

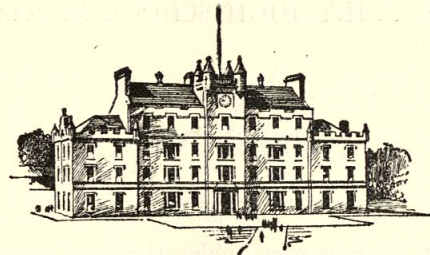
Gillespie's High School Magazine



July 1935



Memorial H B Brown.



Gillespie's High School Magazine

JULY 1935

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School Notes.

We began this session under the shadow of two very heavy losses. In July of last year we learned with deep regret of the death of Miss Lizzie Russell, for many years head of the Sewing Department, and in September came a second shock, in the passing of Mr Francis J. Smith, M.A., B.Sc., head of the Mathematics Department. In them we lost two greatly valued teachers, who gave ungrudgingly of their best to the service of the school, and whose memory will abide as part of its tradition.

This summer sees the retiral of Mr Frank D. Westwater, M.A., First Assistant, to whom we wish many happy years of leisure.

We have during the year welcomed several new members of staff. The first is no stranger, but an old friend come back from "exile"—Mr A. F. Buchan, M.A., B.Sc., who, after a few years in the Royal High School, has returned to the Gillespie "fold" as Principal Teacher of Mathematics. Miss M. E. R. Henderson, M.A., a former Dux of the school, has this year been acting as a temporary member of the mathematics and science staff. Miss Barbara F. Dickson has joined our sewing department, and Miss J. D. Boath is now assistant teacher of physical training. To all of these we would wish every happiness in their work among us.

The new Infant Department, gymnasium, laboratory and crafts-room which were in course of construction at the time when last year's magazine was published have all been in full use this session, and painting and decorating which are to be done this summer will further add to the amenities of the building, while removing the rather odd wall and ceiling "decorations" which have caused some amusement this session! A new epidiascope has proved a weekly delight to pupils of the primary school, and a film-slide lantern has added interest to the teaching of biology. The school wireless set has proved its usefulness on several occasions, notably when the assembled Secondary School listened-in to the launching of the "Queen Mary."

"All work and no play makes Jill a dull girl"—but the "Jills" of Gillespie's are unlikely to become dull from that cause. Various social activities have been carried through with all the customary zest. The "Lit." and Science Associations continue to flourish, and the Swimming Club, whose Annual Gala was held in May, remains one of the best supported and most successful of our school activities. We are fortunate in now having as swimming instructress our distinguished former pupil, Miss Ellen King, the world-famous swimmer. The two Christmas parties for the Secondary School were as jolly and as well-attended as ever. Christmas, too, saw the Infant Department decked with added glories in the shape of decorations, and the usual programme of carols and poems was given, to the delight of those privileged to be present.

Our school played its part in the Silver Jubilee celebrations. On Friday, 3rd May, the Headmaster read to the assembled school the Lord Provost's Jubilee Address, and the sum of £23, 8s. 8d. was collected in aid of the Princess Margaret Rose Bed. In connection with the Floral Pageant held in honour of Their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of York, Gillespie's School presented two scenes entitled respectively "1835" and "1935"—1835 representing a Victorian family out for an airing in a landeau complete with two bay horses and a picturesque footman, and 1935, a modern family, equipped for golf and tennis, in a sports car. A large number of senior girls acted as programme sellers at the Pageant, and the school continues to give active help in connection with various flag days, notably Alexandra Day and Poppy Day.

Last July over forty pupils along with nine teachers spent a most successful nine-days' holiday in Paris. The enthusiastic accounts to be found elsewhere in this magazine speak for themselves; here we should like to express, on behalf of the school, the warmest thanks to Mr Brash and Miss M'Dermont and the others who shouldered the burden of organising and supervising the trip.

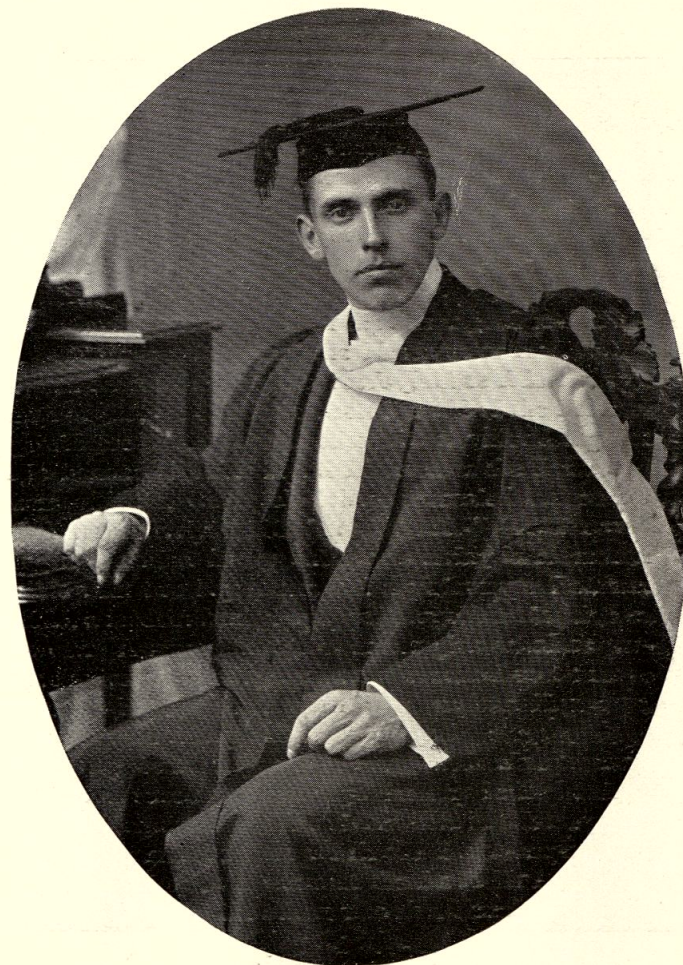
Another "school journey" on a much smaller scale took place on Founder's Day week-end, when seven girls along with Miss Foster and Miss Guthrie spent four days tramping in the Borders, staying at Langhaugh and Chapelhope Youth Hostels. Our Scottish June did its worst! None of those

who experienced it will easily forget that ten-mile tramp over an exposed hill road in lashing wind and sleet. We were thoroughly soaked but in no wise "damped"! The blessedness of a roaring fire and hot tea, the fun of "sing-songs" and story-telling at nights, the loveliness of St. Mary's Loch on a perfect day of sun and wind and flying cloud-shadows, the final thrill of a "lift" on a motor lorry—all these soon made up for the rigours of the Saturday's march, and Gillespie's has provided some enthusiastic recruits to the Scottish Youth Hostels Association.

Founder's Day was celebrated on 7th June, when we had the privilege of having Dr. J. B. Clark, C.B.E., as chairman, and Councillor Mrs E. Morison Millar as speaker. Councillor Mrs Millar gave a fine address on citizenship, beginning appropriately with an account of James Gillespie's life and benefactions, and leading on to the rights and duties of those whose privilege it is to be citizens of such a town as Edinburgh and pupils of such a school as our own. She particularly stressed the ideals of courtesy and considerateness. After the presentation of snuff-boxes to Dr. Clark and to Mrs Millar, the Head Prefect, Margaret Crichton (who is also distinguished as having completed thirteen years' perfect attendance at school) made the customary speech. After congratulating Dr. Clark on the honour recently bestowed on him by the King she made a neatly-framed request for a holiday on the Monday which, following what is happily becoming a precedent, Dr. Clark granted. After the service our very good friend Mr Tom Scott, J.P.—with whose generosity to the school we are well acquainted—presented the Head Prefects with Silver Jubilee medals. Mr Scott has also given copies of "The King's Grace" and of His Majesty's collected speeches as a "Jubilee Prize."

In a competition designed to encourage the submission of original posters illustrating the topic "Kindness to Animals," arranged by the S.S.P.C.A. and open to all schools in twenty-six Scottish counties, the Fourth Prize was won by Pat M'Dermott (3 Sen. B), and a Consolation Prize by Audrey Barker (3 Sen. A). Mary C. Stewart (Form 1 B) gained the Scottish award given by the National Safety First Association in connection with the Schools' Essay Competition for 1934.

Again we have to thank the donors of various prizes:—



FRANCIS J. SMITH, M.A., B.Sc.



Miss L. RUSSELL.

Mr John C. Jobson for his customary two "Jobson Memorial" prizes; Miss Betty Hislop, a former Dux of the school, for the "Mouren Memorial" prize for French; a generous friend from Ashfield for a prize for classics; and several other anonymous givers of special prizes. To all of these we express our sincere appreciation of their kindness.

School Savings Certificates now total £12,547, 17s.

Last year there were 153 passes in the Control Examination, 89 pupils gained the Day School Certificate (Higher), 23 the Group Leaving Certificate, and 4 the Junior Commercial Certificate of the Edinburgh Chamber of Commerce. 6 Intermediate and 3 Secondary Bursaries were awarded in 1934. 10 new "Gillespie" Bursars from other schools entered upon the first year of the Secondary Course.

A. E. F.

In Memoriam.

Miss LIZZIE RUSSELL.

On 12th July of last year, a few days before the end of the session, the school suffered a severe loss through the death of Miss Lizzie Russell, Principal Teacher of Sewing. Miss Russell joined the staff of James Gillespie's in the autumn of 1911, three years before the school was housed in its present building.

It is almost unnecessary here to speak of the high standard of efficiency attained by Miss Russell in her particular department. The Exhibition of Dressmaking and Needlework, held at frequent intervals, bore ample testimony to the excellence of her work, and those best qualified to judge paid well-deserved tribute again and again, not only to its perfection but also to its originality and its variety.

But Miss Russell's art found expression beyond the schoolroom. She was a lover of music, which at one time she considered adopting as a career, an omnivorous reader, and at the same time an appreciative and discerning critic, whose opinion of a book was well worth having.

Beauty of form and of colour made a strong appeal to her, and, keenly alive to all that was lovely in Nature, she found great enjoyment and happiness in the open air.

appointed a Science Master in Boroughmuir in 1904. He was promoted First Assistant in Preston Street School in 1910. During the War period, while Mr White was absent on munitions, Mr Westwater volunteered to take charge of the Science Department in James Gillespie's School as Temporary Science Master. For two years he performed this work so efficiently that when Mr Robertson retired in 1920 and the First Assistantship fell vacant, Mr Westwater, appointed First Assistant in Abbeyhill School in 1918, was unanimously appointed to the post of First Assistant in our School.

Mr Westwater has now been with us for fifteen years as First Assistant in charge of the Primary School and it is a tribute to his outstanding powers of organisation and his tactful and sympathetic treatment of colleagues and pupils that such a solid foundation has been laid for the development of the Secondary Department to its present important position. For example, during the last fifteen years nearly one hundred and fifty pupils have been presented yearly for the Qualifying Examination with rarely a failure. Surely a magnificent testimonial to faithful and efficient service and a record to be proud of! Under Mr Westwater's fostering care the National Savings Movement has taken deep root in James Gillespie's. Nearly £13,000 has been contributed during his period of office as Secretary.

Mr Westwater has never canvassed for promotion but has been content to give whole-hearted service to James Gillespie's School without thought of reward. There are few posts in the educational service of Edinburgh to which his great abilities did not entitle him to aspire and which he could not have filled with the greatest credit. But like Lawrence of Arabia he has been satisfied with doing his work for the work's sake and to our School has fallen the benefit.

All Mr Westwater's intimate friends know that the most distinctive part of his character is a passionate love of justice. How often in his dealings with impulsive pupils have we seen justice tempered with mercy! Pupils of James Gillespie's School will long remember him for his kindness.

A great host of friends, pupils and colleagues—former and present—will wish for him many happy years of retirement.

T. J. B.



FRANK D. WESTWATER, M.A.

From the Secondary Department.

REVELATION.

Once I saw dimly through the mists of thought
 A long grey battle-line of men and boys ;
 Their hearts were beating madly as they sought
 To hide the fear that quivered in their eyes ;
 For they saw Death before them cold and grey,
 With hideous leer and hand of steel outspread
 To curse each tattered body where it lay ;
 And in their souls unutterable dread
 Ate like a ravenous beast its murdered prey.

Nothing was heard but the fitful shriek of shells
 And the vigorous clashing of an angry gun,
 The lingering descant of some far-off bells,
 A startled lark that loved the rising sun ;
 And they who once had looked upon the world,
 And felt that man was great, that God was good,
 Saw nothing but a blazing banner curl'd
 And knew the agony of fire and blood.

ESTHER A. DAVIDSON, Form 6 A.

* * * *

DISCOVERING ELIA.

Book friendships often begin as strangely as human friendships. Some impulse tempts us to take down a book from a shelf—an unpromising-looking book, perhaps, with small print, no illustrations (do we ever outgrow our childhood's love of "books with pictures?"). We open the book, read a few sentences at random and discover something which attracts us—it may be beauty, humour, knowledge, or experience. That book no longer lives on the shelf—it lies on a bedside table, it is carried in a pocket, its binding begins to show signs of use. It becomes a living book, dear to someone's heart, and thus infinitely superior to the dull, immaculate volumes on the shelf.

I had read "Dream Children," "Old China," and the "Dissertation on Roast Pig," before I realised what Elia had to offer. One day I opened a black-bound book labelled uninvitingly "The Poems and Essays of Charles Lamb," and began to read "Reflections in the Pillory."

"What is there in my face that strangers should come so far from the east to gaze upon it? (Here an egg narrowly misses him.) That offering was well meant but not so cleanly executed. By the tricklings, it should not be either myrrh or frankincense." The pedantic humour of this fascinated me and I felt inclined to read more. Thus did Elia and I become acquainted.

I have a suspicion that Lamb is being neglected by a great many people who do not realise what they are missing. They have an idea that he is "stuffy." To cure anyone of this prejudice, I should prescribe a ten minutes' dose of Lamb daily. Let the patient begin with "The New Year's Coming of Age." This will probably cure him instantaneously—" . . . only Lady Day kept a little on the aloof, and seemed somewhat scornful. Yet some said Twelfth Day cut her out and out, for she came in a tiffany suit, white and gold, like a queen on a frost cake, all royal, glittering and epiphanous Rainy days came in dripping; and Sunshiny days helped them to change their stockings Pay Day came late, as he always does; and Doomsday sent word he might be expected."

There is a whimsical charm in a passage of this kind that is very difficult to analyse. It is as impossible for any other writer to imitate Lamb's style as it is for a silk-spinner to make a spider's web; in both cases the copy lacks the grace and lightness of the original.

It is amusing to read of Lamb's prejudice against Scotsmen. "I have been trying all my life to like Scotchmen, and am obliged to desist from the experiment in despair. They cannot like me—and, in truth, I never knew one of that nation who attempted to do it." I wonder if Elia and Dr. Johnson ever discuss their common dislike of our nation, as they bask in Elysian fields? I can picture the scene—the great Doctor enthroned on a bank of asphodel, Lamb, eager-faced, beside him, and Boswell hovering a faithful shadow, in the background. "Sir," said Dr. Johnson, ""

We learn to love Elia in all his moods as we read the mildly-rollicking "April Fool's Day," the reminiscent essays on "Christ's Hospital Five-and-Thirty Years Ago," "The South-Sea House" and "My First Play," and the gentle satire of "The Two Races of Men." But the mood in which we love him most perhaps, is the wistful sadness of "Dream Children." When we remember the sad facts of Lamb's life, we understood the pathos of this essay, so perfect in its simplicity.

He who has never read Lamb has missed the opportunity of making the acquaintance of some delightful characters. The lovable Captain Jackson, who saw all that belonged to him through rose-coloured spectacles, the "Gentle Giantess" of Oxford, and the inimitable Mrs Battle, the Grand Old Lady of the Card-Table, are unforgettable. And who does not feel attracted by Mrs Conrady?—"No one ever saw Mrs Conrady without pronouncing her to be the plainest woman that he ever met with in the course of his life. The first time that you are indulged with a sight of her face is an era in your existence ever after. You are glad to have seen it—like Stonehenge."

If you wish to escape from the age of chromium plate and Belisha beacons into the quiet of an earlier day, let Elia be your guide. He will lead you through the cloister-like calm of the Inner Temple, he will introduce you to his "cousin Bridget" and his friends, he will share with you his delight in some old folio, he will be always a humorous, gentle, charming companion.

DOROTHY M. MINCK, Form 5 A.

* * * *

IN A FRENCH CATHEDRAL.

The silence of an ancient church at eve—
 An aged beggar, pilgrim of the street,
 Who dries his tears upon a tattered sleeve,
 Has placed a candle at the Virgin's feet;
 He'll be forgotten in the dark of night,
 But that one candle 'gainst the cold, white stone,
 Will keep his simple prayer still burning bright,
 A jewel to adorn the Heavenly Throne:
 Oh God! I'd make a network of my mind,
 And weave such poetry as this therein,
 And throw it ere the threads of life unwind
 O'er old earth's witheredness, and cleanse all sin;
 And purity and truth would bloom again
 And smile as doth a garden after rain.

ANNIE E. VINT, Form 5 B.

* * * *

THE PULVERISED PIE

(or, Carbonised Cookery.)

A GREEK TRAGEDY IN ONE ACT.

SCENE—J.G.H.S. Cookery Room.

TIME—Wednesday morning.

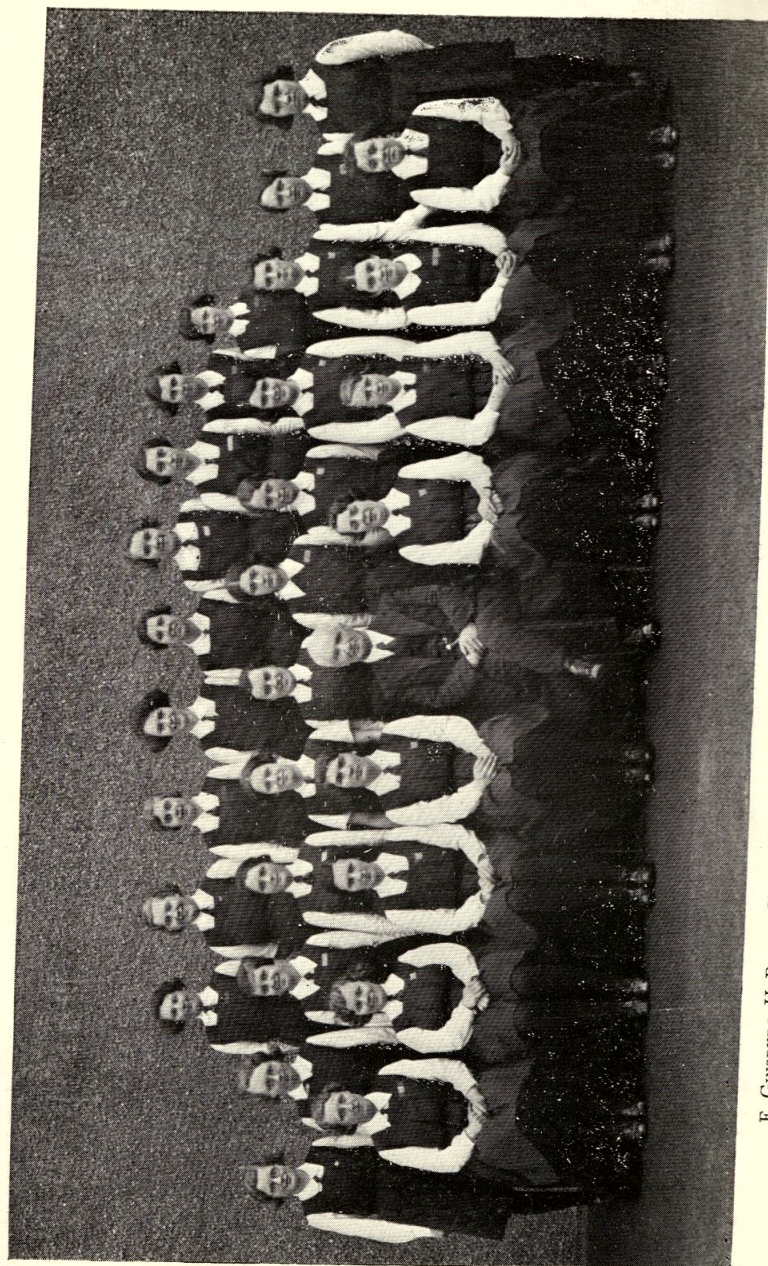
CHARACTERS—Culina, the High Priestess; and chorus of white-robed vestal virgins.

H.P. (*approaching gas oven*):—

"The awful hour draws nigh; soon it shall be
 My dreadful task to open wide to all
 The portals of this cave of burning heat,
 Where French Steak Pies in mystic order rest.
 By all the kitchen Deities, who guard
 This sacred hall and stove, I conjure ye
 Stand off, lest the o'er pow'ring parching rage
 Of Corporation Gas affect the bloom
 And lustrous beauty of your maidens' cheeks."



JANE B. BETHUNE
 (Dux of the School, 1934-35).



E. GINSBURG, H. BROWN, V. McLEOD, D. SHAND, J. ROBERTSON, A. WILSON, A. FERGUSON, M. ARMET, E. FRASER.
N. McDONALD, V. HOUSTEN, F. WOOD, N. BURN, H. BOWIE, J. PATERSON, J. DUCKLE, K. McLEAN, F. RITCHIE, J. WEBSTER, M. MALCOLM, J. SIBBALD,
O. McAUSLAND, R. HINDMARSH, F. BRUNT, M. CRICHTON, M. BURNETT, B. ROSIE, C. KAY, I. McDERMOTT, M. McBEATH.

Chorus of maidens :—

"Stand back ! stand back ! the fateful hour
Is here ; now let Culina's hand
Be strong to succour, quick to snatch
The sacred pies from Phlegethon !*" *[H.P. opens oven door. A dense cloud of smoke billows forth. All fall back in alarm.]*

H.P. :—

"Aïe ! aïe ! Weep, ye priestesses, weep !
Let G.H.S. be drowned in your salt tears
Ere man should see, in charred ashes, lie
The blackened ruins of the French Steak Pies.

[All weep obediently.]

How this should be, I know not, for I chose
With careful nicety the rubious flesh
Of bullock young and tender, laved it well,
Dusted with seasoned flour, and with it put
A paste of pretious herbs and parsley fine,
Covered with pastry of an even hue,
Adorned, and, with all due solemnity
And ceremonious chanting, laid it here
Within the best, most up-to-date Gas Stove.

What have I done t' offend the Deities ?"

Maiden :—"Alas ! alas ! The sacred flame ! 'Twas I !"

H.P. :—"What mean you, maiden ? Speak, and tell us
all !"

Maiden :—"Alack, 'tis thing too terrible to tell !"

H.P. :—

"Nay, wretched one, confess what you have done
Whate'er it be. Aïe, the piteous sight—
The cindrous blackness that was once a pie !
But now unfold your tale. No more delay."

Maiden :—

"Now, shade of great King Alfred, pity me !
While dreaming fondly of the blissful hour
When my unworthy longing lips should taste
A hallowed fragment of the masterpiece—
I quite forgot to tend the sacred flame !
I am the wretched culprit. Woe is me !"

*[There is a rush of maidens, the culprit is soon obliterated,
and the body cast into one of the mysterious cavities
under the table.]*

* Phlegethon—"River of Fire in the Underworld" (by special permission of the Classics Department).

H.P. :—

"The dreadful sin is expiated; now
Haste ye away, and lave in choicest wine
The thirsty ashes—for no funeral pyre
Is needed—and, in test-tube sealed up
Commit them to a grave beneath this floor.
Farewell!"

[H.P. places head in oven with pointer of dial between
"F" and "G." Maidens exeunt, wailing and beating
their breasts.]

JENNY YELLOWLEES } Form 5 A.
DOROTHY MINCK }

* * * *

A RUDE AWAKENING.

George was awakened by screams from downstairs. It was a dark, cold, winter morning so he rolled over hoping that the screaming—very probably caused by that replica of himself, the baby—would cease. He pulled the bed-clothes well up round his ears and snuggled down for a further nap. But the noise increased. What was that? It was without doubt the voice of his wife. What could she be screaming for? Fully awake now, he heard his own name being shouted again and again at the pitch of his wife's lungs. He understood at last. His wife was being attacked—perhaps being brutally murdered—by some hulking ruffian who had broken into the house. There was no time to be lost. The shouting had now ceased. Perhaps he would be too late! At that dreadful thought, he bounded, like a Bengal tiger, out of bed and raced for the landing. He took the steps three at a time, heedless of life or limb. If only he could be there before it was too late! He burst open the nursery door. His wife was sitting by the fire, quite composed. She looked up at her husband with an angelic smile on her beautiful features and said, "Oh George! why did you not come when I called? Baby had his big toe in his mouth and he really did look so funny!"

MARY D. GRANT, Form 4 A.

ARTHUR'S DRESS REHEARSAL.

Arthur had had a queer look in his eye for some weeks past now, and, knowing Arthur, I guessed something was in the air. But even I got rather a shock when, with a smug smile, he produced an advertisement.

"Do you see that?" he asked with a self-satisfied chuckle, as he does when he thinks he's been clever.

Well, I'd have been stone blind if I hadn't seen it. A more brilliantly-coloured article would be hard to find. It announced amid a riot of Cupids and lovers' knots that Mudton Men's Club would present "Mary Jane," a Victorian melodrama, on the following Friday evening.

"I designed that bill," said Arthur, fondly surveying the atrocity.

"I recognise your artistic touch," I returned scathingly.

Arthur, however, has no soul for irony, and only looked more like a blushing sheep than ever.

"A silly sort of play to choose when there's no girl to be the leading lady!" I told him. "Who's taken on that part?"

"Well, er—you see—er—it's—well—it's like this . . . " began Arthur, "er, I'm the leading lady!"

"Indeed!" said I in a freezing tone.

Arthur quailed as I spoke, but recovered.

"Look here, old girl, come and see the dress rehearsal next Thursday and tell me how I look!"

Well, that was too good a chance to miss, so Arthur and I went to the Town Hall on the eve of the fateful Friday. I took a front seat. After some hammering and various exclamations the curtain was jerkily raised. Arthur, with golden curls over his shoulder and dressed in a blue dress with pink bows, sat at a table stitching busily at a duster. Presently the door-bell jangled off-stage, and Arthur leaped up with a grin like a dying codfish.

"'Tis me lo-ove!" he yelped in a falsetto voice, "'Tis Fernando, me love!"

After some scuffling in the wings a fat, little man waddled on.

"Mary Jane," he squeaked, "I have returned!"

Arthur, with a gasp, apparently of delight, took a flying leap into his arms. Alas! Fernando didn't expect a

demure Victorian miss to be so athletic, and promptly collapsed. For the next few moments there was a whirl of arms and legs. Then Mary Jane emerged with "her" hair left behind somewhere on the stage, and eyed Fernando.

"Blithering idiot!" said she.

Fernando rose with a groan.

"Bungling codfish!" was how he addressed his lady love.

A few more epithets were exchanged before the stage manager hauled them off to add his personal criticism, and the rehearsal ended in confusion.

DOROTHY CUNNINGHAM, Form 4 B.

* * * *

SPECIAL INTERVIEW.

At colossal expense our *Magazine* has sent a representative to interview Mr James Magney in Hollywood. After having battled her way through a horde of journalists and cameramen our representative at last reached Mr Magney. The following dialogue took place during the shots of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," in which Mr Magney is playing:—

Rep.—"Pardon me, Mr Magney, could you speak a few words for my paper?"

Magney—"Soitenly Sister! take a load off your feet on that chair."

Rep.—"Now, tell me. What do you think of Shakespeare?"

Magney—"He shur is a swell guy. Some of his cracks are pretty smart but his lyrics ain't so hot."

Rep.—"Have you read any of his other plays?"

Magney—"Nope, but I'm lookin' forward to when he'll write some more. I guess he's in with Shaw and the boys over there."

Rep.—"Oh! He's nowhere near Shaw's time."

Magney—"Say! Are yah tryin' to tell me Shaws dead? The press boys shur are slow spillin' the noos here!"

Rep.—"Tell me. What rôle do you most wish to play?"

Magney—"I've not been suited yet, but I jes' heard this guy Shakespeare's finished a noo play called 'Joolius the Kaiser.'"

Rep.—"What is it called? I've not heard of that. What's the story?"

Magney—"Waal Sister, yah see, there's a coupla rival gangs with Joolius the boss of one joint and Al Brutus the big noise of the other. Al Brutus is sore with the Kaiser and plans to bump him off in the Houses of Parliament. But after he's kicked the bucket Battlin' Antony and some of his lootenants make a speech over the radio. The cops get the noos an' round 'em up at Philippi, but Al Brutus puts one over on 'em 'cos he's skipped it. Say! the dialogue's pretty slow but the script boys 'ull snap it up in no time."

Rep.—"Who are in the other rôles?"

Magney—"Waal I reckon, Sharbo and Lietrich 'ud put it over as Calpurnia and Portia. We're having Hutcha Harry and his Rhythm Boys for the holiday scene and Valley an' Grossby'll make things hum. I guess Wallace Cheery'll be swell for Antony and Stable an' Cowper'll be grand as Cassius an' Casca. Trebonius an' Cinna 'ud be marvellous with Stone an' Coalman, and for Loocius the servant boy—waal, I reckon Baby the Boy'll be jes' too cute."

Rep.—"Have you any message for my readers?"

Magney—"Soitenly. They couldn't do better'n go an' see me in 'A Midsummer Night's Dream,' the most stoopendous record breaking film of the year. You'll never see a better. All star supporting cast and—Me."

Representative leaves as a gentleman enters to discuss with Mr Magney the smartening up of the dialogue.

BETTY FISHER, Form 3 A.

* * * *

PRAYER TIME IN EGYPT.

When one talks of prayer in this country one straightway pictures a congregation bowing their heads over pews, while the minister solemnly pronounces many words of confession, supplication and blessing. I have noticed that the congregation is greatly divided in its attention; some reverently listen, others, shading their eyes with their hands, carelessly glance at their neighbours surrounding them, paying little or no attention to divine worship.

To one like myself who has visited Egypt, where the Mohammedan religion predominates, the contrast in the attitude towards prayer is striking. In Egypt the men do most of the praying. In the evening when the western sun is slowly sinking behind the vast expanse of pale grey sand, the Egyptian, be he even the house servant or scavenger, satisfied that his day's work has been well done, washes his feet, hands and face. He gargles his mouth to make it pure and worthy of the sincere words which he will utter in his prayer. He then carefully unrolls before him a coarse straw mat and turning towards the East and, at the same time divesting himself of his slippers, gradually falls on his knees and begins his prayers by bowing right to the ground with his forehead, various other actions accompanying the prayers.

Far away in the East is situated the holy city of Mecca. There the great prophet Mohammed is buried, and it is to him that the man addresses his prayer. The prayer does not seem original; he mumbles many incantations and at various intervals lifts his hands above his head and bows again to the ground.

What is he saying? The words he is repeating are probably those taught him by the Mohammedan priest called Imam, and like our own Lord's Prayer, though much longer, have been handed down from generation to generation even from the great prophet himself.

This prayer is no careless repetition of words, for he puts his heart and soul into it; no sidelong glances at his neighbours, for he is alone; no other thoughts beyond those of deep humility, sincere confession and earnest appeal for absolution and blessing. Furthermore, he does not repeat this prayer once a week but with punctual regularity kneels down every night.

What a difference in the deep devotion with which these Mohammedans say their prayers and the careless manner in which some Christians worship God in church.

When any of the Egyptians die, all their relatives and friends wait outside the hospital or house, and weep and pray. This is a very pitiful sight indeed, impressing us once more with the solemn observances of the East.

IRENE MATHESON, Form 3 B.

BALLAD IMITATIONS FROM FORM 2 A.

I.—THE TRAGIC RETURN.

She pinned a red rose in her hair,
Oh! she was bonnie to see.
Her gown was o' the pale green silk,
She sang richt merrilie.

"Gie me my cape, my mithier dear,
The one that suits me best,
I'll run and see my true love's ship
As it sails frae the west."

She saw the mast o' her true love's ship,
Above the deep blue line,
Then it was hidden frae her sight
By a tower of foaming brine.

She pinned a lily in her hair,
Oh! she was bonnie to see.
Her gown was o' the jet black silk,
She chanted mournfully.

ANNE PATERSON.

II.—HOW KINMONT WILLIE PAID HIS LAWING.

Lord Scroope has said that he'll make war
Upon the Scottish land,
He's mounted on a gallant gray,
The reins held in his hand.

Wi' four score men in his braw band
He rode until at noon,
He saw from a green hill nearby
The Scots come ridin' doon.

"And who is he that leads the foe?
And dare he come near me?
With but a score of rough, wild Scots
From Englishmen he'll flee!"

The Scots came nearer, nearer still,
And Scroope spurred forth his steed,
For Kinmont Willie, his great foe,
Was ridin' in the lead.

Wi' mony a shout and battle cry,
Kinmont's brave men came on,
And Lord Scroope in great haste has rushed
The bauld Kinmont upon.

But mounted on a fine black mare,
The Scot has drawn his sword,
And fierce and grim they fought it out
But neither spoke a word.

The Kinmont pierced Lord Scroope's bright helm,
Was heard a dying groan,
The English Lord fell from his horse,
The English now have flown.

Then spurring on ower hill and dale,
The cowards fled in vain,
The gallant Scots caught up with them
And every one was slain!

MARIA BUCHANAN.

* * * *

FIRELIGHT FANCIES.

It is dark. Outside, the wind is howling round the house as though it were lost and seeking admission. Inside the room, the only light is a fire, which casts fearful, flickering, ghostly shadows upon the walls.

A girl is crouched by the fire, reading by its rays a book. The book must be an eerie one, for the reader occasionally shudders and looks fearfully over her shoulder. The wind howls more dismally, the shadows reach their long black arms, and the girl shudders violently. She shuts the book and gazes into the fire. Weird characters seem to be depicted in its glowing heart, and her fascinated, though fearful, gaze is concentrated there. A branch taps softly

on the window, and the girl starts but is too scared to lift her head. She sits as if turned to stone and outside the wind is howling.

A child is lying in bed in a firelit nursery. The flames of the fire are leaping up and changing the shape of everything! How funny the teddy-bear is, there in the corner! He looks more like Grandpa, sitting like that! And the tricycle! Why, *it* looks like that wild dog next door. And why! that vase there *does* look like Cinderella's Godmother, while the clock on the mantelpiece is very, very like Aladdin. And—and surely, surely, that is the Sand-man, stepping out the wardrobe, and here he is coming, coming, to put us to sleep

An old lady is sitting near a dying fire. The room is dim, very dim, and as she gazes into the glowing embers, she thinks of her youth, alas! so far off now! She sees herself as a young girl at her first ball. There she is, in the pretty lavender ninon, shyly accepting a gavotte from a dashing young man in white and silver. What a well-matched couple they are! And observe how Mamma is nodding to her acquaintances and how Papa is smiling benignly round the room. Alas! the shadow of war is already upon the country and her gay cavalier goes, never to return. Ah! how far off it seems! Just memories fading fading

ELINOR GINSBURG, Form 2 A.

* * * *

SCHOOL LIFE IN GENERAL.

What is school life
If full of errors,
All in a strife,
With many terrors?

School has no art,
For the lazy girl,
She must play her part
In school's great whirl.

No time has school
For the noisy girl's way,
Nor for the fool
Who laughs the time away.

School life is a gift,
Which the wise have enjoyed,
For it gives you a lift
Into getting employed.

MARY C. BROADHURST, Form 2 E.

* * * *

THE WIND.

Along lanes, down the streets, over hills, through the trees,
Flies the whistling, roaring, and rollicking breeze,
It whips up the foam on the breakers at seas,
Oh! the whistling, roaring, and rollicking breeze.

At night when the moon and the stars stud the sky,
I listen, I hear it, how fast it must fly!
It roars in the chimney pot while it tears by,
Oh! I often lie wond'ring how fast it must fly!

In the white snow-clad country, by icy-cold night
It'll tear down tree branches for fun, not for spite,
Then we, horrified, see such disasters by light.
It's actually pulled down our chimney, for spite.

At the time when the sun rides high in the sky,
A breeze *would* be welcome, see how the flowers die.
We seek the shade eagerly, "*please*, wind pass by
For the flowers like your cool breath, and Oh! so do I."

MARGARET M. BOOTH, Form 1 A.

THE CYCLIST'S CAP.

One fine but windy day a friend of mine, who was in a great hurry to get home, was leaving a tramcar when a frolicsome wind came with a fierce gust round a corner.

Just as the car had started again she saw a man's cap lying at her feet: thinking it belonged to some one in the tramcar she ran after it as hard as she could, and, taking a good aim, she threw the cap with all her might into the car and had the satisfaction of seeing it land on a man's knee.

Retracing her steps she was confronted by an angry-looking cyclist, who demanded to know what she had done with the cap she had picked up. His language on hearing what had happened to his cap had best be left to the reader's imagination.

This, I may add, is a true story.

JEAN TINCH, Form 1 B.

* * * *

VOICES OF TREES.

Trees have voices, if we listen carefully to their murmurings when we walk in the woods and meadows.

In Spring, when their brown branches are just beginning to be flecked with dainty green buds, they seem to lean towards each other and whisper, "Look at me, am I not going to be handsome this Summer?"

When Summer comes, however, they no longer whisper. Their rustly murmurings demand attention, and say to human admirers, "Look at us, and see perfect beauty."

Yes, they are indeed worthy of admiration, with their graceful, lacy, swinging boughs of delicious green.

Autumn changes the tree voices once more, and they sound crisp and husky. The leaves have grown dry with age, and fall like flakes of gold, making a lovely coverlet for roadway and meadow. When Winter comes, the wind, full of unrest and violence, blows through the trees standing in stark undress. Then, indeed, their voices are sad. They seem to mourn and weep on stormy days, sighing for their departed glory, as the wild winds roar among their naked boughs.

SHEILA CLARK, Form 1 D.

BLOWING BUBBLES.

Soap suds in water,

Frothy and soft.

Dip in your pipe,

Take one gentle blow.

Up rises a bubble,

Graceful and slow.

See! There's a picture,

Inside each one.

Ah! one is bursting,

Another also!

Some are still floating,

Graceful and slow.

I've blown another,

Up in the air.

Where does it float to?

Where does it go?

Watch it rise higher,

Graceful and slow.

DORIS ADAM, Form 1 E.

* * * *

From the Top Corridor.

Form 6 finds itself described by Shakespeare:—

FORM 6. "Sufrance is the badge of all our tribe."

—(M. of V.)

E.A.D. "O that this too, too solid flesh would melt!"

—(Hamlet)

F.M.B. "Much Ado about Nothing."

M.D.F. "Let me play the fool."—(M. of V.)

R.D.H. "My little body is aweary of this great world."

—(M. of V.)

J.B.B. "Experience is by industry achieved."

—(Two Gentlemen)

E.T. "Misery doth part the flux of company."

—(As You Like It)

M.S.C. "Constant as the northern star."

—(Julius Caesar)

E.S. "Farewell, a long farewell to all my greatness."

—(Henry VIII.)

C.K. "I'll speak in a monstrous little voice."

—(M.N.D.)

B.R. "I have an exposition of sleep come upon me."

—(M.N.D.)

C.C. "Is she not passing fair?"—(Othello)

M.S. "The bell invites me. Hear it not."

—(Macbeth)

J.J. "The grass stoops not, she treads on it so light."

—(Venus and Adonis)

E.G.B. "Though last, not least in love."

—(Julius Caesar)

Form 6 also provides a list of Qualifications for a Gillespie Prefect:—

- (a) Ability to keep a straight face when delivering a "row" to a member of Form 1.
- (b) Sufficiently bad eyesight not to notice the way Form 6 come up the stairs.
- (c) Sufficiently good lung power to make oneself heard above the rowdy members of Form 6.
- (d) Enough detective ability to discover who takes Form 6 red ink and leaves the cupboard door open.
- (e) Sufficient muscle to hold on to your victim once you have caught her out of line.

Form 5 gives us a new feature :—

HAPPY HOUSEWIVES' CORNER.

(Conducted by Pansie.)

MY PETS,

I do hope you've all tried that *adorable* recipe for Jubilee Scrambled Eggs that I gave you last week. And don't forget to add the washing-blue, will you, darlings?

And, by the way, my angels, *have* you seen the newest method of wall decoration? Oh! it's too, too *divine*! You *must* see it. All the best people are having it done. It's so aesthetically SMART! Let my too, too feeble pen endeavour to give you a faint idea (Oh! very faint, my dears) of its beauty. The walls are first distempered in the newest shade of Dirty Duck-egg; plaster is then applied in large, irregular patches where desired. The ceiling is first treated with smoke till it acquires a delicious grey tone, which is used as a background for the *sweetest* futuristic design in plaster. I'm sure you've no idea from my impoverished description of the utterly *devastating* effect. And talking of rooms, my sweet ones, *do* remember that a few choice flowers make such a difference in an Inspector's temper!

No space for any more this week, my rosebuds.

Good-bye, dears,

PANSIE.

Things Form 5 want to know :—

"Of what the pupil was thinking who described the rhythm of a poem as 'jilting'?"

"If the teacher who prescribe certain books wish the pupils to learn bad language, and what was meant by the pupil who said that a good book should contain 'nice' language?"

"What is it, of a peculiar grey-brown shade, standing on four wheels, kept together by three or four screws minus two or three bolts, that noisily deposits a certain esteemed member of our staff in the vicinity of our school?"

"Why did a certain pupil remark that while at one end of the lunch room one was served at the bun-stall, at the other end one was served with stale-buns?"

Form 4 is inspired to verse :—

I.—EPISODE.

'Twas on a sunny afternoon,
4 B was half asleep,
When right across the window-sill
They saw a shadow creep.

The class jumped up in great alarm.
"What's that?" pale Alice cried.
"It's nothing but the cleaner's arm—
Sit down!" the teacher said.

The class sat down in great relief,
'Mid laughter long and loud.
They thought it might have been a thief—
Their "courage" makes us proud!

II.—LAY OF THE LAST PERIOD.

The day was long, the air was hot,
The girl was there—her brains were naught,
Her heated head lay on her hand,
Her hair hung limp in many a strand,
The bell her sole remaining hope.
The "janny" was not near the rope.
The teacher said, "Is this Form Four?
For, if it is, I'll teach no more!"
But well-a-day! she is asleep,
In a drowsy slumber deep.
The teacher well may storm and rage—
There's not a word upon her page.

Form 3 gives us a "Recipe for making best 1st Eleven."—

A great big touch of Roslin.
With some Gilmore thrown in,
A little speck of Warrender
All mixed up in a tin.
Add to that some Spylaw,
And a mixture you will have
To beat all comers to the field,
As they come from the "Pav."

School Proverbs :—

- "A word in time saves a conduct mark."
- "A book in school is worth two at home."
- "Many whispers make good answers."
- "Teachers should practise what they preach."
- "Bell and teacher wait for no pupil."
- "Better early than late in 3 A."
- "All pupils think alike : teachers seldom differ."

To encourage a wholesome spirit of humility in our Lordly Ones, we record the following instances of their aberrations, observed in various classes :—

What bloodthirsty teacher wanted to "finish off" Burns in one period?

And was it an equally bloodthirsty science teacher who said he had cut "Queen Mary" in two?

Was Miss F—— bewildered by the giggle that greeted her sentence :—"The modest heroine tried to minimise her feat?"

And what did the same lady mean when she said that Garibaldi was a seaman till he fell in with Mazzini?

Was the threat, "You are likely to get 'spots' from any poem you have done" a warning of measles or chicken pox?

What did Mr B—— mean when he remarked, "This figure of mine is a little on the small side?"

What dark prophecy was Miss M—— uttering when, discussing history questions, she said, "You might get a man, only you're not far enough on yet?"

And was it by a happy accident that a certain geography teacher said that fossils are usually found near sandy coves?

* * * *

"Salvage."

"FOR SALE—*Magazine Box (or litter bin), almost unused.*"

The complete emptiness of the box, when once or twice during the first two terms we hopefully unlocked it, might have justified some such advertisement as the above. We wonder if painting the box a brilliant pillar-box red, or erecting a Belisha Beacon above it, would help to remind the school of its existence! True, we have in the end received about the usual quantity of material from which to select, but we feel that much of it was produced at the last moment, rather under pressure from teachers than from any spontaneous impulse. We still hope to see the day when the *Magazine* will become a more living part of school life than it is at present, and when "Gillespie" pupils will be as eager to vie with those of other schools in the literary, as in the sports, field.

With which editorial grumble we turn to our rejected contributions. Forms 4 A, 2 A, and 1 B have shown the most enthusiasm for the magazine. 1 B deserves a special "thank you" for sending us such a large choice of material. We say again, as we have said in past years, that pupils should not be too discouraged if their article or poem is not printed. The temptation to say, "Well, mine was as good as that stuff they've put in!" is very natural, and, moreover, you may be quite correct. Your work may well be as good as, or even occasionally better than some of the things that find their way into print, but we have to consider what the school will really enjoy reading, to mix serious with humorous matter, verse with prose, and to represent, so far as we can, all classes. The careful and correct essay—the description of a sunset, of some foreign town, of some personal experience—which would delight your English teacher's heart and be returned to you innocent of blue marks, is not always what will appeal most to our readers. (Some of them, alas! have "foreheads villainous low!").

Very few reflective essays came in this year, and only one writer (whose article, "Discovering Elia" we print) responded to our last year's hint that some pupils might venture on purely literary themes. There was a not unwelcome absence of "Dreams" and "Visions," but a somewhat disappointing dearth of parodies.

Poetry was plentiful in quantity but uneven in quality. Dorothy Munnoch (2 E), Frances Wallis (2 C), and even Dorothy Gardiner (4 A) should remember that Spring, a River, and Evening are subjects so hackneyed that nothing short of genius can make them fresh and acceptable. Ruby Ockrent (3 A) sent in some ambitious and very interesting poems, but none quite consistently good enough to be printed in full. She has a gift for coloured and melodious phrases:—

"Salt sounds that come from far-off seas,
Sea things felt in the noisy breeze,
Mermaids combing their blue-green hair,
Dolphins sporting in waterlands fair,
Whispers heard in the pearly shell,
Sea-tides ringing a sailor's knell"

Margaret Mills (1 B) has imagination: we liked her "Romance," but she must learn a little more about metre, as must Dorothy Wagstaff! Jean Ross, from the same bright class, begins delightfully:—

"Peter M'Guire is here again.
Home from a far-off land.
He's been living in golden deserts
With palms, the sky, and the sand,"

but the poem does not sustain this level.

School topics have been largely left alone by our versifiers but Nora E. Robinson (2 D) gives an impression of the Science period which, however stumbling, at least sounds sincere!

"Science is a bother, science is a pain!
To find if air is denser, or little drops of rain.
It does not interest me in the least
To find out if nitrogen will suffocate a beast.
Oh! will this period never end.
Dash! now my gas-tube's beginning to bend!
Oh! there it goes, the period bell,
Tolling us to a mathematical knell.
Alas! dear friends, I must say good-bye,
For science is compulsory, but why? why? why?"

It remains to discuss the unusually large mass of material sent in for that popular feature, "Top Corridor Notes." We are genuinely grateful for the enthusiasm shown, but

we feel bound to say that we are amazed at the optimism of some of the writers in imagining that their jokes could possibly be printed! Personal remarks about the Staff, however clever and however good-natured, have a way of looking serious when they get into cold print, which is why we rejected at once the Limericks from 3 A, and 5A's, "Screen Notes" (both, in their way, distinctly clever). And please, 4 A, conversation at the Staff lunch-table may be dull, but not quite so dull as you portray it! We cannot forbear quoting a line or two of an ingenious parody from 4 A:—

"O blithe newcomer! we have seen,
We see thee and are glad"

While we are sitting with the class
Thy two-fold smile we see.
From ear to ear it seems to pass,
To tell us it is thee

O blessed man! the room we pace
Again appears to be
A gay, celestial, cheerful place
That doth belong to thee!"

We suggest that Film Titles and Song Titles applied to members of Staff provide a form of humour which might be given a rest next year. We hope that all our humorists will understand the necessity for a strict censorship, and will bear no malice. After all, perhaps the chief pleasure given by Top Corridor Notes is the fun people get out of *writing* them!

We wish, in closing, to thank all who have in any way helped in the making of this year's *Magazine*, and we should like to mention specially those pupils who have done such good "publicity" work for us with their striking posters.

A. E. F.

* * * *

Paris, July 1934.

It was a very excited group of girls who arrived at Princes Street Station one evening. Everyone was clutching large bags with great yellow labels. I am sure people must have stared at us, but we would not have noticed that, we were in such a state of bliss—the longed-for moment had at last arrived, we were off to Paris. I might say we were in such a state that we might have got into a luggage van without realizing that it was not a railway carriage: nothing untoward happened and after the long journey we arrived at Euston.

We were met by buses and driven round London. We passed Westminster, St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, so well known to us all, the Cenotaph and Downing Street. After a much-needed breakfast, we again set off, for Newhaven *en route* for Dieppe. The south country, as we passed by was beautiful, all the roses were in bloom, and the sun was shining brilliantly, so great was its delight to welcome the Gillespie girls to England.

In due course we were on the good ship "Versailles" with her tricolour and her French crew, and a smoother crossing could not have been hoped for. I do not think a single person felt ill, we were all far too occupied in watching our neighbours, for we could not make out whether they were French or English. As soon as we decided they were French, and apologised "profusely" in French for trampling on their feet, a cheery Cockney voice would reply, "Oh! don't bother, that's quite all right!" It was a tired but happy party that arrived that night at the Cercle Concordia. We felt very experienced travellers—for had we not crossed the dreaded Channel—and had we not all slept through a horrid thunderstorm in the fast noisy French express?

Of course we were all anxious to go sightseeing, and in due course we started. We admired and exclaimed at everything. I think it was the escalators that drew the attention of the younger members of the party. Several young "Gillespie-ites," I remember, were very loth to leave behind them their attractive playthings. They thought riding up and down "too thrilling for words." But I think it was the "*agents*" who attracted most attention from the elder girls, at least. We admired the very expert way in

which they stopped the traffic to let us cross the road. We felt like *very* minor royalties. I remember how we laughed at the agent who was displeased with a certain motorist. He had not drawn up quickly, so the *agent* walked up, said "chut," tapped the radiator with his truncheon, and continued to "shoo" the car back until there was sufficient room for us to pass.

If you were to ask us what are our most pleasant memories of Paris, I am sure there would be a dozen different replies. Some would declare the beautiful little church of St. Etienne du Monde, others would say Versailles, or the Louvre; others the night drive through the brightly lit streets, and certain members of this year's 5th and 6th Forms might possibly reply, "the feeds we held at night."

Our "feeds" were really very innocent ones of biscuits, lemonade, grapes, plums and sweets. I don't care to think what was the opinion of the maid who found the bottles when we left. (Anyway she would get more than the customary penny back on each bottle.) She must have thought the British lived on lemonade.

I think the funniest night of all was the night we went to the Opera to see "Le Chevalier à la Rose." We had paid 15 francs 50 for our seats, so we decided to dress accordingly. We saved our white frocks for this very august occasion. The eventful evening arrived, and so did we, with dreams of the vast Opera House with its "foyer." We were shown our seats and imagine our dismay when we discovered—but perhaps the words of one member of the party expressed our feelings best when she remarked in a singularly clear voice, "Phew! it's the Gods!" Another thing that interested us at the Opera was the *agents* who stood every few yards through the performance. Perhaps it is that the policemen of France are more musical than the policemen of other nations—or perhaps it was that they thought we were anarchists or dangerous young women come to demand votes for women, and accordingly had come to "keep an eye on us."

The weather was glorious the day we went to Versailles. We tripped up endless passages and were told many stories of the kings and queens of France who had lived there and had received in the Salle de Glace. In every suite of rooms a different guide continued the tale, and he would drone on

and on till suddenly "C'est fini." At last we grew accustomed to this cheerful way of announcing that there was no more to tell, but at first it was a trifle disconcerting.

We admired the Orangerie, the fountains, the flowers, the famous Tapis Vert, and the distant prospect, but also we admired an adorable little Persian kitten, though whether French kittens understand English endearments is utterly beyond my ken.

On such days as these when we were out of Paris, we had our now famed "packet" luncheons. It only added a little zest to the party when A—— discovered that her "apparently hard-boiled" egg was uncooked. We often wonder what were the thoughts of the proprietor of the café when he found a raw egg under the table.

I think we all enjoyed our foreign food. It took us some little time to get reconciled to the idea that in France one eats one's meat and potatoes separately. That certainly is not the way we were brought up in our youth. (I have since wondered, do French children eat their cake before their bread and butter? If so, then why wasn't I French?) The girls who drank tea in the mornings were much amused to find themselves presented with a tiny teapot with an equally tiny bucket strainer on the spout. What the strainer was for, no one seems to know, for no tea leaves were ever found. It is true that we found one solitary tea-leaf in the teapot at Ragueneau, so perhaps it was the same one the Cercle Concordia had lent them, for verily the tea at the Cercle Concordia was stronger than the tea of Ragueneau.

One lunch we had was a mystery. We had a pie. Mr B—— said, "Delicious—veal and mushroom!" but at the mere mention of that pie, certain members of the party who are at present near me shudder and murmur—"Snail!" The question is, what was in the pie, was it snail? Mr B—— said "No!" But we reply, "If the veal was cooked and the crust was soaked with gravy, why were the 'mushrooms' not cooked soft too?" But we will never know what was in that pie.

Of course I will not say we spoke French all the time—we did not. But the strange thing was, if we bumped into someone and turned to apologise saying, "Sorry," or "I beg your pardon!" we always discovered it was a Frenchman,

but if we apologised "Pardon," or "Mille Pardons," we always found it was a Gillespie girl.

The lovers of adventure will certainly remember the day we ascended the Eiffel Tower. I am afraid it was with some trepidation that we stood waiting for the lift. We were told that we might feel queer—and that the tower swayed in the wind, and when we looked at it (after hearing these tales) we could see it swayed—yards! Some people were even heard to say, "I think I'll go to the first floor only." But strange to say, all save one went to its top, and I heard one girl say, "Is this its top—can't we go any higher?" (Of course all Gillespie girls like to reach the top.) The ascent seemed to make us hungry, and small rock cakes, sold at two francs each, disappeared like wildfire. Some girls were disappointed that no stall sold chocolate. We were all very cheery at the top of the tower. We were even cheerful when the lift stopped half-way down and someone said, "There! I knew it *would* break!" I think we shall always remember the view of Paris we had from the top—the Seine, a tiny silver ribbon; Montmartre, a tiny hill, with Sacré Cœur a doll's palace, and the taxi-cabs flies running round in circles.

But perhaps the side of Paris we will remember best is the Paris we saw on the evening of our drive. The sky was pink with tiny woolly clouds when we started. We gazed with joy at everyone. People on the sidewalks smiled back to see us pleased. We drove round Paris and as we went it grew darker. The sky became the colour of ink, and the Arc de Triomphe, the Eiffel Tower and the obelisk in the Place de la Concorde were floodlit. The scene was almost a fairy one; we drove past gardens as light as day with their gleaming rows of fairy lights, tiny tables, and gleaming floodlit fountains of René Lalique glass. We gazed at thronged picture palaces and gay cafes, we heard snatches of music from orchestras, we heard the chink of glasses. In fact we had a glimpse of Paris by night. We gazed at the Citroën advertisements on the Eiffel Tower, we saw the President's house with its solemn sentries outside their gaily striped sentry boxes, but perhaps the best moment of all was when we stood on the white steps of Sacré Cœur, looking over this vast city of Paris—with its myriads of twinkling lights and its deep murmur of voices. There was

something solemn about it. It was so vast, the sky was so black, the air was so warm, Sacré Coeur was so white against the dark paths and trees. That was the great moment. I think we all felt awed, then we were ourselves again. We ran races down the terrace steps. Some of the party refreshed themselves with ice cream, then we were off again. We passed the Moulin Rouge and other famous buildings, and we were amused to see shops with such names as "100,000 Chemises."

We enjoyed every moment of our stay in Paris. We admired everything—The Louvre, Notre Dame, the Panthéon and Napoleon's Tomb. We laughed all day long, we fed the fish at the Hameau. We ate grapes and peaches at night, and we didn't feel ill. We were amused at the lady at the Cercle Concordia who walked around with an alarm clock under her arm. We were one large happy party, amused at everything.

Of course we realise that but for the Staff it would have been different. They joined in our fun (one who was with us at a conjuror's bought a book of how to do the tricks, but whether he has since been seen in the gentlemen's staffroom producing rabbits out of pans, we do not know). The Staff took complete responsibility, we had nothing to worry about, and without their efforts we should not have had such an enjoyable time. They gave up their holidays to come with us, and we don't flatter ourselves that they found it all sunshine, but they bore with us admirably and for that we thank them.

We arrived back, after a somewhat harrowing crossing, but we arrived laughing. The first things to catch our eye were the funny London taxis that were not so smart as Paris taxis. And so we came back to Scotland—tired perhaps—but very happy, and our one thought is, "Where do we go to next?"

FRANCES M. BRUNT, Form 6 A.

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PARIS—ANOTHER IMPRESSION.

Great was the hustle and bustle before
We kissed, said good-bye, as we shut carriage doors.
Excitement ran high as we steamed out the "Caley"
And waved to our folks who at platform did rally.
We then settled down for a "quiet, peaceful night"
Instead we did nothing but eat, sing and fight.
B—— turned out the light to let "small" girls get rest,
But we bellowed our songs with more vim and more zest!
We at length came to London and sent home our notes,
Had breakfast, caught train to Newhaven, then boat.
The crossing was splendid—our first glimpse was glorious,
Dieppe drenched in sunshine, landlubbers victorious!
Stepped off the boat neat and trim, feeling splendid,
We caught train to Gay Paree, then journey ended.
That week, small and big girls had "feeds" in the night
(When we heard Miss M'D—— we clicked out the light!)
We saw splendid buildings, and went to Versailles,
At the end of that week we indeed heaved a sigh.
We left Gay Paree, with mementoes quite loaded,
We walked through the Customs and we the boat boarded.
Then comes the sad part

* * * *

We landed, felt "wobbly," and looked pretty rotten,
At London we "tea'd," and our woes were forgotten.
We slept very soundly on train coming home,
It's now just a memory pleasantly sown.

ALICE TORKINGTON, Form 4 C.

* * * *

Report on Short Story Competition.

Thirteen stories, of widely varying types, were submitted for this competition. No one story was outstandingly good—the qualities of well-constructed plot, good characterisation, vividly-sketched background, and polished style were all to be found, but never, alas! all in the same story. Several were frankly dull, because they were mere sketches or episodes, or character studies, without enough point to make them rank as short stories. "Light" (by Ruby Ockrent, 3 A) was well written, but suffered from lack of incident. "Diana" (by Joan Buckle, 4 B) had an original idea which might have been more skilfully worked out. For maturity of style and felicity of phrase, "Moon Madness" (by Esther Davidson, 6 A) was easily first, but its very grim subject matter—a murder and a suicide—excluded it from the *Magazine*. The most original story was undoubtedly "The Palest-and-Youngest" (by Isabella Wallis, 5B); we liked its very novel conception of Satan, but again it was too fantastic and its satire somewhat too sophisticated for a school magazine.

The quite unpretentious "Much Ado about a Five-Pound Note," which we print, pleased us; it is clearly and entertainingly told, and works well up to its climax. Only the fact that the plot is admittedly not an original idea prevented it from tying for the prize. This, after some consideration, we award to Betty Stewart, Form 3 C, for "The Enigmatical East." Her story is not, perhaps, on a very lofty artistic plane; it is rather long and somewhat bewilderingly crammed with incident, but it is lively, brightly-coloured and certainly not dull. Betty receives a book prize and marks to the credit of her House.

We thank all the competitors, and should like especially to mention Myra Ockrent and Moira Haig of 2 Sen. C., whose stories were not quite good enough to print, but from whom we hope for great things in future magazines!

A. E. F.

* * * *

THE ENIGMATICAL EAST.

Whizz—z—zz! Something flew past me as I stepped into the shadowed doorway. The sound of rushing feet. Two Chinamen ran past—the first panting and tired, the second moving easily. As he went by I saw the flash of steel in his hand.

Silence

I was about to move on when a scream of such dreadful agony rang out that I could scarcely believe it came from a human throat. I instinctively moved forward, and fell over some cans. I swore softly. The noise was enough to wake the dead—the shriek ceased abruptly. I waited—listening at the door—my heartbeats preventing me from hearing clearly. The silence was so profound it was uncanny. I had never heard the Chinese quarter so quiet before. Not a breath of air—no sighing of the palm trees, no murmur of voices. I could *feel* people moving towards me, though not a sound was to be heard. Perhaps I was mistaken. I put my ear to the door. I inadvertently leaned against it: to my horror it gave, and I found myself sprawling on a stone floor.

I knew I was in the fire now. I slowly lifted my head—seeing first the feet, then the bodies, then the faces of the unholyest imaginable "Chinks" I'd ever seen. There were about thirty of them standing in a circle stolidly regarding me.

"So," hissed a sinister voice, "at last we are honoured by a visit from the venerable Inspector of Drugs!"

I cursed myself inwardly for not using extra precautions. Loo Sing was known throughout China as the greatest drug runner there, besides being as clever and cunning as the Devil himself. The police had so far been unable to pin anything on this wily soul. In appearance he resembled a priest. Old, sweet faced, venerable looking, he yet possessed the blackest heart in the whole of Asia.

"It is so long since you called," went on Loo Sing in a gentle voice, "I was afraid you had forgotten us."

"Never worry on that account, Loo Sing," I said grimly.

"You are too kind," he smiled. Then removing his hands quickly from his wide sleeves, he clapped twice.

Never have I seen anything to equal the speed yet noiselessness with which those Chinamen left the room. I rose and brushed the dust off my clothes. Loo Sing came and stood beside me.

"I am sorry to delay you, but I cannot permit my most excellent friend to leave us so soon. You will doubtless honour us with your presence," he said, smiling urbanely. I looked him between the eyes.

"And if I refuse?"

He dropped his eyes and bowed.

"That would *indeed* be unfortunate," he said softly.

For a moment I was tempted to attack but I realised it would do me no good as the house was full of Chinamen who would kill at the slightest provocation. So I determined to play him at his own game.

"I should be *delighted* to stay," I said, out-bowing him.

"You are a wise man, Mr Trent," he said, leading me out of the room and up a narrow flight of stairs. On reaching the landing he pressed the side of a picture hanging there. Immediately it swung inwards without a sound.

"Ah!" I said pleasantly, "one of your clever little ideas, Loo Sing?"

"I should advise you," he said suddenly harshly, "to hold your tongue as we go along this passage!"

He waved me in, and after I had bowed to him several times, I did so. The passage at first smelled beautifully of cedarwood and pine, but as we went along the musty dank smell of sodden earth pervaded the narrow passage, and I supposed we were underground. After climbing heavily we came to a blank end, and my ingenious friend pressed another button, and I walked through another door into a room that astonished even me—"hard-boiled" Inspector that I was. Furnished to suit a king, it contained the most amazing treasures I have ever seen.

The carpet was priceless, it seemed a sin to walk on it, the bed alone was worth a small fortune, while the pictures, drapings and ornaments were worth fabulous sums. The colour scheme was a delicate green with dark oak woodwork. The sight of it all made me feel dizzy.

"How do you like your bedroom?" asked a suave voice at my elbow. He must have guessed what was in my mind, for he continued in his precise way, "No, they are not stolen

goods. You will doubtless not believe me when I tell you the only reason I took up arms was to purchase this." He waved his hand comprehensively. I looked him between the eyes, and no one could doubt his sincerity.

"Excuse me, but I must leave you now!"

As my eyes rushed to the secret panel—"You cannot get out that way, it only opens from the other side. Do not be foolish and waste your time." He hid his hands in his wide sleeves and bowed.

When I looked round, he was gone

I rushed to the window and roughly pulled away the priceless fabrics that shaded it, but as I had known deep in my heart it was heavily barred. I sat down to think. Of course I had been made a "guest" because I had heard that man murdered. I walked over to the mantelpiece, and, idly helping myself to a cigarette, lit it and drew deeply. Immediately I stiffened. This was not tobacco, it was opium. I opened all the china jars in the room and found them filled with a flaky white substance. This then, was the headquarters of the dope-running gang. I thought desperately. How was I to get out of the house? Suddenly I saw a tiny door which had escaped my notice!

I walked over to it and with no hope in my heart turned the handle. To my astonishment it gave—opening inwards. I was in a tiny room, hardly bigger than a cupboard, bare except for the wall facing me. There sat a life-size Chinese God, cunningly fashioned in silver, arms folded, ironically smiling. I bent nearer, and even as I looked, *the eyes flickered*. Without a word I moved forward. I reached the figure as, with a slight grinding noise, it started to move back. It was closing into the wall as I sprang. I managed to get my fingers in and hung on with all my might. I was six feet and no light weight, so I was not a bit surprised when the God slowly descended again. I then grabbed at the front of the figure which folded down quite easily. Inside the tiniest little hunchback imaginable sat and stared at me. As I flung myself on him something whizzed past my ear. It was no easy job to knock him out, for he was as slippery as an eel, but I managed it and tied him up with the curtain sash. I hid him under the bed and got into the God. I could not shut the front and just managed to squeeze myself on to the edge of the seat. As I placed my feet on

the floor of the body prior to putting them on the pedals provided I felt myself falling backwards. Before I could stop myself I did a back somersault, but, instead of the hard earth rising to meet me, I fell on a bed of cushions. This then, was the way the little hunchback had tried to retreat.

Picking myself up I started down the dark corridor ahead. Halfway down, I noticed a doorway. I stopped and peered through the keyhole. I could see nothing, the room beyond was in darkness. One step I took in, and then—I was sliding down a polished surface with growing terror in my heart.

Splash!

I was out in the open in a deep pool. I swam for the bank as fast as I could. Even as I staggered ashore a pair of sharp jaws clicked behind me. Crocodiles—and this was supposed to be a civilised country. I was in the garden, and in the distance I could see the wall. When I reached it I found it was sheer, so I shinned up a tree, crawled along an overhanging branch, and holding with my hands, dangled till my feet touched the wall. I then let go, hung over the other side, and dropped

Five minutes later I was in a police station calling up the chief

Half an hour had slipped away by the time we had the big house surrounded. I went up to the door and rang the bell. We had not come through the gate which was guarded, but over the wall by means of ladders. Three men had then been sent to take care of the guard at the gate. One of Loo Sing's ruffians opened the door, and that was the last he knew. The police poured in

It was two days later and the chief was in my room talking over the case. Crane upon crane-load of drugs had been found, and most of the gang rounded up, but Loo Sing and three of his confederates had disappeared! Never had we entertained any hope of capturing him, there were too many exits to that house. The house itself, with all its treasures, had been carefully locked and sealed. I often wondered how a man, who possessed such a sense of beauty as Loo Sing, could have sold drugs, the thing that changes men so dreadfully. Of course, his brain must have been wrong somewhere.

Could the walls of that strange house have spoken, their tale would have been so much better than mine. But alas!

BETTY STEWART, Form 3 C.

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MUCH ADO ABOUT A FIVE-POUND NOTE.

(A True Story.)

Mr and Mrs X lived peacefully in a little bungalow in Edinburgh. Mrs X had not had a holiday for some time, so she decided to go to London for a week or two. This holiday was not so much for the rest as for the change, and a good time.

Before departing she received a five-pound note from Mr X who told her to have a good time and buy something nice for herself. She departed, therefore, in good spirits, assuring him that she would certainly comply with his wishes.

The train sped on its way, and, as there was only another lady in the carriage who was busy reading a thick novel, Mrs X began to get restless so she took a turn out in the corridor. When she re-entered the carriage and saw her bag lying as she had left it on the seat, she said to herself, "How silly, I should have taken my bag with me, as one never knows," and she glanced across at her fellow traveller who seemed to be fast asleep. Mrs X lifted her bag which she opened casually—her heart gave a leap; there was no five-pound note! She looked at the lady opposite, whose nose gave vent to sounds which made it clear that she was locked in the arms of oblivion.

Mrs X tip-toed across to the seat where the lady's hand-bag was lying, and lifted it cautiously. On opening it the first thing that met her gaze was the five-pound note which she put in her own bag. After considering for a while she decided not to tell the police as no harm had been done. She had received a lesson, and the note was safe. On arriving at the station Mrs X and the lady departed as if nothing had happened.

Mrs X did her shopping and after a week returned once more to Edinburgh, where Mr X met her.

"You are a fine one," he said, after greetings had been exchanged, "you went away and left your five-pound note on the mantelpiece!"

BETTY HOLMES, Form 2 A.

Howlers.

"Times are not what they were!" Gillespie's pupils are becoming accurate to the point of dullness—or so it would seem, since the year has provided just two really good howlers, and a small crop of very mild misunderstandings.

If a prize were awarded for the best howler of the year it would go to this curious statement from the science-room:—"If you put a spinster in a jar of oxygen it becomes a flame again"; with, as runner-up, this suggestion of romance at B.B.C. House:—"Osculation is when you hear all sorts of funny noises over the wireless."

The best of the misunderstandings were:—

"Our sailor oft could scantily shift

To find a dinner plain and hearty"

means that the sailor could hardly move after his dinner; and "adversaries of virtue" means ministers.

One perfervid loyalist included in the different kinds of engineering carried on in Glasgow "Marina" engineering.

Was it an aberration of the heart rather than the mind that caused one girl to give as the adjective from "hero," "Heriotic"?

And the remainder gleanings:—

"The man suffered from a severe mylady."

"A reformatory is where a rector lives."

"What it is to be rich is unkempt to some people."

"A navvy guards the country from attack by sea."

"A mute is a small donkey."

"In summer you can have tea on the loan."

"Job wore a girder round his waist."

"Dean Swift wrote 'The Tale of a Tube.'"

"On what days is the sun overhead at the Equator?
Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays."

* * * *

From the Seniors.

SOME SCHOOLGIRL FUN.

Hurrah! the first of April's here,
With joy and mirth we brim;
And "Hunt-the-gowks" go flying,
To girls both neat and prim.

We take the duster,
And go for a walk;
We stride to the cupboard
To hide the chalk.
We turn the tables
And lock all the drawers,
And thus it enables
The lessons to pause.

I think it's fun, don't you?
Though it's but once a year;
To play our funny little pranks
On our own teacher dear.

AUDREY BARKER, 3 Senior A.

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JUBILEE DAYS IN THE SCOTTISH CAPITAL.

One bright May morning the citizens of Auld Reekie awoke to discover certain wonderful expressions of art taking shape in their midst. The world-famed Princes Street assumed a new beauty. Gaily decorated shop windows displaying Jubilee goods of all descriptions, the balconies of the larger buildings attractively festooned with bunting and all manner of ornamentation, allured many visitors to the centre of the city. Truly this was a royal city.

With the deepening shadows began a magnificent display of floodlighting which more than compensated for the attractions of the daytime. Edinburgh by night provided a wonderful spectacle surpassing that sun-lit beauty of Princes Street. A fairy-like city it seemed, with its castle, the Nelson Column, "Edinburgh's Disgrace," and the spire of St. Giles Cathedral all clearly standing out against the

gloom of night. But see—whence the glow in yonder sky? A bonfire has been lit on Arthur's Seat, casting a fiery reflection over the sky, to be seen from a great distance.

What means all this rejoicing? 8 p.m. has struck, wireless sets are tuned in, the announcement eagerly awaited is heard, "Ladies and gentlemen, the King!"

"I look back on the past with thankfulness to God. I look forward to the future with faith and hope."

These twenty-five years! Dark years and bright ones, years of hopes and fears, they have come and gone, and now we unitedly give thanks for the faithful rule of our King.

In the Scottish capital these unique, never-to-be-forgotten celebrations culminated in the visit of Their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of York, who are dear to the hearts of Edinburgh folk. They attended many gatherings of young people especially, and witnessed on the night of 11th May the grand finale of the city celebrations, namely, the brilliant display of fireworks and illuminations from different vantage points. Perhaps the most outstanding feature of their visit was the fact that they participated in Scotland's greatest Thanksgiving Service at which the Duke expressed the thanks of His Majesty for the loyalty and devotion of the people of Scotland.

"Thank God," we can say, as said once an old Aberdeenshire woman, "for the King, and for such a King!"

CATHERINE SINCLAIR, 3 Senior B.

* * * *

A VISIT TO THE DENTIST.

When I had a tooth which was terribly sore,
I hastened to visit the dentist next door.

With a "This way, dearie," he showed me inside
And bade me await till my name I heard cried.

I waited in terror till my turn came around,
To be led to a room in which, horrors! I found
A chair, and a table, a ball full of gas,
Which looked quite appalling to this little lass.

I sat in a chair, and was told to breathe deep
And slowly but surely I fell fast asleep.
I remembered no more till I woke up again
Without my poor tooth, but hurrah! without pain.

MARGARET NELSON, 3 Senior B.

THE OLD MOON.

Here is a thing that bothers me,
A thing I want to know,
Whenever a new moon appears
Where does the old one go?

Now should you think the little stars,
That shine so bright and high,
Are just the old moon cut in bits
And thrown up in the sky?

MARGARET CATHRAE, 3 Senior C.

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JOURNEYS INTO BOOKLAND.

What jolly people live in Bookland. One opens a book and "hey presto" one finds one's self among friends who are as real as one's own family. My first excursion to that enchanted land was with "Alice." Such an amusing lot of people and animals Alice met with when she followed the rabbit bedecked with waistcoat and white kid gloves, through a hole in the grass where she had been sitting with her sister. What a funny Duchess Alice encountered, singing her baby to sleep with this queer lullaby:—

"Speak sternly to your little boy and beat him when he sneezes,
He only does it to annoy, because he knows it teases."

Then there was the cook who threw pots and pans at the Duchess, never heeding the poor baby. Even the familiar Nursery Rhymes became strange as Alice tried to recall them in Wonderland.

My next bookland excursion was to America where I met the four jolly March girls in the book "Little Women," and they will always remain my very dear friends. I think the great thing we learn from this book is how to be happy by using the resources at our command. Meg, Jo, Beth and Amy are so real that my friends and I often impersonate them in little plays.

"Peter Pan" is another friend I have in Bookland. But I am afraid I would need a whole book to tell you about the many interesting people I met in my other journeys to Bookland.

ELSIE JOHNSTON, 2 Senior A.

LITTLE WORKERS.

At night-time when the little stars come peep, peep, peeping
 And all the people in our land are sleep, sleep, sleeping,
 Then all the little elfin men come leap, leap, leaping,
 Up through the dell.

Look! into the house they come a-creep, creep, creeping,
 And some of them begin their work of sweep, sweep, sweep-
 ing,
 While others in the corn-fields go a-reap, reap, reaping,
 All through the night.

And some are in the wood-shed, now a-chop, chop, chopping,
 While others in the kitchen work, a-mop, mop, mopping,
 And some with dusters here and there go hop, hop, hopping,
 Up stairs and down.

But when they hear the farm-yard cock a-crow, crow, crow-
 ing
 And when the brightness in the sky is grow, grow, growing,
 They think it's time for them to be a-go, go, going,
 Their work is o'er.

RUTH KELSEY, 2 Senior B.

* * * *

WHY THE ELEPHANT IS CALLED JUMBO.

There was once an elephant, who lived in a dense jungle in which also dwelt a magician and several jackals. This elephant was very proud of his fine appearance. One day he received an invitation to go to a fancy-dress ball which Mrs Spotty Giraffe was giving in honour of her eldest daughter, Georgina. He decided to go for a little walk during which he could think about his costume for the dance.

As he sauntered briskly along, he became aware of the fact that he was extremely tired, so he lay down in the shade of a big tree to have his nap. Meanwhile a rascally jackal had stolen a spell, which was guaranteed to blow up anyone upon whom it might be used, from the magician's hut. Carrying it carefully in a blue bag labelled, "Do not touch," he stealthily approached the sleeping elephant. Muttering "Saratajam!" three times, he flung the contents of the bag over the elephant, and bolted to a safe spot to await eagerly

any sound of the explosion. However, the magician had somehow managed to get the spells mixed up, and the one which the jackal threw was not a "blowing-up spell" at all. Late in the evening the elephant awoke, and, as he was very late for the party, he thought he would go immediately and not worry about fancy-dress. Panting furiously, he lumbered up to the house. Mrs Spotty Giraffe met him at the door.

"Why, what a marvellous costume! That ought to bring a first prize!" she exclaimed.

"Er, yes, quite," stammered the elephant, wondering very much how he had managed to obtain a costume.

He stood in front of the judge, Robert Rhino, who admired him and said, "I suppose you represent a jumble!" For the spell had made the elephant have the head of a rhino, the body of a hippo, the legs of an ostrich, and the tail of a monkey, while he spoke like a parrot! "Oh, do look, mummy, dere's a jumbo!" lisped a baby deer who was unable to pronounce "jumble" properly. That is why ever since then, the elephant has been called "Jumbo."

SHIRLEY SMITH, 2 Senior C.

* * * *

MY DREAM.

Last night I sailed in a beautiful boat
 With masts and sails of gold,
 Its cabins too were draped in plush
 And velvet and splendour untold.

My heart beat fast as we sailed along
 In the mystery of the night,
 For I held a ticket for Fairyland
 And I yearned for such a sight.

Then suddenly we sighted shore
 With palms and twinkling lights.
 I saw the fairies dancing there,
 Oh! my, it was a sight!

And in my glee I jumped ashore,
 Alas! against the rule,
 I heard a fairy whisper

"Miss, it's time to go to school."

OLIVE MORISON, 1 Senior A.

THE TOYSHOP JUBILEE.

Granny Brown's toyshop window was gaily decorated with a bride doll who wore a real white silk dress and a veil. There were eight little bridesmaids in pink muslin dresses and floppy hats, the guests were mostly ragdolls, golliwogs and teddy-bears. When the bride was lifted from the window and placed upon a shelf, Granny Brown put some red, white and blue paper round the window and hung flags outside the shop. She opened a large crate and took from it some soldiers, sailors, aeroplanes, guns and many other things including a picture of the King and Queen. That night when all was quiet the bride began to air her grievances about being taken out of the window until a sailor said, "This is King George's Jubilee and we represent events in his reign." The dolls now understood why the flags were out and they had a splendid Silver Jubilee.

NANCY KNOX, 1 Senior B.

* * * *

TRYING TO BE USEFUL.

One day when I was left alone for a little while in the house, I thought I would give Mother and Father a surprise. I had never cleaned the canary's cage and so I thought I would try. First of all I removed the bottom and then the glass sides. Next I took out the seed and water dishes and prepared to wash them.

I got an awful fright when I heard the bird flying around the room for he is seldom out of his cage. He had popped out of the hole where the water dish goes. What was I to do? I felt my knees knocking together as Billy changed from place to place. At last he landed on the floor. Not knowing really what I was doing, as I was so excited, I snatched him up and pushed him back the way he came out. When Mother came back she found the openings stuffed with a sponge in one and a duster in the other. The cage was left for Father to clean and I don't think I'll take the job from him again.

CHRISTINE SANDERSON, 1 Senior C.

From the Juniors.

THE TALE OF A PENCIL.

I am a pencil and I belong to a little girl called Morag. I have a beautiful coat of red, white and blue, which is very fashionable just now.

One day Morag dropped her school bag, and I rolled down into the gutter and broke my point. An old gentleman picked me up with some school books and handed them to Morag, who hurried off to school.

The teacher looked at me and told Morag that she could not write properly because I had no point. Morag lifted me up and whirled me round inside Mr Sharpener and I got quite dizzy. After I got over being inside the sharpener, I looked at myself and found that I was very much smaller.

Morag got full marks for the lesson, as she could write with me very much better.

I was very happy until a big girl in the next seat started to cut me with a knife, and my coat of Jubilee colour was ruined and Morag dropped me into the waste-paper basket.

MARJORIE E. DUNLOP, 2 Junior A.

* * * *

IF

If I could swim as well as a frog,
If I could run like a terrier dog,
If I could fly like a seagull—Why!
I could always play truant, from school, couldn't I?

EDITH GILCHRIST, 2 Junior B.

* * * *

I WISH.

I wish that in my dress of green,
I could go down to see the Queen
And wear a lovely string of pearls,
Have tea with Dukes and Lords and Earls.
But mummy thinks I'm just a fool,
And says I'm better far at school.

SHEILA O. NEILL, 2 Junior B.

AT THE DENTIST.

I go up in the air in a Dentist's chair,
With my mouth open wide, and my head to one side.
He puts in an injection with a horrible taste,
And pulls out my tooth, in a very great haste.

Then I make such a fuss that the Dentist says, "Hush";
I am thankful once more, when my feet reach the floor.
Then he makes an appointment to come the next day,
I've a tooth to be stopped, sad I go on my way!

DOLores BANIGAN, 2 Junior B.

* * * *

MY BABY BROTHER.

I have a baby brother,
And Oh! he is so sweet.
He came to us last summer
And was so small and neat.

But now he's growing bigger,
He was nine months old last week.
He finds that toys are useful,
And plays at hide and seek.

But when we go our holidays
This year down to the farm,
To find his toys have come to life
Will act just like a charm.

MHORA M'RAE, 1 Junior A.

* * * *

MAY DAY.

On the First of May my mother told me of the jolly
things she did when a little girl and it was May-Day.

They decorated a pole with coloured paper and hung
streamers from the top and they would each get hold of a
streamer and dance round the pole singing. A little girl

was dressed as the May Queen and mother says they
borrowed a piece of lace curtain to make a train for the
Queen.

When they were ready they went round to their friends'
houses singing we come to greet you on the first of May and
the Queen had a basket of flowers in her hands with a money
box in the middle.

They shared the money out afterwards but mother
cannot remember what she spent her share on.

DOROTHY MAYELL, 1 Junior A.

* * * *

VICTORIA DAY.

Mother and I had a great day looking for summer
lodgings. We went to Largo by the nine o'clock train, and
got ever so many names and addresses, but it was very
tiresome going out and in houses. So we decided to go to
the sands and have a picnic instead, and of course I enjoyed
that much better. The tide was full in, and I made a
lovely castle. I do hope we decide to go there, as I would
like to climb to the top of Largo Law. Mother is knitting
me a blue bathing-costume, and I hope it will be finished in
time.

MOIRA JAMIESON, 1 Junior B.

From the Infants.

My Mummy has one of the new waterless cookers. I seem to enjoy my dinner ever so much better now as I always ask for a second helping.

My brother is in the hospital and he got a smacking from the nurse last night and he only wrote us three postcards.

I will see the Duke and Duchess of Kent on Sunday when they go to Saint Giles Cathedral because I pass that way to my church I do not often go but I will have to go this time because I will get my Sunday School prize for not being absent.

I went to see the fireworks in the meadows and I was not home till after twelve. Daddy said it was Sunday and I thought that was very funny to go to bed on Sunday morning.

On Monday we are going to Penicuik if I do not take the chickenpox but if I take it at Penicuik it will not matter.

My mother gave Andrew my brother a nice dressing gown because he gave me a doll and she gave my cousin a pair of pigamas and my aunty a silk set of under ware.

My Daddy had forgotten what cursive writing was until I reminded him but he does not forget to make me practise it along with my other lessons.

SEN. INF. A.

* * * *

I was at the myouzeeum and I saw the fox in winter time and the stote in winter time I was fritened of the elefont and I saw the swan with its little babies and I saw a scelikton and I was fritened of it too. I saw the mummy monkey kudling the wee one and I laught.

My little cosen got her vacsenashen and the docter gave her a nofell big one and she never cryed and her mummy thought he had a nofell cheek.

On pancake Tuesday I helped my mummy to beat the mixture. When they were ready mummy made me toss severl pancakes up in the pan and I caught all of them exept one—plonk on the floor—and mummy said “oh you silly goose.” I pulled my own tooth on saturday and daddy and mummy said “Oh you clever girl.”

I like the school very very much. I have got the cold, when I say mummy I say mubby I speak trew my nose.

On Saturday I was at an afare of my Daddy's boys bgade doing drill and the girl Gides making figirs. The small cubs were to make a cry and before that I saw the jook and duchess getting her boackey and the jook talking throo a magrifone. The duchess had to open a cage and three ceegls came out with a letter to the King.

My mummy told my daddy to take his bed to the golf-course because every saturday he goes to aberdour and he comes home at six o'clock.

SEN. INF. B.

* * * *

I go to Mr Woods dancing on Saturday and we get the sword dance and when we are early we get rare fun.

In the backgreen I picked daisies and my Mother was delighted with them. I have got the daisies in to an egg cup.

My Mummy has a box of Tulips and I hope the pixy mothers will put the pixy babys in them the teacher told us a story yesterday while the pixy mothers are dancing in the pixy ring these babys are sleeping in the tulip craidls. They dance in May when the moon is round.

Yesterday I got a half penny and I spent it on an eye-shade and my mummy said it was a waist of money.

My little sister Norma porde the pepper and salt into the shugre and it has a dredful taste.

I can go my fairy cycle and I went with mummy a long walk and I was on my fairy cycle and there were a hole lot of stones and I went bumtey bumtey bump and it was fun.

Not very long ago when my auntie was in my house I went into the hallway and I put on my Mummy's rain coat and I put on Mummy's hat and I went into the living room and did I look funny.

JUN. INF. A.

* * * *

My nees were very colde this morning. My stocings oenly go up to the begining of my nees.

Klide is miby comeing to school. I hope you are not afrade of Klide he is a big al sashon heaps of pepel are afrade of him.

I like dates and I like jam and I like a plum these things are very nise I like them enyway.

I like to read my book it is the house at Pooh Corner and I take my teddy to bed with me he is so nice and soft.

I am going to the palace on Saturday to see babes in toyland and on the same day my mummy is going to get her teeth out.

I was sick in the church and my daddy took me home in the car and I only got soop for my dinner. I was in Prinsis Street and I saw the duchess of York going to the theter. I saw squibs and they were culered squibs. An elephant and cats fiting on a roof and the King and the Queen. I was cold and I was inside my mummys fur coat.

JUN. INF. B.

* * * *

Reports on Societies.

JAMES GILLESPIE'S LITERARY AND DRAMATIC SOCIETY.

The past session has been one of the most successful and enjoyable in the history of the "Lit." This success is due to the unfailing enthusiasm and untiring efforts of our President, Miss Foster, and also to the advent of a large number of new and enthusiastic members from Form 4.

We have had a varied and interesting syllabus of meetings. Jacobite Night and Inter-Form Competition Night were innovations which the members greatly enjoyed. The Former Members' Re-union took the novel form of a Burns Supper. Dramatic Night and Magazine Night brought to light the talents of our Society. At one meeting we had an interesting address from a representative of the Women Citizens' Association, Miss Christine Turnbull.

Several of our members, under the President's guidance, embarked on a week-end hike in the Borders during Founder's Day week-end. Further reference to their adventures will be found in "School Notes."

There has been an appreciable increase in the number of speakers in open debate this year. Long may this continue! We look to next year's Fourth Form to keep up the high standard of our Society.

D. M. M.

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JAMES GILLESPIE'S SCIENCE ASSOCIATION.

The Science Association has now completed its eighth year, and a large membership and substantial balance show that it is in a very flourishing condition.

The meetings during the past session have been enthusiastically supported, especially by the younger members, and a new feature in the form of "Impromptu Debates," instead of the usual "Hat Night," proved very successful.

Interesting talks were given by Miss Matheson, M.A., on "A Holiday Spent in Norway, Sweden, and Denmark," Mr Howieson, M.A., B.Sc., on "Biological Curiosities," and Miss M'Dermont, M.B.E., on "English Cathedrals." The Former Members' Re-union was well attended and the session was brought to a close by "Surprise Night," which, this year, did bring a surprise in the form of a "Baby Competition."

The society is still prospering under the capable leadership of its original President, Mr Brash. Long may it continue to do so.

B. R.

* * * *

SCRIPTURE UNION.

Meetings are still being held on Monday, Wednesday and Friday mornings. The attendances have not been quite so large this term, but we hope that next term will see an improvement.

Several outside speakers have been invited and we enjoyed them very much. We wish to thank those girls who have attended so regularly for their help. New members are invited to join.

E. R. H.

* * * *

School Sports.

HOCKEY.

The past hockey season has been very successful and the membership of the Club has exceeded all past records. Each of the five teams has shared a clear margin of victories and the standard of play has been very high. The season was brought to a satisfactory conclusion by the winning of the seven-a-side tournament when the team put up a very fine performance.

	PLAYED.	WON.	LOST.	DRAWN.	GOALS	
					FOR.	AGST.
1st XI.	20	16	3	1	87	26
2nd XI.	16	13	2	1	55	11
3rd XI.	16	14	—	2	84	9
4th XI.	14	11	2	1	65	10
5th XI.	12	10	1	1	59	11

M. S. C.

TENNIS.

Tennis has, this season, proved as popular as in previous years. The school team represented by:—

Ruby Hindmarsh and Margaret Brettell,
Betty Rosie and Jean Currie,
Mary Grant and Nan Carr

has been more successful than last season.

The matches are as follows:—

Dunfermline	5	:	Gillespie's	4
Trinity	2	:	Gillespie's	7
Leith Academy	2	:	Gillespie's	5 (not completed)
Dunfermline	2	:	Gillespie's	7

There remain two matches to be played against Leith Academy on 6th July and Trinity Academy on 13th July.

Many members have entered for the doubles and singles tournaments but as yet these have not been completed.

The results of the House Matches are as follows:—

Warrender	19
Gilmore	14
Spylaw	13
Roslin	8

GOLF.

There has been a slightly increased membership this season, and the standard of play is certainly improving—one member having completed Braids No. 2 in 91.

Result of *Stroke Competition* held on Braids No. 2:—

1st 9 Holes—	Victoire McLeod	52 scr.=52
	Marjorie Rowley	53 scr.=53
	Jessie McLean	55 — 1=54
2nd 9 Holes—	Marjorie Rowley	51 scr.=51
	Anne Skinner	54 — 2=52
	Janet Cook	54 — 1=53

Best Scratch Score—1st 9	Victoire McLeod	52
	2nd 9 Marjorie Rowley	51
Best Scratch Score—18 Holes	Marjorie Rowley	104

1st House Match—One Round Stroke Play :—

<i>Gilmore.</i>		<i>Spylaw.</i>	
Marjorie Rowley	99	Victoire McLeod	103
Janet Cook	108	Anne Skinner	121
Margaret Malcolm	113	Sheila Craik	137
Jessie McLean	106	Ruby Houston	118
Total	426	Total	479

<i>Warrender.</i>		<i>Roslin.</i>	
Kath. McLean	104	Ruby Hindmarsh	108
Margaret Brettell	132	Margaret Crichton	134
Margaret Bee	106	E. Davidson	169
Eva Harris	149	Cissy Brydon	133
Total	491	Total	544

2nd House Match :—

<i>Gilmore.</i>		<i>Warrender.</i>	
Marjorie Rowley	100	Kath. McLean	98
Janet Cook	104	Margaret Brettell	135
Margaret Malcolm	114	Margaret Bee	97
Jessie McLean	103	Eva Harris	133
Total	421	Total	463

<i>Spylaw.</i>		<i>Roslin.</i>	
Victoire McLeod	107	Ruby Hindmarsh	117
Anne Skinner	121	Margaret Crichton	135
Sheila Craik	124	E. Davidson	169
Ruby Houston	118	Cissy Brydon	133
Total	470	Total	554

Result :—Gilmore	8 points
Spylaw	5 "
Warrender	5 "
Roslin	2 "

For the School Championship and custody of the M'Ewan Medal there were 12 entries. In the Semi-Final Kathleen McLean beat Marjorie Rowley by 1 hole, and Victoire McLeod beat Anne Skinner by 10 and 8.

The Final was witnessed by a number of supporters, and Kathleen McLean, who has been runner-up for the past two years, won the Championship by 4 and 3.

It is intended to hold another competition over Kingsknowe, and one over the Bruntfield Putting Course before the end of the session.

W. S.

SWIMMING.

The Thirteenth Annual Gala was held in Warrender Baths on the evening of Wednesday, 29th May, before an enthusiastic gathering of parents and friends. The swimming was of a high standard and there was very keen competition in the various events.

Councillor Thomas Stevenson presided, and in the course of his remarks said that the Club was in a very flourishing state, its membership being 440 which is the highest on record. During the year they had gained 253 Swimming Certificates—105 Elementary, 76 Intermediate, 47 Advanced, and 25 Life-Saving Certificates.

In addition this session they had gained 15 Bronze Medallions and 19 Intermediate Certificates of the Royal Life-Saving Society. The following gained the Bronze Medallion :—Helen Simpson, Agnes Bethune, Margaret Scott, Bethia Holmes, Ella Moore, Janet Peterson, Margaret Bee, and Geira Barker. Bronze Medallion and Intermediate Certificate :—Frances Woodward, Nyasa Burn, Caroline Ferguson, Margaret Rye, Aileen Stephen, Dorothy Shand, and Helen Paterson. Intermediate Certificate :—Margaret McLeod, Margaret Booth, Annie M'Ginn, Janette Squair, Betty Gall, Sheila Craik, Isobel Esson, Dorothy Stewart, Doris Franckeiss, Emily Maclure, Marjorie Harris, and Margaret Robinson.

The Honours Certificate was gained by six pupils :—Betty Gall, Marjorie Harris, Ella Moore, Janet Peterson, Dorothy Stewart, and Alice Walker.

Miss Ellen King gave her usual display of scientific and fancy swimming, and Ian Lemmon's diving display was again greatly appreciated.

The results of the items confined to the school were as follows :—

Championship of the School—

Kathleen Maclean with 19 points.

Margaret Crichton being runner-up.

25 Yards Handicap.	Grade A—Helen Donaldson.
" "	" B—Jean Butchart.
" "	" C—Emily Maclure.
" "	" D—Winnie Black.
" "	" E—Patsy Ross.
" "	" F—Doreen Kellock.
" "	" G—Betty Cathrae.

50 Yards Handicap.	Grade A—Netta Peterson.
" "	" B—Alice Walker.
" "	" C—Cathie Tait.
" "	" D—Margaret Robinson.

Obstacle Race. Grade A—Marjorie Harris.

" " " B—Nancy Brown.

Life-Saving in Pairs—Kathleen Maclean and Joan Paterson.

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

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

The House Championship was won by Roslin with 158 points, Warrender being runner-up with 148 points.

The Session was brought to a successful finish at the Edinburgh Schools' Gala when our Senior Team won the Trophy for the Secondary Schools' Four-a-Side Team Race.

The principal prize-winners were :—

Beginners' Race (Under 11)—1. Janet Gray.

Two-Lengths Free Style for School Board Medal—1. Elsie Taylor. Time 35½ secs.—a new record.

Breast Stroke Championship (Over 14)—1. Kathleen Maclean. Time 42 secs.—a new record.

50 Yards (Over 15)—1. Kathleen Maclean.

Life-Saving in Pairs—1. Kathleen Maclean and Joan Paterson.

Senior Team—1. Kathleen Maclean, Joan Paterson, Marjorie Harris, and Margaret Crichton.

To Miss Helen Mackay, whose work and enthusiasm have made the Swimming Club the success it is, we give our warmest thanks.

E. K.

CRICKET.

The past season has been the most successful in the history of the Club. With a record membership of over 40, it has been possible to field a more representative eleven, and all matches have been won up to date. Although fixtures could be arranged for one eleven only, the enthusiasm of the other members has been well maintained.

The batting is now much more consistent and several of the season's victories have been gained through the steadiness of the later batsmen. The chief cause of success, however, is the strengthening of the attack by the discovery of a medium-paced over-arm bowler in M. Murray, who has on two separate occasions captured seven wickets at a cost of two runs per wicket. The steady bowling of the captain, C. Tait, and the "spins" of A. Clark have also met with success. M. Murray and N. Peterson have been the best performers with the bat, with averages of 12.2 and 10.3 respectively.

The ground fielding is still the chief weakness of the team, and it is hoped that an effort will be made to eradicate this in the future.

The members of the 1st XI. are as follows:—C. Tait (*Capt.*), V. Crerar, A. Clark, D. Brown, J. McLean, M. Jamieson, N. Peterson, M. Morton, J. Currie, M. Murray, and D. Shand.

G. Beattie, S. Prescott, L. Low, F. Brown, F. Woodward, and P. Hamilton have also played.

RESULTS OF MATCHES.

Esdaile	49	:	Gillespie's	52
St. Thomas of Aquin's	25	:	Gillespie's	62
John Watson's	42	:	Gillespie's	53
F.P. XI.	40	:	Gillespie's	70 for 7
St. Thomas of Aquin's	34	:	Gillespie's	76

A match with St. George's is still to be played.

J. C. B.

ANNUAL SPORTS.

On Wednesday, 19th June, a large number of parents and friends gathered at Slateford to witness the Annual Sports, which were carried through under pleasant weather conditions.

The Infants' prizes were presented by Mrs J. B. Clark and those for the Elementary and Secondary Departments by Mrs Morison Millar.

There was a slight increase in the number of entries compared with last year.

For the second year in succession Joan Webster gained the Individual Championship and Stevenson Cup, winning all five Championship events—giving a total of 20 points; while Margaret Morton was again runner-up with 9 points, and gained the Scott Prize.

Gilmore again won the House Championship with 116 points, Roslin being runners-up with 70 points, while Spylaw and Warrender gained 30 points and 14 points respectively.

We are proud to record that our School Champion, Joan Webster, was second in the 100 Yards Sprint at the Scottish Women's Amateur Athletic Championships at Glasgow.

In the Broad Jump at the same meeting the winning jump was 14 ft. 7 in. as compared with Joan Webster's 15 ft. 3 in. at our own sports.

The following were the prize-winners:—

Infants.

- Senior A—Joyce Crowe.
 " B—Agnes Shaw.
 Junior A—Dileas Mackenzie.
 " B—Elizabeth Mackenzie.

Juniors.

- 2 Junior A—Dorothy Peacock.
 " B—Ruth Watt.
 1 Junior A—Irene Chalmers.
 " B—Valmai Edenborough.

Elementary.

- 80 Yards (Under 10)—1. Olive Morrison; 2. Ruth Weddell.
 100 Yards (Under 11)—1. Kathleen Wight; 2. Margaret Mowatt;
 3. Dorothy Beaton.
 " (Under 12)—1. Ruby Stewart; 2. Moira Haig; 3. Doris Sey.
 " (Open)—1. Jemima Simpson; 2. Dorothy Stewart.
 Skipping Race (Under 10)—1. Olive Morrison.
 " " (Under 12)—1. Doris Sey; 2. Ruby Stewart;
 3. Rhoda Graham.
 " (Open)—1. Jemima Simpson; 2. Betty Anderson.
 Egg and Spoon Race (Under 11)—1. Wilma Moore; 2. Thelma Adams; 3. Hazel Purves.
 " " (Open)—1. Dorothy Stewart; 2. Isobel Ferguson; 3. Doris Topp; 4. Enid Newberry.
 Three-Legged Race (Under 10)—1. Ruth Weddell and Jean Laird.
 " " (Open)—1. May Johnston and Jenny Weddell.
 2. Jemima Simpson and Doris Sey.
 3. Margt. Gardiner and Margt. Allan.
 Sack Race—1. Jean Donaldson; 2. Doreen Colburn; 3. Isobel Ferguson; 4. Hazel Stewart.
 Relay Races—1st Seniors—1 S. A. (Hazel Purves, Olive Morrison; Winnie Black and Wilma Moore).
 2nd Seniors—2 S. C. (Florence Bowie, Isobel Robertson, Moira Haig, Ruby Stewart).
 3rd Seniors—3 S. B. (Dorothy Stewart, Doris Sey, Katherine Walker, Mina Simpson).

Secondary.

- 220 Yards (Open)—1. Joan Webster; 2. Cathie Hall (Time, 28½ sec.).
 100 Yards (Under 13)—1. Audrey Purves.
 " (Under 14)—1. Barbara Grubb; 2. Mary Durie.
 " (Under 15)—1. Margaret Morton; 2. Jean Mitchell.
 " (Open)—1. Joan Webster; 2. Margaret Morton (Time 11½ secs.).
 Skipping Race (Under 14)—1. Mary Durie; 2. Barbara Grubb.
 " (Open)—1. Cathie Tait; 2. Dorothy Brown.
 Egg and Spoon Race (Under 14)—1. Margaret Kelly; 2. Isobel Macdonald.
 " " (Open)—1. Cathie Blyth; 2. Alice Walker.

- Three-Legged Race (Open)—1. Marjorie Shields and Jean Michie.
 2. Sheila Mather and Joan Lewis.
 3. Cathie Tait and Dorothy Brown.
- Sack Race—1. Betty Hardie ; 2. Cissie Brydon.
- Blind Pony Race—1. Margaret Scott and Netta Peterson ; 2. Jean Ritchie and Nancy Thornton.
- Obstacle Race—1. Charlotte Rosie ; 2. Netta Peterson ; 3. Cathie Blyth.
- Hurdles Race (Under 15)—1. Margaret Morton ; 2. Hannah Shenkin.
- " " (Open)—1. Joan Webster ; 2. Cathie Hall.
- Relay—Inter House (Under 15)—Gilmore (Cathie Hall, Jessie Walker, Sadie M'Crimmon, Barbara Grubb).
 " " (Open)—Gilmore (Joan Webster, Cathie Tait, Hannah Shenkin, Marjory Shields).
- Throwing the Cricket Ball—Jessie M'Lean, 136 feet.
- Hockey Dribbling—Dorothy Brown.
- High Jump (Under 15)—Margaret Marshall, 3 ft. 11 in.
- High Jump (Open)—Joan Webster, 4 ft. 2 in.
- Broad Jump (Under 15)—Margaret Morton, 14 ft. 2 in. (*School Record*).
 " (Open)—Joan Webster 15 ft. 3 in. (*School Record*).
 W. S.

INTER-HOUSE HOCKEY CUP.

PREVIOUS WINNERS.

- 1930-31—Gilmore. 1931-32—Gilmore.
 1932-33—Gilmore. 1933-34—Roslin.
 1934-35—Roslin.

HOUSE CHAMPIONSHIP.

PREVIOUS WINNERS.

- 1926-27—Warrender. 1927-28—Spylaw.
 1928-29—Gilmore. 1929-30—Warrender.
 1930-31—Gilmore. 1931-32—Gilmore.
 1932-33—Gilmore. 1933-34—Spylaw.

HOUSE CHAMPIONSHIP, 1934-35.

	GILMORE.	ROSLIN.	SPYLAW.	WARRENDER.
	Pts.	Pts.	Pts.	Pts.
Merit	45	92	109	104
Attendance	33	35	38	44
Hockey	28	33	11	28
Swimming	26	31	14	29
Sports	50	31	13	6
Tennis	26	15	24	35
Golf	40	10	25	25
Totals	248	247	234	271
Less Penalty Points	67	96	63	74
Grand Totals	181	151	171	197

Champion House—Warrender.

Second—Gilmore.

J. C. B.

Former Pupils' Section.

GENEVA.

The mid-day "rapide" for Lyons and the South left Paris on a broiling day at the end of July. The heat continued all day ; the country we passed through was flat, sandy and monotonous. Here and there a straggling pinewood broke the succession of untidy farmyards and uneven fields. At Dijon we left the main line and branched east, following for a time the course of the Rhône. Just as the heat of the day was lessening, and the light fading quickly to the short twilight, we reached the borders of Switzerland and began to climb the Juras. The sudden change was startling. The scenery was like that of North-West Scotland—sheer and magnificent ; in place of the untidy, unkempt farms of central France we came to neat, clean chalets, nestling compactly between the folds of the mountains, and as we climbed we came in sight of the water of Lake Geneva, glistening in the distance—faintly red from the sunset behind us.

Darkness fell quickly, and long before we reached Gâre de Cornavin the lights in the train were lit. But Geneva's main street, the long Avenue de Mont Blanc, which leads from the high central part of the town down to the shores of the Lake, was in complete darkness save for the lamps outside the many cafés. Twenty years earlier the first mobilisation order had gone out through Switzerland, and they were remembering it this night, and celebrating it—if one celebrates such an event—with a long torchlight procession. So my first glimpse of Geneva was a strange one—with the unsteady flare of unnumerable torches to light me, and the almost incredible noise of some hundred chattering and singing Genoese to cheer me.

It was difficult to believe that the quiet, dignified city which I looked out upon from my window next morning was the same place. On the one side I could see the Lake, blue and clear, glistening in the sunshine, while above it rose the terraces of the new town, over-topped, in the far distance, by the snowy whiteness of the Alps. On the other I looked down upon one of the many lovely parks which

are such a feature of Geneva, out to the long Avenue de Mon Repos, which winds through a park of the same restful name, down to the edge of the Lake.

I knew that my first journey of exploration would be along this Avenue—for at the end of it lay the magnificent building which is very shortly to be the new home of the League of Nations. I was lucky enough, having a friend at court, to obtain a permit enabling me to browse round this new Palais des Nations, and the present home of the League, the Hotel Nationale, as I liked. The present home has all the pleasures of association. Here the delegates to the peace conference in 1919 laid the first stone; here the first American delegation had their places as guests of honour; here just a few weeks earlier was argued out the first long round of the disarmament question. But what the new building lacks in memories, it makes up for in magnificence and appropriateness of setting. Believing that the cause of peace can be achieved only in a setting of beauty, the architects have spared no pains to make the surroundings and the building itself as lovely as money and art can make it. Within the main building are rooms each representing in its decoration and furniture a particular nation. The walls are hung with the pictures by the most famous artists of the present day each representing some incident from the history of the nation. Furthermore, several of the nations have taken it upon themselves to bequeath some article of furniture, or to decorate some part of the main building. Belgium has given the beautiful iron-wrought gates, Spain is decorating the four magnificent pillars in the main hall, Great Britain, Switzerland, Holland and Italy each have given some gift to the Palais, in which will take place those conferences which may mean so much to the future happiness of each. Surely nations who have planned such a building for the cause of peace, and decorated it with such glorious examples of the arts of peace, will think often and long before sacrificing them on the altar of war.

To most people to-day Geneva means "The League," and so it has proved with me. I can only mention the glorious whiteness of the town itself, its fine buildings, wide streets and fascinating shops; the Lake has many admirers who have sung its praises again and again. My short sail from Geneva up to the quaint old village of Coppet and my

visit to Madame du Staël's house there, the evening walk up to the old bridge which spans the junction of the deep blue waters of the Rhône with those of the muddy mountain stream, the Arve, and the rather perilous journey in the aerial railway up to the summit of the Salève with its view of the mighty peaks beyond—all these are among the memories which remain to me of a very delightful holiday.

J. MAY DODS.

* * * *

FORMER PUPILS' CLUB, 1934-1935.

The opening meeting for the Session 1934-35 was held in School on Friday, 26th October, 1934. Mr G. Thomson, one of the Presidents, was in the Chair. The President welcomed new members to the Club, and reviewed the activities of the previous session. Mr Burnett then addressed the meeting.

The Treasurer's report was read, and office-bearers elected:—

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

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

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

Mr G. Thomson.

Secretary—Miss C. Graham, 57 Montpelier Park.

Treasurer—Miss M. J. Campbell, 13 Viewforth Square.

Committee—Misses M. Forgan, M. E. R. Henderson,

B. Gemmell, M. Dods, M. Fraser, M. Peters, C.

Wishart, Messrs J. G. Glen, J. Adamson, C. A. Garrett.

About 108 F.P.'s were present and took part in the subsequent programme of dancing.

The second meeting—a Social—was held in School on Friday, 7th December.

The Re-union, on Wednesday, 13th February, was again held in the Plaza, and although the numbers were smaller than in former years, it was none the less enjoyable.

The Gymnastic Class has proved quite successful, but there is still room for new members.

The reports of the sports sections will be found elsewhere.

Intending members of the Club, or of any of its sections, are assured of a friendly welcome.

C. GRAHAM, *Hon. Secretary.*

F.P. HOCKEY CLUB.

Another season has closed but owing to stiffer opposition I am afraid the results are not so satisfactory as the previous season.

The following is a table of the results :—

Played.	Won.	Lost.	Drawn.	Goals.	
				For.	Agst.
16	6	10	0	30	49

On the whole the 2nd XI. put up rather a good performance considering that the same team never went on to the field two weeks in succession owing to the fact that we have hardly enough members for three elevens.

We entered a team in the Peffermill Sevens but lost to E.W.A.C. by 2 goals to 1 in the 2nd round, after beating Broughton 4—1 in the first round.

In the Hawkhill Sevens we were defeated in the first round by Edinburgh Ladies'.

We are still in need of players, and any girls intending to join the Club, either pupils leaving school at the end of July or any other F.P.'s interested, should get in touch with the Secretary before next season commences at the beginning of September.

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

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F.P. RUGBY CLUB.

In view of the loss of a number of members, through their receiving business appointments out of town and various other causes, a somewhat curtailed fixture list was undertaken. Only eleven games were played, with the following results :—

Played.	Won.	Lost.	For.	Points.
				Agst.
11	4	7	53	168

For not a few of these games we had difficulty in raising a full fifteen ; and quite evidently the "writing was on the wall" that we could not much longer continue our Club. Our older members were gradually dropping off as they

ceased to play Rugby, and as the school was no longer a source of new members for us (a fact of which we had been becoming increasingly aware) we had a feeling during the season that this season must be our last. The usual Annual General Meeting was held at the end of our programme of matches to decide our future, and on a vote there we agreed to wind up the Club. It was of course with regret that this decision was taken but it had been obvious to us for some time that our "demise" was imminent, and we considered it better to cease now rather than drag out our existence under difficulties. To mark our exit, a social meeting was held in the Royal Hotel, where we bade farewell to each other after making assurances that we would endeavour to keep in touch, although no longer a Club. With this end in view, those of us who intend to continue to play Rugby (and some of us who no longer play) are joining Lismore Rugby Club, and will therefore to some extent still enjoy the very good fellowship which we have so enjoyed, through the Club, in the past.

Before I say good-bye to the *Magazine*, I should like to express our appreciation to the Editor for the consideration which we have always received ; and we all hope that the *Magazine* will continue to flourish for many years to come.

D. MACLACHLAN,
Hon. Secretary.

F.P. NOTES.

- Mr JAMES CUTHBERTSON, M.A., a former Dux, whose "Bundle and Go" has been widely read, has followed this with another historical romance, entitled "Heather on Fire."
- Miss ELIZABETH CHALMERS WEBSTER, who died in South Africa some months ago, was well known as a contributor to the "Rand Daily Mail," and had finished her third novel a week before her death.
- Rev. MAGNUS R. NICOLSON, M.A., late of St. Abbs Parish Church, was inducted in January to the pastorate of Fountainhall Road Church, Edinburgh.
- Mr WILLIAM ROSS, M.A. (Hons.), has received an appointment in the National Physical Laboratory at Slough, Buckinghamshire.
- Miss J. MAY DODS was awarded a "Dickson" Travelling Scholarship to enable her to visit Geneva; she also obtained a prize of £4 4s., awarded by the Educational Institute of Scotland for research on the Teaching of Composition. She is at present teaching at Warden Court, Cuckfield, Surrey.
- Miss DOROTHY HURFORD has received an appointment as Assistant Mistress of Modern Languages in the Brownhills High School for Girls, Tunstall, Stoke-on-Trent.
- Mr IAN M'DONALD, M.A., has been appointed to the Science and Mathematics Department of George Watson's College for Boys.
- Mr WILLIAM H. GEISSLER has been appointed to the Staff of Moray House Training College, Edinburgh.
- Mr MALCOLM C. GILES, M.A., has become an Associate of the Institute of Civil Engineers.
- Mr JOHN W. ROBIN, M.A. (Hons.), has been appointed Head of the Modern Language Department in Dunfermline High School.
- Miss ELLEN M. KING has been appointed a Swimming Instructress under the Edinburgh Corporation Education Committee.
- Miss GRACE BATEMAN has been appointed an Instructress in Physical Training under the Edinburgh Corporation Education Committee.
- Miss MARGARET J. T. ROSIE has been appointed Itinerant Teacher of Domestic Science under the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright Education Committee.
- Miss HELEN M. ROSIE has received an appointment as Teacher of Physical Training under Midlothian Education Committee.
- Miss MARGARET SAVAGE has been appointed a Teacher of Modern Languages in County School for Girls, Dartford, Kent.
- Miss A. MAIMIE PATERSON has received a Civil Service appointment in His Majesty's Office of Works, London.
- Miss BETTY SMITH has received a Civil Service appointment at the Board of Agriculture, Edinburgh.
- Miss BETTY PRINGLE, D.A., has been appointed Assistant Art Mistress at Edinburgh Ladies' College.
- Mr JAMES R. GUTHRIE, M.A., has graduated Bachelor of Divinity with distinction in Old Testament Language and Literature. He also gained the Gunning Victoria Jubilee Prize (1st equal) of £40, and has been appointed to a Scottish Fellowship in Union Theological, Seminary, New York.
- Miss GRACE JOHNSTON, M.A., has graduated Bachelor of Music with Honours (June 1935) and has been awarded the Bucher Scholarship in Music.
- Miss ESME I. AITKINS has graduated M.A. at Edinburgh University.
- Miss DOROTHY E. B. MELVILLE, M.A., has been awarded the Diploma in Education at Edinburgh University.

- Miss VIOLET TRAINER has gained a Diploma in Design at the College of Art. During the year she has been awarded two Bursaries and a Scholarship.
- Miss CHRISTINA GUTHRIE was placed 1st in the Mezzo-Contralto Class, and 2nd in the Leier Class at the Edinburgh Musical Festival, June 1935.
- Mrs CLELLAND (*nee* IRENE CLARKSON) played again in Scottish International Hockey matches.
- Miss MILDRED STORRAR has again won the Scottish Women's Cross-Country Championship (March 1935) and the Scottish Women's Half-Mile Championship (June 1934). She also represented Scotland at the British Empire Games in August 1934, and was a member of the Scottish International Cross-Country Team *versus* England in April 1935.
- Mr ROBERT S. BATEMAN has returned from India where he has been working for the past four years, and is taking up an Insurance appointment in Maidstone, Kent.
- Mr ANGUS MACBEATH was medallist (equal) in the Advanced Class of Accounting and Business Method at Edinburgh University.

MARRIAGES.

- BAXTER—STANFORD.—On 28th June 1934, DAVID F. BAXTER, M.B., Ch.B., to MARGARET C. W. STANFORD, M.A., 39 Comely Bank Place.
- M'DOUGALL—BATEMAN.—On 14th July 1934, JOHN R. M'DOUGALL, to BERYL BATEMAN, 2 Thirlestane Road.
- CASTLE—HALL.—On 14th July 1934, RODERICK CASTLE, to GERTRUDE HALL, 60 Marchmont Road.
- MACKIE—MARTIN.—On 21st July 1934, THOMAS W. MACKIE, to JENNY R. MARTIN, 1 Sylvan Place.
- CROMBIE—BENNETT.—On 2nd August 1934, WILLIAM T. CROMBIE, B.Com., C.A., to KATHLEEN F. BENNETT.
- WATT—HANNAH.—On 11th August 1934, JOHN ROY WATT, 3 Shandon Terrace, to SHEILA J. HANNAH.
- TOTT—LAURENSEN.—On 14th August 1934, FREDERICK R. TOTT, to MARY W. LAURENSEN, 15 Falcon Gardens.
- JARVIS—HUNTER.—On 1st September 1934, EDWARD A. JARVIS, to JEAN M. HUNTER, 14 Moat Place.
- WALKER—SPARK.—On 3rd September 1934, THOMAS J. WALKER, to MAY FARQUHAR SPARK, Southlea, Barnton.
- DODDS—TILLMAN.—On 6th September 1934, NORMAN V. M. DODDS, to MARJORIE L. TILLMAN, 103 Morningside Drive.
- BATEMAN—BANNATYNE.—On 7th September 1934, CHARLES D. M. BATEMAN, 2 Thirlestane Road, to ALMA J. M. BANNATYNE.
- AFFLECK—MACARTHUR.—On 8th September 1934, HARRY AFFLECK, to GLADYS J. MACARTHUR, Edinburgh.
- FISHER—YOUNG.—On 8th September 1934, FREDERICK J. T. FISHER, to ELIZABETH F. YOUNG, 20 Cowan Road.
- SWAN—HUTCHISON.—On 12th September 1934, ROBERT SWAN, to DORIS LEES HUTCHISON, 14 West Preston Street.
- KEMP—HANNING.—On 28th September 1934, ALEXANDER KEMP, to ETHEL HANNING, 33 Abercorn Terrace.
- YUILL—STEEL.—On 29th September 1934, JOHN B. YUILL, to JANET M. (NETTIE) STEEL, 3 Admiral Terrace.
- LIEBING—COLLIE.—On 6th October 1934, PAUL W. LIEBING, to VIOLET MARY COLLIE, M.A., 89 Willowbrae Avenue.

KEMP HARPER—DUNCAN.—On 13th October 1934, ROBERT A. KEMP HARPER, M.B., Ch.B., to ELMA DUNCAN, 8 Thirlestane Road.

BRECHIN—CAMERON.—On 20th October 1934, HERBERT A. BRECHIN, F.F.S., Glenorchy, Ulster Drive, to JANE R. CAMERON.

HALL—JOHNSTON.—On 24th October 1934, JAMES A. HALL, to BRODIE K. JOHNSTON, 3 Ormidale Terrace.

WATSON—GILLON.—On 14th November 1934, JOHN F. WATSON, to ELIZABETH M. GILLON, Balerno.

SNODGRASS—HAMILTON.—On 15th November 1934, JAMES SNODGRASS, to NELLIE HAMILTON, Drumcarling, North Queensferry.

SMITH—MILLIGAN.—On 6th December 1934, THOMAS A. SMITH, to CHRISTIAN R. MILLIGAN, Edina Place.

FORREST—OVENS.—On 27th December 1934, ALAN FORREST, to MAY OVENS.

SIMPSON—GARSIDE.—On 24th February 1935, GEORGE F. SIMPSON, "The Lilacs," Shandon Road, to ETHEL GARSIDE.

MURPHY—STONE.—On 11th April 1935, ARCHIBALD M. MURPHY, 63 Comiston Drive, to MARY L. STONE.

ROBERTSON—COCKBURN.—On 17th April 1935, JAMES ROBERTSON, 7 Roseburn Gardens, to MARGARET COCKBURN.

PATON—KENNEDY.—On 22nd April 1935, ERNEST C. PATON, to HELEN C. KENNEDY, 23 Warrender Park Road.

GALLOWAY—FRASER.—On 1st June 1935, GEORGE DUFF, to AGNES WILSON (NANCY) FRASER, 43 Marchmont Road.

BEATON—DAWSON.—On 5th June 1935, JOHN M. BEATON, 19 Spottiswoode Road, to HELEN P. DAWSON.

WOOD—TEVIOTDALE.—On 22nd June 1935, ANDREW WOOD, to ETHEL TEVIOTDALE, 15 Riselaw Terrace.

Certificate and Scholarship Lists.

PUPILS WHO GAINED LEAVING CERTIFICATES IN 1934.

Jane B. Bethune.
Margaret M. Bruce.
Ethel A. Buglass.
Eleanor M. Chisholm.
Hannah S. Couper.
Margaret S. Crichton.
Esther A. Davidson.
May D. Falconer.
M. Caroline Forbes.
Margaret H. Fraser.
Colette Hogg.
Elizabeth L. Livingstone.

Jean M. Lugton.
Margaret A. Mackenzie.
Susan K. N. McDonald.
Mary E. McNab.
Helen B. Morrison.
Margaret M. Scott.
Norah E. Shields.
Annie B. Smith.
Elizabeth T. Smith.
Isobel J. Strachan.
Elizabeth M. Thornton.

PUPILS WHO GAINED DAY SCHOOL CERTIFICATES (HIGHER) IN 1934.

Mary M. R. Allan.
Gladys E. Beattie.
Catherine M. S. Benigan.
Mary R. Birrell.
Sheila P. K. Black.
Aileen B. Blair.
Hilda I. Brown.
Jane D. Brown.
Margaret O. Brown.
Joan M. Buckle.
Jane A. S. Burn.
Muriel S. Camberg.
Eliza S. Cameron.
Agnes A. Carr.
Margaret E. Christie.
Alice F. Clark.
Margaret U. Cochrane.
Winifred M. Cormack.
Margaret F. J. W. Cowpar.
Violet F. Crerar.
Doris J. C. Crichton.
Dorothy K. Cunningham.
Vera M. Cunningham.
Isabel A. R. Linton.
Doris B. Livingston.
Isobel K. Lornie.
Lena M. Low.
Betty S. MacDonald.
Morag Macdonald.
Dorothy I. McGeoch.
Ann A. McIntosh.
Catherine C. McNab.
Mary Mallinson.
Nora D. Marshall.
Margaret H. Maxwell.
Elizabeth A. Mercer.

Jean R. Currie.
Jessie D. Dalgleish.
Elizabeth Deans.
Mary M. Denham.
Alison Earsman.
Jean M. Falconer.
Kezia M. Flockhart.
Freda M. Foreman.
Doris E. Frater.
Dorothy W. Gardiner.
Harriet B. Gordon.
Annie B. Gould.
Dorothy Graham.
Mary D. Grant.
Winifred L. Harris.
Alice E. Henderson.
Anna C. Hogg.
Dorothy M. Imrie.
Muriel R. Innes.
Mary W. Keddie.
Muriel A. Lamb.
Margaret E. Lamond.
Margaret Law.
Agnes A. Ross.
Margaret F. Rudd.
Muriel E. Rudd.
Dorothy Shaw.
Helen R. Shepherd.
Marjorie J. Shields.
Mary B. M. Sinclair.
Catherine C. Slater.
Betty C. N. Smith.
Alice M. A. Stephen.
Margaret A. Swan.
Alison B. C. Tait.
Catherine Tait.

Jean F. Michie.
Annie G. Mitchell.
Marjory M. Muir.
Jessie C. D. Nicolson.
Frances F. Niven.
Elizabeth E. Overend.
Doris Paterson.
Jean B. Paterson.
Joan S. Paterson.

Mary D. Tait.
Helen C. L. Tarbet.
Elizabeth E. Thomson.
Alice R. Torkington.
Winifred J. M. Tunnah.
Margaret D. Walker.
Davina P. Wilson.
Grace C. Wyper.

PUPILS WHO GAINED THE JUNIOR COMMERCIAL CERTIFICATE OF THE EDINBURGH CHAMBER OF COMMERCE IN 1935.

Jean W. Jamieson.
Mona I. H. Robertson.
Isabella C. Wallis.

Margaret Rudd.
(English, Arithmetic, Geography).

SHORTHAND SUCCESSES.

1. *Certificates in Theory of Shorthand*—

Hilda Brown, Dorothy Brown, Joan Buckle, Alice Clark, Winnie Cormack, Dorothy Cunningham, Jessie Dalgleish, Margaret Law, Isabel Linton, Betty M'Donald, Margaret Rudd, Marjorie Shields, Mary Sinclair, Catherine Tait, Elizabeth Thomson, Margaret Maxwell, Freda Foreman, Mary Dick Tait, M. Emma Pike.

2. *Speed Certificates in Shorthand*—

Jean Jamieson (80). Beatrice Liddell (80).
Margaret Brodie (70). Catherine Kay (80).
Louie Laurence (70).

SCHOLARSHIPS ENTITLING TO REMISSION OF FEES FOR SESSION 1935-36.

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

ENTERING SIXTH YEAR.—Eleanor M. Brodie, Winifred F. Ewing, Eva R. Harris, Beatrice W. Liddell, Dorothy Minck, Charlotte M. Rosie.

ENTERING FIFTH YEAR.—Gladys E. Beattie, Joan Buckle, Jean McK. Falconer, Dorothy Gardiner, Dorothy Graham, Betty McDonald, Jean Paterson, Agnes H. Ross.

ENTERING FOURTH YEAR.—Geira M. Barker, Margaret I. Bee, Grace Caddis, Joan M. Godfrey, Evelyn B. Hardie, Margaret I. Jamieson, Rachel E. Quinnell, Frances T. Woodward.

ENTERING THIRD YEAR.—Dorothy S. T. Bell, Isabel Dalling, Eleanor Ginsburg, Helen J. Macdonald, Kathleen Macdonald, Margaret K. Macdonald, Anne R. B. Paterson, Cynthia Pryde, Dorothy Shand, Jessie Templeton, Annie Weston.

ENTERING SECOND YEAR.—Margaret Booth, Muriel H. B. Brown, Nyasa Burn, Janet S. Cutt, Joan Forge, Victoria Gillanders, Jean Johnstone, Joyce Kidd, Sheila Mather, Audrey L. Purves, Marjorie G. Ritchie, Barbara Stewart, Pauline A. Wood.

ENTERING FIRST YEAR.—Brennan Burnett, Isabel Ferguson, Dorothy Halliday, Marjorie Hamilton, Ishbel Sim, Lillias Simpson, Catherine Sinclair, Leila Sinha, Hazel Stewart.

SCHOOL PRIZE LIST, 1934-35.

Dux of the School	Jane B. Bethune.
Dux in English	Jane B. Bethune.
„ Latin	Jane B. Bethune.
„ French	Jane B. Bethune.
„ German	Jane B. Bethune.
„ Mathematics	Jane B. Bethune.
„ Science	Margaret S. Crichton.
„ Art	Elizabeth T. Rosie.
„ Physical Training	Elizabeth T. Rosie.
„ Music	Margaret MacBeath.
„ Secretarial Subjects	Jean W. Jamieson.
„ Dressmaking	Bethia T. Holmes.
Dux of the Intermediate School	Barbara M. Lowe.

SPECIAL PRIZES.

Prize presented by a Former Dux (1927-28) to the Dux of the School.
Jane B. Bethune.

Prize presented by a Former Dux (1927-28) to the Dux of the Intermediate School.
Barbara M. Lowe.

Prize presented by Two Former Duxes to the Best All-Round Pupil.
Margaret S. Crichton.

Jenkins Memorial Former Pupils' Club Prize presented to the Dux in English.
Jane B. Bethune.

“Mouren Prize” presented by a Former Dux (1925-26) to the Dux in French.
Jane B. Bethune.

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

“Jobson Prize” for Mental Arithmetic.
Gertie Levy.

Prize presented by Anonymous Donor (Ashfield) to the Dux in Classics.
Jane B. Bethune.

Prize presented by Anonymous Donor to the Dux in Science.
Margaret S. Crichton.

Prize presented by Anonymous Donor to the Dux in Secretarial Subjects.
Jean W. Jamieson.

"Cowan Prize" in Art.

Anne Shortreed.

"Tom Stevenson" Cup and Gold Medal for Athletics.

Joan Webster.

"Thomas Scott" Prize for Athletics.

Margaret M. Morton.

Singing Prizes (presented by Two Former Duxes).

1. May Falconer. 2. Margaret Macmillan.

Sir Walter Scott Club Prizes.

Secondary School—1. Frances M. Brunt; 2. Laura M. Watt.

Intermediate School—1. Elizabeth M'Millan; 2. Barbara M. Lowe.

Stevenson Club Prize.

Frances M. Brunt.

Burns Club Prizes.

Senior Section—Jean R. Currie.

Intermediate Section—Joan M. Low.

Junior Section—1. Catherine Sinclair; 2. Leila Sinha; 3. Dorothy Halliday.

Bible Prizes.

- | | |
|---------------------------|-----------------------------|
| Form 6—Elizabeth Bryce. | 3 Sen. B.—Jean Wishart. |
| Form 5—Irene M'Dermott. | 2 Sen. B.—Ruby Laird. |
| Form 4—Elizabeth Thomson. | 1 Sen. B.—Nancy Knox. |
| Form 3—Winifred Affleck. | 2 Jun. B.—Marjory Drummond. |
| Form 2—Jemima Robertson. | 1 Jun. B.—Sheena Morrison. |
| Form 1—Audrey Purves. | |

S.P.C.A. Prizes—Essay Competition.

1. Doris Briggs (3 Sen. A.); 2. Catherine Sinclair (3 Sen. B.);
3. Leila Sinha (3 Sen. C.).

S.P.C.A. Poster Competition.

Patricia M'Dermott (3 Sen. B.), 4th for Scotland.
Audrey Barker (3 Sen. A.), Consolation Prize.

Pianoforte Prizes.

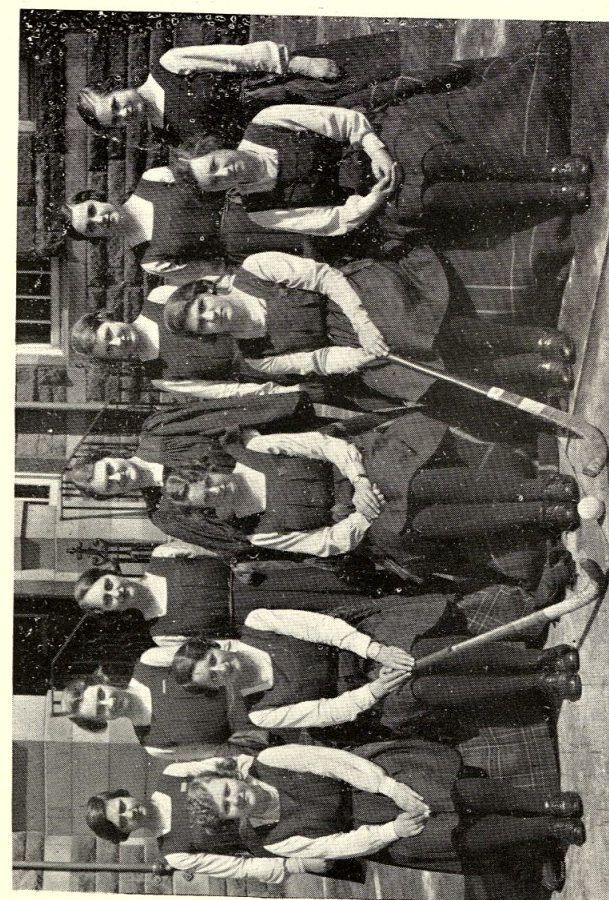
Mr Huxtable's Pupils—1. Etrine Anderson.

Mr Paterson's Pupils—1. Kathleen M'Lean.

Mrs Ross's Pupils—1. Margaret Nelson; 2. Margaret Landels.



PARIS—July 1934.



C. HALL, M. MORTON, G. BEATTIE, MISS ANDERSON, N. CARR, C. ROSIE, C. BRYDON.
R. HINDMARSH, M. STORRAR, B. ROSIE, M. CRICHTON, M. McBEATH.



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FORM 6 A.

- English*—1. Jane B. Bethune ; 2. Frances M. Brunt ; 3. Margaret S. Crichton ; 4. Elizabeth G. Bryce and Esther A. Davidson (equal).
History—1. Frances M. Brunt.
Latin—1. Jane B. Bethune.
French (Advanced)—1. Jane B. Bethune.
 (Higher)—1. Frances M. Brunt ; 2. Margaret S. Crichton.
 (Lower)—1. Elizabeth T. Rosie.
German—1. Jane B. Bethune.
Mathematics (Advanced)—1. Jane B. Bethune.
 (Higher)—1. May D. Falconer.
 (Lower)—1. Elizabeth T. Rosie.
Science—1. Margaret S. Crichton.
Art—1. Elizabeth T. Rosie ; 2. Mina M. M. Storrar.
Physical Training—1. Elizabeth T. Rosie.

FORM 6 B.

- English and History*—1. Roberta D. Hindmarsh.
French—1. Jean W. Jamieson.
Mathematics (Higher)—1. Catherine I. C. Kay.
 (Lower)—1. Roberta D. Hindmarsh.
Secretarial Subjects—1. Jean J. Jamieson ; 2. Catherine I. C. Kay.
Physical Training—1. Jean J. Jamieson.

FORM 5 A.

- English*—1. Dorothy M. Minck ; 2. Jenny M. Yellowlees ; 3. Mary D. Kelloe and Marie A. Morrison (equal) ; 5. Olive B. M'Ausland ; 6. Margaret I. Malcolm.
Latin—1. Dorothy M. Minck ; 2. Mary D. Kelloe ; 3. Jenny M. Yellowlees.
French—1. Dorothy M. Minck ; 2. Mary D. Kelloe ; 3. Jenny M. Yellowlees ; 4. Olive B. M'Ausland.
German—1. Dorothy M. Minck ; 2. Mary D. Kelloe ; 3. Jenny M. Yellowlees.
German (Short Course)—1. Winifred F. Ewing.
Mathematics (Higher)—1. Olive B. M'Ausland ; 2. Irene P. M'Dermott ; 3. Dorothy M. Minck ; 4. Jenny M. Yellowlees.
Mathematics (Lower)—1. Margaret I. Malcolm.
Science—1. Olive B. M'Ausland ; 2. Marie A. Morrison ; 3. Rita Ordman.
Art—1. Margaret I. Malcolm.
Music—1. Margaret MacBeath.
Physical Training—1. Charlotte M. Rosie.

FORM 5 B.

- English*—1. Isabella C. Wallis ; 2. Annie E. Vint ; 3. Eleanor M. Brodie ; 4. Beatrice W. Liddell.
French (Higher)—1. Louie Laurence ; 2. Beatrice W. Liddell.
(Lower)—1. Flora A. Ritchie.
German (Short Course)—1. Louie Lawrence ; 2. Beatrice W. Liddell.
Mathematics—1. Isabella C. Wallis.
Secretarial Subjects—1. Louie Lawrence ; 2. Beatrice W. Liddell ; 3. Isabella C. Wallis.
Physical Training—1. Joan Webster.

FORM 4 A.

- English*—1. Laura M. Watt ; 2. Jean R. Currie ; 3. Jean B. Paterson ; 4. Dorothy Graham ; 5. Gladys E. Beattie ; 6. Dorothy W. Gardiner.
Latin—1. Agnes A. Ross ; 2. Jean R. Currie.
French—1. Jean M. Falconer ; 2. Jean R. Currie ; 3. Dorothy W. Gardiner ; 4. Gladys E. Beattie.
German—1. Jean M. Falconer ; 2. Dorothy W. Gardiner ; 3. Jean R. Currie.
Mathematics—1. Agnes A. Ross ; 2. Laura M. Watt ; 3. Gladys E. Beattie ; 4. Joan S. Paterson.
Science—1. Gladys E. Beattie ; 2. Joan S. Paterson ; 3. Jessie C. D. Nicolson.
Art—1. Helen C. L. Tarbet.
Physical Training—1. Nancy Russell.

FORM 4 B.

- English*—1. Isabel Linton ; 2. Dorothy Cunningham ; 3. Betty Thomson ; 4. Jessie Dalglish.
French—1. Jessie Dalglish ; 2. Dorothy Cunningham ; 3. Betty MacDonald.
German—1. Dorothy Cunningham ; 2. Violet Crerar ; 3. Betty MacDonald.
Mathematics—1. Betty MacDonald ; 2. Dorothy Brown ; 3. Jessie Dalglish.
Secretarial Subjects—1. Betty Thomson ; 2. Betty MacDonald ; 3. Jessie Dalglish and Joan Buckle (*equal*).
Physical Training—1. Joan Buckle.

FORM 4 C.

- English*—1. Winifred Harris ; 2. Freda Freeman ; 3. Aileen Blair.
French—1. Margaret Cowpar ; 2. Margaret Maxwell.
Mathematics—1. Alice Torkington ; 2. Margaret Maxwell.
Secretarial Subjects—1. Mary Dick Tait ; 2. Margaret Maxwell.
Physical Training—1. M. Emma Pike.

FORM 3 A.

- English*—1. Elizabeth Macmillan ; 2. Ruby Ockrent ; 3. Barbara M. Lowe ; 4. Grace Caddis ; 5. Joan M. Godfrey ; 6. Rachel E. Quinnell.
Latin—1. Grace Caddis ; 2. Margaret S. Bee ; 3. Jean Hill ; 4. Barbara M. Lowe.
French—1. Grace Caddis ; 2. Barbara M. Lowe ; 3. Annie E. Martin ; 4. Jean Hill.
German—1. Grace Caddis ; 2. Margaret I. Jamieson ; 3. Barbara M. Lowe.
Mathematics—1. Bessie M. Barclay and Frances T. Woodward (*equal*) ; 3. Rachel E. Quinnell ; 4. Evelyn B. Hardie.
Art—1. Joan M. Godfrey and Rachel E. Quinnell (*equal*) ; 3. Frances T. Woodward ; 4. Dorothy J. McCartney.
Physical Training—1. Janet Peterson.

FORM 3 B.

- English*—1. Elizabeth R. MacWilliam ; 2. Mary R. Turner ; 3. Aileen Stephen ; 4. Victoire McLeod.
French—1. Philoméne Cook ; 2. Anne W. Cooper ; 3. Elizabeth K. MacWilliam.
Mathematics—1. Isobel M. Campbell ; 2. Geira M. Barker ; 3. Mary R. Turner.
Art—1. Victoire McLeod ; 2. Jeanie D. Cameron ; 3. Ellen McDonald.
Physical Training—1. Catherine L. Hall.

FORM 3 C.

- English*—1. Elizabeth T. Stewart ; 2. Muriel H. Armet ; 3. Dorothy D. Barr ; 4. Margaret M. More.
French—1. Margaret M. More ; 2. Isabella Fairbairn ; 3. Sheila Craik and Mary C. Hardie (*equal*).
Mathematics—1. Margaret M. More ; 2. Elizabeth S. Ketchin ; 3. Joan Broadhurst.
Art—1. Barbara B. Black ; 2. Margaret M. More and Elizabeth S. Ketchin (*equal*).
Physical Training—1. Dorothy D. Barr.

FORM 3 D.

- English*—1. Betty Harper ; 2. Amy A. Wilson.
French—1. Margaret W. Colburn ; 2. Grace F. S. Mackie.

Mathematics—1. Christine S. Baker ; 2. Margaret W. Colburn.

Art—1. Margaret W. Colburn ; 2. Dulcie R. Crowe.

Physical Training—1. Christine S. Baker.

FORM 2 A.

English—1. Cynthia M. Pryde ; 2. Kathleen Macdonald ; 3. Margaret S. Halley ; 4. Elinor Ginsburg ; 5. Dorothy S. T. Bell and Freda Oppenheim (*equal*).

Latin—1. Cynthia M. Pryde ; 2. Maria D. T. Buchanan ; 3. Margaret S. Halley ; 4. M. Beryl Harrison.

French—1. Maria D. T. Buchanan ; 2. Cynthia M. Pryde ; 3. Elinor Ginsburg and Kathleen Macdonald (*equal*).

Mathematics—1. Cynthia M. Pryde ; 2. Dorothy S. T. Bell ; 3. Helen Macdonald ; 4. Maria D. T. Buchanan.

Art—1. Anne R. B. Paterson ; 2. Helen Donaldson ; 3. Isabella M. Lunan ; 4. Dorothy S. T. Bell.

Physical Training—1. Jean R. Swain.

Dressmaking—1. Bethia T. Holmes.

FORM 2 B.

English—1. Morag Shaw ; 2. Margaret Bertram ; 3. Mary M'Intyre ; 4. Dilys Perry ; 5. Helen Young ; 6. Frances Coughdon.

Latin—1. Helen Dunbar ; 2. Edith Schofield ; 3. Mary M'Intyre ; 4. Ruth Cameron and Leah Home (*equal*).

French—1. Helen Dunbar ; 2. Ruth Cameron ; 3. Edith Schofield ; 4. Doris Morison.

Mathematics—1. Morag Shaw ; 2. Mary M'Intyre ; 3. Violet Scott ; 4. Helen Dunbar.

Art—1. Frances Coughdon and Anna Dunbar (*equal*) ; 3. Mary M'Intyre ; 4. Jane M'Walter.

Physical Training—1. Mary Durie.

Dressmaking—1. Helen Dunbar.

FORM 2 C.

English—1. Barbara A. Fleming ; 2. Marjory R. Gunn ; 3. Sybil M. Prescott ; 4. Isabella R. Potter.

French—1. Isabella R. Potter ; 2. Winifred M. Burden ; 3. Alicia Maclean.

Mathematics—1. Evelyn M. Mackie ; 2. Frances E. Wallis ; 3. Dorothy M. Shand.

Art—1. Isobel M. Robertson ; 2. Dorothy M. Shand ; 3. Marjory R. Gunn.

Physical Training—1. Winifred Hamilton.

Dressmaking—1. Marjory R. Gunn.

Domestic Science—1. Dorothy M. Shand.

FORM 2 D.

English—1. Annie Y. Weston ; 2. Anne Shortreed ; 3. Mabel C. N. Thompson ; 4. Nora E. Robinson.

French—1. Margaret Robertson ; 2. Annie Y. Weston ; 3. Sheila C. Bain.

Mathematics—1. Annie Y. Weston ; 2. Ella M. Moore and Irene L. Smith (*equal*).

Art—1. Catherine B. Thomson ; 2. Betty M. Hardie ; 3. Mona J. K. Black and Mary Telfer (*equal*).

Physical Training—1. Annie Y. Weston.

Dressmaking—1. Mary J. Telfer.

Domestic Science—1. Mary J. Telfer.

FORM 2 E.

English—1. Catherine S. Swan ; 2. Agnes H. M'K. Cochrane.

French—1. Jean D. Scougall ; 2. Mary C. Broadhurst.

Mathematics—1. Agnes H. M'K. Cochrane ; 2. Isobel K. Moir.

Art—1. Agnes H. M'K. Cochrane ; 2. Isobel K. Moir.

Physical Training—1. Marjory J. Bruce.

Dressmaking—1. Margaret R. G. Paterson.

Domestic Science—1. Mary W. Morrison.

FORM 1 A.

English—1. Joyce Kidd ; 2. Joan Stansfield ; 3. Muriel Brown and Margaret Reid (*equal*) ; 5. Nyasa Burn ; 6. Jean Smart.

Latin—1. Muriel Brown ; 2. Joan Stansfield ; 3. Betty Chalmers ; 4. Grace Jamieson.

French—1. Victoria Gillanders ; 2. Muriel Brown and Betty Chalmers (*equal*) ; 4. Grace Jamieson and Margaret Reid (*equal*).

Mathematics—1. Muriel Brown ; 2. Victoria Gillanders ; 3. Johanna Elder ; 4. Nyasa Burn.

Art—1. Margaret Booth and Betty Maxton (*equal*) ; 3. Edna Sanders.

Physical Training—1. Betty Gall and Margaret Booth (*equal*).

FORM 1 B.

English—1. Audrey L. Purves ; 2. Marjorie G. Ritchie ; 3. Marion U. Nelder ; 4. Mary C. Stewart ; 5. Elizabeth M'N. Ford and Elizabeth D. Murphy (*equal*).

Latin—1. Sheila Mather ; 2. Audrey L. Purves ; 3. Marion R. Peden and Marjorie G. Ritchie (*equal*).

French—1. Sheila Mather ; 2. Audrey L. Purves ; 3. Marjorie G. Ritchie ; 4. Marion U. Nelder.

Mathematics—1. Pauline A. Wood ; 2. Marion R. Peden and Marjorie G. Ritchie ; 4. Audrey L. Purves.

Art—1. Margaret Mills ; 2. Marjorie G. Ritchie ; 3. Audrey L. Purves ; 4. Pauline A. Wood.

Physical Training—1. Elizabeth T. Brown.

FORM 1 C.

English—1. Barbara Stewart ; 2. Mary Petrie ; 3. Jessie Sibbald ; 4. Jean Johnstone.

French—1. Elisabeth Sutherland ; 2. Margaret Robinson ; 3. Alison Gilmour.

Mathematics—1. Cecilia Smith ; 2. Margaret Robinson ; 3. Jean Johnstone.

Art—1. Barbara Stewart ; 2. Kathleen Grant ; 3. Millicent Morgan.

Physical Training—1. Barbara Grubb.

Dressmaking—1. Vera Ward.

FORM 1 D.

English—1. Bessie Herd ; 2. Joan Forge ; 3. Violet Begbie ; 4. Marjorie Dewar.

French—1. Bessie Herd ; 2. Helen Stewart ; 3. Hilda Bowmaker.

Mathematics—1. Doris Cameron ; 2. Joan F. Forge ; 3. Williamina J. Harrower.

Art—1. Harriet Nichol ; 2. Patricia Traill ; 3. Sarah Kerr.

Physical Training—1. Marjorie Dewar.

Dressmaking—1. Sarah Kerr.

Domestic Science—1. Patricia Traill.

FORM 1 E.

English—1. Janet S. Cutt ; 2. Norah G. Loutit and Isobel A. Robertson (*equal*) ; 4. Rhoda F. Turner.

French—1. Janet S. Cutt ; 2. Norah G. Loutit ; 3. Rhoda F. Turner.

Mathematics—1. Doreen M. Morrison ; 2. Janet S. Cutt ; 3. Helen Donaldson.

Art—1. Reeve Ronder ; 2. Janet S. Cutt ; 3. Isabella F. M'Robbie.

Physical Training—1. Esther S. Fraser.

Dressmaking—1. Patricia M. Morrison.

Domestic Science—1. Reeve Ronder.

INTERMEDIATE SCHOOL—SCIENCE CERTIFICATES.

FORM III.—*Section 1*—1. Gertie Levy ; 2. Dorothy Ewing.

Section 2—1. Rachel E. Quinell ; 2. Geira M. Barker.

Section 3—1. Caroline Ferguson ; 2. Mary R. Turner.

Section 4—1. Margaret Cook ; 2. Myrtle M. Hall.

Section 5—1. Elizabeth Ketchin ; 2. Catherine M. Grubb.

Section 6—1. Winifred J. S. Morison ; 2. Anne Skinner.

FORM II.—*Section 1*—1. Margaret S. Halley and Isabella M. Lunan (*equal*).

Section 2—1. Kathleen Macdonald ; 2. Cynthia M. Pryde.

Section 3—1. Helen Dunbar ; 2. Winifred M. Burden.

Section 4—1. E. Mary M'Intyre ; 2. Evelyn M. Mackie.

Section 5—1. Dorothy Shand ; 2. Morag M. M. Shaw.

Section 6—1. Sheila C. Bain ; 2. Margaret E. Ellis.

Section 7—1. Joyce M'Ivor ; 2. Irene F. Johnstone.

Section 8—1. Mabel C. N. Thompson ; 2. Irene L. Smith.

FORM I.—*Section 1*—1. Muriel H. B. Brown ; 2. Jessie Begbie.

Section 2—1. Victoria H. Gillanders ; 2. Joyce M. C. Kidd.

Section 3—1. Audrey L. Purves ; 2. Marjory G. Ritchie.

Section 4—1. Doris Cameron ; 2. Joan Forge.

Section 5—1. Jean Johnstone ; 2. Bessie Herd.

Section 6—1. Barbara Stewart ; 2. Margaret Mallinson.

Section 7—1. Janet S. Cutt ; 2. Helen Donaldson.

Section 8—1. Isobel A. Robertson ; 2. Doreen M. Morrison.

Class 3 Sen. A.

1. Lillias Simpson ; 2. Ishbel Sim ; 3. Brennan Burnett ; 4. Christina Johnstone ; 5. Elizabeth Sheed ; 6. May Brownlee ; 7. Kathleen Reid ; 8. Janet Brown.

"Hamilton Prize" for *English*—Lillias Simpson.

Drawing—Lillias Simpson.

Sewing—Janet Brown

French—Ishbel Sim.

Class 3 Sen. B.

1. Catherine Sinclair ; 2. Dorothy Halliday ; 3. Hazel Stewart ; 4. Jean Wishart ; 5. Joyce Thomson ; 6. Jeane Connear ; 7. Evelyn Biggars ; 8. Helen Morton.

"Hamilton Prize" for English—Dorothy Halliday.

French—Helen Morton and Catherine Sinclair (equal).

Drawing—Dorothy Halliday.

Sewing—Marjorie Turvey.

Class 3 Sen. C.

1. Marjorie Hamilton; 2. Leila Sinha; 3. Isobel Ferguson; 4. Kathleen Suttle; 5. Dorothy Horsburgh; 6. Mabel M'Caig; 7. Evelyn Abbott; 8. Jean Deas.

"Hamilton Prize" for English—Clara Scott.

Drawing—Muriel Edenborough and Molly Fisher (equal).

Sewing—Lena M'Donald. French—Dorothy Horsburgh.

Class 2 Sen. A.

1. Isabel Wishart; 2. Rhoda Graham; 3. Mabel Douglas; 4. Thelma Adams; 5. Jean M'Nab; 6. Elizabeth Costa; 7. Sheila Braidwood; 8. Margaret Campbell.

Drawing—Joyce Bennie. Sewing—Aileen Simpson.

Class 2 Sen. B.

1. Muriel Shand; 2. Esther Caplan; 3. Marguerite Combey; 4. Ruby Laird; 5. Irene Fisher; 6. Margaret Macpherson; 7. Katherine Ramsay; 8. May Jamieson.

Drawing—Esther Caplan. Sewing—Esther Caplan.

Class 2 Sen. C.

1. Moira Haig; 2. Jean Laing; 3. Muriel Shinie; 4. Mary Davidson; 5. Agnes Lees; 6. Evelyn Smail; 7. Mary Beaton; 8. Myra Ockrent.

Drawing—Agnes Lees. Sewing—Evelyn Smail.

Class 1 Sen. A.

1. Doreen Colburn; 2. Winifred Dalglish; 3. Helen Geddes; 4. Norah Nelder; 5. Irene Fegan; 6. Olive Stanton; 7. Wilma Moore; 8. Doreen Booth.

Drawing—Doreen Burnett and Janet Gray (equal).

Sewing—Doreen Booth.

"Westwater" Prizes.

Composition—Winifred Dalglish and Hazel Purves.

Dictation—Doreen Colburn and Margaret Cockburn.



MUSEUM STUDY BY BETTY ROSIE.



LIFE DRAWING BY MARGARET MALCOLM.

WINNERS OF SWIMMING TROPHY
OPEN TO SECONDARY SCHOOLS.

JUNE 1935.



KATHLEEN MACLEAN.
JOAN PATERSON

MARJORIE HARRIS.
MARGARET CRICHTON.

Class 1 Sen. B.

1. Ailsa Etheridge; 2. Dorothy Beaton; 3. Dorothy Polson;
4. Jean Herriot; 5. Maude Marshall; 6. Dorothy Hamilton;
7. Isabella Tait; 8. Muriel Purves.

Drawing—Norma Houston. *Sewing*—Dorothy Beaton.

Class 1 Sen. C.

1. Isabel M'Donald; 2. Mary M'Killop; 3. Christina Sanderson;
4. Janet Craig; 5. Margaret Dick; 6. Mary Ferguson;
7. Elizabeth Mathew; 8. Margaret Malcolm.

Drawing—May Finnis.

Sewing—Mary Ferguson and Ruth Weddell (*equal*).

Class 2 Jun. A.

1. Margaret Ogilvie; 2. Muriel M'Aulay; 3. Elinor Wylie; 4.
Marjorie M'Kinley; 5. Jean Borland; 6. Violet Hills; 7.
Sheila Barron; 8. Doreen Murray.

Composition—Janet Worling.

Drawing—Evelyn Brown.

Sewing—Agnes Scott and Christine Gunn (*equal*).

Class 2 Jun. B.

1. Betty Topp; 2. Pamela Ryrie; 3. Margaret Kirby; 4. Janet
Anderson; 5. Doris Murray; 6. Muriel Gilbert; 7. Lorna
Kesson; 8. Edith Gilchrist.

Composition—Janet Anderson.

Drawing—Margaret Kirby.

Sewing—Betty Topp.

Class 1 Jun. A.

1. Frances Lundie; 2. Irene Scott; 3. Elinor Waitt; 4. Irene
Chalmers; 5. Elizabeth Dunn; 6. Helena Hamilton; 7. Kath-
leen Halkett; 8. Mhora M'Rae.

Composition—Irene Chalmers.

Drawing—Irene Dow.

Sewing—Ellen M'George.

Class 1 Jun. B.

1. Dorothy Waterston; 2. Moira Jamieson; 3. Veronica Hutchin-
son; 4. Laura Munro; 5. Joyce Brown; 6. Nora Shinie;
7. Elizabeth Underwood; 8. Margaret Thomson.

Composition—Nora Shinie.

Sewing—Kathleen Graham.

Drawing—Ethel Sells.

Class Senior Infant A.

1. Elinor Cleland; 2. Evelyn Munro; 3. Isobel Dallas; 4. Ann Cantley; 5. Sheila M'Nair; 6. Frances Wood; 7. Margaret M'Farlane; 8. Ruth Gall.

Class Senior Infant B.

1. Frances E. A. M'Vey; 2. Elizabeth R. Cromarty; 3. Edna M. A. Arthur; 4. Jean R. Dickson; 5. Elizabeth L. Macpherson; 6. Margaret E. Alexander; 7. Sheila M. E. Stewart; 8. Catherine M. Mavor.

Class Junior Infant A.

1. Dorothy Clement; 2. Dora Best; 3. Eleanor Grubb; 4. Margaret Heatherill; 5. Beth Swan; 6. Elsie Dunbar; 7. Kathleen Harkness; 8. Sheila Fiskin.

Class Junior Infant B.

1. Jean Aitken; 2. Dorothy Seaton; 3. Elizabeth Ogilvie; 4. Marion Kinnear; 5. Margot Law; 6. Helen Cunningham; 7. May Smith; 8. Heather Henderson.

BURSARIES.

*Secondary Bursaries were awarded last year to :—*Gladys E. Beattie, Jean M. Falconer, Catherine Tait.

*Intermediate Bursaries were awarded to :—*Elizabeth Georgeson, Jessie Begrie, Margaret J. F. Mills, Marion Nelder, Denise H. Parker, Hilda E. C. Brown.

*James Gillespie's High School Bursaries were awarded to :—*Christina Bennet (Boroughmuir); Violet Henderson (Parsons Green); Edna M. Sanders (Broughton Elem.); Joan Stanfield (Dean); Helen Williamson (North Fort Street); Elizabeth T. Brown (Wardie); Helena T. Dickson (North Merchiston); Christina Mackay (North Merchiston); Ada E. A. Smith (Normal Practising Episcopal); Mary Stewart (Dalry).

Edinburgh Musical Festival.

Annie Vint took first place in the Poetry Competition at Edinburgh Musical Festival this year, with a poem entitled "Flight."

Music Passes.

Cynthia Pryde, a pupil of Mr Paterson, passed in Grade No. 4 of the Associated Board.

The following pupils of Mr Huxtable have passed the Trinity College (London) Local Examinations in Piano Playing :—

Advanced Preparatory—Doris Sey (with Honours).

First Steps—Maria Sibbald (with Honours).

Associated Board Local Exam.—(Transitional) Doris Sey (Honourable mention).

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

The Editors beg to acknowledge with thanks receipt of the following School Magazines :—*Boroughmuir Magazine, The Heriot, The George Square Chronicle, The Grammarian, The Watsonian, "Schola Regia," "The Merchant Maiden," Trinity Academy Magazine, Musselburgh Grammar School Magazine.*