

Gillespie's  
High  
School  
Magazine

July 1941





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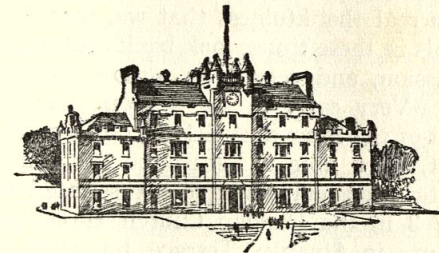
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# Gillespie's High School Magazine

JULY 1941

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### SCHOOL NOTES.

It is with real thankfulness that we, more blessed than many schools in these times, look back on this, our second wartime session, and record an almost normal year of school life. Very early in the session the Intermediate Department of the Secondary School, and also the Primary Department, were able to return to the usual hours of work; shelter requirements have necessitated the housing of Primary 3 in the Barclay Church Halls, and of the Senior Infants in Alvanley Terrace, but staff and pupils have quickly adapted themselves to the new conditions and have been comfortable and happy in their temporary homes.

There have been various changes in staff. The first term was shadowed for us all by the illness and death of Miss Helen A. Matheson, M.A., whose fine personality, marked by so much kindness, courage, and humour, the school could ill spare. A short and very moving Memorial Service was held for her in school—but indeed Miss Matheson needs no memorial, for wherever Gillespie's pupils meet she will be gratefully and affectionately remembered. Her successor in the Geography department, Miss Margaret Leitch, M.A., whom we welcomed in October, has already found an assured place in the life of the school. In September Dr. Buchan returned from escorting evacuees to Canada, only to leave very shortly afterwards to take up his new position in Moray House Training College. His place as Principal Teacher of Mathematics was taken by Miss Margaret M. Napier, M.A., B.Sc., an appointment which, in the light of Miss Napier's long and valuable services in so many branches of school activity, gave satisfaction to both her colleagues and her pupils. Miss Elsie Davidson, M.A., was moved from the Primary School to fill the gap in the Mathematics Department. At the end of last session we bade farewell to Miss Jane Thomson on her retirement, feeling that her kindly presence would be much missed both by the staff and by the little girls for whom she made school a happy place. We were, however, delighted when, in response to the need for teachers arising out of war conditions, she returned to resume work among the

Juniors. It was a particular pleasure also to welcome back our old friend Miss Marjory Fraser for a spell of interim duty. In June Mr Neil H. Lees, A.R.C.O., whose refreshing vigour and infectious enthusiasm have in his short time with us done so much for the musical activities of the school, was called away on war service. We offer him our sincerest good wishes, hope for his early return, and meanwhile extend a hearty welcome to Miss Elizabeth S. Caldwell, Mus. Bac., L.R.A.M., who takes over his work. At the end of last session we were interested to learn that Miss Nan Guthrie, our popular Secretary, was travelling to New Zealand with evacuee children. In December she returned, but only to say "Hail and farewell"! It is with great pleasure that we offer her our congratulations and good wishes on the occasion of her marriage. We hope that Miss Wendy Raithby, Miss Guthrie's successor, will be very happy in her work here. Another wedding completes the record of staff news for the year; we should like to express to Mr and Mrs White our sincerest wishes for their happiness.

The School societies have all, as will be seen from their reports elsewhere, successfully defied the black-out and other wartime difficulties. Worthy of mention is the special meeting of the Literary and Dramatic Society on 31st March, at which before an invited audience of parents and friends, a dramatic chronicle on the theme of "Freedom" was presented with a sincerity which made it something more than a mere entertainment. An interesting new precedent has also been set by the holding of inter-debates with the corresponding societies of George Watson's College and the Royal High School. The Swimming Club has had a highly successful session, though it has been impossible to hold the usual Gala this year. Cordial thanks are due to Miss Muir for her work in connection with the club. Sports Day, held on June 18th, was as enjoyable as ever, despite the unusual item of an "Alert" (fortunately of short duration) just as the first race was beginning.

Christmas celebrations had necessarily to be curtailed this year, but the customary services were held in school, and Forms 4, 5 and 6 enjoyed an afternoon party. The cripple children in whom the school has long taken an



interest were not forgotten: a large Christmas parcel of toys and games was sent to them in their wartime home at Earlston. Books and games were collected also for the children evacuated to camp schools at Broomlee and Middleton. But the chief Christmas activity was the Concert, to which staff and pupils gave their best efforts, and which was generously supported by parents and friends. A fuller account of this concert will be found elsewhere; the very gratifying sum of over £95 was raised for distribution to various war charities. At Easter there was a special service at which the older pupils had the privilege of hearing an exceptionally fine address from the Rev. Jas. Stewart of North Morningside Church on "Christ, the Pioneer of Life." Founder's Day Service, held on the afternoon of Friday, 13th June, is fully reported further on in this magazine.

Throughout the session there have been various interesting breaks in the usual school routine. In the first term Miss Grace Johnston, M.A., Mus. Bac., a former Head Prefect, and now a distinguished pianist, gave a pianoforte recital which was greatly appreciated by staff and senior pupils. On February 26th Miss Bertha Waddell with her company from the Children's Theatre visited us. Their programme of mimes, short plays and songs, presented with finished artistry and enhanced by delightfully gay costumes, gave much pleasure to the various sections of the school. On several occasions morning Assembly has been diversified by inspiring addresses from missionaries.

This year it has again proved impossible to hold the customary closing Concert in the Usher Hall, but at the time of going to press the various departments concerned are busy planning and preparing for an Exhibition of Work, to be held on Wednesday, 2nd July.

It remains to speak of the school's contribution to the national war effort. Perhaps the most important feature of this has been the revival of the Savings Association, to which Miss Marr and Miss Maclean are giving arduous and ungrudging service. There are now over 600 members, and up to the week ending Friday, 27th June, a sum of £1,914, 13s. has been collected, representing an average of £51, 15s. weekly.

DUXES OF THE SCHOOL.



JEAN P. LAING.



ESTHER CAPLAN.



The making of knitted comforts and their despatch under Miss Wood's supervision, through the Women's Voluntary Services, has gone on with continued zeal. Over 258 articles, including 42 blankets, have been sent. A special gift of books and comforts was despatched to the Patrol Club at Granton Naval Base. In common with all their fellow-citizens the staff and senior pupils are doing fire-watching duties. The humble but not negligible war work of collecting silver paper has gone steadily.

In this Summer term the 5th Form, in addition to the usual intensive course in Domestic Science, have been given a course of lectures and practical training in First Aid and Sick Nursing, under the auspices of the Red Cross Society,

This year a total number of 34 Group Leaving Certificates was gained. This represents an advance of 9 on last year's number, and it is hoped and expected that the upward trend will continue.

In conclusion, we should like to thank most cordially all the donors of special prizes. Their continued generosity is more than ever appreciated in these difficult times. The librarians have much pleasure in acknowledging gifts of books from the following former pupils:—Misses Helen Taylor, Sybil Whitehead, Dorothy Horsburgh, Hazel Stewart, Frances Early, Leila Sinha, Lucy Neish, Joyce Kidd, Joan Stansfield, Helen Dunbar, Mary Mackenzie, Ella Girdwood, Marion Nelder, Clara Scott, Margaret Stevens, Dorothy Halliday, Violet Henderson, Violet Begbie, Mary Stephenson, Agnes Bethune, Margaret Nelson, Grace Jamieson, Barbara Grubb, Catherine Neill, Nancy Lee, and Cynthia Pryde.

A.E.F.

\* \* \* \*

#### FOUNDER'S DAY.

*Friday, 13th June, 1941.*

This year's Founder's Day Service takes a notable place in the now lengthening succession of such commemorations. The beautiful flowers decorating the hall, and the cool green of the summer uniforms worn by the girls, provided a pleasant setting for a memorable service. Amongst the



large and distinguished platform party it was a particular pleasure to see the heads of several of Edinburgh's best-known schools, as well as various other prominent educationists. The school was highly honoured in having as Chairman Lord Provost Sir Henry Steele of Edinburgh and as Speaker Lord Provost Garnet Wilson of Dundee.

After the opening psalm, the scripture lesson, a prayer offered by the Rev. Dr. E. J. Hagan, and the beautiful hymn, "Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring," Lord Provost Sir Henry Steele spoke briefly, paying tribute to Gillespie's School and its succession of distinguished heads, and introducing the Speaker. Lord Provost Garnet Wilson held the attention of all present with a heartening address, enlivened with humour and with imaginative touches. After a brief but happy reference to James Gillespie he went on to speak of the work of women both in the present time of stress and in the rebuilding to which we all look forward. "What are your thoughts today?" he asked. "Are they turning towards a world at war, where high-spirited young women are already in the fray? Would you join them, adding to the wonderful record of their service and duty? Bless them all—for like others of the blessed, "they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run and not be weary; they shall walk and not faint." Whatever you come at last to do, I am sure you will do it with the same gay, glad heart."

The Lord Provost then turned our thoughts to the new world that will come with Peace—a world of patching and mending, planning and chiselling and building. It might be, he said, that since 1918 we as a nation had been inclined to ask too much of life and give too little in return. After this war we should find ourselves poorer in wealth, but not, he hoped, in spirit and in courage, nor in that flow of human kindness which the danger from the sky was drawing daily from hearts that were themselves over-full of anxiety.

In the story of Aladdin new lamps were exchanged for old—and that was what we in this country were going to do. Surely a new order would arise under which the woes of poverty, unemployment, bad housing and uncleanness would disappear as fast as our rulers could blow them

away. To that order women must contribute a kindness and helpfulness and understanding extending far beyond the circle of their own firesides, must give hearts and hands to mend the broken places. Schools would change, Town Councils might be superseded, but the young people of this generation, fortified by the fine traditions of Scotland, would meet all changes with courage and see to it that no good cause failed for lack of those willing to serve in peacetime as in war.

Physical characteristics passed from father to son, mother to daughter—and so did the fine and lovely spiritual things of life. "With every one of you, it may be," concluded the Lord Provost, "that

' Away down the river  
A hundred miles or more,  
Other little children  
Shall bring your boats ashore '

—boats laden with cargoes of love and understanding, the joy of giving or the call of duty and service."

The Senior Prefect, Margaret Macnaughton, in a pleasantly forthright little speech thanked the speakers, and one of the youngest pupils presented the traditional snuff-box to Lord Provost Garnet Wilson. The Service concluded with the hymn "Land of our Birth," followed by the Benediction. The concession, hoped for but hardly expected this year, of a holiday on the following Monday, rounded off the Founder's Day celebrations to the general satisfaction,

\* \* \* \*



### In Memoriam.

Miss HELEN A. MATHESON, M.A.

When the present session opened, it was with the deepest regret that the staff learned that they were never to have Miss Matheson back amongst them, and this knowledge clouded the Christmas term for them not a little. Although we all knew that her health had become impaired, we hoped that she might recover and enjoy many active years. However, that was not to be, and she passed away peacefully in November after a spell of great suffering, borne with the bright courage so characteristic of her.

When Miss Matheson joined the staff of James Gillespie's School during the Great War, she was coming back to her old school, where she had received her elementary education before proceeding to Edinburgh Ladies' College.

From the first she was a favourite with staff and pupils alike, and took a deep interest in the activities of the school, particularly its sports. She was an expert player of tennis and badminton, and won many prizes at her own club and other tournaments. Many of the old pupils owed to her their knowledge of handling a racquet.

As a teacher she was very popular, sparing no pains to make her geography lessons interesting and inspiring, and she travelled widely, visiting Canada and most of the European countries.

Miss Matheson will always be remembered for her unflinching cheerfulness, her untiring energy, her keen sense of justice, and by those who knew her most intimately and had shared her travels, as a veritable "Good Companion." The whole school and a wide circle of friends outside it, mourn the loss of one who has left behind her many happy memories.

M.F.

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### Obituary.

We deeply regret to have to record the death, on 1st November 1940, of Sheila McDonald, Form 3B.

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### FROM THE SECONDARY DEPARTMENT.

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#### THE SONG OF THE LITTLE WARDEN.

(With apologies to Rudyard Kipling.)

Ere people draw their shutters, ere the searchlights sweep  
the sky,

Ere a Messerschmitt swoops down a furlong sheer,  
Through the silence, shrill and piercing, grates the melan-  
choly cry—

Do you hear, O Little Warden, do you hear?

Very swiftly down the street, run the hurried pairs of feet,  
And the sirens wail o'er houses, far and near;  
And the sweat is on thy brow, thinking what will happen  
now—

For they're here, O little Warden, they are here!

Ere the searchlights scan the heavens, ere the clouds are  
rent with light,

When the shelters underground are dark and drear,  
Comes a throbbing nigh above thee—buzz-buzz-buzzing  
through the night—

Do not fear, O Little Warden, do not fear!

Take a breath, deep down below; bid the shrilling whistle  
blow,

Through the empty mocking darkness ring it clear;  
But thy hands are nerveless, weak, and thy tongue too  
parched to speak—

It is Fear, O Little Warden, it is Fear!

When the gun-fire sears the skies, when the splintered  
oak-trees fall,

When the blinding baring searchlights flash and veer,  
Through the war-gongs of the thunder drones a sound  
more dread than all,

Do you hear, O Little Warden, do you hear?



Now are shelters crowded deep; now the timorous faint  
 hearts leap—  
 Now the dim lamp-glow shows each expression clear—  
 And thy throat is shut and dried, and thy heart against  
 thy side  
 Hammers: Fear, O Little Warden—this is Fear!

ELEANOR ARNOTT, FORM 6.

\* \* \* \*

### IMPRESSIONS.

#### I.

O Blackboard,  
 black  
 black  
 black  
 of blackness  
 black  
 but sometimes  
 not so black.  
 Come lines  
 of dazzling white  
 harsh lines  
 to rattle  
 your pristine purity.  
 Comes a fierce stroke  
 they go  
 behind a cloud  
 of choking  
 swirling  
 dust  
 they go  
 and leave you  
 —black.

#### II.

“A fool, a fool,  
 I met a fool in the forest,  
 A motley fool.”  
 Blinded with egoism  
 I said,  
 “Good fool, sweet fool,  
 hast knowledge of me?”  
 He looked at me  
 blue eyes aslant with dreams  
 and said or breathed  
 with pitying gentleness,  
 “I know thee not.”  
 Said I, aflame at 's insolence  
 “How so?”  
 Said he, “Although  
 We twain be one  
 I know thee not  
 and thou,  
 Thou knowest not me.”  
 In heat cried I,  
 “I do, I do,  
 I know myself, how otherwise?”  
 He answered low,  
 “If that be so—take then this cap  
 of me.”

KATHARINE RAMSAY, FORM 5A.

### PULVIS ET UMBRA SUMUS.

We are dust and a shadow. The world is unreal to us.  
 We have passed from the earth and we know not this new  
 abode.  
 Our ashes are scattered abroad on the wings of the wind,  
 We have come to this place by a strange and a hazardous  
 road.  
 We are dim twilight shades and our bodies are frail as the  
 dust.  
 We are caught by the tempest and whirled like the  
 hurrying leaves.  
 But Death is the tempest; his hovering pinions are black,  
 And black as the night is the terrible spell that he weaves.  
 We are caught unawares and our life is snuffed out like a  
 flame.  
 Our bodies are dust and our souls from their prisons are  
 freed.  
 And they flit like grey shadows, forlorn and alone evermore.  
 We are dust and a shadow. We bend in the wind like a  
 reed

J. MOIRA HAIG, FORM 5A.

\* \* \* \*

### “FLOWERS THAT BLOOM IN THE SPRING.”

It is a beautiful spring day. The snow is beating against  
 the window of a certain room in J.G.H.S. A certain class  
 is happily—(irony)—engaged in solving—(more irony)—a  
 few problems which upset their mental equilibrium and  
 make them want to jump on desks and tear out their hair.  
 The praeceptor, or in this case, praeceptrix leaves the room,  
 and I, a member of that class, make a noble effort to  
 lighten the general atmosphere of gloom.  
 “Let us leave this useless toil and discuss yonder  
 hyacinth, as yet folded!”

“Er, I beg your pardon?” remarks an ominously polite  
 voice from the back row.

From my vantage point in the very front seat I decide  
 to ignore such uncalled-for interruptions—



"The beautiful harbingers of spring which will bring a ray of hope into this dungeon, dank and horrible," I recommence, only to be greeted with,

"Will somebody kindly shut that fool's silly face" (My efforts at obtaining a veneer of civilization on my language seem to have a slightly adverse effect on my fellow-scholars, hence the somewhat disparaging remarks which are constantly occurring in the direct speech).

"That slender stem and riot of blossom, hidden as yet, will intoxicate us and dull the pain of Maths. and even French until their trials fade into nothingness."

"You'll fade into nothingness if you don't quench your ardour" grunts a voice from behind me, and simultaneously, a member of the staff enters. She sits down, and with a look of displeasure, not to say loathing, pushes away from her, the bowl with the bulb, our, or rather, my, pride and joy. How this plucks at my heartstrings! She then dusts the adherent fibre from her shapely fingers.

"If only everyone could appreciate, as I do, the beautiful spring," I whisper low.

Three weeks hence our bulb is a tower of pale pink bloom—a little brown at the edges, perhaps, and the scent is just a trifle overpowering—but oh, how dear it is to me still!

"Spring is here," I say brightly; a hollow groan arises. "Look at that foam of shell pink. Breathe in that extravaganza of delight."

The door opens. A mistress enters. She sits down. I watch her, and to my horror I see her dainty nose recoil as she bends over the bloom. Holding it at arm's length she picks up the bowl and places it in the farthest corner of the room. There is a loud crack as my heart breaks.

"The odour is rather nauseating," she asserts in explanation of the vile deed.

I sob. I cannot restrain myself; To think of what might have been! I arise. I declaim. Or do I? There is a large class of determined females coming to gag me—a class of destroyers of the world's awakening in spring.

ROSE MCGIBBON, Form 5A.

\* \* \* \*

### FIGHTER PILOT.

The sky was clear and vividly blue, and a faint, sweet drowsiness hung over the earth. A bee, heavy with honey, lumbered dazedly in the open French windows leading out on to a lawn gay with surrounding lupins, which vied with the sky in gorgeous colour.

The voice of the radio announcer shattered the tranquility. "Some enemy aircraft approached the East Coast of Scotland last night" states an Air Raid Ministry communique, "but were driven off with heavy casualties by our fighters. One of our machines did not return from this encounter." The wireless was snapped off sharply and someone swore softly under his breath. A voice said slowly, with bitter irony, "Obituary notice!" for each of the men in that silent room was remembering . . . . .

They remembered little, half-forgotten incidents. The time in Training School when they had waited, all five of them, for the results of their final examination, the last before gaining the coveted "wings."

Bill, silent, rolling endless cigarettes, Canadian fashion, and throwing them away half-smoked. Murray, sturdy Scot, jingling money absently in his pocket. Taffy whistling tunelessly in a corner. Ron, a little white and strained about the mouth, pacing restlessly to and fro, and Paddy, gay, laughing Paddy, albeit a trifle restrained, sitting intently whittling a stick.

Then the moment came, the officer entered, smiled a little, and said "Gentlemen, you're through!" then they all whooped madly and almost went crazy with joy and relief. After months of toil and sweat, they had won their "wings."

They remembered the time when an ungainly bull-terrier pup had strayed into their billet, and upon its subsequent adoption into the family circle as "Raf," become almost unrecognizable owing to a mysterious christening with a bucket of green paint.

They remembered Bill finding (painfully, 'twas true) a young and sportive hedgehog in his bed, and the night Paddy insisted in taking the seats out of their ancient, battered "jalopy" and couldn't get them back again, so that they had to go to the planes in the middle of the



night seated in extremely uncomfortable positions on the floor of the car.

Yes. They had seen anxious times and gay times together, but now only three were left. Earnest, eighteen year-old Ron had been taking-off when the engine stalled and his machine crumpled up in a nose-dive, so now Ron would not fly again for a long while.

They remembered, Bill and Murray and Taffy, how they had been obliged to haul a reluctant Paddy out of bed only last night to answer "Action Stations!" the hectic scramble for the hangars, and a now wide-awake Paddy buckling on his flying helmet, joking with the ground staff, and saying, "Cheerio, me bhoys! I'll give your love to Jerry!"

Then the sudden roar of the engines, a swift surging take-off into the deep-purple heavens, and the steady throb-throb as the machines turned their noses seaward to battle.

After a little while they climbed steeply above the clouds and sighted the raiders approaching. Rapidly they broke up formation and dived on the enemy. The sky became a jumbled mêlée of swooping planes, spitting orange fire, rapid rat-tat of machine guns and a screaming of tortured fabric and engines as the machines wove and rolled in and out of the black Messerschmitts. One of these went into a spin, dark smoke pouring from its tail, and Bill watching it career downwards, found himself, too late, with a black plane diving on his tail and a stream of bullets tearing holes along his fuselage. He attempted to avoid it but knew he couldn't, cursing his own carelessness in allowing himself to be caught thus.

Paddy, having despatched one already, turned to find Bill in this predicament, and with a grim little smile on his lips, drove his Hurricane forward, pressing the gun-button as he did so. The smile died as no bullets spurted from his gun. He had exhausted his ammunition, so without hesitation he did the only thing possible, rammed the Messerschmitt right through the middle.

With a rending crash the left wing tore off, and like a wounded bird, the Hurricane plunged down, down, down into the green depths below, and as it roared past Taffy saw a hand raised in final salute.

Never again would Paddy feel the thrill of a quivering joy-stick under his hand or the sharp cut of the wind as he pushed back the cowling, never again would he feel the soft turf of the Emerald Isle yielding beneath his feet, for Paddy rested peacefully somewhere under the grey North Sea.

Even if the world forgot the sacrifice he had made, yet three remembered.

NANCY KNOX, Form 4C.

\* \* \* \*

#### "QUESTING."

John Leslie left the following amazing statement behind him in Samarkand just before he finally disappeared into the mountains—into the Roof of the world. It came to me after many wanderings and after many had read it. The general verdict was that his great wealth had turned his brain, but I do not agree. I never met him, but he was not insane—of that I am certain. Judge for yourself.

"I feel I am nearing the end of my quest and so I wish to leave behind me an account of the circumstances which led me to give up my fortune and wander through the world. To you who read, it may seem a slight reason and you may think the world is justified in calling me mad, but, believe me, it was a very real and a very strong force which moved me.

All my life I have worked to make money. I was brought up to regard this as the main object in life. Happiness had no place in my scheme of things; that was denied me even as a child, just as my imagination was crushed and, as I thought, broken. It was a sordid existence, but as I had known nothing else, I accepted it. Well, I made money, as everyone knows, and I made the unrest of mind which goes hand in hand with it. I became the typical Scot of the Englishman's vision—unimaginative and tight-fisted.

Then, three years ago, I went for a short holiday to a village which I had known in my youth. It was late October, when the evenings were drawing in and there was just a touch of frost to make the nights clearly sapphire and lovely. One night I came home late, and just before I entered the house something made me turn round to have a last look at the moon, but it slipped



behind a cloud and when I looked above the black silhouettes of the houses, I saw that thing which changed my life and gave me happiness, I must have become a little fey, because at any other time I should have dismissed it as a cloud effect, as I found myself gazing at a scene from another land. I saw a great lake, open to me on the south side, the rest bounded by mountains. It was calm but with a shimmer of light on its translucent darkness, and it was cool and peaceful and deep with all the peace there has been since the world began. The mountains were high, the summits hazy with height and snow, and they seemed quiet and serene as they held the lake safe. The whole place offered content and, as I gazed, filling my whole soul, I felt my eyes prick with the beauty, and my imagination stirred as it had done when I was a boy. I wanted desperately to go there and find the happiness which had been denied me—indeed I felt that I had only to step forward to be there—but something held me and I did not, could not, move. Then the moon reappeared and the lake and the mountains faded and were gone. I turned and entered the house.

It was after this that I left everything and went out to seek my happiness. I have sought everywhere and now I am going to the Roof of the World—where I think I shall find it.—JOHN LESLIE."

Did he find it? No one will ever know, but I like to think he did—you see, the same thing happened to me, once, but I did not have his courage.

CHRISTINE C. MACANNA, Form 4A.

\* \* \* \*

### ONE DAY.

One day the last "All Clear" shall sound,  
And ring out pure and true.

One day the last "All Clear" shall sound,  
With peace for me and you.

No longer hordes of bombing-planes  
Shall wing o'er land and sea,  
To rain down death and fear and hate,  
Again at peace we'll be.

We'll love our neighbours as ourselves,  
We'll love all other lands,  
We'll try to understand their ways,  
And clasp their friendly hands.

We'll wait and hope and watch and pray,  
Until that day has come.  
We'll know that we have suffered much,  
But know that we have won.

MARJORY DRUMMOND, Form 3A.

\* \* \* \*

### THAT MODERN MAID.

Where is the girl of long ago  
So neat and prim and staid?  
She's gone and in her place has come  
That Modern Maid.

The days of trailing lace are past  
When skirts so long got frayed,  
And now with scorn at them she laughs,  
That Modern Maid.

Now she her golden locks has cut  
So work she can evade  
In keeping her head tidy,  
That Modern Maid.

With shingle, Eton crop and bob  
Fortunes are made 'tis said  
By hairdressers who cater for  
That Modern Maid.

But though some people think that she  
Has sunk to lower grade,  
Some virtues still remain within  
That Modern Maid.

For there is one who simply loves  
To see her spick and span,  
And that's the one who matters most—  
That Modern Man.

IRENE DOW, Form 2B.



**MYSTERY AT MIDNIGHT.**

The last stroke of midnight boomed and slowly died away. Simultaneously a low whistle sounded in an upper room of the grim silent building. It was answered by the scuffle of many moving feet. The leader (for it was he who had whistled) was surrounded by a crowd of dark forms.

They listened intently for a few minutes. Then a large container was produced and placed noiselessly on the floor.

Stealthily they groped their way to a corner where the one in command produced a gleaming implement from a bundle which he carried under his arm and began to work silently. Suddenly he straightened up, bestowing a warning glance on his companions.

Again they listened.

Evidently satisfied that they were not heard, the leader though aware of his responsibility, bent once again to his task. The next operation was the most difficult and the most important. A shudder went round the group at the thought of the terrible consequences if they were heard at this stage.

Then, with startling suddenness, a loud report rent the air. There was the sinister hiss of escaping gas.

The suspense that followed was awful. Then some one uttered a low cheer which was taken up by the rest. With willing hands the large ginger-pop bottle was passed round.

The midnight feast in Dormitory 5 had begun!

JANETTE REID, Form 2A.

\* \* \* \*

**THE LILLIPUTIANS FIND A LADY'S  
HANDBAG.**

Let me introduce myself. I am Garbygenio, the man who sits on the walls of Jelosophus, the second biggest town in Lilliput. While I was there one day watching for the approach of our good ruler Garandus, a brown flat thing fell from heaven as a great shadow passed over our fair town. On being summoned, the Guard and I set out with a strong force of horsemen to investigate.

We levered up a large metal clasp and propped up the entrance. A sweet perfume assailed us, which after a time filled all the air around with a beautiful scent.

Once inside, many fascinating things met our gaze. First there was an oblong silver picture, on looking into which we saw people who, we all agreed, looked very like ourselves. We also found a cloth thing, almost like a very closely-woven spider's web, folded up, and on closer observation, we saw it was of all colours and with flower pictures all over it. We also noticed it was from here the perfume came. Just below this object, which would serve well as a carpet, we found a metal box in which we found some pink flour which like the last object had a very sweet perfume. In another part we found an object rather like a huge comb, the teeth of which later made ideal spears for our guardsmen. We found also some silver and gold things with men's heads carved on them, something like the medals of our gallant soldiers, only larger. Strange writings about "Rex, Fid, Def, Ind, Imp" were engraved around the outside of some of them.

At this point two shadows appeared. Even our gallant Captain Furoconas was afraid and ordered us to retreat while he unsheathed his sword. A voice like the pealing of many bells was heard to say, "Oh, Derek, here is my handbag quite intact except—let me see—for my comb. I am certainly lucky."

Just then the so-called "handbag" was removed from our sight, and the shadows passed on, while we little people were left to wonder.

MARGARET SANDILANDS, Form 2C.

\* \* \* \*

**THE APPLE OF TRUTH.**

Awakening early one morning at the note of the thrush, I sat up in bed and realised how hungry I was. I quietly crept downstairs and I was overjoyed to see a beautiful red shiny apple in the fruit dish. I munched it slowly, and when it was finished a queer feeling came over me, but putting it down to indigestion I thought nothing more about it.



That morning in school we were told to write a letter to our teacher inviting her to stay with us for the week-end, and as I didn't like my teacher I hated writing at the beginning, "Dear Miss X." But to-day, funnily enough, I wrote down, "*Detestable* Miss X," and no matter how I rubbed and scrubbed at my page the word would not erase. When teacher saw my heading she called me out to the floor and asked me the meaning of it, and I was very surprised indeed when a voice (which did not sound like mine) answered, "Because I mean it!"

After a lively day at school, at which I had many tussles and scrapes, I was glad when I reached home. But my joy was short-lived, for immediately I opened the door I heard the voice of a friend of mother's whom I disliked. Going in I tried to say, "How do you do?" but the words wouldn't come, and instead I blurted out, "Go away, I've got work to do, and you get on my nerves." The visitor got such a shock that she stood up, dropped the cup which had been on her knee, and strutted out of the door.

That night after a weary day I crept into bed. I soon fell asleep, and my dream was of "True Thomas," the poet whom we had been reading about in school. Next morning when I awoke I remembered my dream of the previous night, and instinctively I knew that the day before I had tasted the apple of truth.

MARGARET SMITH, Form IA.

\* \* \* \*

#### A NEW NOTE.

Mendelssohn's music may give satisfaction,  
The waltzes of Strauss you may love to distraction,  
But the sweetest music to my ear,  
Is the long and steady note—All Clear.

MOIRA MACKENZIE, Form IB.

## FROM THE SENIORS.

### THE COURT MAGICIAN.

The King and Queen of Tornia were discussing having a Court Magician. "My dear, we must have one," persisted the King. "I tell you I won't have one," protested the Queen. At last they came to an agreement. The King himself was to learn the art of magic and be the Court Magician.

After a few days which he had spent reading books on this subject, the King said to the Queen, "My dear, I have learned how to make bags of gold. Come. We will go down to the cellar and try it." "Oh, I am certain something will explode," groaned the Queen.

Once down in the cellar the King opened a book, then asked the Queen if she would hold a sack in which the gold was to appear. The Queen consented, but clapped the other hand to her ear. The King started to chant weirdly. A loud explosion followed. When the smoke cleared it revealed a bewildered King and a twelve-inch Queen.

"Oh, I knew something dreadful would happen," squeaked the Queen. "What kind of a ruler do I look?" "A twelve-inch ruler, my dear," said the King sorrowfully. There was only one thing to be done. A proclamation was issued stating that a magician was wanted.

A very complicated-looking magician arrived at the palace the next day. He was told that if he could make the Queen her proper size again he would be given the job of Court Magician. When the Queen woke up in the morning she found herself the proper size again.

The Queen decided that she had better give the magician the job of Court Magician, as it was due to him that she was the proper size again. A few days later the new magician showed the King the proper way to make bags of gold,

JANET EADIE, 3 Senior B.



**THE QUALIFYING EXAM.**

The Qualifying Exam. has passed,  
And oh, what a great relief!  
To go to bed and feel at ease,  
And not tremble like a leaf.

We had English and Intelligence,  
And Sums and "Mental" too,  
Intelligence tests your diligence,  
They think it's good for you.

And now I'll end my poem,  
With hopes that I have passed,  
And I shall not worry any more,  
Except if I come last.

EMMA WOLFE, 3 Senior A.

\* \* \* \*

**THE ROAD TO VICTORY.**

However long the journey,  
However rough the way,  
However dark the midnight;  
There'll come a break of day,

When we, though worn and tired,  
Shall rest a little while,  
And sing a song of triumph,  
And learn again to smile.

We're battling on to victory,  
We're bearing grief and pain;  
There's hardships there before us—  
Sad days may come again;

But we will stick it bravely,  
Our foot with patience shod;  
We will endure till daybreak,  
And put our trust in God.

MOIRA AITKEN, 3 Senior C.

**TRAVEL.**

When this war is over,  
When victory has been won,  
When things are much more peaceful,  
When we have beat the Hun,  
When all the guns are silent,  
When bombing days are done,  
When everything is quiet again,  
When children can have fun.

Then I'd like to travel,  
To countries o'er the sea,  
To Europe, Africa, Asia,  
To far Japan maybe,  
To all of the Americas,  
To Canada and Chile,  
To Australia and New Zealand,  
And even Germany.

But no matter where I travel,  
Wherever I may roam,  
I'll travel back to Scotland,  
There I'll make my home,  
For even here in wartime,  
It's fine to be alive,  
I only hope I'll carry on,  
Till I am ninety-five.

MARJORIE ROY, 2 Senior A.

\* \* \* \*

**GRANNIE BANTAM.**

Among the poultry in our back green runs a little brown bantam. She is very tiny and although she is six years old, Grannie Bantam is still as sprightly as ever, but like all old people likes to retire early. Evidently she thinks herself entitled to special treatment as she has claimed the coal cellar as her private bedroom. She is a great pet and feeds out of my hand. Last year she laid quite a number eggs despite her old age. One time she laid an egg in her bedroom (the coal cellar), another time in an old plant



pot, and one day she surprised us by laying an egg in our dog's kennel. Every time we found one of the hidden eggs she seemed quite indignant with us. So far this year we have had only one egg from her which I found on the doorstep. Now I expect she has retired from active service.

NORAH SWAN, 2 Senior B.

\* \* \* \*

SCHOOL DAYS AT THE BARCLAY.

On account of war conditions, we, the youngest seniors, are carrying on our studies in the halls of the Barclay Church. While we are quite proud of our noble building with its towering steeple, it will be grand to get back to Gillespie's in September,

We try not to notice the little inconveniences. When the Barclay Sewing Guild holds its weekly meeting, one of the classes "crocodiles" up to Alvanley Terrace and occupies the bright sunny drawing-room of one of the big houses there. Our pride then gets a nasty blow as we strive to tuck our long legs under the "baby" desks.

However, September will soon be here and then we shall feel we are *really* "Seniors."

ANNE PRINGLE, 1 Senior B.

\* \* \* \*

MY POEM.

For days I've tried to write a poem,  
Because my teacher bade me to,  
Alas! the rhymes they will not come,  
See, even now they don't ring true.

I started off, "Dear little cat,  
Behold thee sitting on the mat,  
Contented, purring, sleek and fat,  
I wish I were a cat like that."

I read my poem out to my family,  
They listened as though in rapture gripped,  
But suddenly broke into wild hilarity,  
So my poem into pieces I ripped.

Did I give up then? Ah! "Never," said I,  
For a great British poet I meant to be,  
Though "McGonigal Umpteenth" I was called  
by my brother,  
And my sister a Laurel Wreath wove for me.

Day after day I struggled with poetry,  
Muttering my rhymes to the birds in the glade,  
Till my mother then uttered that wise old saying,  
"My dear, I think poets are born not made."

AVRIL JOHNSTON, 1 Senior C.

\* \* \* \*



## FROM THE JUNIORS.

## MY IDENTITY DISC.

I have a little disc which I wear upon my wrist,  
It shows my name, address and number in case I should  
be missed,  
And then if it so happens, in a blitz that I should be,  
No one need wonder who I am—they will know that I  
am ME!

EILEEN CANAVAN, 2 Junior A.

\* \* \* \*

## MY RED LETTER DAY.

The day that stands out most in my memory is a day  
when I was seven. It happened in the county of  
Aberdeenshire. I was staying at a farm. It was a  
beautiful sunny morning and the farmer was cutting his  
corn. There were two little girls and myself helping him.  
When this was over I was asked if I would like a ride on  
a horse. I answered quickly yes, for it was one thing I  
always wanted to do. I was helped on to the horse and I  
rode it from the field to the stables. It was a very nice  
feeling although its back was wet. Its name was Jock,  
and it had big eyes and a broad back. When I came off  
my legs were all hairs. I went home greatly thrilled with  
what had been my first ride on a horse.

MARJORIE INKSTER, 2 Junior B.

\* \* \* \*

## MY CHICKENS.

We have seven brown chickens. Some days we get six  
eggs from them and we are so pleased because eggs are  
short. One morning a neighbour knocked at the door  
and said, "Come at once as a weasel is eating your  
chickens." Daddy ran to see and when he got there he  
found three dead. Daddy broke two spades trying to kill  
the weasel, but he killed it in the end. It was a stoat  
which is a father weasel.

PAT AMBROSE, 1 Junior A.

## THE SIREN.

Every night to bed I go,  
I hang my gas mask on a hook;  
And always when the Sirens blow,  
I lift my mack and savings book.

Then to the shelter I must go,  
To read or write and sometimes sew;  
The guns roar out, the planes are near,  
But soon the Sirens blow "All Clear."

IRENE CUNNINGHAM, 1 Junior B.

\* \* \* \*

## MY WISH.

I wish the war was over  
And Hitler he was beat,  
Then we'd have lots of sugar  
And lovely things to eat.

We'd have a rosy apple,  
Or perhaps a pear for lunch.  
But now till war is over,  
A carrot we must munch.

KATHLEEN CURRIE, 1 Junior B.

\* \* \* \*



## FROM THE INFANTS.

I saw a crater near the soljers' camp. It is near our house too, and you would know why the Germans come if you lived beside us. We are near an ofel pourful searchlite—it's the pourfulest searchlite in all the world.

I was at my Auntie Jessie's. In front of the house she has the railway. A bomb dropped on the railway, and made a big hole. She was up to hidoe, and we were there too.

Last night I never heard the siren, but I heard the bangs. It was ofell. I put my head under the cuvers, I do like my mummy's marmilade. It is lovely. I think it makes me eat, don't you?

I got my hair washed last night. Mummy washed it with the good soap. Granny gave Mummy a row for yeusing the good soap.

I was at the hospital to see my Auntie on Wednesday. I took in flowers and sandwishes. Auntie Betty took eggs and her mouth watered. Auntie Cissie took three oranges. She said it was a thing of the past. The nurse took her temptur. The nurses are kind to her and the beds are very clean.

I have a tortoys. It likes going away from the garden. Mummy says that I could get a she after the war, and they will lay wee tortoises. I love baby tortoises. They will be wee tiny things.

SENIOR INFANTS A.

\* \* \* \*

I had a little cat,  
It was so very fat,  
It sat upon my hat  
And pressed it flat.

The gardens are fun  
And our warden is Lunn.

On Saturday I went to a concert made with puppits. The name of it was Aladdin and the wonderful lamp. I got an ofill shock when the Jeanie came. I would not have thought that a princess could have such an ugly face.

On the 3rd of May, I am going to get a little baby brother, and Mummy is going to call him John. She will let me wheel the pram.

I went to see my Uncle Bob at Turnhouse. He gave me 10/- and a ride in his aeroplane. He made the aeroplane go upside down and Evelyn and I jumped off our seats. Kenneth bumped his nose on the floor and it was all red.

When I grow up I am going to have six children, one to help me to do the bed, another to lay the table, one to wash up, one to dry up, one to run messages, and one to dust and sweep.

SENIOR INFANTS B.

\* \* \* \*

I think we must look very funny doing our gyms. when we ol li on the floer and kick our legs in the air.

I like when gym. time comes. It is fun to climb the bars. I wish I had them at home to climb up and down all day.

On Saturday morning I saw a sparrow make its nest on Mrs reids roof. It had a peas of straw.

My mummy made a chely and it was a strobory wun, and it was a wobaly wun too.

My daddy is in the homegard. I hope they will be geting a cake this is the homegard burthday.

My mother has a shop. She has oranges in it all the pepl were kuming into the shop for oranges.

Timothy is the name of the little pussy necst doer and his friend is a grae cat.

JUNIOR INFANTS A.



My mummy had the sweep and he had to come at 2, and he came at 4 my mummy was so angry she nearly fantadyade.

I saw litning last nite it lit the house a kros the road. I do not like the sireense I like my bed best and school and the Jim and kounting and droing.

Once when I was at the zoo I was on a elfant the elfant put up his trungk at me he put it on my fase. I put my hed a wae and never said nuthing.

My daddy was out when the saren went looking for insendraibons. I got up and got my cklose on we got in to owr sheltre when the the saren was over we had a cup ov tee.

#### JUNIOR INFANTS B.

\* \* \* \*

#### CHRISTMAS CONCERT.

Towards the end of the winter term there were some unusual sights in the corridors. Here was a girl with a gun and drum, there was Santa Claus disappearing upstairs, here a teacher dangling a milk bottle, and there the Master of Ceremonies himself with a time-table detailed like a ship's log and, one could imagine, with a stop-watch up his sleeve. It was apparent that something was brewing, and that "something" was the Christmas Concert which was to be given in aid of war funds.

An excellent start to the programme was made by the School Orchestra—a fine array of young musicians—in their rendering of the Keltic Lament and Beethoven's Minuet in G, and later the sextet gave a pleasing interpretation of Boccherini's Minuet. The audience showed marked appreciation of the Oboe Solo and also of the young violinist who by her wonderful mastery of her instrument has already brought credit to the school.

"Deirdre's Farewell" was sung with sympathy and self possession. The costume dancing of the girls in the Secondary Department was characterized by the grace and precision invariably associated with the work of the new gymnasium.

One of the distinguishing features of the concert was the obvious enjoyment the girls themselves derived from the parts they were playing. There was no sign of strain or anxiety, and nowhere was this more noticeable than among the younger performers. In the delightful Christmas Scena the youngest children stepped merrily on to the stage, some of them eager to catch the eye of a fond parent, and one giving a friendly smile to the centre of the front row. From their free and charming presentation it was manifest that much thought and care had been taken by the staff of the Infant Department.

The audience seemed specially amused by the action song announced as "Soldier, soldier won't you marry me?" but perhaps "Love's Labour Lost" would have more fittingly described it!

In the dramatised poems from Shakespeare the excellent enunciation was a feature, and the appropriate dressing told of an imaginative mind and capable hands.

Possibly the item most appreciated by the pupils was that provided by the staff in the "J. G. Broadcast" in which they saw their teachers "letting themselves go" in original song and speech and action, a retired member of staff being specially successful in the part of the Oldest Inhabitant.

When the curtain fell on the fourth and last performance we had the satisfaction of knowing that while entertaining our friends and enjoying ourselves we had succeeded in raising over £95. Of this sum, £30 was devoted to comforts for Prisoners of War, through the Red Cross Society; £30 to the Lady Provost's Comforts Fund; and £35 to the Scottish Forces' Entertainments, with which Miss Thorburn is so prominently identified.

M. K.



## REPORTS OF SOCIETIES.

### LITERARY AND DRAMATIC SOCIETY.

Despite the war, and all its attendant difficulties and uncertainties, the Literary Society has just completed one of its most successful sessions, so successful, in fact, that it was decided to hold a series of meetings and rambles during the summer term. Owing to black-out difficulties we were obliged to hold our meetings at 3.45 p.m., but this does not seem to have decreased the enthusiasm of our members, as attendances this year have been record.

A new feature was introduced this session, inter-debates being held with the Royal High School Literary and Debating Society and also with George Watson's Literary Club, and these were found to be so enjoyable that we sincerely hope a precedent has been established!

Later in the session, the Society was privileged to hear an extremely interesting and amusing talk from Dr. John W. Oliver on "Humour in Scottish Poetry."

Magazine Night was held as usual, and turned out to be highly successful. It was noticeable that the contributions, which were many and varied, were mostly of a serious nature, and attained a quite high literary standard.

One of the meetings took the unusual form of a feature called "I want to be an actor," modelled on the B.B.C. series, and members were given an opportunity to display some of their acting talents in two short satirical farces by Stephen Leacock.

The dramatic side of our syllabus has indeed not been neglected. Undoubtedly the "highlight" of the session was the double performance of the dramatic chronicle "Freedom," devised by Miss Foster. Through readings, scenes from Shaw's "St. Joan" and Drinkwater's "Abraham Lincoln" and appropriate music, the fight for freedom throughout the ages was presented, with an earnestness on the part of those reading, acting and singing, which made the effect genuinely moving. Outstanding performances were given by May Davidson as "St. Joan," Isobel Greig as "Robert de Bandricourt," Lovat Spence in the very

exacting part of "Abraham Lincoln," and Rose McGibbon as "Mrs Goliath Blow." The dignified and beautiful speaking of Margaret Clark as the Chronicler greatly helped to sustain the unity of the programme. We must acknowledge our indebtedness to Mr Lees for the splendid way in which he organized the musical side. Some of us will long remember the beauty of the "Battle Hymn of the American Republic," as sung by Ruth Macmillan at the first performance, and Alison Tait at the second. "Freedom" was produced, first before an audience consisting of the staff, members of the Society, and the third year pupils, and later a public performance was given to which the parents and friends of members were invited.

As regards outside activities, the Society has not been slow to aid the National effort. Throughout the year, a substantial number of books, games and magazines has been collected for the Forces, and the sum of £2 was given to the Lord Mayor's Air Raid Distress Fund on behalf of the Society.

In retrospect, we may be pardoned in feeling some satisfaction at the year's activities, the satisfaction of having fully upheld the traditions of the School and of the Literary Society. For this we owe a sincere debt of gratitude to the President, Miss Foster, whose never-failing inspiration has guided us through the past year.

MYRA OCKRENT  
(Hon. Secretary).

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### SCIENCE ASSOCIATION.

This Association, instituted some fifteen years ago as an instructive branch of thought and relaxation outside the normal school curriculum and hours, has completed another flourishing year under Mr Brash, the indefatigable President.

The members proved their unrestricted interest during the session by enthusiastically attending each and every meeting, when interesting lectures were delivered and subjects actively debated.



The Syllabus had variety; the lecture items covering "Sound" and "The Analysis of Foods," interspersed with "Experiment" and "Surprise" meetings, and a debate on the subject, "The Advancement of Science has been of greater Benefit to Woman than to Man." The Lecturers were Dr. Buchan and Mr Alexander; both being authorities in their respective subjects, while the former is also well known for his much appreciated active interest in our Association. The other meetings allowed the members some freedom, fully enjoyed by the adventurous spirits.

A hearty invitation is extended to all pupils interested who may wish to become members for next session 1941-42.

SHEILA D. BRAIDWOOD  
(Hon. Secretary).

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#### SCRIPTURE UNION.

The meetings of the Scripture Union have been held throughout the session in the Music Room, on Wednesdays and Fridays, at 8.30 a.m. During the winter terms the number attending was not large, probably owing to the darkness of such an early hour. The attendance, however, improved during the summer term, although there are still a great many girls in the school who are actually members of the Scripture Union, but who do not attend the meetings.

Our Friday meeting has now taken the form of a discussion. Several of the subjects have been "Does God answer Prayer?," "Do you believe in Angels?" and "Do you believe in the Miracles of the Old Testament?"

Anyone wishing to join us at our meetings will be made cordially welcome.

EFFIE SMITH  
(Hon. Secretary).

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#### SKETCH CLUB.

The Sketch Club has continued its activities since the resumption of the regular school hours. The membership has remained so large that we have difficulty in accommodating the girls and owing to the shortage of paper supplies

we meet on only one day each week. The girls try to make up for this by working exceptionally hard during the short time at their disposal, and also at home!

The Art Department need have no fear of a dearth of talent, as the Junior school shows many promising pupils, aged from nine years upwards.

The Committee and Sketch Club members wish to thank Miss Allan for her untiring efforts and the zeal with which she pursues her voluntary, if somewhat arduous, task.

We hope that the members' splendid attendance will be maintained during the coming session.

NORMA FORREST  
(Hon. Secretary).

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#### SCHOOL ORCHESTRA.

This has been a very successful session for the School Orchestra. Members have been very enthusiastic; the full complement has risen to 25 and the standard of playing has greatly improved. The Orchestra assisted at the Christmas and Easter services and prepared a programme of music for the Concert held in aid of War Charities.

During the Easter vacation, several members of the Orchestra took part in a concert held in St. Ann's Church, Corstorphine, where the selections played were greatly appreciated by the audience.

At this year's Orchestra Party, we were honoured and delighted by the presence of Mr and Mrs Wishart and many of the staff. The Orchestra played "Rigoletto" and the "Clown's Dance"; members of the staff sang, and there was a programme of musical games and dancing.

It was with profound regret that we said goodbye to our esteemed conductor, Mr Lees, who expressed the hope that he would soon be with us again, but in the meantime, we had the good fortune to obtain the services of Miss Caldwell, whom we have welcomed into our midst, and whom we shall support to the best of our ability.

RAY BARRON.



## SCHOOL SPORTS.

### HOCKEY.

The six Hockey Elevens had a most successful season, the 1st XI. suffering only two defeats. 1st XI. colours were awarded to May Jamieson, Effie Smith, Helen Stevens, Norma Watson, and Dorothy Hamilton. The Staff match, to which all (excluding the Staff team) were looking forward, was cancelled owing to the inclemency of the weather, but a most enjoyable time was spent at a tea-party given in school.

The Inter-House Hockey Cup goes to Spylaw. M. B. J.

### TENNIS.

Tennis has once more proved to be very popular, keen enthusiasm being showed by the younger girls. Gilmore won the House Tennis Championship, Spylaw being second.

The school has been represented by  
M. Dow and M. Jamieson.  
D. Napier and A. Anderson.  
I. Cameron and M. Shand.

But we have not been very successful. Two matches and the Staff match remain to be played. M. B. J.

### CRICKET.

Although the attendance at practices has, in general, been disappointing, the satisfactory feature of the season has been the enthusiasm of the younger members.

Only one match has been played and this resulted in a victory for the College of Domestic Science by 39 runs to 13. It is hoped to arrange a Staff match and an F.P. match. J. C. B.

### GOLF.

21 members have joined the Club this year and have shown great enthusiasm. Various competitions have been held and the results are given below. At the Annual Sports an innovation was a Long Driving Competition which attracted great interest.

*Braids*—1st, 9 holes .. Alice Macfarlane .. 80 less 22—58  
2nd, 9 holes .. Rosa Stansfield .. 82 less 26—56  
Best Scratch Score (18 holes) .. Alex. Littlejohn, 129

*Putting Competition over Bruntsfield* (36 holes)—

1. Nan McCallum, 100.
2. Mary Walker } 106.
- Elinor Wylie }

Best 9 holes—Nan McCallum, 50.

*Putting Competition over Bruntsfield* (36 holes)—

1. Pearl Macpherson, 97 less 12—85.
- Best 9 holes—Mary Walker, 44.

A very successful putting match, Staff versus Pupils, was held on Tuesday, 1st July, 82 players taking part, and the Staff winning by 15 games to 9.

The School Championship is still to be decided. W. S.

### SWIMMING.

Throughout the past Session the Swimming Club has continued to function most successfully. During the winter months, owing to the early "black-out," the attendance was necessarily less than usual. The advent of summer time gave the Club a fresh impetus and 70 new members joined the ranks, making a total of 375 members. All, under the able and kindly guidance of Miss King, assisted by Miss McLay, are making good progress.

Although it has been impossible to hold our Swimming Gala this year, the resumption of the Education Authority Examinations has been welcomed and 96 members of the Club are competing in this term's examination. Results, unfortunately, will not be available for inclusion in this issue. C. Y. M.

### ANNUAL SPORTS.

There were 1,600 entries and the entry money, amounting to over £19, was given after a small deduction for expenses, to the Merchant Navy Comforts Service.

House Championship :—Warrender, 76 pts.; Spylaw, 55 pts.  
Gilmore, 52 pts.; Roslin, 50 pts.

Individual Championship :—Pamela Ryrie, 10½ pts.  
Runner-up :—Joan Simm, 10 pts.

Inter-House Relays :—Under 11, Roslin; Primary open, Warrender.  
Under 15, Warrender; Secondary open, Warrender.

Secondary Events :—100 yards, Margaret Brown.  
220 yards—Margaret Brown.  
Hurdles—Pamela Ryrie.  
High Jump—Joan Simm (4 ft. 1 in.).  
Cricket Ball—Alma Mason, (139 ft.).  
Hockey Dribble—Effie Smith.  
100 yards (under 14)—Hazel Fraser.  
Skipping—Jean White.  
Sack—Sheila O'Neil.  
High Jump (under 15)—  
Christine Cameron (4 ft.).  
Broad Jump (under 15)—  
Irene Chalmers (13 ft. 7 in.).

Broad Jump—Alma Mason (13 ft. 9 in.).  
Golf Drive—Pearl Macpherson (147 yds.).  
100 yards (under 13)—Patricia Forbes.  
100 yards (under 15)—Rosa Stansfield.  
Egg and Spoon—Alma Mason.  
Hurdles (under 15)—Betty Swanston,  
Primary Events—  
100 yards (open)—Margaret Wickham.  
100 yards (under 12)—Binnie Taylor.  
Skipping—Davina Mitchell & Binnie Taylor.  
Three-Leg—Helen Budge and Margt. Balfour.  
100 yards (under 11)—Dorothy Dickson.  
Egg and Spoon—Margaret Stirling.  
Sack—Christine Macpherson.

Infant Events :—

Flat Races—Ann Graham, Anne Munro, Eleanor Henderson, Ruth Alexander, Elspeth White, Clair Philip, June Waddell, Eileen Holton, Irene Foubister, Mary Brown.

Skipping—Ruth Alexander, Elspeth Johnstone, Frances Thomson.

W. S.



## HOUSE CHAMPIONSHIP.

SESSION 1940-41.

	GILMORE.	ROSLIN.	SPYLAW.	WARRENDER.
	Pts.	Pts.	Pts.	Pts.
Merit . . . . .	78	90	73	109
Attendance . . . . .	35	38	37	40
Hockey . . . . .	33	—	50	17
Swimming . . . . .	13	68	10	9
Sports . . . . .	22	21	24	33
Tennis . . . . .	36	20	25	19
Totals . . . . .	217	237	219	227
Less Penalty Points . . . . .	69	79	78	74
Grand Totals . . . . .	148	158	141	153

Champion House—Roslin. Second—Warrender.

J. C. B.

\* \* \* \*

## FORMER PUPILS' SECTION.

## "LAND ARMY, 1940."

"The country habit has me by the heart."—*V. Sackville West.*

The large gray farmhouse we lived in stood in a flat part of Berwickshire looking towards the Cheviots. This was our home for six weeks, but we did not see much of it. At first we rose at four-thirty to start work at six, but as the weeks wore on—such is the weakness of human nature and of bodies unaccustomed to hard work—the shrill ringing of the alarm clock had less and less effect.

We had of course to be "broken in," and this we are sorry to say was very thoroughly done. Our first afternoon we hoed miles and miles of turnips, and some of us had a hard time of it when, not being accustomed to hoes, we abandoned them and in our zeal for perfection, got down to the job by hand. It must have made a ludicrous sight—a group of landgirls, each moving slowly, patiently and very painfully up her row of turnips, while in the far distance a group of farmworkers used their hoes quickly and efficiently. At the end of the day every girl was asking herself privately what had persuaded her to join the land army. This mood soon passed however.

The next two weeks were spent in cutting thistles, a part of the breaking-in process which may not seem very thrilling to you. But you should have seen us, advancing in a more or less straight line, across the thistle-infested field, our whankeys\* glinting in the brilliant sunshine, as, with an upward sweep and a downward swoop, one more thistle departed this earth.

This work too was not without its dangers, which we steeled ourselves to face. We were awarded no medals—we do not complain. But we cannot pass over the gallantry of our comrades (and of ourselves).

One day (this is still during the breaking-in period, we will come to the actual farming all in good time) we were given out whankeys as usual and told the field we were to rid of thistles. We went, we saw and, triumphant in the end, we conquered.

\*A whankey is like a small scythe with a very long handle. In less refined districts it is known as a jeeble.



The field was full of animals with horns, and no one will ever persuade us they weren't bulls—as if we didn't know the difference between a bull and a bullock. A silence, most full of meaning, fell on us. Then one, braver than the rest, opened the gate and we trooped in, wondering wretchedly if the canvas of our dungarees would afford us protection should the unspeakable happen.

We must have hypnotised the animals. With fixed gaze we asked them, "Would they please move their big hoof and let the nice landgirl cut the thistles under it?" They would? Simple.

In the middle of August we came to farming proper, that is we stooked—we stooked wheat, oats and barley for many golden acres and for many golden days. To any potential landgirl we offer free this hint. Pan-drops are a great incentive to this kind of work (if you can get them). Lime-juice tablets are also very refreshing, but produce fewer stooks to the quarter-pound.

Next came the harvest-work we liked best, building the huge stacks. Perhaps the pleasantest part of this work was when, as the carts went away to be reloaded, one could be stretched out on the top of a half-finished stack with the blue summer sky overhead and nothing to distract the attention but the faint cries of the men to the horses and the jingle of harnesses. Just as intoxicating a feeling was driving a horse and cart from one part of a field to another, or—an extremely risky task this—over a four-inch deep burn. Loading the carts too was pleasant, except when the sheaves were piled high, but then after the laden carts drove off, a blissful ten minutes was spent lying against a row of dry comfortable sheaves. We worked at the harvest until we left.

When we think over our stay in the country, some things stand out in our minds more clearly than others—the sun rising behind the trees at the end of the narrow road leading to the farm, sometimes daffodil, sometimes rose, but always very lovely; cycling home through the dusk air, heavy-eyed and tired but content; and going to bed to fall at once into a deep sleep.

J. M. C. KIDD.

N. M. HENDERSON.

### FORMER PUPILS' CLUB.

The opening meeting for session 1940-41 was held in School on Friday, 18th October 1940. After the election of office-bearers, the evening was spent in singing and dancing.

The second meeting on 17th January 1941 was a country dance party and was an outstanding success. In the course of the evening soloists gave songs and recitations to a company of over a hundred F.P.'s, all of whom seemed to have a thoroughly enjoyable time.

A new venture for the club, an evening ramble, has been arranged for 26th June.

Suggestions for new types of meetings will be gladly received by the committee.

A cordial welcome will be given to all new members;

The annual subscription of 2/- includes the cost of the school magazine. Any further information may be obtained from

BETTY LOCHORE, Hon. Secy.,  
1 Tantallon Place.

\* \* \* \*

### F.P. HOCKEY CLUB.

In spite of adverse circumstances the F.P. Hockey Club has had a very successful season. Club membership was 23, and two XI.'s were run for the greater part of the season.

The results were :—

	Played.	Won.	Lost.	Drawn.	For.	Goals. Against.
1st XI.	10	7	3	—	29	13
2nd XI.	8	5	2	1	46	12

A full fixture list has been arranged for next season, and it is hoped that the Club will be well supported by those who are now leaving school.

The subscription is 10/-, and all new members will be warmly welcomed at the first practice at Meggetland, on the second Saturday in September.

HELEN WYBAR, Hon. Secy.,  
1 Eyre Place.



## F.P. NOTES.

Misses JESSIE M. GOODBRAND and OLIVE B. MCAUSLAND have graduated M.B., Ch.B. at Edinburgh University.

F.P.'s of the past two years continue to acquit themselves well at Edinburgh University. Miss NANCY PATERSON has obtained First Place in the class of English Language, Miss STELLA WEDDELL, Fourth Place and a prize in Philosophy; Miss DOROTHY BELL, Third Place in Zoology and Fifth Place in Chemistry; and Miss JOAN STANSFIELD, First-Class Certificates, with creditable places, in both French and German. Miss LEILA M. SINHA has been awarded a University Bursary of £20 for three years, in addition to the award made by Edinburgh Education Committee.

At Edinburgh College of Art, Misses MARY MALLINSON and ISOBEL LORNIE, and Mrs COHEN (Reeva Ronder) have each been awarded the Diploma of Art, with a Scholarship of £120. Miss MALLINSON has had a wood-cut and Mrs RUTHERFORD (Elizabeth Pringle) a drawing accepted by the R.S.A.

Misses MAY D. FALCONER and ELIZABETH T. ROSIE have qualified as Teachers of Domestic Science.

Miss JEAN BUTCHART has been appointed as Teacher of Domestic Science at Evendine Court, Colwell, Malvern.

Miss JOAN PATERSON has been appointed as a Teacher of Physical Training under Edinburgh Education Committee.

Miss VIOLET M. CRERAR, now qualified in Massage and Electro-Therapy, has won the Prize presented by the Chairman of the House Committee, Western Infirmary, Glasgow, to the best student of the year in these subjects.

Miss CATHERINE E. FEGAN has become a Member of the Society of Radiographers, and is at present Radiographer in Stracathro Hospital, Brechin.

Miss MARGARET F. HUTCHISON, A.L.C.M., has gained the Teacher's Diploma in Education of the Guildhall School of Music and Drama, London.

Misses MARGARET S. ARMSTRONG, M.A., LILIAN S. STEWART, M.A., MURIEL MCDUGALL and MARGARET FALCONER have been placed by Edinburgh Education Committee on the list for prospective vacancies.

Miss CATHERINE I. C. KAY has been appointed by Midlothian Education Committee to the teaching staff.

Misses JESSIE McLEAN and MARGARET BEE (Mrs Herron) played in the Inter-University Golf Matches for the Shaw Cup, which was retained by Edinburgh.

Miss BETTY GALL represented Edinburgh in the Inter-Universities Swimming Contest at Aberdeen.

Miss MARY LITTLER is serving with the W.A.A.F.

Miss EILEEN M. GREIG is serving with the W.R.N.S.

## MARRIAGES.

MORRISON—SCOTT.—On 3rd June 1940, GEORGE MORRISON, to ELIZABETH SCOTT, 28 Brandon Terrace.

LAMB—FAIRBAIRN.—On 2nd July 1940, THOMAS G. LAMB, to ELINOR FAIRBAIRN, 18 Lonsdale Terrace.

SMITH—VINT.—On 13th July 1940, EDWARD LOUIS SMITH, B.A., to ANNE ELIZABETH VINT.

THOMPSON—SHAND.—On 20th July 1940, Lieut. J. ALAN THOMPSON, R.M., to DOROTHY M. SHAND, 11 Spottiswoode Road.

HUME—NICOL.—On 22nd July 1940, WILLIAM B. HUME, B.Com., to ANNIE M. NICOL, 31 Marchmont Crescent.

THOMSON—GRAHAM.—On 12th September 1940, THOMAS B. THOMSON, to G. DOROTHY S. GRAHAM, 7 Willowbrae Gardens.

RAMSAY—COWE.—On 14th September 1940, GEORGE S. RAMSAY, to JEAN H. COWE, 11 St John's Terrace, Corstorphine.

HARRIS—JOHNSTON.—On 23rd September 1940, JOHN H. HARRIS, to THELMA I. JOHNSTON, 3 Warrender Park Crescent.

PORTASS—GUTHRIE.—On 4th October 1940, at Wellington, New Zealand, JAMES H. PORTASS, to AGNES G. GUTHRIE, 13 Crawford Road.

HUTTON—ROSIE.—On 19th October 1940, SAMUEL S. HUTTON, to MARGARET J. T. ROSIE, 99 Newington Road.

CAMERON—NICOLSON.—On 16th November 1940, JAMES N. CAMERON, to RUTH S. D. NICOLSON, Greenbraes, Liberton.

BENTLEY—McGREGOR.—On 25th November 1940, JOHN BENTLEY, R.A.M.C., to FLORA McGREGOR, 115 Dalkeith Road.

McLACHLAN—QUIN.—On 15th February 1941, IAN M. McLACHLAN, to GRETA QUIN, 2 Moston Terrace.

ADAM—HOWIE.—On 22nd February 1941, GARNET DENISON, 2nd Lieut., H.L.I., to SHEENA W. HOWIE, Bieldside, Aberdeenshire.

WALKER—McNAIR.—On 28th February 1941, ALEXANDER H. WALKER, to CATHERINE J. McNAIR, 14 Hillview Terrace, Corstorphine.

DUNN—CARBARN.—On 12th April 1941, GEORGE W. DUNN, to ELIZABETH M. CARBARN, March Road, Blackhall.

NELSON—McGREGOR.—On 16th April 1941, THOMAS NELSON, R.A.F., to CHRISTINA McGREOR, 115 Dalkeith Road.

WHITE—HART.—On 19th April 1941, PETER WHITE, M.A., B.Sc., 9 Falcon Gardens, to ISABELL M. HART.

HERRON—BEE.—On 25th April 1941, SHAWN HERRON, to MARGARET S. BEE, "Hollylea," Mayfield Road.

BROOKS—CROMBIE.—On 24th May 1941, ROBERT T. BROOKS, to CONSTANCE E. CROMBIE, 13 Coltbridge Avenue.

WHYTE—DOWNIE.—On 4th June 1941, GEORGE C. WHYTE, to HILDA St. C. DOWNIE, 4 South Oxford Street.

MILLER—LA FRENNAIS.—On 5th June 1941, CHARLES E. MILLER, R.N.V.R., Australia, to YVONNE LA FRENNAIS, 77 Grange Loan.

ADAMS—DEANS.—On 7th June 1941, JOHN M. ADAMS, to RUBY F. DEANS, 31 Buccleuch Place.

CLELLAND—BEZELLY.—On 7th June 1941, JAMES H. CLELLAND, Scots Guards, to MARION L. BEZELLY, 15 Clerk Street.

FORSYTH—CRESSER.—On 9th June 1941, JOHN A. FORSYTH, R.A.S.C., to MARGARET M. CRESSER, Stirling.



### CERTIFICATE AND SCHOLARSHIP LISTS.

#### PUPILS WHO GAINED LEAVING CERTIFICATES IN 1941.

- |                          |                               |
|--------------------------|-------------------------------|
| Adams, Thelma.           | Mackinnon, Annie L.           |
| Arnott, Eleanor B.       | Macmillan, Ruth D.            |
| Baird, Muriel.           | Macpherson, Margaret E. H. D. |
| Beaton, Mary M.          | Mort, Alexandra H.            |
| Braidwood, Sheila D.     | Ockrent, Myra.                |
| Bryant, Margaret A.      | Preston, Denise S. M.         |
| Cameron, Irene M.        | Ramsay, Katherine.            |
| Caplan, Esther.          | Shand, Muriel C.              |
| Combey, Marguerite E. G. | Shinie, Muriel S. H.          |
| Davidson, Mary B. W.     | Simm, Joan                    |
| Greig, Isobel M.         | Smith, Euphemia H.            |
| Haig, Janette M.         | Smith, Margaret M.            |
| Jamieson, May B.         | Stevens, Helen McM.           |
| Laing, Jean P.           | Stewart, Moira H.             |
| Lawrence, Joyce.         | Sutherland, Etheljean.        |
| Lee, Maureen S.          | Telfer, Norma C.              |
| McGibbon, Catriona R. C. | Turnbull, Elizabeth F.        |

#### PUPILS WHO GAINED JUNIOR SECONDARY CERTIFICATES IN 1940.

- |                          |                       |
|--------------------------|-----------------------|
| Beaton, Dorothy P.       | Macdonald, Sheila H.  |
| Bonallo, Sheila M.       | Maloney, Catherine.   |
| Bowie, Florence J. K. S. | Macpherson, Evelyn.   |
| Brown, Elizabeth B.      | McPherson, Pearl C.   |
| Cumming, Doris S.        | McDermott, Mary A. M. |
| Emmet, Marion.           | Mathew, Elizabeth O.  |
| Finnis May O.            | Messer, Ann B.        |
| Gibbs, Margaret E.       | Mucklow, Margaret.    |
| Gray, Janet W.           | Ridley, Beatrice D.   |
| Inglis, Martha G.        | Sanderson, Christina. |
| Jamieson, Sheila M. S.   | Scott, Charlotte.     |
| Kay, Sheila.             | Scott, Nina R.        |
| Lawrie, Elizabeth H.     | Wight, Kathleen R.    |
| Wilson, Mary.            |                       |

#### SCHOLARSHIPS ENTITLING TO REMISSION OF FEES FOR SESSION 1941-42.

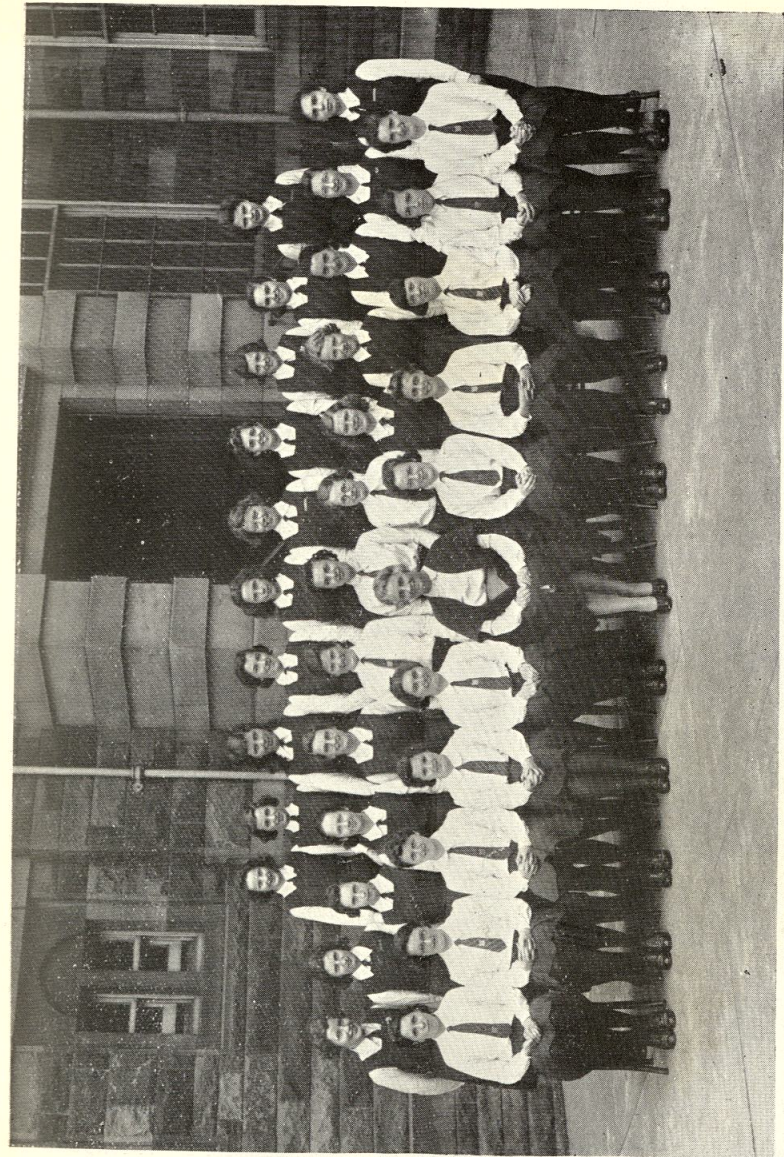
*This List is subject to the approval of the Education Committee of the  
Town Council.*

ENTERING SIXTH YEAR.—Jean Laing, Margaret Macpherson,  
Katherine Ramsay, Euphemia Smith, Mary Davidson,  
Marguerite Combey.

ENTERING FIFTH YEAR.—Jean Grant, Dorothy Polson, Doreen  
Colburn, Christine Macanna, Doreen Booth, Margaret Dick,  
Alexandrina Ross, Nancy Yule.

ENTERING FOURTH YEAR.—Alice Macfarlane, Janet Buchanan,  
Betty Topp, Florence Morrison, Muriel Macauley, Elinor Wylie,  
Ethel Robertson, Alexandra Littlejohn, Edith Gilchrist.

SCHOOL PREFECTS, 1940-41.



O. DICKSON, I. PARK, N. NELDER, M. BRYANT, K. BRYANT, D. NAPIER, J. STOKELL, J. CROWE, M. MCGREGOR, D. KERR.  
M. MACDONALD, M. MARTIN, N. FRASER, S. JENKINSON, F. TURNBULL, R. MACMILLAN, M. LEE, E. ARNOTT, E. WYLIE, F. KAY, J. BORLAND, E. BRYDON, A. HART.  
M. COMBEY, E. SMITH, S. BRAIDWOOD, J. LAING, M. MACNAUGHTON, MISS ANDREW, H. STEVENS, M. DAVIDSON, L. SPENCE, M. JAMIESON, E. SUTHERLAND.





CHRISTMAS CONCERT IN AID OF WAR CHARITIES.

ENTERING THIRD YEAR.—Janette Reid, Nora Shinie, Kathleen Gifford, Violet Kidd, Sheena Morrison, Sheila Jenkinson, Sheila Black, Muriel Leishman, Audrey Adams, Frances Lundie, Kathleen Halkett, Helen Peter, Irene Park, Joyce Dorfman.

ENTERING SECOND YEAR.—Elinor Cleland, Elizabeth Cromarty, Patricia Forbes, Joyce Hamilton, Mairi Macdonald, Edna Arthur, Daisy Fallside, Isobel Dallas, Jean Dickson, Vida Rowat, Doreen Brown, Ruby Lowe, Hazel Wilkie, Agnes Nicell, Katherine Brown, Dorothy Kerr.

ENTERING FIRST YEAR.—Jean Aitken, Eleanor Grubb, Sheila Mackie, Dorothy Seaton, Sheila Fiskin, Marjory Wood, Jean Macanna, Elma Purves, Margaret Law.

**SCHOOL PRIZE LIST, 1940-41.**

Duxes of the School . . .	Esther Caplan and Jean Laing (equal).
Dux in English . . .	Katherine Ramsay.
„ Latin . . .	Jean Laing.
„ French . . .	Margaret Macpherson.
„ German . . .	Jean Laing.
„ Mathematics . . .	Esther Caplan.
„ Science . . .	Esther Caplan.
„ Physical Training . . .	Denise Preston.
„ Music . . .	Irene Cameron.
„ Art . . .	Annie McKinnon.
„ Secretarial Subjects . . .	Frances Turnbull.
„ Domestic Subjects . . .	Margaret Smith.
Dux of the Intermediate School—	Alice McFarlane.

**SPECIAL PRIZES.**

*Prize presented by a Former Dux (1927-28) to the Duxes of the School.*  
Esther Caplan and Jean Laing

*Prize presented by a Former Dux (1927-28) to the Dux of the Intermediate School.*  
Alice McFarlane.

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

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

*“Colin L. Jobson, M.A., Memorial Prize” presented to the Duxes of the School.*  
Esther Caplan and Jean Laing.

*“Jobson Prize” for Arithmetic.*  
Betty Topp.

*“Mouren Prize” presented by a Former Dux (1925-26) to the Dux in French.*  
Margaret McPherson.

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



"Brotherton Prize" presented to the Dux in Science.  
Esther Caplan.

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

"Tom Stevenson" Cup for Athletics.  
Pamela Ryrrie.

"Thomas Scott" Prize for General Excellence.  
Margaret Macnaughton.

Singing Prize.  
Alexandra H. Mort.

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

Stevenson Club Prize.  
Katherine Ramsay.

Burns Club Prizes.

Senior Section—Christine Macanna.

Intermediate Section—Elizabeth Swanson.

Junior Section—Elsie Dunbar, Janet Eadie, Jean Macanna.

Bible Prizes.

Forms 6 and 5—Joan Simm.	3 Senior—Jean Aitken.
Form 4—Jean Grant.	2 Senior—Mary Dickson.
Form 3—Ethel Dalziel.	1 Senior—Anne Sutherland.
Form 2—Muriel Leishman.	2 Junior—Daphne Godson.
Form 1—Mairi Macdonald.	1 Junior—Eunice McGregor.

S.S.P.C.A. Prizes—Essay Competition.

Primary—Sheila Mackie, Sheila Fiskin, Jean Macanna.

"Scottish Youth Hostels" Essay Competition.  
Rosalind Burnett.

The Buchanan Society Scholarship.  
Janet Buchanan.

Pianoforte Prizes.

Mr Paterson's pupils— 1. Joyce Dorfman.  
Mrs Langdon's pupils—1. Nan Brydon.  
Mrs Ross's pupils— 1. Frances Wood.

FORMS 6 and 5 A.

1. Esther Caplan and Jean P. Laing (equal); 3. Myra Ockrent.

Special Prize—Margaret Macnaughton.

FORM 5 B.

1. Etheljean Sutherland and Helen Stevens (equal);  
3. Irene Cameron.

FORM 4 A.

1. Flora G. Barron; 2. Jean E. Grant; 3. Dorothy Polson.

FORM 4 B.

1. Elizabeth H. Borthwick; 2. Mary M. Ross;  
3. L. Muriel Haldane.

FORM 4 C.

1. Agnes L. Yule; 2. Norma T. Forrest; 3. Nancy Knox.

FORM 3 A.

1. Alice McFarlane; 2. Janet Buchanan; 3. Betty Topp.

FORM 3 B.

1. Alexandra Littlejohn; 2. Elizabeth Walker;  
3. Jean Sanderson.

FORM 3 C.

1. Mary Gibson; 2. Lorna Kesson; 3. Agnes Scott.

FORM 3 D.

1. Sheila W. O'Neil; 2. Catherine S. Sutherland.

FORM 3 E.

1. Joyce K. F. Smith; 2. Sheila Stewart.

FORM 2 A.

1. Janet B. Reid; 2. Nora I. Shinnie; 3. Kathleen Gifford.

FORM 2 B.

1. Kathleen Halkett; 2. Helen Peter; 3. Irene Park.

FORM 2 C.

1. Dolina M. Macdonald and Alice M. Philip (equal);  
3. Elizabeth W. P. Cathrae.

FORM 2 D.

1. Margaret Rutherford; 2. Dorothy Irvine.

FORM 2 E.

1. Elizabeth Robb; 2. Isabella B. Adamson.

FORM 1 A.

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

FORM 1 B.

1. Vida Rowat; 2. Doreen C. Brown and Ruby C. Lowe (equal).

FORM 1 C.

1. Dorothy R. Kerr; 2. Margaret W. McFarlane;  
3. Joyce M. Howie.

FORM 1 D.

1. Mary McKenzie; 2. Elizabeth Aitchison.

FORM 1 E.

1. Annette Hart; 2. Liliias A. Neil,



**Class 3 Senior A.**

1. Jean Aitken; 2. Eleanor Grubb, 3. Sheila Mackie.

**Class 3 Senior B.**

1. Dorothy B. K. Seaton; 2. Sheila L. Fiskin and Marjorie T. Wood (equal).

**Class 3 Senior C.**

1. Jean Macanna; 2. Elma Purves; 3. Margaret Law.

**Class 2 Senior A.**

1. Muriel McCurrach; 2. Mary Dickson; 3. Kathleen Adam.

**Class 2 Senior B.**

1. Julia Gadd; 2. Margaret Robertson; 3. Agnes Longden and Alison Bee (equal).

**Class 1 Senior A.**

1. Wilma Hatlenboer; 2. Margaret Cumming; 3. Margaret Clay.

**Class 1 Senior B.**

1. Morag MacLeod; 2. Jean Adam; 3. Florence Williams.

**Class 1 Senior C.**

1. Dorothy Forrest; 2. Ann Sutherland; 3. Joyce Carrol.

**Class 2 Junior A.**

1. Ruth Gould; 2. Eileen Canavan and Janet Russell (equal).

**Class 2 Junior B.**

1. Edith M. D. Godson; 2. Jean T. Macpherson;  
3. Joan I. Fairweather.

**Class 1 Junior A.**

1. Margaret C. Ramsay; 2. Sheila M. Logan; 3. Isobel G. Main.

**Class 1 Junior B.**

1. Joyce Forsyth; 2. Dorothy Falconer; 3. Joyce McCurrach,

**Class Senior Infant A.**

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

**Class Senior Infant B.**

1. Elspeth A. White; 2. Joan L. Gardner; 3. Alexandrina S. Philip.

**Class Junior Infant A.**

1. Mary H. A. Brown; 2. Joan C. Currie;  
3. Eleanor E. McNaughton.

**Class Junior Infant B.**

1. Anne T. Kerr; 2. Joyce E. Steele; 3. Catherine M. Laidlaw.

**ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.**

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

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