

Gillespie's
High
School
Magazine

July 1939



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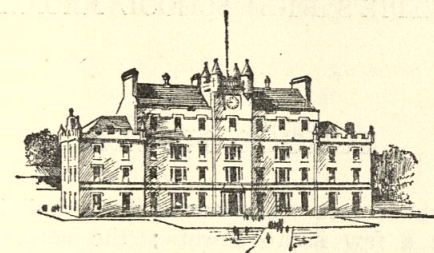
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Gillespie's High School Magazine

JULY 1939

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SCHOOL NOTES.

In September last we returned to a building which showed not a few improvements; the most important innovation was the covered corridor which now connects the main building with the Gymnasium and Infant School, and which proves a real blessing in cold or wet weather. In the Demonstration Room wood panelling has replaced the cold white tiles; the Middle Hall has been re-decorated in cheerful yellow and furnished with an enlarged platform; half the rooms in the school have been supplied with new desks; but the most spectacular of the minor alterations is certainly the installation of primrose-yellow "black"-boards on which bright blue chalk is used. An addition to the amenities of the school is the handsome natural oak lectern table and chair presented by the Swimming Club for use at morning assembly and all services.

Hardly had the work of the session well begun when the grim days of the September "Crisis" were upon us, and the school was closed for two days for distribution of gas-masks. Rarely can pupils or teachers have returned so willingly to the normality of school as after that unexpected holiday. Throughout the session the Staff and at least the older pupils, like all thinking people, have been conscious of an ever-present tension; the Current Events classes have had an almost painful relevance; and one realises with thankfulness and almost with surprise that a normal and satisfactory year's programme of school activities has been carried through. Most of the Staff have trained in A.R.P. or First Aid work, and Gillespie's has its share in the plans for evacuation in the event of the "emergency" which we so earnestly hope may not arise.

An unusual number of changes in Staff fall to be recorded. The promotion of Mr James G. Glen to the Head-teachership of Liberton School created a gap difficult to fill. Few teachers identified themselves so closely as he with every branch of school life; as Editor, for many years, of the Magazine, as organiser of the lunch-room arrangements, in connection with dramatic and athletic activities and in

innumerable other unobtrusive ways he served Gillespie's, with a complete absence of "fuss" and an unfailing good humour which made him generally beloved. At the same time we parted from Miss Hannah Kirkwood and Miss Marjory I. Lyon who, after long and loyal service in the Sewing Department, were transferred to other schools; Miss Agnes Muir of the Domestic Science Department was also transferred. Later in the session Miss Jane Low's decision to retire from teaching deprived the Infant Department of a much-valued Head, who, by her quiet practical efficiency and her deep interest in every child under her care, won, during her four years in Gillespie's, the respect of Staff, parents and pupils alike. At the close of this term Miss Millicent B. Glancey leaves us to be married. She carries with her to her new home in Heidelberg the warmest good wishes of all her friends in the school. To all those who have left us recently we would say that we shall not soon forget them or their services to the school.

Having thus said "Farewell," we now turn to say "Hail" to various newcomers. Miss Jessie R. Jardine and Miss Bertha Taylor in the Sewing-room, Miss Elizabeth M. Thorburn in the Department of Domestic Science, Miss Catherine T. W. Paton, M.A., in the Modern Languages Department, Miss Elsie C. Davidson, M.A., in the Primary School, and Miss Mary B. Donaldson as Infant Mistress have already found their niches in the school, and we wish them every happiness in their work here.

We regret to report an unusual amount of serious illness among the Staff during the past session; Miss Jardine, Miss M. Y. Henderson and Miss Matheson were all absent for considerable periods, but we rejoice to see them fit for work again. At various times Miss Mary Philip, Miss Mary Swanston, Miss Helen Dewar and Mrs M. Sandison did good service as interim teachers. In the regretted absence of Miss Guthrie, Mrs Simpson has acted as School Secretary during the closing weeks of the session.

It was with grief that we learned during the past winter of the passing of our very good friend, Mr John Bremner, for so many years our janitor. We still like to remember his unfailing helpfulness, his pleasant North-country voice, and the affectionate interest in Gillespie's and all connected with it which he retained to the end.

We heard with great pleasure and not a little pride of the conferring on Mr Buchan, Head of our Mathematics Department, at the Summer Graduation of Edinburgh University, of the degree of Doctor of Philosophy, for a thesis on a mathematical topic. We offer him our heartiest congratulations.

The various school societies have all carried through successful programmes, as witness their reports elsewhere in this issue, and the Christmas parties, aided by decorations from the Art Department, music from the Orchestra, and as always, organising skill on the part of Mr Gordon, lacked nothing that could make them enjoyable. Christmas services for the Primary and Secondary Departments were held, the former attended by Dr. Cameron, the latter by the Rev. Roderick Davies. The closing day of the Christmas term was celebrated with the customary informal concerts, as a result of which £14 was handed over to the Boot Funds, and the prefects, as in former years, undertook the entertainment of a number of cripple children at a Christmas party. The same season saw a very delightful innovation, when Miss Bertha Waddell and her company from the Children's Theatre gave on the school stage a performance of mimes and short plays which were greatly enjoyed. Much leisure time during the winter was devoted to rehearsing for the performances of "The Pirates of Penzance" which also are reported elsewhere.

As usual, we have had various visiting speakers in the course of the year. It was a particular pleasure to welcome back our old pupil, Miss Catherine Thomson, and to hear her tell of her work as a missionary on the Gold Coast. Another interesting visitor was Mr Boniakowski, a Polish schoolmaster, who delighted us with a lecture, illustrated with particularly good lantern slides, on his native country. The senior girls were privileged to have a very helpful talk from Miss Marshall, Deputy Matron, Edinburgh Royal Infirmary, on "Nursing as a Career." The Primary School greatly enjoyed the address given by Major Hugonin on behalf of the S.S.P.C.A.

At Founder's Day Service on the afternoon of Friday, 16th June, the school had the unique honour of welcoming as speaker the Right Reverend Archibald Main, D.D., Moderator of the Church of Scotland, whose traditional lace

ruffles and knee-breeches lent a touch of unfamiliar pageantry. For the occasion the corridors and hall were lavishly decorated with palms and pink hydrangeas. A platform party of about forty included the Heads of several distinguished Edinburgh schools, as well as representatives of Edinburgh Education Committee, the Education Offices, and the Inspectorate. The Chairman was Dr. J. B. Clark, C.B.E., late Headmaster of George Heriot's School. The Moderator, whose genial humour delighted the pupils, in recalling James Gillespie's generosity hoped that we to-day had not lost "the romance of benefaction," and from the Moderatorial ring with its engraving of the St. Andrew's Cross and the Burning Bush drew lessons of loyalty to our country and our church. The Senior Prefect, Nancy Paterson, thanked the Moderator in a felicitous little speech, the customary presentation of a snuff-box was made, and a holiday was announced for the following Monday. After the service our distinguished guests were entertained in the Library to afternoon tea, beautifully prepared by the Domestic Science pupils of Form 5 B under Miss Thorburn's direction.

This year's foreign holiday breaks new ground. On 19th July a party of pupils and Staff again under Mr Brash's experienced guidance are to set out for a fortnight's trip to Norway. The return visit of the Danish schoolgirls who gave Miss Wood and her party such a memorable holiday last summer has, to our great regret, had to be postponed, but we look forward to welcoming them in happier times.

Examination results for the past session have been very satisfactory, 30 of the 36 candidates presented for the Group Leaving Certificate having been successful. It is worth recording that the six girls who for the first time in the history of the school took Domestic Science as one of their subjects all passed. A word of special congratulation is due to Audrey Purves, Helen Mackenzie and Muriel Brown, who in addition to gaining Leaving Certificates, took high places in a recent Civil Service Examination (Clerical Class). It was gratifying to see our school represented in the Merit List of Edinburgh University Bursary Competition by three creditably high places. Eleanor Ginsburg has been awarded the Thomson Bursary of £60 a year in the Faculty of Medicine, and Nancy Paterson the Ardvorlich Bursary of £20 a year in the Faculty of Arts.

We desire once again to express our cordial thanks to all those donors to whose continued generosity we are indebted for our long list of special prizes. The Librarians gratefully acknowledge gifts of books from Miss Forgan and Miss Thomson, and from the following Former Pupils:—Misses M. Hutchison, F. Woodward, M. Bee, J. McLean, B. Barclay, M. Jamieson, K. Fegan, E. Percival, M. Buchanan, E. Weddell, O. Torrance, A. Spence, G. Caddis, R. Quinnell, S. Ross, M. Morton, J. Grant and M. Ede.

A. E. F.

* * * *

Mr JAMES G. GLEN, M.A.

Mr Glen's long and varied career in Gillespie's ended last session with his promotion to the headmastership of Liberton School. He had taken a leading part in many of the Gillespie activities and much of the work he had done so unobtrusively and so thoroughly required considerable re-distribution for a time.

After completing his Arts Course at Edinburgh University, where also he was an active member of the Harriers section, Mr Glen taught in Dumfriesshire and in Fife. He travelled the Continent many times, and explored as far as Labrador and Newfoundland. His wanderlust took him indeed into many out-of-the-way places; latterly, however, following the more special direction of camping, hiking, and hill climbing. Hardly a hostel is there in our familiar countryside, and even beyond this, but knows Mr Glen.

As organiser, Mr Glen's services were frequently in demand, and his amiable and generous nature soon won other workers, and surmounted difficulties. Everyone had a real regard for Mr Glen, so sociable, so cheerful, so capable was he. When he did manage to find free time he showed a keen interest in the latest ideas and developments in all sorts of studies. Wide general reading completed his all-

round equipment. So left another of the older members of the Staff, taking with him very happy memories of colleagues and friends, of past and present pupils, and the best wishes of all connected with this school.

A. C. M.

Obituary.

We deeply regret to have to record the death, during the past session, of four pupils of the school—

September 1938—Irene Cameron, Class 2 Junior A.

May 1939—Margaret E. Scott, Form 1 E.

May 1939—Joyce Anderson, Form 1 E.

June 1939—Betty Langman, Class Junior Infants A.

FROM THE SECONDARY DEPARTMENT.

THERE IS A SHORE.....

There is a shore in a far distant land,
Where mighty breakers curl upon the sand
Singing the dirge of her that was so fair,
Whispering of the sunshine in her hair
To sullen rocks.

She had been theirs—a maiden of the sea,
Light as the crisping foam and ever free,
Free as the wind that stirs the poplar trees,
Free as the grasses dancing in the breeze
Until that day.....

The fisher-lad had sailed into the creek
Where the fair sea-nymph often came to seek
What gifts her loving waves cast up for her.
Was it the wind that rustled in the fir?
She turned her head.....

His warm brown eyes were fixed upon her face
As in a trance, he stole upon that place
Where she stood, silent, telling of her love.
He knelt before her, and the sky above
Was clouded o'er.

His sails were set ; he held her lovely hand
And vowed he would return unto that land
To find his bride and carry her away
Before the sun rose on another day.
She bowed her head.....

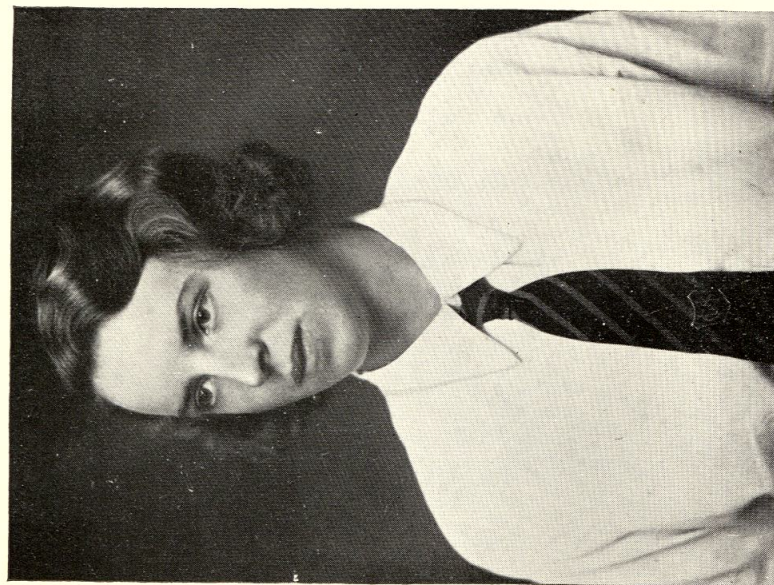
The breakers dashed upon the fickle craft
And when their rival rose no more, they laughed,
Making the grim crags ring, rocking the caves.
The maiden flung herself upon the waves,
Blind in their rage.....

There is a shore in a far distant land
Where mighty breakers curl upon the sand,
Singing the dirge of her that was so fair,
Whispering of the sunshine in her hair
To sullen rocks.

ANNE R. B. PATERSON, Form 6A.



CYNTHIA M. PRYDE.



ANNE R. B. PATERSON.

Duxes of the School (1938-39).

FACILIS DESCENSUS AVERNI.

(To the uninitiated—"EASY IS THE DESCENT TO THE UNDERWORLD.")

Dramatis Personae.

DE	}	Daughters of Magnus I., King of the Film-world.
ANNA		
PLUTO		King of the Underworld.
CHARON		Pluto's lift-boy.
ORPHEUS		Leader of the Band.

Act I.—CHORUS OF SHADES.

There is a whizz, a clang of gates and up to earth comes Pluto in his "Super-Speed" elevator. This is one of the many American entrances to the Underworld.

Reclining on the threshold of this entrance are two American maidens. Their eyes are closed but whether they are requiring to be taken down to the Underworld as yet is not known to Pluto. However he resolves to take a chance.

PLUTO (turning himself to CHARON)—"Ho, there, my worthy Charon, ho!

Help me take these girls below."

(*The girls having been placed in the lift, the worthy Charon presses a button and the conveyance descends.*)

CHARON—"My Lord, they've not yet reached their prime.

What if they're here before their time?"

(*At this point, the bottom having been reached and a bump having been received by the elevator, the two maidens wake up.*)

PLUTO—"By mighty Jove, I believe you're right!
We'd better send them back tonight,
But, first, we'll take them round the show;
They've got to see it sometime, so
It might as well be now."

DE (*now having been thoroughly roused*)—

"By gum, just use your peepers, Sis,
And see what sort of outfit's this!"

ANNA—"By golly, this joint's mighty queer!
And how the dickens did we get here?"

(CURTAIN—END OF ACT I.)

Act II.

Everything having been explained to the girls, the party has been conveyed by the Underworld Underground Tube (which now takes the place of Charon's outmoded ferry boat) to the other side of the River Styx. Strains of music are heard and a chorus of Shades singing the following ditty):—

CHORUS OF SHADES—

"Come on down here,
Come on down here,
And hear our Orpheus' band."

(The music stops suddenly and Orpheus, the conductor of the musicians, approaches; as he catches sight of our little party, he runs his temperamental hands through his hair.)

ORPHEUS *(speaking in a distinctly Oxford accent which he has picked up from one of the Shades)—*

"Bai Hercules, what see I heah?
I'm not quite dressed for this I feah.
Still, how d'ye do, how's life up the-ah?
I heard you'd had a bit of a sca-ah.
(vaguely) Er—War or somethin' in the ai-ah."

DE *(aside to Anna)—*

"Gee, Sis, I think he's just too cute.
If Pop saw him, I bet my foot,
He'd say, 'I'll make a star of you
If you'll conduct my Rhythmic Crew.'"

ANNA—"Waal now, I guess you've got it right,
We'll take him back with us tonight.
I guess with the help of a thousand grand,
He'll come mighty quick, and maybe his band."

(Orpheus having been approached, the request is made.)

ORPHEUS—"Well, reahly, my deah's, it's dashed decent
of you,
But for centuries now, I've bin servin' old
Plu',
And—er—really, you know it's not playing
the game
To let down a pal for the sake of mere fame."

(Pluto, overhearing this, thinks it's time he had a say in the matter.)

PLUTO *(firmly)—*

"Look here, my dear girls, this simply won't do.
I need Orpheus here to conduct my own Crew.
His pay is sufficient, his hours very good,
I supply him his lodging and also his food."

(This having ended the matter, Pluto conducts the girls, unwilling as they are, in the direction of the elevator, where Charon is at his post.)

ANNA *(recognising among the crowd of spectating Shades a great-aunt who has just lately quitted earth.)—*

"Stars and stripes! if that isn't Aunt Em from the Lakes!

No wonder she's here—she forgot she had brakes."

(Pluto hastily propels the girls into the elevator and breathes a sigh of relief as Charon clangs the gates shut.)

PLUTO *(the elevator ascending)—*

"Look here, my dears, the next time you come,
You really must know it just isn't done
To speak to the Shades without my consent
Except on Whitsunday and sometimes in Lent.
So Charon, in case we should get in a hole,
Don't let anyone in but the man with the coal."

JOYCE M. C. KYDD, } Form 5 A.
VIOLET M. HENDERSON, }

* * * *

THE FIRST ELEVEN.

(With apologies to "The War Song of the Saracens.")

We are they who run faster than fate, we are they who shoot
early and late.

We storm both the goal posts and nets, O pale young
opponents, beware!

Not in silk nor in samet we lie, but in brief pleated "gymns."
do we fly

Among half-backs who chatter and cry, among full-backs
who mumble a prayer.

At half-time we sit in the damp, then we rise with a shout
and a stamp

With the sun of November for lamp and the spray of the
rain in our hair.

JEANNE BAUCHOPE, Form 6 B.

HOW I INTERVIEWED ADOLF.

Mother said it was preposterous. Father grunted with masculine superiority, and the family made the usual feeble remarks, which they thought to be cynicisms of scintillating wit.

I had purposely refrained from making any reference to my intended interview with this great one, until the final arrangements had been made, because I'm afraid I had prevailed upon several of father's influential friends to obtain introductions to the necessary people, in a fashion of which he would not have entirely approved.

However, my mind was made up. I had decided suddenly in the hotel of Bad Ems, when I heard the Herr Ober saying that he expected that this great person would be coming sometime in the near future. We had been there for several weeks, and would probably be staying for some time, so here, surely, was an opportunity not to be missed.

I must admit I was nervous. Not that there was anything to be nervous about really, yet there was that anxious little fluttering in the region of the big Celtic brooch which I wore in my dress.

I felt somewhat uncertain as to how such a man ought to be addressed, and the many books about etiquette which I had studied proved to be of little use. There had been chapters, even whole volumes devoted to one's behaviour in presence of kings, dukes, bishops and even a cannibal chief, but about anyone beyond these, no one seemed to have written a line.

However, there was one comfort, he liked blondes I had been told, which was a point in my favour.

I was glad that the sun was shining on the appointed day as I had set my heart on wearing a very large and feminine hat and I disliked carrying an umbrella.

When the long-anticipated moment was approaching, I could not decide whether to approach with an air of delicate femininity which would, I hoped, make him feel gallant and protective, or to assume the independent "business girl" attitude. I had decided on the former just as the door was thrown open and I was ushered into the all powerful presence.

There he stood, just as I had pictured him, small and dark. There was that dapper little moustache, that lank

dark lock which loved to alienate itself from its fellows. He was smiling—a happy, boyish smile which did not seem to belong to him.

I began in a gentle, rather coy voice, "Guten Abend, Herr"

"Adolf," he said, his smile becoming more radiant, "just Adolf."

Panic seized me. Had my tone been too insinuating, my gestures too feminine?

What happened during the next half-hour I have never been able to recall, but what I do remember is that Adolf was bowing me from the room, and that I had engaged that wonderful chef—the talk of Paris, and the envy of every London society household.

CLARA SCOTT, Form 4 A.

* * * *

TO A FRIEND.

Do you remember all our talks of old,
And how the time so swiftly sped away,
So that we had to part with but half told
Of all the thousand things we'd meant to say?

Do you remember what fine jokes we had—
Our jokes at which we laughed uproariously?
Your very presence somehow made me glad
Beyond the glad of other gaiety.

Do you recall how for a little while
We'd leave our talks and silent sit instead,
Turning to one another with a smile,
And let the smile say what we would have said?

Why ask such things? *I* will not soon forget,
And even in heaven you must remember yet.

AUDREY PURVES, Form 5 A.

THE RUNAWAY.

The tropical noon-day sun shone down on the sluggish, oily river. But if the river was dirty, the surrounding district amply made up for it. Stately trees of every kind grew on each side of the river. However, wonderful as these trees were, even more wonderful were the plants which crept up the tree-trunks and festooned the branches with star-shaped flowerets. The birds were no less beautiful. But none are to be seen at this hour, for every living thing in the forest rests at noon, and not a sound breaks the deathly stillness save the clanging notes of the bell-bird, who does not rest like everyone else. Yet what is that movement in the undergrowth? It is only a little jaguar cub with soft fur like a kitten.

Woofles struggled from under a bush. Bother those creepers! Bother those insects! If only he could have a drink! But his mother's words still rang in his ears:—

"Never go near the river during the day, Woofles, for the crocodiles are waiting for little, fat cubs like you."

Why should he mind? Was not he a fierce jaguar, a true son of Taman, the greatest fighter in the forest? Perhaps if he killed a crocodile they would call him "Mighty Slayer of Serpents," instead of a silly name like Woofles.

Looking carefully round about to see no one was watching him, he stepped forward to the river. Then a mighty paw cuffed his ear. Woofles yelped with pain. It was his mother, Rawani, searching for him.

"Foolish one, to go near the river. Now you will stay with me all day, and everyone will know you are a baby."

Woofles whimpered softly to himself. It was so hot to-day, and he knew of a lovely, cool cave where he could sleep in peace.

Hour after hour the "Mighty Slayer of Serpents" trailed behind his mother. Then at last he conceived the glorious idea—he would run away! Why had he not thought of it before! Rawani would never miss him; he had been silent all afternoon. They were nearing a bend in the track. Quietly Woofles slipped under a bush of riotous orange-blossom and then ran as fast as his two stumps of legs could carry him.

He had travelled a good distance, when darkness fell with all the suddenness of tropical countries. Woofles shivered.

His mother should be snuggling him close by now. Bah! He must not think of such things. Plop! A snake fell from a tree and slithered into the night. A bat whirred by. Woofles nearly died of fright. Hot tears coursed down his little button nose. He did not want to be a mighty warrior; he only wanted to snuggle close to his mother. Worn out, he stumbled against a rock and cowered behind it. Then he let out a squeal of fear. Two green eyes were glowing in the darkness. Nearer they came and nearer. He shut his eyes.

A voice said:—"Foolish little fat one, to get lost in the forest."

"The Mighty Slayer of Serpents" had been found.

CATHERINE NEILL, Form 4 B.

* * * *

AN APPRECIATION

(To J. W.)

May choirs of sweet-voiced schoolgirls sing his praise!
May music scholars afterwards be famed!
In honour of this patient-tongued man
Who showed his skill in many different ways.

He taught us how to sing when we were small,
He taught us how to sight-read from our books
Of which he had composed a goodly part.
He taught the scale to each one and to all.

The plaudits of the crowd did greet the songs,
Which, for the concerts, he did choose with care,
And which by well-trained fresh young voices sung
Did rise with golden tones upon the air.

He made an orchestra ('twas no small task)
And lo! the strains of it delight each ear.
He staged an operetta, and there came
A multitude of people for to hear.

'Twould take a book to write of all his deeds.
He had a soul of Music, gift divine;
We wish him luck and happiness and peace,
Our own regrets to lose him, we resign.

MOIRA HAIG, Form 3 B.

NEWS FLASH!

This is an illustration of the trials of any Editor, but more especially of a News Editor.

NEWS EDITOR.—“And don't you come back till you do get an interview. What do you think I pay you for? Putting your feet on the typewriter instead of your hands? Get out of here before I kick you out.”

(He runs his fingers through his hair in a distracted fashion and attempts to answer four telephones at once without taking his cigar out of his mouth.)

“No! I don't want a heart throb story. What! Estelle Cristal bumped herself off? Cover that, Dixon. Yes, I think your Society Gossip is just too, too wonderful! Don't you dare show your face here again or I'll ram that rubbish down your throat! Who cares what Battling Bill's doing to the Black Butcher? I want NEWS not history. Jumping codfish! Another Trunk Murder. That's the third this week. Get down and write that scoop you promised me or I'll”. . . . Yes! Keep the front page open. Gee! Some pictures of that film star. I can just see the headlines, ‘Producer Marries Famous Actress.’ Hullo! Battleaxe won the Huntingdon Stakes? Scarlet Prince and the Shoeshine Boy runners-up? O.K. Good work! Oh Boy! No wonder my hair is going grey. I'll go crackers in a minute if I don't get a decent scoop! Jumping Jehosaphat! Then Estelle Cristal didn't commit suicide. She was put on the spot. Boy! Some story! Yes, I got it all. Hey, boy! Take this copy to the Press, Hurry!”

(Not until the late edition of the “Clarion” is out can the distraught news editor stop to mop his heated brow. Then he sits back, a beatific expression on his face. The motto of a lifetime has been fulfilled for another day.)

WE PRINT THE NEWS.

NANCY KNOX, Form 2 A.

* * * *

A MISERABLE QUARTER OF AN HOUR.

A clean page in front of me, a pen ready filled with ink, a subject for an essay—and a blank brain.

Everyone else seemed to be enjoying themselves and thirty-nine pens scratched busily—all except mine. It was

SCHOOL PREFECTS, 1938-39.



E. ROBERTSON, I. FEGAN, J. DUNCAN, J. SPROTT, N. SCOTT, C. DUNNET, P. HAY, B. TOPP, I. GREIG.
M. SHINIE, R. GRAHAM, F. BROTHERTON, N. CURRIE, C. MACANNA, S. WHITEHEAD, Y. MORRISON, N. BURN, M. STEPHENSON, I. DALLING.
D. CASWELL, M. HALLEY, J. KIDD, H. MACDONALD, C. PRYDE, H. DUNBAR, D. BELL, A. WESTON.
S. CAMERON, D. PERRY, A. PATERSON, MISS ANDREW, C. MACMILLAN, E. GINSBURG, J. BAUCHOPE.
J. SMITH.
S. MACKIE.



MEMBERS OF CAST OF "PIRATES OF PENZANCE."
MAY 1939.

a subject I ought to know something about, but the more I gazed at it the less I seemed to find to say. I envied my neighbour her fluent pen and busy brain, she had never looked up once since she had started, while all I seemed able to do was chew the end of a pen and try to make a brain function which did not seem to want to do so.

I was shaking from head to foot and had become very warm. My hands and forehead were clammy—and still I was at a loss. I looked at my watch, five minutes gone and I had only forty-five altogether! I would never get started. I would get no marks and very likely fail when the marks were counted up at the end of term. I began to panic and it took all my resources to keep me from screaming. I gazed for inspiration at the dull grey houses across the road, but they gave me no help. The clouds chased each other across the sky but they only reminded me of the precious minutes flying past while I still sat with a perfectly clean page.

Scratch!—scratch!—scratch!—still the other thirty-nine pens raced while mine remained idle. Thirty-nine heads remained bent while mine roamed round a room which had suddenly become devoid of anything pleasant. I met the eyes of one of my friends and she smiled cheerfully.

"She's all right," I thought enviously, "she probably has nearly a page written already. "Oh, what can I write" I gazed with a kind of desperate hope at the mistress who sat imperturbably correcting a pile of exercise books, but neither help nor sympathy were forthcoming from that quarter. Another five minutes gone and I still sat with nothing written.

I stared at the paper again and the empty lines seemed to mock me. I bit my fingers in a panic of fear and ran them through my hair. But still the clean page leered at me and the unused pen challenged me as my wild eyes ranged the room.

My brain was active now, but I was thinking of things which had no bearing on the subject on which I was supposed to be writing. I thought of home and wished—Oh, how I wished—I were there! I wished I were dead, I wished I were a thousand miles from this dull, dreary, unsympathetic class-room. but still the minutes ticked on remorselessly and no magic carpet came to my aid.

Suddenly I became very calm with the kind of calmness which comes to a man when he has his "back against the wall." I strove desperately to collect my scattered wits and form a sentence, but the words kept becoming jumbled. I remembered the phrase, "If at first you don't succeed, try, try, try again." Whoever said that, I thought savagely, should have been choked with his own words. I had been try, try, trying again for about a quarter of an hour and I still hadn't succeeded!

I was cool now, and, gripping my pen as if it were the only thing left to help me, I shut my eyes and tried to think clearly. Soon words were stringing themselves into phrases, phrases into sentences, and I was myself again. The crisis was over and I bent over my book. Soon my pen was as fluent as any of the other thirty-nine I had so envied only a few minutes ago. My misery was over and I had come through unscathed.

CHRISTINE C. MACANNA, Form 2 A.

* * * *

THE DREAM.

While sitting at geography,
I fell into a dream.
The desks and table round me whirled,
At least so it did seem.

I dimly heard the master's voice,
The girls far off at work.
I thought that he was Dixon Hawke,
And I was Tommy Burke.

Both well armed with revolvers,
We crept across the hall.
And there, behind a curtain,
Lay a shining crystal ball.

Our task was just to get this,
It's easier to say.
But the crook crept up behind us,
And took our guns away.

And then he made us take a drug,
We knew that we were caught.
A clattering din—what was that
M'Phinney on the spot!

Alas! Alack! he was too late,
So he was drugged as well.
The last thing we remembered
Was a horrid, sickening smell.

When at last we all "came round."
They made my guv'nor talk.
I thought a bullet touched me,
But—thank goodness—it was chalk!

RACHEL R. STEPHENSON, Form 2 B.

* * * *

"CURIOUSER AND CURIOUSER."

"I wonder where the school has gone to" said my companion. "Is it not where it usually is?" I asked, and when I looked, to my surprise there was no James Gillespie's High School for Girls. Thinking it might have been moved round the corner, we walked on a little, but the school which had been there the day before, was nowhere to be seen.

I was startled by a tap on my shoulder and a very broken-English voice saying, "Bonjour, mademoiselle. Pardon me, but I think it is that ze English ladies are in ze great troubles n'est-ce pas." We were so surprised that, before I had recovered from the shock, my companion was trying to make the Frenchman understand what we were looking for. After some arguing and misunderstanding we were directed to a small village school.

On arriving there, I was beginning to wonder if I was in my right mind, when I heard everyone talking French. Then it suddenly dawned on me that we were in France, though how we got there no one knows.

Well, the next thing to do was to find someone who could understand English and find out where to stay. We had not hunted for long when our first acquaintance came up to us and told us that the quickest way to get back to Scotland.

was over the top of the mountain. It did sound silly but we soon found ourselves toiling up the steep slope. It seemed as though we'd never get there, but at last we reached the peak, and looking down, we saw Gillespie's School. We went tearing down the hillside and rushed into school wondering if we would be late.

When our hats and coats were hung up, we went to our separate classes, when I saw the tail end of my class going downstairs to singing. I went diving after them and in my hurry I jumped from the top step. Down, down I fell until crash! and I sat up in bed, rubbing my eyes to waken myself properly.

DOROTHY NAPIER, Form 2 C.

* * * *

FROM THE TOP CORRIDOR.

*"Such laboured nothings in so strange a style
Amaze the unlearn'd, and make the learned smile."*

—POPE.

Form 6 contributes "Milton" misapplied:—

- "A horrid front of dazzling arms and legs"—any gym class.
- "Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme"—contributions for the School Magazine.
- "A wilderness of sweets"—the bun-stall.
- "Unrespited, unpitied, unreprieved"—a late-comer to Room 26.
- "In perfect phalanx to the Dorian mood
Of flutes and soft recorders"—School assembling for prayers.
- "With ruin upon ruin, rout on rout,
Confusion worse confounded"—the tennis team.
- "These troublesome disguises which we wear"—School uniform.
- "Some natural tears they dropped but wiped them soon,
The world was all before them"—Form 6 leaving school.
- "At whose sight all the stars
Hide their diminished heads"—M.A.

The Current Events Class has obviously inspired this 1939 Supplement to the Dictionary:—

Peace—Cessation of conflict; practically unknown.

Liberty—Freedom from despotic control; very rare; found in remote South Sea Islands.

A.R.P. Class—Opportunity for "tea-fights."

A.R.P. Shelter—Foundation for rock-garden; summer arbour; Children's play-shed, etc.

Conscription—Coming-of-age celebration à la Chamberlain.

Umbrella—Contemporary substitute for olive-branch.

Communist—One who has nothing and is anxious to share it with everybody (see also Fascist).

Fascist—Man with affinity for coloured shirts.

Democracy—Myth; the world was made safe for it, but we have not noticed the difference.

Dictator—Man filled with benevolence for mankind ; one who delivers oppressed countries without bloodshed.

War—That which is abhorrent to dictators.

Treaty—Latest form of international blackmail.

Volunteer—One who is forced to offer his services voluntarily.

Gas Mask—Plaything for infants.

"*The Pirates of Penzance*" as was to be expected, provoked a number of witticisms. Editorial discretion suppresses two suggested casts chosen from the staff, but the following quotations seem apt :—

"Duty comes before all. At any cost I will do my duty"
—Prefect at bun-stall.

"Master, master, do not leave me, hear me ere you go"
—Any pupil entering Room 26 after the second bell.

"I do not think I ought to listen to you"—The master's reply.

"With courage rare and resolution manly"—the 1st XI.

"Individually we love you all with an affection unspeakable, but collectively we look upon you with a disgust that amounts to absolute detestation"—A certain section of our School community.

"Ladies do not shun me. This evening I renounce my vile profession"—Any male Teacher out of school hours.

"O men of dark and dismal fate"—Inspectors.

"With many cheerful facts about the square on the hypotenuse"—A.F.B.

"I think I am a fine woman"—A.E.F.

"We've come over a rather difficult country"—H.A.M.

Form 3 contributes a versified review of its activities :—

"When do we feel that repose is sublime?
When do we change in double-quick-time
When do we feel that life-weary are we
Why, just after a spot of P.T.!"

"What makes us feel glad that Cæsar's dead
What makes us long for a long rest in bed
What do we wish to smash with a hammer
Why, of course, Morrison's Latin Grammar!"

"When do we wonder what's 19 times 5?
When to find square and cube roots do we strive?
When do we wish to have quite 3 cold baths?
Why, after a period wrestling with Maths!"

"When is a body completely immersed?
What makes us in smashing up glass-ware well versed?
What makes us think yearningly after the Links?
Why, that longing can only exist during 'Stinks'!"

"When did Cæsar come to Britain?
Which Henry handed Wolsey the mitten?
What is to us a deep, dark myst'ry?
E'en, after swotting hours—why, Hist'ry!"

"What does 'escobarder' mean?
How d'you parse 'pencher'—to lean?
What to sit through is a wrench?
Why, a double period French!"

"What is the period that we love best?
When is the time when we have a good rest?
When is the hour which gladdens the heart?
Why, when we're drawing—in other words—Art!"

Slips of the tongue on the part of the Olympians seem to have been few this year. but the following curious statements were gathered in various classrooms :—

History—"A great work for Italy was accomplished by a man named Martini."

Mathematics—"If your figure isn't big enough take a look at mine."

English—"We could well devote a whole period to the study of Milton's feet."

Latin—"This'll finish you off!" (No, not a threat to murder—merely a reference to the last part of the term examination).

Science—"Fossils are important not for what they are, but for what they teach. It is often very difficult to tell their age."

The advent of primrose boards and blue chalk has inspired this little verse from **Form 2** :—

"The staff do hate to soil their hands
On yellow boards with chalk of blue.
And so because you're standing near
The job of cleaning comes to you.

You take the duster in your hand
And grimly clean old Euclid off.
The dust gets in your eyes and ears
And makes you choke and sneeze and cough.

But still, because we love our staff,
We gladly bear it with good cheer,
Though if I clean the board much more
I'll turn entirely blue, I fear!"

* * * *

REPORT ON SHORT STORY COMPETITION.

This year the response to the request for short stories was disappointing; only eight stories were submitted, and none was of conspicuous literary quality. It was decided to award the prize to Dorothy Halliday, Form 4 A (Roslin House), for "Geoffrey, or Little by Little," which we print below. The story is slight, but the style is pleasantly natural and the nursery atmosphere well caught and sustained; the authoress must beware of forcing her humour too much.

In "Herathma the Princess," Audrey Purves, Form 5 A, made an interesting experiment in deliberate archaism. The Biblical style was very well kept up, and the situation worked out with some dramatic force, especially where Princess Herathma and her sons went to King Kidoth-Ahram, but the ending was somewhat weak. Helen Mackenzie, Form 5 B, last year's prize-winner, provided in "Nina" a competently-written story whose natural dialogue and good construction did not quite compensate for a common-place plot. The only other story deserving of individual mention was "Hidden Treasure," by Violet Henderson, Form 5 A, where the atmosphere of a wood was prettily conveyed, but the plot and characters were too slight and vague.

We thank all the competitors for their efforts, and hope for a much larger number of entries next year.

A. E. F.

* * * *

GEOFFREY, OR LITTLE BY LITTLE.

Geoffrey, sitting up in bed with his mouth and chin entirely immersed in a glass of hot milk, was praying hard that Nurse would blow her nose again. She didn't, and Geoffrey's face fell. Moved by a sixth sense gained by constant contact with her small charge, Nurse swivelled round suspiciously, but by the time her gaze fell upon him, it had picked itself up and was immersed almost entirely in the milk. Geoffrey, too, had profited by experience.

When one is four and a half, a large number of things can afford one delight, and at the head of that large number comes NOISE. Geoffrey adored noise; the louder and more sudden, the more he liked it. For him eleven months and twenty-nine days of the year were put in merely to fill up the time between one Guy Fawkes day and the next. Last year his father had bought thirty-four crackers and set them all off at once; Geoffrey had been so happy he'd been sick.

In fact, the only thing that made life bearable the rest of the year was Nurse's nose. That admirable organ, when placed in close conjunction with a handkerchief, was apt to produce the most weird and wonderful of sounds.

Geoffrey adored that sound. He knew it to perfection, and was able to imitate it skilfully after one short week of the most arduous practice put in while Nurse was away sowing her annual crop of wild oats at Hetton-the-Hole. It began on high doh, trickled slowly in half notes down to soh, lingered lovingly for a few moments around fah, then descended to doh with a rush, and just as one was beginning to duck one's head back into one's milk, being under the impression that the recital was finished, it sailed with glorious abandon, and finished triumphantly once more on high doh.

He was busy dwelling upon ecstatic memories of that wonderful week when Nurse had had a cold when a sarcastic remark from that person galvanized him into finishing his milk at a gulp.

A few minutes later Geoffrey, his face and neck tingling from the energetic wiping administered by Nurse. (It was Geoffrey's peculiar misfortune that whenever he tried to drink anything quickly half of it adorned his features, and the other half cascaded gently down the inside of his pyjama jacket. This invariably happened at bed time. Geoffrey, it should be explained, had a rooted objection to going to bed early), lay watching the funny black men the fire made dance on the wall, while engaged in his nightly pastime of wriggling the hot water bottle up with his feet until it reached a point where he could pick off the black rabbit sewn on the front of the cover.

It was not long before the black men on the wall rather palled on him; when one has been watching the same black

shadows dance on the same pink wall to the flickers of the self-same fire continuously for several days, one gets rather tired of their antics. Geoffrey didn't think one ought to be kept in bed that long just because one had chickens. No! Geoffrey wrinkled his brow deeply over this problem—that couldn't be what the doctor had said, because it sounded funny, and anyway he hadn't any chickens—he wished he had, for he loved them, and he remembered last summer at the farm. Geoffrey pulled himself up abruptly and brought himself back to the point. Perhaps it would help if he went right back to the beginning of things, he thought.

Exactly a week ago (he knew it was a week ago for Nurse had taught him how to tear off a leaf of the calendar for every day of the week; she'd stopped it, however, when she noticed that Christmas Day had come seven months and eleven days too early) in a confidential moment, he had proudly presented for Nurse's inspection what had been his most cherished possession all day—sixteen and a half pretty pink spots scattered in glorious abandon over the length of his right arm.

He had been extremely proud of his announcement of the same; the sixteen was the result of five weeks of laborious teaching on his father's part of the gentle art of counting, while the half and the spots were his own unaided effort—the half, because he had heard other people use the word, and it sounded nice, and the spots because, since they were on his arm, he must have produced them. He didn't know how, and at the time, rather wished he did, for he'd have liked lots more to play with. He got them. They pushed him into bed, sent for his father, sent for a pair of cotton gloves, put the first on tenterhooks, and the second on his hands—and he couldn't scratch any more. So he had wriggled, and wriggled, and wriggled, and—Bother! the hot water bottle had fallen out of bed.

It was as he leant out of bed to retrieve it, balancing perilously on the extreme edge with one small fist grasped convulsively round the single button that yet contrived to hold his pillow case shut, that he saw something lying on the floor, gleaming in the light of the fire. It was a pair of scissors, and as one hand grasped them the other fumbled joyously for the stitches which bound the offending black rabbit to the cover of the bottle.

"Daddy! DADDY! DADDY!" The entire household, headed by its master, dashed wildly up the stairs in response to the frenzied shouts from above. The father burst into the room. His son and heir raised a dripping face and gave him a smile which was half triumphant, half apprehensive. A faint smell of rubber pervaded the atmosphere.

DOROTHY HALLIDAY, Form 4 A.

* * * *

HOWLERS.

This year's howlers are few and only mildly amusing. From the English class comes some new light on well-known Literary figures:—

"Will Wimble was the owner of Will's Coffee-house where all the toffs went."

"The Pilgrim's Progress' was written by John Buchan."

"Stella was the person Swift was in love with and all their letters are kept under the name of 'A Modest Proposal.'"

"The Ancient Mariner was a tall slim figure who had a grey beard and skinny hands, and often he seemed to be plagued by fiends. When he felt his funny turns coming on he had to tell somebody."

As usual, malapropisms lend variety to correction of essays:—

"She developed appendicitis and called in an expert in doctrine."

"In the A.R.P. there are various posts including decontamination quads."

"Vespers were a kind of fish that the Albatross perched on the ship to get to eat."

"A pedant is one who travels on foot."

"A stage-driver is a man who goes regularly to the theatre."

"She was seated in a hackneyed car."

"The sails did sigh like sedge' means they made a noise like tearing cloth."

Two topical cynicisms from essays:—

"There have been a lot of very interesting goings-on here about the A.R.P."

"Think of how many times you switch on the wireless and hear an S.O.S. or police message. These, if heard by the right people, may make a family happy!"

From History examination papers we learn that:—

"Prince Charlie defeated Johnnie Walker at Prestonpans."

"Lorenzo de Medici was a famous man. He painted pictures on the ceiling."

"Dante was famous for his infernal fires."

"Mungo Park is a famous park in Ottawa."

"Pennsylvania was inhabited by Quackers." (The writer's score for that answer was a "duck"!)

"Napoleon miraculously managed to escape from Melba."

The classic calm of the Latin class was pleasantly diversified by the 6th Form pupil who thought "Q.E.D." stood for "Quod Erat Desperandum," but it was a member of Staff (*not*, we hasten to add, in the classical department) who suggested that the line of Virgil, "Durate et vosmet rebus servate secundis" (Endure, and keep yourselves for better days) meant "Stick in, and serve yourselves to the second course."

In French, this sentence, "Pierre montra sa joie en remuant sa petite queue" (Pierre showed his joy by wagging his little tail) was translated variously:—

"Pierre showed his joy by wagging his little pigtail."

"Pierre showed his joy by having his little pigtail removed."

"Pierre showed how pretty he was by waving his little platform."

Our last little joke is from the Science department where a pupil, writing notes from dictation, produced this surprising statement:—"The water must come from hydrogen as the only other thing present was an elephant." (element).

RHINELAND, 1938—A DIARY.

Saturday, 9th July—Departed, amid many hand-waves, for London.

Sunday, 1 a.m.—Left Dover on the "Astrid"—although sleepy was too excited to settle down. Paced up and down the deck (not seasick—yet) and admired the views. My dears! it sent me into ecstasies—a Persil-white "wash," a dark deep sea and the black sky—the Channel!

Heard someone remark that it was a calm sea—I would not like to see a rough one!

Arrived at Ostend in the wee sma' hours—the first thing I noticed about Belgium was, unromantically, the horrible smell.

Passed the Customs safely, and boarded the train for Aachen. Realised with some disgust that the baby in the next carriage was yelling in the same language as any British infant. Passed thro' Köln—caught a glimpse of the Cathedral's twin spires.

Alas!—not stopping.

Entered Koblenz on Sunday afternoon, and spent the remainder of the day in becoming used to the atmosphere.

Monday—Enjoyed our first much-heard-of Continental breakfast of rolls and coffee. Then went sight-seeing in Koblenz—a very beautiful and very clean city. On our return, noticed a Woolworth (which, however, sold articles over 6d!).

That afternoon walked over the Karthause with some German girls, and returned by the Rhine valley.

Retired early to bed, since we must be up at six tomorrow!

Tuesday—Motored to Frankfurt. Passed a labour camp, a youth hostel, a military camp, an aerodrome and an A.R.P. centre—apart from those the scenery was glorious.

In Frankfurt, visited Goethe's house, the lovely cathedral and the Town Hall. Found a clever labour-saving device here—every visitor is obliged to put on a pair of huge felt slippers before walking on the wooden floors—little wonder they are so highly polished! I question whether some girls were more interested in the Town Hall or in their novel footgear!

Left Frankfurt in the afternoon and motored to a hangar, where we went through the 750 ft. long Graf Zeppelin—very interesting. Arrived home about eight.

Supper consisted of a salad of cold meats—we regarded one kind with suspicion, fearing that it might be horse flesh—if it was, there is a lot to be said for it!

Wednesday—Went round the Koblenz wine cellars—reputed to be the largest in Europe. Were conducted through the dank, dimly lit cellars, smelling (horribly—I thought) of wine (although there was a suggestive gleam in the eyes of some!).

The age of the wine could almost be told from the amount of dust on the bottles—not unlike some ornaments at home. In the afternoon we motored to Bad Ems. En route, stopped at the famous golf-course, where the German champion demonstrated "how it's done."

Continued to Bad Ems. Went to the Spa there, and each sampled the famous mineral waters, which have a curious and horrible flavour of sulphur.

That evening we went a trip on the river-vessel, "Deutsches Eck"—laughter, music, dancing and—coffee!

Thursday—In the forenoon some went to the open-air pool (shallowest point six feet!), while the others went upstream and visited the castle where Queen Victoria spent her honeymoon.

That afternoon, motored along the valley of the Mosel to Cochem. On the way, were photographed by a Koblenz reporter—peeps of the German and Scottish girls all smiles: an interested group apparently conversing fluently with a fisherman (who understood as much of our German as we of his English); and a few girls in kilts "posing naturally" by an old cart.

At Cochem, visited the Duke's castle, and again polished the floors in dainty "boat" slippers. Returned at seven. Went to a concert in the Town Hall and, while drinking wine! (have no fears, mothers—it was a little stronger than water), we listened to the spirited singing. Each received a booklet containing the songs. A very enjoyable evening.

Friday—Boarded the "Deutsches Eck" for Rudesheim. Passed many ruined castles and the Lorelei (which did not lure us to destruction). Arrived at Rudesheim in the

afternoon, and were taken by mountain railway to the top of the hill.

The monument, which was very imposing, was not greatly admired by us, since we were melting in the heat, and would have welcomed an ice-cream vendor more heartily!

Descended, again by railway, and shuddered to think of the days when those who would visit the national memorial must *climb* to the top.

That evening, visited a Wine-dorp—everyone was very gay. We watched the singing procession led round the garden by the brass band. At 10.30 the "lightning flashed and the thunder rolled," so departed in haste. What a dismal spot the dorp must be in the rain!—but perhaps a little more liquid doesn't matter!

Midnight—a rustle of paper, a creak on the stairs and a giggle Some girls were curiously tired and disinclined for breakfast next morning.

Saturday—Our last day. Went shopping in Koblenz. Cries of—"Oh, isn't it too sweet, cute or dinky!" or, "What *can* I get for" The afternoon was spent in the cinema—it was quite easy to follow the story. We enjoyed a social given by the Koblenz girls and boys. The girls' leader gave a very interesting talk (happily in English) on their organisation, and one of our girls spoke about the Guide movement. Saw a very interesting film of German camp life. Sang German and Scottish songs—"One man went to mow" seemed a favourite.

Everyone was very friendly, and we enjoyed that evening immensely.

Sunday—Went to church. It was very beautiful. The sermon could be followed quite easily. But it was strange to stand for prayers and remain seated for the singing! Packed and bade farewell to our many friends. Stopped at Köln and visited the lovely cathedral, with its lofty pillars, subdued light and beautiful stained glass windows. Our last glimpse of Germany was a long belt of flourishing land—very beautiful and peaceful under the blue sky—Auf Wiedersehen, Deutschland!

LEILA SINHA, Form 4 A.

DENMARK, 1938.

On Monday, the 11th of July, at about 10 p.m., thirteen highly excited Gillespie girls with Miss Wood and her friend Miss Rose, and accompanied by friends and relatives, arrived at Princes Street Station. Miss Andrew, along with a few members of staff, was there to see us off and to wish us a happy holiday. At last all goodbyes had been said, all lectures on how to behave were over, and we were really off.

After a fairly quiet night we arrived at Euston, where we breakfasted. In the morning we had a 'bus run round London to see a few of the sights of the city. At Lyons' we had a very enjoyable lunch which each girl chose for herself. Then we had another quick look round and caught the train for Harwich at about four o'clock. Some English boys from a Coventry school were on the same train and we found that they were bound for Copenhagen. On arrival at Harwich we immediately got on the boat. Supper on board was rather a mystery meal. The food was Danish and we were a bit dubious about some of it at first, but found (to our relief) that it was very good. Next day we played games on deck and met some Danish boys returning from a visit to London. At Esbjerg we had delicious strawberries and cream, then entered the train. We had to cross from one island to the other, and the rector, Mr Jensen, met us at the ferry. At Korsor we changed trains for the last part of the journey. As we neared Ringsted we began to feel nervous. What would the girls be like? Should we be able to recognise our own correspondents? Our anxiety was at last put to an end. We left the train and, after a speech of welcome from Mr Jensen, went to the houses where we were to spend our holiday, all glad to go to bed.

The next day we spent in different ways with our own friends. One day a crowd of us went to a nearby seaside town, Koge, where we bathed and lazed in the sun. The sandwiches were very peculiar, looking as if the person who made them had forgotten to put tops on. One good point about them was that one could see exactly what one was eating, yet there was always the feeling that whatever was on them was going to slide off. On the Saturday there was an organised tour to Faarevyle to see what are said to be the

remains of Bothwell. The Danish boys, who are corresponding with High School boys, accompanied us on our excursions. After we had seen the body, we went to Dragsalm where we again bathed and enjoyed ourselves. Another of our trips was to Kronborg, the castle which figures in "Hamlet." Later in the day we saw Hamlet's burial-place which is very simple yet beautiful. From Elsinore we had a glimpse of Sweden. That day, unfortunately, was marred a little by rain, but we had good fun. The great bridge of Storstromsbroem was another place which we visited. The day we crossed it was very windy and we were glad to reach the other side, where we had lemonade and biscuits and bought little souvenirs to take home with us. The next day one of the Danish boys very kindly invited us to his birthday party when we spent a delightful afternoon. On the Saturday morning we were all up early to visit Copenhagen. There we visited many places of interest and had a sail on the river. but I think the part we all remember most is the Tivoli, the great amusement park, which when lit up looked like a scene from fairyland, with blue, yellow and red lights gleaming over the waters of the lake. It was late when we arrived back at Ringsted, feeling very tired after a great day. On Monday night there was a farewell party at the Casino (a hotel—not a gambling place) where we had coffee and cakes followed by speeches, mostly, unfortunately, in Danish. After singing the Danish and British National Anthems we danced. At about 11 p.m. we finished and sang "Auld Lang Syne" in truly Scottish fashion. The next day was spent packing, and on Wednesday morning we regretfully said good-bye to our Danish friends.

We had had a charming holiday, made more enjoyable by the fact that we stayed with Danish people and really took part in their everyday life. Miss Wood and Miss Rose had a lot to put up with, I know, but I am sure they enjoyed it as much as we did. Mr Brash, too, must be thanked for his splendid organisation, without which our holiday could not have been so pleasant. Now we are all counting the days until our friends will come to visit us, and only hope that they will have as good a time here as we did with them.

VICTORIA H. I. GILLANDERS, Form 5 A.

FROM THE SENIORS.

THE WATER FAIRIES.

The soft wind made ripples on the silent water and the moonlight was reflected like a pool of silver on its surface. Two girls made their way along the beach. They were Joan and Fiona Hereford who were staying with their parents in the little fishing village of Seahampton. "I hope we shall see the water fairies to-night," said Fiona softly.

Old Ben, the fisherman had told them that if you saw the fairies when the full moon was visible, you would have good luck all your life.

"Oh! bother," exclaimed Joan sleepily, "I do not believe there are such things as fairies. I don't see why you should insist upon me coming out in the middle of the night in the hope of seeing such stupid things." She stopped short. Suddenly there came a faint sound of singing. "The water fairies," breathed Fiona.

In the distance, clad in filmy draperies, they thought they could just make out several dim figures fluttering about and singing softly. They tip-toed up to the water's edge. but alas! it was only to find that the singing fairies were the white-topped waves breaking upon the shingly beach.

KATHLEEN HALKETT, 3 Senior A.

* * * *

SEEING—BUT UNSEEN.

Flop! What was happening? On my way to school one morning suddenly a small green hat was slipped on my head. I took it off and looked at it amazed. Then to my further astonishment a tiny voice spoke to me. "That hat is magic. I will let you wear it for an hour during which time you will be invisible." I looked all around me but could see no one. Thinking that this was too good an opportunity to miss I replaced it on my head. School must wait for to-day, I decided, as I heard a clock strike nine. Only until ten o'clock could I wear the hat so I must begin soon to try out its capabilities.

As the back door of a house just in front of me was open I slipped inside. I found myself in a neat little kitchen with a stove, inside which something was frizzling, I turned out the gas. Having done this I walked into the hall. Just opposite was an open door. I went in. The small sitting-room behind was full of ornaments. It was the work of a moment to place a large gaudy bowl in the hearth where it was followed by all its fellows. As soon as all were on the floor I departed quickly by way of the window, having caught sight of the clock. Quarter past nine! I then decided to go to school and see what fun I could get there. I reached it by half past nine, having on the way wheeled a baby down a lane and taken numerous small boys' caps and hung them on a railing.

I slipped into school just as a lady passed out. I proceeded along a corridor to the first class room and opened the door. I walked in chuckling silently as I saw the surprised looks of teacher and girls. I went up to the black-board and rubbed out the sums thereon. Having thus flabbergasted both teacher and pupils I emptied the contents of the front desks on to the floor and departed. I ran up the stairs to the hall where drill was going on and quietly went across to the drill box. I emptied everything out, balls, ropes and hoops, then left, leaving the hall in chaos.

When downstairs again I caught sight of a clock in the headmistress' study. Five to ten! Deciding it would be rather awkward to be found in the study with the headmistress herself in the room I went out by the open door to the playground where I waited till 10 o'clock struck. Simultaneously the little green hat rose from my head and rose higher and higher till it vanished from sight.

NORA SHINIE, 3 Senior B.

* * * *

STRANGER THEN FICTION.

A few years ago while holidaying at Golspie we decided to climb Ben Bhraggie which is a very popular outing among tourists wishing an extensive view of the bens and glens of Sutherland. My uncle and aunt from Inverness accompanied us with their car which we parked at the foot

of the hill. We followed an old, heather-covered track which was constructed many years ago by the Sutherland family. We reached the summit by winding paths, from which we obtained wonderful views of the surrounding country. On the summit there is a massive monument and statue of the first Duke of Sutherland who was connected with many land clearances.

A cold wind suddenly springing up made us decide to take the shortest route home and so we plunged down the steep face and startled a deer in waist-deep heather. At last we arrived back at the car to discover that the ignition key was lost and we could not start the car. However, we managed to freewheel downhill and so reached home.

After tea my uncle decided to retrace our steps as far as possible in an effort to find the key although it was a forlorn hope. Three hours later he returned with a strange tale to tell. About two-thirds of the way up the hill he found the missing key lying on a clump of heather. He was about to turn for home when he saw something gleaming a yard away. To his amazement it was his own silver cigarette lighter which he did not know he had lost. As he finished speaking about his lighter he suddenly added, "Oh! I also found a small brooch but I don't think it is worth much and I nearly threw it away." So saying he brought the brooch out of his pocket and my mother exclaimed, "Oh! that's my brooch. I never knew I'd lost it." The brooch proved to be a much-prized family keepsake and my mother was profuse in her thanks for its recovery.

Was it not extraordinary that three small things should have been dropped on the side of a heather covered hill and recovered within a few hours?

M. LEISHMAN, 3 Senior C.

* * * *

LIMERICKS.

There was a young lady named Lee,
Who went out one day for a spree.
She came back in a hurry,
In a terrible flurry,
Because she'd been stung by a bee.

There was a young man of Calcutta,
Who started to golf in the guttah.
His ball went so fah,
It went down a sewah,
Quite out of reach of his puttah.

ELINOR CLELAND, 2 Senior A.

* * * *

We've just finished sums called fraction,
They're enough to give one distraction.
I had them all right
(It was just for spite)
For teacher said they're easy as subtraction.

ISOBEL DALLAS, 2 Senior A.

* * * *

Mr CHAMBERLAIN AND HIS UMBRELLA.

The thing we use when it comes on rain
Is usually an umbrella.
But the one belonging to Chamberlain
Is a very famous fella.

This Chamberlain's a famous man,
His name's in all the papers.
He isn't like Herr Hitler
Who plays at silly capers.

Now Munich is a well-known town,
That's where the pact was signed.
The Premier's and Hitler's names were down
Thus hoping Peace they'd find.

Then Chamberlain and umbrella
Returned to number ten.
Where, with "He's a jolly good fella"
He was safely home again.

ELIZABETH BROWN, 2 Senior B.

MY GOLDFISH.

All day long he swims around,
His little home of glass;
He never smiles, he never frowns,
I watch him pass and pass.

Round the globe and round again,
It makes me dizzy watching;
Open mouth and shut again,
I wonder what he's catching.

He's a faithful little friend,
I always know I'll find him;
Swimming gravely round and round,
With his tail behind him.

MAUREEN WOODBURN, 2 Senior B.

* * * *

THE MYSTERIOUS BOX.

One day as Mr Brown the jeweller was cleaning some watches a man entered the shop. "Could you please keep this box in your shop to-night as I am going out?" said he, "Certainly," said Mr Brown, but he felt rather uneasy when the man had gone as the box was far larger than he had anticipated. In fact it was six feet long and two feet wide, big enough to hold a man. As Mr Brown sat polishing his watches his eye instinctively lit on the box. What could be inside it? Was there some hidden crime behind it all, perhaps a human body which the murderer had left in his premises to avoid the police. Or was it possible that a burglar was hiding in it ready to rob the shop when he was away? He confided in his neighbour, old Sandy the picture-framer and at last they thought it advisable to look inside. With hammer and chisel old Sandy prised open the lid while Mr Brown stood by ready to hit the burglar with a mallet. Great was their surprise when they found a human skeleton in it. Next day the owner who proved to be a medical student called for his box unaware of the anxiety which he had caused Mr Brown.

BETTY CROMARTY, 2 Senior C.

SUMMERTIME.

S for Sun which shines all day,
 U for Under the trees we play,
 M for Me enjoying the fun,
 M for Mother who sits in the sun,
 E for Enjoyment for girls and boys,
 R for Refreshments to add to our joys,
 T for Time which passes so fast,
 I for Interest which holds to the last,
 M for Moonlight's warning glow,
 E for Evening when home we must go.

EVELYN MUNRO, 2 Senior C.

* * * *

MY GARDEN.

In my little garden
 The dickie birds make merry
 All through the day
 They chirp and play.
 And are they noisy?—Very.

And in my little garden
 I feed them all with crumbs.
 For which they fight
 With all their might
 Until a big crow comes.

He cleans my little garden
 Of all the tit-bits there,
 And round he hops
 And never stops
 Until the grass is bare.

EDITH CROCKET, 1 Senior A.

* * * *

THE ELDERBERRY TREE.

Hush! Hush!
 Don't you see
 A spotted thrush,
 One, two, or three
 In every Elderberry tree.

Hark! Hark!
 Don't you hear,
 The merry lark,
 In blue skies clear,
 Saying, "Spring is once more here."

MURIEL WHITE, 1 Senior B.

* * * *

A DAY ON THE FARM.

One day a motor-car drove up to the yard of Grant's Farm. From it stepped a very excited little girl and her father and mother. "Well, Jill, here are the farmer and his wife. They will show you round the farm," said her father. Jill was too absorbed in her surroundings to listen. She was gazing with rapturous interest at the hen who was strutting along with a brood of fluffy chickens obediently following her. "Well, my dear, how do you like the farm?" asked the kindly farmer's wife, who had come up just then. "Oh, I think it's lovely, Mrs Grant," replied Jill, "'specially those sweet little chicks over there." "Well come along and I'll show you everything else," said Mrs Grant. Then she took Jill to a pig-sty and showed her a litter of squealing baby pigs. Jill was delighted with them and could not resist leaning over and pulling a curly tail. The pig gave a squeal of fright and ran away to the other side of the pig-sty. After that Mrs Grant took Jill to see something else. "We keep these for small visitors like you," Jill was told. How pleased she was when she saw that three baby rabbits were what Mrs Grant had meant. She played with them till dinner-time. When the meal was over Jill was taken to the orchard. Raspberries, strawberries, and gooseberries were grown here and Jill was told that she could help with the picking of berries for jam if she liked. "You can eat some, of course," the farmer had said. Jill did help and did eat some berries. Then suddenly she had an idea. Running to the farmer, she said, "Please, Mr Grant, may I pick some strawberries for tea? I don't often have them at home." "Certainly, my dear," Mr Grant replied, and off skipped Jill to pick berries. Tea was a delightful meal, with bread, creamy cheese and butter, tea and then—strawberries and

delicious, thick cream ! Afterwards, just as Jill was leaving, she was presented with one of the baby rabbits, a little white one. Jill's delight knew no bounds. She thanked the farmer and his wife for a lovely day, and then climbed into the car and fell fast asleep.

JEAN MACANNA, 1 Senior C.

* * * *

A ROYAL VISIT.

On Saturday the 6th of May,
It was a very special day.
Our King and Queen set forth to see
Their loyal subjects like you and me
In distant Canada.

A pleasant voyage was the wish of us all,
But fog and ice paid them a call,
Two days late they stood on deck,
To receive the welcome of Quebec,
In distant Canada.

Such a welcome did they get,
It's one I'm sure they'll ne'er forget,
With happy thoughts they'll now prepare,
To visit the White House and Fair,
In far America.

BETH SWAN, 1 Senior C.

* * * *

FROM THE JUNIORS.

THE MAGIC PENCIL.

I wish I'd a magic pencil
That would make my sums come right,
And spell every word correctly
And do all my homework at night.

Oh wouldn't my teacher be puzzled
When I did my writing so well,
She'd ask me, " Now how did you do it ?"
But I don't expect I would tell.

I'd keep it a great big secret
Though I might tell mother, I think,
And, dear me, I would be sorry
When I started to write in ink.

MAUREEN FORREST, 2 Junior A.

* * * *

MY GAS MASK.

I have a little Gas Mask,
It's kept upon a shelf ;
I sometimes like to practise,
So I fit it on myself.
It's like a horse's nosebag,
And when my head's tucked in,
I grow all hot and bothered,
Then find water on my chin.
It makes my hair untidy,
My eyes grow red and dim ;
If I could catch Herr Hitler,
I would throw the thing at him.

MARJORIE ROY, 2 Junior A.

OUR BEES.

One day in May last year our bees thought that they would like to go away for their holidays. So they all got out of the hive with the queen bee in the midst of them. When they got out of the hive they all made for Morningside Station. Over the chimney-tops they went until they got to the station. Whenever they got there, they all went on to a little tree two feet long. My father and some of his men had to go up to the station to get the swarm. When he arrived he got them all into a box and carried them back to the hive in the garden. He said, "The bees must have wanted to go for the day to the Empire Exhibition."

NORAH SWAN, 2 Junior B.

* * * *

NIGHT TIME.

When the stars are sparkling,
And all the creepy, crawly things are larking,
All the animals have gone to bed,
And the spider begins to weave his web.

WILMA SMITH, 2 Junior B.

* * * *

AT TEA.

Mr friend came to tea
As soon you'll see,
She took the cakes
Which were meant for me.
She took my book, and wouldn't let me have a look.
I was glad when she was gone, and heard the hoot of a horn.

MHAIRI CAMPBELL, 2 Junior B.

* * * *

NETTLE STINGS.

Have you ever fallen among nettles? I have. Before I came to school, my little chum Ian and I often played at the Braid Burn, which is near our homes. One day we quarrelled over something and Ian pushed me into the burn among some nettles. I went home crying all wet and sore, hoping Mummy would not be cross with me. Instead she put new dry clothes on me. What do you think she rubbed on my stings. "Raw Onions."

MOIRA HENDERSON, 1 Junior A.

SCHOOL.

School begins at nine o'clock.
Lessons and sums to twelve o'clock,
Home for lunch then back at one.
Right on till three when work is done.

GLADYS MONTEATH, 1 Junior A.

* * * *

MY PET LAMB.

I have a pet lamb ; his name is Sucky. He does not stay at my house but at my Grandma's because there is a farm there. At my house there is no where to keep him, not even in my garden. If you go near Sucky he boxes you very hard and it is very sore. Once I was not looking and I was standing at a wall in the yard when Sucky came rushing down and boxed my legs very hard. I sometimes go to the meadows with Sucky. My lamb wears a tartan collar and looks very pretty.

MARGARET TWEEDIE, 1 Junior B.

FROM THE INFANTS.

Once upon a time there was a little boy named Peter who lived with his mummy and daddy. One day Peter's mummy took him out with her and as he was fond of fruit she bought him a banana. He was only three so when he finished the banana instead of putting the skin into a waist paper box he threw it on the street and when a man crossed the street he slid on the skin and broke his leg but the policeman was not watching Peter so they didn't find out. The next day Peter's mummy gave him an orange, she cut off all the skin but one little piece but Peter bit that off with his teeth and threw it on the road again and when a motor came along it slid and had a smash. But the policeman was watching this time so Peter got a smacking and his daddy had to pay a lot of money. It just shows you never to put banana skins or orange peel or any kind of skin on the road.

There was once a little boy called Alan and he was only four years old. One day he was in a shop with his mother and she stayed a long time there so he went out of the shop and on to the road. Soon he heard a noise say toot, toot, and it was a motor car. He was young yet to understand about motors so he got run over and that was the end of him.

Daddy is a fireman. On Sunday he had to march from Grayfriesbobby to Infirmary Street and when he passed the Stone of Remembrance the Lord Provost sillooted to everyone of the firemen. When we were going home I said to daddy that he was the best marcher and so he was.

Yesterday I was playing with a little friend by the Braid Burn and I made a very long daisy chain. We skipped with it till we got so hot that we sat down under an arching tree to get cool. But my daisy chain broke in the middle so we went home.

One night I took my teddy bear to bed with me and I was cuddling him in beside me and when I looked for him he was nearly at the foot of the bed. Next night I put a shawl round him and cuddled him more than the night before.

I had a party one day and when the children came they all sat on the floor and we heard of an axident. The boy got two teeth knocked out, the girl got two stitches in her ear, the mother got sticking plaster all over and the father hurt his leg. Last night an air raid man came and this morning we got a letter that said please bring Betty to school on 3rd Feb.

SENIOR INFANTS A.

* * * *

We had the sweeps this morning. It was great fun. We had to get up at six o'clock. It was a rush. It was like getting up to wash your face in the dew. We had to have our breakfast in the frunt room. I had a rush to get to school. I nerely mist the bus. Daddy has that thing in his back, you know. He is ofil restless at times. It is teribil.

I have a little pussy at home. We call him Topsy. He is only one year old. Sometimes he stays out all night. Mummy asks, where he has been, but he never answers. He is very sausy, because when we were away our summer holidays, we put him into The Cat and Dog Home, he got fish and mice every day. Now when we give him porridge he will not eat it.

A long time ago, mother went to Jenners. They wouldn't let her in with the pram. Mother said she would send a letter to them but she didn't. We just went to Wollwuse instead.

My mummy's boiler is burst and she is in a great state. She is hoping the new one comes soon, so she will get the mess over and done. Daddy and I will go a walk that day, because it will be dirty, and I don't want to be in the mess. It will be a puddle because the range will come out.

I am nitting a soot for my teddy. The culer is green. I hope it will soot him. If it doesnt fit him, I'll have to ripl it down, and nit it up again. Won't it be a noosins?

Long ago, before I was born my mummy was on holiday at Aberfoyle. She was hearing a little girl there, doing her

lessons. A frog was in the picture and she spelt out f-r-o-g—puddick. Mummy was telling me that. That little girl will now be left school. Mummy wonders what she thinks now.

I was out playing one day. A girl puncht me on the tummy. I told mummy. I saw her again and she called me "a gilespy celey." I told mummy. She told me to say "jelis?" if she tried it again. She did say it again and I said, "jelis?" I think she got the shock of her life.

SENIOR INFANTS B.

* * * *

We went fishing one day and we cot a cod and we had it for tea, and what do you think was inside it. It was a bone.

My baby cusin puld the hair off my lovely dolly. She had golden curls, now she is bald just like a noow baby.

My auntie is geting a baby in the somer. she has got the things made for it. I am going to make a woolly ball for it.

The fields are white with daisys now. they are named daisys as they open at sunrice and clouse at sunset, and I like daisys in my garden.

I have a new baby brother, he always smiles and mother lets me lift him.

Monday is washing day and mother baths me. And mother on a Monday nite washs my hair.

I have a garden of my oyn and it has pretty flours kold dustimilers.

I got a nyoun tumber from my granny. It is blue, I like it very much.

We had grate fun at the zoo feeding a camel and looking at a jraff and seels.

JUNIOR INFANTS A.

Cocks is hens in the farmyard.

I go up in the twenty seving. I go up with a little boy. I go up with a little girl. I like the little boy best.

Skooll is nise. We get sweets and sums.

I here noses in the hose at nite o dere.

My mother nose a lady in jippan and she is brone.

Somer has come. my mother is going to put a somer frock on me.

I've got a nise garden it has six difrint plants and wone bit of plant that gose agenst the wall.

I fell in a hole in the gangwae on my hip my hip was black and bloe.

JUNIOR INFANTS B.

* * * *

"THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE."

This session the Gilbert and Sullivan opera, "The Pirates of Penzance," was produced by the senior pupils of the school, six performances being given on the evenings of 8th to 13th May, to the great enjoyment of parents and friends. Mr Wishart must have felt well repaid for the time and labour which he gave so ungrudgingly to the coaching of no less than five casts, by the obvious enthusiasm with which every performer entered into the spirit of the opera. Thanks to Mr Ian Wishart's expert production the acting was of a very high standard; it was noticeable that not only the principals but every member of the chorus acted all the time she was on the stage. Others who contributed to the success of the opera were Mr White, who painted the impressive scenery, Miss Thorburn, who gave invaluable help with costumes and make-up, and Miss M. E. R. Henderson, who looked after the financial side of the performances. For the first time in school history, the School Orchestra accompanied the opera, and our old pupils, Misses Evelyn Hardie, Bessie Barclay and Muriel MacDougall acted as pianists on the various evenings. The whole thing was both a delight and an education to those taking part, a pleasure to the audiences, and a credit to the school.

The principal characters were as follows:—

Major-General—E. Ginsburg, W. Anderson, E. Shipman, R. McWalter.

Pirate King—D. Caswell, M. Newlands, J. Smith, B. Grubb.

Samuel—I. Dalling, I. Brown, R. Macmillan.

Frederic—A. Paterson, H. Stewart, J. Deas, B. Gall, P. Hamilton.

Sergeant—N. Keddie, P. McDermott, N. Burn.

Mabel—A. Dunbar, D. Halliday, M. Mills, M. Reid.

Edith—J. Bauchope, I. Smith, C. Neill, M. Mallinson, M. Stephenson.

Kate—D. Bell, C. Scott, V. Henderson.

Isabel—J. Templeton, D. Sey.

Ruth—S. Cameron, B. Mitchell, M. Fisher, J. Tinch, M. Burnett.

REPORTS OF SOCIETIES.

LITERARY AND DRAMATIC SOCIETY.

It is very unfortunate that previous reports of the "Lit.'s" activities should have been written with such an extravagant use of superlative because it is now very difficult to convey adequately the full triumphs of this session. Many new departures from the customary syllabus have been made, and the enthusiasm shown by members justified these steps, taken as they were in some trepidation.

It was fitting that the Inaugural Address by the Hon. President, Miss Andrew, should typify the spirit of the whole syllabus. Her talk on Norway was highly amusing and instructive, and aroused a lively interest in foreign lands and customs. The understanding of those foreign lands is very important, especially to-day, and we were glad to present a new feature—an "International Exchange"—at which representatives from France, Germany, Denmark and South Africa helped us to be more broad-minded and generous in appreciating the other point of view. It was necessary to be broad-minded at the extremely controversial debate which was held—"That the Individual should be Subordinate to the Community"—when various aspects of contemporary politics were discussed with enthusiasm.

"Hat Night" with its cheerful disregard for conventional topics represented the lighter side of the syllabus and "Magazine Night," though contributions were few, was very successful and amusing, Miss Anne Paterson winning the prize of a book token for the best entry.

The interest in drama shown by many members was given special encouragement this year, and we are pleased to think that so many promising young actresses have been discovered in the Society. The Inter-Form Dramatic Competition was on a high standard, and the judges, Miss B. Thorburn and Miss E. Watson, were very pleased with the performances given. The Fifth Form won the competition with an excellent presentation of "The Maid of Domremy" and Miss Norah Currie won the special prize awarded by Miss E. Watson for the best individual performance. Later in the session, Miss Watson returned to give us a very com-

prehensive talk on "The Amateur Actress" which was of great value to those whose interests and ambitions lie in drama.

A well-arranged "Irish Night" gave us the opportunity for displaying our dramatic talents further in a performance of the late W. B. Yeats' "Land of Heart's Desire." Irish songs and a talk by Miss Foster on the work of the poet were included in this most enjoyable innovation.

The Former Members' Reunion and Social took a novel form this year—that of a Burns Supper. All the time-honoured customs were observed—the ceremony of piping in the haggis, the traditional speeches, and a recitation by Miss Thorburn of "Tam o' Shanter"—which was most enjoyable.

A very successful session was brought to a hilarious close by a combined Spelling, Tongue-twisting and General Knowledge Bee between the Staff and the pupils, at which unworthy suspicions about the Staff's superiority were dispelled by their winning easily. It is fortunate for the maintenance of discipline in class that the result was not different!

In retrospect, we may be pardoned for experiencing a certain sense of satisfaction when we view our achievements. We have done our best to fulfil the functions of a Society such as ours—to amuse, to instruct, to encourage—and if we have succeeded it is not only through our own efforts, but through the untiring assistance and guidance given by the President, Miss Foster, to whom we owe so much for making the Society what it is to-day. We should like also to add a word of thanks to Miss Thorburn, who has been such a good friend to the Society during the past session.

ELINOR GINSBURG
(Hon. Secretary.)

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SCIENCE ASSOCIATION.

It is with some satisfaction and not a little pride that we look back on the activities of the Science Association this session. The large and enthusiastic numbers of younger girls have compensated for the lack of interest shown by their seniors, although we should like to see more girls from Forms 5 and 6 among our members.

The scientific aspects of the Association have been stressed more than usual this year, and addresses by outside speakers all had a scientific bearing. Mr John Gray, M.A., B.Sc., opened the Session with an interesting talk on "Sponges," Mr Laurence Smith gave a lantern lecture on "Bird Life in the Shetland Isles," and Mr J. T. Knight combined humour with instruction in a talk on "Photography." The interest in this hobby already shown by many members was increased by the "Photographic Evening," demonstrated by the President, Mr Brash, and it is to be hoped that the Exhibition of Photographs to be held at the end of the session will do justice to the advice given by these speakers.

The customary features of a Junior Members' Evening, short papers, debates and a hat-night were held, and the enthusiasm and high standard of speaking, especially among the younger members show that the future of the Association is assured for many years.

The Social and Former Members' Reunion was highly successful, Experiment Night was carried out with the minimum of untoward happenings and the session was brought to a close by the time-honoured "Surprise Night" at which members forgot their scientific dignity in their whole-hearted enjoyment of the amusing competitions, the cartoons on the cinematograph, and the ice-cream and lemonade lavishly provided.

It only remains for us now to extend our warmest greetings to those who are to succeed us, and to express our appreciation of the time and energy devoted to the Association by the President, Mr Brash, without whose willing aid and co-operation the Association could not be so entirely successful.

ELINOR GINSBURG,
(Hon. Secretary.)

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SCRIPTURE UNION.

Our meetings have been held as usual in the Music Room on Monday, Wednesday and Friday mornings at 8.30.

We have not very many members, but those who are, attend very regularly, despite the early hour.

All who have been present at these meetings have enjoyed them very much, but we feel there are probably others who would appreciate them too. All are cordially invited to join and we do hope that there will be many new recruits next session.

GRACE JAMIESON
(*Hon. Secretary.*)

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THE SCHOOL ORCHESTRA.

Our "Merry Band" under the able directorship of our beloved music master, Mr Wishart, has now established itself as one of the school's important organisations, and has this year enjoyed a completely successful "season."

Although we are no larger in numbers, the quality of our performances has been voted, by the audiences at the Christmas and Easter services as well as by our guests at the Annual Party, to be excellent. We have, this year, in addition to the usual strings and piano, an oboe, which has undoubtedly added "tone" to our performances.

At present, practices for the School Concert, at which we are aspiring to play the march from Elgar's "Pomp and Circumstance," as well as Haydn's "Toy Symphony," are proceeding, and on that occasion we hope that the demonstration of our ability will be pleasing to our critical audience.

Our hearty thanks are due to our conductor, Mr Wishart, for his unlimited patience and devotion. To him and the School Orchestra, "Best Wishes for the future!"

MARGARET MILLS.

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SKETCH CLUB.

The Sketch Club has celebrated another successful year. Membership is still gratifyingly large, and we have had an increasing number of enthusiastic members from the Junior School. These girls, of seven to ten years old, are showing remarkable talent, and we hope to see more of them this year.

We have only one difficulty to overcome at each meeting of the Club, and that is, how to force our members out of school before 4.15 p.m. ! One would believe they would like to draw for ever !

We have to thank the Literary and Dramatic Society for their kindness in allowing us to use their property-chest. These period and fancy-dress costumes, used for figure-drawing and composition, lend added interest and colour to the subject.

As usual, many prizes have been won by our members in drawing and painting competitions organised by newspapers and business firms. Seven girls have also been successful in gaining prizes in the S.S.P.C.A. Poster Competition.

Our most interesting achievement this year has been the production of a string Puppet Show. Nineteen puppets have been constructed, as well as animals, scenery, furniture and an expertly-fashioned stage with a complicated lighting system. Our play, adapted from "The Sleeping Beauty," was shown with great success to the Infant School at an Easter performance. The secretary wishes to thank all the girls who so enthusiastically helped her with the Puppet Show.

BETTY MAXTON, *Hon. Secretary.*

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SCHOOL SPORTS.

HOCKEY.

Last winter's hockey season was not as successful as in previous years, owing to the extremely bad weather, which prevented many mid-week practices and led to the cancelling of a considerable number of matches. We were able to raise a beginners' eleven, which, although they played only a few games, showed promise of greater things.

Gillespie's Senior Team fared very well in the Seven-a-Sides tournaments, winning all their ties and eventually becoming the victors in the final. The Juniors were beaten in their first tie. However, both teams did credit to the school. The results were:—

	PLAYED.	WON.	LOST.	DRAWN.	FOR.	AGST.
1st XI.	16	8	7	1	41	30
2nd XI.	14	8	4	2	48	27
3rd XI.	15	10	5	—	59	27
4th XI.	18	7	8	3	36	33
5th XI.	13	6	6	1	17	19
6th XI.	2	2	—	—	8	—

TENNIS.

Tennis has again been one of the most popular school games this summer. Keen enthusiasm has been shown by the younger forms.

Great excitement was displayed at the House Matches which were won by Spylaw, with Warrender a close second.

The school has been represented this season by

M. McIntyre and J. Donaldson,
G. Jamieson and C. Macmillan,
M. Jamieson and N. Currie,

but they have not been very successful. Two matches and the Staff match remain to be played. W. P. H.

CRICKET.

The membership this year is very much increased, and the attendances at the practices were most enthusiastic for a time. There are several young members who ought to do well next year.

We fielded 2 elevens and only difficulty in obtaining fixtures hindered us from fielding more.

We have only had four 1st XI. fixtures so far, winning comfortably against the E.C.D.S. and losing rather badly to St. George's School.

Barbara Grubb was most successful with bat and ball, scoring an average of 18 runs and taking 10 wickets.

The members taking part in 1st XI. matches are as follows:—
Cathie McMillan (*Capt.*), N. Burn, M. Newlands, I. Dyer, W. Quin, J. Laing, L. Spence, M. McIntyre, A. Barker, L. McFarlane, D. Horsburgh, M. Haig, I. Robertson, M. Marshall, B. M. Grubb.

	FOR.	AGST.
Gillespie's F.P.	42	48
J. Watson's	73	99
E.C.D.S.	80	53

B. M. G.

SWIMMING.

The Club has had its usual large membership, this year's total being 463. As usual, the classes have been uncomfortably crowded at the beginning of the session, but the falling off in attendance later on in the year, although relieving the congestion, is to be deplored. The three Term Examinations of the Education Authority were well attended and large numbers of certificates in all grades were gained. The highest award, the Honours Certificate, was awarded to Wilma Moore and Dinah Hunter.

The Royal Life-Saving Society awards were as follows:—

Bronze Medallions—Dorothy Beaton, Dorothy Polson, Janet Gray, Norma Watson, Maud Marshall.

Intermediate Certificates—Dorothy Beaton, Wilma Moore, Marjory Drummond, Elinor Wylie, Dorothy Kerr.

Elementary Certificates—Dorothy Beaton, Dorothy Kerr, Sylvia Sanderson.

At the Edinburgh Education Committee Gala, our representatives did splendidly, both as individuals and as teams. Our Junior team was successful in winning the Cup competed for by Secondary School Teams (under 14).

Our Annual Gala was held on 26th May in Warrender Baths before a large gathering. Mr Thomas Scott, J.P., was in the chair, and Mrs J. L. Hardie presented the prizes. The following were the principal results in the Gala:—

SWIMMING CHAMPION—

Janet Gray, with 22 points.

Runner-up—Betty Gall, with 14 points.

25 Yards Handicap.	Grade A—Helen Cunningham.
"	" B—Irene Park.
"	" C—Patricia Black.
"	" D—Margaret Blair.
"	" E—Dorothy Beaton.
"	" F—Eima Lemmon.
"	" G—Marjorie Drummond.
"	" H—Rita Darling.
Invitation School Team Race—James Gillespie's High School.	
50 Yards Handicap.	Grade A—Abigail Howieson.
"	" B—Dinah Hunter.
"	" C—Maud Marshall.
"	" D—Jean Bain.

Parasol Race—Aileen Kellock.

Balloon Race—Olive Dickson.

Blindfold Race—Dorothy Beaton.

Life-Saving Race—Doreen Kellock and Janet Gray.

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

Former v. Present Pupils—Present Pupils.

Chariot Race—Wilma Moore and Rina Hunter.

Yacht Race—Betty Gall.

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

The House Championship was won by Roslin with 33½ points, the runners-up being Warrender with 30 points.

During the evening Miss Ellen King gave a display of various swimming strokes with her usual perfect finish. We wish to thank Miss King and Miss Maclay for their work throughout the whole session and also all the officials who helped to make the Gala a successful gathering.

ANNUAL SPORTS.

The Annual Sports were held at Meggetland on 14th June. In spite of grey skies and heavy showers a large crowd of spectators were present, including several members of the Education Committee.

The struggle for the House Championship produced a close finish and Gilmore emerged as Champions with 108 points, Warrender were runners-up with 98 points, while Spylaw gained 65 and Roslin 49.

In the Individual Championship, Barbara Grubb proved a worthy winner with 16 points, gained by winning the 100 yds. open, the 220 yds. open, the open hurdles, and the open broad jump. She becomes the holder of the Stevenson Cup for the year. Margaret Mills was runner-up with 11 points and gained the Scott prizes.

The number of entries from the Primary Department was as large as ever, but those from the Secondary Department were very disappointing.

A new feature this year was the 1,200 yds Relay Race, in which a team of 12 girls from each House took part, each running 100 yds.

In winning the Cricket Ball Throw, Jean Smith, with 156 ft., broke the school Record, while in the High Jump under 15, Joan Simm, by clearing 4 ft. 3 in., also set up new figures. In the open High Jump, Margaret Welsh equalled the previous record of 4 ft. 5 in.

Secondary.

- 100 Yards (Under 13)—1. Gilmore—Violet Brouwer.
2. Warrender—Rosa Stansfield.
" (Under 14)—1. Warrender—Margaret Brown.
2. Roslin—Olive Woodburn.
" (Under 15)—1. Warrender—Kathleen Wight.
2. Spylaw—Norma Watson.
" (Open)—1. Gilmore—Barbara Grubb.
2. Warrender—Margaret Mills.
Skipping (Under 14)—1. Violet Brouwer.
" (Open)—1. Kathleen Wight; 2. Hazel Stewart.
220 Yards (Open)—1. Gilmore—Barbara Grubb.
2. Warrender—Yvonne Morrison.
Egg and Spoon (Under 14)—1. Violet Brouwer; 2. Olive Woodburn.
" (Open)—1. Audrey Barker; 2. Irene Cameron.
Hurdles (Under 15)—1. Norma Watson; 2. Joy Laing.
" (Open)—1. Barbara Grubb; 2. Margaret Mills.
Three-Legged (Open)—1. Yvonne Morrison and Florence Bowie; 2. Violet Henderson and Grace Jamieson.
Sack Race (Open)—1. Isabel Ferguson; 2. Jean Donaldson.
Inter-House Relay (12 per House)—1. Warrender; 2. Roslin;
3. Spylaw.

Infants.

FLAT RACES.

Junior Infant B:—

- Race 1.—Helen Grant.
" 2.—Margaret Anderson.
" 3.—Christine Forsyth.
" 4.—Elizabeth Dick.
" 5.—Violet Keppie.
" 6.—Irene Reid.
" 7.—Olive Mackenzie.

Junior Infant A:—

- Race 1.—Patricia Robertson.
" 2.—Helen Bevan.
" 3.—Alison Gillanders.
" 4.—Margaret McGeorge.
" 5.—Phyllis Gray.
" 6.—Joyce Kilgour.
" 7.—Isobel Lister.

Senior Infant B:—

- Race 1.—Cora Moncrieff.
" 2.—Audrey Henderson.
" 3.—Barbara Ferrier.
" 4.—Hillary Hay.
" 5.—Audrey Hall.
" 6.—Eileen Canavan.

Senior Infant A:—

- Race 1.—Iris Peden.
" 2.—Joan Howie.
" 3.—Eleanor Richardson.
" 4.—Margaret Galloway.
" 5.—Gertrude Weir.
" 6.—Joan Horsburgh.
" 7.—Sheila Miller.

SKIPPING RACES.

Senior Infant B:—

- Race 1.—Cora Moncrieff.
" 2.—Barbara Ferrier.
" 3.—Janette Robertson.
" 4.—Hillary Hay.
" 5.—Sheila Wallace.
" 6.—Eileen Canavan.

Senior Infant A:—

- Race 1.—Iris Peden.
" 2.—Irene Mitchell.
" 3.—Eleanor Richardson.
" 4.—Margaret Galloway.
" 5.—Gertrude Weir.
" 6.—Olive McDonald.

Primary.

- 80 Yards (Under 8)—1. Margaret McFarlane; 2. Norma Seacy.
" (Under 9)—1. Catherine Simpson; 2. Doreen Dodds.
3. Morag Millar.
" (Under 10)—1. Binnie Taylor; 2. Margaret McKinlay;
3. Margaret Balfour; 4. Patricia Black.
100 Yards (Under 11)—1. Barrie Armour; 2. Sheila Lyall; 3. Margaret Rosie; 4. Betty Cromarty.
" (Under 12)—1. Hazel Fraser; 2. Anne Welsh; 3. Anne Walker.
" (Open)—1. Margaret Fowler; 2. Dorothy Trotter.
Skipping (Under 9)—1. Norma Seacy; 2. Doreen Dodds; 3. Freda Philip.
" (Under 11)—1. Barrie Armour; 2. Betty Cromarty;
3. Jean Dickson.
" (Open)—1. Hazel Fraser; 2. Anne Welsh.

- Egg and Spoon (Under 9)—1. Freda Philip; 2. Madeleine Kerr;
3. Isobel Henderson.
- " " (Under 11)—1. Morag Bryce; 2. Marguerite Stirling;
3. Muriel Lothian; 4. Betty McKenzie.
- " " (Open)—1. Olive Dickson; 2. Mhora McRae;
3. Irene Park.
- Three-Legged (Under 10)—1. Patricia Black and Helen Budge;
2. Doris Seacy and Maureen Forrest.
- " (Open)—1. Dorothy Kerr and Valmai Edenborough.
2. Mildred Allan and Margaret Blair.
3. Pat. Forbes and Jean Dickson.
- Sack (Open)—1. Rhena Elder; 2. Sheila Brown; 3. Betty Cromarty;
4. Kathleen Brotherston.
- Inter-House Relay (Under 11)—1. Gilmore (B. Armour, D. Redpath,
B. Cromarty, E. Jeffers).
2. Spylaw.
- " " (Open)—1. Gilmore (M. Fowler, I. Dow, I. Borthwick,
M. Allan).
2. Spylaw.
- High Jump (Under 15)—1. Joan Simm, 4 ft. 3 in. (*School Record*);
2. Doris McNaughton.
- " (Open)—1. Margaret Welsh, 4 ft. 5 in. (*equals record*);
2. Hazel Valentine.
- Broad Jump (Under 15)—1. Pamela Ryrie, 12 ft. 10 in.; 2. Norma Watson.
- " (Open)—1. Barbara Grubb, 13 ft. 4 in.; 2. Moira Haig.
- Hockey Dribble—Nyasa Burn.
- Throwing Cricket Ball—Jean M. Smith, 156 ft. (*School record*).

INTER-HOUSE HOCKEY CUP.

PREVIOUS WINNERS.

1934-35—Roslin.	1935-36—Gilmore.
1936-37—Gilmore.	1937-38—Roslin.
1938-39—Warrender.	

HOUSE CHAMPIONSHIP,

PREVIOUS WINNERS.

1934-35—Warrender.	1935-36—Gilmore.
1936-37—Gilmore.	1937-38—Roslin.

HOUSE CHAMPIONSHIP, 1938-39.

	GILMORE.	ROSLIN.	SPYLAW.	WARRENDER.
	Pts.	Pts.	Pts.	Pts.
Merit . . .	83	77	111	79
Attendance . . .	33	36	39	42
Hockey . . .	28	11	28	33
Swimming . . .	21	34	14	31
Sports . . .	34	15	20	31
Tennis . . .	11	19	43	27
Totals . . .	210	192	255	243
Less Penalty Points . . .	72	78	78	72
Grand Totals . . .	138	114	177	171
Champion House—Spylaw. Second—Warrender.				

J. C. B.

FORMER PUPILS' SECTION.

We have pleasure in printing the following article from Miss Alexa Spence, a Former Pupil who has spent the past year on a dairy-farm in Denmark :—

DENMARK CALLING . . .

There is a lovely land—a flat, little country of extensive beech woods and gay white-washed, red-roofed farmhouses inhabited by a carefree, brotherly people—and it is called Denmark. Oh, yes! we all know Denmark, why, that is "bacon and eggs"—but how much farther does our knowledge go? Come, follow me through a maze of adventures which have made this year abroad so interesting and happy.

I am off on a whirlwind visit to that town of cleanliness, flower shops and restaurants; that tasteful blending of smart modernity with the quaintness of bygone days. Yes, its Copenhagen! From the first day I have loved this bright and beautiful city—everything calls "Welcome," from "the Little Mermaid by "Langlinie" to the mighty statue of the "Géfiön." I have seen her in all moods—conquering the dullness of late autumn, revelling in the gaudy lights and spruce-garlanded streets of Christmas, teasing the strangely clad wives at the fish market, and best of all, indulging in the carefree gaiety of Tivoli. In this little fun and garden city, I, like the others, shed all cares, and gave myself up to the enjoyment of illuminated waterfalls, lantern-hung avenues, and flower-decked restaurants.

But, stop! Copenhagen is not all laughter, but is well furnished with interest for the serious-minded. Over there is the King's Theatre, breathing the air of a past generation, where I saw some of Hans Andersen's delightful tales enacted. Here is the Glyptotek, founded by the famous Carlsberg Breweries, and displaying in perfect understanding every form of Art. Of course, I have seen the strange church whose gable is like organ pipes and which is built in memory of Grundtvig, who founded the Danish Folk High Schools, which are said to be the origin of the present high standard of democracy and co-operation in Denmark.

It is late autumn now, and I have come to Elsinore *via* "the Danish Riviera," the coast road which runs past lovely villas and beech woods with hundreds of grazing deer.

Kronborg ! In whose deep, dark cellars Holger, the Dane, sleeps and where in the dying light of the autumn sun, I could hear the wary steps of Hamlet's ghost. At a little distance from the deep blue waters of the Sound the International People's College is situated, and to my delight I was shown over it. The visit to North Zeeland was completed by a day in a friendly Swedish coast town.

Winter in Denmark was cold and windy, but the warmth and love of the people more than made up for the bitterness of the climate. Never shall I forget the spontaneous hospitality and kindness of the family with whom I have had the fortune to stay. Like most Danes they have the innate gift of home-making, and even into the most everyday article the Danish love of beauty is shown. The co-operated dairy where I am living, is the centre of the village life, for the livelihood of all from the diligent and thrifty "husmand" with his two cows, five pigs and score of hens to the bigger farmer, is dependent on the success of the dairy. Every "commune" (parish) has a hall and in the winter gymnastic classes are held twice a week—these classes I attended and obtained an insight into the ambitions of the young people from the farms. There also, the memorable Dairy's Jubilee was held, and one could not find a more perfect gathering of every type from the countryside. They made me feel as if I was one of them.

How quickly the winter passed. There were all those visits—an inspection of a ceramic factory, poultry plant and slaughter house, and, of course, I have traced butter and cheese from the making to the shipping. Shall I ever forget that hectic night-morning spent watching the "Six Days' Cycle Race," where every known liquid was drunk by the excited spectators—then the fun at the big butter exhibition when we tried to taste butter and cheese from every dairy in Denmark ! With the charming naïveté of children, the Danes gladly show off their land.

It is nearly Christmas and the days are occupied with enormous bakings and preparations—the Danes hold all festivals with great glee, and the best is naturally Christmas. The milk had to be brought to the dairy on horse-drawn sleighs, because of the snow, and I had the thrill of a sleigh drive to the village school where I was graciously invited to join in their beautifully simple Christmas service. With our

Christmas guests, I shared in every custom—from dancing round the icicle-hung fir tree on Christmas Eve to finding almonds in the rice dessert !

The Danes have been called gay, gregarious gourmands, but it is understood that when their living is more a surety than a risk, the people have naturally more time to amuse themselves, and although when they are busy they are very, very busy, they also enjoy a holiday.

During the first months of the year, we were at many parties and dances and it was on these visits to other homes that I really learned to know the thoughts and culture of the descendants of the blue-eyed Vikings !

Farewell winter, summer is here. "Summer" in the bird-song ; "Summer" hum the bees, "Summer" whisper the apple-blossoms. I had never seen a real beech wood, but have now been enriched by the unforgettable memory of the beech woods unfolding their tender green leaves. Beeches everywhere—tall, stately, serene—and at the first rustle of Spring the woods are carpeted with the delicate snow of dainty anemones. How can I paint you a picture of a land which breathes peace and prosperity ; a land of rolling fields, flowering hedgerows, friendly faces and cosy little villages clustered around white-washed churches with stepped gables ? Thousands of summer cottages, embedded in flowers, are now occupied, and the whole population spends its spare time in the open air. It is picnic weather, sea-side weather ! We have had so many drives through the woods—once to see the mighty Storström Bridge, guarded on the Zeeland side by the quaint "Goose-Tower," preserved from Valdemar the Great of mediæval times and received by flat, little Falster on the other.

The sun is welcomed in the morning and put to rest at night by the sound of the church bell's ring, and the clattering noise of the old beadle's sabots can be heard from afar.

Who can resist this land with a charm and a smile which is all its own ?

* * * *

FORMER PUPILS' CLUB, 1938-1939.

The opening meeting for Session 1938-1939 was held in School on Friday, 4th November 1938. Miss Henderson was in the chair. After the Secretary's and Treasurer's reports had been read the Chairman extended a warm welcome to all new members.

The following Office-bearers were then elected:—

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

Honorary Vice-Presidents—Miss Forgan, M.A.; Messrs A.

T. Gordon, M.A.; and A. C. Murphy, M.A.

President—Miss C. Graham.

Vice-President—Miss V. Crerar.

Secretary—Miss M. Fraser, 66 Relugas Road.

Treasurer—Miss A. Nicol, 31 Marchmont Crescent.

Committee—Misses M. Macdougall, M. Bee, M. Jamieson,

M. Henderson, D. Walker, J. Swain, J. Lewis, J.

Littlejohn, G. Bateman, H. Tarbet, E. Fairley.

A Country Dance was held in School on Friday, 2nd December, and despite the fact that the weather was unkind, the attendance was very good.

The Annual Dance was held this year in the Plaza and was a great success.

The club is greatly in need of new members and we appeal to those who are leaving school to join us, and in so doing keep in touch with the friends they have made at School.

Mr Glen, who was a valuable member of the club for many years, resigned membership this year. We wish him the best of luck in his new position and thank him for his many services.

M. FRASER, *Hon. Secretary*.

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F.P. HOCKEY CLUB.

The F.P. Hockey Club commenced the season 1938-39 with a membership of twenty-nine, and among this number we were very pleased to welcome a few players who had just left school.

It is very difficult to give a report on the season's play as we have so many of our matches cancelled owing to bad

HOCKEY FIRST XI., 1938-39.



A. WESTON, J. SMITH, MISS ANDERSON, M. MILLS, N. BURN.
G. JAMIESON, P. HAMILTON, C. MACMILLAN (Capt.), B. GRUBB, M. NEWLANDS.
M. MACGILCHRIST. M. HAMILTON.

CRICKET TEAM, 1939.

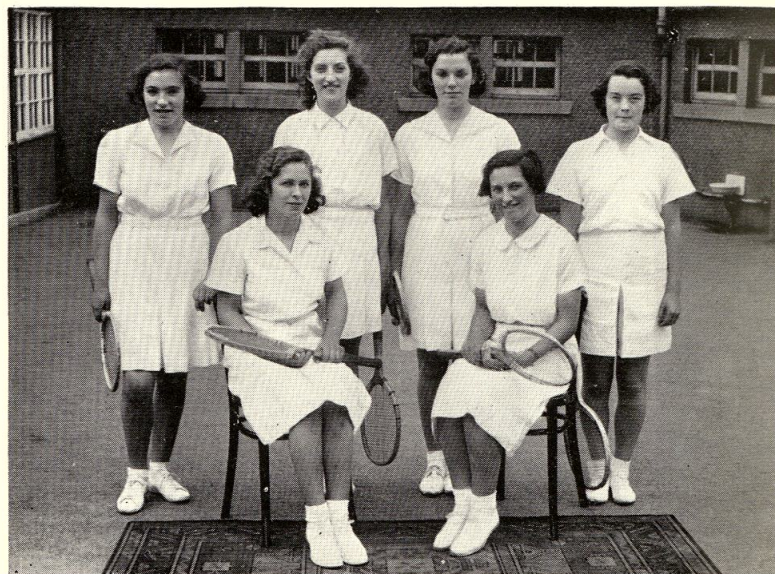


M. MACINTYRE, M. NEWLANDS, W. QUIN, L. SPENCE.
J. SMITH, B. GRUBB, C. MACMILLAN (Capt.), N. BURN, A. BARKER.
J. LAING. C. DYER.



FOUNDER'S DAY, 16TH JUNE 1939.

TENNIS TEAM, 1939.



M. JAMIESON, N. CURRIE, G. JAMIESON, J. DONALDSON.
M. MCINTYRE. C. MACMILLAN (Capt.)

weather, but of those played both teams finished with very good goal averages.

1st XI. 54 for 28 against.

2nd XI. 37 for 20 against.

We in the F.P. Hockey Club feel that besides going out on a Saturday for an hour or two of healthy exercise we are also helping to keep the name of the School in the forefront of the hockey world, and so if there are any hockey players leaving school and would like to join with us in doing this, please come along. Our practices start on Saturday, 9th September 1939 at Meggetland.

We are always glad of any assistance we can get to improve our play, and for this we have to thank Miss Anderson who very kindly came out at the beginning of the session and gave us some coaching.

E. FAIRLEY, *Hon. Secretary.*

F.P. NOTES.

- MARGARET F. HUTCHISON gained Diploma of Associate in Elocution of the London College of Music.
- Mr WALTER BOOTH-GRAVELY, C.S.I., C.I.E., Counsellor to the Governor of Burma, has been awarded the honour of K.C.M.G.
- Mr WILLIAM JOHN JENKINS has been awarded the honour of C.I.E.
- Mr DOUGLAS L. HUTCHISON has been appointed Headmaster of Wardie School, Edinburgh.
- Miss HAZEL I. ASHFORD, M.B., Ch.B., has passed the Clinical Examination for the degree of M.D.
- Misses CHRISTINA MALLOCH, RHODA MACDONALD and GRACE M. MOON have passed the final examination for general nursing of the General Nursing Council for Scotland.
- Mrs SPARK (*née* Camberg), Bulowayo, obtained a First-Class Award for Poetry at the 1939 Festival of the Rhodesian Eisteddfod Society for the Advancement of Music and Art.
- Mrs MORTON (*née* Jenkins), daughter of a former Gillespie headmaster, won the Women's Golf Championship of Midlothian.
- Miss MARIE R. GALL has graduated Bachelor of Commerce at Edinburgh University.
- Miss JEAN M. FALCONER (Dux of the School 1936-37) after taking a high place in a Civil Service Examination (Executive Class), has obtained a post in London.
- Miss JEAN CURRIE (Senior Prefect 1936-37) has also obtained a Civil Service appointment in London.
- Miss JESSIE McLEAN has been awarded the Maclean Bursary at Glasgow University.
- Miss ELIZABETH M. CARBARNs has been appointed to the teaching staff of Midlothian Education Committee.
- Miss ISABELLA A. R. LINTON was awarded the 1st Currie Prize and the 1st Steele Prize, and Miss ANNE E. VINT the 2nd Steele Prize at Moray House Training College, Edinburgh.
- Misses ISABELLA A. R. LINTON, MARGARET I. MALCOLM, MARGARET E. MACBEATH, ANNE E. VINT, AGNES M. BERTRAM, M.A., MARGARET A. C. WATSON, M.A., and Mrs MARJORIE A. SANDISON have been placed on the list for prospective teaching appointments under the Edinburgh Education Committee.
- Misses FRANCES M. BRUNT and MARY I. TROTTER have graduated M.A. at Edinburgh University.
- Miss MARGARET S. CRICHTON, M.A., has gained the Diploma in Education at Edinburgh University.
- Miss HELEN R. SHEPHERD gained the Diploma in Design and Crafts at Edinburgh College of Art.

MARRIAGES.

- OGILVIE—MANSON.—On 16th July 1938, DAVID D. OGILVIE, B.Sc., M.R.C.V.S., to DOROTHEA D. MANSON, 26 St. Fillan's Terrace.
- PHILIP—MILLER.—On 23rd July 1938, GEORGE PHILIP, to HELEN L. MILLER, 28 Sciennes Road.
- DUNCAN—SIM.—On 29th July 1938, JOHN DUNCAN, to KATHRINE C. SIM, 54 Pentland Terrace.
- SINCLAIR—HUTCHON.—On 30th July 1938, JOHN SINCLAIR, M.A., to MARY S. HUTCHON, 39 Spottiswoode Road.
- SMITH—TOPPING.—On 30th July 1938, FREDERICK R. SMITH, B.Sc., Ph.D., to LUCY E. TOPPING, B.Sc., Ph.D., 103 Granton Road.
- BONE—DUNN.—On 30th July 1938, WILLIAM BONE, to LOUISE W. DUNN, 152 Bruntsfield Place.
- BURT—YOUNG.—On 8th September 1938, HUTCHISON BURT, M.B., Ch.B., D.P.M., to AILEEN J. D. YOUNG, M.A., 10 Southfield Road East.
- BERRIDGE—KEMP.—On 17th September 1938, JOHN BERRIDGE, Ph.C., to MARGARET E. R. KEMP, 2 Eden Terrace.
- TAYLOR—SHEARER.—On 5th October 1938, GEORGE W. TAYLOR, to MARY SHEARER, Beauchamp Road, Liberton.
- MCCORMICK—GLASS.—On 26th November 1938, GEORGE MCCORMICK, to MARGARET GLASS, 68 Falcon Avenue.
- MARTIN—BROWN.—On 17th December 1938, SIDNEY E. O. MARTIN, to DORIS E. BROWN, M.B., Ch.B.
- TAIT—HORNSBY.—On 23rd December 1938, GEORGE B. TAIT, B.Sc., A.M.I.C.E., to JEAN T. HORNSBY, 1 Strathfillan Road.
- THOMSON—CROMBIE.—On 2nd January 1939, ARCHIBALD THOMSON, to LILIAS CROMBIE, 20 Dublin Street.
- McINTOSH—GRAY.—On 25th March 1939, ROBERT EWAN McINTOSH, to MARGARET E. GRAY, 4 Riselaw Crescent.
- RITCHIE—GIBB.—On 3rd June 1939, GRANT A. RITCHIE, to DOROTHY M. GIBB, 25 Lady Road.
- WHITE—FLINT.—On 6th June 1939, CECIL C. WHITE, to CISSIE L. FLINT, Colinton.
- DE GROUCHY—LOGAN.—On 15th June 1939, PHILIP DE GROUCHY B.A. (Cantab.), to MARGARET M. LOGAN, 7 Gillespie Crescent.
- CAMPBELL—GOW.—On 1st July 1939, RODERICK M. H. CAMPBELL, to DOROTHY THOMSON GOW.

CERTIFICATE AND SCHOLARSHIP LISTS.

PUPILS WHO GAINED LEAVING CERTIFICATES IN 1939.

Jeanne E. Bauchope.	Grace G. D. Jamieson.
Violet M. G. Begbie.	Joyce M. C. Kidd.
Christina R. M. Bennet.	Audrey H. Louttit.
Elizabeth T. Brown.	Helen A. Mackenzie.
Muriel H. B. Brown.	Margaret Mallinson.
Isobel N. Burn.	Betty M. Maxton.
Ruth Cameron.	Margaret J. F. Mills.
Sheila McL. Cameron.	Marion U. Nelder.
Elizabeth N. G. Chalmers.	Audrey L. M. Purves.
Joan F. Forge.	Margaret S. Reid.
Elizabeth M. Gall.	Jean MacP. Smith.
Jean E. Gemmell.	Joan L. Stansfield.
Victoria H. I. Gillanders.	Mary McF. Stephenson.
Winifred P. Hamilton.	Jean M. Tinch.
Violet M. Henderson.	Annie Y. Weston.

PUPILS WHO GAINED DAY SCHOOL CERTIFICATES (HIGHER) IN 1938.

Jean S. Anderson.	Mary C. Lammie.
Evelyn C. Biggers.	Margaret F. B. Landels.
Gertrude M. Cannell.	Sheila H. R. Mavor.
Georgina E. Connear.	Clementina N. McIntyre.
Sheila K. Craik.	Marguerite C. McPake.
Christina R. Dancan.	Agnes H. P. Ord.
Evelyn Y. Pyce.	Marion T. Ram ay.
Margaret Gardiner.	Winifred M. Rayment.
Mona M. Henderson.	Norah M. Simpson.
Jessie Houston.	Jean M. Stevens.
Sheena W. Howie.	Kathleen M. Suttle.
Christina G. P. Johnstone.	Alice N. Taylor.
Agnes E. Kinnear.	Margaret E. Thomas.
Christina I. Wright.	

SHORTHAND SUCCESSES.

- Certificates in Theory of Shorthand (Advanced)*—
Winifred Anderson, Beatrice Bishop, Margaret Buchanan,
Dorothy Cramb, Christina Durie, Jean Halkett, Isabella Lough,
Mary Mackenzie, Catherine Neil, Annie Peterkin, Mary Purves,
Elizabeth Sey, May Sibbald, Catherine Walker, Elizabeth
Weddell, Sybil Whitehead.
- Speed Certificates in Shorthand*—
Annie Weston (100), Elizabeth Brown (70), W. Patricia Hamilton
(70).

SCHOLARSHIPS ENTITLING TO REMISSION OF FEES FOR SESSION 1939-40.

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

ENTERING SIXTH YEAR.—Grace Jamieson, Nyasa Burn, Marion
Nelder, Joyce Kidd.

ENTERING FIFTH YEAR.—Leila Sinha, Clara Scott, Dorothy Halliday,
Frances Early, Audrey Barker, Hazel Stewart, Doris Elder,
Isobel Ferguson, Ishbel Sim, Margaret Nelson, Annie Peterkin.

ENTERING FOURTH YEAR.—Jean Laing, Esther Caplan, Myra Ock-
rent, Katharine Ramsay, Euphemia Smith, Rhoda Graham,
Mary Davidson, Muriel Shand, Marguerite Combey, Margaret
Macpherson, Thelma Adams, Muriel Shinie, Mary Beaton, Irene
Fisher, Helen Stevens.

ENTERING THIRD YEAR.—Christine Macanna, Dorothy Polson,
Doreen Colburn, Hazel Purves, Marjorie McGregor, Isabelle
McDonald, Doreen Booth, Margaret Dick, Irene Fegan, Gloria
Melville, Margaret Bald.

ENTERING SECOND YEAR.—Betty Topp, Alice McFarlane, Muriel
Macaulay, Janet Buchanan, Elinor Wylie, Ethel Robertson,
Pamela Ryrie, Edith Gilchrist, Helen Hamilton, Florence
Morrison, Marjorie Elliot, Irene Dyer, Muriel Gilbert.

ENTERING FIRST YEAR.—Eileen Binnie, Audrey Adams, Sheila
Jenkinson, Jean Guild, Frances Lundie, Nora Shinie, Sheena
Morrison, Joyce Dorfman, Irene Chalmers.

SCHOOL PRIZE LIST, 1938-39.

Duxes of the School . . .	Anne R. B. Paterson and Cynthia M. Pryde (<i>equal</i>).
Duxes in English . . .	Eleanor Ginsburg and Anne R. B. Paterson (<i>equal</i>).
Dux in Latin . . .	Helen J. Macdonald.
„ French . . .	Cynthia M. Pryde.
„ German . . .	Anne R. B. Paterson.
„ Mathematics . . .	Cynthia M. Pryde.
„ Science . . .	Dorothy S. T. Bell.
„ Physical Training . . .	Sheila M. Cameron.
„ Music . . .	Mary M. Stephenson.
„ Art . . .	Betty M. Maxton.
„ Secretarial Subjects . . .	Annie Y. Weston.
„ Domestic Subjects . . .	Moirra Morrison.
Dux of the Intermediate School	Jean P. Laing.

SPECIAL PRIZES.

Prize presented by a Former Dux (1927-28) to the Dux of the School.
Anne R. B. Paterson and Cynthia M. Pryde.

*Prize presented by a Former Dux (1927-28) to the Dux of the Inter-
mediate School.*
Jean P. Laing.

Prize presented by a Former Dux to the Best Pupil in the Department of Modern Languages.
Anne R. B. Paterson.

Anonymous Prize presented to the Best All-Round Pupil.
Eleanor Ginsburg.

Jenkins Memorial Former Pupils' Club Prize presented to the Dux in English.
Eleanor Ginsburg and Anne R. B. Paterson.

"Colin L. Jobson M.A., Memorial Prize" presented to the Dux of the School.
Anne R. B. Paterson and Cynthia M. Pryde.

"Jobson Prize" for Arithmetic.
Mary G. Kirkness.

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

Prize presented by Anonymous Donor (Ashfield) to the Dux in Classics.
Helen J. Macdonald.

"Brotherton Prize" presented to the Dux in Science.
Dorothy S. T. Bell.

Prize presented by the Anglo-German Academic Bureau.
Anne R. B. Paterson.

"Cowan Prize" in Art.
Eleanor B. Arnott.

"1928 Prize" presented by Anonymous Donor to the Best Pupil in History.
Dilys S. B. Perry.

Sketch Club Prize.
Margaret Kay.

"Tom Stevenson" Cup for Athletics.
Barbara Grubb.

"Thomas Scott" Prize for Athletics.
Margaret J. F. Mills.

Singing Prize presented by Two Former Duxes.
Margaret J. F. Mills.

Sir Walter Scott Club Prizes.

Under 15—Margaret E. H. D. Macpherson.

Over 14—Marion U. Nelder.

Stevenson Club Prize.
Jessie M. Templeton.

Burns Club Prizes.

Senior Section—Dorothy Halliday.

Intermediate Section—Katherine Ramsay.

Junior Section—Veronica Hutchinson, Nora Shinie, Lola Trenwith.

Bible Prizes.

Form 6—Jeanne Bauchope. 3 Senior—Winifred Scott.
Form 5—Jean Smith. 2 Senior—Edith Garvie.
Form 4—Margaret Scott. 1 Senior—Jean Macanna.
Form 3—Muriel Shand. 2 Junior—Amy Crerar.
Form 2—Isabelle McDonald. 1 Junior—Margaret K. Cockburn.
Form 1—Kathleen MacVinish.

S.S.P.C.A. Prizes—Essay Competition.

3 Senior A—Violet Kidd.
3 Senior B—Nora Shinie.
3 Senior C—Sheila Jenkinson.

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

Dorothy Beaton, Joyce Cruickshank, Sheila Fraser, Phyllis Hay,
Margaret Innes, Joyce Smith, Ruth Weddell.

Pianoforte Prizes.

Mr Huxtable's Pupils—1. Doris Sey; 2. Maria Sibbald.
Mr Paterson's Pupils—1. Jessie Templeton; 2. May Davidson.
Mrs Ross's Pupils—1. Hilda Smith and Frances Wood (equal);
3. Sheila McNair.

FORM 6.

English—1. Elinor Ginsburg and Anne Paterson (equal); 3. Jessie Templeton; 4. Cynthia Pryde.

History—1. Dilys Perry.

Latin (Advanced)—1. Helen MacDonald; 2. Anne Paterson; 3. Margaret Halley.

(Higher)—1. Mary Macintyre and Dilys Perry (equal).

French (Advanced)—1. Cynthia Pryde; 2. Anne Paterson; 3. Elinor Ginsburg.

(Higher)—1. Dilys Perry; 2. Sheila Cameron.

German (Higher)—1. Anne Paterson; 2. Margaret Halley and Cynthia Pryde (equal).

(Conversational)—1. Dilys Perry.

Mathematics (Advanced)—1. Cynthia Pryde; 2. Dorothy Bell;
3. Helen Macdonald.

(Higher)—1. Anna Dunbar.

Science—1. Dorothy Bell.

Secretarial Subjects—1. Annie Weston.

Physical Training—1. Sheila Cameron.

FORM 5 A.

English—1. Violet M. Henderson; 2. Joyce M. C. Kidd and Joan L. Stansfield (equal); 4. Muriel H. B. Brown.

History—Grace G. D. Jamieson.

Latin—1. Joan L. Stansfield; 2. Grace G. D. Jamieson; 3. Violet M. Henderson; 4. Elisabeth N. G. Chalmers.

French (Higher)—1. Joan L. Stansfield ; 2. Marion U. Nelder ;
3. Victoria H. I. Gillanders ; 4. Muriel H. B. Brown.

(*Lower*)—1. I. Nyasa Burn ; 2. Elisabeth N. G. Chalmers.

German—1. Joan L. Stansfield ; 2. Marion U. Nelder.

Mathematics (Higher)—1. Muriel H. B. Brown ; 2. I. Nyasa Burn,
Victoria H. I. Gillanders and Jean M. Smith
(*equal*).

(*Lower*)—1. Joyce M. C. Kidd ; 2. Marion U. Nelder.

Science (Chemistry)—1. Muriel H. B. Brown and Margaret J. F.
Mills (*equal*).

(*Physics*)—1. I Nyasa Burn ; 2. Muriel H. B. Brown.

(*Botany*)—1. May Curtis.

Art—1. Betty M. Maxton.

Physical Training—1. Margaret J. F. Mills.

FORM 5 B.

English—1. Margaret Reid ; 2. Helen McKenzie.

History—1. Helen McKenzie.

Geography—1. Margaret Reid.

French (Higher)—1. Helen McKenzie.

(*Lower*)—1. Margaret Reid ; 2. Mary Stephenson.

German (Higher)—1. Helen McKenzie.

Mathematics (Lower)—1. Margaret Reid ; 2. Elizabeth Brown.

Allied Science—1. Audrey Louttit ; 2. Moira Morrison.

Secretarial Subjects—1. Helen McKenzie.

Dressmaking—1. Moira Morrison ; 2. Patricia Hamilton.

Domestic Science—1. Patricia Hamilton ; 2. Moira Morrison.

Physical Training—1. Barbara Grubb.

FORM 4 A.

English—1. Matilda B. Burnett ; 2. Dorothy Halliday and Clara G.
T. Scott (*equal*) ; 4. Catherine Sinclair.

History—1. Doris M. Elder.

Geography—1. Clara G. T. Scott.

Latin—1. Doris M. Elder ; 2. Mary I. Sim ; 3. Dorothy Halliday
and Isabella Girdwood (*equal*).

French—1. Mary I. Sim and Leila M. Sinha (*equal*) ; 3. Doris M.
Elder ; 4. Dorothy Halliday.

German—1. Frances B. Early ; 2. Doris M. Elder.

Mathematics—1. Leila M. Sinha ; 2. Audrey N. Barker ; 3. Hazel
Stewart ; 4. Clara G. T. Scott and Helen R. G. Taylor (*equal*).

Science (Physics)—1. Audrey N. Barker ; 2. Leila M. Sinha.

(*Chemistry*)—1. Leila M. Sinha ; 2. Audrey N. Barker.

(*Botany*)—1. Clara G. T. Scott ; 2. Isobel D. Ferguson.

Art—1. Dorothy Halliday.

Physical Training—1. Hazel Stewart.



MUSEUM STUDY

BY

BETTY M. MAXTON,

FORM VA.

FORM 4 B.

- English*—1. Anne J. M. Wood ; 2. Catherine L. Neill ; 3. Christina McD. Durie.
History—1. Margaret Nelson.
Geography—1. Catherine L. Neill.
French—1. Catherine L. Neill ; 2. Dorothy Cramb ; 3. Margaret Buchanan.
German—1. Catherine L. Neill.
Mathematics—1. Mary E. Purves ; 2. Annie O. C. Peterkin ; 3. Margaret Nelson.
Secretarial Subjects—1. Dorothy Cramb ; 2. Catherine L. Neill.
Music—1. Patricia McDermott.
Physical Training—1. Hazel B. Valentine.

FORM 4 C.

- English*—1. Florence Brotherston ; 2. Elizabeth Weddell.
History—1. Mary Mackenzie.
Geography—1. Florence Brotherston.
French—1. Florence Brotherston and Margaret Scott (*equal*).
Mathematics—1. Margaret Stevens.
Allied Science—1. Elizabeth Hayes ; 2. Mary Mackenzie.
Secretarial Subjects—1. Margaret Stevens ; 2. Jane Lee.
Dressmaking—1. Audrey Lewis and Mary Mackenzie (*equal*).
Domestic Science—1. Mary Mackenzie.
Physical Training—1. Jean Ross.

FORM 3 A.

- English*—1. Catherine Ramsay ; 2. Jean Laing ; 3. Myra Ockrent ; 4. Effie Smith.
History—1. Myra Ockrent.
Geography—1. Esther Caplan.
Latin—1. Esther Caplan ; 2. Jean Laing ; 3. Margaret Campbell ; 4. Rhoda Graham.
French—1. Margaret Campbell ; 2. Jean Laing ; 3. Mary Kirkness ; 4. Katherine Ramsay.
German—1. Jean Laing.
Mathematics—1. Esther Caplan ; 2. Jean Laing ; 3. Katherine Ramsay ; 4. Betty Costa and Effie Smith (*equal*).
Dressmaking—1. May Davidson.
Art—1. Esther Caplan ; 2. Margaret Welsh ; 3. May Davidson and Myra Ockrent (*equal*).
Physical Training—1. Kirsty Semple.

FORM 3 B.

English—1. Margaret Macpherson and Muriel Shand (*equal*);
3. Muriel Shinie; 4. Marguerite Combey.

History—1. Mary Beaton.

Geography—1. Muriel Shand.

Latin—1. Muriel Shinie; 2. Mary Beaton; 3. Margaret Macpherson; 4. Muriel Shand.

French—1. Margaret Macpherson; 2. Marguerite Combey; 3. Muriel Shinie; 4. Muriel Shand.

German—1. Marguerite Combey.

Mathematics—1. Muriel Shand; 2. Margaret Macpherson; 3. Marguerite Combey; 4. Thelma Adams.

Dressmaking—1. Moreen Fairgrieve.

Art—1. Mary Rose Matheson; 2. Sheila Braidwood and Annie Mackinnon (*equal*); 4. Margaret Graham.

Physical Training—1. Moira Haig.

FORM 3 C.

English—1. Irene M. Fisher and Joan Simm (*equal*); 3. Sheila B. Stewart and Helen M. Stevens (*equal*).

History—1. Sheila B. Stewart.

Geography—1. Lorna R. Heywood.

French—1. Irene M. Fisher; 2. Sandra H. Mort; 3. Sheila B. Stewart.

Mathematics—1. Joan Simm; 2. Irene M. Fisher; 3. Helen M. Stevens.

Dressmaking—1. Lorna R. Heywood and Doris M. M. Topp (*equal*).

Art—1. Margaret M. Kay; 2. Irene M. Fisher; 3. Muriel Ford.

Domestic Science—1. Sheila B. Stewart and Doris M. M. Topp (*equal*).

Physical Training—1. Irene M. Fisher.

FORM 3 D.

English—1. Isobel G. Murray; 2. Frances E. Fleming.

History—1. Isobel G. Murray.

Geography—1. Frances E. Fleming.

French—1. Isobel G. Murray; 2. Sybil Wolfe; 3. Frances E. Fleming and Elizabeth L. Ross (*equal*).

Mathematics—1. Isobel G. Murray; 2. Frances E. Fleming; 3. Agnes Quin.

Dressmaking—1. Marjory M. Simpson.

Art—1. Violet S. Lamberty; 2. Joyce G. Bennie; 3. Isobel S. Pert.

Domestic Science—1. Jane M. Gillam.

Physical Training—1. Yvonne C. Morrison.

FORM 3 E.

English—1. Denise S. M. Preston; 2. Isobel K. Dickson.

History—1. Janet R. Waddell.

Geography—1. Janet R. Waddell.

French—1. Isobel K. Dickson; 2. Denise S. M. Preston.

Mathematics—1. Margaret Warren; 2. Isobel K. Dickson.

Dressmaking—1. Evelyn McVey.

Art—1. Helen G. I. Woolgar; 2. Evelyn McVey.

Domestic Science—1. Isobel K. Dickson.

Physical Training—1. Enid H. Newberry.

FORM 2 A.

English—1. Christine C. Macanna; 2. Isabelle M. McDonald;
3. Nancy Knox; 4. Flora G. Barron, Marjorie I. MacGregor
and Margaret H. McMullan (*equal*).

History—1. Christine C. Macanna, Hazel G. Purves and Dorothy Polson (*equal*).

Geography—1. Christine C. Macanna.

Latin—1. Hazel G. Purves; 2. Flora G. Barron; 3. Doreen D. Colburn and Marjorie I. MacGregor (*equal*).

French—1. Christine C. Macanna; 2. Isabelle M. McDonald;
3. Flora G. Barron; 4. Hazel G. Purves and Mary M. Ross
(*equal*).

Mathematics—1. Flora G. Barron; 2. Dorothy Polson and Mary M. Ross (*equal*); 4. Doreen D. Colburn.

Dressmaking—1. Flora G. Barron.

Art—1. Dorothy P. Beaton; 2. Mary M. Ross; 3. Ailsa D. Etheridge and Dorothy Polson (*equal*).

Physical Training—1. Dorothy P. Beaton.

FORM 2 B.

English—1. Rhona C. F. Cameron; 2. Irene G. Fegan; 3. Catherine J. Herriot; 4. Winifred H. Neill.

History—1. Margaret R. Bald.

Geography—1. Gloria Melville.

Latin—1. Irene G. Fegan; 2. Evelyn A. Scott.

French—1. Irene G. Fegan; 2. Emily E. Blight; 3. Rhona C. F. Cameron and Helen Geddes (*equal*).

German—1. Margaret R. Bald; 2. Rhona C. F. Cameron.

Mathematics—1. Rhona C. F. Cameron; 2. Irene G. Fegan;
3. Abigail Howieson; 4. Lorna Strachan.

Dressmaking—1. Edith A. Dickson.

Art—1. Irene G. Fegan; 2. Ruth Weddell; 3. Agnes D. Pyper
4. Winifred H. Neill.

Physical Training—1. Irene G. Fegan.

FORM 2 C.

English—1. Mary Walker; 2. Margaret Clark; 3. Margaret Cockburn.

History—1. Nan Brydon.

Geography—1. Elizabeth Laybourn.

French—1. Jean Davidson; 2. Mary Walker; 3. Isobel Anderson.

Mathematics—1. Margaret Clark; 2. Jane Duncan; 3. Jean Davidson.

Dressmaking—1. Dorothy Napier.

Art—1. Mary McDermott; 2. Mary Cornwall; 3. May Lamberty.

Physical Training—1. Elizabeth Laybourn.

FORM 2 D.

English—1. Mary Wilson; 2. Lilian Dorfman.

History—1. Mary Wilson.

Geography—1. Mary Wilson.

French—1. Edna Shaffelle; 2. Annie McCallum; 3. Lilian Dorfman.

Mathematics—1. Mary Knox; 2. Isabel Robertson; 3. Annie McCallum.

Dressmaking—1. Annie McCallum.

Art—1. Florence Bowie; 2. Elizabeth Brown; 3. Janet Gray.

Physical Training—1. Florence Bowie.

FORM 2 E.

English—1. Phyllis Hay and Margaret Lawrie (*equal*).

History—1. June Carasov.

Geography—1. Margaret Fairie.

French—1. Adelaide Fergusson; 2. Phyllis Hay.

Mathematics—1. Margaret Gibbs; 2. Elizabeth Brotherton.

Dressmaking—1. Adelaide Fergusson and Diana M. Lewin (*equal*).

Art—1. Phyllis Hay; 2. Joan Dickson.

Domestic Science—1. Adelaide Fergusson.

Physical Training—1. Elizabeth Skinner.

FORM 1 A.

English—1. Annie Macpherson; 2. Betty Topp; 3. Alice McFarlane; 4. Elinor Wylie.

History—1. Alice McFarlane.

Geography—1. Margaret Hastie.

Latin—1. Ethel Dalziel; 2. Pamela Ryrie; 3. Janet Buchanan; 4. Elinor Wylie.

French—1. Pamela Ryrie; 2. Janet Buchanan; 3. Muriel Macaulay; 4. Ethel Dalziel.

Mathematics—1. Betty Topp; 2. Alice McFarlane; 3. Elinor Wylie; 4. Ethel Dalziel.

Dressmaking—1. Betty Topp.

Art—1. Ethel Robertson; 2. Winifred White; 3. Edith Gilchrist; 4. Janet Buchanan.

Physical Training—1. Pamela Ryrie.

FORM 1 B.

English—1. Elizabeth C. I. Walker and Doris McF. Murray (*equal*); 3. Jean Borland; 4. Mary C. Blackie.

History—1. Irene Dyer and Sheila J. L. Mackie (*equal*).

Geography—1. Irene Dyer.

Latin—1. Elizabeth C. I. Walker; 2. Agnes P. L. Wright; 3. Marjorie Elliot; 4. Irene Dyer.

French—1. Elizabeth C. I. Walker; 2. Agnes P. L. Wright; 3. Marjorie Elliot; 4. Margaret Bennet.

Mathematics—1. Irene Dyer; 2. Alexandra B. Littlejohn; 3. Agnes P. L. Wright; 4. Margaret Bennet.

Dressmaking—1. Mary Walker.

Art—1. Olive Woodburn; 2. Sheila J. L. Mackie; 3. Marjorie M. McKinley; 4. Marjorie E. Dunlop.

Physical Training—1. Marjorie E. Dunlop.

FORM 1 C.

English—1. Violet Dunn; 2. Kathleen McVinish and Muriel Gilbert (*equal*).

History—1. Agnes Scott.

Geography—1. Winifred Shearer.

French—1. Muriel Gilbert; 2. Sybil Kirk; 3. Elspeth Brydon.

Mathematics—1. Elizabeth Waller; 2. Evelyn Brown; 3. Winifred Shearer.

Dressmaking—1. Muriel Gilbert.

Art—1. Evelyn Brown; 2. Edith Gardner and Vivienne Kemp (*equal*).

Physical Training—1. Muriel Gilbert.

FORM 1 D.

English—1. Frances Sowerby; 2. Doreen Murray.

History—1. Doreen Murray.

Geography—1. Kathleen Johnston.

French—1. Mary Gibson and Doreen Murray (*equal*); 3. Ann Ryder.

Mathematics—1. Kathleen Johnston; 2. Elma Robertson and Margaret Dunnet (*equal*).

Dressmaking—1. Elma Robertson.

Art—1. Joyce Cruickshank; 2. Elma Robertson; 3. Dorothy Campbell.

Physical Training—1. Isobel Henderson.

FORM 1 E.

English—1. Joyce Smith; 2. Andrina Hunter.

History—1. Ruth Anderson.

Geography—1. Muriel Gray.

French—1. Muriel Gray; 2. Ruth Anderson; 3. Joyce Smith.

Mathematics—1. Margaret Innes; 2. Ruth Anderson and Joyce Smith (*equal*).

Dressmaking—1. Janet Stokell.

Art—1. Janet Stokell; 2. Margaret Innes and Joyce Smith (*equal*).

Domestic Science—1. Enid Murray.

Physical Training—1. Jeanette Ramsay.

INTERMEDIATE SCHOOL—SCIENCE CERTIFICATES.

- FORM III.—*Section 1*.—1. Esther Caplan; 2. Mary Beaton.
Section 2.—1. Myra Ockrent; 2. Katherine Ramsay.
Section 3.—1. Muriel Shand; 2. Euphemia Smith.
Section 4.—1. Irene Fisher; 2. May Cleghorn.
Section 5.—1. Frances Fleming; 2. Isobel Murray.
Section 6.—1. Joan Simm; 2. Helen Stevens.
Section 7.—1. Janet Waddell; 2. Isobel Dickson.

- FORM II.—*Section 1*.—1. Flora Barron; 2. Dorothy Beaton.
Section 2.—1. Catherine Maloney; 2. Muriel Haldane and Jean Langman (*equal*).
Section 3.—1. Mary Ross; 2. Christine Macanna.
Section 4.—1. Margaret Clark; 2. Jean Davidson.
Section 5.—1. Beatrice Ridley; 2. Elizabeth Laybourn.
Section 6.—1. Mary Walker; 2. Elsie McLean.
Section 7.—1. Agnes Messer.
Section 8.—1. Adela Ferguson.

- FORM I.—*Section 1*.—1. Janet Buchanan; 2. Edith Gilchrist.
Section 2.—1. Alice McFarlane; 2. Muriel Macaulay.
Section 3.—1. Betty Topp; 2. Eleanor Wylie.
Section 4.—1. Dorothy Calder; 2. Violet Dunn.
Section 5.—1. Muriel Gilbert; 2. Doreen Murray and Kathleen Johnson (*equal*).
Section 6.—1. Winifred Shearer; 2. Agnes Scott.
Section 7.—1. Christine Gunn.
Section 8.—1. Janet Stokell.

Class 3 Senior A.

1. Irene Chalmers; 2. Joyce Dorfman; 3. Sheena Morrison;
 4. Helen Mary Peter; 5. Veronica Hutchinson; 6. Dorothy Byer;
 7. Violet Kidd; 8. Moira Jamieson.
 "Hamilton Prize" for English—Sheena Morrison.

Class 3 Senior B.

1. Nora Shinie; 2. Frances Lundie; 3. Jean Guild; 4. Mary Brown;
 5. Alexandria Dow; 6. Winifred Dickson; 7. Kathleen Gifford;
 8. Irene Park.
 "Hamilton Prize" for English—Nora Shinie.

Class 3 Senior C.

1. Sheila Jenkinson; 2. Audrey Adams; 3. Eileen Binnie; 4. Mhora McRae;
 5. Muriel Leishman; 6. Joan Gadd; 7. Vera Kirkness;
 8. Ailsa Braidwood.
 "Hamilton Prize" for English—Muriel Leishman.

Class 2 Senior A.

1. Elinor M. Cleland; 2. Joyce L. Hamilton; 3. Edna M. Arthur;
 4. Muriel E. Leuchars; 5. Isobel M. Dallas; 6. Sheila M. Stewart;
 7. Ann P. Cantley; 8. Alice W. Smith.

Class 2 Senior B.

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

Class 2 Senior C.

1. Elizabeth Cromarty; 2. Evelyn Munro; 3. Joyce Crowe and Daisy Fallside (*equal*);
 5. Margaret Alexander; 6. Margaret Smith;
 7. Agnes Shaw; 8. Mairi Macdonald.

Class 1 Senior A.

1. Jean Aitken; 2. Eleanor Grubb; 3. Elsie Dunbar; 4. Evelyn Turly;
 5. Sheila Mackie; 6. Edith Crocket; 7. Norma Whitson;
 8. May Anderson.

Class 1 Senior B.

1. Heather F. C. Henderson; 2. Dorothy B. K. Seaton; 3. Sheila M. Robertson;
 4. Sheila L. Fiskin; 5. Moira J. Blyth; 6. Dorothy V. Clement;
 7. Marjorie T. Wood; 8. Margaret D. Wylie.

Class 1 Senior C.

1. Jean Macanna; 2. Elma M. Purves; 3. Elizabeth Swan;
 4. Kathleen Harkness; 5. Margaret Law; 6. Eslopeth H. Oliver;
 7. Dorothy E. Henderson and Elizabeth T. Mackenzie (*equal*).

Class 2 Junior A.

1. Mary Dickson; 2. Muriel Marshall; 3. Alison Bee; 4. Julia Gadd;
 5. Elizabeth Cook; 6. Jean Gastall; 7. Marjorie Roy;
 8. Maureen Forrest and Elizabeth Simpson (*equal*).

Class 2 Junior B.

1. Marjory C. Harkness; 2. Ruth A. McKenzie; 3. Isobel Whiteley;
 4. Norah Swan; 5. Nora C. B. Rogers; 6. Morag E. Miller;
 7. Irene Dunbar and Isabella P. Mannion (*equal*).

Class 2 Junior A.

1. Agnes Carmichael; 2. Margaret Gough and Moira Henderson (equal); 4. Margaret Kirkby; 5. Sheila Smith; 6. Barbara Ross; 7. Vivienne Goldberg; 8. Joyce Carrol.

Class 1 Junior B.

1. Annie Henderson; 2. Ann Sutherland; 3. Mary Hunter; 4. Florence Williams; 5. Dorothy Williamson; 6. Moira Pestell; 7. Agnes Gavine; 8. Jean Robertson.

Class Senior Infant A.

1. Ruth Gould; 2. Joan Howie; 3. Carmel Caplan; 4. Sheila Miller; 5. Maud Arnot; 6. Doris Ross; 7. Janetta Russell; 8. Gwendolyn Butcher.
"Hamilton Prize"—Joan Howie.

Class Senior Infant B.

1. Eileen M. Canavan; 2. Jean T. Macpherson; 3. Edith M. D. Godson; 4. Una McL. Mackie; 5. Marjorie R. Inkster; 6. Barbara M. Ferrier; 7. Winifred T. Mietzel; 8. Jacqueline A. F. Hamilton.
"Hamilton Prize"—Jean T. Macpherson.

Class Junior Infant A.

1. Moira M. Steele; 2. Sheila M. Logan; 3. Audrey G. McNair; 4. Helen Bevan; 5. Eunice M. McKay; 6. Patricia E. Robertson; 7. Isobel G. Main; 8. Margaret C. Ramsay.

Class Junior Infant B.

1. Joyce Hardie; 2. Violet B. Keppie; 3. Joyce I. Forsyth; 4. Diane S. Etheridge; 5. Joan K. MacArthur; 6. Irene C. Reid; 7. Ann L. Henderson; 8. A. Marjorie Bruce.

Music Passes.

- MARIA SIBBALD, a pupil of Mr Huxtable, passed with merit in the Junior Examination of Trinity College.
JOY LAING, a pupil of Mr Huxtable, passed with Honours in the Preparatory Grade of the Trinity College Examination.
MARGARET TAIT and JOY LAING, pupils of Mr Huxtable, passed in the Advanced Preparatory Grade.
ALICE WHITE, a pupil of Mr Paterson, passed in the transitional grade of the Associated Board Examination.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

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

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