

Anne B. Bartles
Form 3B

Gillespie's
High
School
Magazine

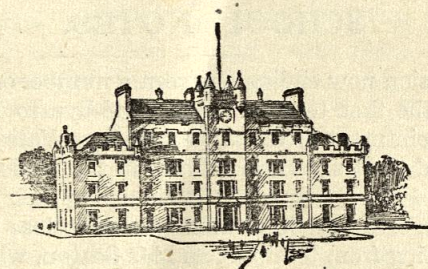
July 1946





DUX OF SCHOOL,
ELINOR M. CLELAND.

Elinor M. Cleland



Gillespie's High School Magazine

JULY 1946

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SCHOOL NOTES.

The session now ending has seen a number of changes in staff. In the first term, we said good-bye to Miss Doull, on her appointment to the staff of George Watson's Ladies' College, and to Mrs Watters. Later in the session came the departure of Mrs Bailey and Mrs Young to their new homes in England. Now we learn that we are to lose Miss Allan, who is retiring from teaching, and Mr Seaton, who has been promoted to be Headmaster of Couper Street School; fuller reference to these two prominent members of staff will be found elsewhere in this magazine. To those who have left or are leaving us, we extend thanks for past services, good wishes for the future, and assurances that we shall not forget them. We offer a cordial if somewhat belated welcome to the following new members of staff:—Miss Elizabeth L. Donaldson, M.A. (History); Misses Helen B. Cruikshank and Beatrice M. Leatham (Needlework); Miss Cynthia C. H. Marshall (Physical Training); Miss Anne Dingwall, M.A. (English); Miss Evelyn B. Hardie, Mus. Bac. (Music); and Miss Lilian W. Paterson, M.A. (Modern Languages). The congratulations and good wishes of the school go to Miss Campbell on her promotion to succeed Miss Allan as Principal Teacher of Art. The past session was somewhat shadowed by the serious illness of two teachers, but we are glad to see Miss Leitch back among us, and to know that Mrs Gray is recovering. The school was fortunate in having Mr Marcus to replace Miss Leitch, and Miss Bearsley is still giving much-appreciated assistance with Commercial Subjects. We have been deeply and often indebted to various retired members of our staff for deputising for absent teachers.

In November, the Preparatory Department of the school moved to its new quarters in Bruntsfield House. The historic building may have its inconveniences, but few schools can boast such a delightful summer playground as its lawns and trees provide for our little girls. Just before Christmas, a day was set apart on which a large number of appreciative parents visited the Preparatory classes in their new home, admired hand-work, listened to carols and poems, watched games, and carried away a vivid impression of the work done in those vital first years of school life.

On the academic side, the outstanding event of the year is undoubtedly the success of our 6th Form in the Edinburgh University Bursary Competition. It was with the greatest satisfaction that we learned that Marguerite Myles had made school history by achieving First Place (equal) in this year's Merit List. This notable triumph for herself and the school was fittingly celebrated by the granting of a day's holiday. Elinor Cleland gained Sixth Place and also stood high in the Merit List for the Welsh Mathematical Bursary. Congratulations are due to the Mathematical Department on the obtaining of such a distinction in three successive years—something of an achievement for a girls' school. In addition, Mairi Macdonald, Elizabeth Cromarty, Joyce Hamilton and Elizabeth Macpherson were all well placed on the list. In the allocation of bursaries, Marguerite Myles was awarded the Bruce of Grangehill Bursary (£60 a year), Elinor Cleland the Crichton Bursary (£75 a year), Mairi Macdonald the Grierson Bursary (£41 a year) and Elizabeth Cromarty the Orkney and Zetland Bursary (£40 a year). We are proud of all these girls, and wish them every success in their University careers.

In the different but no less important sphere of Domestic Science, our school is maintaining its reputation. For the past two years, pupils of ours have distinguished themselves in the Primary Products Competition for Scotland, organised by the Ministry of Food. We were glad to know of a similar success this year, Yvonne Laing taking Third Place for Scotland and thus winning a prize of ten Savings Certificates.

Throughout the year, the Senior Prefects have carried full responsibility for maintaining order on corridors and stairs, and the trend towards complete self-government has developed further, in the establishing of regular meetings of the Senior Prefects (in consultation with a small committee of the staff) to discuss and take action on questions affecting the discipline of the school.

Most of those pleasant features of school life covered by the rather forbidding term "extra-curricular activities" are fully reported farther on in this magazine, but here we might mention the large contingents from school that attended Mr Donald Wolfit's performances of "Twelfth

Night" and "King Lear," and the film of "Henry V." The Literary Society and the Science Association reverted joyfully to the pre-war custom of holding social meetings, and at Christmas the Fifth and Sixth Forms enjoyed a highly successful party.

The annual Commemoration Day Service, held on Friday, 31st May, followed the traditional lines, and the popular feature of a holiday on the succeeding Monday—for some years in abeyance—was restored this year. Miss Andrew presided, and was accompanied on the platform by Mrs Alice Ross, Chairman of the Education Committee, and a distinguished party. Our speaker on this occasion was the Rev. J. Rossie Brown, whose vigorous style and lively humour caught and held the attention of even his youngest listeners. Speaking of James Gillespie as a good Scotsman, who felt he owed something to his country and wanted to repay it, Mr. Rossie Brown urged us to cultivate pride in our country and its traditions, and to build a true internationalism on a true nationalism. James Gillespie had been a good builder, and in our day, when we had seen how fatally easy it was to destroy, builders were needed. Let us destroy the walls of ancient prejudice as pioneers like Elizabeth Fry or Sophia Jex-Blake had done, but let us also build gateways and bridges between ourselves and our fellow-men, build character, build good homes, build the Church, and build something into our school that would be a source of pride to succeeding generations of pupils. After a pleasant little speech of thanks by Mairi Macdonald, our Senior Prefect, and the usual presentation of a snuff-box to the speaker, Mrs Alice Ross gracefully congratulated Marguerite Myles and the school on the success which, by a happy coincidence, had been announced that morning. The service closed with the spirited notes of "Fidelis et Fortis," followed by the quiet loveliness of the hymn,

"My soul, there is a country
Afar beyond the stars."

This year has been marked by several memorable religious services. On 17th October, the school as a whole had the high privilege of a special service of thanksgiving for victory, conducted in St. Giles' Cathedral by the Very Rev. Charles L. Warr. The lessons were read by Mairi Macdonald, and the praise was led by the school choir. Dr. Warr touched

on the profound problems of rebuilding a shattered world and, with Divine help, of cleansing ourselves from the moral stains and the second-rate standard of values which the atmosphere of war inevitably brought with it. It was an impressive service, in every way worthy of its occasion. At Christmas, carols sung by the choir and a short Nativity play produced by Miss Campbell were blended in a service which was both lovely and moving in its simplicity. Dr. Stewart conducted an Easter service, and, during the summer term, the school was represented at St. Giles' Cathedral on 28th April at the University Memorial Service for the Fallen, and on 9th June at a special service in commemoration of United Nations' Day.

One of the wholly happy features of this strange, disquieting first year of peace has been the reopening of contacts with other countries. It was a great pleasure to hear again from our friends at Ringsted, Denmark, where a party from our school spent a happy fortnight in 1938. A large number of our girls have acquired pen-friends in Ringsted, and it is hoped that by another summer an interchange of hospitality may be possible. Our contacts with Caen have continued, and we are proud to know that a Former Pupil, Helen Macdonald, has been engaged in relief work in Holland and Germany. At different times, we have been visited by parties of teachers and students from various foreign countries. Throughout the session, we have been privileged to have as a visiting teacher Mlle. Renée Gillot, of Paris; she has endeared herself to all those girls who have shared the delight of her French conversation lessons. Since February, the German classes have been equally fortunate in the services of Herr Hans Meyer, of Zurich. Every such contact is, in its small way, a step towards the mutual goodwill and international understanding which alone can make the "peace" something more than an uneasy respite. As we go to Press, comes the interesting news that Miss Andrew has had the honour of being nominated by the Educational Institute of Scotland as one of five Scottish representatives at a Conference on Education to be held in Norway this summer, under the auspices of the Norwegian Teachers' Association.

The usual Christmas collection of games, toys and books was made, and letters of thanks from a number of nursery

schools and play-centres in the city, from the cripple children at Bangour and Earlston, and from the Trefoil School, Polkemmet House, show how much these gifts were appreciated.

We would acknowledge gratefully the generosity of the donors of special prizes, whose abiding and practical interest in the school we deeply appreciate. This year a new prize is added to our list—the "Ryrie Memorial Prize," awarded to the Under-Fifteen Sports Champion. The Thomas J. Burnett Prize was given this year for a "quiz" on the historical associations of Edinburgh, combined with an essay on some scene in the city's past.

Though books are still in very short supply, an appreciable number have been added to the Library this year—some as gifts, some thanks to a welcome grant of £50 from the Education Committee. In this connection, we should like to place on record our indebtedness to Mrs Watters, who from the inception of the Library in its present form until she left us last December, acted as librarian, with an unobtrusive competence and an ungrudging expenditure of time and effort which we remember gratefully. We are fortunate in that her work is being carried on by Miss Donaldson and Miss Hardie. The thanks of the school are offered to the following donors of books:—Buffalo Seminary (through Miss Sears), Miss Alice Douglas, Dr. Stewart, Mr White, Mlle. Gillot, and the following Former Pupils: Mora M'Rae, Joyce Dorfman, Annette Hart, Elizabeth Walker, Morag Beaton, Margaret Tait, Elma Brotherton.

A. E. F.

* * * *

Mr WILLIAM SEATON, M.A.

While we rejoice wholeheartedly with Mr Seaton in his well-deserved promotion to the headmastership of Couper Street School, it is with a decided anticipation of loss that Gillespie's faces a future without his kindly humour and ready help in any and every emergency.

A native of Edinburgh, where he trained and graduated, Mr Seaton began his teaching career in Alloway, but, when the Great War broke out, he joined the "Dandy Ninth," and must surely have been one of the dandiest! After acting as sergeant and seeing much service, he gained a commission in the Tank Corps, where he was a most efficient

officer. In the recent war, he "kept the Home Guard turning," and was justly proud to be Captain of his Company, one of the finest in the Eighth Battalion.

In 1918, he resumed teaching, joining the staff of this school six years later. He was appointed to the Secondary Department as Geography master in the following year, and in 1935 became first assistant to Mr Burnett. During the latter's serious illness, he acted as headmaster, and later was appointed Head of the Primary Department and Deputy Head of the school.

His interest in the work of the primary children is profound, and he has ready sympathy in every difficulty. And what tenacity there is in his determination to make certain that every child thoroughly understands the why and wherefore of all she does! Many a child will remember his explanations when much else is forgotten, and his jokes brought gales of laughter which brightened school life for many. The Savings Association owes much to his hard work and enthusiasm, to which the outstanding success of the special "Savings Weeks" was also largely due.

In sport, too, Mr Seaton is outstanding. A fine golfer himself, and a willing coach, time and trouble were of no account to him as he trained beginners, organised putting matches, and arranged many a "foursome," some of which began seriously and ended hilariously. Long may he play the winning shot!

It is at the School Sports, however, that his loss will be irreparable. There, by common consent, he was the master-hand: from the revered champions trying to break the record to the stray dog which wandered on to the track, everyone acknowledged that! His complete knowledge of how sporting events should be run made his decisions respected and his organisation admired. "Imperturbable" is the only word for him there, for, though deluges of rain should descend, relay races be lost and excited colleagues demand what was to be done, he remained calm and good-humoured, assuring everyone that it would all come right, and—it always did!

Couper Street School is most fortunate in its new head, a fine sportsman in every sense, and our good wishes will follow him to his new sphere, where he will surely find what he deserves—both satisfaction and success.

B. M.

MISS ANN H. ALLAN, A.C.T.C.

Towards the close of another school session, our thoughts encompass the past, the present, and the future. Each of us has to make our contribution, be it great or small, in a given time, but, fortunately, there is no limit to the influence of our efforts, and in this we may find recompense.

This summer, Miss Allan joins the select group of enthusiasts who never "retire," but having time to call their own, enjoy many pursuits. As one of the many who have helped to establish much that will not fade from the tradition of this great school, Miss Allan now looks forward to a more leisurely mode of life, which we hope will bring to her many years of health and happiness.

All who have known the Art Department must unite in their appreciation of the faithful service and untiring efforts of Miss Allan, who has been responsible for it during the past twenty-three years. Before coming to Gillespie's, she held similar posts in Holy Cross Academy and previously in Dundee. Miss Allan received her training at the Edinburgh School of Art, and at Kensington, gaining distinctions and later continuing her studies in America and on the Continent.

To those who have known Miss Allan well, she has been a loyal friend and a good companion. Stories of her experiences and adventures on the Continent, told with sparkling humour and a twinkle in her eye, have often delighted her listeners. She will be much missed by those who have had the privilege of being her colleagues over a period of years.

The hundreds who have spent happy and profitable hours in the Sketch Club must for ever be grateful to its founder, who has given herself unsparingly to foster the delight of young folk in all branches of creative work. Life drawing, puppetry and craftwork have all been made available to those who joined in this after-school activity—a veritable hive of industry!

Colleagues and pupils offer sincere wishes to Miss Allan, trusting that her more leisured future will bring its own pleasures and delights.

K. M. W.
M. Y. H.

FROM THE SECONDARY
DEPARTMENT.

SAMARKAND.

Silver bells in the crystal air,
Eastern music rising high,
Sapphire domes and an azure sky,
Palm trees, flowers strange and rare.
Early sunlight pale and gold,
Shimmering on priceless jade,
On steps of snowy marble made,
Lighting splendours still untold.
Now the earliest caravan
Enters by the western gate,
Where, cursing still the hand of fate,
Sits the aged beggar-man.
Beyond the walls stretch miles of sand,
Rolling golden oceans lie
Between the city and the sky.
All this I saw in Samarkand,
When I was there.
When? In a dream
Too sweet to tell.
The azure sky,
The tinkling bell
Bewitched my heart and mind; so I
Still wander through the maze of sand,
Near Samarkand.

MARGUERITE MYLES, Form 6.

* * * *

HAPPY DAYS!

A bayonet-like prod between your fourth and fifth vertebrae wakens you violently. It is found to be the forefinger of your dutiful leader.

"What on earth——?"

"It's raining," answers a penetrating whisper. (How can these kids sleep through the racket?) "We'll have to slacken the guys."

You extricate yourself from your sleeping bag (I have never known a place where less sleeping is done), bang your head on the canvas, and start a leak. To the accompaniment of some muttered exclamations you find wellingtons and a coat. You trip over the brailing and collapse in a heap in the mud outside. The dutiful leader finds this funny, and collapses in a fit of uncontrollable mirth beside you.

Peace comes at last. You fall asleep again, having moved your bed from under the leak, and all is quiet.

Suddenly a shrill whistle is heard. 6 a.m. "Cook patrol up now. Don't fall asleep again." After some feverish thought you realise that you are one of the cooks, the only one in the tent, in fact, and you clamber into some clothing, over several sleeping bodies, and out of the tent.

You crouch over a smoky fire, with rain dripping down your back, and mutter weird spells because your eyes are nipping, and the sausages are bursting. You are yelled on to attend to Colours, and stand shivering, with wet grass around your legs, and midges round your neck. You try not to giggle at the sight of the Lieutenant with her curlers in.

The most terrible hour of all is that before inspection. Everything is tipped out of the tent and you have just rearranged it more or less neatly when the rest of the occupants dash in and start flinging things around, looking for their uniforms. You sit back on your heels in helpless fury, and swear under your breath. The towel rail gives up the fight against the laws of gravity, and you prop it savagely against the side of the tent, and hope Captain won't notice.

It is now ten o'clock, you are starving, and it's three hours till dinner time. You peel potatoes until you wonder why people laugh at medals for potato peeling in the army.

By five o'clock you have danced various country dances, and rested for an hour, to the strains of an old gramophone. What memories you have of "When It's Springtime in the Rockies" and "Tea for Two." You have also successfully mislaid a trail (so did the people who tried to follow it).

Then evening comes. You sit round a blazing fire, and

sing all the old favourite camp songs. Some one tells a story and the cocoa is passed round. All is peaceful. The next job is comforting the home-sick babes who miss their mothers, and persuading several young hopefuls that smoking is not the only cure for midges.

You lie in bed for hours, talking drowsily, and saying "Shut up" at intervals, until at last you fall asleep. You are awakened by a bayonet-like prod.

This is where we came in.

You come home, and strangely enough you remember only the nice times, round the fire, and in the lanes (no, I am quite sure that was not the time you sat on an ant hill!) and you have but one avowed intent—to go next year.

AILEEN HALL, Form 5P.

* * * *

"ON FIRST LOOKING AT A HIGHERS PAPER."

(with humble apologies to Keats.)

Much have I travell'd in exams. of old
And many horrid sights and papers seen;
Round many a prose and theorem I've been
That staff in fealty to inspectors hold.
Oft of the "Highers" dread I had been told
When for the stage of life is set the scene:
Yet did I never breathe its air unclean
Till I was in the fifth—seventeen years old:
—Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When angry storm-clouds swim into his ken;
Or like Queen Mary, when with tear-filled eyes
She walked to execution—so we then
Look'd at each other with a wild surmise—
Silent within the gym—the lion's den.

LILIAN M. SPENCE, Form 5L.

* * * *

WHEN A MAN SHOPS.

"Weel, Mistress Orr, it's richt guid o' ye tae come in an' offer tae gang ma messages fur me, since ma lumbago's that bad. I wis gaun tae get Saundy tae dae them fur me."

"Och, Mistress Broom, I'm gled tae dae ye a favour at ony time an' when it's only gaun fur yer rations I dinna mind at a'. I canna bear tae see a man gaun aboot wi' a message-bag hingin' frae his haun' as if he didna' belong tae it. Did I niver tell ye o' the time Tam went ma messages?"

"No, I canna say ye ever did that I mind on."

"It wis at the time when Alec had the fever an' I had tae bide at hame. Tam offert tae gang since I wasna' able. I didna ken then that Tam was sic a fushionless craitur—he's no' a grain o' common gumption where shops are concerned—sae I said a' richt, an' gied him the basket an' told him tae get whit wis on the line an' onything else he fancied. (It was lang afore the war).

Weel, Tam set aff an I waitit fur an hour, twa hour, twa hour an' a quarter an' then in he comes shamefaced like.—"Whaur hae ye been?" says I.

"Och, Maggie," says he, "I've done ma best. Here's whit I've got." An' frae un'er his oxter he draws out a muckle leg o' biled ham." "I thought it would be fine an' tasty with some o' thae tomataes?"

"Tam Orr," says I, "Hoo mony pun' o' tomataes hae ye got there?"

"Sax, Maggie, I'm awfu' fond o' a tomatae."

"I just held my tongue till he produced the rest o' the messages. Whit was on the line wis a' richt, but a' the things that wasna'! Mercy, by the time he wis feenished I saw that we'd need tae hae some folks in tae supper tae get rid o' the food.

"Whit did he a' get, Mistress Orr?"

"I canna mind it a', but there wis four pun' o' Gorgonzolie (I made him tak' it outside), a jar o' picallilli (although I had a dozen jars o' hame-made in the hoose) an' a jar o' pickled walnuts (awfu' like things, wi' nae taste but the vinegar) an' I canna mind whit else. After I had gi'en him an awful tellin' off" I just said, "An' whit wey were ye awa' sae lang fur?"

"Och, Maggie," says he. "The laddies were a' staunin' apposite the shop, sae I dumpit the baskit in ahint a dyke an' blethered tae them till they went hame for their denners."—

You see noo whit wey I've sic a scunner agin men gaun fur messages. Noo, whaur's yer basket?"

J. KATHLEEN HARKNESS, Form 5B.

* * * *

*"Music when soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memory"*

Have you ever listened so closely to the sweet sound of music playing that you can almost feel the rhythmic throb of the composer's heart as he knows that here, at last, is the piece which will bring him the golden apple of our time—fame? Have you ever been so enraptured by music's insistent melodiousness that all is forgotten in a distant world of dreams? That is indeed how I felt one Easter evening as I sat listening to Debussy's "Claire De Lune," from his Suite Bergamasque.

The walls of the sitting room seemed to melt into the velvety darkness of night and instead I seemed to be floating gently down a cool, winding stream, silver in the soft rays of the moon. As the notes rose and fell in unison with my emotions, I think I understood then exactly what Debussy was conveying in his music. Far apart from the heartbreak of war and petty bickering of infantile nations were the things of life worth living for, such as the wonderful and natural beauty of Spring wild flowers splashed colourfully over the meadows, or slender black trees silhouetted against a glorious aurora of red and amber in the Autumn sunset, or even a mountain stream bathed in shimmering moonlight; but as the music reached a pitifully sad climax, I realised that sooner or later all these things would "come to dust," leaving only nostalgic memories and sweet sad tears. The thought suddenly frightened me and, like Debussy, my soul cried out in anguish and my heart was wrung with grief, only I could not express those feelings in music. Instead I had to go on in silent misery, gliding down the stream banked with rambling plants and mossy ferns; the moon was yet unclouded, gazing mutely down from her heavenly perch, but as I rounded a bend, she suddenly disappeared behind

a bank of voluminous black clouds and everything was transferred from a silvery radiance into the shadowy darkness wherein fear and mystery are born.

My heart was peculiarly sad as the last tinkling notes died into the night, leaving only a memory.

JOYCE B. STEWART, Form 5C.

* * * *

MODERN EPISODE.

Like some young fledgling from the nest let loose
 Fearful and proud and hesitating, she came,
 And stepp'd as one who, quaking, "walks right in"
 To view the dentist's implements and chair
 So came she to the stocking department.
 Ethereal visions there confront her eyes,
 Silk meshes to entrap a dryad's foot
 As poets fancy in delirious dreams!
 Advancéd she, trembling retired, advanced
 With faltering voice, enrougéd cheek turned pale.
 "A pair of fully-fashioned, please," quoth she.
 Then did the mercer, like some pitiless king,
 Some Hammurabbi of department stores
 "Three coupons" ask and all was hushed and still
 Save for the sound of scissors and of sighs.

DUSELINE STEWART, Form 4L.

* * * *

"PEACE ON EARTH."

The sun had set behind the Welsh mountains, and, as the shadows of night advanced, a hush fell upon the little village down in the valley. Everything was silent. And then through the still air came the sound of many voices, voices singing in perfect harmony. Quietly at first, then gradually, the music swelled and surged, seeming to fill the valley and re-echo again and again in the mountains.

The singing was that of the village folk, gathered together in the little church, where they rejoiced and gave thanks for the coming of peace to the war-scarred nations of the world.

That night the news had reached the remote village of Llandwydd in the heart of the mountains. Rhys Jones who owned the only radio set in the place, had heard the wonderful news come over the air from London. Once he had recovered from the momentary shock, he rushed out and banged on the doors of the little cottages, shouting excitedly, "Come out everybody! What do you think? The war is over! The war is over! It's true, Mrs Davies! Yes, of course you're hearin' right, Gwynny bach!" The news spread like wild-fire, and soon the whole village was out in the streets, singing at the tops of their voices in a way which only the Welsh know. Mrs Llewellyn produced a Union Jack, and proudly hung it outside her door, nailed to her husband's Sunday walking stick. Mrs Griffiths, not to be outdone, unearthed yards and yards of bunting which she draped all over the front of her little cottage. Old Wyn Davies brought out his fiddle, and soon young and old were dancing up and down the main street.

A little later when the first excitement had died down, everyone went home and had a special Victory tea. Oh, such luxuries! Mrs Jones made a magnificent cake for her family, and actually iced it with real icing sugar! (Though where she managed to get it, we will not ask!!) The Evanses had bacon and eggs, and the Williamses homemade scones and real butter, which Mrs Williams had saved off the ration.

At six o'clock the church bell rang out joyously, calling everyone to worship. The whole village, old men, young men, women and children, flocked to the church to give thanks, and their singing reached the very heavens, and re-echoed again and again in the mountains.

PATRICIA CRESSWELL, Form 4L.

* * * *

RETURNED WARRIOR.

Here in my home, with my loved ones around me,
 Of what do I think as they sit by my side?
 Do I think of the battle, the strife or the glory,
 The sweat and the toil or the comrades who died?

No: I think of the friendship which held us together,
That wonderful spirit that nothing could sever,
As we fought through the sand, through the rain,
through the snow,
Did we ever waver in front of the foe?

For it's that British spirit which brought us through war
That can carry us on to the new world before.

ELIZABETH TENNANT, FORM 5D.

* * * *

ODE TO INFINITY.

All hail to thee, Infinity,
No number half so great.
Because of thee I'm sure that Higher
Maths. are not my fate.

I hate thee so, Infinity,
With all thy twists and curves.
And though it's sad, I must admit
You do get on my nerves.

Be comforted, Infinity,
You're not so bad as π ,
Or α , θ and the rest
Although you make me sigh.

I am afraid, Infinity,
That found you'll never be
By any one upon this earth—
Especially not by me!

BERYL SINCLAIR, Form 4L.

* * * *

JILL AND THE BEANSTALK.

*Can you recall when you were only three?
Well here's a memory that tickles me.*

When we decided to move to a bungalow my father
carefully selected a spot which had a good view and also
a garden. After much consideration we chose a house

overlooking Arthur's Seat with a field at the back of it.
My father then set to work in earnest, using every spare
moment to convert this field into a well-kept garden.
Everything was in order, to my father's satisfaction,
when he went to buy the seeds.

His purchases consisted of packets of every shape and
size imaginable. Glowing with pleasure he produced the
last and largest packet which was labelled "Finest Sun-
flower Seed." On the back of the packet were the words
"Guaranteed to Grow," and "Height between three and
six feet." These seeds were planted with great ceremony
as they were the first in the garden.

Now at this time I had been given a present of the
story "Jack and the Beanstalk" which I treasured very
much. How I envied Jack being able to climb up and up
until he reached the unknown land beyond the beanstalk?
How I wanted to climb a beanstalk!

My father watched the progress of the sunflowers with
pride as he noticed that they were six feet high. I helped
in the garden, picking out weeds which were in reality
precious plants.

When at last the sunflowers reached thirteen feet six I
saw my chance! The flowers were so high that I thought
that they would be a good substitute for beanstalks.
I could just see the heads of the flowers which were the
size of dinner plates.

I waited for my opportunity, stealthily I crept down
the garden path: I looked at the house for the last time
before reaching Beanstalk-land! I began to climb. The
stalk of the sunflower snapped; I landed on the ground
with a dull thud—so did all my hopes. Before I could
recover myself my mother was standing beside me telling
me never to do such a thing again.

INA COCKBURN, Form 4B.

* * * *

MY CHOICE.

At night in dreams I'm told by a voice
That I may see the play of my choice.
Most plays afford me great delight,
Now which would I like to see tonight?

I think of Shaw's unusual dreams
Of a soldier who eats chocolate creams,
And how I enjoy his "Apple Cart,"
It has a corner in my heart.

Should I go with Barrie's Mary Rose
To find the place which no one knows,
Or wander in the magic wood
Which Lob would show me if he could?
O'er all these famous names shines out
A greater name, without a doubt,
For the play I'd like to see tonight,
Is William Shakespeare's own "Twelfth Night."

BETTY GRINTON, Form 4C.

* * * * *

MONDAY.

Of all the days in the week, Mondays are the worst; and the most depressing hours of a Monday are, of course, those of the morning. On that day we have to return to school after the glorious freedom of a week-end. Somehow, things always go wrong—I lose buttons, my tie, or my shoe lace obligingly breaks since there isn't another in the house.

Then—to school where there are only faces as miserable as my own to be greeted. And as for teachers, they add further to our gloom, either by their dejected and long-suffering looks (as if only *they* suffered) or by a surely unnatural enthusiasm and zest for work.

The funeral toll of the bell adds to the already gloomy atmosphere, and we enter as happily as pure souls into an inferno. Where did Sunday go? I let him slip away as I lay brooding over Monday's approach.

If I had the power, I think I would pass a law that made the week begin on a Tuesday, and, with that horrible Monday morning laugh, watch Monday—so, so detested—vanish away. ELIZABETH TAYLOR, Form 3A.

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CRETE.

In the beautiful Island of Crete I should like to visit many of the caves and see some of the palæolithic arts of the island. I have read from books, how from Crete we, the people of other countries, learned to write and how to draw and do many other things.

The Cretan word for a king is "minos." All through the ages the kings have been called Minos I., II. and III., as the years rolled on. Minos III.'s garden which has now been explored was full of many interesting arts of that century. Minos III. was against having it explored, but as the inhabitants of Crete knew there were valuable arts to be found there, they thought that it should be dug, but it was not until after Minos III. died that it was explored.

In Minos III.'s garden the Cretans have found many beautiful and exquisite paintings, carvings, script and golden ornaments. The Cretans were the first to think of a written language. Until a few years ago no one even knew about it. But now thousands of tablets have been unearthed. Nobody has found a key to them yet. But wait until they are decoded. Then see how many centuries will be added to mankind's history!

The Cretans owe a great deal to Heinrich Schliemann, as it was he who discovered many great Palaces and also the city of Troy. Schliemann was the son of a poor minister who lived in Germany, and was not able to buy books or toys for his children, but Schliemann was encouraged by his father who told him the tale of Homer's Iliad. This seemed to encourage Schliemann to strive and find out for himself the truth in old legends. Later in life Schliemann went to Crete where he made most of his discoveries and therefore he leaves behind him a memory dear to Crete.

MARGARET S. SIMPSON, Form 3E.

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OUR SCHOOL.

We think we're very lucky,
When we see our school so fine,
But we have to get up early,
As we assemble school at nine.

Our teachers must have patience,
When they say time and again,
"Now girls, I want attention,"
But mostly all in vain.

We really must get on their nerves,
As their patience has a limit,
For order marks then take its place,
An order mark a minute.

But when we really come to think,
It isn't quite so bad,
I wonder when it's time to leave,
Will we be really glad?

IRENE JOLLY, Form 3D.

* * * * *
SHAKESPEARE UP-TO-DATE.

—Miss H—, many a time and oft
In the classroom you have rated me
About my conduct and my home-work:
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug,
For sufferance is the badge of all our class.
You call me inattentive, lazy—a dreamer,
And blacken my white conduct sheet,
And all for use of that which is my tongue.
Well then, it now appears you need my help:
Go to, then: you come to me, and you say,
"Audrey, lend me your rubber": you say so:
You, that did call me a stupid child,
And treat me as you would a 'first year' pupil,
What should I say to you? Should I not say,
"Hath a dreamer rubbers? Is it possible
A child could lend you such?" Or
Shall I bend low and in a bondman's key,
With bated breath and whispering humbleness,
Say this:—
"Fair Miss H—, you gave me a bookmark, Tuesday last:
You scolded me on such a day: another time
You called me dreamer: and for these courtesies
I'll lend you thus—MY RUBBER?"

AUDREY HALL, Form 2A.

* * * * *

DO YOU BELIEVE IN GHOSTS?

I awoke with a clammy feeling on my forehead; something was wrong—I couldn't be sure what. Still there it was! A Latin test tomorrow? or the dentist? or—or—I stopped at a loss for suitable horrors. Then the thought flashed through my head—burglars! Almost instantaneously I heard a noise in the room next door. What could it be? That was a boxroom, and no matter how much I thought I couldn't hit upon anything which would justify the entrance of an intruder.

For the second time a ghastly thought surged through my brain. Perhaps it was a ghost; you know, one of those poltergeist "things" which invade old houses. I had heard a play about them, and the nightmares and fitful sleep afterwards had been quite sufficient to print their memory indelibly on my mind. They had haunted my every thought with absolute terror from untold creepy things. What, then, if this was one of these phenomena? Icy fingers played at "tig" on my spine. O horrors! Words could not describe my anguish. Why on earth did no one hear the noises? Why was I the object of their torment? Why? why? why?

Here my cogitations were interrupted by renewed activity next door. I decided that something must be done,—perhaps if I went in and flung salt on the creature it would disappear; or was it pepper? No that was for fighting dogs; oh, but I didn't have any salt! Anyhow perhaps if I went into the room The noises continued.

With a sudden fit of bravado I flung back the blankets and swung my legs out of bed. More noises. It next occurred to me that the authors of the noises might be under the bed; sounds were deceptive and I was taking no risks; so I bounced out into the middle of the floor, put on my slippers and dressing gown and made for the door. A distinct sound reached my ears. Determined I firmly walked out of the door, along the corridor and halted at the boxroom. Gingerly I opened the door and peered in.—Silence.—What met my gaze petrified me, rooted me to the spot. A pair of flickering lights showed eyes, probably a cat's. Poltergeists were supposed to take that form sometimes.

They mesmerized me for a while and then they disappeared; there was a shuffling noise and once again they came into view. I fumbled for the light switch and as I put it on I nerved myself for the glimpse of the supernatural element which I expected to get.

A moment later I almost burst into a roar of hysterical laughter. A table opposite me was occupied by a large Victorian hat box, from which protruded straw, rags and feathers. (So that's where mum's feather duster had gone!) Inside nestled two fluffy grey balls of down which blinked unconcernedly at me, and on the top of the box reigned majestically a large tawny owl!

MARGARET R. N. LECKIE, Form 2A.

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Most of us at some time are obsessed with the urge to write—to see our own literary efforts in print. The School Magazine often provides the incentive and inspiration.

Like the Lady of Shalott, the curse comes upon us; we seize a pen, poise it over an inviting sheet of white paper that mutely begs to be written upon and commence a feverish search for ideas.

Alas—the ideas are not there. "If I could only start," we whine disconsolately. Once started, the ideas, the ink and possibly, from experience, the blots, would flow freely.

The huge army of words that Shakespeare commanded is not ours, but we know plenty of words, even some rather "big" ones of whose meaning we are fairly sure.

We are not illiterate—are we not in 2C?

We have read some good classical literature (mostly perforce) and much over which, we are afraid, our English teachers would frown or wax sarcastic. The start, however, is the rub.

We could, of course, plunge right into the middle of our article and thus escape all this wretched business of an opening paragraph but, here again, trouble rears its ugly head—the middle of what? Recurrent memories of our marks for the various essays over which we have torn

our hair, make us somewhat doubtful both as to subject and our ability to deal with it.

It must, however, be done. We have determined to compose something for the School Magazine and we must, at least, make an attempt.

Another doubt creeps in to increase the now nearly feverish temperature—a doubt as to how the fiercely critical readers of the Magazine will receive our efforts. Aspersions on our style we could bear and even dispute, fault-finding in our grammar we could easily tolerate—no one is perfect. Accusations that we filched our plot we could loftily ignore—but could we stand laughter—that mighty killer of ambition?

No!—anything rather than suffer that! Reluctantly we lay aside our pen—we put away the spotless and unspoiled sheet of paper. Discretion has conquered—the masterpiece remains unwritten.

SHENAGH REID, Form 2C.

* * * *

THE CALL OF THE SEA.

Some of the more enterprising of "eldest" sisters feel, once in a while, the urge to sacrifice a day of their precious six weeks to the needs of their young brothers and sisters. The enterprising one plans out, in full detail, a scheme which will cause the enjoyment of the few. You call your flock together and a week later set out for the sea.

So far, so good. But once you are installed in the emptiest compartment you can find, Ronald announces that he has lost his football. What he brought it for, you cannot imagine, but all that you can do to quieten him is to disentangle yourself from Mary's shrimping net and go to look for it. When it is found (under June's mac) you dash back to the compartment to find it full.

This means a corridor, unless the compartment two carriages away No, it's full up to. So up you go and the others clamber in after you. The train decides to go just at that moment, and jolts away leaving the lunch basket on the platform. As it is too late to pick it up now, you sigh and hope that there is a café at L——. (There isn't).

By the time you secure a seat, you have nearly reached your destination, and you feel like putting both David and June into the rack above your head.

If you are unlucky you arrive. If not, you are very lucky, for the same rigmarole is repeated when L—— is reached. At about 9 p.m. you arrive at home, safe and sound though definitely weary, and wise as to the impossibility of success when taking small fry to the sea, or, for that matter, anywhere else.

RONA MACPHERSON, Form 1A.

* * * * *

THE GLADE.

Far away from mortal eyes,
Is a little glade,
Where the swallows dart about,
In the cool, green shade.

Every day in summer time,
The fishes dart and swim,
Where a rippling little brook.
Flows by, dark and dim.

When the autumn times come on,
Leaves begin to fall,
Gently they do patter down,
Falling over all.

When the winter comes at last,
All is damp and cold,
All the birds stay in their nests,
And sheep are safe in fold.

But through all the seasons,
The glade is very gay,
As I am so fond of it,
I go there every day.

AGNES KNOX, Form 1B.

* * * * *

BIRDS IN THE GARDEN.

Some one once wrote a song which started,

"Birds in the garden all day long,
Singing for me their happy song."

Well, that is what our garden is like. From dawn to twilight some bird is always singing. Our garden is very large, and we have been told not to disturb them, so they are very tame. Every time some one is digging a blackbird which is nesting in the thorn tree, waits patiently till a worm is thrown to her. Then there is the thrush which each day sings us an opera from the chimney-top. I have never heard anything so sweet as the way she repeats the prettiest bits. Two families of hedge-sparrows live in the hedge near the railway at the top of the garden. Each tiny nest is perfect, and is lined with green moss. What a lovely soft bed! Funniest of all is the starling family. The babies are usually bigger than the mother. They follow her around with open mouths, waiting for her to feed them. We like to watch each step of their growth, and are sad when they grow up and fly away. Still, they must remember us, as each year they return to build their nests in our garden, and fill it with song.

PATRICIA ROBERTSON, Form 1D.

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TYPES.

The Youth Club Concert had just finished, and as I sat in the tram car taking me home, I was pondering on the various characters I had seen portrayed on the stage. They were all so exaggerated, I reflected: one would never meet such people in real life. I glanced round the tram at my fellow passengers and suddenly saw the aptness of the adage, "Truth is stranger than fiction."

Sitting opposite me were two elderly ladies. One was a brunette, with short straggly hair under a jaunty cap, attired in a large checked black and white coat. Her wooden-soled sandals were fastened by red and blue straps. Her lined face was heavily made up. The other lady, a synthetic blonde with untidy hair falling to her shoulders,

was dressed in a purple suit with black trimmings, and her freckles still showed through her chalk-like powder. Both were engaged in a most serious discussion and from the grave looks on their faces, I knew that they were having difficulty in coming to some decision. They frequently consulted a printed paper. My curiosity grew and grew until it overcame my good manners and I twisted my head to read the title; it was a racing paper,—“The Greyhound Grip!”

As my gaze wandered, another passenger attracted my attention. This was a stout and pompous old gentleman, red faced, with a white waxed moustache, “Anthony Eden” hat, grey suit, regimental tie, highly polished shoes and an eyeglass—obviously the retired Anglo-Indian colonel from Poona. He appeared to regard the conductress's slacks with great disfavour and tendering a ten-shilling note for a “tuppenny” fare, scowled aloofly at his fellow travellers.

In the corner seat at the front of the tram was a little boy, incredibly fat in these times of scanty rations, with “chocolatey” face and dirty knees, who sat anywhere but on his portion of the seat. As he wriggled about he asked questions non-stop, “Why?” “What for?” “How?” “Where?” while his harassed mother vainly endeavoured to assuage his thirst for knowledge.

Strap-hanging were two tall boys with superior expressions and High School colours. One seemed very worried about the creases in his trousers, judging by his many anxious downward glances. The other kept smoothing his hair and adjusting his tie with his free hand. Their talk, such snatches of it that I caught, was of a very exalted order:—“Wilkinson was a dashed fool to miss that catch this morning. Don't know what he was doing at mid-on anyway”—another troubled glance at his creases—“Stunning breaks young Maconochie gets on his balls.” “O rather, and he's rather good at yorkers too”—and another hair pat.

Yes, I reflected, “All the world's a stage and all the men and women merely players.”

E. AVRIL JOHNSTON, Form 3B.

FROM THE PRIMARY DEPARTMENT.

“SUSAN.”

Susan caught a cold one day
Deep in her chest and throat,
And so I had to buy for her
A little woolly coat.

I do not fancy dogs dressed up,
Not as a general rule,
But must admit she looked in it
A darling little fool!

With conscious pride she swaggered,
Her perky tail held high
As if to say, “You pups make way
And watch me passing by!”

I'm certain that she loves it;
For when the weather's cool
She brings her little coat to me—
The darling little fool!

ELSPETH M. SMITH, 5A.

* * * *

SHOPPING.

It used to be topping,
To go out shopping,
Such nice things we could buy,
There were all kinds of shoes,
But now there are queues,
And the prices are shockingly high.

We talked about fashions,
But now it's just rations,
Which cause poor Mother such worry,
With small fatty joints,
And precious few points.
And the shop-keepers all saying “Sorry,”

We're told just to wait,
 And these things will come straight,
 I do hope it won't be too long,
 When there's nothing "utility"
 And we've squashed this futility,
 And the best can be had for a song.

ELIZABETH CAMERON, 5A.

* * * *

PATIENCE.

On one of our walls at home hangs a calendar which fascinates me. Its picture is of a blue lake with a stretch of tall fir-trees in the background. In the centre a canoe rests quietly on the placid waters. A commanding and majestic Red Indian stands like a statue in the canoe. His hand is raised, holding a spear, poised ready to strike at some unwary fish. To me it is very real indeed, and as each succeeding month is torn from the calendar, I imagine that the spear is approaching nearer and nearer its unsuspecting victim.

I wonder if, when at last, I tear December from its cardboard frame, that spear will finally pierce the fish, and if, at long last, that stern face will smile.

ROSEMARY THOMSON, 5B.

* * * *

THE EMPTY NEST.

Five eggs lay in the nest in the hawthorn tree in the wood. Jimmy and Jenny Wren were very proud of them and to show his joy to an even greater extent Jimmy built a nest of his own. It was not so tidy as Jenny's but he was very proud of it and said so.

When the eggs hatched there was a great bustle in the Wren household; Jimmy Wren went for a worm but when he returned with a large one Jenny rejected it and told him to find a smaller one. When the work of the day was done Jimmy always sat on the topmost bough of the hawthorn tree and sang sweet songs of melody.

One day when the young birds were yet unable to fly, some naughty schoolboys spied Jimmy flying out of the tree. "A wren flew out of this tree," shouted one urchin, and immediately a grimy figure slithered down the trunk of a nearby tree. Another boy stampeded through a bed of nettles. "Where are the eggs?" asked one boy. "They may not have been laid yet," another consoled him.

The boys never found the eggs because it was Jimmy Wren's nest and of course male birds do not lay eggs. Every afternoon until the school holidays ended the boys looked into the nest. When the boys waded through the wood to school, Jimmy, Jenny, and their children sang songs of triumph. Jimmy was very glad he had built the little false nest and so saved his family.

MARY BROWN, 4A.

* * * *

HOSTELLING.

In the Easter holidays my Daddy, my sister and I decided to go on a hostelling holiday. The two most exciting hostels we were at were Ferniehurst Castle and Coldingham Sands. Ferniehurst with its spiral staircases and big open grates, was very thrilling. After tea my sister and I went to explore part of the castle. In the dungeons we saw where prisoners had been kept long ago. Part of the castle was in ruins but the bit which we used was quite safe. We were indeed sorry when we had to leave.

At Coldingham the hostel which is built on a cliff overlooks the sands. Our first outing was a walk down to the beach where we saw lots of yellow primroses which we gathered in the morning to have them fresh for taking home with us. This was our last day hostelling and we were very sorry to have to leave because we had had a very unusual holiday.

DOREEN KETHEL, 4B.

* * * *

THE WORLD BEYOND.

I am a greyish brown mouse and my home is behind the wall of the dining room. My name is Timothy Taper-tail. This story is about one of my adventures. One day when

Mother and Millicent my little sister went for a walk I took my chance to go out into the world beyond in daylight. The first person I met was "Lily" the fly on her daily journey. "Good-day, Lily," I cried. "Good-day," Lily said coldly, because we were not the best of friends. My next meeting was not very pleasant either, for who should it be but "Whiskers" the cat. Whenever he caught sight of me we started a chase. Away I scampered with Whiskers after me, along passages, through rooms, up stairs and finally through cook's legs who cried, "Help! A mouse!" To my great relief I found the next room was the dining room, so I jumped into my hole. As I sat down I gasped, "Whew! Safe!" This adventure is enough for me, so I think I shall be content living in a hole and forgetting all about the world beyond.

NOEL ADAMS, 3A.

* * * *

VERSES FROM 2A.

I.

A frog went to market
To buy a little fish,
He had a queue to wait in
While he held his little dish.

ROSALIND ADELMAN.

II.

Mary's hair is golden,
As yellow as can be.
She puts it into pigtails
With ribbons one, two, three.

THELMA SMITH.

III.

Little cats are furry,
Little cats are nice,
Little cats are useful
For catching little mice.

Our little cat is Kitty,
She wears a little bell,
And all the little children
Love Kitty very well.

WILMA STEWART.

* * * *

THE SNOWDROP.

The snowdrop is a pretty flower.
It droops at every little shower.
It has a dress of snowy white,
With slender leaves so green and bright.

In January when flowers are dead,
The snowdrop pushes up its head,
When Winter winds so cold do blow.
And Mother Earth is white with snow.

PATRICIA SCOTT, 3B.

* * * *

FAIRIES.

The fairies are out,
They are dancing about.
But if you shout,
They will go, no doubt.

They dance around,
They skip on the ground,
But if there's a sound,
They fly like a hound.

If you are near,
They always can hear
They will run like a deer,
Because they have fear.

EDITH HAY, 2B.

* * * *

BIRTHDAYS.

My Mummy's birthday was on the 26th April. I gave Mummy a pair of stockings, and two cakes of soap. The two cakes of soap were in Mummy's cupboard. I wanted to give her a big parcel.

Daddy's birthday is in July. Will there be anything in the cupboard for him?

NAN FLEMING, 1B.

PLAY.

I'd like to play, all day long,
But I know that *would* be wrong.
To school I go, for half the day,
The other half is left for play.

I hurry home my dolls to see,
There's Teddy Bear as good can be,
And Daisy Duck with ducklings four,
See, there's big fat Jumbo at the door.

MOIRA GUNN, 1A.

FROM THE PREPARATORY
DEPARTMENT.

I have lots of toys, and a cat, but I would like a baby sister to play with. When I made my rattle at school, I wished I had a little sister to give it to. I did ask Mummy for one, but she said she had plenty to do now, with just me.

My wee sister let the jam pot fall. Mother said "now you must wipe that all up or our charwoman will kick up a fuss, becoss she polisht it."

Yesterday I washed my two dollies, and gave them to Mummy to send to Father Christmas to get new clothes, because Mummy said if I do not send them now, he might not have any coupons left.

My brother is a very nice boy. I like him very much, but he does not like me so much as I like him. Mummy is very kind to him, but Daddy isn't. He dus not wash his neck very well. Daddy says he is like all other boys. When he is tying his laces, he pools them too tite and brakes them.

I broke my Mummy's dishes. It was her prechis dishes. I broke all of them icept one. It was Daddy's folt, becoss he put the tin plate on the top of them.

I go to school myself. I go home myself. When I go home, I get soop and pitatoes, then that's me finisht.

Mummy went to Glasgow on Sunday. Auntie has floo and Grandma has apendeesightis. Daddy has to dress me, then I comb my hair myself.

My Daddy is painting the bathroom. When its time for bed I can't get washed properley becoss there is not enough room. So I go to bed half durtay and half clean.

There was a fire on Saturday night. Daddy and Mummy saw the flames. "You would think the flames were in the sky," said Uncle John. But I did not see any fun, because I was sleeping in my wee cosy bed, every other people was seeing all the fun and I was sleeping all the time.

PREP. SENIOR A.

I liked when it was Christmas for I got a lot of toys. I got a school bag, books and to pyns and one was colourd.

I was at the pantomine on Christmasday and I got icecream and I liked it. I was at Mums party and I wun a prize.

I like the night when Santa came best Because he brought all the things. On Xmas day we had plum pudding with icecream.

My school is ofly good. I lern a good lot. The class and I are learning proper righting and will soon be doing our Dictation and Spelling in it. Our reading is getting harder and harder. there is too play-grouns one for the big ones and little ones.

I got a lone of a cat my mummy wonted it to catch mise it is my auntie.

My mummy has a poysined leg. I have to wash the dishes. I help as much as I can. I like helping.

It is fogy to-day. You can hardly see the moter cars you can get runofer so you have to look rite and left.

The school I go to is called James Gillespies school. We are in Bruntsfield House just now. It is a very old house but I like it very much. Trees grow on each side of the avenus. One is called a Holly tree and another is called a Spruce tree.

PREP. SENIOR B.

My big brother is an airfos boy and he has to polish the kolbucit as shinny as a mirror.

When you get maraid you march down the church. The minister talkes to the bride and bride-groom. when they march down the orgin plays. The bride is drest in white and the bride-groom has a tall hat.

My mummy can draw. She draws mickay-mouse and the three bears and goldy-locks. But mostly she draws David in his rompers. Would you like to see David? Well you will when he can walk.

My Daddy is coming home with his pas bord box Becos he is demobed.

I was six on Munday and I got a lot of presints. My birthday cake had three bunnies on it It looked nice what fun we had. we played gams. Dad took the girls home in the car. I got prfume and I have sum on to-day.

We thot we had lost our cat and here it was sleeping in the press.

I had an Easter egg. it had a funay funay little hat and coat painted on it.

I am a green fairy and live in the grass and I dance among the primroses at night when it is darck. My chum Norma in the blue team is a blue fairy.

PREP. JUNIOR A.

I brot sume snowdrops to my school techer. The techer took them with plesyour.

On my holidays I went to the woods. I took my ball with me. I stotd my ball. I roly polly too.

I have a soft doll. Her name is Iona. I put her to bed. I snugoll her up in the clooss.

My wee sister is going to have her tonsils out next Tuesday. She is feling very well but she is going to the Royall.

My aunty sent me a pinny. It has lovely flowers on it. I will ask mother if I can get it on to show Miss Dewar on Monday.

I have a kilt. It is a fraser tartan. On Sunday my daddy is going to get me a tie to match my kilt.

I have a baby doll. Her name is Pol. I take her out waks in a sholl and she crys for bed.

I have a book. It is a bibil. It has stories in it. Every storie is a holy one. I read my book.

PREP. JUNIOR B.

REPORTS OF SOCIETIES.

LITERARY AND DRAMATIC SOCIETY.

It is six o'clock on a Friday evening. The uninitiated may be surprised at the sound of voices and laughter issuing from the music-room, but the better-informed know that this is Gillespie's "Lit.," back once to more peace-time arrangements.

Our first peace-time session was opened by a lively discussion on the lines of the B.B.C.'s programme "To Start You Talking." Though debates have been fewer this year than previously, the standard of speaking was generally high, and the 4th year members gave ample proof of their eloquence in the debate "That the Human Race is Unworthy to Survive."

Dramatic activities took a large share in this year's programme, and ranged from "Theatre Night," when the Lit. went en bloc to see "King Lear," to "Vice Versa" when some members of staff had the opportunity of displaying their powers of impromptu acting. Our combined meeting with Heriot's took the form of a reading of "Laburnum Grove," and "Jacobite Night," too, was largely dramatic.

In the first term we were fortunate enough to have Mrs Dickins come and speak to us about Charles Dickens. It was a memorable talk.

The most popular meeting was "Burns Night" which was celebrated with all due pomp, and the merriment was perhaps increased, because this was the first "Lit." party since 1939.

I cannot finish without a word of thanks on behalf of the society to our President, Miss Foster, who has been tireless in working for us, and also to the members of staff who have cooked, served haggis, produced plays and done all the things behind the scenes which made our meetings a success.

MAIRI MACDONALD

(Hon. Secretary).

* * * *

SCIENCE ASSOCIATION.

The Science Association's first post-war year has been a most successful one. The number of members has increased considerably since last year and there have been large attendances throughout the session.

Our syllabus has included several types of meeting which have by their previous popularity merited repetition. The first meeting once again took the form of a "Brains Trust," and the questions, which were very varied, were ably and often amusingly answered by the members of the Trust. "Competitions Night," a show of films by Mr Seaton and "Short Paper Night" were both instructive and entertaining.

During the session we were glad to welcome Miss Leitch and Miss Coutie who gave us interesting lectures on "Ireland" and "The Atom" respectively. On "Former Pupils' Night" we also welcomed several of our old members who talked to us about scientific careers open to girls and whose advice many of the members of the association have found most useful.

Probably the most interesting meeting of the year was an exhibition of glass blowing by Mr Rankeillor of the Bio-Chemical Department of Edinburgh University. Mr Rankeillor showed us how to make some of the simpler pieces of glass apparatus, but members who tried to repeat the performance discovered that it was not as easy as it looked.

Undoubtedly the most popular of the meetings of the session, judging at least by the number of members who attended, was the social held at the end of the first term. Despite rationing and other difficulties the social proved to be a great success, and it is to be hoped that once again this meeting will be a regular feature.

We extend our thanks to members of staff for the frequent assistance and guidance which they so readily give us. Congratulations are due to all members of the association, especially those from the first and second forms, for their regular attendance and for the enthusiasm which they have shown, an enthusiasm without which it would be impossible for the society to prosper. Finally we acknowledge our indebtedness to our President, Mr Brash,

to whose continued interest and untiring energy we owe so much.

To all pupils who may wish to become members next session we give a hearty welcome.

JOYCE L. HAMILTON
(Hon. Secretary).

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SKETCH CLUB.

The Sketch Club has completed another very successful year. The membership has on the whole been fairly satisfactory although there has been quite a large drop in the numbers from the Senior School, mainly due to the extension of other out-of-school activities. The Junior School, however, has maintained the high attendance of previous years. There are some very promising young artists among the junior members. Two competitions have been held, one for figure drawing and one for figure composition—which have been exceedingly successful.

The committee and Sketch Club members wish to thank Miss Allan for her untiring efforts and the zeal with which she has pursued her voluntary, if somewhat arduous task for over twenty years. It is with deep regret that we bid her farewell at the end of the session. Miss Allan will long be remembered by the Sketch Club, and by all those who have passed through her Art classes, for she has a great interest in all her pupils from the eldest to the youngest. We hope that she will have many happy and prosperous years before her.

ANNE SUTHERLAND.

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SCHOOL CHOIR.

The Choir has continued its activities under the able guidance of Mr Macrae. During the first term we were asked to provide a programme of choral music at the Assembly Hall where the Radio Doctor was giving an address on food facts. The programme comprised Sea Shanties and Folk Songs. At Christmas there was a

nativity play for which the choir provided the musical items. These were several carols, including a charming French one—"The Angel Gabriel."

At the beginning of the second term the B.B.C. asked us to entertain on the Children's Hour on 8th April. During that term we rehearsed our songs, which included "Five Eyes" by Armstrong Gibbs, "I would that my love" by Mendelssohn, and "A Peaceful Night" by Edward German. At the end of this term a concert was given at which the choir performed once again. The songs were those which we had prepared for the broadcast. Both the concert and the broadcast were a great success.

At the commencement of the third term the choir was asked to sing at a concert in the Usher Hall for Health Week. The choir this time comprised over two hundred girls. In this programme were several well-known songs including "Fairest Isle" by Purcell, "Glad Hearts Adventuring" by Shaw, and two "Mikado" items. This concert was received with enthusiasm and delight.

Throughout this term we have been practising the anthem "How lovely are Thy Dwellings Fair" from Brahms's "Requiem," which is to be performed at our Founder's Day Service on 31st May. At our closing concert on 22nd June in the Usher Hall we hope to sing several groups of songs, including "From the Green Heart of the Waters" by Coleridge-Taylor, "Widmung" by Schumann, "O Sleep" from "Semele" by Handel, and "The Soldiers' Chorus" from Faust by Gounod.

Throughout the year we practised several anthems which were duly sung on the Monday services.

Our success is due entirely to our hard-working choir-master Mr Macrae. His untiring interest and inspiring help have surmounted many difficulties for us. We all hope to have his help for many years to come and we are sure that our choir will always be successful while Mr Macrae is music-master at Gillespie's.

VALERIE TRENWITH.
MARY MORRIS.

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THE SCHOOL ORCHESTRA.

At the beginning of this session, the School Orchestra wished goodbye and good luck to Edna Arthur, who went forward to London to pursue her career at the Royal College of Music. For many years she has inspired and led the Orchestra with great success.

The Junior Orchestra now meets every Monday at 3.30 p.m., and has become a regular feature of school life. At present, the Senior Orchestra consists of more than thirty members, many of them are "graduates" of the Junior Orchestra.

On 4th April both Orchestras assisted at a concert given in the school hall. On 8th April the Choir and Orchestra combined to give a broadcast in the Children's Hour Programme. The Senior Orchestra, augmented by some "Juniors," played "Largo in D," and "Occasional March" by Handel.

The Orchestra is now practising, under the guidance of our very capable and talented music master, Mr Macrae, for the forthcoming Closing Concert.

VIDA ROWAT.

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E.S.C.A.

E.S.C.A., despite its tender years, is a flourishing society with a membership of some hundreds. Its Christmas party and Easter conference have come to be looked on as annual features, and it has now started a new venture, a magazine.

The first term began fittingly when Lord Provost the Rt. Hon. John I. Falconer addressed a crowded audience on "Local Government," which was the main theme of the first term's work. His lecture was followed in subsequent weeks by discussion groups on various aspects of local government, an Educational Brains Trust, a lecture on town planning, and a mock Parliamentary Debate.

Culture was the theme of the second term. The first meeting, an address on "Music and the Citizen" by Dr. Eric Smith, was made especially enjoyable when he illustrated his talk by playing the piano. Another interesting

meeting was a symposium on "Scottish Culture," when Mr Robert Kemp, himself a playwright, stressed the need for a National Theatre.

The Easter Conference, "Design for Living," was held this year in the Royal High School. Perhaps the most entertaining and witty speech was Mr Douglas Young's. His humorous answers to the questions fired at him roused such enthusiasm that some members asked if they could return early in the afternoon to continue the discussion. The final address was given by Professor Crew who made exciting prophecies about man's domination of the world through the discovery of atomic energy and emphasised the need for all countries to unite in putting it to its proper use. The delegates who came from other parts of Scotland went home eager to start groups in their own towns.

In our last term we hope to consider foreign affairs, and for the first meeting we are fortunate in having Col. Peake, who served in the first world war under Lawrence of Arabia, to come and give us some ideas on the question of Palestine.

To the girl coming up from the third year may I say that it is well worth while joining E.S.C.A.? Much can be learned from the various guest speakers. One subject is usually studied for a term so that a fair amount of ground can be covered. I should like to see more Gillespie girls willing to take part in the discussions. Too often the talking is left to the boys. In a few years' time we shall be entitled to vote on the future of this nation, and it is therefore right that we should learn as much as we can about the affairs of the world now.

Finally, I should like to thank Miss Napier whose interest and willingness to help have been a great encouragement throughout the session.

BETTY CROMARTY.

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ALSAGER, 1945.

At 9.15 one morning towards the end of last July, five young "citizens" met at the Caley Station, ready to set off for Alsager, a village near Crewe, where a residential

conference, run by the Council for Education in World Citizenship, was to take place. At last the train glided out of the station.

It was a warm day, but the atmosphere in the carriage was at first a little chilly. Five of us, representing two girls' schools and three boys' schools, were going away to England as delegates from E.S.C.A., knowing practically nothing about each other except that we were to be future members of the committee. However, by the time we drove into the Y.M.C.A. Hostel at Alsager we felt that we had at least one thing in common—that we were Scots.

The hostel or settlement was a remarkable place. It looked as if it had been built in haste, to accommodate the workers at a nearby ordnance factory, but it was very carefully planned. The main building was the community centre with a canteen at one end and a large lecture hall—cum theatre—cum cinema at the other. Around this were built several long low "prefabs" or dormitories that could altogether house some hundreds of people. (A good maxim in a "prefab" is "Walls have ears." In the room that I was in there was even a crack in the wall, which gave easy access to the spider from next door.) In fact, with its own post-office, library, laundry, and chapel, the hostel formed quite a little community of its own.

First of all, we were issued with tickets to be handed over for each meal, and a card to be surrendered every time we got a mug and cutlery—as a check on our honesty!

We soon began to meet some of the English boys and girls. You usually began a conversation like this—"Where do you come from?"—"Oh, I come from Birmingham. And where do you come from?"—"Edinburgh."—"Yes, I thought so." (At this point, you laughed feebly, not thinking that an Edinburgh accent could be so notorious. After about the fourth time, you realised that they only meant to say they detected a Scots accent.)

Our four days were all too short for the work we had to do, but they were therefore all the more precious. In the morning we had a lecture by some eminent speaker, then question time, and after that we separated to our different groups, each group studying a particular subject all week. The afternoon was usually free and in the evening we again had lectures and discussions.

The choice of speakers was varied and unbiased. We heard Miss Courtney who had just returned from San Francisco Conference, Mr Lawrence Wolfe, a Transylvanian who explained the Reilly Plan which is based on a more communal system of living, and Mr John Platts-Mills, M.P., who, as a Bevan Boy, spoke on the nationalisation of the mines. Mr Rawley, a Conservative candidate spoke on the British Empire, and Miss Maggie Jordan, who had been a textile worker in Soviet Russia, told us of her experiences there. There followed a talk on Unemployment by Miss Morgan, and one on Education by Mr Crwys-Williams, a headmaster in a Welsh school. The last two speakers were foreigners. Herr Horst Brasch, chairman of the Free German Youth, spoke about the future of German youth, and Mr Ayana Deva, a most cultured and widely travelled Indian, spoke about Japan. The questions put to the various speakers showed a remarkable knowledge of current affairs.

We had hoped to be shown round the famous china factories in Stoke-on-Trent, which was only ten miles away, but unfortunately the factories were especially busy before closing down for the August Bank Holiday. However, a small group of us went hopefully in to Stoke one afternoon. From the the top of the bus we gazed over a gloomy, red-brick landscape of factories and kilns stretching endlessly for miles and miles, and intersected occasionally by a muddy yellow canal. We trudged the hot, dusty streets in vain. The only china to be seen was a variety of cracked, antediluvian ornaments in the window of an antique shop.

The week ended with a very happy party, and it was with regret that we left early the next day because of threatened railway strikes. Not only was the conference of great educational value, but also there was a fine spirit of friendliness among the delegates which helped to make it such a success. I for one, shall have pleasant memories of that crowded week for many years to come, and I hope that in the future other Gillespie representatives will have the privilege of attending similar conferences.

BETTY CROMARTY.

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SCHOOL CONCERT.

The concert in aid of the School Orchestra Fund, which was given on April 4th, successfully blended both senior and junior talent in a remarkably varied programme of music, dancing, and elocution.

Among all the items singing predominated. The Senior Choir was, as usual, a joy to hear because of its pure, natural tone, and gave a memorable close to each half of the concert with an admirable selection of songs, and the obvious enjoyment shown in the singing of the Junior Choir delighted the audience. Vocal solos by Valerie Trenwith and Muriel McCurrach, as well as a senior duet, were simply and beautifully rendered. Special mention must also be made of the choirs of second year French and senior German pupils whose colourful costumes served to accentuate the stateliness of the eighteenth century bergerettes and the simplicity of the Volkslieder which they sang.

An effective opening to the Concert was provided by the Senior Orchestra's performance of short Bach and Handel pieces, and the Junior Orchestra in a selection of simple airs showed great promise. Individual talent was represented by two sets of piano duets, nimbly and spiritedly played by senior music pupils.

Country dances, both national and foreign, also had a part in the programme, and were ably and enthusiastically performed, the Polish costumes, in particular, striking another bright note of colour. Lastly, the juniors showed complete self-confidence and a good command of speech in the the playlets and recitations which they gave.

The music, gymnastics, and elocution departments are to be congratulated on the excellent results of their training.

M. M. H.

SCHOOL SPORTS.

HOCKEY.

This season opened well, with encouraging results from the first matches played, and with the team, which was comparatively new, settling down and combining well.

However our new fixtures, including one with Perth Academy—which was for us an unknown quantity—were played at the end of the season, at the time when the 1st XI. was not playing so well. But it is to be commended that every team, with the exception of the 6th XI. has surpassed the number of goals scored against it.

In the Hockey Seven-a-Side Tournament played at Meggetland on March 28th, the school team was unfortunately defeated in the semi-final by one corner. The school was represented by D. Fallside, J. Stewart, E. Burness, M. Smith, J. Ronchetti, D. Gilroy and C. Scott.

The Inter-House Hockey Cup goes this year to Warrender.

During the second term, 1st XI. colours were awarded to D. Fallside, J. Stewart, E. Burness, M. Smith, J. McCallum, D. Gilroy and E. Davidson, and girdles to J. Ronchetti, M. Macdonald, Y. Graham and B. Taylor. 2nd XI. colours were won by H. Budge, J. Marshall, M. Kidd, E. Cleland and K. Harkness, and girdles given to M. Skea, D. Clement, C. Scott, J. Aitken, M. Marshall and E. Paton.

The following are the results of the season's matches:—

	Matches Won	Lost	Drawn	Cancelled	Goals For	Goals Against
1st XI.	10	8	1	6	44	41
2nd „	9	4	1	8	45	33
3rd „	9	2	2	8	41	18
4th „	8	2	2	6	58	20
5th „	4	2	0	4	13	7
6th „	1	1	2	4	5	8

D. M. F.

TENNIS.

With a very large membership again this season, tennis has proved to be very popular.

The school team, represented by:—

Doris Seacy and Helen Budge,	} Interchangeable 3rd couple.
Joyce McCallum and Rae Dunlop,	
Jean Curle and Mary Skea.	
Joyce Stewart and Muriel Marshall.	

has been very successful to date.

The matches are as follows:—

Boroughmuir	- 5	Gillespie's	- - 4
Trinity	- 2	Gillespie's	- - 7
Dunfermline	- 5	Gillespie's	- - 4
Trinity	- 2	Gillespie's	- - 7
Boro'muir	- 3	Gillespie's	- - 6
Dunfermline	- 4	Gillespie's	- - 5

Only one match, which was with Broughton, has had to be cancelled owing to bad weather. There still remain a return match with Broughton, the House matches and Staff match to be played.
H. B.

CRICKET.

The School Cricket Club has resumed its activities for the season, and with a membership of 97 is in a healthy condition. Two practices are held each week and the attendance speaks for the enthusiasm of the members. Mr Brash, our genial coach, exercises great tact and patience in his tuition and is deserving of the greatest credit. Our fixtures for the season include games with St. George's School, Broughton and, last but not least, a game with the Staff. A successful season is anticipated.
J. C.

GOLF.

The Golf Club boasts the large membership of 28, and with the introduction of golf into the Wednesday afternoon sports, more interest has been aroused in it. Outings have been made over the putting green and the Links.

Unfortunately, only one competition has as yet been held.

Putting Competition played over Bruntfield Putting Green.
Binnie Taylor - - - - 46
Dorothy Seaton - - - - 48

There are four entrants for the championship, and it is hoped that it will be decided later in the term.

The members of the golf club are also hoping to entertain the staff in a putting match towards the end of the session.
B. T.

SWIMMING.

Very keen enthusiasm has been shown by the younger members of the Swimming Club this year. The Life Saving Class is well attended, and it is expected a record number of girls will be ready to qualify early next session.

Altogether 74 girls have gained Certificates during the first and second terms—31 Elementary, 22 Intermediate, 14 Advanced and 7 Life-Saving Certificates. The present term results are not yet to hand.

We congratulate Elsie Melville, Form 1D, on gaining the School Championship with 20 points, and Reita Hunter, Form 3D, the runner-up, with 10 points. The House Championship goes to Spylaw, with Roslin taking 2nd place.
M. B.

ANNUAL SPORTS AND HOUSE CHAMPIONSHIPS.

The School Sports were held on Wednesday, 12th June, but were unfortunately cut short by heavy rain, so that the programme of events had to be completed in the following week. We regret, therefore, that at the time of going to press the results are not yet available. These, along with the award of the Thomas Stevenson Cup, The Ryrie Memorial Prize, and the House Championship, will be published in the 1947 issue of the Magazine.

FORMER PUPILS' SECTION. IN LIBERATED EUROPE

(It is with great pleasure that we publish this article by Helen Macdonald, who has been sharing in the fine work of the Guide International Service for civilian relief on the Continent.)

During the past few weeks, we have been thinking a great deal about victory and the celebrations that are going on everywhere. I should like to tell you how I spent the original V.E. Day, over a year ago.

We had orders to move, and had been up since 4.30 a.m., packing our kit and loading our trucks. The sun had already begun to climb a cloudless sky as our convoy pulled out of the desolate and shattered remains of Arnhem. There were no longer any civilians in that area, and, for the past fortnight, we had met only military personnel and the "displaced persons" who were passing through our transit camps. But, as we journeyed along the one open road to Northern Holland, we began to meet people—at first just a few at scattered hamlets and farm houses, but soon more and more as we passed through villages and towns.

The news had spread like wildfire, of course, the most joyful news being that Rotterdam had at last been freed, and now everybody was out for high day and holiday, even if rations would not rise to a feast. Our chief delight was to see children once again. Everywhere there were throngs of children, dressed in Sunday best, garlanded and streamered, waving, cheering, running alongside the trucks. As we went on, it seemed as though the entire route was lined with cheering crowds. National flags and banners were out, and every single person wore something—kerchief, scarf, ribbon, girdle or sash—of orange, the colour of the Royal house which also had significance in the underground movement. Where, I wondered, had all the flags been hidden away, as they must have been, for it wasn't two days since the German occupation had been overthrown in these parts? We saw many Scouts and Guides, and Brownies and Cubs, too, in uniform, and to them we gave an extra wave and salute. Sometimes they recognised the Trefoil that we carried on the front of our vehicles, and another great cheer would go up.

Progress was slow, and long before the end of the day, we were exhausted; faces ached and throats were hoarse with grinning and shouting, and shoulders were stiff from

waving acknowledgment to the endless cheers. We all felt great sympathy towards the Royal family! Our convoy looked like a May Day procession, bedecked as it was with flowers and branches and streamers.

Then we reached our destination—a concentration camp which had been liberated only the day before. That sobered our hilarity. But ever the sense of unreality increased. It was the sort of thing one sees in a film or a news reel, but here we were right in the middle of it. As we were having tea, half a dozen soldiers, machine guns at the ready, dashed across our lawn, almost scattering us, and we learned that a man hunt was going on in the bushes for a collaborator who'd already killed six men that day. We, who until then, had never as much as seen a German soldier in the flesh, now watched them in their thousands march through this camp to lay down arms.

The welcome that met us when we arrived in the little town near the camp, was in true Netherlands style. We were astounded, and humbled, by the number of people who could speak English, and speak it fluently. They took us into their houses and introduced us to their friends; they put us up for the night until billeting arrangements could be made. For long hours into the darkness, we talked with them, hearing something of their experiences, seeing the fear that still lurked in their eyes and that sprang to life at every unfamiliar sound. Peace—had it really come? They could not believe it. What do they think now, I wonder, after a whole year of Peace?

Since that memorable day, much has happened, and our team has travelled far. Those of you who are in the Movement will know a good deal about the Guide International Service, which is but one of the many societies that have been working for civilian relief on the Continent under the auspices of the British Red Cross. I went out with G.I.S. Team 4, which is a feeding unit with one kitchen and two canteen sections.

Our next move was to Rotterdam, where, for the following two months, we did what was perhaps the most vital job of our career. We were responsible for feeding three hut settlements that had been built by the Germans to house the bombed-out people from the centre of the city. The people there, about two thousand of them, were too poor to be

able to buy from the black market, and lived in almost indescribable conditions. There must have been every known disease of poverty and malnutrition in that community, and yet we found the folk the kindest and most appreciative of any that we have worked amongst. Twice we were presented with enormous baskets of beautiful flowers as a token of gratitude, and, the night before we left, over two hundred walked the two miles from their village to our billet in order to say good-bye and sing a farewell song. Our work there would have been absolutely impossible had it not been for the assistance we had from the Dutch folk in the neighbourhood, especially from the Guides, who turned up without fail, every day, to help us to distribute the food. It was strenuous work—stores to collect, often straight from the docks, all the cooking to be done outdoors, trucks to load up, meals to distribute, containers to wash ready for the next round, and always, of course, our own rations to collect and meals to make. Have you ever thought about the tin-opening involved in large-scale cooking? We opened them not by the score but by the crate, and small-sized tins at that. As for the biscuit-tins—they had been so well sealed up several years before that it seemed as though they weren't meant to open! We ran a First Aid Post for biscuit-tin openers at one point, casualties were so high! Work during the first three days assumed almost nightmare proportions, for we had to cater for two thousand with equipment for two hundred. Some Canadian soldiers showed us how to make a fire with petrol in a tin—well, it certainly boiled our coffee, but at the expense of pots and eyebrows, not to mention nerves! When proper field kitchen equipment was put in for us, things became easier to organise.

By July, Holland was able to look after herself, and most of the Civilian Relief Teams were sent on into Germany to help with the great masses of displaced persons there. The most urgent job for Relief Sections was to organise community life and provide occupations for those people who had to live in camps until arrangements were made to transport them to their home-land. It is a job that is still going on, for repatriation can be a slow business, especially in the case of Poles, Jugoslavs, Rumanians and nationals of other Central European countries.

We found ourselves working with Unrra teams in charge of four camps near Hanover, and there we ran canteens for the children and the workers. There are few more unsightly things than a German "lager" (*i.e.*, camp). Rows of low, flat-roofed concrete buildings and also, perhaps, some blocks of battered wooden huts; the roads in between are beaten mud that becomes a sheet of ice in frosty weather and a quagmire when it rains. Inside furnishings are almost non-existent, and the stone floors are unboarded. The cold, glaring, white-washed cleanliness of barracks ready for occupation is deadly in its monotony and almost worse than the fug and filth that seem to accrue as soon as the families move in.

We helped to furnish a newly-started kindergarten in the biggest camp, and had a magnificent response to an S.O.S. home for pictures, friezes, toys, books, crayons and pinafores. At Christmas there were children's parties in every camp, and it was a joy to watch the kiddies come forward to receive their first peace-time gifts from St. Nicholas. But we were greatly horrified to discover that St. Nicholas has a habit of reading out school reports in public, and not only would he call out a list of the bad boys' names, but he'd proceed to go round and tweak their ears. We decided we much preferred our own old Father Christmas!

Part of our team by this time was in Northern Germany, assisting with the reception of evacuee children from Berlin, a job appropriately called "Operation Stork." Another section was called to run a canteen to help to cope with the floods of refugees pouring in from the Russian zone. Then, early in the new year, came an order for all three sections to move to the Ruhr area, where the team is still at work among some of the most badly bombed parts of Europe.

Relief stores there have been meagre, and we can give aid to but comparatively few children in the worst areas—for instance, those living in air-raid shelters or in the cellars of blitzed houses. Some of the shelters are built underground; others are unsightly three-storey masses of concrete which have certainly proved their worth, for they alone remain standing amid vast acres of ruin. Inside, these buildings are a positive maze of stairs and corridors. Whole families are living in little 6-foot by 8½-foot cells

never intended for permanent habitation. There are no windows, and only a few dim electric lights at strategic points. The first day that we called at one of these "bunkers" with cocoa for the tinies, we found the whole place in darkness; the power had failed the night before, and the people were unable to leave their rooms. The shelters do have an air-conditioning plant, which is turned on at spasmodic intervals, but there is no heating and, in cold weather, the chill dampness penetrates even the fug. As far and as fast as possible, these "bunkers" are being evacuated, but as soon as some families are moved out, more people come in, for in Germany to-day there are folk who are glad to come and live in such conditions.

Yes, life is grim out there, more grim than any of us can fully realise. Yet I like to remember my last, most vivid impression—almond blossom, masses of it, on every hand; there were no houses in the overgrown gardens, for that, too, was in the Ruhr, but the trees had not forgotten to bloom again.

HELEN MACDONALD.

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FORMER PUPILS' CLUB

Session 1945-1946.

The principal activity of the Club this session was the Charity Fête which was held in school on Saturday, 23rd June, 1945, in aid of the Edinburgh Branch of the "Save the Children" Fund. The Fête was opened by Sheriff Jamieson. Former Pupils rallied round the cause, and presented a most enjoyable afternoon's entertainment to the many present. The efforts of former and present pupils and staff were well rewarded, and enabled the Club to contribute the gratifying sum of £65 for relief work in Europe.

The Annual Business Meeting was held in school on Friday, 12th October, 1945. The following office-bearers were elected for the current session:—

Hon. President	Miss Andrew.
President	Olive Torrance.
Vice-President	Isobyl Wright.
Secretary	Sheila Mackie.
Treasurer	Betty Walker.

After the business had been transacted, the company of about 100 F.P.'s enjoyed a programme of dancing.

The third meeting of the session was held in school on 4th January, 1946. This was purely social, and was very well attended by both F.P.'s and members of staff.

It is hoped that those girls who are about to leave school will join the Club and give it their active support. Any girls desiring to join should communicate with the Secretary:

Sheila J. L. Mackie,
16 Glasgow Road,

Edinburgh, 12. (Telephone—65139.)

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

SHEILA MACKIE,
Hon. Secretary.

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FORMER PUPILS' HOCKEY CLUB

Once again the Club has concluded a most successful season, and the enthusiasm of our members has maintained the usual high standard of play throughout. Our membership is in the region of 25, and, with this number, we were able to field two elevens practically every Saturday. Out

of the total number of matches played, we won 12, lost 17 and drew 4.

It may be of interest to potential members to learn that the Hockey Club has just finished its fifteenth season, and, with a view to extending this fine record, we would welcome to the Club anyone leaving school who is keen and wishes to carry on this fine healthy sport.

MARJORIE RENNIE, *Hon. Secretary*,
29 Groathill Avenue,
Blackhall, Edinburgh, 4.
(Telephone—30551.)

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F.P. NOTES.

At Edinburgh University—FRANCES B. EARLY has graduated as M.B., Ch.B., and JOAN SIMM as M.A.

At Edinburgh College of Art—NORMA T. FORREST as a successful candidate in the R.S.A. School of Painting examination, has been awarded a Carnegie Travelling Scholarship of £140, and ANNE L. MACKINNON has gained an Andrew Grant Post-Diploma Scholarship of £120.

At Moray House Training College—NAN M. BRYDON was awarded the Dickson Prize for Teaching. She has since been appointed to the staff of George Watson's Ladies' College.

ELINOR GUISEBURG, M.B., Ch.B., now working in the North-Eastern Hospital, London, has gained the Diploma in Child Health.

IRENE GLASS is now established as a missionary of the Church of Scotland at Nasirabad, Rajputana, India.

MAIMIE PATERSON (Mrs Peter Gregory), who for some time held the appointment of Private Secretary to Sir Geoffrey Whiskard, K.C., M.G., C.B., Ministry of Works and Planning, has been awarded the M.B.E. for her services during the war years.

JEAN PATERSON, after serving as a Hospital Almoner in Bristol and London, proceeded to Australia and thence to Hong-Kong, where she is acting as a welfare officer with the British Red Cross.

MARY D. GRANT, after acting as a Hospital Almoner in Dorking and at Carshalton, Surrey, has been appointed to the post of Head Almoner in the Orthopædic Department of the Victoria Infirmary, Glasgow.

MARGUERITE COMBEY has returned from teaching English in the Lycée at Caen, and is now completing her modern Language Course at Edinburgh University.

EVELYN B. HARDIE, Mus. Bac., after teaching Music in Perth for some time, has been welcomed back as a member of our own School Staff.

MURIEL CAMBERG (Mrs Spark), many of whose promising early poems were printed in the School Magazine, has recently gained First Prize in a Poetry Society Competition, with a poem "On Seeing the Picasso-Matisse Exhibition."

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MARRIAGES.

HUNT—BLAIR.—On 8th June 1945, F.O. H. J. HUNT, R.A.A.F., to MARGARET T. E. BLAIR, 15 Crewe Road South.

GORDON—TAYLOR.—On 7th August 1945, A. W. GRANT GORDON, C.A., to BERTHA TAYLOR, "Greenbank," Bo'ness.

GILCHRIST—MILLS.—On 10th August 1945, DOUGLAS KERR GILCHRIST, M.B., Ch.B., to MARGARET J. F. MILLS, M.B., Ch.B., 50 Marchmont Crescent, Edinburgh.

HALL—WALKER.—On 11th August 1945, DONALD J. HALL, to CATHERINE C. WALKER, 9 Corbie Hill Place.

M'LELLAND—KIDD.—On 25th August 1945, JAMES M'LELLAND, M.B., Ch.B., to JOYCE M. C. KIDD, M.A., 23 Abercorn Terrace, Portobello.

CORMACK—BRAIDWOOD.—On 5th October 1945, Lieut. WILLIAM FLEMING CORMACK, A. and S.H., to SHEILA D. BRAIDWOOD, 80 Leamington Terrace.

GRANT—YOUNG.—On 27th November 1945, F.O. HARVEY R. GRANT, R.C.A.F., to DOROTHY H. YOUNG, "Dundurn," East Trinity Road.

BAILEY—ROBERTSON.—On 22nd December 1945, EDWARD BAILEY, to MARGARET ROBERTSON, 10 Strathearn Place.

BORTHWICK—LOCKIE.—On 31st December 1945, WILLIAM BORTHWICK, to FRED A. LOCKIE, "Comiston," Melrose Road, Galashiels.

CLEUGH—BROADHURST.—On 2nd February 1946, IAN MCG. CLEUGH, to MARY C. BROADHURST, 3 Priestfield Road.

FAYNER—RAITHBY.—On 11th May 1946, GEORGES FAYNER, M.D. (Paris and Warsaw), to WENDY RAITHBY, Edinburgh.

CERTIFICATE AND SCHOLARSHIP LISTS.

PUPILS WHO GAINED LEAVING CERTIFICATES IN 1946.

Aitken, Jane D. Armstrong, Joyce J. M. Bain, Margaret J. B. Balfour, Margaret D. Bell, Helen G. Birtles, Aileen M. Blackwood, Charlotte. Blyth, Moira J. Caddis, Elspeth T. Clement, Dorothy V. Cook, Elizabeth A. Davidson, Catherine M. Davidson, Isabella S. Davidson, Lilius H. Davidson, Margaret G. Dewar, Isabella A. R. Dorfman, Henrietta. Duncan, Annabella B. Dunlop, Mary G. Duthie, Annie B. Gilroy, Doreen J. L. Graham, Joyce Y. Gray, Georgina A. Greenhill, Nancy S. Hall, Jemima A. Harkness, Janet K. Hay, Catherine I. C. Henderson, Dorothy E. Hogg, Barbara W. Howieson, Jeanie H. Kemp, Christina M. Kemp, Maureen M. Kethel, Margaret H. Kinnear, Marion W.	Law, Margaret. Leith, Christina. Lorimer, Wilma, F. C. McAdam, Catherine K. Macanna, Jean C. Mackie, Sheila K. M. MacLeod, Sheena J. S. Macpherson, Sheila M. Marshall, Muriel H. Marshall, Nancy J. Morris, Mary H. Murphy, Sarah E. O. Neill, Isobel B. Oliver, Elspeth H. Oppenheim, Clarice. Purves, Elma M. Riddell, Patricia M. Robb, Kathleen M. Robertson, Eva. Robertson, Sheila M. Rowat, Vida Seaton, Dorothy B. K. Seymour, Daphne J. Spence, Lilian M. Stevenson, Elizabeth M. Stewart, Joyce B. Tait, Helen. Taylor, Mary B. Tennant, Elizabeth A. Trenwith, Valerie. Vinestock, Joyce. White, Irene N. Wolfe, Emma R. Wylie, Margaret D.
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68 fees

SCHOLARSHIPS ENTITLING TO REMISSION OF FEES FOR SESSION 1946-47.

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

ENTERING SIXTH YEAR.—Jean Macanna, Lilius Davidson, Lilian Spence, Maureen Kemp, Joyce McCallum, Jane Aitken, Kathleen Robb, Elma Purves, Muriel Marshall, Doreen Gilroy.

ENTERING FIFTH YEAR.—Muriel McCurrach, Beryl Sinclair Marjorie Harkness, Alison Bee, Mary Dickson, Margaret Miller, Marion Childs, Mary Bird, Margaret Simpson, Mary Ambrose, Maureen Forrest, Agnes Longden, Jessie Hannah, Madeleine Kerr, Sheila King, Elizabeth Turnbull, Christine Christie, Margaret Robertson.

ENTERING FOURTH YEAR.—Beatrice Marwick, Vivienne Goldberg, Margaret Robb, Margaret Watters, Mary Hunter, Jean Geddes, Catherine Bell, Irene Cormack, Joan Little, Margaret Gough, Alison Dickson.

ENTERING THIRD YEAR.—Barbara Ferrier, Una Mackie, Jacqueline Hamilton, Jean Macpherson, Mary Aitchison, Eileen Waitt, Margaret Leckie, Evelyn White, Alison Fleming, Margaret Moore, Hazel Bremner, Shenagh Reid, Margaret Melville, Janette Waterson, Joan Howie, Goldie Aronson, Veronica Denoon.

ENTERING SECOND YEAR.—Joyce Forsyth, Margaret Ramsay, Katherine Macpherson, Jean Gardiner, Lucy Shaw, Myra McDougall, Marjorie White, Patricia Barclay, Olive Paterson, Helen Bevan, Grace Wilkinson.

ENTERING FIRST YEAR.—Jean Fraser, Margaret O'Hare, Sheila Findlay, Claire Philip, Margaret Grant, Nanette Forrest, Jean Moss, Elizabeth Willis.

SCHOOL PRIZE LIST, 1945-46.

Dux of the School . . .	Elinor M. Cleland.
Proxime Accessit . . .	Marguerite S. Myles.
Dux in English . . .	Elinor M. Cleland.
„ History . . .	Elizabeth L. Macpherson.
„ Geography . . .	Joyce L. Hamilton.
„ Latin . . .	Elizabeth R. Cromarty.
„ French . . .	Marguerite S. Myles.
„ German . . .	Marguerite S. Myles.
„ Mathematics . . .	Elinor M. Cleland.
„ Science . . .	Elinor M. Cleland.
„ Art . . .	Valerie Trenwith.
„ Music . . .	Ruby E. Lowe.
„ Domestic Science . . .	Mary E. A. Allan.
„ Needlework . . .	Catherine I. C. Hay.
„ Physical Training . . .	Ella M. Burness.
„ Secretarial Subjects . . .	Moira J. Blyth.

SPECIAL PRIZES.

Thomas J. Burnett Prize.

Eileen H. Waitt.

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

Elinor M. Cleland.

*Prize presented by a Former Dux (1927-28) to the Dux in
Mathematics.*

Elinor M. Cleland.

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

Marguerite S. Myles.

Jenkins Memorial Former Pupils' Club Prize presented to the Dux of the School.

Elinor M. Cleland.

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

Marguerite S. Myles.

"Elma Baillie Memorial" Prize in Latin.

Elizabeth R. Cromarty.

"Brotherton Prize" presented to the Dux in Science.

Elinor M. Cleland.

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

Elizabeth L. Macpherson.

"1928 Prize" presented by Anonymous Donor to the Dux in Geography.

Joyce L. Hamilton.

"1928" Special Prize for Modern English.

Ella M. Burnes.

Prize presented by Anonymous Donor to the Best All-Round Pupil.

Mairi Macdonald.

Prize for Singing.

Marion W. Kinnear.

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

Muriel D. White.

Stevenson Club Prize.

Joyce L. Hamilton.

Prizes for Religious Knowledge.

<i>Form 6.</i> —Elinor M. Cleland.	<i>Primary 5.</i> —Evelyn Bryce.
„ 5.—Shelai K. M. Mackie.	„ 4.—Mary Osler.
„ 4.—Norma McKillop.	„ 3.—Noel Adams.
„ 3.—Ruth Hope.	„ 2.—Rosemary Hutchison
„ 2.—Barbara M. Ferrier.	and Mary Irvine (equal).
„ 1.—Catherine Dunbar.	„ 1.—Jean Osler.

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

1. Jean Moss; 2. Jean Fraser; 3. Nanette Forrest.

Pianoforte Prizes.

Mr Paterson's Pupils—1. Lillias Galloway and Grace Wilkinson (eq.)
 Mrs Langdon's Pupils—1. Audrey C. McNair.
 Mrs Ross's Pupils —1. Anne Yeaman and Jessie Hannah (equal).

Jamesanna McGregor passed in the Lower Grade of the Associated Board Examination.

FORM 6.

1. Elinor M. Cleland; 2. Marguerite S. Myles;
 3. Elizabeth R. Cromarty.

FORM 5 L.

1. Jean C. Macanna; 2. Lillias H. Davidson;
 3. Dorothy E. Henderson.

FORM 5 P.

1. Isabella S. Davidson; 2. Joyce S. McCallum; 3. Jane D. Aitken.

FORM 5 B.

1. Maureen M. Kemp; 2. Janet K. Harkness;
 3. Muriel H. Marshall and Sheila K. M. Mackie (equal).

FORM 5 C.

1. Moira J. Blyth; 2. Nancy S. Greenhill; 3. Barbara W. Hogg.

FORM 5 D.

1. Catherine I. C. Hay; 2. Helen G. Bell.

FORM 4 L.

1. Muriel E. McCurrach; 2. Beryl T. Sinclair; 3. Alison K. Bee.

FORM 4 P.

1. Marjory G. Harkness; 2. Mary E. C. Bird;
 3. Margaret E. Simpson.

FORM 4 B.

1. Margaret Miller; 2. Nora C. B. Rogers; 3. Morag E. Miller.

FORM 4 C.

1. Evelyn Vinestock; 2. Maureen D. D. Forrest;
3. Kathleen M. A. Adam.

FORM 4 D.

1. Madeleine F. Kerr; 2. Ruth A. Mackenzie; 3. Joan Maloney.

FORM 3 A.

1. Beatrice Marwick; 2. Vivienne M. Goldberg;
3. Elisabeth M. Hunter.

FORM 3 B.

1. Irene Cormack; 2. Elizabeth Campbell; 3. Catherine S. Brown.

FORM 3 C.

1. Marjorie A. Wright; 2. Margaret E. J. T. Ferguson;
3. Joan I. K. Little.

FORM 3 D.

1. Margaret E. Clay; 2. Annette M. Chapman.

FORM 3 E.

1. Dorothy T. Haston; 2. Marjorie I. Hastie.

FORM 2 A.

1. Barbara M. Ferrier; 2. Elizabeth V. Connor;
3. Una McL. Mackie.

FORM 2 B.

1. Margaret M. Melville; 2. Goldie S. Aronson;
3. Veronica M. P. Denoon.

FORM 2 C.

1. Mary Aitchison; 2. Shenagh D. Reid; 3. Joan Howie.

FORM 2 D.

1. Helen T. Falconer; 2. Pauline R. Shires.

FORM 2 E.

1. Catherine M. Rodgers;
2. Ellen Currie and Evelyn R. Lambert (equal).

FORM 1 A.

1. Joyce I. Forsyth; 2. Margaret C. Ramsay;
3. Katherine R. D. Macpherson.

FORM 1 B.

1. Lucy McL. Shaw; 2. Myra MacDougall;
3. Patricia B. Barclay.

FORM 1 C.

1. Catherine B. Dunbar; 2. Eunice M. J. McGregor;
3. Eleanor C. Moncrieff.

FORM 1 D.

1. Maida M. Paterson; 2. Mary J. Gair.

FORM 1 E.

1. Kathleen Wiles; 2. Irene McLean.

Primary 5 A.

1. Jean I. Fraser; 2. Margaret H. O'Hare; 3. Sheila A. Findlay.

Primary 5 B.

1. Elspeth C. Hood; 2. Audrey W. Henderson; 3. Margaret Bogie.

Primary 5 C.

1. Margaret M. Mason; 2. Evelyn Davidson; 3. Eva E. A. Vaughan.

Primary 4 A.

1. Mary H. A. Brown; 2. Margaret M. Gillies;
3. Eleanor E. McNaughton

Primary 4 B.

1. Marjory M. Sutton; 2. Fiona M. McCallum;
3. F. Catherine Longden.

Primary 3 A.

1. Noel Adams; 2. Audrey M. Hyslop;
3. Dorothy M. R. Richardson.

Primary 3 B.

1. Alison A. Gray; 2. Anne Cormack; 3. Marjory J. Duncan.

Primary 2 A.

1. Louise M. I. Anderson; 2. Mary E. Irvine;
3. Rosemary G. Hutchison.

Primary 2 B.

1. Marion E. Archibald; 2. Pearl Goldberg; 3. Edith E. Hay.

Primary 1 A.

1. Margaret M. Burns; 2. E. Anne Macfarlane; 3. Margaret Robb.

Primary 1 B.

1. Catherine M. Carlow; 2. Isobel A. Wood; 3. Margaret R. Hogg.

Class Preparatory Senior A.

1. Eva Mears; 2. Jean E. Young; 3. Joan Harcus.

Class Preparatory Senior B.

1. Pamela I. Heron; 2. Anne Innes; 3. Margot E. Munro.

Class Preparatory Junior A.

1. Joyce H. Poole; 2. Isobel Lamb; 3. Aileen S. Nicol.

Class Preparatory Junior B.

1. Eunice J. Spiers; 2. Morag W. Murray; 3. Margaret E. Duncan.

OBITUARY.

It is with the deepest regret that we have to record the death, on 31st January 1946, of MURIEL DUSTAN, Form 4C.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

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

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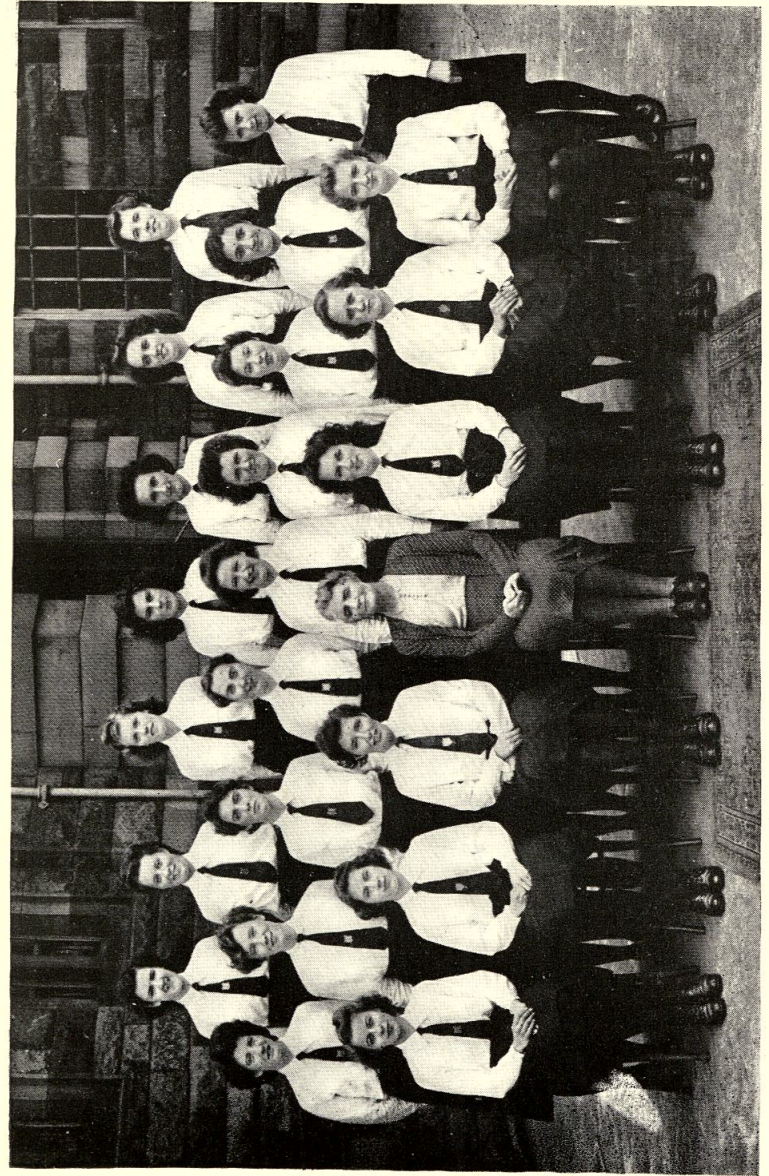
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