

Gillespie's
High
School
Magazine

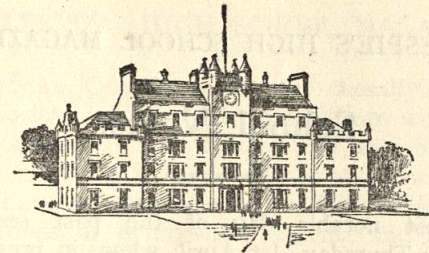


July 1937





MISS MAY ANDREW, M.A.



Gillespie's High School Magazine

JULY 1937

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School Notes.

The most notable day of the past session was undoubtedly Thursday, 1st April, when in presence of a number of representatives of the Education Committee, Councillor Allan ceremonially introduced to the assembled school its new Head, Miss May Andrew, appointed in place of Mr T. J. Burnett who has retired. Fuller reference to both Mr Burnett and Miss Andrew is made elsewhere in this Magazine: here we would offer to the one our very grateful thanks for all that he did for the school during his twenty years' association with it, and our affectionate good wishes for his better health, and to the other, our warmest welcome. The school owes thanks to Mr Seaton, who, as Deputy Head during the months preceding Miss Andrew's appointment, carried a very heavy weight of responsibility with an efficiency and tactfulness which were admired and appreciated by both staff and pupils.

Miss Mary E. Low, who has been an assistant teacher in the French department for these past two years, leaves us this month to be married. She takes with her our hearty good wishes for her future happiness.

Our long hoped-for School library is now in process of becoming a reality. The one-time "Attic Gym." has been temporarily equipped for use as a library and study room, where are housed the collection of modern books lent to us by the Edinburgh Public Library under their "Travelling Libraries" scheme, various reference books, and periodicals used in connection with our Current Events classes. It is hoped to have a special room later on. We have to thank Miss Jenkins, a former member of our staff, for presenting us with a fine set of Shakespeare's works. Might we hint that this gift constitutes an example which might well be followed?

Gillespie's contributed its share to the success of the Education Week which was held in Edinburgh from 15th to 21st November of last year. Specimens of written work in various subjects, and of art and craft work, were sent to the exhibition in the Waverley Market. Our French department performed a playlet, "Les Vieux"; in classics, we

contributed an Ode from Horace, chorally sung; the Literary Society held a public inter-debate with Boroughmuir School; some of our girls took part, with other schools, in German folk-songs in costume given at a concert in Leith Town Hall and subsequently in the Usher Hall; we gave demonstrations of gymnastics, dancing and games; and performed part of "Iolanthe" at the concert given in the Usher Hall. But the feature of Education Week which was most immediately interesting to us was Parents' Day, when over four hundred parents signed the "Visitors' Book," were received by the Prefects, and conducted to whatever class-rooms they chose, to see the normal routine of school work in progress. The remark most frequently heard was, "I wish I were back at school!" It was an interesting experiment, and, we believe, fruitful in encouraging a spirit of friendly co-operation between parents and teachers.

The social side of school life has flourished in the past session. The customary Christmas parties for the Secondary School were as enjoyable as ever. The Literary Society and Science Association carried through interesting programmes and were well attended. The annual Swimming Gala, for the organisation of which thanks are due to Miss M'Gregor and Mr Gilbert, was held in May and demonstrated the fine work done in the Swimming Club. On 16th June, brilliant sunshine, admirable organisation on Mr Seaton's part, and general enthusiasm combined to ensure the success of Sports Day.

In common with all schools throughout the Empire, we celebrated the Coronation of His Majesty King George VI. On Tuesday, 11th May, services were held for the various sections of the school, in the hall appropriately decked with flags and flowers. Miss Low conducted the service for the Infants and Juniors; Miss Andrew that for the remainder of the Primary School; and the Secondary School assembled in the afternoon to take part in an impressive service led by the Rev. J. Rossie Brown, and including appropriate praise and prayer, an address from Councillor Mrs Morison Millar, and the reading by Miss Andrew of the letter sent to all schools by the Secretary of State for Scotland. Boxes of sweets, the gift by which Edinburgh Corporation marked the occasion, were later distributed, and the school dismissed

for a very welcome holiday. On 19th May, a large number of pupils from our school attended a special Coronation Service held in St. Giles Cathedral for the school-children of Edinburgh. We might also note here that some 160 of our pupils and 16 members of staff took part in the special one-day excursion to London arranged by the School Journeys Association. The general verdict was "tiring, but *well* worth it."

Founder's Day was celebrated on Friday, 11th June. A welcome innovation was the decoration of the hall with beautiful lilies and hydrangeas lent for the occasion by the City Gardener. An unusually large and distinguished platform party bore testimony to the interest attaching to our Headmistress's first Founder's Day. The Chairman was the Rev. W. A. Guthrie, D.D., and it was appropriate that this year we had a woman speaker, Councillor Miss Agnes Harrison, who made a very happy choice of subject in addressing us on the ever-increasing opportunities open to girls to-day, and reminded us of some of the pioneer women to whom we owe our present privileges. Two very tiny pupils, with delightful solemnity, handed to Miss Harrison a snuff box and to Dr. Guthrie a silver paper-knife. The Senior Prefect, Jean Currie, in what the Chairman aptly described as a "winsome" speech, thanked him and our speaker, and made an eloquent plea for a holiday on the following Monday, which request Dr. Guthrie granted. The school was touched and pleased when an affectionate message from Mr Burnett was read.

A small party of girls accompanied by Miss Foster, Miss Weir and Miss Hardy, spent the week-end following Founder's Day strenuously but most enjoyably walking in the Borders, nights being spent at Langhaugh and Chapelhope Youth Hostels.

Following last year's successful trip to Brussels, Mr Brash is again organising a short holiday abroad, in the form of ten days' stay in Paris. We wish the twenty-four lucky girls who are going a very happy time.

The girls of the upper forms were privileged to have two exceedingly interesting and helpful lectures on careers. On 18th June, with Mr J. Sime Waterston in the chair, Miss I. S. Gibson, B.Sc., spoke about "Careers open to Girls with a Domestic Training," and on 25th June, under

the chairmanship of the Rev. J. Rossie Brown, Mr T. A. Joynt, M.A., gave an address on "Careers other than Teaching for University Graduates."

Our school has again distinguished itself in the S.S.P.C.A. Poster Competitions, our group of posters having been adjudged the best.

Our grateful acknowledgments are due to Mr John C. Jobson for his continued generosity in giving the two "Jobson Memorial" prizes, to Mr Brotherton, and to various other good friends of the school for their kindness in giving special prizes.

School Savings Certificates now amount to over £12,828.

Charities have not been neglected during the past year. £10 was handed over to the Boot Fund as the proceeds of a short concert held on the last day of the Christmas term, and a special appeal made to the school in May realised £12 for the Royal Infirmary Extension Fund.

This year 33 pupils have obtained the Group Leaving Certificate—a record number for the school—and * pupils the Day School Certificate (Higher). Every one of the 130 girls entered for last year's Control Examination was successful. 15 pupils have gained the Junior Commercial Certificate of the Edinburgh Chamber of Commerce.

18 Intermediate and 6 Secondary Bursaries were awarded in 1936 and 5 new "Gillespie Bursars" entered our Secondary Department from other schools.

A. E. F.

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Mr THOMAS J. BURNETT, M.A., F.E.I.S.

This session will be remembered by all connected with James Gillespie's as that in which Mr Burnett retired from his position as Headmaster of the school. For over twenty years Mr Burnett had been Headmaster of James Gillespie's School, and twenty years, to youthful minds, is a very long time indeed.

Mr Burnett received his early education at the village school of Lasswade, at which school he also spent four years as a pupil-teacher. He was trained at the Edinburgh Church of Scotland Training College and Edinburgh University,

* Results not forward.

where he graduated Master of Arts in 1896. At the University he gained a number of First-Class Certificates and Prizes, and also held the Lennie and Simson Bursaries. He specially qualified as a teacher of English. He began his teaching career in Fisherrow School, going from there to North Merchiston, then to Portobello and finally to Broughton Secondary School. During the eight years, 1908-1916, he was Master of Method to the Junior Students in Broughton and Boroughmuir Schools. During these years, too, he compiled the "Record Arithmetic," and published a book on School Method entitled "Essentials of Teaching." He thus came to his new post in Gillespie's with a good record of varied experience behind him. To succeed an able and experienced head like his predecessor Mr Blacklaws was no easy task, but Mr Burnett ably and well carried on the great tradition of the school. He took up his new position in September 1916, during the Great War, a particularly difficult period, when staffs were depleted and the ordinary routine of school work was much disturbed.

During his twenty years as Headmaster, Mr Burnett has guided the school through a number of important changes. One was the alteration of the status of the school from that of a Higher Grade School to that of a Secondary School, which took place in 1923. Another was the change from a school for boys and girls to a school for girls only, which change was effected in 1929. The introduction of a Commercial Course in 1930 was another change. During these twenty years the school has been successively known as James Gillespie's Higher Grade School, James Gillespie's Secondary School, James Gillespie's Secondary School for Girls, and lastly James Gillespie's High School for Girls. This last title was given in 1930.

Many things which are accepted now as part of the regular routine of the school have been introduced during the years of Mr Burnett's direction, most of them owing to the initiative of Mr Burnett himself. Among these may be mentioned the Prefect system, the division of the school into houses and the institution of the House Shield, and the provision of luncheons for staff and pupils.

Mr Burnett identified himself very completely with the school of which he was proud to be the head. He revived interest in the founder of the school, James Gillespie of

Spylaw, who had been previously a mere name to the pupils of the school and even to the citizens of Edinburgh. By inspiring the erection in the school of the marble bust of the founder, and by the institution of Founder's Day, Mr Burnett did much to preserve the memory of the generous snuff-merchant of Old Edinburgh, and to keep that memory ever present to the eyes and minds of new generations.

The School Magazine in its present form is largely Mr Burnett's idea. He considered that the School Magazine was the pupils' own magazine and should be produced by themselves for themselves. He presented to the editors the idea, then novel, that at least one contribution from each class in the school should be printed. He also advised the inclusion of the prize lists as a regular feature of each issue.

The adoption of a modification of the crest of the Gillespie family as the badge of the school was also first thought of by Mr Burnett.

Every school activity had his interest and help. The Literary Society, the Science Association, the Former Pupils' Club, the opera productions, the school journeys, had his blessing and on occasion his attendance and active help. The athletics of the school had his warm support. He always knew when the First XI. had won an important hockey match, and remembered the many outstanding success of our swimmers. The Athletic Fund which has done much in past years to further the athletic activities of the school was primarily due to Mr Burnett's inspiration.

As a headmaster he was loved and respected by the pupils, some of the smallest children looking on him as a kind of "Daddy." Of his staff he was most considerate, believing that the teacher in the classroom should be interfered with as little as possible. Many of his colleagues remember with gratitude his ready sympathy in times of illness or trouble. His impromptu readiness of speech and pawkiness of phrase enlivened educational meetings and school social functions, and the gleam and smile, gradually breaking forth just before the humorous anecdote, is a reminiscence which will remain with many.

On his retiral in December last Mr and Mrs Burnett received a number of gifts from the pupils, former pupils, and staff of the school. These included a bureau, a card-table, and a fountain pen from the pupils, a pair of arm-

chairs from the staff, and books from the former pupils. Owing to the state of Mr Burnett's health no formal presentation was made, but at the annual school party at Christmas Dr. W. A. Guthrie and other members of the Education Committee made laudatory references to Mr Burnett's success as a Headmaster.

J. G.

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Miss MAY ANDREW, M.A.

It is strange that in this Coronation year our smaller kingdom of school should also have experienced a change of "sovereign." The appointment of Miss May Andrew to be Headmistress of James Gillespie's Girls' High School is an event of importance not only in the history of our school, but also in the educational history of our city, since this is the first occasion on which Edinburgh Education Committee have appointed a woman to be head of one of their large secondary schools.

Miss Andrew's appointment to this important post crowns a distinguished career. She graduated from St. Andrews University with First-Class Honours in English and History, and was awarded the Thow Scholarship. After teaching for some time at Seascale, Cumberland, and in St. Denis School, Edinburgh, she returned to her native city of Dundee as assistant English mistress in Harris Academy. She was later promoted to be Head of the English Department in Logie Central School, Dundee. She returned to Harris Academy as Lady Superintendent and was subsequently asked by Dundee Education Committee to take over a similar post in Morgan Academy, whence she has come to us.

Miss Andrew has much to give to the service of our school. Even in the short time she has been with us, we have become aware of the unusual range of her interests. All the multitudinous activities—whether in the field of study or of sport—that make up the life of a modern secondary school are to her matters of understanding and active concern. To ripe scholarship, wide experience, and

proved administrative capacity she adds a gift of friendliness of which both her colleagues and her pupils are already pleasantly conscious. We welcome Miss Andrew to the school; we promise her our loyal support; we wish her health and strength for her heavy and responsible work, and abundant joy in the doing of it; and we look to her with complete confidence to maintain and enrich the fine traditions associated with the name "Gillespie's."

A. E. F.

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From the Secondary Department.

IMPRESSIONS OF THE BRUSSELS TRIP

(JULY 1936).

I.—PROSE.

Saturday, 11th July, 10.55 p.m.—Left on the night train for London, after having received a riotous send-off from parents, friends and fellow pupils.

Sunday, 7.30 a.m.—Arrived at Euston none the worse for a rather sleepless night, and breakfasted in an atmosphere of suppressed excitement. Departed from Dover on the boat-train at 10.30 a.m. and had a very pleasant crossing to Ostend: unlike Fred Astaire, didn't see much of the sea since I slept in a deck-chair most of the way. First thing that caught my eye at Ostend was a placard—"Usher's Pale Ale." Passed through the customs without any trouble, and boarded a German train travelling from Cologne to the Danube. Conversated with a Belgian, and was thrilled because he understood our halting French. Passed the church at Laiken where Queen Astrid is buried. Arrived in Brussels 6.19 p.m. and was driven to our Hotel, where an enthusiastic staff met us. Had a hearty meal, sent off postcards to our parents—and so to bed.

Monday.—Went sightseeing in Brussels, and was much impressed by the beautiful buildings and wide streets. Saw the Palais de Justice, an imposing building with the largest roof in Europe. Was very fortunate in seeing King Leopold inspecting the soldiers: I thought him a very handsome but careworn young monarch. Many women both young and old, wear deep mourning for the beloved dead queen. Uniforms of all descriptions impressed me. Visited Eglise St. Gudule, Gothic building of 10th century. It has a lovely pulpit and beautiful stained glass windows, but secretly felt that the confession boxes needed a spring-cleaning. In the afternoon went to Antwerp—lovely shops there, but was most impressed by Antwerp Cathedral, in which are priceless masterpieces by Rueben and Leonard da Vinci. Heard Mass and beautiful organ music—Continental organs have a much more metallic sound. Returned to Brussels and spent a quiet evening.

Tuesday.—Went on a whole-day tour to the Battlefields in private buses. Saw British, French and German cemeteries side by side, never ending lines of little white crosses wreathed in flowers, on which was inscribed "Known to God." Everything was so quiet and peaceful: the graves are very carefully tended. Our driver pointed out the spot where the German attack was finally repulsed. Stopped at Ypres for lunch and saw the Menin Gate, where the names of all those killed in Flanders are inscribed. It seemed to tower over the flat countryside. Motored to Dixmude to see Flemish memorial—"All for Flanders, Flanders for Christ." Saw the German gun that fired on Dunkirk doing little harm to the city but killing its own gun crew. Returned to Brussels in the evening.

Wednesday.—Wet morning spent writing letters and buying lace. Saw Botanical gardens in Brussels and had Belgian tea—a kind of snack-bar affair, where "patisserie" is served. In the evening witnessed a game called "J'ai allé" played only in Shanghai, Barcelona, Brussels and London. Then visited an open-air café (these are very numerous). Noticed that when orchestra played "Ave Maria" there wasn't a sound in the hitherto noisy café.

Thursday.—Took the train to Bruges. Visited "Notre Dame" and saw "The Madonna." Bought presents in curious little antique shops. After lunch were taken in motor-boats along the canals. Saw imposing old monasteries, schools and churches on both sides of the canals, which bend and twist in fascinating fashion. Everything had an old-world appearance and the scenery was beautiful. Many artists were to be seen amongst the trees or on quaint old bridges. Some of them willingly let you view and criticise their work, others dislike onlookers. Motored to Zeebrugge and on the way stopped at Blankenburg, a lovely seaside resort. When we reached Zeebrugge walked along the Mole and saw the two ships, "The Daffodil" and "The Vindictive" sunk by the British to block up the mouth.

Friday.—Travelled to Dinant, a beautiful place. Climbed up to an old fortress where the Belgians fled from the Germans in the Great War. Saw the room in the fortress where they fought—the bullet marks on the wall were pointed out to us. Saw the famous Grotto with its stalagmites and stalactites. Belgians hid here during the

War and had only the lime water to drink for two and a half days. Arrived back in Brussels in the evening. Slept through a violent storm that night without waking once!

Saturday.—Spent the morning shopping and puzzling the Belgians with our somewhat "quaint" French. I thought that things were very cheap to buy in Brussels. The working classes speak Flemish, and most things are written in two languages. The tram conductors had great difficulty in counting us each time we boarded a tramcar. Went to Waterloo in the afternoon—not greatly impressed. Place is overrun with souvenir shops—genuine mementos usually made in Sheffield! Went to the opera, "Carmen" in the evening: it was beautiful.

Sunday.—Left Brussels 8.42 and reached Ostend about an hour and a half later. Had a very stormy crossing, but wisely kept above on deck, and consequently did not come off the boat a pale pea-green colour like some of my unfortunate friends! Got through the customs with little fuss, but since the boat had taken the coastal route because of the stormy weather, we were over two hours late and the first boat-train had gone. Finally reached London and after tea were taken a tour round the city. "You have seen more of London to-night," said our funny little Cockney conductor, "than many Londoners have seen in years." I believed him. We left on the 10.50 p.m. train and I slept most of the journey home.

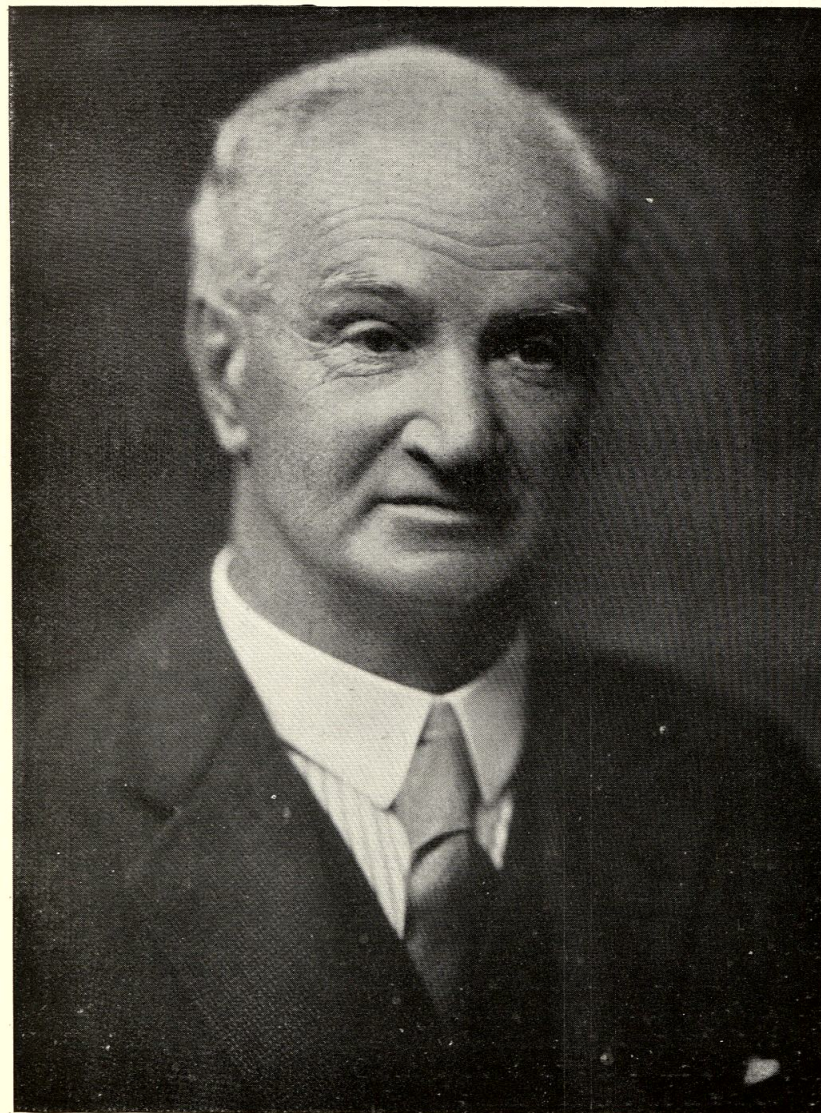
So ended a most enjoyable trip to Belgium. I shall never forget it.

JEAN CURRIE, Form 6 A.

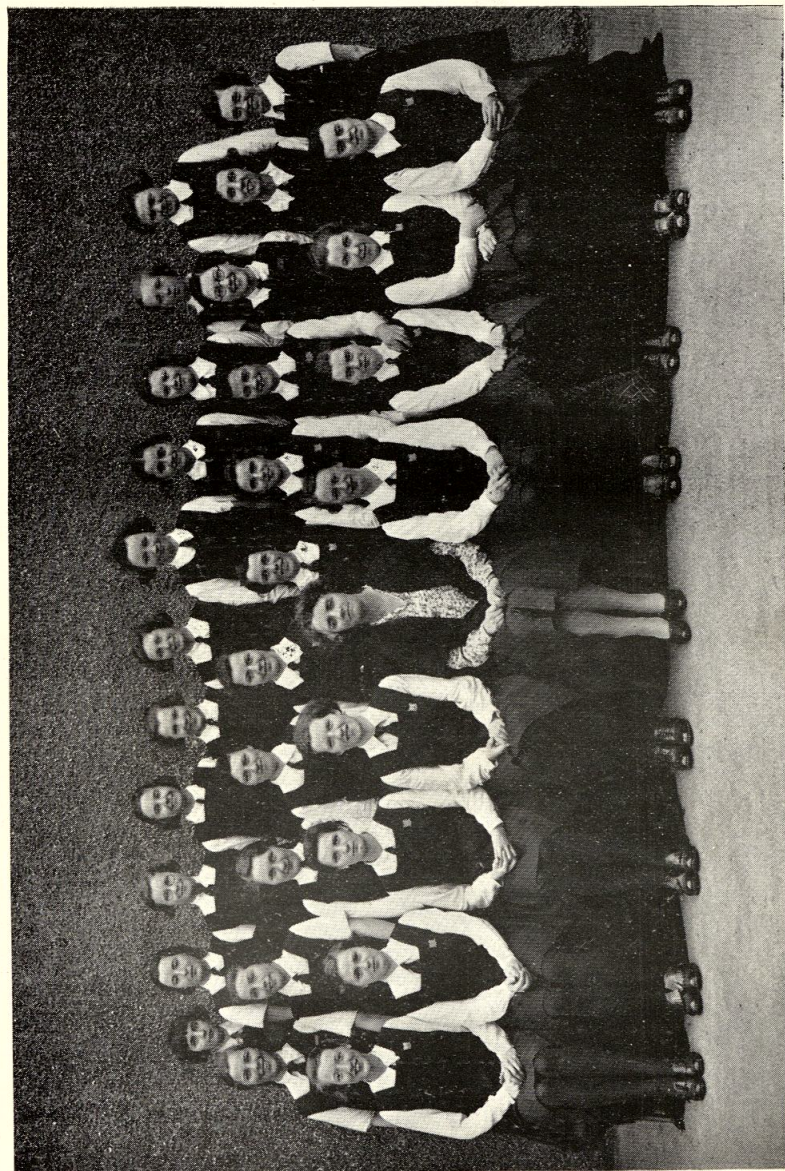
II.—VERSE.

From Edimbourg to fair Bruxelles
There travelled a party of charming belles,
Their cases were heavy, their hearts were light,
Oh! what a memorable Saturday night.

A night and day they travelled on,
With fun, and revelry and song.
No "feeding the fishes" did they permit,
As the sea was calm and they looked fit.



THOMAS J. BURNETT, M.A., F.E.I.S.



S. ROSS, I. DROWN, K. TAYLOR, N. KEDDIE, M. HAMILTON, J. KENNETH, N. ROGER, R. MITCHELL, J. LAING, M. GILBERT, B. FORD.
R. LAIRD, A. SHORTREED, S. WEDDELL, E. ANDERSON, A. BETHUNE, C. TAIT, M. BEE, I. HALL, B. LAHORE, M. ROBERTSON, J. TELFER.
B. LOWE, T. BRYDON, J. FALCONER, J. CURRIE, MISS ANDREW, V. CERRAR, J. PATERSON, E. HARDIE, J. PATERSON.

On Monday morn they explored Bruxelles,
And saw King Leopold and all the swells.
In the afternoon, to Antwerp they went
To see a Cathedral, like that at Ghent.

On Tuesday, they were up at scorch o' day
To visit the Battlefields and Yprés.
At night, they returned to their hotel
And played at games and sang as well.

On Wednesday, Old Pluvius appeared
And so the day was spoilt they feared.
But postcards were written and shopping done,
With visits to "Bon Marché" to add to their fun.

On Thursday, they sailed through the town of Bruges
With its boats, Cathedrals and sabot shoes.
Some went to Zeebrugge by means of a bus,
And over the "Mole" they made a great fuss.

On Friday, to Dinant they journeyed
And gaily to shopkeepers parleyed.
First up to the Fort and down to the Cave,
The splendour of which made them rave.

Saturday saw them preparing for home,
With anxious ideas of crossing the foam.
But their thoughts were dispelled by cold "Waterloo,"
And to "Carmen" on taxis they flew.

On Sunday, alas! they said their good-byes,
And left Belgium's capital under dull skies.
So, when they crossed they were tumbled and tossed,
But in the Customs no money was lost.

Then once back in London, they partook of tea
Which simply was gorgeous after the sea.
They saw all the sights on the Sunday night
And came back to Scotland merry and bright.

ETRINE ANDERSON, Form 6 A.

MAIRI, THE CORMORANT.

Mairi was looking very bashful. She stood, head drooping, on the guano-covered ledge which had been her home for three years now. In front of her, Saku paraded up and down, occasionally standing in a statuesque position, slowly and tirelessly opening and closing his wings, and displaying the conspicuous white spots on his thigh. Then he would stretch his neck forward at full length in a horizontal position, his head pointing grotesquely skyward.

Mairi was accustomed to these displays of courtship, and, after a little, she uttered a shrill cry and shuffled forward. The pair then went off together, mated.

A month later, Mairi was brooding over her three chalky-blue eggs, watchful and wary, for well she knew that if she left her eggs for a moment, Graki, the herring-gull, a notorious thief of eggs, would snatch one quickly away.

Soon her precious eggs would be hatched and then she would be kept very busy hunting food. The great day arrived. One by one the eggs hatched out and the chicks appeared, covered with a slippery black skin with not a feather among them, looking just like little rubber toys. How proud she felt of them! Soon they would be covered in fluffy down, she knew, and look like little golliwogs.

Saku arrived with a fish in his gullet. He opened wide his beak, and the young cormorants poked their heads down their fond parent's neck and helped themselves.

Mairi was thoughtful that evening. Her babies, she knew, would soon have to face the forces of the wild winds, the buffetings of the cruel seas, and the hardships of a cormorant's life. But, for her part, she would try to equip them well for their struggle against the elements, and could only hope that they would acquit themselves worthily.

AILEEN STEPHEN, Fom 5 B.

* * * *

THE SHEPHERD OF BEN DHUI.

"What a glorious day!" exclaimed Irene, sleepily rubbing her eyes. "Just the perfect day for a climb, isn't it?"

"Great," was Christine's only reply as she jumped out of bed and ran to get washed.

The sisters Marjorie, Christine and Irene were on holiday

on a little croft in Ross-shire. The croft was in a lonely part, being several miles from the nearest house.

This beautiful day was to be spent in climbing Ben Dhui, a nearby hill. It was the perfect day for a climb—not too hot nor too cold, and not a suspicion of rain in the sky.

After breakfast they set out with heavy haversacks and light hearts.

After much puffing and blowing, the summit was reached and they enjoyed a glorious view over all the country side. At least Marjorie and Christine enjoyed the view, not so Irene. She sat down with a bump, took off her haversack and set about opening it. "Come on, you pair, I'll eat yours too, if you're not quicker." This had its effect and the two admirers of the view also sat down and set to.

Some time after, Marjorie said, "I think we should start getting down again. It's becoming quite dull." They all looked up and saw the dark clouds gathering, so they picked up their packs, buried their litter, and slowly set off on the downward journey.

After a while the girls sat down to rest and lay laughing and telling funny stories till Irene exclaimed in a horrified voice, "Gosh, it's foggy." And, indeed, it was so. They jumped up in some fright and stood and looked around them. Even as they stood, the fog grew thicker and thicker. They quickly lifted up their haversacks and started off again.

They walked in silence, while the fog grew thicker and thicker, till they could hardly see in front of them. Still they walked, holding each other's hands, and still the fog grew murkier.

Suddenly Irene said with a rather shaky voice, "I'm sure we're lost!" Her sisters tried to re-assure her but their voices trembled too and showed that they thought likewise.

They walked on and on, and Marjorie tried to cheer them up by telling a few jokes, but the jokes did not sound funny, and they just could not laugh, so she stopped.

Then Christine stopped dead and looked into the fog, and looked again and said, "Do—I—see—anything—in front?" The others stopped and gazed and gazed. "Is that—no, it couldn't be—yes, it is. It's a white dog," cried Irene, "and—and—there's a shepherd too. Thank goodness."

They ran on and shouted to the tall grey figure with the white dog in front.

"Here we are. We thought we were lost till we saw you. We'll follow you down."

He did not answer but seemed to nod his head in agreement. The now happy girls supposed he was dumb so they just followed him, sometimes quietly, sometimes noisily, but always keeping that tall figure in sight.

After some time they found, to their joy, that they were almost home. They turned to the shepherd and thanked him profusely. He did not seem to have heard and was just going to walk off, when little Irene bent and whispered to the dog, "Thank you, doggie." To her surprise the shepherd turned round and for the first time she saw his face. He looked at Irene, and a smile lit up his face, and such a smile it was, for it silenced her and held her gaze till the shepherd faded from her sight. Still she stood gazing while her sisters turned and ran into the house. They did not see the shepherd's face. The smile was for Irene alone. Soon she too turned and walked quietly into the house.

After a wash, the girls, full of their adventure went down to supper. There they told their hostess all that had befallen them. She listened in silence, and then said quietly, "My lassies, that was no shepherd you saw." The girls stared at her. "Then who was it?" gasped Christine. "It was no one." "No one," was the incredulous reply of three puzzled girls. "Yes, no one. It was a spirit you saw, the spirit of the hills. We country folk call him the 'shepherd of Ben Dhui.' A spirit! well, I never!"

No one spoke for a while till little Irene told of the wonderful smile the shepherd had given her. Their hostess sat up. "He smiled to you, my lass? The shepherd smiled?" Irene nodded.

The old lady was silent for a little and then said, with her faded blue eyes gazing into space, "The shepherd of Ben Dhui has smiled to two people, my father and his grandfather. After they had seen the smile they were both lucky. They won when others lost; they were in comfort when others were in need; they were in health when others were ill and now three have seen the smile." She seemed to come back to the present again and turned to Irene, who was gazing in wonder at the old lady. She placed

her wrinkled hand on Irene's dark head and said, "My child, remember that, when, in after life, you are luckier than others, it's the 'Shepherd of Ben Dhui' you have to thank."

JOAN LOW, Form 5 A.

* * * *

EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW.

In an exclusive interview granted by that exotic visitor to our clime—Miss Summer—to our special correspondent, she absolutely denied her alleged retirement. "I could never neglect my dear public altogether."

Our reporter than asked the glamorous stranger if there was any truth in the story of her engagement to Mr R———T———, the noted Hollywood actor. Miss Summer denied the rumour, although admitting she had spent some time in the vicinity and waxed quite indignant as she pointed out that her marriage to that famous though seldom-seen celebrity, Mr Sol Sun, was not yet annulled.

She categorically contradicted all rumours of her death, and our correspondent confirms that she seems "as fresh as paint" in contrast to Miss Spring, over whose unfortunate breakdown we all are grieving so sincerely.

When offered condolences on her deplored absence last year—due, readers will remember, to the strain of her long tour of the southern hemisphere—she stated that she had not thought her absence would be noticed as her sister, Miss Winter, had very kindly deputed for her. On being told that her absence had scarcely, at first, been remarked in Britain but had caused a great stir elsewhere, Summer gave one of her famous enigmatical smiles which led our reporter to advise that water-proofs should, as usual, be carried during our beautiful guest's reported visit.

BETTY MACMILLAN, Form 5 B.

* * * *

IF IT HAD HAPPENED YESTERDAY.

(BEING A RUNNING COMMENTARY ON THE FIGHT BETWEEN SOHRAB AND RUSTUM.)

(Note—"1st voice" speaks with a strong American accent, "2nd voice" in "public-school English.")

1st Voice.—"Oh, hello everybody! This is Ferood Wiza broad-casting through the courtesy of the Woolly-Woof Blanket Company. Buy Woolly-Woof, folks, an' ya'll never feel the cold; buy Woolly-Woof, an' ya won't be able to git up in th' mornin'."

2nd Voice (in a tone of excessive politeness).—"To-day we are broadcasting a running commentary on the fight between Sohrab of the Tartars and—er—Rustum of the Persians. Er—it's a lovely day."

1st Voice (hurriedly).—"There y'are folks! Woolly-Woof al-ways gits the noos! Jest tell me another Blanket Company that knows it's Rustum on the Persian side!"

2nd Voice (not so politely).—"The plan of the field will be found on page—er—25 of the Tartar Radio News. The field is ma'ked in squa-ahs. To the no'th, squa-ahs one, three"

1st Voice.—"Kin ya hear them cheer, boys, or kin ya hear them cheer! This is Rustum, comin' from tha Persian tents. Nesty customer, is Rustum. But boy, oh boy, is he flat-footed?"

2nd Voice (audibly offended).—"Squa-ah two."

1st Voice.—"An' now—an' now young Sohrab's makin' an appearance. Say, Sohrab, where didya pinch that dressing-gown. Oh boy, is he a wow? Excoose me, folks, ah'll jest go git him say a coupla words to ya. No, it's too late. 'Pears he an' friend Rustum are gonna have a nice, girlish chat, afore beginnin' the foight. Wal, wal, ain't thet jest too cute?"

2nd Voice.—"Squa-ah foah."

1st Voice.—"There goes the gong—seconds outa the ring. An' now, ladies an' gen'lemen, the boys are abaht t' commence. Rustum's kinda broken the ice b' throwin' his spear at tha-at pore defenceless boy. But is he down? No, siree! He's got *pep*! He's jumped asoide"

2nd Voice (quite unmoved).—"Squa-ah three."

1st Voice (forté).—"He's jumped asoide, and made a peachuva shot at Rustum. Oh boy, is he the cat's pyjamas? Now that ole bonehead's comin' back, with thet baby chestnut he calls his club. He's gittin' jest too big fer his boots. Ain't the olive branch enough fer him? He swings it back—gosh, he oughta be a circus strong-man—he swings it back and (*crescendo*) he's missed Sohrab and folks, Rustum's DOWN. Down and out! Oh mister, ef you'd a had a Woolly-Woof Blanket beneath ya, ya sure wouldn't be feelin' so sore!"

2nd Voice (almost excitedly).—"Squa-ah five."

1st Voice.—"Now is Sohrab's big moment, folks! He's only gotta pull his sword an'—but whazzamarrer—whazza-marrer? Don't tell me, don't tell me, the silly goof's gonna lerrim live? Oh (*almost in tears*) wharriva done t' deserve this? Yes, Sohrab's put his sword back an' Rustum's gettin' up"

2nd Voice.—"Squa-ah six."

1st Voice.—"Ah wish ya'd quit interruptin' a guy! He's up—and say, is he peeved abaht sumpin'? Ah'll tell the woild! Mad dogs ain't in it with l'il Rustum. Did ya hear that bellow, folks? Jest our l'il cutie tellin' Sohrab where he gits off. Oh, and the *names* he's calling tha-at boy—ah wouldn't stend furrin'—ah wouldn't—and is our Sohrab? Nuts! He's drawn his sword, no he hasn't, yes he has—yes, folks, ah kin now announce that Sohrab has drawn his sword. They rush together, kickin' up sich a dust, ah kin scarcely see wha-at they're at."

2nd Voice.—"Squa-ah foah."

1st Voice.—"Wal, there's nothin' doin' They're in a clinch, no they're not—WHERE'S THAT REF? Sohrab'll shur win on points. In—out—in—out—oh, so sorry, Ah thought it was the boat-race. Wal, they're outa their clinch now and Rustum's jest yelled his war cry. P'raps ya heard the faint vibrations? Say, wha'at's happened to Sohrab? Great jimimy, don't say he's done! Yes, he's done, no he's up, yes (*sadly*) Sohrab's *def*'nitely down. The ref's jest counted him out. Wal, wal, an' who woulda thought it? Thet's the end of his career in the ring, Ah'm very much afraid."

2nd Voice.—"Contributions for a wreath for Sohrab will

be gratefully acknowledged by the Woolly-Woof Blanket Company. Please mark the top left-hand corner "Wreath."

1st Voice.—"Wal, that's the end of this afternoon's entertainment, folks, so yore olé pal Ferood Wiza is signin' off. Don't forgit t' toon in next week, when the Woolly-Woof Blanket Company are bringin' to the moike no less a personage than Raz Razza, the famous crooner."

ELEANOR GINSBURG, Form 4 A.

* * * *

ASPIRATIONS.

(With apologies to the shade of Goldsmith.)

In all my wanderings through this school with care,
In all my failures, and I've had my share,
I still had hopes in my fifth year to crown
And with my Higher Group to lay me down,
To put away at last my schoolgirl clothes,
To curl my hair, dab powder on my nose,
I still had hopes—for pride attends us still—
With all my swains, to show my tennis skill.
Around myself admiring groups to draw
And tell of how I felt and how they saw.
And as a girl whom French and Trig. pursue,
Flies to the cloakroom whence at first she flew.
I still had hopes, examinations passed,
Here to return, and teach the young at last.

JEANNE BAUCHOPE, Form 4 A.

* * * *

THE BRIDGE.

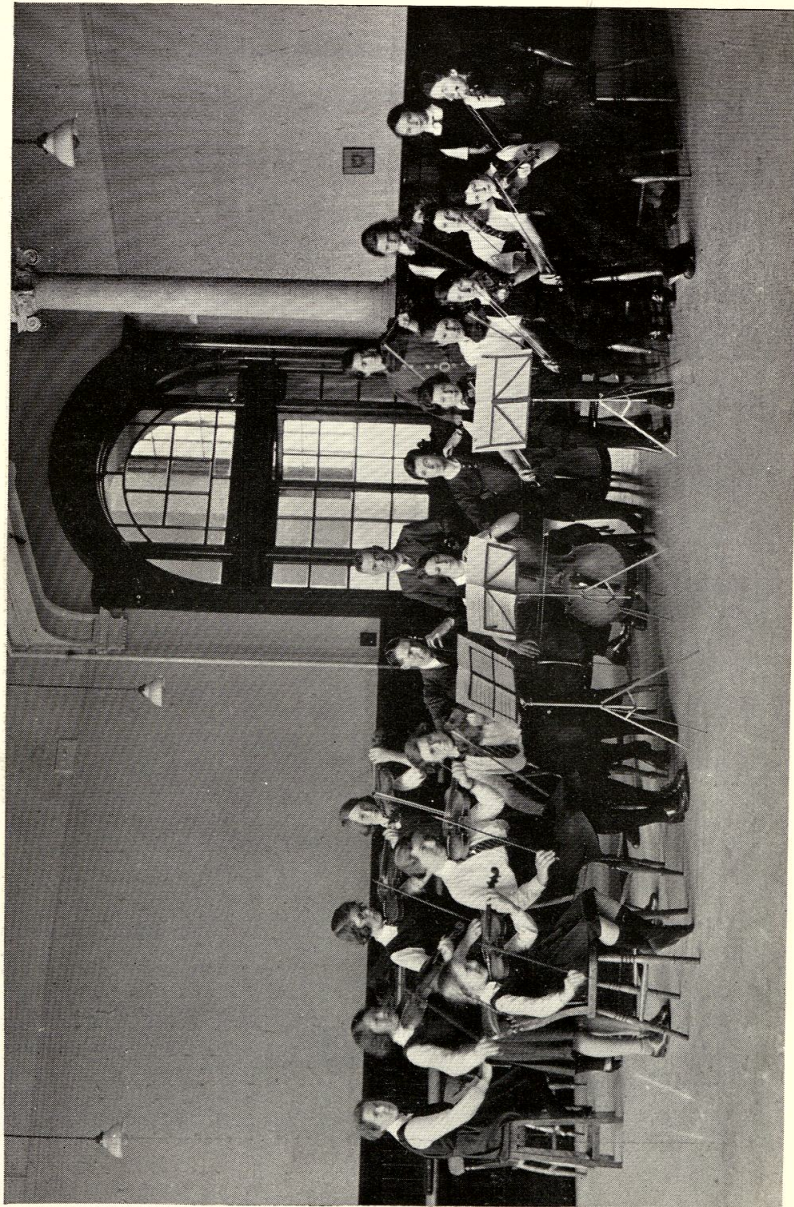
"Death is the end of life, ah, why
Should life all labour be?"

Some voice inside my head kept whispering those lines in my throbbing ears as I struggled with a theorem in Trigonometry. At last, my patience was exhausted, and I threw the book on the floor with all the remaining strength in my poor, cramped arm. Why should I prove that $\sin \frac{A}{2} = \sqrt{\frac{(s-b)(s-c)}{bc}}$? Why? Why? The only answer I could find was, "so that you'll get your Highers." Was the certificate worth all that slavery? Was I to attain



JEAN M. FALCONER

(Dux of the School, 1936-37).



THE SCHOOL ORCHESTRA.

nothing else in compensation for those nerve-racking days and sleepless nights? Oh, if only I knew, if only I knew!

I was standing on a pebbly shore, moodily watching a huge wave making repeated attacks on a scarred grey rock. Behind me was a wealth of colour and gaiety—a fair! The air was filled with the cries of the merry children on the painted roundabouts while the youths spent most of their week's wages knocking down cocoanuts or trying to throw a ring over a worthless watch or a piece of gaudy jewellery. There was gaiety—a shallow sort of happiness—a fool's paradise.

Away on the horizon line I could see a coast of gold, and a morbid desire to reach that undiscovered land took possession of me. I was sure that I should find happiness there—real happiness. Then I noticed the bridge. It was made of books—my books! I placed my foot on the first one—it was Virgil—and, to my delight, it held my weight. The second was my Latin Grammar, the third Cicero, the fourth Caesar, and the fifth the Odes of Horace. I began to gain confidence and ran lightly over six English books, three French and two German. I was rapidly leaving the fair behind with its confused babble of voices, old and young. I was approaching the new land and I heard soft music and the chanting of many cultured voices. I stepped over two History books and then I stood to view the land before me. The beach was of a gleaming gold. The leaves on the trees were of a clear green which changed to silver in the gentle breeze. Tall mountains stood out against the clear sky; no mists hid their snow-capped summits. Through the swaying branches I saw a riot of colour, and thousands of brilliant, fragrant flowers nodded a cordial invitation to me. I sprang over Geography, Algebra and Geometry, and then—a gap! The Trigonometry book was lying on the study carpet. I could not reach that golden shore

Of course, I had been dreaming; but the dream had shown me something. By working hard at my books, I was striving for some abstract satisfaction and happiness which I cannot describe but which I must obtain—so I attacked the theorem fiercely, and conquered it!

ANNE PATERSON, Form 4 A.

IN THE SLUMS.

Work among the poor is very interesting. One meets so many different types of people—vagrants, lodging-house dwellers, people who try to keep their "heads above water" on their meagre incomes, and those who do not seem to care and who just let themselves sink lower and lower.

I firmly believe that the poor of our city are among the most kindly people to be found anywhere. They, who have so little, are willing to share their last crust with someone whom they consider less fortunate than themselves. A family of five had been deported from Canada because of their poverty. They had arrived in Glasgow and someone had given them their fares to Edinburgh where they arrived, hungry, with no place to sleep and penniless. They met a man who, when he heard of their plight, brought them down to the mission café and gave them tea and bread and jam. All the money that man had in the world was two shillings and yet there he was sharing it.

One of the men whom we meet frequently is Paddy. He is rather tragically humorous, for his eccentricity is caused by head injuries received during the war. He is bad enough when he is sober, but when he is drunk ———! He often appears in "fancy dress." Sometimes he attracts the eye by his tail coat and bowler hat which do not quite fit in with his other garments. Once he turned up just as the café had been closed. He was wearing a red and white striped football jersey, black trousers, a tail coat, white sand shoes and a bowler hat. In one hand he carried an alarm clock and in the other a "tuppenny" pistol. He knocked at the café door which was opened by an elderly lady worker, who nearly fainted when this fearsome figure pointed a pistol at her and announced, "It's a hold up." He was recognised, however, and persuaded that all the tea was done and that the place was closed. Paddy is really harmless although his sense of humour is not always appreciated.

When H.R.H. the Duke of Kent visited us as Lord High Commissioner a one-legged old man arrived wearing all his war medals and was thrilled when the Duke heartily shook hands with him.

"Granny Thompson" is a retailer of studs, shoelaces and pins. She is really a hard-working old woman and

never begs. I have never seen anyone who more resembled a "fairy story" witch. She is fond of a "dram" and a surreptitious "draw" at an old clay pipe. Granny is rather weak mentally and she is obsessed by her daughter's death which occurred several years ago. Everyone she meets hears her tale of woe, and, although those who meet her frequently have it almost off by heart, it is her only topic of conversation. It loses some of its pathos after one has heard it half a dozen times.

Then there is "Charlie" who is seldom sober. He is very proud of his hands. He never fails to draw attention to them. His "D'ye see my hands—as white as a woman's" is well known among us. He presented me with a tiny sprig of holly which he was hawking at Christmas because I had agreed that his hands were very nice.

The children are very entertaining and very sharp-witted. There is a play centre where they are taught organised games, but their favourite recreation is entertaining each other by impromptu concerts, which we have frequently in the "Children's Room." They are very quick to learn any new popular song and their imitations of the "Film Star Style" are admirable. They are very eager to take part and very few need to be coaxed.

One of the most attractive children is a little boy, not quite three, known as "Mussolini" because of his martial style. He is a great favourite with everyone, especially the old men. When he has sweets he hands round his "poke," then, when his own are finished, he goes round again and asks back the sweets he has given. In spite of this he is very offended if anyone refuses his offer.

One can derive a good deal of pleasure from being associated with any of the organisations that endeavour to brighten the lives of those whose circumstances are hard, but the vast majority of whom are decent, quiet people.

BETTY LOCHORE, Form 4 C.

* * * *

LA PETITE FRANCE.

With a final determined push, baby bud emerged from her covering of green, and with a little gasp of joy took her first peep at the world beautiful.

From his blazing azure dome, the sun beamed down upon her, and also upon a sea of bluey-purple violas which rippled round the stems of a little forest of rose-trees.

"Petite France, petite France," chorused a myriad feathered songsters, their eyes twinkling, for had they not guessed the lovely secret of that fat little bud, which had only entered this large world a few moments ago?

Bathed in scented dew, warmed by the sun and caressed by many a little playful breeze, the bud grew, unfolded and gradually revealed its blush-pink treasure. Behold! Mademoiselle la Petite France

"What a delicious meal," mused a brilliant blue, green and gold-shot beetle, as he alighted upon one of the sacred silken petals, but so intoxicating was the perfume that he lay there prone, until, awakening with a bewildered start, he overbalanced and slipped with a thud on to the face of a sun-gazing viola: she, in disgust, tipping him unceremoniously on to the earth.

By and by La Petite France became aware of the daily visits of human beings, and of one, a lady who always carried a basket and those fatal scissors! Gradually the sheer joy of living became tinged with strange forebodings. Snip! snip! and her rose-sisters, even the friendly little violas, were snapped off and carried away.

"Why, oh, why?" petite France inquired of Madame France.

"My child, it is an honour to be admired and even to be gathered by these human beings. Do they not love us and tend us with great care? True, when taken into these humans' houses not even a drink of water can prolong a frail rose life for many days; but do not worry, perhaps you may live on—be left until your petals fall and you once more receive your warm green jacket."

At the sound of a light footstep, Petite France turned, quiveringly.

"So perfect a rose," hesitatingly, scissors already seeking the mother stem, the lady paused.

"If I am perfect," anxiously Petite France tried to voice her prayer, "If indeed I am perfect, oh lady, spare my life!" But snip went the scissors and an instant later Petite France lay upon a bed of cut flowers, was aware of being carried into the house—of stifling gloom.

"Are these lovely blooms for the vases?" enquired a strange voice, and Petite France thought hopefully of a cool drink of water.

"No, they are not!" replied the lady.

"Then my life may not even be prolonged for a few hours," sobbed Petite France, panting as she lay in the sunlit attic.

"There, then," soothed a cabbage-rose, trying to shade this dainty treasure with her great petals. "There, my dear. Do not grieve! Sacrifice is part of your life, but it is indeed a happy life you have had—storm free and all unharmed by any mischievous insect."

"Yes," interrupted Petite France stifling her sobs. "I will be brave," she said, as one by one her rosy petals were plucked from her. And the lady looked with astonishment on two dewy tear-drops which slipped from between the last petals.

By and by, wrapped in a mysterious fragrance which filled the air, surrounded by a thousand other gay-coloured petals, Petite France felt comforted, more—felt a joyous tingling of renewed life.

"What can be happening to me?" she wondered.

"Pot pourri, my dear!" came a jovial voice from an old Chinese jar, as he grinned down from a dusty shelf.

"Patience, dear rose, patience. Give your very heart's perfume, then blended with perfumes of rarest loveliness you will live on and on. Live within my sheltering care, there downstairs in the dear old parlour; giving forth a perpetual welcome to all who enter."

BETTY GEMMELL, Form 4 C.

* * * *

TWO POEMS.

I.—DUSK.

The summer day now swift declines,
Long shadows fall in sloping lines,
Last sunbeams linger through the pines
That rise on either hand.

The bearded woods stand grim and hoar,
Afar the distant breakers roar,
And crash upon the empty shore,
And wrinkle up the sand.

The clouded moon with pallid light
Doth float, all lustreless and white,
The sombre trees, attired with night,
Like solemn watchers stand.

II.—NIGHT.

Sweet is the moonlight asleep on the sea,
Sweet are sad shadows embracing the shore,
Sweet is the murmur of wind wistfully,
Winnowing soft evermore.

Sweet are the billows that cradle the isles
And rock them to slumber—Ah! sweet is the moon,
Sailing serene in the heavens she smiles,
Smiles through the gathering gloom.

Sweet is the archway of stars o'er the sky,
Lilies that bloom in the meadows of light,
Sweet are the damp dews the pallid clouds cry,
Ah! sweet, very sweet is the night.

AUDREY PURVES, Form 3 A.

* * * *

MY CORRESPONDENTS.

Monday night is, for me, the busiest in the week as I write to my three correspondents and any others from whom I have received letters during the previous week. I thought that you might be interested to hear about these girls.

The one to whom I have written for the longest period of time is an Indian native girl, named Silawati Sen. She is seventeen years old and, until the time of her marriage, lived in a Mission School in Jaipur, Rajputana. You notice that I said "until her marriage." You see, Silawati was

married about six months ago and never saw her future husband until the morning of the wedding. The groom, a young man of about twenty who has a Government post in Jaipur, was kept as much in ignorance about his future wife as Silawati was about him. She wrote to me once saying, "My husband loves me and I like him very much," which expression rather amused me. Perhaps you wonder if Silawati herself writes to me in English or if the letter is translated from Hindustani? I must reassure you, and add that Silawati writes to me in what is almost perfect English, and certainly beautiful writing.

My second correspondent, a French girl, aged sixteen, lives in Paris and is called Clairette Kauffmann. Her English is not quite up to Silawati's standard, but it must surpass my standard of French as she often says, "Your French, dear Margaret, is quite understandable!" I have a photograph of Clairette and she seems to be very beautiful. In summer, when I go with the school trip to Paris, I hope to visit Clairette and her mother in their little house in one of the suburbs of the famous French capital.

The last of my distant friends goes to a boarding school in Melbourne, Australia, and is called Margaret Kneebone. She has visited Britain once, but, being then very young, she does not remember very much about it. However, Margaret says that she has been promised that, when she leaves school, she may come to Edinburgh University to study. One thing that to any person in Scotland would seem very funny is that Margaret has never in all her life seen snow.

And so, you see, it is very probable that I shall see two of my friends from distant lands, although there is little or no hope of my ever meeting my little native friend from India.

MARGARET MILLS, Form 3 B.

* * * *

"UP HELLY AA."

In the far north of Scotland lie the Isles of Shetland, on which live the descendants of the Norse settlers. They are a quiet people who live the lives of fishermen and crofters. They are of a kind-hearted disposition and they speak in a slow, soft, lilting tongue.

Lerwick is the capital of the islands, It is a small town on the Mainland, where the only industries are fishing and hosiery. About seven or eight miles from Lerwick is the village of Scalloway which used to be the ancient capital of Shetland and is the only town of any size other than Lerwick.

Being descended from the Vikings of old, the Shetlanders have Norse customs which they hold to this day. Their biggest festival is "Up Helly Aa."

When a Norse chieftain died, his body, along with his goods and favourite belongings, was placed in his ship. This was lit and pushed out to sea where it burned to the water's edge. It was then considered that the chieftain had gone to "Valhalla," the Norseman's "Happy Hunting Ground."

To this day their descendants have a festival of its kind in honour of their ancestors. In the capital on a certain day in January the town is lit up with torches. A beautiful carved and gilded galley is drawn through the streets to the harbour, where it is filled with pitch and tar. With great ceremony it is set alight, while flames leap towards the sky amid the songs and cheering of the townspeople. The children of the town have miniature galleys which are also burned earlier in the evening. All night the narrow streets are filled with merry-makers in fancy-dress costumes who dance and sing till dawn in honour of the Festival. From the surrounding districts people pour in till the capital is one town of happiness and goodwill.

The merry-making continues till the next day, when all go home to a well-earned rest, happy in the thought that they have paid their homage for yet another year to their Norse ancestors.

ELIZABETH GEORGESON, Form 3 C.

* * * *

MIGNONETTE.

Tell me, where is Mignonette?

In the convent by the river,
Winding, winding, ceasing never,
Till it flows into the Ocean
And is lost to Man for ever.

Tell me, what does Mignonette,
When the shades of eve are deep?
Does she murmur in her sleep,
Does she pray before the altar
Which the sculptured angels keep?

Does she weary, Mignonette,
When she sees the meadow-land
Stretching miles on either hand,
When she gazes from her window
On the flowery meadow-land?

Is she sorry, Mignonette,
When the snow comes falling white
Through the solemn winter night;
And the river lieth frozen, icy,
Hidden far from sight?

Oh, but I loved Mignonette
In the half-forgotten past,
When the hours flew by so fast
In the honeyed time of life,
Which can never last.

Adieu, fair Mignonette,
The Blessed Virgin keep thee well,
Underneath the convent bell
By the river, and the flowery, sun-belovéd meadow
dell.

SHEENA W. HOWIE, Form 2 A.

* * * *

THE SOUTH-WEST WIND.

I lay awake in bed last night,
And heard the wind among the trees;
He blew so hard, and was so rough,
I prayed for those upon the seas.

He rattled fiercely at the door,
He shook the curtains and the blind,
And cried in big and gusty voice,
"Oh, here's your friend, the south-west wind."

He came and stood beside my bed,
 I felt his breath upon my face,
 I could not see his giant form,
 Although it seemed to fill the place.

He whispered loudly in my ear,
 Of games he plays with little boys;
 He is so big that no papa,
 Would tell him not to make a noise.

Then off he went, and as he passed,
 He shook the bed and flapped the blind,
 I wish that I might play with him,
 The bluff and burly south-west wind.

MARIBEL MACKAY, Form 2 E.

* * * *

WHY I WROTE THIS.

The trouble began when I was asked to contribute to the Magazine. I immediately decided to write a historical novel, armed myself with pen and paper and set to. I began brilliantly, "Though God wot my hand is apter with the sword-shaft than with the quill methinks it passeth well . . ." and continued in a like strain for two pages until I found myself at the place where the hero is challenging the villain to a duel, while the heroine looks on. There the dialogue shaped itself thus:—

Villain—" 'Tis thou !"

Hero—" 'Tis I !"

Heroine—" Verily."

Villain—" Ho !"

Hero—" Ha !"

And now I found myself in a dilemma—what could the Heroine say? Of course, she could always say "He!" but it seemed rather obvious. And I abandoned my historical novel.

This incident put me in such a gloomy frame of mind that I decided to write a novel of the toiling and suffering of the poor—the sort of novel that is described in the newspapers as "powerful and realistic," or "a morbid tale of the

people." I created a heroine and decided to give her an unhappy home. In a moment of inspiration I gave her a drunken boor for a father, a thief for a brother, and finally made the mother die when her daughter was born. She now seemed sufficiently unhappy, but just to add a touch of pathos I made her break her leg in an accident. Now, however, I came to a complete standstill.

I realised that I hadn't sufficient data to work on. Regretfully I thought of my father who has never been drunk in his life, and of my hale and hearty mother. Then I morosely made my heroine destitute and starving, and a splendid idea occurred to me. I would do without dinner to-night and experience the pangs of hunger just to get atmosphere! But I found temptation too strong for me and I dined as usual. As I discovered that I could think of no more misery to heap upon my unfortunate heroine, I abandoned my social novel.

A fashionable novel was my next inspiration, and again my opening was brilliant. "Madame reclined on a *divan* in her *petit salon* attired in a loosely fitting *peignoir à la mode* scalloped round her slender *gorge*." Then in a flash I realised the great dearth of adventures that could happen to Madame. One could hardly picture her making beds or drying dishes. From the few books I read on the subject I gathered that all Madame ever *did* do was to recline on a *divan* in a loosely fitting *peignoir*.

Then I thought that I should write the greatest love-story of all time. I put into my novel all my experience of Bing Crosby's crooning, I coined some splendid expressions from "Romeo and Juliet," I composed a beautiful speech for the hero about the heroine's eyes which covered two pages, I made the two lovers quarrel, become reconciled, quarrel again, and become reconciled again, and I was progressing splendidly when suddenly I realised the awful truth. I could not finish my story! I toyed with the idea of drowning my hero, but I learnt that artificial respiration could revive a half-drowned person, and I wanted to make quite sure. I pondered over making him fall over a cliff into the sea, but how could one be inexpressibly touching over the heroine leaning over the body when the body was floating out to sea? I lingered pensively over the idea of making him die fighting for his cause, and then the heroine

could erect a marble tombstone inscribed with a suitable epitaph, but unfortunately the hero had no cause (unless to do a hole in bogey, or to reduce his handicap which definitely would *not* do). Again I was struck by the horrible thought, what if he were to go on for ever, like J. K. Jerome's lost German trains? Terrified by this awful thought I threw my romance into the waste-paper basket and wrote this, the true story of my contribution to the Magazine.

MYRA OCKRENT, Form 1 A.

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THE ACQUISITION OF A LIBRARY.

Belonging to the bookworm species, I thought how happy I would be if I could have a library of my own, as I was so often loath to return a book of which I had got fond. I had to depend on my pocket money for the purchase of books and so perforce had to "gang warily." At first my task seemed hopeless as the books I wanted were rather dear. One day while on my way home from school, I discovered a shop where I could purchase the books, a little cheaper as they were shop soiled copies. I will now tell you how my library grew.

The first books I bought were "Nicholas Nickleby" and "David Copperfield." When I first started these books I thought Dickens as an author was rather dry, but as I got into the books I soon changed my mind and began to look for more of Dickens's works. I next got "The Old Curiosity Shop" and "The Pickwick Papers." I hope some day to have a complete set of volumes by Dickens.

My books ranged from "highbrow" to "lowbrow" according to my finds in the book treasure-hunt, but all were interesting in their different ways. One day I acquired the poems of Walt Whitman and of J. Greenleaf Whittier and this was followed by "Nothing to Nobody" by "Brenda," which is a missionary story. The next book of poems I got was the "Tales of a Wayside Inn," by Longfellow. I also got "Miss Determination," by Frances Toft and "The Girls of the Abbey School" by Elsie Oxenham. They are both very jolly stories. "The Blue Baby and Other Stories," by Mrs Molesworth is good also for light

reading. I was lucky to get some gifts of books. These included "The Laughing Man," by Victor Hugo; "The Three Musketeers," by Dumas; "The Life of David Livingstone" and "Little Women." I have also "Grimm's Fairy Tales" and "Alice in Wonderland." These are all the books I have at present of my very own, but as I only commenced my treasure-hunt for books a few months ago it is surprising how my library has grown. I will now tell you how I kept my books tidily together.

I started with a carved wooden book-rack which held eight volumes. As I got more books I got two book-ends which gave me an elastic section to stand on a table. But these were only temporary aids to hold my books together as I wanted a little bookcase. I got an idea from a catalogue of a sectional bookcase and so I got some small boxes from the grocer. These I have joined together and stained a dark brown and the effect is very good indeed. My home-made bookcase and its contents have been much admired, and my small collection of books has turned into a lending library among my chums.

There are so many books that I should like that there is no end to this interesting hobby, so that acquiring a library of one's own is very good fund.

ELSIE R. JOHNSTON, Form 1 B.

* * * *

From the Top Corridor.

There is in school a certain room
Where all the faces are in bloom,
Not one in it has spots festooned,
Not e'en a one has eyebrows pruned,
In that fair room.

And in that place a "weigher" stands,
Around it clustered happy bands
Of girls. For 'neath, a card they found,
The weights of *teachers* noted down.
Increasing weekly pound by pound!

The room's a trifle bare, 'tis true,
Flowers have we, and a table new,
A suite, they say, will be installed.
And when we're working in the world
We'll wish we were there as of old,
In our Prefects' Room."

Form 5 records sayings heard on the Hockey Field.
No prize is offered for guessing the author:—

"Ach, ma lassie, you've had too much dinner!"
"Ach, ma lassie, you'll need an aeroplane to catch that one."
"Come on, boys, we'll kick off now."
"I'll blow you up if you do that again"
"You'll smack somebody on the ear with that some day."
"Ach, ma lassie, you should go and play peevers."

Form 4, possibly inspired by study of Dr. Johnson,
offers "The Gillespie's Dictionary":—

Accent—What French people have.

Alibi—Saying you weren't where the person who says you
did the thing says you were.

Answer—What you're meant to do to an exam. paper.

Astronomy—Knowing about Heaven. A certain maths.
teacher's favourite topic.

Bantam—A courageous little cock (e.g., A.G.).

Base—Vile, detestable, has come to have geometrical
associations.

Beauty—That which is pleasing to the eye: very rare:
found in large quantities in J.G.H.S.

Caesar—A man who kept a rotten diary and was murdered
for the sake of Shakespeare.

Cherub—A winged heavenly creature occasionally found in
schools before wings grow.

Dream—A fit of sublime unconsciousness which attacks one
in boring periods.

Gym. costume—Originally a fairly respectable garment, now
worn for the sole purpose of displaying a leg.

Headmistress—Very charming experiment beginning to be
tried in J.G.H.S.: for results see a later edition of
Dictionary.

Ink—Odious mixture of water and charcoal, expected to
be used by long suffering pupils but a slightly less
diluted liquid is provided for teachers.

Library—Depository for old and tattered periodicals, dusty
masterpieces, second-hand furniture and homeless
schoolgirls.

Miracle—The result of the Senior Seven-a-sides.

Mirror—An object productive of humiliation, but which,
nevertheless, has a fatal attraction for most of the
female sex.

Orchestra—A well-meaning enthusiastic band of misguided
musicians whose ardent efforts produce a conglomer-
ation of weird sounds from their sanctuary every
Thursday at 4 p.m.

Party—Frivolity much indulged in by young females: good
excuse for buying a new frock.

Radiator—Machine which is stone cold in winter and boiling
hot in summer. Several excellent specimens in
J.G.H.S.

Silence—Cessation of tumult. Practically unknown in
J.G.H.S.

Soap—An object to be found in all buildings wherein dwell
civilised beings: to be found in very small quantities
in J.G.H.S.

Window—Panes of glass attached by strips of wood: cere-
moniously cleaned before an event of *national* import-
ance in J.G.H.S.

Form 3 brings Burns up to date :—

Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots wham Bruce has aften led,
Even they this room would dread,
Pens and pedantry !

Now's the day, and now's the hour,
See approach the master's glower,
Me he'll fail, 'tis in his power,
Mine's no victory !

Wha can pass exams. they sit ?
Wha full marks can always git ?
Wha sae smart as do each bit ?
Let them go with glee !

Wha for teacher's ire hae fear,
Those for whom the prospect's drear,
Those for whom a failure's near,
Let them follow me !

Lay these awful teachers low,
Tyrants fall in every foe,
Liberty's in every blow,
Flees the dominie !

We want to know :—

What the geography mistress meant by saying, " Sweden is the greatest match-making country in the world " ?

What sinister significance underlay these words, gasped out by a 4th Form pupil as she burst into a room :—" Can I get my knife for Mr M——— ? "

Whether the Naval Review was in the mind of the master who quoted a line of Chesterton as :—" King Philip's in his closet with the *Fleet* around his neck " ?

What a certain history class was meant to understand by the instruction :—" Now, girls, I want you to 'do' Peel and Palmerston and any other men you can manage " ?

Whether the girl who said, " To be a Bailie was heaven on earth—one of the most important positions in Glasgow " is a Glaswegian ?

What horrible thought inspired our Head Prefect to remark to her cookery partner :—" Have you brought your kidneys with you to-day ? "

Whether the English mistress who said, " The wave of patriotism that was gathering in Italy burst into flame in 1846 " will ever set the Thames on fire.

* * * *

"Salvage."

The Editors wish first to voice a grievance and to make an appeal. The Magazine Box, as of old, stands in the Top Corridor (though, alas! it would seem to have merely an antiquarian interest); the Art department, as always, provided attractive posters; repeated requests were sent out; but on the day appointed as the last for receiving contributions from the Secondary Department, only seven out of its twenty-two classes had responded! Coronation holidays and junketings may have eclipsed the lesser interest of the School Magazine, and we must admit that the material ultimately sent in, after an extension of the time-limit, was fairly satisfactory both in quantity and in quality, but we still feel that too little active interest is taken in the Magazine. You may have outgrown the stage when the mere possibility of seeing your name in print is a thrilling inducement to write, but remember that the Magazine is one of the things by which outsiders judge our school and surely we want to give our best to it. That "best" cannot be produced hastily and under pressure; it must be spontaneously given. It would improve the standard of the Magazine as well as easing the Editor's task if the "last-minute rush" and the feeling of compulsion could be avoided. We ask that during next session more frequent use should be made of the Magazine Box and we rely on the prefects to keep their forms reminded of it.

And now, our thanks to all our contributors, successful and unsuccessful. Several forms call for special mention. Form 4 A provided almost enough material to make a magazine of its own, and Form 4 C deserves a special word of thanks—it is one of the smallest forms in school and yet provided more, and more acceptable articles than most of the larger forms. We congratulate Form 1 B (and its English teacher) on some very pleasing word-pictures both in prose and in verse. In these, and one or two other cases, only the need to represent so far as possible every form led to the exclusion of material that on merit alone should have gone in.

There have been years when we have had more brilliant individual contributions, but as a whole the material was interesting, well varied and unhackneyed in subject-matter

and handling. The Muse would seem to have forsaken the upper Forms, but there are some promising poets in Forms 3 A, 2 A, and 1 B. One or two articles—notably Mona Black's pleasant "Earliest Recollections" and Katherine Ramsay's amusing "Poor Dear Claude" were too long. We liked Betty Holmes's courageous and sincere "Contemplation of Life," but its sombreness ruled it out. The same objection applied to Eleanor Ginsburg's good vers-libre poem, "World-Weariness." Editors, like film-producers, have to consider "entertainment value"; nevertheless, we are glad to find a number of pupils who are not afraid to attempt serious articles, for most school magazines suffer from an excess of determinedly humorous writers.

Dorothy Wagstaffe's two poems, "The Exile's Plea" and "Dreams" had sincerity and some good phrasing, but were spoiled by uncertainty in the metre. This little fragment from 1 B has a kind of "A. A. Milne" charm—it is called "A Private Conversation":—

"Down by the river
I saw a fairy
Sitting on a toadstool,
With a gnome.
I didn't like
To stop their conversation,
So I took my basket
And tripped off home."

Also from 1 B comes this touching little lament from the bearer of a distinguished name:—

"On being asked a poem to write for our school magazine,
I racked my brains, pursued the light for rhythm and a theme.
But alas! I am afraid that though I bear the name
Of Scotia's famous national bard I ne'er can claim his fame,
For though I tried with all my might to emulate 'oor Rob,'
I must confess I'm finished here. *I canna dae the job.*"

From the same versatile class comes a little "Temperance lecture" in verse, but we fear it might amuse rather than impress our readers!

The Coronation inspired, as was to be expected, a good number of writers. Perhaps "inspired" is not exactly the right word, for to tell the truth, the results were distinctly pedestrian. But then even Poets Laureate are rarely at their best when commemorating State occasions! For the sake of their topical interest we have printed several of these contributions under the title "Coronation Medley."

School topics have been less frequently touched than usually. We regret not having space for Margaret Morton's entertaining account of "The 1st XI. Treat." Margaret Booth's "Dinner Hour" was amusing but just a trifle indiscreet in parts. This class-room vignette will appeal particularly to the writer's friends in 2 A:—

"When did Julius Caesar die?"

I scratched my head and uttered a sigh,

And being loath to tell a lie,

"I can't remember, sir," said I.

"Did you learn this for to-day?"

Then as perforce I muttered "nay."

"Come out of there!" arose the roar,

As Eleanor joined her friends on the floor.

In the corner, sad, stood I,

With cheeks flushed red and watering eye,

In repentance, head bent low,

'Cos my history I didn't know.

And then I made a solemn vow

In order to avoid a row,

To learn all my history notes

From Julius Caesar to Titus Oates!

An anonymous writer sent in a good little meditation on the school motto—but may we remind her and others that except for Howlers and Top Corridor Notes all contributions must be signed?

In conclusion, we wish to acknowledge the valuable help of the Art Department in advertising the Magazine.

A. E. F.

Coronation Medley.

HISTORY IS MADE.

May 12th, 1937! This is a day set apart from all others; a day in which history is made. Long before dawn scatters the darkness of night, the streets of mighty London are lined with hilarious and expectant crowds, anxious to pay homage to their King and Queen on the day of their Coronation. They all desire to witness the magnificent pageant of ancient coaches, priceless glittering jewels, gorgeous ermine-trimmed robes, and most of all, to catch a glimpse of our Royal Family as they journey to Westminster Abbey on this great day.

Westminster Abbey! The eyes of the world are on that ancient grey building at this time. Here the gilded coach, which looks as if it had been driven out of a fairy story, halts after its long drive through streets gay with bunting, while King George VI. and his Queen, gorgeous in velvet robes, step into the Abbey to take upon themselves one of the highest offices bestowed on men.

Once again a King and Queen stand before representatives of all the crowned heads of Europe, peers and peeresses of the realm, Members of Parliament, and all the others privileged to witness the solemn ceremony. Golden gowns, silks, velvets, and ermine, and over all the shimmer of incomparable jewels makes the living picture of vivid colours complete. Although many eyes could not see this sight, thanks to the miracle of radio, people all over the world could hear the unforgettable ceremony.

But time passes quickly, and the King and Queen step out to the waiting gilded coach once more, and to the cheers of loyal subjects who love and respect the young royal couple who have so much responsibility upon them.

These crowds! They flock from all over the world to see this pageantry and splendour. Long hours of expectant waiting are wiled away by singing, dancing, and making perhaps new friendships with visitors from the outposts of the Empire.

But now the coach moves forward and the crowd are rewarded for their long wait. As it passes in all its golden glory, with its smiling, glittering inmates, the heart of every loyal British subject rings with the thought, "Long may they reign!"

SHEILA CLARK, Form 3 D.

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"M'GONEGAL REDIVIVUS."

This is Coronation year and it seems fitting that some mention of it should be made in the pages of this Magazine. Since the passing of the great "M'Gonegal" who wrote a "poem" to celebrate any event of national importance there has been no poet equal in genius to this "Man of Letters" who was acknowledged on all sides as "Scotland's Poet Laureate". The following is what might have been penned by the "Great Man" had he been alive to-day:—

CORONATION CELEBRATION.

All the whole of the British nation
Came out to see the Coronation.
When the coach with the Queen and King
Came they broke into wild cheering.
They celebrated it far and wide,
Men and women on every side,
In Edinburgh the Corporation
Gave sweets to schools for commemoration.
The people hung out flags and banners,
They did it all with perfect manners.
Holidays were taken of many days
So that folks could laud them with their praise.
"Woolie's" did a thriving trade
In medals and favours they had made,
And when it's over I'll have never forgot
The marvellous goodies at school I got.

BETTY FISHER, Form 5 A.

* * * *

FLAGS.

On the Coronation Day
Flags were flying bright and gay,
On buildings smoke-begrimed and black
Waved the British Union Jack.

London's smoky city grey
Was brightened in this month of May,
With flags, upon the garden rails,
Of Scotland, England, Ireland, Wales.

Australia's flag on buildings flew
With white stars and red, white, and blue.
Stars of red, and of them four,
Were banners of New Zealand's shore.

South Africa's red, blue and gold
With Union Jack her loyalty told,
Canada's, India's and some more
Waved all that week in hues galore.

Those flags were waved in many a London street
As cheers arose, our King and Queen to greet,
It's truly been a beautiful sight
To see old London gay and bright.

ISABEL M'DONALD, 3 Senior C.

* * * *

CORONATION DAY.

Such a hurry and a scurry,
For Coronation Day;
So many people longing
For the merry 12th of May.

The King and Queen so stately,
Will drive in carriage grand.
The people will be cheering,
And singing with the band.

At last it all is over,
Our King and Queen are crowned.
"Long may they reign so happy,"
Our voices all resound.

HELEN YOUNG, 2 Junior B.

OUR CORONATION BONFIRE.

For over a week the boys and girls of our district had been collecting wood and rubbish with which to make a bonfire on the Twelfth of May. On the Monday some milk-boys from a neighbouring dairy set fire to what we had collected. We had to work very hard to collect more wood. One gentleman gave the boys an old couch and other people gave us rolls of linoleum and baskets.

When I reached the field where the bonfire was built everybody was letting off some of their squibs. One man came up with a bag of rockets which were lovely. One turned pink and green as it soared up in the air. A friend of mine set fire to a Jumping Jack and it chased us all over the place. A boy set off a squib behind me and it burnt my leg.

At about half-past nine o'clock the bonfire was lit. It went well and soon a huge blaze was seen reflected in the sky. More and more squibs kept jumping into the fire, and the air resounded with the loud bangs. If one stood near one felt rather warm.

Gradually the bonfire grew smaller and I could not imagine that it was the huge blaze I had seen an hour before.

Our parents came up to take my brother and me home and as we walked down the road we could see the reflection of other fires in the sky.

DOROTHY POLSON, 3 Senior B.

* * * *

FACTS.

On May 12 was the coronation.

To workmen it was a botheration—

They had to erect stands.

Conductors led their bands.

The King wore the Imperial Crown,

The Queen had a lovely satin gown :

The Princesses wore gold coronets,

The procession was heralded by trumpets.

Coaches were newly painted.

Many people fainted.

We got sweets from the Corporation

And everything was worth the botheration.

ISOBEL HORSBURGH, 2 Senior A.

Report on Short Story Competition.

Thirteen stories were received for this year's competition, and the judges had little hesitation in awarding the prize to :—

"The Lass o' the Mist," by Anne Paterson (Spylaw), Form 4 A.

The basic idea of this story is pleasingly original ; it is well constructed, and the authoress contrives to suggest her background skilfully without overloading the story with description—a pitfall into which several competitors stumble. Very close to the prize-winner comes Moira Haig (Form 1 B), whose fantasy, "Mysterious as the Dawn," we have pleasure in printing for its real beauty of conception and its surprising maturity of style considering that the writer is a First Form pupil.

The most striking feature of this year's entries was the variety in types of story ; backgrounds ranged from China to the Sahara, from the high seas to Flanders during the Great War. Jeanne Bauchope's "Dispatches" had some good points ; the dialogue was crisp and natural and the climax well managed, but it would take a gift of imagination amounting to genius to enable a schoolgirl of 1937 to write a really convincing war story. Three humorous stories, of which "The Ghost Goes West" by Jean Tinch, was the neatest, served to prove that this is one of the hardest types to write really well ; in all three the humour was slightly forced. We should like to mention the ambitious "Sacrificed to the God of Mercy" by Helen Mackenzie, which showed a certain dramatic quality though it was too long drawn-out and slightly obscure.

We thank all the competitors and hope to see more of their work in future years.

A. E. F.

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THE LASS O' THE MIST.

A FAIRY TALE OF COVENANTING DAYS.

Two motionless figures were silhouetted against the yellow light from the leaping flames. In spite of the heat one shuddered and drew her grey shawl more closely around her shoulders.

"Are ye cauld, mither?" A young face was turned, to show the light from the fire, two large grey eyes filled with concern and anguish.

"Na, Ailie, I'm no cauld, but my hert is! It's out there on the bare grey moor prayin' wi' them and for them"

The dark head was bent and the mellow voice was choked with unshed tears. Alison grasped her mother's hand in complete sympathy and understanding. There was silence in the cottage, as they sat, waiting and praying

Alexander MacDonald with his wife, and his fifteen-year old daughter, Alison, had been driven from the comfortable manse at Bonnielee for giving shelter to a pious young Covenanter fleeing from the dragoons. They had been led by a faithful friend to a little shepherd's cottage in the Pentlands. MacDonald's smouldering flame of enthusiasm for the Covenant had been kindled to a blaze by the unjust treatment which he had received; he was even now holding conventicles on the bleak Lang Whang, leaving Ailie and her mother in the cottage to worry and to wait.

Outside, a storm had been rising. The wild wind was whistling in the chimney, sending the smoke from the fire whirling back into the room.

Suddenly, Tam, the collie, pricked up his ears and rushed to the door, barking furiously.

"Quiet, Tam, lad," came Mrs MacDonald's reproachful tone. But the dog was thoroughly alarmed. He rushed madly round the room and overturned the vessel of drinking water in the corner. The cold water seemed to restore him to his usual composed and obedient frame of mind and he crept back to the fireside, his long tail between his quivering legs. The two listened tensely. What was that? "Tap, tap, tap" They heard it above the noise of the storm. Alison arose and opened the door with fast-beating heart. There was—nothing! Soon they heard it again. "Tap, tap, tap" and once again the door was opened. An old woman, drenched by the lashing rain staggered into the room. Mrs MacDonald soon made her comfortable before the fire and gave her a drink of warm, goat's milk.

She was very, very old. Her grey eyes shone like huge lamps in her wizened, sunken face. She glanced towards the overturned vessel and saw the clear water trickling

along a crack in the stone floor. Her eyelids quivered and her colourless lips shaped the word, "Water." Alison looked at her mother in perplexity, and then, with a shrug of her shoulders, threw on her cloak, took a flagon, and set off for the spring, which was half a mile from the cottage.

As soon as she had closed the door, the old woman seemed to revive and began to mutter softly and mysteriously, "She's a Lass o' the Mist, that ane—I kent that was why I was bein' guided here, I kent it—aye, she's a Lass o' the Mist."

Mrs MacDonald listened, amazed.

"What dae ye mean, wifie, wi' a' that haverin'?"

The grey eyes gleamed and the old woman spoke eagerly, leaning forward in the old armchair.

"She's a Lass o' the Mist! I was ane in my time, but my time is up—her's is just begun. Aye, my time is past now. Ance every eighty years, the Fowkies o' the Mist choose a bairn and influence her life. Ance in that life, there is some great thing which that lass can do, because she is a Lass o' the Mist. I mind o' my great nicht. We were sailin' down the west coast when the mist came down and hid the land. I, because I was a Lass o' the Mist, was able to ask the Fowkies to lift it, and they did! Now your lass is ane o' them and she'll dae something to-morrow morn!" She gesticulated emphatically with a bony forefinger.

The door was burst open and Alison entered. Her cheeks were glowing and her eyes were bright.

"The storm is goin', mither. The mist is rising and I feel sae happy!" The old woman exchanged a knowing glance with the mother before she fell back into the armchair—dead!

The mist had lifted and the morning sun was shining. The sky was blue and the horizon was shrouded in blankets of pure white. Alison kissed her mother and set off to the hills to find her father and to ask if he would come to the cottage as soon as possible. Her mother had a great desire that the old woman should have a Christian burial, so Alison was going for the minister. The cry of the whaups was ringing in her ears and she took long, springing steps on the damp, fragrant heath. On she walked for about two hours and then she heard the voices of the worshippers raised in her father's favourite psalm, "I to the hills will lift mine

eyes." She silently joined the group of men, women and children, surrounding her father and began to sing in her clear young voice.

Suddenly a little lad came running over the moor.

"The sodgers, Maister MacDonald, they're comin' ower the hill yonder! Ye'll hae tae run!"

The worthy man looked around his congregation in disappointment. Had one of them been the informer? His eyes rested upon Alison and he greeted her with a curt nod. There was no chance of escape for them now! The dragoons were on the crest of the hill and they would soon be upon this loyal band to separate husband from wife, and father from child. The minister looked at his daughter in despair. Her eyes were closed and her lips were moving. He felt proud of her even in his time of stress. She was praying! The troops were rushing madly towards them. Suddenly and miraculously a thick mist fell completely obscuring the worshippers from their pursuers and they were able to seek refuge on the other side of the moor.

This was how twenty-five precious lives were saved, thanks to Ailie, the Lass o' the Mist.

ANNE PATERSON, Form 4 A.

* * * *

MYSTERIOUS AS THE DAWN.

Over the dark heather-covered moors, sloping gradually up to the towering mountains, the moon shed her silver radiance. Suddenly upon the still night air, arose such pure, such divinely beautiful music, that for a moment the world seemed to pause as if to listen. The clear, silvery notes burst into a melody of unsurpassable beauty, that had surely never before been heard on this earth. Softly, and slowly, the unearthly tones died away, until no sound was heard, save the rippling of a stream which flowed down the slope between banks of soft green moss.

Dawn came at last, and no words could describe the awe-inspiring magnificence, the breath-taking glory of it. Bars of mellow light merged into soft rosy hues, till all the sky glowed with wondrous colour. From behind the purple

heights, the sun rose, bathing the sombre slopes in gold. Through the day the old shepherd tended his sheep on the mountain-side. But when the sun set, he drove his flock before him, homeward bound.

Shadows of night began to fall, stars twinkled, but no moon appeared because it was hidden behind a grey, misty curtain. A verdant valley lay in deeper, gloomier shade than the rest of the moor. Now a voice came from it. A strange, haunting voice singing a sad, very beautiful song:—

"Why is there care in this world,
Where there should be joy,
Why sorrow and death, when all is eternal life?
In this whole wide world there is nought but war,
Where there should be golden peace.
This world must cease at last,
But I shall remain.
Remain—remain—remain."

As the last soft "remain" was wafted over the heather, the moon poured her light upon the scene. No one was in sight, but, in the valley where the strange voice had come from, grew a pure white flower which gleamed in the bright moonlight.

Again the morning came with all its glory, again through the day the aged shepherd watched his flock, and drove them home when day was done. Strangely enough, the moon once more was hidden by mist, as from the grassy dell rose the peculiarly sweet voice which had sung the night before. This time the voice was soft and joyful as it sang back each line of the following song:—

"I shall bring peace to the soul of one poor man who
knows no joy,
Peace I shall bring to make him content,
He shall see Paradise,
By golden streams he shall wander."

The moon, as had happened the night before, came forth from behind the clouds, but again no one was visible.

Upon the rough heath lay dewdrops, which sparkled as the sun shone upon them. Soon came the bent watcher of the sheep. As the day wore on the old man lay on the hill-side; and, as he lay, he heard wonderful music such as he had never heard before. When evening came, the shepherd still lay on the bracken apparently sleeping peacefully.

The sheep bleated impatiently, but still he slept on. Death had overtaken him, and when the searchers found him, there was such a look of peace and joy on his care-lined face that they reverently bowed their heads. Lifting him up they carried him home and placing him gently on a simple bier brought him to his last resting-place. As they laid him in the soft brown earth, a voice whispered "I have brought peace to the soul of one at last."

That night the moon shone on the mound of earth which marked the old man's grave. Upon that mound grew a pure white flower which gleamed softly in the moon's rays.

"Whose was the music, whose the voice
That made a poor man's soul rejoice?"

MOIRA HAIG, Form 1 B.

* * * *

Howlers.

The best of a rather thin crop of Howlers was provided by the first-year pupil who finished a dramatic account of adventures in an aeroplane with the surprising statement: "And there we were, *strangled* in the *dessert*." Can the dessert have been spaghetti?

What crotchet moved the pupil who wrote:—"Running down the hillside were tiny streams in which little *minims* and gold-fish swam about"?

History classes provided two pleasingly ironical statements, as thus:—

"The Holy Alliance was to divide the spoils of war in a Christian manner."

"Cavour could not become a soldier or a courtier so he became Prime Minister."

Peculiarities of the great:

"Louis Napoleon made himself conspicuous at revues."

"Napoleon became very strong and expanded all over Europe."

"Erasmus laid the egg of the Reformation and Luther hatched it. Erasmus was a clever man."

A picturesque scene is suggested by the statement that the Chartists wanted vote by *ballet*.

What bitter experience underlay the definition:—"Diabolical means having to do with geometry"?

Brighter French:—"Revêtu d'un simple surplis, le curé sort de sa retraite" (clad in a plain surplice, the priest comes out of his retreat) was variously translated as:—"Clad in a simple surplus the curate comes out" and "Leaving a little surplus he comes out of his house."

"Le soldat frappé tombe" (the wounded soldier falls) became "the soldier knocks at the tomb."

"Brighter Latin":—Virgil's phrase "*armenta a tergo*" (baggage animals in the rear) became in translation "men fully armed in the rear."

From the Seniors.

THE FOUR WINDS.

The winds were loose in the world last night,
I heard them from my bed.
Chimneys were blown from their stacks last night
So the people said.

The south wind was the warm wind
That did not blow so hard,
The north wind was the cold wind
That froze the travelling bard,
The west wind was the wet wind
That washed the pavements clean,
The east wind was our own wind
That always blows so keen.

When I awoke in bed this morn
I heard the four winds say,
"We're going to let the sun come out,"
In a condescending way.

DOREEN BOOTH, 3 Senior A.

* * * *

THE BRUSH AND THE COMB.

Long, long years ago when a lion was taking his evening tramp through the jungle, something shiny attracted his attention. It was a mirror. Taking it home to his jungle den he placed it on a shelf. When he had scanned his reflection several times he was very alarmed to find that his mane was all rumpled and matted. He sent for his friends to see if they could find a way to disentangle his mane. They could not, so he sent for the crier and sent his appeal throughout all the country. The next day a great crowd assembled outside the lion's den but when the lion asked if anybody knew of a way to straighten the tangles of his mane no one responded. After they had waited a long time a fox and a rooster came hurrying up. A great burst

of applause from the populace rent the air. The fox knelt down before the lion and said, "Pray your majesty may I give you my brush?" and the rooster bowed and said, "Pray your majesty may I lend you my comb?" After using these gifts the lion cried, "Hurrah! Hurrah! the tangles are straightened." As the lion thanked his friends for their brush and comb his cheeks glowed with a happy flush.

RUTH WEDDELL, 3 Senior C.

* * * *

PLAIN JANE.

Plain Jane has no good looks,
But spends spare time in reading books.
History and sums she knows,
And poems and essays can compose.

To school at nine o'clock she goes,
To be punctual is right and proper she knows.
Her Bible and Psalms she repeats with delight;
At Grammar she works with all her might.

At three o'clock when school comes out,
Lessons give place to merry shout.
It is pleasant to play at games in the sun;
Then off to bed when lessons are done.

MARGARET OGILVIE, 2 Senior B.

* * * *

TOPSY AND TURVY.

In a large bowl in the sitting-room live my two goldfish, Topsy and Turvy. I got them from a little Gillespie girl three years ago. She had already had them for two years, so they are not just babes. They live a very unexciting life except for an occasional accident.

I feed them every two or three days, and change the water then too. Whenever I put in the ants' eggs they come up to the top and take a few. I do not know when they sleep as, any time I look at them, they are swimming about.

Turvy, the larger of the two, has twice nearly ended his life. The first time Mother let him slip through her fingers on to the floor and when she put him into the bowl he lay quite still for about one hour. I really felt very sad, as I thought he would not survive. Great was my joy when I saw him try to move about and, ere long, he was himself again.

The other morning I went into the sitting-room and, to my horror, there was Turvy lying on the floor. I put him in his bowl and he fell to the bottom of the dish and lay panting on his side. Father said that there had been too much water in the bowl and he must have jumped out.

Fish must be very heartless as Topsy swam gaily about not paying the least attention to his companion who might easily have died. In two hours' time Turvy was as hale and hearty as ever. Goldfish, therefore, must be like cats and have nine lives.

MURIEL MACAULAY, 2 Senior C.

* * * *

A LUCKY HOLIDAY.

Norma and Jessica Forbes were very excited, for instead of spending their holiday as usual at a farm, they were going this time to a small seaside resort called "Seahaven" in the west of Scotland. When they arrived there, their parents took them to a small boarding house overlooking the sea. After a few days spent happily on the beach they heard about some interesting caves once the haunt of smugglers. As the caves were not far away, a visit to them was decided on. One fine breezy morning the two girls set out on their adventure, and after exploring the outer caves, ventured into the darkest one. Very cautiously they went forward, and with the aid of their torch made a startling discovery. On a ledge of rock they found a box wrapped in coarse sacking. With trembling fingers they opened it, and to their amazement found the box contained two diamond brooches which glittered even in the dimness of the cave. They took the box and its contents to the police who identified the brooches as the property of a lady visitor from whom they had been stolen the previous year. The thief had

evidently hidden them in the cave intending to come back for them after the theft was forgotten. The handsome reward which had been offered for their recovery was later sent to the fortunate girls.

SHEENA MORRISON, 1 Senior A.

* * * *

NOT MUCH FUN.

Little Miss Sparrow went hop, hop, hop.
She'd spied a crumb, so she dared not stop,
For Master Sparrow had seen it too,
And after his sister he quickly flew.

"There's one for you and here's one for me,
But what a pity there are not three!"
"A dreadful pity, without a doubt:
We'd have liked another—to quarrel about!"

BETTY UNDERWOOD, 1 Senior B.

* * * *

MY GARDEN.

In January my garden
Is thick and deep in snow;
In February the snow-drops
Their tiny faces show.
March and April bring the crocus,
Purple, yellow, white;
May, the apple blossom
To give us apples, rosy bright.
In June, July and August,
There are flowers of every hue;
Why! this is coronation year,
I'll have them red, white, and blue.

Then Autumn in her glory
Of gay chrysanthemums
Makes riot in my garden
Before the winter comes.
And even in the winter,
There are berries red and bright
To gladden up the borders
And give me great delight.

SHEILA JENKINSON, 1 Senior C.

THOUGHTS AT EVENING.

"What are you dreaming of, Ellen dear?
Fairies dancing at night?
Or bunnies running over the hill,
Or buttercups gleaming bright?"

"No, I'm not dreaming of any of those,
I'm wondering, hard as can be,
If Mum will remember she said that I might
Have blackcurrant jam for tea!"

ELLEN M'GEORGE, 1 Senior C.

* * * *

From the Juniors.

THE SNOWMAN.

"I'm cold," said the snowman
Slapping himself.
"But I'll build you a fire,"
Said Tippy the elf.

So he gathered a few sticks
And set them alight.
He kept the fire burning
All through the night.

But alas in the morning
No snowman was there.
"Now where can he be?"
Cried the elf in despair.

He looked round about
But nothing could he see,
"Oh, I know where he is,
Into water he will be."

MARGARET MASKELL, 2 Junior A.

* * * *

A PROMISE.

Resolutions are hard to keep,
You can't help trying to pry and peep.
Or climb a tree just now and then,
Or spoil your daddy's fountain pen,
Or come indoors with muddy feet,
Or raid the pantry for things to eat.
But now I've promised Mum and Dad
To try each day and not be bad.

PAT FORBES, 2 Junior B.

A SAIL ON THE NORTH SEA.

We sailed to Denmark on a steamer named the "Clara." We sailed from Burntisland to Horsor which took four days, four very happy days. For three whole days we saw nothing but sea, and during that time the sailors washed and polished all the ship for it was all covered with coal dust. I was given a pail and a brush and worked with the sailors. The decks were being hosed and the captain laughed when I took the hose and wet the sailors. I also enjoyed helping the steward to set and clear the table. I played on the bridge and danced Scottish dances to the captain and the mate and they let me help steer the ship. The sea was calm all the way. We scarcely knew we were sailing. When the pilot came on to the boat to steer us into the harbour, we realized our voyage was at an end.

ELSIE R. DUNBAR, 1 Junior A.

* * * *

A SAD MISTAKE.

One very warm day I thought I would have a swim at Warrender Baths. When I was almost at the Baths I saw two men with bathing costumes under their arms. When they were nearly going into the baths I said "Excuse me, gentlemen, but this is the ladies' day." One of them said "Oh. Bother! Thanks." Then they went away. I wonder if they went and had an ice cream. That's what I would have done. Wouldn't you?

LILIAS H. DAVIDSON, 1 Junior B.

* * * *

From the Infants.

One day coming home I lost my watch clip, and I went right back to the bottom of the street but I could not find it so I just went home and told my mother and I am getting another one to-day.

The Brownies are going to the Zoo on the fifth of June. We have to take a gift. We are taking a patch work quilt and we have to make a patch each.

I saw the Duchess of Kent on Wednesday, but I was away at the back so I could not see very well. Anyhow I cheered enough, and after a bit I managed to squeeze to the front.

My big dog Wanda has got nine pretty little puppies and Mirth likes to go into the kennel beside them because she likes them better than Wanda does. Mirth is going to a Dog Show on Saturday.

My aunty's little bird is dead, it got a shock. And the dog next door got killed with a car so I have no one to play with now.

On Monday Mummy and I saw Auntie Chrissie off at the station and when the train went off Mummy found she had Auntie's waterproof over her arm, and when we got home Elspeth's baby spoon was lying on the table. Mummy sent them on the next morning.

On Wednesday we heard the Coronation on the wireless and Mummy said she wished she was there. At night when I went to bed I dreamed I was at the Coronation.

I went to the country as I knew some friends that lived on a farm, Mrs Brown allowed me to milk the cow. The farmer, Mr Brown, said the cow would kick me and afterwards it did kick me.

SENIOR INFANTS A.

* * * *

On Sunday I was at the comunion. I never got any wine or bread. My little cusen and I were sitting in the garuly. My mummy and my granny were downstairs.

I have to go to dancing on Friday. It is toe-dancing and I have speshl shoes. I have no kotin-wool and my toes are sometimes sore, bekos I never put kotin-wool on them. When I have sharp toe nalse they help to be sore.

My best doll is broken and her name is Joan. I like her very much. Daddy plastered her up, but it did no good. It is her body, and Daddy says she will need a new one.

On Saturday when I was asleep Daddy snored. I woke up and nearly jumped out of bed with frite. Then I said, you nearly made me jump out of bed.

Last Thursday it was my Granny's birthday. I took her a chocolate cake. My little sister took her the first snowdrop out of the garden and two hankies. Mummy took her a black pinny and pandrops. She liked them, and now she is seventynine.

On Sunday I told my Daddy that I had a nice surprise for him and he could not get out of bed quick enuf to see what it was. When he sat down to breakfast, he found my Valentine Card under his plate.

My mummy enjoyed the school on Wednesday. She fot it was very interesting and she wished that she was back at school herself.

SENIOR INFANTS B.

* * * *

My daddy is a speshel constabell and he has constabells close.

We have a thrushs nest and four baby thrushes have come out. They have funny becks and I saw the father bird kolekting wurims.

I was away my holiday on my fathers ship and I rold out of my bunk. I lookt out of the port hole sometimes and I saw the waves.

King George is going to be crowned on Wednesday and Im going to lisen thru the wirlis to the brodkast.

The school bell will ring today and I like school. we get the circus game at school and get jumping and the frog game.

I have a garden and I am going to buy a china nome I will like my little nome.

Avril had a birthday party yesterday and she got to blowe out the candles on the school cake.

My daddy took down the shelfvs and mummy had to get the plastrer and aftr the plastrer went away we had to leve the plastr alone then when the plastr was dry daddy washd the seling and paprd the walls.

JUNIOR INFANTS A.

The snow was laing deep when I came to school. My feet wer undir the snow and I omist fell.

My mother took me to the pant-a-muyn and I so Peter Pan. The crocadl swalod a cloc in a mistec.

I have a puppi cold Nibs. I tek him out for a wock. Nibs bits my tos when daddy caris me up stairs to my bed.

My baby sister can clap her hands and she can wev her hands. Isnt she a cluvr girl. She has a sumir frock and a cornashun doggi to hang up on her pram.

When I was at my Granny's howes there was a parit sitting on the books, and it was ded. It maid me laf.

I was watiring the plants in the garden and I watired fathers tree, and the crocases and sum choolips, they wer yelo wons and purpel wons.

When I was fore I wished I was five to be at school—now I luvit.

In Spring the birds sing and I love to here them sing and I sing myself.

JUNIOR INFANTS B.

* * * *

Reports of Societies.

JAMES GILLESPIE'S LITERARY AND DRAMATIC SOCIETY.

Another year has come and gone, and James Gillespie's Literary and Dramatic Society grows bigger and better every session. We have enjoyed many new types of meetings this session, and a number of old favourites have also proved most successful.

The session opened most promisingly with "Travellers' Tales." The tales told with great histrionic ability by both staff-members and pupils, proved so popular that when, at a later date, a lecturer from the S.Y.H.A. failed to put in an appearance at one of our meetings, impromptu "Travellers' Tales" made a success of an evening which had threatened to be a failure.

The high standard of public speaking has been upheld and even bettered this year. Frequent debates have provided ample scope for discussion. An outstanding debate was, "That Human Progress is an Illusion," when many searching points were raised. We enjoyed our inter-debate with Boroughmuir Literary and Debating Society again this year. During Education Week in November we took part in an inter-debate with this society in the Waverley Market, and this gave us an opportunity of exhibiting our prowess in public speaking. Other successful debates were our inter-debate with the Science Association and that with the Former Members.

"Hat Night" was especially interesting and amusing, as the subject matter ranged from "Belisha Beacons" to "School Ink" and each topic was dealt with most aptly. The Inter-Form Dramatic Competition was won by the Fourth Year who presented the "Dark Lady of the Sonnets." A new meeting took the form of "Literary Enthusiasms," where several members revealed their extensive knowledge of books, and spoke eloquently about their favourite authors.

In February the Boroughmuir Society kindly invited a number of our society to their Burns Supper and the secretary represented our society and replied to the toast of the Kindred Societies which was proposed by a Boroughmuir member.

Our Social and Former Members' Reunion was as usual well attended and much enjoyed.

Magazine Night was a fitting conclusion to such a highly successful session. There was an abundance of material, and the contributions were of an excellent literary standard. Eleanor Ginsburg was presented with a book token for the best prose contribution, and Jean Currie also won a book token, and the proud position of Bard to the Society, for the best poem.

To our President, Miss Foster, we extend our thanks and appreciation for her untiring service to the "Lit." It has largely been her enthusiasm and encouragement, which have made the "Lit." the admirable society which it is to-day.

The fourth year members continue to display as much enthusiasm as their seniors in the fifth and sixth forms, and we hope that next year's fourth year will uphold this reputation. We extend our best wishes to those who will soon be joining the ranks of Former Members and also to those who will be carrying on the good work next year.

JEAN R. CURRIE, *Secretary.*

* * * *

SCIENCE ASSOCIATION.

This, the tenth year of the Science Association, has proved very successful. In addition to the usual features such as debates, short papers, "Surprise Night," "Young Members' Night," several innovations were introduced. The F.P. Reunion and Social was combined with the Association's Tenth Birthday Party which was supported by the "Rhythmic Ten." The large two-tiered birthday cake ornamented with science beakers and tripods caused much amusement. "Scientific Magic Night" and the inter-debate with George Heriot's School brought large attendances. Altogether the session was a remarkable one in respect of both public speaking and general enthusiasm.

Our grateful thanks are once again due to our President, Mr Brash, without whose able assistance and co-operation the society could not be carried on. Long may he continue in his office!

MARGARET S. BEE, *Secretary.*

SCRIPTURE UNION.

This year the Scripture Union meetings have been carried on by third year girls, but the numbers present have maintained a fairly high average. A new record attendance of 63 has been attained and it is hoped this will be surpassed next session. New members will be welcomed.

A special meeting, which was attended by 28 members of the staff, was held on the 4th of February. We hope to make this an annual occasion.

JEAN TINCH.

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SCHOOL ORCHESTRA.

Those who have had occasion to linger in school on Thursday afternoons after 3.15 p.m. may have been curious about weird sounds proceeding from the Music Room. A few bold people have risked meeting a room full of tortured spirits and have opened the door to find seventeen people of all sizes and ages happily tuning string instruments of all colours and sizes.

The school orchestra, then, may not always make sounds to delight others, but its members certainly do enjoy their own efforts. And there is no doubt that we are improving, for one member of staff actually recognised one of the tunes we were playing the other day.

We have played in public on three occasions, at the Carol Services and at two Christmas parties, and we played to our guests at a party we had before Easter.

We should like very much to have some players of wind instruments and we should be delighted if any girl who is musically inclined would learn the flute or oboe or clarinet. The school owns two cellos which are being used by beginners this year. These will be available for loan next year for any pupil who wishes to learn.

We hope our membership will go on increasing and Mr Wishart our conductor will be very happy to give information to any pupils—or their parents—if they are interested.

M. M. N.

SKETCH CLUB.

The Sketch Club has finished a highly successful session, having had a membership of 100 during the past year. It has met every Thursday and Friday from 3.15 to 4 (the two days of meeting being made necessary by the large membership) for the practice of Life Drawing and Imaginative Drawing.

In the S.S.P.C.A. Poster Competition Dorothy Beaton (aged 12) won a book prize for the best drawing among the 117 posters submitted, Muriel Ford (aged 13) for the poster conveying the best international idea, and Edna Sanders (aged 15) for the poster showing most originality. Three books were presented by the S.S.P.C.A. to the school library, in consideration of Gillespie's having submitted the best group of posters.

An unusual number of members of the Club have won prizes in drawing and painting competitions organised by various newspapers and business firms, and Betty Maxton has had one of her drawings bought by a publishing firm for reproduction.

Membership of the Sketch Club is open to the whole school (infants included!) and any pupils specially interested in art will be warmly welcomed.

* * * *

School Sports.

HOCKEY.

The past Hockey season has not been as successful as in previous years, but owing to very bad weather there was great lack of practice and a considerable number of the matches had to be cancelled.

Gillespie's were represented in the Junior and Senior Seven-a-Side Tournaments both of which were closely contested. It was unfortunate that, owing to a misunderstanding, our Junior team were defeated by Trinity, one of the ultimate finalists, but they fought bravely and proved themselves as good losers as they might have been winners. We wish them better luck next year. Our Senior team fared better, winning each of the three ties they played and it was with proud hearts that each member of the team was congratulated by our new Headmistress herself. Our hockey captain received a treasury note from an anonymous donor, as a reward for the splendid way our team had played and won their way to victory. This was subsequently spent on a very enjoyable "treat" for which we thank the donor.

In the house matches this year there was keen competition between Gilmore and Roslin, but Gilmore ultimately proved victorious by beating Roslin by two points, thus holding the Hockey Cup for 2 years in succession.

The results were:—

1. Gilmore	16 points.
2. Roslin	12 "
3. Warrender	8 "
4. Spylaw	0 "

The results of the season's matches were:—

	PLAYED	WON	LOST	DRAWN	FOR	AGST.
1st XI.	15	8	5	2	65	22
2nd XI.	13	12	1	—	58	10
3rd XI.	13	10	3	—	44	18
4th XI.	11	7	3	1	39	26
5th XI.	12	8	3	1	44	10
6th XI.	6	6	—	—	29	4

J. S. P.

TENNIS.

Tennis has once again been one of the most popular features in the school games this summer.

Keen enthusiasm was shown in the house matches which were ultimately won by Warrender with Roslin and Gilmore close seconds.

The doubles and singles tournaments, for which there has been a large entry, are now in steady progress.

At first, the school team represented by

V. Crerar and D. Brown,
J. Currie and M. Bee,
C. Tait and T. Brydon

was not so successful, but lately they have been showing better form.

The results of the matches are as follows:—

Dunfermline	7	:	Gillespie's	2
Esdaile	6	:	Gillespie's	3
Stirling	6	:	Gillespie's	3
Dunfermline	3	:	Gillespie's	6
Trinity	3	:	Gillespie's	6

The Staff match remains to be played.

V. F. C.

SWIMMING.

The Swimming Club has had a most successful session. The numbers in all classes have been very large, the total membership of the Club being 450. At the examinations held by the Edinburgh Education Authority each term, a large number of certificates have been gained in all grades, Elementary, Intermediate, Advanced, and Life Saving. Awards by the Royal Life Saving Society have also been made to the following pupils:—*First-Class Instructress*, Geira Barker; *Second-Class Instructress*, Ella May Moore; *First Bar to Bronze Medallion*, Ella May Moore, Geira Barker, Nyasa Burn; *Bronze Medallion*, Margaret Robinson, Margaret Mills, Patricia McDermott, Margaret Gooding; *Intermediate and Bronze Medallion*, Betty Sheed, Jean Grey, Marion Peden, Helen Donaldson; *Intermediate*, Mary McKillop, Joan Dickson, Maud Marshall; *Elementary and Intermediate*, Dorothy Polson, Mary Beaton, May Finnis, Norma Watson; *Elementary*, Mary McKillop, Abigail Howieson, Muriel Bunney, Marjory Drummond, Doreen Booth, Wilma Moore, Dinah Hunter, Elinor Wylie, Evelyn Goudie.

On the evening of 7th May, our Fifteenth Annual Swimming Gala was held in Warrender Baths before a large gathering of parents and friends. Mr Tom Scott presided, and the prizes were presented by Mrs Burnett. We were delighted to have Miss Andrew with us and are indebted to her for her kind remarks.

The following are the principal results of the Gala:—

CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE SCHOOL—Elsie Taylor, 23 points—gained for the second year.

RUNNER-UP—Betty Gall, 10 points.

25 Yards Handicap. Grade A—Muriel Gilbert.
" " " B—Abigail Howieson.
" " " C—Cecilia Baird.
" " " D—Muriel Bunney.
" " " E—Molly Ferguson.
" " " F—Doris Sey.
" " " G—Dinah Hunter.
" " " H—Norma Watson.

50 Yards Handicap. Grade A—Ella Moore.
" " " B—Gertrude Lemmon.
" " " C—Wilma Moore.
" " " D—Margaret Robinson.
" " " E—Dorothy Bell.

Invitation Schools' Team Race—James Gillespie's High School.

Scholars' Race—Edna Tait.

Balloon Race—Molly Ferguson.

Life Saving in Pairs—Elsie Taylor and Betty Gall.

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

50 Yards Handicap for Former Pupils—Edith Strachan.

Yacht Race—Elsie Taylor.

House Derby—Audrey Barker (Roslin).

Plate Lifting—Betty Gall.

Inter-House Overhead Ball—1. Spylaw; 2. Roslin.

The House Championship was won by Gilmore with 29 points, with Warrender as runners-up with 27 points.

Our very heartiest congratulations go to those who represented our school at the Edinburgh Education Committee Swimming Gala on 7th June. They gave a most creditable performance as the following splendid results show:—

Eileen Rodman—2nd place—50 ft. Breast Stroke—under 11 years.

Winnie Black—1st place—One Length Breast Stroke—12 to 13 years.
Ella Moore—1st place—Two-Length Breast Stroke Championship—over 14 years.

Janet Gray—2nd place—One-Length Free Style—12 to 13 years.
Doreen Mason—1st place—Two Lengths—13 to 14 years, gaining School Board Medal.

Elsie Taylor—1st place—Two Lengths—over 15 years. Record time of 33½ secs.

Elsie Taylor } 1st place—Pairs Life-Saving—Open.
Betty Gall }

Winnie Black } 1st place—Team Race—under 14 years, gaining
Janet Gray } Education Committee Challenge Shield.
Jean Halkett }

Doreen Mason }
Betty Gall } 1st place—Team Race—Open, gaining Secondary
Ella Moore } Schools' Cup.
Doreen Mason }
Elsie Taylor }

We were invited to send a team to compete in the Inter-Schools' Race at the Galas of both Boroughmuir Secondary School and Broughton Secondary School and in both cases gained first place. Our congratulations go to both teams.

We should like to take this opportunity of thanking Miss Ellen King both for her delightful exhibition of swimming strokes at the Gala and for her work throughout the year. To Miss McLay also we extend our heartiest thanks.

E. C. M. M.

GOLF.

The Championship Tournament for the custody of the M'Ewan Medal has now reached the Final stage.

Jessie M'Lean beat Dorothy Paterson 3 and 2.

No House Matches were played this year owing to lack of numbers.
W. S.

CRICKET.

The 1937 season, the tenth in the history of the Club, has produced a very high standard of play, and the present 1st XI. is undoubtedly the best balanced team which has ever represented the school. A new record in membership has been achieved and it has been possible to field two elevens regularly although fixtures have been rather difficult to obtain. The general improvement in play is due to an enthusiasm for the game which has ensured regular attendance and conscientious effort at the practices. In particular the batting has fully maintained the consistency of last season, the bowling has acquired greater variety and accuracy, several fine catches have been taken, and the ground fielding has improved considerably. V. Crerar has been the most successful batsman with an average of 43.3 and a highest score of 61 not out. In the course of the four games played, C. Tait and M. Murray have captured 17 and 13 wickets respectively, while B. Grubb and C. Macmillan have set a fine example by their excellent fielding.

The members of the 1st XI. are as follows:—C. Tait (*Captain*), M. Morton, V. Crerar, D. Brown, J. M'Lean, C. Macmillan, O. Torrance, M. Newlands, M. Murray, B. Grubb, and R. MacBeath.

J. Currie, I. MacDonald, Joan Paterson and I. Wright have also played.



ISOBEL LORNIE.
Form VI.



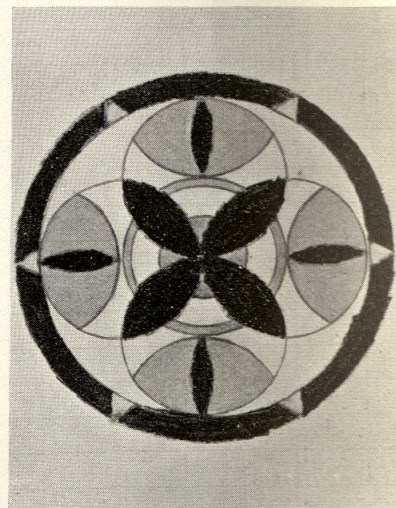
MARY MALLINSON.
Form VI.



DOROTHY KERR.



DOROTHY HIRST.



ELINOR CLELAND.

The following are the results of the 1st XI. games to date :—

OPPONENTS	RUNS FOR	RUNS AGST.	RESULT
Esdaile	83	81	Win
John Watson's	115 for 6	12	Win
St. George's A.	98 for 7	49	Win
Atholl Crescent	100 for 8	61 for 9	Win

On the omission of Throwing the Cricket Ball from the School Sports, the Cricket Club decided to hold the event under its own auspices. M. Murray won with a throw of 153 feet, beating her own School record by more than 2 feet, while C. Macmillan also beat the previous record.

J. C. B.

ANNUAL SPORTS.

On Wednesday, 16th June, the Annual Sports were favoured with delightful weather conditions, and a very large gathering of spectators enjoyed an interesting afternoon's racing.

The Infants' Prizes were presented by Mrs Sloan at the Sports Field, while the Headmistress handed over those for the Primary and Secondary Departments in School on Thursday, 17th June. There were 1,550 entries.

The House Championship produced a closer struggle than has been the case for several years. With the Open Relay Race still to be run, Warrender were leading Gilmore by 7 points. By winning the last race however, Gilmore once more became Champion House—the final result being Gilmore, 74 points; Warrender, 56; Roslin, 51; and Spylaw, 29.

By winning the Hurdles, the Broad Jump, the High Jump and finishing second in the 100 Yards, Margaret Morton retained her title of Individual Champion with a total of 19 points. Barbara Grubb was runner-up with 12 points. The winner receives the Stevenson Cup and Gold Medal and the runner-up the Scott Prize.

Two School Records were broken :—

Margaret Welsh in the under 15 High Jump, clearing 4 ft. 2½ in., and Margaret Morton in the Open High Jump raising the figure to 4 ft. 5½ in.

The following were the Prize winners :—

Infants.

Flat Races :—

Senior A—Margaret Dewar, Betty M'Intyre, Elinor Angus, Doris Yule, Nan Brotherston, Margaret M'Kinlay, Jean Gastall.

Senior B—Mona M'Crostie, Marjorie Young, Betty Scott, Cathie Simpson, Elizabeth Reid, Dorothy Watson.

Junior A—Avril Johnston, Doreen Young, Agnes Gavine, Dorothy Dickson, Margaret McMillan, Doreen Gruber.

Junior B—Joyce Hamilton, Doreen Dodds, Alice Dorrill, Aileen Kennedy, Margaret Macfarlane, Margaret Tweedie.

Skiping Races :—

Senior A—Freda Philip, Doris Seacy, Nan Brotherston, Margt. M'Kinlay.

Senior B—Mona M'Crostie, Marjorie Young, Betty Scott, Cathie Simpson, Elizabeth Reid, Joyce Bowman.

Primary.

- 80 Yards (under 9)—1. Patricia Forbes. 2. Jean Dickson; 3. Sheila Scott.
 „ (under 10)—1. Ann Walker; 2. Margt. Maskall; 3. Hazel Fraser.
 100 Yards (under 11)—1. Sheila Sutherland; 2. Irene Chalmers; 3. Dorothy Trotter.
 „ (under 12)—1. Betty Mathew; 2. Dorothy Hamilton; 3. Ruth Watt.
 „ (Open)—1. Molly Ferguson; 2. Margaret Lawrie.
 Skipping Race (under 10)—1. Ann Walker; 2. Hazel Fraser; 3. Ailsa Braidwood; 4. Margaret Tait.
 „ (under 12)—1. Olive Woodburn; 2. Margt. Fowler; 3. Ruth Watt.
 „ (Open)—1. Muriel Purves.
 Egg and Spoon Race (under 11)—1. Irene Park; 2. Moira M'Kinnon; 3. Ishbel Matheson; 4. Muriel Leishman; 5. Elsie Dunbar.
 „ „ (Open)—1. Nan Brydon; 2. Janet Buchanan; 3. Betty Lawrie.
 Three-Legged Race (under 10)—1. Dorothy Budge and Grace Davie; 2. Patricia Forbes and Frances M'Vey.
 „ (Open)—1. Muriel Purves and Dorothy Beaton; 2. Winifred Black and Molly Ferguson.
 Sack Races—1. Molly Ferguson; 2. Dorothy Beaton; 3. Elsie Simpson; 4. Evelyn Goudie.
 Inter-Class Relays :—
 1st Senior A.—Irene Chalmers, Kathleen Halket, Valmia Edenborough, Ann Gilchrist.
 2nd Senior A.—Janet Buchanan, Joyce Cruikshank, Violet Dunn, Sheila Sutherland.
 3rd Senior B.—Maud Marshall, Muriel Purves, Mary M'Kie, Dorothy Beaton.

Secondary.

- 220 Yards—Open—1. Margaret Morton.
 100 Yards (under 13)—1. Margaret Mowatt.
 „ (under 14)—1. Ruby Stewart; 2. Yvonne Morrison.
 „ (under 15)—1. Margaret McBeath.
 „ (Open)—1. Barbara Grubb; 2. Margaret Morton.
 Skipping Race (under 14)—1. Yvonne Morrison.
 „ (Open)—1. Dorothy Brown; 2. Cathie Hall.
 Egg and Spoon Race (under 14)—1. Audrey Barker; 2. Hazel Stewart; 3. Lena Harkess.
 „ „ (Open)—1. Isobel McDonald; 2. June Swanson; 3. Martha McMorran.
 Three-Legged Race (Open)—1. Cathie Tait and Violet Crerar; 2. Muriel Ford and Jean Donaldson; 3. Yvonne Morrison and Florence Bowie; 4. Joyce Nicol and Rita Mitchell.
 Sack Race—1. Cissie Brydon; 2. Jean Butchart; 3. Evelyn Small.
 300 Yards Handicap—1. Margaret Mowatt; 2. Joyce Nicol.
 Hurdles Race (under 15)—1. Isobel McDonald; 2. Hazel Ballantyne;
 „ (Open)—1. Margaret Morton.

Inter-House Relays :—

- Under 15—1. Warrender (Mina Simpson, Margaret Welsh, Isobel McDonald, Anne Wood).
 Open—1. Gilmore (Cathie Hall, Barbara Grubb, Sadie McCrimmon, May Durie).
 Hockey Dribble—1. Cissie Brydon; 2. Dorothy Brown.
 High Jump (under 15)—1. Margaret Welsh, 4 ft. 2½ in. *School Record.*
 „ (Open)—1. Margaret Morton, 4 ft. 5½ in. *School Record.*
 Broad Jump (under 15)—1. Rita M'Beath, 13 ft. 7 in.
 „ (Open)—1. Margaret Morton, 15 ft. 2½ in.

INTER-HOUSE HOCKEY CUP.**PREVIOUS WINNERS.**

1930-31—Gilmore.	1931-32—Gilmore.
1932-33—Gilmore.	1933-34—Roslin.
1934-35—Roslin.	1935-36—Gilmore.
	1936-37—Gilmore.

HOUSE CHAMPIONSHIP.**SOME PREVIOUS WINNERS.**

1932-33—Gilmore.	1933-34—Spylaw.
1934-35—Warrender.	1935-36—Gilmore.

HOUSE CHAMPIONSHIP, 1936-37.

	GILMORE.	ROSLIN.	SPYLAW.	WARRENDER
	Pts.	Pts.	Pts.	Pts.
Merit . . .	70	88	106	86
Attendance . . .	36	37	33	44
Hockey . . .	44	33	—	22
Swimming . . .	32	23	15	30
Sports . . .	35	24	14	27
Tennis . . .	28	28	9	35
Totals . . .	245	233	177	244
Less Penalty Points . . .	74	70	69	87
Grand Totals . . .	171	163	108	157
	<i>Champion House—Gilmore.</i>		<i>Second—Roslin.</i>	

J. C. B.

* * * *

Former Pupils' Section.

FORMER PUPILS' CLUB. 1936-1937.

The opening meeting for the Session 1936-37 was held in School on Friday, 23rd October 1936. Miss M. J. Campbell was in the Chair. After the Secretary's report for the previous session had been read and adopted, the Chairman 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.

President—Miss D. S. C. Sanders.

Vice-President—Miss M. Y. Campbell.

Secretary—Miss C. Graham, 57 Montpelier Park.

Treasurer—Miss A. M. Nicol, 23 Marchmont Crescent.

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

Bateman, A. E. Dargie, B. Fletcher, M. Fraser, E. T.

Rosie, J. Swain, M. Sinclair, L. Watt, Mr J. G. Glen.

About 100 F.P.'s were present. The remainder of the evening was devoted to dancing.

The second meeting, which took the form of a Country Dance, was held in School on 11th December, and, again this year, proved to be most successful.

The Annual Dance on Thursday, 11th February, was held in the Plaza, and was greatly enjoyed by some 120 F.P.'s and their friends.

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

C. GRAHAM,
Hon. Secretary.

* * * *

F.P. HOCKEY CLUB.

We began the Season 1936-7 with a Party in the Grafton Café, when some 36 members and friends spent an enjoyable evening.

Weather conditions were very much against us, and more than half of the 2nd XI. fixtures had to be cancelled. The results for the season are :—

	PLAYED	WON	LOST	DRAWN	FOR	AGST.
1st XI.	17	6	6	5	34	44
2nd XI.	12	5	5	2	37	40

A Team was entered for the East District Sevens Tournament, but was beaten in the 1st round 2—0 by Western.

An "A" and "B" Team were entered for the Hawkhill Sevens. The "B" Team lost to E.W.A.C. "A" in the 1st round 3—0, the "A" Seven beat Liberton Ladies in the 1st round and passed into the 2nd round to play Dunbar. After a great tussle and a very fine display of hockey they had the bad luck to lose by a corner.

This year we have adopted maroon stockings, and are confident that we now have a very smart and distinctive strip.

At the Annual General Meeting Miss Anna Nicol was elected Captain for Season 1937-38. It was decided to hold practices each Wednesday in September at Roseburn Park, and at Meggetland on Saturdays. We also are going to run another opening Party at the Grafton Café on Saturday, 2nd October. I shall be very pleased to hear from anyone who is thinking of joining, and all prospective members will be made very welcome at the Party and the practices. If interested, please communicate with the Secretary before the end of August. We have two very good fixture lists for next year.

The Club, since its re-start in 1932, has had its set-backs, but I think it has now definitely established itself, and has a promising future. The spirit in the Club is very fine indeed, and we are all agreed that this has been a very jolly season.

It gives me great pleasure to announce that Miss Andrew has very kindly consented to become Honorary President of the Club.

A. E. DARGIE, *Secy.*,
31 Dalhousie Terrace,
Edinburgh, 10.

Tel. 54714.

* * * *

F.P. NOTES.

Misses MARGARET S. G. SPENCE, FLORA C. WISHART, MARION J. DONALDSON, M.A., MARY W. FLEMING, M.A., VIOLET I. GRIEVE, M.A., GRACE B. HEIGH, M.A., CHRISTINA M. MACKINNON, M.A., MARGARET B. F. NISBET, M.A., and NANCY B. STEWART, M.A., have been placed by Edinburgh Education Committee on the list for prospective appointments as teachers in primary schools. Misses ELLEN M. A. BAILLIE, HELEN M. GRAY, AGNES BERTRAM and CHRISTIAN M'STRAVICK have been awarded the degree of Master of Arts at Edinburgh University.

- Miss LUCY E. TOPPING, B.Sc., has been awarded the degree of Doctor of Philosophy in the Faculty of Science at Edinburgh University.
- Miss DOROTHY M. MINCK (last year's Dux) has gained the class medals in both First Ordinary French and First Ordinary German at Edinburgh University.
- Misses ESMÉ AITKINS, M.A., and MARGARET LIDDLE, M.A., have been placed by Midlothian Education Committee on the list for prospective teaching appointments.
- Mr ROBERT McLEOD, Mus.Bac., former Singing Master in James Gillespie's School, has been awarded the degree of Doctor of Music at Edinburgh University.
- The Rev. JAMES R. GUTHRIE, B.D., has been appointed as minister of St. George's and Trinity Church, Montrose.
- Miss MARJORIE M. G. HARRIS took third place in the Scottish Back-Stroke Swimming Championship, and representing the East of Scotland, beat the representatives of the West and Midlands.
- Miss MARGARET CROWE has been awarded an Andrew Grant Scholarship of £80 at the Edinburgh College of Art.
- Miss DORIS BROWN has been awarded the degree of M.B., Ch.B., at Edinburgh University.
- Misses MORAG DODS, ANNE H. LOCKIE and ELIZABETH GEMMELL have passed the Second Professional Examination in Medicine at Edinburgh University.
- Miss OLIVE MCAUSLAND has passed the First Professional Examination in Medicine at Edinburgh University.
- Mr JOHN D. CHRISTIE has been awarded M.A. with First-Class Hons. in Classics, and the Nowell Scholarship at Oriel College, Oxford.
- Miss VIOLET TRAINER has been appointed artist to the firm of Messrs Patrick Thomson, Ltd.
- Miss RUBY OCKRENT has passed the "Clerical Class" Civil Service Examination, taking 219th place out of 7,000, and is now working in the Department of Health for Scotland.
- Misses DOROTHY CUNNINGHAM and JESSIE DALGLEISH were placed respectively 4th and 8th for Great Britain in a recent "Government Typists' " Civil Service Examination.
- Misses BETTY MACDONALD and BETTY THOMSON took 2nd and 5th places respectively in a recent "Writing Assistants' " Civil Service Examination.

MARRIAGES.

- DONALDSON—SOMERVILLE.—On 8th June 1936, JAMES CHARLES DONALDSON, to NORA SOMERVILLE, 109 Gilmore Place.
- SETH—DODS.—On 11th July 1936, GEORGE SETH, to MAY DODS, Colinton Road.
- SCOTT—BRYDON.—On 18th July 1936, ALFRED J. SCOTT, to ANNIE G. BRYDON, M.A., 47 Falcon Gardens.
- CLARK—COOPER.—On 29th August 1936, GEORGE STEPHEN CLARK, to BETTY BAKIE COOPER, 27 Slateford Road.
- M'GREGOR—CARROL.—On 12th September 1936, ROBERT WATSON M'GREGOR, to MILLICENT CARROL, 12 Woodburn Terrace.
- DEWAR—REID.—On 26th September 1936, JAMES THOMSON DEWAR, to MAISIE GLOVER REID, 19 Abercorn Terrace, Portobello.
- VEITCH—GORDON.—In London, on 27th February 1937, GEORGE B. W. VEITCH, to MARGARET MACKENZIE GORDON, 4 Hartington Place.

- SHIERLAW—WHITTON.—On 12th March 1937, LOUDON CRANSTON SHIERLAW, to EUPHEMIA F. B. WHITTON, 30 Shandon Place.
- FLETT—SINCLAIR.—On 27th March 1937, DAVID FLETT, to GERTRUDE CHRISTINA SINCLAIR, 102 Liberton Brae.
- CHRISTIE—BELL.—On 31st March 1937, Rev. ROBERT C. CHRISTIE M.A., to LYNDSEY LILIAS BELL, 13 Sciennes Gardens.
- PROUDFOOT—HUNTER.—On 3rd April 1937, PATRICK U. PROUDFOOT, B.Sc., A.M.I.C.E., A.M.I.S.E., 66 Findhorn Place, to ELIZABETH F. HUNTER.
- REID—SINCLAIR.—On 3rd April 1937, RAYMOND A. REID, B.L., S.S.C., to WINIFRED LINTON SINCLAIR, 17 Dick Place.
- GALLOWAY—BURNET.—On 9th April 1937, Dr. J. W. GALLOWAY, L.D.S., to MARIA ESPERANZA BURNET, 63 Merchiston Crescent.
- HUGHES—SEATH.—On 10th April 1937, REGINALD G. HUGHES, to MARY ANDERSON SEATH, M.A., 1 Craigmount Grove.
- HARDIE—PENTLAND.—On 24th April 1937, GEORGE GORDON HARDIE, L.D.S., R.C.S., to CONSTANCE MARGARET PENTLAND, 11 Newington Road.
- PARRINGTON—HOOK.—On 24th April 1937, JACK EDWARD PARRINGTON, to MINNIE ANDERSON HOOK, Balerno.
- GEDDES—CESSFORD.—On 28th April 1937, WILLIAM K. GEDDES, F.C.I.I., to DOROTHEA C. CESSFORD, 74 Craighall Road.
- THOM—LA FRENAIS.—On 5th June 1937, JAMES R. THOM, B.Sc., to CONSTANCE DAPHNE LA FRENAIS, Tower House, Runcorn, Cheshire.
- ARCHER—DEWAR.—On 12th June 1937, WILLIAM GREAVES ARCHER, to CATHERINE MILNE DEWAR, 57 Newington Road.
- YOUNGER—SENIOR.—On 12th June 1937, JOHN YOUNGER, to PHYLLIS MELINA SENIOR, 3 Lauderdale Street.
- IRVINE—ADAMSON.—On 12th June 1937, JOHN IRVINE, 22 Melville Terrace, to JOAN ADAMSON, 70 Findhorn Place.

Certificate and Scholarship Lists.

PUPILS WHO GAINED LEAVING CERTIFICATES IN 1937.

Bessie M. Barclay.	Joan M. Low.
Geira M. Barker.	Barbara M. Lowe.
Margaret S. Bee.	Elizabeth K. MacWilliam.
Cissie T. Brydon.	Jessie B. McLean.
Jean Butchart.	Elizabeth McMillan.
Grace Caddis.	Catherine C. McNab.
Winifred M. Coote.	Annie E. Martin.
Alison Earsman.	Jean J. Mitchell.
Isabella J. Easton.	Margaret M. Morton.
Catherine E. Fegan.	Jean B. Paterson.
Joan D. Fisher.	Rachel E. Quinell.
Catherine L. Hall.	Jane M. Ritchie.
Evelyn B. Hardie.	Agnes B. Robertson.
Jean Hill.	Jean R. Sandilands.
Margaret I. Jamieson.	Janet M. Sinclair.
Gertie Levy.	Agnes Thornton.

Frances T. Woodward.

PUPILS WHO GAINED DAY SCHOOL CERTIFICATES (HIGHER) IN 1936.

Cecilia T. G. Anderson.	Jean B. Littlejohn.
Muriel H. Armet.	Evelyn M. Mackie.
Sheila C. Bain.	Dorothy M. W. Mackintosh.
Margaret R. Bertram.	Alicia R. Maclean.
Catherine L. Blyth.	Charlotte Maloney.
Agnes H. Brown.	Sybil M. Mason.
Letitia E. Brown.	Irene McK. Matheson.
Winifred M. Burden.	Dorothy Milne.
Caroline F. Ferguson.	Doris M. P. Morison.
Barbara A. Fleming.	Dorothy M. Orr.
Agnes M. Forbes.	May R. Pender.
Mary H. M. Forster.	Beatrice M. Penny.
Irene C. Frater.	Sarah J. M. Reid.
Florence M. Gourlay.	Jean R. Swain.
Betty Harper.	Mary J. Telfer.
Leah Home.	Olivia A. Valente.
Margaret C. Inglis.	Frances E. Wallis.
Mary M. M. Jackson.	Isabella M. Yuille.

PUPILS WHO GAINED THE JUNIOR COMMERCIAL CERTIFICATE OF THE EDINBURGH CHAMBER OF COMMERCE IN 1937.

Marjorie Armstrong.	Betty McDonald.
Elizabeth Brown.	Wilma Mackay.
Dorothy Brown.	Jean Patrick.
Mary Coote.	Nancy Robertson.*
Ella Easton.	Mima Robertson.
Beryl Harrison.*	Nancy Sandison.*
Ella Lunan.	Aileen Stephen.

Cathie Tait.*

Violet Crerar (English, Arithmetic, French).
 Jenny Jardine (English, Arithmetic, French).
 Freda Oppenheim (English*, Arithmetic, Geography).

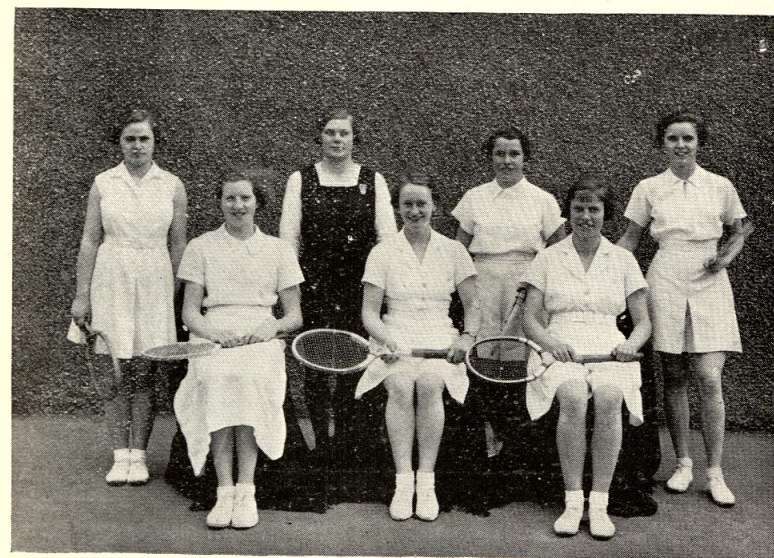
* With distinction.

FIRST XI., 1936-37.

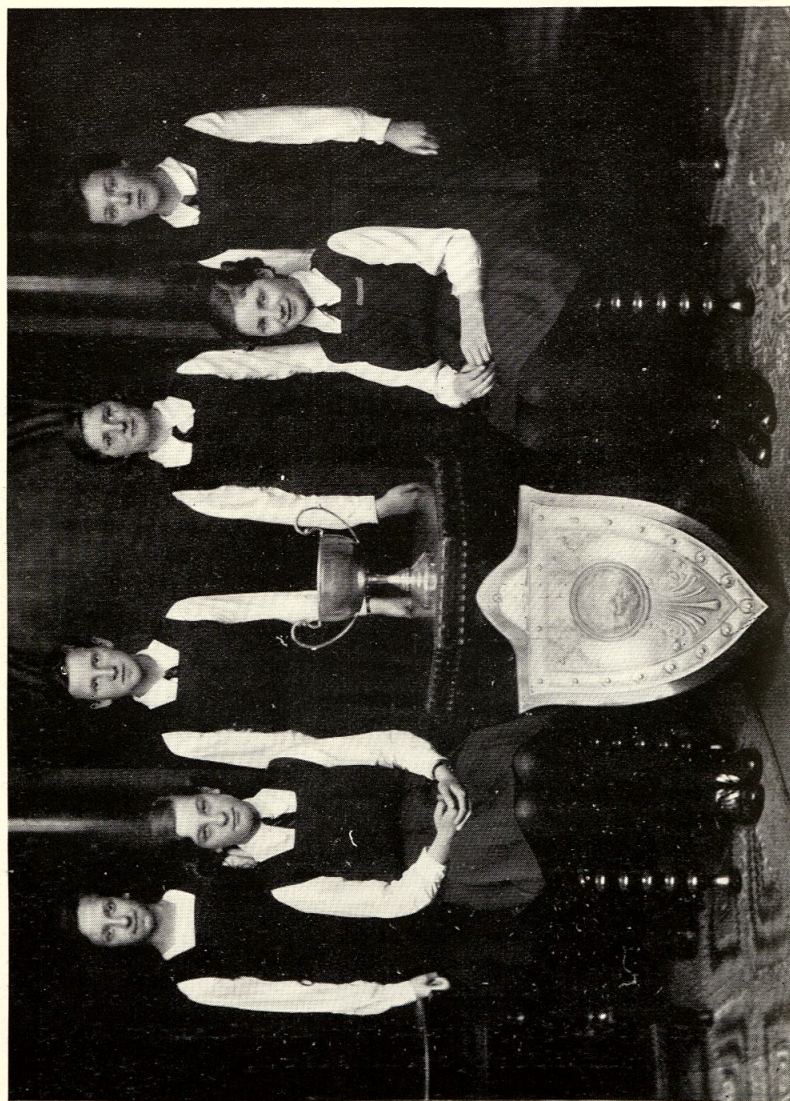


C. MACMILLAN, C. TAIT, T. BRYDON, MISS EWAN, C. HALL, J. MCLEAN, B. GRUBB.
 J. CURRIE, M. MORTON, V. CRERAR (Capt.), J. PATERSON, M. BEE.

TENNIS TEAM, 1936-37.



T. BRYDON. MISS EWAN. C. TAIT. M. BEE.
 J. CURRIE. V. CRERAR, D. BROWN.



JEAN HALKETT. BETTY GALL. JANET GRAY. WINIFRED BLACK.
ELSIE TAYLOR. DOREEN MASON.

SHORTHAND SUCCESSES.

Certificates in Theory (Elementary) of Shorthand.—Elizabeth Brown, Mary Durie, Betty Gemmell, Jessie Grant, Winifred Hamilton, Beryl Harrison, Janet Jardine, Margaret Kelly, Ella Lunan, Ella Moore, Betty McDonald, Freda Oppenheim, Dorothy Paterson, Mima Robertson, Nancy Sandison, Edna Tait, Iris Tait, Annie Weston.

SCHOLARSHIPS ENTITLING TO REMISSION OF FEES FOR
SESSION 1937-38.

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

ENTERING SIXTH YEAR.—Rachel Quinnell, Grace Caddis, Frances Woodward, Margaret Jamieson.

ENTERING FIFTH YEAR.—Cynthia Pryde, Eleanor Ginsburg, Helen MacDonald, Anne Paterson, Jessie Templeton, Isobel Dalling, Margaret Halley, Dorothy Bell, Anne Sandison.

ENTERING FOURTH YEAR.—Audrey Purves, Muriel Brown, Sheila Mather, Victoria Gillanders, Marjorie Ritchie, Margaret Reid, Marion Peden, Margaret Mills, Christina McKay.

ENTERING THIRD YEAR.—Dorothy Halliday, Matilda Burnett, Hazel Stewart, Audrey Barker, Lillias Simpson, Marjorie Hamilton, Isobel Ferguson, Doris Elder, Clara Scott, Catherine Sinclair, Leila Sinha, Dorothy Horsburgh.

ENTERING SECOND YEAR.—Esther Caplan, Jean Laing, Rhoda Graham, Myra Ockrent, Katherine Ramsay, Euphemia Smith, Mary Kirkness, May Jamieson, Muriel Shand, Marguerite Combey, Margaret McPherson, Mary Beaton, Janette Haig, Muriel Shinie, Thelma Adams, Irene Fisher.

ENTERING FIRST YEAR.—Doreen Colburn, Hazel Purves, Margaret Cockburn, Dorothy Polson, Ailsa Etheridge, Rena Ross, Isabelle McDonald, Margaret Dick, Marjory Macgregor.

SCHOOL PRIZE LIST, 1936-37.

Dux of the School	Jean M. Falconer.
Dux in English	Jean R. Currie.
„ Latin	Jean R. Currie and Jean M. Falconer (<i>equal</i>).
„ French	Jean M. Falconer.
„ German	Jean M. Falconer.
„ Mathematics	J. Dorothea Brown.
„ Science	Joan S. Paterson.
„ Art	Mary Mallinson.
„ Physical Training	Joan S. Paterson.
„ Music	Evelyn B. Hardie.
„ Secretarial Subjects	J. Dorothea Brown.
„ Dressmaking	Jean A. Telfer.
Dux of the Intermediate School	Audrey L. M. Purves.

SPECIAL PRIZES.

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

Prize presented by a Former Dux (1927-28) to the Dux of the Intermediate School.
Audrey L. M. Purves.

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

Prize presented by Two Former Duxes to the Best All-Round Pupil.
Jean R. Currie.

Jenkins Memorial Former Pupils' Club Prize presented to the Dux in English.
Jean R. Currie.

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

“Jobson Prize” for Mental Arithmetic.
Audrey L. M. Purves.

“Mouren Prize” presented by a Former Dux (1925-26) to the Dux in French.
Jean M. Falconer.

Prize presented by Anonymous Donor (Ashfield) to the Dux in Classics.
Jean R. Currie and Jean M. Falconer.

“Cowan Prize” in Art.
Betty Maxton.

Sketch Club Prize.

Isobel Lornie.

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

“Thomas Scott” Prize for Athletics.
Barbara Grubb.

Singing Prize (presented by Two Former Duxes).
Isabel Fairbairn.

Sir Walter Scott Club Prizes.

Under 15—Audrey Purves.

Over 14—1. Jean Hill; 2. Jean R. Currie.

Stevenson Club Prize.

Jean R. Currie.

Burns Club Prizes.

Senior Section—Edith Mitchell.

Intermediate Section—Jessie Templeton.

Junior Section—Dorothy Napier, Jean Herriot, Mary McKillop.

Bible Prizes.

<i>Forms 5 and 6</i> —Rachel Quinell.	3 <i>Senior</i> —Winifred Dalgleish.
<i>Form 4</i> —Dilys Perry.	2 <i>Senior</i> —Violet Hills.
<i>Form 3</i> —Elizabeth Gall.	1 <i>Senior</i> —Sheena Morrison.
<i>Form 2</i> —Clara Scott.	2 <i>Junior</i> —Olive Jefferies.
<i>Form 1</i> —Katherine Ramsay.	1 <i>Junior</i> —Jean Aitken.

S.S.P.C.A. Prizes—Essay Competition.

3 *Senior A*—Jean Langman.

3 *Senior B*—Nancy Knox.

3 *Senior C*—Isabelle McDonald.

S.S.P.C.A. Poster Competition.

Dorothy Beaton, Senior 3; Muriel Ford, 1 C; Edna Sanders, 3 A.

Pianoforte Prizes.

Mr Huxtable's Pupils—1. Doris Sey; 2. Maria Sibbald.

Mr Paterson's Pupils—1. Cynthia Pryde; 2. Jessie Templeton.

Mrs Ross's Pupils—1. Hilda Smith and Frances Wood (*equal*);
2. Sheila McNair.

FORM 6.

English—1. Jean Currie; 2. Jean Falconer; 3. Jean Paterson;
4. Joan Paterson.

History—1. Jean Currie.

Latin—(*Advanced*)—1. Jean Currie and Jean Falconer (*equal*).
(*Higher*)—1. Jean Paterson.

French—(*Advanced*)—1. Jean Falconer; 2. Jean Currie; 3. Violet Crerar.

(*Higher*)—1. Jean Paterson.

(*Lower*)—1. Sheila Black.

German—(*Higher*)—1. Jean Falconer; 2. Jean Currie.

(*Lower*)—1. Jean Paterson.

Mathematics—(*Advanced*)—1. Dorothy Brown; 2. Catherine Tait.

(*Lower*)—1. Alison Earsman.

Science—(*Advanced*)—1. Joan Paterson.

(*Higher*)—1. Janet Anderson.

Art—1. Mary Mallinson; 2. Isobel Lornie.

Secretarial Subjects—1. Dorothy Brown.

Physical Training—1. Joan Paterson.

FORM 5 A.

English—1. Barbara M. Lowe; 2. Betty L. Fisher; 3. Evelyn B. Hardie; 4. Rachel E. Quinnell; 5. Margaret I. Jamieson.

History—1. Barbara M. Lowe.

Latin—(*Higher*)—1. Barbara M. Lowe; 2. Grace Caddis; 3. Margaret I. Jamieson.

(*Lower*)—1. Margaret S. Bee.

French—(*Higher*)—1. Grace Caddis; 2. Barbara M. Lowe; 3. Margaret I. Jamieson; 4. Joan McL. Low and Margaret M. Morton (*equal*).

(*Lower*)—1. Isobel Fairbairn.

German—1. Grace Caddis; 2. Barbara M. Lowe.

German—(*Short Course*)—1. Frances T. Woodward.

Mathematics—(*Higher*)—1. Rachel E. Quinnell; 2. Barbara M. Lowe; 3. Frances T. Woodward; 4. Grace Caddis; 5. Geira M. Barker.

Mathematics—(*Lower*)—1. Jane M. Ritchie.

Science—1. Rachel E. Quinnell; 2. Catherine E. Fegan; 3. Dorothy S. Ewing; 4. Bessie M. Barclay.

Art—1. Geira M. Barker.

Music—1. Evelyn B. Hardie.

Physical Training—1. Margaret M. Morton.

FORM 5 B.

English—1. Jean Hill; 2. Elizabeth McMillan; 3. Aileen I. Stephen.

History—1. Elizabeth McMillan.

French—(*Lower*)—1. Elizabeth McMillan.

German—1. Jean Hill.

Mathematics—(*Lower*)—2. Agnes B. Robertson.

Secretarial Subjects—1. Gerty Levy; 2. Isabella J. Easton; 3. Elizabeth McMillan.

Physical Training—1. Catherine L. Hall.

FORM 4 A.

English—1. Jessie M. Templeton; 2. Eleanor Ginsburg; 3. Anne R. B. Paterson; 4. Maria Buchanan.

History—1. Jessie M. Templeton.

Geography—1. Jessie M. Templeton.

Latin—1. Helen J. MacDonald; 2. Maria Buchanan; 3. Cynthia M. Pryde; 4. Margaret S. Halley.

French—1. Maria Buchanan; 2. Cynthia M. Pryde; 3. Anne R. B. Paterson; 3. Eleanor Ginsburg and Helen J. MacDonald (*equal*).

German—1. Cynthia M. Pryde; 2. Maria Buchanan.

Mathematics—1. Cynthia M. Pryde; 2. Dorothy Bell; 3. Helen J. MacDonald; 4. Jessie M. Templeton.

Science—1. Isobel A. Dalling; 2. Dorothy Bell; 3. Eleanor Ginsburg; 4. Jeanne Bauchope.

Physical Training—1. Catherine D. Macmillan.

FORM 4 B.

English—1. Freda Oppenheim; 2. Betty McDonald; 3. Nancy Sandison.

History—1. Betty McDonald.

Geography—1. Annie Weston.

French—1. M. Beryl Harrison; 2. Nancy Sandison; 3. Betty McDonald.

German—1. Nancy Sandison.

Mathematics—1. Nancy Sandison; 2. M. Beryl Harrison; 3. Isabella Lunan.

Secretarial Subjects—1. Iris Tait; 2. Janet Jardine and Annie Weston (*equal*).

Physical Training—1. Mima Robertson.

FORM 4 C.

English—1. Muriel McDougall.

History—1. Elizabeth Lochore.

Geography—1. W. Patricia Hamilton.

French—1. Muriel McDougall; 2. Elizabeth Lochore.

Mathematics—1. Marion Dakers; 2. Mary Durie.

Music—1. Muriel McDougall.

Secretarial Subjects—1. Jessie Grant; 2. Mary Durie.

Physical Training—1. W. Patricia Hamilton.

FORM 3 A.

English—1. Audrey Purves; 2. Muriel Brown and Joyce Kidd (*equal*); 4. Margaret Booth and Betty Fairbairn (*equal*).

History—1. Audrey Purves.

Geography—1. Audrey Purves.

Latin—1. Elizabeth Chalmers; 2. Muriel Brown; 3. Sheila Mather and Audrey Purves (*equal*).

French—1. Victoria Gillanders; 2. Sheila Mather; 3. Joan Stansfield; 4. Muriel Brown.

German—1. Joan Stansfield ; 2. Sheila Mather ; 3. Audrey Purves.
Mathematics—1. Nyasa Burn ; 2. Audrey Purves ; 3. Joan Stansfield ; 4. Johanna Elder.
Art—1. Edna Sanders.
Physical Training—1. Nyasa Burn.
Domestic Science—1. Edith Mitchell.

FORM 3 B.

English—1. Martha McMorran ; 2. Marion Nelder ; 3. Margaret Mills ; 4. Elizabeth Murphy.
History—1. Marion Peden.
Geography—1. Elizabeth Brown.
Latin—1. Annie Mackenzie ; 2. Christina McKay ; 3. Elizabeth Ford ; 3. Marion Peden.
French—1. Marion Nelder ; 2. Christina McKay ; 3. Marion Peden ; 4. Margaret Mills.
Mathematics—1. Margaret Mills ; 2. Elizabeth Murphy ; 3. Ada Smith ; 4. Helena Dickson.
Art—1. Margaret Mills.
Physical Training—1. Elizabeth Brown.
Domestic Science—1. Jean Tinch.

FORM 3 C.

English—1. Bessie Herd ; 2. Cecilia Smith.
History—1. Margaret MacBeath.
Geography—1. Margaret MacLeod.
Mathematics—1. Isobel Macdonald ; 2. Jean Smith.
French—1. Margaret Robinson ; 2. Jean Eddington.
Art—1. Betty Maxton ; 2. Anne Wood.
Physical Training—1. Muriel Hortop.

FORM 3 D.

English—1. Doris Cameron ; 2. Sarah Kerr.
History—1. Margaret Cannell.
Geography—1. Doris Cameron.
French—1. Doris Cameron ; 2. Violet Begbie ; 3. Ruby Boyd.
Mathematics—1. Doris Cameron ; 2. Margaret Mallinson ; 3. Williamina Harrower.
Art—1. Sheila Clark ; 2. Marjorie Dewar ; 3. Sarah Kerr.
Physical Training—1. Marjorie Dewar.
Domestic Science—1. Meta Skeoch.

FORM 3 E.

English—1. Reeve Ronder and Anne Shortreed (*equal*).
History—1. Doreen M. Morrison.
Geography—1. Anne Shortreed.
French—1. Rhoda N. Waddell.
Mathematics—1. Lilian Moyes ; 2. Doreen M. Morrison.

Art—1. Anne Shortreed ; 2. Esther S. Fraser and Patricia Rennie (*equal*).
Physical Training—1. Doreen Payne.
Dressmaking—1. Elizabeth G. Hutchison.
Domestic Science—1. Reeve Ronder.

FORM 2 A.

English—1. Brenny Burnett ; 2. Marjorie Hamilton ; 3. Catherine Sinclair ; 4. Dorothy Halliday.
History—1. Nora Currie.
Geography—1. Brenny Burnett.
Latin—1. Isobel Sim ; 2. Helen Taylor ; 3. Brenny Burnett ; 4. Isobel Ferguson.
French—1. Dorothy Halliday ; 2. Helen Taylor ; 3. Isobel Sim ; 4. Margaret Buchanan.
Mathematics—1. Audrey Barker ; 2. Hazel Stewart ; 3. Doris Elder ; 4. Helen Taylor.
Art—1. Dorothy Halliday ; 2. Sheena Howie ; 3. Eleanor Arnott ; 4. Audrey Barker.
Physical Training—1. Lillias Simpson.

FORM 2 B.

English—1. Leila M. Sinha ; 2. Christina M. Durie and Sybilla Whitehead (*equal*).
History—1. Leila M. Sinha.
Geography—1. Leila M. Sinha.
French—1. Leila M. Sinha ; 2. Dorothy Cramb ; 3. Sybilla Whitehead.
Mathematics—1. Leila M. Sinha ; 2. Dorothy Cramb ; 3. Jessie W. Yeoman.
Art—1. Leila M. Sinha ; 2. Jemima Simpson ; 3. Isobel S. Esson.
Physical Training—1. Jessie W. Yeoman.
Dressmaking—1. Muriel A. Edenborough.

FORM 2 C.

English—1. Dorothy A. Horsburgh ; 2. Catherine L. Neill.
History—1. Dorothy A. Horsburgh and Catherine L. Neill (*equal*).
Geography—1. Catherine L. Neill and Mabel Watson (*equal*).
French—1. Catherine L. Neill ; 2. Dorothy A. Horsburgh ; 3. Sarah Watt.
Mathematics—1. Dorothy A. Horsburgh ; 2. Catherine L. Neill ; 3. Isabella S. Lough.
Art—1. Margaret M. Liddle ; 2. Dorothy A. Horsburgh ; 3. E. Doreen Mason.
Physical Training—1. Sarah Watt.
Dressmaking—1. Jean A. Telfer.

FORM 2 D.*English*—1. Margaret F. B. Landels.*History*—1. Margaret F. B. Landels.*Geography*—1. Wilma Quin and Jean Ross (*equal*).*French*—1. Wilma Quin ; 2. Rona Lang, Ruth D. Macmillan and Margaret Macnaughton (*equal*).*Mathematics*—1. Wilma Quin ; 2. Margaret Macnaughton ; 3. Kathleen C. Macpherson.*Art*—1. Rona Lang ; 2. Wilma Quin ; 3. Jean S. Chalmers.*Physical Training*—1. Jean Ross.*Dressmaking*—1. Margaret E. MacLachlan.**FORM 2 E.***English*—1. Emilie B. Maclure ; 2. Mona M. Henderson.*History*—1. Dorothy M. S. Rainnie.*Geography*—1. Dorothy M. S. Rainnie.*French*—1. Margaret Dobson ; 2. Janet R. Waddell ; 3. Alice S. Johnston.*Mathematics*—1. Elizabeth C. Hayes ; 2. Isobel M. Henderson ; 3. Christina R. Duncan.*Art*—1. Dorothy M. S. Rainnie ; 2. Mona M. Henderson ; 3. Christina R. Duncan.*Physical Training*—1. Dorothy M. S. Rainnie.*Dressmaking*—1. Sybil P. R. Hill.*Domestic Science*—1. Rhoda A. P. Lothian.**FORM 1 A.***English*—1. Catherine Ramsay ; 2. Jean P. Laing ; 3. Myra Ockrent ; 4. Euphemia H. Smith.*History*—1. Esther Caplan.*Geography*—1. May B. Jamieson.*Latin*—1. Mary G. Kirkness ; 2. Esther Caplan ; 3. Katherine Ramsay ; 4. Margaret G. Campbell.*French*—1. Katherine Ramsay ; 2. Esther Caplan ; 3. Jean P. Laing ; 4. Margaret G. Campbell.*Mathematics*—1. Esther Caplan ; 2. Jean P. Laing ; 3. Elizabeth G. Costa ; 4. Mary G. Kirkness.*Art*—1. Mary B. W. Davidson ; 2. Myra Ockrent ; 3. Esther Caplan ; 4. Barbara D. Archibald.*Physical Training*—1. Kirsty T. Semple.**FORM 1 B.***English*—1. Muriel Shand ; 2. Moira Haig ; 3. Marguerite Combey ; 4. Margaret Macpherson.*History*—1. Mary Beaton.*Geography*—1. Mary Beaton.*Latin*—1. Marguerite Combey ; 2. Muriel Shinie ; 3. Margaret Macpherson ; 4. Muriel Shand.*French*—1. Margaret Macpherson ; 2. Marguerite Combey ; 3. Muriel Shinie ; 4. Muriel Shand.*Mathematics*—1. Muriel Shand ; 2. Jean Burns ; 3. Marguerite Combey ; 4. Ruby Laird and Jean Scott (*equal*).*Art*—1. Moira Haig ; 2. Joan Knevitt ; 3. Sheila Braidwood ; 4. Lana Mackinnon.*Physical Training*—1. Rosemary Matheson.**FORM 1 C.***English*—1. Irene M. Fisher ; 2. Mabel M. Douglas and Sheila B. Stewart (*equal*).*History*—1. Margaret M. Smith.*Geography*—1. Joan Simm.*French*—1. Irene M. Fisher ; 2. Alexandra H. Mort ; 3. Helen M. Stevens and Elizabeth L. Tait (*equal*).*Mathematics*—1. Irene M. Fisher ; 2. Joan Simm ; 3. Margaret Forrest.*Art*—1. Irene M. Fisher ; 2. Joan Simm ; 3. Joyce G. Bennie.*Physical Training*—1. Helen M. Stevens.*Dressmaking*—1. Jean E. Donaldson.**FORM 1 D.***English*—1. Frances Fleming ; 2. Sheila Alston and Ruby Ellis (*equal*).*History*—1. Stella Cunningham.*Geography*—1. Aileen Simpson.*French*—1. Sybil Wolfe ; 2. Jean Gillam ; 3. Rosie Bristow and May Kirkwood (*equal*).*Mathematics*—1. Ruby Ellis ; 2. Sybil Wolfe ; 3. Agnes Quin.*Art*—1. Violet Lamberty ; 2. Ruby Ellis ; 3. Gladys Fiskin.*Physical Training*—1. Yvonne Morrison.*Dressmaking*—1. Agnes Rodger.**FORM 1 E.***English*—1. Joan Moy ; 2. Isobel Pert.*History*—1. Isobel Pert.*Geography*—1. Mary Smith.*French*—1. Joan Moy ; 2. Isobel Dickson ; 3. Isobel Pert.*Mathematics*—1. Joan Moy ; 2. Isobel Pert ; 3. Mary Smith.*Art*—1. Helen Woolgar ; 2. Helen Young ; 3. Isobel Pert.*Physical Training*—1. Enid Newberry.*Dressmaking*—1. Evelyn M'Vey.*Domestic Science*—1. Joyce Nicol.

INTERMEDIATE SCHOOL—SCIENCE CERTIFICATES.

FORM III.—Section 1—1. Muriel H. B. Brown; 2. Victoria H. I. Gillanders.

Section 2—1. Audrey L. M. Purves; 2. Margaret Mills and Sheila Mather (*equal*).

Section 3—1. Marjorie G. Ritchie; 2. Joan L. Stansfield.

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

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

Section 6—1. Mary Mallinson; 2. Jean Smith.

Section 7—1. Muriel Adams.

Section 8—1. Anne Shortreed.

FORM II.—Section 1—1. Audrey Barker; 2. Brenny Burnett.

Section 2—1. Dorothy Halliday; 2. Margaret Nelson.

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

Section 4—1. Dorothy Horsburgh; 2. Florence Brotherston.

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

Section 6—1. Wilma Quin; 2. Catherine Walker.

Section 7—1. Elizabeth Hughes.

Section 8—1. Rhoda Lothian.

FORM I.—Section 1—1. Esther Caplan; 2. Marguerite Combey.

Section 2—1. Myra Ockrent; 2. Katherine Ramsay.

Section 3—1. Muriel Shand; 2. Kirsty Semple and Euphemia Smith (*equal*).

Section 4—1. Irene Fisher; 2. Mabel Douglas.

Section 5—1. Isobel Greig; 2. Margaret Forrest and Muriel Ford (*equal*).

Section 6—1. Joan Simm; 2. Helen Stevens.

Section 7—1. Sheila Logie.

Section 8—1. Isobel Pert.

Class 3 Senior A.

1. Doreen Colburn; 2. Hazel Purves; 3. Margaret Cockburn; 4. Norah Nelder; 5. Olive Stanton; 6. Margaret Bald; 7. Catherine Maloney; 8. Doreen Booth.

"Hamilton Prize" for English—Doreen Colburn.

Sewing—Irene Fegan. Drawing—Winifred Dalglish.

French—Margaret Cockburn.

Class 3 Senior B.

1. Dorothy Polson; 2. Ailsa Etheridge and Rena Ross (*equal*); 4. Dorothy Beaton; 5. Dorothy Hamilton; 6. Maud Marshall; 7. Catherine Murray; 8. Hilda Smith.

"Hamilton Prize" for English—Dorothy Polson.

Sewing—Dorothy Beaton. Drawing—Muriel Sealey.

French—Dorothy Beaton.

Class 3 Senior C.

1. Isabelle McDonald; 2. Margaret Dick; 3. Marjory Macgregor; 4. Janet Craig; 5. Elizabeth Mathew; 6. Leslie Stuart; 7. Christine Sanderson; 8. Mary Ferguson.

"Hamilton Prize" for English—Isabelle McDonald.

Sewing—Edith Dickson. Drawing—Ruth Weddell.

French—Sheila Bonallo and Isabelle McDonald (*equal*).

Class 2 Senior A.

1. Betty Topp; 2. Janet Worling; 3. Elinor Wylie; 4. Violet Hills; 5. Janet Anderson; 6. Janet Buchanan; 7. Marjory Drummond; 8. Winifred White.

Sewing—Betty Topp.

Drawing—Margaret Turner.

Class 2 Senior B.

1. Pamela Ryrie; 2. Margaret Ogilvie; 3. Sheila Fraser; 3. Doris Murray and Sheila Barron (*equal*); 6. Edith Gilchrist; 7. Ruth Watt; 8. Elizabeth Walker.

Sewing—Marjorie Dunlop.

Drawing—Marjorie Dunlop and Elizabeth Wylie (*equal*).

Class 2 Senior C.

1. Muriel Macaulay; 2. Muriel Hay; 2. Jean Borland; 4. Evelyn Goudie; 5. Dorothy Somerville; 6. Florence Morrison; 7. Muriel Gilbert; 8. Winifred Shearer.

Sewing—Agnes Wright.

Drawing—Muriel Gilbert.

Class 1 Senior A.

1. Veronica Hutchinson; 2. Irene Chalmers; 3. Kathleen Halkett; 4. Sheena Morrison; 5. Georgina Stephen; 6. Joyce Brown; 7. Edith Fairhurst; 8. Dorothy Mayell.

Sewing—Joyce Dorfman.

Drawing—Irene Chalmers.

Class 1 Senior B.

1. Nora Shinie; 2. Frances Lundie; 3. Jean Guild; 4. Dorothy Waterston; 5. Grace Davie; 6. Avril Robertson; 7. Irene Dow; 8. Joyce Howie.

Sewing—Winifred Wightman.

Drawing—Irene Dow.

Class 1 Senior C.

1. Mhora McRae and Eileen Binnie (*equal*); 3. Sheila Jenkinson; 4. Muriel Leishman; 5. Audrey Adams; 6. Laura Munro; 7. Vera Kirkness; 8. Muriel Simpson.

Sewing—Vera Kirkness.

Drawing—Ellen McGeorge.

Class 2 Junior A.

1. Elinor Cleland; 2. Evelyn Munro; 3. Maureen Woodburn; 4. Isobel Dallas; 5. Edith Garvie; 6. Margaret Maskell; 7. Ann Cantley; 8. Frances Wood.

Sewing—Elinor Cleland.

Drawing—Elinor Cleland and Evelyn Munro (*equal*).

Class 2 Junior B.

1. Frances McVey; 2. Jean Dickson; 3. Edna Arthur; 4. Elizabeth Cromarty; 5. Patricia Forbes and Joyce Hamilton (*equal*); 7. Daisy Fallside; 8. Elizabeth Macpherson.

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

Drawing—Dorothy Kerr.

Class 1 Junior A.

1. Sheila Mackie; 2. Margaret Macdonald and Margaret Wylie (*equal*); 4. Elizabeth Swan; 5. Elsie Dunbar; 6. Mary Small; 7. Doris Best; 8. Kathleen Harkness.

Sewing—Sheila Mackie and Dorothy Fraser (*equal*).

Drawing—Elsie Dunbar.

Class 1 Junior B.

1. Dorothy Seaton ; 2. Jean Aitken ; 3. Elizabeth Ogilvie ; 4. Mabel Hills ; 5. Heather Henderson ; 6. Elma Purves ; 7. Mary Morris ; 8. Norah Hook.

Sewing—Helen Cunningham and Patricia Black (*equal*).

Drawing—Dorothy Hirst.

Class Senior Infant A.

1. Mary G. Dickson and Jean I. Gastall (*equal*) ; 3. Agnes B. Craig ; 4. Mary E. C. Bird ; 5. Alison K. Bee and Elizabeth J. McEntire (*equal*) ; 7. Elizabeth R. Simpson ; 8. Elizabeth A. Cook.

Class Senior Infant B.

1. Marjory C. Harkness ; 2. Ruth MacKenzie ; 3. Nora C. B. Rogers ; 4. Isabella P. Mannion ; 5. Mary Ambrose ; 6. Jean M. Walker ; 7. Norma McKillip ; 8. Elizabeth S. Scott.

Class Junior Infant A.

1. Florence Williams ; 2. Barbara B. Ross ; 3. Moira Henderson ; 4. Avril Johnston ; 5. Doreen M. Gruber ; 6. Ann H. Sutherland ; 7. Margaret O. Kirkby ; 8. Vivienne M. Goldberg.

Class Infant Junior B.

1. Annie R. Henderson ; 2. Jean A. Robertson ; 3. Sheila McK. Reid ; 4. Margaret P. Tweedie ; 5. Norma T. Seacy ; 6. Joyce E. Hamilton ; 7. Leonora M. Tavendale and Mary S. Hunter (*equal*).

BURSARIES.

Secondary Bursary was awarded last year to :—Elizabeth I. MacDonald.

Intermediate Bursaries were awarded to :—Thelma Adams, Margaret A. Bryant, Elizabeth G. Costa, Elsie R. Johnston, Margaret M. Kay, Kirsty F. Semple.

James Gillespie's High School Bursaries were awarded to :—Barbara D. Archibald, Jean Burns, Joan Simm, Margaret Stocks, Ellen R. Morrison.

Music Passes.

Jessie Templeton, a pupil of Mr Paterson, passed in the Lower Grade of the Associated Exam.

Maria Sibbald, a pupil of Mr Huxtable, passed with Honours in the Advanced Preparatory Grade of the Trinity College Examination.

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ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

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