

Jun. Infant D.

1, Robert Farmer; 2, Dorothy Halliday; 3, Isabel Esson; 4, Hazel Stewart; 5, Leila Sinha; 6, Jane Lee; 7, Michael Ginsburg; 8, Elizabeth Sey.

BURSARIES—

Secondary Bursaries were awarded last year to—

Jessie B. Blake, Agnes Murdison, Robert G. Ross, W. David Milne, Margaret M'K. Savage, Nancy B. Stewart, Frances L. Wilson, Isabella R. Bishop, Alma H.C. Bloor, Janet R. Martin, Alan MacRae, Catherine S. Rennie, Barbara A. W. Paterson, John P. Thomson, Muriel J. Watt, Janet M. Sanders.

Intermediate Bursaries were awarded to—

Margaret Dishington, Margaret Garrie, Margaret Brown, Adelaide Pass, Kathleen A. Balfour, Alfred G. Floyd, Andrew J. Heatlie, James D. H. Thomson, James R. Turner, Muriel M. Hunter, Isabel M. Simpson, Rhoda Speirs.

William Davidson, 3 Sen. A, was awarded a "Robertson" High School Bursary for 1928.

Dorothy M. Hurford and Catherine Turner were placed on the Merit List in this year's Bursary Competition at Edinburgh University.

At the Edinburgh Musical Festival (May 1929), Margaret F. Hutchison (1 Jun. B) took first place for Elocution (under nine years).

Winnie Hardie has passed the Higher Division and Ethel Syme the Elementary Examination of the Associated Board. Both are pupils of Mr Paterson.

J. May Dods was awarded 3rd Prize in the Essay Competition held last year by the League of Nations Union.

The following swimming records and championships are held by Former-Pupils:—

Ellen King.—World's Records—150 yds. Back-Stroke.
200 yds. Breast-Stroke.

British Championships.

150 yds. Back-Stroke.
200 yds. Breast-Stroke.
100 yds. Free Style, 3rd Place.

G. Howard.

Scottish Championship.

100 yds. Junior Breast-Stroke.
150 yds. Breast-Stroke Record.

Jean M'Dowall.

Scottish Record.

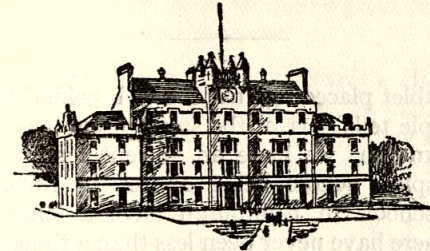
50 and 150 yds. Free Style.

George Kirkland.

Junior Life-Saving Champion of Scotland.

The Editors beg to acknowledge, with thanks, receipt of the following school magazines:—*Boroughmuir Magazine*, *The Heriot*, *The Watsonian*, *The George Square Chronicle*, *Trinity Academy Magazine*, *Leith Academy Magazine*.

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Gillespie's High School Magazine

JULY 1930

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FOREWORD.

The oak tablet placed against the wall behind the bust of James Gillespie tells part of the story of our school. From it you will learn that we have an ancient history, the first James Gillespie's School being opened in 1803. Indeed, only three schools in Edinburgh have a longer history. Since 1872 there have never been less than a thousand pupils on the roll, and a year or two ago there were as many as eighteen hundred and fifty.

Mere numbers, however, do not make a school. The reputation of a school depends upon the character of the pupils that it sends out. If the pupils are known to be well trained in the ordinary school subjects, and are found in the tests of life to be honest, faithful and stout-hearted, then parents have confidence in the school and send their children to it. I like to think that it is the quality of the education given in James Gillespie's School for more than a century that has made it famous and popular; and I hope that every pupil who reads these words will do her best to prove by her conduct inside and outside the school and by her *character* after she has left school, that the School founded by the benevolent snuff maker of Spylaw still merits the high reputation it has always had among the schools of Edinburgh.

The present pupils of James Gillespie's have a new and strong incentive to take even greater pride in their school than the pupils of the past. After being called, successively, James Gillespie's School, James Gillespie's Schools, James Gillespie's Higher Grade School, James Gillespie's Secondary School for Girls, the School is henceforth to be designated James Gillespie's **High** School for Girls. These changes in name give the history of the school in epitome and mark the progress that it has made. The evolution of many of the most famous schools has been strangely similar. Most of them began as endowed charity schools. So did James Gillespie's School in 1803. But James Gillespie's High

School is, perhaps, unique in this respect—it was founded as a Boys' School and has evolved into a Girls' School. This development may be accepted as a sign of the times, when women are being called upon to take a great and noble part in the shaping of a new social order.

I am confident that James Gillespie's High School is destined to play an important part in the higher education of women in Edinburgh and that the girls now in school will, true to our motto, be "faithful and strong" in preserving and adding to its honourable tradition.

T. J. BURNETT.

SCHOOL NOTES.

The past session—the first one of our existence as a High School for Girls—has been a somewhat uneventful one, but satisfactory progress has been made both in work and in sports.

The first result of the new organisation of the school was a reduction of the teaching staff. We regretted the departure of Mr Richard Borthwick, M.A., B.Sc., and later, of Mr Robert Macdonald, B.A., B.Sc., but we are glad to be able to congratulate both of them on having been promoted, Mr Borthwick to be Head of the Mathematical Department in Darroch Intermediate School, and Mr Macdonald to be one of H.M. Inspectors of Schools, attached to the General Staff of the Western Division. Another change in the staff was brought about when, in December, Miss Annie White left us to be married. In her place we welcome Miss Marguerite W. Crear.

The House System continues to work very satisfactorily and this year has seen it brought into closer relationship than before with work and conduct, as well as with sports. There is the usual keen competition for the coveted Hockey Cup and the House Shield.

Founder's Day was celebrated on Friday, 13th June. A representative gathering of the Education Committee was present, and the school was honoured by the presence of the Very Rev. Charles L. Warr, who addressed the pupils. He reminded them that everything that was worthy rested upon tradition and that what they made of the future would depend largely on their loyalty to the traditions of their school, their country and their faith. The school was the place where they learned to become unselfish members of the community, to "pass the ball" in the great game of life. Through the religious instruction which they received in school, they came to understand something of the character and point of view of the central figure of Christianity, who was the supreme influence in determining and directing modern history. After this inspiring address, Sir Samuel Chapman spoke briefly. Councillor P. H. Allan presided. The whole service was calculated to inspire every pupil with pride in her school and determination to be a credit to it.

This year we have been unable to give the usual performance of a Gilbert and Sullivan opera owing to pressure of school work, but it is hoped that one may be produced next session.

The Literary and Dramatic Society and the Science Association have both had a very successful session, and the pupils are as interested as ever in their activities. The former society gave a representation of A. A. Milne's "The Princess and the Woodcutter," at the close of the winter term, and this was admitted to be highly successful and enjoyable.

The usual parties for the Third Form and for the Post-Intermediate Department held towards the end of the first term, were greatly enjoyed by the large numbers present on both occasions. Christmas was delightfully celebrated in the Infant Department, when, in a prettily decorated hall, a programme of carols and seasonable poems was given by the little ones. The carols sung were of widely differing kinds, ranging from modern and medieval English ones to traditional carols of France, Germany and even Czechoslovakia.

The yearly Swimming Gala held in Warrender Baths on the 30th May proved to be the usual success. Among other items, the exhibition given by Miss Jean M'Dowell, a well-known former pupil, was greatly enjoyed by the large attendance of pupils and friends.

This year over 100 pupils, teachers and former pupils are taking part in an excursion to Lake Geneva in July. The party is full of excitement over the trip and we take this opportunity of expressing our good wishes for a successful holiday.

School Savings Certificates now total £9,677, 4s. 3d. Last year there were 192 passes in the Control Examination, 52 pupils gained the Day Schools (Higher) Certificate, and 18 pupils the Higher Leaving Certificate.

FROM THE SECONDARY DEPARTMENT

FROM A BEDROOM WINDOW.

A window flung open wide,
The night-wind fanning in;
The dusky blue of heaven
Stencilled with stars.

Against the warm bright-eyed sky
Sharp-leaved the treetops sway.
The moon sleeps still, beyond
Luminous mist.

Beauty in quietness without,
Night wide and deep.
Rest and warm body's ease within,
Thought star-inspired.

CHRISSIE MACLEOD, Form 6.

* * * *

TOPSY IN SCHOOL.

(With admiring apologies to Mr A. P. Herbert).

TRIX DARLING,

We've had the most *excruciatingly* unnerving time, my dear; I do think it is *positively* revolting to have *two* viva voce exams. in one week. The first exam., however, turned out to be *too* inflammatory, for the Inspector was an utter *darling*, my dear; I was thrilled to the core. But, my own, would you *believe* it, the man did not ask me *one* lonely question and I had to listen to P. Q . . . , who you know has the complexion of a deep-sea *fish* ecstasising over that dreary old theorem of Cheva's. I'm *not* jealous as you know, my angel, but I'd have given a *barrel* of rubies to have been asked a question. *Don't* think I don't utterly *worship* the man, because I merely *do*, but, my dear, I don't think he has any true appreciation of beauty. Well, my dear, you can picture your little Topsy absolutely *lemon* with paroxysmal apprehension awaiting the Science Inspector next day, *praying* that he would inundate her with questions, but, my dear, he was an utter *scorpion*, and Denys, the Dragon,

could not have left me feeling more like a rubber sponge inside. You've no *idea* of the amount of stuff he expected us to store in the little cerebella, and the *inquisitorial* old wretch always asked me a question when I was absolutely *idealess*, and, *of course*, I thought that that was *quite* unfair and unsportsmanlike of him. So you *see*, my carefree Trix, I've been having *rather* a cataclysmal time just now; however, not *too* collapsing.

Last Friday night at the "Lit." instead of the usual exuberant Debate, the President, who is *really* quite a *bubble* of girlishness, suggested that we should go for a walk and have supper in the open. Well, we did, my dear, and had an exhilarating time and you *know*, my dear, not *every* lofty mistress would stoop to share her pupil's last cake, but, *of course*, as she said with an imperial twinkle, we were no longer mistress and pupil but girl and girl, but I do *rather* think that though it is *quite* the thing for a mistress to be girlish one can *hardly* expect to see a schoolgirl's face wear *quite* the shining expression of carefreeness after the nerve-racking cataract of exams. and sports.

And, talking of sports, my dear, your athletic little Topsy has got two of the *smartest* little gym. blouses *ever*; one of a sort of caramel mauve, the other with the *trickiest* little collar and cuffs, but, my *dear*, the tragedy is I can't decide which to wear at the school sports, they're *both* so fascinating. So, once more, be my own fair adjudicatrix and cast a gleam of gloom-dispelling light on your puzzled Topsy.

MARJORIE COWE, Form 5 A.

* * * *

THE HIDDEN TREASURE.

On a hillside in the Borders of Scotland there stand the ruins of a tower and a lone oak tree. It is the story of these I am going to relate. One is not surprised to see a ruined tower, but a large tree standing by itself on an otherwise treeless slope makes a stranger at once ask, "Why is that tree there?" and there is an answer to the question.

On an autumn evening in 1627 there was fighting round the tower—not the usual skirmishing common in the Borders when anyone wished to take some of his neighbour's

cattle, but serious fighting. Lord Maxwell, the leader of the attacking force and head of the house of Maxwell, had determined to force an entry into, and to search the house of his enemy, Sir John Douglas. Maxwell considered he had a right to get into the tower by force, since Sir John had refused to deliver up some very valuable jewels which Maxwell thought should have been his. Sir John's mother had been a Maxwell and had possessed those jewels, and, so to recover them into the Maxwell family, Lord Maxwell was besieging the stronghold.

Sir John and Malcolm, his only son, were the only occupants of the tower besides the retainers who were posted along the walls and at the windows showering arrows on Maxwell and his followers. It was getting dark and soon the fighting had to stop. Malcolm went to his father and they discussed the possibility of Maxwell's getting into the castle.

"If Maxwell does get in, he will find the jewels. Could we not hide them somewhere?" Malcolm said.

"You are right, my son," said Sir John, "but we cannot hide them in any place impossible of discovery."

Then Malcolm unfolded to his father the plan he had made, and at length Sir John agreed to his attempting it.

During the night a Maxwell who was guarding on the outside, the west gate of the castle, heard a sound and at once demanded, "Who goes there?" He was surprised to see in the moonlight the figure of an old man slowly advancing towards him. The old man answered, "Do not make a noise, my friend, I have come from within the Tower from the den of thieves, but I am a friend and wish to see Lord Maxwell at once."

Lord Maxwell said he would see the stranger, who appeared to be a monk—he was dressed in a long brown cloak with a hood which covered the greater part of his face.

"I am chaplain to Sir John Douglas," he said, "but I wish to help you in return for a kindness your father once did to me. If, to-morrow morning, you concentrate all your men on the western gate you will conquer and perhaps kill that thieving Douglas, for I *know* that all his force (not a very large one either) is to be centred on the east. Now I must go or I may be missed."

And the chaplain left; but he did not return immediately to the Tower. Instead, he walked stealthily away in the opposite direction up the hill, and finally stopped on a level piece of ground. He looked round, and having satisfied himself that he had not been followed, knelt down on the ground and proceeded to dig a hole with a knife, and to bury a small box. When the turf had been carefully replaced, he dropped an acorn and hastily descended the hill again.

He entered the Tower from the bank of a stream by an underground passage which came out in Sir John's bedroom. Opening the door in the wall the chaplain emerged into the bedroom and, taking off his cloak and hood, said "All's well, father." You may have guessed that Malcolm was the chaplain and that the jewels were safely buried on the hill.

Next morning when Maxwell had fallen into the trap laid for him and was at the western gate, a party came upon him from behind and completely routed his "army."

Maxwell had to go away with a very much smaller army and without the jewels, but he had learned not to believe every piece of information given him.

Sir John and Malcolm celebrated their victory with the best wine from the cellar, but agreed to leave the jewels in their hiding place until more settled times, and when at last they were taken out, the acorn, which was then a small tree, was left to remind them of how they had outwitted Maxwell.

GRACE HEIGH, Form 5 A.

* * * *

MADRIGALS.

I.

Twin pools of gleaming light and shade,
Like swimming ponds for Nereids made,
With dusky fringe of reeds around,
In these two pools, true love I found.

Twin petals of fiery coral wrought,
Petals o'er which kings have fought,
From them breathes a silver sound,
From these two leaves, true love I found.

For nought are the pools but my sweetheart's eyes,
And her lips are the petals, where true love lies.

M. LOGAN, Form 5 A.

When Love and I were walking out
 We spied a beauteous maid,
 And Cupid with a joyful shout
 His age-old trick then played,
 With a tra-la-la-la-la,
 He shot me through the heart.

I pled, but oh! the maid was coy;
 She fled with blushing face.
 And how I blessed the little boy
 Who joined me in the chase.
 With a tra-la-la-la-la
 He shot her through the heart.

G. BEATTIE, Form 5 A.

III.

Give me the gold of the hills of home,
 The yellow gorse and the golden broom,
 Jonquil and daffodil,
 Pansy and asphodel.
 Buttercup, marigold, wheat-sheaf and corn,
 Gleam of the sunset and gold of the morn.
 Midas may gloat in his cell,
 Croesus his shekels may tell.
 Give me the gleam of the hills of home,
 The golden gorse and the yellow broom.

M. COWE, Form 5 A.

* * * *

CONCERNING SCHOOL ROWS.

Anyone who, like myself, has listened to a great number of rows, cannot fail to be impressed by the fact that an alarming number of them are ineffective. This is distressing. I think that no teacher should be allowed on any staff without being able to give a good, clear, logical row.

For instance, a lady who imposes so many minutes' silence on a talkative class is simply asking for trouble. She might know that a stillness broken only by the half suppressed snores of one of the pupils will be the very means of inflating her girls with inward hysterics.

I do not think ladies can attain to the row "supreme" unless they forget that they are ladies, and get down to it. I must acknowledge, nevertheless, that a teacher who can make her pupils sprawl on the floor in undignified discomfort and then give them "what for" has a distinct advantage over other instructors; for the rating sinks in.

But it takes a man to give the row of rows. Alas! there are men and men. Any poor soul (excuse the term) who thinks that "Now, girls!" will make the slightest impression is sadly mistaken. Again and again, when one really deserves a telling off and only gets gentle upbraiding, one feels unsatisfied. It is like dumping a cushion.

There is another mistake that the male teacher is inclined to make. He may pounce on a pupil, haul her out before the fascinated gaze of the rest of the class, and proceed to make strange, very loud, and very terrible noises at her.

The poor, quivering "deaved" child knows not the meaning of the noises, but is hypnotised by a pair of menacing, basilisk eyes. The point is that the gist of the lecture goes over her head and the other girls have had a cheap thrill at her expense, which is most unfair.

Teachers should realize that pains must be taken, and thought given to the psychology of the modern girl, before they can possibly become perfect in this art.

In a real row, having careful enunciation throughout and using his "Tempo Rubato," the master should outline with deadly clarity the crimes the class have committed. One by one, he should cite the details of the evidence till they reach a terrifying total. He should then, with biting smiles and stinging sarcasm, tell the class what he thinks of them. With his voice crescendo, his gestures free, the air tense, the climax should be as the cry wrung from an anguished soul. The finale should come quickly. He should end on a firm note.

When he quits the room for a drink or a rest, as it is lunchtime, the class should gather into "the" corner and, in hushed voice, discuss the matter. So awful should be the impression created that pupils should forget all about "punk" cakes and cooling pies.

The day of this row should be a Black Letter day, never to be forgotten.

Fortunately for most schools the species of monster with this ability has not yet been added to the staffs.

For which mercy let us be truly thankful!

LILY TAIT, Form 5 A.

* * * *

"ONE MAY MORN."

What young maid can resist the ancient rites of a dewy May day? As bountiful Nature tilts a brimming goblet of pearly dew o'er a sleeping earth she lures young folks to "try and see."

Aided by a well-wound alarm clock, one young adventurer with her small canine friend as a protection, sallied forth last May morn full of enthusiasm and expectation. A faint rose stained the heavens and diaphanous wisps of mist lent fragile beauty to this ethereal setting around her. The stillness, broken only by the quaint melodies of the nesting birds, enthralled her as she briskly traced her path over stony ground, idly soliloquising and wondering why "the call of the blankets" could triumph over this fresh splendour. She blushed guiltily at the remembrance.

However, she then remembered the business on hand, so, sharply whistling on Laddie, she darted through the bushy undergrowth, sending timid rabbits scurrying to their burrows, to where grass glistened against the pale rays of the early sun. Pulling up her sleeves she plunged her head into the midst of these sparkling gems, then quickly withdrew her new-bathed face. She certainly enjoyed the sensation, but how unpleasant were these little streams trickling down her sleeves! So, out she came again to the path where the faithful Laddie, more bedewed than was to his liking, suddenly pricked up his ears and bounded forward—this signal was sufficient—she pulled out her handkerchief and hastily dried her dripping face, but not before a young man, with hat pulled over his eyes at a rakish angle, rounded the bend and espied her flurried operations. Vainly trying to conceal her sopping handkerchief, she hurried on, but the amused twinkle in his eyes did not escape her notice, so she sauntered past assuming her haughtiest mien. "I say,

miss, I don't advise you to go near the burn," he called impudently over his shoulder. At once all her girlish pride arose in arms, so with a freezing glance and a defiant toss of her head, she walked on nonchalantly.

Gradually she drew near to a grassy patch where a drumlie burn was trellised over with trailing greenery. Humming gaily to herself and gently remonstrating with Laddie, who was casting furtive glances towards rabbit burrows, she strolled on till, splash! her foot, so sure of its next step, had actually stepped on air, and hurled her, a tumbling mass, into its shallow waters. The dog, on seeing his mistress's sorry plight, plunged in, but already she had picked herself up in a bedraggled condition with all possible speed. "Laddie, I reckon we've had enough May dew to last us a couple of years now. Come on," was all the consolation offered to the poor animal.

So the ludicrous pair wended their way homewards along all the byways, the mistress bereft of all her former aplomb and the faithful Laddie shivering by her side. On reaching home they were sarcastically welcomed with, "Just look at the mess you wretches have made; well, well, it just serves you right, but it's a pity you forgot the soap."

There was no more rhapsodizing of the fair charms of May day or the pale glories of that auspicious morn for one young maiden. She vigorously acquiesced that "enough's as good as a feast when it comes to dew."

JEAN CALDWELL, Form 4 A.

* * * *

FROM THE TOP CORRIDOR.

Form 5 provides Tennis Hints:—

1. Don't bother keeping the score, nobody believes you anyway.
2. If you cannot hit the ball, hit your partner.
3. Don't bother about balls, there are always plenty of stray ones on the courts.
4. To keep your white tennis shoes clean, play in your black gym. ones.
5. To prevent midge bites, rub a mixture of paraffin and hydrochloric acid on the exposed parts. The midges will not like the smell or taste (neither will you). This is also a great aid to beauty, removing freckles and other blemishes—with the skin.

6. To avoid the possibility of a tennis elbow—play golf.
7. Always be provided with mending materials, to repair the damage you do to the net.
8. Never umpire, if you value your popularity or believe that thankless children are worse than serpent's teeth.

WANTED.

Young lady wishes a position as food sampler. Work done efficiently and quietly. Much experience and good references.—*Apply G. S. B.*

Good recipe for curling hair urgently required by select young ladies of Form 5. Price considered after trial wave.—*Apply Form 5 Prefects.*

Form 5 Botanists require Rolls Royce for fortnightly excursions. Members guarantee to return car, by instalments or otherwise.—*Apply G. E. Q.*

LOST.—A tennis ball.—*Apply A. S. B., M. S., etc.*

PERSONALITIES.

Form 4 :—

A. F. B. : " From the crown of his head to the sole of his foot he is all mirth."

F. J. S. : " His smile is sweetened by his gravity."

J. W. : " The eagle suffers little birds to sing."

P. W. : " I love fools' experiments. I am always doing them."

At Hockey.—H. A. M. : " J'y suis, j'y reste."

J. T. : " He shoots higher far."

Mottoes.—B. B. : " Back to nature."

A. F. B. : " Grin and bear it."

P. W. : " Better late than never."

Form 4 know their Shakespeare, and are able when occasion demands to quote such expressions as " You soused gurnet ! " " Peace, chewet, peace ! " " You stewed prune ! "

The maths. teacher is drawing on the board. " Look at his figure ! " says a pupil in an awed whisper. Now, what exactly did she mean ?

Certain members of Form 4 have taken to going on foot to their Sports Ground. Is their motive fresh air, exercise, or merely economy ?

What mysterious experiments keep our Science students so late in the lower regions ? We don't like to mention the bun stall !

Form 3 wants to know :—

If those who say " Cut it out ! " are taking dressmaking lessons ?

If 6 coats, 3 sweaters, 2 cardigans, 1 blazer are sufficient for the journey to Geneva ?

Of what are the seats in French trains made ?

If an artist is known by his apparel ?

What is the massive instrument which a certain noted mathematician smuggles into school, and why ?

Who can venture into the seething mob round the bun stall and come out unscathed ?

If the girl who said that " alien corn " meant ripe or yellow corn, was thinking of the fruit she had for her lunch ?

If the teacher who gave the essay entitled " My own Obituary Notice," wished to see which girl had the most conceit ?

How to apply Common Gumption to mathematics ?

Whether the staff have such fantastic nicknames for some of their pupils as the latter have for them ?

What a certain teacher meant by instructing her prefect to " Clear out the cupboard, as Miss —— wishes to get into it ? "

* * * *

MAGIC.

A voice is calling, calling softly
From the wind and from the hill,
I must follow, always follow,
For the fairies have my will.

They are playing pipes of silver,
They are playing pipes of gold,
They are dancing out to meet me
O'er the night-dews falling cold.

They are pale as winter moonbeams
Gliding coldly o'er the fen,
But they dance so free and gladsome
Out there in the starlit glen.

They are lilting songs of Elfland
In a language strange and sweet,
And they dance like wild-rose petals
On the green turf at their feet.

I will cross the moaning river,
I will climb the ferny hill.
For they're calling, calling to me
And their music draws me still.

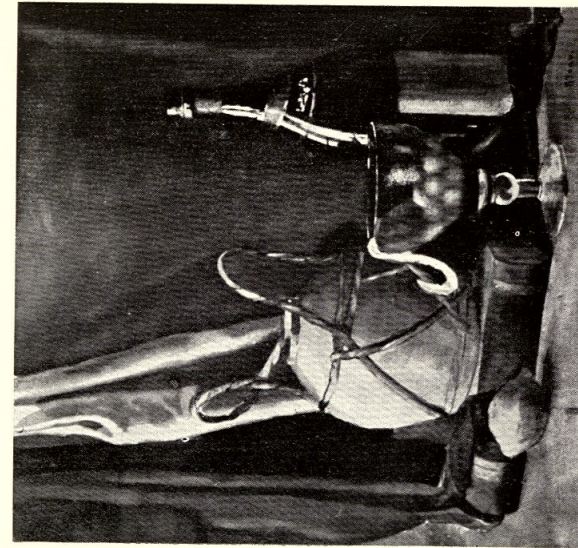
CATHIE DAVIE, Form 4 A.

THE SEA.

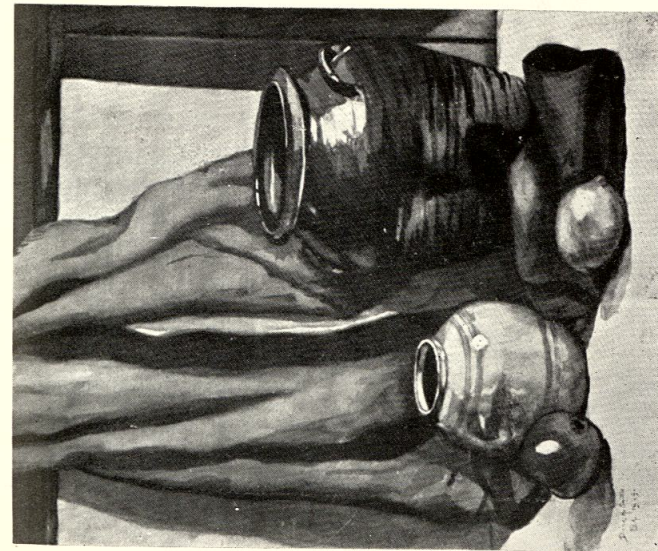
Child, come with me, whilst yet September's sun
Smiles coldly
On the sea, where mirrored in the deep transparent green
Its own face lies, and the waves boldly
Shatter their myriad pearls on the shore ; where serene
Ocean gleams with trouble scarce begun

Oft in my youth I sat on the still shore,
In solitude,
Asking the sea to tell me its strange tales,
But every tide broke the rapt quietude
With naught but mockery and hollow wails,
And I crept home, unknowing, as before.

Many a gaudy little sailing boat
I have seen
Against the eloquent evening sky, bearing West :
And where the ship had been
With white sails furled, like a gull at rest,
Morning revealed a shattered mast afloat.



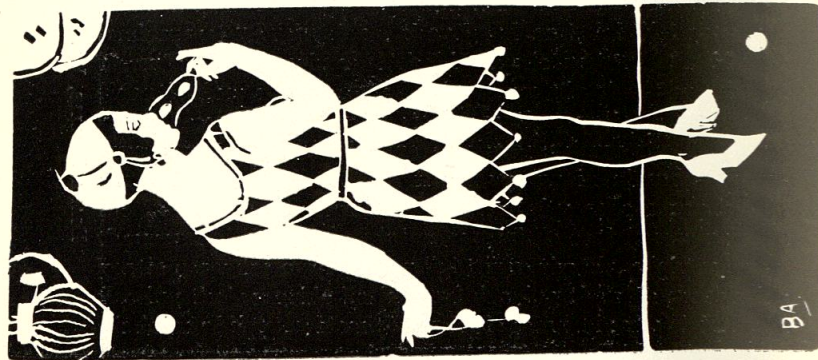
MARJORY FORD, VIIb.



DIANA SMILLIE, Va.



LILY TAIT, IVr.



BETTY INNES, Irb.

So we will go ; down to the passionate sea
We will go.
And to-morrow the surge will bear us on,
But the whispering sands will know
That we stood, to worship the all-powerful one
And the tide bore us on to its great victory.

We shall soon pass, and who again will tell
Our tale ?
None, for flesh fails, and the memory perisheth :
But the ocean's pulses will not fail
Nor the sea relinquish all it cherisheth,
For its waters flow from where the immortals dwell.

NORAH BARHAM, Form 5 B.

*Note.—The above two poems were awarded First and Second Place respectively in the Verse Competition Class at Edinburgh Musical Festival this year. We congratulate the authors.

♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

THE MOUNTAIN OF LIFE.

A drowsy lethargy fell on the shore while the sun blazed forth from a sky of deepest azure flecked with fleecy clouds. The sands shone golden and dazzling, while a faint soft haze hovered on the horizon, a veil on the placid bosom of the sea. The sails of a yacht gleamed far off, a white patch on an expanse of limitless blue, and the harsh cries of the sea-gulls sank into a plaintive call, soothing the weary man seated at the cliff's foot. Softened by the distance came the boom from the quarries caused by the blasting of the rock ; but soon it, too, died away as the men ceased work and took their midday rest. Lulled by the solitude, the toil-worn man drifted into slumber on his grassy couch. Respectable, but shabby, his garments clearly showed that he was but one of the countless host of city clerks, but his face was that of a saint, gentle and care-worn, seen perchance on a stained glass window of some great cathedral. Then what did he here ? Wearied by the ceaseless grind of worldly affairs, he sought the calm peace of the sea and therein found temporary rest.

When he awoke a thick impenetrable gloom enveloped him and a dark misty atmosphere pervaded the neighbourhood. A moaning wind, the voice of a thousand souls in torment, souged past and a burbling, angry hissing issued from the darkness below. As his eyes became accustomed to the gloom he beheld a dark boiling stream splashing at his feet, and, as it gurgled round the stones in its bed, fiendish mirth seemed to issue from that ghastly rivulet. Away in the distance across the water loomed a vast mountain, so high that it melted into the gloom and became part of it, so broad that it spanned the landscape. Suddenly a Voice sounded through the darkness, inexpressibly sweet and powerful, but laden with the sorrows of the world. "Come!" Imperceptibly the gloom lessened and the man saw a line of stones across that River of Lost Souls. Shaking and perspiring with an awful terror, the man, unable to resist, obeyed and set foot on the first stone. With a fearful hiss the water closed over his lower limbs, scalding him with its terrible heat and dragging him down, while dim spectres rose on all sides mocking and wild. But the Voice spake, "The Demons of Folly—Come!" Trust in the Power invisible sustained the man and he accomplished the crossing and sank exhausted on the other side. Inexorable, yes! ineffably sweet came the Voice, "Come!" and guided by some mystic power he staggered towards the gigantic mountain. Pitfalls, bogs and screeching fiends beset his path and one more ghastly than them all—The Fiend of Doubt—clutched his garments with bony fingers, but he shook free and pressed on till he reached the mountain-side and the Voice spake yet again, brimming with immeasurable tenderness, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant. Thou art deserving. Behold thy reward." Slowly a gigantic door swung open in the mountain-side, throwing a great beam of golden light across that valley of sin and revealing to the tired gaze of the wanderer the Land of Light Eternal. Beautiful flowers grew in abundant profusion and in the branches of the lofty cedars perched a thousand birds with gay plumage, while cool fountains cast gentle cascades of gleaming light into the air, slightly overflowing their marble basins and decking the rich grass with diadems of light. Beautiful people moved in the chequered shade of the trees and Light was everywhere, gleaming,

golden Light. As the door swung open the people with a glad cry sprang forward to receive the weary traveller as though he had been long expected. With a last effort he stumbled through the doorway into

The booming from the quarries sounded nearer and suddenly there came a mighty clap of an explosion which rocked the foundations of the cliff and loosened a gigantic boulder which went hurling down the mountain-side—down, down to a grassy bed at the foot, where lay the weary clerk. A mighty crash and then—he had solved the problem of life.

AGNES BERTRAM, Form 3 A.

* * * *

THE SCHOOL BELL.

(After Gray's *Elegy*).

The school bell tolls the knell of all things free,
The mournful mob creeps slowly up the stair,
The teachers upward plod with joyful glee,
To leave some girl to darkness and despair.

Now fades all memory of work prepared,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save when the teacher asks me how I dared !
And then this cruel tyrant harshly scolds.

Beneath that golden hair, those gleaming eyes,
Where gleams a rage which bodes no good for me,
Each lip close press'd—then temper starts to rise,
The while she ponders o'er my latest plea!

The school bell wildly shrieks—you dear white disc!
The fair one's lecture lacks that splendid end,
In which she'd planned to tell me of the risk
I ran, if my behaviour did not mend.

The school bell rings the birth of all things free,
The joyful mob runs quickly down the stair,
The pupils downward run with joyful glee,
To leave their teachers—darkness and despair!

ELMA BAILLIE, Form 3 A.

* * * *

FROM MY DIARY.

Since January 1st of this year I have regularly kept a diary, for the first time. Up till now I never realised how interesting it could be, and besides, so very useful for reference.

While cudgelling my weary brain for a suitable subject on which to write, I turned to my diary for inspiration. Reading through it from the beginning, it struck me that quotations from it might prove amusing.

To begin with, I had entered a list of New Year resolutions. As I broke each one I arranged that I should rule it out. I am sorry to say that out of the seven only *one* remained not ruled out and that—"I resolve to keep this diary during 1930."

As is natural, a great amount of the space used refers to happenings at school, and what I found most amusing was the variety of criticisms on school, entered each day:—"School not too bad"; "School not particularly exciting"; "School not very *uninteresting*"; "School rotten!"; "School ripping"; "School rather boring"; "School tolerable."

So much for that!

Often, too, I would comment upon the temperament of the staff.

"'X' not in a very amiable frame of mind"; "Fifty lines from 'Y'—in awful temper ('Y'—I mean)"; "'Z' does nothing but conjure up awful visions of the ——— Inspector."

"'X' in an angelic temper" (too good to be true for long).

"'Y's' birthday. Didn't look any happier than usual."

"Severe lecture from 'Z' for spilling ink."

"'X' most annoying."

"Seem to have done nothing but get into trouble—first from 'X' then 'Y' then 'Z'—such is life." (And so it was!).

I sincerely hope I have been frank enough.

Here are a few more chance quotations to finish up with.

"Looking forward to going back to school."

(Entry, next day) "Fed up already."

"Presented Uncle ——— with a few choice Algebra problems which I couldn't do, but, alas, *he* couldn't do them either." (Whatever are uncles coming to?).

"At a concert. Violinist just the least bit flat." (Illustration of irony).

"'Y' almost sat on a drawing pin."

"Slid down the stairs on my case to History" (unintentional of course).

To conclude my article, I should like to say that, although, on the whole, school appears to be a rather boring place, I do not really find it so, and though too, from my writings on the various tempers of the teachers, it might be thought that I hate them one and all, I should like no such mistake to be made, for I can say this—though they can all be equally stern and forbearing when they choose—they are thorough sports and are blessed with that good sense of humour which always means such a lot to us pupils.

BETTY BADENOCH, Form 3 B.

* * * *

A biennial event in school life has inspired the following two impressions:—

OUR CLASS PHOTOGRAPH.

So specially neat and tidy we were
On the day when our photo was taken,
Each damsel was constantly combing her hair,
Her books she had tot'ly forsaken.

At long last the order came for us all
And we jumped up without hesitation,
The smaller ones sitting in front of the tall;
In this way, we took up our position.

The teacher was sent for, but she would not come,
So we hunted for one in her place,
Our history master, prepared for some fun
Sat down with a smile on his face.

The camera-man from behind the black screen
 Forgot to say "Watch the wee bird!"
 But we (as is wont) with our sweet smiles serene,
 Never moved till the clicking was heard.

Then we all trooped upstairs, laughing loudly and long
 At the thought of our lovely expressions,
 And how we'd appear when the prints came along,
 Really caused quite a thrilling sensation.

KATHLEEN L. PATERSON, Form 3 C.

* * * *

"THE SCHOOL PHOTOGRAPH."

An announcement in the hall that to-morrow our photographs are to be taken sets everyone agog with excitement, for some have never had their photos taken in a group. At last the fatal day arrives. Nearly everyone comes resplendent in a clean white blouse, hair well combed and brushed, shoes shining *very* spick and span. Some of us hope that our turn will come during the period we hate most. The door opens slowly and with bated breath we wait to hear the magic words, "1 A. next, Miss S——." Alas for our hopes!—a tiny junior trots in with a fur glove that would fit a kiddie of four or six years old and enquires, "Hath anyone lotht thith?" Needless to say no one has.

Ten minutes elapse. Mr T—— puts his head round the door and says "Next for photographs!" We girls have a hasty peep in mirrors, combs come out, ties are adjusted, then we're ready. Trooping down the stairs Margaret —— says she has never turned out well in a "group" before. Someone says "Cheer up, doleful Mag, you won't be the only one in this photo!" Onward we go. "You stand on the form at the back, closer together; now you go in in front of them; you four better sit in front, legs to the right, Miss! Ready?" He then proceeds to put the black cloth over his head. The inevitable "Smile, please!" followed by a sharp click. "That's all, thank you!" A sigh of relief goes up and as we wend our way up the stairs, Janet —— says, "Well! thank goodness that's over, and we don't need to 'Smile please!' till 1932."

YVONNE DAY, Form 1 A.

DIRGE OF DOOM.

Not a smile, not a smile sweet
 On our blank faces let there be shown;
 Not a word, not a word, greet
 Our poor pages we're frightened to own.
 We sigh a thousand sighs in vain,
 Waiting our doom!
 Th' inspector gladly gives consent
 To quit the room!

MARION SMITH, Form 3 C.

* * * *

A PARLOUR CAT'S COMPLAINT, AND A TABBY'S RETORT.

Me . . . ow! I feel that I must complain about the two-footed creature whom I often meet in the corridor.

The other day she said she preferred that horrid, undignified, stupid tabby which roams about, because at least it could catch mice. At this outburst I became alarmed. How dare she compare me, with my blue-grey fur, my bushy tail and my topaz eyes which everyone admires, to that nasty thing that catches mice and roams the tiles at night. My mistress says that is the type of cat she can't tolerate, and it would break her heart if her "darling Julius" behaved like that.

Being of noble birth I have refrained from complaining before, but the last straw to my catty patience came yesterday. The two-footed creature was making her way along the corridor with a dish of cream and, being naturally clumsy, she had to let it fall. This did not surprise me, but, when she turned to me and said that any other cat she knew would have licked it up, and that she'd never in all her life seen a more stuck-up thing, all the pride and indignation of my ancestors arose in me and I felt that I must complain.

"I also beg to inform you that my grandfather was a 'Chat of Persia,' and you ought to honour me instead of trying to lower my dignity."

"Me-e-o-w!" May I be allowed a corner to give a few mpressions I have of that furry monster with the pedigree?

He may say his grandfather was a "Chat of Persia," but it's not to be forgotten that mine was the best mouser in the district and it's from him I take my beautiful voice. I've heard it said that he got as many as thirteen boots, shoes, and slippers, along with numerous jugs and teapot lids, thrown at him in one night. His voice must have been very clear and penetrating or nobody would have worried throwing such things at him.

Just think of it! I heard Mary say she'd spilled a dish of cream when the Persian cat was there and he wouldn't lick it up. Life's hard at times; some cats get all the luck. I'm always following Mary about praying that she'll let something fall, but she hasn't done so as yet, and I was really angry when I heard about the cream.

So, the next time I met his "highness," I said to him, "You're a fat, lazy thing; you do nothing but eat, sleep and drink, and I don't see why I should eat your left-overs." "Good enough for you," said he. "Please remember whom you're speaking to." "Darling Julius ———," said I. Before I could utter another word he sprang at me with amazing agility and scratched my eye. Just while I was about to return the compliment Mary appeared and, lifting him by the scruff of the neck, threw him to the other end of the corridor.

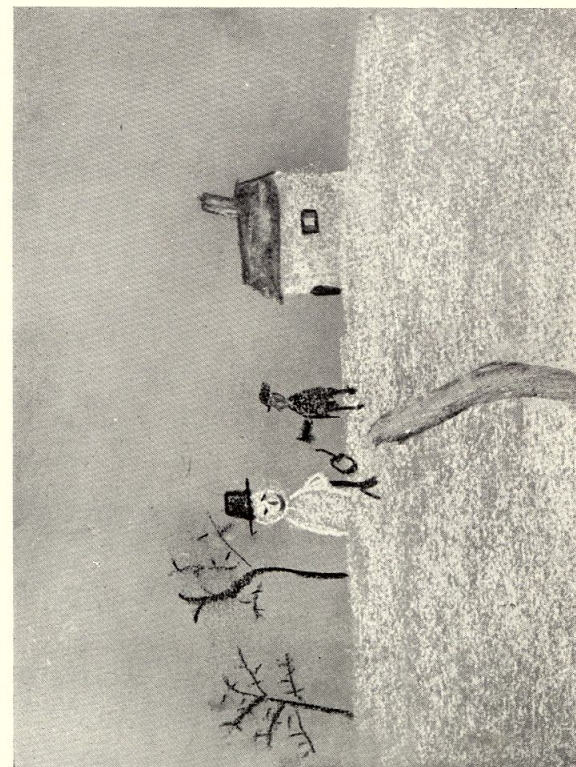
She bathed my eye for me and when she wasn't looking I ate every scrap of the Persian cat's fish. Mary said she got into a row over it. I was sorry for that, but not for eating the fish. Stolen waters are sweet but stolen fish are sweeter still.

ISOBEL GORDON, Form 3 D.

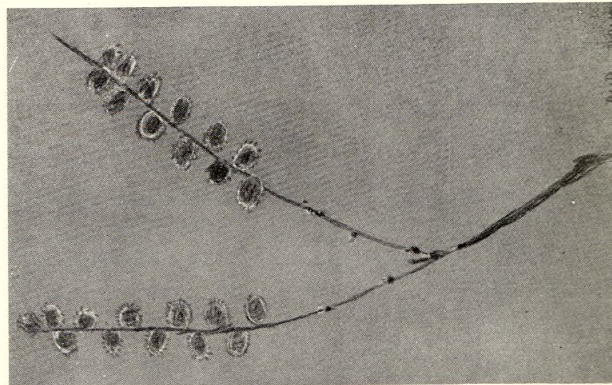
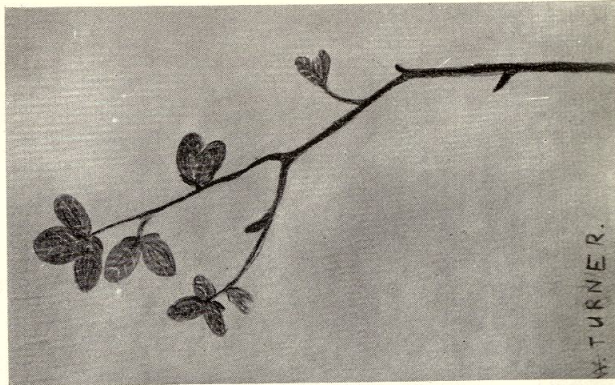
A NEW CALENDAR.

Only a new calendar, yet what a strange, fearful feeling steals over me. It is only a piece of cardboard with a picture of Bonny Prince Charlie in his kilt and ruffles—below which hangs twelve pieces of black paper, covered with white numbers denoting the days of each month; nothing strange or gripping about that, you would say—it is quite in order—there is nothing unusual, is there? No, that is just what

JUNIOR I. DRAWINGS.



ALISON MUNRO.



struck me so strangely. We are so pleased to take down our old calendar, at which we are tired of looking, and hang up our new one with a nice fresh picture—just something new, we would say, but the twelve pieces of paper and what they really mean have suddenly made my heart stand still. What an awesome thought it is, that when we come to turn that last black page another year will have passed with all its unseen events, into eternity, and with it part of our lives which we can never live over again.

What of joy and sorrow will this new calendar contain for us—what hopes and aspirations, what disappointments lie hidden in the 365 days our new calendar represents? Shall we at the end of this new year look back and long for the happy days of our old calendar we are now discarding so easily? Will this year see us breaking away from an old association and starting on an entirely new phase—leaving our dear old school, for instance, to train for a very different life. Shall we make a success of life and be a real credit to our school?

Disappointments we are sure to have. Shall we stand up to them or disappoint ourselves? No! we must do our best and work hard, try to do our duty, and all the other unseen things will come one at a time. We must try to meet them all in the right spirit for:—

“Life is real, life is earnest.”

Who is it that says:—

“I am the master of my fate,
I am the captain of my soul?”

RUTH SMITH, Form 2 A.

♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

THE CALL OF THE MOORS.

The scent of the pines in one's nostrils, the gentle sough of a tiny breeze, and the delicate tracery of green boughs against rainwashed blue sky—what an incentive to roam abroad. Surely, I thought, never was the call of the open road so compelling as on this lovely Spring evening. The clear liquid warbling of a thrush ascended through the tranquil evening, and every sound of Nature seemed to whisper “Come, come.”

To attempt to withstand such a summons was impossible, so I left the main road for a woodland path, deep in leaf mould. As I walked, long graceful boughs bent over me to caress me with gentle fingers. Huge old trees—noble kings of the forest—lay uprooted, wind and water having proved too much for them at last, and from all sides came the clear, haunting melodies of birds' evensongs, accompanied by the quavering bleats of tiny lambs.

Blackshiels, the village from which I had come, now lay about a mile below me. On turning a corner I came in sight of a calm, unruffled pond. Mirrored on its smooth surface were the feathery branches of the trees, against a background of regal gold from the sun.

And there, straight ahead, lay the white moor road, snaking over green turf. Involuntarily I stopped to gaze on the scene before me. Away to the left, the lonely chapel known as Soutra Isle crowned a slight eminence. There it stood, clear-cut against the fading light, the only building left of the once extensive dwellings of the Blackfriars, who gave Blackshiels its name. To the right rose a small ridge on which a few tall pines were silhouetted against the sunset. Long-legged lambs frisked and bounded away as I approached, and pure and clear in that exhilarating air came the notes of a curlew, falling on my ear like so many drops of pure melody. And then, as I topped a slight rise what a grand sight burst upon me! Sinister and forbidding, the crags and fells and scarps of the Pentlands reared their heads against a blood-red sky. Behind, the Moorfoots, less sharp and more rolling, were bathed also in the rosy light. And the silence! Real silence, full of myriads of lovely sounds! Rabbits scampered from my path with a flash of white tail, pheasants rose from the woods with a whirr of wings, and a flock of wild duck winged its way overhead. Turning on my homeward way with the Pentlands now behind me, I thought this seemed somehow symbolic—Scotland's dark, bloody past, and the future rosy and golden with dreams of hope.

ELMA GRAY, Form 2 B.

IN THE CARRIBEAN SEA.

As our ship swished through the sea, the sun rose once more, revealing a wet, heaving, shining road to our eyes.

Looking into the vast depths of the water we saw all the queer children of Father Neptune. Something rose from the water and as it drew nearer we found it to be a number of flying fish. As they flew along, the sun played on their wet backs, making all the colours of the rainbow, and we felt as if the legends about fairies had come true.

Later in the day we saw a direct contrast to that pretty scene. The ship's siren blew "Danger Ahead," and as we looked over the rail we saw some black dolphins who were jumping in and out of the water, looking like so many imps playing jokes on each other, but suddenly our attention was diverted by a brown shape moving swiftly and silently through the water; as it turned on its back we saw the large, cruel fangs and teeth of a large shark which was evidently on the warpath.

We were also shown a whirlpool, and flinging bits of wood and bread we watched them being pulled down in a swift, circular movement by the strong current.

Night drew on very quickly and we could be seen once more on deck, looking at the twinkling lights of the heavens, but we were also looking out for another ship. Our hopes were soon gratified, for on the horizon appeared a row of steady lights and at once we knew that it was a ship bound on its homeward voyage. As the ship disappeared in the misty blackness a great sense of loneliness crept over us, so we dispersed to our respective cabins.

I, for one, shall never forget that wonderful day of surprises, which will always remain in my mind's eye.

COLETTE HOGG, Form 2 C.

♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

A MYSTERY.

Seeing a large group of our schoolfellows standing, with awed looks on their faces, before a stall at the Health and Housing Exhibition, we all made helter-skelter for the same spot. After watching the queer performance for a few minutes I looked round to see my other three friends looking

at each other in bewilderment. "Is it tripe?" whispered Dolly. "No, you silly goat, it's a dish-cloth." "It's not, it's a piece of rubber!" Thus the whispered argument went on between us until one of the older girls in front, whose face had shown signs of exasperation, turned round and whispered fiercely that we weren't to show our ignorance, that it wasn't either tripe or rubber, but toffee. "Toffee!" echoed Jean, "whoever heard of toffee being slung about like *that*?" It was indeed strange. A man was chanting some queer rigmarole in cockney or some other dialect, slinging a lump of limp, white material over a hook, the while. Gradually the substance became more like toffee and he put it through a machine which formed it into squares. He broke off some of the squares and handed them patronisingly to the fortunates at the front of the crowd, asking them not to take offence—as if they *would*! The toffee not coming our length, we turned away in disgust. "I wouldn't eat the stuff after all that handling. Talk about hygiene!" So said Marion as we made our way to the model waterfall, which held our attention for some time.

WINNIE RENTON, Form 2 D.

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THE HISTORY AND GROWTH OF TEA.

Tea, a common beverage no doubt, is one of the few things which are now sold at a smaller price than in, say, the 19th Century. Tea was sold in Queen Anne's reign. She was the first English sovereign known to drink tea. Pope in one of his poems mentions the fact thus:—

"Here thou, great Anna, whom three realms obey,
Dost sometimes counsel take, and sometimes tea."

The first cup of tea drunk in this country was made on the spot where Buckingham Palace now stands. That particular tea was said to be imported by the Earl of Arlington in 1665. We hear that Pepys made a note in his diary as follows:—"I did send for a cup of tea (a China drink) of which I had never drank before." At that time tea was sold at £5 to £10 per lb., which is a considerable difference from the present-day price. Nowadays one can buy tea at 1/4 a pound.

So much for its history. Now, what is tea? Tea is a shrub of the genus *Camellia*, having a tough leaf and a pinky-white flower. The shrub itself often attains a height of thirty to forty feet, with a leaf which if unplucked will grow to a length of ten inches.

Assam is a very favourable place for tea-growing, as it is exceedingly fertile, watered by the Brahmaputra and more than sixty lesser rivers.

In making a tea garden the first thing to be taken into consideration is the selection of suitable land. Two kinds might be taken—grass or forest. In either case, the higher it is the better for drainage purposes, because the rainfall is often very heavy in certain months of the year. On the grass land is found a sort of thatching grass, growing to a height of five or six feet. This, however, is easy to cut and clear. For this work a hill tribe known as "Nagas" are employed. These people are very wild. The queer looking implements which they carry are used for a variety of purposes, such as cutting the jungle and killing each other. When the grass is cut and burnt the ground is ready for planting.

While the ground is being prepared the seed is taken from the old plants during the month of October. It is then put into rows six inches apart, in nurseries. In four months the young plants will show themselves above the ground and in six months may be transplanted. A successfully laid-out garden should in the fourth year yield a crop, this crop having been facilitated by pruning. This process is carried out in the cold weather, December to January; it consists of cutting the bush across the level to within two, or two and a half, feet from the ground. By the end of March the bush will have thrown out, above its pruned surface, a "flush" of young, green, leaf-bearing shoots. This process is repeated again and again through the season which ends in December.

Tea growing takes up a great deal of time, but we never think about this. What we think is, "Is the tea to my liking?"

BETH LIVINGSTONE, Form 2 E.

GILLESPIES.

G is for Gillespie's, "Faithful and Strong,"
 I for innocence—we seldom do wrong.
 L for Labour which we practise in school,
 L is for languages—taught as a rule.
 E for Edinburgh—six hundred years old,
 S is for snuff James Gillespie once sold.
 P is for practice, a lot we have here,
 I for industry which none of us fear.
 E is for excellence in the school I adore,
 S is for silence, so I won't say more.

BETTY SCOTT, Form 1 B.

* * * *

THE TUCKSHOP.

"Don't squeeze so much!" "Yes, that will do. Is it a penny?"

The Tuckshop is like a parrot-house with its chatter and laughter and, to-day, there is a great excitement for, on placard hanging on the door, is the word "Ices." Yes, that magic word, the word that makes every mouth water. How we all enjoy ice-cream and just wish we could live on it for ever! But wishes don't often come true, which is perhaps best.

Most of our pocket money is spent in the Tuckshop, I am sure, there is such a fascination about it. Often at three o'clock some of us find a penny in our pocket and, as pennies are made for spending, away we go round the corner. But the shop is different now—it is like any other shop. It is quiet, there is no bustle or noise. Yes, it is different. The shop seems dead, but it is not so, for to-morrow at midday it will be just the same old lively place.

MARGARET MACKENZIE, Form 1 B.

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THE HARP OF SPRING.

The harp of Spring has come again,
 In beauty boundless to the glen;
 Oh listen! to the elfin men
 Digging the bog to find the gem.

The gem—a fairy's magic spell
 Was lost in this damp, dusky dell,
 Ah! now it glistens deep, deep down
 Fit to adorn the Royal crown.

The harp it sounds in yonder hills,
 The bog is wreathed in mountain rills;
 Oh joy! Oh joy! the gem is found
 The elfin men stand pleased around.

CONSTANCE ST. CLAIR CARROL, Form 1 C.

* * * *

ORPHAN JACK.

I was a very lonely little boy when both my Mother and Father were killed in a railway accident on their way to London. After that I had been left to live with a lady who was very cruel to me and I was unhappy staying in the grand house where I was treated with scorn. One night, after I had been forced to bed without any supper, to sleep in a dingy attic at the top of the house, I decided to run away. All that night, I lay awake until I heard the grandfather clock striking six next morning. I dressed myself quickly and ran downstairs, through the garden and into the street.

After a long brisk walk I found myself staring at a notice board and I could hardly believe my eyes, but sure enough there were the words, "Mrs Brown's Home for Orphans," written on it. By this time I was far out in the country and the house stood in lovely grounds apart from the others. I felt quite a different boy away from the busy streets which I had come from and felt a desire to go straight into the lovely house. I can remember how a stout, kindly-looking lady came out to me and, on asking me where my mother was, I told her I was a little orphan without any relations. She said that she was very sorry for me and asked me if I would like to live with her. I at once accepted and became one of her adopted children.

I am going to live with Mrs Brown until I am old enough to go out and earn money for myself, and then I will be able to repay her for her kindness towards me.

DOROTHEA FERGUSON, Form 1 D.

THE HEROINE.

She gazed round with awestruck eyes. Below her stretched the cold, green water, alive with forms which reminded her of Joseph's coat. She moved nearer and nearer to the brink, then stumbled back, covering her eyes with her hands to shut out the terrifying scene. "Coward!" taunted someone, while someone else started to sing, "Yes, let me like a soldier fall!" She poised, and let herself flop into the icy deep. She came panting to the surface. A grin spread gradually over her features. It was not so bad after all, taking one's first dive into the swimming pond!

MARIE A. MORISON, Form 1 E.

* * * *

HOWLERS.

Our unconscious humorists have been as busy as ever, and we have pleasure in presenting our readers with a selection of curious pieces of information:—

A packet steamer is a boat that carries biscuits.

A vigil is one of the people who had no oil in their lamps.

"A friend entered the studio to find the artist working busily on a half-finished sculptor." (Is the influence of the "shocker" traceable here?)

"Elia was a man in the Bible." (Did he write the "Essays of Eliza" of which another pupil spoke?)

Simple questions sometimes produce unexpected answers:—

Who brought back the news of Flodden? Ramsay MacDonald.

What philosopher lived in a tub? Rub-a-dub-dub.

Who introduced printing into England? Sir Samuel Chapman.

What was Bunyan's profession? A drunkard.

New light on literary figures:—

Burns must have been very fond of his old nurse when he wrote "My Nannie's awa."

Alfred the Great started a paper called the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle.

After the widow disappointed him, Sir Roger never changed his clothes.

Christian left his own village to try to find the Deserted Village.

Caesar left to every Roman citizen seventy-five dramas.

We regret to find a spirit of cynicism among the young:—

"The lovely lass o' Inverness had lost her father, her three brothers, and, best of all, her lover."

"Does not the blind Milton exact more admiration than Shakespeare, who had only a wife to worry him?"

"Hobson's Choice' means his wife."

New interpretations of well-known passages:—

"The father mixes a' wi' admonition due' means that he was mixing his tobacco."

"He wales a portion' means he sings it."

"Of his port as meke as is a mayde' means that he did not drink too much.

We wonder whether the pupil who wrote "In two champagnes Ceasar conquered Gaul" was the one who at the beginning of a temperance lesson asked, "Please may I go out for a drink?"

The following French translations may be of use to our Geneva party:—"Hors d'œuvres" means "out of work"; "table d'hôte" means (a) a bookrest, (b) the label on an attaché case; but the French for "When were you born?" is *not*, as someone wrote, "Quand êtes vous nue?"

We are often reminded that we are making history. Here are proofs of it:—

The people of Scotland were heathen in their ways and in their clothing.

Columba converted Prude, King of the Picts.

The difference between a priest and a monk is that a monk doesn't wear socks.

William the Loin got his freedom on condition that he would be Henry's vallet.

Since the Stone of Destiny had been stolen, Bruce had to be crowned with a cornet. (The effect of introducing ices to the school lunch-room is surely evident in the last effort.)

FROM THE SENIORS.

MORNING, NOON AND NIGHT.

Morning—

Come out, come out, oh lazy one !
Come where the air is fresh and free,
Come, watch the tiny wavelets play,
By the side of the sunlit sea.

Noon —

I hear the drowsy hum of bees,
The cricket's busy, ceaseless noise,
While yachts, upon the great, calm sea,
All white-sailed, skim with graceful poise.

Night—

Against the dark'ning azure sky,
The trees stand out, so slender, tall,
The stars' bright twinkling cheers the world,
And perfect quietness rests on all.

DOROTHY MINCK, 3 Senior A.

* * * *

THE SAD STORY OF TOMMY-WITH-THE-POT-ON-HIS-HEAD.

I am not really a boy, but one day I was playing with my brothers at soldiers and, as I was general, I had to have a helmet on. For a little while I pondered and I then struck an idea which was, I was to have a pot on my head with the handle at the back.

The game began ; I was general with my beautiful helmet of iron. An hour passed and it was time for dinner. When I began to tug at my so-called helmet it would not come off. My brothers tugged and tugged but it would not come off and then I realized that the pot had stuck to my head. I ran into the kitchen where mother was preparing dinner and when she saw me, she said " So that's where my pot for the potatoes went." I said nothing, but kept gulping back the tears that were coming. Mother soon realized that it would

not come off and, putting on her coat and hat, she told me she was taking me to hospital. Going to the hospital was a perfect nightmare for me, everybody laughing at me and even pointing to my potato pot helmet.

I soon arrived at the hospital where I received the welcome of a few sniggers. When the doctor saw me he said with a friendly smile, " So somebody has been playing at soldiers?" and I said, rather sulkily, " Yes, sir." He took me into a room where he took off my helmet, and I was very pleased to see it in his hand.

He took me to mother and gave her the pot, so we went home, not with the pot on my head but firmly held in mother's hand.

When I reached home, father said " So here comes Tommy with the pot on his head," so, ever after I have been nicknamed " Tommy-with-the-pot-on-his-head."

RUBY HOUSTON, 3 Sen. A.

* * * *

AN OLD-WORLD GARDEN.

The sweet scent of lavender filled the air,
(In clumps it once used to grow) ;
And an aspect of peace was everywhere
In that garden of long ago.

There were hollyhocks, too, so stately and tall,
(Pink and red they used to grow) ;
So straight they stood, 'gainst the moss-covered wall
In that garden of long ago.

There were lupins, pink and white, and blue,
And pansies all in a row ;
And tulips, and poppies of every hue
In that garden of long ago.

And wall-flowers, brown, and yellow, and red,
(Like velvet they used to grow),
And Christmas Rose bloomed when others were dead
In that garden of long ago.

The sundial stood amidst the flowers,
 Its motto like this did go—
 "The hours that matter are sunny hours,"
 In that garden of long ago.

JENNY M. YELLOWLEES, 3 Sen. B.

* * * *

A VISIT TO "THE SCOTSMAN" OFFICES.

One day during the April holidays my brothers and I had the privilege of being taken over *The Scotsman* Offices. In the long and broad entrance hall, where a huge marble fireplace was built at one side, we met our guide. Passing through a door we came into another hall from which a magnificent green and white marble staircase led to the lower floor. We were then led into a board room where we were shown the first *Scotsman*, which cost eightpence, printed over a hundred years ago.

The next room was the receiving office where all news, advertisements, etc., were collected. The next office was more wonderful still as it was used for receiving news by telegraph. Distant offices tapped in morse the messages. The wires were connected to a machine in this office, which punched holes in narrow paper tape. This was threaded through a small machine like a typewriter, which translated it, and typed it into English. Another room was devoted to tele-photography.

The printing offices came next. Here we saw the marvellous Linotype machines which printed the words on soft lead. Next, these little lead slips were arranged in order on a metal frame by a clever man, who could read backwards. A sheet of papier-maché was then pressed to this, making an impression on it. This was passed down a shoot to a large department where the actual printing took place and put on to a semi-circular drum. Upon a lever being pulled, molten metal was forced between the papier-maché and an outer covering, and all was pressed tightly together for a space of eight seconds when the metal was set also in a semi-circular sheet. This was passed through a cooling machine which also trimmed the edges and it was now ready to be placed upon the big drums of the printing machine. A huge roll of paper 14 miles in length was

threaded through the drums of the machine from one end to the other. One touch of a switch set the mighty machine in motion. The noise threatened to deafen us, and the vibration was intense. Newspapers, numbering several pages, printed, folded, and in bundles of 24, issued from the end of the machine at the rate of several thousands per hour.

These were passed into the despatch offices where they were made into larger bundles and loaded into speedy motors which conveyed them to all parts of the city.

EVA HARRIS, 3 Sen. B.

* * * *

WINTER.

Winter winds are blowing cold,
 Great white snowflakes clothe the wold;
 All the earth is wrapped in white,
 Still and silent is the night.

Still and silent is the night
 While the mountains gleaming white
 Rise like giants tall and gaunt,
 Giants which no man can daunt.

HELEN C. L. TARBET, 2 Sen. A.

* * * *

THE HOWKERS' HOLE.

The Howkers' Hole, belonging to my brother and myself, consists mainly of two long walls of stone, the half of which is roofed over. My father built it for us "to get some of the stones out of the way" as he says.

At the door is a foot scraper which, in better days, was a bracket for holding up a shelf. Over the door is an arch simply made of a curved stick. On one side is a little space which we call the "back green." It has a low wall covered with wood to make a comfortable seat. Leading down to the cave entrance is a little path bordered with flower-beds in which I have planted Love-in-Mist, Marigolds, Poppies, and Mignonette.

Inside, the Howkers' Hole is well stocked with two seats covered with rubber mats between which is a fireplace

ready laid. In the wall, carefully concealed, is a matchbox full of burnt matches, while in a corner stand two oil lamps, the stands being old kettle lids, and the oil candle-grease scrapings, occasionally the end of a candle. Carefully covered up by tiles are twenty tin cans of odds and ends of fuel, excluding the paper tins.

In the wall there is also a library made up of an old Punch Magazine, some crossword puzzles, and any other titbits out of the papers.

There is an old barrow called our "motor," beside which are two flags made out of sticks and bits of whiterag. In another spot is an old pan which unfortunately is leaking.

Stuck in between the stones of the wall are two pieces of tin. On the first is written "Barker & Dobson's," and on the other is "Viking Chocolate."

MARGARET E. BENNET, 2 Sen. B.

* * * *

TALLA RESERVOIR.

Talla reservoir, from which Edinburgh receives her water, lies, like a sheet of shimmering silver, in a valley in the Moffat hills. Beautiful streams which creep through the feathery bracken, feed this reservoir which lies far from the dust and smoke of a city.

The overflow from Talla falls into the river Tweed which, at this point, is really just a flowing stream tumbling with clouds of flying spray over the rocks on Tweedsmuir.

To reach Talla we follow the Moffat road past the village of Broughton for about four miles and then turn north and cross the Tweed near its source. Then we follow this rough road for about two miles before reaching the reservoir. From the top of one of the surrounding hills on a sunny day Talla seems to be as a mirror laid on a sheet of fresh, cool green.

JEAN B. PATERSON, 2 Sen. C.

* * * *

A DELIGHTFUL WALK.

Let me tell you of a most delightful walk I have just had along with some friends. On leaving the car at Colinton,

we walked a short way along the high road and then branched off and gently climbed Fernielaw Road. We reached Torduff Reservoir lying snugly in the valley between Torphin Hill and Bonaly Hill. Nestling in the midst of the trees to the left we saw the old house called Bonaly Towers. At the far end of the reservoir we came to a bridge under which a beautiful waterfall poured down. On we went by the side of a burn until we came to Clubbiedean Reservoir. After passing this we walked farther up through fields and a wood until we came to the moors at Malleny. Here we stopped to have a good breath of the sweet fresh air and then a cup of tea at a shepherd's cottage. Feeling refreshed, we continued our pleasant journey across the moors, with sheep and young lambs frisking about in the sunshine on either side of us, until we reached Harelaw and Threipmuir Reservoirs. Threipmuir is quite the largest reservoir in this district. There we saw ever so many fishers enjoying life in their own way. At this point we had to leave the grass which had felt like a carpet beneath our feet and take to the road again and so downhill into the village of Balerno and a bus home. Most surely a delightful and invigorating Saturday afternoon.

VICTOIRE M'LEOD, 1 Sen. A.

* * * *

A PICNIC BY THE BEACH.

Down by the beach where the little children play,
Down by the water where they paddle all the day,
Down in the sand where they build their castles high,
Their Mothers sit and help until they have to say good-bye.

The beach is bright and golden with the water rushing up,
People having picnics there drink tea out of a cup.
They eat tomato sandwiches and sometimes egg ones too,
And when they are very hungry sometimes sandwiches are few.

But when the picnic's ended and the people go away
They whisper to each other that they have had a glorious day;
And when into bed they clamber, tired and weary though they be,

They vow to have a picnic soon—a picnic by the sea.

FRANCES WOODWARD, 1 Sen. B.

THE LEAVES.

"Come, little leaves," cried the wind one day,
 "Oh! please come over the meadows and play,
 All of you, green and orange and red,
 Oh, come with me just before going to bed."

So from the trees they came fluttering down
 All orange and red and golden brown;
 And soon the wind with a mighty shout
 Scattered those little leaves about.

Then the old trees all gnarled and bare
 Stood sad and still in the Autumn air;
 But they look with joy to the coming year
 When all their young leaves will reappear.

JEAN RITCHIE, 1 Sen. C.

* * * *

A GROUP OF POEMS.

It is very seldom that we print more than one contribution from any one author, but the work of Muriel Camberg, aged twelve (2 Sen. A). is so much out of the ordinary that we feel it worth while to give the following five of her poems:—

THE SEA.

Listen to the breakers as they dash against the cliffs,
 Listen as they strike the pebbles grey!
 The sea is but a lion in a temper and a rage!
 And the ships upon its surface are its prey.

Oh, who would go a-riding on the billow-horse so strong?
 Oh, who would go a-riding on the foam?
 Now galloping, now trotting, now walking at a pace!
 Now furious, but still a-rolling on.

THE LAND OF POETRY.

I sought the land to find a place,
 A place where I could rest,
 To fade away from hurrying pace
 I tried with zeal and zest.

I tried, I tried with all my might
 To find a peaceful grove
 Away from gaiety so bright,
 Where quietly to rove.

My hopes, they seemed to be in vain,
 For I sought far and wide,
 I sought by hill and vale and plain,
 I sought by river-side.

But lo! at last I found retreat,
 A garden fair to see,
 Where I was far from hurrying feet.
 The Land of Poetry.

* * * *

THE WINDING OF THE HORN.

I heard ten thousand mingled cries,
 I heard the blood-hound's whine.
 I heard the winding of the horn,
 On a morning crisp and fine.
 Oh, the winding of the horn I heard!
 The winding of the horn,
 To bring to bay
 The timid deer,
 Oh! such a woeful morn!

I saw the horses paw the ground,
 Impatient with the meet.
 I saw them galloping, galloping off,
 With hastening, hurrying feet.
 And the winding of the horn I heard!
 The winding of the horn,
 To bring to bay
 The timid deer,
 Oh! such a woeful morn!

I knew the hounds were on the scent,
 For excited was the meet.
 They had spotted the tender, timid deer,
 And they hastened so swift and fleet.

And the winding of the horn, I heard !
 The winding of the horn,
 To bring to bay
 The timid deer,
 Oh ! such a woeful morn !

They followed the deer through bracken and heath
 They chased o'er the hoary moor,
 The huntsmen panting far behind,
 And the bloodhounds rushing before.
 And the winding of the horn, I heard !
 The winding of the horn,
 To bring to bay
 The timid deer,
 Oh ! such a woeful morn !

Then round a woody turn they swing
 At a swift and rushing pace.
 But lo ! of the tender, timid deer
 They could find not the slightest trace.
 And the winding of the horn I heard !
 The winding of the horn,
 Ne'er brought to bay
 Was the timid deer,
 Oh ! such a glorious morn.

* * * *

THE STARS.

Oh all ye bright things in the sky !
 Mercury, Venus and Mars,
 What are ye doing up there so high ?
 And why do they call ye " stars " ?

Are ye the realms of a fairy place
 Strange to this world below ?
 Where ye mock at the quick and hurrying pace
 In this planet of fighting and foe.

Or are ye like us with night and day ?
 Oh, planets which seem so bright !
 Do ye look up to the sky and say :
 " The Earth twinkles clearly to-night ? "

THE VICTIMS.

Oh little rabbits of the field
 And foxes of the hill,
 What is the harm you do to man
 That man does hunt you still ?

Perhaps the little rabbits
 The vegetables raid :
 But the world is both for man and beast,
 For all this world was made.

And still men hunt the fox and deer,
 And lay the wicked snare,
 And go, like cowards, armed with guns,
 To shoot the timid hare.

Oh little brothers of the world,
 Of praise man is not worth,
 Thy life is full of timid fear,
 Oh ! victims of the earth.

* * * *

FROM THE JUNIORS.

THE MILL.

Near our house there is a farm. In the farmyard there is a great number of stacks of wheat. Last November there was a fire in which four of the stacks were burnt. To-day we heard a loud noise. We looked up to see that along the road came a threshing mill. When the mill comes the children's fun begins, for, as the men thresh, the children are armed with sticks with which to kill the mice. These are field mice which have been sheltering in the stacks for the winter. When the men lift the sheaves, the mice run out and away, for fear of being caught. All the neighbours have to keep their doors shut to keep the mice out.

JEANNE BAUCHOPE, 2 Jun. A.

MY TORTOISE.

I have a little tortoise,
 His name is "Little Tim,"
 He never makes a bit of noise,
 I wish that I were him.
 He slept the whole long winter through
 Beside the kitchen grate,
 Now he has nothing else to do,
 And never can be late.
 He loves to eat the lovely grass,
 Which grows out in the green,
 And any time you care to pass
 My tortoise will be seen.

ELSIE TAYLOR, 2 Jun. B.

* * * *

MY PLAYTHING.

My favourite toy is my teddy bear. I play with him all day long; I am so fond of him. He is quite eighteen years of age, and was married to Doris, one of my dolls. I am very proud of them both, because they became father and mother of a baby a year ago. They christened the baby in a big room, and her name is Nancy. Teddy is a good actor, and is acting on the real stage for the Brownies.

BETTY HOLMES, 2 Jun. C.

* * * *

OUR DOG AND CAT.

Our flowers are very pretty,
 And when our little kitty
 Comes down to the garden to play,
 He never says pardon
 For spoiling our garden
 And wasting our flowers away.
 Our little kitty
 Has a ball so pretty
 Which he plays with from morning till night,
 And our dog, Rover,
 Just rolls him over,
 When both of them start to fight.

DORIS MORRISON, 2 Jun. D.

THE FAIRY'S BED.

Once when I was playing,
 A-playing in the green
 Among the honeysuckle,
 I saw a fairy lean
 Far further down the garden
 In the roses red.
 To-day I saw a fairy
 In her tiny bed.
 White was her pillow,
 White was her gown,
 Gold was her crown
 That sat upon her head.
 But never once I whispered
 To anybody else,
 Never once I whispered
 About the fairy bed.

ALISON MUNRO, 1 Jun. A.

* * * *

WINNIE CATCHER.

I am a little mouse, my name is Winnie Catcher. I have five sisters, and six brothers. We are very handsome, our fur is thick and gray, our whiskers are long, our eyes are keen, and teeth are sharp. We live in a big house. The owner of the house is called Mr Graham; he has a wife and two children, they are all very big. As well as the owners, there is a servant who is always setting traps for us; she puts delicious bits of cheese in them. Mother says not to go near the traps, and however nice the cheese may be, only to smell it at a distance. One day when mother and my sisters and brothers had all gone for a walk, I slipped out and looked about, and there stood the dog sniffing the ground and the cat lying down on a stool. I thought, now I can slip out and look about, the cat and dog won't be likely to see me. So I crept out. But what do you think, the cat sprang up and the dog ran after me, I just got through the hole in time. It just missed the tip of my tail. When mother came home wasn't she cross, she scolded and scolded me. I never forgot that fright, no I never did.

SUSIE ROSS, 1 Jun. A.

PINKITY THE ELF.

One day a dear little elf called Pinkity was sitting on a toadstool. This toadstool was called the trixy toadstool. The toadstool was called trixy because he always played tricks on the fairies. Poor Pinkity was wondering how he was to get rid of the trixy toadstool. But how could he, because the toadstool belonged to a tailor called the trixy tailor. This tailor was very powerful. So Pinkity was afraid to go near him. Pinkity always wore a green suit. Suddenly a woodcutter came along. Then Pinkity had an idea and he asked the woodcutter to cut down the toadstool. But the woodcutter was afraid to do so. One day the trixy tailor came out to see his toadstool. Alas! it was gone, because Pinkity had cut it down himself. Now he was a great hero of Fairyland and that's the end.

YVONNE LA FRENAIS, 1 Jun. A.

* * * *

THE ROBIN.

The Robin is a pretty bird,
He looks so nice and cosy,
His coat is coloured modest brown
His breast is nice and rosy.

JEAN SWAIN, 1 Jun. A.

* * * *

THE BROWNIES.

I'm just a little seven-year-old
And oh! I feel so glad,
I've joined a troop of Brownies,
Say, don't you wish you had?

We meet each Saturday morning,
You'd find us gaily dancing,
And oh! what pranks we play,
If you should come our way.

And then the Brownie law we learn,
Which says we must do right,
Unselfish be, and do our turn,
To help with all our might.

JUNE FORGE, 1 Jun. B.

THE FAIRY HOUSE.

There was a little fairy
Lived in a little hut,
Carved out of one whole acorn
And half a hazel nut.

She had for her attendants
Two little dancing gnats
Who wore little fancy waistcoats
And little fancy spats.

JOYCE CUMMING, 1 Jun. B.

* * * *

WHAT AM I?

I stand in the middle of the schoolroom floor in front of many children. My face is always black though it is rubbed with a duster many times. I have red lines on my face and I am written on with white chalk. Somebody must push me before I run. I suppose you haven't guessed what I am? Well, I am the blackboard, but long ago I used to stand in the very middle of a forest.

JOYCE KIDD, 1 Jun. B.

* * * *

MY PUSSY CAT.

My pussy cat's name is Gipsy,
Its face is very sweet,
It licks me when I am in bed,
And cuddles down to sleep.

My pussy cat's name is Gipsy,
Its face is very sweet,
It bites my toes when I get up,
And runs about my feet.

My pussy cat's name is Gipsy,
Its face is very sweet,
It runs about my mother's plants,
And dirties all her feet.

My pussy cat's name is Gipsy,
Its face is very sweet,
It runs about the curtains
And plays at hide-and-seek.

THEO YOUNG, 1 Jun. C.

THE ICE.

Slippery, slippery ice,
I've fallen on you twice,
I'm up again,
And down I go,
I don't think bumps are nice.

MARGARET REID, 1 Jun. C.

* * * *

AFRICAN IMPRESSIONS.

On another page will be found a reference to Miss White's having left us, to be married, early this session. This letter, giving impressions of her new life in Africa, will be of interest to her friends and former pupils.

Montrose Valley,
Okahandja,
S.W. Africa,
16th April 1930.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,

I expect when this letter reaches you, you will all have returned from your Spring Holidays. I hope you all enjoyed yourselves and that you feel quite ready for another term's hard work. I wish you could all come out here for a holiday. What a lot you would see that would surprise and interest you! I would meet you at Okahandja, where you would arrive at 4 a.m. and take you out to our farm—twenty miles off by motor. The drive would be full of thrills, for there are several dry river beds to cross. Motors have to keep in the deep ruts made by previous motorists. "Spoor" is the name given to these wheel tracks. The banks on either side of the rivers are very steep, so you would have to hold on tight. Then if it were still dark you would see eyes shining like lights. These would belong to the spring hares. Perhaps a jackal would run across the road and start howling in the veld. Last week when we went into the town we came upon two pairs of ostriches. The males, who boasted black and white feathers, ran off to

the left of the road, while the females, modestly attired in grey, zig-zagged to the right. We returned after dark and had the luck to see some Kudus (postcard enclosed). When you come out here you need not bring waterproofs or gum boots, for it very seldom rains. We have had far too little rain this year. No sooner has the grass started to grow than it has got scorched and withered. We have had to send most of our cows to a farm where there is grass many miles away. Still, we have a good many left, with over fifty dear little calves. I think you would like to visit our kraal and watch the black girls milking the cows. In one corner is the Separator where the cream is taken out of the milk. My dog Darkie (a black Alsatian) keeps an eye on the pigs. He doesn't let them come beyond a certain mark. If they do he chases them and catches them by their curly tails. How they squeal! There is one little pig (black like the rest) whom I have named *Lipton*. He likes to get right into the trough when the "boy" fills it with thick milk. When Darkie isn't watching the pigs he is keeping a sharp look-out for meerkats. These creatures live in holes in the ground. They resemble squirrels, having long, bushy tails. There are several kinds. One day we saw some nearly black in colour; very large and rather like monkeys. They are usually a lightish brown.

You would be very interested too in the many pretty and curious birds. The largest I have seen are the Guinea-fowl. Their heads and necks are a very pretty blue, but the rest of their plumage is a quiet grey. Probably you all know starlings by sight. Sometimes they look green and sometimes blue. Possibly you know, too, that they are addicted to stealing. Our starlings have feathers of a much brighter blue and their tails are longer. They help themselves to our fowls' food. I have not seen any parrots here, but a number of birds have beaks resembling them. One large bird of this kind is the woodpecker. The trees here grow very slowly, about half an inch in fifty years. The wood is very, very hard. Most of the trees and bushes have thorns. I wonder if you can think why Nature provides them with these? Even the Mimosa trees have them. The little yellow balls are much larger than those shown in the shops in Edinburgh. You would be disappointed in not seeing many flowers. On the veld

thousands of plants with leaves like the tulip plant have come up but the want of rain has hindered their flowers from blooming.

Now I must take you in imagination up to my house. On the way we would pass native huts. Perhaps some little picanninies would be playing at the doors. You would likely wonder what the high-peaked earthen structures were and I would tell you that they were ant hills made by the destructive white ants. Perhaps a "Scotch-cart" drawn by oxen and loaded with wood would be approaching the back entrance to the house. We burn nothing else in our kitchen stove which is our only fireplace. You would be pleased to get into the shady "stoep" and rest in our basket chairs. Stoep is the Dutch word for a step and it is like a very wide step (10 feet), running the whole width of the house. Instead of glass in the windows there is mosquito netting. (I am writing this letter on the Stoep). Presently our house girl, Emily, would come noiselessly in with tea. (She never wears shoes in the house!) Her high head-dress and very long skirt would seem strange to you. I talk to her in a mixture of English and Afrikan (Kitchen Dutch), though she is really a Kaffir. I wonder if you would like the Tomato jam provided for tea, which I made the other day. It is delicious. If you followed Emily into the kitchen you would probably find her, as she is at this minute, baking bread, or perhaps she would go and sit on the ground in the shade and make butter. Now, I hope this long letter has not wearied you too much. I hope it may make you interested in this wonderful country. There is much more I could write about; the wonderful skies at dawn and sunset, the curious insects and creeping things, but I must stop. My husband, who was once an Edinburgh boy but who has lived in South Africa for many years, will tell you heaps more if you will only come out and see us. I hope you haven't quite forgotten me. I often think of you all.

With kindest remembrances to you all, I remain,

Yours very sincerely,

ANNIE E. MUNRO.

FROM THE INFANTS.

Once upon a time there lived a fairy. Her name was Blow-wind. She hated her name more than anything in the whole world. One day as she was in the wood the sound of footsteps met her ears. She could not think who it was and would you be-leave, it was the King of the gnomes. Now the little fairy was very scared and she ran off and hid be-hind a stump of a tree and was never seen again.

Once I was walking in a wood. I was just coming to the middle of the wood when I saw a lot of daffodils. I was just going to bend down to pick some when a fairy came a-long and asked for some.

I went with my mother to the Exhibition in the Waverley Market. We saw the babies and the sunlamps. There were three girls playing with a ball while they got sunburnt.

I have a Dicky, and it is very noisy. My mother has to tell it to stop-it, when we are doing our lessons, but to-day she never said it.

I was out last night and I saw the moon. If I went into a shop and when I came out, it was still there. If I run, it runs to, and when I went home, it follows me still.

We have spanish chicks and a little girl asked my sister if they laid spanish onions.

SEN. INF. A.

* * * *

My mummy has a car and it is a Morris Cowley. She took us all out into the country and I walked right over the river with my Wellingtons on. We were playing at hide and go seek.

I love to go off in the morinng to go a long motor run from morning till night, and pick nice flowers and the place where I am going is North Berwick. But the thing I like best of all is having my supper with the big ones.

Daddy said if I am at the top of the class after the Exam. he will buy me a fairy cycle. But if I fail I am going to get one from Santa Claus.

Yesterday Leila and I went to the King's Park. We climbed up Arthur's Seat and the Craggs. A black-man passed us and said "climbing Arthur's Seat." I laughed and so did Leila. We climbed up steep places and rocky places. I took Leila to a cave and then we went home.

Spring brings the primroses and when the lambs are born the trees are lit with leaves and the grass is nice and fresh.

There's someone in the house,
Said Mrs Meakie Mouse,
But Father said
You go to bed,
And never mind the house.

Cock-a-doodle-doo
What cheeky birds are you.
It's very rude
To pick at my food,
It wasn't put there for you.

SEN. INF. B.

In the first week of the holidays on Friday we went to Northberwick and my chum was there for her holidays and when we were playing on the sands they came down and in the afternoon we went to the rocks and watched waves. If you went out on the rocks you would come to the edge of the sea there was sort of a little pool and when the waves came against the stone round the pool they went away high up and fell down again into the pool then we went back to the sands there was a great big rock on the sands there was part of the rock high then it went down to a very low part then another high part.

We are at occupations. I have finished my beadmat it was two black one orange two black one green. I did a rafia mat also it was orange and white. I like them both.

the teacher brought a Japanese Garden it was just lovely there was a bridge with a lady and a little girl crossing over it. the lady had a sunshade in her hand there are four trees they are all green there are ducks round the pond the pond is made of glass there is a man fishing near the pound.

My Birthday is not this Friday but the next. I am getting a panama for my Birthday and I am getting a pair of jim-shoes a band for my watch a new Summer frock and Victor always keeps his a seekret.

My daddy got a load of stones sent up from the quarry and I gave the horse a piece of bread. When daddy was wheeling the stones in I got a box and gathered all the small stones and made a little rockery in the box.

It is summer and the flowers are comeing out and the good weather is comeing we had our photograph taken this morning. I think I was nice in it but I was cold. It is colder to-day. But I al-ways go out to play I never feel the cold but mummy does.

Last year I went to peter-pan and I wanted to go to peter-pan this year again but I had the mesels and was in bed. I was very sorry though but never mind I will go next year if I have no more mesles nor hooping cough.

SEN. INF. C.

♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

One day my daddy was taking me up to school and he went down the first opening in the links and at the top of it there was a big fat worm and I think it was trying to find a hole for it self and it was rigling and after my daddy left me I went up to school and did my lessons.

Yesterday the plumer was in my mummy's house sorting mummy's tap and he needed the whool kitchen and he needed the whool bunker and my mummy was going to have a nice dinner and we had no nice dinner.

When I am grown up I am going to be a teacher. I am going to teach wee girls. I don't think I will teach little boys because they are to wild.

Last night at tea-time my mother went out for some cress and when she was washing the cress she found a worm and then when she put it on the table I was spreading a peis and my mother put on some cress but I didn't want any.

I went to the Janitur for chack and miss W———was in and the Janiter was having fun with me and he said catch the chack I knew he was having fun with me.

My brother used to say do you want a forin stamp and I used to say yes but now I say no because he stamps on my foot and keeps stamps in a book.

My daddy was in the war and my mummy was vext that he would get cild and I was up in heven.

JUN. INF. A.

* * * *

A lady next dore has a little kitten. It has no mother. It didn't have eny mother. It evin never had a mother when it was a baby.

I luvd in that place that we were to-day but we got chaste out of the place. I did not like it very much when I got chaste.

My sister was crying in her bed last nite be cos she had to rite a stori.

I have a granny she has sore corns.

Wun day a starling fel down my bedroom chimni my muma got a frite. It cood not get out.

I so a bride getting marid at Port seton. The man woz cold Mr Cer: Mr Cer lockt the car door but we put bloonz then we put old seabootz at the back of the car.

I have a doll its hare was off and its hare is on agane.

I have a skind hele and it is my left leg and I don't like it.

JUN. INF. B.

LITERARY AND DRAMATIC SOCIETY.

The "Lit.," as it is popularly known, is now quite an established part of Post-Intermediate School life; and the majority of the pupils of the 4th, 5th and 6th Forms are members of it. Next year will see a new Fourth Form; so be sure, present Third Formers that you take advantage of the privilege accorded of being members of the "Lit." We assure you you will not regret it, for every year an interesting and attractive syllabus is drawn up.

This year we have had some very interesting "special" nights. One of these was Dramatic Night, in which nearly every member of the "Lit." was given the chance of displaying her histrionic powers; for the Fourth Form acted a charade, the Fifth Form gave a modern interpretation of an old ballad, and the Sixth Form acted one of Hilaire Belloc's Cautionary Tales. The *pièce-de-résistance* was, however, the production of A. A. Milne's playlet, "The Princess and the Woodcutter," which was highly successful. The cast, of which a photograph appears on another page of this issue, was composed of members of the three Forms, and was as follows:—

<i>The Princess</i>	NANCY MURDISON
<i>The Woodcutter</i>	JENNY MARTIN
<i>The King</i>	NAN BUCHAN
<i>The Queen</i>	GRACE BATEMAN
<i>The Yellow Prince</i>	CATHIE DAVIE
<i>The Red Prince</i>	MARGARET LOGAN
<i>The Blue Prince</i>	LIZZIE SCOTT
<i>The Attendant</i>	FLORA ROSS

The costumes, which added so much to the effectiveness of the production, were designed by two members of the "Lit.," Norah Barham and Betty Hope.

Other nights were "Magazine Night," which afforded a splendid opportunity for indulging that secret belief in one's own literary gifts; the Inter-Debate with Boroughmuir Literary Society on the subject "That the raising of the age for leaving school will benefit the nation"; an address by our Honorary President, Mr White, on the subject "The Making of Books" (this address was doubly appreciated because of the fact that Mr White was the first Honorary President to address the Society); and, of course, the

Former Members' Social which was attended by large numbers of former and present pupils and where the entertainments took the highly seasonable and diverting form of Hallowe'en rites. There have also been debating nights on the syllabus, but here it must be said that, although the prepared papers are good, the speaking is not of a very high standard and is left to a few. This, we hope, will be remedied next year, when the introduction of new members will bring fresh blood into the Society. Theatre nights were held during the Winter Term and fortnightly rambles have been arranged to take their place on the summer programme.

There is no doubt that next year's committee will draw up an equally attractive syllabus, and so all prospective members can rest assured of the fun to be derived from being a member of the Literary and Dramatic Society.

N. B. S.

SCIENCE ASSOCIATION.

The Science Association has carried through a very successful series of meetings this year, owing largely to the untiring efforts of its President, Mr Brash.

There have been two delightful lantern lectures, one entitled "Frozen Music," and about architecture, by our Honorary President, Mr K. Borthwick; and the other on "Liquid Air," by Mr H. B. Nisbet, B.Sc., F.I.C. The subjects for debates this year were varied and proved very interesting, *e.g.*, "That the introduction of Machinery has done more harm than good" and "That Science advances more in War than in Peace." The subject for the Inter-Debate with the Literary Society was "That wideness of Interests causes inefficiency at one's job," and this led to much discussion. Two Paper Nights were held, both of which were very successful.

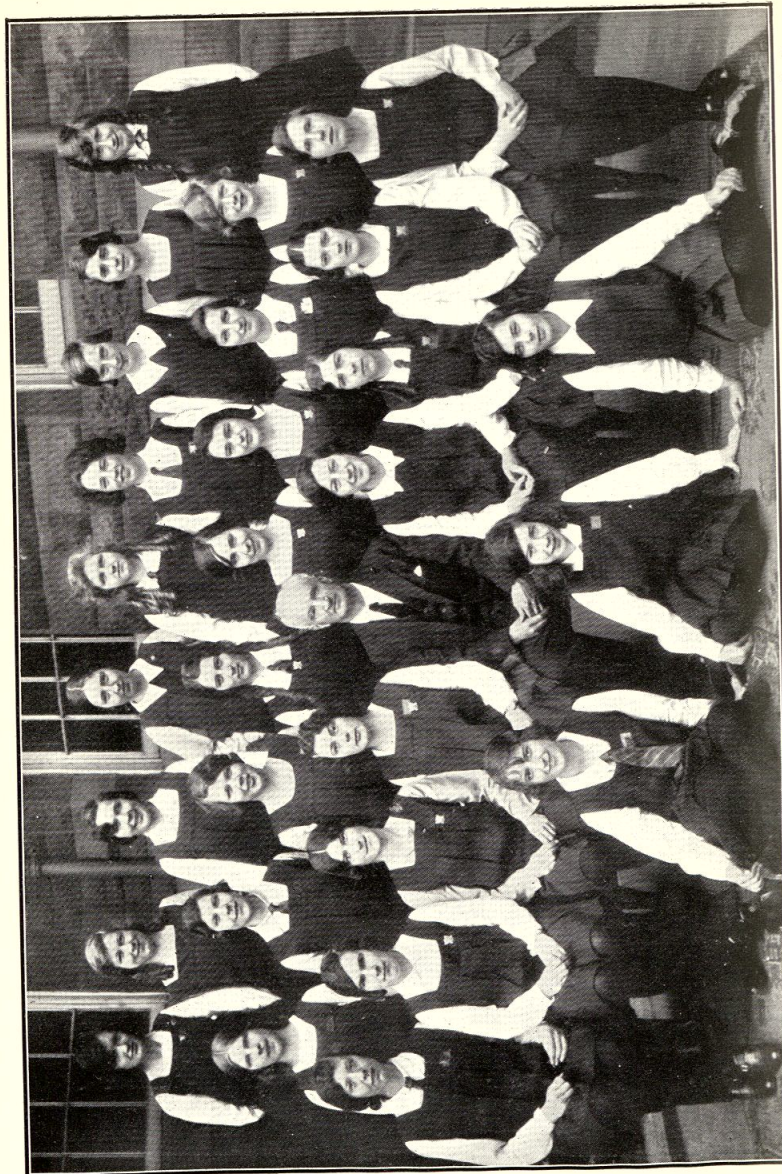
Speaking has taken on an added interest in the School and nobody can feel anything but pleased at the results obtained. What is most gratifying is that the younger members are no longer content to listen, but are ready to speak and "bandy words in debate with the Great Ones Who Talk."

At present, the Committee is trying to arrange excursions to places of scientific interest.

J. R. M.



MARGARET M'K. SAVAGE,
Dux of the School, 1929-30.



Back Row—N. MITCHELL, J. WATSON, E. BROWN, W. STEWART, B. BUTCHARD, B. GUTHRIE, R. MACDONALD, G. DRUMMOND, G. SMITH
 Second Row—R. SPIERS, W. HARDE, M. PORTER, B. HOPE, G. BATEMAN, M. COVE, N. SANDERS, A. PORTER.
 Third Row—J. MARTIN, W. SINCLAIR, M. REID, N. COOPER, Mc BURNETT, N. STEWART, N. SAVAGE, A. MURDISON, H. BUCHAN.
 Front Row—L. TAINSH, K. PORTER, H. NEALSON.

SCHOOL SPORTS.

HOCKEY NOTES.

During session 1929-30 four elevens played regularly with occasional fifth and sixth elevens. This season proved very successful, the membership being 177. The following are the results of the season's matches :—

	PLAYED	WON	LOST	DRAWN	FOR	AGAINST
1st XI.	19	6	9	4	46	39
2nd XI.	16	6	7	3	40	46
3rd XI.	19	15	4	—	56	23
4th XI.	14	11	3	—	79	16

The points gained in the Inter-House Matches were as follows :—

Gilmore—41½.
 Warrender—33½.
 Spylaw—16½.
 Roslin—8½.

TENNIS.

During the past season the membership of the Club was 280, and the attendance of members at the courts each evening was sufficient evidence of the school's enthusiasm. We have reached the semi-final of the Singles Championship for which there were 85 entrants.

Our Tennis Team has been very successfully represented by :—

Helen Buchan and Netta Sanders.
 Elsie MacDonald and Jean Black.
 May Fleming and Nan Buchan.

The following are the results of the matches played :—

Gillespie's	5 : Dunfermline H.S.	3.
"	5 : Boroughmuir S.S.	4.
"	9 : Tynecastle	0.
Gillespie's Junior	5 : Tynecastle	4.
Gillespie's	6 : Dunfermline H.S.	3, at Dunfermline.

SWIMMING.

The Swimming Club is in a very flourishing state, having a membership of 210. The chief difficulty to be surmounted is how to find room in the classes for the numerous applicants. During the year 72 certificates have been gained. Further honours have been heaped on Ellen King and Jean M'Dowall, former pupils, for they have been chosen to represent Scotland in the Empire Games to be held in Canada this summer.

The Eighth Annual Gala was held in Warrender Baths on the evening of Friday, 30th May, when a crowded house was entertained to some very good swimming. The pièce de résistance was the heroic but unavailing attempt to ride the unruly steeds in the "Swimming Derby." The Individual Championship was won by May Lyall, Mary Gray being runner-up, while the house championship was won by Roslin, with Spylaw as runners-up.

The principal results in the Gala were :—

Learners' Race (25 Yds.)—Grade A.—Marjorie Rennie.
 " " " Grade B.—Winifred Chandler.
 " " " Grade C.—Margaret Bee.

50 Yds.—Grade A.—Nan Sinclair.
 " " " B.—Betty Paterson.
 " " " C.—Marjorie Storrar.

Balloon Race—Elsie Taylor.
 Tandem—Margaret Crichton.
 Ella Crichton.

Life-Saving—Margaert Moore.
 Janie Galloway.
 Candle Race A—Nan Sinclair.
 B—Margaret Moore.

Inter-House Relay—1. Roslin; 2. Spylaw; 3. Warrender.
 The year was brought to a successful end at the Education Authority Gala, where our pupils carried off 1st and 2nd prize in every event for which they entered, and crowned the evening's performance by winning the Edinburgh School Board Swimming Challenge Shield after an exciting race with Portobello.

CRICKET CLUB.

So great has been the desire for cricket in the school that a club has been formed. Great enthusiasm has been shown both in practice and in matches with the result that the school now possesses many fair wielders of the willow. Under the inspiring captaincy of Grace Bateman play has reached a high standard, although many have played this year for the first time. Matches have been arranged with other schools and up to date the following have been the results:—

Tynecastle	27 : Gillespie's	31.
St. Thomas d'Aquinas,	39 : Gillespie's	50.
Leith Academy	63 : Gillespie's	65.

GOLF CLUB.

The **Girls' Golf Club** this season is not quite so flourishing as in former years but the standard of play remains as high.

In the **School Championship** for the M'Ewan Medal the last four are Nan Buchan v. Hilda Downie and Helen Buchan v. Ella M'Lean; so that there is a possibility of sisters contesting the Final.

In the **Inter-House Tournament** 1st round, Spylaw (Marjory Ford and Ella M'Lean) plays Warrender (Marjory Cowe and Hilda Downie) and Gilmore (Helen Buchan and Netta Sanders) plays Roslin (Nan Buchan and Jenny Martin).

ANNUAL SPORTS.

On the afternoon of Wednesday, 25th June, the Sports were carried out before a large attendance of parents and friends. The weather was quite favourable though a very heavy shower of rain interrupted the proceedings for some minutes.

The principal winners were:—

INFANTS.

Senior A—Elizabeth Clazie.
 Senior B—Jean Deas.
 Senior C—Doris Sey.
 Junior A—Margaret Brewster.
 Junior B—Evelyn Wright.

PRIMARY.

1 Junior A—Jessie Walker.
 1 Junior B—Margaret MacBeath.
 1 Junior C—Catherine Crane.
 Flat Race—Under 9—Betty Fairbairn.
 " " 10—Isobel Williamson.
 " " 11—Isobel Simpson.
 " " 12—Olive Hardie.
 " Open —Joan Webster.
 Skipping—Under 10—Winnie Affleck.
 " " 12—Cathie Tait.
 " Open —Willie Proud.

Egg and Spoon Race—Under 11—Anne Shortreed.
 Open —Betty Dickson.
 Three-Legged Race—Under 10—Frances Woodward and Amy Wilson.
 Open —Mary M'Donald and Cissie Brydon.
 Sack Race—Cissie Brydon.
 Relay Race—Juniors 1 and 2—Winnie Affleck, Joan Low, Jean Littlejohn, Doreen Graham.
 " Seniors—Cissie Brydon, Mary M'Donald, Dorothy Littlefair, Willa Proud.

SECONDARY.

Flat Race—Under 13—Margaret Roney.
 " " 14—Marjorie Hay.
 " " 15—Dorothy Graham.
 " Open —Mildred Storrar.
 Skipping Race—Under 14—Marjorie Hay.
 " Open —Jean Smith.
 Egg and Spoon Race—Under 14—May Lyall
 " Open —Dorothy Graham.
 Sack Race—Open—Ella Hardie.
 Three-Legged Race—Open—Dorothy Graham and Gertie Drummond.
 Flat Race—220 Yards—Mildred Storrar.
 High Jump—Under 15—Rhoda M'Donald.
 " Open —Mildred Storrar.
 Broad Jump—Open—Mildred Storrar.
 Hurdle Race—Under 15—Rhoda M'Donald.
 " Open —Mildred Storrar.
 Hockey Dribble—Netta Sanders.
 Relay Race—Under 15—Warrender House (Marjorie Hay, Nan Stewart, Flora Ross, Margaret Roney).
 Relay Race—Open—Gilmore House (Chrissie Graham, Helen Graham, Helene Fairbairn, Mildred Storrar.)

HOUSE CHAMPIONSHIP.

In Session 1928-29 the House Championship went to Spylaw, with 339 points. Warrender scored 327, Gilmore 306, and Roslin 292.

Detailed results of the year's Championship are given below:—

HOUSE CHAMPIONSHIP—1929-30.

PREVIOUS WINNERS—

1926-27	-	-	Warrender
1927-28	-	-	Spylaw
1928-29	-	-	Gilmore

	GILMORE.	ROS LIN.	SPYLAW.	WARRENDER.
	Pts.	Pts.	Pts.	Pts.
Merit	74	108	70	98
Attendance	34	37	43	36
Hockey	42	8	17	33
Swimming	—	56	36	8
Sports	31	19	19	31
Tennis	50	—	17	3
Golf	—	—	—	—
Totals	231	228	202	239
Less Penalty Points	71	71	93	65

Grand Total - 160 157 109 174

The Golf House Matches have yet to be played, and the Championship thus depends upon their results,

A.F.B.

FORMER PUPILS' SECTION.

The Editors have great pleasure in printing two articles from Former Pupils. We hope to make such contributions a regular feature of the Magazine in future, and would take this opportunity of saying to all F.P.'s that we shall be delighted, at any time, to receive material for publication.

THE INNOCENT ABROAD.

After an eventful journey by way of London, Dover, Ostend and Aix-la-Chapelle, the Innocent arrived at her destination. (Some day the Innocent may be tempted into print about her journey, but only when she is sure that everyone implicated has passed away!)

Her home during the three long months of that Indian summer was an old castle perched high up among the mountains of Northern Bavaria—mountains which are pine-clad to their very summits. The region is one of little villages, inhabited by a sturdy peasant race which toils in the fields early and late and spends its leisure time in feasting and jollity—a race which owns no kinship with the aloof Saxons from the cold north.

Perhaps the most wonderful days were those which the Innocent spent in Nürnberg in mid-August. Space does not permit of her doing justice to the subject but she would like to leave with you the memory of an old grey town whose tall Gothic houses and narrow streets have witnessed the gorgeous pageantry of the Court of the Mad Kings of Bavaria, while its tiny crooked lanes still echo the tramp of the feet which paced them centuries ago when the Kaisers lived and feasted in the castle which dreams over the city.

The Innocent's visit to Nürnberg undoubtedly had its humorous side in that she arrived there in the nick of time to rescue from beneath the wheels of a 'bus—of several 'buses in fact—one of the leading lights of J.G.S. (Lest the Innocent be arrested for defamation of character the identity of the leading light shall be suppressed and IT shall be known as Miss X). Before long the policeman in the Square outside the station was in a state bordering on collapse, as Miss X. showed a magnificent disregard of the well-known fact that traffic abroad takes the opposite

side of the road from traffic at home—with disastrous results.

In Nürnberg the Innocent visited the Church of St. Laurence, the Church of St. Sebaldus, and the Church of Our Dear Lady and marvelled at the priceless treasures in sculpture and painting which they possess. She saw the wonder-clock on the Sebalduskirche in which every day at noon 7 tiny figures, the Electors of Germany, pass before the Kaiser, each making a stiff little bow, while all the carved figures on the clock are startled into a strange animation.

But the magic days passed quickly like the beads of a rosary, each a treasured memory, and it was not long before the Innocent found herself at Dover at the end of September indignantly denying to a Customs official all possession of "cigars, wine and other spirituous liquors, valuable paintings and Old Masters, motor-cars, motor-bicycles, etc." But Time had in that short space wrought a change—the Innocent had acquired the precious gift of broadmindedness; she had learned how to "look at things from other people's point of view" and, which is most important, she had made acquaintance with the virtues as well as the vices of the inhabitants of the Fatherland.

ANNIE BRODIE.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF A CIVIL SERVANT IN LONDON.

It was just at the evening rush hour when the city workers were turning their steps homewards that I arrived in London. To say I was bewildered is scarcely a strong enough expression to describe my feelings. I had never considered Edinburgh quiet—until I saw London. The most determined-looking set of people I had ever seen jostled me this way and that. Each one rushed along as if it were a matter of life or death. But this high-pressure mode of living proved infectious, and in a few days I was rushing too. One simply has to "get a move on" in London.

In the suburbs, however, where I am fortunate enough to live, one jogs along at a more comfortable pace. My walk to the station is along shady avenues of cherry trees, which at the time of writing are a mass of pink and white.

blossom. In London, Spring seems to burst upon the earth in a single night.

The Tubes by which I travel up to the City are still a source of fascination to me. In Piccadilly, in particular, all the latest contrivances are to be found. The first thing one comes to on going underground is the booking-hall—spacious and well lit and surrounded by show-cases displayed by the leading shops—where tickets are obtained automatically from slot machines. The trains lie still deeper down in the earth and are reached by means of escalators. Never shall I forget my first ride on an escalator. It looked so very simple—one just stepped on and stood still. More easily said than done. Once on, I wobbled violently this way and that and clutched the rail, only to find it slipping away from under my grasp.

The trains run at intervals of about two minutes, and despite this frequent service, are usually crowded. It is amusing to watch some of the harassed business men dashing up at the last moment only to find the electric doors snap shut in front of them as they make to board the train. One aspect of women's demand for sex equality is very prominent in London. One usually finds the men comfortably settled in the seats taking hints from the maidens in the graceful art of strap-hanging.

At five minutes to ten in the morning I emerge from Westminster Underground Station, which lies in the shadow of the Houses of Parliament, and make my way down to the Office in Whitehall. People have been known to remark that the Civil Service is a somewhat glorified form of rest-cure, but this, I assure you, is quite wrong. From 10 a.m. until 12.30 the clicking of typewriter keys is all that is heard, apart from short interludes every quarter of an hour from Big Ben.

At 12.30 we repair upstairs to the Luncheon Club and by 1 o'clock are usually out in the Park. The Office, by the way, is ideally situated on the edge of St. James' Park overlooking the Lake. In London, few people are able to return home at midday, and consequently the Parks are well patronised. In March purple and yellow crocuses grow in careless profusion on grassy banks, in April the daffodils are in bloom, in May varied beds of tulips gladden the eye—and so on from month to month goes the endless pageant of

nature. Then there are the peacocks, pelicans and storks, not to forget the ducks. One usually associates feeding ducks with childhood's days at the Blackford Pond on a Sunday afternoon, but in London it is quite "done" to feed the ducks.

By 1.30 we are back in our room and carry on again until 5 o'clock with a short break at 3 for tea. The work is decidedly interesting and not hard, while the Office is sufficiently large to permit the running of a most successful Social and Athletic Club. Glancing through a fixture card, I find the following activities well catered for—boxing and physical training, choral and orchestral music, cricket, football, golf, hockey, tennis, miniature rifle shooting, swimming, table tennis, badminton, dancing, whist and bridge.

In closing, I should just like to say how friendly and hospitable I found London, and what a variety of fresh interests presented themselves there. The throbbing life of the great city, its vast crowds and gay, flashing lights, have an irresistible charm of their own, which seldom fails to attract and hold all comers.

KATHERINE J. M. ROBERTSON.

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FORMER PUPILS' CLUB, 1929-1930.

On Friday, 18th October 1929, the opening meeting of the club for session 1929-30 was held in the School Hall. After the reading and adoption of the Secretary's and Treasurer's reports, the new office-bearers were elected :—

Hon. President—T. J. Burnett, M.A., F.E.I.S.

Hon. Vice-President—Mr Murphy.

Joint Presidents—Miss Sanders ; Mr G. Thomson.

Secretary—Miss M. E. R. Henderson, 47 Ladysmith Road.

Treasurer—Miss A. S. P. Coats, 2 Perth Street.

Committee—Misses Forgan, G. Campbell, B. Jeffrey, C. Kinnaird, B. Pringle, M. Rodger, M. Sutherland ; Messrs J. Adamson, J. G. Glen, J. Guthrie, A. F. Kirkland, G. Simpson.

A musical programme, to which Misses Campbell, Johnston, Young, Porter, Sutherland and Mr M'Lauchlan contributed, was followed by refreshments, and the remainder of the evening was spent in dancing.

A social evening, on which a programme of dancing was carried through, was held in School on 8th December, and was well attended.

The Annual Re-union was as successful this year as it has been in the past. Held in the School Hall on Friday, 24th January 1930, it was attended by about 150 members.

M. E. R. HENDERSON, *Hon. Secy.*

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WINNERS OF THE EDINBURGH SCHOOL BOARD SWIMMING CHALLENGE SHIELD, 1930.



MAY LYALL.
MARGARET CRICHTON.

MARY GRAY.
ENA LOCKIE.

FIRST HOCKEY XI., 1929-30.



Back Row—M. REID, M. POTTER, Miss ANDERSON, H. ROSIE, G. QUINN.
 Second Row—M. COWE, H. BUCHAN, G. BATEMAN (Captain), B. BISHOP, N. BUCHAN,
 In Front—M. FLEMING, G. DRUMMOND.



"THE PRINCESS AND THE WOODCUTTER"

L. SCOTT, M. LOGAN, C. DAVIE, N. BUCHAN, F. ROSS, G. BATEMAN,
 N. MURDISON, J. MARTIN.

REPORT—F.P. RUGBY CLUB.

The most important event in connection with the Club last season was the successful inauguration of an "A" team. This was brought about by a gratifying increase in the numbers of playing members; and as we have always held that no real progress could be made without the backing of a "Second" team, we can look back on the past season with some satisfaction as having seen us at length attain our object. We expect to feel the full benefit of this addition to our playing strength next year, when the "A" team can be considered as being out of its infancy.

The playing results of the First Team are as follows:—

Matches				Points	
Played	Won	Drew	Lost	For	Against
19	6	1	12	159	176

Although the number of wins is not yet nearly satisfactory enough, we were very pleased to find that the team scored a much greater aggregate of points than last year, and gave away very much less. Next season however, the number of wins *must* be increased.

I do not propose to set out the results of the "A" team, as no particular attempt was made to keep records for this, their first season; it being merely desired to consolidate their position as a team.

At the end of the season, for the first time in its history, the Club was invited to enter a "Seven" for the Edinburgh Junior Rugby Clubs' Association Tournament. The teams which usually enter for this tournament are of a higher standard than ourselves, but we put up quite a good show, being defeated 11-0 by Lismore in the second round.

Before concluding, might I emphasise to any F.P.'s who may be considering playing Rugger next season that they should have no hesitation in joining the Club, as all arrangements have been made for the running of both a "First" and an "A" team, and the Club has been organised in such a way as to leave nothing to chance in making next season a really successful one.

D. MACLACHLAN, *Hon. Secy.*

SLATEFORD RECREATION GROUND,
 CGLINTON GROUND, EDINBURGH.

F.P. NOTES.

- Miss JEAN A. GEMMELL, M.A., has graduated M.B., Ch.B., at Edinburgh University.
- Misses MARGARET W. S. GRANT and ALICE N. M'INTYRE have graduated M.A. at Edinburgh University.
- Miss JEAN K. STEEL has graduated Mus. Bac. at Edinburgh University.
- Mr WILLIAM ROSS has gained the Medal in the Intermediate Honours Applied Mathematics Class.
- Miss BLANCHE BROWN, M.A., has been appointed to the Staff of Broughton Secondary School, Edinburgh.
- Misses CHRISTINA CARMICHAEL, KATHERINE M. I. M'HARDY, MARY SHEARER and A. ELSIE D. TODD have been put on the list for prospective appointments of the Edinburgh Education Authority.
- Mr IAN ST. CLAIR SHAW has been made a Fellow of the Chartered Insurance Institute.
- Mr ALEXANDER A. CROMBIE has passed the Master's Examination of the Board of Trade.
- Mr RONALD F. HALL has passed the First Professional Examination of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons.
- Miss KATHLEEN M. RODGER has passed the Civil Service examination for Female Writing Assistants.
- Miss MARGARET I. CRAIK has passed the Civil Service examination for Female Typists.
- Mr GEORGE YOUNG, a pupil of Mr Huxtable, has passed the Junior Organ Examination of Trinity College, London.
- Mrs CLELLAND (*nee* IRENE CLARKSON), played in International Hockey Matches against England, Ireland and Wales.

At the presentation of prizes in Levin High School, N.I., New Zealand, on 20th December 1929, the Mayor of Levin congratulated Grace and May Will on their splendid record. May gained this year the same distinction as was won by her sister Grace last year—that of Senior Medallist of the Primary School. The names of Grace and May are to be found in the prize lists in our School Magazines for 1924 and 1925. Their father, in a very kind letter to the Headmaster, says, "We feel it is only fair to give your school the credit of their recent successes." They left for New Zealand in 1926. Congratulations from their old school to Grace and May! We hope they will see this notice.

MARRIAGES.

- GRAY—ORR.—On 13th July 1929, WILLIAM CRAIG GRAY, 116 East Trinity Road, to MARGARET E. ORR.
- MORRIS—MILLER.—On 17th July 1929, ROBERT M. MORRIS, D.A., to NORA MILLAR, D.A., 32 Shandon Crescent.
- JEWITT—BRUCE.—On 22nd July 1929, WILFRED L. G. JEWITT, to IDA BRUCE, 53 Spottiswoode Street.
- HENDERSON—HALL.—On 27th July 1929, JOHN A. HENDERSON to ELIZABETH R. HALL, 13 Ormidale Terrace.
- CAMPBELL—GRANT.—On 17th August 1929, PETER CAMPBELL to GERTRUDE M. M. GRANT, 14 Craighouse Avenue.
- MILL—WRIGHT.—On 31st August 1929, DOUGLAS ROBERT MILL, B.Sc., 76 Willowbrae Avenue, to CATHERINE R. WRIGHT.
- RAE—HADDEN.—On 10th September 1929, ARCHIBALD RAE, to MARGARET F. HADDEN, 34 Gillespie Crescent.

- BELL—ANDREWS.—On 20th September 1929, J. WARWICK BELL, to VIOLET MAY GERTRUDE ANDREWS, "Ettrick Lea," Liberton.
- BROWN—M'GEORGE.—On 30th September 1929, JOHN HENDERSON BROWN to MARY WILSON M'GEORGE, 163 Bruntsfield Place.
- ROBERTS—M'GHEE.—On 5th October 1929, LESLIE L. ROBERTS to EVE M'GHEE, 287 Dalkeith Road.
- MUNRO—WHITE.—On 30th November 1929, JAMES HECTOR DONALD MUNRO, Okahandja, South West Africa, to ANNIE ELIZABETH WHITE.
- MACDONALD—SWAN.—At Que Que, Southern Rhodesia, on 30th November 1929, MURDOCH C. MACDONALD, to ROBINA ISOBEL SWAN, M.A., 33 Howe Street.
- CLELLAND—CLARKSON.—On 3rd December 1929, ALEXANDER CLELLAND, M.B., Ch.B., of Musselburgh, to IRENE CLARKSON, 54 Polwarth Terrace, Edinburgh.
- HINTON—STEWART.—On 14th December 1929, JAMES HINTON to AGNES STEWART, Priory House, South Queensferry.
- BARR—GILLON.—On 9th January 1930, JOHN M'DONALD BARR, late of Currie, to ELIZABETH M'C. GILLON, Juniper Green.
- DALGLEISH—CROMB.—On 4th March 1930, ADAM DALGLEISH, to ELEANOR R. CROMB, 14 Eyre Crescent.
- SINCLAIR—MURPHY.—On 9th April 1930, JOHN A. SINCLAIR, to FLORA M'L. MURPHY, 63 Comiston Drive.
- MACKENZIE-CATTON—MURRAY.—On 30th April 1930, GEORGE H. MACKENZIE-CATTON to JOANNA B. MURRAY.
- JENKS—ROBERTSON.—At New York, on 2nd June 1930, STANLEY JENKS, Chicago, to IVY MAY ROBERTSON, Datchett, Bucks., late of 14 Montpelier Terrace.
- JOHNSTONE—HADDOW.—On 5th June 1930, CHARLES JOHNSTONE to JEAN FRENCH HADDOW, The Hollies, Colinton.
- MITCHELL—BERTRAM.—On 11th June 1930, ALEXANDER E. MITCHELL to RHONA BERTRAM, Bush House, Musselburgh.
- MACKENZIE—ROUGH.—On 21st June 1930, GORDON B. MACKENZIE, of Sydney, N.S.W., to GLADYS ROUGH, 86 Comiston Drive.

* * * *

CERTIFICATE & SCHOLARSHIP LISTS.

Names of Pupils who gained Leaving Certificates in 1929.

- | | |
|--------------------------|------------------------|
| ALEXANDRINA M. ANDERSON. | AGNES MURDISON. |
| JANET M'D. ANDERSON. | MARY T. NEIL. |
| JESSIE B. BLAKE. | ROBERT G. ROSS. |
| MARGARET J. CAMPBELL. | MARGARET M'K. SAVAGE. |
| MABEL GINSBURG. | ELIZABETH W. SINCLAIR. |
| OLIVE M. GRAY. | MARGARET S. G. SPENCE. |
| IRENE E. HOBSON. | NANCY B. STEWART. |
| CHRISTINA R. MACLEOD. | ELIZABETH L. THOMSON. |
| WILLIAM D. MILNE. | FRANCES L. WILSON. |

*Pupils who were awarded Day School Certificates (Higher)
for Session 1928-9.*

JEAN R. T. AITKEN.	ALEXANDER M. MACLEAN.
MARION R. BADENOCH.	ELIZABETH L. MARTIN.
MAY S. BAIN.	CATHERINE B. MILNE.
DAVID BETHUNE.	RODERICK R. MITCHELL.
ELIZABETH E. BRIGGS.	JESSIE C. MOFFAT.
JEAN D. CALDWELL.	MARJORY E. J. PETERS.
JOHANNA M. M. CAMERON.	HELEN G. PITKEATHLY.
EVELYN R. CARR.	JOHN A. POOL.
MARJORY J. CHISHOLM.	MARY M. RAE.
ELLEN M. COWELL.	BETTY W. RENTON.
DOROTHY C. CUNNINGHAM.	LORNA R. RHIND.
LESLIE D. DAVIDSON.	ELIZABETH E. RICHARDSON.
WINIFRED L. EDNIE.	AGNES N. RODGER.
ELEANOR FAIRBAIRN.	GEORGE ROSIE.
JEAN W. FERGUSON.	MARGARET R. SIMPSON.
ELIZABETH B. FINLAYSON.	ANNE M. I. SIVEWRIGHT.
CHRISTINA T. FOTHERINGHAM.	ISABELLA M. SMITH.
LILIAS T. GREGOR.	AGNES D. SOMERVILLE.
CHRISTINA GUTHRIE.	JANET G. STAVERT.
PHYLLIS HAMILTON.	CATHERINE D. STEEL.
WINIFRED S. HARDIE.	LENA STEIN.
JOAN HAY.	DAVID STEVEN.
JEAN M. HENDERSON.	LILIAS J. TAIT.
MARGARET E. R. KEMP.	ETHEL C. TEVIOTDALE.
HELEN C. KENNEDY.	EUPHEMIA A. VALENTINE.
LILLIAS L. M'DONALD.	WILHELMINA WEDDERBURN.
DORIS I. WRIGHT.	GEORGE J. YOUNG.

SCHOLARSHIPS ENTITLING TO REMISSION OF FEES FOR
1930-31.

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

ENTERING SIXTH YEAR.—Marjory M. Cowe, Jean E. M'Clarence,
Grace B. Heigh, Janet R. Martin, Catherine S. Rennie, Janet M.
Sanders.

ENTERING FIFTH YEAR.—Esme I. Aitken, Doris E. Brown, Catherine
I. Davie, Mary Potter, Margaret H. Reid, Lilian S. Stewart.

ENTERING FOURTH YEAR.—Ellen M. A. Baillie, Agnes Bertram,
Millicent Dewar, Christian M'Stravick, Mary K. Miller, Elizabeth
Ritchie, Marjorie Somerville, Nellie Stevens.

ENTERING THIRD YEAR.—Morag Dods, Elizabeth Gemmell, Anne
Lockie, Adelaide Pass, Margaret Rowat, Rhoda Spiers, Jean
Watson, Margaret Watson.

ENTERING SECOND YEAR.—Jane Bethune, Esther Davidson, Delia
Hall, Margaret Mackenzie, Ruth Punton, Catherine F. Scott,
Elizabeth Smith.

ENTERING FIRST YEAR.—Annie Dunn, Annie Galloway, Beatrice
Liddell, Olive M'Ausland, Irene M'Dermott, Ann M'Intosh,
Dorothy Minck, Jenny Yellowlees.

SCHOOL PRIZE LIST, 1929-30.

Dux of the School	Margaret M. Savage.
Dux in English	Nancy B. Stewart.
" Latin	Margaret M. Savage.
" French	Margaret M. Savage.
" German	Margaret M. Savage.
" Mathematics	Margaret G. Brown.
" Science	Janet M. Sanders.
" Art	Marjory Ford.
" Music	Barbara A. W. Paterson.
" Dressmaking	Margaret J. B. Dishington.
Dux of Intermediate School	Mary K. Miller

Form 6A.

English.—1. Nancy B. Stewart; 2. Margaret M. Savage; 3.
Christina R. Macleod; 4. Agnes Murdison.

History.—1. Nancy B. Stewart and Christina R. Macleod (equal).

Latin (Higher).—1. Margaret M. Savage; 2. Nancy B. Stewart;
3. Alexandrina M. Anderson.

Latin (Lower).—1. Elizabeth J. Reid.

French.—1. Margaret M. Savage; 2. Nancy B. Stewart; 3. Agnes
Murdison.

German (Higher).—1. Margaret M. Savage.

German (Lower).—1. Alexandrina M. Anderson; 2. Agnes Murdi-
son.

Mathematics (Advanced).—1. Agnes Murdison; 2. Margaret M.
Savage.

Mathematics (Higher).—1. Alexandrina M. Anderson.

Physical Training.—1. Nancy B. Stewart.

Form 6B.

English.—1. Jean Brown; 2. Margaret G. Brown and Christina
M. Mackinnon (equal).

History.—1. Christina M. Mackinnon; 2. Nancy R. Cooper.

Latin (Lower).—1. Christina M. Mackinnon; 2. Helen L. Buchan.

French.—1. Margaret G. Brown; 2. Jean Brown; 3. Christina
M. Mackinnon.

Mathematics (Advanced).—Margaret G. Brown.

Mathematics (Higher).—Marjory Ford.

Art.—Marjory Ford.

Physical Training.—Marjory Ford.

Form 5A.

English.—1. Janet R. Martin; 2. Jean E. M'Clarence; 3. Marjory
M. Cowe; 4. Janet M. Sanders; 5. Grace B. Heigh; 6. Catherine
Rennie.

Latin.—1. Janet R. Martin and Catherine S. Rennie (equal); 3.
Mary W. Fleming; 4. Jean E. M'Clarence.

French.—1. Catherine S. Rennie; 2. Jean E. M'Clarence; 3. Janet
R. Martin and Janet M. Sanders (equal).

Greek.—1. Janet R. Martin; 2. Grace B. Heigh; 3. Mary W.

Fleming.

German.—Catherine S. Rennie.*German (Lower)*.—Grace Beattie.*Mathematics*.—1. Janet M. Sanders ; 2. Janet R. Martin ; 3. Grace

B. Heigh ; 4. Isabella R. Bishop.

Science—Physics.—1. Janet M. Sanders ; 2. Isabella R. Bishop.*Chemistry*.—1. Janet M. Sanders ; 2. Isabella R. Bishop ;
3. Flora C. Wishart.*Botany*.—1. Annie G. Lugton ; 2. Flora C. Wishart.*Art*.—Diana H. Smillie.*Physical Training*.—Grace S. Bateman.*Music*.—Grace S. Bateman.

Form 5B.

English.—1. Margaret M. Herd ; 2. Norah H. Barham ; 3. Alma
H. C. Bloor.*French*.—1. Margaret M. Herd ; 2. Elizabeth Scott.*Mathematics*.—1. Margaret M. Herd ; 2. Elizabeth Scott.*Science—Physics*.—1. Elizabeth Scott ; 2. Margaret M. Herd.*Chemistry*.—1. Elizabeth Scott ; 2. Margaret M. Herd.*Botany*.—Margaret Sommerville.*Art*.—Norah H. Barham.*Physical Training*.—Elizabeth M. L. Hope.*Music*.—Barbara A. W. Paterson.

Form 4A.

English.—1. Catherine I. Davie ; 2. Margaret H. Reid ; 3. Mar-
garet E. R. Kemp ; 4. Lillias J. Tait ; 5. Lena A. Stein ; 6. E. Ethel
Briggs.*Latin*.—1. Lena A. Stein ; 2. Jean D. Caldwell ; 3. Catherine I.
Davie ; 4. Lorna R. Rhind.*French*.—1. Esme I. Aitken ; 2. Catherine I. Davie ; 3. Jean D.
Caldwell ; 4. Phyllis Hamilton.*German*.—Esme I. Aitkins.*Mathematics*.—1. Catherine I. Davie ; 2. Margaret H. Reid and
Lilian S. Stewart (equal) ; 4. E. Ethel Briggs.*Physics*.—1. Lilian S. Stewart ; 2. Doris E. Brown.*Chemistry*.—1. Margaret H. Reid ; 2. Lilian S. Stewart.*Art*.—Lillias J. Tait.*Physical Training*.—Jean Caldwell.

Form 4B.

English.—1. Mary M. Rae ; 2. Euphemia Valentine ; 3. Isabella
M. Smith.*Mathematics*.—1. Ella Dalglish ; 2. May Potter.*French*.—1. May Potter ; 2. Mary M. Rae.*German*.—May Potter.*Science—(a) Botany*.—1. Euphemia Valentine ; 2. Isabella M. Smith.*(b) Chemistry*.—1. Helen Pitkeathly ; 2. Euphemia
Valentine.*Art*.—1. Helen M. Rosie ; 2. Mary M. Rae.*Physical Training*.—Helen M. Rosie.

Form 3A.

English.—1. Agnes Bertram ; 2. Millicent Dewar ; 3. Isabella
MacLean ; 4. Mary Miller ; 5. Alexandra M. Paterson ; 6. Elma Baillie.*French*.—1. Mary Miller ; 2. Alexandra M. Paterson ; 3. Rhoda
Macdonald ; 4. Margaret Christie.*Greek*.—1. Elma Baillie ; 2. Marjory Sommerville.*German*.—1. Betsy Howieson ; 2. Mary Miller ; 3. Alexandra
Paterson.*Latin*.—1. Elma Baillie ; 2. Agnes Bertram ; 3. Margaret Christie ;
4. Mary Miller.*Mathematics*.—1. Mary Miller ; 2. Marjory Sommerville ; 3. Milli-
cent Dewar ; 4. Margaret Christie.*Science*.—1. Annie Rose ; 2. Millicent Dewar ; 3. Elma Baillie ;
4. Sheila M'Ewan.*Art*.—1. Sheila M'Ewan ; 2. Marjory Sommerville ; 3. Agnes
Bertram ; 4. Helene Fairbairn.*Physical Training*.—Annie Rose.

Form 3B.

English.—1. Nellie Stevens ; 2. Elizabeth Ritchie ; 3. Elizabeth
Badenoch and Grace Moon (equal) ; 5. Catherine Steele.*Latin*.—1. Catherine Steele ; 2. Elizabeth Badenoch ; 3. Marion
Bauchope and Annabella Dargie (equal).*French*.—1. Elizabeth Ritchie ; 2. Marion Bauchope ; 3. Anna-
bella Dargie.*Mathematics*.—1. Elizabeth Ritchie ; 2. Nellie Stevens ; 3. Chris-
tian M'Stravick.*Science*.—1. Elizabeth Ritchie ; 2. Jessie Goodbrand ; 3. Nellie
Stevens.*Art*.—Nellie Stevens ; 2. Elizabeth Ritchie ; 3. Grace Moon.*Physical Training*.—Annie Stevenson.

Form 3C.

English.—1. Elsie A. Watson ; 2. Andrina H. Patterson ; 3. Agnes
I. H. Brown and Dorothy L. Swain (equal).*French*.—1. Mary H. King ; 2. Kathleen L. Paterson ; 3. Margaret
I. L. Purdie.*Mathematics*.—1. Jean H. J. Furmage ; 2. Elsie A. Watson ; 3.
Jean A. Wardlaw.*Science*.—1. Elsie A. Watson ; 2. Margaret I. L. Purdie ; 3. Isa-
bella M. Murray.*Art*.—1. Violet M. C. Trainer ; 2. Pearl M. Bailey ; 3. Marion A.
Smith.*Physical Training*.—Isabella M. Murray.

Form 3D.

English.—1. Nancy Mein ; 2. Ella Sime ; 3. Margaret Gordon
4. Helen Wybar.*French*.—1. Ella Sime ; 2. Margaret M'Donald ; 3. Nancy Mein.*Mathematics*.—1. Nancy Mein ; 2. Margaret M'Donald ; 3. Helen

Crichton.

Science.—1. Nancy Mein ; 2. Helen Wybar ; 3. Isobel Tainsh.
Art.—1. Margaret Gordon ; 2. Nancy Mein ; 3. Helen Wybar.
Physical Training.—Isobel Tainsh.

Form 2A.

English.—1. Morag Dods ; 2. Nellie Cobban ; 3. Anne H. Lockie ;
 4. Winifred P. Stewart ; 5. Jean H. Cowe.
Latin.—1. Margaret A. C. Watson ; 2. Anne H. Lockie ; 3. Morag
 Dods ; 4. Enid N. Anderson.
French.—1. Margaret A. C. Watson ; 2. Morag Dods ; 3. Annie H.
 Lockie ; 4. Susan K. N. M'Donald.
Mathematics.—1. Annie H. Lockie ; 2. Morag Dods ; 3. Margaret
 Rowat ; 4. Mary G. Fisher.
Science.—1. Anne H. Lockie ; 2. Morag Dods ; 3. Margaret Rowat ;
 4. Susan K. N. M'Donald.
Art.—1. Margaret Rowat ; 2. Helen Morrison and Margaret A. C.
 Watson (equal) ; 4. Alice D. Strang.
Physical Training.—Georgina Dorothy Graham.
Dressmaking.—Nellie Cobban.

Form 2B.

English.—1. Elizabeth Gemmell ; 2. Adelaide Pass ; 3. Elizabeth
 Amos ; 4. Helen M. Gray and Jean F. R. Watson (equal).
Latin.—1. Elizabeth Gemmell ; 2. Jean F. R. Watson ; 3. Helen
 M. Gray ; 4. Adelaide Pass.
French.—1. Jean F. R. Watson ; 2. Helen M. Gray ; 3. Elizabeth
 Gemmell ; 4. Helen B. Simpson.
Mathematics.—1. Jean F. R. Watson ; 2. Elizabeth Gemmell ; 3.
 Adelaide Pass ; 4. Marjorie Hay.
Science.—1. Jean F. R. Watson ; 2. Adelaide Pass ; 3. Eleanor M.
 Chisholm ; 4. Mary A. W. Stoddart.
Art.—1. Elizabeth Amos ; 2. Elizabeth Gemmell ; 3. Catherine
 A. Balfour and Jean F. R. Watson (equal).
Physical Training.—Mary Lyall.
Dressmaking.—Janet B. M. Gillespie.

Form 2C.

English.—1. Colette Hogg ; 2. Gertrude Drummond ; 3. Jenny C.
 Mitchell ; 4. Robina H. T. Ballantyne.
French.—Gertrude Drummond ; 2. Jenny C. Mitchell ; 3. Collette
 Hogg.
Mathematics.—1. Gertrude Drummond ; 2. Robina H. T. Ballan-
 tyne ; 3. Jenny C. Mitchell.
Science.—1. Christina Malloch ; 2. Colette Hogg ; 3. Jenny C.
 Mitchell.
Art.—1. Georgina F. Miller and Mina M. M. Storrar (equal) ; 3.
 Mildred C. Storrar.
Physical Training.—Mildred C. Storrar.
Dressmaking.—Mary C. Bee.
Domestic Science.—Jean B. C. Middlemiss and Elizabeth M. T.
 Patterson (equal).

Form 2D.

English.—1. Muriel Elliott ; 2. Irene Mackay ; 3. Dorothy
 Herbert ; 4. Elspeth Johnston.
French.—1. Irene Mackay ; 2. Muriel Goudie ; 3. Dorothy Her-
 bert and Yetta Lucas (equal).
Mathematics.—1. Muriel Goudie ; 2. Elizabeth Mackay ; 3. Jessie
 More.
Science.—1. Elspeth Johnston ; 2. Flora Patterson ; 3. Muriel
 Goudie.
Art.—1. Elsie Brown ; 2. Irene Mackay ; 3. Jessie More.
Physical Training.—Elizabeth Rosie.
Dressmaking.—Joan Hall.
Domestic Science.—Muriel Elliot.

Form 2E.

English.—1. Rhoda Spiers ; 2. Winifred M. Richards ; 3. Georgina
 Pye.
French.—1. Rhoda Spiers ; 2. Georgina Pye ; 3. Georgina D.
 Walkingshaw.
Mathematics.—1. Rhoda Spiers ; 2. Elizabeth L. Livingstone ; 3.
 Winifred M. Richards.
Science.—1. Winifred M. Richards ; 2. Rhoda Spiers ; 3. Mary N.
 M'Donald.
Art.—1. Winifred M. Richards ; 2. Grace Brien ; 3. Isabella M.
 Simpson.
Physical Training.—Jean T. Henderson.
Dressmaking.—Jean Cameron.
Domestic Science.—Rhoda Spiers.

Form 1A.

English.—1. Jane B. Bethune ; 2. Agnes R. Mitchell ; 3. Ethel A.
 Buglass ; 4. Margaret S. Crichton ; 5. Alice B. Mercer.
Latin.—1. Hannah S. Couper ; 2. Catherine F. Scott ; 3. Jane B.
 Bethune ; 4. Jean G. Ross.
French.—1. Agnes R. Mitchell ; 2. Hannah S. Couper ; 3. Jane B.
 Bethune ; 4. A. Margaret Turnbull.
Mathematics.—1. Jane B. Bethune ; 2. A. Margaret Turnbull ; 3.
 Ruth Puntun ; 4. Margaret S. Crichton.
Science.—1. Jane B. Bethune ; 2. Esther A. Davidson ; 3. Mar-
 garet S. Crichton ; 4. Jean G. Ross.
Art.—1. Jane B. Bethune ; 2. Ruth Puntun ; 3. Esther A. David-
 son.
Physical Training.—Margaret Crichton.
Dressmaking.—Jane B. Bethune.

Form 1B.

English.—1. Margaret A. Mackenzie ; 2. Elizabeth I. Smith ; 3.
 Delia Hall ; 4. Margaret W. H. Lawrie ; 5. Margaret C. Ferme.
Latin.—1. Elizabeth T. Smith ; 2. Margaret A. Mackenzie ; 3.
 Delia Hall ; 4. M. Caroline Forbes.

French.—1. Margaret A. Mackenzie ; 2. M. Caroline Forbes ; 3. Delia Hall ; 4. Elizabeth T. Smith.
Mathematics.—1. Margaret A. Mackenzie ; 2. Elizabeth T. Smith ; 3. M. Caroline Forbes ; 4. Delia Hall.
Science.—1. Elizabeth T. Smith ; 2. Margaret A. Mackenzie ; 3. Delia Hall and Anna E. Margach (equal).
Art.—1. Margaret A. Mackenzie ; 2. Jean M. Lugton ; 3. Delia Hall ; 4. Sheila L. R. Rae.
Physical Training.—Jean W. Jamieson.
Dressmaking.—Margaret C. Ferme.

Form 1C.

English.—1. Edith M. Millar ; 2. Cecilia G. Gibson ; 3. Dorothy H. Armstrong.
French.—1. Isobel J. Strachan ; 2. Gertrude M. Buglass ; 3. Christina Robertson.
Mathematics.—1. Gertrude M. Buglass ; 2. Jean Mackenzie and Isobel J. Strachan (equal).
Science.—1. Isobel J. Strachan ; 2. Jean Mackenzie ; 3. Gertrude M. Buglass.
Art.—1. Gertrude M. Buglass ; 2. Esther P. Sinclair ; 3. Dorothy H. Armstrong.
Physical Training.—Jean Mackenzie.
Dressmaking.—Gertrude Buglass.
Domestic Science.—Cecilia Gibson.

Form 1D.

English.—1. Mary L. Rennie ; 2. Winnifred A. W. Duncan ; 3. Helen Heron.
French.—1. Winnifred A. W. Duncan ; 2. Mary L. Rennie ; 3. Elizabeth E. Gourlay.
Mathematics.—1. Mary L. Rennie ; 2. Winnifred A. W. Duncan ; 3. Helen Heron.
Science.—1. Winnifred A. W. Duncan ; 2. Helen Heron ; 3. Mary L. Rennie.
Art.—1. Rita Bousie ; 2. Mabel Belton ; 3. Ena L. F. Berry.
Physical Training.—Ena L. F. Berry.
Dressmaking.—Dorothy B. M'K. Ferguson.
Domestic Science.—Agnes P. Black.

Form 1E.

English.—1. Christina N. Pollock ; 2. Margaret S. Thallon ; 3. Mary E. M'Nab ; 4. Marie A. Morrison.
French.—1. Margaret S. Thallon ; 2. Christina N. Pollock ; 3. Linda T. F. Hay.
Mathematics.—1. Christina N. Pollock ; 2. Mary E. M'Nab ; 3. Margaret S. Thallon.
Science.—1. Marie A. Morrison ; 2. Mary E. M'Nab ; 3. Jean T. Grierson.
Art.—1. Flora G. Campbell ; 2. Helen S. Brown and Catherine C. Porter (equal).
Physical Training.—Flora G. Campbell.
Dressmaking.—Flora G. Campbell.
Domestic Science.—Lily Black.

SPECIAL PRIZES.**Bible Prizes.**

<i>Form 6</i> .—Nancy B. Stewart.	<i>Form 5</i> .—Alma St. C. Bloor.
<i>Form 4</i> .—Mary Rae.	<i>Form 3</i> .—Annie Leggat.
<i>Form 2</i> .—Christina M'Gregor.	<i>Form 1</i> .—Christina Pollock.
3 <i>Senior</i> .—Annie Marsh.	2 <i>Senior B</i> .—Constance Wyper.
2 <i>Senior C</i> .—Jean Paterson.	1 <i>Senior B</i> .—Elizabeth Penrose.
1 <i>Senior C</i> .—Jean Ritchie.	2 <i>Junior B</i> .—Helen M'Donald.
2 <i>Junior C</i> .—Mary Jackson.	1 <i>Junior B</i> .—Joyce Kidd.
1 <i>Junior C</i> .—Jean Tinch.	

Sir Walter Scott Club Prize Competition.

Secondary School.—1. Nancy Stewart ; 2. Janet Sanders.
Intermediate School.—1. Millicent Dewar ; 2. Agnes Bertram.

Pianoforte Prizes.

Miss Brown's Pupils.—1. Violet F. Crerar ; 2. Agnes A. Ross.
Mr Huxtable's Pupils.—1. Margaret Brown ; 2. Mae Finlayson.
Mrs Ross's Pupils.—Sen.—1. Margaret Savage ; Jun.—1. Sheila Ross.
Mr Paterson's Pupils.—1. Margaret Purdie ; 2. Catherine Steele and Isla Wilkie (equal).

Speical Music Prize.

Barbara M. Paterson.

Singing Prize.

Nancy Cooper and Margaret Savage (equal).

Stevenson Club Prize.

Agnes Murdison.

"Cowan" Prize in Art.

Nellie Stevens.

"Thomas Scott" Prize for Athletics.

Mildred Storrar.

Burns Club Prize.

Margaret Kemp.

Class 3 Sen. A.

1. Dorothy Minck ; 2. Olive M'Ausland ; 3. Irene M'Dermott ; 4. Ann M'Intosh ; 5. May Blyth ; 6. Margaret M'Kinnon ; 7. Violet Scott ; 8. Margaret Cooper.
French.—Irene M'Dermott. *Drawing*.—Margaret Malcolm.
Sewing.—Phyllis Manson.

Class 3 Sen. B.

1. Annie Dunn ; 2. Annie Galloway ; 3. Jenny Yellowlees ; 4. Beatrice Liddell ; 5. Margaret Brodie ; 6. Freda Underhill ; 7. Eva Harris ; 8. Daisy Wood.
Drawing.—Annie Galloway. *Sewing*.—Freda Underhill.

Class 2 Sen. A.

1. Jane Brown; 2. Frances Niven; 3. Doris Livingston; 4. Catherine Tait; 5. Mary Tait; 6. Mary Grant; 7. Helen Tarbet; 8. Jessie Nicolson.

Drawing.—Annie Gould.

Sewing.—Marion Harper.

Class 2 Sen. B.

1. Gladys E. Beattie; 2. Jean Rennie; 3. Margaret Bennet; 4. Margaret E. Christie; 5. Chirstina S. Currie; 6. Dorothy J. Dewar; 7. Constance Wyper; 8. Elizabeth Mercer.

Drawing.—Elizabeth Mercer. *Sewing.*—Gladys E. Beattie.

Class 2 Sen. C.

1. Eliza Cameron; 2. Catherine M'Nab; 3. Jean Paterson; 4. Margaret O. Brown; 5. Violet Crerar and Catherine Slater (equal); 7. Marjory Muir; 8. Margaret Maxwell.

Drawing.—Eleanor Traill. *Sewing.*—Jessie White.

Class 1 Sen. A.

1. Margaret Bee; 2. Victoire M'Leod; 3. Alice Ferguson and Margaret Jamieson (equal); 5. Grace Caddis; 6. Rachel Quinell; 7. Muriel Hastie; 8. Catherine M'Culloch.

Drawing.—Victoire M'Leod. *Sewing.*—Lillian Underhill.

Class 1 Sen. B.

1. Elizabeth MacWilliam; 2. Elizabeth Mason; 3. Marjorie Shields; 4. Frances Woodward; 5. Catherine Gray; 6. Winifred Cormack; 7. Agnes Bethune; 8. Winifred Harris.

Drawing.—Amy Wilson.

Sewing.—Frances Woodward.

Class 1 Sen. C.

1. Jessie M'Lean; 2. Anna Hogg; 3. Evelyn Hardie; 4. Marjorie Rowley; 5. Ruby Ockrent; 6. Margaret Emma Pike; 7. Ann Skinner; 8. Jean Ritchie.

Drawing.—Betty Ketchin.

Sewing.—Molly Robertson.

Class 2 Jun. A.

1. Gertrude Levy; 2. Agnes Robertson; 3. Caroline Ferguson; 4. Doreen Graham; 5. Jean Bauchope; 6. Muriel M'Dougall and Jean M'Walter (equal); 8. Jean Low.

Drawing.—Muriel Harrison. *Needlework.*—Doreen Graham.

Class 2 Jun. B.

1. Betty M'Donald; 2. Helen Young; 3. Kathleen M'Donald; 4. Isobel Robertson; 5. Jessie Ross and Norah Smith (equal); 7. Freda Lockie; 8. Margaret Rye.

Drawing.—Isobel Robertson. *Sewing.*—Mary Telfer.

Class 2 Junior C.

1. Eleanor Ginsburg; 2. Agnes Morrison; 3. Jessie Rankin; 4. Estella Weddell; 5. Margaret Tait; 6. Doris Lingard; 7. Jean M'Killip; 8. Doris Morison.

Drawing.—Ellen Brown.

Sewing.—Doris Lingard.

Class 1 Jun. A.

1. Marjorie G. Ritchie; 2. Margaret Mills; 3. Margaret M. Booth; 4. Betty Murphy; 5. Jean Swain; 6. Dorothy Forrester; 7. Jean Johnstone; 8. Agnes M'Donald.

Drawing.—Alison Munro.

Sewing.—Margaret M. Booth.

Class 1 Jun. B.

1. Margaret Ewan; 2. Marion Peden; 3. Joyce Cumming; 4. Jean Ross; 5. Joyce Kidd; 6. Grace Jamieson; 7. Doreen Robertson; 8. Jean Smart.

Drawing.—Joyce Cumming.

Sewing.—Doreen Robertson.

Class 1 Jun. C.

1. Robina Bruce; 2. Sheila Mather; 3. Marjorie Dewar; 4. Margaret Reid; 5. Pauline Wood; 6. Fiona M'Kenzie; 7. Evelyn Small; 8. Jessie Sibbald.

Drawing.—Winifred Turner. *Sewing.*—Margaret Skeoch.

Sen. Infant A.

1. Janet Brown; 2. Eileen Neill; 3. Catherine Simpson; 4. Jean Wishart; 5. Alice Taylor; 6. Irene Moyes; 7. Margaret Nelson; 8. May Brownlee.

Sen. Infant B.

1. Dorothy Halliday; 2. Leila Sinha; 3. Patricia M'Dermott; 4. Clara Scott; 5. Georgina Connear; 6. Catherine M'Culloch; 7; Rona Lang; 8. Jean Deas.

Sen. Infant C.

1. Marjorie Hamilton; 2. Jessie Houston; 3. Elizabeth Sheed; 4. Hazel Stewart; 5. Dorothy Horsburgh; 6. Agnes E. Kinnear; 7. Kathleen Reid; 8. Eileen Greig.

Jun. Infant A.

1. Moira Haig; 2. Rhoda Graham; 3. Katherine Ramsay; 4. Elizabeth Costa; 5. May Davidson; 6. Jean M'Nab; 7. Mabel Douglas; 8. Ray Couston.

Jun. Infant B.

1. Marguerite E. G. Combey; 2. Margaret K. Gilbert; 3. Doris M'Murtrie; 4. Mary R. Matheson; 5. Margaret H. Sinclair; 6. Helen M'M. Stevens; 7. Mildred E. Crombie; 8. Nora E. E. Moore.

BURSARIES.

Secondary Bursaries were awarded last year to—

David Bethune, Doris E. Brown, Catherine I. Davie, Phyllis Hamilton, Helen C. Kennedy, William J. Kochan, Mary M. Rae, George Rosie, Diana Smillie.

Intermediate Bursaries were awarded to—

Isobel H. Hamilton, Margaret L. Ross, Jane B. Bethune, Elizabeth M. Thornton, Jean D. Brotherston, Esther Davidson, Charles E. Marshall, Christina N. Pollock, Annie Turnbull.

At the Edinburgh Musical Festival this year several successes were gained by "Gillespie's" pupils. Three teams from School (trained by Miss Anderson) entered for Scottish Country Dancing; those which entered for the Junior and Senior Classes respectively were awarded First-Class Certificates, and the third gained an Honours Certificate in the Open Class.

In the Verse Composition Class, Cathie Davie and Norah Barham (whose poems we print on an earlier page) gained First and Second Place respectively, and Grace Beattie a certificate.

In the Vocal Solos (Scots Song) Class (under 15), Betty Butchard took First Place, with Honours.

Four of Mr Huxtable's pupils have passed the Local Music Examinations of Trinity College, London:—Dorothy Cairns and Edna Tait the "First Steps," and Isabel Strachan and Jean Tweedie the "Preparatory" Examination.

Cissy Carbarns has passed, with Honourable Mention, the Primary Examination for the Royal Academy of Music.

In the Essay Competition held last year by the League of Nations Union, Nancy Stewart was awarded First Prize.

Margaret M. Savage was placed on the general Merit List in this year's Bursary Competition at Edinburgh University, and Janet R. Martin on the Merit List for the Renton Bursary.

The Editors beg to acknowledge, with thanks, receipt of the following school magazines:—*Boroughmuir Magazine, The Heriot, The Watsonian, The George Square Chronicle, Trinity Academy Magazine, Leith Academy Magazine.*

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