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Magazine

July 1943



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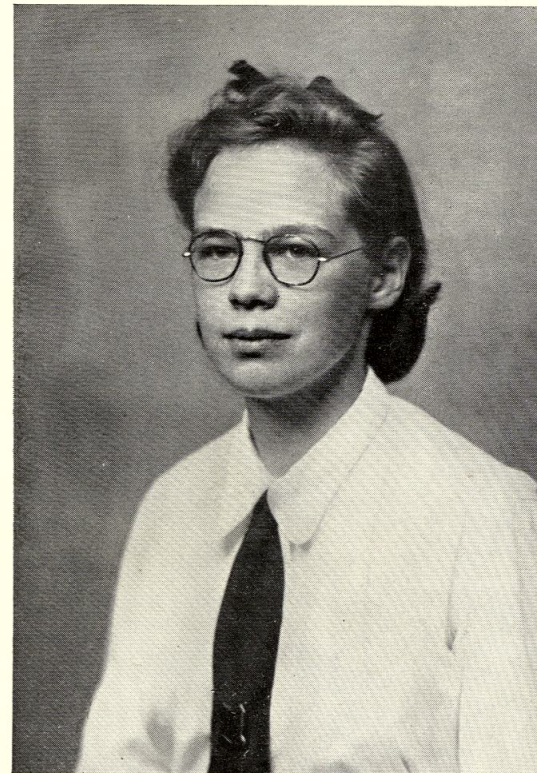
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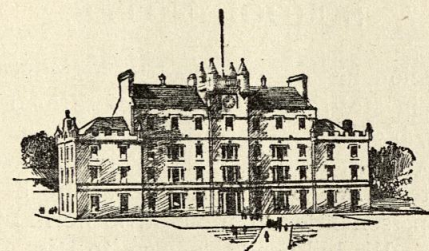


DUX OF SCHOOL.  
JEAN E. GRANT.



COOKERY CHAMPION FOR SCOTLAND  
(SENIOR SECTION).

BRENDA McLEAN.



# Gillespie's High School Magazine

JULY 1943

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### SCHOOL NOTES.

This session has been marked by an unusual number of changes in staff. Fuller reference is made elsewhere to our loss, by their retiral, of Miss Christina Kay, Miss Christina C. Bliss, Miss Margaret Forgan, M.A., and Mr Peter White, M.A., B.Sc. The departure of four such distinctive personalities from our little world leaves a gap hard to fill. We bid good-bye, also, to Miss Dorothy M. Hurford, M.A., who is leaving us to be married. She takes with her the best wishes of all connected with the school with which she has so long been associated, first as a distinguished pupil and in later years as a valued teacher of Modern Languages. We would say a friendly farewell, also, to Miss Agnes Mudie, M.A., who for the past year has taught in the Mathematics Department, and whose quiet efficiency has been appreciated both in the classroom and in help given to the G.T.C.

We congratulate Mr Brash in that his long and ungrudging service to the school has been rewarded by his appointment as Mr White's successor.

The newcomers to the staff have already found their places and proved their worth; but we take this opportunity of extending a sincere if belated welcome to Dr. Elizabeth A. M. Dougary and Mr J. Scott Allan, M.A. (English and History Department), Miss Eileen D. Campbell, D.A. and Miss Elsa M. Sommerville, D.A. (Art Department), Miss Margaret Brodie, Miss Marion Donaldson, and Miss Alison Laidlaw, M.A. (Primary School), and Miss Elizabeth H. Sanderson (Domestic Science Department).

In the important realms of school life that lie outside the classroom numerous and varied activities have gone on with an enthusiasm that has overcome all war-time difficulties. Every one of the older-established societies has flourished, as will be seen from their reports, and new developments are seen in the Junior Orchestra and the Musical Society. We are glad to record that Gillespie's Girls are joining with pupils of other secondary schools in that very interesting new venture, the Edinburgh Schools' Citizenship Association. Their numbers and keenness would seem to be a tribute to the real interest in world

affairs aroused in our Current Events classes. Catering and black-out problems again precluded any Christmas parties, but Forms 4, 5 and 6 celebrated the end of the spring term with a very enjoyable Easter party.

On 3rd September, set apart as a Day of National Dedication, the school as a whole attended a special service conducted in Warrender Church by our Chaplain, Mr Stewart. Christmas and Easter were marked by special services in school. Our thanks are due to Mr MacRae and his orchestra and choir for the beauty they add to the praise, not only at such special services but at the daily morning assembly.

We have been privileged throughout this session to welcome several interesting visitors. We had the honour of being addressed one morning in March by the Right Reverend C. W. C. Taylor, D.D., Moderator of the Church of Scotland, who spoke on the unity of the Church throughout the ages. At another morning assembly the Rev. James McNair of the London Missionary Society spoke interestingly of his work. Dr. Egger and Frau Litten, differing greatly in style but both marked by a most moving sincerity and conviction, brought home to us the spiritual poisoning of Nazi Youth and the responsibilities for the future which our own privileges lay upon us. Mrs Eileen Bigland held us spell-bound with her graphic and humorous tales of her journey "Into China by the Burma Road."

On the academic side we have reason for satisfaction in that the school has gained 66 Group Leaving Certificates, an advance of 21 on last year's record. Jean Grant and Isabelle McDonald achieved creditable places on the Merit List for Bursaries at Edinburgh University. But this year's most outstanding success has been in another field—that of Domestic Science. It was with justifiable pride that we learned that Brenda McLean, Form 5C, had been placed first in the Schoolgirls' Oatmeal and Potato Cookery Competition instituted by the Secretary of State for Scotland. Brenda's entries were a rhubarb flan with oatmeal pastry, and a potato chocolate cake with mock cream filling. She gained as a prize 25 National Savings Certificates. As over 500 girls drawn from schools in many parts of Scotland competed, Brenda's was no mean

achievement, and is a great credit and encouragement to our Domestic Science Department. It is good to know that girls can win distinction for themselves and their school in practical as well as academic spheres. A new adornment for the Top Corridor, in the form of the picture "Ice Bears Alarmed," by the late William Walls, R.S.A., R.S.W., stands to the credit of the Art Department. It was won for the school by five girls of Form 3A, who submitted the winning set of essays in a competition organised by the Royal Scottish Society of Painters in Water-colours, in connection with their Annual Exhibition.

The now customary courses in First Aid and Sick Nursing have been held for the girls of Form 5. Preparations for the Exhibition of Work, on Wednesday, 23rd June, and for the Closing Concert on Thursday, 1st July, are in full swing.

Amidst all the year's activities service for others has not been crowded out. Knitting of comforts for the troops has gone on with an enthusiasm curbed only by the restrictions on buying wool; 717 articles have been dispatched to and gratefully received by the W.V.S. and the Highland Society, and as we go to press knitting-needles are still busy in response to an urgent appeal for helmets, gloves and mitts. Books, games and toys, some of the last made in our own Crafts room, were again sent to camp schools and hostels for evacuated children. As last year, some of the recipients expressed their thanks in the delightful form of a large box of snowdrops gathered by themselves. Sports Day produced a considerable donation for the Merchant Navy Comforts Fund, and the Literary Society handed its surplus funds to the Red Cross Fund for providing books for prisoners of war. The Savings Association has grown to a membership of 750. Up to the week ending 18th June the sum of £4,372, 5s. 0d. had been collected this session. The "Wings for Victory Week" effort, surely stimulated by the near presence of "our" Lancaster bomber, produced £1,325, 15s. 6d. The average weekly collection this session has been £112, 2s. 0d.

For the staff and the older girls there can be no thought in these days of enjoying the weeks of unbroken leisure which in peace-time holidays we took for granted. At Easter several of our girls went potato-planting in the Borders.

The Land Army and holiday relief work in evacuated Nursery Schools are to claim some of the girls of Forms 4, 5 and 6, but in accordance with the Government's wishes our chief contribution to the war effort this summer is to be fruit-picking. We are glad to report that 130 girls, double the number of last year's "pioneers" have volunteered to gather raspberries and are to spend a month in camp at Berrydale, of chequered but on the whole happy memory!

It remains to thank all the donors of special prizes; in these days of heavy claims we greatly value their continued generosity. The librarians have much pleasure in acknowledging gifts of books from Dr. Dougary and from the following former pupils:—Moir Haig, Esther Caplan, Nan Brydon, Norah Nelder, Nancy Knox, Elma Brotherton, Dorothy Napier, Sandra Mort, Margaret Mucklow, Dorothy Ferguson, Dorothy Minck, Margot Liddle, Isobel Anderson, Phyllis Hay, Margaret Smith, and Christine Macanna. Two gifts of special interest are several books on Poland presented by some of the Polish teachers who visited us during the session, and a cheque from Miss E. B. Sears of Buffalo Seminary, to whose generosity we already owe a number of American books. Miss Sears suggested that her gift should cover a year's subscription to an American magazine, but as war conditions make it very difficult to get the magazine suggested, the National Geographical Magazine has been substituted.

A. E. F.

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#### RETIRING MEMBERS OF STAFF.

At our recent Founder's Day Service the Lord Provost referred to our school as one with a high tradition. The tradition and spirit of any school are established and maintained largely by its staff; perhaps the indefinable but real quality which gives James Gillespie's High School its individuality has its origin in the fact that we have always had on the staff a nucleus of men and women who came to the school early in their teaching career, were happy there, and stayed to preserve, through years of loyal service, a kind of permanence in the midst of many

external changes. Ours has always been a peculiarly "family" school, and because that is so we feel a keen sense of loss when the time comes for the older members of the "family" to retire from teaching. This session sees no fewer than four retirements; Miss Kay left us in November, and Miss Bliss, Miss Forgan and Mr White go at the end of the current term. Tribute is here paid to them by colleagues who have been long and closely associated with them.

"The news of Miss Kay's retiral last November had been, at her own request, such a carefully guarded secret that it was with real surprise as well as regret that the staff and pupils learned that she had severed her life-long connection with the school. Service like hers must surely be unique; for she was enrolled in Gillespie's School at the age of five and, except for two years at the Training College, here she remained until her retiral, becoming in turn an excellent scholar, a promising and diligent pupil teacher, and a most successful class mistress. Hence came her great love of the school and her pride in the many former pupils, with whom she maintained intimate contact. Miss Kay had many interests, chief of which were love of art and enthusiasm for foreign travel. Many a child has delighted in her vivid descriptions of Italian towns and their picture galleries. From her love of ancient Greece she pushed home the lesson of the value and beauty of perfection in minute and hidden things, 'for the gods see everywhere.' Through many changes and great progress, Gillespie's ever remained her well-loved 'alma mater.' Her colleagues and pupils take this opportunity of saying how greatly they appreciated her faithful and inspired work here, and of wishing her many happy days of freedom to devote herself to her many interests."

"Miss Bliss came to James Gillespie's School in 1908, when the Merchant Company handed over the school to Edinburgh School Board. She speedily made a place for herself among her colleagues, and the passing years have but added to the esteem and affection with which they regard her. Miss Bliss has a genius for friendship, and her easy manner, her ready sympathy, and her varied interests have won for her a host of friends. Miss Bliss has always been fond of travelling, and many summers found her

wandering abroad, and taking great pleasure in the language and literature of the various countries she visited. All her years in our school have been spent in teaching the Juniors. By her capacity for hard work, her gentle manner, and her warm sympathy with children, Miss Bliss obtained not only excellent results, but the love and confidence of all her little pupils. With her wide range of interests, Miss Bliss will find no lack of occupation for her years of leisure, and we hope that, with the return of happier times, she may yet have the opportunity of adding largely to her treasured store of memories of foreign lands and peoples."

"In Miss Forgan, the Modern Languages staff loses a valued member, from whom we part with sincere regret. We should like to take this opportunity of paying tribute to her character and scholarship, and of expressing our gratitude for all that she has done for the school and for the pupils who have had the privilege of being under her care. Miss Forgan graduated at St. Andrew's University, and spent two years in France and Germany before entering upon her career as a teacher. She joined the staff of the original James Gillespie's School thirty-four years ago. During all these years Miss Forgan has taken a deep interest in the pupils—an interest by no means confined to the class-room. The school owes her much for her help in its social life, and for her care for the general welfare of the girls. She has her reward in her many pleasant contacts with former pupils. For a number of years she did good service on the committee of the Former Pupils' Club. In the staff-room Miss Forgan will be greatly missed by her colleagues, who have delighted in her witty comments on men and affairs, and who in times of trouble have found in her a wise and understanding friend. In thanking her for all the work that she has done and for the wise counsels which she has always been ready and willing to give, we would express the wish that she may enjoy many happy years of good health and quiet leisure."

"Mr White's connection with the school is equally long and honourable. In 1907, after varied teaching experience in Oban High School and elsewhere, he joined the staff of Gillespie's School, then in Gillespie Crescent under the headmastership of Mr Jenkins. He has thus seen and

shared in the development of the school to its present size and status, with the accompanying growth of the Science Department and the widening of its curriculum to include Botany and Biology. Many pupils will remember with pleasure his fund of exact knowledge, apt illustration, and pointed wit. Schoolmasters are sometimes accused of living and thinking in a narrow groove, but it could never be said of Mr White that his field of vision was limited to bunsens and test-tubes. Perhaps his colleagues, even more than his pupils, appreciated the breadth of his general culture—his wide and deep knowledge of literature, his particular interest in philosophy, his informed appreciation of music and art. In the last of these fields he achieved considerable success as an executant as well as a critic, his water-colour painting having been publicly exhibited. The school has had the benefit of Mr White's wide intellectual range, extended by travel on two continents as well as by constant reading. He took an interest in both the Literary Society and the Science Association. He was during one session president of the former, and at various times he addressed the Societies on subjects as diverse as 'Microbes' and 'Egyptian Picture-writing.' He will be missed in the Science Department and the school as a whole, and we offer him our best wishes for a long and happy time of freedom."

The school salutes these its friends with affection, with good wishes, and above all with gratitude.

"For their work continueth.  
Broad and deep continueth,  
Great beyond their knowing."

\* \* \* \*

#### THOMAS J. BURNETT PRIZE.

It is with peculiar pleasure and gratitude that we acknowledge a generous gift to the school from Mrs Burnett, wife of our late distinguished Headmaster. The gift takes the form of a sum of money, the yearly income from which is to provide a prize for competition among the girls of the Secondary Department. Mrs Burnett writes:—"The subject for competition is to be 'Edinburgh and its Countryside.'"

I have suggested something away from school work, in the hope that the girls are interested in the birds, flowers, rivers and hills that abound round Edinburgh, and also in the literary and historical associations of their own city. For the competition essays, sketches or lectures might be adopted." This year the award is being made for the best water-colour sketch of a place of beauty or historical interest in or near Edinburgh.

For those of us who knew him, Mr Burnett needs no memorial; his kindly presence remains unforgotten in the school which he loved and moulded, and made a happy place. But it is good that his name should be perpetuated for the coming generations of pupils, and our warmest thanks are due to Mrs Burnett for so gracious and fitting a gesture.

A. E. F.

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#### FOUNDER'S DAY—FRIDAY, 11th JUNE 1943.

Sunshine, great vases of lupins, rhododendrons and beech boughs, and the fresh green of summer uniforms combined to create an atmosphere of brightness for our Commemoration Service, at which we had the honour of welcoming as Speaker, the Lord Provost of our city, the Right Honourable William Y. Darling, O.B.E., M.C.; and as Chairman, Sir William W. McKechnie, K.B.E., C.B., LL.D. A distinguished platform party included the Heads of several other Edinburgh schools, as well as representatives of the Inspectorate and the Education Committee.

A real link with our founder was provided by the presence on the lectern of his own Bible lent by the Master and Members of the Merchant Company, and on the table of a large antique snuff mull of ram's horn and silver, such as James Gillespie and his contemporaries used. The latter was lent by the Deacons of St. Mary's Chapel.

After the singing of that ancient pæan of victory, Psalm 124, followed by a Scripture Reading, a most moving prayer by Dr. Guthrie, and the beautiful anthem, "Let the bright seraphim," the Chairman in his own characteristic style introduced the speaker, whom he aptly described as "the Pericles of our Modern Athens."

Lord Provost Darling first delighted the the school with humorous reminiscences of his own days as a very small boy at the old Gillespie's School under the head-mastership of Mr William Jenkins. He went on to speak of James Gillespie, and pointed out that the solid excellences arising from his benefactions were founded on trading in a commodity then regarded by many as a sinful luxury! In more serious vein, the Lord Provost went on to say that Gillespie, shrewd tradesman as he was, had had vision enough to see the value of children, and the need of education—and we in our time were fulfilling the plan formed by his foresight. We should count our advantages in living in such a generation and such a city as ours, in having parents who sought the best education for us, in attending a school with a high tradition—count them not to boast of them, not to take them for granted, not “to have and to hold,” but “to have and to give.” On this reminder of the responsibility laid on us by our privileges, the Lord Provost closed, “Having received generously,” he said, “give generously.”

The Senior Prefect, Margaret Clark, delivered her speech of thanks for the address with the beautiful enunciation which we associate with her, and then came what is always a delightful little ceremony—the presentation by two of our “babies” of a snuff-box to the Speaker and a buttonhole to the Chairman. The service ended with the hymn, “Now thank we all our God,” followed by the National Anthem.

A. E. F.

\* \* \* \*

## FROM THE SECONDARY DEPARTMENT.

### SONNET, 1943.

(On seeing “The Moon is Down.”)

“The snow lies heavy on the roof,” she said.  
The silent flakes had cloaked the town since day.  
One aim possessed her soul—for him now dead—  
Just vengeance on the war-lords come to slay.  
Deep in the snow, the print of heels is seen,  
And deep within the conquered people glows  
A hatred, slow as stealth, but yet more keen . . .  
—And in the guarded camp the whisper’d Terror  
grows.

“We are a simple people, but our love  
Is for this land, which we alone will hold.”  
O, surely there are loves which soar above  
The common strife of men, of age untold . . .  
Of this vain hope our hearts alone stand proof—  
“The snow, the eternal snow lies heavy on the roof.”

ALICE MCFARLANE, Form 5A.

\* \* \* \*

## IF THE POETS HAD WRITTEN OF EXAMINATIONS.

### I. POPE ON A LATIN “UNSEEN.”

“ . . . And now unveiled the passage stands displayed,  
Each separate clause in mystic order laid.  
First, pale with fear, the nymph intent abhors,  
With head now cover’d, th’ unsympathetic words.  
An awful image ’fore her eyes appears,  
To this she bends, to this her brain she gears;  
The superior priestess, powerless now to chide,  
Trembling, tries her growing fears to hide.

Unnumbered tenses ope at once, and here,  
 The varied offerings of th' Augustan Age appear;  
 From each the poor girl culls with studious toil,  
 And decks the paper with the wretched spoil.  
 This clause Queen Dido's glowing gems unlocks,  
 And Trojans pour from yonder wooden box.  
 The tortoise here and masonry unite,  
 Instead of bombs, to make a jolly fight.  
 Here rows of oars, stretched out by shining crews,  
 Puffs, pants, unseemly incidents, and raucous 'boos.'  
 Now awful Panic puts on all its arms;  
 Despair, each moment, raises its alarms,  
 Repair her errors, brings nearer her disgrace,  
 And calls forth all th' expressions of her face;  
 Sees by degrees, a feverish flush arise,  
 And keener frightenings quicken in her eyes.  
 The fidgets now surround the victim fair,  
 These strike the head, and those pull out the hair,  
 Some tug the sleeve, while others crush the gown,  
 And Betty's cursed for labours all her own . . . ."

EMILY E. BLIGHT, Form 5B.

## II. MILTON ON THE BURSARY COMPETITION.

Where were ye, brains, when the long-dreaded hour  
 Hung o'er the heads of your once-favoured friends?  
 For neither had ye turned with usual power  
 Your thoughts to Rome where Cæsar bold doth lie,  
 Nor to the mystic symbols cos and phi,  
 Nor yet where tales of La Fontaine are read:  
 Ay me! ye swiftly fled—  
 Had ye been there—for what could that have done?  
 What could Minerva's wit that hath no peer,  
 Have done for those who all hard work did shun,  
 And now their former slackness did lament,  
 When to the exam. that caused such dismal fear  
 Those youthful maidens down from school were sent  
 Through the green Meadows to the 'Varsity drear?

JEAN GRANT, }  
 DOROTHY POLSON, } Form 6.

## THE "LANCASTER."

Spirit of flight! Man's dream come true.  
 His knowledge and achievement, vision and energy combined  
 Created this, distance and space and time devouring too,  
 New heights of purpose reached. Reward of labour and  
 thought entwined.  
 What power for good machines like these could be  
 Mocking at borders, drawing nation unto nation closer still,  
 All barriers beneath them. Theirs the power to weld  
 Peoples of earth together in mutual understanding and  
 goodwill.

Black bird of death! Dread horror of the night  
 Created and designed to scatter broadcast ruin and despair,  
 Supreme achievement of two thousand years of thought;  
 Its purpose? Death and destruction, fire, agony, murder  
 from the air.

Shame upon man! That such supreme reward of skill,  
 Outcome of art and science too, of man's inventiveness and  
 power.

Tribute to man's bravery and sacrifice—and only used to  
 kill?

What might have been man's friend is now the nightmare  
 horror of the midnight hour.

SHEILA I. FRASER, Form 5A.

\* \* \* \*

## C'EST LA GUERRE.

Smith was just an ordinary man, typical of millions all  
 over the world. Before the war, Smith, by dint of much  
 saving, had managed to go to Germany for a holiday in  
 the summer of 1938.

In the little village in Southern Germany he struck up  
 a friendship with one Hans Bernl, an ordinary man like  
 himself. Smith knew very little German but Hans had a  
 fair working knowledge of English, so the language difficulty  
 did not bother them too much.

Smith stayed only two weeks in the little village, but  
 in those fourteen short days he and Bernl became firm  
 friends. Smith had never had a real friend since his

schooldays and he blossomed out surprisingly under this new friendship. It is doubtful whether his acquaintances at home would have recognised the insignificant Smith in the sun-browned man who swam and climbed and hiked with the tall blonde German.

Eventually and all too quickly the last day of Smith's holiday came. Hans went to the station with him to see him off. Smith had never felt so sad in all his life. He knew, with a sinking heart, that this was the last he would see or hear of Hans for a long time, maybe for good. Smith would not be able to return to Germany for a long time, if ever, and he was a hopeless letter-writer. He literally could not get further than half-a-page at any time. Hans had rather shamefacedly admitted the same feeling, and the two friends felt the chill of parting heavy on them.

It was exactly ten minutes to train time when Bernl spoke, with sudden urgency, "Smith, I fear very much this is the last time I see you. I think, soon our countries will be at war. Our Führer say . . . . I think,—maybe,—you know I am in the Air Force reserve . . . . maybe . . . ." Here Bernl's English gave out altogether and Smith and he looked at each other with a faint, disturbingly hostile barrier between them.

All through his holiday Smith had followed the international situation with interest and he had been conscious that some of the villagers were openly hostile. However, he had not worried—he'd had Hans. And now Hans too . . . .

When at last Smith settled down in the corner of the compartment in the train, Bernl's last words were ringing in his ears. "Don't worry, my friend, I'm sure we'll come into contact again sometime. In the meantime think of me a little."

These last five words were to return and haunt Smith long afterwards.

In 1940 Smith's home was bombed to the ground. One thing and one thing only was left—a framed snapshot (which by some queer chance had not even been scratched) lay amongst the rubble. It was of Smith and a tall blonde young man—against a background of Southern German mountains.

As Smith stood among the ruins of his home he remembered the pleasant voice—"Think of me a little" . . . .

SHEENA MORRISON, Form 4B.

\* \* \* \*

### "DRAKE WAS IN HIS HAMMOCK" . . . .

"Depth charges released"! called the seaman-in-charge to the officer, and the mighty ship continued on her way, satisfied that she had at least scared off the Nazi U-boat, which had been steadily following in the wake of the convoy. But, alas! that unsuspecting depth-charge did much more than just scare away a U-boat. Far below in the deepest caves of the ocean, the mightiest sea-dogs of all time rested, wrapped in eternal slumbers, when suddenly, without warning, there was a terrific jolt which wakened even Nelson, who was a very heavy sleeper, and the stupefied quartet found themselves being elevated upwards, on and on through jade-green waters, past flabbergasted fishes, till at last the bright sun and clear blue sky appeared above their heads. Sir Francis Drake was the first to recover. "By gad, Sir, I do believe we've been brought back to life again. Rather a rude awakening, what?"

"How did we get here"? demanded Nelson, who was surveying his watery surroundings with obvious distaste. "It might have been an earthquake, but more likely old Neptune has taken one of his usual attacks of hiccuping." "If you want to know, it was a depth-charge which awakened us," broke in the most recent addition to the worthy ones, an ordinary sailor—who until quite recently had been fighting in the present war.

"Now that we know, what about going ashore and seeing what the old country looks like nowadays?", interrupted Sir Richard Grenville who was much too full of life to have been so recently "dead."

Silently the four were wafted over the misty ocean led by the Unknown Seaman, who had appointed himself their guide, and soon the white cliffs hove in sight, which made the older members of the quartet have many nostalgic memories return to them. Putting these thoughts aside however, they reached shore safely and

began to look around. Down in the harbour, great steel ships of iron grey were berthed, all bristling with armour, and some issuing forth, smaller craft packed tight with navy-blue figures. Looking round Sir Francis caught sight of a member of the W.R.N.S.

"Marry, a goodly wench that!" he exclaimed, "and dressed as a sailor too! Fashions have changed certainly. We could have done with a few of these in our day, eh, Dicky old boy." "But certainly," acquiesced Sir Richard, who had always been a great admirer of the ladies.

"When you two gentlemen have finished, I suggest we adjourn to yonder tavern," sniffed Nelson, who had caught a cold, and whose legs had begun to ache from unaccustomed use.

"I know just the thing to rid you of your aches, Horatio," laughed Drake, "a goodly tot o' rum 'll do the trick." As they approached they noticed the word "Canteen" above the door. "Can-teen," pronounced Sir Francis doubtfully, "Why must they always be thinking out new names for inns, when the good old ones such as the 'Rose and Crown' would do instead?"

"I don't think it is quite what you expect," muttered their guide to himself, but his words were drowned by an explosive sneeze from Nelson. Once inside they got the shock of their lives. Everywhere there was a commotion and a queue—queue for buns, queue for teas, the intermingling noises of rattling tea-cups and a solitary mouth-organ, and over all, the stiffling hum of conversation. Drake and Grenville were most disappointed to find that only lemon barley-water was sold. "What! no rum," exclaimed Drake, "my! if I were sailing the seven seas again, I'd make sure I captured plenty rum from the enemy."

"Let's go and listen to the concert in the next room," suggested their guide in order to relieve the strain in the atmosphere. As the quartet advanced into the hall, strains of music were heard, and the words of a song floated towards them. "Drake is in his hammock" . . . "Well, he certainly isn't in his hammock at the moment," whispered the above-mentioned mariner, "They are most uncomfortable affairs anyway, and I traded mine for a sleeping-bag long ago."

"Shall we go out now?" murmured poor Nelson who looked decidedly frosted.

Invisibly, the four left the noisy canteen and walked out into the very black but equally stormy night."

"Let's go home," snivelled Nelson miserably.

"How do we get there?" asked Sir Richard. "After all we did not come by our own methods, so how are we to get back?"

Perhaps while they were meditating thus, a lurking "Junkers" read their thoughts, for suddenly it released one of its bombs, and there was a blinding flash followed by a terrific explosion, which hurled the four flabbergasted mariners back into the sea.

"Well," remarked Drake afterwards, "they certainly don't waste time nowadays."

MARGARET BROWN, Form 4B.

\* \* \* \*

#### "ADOPTED."

Who would have thought that War could have brought about any specially pleasant happening? Such has been the good fortune of Form 3A in the guise of—a monkey. Let me tell you how it all began.

It was three years ago when an appeal appeared in the Press asking for the indulgence of kind hearts to help to feed animals at the Zoo. An elephant figured in the maintenance list at 30/- per week, and monkeys at 1/6. Our Form (then 1A) were enraptured at the thought of being godmothers to a bouncing little monkey, and with unanimous decision the plunge was taken! Now we had to find a name for our new charge. A few suggestions were made, but a very audible whisper floated through the class-room—"Cicero". We were a "Latin" class and had faint recollections of having been initiated into the merits of the great Cicero. As we had no doubt our pet would exemplify one of the virtues of the dignitary, we thought that the name would be most appropriate; so "Cicero" it became. The business part was soon settled, and with the help of a few of our teachers a sum, each month, has been collected and sent to the Zoo.

On our many visits, Cicero has received us, as it were, with open arms, when the bag of buns has come into his vision, and his laughter has mingled with ours. What would his antics have been if a banana had appeared? However, we have been assured that he is thriving in spite of the fact "that we have no bananas to-day."

EDNA ARTHUR, Form 3A.

\* \* \* \*

### A DREAM.

The sun was sinking through the blue  
As I stood far above the world.  
The clouds were drifting gently by  
The banner of the heav'ns unfurled.

Beneath me lay the many fields—  
Some green, some brown, but all aglow.  
That simple scene was transformed then  
—To beauty such as few men know.

With tender shade and brilliant light  
The river, fields, were touchèd all;  
And far and near the last sweet song  
Rang out, soared up,—sent out its call.

An exultation rose in me;  
My eyes gazed forth across the land.  
My one thought was—all this is *free*!  
—To be my heritage 'twas planned.

JEAN C. MACANNA, Form 2A.

\* \* \* \*

### 3,999 A.D.

As I walked along Princes Street one day, I blinked and looked around me dazedly for, all of a sudden, Princes Street had changed! The gardens and shops had disappeared, and in their place had come tall buildings of polished blue steel. These buildings were conical in shape and had windows of strange, cloudy glass at the top.

I became aware that it was piercingly cold and that I was becoming numb. I gazed around me desperately but, as there were no doors in the building I could see no place to obtain shelter.

Just then there appeared, walking briskly towards me, a woman, the only human I had seen, as yet in this strange new world. I gazed at her in astonishment, for, although she was dressed only in a loose white garment, somewhat like the dress of the Roman matrons of yore, she did not seem to feel the cold which was so distressing me.

She came up to me and said in a soft voice, "Why, who are you? What strange clothes you are wearing." My teeth by this time were so chattering with cold that I could answer nothing and, perceiving this, she asked no more questions but took me gently by the hand. We then began to rise swiftly into the air and I saw that the woman had two tiny metal boxes with propellers projecting from them, attached to her heels. I could also feel that she was covered by an invisible garment which rustled like oil-silk. This, I concluded, was what kept her warm.

By now we were opposite one of the cloudy windows which I had noticed before. The woman pressed a silver button at the side of this and the window flew open. Hastily she stepped inside, drawing me after her, and closed the window behind her.

Instantly I felt warmer and looked around me curiously. The furniture was all of glass and steel, and the room was flooded with light, although I could see nothing from which this light might have come. On one of the walls was hanging a card which I soon perceived was a calendar. The date which it portrayed was the 7th May, which did not amaze me at all, as the day when (as I mentally put it) I had left the earth had been the 7th May but, as my eye travelled upwards, I received a distinct shock, for the year at the top of the calendar was 3,999 A.D.!

I turned to the woman, who had by this time divested herself of her outer, invisible garment and asked faintly what year it was. "Why," she said, smiling brightly, "It is the year 3,999 A.D."

As I was devouring this astonishing information, a troop of children, attired very like the woman burst in. They stopped short at the sight of me, but the woman

bade them come forward, and soon they were chattering to me quite freely.

After a while the woman invited us all to seat ourselves at the table, and she brought in the strangest meal I have ever eaten. It was mainly composed of a bluey-green oil, floating in glass dishes, which tasted delicious.

While we were in the middle of this repast, a prolonged blast from a whistle was heard. The woman shrieked and jumped up, and started to shepherd us all through the door by which the children had entered, down a flight of glass steps and into an underground tunnel. This tunnel led under the earth for a very little way and then sloped gently upwards to a green plain in the middle of which was a large glass dome. Into this many people were hurrying.

"What is wrong, what is wrong?" I asked the child nearest me, but all the answer I could get was, "The Warriors from Mars, the Warriors from Mars, they will kill us with their blue-ray guns."

The woman was pointing to the sky and, following the direction of her arm I saw a host of little men, with hideous green faces, clad in tight, silvery suits, come flying towards us. They were carrying little, queerly shaped guns which I knew must be the deadly blue-ray guns.

Just as the little men were alighting I tripped and fell. One of the horrible warriors from Mars came running up to me. His leering green face was just above mine, his gun was pointing directly at me. I closed my eyes and waited for the end . . . .

After a while I opened them again. I was leaning against the wall in the old, familiar Princes Street. The trams went by, the gardens were blooming, and the people were walking along, dressed in the usual clothes.

I felt a great rush of relief and turned away with a puzzled wondering sigh. LILIAN SPENCE, Form 2B.

#### DREAM OF THE HIGHLANDS.

Yes, I see it clearly the small white house with the smoke curling lazily from the chimney. There is the peat stack and the fuchsia with the red bees buzzing industriously round it. The geraniums in the porch add a gay

splash of colour. Inside the house everything is quiet and peaceful—the cool flagstoned kitchen, the wag-at-the-wa' ticking slowly, the wide open hearth with the kettle singing on the crock, and the spicy tang of the peats tinging the air. On the mantel-piece the china dogs still fix their gaze on the cat curled in front of the fire.

In the byre the cows are lowing as they await their milking. From the purple steeped hills comes the faint bleating of lambs answering their ewes, and from the shore the sea breaks with gentle cadence on the pebbles.

It is raining now and the drops fall with a lulling tune upon the corrugated roof. The sky darkens and the wind mounts up. The bees are gone from the fuchsia. The cows and lambs are hushed. The wag-at-the-wa' strikes. The hills are shrouded in mist, and the peat flame is quenched. Everything is at rest except the sea who keeps on singing her lullaby from shore to shore. I am asleep too. This must be a dream.

DILEAS MACKENZIE, Form 2C.

\* \* \* \*

#### AFTER MANY YEARS.

When Simon visited the old manor house he felt a strange feeling of excitement, not unmixed with fear, for was this not the very house in which he was born? Now, having returned from abroad after many years, a sudden urge came over him to visit the old house.

From the outside the house was just like any other old manor house, and yet there was an air of mystery about its stateliness. The old weather-beaten stone walls, the old-fashioned ivy clinging to the eaves, gave it a ghostly appearance.

Simon walked boldly up the long, sweeping drive, up the steps, where the two stone lions stood on either side, up to the massive iron-studded door with its heavy ornamented brass knocker, and knocked. The sounds echoed through the house, and when the mocking echoes had died away, there was silence. He turned the round iron handle, and the huge door swung open. He walked in.

He found himself in the great hall, where the dust of the years lay thick on everything and cobwebs hung everywhere. Suddenly, from out of the gloom, he heard voices

and music which seemed to come from a room, from the doorway of which hung a heavy velvet curtain. Crossing over, he parted the curtain, and looked in.

The vast room was filled with people of long ago, and a dance was evidently in progress. Ladies in their powdered wigs and crinolines curtseyed daintily to gentlemen in velvet knee-breeches and lace ruffles, while the minstrels played a stately minuet. What a beautiful scene it was! From the ceiling hung magnificent crystal chandeliers, and at the far end of the room stood the long dining table, filled with beautiful silver and crystal dishes and gleaming cutlery. There were no sign of age or dust or cobwebs there. Dainty couples flitted past Simon in their gay attire, laughing and talking, when suddenly a clock somewhere struck twelve, and all the revelry came to an end.

The gay couples faded into the gloom, the beautiful silver and crystal disappeared, and Simon found himself alone in the great hall, which was now all dust and cobwebs. Sudden fear gripped him and he ran blindly out of the house, down the steps, where the lions' stare seemed stonier than ever, down the drive and out of the gates, then he stopped and looked back.

The old manor house was still there, with its "For Sale" gleaming strangely white in the darkness, but there was no lights to be seen. House and ground were swathed in a damp mist, but there was no sound, nor any sign of life, and yet, as he stumbled bewildered and afraid along the wet road, the music still rang in his ears.

MARGARET E. S. MCCOLL, Form 2E.

#### THE GOSSIPS.

The gossips of the village, see,  
Their fine straw hats are wearing.  
And drinking dainty cups of tea,  
And iced cakes they are sharing.

Their fingers shine with cheap gold rings.  
And work—it *never* matters.  
Nothing is ready for the men.  
And under—they are tatters!

JAMESANNA MACGREGOR, Form 1A.

\* \* \* \*

#### "WINGS FOR VICTORY."

It was midnight o'er the Channel,  
The moon was shining bright,  
An angel winging homeward,  
Espied a wondrous sight,  
For there in the clouds below him.  
For miles from left to right,  
Were one thousand British Bombers,  
Seeking their "Target for To-night."

Right in front was "B. for Bertie,"  
A Lancaster you know,  
He stood outside this very school,  
Not so long ago,  
Now his engine roaring, throbbing,  
Oft to shock the foe,  
The angel whispered "Pass Friend,"  
And "Look out there below,"

MARJORIE ROY, Form 1B.

#### "BERRYDALE, 1942."

The scene is Princes Street Station on July 20th, at 9 a.m. Seventy chattering excited schoolgirls, laden with haversacks, gas masks, waterproofs and cases—the beginning of the berrypicking camp at "Berrydale," Blairgowrie.

After the first thrill and novelty had passed, as there were then no berries ripe to keep us busy we looked around what was—not a luxury hotel. Impressions grow vague with the passing of time. Early rising (especially for cooks and orderlies)—bumpy, straw palliasses—cold, washing water—spiders—rain, rain and more rain! Rain is our clearest and wettest memory! Noisy as well as wet as it poured on to our corrugated iron roofs.

But these are not our only impressions—oh, no! There were many more happy ones. The gramophone—dear old thing—with the same records that were always on. The day it rained so hard that the craze of a "beauty salon" was caught even by the staff. "Andrew" must have been amazed at the hair styles. Yes, there was

"Andrew," our "man about the house," who never failed to wake the cooks or light the fires. (Among other accomplishments he told stories, spoke Gaelic, *and* played the bagpipes.)

Don't please think that all our pleasures were on "lazy" days. In spite of maternal warnings we ate (and enjoyed) raspberries until we never wanted to see another. We loved the lorry rides through the town to the "railway" fields while the "natives" waved as we sang, in true Gillespie manner, songs which were continued, even in three parts, on the fields. Occasionally the songs gave place to terrified shrieks as we town-bred girls fled from a disturbed wasps' nest. The off-duty trips into "Blair," as we fondly called it, consisted of meetings with the Perth Academy girls and searches for the best ice cream (by a method of elimination by tasting).

Gradually we adapted ourselves to camp life—so much so, in fact that when Miss Andrew came to spend a day with us her first thoughts were that she had strayed into a gypsy camp.

It was with mixed feelings that we gathered for our last sing-song in the "big dormitory" on August sixteenth. We longed for an abundance of baths, home and the luxury of a bed, but we were loath to leave our friends, the "gaffers" with their continual war-cry of "Start at the tap o' the dreel and pick clean," Andrew, the Perth girls, and the kitten. Even more than them we knew we should miss our own members of staff who had proved such excellent cooks and such patient though much harassed foster-mothers.

When we received our pay later we justly had feelings of satisfaction—we had helped our country *and* had added to our own pocket money.

The success of the camp is shown by the fact that some of our last year's pickers are returning this year. Those of us who are not going, I am sure would like to wish them good luck, and to say "Give our love to Berrydale."

MARGARET H. CLARK.

\* \* \* \*

## FROM THE SENIORS.

### "TIGGER."

Ever since I can remember I have longed to possess a dog of my own. I had a toy dog called "Wuffules" that was a much loved pet of my early days, but as I grew older, I wished and wished for a real dog. My family were much against the idea, pointing out all the disadvantages attached to a live dog. I once drew a sketch of myself taking my dog out for a walk, only there was no dog at the end of the string. The title "Avril taking her dog for a walk," seemed to soften father's hard heart, because after finding this stray drawing, father came home one day with a little white terrier nestling inside his coat.

The puppy, which was two months old, was promptly named "Tigger" after the "Bouncey One" in Christopher Robin's circle of animal friends. Tigger slept in a little basket by the living-room fire. One Sunday morning before the fire was kindled, father was astounded to see the puppy jump out from the grate. Tigger must have felt cold during the early hours of the morning, and had crept into the place he associated with heat. Perhaps, as it was near Christmas time, he was practising going the rounds with Santa Claus!

Another day my brother was washing Tigger in a tub in the scullery and had him nicely lathered, when suddenly the door opened, and Tigger seizing his chance, sprang out of the tub. Rushing into the garden he rolled himself over and over in a heap of soot! The spectacle he then presented can be better imagined than described.

Most dogs bury bones, but Tigger, perhaps because he was a war-time puppy, went further, and, preparing for all eventualities, buried a fried sausage in the back garden. On another occasion he was seen to dig a hole and deposit in it, a bun! It is only paper restrictions which prevent my recording the further escapades of my dog Tigger.

AVRIL JOHNSTON, 3 Senior A.

\* \* \* \*

### OUR COSY CORNER.

We are sitting at the fireside,  
All happy, and of good cheer,  
And this is where we sit each night  
Throughout the twelve-month year.

There's father in his warm armchair,  
Close up beside the fire,  
And mother who is knitting  
(This is their hearts' desire).

My little sister, Joyce,  
Is playing with her books;  
She climbs on top of father  
And shouts, "Mummy, Mummy, look!"

And here am I, the last of all,  
Holding my poor old head  
"This homework is a nuisance,"  
And that is all I said.

CATHERINE BELL, 3 Senior B.

\* \* \* \*

#### THE LANCASTER.

'Way out on the links not far from the school,  
There's clangour of hammer and tinkle of tool.  
And out of the turmoil a strange shape appears,  
A Lancaster Bomber of which everyone hears  
With its "B" for "Baker" and its gifts for the Hun,  
Then its Wings for Victory, a journey begun.  
Collect millions for bombs, that will foil his game,  
And make the Old Dove of Peace fly in safety again.

MORAG MACLEOD, 3 Senior B.

\* \* \* \*

#### AN EVENING WITH MY WIRELESS SET.

"What is the programme to-night, John? Is there anything worth having on the Forces or the Home Service?"

"7.30—Harry Roy and his jazz band; 8 o'clock—pipes of a Canadian-Scottish band; 8.45—Lady Cripps appeals on behalf of united aid to China; 9 o'clock—news."

"Well, we will have Harry Roy at 7.30 anyway; then we try a 'Jerry' and see what Haw-Haw can do,—I wonder if he has sunk six more Atlantic Convoys and half a dozen Ark Royals? Turn on the radio quick or we shall miss Harry Roy."

My cousin and I had just sat down beside the fire when the band started. The first piece was the "Blue

Danube." It was delightful—You painted your own picture;—Austria,—its capital Vienna, the Danube swirling its shimmering waters, through valleys, down mountain slopes, amid the beautiful scenery of the Tyrol. The music left you there with that wonderful picture. After that a few other songs were played, and last of all he finished up with "Two Pairs of Shoes."

The words rang in my ear,—“Went walking down the aisle,” “Two pairs of shoes that belong to you and me.” “Let's turn it on to Haw-Haw,” I said, “his stories are very humorous;—poor soul, he doesn't know what he is talking about.”

As usual, last night's fables with some more added on! Last night he had sunk eleven ships carrying food to Russia,—now the figure was fifteen. He said that Germany was now the winning nation, and that Britain should just give up.

“Turn him off for goodness sake,” said John, “it's time for the news anyway.” “This is the B.B.C. home service; here is the news and this is Frank Phillips reading it.—Our columns are advancing in Tunisia, and are making good progress against the enemy.” “God bless them,” I said, as I went to prepare for supper.

EILEEN ELIZABETH THOMSON, 3 Senior C.

\* \* \* \*

#### PARADISE.

I wandered away so far from home,  
Too far for mortal eyes;  
And then to my dear joy I found  
I was in Paradise.

The birds were singing sweeter,  
Than any bird had sung  
And flowers they bloomed so prettily  
As 'twas tho' life had begun.

I shall always love that place,  
Where love and joy do stay;  
And where the Great One reigns supreme  
My heart will be always.

AUDREY HALL, 2 Senior A.

\* \* \* \*

**THE NAUGHTY SPARROWS.**

I won't be friends with sparrows  
 Or love them any more;  
 I won't put out my breakfast crumbs  
 Around the kitchen door,  
 And if the sparrows all go hungry  
 I don't believe I'll care;  
 You can't be friends with sparrows  
 For they simply don't play fair.

I have a little garden  
 And I keep it very neat,  
 But I left a rough and weedy bit  
 Where the birds may play and eat  
 I put out cake and breadcrumbs every day,  
 All among the weeds,  
 But those naughty little sparrows  
 Left the crumbs and gobbled up my seeds.

HILDA BENNET, 2 Senior B.

\* \* \* \*

**THE MAN AT THE END OF OUR LANE.**

There lives a man at the end of our lane  
 Who has many letters written after his name,  
 He's ever so proud and he's ever so fat,  
 And when he goes out he wears the same hat.  
 He doesn't like me, and he wouldn't like you,  
 And when he sees anyone, he just looks and says Pooh,  
 We all hate the man at the end of lane,  
 Who's so proud of the letters written after his name.

EILEEN GREENBURY, 2 Senior B.

\* \* \* \*

**SANTA CLAUS SPEAKS.**

I am Father Christmas and live far far away from  
 shadows of huge clumsy men, in Toyland. Little fairy  
 dolls skip daintily about on tiptoe. Toy tin soldiers  
 march to and fro blowing bugles. It is extremely pleasant,

and sometimes I wish little children were there. I am  
 now going to tell you my adventures when I was going  
 round houses at Christmastide.

Deep, crisp, white snow was lying sound asleep on the  
 ground. When I set off my reindeer were as fresh as  
 morning dew. First of all I went to a little boy's house,  
 and he had a kitten. I rather think its name was Pussy  
 Willow. When I was sliding down the chimney I tripped  
 over pussy. Poor thing! Although it wasn't hurt I felt  
 sorry for it. So do you know what I did? I left a brown  
 dish with two kippers, and one bottle of milk hung up of  
 course. Next house was a baby's. I left a rattle and a  
 National Savings Certificate. At this house I tripped over  
 baby's shoes, and almost wakened her. In Ireland they  
 are different. They hang up a washing tub. One house  
 I smashed a lady's china cup. I was in a state of confusion  
 with my feet buried in china. I gathered it all up and  
 stowed it away out of sight. By this time I was dead  
 beat, and as for the reindeer, they were as tired as old  
 grandmothers. Soon after I was in bed far away in the  
 land of dreams.

MAUREEN LEIPER, 2 Senior C.

\* \* \* \*

**IF I LIVED IN A CARAVAN.**

If I lived in a caravan,  
 I'd see the bunnies playing;  
 I'd listen to the birds so sweet,  
 And hear what crows were saying!

I'd see the deer go swiftly by,  
 I'd see the hares go leaping;  
 I'd see the plough-boys sowing,  
 And then the farmers reaping.

If I lived in a caravan,  
 I'd be a right St. Francis,  
 Feeding all the birds and beasts,  
 And laughing at their dances.

RONA MACPHERSON, 1 Senior A.

**COUPONS.**

Said Betty one day to her mother,  
 "I'd like some new socks if you please,"  
 But mother then softly made answer,  
 "My dear, you need coupons for these."

Then Jack made a tear in his blazer,  
 Through climbing up branches of trees,  
 He gaily demanded a new one,  
 Oh dear! one needs coupons for these.

And father was quite in a panic,  
 For he needed new dungarees,  
 But mother reminded him quietly,  
 "You know, you need coupons for these."

We all ought to try to save coupons,  
 Not spend them just as we please,  
 Certificates bought for War Savings,  
 We never need coupons for these!

CHRISTINE OGILVIE, 1 Senior B.

\* \* \* \*

**A MONKEY'S ESCAPE.**

In one of the cages in Edinburgh Zoo lived a very discontented monkey. Day by day he gazed through the bars of his cage and longed to go into the world. One day he discovered that, when the keeper came into his cage, he did not trouble to lock the door. On the next day the monkey, Jacko, was ready to escape. Before the keeper knew what was happening Jacko had taken his first leap into the bright world. Soon Jacko found he was being chased. There arose a great commotion amongst the visitors. The monkey was having great fun, teasing the animals and pulling off elderly people's glasses. At last he was caught. When he was put back into his cage he looked up at his keeper as if to say, "I really did not mean to cause all this trouble."

JANETTE NICHOL, 1 Senior C.

**FROM THE JUNIORS.****THAT'S THAT.**

A trap,  
 A snap  
 On a mouse  
 In a house,  
 Good riddance.

ELSPETH SMITH, 2 Junior A.

\* \* \* \*

**MORE ABOUT THE THREE BEARS.**

After Goldilocks jumped out of the window The Three Bears went downstairs to have their breakfast. Baby Bear was sent to wash his little bowl. After breakfast Father Bear fetched his tools and mended the broken chair. Mother Bear re-made the beds, while Baby Bear was made to wash the bowls and spoons and sweep the kitchen floor. Before going out to play Mother Bear washed his dirty little face, put clean little trousers on (blue ones) with a little red jacket and a brown cap. He skipped gaily into the wood. He reached the middle of the wood safely, and there he saw Goldilocks with three gifts. She put them into baby's hands and ran away. Baby Bear ran home and they all opened their parcels. Baby Bear had a toffee apple, Mother Bear an apron, and Father Bear a nice new pipe.

MAUREEN HAYWARD, 2 Junior A.

\* \* \* \*

**HAVING FUN.**

Birds in the trees  
 Sing in the breeze  
 While all the bees  
 Have fun.

Flowers in the grass  
Nod as we pass  
While a small lass  
Has fun.

MORAG STRACHAN, 2 Junior B.

\* \* \* \*

### MRS DENHOLM'S SWING.

Up in Denholm's garden  
I go to find the swing,  
And when I fly,  
High in the sky,  
I hear the skylarks sing.

ELEANOR McNAUGHTON, 1 Junior A.

\* \* \* \*

### MY PUSSY.

I had a little cat. Its name was Monty. Mother thought it was thin, but I did not think so. It was my darling. My sister Hazel thought it very nice too. One time when I was eating my dinner it was playing with its shadow. There were two empty bottles leaning against the chair. It was playing near them and its shadow went on them, and it tried to climb up the bottles. One day it ran away and has not come back yet.

GOLDA GREENSTONE, 1 Junior B.

### FROM THE INFANTS.

In my bed last night I dreamt I saw a beggar. He had brown eyes. It was horribill. He was black. I was fritend to come to school myself. I was shivring. This morning I was fritend to go to the door for my granny's milk because of the beggar who was black with brown eyes.

My daddy is in the Home Gard. I think he looks a ofl site in his yoonafarm.

My Anty Ireen is getting a baby. It is a little girl. Her name is going to be Anne Gardiner. My Anty is going to get her on Saturday morning at 9 o'clock. That is the time that my Anty is getting that baby girl, My mummy is very pleased about it.

I saw a bride and bridegrume. She was in white, and with her there was a little girl and boy. The little girl was in blue. She was sweet. She had an old-fashioned basket, with a pink ribbon round it. The little boy was in mov. He was pretty too. The bridesmaids were in green and blue. Half of the air fors was there. She was an air fors lady. The man who looked after the Church told Mummy.

Mummy broke a tooth eating a sweety. She had to get another tooth put on at the dentists. See looked so funny without them. I told her not to smile to any one. I would smile for her.

I wish I had my egg now. I hear I am getting one this week. Wont I enjoy it!!! I hope the hens lay lots of eggs soon.

Mummy bot me a pair of new shoes. I like them very much. Mummy likes them too. Daddy thinks that I am going to play football with them. I said "I amint a boy." He said "you are a boy with these boots."

I love Mummy, but I don't just like Joe my brother, because when Mummy is out of the room, he'll fite David, and David is younger than Joe. Joe is 15 and David is just eleven, Joe squeezes David's head in his legs. Sometimes he hurts Margaret and me, and so I have a good mind not to like him a tall.

## SENIOR INFANTS A.

\* \* \* \*

Last night I thoght I heard a german bomber and at breakfast time I told mummy and she told me it was rubish and she told daddy and said it was him snoring.

My mummy was married in white and she had a vail and she gave her vail away to a nuther lady that knew her but she never knew my daddy it was long time ago she never had me when she married.

We must cross at the bellesha crossing encase you run over a motercar or a bus or tramcar.

Last night I saw a light in my bedroom. I said to mummy put out the light. See that light there. Mummy said go to sleep quickly it really is the light of a fairy.

Dear Santa Claus,

Seeing the war is on I'll just take anything you have. Ill hang up my stocking.

I have a little pussy and it will soon be laying kittens.

## SENIOR INFANTS B.

\* \* \* \*

I no two houses that the sweep put his brush down the rong chimney. one lady was at her brecfist, the other was cleaning the floos and oh what a mess.

I had my dansin shoes on lasnight and I went to bed with them on becos I love them so much.

I have a little sister, her name is Fiona she can say boof. She is good when she gets batht. Shes got lots off dolls and they are good babys at Sighthill.

I was in bed on Saturday and I had my musikil box on. it played you ar my sunshuyn and I sang and Mummy came in with dinner. it was broth and minss and pitatos.

I had a letter from my Daddy and it is coled an argraf. I sent a letter to Daddy and Daddy was prud.

When I wash my pinifer Baby allways comes over to the bath and jumps in. then she sucks her toes and then she began to suck the close.

When I rolled my Easter egg on Saturday I got it all cracked and when it was no use to roll Mummy took the shell of and made it into a samwij.

I went to the sercis on Friday. thare were elefints and peepell with sparcling dresis and a lady put her hed in the elefints mowth and she wasnt afrad atoll.

## JUNIOR INFANTS A.

\* \* \* \*

My daddy said that he wood bring home a mungcky from slon and he said Dorothy how are you keeping at school.

Miss donaldsin can we have a loing storrye today and to moroe I will be veray good ples.

I hove a cloking hen it will not eat and wants to sit in the nest all day calling little chickens which are not there.

I have a big doll her nam is joys and her red tung movs up and don.

One day daddy pantede the flore and he wacked on the pante and he slid and I said when you are cuming back I hope you will foll and he said o o you rasckil.

I am six and I love roobarb very much and I like Miss Donaldson.

JUNIOR INFANTS B.

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### OUR MAGAZINE TRAVELS FAR.

The following interesting message has been received from Sergeant J. D. Williams, Royal Artillery, the father of one of our pupils:—

"James Gillespie's High School Magazine has travelled many miles *via* South Africa to Persia. Five months passed before it reached its destination. It has been very fully appreciated by both officers and men serving with the 55th Heavy A.A. Regt. R.A. The adjutant, too, of this regiment was very interested, and gave the school great praise. The magazine has also been in contact with the natives of Basra, Iraq, who, incidentally, admired the photographs very much!

After travelling through the desert this school magazine is now in Teheran, the capital of Persia, where once again it is being eagerly read. The men of this regiment anxiously await the 1943 copy, and send their best wishes to the Headmistress and teachers, and thanks for the pleasant reading they had in the 1942 copy of the School Magazine."

We greatly value Sergeant Williams's message. It is pleasant to think of our Magazine conveying thoughts of home to some of our men serving in the East.

## REPORTS OF SOCIETIES.

### LITERARY AND DRAMATIC SOCIETY.

Although we are in the midst of our summer term the Literary and Dramatic Society has not yet completed its session, whose syllabus has proved most successful. An inter-debate is to be held with George Heriot's School Literary and Debating Society on May 28th and arrangements for a debate with George Watson's Literary Club are under way. A most successful debate has already been held with the Royal High School Literary and Debating Society.

The opening meeting was of an unusual character, being called "Eight Men in a Boat." Speakers representing a clergyman, a doctor, a poet, a politician, a teacher, a cook, a comedian, and the "little man," in turn, gave reasons why they should be saved. The "eight" were adrift in a sinking lifeboat which could hold only seven. After the speeches the society voted on who should be saved. The "clergyman" was thrown overboard!

Our Outside Speaker this year, Dr. Dougary, was already well-known to us for the great interest she had taken in the Society since her coming to the staff at the beginning of the session. Dr. Dougary illustrated her subject "The Biographer's Workshop" by reading many interesting and amusing excerpts from Lockhart's "Life of Scott."

Three debates were held at the Society's ordinary meetings. On the whole a high standard of debating has been maintained during the session.

Mr Scott Allan in a talk to the Society gave much valuable advice and many "wrinkles" on producing in amateur societies to the producers of the Inter-form Drama Festival which was to be held later in the term. Unfortunately this interesting meeting had to be changed to one of dramatic readings. Mr Scott Allan with his great experience in producing, very ably adjudicated. The fourth form only, in Mr Allan's opinion, stuck to the rules in presenting a large cast in a short play "Mirror to

Elizabeth." The fifth form, in a scene from the "Barretts of Wimpole Street," had only two characters; while the sixth form disappeared behind a screen to present the Epilogue to Shaw's "St. Joan" as a radio play. Outstanding performances were given by Dorothy Mayell as "Queen Elizabeth," Pamela Ryrie as "Elizabeth Barrett," and Jean Grant as the "Chaplain."

For the usual "Hat Night" a team game was submitted. Questions were handed in with the names of members who were divided into teams of "Spitfires" and "Hurricanes." The "Hurricanes" won by answering the questions put more successfully than the "Spitfires."

In a very successful "Magazine Night" both the winning contributions were on school topics. Eileen Rodman's amusing "Vice Versa" was proclaimed the best prose competition. The winning poem "Our School" was a joint effort by Jean Grant and Dorothy Polson.

The last item on the prepared syllabus was a joint meeting with the Music Circle, "Folk Song and Folk Tale." Dorothy Mayell as narrator, by her clear pronunciation and expressive reading bound this miscellany beautifully together. Mr Macrae is to be congratulated on his choir's rendering of Scottish, English and Irish folk songs, and we owe him a debt of gratitude for the work he put into the preparation. Miss Campbell proved invaluable during the rehearsals for the mimed folk songs, and to her also we would say "Thank you." Two outstanding performances were given by June Stevenson first as "The Wee Cooper of Fife," in the mime of that name and again in her singing of "The Garden where the Praties grow," complete with Irish accent. It is usual in writings of this kind to add an insignificant "Script by ——" as a footnote, but this would not suffice here. The script was by Miss Foster who also cast and produced the miscellany—Miss Foster—our President and Captain without whose guiding hand at the helm and without whose enthusiasm and inspiring leadership the "Lit" would founder.

MARGARET H. CLARK  
(Hon. Secretary).

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### SCIENCE ASSOCIATION.

Although this year the Science Association has not been as ambitious as it was last year, it has continued nevertheless to entertain and interest its members with its usual success.

We have not had many debates this session, as the Committee decided that these came more within the scope of the Literary and Dramatic Society. The Inter-debate between the second and third forms and our customary "Hat Night" produced discussions which proved both lively and, in the case of the latter meeting, varied, as the topics ranged from "Darwin's Theory" to "Greek Heroes."

Our list of outside speakers was sadly depleted but we had the great pleasure of hearing Mr Borthwick speak on the subject of architecture, to which he had given the intriguing title of "Frozen Music." The members have almost ceased thinking of Mr Borthwick as "outside" speaker, as he is ever ready to address us in his own inimitable way.

As always, members of staff have proved increasingly helpful, and Mr Seaton and Mr White honoured us with a Film Show and a talk on "Astronomy" respectively. Last year's new feature, a "Brains Trust," was again numbered among the items on the syllabus, and the members of staff succeeded in maintaining, and even in surpassing, the high standard they had set the previous session.

"Experiment Night" was another extremely successful meeting and we were also visited by four Former Pupils, who dealt with the divers scientific careers open to girls. We hope this innovation will become a regular feature.

We should like to thank the members of staff, whose willingness and ability to help us have proved an ever increasing source of amazement and gratitude. As the success of an association depends largely upon the enthusiasm of its members, the Committee and I join in congratulating them on a very successful year. Finally we must try to express our sincere appreciation and thanks to the President, Mr Brash, for his unstinted

co-operation and unfailing resources, without which the Science Association would never have attained the high position which it now holds in the the annals of J.G.H.S.

RAY BARRON  
(Hon. Secretary).

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#### SKETCH CLUB.

This popular section of the School's out-of-hours activities continues to flourish despite several, may we say, rival societies which meet on the same afternoon. There is a gratifying amount of youthful talent from both the Junior and Senior schools—the very youngest members being fully as keen as the veterans. The Senior girls find their Friday afternoons, with pen and brush, a welcome relaxation after a gruelling week of Pythagoras, Vergil, and French Irregular Verbs: and there is an undeniable air of week-end abandon about the Art Room when pencils are flying.

In the forthcoming exhibition we are expecting great works of art from the hundred and twenty members of the Club—especially from the second year.

It would appear that Miss Allan's patience with her would-be Raphaels is not yet exhausted, and the humble members of the Sketch Club salute her forbearance and kindly understanding.

A. B. AND S. J.

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#### SCRIPTURE UNION.

The Scripture Union has continued its activities throughout the session supported by a few faithful members. The meetings were held on Wednesdays, from 12 to 12.15 p.m. in the Music Room. Owing to the hour at which the meetings were held we had not the pleasure of welcoming outside speakers.

New members will be made welcome.

AUDREY MACKENZIE  
(Hon. Secretary).

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#### SCHOOL ORCHESTRA.

This session has seen the Senior Orchestra grow in all sections, and I feel I may add that last year's Musical Festival achievements have been fully maintained. A Junior Orchestra\* has now been formed for the younger players, and their performance at the concert given by the orchestras before the Easter holidays was remarkable.

The "Orchestra" has become an institution in the life of the School and several of its members provide music at the morning services. We have been very fortunate in having had the opportunity of playing a varied repertoire of music, and our appreciation of the art of music-making is being greatly enlarged. We shall always feel deeply grateful to Mr Macrae, our Music Master for this, and for his untiring energy at our weekly practices.

EDNA ARTHUR.

\*In connection with the Junior Orchestra, Mr Macrae makes the following appeal:—"I should like to make a very earnest appeal to parents who are thinking of sending their children to music lessons to consider the claims of the Violin and 'Cello, and not to be influenced by the ancient prejudice against these instruments. More often than not such prejudices are the result of fears regarding the sounds which will proceed from the practising room in the early stages of study. A child who is at all musical will soon, however, be able to produce really musical sounds in simple pieces, and the joy of team work is at hand, after a very short time, in the form of the Junior Orchestra. This Orchestra provides a splendid beginning for the more gifted, and the less gifted can without a doubt, obtain a real thrill when playing with others. From the time when the young musician enters the Junior Orchestra until she leaves the school it is most unlikely that she will ever think of leaving the fold, or that the fold will allow her to stray. In part playing, be it violin, viola or 'cello, is one of the great joys of school life, and this happy band of enthusiasts will readily welcome more recruits to its ranks."

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**MUSICAL SOCIETY.**

The Musical Society, known last year in its infancy as the Music Circle, has completed a most successful year. The fourteen meetings held throughout the session were varied in form and were well attended.

The Society was honoured by visits from Dr. Robert MacLeod, Mr Herbert Wiseman, Mr John Wishart, and Miss Phyllis Walker, who delighted the Society with their lectures, and in the case of Miss Walker her piano recital.

Several programmes of gramophone records were heard, and a miniature Promenade Concert was also enjoyed by the members. Some of the works of Beethoven, Tchaikowsky and Handel were studied, a programme being devoted to each composer.

A debate, "Ancient Music as opposed to Modern Music," took place in the Easter term, and the Society showed some natural talent for debating. This indicates possibilities of inter-debates with other societies in the future.

The last meeting of the Society was a joint meeting with the Literary and Dramatic Society. It took the form of a programme of Folk Tales and Folk Songs. Mr Macrae and the Choir were responsible for the musical part of the programme. Our thanks are due to the members of the committee for their original ideas, and to Mr Macrae, without whom the Society would have been a failure. A cordial invitation is given to all keen pupils who wish to become members next session.

JEAN P. STEWART  
(Hon. Secretary).

**GIRLS' TRAINING CORPS.**

The School G.T.C. section has had a successful session. There are now 44 enrolled cadets who have all made good progress in most of the basic training subjects, several recently being awarded high marks in the Home Nursing proficiency tests. The cadets have taken part in all the local G.T.C. activities—Church Parades, International Youth Rally, Youth Week Open Meetings, and visits to A.A. sites. Membership is open to all girls of 16 and over.

M. E. R. H.

**EDINBURGH SCHOOLS CITIZENSHIP ASSOCIATION.**

"Youth realises that it has responsibilities as well as privileges." These were the words of our president, Kirstine Uren, and they seem to offer sufficient explanation for the formation of this new association which aims at a greater understanding of current problems. Most of its history is already familiar—from the idea originating in Queen Street to the first General Meeting held in the Royal High School at which the constitution was read and adopted.

The organisation of the Association is in the hands of an Executive Committee of pupils elected from each of the eleven schools concerned. They in turn are guided, but in no sense controlled, by an Advisory Council of older and more experienced persons.

One General Meeting, addressed by Frau Litten, has already taken place, and the second, planned for 19th June, has for its subject "Education in the U.S.S.R." Between these mass meetings, smaller discussion groups have operated, their subjects ranging from "The Beveridge Plan" to "Anti-Semitism." These have proved not only instructive but also popular and entertaining and have undoubtedly succeeded in their object. Forthcoming groups will have the enjoyable "task" of criticising the existing system of education. Literature for such meetings will in future be provided by the Council for Education in World Citizenship to which "E.S.C.A." is affiliated. Reports of these activities and news of further arrangements are published every month in the "E.S.C.A. Bulletin." A Summer Conference will be held during August at Queenswood, Hertfordshire. At this meeting, an Inter-Schools' Committee for Britain will also be elected.

Our school may be justly proud of the part it has played in making "E.S.C.A." an active reality, for, not only has Miss Napier been chosen to act on the Advisory Council, but also the enthusiasm manifested by the pupils of Forms 4 and 5 has resulted in excellent and continued attendance and support. A cordial welcome is extended to all intending members from next year's Fourth Form who will, it is hoped, help to make "E.S.C.A.", begun with such high hopes and obvious success, a permanent institution.

ALICE MCFARLANE

## ORCHESTRAL CONCERT.

On Wednesday, 7th April, an audience which almost filled the gymnasium, listened with keen pleasure to a concert given by the school orchestra, by individual members of it, and by a section of the choir.

The choral pieces were marked by purity of tone and beauty of articulation. In three of the folk lyrics and in "The Brook's Lullaby" verses sung as solos helped to give light and shade to the songs. The full rhythmical quality of "The Peat Fire Flame," the lyric effect of Schubert's music, and the flow of melody characteristic of "The Maid of the Mill" were all brought out.

Edna Arthur's rendering of the Kreisler violin solo was sympathetic and showed fine technical control. "On Wings of Song" was played with a finish of production, and Arne's "Minuet" had the intimate character of music composed for the delectation of friends.

The audience were appreciative of three pieces of music given by the Junior Orchestra, especially "Silver Moon" with its solo violin part. As one watched the earnest young faces, most of the performers coming from the Primary Department, one realized how good it was that they should already have a share in the musical life of the school.

The concert began with Purcell's "Trumpet Voluntary" which, from its use at Prayers, had an almost domestic character. Its full, rich tone, and the crispness of touch were typical of the high level of execution. Variety of mood appeared in the contrast between the Elizabethan pieces and the Largo from Dvorak's "New World Symphony." In the first group the audience were taken back to Merry England, when men made their own music, when stately courtiers surrounded the great Queen, and when rustics danced the Morris on the village green; in the Largo appeared the moving quality of stringed music. When the concert ended with the music from the Coppelia Ballet, one felt that here was something able to survive the chances of war, here was a harmonising influence for the time when man has ceased to disturb with his discord the music of the spheres.

E. A. M. D.

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## UNIVERSITY WOMEN'S CAMPS FOR SCHOOLGIRLS.

On the 21st of last July, four of us from Gillespie's set out from the Caledonian Station to go to this delightful holiday-camp at Lochearnhead, Perthshire.

On arriving at Balquhiddy Station we were met by two of the officers from the camp and conveyed by lorry to the old mill of Edinample, where our camp was situated. This consisted of a large barn for the girls and a tin "cottage" called a "sheilakin" for the officers.

There were twenty-one girls and ten officers, and we made a very jolly company. Camp is something which one never forgets. Not only is the idea of sleeping almost in the open-air and climbing and hiking, an exciting one, but one meets many friends and learns in the short period of the holiday to live in the right fellowship with others and enjoy sociability.

There were so many lovely places to go and see that ten days seemed a short time to do it in.

It was a wonderful holiday leaving us many happy memories, and should be strongly recommended.

EDITH GARVIE.

## SCHOOL SPORTS.

## HOCKEY.

The Hockey season this year has been quite successful. The 1st and 2nd XI.'s have been most successful. The 3rd XI. could have succeeded better if it had played more as a team and less as individuals. The 4th XI. won most of their matches and showed great promise for future years. The 5th and 6th XI.'s were keen and enthusiastic, and played several very good games. The Staff Match was cancelled as the Staff unfortunately could not raise an XI. During the first term 1st XI. colours were awarded to D. Hamilton, M. Brown, E. Waitt, B. McLean, L. Cumming and P. Ryrie. 2nd XI. colours were awarded to M. Clark, M. Musk, E. Goudie, J. Linton and S. McGregor during the first term.

The Inter-House Hockey Cup goes to Roslin. The results of the 1st and 2nd XI.'s were as follows:—

	Won	Lost	Drawn	Cancelled	Goals For	Goals Against
1st XI.	11	5	1	1	50	29
2nd „	10	5	2	2	50	25

D. H. H.

## TENNIS.

Tennis has been very popular this year, but owing to lack of sufficient accommodation the large numbers have been difficult to manage. As alternative summer games there have been started Rounders, Netball, and Cricket.

The school team, represented by:—

Muriel Dow and Lorna Cumming,  
Sheila Jenkinson and Evelyn Goudie,  
Pamela Ryrie and Brenda McLean

has been very successful in the matches played so far.

The matches are as follows:—

Boro'muir	4	:	Gillespie's	5
Trinity	3	:	Gillespie's	6
Boro'muir	5	:	Gillespie's	4
Broughton	6	:	Gillespie's	3

There remain four matches and the House matches to be played.

D. H. H.

## CRICKET.

This seemed to be a promising season as the membership was very high. Practice attendances, however, have been rather disappointing, although this may perhaps have been due to the unsettled weather.

One match has been played with the following excellent results:—

Atholl Crescent, 26; J.G.H.S., 113 for 4.

The following girls represented the school:—

M. Brown (Captain), A. Wright, L. Cumming, B. Swanson,  
W. Dickson, E. Goudie, S. McGregor, S. Lyall, M. Brown,  
R. Stansfield, D. Fallside.

We hope to have matches with the Staff and the F.P.'s, and a return match with Atholl Crescent has also been arranged.

If possible a new feature is to be introduced in the form of House Matches. It is hoped that this new idea will be received enthusiastically.

E. M. B. E.

## GOLF.

Although the Club this year boasts a membership of 17, enthusiasm and support have at times been lacking, owing perhaps to other activities.

Several Putting Competitions have been held over Bruntfield, the results being:—

## 1st Competition (18 holes).

1. Dorothy Seaton	44
2. Elinor Wylie	47

## 2nd Competition (18 holes).

1. Dorothy Seaton	47
2. Nancy Macpherson	49

## Result of Golf Competition over Braids.

1. Alixe Littlejohn	125
2. Elinor Wylie	126

Despite weather conditions a very enjoyable evening was spent with the Royal High Golf Club. The match took the form of mixed foursomes.

The Club has still much to look forward to—the Championship, for which there are eight entrants, is still to be played, and we hope to entertain the staff in a putting match.

A. B. L.

## SWIMMING.

The Swimming Club continues to flourish, although it was rather handicapped during the winter months by early "black-out" conditions. The Membership Roll stands at 272. The hardy members who have attended regularly all session have gained a creditable number of certificates, and all have worked well. Our best thanks go to Mrs Beatson, our new Mistress for Swimming, and Miss McLay for all their interest in the Club.

H. M.

## ANNUAL SPORTS.

The Annual Sports were held at Meggetland on Monday and Wednesday, 14th and 16th June. There was a record entry of 1,980, and the entire entry money amounting to £25, was given to the Merchant Navy Comforts Fund. The House Championship was won by Roslin with 87 points, Warrender being a close second with 84 points. Spylaw obtained 52 points and Gilmore 46. Pamela Ryrie with 12 points, obtained by winning the High Jump and the Broad Jump, being second in the 220 yards, and fourth in the 100 yards, won the Individual Championship of the School and the Stevenson Cup. The under 15 Individual Championship, an innovation this year, went to Sheila Lyall with 12 points, and the Primary Individual Championship, another innovation, was won by Avril Johnston with a one point win over Aileen Canavan.

## SECONDARY EVENTS.

100 yds. under 13	1. Freda Philip	2. Catherine Simpson
Do. do. 14	1. Pamela Ringrose	2. Janet Eadie
Do. do. 15	1. Sheila Lyall	2. Doreen Gilroy (13 secs.)
Do. Open	1. Ann Walker	2. Rosa Stansfield (12½,,)
Hurdles under 15.	1. Sheila Lyall	2. Margaret Balfour
Do. Open	1. Ann Walker	1. Rita Goswell
Relay Inter-House	1. Rcslin	2. Warrender
(under 15)	3. Spylaw	
Relay Inter-House	1. Warrender	2. Spylaw
(Open)	3. Gilmore	
220 yds. Open	1. Margaret Brown	2. Pamela Ryrie (30 secs.)
High Jump under 15	1. Doreen Gilroy (4 ft. 2 ins.)	
	2. Binnie Taylor	
Do. Open	1. Pamela Ryrie (4 ft. 2 in.)	
	2. Ann Tait	
Broad Jump under 15	1. Sheila Lyall (12 ft. 9 ins.)	
	2. Jean Aitken	
Do. Open	1. Pamela Ryrie (14 ft. 9 ins.)	
	2. Margaret Brown	
Hockey Dribble	1. Dorothy Polson	2. Margaret Brown
Cricket Ball	1. Binnie Taylor (144 ft.)	
Golf Drive	1. Nancy Shaw (143 yds.)	
Skipping under 14	1. Ella Duncan	2. Yvonne Graham
Do. Open	1. Lillas Neill	2. Elspeth Caddis
Egg and Spoon under 14	1. Pat Riddell	2. Norma Gifford
Do. Open	1. Constance Mullay	2. Elizabeth Brown
3-Legged. Open.	1. Ann Walker and Moira Mackenzie	
	2. Mary Skea and Nancy Brotherston	
Sack. Open	1. Sheila Brown	2. Sheila O'Neill
Slow Cycle Race	1. Yvonne Graham	2. Valmai Edenborough

## PRIMARY EVENTS.

80 yds. under 8	1. Fiona Skarda	2. Diana Stewart
Do. do. 9	1. Sheila Miller	2. Gladys Macfarlane
Do. do. 10	1. Margaret Deas	2. Shirley Tamplin
100 yds. do. 11	1. Joan Macgregor	2. Audrey Henderson
Do. do. 12	1. Aileen Canavan	2. Margaret Tweedie
Do. Open	1. Hilda Gardner	2. Avril Johnston
Skipping under 9	1. Gladys Macfarlane	2. Margaret Arnott
Do. do. 11	1. Margaret Taylor	2. Audrey Henderson
Do. Open	1. Isobel Napier	2. Avril Johnston
Egg and Spoon under 9	1. Dorothy Hodge	2. Jean Kilpatrick
Do. do. 11	1. Joan Macgregor	2. Ray Ferrier
Do. Open	1. Janet Irving	2. Margaret Moore
3-Legged under 10	1. Elizabeth Willis and Helen Chalmers	
	2. Dorothy White and Catherine Swanson	
3-Legged. Open	1. Sheena Blair and Isobel Napier	
	2. Ruth Gould and Aileen Canavan	
Sack. Open	1. Margaret Anderson	2. Margaret Macfarlane
Relay Inter-House	1. Roslin. 2. Gilmore. 3. Spylaw.	
High Jump. Open	1. Aileen Canavan (3 ft. 8 in.)	

## INFANT EVENTS.

Flat Races :—Junior B.	Margaret Mayne	Irene Grimston
„ A.	Patricia McDonald	Moirra Allen
Senior B.	Pat Lynn	Norma Reid
„ A.	Noel Adams	Sonya Reid
Skipping Races :—	Patricia Ormiston	Margie Munro

W. S.

## HOUSE CHAMPIONSHIP.

Previous Winner (1941-42)—Warrender.

## SESSION 1942-43.

	GILMORE.	ROSLIN.	SPYLAW.	WARRENDER.
	Pts.	Pts.	Pts.	Pts.
Merit and Progress	107	117	110	116
Attendance . . .	38	39	35	38
Hockey . . .	—	50	17	33
Sports . . .	17	32	19	32
Swimming . . .	15	58	15	12
Tennis . . .	24	26	23	27
Totals . . .	201	322	219	258
Less Penalty Points	78	77	73	72
	123	245	146	186

Champion House—Roslin. Second—Warrender.

J. C. B.

**FORMER PUPILS' SECTION.****FORMER PUPILS' CLUB.**

The club has met only once this session but the Social and Business Meeting on the 8th January 1943 was one of the most successful held since the war. About 130 former pupils attended. From the proceeds the committee hope to send a donation to some war fund.

The annual subscription of 2s. includes cost of magazine.

New members will be cordially welcomed and can obtain further information from the secretary.

MURIEL McDUGALL,  
13 Ogilvie Terrace.

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**FORMER PUPILS' HOCKEY CLUB.**

The season 1942-1943 was quite a successful one in spite of current difficulties. At the moment the club has 22 very enthusiastic members but unfortunately we are losing a few people and should welcome some new players from the school.

The results for the season, which are very encouraging, are as under:—

Played.	Won.	Lost.	Drawn.
18	10	6	2

Anyone wishing to join should get in touch with the secretary, Miss M. Rennie, 29 Groathill Avenue, Edinburgh, 4 (Telephone No. 30551).

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**F.P. NOTES.**

MARGARET S. HALLEY, HELEN J. MACDONALD, JEAN MACKILLOP, DOREEN W. MICHIE, JESSIE M. TEMPLETON and DOROTHY M. IMRIE have graduated M.A. at Edinburgh University.

BESSIE M. BARCLAY, RACHAEL E. QUINNELL and FRANCES T. WOODWARD have graduated B.Sc. with Honours at Edinburgh University. FRANCES WOODWARD is now employed as an Analytical Chemist at the North British Rubber Works.

MARGARET J. JAMIESON, M.A., has gained the Diploma in Education and obtained a Teaching post under Edinburgh Education Committee.

NANCY PATERSON graduates this summer as M.A. with Honours in English, and DOROTHY BELL as B.Sc. with 1st Class Honours in Chemistry.

VIOLET F. MICHIE has graduated M.B., Ch.B. at Edinburgh University, and JESSIE M. L. GOODBRAND, M.B., Ch.B., has gained the Diploma in Public Health.

BETTY MAXTON has graduated D.A. at the Edinburgh College of Art. ISABELLA C. MACLEAN, M.A., B.Ed., has been appointed by Edinburgh Education Committee to the post of Teacher-Psychologist.

Mrs PETER GREGORY (A. MAIMIE PATERSON) has been appointed as Private Secretary to Sir Geoffrey Whiskard, K.C., M.G., C.B., Permanent Secretary, Ministry of Works and Planning.

HARRIET BOWIE, CATHERINE MACMILLAN and DOROTHIE SHAW have completed their training and passed their final Nursing examinations.

BETTY LOCHORE, now serving in the A.T.S., took First Place in the Mezzo-Soprano Class of the Western Command Eisteddfod, and subsequently had the the honour of broadcasting the winning song.

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**FORMER PUPILS IN THE SERVICES.**

A large number of Former Pupils are now serving in the various Women's Services. The following are the names which have reached the Editor, who will be glad to receive others for insertion in next year's Magazine:—

A.T.S.:—NAN COCHRANE, RHODA DICKSON,\* CHRISTINA DURIE, MARGARET EDE, GLENYS EDENBOROUGH, ANN FERGUSON, JOAN FISHER, CHRISTINE JOBSON, BETTY LOCHORE, BARBARA LOWE, HELEN MACKENZIE, CLEMENTINE MCINTYRE, SANDRA MORT, HELEN STEWART, IRIS TAIT, MARGARET WELSH.

W.R.N.S.:—JEAN DEAS, RENÉE HALL, MABEL HOLLAND, JEAN LITTLEJOHN.

W.A.A.F.:—JEANNE BAUCHOPE, JESSIE BEGRIE, MARIA BUCHANAN, NYASA BURN, ISOBEL DICKSON, VICTORIA GILLANDERS, DOROTHY LORIMER, BETTY MACDONALD, JESSIE MCLEAN, ELMA MCPHERSON, BETTY MARTIN, SHEILA MATHER, MURIEL NEWLANDS, BELLY SHEED, ANN STORRAR, MARJORY STORRAR, LAURA WATT, PAULINE WOOD.

C.W.A.C.:—PATRICIA MORTIMER, PEARL MORTIMER.

W.L.A.:—MABEL DOUGLAS, HELEN FORBES, ALICE JOHNSTON, MAY LAMMIE, WINIFRED MORRISON, MARGARET REID.

V.A.D.:—MURIEL EDENBOROUGH, PATRICIA HAMILTON,\* WINIFRED HAMILTON, CATHERINE SIMPSON.

\*Serving abroad.

**PRO PATRIA.**

We have to record, with deep regret, the death on active service of JEAN D. SCOUGALL, A.T.S. Our warmest sympathy goes out to her parents.

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## MARRIAGES.

ALLAN—CHISHOLM.—On 10th July 1942, Captain ROBERT ALLAN, R.A., to ELEANOR M. CHISHOLM, 20 Warrender Park Terrace.

CARNEGIE—BROWN.—On 18th July 1942, WILLIAM R. C. CARNEGIE to HELEN S. BROWN, 137 Warrender Park Road.

SCOTT—McDERMOTT.—On 25th July 1942, Seaman JOHN SCOTT to PHYLLIS I. McDERMOTT, 84 Marchmont Road.

MACRAE—WATSON.—On 25th July 1942, JOHN D. MACRAE, F.R.C.O., to MARY H. WATSON, 36 Grange Loan.

ALLAN—PIKE.—On 1st August 1942, Gunner JOHN M. ALLAN to M. EMMA PIKE, 34 Craiglockhart Road.

STUBLEY—STEWART.—On 10th August 1942, JOHN R. S. STUBLEY to PEARL McE. STEWART.

TURNER—SANDERS.—On 24th August 1942, JAMES R. TURNER, M.R.C.V.S., to DORA S. C. SANDERS, M.A., 31 Craiglockhart Park.

RACE—HORTOP.—On 29th August 1942, NORMAN H. RACE to ESTHER E. HORTOP, M.A., 45 Marchmont Road.

HADDOW—ROWAT.—On 15th September 1942, T. DOUGLAS HADDOW, M.A. (Edin.), B.A. (Cantab.), to MARGARET R. S. ROWAT, 14 Buckstone Gardens.

WILSON—WISHART.—On 19th September 1942, GEORGE WILSON to FLORA C. WISHART, 2 Savile Place.

CLARK—ARMSTRONG.—On 12th November 1942, ARTHUR W. CLARK, R.C.S., to MARGARET S. ARMSTRONG, Kingussie.

DAVIDSON—SHAW.—On 3rd February 1943, NORMAN C. DAVIDSON, R.A.F., to MORAG M. SHAW, 44 Warrender Park Road.

DICK—CAMPBELL.—On 6th March 1943, JAMES S. DICK to NANCY CAMPBELL, 25 Allan Park Road.

KENNETH—McDONALD.—On 23rd March 1943, Lieut. R. H. KENNETH, R.A.V.S., to SUSAN K. N. McDONALD, 80 Spottiswoode Street.

SCOBIE—GAULDIE.—On 7th April 1943, JAMES H. SCOBIE, M.A., to BETTY M. GAULDIE, 5 Savile Place.

BANNISTER—MURRAY.—On 13th April 1943, DICKSON BANNISTER, M.R.C.V.S., to MOIRA MURRAY, 107 Marchmont Road.

TROTTER—PAISLEY.—On 14th June 1943, FRANK M. TROTTER, B.L., S.S.C., to SALLIE W. B. PAISLEY, M.A., Q.A.R.N.N.S. (R.), Stockbridge Manse.

\* \* \* \*

## Y.W.C.A.—POSTS FOR THE ENTERPRISING.

Miss Joanna T. Rae, Recruiting Secretary, Y.W.C.A., asks us to appeal to former pupils to consider the various interesting paid posts available to women in the different branches of Y.W.C.A. work. There is a great need for more personnel—Services' Club Leaders, Wardens for Land Army and Industrial Hostels, and Youth Club Leaders. Women of enterprise and adaptability, and in sympathy with the aims of the Y.W.C.A.—“To further all that strengthens Christian character, sound knowledge and health of body and mind”—might well find in one of these forms of work careers interesting and satisfying to themselves, and of great service to others. Those interested in finding out more about the conditions and possibilities of such posts should write to: The Personnel Secretary, Y.W.C.A. National Offices, Great Russell Street, London, W.C.1.

## CERTIFICATE AND SCHOLARSHIP LISTS.

### PUPILS WHO GAINED LEAVING CERTIFICATES IN 1943.

Anderson, Patricia E. S.	Macaulay, Muriel B.
Barron, Sheila I. S.	McDonald, Morag B.
Bennet, Margaret J.	McFarlane, Alice M.
Blackie, Mary C.	McKinnon, Moira C.
Brown, Margaret M.	Macpherson, Annie M.
Brydon, Elspeth I.	Mackie, Sheila J. L.
Buchanan, Janet S.	Metcalf, Audrey.
Coull, Sheila G.	Morrison, Florence E.
Cumming, Lorna.	Moyes, Aileen M.
Dalgleish, Winifred J.	Mullay, Constance C. K.
Dalziel, Ethel M.	Murray, Doris M.
Dorfman, Helen L.	Musk, Margaret A.
Duncan, Catherine W. H.	O'Neill, Sheila W.
Duncan, Elizabeth R.	Ramsey, Isobel S. F.
Elliott, Marjorie G.	Robertson, Ethel M.
Fairgrieve, Sheila.	Ryder, Ann.
Fairley, Mary E.	Ryrie, Pamela E.
Forbes, Agnes M.	Sanderson, Jean.
Fraser, Sheila I.	Sandison, Jane H.
Gibson, Mary M.	Smith, Catherine M. M.
Gilchrist, Edith M.	Somerville, Dorothy J. M.
Gilzean, Margaret D.	Stansfield, Rosalind.
Goswell, Rita M.	Stephenson, Rachael R.
Goudie, Evelyn M. B.	Stewart, Jean P.
Hamilton, Dorothy H.	Stokell, Janet L.
Hamilton, Helen W.	Swanson, Elizabeth M.
Hastie, Margaret A.	Topp, Betty E. A.
Hay, Muriel J.	Waitt, Elinor S.
Herriot, Catherine J.	Wallace, Winifred M.
Hunter, Andrina C.	Walker, Elizabeth C. I.
Hunter, Catherine D.	Waller, Elizabeth A.
Linton, Jean	Wylie, Elinor P.
Littlejohn, Alexandra B.	Wylie, Elizabeth B. S.

### SCHOOL PRIZE LIST, 1942-43.

Dux of the School	Jean E. Grant
Duxes in English	Isabelle M. McDonald and Dorothy Polson.
Dux in Latin	Jean E. Grant.
„ French	Jean E. Grant.
„ German	Doreen D. Colburn.
„ Mathematics	Flora G. Barron.
„ Science	Rhona C. F. Cameron.
Duxes in Art	Elspeth I. Brydon and Janet Stokell.
Dux in Music	Rachael R. Stephenson.
„ Domestic Science	Brenda McLean.
„ Physical Training	Sheila J. L. Mackie.
Duxes in Secretarial Subjects	Elizabeth R. Duncan and Margaret A. Hastie.
Dux of the Intermediate School	Elinor M. Cleland.

### SPECIAL PRIZES.

*"Thomas J. Burnett Prize"* awarded for an appreciation of Edinburgh and its countryside.  
Margaret S. A. Rule.

*Prize presented by a Former Dux (1927-28) to the Dux of the School.*  
Jean E. Grant.

*Prize presented by a Former Dux (1927-28) to the Dux of the Intermediate School.*  
Elinor M. Cleland.

*Prize presented by a Former Dux to the Best Pupil in the Department of Modern Languages.*  
Flora G. Barron.

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

Isabelle M. McDonald and Dorothy Polson.

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

*"Jobson Prize" for Arithmetic.*  
Alice W. Smith.

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

*Prize presented by Anonymous Donor (Ashfield) to the Dux in Classics.*  
Jean E. Grant.

*"Brotherton Prize" presented to the Dux in Science.*  
Rhona C. F. Cameron.

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

*"Tom Stevenson" Cup for Athletics.*  
Pamela E. Ryrie.

*Singing Prize.*  
Doris M. Beattie.

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

*Stevenson Club Prize.*  
Catherine J. Herriot.

*Burns Club Prizes.*

*Senior Section—Sheila Jenkinson.*

*Intermediate Section—Elinor Cleland.*

*Junior Section—1. Vivienne M. Goldberg; 2. Margaret M. Hunter; 3. Margaret E. Watters,*

*Bible Prizes.*

Form 6—Dorothy Polson.	3 Senior—Margaret Kirkby.
„ 5—Dorothy Somerville.	2 „ —Eileen Waitt.
„ 4—Sheila Jenkinson.	1 „ —Moirae Steele.
„ 3—Mairi Macdonald.	2 Junior—Leonore Mack.
„ 2—Jean Macanna.	1 „ —Mary Brown.
„ 1—Ruth MacKenzie.	

*S.S.P.C.A. Prizes.*

1. Ann Sutherland; 2. Mary Hunter; 3. Ann Pringle.

*Pianoforte Prizes.*

Mr Paterson's Pupils—1. Betty Macpherson.  
Mrs Langdon's Pupils—1. Edna Millar and Margaret Balfour (equal).  
Mrs Ross's Pupils —1. Frances Wood.

### SCHOLARSHIPS ENTITLING TO REMISSION OF FEES FOR SESSION 1943-44.

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

ENTERING SIXTH YEAR.—Alice McFarlane, Betty Topp, Ethel Robertson, Jane Sandison, Florence Morrison, Sheila Coull, Elinor Wylie.

ENTERING FIFTH YEAR.—Janette Reid, Nora Shinie, Sheila Black, Muriel Leishman, Audrey Adams, Helen Peter, Violet Kidd, Sheila Jenkinson, Sheena Morrison, Joyce Dorfman, Frances Lundie, Agnes Anderson, Katherine Anderson, Norma Hughes, Thelma Beattie, Doris Beattie.

ENTERING FOURTH YEAR.—Elinor Cleland, Elizabeth Cromarty, Patricia Forbes, Edna Arthur, Mairi Macdonald, Joyce Hamilton, Daisy Fallside, Elizabeth Macpherson, Alice Smith, Margaret Henderson, Jean Dickson, Ann Cantley, Eileen Stewart, Vida Rowat, Ela Bald, Evelyn Jeffers, Ruby Lowe.

ENTERING THIRD YEAR.—Jean Macanna, Evelyn Turly, Jane Aitken; Evelyn Munro, Sheila Mackie, Lillias Davidson, Dorothy Seaton, Elma Purves, Dorothy Henderson, Moira Blyth, Mary Dunlop, Isabella Davidson.

ENTERING SECOND YEAR.—Muriel McCurrach, Mary Dickson, Marjory Harkness, Christine Christie, Elisabeth Turnbull, Margaret Goldie, Mary Bird, Alison Bee, Beryl Sinclair, Marion Childs, Margaret Robertson, Doreen Borthwick, Vivienne Spittle.

ENTERING FIRST YEAR.—Ann Sutherland, Mary Hunter, Catherine Bell, Moira Henderson, Avril Johnston.

**FORM 6.**

1. Jean Grant; 2. Flora Barron; 3. Isabelle McDonald and Dorothy Polson (equal).

**FORM 5 A.**

1. Alice M. McFarlane; 2. Betty E. A. Topp; 3. Muriel B. Macaulay.

**FORM 5 B.**

1. Janet S. Buchanan; 2. Florence E. Morrison; 3. Sheila G. Coull.

**FORM 5 C.**

*Domestic Subjects*—1. Janet L. Stokell.  
*Secretarial Subjects*—1. Sheila W. O'Neill.

**FORM 4 A.**

1. Janette B. Reid; 2. Nora I. Shinie; 3. Sheila M. Black.

**FORM 4 B.**

1. Helen Peter; 2. Violet Kidd; 3. Sheila Jenkinson.

**FORM 4 C.**

1. Catherine Anderson; 2. Norma Hughes; 3. Thelma Beattie.

**FORM 4 D.**

1. Winifred G. Scott; 2. Margaret N. Scott; 3. Sheila McGregor.

**FORM 3 A.**

1. Elinor Cleland; 2. Elizabeth Cromarty; 3. Marguerite Myles.

**FORM 3 B.**

1. Ann Cantley; 2. Eileen Stewart; 2. Vida Rowat.

**FORM 3 C.**

1. Patricia J. A. Stewart; 2. Elizabeth E. Aitchison; 3. Margaret W. McFarlane.

**FORM 3 D.**

1. Mary Begrie; 2. Annette Hart.

**FORM 3 E.**

1. Dorothy J. B. Young; 2. Mary S. S. Little.

**FORM 2 A.**

1. Jean C. Macanna; 2. Evelyn M. Turly; 3. Jane D. Aitken.

**FORM 2 B.**

1. Mary G. Dunlop; 2. Isabella S. Davidson; 3. Maureen M. Kemp. and Catherine M. Davidson (equal).

**FORM 2 C.**

1. Clarice Oppenheim; 2. Sheila C. M. Mc'Nair; 3. Emma R. Wolfe.

**FORM 2 D.**

1. Kathleen J. F. Laing; 2. Mary R. S. Stevenson.

**FORM 2 E.**

1. Elizabeth Peter; 2. Dorothy Cook.

**FORM 1 A.**

1. Muriel E. McCurrach; 2. Mary G. Dickson; 3. Marjory C. Harkness.

**FORM 1 B.**

1. Doreen O. Borthwick; 2. Vivienne Spittle; 3. Sheena M. S. Smith.

**FORM 1 C.**

1. Joan Dean; 2. Margaret Miller; 3. Isabella P. Mannion.

**FORM 1 D.**

1. Winifred M. Gardiner; 2. Irene S. Birnie.

**FORM 1 E.**

1. Deirdre Wright; 2. Rena Leith.

**Class 3 Senior A.**

1. Ann M. H. Sutherland; 2. Mary S. Hunter; 3. Moira S. Henderson.

**Class 3 Senior B.**

1. Catherine Bell; 2. Nora Simpson; 3. Jean Adam and Dorothy Dickson (equal).

**Class 3 Senior C.**

1. Joan I. K. Little; 2. Lucy Flowers; 3. Margaret S. Pozzi.

**Class 2 Senior A.**

1. Barbara M. Ferrier and E. Daphne Godson (equal);  
3. Jean T. Macpherson.

**Class 2 Senior B.**

1. Margaret Leckie; 2. Margaret Melville; 3. Eileen Greenbury.

**Class 2 Senior C.**

1. Elizabeth Innes; 2. Ann R. Garriock; 3. Maureen W. Leiper.

**Class 1 Senior A.**

1. Joyce I. Forsyth; 2. Eleanor S. Kemp and Katharine R. D. Macpherson (equal).

**Class 1 Senior B.**

1. Patricia Barclay; 2. Moreen Thomson; 3. Norma Drummond.

**Class 1 Senior C.**

1. Sheila Warren; 2. Olive Paterson; 3. Jean Wishart.

**Class 2 Junior A.**

1. Shirley Morag Tamplin; 2. Jean Isobel Fraser; 3. Leonore Mack.

**Class 2 Junior B.**

1. Joyce W. Scott; 2. Wilma M. Harvey; 3. Margo J. Kemp.

**Class 1 Junior A.**

1. Mary Brown; 2. Margaret Gillies; 3. Nora Pringle.

**Class 1 Junior B.**

1. Dorothy Hodge; 2. Lesly Dickson and Patricia Kane (equal).

**Class Senior Infant A.**

1. Noel Adams; 2. Eileen M. Young; 3. Sheila W. Smart.

**Class Senior Infant B.**

1. Dorothy Richardson; 2. Marian Forrester; 3. Dorothy Conquer.

**Class Junior Infant A.**

1. Sandra M. M. Watson; 2. Elizabeth M. L. Hall; 3. Dorothy Neilson.

**Class Junior Infant B.**

1. Mary E. Irvine; 2. Anne S. Kilpatrick; 3. Elizabeth A. Turnbull.

**ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.**

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

SCHOOL PREFECTS, 1942-43.



*Back Row (Left to Right)—*

E. GALLOWAY, J. KAY, M. ALEXANDER, J. TAMPLIN, V. SPITTLE, L. MCKENZIE, S. MCNAIR, S. BRIDGES, D. FRASER, E. OLIVER, J. CUNNINGHAM, S. MACKIE, S. BROWN.

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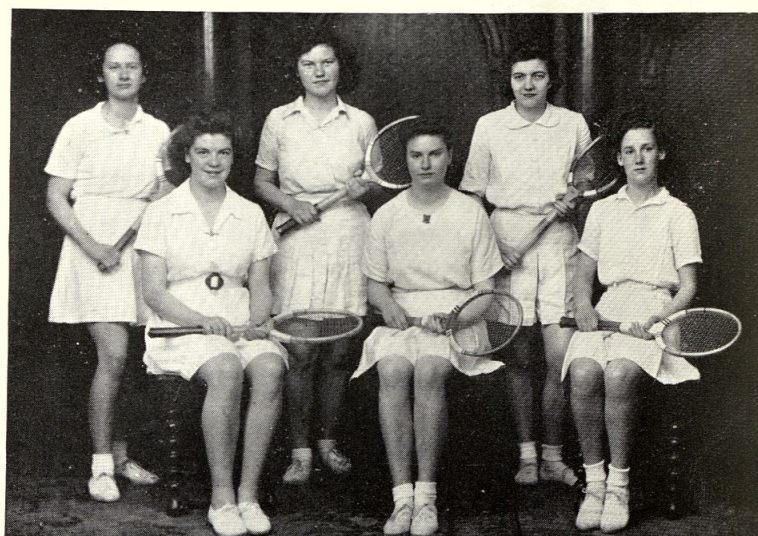
A. ETHERIDGE, R. BARRON, I. FEGAN, M. CLARE, Miss ANDREW, D. HAMILTON, D. POLSON, A. McFARLANE, M. BROWN.

FIRST XI. HOCKEY, 1942-43.



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