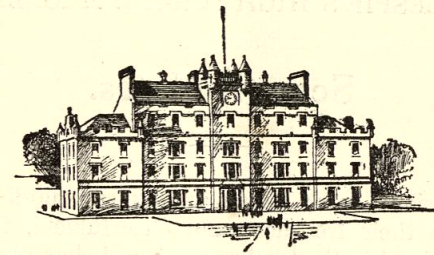


Gillespie's High School Magazine



July 1936





Gillespie's High School Magazine

JULY 1936

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School Notes.

This session's work began among surroundings almost startling in their freshness and cheerfulness, for on our return to school in September we found that pleasant pale yellow walls and snow-white ceilings replaced the bizarre adornments of last session. Both staff and pupils appreciate the change to a scheme of decoration less reminiscent of an exhibition of ultra-modern art!

This year has been a busy and eventful one in the history of the school. There have been several changes in the staff; we welcome Mr Seaton in his new capacity of First Assistant, and congratulate him on his promotion. Miss Mary E. Low, M.A., Miss Millicent B. Glancey, B.Sc., and Mr John Gilbert, M.A., have joined the staff of the Secondary Department as teachers of French, Mathematics and Science, and Geography respectively, and Miss H. L. Hardy, M.A., has been attached to the staff for this session as a teacher of French. Mr Arthur V. Couling has left us to become Head of the Art Department in the Royal High School. We congratulate him on his well-deserved promotion, and wish him success in his new post. Miss Kathleen M. Weir takes his place here. Miss M. E. R. Henderson, M.A., has left Gillespie's for David Kilpatrick's School. In the Primary Department, Miss Bisset has retired, and Miss M. I. Millar, M.A., has joined the staff. We all regret the retirement of Miss Jane McDermont, M.B.E., from the post of Head of the Infant Department. Miss Frances Wood has been transferred to Leith Academy. In Miss Wood and Miss McDermont we have lost two most enthusiastic members of the staff. Both were keenly interested in all school matters, and gave able and willing assistance with school journeys and pageants. To the one we wish many years of pleasant retirement, to the other happiness in her new work. In Miss McDermont's place we welcome Miss Jane Low, formerly Infant Mistress in Victoria School, Leith. We are sorry to have to record the death of Mrs Kerr, who was for many years in charge of the school lunch-room. Miss R. Crawford now fills her place.

Our good wishes go with all the members of the staff who have left us, and we extend a warm welcome to the new members, hoping that they will be very happy with us.

Six performances of "Iolanthe" were given in May by pupils of the 4th, 5th, and 6th Forms in the new gymnasium, which was converted for the occasion into an attractive and comfortable "Little Theatre." We are indebted for the success of this venture to the untiring efforts of our producer, Mr Wishart, his assistant, Mr Ian Wishart, and our business manager, Mr Glen, who also painted some of the scenery.

In spite of the pressure of work, the social side of school life has not been neglected. The Literary and Dramatic Society and the Science Association have completed enjoyable sessions, a successful Swimming Gala was held in May, and the Clerk of the Weather favoured us with a glorious afternoon on Sports Day. The usual Christmas parties for the Secondary Department were held, and greatly enjoyed by all present. A short concert was held on the last day of the Christmas term, and a collection was taken for the Boot Fund.

On Founder's Day we had as our chairman Councillor Lord Nigel Douglas Hamilton, and as our speaker the Rev. J. Rossie Brown, M.A., who gave an earnest address on the subject of Church Membership. The Senior Prefect proposed votes of thanks to the chairman and the speaker, and made the usual request for a holiday on the following Monday, which was granted. Snuff-boxes, according to tradition, were presented to the speaker and the chairman by small pupils of the Infant Department. The absence of Mr Burnett, owing to illness, was much regretted by all. Several members of the "Lit.," under Miss Foster's able guidance, again spent the following week-end walking in the Borders. Good weather added this year to their enjoyment.

The 5th and 6th Years were privileged to be addressed by Pasteur Etienne Bach of "L'Eglise Francaise d'Edimbourg," who gave an inspiring talk on the peace movement which he has founded, the "Chevaliers du Prince de la Paix."

Many pupils of the Secondary Department are looking forward to a short holiday in Brussels in July. Mr Brash

is once more kindly shouldering the responsibility of the trip. Our best wishes for an enjoyable time go with the party.

In the Poster Competition held this year by the S.S.P.C.A. Catherine Sinclair (1 A) won a prize for the best poster out of 43, and a book prize has been awarded to the School Library, as Gillespie's sent in the best group of posters submitted.

Our Sports Champion, Margaret Morton (4 C) won the Scottish Women's Hurdling Championship this year.

An exhibition of the work of the Infant, Art, and Craft, and Needlework Departments is to take place in July.

We wish to take this opportunity of expressing our gratitude to Mr John C. Jobson for again giving his two "Jobson Memorial" prizes, and to the anonymous donors of various special prizes.

School Savings Certificates now amount to £12,761, 12s.

Last year there were 144 passes in the Control Examination, Day School Certificates were awarded to 39 pupils, and Group Leaving Certificates to 17. 5 pupils won the Junior Commercial Certificate of the Edinburgh Chamber of Commerce. The school was represented in the Bursary Competition at Edinburgh University by Dorothy M. Minck, who took twelfth place on the Merit List. 6 Intermediate Bursaries and 3 Secondary Bursaries were awarded in 1935, and 10 new "Gillespie" bursars came to us from other schools.

D. M. M.

* * * *

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

The resignation of Miss McDermont, since 1928 Infant Mistress in Gillespie's High School for Girls, deprives our staff, and the teaching profession, of a very distinguished educationist.

Colleagues, parents and former pupils alike can testify to the valuable work which Miss McDermont has done during these years. Infant teaching was to her a vocation, in the fullest sense of the word, and to it she brought all the resources of a peculiarly rich and vital personality. With quite exceptional powers of organisation Miss

McDermont combined very broad human sympathies. By the example of her own tireless energy and enthusiasm, and by her quick and tactful appreciation of the work of others, she inspired both her staff and her pupils to put forth their best efforts. She never saw children merely in the mass, but always seemed to have an intimate knowledge of their individual natures and needs. Her wide culture and fine appreciation of literature, art, and music were dedicated to making of her department a place of real beauty. Only the best, whether in pictures, poetry, or music, was good enough for the little ones.

Miss McDermont's service to Gillespie's School was by no means limited to the Infant Department. From the first she identified herself with the life of the school as a whole. She took a warm and practical interest in the various school societies; many pupils remember her best as a delightful companion on School Journeys; and the creditable appearance made by our school in the Scott Pageant of 1932 and the Floral Pageant last year was due largely to her willing and supremely capable service.

On Miss McDermont's wider public work, more particularly as Secretary of the Workers' Educational Association and as one of the Directors of the Edinburgh Concert Society, we need not dwell at length, but we recall what satisfaction it gave all her friends to see that work recognised by the bestowal, at the hands of our late King, of the M.B.E.

"What I gave, I have" runs the wise old saying, and by this reckoning Miss McDermont is rich indeed. She takes with her into her retirement the memory of many fruitful years in which her unusual powers were cheerfully and unstintingly given to the service of her generation. We rejoice to hear of her gradual recovery from the painful illness which she has borne with such bright courage, and we hope that many happy years may yet lie before her.

A. E. F.

* * * *

From the Secondary Department.

I.—A SECRET.

(For D. W. G.)

If at the hour of twilight thou shalt hear
The piercing sweetness of an elfin horn,
Startling the glens of sleep with voice forlorn,
Then shalt thou know that fairy folk are near.
And with that echo lingering in thine ear,
Thy eager heart with fervent longing torn,
Thou wilt steal forth to where the sound was born,
Tip-toeing, half in rapture, half in fear.
And having joined the wanton fairy throng,
In their enchanted forest wilt thou dine,
On luscious fruit and fragrant fairy wine,
Amid a silence wild with wayward song.
And when I meet thee next, thine eyes will shine,
And flash a glorious secret into mine.

II.—LITTLE HOUSE.

I'm going to build a little house,
Right on the edge of space,
And it will be the only house
In all that fairy place.
And tired winds from everywhere,
Will come to seek for shelter there.

And if I had a little house
The curtains would be gold,
For I'd imprison stray sunbeams
In every little fold.
My roof would be a net of stars
And violin strings my window bars.

And winds would blow their golden breath
Those magic strings along,
And so my little fairy house
Would be enwrapped in song.
And I would sit up there on high
And watch the planets flashing by.

For weaving dreams within my house
I'd keep a thousand looms,
And though but small would be my house,
'Twould hold a thousand rooms.
And there I'd nurse the baby flowers
For bridal wreaths and lovers' bowers.

But oh! I've made that little house
A hundred thousand times,
I've built it up and pulled it down,
And turned it into rhymes.
So if you ever see me sit
Alone and dreamy-eyed,
You'll know I've built my house again,
And shut myself inside.

ANNIE E. VINT, Form 6 B.

* * * *

"ON THIS SPOT"

For many a long year, the principal arena of the historical events in Edinburgh's story has been the Castle with its long line of houses stretching down to Holyrood House. But outside the City walls also, there are places which recall many incidents of history, such as the Burgh Muir of Edinburgh, on part of which our School is built. One national event with which it will be ever associated, is the disastrous Flodden campaign. By royal proclamation in 1513, King James summoned his feudal levies between the ages of sixteen and sixty—"all sic fensabill personis habill for weir in their best aray"—to assemble on the Burgh Muir.

At the beginning of the eighteenth century, part of the Muir, known as Bruntsfield Links, was feued to James Brownhill, who built on his land a tavern, The Golfhall, which still stands beside Wright's Houses; incidentally he built his tavern outside the City boundaries in order to escape paying the taxes on beer, imposed by the magistrates of the City!

The Links have been preserved as such on account of their suitability for the Royal and Ancient game of Golf.

Much of the stone which built old Edinburgh was quarried from the Links—the old City Quarry can still be identified in Tumblers' Hollow—and the hollows and rubble heaps left by the works, formed convenient bunkers and hazards for the popular amusement of Edinburgh's citizens.

An amusing statement is found in a pamphlet written at the time of a controversy about feuing out the southern part of the links for building purposes—"that tender people will be deprived of these Walks and retired Places which the playing of Golf hath rendered absolutely necessary, and the only places of Safety to retire to when the Golfing Green is full of Golfers!"—so apparently the golfers were as much maligned then as now.

Towards the east of the Links was some rough, win-covered ground, for which a tailor, James Fyfe, petitioned the Town Council, for a grant to build a house, which might benefit his children's health and be a holiday house for himself. He succeeded and had to pay the vast feu-duty of one boll of barley per acre. It was later discovered that this was a subterfuge on the part of the Deacon of the Tailors in Edinburgh, Robert Brown, who wanted to have some land with a cheap feu—so he found a poor man to do it for him.

The land was dubbed "Brown's Acres," until Brown built his fine country house, called "Viewpark."

In 1876, the owner of the Bruntsfield estate, Sir George Warrender, purchased half of Viewpark and built Warrender Park Crescent. The other half was sold (for £10,000) to a firm of builders, who built James Gillespie's High School.

EVA R. HARRIS, Form 6 A.

* * * *

THE POETS BROUGHT UP TO DATE.

I.—CHAUCER.

A roome ther is, and that a dusty hole
That standeth in the attics of the schole,
Ful cold and draughty in the wintry storme
Form Ne worthy for to hold the Sixte Forme.
6's Eek must they suffer that a lower classe
Complaynt To and fro with hats and cotes passe
to While hockey balles on the floore rolle,
its And that is most distressing to the soule.
Cloke- Ther is also a goodly stout cupborde
roome. Wherein ther is a grete untidy horde
Of hockey paddes, bokes, shoes galore,
But of its contents I shal say namore.
Is it not sad that such a poure place
Such lovely maydes shelters in its space?

DOROTHY M. MINCK, Form 6 A.

II.—SHAKESPEARE.

To lie or not to lie, that is the question,
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The cold and chill of this gray winter morning
Soliloquy Or to remain beneath my blankets warm,
in And then be late for school. To lie, to sleep
Bed Again—and by that sleep I might delay
on The freezing and the cold that will attend
a Upon my waking. Sleep is a warm state
Cold Devoutly to be wished. To lie; to sleep:
Morning To sleep, perchance to dream—aye, there's the
rub,
For in that stolen sleep what dreams may come
Reminding me that I should rightly be
Now breakfasting, and to be late for school
Is the calamity of lying abed.
For who would bear the quickly eaten meal,
The rush for cars which one is sure to miss,
The pangs of indigestion that one feels,
The dash for cloakrooms, and the scathing words
That irate mistress on the late one hails,
When one could rise but fifteen minutes sooner
And be in time? Who would indeed be late

Disgruntled, angry, through the weary day,
 But that 'tis human nature to enjoy
 The present comforts, though one surely knows
 That future comfort is no settled fact?
 Shall I reach school before the hour of nine?
 My mind hopes yes: my conscience whispers no,
 And fearfully I spring up out of bed.

DOROTHY W. GARDINER, Form 5 A.

* * * *

DISCORD!

(From the Music Room).

John Sebastian Bach was, in all probability, rather a lovable old soul but, nevertheless, it cannot be denied that practising his Preludes and Fugues is not a very pleasant way of passing a beautiful Summer afternoon.

Is it any wonder, then, that my fingers refused to play correctly and that the phrases resembled Mr Bach's style only very, very vaguely. One note in particular simply refused to play itself in harmony with the rest. For the fiftieth time I settled down resolutely determined to conquer that obstinate quaver.

"Oh! bother, I simply can't do it to-day—what does it matter anyway?"

"Matter! I should just think it does matter," squeaked a high piping voice. I started, and out of the bar stepped the badly-dealt-with note. I gazed in amazement. "I object very *strongly* to being played *wrongly*."

At first I was rather amused by the little fellow's ire. "What do you matter?" I said teasingly. "I'll show you how much I matter," replied the little fellow, who was rapidly becoming more and more exasperated at my derision. "Just you come with me."

In a flash I found myself alongside my little black friend in a land which was peopled entirely with my acquaintances of the Piano. My companion, the Quaver, had by this time regained his good humour and was pointing out all his musical relations to me with great enthusiasm. Before very long I had been introduced to several other young Quavers, an older and more staid Crotchet and a number of frisky young Semi-quavers.

I had seen the Ländler and the Minuet moving gracefully by, followed by their sweet child, the Waltz. A Sonata and a Bach Fugue seemed very happy in each other's company while a Scherzo flashed by, too flighty and frisky to wait for his slower friend the Rondo, who followed more sedately.

One and all seemed to be in perfect harmony and I was just in the act of admiring some pretty, tuneful, little Semi-quavers who were flitting gaily in a tree whose branches were made up of staves when suddenly there was a discordant note.

Immediately the World of Music became dismal and sad. The little birds flitting about the Musical Tree stopped singing and the beautiful Harmony in the atmosphere was marred.

"That," said my friend, "is some inexperienced young person (like yourself) playing a note wrongly or missing it out. Now do you see how important I am?"

I was in the act of apologising humbly for my derision when, as suddenly as I had gone, I found myself once again before my Fugue, trying to master the obstinate Quaver.

Strangely enough, however, the next time I played the difficult phrase, it sounded beautifully harmonious and, I may be wrong, but I am almost certain I heard a small, faint voice whispering, "Thank you!"

EVELYN HARDIE, Form 4 A.

ISABEL FAIRBAIRN, Form 4 C.

* * * *

BY THE SEA.

I.—EVENING.

Tranquilly splashing
 The pale sea,
 Vital with transient colours
 Slowly kisses the shadowed sand;
 While the night,
 Fluttering her soft grey wings
 Arises, Phoenix-like,
 From the ashes
 Of the wearied, sun-loved day.

Silently I walk by the waters
 Where the sea, and the grey-wet rocks
 Lose themselves in each other,
 Till my hungry spirit
 Freed from its flesh-bound prison
 Becomes as one
 With the sea and the endearing night
 And the infinite splendour
 Of the evening sky ;
 Or as some fluttering sea-bird
 Sinking to rest,
 I forget I forget.

II.—STORM.

The cold grey sea,
 Shattered by the silver splashes
 Where the lightning plunges to death,
 Dashes against the rocks.
 The beating rain
 Lashes the wind-whipped waves
 Into livid walls.
 Across the weary sky
 The o'er-burdened clouds
 Swept onwards by the storm's relentless fury
 Vie with the sea in greyness
 And in might.
 They roar at each other
 Through the empty spaces
 Till the thunder of the ocean
 And the thunder of the heavens
 Are one.
 All elements are commingled
 In the tumult of the tempest.

Yet the splendid grandeur
 In the utter desolation—
 The grey powerful monochrome
 Of the shivering earth
 And the shuddering sea
 Call with the strength of ages
 Into my answering spirit.

I am one with the spirit of the tempest.
 We hurl through the forests
 Till the trees moan and sob,
 Beneath the incessant whirling
 Of the insatiate gale.
 I shatter the raindrops ;
 I mock the piled clouds in the infinite void ;
 I laugh at the earth-splitting thunder ;
 I weep with the sodden sky.
 Till suddenly, palely,
 A ray smiles through the greyness ;
 And the wild winds slowly cease.
 They fall to a gentle sighing,
 And the troubled sea,
 Freed at last from the storm's wild passionate embraces,
 Cries itself softly to sleep.

And I am alone again
 On the weary ravaged shore,
 By the still sobbing sea.

DOROTHY W. GARDINER, Form 5 A.

* * * *

THE SILENT GUARDIAN.

Janet Allen raised the rusty knocker and beat a noisy tattoo on the old dusty door. No answer. Once again she knocked, louder. Still no answer. As the echoes died away she reflected—surely she had seen a light from the roadway? She turned and made her way through the darkness to the side of the house. Yes! There it was. A faint glow, like a flickering candle. Peering through the window, she rapped loudly on the dusty pane. But there was no reply.

"Perhaps the owner's ill," she said to herself. "There must be someone there. I'd better go in and find out."

Again she went to the door, and this time tried the handle. It gave easily to her touch. In a moment she was inside.

"Is there anyone here?" she called out. "I want to know the way to the nearest garage. My car's out of order."

Is there anyone here?" But only echoes answered her. Feeling her way blindly before her, she left the hall and entered what was, apparently, the dining-room. The place was thick with dust.

"No one's lived here for a long time," said Janet, aloud. Then something made her turn round. Standing in the doorway was a white-haired old gentleman, dressed in rusty black.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," said she. "I thought there was something wrong, when no one answered my knock, so I came in. Can you tell me the way to the nearest garage?"

The old gentleman raised his eyebrows questioningly. "The nearest garage," Janet repeated, and added to herself, "I wish he'd say something."

He shook his head and shrugged his shoulders, and watched her curiously.

"Oh, well, in that case—er—thank you very much," stammered Janet, "Er—goodbye."

She turned and walked to the door. Then at the doorway she glanced back. To her amazement, he was no longer there!

"Not very polite," she remarked. "He might have waited till I'd gone before he went away. I might have wanted to ask something else. Oh, well . . . !"

After walking several miles, she entered a little village and hired a mechanic to fetch her car. Then curiosity got the better of her.

"Whose is the house about six miles down the road?" she asked the garage proprietor.

"It used to be an old major's. They say he was accustomed to keep all visitors away because he hid his fortune there. He always refused to speak to strangers."

"Yes, but who has it now?"

"Why, no one. It's been deserted since he died thirty years ago!"

JEAN HILL, Form 4 B.

* * * *

AT THE SCHOOL OF JAMES GILLESPIE.

(With apologies to Mr Osbert Sitwell.)

At the school of James Gillespie
Are collected
Girls and teachers
Of all ages.
They are supposed
To behave, sport, and learn their lessons.
In the classrooms
The desks are set
In long rows,
Of a regular pattern,
The wood of the desks
Is ancient
—Descended it is said
From the days of the Ark—
But the schoolgirl nature has triumphed.
Mr G—— is a wit
And talks
In front of the blackboard
With one hand on the chalk
And the other
Balancing the pointer.
The joy of catching bad girls
And finding them to be wrong ones
Still gleams from the wild eyes
Of a Maths. Mistress,
But her mind is no wilderness
Of disjointed facts,
But a well-stocked store.
Listen to the gospel of this Mathematician,
"Mathematics were made for Scottish girlhood
They are its chief mainstay,
Mathematics are not what they were,
We cannot understand all this dislike."

School knowledge
Is not born
And does not die.
But if not learnt
It brings a frightened look to the eyes.
The Exams. were splendid, weren't they?
Oh yes, splendid, splendid!

BETTY FISHER, Form 4 C.

“ON THE AIR.”

On Christmas Day of 1935 I proceeded to Broadcasting House, and, on arrival, marched straight into that much-talked-of building. I was quite entitled to enter, for I was one of the select twelve, known in our school as the “B.B.C. Choir.” Inside this imposing building I joined the rest of the fortunate pupils.

The first thing we did was nothing more or less than to listen to the wireless. A charming lady (who later turned out to be the renowned “Tinkerbelle” of the Children’s Hour) took us into a little room to hear the late King George broadcasting his memorable Christmas Message to his people.

After the other three choirs had made their appearance we all wended our way into the studio and there seated ourselves in front of the microphone. “Tinkerbelle” and a tall young man seemed to be having a hasty discussion as to which “mike” was the right one to be used. On hearing his voice we knew at once that this young man was “Larry the Lamb.”

“Tinkerbelle” and “Larry” having finished their discussion, went on their way arranging us (and our chairs) in the right position so that the transmission would be good. Some unseen person gave directions, and it was a mystery to me how she knew exactly how we were placed in relation to the “mike.” This person, who made her appearance some time after, was “Wendy.” After much arranging and re-arranging we at last came to the actual rehearsal. “Tinkerbelle,” “Larry” and Betty read their parts from the script and the choirs sang. After this came more moving until the “balance” was pronounced by “Wendy” as being perfect. For two hours we rehearsed; towards the end of that time a newcomer came on the scene. This was “Peter,” who was going to read one of the stories. About 4.45 we were allowed to leave the studio for a little while in order to stretch our legs. Our music master then left us to make arrangements for tea, a diversion to which we were looking forward with no small pleasure.

Shortly after five we were called back to the studio and once more we seated ourselves. “Wendy,” explaining to us just exactly what would happen, said “We’ll ‘flick’ you and then you’ll be ‘on.’” As the hand of the clock drew

nearer to 15 minutes past 5 (a famous hour) I, for one, felt very excited. Then the three green lights flickered and a second later we were “on the air.” How very, very quiet we had all to be! Except for an occasional laugh at a funny fairy tale, which, on being heard for the third time, lost much of its humour, we didn’t dare make a sound.

At last it was our turn to sing and how excited we felt when “Tinkerbelle” announced “James Gillespie’s High School Choir.” With what trepidation we tip-toed forward to the microphone to render “Jingle Bells!” At last it was over and we crept back, rather nervously, to our seats once more. After this ordeal we rather enjoyed the rest of the programme, which became (after some boxes of crackers had been opened and their contents distributed) something in the nature of a Christmas party. “Larry” (the lamb) looked so sweet in a pink paper hat!

Then our choir, together with a choir from a boy’s school, sallied forth to a tea-room in Princes Street to indulge in that badly-needed tea. And what a tea! What an uproar we all created! Besides supplying us with tea, the management very kindly supplied us with a varied assortment of articles, the chief use of which lay in making a noise, a great deal of noise, too.

We used them to the best of our ability and the small boys at the other end of the table did the same. There was great rivalry to see (or hear) who could make the most noise. (We were ably supported in our efforts by an esteemed member of the staff.) But pleasures of all kinds must at length come to an end and soon we all went on our homeward journeys, feeling perhaps, just a little nervous as to what the critics at home would have to say to our performance. We must, indeed, have been very good, for my brother gave his highest praise—“Not too bad!”

ISABEL FAIRBAIRN, Form 4 C.

* * * *

DREAM ISLAND.

'Mid islands of a pearly hue,
On shimmering sea of sapphire blue,
I steer my craft 'neath silver moon,
Gleaming on the blue lagoon.

On coral reef my bark I moor,
The silv'ry sands before me lure.
The waves lap gently on the shore,
Quite heedless of the surf's dull roar.

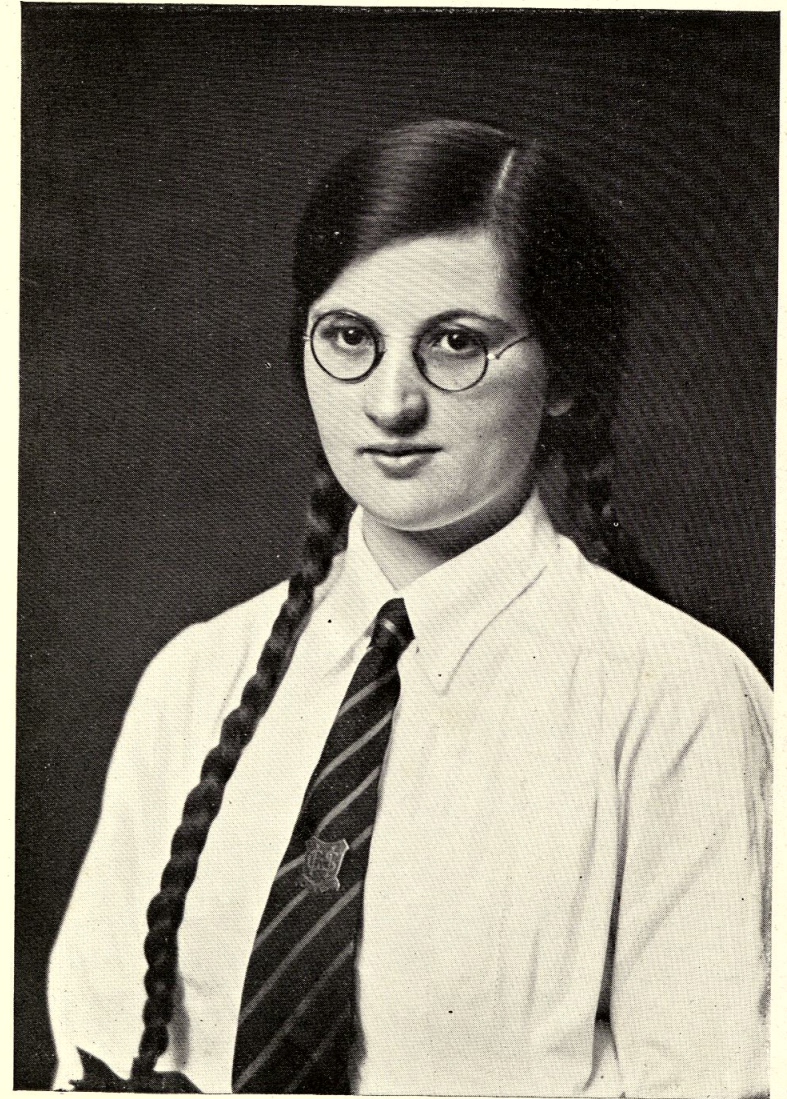
A zephyr stirs the stately palms
While it wafts its spicy balms,
What's that? *A coconut on my head?*
Oh dear! I've wakened up in bed.

NANCY PATERSON, Form 3 A.

* * * *

THE SAD STORY OF SIR ANTHONY.

Sir Anthony was sitting alone behind the panelling of the old manor house in a very dismal frame of mind. We would say nowadays, that he was "fed-up." He was dressed in very striking clothes—silk bombasted hose, a doublet of fine cloth, starched ruff and scarlet cloak. He was a very slim handsome young court dandy of the Elizabethan age; but what was he doing sulking behind the panelling of Morham Manor? Well, he was a ghost! He had haunted the Manor very successfully up to the time when wireless, electric light, gramophones and all modern contrivances had been introduced into the Manor. These inventions were bad enough to make a ghost's life difficult, but when the young heir of the Manor began to learn to croon, it was a bit too much! All that night Sir Anthony had groaned and rattled his chains—he was an adept at groaning and rattling chains (so he might be when he had practised for more than two centuries), but nobody had noticed, for young Ronnie, the heir, was giving a dance and, incidentally, an exhibition of crooning! All his groans and rattles had



DOROTHY M. MINCK
(Dux of the School, 1935-36).



M. HAMILTON, J. TELFER, J. STANSFIELD, J. B. PATERSON, J. SIBBALD, D. SHAND, E. MURPHY, E. WEDDELL, H. DUNBAR, L. SINHA,
D. STEWART, E. HARDIE, C. HALL, B. MACDONALD, J. BUCKLE, C. ANDERSON, M. SHENKIN, R. TURNER, N. McDONALD, J. KENNETH,
J. CURRIE, L. WATT, E. HARRIS, D. MINCK, Mr BURNETT, C. ROSIE, M. MACBEATH, J. WEBSTER, M. BRETTILL,
B. LIDDELL.

gone unheeded amidst the screeching and moaning of Ronnie. He rose and made his way down to the kitchen where his only friend dwelt—the kitchen-maid. He had seen her one day sobbing her heart out as she could not get to “the pictures.” He had comforted her and had given her a lecture on the trials of life. This showed what a gentle ghost he really was, and Mary (the kitchen-maid) listened and liked him. He told her all about the adventures of gallants of the Elizabethan age and she told him all about her “boy-friend” (with whom she had quarrelled, therefore she couldn’t get to the pictures). She had great difficulty in explaining to him all about the pictures and she promised to take him some day. He visited her frequently and found her quite a charming companion, although she giggled!

It is necessary to explain that Sir Anthony was not an ordinary sort of ghost. Only one person could see him out of every hundred. He was invisible to all the rest. This made it doubly hard for him to scare anyone for if someone did see him he was usually persuaded that he had had too much to drink.

Well! when Sir Anthony arrived at the kitchen he found Mary just preparing to go to the pictures. As she had no one to go with she invited him. “It’ll be quite all right,” she assured him, “as you are invisible we’ll get in for the price of one!” So off they went.

The picture happened to be “The Ghost Goes West.” Mary giggled and looked at Sir Anthony who was by this time highly excited. They got in, as Mary had said for the price of one, and took their seats. There was a slight mishap at the beginning of the picture when the attendant showed a very fat lady along to (what she thought was) an empty seat. The lady was just about to sit down on Anthony’s knee when Mary said rather hurriedly, “Oh, excuse me, madam, but this seat is engaged, my friend has just gone out for some sweets.” What an escape for Anthony! (Ghosts have a *slight* feeling of pain!)

The film proceeded without further mishap to Mary and Anthony and when he saw the ghost he nearly fell off the seat with excitement. A few people turned round to see the person who was making such a noise, but, seeing only a rather red-faced girl, they turned their attention on the film once more.

On the way home Sir Anthony made known to Mary his intention of going on the films. She giggled a lot at this and Sir Anthony was quite hurt. However, that night he clanked and groaned for the last time in Morham Manor, and the next day he set out for London. He was in a carriage beside a young man who kept talking to him and asking if he was going to a fancy dress ball. People passing along the corridor seeing a young man apparently talking to air decided that he was slightly "squiffed" and didn't bother them.

After many adventures of this kind and being very embarrassed because of his clothes, he arrived at the film studios, and with great difficulty saw the director who was delighted with this "real, live ghost." But—when it came to photographing him, it was hopeless, as the camera men couldn't see him! In any case the film came out a blank.

Poor Anthony was heart-broken. He left the studios and was never heard of again. Perhaps he died—if ghosts die. Perhaps he is still groaning and rattling chains in some neglected spot, or perhaps that was Sir Anthony attempting to broadcast a few weeks ago. If so, poor Anthony! Alas, he has failed again!

BETTY HOLMES, Form 3. A.

* * * *

RULERS.

Of course, there are rulers *and* rulers! There is the species that open bazaars and pat the curly pates of wriggling infants; and there is the other, commoner and decidedly more interesting kind. I refer, of course, to that misused, battered strip of wood which is neatly placed, or ought to be, on every desk in J.G.H.S.

Yes, this poor object lies before me even as I write. Many a battle has it seen, many a time has it led the singing in a class concert, and sometimes, seldom, it is true, but nevertheless sometimes, it has roused a sleepy desk-mate from the land of Nod.

Here a chipped corner reminds me of too energetic a duel in which this trusty friend supported me, even through the rigours of acting Macbeth; here a twisted corner brings back to memory a frantic moment of struggling with a

refractory shoe while everyone else had already filed out of the dressing-room. (What visions I had of an irate master treating me to a little of the sardonic humour for which he is famous!)

Yes, many a time have you helped me and yet I remember contemplating you with disgust, nay, anger, when you inadvertently spoiled the heading of what was going to be my neatest and best exam. paper. What silent epithets I hurled at your wooden head, and with what cool disdain did you receive them! And also in the examination room I remember the trepidation, the fear and doubt that crossed my mind before you drew the final, sealing line at the end of a maths. paper.

And now you are going to perform your final duty before being cast to your last resting-place—the dust-bin; you are going to draw a line at the foot of this paper, and if you blot it, I shan't be responsible for the consequences!

ELINOR GINSBURG, Form 3 A.

* * * *

THE QUEST.

Silently, and with the greatest caution he left his hiding place. He was sick with fear. Discovery would mean death!

To his left, round a blazing fire sat a company of men, who laughed noisily. It was dark, and the great fire cast grotesque shadows around him.

About ten yards from the merry-makers, and almost hidden from sight by a huge shapeless shadow, lay the object of his quest—the thing which meant life for him.

Crouching flat on his stomach he crawled painfully past the revellers and reached his prize. It was heavy! He could scarcely lift it! Exerting all his strength, he half carried it—half dragged it past the men. Back, back to his secret hiding place. At last with thumping heart and shaking knees he reached cover, where an anxious wife and six obedient children awaited him.

With great feeling, his wife, Mrs Mouse, smoothed his flowing whiskers and whispered how proud she was of him, and then the whole family sat down to a share of the object of his quest—a huge crust of yellow cheese!

DOROTHY M. SHAND, Form 3 C.

EXAMS.

They came into the classroom
 Their faces filled with woe,
 They sat down in their places
 But ah! their hopes were low.

The bell it rang so sharply
 It pierced their very ears,
 Their books were put away below
 And then their hopes were fears.

The morning passed without a hitch
 Their pens they were a-scraping,
 The paper it got harder still
 And soon their heads were aching.

Then it came to ten to twelve
 They scrambled to the door.
 Relief was shining from their eyes
 Once more the exams. were o'er.

MARY LINDSAY, Form 3 C.

* * * *

A BALLAD.

The day is done and the shadows are falling,
 Falling like mist and clinging around me;
 The seabirds are wheeling, and diving, and calling,
 Calling to me as they soar o'er the sea.

The breast of the ocean is swelling and heaving,
 The salt spray like tears falls soft on the rocks,
 Her restless heart is unceasingly grieving,
 As the weeds to her bosom she locks.

My heart like the heart of the moaning sea,
 Which beats like a drum enshrouded,
 Is heaving and falling, as restless as she,
 And my eyes are as sad and as clouded.

My eyes, like her eyes all moist with her grief,
 Which weep as her heart beats its mournful refrain,
 Overflow, like her waves which crash on the reef,
 With the tears which I cannot restrain.

For on just such a night as this is,
 My prayers would not make him desist,
 So I bade him farewell 'mid my kisses,
 And he sailed far away in the mist.

And never again shall I see my sweet,
 For he lies 'neath the surging billow,
 With the ocean's cloak for his winding-sheet
 And the ribbed sea-bed for his pillow.

AUDREY PURVES, Form 2 B.

* * * *

SCHOOL NONSENSE.

At school during Maths. when at English,
 We eat all our dinner at tea.
 At hockey our racquets are swinging
 And at tennis our minds are at sea.
 At Science while swimming at Warrender
 I dived to the bunsen and jumped,
 The beaker took fright and it swooned in the night
 And at French we were seriously bumped.
 History is something appalling
 The Algebra dates are all wrong,
 The Geography facts about parallel facts
 Make us sew up our jam tarts with song.
 At cricket we played on a golf course
 The golf course we drove out to sea.
 The teachers and prefects and impudent defects
 Turned out to be species of bee.
 My tale has now ended I hope it has blended
 With sugar and treacle and tea,
 The cream in the treacle is built up with people
 And now I must leave you with me.

MARGARET ROBINSON, Form 2 C.

* * * *

THE KINGDOM OF THE SEA.

Evening had fallen. The heavy grey sky was laden with
 misty clouds, the sea a shining mirror as far as the eye could
 see, while the gentle, heaving waves which broke on the
 stony beach seemed to be edged with glimmering silver.

An old, weatherbeaten man leaned against a rock, pipe in mouth, gazing steadily seaward. Old Dick the village folk called him, and many thought him mad. He had queer ways with him, had old Dick, but nobody could tell a tale like him. He seemed to change with the sea itself. When it was wild, and foaming with anger, his tales were equally wild and terrifying, while when it was grey, and gentle, they were sad and dreamy, and with an air of mystery running through them. So there was Old Dick, like a part of the very rocks and sea themselves.

Two figures moved down the beach, and passed the old man. They were a fisherman and his young son, who were going for a sail in their small boat, after a hard day's work. Both stopped and spoke to Dick, whom everyone knew so well. He gazed at them with his glittering eyes, then seeing their intentions, he spoke, entreating them not to go. "Is this another of your tales, Dick?" asked the boy, and was at once eager to hear it. His father stopped also, as Dick began in a dreamy, far-away tone.

"It's the very night when they're out yonder, sitting on the rocks, singing so sweetly, that every human will fall under the spell, and be carried off to the Kingdom of the Sea."

"Who, Dick?" they both asked.

"The Sea-folk of course!" he answered, and did not seem to notice their smiles.

"I had a companion who went there. They thought he was drowned, but it was the Sea-folk who sang, and sang him away from the shore in his boat, and then pulled him down, down to their Sea-Kingdom, where he is living now, and will live there forever more. That's what has happened to many more, lured away by these folk with sea-green hair and blue eyes. It's many times I've heard the bells ringing from their coral palaces, ringing in joy, because another mortal has fallen into the trap, and been brought to live with them. Yes! I've heard their sweet voices singing to me over the waters for years past now, but I'm not going to their land of coral and pearls, and caves filled with treasures that would make a man the richest in the world!"

Dick paused, while the fisherman and his son, unmoved by the tale, prepared to row away over the waters.

"You're going?" he said.

"Of course, Dick, they won't lure us away!" said the fisherman with a smile.

The old man moved off without another word.

On the shore stood nearly every villager. Early that morning, an empty boat had been flung up upon the beach, the same boat that had, the evening before carried the fisherman and his son. The boat was there, but empty!

Old Dick leaned against a rock, pipe in mouth, gazing out to sea. All was silent around, except for the beating, ceaseless waves, then his face changed, he bent forward as if listening. Yes, he could hear afar off, from the very sea itself, the ringing of silver bells, and there was no doubt in his mind, that two more mortals had been lured to the Kingdom of the Sea.

SHEILA CLARK, Form 2 D.

* * * *

THE SHEPHERD.

The sun was sinking slowly behind the purple-covered hills. An occasional bleat came from a flock of snowy sheep scattered about the hill-side. An old shepherd was sitting on a stile idly tapping the ground with his staff. Beside him sat a large black collie dog watching the sheep with big affectionate eyes.

The old shepherd's face was bronzed with the sun and rain, yet a cheery smile would light up his features when he spoke to his doggy friend.

On his head he wore a soft "paddy" hat. It had a broad brim which came well over his face and neck. A smock coat hung loosely on him. This was tied close up at the neck, it also had two large pockets in it. His trousers were rather baggy and frayed at the foot. Large studded boots with turned up toes finished his attire.

He had a queer habit of smiling to himself as if thinking of something amusing. I noticed too that he often looked rather dreamily towards the hills, maybe thinking of the days when he was a lad and roamed about the hills with his father. To look at this old man one would have the impression that he would be able to relate many weird and humorous stories of the hills, and life in the country, where he had been brought up. It is a picturesque scene looking at that shepherd, and it is a picture which many artists would love to paint, although it is humble and simple.

ESTHER FRASER, Form 2 E.

THE MUSIC OF ORPHEUS.

Swift through the moss of warm Ionian groves,
Where the violets grew foot deep—
Strode the King of all Musicians,
And the wild things from the forest listened.
Listened they, entranced, enchanted,
To the notes of heavenly music
Floating upwards,
Upwards to the Throne of Hera,
Upwards to the Sun-God's palace,
Where he bowed his head to hearken ;
Hearken to the gold notes, fluent—
Sifting through the Summer deep blue,
Sifting through the opaque blue-green
Of the ocean, dolphin-haunted,
And the great Poseidon listened,
Raised his dripping head to listen
Like a molten stream of silver,
Downwards, upwards, all around him,
Did the music of fair Orpheus
Whisper to the Ocean Deity.

SHEENA HOWIE, Form 1 A.

* * * *

A TRUE STORY.

One day as we were walking along a hot, dusty road in a village near Lahore, we saw old Charan Singh, sitting cross-legged on a grassy patch of ground. We ran up to him and begged for a story for which he was renowned. He told us it in Punjabi which I have translated for you. This is the story that he told us.

.....
In the days of Guru (prophet) Govind Singh, one of my ancestors, who was first a Hindu, heard of the Guru's preachings and believed fully in them.

He wished to become one of his followers, but his family, who were all faithful to the Hindu religion would not allow him to follow his own desires. He thought of the Guru so much, and longed to join his band, that one day he ran away to a distant village, called Sindh, where the prophet was preaching, and became one of his disciples.

"IOLANTHE "

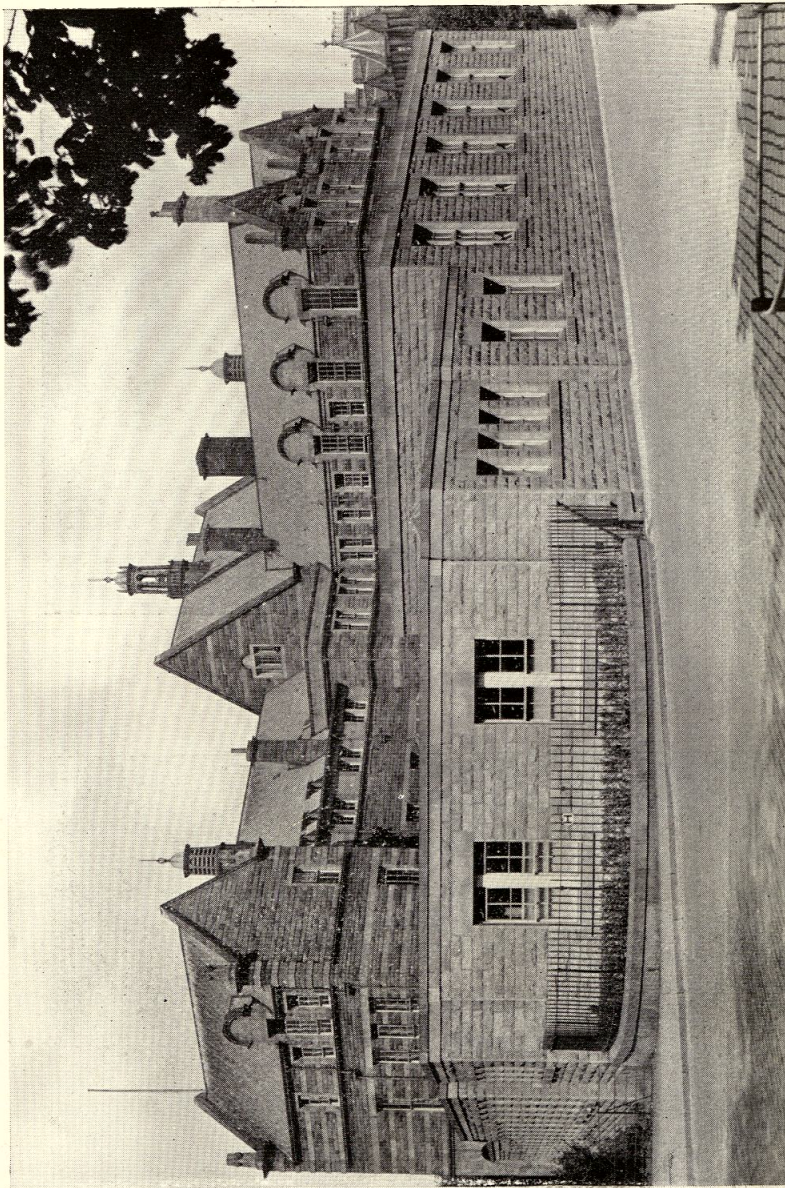
(Performed in School, 25th May-30th May).



5TH YEAR CAST.



6TH YEAR CAST.



INFANT DEPARTMENT AND GYMNASIUM
(Opened September 1934).

The Mohammedans were then ruling the land by the sword and forcing people to their religion. They had captured the Guru's two children, and threatened to build them alive into a wall if they would not become Mohammedans. The children refused and they carried out their wicked deed.

The Guru rose up in wrath at the murder of his innocent children and with only a few men (one of them my ancestor, Gurdeep, who fought as bravely as the Guru himself) he conquered the Mohammedans. To show that they were completely beaten, they demolished all Mohammedan buildings and threw the bricks into the river. So to this day every true Sikh goes on a pilgrimage to this river, and throws a brick in, as I have done myself.

.....
This was the true story that old Charan Singh related to us of his ancestor.

LEILA SINHA, Form 1 B.

* * * *

WOOLWORTH'S.

Woolworth's is a pleasant place,
Where everything is cheap,
Where you can wander round and round,
And get lost like a sheep.

You can enter by the front door,
Or the back door if you like,
And the dearest thing is sixpence,
From a suspender to a kite.

I always come home laden,
And happy as can be,
With the parcels for the family,
And a special one for me.

RITA McPAKE, Form 1 B.

EVEN-TIDE.

Slowly the cold grey mist of evening stole over the high rugged hills and the setting sun bathed the little white village in its last golden rays.

Old men sitting smoking their clay pipes at the doors of their small cottages where honeysuckle climbed over the white-washed walls and went rambling on undisturbed by the hand of man cutting or pulling it down, watched the mountain tops slowly disappear in the enveloping mist. They heard the lowing of cattle as they were led into the byre to rest and eat the sweet scented summer hay.

The birds as they flew through the cool evening air were carolling their last song of that day before they at last came to rest in some gracious tree which lent its shelter to the birds of the air.

The animals too seeing the day drawing to a close sought the shelter of some kindly shrub or barn to sleep until another dawn.

At last all were at rest, birds, animals, human-beings, and even the wind died down to a light breeze rustling the leaves of the trees.

Peace reigned supreme.

BETTY CLAZIE, Form 1 E.

* * * *

From the Top Corridor.

"The stately Sixth full weary sit
With woeful face and long;
And far and wide their tea-leaves spray
(Although they know that's wrong).

The fearful Fifth all sombre sit,
They sit in stately gloom,
For far beyond, in awful shape,
They see the 'Highers' loom.

The fearless Fourth are gay and free,
They sing with careless joy,
And far and near with noisy zeal
Their leisure time employ."

Form 6 sees itself in terms of film-titles:—

| | | | | |
|------------------------------|---|---|---|---------|
| "The Private Secretary" | . | . | . | M.B. |
| "Our Little Girl" | . | . | . | T.B. |
| "Curly Top" | . | . | . | W.E. |
| "Arms and the Girl" | . | . | . | H.H. |
| "The Little Minister" | . | . | . | E.H. |
| "Roberta" | . | . | . | R.H. |
| "Freckles" | . | . | . | M.M. |
| "The Dark Angel" | . | . | . | D.M. |
| "The Improper Duchess" | . | . | . | M.S. |
| "The Little Damsel" | . | . | . | B.L. |
| "The Case of the Lucky Legs" | . | . | . | C.R. |
| "Naughty Marietta" | . | . | . | A.V. |
| "Rendezvous" | . | . | . | J.W. |
| "The Ghost Goes West" | . | . | . | R.O. |
| "Little Women—Good Wives?" | . | . | . | Form 6. |

Form 5, much influenced by the wave of enthusiasm for "Iolanthe" which has this year swept the school, finds a number of apt quotations:—

"Tripping hither, tripping thither
Nobody knows why or whither" . The Gym. Class.
"With humbled breast and every hope laid low"
Any pupil of 5 B entering the classroom half-a-minute late.

"I, my lords, embody the law" A prefect on the stairs.
 "None shall part us from each other,
 One in life and death are we" A. E.F. and M.M.N.
 "Blow the trumpet, bang the brasses" School Orchestra.
 "I feel the force of your remarks" . . . A.L.A.
 "I've grammar and spelling for two" . . . A.E.F.
 "I am generally admired" . . . A.F.B.
 "Flocks and herds that bleat and low" Forms 1 to 4.
 "Aren't they lovely?" . . . Our Staff.
 "They meet, who underrate our calling,
 Doom appalling" . . . The Prefects.
 "As upon its lordly way
 This unique procession passes" The 1st Eleven.
 "Soon as we may, off and away" After any class.

Form 4 provides an extract from the reports of the 4 A Antiquarian Society:—

"It has been definitely ascertained that Cæsar during his sojourn in Britain in 55 B.C. visited Gillespie's School. From the marks on the pieces of wood, parchment, etc., excavated from the mouse-hole in Room 28 it has been found that some of the present members of the staff were, even in those dim and distant days, imparting knowledge.

"It seems that 'y' was the old Latin feminine ending, since it occurs in several places, and we therefore find that we have, in our midst, an ethereal being in the shape of Poll-y, the sister of Castor and Poll-ux, and the daughter of Jupiter.

"There are constant references to a certain 'ALMA,' and on turning up the back of our Virgil, we found that 'almus-a-um' means 'FOSTER.'

"One teacher's habit of giving each girl two exercises a week earned for her the name of 'BINI,' which North & Hillard takes to mean 'two each.'

"There is evidence that the parents of the pupils, appointed a 'PAT-ER' and 'MAT-ER' to look after their children, and these two personages are still with us. During the course of centuries the 'er' ending has been dropped and the 'y' feminine ending added to the second (cf. Poll-y)."

From **Form 4** also comes this topical "poem." No prize is offered for filling in the missing words:—

William Tell could throw a dart,
 His aim was marvellous—very.
 But if he tried with class-room chalk
 Could he compete with ———?

Boadicea carried a lance,
 Her thrusts, I'm sure, were natty,
 Wielding a pointer's still an art,
 As practised by our ———?

Old Stentor's voice could carry miles,
 Could wake a town or crack a filbert,
 But if the B.B.C. should fail,
 It could rely on ———?

For handling clubs and scaring dames
 The cavemen can't be beaten,
 But golf, and goals, and hunting kids,
 Why, that's the stuff for ———?

John Gilpin rode at thunderous pace,
 Leaving his followers here and there,
 'Midst broken jars and liquids sprayed,
 But then, so does our ———?

From various Forms in the Top Corridor we collect the following comments, which seem to indicate that pupils are not the only people who can perpetrate "howlers":—

What did the impulsive English teacher mean when she said, "I suppose we'll have to do that 'blasted heath scene' over again" and when she asked us to "Bring little Albert with you to-morrow?"

Rural science as taught in a geography class:—"Now, girls, if a farmer has cows he is tied to his farm. He cannot go away for a week-end. He must milk his cows regularly and the same with his horses."

English teacher, to pupil who has been writing description of the heroine in "Waverley":—"Don't write in such detail about her long flaxen hair—*cut it short.*"

Did Miss —— refer to "Iolanthe" when she said a certain member of the class was absent owing to "dramatic fever"?

Why did the class laugh when Mr —— remarked that fossils were found in isolated places?

What day-dreams was a science teacher indulging in when he said, "Would you rather I gave you a diamond ring or a bag of soot?"

The Editors wish to thank all class representatives for their help in compiling these "Notes."

* * * *

"Salvage."

"Weather report—A deep depression settled over the Editorial Department in the early weeks of May, but was later followed and dispelled by floods—of contributions." We have seldom had such a quantity and variety of material to choose from, and we welcome this evidence of interest in the Magazine. Forms 4 A, B and C deserve special commendation; they sent in a large number of excellent stories and articles and it was with great difficulty that we made our final selection. We were also glad to have so much from Form 1 A, and we hope that all the disappointed contributors will try again next year. A quite bulky magazine of good literary standard could have been compiled from the work of Annie Vint, Dorothy Gardiner, Forms 4 A, B and C, and Form 1 A—but our magazine must represent, so far as possible, the whole school. Is Form 5 B, as a "commercial" section, already too much occupied "getting and spending" to have any literary aspirations? For that, or some other reason, nothing reached us from that form. We are sorry that nothing good enough for print came from 3 D, 2 A, 1 C, or 1 D. Betty Fairbairn (2 A) found a good theme for her poem "Lust of Battle," but did not express it quite adequately. We all echo the thought of Mona Henderson's sincere, if somewhat stumbling little poem:—

"This world of to-day is topsy-turvy,
And heading for a fall.
To where nobody really knows,
And I the least of all

In my newspapers I should like to read
Of pleasant things each day,
And not all the horrible tales of war
That are making the nations sway."

Of what might be called the "Down-the-Garden-Path" school of writing (in which are included all "Sunsets," "Daffodils," "Evening Walks" and "Walks in Spring") we had, as usual, a number of examples. This type of descriptive writing requires something near genius to save

it from being hackneyed and dull. Neither of these disrespectful adjectives, however, applies to Barbara Lowe (4 A), whose really delightful sketch of the village of Gruyères was omitted only after long consideration because of the greater topical interest of "On the Air" and "At the School of James Gillespie." Alice Stephen's "An Early Spring Walk," despite its hackneyed title, was well worth inserting on its merits as a very good "Nature Note" on birds, but it had to give place to the more popular appeal of Jean Hill's ghost-story. Impressions of foreign countries, such as Rona Macpherson's "Leningrad" and Ida Brown's "Hudson's Bay" are of little interest unless they are based on the writer's own experience; only great literary skill can prevent an account of some one else's travels from reading like a geography book.

It is when we reach humorous contributions that the Editor's most delicate task begins, for in this field, if anywhere, the old saying about "one man's meat" holds true. "We are not amused" (nor, we fancy, would our readers be) by Riddle-me-Rees and Class Alphabets, and we suggest that these mild forms of ingenuity should be given a rest for a few years. We laughed over Margaret Bee's "Child's Guide to the Zoo," in the Beverley Nichols vein, but decided to spare the feelings of the parents who will read the Magazine! Joan Low thought of an amusing idea in "Guidomania"; we suggest that for next year's magazine she turn it into a short story instead of a play. May we remind the school at large that there is such a thing as a law of libel, and that making sport of the Powers-that-Be is a risky if exhilarating pastime! We should, however, like to quote a few stanzas inspired by recent changes on the staff—first this, whose title, "The Passing of Arthur," is perhaps its happiest thought:—

"There was a man and he was tall,
His name was Arthur V.,
Then mourn with me, my comrades all,
For him no more we'll see.

He used his right hand for to draw,
Yes, and he used his left.
His art was good as e'er I saw,
So weep now we're bereft."

And its companion-picture:—

"There is a hoose wi' badge of red,
As red as bluid it be,
And it has ta'en a new hooseman
Wha's name is Mister G.

He bellows wi' a voice fu' loud,
He raps wi' pointer lang,
Oh! he maun eat a lot o' food,
Tae keep him tall and strang!"

We thank every contributor, from the "stately Sixth" down to the babies whose stories are for many readers the chief attraction of the Magazine, and we should like also to mention the designers of the excellent posters which have helped both its making and its sale.

A. E. F.

* * * *

Report on Short Story Competition.

"Gillespie's" authors would seem to show a fine devotion to "art for art's sake" and to scorn the bribe of a prize. That, or a stubborn tradition that to write for the Magazine in November is as unnatural as to eat plum pudding on Midsummer's Day, must account for the fact that entries for the Short Story Competition were very few indeed, whereas a number of good stories printed elsewhere in this number were submitted at the usual time for handing in contributions. It was almost decided not to award a prize, but this seemed unfair to those who did compete. By far the best story, for the originality of its setting and for a certain power and maturity in the telling, was "Out of the Ghetto" by Ruby Ockrent, Form 4 A (Spylaw) who is accordingly the prize-winner.

One or two other stories are worthy of mention. Dorothy Shand's "Death Intervenes" was ingeniously constructed and fairly well told, but somewhat morbidly gloomy. Dorothy Halliday's "In the Wee Sma' Hours" was a rather conventional story of a burglary which proved not to be a burglary, relieved by delightfully natural conversation. Try again, Dorothy! Jessie McKay in "Eyes Bluer than the Sea" told a tale of horror, working up to a good climax, with considerable imaginative power, but just failed to make it credible. Lastly, we liked Jean Tuck's pleasantly told, but too slight episode, of the dog at the Christmas Bazaar.

A. E. F.

* * * *

"OUT OF THE GHETTO."

(Prize-Winning Story.)

On Friday night the town was gay with music, wine and laughter. The rain had fallen earlier in the evening, and now dank smells hung over the dirty narrow mediæval streets. The odour of wine and ale pervaded the dark

alleys and was thick about the taverns. A slight mist had come up from the river and hung like a veil, mercifully hiding some of the foul corners and dirty hovels of the place. Beyond the town the woods stretched down to the river—quiet, green spring woods, with the raindrops dripping from the tiny leaves and falling from the willows into the river like teardrops; dripping, dripping, as the hours passed. But between the town and the woods the ghetto walls rose grey and gaunt.

Inside these walls there was silence—the silence of the Sabbath. The Sabbath meal was over, the blessings had been made, and now families were locking up their houses preparatory to going to bed, or else settling down for an evening at the fire. Joel, tired after his day's work, climbed up to his room on the top of the house and moved by some inexplicable feeling looked out of his tiny window over the tumbled roofs to the river. He had been there once or twice with his father, but they had only gone to a dirty wharf to watch the unloading of goods. The place had been smoky and the river sluggish, but somewhere he knew it flowed cool and deep. He longed to see it with an old longing he had felt since childhood. Now that he was eighteen he still wished to know it. To-night the desire for freedom struggled in his breast; he must walk through the woods to the river, and wander along the banks, and breathe the clean fresh air; he wanted to make believe he was free.

The ghetto gates, huge wrought-iron edifices, were shut at sunset. Every evening from time immemorial they had shut them, and it had always seemed to Joel and the ghetto children that the world stopped when the sun went down and did not go on till the gates were open again. But to-night he would go out. To-night he would try the little green door he had discovered years ago and would escape if only for a few hours.

Downstairs he went, and through the streets.

The little green door opened and he sped out to the river

Wessler, the tax-collector and warden of the woods, had a house on the river and a pretty daughter. To-night he had gone into the town to collect rents which he had to hand over to his lord on the Saturday morning. From the

heap of shining coins he was allowed to extract three for himself. With these he would buy his little Margaret a new cap and apron. Then he would buy his provisions for the week and then—perhaps a little drink and a game at the tavern. The first two tasks accomplished he set out for the tavern in great humour with the hogskin bag of money securely attached to his belt and hidden under his jacket for fear of thieves. Half a dozen of his cronies greeted him as he entered the wine house, the landlord fetched him a rough stool before the fire, and all was merry. Soon he was paying for drinks for everyone and as the wine began to flow his leathern purse began to get lighter and lighter. His own money was gone, and in the courage of drunkenness he began to spend the rent money without a thought of the morrow. Long after he was asleep his friends kept dipping into the bag and spending freely. In the early hours of the morning with great ceremony a basin of water was poured over his head and he awoke to find himself standing in the street, penniless, and with an aching head to boot.

Even in that state of mind thoughts of the morrow permeated his fuddled brain. Hanging, he thought with a growing terror, would be the least he would suffer—perhaps, perhaps, torture! No! he would not think of it. He would call his friends—they would take him home, and Margaret would know what to do. She would know—little Margaret with her sparkling eyes, her quick hands, her nimble brain. Sobbing with fear he called to his friends and gesticulating wildly explained to them the situation. They drew back when they heard and whispered among themselves. It was not safe to be with some one who had incurred the duke's displeasure, but poor Wessler, their friend, who had paid for their drinks—no, they would go with him, poor fellow. Thus, rolling drunkenly, the company set out for the river and Wessler's house.

Wilhelm, the gatekeeper's son, passing them on their way, joined them and laughing inwardly as he listened to their stupid plans and drunken mumblings resolved to tell the true story to the bailiff on the following morning. By doing so he would get rid of the fool Wessler, his father would get Wessler's coveted position, and pretty Margaret would have to marry him. He laughed merrily.

Joel, after he had made for the woods was transported into a fairyland. The river flowed blue, cool, and swift. The grass was green and soft beneath his feet, and spring flowers, pale in the moonlight, clustered at the foot of the trees. Shadows rippled on the river—calm and peaceful. Joy welled up in his heart and a shadow of his crushed youth rose up. The people of the ghetto have no childhood. After infancy they become men and women. Life for them is too hard and precarious to indulge in youth and all its reveries; and Joel had to dream his dreams in this crowded hour. From the window of a house a girl was leaning, thinking. As he passed, head in the clouds, his dark curls ruffled, she saw upon his shoulder a yellow badge, his badge of shame. She leaned forward excitedly—a Jew, young, and out in the woods of all places! She watched him as he passed.

Then it was that Joel heard the sound of laughter and as he turned a bend bumped into Wilhelm, Wessler, and his friends. Before he recovered from the shock he found himself surrounded by this drunken crowd. Wessler, his hand on Joel's shoulder was exclaiming, "My God, a Jew," while the others stood round him staring, stupidly. Joel looked at them all and then at Wilhelm who was leaning against a tree. He made a pleading movement towards him, but Wilhelm only laughed and stuck his hands deeper into his pockets. Wessler, flushed with drink and excited kept shouting. "Look at the Jew. He's a young thief." Hurriedly he felt at his leather purse. Turning again to Joel he demanded of him his money. For the moment Wessler fully believed that his money had been stolen. Joel shrank back as a huge fist was pushed under his chin. Then he straightened himself. Disgust was uppermost in his mind. A million thoughts rushed to his mind at once. That he should have to stay in a narrow ghetto and learn and live in fear because of those beasts was incredible. In a mad fury he rushed forward, then stopped. Several pairs of hands were stretched out to stop him. In front was Wessler, on his right two burly men, on his left Wilhelm and the rest, behind the river ran. He stopped, turned and ran back. There was a splash, and then the only sound to be heard was the sound of raindrops falling from the willows on to the river like tears, dripping, dripping.

RUBY OCKRENT, Form 4 A.

Howlers.

Our howlers, alas! are this year few and feeble. If there were a prize offered for the best howler of the year, it would go to the first year pupil who said :—

"The Caledonians used to come down to the Roman camp at night and cut off the *sentimentals*."

Literature classes provided two unexpected statements :—

"Ophelia says Hamlet must be mad because he has just visited her" and

"Waverley came to blows with a smithy."

The following brightened the correction of a vocabulary test :—

"He bore his sorrows with *platitute*."

"In some countries it is *judicious* to have two wives."

"You must *veneer* that old gentleman as he is your grandfather."

Lapsus linguae in repetition :—

"Where heaves the turf in many a *smouldering* heap."

"The swallow twittering from the *cow-built* shed."

"Beautiful-browed *Ænone*" (did the cult of sun-bathing begin on Mount Ida?)

And that, we regret to say, represents the sum total of the Editor's gleanings!

"Iolanthe."

This session the Gilbert and Sullivan opera, "Iolanthe," or the Peer and the Peri, was produced by pupils of the school drawn from Forms 4, 5, and 6. Six performances were given on the evenings 25th to 30th May 1936. The performances were given in our new hall on our new stage, which was enhanced by our new curtain, displayed then for the first time.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

Iolanthe—Margaret Maxwell, Isobel Campbell, Bessie Barclay, Joan Paterson.

Queen—Ella Linton, Betty Lochore, Mary Grant, Joan Webster.

Phyllis—Elizabeth Thomson, Isobel Fairbairn, Jessie M'Lean, Isobel Lornie, Annie Vint.

Celia—Cathie Tait, Dorothy Cunningham, Jean Falconer, Topsy Brydon.

Leila—Margaret Brown, Aileen Stephen, Margaret MacBeath, Jean Paterson.

Fleta—Ruby Ockrent, Rachel Quinnell, Mary Allan, Beatrice Liddell.

Strephon—Betty MacDonald, Barbara Lowe, Margaret Bee, Jean Currie, Charlotte Rosie.

Chancellor—Dorothy Brown, Evelyn Hardie, Betty M'William, Helen Tarbet, Ruby Houston.

Willis—Winifred Cormack, Cathie Hall, Ruby Ockrent, Mary Mallinson, Winnie Ewing.

Tolloller—Joan Buckle, Nancy Morrison, Nan Dobson, Jessie Nicolson, Miriam Shenkin.

Mountarat—Violet Crerar, Jean Hill, Christine Baker, Eva Harris.

At the Piano—Evelyn Hardie, Bessie Barclay, Mr Herbert Wiseman, M.A.

Producer—Mr John Wishart, M.A.

Business Manager—Mr J. G. Glen, M.A.

From the Seniors.

"BAKING DAY."

When mother bakes, I always say,
To-night's to-night, but to-day's the day,
On which this child of yours can show
The way to mix and knead the dough,
Of cakes with mixtures of nuts and spices,
And others of raisins, currants and ices.
I've millions of recipes large and small,
And for others none at all,
Yet, given a free hand and open larder,
I shouldn't think it can be much harder,
Than parsing in grammar, and talking in Latin,
And other such studies which tend not to fatten.

ENID H. NEWBERRY, 3 Senior A.

* * * *

IN A BOOKSHOP.

My first customer was a small boy, with a crop of untidy hair, and a face which seemed to have attracted all the mud and dirt procurable in the neighbourhood. After regarding me for a few moments with extreme disfavour, he said, briefly and indistinctly (largely owing to the fact that a slab of toffee was occupying a considerable portion of his mouth), "Gi'mme 'Sam of the Black Hand.'"

I discovered under a pile of magazines the literature in question. As I was handing it to him, and receiving in exchange a grubby penny, which had evidently once had a close acquaintance with a stick of liquorice, the small boy asked, "How many murders are there in it?"

"Six," I replied.

"Is that a'?" exclaimed the youthful detective, departing in great disappointment.

My next customer was a professor. He wore a musty greenish-coloured coat which must have done duty as a dwelling-place for a colony of moths for a considerable

time; a collar which may have been quite respectable once, but which was now showing various signs of old age; and to crown all, a disreputable umbrella was perilously suspended from the sole remaining button of his waistcoat, thus completing his attire. He shuffled up to the counter and asked for "The Law of Categorical Imperatives—in twelve tomes." On receiving his somewhat weighty parcel he ambled out amiably, with not unprofitable absent-mindedness forgetting to pay. I ran out in pursuit, obtained the necessary sum, and was just returning when I collided with my third customer—a farmer.

His attire bore unmistakable signs of his rusticity. He wore a tie the colour of which reminded one of a particularly spectacular sunset, and, while blowing his nose and making a sound not unlike the opening chords of the overture to Wagner's "Tannhauser," he displayed a violently tomato-coloured handkerchief. After explaining he was interested in potatoes, he purchased "A Daughter of the Soil," a sentimental novel.

Then I closed shop, exhausted.

MYRA OCKRENT, 3 Senior C.

* * * *

THE MONASTERY BELL.

In the close air of the twilight,
When everything is still,
And the pale moon is a-rising.
Beyond yon distant hill.

Then there sounds a mellow note,
Ringing through the quiet air,
The Monastery Bell comes pealing,
Calling monks to evening prayer.

And as the golden notes come sounding,
The gentle breeze renews its flight,
Leaving all the trees a-rustling,
As it flies into the night.

MARGUERITE COMBEY, 3 Senior B.

ANDREW, THE CHIMPANZEE.

Before Andrew was on view to the public Mr Gillespie allowed the photographers to take a photograph of him and his mother, Wednesday. My father being a photographer, I was lucky enough to get in with him. It so happened that it was Andrew's Christening Day. His presents consisted of an air cushion, Teddy Bear, rubber duck, blanket and a beautifully iced Christening Cake with "Andrew" written on the top. There were also telegrams of congratulations to his mother. Wednesday seemed bored at having her photo taken as she kept covering up herself and Andrew with their straw bedding. She also threw an orange at one of the photographers. Fortunately it did not reach him as the wire of her cage stopped it. Mr Gillespie cut the cake and handed Wednesday a piece which she seemed to relish. However when she was given Andrew's blanket she must have thought it too was for eating, as she tore it to ribbons and put a piece in her mouth. This not having the same taste as the cake she very quickly took it out of her mouth and tied it round her leg. Every now and then she would hold Andrew at arm's length to admire him. His mother had every reason to be proud of him as he was a very neat little baby Chimp.

VIOLET REID, 2 Senior A.

* * * *

GOLF.

I want to be a Golfer.
It seems an awful shame,
I can't remember all the rules,
That go to make the game.

Before I start I place the ball,
Upon a little tee.
And then I give a mighty swing.
And miss it! Oh dear me!

There's something wrong I know it.
The most important thing of all.
I forgot to keep my head down,
And my eye upon the ball.

I'll try again—this time I'm sure,
To hit it with a crack.
My goodness what an awful swing,
I've nearly cracked my back.

It's gone! hurrah! I've hit it,
At last I've learnt to play.
I think I'll go and tell my Dad
I'll be a "Pro." some day.

OLIVE MORISON, 2 Senior A.

* * * *

THE CROCUSES' FATE.

The crocuses, the crocuses oh! but they did look so gay,
So dainty in their purple and their white and gold array.
The lawn had never looked so well, but 'neath the pine
trees tall

Were gathered close together the fairest of them all.
Oh! la-la-loo what's ado
To spoil so gay a show?
The wind so chill
Bore thoughts of ill
And now they all lie low.

For late that night the chill wind blew,
And down came cruel rain.
And laid the pretty flow'rets low in misery and pain.
The spring-time looked in sympathy upon her blossoms
dead
And sent a white coverlet to hide each drooping head.
Oh! la-la-loo and what's ado
The snowflakes whispered low
We'll gently fall
And no one else need know.

CATHERINE HERRIOT, 2 Senior B.

THE QUEEN MARY.

The "Comet" was a turbine ship,
It sailed across the Clyde.
The fare was low, the crowd was large,
She went from side to side.

But the 534 she is so big
And very fine she looks.
So very soon we all shall read
About her in our books.

When I saw her she was flood-lit,
Her lamps were clear and bright.
The Holy Isle looked wonderful
Enriched by her search-light.

RACHEL R. STEPHENSON, 2 Senior C.

* * * *

MY DOG.

My little dog, whose name is Gyp,
Has always been a little rip.
Some mischief every day he does
And often runs away from us.
Then every time I want to skip
He jumps at me, so I get his whip.
But it doesn't matter how hard I smack
He's as bad again when I turn my back.

HELEN M. KELLY, 1 Senior A.

* * * *

SHADOWS ON THE WALL.

I used to be so much afraid
To go to bed at night,
And always when the lights were out
I kept my eyes shut tight.

Because I knew that ghostly things
Would dance upon the wall,
And now and then a giant grin
Would creep in from the hall.

But now I know just what they are
And why they dance and sway.
So I often try to lie awake
To watch them at their play.

The ghosts no longer frighten me,
Nor the giant grim and tall.
I know it's just the lamps outside
Casting shadows on the wall.

SHEILA FRASER, 1 Senior B.

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FISHING IN THE NORTH SEA.

There was a knock on my bedroom door, and rather sleepy-eyed, I looked round, and saw my father. I remembered he was to waken me at 5 a.m. to take me on my first fishing expedition. It did not take me long to lose that sleepy feeling, and, in a few minutes I was ready. After eating a hurried breakfast, we walked smartly down to the harbour. The fisherman gave us a hearty "Good morning," and soon we were seated in the "Rose," a fine motor boat.

Passing up the coast to the fishing grounds, the cliffs rose right out of the water for several hundred feet. All the rocks were a white mass of what I thought at first looked like tiny penguins. One of the fishermen beat with a stick on an empty petrol tin and thousands of Guillemots, or Sea Scavengers, as the fisherman called them, came flying over our heads. The noise of their wings seemed like a great wind and the air was dark with them. These gulls have a most peculiar call. They seem to be saying all the time "I'm weary, I'm weary."

When we reached the fishing grounds the motor was stopped and we drifted with the tide. We all got a line, and after a time I felt a tug and tried to pull in. Father had to help me and after careful handling we landed a fine codling.

All my friends said I would be sick before my four hours were over. The boat certainly heaved a great deal, but I was a fine sailor and enjoyed every minute of my trip. We reached the harbour all too soon, with a fine selection of codlings, saith, and mackerel.

MURIEL MACAULAY, 1 Senior C.

From the Juniors.

"TORTY" SPEAKS.

I am a little baby tortoise and my name is Peter, but I am very often called "Torty." My home is in a great big garden and I go about where ever I please. The people laugh at me and say I never eat anything, but I know better for I eat when they are not looking. I like the warm sunny days best, for then I can dose away for hours in the beautiful sun-shine. One day I had a great adventure, I crawled through the garden hedge down to the bank of the river. I tried to get a drink of the cool water, but alas! I fell right into the river. What a glorious swim I had right down the river for ever so far. I crept ashore near some bushes. Two village boys found me and took me to their home. My little mistress found out where I was and brought me home but what a grand swim I had.

MARGARET BROWN, 2 Junior A.

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LOST IN THE FOG.

One fine day Mary set off for a walk. As she walked along a country lane, the birds chirped gaily and the sun shone down on her clear complexion. Mary was making for an old cottage on the hills known as the Tramps' Hydro. She reached it at last and went in. She was there for a quarter of an hour. As she turned to the door to go, she was met by a damp white wall of fog. She stood staring into it. "Well, she decided, "standing here will not help me to get home. I will begin to walk." Groping her way along she tried to steer for the lane which she had come up. Mary was in despair. Guided by nothing but the grass at her feet she groped her way along. Crash! She plunged into a wood. Suddenly she remembered having passed through a wood on her way up the lane. Mary thrust her way among the branches. Suddenly she sighted the lane. "This is the wood I came through," she thought, as she climbed over the railings which skirted the lane. Mary walked down the lane and soon reached her home.

NORAH SHINIE, 2 Junior B.

A BIRD.

I wish I were a little Bird,
I then would fly so high.
My home would be a little nest,
My playground the clear-blue sky.

MARGARET FERGUSON, 1 Junior A.

* * * *

A "BROWNIE."

My name is Betty,
I'm never fretty,
I smile just like the clownies—O,
I'm extra bright,
On Wednesday night,
Because I go to the Brownies—O.

BETTY BROWN, 1 Junior A.

* * * *

MY PUSSY CAT.

I have a little pussy cat,
It's very fond of me;
I find it sitting on the mat,
When I come home to tea.

It has a coat of long white fur,
And eyes of deepest green;
When I come in I hear the purr,
It sits just like a queen.

DOROTHY KERR, 1 Junior B.

* * * *

A DREAM.

One day a rose-dressed fairy
Opened the garden gate;
She looked at me and murmured,
"I'm afraid I'm a little late."

I ran and told my mummy
And this is what she said,
"If you ask me, you must have been
Asleep and dreaming in bed."

ELIZABETH CROMARTY, 1 Junior B.

From the Infants.

Miss Foster the lady who picks out the good storys for the magazine must tues good ones and I hope I will have mine in.

I think mummy is going to the hospitil next week and she said you must take what you get but I want a baby girl.

I got up very very early to-day and went into the garden and got some may dew and I got my face full of mud and my granny said I should have gone to the big field.

My little chum Roger Macrae comes to play with me and we play at brides and I put a vale on my head and we shout here comes the bride and we stamp our feet. Then we throw confetty and then we have tea.

One day last month we had a gold-fish and we had a terrible job to catch it in the water but after that we thought of the soup-ladle.

My mother is giving me a bicycle for having perfect atenes this year and it will be coming to-day or to-morrow and I am very exsicted.

I am Felix. I am a cat. Elsie says I am a rascle so does Jenny. I am writing this. Oh here's Gagga with something for me to eat. Good-bye mew.

SENIOR INFANTS A.

* * * *

When I was waiting for the bus to-day I saw a rook's nest. When the mother rook was cleaning the little house, the father was sitting out on a branch watching her.

I have a dicky bird. He eats seed and he drinks water. I love him. He is yellow and he lives in a golden cage. I feed him every day. Sometimes we give him his bath inside his cage, but when we take it out, he takes his bath in his water.

When we were at East Linton for our Easter holidays, we walked to North Berwick. Margot pointed out three tea-shops to Daddy, but Daddy wouldn't listen to her. He only went on in front. We had tea in a shop. I fell in at the door I was so tired.

On Friday, Mummy said we could have an egg for tea. She said she would dye them for us. She dyed them in ordinary blue for clothes and they didn't take it on properly. When Mummy was taking them out of the pan, one of them cracked. We couldn't eat the cracked egg as the blue was inside.

After tea-time grandpa was raking the garden. I asked him if he would take me for a walk. He said "I'll see how I feel after I finish the garden." Then I went up to Grandma. She gave me an old handbag.

Once when I was in the eastait with Edith, one of Edith's friends said a huge stone was a wishing stone. All my wishes have come true.

SENIOR INFANTS B.

* * * *

I said to the techer one day that tad-pols were very like comas.

When I was at Spiti my big sistr rolde owt the bed.

I have a slack tooth. I alwas loock in the miror to see if it is slackr.

I have a bird his name is Billy. He has a merror and he likes to see his funny fase in it.

My Father works in Jenners. He is the hed of the joint-telmen.

My father is an eliktrishn and he poots in grats and bains and baths.

The pictuers were very nise when I was there with my Mummy and Daddy and a lady that I no was waching my baby sister.

JUNIOR INFANTS A.

Evry nite after tea I dress up in my mummy's klose and petend I am a big lady. Sumtimes I petend I am my teecher and my little bruther is me.

I have a bijerug burd and it says come here Norma.

At nite time I play at school with my daddy. I make him do his lessons. I told him to do them. He can rite and I give him 4.

I like kittys and puppys, little wuns, brown wuns, and white wuns.

I have a little puppy. He was noty and he had to get a baf.

I have five black teef and my mummy has a baby.

It is my daddys burdi to-moro. My mummy is making a dumpling. He hopes that he gets the thrupni and I hope I get the ring.

My mummy made me a noo peeni. It is green with a helio binding.

JUNIOR INFANTS B.

* * * *

Reports of Societies.

JAMES GILLESPIE'S LITERARY AND DRAMATIC SOCIETY.

The "Lit." has completed its tenth year with an outstandingly successful session, which has certainly been produced by the combined efforts of all our members and their keen interest and support.

Debates and short papers have represented the literary side, while dramatic readings, short scenes, and an inter-form dramatic competition have given ample scope for those who prefer the drama.

On considering the success of the debates, I think the improvement was largely due to the free discussion which has come much more easily this year than previously. This has naturally made our debating more alive, and was specially evident during the inter-debate with Boroughmuir Literary and Debating Society, which was a new feature in this year's syllabus, and one that deserves to be repeated.

The inter-debate with the Science Association gave an excellent opportunity to those who have objections to exams., the subject being "That the Modern Examination System produces the Slave Mentality."

Scenes from Shakespeare, Elizabethan songs and papers on Elizabethan customs and dress, were enjoyed by the Society on Elizabethan Night. Another interesting evening was devoted to "Old Edinburgh."

The Inter-Form Dramatic Competition was won by the 4th year, who presented "The Bishop's Candlesticks." The great event of the session was the Former Members' Reunion, which was also our tenth birthday party. Among the guests were several former members, who were specially invited for the occasion. The special items on the evening's programme were the mimes of "King Arthur ruled the Land" and "The Wee Cooper o' Fife," which were arranged by Miss Foster and for which Mr Wishart sang. The birthday cakes at supper were a great success and we all enjoyed the programme of ballroom and country dancing which followed.

We were fortunate in securing Mr S. C. Farrar as our Outside Speaker. The lively discussion which followed his talk on "Three internal dangers to the League of Nations"

showed the interest which he aroused by his rather startling views.

Magazine Night brought our pleasant winter to a close and proved as entertaining as usual.

A great deal of our success is due to our President, Miss Foster, and we would extend our thanks and appreciation to her. May the "Lit." continue to flourish under her care!

We have to thank Miss MacDermont for the presentation of some valuable books on costume, and for her interest in all our activities; and we offer her our best wishes for her complete recovery.

To the prospective fourth year, we extend our welcome and hope that they will show the same enthusiasm as their predecessors. To those who are leaving we send our good wishes. May the memories of "Lit." nights be the brightest in their schooldays' recollections!

E. R. H.

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JAMES GILLESPIE'S SCIENCE ASSOCIATION.

The ninth year of the Science Association has been very successful, as regards both membership numbers and financial matters. The Association has completed an enjoyable syllabus, and all its meetings have been very well attended, especially by members of Forms 1, 2 and 3. Two new features, which have proved most successful, were "Staff Night" when the staff, represented by Miss Foster and Mr Gilbert, and the pupils debated together on the subject, "That the World could Better Spare its Poets than its Scientists," and "Demonstration Night" when Mr Couling gave an instructive address on "Spinning and Weaving," and demonstrated the use of a loom and a spinning-wheel. The address given by our President, Mr Brash, was most enjoyable and also very interesting, his subject being "A Holiday Spent in Russia." The Former Members' Reunion was a great success and the session was brought to a close with an address on "Weather Forecasting" by Mr Paton. Mr Brash, as President, continues to guide the Society on its very successful career and it is hoped that in its next session he will again preside over the Society which he himself started.

C. M. R.

GILLESPIE'S HIGH SCHOOL SCRIPTURE UNION BRANCH.

Our Scripture Union Branch continues to hold meetings on Monday, Wednesday and Friday mornings in the Attic Hall. The attendances have been quite good on the average, although the interest is keenest among the younger girls.

There have been several outside speakers visiting us and some of our own girls have taken part.

We feel the loss of our keenest helpers, D. Graham and M. Tait, who left last term, but send them our best wishes for success in the new positions they have taken up.

The membership of the branch remains at 80, but we hope that next year will see an improvement.

E. R. H.

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School Sports.

HOCKEY.

The Hockey Club has once again completed a successful year. Owing to bad weather a greater number of matches than in previous years has had to be cancelled but the result of those played has shown a fairly high standard of play.

| | PLAYED. | WON. | LOST. | DRAWN. | GOALS FOR. | AGST. |
|---------|---------|------|-------|--------|---------------|-------|
| 1st XI. | 14 | 10 | 3 | 1 | 60 | 23 |
| 2nd XI. | 15 | 12 | 3 | 0 | 45 | 16 |
| 3rd XI. | 12 | 8 | 2 | 2 | 54 | 22 |
| 4th XI. | 14 | 8 | 4 | 2 | 66 | 16 |
| 5th XI. | 9 | 5 | 4 | 0 | 22 | 12 |

C. B.

TENNIS.

Tennis has once again been a most popular feature of the summer term. The school team, represented by

Nan Carr and Mary Grant,
Charlotte Rosie and Jean Currie,
Margaret MacBeath and Violet Crerar,

has been more successful than in previous years. The results of the matches are as follows:—

| | | | | |
|-------------|---|---|-------------|---|
| Stirling | 5 | : | Gillespie's | 4 |
| Dunfermline | 0 | : | Gillespie's | 9 |
| Leith | 0 | : | Gillespie's | 9 |
| Trinity | 1 | : | Gillespie's | 8 |
| Stirling | 6 | : | Gillespie's | 3 |

There remains 1 match to be played against Dunfermline on 20th June.

The House matches, the singles and double tournaments have not yet been completed.

C. M. R.

GOLF.

The membership this year is 26 and great promise has been shown by some of the younger members. The season opened with an indoor practice in the Middle Hall, when grip, stance, and swing were overhauled under the eye of one of the staff.

In a 9 hole Competition for new members held over Portobello the result was:—

1. Marjorie McDonald 53
2. Mary McDonald 64

The Championship of the School (for custody of the Ewan Medal) has now reached the Semi-final stage in which

Janet Cook plays Jessie McLean
and
Dorothy Paterson plays Beatrice Liddell.

On 20th June over Kingsknowe a team composed of 6 F.P's. and 6 P.P's. challenged 12 of the Staff and some very close matches resulted, in some cases the position of pupil and teacher being reversed for the day.

It is intended to hold a Putting Competition over Bruntsfield Putting Course before the end of the season.

W. S.

SWIMMING.

The Fourteenth Annual Gala was held in Warrender Baths on the evening of Friday, 15th May, before an enthusiastic gathering of parents and friends. As in former years, the swimming was of a high standard, and there was very keen competition in the various races, especially the Inter-House Events.

Tom Scott, Esq., J.P., presided, and, in the course of his remarks, said that the membership of the Club stood at 440—a record total. During the year 50 Elementary, 31 Intermediate, 18 Advanced, 19 Life-Saving and 3 Honours Certificates had been gained. Moreover, the Royal Life-Saving Society had awarded 10 Bronze Medallions, 14 Intermediate Certificates and 8 Elementary Certificates. Also, Cathie Tait had been successful in passing the examinations for Award of Merit, Bronze Medallion Bar and First-Class Instructress Certificate. The following people received Bronze Medallions:—Dorothy Paterson, Elsie Taylor, Margaret Booth and Betty Gall. Intermediate Certificates:—Mary Paton, Patricia M'Dermott, Lillias Simpson, Muriel Hortop, Doreen Mason, Molly Sandison, Morag M'Caig, Wilma Quinn. Bronze Medallions and Intermediate Certificates:—Irene Frater, Edna Tait, Dorothy Brown, Hilda Brown, Eleanor Ginsburg, Jean Butchart. Honours Certificates:—Patricia M'Dermott, Winifred Black, Margaret Booth.

Ellen King gave an interesting display of swimming strokes, and the exhibition of undressing in the water by Cathie Tait was appreciated very much. A new event was introduced in the programme this year, namely, a diving display by a number of pupils in the school, and this was greatly enjoyed by all present.

The principal results of the Gala were as follows:—

SWIMMING CHAMPION—

Elsie Taylor, with 21 points.

Marjory Harris was runner-up with 14 points.

| | |
|--------------------|--|
| 25 Yards Handicap. | Grade A—Maud Maistall. |
| " | " B—Joan Dickson. |
| " | " C—Isobel Esson. |
| " | " D—Isobel Henderson. |
| " | " E—Ruth Waddell. |
| " | " F—Winifred Strachan } tie. Jean Donaldson |
| " | " G—Doris Sey. |
| " | " H—Betty Cathrae. |
| 50 Yards Handicap. | Grade A—Betty Gall. |
| " | " B—Ella Moore. |
| " | " C—Geira Barker. |
| " | " D—Gertrude Lemmon. |
| " | " E—Jessie Walker. |

Scholars' Race—Audrey Barker.
 Balloon Race—Doris Sey.
 Life-Saving in Pairs—Elsie Taylor and Irene Frater.
 Inter-House Team Race—1. Gilmore ; 2. Warrender.
 Yacht Race—Marjory Harris.
 Plate-Lifting Competition—Betty Gall.
 Inter-House Overhead Ball—1. Gilmore ; 2. Roslin.

The House Championship was won by Gilmore with 34 points, and Warrender was runner-up with 25 points.

At the Educational Gala which was held on 4th June, the following races were won by swimmers from Gillespie's :—

One Length Breast Stroke Race (Girls under 12)—Janet Gray.

One Length Free Style Race (Girls 12-13)—Doreen Mason.

Two Lengths Race (Girls 14-15)—Elsie Taylor.

Life-Saving Competition—Betty Gall and Elsie Taylor (93 points).

We take this opportunity of thanking Miss McLay and Miss King for the splendid work they have done for the pupils during the session.

J. B. P.

CRICKET.

The membership of the Club still continues to increase and the difficulty now arises of obtaining games for our members with other schools. This season we fielded a Beginners XI. and one match has been played with a team from John Watson's. The visitors won a very interesting game.

Owing to various circumstances several of our First XI. games have been cancelled and up to date our only fixture has been with John Watson's. This resulted in a win for Gillespie's by 76 runs to 64. V. Crerar was the best performer with bat and ball, scoring 14 runs and taking 6 wickets. Games have still to be played with Esdaile and an F.P. XI.

Under the inspiring leadership of the Captain, C. Tait, the enthusiasm for the game has been more than maintained and, although the ground fielding leaves much to be desired, the general standard of play has never been higher.

J. C. B.

ANNUAL SPORTS.

THE ANNUAL SPORTS on Wednesday, 17th June, at Slateford were favoured with ideal weather conditions and a large gathering of spectators and competitors enjoyed a pleasant afternoon's sport.

There was a large entry of 1,365 (including Infants) representing over 550 girls ; and the keenness among the competitors was shown by the fact that many of them had been training for several weeks for the great day.

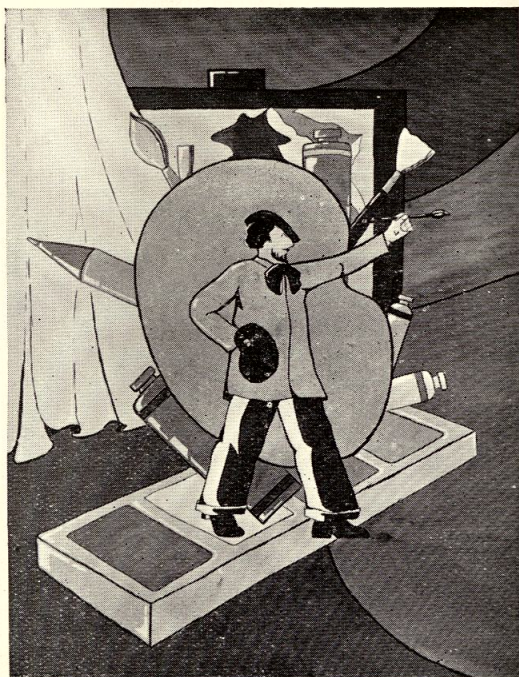
Gilmore continued its run of successes as Champion House. For the Individual Championship there was great rivalry between Joan Webster, last year's champion, and Margaret Morton, last year's runner-up.

The 220 yards open race produced a tremendous struggle between the two—Margaret ultimately winning by inches.

The Secondary and Elementary Prizes were presented by Mrs Burnett and the Infants' Prizes by Mrs Seaton.



WINNERS OF S.S.P.C.A. POSTER COMPETITION.



HELEN C. L. TARBET. Form 5A.



MARY M. MALLINSON. Form 5A.

Infants.

Senior A—

Flat Race :—

- Race I.—Dileas M'Kenzie.
- „ II.—Moirs Bailey.
- „ III.—Margaret Bell.
- „ IV.—Elsie Dunbar.
- „ V.—Muriel Lothian.

Skipping Races :—

- Race I.—D. Forbes.
- „ II.—Isabel Henderson.
- „ III.—Margaret Bell.
- „ IV.—Muriel Lothian.

Senior B—

Flat Races :—

- Race I.—D. Saunders.
- „ I.—B. Taylor.
- „ III.—K. Walker.
- „ IV.—P. Black.
- „ V.—B. M'Kenzie.

Skipping Races :—

- Race I.—E. Ogilvie.
- „ II.—M. White.
- „ III.—D. Mitchell.
- „ IV.—D. Seaton.

Junior A—

Flat Races :—

- Race I.—Audrey S. Clark.
- „ II.—Margaret Dewar.
- „ III.—Morag Fraser.
- „ IV.—Eleanor Angus.
- „ V.—Margaret M'Kinley.
- „ VI.—Jean Gastall.

Junior B—

Flat Races :—

- Race I.—Ann Stewart.
- „ II.—Moirs Pastell.
- „ III.—Mary Ambrose.
- „ IV.—Joan Cairnie.
- „ V.—Elizabeth Reid.

Elementary.

- 80 Yards (Under 9)—1. Alexandra Wishart ; 2. Hazel Colburn.
- „ (Under 10)—1. Margaret Fowler ; 2. Joyce Cruickshank.
- 100 Yards (Under 11)—1. Olive Morrison ; 2. Ruth Weddell.
- „ (Under 12)—1. Winifred Black ; 2. Margaret Mowatt.
- „ (Open)—1. Ruby Stewart ; 2. Molly Ferguson.
- Skipping Race (Under 10)—1. Joyce Cruickshank ; 2. Margaret Fowler.
- „ „ (Under 12)—1. Margaret Mowatt ; 2. Muriel Purves.
- „ „ (Open)—1. Molly Ferguson ; 2. Jean Donaldson.

Egg and Spoon Race (Under 11)—1. Joyce Cruickshank ; 2. Helen Hamilton.

" " " (Open)—1. Violet Lamberty ; 2. Betty Laurie.

Three-Legged Race (Under 10)—1. Dorothy Kerr and Valmai Edensor ; 2. Irene Dow and Irene Chalmers.

" " " (Open)—1. Florence Bowie and Yvonne Morrison ; 2. Dorothy Hamilton and Dorothy Beaton.

Sack Race—1. Jean Donaldson ; 2. Marjory Dunlop.

Relay Races—1st Seniors—1 Sen. B. (Ruth Watt, Marjory Dunlop, Pamela Ryrie, Winifred Wallace).

2nd Seniors—2 Sen. C. (Molly Ferguson, Ruth Weddell, Margaret Malcolm, Isabel Robertson).

3rd Seniors—3 Sen. B. (Jean Donaldson, Ruby Cameron, Margaret Mowatt, Rita Mitchell).

Secondary.

220 Yards (Open)—1. Margaret Morton ; 2. Joan Webster.

100 Yards (Under 13)—1. Hazel Stewart ; 2. Doris Sey.

" (Under 14)—1. Mima Simpson ; 2. Margaret Nelson.

" (Under 15)—1. Barbara Grubb ; 2. Mary Durie.

" (Open)—1. Margaret Morton ; 2. Cathie Hall.

Skipping Race (Under 14)—1. Mima Simpson ; 2. Margaert Nelson.

" (Open)—1. Mary Durie ; 2. Sadie McCrimmon.

Egg and Spoon Race (Under 14)—1. June Swanson ; 2. Hazel Valentine.

" " " (Open)—1. Pat Hamilton ; 2. Winnie McCormack.

Three-Legged Race (Open)—1. Barbara Grubb and Rita MacBeth ; 2. Mima Simpson and Isabel Ferguson.

Sack Race—1. Jean Butchart ; 2. Isabel Ferguson.

Wheelbarrow Race—1. Cissie Anderson and Marjory Shields ; 2. Jean Littlejohn and Annie Weston.

Hurdles Race (Under 15)—1. Barbara Grubb ; 2. Mary Durie.

" (Open)—1. Margaret Morton ; 2. Cathie Hall.

Relay Inter-House (Under 15)—1. Gilmore (Barbara Grubb, Rita MacBeth, Jessie Walker, Mary Durie) ; 2. Spylaw.

" " " (Open)—1. Gilmore (Cathie Hall, Sadie McCrimmon, Hannah Shenkin, Marjory Shields) ; 2. Warrender.

Throwing the Cricket Ball—Marjory Murray, 150 ft. 11 in. (*School Record*).

Hockey Dribbling—Cissie Brydon.

High Jump (Under 15)—Doreen Payne, 3 ft. 10 in.

" (Open)—Margaret Morton, 4 ft. 5 in. (*School Record*).

Broad Jump (Under 15)—Barbara Grubb, 13 ft. 10½ in.

" (Open)—Joan Webster, 15 ft. 9¾ in. (*School Record*).

Individual Championship of School, and custody of the Stevenson Cup—Margaret Morton, 19 points.

Runner-up and Winner of the Scott Prize—Cathie Hall, 11 points.
House Championship won by Gilmore.

INTER-HOUSE HOCKEY CUP.

PREVIOUS WINNERS.

1930-31—Gilmore. 1931-32—Gilmore.

1932-33—Gilmore. 1933-34—Roslin.

1934-35—Roslin.

Session 1935-36—Gilmore.

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.

1934-35—Warrender.

HOUSE CHAMPIONSHIP, 1935-36

| | GILMORE. | ROSLIN. | SPYLAW. | WARRENDER. |
|----------------------|----------|---------|---------|------------|
| | Pts. | Pts. | Pts. | Pts. |
| Merit | 65 | 77 | 105 | 103 |
| Attendance | 37 | 39 | 35 | 39 |
| Hockey | 36 | 25 | 33 | 6 |
| Swimming | 45 | 18 | 3 | 34 |
| Sports | 47 | 17 | 18 | 18 |
| Tennis | 30 | 13 | 27 | 30 |
| Totals | 260 | 189 | 221 | 230 |
| Less Penalty Points | 80 | 73 | 68 | 79 |
| Grand Totals | 180 | 116 | 153 | 151 |

Champion House—Gilmore.

Second—Spylaw.

J. C. B.

* * * *

Former Pupils' Section.

THE CITY OF SKYSCRAPERS.

I cannot speak of America, for I have seen only a small portion of it. I have not travelled (as one man put it) "all the way from sun-kissed California to sin-cussed New York." I have not basked in the warmth of Miami Beach, nor have I had occasion to visit that honeymooners' Paradise, the lovely Mohonk Valley. It will be best, therefore, to confine my remarks to New York, that city which, more than any other, is synonymous in the minds of most people with glamour and romance.

The contrast is quite true which says that "America is full of the beauty of big things, while England is full of the beauty of little things." Travelling from Edinburgh to New York is like going from Lilliput to Brobdingnag. Seen through the faint haze of a sunny September morning, the New York skyline presented what is, I think, the most impressive spectacle I have ever seen—tall, slender buildings holding their heads up among the clouds, with deep canyons between running as straight as an arrow the entire length of Manhattan.

The College where I stayed overlooks Broadway, perhaps the world's most celebrated thoroughfare. Within a stone's throw stands Dr. Fosdick's famous Riverside Church, affectionately called "The Giraffe" by my fellow-students; and not without justice, for the building certainly looks as though its body ought to be lengthened or its neck reduced. The College was within half an hour's reach by car of three of the wonders of the modern world. The first of them is the George Washington Suspension Bridge, a lovely picture at night, when it appears like two illuminated chains slung across the River Hudson; nearby is the entrance to the Holland Tunnel, giving motor traffic the alternative of passing beneath the River instead of over it; and on the farther side, like a glorified switchback, the unique Piludski Skyway carries through traffic high above the tops of the houses for the entire length of Jersey City.

New York seen by night from the promenade roof of the Rockefeller Centre skyscraper is a sight never to be forgotten. As you step out of the elevator on to the

roof you have the sensation of stepping out into fairyland. Spread out beneath you is a firmament of multicoloured lights. Immediately at your feet lies "the Great White Way" with its mile of splendid theatres, and Times Square, the hub of the theatrical universe. And all around you, radiant pinnacles of light rival each other in beauty. As I signed my name in the visitors' book I noticed that one American had recorded in the space provided for comments: "The first time my wife has been speechless!"

After having seen New York from the worm's point of view in the subways, it is a tremendous relief to have a bird's eye view of it from the top of the Empire State Building. It is somewhat of a paradox that this supreme feat of engineering, proudly claimed as "the world's tallest building and one of the most beautiful," should inspire, as you look down from a height of 1,250 feet on men like midgets and automobiles like tiny toys crawling about beneath, feelings of pity and contempt for the human beings who created it. The Empire State Building fulfils for the tourist all the requirements of a mountain without the tiresome necessity of scaling it on foot, for express elevators carry the sightseer up and down at a speed that produces sensations reminding one of an advertisement for Bovril; the one I went up in took exactly one minute to reach the 86th floor! One of the many attractions of the building, according to the little booklet, "Above the Clouds," which is supplied to visitors, is that "young people use it to gaze at the moon and stars, hold hands and plan a glorious future": but since admission to the tower costs 5/-, this is much too expensive a luxury to be indulged in frequently.

It was with genuine sorrow that I bade farewell to New York, and watched from the deck of the "Scythia" the Statue of Liberty waving an elephantine farewell on the right as the boat slipped down with the tide. For New York has wonders of her own that can be seen nowhere else. But, a week later, speeding northwards through the Lake District, I reflected as I gazed through the carriage window that I had encountered no scenery to compare with that; and the line kept running in my head, "Earth hath not anything to show more fair."

JAMES GUTHRIE.

IMPRESSIONS OF A NURSE'S LIFE.**(Princess Margaret Rose Hospital.)**

There are some truths about the nursing profession that have impressed themselves upon me with considerable force. Either one likes nursing or one loathes it. There is no hope of acquiring a taste for it, and even less danger of ever losing one's original love. Time and familiarity may remove the guilt, but after all gingerbread can be very wholesome and agreeable fare.

Perhaps the most unpleasant side of hospital—to my mind, at any rate—is its curious idea of time and time values! Now, breakfast is a noble institution, but breakfast at 7.30 is stressing the point rather heavily. After my first week here I felt the joke had gone far enough. After the first month I was thankful that no one had thought of 6.30 as the breakfasting hour.

The day begins in earnest at 8 a.m., when the day staff relieves the night nurses. Hospital technicalities are always dull. I shall not, therefore, enter into any details about the routine work; nor shall I harrow your feelings with any of the grimmer stories of the pathetic limb and bone disorders that affect our patients. Cases in an orthopaedic hospital are mostly of the types that require a long course of treatment, and progress is slow. So faces are familiar, and a certain "family" atmosphere can be maintained. Ward routine can bring out the very best and the very worst of family life, too!

The work is interesting—pleasant in summer, and not so pleasant in winter. The wards being open (to the south) snow can come right in in winter, and is greeted with colds and chilblains! In summer, of course, the working conditions make life really worth while. The situation of the hospital is ideal. It is built practically at the very foot of the Pentland Hills, surrounded by trees and green fields. As hospitals go, this is a comparatively small one at present. There are three wards—one for boys, one for girls, and one for babies. A fourth ward is nearing completion.

Of course, life is not all spent in the wards! Coming off duty at 8 p.m. (having had three hours free at some period of the day) we retire to the nurses' quarters which are really of the "home from home" type. The bedrooms are charming, and the common rooms everything that could

be desired. We have piano and radio—and, when necessary, lovely fires that complete the soporific processes! The food is good, if inclined to belong to that soul-deadening category, "plain but wholesome." And last, but by no means least, the nurses are a very jolly lot.

If these impressions seem rather "potted," it is simply because I have settled so thoroughly into the new life that such a thing as writing to someone else about it seems absurdly unnecessary. (May I whisper in your ear that at times there is a certain school flavour about it? We have courses of lectures, with an occasional examination to face.) Nursing is a very "real" career. It absorbs most of one's interest and most of one's time. But it gratifies any desire one ever had for hard work, and compensates for 8 p.m. weariness by the interesting life it involves. I am very happy here and am looking forward to the further stages of my training with eager anticipation.

MARIE A. MORRISON.

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FORMER PUPILS' CLUB, 1935-1936.

The opening meeting for the Session 1935-36 was held in School on Friday, 25th October 1935. Mr G. Thomson, one of the Presidents, was in the Chair. After the Secretary's report for the previous session had been read and adopted, the President welcomed new members to the Club, and reviewed the activities of the past year.

Office-bearers were then 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. M. Peters, 56 Glendevon Place.

Committee—Misses M. Forgan, M. E. R. Henderson, M. J. Campbell, E. Dargie, B. Fletcher, M. Fraser, A. Nicol, E. T. Rosie, Messrs J. G. Glen, E. A. Garratt.

About 90 F.P.'s were present and took part in the subsequent programme of dancing.

The second meeting, which took the form of a Country Dance, was held in School on 17th January, and proved to be most enjoyable.

The Re-union on Friday, 7th February, was this year held in Mackie's Rooms, Princes Street, and was quite well attended.

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

C. GRAHAM, *Hon. Secretary.*

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F.P. HOCKEY CLUB.

The Season 1935-36 has been enjoyable, and a successful one both on the field, and financially. The membership this year was 28. Somewhat broken weather caused the cancellation of eight of the 1st XI. and nine of the 2nd XI. matches. The results were:—

| | PLAYED | WON | LOST | DRAWN | FOR | AGST. |
|---------|--------|-----|------|-------|-----|-------|
| 1st XI. | 14 | 8 | 5 | 1 | 47 | 31 |
| 2nd XI. | 16 | 5 | 7 | 4 | 35 | 38 |

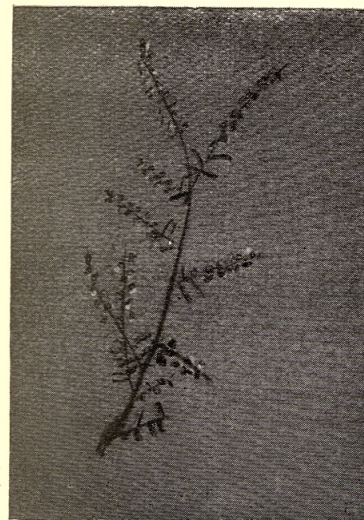
The above results include matches with School on April 4th when the F.P. 1st XI. won 4—3, and the two 2nd XI.'s drew 2—2.

The "Seven" entered for the Hawkhill and East District Tournaments was unsuccessful on both occasions.

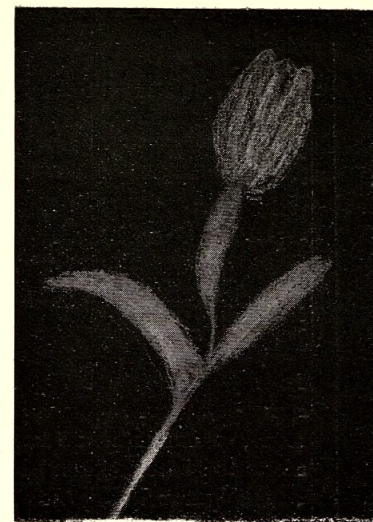
We were fortunate in having the services of Miss Chrissie Graham as Umpire throughout the whole of the Season. Miss Agnes Bertram also helped. In November a most enjoyable Social was held in Grafton's Café.

At the Annual General Meeting, Miss Annie Porter, a former Games Captain, was elected Captain for Season 1936-37.

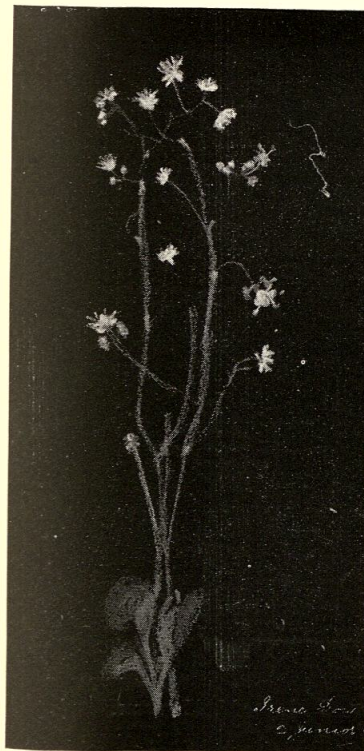
The Club is running well, but match results cannot be improved upon without new talent. We get very few members fresh from School and *none* from the 1st and 2nd XI.'s. This seems amazing in view of the keenness and high standard of play shown by School Teams. If you intend to keep up Hockey when you leave School, do join your *own* Club. It cannot go ahead without your support. The subscription is very modest, 10/- for those just left School,



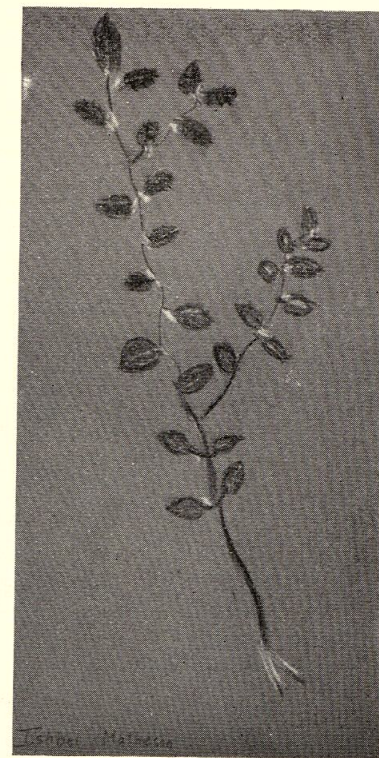
EDITH GARVIE,
1 Junior A.



DOROTHY KERR,
1 Junior B.



IRENE DOW,
2 Junior A.



ISHBEL MATHESON,
1 Junior B.



M. GRANT, Miss ANDERSON, N. CARR, V. CRERAR.
J. CURRIE, C. ROSIE, M. MACBEATH.

FIRST HOCKEY XI., 1935-36.



I. WEBSTER, G. BEATTIE, Miss ANDERSON, C. HALL, M. MORTON.
M. GRANT, N. CARR, C. ROSIE, C. BRYDON, M. MACBEATH.
I. PATERSON. V. CRERAR.

and 15/- in succeeding years, payable in sums of 5/- if you prefer. The 2nd XI. is interchanged weekly to give every player a game, but with a few more members we could have three XI.'s. There are two very full and interesting fixture lists for the elevens next Season.

Season 1936-37 will be started off on 26th September with Coaching at Meggatland, and probably Wednesday practices at Roseburn before that date. Please, if you are the slightest bit interested, write to the Secretary *now* so that she can let you know about practices. Remember, we *need* you, and we *want* you.

A. E. DARGIE, *Hon. Secy.*,

Tel. 54714.

10 Comiston Place, Edinburgh, 10.

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F.P. GYMNASTIC CLUB.

The Club closed in March after an enjoyable and interesting Session under Miss Kay. This Club ought to be a great deal bigger, and indeed if more people do not join it, it is doubtful if it will continue, at least as a Club for F.P.'s only. Meetings are held in the Gym. on Tuesdays from 7.30 till 9 o'clock, and gymnastics, folk dancing and games are included. The School strip has been adopted and the subscription for the entire Session is only 5/-. It is hoped to welcome at least thirty new members in September.

A. E. D.

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F.P. NOTES.

- Mr WALTER BOOTH GRAVELEY, C.I.E., has been appointed Chief Secretary to the Government of Burma.
- Mr ALASTAIR SIM, "playing in his first starring part in 'The Big Noise' at the Fox Studios, Wembley, had to sink out of sight in a water-lily pond. The camera-man complained that the water was too warm; the steam was spoiling the effect; so Mr Sim had to take a cold plunge in his evening dress"—(*London Evening Standard*).
- Mr ANGUS MACBEATH has passed the Final Examination of the General Examining Board of the Chartered Accountants of Scotland, and the Final Examination of the Chartered Institute of Secretaries, and has been admitted a Member of the Society of Chartered Accountants in Edinburgh.
- Mr JAMES R. GUTHRIE, M.A., B.D., has been awarded the degree of Master of Systematic Theology by the Union Theological Seminary, New York, and has been appointed Assistant Minister to St. George's West Church, Edinburgh.
- Miss ALICE JENKINS, Infant Mistress Carriiden P.S., has been appointed Infant Mistress of Bo'ness P.S.
- Miss MARGARET E. KEMP is now an Associate of the Librarians' Association.
- Miss JESSIE K. REE, M.A., has gone to Madras as a missionary teacher.
- Miss KATHERINE H. THOMSON has gone to the Gold Coast as a missionary teacher.
- Miss DOROTHY M. HURFORD, M.A., has been appointed to Tyne-castle School, Edinburgh.
- Miss LENA A. STEIN has graduated M.A. with Honours in French at Edinburgh University.
- Miss CATHERINE I. DAVIE has graduated M.A. with Honours in Mathematics and Natural Philosophy at Edinburgh University.
- Miss MILDRED C. STORRER won the Scottish Women's A.A.A. Two-Miles Cross-Country Championship for the third time: retained also the championship of the 880 Yards which she now holds also for the third year in succession: won the championship in Throwing the Javelin and also in Throwing the Discus. At the Women's International Athletic Contest held at Blackpool in June 1936 she gained 4th place in an entry of 800.
- Miss CHRISTINA GUTHRIE was placed 1st in the Leider Class at the Edinburgh Musical Festival, 1936. She also won the Scottish Golden Voice Singing Competition run by the *News Chronicle* under the auspices of the Gaumont British Film Company.

MARRIAGES.

- GALLOWAY—FRASER.—On 1st June 1935, GEORGE D. GALLOWAY, to NANCY FRASER, 45 Marchmont Road.
- AMOS—CANNING.—On 29th June 1935, LEWIS J. D. AMOS, to MARGARET CANNING, 80 Comiston Road.
- ARRIGHI—FERGUSON.—On 29th June 1935, FRED W. B. ARRIGHI, to NELLIE M. FERGUSON, Moray House, Holyrood Road.
- ROBERTSON—COOPER.—On 6th July 1935, ALEXANDER M. ROBERTSON, B.Sc., A.M.I.E.E., to NANCY R. COOPER, 10 Torphin Road, Colinton.
- MACDONALD—GLEN.—On 19th July 1935, ROBERT MACDONALD, B.A., B.Sc., H.M.I.S., to WINIFRED E. GLEN.

- COLLIE—FORTUNE.—On 8th August 1935, JAMES COLLIE, M.A., Brechin, to MARGARET N. FORTUNE.
- INGLIS—BEEVERS.—At Freehay, Staffordshire, on 17th August 1935, WILLIAM E. INGLIS, to KATHLEEN L. BEEVERS, Nile Grove.
- REID—GAVIN.—On 3rd September 1935, GEORGE SAMUEL REID, D.A., 54 Marchmont Road, to HELEN S. GAVIN, 11 Sylvan Place.
- MICHIE—STEWART.—On 9th September 1935, WILLIAM MICHIE, 11a Salisbury Road, to HELEN M. STEWART.
- SMITH—PENNEY.—On 12th September 1935, HAROLD R. SMITH, to MARY MORRIS PENNEY.
- WALKER—MCLEARY.—On 17th September 1935, ARCHIBALD WALKER, Port Seton, to MARGARET C. MCLEARY.
- BASTOW—ROSS.—At St. Margaret's Chapel, Edinburgh Castle, on 5th September 1935, DOUGLAS CLARKE BASTOW, to CECILY DOREEN ROSS.
- BATEMAN—ADAMS.—On 28th September 1935, ALEXANDER BATEMAN, F.F.A., 2 Thirlestane Road, to MARION ADAMS.
- GRAY—SEATH.—On 10th October 1935, GEORGE M. GRAY, to NETTA R. SEATH, M.A., B.Sc., 1 Craigmount Grove, Corstorphine.
- MACGREGOR—STANFORD.—On 14th October 1935, RENWICK C. MACGREGOR, to GOURLAY N. STANFORD, 39 Comely Bank Place.
- ROBINSON—MACLEOD.—On 14th October 1935, ARTHUR STANLEY ROBINSON, Gold Coast Colony, formerly of Maitland Hotel, to MOIRA HAMILTON.
- BURNETT—McDOWALL.—On 19th October 1935, JAMES A. BURNETT, to JEAN H. McDOWALL, 12 Comely Bank Street.
- HENDERSON—STORIE.—On 22nd October 1935, WILLIAM M. HENDERSON, to ALISON STORIE, 9 Merchiston Crescent.
- DANIELS—QUIN.—On 25th November 1935, WILLIAM DANIELS, Goombera Tea Estate and 3 Henderson Row, to EDITH M. O. QUIN, 2 Moston Terrace.
- WALLIS—WOOD.—On 12th December 1935, ALEXANDER T. WALLIS, to ISABELLA B. WOOD, 37 South Clerk Street.
- MYLES—ROWLAND.—On 28th December 1935, WILLIAM MYLES, M.A., 8 Hart Street, to JANET S. ROWLAND, 10 Wardie Avenue.
- STEWART—OGILVIE.—On 21st December 1935, GEORGE STEWART, to LORNA OGILVIE, Airlieville, Afton Terrace, Trinity.
- WILLIAMSON—BAIN.—On 25th December 1935, JOHN J. WILLIAMSON, to WINIFRED C. BAIN, Edinburgh.
- STANIER—BURNETT.—On 28th December 1935, ROBERT S. STANIER, to MAIDA BURNETT, 31 Braid Road.
- BAIRD—KING.—On 16th January 1936, PETER BAIRD, to DOROTHY KING, 5 Royal Crescent.
- WEIR—HOWDEN.—On 25th April 1936, NORMAN J. L. WEIR, S.S.C., to GLADYS E. HOWDEN, 77 Morningside Park.

Certificate and Scholarship Lists.

PUPILS WHO GAINED LEAVING CERTIFICATES IN 1936.

| | |
|---------------------|--------------------|
| Mary Allan. | Mary Grant. |
| Gladys Beattie. | Beatrice Liddell. |
| Margaret Brettell. | Isabella Linton. |
| Eleanor Brodie. | Margaret MacBeath. |
| Jane Brown. | Betty MacDonald. |
| Joan Buckle. | Jessie Nicolson. |
| Winifred Cormack. | Joan Paterson. |
| Violet Crerar. | Agnes Ross. |
| Dorothy Cunningham. | Mary Sinclair. |
| Jean Currie. | Catherine Tait. |
| Winifred Ewing. | Helen Tarbet. |
| Jean Falconer. | Elizabeth Thomson. |
| Dorothy Gardiner. | Annie Vint. |
| Dorothy Graham. | Laura Watt. |

PUPILS WHO GAINED LEAVING CERTIFICATES IN 1935.

| | |
|------------------------------|-----------------------|
| Jane B. Bethune (1934)* | Margaret I. Malcolm. |
| Elizabeth M. Carbarns. | Dorothy M. Minck. |
| Margaret S. Crichton (1934)* | Marie A. Morrison. |
| Esther A. Davidson (1934)* | Rita Ordman. |
| May D. Falconer (1934)* | Mary B. Ramsay. |
| Eva R. Harris. | Mona I. H. Robertson. |
| Catherine I. C. Kay. | Charlotte M. Rosie. |
| Mary D. Kelloe. | Elizabeth T. Rosie. |
| Kathleen M. Maclean. | Isabella C. Wallis. |
| Olive B. McAusland. | Jenny M. Yellowlees. |
| Irene P. McDermott. | |

* Gained Leaving Certificates in 1934, additional subjects 1935.

PUPILS WHO GAINED DAY SCHOOL CERTIFICATES (HIGHER) IN 1935.

| | |
|------------------------|--------------------------|
| Winifred Affleck. | Gladys N. Lamb. |
| Harriet C. Bowie. | Gertie Levy. |
| Joan E. E. Broadhurst. | Mary C. Mackenzie. |
| Florence A. M. Brown. | Margaret I. MacLean. |
| Jeanie D. Cameron. | Elizabeth K. MacWilliam. |
| Janet B. Cook. | Ellen M. McDonald. |
| Margaret Cook. | Victoire McLeod. |
| Anne W. Cooper. | Jean J. Mitchell. |
| Jessie C. Craig. | Margaret M. More. |
| Sheila D. Craik. | Ann G. Morison. |
| Margaret A. I. Dawson. | Jean M. B. Patrick. |
| Annie Dobson. | Margaret E. Pike. |
| Ellen B. Edwards. | Martha S. Reid. |
| Isabella Fairbairn. | Mysie C. Ross. |
| Alice A. Ferguson. | Margaret H. Simpson. |
| Joan M. Godfrey. | Norah N. Smith. |
| Margaret A. Graham. | Elizabeth T. Stewart. |
| Catherine M. Grubb. | Mary R. Turner. |
| Doris A. Hamilton. | Lillian D. L. Underhill. |
| Evelyn B. Hardie. | |

PUPILS WHO GAINED THE JUNIOR COMMERCIAL CERTIFICATE OF THE EDINBURGH CHAMBER OF COMMERCE IN 1936.

| | |
|-------------------|-----------------|
| Agnes Carr. | Margaret Brown. |
| Helen Harper. | (English, |
| Beatrice Liddell. | Arithmetic |
| Margaret Rudd. | Book-keeping). |
| Mary Dick Tait. | |

SHORTHAND SUCCESSES.

1. Certificates in Theory of Shorthand—

Janet Cook, Isabella Easton, Jean Hill, Irene Jenkins, Gertie Levy, Betty Martin, Wilma Mackay, Betty MacMillan, Jean Patrick, Janet Sinclair.

2. Speed Certificates in Shorthand*

Joan Buckle (80). Beatrice Liddell (100).
Dorothy Cunningham (100). Isabella Linton (60).
Betty Thomson (110, with distinction).

SCHOLARSHIPS ENTITLING TO REMISSION OF FEES FOR SESSION 1936-37.

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

ENTERING SIXTH YEAR.—Jean McK. Falconer, Jessie C. D. Nicolson, Joan S. Paterson, J. Dorothea Brown, Violet F. Crerar.

ENTERING FIFTH YEAR.—Margaret I. Jamieson, Rachel E. Quinnell, Ruby Ockrent, Margaret S. Bee, Frances T. Woodward, Grace Caddis, Evelyn B. Hardie, Gertie Levy, Agnes Thornton.

ENTERING FOURTH YEAR.—Cynthia M. Pryde, Helen J. McDonald, Elinor Ginsburg, Jessie M. Templeton, Anne R. B. Paterson, Anne W. Sandison, Dorothy S. Bell, Kathleen McDonald, Mary E. McIntyre.

ENTERING THIRD YEAR.—Muriel H. B. Brown, Victoria H. I. Gillanders, Margaret S. Reid, I. Nyasa Burn, Joyce M. C. Kidd, Grace G. D. Jamieson, Margaret M. Booth, Audrey L. M. Purves, Marjory G. Ritchie, Sheila M. Mather, Pauline A. Wood, Marion R. Peden, Doris Cameron.

ENTERING SECOND YEAR.—Matilda B. Burnett, Cathie B. G. Sinclair, Hazel Stewart, Lillas C. M. Simpson, Dorothy Halliday, Marjorie M. Hamilton, Audrey N. Barker, Mary I. Sim, Margaret H. Nelson, Isobel D. Ferguson, Leila M. Sinha, Dorothy A. Horsburgh, Winnie Turner.

ENTERING FIRST YEAR.—Rhoda Graham, Thelma Adams, Sheila Stewart, Muriel Shand, Esther Caplan, Irene Fisher, Marguerite Combey, Myra Ockrent, Jean Laing, Moira Haig.

SCHOOL PRIZE LIST, 1935-36.

| | | | |
|--------------------------------|---|---|-------------------------|
| Dux of the School | . | . | Dorothy M. Minck. |
| Dux in English | . | . | Dorothy M. Minck. |
| „ Latin | . | . | Dorothy M. Minck. |
| „ French | . | . | Dorothy M. Minck. |
| „ German | . | . | Dorothy M. Minck. |
| „ Mathematics | . | . | Eva R. Harris. |
| „ Science | . | . | Eva R. Harris. |
| „ Art | . | . | Helen C. L. Tarbet. |
| „ Physical Training | . | . | Charlotte M. Rosie. |
| „ Music | . | . | Margaret E. MacBeath. |
| „ Secretarial Subjects | . | . | Beatrice W. A. Liddell. |
| „ Dressmaking | . | . | Meta Skeoch. |
| Dux of the Intermediate School | . | . | Cynthia M. Pryde. |

SPECIAL PRIZES.

Prize presented by a Former Dux (1927-28) to the Dux of the School.
Dorothy M. Minck.

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

Prize presented by a Former Dux to the Best Pupil in the Department of Modern Languages.
Dorothy M. Minck.

Prize presented by Two Former Duxes to the Best All-Round Pupil.
Charlotte M. Rosie.

Jenkins Memorial Former Pupils' Club Prize presented to the Dux in English.
Dorothy M. Minck.

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

“Jobson Prize” for Mental Arithmetic.
Cynthia M. Pryde.

“Mouren Prize” presented by a Former Dux (1925-26) to Dux in French.
Dorothy M. Minck.

Prize presented by Anonymous Donor (Ashfield) to the Dux in Classics.
Dorothy M. Minck.

Prize presented by Anonymous Donor to the Dux in Science.
Eva R. Harris.

Prize presented by Anonymous Donor to the Dux in Secretarial Subjects.
Beatrice W. A. Liddell.

“Cowan Prize” in Art.
Anne D. Shortreed.

“Tom Stevenson” Cup and Gold Medal for Athletics.
Margaret Morton.

“Thomas Scott” Prize for Athletics.
Irene Hall.

Singing Prize (presented by Two Former Duxes).
Winifred F. Ewing.

Sir Walter Scott Club Prizes.
Under 15.—Freda Oppenheim.
Over 14.—Elizabeth MacMillan.

Stevenson Club Prize.
Dorothy M. Minck.

Burns Club Prizes.
Senior Section.—Jean Hill.
Intermediate Section.—Elizabeth McDonald.
Junior Section.—1. Kathleen Ramsay; 2. Jean McNab.

Special Prizes presented for a Collection of Botanical Specimens.
1. Margaret Booth; 2. Sheila Mather and Margaret MacLeod (equal).

Bible Prizes.
Forms 5 and 6.—Winifred M. Cormack. 3 *Senior.*—Mary Davidson.
Form 4.—Joan Low. 2 *Senior.*—Isabel McDonald.
Form 3.—Helen Muir. 1 *Senior.*—Doreen Murray.
Form 2.—Catherine Jobson. 2 *Junior.*—Kathleen Halkett.
Form 1.—Catherine Neill. 1 *Junior.*—Ela Bald.

S.S.P.C.A. Prizes—Essay Competition.
1. Muriel Shand; 2. Myra Ockrent; 3. Rhoda Graham.

S.S.P.C.A. Poster Competition.
Catherine Sinclair, 1 A.

Pianoforte Prizes.
Mr Huxtable's Pupils.—1. Doris Sey; 2. Maria Sibbald.
Mr Paterson's Pupils.—1. Cynthia Pryde.
Mrs Ross's Pupils.—SENIOR—Margaret Nelson and Margaret Landels (equal); JUNIOR—Frances Wood.

FORM 6 A.

- English*—1. Dorothy M. Minck ; 2. Winifred F. Ewing and Charlotte M. Rosie (*equal*) ; 4. Eva R. Harris.
History—1. Winifred F. Ewing.
Latin—1. Dorothy M. Minck ; 2. Charlotte M. Rosie.
French—(*Advanced*)—1. Dorothy M. Minck.
 (*Higher*)—1. Charlotte M. Rosie ; 2. Eva R. Harris.
 (*Lower*)—1. Margaret E. MacBeath.
German—1. Dorothy M. Minck.
Mathematics—(*Advanced*)—1. Eva R. Harris.
 (*Higher*)—1. Cissie T. Brydon.
 (*Lower*)—1. Margaret E. MacBeath.
Science—1. Eva R. Harris.
Music—1. Margaret E. MacBeath.
Physical Training—1. Charlotte M. Rosie.

FORM 6 B.

- English*—1. Annie E. Vint ; 2. Beatrice W. A. Liddell ; 3. Helen J. Harper.
History—1. Beatrice W. A. Liddell.
French—1. Annie E. Vint ; 2. Beatrice W. A. Liddell.
Mathematics—1. Joan Webster.
Secretarial Subjects—1. Beatrice W. A. Liddell ; 2. E. Margaret Brodie.
Physical Training—1. Joan Webster.

FORM 5 A.

- English*—1. Dorothy Gardiner ; 2. Laura Watt ; 3. Jean Currie ; 4. Jessie Nicolson ; 5. Agnes Ross ; 6. Gladys Beattie.
Latin—1. Jean Currie ; 2. Agnes Ross ; 3. Jean Falconer ; 4. Mary Grant.
French—(*Higher*)—1. Jean Falconer ; 2. Dorothy Gardiner ; 3. Jean Currie.
 (*Lower*)—1. Helen Tarbet.
German—1. Jean Falconer ; 2. Jean Currie ; 3. Laura Watt.
Mathematics—(*Higher*)—1. Gladys Beattie ; 2. Laura Watt and Agnes Ross (*equal*).
 (*Lower*)—1. Sheila Black.
Science—1. Jessie Nicolson ; 2. Joan Paterson.
Art—1. Helen Tarbet.
Physical Training—1. Anna Hogg.

FORM 5 B.

- English*—1. Isabella A. R. Linton ; 2. Dorothy K. Cunningham ; 3. Betty S. MacDonald ; 4. Joan M. Buckle and Elizabeth E. Thomson (*equal*).

- French*—1. Betty S. MacDonald ; 2. Violet F. Crerar ; 3. Dorothy K. Cunningham.
French—(*Lower*)—1. Marjorie J. Shields.
German—(*Lower*)—1. Dorothy K. Cunningham.
Mathematics—1. Betty S. MacDonald ; 2. Catherine Tait ; 3. Elizabeth E. Thomson.
Mathematics—(*Lower*)—1. Winifred M. Cormack.
Secretarial Subjects—1. Elizabeth E. Thomson ; 2. Betty S. MacDonald ; 3. Dorothy K. Cunningham.
Physical Training—1. Joan M. Buckle.

FORM 4 A.

- English*—1. Barbara M. Lowe ; 2. Ruby Ockrent ; 3. Rachel E. Quinnell ; 4. Margaret I. Jamieson ; 5. Jane M. Ritchie ; 6. Hannah R. Shenkin.
Latin—1. Grace Caddis ; 2. Barbara M. Lowe ; 3. Margaret I. Jamieson ; 4. Margaret S. Bee.
French—1. Grace Caddis ; 2. Barbara M. Lowe ; 3. Margaret I. Jamieson ; 4. Margaret S. Bee and Frances T. Woodward (*equal*).
German—(*Second Year*)—1. Grace Caddis ; 2. Barbara M. Lowe ; 3. Margaret I. Jamieson.
 (*First Year*)—1. Frances T. Woodward.
Mathematics—1. Rachel E. Quinnell ; 2. Margaret I. Jamieson ; 3. Frances T. Woodward ; 4. Catherine E. Fegan.
Science—1. Ruby Ockrent ; 2. Rachel E. Quinnell ; 3. Catherine E. Fegan.
Music—1. Evelyn B. Hardie.
Physical Training—1. Margaret S. Bee.

FORM 4 B.

- English*—1. Elizabeth MacMillan ; 2. Jean Hill ; 3. Elizabeth MacWilliam ; 4. Agnes B. Robertson.
French—1. Annie E. Martin ; 2. Jean Hill ; 3. Winifred M. Coote.
German—(*Second Year*)—1. Jean Hill and Winifred M. Coote (*equal*).
 (*First Year*)—1. Annie E. Martin.
Mathematics—1. Gertie Levy ; 2. Agnes Thornton ; 3. Janet M. Sinclair.
Secretarial Subjects—1. Gertie Levy ; 2. Agnes Thornton ; 3. Isabella J. Easton.
Physical Training—1. Catherine L. Hall.

FORM 4 C.

- English*—1. Joan Low ; 2. Margaret Morton ; 3. Isobel Fairbairn.
French—1. Margaret Morton ; 2. Isobel Fairbairn ; 3. Joan Fisher.
Mathematics—1. Joan Low ; 2. Joan Fisher ; 3. Margaret MacLean.
Physical Training—1. Margaret Morton.
Secretarial Subjects—1. Joan Patrick.

FORM 3 A.

English—1. Jessie Templeton; 2. Cynthia Pryde; 3. Helen Macdonald; 4. Eleanor Ginsburg; 5. Kathleen Macdonald and Marie Buchanan (*equal*).

Latin—1. Marie Buchanan; 2. Cynthia Pryde; 3. Margaret Halley and Helen Macdonald (*equal*).

French—1. Marie Buchanan; 2. Helen Macdonald; 3. Cynthia Pryde; 4. Margaret Halley.

German—1. Marie Buchanan; 2. Nancy Sandison; 3. Margaret Halley; 4. Cynthia Pryde.

Mathematics—1. Cynthia Pryde; 2. Dorothy Bell; 3. Marie Buchanan; 4. Eleanor Ginsburg.

Art—1. Nancy Paterson; 2. Nancy Sandison; 3. Helen Donaldson; 4. Betty Holmes.

Physical Training—1. Jean Swain.

FORM 3 B.

English—1. Isabel Dalling; 2. Margaret Bertram; 3. Dilys Perry; 4. Morag Shaw; 5. Jane McWalter; 6. Helen Simpson.

Latin—1. Helen Dunbar; 2. Mary Macintyre; 3. Edith Schofield; 4. Isabel Dalling.

French—1. Edith Schofield; 2. Helen Dunbar; 3. Mary Macintyre; 4. Isabel Dalling.

Mathematics—1. Mary Macintyre; 2. Isabel Dalling; 3. Iris Tait; 4. Anna Dunbar.

Art—1. Mary Macintyre; 2. Iris Tait; 3. Helen Dunbar; 4. Anna Dunbar.

Physical Training—1. Mary Durie.

FORM 3 C.

English—1. Dorothy M. Shand; 2. Isabella R. Potter; 3. Sybil M. Prescott; 4. May R. Pender.

French—1. May R. Pender; 2. Helen Forbes; 3. Winifred M. Burden.

Mathematics—1. May R. Pender; 2. Francis E. Wallis and Evelyn Mackie (*equal*).

Art—1. Dorothy M. Shand; 2. Catherine S. Seaton; 3. Alicia R. Maclean.

Physical Training—1. Dorothy M. W. Mackintosh.

FORM 3 D.

English—1. Annie Y. Weston; 2. Dorothy E. Paterson; 3. Sarah MacCrimmon; 4. Sheila C. Bain.

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

Mathematics—1. Ella M. Moore; 2. Irene L. Smith; 3. (*Arithmetic only*) Agnes H. M. Cochrane.

Art—1. Anne D. Shortreed and Mary J. Telfer (*equal*); 3. Dorothy E. Paterson.

Physical Training—1. Ella M. Moore and Annie Y. Weston (*equal*).

Dressmaking—1. Helen Patterson.

FORM 2 A.

English—1. Joan Stansfield; 2. Joyce Kidd and Victoria Gillanders (*equal*); 4. Muriel Brown; 5. Grace Jamieson; 6. Nyasa Burn.

Latin—1. Elizabeth Chalmers; 2. Muriel Brown; 3. Victoria Gillanders; 4. Grace Jamieson.

French—1. Victoria Gillanders; 2. Muriel Brown; 3. Joan Stansfield; 4. Elizabeth Chalmers.

Mathematics—1. Muriel Brown; 2. Nyasa Burn; 3. Joan Stansfield; 4. Elizabeth Gall.

Art—1. Edna Sanders; 2. Margaret Booth; 3. Nyasa Burn; 4. Elizabeth Gall.

Physical Training—1. Elizabeth Gall.

FORM 2 B.

English—1. Audrey L. M. Purves; 2. Marjorie G. Ritchie; 3. Elizabeth D. Murphy; 4. Isobel G. Smart; 5. Sheila M. Mather; 6. Elizabeth M. Ford and Pauline A. Wood (*equal*).

Latin—1. Sheila M. Mather; 2. Isobel G. Smart; 3. Marion R. Peden; 4. Audrey L. M. Purves.

French—1. Sheila M. Mather; 2. Marjorie G. Ritchie; 3. Audrey L. M. Purves; 4. Martha McMorran.

Mathematics—1. Audrey L. M. Purves; 2. Marian R. Peden; 3. Marjorie G. Ritchie; 4. Pauline A. Wood.

Art—1. Margaret Mills.

Physical Training—1. Margaret Mills.

FORM 2 C.

English—1. Elisabeth Sutherland; 2. Jessie Sibbald; 3. Margaret MacLeod; 4. Jean Johnstone.

French—1. Elisabeth Sutherland; 2. Marion Wilson; 3. Jean Eddington.

Mathematics—1. Elisabeth Sutherland; 2. Margaret MacLeod; 3. Anne Wood.

Art—1. Betty Maxton; 2. Joan Forge; 3. Elisabeth Georgeson.

Physical Training—1. Barbara Grubb.

Dressmaking—1. Rhoda Dickson.

Domestic Science—1. Jean Johnstone.

FORM 2 D.

English—1. Doris Cameron; 2. Sarah Kerr; 3. Violet Begbie; 4. Sheila Clark.

French—1. Doris Cameron; 2. Violet Begbie; 3. Hilda Bowmaker.

Mathematics—1. Doris Cameron ; 2. Margaret Mallinson ; 3. Williamina Harrower.

Art—1. Sheila Clark ; 2. Elizabeth McDermott ; 3. Margaret Mallinson.

Physical Training—1. Constance Lever.

Dressmaking—1. Meta Skeoch.

Domestic Science—1. Doris Cameron.

FORM 2 E.

English—1. Reeve Ronder ; 2. Doreen Morrison.

French—1. Rhoda Waddell ; 2. Norah Loutit and Rhoda Turner (equal).

Mathematics—1. Helen Donaldson ; 2. Doreen Morrison.

Art—1. Reeve Ronder ; 2. Elizabeth Hutchison and Isobel A. Robertson (equal).

Physical Training—1. Esther Fraser and Joyce Barr (equal).

Dressmaking—1. Betty Hutchison and Reeve Ronder (equal).

Domestic Science—1. Isobel McRobbie.

FORM 1 A.

English—1. Catherine B. Sinclair ; 2. Matilda B. Burnett ; 3. Nora Currie ; 4. Lillas C. M. Simpson ; 5. Marjorie M. Hamilton ; 6. Dorothy Halliday.

Latin—1. Helen R. G. Taylor ; 2. Hazel Stewart ; 3. Mary I. Sim ; 4. Catherine B. Sinclair.

French—1. Helen R. G. Taylor and Mary I. Sim (equal) ; 3. Catherine B. Sinclair ; 4. Lillas C. M. Simpson.

Mathematics—1. Helen R. G. Taylor ; 2. Marjorie M. Hamilton ; 3. Mary I. Sim ; 4. Mary Sandison.

Art—1. Sheena W. Howie ; 2. Eleanor B. Arnott ; 3. Dorothy Halliday ; 4. Catherine B. Sinclair.

Physical Training—1. Marjorie M. Hamilton.

FORM 1 B.

English—1. Leila Sinha ; 2. Christina Durie ; 3. Jessie Yeoman ; 4. Sybilla Whitehead.

French—1. Leila Sinha ; 2. Evelyn Dyce ; 3. Zena Balfour.

Mathematics—1. Leila Sinha ; 2. Dorothy Cramb ; 3. Rosemary Lorraine.

Art—1. Leila Sinha ; 2. Ida Brown ; 3. Jemima Simpson.

Physical Training—1. Jemima Simpson.

Dressmaking—1. Muriel Edenborough.

FORM 1 C.

English—1. Catherine L. Neill ; 2. Dorothy A. Horsburgh ; 3. Isabella Lough ; 3. Eleanor Wallace.

French—1. Isabella Lough and Sarah Watt (equal) ; 3. Catherine L. Neill.

Mathematics—1. Isabella Lough ; 2. Dorothy A. Horsburgh ; 3. Catherine L. Neill.

Art—1. Jean Telfer ; 2. Dorothy A. Horsburgh ; 3. Muriel D. Kerner.

Physical Training—1. Catherine Walker.

Dressmaking—1. Jean Telfer.

Domestic Science—1. Jean Telfer.

FORM 1 D.

English—1. Winifred M. Turner ; 2. Margaret F. B. Landels ; 3. Sheila B. Munro ; 4. Jean R. McDonald.

French—1. Williamina N. Quin ; 2. Rona Lang ; 3. Sheila B. Munro and Violet B. Nasmyth (equal).

Mathematics—1. Winifred M. Turner ; 2. Sheila B. Munro ; 3. Williamina N. Quin.

Art—1. Helen W. Ritchie ; 2. Jean Ross ; 3. Winifred M. Turner.

Physical Training—1. Jean A. Kenneth.

Dressmaking—1. Jean A. Kenneth.

Domestic Science—1. Mary P. Gairns.

FORM 1 E.

English—1. Ruth Macmillan and Dorothy Rainnie (equal) ; 3. Christina Duncan.

French—1. Margaret Macnaughton ; 2. Ruth Macmillan ;

Mathematics—1. Margaret Macnaughton ; 2. Dorothy Stewart.

Art—1. Dorothy Rainnie ; 2. Dorothy Stewart.

Physical Training—1. Dorothy Rainnie.

Dressmaking—1. Dorothy Rainnie.

Domestic Science—1. Isobel Dickson.

INTERMEDIATE SCHOOL—SCIENCE CERTIFICATES.

FORM III.—Section 1.—1. Maria Buchanan ; 2. Margaret Halley.

Section 2.—1. Cynthia Pryde ; 2. Isabel Dalling.

Section 3.—1. Iris Tait ; 2. Mary McIntyre.

Section 4.—1. Cathie Blyth and Winifred Burden (equal).

Section 5.—1. May Pender ; 2. Evelyn Mackie.

Section 6.—1. Dorothy Shand ; 2. Annie Weston.

FORM II.—Section 1—1. Victoria Gillanders ; 2. Muriel Brown.

Section 2—1. Sheila Mather ; 2. Margaret Reid.

Section 3—1. Audrey Purves ; 2. Marjorie Ritchie.

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

Section 5—1. Margaret Macleod ; 2. Jean Johnstone.

Section 6—1. Elizabeth Sutherland ; 2. Harriotte Smith and Katharine Taylor (*equal*).

Section 7—1. Helen Donaldson.

Section 8—1. Isobel N. Robertson.

FORM I.—Section 1—1. Audrey Barker ; 2. Matilda Burnett.

Section 2—1. Dorothy Halliday ; 2. Marjorie Hamilton.

Section 3—1. Leila Sinha ; 2. Clara Scott.

Section 4—1. Dorothy Horsburgh ; 2. Muriel Kerner.

Section 5—1. Catherine Neill ; 2. Isabella Lough.

Section 6—1. Winnie Turner ; 2. Hilda Wylie.

Section 7—1. Mona Henderson.

Section 8—1. Marion Taylor.

Class 3 Senior A.

1. Rhoda Graham ; 2. Isabel Wishart ; 3. Thelma Adams ; 4. Sheila Stewart ; 5. Mabel Douglas and Kirsty Semple (*equal*) ; 7. Jean McNab ; 8. Elizabeth Costa.

"Hamilton Prize" for English—Sheila Stewart.*Sewing*—Elizabeth Johnson.*Drawing*—Rosemary Matheson.*French*—Rhoda Graham and Isabel Wishart (*equal*).**Class 3 Senior B.**

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

"Hamilton Prize" for English—Katherine Ramsay.*Sewing*—Muriel Shand and Esther Caplan (*equal*).*Drawing*—Esther Caplan.*French*—Muriel Shand.**Class 3 Senior C.**

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

"Hamilton Prize" for English—Moira Haig.*Sewing*—Jean Laing and Joan Knevitt (*equal*).*Drawing*—Mary Davidson.*French*—Jean Laing.**Class 2 Senior A.**

1. Doreen Colburn ; 2. Hazel Purves ; 3. Norah Nelder ; 4. Margaret Bald and Olive Stanton (*equal*) ; 6. Olive Morison ; 7. Doreen Booth ; 8. Helen Geddes.

Sewing—Doreen Booth.*Drawing*—Janet Gray.**Class 2 Senior B.**

1. Dorothy Polson ; 2. Dorothy Beaton ; 3. Maude Marshall ; 4. Ailsa Etheridge ; 5. Dorothy Hamilton ; 6. Rena Ross ; 7. Catherine Murray ; 8. Jean Herriot.

Sewing—Dorothy Beaton.*Drawing*—Phyllis Hay.**Class 2 Senior C.**

1. Isabel McDonald ; 2. Christine Sanderson ; 3. Mary McKillop ; 4. Rita Dick ; 5. Marjorie Macgregor ; 6. Janet Craig ; 7. Leslie Stuart ; 8. Elizabeth Mathew.

Sewing—Christine Sanderson and Ruth Weddell (*equal*).*Drawing*—Ruth Weddell.**Class 1 Senior A.**

1. Betty E. A. Topp ; 2. Elinor C. Wylie ; 3. Janet W. Worling ; 4. Violet E. Hills ; 5. Marjory C. Drummond ; 6. Janet S. Buchanan ; 7. Jane H. Sandison ; 8. Thelma Duncan.

Sewing—Jane H. Sandison.*Drawing*—Winifred M. White.**Class 1 Senior B.**

1. Pamela Ryrie ; 2. Margaret Ogilvie ; 3. Betty Borthwick ; 4. Doris Murray ; 5. Sheila Fraser ; 6. Helen Hamilton ; 7. Marjory McKinley ; 8. Ruth Watt and Elizabeth Walker (*equal*).

Sewing—Marjorie Dunlop.*Drawing*—Marjorie Dunlop.**Class 1 Senior C.**

1. Muriel Macaulay ; 2. Muriel Hay ; 3. Evelyn Goudie ; 4. Jean Borland ; 5. Florence Morrison ; 6. Agnes Wright ; 7. Muriel Gilbert ; 8. Maureen Blackie.

Sewing—Elma Robertson.*Drawing*—Muriel Gilbert.**Class 2 Junior A.**

1. Irene Chalmers ; 2. Mhora McRae ; 3. Helena Hamilton ; 4. Kathleen Halkett ; 5. Eileen Binnie ; 6. Nita Blackhall ; 7. Edith Fairhurst ; 8. Susan Massina.

Sewing—Irene Chalmers.*Drawing*—Irene Dow.

Class 2 Junior B.

1. Dorothy Waterston; 2. Veronica Hutchinson; 3. Muriel Leishman; 4. Elizabeth Underwood and Margaret Thomson (*equal*); 6. Laura Munro; 7. Nora Shinie; 8. Sheena Morrison.

Sewing—Eleanor Rattray.

Drawing—Ethel Sells.

Class 1 Junior A.

1. Evelyn Munro; 2. Elinor Cleland; 3. Ruth Gall and Maureen Woodburn (*equal*); 5. Joyce Crowe; 6. Doris Taylor; 7. Isobel Dallas; 8. Margaret Maskell.

Sewing—Ruth Gall and Sheila McNair (*equal*).

Drawing—Elinor Cleland.

Class 1 Junior B.

1. Frances McVey; 2. Edna Arthur; 3. Jean Dickson; 4. Patricia Forbes; 5. Sheila Stewart; 6. Elizabeth Cromarty; 7. Margaret Alexander; 8. Muriel Leuchars.

Sewing—Frances McVey and Dorothy Kerr (*equal*).

Drawing—Catherine Mavor.

Class Senior Infant A.

1. Sheila Mackie; 2. Edith Crocket; 3. Doris Best; 4. Dorothy Clement; 5. Margaret Macdonald; 6. Elizabeth Swan; 7. Margaret Wylie; 8. Kathleen Harkness.

Class Senior Infant B.

1. Jane Aitken and Dorothy Seaton (*equal*); 3. Margaret Law; 4. Helen Cunningham; 5. Heather Henderson; 6. Dorothy Henderson; 7. Mary Morris; 8. Lillas Davidson.

Class Junior Infant A.

1. Jean I. Gastall; 2. Muriel Marshall; 3. Elizabeth A. Cook; 4. Mary G. Dickson; 5. Elizabeth G. Fraser; 6. Alison K. Bee; 7. Irene G. Cameron; 8. Margaret M. McKinlay.

Class Junior Infant B.

1. Marjory C. Harkness; 2. Ruth A. MacKenzie; 3. Nora C. B. Rogers; 4. Norma McKillop; 5. Isabella P. Mannion; 6. Amy C. Crerar; 7. Mary C. M. Tierney; 8. Charlotte S. Hardie.

BURSARIES.

Secondary Bursaries were awarded last year to :—Gertie Levy, Elizabeth K. MacWilliam, Frances T. Woodward.

Intermediate Bursaries were awarded to :—Agnes E. Kinnear, Georgina J. K. Reid, Leila M. Sinha, Mary I. Sim, Jessie Houston.

James Gillespie's High School Bursaries were awarded to :—Isabella D. Girdwood (Leith Walk); Christina M. Durie (Bruntsfield); Sybilla G. W. Whitehead (Bruntsfield); Helen R. G. Taylor (Tollcross); Isabella S. Lough (Normal Practising); Catherine L. Neill (Canonmills); Beatrice M. Bishop (Leith Walk); Mary R. Sandison (Albion Road); Margaret D. Buchanan (Tollcross); Dorothy Cramb (Tollcross).

Music Passes.

The following pupils of Mr Huxtable have passed music examinations :—

Trinity College Examinations :—

Preparatory—Maria Sibbald (with Honours).

First Steps—Helen Morton (with Honours).

Associated Board Examinations :—

Grade 4—Doris Sey.

Grade 1—Dorothy Brown (Honourable Mention).

May Finnis, a pupil of Mr Paterson, passed in Grade 2 of the Associated Board.

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