuch ; 4. Mary K. Jamieson.

*Physical Training.*—Elizabeth S. Pringle.

### Form 3 B.

*English.*—1. James Ferguson ; 2. Kathleen Bennet ; 3. Norman Cochran ; 4. Barbara Spence.

*French.*—1. Annie Rosie ; 2. Agnes Robbie ; 3. Mary Manson ; 4. James Ferguson.

*Mathematics.*—1. Mary Manson ; 2. Barbara Spence ; 3. James Ferguson ; 4. Elizabeth M. Cleghorn.

*Science.*—1. (equal) James Ferguson, Mary Manson ; 3. Barbara Spence ; 4. Norman Cochran.

*Art.*—1. Barbara Spence ; 2. Kathleen Bennet ; 3. Elizabeth M. Cleghorn ; 4. Mary Laurenson.

*Physical Training.*—James Ferguson ; Helen Leckie.

*Domestic Science.*—Evelyn MacPherson.

*Woodwork.*—Robert Scott.

### Form 3 a.

*English.*—1. Cathie Munro ; 2. Nessie Donaldson ; 3. Kathleen Hunt.

*French.*—1. Cathie Munro ; 2. Mary Pollock ; 3. Kathleen Hunt.

*Mathematics.*—1. Winnie Mouatt ; 2. Phyllis Ogilvie ; 3. Mary Pollock.

*Science.*—1. (equal) Elizabeth Campbell, Winnie Mouatt ; 3. Cathie Munro.

*Art.*—1. Elizabeth Cooper ; 2. Alison Storie ; 3. Mary Pollock.

*Domestic Science.*—Kathleen Hunt.

*Physical Training.*—Elsie Meldrum.

### Form 2 A.

*English.*—1. Ella Middleton ; 2. May Dods ; 3. Elizabeth Wallace ; 4. Dorothy Hurford ; 5. Margaret Liddell ; 6. Evelyn Nicol.

*Latin.*—1. William Ross (Form 2 C) ; 2. Dorothy Hurford ; 3. Frances Turnbull ; 4. Chassels Kinnaird.

*French.*—1. Dorothy Hurford ; 2. Evelyn Nicol ; 3. Ella Middleton ; 4. (equal) Alison Balfour and Margaret Liddell.

*German.*—1. Margaret Liddell and Evelyn Nicol (equal) ; 3. Katherine Robertson.

*Mathematics.*—1. Dorothy Hurford ; 2. Margaret Liddell ; 3. Grace Sponder ; 4. May Dods.

*Science.*—1. Katherine Robertson ; 2. Mary Niel ; 3. Margaret Liddell ; 4. Dorothy Hurford.

*Art.*—1. Katherine Robertson ; 2. Lucy Topping ; 3. (equal) Joan Adamson and Grace Sponder.

*Dressmaking.*—Joan Adamson.

*Physical Training.*—Fanny Stein.

### Form 2 B.

*English.*—1. Grace Johnston ; 2. Cathie Turner ; 3. Margaret Rennie ; 4. Rita Wilson.

*Mathematics.*—1. Agnes Stavert ; 2. Grace Johnston ; 3. Effie Scott.

*Science.*—1. Grace Johnston ; 2. Cathie Turner ; 3. Effie Scott.

*Sir Walter Scott Club Prize Competition.*—Secondary School—1. Annie J. P. Coats (Form 4); 2. Alison Robertson (Form 4). Intermediate School—1. Margaret Nisbet (Form 3 A); 2. Isabel M. Hill (Form 3 A).

*Pianoforte Prizes* (Mr Huxtable's Pupils)—1. Katharine Thomson; 2. Grace Johnston. (Mr Lee's Pupils)—1. Cissie Flint; 2. Winifred O'Leary.

*Singing Prizes.*—1. Dora Sanders; 2. Betty Mackay; 3. Margaret Brown. *S.P.C.A. Prizes.*—1. Jenny Martin (1 Sen. A); 2. Flora Sutherland (1 Sen. B); 3. Janet Sanders (1 Sen. A).

"*Robertson*" Prizes in English, presented by Mr Robertson.—Form 5.—1. Margaret Rae; 2. Katharine Thomson. Class 1 Sen. A.—1. Dorothy Black; 2. Marjory Cowe.

"*Elliot*" Prizes in English, presented by Miss Elliot to 3rd Senior. C. Muriel Black; D. George Rosie; E. Mary Fairbairn. *Stevenson Club Prizes.*—Margaret Rae.

"*Thomas Scott*" Prize for Athletics.—Violet Grieve.

#### Class 1 Sen. A.

1. Janet Sanders; 2. Jenny Martin; 3. Thomas Brotherston; 4. Ruby Deans; 5. Dorothy Black; 6. Catherine Rennie; 7. Margaret Logan; 8. Margaret Edmond.

*Drawing.*—Margaret Macdonald. *Sewing.*—Jenny Martin, Ruby Deans.

*French.*—Jenny Martin.

#### Class 1 Sen. B.

1. Jean M'Clarence; 2. Grace Beattie; 3. James Ward; 4. William Simpson; 5. Sarah Porter; 6. Laura Thomson; 7. Grace Bateman; 8. Isabella Bishop.

*Drawing.*—William Simpson. *Sewing.*—Jean M'Clarence.

*French.*—Daphne Clark.

#### Class 1 Sen. C.

1. Agnes Alexander; 2. Mary M'Corquodale; 3. Gertrude Weir; 4. Grace Horne; 5. Marie Gall; 6. Muriel Tullo; 7. Mabel Holland; 8. William Nesbit.

*Drawing.*—Tom Forrester. *Sewing.*—Margaret G. Gairn.

#### Class 1 Sen. D.

1. Marguerite Gow; 2. Harold Reeve; 3. Elizabeth Douglas; 4. Evelyn Miller; 5. Geoffrey Sowash; 6. Evelyn Sutherland; 7. John Watson; 8. Struan Robertson.

*Drawing.*—Cathleen Gairn. *Sewing.*—Evelyn Miller.

#### Class 1 Sen. E.

1. May Crosbie; 2. Muriel M'Dougall; 3. William Laing; 4. Johnstone Roberts; 5. James Wilson; 6. Doris Judge; 7. Elizabeth Webster; 8. Margaret Canning.

*Drawing.*—Jessie Cresswick. *Sewing.*—Dorothy Baillie.

#### Class 2 Sen. A.

1. Catherine Davie; 2. Lena Stein; 3. Chrissie Graham; 4. Helen Kennedy; 5. Mary Paxton; 6. Dorothy Cunningham; 7. Amy Rookes; 8. William Kochan.

*Drawing.*—Lily Tait. *Sewing.*—Catherine Davie.

#### Class 2 Sen. B.

1. Doris Brown; 2. Ronald Cumming; 3. George Young; 4. Margaret Hendry; 5. Margaret Henderson; 6. Ella Dalglish; 7. Helen Reid; 8. Catherine Henderson.

*Drawing.*—Margaret Hendry. *Sewing.*—Phemie Scott.

#### Class 2 Sen. C.

1. Ethel Briggs; 2. Isa Hardie; 3. Joyce Wiltshire; 4. Margaret Wilson; 5. Ella Smith; 6. Kathleen Loraine; 7. Norma Rodger; 8. (equal) Betty Martin and Alan Paterson.

*Drawing.*—James Blyth. *Sewing.*—Margaret Munro.

#### Class 2 Sen. D.

1. Phyllis Hamilton; 2. Margaret Reid; 3. Olga Michaelson; 4. Jean Caldwell; 5. May Potter; 6. Winifred Hardie; 7. Elizabeth Finlayson; 8. Doris Grant.

*Drawing.*—Winifred Hardie. *Sewing.*—1. Jean Caldwell; 2. Elizabeth Renton.

#### Class 3 Sen. A.

1. John Christie; 2. Mary Miller; 3. Joan Smith; 4. George Chisholm; 5. Allan Craig; 6. Elma Baillie; 7. Sheila M'Ewan; 8. Helena Gordon.

*Drawing.*—John Gray. *Sewing.*—(equal) Adine Scott, Joan Smith.

#### Class 3 Sen. B.

1. Wm. Denny; 2. David Scott; 3. Annie Rose; 4. Kathleen Steele; 5. Catherine Thomson; 6. Elsie Watson; 7. Beatrice Jamieson; 8. (equal) Betty Howieson, Jean Geddes.

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

#### Class 3 Sen. C.

1. Elsie Grant; 2. Grace Will; 3. Isabella M'Lean; 4. Muriel Black; 5. Charles Gilmour; 6. Elizabeth Dobson; 7. Irene Glass; 8. Margaret Seivewright.

*Drawing.*—Margaret Gordon. *Sewing.*—Nancy Mein.

#### Class 3 Sen. D.

1. John Pool; 2. George Rosie; 3. Annie Sivewright; 4. Henry Gordon; 5. (equal) Ena Geddes, Ruby Gaudie; 7. (equal) Alex. Stevens, Ann M'Intosh.

*Drawing.*—Alex. Stevens. *Sewing.*—(equal) Kathleen Champion, Helen Forbes.

#### Class 3 Sen. E.

1. Mary Fairbairn; 2. Elizabeth Ritchie; 3. Myrtle Moore; 4. Margt. Findlater; 5. Helen Graham; 6. James Pool; 7. Kenneth M'Lean; 8. Agnes Rennie.

*Drawing.*—David Allan. *Sewing.*—Jean Ogilvie.

#### Class 1 Jun. A.

1. Ian M'Laren; 2. Mary Fisher; 3. Morag Dods; 4. Margaret Crawford; 5. Alison Ferguson; 6. Sheena Lumsden; 7. Ian Hutchon; 8. Margaret Brown.

*Drawing.*—Warrington Semple. *Sewing.*—Catherine Irvine.

**Class 1 Jun. B.**

1. Helen Wilson ; 2. Dorothy Wilson ; 3. Gertrude Drummond ; 4. Helen Lockie ; 5. Margaret Bruce ; 6. John Ogilvie ; 7. William Davidson ; 8. Dorothy Gow.

*Drawing.*—Cameron Carnegie. *Sewing.*—Ellen M'Intosh.

**Class 1 Jun. C.**

1. Dorothy Mason ; 2. Jean Cowe ; 3. John Pendreich ; 4. Camilla Innes ; 5. James Thomson ; 6. William Moyes ; 7. Lylia Shearer ; 8. Ruth Nicolson.

*Drawing.*—Sheila Adamson. *Sewing.*—Doris Wright.

**Class 1 Jun. D.**

1. Grace Moon ; 2. Eleanor Chisholm ; 3. Jean Murdoch ; 4. Jean Watson ; 5. Eila Clarke ; 6. Isabella Simpson ; 7. Margaret Garrie ; 8. Winifred Stewart.

*Drawing.*—Olive Reeve. *Sewing.*—Mary Law.

**Class 2 Jun. A.**

1. Esther Davidson ; 2. Agnes M'Arthur ; 3. Isobel Price ; 4. Thomas Hand ; 5. Elizabeth Smith ; 6. (equal) Alastair M'Kinlay, Elisabeth Thornton ; 8. James MacKenzie.

*Drawing.*—David Rintoul. *Sewing.*—Rita Bousie.

**Class 2 Jun. B.**

1. Catherine F. Scott ; 2. James Simpson ; 3. Grace Goldie ; 4. William Peat ; 5. John Henderson ; 6. Margaret Stitt ; 7. David Flett ; 8. Georgina Miller.

*Drawing.*—James Turner. *Sewing.*—Ruby Hindmarsh.

**Class 2 Jun. C.**

1. Margaret M'Kenzie ; 2. Andrew Taylor ; 3. Mary Gray ; 4. Mary Will ; 5. Joseph Falk ; 6. John Herd ; 7. Elizabeth Butchard ; 8. Catherine Porter.

*Drawing.*—Alexander Brown. *Sewing.*—Isobel Porteous.

**Class 2 Jun. D.**

1. Colette Hogg ; 2. Margaret Crichton ; 3. Jean Brotherstone ; 4. Thomas Webster ; 5. James Mitchell ; 6. Edna Sanderson ; 7. Isobel S. Sime ; 8. Harold Bowie.

*Drawing.*—Elspeth Johnstone. *Sewing.*—Jessie Munro.

**Adv. Inf. A.**

1. Norman J. Steele ; 2. Janet C. Henderson ; 3. Olive B. M'Ausland ; 4. Violet J. Scott ; 5. Stephen W. Young ; 6. Daisy A. Wood ; 7. Muriel E. Rudd ; 8. Ethel M. Syme.

**Adv. Inf. B.**

1. Ruth S. Nairn ; 2. Beatrice W. Liddell ; 3. Thomas B. Crawford ; 4. Arthur W. Batts ; 5. Myra J. Dow ; 6. Janet L. Pentland ; 7. Naomi J. Smith ; 8. Edward W. Rose.

**Adv. Inf. C. (Montessori).**

1. Elsie M. Howie ; 2. Eric J. Noble ; 3. Freda E. Underhill ; 4. John G. M'Callum ; 5. Jenny M. Yellowlees ; 6. Stanley M. Donald ; 7. Winifred L. Chandler ; 8. William J. Somerville.

**Jun. Inf. A.**

1. Agnes M. Crawford ; 2. Dorothy M. Christie ; 3. Edmund A. Teviotdale ; 4. Alexander Wilson ; 5. Patrick F. Watt ; 6. George B. Wright ; 7. Betty E. Dunnett ; 8. Frances F. Niven.

**Jun. Inf. B.**

1. Margaret O. Brown ; 2. Alexander S. Montgomery ; 3. Gordon G. Patterson ; 4. Margaret B. Munro ; 5. William A. Knight ; 6. Jean M'Lellan ; 7. James Ian Cunningham ; 8. Thomas R. M'Walter.

**Jun. Inf. C.**

1. Florence M. M'Laren ; 2. Robert S. Masterton ; 3. Margaret E. Christie ; 4. Doris Paterson ; 5. Robert Inglis ; 6. Mary G. Steedman ; 7. Dorothy Dewar ; 8. Patricia A. W. Mortimer.

**Jun. Inf. D. (Montessori).**

1. Gladys E. Beattie ; 2. Berenice M. Clark ; 3. Thomas K. Brown ; 4. Catherine Tait ; 5. Dorothy Brown ; 6. Alexander W. Gray ; 7. Janet W. Mackenzie ; 8. Joseph A. Turner.

