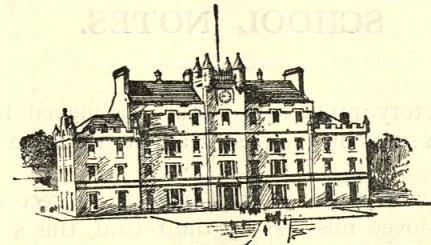


Gillespie's High School Magazine



July 1932





Gillespie's High School Magazine

JULY 1932

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SCHOOL NOTES.

"Satisfactory progress" is the hackneyed but useful phrase which sums up the past year's activities in work and sports.

One or two changes in staff have to be recorded. We lose a much-loved mistress by the retiral, this summer, of Miss Joanna C. Atkinson. She takes with her our best wishes for many happy years of leisure, and leaves, alike with her colleagues and with the successive generations of infants whom she has "mothered," a very fragrant memory. We were sorry to lose Mr James Tait, but we congratulate him on his promotion to be First Assistant in James Gillespie's Boys' School. We are not likely to forget his great work in promoting athletics in our school. We were interested to note that Mr James G. Glen had made progress up the ladder of promotion by being placed on the long leet for headmasterships. In September we shall be glad to welcome Miss Napier back from her year in Buffalo, but we regretfully bid good-bye to Miss Margaret Wilkins, who has proved herself a most agreeable colleague, and whose fresh methods and outlook have benefited the pupils with whom she has come in contact.

Of the House System it need only be said that it continues to prove its value, not only in maintaining keenness in sports, but in keeping up a high standard of attendance, work and conduct.

Many pupils are already to be seen wearing the new hatband, and it is expected that by September it will have entirely replaced the old.

The Founder's Day Service, held this year on Friday, 10th June, was a particularly happy one. Councillor the Rev. A. D. Sloan, D.D., was chairman and we were fortunate in having as speaker the Rev. A. Ratcliffe Barnett, Ph.D. In a delightful speech, begun with a reference to our old friend James Gillespie with his house and snuff mill at Colinton, and enlivened by characteristic touches of humour, Dr. Barnett said that great things arise from very small beginnings, that beauty lies in the commonest things, that no true prosperity is ever attained without hard work, and

that the greatest legacy anyone can leave is a legacy of unselfishness. A snuff box was presented to Dr. Barnett and a bouquet to Mrs Sloan; then came the Senior Prefect's customary request for a holiday on the following Monday, which request the Chairman granted, amid great enthusiasm on the part of the school!

After the service the Literary Society, along with Miss Foster, went to Gullane and there held a picnic in brilliant sunshine—a less romantic but no less pleasant expedition than last year's hill walk to the Covenanters' Grave.

The social side of school life has as usual flourished alongside of the more serious activities. Reports of the two societies and of the Swimming Gala will be found elsewhere. The Christmas parties in no way fell short of the standard of former years. Christmas is peculiarly the little children's time, and a festive atmosphere which seemed to spread even among the "upper reaches" of the school was created by the charming decorations in the infant classrooms and corridors. Those who were privileged to hear the programme of carols and poems by which that department kept Christmas, agreed that the little ceremony was one of the pleasantest events of the school year.

During the week beginning on Monday, 2nd May, performances of *H.M.S. Pinafore* were given, with five different castes. Fuller notice of these is given on another page; here we should like only to thank Mr Couling for his work in painting scenery, Mr Glen for acting as business manager, and above all Mr Wishart for his most ungrudging sacrifice of time and effort in the drudgery of rehearsals.

On 30th June, an interesting and helpful address on "Careers for Girls, other than Teaching" was given to the pupils of the Secondary Department by Miss M. G. Cowan, O.B.E., M.A.

One of the members of the Education Committee, who is also an official visitor to this school—Councillor Tom Stevenson—has most kindly presented a beautiful cup to be competed for in sports. It will be awarded to the champion athlete in each school year, who will also receive a gold medal from Councillor Stevenson. The school acknowledges with gratitude its indebtedness to the donor of this very handsome gift, which should prove a strong incentive to enthusiasm in sport.

Mr John Charles Jobson, 68 Merchiston Avenue, a former Dux of James Gillespie's School, has made a generous gift of two guineas to the Prize Fund of the school. A prize of one guinea is to be awarded to the pupil best at Mental Arithmetic in the third year of the Secondary Department; and another prize of a guinea—to be called the "Colin L. Jobson, M.A., Memorial Prize"—to the Dux of the School. Mr Jobson was himself, while a pupil of the old school, the winner of the "Thin Prize" for Mental Arithmetic, and his brother, Colin, was a distinguished pupil.

We are to take an active part in the Scott Pageant which will be presented by Edinburgh schools in the Waverley Market on the evenings of the 21st to the 24th of September. The scene chosen for representation by this school is that in which Marmion is received at the Court of James IV. in Holyrood, and a mimed version of the "Lochinvar" ballad is being inset into the court scene. Over a hundred girls are to take part and are already busy, with the help of the staff, rehearsing and making costumes.

At the end of the first term a collection was made in school for the Boot Fund, and realised £6. School Savings Certificates now total £11,094, 11s.

The "Gillespie Bursars" continue to do well in their classes, taking good places in the merit list and thus justifying the institution of the Bursary Scheme. Ten new bursaries, open to pupils of all the primary schools in Edinburgh and awarded on marks gained in the Control Examination, are being given this year.

Last year there were 129 passes in the Control Examination, 63 pupils gained the Day Schools Certificate (Higher), and 13 the Leaving Certificate. 8 Pupils obtained the Junior Commercial Certificate of the Edinburgh Chamber of Commerce. In the Merit List of the Bursary Competition at Edinburgh University our school was represented by one high place in the general list, three places in the merit list for the Renton Bursary, and one in that for the Welsh Mathematical Bursary. Our School Dux, Catherine I. Davie, took twenty-first place in the general list; she was assigned the Renton Bursary and has since been awarded a bursary of £20 for four years.

A. E. F.

FROM THE SECONDARY DEPARTMENT

TWO SONNETS.

I.

Grey lonely winds that shiver through the corn;
A brook's soft murmur in a quiet place;
The sunlight of a laughing April morn;
The calm pure glory of a young girl's face.
The poet's vision of Beauty never-dying;
Thought than can know no bound of time or space;
And reasoned argument like arrows flying;
And love that needs no kiss nor close embrace.
Are these but dreams born of imagination
Delusions bred in man's conceited brain?
Man—a mistake in nature's calculation—
A factor to be cancelled out again?
With trembling fingers I forever wind
The threads within the labyrinth of my mind.

II.

The trembling winds are playing misty tunes,
The dying sun shines forth through flame-red bars;
I see a vision of Eternity,
Beautiful and mysterious as the stars.
I see the universe as one vast whole.
Impassionate and calm in unity.
One Truth, one Beauty, and one God. My soul
Cries out to join in that great harmony.
Naked to run upon the dew-drenched grass,
To leap with arms stretched upward to the skies,
To feel the wind's cool fingers in my hair,
And beauty, beauty smiling in my eyes . . .
In vain my chained spirit soars and sings,
It flutters to the dust with bruised wings.

CATHERINE DAVIE, Form 6 A.

ILLUSION.

Softly I opened the door and stepped into the murky space beyond. Stopping, I gazed in horror at the scene which met my eyes—a queer greenish curtain twisted and coiled its sinuous form in front of me, while on the left the shadows were lit by a weird wicked red lamp which seemed to be winking its evil eye down upon me.

All this I subconsciously realised, but what held my gaze transfixed was the sight of two figures struggling in the gloom and shadows cast by the ghastly green curtain. Silently did the figures struggle, breathing shortly and uttering agonised gasps. Round them I made out two more figures hovering near, uttering little moans now and again. A shriek rose to my lips as something evil and shining shot through the air, and I saw by the red lamp's glare a sword wielded on high. Another noise smote the silence which had now fallen so suddenly and ominously, a ghostly whisper came hissing through the shadows, instinctively I felt it was speaking to me. Again it came, and I heard every word it said, so quiet and dead was its utterance. Shivers ran up my spine as a cold and clammy hand clutched my arm, while the sword clanked by my very side. Again came the whisper. On the verge of collapse, I heard these words muttered in my ear, "For goodness' sake, Nan, put in that top fastener. Hurry! oh hurry! it's nearly time to go on!"

Having performed this heroic deed I collapsed in a hysterical heap on the floor in the depths of the shadows, while "Captain Corcoran and Ralph," costumes changed in the nick of time, passed on to the lighted stage and *H.M.S. Pinafore* proceeded without a hitch.

NAN BUCHAN, Form 6 B.

* * * *

EXPERIMENTS IN VERSIFYING.

"Poeta nascitur, non fit," but the art of making verses, if not poetry, can be cultivated by practice. The following efforts in various metres were written as class exercises, but seemed of sufficient interest to be worthy of a place in the Magazine.

MADRIGALS.

I.

Fair as the moon art thou, O my beloved.
Thine eyes are like twin stars from heav'n removed,
And fringed with night
Thy hair—spun light!
How sweet thy lips their ruby arch compress
With smiles to charm a deity, or less.
But not on me, alas! do thy first favours fall,
For though I love too well, 'tis not love conquers all.

AGNES BERTRAM, Form 5 A.

II.

The sun hath raised his car above,
And I must off to see my love,
For I must go where roses blow
To see my love ere noon to-day.

The sun's bright race is nearly o'er,
And I must steer to yon far shore,
For I must sing as the oars I swing
To reach my home ere close of day!

The sun across the sky hath fled,
The moon hath risen in his stead,
Now I am home my thoughts will roam
To where I left my love to-day.

MAIMIE PATERSON, Form 5 A.

BLANK VERSE.

I.

Now come the dainty snow-flakes soft as down,
A host of tiny, twinkling, timid stars.
The vanguard firstly, slow and soft, descends,
Then from the grey sky overhead come more,
And more, and more, to start a whirling war.
Then after, some, as if exhausted, fall
Upon the ground, and on the bare black twigs . . .

SALLIE PAISLEY, Form 5 A.

II.

Music, a maiden beautiful to see!
Her face is fairer than the loveliest rose,
Her fingers cool and soothing touch my eyes,
Her mellow voice chimes softly in my ears.
My room is filled with melody and sound,
I hear the strains of dainty minuets,
Then slow and stately tunes of gay gavottes,
Sonatas, preludes, vales, then are sewn
Into a cloth of splendid harmony.

ANN M'INTOSH, Form 5 A.

EPITAPHS.

I.

Let all who pass and see this name
Know that it sought, but found not, fame.

II.

Although, dear friend, beneath the ground you lie,
Your memory's sweet to many a passer by.

KATHLEEN PATERSON, Form 5 A.

III.

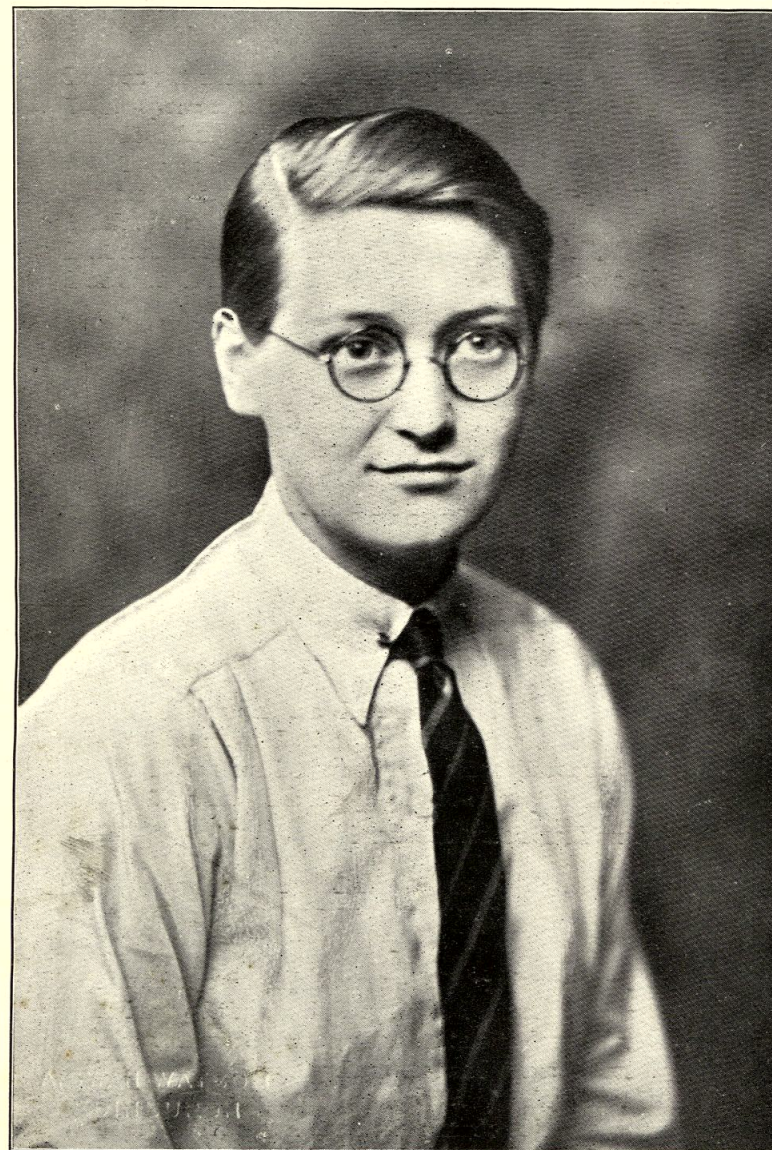
Here lies, alas! our darling cat.
A friend mistook him for the mat.

RUBY GAULDIE, Form 5 A.

IV.

The black slave, Death,
Had need of her—
A silver bird,
To deck his hair.

AGNES BERTRAM, Form 5 A.



CATHERINE I. DAVIE
(Dux of the School, 1931-32).



C. TAIT, M. SCOTT, H. BROWN, M. O'Riordan, D. FRATER, R. BROWN, J. PATERSON, D. MANSON.
M. PATERSON, H. FAIRBAIN, L. STEIN, E. AITKINS, M. REID, M. KEMP, A. BUGLASS, D. GRAHAM, E. MERCER.
E. FAIRBAIN, M. CHISHOLM, C. DAVIE, Mr BURNETT, H. ROSIE, C. GRAHAM, M. POTTER.

BALLADS.

It fell about the Martinmas
When nichts are lang and mirk,
A stranger cam' into the inn,
In his hand a dripping dirk.

Then up an' spak' oor auld gudeman,
An' spak' wi' muckle ire.
"What want ye here, ye rank reiver?
Get oot o' my sicht, sire!"

An' then the gudewife stopt her wheel
An' stairtit at the soun'
But when she saw the bluidy dirk,
She draught doon in a swoond.

"O help, O help!" the stranger said,
And ance mair, "Help!" he cried,
"I've slain my brither, for I thocht
'Twas a traitor at my side!"

"Gudebye, gudebye, gude fellows a',
A last gudebye!" cried he.
"Ma brither's slain this waefu' nicht,
And wi' him I will dee."

"O stay, O stay, thou gudely knight,
In this world ye maun bide,
I'll gie ye land an' a gudely cot,
An' ma dochter for your bride!"

His words o' comfort were too late,
The man ran frae the inn,
The morn his body was washed up
He'd drowned him in the linn.

JENNY YELLOWLEES, Form 2 A.

II.

The mist lay low upon the hills
And dreary was the scene,
When in Loch Leven Castle lay
Four Maries and a Queen.

But by a trick the little page
 Contrived to steal the keys,
 That would allow them to escape,
 And would Queen Mary please.

As softly as the falling dew
 They crept out to the night,
 And at the brink they saw a boat
 In the flickering pale moonlight.

When half-way o'er the placid loch
 The page-boy full of fear,
 Did drop the keys for ever to
 The silent depths o' the mere.

MARY RAMSAY, Form 2 A.

* * * *

J.G.H.S. WEATHER REPORT.

After the return from the Christmas vacation moving depressions and unsettled conditions were experienced through the Higher School.

A Crisis came in March when, owing to influence from higher regions, there were heavy falls too numerous to detail in some cases, while in others there was a sudden and marked rise; subsequently this gave place to very unsettled conditions.

With the approach of the summer months, mild and boisterous conditions prevailed generally, with the exception of deep depressions which were again felt by many on certain memorable days owing to cool and stormy weather, and rough winds from the higher regions.

During the rest of the summer term it was found that abnormal mildness and boisterous conditions prevailed throughout the whole school, brightened still more by sunny intervals.

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MARION SMITH, Form 5 B.

A LIFETIME IN A NIGHT.

"London train, Madam? Platform 7. But the train does not leave for half an hour yet!"

With a murmured word of thanks, I hurried in the direction indicated, only to pull up with a start and rub my eyes disbelievingly.

My amazed gaze encountered the mystifying placard which read "The Future." Thinking I had suddenly been overcome by some strange malady, I slowly turned round in search of some explanation.

With a thrill of horror, I realised that at my feet lay a sheer chasm, the bottom of which was shrouded in impenetrable darkness. Shaking in every limb, I turned round once more.

It seemed to me that literally centuries had passed, but my watch, which I noticed with some measure of relief, appeared uninfluenced by the mystic course of events, showed only a change of five minutes since I had glanced at it when the world had been normal.

Propelled by some inner instinct which I could no more fathom than anything else that had occurred, I slowly walked along, what I suppose might be termed a platform in the ordinary sense.

Not a soul was in sight and now thoroughly terrified, I tore open a carriage door and staggered in. My panic had not prevented me from noticing that this carriage door had borne the words "The Train of Destiny."

My knees were shaking and almost in a swoon I sank down into a seat. After an interminable time I felt my senses returning, and I opened my eyes. As if held by a magnet, my eyes were rivetted on a picture, vaguely familiar. A strangled cry of fear broke from me as I realised that I was gazing at a scene from my own past life, and that the carriage was full of pictures depicting in every detail my life as it was up to the present.

I felt a movement, and the fact that the train had started for the unknown was conveyed to my numbed brain.

I sat as if carved in stone, the mad beating of my heart sounding like the frenzied drumming on a native tom-tom.

A voice sharp with anguish, yet weary with resignation, called "First stop—Illusion."

I found I was rising and going towards the door. I tried to stop but could not. My feet seemed scarcely to touch anything, yet after a moment I knew beyond any doubt that I was out of the train.

Then very slowly certain tableaux stood out against the white curtain. I saw a young girl stormily disregarding her parents' advice, because she was certain she would eventually prove a "Prima Donna." Some fool had told her so.

There was again something uncannily familiar in the scene.

I had the power to foresee the end but as I was about to rush forward with a cry of warning, I was rooted to the spot and no sound escaped my parted lips. Terror stricken I recognised in the young girl—myself.

I heard the faint echo of devilish, inhuman laughter.

Scene after scene was enacted before my spellbound gaze, and I was compelled to witness my own anguish that followed when disillusionment came.

With a start I discovered myself once more in the "Train of Destiny," wondering dully for what new torture I was bound. I was not long left in doubt! The same indescribable voice called "Second Stop—The Battlefield of Emotions." Again I found myself an unseen writhing witness, now of the horrible struggle between "Hate and Love," "Fear and Courage," "Delight and Discontent" and I was nearly demented when I realised to my terror that the evil qualities were triumphant. And so it went on—a never-ending pageant of horror continued each time the train stopped.

I felt I could not bear much more. I shrieked aloud and felt my senses swimming. Hundreds of tiny leering devils passed round me, and then suddenly—I was falling, falling—to the accompaniment of diabolical yells of triumph. The nerve-racking journey was over at last, for I knew no more.

"Excuse me, Madam, we are almost in London, and—er, hadn't you better see to your luggage?"

I looked at the man, then suddenly I laughed, laughed shrilly till the tears were running down my cheeks.

I had time to notice the thunderstruck expression on my fellow-traveller's face before the train steamed into King's Cross.

ADELAIDE PASS, Form 4 A.

BONFIRE WUD!

The bonfire squad ran up the stair
Yelling, "Missus ha'e ye ony mair?"
Enough o' wud we canna git
For in twa hoors it wull be lit.

Here's oor Capt'n wi' a barry,
Cries the squad, "Let's help him carry,"
And there's wee Sammy wi' a tub,
Oh my! his face 'ull need a scrub.

But lo! here comes the thievin' gang,
Quick, guard the wud or else ere lang
A fire this nicht there winna be.
Hoo oor neeboors 'ud laugh wi' glee!

The fecht is o'er an' the wud secure,
So get to wark and kick up stour,
Haul oot the gear, and pile it high.
This oor job we'll do or die.

Noo licht a spunk and up she gaes,
The bairns dancin' roon' the blaze.
A' the weans 'll be up late,
The "Bonfire Day" to celebrate.

NETTA and SUSIE MACDONALD, Form 4 A.

* * * *

S. Y. H. A.

Should you be strolling a country road in one of the Border valleys with nothing better to do than knock off the heads of wayside thistles, and perceive the above four letters interlocked in a strange design, it might interest you to follow the path which leads from there, for there invariably is one.

It may be that the way will be long, winding under the leafy shade of ancient, gnarled trees, or it may be a short

hundred yards along a trim walk. However, when the path is no more you perceive in front of you what would seem to be an ordinary fairly large house with red window frames.

But, on entering, this illusion speedily vanishes, for the first room is a large common room with flagged floor and a large open fireplace round which is congregated a merry crowd, either attempting to cook a meal or hindering others from doing so.

Led by your eager guide, curiosity, you pass into another room similar to the first, in which the occupants have reached the stage of devouring what food they have managed to cook.

Passing through this room you enter a dormitory with queer "Double-decker" beds, *i.e.*, beds with two wire mattresses, one above the other. There are several other dormitories similar to the first, the number of beds varying in accordance with the size of the room.

Having viewed the interior you must now proceed to the washing place, which is, perhaps, rather primitive, being a wooden shelter erected by the side of a clear icy stream.

There remains now only to explain the symbols heading this page, which are translated, "Scottish Youth Hostels Association."

ELIZABETH GEMMELL, Form 4 A.

* * * *

HARK! TO MY TALE.

For the past few weeks everyone has been so busy, first with rehearsals, then with the actual performances of *H.M.S. Pinafore*, that every other interest has been flung overboard. But now that things have come back to the old rut again, perhaps I may find at least one patient listener to the tale I have to tell.

One day, while attending one of our numerous rehearsals, happening to glance round in order to see if time really did fly, I saw an elderly man pacing furiously to and fro across the room. I looked at him more closely and noticed that his hair was grey, that he was dressed in a queer old-fashioned way, and that he seemed extremely worried about something. After making sure that it was not our friend, Mr W—— turned grey with worry, and feeling sorry for the old gentleman who I felt sure had blundered into the wrong place, I asked if I could be of any assistance to him.

"Assistance!" he shouted at me in the truly fiery Irish way, "you will assist me greatly, miss, if you will stop this disgraceful performance. It is ridiculous! Preposterous! My beautiful music being ruined." Then I recognised the gentleman from pictures I had seen of the famous Arthur Sullivan. I again tried to pacify him, but he kept muttering at frequent intervals, "My beautiful music! My Josephine, spoiled! Huh! A lightly tripping ladies' chorus—bah!" I was feeling as if I had been "plunged into the Cimmerian darkness of tangible despair" when some of our "star" actresses appeared on the stage. This soothed him a little, although he still emitted queer noises, now and again, and gave me time to explain that we had only just begun to practise, and that we would improve as time went on. Realising at last that we meant to insult neither himself nor his music, he agreed to return at some later date. He actually did come again quite often and whispered very valuable hints. He was there at our final performances and was so overjoyed with the glorious scenes which we set before wondering and admiring audiences that he gave us his heartiest of good wishes and said he sincerely hoped we would have another opera soon, which he felt sure would be just as much of a huge success as *H.M.S. Pinafore* had been. He also said that it gave him great pleasure to see brilliant young people like ourselves so eagerly enthusiastic about the works which his friend Gilbert and himself had wrought at and loved so much.

MOLLY FISHER, Form 4 B.

* * * *

A BANANA.

"I'm asked to write, but know not what!" Wrong again! Always the wrong quotation. I'll start again.

"A banana is a savage beast!"—No! that's not right. I have another quotation mixed up somewhere. I'll try again.

"What is a banana?" "A banana is a luscious fruit of a charming colour, an even better flavour, and what is most important of all, plenty for your money."

"What are the uses of a banana?" (rather like the Census this or a certain bursary paper). "The uses of a banana are many and varied. First you may eat it (that is if you like them and are not afraid of indigestion), or perhaps you could use it as a sandwich filling. (No, Mary, I am not talking of guide picnics, I am talking about bananas)."

Now to continue—if you are short of perfume and want one smell to counteract the effects of another, try bananas; they have a pleasant odour, especially when over-ripe. (No, Mary dear, I am not talking about sulphuretted hydrogen in school corridors).

Then think of the cheap slides you can have—no need to wait for ice or pay to go to a rink—just buy a few bananas and drop the skins "accidentally" on the floor, then—slides for one and all, from grandpapa down to the baby. (As good as a Mickey Mouse comedy at the pictures).

Lastly, "Now schoolboys all, whoever you be," listen to this, "A ripe banana is almost as good as an over-ripe tomato to throw at an opponent (and almost but not quite as effective)."

Now I finish up with the motto of a certain famous doctor:—

"Long may he eat bananas and nearly die of indigestion, for I want to get rid of my stores of rhubarb and calomel powder."

FRANCES M. BRUNT, Form 3 A.

THE GALE.

The moon was playing at hide-and-seek
With the stars in the silver sky.
She raced and flickered, and dodged and hid,
Till the old earth wondered why.

She danced on the stream and she dived in the lake,
And the small stars followed fast,
But they couldn't catch up with her flying form,
As she swooped like a diamond cast.

MAE FINLAYSON, Form 3 B.

* * * *

TRIFLING MEDITATIONS.

The abomination of all good vegetarians yet the very incarnation of the original vegetarian—the sheep, in its present state of lamb chops—is slowly vanishing. With its waning dawns for me the rosiest of dreams, the thought of what is yet to come.

Here, in a shining little goblet whose round chalice gleams with the radiant hues of the tantalising contents, is the perfect peak of an epicure's desire. On a frothy creamy sea that undulates over a mysterious bottom of spongy loveliness are perched three gallant barques of deepest cerise—three appetising cherries. With bated breath and a shudder of anticipation I plunge in my silver spoon—mm! mm!

Now what, I ask, is the root of this delight? I might have equally well satisfied myself with bread and butter. Wherein lies the enchantment? Ask the Divine concocter of heavenly nectar—the inspired Deity of all that is beautiful—the goddess of my favourite dish—my trifle!

MARIE MORRISON, Form 2 A.

* * * *

DREAMING.

I dreamt a dream in blossom-time,
Beneath the apple tree,
And apple blossom petals pink
Came floating down to me.

I dreamt a dream in blossom-time,
Of fair lands far away,
Of Eldorado's golden spires,
Of Muscovy, Cathay.

I dreamt a dream in blossom-time,
Of gold and jewels bright,
Of silks and satins, smooth and soft,
To be sweet Prue's delight.

I dreamt of far-off lands and joys,
Though all around 'twas fair.
I did not see that jewels lay
In glorious plenty there.

I did not see that in each leaf
Lay cradled diamond dew;
Nor that the sky was brighter far
Than any sapphire's blue.

But now, when winter skies are grey,
And apple trees are bare,
I dream with longing of the time
When all the world was fair!

DOROTHY MINCK, Form 2 A.

* * * *

MEMORIES OF AN EXILE.

It is evening. And, as I sit, gazing into the velvety gloom of the tropical night and listening to the distant beating of surf on the barrier reef, fleeting memories come back to me, through the mists of the past.

I think no more of blazing suns, of fever-filled swamps and tormenting mosquitoes.

All I see is a windswept moor, sweet with the faint scent of peat and heather. On the horizon, majestic mountains are silhouetted, and overhead I hear again, the trilling of a lark, as it soars up and up, into the azure sky. A tiny thatched cottage nestles at the foot of a brae, the blue smoke from the chimney curling up into the blue, and the rippling of a brook alongside.

Just memories . . . fading . . . fading . . .

MARGARET C. ADAMS, Form 2 B.

A BRAVE RESCUE.

(A True Story).

One day two years ago at a Scottish seaside resort the waves were dashing up the shore, rumbling, roaring, and crashing, throwing spray over the rocks which alternately appeared and disappeared as wave after wave enveloped them in white foaming masses. The sky was dark and threatening, and seagulls flew about squawking.

Then two children came running across the beach, their bathing cloaks flying behind them. They made for a stretch of sand in front of which the sea was quieter, being sheltered by a long edge of rock. They flung down their cloaks and rushed into the water, yelling and dancing with delight whenever a big wave approached them. Suddenly one of the boys disappeared under a huge wave, and was swept out of the sheltered space. He tried to fight his way back, but was again pulled out to sea. The other boy, seeing his chum's plight, went to help him. But, soon the two boys were in great difficulties.

Two men walking on the promenade heard a faint cry for help, and seeing the two heads bobbing up and down, guessed what had happened. They flung off their shoes and coats, and plunged into the raging water. At last they reached the spot where they had seen the boys, but only to find they had sunk. After many attempts one was at last found, and then the other a few yards further on. Now came the difficult task of fighting their way back. It was bad enough going out, but worse returning with two insensible bodies as well. Wave after wave hid them from view, often so long that it was sometimes thought they were lost; but nearer and nearer the shore they came until their feet at last touched firm sand.

By now a crowd had gathered, and a ringing cheer greeted the two heroes. Tired and exhausted they were escorted home. There they later learned that they had saved the boys' lives, and were heartily thanked by their parents.

KATHLEEN MACLEAN, Form 2 C.

THE FAIRY POSTMAN.

On a bright and coloured butterfly,
When King Sol has risen once more,
The fairy postman starts his rounds
And knocks at each fairy door.

He is dressed in a tinted uniform
Supplied by the fairy queen,
And when the sun shines on him—
He is just one glittering sheen!

The letters are fairy docken leaves,
And the ink is buttercup dew,
And perhaps some day the postman will come
And deliver a letter to you.

JEAN R. CURRIE, Form 1 A.

* * * *

THE CLOISTERED NUN.

Walking through the ancient cloisters
With her calm and stately air;
Who is she who so devoutly
Counts her rosary for prayer?

To the strains of "Ave Mary,"
Wafted from the church of prayer;
Who is she who walks the flagstones
That with age and time are bare?

Sable is her garb and simple,
Hidden is her golden hair;
Who is she who seems so wistful—
Can she be "My Lady Clare?"

FRANCES F. NIVEN, Form 1 B.

A CONVERSATION IN AN ATTACHÉ CASE.

"Really, I wish you would make less noise. It is terrible," said Mr Latin Grammar Book, "I hope you will stop soon as I want a rest after my hard day's work."

The noise had begun when Angelina had started to run for the car. As she ran everything in the case was being jumbled up and down so that a good many of the books were being squashed. Of course all the books blamed each other, and then the quarrel began. After Mr Latin Grammar Book had spoken they all stopped making a noise because they were really very frightened of him. Then Miss Venus Pencil spoke. This is what she said:—

"I think we ought to tell each other what happened to us to-day. Angelina has bitten me at ———"

"Oh! I wish you wouldn't squash me like that, Mr Jotter," said Mr British History Book, "And you have squashed all the breath out of me and I won't be able to tell what happened to me to-day."

"I like that," said Mr Jotter, "Mr Regional Geography Book is pushing me. By the way, did William the Conqueror come to England in 1606; because Angelina wrote that on one of my pages and now there is a beautiful red mark on my page. I feel so proud of myself because nearly all my pages are covered with blue and red lines."

"Oh! I do wish Angelina would learn her lessons properly instead of drawing faces all over me all day long," said Mr British History Book woefully, "I am sure that it said on one of my pages that William the Conqueror came to England in 1066."

"Would you please stop pushing?" said polite Mr Twelve Inch Ruler to Mr Note Book, "I am nearly out of the case. In fact I—Oh!"

Angelina had seen Mr Twelve Inch Ruler sticking out of her case so she had pulled him out. That is why he left off speaking so quickly.

"Mr Note Book," said all the other books, "do you know that it was all your fault that Mr Twelve Inch Ruler fell out of the case?"

"I think we all ought to give one heave and then Mr Note Book would fall out too, I think he deserves it. Don't you?" said Mr British History Book to the other books.

"Oh! please don't," said Mr Note Book, "I didn't mean to do it."

"Whether you meant it or not, you will be pushed out," said Mr British History Book.

And with that Mr Note Book found himself lying on the floor.

"Vous êtes très mauvais li——" was all that Made-moiselle French Grammar Book could say because just as she was in the middle of her sentence she too found herself and all the other books lying on the floor of the tramcar.

GLADYS E. BEATTIE, Form 1 B.

* * * *

TWO POEMS.

I.—PAN'S PIPES.

There's a piping in the rushes and a dreaming in the reeds,
And there's music that's a-quiver all around.
But it's old and wild and free, in a sort of wicked glee,
And everything's rejoicing in the sound.

Now trolling through the forest comes a sadder, older tune,
To tell of things forgotten long ago.
Now the ancient tales revive, now the myths have come
alive,
And the music still is sounding soft and slow.

Lamenting in its beauty, rejoicing in its wrong,
In a wayward troll of things all gnarled and torn,
All the lovely things are few. Oh! he knows a thing or two,
This piper so forgotten and forlorn.

And he smiles so wild and free in a sort of wicked glee,
For no one else will ever pipe like Pan.
When other pipes are dumb he will make sweet music come;
And no one there to hear—not any man!

II.—SAYS BEETLE.

This mud is wet and black and deep,
The very thing for beetle-sleep.
The sky is there and here's the ground,
And so is everything around.
The world must yawn and so must I
(What *can* you do in mid-July?)
Since some one stopped the wind ablow—
Whoever did it I don't know.
And I will stare and look and stare,
And watch that fellow over there
Looking for insects, slugs or such
(It doesn't matter very much).
Oh! this is glorious mud! I'll crawl
And squirm and squiggle through it all.
Then I shall sleep and sleep till dawn,
And snore and dream and beetle-yawn.
Dream of a pageant of the ghosts,
Of long-dead beetles come in hosts—
Great aunts and uncles, Tom and Will,
In all their beetle-glory still.
And old Tim Squiggle ('member him?)
He died of grief, did poor old Tim.
(Oh! lovely slimy slithery crew
Of beetle ghosts). My brother too
Was killed in action last July,
A-fighting with a dragon-fly.
And Tom that would a-sailing go,
Was drowned by a beetle foe.
I wonder what I'll think of now,
Of why and who and where and how,
I'll think of mud that cakes and clings,
I'll think of a lot of slippery things.
Now I shall yawn and dream and snore
Till I can yawn and dream no more.
And in this mud-swamp settled deep,
My cold, wet, creeping self will sleep.

MURIEL CAMBERG, Form 1 B.

* * * *

AN EGYPTIAN MARKET.

The day had just dawned in Cairo. The sunrise was glorious, beautiful colours spreading all over the sky. The mosques were like tall, dark, mysterious towers sending their eternal praises to the sky. A few Arabs dressed in their long white robes were saying their morning prayers, facing towards the East. Arab women were washing clothes in the blue waters of the Nile. Everything seemed silent and quiet, but going through the narrow streets which led to the market place, one would have discovered the contrary. What could have been livelier, noisier, and dirtier than this typical Oriental market of Cairo? Everyone was hurrying to the market place before the sun became too strong, and the heat intense.

On both sides of the market place were big and small, clean and dirty shops.

Mustapha, the fishmonger, was sitting on a chair playing with his bare toes, praising his fish. Everyone who passes is invited in to see his wonderful fish. The smell was not inviting. Next door was the greengrocer's shop. It was nothing like our clean and neat greengrocer's shop where all the prices are fixed. There one would stand half an hour bargaining for a slight reduction. Outside the shop there was a display of all the vegetables and fruits.

One of the most interesting shops is the carpet shop. There one could see piles of gaily-coloured and curiously-patterned Eastern carpets. The most valuable carpets are always kept hidden in the back of the shop, and are only brought forth when a likely customer comes along.

Possibly the most interesting shop of all is the curio shop. In the doorway an old man is sitting smoking his pipe, and by his side are little trays with various objects of art, displayed thereon. The unwary customer will not know that many of these articles are actually made in Birmingham. Like the carpet seller he keeps his real treasures hidden. These include articles like bracelets, necklaces, jars, scarabs and many samples of the various ornaments used by the early Egyptians. These have been collected from tombs and excavations at various times. Most of these articles are of great value. Out in the street amidst the dirt and refuse, a dirty little Arab boy is chasing after some skinny-

looking chickens. This scene never fails to move the onlookers to mirth.

Arab women walk past dressed in their black "galabiyehs," faces hidden by the "yashmak," metal rings round their ankles, carrying their purchases balanced on their heads. This practice of carrying almost everything on their heads gives the Egyptian women a very graceful walk.

At the end of the street the popular little cafe is situated. The Arab men sit in a circle round the big "hookah" (or charcoal pipe), the mouthpiece of which is passed from one to another, drinking syrupy coffee from little cups.

The sun is gaining steadily in power and the marketers are drifting away to their homes. Soon the market place will be deserted and the shops closed during the heat of the day.

In the evening the place becomes lively again, but this time it is filled with pleasure-seekers.

BETTY GEORGIOW, Form 1 C.

DREAMLAND.

As in my bed at night I lie
And think and meditate and sigh,
Far dreams I dream of places gay,
I seem to see them far away
As if a mist around them lay.
To hide them from my view away.
And sometimes fairies seem to peep
Softly from out the shadows deep,
Then shine the moonbeams soft on me,
And flood my room like a silver sea.

But when the morning dawns anew
And flowers awake besprent with dew,
Changed are my thoughts as night to day,
Alas! these worlds of mortals stay
My fairy realms do fade away
With dreams of fairy love so gay.

HELEN TARBET, Form 1 D.

AUTUMN.

What sadness steals upon the glen ;
These late October days,
When withered leaves fall carelessly
And strew wild woodland ways.

A sigh is borne with every breath
That whispers overhead,
While plaintive mourns each murmuring rill,
As though its mirth were fled.

No flash of insect, hum of bee,
Earth's melodies are mute.
Alone the redbreast perches near,
Piping his minor flute.

Grey misty wreaths o'er hill and vale,
Glide as with ghostly feet ;
Relentless Winter soon will weave
Dead Autumn's winding-sheet.

JEAN RENNIE, Form 1 E.

* * * *

FROM THE TOP CORRIDOR.

"Such laboured nothings in so strange a style
Amaze th' unlearned, and make the learned smile."—*Pope*.

Form 6, by way of variation on the too-popular habit of finding appropriate quotations to describe school personalities, submits a list of book titles "published by the Daring Press."

Westward Ho!	. M. M. N.
Captain Courageous	. H. Rosie.
The Compleat Golfer	. W. S.
The Rambler	. A. E. F.
The Good-natured Man	. J. W.
The Little Man	. J. G. G.
The Goat and Compasses	. Any Maths. Teacher.
Bill the Conqueror.	. W. S.
Swan Song	. Form 6.
Men Like Gods	. Our Male Staff.
The Man of Destiny	. Any Inspector.
The School for Scandal	. J. G. H. S.

That the occasional nods of some of our Homers do not pass unnoticed is made clear by the following :—

What was the meaning of the statement that Scott was a man with a large heart and a simple liver?

And why did a teacher, reading as a grammar example, " 'Tis better to have loved and lost . . . " remark, " That's one I don't agree with?"

Did the teacher who said indignantly, " If I'm to get into that cupboard there will need to be more room," contemplate immuring herself?

Form 5 :—

Weather forecast :—An inspection has settled over J. G. H. S. and is slowly moving up the west stair. Weather will continue to be unsettled, with notable results. Further outlook stormy.

Lost :—Two beads (valuable). Finder apply in person to Room 25.

Questions of the Day :—At what mysterious hour of dawn or dusk are the sacred rites and ceremony of the opening of the Magazine Box performed, and what is produced therefrom?

Would not a little change in reference to school lunch be a little change?

Do Horace's Odes lend themselves to copying out *nine* times?

Are not the following lines obviously applicable to N. K. D.?

" Elle me grondait bieu, il est vrai, quelquefois . . .
Elle avait à gronder une si douce voix."

Was it the holiday feeling that prompted a member of Form 5 to reply to the question, " Where was the Tabard Inn?" " In Southport."

S.O.S.—Missing, John X——. This man is usually in good health, but of late has had a sickly appearance.

The police maintain that the cause of his disappearance may be traced to the fact that his daughter is taking an Intensive Domestic Course at school.

Form 4 :—" It's gey an' easy speirin' . . . "—*Stevenson*.

What did the budding artist who said she had been doing the stairs with Miss A., mean? Surely this is carrying the Domestic Course too far!

What is the price of a poet's licence, and how does it compare with a dog licence or a wireless licence?

What romantic thoughts inspired the girl who, on being asked what green colour takes its name from a town, replied "Gretna Green?"

What was troubling a certain master on the day before the November Handicap when he said, "I'll back him straight?"

What dark surgical meaning underlay the following reply to the question, "What did you prepare for French?" "I did my appendix!"

Should not the member of the Staff who, returning a history paper, said, "You've spun the yarn too much about the woollen factories," be on the Staff of "Punch"?

Notes for revised edition of Chaucer's "Prologue:"—

(1) "With lokkes crulle"—with cruel looks.

(2) "And carf befor his fader at the table"—And carved his father at the table.

(3) "A not heed hadde he"—he had no head.

Form 3 gloomily sums up its life in the words of Thomas Hood:—

"Work, work, work till the brain begins to swim,
Work, work, work till the eyes are heavy and dim."

Nevertheless, there are lighter moments, as when a mistress, evidently infected with the record-breaking craze, says, "I shall run round the world two or three times before the Exam."

Again, what was meant by this extraordinary command given in a gym. class:—"Take six runs into the bar"?

Is it not carrying the craze for sport too far when a certain expert overhand bowler mistakes the classroom for the cricket pitch?

A welcome sign that Scotland is at last becoming air-minded was provided by the pupil who, on being told that Charles VI. had left no male heir, exclaimed, "Should it not be air mail?"

The Prefect System inspires the following two quotations—

C. D.—"I am monarch of all I survey.

My right there is none to dispute."—*Cowper*.

To a Prefect on the stairs:—

"A weary lot is thine, fair maid,

A weary lot is thine."—*Scott*.

Finally *Form 3* offers a few suggestions for the Library list:—

- | | |
|----------------------|--------------------|
| "The Cock" | by I. Crowe. |
| "The Duck" | by I. Waddell. |
| "The Refrigerator" | by Couling. |
| "Breakfast" | by Rolland Butter. |
| "The Old Threepenny" | by Arthur Bentitt. |

* * * *

SALVAGE.

An Editor's is a thankless task! Our feelings on this point are expressed, with more force than elegance, by a would-be contributor from Form 3 B, who writes:—

"I've been asked to collect for our annual mag.,
And by pressing the folks they are all in a rag,
They all say, 'I said no. Put your head in a bag.'
For writing, they think, is a terrible fag."

Nevertheless, a gratifying number of pupils have faced the "terrible fag" of writing for the magazine, and it gave us great pleasure to see the Magazine Box so well utilised this year. Contributions came most frequently from Forms 1 B, 1 D, and 1 E; we should like to see similar enthusiasm in the upper forms. On the whole, however, we cannot grumble about lack of material; our problem has been chiefly one of selection. It is with sympathetic thoughts for various disappointed contributors that we desire, before finally depositing a large bundle of papers in the waste-paper basket, to comment on and quote from a few of the rejected efforts.

Several pupils responded to our last year's suggestion that short stories would be welcome, but none of the stories was quite good enough to print. A really fine Eastern tale from Form 4 A had to be rejected simply because it was too long. Let the writer of it remember that the art of short-story writing consists largely in the avoidance of all superfluous detail, and send us another story next year, please! Fairy tales, let our younger contributors note, must be very much out of the ordinary to be acceptable.

There has been an even greater flood of verse than usual, but much of it remains unprinted because the subjects chosen were so well worn. It will be dangerous, for some time to come, to mention Spring, Autumn, sunsets, gardens, or the moon to the Editor of this magazine! Descriptive verse is on the whole the easiest to attempt and the most likely to be dull and commonplace. It is all the more refreshing to find originality of subject, as when a

pupil of Form 1 B bravely attempts a classical theme and writes:—

"The goddess of hunting is she,
Diana, the idol of men,
Before her all creatures do flee
For refuge to seek in their den,
O who can resist her so fair and so free,
Diana, the idol of men."

We hope the writer of the above will try again. Another interesting departure is a creditable attempt at a school song from Form 2 C:—

"Now come all ye Gillespie-ites
And let us stand up to our rights,
No school so great in fame as this,
No challenge do we ever miss,
Strong and faithful e'er are we,
From a duty never flee."

Light verse of various sorts was tried, with varying success. We liked this unpretentious limerick from Form 1 A; the feeling rings true!

"There was a young girl of 1 A
Who did not like work but just play.
'Those days she will rue,'
Said the teacher in blue,
Yet worse she did grow every day!"

We were glad to see a number of parodies, though none was good enough to be printed in full. Our parodists should remember that the essential point is to keep close to the original in form, while remaining thoroughly incongruous in spirit. Most of them had wandered far away from the model by their second or third stanza, and one quite witty imitation of Kipling's "If," from Form 5 A, was spoiled by uncertainty in the metre! There were good lines in the version of "The Vagabond" which came from Form 1 B:—

"Let the summer fall on me
While in courts I linger,
Silencing the referee
Who disputes our single."

Swift as light the white balls fly
In this glorious haven.
Not to 'Spylaw' will I yield,
Not to 'Roslin' even."

From the same enthusiastic form came the poem of which this was the first stanza :—

The Inspector came down like a wolf on the fold,
And he pounced on the pupils—they knew him of old.
And hearts were aflutter and knowledge did flee,
"Some Algebra problems I'll give you," said he.

The neatest effort of this sort was, however, inspired by a nursery rhyme :—

"Sing a song of 2 A,
A whole class full of joy,
Five and thirty pupils
Who teachers ne'er annoy.

2 A was in the Science Room
Weighing mercurie,
2 A was in the Lower Hall
Singing merrilie !
2 A was in the classroom
Waiting for its doom.
The Maths. inspector entered,
What a day of gloom !"

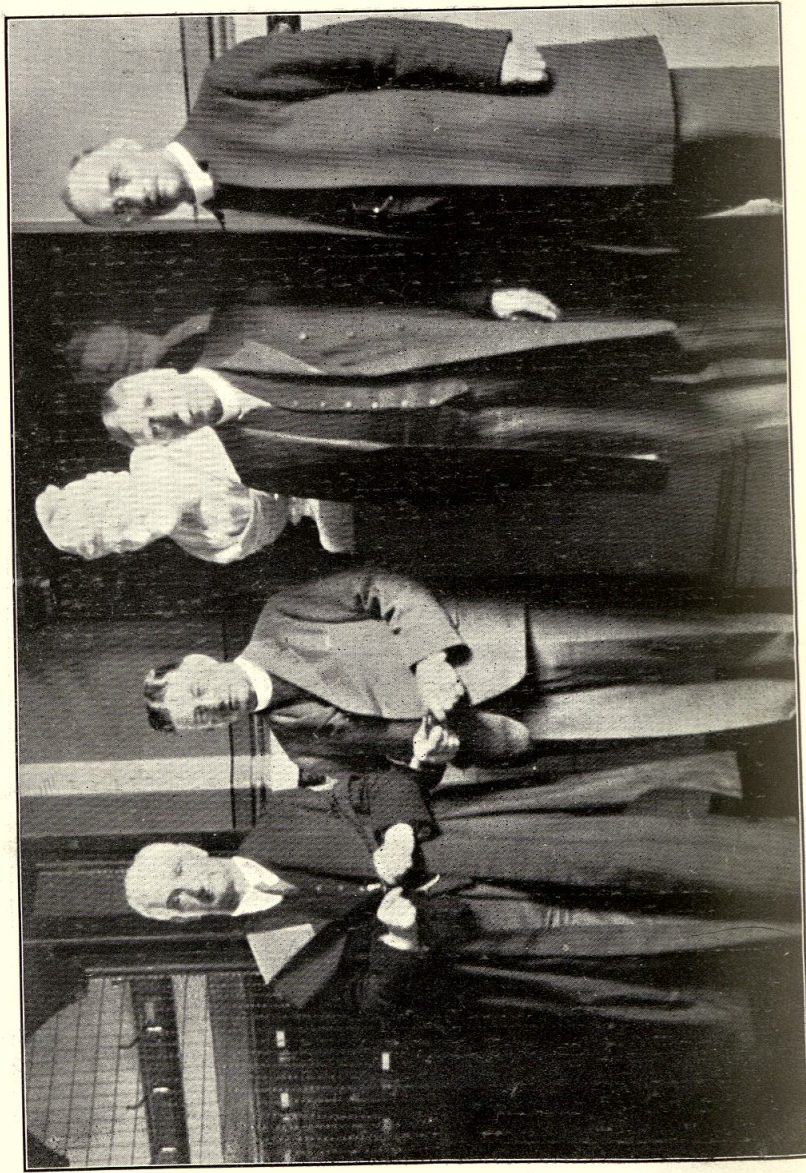
We should like, lastly, to commend the brave souls who attempted verses in Scots, and to hope that they, too, will try again. There is something attractive about this from Form 1 D. :—

"There's a wee lad doon the street there
(He hasna' go' nae daddy).
He taks roond papers every day,
Puir wee laddie !

He rins barefit along the groond,
He sometimes is a caddie
When some guid man is playin' gowf,
Puir wee laddie !"



Miss MARGARET WILKINS, M.A.,
Buffalo, U.S.A.



Mr BURNETT. Dr. RATCLIFFE BARNETT. Dr. SLOAN. The Rev. W. A. GUTHRIE.

And our old friend, James Gillespie, inspired a member of 1 E to the following:—

"Wha wad hae thocht it,
Noses hae bocht it."
Guid folks o' Auld Reekie ance said,
"It's graun stuff indeed
Tae clear yer auld heid,
An' gie the microbes a fricht!"

In concluding this collection of salvage from the waste-paper basket, we wish to thank all our contributors, successful and unsuccessful alike—not least the anonymous authors of our classroom jokes and howlers—and to remind the school at large that the Magazine Box waits hungrily in the Top Corridor all the year round.

A. E. F.

FROM BOTH SIDES OF THE ATLANTIC.

I.

I have always wanted to spend a year in Great Britain, but it was beyond my wildest dream that I could actually take part in the life of a city such as Edinburgh. If you ever become a teacher and want an interesting experience, even adventure, do go on an exchange to some other country. You will find an exchange in one of the dominions quite as interesting as one in a country out of the Empire. I have met a lot of overseas teachers this year, from the dominions as well as from the United States, and they all remark on my good fortune to be in Edinburgh. I quite agree with them, as I do with people in the city who tell me how fortunate I am to be in James Gillespie's. In addition to the obvious beauties and advantages of the capital of Scotland, which you who live here take so much for granted, many small things have made a great impression on me. Some of these are;—the very friendly look about a street where all the houses have gay beds of flowers in front of them, how much shorter the winter seems when the grass is green all the time and doesn't get brown and dry, the ease with which one can go into the country for walks, and the many beautiful walks that one can take there. No discussion of Edinburgh is complete without some reference to the weather. I will admit that I came with the feeling that there was always an atmosphere of dampness and mist in Scotland. As a matter of fact, I believe that you have more sunny days then we do in Buffalo, so that impression has been quite changed.

Invariably the first question I am asked is, "How many gangsters do you know?" This is usually followed by, "How do the schoolgirls in Scotland compare with those in America?" I am afraid my answer to the second question is as unsatisfactory as my prompt "none" to the first. (I shall advise all prospective exchanges to do their utmost to get acquainted with a gangster). I have found no startling differences. I know that there are differences,

but they are the kind that are more apparent in the home and in the use of time out of school than they are from nine to three-fifteen, five days a week. I think that Scottish girls are more natural and unaffected than American girls of the same age, but otherwise they are much the same. The girls at Gillespie's have been most kind and interested in anything that I could tell them about my country, even to the point of being willing to sacrifice a geometry period to it. Surprising, isn't it?

I shall remember with a great deal of pleasure the very friendly way the staff and the pupils have combined to make my year a happy one and to make me feel at home in James Gillespie's. More lasting even than my impressions of the beauties of Edinburgh will be my appreciation of the hospitality and friendliness I received there.

MARGARET WILKINS.

II.

BUFFALO,

NEW YORK,

15th April 1932.

SAY KIDS,

I know you would expect me to start a letter to you in this way and I did not want to disappoint you. But to tell you the truth, I learned that mode of address in Edinburgh and have not heard it once since I came here. I wonder if you would believe that life is more or less the same here as it is at home, and that everyone does not chew gum, or say "Hello Baby," or draw guns at the least provocation as the films would have us believe!

Let me draw a picture of what *your* daily life might be like if you were a girl at the Seminary. Distances in cities here are very great. For example Cleveland, where I spent Christmas is twenty-two miles in diameter. I do not know the figures for Buffalo, but they are quite comparable with those of Cleveland. Life, then, would be impossible to you without a car, which in all probability you would be able to drive—you would get into your car in the morning

and drive off to school, stopping perhaps to call for some of your friends on the way. If you happened to come through a busy part of the city you might be caught in a traffic jam which would keep you late, but once past that, you could make up time as you would probably travel at the rate of 30 to 35 miles per hour. If you had happened to live in Cleveland and had had to drive along a certain avenue, you could have been arrested if you had *not* maintained a speed of 35 miles per hour! But this is Buffalo, and we shall assume that you do arrive safely at school.

Once there, you make your way to the Study Hall where you have a desk, and you employ your time working till a bell rings for Chapel. You would enjoy this period, for Chapel is very beautiful and the beauty of the organ music, and the atmosphere of peace which prevails, are very restful. After a short service, there might be a speaker who would tell you about one of the Colleges you might enter on leaving school, or there might be a singing practice, or you might be taught a tune and have to compose words to fit it. In fact anything might be in order at this period.

Classes would follow, but you would not spend all six periods in classroom. You might have one or two study periods which you could spend in Study Hall or in the Library, reading for some prescribed unit of work.

By 2.30 p.m. school would be over officially, and you would depart for sports unless you had made an appointment with any teacher to get help in some work you found difficult. However, we shall assume that all has gone well that day and you are ready to enjoy some time skating, or horseback riding, or playing basket-ball or practising archery.

Dinner at 6.30 would put a stop to these activities. If it happened to be a week night you would start home-work immediately after dinner, and you would have to concentrate as a school rule requires that you be in bed by 10 or 10.30 p.m. especially if there is to be an exam. next day. You would not think of going to a theatre or a party on a week-night without permission from school. However, we shall suppose that the week-end has come and that you rejoice in the freedom of Friday night. You hurry through dinner

as you have a "date" with your "boy friend" and do not wish to keep him waiting. You fervently hope that at the dance to-night the boys will "cut-in" on you often because you know that it is a sign of great popularity if a girl has a new partner "cut-in" on her every few steps of the dance. We shall leave you then as you set out for the dance and our best wishes for a happy evening go with you.

Such, then, would be the daily round. In general I think you would find life more speedy in the United States. *Everyone* has a car and a telephone and both do much to quicken the pace of living. People are very sociable and if you lived here you would have a great many parties noted in your engagement book.

In fact, American people differ from us, and American life differs from ours, not essentially in the ways that the films would lead us to think, but in subtle ways about which I shall tell you on my return, if you happen to be interested.

As for my own life here, I shall refrain from boring you with an essay of the type, "How I spent my Summer holidays." I am having a most interesting time, have seen many big American cities and have met many interesting people. Before I sail for home in August, I hope to go to California and may even visit Hollywood. Although I shall have many regrets when I leave the United States, I am looking forward very much to being home again and to seeing you all in James Gillespie's. I shall promise to speak broad Scots!

With best wishes to you all for a good holiday,

I am,

Yours sincerely,

MARGARET NAPIER.

* * * *

FROM THE SENIORS.

A VISIT TO PYKARA RIVER.

One sunny day we set out from the town of Ootacamund on the Nilgiri Hills to the Pykara River about thirty-eight miles away. We whizzed along in a car, passing "Toda" huts and villages. The queer natives of the "Toda" villages came out to stare at us. They belong to a certain race of Indians, who live in little huts, half of each hut being underground, the other half above the ground, in the shape of a semi-circle.

After passing by the villages, we soon reached the Pykara River, one of the biggest on the Nilgiri Hills. All along the river bank, we saw buffaloes with their big horns, grazing on the sweet green grass. As soon as they saw us, they slowly but surely moved further away.

On arriving there, we immediately slipped into our bathing costumes and jumped into the water. The river was about a hundred and fifty yards wide, at the place where we were. Right across the river was a long strong rope, tied to two sturdy poles. This was a bridge! Further down the river was another bridge, a bridge which took a year to build. Sometimes, in the monsoon months, the bridge was washed away, and nobody was able to get across to the towns on the other side, so they put this rope across. You sit in a little chair, which is hauled across on this rope, and in this way you cross the river, in which is a little sandy island.

On the other side of the island the water is about fifteen feet deep. As we could not swim, we were not permitted to bathe there. The side nearest us was shallow, and we had great fun there.

All along the banks under the trees, grew yellow mimosa, of the sweetly sickening smell. After dinner we put the luncheon basket in the car, and set out for a stroll. Afterwards the grown-ups lay down in a shady spot for an afternoon "nap," and we children played rounders and other games, but we soon found it too hot, so, at about half past three, we sat down, and, what with the hot sun, and the droning of bees, as they flew from flower to flower, we too, fell asleep. When we woke it was about five o'clock, so, getting into the car we set off for home.

While on the way, the moon came out, and, chancing to look up, I cried, "Stop the car a minute, look at that," pointing at a huge deer which stood on the top of a hill. The car stopped, and we looked—enchanted. The deer was clearly silhouetted against the bright sky, and the moon was shining brilliantly over the scene, but all too soon it looked round, and, seeing us, darted away.

The car moved on, and, seeing it move, the birds in the trees shrilled out, and in a short time we reached home.

ELIZABETH T. STEWART, 3 Senior A.

* * * *

A WALK.

One sunny morning in April I roused myself from sleep and dressed as quickly as I could, for my father had previously said that if I was ready in time he would take me with him to The Gardens for some plants. The sun was just rising in a clear blue sky, flecked with fleecy, white clouds when we set off. We crossed a field, heavy with dew, as it was only seven o'clock and, thus, entered the avenue from whence we proceeded to The Gardens.

Turning a sharp bend we came upon five black baby rabbits sitting in a row washing their faces. We heard the cuckoo calling and looked up just in time to see him spread his wings and fly away.

As we neared the Gardens we came to a part of the avenue thickly wooded, on either side, with yew trees where we lingered for some time, as I was having a competition with my friend to see who could find most birds' nests.

On reaching The Gardens we found the gardeners working busily, weeding the borders where pansies and primulas were already in full bloom. We walked round with one of the gardeners who also showed us the green-houses which were full of hydrangeas and geraniums of all hues. In a hawthorn hedge he showed us a mavis' nest, well-hidden by budding branches, with five blue eggs in it.

After getting such plants as we wanted we set off down the avenue. As we passed a gate we saw some Highland cattle looking at us from their field. Over the wall, on the golf-course, we saw some golfers enjoying their game. We were soon crossing the field again, and reached home just in time for breakfast, after a most enjoyable walk.

MARGARET BENNET, 3 Senior B.

THE OLD CHEST.

One fine summer day, Joan, my chum, and I, decided to explore an old disused house, called by the superstitious villagers, "The Miser's Den." It was said that an old miser had lived there, who had a large treasure, and that the miser's ghost walked round, with his head under his arm (as he was supposed to have been murdered), guarding his treasure, which had never been discovered. This, of course, made us all the more anxious to go, and we agreed to wait till about five-thirty before starting out.

At last it was time to set off, and we started with light hearts. Just as we got inside the house, a terrific clap of thunder came, and we knew, from the colour of the sky, which was nearly black, that there was going to be a storm.

However, we were not daunted, and we went along a corridor, whose wooden boards creaked to our every step. We went into numerous spacious, empty rooms, but though we looked very carefully, we did not see any treasure! We were getting tired and Joan voted for a rest, to which I agreed. I was leaning against a panel in the wall, when I suddenly fell into space! Of course, I was greatly excited, for further search proved we were in a secret room, which to our delight had a large, brass-bound box in it!

Joan and I, of course, thought this would be the treasure, and we were so engrossed in trying to open the box that we did not see it was getting dark. After a good deal of persuasion, the lid of the box consented to open, and we peeped at its contents—old iron! Joan's face was a study at that moment, and I was just about to try to console her, when I heard an ominous clang, and I realised that the door of the mansion had shut, and we were in the house till morning came! We decided to make the best of our plight, and made cushions of our light coats, in the hope that we might be able to go to sleep, but it was in vain. All night we lay, imagining all sorts of things, till at last the first ray of dawn stole through the shadows. We waved our handkerchiefs at the window till a passing labourer rescued us.

Of all the exciting happenings in my life, I think that was the best!

WINIFRED BURNS, 3 Senior C.

SPRING.

Spring's a happy fairy,
Flitting o'er the land.
Making all to blossom
By her gracious hand.

After Winter's hardships,
When Spring flitteth by,
All the little flowerets
Hold their blossoms high.

Round her neck are tulips,
Yellow, red, and white.
For her crown are snowdrops,
Dancing in the light.

Spring is always happy,
Casting everywhere
Rays of joy and gladness,
Hope and love, no care.

DOREEN MICHIE, 3 Senior C.

* * * *

THE DREAM FAIRY.

At night when the moon is shining
And the lights are over the town,
A fairy child comes floating
As light as a thistle-down.

Her wings are as dark as the purple night,
Her robes are as white as the snow,
Her wand is made of a sparkling star,
On her head is a silver bow.

And at night this fairy comes floating,
As light as a thistle-down,
Weaving around her spells and dreams
Over the silent town.

Her enemy's name is Night-mare
Clad in a fiery red,
Frightening little children
As they pass on their way to bed.

But children you won't be frightened
If Night-mare frightens you,
For you'll know there's a good kind fairy
Watching over you.

JESSIE M'KAY, 2 Senior A.

* * * *

THE WINDS.

Father East Wind is busy to-day
Blowing all the germs away,
Here he comes with a rush and a roar,
"Look out, Johnny! he'll bang the door."

Poor old granny across the street,
He blew her nearly off her feet,
Tore her umbrella out of her hand,
Then flew away to another land.

Mother West Wind blows sweet and low,
Over the fields where the daisies grow.
Both the winds have their work to do.
Little girls should do theirs too.

BETTY MACDONALD, 2 Senior B.

* * * *

BUSY JACK FROST.

Jack Frost, in an industrious mood
Had worked away all night.
The trees were things of beauty now,
The grass was glittering white.

He'd decorated windows, too,
With winding lanes and trees.
Then paused to rest—I think, said he,
"My scheme is sure to please."

But when the sun came smiling out,
Jack Frost was most annoyed.
He danced about and tore his hair,
To see his work destroyed.

FREDA SELKIRK, 2 Senior B.

BOOTS.

How I pity the poor worn mother of a family of big objectionable boys whose unwiped boots go banging about the house. Of course those awful boys would go into the wettest of puddles and would persist in playing in the mud and treat the dry places with contempt. One would expect it of boys.

In contrast with the clumsy boots of equally clumsy boys, come the dainty little riding-boots of a dainty little lady. With their neatly-shaped heels and pointed toes, polished till they reflect, the bored little person in them must not help Farmer Giles with his reaping and dare not go near the river for fear of getting her new boots wet. (What a life!).

From the pampered children, like the ones above, comes careful King Baby. As he sits goo-ing and crowing on his throne, he strives to pull off his bootees to bring his most faithful servant to him, for she always tickles his toes and says a little rhyme to him.

ELEANOR GINSBURG, 2 Senior C.

* * * *

DO YOU KNOW ME?

A handsome scarecrow am I. All the long summer days I stand with my arms outstretched east and west. I am rather well dressed. My outfit consists of a gaily coloured plus four suit. Being an aristocrat, I also wear a white collar and a striped tie. On my head reposes a very fine soft felt hat, which once belonged to Farmer Green's son now studying at Oxford University. I stand in a very exposed position. Sometimes I suffer greatly from the heat; at other times my limbs are numb with cold. Many a time I wish I could take a run round the field to warm myself up, but no such fun for me. There, on that very spot I must stand, looking as fierce and ugly as possible. But I do my duty well. Very few little feathered creatures visit my field. Sometimes I suffer a great deal of impud-

ence from passers-by. One boy said, "Oh! look at that freak of a scarecrow, he thinks he is a swell!" When I hear remarks like those I always remember the old proverb, "Silence is golden." Well in a way I shall be glad when summer is over. How tired I am beginning to feel! I am not so conspicuous now, as the beautiful yellow corn encircles me, and I believe I feel prouder than ever. I overheard Farmer Green say, "We'll need tae tak that stooky doon noo. He's nae mair use this year." How my heart sank when I heard these words because I knew my doom was sealed! Next day I was carefully undressed and taken to my resting place. Perhaps you will see me again next year when I shall once more lead the fashlon in scarecrows.

SHEILA MATHERS, 1 Senior A.

* * * * *

THE OLD MAN.

Along the dusty road came an old, grey man,
The only thing he carried was his precious little pan,
It was made of silver, and of metal, and of gold,
And its owner was so very, very, old.

His clothes were all in tatters, and he didn't wear a hat,
Trotting at his heels was his little collie, Pat.
He was true to his master, and very, very, bold
But his owner was so very, very, old.

The dog was very shaggy, and his master very pale,
The dog was very hungry so he drooped his little tail,
And he did try to comfort him but he was very cold,
And his master was so very, very, old.

MARGARET MILLS, 1 Senior B.

FERGUS'S LESSON.

Margery was sitting in her nursery talking earnestly to her doll. "Now, Joan, you must not hinder me," she exclaimed, "You know quite well I must take you out before tea, because it grows much too chilly after that, and what's more, you've got a slight cold, and must be in bed before seven o'clock." Then Margery put her doll on a chair, and took out of a box a neat woolly hat and coat. She dressed her dolly in that, then put her precious toy into a little pram and wheeled it into the garden. As she was coming back from her little stroll, she met her big brother, Fergus. "Pooh!" said he, "Fancy taking that thing out for a walk." "Oh! Fergus, you mustn't say that about my baby," cried Margery, then the little girl ran into the house nearly crying. This happened on the Friday, and it had been arranged that on Saturday the family was going for a picnic. For company, Margery was taking her beloved doll, Joan, and Fergus was taking one of his school friends. On Saturday, they all set off very happily. As they were going by motor car they could stop wherever they pleased. As it was a warm day, when a wood came in sight, it was agreed that they should stop there. After they had a few games, and explored the wood, they had tea under a shady tree. As the two boys had brought their fishing tackle they were going to fish in a river near-by, to see if they could catch anything. Fergus was boasting that he could get farther down the bank than his friend, when suddenly he slipped. As the current was rather strong, he was carried to a big rock near a water-fall. Now, Margery had a big Airedale, Pat, that had been taught if it was told to fetch a thing to do at once. Then the little girl threw her precious doll into the water towards Fergus and told Pat to fetch it at once. Immediately the dog leapt into the water and swam swiftly to the doll and seized it by it's frock, then turned and made for the shore. As Pat passed Fergus, the boy grasped the dog's collar, and was towed to the rope that had been thrown. Although Fergus caught a severe chill, it taught him a lesson, never to brag about anything, and he never did after that, nor did he make fun of Margery's doll again.

JOYCE KIDD, 1 Senior C.

FROM THE JUNIORS.

A THUNDERSTORM.

Has anyone ever been caught in a thunderstorm on the hills? One day when on holiday at Innerleithen my mother and I went for a walk on the hills. We went a good distance away when we heard the rumble of thunder and it got very dark, so we thought it best to start for home. When we were a good way from home the storm overtook us. And although there were woods near at hand we dare not shelter as it was too dangerous. We had therefore to run on, and by the time we arrived home we were drenched and very frightened as the thunder made a terrific noise in the surrounding hills. It was the worst thunderstorm the district had had for many years. A gentleman fishing on the Tweed was struck by lightning and killed.

ELEANOR SCOTT, 2 Junior A.

* * * *

A DREAM.

As I was sailing down a stream
I saw the dancing rainbow beam,
'Twas such a sight you've never seen
As I was sailing down the stream.

Oh, happy, happy was that sail
Around the hills and down the dale,
Into a lake I sailed away,
Where on its banks the children play.

But oh! my sail was just a dream,
When I was sailing down the stream.
A thing that I would just adore
If I could dream that dream once more.

CLARA SCOTT, 2 Junior A.

* * * *

GRACE'S PUNISHMENT.

Grace was a little girl of about six. She was very fond of chocolate and she was a little greedy too. One afternoon

she had been very naughty and was sent upstairs to bed. All at once one of the panels in the wall slid back and Grace, very curious to know what was inside it, and strangely, not a bit frightened, crept forward and went down the hole which took the place of the panel. As soon as her feet touched the bottom of the flight of steps she had been climbing down, she began to look about her. It seemed to be a town, but what a strange town it was, because as Grace noticed, everything was made of chocolate! The cars, the people, the roads and the pavements were all made of chocolate. Grace began to eat everything and everyone she saw, and was enjoying herself immensely. At last she grew rather tired of plain chocolate, so she went into a restaurant and ordered bacon and eggs, but instead she received chocolate bacon and eggs. Out of the restaurant she went in disgust, and leaning against a lamp-post with two or three bites out of it, she cried and cried. It was a very sad little girl that climbed up the stairs—to find that she had only been dreaming, but she had learnt her lesson and was never greedy again.

DOROTHY HALLIDAY, 2 Junior B.

* * * *

MARY JANE.

Whatever will my mistress say?
That's the third I've broke to-day!
If she wants to make me pay
I shall tell her I won't stay.
So there!

HELEN MORTON, 2 Junior B.

* * * *

MRS DUNCAN'S SWEETIE SHOP.

Mrs Duncan's sweetie shop is just across the road,
A traveller brings sweets every week—a very big load.

Little children go into her shop
To buy some sweeties, a whip and a top.

One little girl asks for "Ghandi's Eyes,"
Another little boy some chocolate buys.

Her shop is of red—a very dark red,
And in her window is a chocolate doll's bed.

A notice about a taxi-cab,
And toffee at twopence a slab.

Inside the shop are sweeties too—
To spend our pennies on, me and you.

Sugar pigs of white and pink
What will you buy? You'd better think.

IRENE HARRIS, 2 Junior C.

* * * *

THE DAFFODIL MAIDEN.

The Queen Golden Dilly has just blown in with the dancing chilly spring wind. She is dancing along among rows and lines of daffodils. Queen Dilly has a tight-fitting hat as green as an emerald, hair as brown as polished hazelnut beautiful face and arms, and a grayish rustling bodice. Her skirt has two frills; the under one is as yellow as the golddest corn and the upper one is as green as summer grass, while her slippers are of gold.

MURIEL KERNER, 2 Junior C.

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THE PASSOVER.

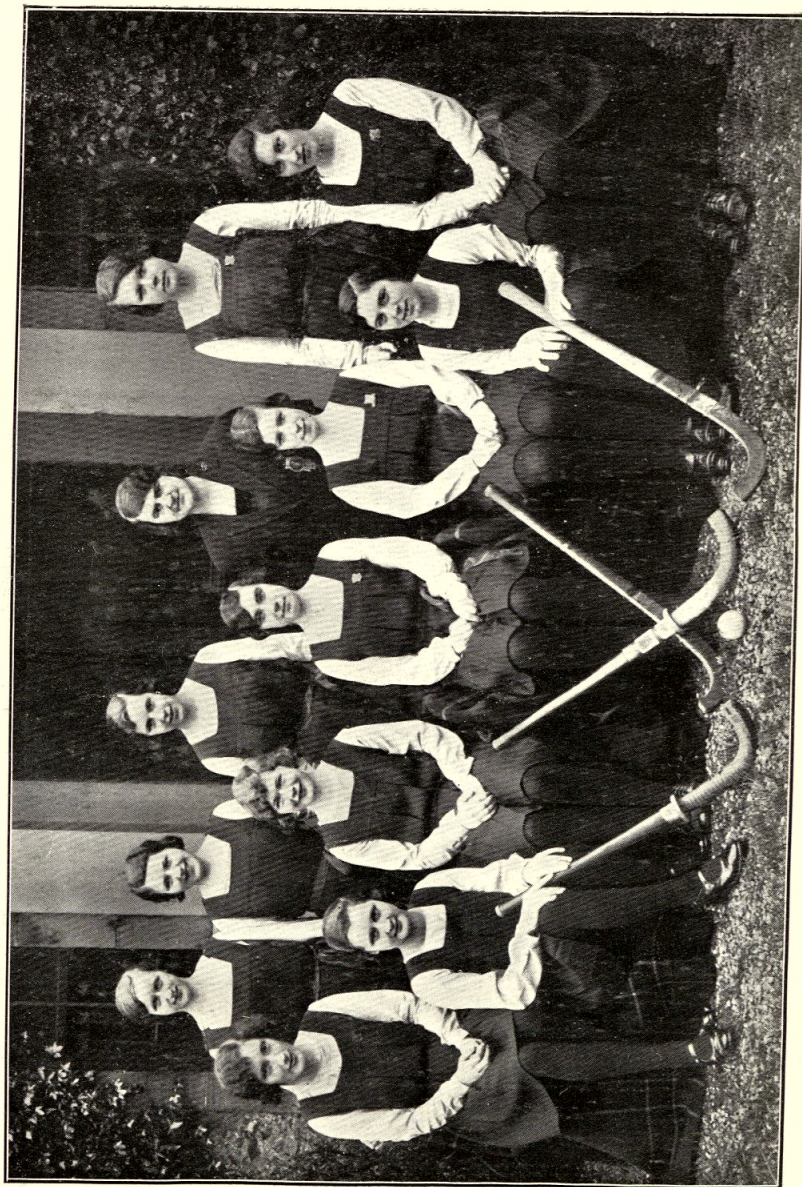
Wednesday the twentieth was the day I enjoyed most during the Easter holidays. When I went to bed on Tuesday night I found it hard to get to sleep because the thought of to-morrow, when there was going to be a great feast called the Passover in remembrance of the time when the Israelites were freed from Egypt, hovered in my mind. At last the great day came. I was at the table listening to my father mumbling Hebrew at a ferocious speed. I was shivering all the time, knowing that it would soon be time for me to say a small part in Hebrew, and I kept stumbling over my part all the time. However, when the time came for me to say it, I said it quite nicely.

MYRA OCKRENT, 1 Junior A.

"MICHAEL."



I. TAINSH.	C. DAVIE.	K. PATERSON.
L. STEIN.	C. HOGG.	M. STODDART.
M. BROWN.	M. GREEN.	E. LINTON.



A. BERTRAM.
H. FAIRBAIRN.

M. GORDON.
A. PORTER.

D. GRAHAM.
H. ROSIE
(Captain).

MISS ANDERSON.
C. GRAHAM.

M. POTTER.
M. CHISHOLM.
J. BURN.

THE STORY OF AN ICE.

My earliest recollection is being a custard poured into a freezer. I heard a click, a motor was turned on, and I was whirled round so quickly that I became quite dizzy. I felt myself becoming firmer and firmer until I was very stiff. The motor was turned off and I came to a standstill. I was then transferred to a container which was sitting in a tub of ice. Not long after I heard a jolly voice exclaiming, "A penny cone, please!" I was taken out and placed in a pear-shaped biscuit. A lady handed me over to a little girl who sucked me slowly up amidst the smacking of lips. My life was short, and if not happy myself I made the little girl happy.

KATHIE RAMSAY, 1 Junior A.

THE STAG.

When I was in the park there were some deer. Some of them had antlers, and some had not. I wondered if those that had none were quite happy without them, so I asked a keeper and he said yes they were quite happy. He also said that those that had them found them rather a nuisance as they were too heavy to carry about. Those that had them were men deer and they were given so that they could protect the lady deer when they are attacked by other beasts. I thought the lady deer were lucky not having such heavy things to carry on their heads. They have very sharp antlers the men deer have.

RUBY CAMERON, 1 Junior B.

MY BABY.

My baby is a little rascal. He always catches your hand when you are eating anything juicy. He pulls your hand forward and takes a suck of it. He pulls your hair and scratches you. He tries to get up himself. He is always slubbering. He has ginger hair and big blue eyes. He wears a jersey and trousers and he looks very funny.

ISOBEL GREIG, 1 Junior B.

FROM THE INFANTS.

When I was at Kinghorn for my holidays I saw the pierows from the windows. You see you didn't need to pay and it was lovely. One night a clown rolled over and he was funny.

My pussy sat by watching the mice.
The canary sat and sang a beautiful song,
But the canary got a cold and died.
And since then we have been sad.

When I was at North Berwick I caught some crabs but I wanted some frogs so daddy took me to the country beside a pool and we caught some with what slimy skins.

Yesterday twelve little chicks come and the hens are keeping them warm and to-night I am getting a fresh egg for my tea.

One day I saw a cow
And it was making a row.
A fly was on its nose
And a bumble stung its toes.

My Daddy has a lot of books in his bookcase and he gives me one to read. He was very careful with his books when he was a little boy.

SEN. INF. A.

* * * *

I am going to marry my Daddy. I am going to have a satin frock and my brides maids are going to have the same and for our honey-moon we are going to stay at lancastergate hotel.

Last Tuesday we went up the ladder in the landing where there is a hole. My daddy climbed up and I went up to. We peeped out of a window and Alison my wee sister looked out to. In a corner of the room there was a Starling's nest with six eggs in it. Daddy showed them to us. I loved going across the gangway. My little sister sat down on it.

The eggs were blue with black dots on them. We saw a bit of the chimney. The wind was blowing hard and my hair was blowing round me.

I saw five little baby rabbits in a box near Daddy's allotment. The Mummy was black and the Daddy was white, the babies were a little like their Daddy and a little like their Mummy, for they were all black and white mixed.

I have a little niece called Doreen. She is walking now and she is always getting into mischief. One day her mother found her with the mustard pot on her lap saying num-num.

We are making a concert and we just started last night. We have made a few of the dresses. When we have it perfect we are going to ask Mummy and Daddy. We are going to make tickets and programs. We are going to pin them on the morning-room door. Mummy does not know so it will give them a surprize.

SEN. INF. B.

* * * *

I have a little bell but it brok and I couldnt ring it and I cryd and cryd till my eyes was red and my daddy took me out for a walk.

My mother has a bath in the bathroom we have a friend staing with us her name is Clara and when she went into our bath she burst it.

I have a clock and it makes a noise. Baby had the clock 1 day and when it made the noise baby just laft.

One day I felt lonlie but a nok kam to the dore. It was the naber she took me to see the puppy it was in its basket.

I have a canary at home. He has a little bath and it is fun to watch him splash up the water.

JUN. INF. A.

* * * *

It was my Mummy's birthday on Monday. My little bruther gave her a scarf. I bot her a botl of sent and my Anty gave her stockings. My mummy is twenty-fore and daddy is twenty-fore too.

When I was at Aberdeen I put my hand down a Kalf's mouth. His tung was ofil ruf.

I had wun card of sums yesterday it was a pity. I hope oh I do hope I do not have it agen to-moro. It was horabl.

I went to school myself. My daddy was only in his shirt. He had only washt and shavd. It was a pity but I had to go myself.

My daddy took me to school to-day. How I luvd it. I danst to school. It was fun. Mummy and daddy had an egg I just had bred and marmalade.

My baby was lafing to me this morning when I went away to school. She was still lafing when I came away and I sed good-bi.

JUN. INF. B.

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DRAMATIC NIGHT.

A varied and interesting programme was provided by the Literary Society on the annual Dramatic Night held on 11th December, and was repeated before the entire school on the closing day of the first term. Form 4 presented a little sketch called "Waxworks" in which Henry VIII., King John, William the Conqueror, and various other familiar figures came to life. The costumes in this were particularly effective. From Form 6 came a burlesque Greek tragedy—"Oroastus King of Thebes"—based on one of Stephen Leacock's skits, and complete with Messenger and Chorus of very much-bearded Old Men. Excellent fooling! Form 5 chose a modern playlet called "Aunt Maria's Wireless Set," and a word of praise is due particularly to Agnes Bertram and Margaret Gordon for some of the best comic acting we have ever seen in school.

The principal item of the evening was the presentation of Miles Malleson's adaptation of Tolstoi's morality, "Michael," the success of which justified the selection, by Miss Foster, of the players for the various parts, and was a gratifying return for the labour of rehearsals. Kathleen Paterson, as Michael, filled a difficult rôle with eminent success, both when she played the part of the silent stranger and more particularly when in the final scene she declaimed her monologue with fine intonation and with arresting grace and dignity. Aniuska, the little girl, was very successfully played by Muriel Green, whose naive acceptance of her part gave a pleasing touch of realism. As Simon, Colette Hogg gave an adequate rendering of the moujik shoemaker, while Maisie Stoddart acted in a pleasantly robust and vigorous manner the part of Matryona, his wife. Cathie Davie as the nobleman represented markedly the hauteur of the exalted one accustomed to command, and Fedka, his servant, was played by Isobel Tainsh. Lena Stein was eminently well chosen for the part of the Woman, and her story of the twins (played by Ella Linton and Margaret Brown) was given in a voice pleasing in its clarity and convincing in its sympathetic modulation.

The success of the production was helped by the costumes, in bright, almost barbaric colourings which reminded some of us of the pageantry of the "Chauve-Souris." Some of these were actual Russian peasant costumes supplied by Colette Hogg, others were designed by Margaret Gordon.

* * * *

HOWLERS.

Howlers, alas! have been few this year. We submit the following, which if only mildly amusing, are at least warranted of home manufacture!

Three "fishy" statements:—

"Boadicea took poisson to avoid capture by the Romans."

"The smugglers made the girl swear not to tell a single sole."

"An antiquarian is for keeping fish in."

More inspired mis-spellings:—

"Long ago children did not learn much at school, as the teachers did not know much and they were often *canned*."

"Luther protested against the *bools* the Pope sent him."

"Waddling Street is an old Roman road running from London."

"A marriage (mirage) is an optical illusion."

Mrs Malaprop is still with us:—

"Rice is the stable food of people in the East."

"The robe worn by a Roman official was called a tango."

"A brunette is a small glass vessel in the science room needed for displacement of water."

"Boadicea was a cruel, angry, suppressed Queen."

"An aviary is what is worn by a Priest."

Some pleasing misunderstandings:—

"Charles's Wain means the child who was to succeed Charles."

"A pibroch is a small bird." (Identified by its piping note?).

"People in Guilds did miracle plays on cycles before the people."

"Spenser's 'Epithalamion' was a satirical essay."

"The Severn Bore is called by that name because it is an awful bore to sailors."

JAMES GILLESPIE'S LITERARY AND DRAMATIC SOCIETY.

The Literary and Dramatic Society has, for a long time now, played an important part in Post-Intermediate School life. It affords an excellent opportunity for those who have views to air in debate, histrionic ability, or an interest in literature; and a little work and enthusiasm on the part of the members is amply repaid by the many pleasures and privileges that can be found in the "Lit."

This year, under the able leadership of our new President, Mr White, we carried out a varied and interesting syllabus. Among the most successful meetings were an Address on American school life by Miss Margaret Wilkins, A.B.; Dramatic Night, which would have been almost impossible without the dramatic knowledge of our enthusiastic friend, Miss Foster; and Magazine Night, when some excellent articles and poems, most of which had a topical interest, were submitted.

Though the leaders' and seconders' papers in debate were always excellent and speaking in open debate was good in the early part of the syllabus, there was a falling-off towards the end of the Spring term; but another session will soon be beginning, and with the support of the new fourth formers who will be warmly welcomed in the Society, and the renewed efforts of those in forms V. and VI., we may hope for a still more successful session in 1932-33.

C. I. D.

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JAMES GILLESPIE'S SCIENCE ASSOCIATION.

The Science Association, now no longer in its infancy, has completed a most successful series of meetings, owing largely to the untiring efforts and successful leadership of its President, Mr Brash.

There have been splendid debates on various subjects, and these have been actively supported by the members. The subject for the Inter-Debate with the Literary Society was, "That a Country's Literature is a Truer Index of its Culture than its Science," and this led to much discussion. Two delightful and instructive lantern lectures were delivered to the Association; one, on "Mary Queen of Scots," by Mr J. B. Cairns, who showed over one hundred coloured slides. To add to the success of the evening, Highland reels were played by Piper M'Kintosh. The other lantern lectures was given by Herr Töpfer and entitled "Physical Culture in Germany." An address on "Sound," by Mr A. F. Buchan, one of our Honorary Presidents, was also greatly appreciated. In addition, there were a Hat Night, Paper Night, Faraday Night, and a Surprise Night, all of which proved very successful.

The Former Members' Reunion as in previous years was well attended, and all spent a most enjoyable evening. During the session, arrangements were made for excursions to the Calton Hill Observatory, and these interesting visits were well attended. It is to be hoped that the success and popularity of the Science Association will be maintained in the future.

M. J. C.

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GILLESPIE SCRIPTURE UNION BRANCH.

This branch continues to grow steadily, our membership now being about 130. Throughout the year we have had meetings once each month in school and these have been very encouraging. At our first one we were privileged to have Miss E. M. Anderson, then Scottish Secretary for girls; at other times we have had Miss M. Laird, Miss C. M'Taggart and Miss M. Torrance, and members of the school branch have also taken part. All who have been present have enjoyed the meetings very much, but we feel there are probably others who would appreciate them. Those interested should watch the notice-board in the top corridor for particulars.

M. S.

"H.M.S. PINAFORE."

This session the production of opera by the older pupils of the School was resumed. The opera chosen was "H.M.S. Pinafore," or "The Lass that Loved a Sailor," by Gilbert and Sullivan. Five performances were given to crowded houses on the five evenings, 2nd to 6th May 1932, the castes begin drawn from the Third, Fourth, Fifth and Sixth Forms.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

The Rt. Hon. Sir Joseph Porter, K.C.B.—Chrissie Graham, Jessie Burn, Helen Morrison, Helen Graham, Nan Buchan.

Captain Corcoran—Helen Rosie, Betty Rosie, Isobel Tainsh, Agnes Bertram, Grace Moon.

Ralph Rackstraw—Marjorie Chisholm, Ruth Smith, Kathleen Paterson, Jean Watson, Margaret Reid.

Dick Deadeye—Cathie Davie, Agnes Keddie, Margaret Gordon, Evelyn Dargie.

Bill Bobstay—Ruby Gauldie, May Falconer, Mysie Bauchope, Lilian Stewart, Jean Middlemiss.

Bob Becket—Evelyn Dargie, Margaret Gordon.

Tom Tucker—Janette Squair, Patricia Traill.

Josephine—Eleanor Fairbairn, Betty Butchard, Ella Maclean, Helen Kennedy, Esmé Atkins.

Hebe—Ann M'Intosh, Cissy Carbarns, Sallie Paisley, Phyllis Hamilton.

Little Buttercup—Margaret Kemp, Ruby Hindmarsh, Maisie Stoddart, Annie Porter, Betty Amos.

At the Piano—Miss Grace Johnston, Mr Herbert Wiseman, M.A.

Scenery painted by Mr A. V. Couling.

Producer—Mr John Wishart, M.A.

SCHOOL SPORTS.

HOCKEY.

Session 1931-32 has proved to be a season as successful as those of former years, as can be noticed from the results given below. An increase of 43 members from last year brings the total membership list to 250, showing the increasing popularity of the game. This season is more particularly outstanding in that, for the first time in the history of hockey in James Gillespie's High School, a "seven" has been entered in the Seven-a-side Tournament and returned triumphant. May we heartily congratulate these seven heroines, and may the next season be just as lucky.

	PLAYED	WON	LOST	DRAWN	FOR	AGST. GOALS.
1st XI.	17	11	6	0	61	33
2nd XI.	17	13	2	2	59	23
3rd XI.	16	9	5	2	51	31
4th XI.	15	12	1	2	73	26
5th XI.	14	11	1	2	56	10

TENNIS.

This season the Tennis Club has proved to be as popular as in previous years, having had a membership of about 200.

The school team was represented by:—

Helene Fairbairn and Dorothy Graham.

Chrissie Graham and Eleanor Chisholm.

Helen Rosie and Eleanor Fairbairn.

Matches:—

Trinity	1	:	Gillespie's	8
Stirling	7	:	Gillespie's	2
Broughton	0	:	Gillespie's	9
Stirling	5	:	Gillespie's	4

Results of House matches:—

Gilmore	17
Warrender	16
Roslin	15
Spylaw	6

Many members have entered for the Doubles and Singles Tournaments but as yet these have not been completed.

SWIMMING.

The Tenth Annual Gala was held in Warrender Baths on the evening of Friday, 3rd June, when an enthusiastic gathering was entertained to some very fine swimming. The items were varied, and all the events well contested. The school was fortunate in having on the programme the three famous former pupils, Gladys Howard, Jean M'Dowall and Ellen King, the last-mentioned giving an excellent exhibition of swimming. One of the special items was the diving display given by Mr Lemmon and his small son, Ian.

The Chairman, Mr Thomas Scott, referred to the record number in the Swimming Club—308 members. During the year pupils had gained 128 Swimming Certificates, including 64 Elementary, 34 Intermediate, 12 Advanced, 12 Life-Saving, and 6 Honours. The

following were the successful pupils in the Honours Grade:—Marjorie Rennie, Marjorie Storrar, Marion Smith, Edith Strachan, Isobel Strachan and Maud Urie. The Chairman, in concluding his remarks, said how much they appreciated all that Miss Mackay had done for the swimming of the School, and Ella Crichton, on behalf of the Club, presented her with a silver clock and book ends.

The principal results of the Gala were as follows:—

Championship of the School.—Margaret Crichton with 21 points; May Lyall being runner-up with 13 points.

25 Yards Handicap.	Grade A.—Margaret Tait.
" "	B.—Betty Edmonstone.
" "	C.—Geira Barker.
" "	D.—Irene Frater.
" "	E.—Dorothy Forrester.

50 Yards Handicap	Grade A.—Kathleen Maclean.
" "	B.—Ena Lockie.
" "	C.—Catherine Tait.
" "	D.—Marion Smith.

Balloon Race.	Grade A.—Alice Walker.
" "	B.—Helen Paterson.

Candle Race.	Grade A.—Maud Urie.
" "	B.—Jean Paterson.

Life-Saving in Pairs.—Margaret Morrison and Maud Urie.

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

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

The House Championship was won by Roslin, with Spylaw as runners-up.

The session was brought to a successful finish at the Edinburgh Schools' Gala held on 6th June, when the School won four first places, and two second.

The principal prizewinners were:—

Final One Length. Free Style (12-13).—1. Nan Sinclair.

Final Two Lengths (over 15).—1. Margaret Crichton.

Diving Competition (Open).—1. May Lyall.

Final Four-a-side Team Race for Secondary Schools.—1. James Gillespie's (M. Lyall, M. Gray, E. Crichton and M. Crichton).

The members of the Swimming Club take this opportunity of thanking Miss M'Lay and Mrs Chapman for their valuable services during the session.

CRICKET.

Owing to the departure from School of our best players, we started the season with a very young and inexperienced team and the results have not been so satisfactory as in previous years. We found St. Thomas of Aquins' and John Watson's much too strong for us, but we just managed to gain a victory over Tynecastle. The large membership (the largest since the formation of the Club) and the enthusiasm displayed both in practice and in matches, have been noteworthy features and promise well for the future.

GOLF.

HOUSE MATCHES.

Gilmore	1	:	Spylaw	1
"	1	:	Roslin	3
"	$\frac{1}{2}$:	Warrender	1 $\frac{1}{2}$
Roslin	3	:	Warrender	0
"	3	:	Spylaw	0
Spylaw	4	:	Warrender	1

Totals.—Roslin	9
Spylaw	5
Gilmore	2 $\frac{1}{2}$
Warrender	2 $\frac{1}{2}$

The final of the School Championship will be contested by Ruby Hindmarsh, and the winner of the tie between Nan Buchan and May Potter.

ANNUAL SPORTS.

At Meggatland, on June 15th, the Annual Sports were favoured with glorious weather, and a large gathering of parents and friends witnessed an interesting programme of events.

The prizes were presented by Mrs Stevenson, who was accompanied by Councillor Thomas Stevenson.

The entries totalled 1,717. The House Championship resulted :— Gilmore, 124 points; Warrender, 46 points; Roslin, 24 points; Spylaw, 22 points.

The Individual Championship was won, with 17 points, by Mildred Storrar, who thus becomes the first holder of the cup presented by Councillor Stevenson, and winner of the accompanying Gold Medal. Helen Graham, with 15 points, was runner-up.

The principal results were :—

INFANTS.

Senior A.—Olive Morrison.
" B.—Ruth Weddell.
Junior A.—Doreen Murray.
" B.—Elenor Waitt.

PRIMARY.

2. Junior A.—Margaret Mennie.
" B.—Hilda Buglass.
" C.—Hazel Stewart.
1 Junior A.—Muriel Ford.
" B.—Margaret Gilbert.
Flat Race—Under 10.—Jessie Walker.
" " 11.—Mary Durie.
" " 12.—Betty Gladstone.
" (Open).—Dorothy Ewing.
Skipping Race—Under 10.—Rita Macbeth.
" " 12.—Winifred Affleck.
" (Open).—Annie Shortreed.
Egg and Spoon Race.—Under 11.—Jessie Walker.
" " (Open).—Alicia MacLean.

Three-Legged Race—Under 10.—Doris Cameron and Helen Sutherland.

Three-Legged Race—(Open).—Marjory Rowley and Victoire M'Leod.

Sack Race—(Open).—Betty Hardie.

Relay Race.—Victoire M'Leod, Jessie M'Lean, Dorothy M'Cartney and Jean Mitchell.

SECONDARY.

Flat Race—Under 13.—Isabel Simpson.

" " 14.—Annie Gould.

" " 15.—Joan Webster.

" (Open).—Chrissie Graham.

Skipping Race—Under 14.—Isobel Simpson.

" (Open).—Helen Graham.

Egg and Spoon Race.—Under 14.—Joan Paterson.

" (Open).—Jessie Burn.

Sack Race—(Open).—Emma Pike.

Three-Legged Race.—Chrissie Graham and Helen Graham.

Flat Race—220 Yards.—Mildred Storrar.

High Jump—Under 15.—May Blyth, 3 ft. 8 ins.

" (Open).—Mildred Storrar, 4 ft.

Broad Jump—Under 15.—Emma Pike, 11 ft. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ ins.

" (Open).—Chrissie Graham, 14 ft. 0 $\frac{1}{2}$ ins.

Hurdle Race—Under 15.—Dorothy Brown.

" (Open).—Mildred Storrar.

Relay—Under 15.—Willa Proud, Nancy Burn, Joan Webster and Cathie Tait.

Relay—(Open).—Gilmore House (Chrissie Graham, Helen Graham, Jessie Burn and Mildred Storrar).

Hockey Dribbling.—Jessie Burn.

HOUSE CHAMPIONSHIP.

PREVIOUS WINNERS.

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

HOUSE CHAMPIONSHIP, 1931-32.

	GILMORE	ROS LIN.	SPYLA W.	WARRENDE
	Pts.	Pts.	Pts.	Pts.
Merit	82	50	105	113
Attendance	40	39	36	35
Hockey	44	6	39	11
Swimming	14	58	20	8
Sports	58	11	10	21
Tennis	31	28	11	30
Golf	14	47	26	13
Totals.	283	239	247	231
Less Penalty Points .	66	76	87	70
Grand Totals	217	163	160	161

Champion House Gilmore.

Second—Roslin.

J. C. B.

FORMER PUPILS' SECTION.

It is specially desirable that the School Magazine should provide, as far as possible, a complete record of the doings of Former Pupils. The Editors will be glad, at any time during the session, to receive notice of marriages, University and other distinctions, business appointments and promotions. Articles likely to be of general interest—particularly concerning Careers or Travel—will also be welcomed.

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IMPRESSIONS OF A FIRST YEAR "MEDICAL."

DEAR EDITRESS,

At last I have extricated myself from piles of massive tomes and a heap of ugly bones to attend to your request—that of writing a 'Varsity letter.

It was, I must admit, with no little regret that I left the old familiar building which had sheltered me since childhood's tender years, and stood, half afraid, on the brink of a great career—alone! It was not long, however, before I became acquainted with other "freshers," and I have now formed several staunch friendships.

As every medical knows, the subject of greatest interest and conjecture to outsiders is "hacking," or in more eloquent terms, "dissecting"; but it is doubtful if many would be prepared for the crude language of the dissecting-room. Such phrases as "Stop chucking that liver about!" or "Pass me that skull," or even "Let's take off her head to-morrow!" are comparatively mild. We have in the women's dissecting-room only one body among some thirty students, who, arrayed in white overalls and furnished with scalpels and forceps, are all grouped round the table on which the body is placed. Each student has a part per term assigned to her—say head and neck, or abdomen—and four exams. have to be taken on that part during term.

Anatomy, Practical Anatomy, Zoology, Chemistry, Physics and Botany comprise the first year subjects, and unfortunately do not leave much time for sports.

As might be expected, we have our own private jokes—as for example, the two enthusiasts who faithfully cycled out to "Zoo" all through the session rather than take a 7/6 'bus "season"; or the quaint but rather pointed rumour that a medal (18-ct. gold) would be awarded to the first person to arrive down at the "Botanics" at the correct hour of 8 a.m.! This medal is still awaiting ownership. Again, the "Zoo" 'buses are responsible for a lot in the way of crude merriment to the students, as when the late luncher, seeing one "tearing" up Mayfield Road, races after it and, hot and breathless, boards it with a triumphant smile, only to be informed "Private 'bus, Sir!"

There are many excellent societies and clubs of which one can take advantage, and among them I would mention the "Cosmopolitan Club." This is one of the foremost 'Varsity clubs and here one has the opportunity of meeting people of every nationality. It is hoped that this club will evoke interest in world affairs from its members, and help to produce a better understanding among the faculties and even among the nations. I would heartily recommend all newcomers to seize the opportunity of becoming members of this enterprising club.

Judging from what I hear, I imagine there will be a few new recruits from the "old school" joining up in October. And although I speak with the vast inexperience of a first year student, I would confidently advise anyone who has special leanings to a medical career to hesitate no longer, but to join us in the new session.

Yours, etc.,

DORIS E. BROWN.

FORMER PUPILS' CLUB, 1931-32.

The opening meeting of the Club for Session 1931-32 was held in School on Friday, 23rd October 1931. The reports for the previous session were given, new members enrolled, and office-bearers elected:—

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

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

Joint Presidents—Miss D. S. C. Saunders.

Mr G. Thomson.

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

Treasurer—Miss M. Campbell, 13 Viewforth Square.

Committee—Misses M. Forgan, M. Dods, A. S. P. Coats, M. Harland, C. Rennie, M. Sutherland, C. Wishart; Messrs J. Adamson, E. Garratt, J. G. Glen, A. Kirkland.

Among the other business attended to was the revived project of an F.P. Hockey Club, which received some support. The remainder of the evening was devoted to dancing.

The next meeting of the Club was purely social. It was held in School on Friday, 4th December, and was well attended.

For the first time in some years the Annual Reunion, on Friday, 29th January 1932, did not take place in School. It was held in MacVitties' Rooms, and the new venture received encouraging support, some 160 former pupils and their friends being present.

The club continues to flourish as in former years, and new members next session will be made very welcome.

M. E. R. HENDERSON,
Hon. Secretary.

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JAMES GILLESPIE'S F.P. RUGBY CLUB.

At the request of the Editor I am giving a short Report on the Club's activities during the past season.

Although we can no longer look to the School for fresh "talent," we decided at the Annual General Meeting held at the end of the previous season to continue the Club, but to

run one fifteen only in view of the scarcity of members. Incidentally perhaps it was just as well that we had decided to continue as we experienced quite the best season the Club has had. A short resumé of the games played will bear this out:—

PLAYED	WON.	LOST.	DREW.	FOR.	AGST.
POINTS					
19	11	5	3	237	111

When one considers that the membership must necessarily be rather meagre, the results speak quite well for the Club.

In addition to the fifteen-a-side programme, the usual entry was made in the Murrayfield Junior Seven-a-side Tournament. Although our "Seven" were drawn against Trinity Academicals, they put up a surprisingly good show, being beaten by only 3—0 in the last minute of the game.

As the past season has been such a successful one, and has been so much enjoyed by the members, we have decided—like the famous prima donna—to have "just one more season." It remains to be seen however whether it will be "positively our last appearance."

D. MACLACHLAN,
Hon. Secretary.

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F.P. HOCKEY CLUB.

At a meeting in September it was arranged to revive the F.P. hockey club. Many good fixtures were obtained and, on the whole, the team did very well, but the enthusiasm of the members was dampened by the lack of support from the other F.P.'s. A full team could not always be fielded owing to small membership which did not permit of many reserves.

If the club is to continue it will certainly need more support from the former pupils, or it will never be a success.

Results of matches during past season:—

PLAYED	WON.	LOST.	DREW.	FOR.	AGST.
GOALS					
8	4	4	0	34	33

B. BISHOP,
Hon. Secretary.

F.P. NOTES.

Messrs CHARLES BAILLIE, JOHN W. M'DONALD, Misses MARGARET J. CAMPBELL, ANNIE S. P. COATS, MARION F. D. CROMBIE, OLIVE M. GRAY, MARY A. PORTEOUS, JEAN C. W. SMITH, JANE F. HOME have been put on the Edinburgh Education Committee's List for Prospective Appointments.

Miss NORA ISOBEL CALDERWOOD, M.A., B.Sc., has graduated Ph.D. at Edinburgh University.

Miss MAIDA E. K. BURNETT has graduated M.A. with First-Class Honours in Classics at Edinburgh University.

Mr ALLAN FREW ROBERTSON has graduated M.A. with First-Class Honours in Mathematics and Natural Philosophy at Edinburgh University.

Mr CHARLES BAILLIE has graduated M.A. with Honours in Mathematics and Natural Philosophy at Edinburgh University.

Miss EVA D. TERRY has graduated M.A. with Honours in German at Edinburgh University.

Miss ALEXANDRINA M. GRANT has graduated B.Sc. with Honours in Chemistry at Edinburgh University.

Mr WILLIAM ROSS has graduated M.A. with First-Class Honours in Mathematics at Edinburgh University.

Miss ANNIE MOFFAT ROSIE has graduated Mus. Bac. at Edinburgh University.

Miss HAZEL I. ASHFORD has graduated M.B., Ch.B., at Edinburgh University.

Miss MARGARET WOOD, A.I.C., has graduated B.Sc. with Honours at London University.

Mr ROBERT F. CRAWFORD, Misses BESSIE M. W. BRYCE, ANNIE G. BRYDON, FRED A. W. HAWKINS, MARY E. R. HENDERSON, MARJORIE A. KEITH, JANET G. KERR, JANET S. F. MONTGOMERY, MARIAN N. C. WEBSTER, AILEEN J. D. YOUNG have graduated M.A. at Edinburgh University.

Miss MAIDA E. K. BURNETT gained the Rhind Classical Scholarship.

Miss EVELYN R. ROBERTSON gained the Harrison Bursary in Classics.

Mr LOUIS GINSBURG gained the Newton Bursary in Natural Philosophy, and the Crum Brown Medal in Chemistry.

Mr WILLIAM ROSS gained the Donald Fraser Bursary, and the Norman Lucas Prize in Natural Philosophy.

Mr ROBERT S. BATEMAN has gone to Calcutta to take up an appointment there.

Mr ROBERT OTTLEBEN has passed his final examination as a Chartered Accountant.

Mr THOMAS R. M'ILWRICK has completed the final examination in Law and the practice, and been awarded the Scottish Poor Law Diploma.

Miss GLADYS HOWDEN has received an appointment under the Midlothian Education Committee and is teaching in Roslin Public School.

Miss ANNIE S. P. COATS is an Assistant Mistress in the Thornton Cleveleys Senior Council School, Lancashire.

Miss MARY JAMIESON is an Assistant Mistress in the Corporation Road School, Darlington.

Miss MARY NEIL is an Assistant Mistress in a school at Tollesbury, Maldon, Essex.

Miss LINDSAY MYRON, having taken the degree of B.A. in South Africa, and trained there, is teaching at Benoni, near Johannesburg, Transvaal.

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MARRIAGES.

CARSWELL—SINCLAIR.—On 6th June 1931, James F. CARSWELL to GLADYS LINTON SINCLAIR, 17 Dick Place.

WALLACE—PIRIE.—On 18th July 1931, Surgeon-Lieutenant-Commander ARTHUR W. WALLACE, L.D.S., to ELIZABETH M. PIRIE, both of Ashley Terrace.

CORSTORPHINE—LANGDON.—At Melbourne, Australia, on 27th July 1931, MATTHEW CORSTORPHINE to HILDA M. LANGDON, late of Arden Street.

JENKINS—ROSS.—At Aberdeen, on 28th July 1931, Rev. GERALD K. JENKINS, M.C., M.A., son of the late William Jenkins, M.A., F.E.I.S., to MARGARET W. ROSS.

MORTON—JENKINS.—On 31st July 1931, SIDNEY H. MORTON to MARGARET KERR JENKINS, daughter of the late William Jenkins, M.A., F.E.I.S., 32 Braid Crescent.

SCOTT—GRAHAM.—On 12th August 1931, JAMES MASTERTON SCOTT, Newbridge, Ratho Station, to ELLEN C. GRAHAM.

GILCHRIST—HEAD.—On 19th August 1931, ANDREW GILCHRIST to ELSIE MAUD HEAD, 27 Morningside Drive.

SIBBALD—HUTCHINSON.—On 3rd October 1931, ROBERT SIBBALD to MURIEL L. HUTCHINSON, D.A., 14 West Preston Street.

GULLAND—PURDIE.—On 23rd October 1931, CHARLES M. GULLAND to MARY CHRISTINA LAWRIE PURDIE, 57 Marchmont Road.

AGNEW—CRANSTON.—At the Scots Kirk, Rangoon, on 11th November 1931, GEORGE G. AGNEW to ANNIE GIBSON CRANSTON, 76 Marchmont Crescent.

DEAR—JEFFERY.—On 23rd January 1932, JOHN ALEXANDER DEAR, 5 Millerfield Place, to MILDRED D. W. JEFFERY.

SOMMERVILLE—FORSTER.—On 18th February 1932, ARCHIBALD F. SOMMERVILLE to MARY D. FORSTER, 82 Marchmont Crescent.

BATEMAN—ERSKINE.—On 19th February 1932, JOHN BATEMAN, 2 Thirlestane Road, to MARGARET MAY ERSKINE.

DRUMMOND—GODFREY.—On 4th March 1932, ALEXANDER DRUMMOND to CATHERINE GERTRUDE GODFREY, 32 Polwarth Terrace.

BALLANTYNE.—LAWRIE.—On 26th March 1932, THOMAS B. S. BALLANTYNE, 41 Mansionhouse Road, to JANET SINCLAIR.

M'INTOSH—DICKSON.—On 9th April 1932, ALEXANDER M'INTOSH to ISABELLA LOCKHART DICKSON, 58 Marchmont Crescent.

WILKIE—HAMILTON.—On 29th April 1932, JAMES L. WILKIE to ANNIE HAMILTON, Urquhart Farm, Dunfermline.

KENNEDY—PATERSON.—On 20th May 1932, FORBES W. KENNEDY, 26 Lauriston Gardens, to ANNIE W. PATERSON.

CAMPBELL—HENDRY.—On 4th June 1932, JAMES CAMPBELL to MARJORY C. J. HENDRY, Kilbirnie, Colinton.

BURLEIGH—BROWN.—On 7th June 1932, BENNET B. BURLEIGH to ELIZABETH (TISSIE) BAIRD BROWN, 408 Morningside Road.

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CERTIFICATE AND SCHOLARSHIP LISTS.

Pupils who gained Leaving Certificates in 1931.

Esmé I. Aitkins.
Elizabeth E. Briggs.
Doris E. Brown.
Jean D. Caldwell.
Catherine I. Davie.
Phyllis Hamilton.
Margaret E. R. Kemp.

May A. Potter.
Margaret H. Reid.
Margaret Sommerville.
Lena A. Stein.
Lilian S. Stewart.
Lilias J. Tait.

Pupils who gained Day School Certificates (Higher) in 1931.

Elizabeth M. Amos.
Enid M. Anderson.
Catherine A. Balfour.
Robina H. T. Ballantyne.
Eveline M. Brown.
Margaret C. A. Brown.
Margaret M. Bruce.
Eleanor M. Chisholm.
Jean H. Cowe.
Helen L. Crichton.
Margaret G. B. Dishington.
Morag Dods.
Helen S. Donaldson.
Gertrude Drummond.
Mary G. Fisher.

Mary F. M. Lyall.
Susan K. N. M'Donald.
Christina M'Gregor.
Mary E. M'Kay.
Dorothy M. M'Math.
Janet M. Macdonald.
Irene Mackay.
Jean W. L. Mackie.
Christina Malloch.
Jenny C. Mitchell.
Jessie E. More.
Helen B. Morrison.
Ruth S. D. Nicolson.
Adelaide Pass.
Georgina Pye.

Margaret H. Fraser.	Winifred M. Richards.
Betty M. Gauldie.	Elizabeth T. Rosie.
Elizabeth Gemmell.	Isabella S. Russell.
Dorothy T. Gow.	Margaret B. Salmon.
Georgina D. S. Graham.	Isabella M. Simpson.
Helen R. Graham.	Ruth N. Smith.
Helen M. Gray.	Rhoda Speirs.
Mary D. Gunn.	Winifred P. Stewart.
Elizabeth W. Hardie.	Mary A. W. Stoddart.
Marjorie J. Hay.	Alice D. Strang.
Dorothy M. Herbert.	Ellen E. B. Tugwell.
Colette Hogg.	Christina V. B. Wares.
Elspeth A. Johnston.	Jean F. R. Watson.
Agnes R. Keddie.	Margaret A. C. Watson.
Elizabeth L. Livingstone.	Margaret B. Watt.
Anne H. Lockie.	Jean E. C. Wilson.
Sheena B. Lumsden.	

Pupils who gained the Junior Commercial Certificate of the Edinburgh Chamber of Commerce in 1932.

Agnes T. Arthur.
Helene G. Fairbairn.
Jean H. Furnage (Distinction in Geography).
Marjorie Hay.
Elizabeth C. Ritchie (Distinction in English, French and Arithmetic).
Johan W. Smith.
Isabella D. Wilkie.
Helen B. Wybar (Distinction in English and French).

SCHOLARSHIPS ENTITLING TO REMISSION OF FEES FOR 1932-33.

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

ENTERING SIXTH YEAR.—Agnes M. Bertram, Ellen M. A. Baillie, Agnes M. Buglass, Betsy Howieson, Mary K. Millar, Marjory Sommerville.

ENTERING FIFTH YEAR.—Morag Dods, Mary G. Fisher, Elizabeth Gemmell, Helen M. Gray, Anne H. Lockie, Adelaide Pass, Rhoda Speirs, Jean F. R. Watson.

ENTERING FOURTH YEAR.—Jane B. Bethune, Hannah Couper, Winifred A. Duncan, Margaret Mackenzie, Mary E. M'Nab, Elizabeth Smith, Isobel J. Strachan, Elizabeth Thornton.

ENTERING THIRD YEAR.—Annie M. Galloway, Dorothy Gardiner, Eva Harris, Kathleen M. Maclean, Dorothy Minck, Muriel Patullo, Freda Underhill.

ENTERING SECOND YEAR.—Gladys E. Beattie, Muriel S. Camberg, Frances F. Niven, Jean Falconer, Agnes Ross, Irene Southern, Helen Tarbet, Catherine Tait.

ENTERING FIRST YEAR.—Margaret Bee, Winifred Burns, Evelyn Hardie, Margaret Jamieson, Doreen Michie, Rachel Quinnell, Frances Woodward,

SCHOOL PRIZE LIST, 1931-32.

Dux of the School	Catherine I. Davie.
Dux in English	Catherine I. Davie.
„ Latin	Lena A. Stein.
„ Greek	Ellen M. A. Baillie.
„ French	Lena A. Stein.
„ German	Lena A. Stein.
„ Mathematics	Catherine I. Davie.
„ Science	Margzret H. Reid.
„ Art	Helen M. Rosie.
„ Physical Training	Helen M. Rosie.
„ Music	Kathleen L. Paterson.
„ Dressmaking	Annie M. Galloway.
„ Commercial Subjects	Helen B. Wybar.
Dux of Intermediate School	Elizabeth M. Thornton.

SPECIAL PRIZES.

Prize presented by a Former Dux to the Dux of the School.

Catherine I. Davie.

Prize presented by a Former Dux to the Dux of the Intermediate School.

Elizabeth M. Thornton.

Prize presented by a Former Dux to Best All-round Pupil.

May A. Potter.

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

Catherine I. Davie.

“Jobson Prize” for Mental Arithmetic.

Elizabeth T. Smith.

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

A. Maimie Paterson.

“Cowan Prize” in Art.

Jean M. Lugton.

Councillor Tom Stevenson” Cup and Gold Medal for Athletics.

Mildred Storrar.

“Thomas Scott” Prize for Athletics.

Helen R. Graham.

Singing Prize.

Ann S. E. M'Intosh and Elizabeth M. Amos (equal).

Sir Walter Scott Club Prizes.

Secondary School.—1. Millicent C. Dewar; 2. Catherine I. Davie.

Intermediate School.—1. Frances Brunt; 2. Dorothy M. Minck.

Stevenson Club Prize.

Margaret E. R. Kemp.

Burns Club Prizes.

Senior Section.—Adelaide Pass.

Intermediate Section.—Frances Brunt.

Junior Section.—Elizabeth Mason.

Bible Prizes.

Forms 5 and 6.—Elizabeth C. Ritchie. *Form 4.*—Ruth Smith.

Form 3.—Isobel J. Strachan. *Form 2.*—Louie Lawrence.

Form 1.—Constance Wyper. *3 Senior B.*—Grace Caddis.

2 Senior B.—Estella Weddell. *1 Senior B.*—Susan Ross.

2 Junior B.—Catherine Sinclair. *1 Junior B.*—May Young.

S.P.C.A. Prizes.

1. Winifred Burns (3 Sen. C); 2. Frances Woodward (3 Sen. B);
3. Evelyn Hardie (3 Sen. B).

Pianoforte Prizes.

Mr Huxtable's Pupils.—1. Helen Gloag; 2. Nancy Mitchell.

Mr Paterson's Pupils.—1. Kathleen M'Lean; 2. Margaret O'Riordan

Mrs Ross's Pupils.—*Senior*—Mary Rankine; *Junior*—Jessie Rankine.

Miss Sutherland's Pupils.—1. Marjorie Ritchie; 2. Doris M'Murtrie.

FORM 6A.

English.—1. Catherine I. Davie ; 2. Margaret E. R. Kemp ; 3. Lena A. Stein ; 4. Margaret H. Reid ; 5. Esmé I. Aitkins.
History.—1. Margaret E. R. Kemp.
Latin (Higher).—1. Lena A. Stein ; 2. Esmé I. Aitkins ; 3. Margaret E. R. Kemp.
French (Advanced).—1. Lena A. Stein ; 2. Catherine I. Davie ; 3. Esmé I. Aitkins.
French (Higher).—1. Margaret H. Reid ; 2. Margaret E. R. Kemp.
German (Advanced).—1. Lena A. Stein ; 2. Esmé I. Aitkins.
(Higher).—1. May A. Potter.
Mathematics (Advanced).—1. Catherine I. Davie ; 2. Lilian S. Stewart.
Mathematics (Lower).—1. May A. Potter.
Science—Physics.—1. Lilian S. Stewart ; 2. Margaret H. Reid.
Chemistry.—1. Margaret H. Reid ; 2. Lilian S. Stewart.
Physical Training.—1. May A. Potter.

FORM 6B.

English.—1. Helen C. Kennedy ; 2. Eleanor Fairbairn ; 3. Marjorie Chisholm.
History.—1. Helen C. Kennedy.
Latin (Lower).—1. Christina Graham.
French (Higher).—1. Helen C. Kennedy.
Mathematics (Higher).—1. Helen G. Pitkeathly.
Science—Physics.—1. Helen G. Pitkeathly.
Chemistry.—1. Helen G. Pitkeathly.
Botany.—1. Jeanne M. Todd.
Art.—Helen M. Rosie.
Physical Training.—Helen M. Rosie.

FORM 5A.

English.—1. Millicent C. Dewar ; 2. Agnes M. Bertram ; 3. A. Mamie Paterson ; 4. Ellen M. A. Baillie ; 5. Isabella C. MacLean ; 6. Marjory Sommerville.
Latin (Higher).—1. Ellen M. A. Baillie ; 2. A. Maimie Paterson.
(Lower).—1. Agnes M. Bertram.
Greek.—1. Ellen M. A. Baillie.
French.—1. A. Maimie Paterson ; 2. Ellen M. A. Baillie ; 3. Mary K. Miller ; 4. Agnes M. Bertram.
German (Higher).—1. A. Maimie Paterson ; 2. Isabella C. MacLean.
(Lower).—1. Agnes M. Bertram.
Mathematics (Higher).—1. Mary K. Miller ; 2. Betsy Howieson ; 3. Jessie M. L. Goodbrand.
Mathematics (Lower).—1. Ruby H. Gaudie.
Science.—1. Mary K. Miller ; 2. Christian B. M'Stravick ; 3. Jessie M. L. Goodbrand ; 4. Millicent C. Dewar.
Art.—1. Margaret M. Gordon.
Physical Training.—1. Margaret M. Gordon.
Music.—1. Kathleen L. Paterson.



SCIENCE ROOM.
By MARGARET GORDON, 5A.



AQUATINT.
By HELEN M. ROSIE, 6B.



FORM 5B.

- English*.—1. Elizabeth C. Ritchie; 2. Agnes M. Buglass; 3. Isobel A. Tainsh; 4. Helen B. Wybar.
French.—1. Elizabeth C. Ritchie; 2. Helen B. Wybar; 3. Isobel A. Tainsh and Agnes M. Buglass (equal).
Mathematics (Higher).—1. Elizabeth C. Ritchie; 2. Jean H. J. Furmage.
Mathematics (Lower).—1. Helen B. Wybar.
Commercial Subjects.—1. Helen B. Wybar; 2. Agnes M. Buglass and Isabella S. Russell (equal); 4. Elizabeth C. Ritchie.
Physical Training.—1. Helen Graham.

FORM 4A.

- English*.—1. Morag Dods; 2. Helen M. Gray; 3. Elizabeth Gemmell; 4. Jean F. R. Watson; 5. Adelaide Pass; 6. Jean H. Cowe.
Latin.—1. Margaret A. C. Watson; 2. Morag Dods; 3. Elizabeth Gemmell; 4. Helen M. Gray.
French.—1. Jean F. R. Watson; 2. Morag Dods; 3. Helen M. Gray; 4. Elizabeth M. Amos.
German (Higher).—1. Adelaide Pass; 2. Morag Dods; 3. Jean F. R. Watson.
German (Lower).—1. Jean H. Cowe.
Mathematics.—1. Jean F. R. Watson; 2. Anne H. Lockie; 3. Rhoda Speirs; 4. Morag Dods.
Science.—1. Anne H. Lockie; 2. Jean F. R. Watson; 3. Rhoda Speirs.
Art.—1. Elizabeth M. Amos.
Physical Training.—1. Eleanor M. Chisholm.

FORM 4B.

- English*.—1. Mary G. Fisher; 2. Grace M. Moon; 3. Margaret H. Fraser; 4. Mary C. Mackay and Ruth Smith (equal).
French.—1. Marjory J. Hay; 2. Mary C. Mackay; 3. Mary G. Fisher.
German.—1. Ruth Nicolson.
Mathematics.—1. Marjory J. Hay; 2. Mary G. Fisher; 3. Dorothy Graham.
Commercial Subjects.—1. Marjory J. Hay; 2. Irene I. Mackay; 3. Mary G. Fisher.
Physical Training.—1. Dorothy Graham.

FORM 3A.

- English*.—1. Elizabeth T. Smith and Elizabeth M. Thornton (equal); 3. Margaret A. Mackenzie; 4. Ethel A. Buglass and Frances M. Brunt (equal); 6. Jane B. Bethune.
Latin.—1. Hannah S. Couper and Elizabeth M. Thornton (equal); 3. Jane B. Bethune; 4. Elizabeth T. Smith.
French.—1. Elizabeth M. Thornton; 2. Elizabeth T. Smith and Ethel A. Buglass (equal); 4. Hannah S. Couper.

German.—1. Hannah S. Couper; 2. Ruth Punton; 3. Jane B. Bethune.
Mathematics.—1. Elizabeth T. Smith; 2. Margaret A. Mackenzie; 3. Elizabeth M. Thornton; 4. Jane B. Bethune.
Science.—1. Hannah S. Couper; 2. Elizabeth T. Smith; 3. Jane B. Bethune; 4. Elizabeth M. Thornton.
Art.—1. Margaret A. Mackenzie; 2. Esther A. Davidson; 3. Jane B. Bethune; 4. Christina N. Pollock.
Physical Training.—1. Jean W. Jamieson.

FORM 3B.

English.—1. Roberta D. Hindmarsh; 2. Winifred A. L. Duncan; 3. P. Doris Stalker; 4. Margaret M. Scott.
French.—1. Mary E. M'Nab; 2. Winifred A. L. Duncan; 3. P. Doris Stalker.
Mathematics.—1. Mary E. M'Nab and Isobel J. Strachan (equal); 3. Mary H. Hughes.
Science.—1. Mary H. Hughes; 2. Mary E. M'Nab; 3. Winifred A. L. Duncan.
Art.—1. Jean M. Lugton; 2. Mary E. M'Nab; 3. Margaret L. Crowe.
Physical Training.—1. Beatrice Fletcher.

FORM 3C.

English.—1. Norah Shields; 2. Marjory Elliott; 3. Christina Nelson; 4. Helen Miller.
French.—1. Norah Shields; 2. Jessie Burn; 3. Marjory Elliott.
Mathematics.—1. Norah Shields; 2. Marjory Elliott; 3. Christina Nelson.
Science.—1. Norah Shields; 2. Margaret Hargreaves; 3. Marjory Elliott.
Art.—1. Helen Brown; 2. Margaret Nicol; 3. Jessie Burn.
Physical Training.—1. Jessie Burn.

FORM 2A.

English.—1. Dorothy Minck; 2. Annie Dunn; 3. Mary Kelloe; 4. Olive M'Ausland and Jenny Yellowlees (equal); 6. Marie Morrison.
Latin.—1. Dorothy Minck; 2. Mary Kelloe; 3. Olive M'Ausland; 4. Freda Underhill.
French.—1. Dorothy Minck; 2. Jenny Yellowlees; 3. Eva Harris; 4. Mary Ramsay.
Mathematics.—1. Dorothy Minck; 2. Laura Watt; 3. Freda Underhill; 4. Marie Morrison.
Science.—1. Dorothy Minck; 2. Dorothy Gardiner; 3. Freda Underhill and Mary Kelloe (equal).
Art.—1. Margaret Malcolm; 2. Dorothy Gardiner; 3. Annie Galloway; 4. Mary Blyth.
Physical Training.—1. Dorothy Gardiner.
Dressmaking.—1. Beatrice Liddell.

FORM 2B.

English.—1. Margaret Cooper; 2. Louie Lawrence; 3. Gladys Hamilton; 4. Margaret Adams and Margaret Williams (equal); 6. Helen Harper.
Latin.—1. Helen Macintyre; 2. Winifred Ewing; 3. Helen Harper; 4. Muriel Rudd.
French.—1. Muriel Patullo; 2. Louie Lawrence; 3. Margaret Adams; 4. Gladys Hamilton.
Mathematics.—1. Margaret Breteell; 2. Beatrice Steedman; 3. Muriel Patullo and Miriam Shenkin (equal).
Science.—1. Muriel Patullo; 2. Louie Lawrence; 3. Jessie Pirie; 4. Muriel Urie.
Art.—1. Phyllis Manson; 2. Flora Ritchie; 3. Jane Burn; 4. Mary Duncan.
Physical Training.—1. Jane Burn.
Dressmaking.—1. Winifred Chandler.

FORM 2C.

English.—1. Kathleen M. MacLean; 2. Laura Shields; 3. Annie Vint; 4. Margaret Taylor.
French.—1. Kathleen M. Maclean; 2. Laura Shields; 3. Annie Vint.
Mathematics.—1. Kathleen M. Maclean; 2. Maud Urie; 3. Marjorie I. Smail.
Science.—1. Kathleen M. Maclean; 2. Laura Shields; 3. Marjorie I. Smail.
Art.—1. Kathleen M. Maclean; 2. Mary Levey; 3. Maud Urie.
Physical Training.—1. Kathleen M. Maclean.
Dressmaking.—1. Helen Noble.
Domestic Science.—1. Jeanette M'Keand.

FORM 1A.

English.—1. Dorothy Cunningham; 2. Mary Grant; 3. Jean Paterson; 4. Eliza Cameron; 5. Joan Paterson; 6. Jean Falconer.
Latin.—1. Agnes Ross; 2. Jessie Dalglish; 3. Dorothy Cunningham; 4. Joan Paterson and Cathie M'Nab (equal).
French.—1. Jean Falconer; 2. Mary Grant; 3. Joan Paterson; 4. Jessie Dalglish.
Mathematics.—1. Irene Southern; 2. Agnes Ross; 3. Jean Falconer; 4. Jean Paterson.
Science.—1. Agnes Ross and Irene Southern (equal); 3. Jean Falconer; 4. Mary Sinclair.
Art.—1. Agnes Ross; 2. Isobel Lornie; 3. Anna Hogg; 4. Mary Sinclair.
Physical Training.—1. Mary Grant.
Dressmaking.—1. Alison Tait.

FORM 1B.

English.—1. Gladys E. Beattie; 2. Muriel S. Camberg; 3. Frances F. Niven; 4. Isabel A. R. Linton; 5. Muriel A. Lamb and Betty S. MacDonald (equal).
Latin.—1. Betty S. MacDonald; 2. Muriel S. Camberg; 3. Violet F. Crerar; 4. Frances F. Niven.
French.—1. Violet F. Crerar; 2. Winifred M. Cormack; 3. Betty S. MacDonald; 4. Isabel A. R. Linton.
Mathematics.—1. Gladys E. Beattie; 2. Elizabeth E. Thomson; 3. Muriel S. Camberg; 4. Betty S. MacDonald.
Science.—1. Gladys E. Beattie; 2. Muriel S. Camberg and Frances Niven (equal); 4. Elizabeth E. Thomson.
Art.—1. Elizabeth A. Mercer; 2. Helen R. Shepherd; 3. Winifred M. Cormack; 4. Annie G. Mitchell.
Physical Training.—1. Marjory Muir.
Dressmaking.—1. Margaret Brown.

FORM 1C.

English.—1. Harriet B. Gordon; 2. Elizabeth A. Georgiou; 3. Doris Paterson; 4. Elizabeth E. Overend.
French.—1. Harriet B. Gordon; 2. Doris J. C. Crichton; 3. Annie B. Gould.
Mathematics.—1. Annie B. Gould; 2. Harriet B. Gordon; 3. Sheila P. K. Black.
Science.—1. Elizabeth A. Georgiou; 2. Margaret A. I. Dawson; 3. Elizabeth A. T. Bird and Sheila P. K. Black (equal).
Art.—1. Annie B. Gould; 2. Margaret M. Macmillan; 3. Harriet B. Gordon.
Physical Training.—1. Catherine Y. Butchart.
Dressmaking.—1. Evelyn M'Intosh.
Domestic Science.—1. Christina Currie.

FORM 1D.

English.—1. Helen Tarbet; 2. Winifred Harris; 3. Aileen Blair; 4. Doris Frater.
French.—1. Marjorie Shields; 2. Winifred Harris; 3. Aileen Blair.
Mathematics.—1. Alice Torkington; 2. Helen Tarbet; 3. Aileen Blair.
Science.—1. Helen Tarbet; 2. Aileen Blair; 3. Alice Torkington.
Art.—1. Helen Tarbet; 2. Morag Macdonald; 3. Doris Frater.
Physical Training.—1. Harriet Bowie.
Dressmaking.—1. Alice Torkington.
Domestic Science.—1. Helen Tarbet.

FORM 1E.

English.—1. Jean Rennie; 2. Catherine Tait; 3. Jessie Cameron; 4. Jean Michie.
French.—1. Catherine Tait; 2. Mary Rankin; 3. Jean Rennie.
Mathematics.—1. Catherine Tait; 2. Catherine Slater; 3. Norah Good.

Science.—1. Catherine Tait; 2. Jean Rennie; 3. Dorothy M'Geoch.
Art.—1. Norah Good; 2. Margaret Lamaletie; 3. Catherine Slater.
Physical Training.—1. Jessie Lochhead.
Dressmaking.—1. Eleanora Traill.
Domestic Science.—1. Catherine Tait.

Class 3 Sen. A.

1. Elizabeth Mason; 2. Rachel Quinnell; 3. Margaret Jamieson and Margaret Bee (equal); 5. Agnes Bethune; 6. Kathleen Spencer; 7. Catherine M'Culloch; 8. Nancy Morison.
Drawing.—Thelma Wilson. *Sewing*.—Kathleen Spencer and Margaret Bee (equal).
French.—Elizabeth Mason.

Class 3 Sen. B.

1. Margaret Bennet; 2. Evelyn Hardie; 3. Frances Woodward; 4. Grace Caddis; 5. Ruby Ockrent; 6. Gertrude Levy; 7. Elizabeth MacWilliam; 8. Agnes Robertson.
Drawing.—Frances Woodward. *Sewing*.—Margaret Bennet.
French.—Margaret Bennet.

Class 3 Sen. C.

1. Doreen Michie; 2. Winifred Burns; 3. Alice Ferguson; 4. Jessie M'Lean; 5. Joan Godfrey and Agnes Thornton (equal); 7. Jane Ritchie; 8. Lillian Underhill.
Drawing.—Barbara Black. *Sewing*.—Mary Robertson.
French.—Doreen Michie.

Class 2 Sen. A.

1. Kathleen Macdonald; 2. Jane M'Walter; 3. Agnes Morrison; 4. Jessie M'Kay; 5. Dorothy Shand; 6. Helen Donaldson; 7. Doris Lingard; 8. Margaret Hutchison.
Drawing.—Jane M'Walter. *Sewing*.—Agnes Skeoch.

Class 2 Sen. B.

1. Elizabeth M'Donald; 2. Estella Weddell; 3. Jeanne Bauchope; 4. Helen Forbes; 5. Alison Tait; 6. Ruth Cameron; 7. Muriel M'Dougal; 8. Helen Young.
Drawing.—Elizabeth Duncan. *Sewing*.—Estella Weddell.

Class 2 Sen. C.

1. Eleanor Ginsberg; 2. Helen Macdonald; 3. Mary Jackson; 4. Jessie Rankin; 5. Margaret Marshall; 6. Doris Morison; 7. Sheila Bee; 8. Margaret Inglis.
Drawing.—Isobel Robertson.
Sewing.—Isobel Robertson and Sheila Bee (equal).

Class 1 Sen. A.

1. Elizabeth Murphy; 2. Elizabeth Chalmers; 3. Dorothy Forrester; 4. Sheila Mather; 5. Jessie Walker; 6. Pauline Wood; 7. Elizabeth Anderson; 8. Annie Mackenzie.
Drawing.—Doreen Robertson. *Sewing.*—Elizabeth Anderson.

Class 1 Sen. B.

1. Marjorie Ritchie; 2. Muriel Brown; 3. Victoria Gillanders; 4. Margaret Booth; 5. Jessie Begrie; 6. Janette Squair; 7. Joyce Cumming; 8. Jean Smart.
Drawing.—Alison Munro. *Sewing.*—Janette Squair.

Class 1 Sen. C.

1. Margaret Reid; 2. Jean Swain; 3. Jean Matheson; 4. Hilda Brown; 5. Ruby Bruce; 6. Audrey Purves; 7. Joyce Kidd; 8. Jean Johnston.
Drawing.—Jean Swain. *Sewing.*—Joyce Barr.

Class 2 Jun. A.

1. Catherine M'Culloch; 2. Clara Scott; 3. Catherine Simpson; 4. Janet Brown; 5. Isobel Ferguson; 6. Leila Sinha; 7. Eve Lochhead; 8. Iris Bruce.
Composition.—Clara Scott. *Drawing.*—Janet Brown.
Sewing.—Marie Smith.

Class 2 Jun. B.

1. Dorothy Halliday; 2. Christina Johnstone; 3. Catherine Sinclair; 4. Lillas Simpson; 5. Jean Wishart; 6. Patricia M'Dermott and Mabel M'Caig (equal); 8. May Brownlee.
Composition.—Dorothy Halliday. *Drawing.*—May Johnstone.
Sewing.—Lillas Simpson.

Class 2 Jun. C.

1. Marjorie Hamilton; 2. Dorothy Horsburgh; 3. Hazel Stewart; 4. Kathleen Reid; 5. Jean Halkett; 6. Elizabeth Sheed; 7. Elizabeth Kinnear; 8. Jessie Houston.
Composition.—Elizabeth Kinnear. *Drawing.*—Eileen Rye.
Sewing.—Elizabeth Whyte.

Class 1 Jun. A.

1. Rhoda Graham and Jean M'Nab (equal); 3. Moira Haig; 4. May Davidson and Irene Fisher (equal); 6. Esther Caplan; 7. Agnes Lees and Myra Ockrent (equal).
Composition.—Myra Ockrent and Katherine Ramsay.
Drawing.—Esther Caplan. *Sewing.*—Audrey Liles.

Class 1 Jun. B.

1. Isabel Wishart; 2. Doris M'Murtrie; 3. Marguerite Combey; 4. Nora Moore; 5. Alexandra Mort; 6. Rosemary Matheson; 7. May M. Kirkwood; 8. May Jamieson.
Composition.—Nora Moore. *Drawing.*—Rosemary Matheson.
Sewing.—Rosemary Matheson.

Class Senior Infant A.

1. Doreen Colburn and Isabel M'Donald, and Christine Sanderson and Olive Stanton (equal); 5. Isobel Mackay; 6. Ailsa Etheridge and Leslie Stuart (equal); 8. Winifred Black.

Class Senior Infant B.

1. Dorothy Polson; 2. Marjorie MacGregor; 3. Winifred Dalglish; 4. Dorothy Hamilton; 5. Nan Brydon; 6. Dorothy Napier; 7. Muriel Sealey; 8. Elizabeth Brotherton.

Class Junior Infant A.

1. Eileen L. Forsyth; 2. Agnes N. Wilson; 3. Williamina R. Gunn; 4. Elinor P. Wylie; 5. Janet W. Worling; 6. Sheila I. Fraser; 7. Frances Kay; 8. Dorothy J. M. Somerville.

Class Junior Infant B.

1. Muriel Gilbert; 2. Betty E. A. Topp; 3. Ruth Watt; 4. Alexandra B. Littlejohn; 5. Janet C. Anderson; 6. Margaret I. Ross; 7. Muriel I. Jeffrey; 8. Marjory C. Drummond.

BURSARIES.

Secondary Bursaries were awarded last year to:—Margaret C. A. Brown, Margaret M. Bruce, Janet M. Macdonald, Adelaide Pass, Irene I. Mackay, Christian M'Stravick, Alexandra Paterson.

Intermediate Bursaries were awarded to:—Gladys E. Beattie, Jane D. Brown, Eliza S. Cameron, Doris B. Livingston, Margaret H. Maxwell, Jessie C. D. Nicolson, Doris Paterson, Joan S. Paterson, Mary B. M. Sinclair.

James Gillespie's School Bursaries were awarded to:—Hilda Brown (Dalry School); Williamina Christie (Links Place); Dorothy E. Cunningham (Bruntsfield); Jean R. Currie (Bruntsfield); Jessie D. Dalgleish (Dalry Normal); Muriel A. Lamb (Stockbridge); Isabel A. R. Linton (Hermitage Park); Betty S. MacDonald (Craiglockhart); Elizabeth E. Thomson (Canonmills); Winifred J. Tunnah (Flora Stevenson's).

Music Passes.

Helen Gloag has passed the Junior Pianoforte Examination of Trinity College, London; Helen M'Donald has passed the Elementary Examination, with Honours. Both are Mr Huxtable's pupils.

Jean M. Lugton has passed with Honours the Intermediate Examination of Trinity College.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

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