

Gillespie's
High
School
Magazine

July 1940



SKERRY'S COLLEGE

AS IN 1914-18 SKERRY'S COLLEGE IS AGAIN,
DURING THE PRESENT WAR, CARRYING ON
ITS VITALLY IMPORTANT EDUCATIONAL WORK

There are Expert Tutorials
Day, Evening and Postal for

PROFESSIONAL PRELIMINARIES,
ALL BUSINESS QUALIFICATIONS,
CIVIL SERVICE SPECIALISATION,
COMPLETE SECONDARY EDUCATION,
BACKWARD GENERAL EDUCATION,
IN FACT, FOR ALL REQUIREMENTS

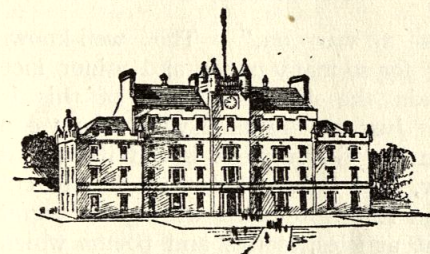
NEW TERM COMMENCES IN THE
AUTUMN, BUT YOU SHOULD MAKE
PRELIMINARY ENQUIRIES NOW

Our Civil Service, Professional and Commercial
Success Record is Unique. Lists free on Request

SKERRY'S COLLEGE

NICOLSON SQUARE, EDINBURGH, 8

Skerry's College (Edinburgh) Ltd.



Gillespie's High School Magazine

JULY 1940

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
School Notes - - - - -	2
From the Secondary Department - - - - -	7
From the Seniors - - - - -	20
From the Juniors - - - - -	22
From the Infants - - - - -	23
Reports of Societies - - - - -	26
School Sports - - - - -	29
Former Pupils' Section - - - - -	32
Certificate and Scholarship Lists - - - - -	34

SCHOOL NOTES.

"There's a war on." The well-known formula, accounting for so many major and minor inconveniences, must explain the diminished size of this issue of the Magazine. Just at the time when the "copy" was in preparation the Government issued its urgent appeal to save paper, and it was felt that drastic cuts must be made. The Editor rejected with great regret a number of excellent articles, stories and poems which in normal times would certainly have been printed. They now present a Magazine shorn of much of its literary content, with fewer pictures, no Short Story Competition, Top Corridor Notes or Salvage, and curtailed prize-lists, but still, they hope, a not inadequate record of this strangest of all school sessions.

On August 24th of last year the school opened as an Evacuation centre, and by August 31st many of the staff and pupils were dispersed to various parts of the country. Those remaining in Edinburgh carried on correspondence courses and group teaching in houses throughout September and October. On October 30th, air raid shelters having been provided, the Secondary school re-opened on a double-shift system. By January 8th sufficient shelters had been built to allow the younger pupils to return to school, and from January 17th Forms 4, 5 and 6 were able to attend for the whole day. Such incidentals of school in war time as the carrying of gas masks, the compressing of work into half-hour periods, and the occasional interruption of that work for shelter drill very quickly became part of the ordinary routine. The school is deeply indebted to Mr Gordon for giving so much time and pains to the vital work of organising the shelter arrangements.

Throughout the session there has been some coming and going of teachers for periods of service in reception areas and in other city schools. To the permanent staff we have welcomed Miss Madeline Dunbar, B.Sc. (Science Department), Miss Margaret M'Cormack (Sewing Department), and Miss Grace Meikle (Physical Training). The retiral of Mr John Wishart, M.A. was a loss which was felt by staff and pupils alike. In his place we greeted Mr Neil

H. Lees, A.R.C.O., whose skill and enthusiasm have already been fully demonstrated in the musical life of the school. The session has seen also the departure of Mr John Gilbert, M.A., to be Principal Teacher of Geography in Robert Gordon's College, Aberdeen. We congratulate Mr Gilbert on his promotion and assure him that we remember gratefully his services—alike in the classroom, as housemaster, and in connection with sports. As we go to press comes the news of Dr. Buchan's appointment to the important position of Principal Lecturer in Mathematics at Moray House Training College. We rejoice that Dr. Buchan's gifts are to be employed in a wider sphere, but it is difficult to imagine Gillespie's without him! What the school owes, on its teaching and organising sides, to his abilities would be difficult to overestimate; but in addition we shall miss his 'cello in the orchestra, his happy knack of making any social function go with a swing, and above all, that genial and imperturbably cheerful personality which has been an unfailing tonic in these dark days. Dr. Buchan will take with him when he leaves us in October the warmest good wishes of the school.

It is gratifying that the school societies have been able to carry through modified but highly successful programmes. There could be no thought of evening parties at Christmas, but an afternoon party for Forms 3, 4, 5 and 6 lacked little of the traditional gaiety. Christmas services and informal concerts were held as usual. The cripple children whom we used to entertain are evacuated from Edinburgh; but under Miss Weir's direction a number of delightful character dolls were made in the crafts room and along with a generous number of toys and books contributed by various classes, were sent as a Christmas present to the evacuees. The Swimming Gala and the Literary Society's week-end hike had to be forgone this year, but the Sports Day was held as usual, and it was gratifying to be able to celebrate Founder's Day with the customary service, which was held on the afternoon of Friday June 7th. Councillor Mrs Morison Millar presided, and there was a representative and distinguished platform party. We had the privilege of welcoming as speaker Dr. George A. Waters, editor of "The Scotsman," who addressed us with wit and wisdom. He paid tribute to James Gillespie, then entertained the

school with reminiscences of his own schoolmastering days, and in conclusion discussed the merits and limitations of the examination system, and counselled courage and enterprise in choosing one's particular path of service to the community, and endurance in following it out. The Senior Prefect, Nyasa Burn, thanked the speaker, the traditional snuff-box was presented, and the only melancholy reminder of the times was that no Monday holiday could be granted!

Very early in the session a scheme for knitting and despatching war comforts was set on foot, under Miss Wood's supervision. Four large consignments have during the session been sent to the headquarters of the Women's Voluntary Services, for distribution, and Lady Elphinstone has written her personal thanks to the school. Practically every class turned with enthusiasm to the knitting of patches, and no fewer than 39 gay blankets, whose rainbow colours would have made Joseph's famous coat look dim, were sent to hospitals and mine sweepers. One blanket by a happy coincidence reached the soldier father of a Gillespie girl. In all, 550 articles, comprising socks, mitts, scarves, helmets, pullovers, and sea-boot stockings, were received. One form, 4A, had the enterprise to "adopt" the mine-sweeper "Braconmoor," to which several parcels were sent. It was with pride that the girls of this form read that one of the crew of "their" ship had been decorated for bravery. In the spring term two sailors from the "Braconmoor" visited the school and personally thanked Form 4A for its gifts. Another form of war service, easy but not unimportant, has been the saving of silver paper, of which two large sacks have been collected fortnightly since January. In view of the country's present need, the Savings Association is being revived.

Evacuation and other circumstances arising out of the war reduced the number of candidates for the Leaving Certificate this year, but the results of the examination were exceedingly good, 25 of the 26 candidates presented obtaining their Group Certificates. Once again our school was satisfactorily represented on the Merit List of Edinburgh University Bursary Competition. We congratulate Joan Stansfield, Nyasa Burn and Marion Neldar on thus doing themselves and their school credit. Joan Stansfield was



JOAN L. STANSFIELD,
Dux of the School (1939-40).

awarded the Mitchell and Shortt Bursary of £36 a year for 4 years.

As in past years, our cordial thanks go to the donors of all our special prizes. It should be mentioned that Mr Wishart has left us a permanent token of his interest in the school, in the form of a prize for excellence in sight-singing, open to all girls in Form 3. The gracious tradition of leaving a book as a parting gift to the school is becoming well established, and the librarians have great pleasure in acknowledging books from the following former pupils:—Misses Muriel Brown, Audrey Purves, Elinor Ginsburg, Nancy Paterson, Ena Durie, Margaret Halley, Helen Macdonald, Muriel Newlands, Jessie Templeton, Catherine Walker, Mae Sibbald.

So much for the year that is past, and we can look back with real thankfulness on a session in which, amidst difficulties of organisation within and unrelaxed tension and anxiety without, the school has gone on and preserved, to a degree for which we hardly dared to hope, its normal life and activities. Of the future who can speak? At the time of going to press the skies are dark indeed, and we have for weeks been anticipating the order to evacuate from Edinburgh. At a time when the foundations of our familiar world are being shaken we may be tempted to feel that the routine concerns of school are of small importance; but let us remind ourselves that the only hope of a saner and happier world lies in education. Some day the time will surely come for "building again the old waste places"—and when that day comes there will be great need for women of courage and goodwill and of the sound judgment that comes from an informed mind. Our task is to equip ourselves by the discipline of everyday duties faithfully done, to take our part in creating a better world out of the ruins of the old. Let us "go to it" with courage and cheerfulness.

A.E.F.

Obituary.

We deeply regret to have to record the deaths during the session of two pupils of the school:—

May 25th, 1940. Joyce Macfarlane, Class 3, Senior A.

June 24th, 1940. Doreen Elizabeth Allan, Class 2, Junior B.

Mr JOHN WISHART, M.A.

After many sessions of unsparing and successful work Mr Wishart decided to retire at the end of the winter term. Beginning his career in a more central district of the city, Mr Wishart later took over the supervision of the singing teaching in the Edinburgh southern districts, in turn divided that work with instruction in this school, and, after the curriculum was extended, continued as whole-time singing master here, in charge of large combined classes as well as single classes—a full programme's undertaking. In all these situations his labours were whole-hearted and devoted. Especially did his closing concerts stand out for the individuality and the quality of their musical items. His operatic productions, entailing continuous if pleasing preparation, were a feature of the school sessions in which they were produced. Twice each were three of the well-known Gilbert and Sullivan operas so presented, complete with all stage and costume requirements, before pupils, parents, and the public.

In addition Mr Wishart inaugurated the School Orchestra, and conducted it on its special and its more private appearances.

In another direction, School Journeys, his help was always valuable.

Mr Wishart won his pupils' admiration, gratitude and affection largely through the willing and cheerful spirit that was a natural feature of his teaching. He showed himself active enough to resume or to rediscover the many interests for his leisure hours for which he had earlier found only limited time.

After his arduous duties we all wished Mr Wishart continued health and happiness in his well-earned rest, and we have been pleased to observe since, on his occasional appearances among us this year, the benefits of less strenuous days yet fully occupied and well employed.

A. C. M.

* * * *

FROM THE SECONDARY
DEPARTMENT.

AN AMERICAN IMPRESSION.

Softly the doors rolled shut, and with amazing speed the elevator shot upwards. "You are now ascending one of New York City's highest skyscrapers, the Rockefeller Center," announced the operator. "It is eight hundred and fifty-three feet high." In seconds the top storey had been reached.

As I stepped out of the elevator impressions crowded upon my brain—the warm night air, the black starless sky, people moving, a guide's voice saying "Right over there is the Empire State Building. It is one thousand two hundred and . . ." I moved to the parapet wall and through a veil of cloudy mist beheld New York lying far far below, afire with coloured lights, avenue crossing street and street avenue, with unbroken symmetry, while Broadway grandly followed a winding course, glittering and sparkling as though all the jewels of Asia had been poured upon her. All around the skyscrapers rose, white and gleaming, piercing the darkness of the night like mighty pillars of crystallized light. For some minutes I gazed, spellbound by the wonder, the unreality, the splendour of the scene.

Then as I moved round the wide platform to view the city from all angles, I thought of Edinburgh with her old gray houses dreaming of their past glories, of the fair dignity of Princes Street and the Castle, of the hills and the wide sweep of the Forth, of the beauty there. And yet New York, so very different, had a beauty too, a beauty which rose from her cold severity, her rigid modern symmetry, the towering might of her skyscrapers and the light and colour which she dons by night.

A guide's voice "That is the Chrysler Building. It is . . .", people moving, the starless sky, the warm night air; softly the doors of the elevator rolled shut.

JOYCE M. C. KIDD, Form 6A.

* * * *

"HAMLET" UP TO DATE.

To swot or not to swot, that is the question,
 Whether 'tis wiser in the soul to suffer,
 Remorseful pangs of barely looked-at work,
 Or boldly to attack a mass of subjects
 And, by fierce effort, know them. To slack, to sleep,
 No more, and by a sleep to say we end
 The heart-qualms and the cold assailing doubts
 That slumbrous flesh is heir to, 'tis a consummation
 Devoutly to be wished. To slack, to sleep,
 To sleep, perchance to dream, ay, there's the rub,
 For in that sleep of sloth, what dreams may come,
 When head and hand *should* be at fevered toil,
 Must give us pause. There's the respect,
 That makes resolves to work of so long life,
 For who would bear the crimson flush of shame,
 The mistress' ire, the clever's contumely,
 The pangs of despised work, the marks' delay,
 The insolence of smugness and the spurns,
 The sleep-drugged sluggard of the hard working takes,
 When she herself might be like such as they
 With one week's cramming. Who would work at all,
 And grunt and groan under an august eye,
 But that the dread of the exam. results,
 Black, gloom-foretelling figures, whose portent
 Too well is known by all, tortures the mind,
 And makes us rather study patiently
 That sleep unheeding of what will befall
 Thus conscience doth make workers of us all
 And thus the rosy hue of mirth and gladness
 Is sicklied o'er with that grim afterthought.
 And resolutions for much sport and action,
 With this regard their currents turn indoors
 And take the form of swotting.

KATHLEEN RAMSAY, Form 4A.

* * * *

STORM.

A salt breeze was flowing gently round the dark head
 of a girl sitting on the rocky shore, while far out at sea
 the whitening billows tumbled and broke in their race to
 reach the land. There lay on the girl's lap a scrap of
 paper, on which she had begun to write a poem.

"Waters leap upon the shore
 As on our land,
 Laughing sunbeams there restore
 Gold to the sand."

But somehow she could get no further; poetry seemed
 to have fled hand-in-hand with peace; and she fell to
 thinking of that other country "the enemy," and of the
 war itself, of its terrors and horrors, of the deeds of
 sublime heroism it inspired, and then again of its
 tragedies.

And as she thought, there seemed to begin music as of
 hundreds of voices singing, as if her thoughts, escaping
 from her mind, were voicing themselves.

Quietly at first, then louder and louder they sang, now
 surging into great bursts of discord, now soaring high,
 high up in the beautiful flights of harmony that made the
 listener's heart ache for its loveliness, now crashing down
 in tremendous ugliness of sound, like a thousand insane
 voices clamouring to be delivered from their agony. And
 then as if an invisible conductor had stopped short, his
 baton poised in mid-air, there fell a sudden silence; and
 then was born a sighing, mournful melody like a Celtic
 lament, which lived its sad, short course and drifted away
 into the dwelling of lost music.

* * * *

The sea had ceased to dash vainly against the immova-
 ble rocks, and the water now lapping round the girl's feet,
 was creeping in through her thin shoes. Mechanically,
 therefore, the tall German girl rose from her seat, and
 made for her home.

VIOLET M. HENDERSON, Form 6.

* * * *

THE STREET SERENADE.

A bitter east wind blew down the street, piercing the thickest overcoat and making everyone's teeth chatter, but in spite of the weather the queue outside the cinema had been steadily growing for the last hour.

There stood in the gutter a tattered, old man who was trying to heat his bony fingers by the side of a watchman's brazier. Round his neck was the strap of an accordion which hung on his back. He turned round, and with his still-numbered fingers he blundered over the keys and, through the discords, one heard the latest song hits mixed in with a medley of classics.

Then, after finishing this he advanced to the head of the queue with his cap in his hand. A young man with a cigarette drooping from his lips grinned and muttered "Nothing doing"; his companion tittered. An elderly lady mechanically said "No change." A red-faced man drew out a handful of silver and said "I'll give you all my coppers". He dropped one penny and two halfpennies into the cap.

With other contributions, when he reached the end of the queue just as the door was opening, he had one and a penny in his cap. He transferred this to his pocket and jammed his cap on his head as he shuffled off down the street. He had made one and a penny and that brought his takings for the week up to seven shillings. Well, that wasn't so bad if only he could be sure of getting that much. He had to pay five shillings for his miserable old cellar and that left him very little for food. He had had to sell all his belongings. He was a Schubert wasn't he? A direct descendant from the great musical genius yet treated like a beggar.

He reached the "Cat and Canary" just as the hour of nine struck. He went inside, and, at the bar were standing two men, flashily dressed and obviously Americans by their accent. After the musician had drunk down his beer the men asked him to play. He noticed a piano in the corner and asked if he might play that. He then said that he would play one of his own compositions. Thinking that he had had one over the eight already the men told him to go ahead.

They were all smiles at first, but after a few bars of his composition the smiles gave place to looks of wonder. There was no doubt of the touch of genius in the piece, and after he rose the men would not let him pay for a single drink but pressed drinks on him until he was really half-drunk.

Then one of the Americans drew the other one aside and whispered "Ask him to let you take it down, Max, and then we'll ginger it up, and it'll not go down so bad. I think we've got something here."

After some persuasion Schubert allowed them to take it down. Then the Americans excused themselves by saying they had an appointment at ten o'clock.

Out in the street, they began talking excitedly:—

"Gee, Al, I see what you mean now."

"Oh, yeah, Max. I told you it would be a cinch."

"We'll call it—Street Serenade—eh!"

. . . . About a month later there appeared in the headlines: "GREAT SWING NUMBER BY AL AND MAX ROSENBLUM." "STREET SERENADE TAKES THE WORLD BY STORM."

Further down the page appeared a small notice:—

"An inquest was held, to-day, on the death of Mr John B. Schubert, who was found dead in a disused cellar where he had apparently gone to shelter from the inclement weather. After medical evidence was given death was certified as due to natural causes brought on by starvation and exposure"

NANCY GIBSON, Form 4B.

* * * *

THE SCAPEGOAT.

(There was no Monday holiday on May 20th this year).

We're talking all together
And we're getting rather mad,
And we've got a sort of feeling,
That we've all of us been "had."

We must put the blame on someone,
 Who has spoilt our usual plan,
 And quite the safest scape-goat
 Our arch enemy—That Man!
 It was such a lovely morning,
 Just perfect for a ride,
 But instead of bikes and picnics,
 We must stay cooped up inside.
 Oh, well, here's to our hoping,
 That next year wont be the same,
 And here's to the confusion,
 Of the Person I won't name!

ROSALIND BURNETT, Form 4A.

* * * *

THE MATHEMATICIAN.

As far as I can see [and my eye-sight is perfectly good] Mathematics is a ridiculous subject. It should be banned from the schools. I admit that I am no authority upon the matter but even my amateur's eye can easily pick out its defects. Yet no one has ever dared [or ever will dare, for that matter] to sneer at it, ludicrous though it may be, for its protector and guardian angel is the Mathematician. If you are acquainted with this species you will know the reason, but if you are not, you had better be informed before it is too late.

The Mathematician is a terrible person—at least they all are but one. The exception is Euclid;—he was a small man who used to sit, cross-legged, in the middle of the desert, drawing little circles in the sand—not in the least awesome. But he is the only exception. The standard Mathematician is deceitful, merciless, inconsiderate and dogmatic—a person who must be avoided at all costs.

His deceit is shown in the fact that he blandly writes "Bodies" on the cover of his book which is, in due time, bought by the innocent school-girl who expects to find a murder story inside. But on opening it she sees—"The body or area of a triangle is equal to . . ." This is pure deceit and should be *absolutely forbidden*. If his book is not worth reading [which is very probable], he at least might have the decency to choose "The Common Arc" as

his title instead of deluding us with "The Bow" which might mean a rainbow or a violin bow or even a bow-tie.

And have you ever noticed how mercilessly dogmatic the Mathematician is? He says "A is rowing upstream at $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles per hour." Is A ever asked if he would prefer to use a motor-boat? or to row at $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles per hour? Not at all. That is not the Mathematician's way. And having rowed upstream to his destination A is told—"Run a race with C." Is he allowed to rest a little? Not likely! All the rest of the Mathematician's employees suffer in the same day. Ten men are told to dig a ditch in 4 hrs. 23 minutes. Are they ever permitted to plant potatoes or to dig for treasure? No—they are told to dig a ditch and they must do it. In fact the only time that any worker of the Mathematician is allowed to rest is when his age is being calculated. A knows perfectly well how old he will be a week last Monday if he was 2 months old 15 years ago, so he sits back in his arm-chair and lets us work it out.

This points out another of the Mathematician's bad traits. Has he any right to disclose the fact that B's mother, Mrs B is 46 years old when, only last week, she told us herself that she was 36? But the Mathematician does not care for other people's feelings. He orders men to lay carpets in rooms, day in, day out; or to measure the height of towers, day after day. What could be more monotonous? Can he not think of other occupations for them? Has he no imagination? No, he has not. This is one of the very worst of his bad points. He completely lacks imagination. For 50 years one of the dealers has been selling horses and carts. Why is he not allowed to sell babies in perambulators—just for a change? "A baby in a perambulator was sold for £40 . . ." looks much more interesting than any horse and cart affair. So why not?

But, of course, the Mathematician is always right—even although his answer differs from that of the entire class.

MARGUERITE COMBEY, Form 4A.

* * * *

METAMORPHOSIS.

Robin Archibald Cameron had a stern sense of duty and an almost overwhelming sense of what was the "correct thing" for a man of his age and standing. He was eight.

Now a stern sense of the "correct thing to do" can be quite a handicap on a warm September day when you could hear the lazy humming of the bees amongst the purplish-blue heather and see the hills swim in the shimmering heat haze, and you could smell the fragrant air. So instead of following his first inclination and flopping down among the bracken to bask in the sun he plodded doggedly to the little wooded knoll which he had set as his goal, the Enchanted Hill.

Although it is shameful to confess, Robin Archibald, in spite of his Scottish ancestry, called a burn a "stream," a glen a "valley," a brae a "hill" in the most Sassenach manner owing to a misguided English upbringing, so it was small wonder that he was slightly fey.

He followed the chattering little burn rioting its joyous way in rippling cascades through ferny hollows and still, silent pools, then quite suddenly, he came into a glade where water-kelpies might have played on moonlit nights. But he was hot and tired and in no mood for fantasy and would very much have liked to rest, but there below him was a little red-haired girl who could only have been about seven years old dangling her bare legs in the crystal cool water. Robin Archibald would have passed her by, but she turned to him and invited him with a smile to "come awa' an' paddle in the burnie." He declined firmly in quite his best manner and was about to beat a dignified retreat when she, unabashed, asked "What's your name?" However much he wanted to get away from this—this—Robin Archibald called her a "person"—he must answer her politely as it behoved a gentleman of his position when talking with an inferior.

At his answer she said "I'm Morag Machrae. Are you an evacuee tae?" Robin Archibald replied that he supposed he was, "in a way," meaning not her way, then, thinking that she needed to be impressed, he announced proudly "My father is an officer serving with his battalion in France." (Yes. He said battalion instead of regiment.) She said, no whit impressed, "Ma feyther's deid." Robin

Archibald could not hope to compete with this so he lapsed into silence. "Whae dae ye bide wi'?" asked she next. "I beg your pardon," said he. "I mean, where are ye billeted?" "Oh, I understand" he replied "I am living in my father's shooting-box until the war is over." "Oh, I see, one o' thae swells." "We-el, I wouldn't call myself that" he said, expanding visibly at this unintentional flattery. So you see, he was well on the way to being a snob, despite his eight years.

After imparting to each other the histories of their lives (with reservations on Robin Archibald's part), they became quite good friends. For several days afterwards they played together by the waterfall, and after much cajoling he was even induced to run barefoot over the heather.

Morag, after the manner of childhood, unconsciously mimicked his manners and speech while, Robin lost much of his unchildlike dignity and sobriety.

One day Morag arrived at their den with a lollipop and a few sticky sweets which she religiously shared with Robin, giving him alternate 'sooks' at the lollipop in a highly satisfying but certainly not hygienic fashion. Robin had travelled a long way from the smug, snobbish little boy with such a large idea of his own importance. Yet it had taken an Adolf Hitler to do it—for if there had been no war there would have been no evacuation, no Morag, no transformation of Robin Archibald Cameron, Highlander and Gentleman.

NANCY KNOX, Form 3A.

* * * *

SMUTS AND THE BLACKOUT.

Late one night just before going to bed Sadie put on one of her thick coats so as to slip along to the corner and post a letter to her brother serving in the forces. The envelope having been safely disposed of, she suddenly thought that as it was a bright, starry night and Smuts, her dog was already accompanying her she would enjoy a short walk around the block of flats in which she lived.

As if sensing the thoughts of his mistress, Smuts raced madly ahead and disappeared. Poor Sadie was nearly

numb with fear as she thought of Smuts perhaps arriving in Whitehall, which was impossible, of course. Sadie hearing a bark in the distance hurried across the road as well as she could in the darkness and went down the adjoining street.

After about an hour had been spent in chasing and searching for Smuts she caught up with him in a dark alley a long way from home. By this time it was after twelve and had grown very dark. Sadie was not too sure of her whereabouts but decided to walk back in the direction from which she had just come and then perhaps she would meet a policeman on his beat who would be able to give her some help.

Fastening Smuts firmly on to his lead this time and turning up her coat collar she started off on her return home. Sadie was a tall dark girl who worked in one of London's large stores. She was a hard-working girl and shared a small flat with a cousin who also worked in London. At the present time however Delia had gone to Devon for a fortnight's holiday. Sadie, trailing Smuts along beside her trudged wearily up the street thinking of her own home fireside in the country. As she thought of this her face lit up, for in a few weeks time she was going there for a holiday.

Just as she was turning the corner and revelling in these pleasant day dreams a long wailing note vibrated through the air. Sadie, recognising the sound of the air raid siren halted immediately and looked round wildly for some form of shelter. Not far off she could hear a warden guiding some late wanderers into his safe-guarded post. Hoisting Smuts into her arms, she hurried forward but on entering the shelter her arm was seized in a vice-like grip. Taken completely by surprise, she spun round and was confronted with a tall, strong-looking man with an A.R.P. badge on his hat. He told her that it was impossible to let the animal she was carrying pass on into the shelter. Sadie dimly nodded assent and made to retreat but the hard-hearted warden had no intentions of letting her go out again and moved to lift scared little Smuts from Sadie's arms. She held more tightly but her strength could not equal that of the warden's. The terrier was gently but

firmly removed from her encircling arms and giving one last sad look at Smuts she was pushed on into a gloomy shelter. The period lasted for half an hour and when the "all-clear" siren was sounded everybody heaved a sigh of relief.

The people wishing to return home as soon as possible picked up their belongings and began to file outside again. Sadie, longing to regain sight of Smuts, was in the front of the queue. On encountering the darkness and cool air again Sadie thought it felt lovely to be alive, until she spied Smuts reposing in a corner, evidently enjoying a meal of something or other. Now, whilst the warden and the townsfolk had been inside the shelter, Smuts had taken his revenge very sweetly on the warden. Thus, at that moment he was thoroughly smacking his lips over the - - - *WARDEN'S SUPPER.*

Sadie hardly knew what to say, but the warden being really quite good-hearted at the core hastily excused Smuts and said that his wife would soon make him some more. So Sadie, after listening to the directions of a kindly policeman hurried home feeling very tired and declaring to herself that she would never take Smuts out in the blackout again.

MARGARET A. MUCKLOW, Form 3B.

* * * *

DAY DREAMING.

One sunny day, I was day dreaming
Of meadows, and children at play:
While the sun, through the window was gleaming,
During 'Maths.'; in the month of May.

My thoughts wandered far from the present,
From Algebra—cubes and squares;
I was thinking of something more pleasant,
Of ices, and chocolate éclairs.

After wandering along these paths
Of mental joy and ease,
I quickly came to earth,—and 'Maths.',
With "Wake up, Maureen, please."

"You must try to concentrate,
And keep a steady mind;
I want you to accelerate,
In case you're left behind."

So now I'll banish every thought
Of ices and éclairs,
And swot, and swot, and swot, and swot,
And know my cubes and squares.

MAUREEN SMITH, Form 2C.

* * * *

There was a young Nazi of Berlin,
Who fancied himself as a Merlin,
He tried some of his spells,
On Adolph and Goebbels,
Now they're mourning that Nazi of Berlin.

KATHLEEN HALKETT, Form 1B.

* * * *

NORWAY 1939.

"Oh look! Isn't she a beauty!" Fifteen shrill, excited, schoolgirl voices were raised in exuberant exclamations as we passed through the barriers at Newcastle, before embarking on the shining new "Black Watch," which lay berthed at the quayside.

We climbed the gangway, and then, after finding our cabins and taking down our cases, we began a systematic (or at least thorough) examination of our new quarters; we pulled or pushed each knob, button, or switch, and were somewhat embarrassed when an obliging Norwegian stewardess appeared, and, seeing our puzzled expressions, explained that we had rung for her. After apologising, we made our way to the 1st Class dining saloon, where we enjoyed, though rather sceptically, our first samples of Norwegian cookery. The food was delicious—and unrationed!

On Friday, 21st July, we landed at Oslo, and were taken by a Bennett's bus, through the city, past the Palace, the Parliament House, the Theatre, and the University, to the large, square-fronted yellow hotel, in which we were to live during our first week in Norway.

That week was spent sight-seeing, sailing in the ferry boats, and bathing in the beautiful natural bays of the fiord. We mounted, by electric railway, to the view-point at Fragnersteteren and on the way down, stopped to admire the famous ski jump at Holmenkollen. Some girls found this an opportunity to gather blaeberrries which grew in wild profusion. The Museum, the Ski Museum, the Viking Ships, and the "Fram," in which Scott and Nansen conducted their explorations, were also visited.

On the 26th July, we travelled for ten hours by the Oslo-Bergen railway, changing at Voss for Granvin. Ice was seen floating in the rivers and sparkling in the sunshine as we passed in the train over snow-clad mountains bearing ever-lasting glaciers. The railway is a miracle of engineering, passing through tunnels blasted from solid rock and protected from snow-slides by miles of wooden tunnels.

Granvin is the ideal place to spend a healthy carefree holiday. Situated at the top of the Hardanger Fiord, and backed by high precipitous hills, the small village seemed to welcome strangers and offer them its hospitality. From there we were able to go sailing or walking and we also did some motoring. The leaping water-falls, beautiful beyond description, and ice-capped hills with their aprons of tall straight slender pines, and surmounted by switch-back roads, formed an image which will not soon be effaced from our memories.

An account of our trip would not be complete without some mention of the generous contribution made to our enjoyment by the members of our staff. Mr Brash is specially to be thanked for organising and conducting this trip so successfully.

NYASA BURN.

* * * *

FROM THE SENIORS.

WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT.

Every one is rushing to join something new
Each one to the other says, "What do you do?"
"Oh, I'm in the A.T.S. What! so are you?"
Such, they say, is life.

Cabbages and carrots take the place of "London Pride"
Evenly the runner beans are growing side by side,
In the rows of onions father takes a pride
We're digging for victory too.

We're saving up as hard as we possibly can
But a penny beside twopence is a lonely "also ran"
It nearly costs a fortune to buy petrol in a can
But it pays for the war.

ELMA WALLACE, 3 Senior C.

* * * *

"TICKETS."

There's a ticket for your butter, for your sugar,
for your ham;
And you've got to buy a ticket when you ride
upon the tram,
And, of course, there is the tickets when you're
travelling by train;
Oh, I think this little island has got tickets on
the brain,
And if a single chink of light around your
window plays;
Hey, presto! here's your ticket—"Fifteen bob,
or seven days!"

MAUREEN WOODBURN, 3 Senior B.

* * * *

THE DEWDROPS.

The night has cried upon the lawn,
And spangled all the grass,
With many tiny dewdrop tears,
That glitter as you pass.

She cried until the morning came,
And made another day,
And then the great big Sun got up,
And kissed her tears away.

JOSEPHINE CROWE, 3 Senior D.

* * * *

KNITTING FOR THE SOLDIERS.

Each night when on my chair I sit,
With needles and wool I knit and knit;
Wondering whom this will be likely to fit,
And if I might send a note with it.

"I hope before you wear this done,
The war will be over, the battle won,
And the women will shout as home the men come,
'Good old British Army, second to none.'

"And now I must lay down my pen,
And take up my needles and wool again;
So keep up your chin and never give in,
And I'll do my bit with my knitting pin."

MOIRA AITKEN, 2 Senior C.

* * * *

A WISH.

If I was a serpent spotted and gay,
I'd curl round Hitler and take his breath away.

AUDREY CLARK, 1 Senior B.

* * * *

He's a very bad villain,
I think you'll admit,
Though we're sure to beat him,
Let us all do our bit,
Everyone striving to fight for our cause,
Rescuing Europe from out of his claws.

MARJORIE ROY, 1 Senior B.

FROM THE JUNIORS.

MY DADDY.

My Daddy is a soldier,
He is far across the sea.
I know that he is in danger,
But God will look after him for me.

He was coming home on leave,
When Hitler gave a strike,
With all his force and might.
But daddy says he'll get a fright.

GLADYS MONTEATH, 2 Junior A.

* * * *

WHEN I GROW UP.

When I grow up I would *like* to be a teacher. Mummy says some-times no wonder you are going to be a teacher because you always play at schools. Some-times I say that I'm going to be a rich lady with lots of servants and a huge car with a man to drive it. Other times I think of being a Doctor or a Nurse. If the war is not finished by the time I am a big girl I may be in the Wats.

CARMEL CAPLAN, 1 Junior A.

* * * *

TOPICAL VERSES from 1 Junior B.

I wish the war was over,
And all the world put right;
I wouldn't take my gas mask
To bed with me at night.—JANET ROBERTS.

We have an air raid shelter,
And when the sirens blow,
We scamper up the garden
And take cover down below.—MAY MANN.

I have a little gas mask,
It looks so funny on;
And, oh the smell inside it
It makes me choke and groan.—AUDREY HALL.

* * * *

FROM THE INFANTS.

My Daddy was digging for vitry, he put in pees. Daddy dug hard but the birds dug harder. We will have to get a scarecrow.

One day when I was at Granny's I lifted a clocking hen off the nest. When I lifted her off I heard a little tap out came a chicken. I took it in to granny. She gave it food.

I wrote musick on Sunday. My notes turned out to be a tune. My auntie sang it to la, and I plade it on the piano without one mistake. I like to play the piano. I play it every day.

I would like to be a shop lady when I am grown up because I would like to wrap up parcels. I think I would like to serve in a baby linen shop best because I like babies.

My brother went to Gullan on a bicycle ride, and when he came home his face was as red as beetroot and he could hardly sit down-

SENIOR INFANTS A.

* * * *

I wish I had a puppy dog but daddy will not get one till the war is over because it is dear and meat is rashoned.

I love writing stories for the magazine but sometimes I can't think of anything to write. I think very hard and then I know what to write about. I don't think that my stories are very good but my teacher usualy thinks that they are.

I can do a somersalt on the railings twice and three times round. The first time I stuck but daddy pushed me and the next time I did it myself.

Mummy's dressmaker gave me some of the material to make my doll's clothes and my sister is gowing to give me her sewing masheen to sow them with. I will have to do them very nicely or the dolls won't like them.

I know an air raid warden along the road and he never carries his gas mask. He is our warden and he only carries it when an air raid siren goes.

I am going to play with my chums to-day. They have a hammock and we will snuggle up in it with the car rug on top of us. The hammock will rock us up and down while we sleep and when we wake we will sing and then eat half an orange and two biscuits.

SENIOR INFANTS B.

* * * *

Wunce my daddy was chaste by a bool in a field. He was taking a wok in that field.

My mummy sits in the chair at nite time and she falls asleep. Daddy has to waken her up, then mummy can sleep all nite. All nite time she dus not wake up, for she sleeps sound.

I like to get on my tusur dress. I think it is better than my jim coschim and blouse. My jim coschim is too worm.

I like a lot of mins and potatoes and stchu and gravy. My mummy has a swagr coat and a nice frock.

My daddy is very lazy getting up in the morning. Allwis the breakfast is out and he is not up when we col him he dus not get up, but when we col him agen he comes.

JUNIOR INFANTS A.

* * * *

I went two the thita I saw Jog Fomby he was plaing his yucalely.

I have a baby and it has ornsh hare and a pram.

When I am big I am gong to bi a baby out in the hostbl and a cot for it.

I went to hathasset I sow the ston wot tells you all the pleses.

In sumeir my Daddy is goeing to plant thechtbls in his garden. Wen my choolips grow I will giv yoo sum of them.

JUNIOR INFANTS B.

* * * *

REPORTS OF SOCIETIES.

LITERARY AND DRAMATIC SOCIETY.

The Literary and Dramatic Society has completed yet another successful session in spite of black-out travelling and other difficulties new this year. Meetings were held on Fridays at 3.45 p.m., and the membership was gratifyingly large.

Two interesting and topical debates have been held, one "That the Evacuation Scheme has been a mistake," the other, which was an inter-debate with the Science Association, "That A.R.P. has been carried too far."

Dramatic Night took the form of Literary Charades, a new venture for the society and one which proved very enjoyable.

Miss Thorburn, one of our presidents, gave a most interesting and instructive address on "What is Opera?" for which Mr John Thorburn, baritone, and Miss Daisy Badger, L.R.A.M., provided delightful musical illustrations.

On account of the large number of articles received, their variety of subjects, and a lenient censor, Magazine Night was very amusing. Miss Violet Henderson won the prizes for the best "Tale of the Black-out" and best Clerihew.

The session was brought to a successful conclusion by a rather unusual and very enjoyable meeting, "American Miscellany," which included short talks on American subjects, musical items, vocal and instrumental, American refreshments, and a short play adapted from Stephen Leacock's, "Oroastus, King of Thebes."

This report would be incomplete without an expression of thanks to our joint presidents Miss Thorburn and Miss Foster who have done so very much for the society.

JOYCE M. C. KIDD
(Hon. Secretary).

* * * *

SCIENCE ASSOCIATION.

The success and popularity which the Science Association has enjoyed during this session has justified the decision of the President and Committee to carry on in spite of adverse circumstances. Owing to the curtailed session and black-out difficulties, the Association met less frequently than in normal years—but then quality, rather than quantity, has always been our aim!

A welcome innovation was the provision of tea and biscuits for those members of the Association who attended school during the afternoon.

Included in a most interesting Syllabus were a talk on "Chemistry in Agriculture," by Dr. Robertson of the Agriculture College; a demonstration on "Enlarging at Home," by Dr. Buchan, and a programme of instructive and entertaining films given by Mr Sellar. The traditional meetings such as "Hat Night" and "Experiment Night" took their places on the Syllabus and proved as popular as ever. A highly successful session was brought to a close by a most enjoyable "Surprise Night" when a varied programme was carried through with the enthusiasm which has been outstanding in all the activities of the Science Association during the past year.

Our thanks are due to our President, Mr Brash, without whose enthusiastic support and able assistance the activities of the Association could not be carried on. Long may he continue in office.

MARION NELDER
(Hon. Secretary.)

* * * *

SCRIPTURE UNION.

Owing to war conditions, our meetings have been less frequent and have had to be held at the awkward time, 12.5 p.m.—12.25 p.m. every Wednesday and Friday.

Consequently, we have not had the pleasure of welcoming outside speakers or old girls at our meetings, but we hope that that will not be so next year.

All new members will be made very welcome.

GRACE JAMIESON
(Hon. Secretary.)

* * * *

SCHOOL ORCHESTRA.

At the end of last session the Orchestra said good-bye, much to its distress, to Mr Wishart, its greatly esteemed conductor. Fortunately, however, we obtained a music-master, in the person of Mr Lees, who was not only willing but enthusiastic to support us. Despite the war the Orchestra is thriving and increasing in number beneath his care. Six more violinists, a flautist and two more 'cellists are now helping to swell our efforts. But unfortunately, we must soon lose our leading 'cellist, Dr. Buchan, who is to take up duties at Moray House, where he has our best wishes for the future.

Mr and Mrs Wishart were among the guests at this year's Orchestra Party which was a great success. Mr Wishart honoured us with two songs and Dr. Buchan, much to the amusement of the guests played a solo on his flageolet [penny whistle]. The Orchestra itself gave a performance of Cavalleria Rusticana. This and the various other items were greatly enjoyed.

We hope that next session will bring many happy meetings to the Orchestra, and that it will keep on increasing in quantity and quality.

MARGUERITE S. COMBEY.

* * * *

SCHOOL SPORTS.**HOCKEY.**

Owing to the war, this season has naturally not been such a success as in previous years. The weather too was very inclement. Only a few local matches were able to be arranged for our four Hockey Elevens.

Once again, however, the House Matches were played with their usual keenness.

The Inter-House Hockey Cup goes to Warrender. G. J.

TENNIS.

Tennis has been very popular this season and our membership numbered 352.

House matches are now in progress and we are all looking forward tremendously to the Staff match.

The school has been represented this season by

N. Burn and G. Jamieson,
M. Jamieson and R. Graham,
H. Stewart and M. Welsh.

Matches have been difficult to arrange, but we hope to play most of the Edinburgh schools before the finish of the season. G. J.

GOLF.

There has been a poor membership of the Golf Club this year, only nine pupils joining.

We have held two competitions over Carricknowe Golf Course.

The first one was to decide handicaps.

Result :—

1. Lucy Neish—112.
2. Nancy Gibson—125.
3. Sheila Kay—137.

The second was over nine holes :—

1. Lucy Neish—52.

The trials for the Championship had to be cancelled owing to bad weather. The Championship will be held on the 29th over Braids No. 2 course. We hope to hold a Putting Match with the Staff before the end of the session.

N. G.

CRICKET.

This summer the Cricket Club has held its usual practices every Tuesday and Thursday. These have been well attended, both by present members, and by several former pupils, who were very welcome.

Only two matches have been played and the school suffered defeat in each. Edinburgh School of Domestic Science gained 102 runs to Gillespie's 29, and our Former Pupils defeated us by 75 to 25.

The school was represented this year by I. Dyer, A. Barker, B. Ridley, N. Burn (Capt.), D. Preston, M. Thomson, M. Haig, J. Laing, M. Bryant, L. Spence, N. Watson.

SWIMMING.

In spite of difficulties which have arisen through the change in school hours, the Club has carried on very successfully. During the first term when only a few children were in school, some enthusiasts formed a club. In January when the whole school reopened, the membership increased rapidly, and before long the Club numbered 242 members. We were unfortunate in having to do without Miss King's services at the beginning of the year, and we are most grateful to Miss M'Lay for carrying on alone.

It was not found possible to hold our Swimming Gala this year and no Education Authority Examinations were held. However, at the time of going to press, 8 of our best swimmers are competing for the Swimming Championship of the School. The Royal Life Saving Society examinations have been held as usual, but so far no results have come forward.

ANNUAL SPORTS.

JUNE 19th 1940.

House Championship :—Spylaw, 80 pts. ; Roslin, 60 pts.
Gilmore, 56 pts. ; Warrender, 44 pts.

Individual Championship :—Yvonne Morrison, 12 pts.
Runner-up :—Florence Bowie, 11 pts.

Primary Results :— 100 yards—Hazel Fraser.
Skipping—May Anderson.
Egg and Spoon—Patricia Skeoch.
Three-Leg—Patricia Forbes and Jean Dickson.
Sack—Sheila Brown.
Relay under 11—Gilmore.
Relay, open—Spylaw.

Secondary Results :— 100 yards—Yvonne Morrison.
220 yards—Yvonne Morrison.
Hurdles—Florence Bowie.
High Jump—Joan Simm (4 ft. 5 ins.).
Broad Jump—Moiria Haig.
Hockey Dribble—May Jamieson.
Throwing Cricket Ball—Denise Preston.
Egg and Spoon—Audrey Barker.
Three-Leg—Dorothy Beaton and Dorothy Hamilton.
Sack—Rhena Elder.
Skipping—Kathleen Wight.
Relay, under 15—Gilmore.
Relay, open—Roslin.

All the entry money (including subscriptions from pupils and Staff), amounting to £18, was sent to the British Red Cross Fund.

W. S.

HOUSE CHAMPIONSHIP.

SESSION 1939-40.

	GILMORE.	ROSLIN.	SPYLAW.	WARRENDER.
	Pts.	Pts.	Pts.	Pts.
Merit . . .	51	101	99	99
Attendance . . .	35	38	35	42
Hockey . . .	17	17	16	50
Sports . . .	23	25	34	18
Tennis . . .	17	8	36	39
Totals . . .	143	189	220	248
Less Penalty Points	81	65	81	73
	62	124	139	175

As the Swimming results are not to hand at the time of going to press, we regret that it is impossible to publish the final House Championship result.

J. C. B.

FORMER PUPILS' SECTION.

FORMER PUPILS' CLUB.

As school was still closed at the time when the opening meeting would normally have been held, and black-out problems made arrangements for a later meeting rather difficult, it was decided to suspend all club meetings for the 1939-40 season.

It is hoped, however, that we may be more fortunate next season, and tentative plans have been made for a meeting early in October, which will be advertised in the press. All F.P.'s will be welcomed.

M.E.R.H.

* * * *

F.P. NOTES.

Miss DOROTHY M. MINCK (Dux of the School, 1936-37) has graduated M.A. at Edinburgh University with First Class Honours in German, with subsidiary French.

Miss MORAG DODS (Dux of the School, 1933-34), has graduated M.B., Ch.B., at Edinburgh University, and is at present acting as House Surgeon in the Edinburgh Hospital for Women and Children.

Miss ANNE LOCKIE has graduated M.B., Ch.B., at Edinburgh University, and is at present an assistant in general practice in Yorkshire.

Miss ELIZABETH GEMMELL has graduated M.B., Ch.B., at Edinburgh University, has since been awarded the Diploma in Tropical Medicine and Hygiene, and is at present acting as House Surgeon in a Yorkshire hospital.

Miss VIOLET F. CRERAR has passed the Examination of the Chartered Society of Massage and Medical Gymnastics.

Miss MARIBEL TROTTER, M.A., has obtained a post in the Civil Service (Executive Class) in London.

Members of last year's 6th Form are acquitting themselves well at Edinburgh University. Miss HELEN MACDONALD has taken 1st place in the Mathematics class, Miss NANCY PATERSON 2nd place in the Latin class, and Misses JESSIE TEMPLETON and NANCY PATERSON 7th place (equal) in the English class.

Misses JESSIE M'LEAN and MARGARET BEE played for Edinburgh in the Inter-University Golf Matches.

MARRIAGES.

SMITH—GRAY.—On 1st June 1939, JOHN T. SMITH, to MARY M. GRAY, 87 Spottiswoode Street.

ALEXANDER—LACK.—On 8th July 1939, JAMES B. ALEXANDER, to SHEILA E. HODGKINSON-LACK, 200 St. John's Road.

BRYDEN—PETERS.—On 8th July 1939, FRANCIS K. BRYDEN, B.L., to ELIZABETH M. J. PETERS, 56 Glendevon Place.

MORRISON-CLEATOR—GLANCEY.—On 15th July 1939, JOHN A. MORRISON-CLEATOR, to MILLICENT B. GLANCEY, B.Sc., 12 Wilfrid Terrace.

LUMSDEN—PORTER.—On 27th July 1939, JAMES LUMSDEN, M.A., to MARGARET E. B. PORTER, M.A., 41 Spottiswoode Street.

SEMEONOFF—DAVIE.—On 18th August 1939, BORIS SEMEONOFF, Ph.D., to CATHERINE I. DAVIE, M.A., 190 Bruntsfield Place.

RUTHERFORD—PRINGLE.—On 2nd August 1939, WILLIAM RUTHERFORD, to ELIZABETH PRINGLE, 31 Craiglockhart Crescent.

YOUNG—PRINGLE.—On 2nd September 1939, DOUGLAS M. YOUNG, 76 Warrender Park Road, to ELISE M. PRINGLE.

WHITELAW—GUTHRIE.—On 6th September 1939, C. MURRAY WHITELAW, B.L., to CHRISTINA W. GUTHRIE, 13 Crawford Road.

HENDERSON—BRODIE.—On 21st October 1939, WILLIAM J. HENDERSON, to ANNE G. BRODIE, M.A., Braefoot Terrace.

FLETT—SAVAGE.—On 26th December 1939, WILLIAM FLETT, to MARGARET SAVAGE, M.A., 147 Dalkeith Road.

GUNN—WATSON.—On 24th February 1940, IAN F. GUNN, to ELSIE A. WATSON, 11 Lauriston Place.

WILSON—HOWDEN.—On 2nd March 1940, ARTHUR T. V. WILSON, to MURIEL E. HOWDEN, 77 Morningside Park.

JARDINE—GRAY.—On 23rd March 1940, FRANCIS K. JARDINE, to NANCY D. GRAY, 22 South Lauder Road.

SIM—WHITE.—On 23rd March 1940, ANDREW SIM, B.Sc., to BARBARA WHITE, 20 Arden Street.

M'FARLANE—COSSAR.—On 1st June 1940, ERIC K. A. M'FARLANE, to WINIFRED R. COSSAR, Lauder.

WALLACE—SOMERVILLE.—On 3rd June 1940, JAMES G. WALLACE, to AGNES D. SOMERVILLE, 70 South Clerk Street.

MACKIE—TRAINER.—On 21st June 1940, Petty Officer W. A. MACKIE, R.N., to VIOLET M. C. TRAINER, 91 Glasgow Road.

CERTIFICATE AND SCHOLARSHIP LISTS.

PUPILS WHO GAINED LEAVING CERTIFICATES IN 1940.

Anderson, Margaret	Peterkin, Annie O. C.
Barker, Audrey N.	Purves, Mary E.
Buchanan, Margaret D.	Sandison, Mary R.
Early, Frances B.	Scott, Clara G. T.
Elder, Doris M.	Sibbald, Maria C. G.
Girdwood, Isabella D.	Sim, Mary I.
Halliday, Dorothy.	Sinclair, Catherine B. G.
Horsburgh, Dorothy A.	Sinha, Leila M.
Mackenzie, Mary B.	Stevens, Jean M.
Macnaughton, Margaret G.	Stewart, Hazel.
Neill, Catherine L.	Taylor, Helen R. G.
Nelson, Margaret H.	Walker, Catherine C.
	Whitehead, Sybilla G.

PUPILS WHO GAINED DAY SCHOOL CERTIFICATES (HIGHER) IN 1939.

Baird, Cecilia J.	Pert, Isobel S.
Cleghorn, Marion S.	Pithie, Elizabeth L.
Douglas, Mabel M.	Ritchie, Annie C.
Drummond, Eileen M.	Ross, Elizabeth R.
Edmiston, Elizabeth N.	Stewart, Sheila B.
Fairgrieve, Moreen B.	Stobo, Mary E.
Fleming, Frances E.	Topp, Doris M. M.
Gilbert, Margaret K.	Watt, Mary B.
Hall, Amy A.	Young, Mary J. B. McD.
Kirkwood, May M.	Costa, Elizabeth G.
Lockie, Agnes S.	Cunningham, Frances H.
Mackenzie, Agnes B.	Johnston, Elsie D.
Matheson, Mary R.	Lees, Agnes D.
More, Joyce L.	Stewart, Ruby M.
Mowatt, Margaret S.	Turnbull, Elizabeth F.
Moy, Joan.	Harkess, Lena H.
Murray, Isobel G.	Paterson, Mary W.
Paulin, Margaret W.	Sprott, Jane S.
	Waddell, Janet R.

SCHOLARSHIPS ENTITLING TO REMISSION OF FEES FOR SESSION 1940-41.

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

ENTERING SIXTH YEAR.—Doris Elder, Ishbel Sim.

ENTERING FIFTH YEAR.—Esther Caplan, Myra Ockrent, Jean Laing,
Margaret Macpherson, Katherine Ramsay, Euphemia Smith,
Marguerite Combey, Mary Davidson, Thelma Adams, Frances
Turnbull, Helen Stevens.

ENTERING FOURTH YEAR.—Dorothy Polson, Christine Macanna,
Isabelle McDonald, Doreen Colburn, Alexandrina Ross, Irene
Fegan, Rhona Cameron, Margaret Bald.

ENTERING THIRD YEAR.—Alice McFarlane, Betty Topp, Janet
Buchanan, Muriel Macaulay, Elinor Wylie, Florence Morrison,
Ethel Robertson, Elspeth Brydon.

ENTERING SECOND YEAR.—Sheila Jenkinson, Janette Reid, Frances
Lundie, Violet Kidd, Audrey Adams, Mary Brown, Lola
Trenwith, Kathleen Gifford, Kathleen Halkett, Joyce Dorfman,
Alexandria Dow, Irene Park.

ENTERING FIRST YEAR.—Joyce Hamilton, Isobel Dallas, Patricia
Forbes, Maureen Woodburn, Evelyn Munro, Mairi McDonald,
Daisy Fallside, Josephine Crowe.

SCHOOL PRIZE LIST, 1939-40.

Dux of the School	Joan L. Stansfield.
Dux in English	Violet M. Henderson.
" Latin	Joan L. Stansfield.
" French	Joan L. Stansfield.
" German	Joan L. Stansfield.
" Mathematics	I. Nyasa Burn.
" Science	I. Nyasa Burn.
" Physical Training	I. Nyasa Burn.
" Music	Margaret H. Nelson.
" Secretarial Subjects	Jean M. Stevens.
" Domestic Subjects	Mary B. Mackenzie.
Dux of the Intermediate School	Flora G. Barron.

SPECIAL PRIZES.

Prize presented by a Former Dux (1927-28) to the Dux of the School.
Joan L. Stansfield.

*Prize presented by a Former Dux (1927-28) to the Dux of the
Intermediate School.*
Flora G. Barron.

*Prize presented by a Former Dux to the Best Pupil in the Department
of Modern Languages.*
Joan L. Stansfield.

Anonymous Prize presented to the Best All-Round Pupil.
I. Nyasa Burn.

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

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

"Jobson Prize" for Arithmetic.
Flora G. Barron.

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

Joan L. Stansfield.

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

Joan L. Stansfield.

"Brotherton Prize" presented to the Dux in Science.

I. Nyasa Burn.

"Cowan Prize" in Art.

Audrey N. Barker.

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

Joan L. Stansfield.

"Tom Stevenson" Cup for Athletics.

Yvonne Morrison.

"Thomas Scott" Prize for Domestic Subjects.

Mary B. Mackenzie.

Singing Prize presented by Two Former Duxes.

Ruth Macmillan.

"Wishart Prize," open to Third Year, for Excellence in Sight Singing.

1. May O. Finnis; 2. Margaret H. Clark.

Stevenson Club Prize.

Marion U. Nelder.

Burns Club Prizes.

Senior Section—Katharine Ramsay.

Intermediate Section—Christine C. Macanna.

Junior Section—Vida Rowat, Agnes Nicol, Patricia Forbes.

Bible Prizes.

Form 6—Violet Henderson.

Form 5—Clara Scott.

Form 4—Mary Beaton.

Form 3—Nan Brydon.

Form 2—Kathleen MacVinish.

Form 1—Daphne Rowe.

3 Senior—Mairi McDonald.

2 Senior—Jean Macanna.

1 Senior—Ruth Mackenzie.

2 Junior—Margaret Kirkby.

1 Junior—Morag Cameron.

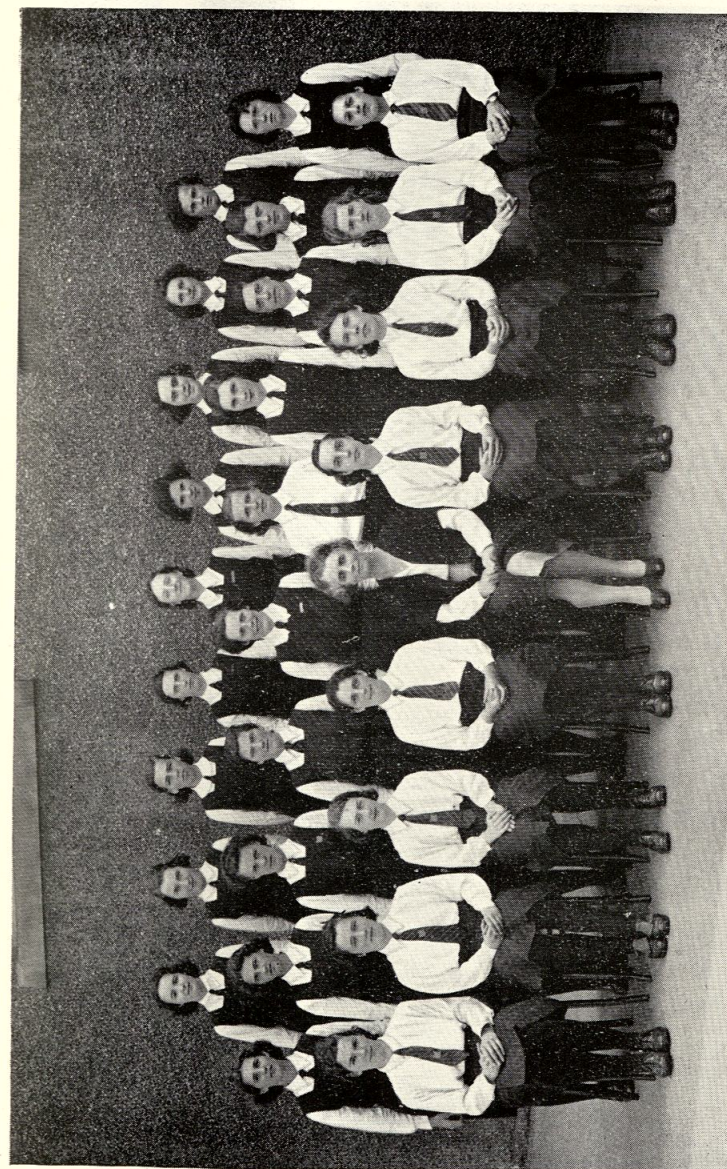
S.S.P.C.A. Prizes—Essay Competition.

Primary—1. Evelyn Munro; 2. Isobel Dallas;
3. Daisy Fallside.

S.S.P.C.A. Prizes for Posters.

Carmel Caplan, Leslie Walker, Lola Trenwith, Joyce Cruickshank,
Phyllis Hay.

SCHOOL PREFECTS, 1939-40



M. SMITH, E. WALKER, B. TOPP, M. LOCHHEAD, L. COVENTRY, P. HAY, M. THOMSON, D. WATERSTON, M. THOMSON,
J. STOKELL, J. FRASER, F. BOWIE, R. MACMILLAN, R. GRAHAM, F. EARLY, G. MELVILLE, M. PURVES, N. NELDER, A. ADAMS,
G. JAMIESON, M. NELDER, J. STANSFIELD, N. BURN, MISS ANDREW, J. KIDD, V. HENDERSON, C. SCOTT, L. SINHA.



WAR COMFORTS.

Photo by
"Evening Dispatch."

Pianoforte Prizes.

Mr Paterson's pupils—1. Eileen Rodman.
Mrs Langdon's pupils—1. Nan Brydon.

FORM 6.

1. Joan L. Stansfield ; 2. I. Nyasa Burn ;
3. Violet M. Henderson and Marion U. Nelder (equal).

FORM 5 A.

1. Leila M. Sinha ; 2. Clara G. T. Scott ;
3. Frances B. Early.

FORM 5 B.

1. Margaret H. Nelson ; 2. J. Margaret Stevens.

FORM 4 A.

1. Esther Caplan ; 2. Myra Ockrent ; 3. Jean P. Laing.

FORM 4 B.C.

1. Frances Turnbull ; 2. Helen Stevens ; 3. Sandra Mort.

FORM 3 A.

1. Flora G. Barron ; 2. Dorothy C. Polson ;
3. Christine C. Macanna.

FORM 3 B.

1. Irene G. Fegan ; 2. Rhona C. F. Cameron ;
3. Margaret R. M. Bald.

FORM 3 C.

1. Margaret Clark and Mary Walker (equal) ;
3. Beatrice Ridley.

FORM 3 D.E.

1. Annie McCallum ; 2. Lilian Dorfman.

FORM 2 A.

1. Alice McFarlane ; 2. Betty Topp ; 3. Annie Macpherson.

FORM 2 B.

1. Agnes Wright ; 2. Margaret Gilzean ; 3. Sheila Mackie.

FORM 2 C.

1. Elspeth I. Brydon ; 2. Lorna M. Kesson ; 3. Evelyn M. Brown.

FORM 2 D.

1. Ann Ryder ; 2. Mary Gibson.

FORM 2 E.

1. Joyce K. F. Smith ; 2. Andrina C. Hunter.

FORM 1 A.

1. Sheila M. Jenkinson and Janette B. Reid (equal) ;
3. Frances D. Lundie.

FORM 1 B.

1. Kathleen Halkett ; 2. Joyce Dorfman ; 3. A. Irene Dow and Irene J. Park (equal).

FORM 1 C.

1. Jemima A. Simpson ; 2. Dolina M. Macdonald ; 3. Lorna E. B. Ramsay.

FORM 1 D.

1. Jean White ; 2. Margaret Rutherford.

FORM 1 E.

1. Daphne Rowe ; 2. Elizabeth Robb.

Class 3 Senior A.

1. Joyce L. Hamilton ; 2. Isobel M. R. Dallas ;
3. Sheila M. Stewart.

Class 3 Senior B.

1. Patricia Forbes ; 2. Maureen Woodburn ; 3. Margaret Tait.

Class 3 Senior C.

1. Evelyn M. Munro ; 2. Mairi McDonald ; 3. Margaret H. M. Smith.

Class 3 Senior D.

1. Daisy M. Fallside ; 2. Josephine Crowe ; 3. Margaret Alexander.

Class 2 Senior A.

1. Elsie Dunbar ; 2. Sheila Mackie ; 3. Eleanor Grubb.

Class 2 Senior B.

1. Margaret D. Wylie ; 2. Sheila M. Robertson ; 3. Marjorie T. Wood and Dorothy V. Clement (equal).

Class 2 Senior C.

1. Jean Macanna ; 2. Margaret Law ; 3. Lillas Davidson.

Class 2 Senior D.

1. Edith Crocket ; 2. Maureen Kemp ; 3. Marjorie Thain.

Class 1 Senior A.

1. Mary Dickson ; 2. Isobel Whiteley ; 3. Ella Mannion.

Class 1 Senior B.

1. Muriel E. McCurrach ; 2. Mary E. Ambrose ;
3. Kathleen M. A. Adam.

Class 1 Senior C.

1. Muriel Marshall ; 2. Ruth MacKenzie ; 3. Alison Bee.

Class 2 Junior A.

1. Ann M. H. Sutherland ; 2. Mary S. Hunter ; 3.
3. Vivienne M. Goldberg.

Class 2 Junior B.

1. Dorothy Forrest ; 2. Annie Henderson ; 3. Margaret Cockburn.

Class 2 Junior C.

1. Moira Henderson ; 2. Margaret Gough ; 3. Evelyn Runcie.

Class 1 Junior A.

1. Ruth Gould and Janetta Russell (equal) ; 3. Margaret Dickson.

Class 1 Junior B.

1. Eileen Canavan and Edith Godson (equal) ; 3. Eileen Waitt.

Class 1 Junior C.

1. Sheila Miller ; 2. Sheila Tofts ; 3. Evelyn Greig.

Class Senior Infant A.

1. Moira M. Steele ; 2. Helen Bevan ; 3. Sheila M. Logan.

Class Senior Infant B.

1. Joyce I. Forsyth ; 2. Joyce G. Hardie ; 3. Violet B. Keppie.

Class Junior Infant A.

1. Elspeth M. Smith ; 2. Jean I. Fraser ; 3. Olivia M. Wightman.

Class Junior Infant B.

1. Sheena Semple ; 2. Ruth Alexander ; 3. Shirley Duncahn.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

The Editors beg to acknowledge with thanks receipt of the following School Magazines :—*The Herioter, The Watsonian, Schola Regia, The George Square Chronicle, The Merchant Maiden, Morgan Academy Magazine.*

What of Your Future?

The uncertainty of international and national affairs makes it imperative that young people should have definite views as to their future work.

211 PUPILS HAVE BEEN PLACED IN HIGH-CLASS CITY OFFICES

between January 8th and June 13th. A large number have been placed in Banks, Insurance and Professional Offices, and it is impossible to meet the demand.

CIVIL SERVICE APPOINTMENTS

There is no certainty as to resumption of these Examinations, and the Principal cannot advise young people to enter on a course of study for those positions.

UNIVERSITY & PROFESSIONAL PRELIMS.

Many passes have been secured at these Exams., and thorough Tuition in small classes by experienced Honours Graduates gives to all students promise of success.

Full particulars of all Classes sent on request to

NELSON'S COLLEGES

42 CHARLOTTE SQUARE, EDINBURGH, 2
13 YOUNG STREET, EDINBURGH, 2