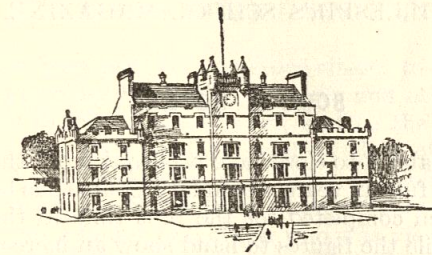


Gillespie's School Magazine

July 1926.





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SCHOOL NOTES.

In the session about to close have occurred more than the usual changes. The full six years' Secondary Course has been working, and it has been completed for the first time in the history of the School, while the figures to hand show an increasing number of returning scholars in all years. A corresponding extension of class-room accommodation would seem to be the next problem demanding solution.

Gillespie pupils of a former generation, as well as those of yesterday and to-day, will be much interested in the recognition of Founder's Day. To commemorate the birth in 1726 of James Gillespie, merchant and philanthropist, the celebration of Founder's Day is now to be observed as an annual function, to be held on the second Friday in June. A bust of James Gillespie, in course of completion, will soon adorn a prominent place in the school building. An appeal is being made to parents and Former Pupils to contribute to its cost, and to the provision of a University Gillespie Bursary.

Notable in School records was the retiral of Miss Cameron in December last, after long and honourable service with the Merchant Company and the Education Authority. In a company including former and present colleagues, Miss Cameron was presented with a silver tea service before her departure for a holiday period in Canada; while her own classes and old pupils also gave her parting gifts.

On account of illness and for other reasons, temporary teachers have been required in both Primary and Secondary Departments. A previous vacancy and an additional appointment have added to the latter Miss C. M'Lean, M.A., from Bell-Baxter Secondary School, Cupar, as assistant in Latin; and Mr W. A. Sprott, M.A. (Honours, History), from Grangemouth High School, as teacher of History and English. Mr Seaton was transferred in September to the Secondary Department. Miss Cameron's place has been taken by Miss E. Bisset, M.A., from South Bridge School; and Miss M. Kilkpatrick, M.A., from Moray House Practising School, joined the Staff through changes in the Junior School.

On 11th November, Armistice Day, a service was held, at which Rev. W. Ross, B.D., Member of the Education Authority, gave a brief address suitable for the occasion.

Visits have been paid by numerous classes to Shakespearean productions given by Sir Frank Benson's and other companies, to exhibitions in the Outlook Tower, and to the Art Galleries. At one such visit last January, while a class of our girls was visiting the National Gallery, and under the guidance of their teacher was studying the Turner water colours then on view, a gentleman, an admirer of Turner, who was viewing the collection at the same time, was immensely interested to see the keen delight the children took in listening to their teacher's explanation, and also in their appreciation of the pictures themselves. In the words of the observer, "The teacher and her class formed with the surroundings as pretty a picture as one could wish to see." The gentleman, who wishes to remain anonymous, was so delighted with what he saw that he sent a sum of money to the Headmaster to be used in providing a prize for a drawing class. Needless to say, both teacher and class were quite unconscious of the gentleman's quiet observation of their behaviour.

Annual Parties were held at Hallowe'en by Second Form; and on the two evenings preceding the close of the First Term by Third Form and by Fourth, Fifth, Sixth Form classes.

Form Five of 1924-25 produced "The Taming of the Shrew" at the end of last session; a Sketch, "King Cole Calling," was given by some of the youngest Secondary pupils before the Christmas holidays; and Form Three presented Act II. of Barrie's "Quality Street" at Easter time.

The Swimming Gala in April was again very successful, and added over £15 in cash for the Stage Fund. A Concert to be given on 1st and 2nd July for the purpose of raising money for the Memorial Fund, mainly by pupils of the Elementary School, has also been arranged.

The Literary and Debating Society has extended its meetings by joint debate, dramatic readings, and in other ways, and is looking forward to producing "The Merchant of Venice" in July.

School Savings Certificates now aggregate £7654, 7s.

Leaving Certificate Group passes were gained by 9 pupils. There were 37 individual passes. 32 pupils gained the Day Schools Certificate (Higher), and 235 pupils passed the Control Examination of the Edinburgh Education Authority.

From the Secondary Department.

LANGUAGES.

It is not too easy to discourse on the subject of tongues, especially when one has not been gifted with the pen of the ready writer. However, I try.

Let me give a passing notice to our native language, English. As Britain has so many colonies scattered over the globe, the English language is known in nearly every country. It is rather loose in its form, showing more than a slight carelessness on the part of the people who speak it, and it is also very rich in synonyms, which makes it somewhat difficult for foreigners to grasp thoroughly.

The Scottish vernacular, famous all over the world through Burns, has now somewhat disappeared, yet may be heard in remote parts of the country. Visitors to Scottish towns are often misled into thinking they are hearing true Scots, when in reality it is the language of the street urchin they hear, jocularly called "broad Scots." It is indeed striking to listen to the "beautiful" English of the London street urchin after the broad twang of an Edinburgh one. Irish I know next to nothing of, and the "ll" of Wales requires a mighty effort.

Amongst the most uninteresting languages, in the opinion of most young scholars, is Latin, because, being a dead language, they cannot imagine anyone ever speaking it. The construction of the sentences of Latin authors is very intricate, and the task of fitting the words together and hunting for the verb is enough to render anyone "non compos mentis." But, as it is the root of so many languages, I suppose we must all learn a little about it.

German gutturals alarm me. I am glad to leave them alone. The French language would be quite pretty to hear if only the people would not talk so fast, but, in spite of that, they are every bit as correct and "chic" in their speech as in their personal appearance. This language lends itself more gracefully than any other to the expression of subtleties of thought.

I think Spanish is one of the prettiest languages to hear spoken. It is so smooth, graceful, lisping and slow. All these

qualities give the characteristics of the Spaniards, graceful and rather drowsy, except, of course, when they are roused, and then they can be very passionate indeed. Hearing the language spoken, we can easily conjure up a picture of the beautiful señoritas gliding along in their gorgeous gowns and mantillas. The favourite word of the Spaniard is "mañana." If you ask him to do anything for you he will say, "Mañana"—"to morrow"; this shows their wonderful gift of procrastination.

When one studies a language, one must cultivate a taste for its beauties, or else, as in a garden, weeds will spring up to choke them.

ELIZABETH B. HESLOP, Form VI.

* * *

MUSIC FOR KING SOL.

"I WANDERED lonely as a cloud" through a lofty forest glade. Midsummer was with us, and the sun, in conscious power, blazed out, and down, and all around with ardent force. The birds, the beasts—"all things that creep or fly"—acknowledging the overpowering suzerainty of King Sol, were still; the trees, the flowers, all Nature's innumerable growing mysteries, bending in complete obeisance, stayed all respiration, lest any movement might incur the displeasure of their beneficent lord and master; rivers, streams, and deep, still waters ceased all play, awaiting in shimmering expectancy the will of their sovereign king. The silence that had momentarily descended upon all Nature was such as could be felt, acute and distinct; in my mind it was recorded as the foundation of a melody whereof my own thoughts, atune, formed harmonies more glorious than ever mortal music has attained. Such a pitch no human being can remain for long at; unconsciously I moved; the spell was broken. Enraged, the Sun attempted to quell, with an almost irresistible battery of rays, this disrespectful dweller in the earth beneath; and, finding the essay in vain, withdrew his chagrined head behind a mountain-bank of piled-up fleecy cloud. To appease their king, the birds burst forth into song. Above my head, amongst leafy boughs, a gay madrigal gave place to a merry roundelay, of which the supreme note heralded the silv'ry solo of a full-throated songster. The streams and rivers, to distract their sovereign's clouded mind, danced many a revel. The denizens of the deeps, flashing argent bodies, produced plaintive minor airs from their watery instruments.

But King Sol could not be comforted. His wrath, whetted the more by his subjects' fruitless efforts, fell upon him, covering his dimming orb as with a gossamer garment. With one last display of power, he called forth the wind. Lightly, at first, it came through the upper branches of the trees, tuning them with skilful touch; there it played a dainty fugue and a resonant sonata. Emboldened by success, it swept with firmer touch a full half-course through its leafy instruments, and delivered an overture which anticipated a glorious opera performed with a full orchestra of responsive, swaying trees. The mortal was completely vanquished. In awed and wondering silence I rose to leave my forest retreat.

ANNIE S. P. COATS, Form V.



ON THE SUITABILITY (?) OF SURNAMES.

FIRST there's Hogg and Hogg, the butchers.

Sports are served by Mr Ball,

Plain John Wood's the cabinetmaker,

Reade now runs an old book-stall.

Is it herring, haddock, cod, sir?

(Latter's sure to be deep sea);

T. H. Scales is at your service,

You may have them C.O.D.

J. H. Lemmon is our fruiterer—

There's no doubt that his name suits;

But here's conjuring astounding—

To bring Beecham's out of Boots!

Here's a stationer called Penman,

Next, the grocers—Rice and Co.,

But the man who cleans the chimneys

Answers to the name of Snow!

So it's strange we're not receiving

Singing lessons from a Rook,

English from a Mr French—or

Science from an A. F. Cook.

MARGARET B. F. NISBET, Form IV.

ARE WE GENTEEL?

IDEAS, like people, do not always clothe themselves in the same dress. On workaday occasions they appear in one form; at special times they become arrayed in statelier guise. In other words, ideas have their Sunday clothes. Now it happens that just as some people always appear clothed in their best, so other people send their ideas into the world always dressed for special occasions. Such have thus a change of garments not only for their persons, but for their ideas. When quite young we are perhaps content with one "rig-out," but as we grow older we fall into the temptation of having a change of dress.

Our neighbour, Mrs Smith, good, honest woman, belongs to the latter class. She would welcome a paying guest, but would be offended if one suggested she was taking in boarders. She does not employ a servant or maid, but enjoys the services of a lady-help. She never thinks of cleaning her pots and pans, but her kitchen utensils do not remain dirty. None of her children go to school, but they attend "college," where they have the assistance of lecturers and instructors, instead of the help of the school teacher. Close to the college, which has no "jannie," just a caretaker, there is no playground—a recreation field serves the same purpose. No Bible lessons are given, but at least twice a week religious instruction is imparted.

Her house is not just neat and tidy; it is a model of cleanliness. She has no sofa in any of her rooms, just a couch or a chesterfield in the lounge, where the coal-scuttle has been replaced by a coal vase or depot. Though tender-hearted, she never asks about one's health; she prefers to inquire for one's welfare. If ill herself, she does not send for the doctor; she just summons her medical advisor. Her brow is never wet with honest sweat, but the perspiration exudes thereon. She never reads the paper, but peruses the journal at times.

On holidays bent, she does not seek for rooms, but searches for apartments; neither does our good friend order a cab at such times, she simply requests a conveyance.

Oh dear, what a wardrobe Mrs Smith needs! How big is yours?

MARGARET FLETT, Form 3A.

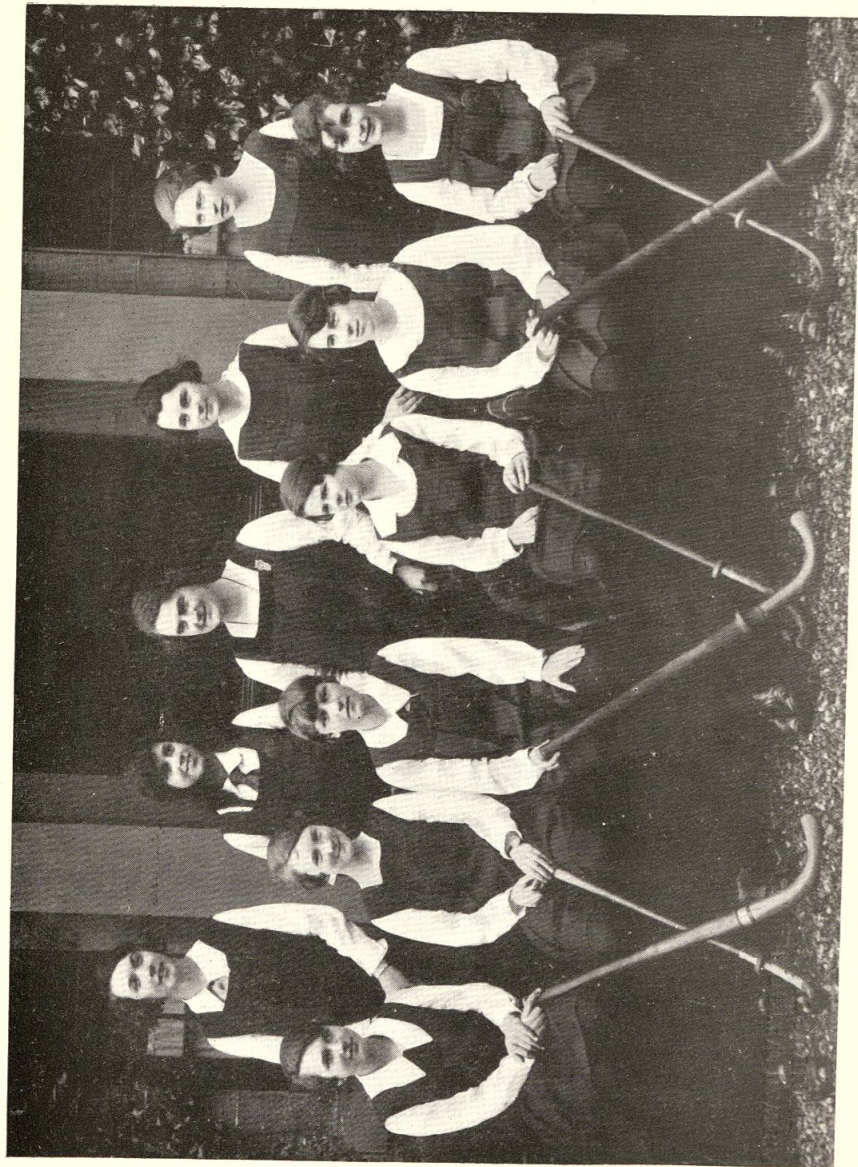
TWO BOOKS.

I HAD been reading. "That is the best book I have ever read. I should love to meet the author. He must be wonderful," I said when I had finished. . . . The night was hot, as most Indian nights are, and, calling my terrier, I went out for a stroll. The wind blew gently through the trees, which threw their shadows in sharp relief against the bright moonlit earth. When the wind rose stronger than usual the trees tossed their heavy branches, throwing down their wonderful blossoms in profusion over the roadway. I walked on till I came to an open space. I can still remember how the frogs croaked hoarsely in the lush grass, and the heavy perfume of the star-apple trees. An owl, swooping past, brushed my shoulder and scared me badly, but when I looked back at its dimly-outlined form, I thought how beautiful were the gentle curves of its wings. On I went till I came to the shore of the lake. Here the moon reflected everything in the water. The high white buildings and the slim cocoanut palms shimmered together in its rippling purple depths, and the frogs still croaked. . . .

I came back by the lane. The convolvulus had closed its heavy trumpets, and hung heavily sleeping against the mellow red of the brick wall. Faintly the night breeze wafted the scent of the sinh tree to my nostrils, and made me hurry to reach it. The perfume of it made one anticipate its beauty. I was standing under its black boughs with the wind driving its orange-scented, ivory flowers against my face, and enjoying the quiet of the evening, when the wild howl of a hungry jackal made me shudder and run into the house.

I picked up the book I had been reading, and after glancing over the pages again, flung it contemptuously aside. How could one read the puny literary efforts of a mere mortal when one had been studying the book of Nature? I will never again say of any printed volume that it is wonderful when there is Nature to compare it with. Nature, which is the book of a thousand moods. When I stood under the sinh tree I thought only of beauty and peace, when the jackal's howl reminded me of Nature's cruelty and ugliness. No man could give you beauty, peace, cruelty, and ugliness at the same moment, could he?

JOAN ADAMSON, Form 3A.



Hockey 1st XI—1925-26.

[A. Swan Watson.

Alison Laidlaw, Shiela Lack, Mary Spence, Jean Smith,
Kathie Robertson, Gladys Howden, Violet Collie, Ella Lamb, Violet Robertson

SPRING CLEANING.

"WHAT is all this rough and tumble in this peaceful household?" asks the irate father. "Why," the busy mother replies, "We are Spring Cleaning in preparation for Whitsun."

The merry troop of children are hurrying along as fast as their little legs will carry them, armed with scrubbing-brushes, pails, soap, and all kinds of utensils for the commencement of the notorious Spring Cleaning. The mother has a brightly-hued dust-cap, and it is a rather dusty one, on her head, while her children, wishing to be like her, have either borrowed or have been looking for some dust-caps, which are rather woe-begone-looking. Each is wearing a serviceable overall, which will bear the imprints of toil very soon. All is ready, and the Spring Cleaning begins with cries and yells from the baby. "What's wrong?" lustily yells a mischievous boy about five years of age to his baby sister. Receiving no reply but yells, the mother arrives on the scene, and to her amazement finds her youngest sitting in a pail of soapy water, her tears increasing the volume of that liquid. Mother immediately restores peace.

Father, by this time, is in a very bad mood. He walks up and down like a caged lion, and after pondering matters a little, he goes to his wife, declaring that he is not going to stay in the house another minute. At this declaration mother is very annoyed, and firmly says that he is going to stay in and help her to remove the furniture. Father resigns himself, and once more turns to his paper to try and snatch a few more minutes for reading.

The scrubbing, scraping, and brushing still goes on, when suddenly a voice is heard above the babble of childish voices, shouting, "John! come at once and remove the piano for me." Poor unhappy John goes without grumbling to remove the cumbersome piano. After removing the piano, father goes back to his comfortable chair, and has just picked up the paper when—"Pa! a chair has fallen on baby" is heard. The hungry and weary father trudges to relieve the baby, and is requested by mother to nurse her and amuse her until she is ready to look after her little one. Sighing, he mutters to himself, "This is the Joy of Spring Cleaning."

CHARLOTTE E. MILLAR, Form 3B.

THE SEASONS.

SPRING has now come with her flowers rich and rare,
Buds are adorning their green coats so fair;
Snowdrops and violets and primroses sweet
Gaily are smiling the warm sun to greet.

Grasses are springing now fresh, cool, and green,
Children are dancing about their May Queen;
Lambkins around their old mothers do play,
Daisies and buttercups munching all day.

Spring flies away to some other dull land,
Summer comes dancing with joy hand in hand;
Puck and his band are now working their way
Gathering their toad-stools around which they play.

Woods are adorned with anemones bright,
Bluebells are dancing so neat and so light,
Meadow-sweet fills the warm air with its scent,
Lilies their songs to the air do give vent.

Summer is dying and Autumn draws nigh,
Swallows are flying across the grey sky,
Leaves are now falling the cold ground to hide,
Winds are a-waving the blue skies aside.

Brambles are now the sweat food of a child,
Berries and dainties are all growing wild;
Heather and gorse a fine mantle do make,
Hiding the hills and a-sheltering the lake.

Jack Frost then travels right to the grey sky,
Freezing the dew-drops and rain that's on high;
Then he returns mid'st a glimmering throng,
Frightening sweet Autumn away with his song.

Sometimes the earth is quite covered in white,
Glistening with holly and all berries bright;
Skaters and skiers are merry to see
Yuletide approaching with mirth and with glee.

MARGARET B. FOSTER, Form 3c.

MY DIARY.

INCLUDED among my Christmas gifts this year there was, as usual, a diary. As far back as I can remember, every Christmas has brought the inevitable diary; every Christmas I have resolved to keep a diary for the whole year; and every week after Christmas has found me deciding that it was too much work to keep a diary.

This year, however, I vowed that I *would* keep a diary, no matter how loth my spirit was at the end of a week. And, to my delight, I have succeeded! My small "Girl Guide's Diary" contains many closely-written pages, which record the doings of many happy days, and it is one of my favourite pastimes to read it over. For instance, when I read, "Went to a concert at — Hall," a picture rises before me of the crowded concert hall, the friends whom I met, the brilliantly-lighted stage, the actors in that comical scene, and many other incidents, and I spend a few minutes calling back to memory the happenings of that pleasant evening.

Again, "Went for a walk to Dreghorn." A grey farmhouse, a leafy lane, a field of green grass, a shaggy sheep-dog, and the calling of a peacock in the garden of a cottage, all rush back to my mind as I read those few words.

All the pages in my diary, however, do not tell of enjoyable days. "Had a bad cold. Stayed in bed all day." What a mournful picture that presents! Surely nothing could be worse than lying in bed all day, reading a book one has read "thousands" of times before, groping in a pocket for a handkerchief, and at last being so bored that the only thing left to do is to sleep!

My diary is also the means of settling many an argument.

"It was on the 18th that we went there," says father. "No, it was the 17th," says mother, with an air of finality. The argument is just becoming heated, when I produce my diary, and from the space headed "April 19th," read, "Father and mother went to the theatre." There cannot be any more questioning, so the subject is closed.

Yes, it is a useful thing, my diary!

NANCY B. STEWART, Form 2A.

UNDER A MOONLIT SKY.

LAST summer I made up my mind to go out on the sea on a moonlight night and wait for the sunrise. Awakened very early in the morning by an alarm clock, I dressed swiftly and quietly, and slipped out into the night air. For a while I stood looking on the beauty of the scene around me with something like awe, then stepped out on to the road and hurried down to the seashore. There I boarded our boat and rowed out of the little bay. What a glorious scene it was!

Everything was still as death, except for the plash, plash of the oars as they dipped into the water. The warm, caressing breath of the south wind gently rippling the silvery surface of the sea only intensified the silence. Faintly seawards drifted the soft swish and creak of the trees as the wind played hide-and-seek in their leafy boughs.

Rowing out some distance, I paused and rested on my oars. The moon was full and high in the sky, and as I gazed at its luminous orb, and at my mystic surroundings, I experienced a weird feeling of loneliness. The stillness seemed suddenly to be alive, and all the queer night sounds far away and ghostly. Over by Riverfoot a dog barked, and the sound was caught up by the cliffs opposite, echoing and re-echoing drearily from crag to crag, and finally dying away in a succession of eerie groans.

As I became more accustomed to the solitude, however, the feeling passed away. I shipped my oars, and, going to the stern, in the bottom of which I had arranged some cushions the day before, I lay down, pulled a rug over myself, and prepared to make myself comfortable until sunrise.

The scene seemed to grow more wonderfully beautiful the longer I surveyed it. The moon shone down with a soft, silvery radiance that imparted a mellow sheen to the rippling sea. The trees and hills were one faint silvery black blur, except where they were outlined sharply against the sky. Away in the background towered the giant mountains, grim sentinels guarding sea and valley eternally. Viewed thus by moonlight and at that hour of silence and solitude, it was all very grand and awe-inspiring, and I felt a subtle sense of peace and security and nearness to God steal over me. Then my thoughts became blurred. Lulled by the gentle rocking of the waves, I sank into a dreamless slumber.

Awakening suddenly, I sprang up, thereby sadly endangering

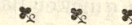
the equilibrium of the boat, and heaved a sigh of relief as I saw that the sun had not yet appeared.

Then gradually, gradually the grey east darkened to a deep black. Slowly across this pall stole streamers of faint pink light. They were soon replaced by various glorious shades of deep crimson, and the black patches entirely disappeared. Then still deepening, ever deepening, they assumed a darker hue, and of a sudden grew bright and rosy again.

At last appeared the rim of the sun himself, chasing night away with his ruddy beams. The last star faded from the sky, and the sun slowly but surely ascended above the horizon. His blood-red beams of light were reflected most gloriously in the glowing water, and I felt a pang of regret as the crimson turned once more pink, and gradually faded away until the golden beams were victorious.

It was now fully a quarter to five, so I rose reluctantly, put out my oars, and rowed slowly to the shore, which lay ahead of me bathed in the bright morning sunshine like some fairy strand.

CHRISSE MACLEOD, Form 2B.



WATER FAIRIES

AWAY up the hill in a deep silent mere,
On a starry night when the moon is clear,
And the whispering bull-rushes gently sway—
'Tis then water fairies delight to play.

Up they come from their watery home,
Sailing along on their rafts of foam.
With their silvery laughter and voices of glee,
A prettier sight one never could see.

Along the paths which the moonbeams make,
Their dancing way they gracefully take.
Faster yet faster they frolic on
Till they are chased by the first gleam of dawn.

PEGGY OVENS, Form 2C.

A SNOWSTORM.

At last we had completed our preparations, and were ready to start on our journey. Our sleigh was in perfect condition, and the dogs were in high spirits, so we had little fear of any delay.

After everyone had been carefully tucked in, we started off, and had soon left the desolate bungalow far behind. The great glistening road lay before us, the dazzling sun shone with great brilliance, and as we raced along we marvelled at the pompous beauty of the scenery around us. All strife and troubles of the world seemed to be forgotten in this sparkling Palace of Nature. The towering mountains, with their minarets of snow, seemed to warn us of the forthcoming danger, but heedlessly we sped on, laughing and rejoicing in the beauty and freedom of our surroundings.

But alas ! our joy was not to last for long, for suddenly the blood-red sun disappeared behind the disc of the horizon, and all seemed dark and gloomy, as if a great sorrow had suddenly descended upon earth. A few seconds more, and the storm was upon us like a raging tornado ; the snow blew cruelly against our faces, and the wind howled and mocked at our helplessness.

We coaxed the dogs to a quicker pace, and in order to assist them we had to fling off many of our cherished presents and parcels. On and on we raced along what seemed a never-ending road ; the snow blew thick and heavy in every direction, and the cold was intense. The dogs were almost exhausted, and we were powerless to do anything. In vain we scanned the mountainside for shelter, but we were almost blinded by the snow, and our senses were numbed with cold.

At last it seemed as if we could not go on any further, when suddenly, rounding the bend of the mountainside, a small, dim light peeped out in the deep gloom. We sprang to our feet with a cry of joy, and the dogs leapt forward, racing with what seemed immortal strength towards our goal. As we drew near to the tiny spark of light, we managed to make out the structure of a small hut, and as we jumped from the sleigh we were admitted cautiously through a small door. We were then, each in turn, most cordially greeted by a cheery old mountaineer, and were taken into a rather roughly furnished room, where a blazing log fire was burning. We sank to the floor exhausted, while the old mountaineer helped us to discard our heavy coats and caps. The dogs were carefully rubbed down, and after

having been fed, were very soon lying stretched out on the floor asleep.

It was quite impossible for us to continue our journey that night, so we had to make up our minds to remain with the cheery old man until morning.

The storm continued to rage with great fierceness. However, the old mountaineer distracted our attention from this by telling us thrilling yarns about the mountains and surrounding country. As the night wore on, I fell asleep, but it seemed no time before I was awakened by one of the dogs pressing his cold nose against my cheek. Everyone was up, and seemed to be none the worse of the night's experience. Great preparation was in progress, and it appeared we were about to continue our journey.

As we once more stepped out into the glorious sunshine, it was hard to realise that the beautiful and dazzling country before us had a few hours previously been the scene of fierce and terrifying desolation.

ANGELIQUE I. SMITH, Form 2D.

A DREAM GARDEN.

THE quaintest little garden
That anyone has seen ;
Its flowers are everlasting,
Its trees are evergreen.
There's such a pretty rose-walk,
With crazy paven path,
A beauteous old stone fountain,
Where all the birds may bath.

The nightingales are singing
Up in the lilac tree,
The sky's one stretch of azure
As far as I can see.
And borne upon the garden
By gentle zephyrs fair,
The scent of opening roses
Is filling all the air.

It's just a tiny garden—
 The kind that fairies love,
 And I have heard that often
 They in its arbours rove.
 There is a dear old cottage,
 Tucked in the garden too;
 I'll tell you what they call it—
 'Tis "House of Dreams-Come-True."

And p'raps to find the cottage
 You feel you'd like to try;
 Just take the curvèd pathway
 That's sometimes in the sky.
 And follow this long footpath
 On, on, until it bends.
 Then you will find the garden
 Right where the rainbow ends.

MARGARET GLASS, Form 1A.



MUSIC.

MUSIC has been called at once the oldest and the youngest of the arts—oldest, because there has never been a time when man did not use some instrument to express emotion, or make rhythmic sounds to accompany some bodily movements.

Music is a combination of sounds of different pitch and intensity. It is called the youngest art because architecture, sculpture, and painting had reached a very high standard centuries before music had begun to mature.

It is a long journey from the river-reed to the pianoforte, and from the conch-shell to the chromatic trumpet.

There are two classes or schools of music. The first is called classical music, and the second romantic music. Classical music is just a beautiful melody, while romantic music is either telling a story or painting a picture in sound.

Grieg, in composing the piece "Morning," wrote a story which describes the rising sun and the birds beginning to chirp until the sun is high in the heavens. Another piece, called "The Surprise," is a very quiet melody, until a certain part where there is a tremendous clash.

The popular jazz is not music in the real sense, but merely a combination of sounds in which there is no real melody or tune.

JOHN D. DUTHIE, Form 1B.



Rugby 1st XV.—1925-26.

A. Swan Watson.

Robert Robertson, Peter Jones, Archie Mundell,

Gordon Robertson, Geoffrey Sowash, Kenneth Clark, George Steel, Stanley Gilbert,

John Simpson, Robert Middlemiss, Jack Adamson, Edward Laing, Jack Drummond, George Douglas, George Simpson.

"SUNSET."

THE painter of this picture has taken a glorious subject for his painting. The sun is sinking over the hill, which stretches down nearly to the seashore. The ruddy glow of the fiery sphere sends a shimmering red hue over the sea. The sky has a purple-red glow, which gradually fades into a deep blue. A bird is seen to skim over the water, while here and there its companions can be seen fluttering high and low. Faintly and very indistinctly a few stars may be seen peeping out from their celestial haven. A few palm trees are seen to overhang the beach, now in a deep shade. A beach-comber's hut nestles snugly among some trees at the foot of the hill, partly hidden from view. Peace and comfort are written on everything in view.

WALTER SCOTT, Form 1B.

* * *

TO THE RAINBOW.

BRIGHT bow of many colours,

I wonder when I spy

You stretching o'er that canopy

That earth-folk call the sky.

Your area, it seems

To fill both land and sea,

It stretches over housetop,

O'er mountain and each tree.

Your many, many hues

Of red and green and brown,

They all are seen by earth-folk

Who live by hill and town.

Those simple, foolish earth-folk,

I've often heard it told,

Believe that at your very end,

They might find pots o' gold.

But even with their silly talk,

There's nowhere we may go,

We'll find a thing so beautiful

As the wonderful rainbow.

JESSIE STEWART, Form 1C.

THE SHIPWRECK.

It happened that my friend and I were walking along the pier of a well-known fishing town in the north, and were just about to board a small fishing boat. We had, that night, been invited to go out with the fishing fleet, then anchored in the harbour, and our host, a sturdy, weather-beaten, and honest "salt," who was the captain of this particular boat, was going to show us what a dangerous and rough task was undertaken by the fishermen.

We arrived at the boat, a small but sturdy ketch. The skipper welcomed us heartily, and then began to show us over it, pointing out all the different things, which he thought would interest us, and my friend, who worked with and knew a lot about motors, took great interest in the petrol engine, which had only been installed that month.

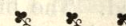
At last we got under way, and were soon well out to sea, and after we had been standing for some time, fascinated by the gorgeous sunset, the skipper came up to us and advised us to go below, for, he said, if he was right we were in for a storm; so, acting on his advice, we went down the hatch into the cosy cabin, and tumbling into the nearest bunks, we were soon asleep, rocked by the motion of the ship.

After we had about four hours' sleep, we were awakened by the sound of feet, and the hoarse shouting of orders, and with that the mate came down and informed us that we were to come up on deck, and as we were putting on our oilskins we heard the cry, "All hands on deck!" shouted in a stentorian voice. Stumbling up the companion ladder, we found that the rudder had been washed away by a very heavy sea, and we were drifting on to a sandbank. As we neared the bank the doomed ship was lifted on the back of a tremendous roller and came down with a thud upon the sand, and immediately we jumped out on to the bank, which we found was quite large; but the prospect of staying there was not to be found pleasant.

It was now morning, and as we were not far from land—for we had been driven from our course by a north-easterly wind—we proceeded to try to attract attention. For a while it seemed that our efforts were fruitless, but after waiting for a while one sharp-sighted sailor espied the lifeboat coming out to rescue us, and so we went on board again to be ready for the life-saving tackle to be fastened to our stump of a mast, for we knew that we would never be able to reach the lifeboat

from the sandbank, so, after being rescued by the lifeboatmen, we were put on shore, and needless to say, my friend and I were glad to be once more on *terra firma*.

ANDREW MILLER, Form 1D.



ANIMALS AT THE ZOO.

A FEW weeks ago I paid a visit to the Zoological Gardens, and was in time to see the seals being fed. They are very amusing in their ways and antics, especially in their peculiar cries. They will sometimes jump up to the wire netting, where the keeper has a cart full of small fish, and snatch a fish out of the keeper's hand. In the middle of one particular pond there is a slab of rock, on which the seals bask in the sun. While being fed, two seals who were more energetic than the rest jumped on the slab and caught the fish very neatly in their mouths. The larger of the two seals was always trying to get the most fish, and would be most indignant if the other got a fish he meant to catch. Often while in the water the two would come together with such a slap that their noses ran a risk of being skinned.

The most kingly animal at the Zoo, I think, is the lion. One of the largest and most beautiful there lives in a large den outside the lion house. He waits patiently on his throne of rock until the cameras have taken a snap of him, then with an air of, "If you are quite finished, small people," betakes himself to the shelter on one side of his den, and rolls over on his side asleep. The way this is carried out is very amusing, because when the lion thinks he has given enough time to the public he rises and walks off in a dignified manner.

In the Lion House a smaller but quite as handsome lion has his abode. It is very sad to see these large, majestic creatures in a cage so small. They are quite bored, I am sure, having to look at such small, insignificant people as us all day. This one I have just mentioned is very intelligent, for when 4 o'clock comes he grows very restless. He roars, trots up and down his cage, and bangs against the bars. This, seemingly, is the time for all the other inmates to do the same. A long roar proclaims the arrival of the meat carts, and the keepers in charge proceed to give to each animal his allotted portion. To watch the lion eat is very interesting, because he draws the meat into his yawning mouth by the aid of suction, with the result that the

blood and bones come to the end of the meat, and are then thrown away by the lion.

I went on to visit the tropical birds' section. Their cages are very neat, and on the verge of daintiness. Against the background of the cages are small firs in pots. The walls in some cages are whitewashed. The birds are perched on small branches, and look very picturesque. They are extremely pretty, with rich dark plumage, and small tufts of green, yellow, or red feathers at the back of their necks. Their beaks are yellow, tipped with pink. They have a very nice home, fresh and clean, and the cages make a very fitting house for these birds.

A word must be put in for the brown bears. These animals are also very amusing, especially at feeding time. Some of them have very beautiful coats, soft and silky. When the meat is thrust into the cage a bear grabs a piece and retires to the back of the cage to eat it quietly.

When I visited the parrots they were not speaking to people, or to themselves even. The reason for this was obviously the heat. Their feathers were still as beautiful as ever, although it was hot.

LOUISE GIBSON, Form 1E.

* * *

MY DREAM.

'Twas down beside the fairy folk,
Down where the fairies dwell,
Where mother used to tell me tales
Of fairies and their dell.

She told me tales of fairy folk,
Of their little wings so bright,
And I used to dream of lovely things
When I was snug and warm at night.

I would love to be a fairy,
It would be my greatest joy.
I would have a little house
And every kind of toy.

One night I dreamt I was one—
It was a happy dream;
I dreamt that mother came with me
Across the fairy grass so green.

All the trees were budding,
The flowers they looked so sweet,
I came into a fairy town,
Into a fairy street.

And there I met a little cart,
With a little man so gay,
And he said to me as I walked past—
"Good-day, little miss, good-day."

But suddenly I felt a bump,
I knew I had been dreaming,
I think it must be very late,
For look, the sun is beaming.

DOROTHY C. BAILEY, Form 1F.

* * *

From the Seniors.

SPRING.

Where did you get your smile, O Spring?
Where did you leave Winter's frown?
How did you know we were longing for you
In village, country, and town?

Trees, which in winter were brown and bare,
Are budding, and turning to green;
Flowers no longer hide in the earth
And the rose reigns, as ever, our queen.

The sky affords no dull, grey clouds,
The birds soar up to the blue,
Singing and chirping as they go—
O Spring! we are longing for you.

DORIS E. BROWN, 3 Sen. A.

A HOLIDAY ON WHEELS.

FOR some time beforehand, the summer holiday question is usually much discussed, and one year, being undecided as to how to make the most of the short time which we had at our disposal, we decided to "take to the road." After many weeks of hard work, we were the proud possessors of a canvas caravan. The beds were merely bunks, and the bedding was packed away during the daytime. The seats really were our cupboards, and held such necessities as pots, primus stoves, and dishes. With a small cupboard for provisions, and a folding table, we felt our van well furnished, and thus set off on what was to prove one of our happiest holidays.

Our first day took us by Stirling, outside which town we met and chatted with the local postman, who informed us that at a farm nearby we could obtain both milk and water for tea. After that meal we made our way to Loch Lomond, passing Kippen and Buchlyvie on our way. At Balmaha we obtained such an ideal camping ground that we spent two days there.

Making our way by Balloch and Inverbeg, we reached Loch Long. The many holiday-makers whom we met envied us our house-on-wheels, and we were often asked for permission to have a look inside.

From Arrochar we came back to Tarbet, where we laid in provisions at the general stores. This shop, the only one Tarbet possessed, contained only one counter, at one end of which lay bread, while paraffin oil, soap, boots, groceries, fish, fruit, and sweets were laid out in rotation.

Ardlui was our next stop, and, journeying up Glen Falloch, we reached Ben More that night. We camped there, and next day found ourselves faced by a difficulty. We had bought a huge haddock in Killin, but had no means of cooking it. At last we laid it on a large tin tray, which we held over the primus stove by an arrangement of wires, which served as a handle. In this manner we obtained an excellent breakfast.

It was with great interest that we saw the Highland beauties of the hills and rivers, which to us had been merely names.

The Highland Gathering was in progress when we reached Aberfeldy, so, seeking a quieter spot near Grantully, we again spent two days. Here we saw a rainbow come down and touch the trees and River Tay, a very pretty sight.

It was a new experience for us town-dwellers to draw our blinds in the morning and see four calves rubbing themselves against the radiator.

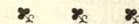
Our fear of meeting with hostility, and of being unable to get permission to push our van off the highway, was quite relieved.

Some caravanning friends whom we met at Grantully took us in their car to Pitlochry. Our way led us by the Pass of Killiecrankie, and, as we stood on the "churney" bridge which spanned the gorge, with the Garry, black and menacing, thundering below, there came back to our minds the lines—

"Doon by the Tummel and banks o' the Garry."

We returned to Grantully, and from there came down the Sma' Glen to Crieff. The Glen, with its purple, heather-covered hillside, abundant with wild raspberries, contrasting oddly with the bare rocks, was a wonderful example of Highland beauty. From Crieff we pursued our way to Edinburgh, with the memory of that glorious week in our minds and in our camera.

MARION W. BROWN, 3 Sen. B.



DUNROBIN GLEN.

THE quiet fishing village of Golspie is bathed in glorious summer sunshine. The sea is calm, save for a slight swell, and now and then a white horse far out to sea rears its foaming mane. 'Tis not the sea or the beach that attract us to-day, 'tis Dunrobin Glen, with its fair flowing stream.

We go past the mill and under the huge viaduct fully one hundred feet above the water. We now enter the glen, and pass under the shade of the hazel and gean trees. Here and there are dog-roses and hawthorns. The tall bracken waves to and fro in the breeze that blows as gently as a zephyr. Rabbits scurry to their holes and birds fly away with a frightened chatter at our approach, but we mean them no harm. Silvery fish dart hither and thither among the shallows, or lie in some dark pool under the shade of an overhanging bough. The merry stream seems to laugh and chatter to the smooth pebbles on its way.

Many rustic bridges cross the stream as we ascend the glen, and we cross and recross the water many times. But alas! one of the bridges is broken, so we cannot reach the Falls. We can hear the roar of water, and can see the deep pool, but that is all. We retrace our steps, and turn up a path which leads to higher ground. At last a magnificent scene appears before us.

The huge rocks tower above us, almost shutting out the daylight, and in the gloom we stand still. A death-like silence envelopes the place, and save for the rippling of the brook and the distant roar of the falls, not a sound is to be heard. We continue on our way, and at last we arrive at our destination. We see masses of water tumbling down and breaking on a huge rock. The water in the pool is black, it is so deep, and the rocks tower up on each side. We then retrace our steps homeward. Surely you must agree that Dunrobin Glen is a very interesting place. DUNCAN H. MACKENZIE, 3 Sen. C.

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THE CHARGE OF THE QUALIFYING.

Half-an-hour, half-an-hour,
Half-an-hour only,
All in the classrooms
Sat they in hundreds.
"Forward the pens!" he said;
Into the valley of thought
Wandered the hundreds.

"Forward, my children brave!"
Was there a child dismayed?
Not tho' the teacher knew
Someone had blundered.
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and try—
Into the valley of thought
Wandered the hundreds.

Exams to right of them,
Exams to left of them,
Teachers in front of them
Volley'd and thundered.
Flashed all their glances rare,
Flashed as they turned in air,
Watching the teacher there
Charging a hard exam
While all the Staff wondered.
Stormed at from bell to bell,
Boldly they worked, and—well,
Into the Higher Grade
Went they in hundreds.

MAUDE GAIKN, 3 Sen. D.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A SEAGULL.

I AM a Seagull, and I have two brothers. Our home is on a large rock, on which a lighthouse is situated. The men who keep the lighthouse are very kind. They often give to us some bread, or sometimes they catch some fish, and give some to my brothers and myself.

One night a heavy storm came up, and the lighthouse men were kept very busy. It was that night that the death of my brother took place. It happened thus. We felt very cold sitting still, and watching the angry sea roar, and so we decided to fly about and keep ourselves happy.

Before we started to fly we warned each other not to go near the top where the lights were, in case any of us would get dizzy, or knock against the wall of the lighthouse and be killed. One of my brothers would not take the warning. He went off and started to fly round the lights. The result was that he got dizzy, and fell down on the rocks that surrounded the lighthouse, and was killed.

In the morning we saw his dead body a little way off in the sea. Nobody seemed to be very sorry for our brother, because he did not take the warning.

VIOLET CRANSTON, 3 Sen. C.

□ □ □

PIP-POP.

ONE day an elf just three hours old
Remarked, "I feel so tired and cold,
I think I'll crawl inside this flower
And take a snooze for half-an-hour."

But while the little elf reposed
The petals of the flower closed,
And there for many a day and night
That flow'r held him a prisoner tight.

Till Jack Frost came and, as you see,
Set little Master Pip-Pop free;
But Pip-Pop says in flowers, he thinks,
He'll never more take forty winks.

MARY HENDERSON, 2 Sen. A.

THE SHADOWY LADY.

SEEK ye yon flowery vale, fair lady,
Or is it the sparkling stream,
Whose everlasting gurgling sound
To me is a pleasant dream?

Fain would I be with thee, fair lady,
To trip o'er the velvet grass,
But it seems you prefer to wander alone,
Than have company, my lass.

Leave me not alone in the cold, lady,
I beg only this from thee,
Thy hair is golden, thou pretty maid,
As I hope it will ever be.

I prithee, fair lady, go not afar,
Thou art so pretty and gay,
But alas! alas! where hath she gone?
She has faded forever away!

BETTY BADENOCH, 2 Sen. B.

□ □ □

LOST AND KIDNAPPED.

As Doris was walking through a wood she heard a sharp crack behind her. Turning round, she saw a large gipsy approaching. She stood, transfixed with fear, and before she could move or cry out she was gagged and blindfolded. She felt herself lifted and carried some distance, but at last she was set on the ground once more. The rag was removed from her eyes, and she saw that she was in an open space. In the middle was a large fire, over which hung several pots. Women clad in multi-coloured garments bent over them. On one side of her stood a row of dilapidated caravans. At the very back of the space she saw huge, towering trees, waving ferns, and wild flowers of beautiful hues. But the scene held no attraction for her. She was filled with one desire—escape. Luck did not come her way. She was taken to a very dirty caravan, and thrust into it.

Next morning she was wakened, and, much to her dismay, was made to clean a heap of pots and pans which lay on the

ground. After this she was given a welcome but frugal breakfast. She was forced to work hard all day. Carrying water, tending the fires, and assisting with the cooking were but a few of the duties allotted to her. That night she determined to escape. She knew that she would be held for ransom, as she was a lord's daughter. When she retired to her caravan she betrayed such weariness that the gipsies did not think a guard was required. As the caravan door was very strong, she could not escape that way, but she thought of the window. She was very tall for her age, and so was able to draw herself up to it. When she was half-way through she stuck, and, to her dismay, she saw a gipsy coming towards the caravan. She saw him walk towards its door, and with a great effort clambered through the window. She heard the gipsy thudding after her, shouting angry threats, but she ran lightly on. On reaching a tree she swung herself into it. Soon the gipsy appeared. His sinister face was dark with passion, and he muttered to himself, but after a short search he returned to the camp. She soon reached home, and there told her father what had occurred. He was very angry, and sent police to arrest the gipsies, but they, seeing that their prisoner had escaped, had made off, and were never seen or heard of again.

MURIEL E. BLACK, 2 Sen. C.

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THE ESCAPE.

THERE was great excitement in our village, because a menagerie had arrived. It made us think of the far-away countries where all the animals had come from. Elephants from India, polar bears from the far north, and kangaroos from Australia. But the animal which filled us with the greatest awe was the lion, whom we imagined growled all the more loudly when he thought of the jungle. We were sure the iron bars of his cage were not nearly strong enough to guard him.

On the way home in the dusk that night, our nerves were shaken on hearing the soft pad, pad of an animal's feet behind us. Glancing back, nothing could be seen, but we trembled, expecting a rush and spring any moment. We felt inclined to run, but fear restrained us. At last the sound came nearer, there was a sudden rush, and up dashed Rover, our big Newfoundland dog!

MARJORIE CRESSER, 2 Sen. D.

PETER AND THE FAIRIES.

"OH mother," sighed Peter, "why don't you leave the light on at night. I am so frightened when it is dark."

"There is no need to be frightened with the good fairies always watching over you when you are sleeping," said his mother.

"Don't believe in fairies," pouted Peter. But mother had switched off the light and was gone. Suddenly Peter heard a tiny voice saying, "It makes me very sad when I hear how many children don't believe in us now."

"Yes," said a second voice, "If they could only see the work we do when they are sleeping, perhaps they would believe in us."

Looking about him, Peter saw two little fairies sitting on his bed-rail. "I am very sorry," he said, "I did not know that fairies did work."

"Oh, didn't you!" said one fairy, looking up. "Would you like to come with us on our round?"

"Oh yes," said Peter eagerly.

"Come then," said the other fairy, and to his joy Peter found that he had grown wings, and was no bigger than the fairies. Then out of the window flew Peter with the fairies. Into all the houses where there were babies sleeping they flew, sprinkling happy dreams on the babies' eyes. When they had finished the fairies took Peter home to his bed, where he fell asleep at once.

Next week a lady called to see Peter's mother. "I cannot understand," said his mother, "why Peter is no longer afraid of the dark." But Peter knew, though he said nothing.

BETTY RITCHIE, 2 Sen. E.

□ □ □

THE FAIRIES BALL.

I have been asked to the fairies' ball,
A wonderful sight it will be.
The Queen, the fairest of them all,
Especially invited me.

The fairy palace is far away
In the midst of a woodland glade,
And all inside will be bright and gay,
I know I won't be afraid.

I'll dance and play till break of day,
Then quietly home I'll creep.
Let others do whate'er they may,
But I'll go home to sleep.

MARJORY HAY, 1 Sen. A.

□ □ □

A PET BULLFINCH.

I HAVE a young pet bullfinch, whose name is Beauty. This little bird is very wise, and knows when it is being spoken to. If I hold an apple seed between my fingers, he flies to me for it, and without alighting on anything secures it and flies off. He is seldom in his cage, as he loves to fly from room to room, especially where there is a mirror where he can admire himself and preen his feathers. He is a proud little fellow, and no wonder, for he has lovely beady black eyes, and his bill, head, tail and legs are black, his breast crimson, and his back blue-grey. While I am preparing my home lessons, he comes and hops among my books, as if he were anxious to learn lessons too.

SHEENA LUMSDEN, 1 Sen. A.

□ □ □

THE DAISY.

I AM but a little daisy
Within the garden green,
I help to deck the little lady
Who is to be the May Queen.

I have many fellow-playmates,
My best is Buttercup,
But I am very sorry to say,
She is higher up.

She is very beautiful,
And looks down on me so small;
Is that not a pity
To have a friend so tall?

My worst enemy is Jack Frost,
Who comes and nips me every winter day,
But when the laughing sun comes out
The coward runs away.

CAMERON D. CARNEGIE, 1 Sen. B.

THE FAIRY RING.

ONCE upon a time there lived a boy named Jack. A small hut by the riverside was his home, where he lived with his mother. One day he was surprised to hear two leaves talking. One said, "Did you hear that the Fairy Queen is going to have a ball to-night?" The other said, "No, where is it to be?" "In the fairy-ring over there," said the first.

Jack looked round and saw a ring of flowers in the centre of a bed of strawberries. Late that night he crept out of bed, dressed, and went out. He went straight for the bed of strawberries, and hid himself among the leaves. Everything was quiet, when suddenly there came floating to his ears the tinkle of bells, and coming towards the ring was a carriage pulled by tiny horses. A beautiful lady was sitting in it. Then the ring was alive with little elves, pied in every hue, carrying dishes with dainties in them. Then in came the fairy dancers, and just as they finished dancing the clock struck one o'clock. The fairies vanished at once.

Next morning he found some rose petals. He knew that the ball had not been a dream, for the petals had been the fairy dancers' dresses.

JAMES D. H. THOMSON, 1 Sen. C.

□ □ □

A TRIP TO FAIRYLAND.

ONCE upon a time there was a little girl called Doris. She was sitting in the garden crying because she had no chum to play with. Suddenly she heard a funny little noise. She looked around, and saw a dear little fairy dressed in silver gauze, with wings like a butterfly. The little fairy said, "I am fairy Rainbow," and I have come to take you on a short visit to Fairyland, because you are lonely." She touched Doris on the head with her wand, and to Doris' surprise she found she was just the same size as the fairy. Standing in front of them was a tiny chariot harnessed to lots of butterflies. They stepped in, and in a moment they found themselves flying through the air over the tree-tops. When they arrived in Fairyland, Doris thought it just looked like a beautiful garden filled with flowers and trees. Fairy lanterns in all colours were hanging about everywhere. Doris was invited to a feast by the Fairy Queen,

and afterwards Rainbow took Doris to see the fairies dancing and playing games. Then the fairy thought it was time to return home. She waved her wand round Doris three times, and Doris found that she was sitting on her own garden seat,

EILA CLARKE, 1 Sen. D.

□ □ □

From the Juniors.**HER FIRST TIME AT SCHOOL.**

SHE came along so slowly,
And looking very shy;
Her teacher took her little hand,
But she began to cry.

Her father tried to comfort her,
But she was very vain;
"O Daddy, come and take me home,"
She cried aloud again.

At last they got her to go in—
She did a little sum,
And oh! she did love school that day,
She really thought it fun.

When she came out of school at night
She met her mum and dad,
"O Daddy!" she said cheerfully,
"I've really learnt to add."

ESTHER DAVIDSON, 2 Jun. A.

□ □ □

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A DICTIONARY.

I AM a dictionary, and I live with a lady who is constantly doing crossword puzzles. I am quite worn out, because she is always opening me to find out something or other. I have got a bright red binding (which is rather dilapidated), with "Dictionary" in big black letters on the front. Inside I am covered with neat

black printing, and here and there are tiny pictures. I am getting rather conceited, as my mistress always consults me when in the slightest difficulty with a crossword. Later on I suppose I will be thrown in the fire and burned, and then, alas ! all my happy times will end.

ALICE STRANG, 2 Jun. B.

□ □ □

LITTLE ROBIN REDBREAST.

LITTLE Robin Redbreast built a cosy nest
For her little babes so sweet,
Then she brought them food to eat.

Little Robin Redbreast flew both east and west,
Looking all around for food
For her dear ones, oh ! so good !

Now the babes have grown up so,
Dear old Robin sees them go.
As they fly away they cry—
“ Goodbye, mother dear, goodbye ! ”

CARRIE S. SCOTT, 2 Jun. C.

□ □ □

MY LITTLE DOG.

EVERY day when I come home from school I take out a little dog. Terry is the dog's name. Always when I take him out he jumps up on me and licks my face. My mother says that he is wanting to kiss me. I have to run down the stair very quickly, because he will make such a noise. On Sundays I take him a walk to the pond, but I have to put on the leash, or I will be fined some money. Terry is jealous when I give the ducks some bread. After I have seen the ducks Terry and I go away home. On our way home we hear the birds chirping on the trees.

JEAN BROTHERSTONE, 2 Jun. D.

A SUMMER WALK.

AFTER breakfast one morning we went down to the bus stop at Morningside Station and got the bus to Penicuik. One of the ladies we went to visit met us at the bus stop, and took us to the Old Gardens, where they live. We waited for Daddy across the street, and along a bit from the bus stop. He came at last, and took Ian on the back of his motor-cycle, but I preferred to go with Mummy by the waterside, and I was glad afterwards too, because I got quite a collection of wild hyacinths and other wild flowers, and a small bunch of violets. When we got there, our Uncle John showed us a little bird he had been taking care of for some time, and then, after he had fed it, we went to the tree where he had found it, and we each had a turn at looking into the nest, which was in a hole in the tree, where we saw three or four baby birds. After that we went into the garden, and found a nest with eggs in it, and the mother bird seemed to have forsaken it and gone away. I carried it for a little while, and then Mummy carried it, till we found a little building. Mummy said it looked like a fairy well, but when we went to the front of it we found it was no well at all. I said that the fairy queen's palace might be there, for it used to be stone, and now it is moss all over. Perhaps this was it.

JENNY YELLOWLEES, 1 Jun. A.

□ □ □

PUSSY.

I HAVE a little pussy at home. We got him from my auntie, who lives in the country. He is a little Persian kitten. Before he came to us my sister used to carry him about in a coat. His mother did not like this, and took him up among the ivy on the stick-shed roof, and we did not find him for a long time. At last we saw two big green eyes peeping down at us every time we passed. We brought him home in a little basket with a piece of cloth in to keep him warm. He is a dear little kitten. When he wants into the house he jumps upon the window-sill and begins to mew.

CHARLOTTE ROSIE, 1 Jun. B.

MY DOLLS.

I HAVE three dolls, a big one, a middle-sized one, and a little one. The big doll's name is Edith, the middle-sized one Barbara, and the little one Daisy. I have a black doll. He is called Black Tulip, but I do not call him one of my family. And this is why: People do not have some black children and some white children. I think it would be rather funny to see a mother with some black children and some white ones. Do you not?

ANN M'INTOSH, 1 Jun. C.

□ □ □

From the Infants.

I'm knitting a scarf in red and brown
For Daddy to wear when he's in town.
He's going to the town to buy a new hat,
And I'll stay at home and take care of the cat.

I HAVE a row of babies,
Laid upon a shelf,
I put them in their little beds,
And covered them myself.
They need so little feeding,
Just water once a day,
But when they once start growing up
They grow in such a way.

I HAVE a little bunny
Of my very, very own,
I keep it in a hutch
At my little cottage home.
It is nearly all white,
Except one bit of brown,
But it is very pretty,
And I hope it will not drown.

Adv. Inf. A.

I AM going to be a teacher when I am big, and teach the boys and girls, and play tennis on Saturday, and go to church on

Sunday, and go back to school on Monday. After I am done being a teacher I am going to do nothing more.

WHEN I am big I am going to be a Doctor, and make people well in the Infirmary, and the Hospital too, and make people well at home too. And then I am going to be a porter and put people's luggage into the guard's van.

I AM a little pussy, and my name is Bobby. I like to play in the garden, and if a dog comes near me I will run into the house and play with my kittens, and I will give them some milk to drink. You know I have five little kittens, and I have a awful job giving them their food.

Adv. Inf. B.

I AM going to be a fireman to save other people from burning buildings. A fireman is so strong and brave that it must be fine to be one. I am going to my Uncle's farm for my holidays. I love feeding the hens and chickens and gathering eggs. Last year I had three little kittens to play with, called Faith, Hope, and Charity.

WHEN I lived in India I had a donkey called Neddy. Every day I went for a ride on his back, and when we came home I had to give him a piece of sugar before he would go to his stable.

Adv. Inf. C.

My Daddy is going to camp and I am very sorry and so is Jessie. I got my photos taken yesterday afternoon from the boy next door and Jessie didn't smile and Mummy began to laugh at her and so did daddy.

WE had a huge bonfire, and I have a squib in my pocket, and it is called a radio bomb and the colour is blue and the sparks did fly.

I HAVE got a fairy cycle. I got it in a surprise and when the boy came with it, he was pushing it in the door.

Adv. Inf. D.

I SAW a bird one day and it had a worm in its mouth. It was flying along to its nest.

I HAVE a bulldog in a cenel I have a cat too. Sometimes I let it out in the backgreen I take it in at six o'clock. I have a basket with straw in it for it to sleep in.

I HAVE a bird at home. It is a very nice bird. We put a little glass tub so she can bath her self in the cage. It is yellow.

I HAVE a sister at home, but she is little yet but she tocs and wacs and she cuddles me and she likes me ofly mutch and likes her mother.

Jun. Inf. A.

I AM going to be an engen driver. do you know why? I want to be an engen driver, becoss there are points on the railway. The points shift to let the trains past.

I AM going to be a scout and have a scout's belt. I will like to be a scout, but I will have to be a cub first.

I HAVE a dolly. I got it from a cross-word-pozel. It says mama. It has crolers, and a cap to match. Its name is billy. Its dress is white and bloo. It has little patent shoos.

Jun. Inf. B.

I HAD a cat, but it got lost. I wish we could find it. It was a persan kitten to begin with, but it turned into a cat.

NAN is my doll's name, and it can sleep. It sleeps with me, and wakens with me, and it gets ready to go out with me. I have curly hair and so has Nan. My mother doesn't want my curls bobbed, for she calls me goldylocks. All the girls in my class have bobbed hair exsept me.

I GOT a pair of skipping ropes for my birthday last week. My grma has a farm with pigs and hens out in Corstorfin.

Jun. Inf. C.

I LIKE school. I come evry day. I only dont come when I have a cold.

I NO a man and he is get-ting marid to-moro.

I HAVE a cold, and it put me off my egg.

I AM going to a shop for a wotir proof hat.

My mother said I have to give the little nigris my woli ball.
Jun. Inf. D.

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School Sports.

HOCKEY.

THIS year the Hockey Club was stronger numerically than ever, 161 girls playing regularly during the session. Programmes of matches were arranged for four XI.'s, and the results of the matches were as follows:—

		Played	Won.	Lost.	Drawn.	Goals.	
						For.	Agst
1st XI.	-	17	10	6	1	70	47
2nd XI.	-	13	11	1	1	51	9
3rd XI.	-	8	4	4	0	28	18
4th XI.	-	7	5	1	1	44	6

RUGBY.

THE past season was a broken one, owing to frost, many games being cancelled. We fielded three teams, and the following fixtures were carried through:—

		Played.	Won.	Lost.	Points.	
					For.	Agst.
Senior Form	-	14	9	5	287	69
Junior Form	-	15	11	4	190	94
2nd Juniors	-	8	5	3	74	42

The 1st XV. were well served forward by E. Laing and G. Robertson, the mainstay of the back division being J. Drummond.

The Junior Form had many players of promise including P. Jones and B. Grant, who will improve with a little more experience.

We also entered a team in the sevens under 15, receiving a bye in the first round. We played Boroughmuir in the second, and easily accounted for them by 9 points to 5. In the semi-final we lost to Tynecastle, after being in the lead. A feature of above games was the fine place-kicking by G. Robertson.

All boys leaving school are again reminded to join the F.P. Rugby Club.

SWIMMING

THE SCHOOL SWIMMING CLUB is in a very flourishing condition. 62 boys and 105 girls are being instructed. No less than 115 E.E.A. Swimming Certificates were gained during the year. Life-saving is a prominent feature, and in this branch boys gained three bronze medallions and eight proficiency certificates, while the girls got eleven bronze medallions and sixteen proficiency certificates of the Royal Life Saving Society.

The fifth Annual Gala was held at Warrender Baths on 6th April, before the largest attendance of parents and pupils we have yet had. The all-round championship for boys was won by George Simpson, the girls' being won by Hazel Ashford. Exhibitions were given by Jean M'Dowall and William Annal, Rosebery Swimming Club.

The following events were carried through :—

Inter-School Team Race—Girls—1, James Gillespie's; 2, Broughton.

Boys—1, Bruntsfield; 2, Gillespie's.

25 Yards Learners—Class A—1, A. M'Dougall; 2, A. Duncan.

Class B—1, S. Henry; 2, J. Crichton.

Boys—1, J. Brown; 2, W. Spiers.

50 Yards—Girls—1, May Harland; 2, Cathie Smith; 3, Margaret Foster.

Boys—1, George Simpson; 2, George Steel; 3, A. Gibson

50 Yards Handicap, F.P. Ladies—1, Jean M'Dowall; 2, Gladys Tullo; 3, E. Meldrum.

Jean M'Dowall gave away big starts, but finishing strongly, won by a yard in 304/5 sec.

50 Yards Handicap, Girls—1, Irene Howard; 2, Maisie Stewart; 3, Olive Gray.

Life-Saving Competition, Pairs—Girls—Hazel Ashford and Margaret Foster.

Boys—Colin Harkess and Geo. Kirkland.

50 Yards, open to Rugby Club—1, George Steel; 2, Jack Adamson.

Clothes Race—James Guthrie.

Candle Race—May Harland.

TENNIS.

268 PUPILS are members of the Tennis Club this year, and although the weather has not been on its best behaviour, a large amount of play has been possible.

The winner of the Singles Championship last year was Dan Philp. In the Doubles Competition in the various grades the following were successful :—

3rd Year—Nancy Fraser and Forbes Macdonald; 2nd Year—Janet Drummond and Dan Philp; 1st Year—Angus M'Beath and Daisy Brand.

CRICKET.

LAST season the 1st XI. played 9 matches, of which 6 were won, 1 drawn, and 2 lost.

The 2nd XI. played 10 matches, 5 being won, 3 lost, 2 drawn.

The Junior XI. played 10 matches, winning 9 and drawing 1. This season all three teams have full and interesting fixture lists. The School have a team entered in the Slateford League for boys under 14. Of this season's players N. Wills, J. Irvine, and G. Robertson are the most promising.

ATHLETICS.

At the joint meeting of the Higher Grade and Secondary Schools Athletic Association, the School was well represented, and managed to win and gain places in the following events :—
Boys—120 yards Hurdles—E. Laing, 1st; High Jump (under 15), —J. Drummond, 2nd; 100 yards (under 14)—A. M'Beath, 1st. The girls also gained a number of places in the various events. The School was also represented at the Inter-Scholastic Sports Meeting at Inverleith, open to Scotland. J. Drummond ran a good race in the 100 Yards, being beaten for first place by inches. He also tied for first place in the High Jump, clearing 4 ft 5 inches.

THE SCHOOL GAMES.

ARRANGEMENTS were made this year to hold the Annual School Games at the Slateford Recreation Ground on Wednesday, 16th June. But the weather !—well, it rained !—and the Games had to be postponed till the next day, Thursday, 17th June. Fortunately this turned out a splendid afternoon, and the pupils and their friends spent an enjoyable time. Owing to the postponement fewer parents and friends turned up than usual. At the close Miss Kerr presented the prizes, while votes of thanks were proposed by Mr Paris, Member of the Education Authority.

The principal prize winners were :—

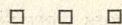
Boys.

Under 6	-	-	-	-	John Cameron.
Under 7	-	-	-	-	Fred Lilywhite.
Under 8	-	-	-	-	Charles Inglis and William Knight.
Under 9	-	-	-	-	James Milne.

80 yards—under 10	-	-	James Renwick.
80 yards—under 11	-	-	William Poole.
100 yards—under 12	-	-	Alexander Stevens.
100 yards—under 13	-	-	Grant Jamieson.
220 yards—under 13	-	-	John Speirs.
Half Mile—open	-	-	Peter Jones.
Three-Legged—Elementary	-	-	Robert Brown and John Duncan.
Three-Legged—Secondary	-	-	John Irvine and George Kirkland.
Sack Race—open	-	-	David Stevens.
Relay Race—under 12	-	-	{ Alastair Murray, John Gray, Harvey Macdonald, Richard Gray
Relay Race—under 14	-	-	{ Walter Scott, Geoffrey Sowash, Peter Jones, Stanley Gilbert.
Football XV. Race	-	-	Jack Drummond.

Girls.

Under 6	-	-	-	Amy Wilson.
Under 7	-	-	-	Patricia Mortimer.
Under 8	-	-	-	Doreen Weir.
Under 9	-	-	-	Mary Grant.
Skiping Race—under 6	-	-	-	Charlotte Mercer.
Skiping Race—under 7	-	-	-	Ella Simpson.
Skiping Race—under 8	-	-	-	Elizabeth Mercer.
Skiping Race—under 9	-	-	-	Mary Grant.
80 yards—under 10	-	-	-	Lorna Murray.
80 yards—under 11	-	-	-	Camilla Innes.
80 yards—under 12	-	-	-	Helen Graham
80 yards—under 13	-	-	-	Christina Graham.
80 yards—under 14	-	-	-	Catherine Weddell.
80 yards—under 15	-	-	-	Daisy Brand.
Skiping Race—under 10	-	-	-	Willa Proud.
Skiping Race—under 12	-	-	-	Helen Graham.
Skiping Race—under 14	-	-	-	Catherine Weddell.
Egg and Spoon Race—	-	-	-	
Under 11	-	-	-	Dorothy Graham.
Under 13	-	-	-	Cathie Gilbert.
Open	-	-	-	Marjorie Peters.
Relay Race—under 14	-	-	-	{ Christina Graham, Doris Brown, Marjorie Peters, May Potter.
Relay Race—under 15	-	-	-	{ Margaret Anderson, Mary Robbie. Katie Fair, Maisie M'Coll.
Relay Race—open	-	-	-	{ Margaret Campbell, May Harland, Rita Wilson, Roberta Small.
Sack Race—Secondary	-	-	-	Hetty Cresser.
Three-Legged Race—Elementary	-	-	-	Chrissie Graham, Doris Brown.
Three-Legged Race—Secondary	-	-	-	Helen Drummond, Jean Logan.



JAMES GILLESPIE MEMORIAL FUND AND FOUNDERS' DAY.

At a meeting of the School Staff, called by the Headmaster, it was agreed to collect money for a fund, to be called "The James



1A Swan Watson.

Cricket 1st XI—1925-26.

Charles Muirhead, Robert Middlemiss, Kenneth Clark, Gordon Robertson, Robert Robertson, Norman Wills,
George Kirkland, John Irvine, Jack Adamson, Jack Drummond, Geoffrey Sowash.

Gillespie Memorial Fund," the immediate object being to procure a marble bust of James Gillespie, the founder of the School. It was decided to raise the fund by subscription, and appeals for funds have appeared in all the Edinburgh newspapers, and have been sent to pupils, parents, former pupils, and others.

The Education Authority having granted permission to hold annually a Founders' Day, the first celebration was held in the School on Friday, 11th June. Miss M. G. Cowan, M.A., Convener of the Higher Education Committee of the Education Authority, presided over a large gathering of pupils. There were also present Sir Samuel Chapman, M.P., and the Rev. James Fergusson, Vice-Chairman of the Education Authority, and other members of that body. Addresses were delivered by Mr Fergusson and Sir Samuel Chapman, while Mr Burnett, in replying, said that it was hoped that a year hence at the next celebration of Founder's Day there would be unveiled the marble bust of James Gillespie at present in course of preparation. Miss Margaret Moore, Senior Prefect of the School, expressed the thanks of the pupils to the Education Authority for granting a holiday, and remarked that while we were too poor to serve cake and wine, as was the custom in English schools on such an occasion, a "snuff mull" would be passed round the platform for anyone who cared to sample it. Mr Kemp, visiting member for the School, moved votes of thanks to the speakers. Thereafter the School dismissed for the day.

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LITERARY AND DRAMATIC SOCIETY.

JAMES GILLESPIE'S LITERARY AND DRAMATIC SOCIETY—now, it really is not nearly so formidable as it sounds; any enthusiastic member can assure you of that. These members, of whom there are now twenty-two, are drawn from the Sixth, Fifth, and Fourth Forms, and none have ever regretted their membership, for a varied programme keeps alive their interest and enthusiasm.

During the first two terms debates figure largely on the syllabus. No, my aspiring member, do not turn disconsolately away and shake a mournful head! Debates are not the dreadful trials that many a person would have you believe; whoever holds such an opinion has, in nine cases out of ten, never attended those delightful meetings where anyone, without fear or favour, can rise and express her very own opinion, and be certain that it will be listened to with interest and respect. Do you know, it is exceptionally refreshing to realise that, for once maybe,

you are differing from somebody else, and letting her know it too? That is the one thing to put you on your own two feet.

Merry social evenings and impromptu meetings relieve the more serious items, till in the Summer Term the dramatic side takes precedence of the literary. At the end of this term we hope to produce "The Merchant of Venice," and rehearsals are now in full swing. Without a doubt the play is going to be a great success. Here is your chance! Seize it! Oh yes, we know quite well how you aspire to the stage! Who does not, at some time or other?

"Sumer is icumen in," and with it the lovely days for jolly picnics. One large picnic has been arranged for the Society, but doubtless many a ramble will take place also. What more delightful than to "foot it gaily in the track," with a party of boon companions? James Gillespie's Literary and Dramatic Society—now, is it not really much more attractive than it sounds?

A. S. P. C.

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LIST OF DUXES.

WE give below a list of the School Duxes from the opening of the School in 1871 up to the present session.

Session.	Girls.	Boys.
1871-1872	Helen Mitchell.	Thomas Boyack.
1872-1873	Jessie Harrison.	Robert Archibald.
1873-1874	Mary Henderson.	James Rankine.
1874-1875	Mary Livingstone.	John Geddes.
1875-1876	Maggie Fleming.	William G. Bain.
1876-1877	Annie Munro.	Peter Drummond.
1877-1878	Catherine Robertson.	Henry H. Booth.
1878-1879	Mary Scott.	Hugh Macdonald.
1879-1880	Christina R. Hunter.	Frederick H. Payne.
1880-1881	Agnes Gillespie.	William Dick.
1881-1882	Elizabeth Dodds.	James Black.
1882-1883	Catherine Dickie Scott.	Robert Brown.
1883-1884	Mabel Crosby Mitchell.	George D. Robertson.
1884-1885	Elizabeth W. Basley.	Alexander S. Calder.
1885-1886	Jessie K. Tullo.	Robert T. Davidson.
1886-1887	Elizabeth Hannah.	Robert Fotheringham.
1887-1888	Agnes Williamson.	John M.F. Doig.
1888-1889	Elizabeth Scott.	John Fraser.
1889-1890	Jane M. Cooper.	Alexander Anderson.
1890-1891	Lizzie L. Whyte.	Thomas Paterson.
1891-1892	Ella W. Ferrier.	R. Reginald Waugh.
1892-1893	Eliza Cumming.	James A. Todd.
1893-1894	Christina W. Leitch.	Leslie B. Dalgleish.

1894-1895	Mary D. Reid.	John H. Fraser.
1895-1896	Nettie Learmonth.	John C. Jobson.
1896-1897	Jemima F. Williamson.	Charles Watt.
1897-1898	Ella J. H. Aitken.	Edward E. Jelbart.
1898-1899	Kathleen Ida Reid.	Herbert Fraser.
1899-1900	Theodora Brown.	James Begg.
1900-1901	Margaret C. Bell.	James L. B. Cuthbertson.
1901-1902	Ina S. Gunn.	Alexander Ewan.
1902-1903	Jemima Barr.	David McNeill.
1903-1904	Mary E. Bell.	Adam Paterson.
1904-1905	Margaret Elliot.	David Clow.
1905-1906	Phemie Young.	Alexander Aitken.
1906-1907	Margaret Wingate.	James Forsyth.
1907-1908	Margaret Aitken.	Henry Wallace.
1908-1909	Jane P. Richardson.	Thomas D. Falconer Scott.
1909-1910	Annie D. Cumming.	William Campbell.
1910-1911	Florence Cooper.	George McCulloch.
1911-1912	Annie P. Banks.	Richard G. B. Prescott.
1912-1913	Elizabeth M. Shearer.	John P. Simpson.
1913-1914	Evelyn Mary Mill.	John Dear.
1914-1915	Margueretta Cumming.	James Dear.
1915-1916	Isabel Ross.	Robert Robertson.

Dux of School.

1916-1917	Violet M. Davidson.
1917-1918	Helen Wood.
1918-1919	Elsie M. Telfer.
1919-1920	Alexander Bateman.
1920-1921	Harold Stenning.
1921-1922	May L. Gilbert.
1922-1923	Elizabeth B. Heslop.
1923-1924	Alison M. Robertson.

Session.	Dux of School.	Dux of Intermediate School.
1924-1925	Margaret Rae.	Mary E. R. Henderson.
1925-1926	Elizabeth B. Heslop.	William G. Ross.

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Former Pupils' Section.

FORMER PUPILS' CLUB, 1925-26.

THE number of meetings of the Club was reduced to four this session, and all of these have been well attended. The opening Social Meeting, which was held on Friday, 16th October, drew the largest attendance. The Club is indebted to Misses Porter, Doig, Pirie, Whyte, and Somerville, and Mr A. Bateman, for the musical part of the programme on that evening.

The Whist Drive, held on 5th December, also proved very

successful, while the Reunion in January was as attractive as in former years.

Hockey and Rugby teams are now an established and successful branch of the Club. A Golf Section has been formed, and it is hoped that it will be as prosperous as these other branches.

The Club is specially indebted to Mr Murphy and Mr Glen, of the School Staff, who have encouraged in a very practical manner all its efforts.

At the Annual Business Meeting held on 5th March 1926 the reports for the session were given by the Secretary and the Treasurer. The financial state of the Club is healthy, and there is a slight increase in membership compared with the previous year. The following office-bearers and members of Committee were elected for next session:—

<i>Hon. President</i>	Mr T. J. Burnett.
<i>Hon. Vice-President</i>	Mr T. Robertson.
<i>Joint Presidents</i>	Mr A. C. Murphy.
	Mr A. G. M'Ilwrick.
<i>Secretary</i>	Mr Guthrie Thomson.
<i>Treasurer</i>	Miss Ethel Gladstone.
<i>Committee</i>	Misses Forrest, Grant, Gray, Smith,
	Messrs Beaton, Gilbert, Jamieson.
<i>Hockey Secretary</i>	Miss Nancy Johnson.
<i>Rugby Secretary</i>	Mr John Beaton.
<i>Golf Secretary</i>	Mr R. C. Home.

FORMER PUPILS' (GIRLS) HOCKEY CLUB.

THE Club was again able to run two elevens, but though full cards were arranged for both elevens, fully half the matches had to be cancelled owing to bad weather and Internationals. At the seven-a-side Tournament held at Hawkhill on 20th March 1926, in aid of the Leith Hospital, our team won a cup, defeating a team from Boroughmuir in the final.

The results of last season's matches is appended:—

	Played	Won	Lost	Drawn	For	Against
1st XI.	10	8	1	1	41	16
2nd XI.	10	5	4	1	33	23

New members will be welcomed. The subscription is 7s. 6d. Application should be made to the Secretary, Miss Nancy Johnson, 24 Balgreen Road, Murrayfield.

FORMER PUPILS' RUGBY F.C.

DESPITE the many difficulties experienced last season, this section of the F.P. Club showed a slightly improved record on the previous season's work.

Even then our performance was not a very creditable one, but we mean to keep "pegging away" until we build up a serviceable XV. capable of producing a record worthy of the School we represent.

One of our greatest difficulties was the small membership of the Club, which only numbered sixteen playing members. This will certainly have to be increased, as the Club cannot expect to win matches when playing one or even two men short. However, we are optimistic that all last season's players will turn out again when we resume training, and with the addition of a few F.P.'s who have previously played for other clubs in the city, we will have a membership large enough to prevent a recurrence of what has happened in the past.

As the average age of our present members is under nineteen years, we would welcome any F.P.'s who are old "rugger" players, and would care to interest themselves in the Club by refereeing our home matches, or giving advice to the Selection Committee and the other players. We would be pleased if any such gentlemen would communicate with the Secretary.

An attractive fixture list has been compiled for next season. We have in all arranged 26 games, which include matches in Linlithgow and Haddington. Our season's record is appended.

Played	Won	Drawn	Lost	Points For	Points Against
17	5	2	10	147	186

J. M. BEATON, *Secretary*,
10 Marchmont Crescent, Edinburgh.

FORMER PUPILS' GOLF CLUB.

AN effort is being made this season to revive the Former Pupil's Golf Club, and the Secretary, R. C. Home, 57 Gilmore Place, will be glad to hear from any F.P.'s who would like to join, whether beginners or experts. So far the response has been disappointing, but we are hoping for a much increased membership next season. Two matches have been arranged, one against the Caermount Golf Club on 30th June, and the other against Heriot's F.P.'s on 19th July. Gillespie's F.P.'s could

furnish a team of golfers capable of challenging anyone—if we could only get in touch with old pupils. The Annual Subscription is 2s. 6d.

F.P. NOTES.

Mr ALASTAIR SIM has been appointed Fulton Lecturer in Elocution at the New College, Edinburgh.

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

Miss MURIEL STORIE has gained the Diploma of the College of Art.

Miss MARION J. L. BRINDLE has been registered as a Chemist and Druggist.

Mr DOUGLAS L. HUTCHINSON has been appointed Headmaster of St. James' Episcopal School, Edinburgh.

Mr DAVID CROMBIE, L.D.S., has been appointed Dental Surgeon to the Education Authority, Newcastle.

Misses HELEN RICHARDSON, JEANETTE WRIGHT, MARY WARD, MARGARET PORTER, MARY SHEARER, ROBINA SWAN have graduated M.A. at Edinburgh University.

Mr ALEXANDER MORRIS has graduated B.Sc. at Edinburgh University.

Miss ELEANOR KELLY, B.Sc., M.B., Ch.B., has graduated M.D. at Glasgow University.

Misses LENA FRENCH and ISABELLA URQUHART have received appointments under the Edinburgh Education Authority.

Miss ETHEL MOIR was finalist last year in the Meadows Tennis Competition.

Mr JOHN AITCHISON, winner of the School Golf Medal in 1923 and 1924, won the Spiers Cup last season.

Miss JEAN M'DOWALL won the East of Scotland 100 yards and 50 yards (Swimming) Championships, and holds the 100 yards free style Scottish record.

Mr R. M. CAMPBELL was chosen to represent Scotland in the International Water Polo matches.

Mr ALEXANDER MURRAY sailed in August 1925 for South Australia to take up sheep-farming.

MARRIAGES.

WILKIE—LINDSAY.—At Walkerville, Ontario, on 16th October 1925, JOHN HAY, to ELIZABETH MAY, elder daughter of the late JOHN LINDSAY, grain merchant, and of Mrs LINDSAY (late of 6 Craiglea Drive, Edinburgh).

FRASER—HOOK.—At 82 Great King Street, Edinburgh, on 9th January 1926, JOHN S. FRASER to MARION WHITE, eldest daughter of WILLIAM HOOK, J.P., and Mrs HOOK, Balerno.

DUNCAN—FORREST.—At Salt Lake City, Utah, U.S.A., on 26th April 1926, WILLIAM DOW DUNCAN, Editorial Department, *Salt Lake Tribune*, to MARGARET SWINTON, eldest daughter of ROBERT FORREST, 17 Lutton Place, Edinburgh.

REID—ADAM.—WILLIAM REID, Morningside Road, Edinburgh, to VERNE, younger daughter of Mr and Mrs J. A. ADAM, Merchiston Avenue, Edinburgh.

YORSTON—HOWES.—KENNETH M'QUEEN YORSTON, L.D.S., son of Rector and Mrs YORSTON, Montrose, to JANETTE JOHNSTON, only daughter of Mr and Mrs HERBERT HOWES, 80 Spottiswoode Street.

DUFF—MASON.—JAMES DUFF, 74 Comiston Road, to MINNIE H., daughter of the late GABRIEL and Mrs MASON, 15 Pentland Terrace.

WILLIAMSON—WRIGHT.—JAMES WILLIAMSON, 26 Spottiswoode Road, to MARGARET L. WRIGHT, 4 Findhorn Place.

TAYLOR—LUMSDEN.—RUPERT A. P. TAYLOR, Morningside Road, to JANIE LUMSDEN, Hope Park Terrace.

CHEESMAN—JONES.—JAMES A. CHEESMAN to GWELLIAN M. JONES, Gilmore Place.

SCOTT—ROBERTSON.—HARRY M. SCOTT, Edinburgh, to MYSLIE, second daughter of Mr A. D. ROBERTSON, 74 Inchview Terrace, Edinburgh, June 1926.

LOCH—STEPHEN.—At Chicago, U.S.A., on 12th June 1926, MAGNUS MOWAT LOCH, son of Mr and Mrs A. LOCH, 9 Chalmers Crescent, to MARGARET J. M. (Peggy), youngest daughter of Mrs STEPHEN, 1 Glengyle Terrace.

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CERTIFICATE AND SCHOLARSHIP LISTS.

Names of Pupils who gained Leaving Certificates in 1925.

- | | |
|-------------------------|--------------------------|
| 1. Hazel I. Ashford. | 5. Ella Lamb. |
| 2. Catherine Brown. | 6. Margaret H. L. Moore. |
| 3. Margaret M. Doig. | 7. Margaret G. Rae. |
| 4. Elizabeth B. Heslop. | 8. Jean C. W. Smith. |
| | 9. Margaret H. Thomson. |

Pupils who were awarded Day School Certificates (Higher) for Session 1924-1925.

- | | |
|-------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 1. Marion W. Barron. | 17. Mary Laurenson. |
| 2. Beryl A. Bird. | 18. Agnes E. Macpherson. |
| 3. Norman P. L. S. Buccleuch. | 19. Henry Milne. |
| 4. Elizabeth M. Cleghorn. | 20. Catherine Munro. |
| 5. Jenny K. Dickson. | 21. Mary Manson. |
| 6. Agnes M. Donaldson. | 22. Dorothy P. S. Ogilvie. |
| 7. Agnes W. Fraser. | 23. Dorothy A. U. Paterson. |
| 8. Emily M. Geddes. | 24. James W. H. Philp. |
| 9. Grace F. Hair. | 25. Mary K. Pollock. |
| 10. Isobel Hill. | 26. Alison W. Porteous. |
| 11. Euphemia M. Hunter. | 27. Jessie S. Pottinger. |
| 12. James S. Hutchison. | 28. Adam F. Sorbie. |
| 13. Lewis Kennedy. | 29. Elizabeth N. Smith. |
| 14. Andrew F. Kirkland. | 30. Janet E. H. Stalker. |
| 15. Helen M. Leckie. | 31. Ethel M. Wilson. |
| 16. Georgina Laidlaw. | 32. Marjory D. Wright. |

SCHOLARSHIPS ENTITLING TO REMISSION OF FEES FOR 1926-27.

This list is subject to the approval of the Education Authority.

ENTERING SIXTH YEAR.—Dora S. C. Sanders, Alison M. Robertson, Aileen D. Young, Jane F. Home, Agnes H. W. Speirs, Helen B. Edwards.

ENTERING FIFTH YEAR.—Mary Henderson, Annie Brodie, Mary Jamieson, Margaret Nisbet, Jean Steel, Dorothy Melville.

ENTERING FOURTH YEAR.—William Ross, Dorothy Hurford, Grace Johnstone, May Dods, Margaret Liddell, Ella Middleton.

ENTERING THIRD YEAR.—Frances L. Wilson, Robert Ross, Margaret Savage, Mabel Ginsburg, Mary Robbie, David Milne, Agnes Murdison, Alexandrina Anderson, Jessie Blake.

ENTERING SECOND YEAR.—Janet Sanders, Janet Martin, Marjory Cowe, Catherine Rennie, Mary Logan, Jean M'Clarence, Grace Heigh, Alan MacRae, George Forgan, Douglas Craighead, Margaret Liddle, Alma Bloor.

ENTERING FIRST YEAR QUALIFYING CLASSES.—Ethel Briggs, Catherine Davie, Phyllis Hamilton, Jean Caldwell, Doris Brown, Margaret Reid, Cathie Steel, George Young, Lena Stein, Winifred Hardie.

SCHOOL PRIZE LIST, 1925-1926.

Dux of School	ELIZABETH B. HESLOP.
Dux in English	ELIZABETH B. HESLOP.
Do. Latin	ELIZABETH B. HESLOP.
Do. French	ELIZABETH B. HESLOP.
Do. German	HELEN B. EDWARDS.
Do. Mathematics	JEAN C. W. SMITH.
Do. Science	HAZEL I. ASHFORD.
Do. Art	ANNIE G. BRYDON.
Do. Dressmaking	MURIEL HOWDEN.
Dux of Intermediate School	WILLIAM G. ROSS.

Form 6.

- English.—1. Elizabeth Heslop; 2. Margaret Murray; 3. Mary Spence;
4. Jean Smith.
Latin.—1. Elizabeth Heslop; 2. Jean Smith.
French.—1. Elizabeth Heslop; 2. Jean Smith; 3. Hazel Ashford;
4. Ella Lamb.
Mathematics.—1. Jean Smith; 2. Ella Lamb; 3. Elizabeth Heslop;
4. Hazel Ashford.
Science.—Hazel Ashford.
Art.—Jessie Storie.
Physical Training.—Violet Grieve.

Form 5.

- English.—1. Annie Coats; 2. Alison Robertson; 3. Alison Laidlaw;
4. Dora Sanders; 5. Aileen Young; 6. Marion Crombie.
Latin.—1. Dora Sanders; 2. Alison Robertson.
French.—1. Dora Sanders; 2. Gladys Howden; 3. Annie Coats; 4. Helen Edwards.
German.—1. Helen Edwards; 2. Gladys Howden.
Mathematics.—1. Dora Sanders; 2. Alison Laidlaw; 3. Alison Robertson;
4. Marian Webster.
Science.—1. Alison Laidlaw; 2. Pearl Hyman.
Art.—1. Annie Brydon; 2. Jane Home.
Physical Training.—Ellen King.



Prefects, 1925-26.

[A. Swan Watson.

Betty Wright, Thelma Johnston, Madge Henderson, Ruby Deans, Agnes Blacklay,
George Steel, Edward Laing, Margaret Rosie, Jean Brown, Johanna Flemington, Katie Fair, Jack Adamson
Dan Philp, Mary Jamieson, Jean Steel, Shiela Lack, May Harland, Gertrude Sinclair, Mary Smith, William Ross,
Dora Sanders, Annie Coats, Lily Brand, Margaret Moore, Ella Watson, Violet Grieve, Marion Crombie, Alison Robertson.

Form 4.

English.—1. Mary Henderson; 2. Marion Donaldson; 3. Margaret Nisbet; 4. Annie Brodie; 5. Dorothy Melville; 6. Jean Steel.

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

French.—1. Mary Henderson; 2. Annie Brodie; 3. Margaret Nisbet; 4. Mary Jamieson.

German.—1. Louie Swann.

German (Lower).—1. Annie Brodie.

Mathematics.—1. Mary Henderson; 2. Janet Fulton-Montgomery; 3. Annie Brodie; 4. Mary Jamieson.

Science.—1. Kathleen Bellerby; 2. Phyllis Shattock.

Science (Lower).—1. Sheila Lack; 2. Annie Rosie.

Art.—1. Elizabeth Pringle; 2. Dorothy Melville.

Physical Training.—Sheila Lack.

Form 3 A.

English.—1. William Ross; 2. J. May Dods; 3. Dorothy Hurford; 4. Ella Middleton; 5. Margaret Liddell; 6. Grace Johnston.

Latin.—1. William Ross; 2. Dorothy Hurford; 3. Margaret Flett; 4. Ella Middleton.

French.—1. William Ross; 2. Dorothy Hurford; 3. Jessie Dickson; 4. Evelyn Nicol.

German.—1. Evelyn Nicol; 2. Katherine Robertson; 3. Margaret Liddell.

Mathematics.—1. William Ross; 2. Grace Johnston; 3. Dorothy Hurford; 4. J. May Dods.

Science.—1. William Ross; 2. Dorothy Hurford; 3. J. May Dods; 4. Grace Johnston.

Art.—1. William Ross; 2. Grace Johnston; 3. Lucy Topping.

Physical Training.—Kathie Robertson.

Form 3 B.

English.—1. Thomas M'Ilwrick; 2. William Yarroll; 3. Margaret Rennie; 4. May Harland.

French.—1. Jean Carr; 2. Myra Kennedy; 3. Elizabeth Cunningham; 4. Roberta Small.

Mathematics.—1. Robert P. Christie; 2. Thomas M'Ilwrick; 3. William Yarroll; 4. Margaret Wilson.

Science.—1. Thomas M'Ilwrick; 2. Joe Walton; 3. Margaret Rennie; 4. Alastair Chisholm.

Art.—1. (Equal) Agnes Brydon, Hope Forde; 3. Thomas M'Ilwrick; 4. James Hawson.

Physical Training.—James Guthrie, Margaret Jamieson.

Woodwork.—Alastair Chisholm.

Form 3 C.

English.—1. Rita Martin; 2. Margaret Archibald; 3. Nannie Veitch.

French.—1. Sarah Laing; 2. Olive Gray; 3. Emily Lawrence.

Mathematics.—1. Mary Smith; 2. Norah Willocks; 3. Margaret Mathew.

Science.—1. Nannie Veitch; 2. Emily Lawrence; 3. Fanny Stein.

Art.—1. Olive Gray; 2. Evelyn Mitchell; 3. Margaret Martin.

Physical Training.—Fanny Stein.

Form 2 A.

English.—1. Frances Wilson; 2. Mary Robbie; 3. Nancy Stewart; 4. Margaret Savage; 5. Mabel Ginsburg; 6. Agnes Murdison.

Latin.—1. Mabel Ginsburg; Margaret Savage and Mary Robbie; 4. Jessie Blake and Frances Wilson.

French.—1. Margaret Savage; 2. Mabel Ginsburg; 3. Margaret M'Gregor; 4. Frances Wilson.

Mathematics.—1. Frances Wilson; 2. Agnes Murdison; 3. Elizabeth Reid; 4. Margaret Savage.

Science.—1. Frances Wilson; 2. Margaret Tait; 3. Mabel Ginsburg; 4. Mary Robbie.

Art.—1. Margaret Tait; 2. Irene Hobson; 3. France Wilson; 4. Margaret M'Gregor.

Dressmaking.—Margaret Savage.

Physical Training.—Jessie Blake.

Form 2 B

English.—1. Robert G. Ross; 2. W. David Milne; 3. Chrissie R. M'Leod; 4. Alice B. Murray.

Latin.—1. Robert G. Ross; 2. W. David Milne; 3. J. Kenneth Clark; 4. Nina Crombie.

French.—1. Robert G. Ross; 2. Irene J. Gow; 3. Chrissie R. M'Leod; 4. W. David Milne.

Mathematics.—1. Robert G. Ross; 2. Norman W. Brown; 3. Irene Gow; 4. Daisy Brand.

Science.—1. Robert G. Ross; 2. Chrissie R. M'Leod; 3. W. David Milne and Dorothy Mees (equal).

Art.—1. Norman W. Brown; 2. Robert G. Ross; 3. Betty W. Nisbet; 4. Dorothy Mees.

Physical Training.—Daisy Brand.

Dressmaking.—Margaret G. Brown.

Woodwork.—Robert G. Ross.

Form 2 C.

English.—1. Jean Mitchell; 2. Euphemia MacDonald; 3. Margaret Ovens; 4. Agnes Murray.

French.—1. Margaret Ovens; 2. Agnes Murray; 3. Jean Mitchell; 4. Eliza M'Leod.

Mathematics.—1. Alice Taylor; 2. Freida Hamilton; 3. Agnes Murray; 4. Margaret Rosie.

Science.—1. Jean Mitchell and Margaret Rosie (equal); 3. Euphemia MacDonald; 4. Muriel Smith.

Art.—1. Jessie Allan; 2. Margaret Rosie; 3. Euphemia MacDonald; 4. Margaret Sim.

Dressmaking.—Helen Drummond.

Physical Training.—Betty Morrison.

Form 2 D.

English.—1. Angus M'Beath; 2. Harry Kennedy; 3. James Thorburn; 4. Hugh M'Lean.

French.—1. Angus M'Beath; 2. Harry Kennedy; 3. Philip Camberg; 4. James Thorburn.

Mathematics.—1. Robert Robertson; 2. Angus M'Beath; 3. James Thorburn; 4. Harry Kennedy.

Science.—1. George Kirkland; 2. Angus M'Beath; 3. Hugh M'Lean; 4. Margaret Cunningham.

Art.—1. Hugh M'Lean; 2. Constance Crombie; 3. Isabella Kemp.

Physical Training.—John Drummond, Eva Brand.

Dressmaking.—Ruth Lucas.

Domestic Science.—Caroline Allan.

Woodwork.—Edward Laing.

Form 1 A.

English.—1. Janet Martin; 2. Janet Sanders; 3. Marjory Cowe; 4. Catherine Rennie; 5. Mary Logan; 6. Flora Sutherland.

Latin.—1. Janet Sanders; 2. C. Catherine Rennie; 3. Grace Heigh; 4. Janet Martin.

French.—1. Janet Sanders; 2. Catherine Rennie; 3. Janet Martin; 4. Mary Logan.

Mathematics.—1. Janet Sanders; 2. Janet Martin; 3. Jean M'Clarence and Marjory Cowe.

Science.—1. Jean M'Clarence; 2. Janet Sanders; 3. Flora Sutherland; 4. Grace Heigh.

Art.—1. Diana Smellie; 2. Margaret M'Donald; 3. Bella Bishop; 4. Margaret Syme.

Physical Training.—Janet Sanders.

Dressmaking.—Catherine Rennie.

Form 1 B.

English.—1. John Duthie; 2. Alan MacRae; 3. Douglas Craighead; 4. George Forgan.

Latin.—1. Alan MacRae; 2. George Forgan; 3. Douglas Craighead; 4. John Duthie.

French.—1. Alan MacRae; 2. John Duthie; 3. Douglas Craighead; 4. George Robertson.

Mathematics.—1. (Equal) Alan MacRae, George Forgan; 3. William Simpson; 4. Douglas Craighead.

Science.—1. George Forgan; 2. Alan MacRae; 3. Douglas Craighead; 4. William Harvey.

Drawing.—1. Walter Scott; 2. Joyce Wiltshire; 3. Douglas Craighead.

Dressmaking.—Annie Davis.

Physical Training.—William Simpson, Mary M'Meckan.

Woodwork.—George Forgan.

Form 1 C.

English.—1. Margaret Edmond; 2. Margaret Liddle; 3. Ruby Deans; 4. Margaret Herd.

French.—1. Margaret Edmond; 2. Margaret Liddle; 3. Euphemia Wilson; 4. Margaret Herd.

Mathematics.—1. Margaret Liddle; 2. Ruby Deans; 3. Margaret Edmond; 4. Euphemia Wilson.

Science.—1. Elspeth Cameron; 2. Beatrix Daniels and Mabel Holland; 4. Margaret Liddle.

Art.—1. Olga Seatter; 2. Margaret Duncanson; 3. Elizabeth Hope.

Physical Training.—Olga Seatter.

Domestic Science.—Ethel Teviotdale.

Dressmaking.—Margaret Duncanson and Ella Grant (equal).

Form 1 D.

English.—1. Andrew D. Miller; 2. Roderick R. Mitchell; 3. Harold S. Reeve; 4. Archibald J. Mundell.

French.—1. Roderick R. Mitchell; 2. George R. Dickson; 3. Harold S. Reeve.

Mathematics.—1. George R. Dickson; 2. Roderick R. Mitchell; 3. Andrew D. Miller.

Science.—Andrew D. Miller; 2. George R. Dickson; 3. Andrew M'E. Jones.

Art.—1. Eric M'K. Bowler; 2. William S. Nisbet; 3. Andrew M'E. Jones.

Woodwork.—Eric M'K. Bowler.

Form 1 E.

English.—1. Alma St. C. Bloor; 2. Louise Gibson; 3. Mary H. Hogg; 4. Eva B. B. Todd and Barbara A. W. Paterson.

French.—1. Alma St. C. Bloor; 2. Barbara A. W. Paterson; 3. Frances D. Bird; 4. Louise Gibson; 5. Muriel V. W. Gamley.

Mathematics.—1. Alma St. C. Bloor; 2. Barbara A. W. Paterson; 3. Evelyn B. Sutherland; 4. Millicent M. Black.

Science.—1. Alma St. C. Bloor; 2. Christina M. N. Brown; 3. Mary H. Hogg; 4. Eva B. B. Todd.

Art.—1. Christina M. N. Brown; 2. Margaret P. Stewart; 3. Muriel V. W. Gamley; 4. Millicent M. Black.

Physical Training.—Jenny Walton.

Dressmaking.—Muriel Gamley.

Domestic Science.—Muriel Gamley.

Form 1 F.

English.—1. Margaret Donaldson; 2. Jessie M'Donald; 3. Veronica Beattie; 4. Gladys Reid and Irene Roberts.

French.—1. Jessie M'Donald; 2. Helen Hume; 3. Jessie Fowler; 4. Veronica Beattie.

Mathematics.—1. Jessie Fowler; 2. Mary Pool; 3. Jessie M'Donald; 4. Gladys Reid.

Science.—1. Jessie Fowler; 2. Elizabeth Robertson; 3. Grace Hall; 4. Madge Henderson.

Art.—1. Norah Barham; 2. Catherine Weddell; 3. Helen Hume and Ethel Johnston.

Physical Training.—Gladys Reid.

Dressmaking.—Dorothy Baillie.

Domestic Science.—Norah Barham.

Special Prizes.

Bible Prizes.—Form 6.—Margaret H. L. Moore. Form 5.—Agnes E. Moon. Form 4.—Kathleen Bennett. Form 3.—Davina Crosbie. Form 2.—Irene Gow. Form 1.—John Duthie. 3rd Senior.—Maud Rae. 2nd Senior.—Alexandra Paterson. 1st Senior.—Ellen M'Intosh. 2nd Junior.—David Flett. 1st Junior.—Norman Steele.

Sir Walter Scott Club Prize Competition.—Secondary School.—1. Alison M. Robertson; 2. Margaret B. F. Nisbet. Intermediate School.—1. Nancy B. Stewart; 2. Jessie May Dods.

Pianoforte Prizes (Mr Huxtable's Pupils).—1. Grace Johnston; 2. Marion Webster. (Mr Lee's Pupils).—1. Cissie Flint; 2. Betty Pringle.

Singing Prizes.—1. Annie Coats and Betha Young; 3. Margaret Brown. *S.P.C.A. Prizes.*—1. Catherine Davie (3 Sen. A); 2. Ethel Briggs (3 Sen. A); 3. Isabella Hardie (3 Sen. A).

"Robertson" Prizes in English, presented by Mr T. Robertson.—Form 6.—1. Elizabeth B. Heslop; 2. Margaret W. Murray. Class 3 Sen. A.—1. Catherine Davie; 2. Ethel Briggs.

"Elliot" Prizes in English, presented by Miss Elliot to 1st Senior.—A., Morag Dods; B., Helen Wilson; C., Dorothy Mason; D., Grace Moon.

Stevenson Club Prize.—Annie S. P. Coats.

"Thomas Scott" Prize for Athletics.—Jack Drummond.

Class 3 Sen. A.

1. Isabella Hardie; 2. Ethel Briggs; 3. Catherine Davie; 4. Emma Sangster; 5. Phyllis Hamilton; 6. Jean Caldwell; 7. Doris Brown; 8. Margaret Reid.

Drawing.—Lily Tait. *Sewing.*—Catherine Davie, Ella Smith.

French.—1. Catherine Davie; 2. Isabella Hardie.

Class 3 Sen. B.

1. Cathie Steel; 2. George Young; 3. David Ogilvie; 4. Ronald Cumming; 5. Wilma Gladstone; 6. Donald Gray; 7. Nettie Stavert; 8. (Equal) Joey Cameron and Lillias M'Donald.

Drawing.—William Brown. *Sewing.*—Cathie Steel.

French.—Wilma Gladstone.

Class 3 Sen. C.

1. David Steven; 2. John Scougall; 3. Annie Sivewright; 4. Andrew Howden; 5. George Reid; 6. Leslie Davidson; 7. Janet Aird; 8. Jessie Shiels.

Drawing.—Alexander Hossack. *Sewing.*—Eva Stevens.

Class 3 Sen. D.

1. Miriam Smith; 2. Jeanne Todd; 3. Esther Tonnar; 4. George Stark; 5. Stephen M'Laren; 6. Mary Fairbairn; 7. Jean Aitken; 8. Hamish M'Ilwrick.

Sewing.—Mary Fairbairn. *Drawing.*—Hamish M'Ilwrick.

Class 3 Sen. E.

1. Winifred Sinclair; 2. Lindsay Smith; 3. Elizabeth Robertson; 4. Elizabeth Fairley; 5. Violet Cranston; 6. Annie Spence; 7. Barbara Smith; 8. James Campbell.

Sewing.—Violet Cranston. *Drawing.*—James Campbell.

Class 2 Sen. A.

1. Mary Miller; 2. John Christie; 3. Annie Rose; 4. Jean Geddes; 5. Beatrice Jamieson; 6. Phyllis Hendry; 7. John Gray; 8. Sheila M'Ewan.

Sewing.—Beatrice Jamieson. *Art.*—John Gray.

Class 2 Sen. B.

1. George Chisholm; 2. Betsy Howieson; 3. Elma Baillie; 4. Nellie Steven; 5. Doris Small; 6. Elsie Watson; 7. Sheila Oppenheim; 8. Marjory Crichton.

Drawing.—Nellie Steven. *Sewing.*—Nellie Steven.

Class 2 Sen. C.

1. Agnes Mein; 2. Isabella M'Lean; 3. Elizabeth Dobson; 4. Charles Gilmour; 5. Margaret M'Donald; 6. Irene Glass; 7. Norman Turner; 8. Muriel Black.

Drawing.—Margaret Gordon. *Sewing.*—Jean M'Intosh.

Class 2 Sen. D.

1. Henry Gordon; 2. Agnes Rennie; 3. Kathleen Champion; 4. Marjorie Cresser; 5. Agnes Arthur; 6. Alfred Robertson; 7. Marie Cornelius; 8. Ellen Sime.

Drawing.—Arawa Houghton. *Sewing.*—Marion Smith and Jean Ogilvie (equal).

Class 2 Sen. E.

1. Elizabeth Ritchie; 2. Phyllis M'Kenzie; 3. Ronald Sowash; 4. Jean Wardlaw; 5. Ann M'Intosh; 6. Helen Graham; 7. Hilda Downie; 8. Agnes Buglass.

Drawing.—Alex. Stevens. *Sewing.*—Agnes Buglass.

Class 1 Sen. A.

1. Morag Dods; 2. Ian Hutcheon; 3. Margaret Allan; 4. Allison Ferguson; 5. Mysie Bauchope; 6. Margaret Watson; 7. Margaret Crawford; 8. Mary Fisher.

Drawing.—Tom Hastie. *Sewing.*—Iris Anderson and Cathy Callender (equal).

Class 1 Sen. B.

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

Drawing.—Cameron Carnegie. *Sewing.*—Gertrude Drummond.

Class 1 Sen. C.

1. Dorothy Mason; 2. Ethel Mailer; 3. Sheila Adamson; 4. Ian Pendreich; 5. Betty Gemmell; 6. Doris Wright; 7. James Thomson; 8. William Moyes.

Sewing.—Ethel Mailer. *Drawing.*—Ena Foote.

Class 1 Sen. D.

1. Grace Moon; 2. Isabella Russell; 3. Jean Murdoch; 4. Margaret Garrie; 5. Eleanor Chisholm; 6. Doris Inglis; 7. Winifred Stewart; 8. Jean Watson.

Drawing.—Grace Brien. *Sewing.*—Mary Law.

Class 2 Jnn. A.

1. Esther Davidson; 2. Agnes M'Arthur; 3. Elizabeth Thornton; 4. Douglas Patterson; 5. Dorothy Wilson; 6. Alexander Thomson; 7. Andrew Mackenzie; 8. Alastair M'Kinlay.

Drawing.—David Rintoul. *Sewing.*—Joan Robertson.

Class 2 Jun. B.

1. Catherine F. Scott; 2. David Flett; 3. Georgina Miller; 4. Alice Strang; 5. Grace Goldie and Annie Wilkie; 7. Renee Day; 8. James Mackinnon.

Drawing.—George Cornelius. *Sewing.*—Catherine F. Scott and Georgina Miller.

Class 2 Jun. C.

1. Alison Ewan; 2. Muriel Ogilvie; 3. Margaret M'Kenzie; 4. Joseph Falk; 5. John Herd; 6. Elizabeth Butchard; 7. Dorothy Herbert; 8. Mary Gray.

Sewing.—Catherine Porter. *Drawing.*—Alexander Brown.

Class 2 Jun. D.

1. Elizabeth Scott; 2. Jean Brotherstone; 3. Margaret Crichton and Colette Hogg (equal); 5. Thomas Webster; 6. James Mitchell; 7. Josephine Robertson; 8. Harold Bowie.

Drawing.—Thomas Webster and Elspeth Johnstone (equal). *Sewing.*—Colette Hogg.

Class 1 Jun. A.

1. Margaret Hall; 2. William Somerville; 3. Winifred Chandler; 4. John M'Callum; 5. Jenny Yellowlees; 6. Eric Noble; 7. Lillian Savage; 8. Abraham Lawrence.

Drawing.—John M'Vittie. *Sewing.*—Helen Chalmers.

Class 1 Jun. B.

1. Beatrice Liddell; 2. Janet Henderson; 3. Annie Dunn; 4. Norman Steele; 5. Violet Scott; 6. Jenny Pentland; 7. Beatrice Steedman; 8. James Fairbairn.

Drawing.—Jean Brian. *Sewing.*—Violet Scott.

Class 1 Jun. C.

1. Thomas Crawford and Stephen Young (equal); 3. Naomi Smith; 4. Ruth Nairn; 5. Myra Dow; 6. Edward Rose and Muriel Lawson (equal); 8. Ethel Syme.

Drawing.—Hardie Robertson. *Sewing.*—Phyllis Manson.

Adv. Inf. A.

1. Laura T. Littlefair; 2. Margaret O. Brown; 3. Agnes M. Crawford; 4. Jean B. Paterson; 5. Frances F. Niven; 6. James I. Cunningham; 7. Gordon G. Patterson; 8. George B. Wright.

Adv. Inf. B.

1. Margaret E. Christie; 2. Dorothy J. Dewar; 3. Alison B. C. Tait; 4. Thomas A. Stevens; 5. Vera M. Cunningham; 6. Robert S. Masterton; 7. Lionel R. Pike; 8. Jane W. Hays.

Adv. Inf. C.

1. Catherine C. Slater; 2. Doris Paterson; 3. Irene Galpin; 4. Harry D. Strang; 5. E. Daphne Porter; 6. William C. Perry; 7. David Samuel; 8. Margaret R. Stewart.

Adv. Inf. D. (Montessori).

1. Dorothy Brown; 2. Gladys E. Beattie; 3. Berenice M. Clark; 4. Thomas K. Brown and David Findlay (equal); 6. Mary D. Tait; 7. Catherine Tait; 8. Elizabeth Farmer.

Jun. Inf. A.

1. John W. M'Pake; 2. D. Victoire M'Leod; 3. Ann B. Skinner; 4. Hector J. Smith; 5. Lilian Harper; 6. Alex. J. Porteous; 7. James Wood; 8. Marjory T. Rowley.

Jun. Inf. B.

1. J. Logan Robertson; 2. John Millar; 3. Bertram F. Vernon; 4. William Watt Purves; 5. J. Muir Sturrock; 6. Luisi M'Gillivray; 7. J. Dorothy Purves; 8. Amy A. Wilson.

Jun. Inf. C.

1. Margaret D. Scott; 2. Mary M'K. Webber; 3. John B. Niven; 4. Elizabeth M'William; 5. Ian B. Bennet; 6. James Rose; 7. Janet Sinclair; 8. Alexander C. Soutar.

Jun. Inf. D. (Montessori).

1. Ian G. M'Pherson; 2. Maisie S. Hutchon; 3. William M'Callum; 4. Margaret I. Jamieson; 5. Ruby M. Glen; 6. Arthur H. Watson; 7. Agnes Thornton; 8. William G. Taylor.

Bursaries—

Robertson Trust Bursaries, entitling the holders to four years' education at the Royal High School and a money grant of £20 per annum were won by James Aalbrecht and Thomas Brotherstone.

Secondary Bursaries were gained by James Ferguson, Mary Manson, and Mary Jamieson.

Intermediate bursaries were gained by Dorothy Hurford, Catherine Robertson, and William Ross.

Miss Ellen King (Form 5), still continues her successful career in the swimming world. During the Season 1925-1926 she established Scottish records in the 100 yards and the 150 yards back stroke; in the 50 yards, 200 yards, and 440 yards free style, and in the 200 yards breast stroke. She is also the holder of the Scottish (Ladies') Championships at 100 yards and 200 yards free style, 150 yards back stroke, and 200 yards breast stroke. Perhaps her most notable achievement was the winning, at Croydon Baths last September, of the British Championship in the 150 yards back stroke. She also broke the record for that event, her time being 2 min. 4 secs. What is also notable is that she was the first Scottish lady to compete in a British Championship.

Sheena Lumsden, one of Mr Paterson's pupils, passed the Associated Board Local School Examination in Music (Primary Division).

At the Edinburgh Musical Festival (May 1926) Frieda Hamilton (Form 2 C) was First in Elocution (Intermediate Girls' Class) and First in the Quick Study (Elocution) Test; Joan Robertson (2 Jun. A) gained Third place, and Sheena B. Lumsden (1 Sen. A) gained a certificate in Pianoforte playing (under 10 class); a team of girls from 3 Sen. D gained the Second Prize in Morris Dancing (The Blue-eyed Stranger) with 84 marks out of 100.

The Editor acknowledges, with thanks, the receipt of the following magazines:—*Boroughmuir Magazine*, *Broughton Magazine*, *Schola Regia*, *The Heriote*, *Stewart's College Magazine*, *The Watsonian*, *George Square Chronicle*, *The Merchant Maiden*.