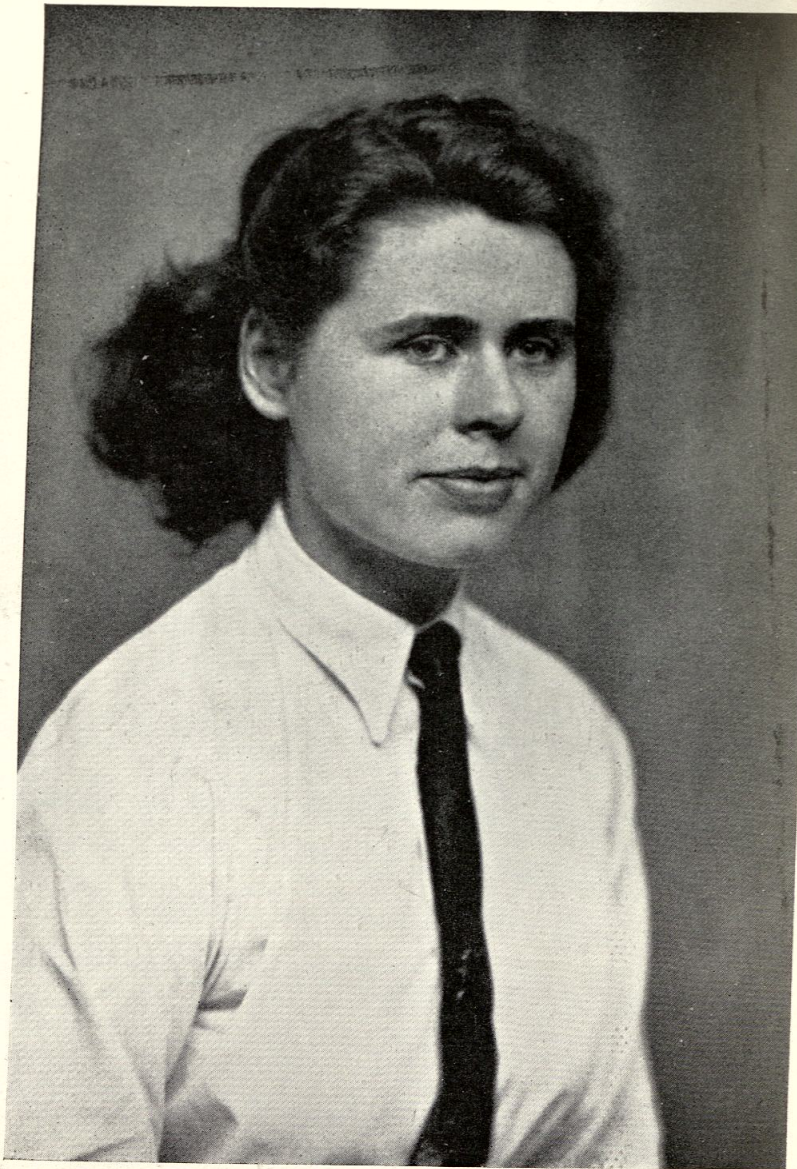


Gillespie's
High
School
Magazine

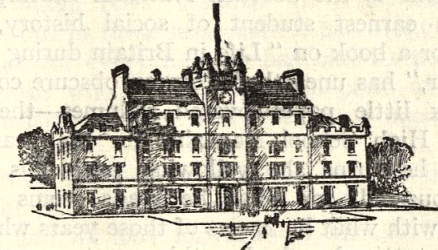
July 1945





DUX OF SCHOOL,

JANETTE B. REID.



Gillespie's High School Magazine

JULY 1945

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FOREWORD.

The scene is the Scottish National Library, the year 2045. An earnest student of social history, gathering material for a book on "Life in Britain during the Second World War," has unearthed from an obscure corner of the library six little paper-covered volumes—the issues of Gillespie's High School Magazine for the years 1940 to 1945. As he turns the yellowing pages his expression becomes puzzled, for what he reads seems almost inconsistent with what he knows of those years when western civilisation tottered and when this country passed through its most fiery trial. True, there are references to War Savings and war charities, to comforts for the troops, to shelter drill and fire-watching; there are verses (mostly humorous) about rationing and queueing and sirens and, finally, about VE Day; there are, in the Infants' stories, revealing little touches like "My daddy is in the homegard and he looks an ofil site in his yooniform." Once, at least, he finds a deeper note struck where in the "School Notes" for 1940 the significant words ". . . and we have for weeks been awaiting the order to evacuate from Edinburgh," recall the time when the danger of invasion was real and pressing, and when we could no longer be sure of keeping anything we cherished—our homes, our traditions or even our lives. But the bulk of what he reads is the record of a school carrying on its normal life, indeed, flourishing and expanding. There are the yearly records of examination successes, the reports of every school society, of sports and parties and Commemoration Days and concerts. He concludes that the life of a girls' school in a safe area was, even in these grim years, secure and sane and happy.

Surely every one of us realises that we have been privileged beyond anything we could have dared to expect. Let us beware of the sin of taking things for granted. Innumerable films and newspapers, and of recent months our school's contact with the suffering city of Caen, have shown us what we have been spared. If we, unlike other schoolgirls less fortunately placed, know nothing except by hearsay of bomb-shattered houses, of hunger and cold and sudden death, of the shadow of the Gestapo and the nightmare cruelties of the concentration camp, it is through

no merit of our own but through the strange mercy of Providence and the sacrifice of others. One of the Editor's privileges is to receive copies of the magazines of some of our Edinburgh boys' schools. In peacetime this was a pleasure, but in these last years it has brought a recurring heartache, for every number has had its portraits of the smiling lads whose death was the price of our freedom. Our security was not lightly won, nor must it be lightly held.

And now in this year we have seen the lights going up again, the flags hung out, and the bells rung for Victory in Europe, and we look forward—to what? The superficial answer is, "To lighted streets, better food, more attractive clothes, unlimited petrol, seaside holidays," but if we think only thus, in terms of the returning amenities of our own lives, we are indeed unworthy of our privileges. "The life of the world," said Mr Churchill in his own and the nation's finest hour, "may yet move forward into broad and sunlit uplands." With more hope now than then we may share his faith, but though victory has been achieved those sunlit uplands are still far away. Those who leave school in this and the coming years are going into a world of dark and tangled problems, of violence and suffering not yet extinct, of smouldering hatreds and lingering suspicions, of uncertain leaderships and conflicting loyalties. Such a world, with its challenging opportunities for service, needs women with courage and imagination and goodwill, with informed minds, sound judgment and understanding hearts. Let us dedicate our school and ourselves to meeting that need, and if we ask for a motto for this year of victory, let it be this—"To whom much is given, of them shall much be required."

A. E. F.

SCHOOL NOTES.

Every year these notes begin with a series of farewells and welcomes, and this year's list of staff changes is a long one. During last summer vacation Miss Linton, Miss Wood and Miss Donaldson were married. Miss Donaldson (now Mrs Paton) stayed on with us for the first part of the winter term, and we are glad to have Miss Linton (now Mrs Watters) still in the English Department. In September came Miss Paton's marriage and resignation. At the end of this term we are to lose Miss Taylor, who also is to be married, Mr Allan, transferred to the History Department of Trinity Academy, and Miss Lilly, who has been appointed to the staff of St Katherine's Training College, Liverpool. In the course of the session we have welcomed as new members of staff the following:—Miss Margaret M. Hardie, M.A. (English), Miss Catherine M. P. Brown, M.A. (Commercial Subjects), Miss Jenny Cruickshank, M.A. (Modern Languages), Miss Mary M. Dewar (Infant Mistress) and Miss Jean J. Halliday (Principal Teacher of Needlework). Yet another change took place in February, with the departure of our School Secretary, Miss Raithby, to Paris, to take up work under the auspices of the Y.W.C.A., looking after the welfare of our Women's Services in France. Our real regret at losing some one whose quiet efficiency contributed so much to the smooth running of the school is tempered with great interest and some pride in having so early a link with liberated Europe. We are fortunate in having so entirely adequate a successor as Mrs Moffatt. To all who have left or are leaving us we wish every happiness in their various new spheres, and pleasant memories of Gillespie's; to their successors we bid a cordial welcome. Mention should be made, also, of how much we owe to the stalwart band of retired members of our staff—Mr Murphy, Mrs Paton, Miss Bliss and Miss Forgan—who are so willing to come and replace absent teachers, and whom it is always such a pleasure to see.

On the academic side the year has been a satisfactory one, with the record number of 84 Leaving Certificates gained. Janette Reid (awarded the Renton Bursary and an Edinburgh Educational Endowment Bursary), Sheena

Morrison, Muriel Leishman, Nora Shinie, Sheila Jenkinson and Sylvia Jones took creditable places in the Merit List of Edinburgh University Bursary Competition. It is worthy of comment that Janette Reid took a high place in the merit list for the Welsh Mathematical Bursary—the second successive year in which a Gillespie's girl has thus distinguished herself in mathematics.

As we go to press comes the gratifying news that Edna Arthur has been awarded, out of fifty candidates, a Caird Scholarship of £175, to continue her studies in music.

In the organisation of the school an important step in the direction of self-government has been taken. The Senior Prefects have been given full responsibility for the maintenance of order and discipline in corridors and on stairs at assembly and dismissal times. In spite of the difficulties inseparable from large numbers and somewhat inadequate accommodation, the new system has for some months been in very successful operation, which speaks well for the competence of the prefects and the goodwill of the school as a whole. The value of self-government in school as a training for citizens of a democracy needs no underlining.

The yearly increasing number of pages devoted to the activities of the various school societies testifies to the range of interests pursued outside the classroom. The Shakespeare Miscellany and Primary School Concert, fully reported elsewhere, gave parents and friends an opportunity of seeing some of the school's cultural activities, and as we go to press the Art, Needlework, Domestic Science and Infant Departments are preparing for the Exhibition of Work to be held on 20th June. Sports Day, held on Wednesday, 13th June, was successful and enjoyable, and a word of thanks is due to Mr Seaton for his excellent organisation on this, as on many a similar occasion. The end of the Spring Term saw the customary party for Forms 4, 5 and 6, where the good work of Mr Gordon as M.C., the abundance and variety of refreshments provided by the guests themselves, and perhaps the high spirits consequent on the end of the "Highers" combined to produce a most enjoyable evening.

Looking beyond the school itself, we find that the past session has brought many interesting contacts. This

year a number of our girls were invited to take part in the illustrative tableaux to the performance of the "Messiah" given in the Usher Hall. The interest in world affairs stimulated in our Current Events classes is reflected in the number of Gillespie girls who are enthusiastic members of "Esca." On the week-end of 13th October our school had the privilege of giving hospitality to a Conference arranged by the Student Christian Movement in Schools; those of the staff and pupils who attended will not readily forget the frank and stimulating discussions on religious problems in the modern world. Various outside speakers have been welcomed; Miss Morley telling of the attitude of young America to world problems, Miss Gedge speaking of mission work in Bulgaria, Mrs McKenzie (Jessie Ree, one of our own Former Pupils, now a missionary) of her work in Indian villages, Miss Wyllie of the Michaelis Nursery School showing a film of the work there, Colonel Boyd-Rochfort (Airborne Troops) and Senior Commander Holdsworth (A.T.S.) giving impressions of life with the troops in France, Belgium and Germany. Of special interest was Mr Donald Grant's illustrated lecture on the Tennessee Valley Scheme; in this age when we have seen so much human skill turned perforce to destructive ends, it was heartening to see a triumphantly successful experiment in the planned and scientific use of natural resources to further human prosperity and happiness.

It was with great pleasure that we learned that St Andrews University was to honour "our" Mr Stewart with the degree of D.D. We owe him much for the warm and continued interest with which he carries out his duties as School Chaplain, and for his inspiring services at Christmas and Easter, and it was, appropriately, in his Church that the entire school assembled for a Service of Thanksgiving on the Monday following VE Day. On all such occasions the School Choir and Orchestra contribute much to the atmosphere of worship.

Service for others is not the least important part of education, and we are glad to record the various charitable activities of the past year. Our personal link with Caen, through our Former Pupil, Margaret Combey, who has gone to the Lycée there, inspired the major effort of the year, the story of which is told elsewhere in this magazine.

The knitting of comforts for the troops has continued, under Miss Taylor's direction, and the year's work totals 410 garments. As in other years, books, games and toys have been sent to the cripple children at Earlston, to Bangour Hospital and to various nursery schools and play centres in the city. The smallest children in our school were given an opportunity to be generous when a large parcel of chocolate was collected from pupils of the Infant and Primary classes and dispatched to the Dutch children now at Abington. Though the spectacular achievements of "Wings for Victory" and "Salute the Soldier" weeks are things of the past, the War Savings Association continues to function satisfactorily.

It remains to thank all those friends of the school—most of them anonymous—who so generously express their interest in the form of special prizes. Two new prizes—one for Modern English Literature and one for the Best All Round Pupil—have this year been received. The Burnett Prize was awarded, this time, for the best collection of wild flowers made within the boundaries of Edinburgh. The Librarians have pleasure in acknowledging gifts of books from Miss E. B. Sears of Buffalo Seminary, from Professor Cockerell (who presented a copy of his own book on Zoology), and from the following Former Pupils:—Sheila Braidwood, Sheila McGregor, Jeannette Holton, Margaret Grierson, Margaret Scott, Nan Lorimer, Catherine Anderson, Isabella Adamson, Joyce Brown, Evelyn Kennedy, Helen Hill, Muriel Hay, Rhena Elder, Maimie Patterson, Molly Fisher, Dinah Hunter, Kathleen Emmerston, Lola Trenwith, Sheila Coull, Joan Stansfield, Elma Brotherton.

A. E. F.

* * * *

COMMEMORATION DAY—FRIDAY, 1st JUNE, 1945.

Each Commemoration Day as it comes round has the effect of a pleasing variation on a familiar tune. The essential features remain the same; always one associates the occasion with masses of June flowers, the cool green of summer uniforms, inspiring music, a distinguished speaker and guests, the inevitable references to snuff, a dignified

Senior Prefect and two solemn but excited "babies," the familiar dusty black of academic gowns lightened by the less familiar glory of coloured hoods—and, under all these surface impressions, a renewed sense of the unity that comes of sharing a fine tradition. This year's ceremony had its own particular touches that will remain in the memory—a glint of sunlight on a great vase of yellow broom, the rich red and purple of the Speaker's robes and hood, the gleam of the Lord Provost's gold chain of office, voices ringing strong and true in the last '*Fidelis et fortis*' of the School Song, and the pleasant touch of fantasy which summoned as guest and wise counsellor the friendly ghost of James Gillespie.

The school was again greatly honoured in both the Chairman and the Speaker, the former being Lord Provost Falconer, the latter Principal G. S. Duncan, O.B.E., D.D., of St Mary's College, St Andrews. It can never be an easy task to hold an audience of such varied ages, but Principal Duncan succeeded. His listeners were won by his kindly manner, and held by the happy device of calling up our Founder himself to comment on the school that would seem so strange to him, and to be ingeniously dismissed back to the Shades at the approach of—a tram-conductress! And beneath the pleasant play of humour were profound truths to ponder over.

Talking of the education of girls, Principal Duncan said it should be such as to develop to the full every power of body, mind and spirit—but not for the selfish aim of merely "getting on" in the world. Each girl should learn to cultivate a real community spirit so that in after life she might serve her generation both by doing faithfully the job she was paid for, and by finding, over and above that, some form of service which was done with equal zest for love of her fellow-men. Two questions should be constantly in our minds—"What do I owe to other people?" and "What can I do for other people?" Our lives were not our own to do as we liked with; all that was good in them we owed to the work and sacrifice of others, and that debt could be repaid only in service. The most important thing a school could give any girl was high standards and an outlook that would fit her to meet the challenge of life.

Ailsa Braidwood's speech proposing the vote of thanks was in every way worthy of the occasion; it was followed by the usual presentation of a snuff-mull to the Speaker and a buttonhole to the Chairman. The musical part of the service, as always, added much to its impressiveness. The School Choir sang the anthem, "How lovely are Thy dwellings fair," by Brahms, and the whole assembly united in the psalm, "When Sion's bondage God turned back," which in this year of deliverance had a very moving significance. Special note must be taken of the singing for the first time of our School Song, in which words written by Mrs King Gillies have been set to a stirring tune by Mr Macrae. No doubt it will soon become a familiar and cherished part of the Gillespie tradition. A. E. F.

* * * *

THE "GILLESPIE-CAEN" FELLOWSHIP.

Stand with me in the middle of this large room, at No. 2 Alvanley Terrace, always provided that you can find space to plant your feet. Confronting us, we have soap, soap and more soap! Pink soap, white soap, toilet soap, kitchen soap—we slide on it, we reek of it! On our left rises a rampart of tinned foods (at least 57 varieties), on our right a wall of cocoa and salt. Behind us, sewing materials rub shoulders with pencils and rubbers, and medical supplies hobnob with babies' bottles—dozens of them! In one corner shoes are stacked; in another, the willing sacrifice of many a favourite toy. Remember too, that even from this vantage point you cannot see the piles and piles of clothing ranged round the next room.

Caen, once associated in my mind with slender towers and graceful arches! When shall I cease to think of that venerable city in terms of salt and soap? For that impressive array represents Gillespie's contribution to the Edinburgh-Caen Fellowship, and I should like to tell you how and why we set about achieving it.

Since the early years of the war, when news only filtered through from occupied France, and each tiny scrap of information was seized upon avidly as evidence of her unbroken spirit, our country has recognized the valiant part Caen has been playing in the resistance movement,

and has been reminded of its historic link with Britain, as the home of William the Conqueror. Since the Battle of Normandy, our own city has formed a more intimate connection with Caen, when Edinburgh stretched out a helping hand to its battle-scarred friend, and the Edinburgh-Caen Fellowship was formed. Since its inception, the friendship between the two countries has been encouraged by visiting Caen citizens who have given us further details, and hence deeper understanding of Caen's struggle for survival.

When Edinburgh "adopted" Caen it was natural that Gillespie's should be anxious to assist the city's efforts by "adopting" the girls' *lycée* in Caen, as Marguerite Combey, a former pupil of Gillespie's, and the first student to go abroad since the outbreak of war, is now in residence there. She sent an S.O.S. to her school, which responded most generously. The personal appeal gave us, as it were, a proprietary interest in Caen, and the enthusiasm throughout the school, from the tiniest tots upwards, was so great that the results, both in money and kind, far exceeded all expectations.

Professor Orr, who has done such magnificent work in the Edinburgh-Caen Fellowship, provided us with a list of the most urgent needs, and a copy of this list was presented to each form—rather optimistically, we feared, when we considered a few of the items. It seemed a reasonable enough assumption that every girl in the school could supply a cake of soap and a reel of cotton, but a request for babies' bottles struck one as somewhat fantastic, and a request for cast-off clothing as nothing short of an impossibility in this coupon-ridden world! From the very beginning, however, it was evident from the general manifestation of interest that Gillespie's was on the move and ready to accomplish the impossible. It was evident, too, that countless unforeseen difficulties would arise—problems of collecting, storing, packing. However, as such difficulties were born of enthusiasm, they were greeted with satisfaction (a satisfaction tinged with despair at times) and solved themselves through time, thanks to the helpfulness of the girls and the staff.

The collection from the Lower School was made first. Contributions were stowed in large boxes by the class

teachers and transported by the senior pupils to the room at Alvanley Terrace, which had been kindly put at our disposal by the Infant Department. There the various items were classified and the clothing made into bundles of regulation size, and gradually the room was transformed from a "Paddy's Market" into a well-stocked emporium. Then followed the Upper School collection, where the whole process of bundling and sorting was carried out by the pupils themselves under the supervision of the form teachers. When, on the stairs, one encountered a harassed member of staff clutching an apple-box or grimly muttering to herself "18½ in. by 8½ in.," the apparent lapse from sanity was attributed entirely to Caen.

Once the complete contribution was assembled under the one roof our hearts swelled, but our spirits drooped. How were we to dispose of this incredible amount of stuff? Rescue came in the persons of Professor Orr and Mr Currall, who visited school and pronounced our collection stupendous. It was too large to be sent exclusively to the *lycée* as originally intended, and had to be distributed among all the schools of Caen. It was, in fact, so large that the final packing had to be done on the premises. Time is a rare commodity in the life of a school, and we could not have undertaken such a lengthy task alone. Fortunately, we had a friend in Mr Currall, who took over from us and worked tirelessly day after day as packer, carpenter and porter in turn. When the last groaning packing-case had been stuffed to capacity, there were thirty in all standing roped and labelled "Caen." Our warmest thanks are due to every girl, and through her to every parent, who made this record total possible.

The money contributions were equally gratifying. Various classes were quite ingenious in devising ways and means of raising money. When the whole school is working for a common cause, it is unfair to make invidious distinctions, but special mention must be made of IB. On their own initiative they organised a sale in their classroom. Although members of staff and a very few of the girls were their sole customers, IB raised the staggering amount of £17. The total donation, which included some of the proceeds of the Shakespearean Miscellany in December, and the Primary Concert in March, was a cheque

for 50 guineas which Miss Andrew dispatched to the Treasurer of the Edinburgh-Caen Fellowship with the best wishes of the school. An additional donation of about £7, 10s. is to be sent as the result of a concert given on June 15th by Form 3 A.

One of the most interesting features of our effort was the letters which the girls wrote to prospective friends in France and included with their gifts. Transport is still slow, but when these eventually reach their destination it is our sincere hope that a lively correspondence will be maintained between our girls and the *lycéennes* of Caen.

A few weeks ago it was my privilege to hear the French Ambassador thank the Edinburgh-Caen Fellowship in most moving terms for all the work it had done for Caen. It was pleasant to feel that we too in Gillespie's had contributed in some small measure to this effort, which, besides bringing relief to destitute people, had fostered the spirit of friendship between two alien countries, for such a friendship is the only solid foundation for lasting peace.

J. C.

* * * *

TOPICAL RHYMES.

[We cannot claim that the events of recent months have inspired, in our school, anything approaching great poetry, but the following verses have a certain historic interest as reflecting some of the conditions and emotions peculiar to our times.—EDITOR].

QUEUING.

I.

Every morning cold or hot
You'll find the housewife on the dot;
Ready to queue for hours and hours
For eggs or meat or even flowers.

Queues! that's why the housewife hurries.
Rations! another of her worries,
For as soon as she reaches the door
She'll find the goods are now no more.

So out of that shop she will trot,
To see what else there's to be got;
She's ready now to queue for Spam;
And lastly has to queue for a tram!

CATHERINE BORTHWICK, Primary 5B.

II.

There's queuing for the bus,
There's queuing for the tram,
Also for the butter,
And sometimes for the jam.

We are really sick of queues
And rationing and all,
But maybe we'll be queuing soon
For the Victory Ball.

JEAN MACPHERSON, Form 1A.

* * * *

VE DAY IN PRINCES STREET.

A singing, seething, shuffling swarm,
With heads held high and voices roaring
And flags a-waving, rain a-pouring,
But everyone is in good form.

A sudden silence falls on all
A pause, and then loud speakers thunder.
All hear the Premier's voice with wonder
"Advance Britannia!" is his call.

The crowds are cheering Churchill's speech
The tension is relieved by singing.
Ships' sirens hooting, church' bells ringing,
The drums beat out, the bagpipes screech.

And now the great event is past
But still the crowd is celebrating.
Dancing reels without abating
Until the darkness falls at last.

FRANCES WOOD,
BETTY MACPHERSON, } Form 5A.

* * * *

WARTIME TOYS.

In wartime now, you can't buy toys,
Like pre-war ones for girls and boys.
The trains you bought all blacks and reds
The dolls you bought with china heads
But now the things you have to take
Will always far too easily break.

A tennis racquet you cannot buy
Or else the price is far too high
A teddy bear is priceless too
Whether it's yellow, red or blue
To think that when this war is o'er,
We'll have the same things as before!

CATHERINE SUTTON, Form 1C.

* * * *

NO MORE.

No more rationing, coupons and queues,
No more wearing the wrong size of shoes
No more dried eggs, dried milk and Spam
No more old turnips passed off as jam.

No more the siren's awful wail,
No more collecting your coal in a pail,
No more butchers who dare to say "No,"
No more watches that never will go.

No more torches, night black as pitch,
No more black markets for the rich,
No more patching, 'Make Do and Mend,'
No lisle stockings via 'Lease Lend.'

No more Poles, Free French and Yanks,
No more guns and planes and tanks,
No more convoys in the night,
No more fears—we've won the fight.

No more maiming, needless dying,
No more heartaches, no more crying,
No more sorrow, no more pain,
We've got our loved ones home again.

MARJORIE ROY, Form 3B.

* * * *

LEAVE TRAIN.

The station is so cold and bleak,
The train is running late,
But we gladly wait with mummy
Just outside the platform gate.

At last we see the engine,
As the train comes puffing in,
There are soldiers, sailors, airmen
All with such a happy grin.

But where's the one we're looking for
O dear! I wish he'd come!
Then mummy gives a little shout
And says—"Oh, look, there's daddy!—Run."

PAMELA WISEMAN, Primary 3A.

* * * *

A DREAM OF VICTORY.

Will you listen while I tell you,
Of a quite delightful dream,
It was all concerning Victory Day,
And loads of good ice cream.

I saw the roads around our way,
All paved with marzipan,
And little sugar lollipops,
Along the pavements ran.

There were shoals of toffee apples,
All standing in a crowd.
I could tell you lots of other things
If more space I was allowed.

And then I saw above our door,
As clearly as could be,
Two great big sticks of lovely rock,
Had formed a perfect "V".

I could not quite believe my eyes,
 'Twas all so bright and gay.
 I'm glad the war will soon be o'er
 If this was Victory Day.

LOVELL BEGARNIE, Primary 3A.

* * * *

V DAY.

When Churchill says its V Day,
 What shouts of joy we'll give.
 We'll say "We now have leisure
 We now have time to live."

For two days then no lessons,
 We'll have to do at home.
 We'll go to Portobello
 And by the waves we'll roam.

For Hitler's dead and Musso.,
 Laval has fled to Spain.
 Our Zoo had hoped to have them
 If inmates don't complain!

MARGARET GEBBIE, Primary 5B.

FROM THE SECONDARY
 DEPARTMENT.

IN THE BORDERS—APRIL 1945.

I.

Up the hill we went,	Corston Con we climbed,
Onward both together,	Climbed the hill together,
Onward through the trees,	Far we looked around,
In the windy weather.	Windy was the weather.
Soon we reached the top,	Dolphinton we saw,
Reached the top together,	Saw it both together,
Soon we passed the trees,	Netherurd and Melbourne,
Sat down in the heather.	O'er the purple heather.

Elsrickle and Kirkurd,
 As we stood together,
 Saw we on each side,
 Saw we o'er the heather.
 Corston, thou art fair,
 Fair among the heather,
 Thee we climbed today,
 In the windy weather.

II.

The Tweed before us lay in silver beauty,
 And Rachan Woods stretched westward round the hill,
 Trahenna rose above us to the heavens,
 And all the world around us was quite still,
 As in the April sunshine on we went]

To Dreva. * * *

Drumelzier in the sun was quietly sleeping
 Where Powsail flows into the shining Tweed,
 And Dawyck Woods were budding in the springtime,
 And little lambs were skipping o'er the mead,
 While in the April sunshine on we went
 To Dreva.

And at the Altar Stone we paused a moment,
 And thought how Kentigern had once preached here
 To Merlin, from the woods of dark Drumelzier.—
 The Druid waited, Mungo's words to hear,
 Where in the April sunshine on we went
 To Dreva.

LILIAS H. DAVIDSON, Form 4A.

* * * *

EVENING BREEZE.

Through the hush and cool of even,
 Far above the city's strife,
 Throbs the wonder-life of heaven
 As a symbol of all life.

Tiny voices, sweet and mingled,
 Join in harmony sublime,
 Rise in triumph through the treetops,
 Far from soot and smut and grime.

Stealing through the leafy bowers,
 Laden with the roses' breath,
 Whispering softly through the flowers,
 Floats a breeze that knows not Death.

Here it finds the world's true sweetness,
 Here no beauty man can spoil,
 Far remote the city's neatness,
 Far man's labour and his toil.

SYLVIA JONES, Form 6.

* * * *

HOW TO BE A POET.

Who among us has not, at one time or another, wished to be a poet? You haven't? Then this is not for you. To the remaining few who have not yet turned over the page we propose to give a short and easy lesson on the "Ars Poetica."

To be a poet you must *look* like one. Therefore, dear reader you must furnish yourself with—a tie. No, sir, that yellow one with the pink polka dot is too unæsthetic. The proper combination of colours for a poet's tie is purple, orange and dandelion red. [Yes, we know that the dandelion is yellow, but we are making use of our poetic licence, which can be bought for a moderate price at any well-known store]. To continue, your hair must be at least four inches below the collar line, and either tied back with an elegant pale blue bow or allowed to fall artistically over the right-hand side of the left eye. A few weeks' practice will be required to obtain the desired effect.

When the proper appearance has been achieved [you will know it is proper by your friends' stunned looks] you must then acquire the correct poetic vocabulary. For example, you must never, we repeat *never*, refer to the phenomenon of the sun appearing above the horizon as "sunrise". You must call it "the glaring effulgence of Nature's awakening", or, to be truly poetic, "the florescent resuscitation of the solar luminary".

Having equipped yourself with this barrage against the rest of mankind, you now search for a subject. We have noticed with distaste that the man-in-the-street actually appears to enjoy poems on such common and unoriginal subjects as "Love", "The Wind or "Dawn". But *you* must write a poem on the fifth rudder bar in your new port engine or the inefficiency of your latest hair-wash. The method of choosing a subject is as follows:—select the most comfortable easy-chair in the house, don your slippers, and indulge in a quiet afternoon's sleep. When you awake, you will be surprised to find how full of ideas you are. The first thought that springs to your mind will be, "Ah, tea!" You immediately take up your pen [filled beforehand with Pale Violet Ink] and, on the back of the paper bag in which you carry your lunch [a True Poet never writes on ordinary notepaper, as his æsthetic soul cringes from the thought] forthwith write a poem on the internal affairs of India. When completed it will seem to be a poem on a "Summer's Day in Iceland", But this is just to mislead the ordinary reader, for, on no account must your poem

be intelligible. The more abstruse and complicated the poem, the greater your genius.

Now, having laid aside this article, lift your pen [remembering the Pale Violet Ink] bring out your paper bag and write a poem on the first word that comes into your head. We shall be surprised if it is not "Rubbish".

SHEENA MORRISON, }
NANCY ANDERSON. } Form 6.

* * * *

MAIDENS' PRAYER.

[Concerning the eve of both VE Day and a test on Sheridan's 'Rivals'].

And loud and high the maidens' prayer arose
The wailing of 5A not heavenward goes,
But southward echoes far the plaintive call,
And through the red-taped walls of great Whitehall.

"The vanquished foe lies prostrate on the ground
And yet no bells of victory resound.
Not Nazi propaganda, English prose,
Not Huns, but Malaprops,—our greatest foes.
It is tomorrow we must 'languish' so
Help us, for we, alas! such things don't know."

The Lords communed, together East and West,
And in the balance was—an English test.
An answered prayer; to you 'tis folly,—nay!
'Tis true that Tuesday was a holiday!

MARGARET TAIT, Form 5A.

* * * *

OLD PENNICK.

He was an ancient man, of incalculable age. He was so old that perhaps he knew, as well as the old oak-tree, the hidden delights of his garden. The roses and lilies and "pansies freaked with jet" were the crown of much hard work. He had wrestled with the soil, in order to mould and fashion it. He had wrestled with the soil, so

that the beauties, apparent to his eyes in raked mud, would appear before man in a glory of colour.

Old Pennick, for so he was known to all the village, was a tall man of spare build. The slight stoop of his shoulders, the dimmed gaze of his kind blue eyes, and the white beard and whiskers lent him the look of one of the patriarchs. Indeed, he was such. It was reported that Pennick was the oldest man for forty miles around the village. Yet no man was able to tell me his exact age; perhaps it was a closely guarded secret of the village fathers. Pennick had never been seen wearing a respectable suit. No strong broadcloth or city black for him; his choice was ragged trousers and a soiled waist-coat and his shirt was grey, not clean and sparkling white. Pennick was an expert gardener. He loved his work, so, even when his place was at the warm hearth, he potted around the village in his dirty gardening clothes.

If Brains Trusts had been in existence in this village, Old Pennick would, most assuredly, have been the authority on gardening. As it was, old men and young came to him for advice and hints. Pennick had an answer for all, but not without some show of thought. He stroked his beard, scratched his reddened forehead, took a deep pull at his pipe and then, considered answering. Pennick voice was in keeping with his person. Slow and throaty tones escaped his mouth, embroidered with the full notes of a rich country accent. Pennick appeared to be saying, "I am Sir Oracle", and indeed no dog barked, when his pearls of wisdom fell from his lips.

That old man, steeped in knowledge, was a grand old person. His honesty and integrity were an example to all; his spirit never failed him; his boyhood days were as yesterday to him. His sympathy and thought for others were ready to be shown, but let any wicked action be perpetrated, then Pennick started with rightful indignation. The whole village admired and loved this old man, who lived life so well. Bird, beast and man were gathered to his kindly heart. When Pennick is called to be a gardener in a higher state of life, his prayer will be that heaven will become as earth, and he will still have nature as his most intimate friend.

ELLA BURNES, Form 5B.

* * * *

RETROSPECT.

How strange and varied are my thoughts, as with ever increasing nearness, the summer appears, bringing with it for me, a cleavage from a life I have known and loved for twelve years, a period short enough in itself, but long in that it holds a lifetime of memories.

At present, I am standing at the sign-post. Behind me as I look, not without a touch of regret, I see a quiet, rather peaceful road stretching it seems for miles, to be finally engulfed in darkness, the darkness which is all that is left to my mind of my early existence. Presently things become a little clearer. I can make out one or two landmarks. Yes, there is 'September 1934.' Gillespie's, dear old Gillespie's, there it stands, as now, dominating the friendly Links. The lower hall, now the music room, is packed with excited little lasses like myself clinging to our Mummies and gazing in awe at that overpowering goddess, the teacher standing so high and mighty on that lofty platform.

"Sh! she is speaking. What's she saying Mummie? Oh! she's calling names and there's mine. What must I do?"

We are in a room now, a big room with desks and a blackboard. Oh! there is a dolls' house too and a black curly dolly. I am in the front row, but I remember Daddie telling me that clever girls go to the back row, so I must go too. "Oh! it's all full up. What a pity! But I can sit here next to Olive, she's my chum."

From here the road begins to climb. It is not a steep precipitous slope, but gentle and gradual. But what is this—a little bump in the road? It is not quite so easy-going here. How do you add on nine? Everyone else can do it. Oh! dear! Miss H—— thinks I'm so stupid. Ah! the road is level again—that is, till the next bump.

I go to dancing now in the Middle Hall. We go upstairs. There is no ogre up there, but there is someone just as bad. It's the same teacher! Oh! he is so tall and he chases little girls.

Here is a big milestone, marking the Dancing Display. It's in the Theatre Royal, such a huge place with rabbits' burrow passages and dressing-rooms, and then there is that

concert where the clever girls get prizes, and the big girls in white dresses and black stockings sing ever so many songs.

The road winds on and on, ever mounting higher. 1938 to '39! What a strange darkness surrounds my road! I seem quite oblivious of it, I can see *my* way and I wander on till suddenly, I see and hear a terrible word, WAR!! What is it? What can it mean? I was soon to know.

There is a car starting off. It is packed full with family and baggage. Dad is left behind, and he stands at the gate, waving. We can't see him any more. We are being—— what's the word—O! yes, evacuated. And now I'm at a country school, with boys in my class, and another bump in the road appears. What is it this time? Ah! socks, ankle socks on four needles. I'll never do it.

Xmas 1939. Home again, and for good. Gillespie's is going back. It will be the same as before.

I'm back now in Room II. with Miss D——. There is ever such a steep hill coming, the Qualifying. But if I reach the top and go down the other side there will be lots of new things; algebra, geometry, science and French.

I've done it. I'm there, struggling with new things and old things too, a pupil of the Higher Grade.

Soon there comes another change, and now for the first time there are several roads to choose from. So many roads would not suit my purpose, but there is always botany and chemistry. There is a whole countryside of flowers waiting to be drawn and quartered and peered at through a lens.

But here comes the biggest mountain of all. The road seems to climb thousands of feet and dangerous precipices appear on each side. It's the 'Highers.' Awful word—shouted from so many teachers' desks! Those terrible examinations are here, upon us after weeks and months of toil and worry. But now they are past, we look back with relief, as we turn the bend in the road, shutting them out for ever (we hope).

And now I have reached my present sign-post, I have the future now to look to. With a broader and more developed mind, I survey this vast threadwork of roads before me. The darkness which has surrounded my road for six years is gradually lifting. I shall hear another

word. Peace!! But this time I shall not say, 'What is it? What can it mean?; but 'I know it, I remember it, and I shall do all in my power as a person just stepping into the world to keep it.'

EDITH GARVIE, Form 5C.

* * * *

MY WISH.

My wish is for a little house,
Midst pastures sweet and green,
And then on sunny days I'll sit,
Outside my door and dream,
Of peacefulness, and happy hours,
Among the deeply scented flowers.

The roof shall be of neatest thatch,
The windows sparkling clean,
With curtains of the purest white,
And door of brightest green.
Red roses twine their blossoms there,
And lend their fragrance to the air.

As the sun behind the purple hills,
Sinks like a fiery ball,
I hear the nightingale and owl,
Giving their goodnight call,
So thanking God for all mankind,
To bed I go with peaceful mind.

There on my knees I pray to God,
Who made both heaven and earth,
And thank him for the beauteous things,
To which He once gave birth,
For, a heart that knows no heavy sorrow,
Will live and love a new tomorrow.

JUNE G. WAITT, Form 5D.

* * * *

THE SHETLAND ISLANDS.

The Shetland Islands possess for those who know them a unique charm, which sets them apart from the rest of the world. Though, at a first inspection, they seem incredibly windswept and desolate, later an insidious feeling of attraction stirs in you. There you are, transported back a century, at least, for even in Lerwick, the main street—Commercial Street—is old-fashioned, and has no pavements at the sides.

A battered little steamer, the "Earl of Zetland," plies regularly between Lerwick and the most northerly of these islands—Unst. On it is a typical Shetland village called Uyeasound.

It is composed of a straggle of houses, running in the shape of a T, with a school-house, church, and two shops, one of them a post-office. It is surrounded by hills covered with peat, which provides the only available fuel. The plants in this peaty soil are all tiny and exquisitely formed. There are miniature ferns, shepherd's purse, plants like blobs of cotton wool, and pink cornucopias filled with honey.

On one of these hills stands a cottage called "Hannigart," which means, in the strange old Shetland dialect "the House on the Hill." It is thatched and white-washed and has sweet-smelling honeysuckle clambering over it. A door opens from the living-room almost directly on to the cow-shed. A few small fields extend around the house, where wheat and potatoes are grown, not without difficulty. From here you can see the grey sea, and lonely silver beach, covered with strange shells and seaweed, and brilliantly coloured jellyfish. To reach the shore, however, you must climb over, or through, several wire-fences, for a gate is an unknown thing in Shetland.

The people, simple but kindly, live as their forefathers did before them, shut off, in a great measure from the rest of the world. In Shetland they are born, they work, they suffer, they marry, and there they die.

LILIAN M. SPENCE, Form 4B.

* * * *

THE MOUNTAINS REMAIN.

It was a sunny morning in late May, 1940. Sigurd leaned on the rail of the fishing trawler, watching the little wooden jetty getting further and further away. Sigurd was a typical Norwegian, tall for his sixteen years, with fair hair and blue eyes which were usually full of laughter, but today were sad, because he was leaving Norway. He looked at the deep, blue fjord and then at the little village where he had grown up. His eyes, ever travelling upwards, rested next on the beautiful dark green pine forests. Above the forests rose the mountains themselves, rearing their rugged snow-capped peaks majestically to the blue sky.

Sigurd watched the blue smudge on the horizon, that was his last glimpse of Norway, slowly fading away. He felt a lump rising in his throat. Would he ever see this land that meant more than anything in the world to him again? Just then a hand fell on his shoulder. He looked up to see Pastor Svensen looking in the same direction as himself. "We WILL come back some day," Sigurd said in a low voice. "Yes, Sigurd we will come back," answered the Pastor, "and remember, whatever the Germans do to our people or our country, they can never break the spirit of the Norwegian people, the spirit which is as strong and enduring as our mountains themselves. The mountains are a symbol of our courage and resistance, and whatever happens, Sigurd, the mountains remain."

AGNES LONGDEN, Form 3A.

* * * *

PHANTOM ISLE.

I rowed out to the island across the sea, shimmering blue in the fading light. Its shores looked strangely inviting, its valleys brimming with shadows. The lapping of waves and the swishing of oars was in my ears, but gliding to rest in the rushes I prepared to leave the boat and all was still.

Strange that I had never seen the island before, although I had rowed so often round the coast! I wanted to explore it. The turf was fresh and springy, the salt tang of the sea sweetened by the heavy scent of a

colourful form of flowers. The sunlight slanted across a hillock and poured noiselessly into a hollow.

There I lay down to rest, bathed in sunlight, smelling the fresh grass and flowers, hearing the swish of the sea, never wanting to wake.

I dreamed a dream, strange, lovely, haunting, but it has passed and I remember nothing. Perhaps it was wakening to find the sea crawling towards my feet, and the sun gone from the sky leaving me alone with the island that drove it from my mind. What terror to look round and perceive that the island had diminished to a mere patch on which I lay! "The tide has come in," I thought, but knew in my heart it was not the tide. What tide could completely submerge this little island with the sloping hillocks in such a short time? The island was sinking! I watched the last fragrant trail of flowers slip beneath the waves and then waded out to get the tow-rope, the end of which was secured well below the water. I cut the rope and let myself glide away, freed from the island. I turned my head as the last wave closed over it and strange music filled my ears.

Somehow tears mingled with the sea-water dripping off my clinging garments. I rowed slowly back to the mainland and told no one.

VIVIENNE SPITTLE, Form 3B.

* * * *

THE SUNRISE.

In the east the sun doth rise;
 He stretches, yawns and rubs his eyes,
 His face is big and round and yellow,
 He does look such a dear old fellow.
 He warms the earth and dries up rain,
 And shines on puddles in the lane,
 And turns them into golden pools;
 He shines on houses, jails and schools,
 What would we do without the sun?
 We'd freeze! Yes, every single one!

KATHLEEN MCGOVERN, FORM 3C.

* * * *

MY GARDEN.

Although I plant both trees and flowers,
 Lobelia, lupin, rose,
 In my small garden by the wall
 There's none that ever grows.

But, in the month of April,
 When all is fresh and green,
 A lovely blossom shows itself,
 The prettiest that I've seen!

This flower is called the lilac,
 And it spreads its branches o'er
 My garden, but the trouble is—
 Its roots belong next door!!

CHRISTINE HUGHES, FORM 3E.

* * * *

EXAMS.

This bane of our lives, this source of our tears,
 That wipe off our smiles and age us by years.
 They're useless I'm sure, though they certainly show,
 Whate'er we may learn, how little we know.
 They restrict all our games, they darken our day,
 They cloud up the sunshine and drive joy away.
 They're useful I know. But I am sure you'll agree,
 When once they are finished we won't hide our glee.
 We know we must get them, to give us our place,
 In the class Roll of Honour, or else in disgrace.
 But why this should be, oh! none of us know,
 As in Grandmother's time it also was so.
 But perhaps very soon, with peace in this land,
 The Authorities will then take this matter in hand.
 And remove from our shoulders this burden of woe,
 Which shortens our steps as schoolward we go.

MORAG MACLEOD, Form 2A.

* * * *

OLD AND NEW.

As I approached the famous old castle of Ashby-de-la-Zouche, my imagination awoke. This was the scene of Sir Walter Scott's 'Ivanhoe.' In the shadow of the castle I could see steel armoured soldiers, marching with the sun glinting on their armour. As I drew near the lists a shout arose, "Laissez aller!" and my attention was claimed by "The Disinherited Knight" who was mounted on a coal black horse. I could see him lower his long spear, and a shout of excitement arose as he plunged forward to choose Brian de Bois-Gilbert as his opponent.

Then all at once I was awakened to reality by the sound of the guide's voice saying, "Follow me and I will show you round the ruins of the castle." We wandered over the grassy lawns and thought how tranquil everywhere looked—the ivy-covered towers, the quiet grassy terraces, and the trees waving in the breeze. We approached the tower and climbed up the spiral staircase to see the wonderful view which could be had from the top. We were filled with admiration at the scene which lay before us. We descended the stairs feeling it had been well worth the climb. We were next shown the dungeons where we trembled at the thought of being imprisoned in their dark damp depths. The underground passages entranced me and I only wished I had been able to explore them but as this was forbidden I had to content myself with seeing the ground under which the vaults were, and hearing the history of the bodies they contained. We were then shown the kitchen and I was very interested in the large open fireplaces, where, we were told, oxen and pigs were roasted long ago. I looked up the wide stone chimney at the speck of blue sky above and pitied the chimney sweeps who at that time were, I believe, children. I was amazed at the thickness of the walls one of which was nine feet across. There was a hatchway through one of the pantry walls into the banqueting hall. I had thought these were a modern invention but apparently not. After a walk in the grounds we went to catch the bus home having spent an interesting afternoon with old and new.

MARGARET KIRKBY, Form 2B.

* * * *

PRINCE.

There was a certain Royal Air Force station from which bombers used to soar out and bomb enemy ships and communications. In the men's huts at this station was a big Alsatian dog. There was never much room in the huts where the men slept and fed. The Alsatian known as Prince, got in everyone's way and was kicked and pushed about.

Prince belonged to my cousin, a pilot. He used to lock Prince in his bedroom, out of the men's way. But Prince would scramble out of the window into the other hut looking for his master, tripping up the waiters and pilots on his way.

Prince, however, possessed something which surpassed in accuracy all the most delicate instruments of the Royal Air Force. He could tell with accuracy the return of his master's bomber. It was seldom known how long those bombers would be away, yet Prince would be out at the runway long before any sound of aircraft could be heard. Night after night Prince was there on the runway when his master returned.

Prince's own 'radio' system failed him only once. He was at his usual place when the bombers came in from their adventures. But his master was not there. All night he waited puzzled but yet confident. Nothing would persuade him to leave, not even his food. Night after night he kept at the runway until finally Prince's master's closest friend got him back to the hut after three days. The men who had pushed Prince about took him so kindly that each of them took a turn of taking him to bed. But for days after Prince would dash out whenever they heard a bomber come to land.

Prince's master came down on a raid over Germany and is now a prisoner of war. But will either of them forget each other? I should like to be there at the reunion to see.

VALERIE DAVIDSON, Form 2E.

* * * *

THE GREAT DAY.

The Great Day had arrived at last! Such bustling, jostling crowds assembled outside 1B's class room. Faces looked through the opaque glass trying in vain to get a peep at the tempting array of cakes and sweets.

First came our Guest of Honour, Miss Andrew. Then came the teachers and prefects. Soon the threepenny bits and pennies were piled high in the pay-box. Stallkeepers stood, with shaking knees and smiling faces, watching the crowd entering.

The lemonade stall afforded great amusement. Teachers stood eagerly drinking lemonade and eating shortbread biscuits. Oh! didn't we laugh to see the stern prefects spilling lemonade and anxiously counting their money. Mr S. could be seen commandeering the dainty cakes and eagerly anticipating the feed he would soon enjoy. Miss N. hugged a lovely little doll, and Mr B. carried a cake of soap, and also a beautiful iced cake. Other teachers carried lace handkerchiefs, blotters and other pleasing articles. Miss F. carried a red rabbit from class to class, a fact which amused the pupils!

Bewildered stallkeepers forgot their former nervousness and tried to count their money and serve two or three people at the same time.

One, two, five, nine, ten, thirteen, seventeen pounds for Caen! What a total!! This sum was far above the amount anticipated, and 1B felt that their work had been worth while. The Great Day had ended as satisfactorily as it had begun.

MARJORIE INKSTER, }
JANETTE RUSSELL, } Form 1B.

* * * *

FROM THE PRIMARY DEPARTMENT.

BEHIND THE SCENES.

From the dressing-room windows peep strange fantastic figures who *were* schoolgirls. But now they are old-fashioned ladies in long frocks and bonnets, gentlemen in knee-breeches, goliwogs wearing black masks, Teddy bears, Dutch girls and boys, kings, princesses and Grecian shepherds complete with pipes. We watch a never-ending stream of parents flow up the Infant Corridor into the large gymnasium past girls who direct them to their seats and there they settle down, expectantly waiting for the appearance of their children. Once more we watch at the windows, but this time we see our fellow-performers making their way towards the gymnasium all looking very white and nervous. Unfortunately, we performers have not been allowed to see the concert so we cannot see how well or how badly the others have done. Before going on to the stage we feel even more nervous. On the stage the curtains part and before us is a sea of faces. It seems as if every eye is upon oneself, and, if one makes a mistake one feels certain that everyone has seen it. And then the curtains fall together and our turn is over.

NORMA DRUMMOND, Primary 5A.

* * * *

MY PET.

I have a little kitten,
Her fur is soft as silk,
She follows me around each day,
Until I give her milk.

I call my pussy "Pip,"
Her mummy's name was "Squeak,"
I'm sure she'd tell me lots of tales,
If only she could speak.

JACQUELINE MCCOLL, Primary 5C.

* * * *

ILLNESS.

Illness is a terrible bore,
You lie in bed and watch the door,
Waiting for nurse to come in and see
If you want anything cooked for tea.

You say, "Don't bother—some milk will do,
And some bread and butter too,"
You're just too excited to eat any more,
Because nurse says soon you are going home.

NANETTE FORREST, Primary 4A.

* * * *

THE PUPPY.

One day as I went walking
I met a little pup,
He wagged his little tail at me,
I had to pick him up.

"What is your name? I asked him,
Of course he could not tell,
But fastened on his collar
Was a tiny little bell.

It jingle, jangle, jingled,
Then along the road in sight,
A boy, and when he saw me,
Shouted "Is my pup all right?"

"Yes, he's all right," I answered,
I felt a bit upset,
'Cause, if there'd been no owner,
I could have kept him for a pet.

The boy, I think, had read my thoughts,
And so he smiled at me,
"I'm sorry, but it's my pup,
But would you like to come to tea?"

We had a simply splendid time,
And a very pleasant tea,
We often take the puppy walks,
The little boy and me.

WENDY STAFFORD, Primary 4B.

* * * *

JIMMY'S TEDDY BEAR.

Jimmy was a little boy who lived in a cottage in the country. He had a lovely garden to play in and many fine toys in the play-room. Amongst his toys there was one old favourite which he loved best of all, and that was his Teddy Bear. This Teddy had lost one of its eyes and an ear, but Jimmy loved it all the more and even took it to bed with him.

Now, in the garden next door, there was an apple tree laden with bright red, rosy-cheeked apples. Jimmy, casting envious eyes on them, longed to gather some. One day when the old gentleman went out for a walk, Jimmy climbed over the wall, scrambled up the tree and took a few apples. All that day the boy felt miserable for he knew that he had taken something which did not belong to him. Jimmy waited patiently at the gate of the garden until the old gentleman returned. "Well, Jimmy," he said, "You look very unhappy. What's wrong? Have you been weeping?" Feeling very ashamed, the boy turned away and ran to fetch his Teddy, which he thrust into the old gentleman's hands, saying at the same time that he had taken some apples. That night when Jimmy was going to bed he felt very lonely because he had no Teddy to cuddle. When he went into his bedroom he could hardly believe his eyes, for here sitting in the corner of a chair was his beloved Teddy. The now happy little lad guessed who had done this. Needless to say he had lost no time in running to thank the gentleman for his kindness.

ELIZABETH LAW, Primary 4C.

TWO YOUNG HOSTELLERS.

This April mother decided to take us for a cycling tour in the Highlands. There was mother, my little sister Anita, who is aged eight, and myself now ten. The days I liked best were at Monachyle. I had heard a lot about hostel life and kept wondering what they would be like.

After leaving Creag Dhu the lane which we came along was very stony and our cycles bumped up and down. In the distance we caught a glimpse of the mountains. They were black at the tops and a great big cloud had encircled

itself round the lower part. We reached the hostel just after five o'clock. I asked mother if I might take out the boat on the loch. Mother consented. When the boat was about half-way to an island the water became very shallow and the boat grounded, but I did not have much trouble in getting away. When I reached the island there were a few trees. As the grass was very wet I did not get out. On the way back I met Isobel and Betty, two big girls who were staying at the hostel. I wondered if they would like to come in, but they refused. I gave the boat back to the gentleman who lent it to me. When I reached the hostel mother was talking to the warden. The warden was very kind and told mother, "When you go past Balquidder, have a look at Rob Roy's grave; he was a famous Highland fighter." We had tea and a delicious boiled egg. After I went to make my bed, I found that my sleeping bag had been left in the haversack. Underneath my bunk an artist was sleeping who very kindly gave me a lovely sketch which she had painted. When it was eight o'clock mother put Anita and me to bed, and so ended a very happy day.

JANET CHAFFEY, Primary 3B.

* * * *

MY DOLL.

My doll is made of china
And has a pink taffeta frock.
It has a pair of little white shoes,
And a pair of little white socks.

My doll has a hat
To match its dress,
With frills round its neck,
And I call it Pierrette.

It has rosy red cheeks,
And brown curly hair,
But its eyes are out,
Because I bumped it on a chair.

AUDREY HYSLOP, Primary 2A.

* * * *

MY CANADIAN COUSIN.

Last Christmas my cousin from the Canadian Air Force came to stay with me for a few days. He was on leave before going over to bomb Germany. He is a pilot of a Halifax which is called Nan. When it is ready to 'take off' they call it 'N' for Nan. He has a crew of six other airmen, and one of them has a medal. They fly at night, and sometimes it is very cold because they fly so high. Before he left he gave me twenty packets of chewing-gum and they lasted a very long time.

ROSEMARY YOUNG, Primary 2B.

* * * *

A FAIRY PARTY.

One day last week I was invited to a Fairy party. It was to be held in the heart of a wood at midnight. When I got there, all the fairies were daintily dressed. One of the fairies and elves danced up to me and led me to the king and queen. The glowworms stood about holding the lanterns which made a lovely light. The wind was blowing softly. They all picked a star to make a fan. The queen waved her wand over me. I found I was no longer my own size. I was a tiny fairy. The king thought it would soon be time for the feast. So we all sat round small mushroom rooms and had something to eat and drink. Soon it was time to go. They blew some fairy dust over me and I flew home

SHEILA AMOS, Primary 1A.

* * * *

If I wasn't me
I should be an apple tree
With little red apples
Hanging on me.

MARY STEWART, Primary 1A.

* * * *

Mummy couldn't get a taxi for a wedding as the taxis were going to the dogs. I said to mummy why do the dogs need taxis, why can't they walk?

MARION ARCHIBALD, Primary 1B.

FROM THE INFANTS.

I saw a pretty little black lamb at the resofwar. There was a farm house with some ducks. One of the ducks laid an egg and never bothered his head about it.

The ducks like the rain. I play inside on a rainy day. The rain makes the flowers grow. When I go out with my dolls pram I have to put up the hood. I put the water-proof cover on. I do not like the rain.

I would like to be a teacher. I could go into the cupboards. I would go into the classroom. I would dress in a black robe.

I would like to be a teacher. I would be very clever. If I were a teacher I would teach at Gillespie's. I would dress in ordinary clothes.

I am going to be a nurse. I am fond of bandidging sore arms, legs and heads. I do hope I go into the deconess. I will be dressed in a nurses uniform.

I would like to work in a sweetie shop. Do you know why? Because I would like a sweet every day.

SENIOR INFANTS A.

* * * *

Last night my mummy went to get a cloth to clean the fireplace and mummy opened the coalbox. She saw a mouse and mummy slammed the coalbox. mummy screamed and we all laughed.

On Sunday we had a Lady Soldier for her tea and her name was Elizabeth she was a nice girl.

One day in my holidays I went to the pictures It was cartoon and it was offully funny. Mickie mouse was conducting a band and the cow blew and blew bubbles on to the fiddle.

I am going to slide on the frozen canal today. Oh it will be good. I will put on my skates and slide away gaily with my chums.

On Saturday I was at a Party. We played at a lot of jolly games. But the nicest bit of all was the ice cream that we got.

Once my daddy was painting the wall. The ladder slipped and he fell to the ground with a crash. All the paint went all over his face and his clothes, he looked funny, because his hair was all green. I laughed and laughed.

SENIOR INFANTS B.

* * * *

My baby sister was playing with my baby kitn. She pulled his ears and he myoud.

I want pig tails when my hare grows, then I will be glad.

I can knit a jersey and two pairs of socks with my knitting pins. My mummy helped me.

My chum and I went to Sunday School. We learned a new hymn.

My wooden shoes have not come from my daddy from Holland.

Saturday is my bath night. I get my hair washed and curled.

My uncle is a man who got cut by a German on the arm. He had to get a strap. He could not move it.

My mummy is nice. She has sore hands but she has got a washing machine now.

Mummy has an evening dress. It looks nice when it is new.

My daddy has a blue coat. He wears it on Sunday. I like him in it.

JUNIOR INFANTS A.

* * * *

I had a grape fruit for my breakfast.

I like to see you. Don't you like to see me?

On Saturday we went to the seaside. We crossed the ferry.

I got a letter from my gran all to myself to come to tea.

I have a trisickil. It is a red trisickil I love my trisickil very much.

I am glad that Pat is back to school to sit beside me again because it was so lonely.

My cousin is coming today to see me before he goes back to the army.

I am good at school. I read and spell.

My cousin has a plaster on his wrist. He had fallen in the play ground.

My baby is very ill. I don't like my baby to be ill.

JUNIOR INFANTS B.

REPORTS OF SOCIETIES.

LITERARY AND DRAMATIC SOCIETY.

1944-45 is a year which has proved well up to the "Lit.'s" tradition of success. The standard of debating has been very high and has shown a marked improvement in the later debates. We have had debates on subjects ranging from "That literature should not be examined in schools" to "That this house regrets the discovery of America." Our annual inter-debate with the Royal High School was "That the influx of foreigners since 1933 is proving beneficial to Britain," the affirmative winning by a very narrow margin. We hope to hold inter-debates with George Watson's School and Daniel Stewart's College in the summer term.

Other outstanding meetings were the Mock Election—at which the Scottish Nationalist candidate was returned by a large majority—and our joint-meeting with George Heriot's School, which took the form of "8 Men in a Boat."

On the dramatic side, the session was marked by the most ambitious enterprise yet undertaken by the Society.—the public presentation, on two successive nights, of a Shakespearean Miscellany entitled "Her Infinite Variety." A full report of this most successful venture will be found elsewhere in the Magazine.

No report of the "Lit.'s" activities would be complete without special reference to the splendid work of our President, Miss Foster, to whose enthusiasm and inspiration most of the success of this past year has been due.

SHEENA MORRISON,
(Hon. Secretary).

* * * *

SCIENCE ASSOCIATION.

This year, while still clinging to many old-established customs, we have adopted several fresh ideas. Our aim has been to introduce some innovation, as far as possible, into each meeting, even into those which have successfully withstood the test of time.

We began our year with the ever popular "Brains Trust," into which the innovation introduced was a competition between Trust and Association. This was won by the Brains Trust. We were glad to welcome, as in previous years, present and former members of Staff to this meeting.

Another new venture was a Surprise Night, arranged for us by our President. It took the form of a "Cold Night" and many interesting experiments with liquid oxygen were performed. At this meeting, thanks to the generosity of the President, the Association was regaled with ice-cream. Needless to say, this added greatly to the attraction of the meeting!

The meeting of outstanding interest in the year was that addressed by Mr Charles Anderson. His subject was "Rays in Wartime" and he explained, among other things, the principles of radio-location. Those members who were present found it a meeting to remember.

Another outside speaker whom we welcomed heartily was Squadron Leader Buchan. His subject was "Fun with Arithmetic" and he mystified the Association with many amusing problems.

Old favourites such as "Competitions Night" and "Hat Night" held their own with considerable success on our programme, and a show of Films by Mr Seaton completed the list. These included both instructive and humorous items of a scientific nature, and were appreciated to the full.

Owing to several unavoidable interruptions our syllabus was rather shorter than usual, but nevertheless it lost nothing of its accustomed originality and zest. If another year has been brought to a successful conclusion it is largely owing to the good humour and inspiration of the President, Mr Brash, whose guiding hand is ever ready to assist his Association to live up to its tradition in every way.

The Librarian gratefully acknowledges the gift of books from Mr White, Miss Dunbar, and May Jamieson.

NORA SHINIE,
(Hon. Secretary).

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SKETCH CLUB.

Once more, the influx of young enthusiasts from both the Junior and Senior Schools has made it possible for the Sketch Club to continue its activities throughout the session. Our younger members show exceptional promise, and we hope that they will remain active supporters next year. The more experienced among us have produced friezes and murals, which are examples of the variety of style which has always been conspicuous in the work of the Sketch Club. We expect to see many of these chefs d'œuvre in the forthcoming exhibition of arts and crafts.

The marked progress and development of individual style can be attributed to Miss Allan's patience and understanding which continue to inspire her grateful pupils with admiration and confidence. Without her invaluable guidance it would have been impossible for the Sketch Club to achieve the not inconsiderable successes of past years

AILSA D. BRAIDWOOD.

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'ESCA.'

'Gillespie's' continues to play a large and active part in Esca, and holds the record membership. Two Gillespie girls led in debates, and several more led discussion groups

Outstanding meetings were a discussion on "The deplorable attitude of Westminster to Scottish Affairs," where members showed that they held very decided views on the subject,—and group meetings on "China," and "Replanning Germany."

The Easter Conference this year was entitled "Pattern for Peace" and was certainly as successful as last year's conference. Talks were given on "Europe's Frontiers" and "Foundation of Health," and discussion groups were held. Sir William Beveridge spoke on the last day, and the Conference finished with a farewell party at night. Delegates from all over Scotland and England were present.

It is to be hoped that the enthusiasm displayed by Gillespie's this year in all 'Esca' activities will maintain the same high standard next year.

SHEENA MORRISON.

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SCHOOL ORCHESTRA.

The beginning of this session saw a decidedly smaller group of players assembled in the Music Room for the weekly orchestral rehearsals. Many of last year's members had left to join the ranks of the newly formed F.P. Orchestra. The result has been an outstandingly successful initial year for this fresh venture, and a slightly less conspicuous one for the School Section. From the Junior Orchestra, however, have been recruited several younger, but none the less eager and industrious players.

The Junior Orchestra this year has had a most successful career. At the Primary Concert, held in March, it gave a creditable performance of music by Handel, showing early appreciation of this great master. The numbers of this Orchestra have increased considerably throughout the session, and our thanks are due to Mrs Howells who is largely responsible for the individual tuition of members of both the Senior and the Junior Orchestras.

In spite of the fact that no Orchestral Concert has been given this year, enthusiasm still runs high, and we look forward to the Orchestra's performance at the Usher Hall Concert.

To Mr Macrae, our Music Master, we are greatly indebted for his helpful guidance and energetic interest in our Musical activities in general, and nothing should stand in the way of another successful year in the musical life of J.G.H.S.

DORIS M. BEATTIE.

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SCHOOL CHOIR.

The School Choir has enjoyed a most successful year. It has maintained and even surpassed last year's high Festival standard and a great deal of co-operative work has been carried out with the F.P. Choir.

A notable event in this session's work was the presentation of music from Handel's "Messiah," in St. Paul and St. George's Church, in December. The combined Senior School and F.P. Choirs, augmented by a Choir of male voices and supported by the F.P. Orchestra, gave a very successful performance which, it is hoped, will initiate an annual presentation of music from "The Messiah."

During the Winter term, the Choir spent an evening in Ward 4 of the Royal Infirmary where the girls entertained wounded soldiers with some of the brightest and liveliest songs in their repertoire, and Edna Arthur played several popular violin solos which were received with great enthusiasm.

One evening during the Easter vacation members of the Choir helped to provide entertainment at the E.S.C.A. in the Conference Rainy Hall.

At the beginning of the Summer term, the School Choir assisted the Former Pupils' Choir with their Concert which was held in the Hall of St. Paul and St. George's, York Place. The programme included a group of Folk Songs and music by Mozart, Elgar, Strauss, Chas. Wood, and Fletcher.

At our Service of Thanksgiving for Victory in Europe, held in North Morningside Church and conducted by our School Chaplain, Mr Stewart, our sopranos occupied the Choir Gallery and led the praise. The anthem was "Let the Bright Seraphim," by Handel.

On Founder's Day the Choir will again lead the singing and the anthem will be a four-part arrangement for female voices of "How Lovely are Thy Dwellings," from Brahms' Requiem. Our School Song will be given its first official performance on this occasion.

As usual, we hope to have a choir of over three hundred voices participating in our Annual Concert in June.

No School Choir would be in existence, let alone have several outstanding Musical Festival Adjudications to its credit without many hours of hard work and thought expended by the conductor, and we are not slow to recognise that it is to Mr Macrae that we owe our success.

NETTA M. HERIOT.
DORIS M. BEATTIE,

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"HER INFINITE VARIETY."

On Friday, 15th, and Saturday, 16th December, members of the Literary and Dramatic Society presented a Shakespeare Miscellany devised and produced by the President, Miss Foster. The central idea of "Her Infinite

Variety" was the exposition of women varying in type and of contrasting moods. Selections were made from scenes of Shakespeare in which women appear to quote the Prologue, from—

"The world of Shakespeare's women, young and old,
Gentle and haughty, timorous and bold,
Faithful and faithless, false and heavenly true,
The queen, the waiting-maid, the saint, the shrew."

The miscellany included, on the lighter, more romantic side, the quarrel scene between Helena and Hermia ("A Midsummer Night's Dream"), that in which Viola pleads with Olivia the love cause of Duke Orsino ("Twelfth Night"), and that of Bassanio's choice of a casket ("The Merchant of Venice"). The tragic note was struck in the scene of Volumnia's supplications for Rome ("Coriolanus"), and in the scenes of Lady Macbeth's planning to murder Duncan and of her sleep-walking ("Macbeth"). Passages read by a narrator introduced the audience to each play and carried the events to the point where the curtain rose.

To the acknowledged excellence of the performance many factors contributed. The opening bars of "Green-sleeves" helped to create the Elizabethan atmosphere, and the pieces of music, played by the Former Pupils' Orchestra and sung by members of the school choir,—Rameau's "Rigadon" and Quilter's "Sigh no more, ladies", to name only two—produced their appropriate effect. The costumes were attractive and colourful and, in the case of Olivia, Portia, and Lady Macbeth especially of intrinsic beauty. But perhaps the most effective contrast was that between the deep mourning of Volumnia, Virgilia, and Young Marcus, and the magnificent military costumes of the two generals, Aufidius and Coriolanus, with tunics, greaves, helmets, and all the dazzling appurtenances of war. The speaking of the verse was of a uniformly high standard, the diction being crisp, clear, and frequently melodious. From the beautifully delivered Prologue every speech gave evidence of the thorough rehearsing which had gone into this finished production. The speaking was, however, only a means to the dramatic end. The graciousness and charm of Olivia, the attractive blend of the feminine and

the boyish in the disguised Viola, and the bashful delight of Portia over Bassanio's success appeared in those scenes from the comedies. The even greater dramatic challenge of the tragedies was more than adequately met. The impassioned pleading of Volumnia (Edith Garvie) moved some in the audience to tears, and the contrast between her emotion and the rigid self-control of Coriolanus (Joyce Ronchetti), to the very moment of yielding, was brought out with remarkable effect. Lady Macbeth (Dorothy Mayell) also performed excellently her difficult part; the intensity of the earlier scene, and the variety of tone and final urgency of "To bed, to bed, to bed," were worthy of a more mature actress.

For the pleasure which this original miscellany gave, first to an audience of pupils, then to adult audiences, each of which filled the gymnasium, the school owes a debt to Miss Foster, to Miss Hardie, Assistant Producer, to Miss Campbell, who gave great help with stage grouping and movement and who with Miss Somerville was responsible for costumes and scenery, and to Mr Macrae who provided the music. The labour of rehearsals over a period of months, and the intensive activity of the weeks just preceding the performance were rewarded by the obvious appreciation of the audience, by the comradeship engendered by such corporate effort, by the scope given to the young actresses, and by the knowledge that "Shakespeare's Women" will never be to those taking part a mere examination topic, but that they will have learned from the great dramatist something of "the eternal feminine."

E. A. M. D.

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PRIMARY SCHOOL CONCERT.

On 28th and 29th March the pupils of the Primary Department presented, in the Gymnasium, to large audiences, a varied programme which spoke well for the training given, from the earliest stage of the school, in music, gymnastics, dancing and elocution.

The musical part of the programme included pianoforte solos and duets, three short Handel pieces played by the

large and promising Junior Orchestra, two groups of songs sung with great sweetness of tone and pleasing clarity of enunciation by the Primary School Choir, and a well-arranged series of songs in costume under the title, "Songs my Mother taught me," in which tuneful singing, graceful dancing and effective dressing were skilfully combined. A varied selection of dances in costume and a gymnastic display marked by great neatness and precision of movement represented the department of physical training. Pupils from the speech-training classes presented two short plays—"The House of the Shoe," and "St. George and the Dragon,"—with clear and pleasant speech, real humour and considerable acting ability.

Perhaps the most popular feature of the programme was the contribution of the Infants Department, which took the form of a scene entitled "Evening in the Nursery." The youngest pupils of the school sang, with appropriate action, of Jack-in-the-Box, dollies, and a lost Teddy-bear; their endearing absence of self-consciousness and obvious enjoyment of what they were doing delighted the audience.

The Concert as a whole provided a most enjoyable entertainment, marked by a freshness and spontaneity not always found in the efforts of older performers.

A. E. F.

SCHOOL SPORTS.

HOCKEY.

Bad weather and an entirely new team of players combined to make the first eleven's season less successful than it might have been. It was a happy omen for next year, however, to see that the team that had commenced with too much individual playing was combining much better towards the end of the season. The remaining five elevens acquitted themselves well, notably the second eleven which had a really successful season.

The Annual Match against the Staff ended this year, after great exertion on both sides without either team scoring a goal. The Inter-House Hockey Cup goes to Gilmore.

At the end of the Easter term 1st XI. colours were awarded to N. Anderson, E. Burness, M. McKenzie, and D. Gilroy, and girdles given to D. Fallside, S. Lyall, Y. Graham, J. Ronchetti, M. Leuchars, J. Marshall, and B. Taylor. In the 2nd XI. colours were awarded to N. Shinie, H. Budge, E. Davidson, J. Stewart, J. Canavan, M. Smith, and J. McCallum, and girdles were given to O. Jefferies, M. McDonald, G. Allan, and K. Harkness.

The results of the season's matches were as follows:—

	Matches Won	Lost	Drawn	Can- celled	Goals For	Goals Against
1st XI.	3	10	1	7	17	47
2nd "	8	3	1	9	47	17
3rd "	3	3	3	7	27	16
4th "	5	—	—	6	26	3
5th "	5	—	—	4	18	8
6th "	4	1	—	4	18	6

N. A.

TENNIS.

Of the ten matches which have been arranged for this summer season, only two have been played to date—the first against Boroughmuir, the second against Trinity.

The respective scores were:—

Boroughmuir	-	70	Trinity	-	46
Gillespie's	-	65	Gillespie's	-	89

Return matches with these Schools, House matches, and those with Broughton and the Royal High remain to be played.

The school is represented this year by five of last year's team:—Sheila Jenkinson, Pat Stewart, Sheila Lyall, Annette Hart, and Joyce Stewart. The new member is Helen Budge.

S. M. J.

GOLF.

The Club this year has lost most of the support and enthusiasm which it enjoyed last year and more girls are requested to join the club and support its efforts in every way possible. Although the adverse weather conditions and the short school term have prevented many competitions, a few have been played and the results are as follows:—

Putting Competition (Handicap) played over Bruntsfield Putting Course.

1. Nancy Shaw (Scratch)	. . .	43
{ Jean Aitken	. . .	48
2. { Binnie Taylor	. . .	48
{ Dorothy Seaton	. . .	48

Golf Competition played over Braids.

1. Nancy Shaw	. . .	89
2. Jean Curle	. . .	108

The Club, though small, is eagerly looking forward to entertaining the staff in a putting match before end of month.

N. S.

CRICKET.

The numbers of the Cricket Club this year are greater than ever and there are at least two games going on each evening instead of last year's one. On a Wednesday cricket has been made an alternative to net-ball, so that many of the girls in the club have an extra practice. Owing mainly to bad weather no matches have as yet been played, but we hope to play Broughton and St. George's Schools, Atholl Crescent, and the F.P.'s sometime soon. However, on practice nights Inter-Class Matches have been played and the enthusiasm which the girls show in the game can mainly be attributed to our coach Mr Brash without whose able help it is unlikely that the club would maintain its size and keenness. The School Team is as follows:—Winnie Dickson (Capt.), Moira McKenzie, Pat Stewart, Sheila Lyall, Rena Smith, Jean Curle, Alice Smith, Helen Budge, Caroline Scott, Binnie Taylor, Margaret Rosie.

P. S. (Secretary).

SWIMMING.

We have completed a very successful year, the younger members of the club especially showing great enthusiasm and promise. We hope for even greater efforts next year now that the European War is at an end and many restrictions lessened.

Roslin has done extremely well, and shown up the other Houses badly. I hope Roslin will have more competition next year.

Since the last report we have gained 90 Certificates, 16 of which are for Life Saving, 20 for Advanced, 11 for Intermediate, and 43 for Elementary, a very creditable performance.

Rita Hunter, the Champion, well deserves the title, as she has been a hard worker.

M. B.

ANNUAL SPORTS.

Despite the blustery weather, a large number of spectators gathered at Meggetland on Wednesday, 13th June, when a long and varied programme was carried through. There was a record entry of over 2,700, and the entry money, amounting to over £32, was given to the Blood Transfusion Service. The closing stages produced the closest finish possible.

With the Open Relay still to be run the position of the various Houses was Gilmore 53 points, Roslin 53, Warrender 52. Amid tremendous excitement, Gilmore won the last event and the House Championship. Final positions:—Gilmore, 68 points, Warrender, 62 points, Roslin, 53 points, Spylaw, 35 points.

The Open Individual Championship found a worthy winner in Joyce Stewart, with 15½ points, while Elinor Angus was runner up with 9 points. Freda Philip won the under 15 Championship with 10 points, and the Primary Champion was Nancy Hendry. It is worthy of note that in winning the Primary High jump Nancy cleared 4 ft. 3 in.—one inch higher than the winning jump in the Open Event—so creating a new Primary Record. Another Record to be broken was the Cricket Ball Throw, when Binnie Taylor set up new figures with a throw of 196 feet.

PRINCIPAL RESULTS.

INFANTS' RACES.

Junior A.	- - -	Lily Paterson	Lois Marshall
" B.	- - -	Sheila McLennan, Moira Manson, Margo Munro	
Senior A.	- - -	Margaret Chalmers, Margaret McGregor, Eileen Brown	
" B.	- - -	Jean Osler, Muriel Fullerton, Margaret Payne, Sheila McGregor	

PRIMARY EVENTS.

80 yds. under 8	1. Gillian Taylor	2. Pat. McDonald
Do. do. 9	1. Rosemary Hutchison	2. Jean Charles
Do. do. 10	1. Diana Stewart	2. Fiona Skarda
100 yds. do. 11	1. Margt. Arnott	2. Margt. Dargo
Do. do. 12	1. Rowena Kerr	2. Margt. Cuthbert
Do. Open	1. Zena Paterson	2. Moira Gibson
Skipping under 9	1. Rosemary Hutchison	2. Helen Dodds
Do. do. 11	1. Elspeth Hood	2. Joyce Primrose
Do. Open	1. Margt. Taylor	2. Elizabeth Willis
Egg and Spoon under 9	1. Rosemary Hutchison	2. Kathleen Hutchison
Do. do. 11	1. Isobel Purdie	2. Dorothy Skinner
Do. Open	1. Eleanor Moncrieff	2. Elizabeth Willis
3-Legged under 10	1. Margt. Howieson and Isobel Howieson	
Do. Open	2. Anne Reed and Pamela McKellar	
Sack Race under 10	1. Rosemary Horberry and Katherine Wiles	
Do. Open	2. Jean Fraser and Elizabeth Willis	
Inter-House Relay	1. Dorothea Gordon	2. Moira McColl
High Jump. Open	1. Patricia Robertson	2. Shirley Wright
	1. Gilmore	2. Warrender
	3. Spylaw	4. Roslin
	1. Nancy Hendry, 4 ft. 3 in. (Record)	
	(2) Moira Gibson	

SECONDARY EVENTS.

100 yds. under 13	1. Catherine Liston	2. Cissie Dott
Do. do. 14	1. Jeanette Robertson	2. Christine Macpherson
Do. do. 15	1. Hilda Gardiner	2. Margt. Shields
Do. Open	1. Elinor Angus	2. Joyce Stewart
Skipping under 14	1. Joyce Tabel	2. Pamela Moorby
Do. Open	1. Hilda Gardner	2. Maureen Davidson
220 yds. Open	1. Joyce Stewart	2. Eleanor Angus
Egg and Spoon under 14	1. Jean Macpherson	2. Joyce Tabel
Do. Open	1. Norma Gifford	2. Alice Smith
Hurdles under 15	1. Freda Philip	2. Margt. Scougall
Do. Open	1. Joyce Stewart	2. Binnie Taylor
3-Leg. Open	1. Mary Skea and Moira Kidd	
Sack Race under 14	2. Evelyn Vinestock and Maureen Forrest	
Do. Open	1. Una Mackie	2. Margt. Kinnaird
Blind Pony Race	1. Sheila Brown	2. Maureen Davidson
Inter-House Relay under 15.	1. Helen Budge and Margt. Balfour	
Open	2. Moira Hill and Helen Walker	
High Jump under 15	1. Warrender	2. Roslin
Do. Open	3. Spylaw	4. Gilmore
Broad Jump under 15	1. Gilmore	2. Warrender
Do. Open	3. Spylaw	4. Roslin
Hockey Dribble	1. Dorothy Primrose and Jean Macpherson,	
Throwing Cricket Ball	3 ft. 11 ins.	
	1. Binnie Taylor, 4 ft. 2 in.	2. Helen Budge
	1. Freda Philip, 12 ft. 4 ins.	2. Sheena Blair
	1. Ella Davidson and Joyce Stewart, 13 ft. 5 ins.	
	1. Gladys Monteith	
	1. Binnie Taylor, 196 ft. (Record).	

W. S.

HOUSE CHAMPIONSHIP.

Previous Winner (1943-44)—Warrender.

SESSION 1944-45.

	GILMORE.	ROSLIN.	SPYLAW.	WARRENDER.
	Pts.	Pts.	Pts.	Pts.
Merit and Progress	107	123	108	112
Attendance . . .	37	37	38	38
Hockey . . .	34	33	33	—
Sports . . .	31	24	16	29
Swimming . . .	11	61	10	18
Tennis . . .	21	31	30	18
Totals . . .	241	309	235	215
Less Penalty Points.	83	76	83	58
	158	233	152	157

Champion House—Roslin. Second—Gilmore.

J. C. B.

FORMER PUPILS' SECTION.

A meeting of the club was held in School on Friday, 23rd February, attended by a gratifyingly large number of F.P.'s and staff. The following office-bearers were elected for session 1945-46:—

<i>Hon. President</i>	.	.	Miss Andrew.
<i>President</i>	.	.	Olive Torrance.
<i>Vice-President</i>	.	.	June Stevenson.
<i>Secretary</i>	.	.	Sheila Mackie.
<i>Treasurer</i>	.	.	Betty Walker.

After the business of the meeting had been transacted, the company enjoyed a programme of singing and dancing.

At the time of going to press, the members of the club are engaged in a new enterprise—the organising of a Fete which is to be held in school on Saturday, 23rd June. There will be stalls of various kinds, light refreshments, and amusements, which will include a film show and a putting-match. Proceeds will be given to the "Save the Children" Fund, the secretary of which, Sheriff Jamieson, has kindly consented to open the Fete. It was felt that such an effort on the part of the club would serve the double purpose of helping a good cause and of promoting friendly contact among the F.P.'s.

New members will be cordially welcomed to the club, and any girls desiring to join should communicate with the Secretary:—

SHEILA J. L. MACKIE,
16 Glasgow Road,
Edinburgh, 12
(Telephone 65139.)

The annual subscription of 2s. includes the cost of a School Magazine.

SHEILA MACKIE
(*Hon. Secretary*).

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FORMER PUPILS' CHOIR.

Under Mr Macrae's excellent direction, the Choir has just concluded a most successful Session. Practices were held in School each Wednesday evening, and were usually well attended.

We have been very fortunate in having had the opportunity of singing a varied repertoire of songs. At Christmas, the Choir, augmented by the P.P. Choir, gave a recital of music from the "Messiah" in St Paul's Church, and to finish the Session, a recital of songs was presented in St Paul's Church Hall.

We shall always feel grateful to Mr Macrae for showing us how to interpret such lovely music, and also for his untiring energy at our weekly practices.

SHEILA MACKIE.

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FORMER PUPILS' ORCHESTRA.

This Orchestra, which held its first meeting last September and which has been very successful, is still anxious to increase its numbers. Although the membership is only, as yet, 15, this first season has been most enjoyable.

In December we were able, with the help of some friends, to give a performance of Handel's "Messiah," and the appreciation shown by the capacity audience was a very great encouragement.

Several members of the Education Committee visited the Orchestra during one of the weekly practices, and on leaving, a representative of the Committee expressed the hope that the good work being done by the Orchestra would continue.

Mr Macrae, the conductor, arranged a concert, which was given in St Paul's and St George's Church Hall on the 25th April. A varied programme was given, and the sum raised for the funds of the Church was most gratifying.

I hope this report of our success will encourage many more Former Pupils, who are interested, to come and join the Orchestra at the Wednesday evening practices at school. Those who wish to do so should get into touch with Mr Macrae.

DOLINA MACDONALD.

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FORMER PUPILS' HOCKEY CLUB.

The season just completed has proved very successful, and the club has maintained its good standard of play throughout. The club membership is extremely good, and at the moment our number stands at 28, thus enabling us to field two elevens almost every Saturday. We are, of course, always anxious for "new blood," and would heartily welcome any F.P. who feels she would like to join the club. The Secretary will give particulars on application.

The fixtures for next season are well in hand, and we look forward with enthusiasm to getting started once again.

The Committee wish to express their thanks for the loyal support shown to them by all members of the club.

MARJORIE RENNIE (*Secretary*),
29 Groathill Avenue,
Edinburgh, 4.
(Telephone No. 30551.)

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F.P. NOTES.

At Edinburgh University, in the Faculty of Arts, VIOLET M HENDERSON has been awarded the James Elliot Prize as the most distinguished Honours English graduate of the year. MARY M. BEATON has graduated M.A. with Honours in History. ANNE R. B. PATERSON, M.A., GRACE G. D. JAMESON, M.A., VIOLET HENDERSON, M.A., JOYCE KIDD, M.A. and AUDREY PURVES, B.A. have gained the Diploma in Education.

In the Faculty of Science BESSIE BARCLAY, B.Sc. has gained the higher degree of Ph.D., and ESTHER CAPLAN has graduated as B.Sc. with First Class Honours in Chemistry.

In the Faculty of Medicine ELINOR GINSBURG, MARGARET MILLS, and MARJORIE A. KEITH, M.A., B.Ed. have graduated as M.B., Ch.B., and MARJORIE KEITH has been awarded the Stark Scholarship in Clinical Medicine.

At Moray House Training College MARGARET H. NELSON and MURIEL C. SHAND have gained the Currie Prizes awarded to the best non-University students of the year, and MURIEL SHAND has also won the Steele Prize in English and a Staff Prize in Education.

ISABELLA C. MACLEAN, M.A., B.Ed., has been appointed as Psychologist to Life Education Committee, and is conducting a Child Guidance Clinic in that county.

IRENE GLASS, after a period as Field Secretary of The Girls' Association of the Church of Scotland, has been dedicated for Missionary work in Rajputana, India.

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FORMER PUPILS IN THE SERVICES.

The following additional names of Former Pupils serving in the various Women's Services have reached the Editor:—

A.T.S.—MORAG BEATON, ELMA KELLY.
W.R.N.S.—DORIS CUMMING, CHRISTINE C. MACANNA, JANE T. MCKENZIE, OLIVE WOODBURN.
W.A.A.F.—SHEILA M. BONALLO.

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MARRIAGES.

CLARKE—MORRISON.—On 15th June 1944, IAN CLARKE, M.R.C.B., L.R.C.P., to MARIE A. MORRISON, 15 Leopold Place.
HALL—MACDONALD.—On 17th June 1944, KENNETH D. T. HALL to RHODA M. MACDONALD, 92 Thirlestane Place.
GALLOWAY—TAIT.—On 24th June 1944, WILLIAM E. GALLOWAY to EDNA M. D. TAIT, 59 Spottiswoode Street.
PATON—DONALDSON.—On 24th July 1944, A. J. Paton, S.S.C., to MARY B. DONALDSON, 16 Baird Avenue.
WATTERS—LINTON.—On 2nd August 1944, GEORGE WATTERS to MARY O. LINTON, 39 Ross Gardens.
YUILLE—DALLING.—On 7th August 1944, GEORGE B. YUILLE, B.Sc., to ISOBEL A. DALLING, B.Sc., 150 Captain's Road.
PATERSON—PATERSON.—On 18th August 1944, JAMES M. PATERSON, R.A.F., to KATHLEEN L. PATERSON, 80 Balgreen Road.
JACK—WOOD.—On 31st August 1944, THOMAS P. JACK to AGNES J. WOOD, "Corrachie," E. Savile Road.
NORTON-JONES—SPONDER.—On 12th September 1944, ERIC V. NORTON-JONES to GRACE R. SPONDER, Orchard Road.
WATSON—DISHINGTON.—On 13th September 1944, JOHN WATSON to MARGARET DISHINGTON, 22 Groathill Avenue.
YOUNG—PATON.—On 23rd September 1944, Surgeon-Lieutenant WILLIAM A. M. YOUNG, R.N.V.R., to CATHERINE PATON, 54 Comiston Drive.
MILLER—MACANNA.—On 29th September 1944, Lieut. A. I. MILLER, R.N.V.R., to MARGARET F. MACANNA, 4 Strathfillan Road.
DOCHERTY—WOODWARD.—On 29th September 1944, ARCHIBALD C. DOCHERTY to FRANCES T. WOODWARD, B.Sc., 23 St. Peter's Place.
PETERS—BAUCHOPE.—On 2nd December 1944, BRIAN J. PETERS R.A.F., to JEANNE E. BAUCHOPE, W.A.A.F., Trevor House, Poole, Mynehead, Taunton.
MOFFAT—WORLING.—On 30th December 1944, THOMAS MOFFAT to AGNES WORLING, 11 Miller Crescent.
KIRKPATRICK—MORT.—On 14th March 1945, LESLIE KIRKPATRICK to SANDRA MORT, 28 Caijstane Crescent.
LEWIS—GRIEVE.—On 17th March 1945, Major IVOR LEWIS to GEORGINA R. GRIEVE, 3 Millerfield Place.

FORTELNY—*JAMIESON*.—On 17th March 1945, BRUNO J. FORTELNY, U.S.A.A.F., to AUDREY D. JAMIESON, 3 Leven Terrace.

DICKINSON—*HUTCHISON*.—On 9th April 1945, ARTHUR W. DICKINSON to MARGARET F. HUTCHINSON, L.G.S.M. (Eloc.), M.R.S.T., 16 Upper Gilmore Place.

MANSON—*BELLERBY*.—On 9th April 1945, PETER MANSON to KATHLEEN E. BELLERBY, 93 Cluny Gardens.

BATES—*WALLACE*.—On 10th April 1945, DERA BATES (Louisiana) to WINIFRED M. WALLACE, 25 Marchmont Road.

KEITH—*BURNETT*.—On 14th April, 1945, ROBERT KEITH, B.Sc., to ROSALIND W. BURNETT, W.A.A.F., 92 Dalkeith Road.

BLACK—*MELDRUM*.—On 14th April 1945, NORMAN M. BLACK, M.R.C.V.S., to ELIZABETH S. MELDRUM, 102 Craigmlea Drive.

MALCOLM—*NELDER*.—On 21st April 1945, ALEXANDER B. MALCOLM to NORAH E. NELDER, 82 Morningside Road.

NEWNHAM—*DOUGLAS*.—On 9th May 1945, KENNETH C. NEWNHAM to MAIDA DOUGLAS, 2 Arden Street.

CERTIFICATE AND SCHOLARSHIP LISTS.

PUPILS WHO GAINED LEAVING CERTIFICATES IN 1945.

Aitchison, Elizabeth E.	McGlashan, Agnes.
Alexander Margaret.	Macgregor, Margaret.
Allan, Gertrude.	MacIntyre, Ruthmary.
Allen, Estelle E.	Mackenzie, Moira.
Arrighi, Janette H. S.	McKenzie, Moira B.
Arthur, Edna M. A.	Mackie, May.
Bald, Ela M.	McKinnes, Josephine M.
Begrie, Mary.	MacMillan, Sheila C.
Bone, June S.	MacPherson, Elizabeth.
Brown, Catherine E.	Malcolmson, Jean F.
Burness, Ella M.	Mason, Elizabeth.
Campbell, Barbara J.	Matheson, Ishbel T.
Canavan, Joy W.	Mavor, Catherine.
Cantley, Ann P.	Maxwell, Rhonda.
Christie, Mary A. W. K.	Mayell, Dorothy.
Clark, Catherine	Murray, Iris M.
Clark, Maureen.	Myles, Marguerite S.
Cleland, Elinor.	Neil, Lillias A.
Cooper, Mary.	Nicoll, Agnes F.
Cromarty, Elizabeth.	Payne, Doris C.
Crowe, Josephine M. C.	Purdie, Jean E.
Dallas, Isobel M. R.	Russell, Margaret A.
Davidson, Ruby	Scott, Sheila M.
Dickson, Jean R.	Scott, Winifred.
Dougall, Kathleen A.	Shaw, Agnes.
Drylie, Alison.	Smith, Margaret H. M.
Fallside, Daisy M.	Smith, Alice W.
Forbes, Patricia E. T.	Stenhouse, Frances.
Forrest, Norma G.	Stewart, Eileen I.
Garvie, Edith M.	Stewart, Patricia.
Grierson, Frances S.	Stewart, Sheila.
Hamilton, Joyce L.	Tait, Anne C.
Hart, Annie.	Tait, Margaret E.
Hawson, Isobel	Towse, Mary J.
Jeffers, Evelyn	Waddell, Marjorie.
Laing, Yvonne M.	Walker, Joyce.
Leuchars, Muriel.	Wallace, Elizabeth M.
Little, Mary S. S.	Wallace, Margaret M.
Lowe, Ruby.	Wilkie, Hazel H.
Lyall, Sheila E.	Wilson, Cissie I.
Macdonald, Mairi.	Wood, Frances B.
Macdonald Morag M.	Young, Janet H.

SCHOLARSHIPS ENTITLING TO REMISSION OF FEES FOR
SESSION 1945-46.

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

ENTERING SIXTH YEAR.—Elinor M. Cleland, Elizabeth R. Cromarty, Joyce L. Hamilton, Mairi Macdonald, Elizabeth L. Macpherson, Patricia E. T. Forbes, Daisy M. Fallside, Jean R. Dickson, Frances B. Wood, Ann P. Cantley, Ruby E. Lowe.

ENTERING FIFTH YEAR.—Jean C. Macanna, Lilius H. Davidson, Dorothy E. Henderson, Jane D. Aitken, Elma M. Purves, Margaret Law, Sheila K. M. Mackie, Moira J. Blyth, Kathleen M. Robb, Evelyn M. Turly, Joyce S. McCallum, Sheila M. McPherson, Maureen M. Kemp, Mary G. Dunlop, Emma R. Wolfe, Isabella A. R. Dewar.

ENTERING FOURTH YEAR.—Muriel E. McCurrach, Mary G. Dickson, Beryl T. Sinclair, Mary E. C. Bird, Marjorie G. Harkness, Christine E. Christie, Elizabeth E. Turnbull, Margaret G. Goldie, Alison K. Bee, Jessie F. Hannah, Catherine B. Lorraine, Marion E. Childs, Doreen O. Borthwick, Sheena M. S. Smith, Mary P. Skea, Margaret Miller.

ENTERING THIRD YEAR.—Beatrice Marwick, Vivienne M. Goldberg, Catherine M. Bell, Mary S. Hunter, Margaret E. Watters, Jean P. Geddes, Margaret A. Robb, Dorothy A. N. Forrest, Moira S. F. Henderson, Margaret W. Gough, Irene Cormack, Evelyn S. Tait.

ENTERING SECOND YEAR.—Barbara M. Ferrier, Margaret R. N. Leckie, Jean F. MacPherson, Jacqueline A. F. Hamilton, Una M. Mackie, Evelyn M. F. White, Margaret G. Moore, Eileen H. Waitt, Alison M. Fleming, Janette F. Waterson, Anne G. Davidson, Elizabeth M. Bulloch, Gertrude M. Weir, Mary G. Mann.

ENTERING FIRST YEAR.—Joyce Forsyth, Eleanor Kemp, Katherine Macpherson, Margaret Ramsay, Olive Paterson.

SCHOOL PRIZE LIST, 1944-45.

Dux of the School	Janette B. Reid.
Dux in English	Sheena R. Morrison.
„ History	Sheila M. Jenkinson.
„ Geography	Violet M. S. Kidd.
„ Latin	Sheila M. Jenkinson.
„ French	Nora I. Shinie.
„ German	Sylvia M. Jones.
„ Mathematics	Janette B. Reid.
„ Science	Janette B. Reid.
„ Art	Norma G. Forrest.
„ Music	Edna M. A. Arthur.
„ Domestic Science	Yvonne M. Laing.
„ Physical Training	Agnes S. Anderson.
„ Secretarial Subjects	Muriel E. Leuchars.

SPECIAL PRIZES.

“Thomas J. Burnett Prize” awarded for an appreciation of
Edinburgh and its countryside.

Margaret R. N. Leckie.

Prize presented by a Former Dux (1927-28) to the Dux of the School.
Janette B. Reid.

*Prize presented by a Former Dux (1927-28) to the Dux in
Mathematics.*
Janette B. Reid.

*Prize presented by a Former Dux to the Best Pupil in the
Department of Modern Languages.*
Sylvia M. Jones.

*Jenkins Memorial Former Pupils' Club Prize presented to the Dux
in English.*
Sheena R. Morrison.

“Colin L. Jobson, M.A., Memorial Prize” presented to the Dux of
the School.
Janette B. Reid.

“Jobson Prize” for Arithmetic.
Doreen O. Borthwick.

“Mouren Prize” presented by a Former Dux (1925-26) to the
Dux in French.
Nora I. Shinie.

Prize presented by Anonymous Donor (Ashfield) to the Dux in Classics.
Sheila M. Jenkinson.

“Brotherton Prize” presented to the Dux in Science.
Janette B. Reid.

“1928 Prize” presented by Anonymous Donor to the Dux in History.
Sheila M. Jenkinson.

“1928 Prize” presented by Anonymous Donor to the Dux in
Geography.
Violet M. S. Kidd.

“1928” Special Prize for Modern English.
Muriel L. Leishman.

“Tom Stevenson” Cup for Athletics.
Joyce B. Stewart.

Prize for Singing.
Valerie Trenwith.

“Wishart Prize,” open to Third Year, for Excellence in Sight Singing.
Elizabeth R. Whittle.

Stevenson Club Prize.
Sheila M. Jenkinson.

Bible Prizes.

Form 6—Sheila M. Jenkinson. Primary 5—Davina A. Bunting.

„ 5—Joyce L. Hamilton.

„ 4—Leonore Mack.

„ 4—Sheila K. M. Mackie.

„ 3—Dorothea M. Gordon.

„ 3—Sheila K. Brown.

„ 2—Sheila W. Smart.

„ 2—Ann M.H. Sutherland.

„ 1—Rosemary Hutchinson.

„ 1—Catherine K. Liston.

S.S.P.C.A. Prizes.

1. Moira C. Gibson; 2. Betty Cant; 3. Phyllis Jacques.

Pianoforte Prizes.

Mr Paterson's Pupils—1. Elizabeth L. Macpherson.
Mrs Langdon's Pupils—1. Elma M. Purves.
Mrs Ross's Pupils —1. Jessie F. Hannah.

FORM 6.

1. Janette B. Reid; 2. Nora I. Shinie; 3. Muriel L. Leishman.

FORM 5 A.

1. Elinor M. Cleland; 2. Marguerite S. Myles;
3. Elizabeth R. Cromarty.

FORM 5 B.

1. Ruby E. Lowe; 2. Ann P. Cantley; 3. Eileen I. Stewart.

FORM 5 C.

1. Margaret A. Russell; 2. Norma G. Forrest;
3. Janette H. S. Arrighi.

FORM 5 D.

1. Ishbel T. Mathieson; 2. Yvonne M. Laing and Dorothy
Mayell (equal).

FORM 4 A.

1. Jean C. Macanna; 2. Liliias H. Davidson;
3. Dorothy E. Henderson.

FORM 4 B.

1. Isabella S. Davidson; 2. Catherine M. Davidson, Joyce S.
McCallum and Lilian M. Spence (equal).

FORM 4 C.

1. Emma R. Wolfe; 2. Isabella A. R. Dewar;
3. Daphne J. Seymour.

FORM 4 D.

1. Joyce B. Stewart; 2. Helen G. Bell; 3. Catherine I. C. Hay.

FORM 4 E.

1. Jean Curle; 2. Margaret Wickham.

FORM 3 A.

1. Muriel E. McCurrach; 2. Mary G. Dickson; 3. Beryl T. Sinclair.

FORM 3 B.

1. Doreen O. Borthwick; 2. Vivienne Spittle; 3. Sheena M. Smith.

FORM 3 C.

1. Margaret Miller; 2. Joan Dean; 3. Irene M. D. Bridges.

FORM 3 D.

1. Deirdre W. Wright; 2. Catherine Leith.

FORM 3 E.

1. Muriel C. Dustan; 2. Margaret E. Ronald.

FORM 2 A.

1. Beatrice Marwick and Anne M. H. Sutherland (equal);
3. Elisabeth M. Hunter.

FORM 2 B.

1. Margaret W. Gough; 2. Elizabeth Campbell; 3. Irene Cormack.

FORM 2 C.

1. Margaret E. J. T. Ferguson; 2. Marjorie A. Wright;
3. Evelyn S. Tait.

FORM 2 D.

1. Jean McG. Smith; 2. Moira B. Pestell.

FORM 2 E.

1. Shirley J. Fisher; 2. Margaret S. Simpson.

FORM 1 A.

1. Elizabeth V. Connor and Barbara M. Ferrier (equal);
3. Margaret R. N. Leckie.

FORM 1 B.

1. Janette F. Waterson; 2. Anne G. Davidson;
3. Elizabeth M. Bulloch.

FORM 1 C.

1. Mary E. Aitchison, Joan Howie and Ruth B. McCann (equal).

FORM 1 D.

1. Helen C. McCallum; 2. Myra R. M. Johnston and
Anita Levitt (equal).

FORM 1 E.

1. Vera K. Baird; 2. Margaret J. Kesson.

Primary 5 A.

1. Joyce I. Forsyth; 2. Eleanor S. Kemp;
3. Katharine R. Macpherson.

Primary 5 B.

1. Zena A. Paterson; 2. Margaret S. Turnbull; 3. Sheila A. Wallace.

Primary 5 C.

1. Kathleen C. Singer; 2. Gwenneth A. M. McIlwrick;
3. Sheila B. Robertson.

Primary 4 A.

1. Jean I. Fraser; 2. Sheila A. Findlay; 3. Alexandrina S. Philip.

Primary 4 B.

1. May Logan; 2. Heather T. Prentice; 3. Audrey W. Henderson.

Primary 4 C.

1. Anne A. Scott; 2. Patricia M. Law; 3. Elizabeth A. Law.

Primary 3 A.

1. Mary H. A. Brown; 2. Margaret Gillies; 3. Mary Osler.

Primary 3 B.

1. Dorothea McH. Gordon; 2. Jean Kilpatrick;
3. Pamela M. Beauchamp.

Primary 2 A.

1. Noel Adams; 2. Dorothy M. R. Richardson;
3. Dorothy P. Conquer.

Primary 2 B.

1. Kathleen A. Matheson and Marjory S. Munro (equal);
3. Pamela McKellar.

Primary 1 A.

1. Louise M. I. Anderson; 2. Rosemary J. Hutchison;
3. Mary E. Irvine.

Primary 1 B.

1. Sheila M. Turner; 2. Lynda M. Spiers; 3. Joan E. Cameron.

Class Senior Infant A.

1. Elizabeth A. Macfarlane; 2. Margaret Robb;
3. Margaret M. Burns.

Class Senior Infant B.

1. Eileen A. McKenzie; 2. Kathleen E. McGregor;
3. Moira F. Gunn.

Class Junior Infant A.

1. Joan Harcus; 2. Eva Mears; 3. Jean E. Young.

Class Junior Infant B.

1. Christine S. Crichton; 2. Joan G. Macpherson;
3. Sheena M. McDougall.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

The Editors beg to acknowledge with thanks receipt of the following School Magazines:—*The Herioter*, *The Watsonian*, *Schola Regia*, *The Boroughmuir Magazine*, *The George Square Chronicle*, *The Merchant Maiden*, *Morgan Academy Magazine*.

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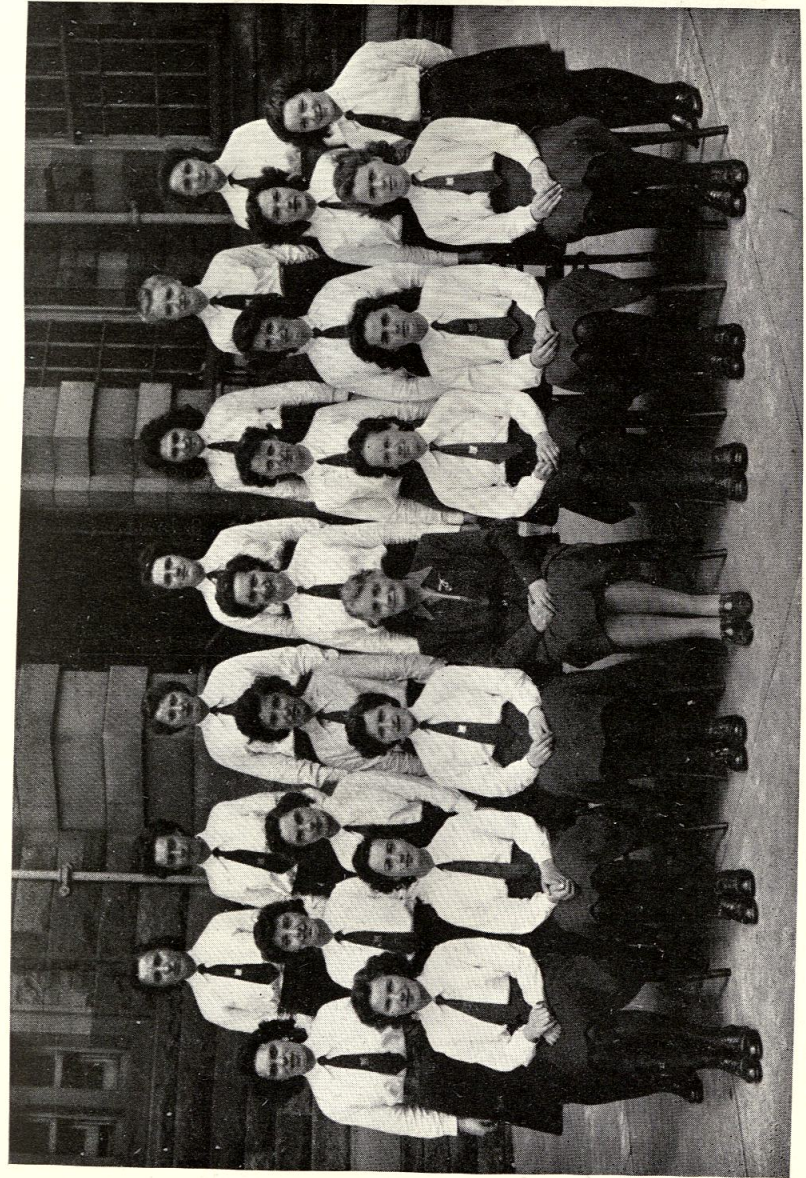
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Middle Row—A. HART, A. SMITH, S. JONES, M. MACDONALD, B. ALEXANDER, L. NEIL, D. FALLSIDE, P. STEWART, S. BROWN.
Front Row—F. LUNDIE, N. ANDERSON, A. BRAIDWOOD, Miss ANDREW, S. JENKINSON, S. MORRISON, J. REID.*

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