

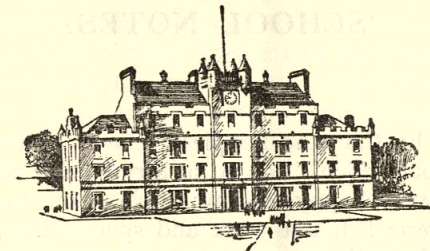
A. L. Clark
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Gillespie's High School Magazine



July 1933





Gillespie's High School Magazine

JULY 1933

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SCHOOL NOTES.

It may be that the happiest school, as the happiest nation, is that which "has no history." If that is so this has been a very happy session; little of outstanding note has to be recorded, but work and sports alike have proceeded satisfactorily.

There has been one change in staff. By the resignation of Miss Kate S. Wilson, M.A., from the French Department, on the occasion of her marriage, the school lost a very fine teacher. Our good wishes follow her to her new home in St. Andrews. To Miss M. O. Linton, M.A., who joined our staff in January, we extend a cordial if rather belated welcome. We are very glad to have Miss Napier with us again, after her year in Buffalo, U.S.A.

The sudden death of Mr Hugh Callander, M.A., for long a most popular and useful member of our staff, was a great shock to his many friends in Gillespie's.

This session has seen the retiral of our "trustworthy and well-beloved" janitor, Mr John Bremner, of whom fuller appreciation will be found elsewhere in this magazine. His place has been taken by Mr Alexander Forrester.

The conferring of the M.B.E. on our Infant Mistress, Miss McDermont, gave general satisfaction. We are proud of this well-deserved honour, and offer our hearty congratulations to Miss McDermont.

The House System continues its useful function of stimulating keenness in work, conduct, attendance, and sports—especially sports, if we are to judge by the vociferous enthusiasm displayed by the rival Houses at the Swimming Gala and Annual Sports!

This year our school has had two gratifying successes in the realm of inter-school sports. At the Inter-Scholastic Hockey Seven-a-sides Gillespie's team took first place; and at the Inter-Schools Swimming Gala four Gillespie's girls won the Swimming Challenge Shield. This is the third time the shield has come to us.

The first few weeks of the session were much occupied with rehearsals for our scene from "Marmion," which was

very successfully presented in the Edinburgh Schools' Scott Pageant on the evenings of 21st to 24th September. Thanks are due to Miss Russell and the Sewing Staff, to those members of staff and parents who made costumes, to all who on the actual evenings of performance helped to dress and "make-up" the hundred or more characters, and very specially to Miss McDermont, Miss Wood and Mr Glen, on whom the labour of arrangement and rehearsal chiefly fell. Only those immediately concerned realise the amount of research which went to produce a scene historically accurate in every detail of character and costume, and the time and trouble ungrudgingly given to the training of such a large cast. The result was a credit to the school.

The work of the year was punctuated by the usual enjoyable social events. The "Lit." and Science Association carried out interesting programmes and were well supported. Christmas saw the traditional jolly parties for the Secondary School. It is whispered that about Christmastime various pupils and even teachers from the Top Corridor invented errands to the ground floor, to snatch a glimpse of the delightful decorations in the infant rooms and corridors! The usual pleasant programme of carols and poems was carried out by the Infant Department. On the closing day of the winter term the Literary Society entertained the school to a Shakespeare Miscellany. The Swimming Gala, in May, attracted a large number of enthusiastic spectators to watch some excellent swimming. On this as on every similar occasion, we were much indebted to Miss Mackay for her work in connection with the Swimming Club.

Founder's Day Service was held this year on Friday, 9th June, with Councillor Allan, M.V.O., as chairman, and Bailie Mrs Somerville as speaker. Mrs Somerville made an interesting departure from the usual Founder's Day speech by addressing us specifically on "Child Welfare." Taking as her general theme the creative power of thought, she traced for us the beginnings of Edinburgh's Municipal Scheme for the welfare of mothers and little children, and showed how out of the thoughts of a small group of people has grown a wonderfully wide-spread system of clinics, day nurseries and nursery schools. A bouquet was presented to Mrs Somerville by one of the "littlest ones," and a snuff-

box to the Chairman, who, in response to an eloquent plea made by the Senior Prefect, granted the following Monday as a holiday.

After the service a few members of the "Lit." accompanied by Miss Napier and Miss Foster set out on the new, and, as it proved, wholly successful venture of a week-end's walking tour in the Borders, the nights being spent at Langhaugh and Chapelhope Youth Hostels.

On 29th June, Miss J. S. Gibson, B.Sc., Superintendent of Domestic Science under the Education Committee, gave a most interesting address on "Careers open to Girls with a Training in Domestic Science." The Very Rev. J. Harry Miller, C.B.E., D.D., J.P., presided.

On two successive Saturdays in June, a Former Pupil of the School, Mr Norman Cuthbertson of the University Library, conducted a party of senior girls on rambles round Musselburgh and Inveresk and delivered interesting lectures on the Roman Occupation, with special reference to Musselburgh and Inveresk.

At the time of going to press the Infant, Sewing and Art Departments are hard at work preparing for the bi-ennial Exhibition of Work.

Barricades at one side of the playground, bands of workmen and sounds of hammering have aroused much interest these past three weeks. A familiar landmark has been demolished. "Swan Watson's" is no more, but in its place we look forward to seeing a new Infant School and an up-to-date gymnasium.

During the past few years pupils of the 4th, 5th and 6th Forms have profited greatly by the several hundred books lent to us annually by the Edinburgh Public Library, under the Travelling Library Scheme. This year there has been an increased enthusiasm for library books—1,117 in all have been borrowed in the course of the year—and we take this opportunity of expressing to Mr Savage and his Committee our appreciation of the privilege of access to such an excellent collection of modern books.

We have again to thank Mr John C. Jobson, a former Dux, for renewing his generous gift of two guineas to the Prize Fund of the school. The prize is a memorial of Mr Jobson's brother, Colin L. Jobson, M.A., also a distinguished pupil. This is, also, our first opportunity of thanking the

anonymous donor of a Prize in Modern Languages last session. The example is commended to others!

At the end of the first term, in response to a special plea by the Chairman of the Education Committee, a collection was made in school for the Boot Fund, and realised £10. School Savings Certificates now total £11,671, 17s.

"Gillespie Bursars" as in former years are doing well and taking high places in their class merit lists. Next session bursars will for the first time enter upon the fourth year of the Secondary Course, leading up to the award of the Group Leaving Certificate. Ten new bursars enter the first year in September.

Last year there were 143 passes in the Control Examination, 51 pupils gained the Day School Certificate (Higher), and 23 the Group Leaving Certificate, 7 pupils obtained the Junior Commercial Certificate of the Edinburgh Chamber of Commerce, 10 Intermediate Bursaries and 7 Secondary Bursaries were awarded. As many as 16 former pupils have graduated at Edinburgh University since our last issue, 6 with honours. Our congratulations to them!

A. E. F.

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IN MEMORIAM.

MR HUGH CALLANDER, M.A.

Mr Callander will long be remembered by Gillespie pupils and teachers, and by not a few grateful parents. He was cut down quite unexpectedly when full of life and hope, ambitious to undertake a wider and more responsible sphere of work for which his Gillespie and later experiences had been preparing him; and when he was revealing a strength of character which impressed colleagues and others alike.

Many old girls, and old boys too, will recall Mr Callander's persuasive yet decisive manner, his hearty greeting, his happy laugh. He felt a real delight and pride in his teaching and in the after-school careers of his pupils: and, following severe war service in Egypt and Palestine, he was keenness itself when he resumed scholastic duties. By temperament an energetic worker in daytime and in

evening, he gave up a large part of his leisure to preparing and planning, and by his thoroughness and skill he achieved many successes, which were to him a source of evident satisfaction.

Out-of-doors, Mr Callander was a real good companion, having his own special preferences in the realm of sport, placid or jovial as the occasion demanded, genial always in his own smaller circle of friends.

The deep interest Mr Callander showed in all Gillespie activities will be among the pleasant and lasting memories left with all who came into touch with him.

A. C. M.

* * * *

Miss JANE McDERMONT, M.B.E., F.E.I.S.

The Decoration of the Most Excellent Order of Membership of the British Empire was conferred upon our Infant Mistress, Miss Jane McDermont, by His Majesty the King at Buckingham Palace during the Spring Term. The announcement in the New Year's Honours List gave the greatest pleasure to a host of present and former pupils of James Gillespie's High School who know the invaluable services Miss McDermont has rendered to the School and to the cause of education. On her return from Buckingham Palace she was entertained by the Staff and presented with an illuminated address signed by all the members.

James Gillespie's High School is proud of its Infant Mistress and of the distinction she has brought it.

T. J. B.

* * * *

Mr JOHN BREMNER.

Our Janitor, Mr John Bremner—familiarily and affectionately, "John"—retired on 13th May on reaching the age limit. He was born in Wick and his pleasant voice has always retained a little of the lilt of the North. In Wick he was trained as a cooper. His apprenticeship over, he came to Edinburgh and for a few years pursued his trade with a firm in the north side. It is due to this early craft training that he has been so deft with his hands and has turned out so many beautiful specimens of the cabinet-maker's art.

Next, a policeman! Yes, it is true! Pupils will be astonished to learn that our gentle John was once a member of "The Force." For eight years he had a "beat" in the Morningside district. Perhaps, some of the fathers of present pupils will remember the handsome, muscular, agile young "bobbie" who chased them through the orchards of Canaan Lane! Could they have fallen into more kindly hands?

Then in 1901 he entered the service of the old School Board as assistant Janitor in the Royal High School, and in 1902 he was transferred as Janitor to Dalry School where he remained till he came to Gillespie's in 1919. When he left Dalry School, the Staff showed their appreciation of his services by presenting him with a gold watch.

And now, after fourteen years' good and faithful service in James Gillespie's, Mr Bremner has said "good-bye" officially. On the afternoon of his last day in School, the Headmaster, on behalf of the pupils, former pupils, and Staff of James Gillespie's High School presented Mr Bremner, with a generous cheque in recognition of the valuable work he has done for the school and as an expression of the goodwill and affection he had won for himself.

We shall all miss Mr Bremner's kindly and genial presence. Amongst several gifts from individuals was a copy of "The Good Companions" with this inscription:—

To Mr John Bremner.

"A Good Companion."

James Gillespie's High School, with its great host of past and present members, wishes him many happy years of leisure and good companionship.

T. J. B.

* * * *

"JANNY."

Latterly there has been an almost imperceptible but very real void in school life. Someone who had become an essential part of the School regime has given up office, and time alone will fill the blank.

"Janny" has left behind him the pleasantest of memories and many friends. We realise now how limitless was his fund of shrewd humour and kindly wit. No one

ever applied to "Janny" in vain, and no one however inopportune was dismissed abruptly. In his connection with the pupils he was invariably courteous, while unobtrusively he gave invaluable assistance at our socials which could not possibly have functioned so smoothly without his help. The dramatic performances meant a great deal of extra work for him, but he did it so cheerfully that one was apt to overlook his very considerable labour.

But most of all, I think, "Janny's" infectious sunny personality will be missed by those with whom he came into contact and I am sure that we still hope to see him often amongst us. He leaves Gillespie's accompanied by the good wishes of all to enjoy a well-earned rest, and many of us in after life will bear in mind a very pleasant memory of "Janny."

AGNES BERTRAM, Form 6 A.

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SCOTT PAGEANT, SEPTEMBER 1932.

"One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name."

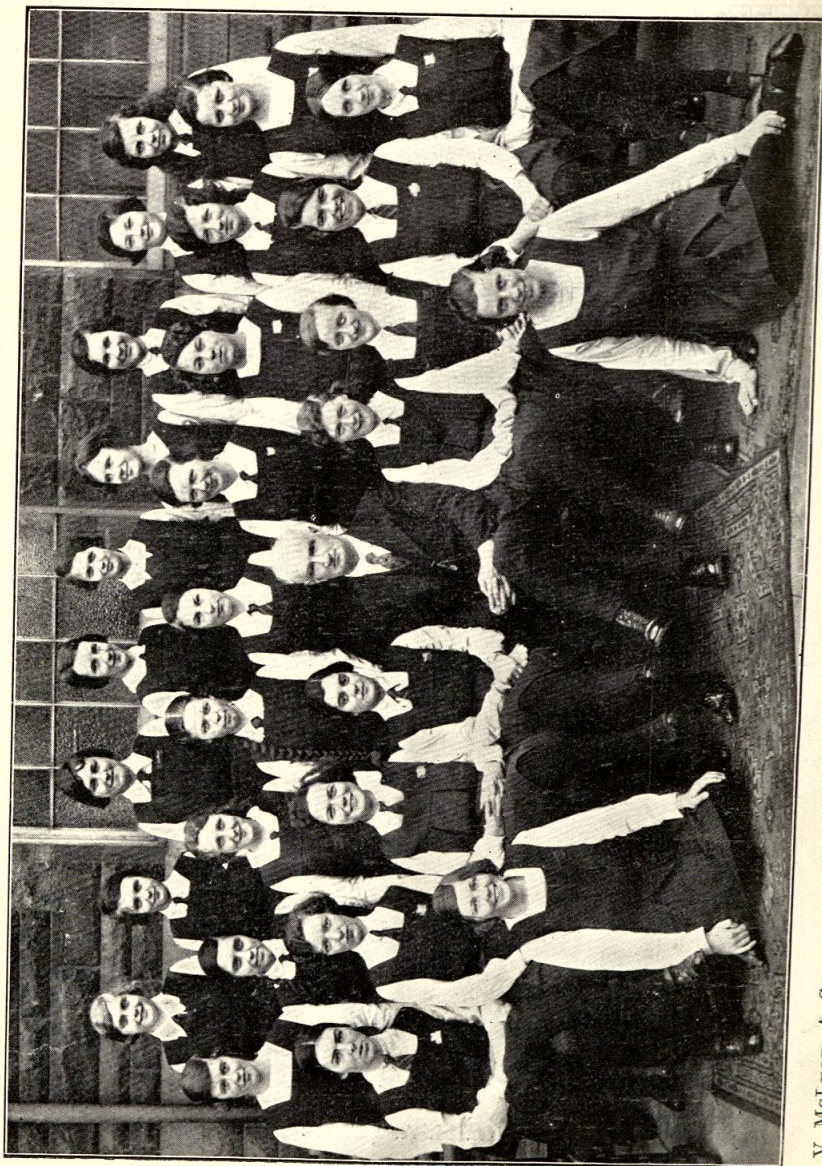
Thus sang Sir Walter Scott, little dreaming in his modesty how, through the very richness of the life he portrayed, his own name was to be immortal.

Never shall we forget our share in the Scott Centenary Pageant when the youth of Edinburgh paid fitting tribute to his memory. In years to come when F.P.'s foregather and the talk turns to old days in Gillespie's, we, who were privileged to take part, will recall it eagerly. You remember the Scott Pageant in '32? (We are in no doubt as to the year this time!) Pictures awaken in our memories—Chrissie Graham, King to the manner born; Lena Stein's grace and bewitching loveliness as Lady Heron, Norah Shields, a dignified Lyon King; Helen Rosie, a dark-eyed Marmion resplendent in blue and silver; Cathie Davie, an elegant and chivalrous De La Motte; Helen Graham's dashing Lochinvar, and Agnes Bertram, his fair-haired bride.



ELLEN M. A. BAILLIE

(Dux of the School, 1932-33).



V. McLEOD, A. SKINNER, J. WARDROP, M. MORTON, M. GRANT, H. BOWIE, B. DEANS, I. CAMERON, A. BETHUNE.
 M. O'RiORDAN, B. STEEDMAN, O. McAUSLAND, M. MCKENZIE, M. SCOTT, E. LOCKIE, E. GRAY, M. BRUCE, M. LYALL.
 R. GAULDIE, E. CHISHOLM, E. BAILLIE, M. PATERSON, Mr. BURNETT, A. PORTER, A. BERTRAM, H. GRAHAM, B. HOWIESON.
 A. BUGLASS. D. GRAHAM.

We remember, too, those busy summer days when the ordinary routine was varied by rehearsals indoors and out, and by many a visit to the sewing-room where countless yards of material (bought at bargain prices!) were metamorphosed into the fascinating costumes of the 16th Century. How we sewed and sewed (Oh! the yards in those ample dresses!), begged and borrowed, painted and dyed, fashioned shoes and strange head-dresses, ransacked the family treasuries for belts, beads and brooches and our brains for ideas, that, out of litter we might produce perfection—so critical had we become! Of one hundred and three costumes we produced fifty-five ourselves, the remainder being supplied by Messrs Ashmore, who fitted us out right royally in velvets and brocades.

September came and with it the eventful week. Each afternoon found us in the spacious bemirrored dressing-room placed at our disposal in Bellevue Technical School. We slipped off our slim 20th Century frocks, and, hey presto! by the wizardry of costumes and cosmetics, behold in us subjects of James IV. in the year of grace 1513. How we revelled in the change, losing our own identities with cheerful thoroughness. Several comely maidens actually enjoyed wearing beards and moustaches despite the discomfort of spirit gum and, if tales be true, varied their styles nightly.

The summons comes and down we troop to the doorway, the cynosure of all eyes as we fill the waiting buses. Strictly to the scheduled minute we are whisked off to the Waverley Market where a fascinated crowd watch every arrival.

Within the Market a ban of silence descends upon us—and how we long to chatter! We see nothing but the scaffolding of the great stands and, through a gap, the dark rows of a spell-bound audience. The quietness eloquent of rapt attention is broken only by the strains of a gipsy dance and the clip-clop of ponies' hoofs is unforgettable. A finger beckons and quietly we move to our places behind the immense curtains through which we are sorely tempted to peer. We follow the last mournful lines of "Rosabelle" and stand tense, ready for our cue. Lights flood the arena, the soft entrancing music of the passepied reaches us, the stewards draw aside the curtains and we sweep into the ballroom of Holyroodhouse.

Absorbed in our parts we live again the last night of

revelry before "Flodden's fatal field." All too soon the strains of "Blue Bonnets" ring out and we exit in the wake of the King. Back to Bellevue we are borne by the amazing fleet of buses, and thirsty courtiers make straight for the Cookery Room to join with miniature Highlanders enjoying refreshment. A short respite when we repair any damage done to our complexions and we return to the Market. Now we find the wings crowded with a motley throng of characters as school after school arrives for the final scene. We scan the newcomers with interest hoping for another glimpse of the character who intrigues us most of all—Queen Elizabeth. There she is in her bejewelled gown, the essence of poise and dignity, the wide upstanding ruff, setting off the aristocratic head. Her eyes are shining with sheer merriment. What fun it is—all this disguise which changes our gender so delightfully. Smilingly we recall our first meeting with her (him!) when, surveying our knights and ladies with curiosity she drawled with queenly hauteur, "Are you *girls* or are you *boys*?" She had to be seen—and heard—to be fully appreciated.

Flaming torches in hand, the Porteous Mob is gathering for action and as they rush on, the sinister clamour of their tumult strikes a realistic note. A round of applause follows their exit and now with the music of the pipes comes our final cue. Row upon row we surge across the arena until, over a thousand strong, we stand assembled to pay homage to Sir Walter Scott.

If it were a strange Waverley Market to the actors it was indeed a transformed one to the spectators. On three sides rose the huge stands specially erected for the occasion. On the fourth hung the great draperies which later were to reveal here a castle wall or there a glimpse of mountain and moor.

As the strains of the overture die away our eyes are held by a wistful figure slowly limping book in hand to his favourite haunt by Smailholm Tower. There, on the grassy slope, his imagination fired by the tales of Border lore and the romance of history takes wing, and as we gaze his dreams appear before us. After a striking tableau depicting the famous meeting of Burns with the sixteen-year-old Scott we catch an all too fleeting glimpse of a

winsome Pet Marjorie who arrives in her Sedan chair at the door of 39 Castle Street, where later, through the uncurtained window, we see an older Scott penning one of his masterpieces.

And now successive scenes of pageantry culled from his novels and poems live before us. "Ivanhoe" sweeps us back through the centuries to the days of Cedric the Saxon who, at the feast given by the hated Prince John, toasts the absent Richard. After stirring incidents from "The Talisman" and "Quentin Durward," the atmosphere changes to one of gloom and foreboding while the plaintive tale of Rosabelle is unfolded. Then with the whisk of a curtain gone is the peep of "Roslin's castled Rock," full lights flood the arena and we are in the ballroom of Holyroodhouse watching the picturesque assembly gathering to await the entrance of King James IV. It is a brilliant and representative throng, poet and churchman, statesman and burgher, courtiers and fair ladies, bronzed Highland chiefs, and gay minstrels. Leisurely they cross, here recognising an acquaintance, there passing with courtly ceremony to exchange greetings, while garlanded maskers flit from group to group offering their favours. Two mischievous pages join with the parti-coloured jesters in poking fun at the stalwart halberdiers who guard the royal chair. A fanfare of trumpets heralds the king's approach, the badinage ceases and all stand expectant while the stately procession advances headed by trumpeters, pursuivants and heralds gay in tabards of scarlet and gold. Sir David Lindesay, the Lyon King, precedes King James who graciously acknowledges the sweeping curtseys of the ladies and the homage of the men.

Marmion, the English Ambassador, is now formally introduced to the King, who welcomes him with becoming courtesy. Glancing round James singles out the lovely Lady Heron, a Border beauty, under whose spell he has fallen. Together they move forward and lead the company in the measures of a stately pavane. At the conclusion of the dance, Lady Heron persuaded by James, takes her harp from the waiting page, to sing of the Young Lochinvar. At the first soft arpeggios the scene is momentarily plunged in darkness. Then, within a circle of light we see as in tableau the "Kinsmen and brothers and all" pledging the health of the fair Ellen and the craven bridegroom. There

is consternation as the uninvited Lochinvar strides in. Having drunk a toast to the bride he takes her hand to join with the others in a lively country dance. "A word in her ear" and off they dash.

The picture vanishes. Beneath the full light the courtiers are seen applauding the singer who, to the chagrin of the King, exchanges glances with Marmion. Annoyed by the incident James regards the knight with disfavour, and on the presentation of his commission haughtily scorns to treat with England. Tearing the parchment, he turns on his heel, bows low to Lady Heron and, taking her hand, proudly leads the assembly from the hall while the minstrels at his command strike up "Blue Bonnets over the Border."

As episode succeeds episode we are amazed at the imaginative insight and dramatic intensity of the very young children who pictured such vivid and moving scenes as the "Speeding of the Fiery Cross" and the "Battle of London." Scott's own school, the Royal High School, gives us a wonderful display of pageantry in "The Masque at Kenilworth." It is scarcely credible that this regal Elizabeth is no lady!

Our eyes are delighted with the bewigged and powdered dancers at the Holyrood Ball held in '45, we lament with the homeless gipsies and are thrilled by the realism of the Porteous Riots.

So to a pipe march the last and most impressive scene of, all is staged. From both sides of the arena performers stream in until the entire space is filled. We realise as never before the fertility of Scott's imagination and the wonderful diversity and range of his characters. And now the Wizard of the North, Maida at heel, limps slowly forward, thoughtfully he gazes round as if in retrospect, while the thousand voices sing his own poem of praise to his native land, "O Caledonia, stern and wild, meet nurse for a poetic child."

The lights fade. A memorable pageant is ended.

As we leave the Market our thoughts full of that last touching scene, our attention is suddenly arrested. There before us, enshrined in light, is Sir Walter himself, serene and kindly, seated beneath the storied pinnacles which tower in strange beauty, fretted against the velvet darkness of the soft September night.—M. W.

FROM THE SECONDARY DEPARTMENT.

FOR SENIORS ONLY.

(With apologies to Mr Beverley Nichols.)

(The child's name is Peggy, and her sixth form cousin calls herself Mary. Peggy's age is indefinite. (The reader is advised to make her younger than herself.) She has just come to Gillespie's High School for Girls and is being "taken round" by the aforementioned Mary. The casual listener hears nothing but a long succession of question and answer, which takes the following form:—)

Q.—"Mary! What's that big book at the door for?"

A.—"Oh, that's for the teachers to sign their names in."

Q.—"Why do they need to sign their names?"

A.—"To see if they're absent or not."

Q.—"But what if they happen to be late?"

A.—"The teachers of Gillespie's are *never* late, in fact, sometimes annoyingly early!"

Q.—"Are you ever late?"

A.—"Well—er—sometimes."

Q.—"Did you get an awful row when you were late?"

A.—"Of course not!"

Q.—"Well, why did you tell me I'd get an awful row if I came in late?"

A.—"So you would! You see, I'm in the Sixth form!"

Q.—"What does that mean?"

A.—"Well—I mean—it means that you're allowed to do pretty much what you want—that is within reason."

Q.—"Does it mean that you're allowed to be unpunctual and all that sort of thing?"

A.—"Of course not! The Sixth Form stands for all that is right and good in the School!"

Q.—"Then why are you allowed to come in late without being punished?"

A.—"I never . . . !"

(The sentence is never finished—much to Mary's relief—because the bell has rung and Peggy's class room has been

reached. All is hurry and scurry, and there is no more time for questions. Peggy is quiet for the rest of the morning, while she views with a critical eye her future classmates. But questioning time is not over. The bell rings, indicating that dinner time has come, Peggy is released and is introduced by kind cousin Mary to the lower regions of Gillespie's High School. Once more the catechism begins.)

Q.—“What's this on my plate, Mary?”

A.—“Er—mince, Peggy. Just eat it up, it'll be all right!”

Q.—“Why aren't you eating up *your* mince, then?”

A.—“Well, I don't exactly feel very well you know, I really have quite a headache!”

Q.—“Mary! There are tea leaves in the mince! Look! That's a tea leaf, isn't it?”

A.—“Nonsense! It's just something that's put been into the mince to make it taste nicer.”

Q.—“Why *isn't* it nicer than?”

(Mary is completely stumped by this question, so she pretends she does not hear it and enters into a very interesting conversation with another eminent Sixth former. But Peggy is by no means finished with her questions.)

Q.—“Mary, seeing you're ill, you won't be wanting your pudding. May I have it?”

A.—“Ill? Never felt better in all my life. I'm starving with hunger—of course I'll eat my pudding.”

Q.—“Why don't you eat your mince then, if you're feeling so much better?”

A.—“That stuff! I wouldn't touch it!”

Q.—“May I be allowed not to eat any more of mine, then?”

A.—“Of course. I don't know what you're eating it for!”

(There is nothing worth remarking about the pudding, so Peggy and Mary finish their dinner in comparative silence. When they adjourn at last from the depths, the questioning is renewed.)

Q.—“What were you talking about to that other girl at the dinner table?”

A.—“Nothing very much. I really can't remember what it was about. Why?”

Q.—“I was just wondering what interest beans, blossoms, fossils, nips or hens could have for you. I've never seen you reading any book about them and I remember when I brought a you book on flowers you didn't even pretend to be interested. Please tell me what it was all about and why you laughed so much?”

A.—“Oh, it's nothing much that would interest you and you're too young to appreciate the joke.”

Q.—“Where are we going to now?”

A.—“I'm going up to the cloakroom to get my coat—it's dreadfully cold in this place. I hope another boiler hasn't burst.”

Q.—“Why do you have this black dusty attic for your cloakroom? It's awful!”

A.—“It's the best we can get, so I suppose we'll just have to remain satisfied.”

(The bell rings to show that the dinner interval is over, and as Mary has to guide the somewhat turbulent traffic of the stairs she hurriedly departs, while Peggy follows with a wondering look on her face. She peeps curiously into the room where Mary has told her the Sixth Form dwell, but as they are all listening to an exciting tale told by one of their number, she can get no opportunity for regarding their charming faces! Peggy is really quite struck with awe at the sight of this fair company, but decided that she must ask Mary the next time she sees her whether the Sixth Form can get nothing better than aspidistras for their window-sills.)

ELMA BAILLIE, Form 6 A.

* * * *

“IN MALE ATTIRE.”

Colonel George Barker paced the library furiously. No, he wouldn't have it, he just wouldn't. He had just seen Estelle, his daughter, walking along Princes Street attired in a gray flannel lounge suit, canary sweater, and green trilby hat. *His* daughter in male attire. No, *he would not* have it. He tackled his wife on the question, but she just said, “Oh, George dear, they're all doing it, just leave her alone.” This answer so infuriated George that he sprang

up, grabbed a hat from the hall-stand, and said he was off. His wife stared and cried, "Oh, George, you can't go like" George had closed the door, run down the steps and entered his car. He'd show his wife that he could tackle Estelle.

Having learned from his wife that Estelle was likely to wend her way to the Gardens, he headed in that direction. All went well until he was held up in the traffic at the West End. Titters of laughter came from behind. George preened himself as only colonels can, and thought "I must be looking very severe, yes, I'll deal with Estelle!"

He drew his car up at one of the entrances and alighted. There was more laughter, but he did not care. Pausing for a moment to look around, he suddenly spied Estelle seated in the enclosure, listening contentedly to the band. All right, he could do that, too. There was a vacant seat beside her. He'd let the world know that Colonel George Barker did not permit *his* daughter to wear male attire.

He paid his money at the gate and entered. This time there was loud laughter on all sides, which really annoyed him. "Fools!" he thought. He seated himself beside Estelle, who promptly gasped, but never spoke. They sat thus for a few moments when suddenly a small boy with a strong Glasgow accent exclaimed, "Maw, whit wey are thon twa sae dressed up? Are we gaun t' hae pierrots heretae?"

Colonel George nearly went mad. He grabbed Estelle by the arm, piloted her through the crowds, pushed her into the car and drove off. They sat in silence until they had left the town behind them. Then George barked out, "Well my girl, what's the meaning of this outrage?" Estelle glared at her father and calmly said, "I'd like to know the meaning of *your* outrage. Are you meant to be funny? Just look in this mirror and tell me what you think of yourself." Obediently he did so, and got such a shock that they nearly crashed into a wall. He swallowed hard. Could he be seeing rightly? Now he knew the meaning of all the laughter. What do you think had happened? In his hurry he had seized the wrong hat, and there, perched upon his head, was his wife's new white straw boater, complete with scarlet ribbon!

Nothing further was ever said about Estelle's male attire.

EVELYN DARGIE, Form 6 A.

TWO POEMS.

I.

O child, 'tis dawn, and the stars are fled,
Why slumber still on that heather bed?
The sun rides high and the moorfowl cry,
Will you not rise and come?

O child, awake, for our way is long,
Again you'll dream at evensong,
On the heather red, you shall couch your head,
When you have risen and come.

O child, your brow and your hands are white,
Why do you lie as if dreaming the night?
Your soul took wing like a great freed thing,
You may not rise and come.

II.

Drums beat,
There's a tramp of feet.
The hosts surge by,
And women cry.
Flags are tossed by a mocking wind,
And wave for the slaughter of all mankind.

A. MAIMIE PATERSON, Form 6 A.

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TRAVELLING COMPANIONS.

The two men sitting on opposite sides of the railway, carriage, glared at each other. For the third time since the train left London, one of the men got up, went into the corridor and gazed out on the flying landscape. And for the third time the other, John Pringle by name, also left his seat and evinced a sudden interest in the scenery. After gazing from the window for a few minutes, the two as though actuated by some hidden motive simultaneously made a dive for the door of the compartment. Not unnaturally, they collided heavily, muttering hasty apologies.

They sudside, still eyeing each other suspiciously. John Pringle thought to himself angrily, "Confound the fellow's impudence, you'd think he was off on holiday instead of running from the police. But he won't escape me in a hurry. I'll see to that."

At this point, the subject of Pringle's thought having taken out a book, started to read when the only other occupant of the carriage—a small, mild-looking individual with weak blue eyes behind thick-lensed glasses—ventured a remark, "Isn't it marvellous, sir, the speed these trains travel at nowadays? In fact, sir, I may say I often feel quite nervous, myself. But I don't suppose you ever feel like that!" Here he laughed nervously and cast a rather envious glance at Pringle. The latter, vaguely irritated by the man's nervous, hesitating manner, made some non-committal reply, and conversation languished.

After a while, Pringle stood up, remarking to the nervous-looking little man, "I think I'll go along to the dining car. See you later." So saying, he stepped from the compartment and strode down the corridor. He had not gone far when he felt a hand on his shoulder. Turning, he saw to his surprise the man he was trailing, whom he intended to arrest for a robbery in London. This man now said jovially, "No funny tricks, now, I've got my eye on you!" Almost exploding with wrath, Inspector John Pringle managed to splutter, "You—you impudent scoundrel, what on earth are you talking about?" The other laughed, "You do the 'injured innocent stunt' very well, but just remember I'm watching you." Chuckling, he turned on his heel and strode back to his compartment, leaving Pringle simmering with bewildered indignation, and with a horrible suspicion at the back of his mind—a suspicion, however, which he did not credit for a minute. An observer might have seen that the two men resembled each other quite closely—both were broad-shouldered and tall with dark hair and eyes. Had Pringle but noticed this fact, he might have saved himself considerable trouble.

Some hours later, when the train was nearing Edinburgh, Pringle and the other man were again seated in the compartment. They had ceased glaring but still watched each other suspiciously. The small individual was still engrossed in his book, "Famous Trials in History." Even

when, as the train drew into the Waverley Station, they began to collect their books and papers, they kept glancing at each other. At last the train stopped, the little man stepped out, and was soon lost to view among the crowds on the platform. Pringle noticed that he had left his book lying. He picked it up, being by nature a tidy man. Then, thinking to himself, "I've waited long enough—it's now or never," he stepped towards the other man and once again, seemingly, the two were moved by a common impulse, for both began to speak at once! Stranger still, they spoke the same words, "James Barnett, I arrest you . . ." then both stopped, gazing at one another in dismay. Pringle found his voice first, "You idiot," he almost shouted, "I'm John Pringle of London Metropolitan Police, and I'm arresting you . . ." "But," the other burst in, "I'm James Anderson of the London Police, and I was sent after you!" Then ensued an exchange of credentials, after which Pringle said, laughing, "Well, I think you'd better come up to the hotel with me and explain. I booked rooms in advance."

Arrived in the hotel, they were just seating themselves, when a messenger boy knocked at the door and entered. "Telegram for you, sir," he said to Pringle. The latter ripped open the envelope and read with staring eyes the message from his chief, "Mistake. Return London at once. Anderson already on trail of Barnett. Also wrong photo and description of Barnett, who is small, pale blue eyes, thick glasses, nervous-looking. Wilson."

The two men regarded each other for a moment or two with goggling eyes then, "The man in the train!" they gasped. Simultaneously, they glanced at the book, which Pringle had laid on the table. They then noticed that some words had been pencilled on the back of the wrapper. "Dear sir," he read, "believe me, I obtained more pleasure in watching the antics of you and the other gentleman than I have experienced for a long time. For this I am obliged to you. I trust you will not be too much annoyed with me—or yourselves."—Yours truly, J. Barnett."

ELMA GRAY, Form 5 A.

* * * *

THE INSPECTION.

(With apologies to "G.K.C.")

White faces length'ning as the Time draws near,
 The Inspector's smiling as they grow more drear.
 There is laughter, like to storm-clouds in that face by all
 them feared,
 It stirs the silent mass, the souls at whom he's jeered.
 It stirs the foggy brains, it opens tight-shut lips
 For now he'll see what we can do, just let us come to grips.
 The Teacher sits herself, apart, just like a beaten mule,
 But still hoping fervently, we'll not let down the School.
 Our dear lady Languish is staring at the floor,
 And behold! the gallant Captain gazes, longing, at the door,
 From further back there issues forth a deep and long-drawn
 sigh,
 The Inspector's glance has plainly said, "I'll get *you* bye-
 and-bye."
 Tired eyes straining at the last dread sum,
 When!, oh when!, will the lunch hour come?
 The bell rings joyfully, down go the books,
 Then the pens, then the papers, and we've done with
 "Highers" spooks.
 Odours of lunch—hurrah!
 Down with Inspectors—bah!
 End of all Algebra!
 Now, we are free.

MOLLY FISHER, Form 5 B.

* * * *

OUR INTERNATIONAL NEWS CIRCLE.

At the suggestion of our Form Mistress, we have started an "International News Circle" which, although still in its infancy, is progressing very favourably. Its aim is to give us a knowledge of the most important events which are taking place in the world and, by discussing them intelligently from every point, to help us to take a more broadminded view of certain matters. Unfortunately, these discussions are, of necessity, extremely short as there is no definite time set aside for them and a few odd moments snatched at the end of a period are all that can be spared.

It is to be hoped that in the near future, present day history will be included in the school curriculum as a very important branch of education.

We do not rely solely on these discussions. Each week, one member of the class is chosen by ballot to prepare a short news bulletin which is then pinned upon our "International News Board" along with newspaper cuttings and photographs. This task, although not compulsory, is shirked by no one and indeed, it is not an unusual sight to see in Room 25 at lunch time a group of interested-looking damsels each holding a roll in one hand and a newspaper cutting in the other. To conclude, the interest displayed by the rest of the Senior School is truly amazing and rather gratifying. We strongly advocate the commencement of an "International News Circle" by all our fellow pupils as we feel sure, from our own experience, that they will derive great benefit from this helpful scheme.

Form 4. B.

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Ex Commentariis.

Caesar, having learned that a battle was about to take place between the Magistri and the Discipulæ of James Gillespie's High School, set out and arrived at Meggatland at about the third hour after noon. In that place he found a great crowd of the Discipulæ and a rather small number of the Magistri. He noticed that, according to the method of fighting in that region, the combatants used crooked sticks and a ball which was requiring to be sent between two posts. The Magistri appeared to be in difficulties with their weapons Caesar has been informed that they are more accustomed to engage in battle with thinner sticks and a small white ball which is requiring to be sent into a hole. Many of the Magistri, especially Setonius Magnus, have attained proficiency in this method of fighting, but they are not accustomed to the swiftness and, moreover, the roughness, of the fighting with crooked sticks.

The legions, which in that region, are called "teams" consisted of eleven persons. The Discipulæ were attired in short dark-blue togas and, moreover, strange yellow

garments which, Caesar has been informed, are called "blouses." The female members of the Magistri appeared in similar togas and white "blouses," with the exception of Fostria, who was attired in garments of grey, relieved, and, moreover, adorned with the national colour of the barbarians of Hibernia. The male members wore various garments, similar to those which are worn by Discipuli when engaging in battle. The Magistri did not appear to be at ease in their unaccustomed garments, and, having emerged from the pavilion, were greeted with laughter and, moreover, rude remarks from the Discipulæ who were watching them.

The teams having been drawn up and the whistle having been blown, battle commenced. There was fierce fighting on both sides. Now in one direction, now in another, the ball moved. Many breaches of military discipline having been committed by the Magistri, and the ball having been sent once or twice between the posts, the whistle sounded the signal for cessation of battle. The teams, having been exhausted by their labours, rested and, moreover, were surrounded by some of the Discipulæ who carried small black boxes. Caesar was at that time unable to discover to what use these were put, but, certain strange pictures of the Magistri in various undignified attitudes having been shown to him, he has concluded that the black boxes are picture-making machines invented by some sorcerer of the barbarians.

The teams, having been again drawn up, and the direction of fighting having been reversed, battle was renewed. Two things alleviated the disadvantage of the superior strength of the Magistri, namely the skill and practice of the Discipulæ. Many strange feats of agility and strength were performed; A. Bertrammia, having failed to hit the ball, executed a graceful circular movement; several of the Magistri were prostrated upon the damp ground, and this caused heartless mirth among the Discipulæ who were spectators; Setonius Magnus was compelled to guard the two posts of the Magistri on his knees; Nippia demonstrated the use of geometry in battle, and several times caused the ball to describe a parabola; Fostria, helped by the agile Gordio, made heroic efforts to prevent the ball from falling into the hands of the Magistri. Nevertheless, the Magistri

were not able to withstand the repeated attacks of the Discipulæ.

The whistle having been blown, the Discipulæ, being victorious, cheered the enemy, who in their turn cheered their conquerors for the purpose of showing that there was no ill-will between the teams. Both teams then retreated into the pavilion, in order to rest before making a spirited attack upon the tea which, according to the custom of that region, is the sequel to this annual battle.

DOROTHY MINCK, Form 3 A.

* * * *

EVENING.

A misty veil is drooping o'er the hill,
The greying clouds are gliding to the west
Where golden sun in glory sinks to rest,
And all is purple, silent, calm and still.

The trees scarce move in ev'ning's gentle breeze,
Their twigs are fairy laces 'gainst the sky.
Or Phantasy's fair palace raised on high
Or Fancy's figures cut in sculptured frieze.

The first star twinkles in the heav'n's profound,
The vanguard of the coming velvet night.
The moon is sending forth her soft calm light
And glowing haze envelopes her around.

The night is seen advancing o'er the hill,
And earth is wrapt in blanket dark and still.

ISABELLA WALLIS, Form 3 A.

* * * *

AFTER INSPECTION.

Some literary critics hold that each great battle, or disaster, in the past produced its ballad or folk-song, communally composed. This theory receives some support

from the following rhymes written by Form 3 A in collaboration, after a succession of oral examinations :—

I.

Inspectors have come
Like bolts from the blue,
They have struck me quite dumb,
Inspectors have come.
Will they take me or you
Maths. or English to do?
Inspectors have come
Like bolts from the blue.

II.

Unfailing they come.
We shake at their tread,
Their voice turns us numb,
Unfailing they come.
How aches every head!
We wish we were dead.
Unfailing they come,
We shake at their tread.

III.

The men of destiny are here,
The day has dawned, alas!
With all my studying so hard,
I wonder if I'll pass.

The Caesar, Ovid, Latin verbs
Have all completely fled.
And long before the ogre's gone
I'll wish that I was dead.

IV.

Inspectors are in the school
Walking sae early,
Good pupils sit near
Trembling sae sairly.

"Tell me, thou fateful man,
When wilt thou free me?"
"When six braw sentences
Rightly thou'lt gie me."

V.

"Why walk ye with sae slow a tread,
Why weep ye ower your books?
Is it that all your learning's fled?
Don't let that spoil your looks!",

Lassie, lassie, dae ye ken,
Inspectors soon will go.
Ye never saw sic kindly men,
So dry your tears of woe."

* * * *

EVENING IN AN IRISH HOMESTEAD.

The Angelus has sent its message of prayer over the countryside, and now, in every whitewashed home, the family is gathered round the open hearth where burns the peat fire.

Outside, the mountain which is so blue at noontide, stands guarding the little houses. The little brown stream which dances around the children's feet in the daytime, flows trembling in the vast night. The breezes play in the potato rows and the turf bog is inky black.

Inside, there is warmth and companionship. The little window has been covered with a sheet of brown paper and the kitchen is lit by the light of the turf fire. Around the fire sit three people. Not a word is spoken and the only sounds one hears are the cracking of the fire, the drawing-in sound the two men make with their pipes, and the clicking of the spoon in the old woman's hand against the bowl on her lap.

One man is young, with dark hair and deep brown eyes. The other man is old with white hair and a white beard. The old woman is the most striking figure in the humble picture. She has a brown lined face, straggly grey hair and blue eyes. Wonderful eyes they are, Irish eyes, as deep as

a pond where water lilies grow. These eyes twinkle and yet are sad.

The young man rouses himself and, in a coaxing voice, asks the old woman to tell him a story. In a lilting Irish voice she tells of banshees, little people and leprechauns. The old man rises and hands a harp to the young man. To the sweet strains of the harp the young man sings.

Such songs! One moment his audience are laughing, then crying as Ireland's story is told in song. With a dreamy look in his eyes the young man sings, "The Rose of Tralee," and the old couple murmur, "Maureen, our own wee cutty, Oh, why did the fever take ye from us."

MARGARET C. COOPER, FORM 3 A.

* * * *

GRANNIE'S GHOSTS.

"Hae ye ever heard o' 'MacGreegor's Ghost'
That haunts the roadside hedge,
Or 'Witch Susan,' who wee Jim Broon did roast.
When she fand him in Grinford sedge?
Weel, if ony nicht ye chance tae pass
By the pool in the Canny Burn,
Tak' care o' yersel' ma bonny lass,
If ye dinna, ye'll ne'er return.

An' never gae through the Geesie Wood
Even in bricht munelicht,
For that's the haunt o' 'Ebony Hood,'
An' he disna come oot till nicht;
An' he's waitin' there for sich as you,
If at dark ye ever gae there,
Dan Johnson went an' Meg Christie too,
An' they never were heard o' mair.

A can see, ma bairn, ye dinna believe
But it's true as this is nicht;
Yer Grannie, ma bairn, ye canna deceive;
But gae there an' ye'll get a fricht;
Hark! didna ye hear that awfu' wail,
That cam' frae the Geesie behin'?
Ma lass, it tells a sorrowfu' tale,
Some bluidy deed has been dune."

The next day Tam Carter had disappeared,
An' again has never been seen;
A can tell ye that noo we're a' afeard
Tae gae oot on a Winter's e'en.

ANNIE E. VINT, FORM 3 B.

* * * *

L'ALLEGRO.

(With apologies to Milton.)

Hence! loathed Geometry!
Of Pythagoras and dullest Euclid born
In ancient days forlorn,
'Mongst horrid shapes, triangles, and trigonometry.
Find out some uncouth cell
Where brooding Latin spreads its tedious spell
And examinations ring their knell.
There with wooden rule and ink-stained fingers
The thought of playtime often lingers
And stern-faced teachers dwell.

But come, thou Holidays fresh and free
As in heaven I'll dwell in thee.
Sports and Games and cheery mirth
Which to Laughter giveth birth,
Joys and Jokes come here anew.
Sprightly spirits bring with you.
Haste you, Nymph, and bring with you
Sunshine, Brightness, Showers few,
Such as in most cherished dreams
Or in our Eldorado gleams.
And if I give thee honour due,
Wealth, admit me of thy crew,
Untroubled let me dwell with thee,
In unreviewed pleasures free.
To hear the school-bell toll no more,
But music gay in my ears pour.
Through sweet roses let us dance,
On green pastures let us prance
While the school "swot" wanders by
Swotting Science till he'll die,
And every "slacker" tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.

RITA ORDMAN, FORM 3 B.

NEW YEAR.

All was silent, white, and bare,
The fox had long since sought his lair.
The old snow-shrouded steeple peeped
Shyly through the childless trees,
Which deep in snow were snugly steeped.

Such a sight one rarely sees.
Then through the silence, loud and clear,
Rang all the bells from far and near.
And with them brought all greetings dear,
To welcome in the glad New Year.

MAY LEVEY, Form 3 C.

* * * *

POEMS.

I.

SHELL TALES.

Sound of winds on icy seas,
Flapping of wild wings,
Call of gulls behind the breeze,
Cold, cold things.
Singing like a siren's call,
Comes from some bleak shore,
Full of old wild living things,
Myths and sailor-lore.
But the shell, pressed to my ear
Knows no more.

II.

A DOG-DAY DREAM—IN SCHOOL.

Sensible wholesome people talk and tell
Of sensible things—and everything is well,
Nice faces thinking, all about, all round,
Of one thing at a time—A sort of sound
From somewhere says that something isn't right—
(Of course, it isn't right)
It's wrong—but that is not the point—
(Of course . . . it's not the point)
The inkwell's full, up to the brim with ink.

I'd like to pour it down the little slot,

I think,

And see the wet black stream flow slowly through,
And hear it drip and drip—but that would never do
(Of course it wouldn't do)—

A fly alighted near the inky blot,
The fly seems to resent the blot a lot.

He spreads his wings—I'm tempted to anoint
Those wings with ink. But that is not the point.
(Of course . . . it's not the point.)

MURIEL CAMBERG, Form 2 A.

* * * *

MY HAVEN.

A country house
With casements wide—
Such is my haven.

A moss-clad wall
My lawn to hide,
Secludes my haven.

The crocuses and snowdrops bring
An early message from far spring.
When summer comes the bluebells ring
In my fair haven.

Soft feather beds,
Cool scented sheets—
Such is my haven.

A glowing fire,
Low-cushioned seats—
All in my haven.

The wind sweeps leaves across the grass
In Autumn. And when snowstorms pass,
The lawn is just one downy mass
In my fair haven.

FRANCES F. NIVEN, Form 2 A.

THE GHOST.

"Ahma! ahma! memsahib, it was the dewil himself. In my dreams shall I see him, with his glowing face. May the gods have mercy on me!"

"What is the matter, peon," I asked, coming on the scene, where he was telling my mother about his awful experience.

"Missie, I saw the dewil himself." (An Indian cannot pronounce a "v.")

"Tell us about it, Rajie," I said.

"Oh! Missie, last night, when I was returning to the parchari (village), singing and shouting and jingling my keys to keep away bad spirits and cobras, I took the short cut home by the private road, because I was weary. But how I wish I had listened to my gods and had gone the long way, for just as I was half way up the road, a white monster without any flesh on his bones and a shining head, dropped lightly in front and then vanished. He was angry with me, for his bones rattled. I turned and ran as fast possible, when suddenly the air was rent with a fearful yell. I fell on my face and never moved till early morning, when I came straight here."

The peon must have had a bad scare, for his face was of a delicate light green. "Don't go by that road again," we said, "because it is private. We will see about this mystery."

But the mystery was shortlived, for, when my father came home that evening, he told us a queer story. Two students had come into Madras to study and took houses in that private road, opposite to each other. They had to study at night because they were busy all day, but this was hardly possible, for the Indians always took this short cut home, and made such a row. So they hit upon a plan. They procured a skeleton and wired it. They fastened a wire to the top window of each house and swung the skeleton on it. Previously they had rubbed phosphorus on the skull.

When they heard an Indian coming they slowly lowered this horror down to the street, and up again, letting out a horrible shout. And this was the ghost our peon had seen.

JOAN BUCKLE, Form 2 B.

* * * *

THE APPEAL.

Fierce and warlike,
Odin's daughters,
Choosers from
The field of slaughter.

To you I cry,
Raise my appeal.
Forsake me not,
But mercy deal.

Bear my son,
O maids of might,
To Odin's hall
Of heroes bright.

That he deserves,
And well would fight
For Odin when
Draws nigh the night.

When ship of nails
Is launched on sea,
And war is waged
While gods do flee.

O bear him then,
His sleep break not,
Him rank with gods,
This be his lot.

BETTY BRIDEN, Form 2 B.

* * * *

MA BANANIE'S AWA'.

(With apologies to Burns.)

Noo in yella mantle, yon monkey displays
Ma bananie. Ma delicious canary he flays.
The fine yella skin to the groon' he let's fa'.
It gie's me nae pleasure.—Ma bananie's awa'!

He sees a wee peanut—the bananie's forlorn.
Perhaps it'll rot there till evening or morn.
It pains ma wee heartie, he swings to and fro,
I see naethin' to laugh at.—Ma bananie's awa'!

He swings to and fro, by the wind he is blown,
He disna' fa' aff, he's as licht as a fawn.
He tak's ma bananie up into his paw,
At least it's no' wasted.—Ma bananie's awa'!

Bit by bit ma bananie is swallowed; till day
Turns to evening—ma bananie has vanished away.
Ma heart is fu' heavy noo I turn awa'
Na! the Zoo is nae pleasure.—Ma bananie's awa'!

ALICE TORKINGTON, Form 2 B.

♦ ♦ ♦ ♦
The waves are lashing on the rugged, grey rocks,
and the loud drawling sound is heard all along the lonely
sea coast. The fishes swim and merrily play about in the
deep, blue sea. Even tiny stones and pearly shells are
washed as white as snow by the waves.

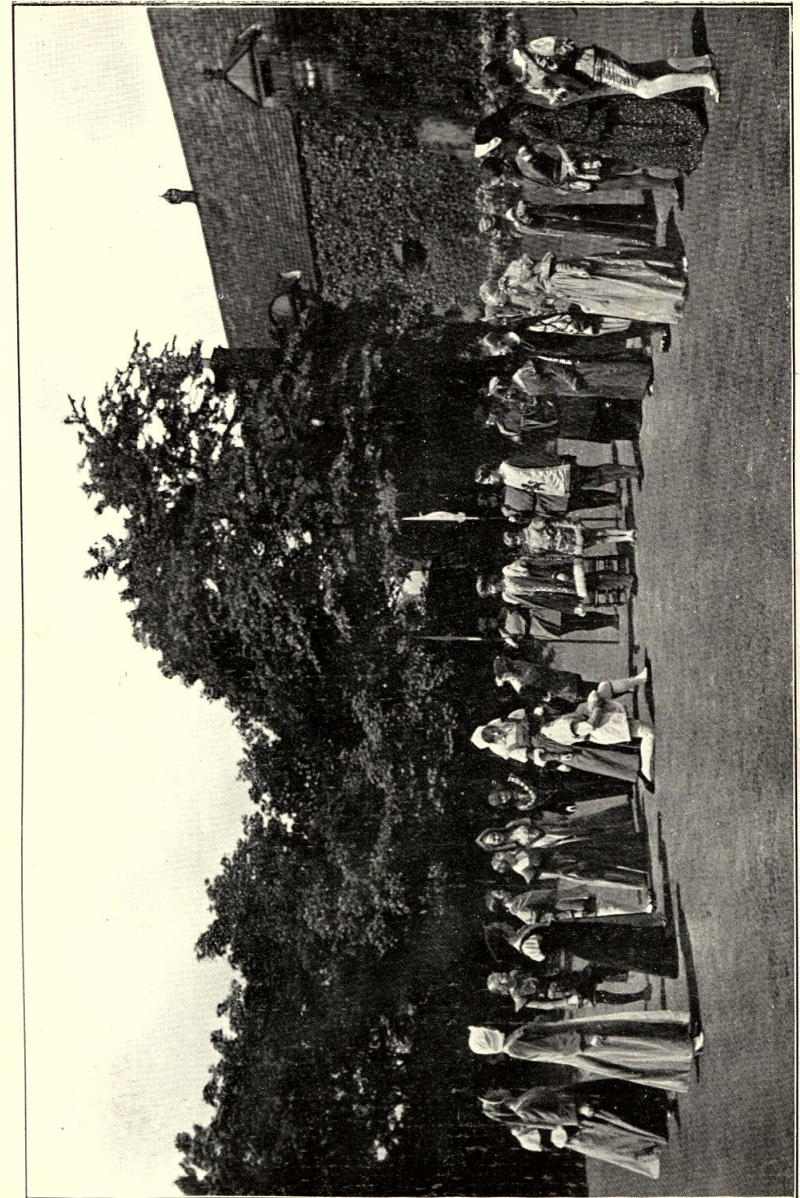
THE WAVES.

The white horses are lashing on the rugged, grey rocks,
and the loud drawling sound is heard all along the lonely
sea coast. The fishes swim and merrily play about in the
deep, blue sea. Even tiny stones and pearly shells are
washed as white as snow by the waves.

The foamy waters call and beckon you and their mournful
murmurs tell of happenings of long ago. When the waves
are angry they dash frail barques to ruin, but when calm
and tranquil we love to lie on the sandy beach and listen
dreamily to them as they gently ripple over the clean sands.
When the sun is shining we like to swim on the sparkling blue
waters. It is when they are peaceful we meditate looking
far across the sea to the distant horizon.

In the quiet restful evening a large red ball and fleecy
clouds are reflected in this wonderful big ocean.

MARGARET LAMOND, Form 2 C.



SCENE FROM "MARMION"—Scott Pageant, September 1932.

WINNERS OF THE EDINBURGH EDUCATION COMMITTEE
SWIMMING CHALLENGE SHIELD, 1933.



NAN SINCLAIR, CATHERINE TAIT, ALICE TORKINGTON, MARJORY HARRIS.

THE INSPIRATION.

In an old room, scented with rose petals and filled with old satin-covered furniture, stood an old and faded grand piano. The keys were yellow, but the strains that flowed from beneath the hands of the master who played them were so sweet and mellow, that they made it evident that the piano, though very old, was still capable of producing good music. Presently, the hands dropped listlessly from the keys, and the music died away. The sunbeams, filtering through the room, cast a gentle glow upon the silver head of an old gentleman. He was a composer of music, but his skilful hands could play no new melodies, for inspiration had deserted him. He rose, and walked despondently to one of the satin-covered sofas and sat down, burying his head in his hands. The heat of the day and the drowsy hum of the bees soon overcame him, and he fell asleep.

Gradually, the room filled with ladies and gentlemen, but they were not of our times. The gowns of the ladies, of silk and satin, were spread far out on crinolines. The attire of the gentlemen, of rich velvet, had bunches of costly lace at the throat. The ladies sat down on the various chairs and sofas, some gently waving ostrich-feather fans, others chatting gaily on the topics of the day. Presently, someone began to play the piano, and the notes of an unfamiliar melody filled the room. The ladies arose, and soon happy couples were waltzing around the room. One by one the couples glided through the doorway, until the room was again empty of its old-world visitors.

The composer awoke, and a smile illumined his face. He stepped quickly to the piano, and shortly the strains heard in his dream filled the room. The birds outside seemed to cease their whistling to listen to the beautiful melody, and the wind hummed a soft accompaniment through the trees. The composer played on, his whole heart in his music, and a smile of triumph upon his face. The air vibrated with the new strains, and, in imagination, the composer again saw the stately ladies and the gallant gentlemen gliding around the room to the entrancing rhythm of the "Dream Waltz."

THELMA WILSON, Form 1 A.

MY IDEAL GARDEN.

Oh, to have a garden of my own,
That I could work there all alone,
And plant the flowers whenever I chose,
And watch how stately each one grows.

Beside the hollyhocks of red and pink,
I'd have a fountain where the birds could drink ;
Round the fountain roses would grow,
The birds would be attracted by their hue.

In my garden, I would have some berries,
Perhaps some damsons or some cherries ;
And in Winter when the fruits are all gone,
I'd plant tulips and daffodils round the lawn.

JEAN MACKILLOP, Form 1 C.

* * * *

PARADISE.

I walked in the land of Paradise,
'Neath ruby sun and sapphire skies,
On a pearly walk, by a crystal stream,
Whose glistening waters glance and gleam,
To an emerald sea.
Could such beauty be ?
Near a golden shore on a silver path,
And the glittering sea waves trill and laugh,
And the wind blows high with a gusty sigh,
And the night doth wane.
Oh ! I'll come again,
Oh ! I'll come once more,
To that golden shore.

RUBY OCKRENT, Form 1 A.

* * * *

THE SCHOOLGIRL'S DREAM.

Beside the unfinished sum she lay,
Her pencil in her hand ;
Her arms were bare, her well-combed hair
Was caught by a ribbon band.
Again in the mist and shadow of sleep,
She saw fair Meggetland.

Wide through the landscape of her dreams,
The lordly Union flowed ;
Beside the oak-trees on the field
Once more a centre strode.
And heard the noisy motor cars,
Descend the hilly road.

Before her like a flag of peace
The snowy sea-gulls flew ;
From noon till night she followed their flight,
O'er fields where the dandelion grew,
Till she saw the fronts of sweetie-shops
And the tramcars rose to view.

She did not feel the teacher's hand
Nor the burning heat of the day,
For sleep had illumined the happy thoughts,
And her sleepy body lay.
But not for long, there was a shout,
It was a quarter past three !

JEAN D. CAMERON, Form 1 B.

* * * *

UP IN THE SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE.

When I climb up the chestnut tree,
And peer above the leaves,
You couldn't guess the things I see
Besides the golden sheaves.

I see the men who toil all day,
And many wild flowers ;
I see the children at their play,
Enjoying happy hours.

Besides all these I see the field
Where the gold sheaves now stand,
With frightened rabbits loth to yield
To unprotected land.

But yet I have not mentioned all,
For there's a road runs by
And a dear little fairy stall
With acorns, nuts and rye.

RONA MACPHERSON, Form 1 D.

MY GARDEN IN INDIA.

The silence of the garden was complete. The tropical sun blazed down on me, as, clad in a thin summer frock, I lay in a deck chair. The drone of the bees came softly to my ears, while beautifully coloured butterflies flitted over my head. The house stood by itself at the top of a long drive, half surrounded by a large "compound," where grew some lime trees. In front, lay the garden, a veritable mass of blazing colour. Poinsettias, roses and ever-sweet honeysuckle grew in abundance. The verandah of the house was covered with creeper roses and passion flowers. In this beautiful solitude I lay and mused till the shadows began to fall. Night fell quickly and the mournful howl of the jackals came eerily to my ears. Soon the garden was bathed in wonderful moonlight. Very reluctantly, I rose and walked back to the house, leaving behind me the glamour of my moonlit garden.

BETTY STEWART, Form 1 E.

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"HEATHER CLUB" PRIZE POEM.

[With the accompanying poem, Muriel Camberg, Form 2A, won the Trophy (a silver coronet) and prize (books to the value of a guinea) awarded by the "Heather Club" to commemorate the Centenary of the death of Sir Walter Scott. Annie E. Vint, Form 3 B, took second place in the same competition.]

OUT OF A BOOK.

If you wake one morn at an early hour,
And hear a long clear blast,
Sound of a horn on a windy morn,
Hark! while the hunt goes past—
James Fitz-James on a hunting grey,
Gallop hard and fast.

And if, on a cold, bleak, windy moor,
On a cold, bleak, windy day,
A Man with a Harp is wandering there,
In a shabby cloak of grey,
Behold! on the brown turf at your feet,
A torn and tattered "Lay!"

For, to-day, I opened an old black book
(Musty and faded and kind),
Came marching a hundred of Marmion's men,
With horsemen a-gallop behind!
Oh! I must dig till I find them again,
Deep in the depths of my mind.

So if, in our age-old streets one day,
You hear an angry call,
And see in the distance the leaping flames
Swallow the prison wall,
It's only old Porteous being hanged—
But Scott's to blame for it all!

And all the folk of ages gone
Will come a-clamouring nigh,
And if there's someone a-looking on
(Lame, with a twinkling eye),
He'll laugh right loud at those folk of his,
That rush a-rioting by.

For Scott has given me fairy gold,
In his jolly old jingling way,
And the spirit of old and lovely things,
That never can vanish away,
Since I watched an Age of Chivalry
Come out of a book to-day.

* * * *

FROM THE TOP CORRIDOR.

Form 6 submits the following curious fragment of Scottish folk poetry:—

"A mother tae her child ance said,
'My Foster-child, keep thou thy bed,
For there's a Nip in the wind that's blowing,
E'en Allan says that it is Couling.
A storm is brewing, weel I ken,
For I can Seaton yonder Glen.
So bide in bye an' dinna moan,
For oot o' doors we're no' Forgan.'"

A certain master caused amusement in the "Mighty Sixth" by the supremely ambiguous remark, "How many Spensers have we in the class to-day?"—and this in the second day of the *summer* term!

From *Form 5* come two topical rhymes:—

I.

The school clock chimes,
A tall man climbs
Upon a chair—
His special flair
The clock to change,
It's very strange.
(*Enter a maiden.*)
"You're late," he said
With a shake of his head.
He grasps the book
With a withering look.
The mark goes down
With a mighty frown.

II.

Dear little Nip
Gave us the slip,
And crossed the great wide ocean.
But now, too true,
She's back (sez you!)
And makes every one work like a Trojan.

Form 4:—A fishy story! A certain girl said she was going to *Dunhaddie*; next day she said it was *Dunfinman*, and it turned out in the end to be *Dolphinton*."

Why did the *Form* gaze at—— when they heard the line, "Melissa shook her doubtful curls"?

The girl who quoted a well-known passage of Byron thus, "They . . . burning with high hope shall *smoulder* cold and low," on May 23rd must have been out the night before playing round the bonfire.

Miss M—— said that Peel re-pealed the laws—but then laws and law-makers always had such thick skins.

What did Miss F—— mean when she said:—"Shelley's nature-poetry is different from Burns's. In Shelley you don't find wee Burns meandering down the hillside"?

A certain bright young thing suggested that it must have been Leap Year when Miranda proposed to Ferdinand. The teacher leapt all right!

Form 3 always up-to-date, suggests some film titles applicable to school personalities:—

Jack's the Boy!	.. J. C. B.
Call her Savage	. C. M.
Red-headed Woman	. A. H. A.
Little Caesar	. A. G.
Blonde Venus	. A. E. F.
The Crooner	. J. W.
Tarzan, the Ape Man.	. W. S.
Trans-Atlantic	. M. M. N.
Farewell to Arms	. Mr Bremner.
Animal Kingdom	. The 1st Year.
Mädchen in Uniform	. 1st Eleven.
Unashamed	. Form 3 A.
Amateur Daddy	. Any Form Master.

Just what did the teacher mean when she said, "Hush! Mr B—— is *trying* to teach next door."

Why do our history teachers not give us any "dates" and why do our geography teachers give us so many "falls"?

Can we really believe our ears, or was it our imagination that we heard "prefect" was derived from "perfect"?

Was it through jealousy or for our benefit that we were told not to speak to the workmen at "Swan Watson's"?

What girl in the 3rd Year said that the Statue of Liberty had fallen when her mother returned from holiday, and who wrote that "Cedric the Saxon was sitting before a table made of ruff wood"?

The murder in class, by an unconscious teacher, of a very minute green caterpillar, subsequently discovered to have been christened "Hector Horatio," produced the following funeral ode from 3 A:—

Hector Horatio's gone to his rest,
During his lifetime our most honoured guest,
Now he roams free in the Isles of the Blest,
Hector Horatio!

English he studied and German adored,
 "Immensee" loved he, and over it pored.
 But French books above all he simply devoured,
 Hector Horatio!

Faithful through trials, he was a friend dear,
 Friend in need, friend indeed, through lessons drear,
 Blessed was our class when he first did appear,
 Hector Horatio!

* * * *

SALVAGE

"If all the world were paper,
 And all the seas were ink"

To the Editors, surveying a table covered with manuscripts, flanked by an overflowing waste-paper basket, it seems as if the state of things imagined in the old rhyme were in process of fulfilment. Not that we grumble! The almost overwhelming amount of material submitted is welcome evidence of an increasing interest in the Magazine. Throughout the year the Magazine Box has rarely been quite empty. *Forms* 2 A, 2 B, and 1 B have been its most faithful "feeders," and we could still wish for more support from the upper forms, though *Form* 6 rallied gallantly to the work at the last minute. We wish to thank every one of our contributors, successful and unsuccessful. If you are one of the unlucky people who popped a poem or an article into the Box, back in January and February, and waited patiently till July only to find it rejected, you may still be sure that your attempt was much appreciated and that we hope you will try again.

A welcome variety in subject and style marked this year's contributions. The proportion of prose to verse was larger than usual. We were particularly glad to have so many short stories; the "thriller," the humorous sketch, and the prose fantasy were all attempted. Frankly, none reached a high literary standard; even those we have printed are too reminiscent of the cheaper "weeklies," but we welcome experiments in this literary form and hope for better ones next year. A poetically-phrased romance of the South Seas from 3 A was too long for insertion; and the Editors hesitated for some time between "The Legend of Doom Castle" and "The Inspiration," both from 1 A.

Let our budding H. V. Mortons remember that purely descriptive writing tends to be very dull, unless the style is unusually sparkling or the place described very unfamiliar to readers. Your visit to London or Peebles is all too likely to be of interest to nobody except yourself! The danger is doubled if the description is written from hearsay, not from personal experience. Thus, a well-written account of the Taj Mahal from 2 C was rejected because it lacked the

personal note which makes real "travellers' tales" different from guide-books. The 3 B pupil who wrote "Down the Tay in a Coracle" had a very promising subject but treated it at too much length and with scarcely enough liveliness.

Of the serious verse received much was fluent and readable, little really striking. Our contributors, however, are getting well away from the hackneyed subjects of the seasons, gardens and dreams. A very ambitious and obviously sincere "Ode to Music" from *Form 6* failed to achieve the necessary beauty and precision of form. The translation of a poem of Heine's:—

"Death to me is the cool, cool night,

And Life the burning day."

also from *Form 6*, was rather uncertain in metre, but we should like to have more translations—linguists, please note! The poem by Annie Vint, 3 B, which we have printed is only one of numerous poems of hers which pleased us. Another very frequent contributor to the Magazine Box is Betty Briden, 2 B, whose originality and boldness in choice of both subjects and metre promise well for her work in future years.

Our school itself has inspired some verses, though none good enough to quote in full. This comes from 1 A:—

"Gillespie's is a pleasant school

For those who do the right,

But if you disregard a rule

Your prospects won't be bright."

From 3 B comes a school song, to be sung to the tune of "Bonnie Dundee," whose sentiment is good if its movement lacks lightness:—

"So let's shoulder our burdens, put jealousies by,

Though odds fight against us, never say die.

If we don't pull together we're sure to go wrong,

So stir up, my hearties, be "faithful and strong."

Particular forms have their trumpeters:—

"The best girls are all in 1 A,

Our lessons we do every day."

and again:—

"Of all the girls exams, who pass

With marks of varying degree,

They all are beaten by a class,

The brainy girls of *Form 2 B*.

At gymns. they always toe the line,
At lessons they themselves excel,
While on the sportsfield bright they shine
And 'gainst homework they ne'er rebel."

Here let us say that class alphabets, of which we received several, are not of sufficient general interest for insertion, and that riddle-me-rees are a very, very mild form of amusement. A poem on the four houses, from 2 B, unfortunately broke down in its metre.

The art of parody has flourished exceedingly this year. The best efforts are printed in full elsewhere; others were good in parts but lost their point by not keeping close enough to the model. A neat adaptation of "Marmion," from 1 B, describes "Our Hockey Captain" thus:—

"Across the field our Captain strode,

Proudly on high her stick she showed,

Her red and yellow girdle-bow

Show'd that which you ought to know,

A hockey captain she, and keen,

In many a hockey-match she'd been

Her square-turned joints and strength of limb

Show'd her a sporting girl, not prim,

And in close scrum, a champion grim,

In matches, leader sage."

This snatch of verse from 2 A has something of the Gilbertian lilt about it:—

"O joy! O rapture unforeseen!

For now the bell has gone and been

Rung by the 'Janny' down the stairs,

So now we're going to work nae mair,

The teacher is away.

With happy words and cheerful song

We run the corridors along,

And if we find the cloakroom locked,

We think all prefects should be 'socked'

And quickly sent away."

Before ending this review of the year's contributions we should like to remind future contributors that everything "posted" in the Magazine Box should bear the writer's name and form, and should be written in ink, on one side of the paper only. In conclusion, may we thank the Art Department very warmly for the amusing posters

which drew so much attention to the Magazine Box and no doubt helped to fill it.

A. E. F.

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SEAGULLS IN THE LINKS.

There go the white birds,
Calling and crying ;
Darting and wheeling,
Wanton and free.

In the grey morning,
And the wet weather,
How they come quivering
In from the sea !

Round him they're flocking,
The Man in the Morning,
With bread for the sea birds,
On the cold lea.
When they come crying
In the wet morning,
Hungry and quivering
In from the sea.

Long ago there lived a Saint of a foreign clime
Who left the other godly Saints deep in prayer sublime,
Or in towers and cloistered cells to write their wisest
words,
And went into the open fields to feed the hungry birds.

MURIEL CAMBERG, Form 2 A.

* * * *

STRANGE INTERLUDE.

With a final protesting snort the bus came to a standstill in the High Street of Peebles and seven would-be hikers, after due manipulation of their rucksacks, emerged. The party consisted of five members of *Forms* 5 and 6 and two of the staff of James Gillespie's High School. As it was already 2 p.m. our thoughts were concentrated on food. With this end in view we walked briskly out of Peebles until we came to the well-preserved ruin of Neidpath Castle, a gaunt Border keep, where we picnicked by the banks of the Tweed. This picnic proved a fitting beginning to a truly wonderful week-end. During our brief stay many a mosquito met an untimely death at the hands of some revengeful maiden, and, indeed, throughout the hike we evinced a hatred of all insect life.

For some time our way lay through narrow lanes with hedgerows of wild roses already in full bloom, and then the nature of the road changed and we found ourselves on a narrow track surrounded on all sides by rounded, grassy, Border hills. Towards six o'clock we caught our first glimpse of Langhaugh, our resting place for that night. This hostel is a low, white wooden building containing a large common room and two dormitories. From the verandah the Manor Water can be seen flowing a hundred yards away, at the foot of the slope. When we reached this hostel Mr G——, another member of the staff, who was going by the same route, greeted us ! In the evening we explored the neighbouring countryside, visiting the family grave of the Burnets of Barns. We, or at least some of us, collected fir cones which, after being used as balls at a novel game of hockey, eventually found their way into the beds of the two members of the staff. By 11 p.m. we were all in bed, having said good-night in order of houses with true Gillespie enthusiasm. The lusty singing from a "male voice choir" through in the common room lulled us to sleep until after midnight. About 3 a.m. we were awakened, if any of us had yet slept, by the cries of A—— P—— in the throes of a violent nightmare.

When she and A—— B—— decided to share a bed quietness was effectually banished from the room for the remainder of the night.

In spite of all interruptions we rose betimes and might have been early on the road had we not been confronted by the apparently hopeless task of getting our belongings, once more into our ruckers. After violent efforts, however we succeeded, and, hoisting our rucksacks once more on to our weary shoulders, we set off for Chapelhope, about ten miles away. Our path lay up the steep slope of a hill and it was remarkable how, as the way grew steeper, our pauses to admire the neighbouring hillsides, dotted over with sheepfolds, became more frequent. This climb was also one of the few parts of our walk on which we maintained comparative silence—we were nearly always discussing some topic or singing one from our varied repertoire of songs. We stopped in the early afternoon by the side of St. Mary's Loch, whose black depths formed a striking contrast to its edging of brilliant white stones.

A few miles further on we reached Chapelhope, which was originally a country schoolhouse—the type of building always associated in my mind with yellow jessamine or bright blue clematis. It is situated in a beautiful valley close to the Loch o' the Lowes and the hill slopes all round are covered with tiny wild flowers. The botanists of our party waxed enthusiastic over minute blue and yellow flowers, but treated the rest of us with undisguised scorn when we, in our ignorance, drew their attention to some stray foxglove or buttercup. At the time, however, we had eyes for the beauty around us, as it was rumoured that for supper we were to have the much-discussed "mealie" puddings which we had carried with us from Edinburgh. In due course, these arrived and proved so filling that the majority of us were compelled, however unwillingly, to decline the macaroni pudding which Miss F—— had prepared.

In the evening we went for a short walk round the loch and returned to the hostel where, lying on our carefully made beds, we told each other's fortunes by the aid of cards. Eyebrows were raised and inquiring glances turned on one after another as the fortune-teller revealed the incredible scandals of the past. By this time, however, we were

inured to almost anything, after witnessing Miss N——'s enthusiastic efforts to engage in conversation every wayfarer within passing distance. The music of the evening was supplied by Miss N—— who had provided herself with a tin whistle for the purpose.

Even the thrill of seeing —— attired in pyjamas, sleeping-socks and gaily-striped football jersey did not prove sufficiently startling to cause us any loss of sleep. The night was undisturbed save by the plaintive cry of the curlew, joined towards morning by the cuckoo, and swallows which were nesting under the eaves. In the dazzlingly bright morning light the hills appeared unbelievably near. Breakfast was a hurried meal as (I hate to admit it) we intended to catch a bus to convey us three of the eighteen miles to Peebles. Let those, who daily make scathing remarks as to the punctuality of James Gillespie's High School, note with especial care that we were completely ready three quarters of an hour before the arrival of the bus.

On the return journey we stopped for a meal of baked beans at Langhaugh. From this time onward any traveller chancing to pass would have been horrified to hear one of our party emit, instead of her customary pleasing ripple, strange pig-like grunts when she laughed. This sorry fact could only be explained by her having discovered the legendary piece of pork in the beans. We returned to Edinburgh about 9 o'clock on Sunday evening knowing that our special Monday holiday would indeed be spent in "meditating" on our glorious week-end and in wondering how soon it could be repeated.

M. D.

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FROM THE SENIORS.

THE COMBAT.

It was evening. Night was just spreading her cloak round one of the earth's spacious sides.

The stars had just begun to show themselves above the horizon to begin their short vigil, for it was summer. The moon peeped down from behind her cloud and saw an amazing sight.

There, stretched below her were two vast armies.

One was kneeling on the ground, while the other was drinking and making merry. Passing between the ranks of the kneeling army was a bare-footed monk. In his hand he held a crucifix and he blessed each man singly.

At the side of the kneeling army was a man on a white palfrey speaking cheerful words to the men.

Suddenly from out the merry army dashed a knight dressed in full armour and mounted on a strong, black war-horse.

Up he rode to the man on the white palfrey and charged, but the man was ready and with a rending crash sent his battle-axe through his enemy's helmet and skull. The man sank senseless to the ground, his life blood gushing through the wound. At this the moon shuddered and passed on, horrified and frightened.

JESSIE M'KAY, 3 Senior A.

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THE STORY OF AN OLD HAT.

(As told by Itself.)

I am an old hat and I belong to a tall lady called Mrs. McFarlane, who bought me about two years ago. My colour used to be peacock blue, but now I look like a washed out rag. I have had several operations—some more painful than others. My first was merely a change of ribbon which did not cause me much pain—only a few pin-pricks and the pain of being sewn up again with a needle. My second was a more painful one, for I got half my brim torn off and an ornament taken out of my side, and I was in tears for quite

a few days after that for I loved that ornament. Last week when I was not supposed to be listening I heard Mrs. McFarlane say that she would need to buy a new hat. I wondered what was to become of me—I had heard of the Fraser Homes for Aged People, but where did old hats go? I soon found out. Three days after the new hat entered I left—no, I did not leave, I was put out, along with several other discarded friends for a motor run. The motor came, but I did not like the company at all—old tins, umbrellas, and ashes. At Stoneypoint, the motor stopped and I was thrown without ceremony into a pit where ashes are choking me, but never mind I had a gay life looking down on the world for two years. MARY STEPHENSON, 3 Senior A.

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SISTERS ALL.

A girl with a pair of lily-white hands,
A homely and motherly air,
Two blue eyes and a sweet pink mouth,
Was Meg March, tall and fair.

But Jo was more like a spirited colt,
Never still for long,
But she had a frank and earnest heart
That made up for all her wrong.

Beth, "the Mouse" as she was called,
Was loving, sweet, and kind,
But Beth left this world before them all,
A better land to find.

Then Amy comes, last but not least,
Handsome, proud, and young,
And through the years until she dies,
Her praises will be sung.

KATHLEEN MACDONALD, 3 Senior A.

* * * *

THE MAN OF LETTERS.

Who is it that we love to greet,
As he comes hastening up the street,
In spite of weary, tired feet?—
The man of letters.

Not letters given by Oxford Don,
Nor even Edinbro's M.A. Hon.,
Only by friendship are they won—
Our Postie's letters!

His cap is now a different shape,
His coat is adorned by red tape,
When first we saw him we did gape—
And dropped the letters.

Mother is standing at the gate,
Sighing, "Postie must be late!"
"Ah! here he comes with a letter from Kate."
A cheery letter!

BETTY MACDONALD, 3 Senior B.

* * * *

THE TRAMP.

Along the road in his old tattered suit,
With his stick, and his can, and his heelless boot,
Mark his wind-tanned cheek, and his roguish eye,
Touch your hat—the king of the road goes by!

The squire rides past and perchance throws a look
At the rugged old figure hard down by the brook,
Where a wisp of blue smoke rising upwards so fine,
Tells the world that the king is preparing to dine.

The banquet is over, he fills the old clay,
Then unbridles fancy and gives her full sway,
He sees himself squire and the squire seems as he,
They look at each other and each goes his way.

The king to the hall, the squire to the brook,
To cower by the fire that the king had forsook,
The king on a bed to toss all night drear,
The squire huddled up in a frenzy of fear.

His Majesty woke to find it a dream
Packed up his bundle and forded the stream.
Put miles 'twixt himself and the squire not a few,
In terror in case his dream should come true,
For the squire was a Squire and he had to show it,
But our tramp was a King and he did not know it.

HELEN DOUGLAS YOUNG, 3 Senior C.

THE ART OF CYCLING.

My longed-for wish had come true. I had a bicycle. I was satisfied on that point, but what good is a bicycle when you can't ride it? Yes, I had better learn. Luckily I had a friend who could ride.

That very day I dug her up. She was delighted to help me especially when I told her that she could have half share in the bike. Little did we guess that in a few hours the bike could hardly be recognized! Cicely, my chum, has a passion for nicknames, and when she first saw it, she begged of me to call it Candida, because it was so shining. After having christened it very solemnly with a glass of water, we dusted it like some brittle thing, which if you look at it, is no more.

Once outside, Cicely leant it against a lamp-post to show me how to mount it. She did so with a ease and grace, which at that time, did not surprise me. It *looked* as easy as sitting down. Across the road there stood an inquisitive boy who stood staring rudely at us, which made me determined not to show the white feather. When he saw that I was just learning, he grinned broadly, making me wild, which I may warn would-be cyclists is not at all the proper mood to begin to learn—you are wild enough at the end! As soon as Cicely had dismounted, I rashly jumped at Candida. Cicely had somehow managed to swing her legs round gracefully and it had looked too easy for words. Yet when I tried, I got on to a pedal, forgot which leg to swing round, leant too much to one side, and then crash! The inevitable had happened. Candida and I had fallen over, with Candida uppermost. I kicked and wriggled but only got tangled up in the tyres and the chain. Five precious minutes were wasted while Cicely untied me and got Candida straightened out. I realized to my chagrin that I had made a fool of myself and determined to ride her now or never.

This time Cicely hoisted me up—though how she did it is still a mystery to me, for I am, to say the least of it, portly. However, she got me up somehow or other, and held the saddle and guided the handlebars. I was soon pedalling away as if I was accustomed to bikes, and all their queer contrary ways. Something attracted Cicely's attention and she turned round. She had expected me to guide it myself, but instead I turned round to see what on earth

she was looking at. Of course the bike went off its course (excuse the pun) carrying me with it. We bumped into a lamp-post, went into a garden gate. Here Candida must have been getting a little weary, for she suddenly flopped down. This time I was wary and as she began to sway I threw myself off, landing heavily on the wrong end.

By this time a fierce desire to conquer this thing that could throw me off at will, filled me. I got on again plus a lump which was growing with astonishing rapidity. Cicely was more careful this time but I was gaining confidence in myself and felt gay once more. As I was doing so well she let me guide myself, but still retained her hold of the saddle. We were going splendidly until Cicely tripped and let go. I nearly had a fit when I saw I was approaching a steep hill. Cicely had taught me the uses of the brakes, but in that moment of panic I forgot all. Half-way down I remembered and hastily jammed them on. I pulled up rather too hastily and shot over the handle-bars on to my poor, ill-used face. Fortunately I sustained only minor injuries and so was able to go home. By the time my face mended, Candida was mended too, and, although I could never look her straight in the face again, I learned at last the Art of Cycling.

ELEANOR GINSBURG, 3 Senior C.

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TRIXIE'S VICTORY.

Trixie Trepén gazed rather sadly out of her study window. Her brow was puckered as she saw the rain coming down in "buckets." "One cannot always get everything," she mused, slowly turning away from the window as she heard footsteps outside the study door. A second later the door burst open to reveal a small dumpy girl all smiles. "Come on, Trix, Miss Marshall has let us play tennis in the gym. hall." Trixie's face brightened. She took her racquet and with a joyous leap bounded out into the corridor colliding at the same time with the head girl. Trixie in her haste to rise upset a bottle of ink over herself which Marion (the head girl) happened to be carrying. Never did a girl look such a freak as Trixie did then. Her face, hands and gym. tunic were dripping with ink. Not until after severe lecture from Marion did she escape to the bathroom to sponge her inkstained tunic. With some

difficulty she removed the stains from her hands and tunic but one on her face showed signs of big blue marks. When she left the bathroom her first thought was the gymnasium. The tennis was just begun when she arrived. "Trixie Trepén and Maud Renton" was called out as Trixie appeared at the door. Sixty seconds later the game began. "Play" called the umpire.

Swinging her racquet twice over her head, Trixie sent a smashing service across the court. It crashed into the net. Again the racquet whizzed. Smack! Beautifully timed, the ball cleared the net and fell true and swift. Maud on the other hand began to feel nervous. "Beat her, Maud, beat her." Again she served; a good ball but slow. Deftly Trixie nipped it over the net, so that Maud had to race to get it. Maud bit her lip in vexation. It was hard to think that *she* had been beaten by a "kid" in the lower fourth. "Three cheers for Trixie Trepén" was the cry that echoed all round the gymnasium. Trixie who was blushing violently to the roots of her hair was escorted by a dozen or so more girls in the dining hall where tea was waiting.

MAY CURTIS, 2 Senior A.

* * * *

TO THE HEATHER.

Growing high upon the hill,
Oh, you purple heather.
Pretty blooms that ne'er keep still,
In the windy weather.

On the quiet moorland glowing
In the stony ground,
I have often found you growing,
Circling me around.

A weary tramp may lie at ease
On your springy bed,
Lulled by the humming night-time breeze,
To rest his careworn head.

In beside, your sister white,
Who rarely shows herself,
Who cuddles down beneath you tight,
Of her there is no wealth.

MARGARET BOOTH, 2 Senior B.

THE FALL OF THE LEAVES.

The wind laughed merrily as it tore round the trees, whirling the withered leaves into the air. The littlest tree thought it a shame. She would have liked to have kept hers all the year round. The oldest tree, who was much wiser than the younger one, said softly, "You would soon get tired of your leaves during the bad weather." The littlest tree said that the leaves would keep her warm but the oldest tree reminded her of how she complained of the weight of the snow on her bare branches during last winter. "Well," the littlest tree said sulkily, "the leaves would protect me from this horrid cold wind." The oldest tree again reminded her of when the wind tried to pull her down last winter but, because her branches were bare, it could not get a firm grip of her. Otherwise, if her leaves had been there she would have been whirled away in a moment. "Your leaves may be pretty now," said the oldest tree, "but think how dirty and crumpled they would be by next summer." "If you will only be content to wait till the spring you will have another suit of fresh green, and all the children will say 'How pretty the littlest tree looks!'"

BETTY CHALMERS, 2 Senior B.

* * * *

TO THE MOLE.

Oh, funny little Mr Mole,
Your house is large and fine,
Your velvet coat is grander far,
Than any one of mine.

And yet I would not change with you,
Not for a single day!
It's surely not a pleasant thing
Beneath the ground to stay.

I like to see the summer sky,
And breathe the fresh sweet air,
How very, very strange of you
To choose to live down there.

RUBY BRUCE, 2 Senior C.

THE BLIND MAN.

The blind man sits in his old broken chair
Reading aloud from his book of prayer,
His tin mug it hangs the same old way
And he's only had twopence since yesterday,
But he is quite happy because he knows
Angels will follow him where'er he goes.

DORIS ADAMS, 2 Senior C.

* * * *

WHAT I WANT TO BE.

I'm rather tired of being me,
I want to be something else you see,
Perhaps if I could get a chance
I'd go to a class to learn to dance.

I wouldn't mind being an office girl,
Or a hair-dresser with hair to curl.
Oh! there's lots of things I'd rather be,
If only I could not be me.

ZENA BALFOUR, 1 Senior A.

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AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A JAPANESE GIRL.

I am Pear-Blossom, a little girl from Yokohama. My mother (Aki) spends most of her time with the silkworms. The silkworms produce some of the finest silk in the world. My sister Bara works in the silk mills in Tokio. Mother tells me I am helpful because I tidy the house and cook sweet potatoes. I look after Tenko my little brother. Every year there is a great festival for boys. Every house is decked with flags and the girls have a festival for dolls. One doll is the Emperor and another is the Empress. It is so very beautiful to see the Japanese dolls all dressed. I take Tenko to the boys' festival every year and he simply loves it. I buy Tenko a fish flag and he waves it about.

JESSIE HOUSTON, 1 Senior A.

PETER PAN.

If you're lucky enough to see Peter Pan,
 Jump up and run as quick as you can,
 For he pipes fairy music up on the hill
 To try and entice you to harm and ill.
 So just keep away from that special place
 And then you won't meet him face to face.
 He's a mischievous Puck and a bad little man,
 Thus ends my warning if you see Peter Pan.

JOYCE LAWSON, 1 Senior B.

* * * *

THE TALE OF A PENCIL.

"Please Sir, could you tell me where I am?". A polite voice addressed me as I lay in my groove in the desk at school. Stiffly I turned round and faced the speaker. It was a gleaming pencil sharpener, evidently new to the world. "How do you do? You are in a school and I suppose you belong to Irene. She's my mistress." "Is" began the pencil sharpener, but at this moment Irene came and picked us both up. I was very agitated when I found myself being whirled dizzily round inside, Mr Pencil Sharpener and felt myself growing shorter and shorter. The whirling stopped as suddenly as it had begun, and, when I was returned to the desk, I noticed to my horror I was not much bigger than Mr Rubber, who was lying there. "Dear, dear," I said to Mr Rubber, and then broke off to add, "did William the Conqueror come across to England in 1018, because that's what Irene wrote with me, and when I tried to go the other way she was terribly angry." "Oh, that's all right," said my companion, "don't worry, it will all rub out." At this moment a loud voice exclaimed, "We will begin with History." I was then picked up, held poised in mid-air, ready to be used. "Now children," the voice said again, "what is the name of the man who killed the Red Comyn?" I was lowered to the desk, as Irene sat in deep thought. Suddenly an idea seemed to have struck her. She took a firm grip of me, and began to write, "William the Lion." Furiously I struggled to write the proper name and it ended up something like this, "Wilbert the Liruce." Alas! the effort had been too much for me.

I lost my only remaining beauty, a lovely, long, sharp point, with a snap. Before I could recover from my indignation and distress, I was flung furiously into the waste paper basket.

DOROTHY HALLIDAY, 1 Sen. B.

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A STORY FOR STAMP COLLECTORS.

As I sat on the carpet arranging my stamps I heard in the distance a whirr! and the dull throb of an engine which seemed to be coming rapidly towards me. Something strange must have happened and then I realised I was in an aeroplane. I did not know where the pilot was going, but in a short time I found myself over sunny France where I saw the French people gathering the purple grapes. Then we came to Holland the land of canals and windmills and saw the Dutch people going about with blue frocks and spotless white aprons and caps. Passing on to Germany we hovered over fields of potatoes and oats, and as we flew over the River Rhine I clapped my hands in glee and almost fell out of the cabin. There were beautiful old castles standing on cliffs above the wide river, and all around them I saw magic looking woods. In a short time I found that I was flying across the English Channel once more, and instead of fairy woods there were in the distance the white chalky cliffs of Dover. I shut my eyes for a minute and on opening them again I found myself home with my stamp album in front of me on the carpet.

HAZEL DRUMMOND, 1 Senior C.

* * * *

PUFF!

What's the time I wonder now?
 Let me blow and see.
 Puff! puff! puff! puff!
 Four o'clock, time to have tea.

Let's go home then, puppy dog,
 And run with all our might,
 In case the dandelion clock,
 Is just exactly right.

JOAN CAMERON, 1 Senior C.

HOWLERS.

"1066 and All That"—

"Walpole was very fond of pease."

"The Protestants were divided up into quite a few parts and so were the Roman Catholics."

"The New Model Army was the first army who had a regular uniform. Armies before that had always just worn a twig or a scarf."

"Presbyterianism is a way of praying and is headed by archbishops instead of by God."

"Presbyterians were the same as Protestants but not so much."

"In the olden days if you wanted to have a teashop you got a monopoly from the King."

"Monopoly means the confistification of goods."

"Charles I. had to get the same money as Elizabeth but he had a family to keep and she had not."

"The Black Prince was so called because he had the Black Death."

"The mamorial system taught the English people table manners."

"A bishop is a little smaller than an archbishop."

"It's all in the way it's put"—

"Aerial warned people when they were in danger by singing."

"The papers are too full of marriages, suicides, and other trivial crimes."

"My poor feet were aching with my tight shoes. Taking them off was my first thought, but I thought I should never get them on again."

More happy misunderstandings:—

"When Prospero came to the island he taught Caliban to swear."

"Gorilla warfare was a feature of the campaign in the bush."

"An anarchist is a man who does a lot of paintings."

"A philanderer is a person who does a lot of good to other people."

"A philanderer is a person who loves good things."

"Stephano and Trinculo were men who had been shipwretched and were drunk."

"Bigamy is when you have two gods."

"An Arcadian is a person who looks after an arcade."

"The dress was tried on by the mannikin."

"Moses got the Commandments from God on Mount Everest."

From a letter of application for a post:—"For further information as to my liabilities, please refer to the Headmaster."

"Brighter French"—

"To scour the hills" was translated "nettoyer les collines" (influence of the Domestic Course?).

"Embraser la sainte ville" (to burn down the holy city) became "to embrace the saint of the town."

"Nos écoliers se promènent dans la rue" (our scholars walk about the street) was rendered as "The coalmen walk about the street."

"Une jolie jeune fille" became "a pretty yellow girl."

"Les parents de Jeanne d'Arc étaient de français fidèles" (loyal French people) was given as "Joan of Arc's parents were French fiddlers."

* * * *

FROM THE JUNIORS.

THE REBELS.

The wind howled dismally round the ruins of the castle and a tall gentleman, mounted upon a chestnut charger drew his cloak more closely around him. Now and again he turned a pale haggard face to look behind him as if fearful of pursuit. Often he whipped his foaming horse, desperately trying to quicken its already furious pace. As he approached the castle an expression of relief crossed his face, and he gave a long drawn sigh. Once inside the castle he murmured "Safe at last." From under his cloak he drew a rusty iron key. Going up to the stone wall he pressed a button. Immediately a slab of stone opened and a key-hole was revealed. Fitting the key in the lock he opened a small door rusty with age. The door swung back on its rusty hinges and some damp steps were seen. Descending a steep stair he found himself in a dark damp closet. At a wooden table sat a man. "Onything wrang?" he enquired. "I wis nearly caught by the sodgers," replied the man. "Aye, I didna think Scotland wad come to this." The other did not answer for a harsh voice exclaimed, "Surrender, or I fire." "The sodgers," muttered the two men hoarsely. "Surrender, or I shoot," shouted the harsh voice again. There was no answer. "Burn down the door, my men," shouted the same voice again. The soldiers did so, and found the two rebels lying dead on the floor. They chose to die by their own hand rather than submit to shameful surrender.

MYRA OCKRENT, 2 Junior A.

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IN ROOM THREE.

The deep-toned school bell chimed out its monotonous peal and the school heaved a sigh of relief. From out the stone porches a throng of merry chattering schoolgirls poured into the open air. With many shouts of glee the happy crowd dispersed to their various homes and silence

descended upon most of the school. Not so in class room number three. There, an indignant exercise book was voicing its opinion as to the manners of its mistress. "Margaret is getting so careless nowadays, such terrible figures she writes over my beautiful clean pages," it complained. "Just so, just so," chimed in Miss Victoria Pencil, "and please do tell me how do you happen to have been left here to-day? I often am, but you are so seldom here." "All right I shall tell you," replied Mr Exercise Book, getting a little elated at his own importance. "But hush, listen. Is that not the snobbish spelling jotter boasting again?" "So it is, so it is. But cannot you tell me why you are here? I am simply dying to know."

"I am not going to tell you until we quieten Mrs Spelling Jotter, or she will be turning the class-room upside down."

"Very well then, I am not going to talk to you now," exclaimed Miss Pencil, spitefully, and she turned up her nose haughtily.

"Oh, I am very sorry, Madam," cried Mr Exercise Book, "I apologise for being so rude. I shall tell you at once why I was left, of course, of course." Then as Miss Pencil turned away disdainfully, he ran after her. "Please do not be offended."

Miss Pencil stopped rather unwillingly.

"Very well," she said, "but tell me the story of how you are here."

"All right," answered Mr Exercise Book. "Really," thought he, "Miss Pencil's friendship is very valuable."

"Well, once upon a time," he began, "there was a girl, called Margaret . . ."

"Don't talk like me," interrupted Mr Story Book, "and besides I have much better stories in me than you have."

"Ses you!" drawled Mr Exercise Book, who had once been taken to an American film, tucked cosily under Margaret's arm, and had been duly impressed by the language. "What about 'The Treasure'?" "Miss B—— said it was the best story ever written by anybody in her class. It is on page twenty." And Mr Exercise Book puffed out his paper cheeks with pride.

"Just a minute, just a minute," chimed in a squeaky voice. All turned to see Miss Schoolgirl's Own. "What about my animal stories?"

"I challenge you," roared Mr Exercise Book, red with fury.

"I accept the challenge," answered Miss Schoolgirl's Own, adding, "but it had better be to-morrow, for there goes the bell." Ding-dong, ding-dong . . .

Merrily the girls trooped in to the class room, while Mr Exercise Book whispered hurriedly to Miss Schoolgirl's Own, "remember to-morrow!"

CATHIE RAMSAY and MYRA OCKRENT, 2 Junior A.

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THE LOST FAIRY.

It was twilight and little Fairy Bluebell sat on the grass weeping bitterly, for she had lost her way to Fairy-land. All was silent except for the sound of the little fairy's sobs. Poor Bluebell, she had been so happy in the afternoon plucking the little daisies and twining them round her waist and her golden hair. Now it was getting very dark.

"Oh, dear! I am afraid I shall freeze if I have to stay here all night," she sobbed. Just then she heard a whirr of wings. At once she stopped crying, then looked up and smiled. "There is hope of me not freezing to-night," she said softly, when she saw a huge greyish dragon-fly flying down towards her.

"Why, what is the matter, little fairy?" he asked. She told him that she had lost her way to Fairyland, and she said with a little shiver, "will you please take me back, dear dragon-fly?"

"Why, certainly, step on my back," he said. She did so and they rose swiftly in the air. Before long they came to Fairyland. She was very lucky for the gates were just about to shut. How glad she was.

It was very frosty that night, so I am afraid that she would have been frozen if she had stayed all night by the pool.

MARGARET SINCLAIR, 2 Junior B.

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MY FAMILY.

My Teddy Bear is round and fat,
He has a furry coat,
And when I let him out to play
He comes home in his boat.

I have a little bunny too.
He scampers round at play,
But when he has to leave the school
He says he'd rather stay.

My dollies are as good as gold,
They always do as they are told.
And when I take them out to dine
Their manners are as good as mine.

MARGUERITE COMBEY, 2 Junior B.

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TWO ADVENTURES.

I.

One day when we were touring in Madras, my brother and I were sitting at the window watching the Monsoon rain falling when suddenly we saw a huge snake wriggling in a pool of water in the compound. We shouted to the Ayah to come and see, then she told the gardener boy who threw stones at it, and it came out of the water. It was quite easy to kill it because it had been eating a lot of frogs. It was so fat that it could not defend itself.

ISOBEL MACKAY, 1 Junior A.

II.

At Crieff a few years ago I had an adventure. We had a picnic one day in a field at the foot of the hills. We lay down to rest, but a few minutes later my uncle shouted "Look!" We looked up to see running down the hill a herd of Highland cattle. We gathered our hats and scrambled over the fence. Just in time we got on to the road. The cattle stood looking at us over the fence. We laugh at it often now, but we were scared at the time.

CHRISTINE SANDERSON, 1 Junior A.

THE FAIRY AND THE LOST BABY.

Once upon a time there lived a fairy who was very kind-hearted. One day she was walking in the woods near home when she heard a very funny noise. And when she peeped round the tree she saw a little baby who was lost. "A baby, a mortal!" she cried in delight (for she was wanting a baby all her life). The fairy then gave a cry of dismay because she knew that she could not carry it home herself. Just then there came a bark and the fairy jumped for joy because she knew that Pug, her dog, had come to her. One day the baby, who had now grown much bigger, was stolen by a witch. But the witch allowed her to visit the fairy once a year for a season. The witch said she could choose any season and she chose summer. She was happy with the witch as well because the witch gave her good meals and let her play with her cat. So she was happy all the year round.

DOROTHY NAPIER, 1 Junior B.

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THE DEER.

Once upon a time there lived a little brother and sister. The boy's name was Eric and the girl's was Aileen. They had a step-mother, who ill-treated them. One day Aileen said to Eric, "I am not going to stay here any longer." Eric said, "I shall go with you." They wandered on till they came to a wood. They met a deer, who said, "Go on and you shall have good luck." They went on till they came to a cottage. They knocked and went in. They stayed there ever after and were happy.

MURIEL SEALEY, 1 Junior B.

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E. GEMMELL, M. HARGREAVES, Miss ANDERSON, M. HAY, D. GRAHAM.
M. LYALL, H. GRAHAM, A. PORTER, A. BERTRAM, J. BURN.
E. CHISHOLM. (Captain). M. FRASER.



JAMES GILLESPIE'S HIGH SCHOOL and PRESTON LODGE SCHOOL TEAMS.
FINAL OF SCHOOL SEVEN-A-SIDES.



LANGHAUGH YOUTH HOSTEL—June 1933.



1. START OF A RACE.
2. WINNING TEAM, RELAY RACE (GILMORE).

FROM THE INFANTS.

I am a little fairy and I live in Isobel's garden in a rose leaf. I drink dew in the morning and eat fairy cake too. We get rides on Santa Clause's sleugh and we dance in the fairy rings at night Santa Clause dances with us.

I am a bride. My husband is the Prince of Wails. I have a long white dress and a long train. The Minister said to me do you take this man to be your willing wedded husband and I said I do.

I am a sailor that sails far out in the ocaïn like a life on the ocaïn wave. I like to dance the sailors horn-pipe. We have mince pies to eat. At dinner time the big bell goes clang clang.

I dreamt that I was in Fairy-land I saw all the pretty fairies dancing in and out the flowers and when I went to speak to them, Mummy said Nesta it is time to get up for school.

When I am grown up I am going to be a hairdresser. I will not hurt you with the sissers so you need not be afraid. I am going to be in the Infant Department. I think I will cut little girls pigtails.

I am a fish and one sunny day after dinner a little boy came to the pool where I was living and caught me in his net. After he had caught a lot he took us in a jar and put us in a tub. The fishes died the next morning and the little boy was very sorry.

SEN. INF. A.

One day a black cat sprang upon our window-sill into the bedroom. I think, a sleep in my bed was what he wanted. Mummy said, black cats are lucky and that is the tail of the cat.

One day I was at a little girl's house and we were

Munkyes guess what we did? Well we went into the bathroom and we put some water in the bath and she brot her small dolls in and floated them. Then we tied toul on us.

When I was in my bed last night a fairy came in the room and she whispered in my ear g.r.r.r. and I was grunting and she said in a wee voice stop grunting.

My birthday was on Wed-nes-day I got a big doll. Mummy had the doll in the house for a long time. And I am going to call her Mary—that will be a good name, won't it? Mummy dressed her in red and a red cape and the dearest wee hat you ever saw, and it was red also. She has little white knickers and Mummy made a little over-all.

One day when I was changing my gold fish I let the bole fall and it broke and the glass cut Goldy the one I like best of all but it is cwite all rite now. But you can still see the skin on the tail. They will soon die I will be very sorry when they do, tho they are a nosons.

My mummy's birthday is on the 25'th of march and I wanted to buy her a pensle but she said she would rather have a kiss.

Daddy and I went to Woolay's. I saw Santa-Claus. I said to daddy can I have a lucky box. Daddy said, what if theres nuthing in it. I just laft ha! ha!

My daddy is in bed. I am sorry. He has the docter. The docter said he has got the flu. I was sorry. He goes out when he shoont. When he comes in, he goes to bed. Mother says it is the best place.

On monday night mummy and daddy went to the pichurs and my Uncle Dodo herd me do all my lesons and when I went to bed at seven oclock I had a grate time of throwing the cuvers off and on and Uncle coodint get to put off the bedroom lite.

SEN. INF. B.

We had a nofel turn up becos we were getting the grate out and getting in a new grate.

I can do the back stroke. I can jump the hie dive. I can dive in at the deep end and swim a lenth.

I am glad I am able to go to the swimming gala becose I was bothering my mummy and I had bothered her so much that she said I could go to see the girls swimming in the water.

I like my dinir. I like rost mutin for my dinir and I like it with tomato sos.

When I am away my summer holidays my daddy is going to buy me a fishing rod and I am going to fish for sandeals.

JUN. INF. A.

daddy is pooling out the weeds his name is michil.

I have a gold fish and my sister has one too and my bruther has one too my sisters one has a blak spot on it and my gold fish is red.

my aunty eve took me a ride in her car and I pickt some bluebels at templ.

I was ridinge a bisikl daddy was at one end of the rode and mama was at the othr end starting me off.

daddy is at the churtch to day and befoer he went to the churtch he foend to the docter for my brother was ill.

the paintir is in the house he is potting up the walpaipr mother got it yestrday it is nise.

I have a mungcay he is a toy he will cling to you he has a soft cote.

JUN. INF. B.

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REPORTS OF SOCIETIES.

JAMES GILLESPIE'S LITERARY AND DRAMATIC SOCIETY.

Under the leadership of its president, Mr White, the Literary and Dramatic Society has enjoyed another successful session which has comprised addresses, debates, and drama. In addition to the usual fortnightly meetings, several Theatre Nights have been held.

Among the most successful of the meetings was Dramatic Night, which was, as usual, under the capable management of Miss Foster. Dramatic Night, this session, consisted of a Shakespeare Miscellany in which selected portions of "The Taming of the Shrew," "Twelfth Night" and "The Tempest" were played by the 6th, 5th, and 4th years respectively. Special mention must be made here of the splendid acting of Agnes Bertram as the shrewish Kate, and Evelyn Dargie as Petruchio, her "tamer," in the "Taming of the Shrew," also of Elma Gray's Malvolio in "Twelfth Night" and Frances Brunt's Ferdinand in "The Tempest."

Two of the most enjoyable meetings during the session were those in which addresses were given by Miss Napier on her American experiences and by Miss Foster on Children's Books throughout the Ages. Short papers on Modern Poets and Readings from Modern Drama, proved to be most successful experiments and worthy of repetition. Magazine Night, of course, supplied its usual quota of excellent articles and poems and was quite as popular as ever. Although there was a decided improvement on the speaking in open debate, yet there are still too many who never speak. It is to be hoped that the new fourth-formers, who will be heartily welcomed to the Lit., will not be so diffident!

Picnics and Rambles have often formed an important feature of the Lit., but never before have we had a week-end hike—a pleasure which some of the members enjoyed during Founder's week-end. An account of this will be found elsewhere.

There is every hope for a bright session in 1933-34, and it is up to the future 4th, 5th, and 6th years to see that this hope is not a vain one!

E. M. A. B.

JAMES GILLESPIE'S SCIENCE ASSOCIATION.

The Science Association under its president, Mr Brash, has now firmly established itself as an important feature of school life in the winter session.

The syllabus drawn up for the past year was varied and extremely interesting and the Association enjoyed one of the best lectures ever received. It was delivered by Mr Law, M.A., a former member of the staff, who gave a humorous yet vividly realistic picture of social work in the slums of Edinburgh.

The presidential address by Mr A. F. Buchan, M.A., took the form of a very entertaining and instructive lecture on photography. The Annual Inter-Debate with the Literary Society drew an excellent attendance, the subject evoking discussion—"That Literature as taught in school is of more use in after life than science." The Former Members' Reunion was, as usual, a complete success with a full attendance of former pupils and members. During term last year's visits to the Observatory were repeated with varying success. Surprise Night concluded an excellent programme which will be rivalled if not surpassed, we hope, by that of the coming year.

A. M. B.

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SCRIPTURE UNION.

A branch of the Scripture Union has been in existence in our school for three years. Throughout this session we have had meetings every month when Miss Kay gave a number of addresses. We were pleased to have Miss Torrance as a speaker in February and Miss Bowker in June. Our thanks are especially due to Miss Kay for the helpful interest she has taken in the branch.

E. A. D.

M. D. F.

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SCHOOL SPORTS.

HOCKEY.

The past hockey season has been one of the most successful on record, each of the five teams sharing a clear margin of victories. The 1st XI. head the list with 14 wins out of a possible 16 and conclude the season by winning the seven-a-side tournament for the second time in succession. The team entered for this event showed a splendid spirit in the manner in which they wrested victory from their opponents at the last minute by magnificent recoveries in the latter half, which provided a series of exciting games. The winning of this tournament shows the high standard of play attained in the school, and may we hope that the third time will also be lucky and that next year Gillespie's will again add this victory to the list of their achievements.

	PLAYED	WON	LOST	DRAWN	FOR	AGST.
1st XI.	16	14	2	—	63	20
2nd XI.	11	8	2	1	32	10
3rd XI.	14	10	3	1	57	12
4th XI.	10	8	0	2	66	7
5th XI.	6	5	1	—	18	4

Apropos of the "seven-a-sides," the Headmaster was delighted to receive the following anonymous letter, enclosing a Treasury Note:—

DEAR MR BURNETT,

This is just a little gift to be given to one or all of your plucky "Seven-a-Side Hockey Players."

Such a marvellous performance they set up against Leith Academy! Although there were three goals to win and only three minutes left, your Gillespie captain never lost hope, but urged her team to "hurry up" (as I heard from the side line), and in the end she won through. I am an old hockey player myself, and I can tell you I have never seen such an exciting game in my life.

I usually attend your annual school concert, where I enjoy myself immensely, but at the prize-giving I notice there is a tennis and golf prize given, but never a hockey prize. Being a hockey player I naturally feel a little disappointed at this fine game being neglected, so I have sent this little reward to your captain and her team.

Yours sincerely,

AN OLD SCHOOL HOCKEY PLAYER.

CRITICISM OF 1ST XI.

A. PORTER.—A remarkably steady half who has shown consistently good form during her three years in the team. If her stick work is slightly lacking in variety she makes up for this weakness by the sureness of her tackling and by her well-judged passing. She is a tireless worker from start to finish of a game.

J. BURN.—Though at times inclined to rather rough tactics our versatile left half has played brilliantly for three years. If her style, this last season, has lost a little of its former polish she is still the best half the School has had for a long time. In the seven-a-side tournament she played left wing, showing a rare accuracy of shooting and a fine turn of speed on the ball. Her stick work is excellent.

D. GRAHAM.—This third member of our half line completes a trio of excellent players. Her stick work, passing and tackling are very good. Her chief weakness is passing too often to the left. Deceptive player to watch—looks slow but always there when wanted. A very calm player—a good characteristic for a centre half.

H. GRAHAM.—Our speedy right wing whose running has been the admiration of many onlookers. Her shooting has been consistently good this season, but her passing near the circle is rather weak. With more experience in stick work and tactics, she should make an excellent player. A breezy "go-ahead" player who gives of her best.

M. LYALL.—A player of many possibilities but sadly disappointing, a neat and finished player who has a clear idea of the game and whose shooting would make her an asset to any team. Lately she has tried to cure her former weakness of lack of tackling back. If she gets rid of her "don't care" attitude her play will be 100% more forceful.

A. BERTRAM.—Our temperamental and erratic centre forward who sends us into raptures one day and despair the next. Her stick work is good but her passing is badly timed, and for a centre forward she passes too readily. Might be summed up thus, "When she is good she is very, very good and when she is bad she is horrid!"

M. HAY.—A consistently steady player who tackles back well and distributes the ball well to her centre and wing. Inclined to be slow on the ball. A player who never shines on the field but is a steady and quiet worker.

M. FRASER.—Another speedy wing who has managed to fill the difficult position on the left quite well. Combines well with her inner. Her passing is reliable but she takes the ball too far upfield before passing in. More experience will eradicate her faults. A player who works very hard, but whose efforts are often lost owing to lack of finish.

E. CHISHOLM.—From half-line to back line is rather a jump but E. Chisholm settled to her new position with consummate ease. The soundness and accuracy of her tackling and her well-directed passing did much to strengthen the team. An unobtrusive player who works hard from "bully off" to "time."

B. GEMMELL.—One of the finest backs the school has ever seen in stick work, tackling and passing. Her left hand lunge is particularly good. She has played an excellent game this season. Perhaps her best characteristic is the speed with which she tackles and covers back. An extremely hard-working player who will play till she "drops."

M. HARGREAVES.—Our youthful goalkeeper who is steadily improving into a very sound custodian. She has played well this season and has a good idea of the game and plays with her head. More experience and she will be a valuable player to any team.

TENNIS.

Tennis has proved as popular a sport in summer as hockey has done in winter, and we are drawing to the close of a very successful season. The school has played three matches and has won each time, being represented by:—

Dorothy Graham and Eleanor Chisholm.
 Agnes Bertram and Annie Porter.
 Margaret Fraser and Ella Graham.

The Matches are as follows:—

Dunfermline 3 : Gillespie's 6
 Trinity 2 : Gillespie's 7
 Dunfermline 4 : Gillespie's 5

One match remains to be played against Trinity on 29th June. The house matches have not been completed; the singles and doubles tournaments are also unfinished.

SWIMMING.

The Eleventh Annual Gala was held in Warrender Baths on the evening of Friday, 26th May, before a record gathering of parents and friends. In all the events there was keen competition, excitement reaching a height in the Inter-House races. Miss Ellen King once again delighted the audience with her exhibition of swimming, and Ian Lemmon gave a special display of diving.

The Chairman, Mr Thomas Scott, in his remarks, said the club membership stood now at 365 which constitutes a record for the school. During the year pupils had gained 224 Swimming Certificates—110 Elementary, 65 Intermediate, 32 Advanced, and 17 Life-Saving Certificates. This session they had added to their honours by gaining 9 Bronze Medallions and 14 Intermediate Certificates awarded by the Royal Life-Saving Society. The following were the successful pupils for the Bronze Medallion and Intermediate Certificate:—Nancy Burn, Robina Houston, Irene McDermott, Adelaide Mitchell, Margaret Morrison, Jean B. Paterson, Marjory Rennie, Maud Urie; for the Bronze Medallion—Helen Gloag; for the Intermediate Certificate—Alice Henderson, Evelyn Grant, Wilma Mackay, Doris Paterson, Catherine Tait, and Alice Torkington.

The principal results of the Gala were as follows:—

Championship of the School—Margaret Crichton with 18 points;
 Kathleen Maclean and May Lyall being runners-up each with 11 points.

25 Yards Handicap. Grade A.—Geira Barker.
 " " B.—Dorothy Paterson.
 " " C.—Amy Wilson.
 " " D.—Elizabeth Sheed.
 " " E.—Constance Wyper.
 " " F.—Jean Butchart.

50 Yards Handicap. Grade A.—Alice Torkington.
 " " B.—Isobel Strachan.
 " " C.—Nancy Burn.
 " " D.—Alice Walker.

Balloon Race. Grade A.—Dorothy Shand.
 " " B.—Helen Paterson.

Chariot Race.—Catherine Tait and Alice Henderson.

Life-Saving in Pairs.—Kathleen Maclean and Helen Gloag.

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

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

The House Championship was won by Roslin (38 points) with Warrender as runner-up (11 points).

The session was brought to a successful finish at the Edinburgh Schools' Gala held on 12th June, when our pupils won four first places and two seconds, and completed the evening's performance by winning the Edinburgh School Board Swimming Challenge Shield (for girls under 14), and the Secondary Schools' Four-a-Side Team Race.

The principal prize-winners were:—

Final One-Length Breast Stroke Race, under 12.—1. Elsie Taylor.

Final Breast Stroke Championship (over 14).—1. Helen Gloag.

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

Life-Saving (Open).—1. Kathleen Maclean and Helen Gloag.

Four-a-Side Team Race for School Board Shield.—

1. James Gillespie's High School (Alice Torkington, Catherine Tait, Marjory Harris, and Nan Sinclair).

Four-a-Side Team Race for Secondary Schools.—

1. James Gillespie's High School (Kathleen Maclean, Mary Gray, Helen Gloag, and Margaret Crichton.)

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

CRICKET.

The Club is now in the sixth year of its existence. Although the membership is not so large as in previous years the enthusiasm is as keen as ever and the practices have never been so well attended. Two matches have been played. John Watson's gained a very easy victory, but, in a very exciting finish with St. Thomas of Aquin's, Gillespie's were just beaten by five runs. It is hoped that in the return matches these results will be reversed.

In order that a more representative eleven may be fielded next year, it is hoped that more pupils will take up the game.

GOLF.

There has been a welcome increase in the membership this season, 22 girls having joined.

The opening competition on Braids No. 2 attracted a good entry

RESULTS.

1st 9 holes—Evelyn Dargie 62.
 Jessie M'Lean 62.
 Victoire M'Leod 63.
 Mysie Bauchope 63.
 2nd 9 holes—Ruby Hindmarsh 61.
 Margaret Malcolm 62.
 Victoire M'Leod 64.

Best Score over 18 holes—Victoire M'Leod 127.
Ruby Hindmarsh 127.

Results of House Matches—(Teams of 4) :—

Gilmore	2 Matches.	Roslin	2 Matches.
Spylaw	2½ „	Gilmore	1½ „
Gilmore	2 „	Warrender	2 „
Roslin	2½ „	Spylaw	1½ „
Warrender	2 „	Spylaw	2 „
Roslin	3½ „	Warrender	½ „
Total	Roslin 8 „	Gilmore	5½ „
	Spylaw 6 „	Warrender	4½ „

The 8 entrants for the *School Championship* played one round to qualify for Match Play.

RESULTS.

Kathleen M'Lean (qual. score 106) } Kathleen McLean:
Ruby Hindmarsh („ 105) }

Victoire M'Leod („ 118) } Victoire M'Leod.
Ruby Gauldrie („ 115) }

Final—Victoire M'Leod (1E) beat Kathleen M'Lean (3B)—2 and 1.
Victoire M'Leod thus becomes winner of the McEwan Medal for the season.

It is proposed to hold another Stroke Competition and a Putting Competition before the end of the Season, and rumour has it that there may be a Challenge issued to the Staff.

ANNUAL SPORTS.

At Slateford, on 14th June, the Annual Sports were held under ideal conditions and before a large crowd of spectators. Thanks to Mr Seaton's skilful organisation, all the events were carried through with perfect smoothness and promptitude. To give the competitors every chance, it is essential that the track be kept quite clear. This is difficult, especially in the Relay races, when spectators are apt to be carried away by enthusiasm for their Houses; but it was particularly satisfactorily accomplished this year, with the result that every one had an uninterrupted view of the "finishes." The prizes were presented by Mrs Stevenson and Mrs Burnett. The entries totalled 1,750, a record for the school.

The House Championship resulted :—

Gilmore	102 points.
Roslin	58 „
Spylaw	32 „
Warrender	28 „

The Individual Championship was won with 16 points by Helen Graham, who becomes the holder of the Stevenson Cup. Joan Webster with 15 points was runner-up.

The principal results were :—

INFANTS.

Senior A.—Williamina Grew.

„ B.—Moira Blyth.

Junior A.—Jean Irvine.

„ B.—Valmai Edenborough.

PRIMARY.

2 Junior A.—Ruby Stewart.

„ B.—Marguerite Combey.

1 Junior A.—Olive Morison.

„ B.—Ruth Weddell.

Flat Race—Under 10.—Dorothy Edgar.

„ „ 11.—Jean Bennet.

„ „ 12.—Jessie Walker.

„ (Open).—Jessie Walker.

Skipping Race—Under 10.—Dorothy Edgar.

„ „ 12.—Margaret Macbeath.

„ (Open).—Ella Moore.

Egg and Spoon Race—Under 11.—Evelyn Small.

„ „ (Open).—Jessie Walker.

Three-Legged Race—Under 10.—Marjorie Hamilton and Doris Sey.

„ „ (Open).—Betty McDonald and Jean Littlejohn.

Sack Race (Open).—Betty Hardie.

Relay Race—1st Seniors.—H. Morrison, M. Bissett, E. M'Donald, and I. Bruce.

„ 2nd Seniors.—V. Wood, M. Macbeath, G. Jamieson, and M. Mills.

„ 3rd Seniors.—A. Tait, W. Burden, M. Durie, and W. Hamilton.

SECONDARY.

Flat Race—Under 13.—Margaret Morton.

„ „ 13.—Emma Pike.

„ „ 15.—Annie Gould.

„ (Open).—Joan Webster.

Skipping Race—Under 14.—Catherine Hall.

„ (Open).—Helen Graham.

Egg and Spoon Race—Under 14.—Alice Walker.

„ „ (Open).—Margaret Morrison.

Sack Race—(Open).—Cissy Brydon.

Three-Legged Race (Open).—Nancy Thornton and Isobel Scougal.

Walking Race (Open).—Dorothy Ewan.

Flat Race—220 Yards.—Helen Graham.

- High Jump—Under 15.—Margaret Morton, 3 ft. 11 ins. (*School Record*).
 „ (Open).—Helen Graham, 4 ft. 4 ins. (*School Record*).
 Broad Jump—Under 15.—Margaret Morton, 12 ft. 0½ ins. (*School Record*).
 „ (Open).—Joan Webster, 13 ft. 5½ in.
 Hurdle Race—Under 15.—Catherine Hall.
 „ (Open).—Joan Webster.
 Throwing the Cricket Ball.—May Lyall, 141 ft.
 Hockey Dribbling.—Annie Porter.
 Relay Race—Under 15.—Gilmore House (C. Hall, C. Tait, A. Shenkin, and I. Simpson.)
 „ (Open).—Gilmore House (H. Graham, J. Webster, E. Gray, and J. Burn).

HOUSE CHAMPIONSHIP.

PREVIOUS WINNERS.

- 1926-27—Warrender. 1927-28—Spylaw.
 1928-29—Gilmore. 1929-30—Warrender.
 1930-31—Gilmore. 1931-32.—Gilmore.

	HOUSE CHAMPIONSHIP, 1932-33.			
	GILMORE.	ROSLIN.	SPYLAWS.	WARRENDER.
	PTS.	PTS.	PTS.	PTS.
Merit . . .	89	58	99	104
Attendance .	35	35	43	37
Hockey . . .	33	28	19	19
Swimming .	14	47	21	18
Sports . . .	46	26	15	13
Tennis . . .	28	20	39	13
Golf . . .	23	33	25	19
Totals . . .	268	247	261	223
Less Penalty Pts.	76	80	76	68
Grand Totals	192	167	185	155

Champion House—Gilmore. Second—Spylaw.

J. C. B.

* * * *

FORMER PUPILS' SECTION.

We have pleasure in printing the following article by Mr James R. Guthrie, M.A., who recently won a travelling scholarship at the Church of Scotland Divinity Hall and made a tour to Palestine. We take this opportunity of reminding other F.P.'s that we are always pleased to receive poems or articles likely to be of general interest—more especially articles on careers or travel.

THE OLD AND THE NEW IN PALESTINE.

Clashes and contrasts would be expected in a land so uniquely situated as Palestine. For it lies at the meeting place of the East and the West, and is traversed by time-honoured routes of war and commerce which serve to bind the two together. And though it is really an eastern country the part it has played in history and religion has acquired for it an interest in the eyes of the west out of all proportion to its size and commercial importance. In Palestine the old and the new walk side by side, like donkey and camel yoked to the same plough. Sometimes the juxtaposition is laughable. More often it fills one with regret that the old order must inevitably change.

In the towns the contrasts are naturally most glaring. Jerusalem itself is no longer one town, but several small ones, with modern offshoots striking out from the main nucleus in all directions. The old city is girt around by its ancient wall, and is therefore more slow to change. Here, in the narrow streets and crowded "soukhs," with their variegated stalls, their ceaseless movement, and their kaleidoscopic changes of colour, one glimpses true eastern life: but a poster on a conspicuous wall advertising "The Blonde Venus" reminds one that the year is 1933!

The thoroughfares of the modern city are already familiar to those who have walked along Princes Street, except that the complexion of the shoppers is generally brown, and there is a gayer variety of costumes. With a few notable exceptions, the recent buildings are in true modern style.

angular and efficient and ugly, and wholly out of harmony with the landscape.

On the eastern side of the city, however, near the native village of Siloam, snatches of typical peasant life may still be had. Women with graceful step and elegant poise of head still carry water from the Pool: but the shapely earthen vessel has almost vanished, replaced by the more commercial but hardly picturesque petrol tin. Similar incongruities are evident everywhere. A woman of Bethel granted me permission to enter her dwelling of mud and stone. It consisted of two storeys. The lower one was occupied by the cattle, while on the "shelf" above, the whole family resided. It was just such a house as, we read, people inhabited in biblical times, except in one particular: in a remote corner beside some old cooking utensils, stood a very modern "Primus" stove!

On the Plain of Esdraelon, just south of Galilee, you may still see oxen ploughing with the primitive one-handed wooden plough; but perhaps, too, you will hear in the distance the drone of the latest type of motor "combine." Zionism is rapidly modernising Palestine. The mushroom Jewish city of Tel Aviv—the only one of its kind in the whole world—is simply a European city set down in the East, except that the official language is Hebrew. Jewish colonies are springing up all over the country, some of them prosperous agricultural settlements amid fragrant orange groves, but others, as a native guide contemptuously remarked, subsisting merely by operating petrol pumps.

The phrase "Go to Jericho" acquired a deeper meaning during the War owing to the terrible hardship of being encamped, in the height of an eastern summer, near the "lowest city in the world." Barbed wire, traces of trenches, and a derelict Turkish gun called "Jericho Jane" still remain to attest the grim realism that lay behind that saying. But now, instead of having the abode of death, Jericho is becoming noted as a health resort. True, the traveller may still fall among thieves on his way down (and hold-ups do actually occur about once a year) but the joy of a moonlight picnic and bathe at the Dead Sea more than compensates for the risk. A splendid road takes the visitor speedily from Jericho by car to the spot most frequented by bathers, marked by a hut with fresh-water sprays, and a

refreshment stall. The thrill of bathing in the Dead Sea is something that can only be experienced: it cannot be conveyed in words.

It was recently observed that although Palestine (in spite of the phrase "the unchanging East") is rapidly being westernised, it still remains for the traveller "the Holy Land," since it still has its sacred shrines. But it may be questioned whether those shrines really form the attraction of the visitor to Palestine. For all the traditional spots are disguised by the gaudy churches and monasteries built over them—even the reputed scene of the descent of St. Paul in a basket is being "immortalised" in this way!—so that they have lost all reality as "holy places" except for those who have imagination to look beyond waxen tapers and mortar and stone. The church has laid its numbing hand upon the Holy Places of Palestine; Progress is driving Beauty and Romance from its cities and villages: one was glad to be able to lift one's eyes to the hills, which change not.

* * *

FORMER PUPILS' CLUB, 1932-33.

The Club's activities for Session 1932-33 began with a combined social and business meeting held in School on Friday, 28th October 1932. Reports for the previous session were given, some 120 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., MA.

Joint Presidents—Miss D. S. C. Sanders, Mr G. Thomson.

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

Treasurer—Miss M. Campbell, 13 Viewforth Square.

Committee—Misses M. Forgan, C. Graham, M. Harland, C. Rennie, M. Sutherland, C. Wishart, M. Peters; Messrs J. Adamson, G. Forgan, E. A. Garratt, J. G. Glen.

After tea had been served, the meeting concluded with a programme of dancing.

The second meeting for the session held on Friday, 2nd December, was as usual, purely social.

The Reunion, this year, was held in the Plaza on Wednesday, 8th February 1933. A representative gathering of former pupils and their friends, numbering about 160, ensured its social and financial success.

Reports of the sports sections will be found elsewhere.

New members to the club or to any of its sections will be made most welcome.

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

* * * *

F.P. RUGBY CLUB.

As nothing untoward happened during the past season which might call for comment, I shall right away give the customary short resumé of the results of our endeavours during the season just closed. These are :—

POINTS					
PLAYED	WON	LOST	DRAWN	FOR	AGST.
17	5	11	1	108	130

These figures are not so good as the previous season's, but as considerably stronger "opposition" were taken on, this is perhaps hardly surprising. One satisfactory feature disclosed by these results is that defence continues to be a strong element of the team's play, and in the past the reverse might have been said to be the case! Most of the defeats sustained were exceedingly narrow, as shown by the little difference between the points totals "for" and "against." More "punch" in attack is required and we are confident that this will be reflected in the play during the coming season.

As usual, a "seven" was entered for the Junior Tournament at Murrayfield and was somewhat unluckily beaten by Trinity by 5 points to 3.

In conclusion, might I appeal to the male section of the F.P.'s for just one or two new members—talented ones if possible! Although we are continuing to run only one fifteen there are still vacancies for one or two good youngsters. A social-cum-business meeting will be held on 20th September next, to make arrangements for the coming season. New members will be made welcome there, and they should write to me for further particulars.

W. MACLACHLAN,
Hon. Secy.

F.P. HOCKEY CLUB.

After a lapse of about 4 years the F.P. Hockey Club has again become active.

Owing to the bad weather and condition of the ground not half the number of matches arranged were played.

The full results read :—

GOALS					
PLAYED	WON	DRAWN	LOST	FOR	AGST.
7	4	0	3	31	18

We have a full fixture list for next season and there has been a number of requests from other clubs for fixtures with a 2nd XI. We still require a large number of members to enable us to run more than one eleven successfully, so any girls leaving school and other F.P.'s interested should get in touch with the Secretary before next season commences on September 9th.

M. M. PETERS,
56 Glendevon Place,
Edinburgh, 12.

* * * *

F.P. NOTES.

Miss PHYLLIS M. F. SHATTOCK has graduated B.Sc. at Edinburgh University, and has been awarded 1st Class Honours in Bacteriology.

Miss LUCY E. TOPPING has graduated B.Sc. with 1st Class Honours in Bacteriology.

Miss DOROTHY E. B. MELVILLE and Miss DOROTHY M. HURFORD have graduated M.A. with Honours in French at Edinburgh University.

Miss J. MAY DODS has graduated M.A. with Honours in English at Edinburgh University.

Miss ANNIE BRODIE has graduated M.A. with Honours in German at Edinburgh University.

Messes JAMES R. GUTHRIE, ROBERT G. ROSS, Misses PEARL HYMAN, ELIZABETH A. JEFFREY, GRACE F. JOHNSTON, HELEN CHASSELS, D. KINNAIRD, JESSIE K. REE and CATHERINE H. TURNER have graduated M.A. at Edinburgh University.

Misses MARJORY ANNE KEITH, M.A., and JANET F. MONTGOMERY, M.A., have been awarded the Diploma in Education.

Mr WILLIAM ROSS, M.A., has been awarded the Vans Dunlop Scholarship in Natural Philosophy.

Mr LOUIS GINSBURG has been awarded the Donald Fraser Bursary and the Horsehill-Scott VBursary in Mathematics.

Mr JAMES R. GUTHRIE, M.A., who is studying in the Divinity Hall, has been awarded a Travelling Scholarship to enable him to visit Palestine.

Rev. MAGNUS R. NICOLSON, St. Abbs, has been appointed to the Church of Scotland Jewish Mission, Buda-Pesth.

Mr W. D. MILNE and Mr R. G. ROSS, M.A., have been appointed Officers of H.M. Customs and Excise.

Miss IRENE GLASS has passed 1st in Scotland, 3rd in Great Britain, at the Civil Service Examination for Writing Assistants.

Misses JOAN P. ADAMSON, MARGARET S. DUNCANSON, and F. OLGA SEATTER have gained the Diploma of the Edinburgh College of Art.

Miss F. OLGA SEATTER has been awarded a Travelling Scholarship of £100, under the Andrew Grant Bequest, by the Board of Management of the Edinburgh College of Art, for Travel to London and the Continent.

Miss ALMA S. BLOOR has passed the Senior Commercial Examination in Higher Arithmetic and Practice of Commerce.

Miss PERLA M. BAILEY has gained the Junior Commercial Certificate at the Examination held by the Edinburgh Chamber of Commerce and Manufactures.

Miss MARGARET SPENCE is Instructress in Cooking at a Ministry of Labour Centre in Harrogate.

Mrs CLELLAND (Irene Clarkson) played for Scotland in the International Hockey Matches against England and Ireland. This makes 29 international caps Mrs Clelland has won.

Mr JOHN AITCHISON has won the Braids Coronation Trophy for the second year in succession.

MARRIAGES.

STENNING—BINNS.—At Wimbledon, on 2nd July 1932, HAROLD STENNING, late of Edinburgh, to EILEEN G. K. BINNS.

MCLEOD—GILBERT.—At Toronto, Canada, on 4th July 1932, Rev. GEORGE P. MCLEOD, to MARY L. GILBERT, M.A., 287 Dalkeith Road.

LIPETZ—SIMON.—On 6th July 1932, Dr. JULIUS LIPETZ, 13 Mansionhouse Road, to MARJORIE SIMON.

HADDOW—SLATER.—On 9th July 1932, THOMAS C. HADDOW, to CATHERINE WALSH SLATER, 5 Morningside Gardens.

CRAWFORD—SINCLAIR.—On 14th July 1932, JOHN D. CRAWFORD M.A., 28 Forrest Road, to ELLA G. SINCLAIR.

GIBSON—PACE.—On 23rd July 1932, JOHN S. GIBSON, to JANET ROSE HAMILTON PACE, Ormiston Mains, Ormiston.

REID—CLARK.—On 23rd July 1932, JOHN STUART REID, B.Sc., Indian Service of Engineers, Dunscoft, Liberton Brae, to ISABELLA L. CLARK.

SIM—PLASKITT.—At London, on 2nd August 1932, ALASTAIR SIM, 47 Pentland Terrace, to NAOMI M. PLASKITT.

CORNER—SOUTHERN.—On 15th August 1932, LEONARD CORNER, Shanghai, to LUCY SOUTHERN, Edinburgh.

MACKINTOSH—CORMACK.—On 27th August 1932, ALEXANDER MACKINTOSH, to ISABELLA CORMACK, 28 Canaan Lane.

ROBERTSON—WATT.—On 3rd September 1932, WILLIAM GRAHAM ROBERTSON, 7 Roseburn Gardens, to ETHEL GEORGINA WATT, 3 Shandon Terrace.

MORTON—GRANT.—On 6th September 1932, CHARLES K. MORTON to SARAH M. GRANT, 19 Craiglea Drive.

REID—WATT.—On 6th September 1932, WILLIAM DAWSON REID, 54 Marchmont Road, to JOAN H. WATT.

ARBuckle—CRAIK.—On 7th September 1932, WILLIAM ARBUCKLE, to PATSY CRAIK, Edinburgh.

HASTINGS—GARDINER.—On 9th September 1932, CLIFFORD H. HASTINGS, to GEINA GARDINER, 175 Brunstfield Place.

WALKER—CUMMING.—On 16th September 1932, Rev. CHARLES WALKER, M.A., to MARGUERITA L. CUMMING, M.A., B.Sc., 31 Buccleuch Place.

McILWRICK—McPHERSON.—On 19th September 1932, ALEXANDER W. G. McILWRICK, Murrayfield, to ALICE McPHERSON.

WALLACE—MACKENZIE.—On 24th September 1932, WILLIAM J. WALLACE, to ELIZABETH M. MACKENZIE, 4 Granby Road.

LAW—CUMMING.—At St. Margaret's Chapel, Edinburgh Castle, on 27th September 1932, Captain HAROLD B. LAW, to WINIFRED R. CUMMING, 171 Dalkeith Road.

GUNSON—GAIRN.—On 7th November 1932, ERNEST R. GUNSON, M.B., Ch.B., to CATHERINE LEE GAIRN, 47 Warrander Park Road.

McQUOID—PACE.—On 17th April 1933, JOHN McQUOID, to MARGARET F. PACE, Ormiston Mains, Ormiston.

DOWNIE—KANE.—On 7th June 1933, HAY DOWNIE, C.A., to MOLLY KANE, Edinburgh.

CERTIFICATE AND SCHOLARSHIP LISTS.

Pupils who gained Leaving Certificates in 1932.

Perla M. Bailey.	Christian B. McStravick.
Ellen M. A. Baillie.	Mary K. Miller.
Agnes M. Bertram.	Sarah W. B. Paisley.
Agnes M. Buglass.	Alexandra M. Paterson.
Millicent C. Dewar.	Kathleen L. Paterson.
Ruby M. Gauldie.	Helen G. Pitkeathly.
Jessie M. L. Goodbrand.	Elizabeth C. Ritchie.
Christina Graham.	Marjory Sommerville.
Betsy Howieson.	Isobel A. Tainsh.
Helen C. Kennedy.	Catherine L. Thomson.
Rhoda M. Macdonald.	Helen B. Wybar.
Isabella C. MacLean.	

Pupils who gained Day School Certificates (Higher) in 1932.

May Anderson.	Helen Mackay.
Muriel Barron.	Margaret Mackenzie.
Jane B. Bethune.	Dorothea Manson.
Frances Brunt.	Annabella E. Margach.
Elizabeth Bryce.	Alice B. Mercer.
Ethel A. Buglass.	Jean B. C. Middlemiss.
Elizabeth Butchard.	Helen Millar.
Elizabeth Carbarns.	Agnes Mitchell.
Hannah Couper.	Christina Pollock.
Margaret Crichton.	Ruth Punton.
Esther Davidson.	Mary L. Rennie.
Winifred A. Duncan.	Margaret C. Roney.
Marjory Elliott.	Jean G. Ross.
May D. Falconer.	Elizabeth A. Scott.
Margaret C. Ferme.	Margaret M. Scott.
Isabella Finlayson.	Norah E. Shields.
Beatrice Fletcher.	Annie B. Smith.
Caroline Forbes.	Elizabeth T. Smith.
Cecilia Gibson.	P. Doris Stalker.
Mary W. S. Gibson.	Mina M. M. Storrar.
Mary M. Gray.	Isobel J. Strachan.
Robertta Hindmarsh.	Elizabeth Thornton.
Mary W. Hughes.	Margaret A. Turnbull.
Jean Jamieson.	Margaret A. Wallace.
Joan Kenneth.	Annie S. Wilkie.
Jean M. Lugton.	

Pupils who gained the Junior Commercial Certificate of the Edinburgh Chamber of Commerce in 1933.

Mary G. Fisher.	Marjorie J. Hay.
Margaret H. Fraser.	Ruth S. D. Nicolson.
G. Dorothy Graham.	

The following have added Shorthand, Typing and Book-keeping to their Certificates gained last year:—

Johan W. Smith.	Isabella D. Wilkie.
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Other pupils passed in various individual subjects.

SCHOLARSHIPS ENTITLING TO REMISSION OF FEES FOR 1933-34.

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

ENTERING SIXTH YEAR.—Morag Dods, Mary G. Fisher, Anne H. Lockie, Rhoda Speirs, Margaret A. C. Watson.

ENTERING FIFTH YEAR.—Jane B. Bethune, Ethel A. Buglass, Hannah S. Couper, Margaret S. Crichton, M. Caroline Forbes, Margaret A. Mackenzie, Elizabeth T. Smith, Elizabeth M. Thornton.

ENTERING FOURTH YEAR.—Eva R. Harris, Louie Lawrence, Margaret I. Malcolm, Olive B. M'Ausland, Kathleen Maclean, Violet F. Michie, Dorothy M. Minck, Jenny M. Yellowlees.

ENTERING THIRD YEAR.—Gladys E. Beattie, Joan Buckle, Muriel Camberg, Lena M. Low, Morag Macdonald, ~~Barbara Lowe~~, Ann M'Intosh, Agnes Ross, Catherine Tait. *ALICE CLARK*.

ENTERING SECOND YEAR.—Margaret Bee, Winifred Burns, Grace Caddis, Alice Ferguson, Evelyn Hardie, ~~Barbara Lowe~~, Jean M'Killop, Victoire M'Leod, Doreen Michie, Marjorie Rowley, Frances Woodward.

ENTERING FIRST YEAR.—Jeanne Bauchope, Helen Forbes, Eleanor Ginsburg, Enid Hogg, Nancy Morrison, Helen Macdonald, Eliza M'Donald, Jessie M'Kay, Helen Young.

SCHOOL PRIZE LIST, 1932-33.

Dux of the School	. Ellen M. A. Baillie.
Dux in English	. Agnes M. Bertram.
„ Latin	. Ellen M. A. Baillie.
„ Greek	. Ellen M. A. Baillie.
„ French	. Alexandra M. Paterson.
„ German	. Alexandra M. Paterson.
„ Mathematics	. Christian B. M'Stravick.
„ Science	. Christian B. M'Stravick.
„ Art	. A. Evelyn Dargie.
„ Physical Training	. Helen R. Graham.
„ Music	. Ann S. E. M'Intosh.
„ Secretarial Subjects	. Agnes M. Buglass.
„ Dressmaking	. Margaret Maxwell.
Dux of Intermediate School	. Dorothy M. Minck.

SPECIAL PRIZES.

Prize presented by a Former Dux to the Dux of the School.
Ellen M. A. Baillie.

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

Prize presented by a Former Dux to Best All-Round Pupil.
Agnes M. Bertram.

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

Robertson Prize to "English" Dux of School.
Agnes M. Bertram.

Robertson Prize to "English" Dux of Intermediate School.
Dorothy M. Minck.

"Colin L. Jobson, M.A., Memorial Prize" to the Dux of the School.
Ellen M. A. Baillie.

"Jobson Prize" for Mental Arithmetic.
Dorothy M. Minck and Jenny M. Yellowlees (equal).

"Cowan Prize" in Art.
Kathleen Maclean.

"Councillor Tom Stevenson" Cup and Gold Medal for Athletics.
Helen R. Graham.

"Thomas Scott" Prize for Athletics.
Joan Webster.

Singing Prize.

1. Ruby M. Gauldie; 2. Jean F. R. Watson.

Sir Walter Scott Club Prizes.

Secondary School.—1. Adelaide Pass; 2. Morag Dods.
Intermediate School.—1. Annie Vint; 2. Mary B. Ramsay.

Stevenson Club Prize.

Ellen M. A. Baillie and Agnes Bertram (equal).

Burns Club Prizes.

Senior Section.—Frances M. Brunt.

Intermediate Section.—Dorothy M. Minck.

Junior Section.—Eleanor Ginsburg.

Bible Prizes.

Form 6.—A. Evelyn Dargie. *Form 5.*—Helen M. Gray.

Form 4.—Frances M. Brunt. *Form 3.*—Margaret Grieve.

Form 2.—Mary Keddie. *Form 1.*—Gladys Lamb.

3 *Senior C.*—Helen Douglas Young. 2 *Senior C.*—Marion Nelder.

1 *Senior C.*—Christina Johnstone. 2 *Junior A.*—Katherine

1 *Junior A.*—Isabel M'Donald. Ramsay.

S.P.C.A. Prizes.

1. Elizabeth M'Donald (3 Sen. B); 2. Jessie M'Kay (3 Sen. A):
3. Helen Douglas Young (3 Sen. C).

Pianoforte Prizes.

Mr Huxtable's Pupils.—1. Helen Gloag; 2. Mary Keddie.

Mr Paterson's Pupils.—1. Margaret O'Riordan; 2. Ethel Syme.

Mrs Ross's Pupils.—*Senior*—Lily Savage; *Junior*—Margaret Nelson.

FORM 6A.

English.—1. Agnes M. Bertram; 2. Ellen M. A. Baillie; 3. Alexandra M. Paterson; 4. Ruby H. Gauldie; 5. Christian B. M'Stravick.

History.—1. Alexandra M. Paterson.

Latin (Higher).—1. Ellen M. A. Baillie; 2. Agnes M. Bertram.
(*Lower*).—1. Marion B. H. Bauchope.

Greek.—1. Ellen M. A. Baillie.

French.—1. Alexander M. Paterson; 2. Ellen M. A. Baillie; 3. Betsy V. Howieson; 4. Agnes M. Bertram.

German.—1. Alexandra M. Paterson; 2. Agnes M. Bertram; 3. Betsy V. Howieson.

Mathematics (Advanced).—1. Christian B. M'Stravick.
(*Higher*).—1. Sarah W. B. Paisley.
(*Lower*).—1. Ann S. E. M'Intosh.

Science.—1. Christian B. M'Stravick.

Art.—1. A. Evelyn Dargie.

Music.—1. Ann S. E. M'Intosh.

Physical Training.—1. Agnes M. Bertram.

FORM 6B.

English and History.—1. Agnes M. Buglass; 2. Johan W. Smith.

French.—1. Agnes M. Buglass; 2. Isabella D. Wilkie.

Mathematics (Higher).—1. Agnes M. Buglass.
(*Lower*).—1. Johan W. Smith.

Secretarial Subjects.—1. Agnes M. Buglass; 2. Johan W. Smith.

Physical Training.—1. Helen R. Graham.

FORM 5A.

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

Latin (Higher).—1. Margaret A. C. Watson; 2. Morag Dods.
(*Lower*).—1. Susan K. N. M'Donald.

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

German (Higher).—1. Adelaide Pass.

(*Lower*).—1. Morag Dods.
(*Short Course*).—1. Betty N. Gauldie.

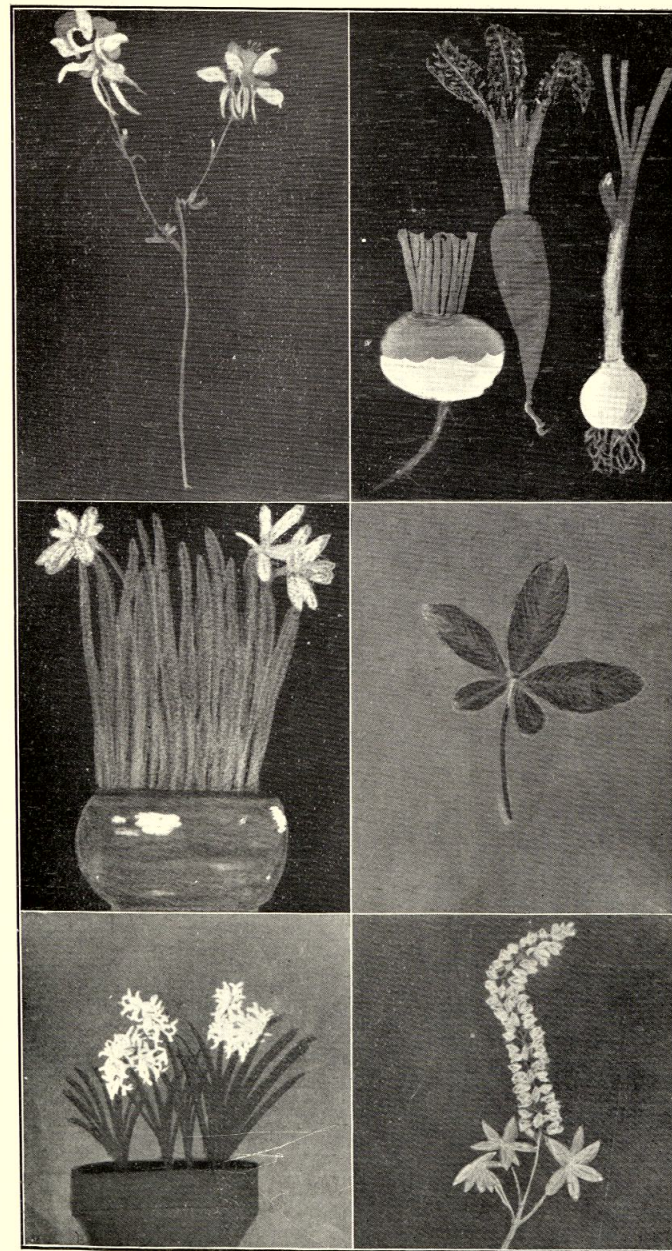
Mathematics (Higher).—1. Anne H. Lockie; 2. Morag Dods;
3. Jean F. R. Watson; 4. Enid M. Anderson.
(*Lower*).—1. Helen B. Morrison.

Science (Physics).—1. Jean F. R. Watson.
(*Chemistry*).—1. Anne H. Lockie.

Art.—1. Elizabeth M. Amos.

Physical Training.—1. Eleanor M. Chisholm.

JUNIOR CLASSES.



ESTHER CAPLAN.
JOYCE BENNIE.
SHEILA LOGIE.

NANCY LEES.
BETTY COSTA.
ANNIE SUTHERLAND.



INTERIOR
By EVELYN DARGIE (Form VI.)



"SWAN WATSONS"
By ELIZABETH AMOS (Form V.)

FORM 5B.

- English.*—1. Mary G. Fisher ; 2. Grace M. Moon ; 3. Margaret H. Fraser.
French.—1. Marjorie J. Hay ; 2. Ruth S. D. Nicolson ; 3. Irene I. B. Mackay.
German.—1. Ruth S. D. Nicolson.
Mathematics.—1. Mary G. Fisher and Marjorie J. Hay (equal).
Physical Training.—1. G. Dorothy Graham.
Secretarial Subjects.—1. Marjorie J. Hay ; 2. Irene I. B. Mackay ; 3. Mary G. Fisher.

FORM 4A.

- English.*—1. Frances M. Brunt ; 2. Elizabeth T. Smith ; 3. Caroline Forbes ; 4. Isobel J. Strachan ; 5. Elizabeth G. Bryce ; 6. Margaret M. Scott.
Latin.—1. Elizabeth T. Smith ; 2. Hannah S. Couper ; 3. Jane B. Bethune.
French.—1. Jane B. Bethune ; 2. Elizabeth T. Smith ; 3. Hannah S. Couper ; 4. Mary E. M'Nab.
German.—1. Elizabeth T. Smith ; 2. Hannah S. Couper ; 3. Jane B. Bethune.
Mathematics.—1. Elizabeth T. Smith ; 2. Margaret S. Crichton ; 3. Jane B. Bethune ; 4. Caroline Forbes.
Science.—1. Margaret S. Crichton ; 2. Isobel J. Strachan ; 3. Mary E. M'Nab.
Art.—1. Jean M. Lugton ; 2. Elizabeth T. Rosie ; 3. Mina M. M. Storrar.
Physical Training.—1. Jessie F. D. Burn and Elizabeth T. Rosie (equal).
Music.—1. Margaret M. Scott.

FORM 4B.

- English.*—1. Ethel A. Buglass ; 2. Margaret A. Mackenzie ; 3. Elizabeth M. Thornton ; 4. Annie B. Smith.
French.—1. Ethel A. Buglass ; 2. Elizabeth M. Thornton ; 3. Margaret A. Mackenzie.
Mathematics.—1. Margaret A. Mackenzie ; 2. Elizabeth M. Thornton ; 3. Ethel A. Buglass.
Secretarial Subjects.—1. Elizabeth M. Thornton ; 2. Margaret A. Mackenzie ; 3. Ethel A. Buglass.
Physical Training.—1. Jean W. Jamieson.

FORM 3A.

- English.*—1. Dorothy M. Minck ; 2. Annie W. Dunn ; 3. Jenny M. Yellowlees ; 4. Mary D. Kelloe ; 5. Isabella C. Wallis ; 6. Roberta H. R. M. Chilles.
Latin.—1. Dorothy M. Minck ; 2. Mary D. Kelloe ; 3. Freda E. Underhill ; 4. Olive B. M'Ausland.

French.—1. Dorothy M. Minck; 2. Mary D. Kelloe; 3. Charlotte M. Rosie; 4. Jenny M. Yellowlees.

German.—1. Dorothy M. Minck; 2. Mary D. Kelloe; 3. Mona I. H. Robertson.

Mathematics.—1. Dorothy M. Minck; 2. Violet F. Michie and Freda E. Underhill (equal); 4. Laura M. Watt.

Science.—1. Dorothy M. Minck; 2. Mona I. H. Robertson; 3. Violet F. Michie and Mary D. Kelloe (equal).

Art.—1. Mary B. R. Blyth; 2. Violet F. Michie; 3. Irene P. M'Dermott.

Physical Training.—1. Charlotte M. Rosie.

FORM 3B.

English.—1. Margaret I. Malcolm; 2. Rita Ordman; 3. Margaret W. M'Kinnon; 4. Winifred L. Chandler.

French.—1. Louie Lawrence; 2. Lilian A. M. Savage; 3. Muriel Green.

Mathematics.—1. Margaret Brettell; 2. Kathleen M. Maclean; 3. Muriel Green.

Science.—1. Rita Ordman; 2. Muriel Patullo; 3. Louie Lawrence.

Art.—1. Margaret I. Malcolm; 2. Kathleen M. Maclean; 3. Christian M. Reddin.

Physical Training.—Jane A. S. Burn and Kathleen M. Maclean and Margaret Morrison (equal).

FORM 3C.

English.—1. Margaret M'Beath; 2. Marjorie Rennie; 3. Annie M'Intosh; 4. Maud Urie.

French.—1. Helen Noble; 2. Joan Webster; 3. Margaret M'Beath.

Mathematics.—1. Helen Noble; 2. Gladys Robertson; 3. Joan Webster.

Science.—1. Annie M'Intosh; 2. Helen Noble; 3. Gladys Robertson.

Art.—1. Maud Urie; 2. Marion Dunbar; 3. Phyllis Manson.

Physical Training.—Joan Webster.

FORM 2A.

English.—1. Frances Niven; 2. Muriel Camberg; 3. Dorothy Cunningham; 4. Gladys Beattie; 5. Jean Paterson; 6. Jean Currie.

Latin.—1. Ann M'Intosh; 2. Agnes Ross; 3. Mary D. Grant; 4. Muriel Camberg.

French.—1. Jean Falconer; 2. Agnes Ross; 3. Jean Currie; 4. Irene Southern.

Mathematics.—1. Ann M'Intosh; 2. Gladys Beattie; 3. Elizabeth Macdonald; 4. Elizabeth Thomson.

Science.—1. Ann M'Intosh; 2. Muriel Camberg; 3. Agnes Ross; 4. Gladys Beattie.

Art.—1. Elizabeth Mercer and Winifred Cormack (equal); 3. Margaret Christie; 4. Agnes Ross.

Physical Training.—Marjorie Muir.

Dressmaking.—Winifred Cormack.

FORM 2B.

English.—1. Joan Buckle; 2. Alice Stephen; 3. Catherine Tait; 4. Alice Clark.

Latin.—1. Winifred Tunnah; 2. Anna Hogg; 3. Janet Anderson.

French.—1. Harriet Gordon; 2. Joan Buckle; 3. Alison Tait.

Mathematics.—1. Catherine Tait; 2. Joan Buckle; 3. Alice Tor-kington and Alice Clark (equal).

Science.—1. Alice Clark; 2. Catherine Benigan; 3. Catherine Tait.

Art.—1. Helen Shepherd; 2. Margaret Brown; 3. Clare Taylor.

Physical Training.—Annie Gould.

Dressmaking.—Margaret Brown.

FORM 2C.

English.—1. Elizabeth Georgiou; 2. Winifred Harris; 3. Doris Frater; 4. Doris Paterson.

French.—1. Elizabeth Georgiou; 2. Marjorie Shields; 3. Doris Crichton.

Mathematics.—1. Morag Macdonald; 2. Marjorie Shields; 3. Margaret Law.

Science.—1. Morag Macdonald; 2. Patricia Mortimer; 3. Dorothy M'Geoch and Elizabeth Georgiou (equal).

Art.—1. Doris Crichton; 2. Doris Frater and Morag Macdonald (equal).

Physical Training.—1. Margaret Dawson.

Dressmaking.—1. Morag Macdonald.

Domestic Science.—1. Agnes Russell.

FORM 2D.

English.—1. Lena M. Low; 2. Elizabeth B. Fairbairn; 3. Sheila D. Craik; 4. Catherine E. Joss.

French.—1. M. Emma Pike; 2. Catherine E. Joss; 3. Isabella T. Scougall.

Mathematics.—1. Lena M. Low; 2. J. Dorothy Purves; 3. Robina M. Barr.

Science.—1. Lena M. Low; 2. I. Alice B. Foggo; 3. Isabella T. Scougall.

Art.—1. Eleanora Traill; 2. Jean R. Black; 3. Margaret M. Lamaletie.

Physical Training.—Sheila Craik.

Dressmaking.—Jessie Lochhead.

Domestic Science.—Ruby Barr.

FORM 1A.

English.—1. Doreen W. Michie; 2. Kathleen Y. L. Spencer; 3. Margaret S. Bee; 4. Rachel E. Quinnell; 5. Ruby Ockrent; 6. Jessie B. McLean.

Latin.—1. Doreen W. Michie; 2. W. Mary Coote; 3. Ruby Ockrent; 4. Margaret S. Bee.

French.—1. Doreen W. Michie; 2. Margaret M. Morton; 3. W. Mary Coote; 4. Frances T. Woodward.

Mathematics.—1. Doreen W. Michie; 2. Frances T. Woodward; 3. Rachel E. Quinnell; 4. Isobel M. Campbell.

Science.—1. Doreen W. Michie; 2. Margaret S. Bee; 3. W. Mary Coote and Jean Hill (equal).

Art.—1. Doreen W. Michie; 2. Frances T. Woodward; 3. Jean Mitchell and Ruby Ockrent (equal).

Physical Training.—Margaret M. Morton.

Dressmaking.—Isobel M. Campbell.

FORM 1B.

English.—1. Barbara M. Lowe; 2. Winifred L. Burns; 3. Elizabeth McMillan; 4. Evelyn B. Hardie; 5. Jane M. Ritchie; 6. Margaret L. Lorntsen.

Latin.—1. Grace Caddis; 2. Alice A. Ferguson; 3. Barbara M. Lowe; 4. Evelyn B. Hardie.

French.—1. Grace Caddis; 2. Alice A. Ferguson; 3. Mysie C. Ross; 4. Winifred L. Burns.

Mathematics.—1. Bessie M. Barclay; 2. Gertrude Levy; 3. Grace Caddis; 4. Barbara M. Lowe.

Science.—1. Barbara M. Lowe; 2. Mysie C. Ross; 3. Margaret I. Jamieson; 4. Evelyn B. Hardie.

Art.—1. Grace I. Burnett; 2. Joan M. Godfrey; 3. Jean D. Cameron.

Physical Training.—Catherine L. Hall.

Dressmaking.—Bessie M. Barclay.

FORM 1C.

English.—1. Margaret Graham; 2. Janet Peterson; 3. Jean Mackillop; 4. Dorothy Barr.

Latin.—1. Dorothy Ewing; 2. Jean Mackillop; 3. Janet Peterson; 4. Alice Porter.

French.—1. Margaret Falconer; 2. Jean Mackillop; 3. Dorothy Ewing.

Mathematics.—1. Irene Jenkins and Janet Peterson (equal); 3. Jean Mackillop.

Science.—1. Janet Peterson; 2. Jean Mackillop; 3. Margaret Graham.

Art.—1. Margaret Graham; 2. Isabella Yuille; 3. Mary Lindsay.

Dressmaking.—Marion Dakers.

Physical Training.—Janet Peterson.

FORM 1D.

English.—1. Mary Robertson; 2. Marjorie Rowley; 3. Gladys Lamb; 4. Isabella Fairbairn.

French.—1. Isabella Fairbairn and Ann Skinner (equal); 3. Marjorie Rowley.

Mathematics.—1. Margaret Macpherson; 2. Mary Robertson; 3. Marjorie Rowley.

Science.—1. Margaret Macpherson; 2. Marjorie Rowley; 3. Jeanie Roy.

Art.—1. Marjorie Rowley; 2. Mary Robertson; 3. Margaret Macpherson.

Physical Training.—1. Marjorie Rowley.

Dressmaking.—1. Julia Mackay.

Domestic Science.—1. Jeanie Roy.

FORM 1E.

English.—1. Victoire McLeod; 2. Barbara E. Pryce; 3. Mary C. Mackenzie; 4. Margaret H. Simpson.

French.—1. Martha S. Reid; 2. Victoire McLeod; 3. Mary C. Mackenzie.

Mathematics.—1. Margaret H. Simpson; 2. Georgina G. P. Galloway; 3. Margaret M. More.

Science.—1. Victoire McLeod; 2. Martha Reid; 3. Margaret H. Simpson and Elizabeth S. Ketchin (equal).

Art.—1. Beatrice W. Milne; 2. Elizabeth S. Ketchin; 3. Barbara Black.

Physical Training.—1. Barbara Black.

Dressmaking.—1. Elizabeth S. Ketchin.

Domestic Science.—1. Helen Muir.

Class 3 Sen. A.

1. Helen Macdonald; 2. Jessie McKay; 3. Jeanne Bauchope and Doris Lingard (equal); 4. Kathleen Macdonald; 5. Margaret Gooding; 6. Margaret Inglis; 7. Elizabeth Brown; 8. Ruth Cameron.

Drawing.—Betty Hardie and Mary Telfer (equal).

Sewing.—Mary Stephenson.

French.—Helen Macdonald.

Class 3 Sen. B.

1. Elizabeth McDonald; 2. Enid Hogg; 3. Helen Forbes; 4. Muriel McDougall; 5. Mary Jackson; 6. Jane McWalter; 7. Margaret Hutchison; 8. Charlotte Maloney and Morag Shaw (equal).

Drawing.—Isobel Robertson.

Sewing.—Helen Patterson.

French.—Margaret Hutchison.

Class 3 Sen. C.

1. Eleanor Ginsburg; 2. Nancy Morrison; 3. Helen Young; 4. Helen Donaldson; 5. Alison Tait; 6. Mary Forster; 7. Jessie Rankine; 8. Estella Weddell.

Drawing.—Bethia Holmes and Barbara Stewart (equal).

Sewing.—Sheila Bee.

French.—Mary Forster and Nancy Morrison (equal).

Class 2 Sen. A.

1. Elizabeth Murphy; 2. Marion Peden; 3. Victoria Gillanders; 4. Audrey Purves; 5. Janette Squair; 6. Jean Swain; 7. Sheila Mather; 8. Margaret Mills.

Drawing.—Janette Squair. *Sewing*.—Elizabeth Anderson.

Class 2 Sen. B.

1. Marjorie Ritchie; 2. Joyce Cumming; 3. Elizabeth Chalmers; 4. Joyce Kidd; 5. Margaret Booth; 6. Jean Ross; 7. Annie M'Kenzie; 8. Edith Mitchell.

Drawing.—Elizabeth Chalmers.

Sewing.—Margaret Booth and Joyce Cumming (equal).

Class 2 Sen. C.

1. Pauline Wood and Muriel Brown (equal); 3. Dorothy Forrester; 4. Margaret Reid; 5. Jean Smart; 6. Robina Bruce and Evelyn Small (equal); 8. Nyasa Burn.

Drawing.—Dorothy Forrester.

Sewing.—Margaret Reid and Joyce Barr (equal).

Class 1 Sen. A.

1. Janet Brown; 2. Catherine Sinclair; 3. Dorothy Horsburgh; 4. Catherine M'Culloch; 5. Jean Connear; 6. Mabel M'Caig; 7. Jessie Houston; 8. Jean Halkett.

Drawing.—Iris Bruce.

Sewing.—Marguerite M'Pake and Helen Morrison (equal).

Class 1 Sen. B.

1. Dorothy Halliday; 2. Clara Scott; 3. Lili Simpson; 4. Hazel Stewart; 5. Isobel Ferguson; 6. Reeve Ronder; 7. Elizabeth Sheed; 8. Patricia M'Dermott.

Drawing.—Mae Johnston. *Sewing*.—Eileen Rye.

Class 1 Senior C.

1. Marjorie Hamilton; 2. Christina Johnstone; 3. Jean Wishart; 4. Catherine Simpson; 5. Eleanor Wallace; 6. Helen Morton; 7. Kathleen Suttle; 8. May Brownlee.

Drawing.—Kathleen Suttle.

Sewing.—Janet Waddell and Elizabeth Hughes (equal).

Class 2 Junior A.

1. Rhoda Graham; 2. Jean M'Nab; 3. Moira Haig; 4. Annie Sutherland; 5. Mabel Douglas and Myra Ockrent (equal); 7. Irene Fisher; 8. May Davidson.

Composition.—Moira Haig.

Drawing.—Esther Caplan.

Sewing.—Esther Caplan.

Class 2 Junior B.

1. Marguerite Combey; 2. Doris M'Murtrie; 3. Isabel Wishart; 4. Margaret Macpherson; 5. Margaret Gilbert; 6. Isobel Greig; 7. Mary Beaton; 8. May Jamieson.

Composition.—Isabel Wishart. *Drawing*.—Rosemary Matheson.

Sewing.—Doris M'Murtrie.

Class 1 Junior A.

1. Dorothy Beaton; 2. Doreen Colburn; 3. Isabel M'Donald; 4. Olive Stanton; 5. Ailsa Etheridge; 6. Christine Sanderson; 7. Olive Morison; 8. Winifred Addison.

Composition.—Isabel M'Donald. *Drawing*.—May Finnis.

Sewing.—Winifred Addison and Dorothy Beaton (equal).

Class 1 Junior B.

1. Dorothy Polson; 2. Dorothy Napier; 3. Marjorie MacGregor; 4. Dorothy Ferguson; 5. Moreen Calder; 6. Margaret Dick; 7. Rena Ross; 8. Winifred Dalgleish.

Composition.—Marjorie MacGregor. *Drawing*.—Dorothy Hamilton.

Sewing.—Ruth Weddell.

Class Sen. Infant A.

1. Agnes N. Wilson; 2. Frances Kay; 3. Sybil N. Kirk; 4. Marjorie M. M'Kinley; 5. Violet E. Hills; 6. Doreen I. Murray; 7. Elizabeth N. Manson; 8. Janet W. Worling.

Class Senior Infant B.

1. Alexandra B. Littlejohn; 2. Betty E. A. Torp; 3. Pamela E. Ryrie; 4. Rhoda W. Stewart; 5. Doris M. Murray; 6. Dolores R. Banigan; 7. Mary E. Steel; 8. Muriel Gilbert.

Class Junior Infant A.

1. Sheila Bryce; 2. Elizabeth Dunn; 3. Irene Scott; 4. Irene Chalmers; 5. Jane M'Kenzie; 6. Kathleen Halkett; 7. Alexandria Dow; 8. Nita Blackhall.

Class Junior Infant B.

1. Mary S. Kinnear; 2. Mhairi H. Reid; 3. Elizabeth Law; 4. Georgina P. Stephen; 5. Ethel M. Sells; 6. Elizabeth J. Underwood; 7. Dorothy M. Waterston; 8. Alexandra A. Wishart.

BURSARIES.

Secondary Bursaries were awarded last year to:—Jane B. Bethune, Hannah S. Couper, Esther P. Davidson, Mary E. M'Nab, Isobel J. Strachan, Elizabeth M. Thornton.

Intermediate Bursaries were awarded to:—Jean D. Cameron, Anne W. Cooper, Margaret Falconer, Joan D. Fisher, Catherine L. Hall Gertrude Levy, Agnes B. Robertson, Agnes Thornton, Lillian D. Underhill.

James Gillespie's School Bursaries were awarded to:—Bessie M. Barclay (Leith Academy); Isobel M. Campbell (North Merchiston); Evelyn M. Grant (Regent Road); Jean Hill (Stockbridge); Barbara M. Lowe (Craiglockhart); Annie E. Martin (Regent Road); Elizabeth McMillan (Broughton Elementary); Jean R. Sandilands (Broughton Elementary); Hannah R. Shenkin (Portobello); Bessie Swan (Bruntsfield).

Music Pass.

Elizabeth D. Sey, a pupil of Mr Huxtable, has passed the First Steps Pianoforte Examination of Trinity College, London.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

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