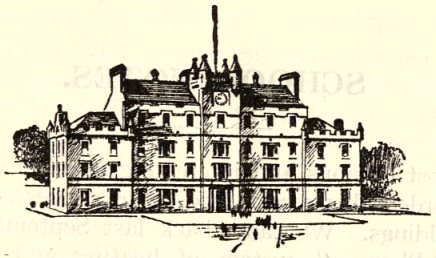
Gillespie's High School Magazine

July 1934



Gillespie's High School Magazine

JULY 1934

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SCHOOL NOTES.

The most obvious and interesting changes which have to be recorded this session are those connected with our school buildings. We came back last September to find the old "Plenum" system of heating and ventilation replaced by hot pipes and open windows, and staff and pupils seem to have found it quite comfortable to live, as it were, inside a hot-water-bottle! A reconditioned and brightened lunch-room has added to the amenities of "school dinner." Throughout the session the operations of workmen and the gradual rising of the walls of our new building on the site of "Swan Watson's" have provided a source of interest, and before this Magazine goes to press the Infant Department will have moved to its new home. The old building will be a duller place without our "littlest ones," but no doubt we shall still see them —and hear them too! The new building comprises four up-to-date class-rooms, dressing and staff-rooms, and a modern gymnasium which can on occasion become a "Little Theatre" for school dramatic performances. Thanks to the reconstructions and the additional accommodation provided in the new building, the school is now thoroughly up-to-date in every respect. The science rooms are being reconstructed, with a new one added, and a "crafts" room is being equipped for instruction in embroidery, etching and pottery. We are also to have what we have long wanted—a library and study-room. The upstairs gymnasium (better known as "the attic," and scene of some strange happenings, in former days!) is to be equipped, thanks largely to the Edinburgh Public Library Committee, with an excellent collection of books. Our pupils will certainly benefit greatly by this encouragement to be students, and to learn for themselves the important art of using a library.

We have welcomed three new members of staff during the past session. Miss Mabel I. Marr, M.A., has come to teach mathematics and science in the Secondary School; Miss Isabella C. N. M'Gregor, M.A., has joined the staff

of the Junior Department; and Miss Gladys M. Bryce, a former pupil of our own, has succeeded Miss Mary I. Smith as assistant instructress in physical training.

Our popular engineer, Mr David Smith, has been promoted to be janitor of Preston Street School, and has been replaced by Mr Percy Campbell as assistant janitor.

An important innovation this session has been the provision of special religious instruction for Episcopalian pupils. This is in the hands of Dr. Waring of Christ Church, Morningside, and his assistant, Mr. Perry, both of whom we welcome among us.

The House System continues to be a useful incentive to enthusiasm in work, attendance, conduct, and sports.

The social side of school life has not been neglected. The "Lit." and the Science Association have again carried out successful programmes of which, as of the Swimming Gala, reports will be found elsewhere. In connection with the Gala, we would express our appreciation of Miss Mackay's continued and ungrudging service to the Swimming Club. The two Christmas parties for the secondary school were well attended and greatly enjoyed. At the Thursday party we had the great pleasure of a surprise visit from Mr W. W. M'Kechnie, Secretary of the Scottish Education Department, who delighted those present with a most amusing speech. The Infant Department maintained what is happily becoming the traditional way of keeping Christmas, with delightful decorations and a programme of carols and suitable poems.

On March 12th Lieutenant Pearce of the City Police gave an interesting and practical address to the pupils of the Senior Department on the topic "Safety First."

This year Founder's Day was celebrated on Friday June 1st, with Councillor William Taylor as chairman, and the Rev. W. A. Guthrie—a well-known friend of the school—as speaker. Mr Guthrie gave a particularly fine and appropriate address. After referring briefly to the high tradition of the school, and to the changes in it since its foundation, he captured the imagination of his listeners by a vivid word-picture of an Indian village, whose life centres in and depends on the well. He then proceeded to draw a skilful analogy between the obtaining of the water from the well, and the acquiring of knowledge. The water

is free to all, it is of the same quality for all, rich and poor alike; but each person must draw and carry away the water by his own individual effort. Without too obviously pointing the moral, Mr Guthrie left us with much of value to think about. After the presentation of snuff-boxes to the chairman and Mr Guthrie, the Head Prefect, in a happy little speech, made her customary plea for a holiday on the Monday, which was granted.

This year a school trip abroad has again been arranged, and over forty pupils and seven members of staff are looking forward to nine days in Paris. Our best wishes for a good holiday go with them.

An interesting record has been set up by Margaret Crichton, Form 5A, who this year completes no less than twelve years' perfect attendance at this school. Our congratulations to her!

A distinction was brought to the school by Doris Livingstone, Form 3A, whom we congratulate on winning First Prize in a competition organised by the Edinburgh Women Citizens' Association, for a poster advertising their Garden Fete.

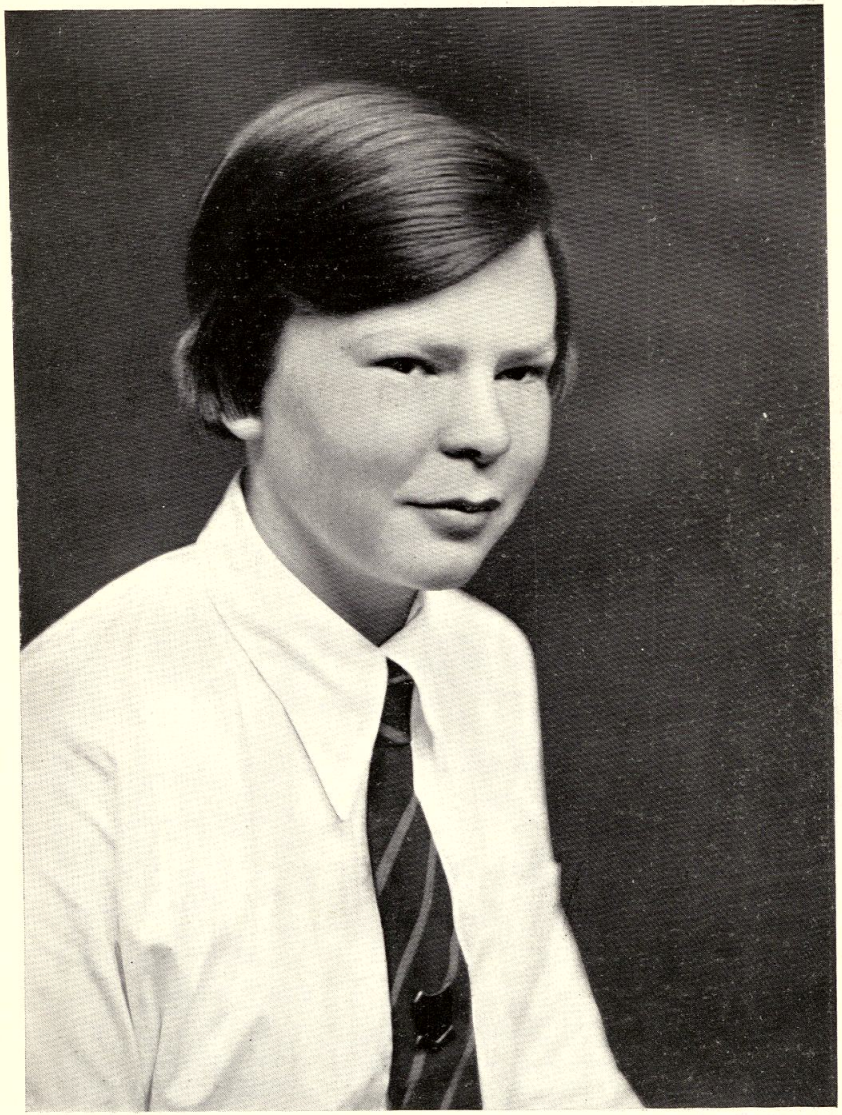
School Savings Certificates now total £12,760, 4s. 8d.

Once again we have to thank a former Dux, Mr John C. Jobson, for his two generous prizes presented in memory of his brother, Colin L. Jobson, M.A., a distinguished former pupil. We also thank the anonymous donor of book prizes for the School Dux and the Dux of the Intermediate School. This is our first opportunity to acknowledge the generosity of the other anonymous contributors to the Prize Fund, whose gifts were made too late for mention in last year's Magazine.

Next September, when ten new "Gillespie Bursars" enter the school, there will be for the first time bursars in all years of the Secondary Course.

Last year there were 140 passes in the Control Examination, 76 pupils gained the Day School Certificate (Higher), and 18 the Group Leaving Certificate. 5 pupils obtained the Junior Commercial Certificate of the Edinburgh Chamber of Commerce, 6 Intermediate Bursaries, and 2 Secondary Bursaries were awarded.

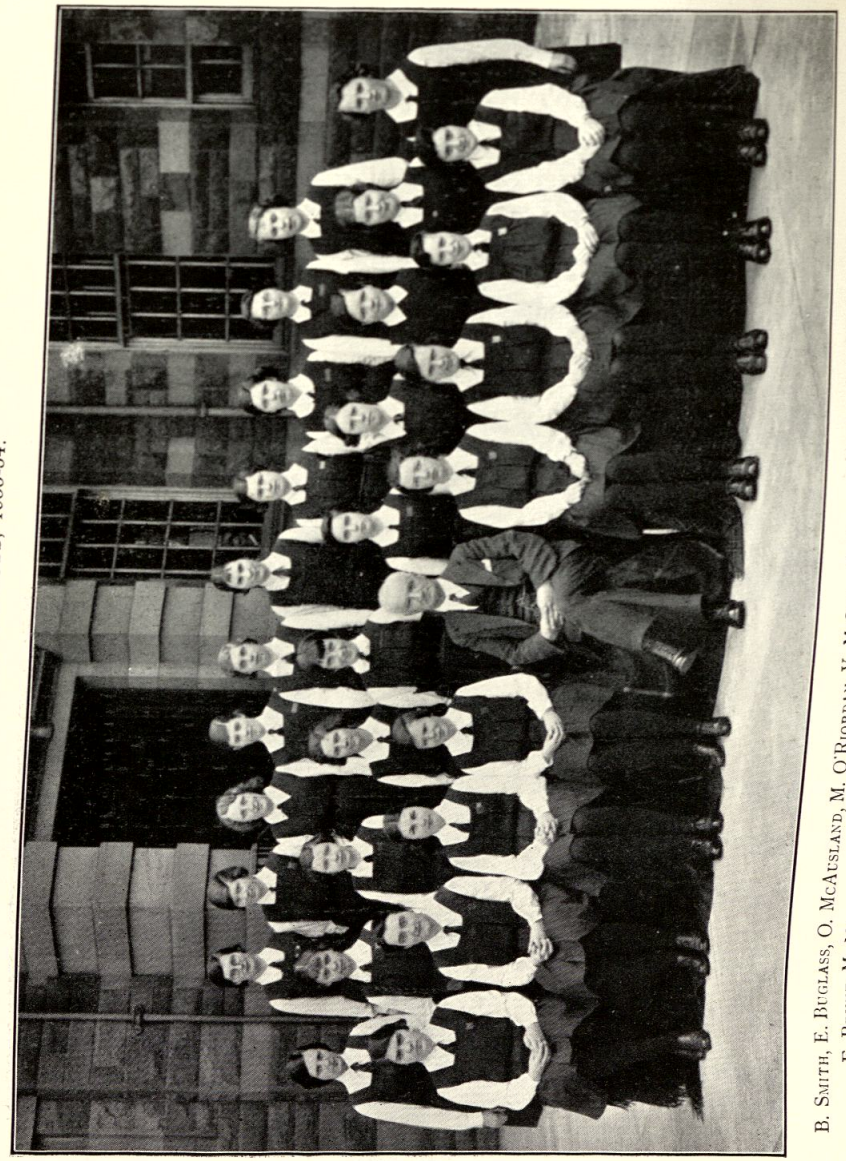
A. E. F.



MORAG DODS

(Dux of the School, 1933-34).

SCHOOL PREFECTS, 1933-34.



B. Smith, E. Buglass, O. McAusland, M. O'Riordan, V. McLeod, B. Deans, J. Thomson, N. Robinson, E. Ginsburg, H. Young.
F. Brunt, M. Mackenzie, F. Niven, S. Kemp, M. Morton, M. Bee, H. Bowie, D. Walker, E. Brown, I. Frater.
M. Crichton, H. Morrison, M. Scott, M. Dods, Mc Burnett, E. Chisholm, E. Lockie, M. Fraser, M. Hay.

FROM THE SECONDARY DEPARTMENT.

MUSIC IN POETRY.

Tradition has endowed musicians with " poetic souls " (just as custom and public ignorance have bequeathed uncut hair), but few people realize what great musicians are our leading poets.

Shakespeare is, by far, our greatest poet-musician. Over and over again his verse captivates and charms by its sheer music and rhythm. In the opening scene of " Twelfth Night " the lines are charged with the languorous music typical of the love-lorn atmosphere of the Romantic Comedy. In " Romeo and Juliet " we have much more seriously Romantic music. Romeo —

> " It was the lark, the herald of the morn
> No nightingale : look, love, what envious streaks
> Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east. . . ."

music indeed ; and with all the warmth and colour of the romantic play.

Throughout these Comedies and Romantic Comedies, Shakespeare has scattered exquisite fragments of songs, whose musical qualities have made them the easiest of all poems to set to music. " Where the bee sucks " simply lends itself to musical setting, as do the no less excellent " It was a lover and his lass " and " How should I your true love know ?"

I have always thought of Shakespeare as a "romantic," musically speaking. Totally different is Milton. If ever a man was classical in outlook, taste, and expression, that man was John Milton. But he lost the lightness and fancy of his early poems too soon, and his later poems show us a Milton who loved the "Solemn Musick" of the organ rather than the music of nature—the music of William Shakespeare.

In their search after a wider field of expression and beauty, the romantics re-discovered that music was a very necessary adjunct to a beautiful poem. This from Keats :—

"O melancholy, linger here awhile!
O Music, Music, breathe despondingly!
O Echo, Echo from some sombre isle,
Unknown, Lethean, sigh to us—O sigh!
Spirits in grief, lift up your heads, and smile;
Lift up your hearts, sweet spirits, heavily
And make a pale light in your cypress glooms,
Tinting with silver wan your marble tombs."

His great contemporary, Shelley, fills his poems with a more ethereal music, unworldly and strange. The actual art meant much to him and for it he wrote one of his loveliest lyrics, "I pant for music which is divine." Music of words and rhythm of phrases are outstanding features of and characterise the Revival.

Tennyson, the greatest representative poet of the Victorian era, can add to his others, this claim to greatness; that in his hands music in poetry reached what may fairly be called the high water mark of perfection. A passage like:—

"There is sweet music here that softer falls
Than petals from blown roses on the grass
Or night-dews on still waters . . . . ."

is surely the last word in sound beauty.

Naturally, a man so enthusiastically musical as Browning is bound to write musically, whether in terms of crotchets and quavers or vowels and consonants. Browning chose the latter, and we have only to inspect the rollicking "Pied Piper" to find how conscious he was of the value of music in poetry.

Modern writers have almost without exception written musically.

Seumas O' Sullivan, in his "Piper," strings together words into a perfect dance rhythm till we feel that we too would gladly have danced when the

". . . Piper in the streets to-day
Set up, and tuned, and started to play.
. . . . .
And all the world went gay, went gay,
For half an hour in the street to-day."

But surely the most striking example of word rhythm comes from Hilaire Belloc in "Tarantella." The rhythm is so strong and regular, and the words so sounding and suggestive, that even without actual music, it would be possible to dance to the poem:—

"Do you remember an Inn, Miranda,
Do you remember an Inn?
And the cheers and the jeers of the young muleteers
Who hadn't got a penny,
And who weren't paying any
And the hammer at the doors and the din.
. . . . .
Do you remember an Inn, Miranda,
Do you remember an Inn?"

Remember? Who could ever forget?

Still more modern poets than Hilaire Belloc have found music invaluable in their poetry. Sacheverell Sitwell in his "Rio Grande" treats music "impressionistically." He releases great floods of words out of which gradually emerges a strange music—syncopated we might almost say. The unbridled rhythmic vigour and effect of the tremendous crescendo that the whole poem produces cannot adequately be represented by quotation of a fragment. Sufficient here to note how far we have travelled from the majesty of Milton!

And so, through all the ages of poetry runs the strain of music—sister Arts certainly, and not unworthy of the Miltonic appellation, "Blest pair of Sirens."

MARIE MORRISON, Form 4 A.

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PREFECTS—AND THEIR HABITS!

In every school there is something of the mysterious, something weird and inexplicable, and this seat of academic learning is no exception. Long have the inky-fingered, shrill-voiced children of the First, Second and Third Years puzzled over that band of extraneous individuals, the Prefects; oft have they asked in tones of wonderment and awe, "What are they?" "Why are they?" "Where are they?" This last query is the most repeated, for the Prefects have a habit, peculiar to their species, of vanishing into the blue whenever they are most in demand.

Many and varied are the suggestions put forward concerning the real identity of this class of creatures and some of these guesses are ingenious and quite applicable. The more serious-minded declare that Prefects are living plaster casts of saints—or gargoyles; those with very modern

minds, liken them to the absurd monstrosities depicted by a certain artistic gentleman, to wit, Mr Epstein (or Mr Walt Disney !) ; a third opinion is that they are a kind of robot, which is wound up to say at judicious intervals, " Keep to one side please " ; the last, and perhaps the most feasible, of these suggestions is very simple, and, if we were not enlightened upon the subject, we should undoubtedly believe it, namely, that the Prefects are the official school jesters, chosen solely to enliven the dull routine of scholarly life.

A year or so ago we, ourselves, were wildly guessing concerning their identity, but having gained the lofty eminence of Form 4, we have been permitted to make a closer study of the Prefects, and, for the first time, we disclose to our younger and inkier comrades the true facts about this strange species. Before we proceed further we wish to impress upon our readers that the Prefects are of the human race, a statement which, without doubt, will be subject to controversy and which we can scarcely believe, but which is not a prevarication.

To be a Prefect one must be able to lean negligently and nonchalantly against a radiator, a window-sill or a door, discussing local scandal while lesser creatures surge round at a respectful distance. Another accomplishment, at which a Prefect must be famed is signing an autograph book, and to this end these awesome individuals spend many hours with damp towels clasped to their foreheads, fountain pens in their (tell it not aloud) inky fingers, and a sheet of foolscap before them, practising the writing of their names in a superb copper-plate.

These Prefects dwell in a dark and noisome den from which issue strange exclamations and stranger persons. To approach this den one mounts a flight of stairs, fear and trepidation knocking at the heart, raps upon a door and immediately there is a hustle and a scuffle and a sepulchral voice demands, " Who is there ?" A minute later the door is opened and a guilty face appears, at the sight of which one flees down the stairs and all hope of exploring the abode of the Prefects has vanished. Although our knowledge of this species is stupendous we have not yet discovered what strange rites are performed in this den.

On reading this article we have to decide that, for fear of being pursued and obliterated by the wrathful Sixth, we are unable to disclose any more about the Prefects, but we believe that we have helped to lift the veil of mystery which has hitherto surrounded them.

ISABELLA WALLIS, Form 4 B.

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SONNET.

The wild north wind has fled, and I must weep ;
The willow tree my comforter is now,
My haunt the wood of tears where shadows sleep,
Where no wind stirs nor leaf on withered bough ;
I cannot dance though maypole-time is here,
Though little vagrant winds make love to earth.
For, oh! the north wind's voice entranced my ear,
Her thrilling tales, her icy, wild, weird mirth.
One winter night she lit my soul with fire,
Flame she had stolen from the northern star,
And now, when in her scanty, chill attire
She lies where none but frozen spirits are,
To her benumbéd frame shall come no harm.
I'll give my kindled soul to keep her warm.

ANNIE E. VINT, Form 4 B.

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STRAIGHT FROM THE COUNTRY.

When one is coming from a comparatively " country " town to a city such as Edinburgh, great changes, new experiences and the making of new friends are only to be expected. With these and many more problems I was confronted. For instance, boarding a tram while in motion, no matter how slow, was a feat which I absolutely forbade myself to attempt, with the result that I was often left disconsolate at a car stop watching a retreating car. As for " getting off " a car—well, I wonder now that the conductor did not ask me if I should like a railway sleeper to be laid in front of the tram to ensure a complete halt. However, this was by no means the greatest difficulty with which I was met.

Still another year was required to complete my secondary education and it was in great fear and trepidation that I

entered a new school. However, this was quite uncalled for. The Headmaster did *not* lay before me an algebraic problem composed of p's and q's (a fear which always haunts me when about to be interviewed) but put me in charge of a mistress, who made me "feel quite at home" by informing me that she had attended the University with my previous English mistress. This mistress introduced me to my form master and future class-mates.

I was then led by one of the girls to the cloakroom, where I was to disrobe, amid a volley of profuse apologies regarding the nature of the aforementioned place, and the excuse that it was the only place available and they would just have to make the best of it. Now, however, the cloakroom has become very dear to us all—teachers excepted of course. And this is how it happened. The great change involved a somewhat lengthy " trek " to the lower regions of the school in which each girl loaded herself with a rather dusty desk. After the disappearance of these pieces of furniture and the instalment of a cupboard and works of art to decorate the walls, the cloakroom became the favourite haunt of the members of the sixth form. However, I have digressed and must now return to my story.

I next found myself in the classroom where I perceived three little groups of girls deep in conversation. One of these was engaged in a discussion about hockey affairs. Who was to be captain ? Who would be in the first eleven ? and many other questions which the beginning of a new season involves. One of the maidens in this circle perpetually played with a piece of string and it was by that that I always recognized her.

The second of these groups listened in rapt attention to its chief speaker who was relating all the names she was *nearly* christened. The third "group" consisted of one girl, deep in the study of mathematics, who seemed quite unable to be enticed into either of the conversations. Soon, however, the bell rang (now I know better than to call it a gong), and we commenced to change classes, when we were suddenly intercepted by a member of the B Section of the class, whom I had not met. An attempt was made to introduce me but a name such as mine is not easily remembered, and I was merely named the "new girl" whereat I said and spelt my name, probably through force of habit.

I think I was then entered as a " queer fish though quite harmless."

Naming people was my sorest trial. No girl ever seemed to be addressed by her Christian name, but either by her surname or some weird name such as Fishie, Frizzie, Chizzie or Dodsie. The teachers I dared not address by the names I heard mentioned around me in case theirs were similarly distorted, which I strongly suspected. For such names as Beanie, Blossom, Fossil, Smigs and Nippy are not very common.

I found the girls very companionable and full of requests " to chum them " to such and such a place, with the result that I soon felt like one of them. The friendly and happy feeling which existed in the "Lit." and Science Societies impressed me greatly and I was pleasantly surprised at the great success of the Socials of both these societies despite the absence of the male sex. Another thing which surprised me was the meandering pace in which the pupils changed classes, but now I see that that is to be attributed to the over-powering odour of " Eau d'Ingan " which permeates the corridors of James Gillespie's High School.

Nevertheless that has not prevented me from ranking this year among the happiest I have spent at school.

ESTHER HORTOP, Form 6 A.

THE WIRELESS ENTHUSIAST.

(*After Chaucer.*)

Ther oones was a manne who was keene
On things electricall (and be it seene
That he was fulle sounde in his heed !)
But alle his neighbours wished that he was deed.
And sikerly he was a worthy manne,
Ymel his neighbours ther is noon that canne
Swear gretter oothes or mak so much dinne
If some one talkes whan he listens-inne.
At nighte whan that he sholde be in bedde
He listens-in to " Henry Halle " instead.
And whan that he hears somdel foreign soundes,
His ears are prickéd like unto a houndes ;
But he noon houndes has nor other pette,
His oonly frende is his wireless-sette !

ESTHER A. DAVIDSON, Form 5 A.

THE TREAT.

" Mither, mither, can I hae anither bawbee tae buy ice-cream wi ?"

" Noo then, Tammie, dae ye no' think ye've had enough, an' onywey ye're gaun tae get yer denner in a wee whilie."

" I ken, mither, but . . . . Aw, mither . . . ."

" A' richt then, but mind, this is the last yin the noo."

" O ! thank ye, maw."

It was the annual Sunday School treat for the children of ——— Sunday School, Aberdeen. Parents were allowed to attend if they so desired, and it was surprising to see how many took full advantage of this generous offer. Certainly, they had to purchase a ticket, but, then, did they not receive more than full value for their money. Their train fare and two meals for one shilling and sixpence ! Surely . . . .?

Usually the " faithers " forgot their " faitherhood " and enjoyed the games, the races and the football as much as did any of their small offspring. Their better halves, however, were quite content to sit in groups, watching everything, and have a " bit gossip " with the rest of the church folk. The Picnic, then, was a grand affair, always anticipated with the greatest of excitement and remembered with the most contented of sighs. Each " wee bit lassie " must have her new frock, made specially for the occasion ; each " loonie " his new pair of flannel shorts. Father, if he was lucky, was given new boots, mother (definitely) a new hat. Truly, it was a great day in the lives of these people—a day rivalled in importance by only the annual " soirée " held on Christmas Eve.

" That wis my laddie askin' for mair ice-cream, Mrs Donald," said a matronly, but kindly looking women to her neighbour.

" So I observed, Mrs M'Tavish," replied Mrs Donald.

"There's the meenister playin' fitba," chimes in a neighbour, " he's a gran' man that. He disna' read his sermons an' he's sae free an' easy I raither like him."

"Aye, that kin' o' body would suit you, Mrs Tamson!"

" Weel," retorted that dame, " thank guidness I'm no sic a prim bit creatur' as yersell, Mrs Donald."

" There's the meenister's wife gettin' ice-cream," said Mrs M'Tavish excitedly, "She's lookin' gey bonnie the day, though, isn't she noo ?"

" Aye, she's wearin' her new green bonnet that she had on for the first time last Sabbath."

" She's richt braw. That silk goonie suits her awfu' weel."

" The meenister met her in Edinburgh, did he no ?"

" Aye, he wis studyin' at the University an' they fell in love at first sight. But of course they couldna' git married till he gotten a place, an' so aifter we had taken him on he married her."

" That's richt, I remember the weddin' fine. It's near twa year ago. A braw couple they made an' a'."

" H'm," from Mrs Donald, " I dinna believe in they Edinburgh lassies."

" Och," Mrs Donald, her folks belang tae Wick, that's hoo she's sic a braw lass. Ye couldna' expect a fine yin like that tae cam' o' Edinburgh folk—Hoots, no ! "

" Ye're richt there, Mrs Tamson."

" Onywey, here's the denner comin'. I hope he'll nae say an' awfu' lang grace, I'm that hungry."

ISOBEL J. STRACHAN, Form 5 A.

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FRUSTRA.

Like great and silent ships which slowly pass,
White-sailed, black-masted, rimmed with gold,
Athwart the glory of the evening sky,
With precious jewels in the hold ;

Like filmy, changing clouds that float in air,
Now gleaming white, now leaden grey,
Now shot with wondrous radiance from the east
Where ope the portals of the day ;

So pass great thoughts across our wondering minds ;
With outstretched hands we seek in vain
To clutch these airy things and hold them fast,
But all drift on and none remain.

DOROTHY MINCK, Form 4 A.

STRANGE HAPPENINGS AT SCIENCE.

It was the first of April. The sun was streaming through the windows and we were all sitting drowsily round the demonstration bench watching an experiment.

We were awakened from this pleasant day-dreaming by the deep voice of our teacher saying, " Girl, hand me that bottle of ammonia."

To our amazement, the bottle, instead of waiting to be handed, floated unaided across the room to the bench. Our master, either owing to his shortsightedness, or because his back was turned to us, did not notice this and continued undisturbed.

We were all wide awake now ; but each thinking that this was due to an illusion did not say anything for fear of being thought mad. Then we saw a stool moving slowly along as if it were walking. We rubbed our eyes and stared dumbfounded. Nothing could be made of it.

A little later, we were heating a substance carefully when a sinister laugh echoed through the room. It seemed to come from the direction of the blackboard. We looked, and drawn on the blackboard was a beautiful caricature of our esteemed master.

This was going a bit too far. Naturally we were blamed. We knew that our imagination was not tricking us this time. We tried to explain to our master, but he pooh-poohed our ideas. Punishment exercises were given out and the matter seemed to be finished.

Then, suddenly, the blinds were pulled down by some unseen hand. The lights were turned on and off repeatedly. A crash was heard, a broken flask was lying on the ground.

The one-time orderly class was in a state of confusion. Test-tubes fell out of hands. Bunsens went out. Our poor master stared from one girl to another unable to speak.

His face had been blackened by someone invisible. One girl had litmus pasted all over her face. Chalk dust was flying everywhere. Books were knocked on the ground. Inkpots were flying all over. Stools were kicked about, and everything was in a state of disorder.

At last our master regained his speech. He issued orders quickly.

Blinds were pulled up. Inkpots and books were picked up. Lights were extinguished and order established.

Someone found a brush and the floor was swept clean of rubbish. After about half-an-hour we were all sitting quietly at our desks, vainly trying to find a solution to this uproar. No suitable one could be found.

A few minutes later, a little girl came in with a message. In jest she was asked what would she think if this happened to her. Very seriously and innocently, this small child replied, " I should think it was the ' Invisible Man ' from the pictures."

She then left the room. Just as the door shut we heard an eerie laugh. The door flew open as if blown by a strong gust of wind. Another laugh more eerie rang through the room, a voice seeming to come from nowhere said, " Ha ! Ha ! The Invisible Man !"

The door shut with a loud bang, and since then we have not had another visit from this mysterious person. Was he just playing an " All-Fool's-Day " prank on us ?

RITA ORDMAN, Form 4 A.

* * * *

MADRAS AWAKES.

Slowly the pink flush of dawn rises in the heavens. The grey-mauve sky becomes tinted with purples and pinks. The dark, majestic palmyra trees stand out against the bright background. The scarlet splash of the Gold Mahore glows warmly in the as yet cool day. Mangoes and guavas bedecked with jewelled dewdrops hide beneath their sheltering leaves. The native village is silent, the pariah dogs making no sound. Everything is asleep.

Soon the silence is broken by the twittering of the birds. A cock crows loudly, the dogs whine dismally, and are smartly kicked for their pains. Suddenly someone comes out of a hut with eyes heavy with sleep, hair awry, but chewing a bit of charcoal with which to clean his strong firm teeth.

The women get ready to go to market. They argue with the men about what vegetables to get for their curry. There

are so many—pekin coy, snake coy, vendergreens, drumstick and pumpkin. The Europeans are waking now. They will go riding on horseback before the sun gets too hot. The peons, in their crimson and white uniforms, can be seen saddling the horses.

The Marina is deserted. The waves roll forward and back on the shore. It is quiet except for the booming of the waves. On the distance, behind the banyan trees, beside the Cocme River stands Government House. The soldiers are already astir in Fort St. George.

The sun rises higher and higher, and more and more people wake, up until the whole city is awake.

JOAN BUCKLE, Form 3 A.

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DUST.

Poppies laugh while they are young,
Wild and bright and burning,
You were dusty all your days
With your books and learning.
Poppies grin upon your grave,
Your dusty soul is gone.
Crumbles the rest to dust and dust
Under that cold stone.

MURIEL CAMBERG, Form 3. A.

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

CUMBRIA.

Oh ! Cumbria, by whose rocky fells
My soul in longing ever dwells.
I yearn for thee . . . .
Exiled upon this foreign shore
My heart is with thee evermore,
Though I may never be.

DOROTHY WORDSWORTH GARDINER, Form 3 A.

TWO PEN-PORTRAITS.

I.

James Gillespie's High School is just dismissed, and, as a result, a number of rather riotous schoolgirls are attempting to board a " No. 11 " car.

" Oh, here he comes ! Where is my penny ? What is your case doing there ?" Thus, I would introduce you to our old friend, " Oh Yeah," the conductor.

To-day he is wearing his usual smile beneath his hat, which has regained its white covering owing to the approaching summer. He slides along the car, like an eel in water, saying "Fares, please," and we all feel like saying to him " Where did you get that hat ?"

He is a tall, thin, lantern-jawed fellow, his cheeks showing a dark shadow from his early morning shave. Though quiet and sombre to all old ladies and eccentric old gentlemen, nevertheless, the real man is apparent when he views our twinkling eyes and happy faces, and he proves himself to be an expert in " the noble art " of back-chat when he has to give us change.

"Oh Yeah," for once in his forty summers, has donned a clean collar and a fairly respectable tie, and it would appear as if he expects our admiring comments. He informs us that the new collar is to celebrate his new puncher and his new car, as all must help to keep up the tone of " James Gilaispies."

With an eye to business and the prospect of an on-coming inspector, he does not hesitate to inform a rather deaf old gentleman and somewhat reluctant schoolgirls where the 1d. stage finishes, so I must get off the car now, and say farewell to " Oh Yeah " and fly for a " 25," which I see rapidly approaching.

ETRINE ANDERSON, Form 3 B.

II.

How well I can remember that old sea-dog who sat on a barrel which was smelling strongly of tar. His face was huge and sun-tanned, surrounded by a hoary beard, while his hands were huge and wrinkled and showed signs of rough usage. He walked in a jaunty manner, and spoke in a gruff voice which had a slight sing-song tone about it.

On his bald head he wore a tight fitting woollen cap that matched a navy blue jersey which he wore and around him there was a general atmosphere of the sea. In his gnarled hands he held a net which looked as if it had caught many a shoal of fish. His fingers, although they were huge and clumsy mended the holes in the net very deftly. On his high sea-boots the dashing white horses had left a rim of white salt. But what did the old sea-dog care? With his pipe in his mouth or a merry song on his lips he was as happy as the live long day.

DORIS HAMILTON, Form 2 D.

* * * *

"BROKEN BITS."

Auld Mrs Kerr sold biscuits, and
She sold them by the score.
And in the foot o' a' the tins
Were broken bits left o'er.

Noo Mrs Kerr was thrifty, so
She pit them intae pokes,
And sold them in "twa-bawbee" bags
Tae a' the weans in Stokes.

In cam yae day a wee bit lad,
His name was Charlie Pitts,
And on the till laid fower bawbees,
He wanted "broken bits."

The laddie had a dirty face
An' hands. She didna' daunt him
Until she said tae Charlie Pitts,
"A bath it is ye're wantin'."

Away ran Charlie, quick's he could.
An' stayed awa' fer lang,
Oor wife thocht he'd gaed fer guid,
But auld Ma Kerr wis wrang.

At last she heard a mummlin' soun',
Which grew intae a clatter.
This awfu' soun' was mixed wi' Charlie's
Feet gaen pit-a-patter.

The clatter stopped ootside her shop,
Ma Kerr near had ten fits,
For in cam' Charlie *wi' a bath*
Tae get his "broken bits"!

ALICE TORKINGTON, Form 3 B.

* * * *

FROM SOUTH AFRICA TO SCOTLAND.

It is a long way from the North Transvaal to Edinburgh, and life in South Africa is very different from life in Scotland. My home was on a farm in the Springbok flats—great stretches of maize and peanut lands, a day's journey north of Johannesburg and 4,000 feet above sea level (Jo'burg is 5,000 feet above). We were about 22 miles from the nearest township, Naboomspruit, and there were mountains beyond that towards Natal. Tracts of veldt are covered with thorn bushes, some thorns being several inches long and some white in colour, giving the impression of snow in winter. These thorns are very sore on car hoods, especially in the farm roads which are just sandy tracks made by waggons drawn by oxen.

Wild buck could be seen on the farms, always at a distance unless surprised ,and Secretary birds were protected by Government as they kill young snakes by seizing them, mounting high and dropping them like stones. The snakes were mostly of venomous type such as black mamba, night adders, pythons, cobras, and rhingals, and I am glad to say that none ever gave me a fright, though several were shot on the farm. Jackals prowled around at night and leopards and lions were not many miles north of the flats.

There were orange, lemon and grape fruit estates at some distance. I visited one named Zebeclelia where there were 12 miles of orange trees just like streets with water flowing along the middle for irrigation purposes.

Kaffirs had their kraals or huts on the farms and owned oxen and mealie lands, young men buying wives in exchange for oxen, and old and young helping to harvest crops, singing and often dancing at their task, with babies lying asleep near at hand.

It seems queer to me to see children buying monkey nuts at the zoo here, when there were tons of them lying about at home. They grow like potatoes, not on trees as many folks here think.

The Kaffirs are very fond of bright coloured articles of clothing. I have seen one feeding pigs with hat and boots of purple colour. They always find a nickname for white persons and their sense of humour is very different from ours. They have their witch doctors and queer customs in the flats still, but are peaceable enough.

There were farmers of many nationalities including Boers who had fought in the Boer war. Scholars have all to learn Afrikaans as well as English in the schools, and in the public places notices have to be displayed in both languages. For instance the numerous gates across farm roads all bear the request "Please shut the gate" and also "Maak as U blief die hek toe." Coming to Scotland was a great adventure when I had not even seen the sea or a ship till I boarded the "Winchester Castle" at Cape Town. The long train journey (1,200 miles) to Cape Town was full of interest.

We landed at Southampton on a wet May morning, duly impressed by the traffic at the docks, and the big American liners beside which our 20,000 ton steamer seemed small. Getting through the Customs was a slow business, as the ship was crowded, then the rapid train journey *via* Winchester to Waterloo Station, London, was soon over. We have no fresh green grass and lovely lawns such as I saw from the train that day—ours is coarse and darker. I spent several days sight-seeing—St. Paul's, Westminster, The Tower, The Zoo, National Galleries, etc.—what a jumble it all seems to me now! Then came the day's journey to Edinburgh from King's Cross passing York, Durham, Berwick-on-Tweed, and at last reaching Edinburgh, the best of the lot.

Scotland and South Africa are both fine countries, but I have not yet decided which I like better.

MARGARET LAW, Form 3 C.

THE PIPING.

Piper, play me a song of joy,
  For I am young.
And let the lilt be quick and gay—
As my heart is light. Now, piper, play
  One yet unsung.

Piper, play it not yet so fast,
  It is too gay.
My slow feet cannot keep the measure,
O'er full the music is of pleasure,
  Of woe, too, play.

Piper, pray, now cease your song
  For I am old.
And life no more seems dance and song,
It is, I ween, for me too long,
  My blood is cold.

BETTY BRIDEN, Form 3 C.

* * * *

A PEEP AT THRUMS.

September! the sun shines with a mellow light on the quaint little village of Thrums, with its golden fields of grain, purple hills, and little white-washed cottages, wherein wrinkle-faced old women can be seen through open doorways spinning and weaving by their glowing peat fires.

A little world by itself it is, crowning a hill top, undisturbed save by its own problems and happenings. Not caring to play with other children we see a little boy sitting by the fire, elbows on knees, his chin cupped in his hands watching the spinning and listening to the gossip, pensively dreaming and imagining.

This is Thrums, the real Thrums, immortalized by the little dreamer. Come with me and have another peep! True, there are cars and motor buses racing up and down the hills, but the bluetits and the swallows still fly over them. Here, at the top of the hill is still seen THE little window, such a little window, yet so much can be observed from it.

Down the hill we meander for a read and a quiet afternoon in Caddam Wood. All the way is peopled with the characters who step from the pages of Sir J. M. Barrie's

books. Don't we feel thrilled as we pass along the Windy Gowl where the gipsy met the Little Minister! Such a world of people we should have missed if that little boy had not wanted to dream!

DOROTHY M. IMRIE, Form 3 D.

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PROVERBS IN 2 A.

A girl in 2 A is worth two in any other class.
Look before you come into 2 A's classroom.
There's no place like 2 A's classroom.
The absent are always in the wrong in 2 A.
One cannot please all the world and one's teacher.
Do not reckon without your teacher.
Anything may happen in 2 A.
Sufficient unto 2 A are the gymnastics thereof.
Talk while the teacher isn't looking.
One cannot think of everything.
Let sleeping girls lie.
The better the day, the worse the lessons.
She who sleeps misses lessons.
Better apply to the teacher than to your neighbour.
All is not wrong that is copied.
Everything comes to her who hears it whispered.
The more Latin you have, the less you want.

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

THE RIVER'S SONG.

Hurry along, hurry along
('Tis the ceaseless talk in my happy song.)
To the great wide sea
And the soft, white clouds
Which I see far above
In their own mystic shrouds.
And my whispering voice sings that endless song.
Hurry along, hurry along.

Hurry along, hurry along
('Tis my own refrain; 'tis my own sweet song)
Past the waving corn
And the poppies gay,
Till I come to the sea
And the clear, blue bay.
And still in my heart will I sing this song,
Hurry along, hurry along.

DOREEN MICHIE, Form 2 A.

IDEAS.

When I was told to write an essay for the school magazine the first difficulty I met was, what to write about. If we had been given a subject such as "My Pets," or "Objects of interest in Edinburgh," or even "Ghosts," we should have been more or less at home, but to find something new is not so easy.

When Charles Dickens wrote "Nicholas Nickleby" he knew what he was writing about, by experience of the schools of his day, but as he has already changed these by his writing he has left me nothing to say on school reform. Although, should our School Authorities ever consult me, I could suggest some very drastic reforms, which would make life more congenial and interesting for Form 2 B!

I have found thoughts expressed when reading, which have at some time been my own in some vague way, and have felt that if I had been able to express these thoughts, I might have written them as well as any other. These expressions of dim thoughts seem to me to be Ideas. It is just possible that some stern inspector of school progress may read this paper, and thinking that "Ideas" is a good subject for an essay, set it as a test for some Higher Certificate examination, in the near future, in which event I sincerely sympathize with the unfortunate class and hope I am not a member of it, because I have no more ideas left.

NORAH H. SMITH, Form 2 B.

* * * *

IN A LOCH NESS HOTEL.

Waken, lazy house-maids,
Get up and do your jobs,
Dust the floors and make the beds,
And polish up the knobs.

For there is a creature,
Who's come here to-day.
And all the folks from far and near
Are coming here to stay.

So maids get out your dusters,
And mops, both which are clean.
Here comes our own Prime Minister,
I thought he'd bring the Queen!

SHEILA ROSS, Form 2 B.

* * * *

DREAMS.

One foggy day I went for a walk in London and found myself in a silent empty house near Bond Street, in the hall of which I settled down to dream near an old grandfather clock. I had been ill and my legs were still shaky, so I had to sit down and rest on the foot step of the stairs. I couldn't think why the clock was left in an empty house. "Why, I thought to myself, "what a silly thing to do! Fancy leaving an expensive clock in an empty house." There was a reason too, though I did not know it then. Nobody knew it except the old clock itself, the dull walls, and the creaking floorboards. As a matter of fact it was Floor Boards who told me the reason, as I sat dreamily in the gloaming. Somehow I was not in the least astonished when he spoke to me—it was as if I had been expecting it.

"Once upon a time," he began abruptly in a monotonous voice, "in this very house lived a gay young couple, newly married. They furnished the house, buying that old clock over there. Now in that clock lived old Father Time with his six children, Hour, Day, Week, Month, Year, and Century. Hour was the youngest and a regular little scallywag he was. He was always playing tricks on someone or other. Now *his* job was to hit a little bell which was hidden away inside Old Clock, a certain number of times, in fact the number at which Clock pointed his hand. But the scallyway had no intention of doing *that*—he thought it much funnier to hit the bell one time more, or one time less. His poor old father grew angrier and angrier every day, and tried all sorts of punishments, but all to no purpose. Hour paid no heed whatsoever. Meanwhile the people in the house were getting quite worried. They wound old Clock regularly and yet he did not strike correctly. At last, they called a watchmaker in—a wise old man—to find out what was the matter. The watchmaker's name was Generation, and so, looking at the clock, he at once saw his grandson, Hour, seated by the bell doing nothing. Immediately Generation spoke sharply to him and told him to behave himself or else he would be severely punished. But Hour only laughed at him. Then Generation grew angry and said that because Hour was rude, his job would be taken from him, and as he spoke Hey Presto! the bell vanished and Hour could find nothing to strike. The people in the house thought Generation was mad, and asked him to leave. At last Day departed, and still no hours had been struck. The young people were by now firmly convinced that the clock was bewitched. Somehow, Hour had managed to get a bell, so he determined to have some fun, but whenever Father Time was in he did not dare strike it, so that the hours occasionally struck *wrongly*, but more often did not strike at all. The couple moved to a bigger house not long after, but they left the clock behind them. In fact, it's here now as you can see," Floorboards concluded. "Oh, but of course," he added hastily, "Hour is still in disgrace, and I see him occasionally sitting mournfully beside the open space where the bell used to be. Now Good-night, my dear," and his voice sank into silence.

I sauntered slowly down the road thinking over the story. Suddenly I experienced a burning desire to see Hour and I hurried back down the road to the old house. Opening the door, I found the clock had disappeared and the hall was newly papered and furnished. I quietly slipped into the street and closed the door. "A dream," I said to myself, "only a dream." But down in my heart I felt I knew better. That was no dream—of that I was sure. What was that? Oh, only a clock striking eleven! My legs were still weak. I was nervous. I increased my pace and soon I disappeared of the street, hidden in the night fog . . . . Dream? . . . . The mournful hoot of fog sirens from the river followed me into the gloom . . . .

BETTY STEWART, Form 2 D.

* * * *

"FIRE PICTURES."

At night time when the shadows fall,
And leap and dance upon the wall,
I crouch upon the floor and gaze,
Into a dark and dreary maze.

And there amongst the embers red,
I see a dragon lying dead,
While, by its side on charger grey,
A knight is decked in bright array.

A castle in the darkness lies,
Towering up to azure skies,
And there a lady fair I see,
Who seems to be beckoning straight to me.

But alas! the shadows die,
And here again in the world am I,
To hear the other people say,
That now is the end of another day.

GLADYS LAMB, Form 2 C.

* * * *

ILLUSION.

John Moore sauntered jauntily along the road, whistling as he went. It was a dark, moonless night and the road was a lonely one, but John Moore had no fears. The only things in the world he feared were—cats! Cats! The very thought made him stop whistling and shudder. He glanced cautiously along the road. But he wasn't going to be afraid of shadows! Why! there was nothing to fear. All the cats in the district were safely tucked up by now.

He resumed his whistling and began to think of the party he was going to. What fun they'd have! Sybil and Jim always gave good parties. Wonder if Sybil's pretty sister will be there? Was that a cat? His heart stood still. A bush! He laughed rather shakily and went on. All the world seemed filled with queer slinking shadows, each one

putting its back up and spitting as it passed John. Nonsense! He must hurry on, he'll be late. But—but what is that in front? Two great golden eyes gleaming at him. An enormous cat! Fancy being afraid of a cat! But its eyes were moving from side to side as if looking for something. And it was coming towards him! John Moore turned and fled . . . . .

Further along the road two small boys, carrying torches were wondering why on earth the gentleman had run away when he saw them. And now they didn't know the time. However they'd better run just in case they were late. No good risking a licking.

ELINOR GINSBURG, Form 1 B.

* * * *

A BOOKLAND ROMANCE.

Tonight as I sit by the fire,
The paper in my hand,
As I sit, here come one by one
The sights from fair Bookland.

The "News" is changed to "Bookland Times,"
And as I sit I read,
"A marriage is arranged between,"
To Bookland this must lead.

And now before me clear I see,
A figure tall and fair.
A mystery round her entwines,
'Tis Alice from Wonderland rare.

Next comes a handsome boy along,
And stands beside the maid.
He's Peter Pan, the only boy
Who can't grow up, 'tis said.

Kind Mr March the chaplain is,
To join them hand in hand,
And all the little fairy folk,
As bridesmaids take their stand.

Then off upon their honeymoon,
To Treasure Island bound,
They start, amid the joyous cheers
That happily do sound.

And now, the wedding's over,
I come out of my trance.
But I have been made happy,
By old Bookland's great romance.

KATHLEEN MACDONALD, Form 1 C.

* * * *

BUNTY'S TALK WITH THE POLICEMAN.

A solitary little girl was standing sadly on the kerb, looking around in dismay. She was about five years old. A friendly policeman, seeing that she was nearly weeping, approached her and touched her gently on the arm.

"*Policeman.*—" Well, young lady, where are you going to?"

Bunty.—" Don't know."

P.—" Where have you come from?"

B.—" Don't know."

P.—" I suppose you are lost. What's your name?"

B.—" Bunty."

P.—" What's your mother's name?"

B.—" Mrs Bunty."

P.—" Well you just stand on the island while I regulate this traffic, and then I'll help you to find your mother."

B.—" What's it called an island for? There isn't any sea."

P.—" Do not ask silly questions. It's called an island because it is in the middle of the road."

B.—" Oh! I see. Where's the slice of bread in each hand?"

P.—" What are you talking about now?"

B.—" The slice of white bread you should hold in each hand."

P.—" Why should I hold a slice of bread in each hand?"

B.—" To get the traffic jam. My Daddy told me that."

P.—" Your Daddy has only been telling you a funny story, which is not true."

B.—" Oh! I'se so sorry. I wanted to taste traffic jam."

P.—" Will you please stand still."

B.—" All right. What are all the buttons for?"

P.—" My dear child, will you please refrain from asking questions!"

B.—" I can't 'frain from asking. I like asking."

P.—" Be quiet."

B.—" All right. Give me a button, Mr Policeman."

P.—" No!"

B.—" What do you have that string on your chin for? Does it not hurt you? Put it down a bit, Mr Policeman, please do."

P.—" I cannot put it down. Every other policeman wears it there."

B.—" Where? On your chin? Oh! what a shame! Why don't they wear it on their own chins?"

P.—" They do. Speak some sense, for goodness' sake."

B.—" All right. Oh! Look! There's my mummy. Hullo mummy, I'se just been speaking to Mr Policeman. Ta-ta, Mr Policeman."

P.—" Bye-bye. My word, I've never seen such a good cross examiner in all my life."

ANNIE PATERSON, Form 1 C.

* * * *

FROM THE TOP CORRIDOR.

Form 6 provides a strictly *unofficial* criticism of the 1st XI.:—

Wee modest yellow-bloused things,
From "goalie" forward to the "wings,"
List to this tale and what it brings,
Come, gather, hear!
No harm is meant if harsh it sings,
So now draw near.

The Captain she is very sweet
No other "half" her style can meet,
Her stick clings fondly round her feet
And down she goes.
Then up again, and on to beat
Her worthy foes.

Then, each " wing " holds a matchless maid,
Who'd put the others in the shade
But a stupid " inner " her pass betrayed
And missed it quite.
" She ought to pass it back," you've said,
Perhaps you're right.

The " backs " form quite a hefty weight
They're always there as sure as fate,
Especially round the orange plate
They're strong and mighty,
They talk and play—the *talk* is great
But somewhat flighty !

The others of the team are bold,
And all the time keep calm and cold,
Like sheep who rush straight foı the fold
They rush about.
But of the team that they're the gold
There is no doubt.

Form 6 also sees itself as a Herbaceous Border.

H. M.	Black Tulip.
M. H. F.	Snawdreep.
M. W.	Wallflower.
E. L.	Rambler Rose.
E. C.	Love-in-a-Mist.
B. L.	Passion Flower.
M. D.	Heartsease.
M. G. F.	Rosemary.
E. E. H.	Forget-me-not.
S. M'D.	Tom Thumb Nasturtium.
M. J. H.	None-so-Pretty.
C. H.	Love-in-Idleness.

From Form 5 comes a little scene obviously inspired by Mr Beverley Nichols :—

SCENE—The Science Room.

(*Enter a Senior Girl and a Junior.*)

S.G.—Well, here's the science room.

J.G.—Oh ! What do you do here ?

S.G.—We do experiments. You know, testing things and—well, testing things.

J.G.—What do you experiment with ?

S.G.—With apparatus, of course.

J.G.—What's apparatus ?

S.G.—Pieces of stuff that never work because of the damp.

J.G.—Oh ! I see. Who's that funny man over there with his head inside the oven thing as if he was gassing himself ?

S.G.—I wish he would ! Oh, that's Mr ——, our science master. He's making something in the fume cupboard.

J.G.—What's the fume cupboard ?

S.G.—It's a thing that's supposed to keep in the horrid smell of gases, but it just seems to spread them about.

J.G.—What's the man doing now ?

S.G.—He's putting some ink into a jar of gas in order to bleach it.

J.G.—What does " to bleach it " mean ?

S.G.—To take the colour out of it.

J.G.—Well, why doesn't it bleach it ?

S.J.—Because it's school ink.

J.G.—Yes, but why should——

At this point the man turns round and the two girls walk quickly out of the Science Room.

From Form 5 also comes the following interesting Health Note :—

" The M.O.H. (or so it seems) must have noticed the general added weight of the pupils of J.G.H.S., owing to the ' goodies ' on sale at the Bunstall. To remedy this and ' retain that schoolgirl figure ' the abovenamed stall has been transferred to the lowest part of the building. This gives the pupils an extra flight of stairs to fall down, and each prospective buyer must wearily ' hike ' to the Bunstall. After this she leaves, a much mishandled purchaser, to circumtrot the playground, plus a paper bag, under the gaze of many interested outsiders. Fresh Air and Walking are *so* advantageous to the Health and Well-being of Pupils."

From Form 3 we have a topical adaptation of Coleridge :—

" It is a teacher young and dark
And he stoppeth one of three.
" Now wherefore, O most reverend sir,
Dost lay thine hand on me ?

The bell has struck for Algebra,
And I dare not be late,
Great Mr —— awaits me now,
O sir, I fear my fate."

He holds her with his keen blue eye,
" There is a mark," quoth he.
" I beg you, sir, pray let me go,
'Tis now five past, you see."

" Dost dare depart, thou foolish one ?
There is a mark, see here ! "
The wretched scholar wrung her hands
At these words dark and drear.

" Report to me at 3.15
For such a direful sin.
Take fifty lines for that black mark
Thou hast against Roslin ! "

Is it the influence of broadcasting, or merely the spirit of the age, that prompts the use, by both Form 6 and Form 3, of dance-tune titles instead of literary quotations, to describe school personalities, as thus :—

" You've got me walking on the tip of my toes."—*A. L. A.*
" I liked his little black moustache."—*J. W.*
" The girl in the little green hat."—*C. M'L.*
" Who's afraid of the big bad wolf ? } *Any Inspector.*
" Did my heart beat ? "
" My hat on the side of my head."—*H. A. M.*
" No funny business."—*F. J. S.*
" I'm no angel."—*Any Prefect.*
" When I hear your voice."—*W. S.*
" Look what you've done."—*A. C. M.*

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

SALVAGE.

In the first two terms of this year the Editors were haunted by a fear of having to write the Magazine as well as edit it ! To approach the Magazine Box hopefully, open it, and be greeted with two car tickets and one chocolate wrapping is enough to daunt any Editor. But in the end the school, no doubt stimulated by the four really excellent posters which appealed for contributions, did not fail us, and as in previous years, our problem has been to select from an almost bewildering mass of material.

Forms 4 A and 4 B, 2 A and 2 B have been our most willing contributors. A certain stupid answer to a pointless riddle comes into our minds—" the higher it gets, the fewer." That is really true, applied to the Magazine. Forms 5 and 6, whether owing to lack of inspiration or to pre-occupation with graver matters, have shown much less inclination to write for it than have lower forms. Of individual contributors we should like to mention and thank Dorothy Minck (4 A), Annie Vint (4 B), Betty Briden (3 C), Mary Mallinson (3 D), and Doreen Michie (2 A), each of whom gave us a choice of several articles or poems.

There was this year an interesting variety of subject-matter. The old, old themes, such as " A Day in the Country," " Spring," or " A Visit to the Castle," have been given a welcome rest ! We received several reflective essays, such as " Queer People " from 4 A (rejected only after careful consideration) and " Music in Poetry,' which we are glad to print as a type of article new to our Magazine. We should welcome other such expositions of literary enthusiasm ; it is good to find an occasional contributor who is not afraid to be " high-brow " nor determined at all costs to be humorous.

We remind all disappointed contributors that the Editors must consider other factors besides the intrinsic merit of material sent in. We must have variety, and a due balance of serious and humorous, prose and verse articles. This need for variety accounts for the exclusion of the pen-portrait, " A Modern Robinson Crusoe " from 4 B, and of " His Dream " from 3 A, " Reverie " from 4 B, and " My

Vision " from 2 D. The latter three were all good of their kind, but we have printed a good many such dream fantasies of recent years.

Then, so far as possible, we wish to represent all classes. On merit alone, all the contributions from Form 4 might have been printed, but we could not crowd out the work of the lower forms. We regret that nothing sufficiently good for print came from Forms 1 A, 1 D, or 1 E.

Unsuitability of subject accounts for several rejections. The best-written story of the year—" Here is an S.O.S." from 3 A—was reluctantly judged too grim for a school magazine, dealing as it did with a suicide. The edifying poem, " One Glass More " from 2 A, seemed also unsuitable in subject, and a really amusing survey of the Secondary School staff, from 3 D, was too personal to be safely printable !

We are glad to find several pupils experimenting with dialect—difficult to do well, but worth trying. We have printed two Scots pieces, but a quite entertaining conversation, from 3 D, had to be omitted because the writer became somewhat confused between Irish and Cockney dialects.

Parodists have been fewer this year and none of the parodies was good enough to print in full, though this one from 2 A begins well :—

" This school is too much for us ; late and soon,
Learning and reading we exhaust our powers.
Little we know that we've not learned for hours.
We have left our books at home—a sordid boon !
This school that bares her roof-top to the moon,
Teachers that will be scolding at all hours
And will upbraid us all—poor sleeping flowers !
For this, for everything, we are out of tune.
It moves us not. Oh Gosh ! I'd rather be
A reaper reaping in a field of corn . . . ."

" Counsel for Last Day of Holidays," from 1 A, has two neat verses :—

" Gather ye class-books while ye may,
The holidays are flying.
And this same girl that smiles to-day
Tomorrow may be sighing.

Then be not weary, use your time,
And while you may be lazy,
For when the school-bell rings its chime,
With work your brain is hazy."

School itself, the glories of individual classes, the woes associated with examinations and conduct marks, inspire various verses more notable for sincerity of feeling than for literary merit ! We like the honest self-satisfaction of this :—

" The best class in school is 3 D,
Of scholars there are twenty-three.
There are none of us duffers
And none of us loafers,
A better class never could be !"

From 1 A comes this " soul-cry " :—

" My brain's about bursting with literal lore,
I'm afraid I'm a failure, I can't work any more,
I'm tired and I'm weary, I'm bruised and I'm sore,
I'm sick of exams., they are such a bore.

It's not that the teachers are ' stuffy ' in school.
It's just that my brain is so horribly full.
Exams. fray my temper, they worry me sick,
I'll hit some one soon with a hard wooden brick !"

And lastly, the spirit of this fragment, from 2 B, surely compensates for its uncertainty in metre :—

" A great row and flowing tears,
A mark that follows fast.
'Tis her third conduct mark,
She's in for it at last !
She's in for it at last, my friends,
While meekly down goes she.
At last when she does reach ' his ' door
She find ' he's ' home for tea !"

It remains for us to thank the members of the Magazine Committee, all our poster-artists, and every contributor, successful or unsuccessful, for the various parts they have played in the making of this year's Magazine.

A. E. F.

REPORT ON COMPETITIONS.

This year we tried the new venture of having a literary competition in each of the first two terms. The results were only moderately encouraging ; we still feel that there exists a tradition that one must take no interest in the school magazine except in the summer term ! Sixteen competitors, however, submitted entries for the Short Story Competition. The general level was not particularly high ; most of the stories either had an insufficient plot and so were mere " sketches " rather than short stories, or had a plot depending on an incredible coincidence. The magazine committee selected for commendation the following stories :—

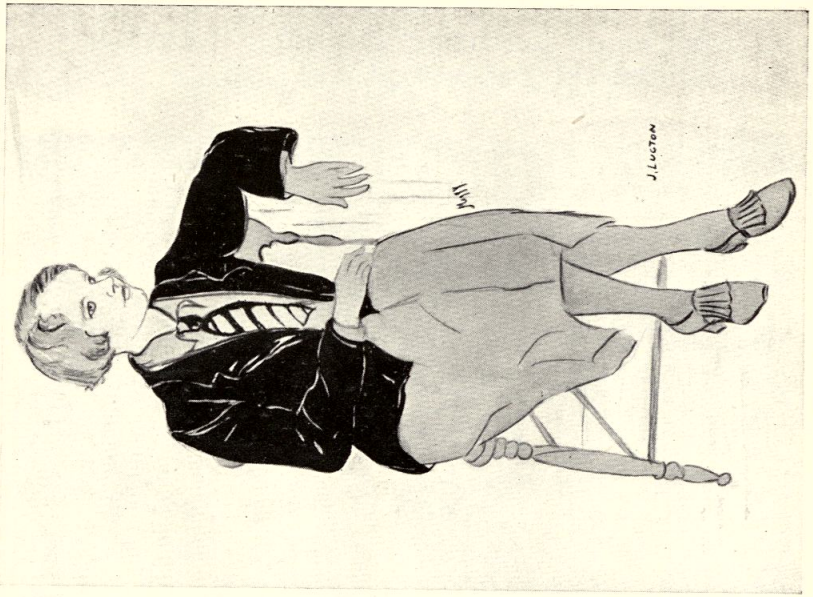
" Sambo's Return," by Doreen Michie (Form 2 A).
" These Aeroplanes !" by Gladys Beattie (Form 3 A).
" Emily," by Caroline Forbes (Form 5 A).
" The Return," by Betty Briden (Form 3 C).
" The Secret of the Dancing Shoes," by Eleanor Ginsburg (Form 1 B).

The winning story, which we print, was " The Gaugers are Comin'," written by Helen C. L. Tarbet, Form 3 B, who receives a book prize and marks to the credit of her house (Spylaw).

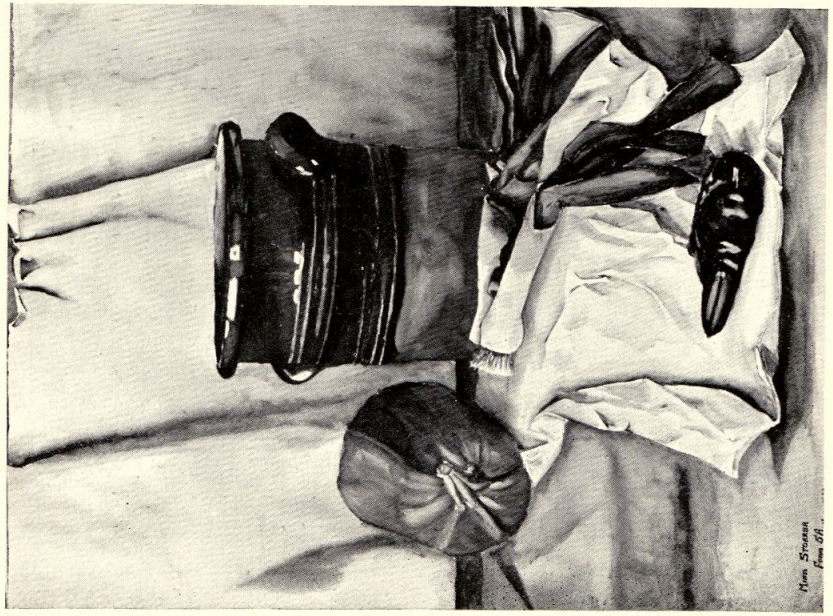
The second term competition—to compose a Limerick on any school topic—was advertised by a particularly effective poster from the Art Department, but very few pupils tried to emulate the " sample " Limericks displayed on it. Only twenty Limericks were submitted, and the committee after careful consideration decided that none of them was sufficiently good to justify the award of a prize. Some entries had to be discarded at once, as likely, if printed, to expose the Editors to libel actions on the part of some of their colleagues ! Let contributors note that the line between good-natured japing at the Lordly Ones, and being impertinent is perilously fine ! After the Limericks which were too personal to be printed, came those where the last line was obviously built round a rhyme, with not much attention

WINNERS OF EDINBURGH EDUCATION COMMITTEE SWIMMING CHALLENGE SHIELD, 1934.

ELSIE TAYLOR. BETTY GALL.
MARJORIE HARRIS. DORIS FRANCKEISS.



JEAN LUGTON, FORM 5A.



MINA M. M. STORRAR, FORM 5A.

to sense. Those which were left after these two classes had been eliminated were all somewhat dull; not one had the compressed wit and unexpectedness of "point" which make a good Limerick. For our readers' amusement, however, we print one or two :—

"James Gillespie plied trade with his snuff,
He for learning could not do enough.
So he gave us a college
To forward our knowledge,
And lifted us out of the rough."

SHEILA CRAIK, Form 3 D.

"There stood a high school in the Links
Whose pupils were fond of high jinks,
For beauty and fun
Those girls took the bun,
In their brains there were never found 'kinks.'"

CAROLINE FORBES, Form 5 A.

"To Paris there once went a party,
Who in Scotland would eat hale and hearty.
But in France they got snails
Mixed with oysters and whales,
And they sighed for an old Scottish 'tartie.'"

ANONYMOUS.

"There was a bad girl of Warrender
Who sinned till the whole house scorned 'er.
One day she was kicked out
The house said with a shout,
'It's her fault entirely—we warned 'er!'"

MARGARET S. GOODING, Form 1 A.

We thank all those pioneers who supported the competitions, and hope that next year's may arouse more enthusiasm.

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

THE GAUGERS ARE COMIN'.

(*Prize-winning Story.*)

" Haste ye, haste ye, Sandy—the *gaugers** are comin'—get rid o' that stuff quick !" Queer words to fall from the lips of a minister, for by his dress, minister he evidently was, this tall gaunt man who tumbled hurriedly off his grey mare.

Sandy Grahame, who combined the trade of farming with the profitable but perilous occupation of illicit whisky distilling, evidently saw what was intended, as he and his visitor, Mr M'Quarrie, the parish minister, stepped inside the bothy door. " I saw them ride past the manse and tak' the Glen road so I slipped the saddle on Meg and cam' across the water and ower the hill—but they canna' be far awa' noo. Juist hae a look oot the window noo and see if they're no' in sicht." Sandy crossed to the window and looked out. Spinning round he said aghast, " Mr M'Quarrie, they're comin ! they'll be here ony minute. Listen !—Mr M'Quarrie and Janet," this last to his wife, " you try an haud them aff an' I'll try to get up the hill wi' a' this, if I'm catched ye ken what tae dae. Weel, I'll be awa' noo for I hear them comin'."

The sound of horses' hooves halted and at a sharp command the men dismounted. The minister and Janet ran to the gate. " Weel and what micht ye be wantin' here ?" The foremost officer stepped up to her and saluted, saying, " Madam, we have a warrant to search your house and property for signs of illicit whisky stills !" " Ye're welcome and I hope ye find some. Ye'll be clever if ye dae," was the good-wife's reply. The officer then caught sight of Mr M'Quarrie and addressed him. " Are you the man of this house ? No ? Then who are you and what are you doing here ?" " Sir, I am John M'Quarrie, the parish minister, and I cam' ower to hae a crack wi' Sandy Graeme aboot kirk funds." The officer again turned to Janet and asked where her husband was. " He is awa' ower the hill wi' the sheep," she answered. " All right—Men break ranks, search the house and all round, but do not break anything. Be very careful."

It was unlucky for Sandy that he was just setting off up the hill bearing the coveted *head and worm*† as the revenue

* The smuggler's name for the excisemen.

† The important part of the still which the excisemen tried to capture.

officers broke ranks. One young officer caught sight of him—as he made off up the hill—and gave chase. Seeing this, Sandy quickened his pace. He had the advantage over his pursuer, for he knew every hole and stone of the hill while the exciseman frequently stumbled over tufts of rank heather, and rabbit holes. The smuggler ran on down the slope to the burnside. The going here was more difficult, for there was only a narrow ledge overhanging the tumbling waters on which to walk, but Sandy was accustomed to such paths and so increased the lead. But was he just running blindly ahead ? No ! he was going to lead his pursuit past the " rocking stane." This he judged would give him a start. Not thinking of the natural trap awaiting him, the officer ran on, thinking that if only he could catch this man and prove him to be a smuggler, he might be promoted. While passing the " rocking stane " he accidentally started it swaying. Thinking that this great boulder had become displaced and was about to crush him he leapt into the middle of the burn, the only thing to do had he really been in danger. When he saw that the stone was quite steady, he thought it must have been his imagination, that the rock had moved. By this time, however, Sandy was quite out of sight, busily engaged in hiding the precious head.

The exciseman quickly dragged himself out of the burn' dripping, muddy and annoyed at having lost his quarry· He decided to return to the bothy and set off down the hill .

He was greeted by a shout of laughter from his fellow officers and the farm hands, all of whom had assembled at the gate. " What have you been doing?" they asked in chorus. He told them how he had chased a smuggler up the hill and just escaped being crushed by a huge boulder. On hearing this our reverend friend renewed his laughter. " Ach, man," he said, " that must hae been ' Daft Davie ' ye were chasin'. He rins aboot the place like a scarecrow. Ye see he has a hody-hole up the brae whar' he keeps a' his money and when ony strange body comes aboot the place he gaes awa' tae it for fear they micht tak' it. As for your stane that must hae been the ' rockin'-stane,' and it wad tak' a gey hard shove to move it." One of the hands then cried, " Hey, look, here's ye're smuggler ' Mester

Gauger" d'ye no' ken him. Hey, Davie, are ye no' comin' ower for a crack?" "Naw, naw," cried the daft shepherd, "ye canna' git me, no, no, ye canna git me. I'm no' comin'." With this he danced off down the road. Believing that he had been taken in, and that there were no smugglers at Auchinleish, the young exciseman joined in the laugh at his expense.

They all went into the bothy and—including their unfortunate companion, now in dry garments—supped steaming brose and ate bannocks and cheese until at last, as the afternoon was wearing on, the captain rose. "Well, we must be riding again if we are to get back before dark. Good-day to you Madam, and to you, Sir—and thank you for your hospitality. Come along men, get to saddle and we'll be off again." Much to their relief, Janet and the minister watched the troop canter off round the bend of the road.

As they turned back to the house, Sandy himself appeared, having evidently been in hiding nearby, awaiting the departure of the exciseman. "Weel, weel, meenister, that wis a gey narrow shave and it's thanks to ye I'm no' awa' wi' they chiels the nicht—I doot I'll need to be pittin' in an appearance at the Kirk on Sabbath, and maybe a wee coggie o' what they missed wadna' come amiss at the Manse."

HELEN C. L. TARBET, Form 3 B.

* * * *

HOWLERS.

It would seem that the race of unconscious humorists is becoming extinct in our school. Every year the howlers become fewer—a tribute, it may be, to the intelligence and accuracy of our pupils, but a loss to the Magazine!

We beg to present this year's rather scanty harvest.

Mrs Malaprop again :—

"The elders walked up the vestige to the pulpit."
"" A dust-bin was provided for refuge."
"The ancient Britons sailed the rivers in caramels."
"The Acquisition was used freely to force people to confess."
"Sheffield is notorious for its cutlery."
"I cannot recoil the rest of the story."
"Bishop Latimer was burned on a charge of hearsay."
"In the East visitors are carried about in kickshaws."
"Use that lace to infringe your dress."
"We must decapitate our prefect this term."
"That society is run on Ethiopian (Utopian) lines."

What "simplified spelling" can do :—

"The dreadful sound was from a canon on the ship." (A clerical error?)
"The water was as blue as the loveliest cornflour."
"Money is the route of all evil."

Two cases for the S.P.C.A. :—

"St Francis preached to the leopards."
"The Archduck was murdered."

Curious interpretations :—

"When the hurly-burly's done"—a hurly-burly is an instrument played in the streets.
"They were full of sanguine speculations."—Sanguine speculations means blood-red hopes.
"A ranger, lady, winds his horn."—A ranger is a kind of footballer.

The same interest in topical things which inspired the last, was evidently responsible for the statement that Pitt's colleague in the war period was the Duke of Tynecastle, and for a nine-year-old's innocent reply to the question, "Mention any Irish products you may see on your way home";—"The Irish sweep." "Innocent," because on being asked what that meant, she replied—"The man that sweeps our chimneys!"

Cynicisms:—

"Shakespeare says that the joy of love belongs to the presents."

"Alas! Burns became up-to-date and could not pay."

A pleasing ambiguity:—

"Sir Mortimer loved a lady but did not press the subject."

Lastly, two examples of Brighter French:—

"*Aprês la guerre* (after the war) *le roi tomba malade,*" was translated—"After the cheese the king felt ill."

"*Une actresse était venue en poste*" (an actress had come by coach) became "an actress had come by post."

+ + + +

FROM THE SENIORS.

LOST IN A FOG.

It looked rather a nice day and Sheila and Derrick Tulloch accompanied by Margaret and James Grieve decided to climb Goat Fell. They were spending their holidays in Brodick and so far, nothing exciting had happened. The party set off about 10 a.m. They wore light clothes and each carried a haversack.

When they reached the top they sat down to have lunch, and no one noticed some little clouds roll by. When they were in the midst of some fun and laughter Sheila happened to look at the sky, and remarked that it was getting overcast and in any case they had better be getting home. By the time they had their haversacks packed, and were ready to proceed down, there was a mass of fog, swirling and sweeping round the peak.

They could not find the path, no matter how they tried, and at last Derrick spied a grassy slope going off to the left. Jimmy said that it was not the path by which they had come up, but, as they could find no other, Sheila decided that it must be the right one. After following what appeared to be a grassy path they found it only led to the brink of a yawning precipice. This made Margaret very downhearted! They turned back and went down another way, but again they found themselves confronted by a deep gully. With sinking hearts they remembered how, the previous year, a young Glasgow student had fallen down a precipice called the "Devil's Cauldron" and had been killed outright. By now Margaret was in tears and her friend, Sheila, was trying to comfort her. Again they turned back and when they were almost at their wits' end, Derrick spied, about a yard away from himself, a ball of silver paper which he had dropped on the way up.

This, he decided, was a sign of rescue, and they soon discovered the path. Late that evening, four weary worn travellers arrived at the boarding-house only wishing for peaceful excursions for the rest of the holidays.

JEAN ROSS, 3 Senior A.

THE WATER RAT.

One day while walking through a wood
I paused just where the shingle stood,
And there a little stream flowed by
Unharmed by Man's great dam foreby,
As towards the sea it whirled along
It danced and sang the reeds among,
Soft ripples of delight it gave,
And gurgled over stones.

I noticed all, and would have passed along,
Without more than a passing glance,
At all the river's throng—
When suddenly, my eye was caught
A little movement in the reeds,
And there, with soft, brown, sleeky
Fur—the water rat, feeds.

He pricked up his little ears,
And brushed his whiskers—ere he fled,
Into the reeds, and thence—the river bed.

"A little incident," you may say,
But still it made me want to—nay—
Long for the day when once again,
A little water rat comes to my ken.

MARGARET MILLS, 3 Senior A.

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

SHOES CALLING.

"Hello every-body! This is a pair of black lacing shoes going to speak to you. Well, folks, I have just celebrated my first birthday so you can imagine I am not exactly handsome. I'll tell you a little secret though, my colour was originally brown but my owner's mother decided to give me a coat of black shoe-dye and really I've responded wonderfully to the treatment. In fact I look months younger.

"Now I must tell you a bit about the person who daily ill-uses me. He is a small boy, six years old, and as ful

of mischief as can be. He puts me on his little feet every morning and off he goes to school. I am made to kick every ash-bucket and I'm sure every stone, until at last I arrive, aching, scratched, and sore, at the school playground. Before I can recover myself, I find that I'm taking part in a game of football. More kicks and blows come my way, and just as I am about to give way in parts I hear the school bell ring. Ah! that bell is as the sweetest music to me. I know that about three hours of quiet rest are in store for me as my owner must perforce sit at his desk. This peaceful time soon passes and I find myself coming home in the same hectic fashion as I came to school.

"My afternoons are spent on the pedals of a fairy cycle. I get so dizzy after a few hours of going round and round on those pedals, that when tea-time comes I am so stupid I can hardly realise that another day of my hard life is over. How grateful I am to sink into the dark quietness of the shoe cupboard, and, with a sign of contentment, enjoy a well-earned repose. Good-night, everybody!"

SHEILA CLARK, 3 Senior B.

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

A DAY DREAM.

On my way to school one morning, when the bus had passed Holyrood House, and gone on its way up the Canongate, I seemed to forget my surroundings. Gone was the Canongate so familiar to me by my daily journeys—the shabby old buildings, the children on their way to school, the passing motor traffic, and the groups of unemployed at the corners.

The houses seemed to have taken on an air of old-world elegance, and I heard the sound of horses' hooves. It was Mary, Queen of Scots herself, and her courtiers, riding over the cobble stones. From the windows peeped the aristocrats of the period, while others walked along the streets. Among those who were walking I noticed a bearded gentleman who looked at the passing cavalcade with apparent disfavour. I realised, to my joy, that this gentleman was John Knox. Just as I was becoming familiar with this scene a jolt brought me back to earth. The driver had put on his brakes to avoid knocking down a little girl.

My dream was over and I realised that this was 1934 and I was just a modern schoolgirl on my way to school to grapple with the many problems of the day.

VICTORIA GILLANDERS, 3 Senior C.

* * * *

THE SUNSET.

I remember it, as if it were yesterday, how I watched a golden ball of fire roll across from peak to peak of the mountain, turning the brooklets into path-ways of gold rippling towards a golden sea.

A little island in the middle of the golden sea was turned into an enchanting fairy palace of scarlet and gold, and the rock pools quivered as a jet black band of cloud glided across the dying sun that sank slowly behind the mountains of purple and blue.

AUDREY BARKER, 2 Senior A.

* * * *

MOODS.

Nanny, I wish you'd speak to John ;
One of his moods is most terribly on ;
He's sitting and sulking and blocking the stairs,
And, Nanny, he's not said his morning prayers.

Since he's been made to take care of the pup,
He thinks he's been growing most terribly up ;
And, Nanny, you must get him out of the habit,
For, Nanny, he's not fed a single rabbit.

I asked if I might play " scapegoat " too,
And all he said was, " I'll scape goat you."
At lunch he was making queer faces ;
And, Nanny, he didn't say both of the graces.

Nanny, I wish you'd speak to John ;
One of his moods is terribly on ;
For, Nanny, it's rotten with brothers like bears ;
And, Nanny, he's not said his evening prayers.

JEAN SHAND, 2 Senior A.

A NAUGHTY ELF.

I know a naughty little Elf,
Who never can behave himself,
He beats his drum when grandma's cap
Is nodding for a cosy nap,
He leaves his books upon the floor,
For Uncle James to stumble o'er.

This naughty Elf upset the milk,
He tangled Auntie's ball of silk.
He went to school with dirty shoes,
Though very sure a mark to lose.
He lost a pen and spilled the ink,
This naughty Elf—" I didn't think."

JEAN BENNET, 2 Senior B.

* * * *

THE BATTLE OF THE BLOCKS.

" Z—Z—Z—umph, Z—z—"

" Bother, I do wish " Z " would stop snoring," said " X " crossly. " He quite puts me off my balance." (Here I might add that " X " always " went in " for gymnastics and was at that minute trying to stand on one of his corners.

" So *very* vulgar," chirruped the five lady Vowels, " I really wonder what the world is coming to. In *our* young d——" " And in such an unc-c-c-sislized attitude," interrupted " S " who was always trying to show off by using long words but never could pronounce them properly.

" A " had been listening to this recital with some impatence, and immediately he stopped speaking, she burst out with her tale, but no sooner had she said the " Oh dear," at the beginning than " O " hearing her name apparently being called, hurried forward with an eager, " Yes, dear ?"

" Not you," said " A " quite angrily, for she hated being interrupted. " I—" Who said, " Not ' U ' ?" cried that person testily. " Er—em—" said " A " confusedly, whereupon " U " immediately turned upon " M " and demanded an explanation.

Words led to blows and soon all the Letter Blocks were fighting—all, that is to say except the four lady Vowels

for whom the shocking spectacle of one of their prim sisters fighting with " those common letters " had been too much—in other words, they had all fainted quietly away !

Next morning when Elsie, the maid, came into the nursery to dust, she saw all the Blocks lying strewn on the floor, most of them with broken corners, and, as she piled them in amongst the other toys, she felt sure she heard a voice (though afterwards she felt equally sure it was only her imagination) say in a hoarse whisper, " I say, are you sure my black eye doesn't show *too* much ?"

DOREEN HALLIDAY, 2 Senior B.

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

MARY.

Mary was a terror,
Mary frightened me,
Mary was a naughty girl
When she came to tea.

Mary threw my books about,
Mary kicked my cat,
Mary put on mother's coat
And father's bowler hat.

LENA M'DONALD, 2 Senior C.

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

THE WOODS.

In the quiet and mossy woods,
The primrose grows in shady nooks ;
And little rabbits scamper round,
Their small soft feet do make no sound.

The tall slender trees, so fresh and green,
Are the prettiest ones I've ever seen,
When the sun disappears behind the hill,
Then everything is quiet and still.

ZENA BALFOUR, 2 Senior C.

BETH'S DIAMOND.

(*Characters in order of appearance.*)

BETH—a little six-year-old girl.
JACK—her nine-year-old brother.
JOHN—his twin.
MONA—their twelve-year-old sister.
Mrs GRAHAM—their mother.
A POLICEMAN.

Scene—Front parlour in Beth's house.

———

Beth is playing with her dolls at schools, and has seated them against the sofa.

Beth (*calling the register*).—" Mary Ann " (*in a different voice*) " Present. Rag Doll, Present ; China Doll, Present Teddy Bear, Present ; Golliwog, Absent. Dear me, where is that Golly ? I suppose he's in the toy cupboard."

[*Goes to toy cupboard and lifts out Golly.*]

Beth.—" You bad boy, come here at once—" (*then breaks off suddenly on catching sight of a glittering stone in the corner of the toy cupboard.*)

Beth.—" Oo, what a lovely stone !" (*Runs to it, picks it up and lets Golly fall into an armchair. Beth plays with it awhile but stops on hearing the dinner gong*).

[*Exit Beth.*]

[*Enter Jack and John.*]

Jack—" Oh, hullo ! where did that come from ? I believe its a real diamond."

John—" Let me see it."

Jack—" No, it's mine. I found it first."

John—" That's no reason I can't see it." (*A quarrel is about to begin when Mona enters*).

Mona—" Now, now, boys, don't quarrel. But, what are you quarrelling about ?"

John—" He's found a stone, which he thinks is a real diamond, and he won't let me see it."

Mona—" Let me see it " (*Jack hands it over sulkily.*)

Mona—" It *is* a real diamond, I wonder how it got in here. I'll tell mother and she'll 'phone to the police."

[*Exit Mona.*]

Jack—(*proudly*)" There, you can't get to see it after all, *I* saw it."

John—" Well, you might have let me see it."
Jack—" But I didn't."

[*Enter Beth.*]

Beth (*looking round*)—" Where's my pretty stone?"
Jack—" Mona's got it, pet."
Beth—" Where is Mona?"
Jack—" In mother's room showing her the precious stone."

[*Exit Beth.*[

John—" Well, you see, Beth found it before you, so you can't claim the reward."
Jack—" All right, have it your own way."
(*Enter Mother, Mona, Beth, and the Policeman.*)
Policeman (*to mother*)—" Now, who found this diamond?"
Mother—" *I* didn't, Mona did."
Mona—" *I* didn't, Jack did."
Jack—" *I* didn't, Beth did."
Beth—" It was I who found it."

]*Curtain.*]

KATHERINE RAMSAY, 1 Senior A.

* * * *

THE SILVER BALL.

There was once a fair princess named Jean, who was very pretty. Princess Jean was very happy playing in the palace gardens but she could not be perfectly happy without a certain silver ball which she longed for day and night. This coveted silver ball was in a distant witch's power of whom everyone was afraid.

There lived not very far from the palace a woodman's son, named Eric. He had a handsome, sunburnt face and fair curly hair which ruffled in the breeze. What more could one want? He resolved to try to obtain the silver ball and give it to the princess. Eric (for that was his name) took leave of his parents and set off, his heart full of hope.

As he journeyed on he saw a little mouse being chased by a cat. Picking the mouse up he put it into his pocket for safety and went on.

As he went along a rabbit ran panting in front of him. Tenderly picking it up he hastened on. It was growing dark so Eric found a suitable cave where they could pass the night. Next morning a roar rent the early air. Eric hastily dressed and when he looked out he perceived a young lion lying with an arrow in his side. He withdrew it and tended the wound so carefully that the lion was soon better again. Travelling on, the now fast friends, soon reached the witch's house which was surrounded by a high wall.

Eric and his pets trying to climb the wall were suddenly caught in a net and thrown into a deep pit. They were lamenting their fate when the mouse commenced to gnaw at the rope and all were soon free. The rabbit by his master's orders burrowed a little hole leading out of the pit, while Eric scooped the rest out with his hands. The hole was now big enough for them to crawl through and what was their surprise when they found themselves on the earthen-floored court-yard.

Fortunately the witch was away so they went in and recovered the silver ball but before they could make their escape the witch had returned. The lion, eager to help his young master, sprang upon her and killed her. Going back the way they came, they were soon at the palace. Princess Jean was delighted with the silver ball and married Eric who was quite willing.

The lion, the rabbit and the mouse, remained his beloved friends and they lived happy ever after.

MARGUERITE COMBEY, 1 Senior B.

* * * *

THE LAKE.

Minnows darting to and fro in the silvery lake,
Baby ducks do swim and dive in the white swan's wake
The Lady Willow spreads her leaves and sheds her tears of woe,
While on the bank the blackbird chirps, he is the worm's worst foe.

Golden flow'rets on the bank do toss their spritely heads,
And old, old frogs do croak, and croak, they've just come
from their beds,
The water-lilies too, are there in grandeur and in white,
They float, and float, and then they close when day has
drawn to night.

I'd love to own that lake myself and sit there all the day,
The cowslips and the willow too are green and fresh and gay,
The blackbird trills his merry lay and sings with all his
might,
And in the sunlit afternoon the lake is very bright.

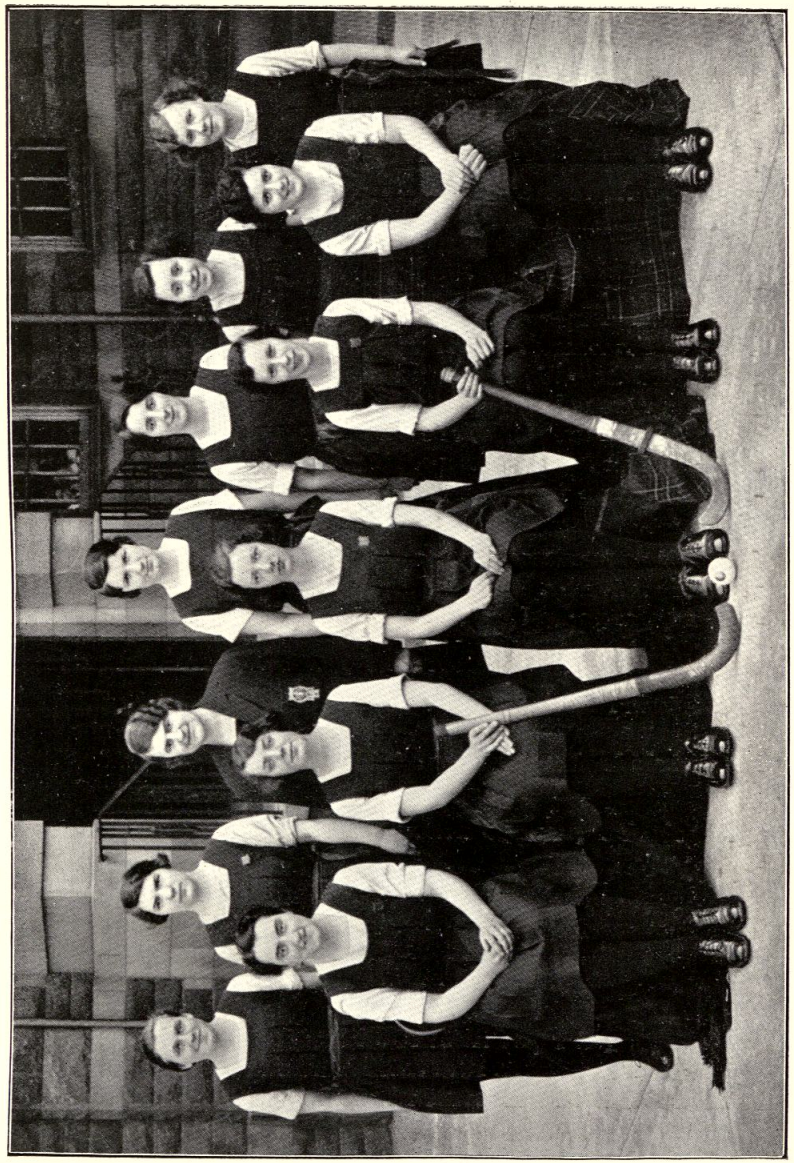
MOIRA HAIG, 1 Senior C.

* * * *

MICK'S WRONGDOING.

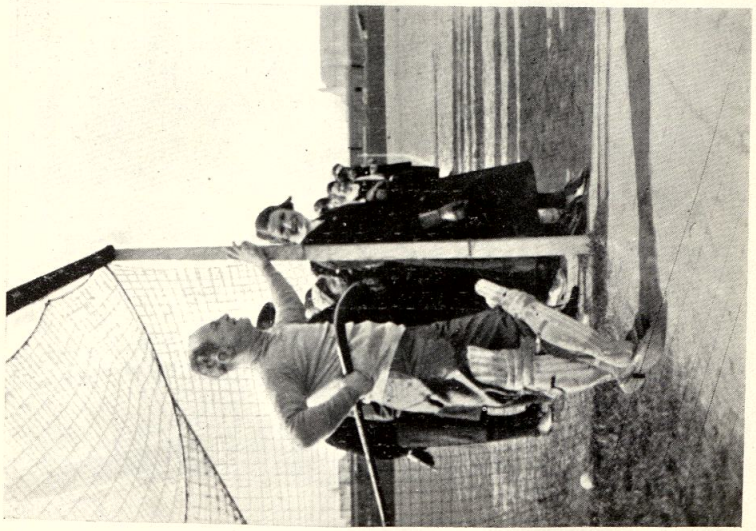
Mick sat on the rug and sulked. A blue bow—the very idea. A respectable dog like me having to wear a bow, why, Roger wouldn't even sniff at me if he saw me wearing this; I suppose I'll have to stay in the garden for if the other dogs saw me they would bark with laughter. The trouble had all begun with Angela having visitors and therefore she took a tub and actually scrubbed me—me, the dog who had once beaten Roger, and when as a final indignity a blue bow was tied round my neck I felt like a common poodle. Then Angela picked me up and said I looked a picture. "I do," said I, "but I look a different kind of picture than you imagine." Angela carried me into the dining-room and shut the door. Of course I didn't mind *that* for I could easily escape by the window though Angela did not know this, but when she told me that if I was good she would bring me a new green bow and called me, "Pooh icke pettikins, diddums'en" I felt it was the last straw and I began to plan revenge. I jumped out of the window and went into the house again by the kitchen door which Cook had left open. On the floor was a cake of white stuff. It was beautifully slippery and slimy, and I began to paw it when—whizz, it suddenly shot into a pot of food which was cooling on the table.

. . . .



FIRST HOCKEY XI., 1933-34.

MARGARET MORRISON, MARGARET CRICHTON, MISS ANDERSON, NORAH SHIELDS, MINA STORRAR, MARGARET MACBEATH, RUBY HINDMARSH.
HELEN MORRISON, BETTY ROSIE, ELEANOR CHISHOLM, MARGARET FRASER, MARJORIE HAY.



HOCKEY MATCH—STAFF v. 1ST XI.

"I think you'll like this pudding," said Angela as she bestowed a liberal helping on to the visitor's plate. "Oh, I'm sure I will," she responded, raising her spoon to her mouth. "Oh, spthth, er, I don't think I've tasted anything quite like it before." "It is rather nice," remarked Angela. "Goodness, what's this?" She drew out her spoon. It was a cake of soap. "It must be that dog," she cried, and when she saw my soapy paws she sent me to bed. "I wonder why she did that," said I. "When I do something really clever she is angry, and when I do something foolish she is pleased. Anyhow I'm sure I won't get my green bow." With that consolation I bounded out of the window to tell Roger and the other dogs about that cake of white stuff.

MYRA OCKRENT, 1 Senior C.

FROM THE JUNIORS.

WHAT A WELCOME!

My parents took a country cottage for our holidays in a village near the Pentlands. With joy we set out along with Granny who was to share our holiday. The sun was shining, and it made us think we were going to have good weather, which is so necessary for holiday time. We travelled by bus which dropped us at the door, and we were soon inside. We immediately started to lay aside coats and hats. Mother went to look round the house and Granny said to me, "Now you must be good for this is your abode for a fortnight." Then we heard mother calling, "I can't get this door open." We had to push hard at this door to open it even a little bit and then we got a great surprise when we found the ceiling lying on the floor. Our holiday appeared to be spoiled and thoughts of returning home came into my head, but our luck changed quickly, for the lady who owned the cottage next door was just going back to town after her holiday and she kindly told Mother we could have her house. So we enjoyed our holiday after all.

CHRISTINE SANDERSON, 2 Junior A.

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WISHES.

I.

I wish I had a baby
That I could hug so tight,
Instead I've only got a pup
That always wants to bite.

I know he would be jealous,
He's my only pet you see
And wouldn't dream of loving
Anyone but me.

Perhaps he would take care of it
And be so big and strong.
Yes! I think I'll pray for one,
God may send one along.

OLIVE MORRISON, 2 Junior A.

II.

I wish I were a gardener
'Mong flowers of many hues,
I wish I were a Dutch girl
With great big clattering shoes.

I wish I were a little dog,
A spaniel would be best.
I'd go out walks with Master
And on Sundays have a rest.

ISABEL M'DONALD, 2 Junior A.

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

A NIGHTMARE.

One night I dreamt that I was at school when a dreadful vision appeared. A witch, a wizard, a ghost, and a pirate all tumbled in at the door. The witch turned herself into a lion, the wizard into an elephant, the ghost into a dragon, and the pirate into a Loch Ness Monster. The ghost who was now a dragon went forward and gobbled up the waste-paper basket. The lion who was really the witch cast a spell on the table which went dancing all over the room. The girls were all running away home. Margaret Mucklow and Betty Barrett were crying. As for the teacher she was in a terrible state. She did not know what to do. At last we all went home. Next morning when we came to school we saw a giant knocking down all the vases of flowers. Suddenly we saw a wicked old witch coming towards us. She turned round and opened the window, then she sat on her broomstick and flew out. Oh we saw her kill a little dog. I awoke very frightened because I thought my dream was true.

DOROTHY FERGUSON, 2 Junior B.

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POLLY AND HER DOLLY.

Little Polly and her dolly,
Came to visit me.
Polly sat upon a stool,
Dolly on her knee.

Not a word did Polly say,
She was very shy ;
Till the time to go away,
And she bade " Good-bye !"

" Polly," said I, " when will you
Come again to tea ?"
" I will come and Dolly too,
Tomorrow then," said she.

MARGARET MUCKLOSS, 2 Junior B.

* * * *

THE SPRING FAIRY.

Winter now has gone away ;
At night the fairies dance and play.
The daffodils have closed their eyes ;
No more are heard the children's cries.

The morning sun now shines on high.
" Where have the fairies gone ?" I sigh,
The daffodils nod their golden bell ;
No fairy secret will they tell.

MARGARET OGILVIE, 1 Junior A.

* * * *

MY DREAM GARDEN.

In my dream garden there are things that no other body has. I have lupins, tulips, dahlias and other most beautiful flowers.

There is a sun-dial just in front of my house and when the sun shines I like to watch the shadow of the dial fall on the numbers.

At the back of my house I have vegetables which I eat myself or sell.

But in summer I like best of all to sit on a deck-chair on the lawn and look at the beautiful blooms and I feel very sad when my friends the flowers die.

JANET WORLING, 1 Junior A.

THE ESKIMO.

Many, many years ago,
There lived a little Eskimo ;
He ate no sugar, drank no milk,
His clothes were never made of silk.
He drank no tea and ate no cheese,
And very rarely ever said please.

MARGARET ROSS, 1 Junior B.

* * * *

IN DOUBT.

Is it summer or is it not ?
Mummy won't let me wear a thin frock.
The birds are singing, but I am not !

MOIRA BLYTH, 1 Junior B.

* * * *

SOUNDS I HEAR IN THE MORNING.

From the very moment I waken in the morning I hear many different sounds. I hear blasting in Craiglockhart Estate, where they are building houses ; that is the sound that wakens me. I hear traffic in the roads and the milk-boy whistling. If mummy is frying bacon, I hear it sizzling in the pan. Then I hear our family speaking. Later when I go to get the bus, I hear it coming from a distance. On coming to school, I hear the school bell ringing, and last of all I hear my teacher's voice. The day's work has begun.

RUTH WATT, 1 Junior B.

* * * *

FROM THE INFANTS.

I am a lovely little kitten. I have a coat as black as jet. When I go out to play every body cuddles me so I know I am every bodys pet. I have a pretty collar and a bell hanging as well. And when I go past the doors every body comes out of their houses and thinks it is the milk and I think it is great fun.

I do not know where I am going for my Easter holidays till my mummy knows what the Doctors bill is, but I would like to go to Dunkeled and if my mummy has enough money she is going to Dunkeled too.

We got new sums today and they were very hard to do but I was correct I was so happy that I almost fell off the seat.

I am going to North Berwick with my Mummy and Daddy. We will some times take the bus to the caravans and I will play with Louise on the beach. We will go to the swimming pool and swim. I will try and swim without wings. Jean will learn the crawl and Daddy will dive but I don't know what Mummy will do. I think she will just read and make tea.

My Auntie was at my house and my Cousin came later and she was sleeping with me and my sister and I had to sleep in the middle of the bed because my sister and my Cousin wanted at the edge of the bed and I was scwoshed in the middle.

SEN. INF. A.

I was out with Mummy and Daddy yesterday and I saw that the hills were covered with snow. I saw a lot of sheep in a field and each of them had to tiny little baby lambs. One little lamb got lost at the botem and when it found its mummy it cudled her as if to say I've found you once more.

When I went to the Doctor about my eye I had my handbag with me. One day I went and he was pretending to look at my eye and he was opening my handbag. I didn't know but I cot him and stopt him.

I have a bird and it whisls. It is a cnary and his name is Nicky. every day when I go home he is a greedy bird because he looks at me as much as to say I want some dinner.

I have a tedy bear at home and I always take him to bed with me, but I must not leave him in another room. Evry day I come in from school I go for my tedy and evry time I go in to the diningroom I must take my teddy. I finish my dinner and then I go in to the citshen beside our made. We have great fun with our made. She tells me funy storys.

I have a doll. She was one just yesterday. On a Sunday she wears a blue and white frock. On a Monday she wears her crolers and on a Tusday she wears a jumper-and-scirt, and on a Wensday she goes out to town.

SEN. INF. B.

Mummy saved up abdine coopins for a watch for me. It is a swiss made one.

I have two teddys one is a wee one and the uther is a big one Mummy has put a tie on.

Iv got a little baby and its in a little soot it looks so nise.

I saw three babys geting cristend last Sunday in the church and aftar that they came into the Sunday school and we sang the cradle role song.

I like the school so much that I dont want to go home.

My baby likes Daddy. Father likes his car. Mother likes buns. My bruther likes my pram.

JUN. INF. A.

I have had the mesils and fevr. I only have to take mumps and chickin poks.

I have a doll that can sleep in its pram at home I play with it I nitid a coat and a hat and a frock and a simit and nicers for it.

I have got two little corins on my little tose. That is with hard shoes. My daddy is going to get little pads for them. He will poot them on my little tose.

My doll is nearly broken to bits. The stros comen out.

My little dolly is in her little bed with a terbol sore tooth. I kepe her in bed. It is very bad.

My baby is going to get her vaxanashon and I am going to see her getting it.

We have a pickchr that I do not like. The pickchr is monaleasa. She stairs at me when I go into the room. I just stair back at hur. I can hardly go into the room bekos if I do she'll stair at me.

I had two teef out. I never crid. I got a book and toofpaste for not crying.

I no when my Granny's birthday is. It is on the twentyateth of May. She will be twenty-one and my daddy is twenty-to and my mother is twenty-three.

JUN. INF. B.

* * * *

REPORTS OF SOCIETIES.

JAMES GILLESPIE'S LITERARY AND DRAMATIC SOCIETY.

After a reshuffle of the cards in which the "Queen" emerged from the ranks of Honorary Presidents into which the "King" gracefully retired, the "Lit." once again found itself under the able guidance of Miss Foster. Mr. White, however, was not entirely lost to us, and during the session he favoured us with a most interesting and comprehensive address on the subject of "Light."

During the year the "Lit." has once more maintained its reputation for variety and excellence in its programme. As usual the Former Members' Reunion, at which Hallowe'en celebrations were held, proved most enjoyable, and Short Paper Night, a most popular item first introduced last year, justified its retention in our syllabus. As on former occasions Dramatic Night, of which the principal item was a modern play entitled: "World without Men," and Magazine Night, which brought forth much latent genius, were greatly appreciated. The event of the year, however, was undoubtedly "Scottish Night," which largely owed its success to a humorous and highly entertaining dialogue presented by two former members. At this meeting a festive atmosphere was created by the serving of traditional Scottish New Year fare.

As in preceding years the leading papers have been of an exceedingly high standard, but this year we are pleased to note a decided improvement in open debate. In this particular there remains room for still further improvement, and we confidently rely on coming Fourth Formers to unite with the new Fifth and Sixth in raising the "Lit." to yet loftier heights of excellence than those to which it has previously attained.

M. D.

JAMES GILLESPIE'S SCIENCE ASSOCIATION.

The Science Association, which has now completed its seventh year, has again proved itself a successful and important feature of school life.

The success of the Association during the past session has been largely owing to the untiring efforts and successful direction of its President, Mr Brash, under whose capable leadership a varied and interesting syllabus has been carried out.

Among the most enjoyable meetings were those in which Mr Borthwick gave an address on " The Science of Peace " ; Miss Napier on " Romance and the Melting Pot " ; Mr Jenkins on " Snapshots of London " ; and Mr. Buchan on " Pasteur, the Great French Scientist." The Former Members' Reunion was, as usual, well attended, and all spent a very pleasant evening. Surprise Night also was greatly appreciated and proved a fitting conclusion to a very successful session.

May the Association continue to flourish in the years to come.

E. M. C.

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SCRIPTURE UNION.

This last session has been a successful one as regards the progress of the Scripture Union in school. Since New Year the membership has increased from 30 to 75.

By kind permission of the Headmaster, meetings have been held every morning before school in the Attic Hall. The average attendance is about 30. These meetings have been enjoyed by all present, and a change has been welcomed in the form of outside speakers, including Miss Bowker, who has spoken several times, and Miss Marjory Sommerville, our first secretary.

E. R. H.

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CURRENT EVENTS CLASS.

We have to glance at only the headlines of any daily newspaper to discover that we are at present living in times during which events of great moment are taking place—everywhere the Communist and Fascist régimes are

being opposed to each other, the whole world is awaiting on tip-toe the results of the Disarmament Conference, and the greater part of Europe seems to have been visited with an epidemic of revolutions, frequently resulting in a dictatorship being established. Even average adults find an understanding of recent world happenings rather beyond them, and it is only natural to suppose that such happenings leave school children even more bewildered than grown-ups.

It is in an attempt to relieve the existing confused state concerning present-day conditions that the Current Events Class has been formed. One period a week is devoted to this class, the avowed object of which is, as its name implies, to encourage its members to take an intelligent interest in all contemporary events of note. Each girl has allotted to her a certain country the happenings in which she must study in detail, while everyone is expected to note the chief events in all countries. This arrangement of work enables us to discuss in detail in one period such widely different subjects as the probable success of President Roosevelt's National Recovery Plan, the progress of the Anglo-Japanese trade agreements, and the latest measures passed by Herr Hitler.

The main purpose of this class is not, however, the mere noting of events—its aim is to enable each girl to form her individual opinion on all topical questions. Prejudice has no part in this class and we are taught to recognise both the advantages and disadvantages of opposing creeds. By this means it is hoped that when, in the not far distant future we are given the right to vote, we shall treat that vote not as a plaything but as a privilege to be used in whatever way we consider shall most benefit our country.

There exists, indeed, but one cause for regret in connection with this class—the fact that, at present, it is confined to the Sixth Form. The benefits of an awakened interest in present-day problems cannot be fully realised until the whole of the Secondary School is allowed to devote at least one period a week to the study of current events.

M. D.

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SCHOOL SPORTS.

HOCKEY.

During the past year the Hockey Club with a membership of 271 has very successfully maintained the high standard set by it in previous years.

At the end of last session there was a great exodus of players which necessitated the teams this year being composed of many young players. As the results show, the teams have worked with a will to make this season successful.

As regards the Seven-a-Sides this year the luck of the draw was against us. Both the Senior and Junior team had very hard luck in being beaten at an early stage in the proceedings by the ultimate winners. Next year, however, we hope to see Gillespie's again emerge from the contest victors.

	PLAYED.	WON.	LOST.	DRAWN	GOALS FOR.	GOALS AGST.
1st XI.	18	11	3	4	72	35
2nd XI.	20	17	1	2	121	15
3rd XI.	20	17	3	—	76	18
4th XI.	20	12	4	4	65	27
5th XI.	8	6	1	1	33	6

M. H. F.

TENNIS.

Once more tennis has proved a popular feature of school life. The school team represented by :—

Eleanor Chisholm and Margaret Fraser.
Marjorie Hay and Betty Rosie,
Susie M'Donald and Margaret M'Beath

has not been so successful as in former years.

The matches are as follows :—

Madras College	7	:	Gillespie's 2
Stirling	5	:	Gillespie's 4
Trinity	5	:	Gillespie's 4
Stirling	8	:	Gillespie's 1
Dunfermline	6	:	Gillespie's 3
Madras College	6	:	Gillespie's 3
Trinity	5	:	Gillespie's 4
Broughton	5	:	Gillespie's 1 (not completed).

There remains one match to be played against Broughton on 7th July. The House matches, the singles and doubles tournaments have still to be completed.

E. M. C.

SWIMMING.

The Twelfth Annual Gala was held in Warrender Baths on the evening of Friday, 25th May, before an enthusiastic gathering of parents and friends. The swimming was of a high standard, and there was keen competition especially in the Inter-House races.

Councillor Thomas Stevenson presided, and in the course of his remarks said the Club had now a record membership of 433 pupils. During the year they had gained 107 Elementary, 55 Intermediate, 35 Advanced, and 32 Life-Saving Certificates. This session, they had added to their honours by gaining 5 Bronze Medallions and 14 Intermediate Certificates awarded by the Royal Life-Saving Society. The following were the successful pupils for the Bronze Medallion and Intermediate Certificate :—Jean Alexander, Charlotte Rosie; for the Bronze Medallion :—Alice Henderson, Doris Paterson, and Catherine Tait: for the Intermediate Certificate :—Geira Barker, Margaret Bee, Agnes Bethune, Irene Hall, Bethia Holmes, Margaret Mills, Ella Moore, Dorothy Paterson, Margaret Scott, Helen Simpson, Mary Wilson, and Dorothy Walker.

Ellen King gave a delightful exhibition of swimming strokes, and, later on, won the 50 yds. F.P. Handicap race in great style. There was great applause for Ian Lemmon's diving display.

The principal results of the Gala were as follows :—

Championship of the School—Kathleen Maclean with 19 points; Helen Gloag was runner-up with 16 points.

25 Yards Handicap.	Grade	A.—Helen Donaldson.
,, ,,	,,	B.—Ella Moore.
,, ,,	,,	C.—Dorothy Stewart.
,, ,,	,,	D.—Evelyn Grant.
,, ,,	,,	E.—Betty Hardie.
,, ,,	,,	F.—Freda Isenberg.
,, ,,	,,	G.—Betty Cathrae.
50 Yards Handicap.	Grade	A.—Elsie Taylor.
,, ,,		B.—Catherine Tait.
,, ,,	,,	C.—Betty Gall.
,, ,,	,,	D.—Irene Frater.
,, ,,	,,	E.—Geira Barker.
Balloon Race.	Grade	A.—Dorothy Shand.
,, ,,	,,	B.—Helen Paterson.
,, ,,	,,	C.—Gertrude Lemmon.
Obstacle Race.	Grade	A.—Irene M'Dermott.
,, ,,	,,	B.—Margaret Scott.

Life-Saving in Pairs.—Kathleen Maclean and Helen Gloag.

Inter-House Team Race—1. Gilmore; 2. (*tie*) Spylaw and Warrender.

Inter-House Boat and Crocodile Race—1. Roslin; 2. Spylaw.

The House Championship was won by Warrender (23 points), with Spylaw as runners-up (21 points).

We congratulate our Junior Team on winning again this session the Edinburgh Education Committee Swimming Challenge Shield for girls under 14. The members of the team are :—Elsie Taylor, Marjorie Harris, Doris Franckeiss and Betty Gall. At the same time Helen Gloag won for the second time the Breast Stroke Championship open to girls over 14.

The Honours Certificate has been gained by Elsie Taylor and Alice Henderson.

Congratulations from the School go to Miss Ellen King on retaining the Scottish Graceful Diving Championship by a brilliant display at Port Seton on 9th June.

We take this opportunity of thanking Miss M'Lay and Mrs Chapman for the great interest they take in the Club, and all the splendid work they have done for our pupils during the session.

H. C. M.

GOLF.

This season only 12 girls have joined the Club, but, judging by the results of the various matches, the standard of play is rapidly improving.

Result of *Stroke Competition* played over the Braids :—

1st 9 Holes.—	1. Victoire M'Leod	54
	2. Marjory Rowley	58
	3. Anne Skinner	59
2nd 9 Holes—	1. Anne Skinner	55
	2. Marjory Rowley	56
	3. Jessie M'Lean	57

For the *Individual Championship* and custody of the M'Ewan Medal there were 9 entries :—

Result :—

Semi-final—Kathleen M'Lean beat Anne Skinner.
Ruby D. Hindmarsh beat Margaret Malcolm.

Final— Ruby D. Hindmarsh beat Kathleen Maclean by 1 hole.

House Matches (4-*a-side*) :—

Gilmore,	3	:	Roslin,	1
Spylaw	½	:	Warrender,	3½
Gilmore,	1½	:	Spylaw,	2½
Roslin,	2	:	Warrender,	2
Gilmore,	2½	:	Warrender,	1½
Roslin,	2½	:	Spylaw,	1½

Totals :—

Gilmore,	7
Warrender	7
Roslin	5½
Spylaw	4½

It is intended to hold another Competition on the Braids, and one over the Bruntsfield Putting Course before the end of the session.

W. S.

ANNUAL SPORTS.

Only half of the heats had been run off at Slateford on Wednesday, 13th June, when rain necessitated the postponement of the remainder of the events till the following day. This year there were 1600 entries—a slight decrease from last year, accounted for by a decrease in the entries from the Secondary Department.

The prizes were presented by Mrs J. B. Clark. The individual Championship was won by Joan Webster, who was first in all the 5 qualifying events and totalled 19½ points—a splendid performance. Margaret Morton (2 B), who shows great promise for the future, was runner-up with 9½ points. Those two girls become holder of the Stevenson Cup and winner of the Scott Prize respectively.

The usual keen interest was shown in the contest for the House Championship and once more Gilmore was successful with a total of 95½ points, Warrender being runner-up with 55 points, Roslin having 43½ points, and Spylaw 25 points.

The following were the prize-winners :—

Infants.

Senior A.—Nita Blackhall.
,, B.—Winifred Dickson.
Junior A.—Joyce Crowe.
,, B.—Agnes Shaw.

Juniors.

2. Junior A.—Elsie M'Lean.
,, B.—Dorothy Polson.
1 Junior A.—Doreen Murray.
1 Junior B.—Muriel Gilbert.

Flat Race. Under 10.—Margaret Mowatt.
,, ,, 11.—Doris Sey.
,, ,, 12.—Audrey Purves.
,, ,, 13.—Mary Durie.
100 Yards. Elementary.—Barbara Grubb.
,, Under 14.—Margaret Morton.
,, ,, 15.—Emma Pike.
100 Yards. Secondary.—Joan Webster (11⅕ secs.) .
Skipping Race. Under 10.—Margaret Mowatt.
,, ,, Elementary.—Jessie Walker.
,, ,, Under 12.—Mima Simpson.
,, ,, ,, 14.—Cathie Hall.
,, ,, Secondary.—Isobel Simpson.
220 Yards. Secondary.—Joan Webster (27⅕ secs.).
220 Yards Walking Race.—Dorothy Ewing.
Egg and Spoon Race. Under 11.—Audrey Barker.
,, ,, ,, Elementary.—Dorothy Stewart.
,, ,, ,, Under 14.—Cathie Blyth.
,, ,, ,, Secondary.—Alice Walker
Three-Legged Race. Under 10.—Margaret Paulin and Thelma Adams.
,, ,, Elementary.—Margaret Mills and Jessie Begrie.
,, ,, Secondary.—Isobel Simpson and Cathie Tait.
Sack Race. Elementary.—Elizabeth Chalmers.
,, Secondary.—Betty Hardie.
Hurdle Race. Under 15.—Margaret Morton.
,, Open.—Joan Webster.
Throwing the Cricket Ball.—Jessie M'Lean (130 ft. 11 in.).
Hockey Dribbling.—Cissie Brydon.
High Jump. Under 15.—Margaret Morton (4 ft. 1 in., *School record*).
High Jump. Open.—Margaret Morton and Joan Webster (4 ft. 3 in.).
Broad Jump. Under 15.—Cathie Hall (13 ft. 3¾ in., *School record*).
Broad Jump. Open—Joan Webster (13 ft. 11¼ in.).
Inter-House Relay Race. Under 15.—1. Gilmore ; 2. Warrender.
Inter-House Relay Race. Open.—1. Gilmore ; 2. Warrender.
Inter-Class Relay Race. Senior 1—Senior 1 C.
,, ,, ,, ,, 2—Senior 2 A.
,, ,, ,, ,, 3—Senior 3 B.

W. S.

CRICKET.

The past season has seen a marked improvement in all departments of the game. The attack now shows more variety as we possess a good spin bowler, while the batsmen show a greater determination to stay in and score runs. Although the ground fielding is not up to standard, catches have been taken with greater confidence and frequency. Of two matches played against John Watson's, Gillespie's lost the first by 34 runs to 19, but won the second by scoring 116 to 91.

J. C. B.

HOUSE CHAMPIONSHIP.

PREVIOUS WINNERS.

1926-27—Warrender. 1927-28—Spylaw.
1928-29—Gilmore. 1929-30—Warrender.
1930-31—Gilmore. 1931-32—Gilmore.
1932-33—Gilmore.

HOUSE CHAMPIONSHIP, 1933-34.

	GILMORE. Pts.	ROSLIN. Pts.	SPYLAW. Pts.	WARRENDER. Pts.
Merit	74	89	126	61
Attendance	34	36	40	40
Hockey	8	36	31	25
Swimming	21	14	31	34
Sports	44	20	11	25
Tennis	24	15	35	26
Golf	29	23	19	29
Totals	234	233	293	240
Less Penalty Points	69	77	85	69
Grand Totals	165	156	208	171

Champion House—Spylaw. *Second*—Warrender.

J. C. B.

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FORMER PUPILS' SECTION.

We are glad to print an article and a poem by former pupils, and should like to remind others that contributions for the Magazine are always very welcome.

"BUGS"—GOOD AND BAD.

When Shakespeare declared that "there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy," he had in mind spiritual and physical influences rather than material things. Yet if Shakespeare could visit again the scenes once familiar to him he would find many visible things in heaven and earth that he never dreamt of—flying machines, wireless aerials, steam boats, railway trains, motor-cars and machines that produce nearly every requirement of humanity, including every operation in husbandry. He would find that we have penetrated millions of millions of miles into the "vasty deep" of celestial space and probed fathoms deep into the oceans and mines. He might stand in amazement at the revelations of protons and electrons and turn away bewildered, but no revelation would amaze him more than that of the invisible life all around us. For we now know that the air we breathe, the water we drink, the soil, the vegetation in our gardens and fields, the sea, the dust of our streets, the surface of our bodies are all teeming with micro-organisms invisible to the naked eye, some discernible by the more powerful microscopes and others which cannot be seen by any method available. These minute forms of life, neither animal nor vegetable, play a more important part in our fortunes than many of the more evident forms of life on this planet. Not only are we dependent on the minutest organisms for our sustenance, in that they make the earth fruitful, but our very existence may be terminated at any moment by their attack, and their power may be greater than that of armies, as seen in the influenza epidemic of 1919 when more people died than were killed in the whole of the Great War. The microbe which brought about that terrible scourge is so small that it cannot be seen at all.

Shortly after Shakespeare's death the first microscope

was made, and living forms hitherto unknown were made visible, and a little later we find Swift writing :—

So naturalists observe—a flea
Hath smaller fleas that on him prey;
And these have smaller still to bite 'em—
And so proceed *ad infinitum*.

It is not my intention to meditate on fleas, but on "buge," as bacteria, the smallest living creatures, are euphemistically termed, among students.

It is only within the last eighty years or so with the production of powerful microscopes, that bacteria have been discovered and their functions studied. Bacteriology is thus still in its infancy, and offers unlimited scope for original research. It was perhaps this "newness" that attracted me to the subject and urged me to see what it was all about; and it was not long after leaving school before I was on nodding terms with most of the common disease-producing bacteria and many other varieties. I heard of the different ways by which these minute living particles produce disease—some multiplying with great rapidity, invading the body and upsetting its equilibrium, some settling down in some particular spot, not multiplying very much but producing powerful poisons or toxins which spread through the body and cause deadly damage. I learned also how the animal body reacts to these organisms, and how by certain methods a resistance or immunity to certain diseases can be acquired.

It is quite an interesting and by no means prosaic experience to make the acquaintance of these mighty mites and to study their physiognomy, anatomy, and relation to certain diseases. You have to be just a little careful how you address them, for a large number of them have a nasty way of getting inside you and multiplying into some hundreds of millions in the course of a few hours, and then you find yourself tucked away in bed for a while! With some of the "bugs" it is always advisable to shake hands whilst wearing rubber gloves, and to have a bottle of lysol not far away to scent the gloves; but they are rather strange little creatures, for once they find they cannot bowl you over they discreetly leave you alone—at least for a while.

It has been my experience to investigate the chemical composition of one of the really nasty type—a species that

can enter one's body through the skin, which is usually a good protection against bacterial attack. These "bugs" may have succeeded in exploring my interior just as I have been investigating theirs, but probably they have come to the conclusion that I am too tough a customer to bother with. At any rate I can now go boldly up to them and say: "I fear no foe in shining armour." Of course, that applies only to the one particular variety.

One never gets very far in any study of disease-producing bacteria without experimentation on small animals, and one's first animal injection is by no means a pleasant business—I don't know which is the more nervous: the animal or the experimenter. However, one soon becomes quite accustomed to animal work, and, if the opportunity arises, passes on to the next stage—experiments on humans; and, if you do have a sleepless night imagining some mistake and yourself a murderer, you soon recover from that too.

Latterly I have been making the acquaintance of quite a friendly host of little folk—the good fairies who hide themselves in the soil and keep it in good condition for crop-growing. There are, of course, a few gnomes and sprites among them, such as tetanus and gangrene bacilli, but on the whole they are a beneficent race. The soil of our fields and gardens is teeming with them, and, although they are a difficult set of people to get to know intimately, I hope some day to know more about them than is known at present; and I feel certain that the more I do learn about them the more heartily shall I be able to sing their praises. Here's luck to the soil bacteria!

LUCY E. TOPPING.

(*Assistant Lecturer in Bacteriology, Edinburgh and East of Scotland Agricultural College.*)

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UNCERTAINTY.

Death will outpace me ere my work is done,
And with what fear, I prophesy, I'll run
Down the steep alleyways of night and day
Though failing breath and increase of dismay
Pitch me at last within the dark recess
Of Life's grim tavern, that is now no less
(Cold on the air will fall my latest breath),
The ante-chamber to the house of Death.

His foster-brother, Time the profligate,
Who recognises neither " soon " nor " late ",
Bids his unnatural daughter, Memory,
Join in his ill-timed revelry ;
So with Death ever closer on my track,
Sped on by Time, by Memory drawn back
I'll sink bewildered and exhausted quite
Disintegrated in Eternal Night.

Eternal Night ? and are there stars ashine ?
And does the moon for evei intertwine
Exquisite patterns on the eternal swards ?
And what of Hate and Love ? laughter and swords ?
Have these significance ? The nightingale ?
Or does the morbid white owl wail
Disconsolately from the trees ?
Trees ! are there such, wherein a breeze
Murmurs her dear inconstancies ?
And are there streams that ever flow
Through deeper shadows far below ?
And ghostly flowers whose perfume yet
Is fragrant of the violet ?
Are there great sleeping hills of night,
And lakes that hold the white star-light ?

And do the dead loves meet and kiss ?
Ah, God, were I but sure of this !

NORAH H. BARHAM.

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FORMER PUPILS' CLUB, 1933-34.

The opening meeting for Session 1933-34 was held in School on Friday, 27th October 1933. Miss Sanders, one of the Presidents, was in the chair. Apologies from Mr Burnett, the Headmaster, Miss Henderson, the Secretary, and Miss Campbell, the Treasurer, were read. The President welcomed new members to the Club and reviewed the activities of the previous session. The reports of the sports sections will be found elsewhere.

A suggestion that a gymnastic class should be started in connection with the Club was well received.

The Treasurer's report was then read, and office-bearers elected :—

Honorary President—T. J. Burnett, Esq., M.A., F.E.I.S.
Honorary Vice-President—A. C. Murphy, Esq., M.A.
Joint Presidents—Miss D. S. C. Sanders.
Mr G. Thomson.
Secretary—Miss M. E. R. Henderson (till February 1934) ; Miss C. Graham, 57 Montpelier Park.
Treasurer—Miss M. Campbell, 13 Viewforth Square.
Committee—Misses M. Forgan, M. Chisholm, B. Gemmell, M. Peters, C. Wishart ; Messrs J. Adamson, G. Forgan, E. A. Garratt, J. G. Glen.

About 130 F.P.'s were present and took part in the subsequent programme of dancing.

The second meeting—a social—was held in School, on Friday, 1st December

The Reunion, on Friday, 16th February 1934, was again held in the Plaza, and it was as successful as ever.

Intending members of the Club, or of any of its sections, are assured of a friendly welcome.

M. E. R. HENDERSON,
C. GRAHAM,
Hon. Secretaries.

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F.P. HOCKEY CLUB.

The season just closed has proved to be very satisfactory indeed. The team-work improved considerably during the season and the spirit and willingness the players showed during the games and practices alike, no doubt gained the satisfactory results given below.

				GOALS	
PLAYED	WON.	DRAWN.	LOST.	FOR.	AGST.
20	13	2	5	76	34

The above analysis includes a match played against the School P.P.'s, and one played against XI. of the F.P. Rugby XV.

The 2nd XI. were not quite so successful owing to the lack of players. They won and lost about the same number of matches.

A " seven " was entered in the Hawkhill Tournament, but was unfortunate enough to lose to Broughton by 3 corners to 2.

There is still plenty of room in the Club for new members, and as Secretary I shall be very pleased to hear before 1st September from any pupils leaving school this year, or any other F.P.'s, who might be interested in the activities of the Club.

M. M. PETERS,
56, Glendevon Place,
Edinburgh, 12.

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F.P. RUGBY CLUB.

Although our membership is now necessarily limited, the Club members unanimously decided to "carry on," and a most enjoyable season was experienced. Owing to a certain number of casualties, and the occasional inability of members, for business reasons, to turn out, the results naturally showed somewhat "up-and-down" form. On the whole, however, the Club came through the past season very well, as the following table will show :—

				POINTS.	
PLAYED.	WON.	LOST.	DRAWN.	FOR.	AGST.
20	9	10	1	194	249

In a few games we had unfortunately to play one or two men short, thus in all probability losing matches which would otherwise have been won. With the small membership it was not always possible to have late withdrawals from the team replaced on the day of the match. However, I think I can safely say that the existing members do not greatly concern themselves about "results" or "records," so long as they have an enjoyable game.

As a diversion from the usual Annual General Meeting, a Social-cum-Business Meeting was held in the Royal Hotel and proved a very pleasant "wind-up" to the season.

Perhaps it should also be recorded that we revived our Annual Hockey Fixture with the Girls' (F.P.) Hockey Club, and had a very enjoyable match with them at the end of the season. The girls came out winners with a 1-0 result in their favour. We hope to have a return match at the beginning of next season—and to reverse the result of the last match.

D. MACLAUCHLAN,
Hon. Secretary.

Slateford Recreation Ground,
Colinton Road,
Edinburgh.

F.P. NOTES.

MR ALEXANDER B. K. CRAIGHEAD has passed the final examination of the Chartered Accountants of Scotland.

Miss LUCY TOPPING, B.Sc., has been appointed Assistant Lecturer in Bacteriology at the Edinburgh and East of Scotland College of Agriculture.

Miss PHYLLIS SHATTOCK, B.Sc., has been appointed Research Assistant in Bacteriology at the National Institute for Research in Dairying, at Reading.

Misses ANNIE G. BRYDON, M.A., JOANNA D. GARDNER, M.A., MARY E. R. HENDERSON, M.A., DOROTHY M. HURFORD, M.A., ELIZABETH A. JEFFREY, M.A., JEAN BROWN, and ANNA M. NICOL have been placed on the list for prospective appointments under the Edinburgh Education Committee.

Miss ELIZABETH PRINGLE has gained the Diploma in Drawing and Painting of the Edinburgh College of Art, and a £20 London Scholarship.

Miss IRENE HOBSON has gained the Diploma in Design of the Edinburgh College of Art.

Miss VIOLET TRAYNER has been awarded a prize offered by Messrs Jenners, for a poster.

Miss GLADYS E. HOWARD has been appointed Swimming Instructress at the Tower Circus Pool, Blackpool.

Miss MAISIE REID has been appointed a teacher of Domestic Subjects at the Edinburgh College of Domestic Science.

Mr LOUIS GINSBURG has graduated M.A. with First-Class Honours in Mathematics and Natural Philosophy at Edinburgh University.

Miss MARGARET SAVAGE has graduated M.A. with First-Class Honours in German and French at Edinburgh University.

Misses NANCY B. STEWART and MARY B. ROBBIE have graduated M.A. with Honours in English at Edinburgh University.

Misses JESSIE K. REE, M.A., H. CHASSELS D. KINNAIRD, M.A., and J. MAY DODS, M.A., have been awarded the Diploma in Education at Edinburgh University.

Misses JESSIE S. DICKSON, WINIFRED M. C. KEITH, MARGARET LIDDLE, HELEN L. BUCHAN, and CHRISTINA M. MACKINNON have graduated M.A. at Edinburgh University.

Miss CHARLOTTE MILLER has graduated B.L. at Edinburgh University.

Miss MARGARET ROSIE has gained the Teachers' Diploma in Cookery, Laundrywork, and Housewifery at the Edinburgh College of Domestic Science.

Miss BARBARA SPENCE has gained a 1st Class Diploma in Institutional Management, and a Cordon Bleu Certificate, at the Edinburgh College of Domestic Science.

Miss ALMA S. BLOOR has gained the Senior Commercial Certificate of the Edinburgh Chamber of Commerce.

Miss RUBY H. GAULDIE has gained the Junior Commercial Certificate of the Edinburgh Chamber of Commerce.

Mrs CLELLAND (*nee* IRENE CLARKSON) played last season for Scotland in all the International Hockey Matches.

Miss MILDRED STORRAR has won the Scottish Women's Cross-Country Championship and also the Scottish Women's Half-Mile Championship.

Misses GRACE B. HEIGH, JEAN E. M'CLARENCE and MARY M. FLEMING have graduated M.A. at Edinburgh University.

Miss GRACE F. JOHNSTON, M.A., has gained the Younger Scholarship in Music at Edinburgh University.

MARRIAGES.

AITKEN—*NELSON*.—On 16th June 1933, ALEXANDER K. AITKEN to GLADYS M. NELSON, 24 House-o'-Hill Avenue, Blackhall.

DOW—*CARR*.—On 24th June 1933, JOHN BREMNER DOW to ANNETA PETERS CARR, Craigvar, Kirkhill Gardens.

GLENDINNING—*DEWAR*.—On 15th July 1933, ARCHIBALD D. GLENDINNING to MARY M. DEWAR, 57 Newington Road.

M'CREA—*WEBSTER*.—On 28th July 1933, WILLIAM H. M'CREA to MARION N. C. WEBSTER, Burdiehouse.

WAGHORN—*WHYTE*.—On 28th July 1933, ARTHUR WAGHORN to ELSPETH PIRIE WHYTE, 17 Dundas Street.

BEAUVAIS—*POTTINGER*.—On 4th August 1933, LAURENCE BEAUVAIS to DOROTHY JEAN POTTINGER, 3 Warrender Park Terrace.

M'DUFF—CORMACK.—On 4th August 1933, WILLIAM J.M'DUFF, 2 Marchmont Street, to JESSIE CORMACK.

BAIRD—*GRAHAM*.—On 8th August 1933, FRED BAIRD, M.Sc. to EVELYN M. GRAHAM, M.A., 114 Relugas Road.

ROBERTSON—*MACLACHLAN*.—On 16th August 1933, ALEXANDER ROBERTSON, M.A., to JESSIE M. M. MACLACHLAN, Meggatland.

MOWAT—SCOTT.—On 2nd September 1933, JAMES E. MOWAT, 75 Spottiswoode Street, to ALISON G. SCOTT.

RITCHIE—BARRY.—At Ottawa, on 9th September 1933, DAVID J. B. RITCHIE, B.L., of 16 Mertoun Place, to ELIZABETH BARRY.

PHILIPS—*BRECHIN*.—On 12th September 1933, CYRIL J. PHILIPS, F.F.S., to DOROTHY ORR BRECHIN, Glenorchy, Ulster Drive.

HOWELLS—*STEEL*.—On 12th September 1933, ROBERT C. HOWELLS, Mus.Bac., to JEAN KENNOWAY STEEL, 9 Roseneath Street.

HOURSTON—*MINTO*.—On 14th September 1933, WILLIAM A. M. HOURSTON, M.P.S., to VERA W. MINTO, 88 East Claremont Street.

FINLAY—*HAWKINS*.—On 19th September 1933, WILLIAM W. FINLAY, I.C.S., to LORNA T. HAWKINS, 9 Cluny Place.

GARDNER—*WATT*.—On 19th September 1933, P. M. GARDNER to AGNES L. WATT, 27 Minto Street.

SELLAR—*STEWART*.—On 20th September 1933, WILLIAM B. SELLAR to MARGARET I. M. STEWART, 62 Hazelbank Terrace.

HARRIS—*BROWN*.—On 3rd October 1933, WILLIAM FERGUS to BLANCHE BROWN, 151 Bruntsfield Place.

ELDRIDGE—*GRIEVE*.—On 14th October 1933, Frederick C. Eldridge to HELEN NAYSMITH GRIEVE, 3 Millerfield Place.

BEVERIDGE—*PEEBLES*.—On 25th November 1933, SYDNEY BEVERIDGE, F.C.I.I., A.C.I.S., to DORIS GRANT PEEBLES, 28 Comely Bank Place.

MACKAY—*RAMSAY*.—On 2nd December 1933, JAMES A. MACKAY to MAUD M. RAMSAY, Corstorphine.

HAMILTON—LOGAN.—On 8th December 1933, JAMES HAMILTON, Urquhart, Dunfermline (formerly of Cockburn, Balerno), to JEAN LOGAN.

MURPHY—DICKSON.—On 27th December 1933, ALEXANDER C. MURPHY, M.A., 9 Spottiswoode Road, to MARY K. DICKSON.

LUMSDEN—*RAE*.—On 24th February 1934, KENNETH LUMSDEN to MARGARET GRANT RAE, 67 Spottiswoode Street.

PHILIP—*RITCHIE*.—On 13th June 1934, WILLIAM A. PHILIP to MARION B. RITCHIE, 76 Marchmont Crescent.

MACKENZIE—*GODFREY*.—On 14th June 1934, DONALD K. MACKENZIE to DOROTHY GODFREY, 32 Polwarth Terrace.

CERTIFICATE AND SCHOLARSHIP LISTS.

PUPILS WHO GAINED LEAVING CERTIFICATES IN 1933.

Elizabeth M. Amos.
Enid M. Anderson.
Marion B. H. Bauchope.
Morag Dods.
Mary G. Fisher.
Betty M. Gauldie.
Elizabeth Gemmell.
Helen M. Gray.
Marjorie J. Hay.
Anne H. Lockie.
Ann S. E. M'Intosh.
Grace M. Moon.
Ruth S. D. Nicolson.
Adelaide Pass.
Johan W. Smith.
Rhoda Speirs.
Jean F. R. Watson.
Margaret A. C. Watson.

PUPILS WHO GAINED DAY SCHOOL CERTIFICATES (HIGHER) IN 1933.

Margaret C. C. Adams.
Mary C. Bee.
Mary B. R. Blyth.
Margaret Brettell.
Eleanor M. Brodie.
Jean D. Brotherstone.
Elizabeth Browne.
Helen S. Brown.
Isobel B. Brown.
Cissie T. Brydon.
Jessie F. D. Burn.
Winifred L. Chandler.
Roberta H. R. M. Chilles.
Margaret C. Cooper.
Myra J. Dow.
Mary W. Duncan.
Annie W. Dunn.
Winifred F. Ewing.
Annie M. Galloway.
Helen C. Gloag.
Muriel I. Green.
Gladys J. H. Hamilton.
Helen J. Harper.
Eva R. Harris.
Robina M'M. Houston.
Catherine I. C. Kay.
Mary D. Kelloe.
Louie Lawrence.
Mary Levey.
Annie Levy.
Beatrice W. A. Liddell.
Olive B. M'Ausland.
Irene P. M'Dermott.
Annie L. M'Intosh.
Margaret W. M'Kinnon.
Mary E. M'Nab.
Margaret E. M'Beath.
Mary F. Macdonald.
Kathleen M. Maclean.
Margaret I. Malcolm.
Phyllis J. C. Manson.
Annie B. Marsh.
Violet F. Michie.
Dorothy M. Minck.
Adelaide F. Mitchell.
Margaret R. Morrison.
Marie A. Morrison.
Christina M'L. Nelson.
Helen D. Noble.
Rita Ordman.
Muriel C. J. Pattullo.
Jessie H. Pirie.
Mary B. Ramsay.
Christian M. Reddin.
Flora A. Ritchie.
Gladys S. Robertson.
Mona J. H. Robertson.
Charlotte M. Rosie.
Lily A. L. M'C. Savage.
Violet J. Scott.
Miriam R. Shenkin.
Laura D. Shields.
Beatrice Steedman.
Freda C. Underhill.
Maud Urie.
Muriel Urie.
Annie E. Vint.
Isabella C. Wallis.
Laura M. Watt.
Joan Webster.
Margaret Williams.
Dorothy Wilson.
Kathleen M. Wilson.
Daisy A. Wood.
Margaret Y. Woods.
Jenny M. Yellowlees.

PUPILS WHO GAINED THE JUNIOR COMMERCIAL CERTIFICATE OF THE EDINBURGH CHAMBER OF COMMERCE IN 1934.

Evelyn Brown.
Margaret A. Mackenzie.
Annie B. Smith.
Margaret Fraser (Book-keeping).
Marjorie J. Hay (Book-keeping).

SHORTHAND SUCCESSES.

1. *Certificates in Theory of Shorthand*—
Margaret Brodie.
Louie Lawrence.
Beatrice Liddell.
Mary Ramsay.
Mona Robertson.
Annie Vint.

2. *Speed Certificates in Shorthand*—
Ethel Buglass (70).
Jean Jamieson (70).
Nancy Smith (70).
Elizabeth Thornton (70).
Isabella D. Wilkie (100).
Marjorie Hay (100).
Margaret Mackenzie (60, 70 and 80).

SCHOLARSHIPS ENTITLING TO REMISSION OF FEES FOR SESSION 1934-35.

This List is subject to the approval of the Education Committee of the Town Council.

ENTERING SIXTH YEAR.—Ethel A. Buglass, Jane B. Bethune, Margaret S. Crichton, Elizabeth Thornton, Elizabeth T. Smith.

ENTERING FIFTH YEAR.—Eleanor M. Brodie, Eva R. Harris, Louie Lawrence, Beatrice W. Liddell, Olive B. M'Ausland, Kathleen Maclean, Dorothy M. Minck, Jenny M. Yellowlees.

ENTERING FOURTH YEAR.—Gladys E. Beattie, Joan Buckle, Jean Falconer, Dorothy Gardiner, Dorothy Graham, Agnes Ross, Catherine Tait, Helen Tarbet.

ENTERING THIRD YEAR.—Margaret Bee, Grace Caddis, Evelyn Hardie, Victoire M'Leod, Agnes Thornton, Frances Woodward.

ENTERING SECOND YEAR.—Dorothy Bell, Georgina E. Elliott, Eleanor Ginsburg, Margaret Gooding, Elizabeth I. Macdonald, Helen M'Donald, Kathleen Macdonald, Anne Paterson, Cynthia Pryde, Isobel Robertson, Jessie Templeton, Helen E. Weddell.

ENTERING FIRST YEAR.—Margaret Booth, Muriel H. B. Brown, Nyasa Burn, Victoria H. I. Gillanders, Marion Peden, Audrey Purves, Marjorie Ritchie, Janette Squair, Pauline Wood.

SCHOOL PRIZE LIST, 1933-34.

Dux of the School	Morag Dods.
Dux in English	Morag Dods.
,, Latin	Morag Dods.
,, French	Esther Hortop.
,, German	Morag Dods.
,, Mathematics	Anne H. Lockie.
,, Science	Anne H. Lockie.
,, Art	Mina M. Storrar.
,, Physical Training	Eleanor M. Chisholm.
,, Music	Margaret Scott.
,, Secretarial Subjects	Marjorie J. Hay.
,, Dressmaking	Agnes Bethune.
Dux of Intermediate School	Ann M'Intosh.

SPECIAL PRIZES.

Prize presented by a Former Dux (1927-28) *to the Dux of the School.*
Morag Dods.

Prize presented by a Former Dux (1927-28) *to the Dux of the Intermediate School.*
Ann M'Intosh.

Prize presented by two Former Duxes to Best All-Round Pupil.
Eleanor Chisholm.

Prize presented by Anonymous Donor to Best Modern Language Scholar in Leaving Certificate Class.
Jane Bethune.

"Colin L. Jobson, M.A., Memorial Prize" to the Dux of the School.
Morag Dods.

"Jobson Prize" for Mental Arithmetic.
Betty MacDonald.

"Cowan Prize" in Art.
Helen Tarbet.

"Councillor Tom Stevenson" Cup and Gold Medal for Athletics.
Joan Webster.

"Thomas Scott" Prize for Athletics.
Margaret M. Morton.

Singing Prizes.
1. (*Prrsented by two Former Duxes*), Ruby Hindmarsh.
2. Marion Dunbar.

Sir Walter Scott Club Prizes.
Secondary School—1. Dorothy Minck; 2. Morag Dods.
Intermediate School—1. Muriel Camberg; 2. Dorothy Gardiner.

Stevenson Club Prize.
Mary G. Fisher.

Burns Club Prizes.
Senior Section—Dorothy Minck.
Intermediate Section—Muriel Camberg.
Junior Section—1. Margaret Reid; 2. Margaret Booth; 3. Grace Jamieson.

Bible Prizes.
Form 6—Helen B. Morrison.
Form 4—Kathleen Maclean.
Form 2—Jean Ritchie.
3 *Senior* A.—Jean Johnstone.
1 *Senior* A.—Ruby Stewart.
Form 5—Isobel Strachan.
Form 3—Dorothea Brown.
Form 1—Helen J. Macdonald.
2 *Senior* A.—Audrey Barker.

S.P.C.A. Prizes.
1. Sheila Clark (3 Sen. B); 2. Sheila Mather (3 Sen. C); 3. Susan Ross (3 Sen. A).

Pianoforte Prizes.
Mr Huxtable's Pupils—1. Nellie Gloag; 2. Mary Keddie.
Mr Paterson's Pupils—1. Kathleen M'Lean and Margaret O'Riordan (*equal*).
Mrs Ross's Pupils—1. Margaret Nelson; 2. Elizabeth Chalmers.

FORM 6 A.

English—1. Morag Dods; 2. Helen B. Morrison; 3. Margaret A. C. Watson; 4. Eleanor M. Chisholm; 5. Esther E. Hortop.
*History*1. Morag Dods.
Latin (*advanced*)—1. Morag Dods; 2. Margaret A. C. Watson.
Latin (*Lower*)—1. Susan K. M. M'Donald.
French (*Advanced*)—1. Esther E. Hortop; 2. Morag Dods; 3. Margaret A. C. Watson.
French (*Higher*)—1. Colette Hogg.
German—1. Morag Dods; 2. Esther E. Hortop; 3. Margaret A. C. Watson.
Mathematics (*Advanced*)—1. Anne H. Lockie.
Mathematics (*Higher*)—1. Elizabeth Livingstone.
Science—1. Anne H. Lockie.
Physical Training—1. Eleanor N. Chisholm.

FORM 6B.

English and History—1. Mary G. Fisher; 2. Margaret H. Fraser and Marjorie J. Hay (*equal*).
French (*Advanced*)—1. Marjorie J. Hay.
French (*Higher*)—1. Margaret H. Fraser.
Mathematics—1. Margaret H. Fraser.
Secretarial Subjects—1. Marjorie J. Hay; 2. Margaret H. Fraser.
Physical Training—1. Margaret H. Fraser.

FORM 5A.

English—1. Frances M. Brunt; 2. Elizabeth T. Smith; 3. Margaret M. Scott; 4. Jane B. Bethune; 5. Hannah S. Couper; 6. Margaret S. Crichton.
Latin—1. Jane B. Bethune; 2. Elizabeth T. Smith.
French—1. Elizabeth T. Smith; 2. Jane B. Bethune; 3. Hannah S. Couper; 4. M. Caroline Forbes.
French (*Lower*)—1. Margaret S. Crichton; 2. Isobel J. Strachan.
German—1. Jane B. Bethune; 2. Hannah S. Couper.
Mathematics—1. Elizabeth T. Smith; 2. Jane B. Bethune; 3. M. Caroline Forbes; 3. Margaret S. Crichton.
Science—1. Margaret S. Crichton; 2. Isobel J. Strachan; 3. Esther A. Davidson.
Art—1. Mina M. M. Storrar; 2. Jean M. Lugton; 3. Elizabeth T. Rosie.
Music—1. Margaret M. Scott.
Physical Training—1. Elizabeth T. Rosie.

FORM 5B.

English—1. Margaret A. Mackenzie; 2. Ethel A. Buglass; 3. Elizabeth M. Thornton; 4. Roberta Hindmarsh.
French—1. Margaret A. Mackenzie; 2. Elizabeth M. Thornton; 3. Ethel A. Buglass.
French (*Lower*)—1. Annie B. Smith.
Mathematics—1. Ethel A. Buglass; 2. Elizabeth M. Thornton; 3. Margaret A. Mackenzie.
Mathematics (*Lower*)—1. Jean W. Jamieson.
Secretarial Subjects—1. Margaret A. Mackenzie; 2. Ethel A. Buglass; 3. Elizabeth M. Thornton.
Physical Training—1. Jean W. Jamieson.

FORM 4A.

English—1. Dorothy M. Minck; 2. Jenny M. Yellowlees; 3. Violet F. Michie; 4. Mary D. Kelloe; 5. Kathleen M. Maclean and Olive B. M'Ausland (*equal*).
Latin—1. Dorothy M. Minck; 2. Mary D. Kelloe.
French—1. Dorothy M. Minck; 2. Olive B. M'Ausland; 3. Jenny M. Yellowlees; 4. Mary D. Kelloe.
German (*Higher*)—1. Dorothy M. Minck; 2. Mary D. Kelloe.
German (*Lower*)—1. Winifred F. Ewing.
Mathematics—1. Dorothy M. Minck; 2. Violet F. Michie; 3. Olive B. M'Ausland; 4. Mary D. Kelloe.
Science—1. Olive B. M'Ausland; 2. Violet F. Michie; 3. Marie A. Morrison.
Art—1. Margaret I. Malcolm.
Physical Training—1. Charlotte M. Rosie.
Music—1. Margaret M'Beath.

FORM 4B.

English—1. Isabella C. Wallis; 2. Roberta H. R. M. Chilles; 3. Mary B. Ramsay; 4. Beatrice W. A. Liddell and Annie E. Vint (*equal*).
French—1. Mary B. Ramsay; 2. Mona I. H. Robertson; 3. Louie Lawrence.
German (Higher)—1. Mary B. Ramsay; 2. Mona I. H. Robertson.
German (Lower)—1. Louie Lawrence; 2. Beatrice W. A. Liddell.
Mathematics—1. Kathleen Wilson; 2. Flora Ritchie; 3. Isabella C. Wallis.
Secretarial Subjects—1. Mona I. H. Robertson; 2. Mary B. Ramsay 3. Kathleen Wilson.
Physical Training—1. Joan Webster.

FORM 3A.

English—1. Ann M'Intosh and Dorothy Gardiner (*equal*); 3. Gladys Beattie; 4. Jean Currie; 5. Ella Linton; 6. Dorothy Cunningham.
Latin—1. Agnes Ross; 2. Ann M'Intosh; 3. Jessie Dalgleish; 4. Dorothy Graham.
Greek—1. Agnes Ross; 2. Ann M'Intosh.
French—1. Jean Falconer; 2. Betty MacDonald; 3. Ann M'Intosh; 4. Jean Currie.
German—1. Jean Falconer; 2. Jessie Dalgleish; 3. Betty MacDonald.
Mathematics—1. Gladys Beattie; 2. Betty MacDonald; 3. Ann M'Intosh; 4. Jessie Dalgleish.
Science—1. Betty MacDonald; 2. Gladys Beattie; 3. Jessie Dalgleish; 4. Agnes Ross.
Art—1. Betty MacDonald; 2. Agnes Ross; 3. Doris Livingstone; 4. Margaret Christie.
Physical Training—1. Marjory Muir.

FORM 3B.

English—1. Helen Tarbet; 2. Alison Earsman; 3. Catherine Tait; 3. Alice Stephen.
Latin—1. Anna Hogg; 2. Catherine M'Nab; 3. Vera Cunningham.
French—1. Harriet Gordon; 2. Catherine M'Nab; 3. Margaret Rudd.
Mathematics—1. Catherine Tait; 2. Alice Torkington; 3. Morag Macdonald.
Science—1. Catherine Tait; 2. Elizabeth Deans; 3. Alice Clark.
Art—1. Helen Tarbet; 2. Margaret Brown; 3. Annie Gould.
Physical Training—1. Annie Gould.

FORM 3C.

English—1. Margaret Swan; 2. Winifred Harris; 3. Davina Wilson; 4. Mary Keddie.
French—1. Marjory Shields; 2. Doris Crichton; 3. Margaret Cowpar.
Mathematics—1. Sheila Black; 2. Dorothy M'Geoch; 3. Marjory Shields.
Science—1. Dorothy M'Geoch; 2. Florence Brown; 3. Marjory Shields.
Art—1. Helen Shepherd; 2. Mary Keddie; 3. Cecilia Cannon.
Physical Training—1. Emma Pike and Doris Paterson (*equal*).

FORM 3D.

English—1. Muriel B. Innes; 2. Mary Mallinson; 3. Dorothy M. Imrie; 4. Dorothy M. Walker.
French—1. Isabella T. Scougall; 2. Muriel B. Innes; 3. Agnes E. Russell.
Mathematics—1. Margaret A. I. Dawson; 2. Dorothy M. Imrie; 3. Dorothy M. Walker.
Science—1. Dorothy M. Imrie; 2. I. Alice B. Foggo; 3. Muriel B. Innes.
Art—1. Mary Mallinson; 2. Dorothy M. Imrie; 3. Jean R. Black.
Physical Training—1. Ishbel A. Cameron.

FORM 2A.

English—1. Doreen Michie; 2. Barbara Lowe; 3. Margaret Jamieson; 4. Mysie Ross; 5. Elizabeth McMillan; 6. Ruby Ockrent.
Latin—1. Doreen Michie; 2. Grace Caddis; 3. Margaret Jamieson; 4. Barbara Lowe.
French—1. Doreen Michie; 2. Grace Caddis and Barbara Lowe (*equal*); 4. Jean Hill.
Mathematics—1. Doreen Michie; 2. Bessie Barclay; 3. Margaret Jamieson; 4. Barbara Lowe.
Science—1. Doreen Michie; 2. Margaret Bee; 3. Elizabeth McMillan; 4. Barbara Lowe.
Art—1. Doreen Michie; 2. Joan Godfrey; 3. Rachel Quinnell; 4. Dorothy M'Cartney.
Physical Training—1. Janet Peterson.
Dressmaking—1. Agnes Bethune.

FORM 2B.

English—1. Agnes Thornton; 2. Jessie M. Ross; 3. Jean Butchart; 4. Hannah R. Shenkin; 5. Philomène F. Cook; 6. Caroline F. Ferguson.
Latin—1. Dorothy S. Ewing; 2. Annie E. Martin; 3. Hannah R. Shenkin; 4. Elizabeth L. Fisher.
French—1. Annie E. Martin; 2. Margaret M. Morton; 3. Philomène F. Cook; 4. Joan M'L. Low.
Mathematics—1. Agnes Thornton; 2. Jean R. Sandilands; 3. Jean Butchart; 4. Jessie M. Ross.
Science—1. Philomène F. Cook; 2. Jean Butchart; 3. Hannah R. Shenkin; 4. Caroline F. Ferguson.
Art—1. Norah N. Smith and Jean Cameron (*equal*); 3. Aileen I. Stephen; 4. Janet Cook.
Physical Training—1. Margaret M. Morton and Dorothy Barr (*equal*).
Dressmaking—1. Margaret Falconer.

FORM 2C.

English—1. Victoire M'Leod; 2. Marjorie Rowley; 3. Gladys Lamb; 4. Mary Mackenzie.
French—1. Gladys Lamb; 2. Martha Reid; 3. Mary Mackenzie.
Mathematics—1. Victoire M'Leod; 2. Isabella Easton; 3. Margaret Macpherson.
Science—1. Margaret Macpherson; 2. Isabella Easton; 3. Victoire M'Leod.
Art—1. Victoire M'Leod; 2. Marjorie Rowley; 3. Margaret Macpherson.
Physical Training—1. Marjorie Rowley.
Dressmaking—1. Barbara Black.
Domestic Science—1. Jeanie Roy.

FORM 2D.

English—1. Barbara Pryce; 2. Winifred Affleck; 3. Elizabeth Stewart; 4. Bessie Adamson.
French—1. Jean Patrick; 2. Doris Hamilton; 3. Catherine Grubb.
Mathematics—1. Barbara Pryce; 2. Constance Buckle; 3. Maisie Hutchon.
Science—1. Doris Hamilton; 2. Barbara Pryce; 3. Constance Buckle.
Art—1. Beatrice Milne; 2. Margaret Easton; 3. Glenys Edenborough.
Physical Training—1. Constance Buckle.
Dressmaking—1. Constance Buckle.
Domestic Science—1. Constance Buckle.

FORM 2E.

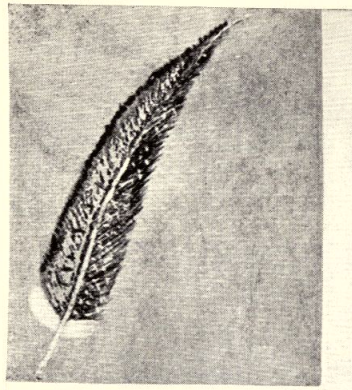
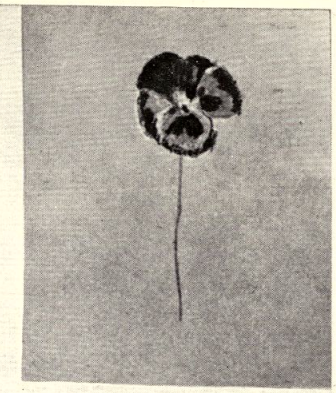
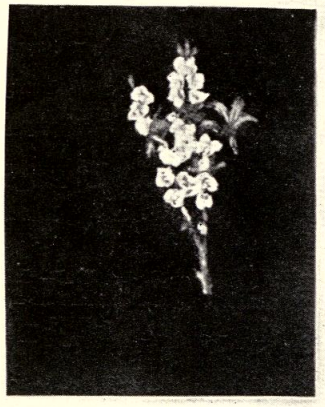
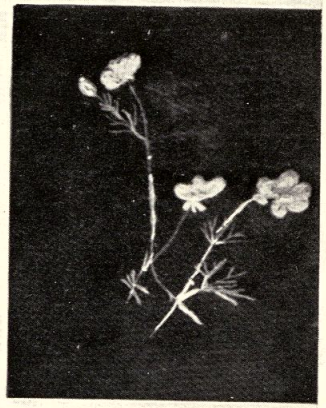
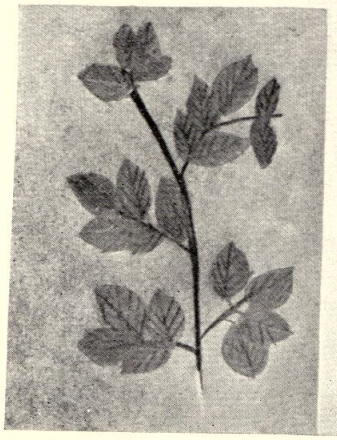
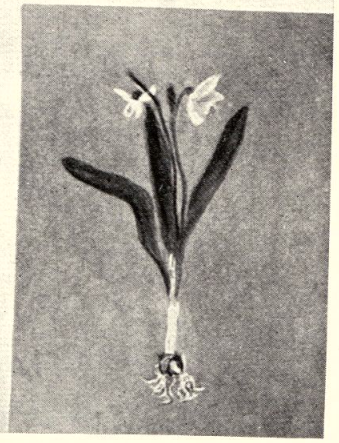
English—1. Saidie F. Isenberg; 2. Lillian I. Morgan; 3. Irene C. Frater; 4. Agnes F. Somerville.
French—1. Eleanor Campbell; 2. Joan F. Duncan; 3. Alice M. Walker.
Mathematics—1. Saidie F. Isenberg; 2. Helen M. Muir; 3. Dorothea Dowsen.
Science—1. Alice M. Walker; 2. Irene C. Frater; 3. Eleanor Campbell.
Art—1. Anne D. Shortreed; 2. Dulcie R. Crowe; 3. Isabella Black.
Physical Training—1. Alice M. Walker.
Dressmaking—1. Elizabeth Thomson.
Domestic Science—1. Dulcie R. Crowe.

FORM 1A.

English—1. Helen J. Macdonald; 2. Dorothy S. T. Bell; 3. Georgina E. Elliott; 4. Margaret S. Halley; 5. Helen M. Forbes 6. Margaret S. Gooding.
Latin—1. Margaret S. Halley; 2. Helen J. Macdonald; 3. Dorothy S. T. Bell; 4. Jean R. Swain.
French—1. Helen J. Macdonald; 2. Dorothy S. T. Bell; 3. Georgina E. Elliott; 4. Margaret S. Halley.
Mathematics—1. Margaret S. Halley; 2. Dorothy S. T. Bell; 3. Helen J. Macdonald; 5. Georgina E. Elliott.
Science—1. Dorothy S. T. Bell; 2. Helen J. Macdonald; 3. Margaret S. Halley; 4. Georgina E. Elliott.
Art—1. Margaret S. Halley and Helen J. Macdonald (*equal*); 3. Dorothy M. W. Mackintosh; 4. Sheila I. Munro.
Physical Training—1. Jean R. Swain.
Dressmaking—1. Sheila I. Munro.

FORM 1B.

English—1. Eleanor Ginsburg; 2. Maria D. T. Buchanan; 3. Margaret C. Inglis; 4. Enid R. Hogg; 5. Mary M. M. Jackson; 6. Helen Donaldson.
Latin—1. Maria D. T. Buchanan; 2. Margaret K. Macdonald; 3. Eleanor Ginsburg; 4. Enid R. Hogg.
French—1. Maria D. T. Buchanan; 2. Eleanor Ginsburg; 3. Doris P. Morrison; 4. Margaret K. Macdonald.
Mathematics—1. Eleanor Ginsburg; 2. Jeanne E. Bauchope; 3. Margaret C. Inglis; 4. Mary M. M. Jackson.

Norma Houston.
Isabel McDonald.
Jane Carasov.

May Finnis.
Lilias McFarlane.
May Finnis.

Science—1. Maria D. T. Buchanan; 2. Anne W. Sandison; 3. Dorothy M. Shand; 4. Eleanor Ginsburg.
Art—1. Frances E. Congdon; 2. Anna Dunbar and Dorothy M. Shand (*equal*); 4. Anne W. Sandison.
Physical Training—1. Anne W. Sandison.
Dressmaking—1. Dorothy M. Shand.

FORM 1C.

English—1. Cynthia Pryde; 2. Kathleen Macdonald; 3. Margaret Harrison; 4. Betty MacDonald; 5. Jessie M'Kay; 6. Freda Oppenheim.
Latin—1. Cynthia Pryde; 2. Margaret Harrison; 3. Anne Paterson; 4. Jessie Templeton.
French—1. Cynthia Pryde; 2. Betty MacDonald and Kathleen Macdonald (*equal*); 4. Mary Foster.
Mathematics—1. Cynthia Pryde; 2. Anne Paterson and Jessie Templeton (*equal*); 4. Kathleen Macdonald.
Science—1. Cynthia Pryde; 2. Janet Jardine and Kathleen Macdonald (*equal*).
Art—1. Betty Hardie; 2. Anne Paterson; 3. Bethia Holmes; 4. Ella Lunan.
Physical Training—1. Mary Durie.
Dressmaking—1. Nan Skeoch.

FORM 1D.

English—1. Isobel M. Robertson; 2. Frances E. Wallis; 3. Catherine L. Blyth; 4. Winifred Hamilton and Margaret L. Kelly (*equal*).
French—1. Isobel M. Robertson; 2. Margaret L. Kelly; 3. Catherine Seaton.
Mathematics—1. Frances E. Wallis; 2. Margaret L. Kelly; 3. Marjory Bruce.
Science—1. Margaret L. Kelly and Isobel M. Robertson (*equal*); 3. Catherine L. Blyth.
Art—1. Isobel M. Robertson; 2. Catherine L. Blyth and Mary J. Telfer (*equal*).
Physical Training—1. Winifred Hamilton.
Dressmaking—1. Mary J. Telfer.
Domestic Science—1. Mary Ferguson.

FORM 1E.

English—1. Sybil Prescott; 2. Evelyn Mackie; 3. Annie Weston; 4. Margaret Rye.
French—1. Jessie Grant; 2. Evelyn Mackie; 3. Sheila Bain.
Mathematics—1. Jessie Grant; 2. Evelyn Mackie; 3. Margaret Rye.
Science—1. Margaret Ede; 2. Jessie Grant; 3. Evelyn Mackie.
Art—1. Rena Thomson; 2. Evelyn Mackie; 3. Dorothy Paterson.
Physical Training—1. Annie Weston.
Dressmaking—1. Nora Robinson.
Domestic Science—1. Violet Bell.

Class 3 Sen. A.

1. Muriel Brown; 2. Audrey Purves; 3. Nyasa Burn; 4. Elizabeth Murphy; 5. Margaret Mills; 6. Elizabeth Chalmers; 7. Jean Johnstone; 8. Jean Smart.
"Hamilton" Prize for English—Nyasa Burn.
Drawing—Betty Maxton and Margaret Mills (*equal*).
Sewing—Muriel Brown.
French—Muriel Brown.

Class 3 Sen. B.

1. Marjory Ritchie ; 2. Janette Squair ; 3. Marion Peden ; 4. Jessie Begrie ; 5. Robina Bruce ; 6. Jessie Sibbald ; 7. Annie M'Kenzie ; 8. Grace Jamieson.

"Hamilton" Prize for English—Marion Peden.
Drawing—Marjory Ritchie.
Sewing—Dorothy Forrester.
French—Marjory Ritchie.

Class 3 Sen. C.

1. Victoria Gillanders ; 2. Pauline Wood ; 3. Margaret Booth ; 4. Sheila Mather and Margaret Reid (*equal*) ; 6. Marion Nelder ; 7. Edith Mitchell ; 8. Joyce Cumming.

"Hamilton" Prize for English—Margaret Booth.
Drawing—Margaret Booth.
Sewing—Margaret Booth.
French—Sheila Mather.

Class 2 Sen. A.

1. Lilias Simpson ; 2. Cathleen Reid ; 3. Jessie Houston ; 4. May Brownlee ; 5. Christina Johnston ; 6. Janet Brown ; 7. Elizabeth Sheed ; 8. Ishbel Sim.

Drawing—Eleanor Arnott.
Sewing—Janet Brown.

Class 2 Senior B.

1. Cathie Sinclair ; 2. Hazel Stewart ; 3. Jean Wishart ; 4. Dorothy Halliday ; 5. Helen Morton ; 6. Joyce Thomson ; 7. Jean Halkett ; 8. Evelyn Biggars.

Drawing—Dorothy Halliday and Dorothy Stewart (*equal*)
Sewing—Betty Whyte.

Class 2 Sen. C.

1. Marjorie Hamilton ; 2. Isobel Ferguson ; 3. Clara Scott ; 4. Leila Sinha ; 5. Dorothy Horsburgh ; 6. Joyce Lawson ; 7. Mabel M'Caig ; 8. Kathleen Suttle.

Drawing—Clara Scott and Dorothy Horsburgh (*equal*).
Sewing—Isobel Ferguson.

Class 1 Sen. A.

1. Rhoda Graham ; 2. Muriel Shand ; 3. Agnes Lees ; 4. Thelma Adams ; 5. Katherine Ramsay ; 6. Muriel Shinie ; 7. Kirsty Semple ; 8. Margaret Macpherson.

Drawing—Elizabeth Costa.
Sewing—Agnes Lees.

Class 1 Sen. B.

1. Marguerite Combey ; 2. Jean Laing ; 3. Mabel Douglas ; 4. Ruby Laird ; 5. May Davidson ; 6. Jean M'Nab ; 7. Margaret Gilbert ; 8. Evelyn Smail and Sheila Stewart (*equal*).

Drawing—May Young.
Sewing—Jean N'Nab.

Class 1 Sen. C.

1. Moira Haig ; 2. Isabel Wishart ; 3. Esther Caplan ; 4. Jean Kirkhope ; 5. Myra Ockrent ; 6. Margaret Brewster ; 7. Muriel Ford ; 8. Florence Bowie.

Drawing—Esther Caplan.
Sewing—Esther Caplan.

Class 2 Junior A.

1. Doreen Colburn ; 2. Dorothy Beaton ; 3. Isabel M'Donald ; 4. Olive Morison ; 5. Ailsa Etheridge ; 6. Christine Sanderson ; 7. Norah Nelder ; 8. Catherine Heriot.

Composition—Nancy Knox.
Drawing—Norma Houston.
Sewing—Joan Dickson.

Class 2 Junior B.

1. Dorothy Polson ; 2. Marjorie MacGregor ; 3. Winifred Dalgleish ; 4. Muriel Sealey ; 5. Dorothy Ferguson ; 6. Doreen Booth ; 7. Rena Ross ; 8. Molly Ferguson.

Composition—Winifred Dalgleish.
Drawing—Doreen Burnett.
Sewing—Ruth Weddell.

Class 1 Jun. A.

1. Agnes Wilson ; 2. Margaret Ogilvie ; 3. Violet Hills ; 4. Janet Worling ; .5 Sybil Kirk ; 6. Elinor Wylie ; 7. Evelyn Goudie ; 8. Eileen Forsyth.

Composition—Marjorie M'Kinley.
Drawing—Daphne Green.
Sewing—Marjorie Dunlop.

Class 1 Jun. B.

1. Margaret Kirby ; 2. Betty Topp ; 3. Pamela Ryrie ; 4. Ruth Watt ; 5. Janet Anderson ; 6. Muriel Gilbert ; 7. Alexandra Littlejohn ; 8. Edith Gilchrist

Composition—Ruth Watt.
Drawing—Joan Anderson.
Sewing—Margaret Kirby.

Class Senior Infant A.

1. Frances Lundie ; 2. Audrey Adams ; 3. Irene Scott ; 4. Kathleen Halkett ; 5. Irene Chalmers ; 6. Elizabeth Dunn ; 7. Irene Dow ; 8. Rhena Elder.

Class Senior Infant B.

1. Dorothy Waterston ; 2. Jean Guild ; 3. Joyce Brown ; 4. Georgina Stephen ; 5. Margaret Thomson 6. Veronica Hutchinson; 7. Isobel Hawson ; 8. Irene Kirkhope.

Class Junior Infant A.

1. Elinor M. Cleland ; 2. Christina M. Woodburn ; 3. Edith M. Garvie ; 4. Frances B. Wood ; 5. Margaret W. M'Farlane ; 6. Sheila C. M'Nair ; 7. Margaret H. M. Smith ; 8. Ruth Gall.

Class Junior Infant B.

1. Elizabeth R. Cromarty and Frances E. A. M'Vey (*equal*) ; 3. Edna M. A. Arthur ; 4. Evelyn Jeffers ; 5. Elizabeth L. Macpherson ; 6. Annie C. Tait ; 7. Elza Dougan ; 8. Margaret E. Alexander.

BURSARIES.

Secondary Bursaries were awarded last year to :—Eva R. J. Harris, Rita Ordman, Jenny M. Yellowlees.

Intermediate Bursaries were awarded to :—Margaret R. Bertram, Helen Donaldson, Margaret R. Ede, Jessie Gow, Margaret Hutchison.

James Gillespie's High School Bursaries were awarded to :—Maria W. T. Buchanan (Lorne Street) ; Margaret B. Harrison (Regent Road) ; Margaret Halley (Broughton Elem.) ; Evelyn Jamieson (Tollcross) ; Janet Jardine (Dr. Bell's) ; Isabella Lunan (London Street) ; Margaret McDonald (Sciennes) ; Isabella Potter (Albion Road) ; Ann Sandison (Albion Road) ; Isobel Smart (Craiglockhart).

Edinburgh Musical Festival.

Dorothy Minck and Annie Vint took first and second places respectively in the Poetry Competition at Edinburgh Musical Festival this year, with poems on " The Road."

Music Passes.

The following pupils of Mr Huxtable have passed the Trinity College (London) Local Examinations in Piano playing :—*Preparatory*, Amy Wilson, Betty M'William, and Doris Sey (with Honours) ; *Junior*, Etrine Anderson, and Helen Macdonald.

The following pupils of Mr Paterson have passed the Examinations in Piano playing of the Associated Board :—*Primary*, May Finnie ; *Elementary*, Jessie Walker ; *Transitional*, Grace Mackie ; *Higher*, Margaret Maclean, Margaret O'Riordan.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

The Editors beg to acknowledge with thanks, receipt of the following school magazines :—*Boroughmuir Magazine, The Herioter, The George Square Chronicle, The Watsonian, " Schola Regia," Trinity Academy Magazine, Leith Academy Magazine, Musselburgh Grammar School Magazine.*

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