

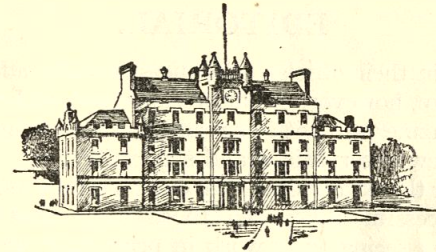
# Gillespie's High School Magazine



July 1931







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JULY 1931

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## EDITORIAL.

Editors, in their official utterances, usually address their *readers*. We, however, are more concerned with the *writers* of our magazine than with its readers, and to them we would address a few observations and suggestions.

First, our thanks are due to all our contributors, successful and unsuccessful alike. To those who have been disappointed of seeing their work in print may we say, "Do not assume that your rejected article was necessarily considered quite unworthy." We may have deliberated for long whether to print it or the one from your form which actually appears; and our judgment may have been determined by the necessity for variety in subject matter (we could scarcely, for instance, print three descriptions of "A Sunset," four "School Alphabets," or five poems on "Spring!") and for preserving a balance between verse and prose contributions. We urge you not to be discouraged, but follow the teaching of the proverb and "try again" next year.

In general there was a lack of variety and originality in subject matter. "How I spent Victoria Day" might be excellent magazine material if you spent Victoria Day in an aeroplane or in prison, but however much you enjoyed your tramp over the Pentlands, you cannot assume that an account of it will be equally enjoyable to your readers, even if your article be quite faultless as a school composition. Something really unusual to relate, or something quite individual in your way of telling it is necessary if what you write is to be of vital interest. We suggest that more short stories might be attempted. The purely "essay" type of contribution is the most difficult to write well and too often the dullest to read. To our humorists (may they flourish!) we should like to say that though ingeniously misapplied quotations are very amusing, this particular form of jesting has had its day and some other type would be refreshing. The possibilities of parody have not been fully explored of late, though we have had an occasional excellent example. It offers unlimited opportunities for imagination and fun.

We hear frequent criticisms from the pupils themselves of the lack of vitality in our magazine, yet it is they and only they who can remedy this fault. In this connection, we

would remind all who pass along the top Corridor that the nicely-varnished brown box with the cheerful yellow label, to be seen on one of the Art Room window-ledges, is placed there neither as a mere architectural adornment nor in the interests of the Anti-Litter League! We felt that in past years the contributions hurriedly and often reluctantly penned during summer days, to satisfy the editorial clamourings, were too often forced and therefore uninteresting, and instituted the Magazine Box so that material might be "posted" at any time during the session. The response hitherto has been disappointing, and we earnestly hope for a better one next session. Record that amusing episode in corridor, cloakroom or classroom, that occasional "lapsus linguæ" from which the wisest of us are not immune, while they are still fresh! And when, some winter evening, there comes a time when you are restless, when neither work nor play nor reading satisfies you, when you would like to do something, then is the time to turn your creative energy along literary channels, and let us have the products. We, as editors, are very ambitious for the literary vitality of our magazine, and we trust that it will be increased in future by spontaneous contributions conveyed to us by means of the Magazine Box.

M. M. N.

A. E. F.

\* \* \* \*

## SCHOOL NOTES.

The session which now falls to be reviewed has not been a particularly eventful one, but work and sports alike have proceeded satisfactorily.

This year was marked by a new venture as regards the school curriculum, namely, the institution of a Secretarial Course, leading at the end of two years' study to the Group Leaving Certificate and the Chamber of Commerce Examinations. Its aim is to prepare pupils for Civil Service and business careers.

Two changes in staff have taken place. In September we welcomed Miss Margaret S. Shanks, M.A., B.Com., as teacher of commercial subjects; and in April, we bade



good-bye to Mr William A. Sprott, M.A., on his transfer to Leith Academy. A very interesting temporary change occurs next session, when Miss Margaret M. Napier, M.A., B.Sc., goes for a year to Buffalo Seminary, Buffalo, U.S.A., from which comes to replace her Miss Margaret Wilkins. To Miss Napier we wish a most successful year, rich in new experiences, and to Miss Wilkins we extend a warm welcome and the hope that she will enjoy her stay among us.

We heard with interest of the marriage in February of Miss Margaret B. Mackenzie, M.A., to Captain W. Hobart Molson, M.C. Miss Mackenzie, it will be remembered, was for some time on our staff then went to Edinburgh Ladies' College, which she left in order to act as chatelaine to her Uncle, the Hon. Randolph Bruce, Lieutenant-Governor of British Columbia.

Nothing new is to be recorded concerning the House System, except that in hockey this year each house was able to muster two teams. There is still enthusiastic competition between the Houses in all realms of school life.

The attention of all pupils is directed to the new school monogram on the cover of this magazine. It replaces the old one, and will come into use for school hats and hatbands in September 1932, when it will be on sale in all the principal shops.

The usual Founder's Day Service was held this year on Friday, 12th June. A familiar friend of the school, Mr George C. Ligertwood, was in the chair, and the address was delivered by Councillor the Rev. A. D. Sloan, D.D. In an appropriate speech on "Memory and Memories," Dr. Sloan said that memory could be looked as on a treasure-house or a picture gallery to which we returned from time to time to delight ourselves with looking at precious things. Memory was what preserved tradition, which in turn gave us ideals to aim at and inspired us to fresh efforts. An interesting feature of the proceedings was the presentation to Dr. Sloan by the youngest pupil of the school of a snuff box, which was duly passed round the platform party, to the general amusement.

After the service, some twenty-five members of the Literary Society proceeded by bus to West Linton where, under the leadership of Miss M. G. Cowan, they walked to the Covenanter's Grave by the Medwyn Water and Rogers-

kirk. Before the return walk Miss Cowan gave a short talk on the Covenanters, and Psalm 121 was sung in an appropriate setting of bare moors, misty grey hills, and "an infinite melancholy piping of hill-birds."

Throughout the session the social side of school life has not been neglected. Reports of the work of the Literary and Dramatic Society and of the Science Association will be found on another page. The Christmas parties for the Third Form and the Post-Intermediate Department were in every way up to the traditional standard of pleasantness. The Infant Department kept Christmas in what is happily becoming its customary manner, with delightful decorations and a programme of carols and poems, both modern and traditional, carried out by the children to the great pleasure of those privileged to be present.

The Swimming Gala held on 29th May proved the usual great success; there was a larger number of spectators than we have ever had, and the programme was most attractive and varied.

Two very interesting lectures were given to pupils of the Secondary Department in June; by Miss Nora Milnes, Director of Studies, Department of Social Study, Edinburgh University, on "New Openings for Girls with the Leaving Certificate"; and by Mr J. D. Imrie, M.A., B.Com., F.S.A., City Chamberlain, on "Local Government Service."

All arrangements had been made for a school trip to Paris this summer, but as insufficient numbers came forward the plan had to be abandoned. It is hoped, however, to carry it out next year.

At the end of the first term a collection was made in school for the funds of Edinburgh Royal Infirmary and the gratifying sum of £107, 13s. was contributed. School Savings Certificates now total £10,421, 1s. 8d.

An important event in school history was the enrolment this year of ten "Gillespie Bursars." These bursaries, worth £10 for each of the first three years of the Secondary Course and £15 for the fourth and fifth years, are open to pupils of all the primary schools in Edinburgh and are awarded on marks gained in the Control (or "Qualifying") Examination. The first bursars commenced their studies here last September, and are taking good places in their classes.



Last year there were 99 passes in the Control Examination, 66 pupils gained the Day Schools (Higher) Certificate, and 22 pupils the Higher Leaving Certificate. This year the school has been very satisfactorily represented in the Merit List of the Bursary Competition at Edinburgh University, having three places in the general list, two in the merit list for the Renton Bursary, and one in that for the Welsh Mathematical Bursary. Our School Dux, Janet M. Sanders, gained seventeenth place in the general list and was awarded the Renton Bursary.

\* \* \* \*

## FROM THE SECONDARY DEPARTMENT

### HAPPINESS—A MEDITATION.

Like many others I have tried to analyse happiness, the elusive Holy Grail sought by us all. Does it consist in wanting or having, learning or blissful ignorance? How can we gain it and why do we hanker after it, often denying the pursuit, even to ourselves? The result of my thought voyage is that I now term happiness and friendship synonyms. What could kindle the spark of happiness more surely than the welcoming smile and wave of a friend: do we not capture the Will o' the Wisp when an understanding look tells of friendship felt and given? Rupert Brooke says that friendship "... gives more and takes less" than love, and here he strikes an outstanding truth about friendship—jealousy and selfishness are banished and so gloom is dispelled, leaving the way free for happiness to enter.

Friendship grants us agreeable companions but also leaves us freedom in which to enjoy all other delights, which are, however, as you will find, void in many instances when a friend does not share them.

Yes, I think I am right! There is nothing so conducive to happiness as good friends, without whom I cannot imagine an existence, far less happiness.

ALMA S. BLOOR, Form 5 A.

### OPALESCENCE.

(After any very modern poet).

I am a cow,  
Lying in the lush grass,  
Chewing the cud,  
Watching the sun  
Like the yolk of a hard-boiled egg,  
Or an inverted gas mantle  
Shedding rays  
Like yellow satin ribbon.  
I chew  
And chew  
The soft green clover,  
Till it becomes like squelchy macaroni.  
I have no fear of indigestion.  
Oh hang! a fly  
Shiny and irritable  
Crawled o'er my visage.  
Life is like that—  
A parallelepiped of delight  
But all the while  
A cankerworm is growing  
Rodent-like . . . .  
Odours of earth and spices float around me,  
My head swims like a deep-sea jellyfish,  
A molecule  
Hanging apart,  
Suspended on elastic  
Spinning and humming in a milky trance.  
The sky is milk,  
The air, the froth of lemonade  
Or beer.  
The earth is made of cottonwool  
And uncooked mince.  
Sleep is descending on my fevered brow—  
Green sleep  
Like paraffin,  
Like olive oil and glycerine.  
Sleep . . . .  
Sleep . . . .  
. . . . .  
I sleep.

CATHIE DAVIE, Form 5 A.



### THE STRANGER WITHIN THE GATES.

And lo! on the twenty-second day of the month there came one from the wilderness, a stranger. Who drew near unto the gates of the stronghold. And who was sore afraid. But behold! the Iron Gates were open. Yea! they were wide open upon their hinges. So the stranger entered therein. And there came one who led the stranger by divers ways far up even near unto the sky. And they twain came to a chamber at this high place. And that one which led the stranger cried with a loud cry. And straight-away divers beauteous damsels came leaping and dancing forth from the chamber. Who gave forth sweet sounds of welcome upon the air. And they led the stranger within the room. Now at a certain hour of the day came a period of rest. When certain of the beauteous damsels rose up and passed away from this chamber. Which was far up even near unto the sky. But the stranger remained in the chamber and was entertained therein. Now the stranger desired the wherewithal to satisfy inward longings. And was therefore led to a certain wonder known as the Stun Ball. And round this Stun Ball were many people. Who made strange movements with their limbs. And who called out full loud. Now those maidens which had accompanied the stranger ran off right fast towards the multitude. And the stranger also ran. But there was one at the Stun Ball. Which was dark red to look upon. And which forced back the multitude and took certain mites from it. And the multitude did press full hard against the damsels and the stranger. Whose feet did give them much agony so that they called aloud with a full voice. And afterwards when the damsels and the stranger had received certain manna from that one which was dark red to look upon they passed forth from the stronghold even through the Great Gates out into the wilderness. Where they wandered. And there was talk of many things which did amaze the stranger. (And some of these were Fish-tails, Fossils, Beans and Blossoms.) Whereat the stranger marvelled greatly. And they arose and returned to the stronghold. Now the stranger found much of wisdom within these walls and learnt many things. Which caused the stranger to return daily in the hope that learning would spring up even as a cress seed upon flannel. GLADYS DALGLEISH, Form 6.

### PIONEERING IN THE LOWER REGIONS.

Though I describe myself as a pioneer in the "Lower Regions" I do not infer that teaching practice is so "infernal" as that! Though the stoutest heart must quail before forty critical pairs of eyes, or quiver at the news delivered from the lips of an adamant Minos, "You will have a criticism lesson on Thursday, Miss S——," even such terrors cannot blight the two periods a week spent in instructing the young.

The student's first "criticism" is naturally the one that intimidates her most. Awkward and frightened, she takes up her stance on the floor before a class of girls only a very little younger than herself. But a criticism lesson is rather like a visit to the dentist: the worst is over when the dentist (or the critic!) arrives. The student frantically clutches the chalk or her handkerchief; in vain she tries to recall the opening words of her lesson; she may even forget its subject! Never before has the floor space seemed so vast and she herself so insignificant. If only she could disappear, by some magic or other! The smiling expectancy of the children recalls the victim to earth, and arouses her to "We are going to learn a little about the bull, children." By the time the lesson is half done, either the bull or the child has quite removed "that sinking feeling," and after the first time, the student becomes quite inured to such ordeals.

The "pioneer" must remember that she is playing a double role—Jekyll amongst the children and Hyde amongst her equals: she is at the same time pupil and student. Oft has she miscalled her teachers, their dress, their looks and their methods. Now she must expect payment in her own coin. At the eleven o'clock break, tongues begin to wag, and an attentive student may hear all the minute details of her character and personal appearance (which no one in Form 5 would dare to tell her). "She's not pretty." "I like her green eyes—just like a cat's, you know." "Do you think she's a tartar?" "She's got a turned-up nose with a bump at the top!" "I like her mouth, but I wish she'd do her hair another way." The student must not take such criticism too seriously, nor must she grumble, for, despite it all, children are the friendliest little souls in the world.



It is in the lower classes that those priceless "mots injustes," malapropisms, howlers, call them what you will, are made. I do not say that an Upper School girl is incapable of making a "faux pas," but a 5th Form howler lacks the artlessness and innocence of a 5th Standard one. I was given a history lesson to teach one day, and asked the "difficult" word for a French Protestant. No one knew it, so I wrote "Huguenot" on the blackboard. Children are the bravest of little pioneers, and I listened patiently to the attempts. "Hudgynot," "Hoogienot," "Huge knot," and so on. Yet I was scarcely prepared for the startling injunction, "Hug-me-not, Miss K——."

At a General Intelligence test, the girls were asked what they would do if they were to find a baby. Many and varied were the answers; they ranged from taking it to the Register House or a telephone box (it was two weeks old!) to asking the infant its name. However, one girl answered, "Well, if it were a *nice* baby, I'd keep it for myself!" To the question, "Why is ink black?" we received the dogmatic answer—"S not black, 's blue!"

Simplicity and drollery are the keynotes of the child-mind, but sometimes I am surprised at the deep thought underlying a reply. In a lesson on "Ancient Athens" I asked for the children's opinion of the religion of the Greeks and received the sage and beautiful answer, "It was not wicked, 'cos they didn't know any better." The child may be annoying at times, but the sublime purity of its thought and its crude attempts to please, must force us to ask with Wordsworth:—

"Thou little child . . .  
Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke  
The years to bring the inevitable yoke,  
Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife?"

MARGARET E. R. KEMP, Form 5 A.

\* \* \* \*

### TO "RABBITS"—AND OTHERS.

For the benefit of the novice and also for champions (such as, of course, the members of V.A.) I have compiled the following hints and suggestions regarding the ancient game of tennis.

As you may know, the game is played on a court with a racquet and as many balls as are within reach. (Never mind if they are not your own, nobody else does.) For the benefit of the ignorant a few remarks may be first necessary about the language (I do not refer to bad language). Do not be startled if you are asked "Rough or smooth?" upon arriving on the courts. This is merely the equivalent of "Heads or tails," a racquet being used in place of a coin. Similarly there is no offence intended when your service is described as "underhand," nor need you be shocked on hearing anyone shout "Deuce" at you as that is merely a score. These little facts once learnt you may proceed fearlessly on to the courts. Do not forget your racquet but remember to forget all your balls. They are much safer at home. Then, for a beginning, choose a "nice, soft" opponent, and if she is "soft" enough, the non-sunny side of the court. With regard to the correct hold, do not take the racquet by the circular stringed part but by the narrow handle. Remember to keep your eye on the ball (especially if it runs far down the courts).

Improvements for the more advanced tennis player will now be dealt with. Inspectors for the Highers are easily forgotten on the tennis court and our sword of Damocles appears almost chimerical in the joys of the game, yet lessons must not be forgotten. The latest notion is to converse in French upon the courts. This sounds difficult but in practice it is extremely simple. The universal Golden Rule is, "If you don't know the French word say it in English with a French pronunciation." For example, if you wish to remark "You're a silly duffer!" just say "Vous êtes une sillee duffere!" This practice is generally very effective in enlivening a flagging game and may, of course, be extended to German and even Latin.

In conclusion let me proffer a word of help to you nervous maidens. Don't go pale and tremble whenever your opponent serves in an extremely devastating manner. The ball is almost sure to hit the net. At the same time, to poor servers I would emphasise that a few preliminary twirls and a war-like demeanour do much to camouflage your serve and to intimidate the enemy. The young player should study various members of the Fifth who are experts in this direction.

PHYLLIS HAMILTON, Form 5 A.



## FRUSTRA VOLO.

A rippling brook, a sunny day,  
 A thrilling book, a field of hay.  
 That's all I want—not much you'll say.  
 Thus, quoth I, as I lay in my bed,  
 Pretending to sleep, seeming quite dead.  
 "Time to get up!" the alarm clock said.

Bravely flinging the clothes aside,  
 When 'neath them I would rather hide,  
 Upwards I jumped and down I hied.

Breakfast o'er, to the school I depart,  
 Walking slowly whilst learning by heart,  
 Poetry, theorem and French for a start.

Maths. is first and my theorem I say,  
 Drawing figures which make Miss N. gay,  
 Nothing will come out. What a sad day!

Next comes history, all about strife,  
 Blood and cruelty ending all life,  
 Tales of Henry beheading his wife.

Latin follows these terrible tales,  
 Legends all about ardent young males,  
 Maidens dancing up glens and down dales.

One more hour is it till we are free,  
 Eat a lunch, and then go on the spree,  
 Up the meadows or down by the lea.

Maths. once more make us dreadfully sad,  
 "Mend your ways, for you're terribly bad.  
 Highers coming—you can't even add!"

French approaches—oh, horrible thought!  
 "Accent terrible, unhappy lot,  
 All my teaching is given for naught."

English follows with periods two,  
 Language, grammar and poetry to do,  
 Conduct marks are deducted from you.

A bedraggl'd look, but still quite gay;  
 I need a "dook" to end the day,  
 That's all I want *now*—well I may!

ELMA BAILLIE, Form 4A.

## IMAGINED PLACES.

With an exceedingly unladylike snort I opened my eyes and gazed around the cosy library. Yes! mother had been correct as usual! The genial warmth of the log fire had proved too overpowering, and the pages of that celebrated and highly instructive novel, "Old Mortality," had not been sufficiently seductive to fight against a delicious sense of drowsiness. I remained seated, gazing into the mound of glowing embers out of which shot a fitful flame, in that delightful state 'twixt sleeping and waking. "At your service, madam!" came a suave and pleasant voice at my elbow. With a start I turned and beheld a middle-aged man standing in a somewhat deferential attitude. He was clad in black velvet relieved at neck and wrists with collar and cuffs of Vandyck lace. On a closer inspection of his features I received a slight shock, for surely I had seen that visage in many a dull, scholastic literature book. "Why, surely you're old Will—er—I mean you are the celebrated William Shakespeare?" "At your service, madam!" he reiterated. But at my blank expression he proceeded to explain, "Since I am King of all literature, I wield sole power in the kingdom of literature and a short poem written by you has pleased me, so as a reward I will conduct you to any part of my realm, for any place mentioned in literature becomes part of my kingdom."

When he ceased, I sank back with a gasp and so sat stupefied. He permitted me to recover for some seconds and then took a massive watch from out his pocket and gravely informed me that he had only two hours at my disposal. "Well, sire," said I, "we will proceed. Let me visit old Venice with Brigadier Gerard. Let me pass below the Bridge of Sighs and let me view the house of the Doge." With a regal bow he offered me his arm and conducted me to the door. In place of the accustomed flight of stairs leading to the hall below, there was a small landing-stage and spread before me was a wonderful vista of marble buildings and between them a sheet of deep blue water. "King William" handed me into the gondola which was moored to a post and I found myself seated beside the redoubtable Gerard. The gondoliers pushed off and to the accompaniment of their sonorous, faintly sad, song we slipped away. The Brigadier without further



preliminaries proceeded to relate in an airy fashion his exploits in this city. Many thrilling tales did he tell while in the dusk, pale, ghostly buildings slipped past and ever and anon a dusky phantom glided by, heralded by the haunting melody of the gondoliers. We stopped before an imposing building above the portals of which we could discern faintly a coat of arms emblazoned. Gerard informed me that the worthy Doge inhabited this royal residence, and he told me with much detail and caustic wit all he knew of the man's character, habits, and vices. Yet even the loquacious Brigadier was silenced as we passed below that Bridge of Sighs and lost hopes. We slipped past the forbidding State prison which had engulfed many a noble lord. A silence fell on us and each was buried in thought.

I received a surprise, yet not an unwelcome one, when a suave voice murmured in my ear, "And now, madam!"

The library appeared normal, the only incongruous feature being the august William in his Elizabethan garments seated near father's typewriter. "I should like something more homely this time. Let me spend a few minutes in the March household with Jo, Beth, Meg and Amy." Immediately my wizard held open the door and there on the other side were the people of my thoughts. All too soon, the geniality of their hearth was replaced by the library's formality. To describe the wonderful places I visited, in detail, would occupy too much space, so let it suffice that I name them.

I supped with Alice and the mad hatter and the March hare in the grotesque realm of Wonderland. The Queen of Hearts had never shouted more fiercely "Off with their heads!" than when Alice and I appeared, but we managed to appease her by playing croquet very badly so that she won every game. After my sojourn in Wonderland I visited Sherwood and heard stirring tales before a huge, crackling fire. Next was I transported into the wonderful land of the Incas and my eyes were dazzled by their wealth of gold. Then did I see the desolation and havoc wrought by Cortez and his Spanish devils and realised that gold was no advantage to them but served only as a bait to their savage foes. I gazed awestruck down the rocky canyon where the last of the Mohicans hurled himself to destruction. I thrilled with horror at the gloomy island on which the Three Musketeers

executed a fiend wrought in the shape of a woman, wondrous fair. I beheld the gleaming Golden Fleece with its scaly guardian wrapped round its resting place, and I was present at the whispered conversation which passed between the fair enchantress and the noble Jason. I saw Wendy stitch diligently at the unfortunate Pan's shadow and I saw Captain Hook fly in terror before the menacing tick-tock of the crocodile. I had returned rather breathless into the library after my last flight into the realm of literature, and "King William" informed me that there remained enough time for one more visit. I pondered and finally begged to walk in the groves of Olympus. I gazed on the mighty Jove and his spouse, the lovely jealous Juno. I entered the giant Vulcan's smithy and saw him wield his hammer, and I almost worshipped the Goddess of Beauty, Venus, his wife. All the ancient gods passed by in a glorious train and the rear was brought up by the jovial Bacchus. Hardly had the last of his nymphs vanished than I found myself back in the library. I was seated in my chair, the fire had sunk low, and there were no signs anywhere of kind "King William" who had so generously led me through his realm of literature.

AGNES BERTRAM, Form 4 A.

\* \* \* \*

### TRANSFORMATION.

The morning air was cold and chill,  
On the grass was the shining dew,  
The radiant flowers had shut their eyes  
Hiding their scent and hue,  
While the cheerful birds hid in their nests  
From the cold winds which blew.

But behind yon hill a glowing orb,  
The sun appeared in the sky,  
And the air which was cold grew warm again  
And the birds once more did fly,  
And the radiant flowers one by one  
Opened a grateful eye.

MARION SMITH, Form 4 B.



# FROM THE TOP CORRIDOR.

Form 6 would like to know :—

What the Town Council would say if they heard our esteemed Games Mistress remarking, "Tear up the field with that!"

What exactly Mr ——— meant when he said, "You will find Miss ——— in one of the Tea-Rooms."

And what Mr ——— meant by advising thus, "Shoot yourself, if there's no one there to do it for you."

Form 6 also provides a poetic commentary on the Staff v. Pupils' Hockey Match.

1st XI.—"And swift little troops of silent sparks  
Now pausing, now scattering away as in fear."  
(Lowell).

J.C.B. losing the ball in the circle :—

"My joy, my grief, my life, my love  
Did all within this circle move." (Waller).

C. M'L. : "Unterrified, unsexed, unshaken."

The school goalkeeper's consolation :—

"They also serve who only stand and wait."  
(Milton).

J.T. : "Escape me? Never!" (Browning).

A. U. C. : "Some men a forward motion love."  
(Vaughan).

The spirit of the afternoon :—"Let Euclid rest and  
Archimedes pause." (Milton).

What the Staff said at half-time :—  
"The enemy faints not, nor faileth." (Clough).

The play :—"Abominable, unutterable, and worse."  
(Milton).

M. W. F. : after contact with J. T. :—

"My Master comes like any Turk  
And bangs me most severely." (Carey).

W. A. S. :—"The leaves are falling, so am I."  
(W. S. Landor).

After the match :—"O Swallow, swallow!" (Tennyson).

Why the Staff did not win :—

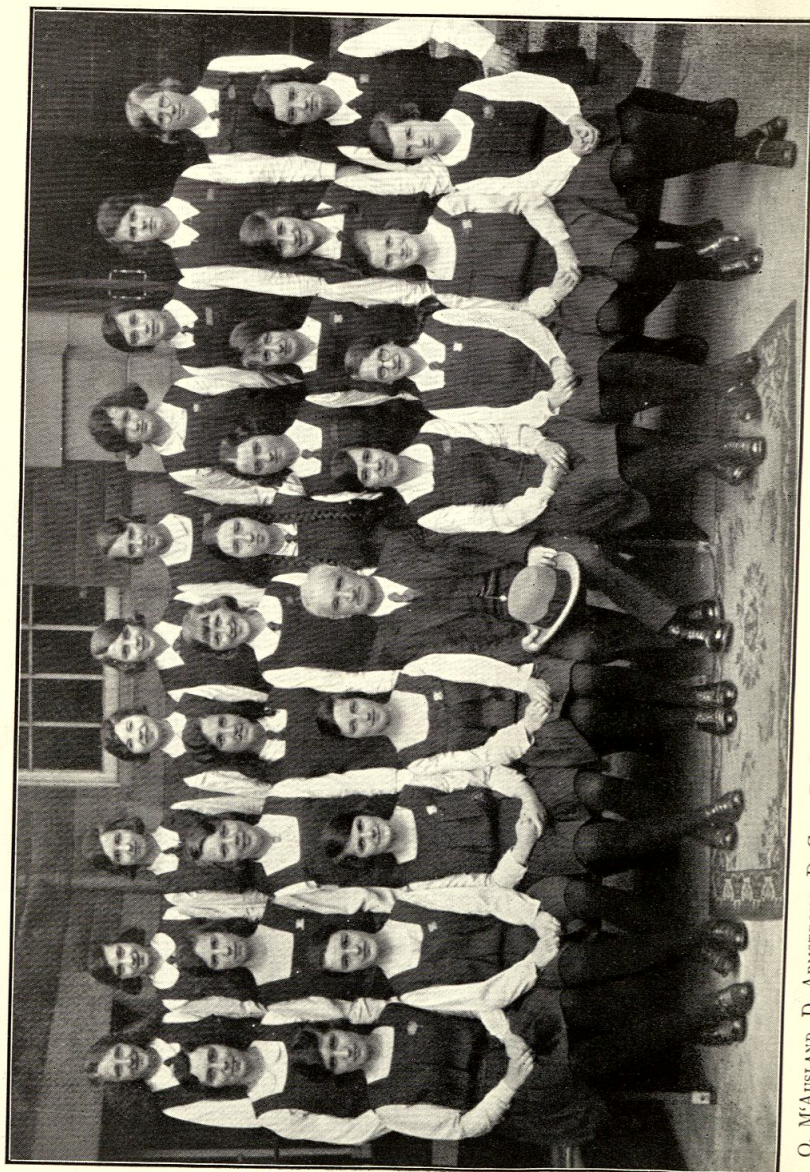
"Youth is full of sport,  
Age's breath is short,  
Youth is nimble, age is lame." (Shakespeare).



JANET M. SANDERS

(Dux of the School, 1930-31).





O. MAUSLAND, D. ARMSTRONG, D. GOW, R. CRAIG, M. FERNIE, H. BROWN, N. MITCHELL, I. McDERMOTT, D. CARR, P. MANSON  
E. BRIGGS, C. GRAHAM, M. POTTER, D. BROWN, A. LEGGET, W. STEWART, D. MANSON, M. RAF, H. FORBES, M. DEWAR.  
B. BISHOP, M. COVE, C. WISUART, N. SANDERS, Mr BURNETT, G. HEIGH, J. McCLARENCE, M. FLEMING, C. RENNIE.

*Form 5* offers a portrait :—

Un homme.	High-brow.
Aux yeux.	Curieux.
Tres bleux.	Sérieux.

Aux cheveux.	Histoire.
Si noirs.	L'anglais.
Comme soir.	Il sait.

Il nous.  
Fait lire.  
Shakespeare.

The sleeper awakes—to hear a usually placid master thundering, “ You lily-livered knave—you worsted stocking—you sop of moonshine—you . . . ” Just Shakespeare, silly—not you !

Does the sweet young thing in *Form 5* who said that the book “ Man’s Conquest of Nature ” was called “ The Conquest of Man ” need to learn anything more on the latter subject ?

Concerning oral examinations :—

“ The hungry judges soon the sentence sign,  
And wretches hang that jurymen may dine.”

(Pope).

From *Form 4*’s post bag (conducted by Aunt Sallie) :—

*Nervous* :—(a) No, Emmelina, she has no right to slap you, but meanwhile you must bear with her ; (b) I quite understand about the somersaults and your head, but what can’t be cured must be endured, you know.

*Gassed* :—I can firmly recommend “ Californian Poppy ” to outclass all other odours. As if the lower regions didn’t suffer sufficiently from to-morrow’s dinner, and without the addition of sulphuretted hydrogen ! Disgusting ! He ought to be prosecuted.

*Form 4* would like to know :—

Who was the athletic teacher who said, “ Now watch the board and I’ll go over it again ! ”

What geometry-loving person said that Lady Castlewood was as gentle and kind as an angle ?



Why did certain of the class laugh when we came to the following:—"Down through the middle of a rich man's corn," and "Having made up his tale of precious pearls."

Is the motto of the gym class:—

"We know not whom we trust,  
But we run because we must."

And of the maths. class:—

"Lost, lost in the pathless wilderness of sleep?"

Form 3 "only asks for information":—

Are prefects meant to "stand and stare" or to stand on the stair?

Why are there mirrors in the cloak-room? Are they for the benefit of the cleaners?

When a certain teacher says, "You're driving me distracted," is she not thinking of the latest dance-tune, "You're driving me crazy?"

How does a certain member of the Staff think that one can "run quickly round Australia, and at the same time sit back?"

Did a certain master mean us to take literally the question, "What struck Paul first when he landed at Cyprus?" Can it have been a brick?

Had the learned compiler of our French grammar any idea of the amusement that would be caused by the sentence, "When did your mother go off?"

Why is there more "Couling" than heating in the art room?

\* \* \* \*

### SUNSET ON THE PENTLANDS.

A long, gloriously warm day is drawing to a close at last, and a few, tiny rosy clouds—Night's vanguard—have appeared in the Western sky. Now is the time, of all the day, when the hills are most beautiful—all the jagged peaks are softened by the mellow light of evening.

Slowly Night unfurls the first of its banners across the translucent green of the evening sky—soft, glowing pinks,

lambent golds, and royal purples. Slowly, too, the hills undergo a transformation. From a rather cold, sombre grey, they are gradually changed to a warm orange, as they are suffused with colour by the rich lights of sunset. Beetling crags and fells have lost their sharp edges—lost them in a haze of golden light. To the left, the dark mass of the Anchor Wood stretches itself untidily over the glowing hillsides; to the right, the hills end abruptly in a steep escarpment. The only ugly thing in all that lovely landscape is the great scar in the hill's face, down which as legend has it, the witches slid, long ago. Between the wood and steep end of the hills, every tiny hollow is given a depth and mystery not evident in the day.

Now comes a change. A sudden chill makes itself felt; the bushes, which have been silent, give a rustling sigh. The riotous golds and reds fade away, leaving in their place the quieter, but equally lovely greys, blues and purples. The contour of the hills stands out sharp and well-defined against the clear sky, but the wood has melted now into a dim shadow. Each fold and valley is a pool of darkness and of mystery, of amethyst light and grey shadow. This lasts for a few moments, then, as the sun slips down behind the horizon, even those colours vanish as though washed away by the hand of some giant, leaving the hills dark and silent. Swiftly now over the darkening landscape comes Night, borne on wings of silence; the hills seem to retreat farther and farther into the distance, till they become merely a darker shape against the dark sky. Night has once more drawn her star-sprinkled veil over hill and plain, town and country.

ELMA GRAY, Form 3 A.

\* \* \* \*

### IF IT HAPPENED TO-DAY.

(With apologies to a popular London Daily).

SCOTLAND FREE.

DECISIVE BATTLE AT BANNOCKBURN.

ENGLISH ROUTED.

Skilful leadership of our King. Battle starts with a single combat between King Robert and De Bohun.



*From our Special Correspondent on the field.*

*Bannockburn, 24th June 1314.*

A terrific battle has been fought here to-day, ending in a glorious victory for Scottish arms, with the English army routed and in disorderly retreat, meaning at last Scottish freedom from the hated Saxon yoke.

#### HUGE ENGLISH ARMY.

Our troops were outnumbered by more than two to one by the very pick of English troops. Knights in armour and yeomen splendidly mounted made a formidable array, but what our King lacked in numbers and equipment was well compensated for in leadership, courage and skill.

#### ACTION STARTS ON SUNDAY.

Although the decisive battle was fought to-day the action really began yesterday with an attempt by the English to relieve the garrison in Stirling Castle, their primary object and the reason of their present invasion. The attempt to reinforce the garrison was made by a body of horsemen under Sir Robert Clifford, who approached it stealthily from behind rising ground. King Robert had foreseen this possibility and had ordered his nephew, Randolph, to watch for and intercept any English force making this their objective.

#### RANDOLPH MISSES THE ENGLISH.

The English nearly succeeded as they had managed to approach unseen by Randolph, but the King's eagle eye had observed them. Fortunately it was not too late or this report might have been written differently. Randolph approaching with his spearmen on foot was seen by Clifford who charged with his cavalry. A desperate conflict ensued watched by the King and Sir James Douglas from a short distance. As they were getting the worst of it, Bruce yielded to Sir James' request to go to their assistance with troops, but on observing that Randolph was gaining a victory, he kept out of the engagement, saying to his men "We come too late

to aid them, and we will not lessen the glory of their victory by claiming a share in it."

So ended gloriously for Scottish arms the first phase of the battle.

#### KING BREAKS HIS BATTLEAXE.

While touring his army the King was charged by Sir Henry de Bohun on a powerful charger. Our King, mounted on a small pony and armed only with his battleaxe, looked an easy prey for the lance of the English Knight. When de Bohun was only a few paces from him, the King dealt the Knight such a blow that he clove his skull. "I have broken my good battleaxe," was the King's only comment.

#### TO-DAY'S GREAT BATTLE.

Full details of to-day's great battle are not yet available, and in the existing chaos news is coming through slowly. Fuller particulars will be given in my next communiqué. As I write the English are fleeing from the field in disorder with our troops in pursuit.

#### ENORMOUS ENGLISH LOSSES.

Our losses are estimated at between three and four thousand, but the enemy casualties are three times as many, and the slain include the Duke of Gloucester, 27 Barons, 200 Knights and 700 Esquires.

#### SIR WILLIAM WALLACE AVENGED.

With the defeat and rout of the English, not only has our greatest of Scottish patriots, Sir William Wallace, been avenged, but his murderers have been punished, and our land is at last freed from the hated Saxon yoke.

RUTH N. SMITH, Form 3 B.

\* \* \* \*

#### NIGHT.

Far above the clouds of misty white,  
Lies the Moon, the lantern of the night.  
Without her beams of gold and silvery shade,  
The beauties of the night should surely fade.  
She guides our weary footsteps through the night,  
And bathes the world in beams of amber light.



Her starry sisters round her are arrayed  
 In gowns of sparkling light which night hath made,  
 To form a heavenly chorus in the sky  
 Who do not sing, but cast their radiance high.  
 When slowly Day dawns with far brighter ray,  
 The jealous Moon and stars are chased away.

PEGGY B. WATT, Form 3 C.

\* \* \* \*

### "ORDERS IS ORDERS"

(Even if not Carried Out.)

She sailed into the restaurant with the air of a duchess, seated herself at a table, and looked around for a waiter. An imperious "Hey, waiter!" secured one, who approached rapidly. "I wish bacon and eggs for one, and waiter!" as he would have hurried away, "the bacon must be Ayrshire, the back preferably; it must be crisp, yet not too crisp, just a slight suspicion, no more and no less. The egg must be a brown one, a fresh country egg; it must be soft, yet not so soft that when I touch it with my knife it runs. Do you understand perfectly what I want?" "Perfectly madam," replied this super-waiter, and hurried off to the connecting tube between dining-room and kitchen, down which he said five words very distinctly "Bacon and eggs for one!"

YVONNE DAY, Form 2 C.

\* \* \* \*

### ACROSS THE SAHARA.

Desert! The very word holds a thrill. But even although it holds a thrill, there is also danger attached to it.

That, at least, is what the white traveller thought as he was slowly wending his way among the endless spaces of burning sand. The poor man was thinking that soon his last breath would be drawn, as he could hardly swallow for the lump in his throat caused by the painful want of water.

Ah! Water at last! Away in the distance, just visible above the horizon was a huge lake. At the sight of it the poor man gained new strength and courage, and made towards it; but alas! on arriving nothing was seen but end-

less seas of sand as far as the eye could reach. He had struck the mirage, which had lured so many men to their graves. It made the man shiver with dread and pity to see all the skulls and bones of the poor ill-fated souls who had died that lingering death, out in that uninhabited world of burning sand.

There was nothing for the poor man to do but continue on his weary journey, from which there seemed no escaping. What was that, away to the left? Trees! An oasis at last. Regaining strength, the man headed towards it; he arrived, and sinking on the ground drank to his heart's content.

After having rested and filled his water-bottle he made ready again for his journey across that land of sure death.

At last night descended. The sky had changed from deep blue to a rich purple, almost black. One by one stars came out and broke the dark purple with dots of yellow. The man looking up saw the moon gazing down on him as if mocking him.

Dawn at length! What was that? No, it could not be—but yes, it was a desert city. The man at once made towards it. On arriving his first action was to find a place where he could have food and sleep; but for long his thoughts continually went back to what he had gone through out in that wilderness of sand.

GLADYS SMITH, Form 2 D.

\* \* \* \*

### SAFETY FIRST.

If I were a fish in the deep blue sea,  
 And fishermen came a-fishing for me,  
 I'd carefully dodge the tempting fly,  
 And leave it for sillier fish than I.

If I were a fox on a Winter's morn,  
 I'd not come out to the sound of the horn,  
 The hounds might bay and the huntsmen rage,  
 I'd live in my lair to a ripe old age.

If I were a grouse in the Highland north,  
 On an Autumn morn I would fare not forth,  
 But let the impatient sportsman grouse,  
 While I safely hid in my bracken house.



If I were a fine sure-footed stag,  
I'd defy the chase from some lofty crag,  
They'd not catch *me*, though they hunted far,  
And I'd live to be a great-grandpapa.

Or if I happened to be a goose,  
In some jolly farm-yard wandering loose,  
I'd never eat things to make me fat—  
I wouldn't be such a goose as that!

MARGARET WILLIAMS, Form I. A.

\* \* \* \*

### COURAGE!

He stood alone in a darkened room,  
Alone in the fading light;  
His manly brow was heavy with gloom,  
His cheek was deathly white.

His courage he had braced for strife,  
Accomplish this deed he must;  
To be a hero for once in his life,  
Was his wish, his hope, his trust.

His hand he raised, whilst his spirits sank;  
But fear was not going to foil  
This fellow who calmly, coolly drank  
His glass of castor oil.

MARIE MORRISON, Form I. A.

\* \* \* \*

### POLLY IN PARLIAMENT.

It began this way. Mrs Higgins was in a temper and when she was in a temper everything went wrong, and she had such a temper, oh! such a temper that even her pet, Polly, was affected by this terrible temper.

It was eleven o'clock and the butcher boy had not brought the meat, and Mrs Higgins' temper grew even worse. At last she let Polly come out of her cage and let her fly about the room. Polly was sitting on the sideboard blinking her eyes and wondering what was outside when

there was a rat-tat-tat at the door and Mrs Higgins went to answer it. She was in such a temper, just wanting to shake the boy for not bringing the meat earlier, that she went out of the room in such a passion that she forgot to shut the door after her.

"Now," said Polly, "here's my chance. I shall just fly away into the wide world and see what I can see." So saying, she flew out at the front door (as Mrs Higgins was at the back door).

Polly reached the Houses of Parliament, but I could not tell you how; all the same, she reached Parliament and went boldly up to the gallery. She had not been in Parliament very long before many men entered and sat down, so she felt quite interested. After a lapse of a few minutes she heard a voice cry out, "Make way for Mr Speaker, make way for Mr Speaker," and at that moment in walked Mr Speaker, and all the M.P.'s rose and Mr Speaker walked with great dignity to his seat.

Questions began, and up rose Mr Winbald and said "Sir, I have a complaint to make. Look how the Chancellor of the Exchequer has helped the poor man and yet he will still continue to sing in the street. Can———" "Sing," said Polly to herself, "why, yes, I can sing," and she began to sing in a croaking voice, "Daisy, Daisy, give me your answer, do."

Of course everybody looked up to see where the dreadful noise was coming from and they began to laugh. Polly then flew over the banisters and landed beside Mr Donald Macramsay, still singing her sweet refrain. Mr Speaker ignored the fact that Polly was in his presence and all the others followed suit.

Up rose Lady Astro and said, "Sir, Yesterday we were discussing Cæsar and his———" "Seize her, seize her," said Polly to herself, "why that means catch her," and before one could wink an eye Polly was on Lady Astro's top like a ton of bricks.

Polly began taking the hair out of poor Lady Astro's head in handfuls and, before she could take the fifth handful, Lady Astro fainted.

"See what you've done, you stupid horrid bird," said Donald Macramsay, "you have spoiled Lady Astro's speech and we might have had a great debate."



Then up rose Mr Speaker and said in a stern voice, "To whom does this obnoxious bird belong." "I know," said a rather timid voice, "it belongs to Mrs Higgins." "Well, catch her quick," said Mr Speaker, "let us have no more of this." But Polly was too quick for anybody and she flew right under Mr Speaker's chair, and Mr Speaker stepped down from his seat and got down on his knees to look for Polly but he could not see her. He lost his temper and turned the chair upside down, and seeing Polly, made a snatch at her but he missed his mark and fell sprawling on the floor.

It was 12 o'clock, and lunch time for Parliament, and Mr Georgeloy, with a black face and a shoe missing from one of his feet and a huge big hole in his stocking caught her. They were in a terrible state as the table, chairs and forms had been turned upside down and one would have thought it was a flitting instead of a Parliament. Even the M.P.'s were not fit to be seen as they were all like coalmen, even worse.

Just then the door burst open and in rushed Mrs Higgins crying, "My Polly, oh my poor Polly!" and she grasped hold of Polly and ran away home.

Mr Speaker and the M.P.'s laughed at the funny spectacle, and Mr Speaker said "All's well that ends well" and everybody agreed. Thus ended Polly's adventure.

RUBY HOUSTON, Form 1 B.

\* \* \* \*

### A PIECE OF GREEN SATIN.

It was Autumn. That lovely golden brown fairy had just begun her reign. The nights were colder now and Meranie felt it cold when she was in bed. She had but a single coverlet and it was scarce enough covering these cold nights, so she decided to make herself a patchwork quilt to keep her warm.

Meranie lived in a little hut on the edge of the forest with an old hag whom she called grandmother. She led a lonely life as no young people lived near. She was a child of dreams, though sometimes she was a queen, and sometimes a fair lady whom knights fought tournaments for. Grandmother Seonda often beat Meranie and ruined her palaces of dreams.

Daily the leaves of the forest trees grew brown, gold or red, then fell. Each day it grew colder and each day old Seonda missed scraps off her own many blankets, her quilt, her petticoats and her best gown that was only worn when she visited any other old women around the forest. She also noticed that these pieces were sewn together by Meranie and gradually the quilt increased. Often Meranie wondered why Seonda chuckled so wickedly and muttered to herself so often when she saw the girl sewing.

One day another old woman was visiting the hut on the edge of the forest. Seonda and she chattered together and often chuckled wickedly. Seonda turning to Meranie said in her cracked old voice :—

"She who makes a patchwork quilt alone,  
Ne'er will get a husband of her own."

Nobody heard dream castles fall to earth with an awful crash, only Meranie's dream-knight vanished.

There was a knock at the door and Meranie opened it, while the two old women retired to a dark closet. At the door stood a knight, tall, dark and handsome, clothed in satin of a wonderful sheen, and ermine. He explained that he had lost his way and was very hungry. Meranie offered him her best, and soon he departed after a meal of fresh milk, a barley cake, some dry bread and a few fruits. He took with him the memory of a girl with ragged clothes and bare feet. She had a lovely complexion, like the wild roses, and hair that curled around her head like a golden halo, and eyes blue like the sky above the forest trees. Her name was Meranie.

Meanwhile Meranie sewed and sewed. As she rose to go to bed she saw caught on a nail on the wall a tiny piece of green satin. It must have belonged to the Knight, Sir Beatride, who visited them that afternoon. Almost immediately she remembered the verse of old Seonda and she made up her mind.

That night she slept with the satin rag (now part of the quilt) under her chin. She was so happy because now she could marry as she had not procured all her patches alone.

One day a week later Seonda was carrying out part of her witchery at a little stream that ran past the hut. She



was washing cotton material that had been dipped in a goat's blood and was looking for signs. So engrossed was she in her self imposed task that she never saw a knight ride past with a groom leading a white palfrey. When he knocked at the door, which was open, he saw Meranie baking. He told her that he had come back for the piece of his hunting suit. She told her tale, and then he confessed that it was to see her he had come, and that he had intentionally left the satin as an excuse.

Seonda had just finished her magic in time to see Sir Beatride ride away with Meranie on the palfrey. Through the forest they rode, over a carpet of leaves while the birds sang their last songs of the season.

Meranie rode with Sir Beatride, her Dream-knight come true, to a palace that waited for a Lady. Sir Beatride rode on in perfect happiness with Meranie, to be his Lady wife.

MARGARET COOPER, Form 1 B.

\* \* \* \*

### STAFF MATCH REVIEWED.

(Two Points of View).

#### I.

Ascot may as well admit defeat; it cannot hope to compete with our annual indulgence. Behold the aristocratic pupils of James Gillespie's High School struggling out from the pavilion with forms upon which to rest in dignified posture! Soon the arena is closed in, and the players come out, the staff team trying not to look as ridiculous as they feel.

Misses N——, S—— and A. N. Other are workman-like in tunics, and their pose suits their garb. Attired in the acme of fashion, Miss D—— shyly twirls her stick, while Miss M'L—— surveys the world with a grim look which bodes ill for the school forwards.

The smartest male representative is undoubtedly Mr G——, who sports a charming fawn ensemble. A touching and loyal note is struck by Mr C——'s Gillespie tie;

his stockings have to be enjoyed separately as they are of a different red, but what of that? Commonsense is the keynote of Mr Sp——'s apparel which he has declined to change for a more "sporty" but less comfortable one; bravo, Mr Sp——! "And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew" is the only way to describe Mr Se——'s admirers who, grouped round the goalpost, are soon in this condition when Hercules shows them what he can really do. The human wasp, Mr T——, having made a fair exchange, is already embarked upon a joke, probably about his borrowed plumes. Fashionable men play games with arms bared, and we are delighted to see that our Mr B—— moves with the times (and the ball!).

Soon our suspense is ended and the great game is on its way. "Pynne" C—— deserves to be renamed "Needle," as such are her tactics: in like a flash, and the ball is skillfully passed out. The tunic-clad members of the other team do not let her off with it, however, as they soon prove their mettle. An enterprising forward shoots for goal, but Mr Se—— careers ten or twenty yards out from goal, slashes the ball out to N. S—— or some other of our bright hopes, and before this gleeful damsel can avail herself of the opportunity and score a goal, that worthy has raced the ball back and jumps upon it ere it reaches its destination.

Half time score—1:0.

Refreshed by oranges the teams grow frantic. Sticks are hooked, twirled, flung away and used as battering-rams. Miss M'L—— defends stolidly, while on the school side B. B—— slogs away successfully as usual and G. Qu—— sidesteps at goal. Mr Se—— dances. Mr Sp—— works quietly and efficiently, Mr T—— sits down (upon borrowed finery), Miss D—— executes golfing strokes, and Mr G—— proves that he merits the appellation of "Nippy II." Cries of "Go it, Nippy!" "Pass," or "Stick to it, Mr B——," are heard as that gentleman gallops up field and neatly scores a goal. The game keeps. Mr W—— bobbing about, and his fellow-referee, Grace B——, an old friend in a new capacity, is busy also. although whistles are not much in evidence. Tiring of the petty tricks of hockey, Mr C—— resorts to soccer, and



after an excellent performance scores a goal in fine style, which owing to the narrow-mindedness of the referee is not accepted.

This fantastic performance wins for staff one goal, and well they deserved it! The "yellow-blouses" in good co-operation get three goals, thus winning the match.

Such was the staff match, enjoyed by performers and spectators alike. Three cheers for the best entertainment of the year, and for our sporting staff!

A. S. B.

## II.

"This is the Scottish Regional Programme from Edinburgh!

We are now going over to the Meggatland Hockey Ground for a running commentary by Mr YZ on the annual hockey match between Pupils and Staff of Gillespie's School.

The teams are lined up opposite the Pavilion and are being introduced to H.R.H. the Sultana of Sultanaland while the School Orchestra plays the School War Cry.

The pupils have won the toss and are defending the East goal. Now they're off (Square 4). Mr S—— bullies off successfully and smartly passes out to his left wing. Mr C—— has it—passes cleverly to Miss N—— who traps it neatly over to Mr B——, but there goes one of the Pupil's backs who stops him just inside the Circle (Square 2). Oh, well tackled! Who was that? Now it is well into the Staff half (Square 6). Inside the circle—Now here's a goal surely! (Square 8). Oh, well saved, sir! . . . etc. etc."

So may next year's match be broadcast to the world at large, and why not? There was more fun, excitement, and sportsmanship packed into a pulsating sixty minutes than provided by many a Rugby International or Cup Tie.

From the start it was evident to the neutral spectator that the combination and individual skill of the Pupils would in time overcome the superior strength and untutored enthusiasm of the Staff, most of whom deserved congratulation on their adaptability—although several appeared as if they would have been more at home with a small stationary white ball and a thinner stick in their hands.

For the time being positions were reversed, and most of the lessons during that exciting sixty minutes were learned by the staff. In fact not a few of them ought to have had several hundred lines to write that evening. "I must not raise my stick above my shoulder." "I must not try to do all the scoring myself," etc. etc.

The Press photographers reaped a rich harvest, but there was a great opportunity missed. Why did someone not produce a Cinema Camera? The photos published herewith show some interesting studies such as (a) one of the Staff backs laid *hors-de-combat* during a rush by the Pupils. (This occurred at half-time); (b) the big three of the Staff eleven indulging in some confidences; (c) the Staff goal-keeper shutting an eye to an obvious infringement by some of the opposing forwards.

A word about the refereeing! It was magnificent. If any man did his bit for the Staff Eleven it was one of these knights of the whistle. The most dramatic moment in the game came just as half-time was approaching with the Pupils leading by one goal to nil. The Pupils swooped down on the Staff citadel after a fine combined movement. The Staff backs were at sea for once. Up went a hockey stick to deliver the final blow which would send up 2—0 on the board, down it was coming swift and sure when—off went the referee's whistle for half-time. Well played, referee!

One of the most enjoyable "incidents" of the whole game was the Tea in the Pavilion after the game. It was "bully." Here, the Staff got their revenge and easily won by 3 cups to 1.

There was great encouragement from the many spectators, a complete absence of "barracking," unbounded glee at the final result, and a feeling of satisfaction that they had got their money's worth. As for the Staff—they one and all enjoyed the contest thoroughly even though they knew that for the next few days they would most likely be glad to journey by car instead of walking as usual.

"COLONEL BOGEY."

\* \* \* \*



FROM OUR HOLIDAY CORRESPONDENT.

COLLÈGE DE THONON,  
THONON-LES-BAINS,  
26 : 7 : 30.

MY DEAR DOT,

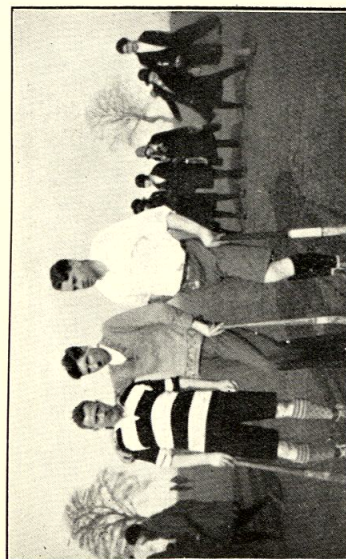
I know I promised to write sooner, but everything has been so positively thrilling that I could not settle down. Even the journey to Tilbury had its moments, but we were all extremely glad to leave the comfortable carriages which, a few days later we would have given anything to possess. Once aboard the cross-channel boat, the excitement began. After what now seems to have been a nightmare in which luggage, pillows, chairs, rugs, harassed pupils, and demented teachers were hopelessly intermingled. I found myself wedged in a chair on deck along with countless others, listening to the mysterious sounds of a busy river, watching the twinkling lights receding on the shore and hoping, but rather doubtfully, that the crossing would be smooth. My doubts were soon confirmed by the unpleasant motion of the ship and the sudden scurrings in the darkness round about. Fortunately Miss —— had thoughtfully provided a remedy for mal-de-mer and it was soon in great demand.

Our time in Paris was spent in a hectic round of sight-seeing and shopping and, I am afraid, when we left the Gare de Lyon for our final destination, my impressions of Paris were of a decidedly kaleidoscopic nature. Magnificent gardens, and monuments, alluring shops, screeching motor-horns, fast-moving traffic, gesticulating gendarmes, and more than anything, that distinctive aroma which owes its origin to cooked food, garlic and petrol, all contribute to the atmosphere of Paris.

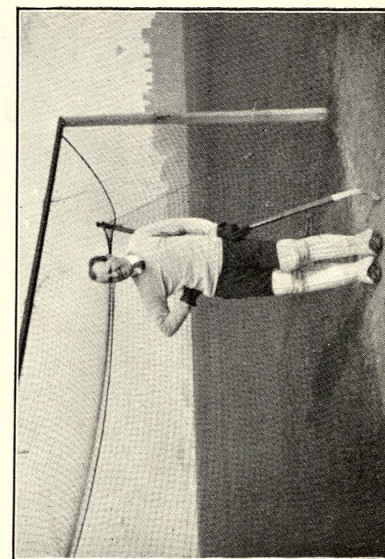
At first, I think, most of us were surprised that the natives did not understand their own language, but finally we educated them sufficiently to make our wants known, although one girl (in the excitement of shopping) did forget the French for crêpe-de-chine.

On Sunday morning we arrived at Thonon-les-Bains in the land of the Allobroges and were soon settled down in the College de Garçons, our head-quarters for the past week.

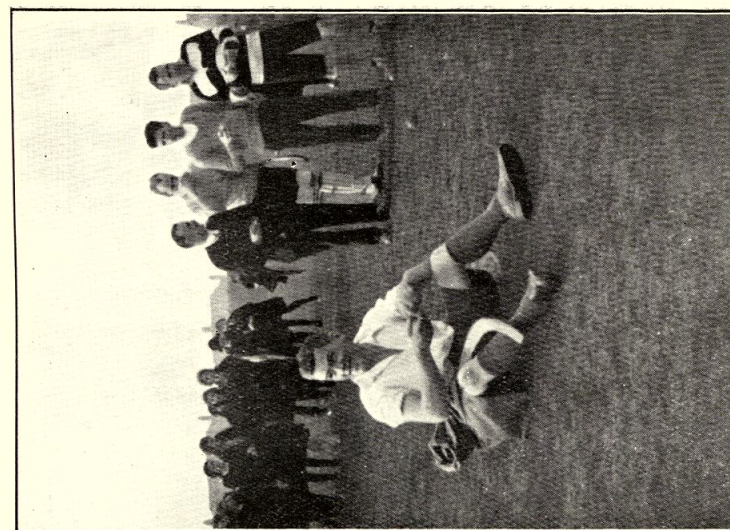
THE HOCKEY MATCH: STAFF v. 1st XI. April 1931.



"THE BIG THREE."



ONE OF THE SPECTATORS.



HALF-TIME REFRESHMENT.





C. DAVIE, A. BERTRAM, G. HEIGH, E. WATSON, K. PATERSON.

FIRST HOCKEY XI., 1930-31.



N. SANDERS, M. FLEMING, Miss ANDERSON, M. COWE, J. BURN.  
R. MACDONALD, H. ROSIE, B. BISHOP (Captain), C. GRAHAM, G. QUIN.  
A. PORTER, C. WISHART.

Since I cannot possibly tell you everything that has happened I'm just going to give you some isolated impressions.

Our first trip on the Lake to Montreux took place in glorious weather and the walk along the shore to Villeneuve was delightful. I don't think one could wish for a prettier picture than that which presented itself as we approached the Chateau de Chillon. On the right the blue waters of Lac Léman lazily washed the stone foundation of the pathway while on the left the terraced gardens which clothed the steeply ascending slopes displayed a riot of colour with a thousand and one shades of green foliage, through which, here and there, peeped the orange and lemon-coloured roofs of unexpected villas; and as a background the snow-capped peaks of the Swiss Alps loomed mistily in the distance. On our return from Villeneuve the waters of the lake became violently agitated and we experienced a sudden but short thunderstorm.

It is wonderful how soon one is affected by the continental spirit. Even the most staid male members of the staff have hidden their blushes under "chapeaux de paille," and some of the fair members have been frisking in the waters of Lac Léman and striving, no doubt, to achieve the native tan which they admire so much.

Even I have bought the sweetest thing in——ugh! That was a beetle which crawled across the page. I really thought we had disposed of them all the first night we were here!

On Wednesday we gobbled our breakfast at an unearthly hour in the morning and were bundled half-asleep into 'buses *en route* for Chamonix and the Mer de Glace. Soon, however, we were wide awake, thrilled by the gorgeous Alpine scenery. Waterfalls, gorges, mountain torrents and mighty chasms spanned by flimsy bridges, succeeded each other in bewildering variety as the 'buses climbed steadily, hugging the mountain side with only a few feet between us and the edge of a precipice. You can imagine the excitement when we passed a descending car and not a few hurriedly suppressed screams were heard when the wheels grated against the boulders separating us from a drop of a few hundred feet. One driver took great delight in enumerating the fatal accidents which had occurred at various



places. No! I did not scream! I just shut my eyes at the steepest parts. However we reached our destination safely, ascended to Montauvert by the mountain railway, and slid about on the Mer de Glace until it was time to return to Chamonix where we had tea before returning to Thonon.

Those who visited the Grand Saint Bernard Pass enjoyed a similar experience of overhanging precipices and hair-pin bends but, instead of an excursion on a glacier, had to content themselves with a walk into Italy! Of course, the St. Bernard dogs came in for much admiration, but perhaps quite as much interest was created by the Italian watch dog who took great pains to ensure that no one could photograph his beloved country!

I really must stop. We have just returned from the village where the School, assisted by the local band, provided a concert in the Grande Place, and it's now past midnight. I can just mention one visit to Geneva this afternoon, where, without doubt the greatest attraction was a perfectly charming member of the Secretariat of the League of Nations. His eyes . . . . But I'll tell you heaps more when I see you.

Yours,  
JEAN.

✦ ✦ ✦ ✦

### HOWLERS.

The howler harvest having been unusually scanty this year, the editors were almost driven to invent some, or to consult the pages of "Punch." They honourably resisted the temptation however, and present the following specimens as "poor things, but our own."

#### Definitions:—

An oculist is a cheerful person. (Does he look through rose-coloured spectacles?)

Corporal punishment means cutting off your head. (We are more glad than ever that it has been abolished in J.G.H.S.!)

A vegetarian is a man who lives to be 100. (Would this please G.B.S.?)

Cinnamon is another word for another word.

A Quaker is one who is nervous.

Radium is the breadth of a circle.

Cleopatra's Needle is the largest chimney in London.

Mis-spellings are responsible for some happy thoughts:—

Behind the town is the lighthouse, a tall white spinster-looking building.

When a person is poisoned he gets an anecdote.

He carried out his duties, all the time quacking with fear.

The troops came up in mustards. (A mass meeting of the Beefeaters?)

Joan of Arc was burned to a steak.

The pirate always had a cutlet hanging at his waist. (Emergency rations?)

From the French class come three of our best efforts:—

"Le pêcheur ramassait ses filets" (the fisherman was gathering up his nets) was translated "The fisherman was picking up his fillets." This suggests that the writer is most familiar with fish in its fried state!

"Un éléphant peut porter plus que trois cheveux." Does the last hair break the elephant's back?

"S. Francis salua les oiseaux suivant sa coutume" (according to his custom) was most happily mis-translated "S. Francis greeted the birds waving his costume!"

✦ ✦ ✦ ✦



## FROM THE SENIORS.

### RECOLLECTIONS OF MADRAS.

During the years I lived in Madras I frequently saw grotesque idols representing Hindu gods. They are usually made with the one idea of frightening people into submission. For instance you will see one with several arms, or legs, or heads, each more terrible than the other. The semblance of a snake or cow is very often used. In fact in some of the Temple gardens, the sacred snake is fed and looked after by the keeper.

A friend of mine had an amusing and, at the same time, fearful experience. He was out visiting in the districts, and encamped near a rock temple. When he awoke in the morning he found, as his bed companion, a huge rock snake, over eight feet long. Fortunately, these are absolutely harmless, although he did not know it at the time. He called his servant for his revolver, only to find this snake was one of the gods of the temple, and his Indian servants were horrified at the very idea of his thinking of killing it. He was later photographed with it hanging round his neck, like a stole.

The temples vary. In our own town of Madras, there is one built on a huge car. It is about six to eight feet at the base, tapering off to about thirty feet high. It is composed of small jewelled gods, and periodically is drawn through the streets. It is usually housed in the heart of the Indian quarter. There are also small temples, built of mud, with their mud gods.

On the road-sides, you will find a small cupboard arrangement enclosing its hideous god, and each morning, no Indian bus or tram driver or conductor, or any other native, will pass them by without paying his mite, or burning his small bit of camphor—the way of saying their prayers.

There are wonderful temples in the south of India, but to try to describe even one minutely would take far too long.

JOAN BUCKLE, 3 Senior A.

### A VISIT TO GRANDMAMMA.

I like to stay with Grandmamma,  
Although the house is wee,  
Because she has so many things  
For little folks to see.

A sampler that she worked at school,  
Such long, long years ago,  
And pretty mugs, and china dogs,  
All standing in a row.

She has a painted tea-set too,  
With flowers so bright and gay,  
But she has plainer ones as well,  
We use them every day.

And I am very glad of that,  
It would not do at all  
If I should chip those pretty plates  
Or let the teacups fall.

I love my granny very much,  
She is so good and kind,  
But when she says "Behave yourself,"  
One really has to mind.

She makes me such a heap of things,  
I help her when she bakes,  
I'm sure that no one in the world  
Can bake more tempting cakes.

JEAN RENNIE, 3 Senior A.

♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

### STARSHINE.

The myriad stars looked out of the sky,  
Blinking and twinkling each silvery eye;  
Peeped through the casements from far overhead,  
Flooding with starshine each slumber-filled bed.

Over the hill where the ferns were a-quiver,  
They flooded with starshine the rippling river,  
And all the fairies came out to see  
The sight so magic and silvery.



And witches from every leafy dell  
 Came out to the starshine to weave their spell  
 And sylvan lanes in the darkness of night,  
 Were illumined with starshine so clear and so bright.

In night's blue archway o'er all the land,  
 Starshine and magic went, hand in hand,  
 And a whisking rabbit went on its way,  
 As the stars with its little bob-tail did play.

The myriad stars looked out of the sky,  
 Blinking and twinkling each silvery eye,  
 Peeped through the casements from far overhead,  
 Flooding with starshine each slumber-filled bed.

MURIEL CAMBERG, 3 Senior B.

\* \* \* \*

#### OTHER WORLDS.

After this world is fast asleep,  
 What do the other worlds do?  
 Do they keep watch all night, awake,  
 In misty skies and blue?

Do they frown or laugh on a world below  
 That only to substance clings,  
 Do they scoff at the people who sleep to wake  
 To think of money and things?

MURIEL CAMBERG, 3 Senior B.

\* \* \* \*

#### MY FIRST MUSIC EXAM.

One day not so very long ago when I went in to have my weekly music lesson I received the startling news that I was to take part in a music examination which was to be held in the near future! To say that it was startling news is putting it mildly, for it was my first music exam. and I was thinking, all the time I was having my lesson, of grumpy old men, who fly into a rage every time you play a wrong note. Luckily my music teacher is not one of the latter kind, or I

might have been scolded for not attending to what I was playing.

I am only going to tell you of the actual exam. so we will skip all the long, tedious hours of practising and learning the meanings of Latin words.

At last the dreaded day arrived and my music teacher, two other girls and myself, were sitting in a long room waiting for our turn. It was quite a pleasant room. A big fire was blazing on the hearth and someone had brought along a big box of chocolates to make us try to forget our trials. We had our numbers written on small cards which we had been given. I found to my joy that I was to be taken last of all so I had some little time to look over my pieces, revise the Latin words, and practise the fingering of my scales.

At last the moment arrived! I went into the room very shakily and sat down on a very low and slippery stool. First of all the dreaded voice told me to play my sonatina and then my studies. It then told me to play a little piece called "The Song of the Blackbird," and then came those scales! To my surprise and delight, however, the voice only asked me the three easiest scales and no Latin words at all. It made some sarcastic remarks on one of my pieces, but I think the reason was that the owner was a little irritable, being probably both hungry and tired.

After six weeks of anxious waiting I received the joyful news that I had passed with honours!

E. HARDIE, 2 Senior A.

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#### THE CENSUS 1931.

O! what a great commotion,  
 Has happened in our land,  
 I'm sure you haven't a notion,  
 But soon you'll understand.

A gentleman he called one day,  
 A form he handed us,  
 And said, "Now fill this in," I pray,  
 So we commenced thus.



Your name, your birth, your kin  
And home if you had any.  
We filled the schedule in  
With answers great and many.

We now await the day,  
When after all the fuss  
The papers will display  
The results of this CENSUS.

JEAN RITCHIE, 2 Senior B.

\* \* \* \*

### THE LAMBS.

O little lambs that crowd the field,  
How can you feel so gay  
When winter snow is on the ground  
And Spring so far away?

GLADYS LAMB, 2 Senior B.

\* \* \* \*

### VIEWING FRANCE FROM A "HUMBER."

After the Customs' examination in Calais we set off for Cambrai *via* Arras, so that we should see part of the war area. As we passed through places there, we saw many cemeteries in which hundreds of brave British and French soldiers had been buried. Many buildings, churches and houses which have not yet been restored, have holes in the walls and parts of the roofs off. Even the hills have shell-holes in them. The peasants were dressed very plainly, and like the Dutch, wore clumsy clattering clogs. In the fields, pulling the ploughs were the horses, the majority of which were white. The old people rode about in carts with canvas roofs. These carts were drawn by young horses which had tinkling bells tied on their ears.

Paris is without doubt a wonderful city with her tall stately buildings. We spent two glorious hours there, drinking in her beauties, before continuing our journey southwards. Later in our journey, we found ourselves beside the River Rhone, a wonderful broad, green waterway bordered by poplars. At the side of the roads in the Rhone

valley grew bright green bushes which showed up in the foreground of the dark, thickly-foliaged cypresses. By the banks of the river the old ladies washed their clothes and laid them out on the grass and bushes to dry in the sunshine.

After ten days at La Ciotat, about twenty miles east of Marseilles, we made for Carcassonne, a town at the beginning of the Pyrenees. The mountains were clothed with pines, and most of the hills covered with snow. At the top of one of the "cols," as they are named, we got out and threw some snowballs down into the valley. We soon returned to the car, as being at a great height it was very cold. Some of the peaks were pointed at the summit, and very high.

The Basques have dark skins which are tanned by the heat. In one of the villages through which we passed, the inhabitants were dressed in queer gaudy costumes, red, white and yellow, and crimson berets with golden tassels. Some of the men played whistles, cornets or drums. The dancers did something like a polka, and whirled round.

We did not stop in Bordeaux, so we could not see any of her interests. At La Rochelle her fortress stands as the key to the harbour. Her castle makes the town seem more ancient than it actually is. In Rouen we saw the beautiful cathedral. Dieppe, a crossing from France to England, is an old town in history. From the beach and rocks rise slimy soft cliffs which no one dare climb lest it cost him his life. After exploring the district around here for three days, off we went once more, following the coast past Boulogne to Calais, where our tour through France ended.

ALICE FERGUSON, 2 Senior C.

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### THE TOY SHOP.

In town there is a toy shop,  
Filled with lovely toys,  
Dolls, picture books and trains,  
For little girls and boys.

Every night when the clock strikes twelve,  
The toys awake and run,  
They ride around in motor cars,  
And laugh and joke in fun.



Fairy Tiptoes flies around,  
To visit Mr Golly,  
He wears brightly coloured clothes,  
And he is very jolly.

The toys they dance and play about,  
And run in many races,  
Then when the little clock strikes six,  
They jump into their places.

MURIEL HARRISON, 1 Senior A.

\* \* \* \*

### A MILL POND.

Sad to say I am now an old, disused mill-pond. Years ago in my youth, life was very happy and interesting. From early morning till evening I was kept busy. Half my time was filled up with driving the mill-wheel which worked the machinery that ground the oats. I spent the other half in quite a different way. About six o'clock in the morning ducks from the neighbouring farm came and swam about on me, drinking the pure, clear water, eating the slugs, and preening their feathers.

The summer was the time when I was happiest of all. It was because all round about me and floating on top of me were water lilies, the loveliest flowers I have ever seen, with their dainty, frail, and delicate colours of pink and white. I had still other things which appealed to me very much, among which were the golden, silvery backed trout which made me look as though I were all covered with sparkling jewels. Other companions of mine were the frogs and the little toads which hopped, skipped, and jumped on to the banks round about.

But alas! all these happy times died and faded away and I was left alone to the world deserted and forgotten.

DOROTHY M'CARTNEY, 1 Senior B.

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### TO THE SKYLARK.

Oh! pretty bird that soars on high,  
I hear you sing, I heave a sigh.  
If I could only sing like you,  
'Twould be my dearest wish come true.

You build your nest upon the ground,  
So hidden, it can scarce be found,  
Then singing sweetly as you rise,  
You mount up to the sunny skies.

You chant your hymn from morn to night,  
High in the clouds oft hid from sight,  
Then sink still singing to your nest  
Where downy nestlings lie at rest.

BETTY MACDONALD, 1 Senior B.

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### THE SLIGHTED ROSE.

It was night in the garden and all the flowers were asleep—all except one rose which was too unhappy to sleep. It was a very young rose—little more than a bud. Its beautiful pink petals were folded over a deep red heart. In this heart lived a sweet perfume. Now it seemed as if the rose must die, for already the outer leaves were turning yellow at the edges and were crinkling up like tissue paper. Poor rose! All because of a naughty girl. She was a pretty little girl, her name was Pansy and the rose-bud loved her. She and her nurse had come into the garden. "Smell that pretty flower," said nurse. "Won't! It's ugly! It's ugly!" screamed Pansy, as she stamped her foot. In the morning the rose-bud hung its pink head, and not even the kisses of the sun could revive it. The dewdrops sparkled on its faded petals and butterflies fanned it with their wings, but its heart was broken. Then Pansy and nurse came into the garden. "Just see what you have done, Miss Pansy!" said nurse. "Oh! I am so sorry!" said Pansy starting to cry. As she stooped down two of her tears fell on the rose-bud's petals. The rose immediately lifted its head, opened its petals, and let out a wave of sweet perfume. Pansy took the rose softly in her hands. "Dear rose!" she whispered, "don't die, I love you so!" The withered petals vanished and the rose proudly tossed back its head to the sunshine. Pansy stepped back, then clapped her hands for joy. The rose had become the most beautiful flower in the garden.

JESSIE M'KAY, 1 Senior C.



## FROM THE JUNIORS.

### A NARROW ESCAPE.

I am a little dog called Whiskers. I live in a nice house, with a kind master. One day my master said that he would take me for a walk to the woods. I was so greatly pleased with myself that I jumped up on my master's knee and licked his hands. Then he said, "You seem very pleased, but you must keep very close to my heels."

This was all very nice, but when I saw a rabbit laughing at me, I made up my mind to chase it. So I ran off and forgot all my master said to me. Then I chased it, and chased it till it went out of sight. I looked about myself and I saw a little way off, some holes. I looked into them and they all smelt strongly of rabbit. All the holes were too small for me to get down except one. Down I went till I came to the bottom of the tunnel, and at the bottom was a great big fox.

Then I said, "Is Mr Rabbit here? If he is, may I get him to take to my master?"

"No rabbit would be so foolish as to come here, and as I have had no dinner, you will be a tasty piece for me. Come nearer, little puppy-dog."

"No thank you. I think I will be looking for Mr Rabbit somewhere else," I said, and I gave a bound up the tunnel.

"No, you won't! No, you won't!" barked the fox, and raced up after me.

Out in the daylight I could hear my master calling to me. Just at that moment a pack of hounds came racing with the hunters. First one hound followed the fox, then another and another, and so on till the whole pack was on the track.

I knew now that I was quite safe. When I got home my master said, "That was a narrow escape."

JEAN SCOTT, 2 Junior A.

### THE WATER RATS.

Down by the quiet and foamless river,  
Where in the breeze tall grasses shiver,  
Where slender rushes swing and sway,  
I saw the water rats at play.

Along the bank they swim long races,  
Then they pause to wash their faces.  
But one by one they see me peep  
So each one dives into the deep.

If I were but a fairy small  
They would not be afraid at all.  
Down where the water rushes sway  
I could join them in their play.

ALISON MUNRO, 2 Junior A.

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### MY PARASOL.

I have a little parasol,  
To shade me from the sun,  
And nobody that I have seen,  
Has such a pretty one.

You see it's yellow, white and blue,  
The blue is for the sky,  
The white for little floating clouds,  
That come a-sailing by.

The yellow for the golden sun,  
That makes a summer day.  
So when I have my parasol,  
Fine weather comes to stay.

MARION PEDEN, 2 Junior B.

\* \* \* \*

### MY EGG.

I stick my spoon through my egg-shell,  
An act I never fail in,  
Or 'twill be used, as I know well,  
For fairy folks to sail in.

MARGARET THOM, 2 Junior B.



**THE DOLL SPEAKS.**

Ah ! here is Joan coming into the nursery to take me out for a walk in her doll's pram. Her nurse took her down town yesterday and bought me for her. I am a china faced doll with curly hair, blue eyes and a moving tongue. My complexion is a mixture of pale pink and white with rosy cheeks, and I think I have a very respectable face in spite of my nose being a little turned up. I am dressed in a pair of pale blue and pink rompers with camel wool round the edges. My out-door clothes are a woollen cap, a jacket, and a pair of gaiters, all to match. Well, good-bye, I'm away for my walk. Joan tells me there is a pond with ducks in it where other little girls take their dolls ; so I hope Joan takes me there too.

DOROTHY GLADSTONE, 2 Junior C.

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**THE ESKIMO.**

Far away in the ice and snow,  
There lived a little Eskimo.  
He had a coat of fur to wear  
Which he got from the Polar Bear.  
He lived alone in an icy hut  
Which was just the shape of a cocoanut.

CAROLINE AITKEN, 2 Junior C.

\* \* \* \*

**THE MAGIC FAIRY.**

Once there was an old woman, who was very poor. One day she went out a walk, when she saw a fairy. The fairy said, " When you go to bed to-night, turn round three times." She went to bed and turned round three times. In the morning when she woke up she was in a beautiful house. Suddenly she heard a knock on the door and a maid came in with a cup of tea. The old woman drank it. When she had dressed, she went downstairs for her breakfast. After that she got everything that she wanted, and lived happily ever after.

RITA M'PAKE, 1 Junior B.

**MY MUMMY'S MOTOR CAR.**

My mummy has a Motor car,  
It is so small and sweet,  
And when I'm out a walk,  
It comes flying down the street.  
I wash it every day,  
Its legs, its hands, and feet,  
I love it so, so much,  
That I call it sweet, sweet, sweet.

RONA LANG, 1 Junior B.

\* \* \* \*

**THE MERMAID.**

As I was sitting by the sea,  
A little girl came up to me,  
" What do you want ?" said she, " I pray  
On such a sunny clear fine day."  
Said I, " I'd like to marry you,  
And live beside the blue sea too."  
" So shall you," said the pretty fair maid,  
" Down to the depths of the pretty sea glade."

JEAN WALLIS, 1 Junior B.

\* \* \* \*

**THE ELF'S LARDER.**

I found the tiny cottage of an elf,  
And peeped to see his little larder shelf.  
He had a box of fairy biscuits there,  
I wondered if he would give me a share.

JEAN HALKETT, 1 Junior C.



## FROM THE INFANTS.

One day I was coming home from school and I saw a baby thrush hopping on the road. It had yellow spots on its breast and it hopped from its right foot to its left foot. It was a pretty little bird and it had glossy wings.

My daddy taught me French up to five and he taught my brother it too and when my brother and I went to bed we were shouting oon do troa cater sang and he taught us and in French it is et and it was a Sunday night and Costa is Italian.

There is a pretty picture in the class room. It is a picture of Jacob lying on a bed made of rocks. Beside him is his luggage. He has not very much luggage with him. He is dreaming that there is a ladder from the ground right up to heaven, at the foot of the ladder are a lot of angels going up and down and at the top of the ladder God is standing.

If my mummy was going to sell us, a lady in my daddy's shop would buy me and another lady would buy my wee sister and the chemist would buy my brother, but my mummy won't sell us.

When I'm just at my wedding I am going to wear a vale and at the top of my head to hold the vale on I'm going to wear a ring of roses and three bridesmaids.

SEN. INF. A.

✦ ✦ ✦ ✦

My bed is shifted and I am glad becos I can see my baby sister when she is asleep. Last night her hands were stretched out and she looked lovely. It would be a shame to give her away.

I do wish I had a real fluffy white kitten but thoe I wish terribly hard never yet has one been born, anyhow my father objects to cats and kittens.

SCHOOL JOURNEY. July 1930.



AT THE MER DE GLACE.

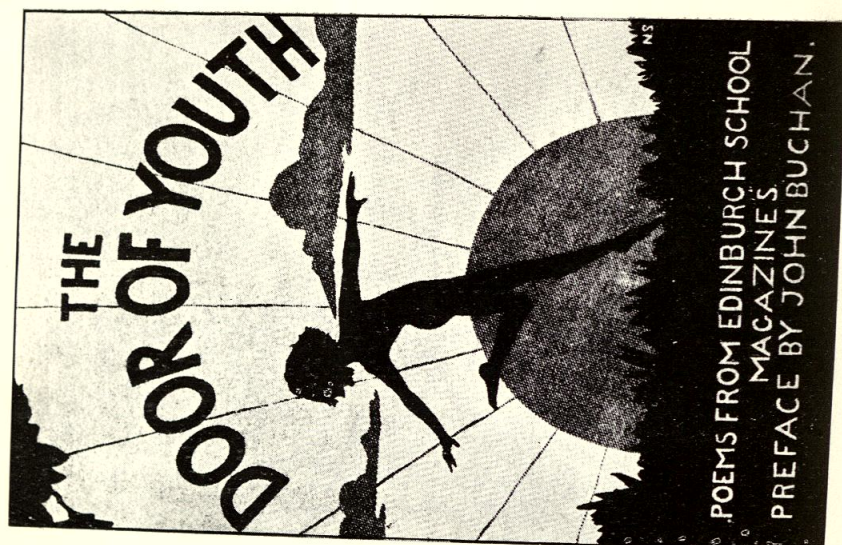


ON LAKE GENEVA.





Portrait Study.  
By Lily Tait (Dux for Art).



Book Cover.  
By Nellie Stevens, IVB.

My Daddy has three medals. He got them from the King. He got two for winning the battle and one for swinging indian clubs.

When my auntie and uncle Jim lost the wee dog, how sad they were. They got another a baby puppy with pink, red, yellow, white and hellio ribbon on its chest, dear wee puppy. The doggy's name is Bobby. It is a lovely wee fluffy dog too. I like it very much. If she loesise that wee dog too I will be very sorry.

Muriel said she would love in your class. She said she would do her riting most beautifully. She said she would do her sums as quick as anything and her printen would be lovely. But I said mibby she would and mibby she wouldn't.

I pulled out my first tooth and it was a slack one. I rapt it up in a peas of papir and I put it on Friday undir my pilloe but I didnt get enything so I put it on Thirsdaiy undir my pilloe but I didnt get enything then I put it on Wenesday and in the morning the fairy had been and left me a penny.

SEN. INF. B.

♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

My mother likes to sit up in her bed when she is not well and I give her a nice cup of tea.

My brother has a woch. It is a nice woch. My father has four wochis in the house my mother has a wóch too.

I love to read the water babys I red it yesterday it was nice to read and I read peater pan to.

When I get holidays I feed the little chicks they were fluffy little things. won got out and mummy liftd the wire up. it was not very shoor of her.

I take my little wikr chair to the fire some days speshly on the wet days when it is raining.

Yesterday I was over the penlens. It was so hot I go an isecream when I was on the road home.

JUN. INF. A.



My mother is in a nofl mudil be coss we have just flited to stay at elliot-road. The name of our new house was going to be Win, ma, dor. The new baby came last nite and we dont-no what to do and so we will have to do with out baby's name on the house.

I love to go to bed with a new nightie, it is white and the flowers are purple and the levs are green.

When I had my Easter holidays I went a picnic to joppa and we forgot the nives so we had to spred the skones with a pen-nive and it was a very funy picnic.

I was at the Zoo last Monday and the polar bear ate my purse but the keeper was able to get back some of my pennys.

My mother is going to sell hour big pram becos it takes up to much room and we are not getting a new baby.

There is a little bird and it bilt its nest in our garden and once a pussycat came into our garden and nocked down the little birds nest and the little bird is afraid to bild a new nest again.

JUN. INF. B.

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### "THE DOOR OF YOUTH."

A selection of poems from Edinburgh School Magazines has been issued by Messrs Oliver & Boyd under the above title. An explanatory introduction by the Editor, Miss M. G. Cowan, M.A., O.B.E., commends highly pupils' personal expression in verse. Mr John Buchan blesses the venture in a congratulatory Foreword. A considerable number of the best inclusions have deservedly won distinguished places in earlier publications. Our own contributors figure quite prominently, specially noticeable being the first little effusions of young Muriel Camberg, who for number and for quality occupies a premier position. Other names familiar to us reveal themselves on occasional pages. Strikingly artistic, too, is the cover design conceived by Nellie Stevens.

Altogether the magazine is graced by the abundance and the variety of the contributions, and much promise is

indicated from not a few of the youthful verse-makers. The particular atmosphere, be it of fairy isle, rugged height or restless water, ghostlike cloud or nameless seabird, of the reality of the child's beloved doll or favourite flower, has been sensed sympathetically. War shrines have evoked a ready tribute. The varying seasons, sunrise and sundown, live again in some admirable little word-pictures. The eagle's flight, the movement of other bird and of familiar animal, have been studied closely, observant touches being numerous. A care-free spirit communicates itself to the reader. There are poems which stress the building-up of character and display a budding philosophy, some purely sentimental efforts, others with reminiscences of old-world or adventurous romantic tale, yet more with neat and deftly-turned finish. A more ambitious plane is reached here and there, classic or imaginative inspiration yielding individual features. The simple, again, is set off by the more rousing, and the homely Doric is represented typically more than once. Fairy themes influence not only the more juvenile versifiers; great names are honoured by their worshippers; a fervid spirit prevails in the later pieces. Though an adult, experienced, note is met in several instances, the tone throughout is natural and invigorating.

Experiments have inevitably been made with line and stanza, in free and more orthodox verse; some highly poetic description colours many of the scenes; but most of the poetry runs feelingly and smoothly.

As any profits from sales of "The Door of Youth" are to be donated to the deserving Edinburgh Hospital for Cripple Children Scheme, a double encouragement is given by readers.

A. C. M.

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### JAMES GILLESPIE'S LITERARY AND DRAMATIC SOCIETY.

Thanks to our good-natured and long suffering artists the meetings of our Society have, this winter, been well advertised, and let coming Fourth-Formers take heart, for soon, not only will they feast their eyes on our inviting posters but they will be permitted to enter the Society's sacred precincts and to enjoy all the privileges of membership.



During the past session the "Lit." has maintained its reputed standard of excellence. The syllabus was varied and presented a new feature in the form of an inter-debate with the staff. This meeting was well attended and the subject, "That Brawn is better than Brain" called forth considerable argument. Our Honorary President, Mr Murphy, favoured us with an address on the subject, "Some Irish Fact and Fiction," which he treated in a manner at once instructive and entertaining and which was thoroughly enjoyed by an appreciative audience.

Magazine Night, as usual, revealed some sparks of literary genius while affording certain members ample opportunity of unburdening themselves of their views on topical questions. One of the most popular meetings was Dramatic Night. After a short item by each form in the Society, the play entitled "Elizabeth Refuses," from "Pride and Prejudice," was presented. A fuller account of this, with photograph, will be found on another page.

Without exception the leading papers in our debates have been of very high quality, but we deplore the reluctance of the members to contribute to the discussions.

Only those of us who are in the Society realise how much we owe to the untiring efforts of our President, Miss Foster. We hope that under her able guidance the "Lit." will continue to flourish as it has done in the past.

J. M. S.

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### "ELIZABETH REFUSES."

The contributions of the J.G.H.S. Literary and Dramatic Society to the Christmas programme in aid of the Royal Infirmary Extension Fund were notable for excellent casting and artistic production. The adaptation of an episode from "Pride and Prejudice" was a decidedly ambitious effort but even a fastidious "Jane-ite" must have owned that the atmosphere of the period was successfully caught. The characterisation was incisive and so well maintained throughout that the lack of action inherent in the nature of the sketch did not detract from its interest.

Kathleen Paterson's study of the pompous Mr Collins was excellent in manner and gesture, while the "hauteur" of the supercilious Lady Catherine de Bourgh was effectively realised by Cathie Davie.

Agnes Bertram, as the silly and fussy Mrs Bennett, entered into the comic spirit of the part with zest. Unfortunately, the author of the sketch does not give sufficient prominence to the part of Elizabeth, whose wit and charm enliven the novel. It was, therefore, all the more difficult for Elsie Watson to make the heroine live before her audience.

Grace Heigh, as Jane, acted with dignity and simplicity.

The enunciation throughout was particularly clear, and the costumes cleverly designed by Violet Trainer, were true to period and charming in colour and design.

A new note in school programmes was introduced by the miming of three poems to the accompaniment of sung or spoken words. Judicious contrast was shown in the types of poems chosen, which ranged from the sentiment of "Lady Clare" and "The Flowers in the Valley" to the broad burlesque of "The Barrin' of the Door." The members of the cast showed versatility and appreciation of the characters portrayed. Sweet femininity alternated with excellent low comedy to the great delight of the onlookers. The decorative frieze-like effect of the minstrels' background to the "Flowers in the Valley" was a particularly happy inspiration of the producer, Miss Foster, who is the inspirer and director of all the Society's efforts.

J. M'D.

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### JAMES GILLESPIE'S SCIENCE ASSOCIATION.

The Science Association has now completed its fourth year and during the past session has had many successful meetings. The syllabus drawn up for session 1930-31 included debates, lectures and "paper nights."

The debates chosen proved very successful especially the Inter-Debates with the Literary Society. Two "paper



nights" were held and the papers showed great variety of choice of scientific subjects. Two interesting lectures were given, one a lantern lecture by Mr Lauder on "The Heat of the Earth," and the other on "Rambles among the Hills of France," by Dr. Burns of Edinburgh University, who, in the absence of Miss Henderson, kindly consented to speak at Staff Night. There was a very good attendance at the Social and on Surprise Night.

No report would be complete without mentioning our President, Mr Brash, who by his excellent leadership has helped greatly to increase the success of the meetings; and we hope that the Association will continue to be as successful as in preceding years.

B. P. B.

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#### GILLESPIE S.U. BRANCH.

At the beginning of the spring term the School was visited by Miss E. M. Anderson, Scottish Girls' Secretary for the Scripture Union, who addressed us on the object and activities of the Union. As a result of the visit, a branch of the Union was formed and has now a total of approximately a hundred members. Meetings are held monthly in school, and any who are interested and would like to join or attend the meetings will be made very welcome.

M. S.

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## SCHOOL SPORTS.

### HOCKEY NOTES.

Session 1930-31 has proved a very successful hockey season. Following the usual custom four or five elevens were on the field, and an analysis of the scores returned, provides very pleasant reading. As in former years, teams were entered for "the Seven-a-Side" Inter-School Competition, and it was hard luck for the Seniors after reaching the final to lose the honours by a corner.

217 Members in Club.

ELEVENS	PLAYED	WON	LOST	DRAWN	GOALS	
					FOR	AGST.
1st XI.	13	11	1	1	60	20
2nd XI.	16	12	2	2	72	17
3rd XI.	16	12	1	3	78	11
4th XI.	8	4	3	1	28	14
5th XI.	7	7	—	—	43	1

### TENNIS.

This season the Tennis Club has maintained the popularity of former years, the membership being over two hundred.

The school team represented by:—

Netta Sanders and May Fleming,  
Greta Quin and Bella Bishop,  
Helene Fairbairn and Chrissie Graham,

has as yet played only one match—against Dunfermline High School—winning by 7 matches to 2. The Junior Team was also successful in their match against Tynecastle, gaining the victory by 5 matches to 2.

This year many members entered for the doubles and singles tournaments. The doubles have not yet been completed. In the singles Championship, Helene Fairbairn was the victor, beating Bella Bishop in the final by 7-5, 8-6. Last year's winner was Netta Sanders and runner-up, Jean Black.

The results of the House Matches are:—

Gilmore and Warrender (equal) . . . 39 points.  
Spylaw and Roslin (equal) . . . 11 "

### SWIMMING.

The Swimming Club is as popular as ever, the membership this year being 248.

During the session 90 Certificates have been gained and of these seven were Honours Certificates, the highest award of the Edinburgh Corporation Education Committee. The following were the successful candidates:—Helen Gloag, Margaret Crichton, Ruby Houston, Irene M'Dermott, Margaret Moore, Margaret Morrison, and Nan Sinclair.



The Ninth Annual Gala was held in Warrender Baths on Friday, 29th May. It seemed as if all roads led to the Baths that evening, the gathering being a record one, and all accommodation taxed to its utmost. The programme was very varied and attractive, and all the events were well contested. Our former pupils' section was well represented by Jean M'Dowall, Gladys Howard and Ellen King, the last-mentioned giving a delightful exhibition. One of the items of special interest was the diving display given by little Ian Lemmon (six years of age), who made many grown-ups wonder at his skill in the water.

The Swimming Championship was won for the second time by May Lyall, Margaret Crichton being the runner-up. The House Championship was won by Roslin, with Spylaw as runners-up.

The principal results were as follows :—

25 Yards Handicap.	Grade A.—Joan Paterson.
" "	B.—Helen Simpson.
" "	C.—Marie Morrison.
" "	D.—Victoire M'Leod.
" "	E.—Isobel Scougall.

50 Yards Handicap.	Grade A.—Nan Sinclair.
" "	B.—Isobel Strachan.
" "	C.—Rhoda Spiers.
" "	D.—Margaret Moore.

Balloon Race.	Grade A.—Beatrice Liddell.
" "	B.—Doris Paterson.

Candle Race.	Grade A.—Elma Gray.
" "	B.—Marjorie Rennie.

Overhead Ball.—Gilmore House.

Life-Saving.—Effie Valentine and Margaret Moore.

Inter-House Team Race.—1. Roslin ; 2. Spylaw.

#### CRICKET CLUB.

Although the membership has increased this season and two Elevens have been formed, most of the fixtures have been cancelled owing to weather conditions. The practices, however, have been well attended and the enthusiasm displayed, especially among the younger members, promises well for the future.

The First Eleven has played two matches, both against Tyne-castle ; the first resulted in an excellent victory for Tyne-castle by 67 runs to 42, but in the second Gillespie's had ample revenge, winning by 8 wickets. Excellent performances by Helene Fairbairn with the ball and Netta Sanders with the bat, contributed largely to our success.

J. C. B.

#### GOLF.

There has been a considerable decrease in the interest in Golf this year and, as a result, this branch of sport may be dropped from the number deciding the House Championship next session. It will be very unfortunate if this has to be done as there must be many of the pupils who are keen on the Royal and Ancient game. The chief difficulty, of course, is to find sufficient time to play off all the matches in the Summer Term, even if the weather were favourable. It is hoped, however, that all who are keen golfers will rally round next session and so prevent the Golf House Matches from being discontinued.

There are 9 entrants for the Championship of the School, and 13 for the Short Hole Championship—a new feature this session.

Result of House Matches (Teams of 4) :—

1. Roslin	50 points.
2. Warrender	33 "
3. Gilmore	17 "
4. Spylaw	0 "

#### ANNUAL SPORTS.

Before a large gathering of parents and friends the School Sports were held at Slateford Recreation Ground on Wednesday, 24th June, under ideal weather conditions. The 1,800 entries constituted a new record.

The individual championship was won by Maud Rae with 12 points, Mildred Storrar being runner-up.

The House Championship was won by Gilmore.

The principal winners were :—

#### INFANTS.

Senior A.—Ruby Stewart.  
Senior B.—Margaret Sinclair.  
Junior A.—Kathleen Wight.  
Junior B.—Ruth Weddell.

#### PRIMARY

1 Junior A.—Dorothy Stewart.  
1 Junior B.—Georgina Connear.  
1 Junior C.—Joyce Thomson.  
2 Junior A.—Jessie Walker.  
2 Junior B.—Margaret MacBeath.  
2 Junior C.—Isobel Robertson.

Flat Race—Under 10.—Mary Durie.  
" " 11.—Irene Hall.  
" " 12.—Isobel Simpson.  
" Open—Isobel Wright.

Skiping Race—Under 10.—Alison Tait.  
" " 12.—Isobel Simpson.  
" Open—Isobel Wright.



- Egg and Spoon Race—Under 11.—Winnie Affleck.  
 " " Open—Constance Buckle.  
 Three-Legged Race—Under 10.—Margaret Gooding and Dorothy Mill.  
 Three-Legged Race.—Open—Annie Gould and Doris Crichton.  
 Sack Race.—Open—Betty Hardie.  
 Relay Race.—Cathie Tait, Jessie Nicolson, Cathie Slater, and Jean Black.  
 Crab Race.—Doris Livingstone and Dorothy Brown.

## SECONDARY.

- Flat Race.—Under 13.—Isobel Webster.  
 " " 14.—Betty Dickson.  
 " " 15.—Eleanor Chisholm.  
 " Open—Chrissie Graham.  
 Skipping Race.—Under 14.—Betty Dickson.  
 " Open—Maud Rae.  
 Egg and Spoon Race—Under 14.—Willia Proud.  
 " " Open—Jessie Burn.  
 Sack Race.—Open—Margaret Donnat.  
 Three-Legged Race.—Chrissie Graham and Helen Rosie.  
 Flat Race, 220 Yards.—Maud Rae.  
 High Jump—Under 15.—Colette Hogg.  
 " Open—Mildred Storrar.  
 Broad Jump—Under 15.—Eleanor Chisholm.  
 " Open—Mildred Storrar.  
 Hurdle—Under 15.—Margaret Roney.  
 " Open—Ella Maclean.  
 Relay—Under 15.—Roslin House (Helen Brown, May Lyall, Betty Dickson, and Eleanor Chisholm.)  
 Relay—Open.—Gilmore House (Chrissie Graham, Helene Fairbairn, Jessie Burn, and Greta Cameron.)  
 Hockey Dribbling.—Jessie Burn.  
 Crab Race.—Eleanor Chisholm and Margaret Bruce.

## HOUSE CHAMPIONSHIP.

For Session 1929-30 the House Championship was won by Warrender with 199 points. Gilmore obtained 193, Roslin 174, and Spylaw 134.

## PREVIOUS WINNERS.

- 1926-27—Warrender. 1928-29—Gilmore.  
 1927-28—Spylaw. 1929-30—Warrender.

## HOUSE CHAMPIONSHIP 1930-31.

	GILMORE.	ROSLIN.	SPYLAW.	WARRENDER
	Pts.	Pts.	Pts.	Pts.
Merit	109	61	90	90
Attendance	37	40	40	33
Hockey	50	11	22	17
Swimming	12	54	31	3
Sports	31	28	28	13
Tennis	39	11	11	39
Golf	17	50	—	33
<b>Totals</b>	<b>295</b>	<b>255</b>	<b>222</b>	<b>228</b>
<b>Less Penalty points</b>	<b>70</b>	<b>71</b>	<b>102</b>	<b>57</b>
<b>Grand Totals</b>	<b>225</b>	<b>184</b>	<b>120</b>	<b>171</b>

Champion House—Gilmore. Second—Roslin.

J. C. B.

## FORMER PUPILS' SECTION.

## EVOLUTION OF A "GYM" MISTRESS.

Little does one think, on walking along Pilmuir Street, and looking at the inconspicuous gray building lying far back from the street, that here is the centre of Hygiene and Physical Education in Scotland. The exterior of the building is unassuming, but the interior is indeed an asset to the ranks of modern architecture. The lecture rooms are wide and spacious, and in them, as indeed all over College, we enjoy an admirable system of ventilation.

Attached to College is a miniature infirmary—the Clinic—which does great and successful work for those who require medical attention; and here, under the excellent guidance of exceptionally good doctors and masseuses, we students endeavour to relieve the cripples, young and old, who literally flock to the Clinic. We are taught the arts of Medical Gymnastics and Massage (the latter of which dates back to 3000 B.C.); and later in our College career we take an excursion to London where we try to qualify as members of the Chartered Society of Massage and Medical Gymnastics. The work for the C.S.M.M.G. is very comprehensive, and



includes a thorough theoretical and practical examination at the hands of experts.

Also attached to College are the famed and luxurious Dunfermline Carnegie Baths, where we spend an energetic hour each week and practise for the medallion which has to be obtained before we are awarded the Diploma.

Most people seem to think that Gymnastics, Dancing and Games are the order of the day at College. Let me enlighten those people. Our curriculum is greatly varied and includes as much study of theoretical subjects as of practical ones, if not more. We have Anatomy (when we spend a few months in the interesting occupation of dissecting—monkeys!), Physiology, Hygiene, Psychology, Voice Production, Theory of Movement, Medical Gymnastics, Pathology and Massage. These are not under-rated in any degree. Our practical subjects are Gymnastics, Folk-Dancing (which also requires of us a stiff outside examination), Aesthetic Dancing and Games of all sorts and for every season. We have Hockey for the winter term, Lacrosse in the Easter term, Tennis, Cricket, Netball and Rounders (as they should be played!) in the summer term. Each game has its own delights and every student is extremely enthusiastic in that direction, as indeed about everything.

When still raw juniors we are thrust—mercilessly as it seems to us at first—into the schools in and around Dunfermline where we (after having been initiated into the mysteries of teaching) endeavour to impart our knowledge to the children. One would hardly believe how soon self-confidence is gained and how enjoyable teaching becomes.

Our Hostels, of which there are two divided by a garden, are extremely comfortable, and here also hygienic habits are strictly observed, cold baths being compulsory in the morning and windows being thrown open practically all day.

The social life is an education in itself. It is the jolliest thing in the world to belong to that huge family of enthusiasts! Every evening after dinner we sit in Common Room which is conducted by the Senior Head Girl. She frequently asks some one to perform, and the person, whoever she may be, is obliged to comply. To refuse in Common Room is an unheard-of thing. After that, study for two hours is compulsory "and" as Pepys says, "so to bed."

Our day is long, and we are worked exceedingly hard, but the work is extraordinarily interesting and varied. If I had to choose my career over again I should not hesitate for a moment. Need I say that I should wish only to become a student in Dunfermline College of Hygiene and Physical Education?

GRACE BATEMAN.

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### WITHIN THE WOODS.

Within the woods where primroses abound,  
And violets, shy-clinging to the ground,  
In the spring season, later you will find  
Tall bluebells laughing to the jealous wind,  
That on one stem they flaunt as blue a sky  
As the proud heavens in their majesty.

And in the autumn, when, the wild-briar dead,  
The hips bedeck the tangled woods with red,  
You gather sprays of golden leaves to wear  
Among the tousled auburn of your hair,  
Forget not then that snow will come, and frost,  
And all your wealth of wild wood-flowers be lost.

O Beauty! since the spring will follow after—  
Gather your flowers, but leave instead your laughter.

NORAH N. BARHAM.

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### IMPRESSIONS OF 'VARSITY.

"'Tis an old maxim of the schools  
That vanity's the food of fools,"

and one's first glimpse of the university seems to indicate that though there may exist numerous fools, there will at least be none of those which Swift condemns as "feeding on vanity." I think one's very first impression on entering 'Varsity as a matriculated student, and not merely as an interested onlooker, is one of salutary humility. At school one became accustomed to one's own comparative importance—even the humblest of sixth forms will admit this.



Small as our sphere of power was, we had some say in the plans made for it and some share in their execution. Our first glimpse of the Old Quad. five minutes before an hour, however, quickly reduces us to a more humble state of mind. Hundreds of strangers who seem to possess more than their share of sang-froid hurry past us from all directions. We feel that this is another world into which we have strayed, but, and this is even worse, we find that the inhabitants are not even surprised at our appearance. They presume that our credentials have gained us a place in their select realm, and their complete indifference is their way of indicating that we may wander where and when we please. At this dismal point in my reflections I turned to look at the buildings themselves and for the first time I became aware of their spell of comfort and stability. They had seen thousands in their first loneliness, and their air of saying,—

"Men may come and men may go  
But I go on forever,"

was a very re-assuring one. I am very sorry for those unfortunate ones whose first class is not within the sheltering walls of this "old historic pile."

The classes themselves are not so terrifying, for here one finds all the others whose first class this is, and the few lofty and experienced ones are a small if imposing minority. The joy of finding that one's classes amount to about three hours "per diem" is apt to be slightly intoxicating. "At last," one sighs, "I shall be able to cultivate these hitherto hidden talents. I shall play golf every night without any fear of unprepared work." Lucky you, if you join a class which indulges in weekly tests; you will get rid of this delusion fairly harmlessly. If not, your first "terminal" must teach you your lesson at a greater cost.

To compensate for these experiences there are hundreds of new things to learn and new customs to acquire. In the first place one finds almost a strange language spoken round one. No longer does one talk laboriously of philosophy and political economy but of "phil.," "pol.-econ.," and "psychy." The professors become "profs." and the nick-names to be learned are legion. Each society vies with the other in deluging you with invitations to attend their "Freshers' Dance," free of all cost and later responsi-

bility. Be warned and grasp them all, for only once will you be able to lay claim to the name "Fresher" which is a pass to everything that is "free."

The Student's Handbook (another free production) will inform you of your new responsibilities as a citizen of Edinburgh, as well as drawing your attention to the privilege of "cutting" classes and using the library. The former pastime loses its thrill as soon as you realise its extreme simplicity and its entire lack of the glamour and sweetness of forbidden fruits. The last mentioned privilege, that of using the library, is, however, a different matter. This is a marvellous building whose plain exterior belies the complexity of the interior. It is almost like an old castle with secret passages and hidden rooms and the thorough exploration of it beguiles many a weary hour. The gallery which runs round the reception hall is a perfect treasure-house of dusty tomes whose contents are sufficiently amusing to make up for the long stairs and the somewhat precarious ascent of the equally aged ladders.

I have said very little of my impressions of the classes or the work, for these are the only items which quite fulfil one's gloomy expectations! The other features are different and rather bewildering, but the first strangeness over, one realises that the oft-quoted and irritating remark "Your schooldays are the best part of your life" is not always true.

J. MAY DODS.

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#### FORMER PUPILS' CLUB, 1930-31.

The programme of the club for session 1930-31 was begun on Friday, 24th October 1930, with the Annual Business Meeting and Opening Social held in the School Hall. The various reports for the previous session were read and approved, and new office-bearers elected:—

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

Honorary Vice-President—A. C. Murphy, Esq., M.A.



*Joint President*—Miss D. S. C. Sanders: Mr G. Thomson.

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

*Treasurer*—Miss J. M. Dods, "Windyridge," Colinton Road.

*Committee*—Misses M. Forgan, M. Campbell, A. S. P. Coats, J. Martin, E. S. Pringle, M. Savage, C. Turner; Messrs J. Adamson, J. G. Glen, G. Forgan, A. F. Kirkland.

Tea was then served, and a short programme of dancing carried through.

Among the business attended to was a proposal to resuscitate the F.P. Hockey Club and, at a meeting held a few weeks later, the club was reconstituted and office-bearers elected. In spite of the enthusiasm of a few members, the project had to be abandoned for lack of adequate support. It is hoped, however, that if a wider circle of Former Pupils can be interested, a successful hockey club may yet be formed.

On Friday, 5th December, a Social was held in School and was attended by some 90 former pupils.

The Annual Reunion which took place on Friday, 30th January 1931, was even more successful than in former years, a company of 156 being present.

The club membership this year is about 140 and it is hoped that all who leave school in July will make an effort to attend the Opening Meeting for next session, and to become members of the association.

M. E. R. HENDERSON.

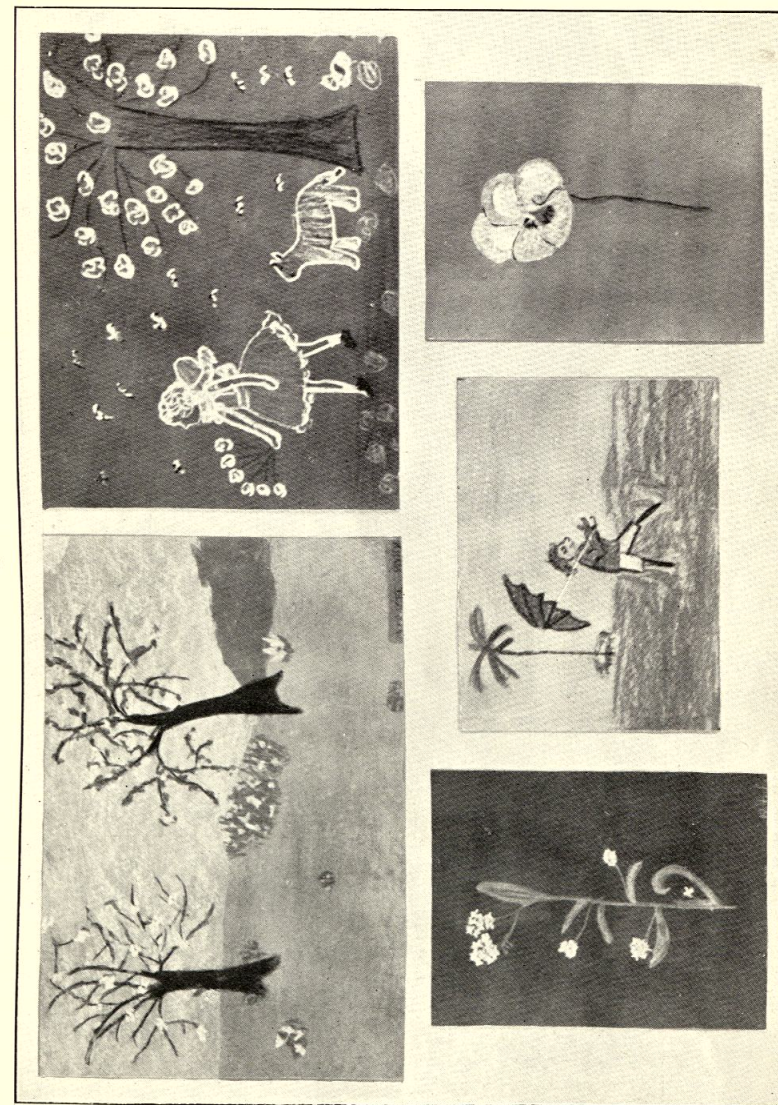
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#### JAMES GILLESPIE'S F.P. RUGBY CLUB.

The club results during the past season have been rather disastrous, the first fifteen, out of a total of seventeen games played, winning only two games. This is, of course, reflected in the points table, which makes bad reading:—

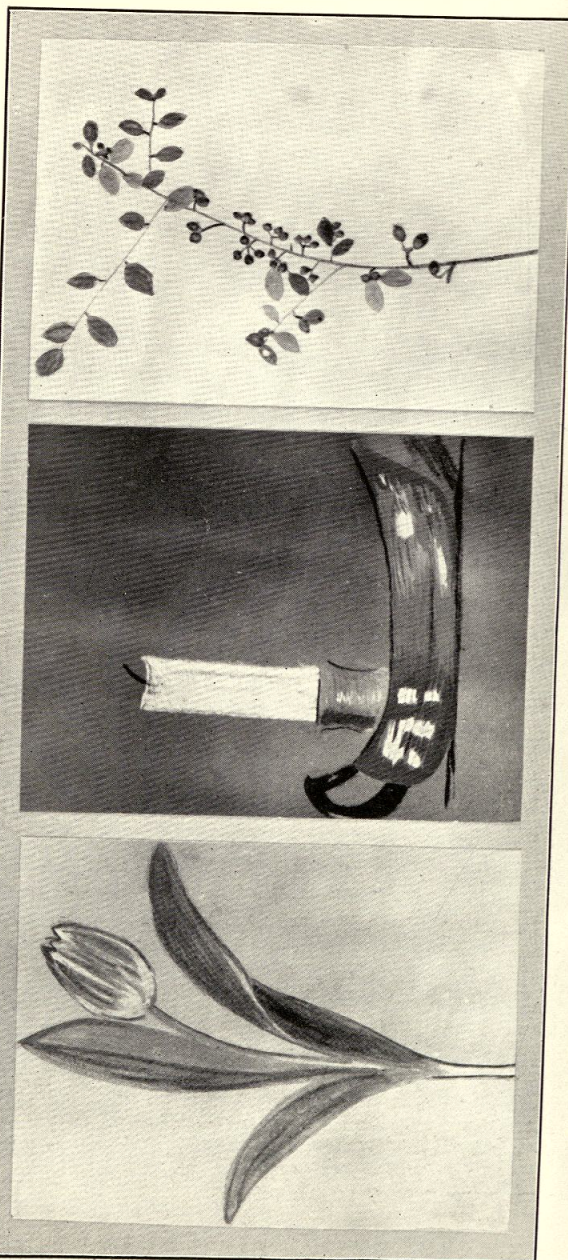
FOR	AGST.
51	333

#### INFANT AND JUNIOR CLASSES.



1. MARGARET BOOTH.
2. RONA LANG.
3. MARJORIE RITCHIE.
4. ROSEMARY MATHESON.
5. JESSIE BEGRIE.





WINIFRED TURNER.

JOYCE CUMMING.

DOREEN ROBERTSON.

The results for the "A" team were very little better. In view of the past season's performances therefore, it has been decided to abandon the running of an "A" team for next season, and concentrate upon one team only. It is quite evident, after a thorough trial, that owing to our supply of "raw material" from the school being cut off on account of its now being solely a girls' school, two teams cannot be run and kept up to strength. Indeed it is very likely that, as the number of available F.P.'s diminishes every year, the coming season will in all probability be the last one for the Club.

The Club always seems to put up a better show in "Sevens" than in the fifteen-a-side game, and it was some consolation that they were only beaten 11-0 by the ultimate semi-finalists in the Junior Murrayfield Seven-a-Side Tournament.

D. MACLACHLAN, *Hon. Secy.*

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#### F.P. NOTES.

Mr WILLIAM MACFARLANE, Misses CATHERINE BROWN and ALISON B. LAIDLAW have been put on the list for prospective appointments of the Edinburgh Corporation Education Committee.

Miss JESSIE GALLOWAY, M.A., has graduated Ph.D. at Edinburgh University.

Mr ALAN ROBERTSON, Misses MARGARET JOHNSTON and DORA S. C. SANDERS have graduated M.A. with Honours in Mathematics at Edinburgh University.

Misses VIOLET M. COLLIE, JOANNA D. GARDNER, VIOLET G. GRIEVE, GLADYS E. HOWDEN, ANNIE S. P. COATS, MARION F. D. CROMBIE, MARION J. DONALDSON, MARY K. JAMIESON, MARY A. PORTEOUS, ALISON M. ROBERTSON, JESSIE M. ROSS, AGNES H. W. SPIERS, JESSIE S. STORIE, have graduated M.A. at Edinburgh University.

Miss ALISON B. LAIDLAW, M.A., has received the Diploma of Education of Edinburgh University.

Mr WILLIAM ROSS has gained the Neil Arnott Scholarship in Experimental Physics at Edinburgh University.

Miss MARGARET G. BROWN has gained the Class Medal in First Ordinary Mathematics at Edinburgh University.



Mr RONALD F. HALL has passed the Second Professional Examination of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons.

Miss MARGARET G. CROCKETT, M.B., Ch.B., was for six months an indoor house surgeon at The Glasgow Royal Maternity and Women's Hospital.

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### MARRIAGES.

GRAY—CRANSTON.—On 25th June 1930, JOHN GRAY, B.Sc., to MARY W. CRANSTON.

M'DONALD—WALDIE.—On 5th July 1930, JAMES M'DONALD, M.R.C.V.S., Gold Coast Colony, to MAGDALENE WALDIE, 2 St. Clair Terrace.

RUSSEL—COUSTON.—On 30th July 1930, J. FORREST RUSSEL, Alnwickhill Road, Liberton, to JEANNIE COUSTON, Lasswade Road, Liberton.

MORRISON—FAIRLIE.—On 16th July 1930, JOHN MORRISON, M.A., to FLORA FAIRLIE, Ambleside, South Queensferry.

SCROGGIE—BELL.—On 19th July 1930, HAROLD F. SCROGGIE, to DOROTHY BELL, 23 West Relugas Road.

BLAIR—RUDDOCK.—On 9th August, 1930, WILLIAM G. BLAIR, to ELIZABETH W. RUDDOCK, 5 Marchmont Crescent.

MACFADYEN—MASON.—On 2nd August 1930, NEIL MACFADYEN to VENA MASON, late of Pentland Terrace.

BIRSS—ROBSON.—On 30th August 1930, ANDREW L. BIRSS, to MAY F. ROBSON, 7 Spottiswoode Street.

GRAHAM-CUMMING—CAMPBELL.—On 15th September 1930, GEORGE GRAHAM-CUMMING, to ANNIE A. CAMPBELL, 120 Findhorn Place.

KERR—DUNSMORE.—On 17th September 1930, WALTER B. KERR, to MARGARET B. (PEGGY) DUNSMORE, 24 Polwarth Gardens.

BROWN—MACDONALD.—On 16th September 1930, THOMAS R. BROWN, B.Sc., to FLORA MACDONALD, Arisaig.

M'HARDY—GIBB.—On 20th September 1930, JOHN S. M'HARDY, L.D.S., to EDNA MAY GIBB, 25 Lady Road.

GREENWAY—O'LEARY.—On 22nd October 1930, WILLIAM E. GREENWAY, to EILEEN M. M. O'LEARY, Salisbury, Wilts.

ALLAN—CARRICK.—On 22nd January 1931, JAMES G. D. ALLAN, Canada, to MARY H. CARRICK, 20 Springvalley Gardens.

BRUCE—MOWAT.—On 5th February 1931, CHARLES D. BRUCE, to ALICE E. MOWAT, 13 Warrender Park Crescent.

EDGAR—BARNETSON.—On 10th February 1931, JAMES D. CHARLTON, M.A., to MONA M. BARNETSON, 55 Grange Loan.

MACKENZIE—METHVEN.—At Mombasa Cathedral, on 22nd February 1931, BURNETT MACKENZIE, to JESSIE B. D. METHVEN, 15 Alderbank Place.

MOLSON—MACKENZIE.—At Victoria, British Columbia, on 26th February 1931, W. HOBART MOLSON, to MARGARET MACKENZIE, late of James Gillespie's School.

HAINING—BUSTER.—On 3rd March 1931, at Naimi Tal, India, WILLIAM HAINING, Currie, to LOUISE M. BUSTER.

RAWLINSON—ROGER.—On 7th March 1931, STUART H. RAWLINSON, to HELEN F. ROGER, 141 Morningside Drive.

TURNER—HENDERSON.—On 18th March 1931, ROBERT A. TURNER, M.B., Ch.B., of Wynberg, S.A., to LENA M. HENDERSON, 8 Greenbank Crescent.

LOCKE—HUNTER.—On 25th March 1931, ROBERT G. LOCKE, to EFFIE M. HUNTER, 14 Strathearn Place.

MATHIESON—BURNET.—On 2nd April 1931, PETER MATHIESON, to MARIA LOUISA BURNET.

AYRE—MACKENZIE.—On 25th April 1931, JOHN M. AYRE, to MARGARET M. MACKENZIE, 4 Granby Road.

WOOLENOUGH—CUMMING.—On 22nd April 1931, KENNETH V. WOOLENOUGH, to GRACE CUMMING, M.B., Ch.B., D.P.H., 31 Buccleuch Place.

M'LACHLAN—LEE.—On 28th April 1931, C. H. M'LACHLAN, to ISABELLA A. LEE, 21 Merchiston Crescent.

CROMBIE—WILSON.—On 10th June 1931, ALEC. M. CROMBIE, 13 Coltbridge Avenue, to JANE W. WILSON.

HALL—TWEEDIE.—On 16th June 1931, GEORGE HALL, to WINIFRED FRANCES TWEEDIE, 54 Marchmont Road.

SANDERSON—BAIN.—On 15th June 1931, WALTER B. T. SANDERSON, to ELIZABETH S. P. BAIN, 20 Eyre Crescent.

AITKEN—CHENHALLS.—On 13th June 1931, JAMES HUNTER AITKEN, to ENID MARY CHENHALLS.

REID—MOWAT.—On 20th June, 1931, ALEXANDER R. REID, M.A., F.F.A., F.I.A., to MAY CULLEN MOWAT, 75 Spottiswoode Street.

JACKSON—SCOVELL.—On 20th June, 1931, JOHN G. JACKSON to MABEL DOROTHY SCOVELL, 31 Spottiswoode Road.

HAY—GRETTON.—On 22nd June 1931, JAMES A. HAY to ELIZABETH ALICE GRETTON, 2 Lauriston Terrace.

ERSKINE—GIFFORD.—On 18th June, 1931, JOHN HUTTON ERSKINE, Strathmyre, Craigmillar, to ISABELLA TODD GIFFORD.

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### CERTIFICATE & SCHOLARSHIP LISTS.

*Names of Pupils who gained Leaving Certificates in 1930.*

Grace Beattie.  
Isabella R. Bishop.  
Jean Brown.  
Margaret G. Brown.

Annie G. Lugton.  
Jean E. M'Clarence.  
Christina M. Mackinnon.  
Janet R. Martin.



Helen L. Buchan.  
Marjory M. Cowe.  
Mary W. Fleming.  
Marjory Ford.  
Grace B. Heigh.  
Margaret M. Herd.  
Margaret M. Logan.

Elizabeth J. Reid.  
Catherine S. Rennie.  
Janet M. Sanders.  
Elizabeth Scott.  
Diana H. Smillie.  
Muriel J. Watt.  
Flora C. Wishart.

*Pupils who were awarded Day School Certificates (Higher)  
for Session 1929-30.*

Agnes T. Arthur.  
Elizabeth M. Badenoch.  
Perla M. Bailey.  
Marion B. H. Bauchope.  
Agnes M. Bertram.  
Agnes J. H. Brown.  
Agnes M. Buglass.  
Elizabeth M. Chalmers.  
Margaret K. Christie.  
Betty B. Cooper.  
Marjorie Crichton.  
Ella G. Dalgleish.  
Annabella E. Dargie.  
Millicent C. Dewar.  
Elizabeth C. Dobson.  
Helene G. Fairbairn.  
Jean H. J. Furmage.  
Margaret A. Fyfe.  
Jean E. Geddes.  
Irene Glass.  
Jessie M. L. Goodbrand.  
Margaret M. Gordon.  
Susan M. Gordon.  
Beatrice C. P. L. Guthrie.  
Ruth C. G. Hall.  
Helen A. Hardie.  
Mary Henderson.  
Margaret F. Hill.  
Mary H. King.  
Annie Leggat.  
Rhoda M. Macdonald.  
Isabella C. MacLean.  
Margaret M'Donald.

Sheila M'Ewan.  
Ann S. M'Intosh.  
Catherine M. M'Intosh.  
Christian B. M'Stravick.  
Agnes L. Mein.  
Margaret S. Monfries.  
Grace M. Moon.  
Margaret Moore.  
Victoria S. Morham.  
Jean G. Murdoch.  
Kathleen L. Paterson.  
Catherine S. Philip.  
Margaret I. L. Purdie.  
Elizabeth C. Ritchie.  
Elizabeth N. Rookes.  
Annie B. Ross.  
Elizabeth M. Ross.  
Jean W. Scott.  
Ellen R. Sime.  
Johan W. Smith.  
Margaret S. Smith.  
Marion A. Smith.  
Catherine D. Steele.  
Nellie E. C. Stevens.  
Annie F. Stevenson.  
Dorothy L. Swain.  
Isobel A. Tainsh.  
Jeanne M. Todd.  
Jean A. Wardlaw.  
Elsie A. Watson.  
Marjorie A. Watt.  
Isabella D. Wilkie.  
Helen B. Wybar.

**SCHOLARSHIPS ENTITLING TO REMISSION OF FEES FOR  
1931-32.**

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

ENTERING SIXTH YEAR.—Esmé A. Aitkins, Jean D. Caldwell,  
Catherine I. Davie, Phyllis Hamilton, Margaret H. Reid, Lena  
A. Stein, Lilian S. Stewart, Lilius J. Tait.

ENTERING FIFTH YEAR.—Ellen M. A. Baillie, Agnes Buglass,  
Millicent C. Dewar, Betty V. Howieson, Mary K. Miller, Eliza-  
beth Ritchie, Helen Wybar.

ENTERING FOURTH YEAR.—Elizabeth M. Amos, Morag Dods,  
Elizabeth Gemmell, Helen M. Gray, Anne H. Lockie, Irene  
Mackay, Adelaide Pass, Jean F. R. Watson, Margaret A. C.  
Watson.

ENTERING THIRD YEAR.—Jane B. Bethune, Hannah Couper,  
Caroline Forbes, Margaret Mackenzie, Christina Pollock,  
Elizabeth Smith, Elizabeth Thornton.

ENTERING SECOND YEAR.—Anne W. Dunn, Annie M. Galloway,  
Mary Kelloe, Olive M'Ausland, Irene P. M'Dermott, Dorothy M.  
Minck, Marie A. Morrison, Freda E. Underhill, Jenny Yellowlees.

ENTERING FIRST YEAR.—Gladys Beattie, Dorothy Brown, Eliza  
Cameron, Mary Grant, Elizabeth Mercer, Frances Niven, Jean  
Paterson, Catherine Slater.

**SCHOOL PRIZE LIST, 1930-31.**

Dux of the School	Janet M. Sanders.
Dux in English	Janet M. Sanders.
" Latin	Marjory M. Cowe.
" Greek	Grace B. Heigh.
" French	Jean E. M'Clarence.
" German	Catherine S. Rennie.
" Mathematics	Janet M. Sanders.
" Science	Janet M. Sanders.
" Physical Training	Catherine S. Rennie.
" Art	Lilius J. Tait.
" Dressmaking	Annie Smith.
Dux of Intermediate School	Morag Dods.

**FORM 6.**

*English.*—1. Janet M. Sanders; 2. Marjory M. Cowe; 3. Jean E.  
M'Clarence; 4. Gladys M. Dalgleish; 5. Catherine S. Rennie;  
6. Mary W. Fleming.

*History.*—1. Gladys M. Dalgleish; 2. Mary W. Fleming.

*Latin.*—1. Marjory M. Cowe; 2. Jean E. M'Clarence; 3. Grace  
B. Heigh.

*Greek.*—1. Grace B. Heigh; Mary W. Fleming.

*French.*—1. Jean E. M'Clarence; 2. Catherine S. Rennie;  
3. Janet M. Sanders.

*German.*—1. Catherine S. Rennie.

*Mathematics.*—1. Janet M. Sanders; 2. Jean E. M'Clarence;



3. Isabella R. Bishop.

*Science.—Physics*—1. Janet M. Sanders.

*Chemistry*—1. Isabella R. Bishop.

*Botany*—1. Gladys M. Dalgleish; 2. Flora C. Wishart

*Physical Training*—1. Catherine S. Rennie.

#### FORM 5A.

*English*—1. Catherine I. Davie; 2. Margaret E. R. Kemp;  
3. Lilius J. Tait; 4. Margaret H. Reid; 5. Jean D. Caldwell;  
6. Lena A. Stein.

*Latin*—1. Jean D. Caldwell; 2. Lena A. Stein; 3. Catherine I. Davie; 4. Esmé I. Aitkins.

*French*—1. Esmé I. Aitkins; 2. Jean D. Caldwell and Catherine I. Davie (equal); 4. Phyllis Hamilton.

*German (Higher)*—1. Esmé I. Aitkins; (*Lower*)—1. Mary A. Potter.

*Mathematics*—1. Catherine I. Davie; 2. Lilian S. Stewart  
3. Margaret H. Reid; (*Lower*)—1. Lilius J. Tait.

*Science.—Physics*—1. Doris E. Brown and Lilian S. Stewart (equal). 3. Margaret H. Reid.

*Chemistry*—1. Doris E. Brown; 2. Margaret H. Reid;  
3. Lilian S. Stewart.

*Art*—1. Lilius J. Tait; 2. Margaret J. T. Rosie.

*Physical Training*—Jean D. Caldwell and Christina Graham (equal).

#### FORM 5B.

*English*—1. Euphemia A. Valentine; 2. Helen Forbes; 3. Jeanne M. Todd.

*French*—1. Euphemia A. Valentine; 2. Margaret Sommerville;  
3. Edith Wharton.

*Mathematics*—1. Margaret Sommerville; (*Lower*)—1. Jeanne M. Todd and Edith Wharton (equal).

*Science.—Physics*—1. Helen G. Pitkeathly.

*Chemistry*—1. Helen G. Pitkeathly; 2. Euphemia A. Valentine.

*Botany*—1. Euphemia A. Valentine; 2. Margaret Sommerville.

*Art*—Helen M. Rosie.

*Physical Training*—Helen M. Rosie.

#### FORM 4A.

*English*—1. Millicent C. Dewar; 2. Mary K. Miller; 3. Agnes M. Bertram; 4. Ellen M. A. Baillie; 5. A. Maimie Paterson  
6. Isabella C. Maclean.

*Latin*—1. Ellen M. A. Baillie; 2. A. Maimie Paterson; 3. Agnes M. Bertram; 4. Betty V. Howieson.

*Greek*—1. Ellen M. A. Baillie.

*French*—1. A. Maimie Paterson; 2. Rhoda M. Macdonald;  
3. Betty V. Howieson and Kathleen L. Paterson (equal).

*German*—1. A. Maimie Paterson; 2. Isabella C. Maclean;  
3. Agnes M. Bertram; 4. Betty V. Howieson.

*Mathematics*—1. Mary K. Miller; 2. Betty V. Howieson;  
3. Millicent C. Dewar; 4. Christian B. M'Stravick.

*Science*—1. Millicent C. Dewar; 2. Mary K. Miller; 3. Christian B. M'Stravick; 4. Marjory Sommerville.

*Art*—1. Margaret M. Gordon.

*Music*—1. Kathleen L. Paterson.

*Physical Training*—1. Margaret M. Gordon.

#### FORM 4B.

*English*—1. Elizabeth C. Ritchie; 2. Agnes M. Buglass;  
3. Helen B. Wybar; 4. Isobel A. Tainsh.

*French*—1. Elizabeth C. Ritchie; 2. Helen B. Wybar; 3. Annie Legget.

*Mathematics*—1. Agnes M. Buglass; 2. Elizabeth C. Ritchie;  
3. Jean J. H. Furmage.

*Commercial Subjects*—1. Elizabeth C. Ritchie; Helen B. Wybar;  
3. Agnes M. Buglass.

*Physical Training*—Isobel A. Tainsh and Helene G. Fairbairn (equal).

#### FORM 3A.

*English*—1. Morag Dods; 2. Helen M. Gray; 3. Elizabeth Gemmell; 4. Adelaide Pass; 5. Mary G. Fisher; 6. Jean F. R. Watson.

*Latin*—1. Margaret A. C. Watson; 2. Elizabeth Gemmell;  
3. Susan H. N. M'Donald; 4. Helen M. Gray.

*French*—1. Jean F. R. Watson; 2. Helen M. Gray; 3. Morag Dods; 4. Elizabeth M. Amos.

*German*—1. Adelaide Pass; 2. Margaret A. C. Watson.

*Mathematics*—1. Anne H. Lockie; 2. Jean F. R. Watson;  
3. Morag Dods; 4. Elizabeth Gemmell.

*Science*—1. Anne H. Lockie; 2. Morag Dods; 3. Adelaide Pass; 4. Jean F. R. Watson.

*Art*—1. Elizabeth M. Amos; 2. Jean F. R. Watson; 3. Enid M. Anderson; 4. Margaret A. C. Watson.

*Physical Training*—1. Eleanor M. Chisholm.

#### FORM 3B.

*English*—1. Jean H. Cowe; 2. Winifrid M. Richards; 3. Colette Hogg; 4. Alice D. Strang.

*French*—1. Irene Mackay; 2. Jean H. Cowe; 3. Ellen E. B. Tugwell.



*Mathematics.*—1. Winifrid M. Richards ; 2. Elizabeth L. Livingstone ; 3. Margaret C. A. Brown.

*Science.*—1. Irene Mackay and Ruth N. Smith (equal) ; 3. Margaret B. Salmon.

*Art.*—1. Winifrid M. Richards ; 2. Irene Mackay ; 3. G. Dorothy S. Graham.

*Physical Training.*—Irene Mackay and Gertrude Drummond (equal).

## FORM 3C.

*English.*—1. Elspeth Johnston ; 2. Agnes Keddie ; (3) Jean Mackie ; 4. Helen Donaldson.

*French.*—1. Yetta Lucas ; 2. Elspeth Johnston ; 3. Margaret Watt.

*Mathematics.*—1. Flora Patterson ; 2. Jean Mackie ; 3. Christina Malloch.

*Science.*—1. Flora Patterson and Christina Malloch (equal) ; 3. Jean Middlemiss.

*Art.*—Mina Storrar ; 2. Margaret Watt ; 3. Agnes Keddie.

*Physical Training.*—Mina Storrar and Elizabeth Rosie (equal).

## FORM 3D.

*English.*—1. Catherine Kay ; 2. Helen Millar ; 3. Rhoda Craig.

*French.*—1. Jean Sinclair ; 2. Helen Millar ; 3. Frances Hossack.

*Mathematics.*—1. Christina Baikie ; 2. Catherine Kay ; 3. Georgina Miller.

*Science.*—1. Rhoda Craig ; 2. Catherine Kay ; 3. Mary Douglas.

*Art.*—1. Elsie Brown ; 2. (equal) Mildred Storrar and Georgina Miller.

*Physical Training.*—1. Mildred Storrar.

## FORM 2A.

*English.*—1. Elizabeth Thornton ; 2. Hannah Couper ; 3. Margaret Crichton ; 4. Jane Bethune and Ethel Buglass (equal) ; 6. Alice Mercer.

*Latin.*—1. Hannah Couper ; 2. Elizabeth Thornton ; 3. Jane Bethune ; 4. Ethel Buglass.

*French.*—1. Ethel Buglass ; 2. Hannah Couper ; 3. Elizabeth Thornton ; 4. Jane Bethune.

*Mathematics.*—1. Jane Bethune ; 2. Annie M. Turnbull ; 3. Hannah Couper ; 4. Margaret Crichton.

*Science.*—1. Jane Bethune ; 2. Mary Hughes ; 3. Margaret Crichton ; 4. Hannah Couper.

*Art.*—1. Jane Bethune ; 2. Alice Mercer and Ruth Punton (equal) ; 4. Elizabeth Thornton.

*Physical Training.*—Ruby Hindmarsh.

*Dressmaking.*—Ruby Hindmarsh.

## FORM 2B.

*English.*—1. Margaret Mackenzie and Elizabeth Smith (equal) ; 3. Christina Pollock ; 4. Delia Hall ; 5. Winifred Duncan ; 6. Margaret Ferme.

*Latin.*—1. Elizabeth Smith ; 2. Margaret Mackenzie ; 3. Caroline Forbes ; 4. Delia Hall.

*French.*—1. Elizabeth Smith ; 2. Caroline Forbes ; 3. Delia Hall ; 4. Margaret Mackenzie.

*Mathematics.*—1. Elizabeth Smith ; 2. Caroline Forbes ; 3. Margaret Mackenzie ; 4. Winifred Duncan and Margaret Thallon.

*Science.*—1. Elizabeth Smith ; 2. Margaret Mackenzie ; 3. Christina Pollock ; 4. Jean Mackenzie.

*Art.*—1. Delia Hall ; 2. Jean Crockett ; 3. Margaret Crowe and Jean Lugton.

*Physical Training.*—Beatrice Fletcher.

*Dressmaking.*—Margaret Mackenzie.

## FORM 2C.

*English.*—1. Norah E. Shields ; 2. Helen S. Brown and Christina M'C. Nelson (equal) ; 4. Jessie F. D. Burn.

*French.*—1. Norah E. Shields ; 2. Jessie F. D. Burn ; 3. Helen S. Brown.

*Mathematics.*—1. Helen S. Brown ; 2. Christina M'C. Nelson ; 3. Norah E. Shields.

*Science.*—1. Norah E. Shields ; 2. Jessie F. D. Burn ; 3. Christina M'C. Nelson.

*Art.*—1. Jessie F. D. Burn ; 2. Christina L. F. Berry and Flora G. Campbell (equal).

*Physical Training.*—Christina M'C. Nelson.

*Dress making.*—Elsie Gourlay.

*Domestic Science.*—Jessie Burn.

## FORM 2D.

*English.*—1. Margaret E. Ross ; 2. Dorothy H. Armstrong ; 3. Lilian C. Mitchell ; 4. Agnes P. Black.

*French.*—1. Agnes M. Stark ; 2. Margaret A. Brown ; 3. Lilian C. Mitchell.

*Mathematics.*—1. Victoria E. Stewart ; 2. Alison M. Cheyne ; 3. Lilian C. Mitchell.

*Science.*—1. Margaret A. Brown ; 2. Lilian C. Mitchell ; 3. Agnes M. Stark.

*Art.*—1. Margaret C. B. Nicol ; 2. Anne S. Black ; 3. Gladys J. C. Morrison.



*Physical Training.*—Margaret Aitchison.

*Dressmaking.*—Alison M. Cheyne.

*Domestic Science.*—Dorothy Armstrong and Nan Black (equal).

## FORM 1A.

*English.*—1. Dorothy M. Minck ; 2. Roberta H. Chilles ; 3. Marie A. Morrison ; 4. Mary B. R. Blyth ; 5. Beatrice W. Liddell ; 6. Freda E. Underhill.

*Latin.*—1. Dorothy M. Minck ; 2. Mary I. Trotter ; 3. Freda E. Underhill ; 4. Marie A. Morrison.

*French.*—1. Dorothy M. Minck ; 2. Marie A. Morrison ; 3. Mary I. Trotter ; 4. Freda E. Underhill.

*Mathematics.*—1. Marie A. Morrison and Freda E. Underhill (equal) ; 3. Irene P. M'Dermott and Mona Robertson (equal).

*Science.*—1. Dorothy M. Minck ; 2. Marie A. Morrison ; 3. Laura Watt.

*Art.*—Alice M. Galloway ; 2. Flora A. Ritchie ; 3. Violet J. Scott.

*Physical Training.*—Mary B. R. Blyth.

*Dressmaking.*—Annie M. Galloway.

## FORM 1B.

*English.*—1. Nan Dunn ; 2. Isabella Wallis ; 3. Annie Marsh ; 4. Jenny Yellowlees ; 5. Eva Harris ; 6. Mary Ramsay.

*Latin.*—1. Mary Ramsay ; 2. Olive M'Ausland ; 3. Mary Kelloe ; 4. Eva Harris.

*French.*—1. Mary Ramsay ; 2. Olive M'Ausland ; 3. Annie M'Intosh ; 4. Nan Dunn.

*Mathematics.*—1. Mary Kelloe ; 2. Nan Dunn ; 3. Olive M'Ausland ; 4. Jenny Yellowlees.

*Science.*—1. Dorothy Gardiner ; 2. Anne M'Intosh ; 3. Annie Marsh ; 4. Mary Kelloe.

*Art.*—1. Margaret Malcolm ; 2. Charlotte Rosie ; 3. Beatrice Steedman.

*Physical Training.*—Charlotte Rosie.

*Dressmaking.*—Eva Harris.

## FORM 1C.

*English.*—1. Louie Lawrence ; 2. Christian Reddin ; 3. Muriel Pattullo ; 4. Laura Shields.

*French.*—1. Louie Lawrence ; 2. Muriel Pattullo ; 3. Nancy Burn.

*Mathematics.*—1. Muriel Pattullo ; 2. Helen Noble ; 3. Louie Lawrence.

*Science.*—1. Muriel Pattullo ; 2. Nancy Burn ; 3. Louie Lawrence.

*Art.*—1. Nancy Burn ; 2. Louie Lawrence ; 3. Christian Reddin.

*Physical Training.*—Nancy Burn.

*Dressmaking.*—Nancy Burn.

*Domestic Science.*—Louie Lawrence.

## FORM 1D.

*English.*—1. Naomi Smith ; 2. Annie Levy ; 3. Gladys Robertson ; 4. Myra Dow.

*French.*—1. Naomi Smith ; 2. Annie Levy ; 3. Gladys Robertson.

*Mathematics.*—1. Annie Levy ; 2. Gladys Robertson ; 3. Naomi Smith.

*Science.*—1. Annie Levy ; 2. Gladys Robertson ; 3. Helen Neilson.

*Art.*—1. Naomi Smith ; 2. Myra Dow ; 3. Phyllis Mamson.

*Physical Training.*—1. Margaret Woods.

*Dressmaking.*—1. Phyllis Manson.

*Domestic Science.*—Naomi Smith.

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## SPECIAL PRIZES.

## Bible Prizes.

*Forms 5 and 6.*—Alma St. C. Bloor. *Form 4.*—Kathleen L. Paterson.

*Form 3.*—Morag Dods.

*Form 2.*—Margaret A. Turnbull.

*Form 1.*—Marie A. Morrison. 3 *Senior A.*—Isabella Smith.

2 *Senior A.*—Doreen Michie. 1 *Senior A.*—Kathleen Macdonald.

2 *Junior A.*—Isobel Brown. 1 *Junior A.*—Isabel Esson.

## Sir Walter Scott Club Prize Competition.

*Secondary School.*—1. Marjory M. Cowe ; 2. Margaret E. R. Kemp.

*Intermediate School.*—1. Adelaide Pass ; 2. Helen M. Gray.

## Stevenson Club Prize.

Jean E. M'Clarence.

## Burns Club Prize.

Millicent C. Dewar.



*Pianoforte Prizes.**Miss Brown's Pupils.*—1. Violet F. Crerar ; 2. Elizabeth M'William.*Mr Huxtable's Pupils.*—1. Mae Finlayson ; 2. Helen Gloag.*Mr Paterson's Pupils.*—1. Ethel Syme ; 2. Margaret MacBeath and Mary I. Trotter (equal).*Mrs Ross's Pupils.*—Senior, Mary Miller ; Junior, Sheila Ross ; Primary, Jean Tinch.*Singing Prize.*

Eleanor Fairbairn.

*"Cowan" Prize in Art.*

Lilias J. Tait (resigned). Winifrid Richards.

*"Thomas Scott" Prize for Athletics.*

Christina Graham.

*Special Prize for Best All-Round Pupil.*

Catherine S. Rennie.

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

1. Frances Niven (3 Sen. B.) ; 2. Muriel Camberg (3 Sen. B.) ; 3. June Drig (3 Sen. C.).

**Class 3 Sen. A.**

1. Eliza Cameron ; 2. Gladys Beattie ; 3. Jean Paterson ; 4. Dorothy Brown ; 5. Alison Tait ; 6. Winifred Cormack ; 7. Doris Livingstone ; 8. Constance Wyper.

*Drawing.*—Agnes Ross.*Sewing.*—Gladys Beattie.*French.*—Gladys Beattie.**Class 3 Sen. B.**

1. Elizabeth Mercer ; 2. Catherine Slater ; 3. Mary Grant ; 4. Frances Niven ; 5. Margaret Christie ; 6. Muriel Camberg ; 7. Mary Sinclair ; 8. Harriet Gordon.

*Drawing.*—Elizabeth Mercer.*Sewing.*—Margaret Maxwell.*French.*—Muriel Camberg.**Class 3 Sen. C.**

1. Aileen Blair ; 2. Florence Brown ; 3. Sheila Black ; 4. Mary Keddie ; 5. Norah Good ; 6. Evelyn Sinclair ; 7. Isobel Mitchell ; 8. Harriet Bowie.

*Drawing.*—Eleanora Traill.*Sewing.*—Eleanora Traill.*French.*—Dorothy Purves.**Class 2 Sen. A.**

1. Margaret Bee ; 2. Evelyn Hardie ; 3. Margaret Jamieson ; 4. Frances Woodward ; 5. Ann Skinner ; 6. Jean Tweedie ; 7. Muriel Hastie ; 8. Nancy Thornton.

*Drawing.*—Frances Woodward. *Sewing.*—Mary Taylor.**Class 2 Sen. B.**

1. Elizabeth M'William ; 2. Joan Godfrey ; 3. Agnes Bethune ; 4. Grace Caddis and Jean Ritchie (equal) ; 6. Catherine M'Culloch and Marjorie Rowley (equal) ; 8. Victoire M'Leod.

*Drawing.*—Elizabeth Ketchin. *Sewing.*—Agnes Bethune.**Class 2 Sen. C.**

1. Alice Ferguson ; 2. Elizabeth Mason ; 3. Ruby Ockrent ; 4. Jessie M'Lean ; 5. Rachel Quinnell ; 6. Mary Forrester ; 7. Lillian Underhill ; 8. Margaret Lorutsen.

*Drawing.*—Barbara Black.*Sewing.*—Mary Robertson.**Class 1 Sen. A.**

1. Kathleen Macdonald ; 2. Margaret Gooding ; 3. Gertrude Levy ; 4. Agnes Morrison ; 5. Helen Forbes ; 6. Doris Morison ; 7. Jane M'Walter ; 8. Norah Smith.

*Drawing.*—Muriel Harrison.*Sewing.*—Margaret Tait and Agnes Cochrane (equal).**Class 1 Sen. B.**

1. Elizabeth M'Donald ; 2. Agnes Robertson ; 3. Betty Harper ; 4. Jessie Rankin ; 5. Doris Lingard ; 6. Dorothy M'Cartney ; 7. Jeanne Bauchope ; 8. Joan Low.

*Drawing.*—Isobel Robertson. *Sewing.*—Isobel Robertson and Doris Lingard (equal).**Class 1 Sen. C.**

1. Eleanor Ginsberg ; 2. Helen Weddell ; 3. Caroline Ferguson ; 4. Jean M'Killop ; 5. Jessie Ross and Helen Young (equal) ; 7. Margaret Marshall ; 8. Margaret Glen.

*Drawing.*—Jean M'Killop.*Sewing.*—Jean Littlejohn.**Class 2 Junior A.**

1. Elizabeth Murphy ; 2. Marjorie Ritchie ; 3. Dorothy Forrester ; 4. Jean Swain ; 5. Janette F. Squair ; 6. Margaret Mills ; 7. Freda Smith ; 8. Margaret Booth.

*Composition.*—Yvonne La Frenais. *Drawing.*—Margaret Mills.*Sewing.*—Nyasa Burn.**Class 2 Junior B.**

1. Joyce Cumming ; 2. Joyce Kidd ; 3. Elizabeth Chalmers ; 4. Margaret Thom ; 5. Margaret Brown ; 6. Marion Peden ; 7. Grace Jamieson ; 8. Jean Ross.

*Composition.*—Joyce Kidd.*Drawing.*—Doreen Robertson.*Sewing.*—Doreen Jeffrey.



## Class 2 Junior C.

1. Margaret Reid ; 2. Pauline Wood ; 3. Helen M'Kenzie ;
4. Ruby Bruce ; 5. Sheila Mather ; 6. Evelyn Small ; 7. Jean Matheson ; 8. Alexandrina Cameron.

*Composition*.—Jean Matheson. *Drawing*.—Marjorie Dewar.

*Sewing*.—Patricia Traill.

## Class 1 Junior A.

1. Janet Brown ; 2. Isabel Ferguson ; 3. Kathleen M'Culloch ;
4. Clara Scott ; 5. Catherine Simpson ; 6. Jean Deas ; 7. Rosemary Lorraine ; 8. Iris Bruce.

*Composition*.—Clementine M'Intyre. *Drawing*.—Iris Bruce.

*Sewing*.—Isabel Ferguson.

## Class 1 Junior B.

1. Dorothy Halliday ; 2. Jean Wallis ; 3. Mabel M'Caig ; and
- Catherine Sinclair (equal) ; 5. May Brownlee ; 6. Irene Spratt ;
7. Patricia M'Dermott ; 8. Jean Wishart.

*Composition*.—Beatrice Gilchrist. *Drawing*.—Jean Telfer.

*Sewing*.—Patricia M'Dermott.

## Class 1 Junior C.

1. Marjorie Hamilton ; 2. Dorothy Horsburgh ; 3. E. Doris Sey ;
4. Hazel Stewart ; 5. Winifred Coutts ; 6. Jean Halkett ; 7. Jessie Houston ; 8. Evelyn Abbott.

*Composition*.—Hazel Stewart. *Drawing*.—Dorothy Horsburgh.

*Sewing*.—Jean Halkett.

## Class Senior Infant A.

1. Rhoda Graham ; 2. Margaret Brewster ; 3. Isobel Murray ;
4. Audrey Liles ; 5. Joan Knevitt ; 6. Moria Haig ; 7. Jean M'Nab and May Davidson (equal).

## Class Senior Infant B.

1. Doris M'Murtrie ; 2. Marguerite Combey ; 3. Rosemary Matheson ; 4. Janetta Guild ; 5. Margaret Gilbert ; 6. Frances Fleming ; 7. May Jamieson ; 8. Mary Kirkwood.

## Class Junior Infant A.

1. Jean M'Minn ; 2. Dorothy Beaton ; 3. Norma Houston ;
4. Doreen Colburn ; 5. Isabel M'Donald ; 6. Leslie Stuart ; 7. Lillias M'Farlane ; 8. Margery Thomson.

## Class Junior Infant B.

1. Marjorie MacGregor ; 2. Wilma Moore ; 3. Dorothy Polson ;
4. Dorothy Napier ; 5. Dorothy Hamilton ; 6. Moreen Calder ;
7. Dorothy Ferguson ; 8. Morag Bryce.

## BURSARIES.

*Secondary Bursaries* were awarded last year to :—

Agnes M. Bertram, Jean D. Caldwell, Mary K. Miller, Elizabeth M. Ross, Elizabeth C. Ritchie.

*Intermediate Bursaries* were awarded to :—

Mary B. R. Blyth, Elizabeth Browne, Margaret C. Cooper, Annie W. Dunn, Beatrice W. A. Liddell, Margaret W. M'Kinnon, Lilian A. Savage, Freda E. Underhill, Jenny M. Yellowlees, Mary I. Trotter.

*James Gillespie's School Bursaries* were awarded to :—

Margaret Brettell (Stockbridge School) ; Roberta Chilles (Portobello Secondary) ; Mona Robertson (Broughton) ; Miriam Shenkin (Portobello) ; Laura Watt (Broughton) ; Mary Beasley (Flora Stevenson's) ; Muriel Green (Flora Stevenson's) ; Mary Kelloe (Abbeyhill) ; Mary Ramsay (Dean) ; Isabella Wallis (Roseburn).

Two of Mr Huxtable's pupils, Mae Finlayson and Helen Gloag, have passed the Elementary Pianoforte Examination of the Associated Board.

Jean Paterson, a pupil of Mr Paterson, has also passed the Elementary Examination.

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