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High  
School  
Magazine

July 1938



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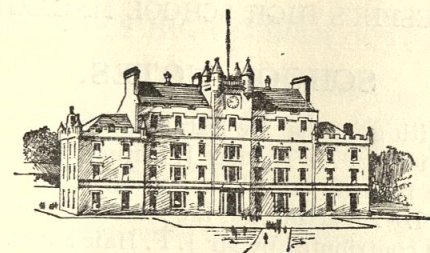
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## Gillespie's High School Magazine

JULY 1938

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## SCHOOL NOTES.

It was with grief that we learned of the death, on 17th November 1937, of Mr Thomas J. Burnett, M.A., F.E.I.S., who had so recently laid down his office as Headmaster of this school. An account of the Memorial Service and an appreciation contributed by Mr J. F. Hair appear elsewhere in this issue of the Magazine. Mr Burnett will not be forgotten in the school which he loved so well and did so much to mould.

The year has been marked by several changes in staff. By the retiral of Miss Marjory M. Fraser we lose one of our oldest and most valued members of staff. It is difficult to imagine the school without Miss Fraser, who seems to embody some of the finest traditions of that older "Gillespie's" from which our present school has grown. Her colleagues, pupils and very many former pupils will unite in wishing her the long and happy time of leisure to which her years of loyal service entitle her. We have welcomed back two former Duxes as members of the permanent staff—Miss Mary E. R. Henderson, M.A., to the Mathematics Department, and Miss Dorothy M. Hurford, M.A., to the Department of Modern Languages. Miss Elizabeth H. Coutie, B.Sc., has joined the Science Department in place of Miss Betty Boath, M.A., B.Sc., who left us at the beginning of the present session. To all the newcomers we would wish every happiness in their work here, and to Miss Boath we extend thanks for all her fine service to the school, and the assurance that we shall not forget her. We have much regretted the long absence of Miss Glancey, owing to serious illness, and we hope to welcome her back soon. We have been fortunate in having Miss Jessie E. R. Thomson, M.A., to supply her place. For some weeks during the Summer term we have had Mr Josephus M. Fourie, M.A., an exchange teacher from South Africa, doing interim work in the Classics Department; we hope he will take back happy memories of our school. The return of Miss Anderson, after a year attached to the staff of Dunfermline College of Physical Training, has given general pleasure. Miss Mona Ewan, who so ably replaced Miss Anderson last year, has now gone to a similar post in Montrose Academy, where we wish her every success.

In view of the new regulations touching the Leaving Certificate, which come into force in 1940, various fresh types of course have been planned for the Post-Intermediate department of the school. It is hoped thus to give greater scope for individual aptitudes—each girl should now be able to find a course suited to her particular bent and aims. This year seventeen girls embarked on the Domestic Science Course leading to a Leaving Certificate.

Various additions to the amenity of the school have been made during the past session. These include a new platform and flooring in the Middle Hall and new desks in many classrooms. The Library has found a permanent home in what was formerly the Crafts Room, and is now an admirably equipped study room. In addition to the modern books lent by the Edinburgh Public Library, and very much appreciated, some sixty-two books have been purchased during the year, and we now have the nucleus of an excellent reference library. Donations of books will be very warmly welcomed by the Librarians, Miss M. E. R. Henderson and Miss Linton; it is suggested that girls might like to mark the occasion of their leaving school in this manner. The Librarians wish to thank Miss Andrew, Miss Forgan and Miss Freda Lockie for gifts of books.

The large attic has now become the Crafts Room and offers excellent facilities for the various crafts which form such an interesting branch of the work of the Art Department. The school has been greatly brightened by the acquisition of a number of new pictures and the corridors have throughout the year been decorated with pot plants made available to us through the kindness of the City Gardener.

Special religious services held in school celebrated Christmas and Easter, and Christmas concerts including plays and mimes by the Literary Society, selections by the School Orchestra, and various individual items, were held on the closing day of the winter term.

On the recreative side of school life, the Literary Society, Science Association, Sketch Club and Orchestra continue their varied activities with unabated enthusiasm. The two Christmas parties were as joyful occasions as ever; the Art Department deserves thanks for its contribution to the festivities, in the shape of beautifully designed programmes

and striking decorations. The Swimming Club continues to flourish exceedingly; the Gala, admirably organised by Miss M'Gregor and Mr Gilbert, was again highly successful. Sports Day was held on 15th June and thanks to the excellent arrangements of Mr Seaton, the work of the staff, and the enthusiasm of all from Infants to Sixth Formers, proved a most enjoyable occasion.

At various times during the session we have welcomed distinguished visitors. Our Member of Parliament, Sir Samuel Chapman, attended service one morning and addressed the Upper School with his customary geniality. In connection with the Current Events classes, Mr Donald Grant lectured to the Senior pupils on "Russia, 1917 to 1937." Lieutenant Kinnear of the City Police Force, spoke to the Primary School on "Safety on the Roads." The morning service has been, at various times, diversified by interesting addresses by missionaries and by representatives of the Scripture Union. On Thursday, 23rd June, Mr Butchart, Deputy Librarian, Edinburgh Public Library, gave a very helpful talk on "Librarianship as a Career." A new and highly successful experiment was the invitation to school of the Griller Quartette, who gave a varied and delightful programme of chamber music to an appreciative audience of senior pupils and staff.

The Annual Founder's Day service was held on Friday, 10th June, with Councillor Stewart Lamb as chairman, Sir William M'Kechie as speaker, and a distinguished platform party. Sir William in a characteristically witty address illustrated from historical records the kindness, integrity, piety and dry humour of our founder, James Gillespie. He appealed to the pupils, throughout their school life and after it, to be generous and tolerant in judgment at all times, and to remember and live up to the school motto, "Fidelis et fortis." "Be proud of your school," he said, "but remember that it is not necessary for you to depreciate other schools in order to maintain and elevate the dignity of your own." The Senior Prefect, Margaret Jamieson, gracefully thanked the speaker and fittingly recalled that the Founder's Day service had been instituted by our late headmaster, Mr Burnett. A very pleasant part of the ceremony was the presentation by two tiny pupils of snuff-boxes to Councillor Stewart Lamb and Sir William M'Kechie. A whole

holiday on the succeeding Monday was granted, to the general satisfaction. In accordance with what is becoming a tradition, a party of nine members of the Literary Society accompanied by Miss Foster spent the week-end tramping in the Borders.

The school is becoming more and more enterprising in the way of excursions! On 9th July, a party of about fifty pupils under the direction of Mr Brash hope to set out for Germany, where they will spend nine days in Coblenz, with excursions to many places of interest in the neighbourhood. Another very interesting trip abroad has also been arranged; thirteen girls accompanied by Miss Wood will go to Denmark to spend a fortnight as guests of Danish schoolgirls with whom they have been corresponding throughout the session and to whom it is hoped to offer reciprocal hospitality next summer. A very large-scale day excursion took place on 1st June, when over five hundred pupils with a due proportion of teachers visited the Empire Exhibition at Bella-houston, and thanks to favourable weather and perfect organisation spent a wholly enjoyable day.

Once again our school submitted a group of posters for the S.S.P.C.A. Competition and was awarded a prize of three books for the School Library.

Charitable activities have not been forgotten. The Boot Fund benefited by £10, 10s. as a result of the Christmas concerts. A number of invalid children were entertained at a very happy Christmas party, and as in other years, Gillespie's girls have given help in connection with various Flag Days.

At the time of going to press, the various departments concerned are very busy preparing for the Exhibition of Work to be held on Wednesday, 29th June.

It remains only to thank the various donors of prizes. To Mr John C. Jobson we are once more indebted for two handsome prizes; to him, and to all the other Former Pupils and friends of the school who, in most cases anonymously, have given tangible and generous expression to their interest in it, we would express our very sincere appreciation of their kindness.

A. E. F.

**MEMORIAL SERVICE FOR  
Mr T. J. BURNETT, M.A., F.E.I.S.  
(HEADMASTER, 1917 TO 1937).**

On Friday, 19th November, the school assembled to pay its final tribute to its late beloved and distinguished Headmaster. In addition to the staff and older pupils, the service was attended by a representative gathering of members of Edinburgh Education Committee, Edinburgh headmasters, former colleagues, relatives and friends of Mr Burnett. Councillor P. H. Allan, chairman of the Education Committee, presided. The service opened with the singing of Paraphrase 66, "How bright these glorious spirits shine." After a prayer by the Rev. Duncan Cameron, D.D., and a scripture reading by the Headmistress, the memorial address was delivered by the Rev. W. A. Guthrie, D.D., one of Mr Burnett's oldest friends.

Dr. Guthrie said:—"It is my sad privilege to pay a tribute to the memory of one who will always be associated with this school, one whose friendship I have enjoyed for over forty years. We entered the Church of Scotland Training College on the same day, and graduated on the same day in 1896. He was one of that diminishing proportion of the teaching profession who entered through the hardest gate of all—through the gate of pupil teachership, in which for four years a lad had both to study and to do a full day's teaching. That was an experience from which the present generation has been mercifully saved, but it made teachers and it made him.

"At College, Mr Burnett was one of the outstanding men of his year, and was recognised especially for his scholarship in English and for his fine ability as a teacher.

"All his teaching career was passed in the service of Edinburgh Education Authority, where his practical skill was recognised by his appointment as Master of Method. There must be many a man and woman in the profession who owe much to his direction and inspiration. His appointment as Head of this great school followed in due course. He was very proud of his school. He lived for it.

It made remarkable progress under his Headmastership, first as an Intermediate School, then as a mixed Secondary School, and lastly as James Gillespie's High School for Girls. The evolution of the school during the past twenty years is a tribute to his masterly gifts of scholarship, organisation and character.

"His interest in his girls was deep and sincere. He promoted their interests, he followed their careers with pride. They returned in full measure what he sought to do for them, by their love for the school and their love for one who was always more than a Headmaster.

"There must be many hundreds to-day in Scotland, and much farther afield, for whom the earth was a poorer place because of his passing.

"The members of the Education Authority had a very great respect for the judgment of one whom they ranked as one of their best Headmasters, and they consulted him on many occasions.

"Mr Burnett was a loyal churchman and office-bearer, and one of the very best types of his profession in Scotland.

"His loss to education is very great, but to her who during all those years has been both inspiration and help meet, and to the two daughters in whose intellectual gifts he so delighted, the loss is immeasurable. The deep sympathy of hundreds will be extended to them. He lived to see his life-work in this school rounded off and completed, and sure am I that for him the gates of heaven would be opened wide, and the 'Well done, good and faithful servant' spoken in welcome when Tom Burnett passed over."

A second prayer, and the singing of the hymn, "Now the labourer's task is o'er," concluded a moving service.

**"SALUT D'AMOUR."**

Edinburgh is a great city. Every citizen believes that, and a great company of citizens of other lands confess to that creed. Throughout the years of its fame, one of the evidences of its greatness has been its famous schools, some small, others large. The generous and prudent citizens who founded and endowed these schools, bequeathing to them fortune and name, were really great, though in their modest way they would have denied this epithet.

Gillespie's—or to give it its real and later name—James Gillespie's High School for Girls, is of course a good school. With that axiom every one of its present pupils must agree, and thousands more will add their assurance with conviction. For many it is the only school they knew and is the best in every sense of the word. For it was and is a family school, and if one could examine the big Admission Registers which carry us over fifty or sixty years of school life, one would see the same names oft repeated. And if a roll-call of all the pupils of the last quarter of a century could be made and the industry and service of these pupils computed, we would realise what a rich nursery this school has been. In the highest sense of the word, then, Gillespie's is a great school. It will do the readers of this journal good to ask what were the factors which have given the school such distinction, rendering its name and its history so honourable.

It is not merely its age, for it is not old as we count age in this ancient capital. Nor is it the shell that contains the living thing we call "School," for the present building is not the last word in educational convenience for such a school as Gillespie's. We have dreams of an even worthier edifice. Nor is it the size of its roll nor the prestige and careers of its Former Pupils, though these are of no small repute. Some day there may be a nobler building with a larger roll. Well, what did make our old school great?

First, I put the long record of fine service rendered by the women and men who spent their lives in the training of several generations of young folk. In the old building in the Crescent as in its present home by the Links of Bruntsfield, in the drab old class-rooms as in the brighter and more modern halls, there lived and worked ladies and gentlemen who knew their job and did it well. Thorough, loyal and earnest, giving each day its full measure, "shaken down, pressed together, running over," these unrecorded members of the Staff made the school name synonymous with an educational standard which every one at Headquarters recognised and which we do well still to emulate.

Then, it is possible here for a pupil to begin and end her school days in the one institution, from Junior Infants to Form VI., absorbing always the same atmosphere, nurturing the one loyalty and knowing only the one and indivisible spirit which will always permeate a great school. This is



RACHEL E. QUINNELL  
(Dux of the School, 1937-38).



D. HAMILTON, I. GREIG, M. FERGUSON, J. DUNCAN, J. NICOL, M. HAMILTON, M. TAYLOR, P. HAMILTON, A. FERGUSON,  
 R. LAIRD, M. KIRKNESS, S. CUNNINGHAM, F. BROTHERSTON, A. SPENCE, N. SANDISON, N. KEDDIE, D. CRAMB, J. KENNETH,  
 J. KIDD, S. WEDDELL, G. CADDIS, H. McDONALD, B. BARCLAY, J. BUTCHART, E. GINSBURG, M. STEVENSON,  
 F. WOODWARD, A. BETHUNE, J. MCLEAN, M. JAMIESON, MISS ANDREW, C. MACMILLAN, M. BEE, R. QUINNELL, K. FEGAN.

something which other schools lack sadly, designed as they are to serve their pupils for only a fraction of their school life.

But—and this is why the gifted lady who has already won our regard has coaxed the present writer to unbosom and express a great affection for this great school—there is the succession and the goodness of those Headmasters whose service of heart and brain went to the foundation and upbuilding of Gillespie's. For, like all great and strong things, a school must grow from the tiny acorn to the branching oak. Some few citizens remain who can recall their school days under Wallace Dunlop, that commanding figure who later governed Daniel Stewart's College. Many more will remember the kindly Headmaster of Merchant Company days, who gave the best years of his life and all the strength of his affection to the school—Mr William Jenkins. Under the new Education Authority there followed Mr Alexander Blacklaws, guiding the transfer to the present building and devoting to the school his wisdom and his skill.

For the present generation, however, and for the pupils of 1917-1937 there can be only one name to be honoured and cherished as Headmaster, and it is not easy to say all that should be said of that fine and gentle spirit who so ably presided over the school he loved and who so recently left our fellowship. What he was to his Staff they will gladly testify. What he was to the pupils whom he saw entering as Infants and leaving as young ladies they can with real sincerity express. What he did for education in this city has already been fittingly recorded in these pages. What he was to his fellow students and colleagues in the profession of which he was so worthy an ornament was beautifully expressed by Dr. Guthrie in the bitter-sweetness of a memorial service.

But what he was as a near and close friend, in his own home, on the golf course and bowling green, by the banks of a Scottish stream or on a tramp "o'er moor and fell," only a small circle can know, and it is from one of these that this simple tribute goes. A lover of all that was beautiful in men and nature, a worshipper of truth and purity as it is seen in little children and gentle maidens, a happy soul whose eyes twinkled like those of a young boy when fun was pure

and real, a visionary who knew and declared that Gillespie's High School for Girls was the necessary thing for Edinburgh, and a friend and ally who to the end cherished and honoured the companions of his youth—such was THOMAS J. BURNETT.

The fragrant memory of my last hours of fellowship with him prompts me to end this page with the lines from his own favourite "Tusitala," changing but one word:—

"The beauties of man are frail, and the silver lies in the dust,  
And the friend that we call to mind sleeps with the brave  
and the just,  
Sleeps with the weary at length; but honoured and ever fair  
Shines in the eye of the mind the crown of the silver hair."

J. F. H.

\* \* \*

## FROM THE SECONDARY DEPARTMENT.

### THE GHOSTS WALK.

To say the least of it, it was "mighty queer." One never quite knows what may happen on first day of term; in fact, we all generally looked for something out of the ordinary, but this was more than we had bargained for. Most of our class had assembled within half-an-hour of nine o'clock, and although it was now ten-thirty, there was as yet no sign of classes being taken for the simple reason that not a single teacher was visible. Towards ten-thirty-five a distinctly chilly atmosphere could be felt throughout the Top Corridor. The tension was so great and spirits so low that the slightest banging of a door, the most harmless flapping of a blind, sent us herding together in a vain attempt at once to conquer fear and cold. Whispers went round, "Where on earth can they be till this time?" "Are you sure school takes up to-day?" Some more logical minds pooh-poohed these ideas however with great strength of will—"Nonsense I saw Mr —— arriving in a new car, so *he* must be in," and "Miss Y—— was in my car. She was carrying a huge parcel." Yet the majority remained in a state between assurance and dubiety. Gradually the atmosphere became dense and misty from the effect of so much heavy breathing. The cold increased so rapidly that our teeth chattered and our knees began to knock against the hollow panelling of the walls. Suddenly a great gale burst through the corridors, and dimly through the afore-said mistiness *we saw them*. Shrieks of fear rent the air, and weird figures could be seen, wings flapping in the breeze, who emitted hollow sounds as they communicated with one another, prior to breaking up and making for certain classrooms. Just as we had given ourselves up for lost, a bell rang in time to save us from the aggression of one particularly tall monster which was attempting to pass through the solid door of Room 26. Instantly the wind died down, a sudden warmth pervaded the room and thawed our frozen and lethargic figures in time to greet the cloaked figure

entering the room with a bright "Good-morning, teacher!"  
Need I insult the reader's intelligence by telling him (or  
her) that this was our first experience of the "Wearin' o'  
the Goon!"

FRANCES D. WOODWARD, Form 6 A.

\* \* \* \*

### RAIN.

Tiled roofs  
Glistening grey,  
Slippery pavements  
Shining black  
And the splash of cars on a rain-washed street.

Gleaming bushes  
Dripping wet,  
Freshened grasses,  
Smelling sweet  
And the fall of rain from the laden trees.

Mournful hooters  
Sounding low,  
Eerie sirens  
Wailing sad  
And the wash of waves on a desolate pier.

BETTY FISHER, Form 6 B.

\* \* \* \*

### "URGENTLY WANTED."

These two words seemed to sear my brain. They  
haunted me in my sleep, at work, and at play. They gave  
me a sense of something impending.

Was it the call of the Mother Country for A.R.P. recruits  
to assist her in the throes and agonies of war? Or was it  
the insistent demand for numbers to fill the depleted  
Territorial ranks? "Urgently wanted"—a heart-rending  
appeal to a distant relative to hurry to the bedside of a  
suffering one?

The dull throbbing in my brain continued, unceasing,  
and the sense of oppression deepened. "*Urgently wanted*"  
Knowledge for a forthcoming examination? No, that was  
not it. These were the dreaded things of the past—March  
had come and gone, and the world had still gone on unmin-  
dful of our agonies!

Then came the darkness before the dawn. Then came  
the blessed light. A vision of the Top Corridor in J.G.H.S.  
with its glaring posters and almost frantic Editress. A flood  
of relief and yet despair came over me—Contributions for  
the Magazine—Urgently Wanted!

MARGARET BEE, Form 6 A.

\* \* \* \*

### AN HOUR TO PLAY . . . . .

*(Being an hour with James Gillespie's High School Orchestra,  
led by all the members, conducted by Mr J. Wishart.)*

The time is 3.15 p.m. on any Thursday afternoon; the  
place is the music room of the above school.

I enter the music room and find a group of ardent  
members preparing for the weekly practice. A few minutes  
later Miss N—— arrives, and having removed her 'cello  
from its cover, tunes it to the piano. (Exit Miss N—— for  
the lower regions of the school?) Then enters Miss M'G——  
who is greeted by a queue of Gillespie maidens, younger  
members of the orchestra, who desire to have their violins  
tuned. After recovering from the first shock at sight of the  
queue, Miss M'G—— gets down to business and calls out  
to me, "Lend me your A, please," This simply means that  
I have to strike A so that Miss M'G—— may proceed to  
tune some ten or twelve violins.

Meanwhile Mr B—— has entered noiselessly. The  
latter also "borrows A's" and such things, and after much  
squeaking, etc., Mr B—— is satisfied that he is "tuned  
in." (Re-enter Miss N—— looking much refreshed after  
the "fly cup.") While Miss M'G—— is still engaged in  
carrying out her particular tasks, Miss N—— and Mr  
B—— take their places, and proceed to disagree over  
their A's. The matter being duly settled, and each being  
accurately tuned to the piano, we are ready to begin, Mr  
W—— having also entered noiselessly.

We take our places, all eyes on our Conductor, who is about to raise his baton (a pencil) when Mr B—— begs to be informed how many beats to the bar we will count, and whether it will be a slow four or a quick four? Mr B—— having been enlightened, we then play the piece chosen for study. With great flourish we draw out the last chord as long as possible (usually too long for some!) and sit back in our chairs overcome with admiration for ourselves (although you may not believe this).

Our worthy conductor, however, is not fully satisfied, and carries on a class in violin-bowing, while Mr B—— entertains the rest of the company by playing chromatic scales and so forth on his 'cello, while Miss N—— adds a little touch of accompaniment. Mr W—— calls us to attention again and we once more apply ourselves to our instruments, with the result that Mr W—— glows with pride and admiration for his little "band" of musicians. We play on until the clock beckons us to finish and when Mr B—— says, "Well chaps, that's all for to-day," we know that our "hour" is over for another week. Home we go, looking forward to the next meeting, because we alone, of the Orchestra, know best how much pleasure we reap from our efforts on Thursday afternoons.

BESSIE M. BARCLAY, Form 6 A.

\* \* \* \*

### SPRING IDYLL.

I stood there on the dew-drenched grass and watched the approaching rider. The erect figure, the graceful curve of the white neck, the gleaming mass of rich bronze hair, enhanced by the pale gold of the April sunshine, stood out against a background of gloomy pines. There was a clatter of hooves on the grey road and the vision was gone . . . . .

Still I stood, entranced. Had I seen Diana riding through her awakening kingdom? Had I been dreaming? Yet, there on the dusty road were faint hoof-marks; and the clang of the iron on the stones was still ringing in my ears. I resolved to tell no one about her. The beauty of the morning had stimulated an already over-active imagination.

Nevertheless, I could not keep her out of my mind. Wherever I went, down by the willows, or over the hills to the larches, I saw her bright hair, glinting in the spring sunshine. What fun we had together! She would run over the heather to hide in the curling bracken, and, when I reached her hiding-place, a startled rabbit would scuttle to its burrow, and I would hear the tinkling laughter of a mountain stream. I showed her the robin's nest in the tree stump and she led me down to the waterhen's riverside home. We watched the sun rising on the shimmering river: we saw the blue mist veiling the hill, slowly, mysteriously: we admired the pines tipped with silver from a smiling moon.

The days flew past, and my precious holiday was nearly at an end. Diana became sadder and sadder, and, one day, she did not meet me by the silver birches in the hollow. I walked on alone, looking for the fleeting form, listening for the rippling laughter. Suddenly, I gave a gasp of delight. Here, before my eyes, was beauty so great that even Diana was forgotten. A young cherry tree was standing, tall and slender, while behind her were six little blackthorns, dressed delicately and daintily, in a lacy loveliness, stretching out their tiny arms to touch the gown of the wild cherry. It was a wedding, a gloriously lovely wedding. The blackbird trilled out an invitation to me and the six bridesmaids beckoned. Then, I noticed that all was not well. The bride's head was raised towards a nearby hill, and her white tears were carried on the breeze. I looked, and there, on the crest of the hill, stood a handsome pine, bending over as if hastening towards us. There was a dull heavy sound; it came again, and yet again. I saw the gleam of steel, and slowly, majestically, the tall tree swayed and fell on the green hillside. I looked back at the wedding group. All the heads were bowed. The soft wind became suddenly piercing and moaned as it passed, bearing away with it the whiteness of that joyous scene. I left them to their grief and made for home, where the lambs were frisking gaily in the field and the first primroses were opening their soft, kind eyes.

I went into the cottage, and, there on the chintz-covered divan with a newspaper lying open on her lap sat my dream friend, Diana. She was as beautiful as I had imagined, and

even more so, for now I could see her eyes. Soft brown they were, the colour of honey, with sunshine shining behind them.

"This is Cynthia, the gamekeeper's daughter," came my aunt's voice, as if from a long distance. "She has come to pay you a visit. I was just telling her that as you go home tomorrow, it is pity you two didn't get to know each other sooner."

"Yes, indeed," I heard myself saying, "I am very sorry to have to go back to town; very, very sorry."

"Are you?" The eyebrows were raised, and the lovely Cynthia added, "I can't imagine what you see in this place. Nothing worth noticing ever happens here. The country and the beauty of spring and all that bore me to tears."

I looked at the friend of my dreams, at her rosy lips, her soft hair and her white hands, and I pitied her. Yes, in spite of her wondrous beauty, I pitied her with all my soul.

I went home next day with my shattered dream, and my heart was heavy when I thought of her. But, yet, there was always the cherry tree . . . . .

ANNE R. B. PATERSON, Form 5 A.

\* \* \* \*

## "REFORM IT ALTOGETHER."

### A TRAGEDY.

#### CHARACTERS:

LESLIE ARLINGTON	.	.	An Actor.
MIRRA LANG	.	.	An Actress.
PETE VAN DROL	.	.	A Director.

A SCRIPT GIRL. A GUIDE.

Various extra players, a staff of technicians, etc.

*Scene*—A film studio. Mirra Lang, dressed in white, stands in a set representing a baronial hall. At the side and in a chair labelled DIRECTOR sits Pete van Drol. Near him sits a script girl. Beside him stands Leslie Arlington.

*Mirra*—"O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown. The courtier's, soldier's . . . . ."

*Pete*—"Cut! What *is* this? A catalogue? D'ya



BETTY MAXTON, Form IVa.



DOROTHY HALLIDAY, Form IIIA.

think the Public wants to hear *that*? How about some peppy love-scenes? When does he propose to her, eh?"

*Script girl*—"He doesn't."

*Pete*—"What! He doesn't! Say, what's this darned story about, anyway?"

[While Pete is talking, two men enter. They stand and watch.]

*First Man (evidently a guide)*—"This is the Magnificent Film Studios, Inc. In M.F.S. the greatest films in the world are made. (*His voice rises steadily.*) Fil-ums of passion, love, ro-mance, excitement, drama!"

*Script girl*—"The king has been killed by his brother. His ghost appears to his son and . . . ."

*Pete*—"Yeah! but how about the goil? Gimme a piece gum!"

[Several men rush forward.]

*Script girl*—"She commits soo-i-cide."

*Pete (swallowing his gum)*—"WHAT! Mirra."

*Leslie*—"Yes, we all do. (*Brightly*) At the end, you know."

[He speaks in a pleasing English voice.]

*Pete*—"What! Gimme another piece gum!"

[Several men rush forward.]

*Second Man*—"Isn't this the story of 'Hamlet'?"

*Guide*—"Yeah! This is going to be one of the greatest, most stupendous, pictures ever made by M.F.S. This is the picture, you'll never forget it."

*Mirra (dramatically)*—"My public doesn't want to see me die. It wants to see me alive, passionately, pulsatingly alive!"

*Pete (chewing steadily)*—"Sure it does—and it will, Kid, it will. We're gonna change this some, I guess. Who wrote it?"

*Script girl*—"Shakespeare."

*Pete*—"How much do we pay him? Whatever it is, he don't deserve it! The story ain't no good!"

*Leslie* } "But . . . ."

*Second man* }

*Pete*—"QUIET!"

*Script girl*—"I don't know."

*Pete*—"Fire him!"

Leslie } "But . . . . ."

Second man }

Pete—"QUIET! Get me a re-write man."

[Exit Pete, followed by Mirra, Leslie and script girl,  
also divers members of studio-staff.]

Second man—"But they can't, they can't!"

Guide—"M.F.S. can do *anything*. They are the  
greatest film studio ever. They're colossal, stupendous."

Second man—"But I'm—I'm Shakespeare, and I tell  
you . . . . ."

Guide—"You can't! You're fired!"

[CURTAIN.]

FREDA OPPENHEIM, Form 5 B.

\* \* \* \*

### WATERS.

As the waters are bright with the sunlight upon them,  
So bright is my heart in the light of thine eyes.  
As the white lily rests in the heart of the waters,  
Thy love in my heart like a white flower lies.

As the waters are golden with sunlight upon them,  
So gold is my heart with the wealth of my love.  
As a garden made rich with the flowers in her bosom,  
My heart is enriched with the flower of thy love.

As the waters all sparkle with sunlight upon them,  
So joyous my heart in the rays of thy smile.  
As the tender leaf quivers, and flutters, and trembles,  
My heart will so tremble awhile and awhile.

As the waters are warmed with the sunlight upon them,  
So warm is my heart with the warmth of thy love.  
As the breast of the dove trembles soft by her dear one,  
So trembles, so trembles my heart like the dove.

AUDREY PURVES, Form 4 A.

\* \* \* \*

### FALLING ASLEEP.

A very interesting series of photographs has been  
published in one of our newspapers lately. Two of these  
photographs, taken within a "split second" of each other,

show a baby falling asleep. There is a marked contrast  
between them. In the first, the little face is all puckered  
up, and the child is the personification of peevishness; but  
in the second, all the wrinkles have been smoothed out, and  
a little cherub lies asleep. The change might not take  
place just as quickly as the photographer claims, but it  
certainly happens. Perhaps a cross infant is put to bed;  
probably it is crying; in a short time, the cries cease  
suddenly, a tired little sigh is heard, and baby is sleeping,  
with a perfectly angelic expression on its little face.

But not everyone falls asleep as a baby does. The  
corpulent man, in a train perhaps, or even by his own  
fireside, is not a pleasant spectacle when "dropping off."  
He begins by putting his thumbs across his chest. In a  
short time his head falls forward, or right back, and he opens  
his mouth wide. His eyes are closed, but he is not quite  
asleep, as is evident by his spasmodic breathing. Gradually  
the breathing grows deeper and more regular. A long  
drawn-out snore, followed by a whistling sound, escapes him  
and he is asleep.

It is interesting to watch a dog fall asleep. He lies by  
the fire, gazing unblinkingly into the heart of the flames.  
He is quite on the alert, now and then cocking his ears or  
thumping the carpet with his tail. In a little while, he  
begins to blink, and only occasionally does an unenthusiastic  
wag show that he is still aware of one's presence. Then his  
eyes close, but one of them is opened, with sleepy vigilance,  
to find the cause of every movement. At last, even this  
last spark of animation dies out, and the dog sleeps.

MARION NELDER, Form 4 A.

\* \* \* \*

### A SOUTH AFRICAN JOURNEY.

In 1929 my father was asked to travel down into Portu-  
guese East Africa to settle some business there. I was  
invited by the minister's wife to accompany him, and, after  
much anxiety on my mother's part and a large amount of  
persuasion and enthusiasm on mine, I was permitted to do  
so.

We travelled by motor lorry; Mrs W—— and her  
two children inside with the Portuguese driver, my father,

three or four native servants, the relief African driver, one month's supplies for the mission, and myself. Mr W—— went ahead by motor bike.

When we set out, all the Blantyre mission staff were present to bid us farewell and so we left in high spirits.

The whole journey lasted four days. We spent each night in the home of some European, arriving about ten o'clock and leaving again at five in the morning. I was very frightened in these places as in only one of these houses was English spoken, and in the others their manner of speaking "pidgin" English frightened me.

The second day after our departure we had several exciting experiences. First a wild boar ran across the road and was nearly killed. Later we came to a spot where there were a great many partridges and other wild birds, and so the men in the party had a shot at bringing some down. They succeeded in killing a few; so the native "boys" collected them and we set off once again.

We were trying to make up for lost time when we observed Mr—— coming back towards us at full speed. He had sighted a lion!

What excitement ensued! The natives were very unwilling to proceed, and my father went to great pains to prevent me from being frightened. I was not. I was too excited. I had read about lions, but never yet beheld one and my hopes quite overcame my fear.

The native driver took charge of the lorry while the Portuguese one hung on to the running board, with his rifle cocked at the ready.

We travelled thus for a short distance before we sighted the lion, which fortunately also spied us. It stood still for a moment, and then bounded into the bush and disappeared.

On the third day we found a leopard in a wooden trap. For safety, the lorry was driven to the top of the hill and stopped there. The driver then went down to the trap and shot through the spaces between the logs of wood. He fired two or three shots to be certain the animal was dead, and then, after waiting for a short time, it was dragged out and made to join our party on the top of the lorry.

In the evening of the last day we had to cross a large river. The lorry was completely unloaded and carefully driven on to a large raft which the natives pushed across.

This raft was then brought back to take us over. After reloading we once more set off, but by this time I was too tired to take much interest in the surroundings, which seemed dull and uninteresting compared with those we had already passed through. We had now reached our destination, a very hot, very dry, and not quite level countryside, which had very little growth of any kind.

NYASA BURN, Form 4 A.

\* \* \* \*

### "THE WEARIN' O' THE GOWN."

The adoption, by the staff, of academic dress has proved a fruitful source of inspiration to contributors this year, and we present several handlings of this topical theme.

Anne Paterson, Form 5 A, is inspired by Matthew Arnold to the epic manner:—

"Without, an angry wind did greet the morn  
With savage snarl; the raindrops fled in fear  
To beat their tiny fists upon the glass,  
And, wearied, fall on the remorseless stones.  
A figure navy-clad, with head bent low,  
To meet the storm, came through the iron gates.  
She mounted the cold steps to the great door  
And left the whirling turmoil of the air  
For the bare, icy peace which reigned within.  
But stay! she saw some unexpected sight  
Which seemed to quicken her slow, leaden pace  
And light a flame in her dull listless eye—  
For there, beside those plants which shed some green  
Amid the grey, three forms in black were seen;  
Three forms, erect and proud in flowing gowns.  
As when a group of Benedictine monks  
Beneath the shade of waving cypress trees,  
Talking of learning and of holy works  
Pass near a peasant, standing struck with awe,  
He feels deep reverence for these worthy men  
Inspired not by their learned works alone,  
But by their robes that flutter in the breeze.  
The symbols of their learning and their aims,  
So felt she when she saw those sable forms."

In a much modern vein is "Gloom," by Anne Sandison,  
Form 5 B :—

"What is this gloom  
That hovers over all?  
This doom, this overhanging  
Pall?  
A winged figure swoops,  
Black-robed.  
A bat?  
A scream, a shriek, a whisper,  
In the dark!

Black robes,  
All black!  
Robes—black.  
Blackness.  
A scream, a shriek, a giggle  
In the dark!

A black robe?  
A Gown."

Form 3 A sings of gowns in a simpler strain :—

"There's a law at James Gillespie's  
At which we do not frown,  
For the best of laws we all agree  
Is the wearin' o' the gown.

It keeps the masters warm—  
They looked quite cold before,  
And causes much amusement  
When it catches in the door.

It lends our lady tutors grace  
As swiftly they float by,  
Ah yes! the wearin' o' the gown  
Is pleasing to the eye."

Mona Black, Form 4 C, parodies Browning thus :—

"Oh, to be in Gillespie's  
Now that gowns are there,  
And whoever's in Gillespie's

Sees some morning unaware  
That the staff catch their robes in the door  
While some of them trail on the floor,  
And ——— shouts and makes a row  
In Gillespie's, now!"

\* \* \* \*

### TO SAPPHO.

And hast thou smiled in slumber deep,  
Since Hellas drowned thee in her tears?  
O, Clio's page was red since sleep  
Embalmed thee in a million years.  
Since lilies wrapped thy mystic name,  
And Dido kissed the flaming pyre—  
A new Apollo stirred the flame,  
And struck for thee the quivering lyre.

SHEENA W. HOWIE, Form 3 A.

\* \* \* \*

### A THRILLER.

The Great Detective was staying at Major Braggadocio's country residence. This world-famous 'tec however, was not there solely for pleasure.

For about a week there had been a series of alarming murders "with intent to kill" at the major's home. BUT THE BODIES HAD NOT BEEN FOUND. The Great Detective, always quick to scent a crime, had invited himself (he was a friend of the major) for a short visit. So far, he had got no farther than knocking over his host's precious jade vase. (He fell over the stand on which the vase stood, one night, during his investigations.)

But his industrious pursuance of the murders was bound to be rewarded. It was. HE FOUND THE WEAPON. It was lying in the kitchen, without any camouflage whatever.

On being interviewed by reporters after, he was asked how he found it so quickly. The Great Detective replied, "With my extensive knowledge of criminals, I know they usually do the opposite one expects, therefore I looked for the weapon in an ordinary place."

Wrapping it carefully in his yellow silk handkerchief (his Aunt Tabitha always gave him silk hankies for Christmas), he went to his room.

With his highly-powered magnifying glass he set to work and found BLOOD. The trail was becoming warmer.

The climax came on the 22nd June 1936. Another murder was committed WITH THE SAME WEAPON!

The Great Detective stormed and raged. Who dared come into his room and steal his EXHIBIT NO. 1? He, the mighty one—the audacity of it . . . .

But imagine his surprise, nay, his anger, on beholding the weapon IN THE SELF-SAME SPOT AS BEFORE!!

He now decided to reveal his identity and his purpose. Accordingly all the guests and his host were lined up and finger-prints taken. After weary labour a set of finger-prints was found corresponding to those on the weapon.

PERSON OR PERSONS GUILTY—ONE MAJOR BRAGGADOCIO, V.C., D.C.M.

PERSON OR PERSONS "BUMPED OFF"—THREE GRAY MICE—ECCLESIASTES (eldest), ISAAC (middling), HAMISH (youngest).

WEAPON INFLECTING DEATH—ONE WOODEN MOUSE-TRAP.

At the trial the major pleaded not guilty. "By gad, sir," he exclaimed to the judge, "it's a pity one must tolerate thieves who pilfer one's choice Stilton. Britain for justice—bah! Hitler for encouragement of free speech sounds better."

He was also accused of lifting articles out of another person's room (trap and silk handkerchief), but was found not guilty as it was his own house.

The major added he did not know what the servants had done with the bodies.

VERDICT—JUSTIFIABLE HOMICIDE. PRISONER DISCHARGED WITHOUT A STAIN ON HIS CHARACTER.

CATHIE NEILL, Form 3 B.

\* \* \* \*

### THE OLD CARAVAN.

Down the lane by the twinkling river  
Where the cherry blossom flowers,  
That's where the gipsy's caravan nestles,  
'Neath the lofty bowers.

Beside the glistening streamlet stands  
The donkey old and grey,  
Sipping water pure as gold,  
And munching oft some hay.

Upon the grass beside the fire  
Some swarthy figures glide,  
The flames are mounting towards the sky  
Where among the clouds they hide.

And this is where I love to go  
When all is fresh and green,  
And see the old, old caravan  
Placed in that peaceful scene.

ZENA BALFOUR, Form 3 B.

\* \* \* \*

### MARIE THERESE.

Marie Thérèse sat perched on the extreme edge of the pavement in the "Rue de S. Georges," a hot and disgruntled little figure. She had decided to run away from it all, from the Mother Superior (known to the children as "Maman") and the kind Soeur Claire who had been the first to welcome her when she entered the convent exactly a year ago. This sudden decision on the part of Marie Thérèse was due to the fact that "Maman" had been reading to the children the story of a modern "Robinson Crusoe," who had become a stowaway on board a ship which, as it happened was wrecked just off a desert island.

So Marie Thérèse had thought from that minute onwards that the only life for her was that of a stowaway. She was rather regretting her hasty decision now though, as she sat on the pavement not five hundred yards from the convent, which was as far as the bus "conducteur" would take the little girl, since she had no money with her.

She placed one chubby, pink, though not altogether clean, finger in her mouth and gazed longingly at the small English boy who was sitting on the cushions of a stationary limousine, now and then pressing the electric button which controlled the horn, as hard as he could, and digging his teeth into a well-filled and extremely rich-looking cream horn.

There were special ways, thought Marie Thérèse, that one ought and ought not to eat cream horns, and this was certainly one of the latter! Why, now, she reflected, quite indignantly, if *she* had a cream horn like that one, she would have licked the cream from the top, just as far as the top of her small, pink tongue would reach, and then, then perhaps she might have bitten a piece of pastry from the bottom of it and finished the cream by sucking it through the hole.

These thoughts made her feel somewhat hungry and her mind again turned to the convent, with its brightly lit, homely atmosphere, and carved figures of Christ in each room.

"Maman" would be serving the steaming hot, delicious, bowls of soup and dainty little "petits pains" that the children liked so much.

The wrinkles and lines on her face would be smoothed out as though touched by invisible, fairy fingers, while her rough, toil-worn hands would fold together as she thanked God for His goodness in letting her live to do the work He had created her for—the work she had given her life to, and would gladly give again!

Marie Thérèse suddenly stopped pouting, and with a quaint, winsome little smile to herself, as though thinking that perhaps she would be in time for supper, she toddled back to the convent as fast as her legs could carry her.

PEGGY D. SCOTT, Form 3 D.

\* \* \* \*

### NATURE'S MASTERPIECE.

From a fresh, cool, verdant floor furled and unfurled vast mountains, into the unfathomable deep blue sky. Here and there, like lakes of gold, were clumps of gorgeous, soft, velvety orange flowers which held all the fragrant perfumes of the Earth. The sun was just setting and the blazing orb in the West tinted the broken clouds with pearl and opal edged with saffron. Over the hills poured a medium like transparent lilac water. It flashed and twinkled as if shooting stars were falling down—down—down. Magic lights of lilac arose and cloaked everything in a beautiful blue mist. Oh how marvellously Nature had

fashioned this corner of the world! The brilliance, the glory was magnified by the great stone slopes of the mountains, by the water cascading in golden streaks.

ANNE WILLIAMSON, Form 3 E.

\* \* \* \*

### GILLESPIE'S IN 2038,

**when all children are taught by television in their own homes, and Gillespie's has fallen into sad disuse.**

(with apologies to Mr Alfred Noyes.)

Gillespie's in the moonlight, is anyone awake?  
Trim and tunicked shadows are here for old time's sake,  
Shadows of bygone girls, kept in once again,  
Dreaming of impositions by irate teacher-men.

Long-dead girls are here again, gliding down the stairs,  
Now greeting an old acquaintance, shedding all anxious cares  
Shouting as they used to shout, faint (?) and far away,  
In the classrooms, in Gillespie's about the break of day.

Gallant gay Gillespie's has welcomed once again  
All the joyous school-girls who long since dropped the pen,  
Latin, French, and Maths., forgotten ages past,  
Hockey, cricket, tennis, games, for ever gone at last.

Gallant gay Gillespie's is throbbing as of yore,  
To shouts of happy laughter, and light (?) footsteps galore,  
For all the girls are here again, shades from far away,  
In the classrooms, in Gillespie's, about the break of day.

Cleaners, O cleaners, sweep away the dust,  
Dust the dingy rooms again, banish all the must,  
For Gillespie girls are here again, in Gillespie's, long since  
dead,  
And the corridors are shining with Yellow and with Red.

Lowly First and haughty Sixth are singing shrill and loud,  
Each feeling that of this their school, they should be justly  
proud,

The dead are coming back again, the years are rolled away,  
In the classrooms, in Gillespie's, about the break of day.

KATHERINE RAMSAY, Form 2 A.

## HOBBIES.

Hobbies are a great aid to happiness. They can be amusing, instructive, also profitable.

When I commenced school my hobbies took the form of crazes for collecting things, such as scraps, silver paper, seashells and "chuckie stones." My reason for collecting the last named was that my aunt often wore a pretty crystal pendant which in its original state had been once a pebble found on the seashore. I was always hoping to find a similar stone but never had this luck.

As I grew older, the collecting of Foreign Stamps became my chief pastime. This is a hobby which can hold its interest right on through the years. Recently I got a Danish correspondent also interested in stamps, and have exchanged many with her. She, and some of her school mates, were especially interested in our Silver Jubilee and Coronation stamps.

Collecting books is another splendid hobby and will prove a continual source of happiness. A library need never stop growing. One can find books to suit all moods and so one is never lonely or bored.

Another hobby I have, provides great fun for a small circle of friends. This is an amateur magazine called sedately, "The Home Magazine." This was to have been a monthly journal, but appears more or less in spasms as the editress (myself) manages to gather sufficient contributions to warrant an issue. My family and chums send in stories, grave and gay, weird attempts at poetry, and amazing sketches. I write these out in magazine form and then it circulates among my friends and contributors. This hobby, despite the fun, has also its trials. One contributor sends me the first chapter of a thrilling mystery story, but instead of giving the second chapter for the next issue sends me an entirely new story, chapter one, which he considers better than the last, and so on, never giving more than two chapters of any story. He has been sternly advised not to take up a literary career as real editors are popularly supposed always to keep a gun handy. The youngest contributor aged five, used always to raise a laugh by her quaint phonetic spelling, and short jerky sentences. A typical story from her was this :—

## "THE STORY OF WINKILL,"

"Wuns apoon the days gon by there lift a little gnome hoos name was winkill he wood doo enae sing for you ones he ran a mesaje for apples and when he came back I gafe him a peny I liked the nome he had bagne pans."

The sketch accompanying the story explained the last two queer words. He wore baggy pants.

I think I know what my next hobby will be. My brother who is a Scout has commenced woodcraft classes. When he gets a fretwork saw I think I shall learn to use it also (my brother permitting). Woodwork would prove a useful hobby and perhaps turn out profitable as well. Anyway I can at least give it a trial.

ELSIE JOHNSTON, Form 2 B.

\* \* \* \*

## A TALL TALE.

A few years ago, while I was holidaying in a small village on the coast of England, a friend and I encountered an old sailor called Ben, who was famed in the district for his stories, most of which came from his imagination. We asked him to tell us of his adventures, whereupon he related the following tale :—

"It was nigh upon twenty years ago," said he, pulling away at his old pipe, "when I was on the *Daisybell* heading for the Arctic to trap Polar Bears. She was a fine stout ship, weathering all the storms and typhoons we encountered on the way, till at last we reached the Pole, and anchored in a large bay, dotted with bergs and ice-floes. Five of us, well armed, rowed away to locate bears, and, on spotting a huge one left the boat and followed its trail. Soon we stumbled right into a blizzard, and battled our way ahead, the frozen snow stinging our faces, as we strove to move forward. It was so cold that our breath hung in icicles from our faces, our beards had frozen solid, and our heads and feet had become numb and lifeless. We staggered on, bruised and fainting, till at last one of my comrades gave a shout, and following his directions, we at last reached a sheltered sort of valley surrounded by mountains of ice. Here, the snow could not reach us, but just as we were

trying to warm up we saw something that made our blood run cold. There frozen into the solid ice were twenty or more human beings! Yes! Twenty of 'em, just like us! They resembled the Eskimos, only they had white, white skin and were tall and broad. Of course we were naturally terrified, and clustered together, our teeth chattering so much from cold and fear that we couldn't hear ourselves speak. At last one of us, who had a couple of sticks and matches in his sack, made a small fire and we sat round it hungry, frightened and miserable.

"Suddenly, just as we were wondering when the blizzard would wear itself out, we heard a movement behind us, and when we turned round, our hearts nearly stopped, for there, advancing slowly towards us were the twenty Eskimos. They had guns in their hands, and awful looks in their eyes, as they crept on, further and further, while we stood too scared to move. At first we thought we were dreaming, and bit and pinched ourselves till the blood ran, but nothing happened, and these terrible murderous creatures came on, nearer and nearer, while we stood fascinated, till suddenly we realised that the heat of our fire must have melted the ice and restored life to the frozen bodies. As this dawned, we suddenly came out of the spell, and the five of us ran madly to where we had left the boat, chased by the nightmare creatures, who shrieked and yelled, brandishing their awful weapons. But fear gave us wings and we flew on till at last we reached the boat, tumbled in, and rowed madly to the ship, the Eskimos screaming and blazing away, after us. When we reached the ship we told the captain what had happened, and as five normal men could not all have gone crazy and seen things, he believed us and we sailed back home. I have not heard any more about the twenty men, but I expect that if any one goes back, I suppose they will be there still."

"Well," said I, "if you expect me to believe that!"

"I ain't a-askin' you to believe anything," Ben said, "but you can take my word for it, its Gospel. Old Ben never lies."

And with that he ambled off. But nothing will ever convince me that his story was otherwise than a myth of the imagination. What do you think?

IRENE M. FISHER, Form 2 C.

### A FIRST VISIT TO WOOLWORTH'S.

City-bound in a tramcar Mary Gibbs was trembling with excitement. In all her nine years this was the first time she had ever been in such a large city as Edinburgh, and her poor companion Uncle John was asked many questions, much to his horror, for Mary had been left with him for the day and what could a crusty old bachelor possibly know about a child's whims and fancies? So he had suggested taking her to the Zoo, but although she would love to see the lovely little monkeys she would be frightened, she was certain, by the large bears and other big animals. "Did Uncle know if monkeys were really men's ancestors?" was the next question, but this was cut short by a frown from Uncle, who decided that he had never met a more talkative child than Mary. Whenever he suggested taking her up town to see the sights she was motionless with rapture, then she clapped her hands. So here we meet them on the tramcar bound for the places of interest. Mary hardly looked at the world-famous places of historic interest. Well, who would when one knew that one was going to Woolworth's, a shop where one had never been before? In other words the bright new sixpence clutched tightly in Mary's hot sticky hand was burning a hole. At last, however, they arrived at the wonderful shop which was even more wonderful than all the colourful stories told her by her Uncle Ben had been. Mary and her gentlemanly escort walked round and viewed all the wares laid out so attractively and enticingly on the counters, which seemed to stretch for miles on end. After seriously considering a scrapbook, a really lovely doll, the dinkiest little golfstick and ball, and many other things, Mary put aside all thoughts of them and purchased a lovely green suede handbag which had a lovely picture of a lady with her dog on it. Her Uncle bought a *real* silk handkerchief and a comb and mirror to put in it, then a lovely green purse was added in which he put a new threepenny bit. Late that night a tired but happy little girl climbed into bed and lovingly had a last look for the night at her treasure. Then after Teddy had inspected it and had been shown all its advantages it was hung up where Mary could see it from her bed.

MAIDIE STOBO, Form 2 D.

## TOOTHACHE.

"No ill affects mankind more universally than toothache. If you have toothache you receive no sympathy whatsoever from your more fortunate companions who are not suffering from this torment."

As I lay in bed I meditated thus. Despite my wild and frenzied tossings from side to side, I could not sleep for that nagging little pain in my tooth. I tried laying my face on the hot water bottle but that did no good. I wrapped a scarf round my head and only succeeded in looking like an Indian whose turban had slipped. I got up and took a drink of cold water which made it worse. I tried Somebody's patent tooth tincture but it didn't work either. Neither did repeating the Principal Parts of the Latin Verb "gaudeo = I rejoice," nor did a dreary recital of "Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow," and I became distinctly sorry for myself. I counted sheep jumping over a gate but one would keep tripping and interrupting my calculations, so I gave it up.

After a fretful night, my snatches of sleep sandwiched by ghastly nightmares, I awoke to find my toothache still with me.

At breakfast my swollen face passed unnoticed until at length I announced with some slight exaggeration that I had been up all night with toothache.

I was given a lecture on the evils of eating sweets and sternly told to go "to the dentist and get the thing out."

Ten o'clock saw me, a quaking figure, advancing with no small trepidation to the dentist's door-bell.

I sat in the waiting-room trembling with fear. Awe descended upon me as when "man goeth to his long home and the mourners go about the streets," but the preceding part of the text recalled my present situation very forcibly to mind. Alas! My grinders were many but they would soon be fewer.

At last my name was called and I walked to the surgery with dragging feet as though waiting for the Trump of Doom.

The shining arrays of instruments distorted themselves into armies of horrid little hobgoblins before my terrified eyes and as I opened my mouth to scream a sharp pain

shot through my gum and heedless of my waving arms two relentless steel claws bore down on my defenceless tooth, they were closing, closing—Ah! a sharp wrench and there it was dangling before me.

The dentist said in a soothing voice, "It's all right now, you're all right, you are a very good patient."

I am still wondering if he was trying to be sarcastic.

NANCY KNOX, Form 1 A.

\* \* \* \*

## A VISIT TO MARS.

In nineteen hundred and ninety-nine,  
We paid a visit to Mars,  
And on the journey there and back  
We stopped at many stars.

We flew at a million miles an hour,  
(The fare was five pounds three),  
We had our lunch at Jupiter  
And got to Mars for tea.

The people there walk upside-down  
And live in nests in trees.  
They clothe themselves in blocks of ice,  
And feed on mouldy cheese.

We stayed there for a week or two,  
And saw strange sights; and then  
We said good-bye to those of Mars,  
And journeyed home again.

DOREEN BOOTH, Form 1 A.

\* \* \* \*

## A RAINY DAY.

The once dry soil lies sodden and dank,  
The wet, green grass lies limp on the bank,  
And each little flower droops down its sad head,  
Even the red, rosy sun has stayed in its bed.

High in the tree-tops the little birds rest,  
Each snug and cosy in its little nest,  
Though the cold winds may shriek and the branches may bend  
The sturdy old tree stands firm to the end.

MAY LAMBERTY, Form 1 C.

## FROM THE TOP CORRIDOR.

## ON LEAVING SCHOOL.

*(With apologies to the popular song.)*

Thanks for the memory  
Of Algebra and Trig.,  
Problems small and big,  
Rectangles and triangles  
As copied from the fig.,  
How lovely it was!

Thanks for the memory  
Of essays by the score.  
And much historic lore,  
It might have been a headache  
And it often was a bore!  
How lovely it was!

Many's the time that I've swotted,  
And mon devoir francais I've blotted,  
It wasn't much fun,  
But no harm done.

So—thanks for the memory  
Of Latin verbs and Gyms.,  
Where we stretched all our limbs.  
And laughing bliss and Service  
Where each morning we sang Hymns.  
How lovely it was!

Thanks for the memory.  
And strictly entre nous,  
When I leave I'll be blue,  
And I'll pray for all the little girls  
That are still left to stew!

Awfully glad to've been here,  
So long, and toodle-oo!  
And—thank you so much!

*Form 5*, having learned that a raffle was being held in aid of the Royal Infirmary and that the first prize was a live pig, ask which of our Lordly Ones could be imagined as greeting the prize thus:—

"Is this a Hamlet that I see before me?"  
"Get into line there! Where's your gumption?"  
"Well, well, well! How did you get here?"  
"Are you deaf or disobedient? Answer me!"  
"Heavens! What a din!"  
"Where's your hat?"  
"Qu' avez-vous fait?"  
"Dear me! Abite, porce!"  
"Well, lady?"  
"All right, girly, be a third soprano; but softly, *please* girly, *SOFTLY*."

*Form 5* also catches the tone of certain popular periodicals in:—

## BETWEEN OURSELVES

JOTTINGS BY SHIRLEY ANN.

My dears, this time I am going to be really methodical and begin at the beginning—by that I mean that I am going to start my little piece by bringing out my jottings of Great Events that happened at the beginning of the Season—you have probably forgotten most of them—but perhaps you haven't? Some of you must recall one or two of these little Incidents which go to make up such Cheery Chat and Harmless Gossip, don't you?

And now for the Snappy Snippets from Society which I am sure you are awaiting with bated breath. The height of the Season's Festivities was reached when a gay multi-coloured throng of silks and organdies swept the polished parquet (poet's licence, you know, my dears) of our lofty and stately ballroom a little before Christmas. I had taken some jottings of the really marvellous gowns, but I am afraid my style of shorthand varies so, and I cannot quite remember what I wrote. But of course, I can recall some particularly striking styles—just too, too sweet, you know dears. I noticed particularly a filmy creation in blue, trimmed with darling little rosebuds or something done in pink and green, rather a sweet idea, don't you think, perhaps you could copy it some time, and also a really striking idea in Shocking Pink, or was it called Smoky Sunset then?

But there, space presses, as we journalists have it, and I must pass on to some of the other Social Events that

brightened our winter term—I mean Season, of course, my dears. We had a most entertaining evening at the Social of one of our most popular Societies. It was there that I noticed how fashionable—shall I say—*not* Children-from-Other-Lands are becoming—perhaps you noticed it too, did you? I expect you did.

O—dear! There's my Editor calling to know if I have finished my bright little gossip page—he didn't call it that, my dears, but you know what editors are, don't you? If you were a busy writer like I am—so much in demand among our more popular magazines—I won't say it's exactly a classic, this little gossip of mine, but there, people seem to like it so much better than the somewhat weightier style, I'm sure I get so many letters telling me how much you have *enjoyed* my little contribution to the literature of the modern world, and I must say they sound *so* sincere, but there you are, you can see for yourselves how my fluent style flows ever onward—like the little brook wasn't it? “Men may come, and men may go. But I . . .”—do you know I don't think I am like the little brook after all, although our Editor does say so.

Well, my dear readers, I really must tear myself away from our happy circle, and write “Finis” to my flow of fashion and frolic. You *do* know, dears, *how* much I look forward to getting letters from you—perhaps you think you do, but I don't think you can really, dears—so just write and tell me anything you think will interest us all. So now I will say Good-bye until we meet again, which we both hope will be very, very soon.

The time-honoured game of “Applied (or misapplied) Quotations” goes on, as witness:—

M.A.—“Favours to none, to all she smiles extends.

Of she rejects, but never once offends.”—(POPE).

A.F.B.—“And trust me, dear, good humour can prevail.”  
(POPE).

H.A.M.—“She hadde passed many a strange stream.”  
—(CHAUCER).

J.G.—“Yet champion have we none to match this youth.”  
—(ARNOLD).

A.E.F.—“My love was born in Aberdeen,  
The bonniest lad that e'er was seen.”—(BURNS).

N.K.D.—“And French she spak ful faire and fetisly.”  
—(CHAUCER).

M.M.N.—“About her neck floated her hair, or seemed to  
float in rest.”—(TENNYSON).

Any Sewing Mistress—“By the pricking of my thumbs.”  
—(SHAKESPEARE).

Domestic Science Room—“A constant vapour o'er the palace  
flies.”—(POPE).

We want to know:—

If the fifth-form pupil who entered “Le Panto” in her note-book now realises that Chesterton is *not* describing a Christmas-time performance of “Cinderella.”

If it has yet been explained to the youthful messenger why the form shrieked with laughter at her entrance. This line in “Hamlet” had just been expressively read:—  
“Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool!”

If Shakespeare was referring to an Elizabethan Shirley Temple when he wrote:—“But there is, sir, an eyry of children, little eyasses, that cry out on the top of question and are most tyrannically clapped for it.”

If King Arthur knew how he was complicating permutations for future generations when he invented the Round Table system.

If all heard the sigh of relief heaved by the incorrigible hymn-book-forgetters, on realising that Hymn 229 was none other than their old friend Psalm 100.

What murderous threat underlay the statement in a Physics class, “When the body is stationary, ‘U’ will be nothing.”

Whether the girl who, asked to use the word “embellishments,” wrote, “A fat man is one having physical embellishments” was thinking of General G——.

Whether the misquotation, “A thrill through all the *Tartan* squadrons ran” was prompted by Scottish Nationalist sentiments.

Whether the National Fitness Campaign prompted this remark, “Double yourself up, lassie.”

Whether the pupil who wrote:—“It was a red-letter day when we all took fever” was referring to *scarlet* fever.

\* \* \* \*

## SALVAGE.

To-day's fairy tale :—" Once upon a time there was a school where the Editors never had to ask for contributions to the Magazine. Every week they unlocked the Magazine Box and found stories and poems and jokes. And when the end of May came round nobody ever said, " Please, will it do next week?" And the jokes were always funny, and the stories were always written in ink on one side of the paper, and the poems always scanned. So they had a lovely big Magazine and the Editors lived happy ever after. And the name of the school was—*not* James Gillespie's."

Having thus voiced an annual grumble we would thank all those who, albeit mostly at the last moment, provided us with material from which to select. Forms 6, 4A and 3B deserve special mention for their interest in the Magazine.

In prose, travel-sketches seem to have been popular this year, but it requires some wit and unusual descriptive power to rescue this type of writing from guide-book dullness. Morag Macpherson (4 A), and Isobel Grieg (2 C) wrote excellent essays on " A Trip to the Pyramids " and " Egypt," but just missed the necessary touch of individuality and liveliness. We laughed over " Dialogue for Pupils Only," by Margaret Bee (6 A) ; it had real wit, but discretion forbade its publication ! Worthy of mention is an Indian short story, " Coincidence," by Leila Sinha (3 B) ; it was very well written but too grim. Marjorie Macgregor (1 A) wrote a pleasantly racy account of housekeeping for a day, which was rejected only because we have so often printed similar articles.

Of the poems sent in, the most interesting were those of Audrey Purves (4 A), and Sheena Howie (3 A), both of whom should continue to write but give a little more attention to poetical form. Sheena in " To a Water Lily " shows a real sense of the colour and melody of words, but her metre is uncertain. Kathleen Suttle (3 B) had, in the transformation of a forest into a cathedral, an excellent idea, but she must learn something about scansion ! The effect was of irregular lengths of prose with rhymes accidentally tacked on. Lily Craigie (2 E), made a bold attempt

at a dialect poem about three beggar-men, but we fear the sense was made to fit the rhymes, and the story fell flat. Mary M'Dermott (1 C) gave an attractive picture of a little Irish house whose

" Shelter was the mountains,  
Its refreshment was the breeze.  
Its wine was the fountains  
That danced beneath the trees,  
It had a roof of golden straw,  
Its sides as white as snow . . . . "

The opening of a little poem by Yvonne Morrison (2 D) held something of Mr Walter de la Mare's enchantment :—

" Bring me a hundred candles,  
The lovely lady said . . . . "

but unfortunately this standard was not maintained throughout.

Light verse was abundant in quantity but not outstanding in quality. Ena Durie (2 B) tried a parody on " The Village Blacksmith " of which this was the best verse :—

" Under the garage neon lights  
The village blacksmith stands,  
With baby motor-cars he fights,  
With petrol-smelling hands."

Another member of the same form had the very good idea of adapting " The Ancient Mariner " to school topics, but failed to carry it out with sufficient dexterity. We cannot resist quoting one verse, with the Authoress's helpful note :—

" Ink, ink everywhere  
But never in the wells !  
Ink, ink everywhere  
And on to us it fells\*"

\*Poetic License for " falls." !

Examinations and games alike inspired rhymes, none, this year, very brilliant. From 3 D comes a lament of the examinee, with the edifying conclusion :—

" So learn this lesson and beware  
And to your studies go, repair,  
And when the teacher says ' exam.'  
Just jolly well go home and cram."

The beginner's impression of tennis comes from 2 D :—

"Tennis it has started,  
Everyone is gay,  
Balls go whizzing past you  
No matter what you say!

Just as you have whacked it  
Another comes your way,  
And as you make to strike it  
It flies the other way."

Form 3 A slanders itself (let us hope!) in amusingly topical terms :—

"We never, never swot,  
We're a lesson-hating lot.  
'Cause we're tough, mighty tough in 3 A.

O we're tough, mighty tough in 3 A,  
At hockey we're first in the fray.  
Our class team never loses,  
What care we for knocks and bruises,  
'Cause we're tough, mighty tough in 3 A!"

To all those members of Forms 6, 5, 4 and 3 who contributed to "Top Corridor Notes," we extend our thanks. We think they will understand why drastic "pruning" was necessary, and we are sure they enjoyed composing the jokes! Will all those to whom we have had to say "The Editor regrets . . . ." please believe that their efforts were much appreciated and carefully considered, and try again next year?

A. E. F.

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## REPORT ON SHORT STORY COMPETITION.

Of the thirteen stories submitted for this year's competition, "M'Bwygo," by Helen Mackenzie, Form 4 B (Spylaw House), was adjudged the best. The general level of literary quality was less high than in some former years, but Helen succeeded better than the other competitors in the essential points of an interesting plot clearly worked out, a background well suggested without too much description, and a readable style. We hesitated for some time between "M'Bwygo" and "Liberty" by Audrey Purves, Form 4A. Audrey showed a striking command of language, but there was too little incident in her story. Deserving of mention are Violet Henderson's "A Midsummer Night's Phantasy," which very *nearly* succeeded in capturing the right "eldritch" atmosphere, and Dorothy Halliday's "B.C. and All That," whose ingenious anachronisms were amusing. We should like to commend specially one of the youngest entrants—Nancy Knox, Form 1 A, for her little domestic comedy, "The Prize"; it was written in a pleasantly easy style and the conversations were particularly natural. One or two competitors, notably the authors of "Eyes" and "En Route," failed to distinguish between a short story and an essay. We congratulate the winner and thank all the competitors. Their work augurs well for future issues of the Magazine.

A. E. F.

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### M'BWYGO.

(A LEGEND.)

Many years ago, at the time of the French Revolution, off the N.E. coast of Africa, unpenetrated by the white man, was a small fertile island, which was constantly being raided by the Singwars, a tribe from the mainland. The islanders, strong, courageous people, were leaderless, and thus at a great disadvantage when fighting their enemy. They struggled bravely on, but the invasions of the Singwars took their toll heavily. They believed that one day, under a good leader, they would defeat the mainland tribe; this had been prophesied by their last chief, who, twenty years ago, had died heirless.

"When I am dead, you will have a new chief," he had said, "and he will be no ordinary man; he will be as the sun, and one day he will lead you to victory."

Time had passed, and no "Sun-King" had come into their midst, but still they kept on hoping and praying the prophecy would come true.

Our story opens one stormy night, when mighty waves were thundering up the beach in huge breakers, nearly reaching the hut which stood on a hillock a few hundred yards back from the shore.

Inside the hut everything was dark except for the red glow of the fire. The men sitting round it saw each other only dimly through a haze of blue smoke rising from it and the pipes they were smoking. They were silent, listening fearfully to the wind howling round the hut. It was indeed a wild night—seldom had there been such a hurricane. Surely the devils were angry!

"Maybe it is revenge on the Singwars," murmured one man hopefully, voicing the thoughts of the others.

There was no reply. Each remembered how only a week before, there had been an invasion at the cost of some hundred cattle and a few helpless women carried off as slaves.

Outside there was a sudden momentary lull, and all that was heard was the crackling of the fire; then there came a new sound, a soft tapping at the door—once, twice, thrice—then again silence. Then once more the wind rose, blustering around the hut.

Eyes wide and gleaming with fear, they stared at one another.

"Devils!" the word was on each man's lips.

What else could that faint tapping mean? Yet even to these ignorant men it seemed ridiculous to be afraid of a sound, but undoubtedly they were. For a few moments nobody moved, then one tall man rose, went to the door and opened it cautiously. A silence, then suddenly he called out, his voice throbbing with excitement:—

"Come quickly! Look!"

The others crowded round, to turn startled eyes on the amazing spectacle of an old man, unconscious, clutching something to his breast—something that stirred and uttered a dismal, wailing cry . . . . . A child!

With trembling hands they carried the strange pair inside, where they examined the old man anxiously. He did not move; he was not breathing; they knew he was dead, but the child was living, of that there could be no possible doubt, and eagerly they drew aside the cloth that covered it, to reveal a tiny puckered face framed by a mass of golden hair.

"The Sun-King! He is come at last."

And with bowed heads they paid homage to the child who was prophesied to be their deliverer.

Time passed, and M'Bwygo, as they called him, grew into a fine strong man, as brave as a lion, and determined to rid his followers of the raiders from the mainland. Many times already he had successfully driven them away from the island, but they had not given up.

Now M'Bwygo considered a plan to defeat the Singwars, and at a meeting the islanders discussed it and eventually agreed in its favour. Not long ago, on taking a walk on the shore one evening, M'Bwygo had seen smoke curling up from the bay opposite; early the next morning there had been a raid and as most of the raids commenced at dawn, he had drawn his own conclusions. From that time, he sent a man to watch the bay nightly, and on the eventful night when the alarm was raised, every man was ready.

No sooner had the signal been given than about five hundred stalwart islanders crept down to the shore where their canoes lay waiting, embarked and pushed off from the mainland. With M'Bwygo at their head, they paddled silently in the direction of a small peninsula north of the bay, and in a short time they had landed and were ready, spears in hand, to follow their leader.

Through thick, tangled undergrowth they proceeded, until they reached the fringe of the clearing where the Singwars had camped and now lay sleeping in blissful ignorance of the fate in store for them. M'Bwygo peered through the bushes here for a moment, then turned to his men and beckoned them on.

With wild, war-like cries they sprang into the open, taking the startled Singwars completely by surprise. For the next few minutes all was confusion; by the faint early morning light the two tribes fought fiercely, the Singwars

putting up a brave stand against the islanders' merciless onslaught; but the result was inevitable. Within a short space of time the clearing was strewn with the bodies of the dead and wounded, the Singwars chief was held prisoner, and the rest were in full, precipitous flight, leaving their conquerors "monarchs of all they surveyed."

For several moons the Singwars remained quiescent under the rule of M'Bwygo, whom they feared greatly because of his golden hair. But as they recovered from their great defeat, they began to mutter rebelliously among themselves against the usurper whom the islanders called their "Sun-King." It mattered little that M'Bwygo ruled them wisely and well, making no distinctions between them and his own tribe. So their mutterings grew and grew, until one day the whole Singwar tribe, armed with spears, crowded around M'Bwygo's hut.

M'Bwygo, realizing it was he they wanted, and disregarding his friends' protestations, opened the door and stood before the hostile mob. An awed silence fell as he began to speak, telling them how he believed that he had been sent to unite the two tribes and to change the age-old feud into everlasting friendship.

His powerful words swayed the majority, so that they lowered their spears; the rest were wavering, not knowing what to believe. And as they hesitated after his speech, a voice cried out:—

"He lies! Do not believe him! 'Tis better to have our own ruler than a usurper who calls himself M'Bwygo, the Sun-King!"

And before the horrified eyes of the crowd a man dashed forward. They saw the spear glitter in the sunlight, saw the mighty figure stiffen and pitch forward heavily, to lie quite still.

So died M'Bwygo, but his words had the desired effect. The two tribes became one, living in peace and friendship.

The name M'Bwygo is now legendary, but to this day, on the top of the hill on the island stands a pile of old stones, which perhaps in bygone days was a monument. Who knows that the story is not really true?

HELEN MACKENZIE, Form 4 B.

## HOWLERS.

History classes provide the year's best howlers, as thus—

"The Indian Mutiny was caused because the British rubbed the *cartilages* of the sepoys with cow-fat."

"Two dictators at the present day are the Aga Khan over India and Provost Gumley over Scotland."

"O'Connell stood for Parliament but could not sit."

Mistakes in English have been mostly unamusing this year, but the following statements provided a little comic relief to the task of correction:—

"The whale is an ambiguous animal because it leads a double life."

"These solemn words were spoken by the Abbot to Constance in the Volt." (Was she electrified to hear them?)

"Our form-room is the Biology Room. There are some queer specimens there."

"The Shipman rode on his mare wearing a short-sleeved blouse beside a bailiff, a summoner, a pardoner and a steward; there were no more!" (Surely a case of the S.P.C.A., unless of course it was a night-mare.)

"The candidate was illegible for the examination." (We seem to have met that candidate—many of them!)

Did one of the younger masters feel embarrassed on being told that the word derived from "Bacchus" was "bachelor"?

The modern cult of slimming must have inspired this curious deduction:—"His horse was as lean as a rake which shows he was attentive and kind about keeping his horse in form."

Le mot juste? "The ghost was a *supernatural* being."

"Oliver le Daim, Louis' barber, was always ready to *smooth out matters* for the king."

The statement that "Toad was rescued by the goal-keeper's daughter" may be accounted for by the fact that the English examination was held on the Monday following the Scotland-England Rugby International!

One of our Leaving Certificate candidates distinguished herself by amending the sentence:—"Scotland's poet lay

dying, with the incubus of debt gnawing at his vitals " to—  
gnawing at his *victuals* !"

In conclusion, some assorted misapprehensions :—

" Ben Gunn was a mountain mentioned in the ' Lady of the Lake '."

" A salamander is a form of Indian courtesy."

" The people of Ceylon are the Celanese."

" Bearded like the pard " means bearded like the minister.

" The Calais Station is in Princes Street."

" There was much sedition left in the bottom of the cup."

" A mistral is a singing-master."

" Dan Quilp gave his name to a kind of bedspread."

\* \* \* \*

### PARIS, 1937.

Twenty-four very excited Gillespie pupils, accompanied by a host of friends and relations and carrying luggage which suggested that they were off to the desert for a year assembled at Princes Street Station one evening last July. After endless goodbyes and many admonitions from parents we were on our way and settled down to eat a substantial " supper " which lasted well on into the morning. Brilliant sunshine greeted our arrival at Euston and from there we drove to Victoria where we breakfasted and caught the boat train for Newhaven. At Newhaven the excitement really began, for the passports had to be shown, but these were negotiated safely and presently we were aboard the steamer *Versailles* and cleaving a way through the Channel which was really too calm to please our adventure-loving minds. On reaching Dieppe we climbed into the noisy express which roared its way through the French countryside to the gay city. A bus took us from the Gare St. Lazare to the Cercle Concordia where we could really begin to air our French.

The next morning we found to our surprise that the famed Continental breakfast of a roll and coffee was quite satisfying but we were rather apprehensive about having to forego our five o'clock tea. It was a new experience for most of us to be whirled away in the Métro to the heart of the city and to realise that one could travel any distance for 85 centimes, which was about 1d. As we crossed the Place de la Concorde and gazed down into the murky waters of the Seine the troubled history of Revolutionary France became very real to us. We climbed the Arc de Triomphe and looked down on to Paris which spread out like a star all round this great memorial to Napoleon where rests also the unknown warrior of France. Later we visited the actual tomb of the Emperor in " Les Invalides." The Cathedral of Notre Dame with its exquisite stained glass windows, the Basilique du Sacré Coeur, and the church of St. Etienne du Monde showed us a different version of Parisian life, from that of the gay, modern, city.

The chief attraction of Paris in 1937 was of course the Grande Exposition where our party spent a day. The whole exhibition could not be seen in one day but we visited the most important pavilions and sailed down the Seine to

the amusement park in a delightful little paddle-steamer. The dark Eiffel Tower rising above the whitewalled pavilions and palaces made a picture which will live long in the memories of us all.

On 14th July, Paris celebrates the anniversary of the fall of the Bastille. Troops from North Africa and the French Colonies paraded the streets, and in the evening a drive round Paris showed us a panorama of the city at night-fall. We passed pavement cafés where people danced or drank French beer out of tall glasses, and groups of children who were enjoying themselves on roundabouts. The gay lights of Montmartre and the floodlighting of the exhibition added to the brilliance of those typically Parisian scenes and the climax of the evening was a wonderful display of fireworks.

Of course an afternoon was spent in the Louvre, and an evening in attending a performance of "Lohengrin" in the great Opera House.

I think the most pleasant memory of many of us was that of our visit to Versailles. The great Chateau amidst its wonderful gardens where fountains played was surrounded by the very atmosphere of the Bourbons. Marie Antoinette's tiny chalet where she used to play at being a shepherdess was close by. We all took innumerable photographs most of which did not come up to expectation but of which we were nevertheless very proud.

Our last morning was spent in the great "Magasins" with romantic names like "Aux Printemps." The assistants must have been sorely tried by some of our attempts at French but generally we succeeded in making ourselves understood. One of our number was somewhat embarrassed to find that she had been asking for "tall" peaches.

Our escapades in the Cercle Concordia, which took place when we should have been sound asleep but which were really quite innocent must needs be passed over.

The return journey was uneventful but pleasant, and we all took home many souvenirs, the most lasting of which will be the impressions stamped on our minds of a cosmopolitan yet essentially French Paris.

Our thanks are due to the members of staff who accompanied the party, and especially to Mr Brash, without whose organising ability and ungrudging work the trip would not have been possible.

JESSIE TEMPLETON, } Form 5 A.  
CYNTHIA PRYDE, }

## FROM THE SENIORS.

### THE EMPIRE EXHIBITION.

Lord Elgin had a great ambition  
Which was to build an Exhibition.  
Opened it was by the King  
While we did the Anthem sing.  
It stands in Bellahouston Park  
Where fountains sparkle in the dark.  
If above us shines the sun,  
The large amusement park is fun,  
The scenic railway gives a thrill,  
You often think you're going to spill.  
Popular is the Crazy House,  
It does your startled nerves arouse,  
There are Scottish and Australian pavilions  
Which are visited by millions.  
The Palace of Industries is great,  
To see this, in queues you wait.  
There are many places more  
Into which vast crowds will pour,  
And if you take my good advice  
You'll visit Glasgow once or twice.

VIOLET HILLS, 3 Senior A.

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### A WIRELESS MIXTURE.

*Regional*—"A variety programme from Ireland by the . . . ."

*National*—"News Bulletin, copyright reserved . . . ."

*Scottish*—"For Mothers only. The talk to-day is on the teething of babies. Mrs M—— will now commence"

*Regional*—"With a variety of Irish airs, the first, 'Killarney,' then . . . ."

*National*—"He shall fly back from New Zealand, touching . . . ."

*Scottish*—"The front two teeth at the age of . . . ."

*Regional*—"A tune which is not Irish is being played . . ."

*National*—" And two British ships have been sunk . . . ."

*Scottish*—" At the end of two years they should . . . ."

*Regional*—" Have to finish now with a medley of popular tunes from . . . . ."

*National*—" The end of the news . . . . ."

*Scottish*—" Of teething problems by Mrs M—— . . . ."

*Regional*—" Goodbye for . . . . ."

*National*—" Goodnight . . . . ."

*Scottish*—" And I hope they will be good babies."

BETTY TOPP, 3 Senior A.

\* \* \* \*

### OUR BABY.

Little golden curls and little pink toes,  
Little chubby cheeks and a little flat nose.  
He laughs when you scold him ;  
He cries when you hold him.  
That's our baby.

When he goes to bed at night,  
He watches all the stars so bright,  
And when they through his window peep,  
They find our baby fast asleep.  
Sleepy baby.

MARGARET OGILVIE, 3 Senior B.

\* \* \* \*

### THE POLICEMAN.

Go round the corner and down the street,  
And see the policeman on his beat,  
Clip-a-clop his big boots go.  
He makes the burglars full of woe.

He stops the traffic with his hand,  
And has you under his command,  
But he is quite a jolly man  
And tries to help you when he can.

DOROTHY PEACOCK, 3 Senior B.

### A VISIT TO AMERICA.

Although pupils of "Gillespie's" go to many and varied places for holidays I do not think any girl, like myself, has enjoyed one in the United States of America. Last summer I had this pleasure when we visited my grandparents in the lovely valley of the Ohio River.

Our voyage in the liner *California* finished with a delightful children's party and, on Sunday, 27th June, we were eagerly watching for the brilliant lights of New York. We anchored outside Coney Island and there was one blaze of lights all around. Next morning we were up early on deck and passed the Statue of Liberty and had a goodly view of the Skyscrapers.

What a contrast between the rush of New York and the sunny quietness of the green Ohio valley which the Indians call the happy hunting ground because they thought it was so beautiful Heaven must be like that ! The hillsides are covered with trees which one never sees here.

While we were in Pittsburg we attended a Scotch picnic which is held yearly. They played football, and held Highland dancing competitions. In Pittsburg there are many beautiful buildings ; one modern building which is a skyscraper is called the Cathedral of Learning.

All the time we spent here was very warm, the ladies dressed in white while children wore sun-suits. I spent a few days which I enjoyed very much at a farm. On the farm there was a peculiar machine with which they were working—it is called a stump-jumper. It jumps over the stumps of trees ; for this method of ploughing the man has to be strapped in his seat.

When motoring back from Ohio to New York, which is a six hundred mile journey, we stayed overnight at a tourists' camp outside Gettysburg. These camps are little cottages supplied with everything needed for cooking meals, where people stay overtime when motoring over the country.

We were amazed at the great height of the Empire State Offices, Chrysler Building and Radio City which we saw during our one night in New York.

We sailed on the *Queen Mary* at twelve o'clock noon, and we were glad to get settled down at last, as we had a pleasant cabin. There was an elevator running between the dining room and the deck. There were also many beautiful

lounches and a children's playroom where my sister and I spent many hours of our time. It was much cooler on our return journey and it did not seem long before we reached Cherbourg where quite a number of passengers got off in a tender.

On our way to Southampton we passed the lovely Isle of Wight. Several pleasure steamers crowded with people came out to see the *Queen Mary*. It was 3.30 when we docked at Southampton, four and half days after leaving New York. We got the "night Scot" from London to Edinburgh, arriving home early on Tuesday morning which got me home in good time for school.

I have still a very pleasant memory of my holidays which I spent in sunshine.

BETTY DONALDSON, 3 Senior C.

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### THE MOUSE AT THE ZOO.

I sat on a hillock at the Zoo, and was gazing around me at the colourful scene, when suddenly I heard a rustling in the grass, and there appeared before me, a wee grey mouse. We looked at each other silently for a second, and then plucking up courage, I murmured "Good afternoon." He twirled his smart whiskers and then replied in a squeaky voice, "Who are you? Are you enjoying your visit?" He crouched down on his tiny haunches before me, and we fell into conversation. I asked him if he was happy in his home at the Zoo, and which animals he lived with. "Oh! I generally stay near the beavers, but I travel about and visit all parts of the Zoo in turn," he replied.

"It all depends where food is most plentiful. I take care to avoid the homes of the birds which have big beaks and cruel sharp talons, and I never visit that grey mountain the elephant. I do not like the idea of getting under his feet. That would be the end of poor me! Life is not easy for us mice," he went on to say, while I listened with breathless interest. "There are too many traps set for us, and it is because of those destructive rats with their sharp teeth." I thought his own little teeth looked sharp enough to cause damage, but I did not say so. He was such an interesting little morsel. "Here come your friends," he said. "I must be off. I think I will visit the Monkeys"

Cage where there is always plenty of food to be found after a holiday like this." With a whisk of his long-tail he disappeared, and I was left rather dazed and wondering whether I had been dreaming or not.

DOROTHY MAYELL, 2 Senior A.

\* \* \* \*

### THE WIND.

Moaning through the bare trees goes the wind. It makes the windows rattle and seems like a great army trying to get into the houses. At night when people are lying in bed it seems more boisterous as it makes the windows shake, the blinds bang against the windows, and the door rattles as it is blown to and fro. On the sea the fishing-ships are battered against the rocks. On some of them the waves lash up on board. Some are tossed about. One minute the front of the ship is up in the air, and the next, away down in the water. Out into the ocean some of them are driven. Why is the wind so cruel?

Though the wind in Winter is usually in a cross mood like that, it is often in a mood for frolicking. Whisking people's hats off their heads and carrying them along the streets is one of its chief pleasures. Carrying pieces of paper in the air to see how long it can keep them up is another. In March the wind is very frisky. It makes the golden daffodils sway to and fro. It rages like a lion and never seems to stop but hurries on. At the end of March it usually is breathless.

In the very hot days of Summer the wind is delightful. When the sun is beating down on one a gentle breeze is the best thing that can be had to cool one. When it is a breeze no waves dash against the rocks. The sea has just ripples all over it and sometimes it is as calm as a mill-pond. The wild flowers on the hillsides sway and the trees are packed with verdant leaves which quiver in the gentle breeze.

In Autumn the wind begins to grow wilder and whisks the dry leaves off the trees. Soon Winter approaches again and once more the boisterous winds sweep over land and sea.

Is the wind always cruel?

DOROTHY WATERSTON, 2 Senior B.

**BEDTIME.**

Little pink pinafore hung on the door,  
 Little grey stockings are flung on the floor,  
 Wee leather shoes at the top of the stair,  
 Petticoat crumpled all up on the chair.

Oh, dear! what a noise overhead.

Elsie is putting herself to bed.

Golly is sitting alone in his chair,  
 Elsie has just finished combing his hair,  
 Dolly is washed though Elsie is not,  
 And now she is sleeping in her little cot.

Oh dear! what a noise overhead.

Elsie is putting herself to bed.

"I won't bother to wash, I washed before tea!  
 Bother! my hands are as black as can be.  
 Now I'll jump into bed and I'll switch off the light,  
 So good-night! everybody, good-night! good-night!"

Oh dear! what a noise overhead.

Elsie is putting herself to bed.

WINIFRED SCOTT, 2 Senior C.

\* \* \* \*

**MEXICO AS I KNEW IT.**

When I was five I went to Mexico city which is one and a half miles up from the sea coast. The house we lived in had its garden on the roof and on one side we had a splendid view of the mountain Popocatepetl and beside it Ictacihuatl (the sleeping lady) and on another side we saw the bull-ring where bull-fights were held every Sunday in the winter (November to March). In Mexico November to March are the best months of the year being just like the Summer here. Across the road from our house there was a park and instead of sparrows hopping about there were canaries flying about the mimosa bushes. At the entrance there was a huge stone lady about three times as big as an ordinary lady holding two pitchers out of which flowed water. On the way to school I passed the place where they made

Tortillas, a sort of pancake made with maize and eaten with salt. Also I passed the place where they made Pulque a native drink white in colour.

At school some of the children did not know any English so that the lessons were half in English and half in Spanish. The horses in Mexico are very beautiful and when the men of Mexico ride them they wear the national dress which is a Sombrero (a hat with a very wide brim) a shirt with an eagle on the back and tight trousers with silver lacings up the sides. These men are called Charros.

While I was living in Mexico there was a very bad earthquake. This was the only thing in Mexico that I did not like.

JOAN GADD, 2 Senior C.

\* \* \* \*

There was a lively young jester,  
 Who lived in the town of Chester.

He was a jolly fellow,

And dressed in red and yellow,

But in rain he wore a sou'-wester.

ISHBEL MATHESON, 1 Senior A.

\* \* \* \*

**THE HELPFUL ELF.**

I've a little house on top of a hill  
 Where the wee folk come and peep,  
 They lift the latch of the garden gate  
 And come—creep, creep, creep.

I left some milk for my pussy cat  
 On top of the kitchen shelf.  
 In the morning I found that it had gone,  
 But no traces of one little elf.

He had swept and swept the long night through  
 And my tiny kitchen had tidied,  
 Working away with all his might  
 Till into sight the sun had glided.

I made him a suit of russet brown  
 And now every night he'll roam,  
 To sweep and sweep my little house  
 And at morn return to his home.

JOYCE HAMILTON, 1 Senior A.

**Mr WASP.**

It is an anxious time for me  
When Mr Wasp drops in to tea,  
I get so worried and perplexed  
And wonder where he'll settle next.

For suddenly I seem to hear  
His buzz-buzz-buzzing at my ear,  
Then all at once he's off again  
And crawling up the window-pane.

But I'm quite sure, I always am,  
He means to settle in in the jam,  
And there he'll sit, for I don't know  
The proper way to make him go.

He's just as fond of jam as I  
But looks so cross and that is why  
It makes it very hard for me  
When Mr Wasp drops in to tea.

MARJORY M. ANDERSON, 1 Senior B.

\* \* \* \*

**A BIRTHDAY PRESENT.**

"Wake up, lazy bones," shouted Sheila, as she promptly brought a pillow down on my head. I sat up and rubbed my eyes, as I suddenly remembered that it was my birthday. In a few minutes I had tumbled into my clothes, and was soon in the middle of unpacking all my presents. There was a box of chocolates from Aunt May, a story book and a new pencil-case from Mother and Father. That was not all, of course, for I was very lucky this year. But I was very disappointed, because I had not been given anything by Uncle Jim, and his present was usually the best of all. It was exactly two days after my birthday, when a knock was heard at the door and we all hastened to see who it was. On opening the door there stood Uncle Jim, basket in hand and a smile on his face. When he was inside, he opened the basket and out tumbled a little black and white puppy. Uncle Jim explained that he had not been able to come until then, as he had been from home. Imp, as I called him, always agrees with me, when I say that he was quite the best present of all.

DAISY FALLSIDE, 1 Senior C.

**AT THE FAIR.**

When Anne ran off with Ben and Sue,  
One evening to the fair.  
They were surprised and very scared,  
To find Grandfather there.

Of course he would say "Now you go home,  
It is time you were in bed,  
What is your mother thinking of,"  
But this is what he said:—

"Why bless me if it is not Ben,  
And little Sue and Anne,"  
And then he gave them twopence each.  
He was a nice old man.

MARGARET MACGREGOR, 1 Senior C.

\* \* \* \*

## FROM THE JUNIORS.

### MY BUDGERIGAR.

My budgy's name is Jojo and his colour is blue and white with black spots round his neck. He is very lazy and does not hop down to his seed, but instead he hangs on to the spar and hangs over. That is the way he eats it. Each day I give him clean water and seed and every second day a millet. If mother ever buys a lettuce I give some to Jojo, and he likes it very much. He has a bird cake in his cage and should be very happy. Jojo is very tame. If you put into the cage your second finger he will let you stroke him. He has a bell which he thinks is another bird. Every morning he fluffs his feathers out which makes him look very fat, and before breakfast he says, "Jojo." Jojo never is let out because we are frightened he might fly out at the window or up the chimney and he is too good for that. I am now going to tell you of an experience when he did get out by someone leaving the door of the cage open. One day we were all out and when we returned I ran into the kitchen and, lo and behold, I saw the cage empty. I ran to mother who came running into the kitchen. We searched and searched till at last we had to have our dinner, and afterwards we searched again. Then I began to think I would never see my little bird again, but just then I heard a tweet coming from underneath the dresser, and so mother put in a mop and brought him out that way. I think he was very glad to be back in his cage because he went straight to his bell and began to talk to it in bird language.

SHEILA MACKIE, 2 Junior A.

\* \* \* \*

### A RED LETTER DAY.

On the 4th of February of this year I became a Brownie and to me it was a red letter day. Now I am going to tell you all about it. First of all I was told about the Brownie Promise, the Law and the Motto. Then I had to learn to

plait with five coloured cords. Brown Owl asked all the new Brownies to tea. We had to wash up and were taught the proper way to do it. First of all the silver then the dishes. After I had passed my test I was ready to be enrolled and to wear the Brownie Uniform. The night before the event I was so excited I couldn't sleep. Then the great day came and I made my promise as a Brownie and became one of the Sprites.

ALMA CAMERON, 2 Junior B.

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### RUMBLE TUMBLE.

There was a young rascal named Ray  
Who slid down the stairs on a tray,  
At the bottom he tumbled  
And rose very humbled,  
So he's not sliding downstairs to-day.

PAMELA GRIFFITHS, 2 Junior B.

\* \* \* \*

### ANIMALS.

The monkeys they play  
On a bright summer day,  
The penguins do squak  
When they walk.

OLIVE TAIT, 2 Junior B.

\* \* \* \*

### TEDDY BEAR.

I have a little Teddy Bear,  
He's two years old to-day;  
Although he's very shabby,  
I like him best that way.

And when I go to bed at night,  
I don't forget to pray  
That God will guard my Teddy Bear  
Until the break of day.

MARJORIE ROY, 1 Junior A.

**MY DOGGY.**

My doggy's name is Ginger,  
Her coat is brown and white ;  
She does not like to go to bed,  
Till Daddy goes at night.

I take her out when shopping,  
And she is very good ;  
At doors of shops she sits and waits,  
And then runs home for food.

She runs about the garden  
And pulls up all the flowers.  
She thinks her bones are buried there,  
She worries us for hours.

At fires she sits so closely,  
She causes much alarm ;  
We think that some day when she sleeps  
Her tail will come to harm.

ALISON BEE, 1 Junior A.

\* \* \* \*

**THE LITTLE PRINCESS.**

Once upon a time there lived a King who had a beautiful daughter named Rosebud. She had a little garden with a statue of a prince which she liked very much and she wished him alive. One day when she was playing in the garden she heard horses' hoofs and out of the bushes outside the palace gates came a handsome young prince like the statue in her garden. He was on horse-back and when he saw her he fell in love with her and asked to marry her and they got married and lived happily ever after.

MARIE R. WEBB, 1 Junior B.

\* \* \* \*

Hurrah ! Hurrah ! I'm out to play  
In the golden sun,  
Playing with happy boys and girls,  
Having merry fun.

We play at tig and other games,  
In the lovely park,  
With Betty, Jean and John and James,  
But soon it will be dark.

CATHERINE SIMPSON, 1 Junior B.

**FROM THE INFANTS.**

When mummy pokes the fire crowds of little fairies fly up the chimney. They do not get burnt as they wear special dresses. Often when it is raining I see the rain fairies flying in and out of the raindrops. They look very pretty in their coulerd frocks.

Every day after my lessons are done, I go and play with my dollies at hospitals, and I dress up in my Red Cross Nurse's uniform. I just pull up my jersey sleeves and put on my overall. I often get a quilt and tuck up daddy in his big arm chair, and bandage up his head. But on Monday I pretended it was his birthday, and I tied up his finger with red ribbon.

When I was ill I made up a little play. I made tickets for it and a programme. There are 30 seenes in it. We are having a principle girl. I am the principle boy. The name of the play is The Dog's Kennel. We are going to act it before the holidays.

Last week we got a lesson all about tadpoles. We have a big jar in the class room. The tadpoles swim to the top to get their food then riggle down to the foot. Some of them have very tiny little legs. I like to watch them and see if they will turn into frogs.

I like to cut the grass and when the bucket is full I drop the grass in beside the rabbits, and when they come out I crown them with daisies and buttercups. Frisky is a wee raskil.

I was watching a little fairy in our garden. She was helping a poor little bird. Its wing was broken and it could not fly. The fairy took her wand and waved it over the little bird. It flapped its little wings. I think I heard it say Cheep Cheep before it flew away.

We have the builders in the house and I have to sleep in my brother's room. It was fun last night. We had a bicycle lamp, and we read in bed.

On Christmas day I jumped out of bed. The reason was to see if my watch was there. You see Dada said I could have a watch for Christmas.

SENIOR INFANTS A.

\* \* \* \*

All my dolls are in the dolls hospital to get mended. Mummy bought me another doll. I said I will call it Snow-White. Daddy said No fears! Now you will be wanting the Seven Dwarfs, the Prince and the Queen.

My Daddy takes the Boys Brigade to camp at Kilkonker. He said that one boy ate sixteen dough-boys. Of course I did not believe him. But the boy told me himself. So now I know he did: I laughed at him, ha-ha-ho-ho-he-he.

I am going to tea today. I am going to see a little baby boy. He is six months old. His name is Norman. He has staring eyes Mummy says he is like his Daddy.

A gentleman used to live round the corner from us. He kept pigeons. He has gone to live at Burntisland. He has taken the pigeons with him. Now they keep coming back to Edinburgh. I do not think they like the sea-side.

When I was playing on the sands at North Berwick, I saw a duck in the sea. It tumbled upside down in the water and got drowned. It could not get up. We went to the harbour but I did not see him again. I was sorry for him. I called him Jack.

Daddy and Mummy gave me a pup for my birth-day. It is a black and white dog. It is a he. He licks me and bites me. He is a nuisance in the morning because he bites your slippers if they have pom-poms, and he bites them if they have not, as well.

Last night I helped Mummy to cut the grass at the front. I did the long bits with the shears. Mummy cut the other bits. Daddy cut the bits that Mummy hadent cut right and I hadent cut right. He called me a little raskle and went away to golf.

SENIOR INFANTS B.

\* \* \* \*

Once upon a time there was a little girl calld Ann and she had no mother or father or sister or bruther, but she could nit and cook and soe and she could skip and played fare. if eny one had no skiping rope she was cinde and gave them a shot.

My ribon went into the hoover and when mother was emtain it my ribon fell out of the hoover and we had a laf.

I am a shop ceaper, I sell dresses and hats and cotes and sherts and shoos and long curtions and lots of uther things.

I went to fish last Friday with some frends and had my tent with me. I had tea in my tent and lots of fun but dust got in my eyes.

When I was in Portobelo I was in bed all the time becos I had a kold but I am aloud up agen. I am going to the Xibishon and I am going into the house of gosts to friten my daddy.

I no my mummy will be very busy today cos she is going to a dans tonight with daddy and mummy will have a pink dress and little blue shoos and daddy will have a black soot and black shoos.

I am a tea set. I have two cups and soters and two plates. I have got a big shooger bole and a milk jug my mother yooss me and she poots me on a tray.

JUNIOR INFANTS A.

I have a teddy bare at home and a lot of close for it too.

My daddy sneezd at home and gave me a frite. He snores at nite becos I hear him.

My daddy is a pleesman. He is a very good pleesman.

Yesterday my baby standed for the first time and she sat down.

I can give my own self a bath but I cannot wosh my own hare.

I go to Church on Sundays. I take my him-books. I like the church. My mother goes with me.

Yesterday a big parsil arivde at our door. I was sirprisd when we opened it. It was my kwilt. It was a cherry one.

My baby olwis scraches me. It makes a white mark. Sumtimes I scream when she scraches me.

My mummy has a mouse in her kole selar. One of the boarders put the trap into the kole selar.

On Sunday I was at the Braid Valay. It was cuvurd with buttercups. I herd a cukoo and I saw an orinj butterfly.

We have a little mouse in our sculray. Mummy ses it is a noosins.

I have a kitty and a doggy. The kitty is black and white. They are so sweet. They fite together and I do wish that dog wood go away.

We have the painters in the bathroom and the cichin. It is a terrbl mess. My brother and I are going to woch them.

JUNIOR INFANTS B.

## REPORTS OF SOCIETIES.

### JAMES GILLESPIE'S LITERARY AND DRAMATIC SOCIETY.

The "Lit." has again accomplished an outstandingly successful session under the able guidance of Miss Foster, its President, and the numbers of the Society have increased most encouragingly. Many new types of meetings, which have been thoroughly enjoyed by the members, were introduced.

The session was opened with a debate, "That the Newspaper is a better educator than the History Book" and many of the members were thus enabled to air and discuss their manifold grievances against the history book. The usual high standard of speaking has been maintained throughout the year. Opportunities for discussion were offered in the debates, "Hat Night," and the Parliamentary Election. The Parliamentary Election, an innovation, was highly successful. In this election a Scottish Nationalist, a National Government Candidate, a Communist and a Fascist contested the seat and the meeting proved most lively and entertaining. Amongst our debates we had our annual inter-debate with the Science Association and also with Boroughmuir. Both these were of great interest.

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

We were greatly privileged in having, as our Outside Speaker, Councillor Miss Agnes Harrison, who delighted the members of the society with a highly interesting and instructive talk on "A Visit to Greece and some of the Islands in the Mediterranean."

The Inter-Form Dramatic Competition was, if possible, more successful than usual, a very high standard of acting being maintained by each form. The Fourth Year were again the lucky winners.

Another innovation this session was Scottish Night. The members, arrayed in kilts, thoroughly enjoyed a programme which included Scots songs, a play, ghost stories and last but not least, genuine Scottish refreshments!

It was found impracticable to hold the usual Magazine Night; but by way of compensation an "extraordinary" meeting in the form of a Saturday ramble over the Pentlands was held and much enjoyed.

To Miss Foster the members and committee of the Society would like to extend hearty thanks for her devoted service to the Lit. and also our best wishes for the future. "Long may she reign!"

MARGARET I. JAMIESON, *Hon. Secretary.*

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### JAMES GILLESPIE'S SCIENCE ASSOCIATION.

The Science Association has completed its eleventh year with one of the most outstanding sessions on record. Membership has increased, and the budget has proved very satisfactory. Whilst retaining on the syllabus many "tried favourites" such as debates, short papers, etc., we attempted to introduce, to a greater extent than usual, outside speakers on scientific topics. With this in view we were glad to welcome Mr Alex. Nimmo of Moray House Training College and Dr. C. Bernard Childs of Edinburgh University, who gave us extremely interesting talks on glass blowing and light respectively. We were also given a talk on Germany by Herr Struve, which was heartily appreciated. A new feature was "Science in the Balance," which took the form of a mock trial of Archimedes. Experiment Night proved as popular as ever, as did also the Inter-Debate with the "Lit." The F.P. Reunion was attended by a large number of pupils, staff and visitors. The "Rhythmic Ten" having died a sudden death, members of Committee provided a new form of musical entertainment, in which every branch of science was represented by a modern song. The session was brought to a close by a much-enjoyed "Surprise Night" which included a very lively "Spelling Bee."

Such success could never have been crowned the efforts of the Society without the enthusiasm of the members, the zeal of the Committee and the very able leadership of our President, Mr Brash. May the Association ever prosper under his guidance!

FRANCES WOODWARD, *Hon. Secretary.*

### SCRIPTURE UNION.

Our meetings have been held as usual on Monday, Wednesday and Friday mornings at 8.30 a.m. After some choruses and the reading for the day, one of the elder girls speaks for a little, and we close with prayer. This session our meetings have been held in the Music Room. The number of members on the register is now 71. We held a party in October as a commencement of a branch of the Missionary Helpers' Union within our S.U. At the party we were shown films of mission work in India. We now hold special missionary meetings once a month, and have sent our first contribution to the support of the work in India. Among the outside speakers whom we have welcomed during the session were two missionaries home on furlough. In February we invited the members of the staff to a second "teachers' "S.U. meeting, having present as speaker Mr Duncan, our Scottish S.U. Secretary.

AUDREY PURVES, *Hon. Secretary.*

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### SCHOOL ORCHESTRA.

The School Orchestra, which is now definitely established as one of the school's important activities, is nearing the end of another successful session.

As last year, we took part in the Christmas and Easter services held in the school, and we played to members of staff and pupils, who were our guests at a party we held before the Easter holidays. At the time of going to press, we are practising assiduously to take part in the Closing Concert in the Usher Hall. We hope then to demonstrate our ability and also to show how keenly each member works to produce the best possible result.

At present, the Orchestra is composed of 12 violins, 1 viola, 3 'cellos and 1 piano, led by our very able conductor, Mr Wishart, but it is still hoped to find someone who would learn to play a wind instrument. There is also 1 school 'cello which is available for the use of any pupil willing to learn.

Here's to the School Orchestra!

B. M. BARCLAY.

**SKETCH CLUB.**

A hundred and twenty members in the School Sketch Club, and all voluntarily enlisted! This is a record of enthusiasm for things artistic, of which any school might well be proud.

Both lower and upper sections of the school are represented in the Club; we are glad to say that the Senior School provides no less than a third of the membership.

During the session teachers may have noticed that on Thursdays and Fridays certain pupils have been exceptionally "quick off the mark" at dismissal time. The reason for this was the laudable one that these pupils could not get away quickly enough to the Sketch Club, for "art is long and life is short." When met together in the Sketch Club the members have the opportunity of expressing their ideas and emotions in their own way, with line and colour.

Social functions took place towards the close of the session, when Miss Allan, our Art mistress, was thanked for the work she had done on behalf of the Club. The various prizes won by members were gracefully presented by Misses Mallinson and Lornie, two former pupils now attending the Edinburgh College of Art.

BETTY MAXTON, *Hon. Secretary.*

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**LITERARY SOCIETY—FOUNDER'S DAY "HIKE,"  
JUNE 1938.**

On a certain morning in June, Edinburgh was veiled in a damp, depressing drizzle. Threatening blue-black clouds were floating over our noble castle, and Princes Street looked miserably gray. Yet, at a certain corner of St. Andrews Square, seven dauntless hearts, throbbing with expectation beneath maroon blazers, were radiating enough sunshine to make the weather clerk ashamed. Watches were being consulted every second, and seven pairs of anxious eyes were fixed on the street opposite. At last, there was a sigh of relief as three other dauntless souls approached the awaiting group, and ten very merry people boarded a bus for Peebles, and settled down luxuriously for the first part of the "hike."

Dark clouds followed the bus to Peebles and were drifting over our heads, as we shouldered our rucksacks and

set off at a steady pace along the road. When we had walked on thus for hours and hours—well, for a quarter of an hour at least—some stalwart members of the party felt a desire for something more substantial than the morning air, so, in the shadow of Neidpath Castle beside the smoothly flowing Tweed, we enjoyed our "well-deserved" lunch. After this, we moved on, full of renewed vigour, striding on with a swing. Sometimes, we were walking on the hard grey road where we sang lustily; sometimes, on a gently rolling slope, in silence, overawed by the majesty of the surrounding beauty.

At about five o'clock, we reached Langhaugh, beautifully situated in the Manor Valley. Miss Foster divided us into three groups—cooks, bedmakers and dishwashers, and everyone carried out her work with a will. Soon, the delicious smell of sizzling sausages filled the air, and the bedmakers and dishwashers licked their lips in anticipation. There were other hikers at the hostel, and, in the evening, we all had splendid fun, created by the joviality and friendship which the Youth Hostel Movement spreads, and—by a threepenny rubber ball! After the games, we went indoors where we had a grand sing-song, and at last we went to our dormitories, sleepily puzzling over the intricacies of "Two little-thumbs two-arms two-legs one-nod-of-the-head stand-up sit-down stand-up turn-round sit-down!" and vying with each other for the top tiers of the "cake stand" beds. EVENTUALLY, we all fell asleep, and were wakened at an unearthly hour by the clear call of cuckoos from the neighbouring wood, which was an over-adequate substitute for the usual alarum clock (which *can* be stopped!).

The more venturesome of us went for a swim in the c-c-cold river, while two less fishy hikers, deprived of the chief cook who immediately became chief lifesaver, coped with innumerable rashers of bacon in a very amateurish manner.

Shortly after ten o'clock we were once again ready for the road. The walk to Chapelhope, our next hostel, was over hills, a climbing up into the pure clear air leaving behind us hills in a blue haze, while before us rose more heights boldly outlined against an ever-changing sky. We stopped for lunch by a sparkling stream and lay for an hour on the soft heather.

At last, we started again, vowing silently that the best part of hiking is the rests on the way. We reached Chapelhope in two groups, the second being delayed by the very friendly interest of an extremely young and extremely gentlemanly little gentleman. The girls on ahead, showing the true hiking spirit, had tea and toast ready for us when we arrived. We closed this day in the appropriate atmosphere—that of glorious thankfulness. With a fervent reverence we joined in singing that great old psalm :—

“I to the hills will lift mine eyes.”

Next day the sun really shone, making the loch glitter with a thousand stars, and tipping the quivering birches with a shining silver. We sang one song after another, and soon these elastic miles flew past beneath our feet. The sun grew hotter and hotter. One girl boasted a dozen blisters on her feet, which were efficiently treated by our chief nurse, otherwise known as chief cook. We sat for a while in a green field in the shade of tall firs, ate our sandwiches and marched on. Soon the sharp ring of our marching feet became a dull scuffle, the sun blazed down upon our heads, and for the first time we grew tired, and the beauty of the hills was lost upon us. We gave a cry of joy when an obliging coalman cordially invited us to jump on to the back of his lorry. Soon we were speeding “over the hills and far away,” amazed at the improvement in our progress. At a short distance from Innerleithen, we thought it expedient to stop being sacks of coal and become hikers instead, so, thanking our benefactor profusely, we chose a spot by the waterside where we rested comfortably for a while.

In the evening, we clambered on to an Edinburgh bus, talked ourselves hoarse on the homeward journey, and at length arrived home, rather savagely kissed by an over-affectionate sun, and making all our relations look like invalids.

This account is written by the hikers collectively for two purposes :—firstly, to let all you non-hikers know what fun “youth-hostelling” is, and secondly, to thank Miss Foster for being such a sporting companion, and Miss Andrew, for taking such a kindly interest in the hike.

\* \* \* \*

## SCHOOL SPORTS.

### HOCKEY.

The past Hockey season has not proved so successful as in previous years. Since the numbers of last years 1st and 2nd XI's. had been greatly depleted several youthful members were recruited (which augurs well for the coming seasons). Amongst these girls we must extend our sympathies to Margaret Thomas who, owing to an injury sustained in October, was unable to play for the rest of the season. The weather too was rather inclement, which necessitated the cancelling of a number of matches.

In the Seven-a-Side Tournament the Juniors successfully beat John Watson's, last year's winners, but were defeated in the next round by Broughton. The Seniors also got through their first round tie against Musselburgh, but were beaten by Boroughmuir just in the last few seconds.

The House Matches were once again fought with the usual enthusiasm, Roslin scoring 17 pts., Warrender 12, Spylaw 5, and Gilmore 2.

The results of the season's matches were as follows :—

	PLAYED	WON	LOST	DRAWN	GOALS	
					FOR	AGST.
1st XI.	19	10	7	2	58	34
2nd XI.	19	12	7	—	80	38
3rd XI.	17	10	6	1	56	25
4th XI.	14	9	3	2	52	20
5th XI.	15	12	1	2	51	6
6th XI.	9	7	1	1	35	11

M. S. B.

### TENNIS.

The Club Membership has greatly increased this year, more younger girls joining. The doubles and singles tournaments are in full swing, the entries for both being on the usual high standard.

The School this season was represented by :—

M. Bee and M. Jamieson.

J. Grant and J. Wright.

B. Barclay and L. Simpson.

N. Currie also played in several matches.

The results up to present are :—

Kirkcaldy High	5	:	Gillespie's	4
G. Watson's Ladies' College	6	:	Gillespie's	3
Dunfermline High	9	:	Gillespie's	0
Trinity Academy	3	:	Gillespie's	6
Dunfermline High	9	:	Gillespie's	0
Trinity Academy	0	:	Gillespie's	9

The annual staff match was played and greatly enjoyed by all. The pupils beat the staff by 5 matches to 3.

Warrender once more won the House Tennis Matches, Roslin being 2nd, Spylaw 3rd, and Gilmore last.

Two matches still remain to be played, and we look to the team to give us better results.

M. S. B.

## SWIMMING.

As in previous years the membership of the Swimming Club has been very large. This year, however, pupils in Junior I. were not admitted to the Club, and children may not now join until Junior II. stage is reached.

At the examinations held by the Edinburgh Education Committee the usual large number of certificates were gained in all grades. The highest awards, Honours Certificates, were gained by Janet Gray, Doreen Kellock and Norma Watson.

The Royal Life-Saving Society awards have been as follows:—*Award of Merit*, Betty Gall; *First Bar to Bronze Medallion*, Betty Gall, Jean Butchart; *Bronze Medallion and Certificate*, Sheila Mather, Jean Halkett, Audrey Barker, Violet Henderson; *Bronze Medallion*, Mary Paton; *Certificates (Intermediate and Elementary)*, Janet Gray, Doreen Kellock, Janet Stokell, Hazel Purves; *Certificate (Intermediate)*, Dinah Hunter, Agnes Quin, Abigail Howieson, Winifred Black, Dorothy Eckford; *Certificate (Elementary)*, Sheila Kidd, Binnie Taylor, Kathleen Halkett, Joan Dickson.

We have not been quite so successful as last year in our wins at outside Galas, but we are proud to record the fact that our Under 14 Team enabled us to retain the Education Committee Challenge Shield for another year, by winning it at the Education Committee Swimming Gala.

Our own Swimming Gala was held at Warrender Baths on 3rd June. The accommodation was more limited than in previous years, but there was a large and enthusiastic audience. Mr Tom Scott presided and Miss Andrew presented the prizes. The following are the principal results of the Gala:—

CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE SCHOOL—Betty Gall, 19 points.

RUNNER-UP—Janet Gray, 16 points.

25 Yards Handicap.	Grade A—Lilias Davidson.
" "	" B—Margaret Fowler.
" "	" C—Dorothy Waterston.
" "	" D—Evelyn Jeffers.
" "	" E—Dorothy Beaton.
" "	" F—Elma Lemmon.
" "	" G—Betty Lawrie.
" "	" H—Abigail Howieson.
" "	" I—Joy Laing.
" "	" J—Jean Bain.
50 Yards Handicap.	Grade A—Margaret Robinson.
" "	" B—Dinah Hunter.
" "	" C—Maud Marshall.
" "	" D—Winnie Black.

Invitation Schools' Team Race—Broughton Secondary School.

Parasol Race—Aileen Kellock.

Kicking Race—Molly Ferguson.

Life-Saving in Pairs—Doreen Kellock and Janet Gray.

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

Former Pupils v. Present Pupils—Former Pupils.

Chariot Race—Audrey Barker and Winnie Black.

Obstacle Race—Pat M'Dermott.

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

The House Championship was won by Gilmore with 31 points, the runners-up, Warrender being only half a point behind.

At the Gala, Miss Ellen King delighted the spectators with her exhibition of swimming strokes, and for this and for her work with the Club, we extend our heartiest thanks. We wish also to convey our thanks to Miss M'Lay for her help and instruction throughout the session.

E. C. M. M.

## GOLF.

There is a welcome increase in the membership of the Golf Club this year. Some of the fixtures unfortunately had to be cancelled owing to bad weather but it is hoped that more competitions and a match against the Staff will be held before the end of the season. In a putting match, M. Bee, A. Bethune and J. M'Lean tied for first place. In the Championship:—

E. Gall plays M. Macdonald, and  
M. Bee plays J. M'Lean.

J. B. M.

## CRICKET.

Owing to the departure of some of our members of last year's XI., the team is not so consistent this year but we have some promising players. Unfortunately the weather conditions have not been good and many of our fixtures have had to be cancelled.

The most successful bowlers have been C. M'Millan with 6 wickets v. John Watson's, M. Newlands with 5 wickets v. an F.P. XI., and the most successful batsmen have been B. Grubb and M. Newlands, both with an average of 34.

The members of 1st XI. are as follows:—C. M'Millan (*Capt.*), O. Torrance, B. Grubb, N. Burn, J. Smith, M. Newlands, J. Grant, L. Spence, I. Wright, D. Anderson, R. MacBeath. D. Stewart and M. M'Intyre have also played.

## RESULTS.

John Watson's 1st XI.	49	84 for 5
Gillespie's F.P's.	36	15 for 5

B. G.

## ANNUAL SPORTS.

The Annual Sports were held at Meggetland Recreation Ground on Wednesday, 15th June. The weather was brilliant, and a large number of spectators enjoyed the afternoon's sport. Several members of the Education Committee were present. The following were the prize-winners:—

## Infants.

Flat Races:—

*Senior A*—Gladys Monteath, Avril Johnston, Elaine Donaldson, Agnes Gavine, Dorothy Dickson, Margaret Cooper, Doreen Gruber.

*Senior B*—Norma Seacy, Sheila More, Margaret Macfarlane, Doreen Dods, Moira Pestell.

*Junior A*—Margaret Scott, Irene Mitchell, Iris Peden, May Mann, Margaret Galloway, Gertrude Weir, Joyce Jack.

*Junior B*—Cora Moncrieff, Norma Dickson, Ray Ferrier, Una Mackie, Hilary Hay, Eileen Canavan.

## Skipping Races :—

*Senior A*—Gladys Monteath, Moira Henderson, Dorothy Dickson, Doreen Gruber.

*Senior B*—Norma Seacy, Margaret Macfarlane, Doreen Dods.

## Primary.

80 Yards (under 9)—1. Freda Philip, Margaret M'Kinlay.

„ (under 11)—1. Sheila Lyall; 2. Pat Forbes.

100 Yards (under 11)—1. Hazel Fraser; 2. Joyce Crowe.

„ (under 12)—1. Margaret Fowler; 2. Irene Chalmers.

100 Yards (Open)—1. Olive Woodburn; 2. Pamela Ryrie.

Skipping, Juniors—1. Patricia Black; 2. Margaret Cairnie.

Skipping, Seniors—1. Ruth Watt; Margaret Fowler.

Egg and Spoon, Juniors—1. Elizabeth Simpson, 2. Isobel Henderson.

Egg and Spoon, Seniors—1. Olive Woodburn; 2. Janet Buchanan.

Three-Legged (Under 10)—1. Jean Dickson and Pat Forbes;  
2. Dorothy Scott and Elna Elder.

Three Legged (Open)—1. Irene Chalmers and Kathleen Halkett;  
2. Ruth Watt and Marjorie Dunlop.

Sack (Open)—1. Sheila O'Neill; 2. Marjorie Dunlop.

## Inter-Class Relays :—

1st Seniors—Hazel Fraser, D. Kerr, D. Hume, Pat Forbes (1st Seniors B.).

2nd Seniors—Irene Chalmers, K. Halkett, S. Wishart, Valmai Edenborough (2nd Senior A.).

3rd Seniors—Janet Buchanan, Sheila Sutherland, Moira M'Kinnon, Violet Dunn (3rd Senior A.).

## Secondary.

220 Yards (Open)—1. Barbara Grubb.

100 Yards (under 13)—1. Ruth Weddell.

„ (under 14)—1. Betty Markey.

„ (under 15)—1. Moira Haig.

„ (Open)—1. Frances Woodward; 2. Barbara Grubb.

Skipping (under 14)—1. Elsie M'Lean.

„ (Open)—1. Hazel Stewart.

Egg and Spoon (under 14)—1. Irene Fegan; 2. Jean Burns.

„ (Open)—1. Patricia Hamilton; 2. Isobel Wright.

Three-Legged (Open)—1. Florence Bowie and Yvonne Morrison;  
2. Margaret Mowatt and Jean Donaldson.

Sack (Open)—1. Isobel Ferguson; 2. Jean Donaldson.

Hurdles (under 15)—1. Yvonne Morrison.

„ (Open)—1. Margaret Mills.

## Inter-House Relay :—

Under 15—1. Roslin (Florence Bowie, R. Stewart, Hazel Purves, Betty Costa); 2. Gilmore.

Open—1. Warrender (Margaret Mills, A Wood, Margt. Welsh, Frances Woodward); 2. Roslin.

Hockey Dribble—1. Jessie Maclean; 2. Jessie Grant.

High Jump (Under 15)—1. Norma Watson; (3 ft. 11 in.) 2. Yvonne Morrison.

„ (Open)—1. Margaret Welsh (4 ft. 3 in.); 2. Hazel Valentine.

Broad Jump (Under 15)—1. Florence Bowie (12 ft. 9½ in.); 2. Moira Haig.

„ (Open)—1. Barbara Grubb (14 ft. 7½ in.); 2. Hazel Valentine.

Throwing Cricket Ball—1. Cathie Macmillan (144 ft.); 2. Jean Smith.

House Championship—1. Roslin, 73 points; 2. Warrender, 67 points.

Individual Championship—Barbara Grubb, 13 points

Runner-up—Hazel Valentine, 10 points.

## INTER-HOUSE HOCKEY CUP.

## SOME PREVIOUS WINNERS.

1933-34—Roslin.

1934-35—Roslin.

1935-36—Gilmore.

1936-37—Gilmore.

1937-38—Roslin.

## HOUSE CHAMPIONSHIP.

## SOME PREVIOUS WINNERS.

1933-34—Spylaw.

1934-35—Warrender.

1935-36—Gilmore.

1936-37—Gilmore.

## HOUSE CHAMPIONSHIP, 1937-38.

	GILMORE.	ROSLIN.	SPYLAW.	WARRENDER.
	Pts.	Pts.	Pts.	Pts.
Merit . . .	58	110	117	65
Attendance . . .	36	37	37	40
Hockey . . .	6	47	14	33
Swimming . . .	23	16	22	39
Sports . . .	16	35	17	32
Tennis . . .	7	33	19	41
Totals . . .	146	278	226	250
Less Penalty Points . . .	80	82	71	67
Grand Totals . . .	66	196	155	183

Champion House—Roslin.

Second—Warrender.

J. C. B.

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## FORMER PUPILS' SECTION.

### BEHIND THE FOOTLIGHTS.

The "Stage!" That is a magical word, or so it has seemed to me ever since the early years of my school life when I was old enough to appreciate the wonders for which the word stood, and now that I have been a former pupil for some seven years I am told that some of you present pupils may have desires similar to my own and would be interested to hear what I have accomplished with my ambitions and what adventures I have met with in my dramatic career.

It all began, as I have already hinted, when I was nine years old and still at school. Unlike most children I did not want to learn to play the piano or dance, and for obvious reasons I was not sent to have singing lessons. But one thing I did want to do and that was to learn to "recite," and so I had my first elocution lesson. From that day my interest in the most fascinating subject increased. Soon I found myself being asked to perform at concerts and such entertainments, which only added to my desire to improve.

Up till the time I was seventeen my only opportunities for acting were in short plays and sketches at school and church, but in that memorable year I was cast in the perfect part of "Fern" (a name which is most expressive of the part) in the Albert Circle's production of "Gruach" by Dr. Gordon Bottomley, which the club was presenting in the Drama Festival. What thrills I enjoyed and what agonies I suffered lest I should not be worthy of the part, spending hours with my teacher and by myself, trying to put "colour" into the beautiful lines! My trouble was well rewarded, for I was fortunate in getting a good criticism from the adjudicator, which gave me more faith in my acting ability, a very necessary quality which I confess I had so far lacked.

While I was rehearsing for "Gruach" an invitation came to play with the Edinburgh Repertory Theatre, Ltd., in their production of "Many Waters" in the Lyceum Theatre. It will be easy to imagine my reactions—playing in a real theatre—sharing the star's dressing room—the room which Martin Harvey and Ruth Draper must have used! Those were indeed exciting days.

Since then I have been in numerous plays and the more I do the less I want to stop. What fun it is being one moment the daughter of a count, the next a cockney shop-girl; in this play an insolent tomboy with swashbuckling air and in that, a retiring maiden with drooping eyelids and a blush! It is this submerging of oneself in the personalities of others that is, I believe, the secret of the allure of dramatics to otherwise ordinary people.

"What kind of person shall I be tomorrow?" one asks oneself, "and shall I be able to convince myself that I am that person?"—for that is the method of the true artist. If he can convince himself, then the audience is assuredly convinced.

As the years passed I studied more and more seriously. Most people realize just what improvement in the singer's voice involves, but how many, I wonder, know the patience and hard work attached to the improvement of the speaker's voice? The gift of a musical voice and ability to act is not merely born in one, as the passer-by would suppose, but is just as much an acquired art, which has to be encouraged and coached with quite as many heartbreaks as that of a singer. At last I was ready for my examination and could tack those significant letters "A.L.C.M. (Eloc.)" on to the end of my name. Then came my opportunity to put into practice what I had studied—pupils began to arrive. Teaching the art is, I think, the most gratifying side of my work. It is with more than a sense of triumph that I find harsh, unsympathetic notes gradually disappearing from pupils' voices, leaving in their places warm, attractively modulated voices, and to realize that the students are, like myself, becoming more and more fascinated with the subject.

At this point I must tell you how I accomplished one of my greatest ambitions. As the pupils improved they naturally felt a desire to put their unsuspected powers to the test. They wanted to act! I had always wanted to produce a company of my own, and I had the feeling that the time had come, but I questioned whether a company could possibly pay its way, rivalling all the new dramatic societies which have sprung up in Edinburgh of late. On the other hand it seemed the best way to give pupils a real chance to improve, as experience on the stage has been proved to be one of the greatest assets of the actress. So I

took the chance and last year launched a company, "The Trojans" as we are called. My fears for our success were quite ungrounded. During our one year's existence we have given three performances, two of "The Farmer's Wife" and one of "The Cradle Song," enabling us to give almost fifty pounds to charity.

Here my writing must come to an end. I fear the above is more than enough of the doings of one person. The only excuse I offer is enthusiasm and a most earnest desire to inspire others to seek some of the delights which are waiting to be enjoyed in this most intriguing subject of all.

ELSIE A. WATSON.

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#### "THE SOCIETY OF CIVIL SERVICE AUTHORS."

From the earliest times the Civil Service has been remarkable for the number of literary men who, at one time or another in their lives, have served in its ranks. For instance, the Customs & Excise Department claim Chaucer and Burns, Matthew Arnold was for a time a School Inspector, Trollope was Surveyor to the Post Office—and there are countless others.

It was scarcely surprising, therefore, and completely in accordance with tradition that about two years ago it should occur to a few people in the Office of Works, who either wrote or were interested in writing and literature generally, that there must be many more of their colleagues throughout the Service similarly interested: and it seemed to them a pity that they should not have the chance of meeting and knowing one another. From that happy idea discussed one day over lunch has grown a company with the resounding title of "The Society of Civil Service Authors" which numbers in its membership several authors of established fame and repute, many who have published one book perhaps, and are eagerly awaiting the appearance of another, a considerable number who have no published work to boast of yet but who hope some day to rank among the best-sellers, and last but by no means least, many who, having perhaps no literary aspirations themselves, delight to sit at the feet of the masters who come to tell us of their experiences and to give us their counsel.

We meet once a month during the winter, having as our guest for the evening some noted figure in the literary world to speak to us either from the purely artistic point of view or upon the business aspect of authorship—which latter, to the novice at least, is scarcely less important than the former. Discussion follows the speaker's address, and this is always most animated and enthusiastic. Sometimes, if time permits (a discussion will often continue till the most incredible hour!) we may have an impromptu debate on anything under the sun.

Perhaps it will be of some interest if I recall, very briefly, some of the people who have been with us on these evenings. Our President, Mr Humbert Wolfe, delivers his Presidential Address each year. This year Mr Wolfe struck a more solemn note than he is wont to sound, when he spoke of the high mission of all who write, in a world where the forces of darkness are all about us, and where art in all its forms is being persecuted by the leaders of repression who would capture the bright spirit of the artist from soaring above all boundaries of race and creed, and chain it down to serve their earthly ends of propaganda and reaction. Mr Ernest Raymond, who chose as his subject "The Craft of the Novelist," laid great emphasis on the need for simplicity in the art of writing. He showed us with fine examples from literature how the simple Anglo-Saxon word is so much more telling than its cumbersome Latin equivalent, and he finished a most interesting and helpful address by reciting some of the most beautiful passages from Meredith's "Love in a Valley". Mrs Naomi Mitchison told us how she collects the data and "atmosphere" for her historical novels: and Jan and Cora Gordon entertained us with incidents from their vagabond life. Mr Stephen Graham told us how he ran away from Somerset House to Russia and how, when he returned, he was flattered by the concern of one of his colleagues who appeared to be inordinately glad to see him again. The reason for the warmth of the welcome, however, was that the unfortunate man was responsible for the return of a despatch case which Mr Graham had taken with him and had long since lost on the Steppes of Russia! Interesting in quite another way was the visit of Mr Wilson, the Manager of Messrs Bumpus, who brought with him his precious collection of manuscripts.

Mr Wilson was a close friend of the late T. E. Lawrence, and he showed us the first copy of "The Seven Pillars of Wisdom" which Lawrence had printed for private circulation among his friends. He showed us, too, the English Essay which Lawrence had to write in the Army General Intelligence Paper! His other treasures included the manuscript of "St. Joan" which is written in Shaw's impeccable shorthand, many letters from Shaw to Lawrence, and a number of letters and papers of the late Sir James Barrie.

And then the business side of authorship:—Mr Michael Joseph spoke to us from the wealth of his experience in the art of writing and marketing the short story—one of the most difficult forms of literary composition. Mr Lovat Dickson told us of the work of the publisher, and Mr Farquharson dealt with the sometimes vexed question of Agents. Miss Christina Foyle charmed us with her account of the joys and trials of looking after one of the largest booksellers' businesses in London, and made us smile when she spoke of the gentleman who asked her for "The Decline and Fall of the Holborn Empire," and when she told us about the assistant who, after being sent to the Department of Oriental Literature, began mysteriously to come to work at a later hour each morning. Miss Foyle sent for him and asked for an explanation. She received the astonishing news that he had become convinced of the necessity of practising Yogi every morning before work!

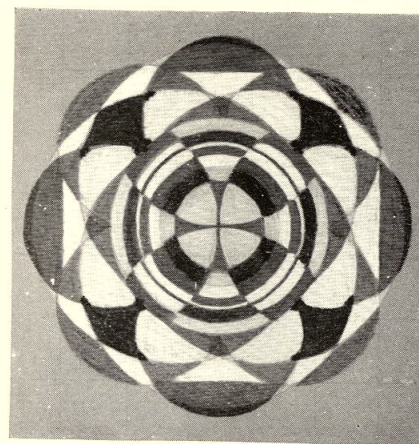
Other activities of the Society include, of course, our Annual Dinner, which is a most pleasant event in our calendar, various competitions with modest prizes, exhibitions of books, and summer excursions to places of literary interest—this summer we are thinking of going to Chalfont St. Giles, which of course, is associated with Milton, to Bath, and to the Sussex of Mr Hilaire Belloc.

And here, I think, I must make an end. But in making it I should like to say how much pleasure it would give me to welcome to our meetings any "Gillespie" Civil Servants already in London, or any who think they might be exiled there as the result of exams. yet to be. My address is H.M. Office of Works, Storey's Gate, Westminster, S.W.1.

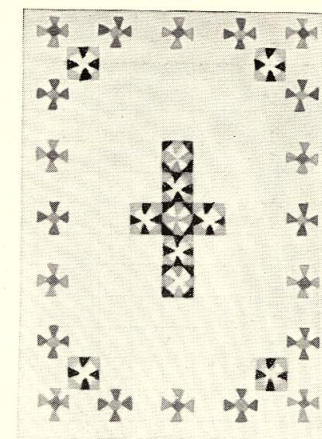
A. MAIMIE PATERSON.

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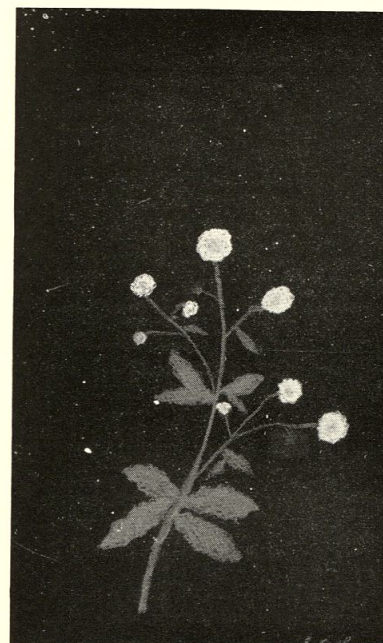
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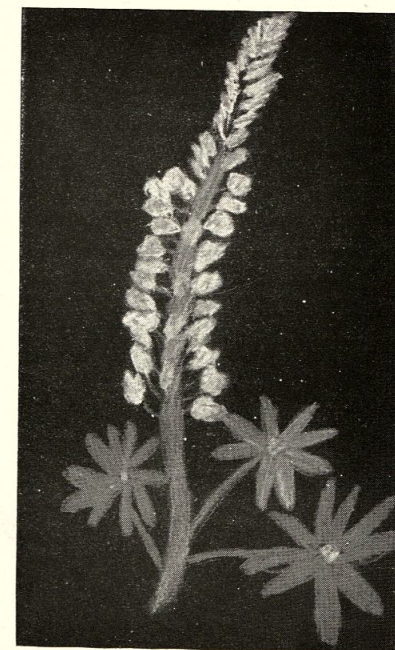
ELSIE DUNBAR.



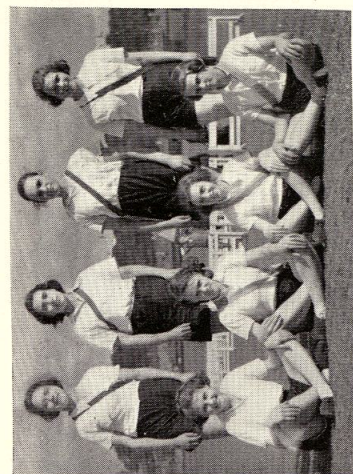
MARGARET LAW.



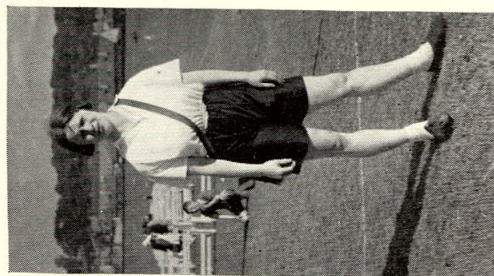
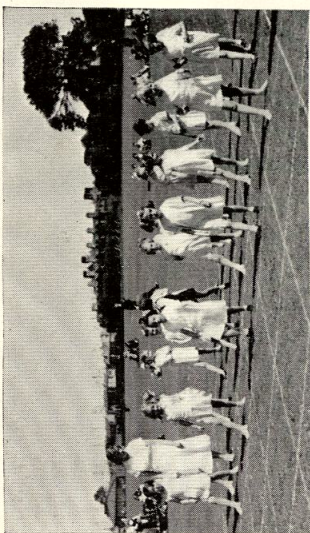
JEAN AITKEN.



RUTH MCKENZIE.



INTER-HOUSE RELAY RACE WINNERS.  
Senior—Warrender.  
Junior—Roslin.



BARBARA GRUBB.  
Sports Champion.



### FORMER PUPILS' CLUB, 1937-38.

The opening meeting for the Session 1937-38 was held in School on Friday, 22nd October 1937. Mr Glen was in the chair. After the Secretary's report for the previous year had been read and adopted the Chairman intimated that Miss Andrew had kindly consented to become Honorary President of the Club. The Chairman also extended a warm welcome to new members :—

The following Office-bearers were then elected :—

*Honorary President*—Miss M. Andrew, M.A.

*Honorary Vice-Presidents*—Mr T. J. Burnett, M.A., F.E.I.S. ; Mr A. C. Murphy, M.A.

*President*—Miss C. Graham.

*Vice-President*—Miss L. Watt.

*Secretary*—Miss M. Fraser, 66 Relugas Road.

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

*Committee*—Misses M. Forgan, M. E. R. Henderson, G. Bateman, E. Dargie, J. Lewis, J. Littlejohn, B. Rosie, D. Shand, J. Swan, H. Tarbet, and D. Walker.

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

The second meeting was held in School and took the form of a Country Dance which was well attended.

The Annual Dance was held on Thursday, 17th February, in the Grosvenor Hotel and was attended by about ninety F.P.s. and friends.

The Club has plenty of room for more members and intending members are assured of a hearty welcome.

M. FRASER, *Hon. Secretary.*

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### F.P. HOCKEY CLUB.

Season 1937-8 has been by far the most successful one in the history of the Club, as the results noted below will show :—

	PLAYED	WON.	LOST.	DRAWN	FOR.	AGST.
Ist. XI.	. 16	13	2	1	72	23
2nd XI.	. 16	15	0	1	71	20

The team entered for the East of Scotland Seven-a-side Tournament was beaten in the first round by Broughton by 2 goals to 1. Two teams entered for the Hawkhill Sevens, and both played well. The "B" team were beaten by Peebles in the second round, but the "A" team, playing very fine hockey, reached the semi-final, and after raising our hopes so high, were really unlucky in losing to Broughton by 1 corner to 0. Next year we hope to reach the final and win!

The team work and spirit of the Club has been excellent, and all members have had a most enjoyable season, which, as usual, opened with a party. It has been decided to hold the opening party for the coming season on Saturday, 8th October, in the Dundas Rooms, Tickets 2/6 each. Those who played hockey at School, whether or not they are contemplating joining us, will be made very welcome. Practices will be held on Wednesday evenings and Saturday afternoons during September. This Season, our Club, after years of plodding, has made itself known in the hockey world, and has a reputation for playing good, clean hockey. Will any of you therefore, especially those in the 1st and 2nd XI's. who may be taking up hockey when you leave, please join our ranks and help to strengthen us yet further? We have two very strong fixture lists for next Season, and should numbers justify it, we shall make every endeavour to form a 3rd XI. We had 28 playing members this year, and our system of interchanging the 2nd XI. worked perfectly.

The Office-Bearers for Season 1938-39 are:—*Hon. President*—Miss M. Andrew, M.A.; *President*, Miss E. Dargie; *Captain*, Miss Anna Nicol; *Vice-Capt.*, Miss A. Porter; *Secretary*, Miss Ema Fairley; *Treasurer*, Miss H. Wybar; *Committee*, Misses B. Crombie and M. Hay.

If you would like particulars of the practices or a ticket for the party, please write the Secretary now. Her address is:—Miss E. Fairley, 152 Craighleith Road, Edinburgh, 4.

A. E. DARGIE.

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### F.P. NOTES.

- Mr JOHN D. CHRISTIE, M.A., has gained a First Class in Classical Honour Moderations at Oriel College, Oxford.
- Mr WILL DARLING was elected last November Treasurer of the City of Edinburgh.
- Mr JOHN DRUMMOND, Physical Training and Games Instructor in Daniel Stewart's College since 1927, has been appointed Organiser of Physical Education for Midlothian.
- Mr CHARLES D. BATEMAN has been appointed Manager of the Glasgow Branch of the County Fire Office, Ltd.
- Miss MARJORIE KEITH, M.A., has been appointed Woman Psychologist to the Child Garden Clinic, Birmingham.
- Miss JESSIE K. REE, M.A., who went to India as a missionary a year ago, is now teaching English and Mathematics in Northwick Girls' High School, Madras.
- Misses ELLEN M. A. BAILLIE, M.A., JEAN M'CLARENCE, M.A., ALICE M. M'INTYRE, M.A., HELEN M. GRAY, M.A., MARION B. H. BAUCHOPE, KATHLEEN M. M'LEAN have been put on the list for prospective appointments under the Edinburgh Education Committee.
- Miss LENA STEIN, M.A., has been appointed an Assistant Teacher in the Modern Language Department of George Watson's Ladies' College.
- Miss MILLICENT C. DEWAR has graduated M.B., Ch.B., at Edinburgh University.
- Miss ISABELLA C. MACLEAN, M.A., has been awarded the degree of Bachelor of Education at Edinburgh University.
- Miss ELLEN M. A. BAILLIE, M.A., has been awarded the Diploma in Education at Edinburgh University.
- Misses ESTHER E. HORTOP, BETSY V. HOWIESON, MARGARET D. C. WATSON have graduated Master of Arts at Edinburgh University.
- Miss DOROTHY M. MINCK has gained the Medal in the Intermediate Honours German Class at Edinburgh University.
- Miss MARGARET CRICHTON took 1st place in the Inter-University Swimming Contest (60 yds.).
- Miss MILDRED STORROR won the Scottish Three Miles Women's Championship.
- Misses MARIA BUCHANAN and ISABELLA LUNAN have passed the Clerical Class (Civil Service) Examination.
- Misses ELIZABETH MACDONALD, M. BERYL HARRISON, JANET JARDINE, JESSIE GRANT, ANNE SANDERSON, MARGARET MORTON have passed the Clerical Assistants' (Civil Service) Examination.
- Miss RUBY HOUSTON has passed the Government Typists' (Civil Service) Examination.

### MARRIAGES.

- LENNIE—FORD.—On 26th June 1937, JOHN LENNIE, to MARGORY FORD, 10 Meggetland Terrace.
- ALEXANDER—NISBET.—On 3rd July 1937, WILLIAM A. ALEXANDER, B.Sc., A.I.C., to ELSIE M'GREGOR NISBET, 11 Mansion-house Road.
- PENMAN—FAIRBAIRN.—On 3rd July 1937, JOHN W. PENMAN, to SYLVIA FAIRBAIRN, 18 Lonsdale Terrace.

- GRAY—CHARLTON.—On 17th July 1937, GEORGE DEANS GRAY, M.A., 3 Whitehouse Loan, to HILARY M. CHARLTON, M.A., B.Com.
- DALTON—JEFFREY.—On 24th July 1937, CHARLES E. W. DALTON, to BETTY JEFFREY, 19 Morningside Park.
- LAW—WILSON.—On 24th July 1937, ALEXANDER LAW, M.A., 47 Meadowhouse Road, to BETTY S. WILSON.
- M'ONIE—LOW.—On 24th July 1937, GEORGE M'ONIE, B.Sc., to MARY ELIZABETH LOW, M.A., 7 Relugas Road.
- GRANT—TULLO.—On 26th July 1937, IAN GRANT, to GLADYS D. TULLO, 6 Lonsdale Terrace.
- LOCH—BOYD.—On 29th July 1937, WILLIAM L. LOCH, 9 Chalmers Crescent, to MARY BOYD.
- FRASER—HAMILTON.—On 31st July 1937, JOHN L. FRASER, to CHRISTINA HAMILTON, 6 West Caiystane Road.
- STRACHAN—CROMBIE.—On 5th August 1937, STEWART G. STRACHAN, to MARION F. D. CROMBIE, 13 Coltbridge Avenue.
- BLAKE—RAE.—On 27th August 1937, JOSEPH S. BLAKE, to ELMA RAE, 67 Spottiswoode Street.
- MITCHELL—M'ILWRICK.—On 1st September 1937, GEORGE MITCHELL, to JANET B. M'ILWRICK, 50 Greenbank Crescent.
- CAMPBELL—MELDRUM.—On 3rd September 1937, FRANK CAMPBELL, to ALISON C. MELDRUM, 102 Craiglea Drive.
- SPARK—CAMBERG.—At Salisbury, S. Rhodesia, on 3rd September 1937, SYDNEY O. SPARK, M.A., to MURIEL CAMBERG, 160 Bruntsfield Place.
- WILSON—TROTTER.—On 4th September 1937, WILLIAM A. WILSON, to AGNES A. TROTTER, Corbiehill Road, Davidson's Mains.
- BALLINGALL—SUTHERLAND.—On 7th September 1937, DAVID L. BALLINGALL, to ISABELLA M'BEATH SUTHERLAND.
- M'LEOD—RAE.—On 11th September 1937, JAMES S. M'LEOD, to ISABELLA RAE, 47 Hollybank Terrace.
- REID—SWANN.—On 21st September 1937, JOHN D. REID, M.B., D.Ph., to LOUIE B. SWANN, 29 East London Street.
- ROSS—ROSS.—On 21st September 1937, WILLIAM ROSS, Balnagowan, Durham Avenue, Portobello, to MABEL W. B. ROSS.
- KING—ORR.—On 16th October 1937, ALFRED J. KING, to JEANETTE S. ORR, 45 Comely Bank Road.
- KERR—KINNAIRD.—On 30th October 1937, THOMAS KERR, to HELEN CHASSELS DRYSDALE KINNAIRD, M.A., 8 Claremont Gardens, Leith.
- MILNE—THOMSON.—On 4th December 1937, HENRY MILNE, 25 Thirlestane Road, to RUTH M. THOMSON.
- PATERSON—BUCHANAN.—On 18th December 1937, JOHN T. PATERSON, M.B., Ch.B., to MARGARET MAY THORNTON BUCHANAN, 34 Arden Street.
- HALL—CARROL.—On 12th January 1938, CHALRES R. HALL, to RUBY FERGIE CARROL, 12 Woodburn Terrace.
- GREIG—MANN.—On 15th January 1938, DAVID PEDDIE GREIG, 220 Bruntsfield Place, to MARY MANN.
- PATERSON—GEDDES.—On 4th February 1938, THOMAS M. PATERSON, to JEAN ELIZABETH GEDDES, 8 Ross Gardens.
- RITCHIE—CARR.—On 5th March 1938, JAMES M. RITCHIE, to EVELYN ROBERTSON CARR, Cragvar, Kirkhill Gardens.
- CRANSTON—FRASER.—On 12th March 1938, JAMES CRANSTON, 76 Marchmont Crescent, to GLADYS L. FRASER.

- PIRIE—CHISHOLM.—On 26th March 1938, WILLIAM PIRIE, to MARJORY JANET CHISHOLM, 20 Warrender Park Terrace.
- FRASER—COUTTS.—On 2nd April 1938, ALEXANDER S. FRASER, to JESSIE DARLING COUTTS, 21 St. Ronans Terrace.
- CRICHTON—MOORE.—On 2nd April 1938, ARCHIBALD H. CRICHTON, M.B., Ch.B., to MARGARET L. MOORE, M.A., 4 Craighouse Avenue.
- BERRY—KENNEDY.—On 16th April 1938, EDWARD H. BERRY, B.Sc., M.R.S.T., to MYRA KENNEDY, 61 Lothian Road.
- HARLAND—RUSSELL.—On 30th April 1938, GEORGE ROGER HARLAND, 149 Colinton Road, to DORIS MURIEL RUSSELL.
- STALKER—ROBERTSON.—On 14th May 1938, DAVID M. G. STALKER, to EVELYN ROSE ROBERTSON, 47 Seafield Road, Broughty Ferry.
- HARDIE—MILLAR.—On 1st June 1938, GORDON HARDIE, to CHARLOTTE ELTRINGHAM MILLAR, Observatory House, Calton Hill.
- JOHNSTONE—GAVINE.—On 4th June 1938, JAMES JOHNSTONE, to MARGARET MAY GAVINE, 146 Morningside Road.
- MALLOCH—MITCHELL.—On 10th June 1938, Rev. JOHN STRACHAN MALLOCH, B.D., 39 Comiston Drive, to NANCY B. MITCHELL, M.A.
- THOM—BANKS.—On 18th June 1938, BENJAMIN L. THOM, to CATHERINE L. BANKS, 20 Spottiswoode Road.
- STEEL—CRESSER.—On 18th June 1938, GEORGE ALEXANDER STEEL (late of Admiral Terrace), 39 Thirlestane Road, to HARRIET C. CRESSER.

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## CERTIFICATE AND SCHOLARSHIP LISTS.

### PUPILS WHO GAINED LEAVING CERTIFICATES IN 1938.

Dorothy S. T. Bell.	Helen J. Macdonald.
Agnes W. Bethune.	Muriel M'Dougall.
Elizabeth A. Brown.	Elizabeth M. Macintyre.
Maria D. T. Buchanan.	Jean Mackillop.
Dorothy E. Caswell.	Freda Oppenheim.
Isobel A. Dalling.	Anne R. B. Paterson.
Anna Dunbar.	Dilys S. B. Perry.
Helen Dunbar.	Cynthia M. Pryde.
Isabella Fairbairn.	Ann W. Sandison.
Margaret Falconer.	Edith C. Schofield.
Eleanor Ginsburg.	Morag M. M. Shaw.
Margaret S. Halley.	Alexa R. Spence.
Margaret F. Hutchison.	Jessie M. Templeton.
Margaret E. C. Jamieson.	Helen E. Weddell.
Elizabeth F. Lochore.	

### PUPILS WHO GAINED DAY SCHOOL CERTIFICATES (HIGHER) IN 1937.

Eileen Aitken.	Margaret B. Macleod.
Caroline Aitken.	Margaret D. MacDougall.
Elizabeth T. Anderson.	Annie M'Ginn.
Gladys Bain.	Martha McMorran.
Jessie Begrie.	Edith Mitchell.
Margaret M. Booth.	Elizabeth D. Murphy.
Hilda Bowmaker.	Denise H. Parker.
Doris Cameron.	Edna M. Sanders.
Sheila Clark.	Jean E. P. Scott.
Marjorie Dewar.	Meta Skeoch.
Elizabeth A. Dudgeon.	Evelyn A. W. Small.
Mary S. Durie.	Jean M. Smart.
Jean Eddington.	Ada E. A. Smith.
Alison A. G. Gilmour.	Cecilia D. Smith.
Williamina Harrower.	Mary C. Stewart.
Bessie R. Herd.	Anne D. Shortreed.
Muriel Hortop.	Elsie Taylor.
Christina K. Jobson.	Rhoda F. Turner.
Jean W. Johnstone.	Dorothy M. Wagstaff.
Patricia E. Kilgour.	Marion B. Wilson.
Sadie Maccrimmon.	Margaret Wood.
Isobel M. Macdonald.	

#### SHORTHAND SUCCESSES.

1. *Certificates in Theory of Shorthand*.—(Elementary)—Violet Begbie, Mona Black, Elizabeth T. Brown, Margaret Brown, Helen Downie, Janet D. Duncan, Johanna Elder, Barbara Grubb, Doreen Kent, Audrey Louttit, Margaret M'Beath, Helen Mackenzie, Moira Morrison, Mary C. Stewart, Katherine Taylor, Olive W. Torrance, Anne J. M. Wood.
2. *Certificates in Theory of Shorthand*.—(Advanced).—Violet Begbie, Christina Bennet, Mona Black, Elizabeth T. Brown, Helen

- Downie, Janet D. Duncan, Johanna Elder, Margaret Kelly, Audrey Louttit, Helen A. Mackenzie, Margaret Reid, Mary Stewart, Olive W. Torrance.
3. *Speed Certificates in Shorthand*.—Elizabeth Brown (80) with distinction; Margaret Ede (80); Annie Weston (80).

### SCHOLARSHIPS ENTITLING TO REMISSION OF FEES FOR SESSION 1938-39.

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

ENTERING SIXTH YEAR.—Cynthia Pryde, Eleanor Ginsburg, Anne Paterson, Jessie Templeton, Helen Macdonald, Isobel Dalling, Dorothy Bell.

ENTERING FIFTH YEAR.—Audrey Purves, Muriel Brown, Victoria Gillanders, Nyasa Burn, Marjorie Ritchie, Helen Mackenzie, Margaret Reid.

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

ENTERING THIRD YEAR.—Esther Caplan, Jean Laing, Myra Ockrent, Rhoda Graham, Katherine Ramsay, Margaret Campbell, Margaret Macpherson, Marguerite Combey, Muriel Shand, Muriel Shinie, Thelma Adams, Mary Beaton, Irene Fisher, Helen Stevens.

ENTERING SECOND YEAR.—Ailsa Etheridge, Dorothy Polson, Doreen Colburn, Margaret Dick, Isabelle M'Donald, Mary M'Killop, Marjorie Macgregor, Hazel Purves, Doreen Booth, Rhona Cameron, Irene Fegan.

ENTERING FIRST YEAR.—Betty E. Topp, Janet S. Buchanan, Elinor P. Wylie, Pamela E. Ryrie, Margaret Ogilvie, Ethel Robertson, Muriel B. Macaulay, Florence E. Morrison, Evelyn Goudie.

### SCHOOL PRIZE LIST, 1937-38.

Dux of the School	.. Rachel E. Quinnell.
Dux in English	.. Betty L. Fisher.
.. Latin	.. Grace Caddis.
.. French	.. Grace Caddis.
.. German	.. Grace Caddis.
.. Mathematics	.. Rachel E. Quinnell.
.. Science	.. Catherine E. Fegan.
.. Physical Training	.. Margaret S. Bee.
.. Music	.. Muriel M'Dougall.
.. Secretarial Subjects	.. Morag M. M. Shaw.
Duxes in Domestic Subjects	.. Patricia Hamilton and Rene M'Walter (equal).
Duxes of the Intermediate School	Helen R. G. Taylor and Dorothy Halliday (equal).

### SPECIAL PRIZES.

*Prize presented by a Former Dux (1927-28) to the Dux of the School.*  
Rachel Quinnell.

*Prize presented by a Former Dux (1927-28) to the Dux of the Intermediate School.*  
Helen R. G. Taylor and Dorothy Halliday.

*Prize presented by a Former Dux to the Best Pupil in the Department of Modern Languages.*  
Grace Caddis.

*Anonymous Prize presented to the Best All-Round Pupil.*  
Margaret Jamieson.

*Jenkins Memorial Former Pupils' Club Prize presented to the Dux in English.*

Betty L. Fisher.

*"Colin L. Jobson, M.A., Memorial Prize" presented to the Dux of the School.*

Rachel Quinnell.

*"Jobson Prize" for Arithmetic.*  
Leila Sinha and Dorothy Horsburgh (equal).

*"Mouren Prize" presented by a Former Dux (1925-26) to the Dux in French.*

Grace Caddis.

*Prize presented by Anonymous Donor (Ashfield) to the Dux in Classics.*  
Grace Caddis.

*"Brotherton Prize" presented to the Dux in Science.*  
Catherine Fegan.

*"Cowan Prize" in Art.*  
Dorothy Halliday.

*"1928 Prize" presented by Anonymous Donor to the Best Pupil in History.*

Rachel Quinnell.

*Sketch Club Prize.*  
Sheena Howie.

*"Tom Stevenson" Cup for Athletics.*  
Barbara Grubb.

*"Thomas Scott" Prize for Athletics.*  
Hazel Valentine.

*Singing Prize presented by Two Former Duxes.*  
Elizabeth Lochore.

*Sir Walter Scott Club Prizes.*

*Under 15—1. Dorothy Halliday; 2. Ishbel Sim.*

*Over 14—1. Audrey Purves.*

*Stevenson Club Prize.*  
Betty L. Fisher.

*Burns Club Prizes.*

*Senior Section—Audrey Purves.*

*Intermediate Section—Brenny Burnett.*

*Junior Section—Violet Hills, Muriel Gilbert, Margaret Ogilvie.*

*Bible Prizes.*

<i>Forms 5 and 6—Agnes Bethune.</i>	<i>3 Senior—Helen Hamilton.</i>
<i>Form 4—Elizabeth Gemmell.</i>	<i>2 Senior—Dorothy Waterston.</i>
<i>Form 3—Lilias Simpson.</i>	<i>1 Senior—Dorothy Kerr.</i>
<i>Form 2—Katherine Ramsay.</i>	<i>2 Junior—Sheila Mackie.</i>
<i>Form 1—Isabelle McDonald.</i>	<i>1 Junior—Elizabeth Simpson.</i>

CRICKET TEAM, 1938.



I. WRIGHT, M. NEWLANDS, J. GRANT, W. ANDERSON, D. STUART, R. MACBEATH, J. SMITH.  
I. SPENCE, B. GRUBB, C. MACMILLAN, O. TORRANCE, M. MACINTYRE.  
(Capt)

HOCKEY FIRST XI., 1937-38.



J. SMITH, M. THOMAS, B. GRUBB, MISS ANDERSON, O. TORRANCE, G. JAMIESON, N. BURN.  
F. WOODWARD, C. MACMILLAN, M. MORTON (Capt.), M. BEE, J. McLEAN.  
P. HAMILTON, M. HAMILTON.

# TENNIS TEAM, 1938.



J. GRANT, MISS ANDERSON, I. WRIGHT.  
L. SIMPSON, B. BARCLAY, M. BEE, M. JAMIESON.



LITERARY SOCIETY HIKE.

## GILLESPIE'S HIGH SCHOOL MAGAZINE. 89

### S.S.P.C.A. Prizes—Essay Competition.

- 3 Senior A.—Janet Buchanan.
- 3 Senior B.—Sheila Fraser.
- 3 Senior C.—Marjorie Elliot.

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

May Davidson.

### Pianoforte Prizes.

- Mr Huxtable's Pupils—1. Doris Sey ; 2. Maria Sibbald.
- Mr Paterson's Pupils—1. Jessie Templeton ; 2. May Finnis.
- Mrs Ross's Pupils—1. Frances Wood ; 2. Sheila M'Nair.

### FORM 6.

- English—1. Betty Fisher ; 2. Margaret Jamieson and Rachel Quinnell (equal) ; 4. Margaret Bee.
- History—1. Rachel Quinnell.
- Latin—1. Grace Caddis ; 2. Margaret Jamieson.
- French—(Advanced)—1. Grace Caddis ; 2. Margaret Jamieson ; 3. Bessie Barclay.
- (Higher)—1. Margaret Falconer.
- German—1. Grace Caddis ; 2. Margaret Jamieson.
- Mathematics—1. Rachel Quinnell ; 2. Bessie Barclay and Frances Woodward (equal).
- Science—(Advanced)—1. Catherine Fegan ; 2. Rachel Quinnell.
- (Higher)—1. Dorothy Ewing.
- Music—1. Isabelle Fairbairn.
- Physical Training—1. Margaret Bee.

### FORM 5 A.

- English—1. Jessie M. Templeton ; 2. Anne R. B. Paterson ; 3. Eleanor Ginsburg ; 4. Margaret S. Halley.
- History—1. Dilys S. B. Perry.
- Latin—(Higher)—1. Cynthia M. Pryde ; 2. Anne R. B. Paterson ; 3. H. Estelle Weddell.
- (Lower)—1. E. Mary Macintyre.
- French—(Higher)—1. Cynthia M. Pryde ; 2. Helen J. Macdonald ; 3. Anne R. B. Paterson ; 4. Margaret S. Halley.
- (Lower)—1. Dilys S. B. Perry.
- German—1. Cynthia M. Pryde ; 2. Anne R. B. Paterson.
- Mathematics—(Higher)—1. Cynthia M. Pryde ; 2. Dorothy S. Bell ; 3. Helen J. Macdonald ; 4. Eleanor Ginsburg.
- (Lower)—1. Anna Dunbar ; 2. Helen Dunbar.
- Science—1. Isobel A. Dalling ; 2. Dorothy S. Bell ; 3. Eleanor Ginsburg.
- Physical Training—1. Sheila M. Cameron.

### FORM 5 B.

- English—1. Freda Oppenheim ; 2. Anne Sandison ; 3. Morag Shaw.
- History—1. Freda Oppenheim.
- French—(Higher)—1. Anne Sandison.
- (Lower)—1. Freda Oppenheim ; 2. Muriel M'Dougall.
- German—1. Anne Sandison.
- Mathematics—(Lower)—1. Iris Tait ; 2. Muriel M'Dougall.
- Secretarial Subjects—1. Morag Shaw ; 2. Anne Sandison.
- Music—1. Muriel M'Dougall.
- Physical Training—1. Annie Weston.

## FORM 4 A.

- English*—1. Audrey L. M. Purves; 2. Marjorie G. Ritchie; 3. Violet M. Henderson; 4. Joyce M. C. Kidd.  
*History*—1. Audrey L. M. Purves.  
*Geography*—1. Audrey L. M. Purves.  
*Latin*—1. Joan L. Stansfield; 2. Audrey L. M. Purves; 3. Marion R. Peden; 4. Grace G. D. Jamieson.  
*French*—1. Victoria H. I. Gillanders; 2. Sheila M. Mather; 3. Joan A. Stansfield; 4. Audrey L. M. Purves.  
*German*—1. Joan L. Stansfield; 2. Audrey L. M. Purves.  
*Mathematics*—1. Nyasa I. Burn; 2. Muriel H. B. Brown; 3. Jean M. Smith; 4. Joan L. Stansfield.  
*Science—Physics*—1. Muriel H. B. Brown; 2. Victoria H. I. Gillanders.  
*Chemistry*—1. Muriel H. B. Brown; 2. Victoria H. I. Gillanders.  
*Botany*—1. Annie M. Mackenzie; 2. Morag G. Macpherson.  
*Physical Training*—1. Margaret Mills.

## FORM 4 B.

- English*—1. Margaret Reid; 2. Anne Wood.  
*History*—1. Helen Mackenzie.  
*Geography*—1. Margaret Reid.  
*French*—1. Helen Mackenzie; 2. Mary Stephenson.  
*German*—1. Helen Mackenzie.  
*Mathematics*—(Higher)—1. Mary Stephenson.  
(Lower)—1. Marion Dakers.  
*Secretarial Subjects*—1. Margaret Kelly; 2. Helen Mackenzie.  
*Physical Training*—1. Betty Brown.

## FORM 4 C.

- English*—1. Elizabeth Gemmell; 2. W. Patricia Hamilton.  
*History*—1. W. Patricia Hamilton and Helen Downie (equal).  
*French*—1. Audrey Louttit; 2. Elizabeth Gemmell.  
*Secretarial Subjects*—1. Elizabeth Gemmell; 2. W. Patricia Hamilton.  
*Physical Training*—1. W. Patricia Hamilton and Mona Black (equal).  
*Dressmaking*—1. Rene M'Walter and Moira Morrison (equal).  
*Domestic Science*—1. W. Patricia Hamilton.  
*Allied Science*—1. Rene M'Walter; 2. Audrey Louttit.

## FORM 3 A.

- English*—1. Brenny Burnett; 2. Clara Scott; 3. Dorothy Halliday; 4. Marjorie Hamilton.  
*History*—1. Doris Elder and Ishbel Sim (equal).  
*Geography*—1. Audrey Barker and Doris Elder (equal).  
*Latin*—1. Ishbel Sim; 2. Helen Taylor; 3. Brenny Burnett; 4. Catherine Sinclair.  
*French*—1. Helen Taylor; 2. Marjorie Hamilton and Ishbel Sim (equal); 4. Catherine Sinclair.  
*German*—1. Doris Elder; 2. Helen Taylor.  
*Mathematics*—1. Helen Taylor; 2. Audrey Barker; 3. Clara Scott and Hazel Stewart (equal).  
*Art*—1. Dorothy Halliday; 2. Lillas Simpson; 3. Audrey Barker.  
*Physical Training*—1. Marjorie Hamilton.  
*Dressmaking*—1. Winifred Anderson and Beatrice Bishop (equal).

## FORM 3 B.

- English*—1. Leila Sinha; 2. Catherine L. Neill; 3. Frances B. Early.  
*History*—1. Christina M'D. Durie.  
*Geography*—1. Frances B. Early.  
*French*—1. Dorothy Cramb; 2. Leila Sinha; 3. Catherine I. Neill.  
*German*—1. Frances B. Early; 2. Catherine L. Neill.  
*Mathematics*—1. Dorothy A. Horsburgh and Leila Sinha (equal); 3. Margaret Anderson and Mary Purves (equal).  
*Art*—1. Mary H. Fisher; 2. Leila Sinha.  
*Physical Training*—1. Agnes E. Kinnear and Hazel B. Valentine (equal).  
*Fressmaking*—1. Agnes E. Kinnear.  
*Domestic Science*—1. Dorothy A. Horsburgh.

## FORM 3 C.

- English*—1. Mabel Watson; 2. Eleanor E. F. Wallace.  
*History*—1. Muriel F. Carter.  
*Geography*—1. Mabel Watson.  
*French*—1. Wilma N. Quin; 2. Isobyl Wright; 3. Catherine C. Walker.  
*Mathematics*—1. Wilma N. Quin; 2. Isobyl Wright; 3. Mary Rayment.  
*Art*—1. Jean A. Telfer.  
*Physical Training*—1. Catherine C. Walker.  
*Dressmaking*—1. Muriel F. Carter.  
*Domestic Science*—1. Muriel F. Carter.

## FORM 3 D.

- English*—1. Georgina Smith; 2. Ruth D. Macmillan.  
*History*—1. Margaret Landels.  
*Geography*—1. Margaret Landels.  
*French*—1. Margaret D. Scott; 2. Olive J. Richardson; 3. Ruth D. Macmillan.  
*Mathematics*—1. Jane A. Lee; 2. Kathleen C. Macpherson; 3. Joan G. P. Cameron.  
*Art*—1. Rona Lang; 2. Mary Paton and Jean Ross (equal).  
*Physical Training*—1. Marion T. Ramsay.  
*Dressmaking*—1. Jean A. Kenneth.  
*Domestic Science*—1. Kathleen C. Macpherson.

## FORM 3 E.

- English*—1. Mona M. Henderson; 2. Isobel M. Henderson.  
*History*—1. Dorothy Rainnie and Mary Littler (equal).  
*Geography*—1. Dorothy Rainnie.  
*French*—1. Margaret Dobson; 2. Alice Johnston.  
*Mathematics*—1. Elizabeth C. Hayes; 2. Isobel M. Henderson.  
*Art*—1. Dorothy Rainnie and Dorothy Stewart (equal).  
*Physical Training*—1. Dorothy Rainnie.  
*Dressmaking*—1. Dorothy Rainnie.  
*Domestic Science*—1. Elizabeth W. Hughes; 2. Dorothy Rainnie.

## FORM 2 A.

- English*—1. Myra Ockrent; 2. Katherine Ramsay; 3. Ellen Morrison; 4. Jean Laing.  
*History*—1. May Jamieson.  
*Geography*—1. Esther Caplan.

*Latin*—1. Mary Kirkness ; 2. Margaret Campbell ; 3. Esther Caplan and Etheljean Sutherland (*equal*).  
*French*—1. Margaret Campbell ; 2. Jean Laing ; 3. Esther Caplan and Rhoda Graham (*equal*).  
*Mathematics*—1. Esther Caplan ; 2. Jean Laing ; 3. Rhoda Graham ; 4. Katherine Ramsay.  
*Art*—1. Esther Caplan ; 2. Myra Ockrent ; 3. Barbara Archibald ; 4. Elizabeth Costa.  
*Physical Training*—1. May Davidson.  
*Dressmaking*—Agnes Lees and Ruby Stewart (*equal*).

#### FORM 2 B.

*English*—1. Margaret Macpherson ; 2. Marguerite Combey ; 3. Muriel Shand ; 4. Mary Beaton.  
*History*—1. Muriel Shand and Mary Beaton (*equal*).  
*Geography*—1. Muriel Shand.  
*Latin*—1. Margaret Macpherson ; 2. Marguerite Combey ; 3. Muriel Shinie ; 4. Muriel Shand.  
*French*—1. Margaret Macpherson ; 2. Marguerite Combey ; 3. Muriel Shinie ; 4. Moira Haig.  
*Mathematics*—1. Muriel Shand ; 2. Margaret Macpherson ; 3. Marguerite Combey ; 4. Jean Scott.  
*Art*—1. Rosemary Matheson ; 2. Joan Knevitt ; 3. Elsie Johnston.  
*Physical Training*—1. Rosemary Matheson.  
*Dressmaking*—1. Kathleen Emmerson.

#### FORM 2 C.

*English*—1. Irene M. Fisher ; 2. Mabel M. Douglas and Sheila B. Stewart (*equal*).  
*History*—1. Sheila B. Stewart.  
*Geography*—1. Joan Simm.  
*French*—1. Irene M. Fisher ; 2. Sheila B. Stewart ; 3. Helen M. Stevens.  
*Mathematics*—1. Joan Simm ; 2. Irene M. Fisher ; 3. Elizabeth L. Tait.  
*Art*—1. Margaret M. Kay ; 2. Mary J. Young ; 3. Margaret M. Mowatt.  
*Physical Training*—1. Margaret M. Mowatt.  
*Dressmaking*—1. Sheila B. Adamson.

#### FORM 2 D.

*English*—1. Isobel G. Murray ; 2. Frances E. Fleming.  
*History*—1. Frances E. Fleming.  
*Geography*—1. Frances E. Fleming.  
*French*—1. Sybil Wolfe ; 2. Ruby F. Ellis ; 3. Frances E. Fleming.  
*Mathematics*—1. Ruby F. Ellis and Agnes Quin (*equal*) ; 3. Sheila B. Alston.  
*Art*—1. Stella Cunningham ; 2. Constance E. Macmillan ; 3. Isobel S. Pert.  
*Physical Training*—1. Ina K. Cameron.  
*Dressmaking*—1. Mary B. Watt.

#### FORM 2 E.

*English*—1. Denise S. M. Preston ; 2. Isobel K. Dickson.  
*History*—1. Gladys M. Strachan.  
*Geography*—1. Isobel K. Dickson.

#### WINNERS OF EDINBURGH EDUCATION COMMITTEE CHALLENGE SHIELD.



JANET GRAY, MAUD MARSHALL, WILMA MOORE, WINIFRED BLACK.

- French*—1. Isobel K. Dickson ; 2. Denise S. M. Preston ; 3. Lily S. Craigie.  
*Mathematics*—1. Jean S. Sprott ; 2. Isobel K. Dickson ; 3. Helen N. Young.  
*Art*—1. Sheila Logie ; 2. Isobel K. Dickson ; 3. Gladys M. Strachan.  
*Physical Training*—1. Joyce A. Nicol and Denise S. M. Preston (equal).  
*Dressmaking*—1. Sheila Logie.  
*Domestic Science*—1. Elizabeth R. S. Macdonald.

#### FORM 1 A.

- English*—1. Margaret Dick ; 2. Flora G. Barron ; 3. Catherine Maloney ; 4. Nancy Knox.  
*History*—1. Mary M. Ross.  
*Geography*—1. Dorothy Polson.  
*Latin*—1. Flora G. Barron ; 2. Marjorie J. MacGregor ; 3. Doreen D. Colburn ; 4. Dorothy Polson and Hazel G. Purves (equal).  
*French*—1. Flora G. Barron and Isabelle M. M'Donald (equal) ; 3. Mary R. M'Killop ; 4. Ailsa D. Etheridge and Dorothy Polson (equal).  
*Mathematics*—1. Flora G. Barron ; 2. Doreen D. Colburn ; 3. Margaret H. M'Mullen ; 4. Dorothy Polson.  
*Art*—1. Dorothy P. Beaton ; 2. Nancy Knox ; 3. Ailsa D. Etheridge ; 4. Emily E. Blight.  
*Physical Training*—1. Dorothy P. Beaton.  
*Dressmaking*—1. Norma T. Forrest.

#### FORM 1 B.

- English*—1. Rhona Cameron ; 2. Catherine Herriot ; 3. Dorothy Hamilton and Gloria Melville and Elsie Simpson (equal).  
*History*—1. Catherine Herriot.  
*Geography*—1. Gloria Melville.  
*Latin*—1. Irene Fegan ; 2. Helen Geddes.  
*French*—1. Rhona Cameron ; 2. Margaret Bald ; 3. Dorothy Hamilton ; 4. Helen Geddes.  
*German*—1. Rhona Cameron ; 2. Margaret Bald.  
*Mathematics*—1. Rhona Cameron ; 2. Muriel Purves ; 3. Margaret Bald ; 4. Winifred Dalgleish and Abigail Howieson (equal).  
*Art*—1. Agnes Pyper ; 2. Ruth Weddell ; 3. Winifred Neill ; 4. Winifred Dalgleish.  
*Physical Training*—1. Cynthia Pettigrew.  
*Dressmaking*—1. Muriel Sealey.

#### FORM 1 C.

- English*—1. Mary Walker ; 2. Mary Cornwall ; 3. Margaret Clark and Beatrice Ridley (equal).  
*History*—1. Jane Duncan.  
*Geography*—1. Margaret Clark.  
*French*—1. Isobel Anderson ; 2. Mary Walker ; 3. Winifred Addison.  
*Mathematics*—1. Margaret Clark ; 2. Florence Purves ; 3. Mary Walker.  
*Art*—1. Mary M'Dermott ; 2. Elizabeth Laybourn ; 3. Nan Campbell.  
*Physical Training*—1. Elizabeth Laybourn.  
*Dressmaking*—1. Mary Walker and Doreen Kellock (equal).

## FORM 1 D.

*English*—1. Jean Davidson ; 2. Mary Wilson.

*History*—1. Mary Wilson.

*Geography*—1. Florence Bowie.

*French*—1. Mary Wilson ; 2. Jean Davidson ; 3. Annie McCallum.

*Mathematics*—1. Jean Davidson ; 2. Isabel Robertson ; 3. Annie McCallum.

*Art*—1. Robina Prentice ; 2. Isabel Robertson ; 3. Elizabeth Brown.

*Physical Training*—1. Florence Bowie and Isabel Robertson (*equal*).

*Dressmaking*—1. Florence Bowie and Jean Davidson (*equal*).

## FORM 1 E.

*English*—1. Dorothy Napier ; 2. Phyllis Hay.

*History*—1. Dorothy Napier.

*Geography*—1. Margaret Gibbs.

*French*—1. Lilian Dorfman ; 2. Dorothy Napier ; 3. Adela Ferguson.

*Mathematics*—1. Margaret Gibbs ; 2. Dorothy Napier ; 3. Elizabeth Barrett.

*Art*—1. Phyllis Hay ; 2. Joan Dickson ; 3. Doreen Burnett.

*Physical Training*—1. Elizabeth Skinner.

*Dressmaking*—1. Dorothy Napier.

*Domestic Science*—1. Maud Lewin.

## INTERMEDIATE SCHOOL—SCIENCE CERTIFICATES.

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

Section 2—1. Dorothy Halliday ; 2. Isobel Ferguson.

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

Section 4—1. Muriel Carter ; 2. Florence Brotherston.

Section 5—1. Mary Rayment ; 2. Wilma Quin.

Section 6—1. Catherine Walker ; 2. Isobyl Wright.

Section 7—1. Helen Proctor.

Section 8—1. Shona Hayes.

FORM II.—Section 1—1. Esther Caplan ; 2. Elizabeth Costa.

Section 2—1. Myra Ockrent ; 2. Jean Laing.

Section 3—1. Muriel Shand ; 2. Kirsty Semple.

Section 4—1. Irene Fisher ; 2. Ruby Ellis.

Section 5—1. Isobel Greig ; 2. Isobel Murray.

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

Section 7—1. Isobel Dickson.

Section 8—1. Denise Preston.

FORM I.—Section 1—1. Dorothy Beaton ; 2. Flora Barron.

Section 2—1. Agnes Imrie ; 2. Muriel Haldane.

Section 3—1. Agnes Morrison ; 2. Mary Ross.

Section 4—1. Margaret Clark ; 2. Mary Cornwall.

Section 5—1. Jean Duncan ; 2. Beatrice Ridley.

Section 6—1. Vera Stocks ; 2. Elsie McLean.

Section 7—1. Margaret Gibbs.

Section 8—1. Dorothy Napier.

## Class 3 Senior A.

1. Betty E. A. Topp ; 2. Janet S. Buchanan ; 3. Violet E. Hills ; 4. Elinor P. Wylie ; 5. Janet C. Anderson ; 6. Winifred M. White ; 7. Marjory C. Drummond ; 8. Aileen M. Moyes.

"Hamilton Prize" for English—Aileen M. Moyes.

## Class 3 Senior B.

1. Pamela Ryrie ; 2. Margaret Ogilvie ; 3. Ethel Robertson ; 4. Ruth I. Watt ; 5. Eileen L. Forsyth ; 6. Helen Hamilton ; 7. Edith M. Gilchrist ; 8. Doris Murray.

"Hamilton Prize" for English—Pamela Ryrie.

## Class 3 Senior C.

1. Muriel Macaulay ; 2. Florence Morrison ; 3. Evelyn Goudie ; 4. Marjorie Elliot ; 5. Muriel Gilbert ; 6. Dorothy Somerville ; 7. Muriel Hay ; 8. Margaret Kirby.

"Hamilton Prize" for English—Muriel Macaulay.

## Class 2 Senior A.

1. Irene Chalmers ; 2. Kathleen Halkett and Veronica Hutchinson (*equal*) ; 4. Violet Kidd ; 5. Joyce Brown ; 6. Sheena Morrison ; 7. Jane McKenzie ; 8. Joyce Dorfman.

## Class 2 Senior B.

1. Frances Lundie ; 2. Winifred Dickson ; 3. Nora Shinie ; 4. Alexandra Dow ; 5. Irene Park ; 6. Jean Guild ; 7. Dorothy Waterston ; 8. Mary Brown.

## Class 2 Senior C.

1. Sheila Jenkinson ; 2. Olive Stevens ; 3. Mhora M'Rae ; 4. Vera Kirkness ; 5. Laura Munro ; 6. Eileen Binnie and Audrey Adams (*equal*) ; 8. Margaret Blair.

## Class 1 Senior A.

1. Elinor Cleland ; 2. Joyce Hamilton ; 3. Isobel Dallas ; 4. Sheila Stewart ; 5. Edna Arthur ; 6. Ela Bald ; 7. Ruth Gall ; 8. Ann Cantley and Muriel Leuchars (*equal*).

## Class 1 Senior B.

1. Patricia Forbes ; 2. Dorothy Kerr ; 3. Maureen Woodburn ; 4. Jean Dickson ; 5. Catherine Mavor ; 6. Elizabeth Macpherson ; 7. Margaret Maskell ; 8. Elizabeth Brown.

## Class 1 Senior C.

1. Elizabeth Cromatry ; 2. Daisy Fallside ; 3. Evelyn Munro ; 4. Margaret Smith ; 5. Agnes Nicoll ; 6. Edith Garvie ; 7. Sheila M'Nair and Helen Tait (*equal*).

## Class 2 Junior A.

1. Jean Macanna ; 2. Margaret Wylie ; 3. Sheila Mackie ; 4. Elsie Dunbar ; 5. Sheila Fiskin ; 6. Elizabeth Swan ; 7. Catherine Taylor ; 8. Doris Best.

## Class 2 Junior B.

1. Jean Aitken ; 2. Dorothy Seaton ; 3. Elma Purves ; 4. Margaret Law ; 5. Helen Cunningham ; 6. Mary Morris ; 7. Olive Tait ; 8. Heather Henderson.

## Class 1 Junior A.

1. Muriel Marshall ; 2. Mary Dickson ; 3. Alison Bee ; 4. Elizabeth Cook ; 5. Jean Gastall ; 6. Christina Cockburn ; 7. Margaret Dewar ; 8. Irene Cameron.

**Class 1 Junior B.**

1. Marjory Harkness; 2. Ruth M'Kenzie; 3. Mary Ambrose;  
4. Ella Mannion; 5. Isobel Whiteley; 6. Elizabeth Grinton;  
7. Joyce Matheson and Irene Dunbar (*equal*).

**Class Senior Infant A.**

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

**Class Senior Infant B.**

1. Mary S. Hunter; 2. Annie R. Henderson; 3. Sheila M'K. Reid;  
4. Margaret P. Tweedie; 5. Norma T. Seacy; 6. Jean A.  
Robertson; 7. Doreen J. Dods; 8. Joyce E. Hamilton.

**Class Junior Infant A.**

1. Doris E. Ross; 2. Maud Arnot; 3. Carmel Caplan; 4. Margaret  
G. Dickson; 5. Margaret R. Leckie; 6. Jenatta C. Russell;  
7. Morag M. Cameron; 8. Ruth Gould.

**Class Junior Infant B.**

1. Edith M. D. Godson; 2. Barbara M. Ferrier; 3. Jean T. Mac-  
pherson; 4. Jacqueline A. T. Hamilton; 5. Marion Scott;  
6. Janette Robertson; 7. Muriel A. Bryden; 8. Una M'L.  
Mackie.

**BURSARIES.**

*Secondary Bursary was awarded last year to* :—Margaret J. F. Mills.  
*Intermediate Bursaries were awarded to* :—Margaret R. M. Bald,  
Margaret A. Cockburn, Margaret Dick, Catherine Maloney,  
Elizabeth C. Mathew, Winifred H. Neill, Norah E. Nelder, Olive  
B. Stanton.

*James Gillespie's High School Bursaries were awarded to* :—Flora G.  
Barron, Elizabeth H. Borthwick, Isabella L. B. Buchanan, Mary  
B. Cornwall; Norma Forrest, Louise Haldane, Agnes S. Imrie,  
Margaret H. M'Mullen, Betsy M. Markey, Mary M. Ross, Mary  
N. Walker.

*Music Passes.*

Dorothy Brown, a pupil of Mr Huxtable, passed in the Elementary  
Grade II. of the Associated Board Examination.  
Doris Sey, a pupil of Mr Huxtable, passed with honourable mention  
in the Higher Grade V.

**ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.**

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*Morgan Academy Magazine.*

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This is a summary of what has been  
done during 1937-38

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FULL PARTICULARS OF CLASSES ON REQUEST