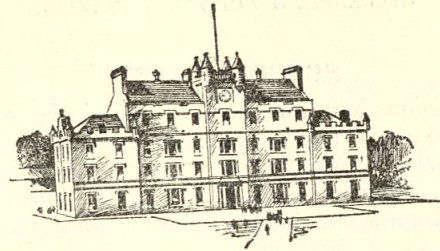


Gillespie's School
• • Magazine • •

July 1922.





GILLESPIE'S SCHOOL MAGAZINE

JULY 1922

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SCHOOL NOTES.

THE past session has not been a specially eventful one. Numbers have continued to increase, especially in the higher department, where an extra class had to be formed after the session began. The question of the expansion of the Higher Grade Department has not yet had a final pronouncement made on it.

Work and play have followed each other by the calendar. A steady spell of two months' work was lightened by a Hallowe'en party held by the younger Higher Grade pupils, those likely to be leaving this session having their usual merry evening at Christmas.

A Parents' Meeting was an innovation, and at a social gathering in early November representatives were appointed to a joint-committee including teachers and Educational Authority members.

A great loss was sustained by the School on the departure of Miss Macmillan, typist. A very large number of her teacher friends took farewell of her at an afternoon meeting in March, when Mr Burnett presented her with a staff wedding gift. Miss Macmillan herself returned thanks, Rev. Mr Macmillan and Mr Robertson also taking part in the proceedings.

At this time Miss Elliot retires from School after long and faithful service ungrudgingly given. She has spent her whole teaching life in Gillespie's, old and new, from Merchant Company days till the transfer to the School Board and the later Educational Authority. She has many well-wishers, older and younger, who wish her rest and happiness in her well-earned retirement.

After some thirty-five years' service in James Gillespie's School, Mr Auchterlounie leaves us at the end of this session to take up his new duties as Headmaster of Torphichen Street School. All his Gillespie friends, pupils, former pupils, and staff, congratulate him and wish him success in his new appointment.

We have much pleasure in including in this issue photos of both Miss Elliot and Mr Auchterlounie.

On the closing days before the Christmas and Easter vacations, Concerts and Conjuring Entertainments were given to the Infant, Junior, Senior, and Higher Grade Departments in turn. At the Christmas Concert a collection on behalf of the Royal Blind Asylum was taken, amounting to £10, 14s. 7d. At Easter £21, 3s. was collected

for the Russian Famine Fund. The contribution to Earl Haig's Fund taken on Armistice Day 1921 realized £12, 13s.

Under the auspices of the Scottish Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, the Rev. Mr Bonar gave a most interesting lecture on "Birds I have Photographed" to pupils of the classes in the Senior Department.

Boys' Week, arranged by various juvenile organisations in the city in conjunction with the Edinburgh Rotary Club, was recognised in an address on 17th May by Rev. Mr Macmillan, member of the Education Authority, in which various outlets for boys' service in leisure time were recommended.

The usual Art displays and Musical Exhibitions have taken place during the session.

School Sports are noted elsewhere.

The Savings Association collected during the session £941, 17s., the total sum now invested being £5,741, 17s.

Former members of the staff who have paid calls have been Mrs Norman (Miss McLennan) on a visit from the East, and Mr Robertson.

One hundred and forty-two pupils passed the Qualifying Examination last session. Intermediate Certificates awarded last July numbered 53.

* * *

From the Higher Grade.

CO-EDUCATION: By a Girl.

CO-EDUCATION is a subject that needs very careful consideration, and as a pupil of a mixed school I will try to point out the advantages of such. I will also put before you the case of those schools where the pupils are not educated under the co-education system. We have three different types to consider: (1) The girl who has attended, from her first going to school, a school for the education of girls only; (2) the boy who has attended a school for the education of boys only; (3) the girl or boy who has attended a school under the co-education system.

The girl in the first case is brought up in a very narrow groove; her surrounding influences are those of her girl friends. She talks with no boys, unless she has brothers,

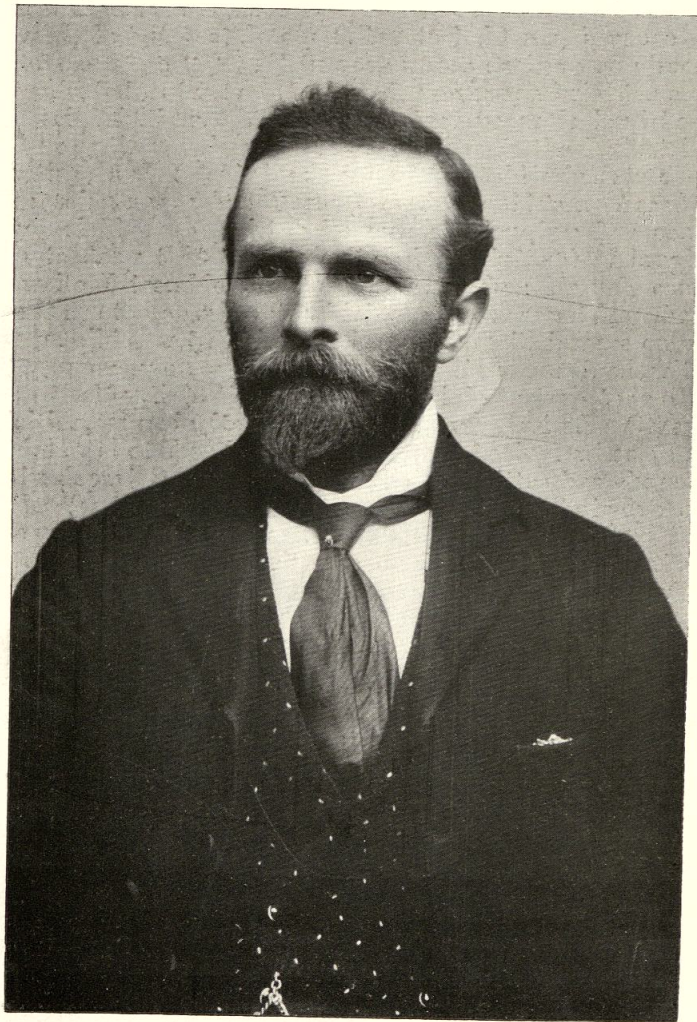
and even then she is not more than five hours every day in their presence. Probably she is occupied most of this time, and hardly realises their existence, so surely their influence can hardly count. If she does indulge in a boy chum, the influence of one boy is not sufficient to make her understand them with all their ways, quite different from those of girls. This is a point which will possibly handicap her in after life, when it will be very necessary to understand all kinds of boys.

The girl brought up in a girls' school is more reserved. Again, when she meets a boy her manner is affected and artificial, and she seems to pick him to pieces and find many faults. She becomes a snob also, and even a prig. Then again, one often finds that another type of the girl who, as a child, has never been much in the company of boys, is the one who in after life has a great craving to be hankering about with them, their constant thought being Boys! Boys! Boys!

Now, the temperament of the boy who is always mixing with boys is hardier and rougher than his fellow of the mixed school. A master dealing with boys alone may allow to a far greater extent an outlet of his injured feelings towards them. Such actions influence the boys greatly, who think this attitude the correct thing and practise it in their home life, not realising that it is merely the feelings of a weary and angry master.

To practise them at home is disastrous: this boorish and rough manner will not be tolerated by any sister, who starts to think that all boys are alike, and who, in after life, may become a man-hater. As a younger boy he forgets when he plays with his sister that he must be more patient and certainly more gentle, and that he is not playing with the strapping boy who is his companion and who will deal with him tit-for-tat. As an older boy, almost a young man, he is not courteous enough to the sister playmate, who in a great many cases he has forgotten, and hurts her feelings by entire neglect, although he still retains his imperious manner, expecting that she will always give him her advice as to whether this is smart enough, or should he visit so-and-so, or if he is expected to take so-and-so out, must he be always very conventional on such-and-such a subject? But it never occurs to him to wonder if he should take his sister out now and again!

In the case of the girl or boy of the mixed school, they have been brought up hand-in-hand, so to speak, and are



MR ANDREW AUCHTERLOUNIE.

therefore bound to understand each other better than the girl and boy of the above-mentioned cases do. Although the girl and boy do not especially study each other, yet unconsciously they are mentally noting each other's ways. For instance, you may hear this:

Mr X.—“Isn't it wonderful how Bobbie seems to understand that girl's peculiar little ways so well.”

Now, probably if you asked Bobbie why, he would tell you that he really didn't know, it just happened. But, if you could search Bobbie's mental state you would find that Bobbie (being a “mixed” school-man) had had at some period in his life encountered a girl in his class who had some of these same peculiarities, and consequently he knows now how to regard them. This may also happen in the girl's case.

The girl of the “mixed” school has, under the influences of the boys, become bolder, not forward, but with a boldness that one likes to see in a girl; this, one may be sure, will help her to make her début. Another point is that her control over herself is steadier. She is not nearly so ready at a crisis, in the presence of boys, to burst into hysterical sobbing, as she might were there only girls.

A boy of the “mixed” school is considerate and even gentle; in the presence of girls he is not at all awkward and embarrassed; his manners in all ways are toned down—not in the least like those of the boy not educated under the co-education system. One very important factor in his life is that he realises that a girl should be something more than a mere help-mate.

MIRIAM HARRIS, 3 H.G.A.

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CO-EDUCATION: By a Boy.

THIS system of educating girls and boys together may seem to those who have never borne its yoke, but who have made a superficial examination of it, all that could be desired—I cannot say. Its male victims hardly regard it in that light, unless one or two are excepted who are under the spell of some gay young creatures. Most boys find education irksome enough without having to endure girls as well. They are always in our way, either boring us or outraging our feelings. I shall try to show you how we are kept back and annoyed by them. Mr X. had been going over Ireland, and I was quite interested in the lesson till he spoke about

Limerick and the Golden Vale. Nowhere were those places to be seen, and when they were pointed out I understood why—they were hidden by a golden veil of hair. On another occasion a very intricate puzzle—one of those made by Euclid which, it is rumoured, really have solutions—was on the board, but it completely failed to hold me, because in front of me was a "jazz" jumper whose design was almost as complicated as that on the board, and much brighter and more varied in hue. Where girls are, peace is banished. Some energetic people were wading through the Industrial Revolution, and I had just reached that blissful state of semi-consciousness when I was brought back from Arcadia by my neighbour—a girl, who was challenging her companion to deny that the majority giggle instead of laugh. As I write I tremble for the morrow, when French compositions are to be read out, which are to cover not less than one page. I know two girls, at least, who will impose on us two pages or more of nearly perfect French mixed with smiles of self-satisfaction—a more terrible torture than the Inquisition, even in its busiest years, ever devised. Others make full use of the time set aside for debating, when they selfishly depart from the subject the committee has chosen, and give us their opinions at some length on hair-dye or some equally foolish subject.

Now, I think I have written enough to convince you that co-education is a failure, and must be till boys are made with "pure white souls."

DONALD STEWART, 3 H.G.A.

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OUT ON A DRIFTER.

THE Scottish sea fisheries are old, and in pre-war days an extensive trade was carried on by Peterhead, Fraserburgh and other smaller places, with Germany and Russia.

Many people mistake the two large types of fishing vessels, the trawler and the drifter. The trawler has a winch, and draws a bag-net after it, the ship being in continual motion, and the fish caught are cod, ling, haddocks, etc.

The drifter, on the other hand, has a capstan, and the net, measuring about five miles long, is let out at night when the ship is still; the object of the drifter is to catch herring, though other fish are often caught.

It is the drifter that is the useful ship as regards foreign

trade, but for home consumption it is the trawler that catches the fish used by the average person in the British Isles.

We set out about six o'clock in the evening from Macduff Harbour, where I was staying, and many boy holiday-makers who were on the pier, from their looks, wished that they were going with me. We got to the fishing about dusk, and hove the net overboard. It seemed as if the net was immeasurable, and as I looked down the row of floats they reminded me of the street lamps in Princes Street at night. The moon was shining brightly on the lapping waves, and I do not think that I ever saw, or ever shall see, a scene such as I then saw. The water was black except along the track of the many reflections of the moon.

We then got out the lines and had a try at deep-sea fishing. I caught a cod and several haddocks, while a sailor caught a large dog-fish, which he hove overboard. About dawn we pulled in the net, the silvery scales of the fish shining in the early sunshine, and stowed it in the hold. We disentangled the fish in the following manner: four men stood behind the hold and pulled the net through their fingers on deck, dropping the fish back into the hold as they came to their fingers. At last they were all in the hold, and a grand catch there was, nearly a hundred crans (a cran being about the size of four schoolroom waste-paper baskets), for which we got 28s. 6d. a cran; the bidding going up in sixpences, and taking place on the pier.

I went home that evening tired but happy, with a string of herring and haddocks in one hand and a cod in the other. So ended my voyage.

MALCOLM GILES, 3 H.G.B.

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MRS BROWN BY THE SEA.

"FINE sail, mum! Round the Bass Rock in the motor launch for nine-pence."

"Nine-pence! Talk about profiteering; I never heard the like of it, charging nine-pence to go in an old motor-bus," said Mrs Brown, a rather stout, middle-aged lady.

Splash! Help!

"Mima! Oh, Mima!" Mrs Brown turned wildly round and rushed madly to the edge of the pier, thinking that her darling niece Jemima had fallen in.

Darling Jemima at this moment was standing beside her

twin Tommy, who had thrown a stone into the water for their aunt's benefit. They were standing behind a tall, wobbly basket full of fish. Tommy suddenly becoming eager to see what was going on, climbed up the basket, whereupon the whole concern toppled over, emptying its contents on the top of those two mischievous imps.

Mrs Brown, meanwhile staring into the sea, waved frantically with her umbrella to a stolid-looking fisherman.

"Hi! Did you see where the little girl that fell in went?"

"Oh, she'd sink to the bottom," said the fisherman.

"Oh, my poor darling Jemima. Oooh!" wailed Mrs Brown.

Suddenly the fisherman made a dive towards his overturned basket of fish, hauled out two scaly children, lifted them to their feet, and shook them wrathfully.

"My fish! my good fish! just look at them, I'll—"

"Mima! Oh, Mima!" cried Mrs Brown, running towards Mima, and hugging that scaly child.

"My darling, my Mima, I thought you were drowned, oh!"

"Oh, no! I wasn't drowned, it was just Tommy who—" At this point she received a dig in the ribs from Thomas, whereupon she turned round, putting out her tongue at that person.

"I'll tell if I like," said she. "Auntie, it was just Tommy who threw—"

"Auntie! Auntie, look at the boat!" yelled Tommy.

"—a stone," screamed Mima, frantically.

"It's coming into the harbour," shouted Tommy.

"Thomas! pray allow your sister to speak. Now, what were you saying, Mima dear."

"Tommy throw'd a stone in the water and—oooh! Stop kicking my ankles."

"Oh, I quite understand," said Auntie, severely.

"Thomas, I shall tell your father, and he will slipper you soundly, disgraceful child."

Poor Mrs Brown was addressing thin air, however, for Thomas had vanished.

KATHLEEN WIGHT, 3 H.G. a

* * *

DAY DREAMS.

On a wintry December evening, when the gloaming begins to fall and the fire burns brightly in the grate, the glowing

embers shedding a red light on the walls and the leaping flames casting fantastic flickering shadows, making the room look warm and cosy in contrast to the cheerless world outside—that is the time for day dreams. If you lie with your chin cupped in your hands and fix your eyes on the red-hot cinders, almost involuntarily your mind strays to vague, intangible things that might be. Wildly impossible though we know these imaginings to be, we are loath to descend to the world of reality after drifting idly in our haven of dreams. Day dreams are not merely ambitions, they are something bigger than that, for although the word "ambition" nearly always makes us think of something not very pleasant, something selfish and earthly, day dreams lift us more above this world and snatch us for the time high beyond its level. The youngest and the oldest of us indulge more or less in this dreaming, and strange to say not one of us is eager to tell our day dreams, but shrink from imparting them even to our dearest friend. Perhaps it is because they are too precious or too impossible and we fear ridicule, but I think it is because the very deepest things in our souls are expressed, though we know it not, by these airy half-formed thoughts. The very best and noblest in us rises for a time above the sordidness of this earth, and seeks a wider realm in which to roam.

MARGARET LAW, 2 H.G.A.

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AN ESCAPE FROM MEXICAN REVOLUTIONARIES.

It was a hot summer day in the desert of Mexico near the border line of the United States, and a party of U.S. surveyors were encamped on an oasis passing the hot hours of noon. The camp was still and silent beneath the sultry sun, as if no one had the courage to attempt to move, and all the members of the party except one were having their usual mid-day siesta. This one was eagerly scanning the desert through a pair of binoculars. At last something on the distant horizon caught his eye, and he examined it long and intently, then, turning abruptly, he ran into the head-surveyor's tent and brought him out. He also took a long look at the rapidly-approaching cloud of sand, then gave a sharp order which brought all the men from their tents, and soon the party were on horseback and heading through the prickly cactus.

This party had been in the hills searching for the source

of a river, which, if it was turned from its course, would greatly benefit the country, when news was brought that De Joras, the Mexican bandit, had started a revolution, and that a motley crowd of his guerilla fighters were in the neighbourhood searching for the hated Gringos (Americans). The hills were immediately left behind, and the party sought refuge in the desert, where they utilised a little-known watering-place as a hiding-place. Here a camp was set up until the time came to make a run for the border, but they had been discovered, and the cloud of dust now approaching was being kicked up by the Mexicans' horses.

Leaving the tents standing, and only taking food, water and guns, the party set out through the desert. The first part of the journey was through the prickly choya cactus, which stood as high as the horses, and which pierced through the men's thick leather "chaps" and caused great agony to both man and beast. After this they rode through miles and miles of desert under the now very fierce sun, and soon both men and animals were feeling the effects of the heat and the hard ride, but the dust cloud still hovered in their rear and they had to press on.

At last the foothills were reached, and there an old cowboy took command. He led the party to a deep canyon, the mouth of which was strewn with boulders. Here they decided to make a stand against the revolutionaries.

One horseman was sent on to get out of the canyon through a narrow pass, and to get help from the rangers or the cavalry. The rest of the party worked with a will to raise a breastwork at the mouth of the canyon, and soon everything was ready to give the Mexicans a very warm welcome.

The rattle of stones and the clattering of horses' hoofs soon heralded the coming of the Mexicans, and soon the leader rode into view. He soon disappeared, however, on seeing the threatening rifles that were levelled at him. An ominous silence followed, then the Mexicans opened fire from behind the rocks which strewed the path, and soon a battle royal was taking place. The Americans fought bravely against the overwhelming odds, but they were gradually driven back into the canyon. At last the leader hit on a desperate plan,—if they could get through the enemy on horseback they could easily stampede the Mexican ponies; and so, during a lull in the fighting, they crept back to their horses, mounted, and made a dash for the mouth of the canyon. The plan succeeded; they easily



Miss ELIZABETH B. ELLIOT.

reached the mouth of the canyon before the enemy recovered from their surprise, and here they stampeded the Mexican ponies, and so reached the border without being pursued. The rescue party were met on the way, and they continued on their way to see what had become of the five missing members of the party. These were found dead, and were buried with due honours. Then the party proceeded to avenge their deaths.

ROBERT SORBIE, 2 H.G.A.

* * *

THE FLOWERS' FESTIVAL.

JEAN and Jack had nothing to do, so their mother told them to go for a walk in the woods. They raced off, and arrived panting and breathless at the woods. These particular woods had an air of mystery about them—at least it seemed so to the twins—a feeling that, if you were young and adventurous, you would certainly have adventures in there, pervaded the place. Adventures even went down on their knees, and begged you to take them, so you may be sure Jack and Jean loved the woods, for they were for ever getting into mischief, as their mother could have told you.

They plunged in, and then the adventures began! "Look!" said Jack, "there's a fairy!" Jean looked in the direction he was pointing, and there, sure enough, was a fairy. She was dressed in green, the exact colour of the grass, and had brown patches all over her dress, so that she looked just like a camouflaged aeroplane. "Hullo," she said, "would you like to come to the ball to-night? We want two children." Jean and Jack agreed gleefully, and the fairy said she would come for them at seven o'clock.

Jack sat up in his bed, and whispered, "I hear someone at the window, Jean." They had managed to keep awake, and now they sprang up and opened the window. The same little fairy jumped in, but now she was dressed in white. "Hurry, children, and get dressed," she said, "we are five minutes late." In the twinkling of an eye they were dressed and standing on the window-sill. The fairies sprinkled some powder on their shoulders, and pushed them off, and to their amazement they found they could fly.

They saw in the distance a lot of lights, and when they alighted they saw a throng of fairies and flowers all clustered together, and a beautiful fairy sitting on a throne, all

decked-out with jewels. Their guide drew them up to the throne, and said, "This is the Fairy Queen." She received them kindly, and then bade them run away to the fairies and flowers, who would amuse them till the dancing began. They complied, and the fairies were relating anecdotes about the war between themselves and the weasels, when a silver whistle was blown by the Queen, and immediately the flowers drew themselves apart from the many-coloured throng, and stood arranging their dresses and patting their hair. One after the other they passed before the twins' eyes, till twelve o'clock struck, and their guide whisked them home, where they at once fell asleep after making a promise of secrecy concerning the doings of the night.

MARGARET MURRAY, 2 H.G.B.

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CAMPING OUT.

CAMPING-OUT has a humorous side as well as a serious one. The novelty of the experience helps you to make allowances for the cooking, which is not always a success. I remember once, when out camping, we were awakened in the middle of the night by the dinner-bell—which hung outside the tent—ringing furiously. We rushed outside, to find a lazy-looking cow chewing the bell-rope. After getting rid of the intruder, we returned to the tent and to our warm beds, and shortly afterwards the night air was disturbed by melodious (?)—ahem!—snoring. Needless to say, I never snore. In the morning we decided to have scrambled eggs for breakfast, and two girls, who considered themselves experts at cooking, undertook to scramble them. Their culinary efforts were not exactly a success, seeing that they put salt in the tea and sugar in the egg, but nobody found any fault. That, however, was not so bad as the next morning, because we never got ANY breakfast then. It had been raining overnight, and the little hillock on which our oven was built was very wet and slippery, and as the cook came down the incline carrying a frying-pan containing fried eggs in her hand, her foot slipped and the eggs sailed gracefully over a hedge and alighted on the muddy ground. Exit—our breakfast.

Except for the fact that one girl fell overboard when we were rowing, and was rescued—after a thrilling five minutes—with a boat-hook, the rest of the week was quite uneventful.

One accident occurred, however, which made us think that our last day had come. A girl, while looking for flavouring for a pudding, discovered some iodine, which she put in. The result can be imagined, rather than described.

MARGARET DOIG, 2 H.G.C.

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POLES! POLES!! POLES!!!

WHAT'S in a dream? people say; but people are wrong, as usual. Dreams are too much for me. I had a horrible experience the other night. I don't think words can describe it, but I shall let them try.

Oh, it was awful! I was hurrying along Princes Street to catch a train. At least I was trying to hurry, but Princes Street was crowded with poles! I feel certain that there were as many poles as there were rats in the town of Hamelin. Big poles, little poles, thin poles, fat poles, tall poles, short poles, round poles, square poles, just poles, and poles, and poles! Princes Street with people in it is bad enough. But Princes Street with poles! Every time I put my foot down a pole shot up. I was giving up hope of catching my train, when a plan struck me. If I could climb one, perhaps I could walk along the tops of the poles, so I attempted to climb a tall, thin one. One more pull and I would be up! Bump! Down I fell, and glad I was to find myself in my own nice soft bed.

ELSIE NISBET, 2 H.G.a

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A VISIT TO A BYGONE AGE.

THE darkness was slowly creeping into the room as, with a yawn, I closed my book, and gave myself up to the drowsy, lazy feeling of reverie. I must have been sitting thus for some ten minutes, when an eerie feeling, for which I could find no explanation, caused me to raise my head. I peered all round, but as nothing strange was visible, I concluded that imagination on my part had been the author of my fright. Once more I closed my eyes and attempted to fix my mind on my interrupted thoughts, but with little success.

Suddenly I jumped up with a start, for a light, which I felt rather than saw, had appeared—presumably from nowhere—and, glancing towards the point from which the light seemed to diffuse itself, I saw, framed in a massive, carven portal, the figure of a woman.

Her flowing robe was of some glorious material, whilst the colour—green, I think—seemed to show to perfection her jet-black hair, her dark, luminous eyes, and the ivory sweep of her shoulders.

The light which had at first attracted my attention flowed from a torch which she upheld in her hand; the handle seemed to glitter with precious stones and diamonds.

I stood gazing thus, my eyes a-stare, and my hand clutching the back of my chair for a few seconds, though to me it seemed like years.

The figure moved, and I noted, with apprehension, that she beckoned to me, while words flowed from her lips, like the tinkle of a running brook, in some strange tongue, the like of which my ears had never heard before. I went slowly forward, my heart fluttering fearfully, whilst I trembled in every limb. Her right arm still held the torch, but, with her left she swept her cloak around me. We glided through the portal and along a mighty passage, so quickly that I had no time to note anything, except that everywhere was abundance of light, till we came to a hall. There appeared to be no roof on this, for I could clearly see the stars. Here our flight changed, and we floated upwards.

I closed my eyes. When would this motion cease? We went on and on, until I suddenly felt myself reclining on something soft and fleecy. I opened my eyes. The lovely woman had disappeared, and I was alone, lying on a cloud. I looked below. Beneath me lay a broad plain, where a feast was evidently taking place. Servants hurried to and fro, and lovely women and handsome men reclined on couches, eating and drinking merrily.

But their faces were not those of to-day, but of the Empire of Greece as it was two thousand years ago.

For some time I watched the scene with feverish eyes, noting the costly jewels, the luxurious mode of dining, and the servants doing homage before the guests, apparently people of high degree. I glanced up, and there beside me once again was my beautiful escort. She beckoned as before, and again wrapped her cloak around me, swept me off my feet, and we glided away, this time in a downward direction. We went back in exactly the same manner as we came, and as the maiden set me on my feet, she disappeared, and all was as before. Though I searched thoroughly, I could never again discover that lovely portal, or see again that lovely face.

ENA STOREY, 1 H.G.A.

SUMMER.

SUMMER, the exquisite time of red rose's blush and nightingale's song, the lark's sweet chant, and sleepy drone of the bee, that season of beauty and mirth is here, and is lighting once more, with its sun-beams, the dark gloom of the glen, and brightening the mountains, tingeing the hills, and dimpling the face of the gurgling stream, bathing the trees of the forests and groves richly with blossom, and throwing golden flakes on the lap of the broom. I can hear the lark warbling his song in the sky, and early each morning see the dew in the eye of each flower, and scent the breath of newly-awakened buds. I think of garlands of hawthorn boughs, and tread the sward, where delicate flowers like the violets sleep, with bowers of wild roses hanging above. The startled linnet flies from his nest in the shady thicket, and the stag flees from the oncoming tread of the hunter. Beauty and happiness reign undisturbed, for Summer, that glorious season, is here.

JANNETTE BAIN, 1 H.G.B.

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THE PECULIARITIES OF PARENTS.

I HAD just started cooking, and naturally was very proud of myself. I had been writing and boasting to father about it, so when he came home he promised to give me anything I liked if I made a success of one of his favourite dishes. The promise was,—to give me a long-coveted bicycle. Highly delighted with myself, I started to think about all the things I could cook, and had just settled my mind when I chanced to overhear a conversation between father, mother, and some friends. Father's voice was heard to say, "I don't mind footing the bills as long as our 'young hopeful' flutters her wings, but I certainly don't want my digestive organs upset with her mess." Mother's reply was, "Well, I will try to invent an excuse to get rid of her, until you pretend to eat it." You may imagine how upset all my plans were, and how those few words upset my peace of mind. Listeners never hear any good of themselves.

KATHLEEN CADDGER, 1 H.G.B.

A CHAPTER OF ACCIDENTS.

CYCLING is a great pleasure—sometimes!!!

The evening on which two friends and I left for Oldhamstocks (a small hamlet ten or twelve miles south of Dunbar) was comparatively mild, except for a slight wind which only came in gusts. This breeze would not hinder us, we thought, for it was blowing at our backs.

The time at which we were to meet at Musselburgh was to be 4.30 p.m., and one of my friends was there punctually, but my other friend, who always got "Punctuality unsatisfactory" on his school reports, arrived about an hour late, bringing with him a tale that one of his inner tubes had burst. I suggested that he must have been looking at it too much. We were well on our way by 6.30. While going down the brae outside East Linton (which is about three-quarters of a mile in length) my friend Jerry broke his chain (which, he said, cost him only a shilling). At East Linton a blacksmith mended the chain. "How much is that, Sir?" said Jerry, jingling the coins in his trouser pocket with a manly air (no doubt the coins were all halfpennies). "Och," said the man, "A'll let yer off wi' 'arf a croon." "I—I—er—beg your pardon," said Jerry, in surprised tones. "'Arf a croon," bawled the man.

We managed to dole the money out, and departed, passing remarks which were none too pleasant on the blacksmith's prices. (It may be as well to note that, for the same thing, the blacksmith at Oldhamstocks charged only twopence). My other chum was to be seen (and very easily heard) mending a puncture which he had got by running over a tack. Besides those incidents, we could not cycle very well, because of the fact that we had used a great deal of unnecessary breath talking to our bicycles.

It was "lighting-up" time when we arrived in Dunbar. Willie said he had a lamp!!

"Where?" asked Jerry and I, simultaneously.

"There," said Willie, pointing to the front of his handle-bars.

"Oh—er, that," said I (trying to hide my amazement), "I have been wondering what it was, and I, thinking I might insult you if I asked you what it was, kept my mouth shut."

Truly it did not prove to be much of a lamp, for it would not light. And what is the use of a lamp if it will not light? Soon the night became as black as pitch, and we had only



Prefects, 1921-22.

James Robertson, Tom Canning, Graham Robertson, John Drummond,
Maisie Waugh, Ella Campbell, Margaret Penman, Nan Haddow, Margaret Steel, Nettie Steel, Helena Wylie, Alison Laidlaw,
Sarah Grant, Alice Mowat.

that one piece of metal which called itself a lamp. We used about two boxes of matches, and had only covered about a mile, so we had come to the conclusion that we would never reach Oldhamstocks at that rate. Again we mounted our bicycles, and never worried about lights. Imagine the look on our faces had we met a policeman. About midnight we knocked at a cottage door, and asked the way to Oldhamstocks. A man in a nightshirt, armed with a walking-stick, opened the door, and told us to follow the road, turn to the right, and we would reach Oldhamstocks in about one-and-a-half hour's stiff walking. So we tramped on (cycling being out of the question) for about two hours, until we thought we should be there. Knocking at another door, we asked, in sleepy tones, "Is this the way to Oldhamstocks?"

"Here again?" said a man, as he opened the door. We at once recognised the same nightshirt, the walking-stick, and the same man we had seen two hours before. We had wandered in a complete circle. After being directed in a clearer manner, we arrived at Oldhamstocks at 3.30 a.m.

And so the account of my cycle run is finished, except that I rose the same morning with the toothache at 11.30. Some people *are* lucky!

JOHN O. RUSSELL, 1 H.G.C.

* * *

AN ELECTION: PAST AND PRESENT.

In 1872 an election was carried out in a very different manner from what it is now. Wooden platforms, which were known as "hustings," were erected in various thoroughfares, and when the appointed day arrived crowds surged towards these unique booths.

The candidate for one party would mount the platform to make a speech, but to be heard was almost impossible: the supporters of the opposing party generally carried drums or trumpets, and with these made the most fearful din imaginable, in order to drown the voice of the speaker, and if that did not obtain the desired result, eggs or such missiles were thrown.

Nowadays voting is carried out in a much more orderly though less exciting manner. The voter on going into a voting booth, if entitled to a vote, is provided with a sheet of paper on which are the names of the leaders for each party. He puts a cross against the one he prefers, and drops it into the ballot box. This mode of voting is called

ballot, or secret voting, and is considerably better than that of the 19th century, for in former times a workman was often dismissed from his work if he did not vote for his employer's choice; and now it is impossible to tell for whom any definite person has voted.

LOUISA BRYDON, 1 H.G.α.

* * *

A SUMMER NIGHT.

As I stand at the door of my cottage
Watching the sun sink down,
I see, far away 'gainst the glow of the sky,
The spires of the distant town.

I feel, as I stand in the doorway,
How grand it is to be free:
To be able to play at leisure
In the fields of mine own coundtree.

As the sun's last ray is sinking,
I hear the voice of a boy;
He is coming home from the wheat-field,
And is singing a song of joy.

But, hark! what is he singing,
As it floats on the still evening air?
I hear once again the oft-heard refrain
Of dear old "Come to the Fair."

DELPHIA WILLIAMS, 1 H.G.β.

* * *

NIGHTMARE.

ONE evening, I had a nice black pudding for supper. I tucked in at it as hard as I was able, but the pudding seemed to say something to me. I went to bed, but the cosy blankets, the comfy bed, were no longer pleasant, something oppressed me like a load of bricks. Soon I fell into a troubled sleep. All around, on the quilt, on the chairs, on the pillows were little fairies and dwarfs who were dancing, and two large pigs were jazzing up and down the floor and uttering terrible cries. At last a dull sound sounded throughout the whole

building. It was a sound like the rushing of many waters. After some time had passed, I awoke to find myself lying upon the drawing-room couch. The doctor was bending over me, and in his hand he had a glass of medicine—it was castor oil—which he gave to me. He said I had suffered from Nightmare! and had tumbled off the bed rolled in the blankets. So my humble supper for to-night is dry bread and water.

ISA MASON, 1 H.G.β.

* * *

From the Seniors.

A VISIT TO THE SOUTH OF ENGLAND.

I HAD often heard my parents speak of the South of England with its sunny climate, and had long since desired to go there. Last summer that wish was fulfilled.

Leaving Edinburgh by the 10 p.m. train, we reached King's Cross Station about 7 a.m., and, after breakfast, we took a taxi across London to Waterloo Station, from which point we were to continue our journey. As we had an hour to spare, we took a walk down York Road, thence across Westminster Bridge to the Houses of Parliament with Big Ben overhead. I had my first sight of the River Thames, which seemed nothing but mud, but father said it was liquid gold, while in the distance was St Paul's Cathedral and the Tower Bridge.

From Waterloo Station we went by train to Portsmouth Harbour, and then by boat across the Spithead to Ryde, in the Isle of Wight. On this last bit of the journey we saw warships of all different sizes and descriptions, but the most interesting of them all was Nelson's flagship the "Victory," to which we passed quite closely.

At Ryde there were no less than three piers, one for trains, one for tram-cars, and one for the foot-passengers. It seemed so funny with the trains starting out at sea, but it was not long before we were passing some nice watering-places—Sandown and Shanklin. By 2 p.m. we reached our destination, Ventnor, on the south side of the island. What a hilly place it was! The streets twisted and twined in all directions, and sometimes a flight of steps enabled foot-

passengers to join the same road at a much lower level, while vehicles had to go away round about. The very names of the roads were enough to show their character. Here are some: Alpine Road, Zig-Zag Road, Steephill Road, Steephill Down Road, Upper and Lower Gills Cliff Road, Spring Hill, Tulse Hill.

The weather was very warm, and we were tormented by wasps, which swarmed everywhere. People were bathing all day long, it was so hot, while we children played on the sands, and the boys sailed their boats on the artificial pond.

We went day trips, too, to other places on the island, to Sandown and Shanklin, where the town is built on a cliff, and there is an elevator to take the people down to the promenade and the sands. Then we had a motor run to Carisbrooke Castle, where Charles I. was imprisoned, and to Osborne Palace, where Queen Victoria died. We were allowed to go through some of the rooms, and they were very beautiful.

One day my father took me to a place called Alum Bay, where there were curiously coloured cliffs, and then we walked to the most westerly point of the island, namely, the Needles, with its famous lighthouse. On the way back we stopped at the town of Newport, where a market was being held, and hens and ducks were being sold. There were 2000 of them in little pens in the Market Place.

We left Ventnor on the Saturday morning at 7.30 a.m., and reached Edinburgh about 10 p.m., only to find it pouring rain. We had had a very happy holiday, and had enjoyed ourselves so much that we are going back again.

JEAN BUDGE, 1 Sen. A.

* * *

THE "SUNSET LIMITED" EXPRESS.

Oh, Hush-a-By Land is a beautiful place,
Where sleepy small people may go;
And the Fairyland Route is the favourite one
With all the good children I know.

The track lies on sleepers of feathers and down;
No accidents ever take place;
Though there's many a track and many a train,
And they run at a terrible pace.

There are beautiful things to be seen on this route—
If you're good you may take just a peep;
But, strange as it seems, they are seen best in dreams:
Be sure that you soon go to sleep.

Say good-night to the Sun, for he's off to bed too—
He can't hear you, so just wave your hand;
The Moon and the Stars, they will light up the cars
As you travel to Hush-a-By Land.

So, quick, jump aboard, it is now time to start,
The carriage is free, my young elf;
Just think of the luxury each boy will have—
A whole sleeping-car to himself!

JAMES S. HUTCHISON, 1 Sen. A.

* * *

GILLESPIE'S.

Oh! where are you going, you lads and you lasses,
From north, and from south, and from east, and from west?
We are going to Gillespie's, famed all the world over,
To learn what we can, and to do each our best.

Tell me of Gillespie's, famed all the world over,
And what are your subjects of study each day?
We learn the three R's, French, Latin, and German,
But, though we have lessons, we also have play.

And what do you play at, you lads and you lasses,
When studies are over, and sport is the rule?
Oh, tennis, and hockey, and cricket, and football,
And aye "Play the game," for our colours and school.

But when schooldays are over, you lads and you lasses,
What kind of posts do you each hope to fill?
We'll be lawyers, and teachers, and doctors, and nurses,
You'll find us in Egypt, Hong-kong, and Brazil.

But though far-flung the countries, and varied our way,
We'll remember our school, with joy and with pride,
Our teachers, companions, our work, and our play,
"Gillespie's" still dear in our hearts will abide.

MARGARET NISBET, 1 Sen. A.

MY STAR.

Oh! star of eve,
 How far away you seem;
 And how you lead me onwards
 With your unerring gleam.
 When I look up into the sky,
 And see you brightly shining,
 I often wonder why,
 When on my couch reclining,
 That you don't drop from off your throne,
 And land into the great Unknown,
 My little star!
 My own! my own!

DONNA PATERSON, 1 Sen. B.

* * *

DON'S TREASURE.

ONCE upon a time, in the sixteenth century, there lived an old sea-dog, much tanned by recent voyages, with his son and daughter. The burly sailor's name was Captain James Ross, and his son's name was Donald, and his daughter's Anne. Their mother being dead, Anne was housewife.

Now one day, as Don—this was his short name—and Anne were cleaning the old rubbish from a lumber-room, Don stumbled over something, and, looking round, he saw the obstacle he had stumbled over—an old sea-chest. With a cry of excitement, both Don and Anne started examining it.

They found it locked with a greased string, but Don soon cut it, and opened the heavy lid. With great curiosity they began to look over its contents, which consisted of an old pair of sea togs (trousers), a brass telescope, a belt, a cap such as captains wear, and a dagger. Don, of course, started to inspect the dagger. Looking at the hilt, he noticed a round knob, very like a screw. He mused to himself, trying the while to screw it off, and to his surprise it came loose, uncovering a little hole and a piece of carefully-folded parchment. Unfolding the parchment, he saw some writing faded with age, so much so that he could not read it. Taking it down to his father, he looked at the parchment through a powerful glass, and made out as follows:—To find treasure take ship to the South Seas there hunt about for an island with twin mountains steer round till come to inlet there

land at west side of island a sharp pointed rock will be seen under this among bushes a cave is hidden enter it and look for discription on wall. Beware of reefs. W. FLINT.

Don's father spoke first: "Yes," said he, "Flint was my mate when we sailed to that island, and on his death-bed he muttered something about the island with the twin mountains, but I could not make it out." "Now," he continued, "as we have got his treasure chart, I don't see why we should not try to find the treasure."

Three days after their lucky find they set sail in search of the treasure. No mishap came in their way till they entered the South Seas, and this is what happened. The look-out sang out: "Ship on the starboard bow." His words were too true, for a speck was seen on the horizon. After a few hours the strange ship drew alongside the "Royal Oak," the treasure-seekers' ship.

Soon a flag was pulled up the strange ship's mast, and lo! it had the skull and cross bones. When Don saw it, a cold shiver ran down his spine, for he knew they had no chance against these pirates. Then a voice from the pirate craft rang out: "Surrender, or die." A voice from the Royal Oak answered "No." "Then," replied the pirates: "We'll paint your hulk with your brains."

From the pirates' craft a shot rang out, and then a groan, for the look-out had received the bullet in his breast. After that, all that was heard were orders, cannon roaring, and then crashes and splashes, and yells and groans from the wounded.

How thankful the men of the "Royal Oak" were when night stole in and the pirates drew off. The next morning the look-out shouted "Land Ho!" and sure enough land was seen in the distance. But it took a good few hours to sail near to the land to let a small boat down, so they waited patiently.

Don was the first to recognise the twin mountains, and he cried out, "The twin mountains, Dad." "Where?" said his father, looking carefully. "Oh, yes, you are right, lad. There are the twin mountains, indeed!" "The chart said 'Beware of the reef,' Dad," said Don. "Yes, my son, I forgot that we must be careful."

By chance the tide was low, and the reefs could be seen jutting above the water. An opening was soon found just before the inlet, so they made a safe passage in. Then they landed, all except the wounded and carpenters who repaired the ship, in search of the treasure. Going round to the west

side of the island, and finding the rugged point, they searched among the bushes and found the cave.

Now the exciting part began. Looking with a lantern, Don found the description, which was an arrow and a mysterious word up above. Don's father was a bit of a scholar, and said it was Latin and meant "dig," so they started digging in the sand. After half-an-hour's digging they found a chest, and all were anxious to open it, but Don's father said "No," as there were cannibals on the island.

Nearing the ship, the treasure-finders were surrounded by black men, and before they could put up a fight all were captured and bound. Then they were shoved into a dirty, evil-smelling hut. At night-time a rustling was heard at the door, and an old woman came in and cut their bonds, and then disappeared.

Seizing their first opportunity of escape, they made their way out, finding the chest. Swiftly but silently they made their way to the ship with the aid of the compass. Arriving on the shore, they saw the ship's lights, which guided them. Once aboard they were safe, and next day they made their way homewards. Four weeks after, the ship sailed to where it started from.

Paying off the crew, Don, Anne, and their father turned towards home with the treasure chest, which was full of gold guineas.

NORMAN NISBET, 1 Sen. C.

* * *

OUTDOOR SPORT.

YOUNG folks of to-day should take all the chances of outdoor sport they can get. The game of tennis is a fine healthy sport, which makes either boy or girl quick of eye and fleet of foot. A spectator watching a game in progress would perhaps think it a very simple and easy pastime, but it is not quite so simple as it looks.

We find in all the public parks and tennis courts many happy crowds of young people enjoying this game.

This is not the only form of sport which has its advantages; for instance, we have cricket, and football, which is usually played during winter months. Games of every description help to make the players, either boy or girl, able to face the world alone, and go straight.

Many friendships have sprung up by the people of various

countries coming across here to play games and find out who were the superior.

ANNA LEASK, 2 Sen. A.

* * *

RIDDLE-ME-REE.

My first is in tea but not in coffee,
My second is in chocolate but not in toffee,
My third is in eat but not in drink,
My fourth is in pencil but not in ink,
My fifth is in baking but not in dough,
My sixth is in knitting but not in sew,
My seventh is in kitten but not in cat,
My eighth is in mouse but not in rat,
My whole is a place where we have lots of fun
As soon as our mid-day lunch is done.

JACK MALLOCH, 2 Sen. A.

* * *

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN OLD STREET LAMP.

I AM an old street lamp, and, compared with the tall, handsome electric chaps who have recently been set up alongside of me, I am insignificant and poorlike. You see, they are new to the town, but I am old in the "light" brigade. I remember the day I took my stand at this corner. I blush—that is, I should, were I not painted green—to think how many years have passed since then. Let me tell you about a few people who pass my way. Here is a Punch and Judy show which takes its stand in front of me. I like to see the children's happy faces as they laugh at Punch's funny antics. Next come two boys, one with a large piece of toffee which he cannot break. "Try the lamp-post," cries the other. The toffee breaks all right, but leaves me in a sticky condition, which no respectable lamp can be expected to tolerate.

The scavenger comes next with his brush and barrow, keeping the streets clean and tidy.

Tramp! tramp! tramp!

I suppose you will guess who is coming now. It is "The Bobby on the Beat"—a good friend to many as he passes on his rounds.

This is the last chance I shall have of telling my experiences to you.

I have had my day—a better day than those electric chaps will ever have, and it is no fault of mine that the city wants to dispense with my services.

But though I must “retire” to make room for “improvement,” as they say, many a one will miss the “Old Street Lamp” when my place is vacant.

GRAHAM WALLACE, 2 Sen. B.

* * *

THE STORY OF THE CUCKOO.

THE cuckoo is a strange bird, and yet one we sometimes long to hear, for by its call we know that summer is approaching. About nesting-time the mother cuckoo looks for the nest of some unsuspecting bird, and there deposits her egg. After laying, she takes one of the other eggs and eats it.

About a fortnight elapses and the baby cuckoo is born, being hatched by the bird in whose nest the egg was laid. After a few days it turns out of the nest all the unhatched eggs with its wings. Next, all its foster-brothers are turned out by the same means. All this time it is being fed by the poor birds who have been tricked. Eventually, after learning to fly, it still cries for food from its foster-parents, and it is amusing to see the smaller birds, such as the tit-larks, perched upon its back feeding it.

WILLIAM ROSS, 2 Sen. C.

* * *

A WOODLAND RAMBLE.

ONE fine May morning, father and I went for a ramble through the woods. The beautiful wild hyacinths were just coming into bloom. Father found a thrush's nest in a yew tree, and lifted me up to see it. It contained four eggs, blue in colour, with dark spots. It was interesting to note that the inside of the nest was made of a clay substance, and was quite hard and firm. On approaching another tree, hoping to find another nest, a small bird rose almost at our feet. We caught a glimpse of it, and saw it was a robin. After a search, I found its nest hidden at the root of a clump of bracken. Some whin or gorse bushes attracted our attention with their bright yellow bloom. We passed a wild cherry or gean tree, which was covered with a mass of white blossom. A huge oak tree sheltered some violets, which were nodding

their modest heads against a mossy stone. We noticed the violets liked shade, while the primroses, which were in abundance, did not object to the light and heat. It was a great pleasure to compare the bright yellow of the gorse, the blue of the hyacinth, the white of the gean tree, the pale yellow of the primrose, the light purple of the violet, and the different shades of green of the foliage of the various trees. It was a delightful ramble, and when we think it over it impresses one with the beauties and wonders of Nature, and we naturally look from Nature to Nature's God.

“The thrush from its holly, the lark from its cloud,
Their chorus of rapture sang jovial and loud:
From the soft vernal sky to the soft grassy ground
There was beauty—above us, beneath, and around.”

NANCY STEWART, 3 Sen. A.

* * *

AT THE BOTTOM OF MY GARDEN.

WELL, do you know that at the bottom of my garden there is a lovely little pool. And every summer evening, when 'tis very, very cool, you will sure see all the fairies, but, best of all, the queen. She is dressed in a dark-green velvet dress with silver on the top. And then she has a cone-shaped hat exactly the same colour as her dress. But the king, he is a proud and haughty fairy. For if he thinks his fairy servants are very, very slow, or if he even thinks they are stupid, he never allows them back to that lovely little pool at the bottom of my garden.

NETTIE INNES, 3 Sen. A.

* * *

MILLY'S GREAT ADVENTURE.

MILLY was on holiday, and she had gone a long country walk to see if she could find some pretty flowers for the centre of mother's table. She was in a very beautiful part of the country. Wooded hills on either hand, and the green grass under her feet. Basket in hand, she walked on. Soon she came to what she thought was a very green stretch of grass. Had she but known, it was a treacherous bog about which there were many strange fables! “Oh!” she cried, catching sight of a pretty marsh-marigold, “I must have that

pretty flower," and she began to run. But immediately she left the solid ground she began to sink. Milly struggled frantically, but in vain. The bog was up to her arm-pits now; soon it would be over her head! She gave another struggle, and then the mud closed over her. Milly expected to be choked instantly, but nothing of the sort happened. It was just as though she had gone through a ceiling and was in the room beneath; only it was not a room, it was a country—a country lighted with a light just like the sun, although there was no sun. The land was peopled by little men and women not more than eight inches in height. Everyone seemed to be in great confusion. The men rushed about, tripping over their long beards at almost every step. No one noticed Milly until one little man set up the alarm: "A mortal! a mortal!" Then—if it were possible—everyone got into more confusion than ever, and seemed unable to come to a decision as to what to do. So one little man, who seemed to be in command, came forward. "Who are you?" he asked. "And how did you get here?" "My name is Milly Gray, and I fell into the bog," answered Milly. "I didn't know there was a kingdom underneath. What is it called?" "This country is called Dwarfland, and I'm the Prime Minister," said the little man, proudly. "How nice," said Milly. "What was all the bustle about when I first saw you?" "There has been a bustle for a long time," answered Gray-beard—for that was his name. "King Grizzello has lost the principal ruby in his crown. He has offered a reward of anything the lucky person who finds it wants. So everyone is trying to find it. This reminds me that you must visit the king. All mortals have to see him. Come!" and he took hold of her hand. But immediately the gnome touched her, she felt the strangest feeling. Everything seemed to be growing bigger. At last she saw that she was the same size as Gray-beard. "You've been shrinking," he said. "Now, come along." As they were walking along, Milly suddenly asked, "Do you think the king would mind if I were to try to find his ruby?" "Of course not," answered the gnome. "Do you know, I think that an old witch called Greasia has got it. I would get it myself, only Greasia knows that I know she has got it, and she is on her guard." "I think I'll try to find it," said Milly. "Where does Greasia live?" "In that wood over there. Now, here we are at the palace," said Gray-beard. The palace was a beautiful building, built of white stone. Guards were lined up the entrance walk. Gray-beard explained his business,

and he and Milly passed up between the long lines. They were shown into Grizzello's presence, and Milly immediately noticed the open space in the front of the king's crown. Gray-beard explained who Milly was, and told how she had come, and then they went out. Here Gray-beard took leave of Milly, and she set off towards the wood. Before she had gone very far she met a little dwarf with a white beard. "Where are you going?" inquired he. "To the witch's hut in the wood over there," answered Milly. "I am going to see if I can find the king's ruby." "Beware!" said the dwarf. "If ever you are in danger just break this shell, and I will be with you. My name is Snowy-locks." He gave her a little shell, and walked away. Soon Milly reached the edge of the forest and, peering through the trees, she caught sight of a tiny hut, beside which some bushes were growing. She crept forward and hid in them. Soon an old woman came out of the hut. There was something in her hand which Milly guessed was the ruby, for it glowed in the sun's rays. Then she went in again, and soon loud snores issued from Greasia's hut. Peeping in at the window, Milly saw Greasia was asleep. She crept in and seized the ruby, and just as she got outside again the old witch woke up. Seeing Milly, she hobbled to get her broom-stick which, fortunately, she had mislaid. This gave time to Milly to break the shell, and immediately Snowy-locks stood before her. Just then Greasia found her broom-stick, and came running out of her hut. Snowy-locks said some magic words, and Greasia went back to her hut. Then Snowy-locks and Milly ran back to the king's palace. Grizzello was delighted to get his ruby. Milly then asked to come again to Dwarfland. The king said she would always be welcome. Then Gray-beard changed her back to her proper shape, and he and Milly went back to the place where she had fallen into the bog. Here Gray-beard left her, and she ran home, very happy.

BETTY BANKS, 3 Sen. B.

* * *

MY JOURNEY TO FASHIONLAND.

"I LIKE that one best, but I think this one would suit me better; don't you think so, Ulyth?" So I said to my friend, Ulyth Garfield. You see I was to get a new dress, and I had looked at what seemed to me countless numbers of fashion-books. However, Ulyth liked another one, and so we went on until we were thoroughly tired of both dresses and patterns. Just then a dainty little lady in a pink crinoline

tripped up, and asked us if we would like to go and visit Fashionland. "More fashions," I murmured, but my companion and I followed her willingly. Arrived there, we took to studying the different dresses with interest, looking to see if any would suit me.

There were dresses of all kinds: old-fashioned dresses and crinolines—blue, green, violet and pink; dresses of all kinds and colours. Just then I caught sight of a young lady in a yellow dress with short sleeves and round neck, and I said quietly to my friend, "I do not think much of that dress, do you?" I was horrified to hear that the lady whose dress I was talking about was the queen, and that, softly as I had said it, she had heard every word. The queen was furious, and stamped on the ground three times. Instantly four guards appeared, and the queen ordered them to take me to prison. Once there, I had time to look around me, and saw that the walls were made of fashion-books. I threw myself against them, there was a crash, and I woke up to find that I had pushed the fashion-books from the chair where I was sitting to the floor.

HELEN D. LISTER, 3 Sen. C.

* * *

From the Juniors.

IN THE WOOD.

ONCE upon a time, in a little cottage near to a thick wood, there lived an old woman and her grand-child Tommy. Tommy was a nice little boy, but, sad to say, he was rather careless. His grandmother, however, tried her best to teach him to do better. Often Tommy would go out and play with the other village children, while his grandmother tidied up the cottage and got the meals ready. One day, when he went out to play, he found the other children waiting for him as usual. They had decided to play at chasing each other. The first time it was Tommy's side to get away, so Tommy went into the wood. As I told you before, he was a little bit careless, and he forgot to look where he was going. Very soon he reached the thickest part of the wood, and not much later he found out he was lost. He then started to look about for means of escape. He heard the birds on the trees singing gaily, as if they were trying to tell him the way to his grandmother's cottage. Tommy then thought the best thing to do would be to climb a tree. He hunted about until he found

a suitable one for climbing. He then started, hoping he would find some means of escape. As he stepped on the last branch he fell, and landed on a piece of glass, which cut his face badly. Meanwhile his anxious grandmother had sent out search parties, and one lot went through the wood. As they reached the place in which the little boy was, they found him lying half-dead on the ground. They carried him to the Infirmary, where he was carefully nursed, and after a month or so he was quite better, but I tell you he never entered the wood again without his grandmother.

JANET SANDERS, 1 Jun. A.

* * *

SUMMER.

SUMMER is coming,
Bees are all humming,
And the children are glad
Because nothing is sad

In this beautiful season called Summer.

The daisies are springing,
And bluebells are ringing
Their beautiful bells
That ring through the dells

In this glorious season called Summer.

The swallows, in their flight,
Are twittering with delight;
Then through the fields we run,
And "O, what fun!"

To hide in the corn that grows
In this beautiful season called Summer.

GRACE BEATTIE, 1 Jun. B.

* * *

BIDDY.

BIDDY is a pussy,
She really is so sweet,
She sits down by the fireside
Because she likes the heat.
She is so fat and furry,
Her little nose is neat,
She has a grave and wistful face
And pattering little feet.

She has a kit called "Footles";

The kit she is a scamp,
And teases her poor mother

When she is on the romp.

Biddy is my little friend,

She sits upon my lap;

And while I read my story-books,

She takes a little nap.

JEAN S. FARQUHARSON, 1 Jun. C.

* * *

THE FOUR FISHES.

THERE once lived a king who had four sons and one daughter. When his queen died, he married again. This time he married a very wicked witch, who was a queen also. The only child the queen liked was her step-daughter, so she made up her mind to change her step-sons into fishes. So one day she said to her step-sons, "Come with me; I will take you to a place you have never been before." "Oh, thank you, we will come willingly," the boys replied. So their step-mother took them to a brook, and here they got so drowsy that they fell asleep. Immediately she threw them into the river, and when they woke up they found that they were fishes swimming in the brook.

There was great sorrow in the palace when they found out that the four lads were lost. They asked the queen if she knew anything about them, but she only said that she was sorry they were lost. The princess was ever so sad, for she loved her brothers dearly. So one day she went into her own room and sat on her bed and cried like a baby. Just then she heard a little voice saying, "I know how the princess can save her brothers." The princess looked down, and she saw two little fairies. She was not afraid, so she said, "Oh, do you?" The fairies looked up and saw the princess. One of them said, "Go down to the brook running through the palace gardens, and take some of the cook's best tarts with you."

The princess did so, and the four fishes swam to the top of the water, saying, "We are your brothers; our step-mother changed us into fishes, and, oh, we are so hungry." "Here is something for you," the princess said, as she gave the tarts to the fishes. "Come again to-morrow, but bring fresh water with you next time." That night the fairy came



Cricket Team, 1922.

A. Dow, A. Murray,
S. Robinson, J. Bell, E. Leeper, R. Bateman, G. Cowrie, W. Adams, Jas. Macleod, John Macleod,
K. Taylor, T. Robb.

again, and said, "You will go to the fishes to-morrow, but take fresh water with you; then go the third day, but you must get a red feather out of the parrot's tail, which belongs to the queen." The princess wondered how she could do this, but at last she succeeded.

One day, when her step-mother was in one of her kindest moods, the princess asked if she could have the parrot to play with. Her step-mother gave her the parrot, and then went out into the gardens. The princess plucked the feather out of its tail, and went away to the brook. The youngest brother came to the top of the water first. Whenever he saw the feather, he called on his brothers to hurry. They swam up quickly, and just then the fairy appeared. She said: "Fishes take this feather, and in turn lay it on your tails." The fishes did so, and immediately the feather touched their tails they regained their right forms. Next day the princess told her father about the four fishes, and he was very pleased with her. The king was very angry with his wife, but let her still be queen when she promised never to use magic any more. So they lived happily ever after.

C. DAVIE, 2 Jun. A.

* * *

A VISIT TO THE ZOO.

ONE day my father took us all to the Zoo in his motor. First of all we visited the monkey-house. When we got there they were making such a noise that nobody could talk. We fed them with nuts. Then we went to see the lions being fed. There were two lion cubs, and, when the man that fed them gave them some meat, they ran away to the back of the cage. After that, we visited tigers and the leopards. Then I had a ride on the elephant's back. After that we went home to tea.

MURIEL BURROWS, 2 Jun. B.

* * *

THE THREE MICE.

THREE mice lived in an attic. The captain said, "We will go for drill, to-night"; so they went. They marched round the attic twice, but then, springing from a dark corner, came a big white cat, and that was the end of the drill.

ANDREW Y. HOWDEN, 2 Jun. C.

From the Infants.

I HAVE two pretty goldfish,
Which swim about all day;
While I am hard at work in school,
Then they are hard at play.

DAVID INNES, Adv. Inf. A.

I HAVE a little pussy,
And Topsy is her name;
We play together all day long
In many a jolly game.

WILLIAM DENNY, Adv. Inf. A.

I MADE a pretty daisy chain
To fit around my hat;
The daisies were all wet with rain,
So I left them on the mat.

LORNA HAWKINS, Adv. Inf. B.

HERE we are in the month of May,
And all the Spring flowers seem to say
'Twill soon be dear old Summer time,
And children then can play till nine.

HELENA GORDON, Adv. Inf. B.

WHEN I am big I am going to be a nurse, and nurse babies
and make them better. I hope they will get better.

I AM going to be a teacher. I will have to be a student, also
work hard. I'll make my children clever, and be hard on
them. I won't let talking off. I hope I have a clever class
and polite children.

I THINK I will be a nurse when I am big. That will be a
long time yet, but it will be nice; but it will not be nice
for the people in the hospital.

Adv. Inf. C.

I AM going to be a nurse, because I like to nurse a baby. I
will nurse people when they are ill, and I will have to work
hard. I will have clothes like nurses do.

I WOULD like to be a doctor in the Royal Infirmary, to cure
the people. Before I am a doctor, I'll have to go to the
University to learn to cure their sore legs, and to make them
better when they have an accident.

Adv. Inf. D.

MY cat drinks milk. It has soft paws. My cat plays with
my ball on the kitchen floor.

MY pussy laps her milk up. She scratches me when I touch
her. I like to clap little kittens.

MY cat likes milk, and she likes fish too. Sometimes she
catches a mouse, and eats it.

Jun. Inf. A.

I LIKE drill days, because we get fun as well as drill, and I
like it very much. I can jump over the rope, and I can skip,
and I can stot a ball.

I WOULD like a pussycat. Cats are nice to get when they are
little kittens.

I HAVE a nice fox terrier. It is fond of bones, and milk, and
sprats. We take it out at eight o'clock.

Jun. Inf. B.

I WAS away a Spring holiday. One day we went to a wood.
In the wood we found a blackbird's nest. There were four
eggs; and the next day there were four young birds.

I WENT with my daddy to the bird shop, when I came home
from school, to get a hen canary. It laid an egg on the
bottom of the cage, but it got broken; it was very small.

Jun. Inf. C.

School Sports.

HOCKEY.

In all, 68 pupils joined the Club, and the greater number of these played regularly in practice or in matches. Thus we continued to run both 1st and 2nd XI.'s, and to provide three games for a 3rd XI. The play of the 1st XI. was very good, the great strength of the team lying in the half-back line. The forwards, ably led by Chrissie Carmichael, were fast and dangerous; all on occasion scored goals, but the chief honour in this respect lay with the centre forward. 1st XI. played 16 matches: won 10, lost 4, drew 2. The score sheet is 72 goals for, and 30 against. 2nd XI. played 10 matches: won 3, lost 3, drew 4; 34 goals for, and 31 goals against. 3rd XI. played 3 matches, winning 2 and drawing 1; 4 goals for, and 0 against.

ASSOCIATION.

DURING the winter our 2nd XI. took part in the Meadows League, and won it without having lost or drawn any matches. Consequently, we entered the competition for the School Board Cup with fairly high hopes. These were rudely shattered in the third round by St Bernard's, the ultimate cup-winners. In fairness, it ought to be stated that we were under strength owing to sickness. In defence James M'Leod proved a tower of strength, while in attack James Robertson was a prolific goal-scorer.

In inter-city matches we were represented by James Robertson and John Drummond.

RUGBY.

FOURTEEN matches were played during the season, and resulted as follows:—

Played.	Won.	Lost.	Points For.	Points Agst.
14	10	4	266	70

R. S. Bateman, the team skipper, had the honour of scoring 160 points.

During the season some worthy opponents were played, including Stewart's, Heriot's, and Dunfermline High School.

The play of the following back division was highly commented upon at Inverleith:—Bateman, Cownie, Murray

and Young. It will be a long time before the School field such a splendid back division.

The junior eleven played two matches, and showed great promise.

Next season the School will be fielding two XV.'s, and thus hold its place among all the Higher Grade and Secondary Schools of the City who have decided to go over to the carrying code.

TENNIS.

In the singles championship last year some very good play was witnessed, and, as was only fitting, a girl figured in the final. After a strenuous first set, she lost the second set and match. The winner was Harold Stenning; runner-up, Emma Masterton. In the doubles competitions, according to years, the winners were:—3rd year—Dolly Kirkwood and Nan Haddow; 2nd year—Cathie Walker and Donald Stewart; 1st year—Alice Mowat and Nora Smith.

Our team was not so successful as last year's, more matches being lost than won.

Enthusiasm is as great as ever, and this summer no less than 248 pupils have joined the club. Our great difficulty is accommodation.

CRICKET.

LAST year, altogether we played 10 matches, of which 9 were won and 1 lost. This season the game has been taken up with greater enthusiasm than ever previously, and we are running three elevens, a first XI., a second XI., and a Junior XI. All our teams have full and interesting fixtures. The following is the result of the matches played up to date:—

May 13.—Portobello H.G. 1st XI., at Portobello.

J.G.S., 46 runs; Portobello, 16. R. Bateman had 7 wkts. for 5 runs, and S. Robinson 2 wkts. for 3.

May 27.—Dunfermline H.S., at Dunfermline.

J.G.S., 73 runs (of which R. Bateman had 19 not out, E. Leeper 15); Dunfermline, 22. R. Bateman had 7 wkts. for 10, and R. Taylor 2 wkts. for 12.

May 29.—Grange Athletic, at Meadows.

J.G.S., 54 runs (of which R. Bateman and John M'Leod had 14 each); Athletic, 40.

June 3.—Dunfermline H.S., at Warriston.

J.G.S., 58 runs; Dunfermline, 60. R. Taylor had 5 wks., and R. Bateman 4.

The second XI. as yet have played no matches with other schools, but practise games have taken place regularly on Saturdays.

The Junior XI., which is made up of boys in the elementary school, has made a good start this season. Two matches have been played: one against Trinity Academy Juniors, in which the match was drawn, the scores reading 23—23; and the other against Royal High School Juniors, in which we were successful, scoring 37 runs to their 27.

Altogether, our prospects for the future are exceedingly bright.

SWIMMING.

DURING the winter session, classes have been held at Warrender Baths on Tuesdays and Fridays for boys, and Wednesdays for girls.

A large number of certificates were obtained in the examination tests.

In the school's gala at the Central Baths, the girls had the honour of scoring five seconds in the various races.

The following boys passed the severe test of the Royal Life Saving Society for the Proficiency Certificate:—Jack Drummond, Alex. Murray, Stanley Robinson, Tom Robb, and Appleton Gordon,—the standard of work shown being very high.

The junior school show great promise of developing into good swimmers.

The most notable feature of the season was the remarkable advance made by Douglas Young, who, after his third lesson, was able to swim one length of the pond—25 yards.

RUNNING.

At the Inter-Scholastic Sports our girls were successful in winning the Pretsell Trophy. The good running of Daisy Brand and Beryl Bateman laid a sound foundation for this success.

* * *

Former Pupils Club.

THE opening meeting of the F.P. Club and social evening was held in School on Friday, 7th October. The meeting was very successful, over 120 being present. During the evening tea was served, and selections, songs and recitations were given by Misses Gladstone, Saunderson, Grant, Porter, and Messrs Hair and Sim. The new school gramophone also



Hockey Team, 1921-22.

Sarah Grant, Nan Haddow, Nancy Johnson.
Alice Mowat, Norah Smith, Chrissie Carmichael, Rose Pace, Dorothy Littlejohn, Emma Masterton.
Margaret Johnston, Margaret Grant.

contributed to the night's enjoyment. Enrolments were made, and the President intimated arrangements for the next meetings.

In the School on Friday, 24th October, an illustrated lecture was given by Dr Carse, Edinburgh University, on "Some of the Wonders of Physical Science." The lecture proved most instructive, being illustrated with experiments and lantern slides. The X-ray photographs held the attention of the audience. Later on, Dr Carse and his assistant manipulated the X-ray apparatus, so that a closer observation might be obtained, several members having the pleasure of seeing their hands, purse, bags, &c. X-rayed. A hearty vote of thanks was accorded the lecturer.

The evening of 4th November, according to Syllabus, was to be a musical evening, but it was decided to introduce a sketch and dancing. Songs by Misses Cruickshanks and Cameron were followed by a sketch entitled "Who's Who?", taken part in by Misses Gavine, Grieve, Henderson, and Mason. The evening was concluded with dancing, Miss Porter and Mr J. Bateman supplying pianoforte and violin accompaniment.

On Friday, 18th November, Miss Hunter gave her lecture on "A Tour to the Rocky Mountains." Before using her slides, Miss Hunter showed the meeting a number of articles of Canadian make to be picked up along the route she followed to the Rockies and back again to Montreal and Quebec. The lantern slides were very interesting. They illustrated a most comprehensive journey, the relating of which was made still more enjoyable by humorous personal touches. Canadian songs were delightfully rendered by Miss Robertson, the audience joining in the chorus. A vote of thanks was conveyed to the lecturer by the President, Mr Robertson adding a humorous appreciation.

Friday, 2nd December.—The minutes of two previous meetings were read and approved. This evening's meeting was a very successful one. Mr F. Harris, Coalition, and Mr A. Meikle, Labour, read candidates' election addresses, after which the meeting was thrown open. Lively heckling followed, several members taking part. The Coalition candidate was elected by a very large majority. An hour's dancing followed, Miss Tweedie, Miss Porter, and Mr Dawson Reid supplying the music. About 60 Club members were present.

The Annual Reunion was held in School on Friday, 16th December, over 80 persons being present.

The meeting on 13th January was poorly attended owing to severe weather, only some 40 members being present. Miss Gladstone and Mr Murphy sang songs during the first part of the evening. Gramophone selections and dancing followed.

For Friday, 27th January, a Burns evening was on Syllabus. A pianoforte selection, including many Burns' songs, was played by Miss Porter; Miss Pearson sang "Down Vauxhall Way"; and Mr Sim recited "Tam o' Shanter." A 3-act sketch, "Three Blind Mice," was performed by the following members of the Dramatic Society: Misses Pearson, Cook, Pairman, Cameron, Cowan, Forsyth, Robertson, Cleghorn. There were about 60 present. Intimation was made of the Annual Dance. This was held in Kintore Rooms on Friday, February 10th. It was not patronised as in former sessions.

The meeting on Friday, February 24th, was changed from a games to a miscellaneous evening. Misses Cameron and Saunderson sang, Miss Brown gave exhibition dances, and Mr Sim recited. Afterwards the evening was given up to an informal dance, Miss Saunderson accompanying.

On 10th March the final meeting for session 1921-22 was held. The meeting was well attended, Mr Glen presiding. Reports by the Secretary and the Treasurer were read, and considered satisfactory. The election of office-bearers for next session completed the business part of the evening. A short musical programme followed, to which Misses Cameron, Pearson, M'Leod, and Mr Stenning contributed. An informal dance followed.

Office-bearers for 1922-23 are as below:—

<i>Hon. President</i>	- -	Mr T. J. Burnett, M.A., F.E.I.S.
<i>Hon. Vice-President</i>	- -	Mr T. Robertson.
<i>President</i>	- -	Mr A. C. Murphy, M.A.
<i>Vice-President</i>	- -	Mr A. Sim.
<i>Secretary</i>	- -	Miss I. K. Miller.
<i>Treasurer</i>	- -	Miss J. Pearson.
<i>Committee</i>	- -	Misses Brown, Gladstone, Porter, Tweedie, Wood; Messrs J. Bateman, Horsburgh, Stenning.
<i>Dramatic Club Secretary</i>	-	Miss H. Pairman.
<i>Hockey Club Secretary</i>	-	Miss M. Somerville.

* * *

HONOURS LIST.

- Dr DORA GERRARD is at work in the Children's Hospital, Sunderland.
- Dr GRACE CUMMING has received an appointment in the Edinburgh Hospital for Women and Children.
- Dr ANNIE MAY ROXBURGH served for one term as Resident Physician at the Royal Maternity and Simpson Memorial Hospital, Edinburgh.
- Dr SARAH B. H. WALKER has been appointed an Assistant House Surgeon in Edinburgh Royal Infirmary.
- Miss MURIEL M. CHALMERS, M.A., has been appointed Assistant Organiser of Sunday Schools to the Church of Scotland.
- Miss ALMA CALDERWOOD has been doing Historical Research work in the Register House under Professor Lodge.
- Miss JEAN L. CHRISTIE has been appointed Assistant Art Mistress in Boroughmuir Secondary School, Edinburgh.
- Captain GEORGE POTTER (1895-1898), who served with the Australian Forces in Gallipoli, has been elected a member of the Legislative Council of West Australia.
- Mr JOHN MARSHALL has been appointed Assistant Master of Method in Educational Handwork at Edinburgh Provincial Training College.
- Mr W. F. CUTHBERTSON has been appointed Secretary to Cambridge University Library.
- Mr ROBERT ROBERTSON, M.A., has been appointed to the pastorate of Birsay United Original Secession Church, Orkney.
- At Edinburgh University:—Miss MARGARET P. WHITE graduated Doctor of Philosophy; Miss JESSIE GALLOWAY graduated M.A. with Honours in English; Miss JESSIE MARTIN and Miss LENA I. FRENCH graduated M.A.; Mr ALFRED L. SHEARER graduated M.A. with Honours in Mathematics; Mr GERALD K. JENKINS, M.A., gained first place in the classes of Old Testament Introduction and Biblical Criticism, and second place in the class of Divinity.
- Miss HELEN L. WOOD was last session Dux of George Watson's Ladies' College.
- Miss MARGARET K. JENKINS played in Scottish Hockey Teams against Cumberland, Ireland, and England.

Miss K. GIBSON won the Ladies' Tournament on the Braid Hills Golf Course for the Gibson Challenge Cup.

Miss MAY L. GILBERT was awarded a Bronze Medal for her essay in the Scott Essay Competition last session.

Miss MARGARET GRAY, Class 3 Sen. B., has gained a second prize (a No. 1 Ensignette V.P. Camera) in the De Villars' Chocolates Handwriting Competition.

Intermediate Certificates in 1921 were gained by—

Florence J. Anderson, Maria A. Balfour, Helen C. Bezelly, Agnes Brown, Henry Brown, Margaret R. Calder, Marion Cleghorn, Agnes L. Cowie, Margaret M. Cresser, Elizabeth M. Duncan, Edith H. Dykes, Agnes B. Elliott, Helen Fairgrieve, Isabella M. Forsyth, Jane McL. Forsyth, William A. Gibb, John W. Gilray, Margaret Gladstone, Christian I. L. Graham, Helen N. Grieve, Felix D. Harris, Jessie Hendry, Jean M. Hunter, Brodie K. Johnston, Janet K. Kirkpatrick, Mary B. Kirkwood, Nora B. Lawrence, Ishbel C. C. MacPherson, Alice M. McIntyre, Helen M. McKenzie, Peggie F. Matheson, Andrew R. Meikle, Elsie A. H. Methven, Catherine M. Moffat, Flora McL. Murphy, Eleanor I. Murray, Thomasina A. Paterson, Marion W. Robertson, Helen F. Roger, Mary W. Rosie, Alice C. Y. Ross, Phyllis M. Senior, Agnes M. Shirlaw, Elizabeth B. Simpson, Margaret B. Steel, Harold Stenning, Margaret I. M. Stewart, Muriel H. Storie, Mona L. Watson, Ethel G. Watt, Barbara T. L. White, Margaret Wood, Elizabeth D. B. Young.

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SCHOOL BURSARY LIST, 1921-22.

- CLASS 2 H.G. A.—Betty Heslop, Robert Sorbie, Katherine Thomson, Ella Lamb.
- CLASS 2 H.G. B.—Norah Smith, Sarah Grant.
- CLASS 2 H.G. C.—Robert Otteleben.
- CLASS 2 H.G. a.—Maud Lynch.
- CLASS 1 H.G. A.—Margaret Rae, Alison Robertson, Thomas King, James McLeod.
- CLASS 1 H.G. B.—Pearl Hyman, Jane Home.
- CLASS 1 H.G. C.—Robert Mitchell, Robert Taylor.
- CLASS 1 H.G. a.—Lilian Beckley and Betty McIlwrick (equal).
- CLASS 1 H.G. β.—Nelly Denny.
- CLASS 1 SEN. A.—Beryl Watson, James Hutcheson, Mary Henderson, James Rodger, Jean Steel.
- CLASS 1 SEN. B.—George White, Kathleen Bennet. *welke*
- CLASS 1 SEN. C.—Mary Young, Cecilia Tait.
- CLASS 2 SEN. A.—Katherine Robertson, Grace Sponder.
- CLASS 2 SEN. B.—Ian Farquharson, Jean Renton.
- CLASS 2 SEN. C.—William Ross, Evelyn Robertson.
- CLASS 3 SEN. A.—Nancy Stewart, Robert Ross.
- CLASS 3 SEN. B.—Enid Robertson, Mabel Ginsburg.
- CLASS 3 SEN. C.—Helen Douglas Linton, Mary Robbie.
- CLASS 1 JUN. A.—Margaret Edmonds, Robina Deans.
- CLASS 1 JUN. B.—Janet Martin, Dorothy Black.
- CLASS 1 JUN. C.—Jessie Stewart, Andrew Nisbet.
- CLASS 2 JUN. A.—Catherine I. Davie, Phyllis Hamilton.
- CLASS 2 JUN. B.—Ethel Briggs, Muriel Burrows.
- CLASS 2 JUN. C.—Jean Caldwell, Isabella Hardie.

SCHOOL PRIZE LIST, 1921-22.

Dux of School	- - - - -	MAY L. GILBERT.
(Proxime accessit)	- - - - -	MARGARET W. S. GRANT.
Dux in English	- - - - -	MAY L. GILBERT.
Latin	- - - - -	MARGARET W. S. GRANT.
French	- - - - -	MAY L. GILBERT.
German	- - - - -	MAY L. GILBERT.
Mathematics	- - - - -	MARGARET B. E. THOMSON.
Science	- - - - -	MAY L. GILBERT.
Art	- - - - -	LILLIA C. MURRAY.
Needlework	- - - - -	MARGARET GARDINER. 2A

Class 3 H.G. A.

English.—1, May L. Gilbert; 2, Margaret W. S. Grant; 3, Katharine M. I. McHardy; 4, Donald S. Stewart; 5, Chrissie Carmichael; 6, Margaret B. Steel.

Latin.—1, Margaret W. S. Grant; 2, Chrissie Carmichael; 3, Margaret B. Steel.

French.—1, May L. Gilbert; 2, Margaret W. S. Grant; 3, Margaret B. Steel; 4, Catherine Brown.

German.—1, May L. Gilbert; 2, Mary Manson; 3, Robert S. Bateman. Mathematics.—1, Margaret B. E. Thomson; 2, Margaret Johnston; 3, May L. Gilbert; 4, Donald S. Stewart.

Science.—1 and 2, May L. Gilbert and Margaret W. S. Grant; 3, Janet McIlwrick; 4, Thomas T. Falconer.

Art.—1, Lillia C. Murray; 2, Janet McIlwrick; 3, W. Graham Robertson; 4, Margaret Johnston.

Physical Training.—Chrissie Carmichael.

Class 3 H.G. B.

English.—1, William Macfarlane; 2, James I. Irvine; 3, Malcolm C. Giles; 4, Annie McLeod.

Mathematics.—1, Malcolm C. Giles; 2, James I. Irvine; 3, Jessie H. Methven; 4, Margaret G. M. Millar.

French.—1, Barbara Macgregor; 2, Ian M. Scott; 3, Alexandra M. Patrick; 4, James I. Irvine.

Science.—1, Malcolm C. Giles; 2, Forbes W. Kennedy; 3, William Macfarlane; 4, James I. Irvine.

Art.—1, Annie McLeod; 2, Jessie Wedderburn; 3, William Archibald; 4, Jessie H. Methven.

Physical Training.—Rose H. Pace; Wm. T. Drummond.

Woodwork.—William Archibald.

Cookery.—Rose H. Pace.

Class 3 H.G. a.

English.—1, Doris Watson; 2, Dolly Whyte; 3, Henrietta Brown; 4, Alison Meldrum.

French.—1, Doris Watson; 2, Dolly Whyte; 3, Mary Carrick.

Mathematics.—1, Alison Meldrum; 2, Vera Collier; 3, Doris Watson.

Science.—1, Constance Archibald; 2, Doris Watson; 3, Dolly Whyte.

Art.—1, Alison Meldrum; 2, Dorothy B. Littlejohn; 3, Nettie Steel.

Cookery.—Christina Brown.

Physical Training.—Nettie Steel.

Class 2 H.G. A.

English.—1, Margaret Law; 2, Robert Sorbie; 3, Graham Turnbull; 4, Katherine Thomson; 5, Thomas Robb.

Latin.—1, Katherine Thomson; 2, Betty Heslop; 3, Graham Turnbull.

French.—1, Betty Heslop; 2, Katherine Thomson; 3, Graham Turnbull; 4, Margaret Moore.

German.—1, Mary Bruce; 2, Doris Cleghorn and Edith Lawrie (equal).

Mathematics.—1, Betty Heslop; 2, Ella Lamb; 3, Violet Grieve; 4, Katherine Thomson.

Science.—1, Robert Sorbie; 2, Charles Wilson; 3, Tom Robb; 4, Graham Turnbull and Agnes Logan (equal).

Art.—1, Thomas Robb; 2, Doris Cleghorn; 3, Betty Heslop; 4, Lily Brand.

Needlework.—Agnes Logan.

Physical Training.—Georgina Gardiner.

Woodwork.—Thomas Robb.

Class 2 H.G. B.

English.—1, Norah Smith; 2, Sarah Grant; 3, Nora Saunders; 4, Margaret Heddle.

French.—1, Jean Smith; 2, Norah Smith; 3, Sarah Grant; 4, Margaret Heddle.

Mathematics.—1, Norah Smith; 2, Jean Smith; 3, Sarah Grant.

Science.—1, Norah Smith; 2, Hilda Smith; 3, Ethel Archibald.

Art.—1, Olive Mitchell; 2, Jessie Storie; 3, Jessie Nicolson.

Cookery.—Jean Robbie.

Physical Training.—Dorothy Mackinnon.

Dressmaking.—Mary Foster.

Class 2 H.G. C.

English.—1, Lena Milligan; 2, Olive Grant; 3, Robert Otteben; 4, Herbert Taylor.

French.—1, Robert Otteben; 2, Margaret Doig; 3, Lena Milligan.

Mathematics.—1, Robert Otteben; 2, John Drummond; 3, Nora Somerville.

Science.—1, Robert Otteben; 2, Albert Cramb; 3, Herbert Taylor.

Art.—1, James Allan; 2, Gladys MacArthur; 3, Peter Marshall.

Physical Training.—John Drummond, Gladys MacArthur.

Woodwork.—James Allan.

Laundry.—Ruby Ironside.

Class 2 H.G. a.

English.—1, Rachel Pringle; 2, Maud Lynch; 3, Isabella Whytock; 4, Eileen O'Leary.

French.—1, Isabella Whytock; 2, Rachel Pringle; 3, Margaret McGuire.

Mathematics.—1, Eileen O'Leary; 2, Edna Weir; 3, Maud Lynch.

Science.—1, Maud Lynch; 2, Isabella Whytock; 3, Edna Weir.

Art.—1, Alice Morrison; 2, Edna Weir.

Sewing.—Rhoda Roy.

Cookery.—Ella Campbell.

Physical Training.—Kathleen Daniels.

Class 4 H.G. A.

English.—1, Annie Coats; 2, Alison Robertson; 3, Margaret Rae; 4, George Beveridge; 5, John Macdonald; 6, James Yarroll.

French.—1, Dora Sanders; 2, Annie Coats; 3, Margaret Rae; 4, Gladys Howden.

German.—1, Helen Edwards; 2, Gladys Howden; 3, Jean Thomson.

Mathematics.—1, Margaret Rae; 2, Thomas King; 3, James Robertson; 4, Alison Robertson.

Latin.—1, Margaret Rae; 2, Annie Coats; 3, Muriel Gillespie.

Science.—1, Margaret Rae; 2, James Yarroll; 3, James Robertson; 4, James McLeod.

Art.—1, George Beveridge; 2, Colvin Angus; 3, Margaret Rae; 4, Robina Banks.

Needlework.—Muriel Gillespie.

Woodwork.—Colvin Angus.

Physical Training.—James Robertson and Agnes Spiers.



Rugby Team, 1921-22.

G. Robertson, D. Stewart, D. Young, G. Cownie, W. Munn, T. Robb,
E. Leeper, T. Canning, G. Thomson, R. Bateman, A. Murray, M. Siger,
J. Bell, S. Robinson, R. Taylor.

Class 1 H.G. B.

English.—1, Jeannette Bain; 2, Kathleen Weir; 3, Pearl Hyman; 4, Margaret Traill.

French.—1, Jessie Ross; 2, Joanna Gardner; 3, Pearl Hyman.

Mathematics.—1, Pearl Hyman; 2, Jane Home; 3, Margaret Traill.

Science.—1, Jane Home; 2, Margaret Traill; 3, Pearl Hyman.

Art.—1, Pearl Hyman; 2, Mary Watson; 3, Margaret Traill.

Cookery.—Margaret Traill.

Physical Training.—Alana Rodger.

Needlework.—1, Mary Watson.

Class 1 H.G. C.

English.—1, Roy Watt; 2, Robert Mitchell; 3, Peddie Greig; 4, Stanley Robinson.

French.—1, Roy Watt; 2, Robert Taylor; 3, Robert Mitchell.

Mathematics.—1, Robert Mitchell; 2, Robert Taylor; 3, John Dalgleish.

Science.—1, Robert Mitchell; 2, James Aitchison; 3, Peddie Greig.

Art.—1, Tom Canning; 2, William Meikle; 3, A. Pearson.

Woodwork.—Alex. Hall.

Class 1 H.G. a.

English.—1, Louisa Brydon; 2, Betty McIlwrick; 3, Marion Crombie; 4, Lilian Beckley.

French.—1, Lilian Beckley; 2, Louisa Brydon; 3, Elizabeth Whytock.

Mathematics.—1, Betty McIlwrick; 2, Lilian Beckley; 3, Louisa Brydon.

Science.—1, Louisa Brydon; 2, Agnes Ferguson; 3, Lilian Beckley.

Art.—1, Betty McIlwrick; 2, Helena Wyllie.

Dressmaking.—Nancy Ferguson.

Physical Training.—Margaret McKenzie.

Cookery.—Marjorie Bayne.

Class 1 H.G. β.

English.—1, Nellie Denny; 2, Delphia Williams; 3, Catherine Robertson; 4, Elizabeth A. Younger.

French.—1, Nellie Denny; 2, Margaret Tweeddale; 3, Catherine Robertson.

Mathematics.—1, Catherine Robertson; 2, Nellie Denny; 3, Gladys Simpson.

Science.—1, Nellie Denny; 2, Elizabeth A. Younger; 3, Gladys Simpson.

Art.—Catherine Robertson; 2, Nellie Denny.

Cookery.—Annie Irvine.

Physical Training.—Mary Bruce.

Special Prizes.

Bible Prizes.—3rd year H.G.—May L. Gilbert. 2nd year H.G.—Margaret Gardiner. 1st year H.G.—Annie Coats. 1st Senior—Euphemia Young. 2nd Senior—Isabella Middleton. 3rd Senior—Frances Wilson.

(*Scott Club Prizes.*—1, Margaret Johnston; 2, Thomas Falconer.)

(*Pianoforte Prizes* (Mr Crombie's Pupils)—Cissy Flint. (Mr Huxtable's Pupils)—1, Chrissie Carmichael; 2, Emma Masterton.

(*Singing Prizes.*—1, Margaret Stanford; 2, Margaret Grant; 3, Henrietta M. Brown.

S.P.C.A. Prizes.—1, James Hutchison; 2, Margaret Nisbet; 3, Isabel Grieve (all 1 Sen. A.); also Mary Gardiner (1 Sen. B.) and Mary Young (1 Sen. C.).

"Robertson" Prize in English, presented by Mr Robertson to Class 1 Sen. A.—1, Beryl Watson; 2, Margaret Nisbet.

Class 1 Sen. A.

Boys.—1, James Hutcheson; 2, James Rodger; 3, Alexander Craighead.

Girls.—1, Beryl Watson; 2, Mary Henderson; 3, Jean Steel; 4, Isabel Grieve; 5, Margaret Nisbet.

French.—Beryl Watson. *Sewing.*—Anna Nicol. *Drawing.*—Dorothy Melville.

Class 1 Sen. B.

Boys.—1, George Wilkie; 2, Graham Duncanson; 3, James Ferguson.
Girls.—1, Kathleen Bennet; 2, Beryl Bird; 3, Mary Gardiner; 4, Nellie Henderson; 5, Mary Laursen.

French.—Annie Rosie. *Sewing.*—Ena Barlow. *Drawing.*—Kathleen Bennet.

Class 1 Sen. C.

Boys.—1, Robert Kirkham; 2, Norman Nisbet.
Girls.—1, Mary Young; 2, Cecilia Tait; 3, Agnes Lauder; 4, Patricia Parsonage; 5, Jean Dingwall and Euphemia Young.
Drawing.—Alison Storie. *French.*—Euphemia Young. *Sewing.*—Agnes Lauder. *Bible.*—Euphemia Young.

Class 2 Sen. A.

Boys.—1, John Malloch; 2, Ernest Brown; 3, Arthur Walker.
Girls.—1, Katherine Robertson; 2, Grace Sponder; 3, Jessie Henderson; 4, Mary Robson; 5, Mary Reid.
French.—Mary Reid. *Sewing.*—Olive Gray and Katherine Robertson (equal). *Drawing.*—Hope Forde.

Class 2 Sen. B.

Boys.—1, Ian Farquharson; 2, Gordon Walton; 3, Peter Margach.
Girls.—1, Jean Renton; 2, May Dods; 3, Dorothy Hurford; 4, Margaret Glass; 5, Gertrude Sinclair.
French.—Dorothy Hurford. *Sewing.*—Isobel Giles. *Drawing.*—Frederick Gilray.

Class 2 Sen. C.

Boys.—1, William Ross; 2, David Robertson.
Girls.—1, Evelyn Robertson; 2, Maud Brydon and Isabella Middleton (equal); 4, Muriel McLaren; 5, Margaret Fisher; 6, May Harland.
French.—William Ross. *Sewing.*—Margaret Fisher. *Drawing.*—Thomas Mellwrick.

Class 3 Sen. A.

Boys.—1, Robert Ross; 2, Kenneth Clark; 3, George Marwick.
Girls.—1, Nancy Stewart; 2, Chrissie Ross; 3, Betty Hardie; 4, Jenny Anderson; 5, Margaret Savage.
Sewing.—May Drummond. *Drawing.*—Robert Dodds.

Class 3 Sen. B.

Boys.—1, Louis Ginsburg; 2, Ian Murray; 3, Douglas Hill.
Girls.—1, Enid Robertson; 2, Mabel Ginsburg; 3, Elizabeth Banks; 4, Margaret Pendreich; 5, Margaret Gray.
Sewing.—Maisie McColl. *Drawing.*—Daisy Brand.

Class 3 Sen. C.

Boys.—1, William Porter; 2, Kenneth McKinlay; 3, Robert Ure.
Girls.—1, Helen Douglas Linton; 2, Mary Robbie; 3, Frances Wilson; 4, Margaret Cunningham; 5, Jessie Ferguson.
Drawing.—Margaret Tait. *Sewing.*—Muriel Howden.

Class 1 Jun. A.

Boys.—1, Robert Gardiner; 2, Andrew Miller; 3, John Duthie.
Girls.—1, Margaret Edmonds; 2, Robina Deans; 3, Janet Sanders; 4, Margaret Logan; 5, Sarah Porter.
Drawing.—Robina Deans. *Sewing.*—Robina Deans.

Class 1 Jun. B.

Boys.—1, James Aalbrecht; 2, James Flett; 3, Archibald Melville.
Girls.—1, Janet Martin; 2, Dorothy Black; 3, Catherine Rennie; 4, Grace Beattie; 5, Margaret McGregor.
Sewing.—Mabel Holland. *Drawing.*—Dorothy Black.

Class 1 Jun. C.

Boys.—1, Andrew Nisbet; 2, Robert Hamilton; 3, Jack Bruce.
Girls.—1, Jessie Stewart; 2, Margaret Brown; 3, Agnes Blacklay; 4, Jean Farquharson; 5, Margaret Liddle.
Sewing.—Margaret McDonald. *Drawing.*—Charles King.

Class 2 Jun. A.

Boys.—1, George Mears; 2, George Young; 3, T. Eric Stanners; 4, Reginald Gordon.
Girls.—1, Catherine I. Davie; 2, Phyllis Hamilton; 3, Ella Smith; 4, Margaret Hendry.
Sewing.—Evelyn Carr. *Drawing.*—Margaret Drummond.

Class 2 Jun. B.

Boys.—1, George Reid; 2, Robert Melville; 3, David Johnstone.
Girls.—1, Ethel Briggs; 2, Muriel Burrows; 3, Betty Renton; 4, Doris Brown; 5, Margaret Henderson.
Sewing.—Ethel Briggs. *Drawing.*—Roger Blamire.

Class 2 Jun. C.

Boys.—1, John McLaren; 2, Robert Barlow; 3, David Coventry; 4, Charles Gilmour.
Girls.—1, Jean Caldwell; 2, Isabella Hardie; 3, Constance Gregor; 4, Agnes Somerville.
Sewing.—Doris M. Wright. *Drawing.*—Alastair McLean.

Adv. Inf. A.

Boys.—1, Andrew G. Holmes; 2, William N. Geddes; 3, Gordon McA. Maxwell; 4, John S. Gray.
Girls.—1, Catherine L. Henderson; 2, Kathleen D. Steele; 3, Grace T. Will; 4, Mary K. Miller.

Adv. Inf. B.

Boys.—1, David H. Scott; 2, John A. McLean; 3, Leon Theron.
Girls.—1, Mary B. Smith; 2, Muriel E. Black; 3, Rhoda McDonald; 4, Elsie Spence; 5, Betsy V. Howieson.

Adv. Inf. C.

Boys.—1, Andrew J. Heatlie; 2, Allan J. Craig; 3, Robert Young; 4, Thomas Patrick.
Girls.—1, Winifred C. Stewart; 2, Helen C. Stewart; 3, Margaret F. Hill; 4, Lily A. Stewart.

Adv. Inf. D. (Montessori).

Boys.—1, Gordon H. McCracken; 2, Leslie Comfort; 3, William Hay; 4, Robert Russell.
Girls.—1, Isabella MacLean; 2, Irene Glass; 3, Elsie Grant; 4, Elizabeth Dobson.

Jun. Inf. A.

Boys.—1, James D. Thomson; 2, Wm. J. Pool; 3, Graham D. Park; 4, Ian N. Lapraik.
Girls.—1, Gertrude Drummond; 2, Grace M. Moon; 3, Euphemia L. Park; 4, Alison S. Ferguson.

Jun. Inf. B.

Boys.—1, Arthur L. Anderson; 2, Andrew Walker; 3, William Yuille; 4, George Blamire; 5, John M'Ausland.
Girls.—1, Jean Cowe; 2, Elizabeth E. H. Johnstone; 3, Eleanor Chisholm.

Jun. Inf. C. (Montessori).

Boys.—1, Joseph Robertson; 2, Ian Maclaren; 3, Charles Inglis; 4, Ian Hutcheon.
Girls.—1, Morag Dods; 2, Margaret Allan; 3, Mary Fisher; 4, Margaret Brown.

THE SCHOOL GAMES.

THE School Games were held this year on Wednesday, 14th June, at Warriston Grounds. 912 pupils entered for the various events. The weather was excellent, and an enjoyable afternoon was spent by the pupils and their friends. As in previous years, an exhibition of Country and Morris Dances was given by the Higher Grade girls under the supervision of Misses Bull and Eddie, our Drill Mistresses. The prizes were distributed to the successful competitors by Mrs Morgan, member of the Education Authority. The chief prize-winners were:—

BOYS.

60 yards—under 9	- - -	David Steven.
80 yards—under 11	- - -	Charles Muirhead.
100 yards—under 13	- - -	William Bright.
100 yards—open	- - -	William Drummond.
220 yards—under 13	- - -	John Gavine.
Three-Legged Race—Elem.	- - -	John Gavine and Christopher Binnie.
Do. H.G.	- - -	John Macleod and James Bell.
Sack Race—open	- - -	Thomas King.
Obstacle Race—open	- - -	William Drummond.
Squadron Race	- - -	John G. Drummond, Ian Cameron, Charles Muirhead, John Macpher- son.

GIRLS.

60 yards—under 9	- - -	Evelyn Carr.
80 yards—under 11	- - -	Daisy Brand.
100 yards—under 13	- - -	Beryl Bateman.
100 yards—open	- - -	Rose Pace.
Skipping Race—under 9	- - -	Ruby Deans.
Do. under 11	- - -	Daisy Brand.
Do. under 13	- - -	Nancy Fraser.
Do. open	- - -	Norah Smith.
Egg and Spoon Race—under 11	- - -	Daisy Finnie.
Do. under 13	- - -	Hettie Cresser.
Do. open	- - -	Jenny McIlwrick.
Thread-the-Needle Race—under 13	- - -	Cathie Maitland and Lily Johnstone.
Do. open	- - -	Norah Smith and Eileen Young.
Squadron Race—Elem.	- - -	Beryl Bateman, Nancy Fraser, Nan Robbie, Jessie Kerr.
Do. H.G.	- - -	Nan Traill, Margaret Traill, Gladys Bryce, Kathleen Weir.
Sack Race—open to H.G.	- - -	Madge Gray.
Three-Legged Race—Elem.	- - -	Daisy Brand and Cathie Maitland.
Do. H.G.	- - -	Margaret Traill and Cathie Weir.
Dribbling Race—H.G.	- - -	Chrissie Carmichael.

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