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The Dundee High School MAGAZINE

No. 116]

JUNE 1954

[1/3

Editorial

We take up the pen for this editorial with some feeling of compensation for the labour involved because it gives us a chance to use the editorial "we". Apart from its occurrence in editorials, this usage is confined to Royalty and managing wives, neither of which we are likely to be; so we welcome this, our only chance, of taking refuge behind its comforting and dignified plurality.

We find that summer has come round once more. This is being written in a spell of glorious weather when it is pleasant for the older pupils to sun themselves outside the School. The last of the "Exams" are over while at Dalnacraig the "sma' ba'" reigns supreme. The warmth has freed us from the tyranny of that over-mighty subject, the School boiler whose most modern features are its expense and its tendency to shut down as early as possible. Even the Boys' School is primly attractive with newly-painted window frames.

Amidst all this happiness it has been decided that we should be reminded of the "Importance of Being Earnest". This play, which was produced by Mr Smith and the senior pupils in the Training College on June 18th and 19th, has been a highlight of the summer term.

Several old friends have left the School Staff. In Mr Wood, who left in March to go to Grove Academy, we have lost one of the pillars of the Science Department. He was noted for his good work in School and with

the rugby XV's and for his constant cheerfulness. Miss Coutts is retiring after many years' devoted service in which she has endeared herself to all who studied music under her. We remember, too, with gratitude her part in School concerts and operas. Miss MacDonell is leaving the English Department to be married, and Mrs Marshall the Primary Department where she has served long and faithfully. At the time of writing no successors have been found to these worthy ladies, but Mr James Smart is coming to take Mr Wood's place in August. We wish good luck to all in their new spheres.

Although the Cadets who paid a visit to Germany last Easter brought back some striking souvenirs, little untoward has taken place in School life this year. For a time Mr Laird and Mr Duke were off ill, but happily they are now back. There was the usual Staff v. 1st XI. hockey match, where the brain and brawn of the Staff proved of no avail. On April 2nd there was the Easter Service in St. Mary's Church, while, as usual, the outstanding features of this term have been the Sports on June 5th and the Gala on June 8th, both as successful as ever.

As already we hear voices uplifted in the first quavering practice notes for next year's opera, we remember that yet another session is drawing to a close, and, as it is fitting to end on a note of goodwill, we offer our best wishes to everybody and especially to those who will pass through the Pillars for the last time at the end of June

NEWS AND NOTES

Mr Thomas D. G. Soutar, M.A., has been appointed as an assistant in the Primary Department in place of Mr Robertson, and **Mr James Smart** as an assistant in the Science Department in the place of Mr Wood. Mr Soutar has been with us since 22nd March, and Mr Smart takes up his appointment on 31st August. We trust that they will both be very happy in the High School.

Mr Robertson left us in March to go to Dollar Academy as assistant in the Modern Languages Department. During his two years with us he did good work with the Qualifying Class both in the School and on the playing field and was a very popular teacher. We all wish him well.

We should like to take this opportunity of expressing our thanks to the **Old Girls' Club** for a gift of books for the Senior Library..

The weather was rather cloudy and cool on Saturday, 5th June, when we held our **Annual Sports** at Dalnacraig. Nevertheless, there was a good attendance of pupils, parents and friends, and the programme was carried out without a hitch. The Senior Championship was shared by **Ian Dorward** and **Gordon Murray**; the Intermediate Championship was won by **William Wilson (F.II.)**, and the Junior Championship by **Malcolm Dougall (F.II.)**. **Mr Alexander Robertson**, who presided, made a very amusing speech and prizes were presented by **Mrs Robertson**.

A new trophy, the **Arthur Ritchie Cup**, has been presented to the School by the family of the late Arthur G. Ritchie. In his younger days Mr Ritchie was a distinguished gymnast and represented Scotland in the High Jump. The Cup will be awarded annually for the High Jump Championship.

The **Swimming Gala** was held on Tuesday, 8th June. The champions were : **Jean Sprunt (Sen.)**, **David McGregor (Sen.)**, **Eilidh Souter (Jun.)**, and **Ian Cuthbert (Jun.)**. The final relay race caused considerable excitement as, before it began, only four points separated the shield-holders, Aystree, from the runners-up, Wallace.

A. P. M. Forrest, who is already an F.R.C.S. of both Edinburgh and London,

graduates this month Ch.M. (with Honours) at St. Andrews, and has been appointed Lecturer in Surgery in the University of Glasgow.

Mr WOOD

Mr Wood came to the High School fourteen years ago as an assistant in the Science Department. During the war he served initially as a gunner and then was engaged in testing tanks. After the war he returned to the High School. Throughout his period of service to the School Mr Wood was a devoted and valuable member of the Staff in the Science Department.

From the very beginning of his association with the School he gave his special attention to the First XV. and devoted all his spare time to training it. Every Wednesday and Saturday he would be found at Dalnacraig and he would accompany his team wherever it went.

Mr Wood was very popular with staff and pupils, who all join in wishing him the best of luck in his new post of Principal Teacher of Science in the Grove Academy.

Miss MACDONELL

As Miss MacDonell is being married in July, she leaves D.H.S. at the end of this term. She takes with her all our good wishes for her future happiness.

During her seven years at the School she has shown herself to be an excellent teacher and a most loyal and helpful colleague. Keen, energetic, and vivacious, she never failed to make her lessons interesting and she has a "Highland" courage which quells most successfully any would-be trouble-makers.

We, in the English Department, have appreciated her good work, especially in Geography, which she has made almost a department of her own. She has also done much to encourage the use of the Junior Library and has always been ready to take her share in the Girls' Lit. On the sports field her province was coaching in Hockey.

But it is her bright and pleasing personality, her "blithe spirit" that we shall miss most of all. Miss MacDonell is moving on to a higher sphere. Goodbye and Good Luck !



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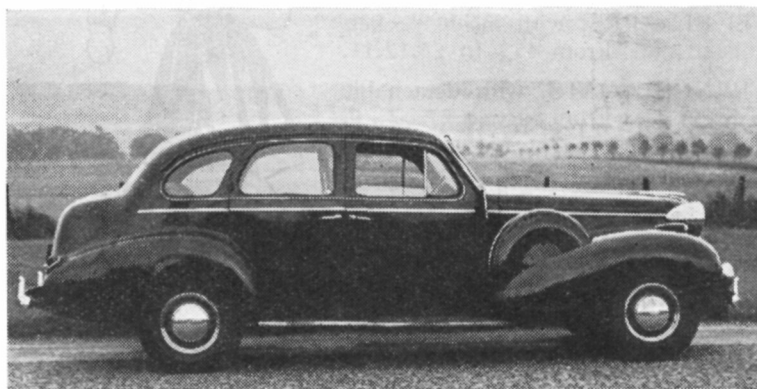
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Mrs MARSHALL

As the session draws to a close, we are once more faced with the sad task of saying goodbye to yet another member of Staff. During the war years Mrs Marshall very kindly came back to assist in the Preparatory Department, where she was an Assistant Mistress before her marriage. I am sure she did not think then that, ten or eleven years later, she would still be rendering invaluable service there. To Mrs Marshall teaching was not a mere job to be tackled conscientiously ; it was a vocation to which she dedicated herself wholeheartedly. She truly loved her work and thereby gained not only the affection of all her pupils, but also the admiration of all the Staff.

Apart from her teaching, Mrs Marshall applied her energy and enthusiasm to innumerable tasks for the good of the School. None of us who worked alongside her in preparing for the Sale of Work in 1949, can ever forget how she urged and encouraged us all to make the Sale the great success it was. Behind the scenes at practically every School function Mrs Marshall would be found, helping to make the wheels run smoothly, and how often have we on the Staff benefited from her generous help in arranging our social gatherings?

For health reasons, Mrs Marshall now finds it impossible to carry on her teaching duties. We are losing a fine teacher, and we take this opportunity of thanking her most sincerely for her excellent work as class teacher, and for her happy co-operation in the innumerable tasks that befall a member of Staff.

To her we extend our very best wishes for a speedy convalescence.

AN APPRECIATION

It is with sincere regret that I learn of the retirement of Miss Helen H. Coutts, A.R.C.M., from the High School after many years of loyal and faithful service.

For 23 years it was my privilege to have the able assistance of Miss Coutts and I find it impossible to pay tribute in adequate terms to the high value of her services rendered throughout that time.

Miss Coutts is not only a fine musician and skilful teacher of the pianoforte and class-singing, but she has the gift for friendship and for understanding pupils intuitively. In addition, she was always deeply interested in

all the School's activities and gave up much of her time for many years to the fostering, care and guidance of the Girl Guides.

Miss Coutts is one of those rare teachers who can bring out the natural talent and musicianship of her pupils, thus enlarging the pupils' experience and knowledge. She wisely used the examinations of the Royal Schools of Music to mark the progress of her pianoforte pupils and I do not remember her ever having a failure, for she always kept them in advance of the requirements of the examination.

She approached her work always with a mental stimulus which resulted in enterprise being closely allied with enthusiasm. Nearly all advance in music has resulted from experiment, and Miss Coutts was always prepared, sometimes at great cost of labour and patience, to introduce some unexplored side of musical thought which had an appeal to the imagination. Everyone benefited by this, as, for instance, at our School Concerts, when, instead of school songs being sung by the boys and girls of her classes, a beautiful song scena in costume would be devised and arranged entirely by herself. This had a certain inspiration of its own and was always highly appreciated by those present. Our Gilbert and Sullivan productions would not have been possible without the close co-operation of Miss Coutts. She acted not only as accompanist but was wardrobe mistress and responsible, in collaboration with the producer, for the whole organisation of the opera. She also, in her own time, gave me great assistance with the preparation of the music.

In conclusion, I should like to thank her who helped so much to make my term of service as Music Master such a pleasant one for all her kind help and warm friendship.

I join with you all in wishing her long life and much happiness in the future.

E. S. T.

Mrs JACK

Mrs Jack is retiring from the post of Cook-Manageress of the Dining Hall, which she has held for the last eighteen years. She came to us from St. John's School, after a wide and varied experience in catering. Mrs Jack, who is a native of Osborne, Isle of Wight, and still retains clear memories of Queen Victoria, was cook at Haslar Hospital, Gosport, during

the first World War, and later, among other posts, at a Naval Boarding School in Malvern.

When she came to Dundee High School about fifty dinners were served daily, now the number approximates to six hundred and twenty. She has presided over the opening of the new dining-hall, and given a splendid start to the working of its new equipment and to the organisation connected with such a wide expansion. Obliging, unruffled, kind, and, when necessary, determined, she will be difficult to replace. Our best wishes go with her for a long and happy period of leisure.

WE CONGRATULATE . . .

Mr Halliday on having two drawings exhibited by the R.S.A. and on having his statuette of a young C.C.F. Cadet placed in the Scottish United Services Museum, Edinburgh. In the Paris Salon he is represented by a portrait.

Mr Vannet on having a water-colour in the R.S.W. Exhibition, Edinburgh, and on having an etching hung in the Summer Exhibition of the Royal Academy, London.

James T. Lyon who has gained second prize in Scottish History and Literature (Ordinary Class), at Glasgow University.

Ian Lawrensen who is first in the Special Physics Class and first (equal) in the Junior Honours Physics Class, at St. Andrews University.

Iain G. Main, who shares with Ian Lawrensen, the honour of being first in the Junior Honours Physics Class.

Ian Stark who passed out of Sandhurst in February, 1954, as first cadet in the R.E.M.E. Regiment.

John Cameron, Gillon Ferguson, Robert Crawford and Ian Dorward on gaining 1st, 2nd, 3rd and 9th places respectively in the U.C.D. Bursary Competition.

David Tweedie on his being Joint-Medallist in the Scots Law Class at University College, Dundee.

Sheila Saggat on her appointment as Vice-President of the Students' Union at University College, Dundee.

Donald Menzies on gaining : (1) City and Guilds of London's Gold Medal in a competition open to all Britain ; (2) the Special Textiles Prize of the College for Distributive Trades ; (3) the Diploma of the National Association of Outfitters (with distinction).

Dr. Doreen Steel on gaining her doctor's degree at Glasgow University. Dr. Steel's education in Scotland started in Dundee High School in 1939, when she arrived from Canada.

Mr J. S. R. Duncan, M.B.E., M.A., on his being appointed private secretary to His Excellency the Governor-General of the Sudan. Mr Duncan's address is : The Palace, Khartoum, Anglo-Egyptian Sudan.

John Cameron, Lisbeth Thomson, Elspeth Swinton and Gillon Ferguson on gaining places in the St. Andrews University Bursary Competition.

John Cameron was also awarded the City of Dundee Educational Trust Scholarship.

Maureen Ritchie on winning the Jean Coupar Trophy as best member of the Junior Red Cross Link.

Miss May Andrew, Headmistress of James Gillespie's School for Girls, on receiving the C.B.E. in the Queen's Birthday Honours, June, 1954.

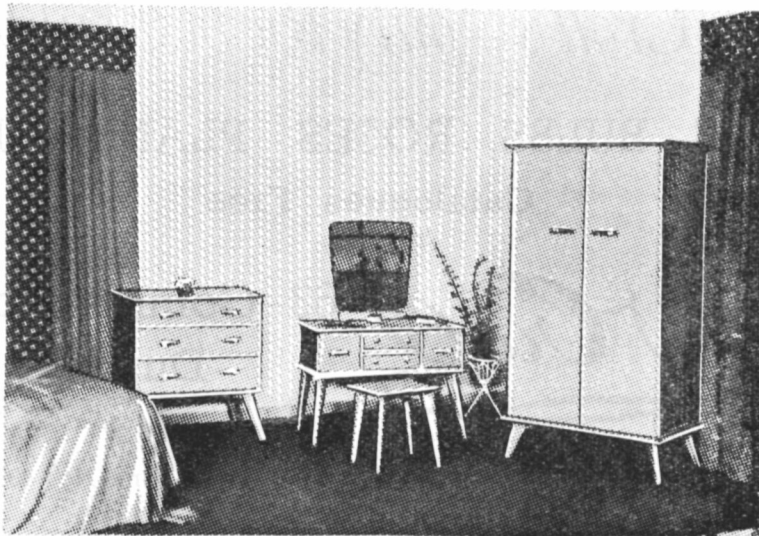
Ex-Lord Provost William Black, who has also received the C.B.E.

Miss Elizabeth Menzies on gaining her Ph.D. in History at University College, Dundee. During the present session Miss Menzies has been lecturing on History in the University.

William D. Cullen who is first in General Mathematics, second in Latin and second in Greek at St. Andrews University.

George Bell on the success of his new tune, "The Dundee Military Tattoo", which had its first public performance in the Scottish Home Service Programme on Saturday, 9th May.

Mr K. J. Elliott, M.A., A.R.C.M., who has passed the Bachelor of Music degree examination at Cambridge University.



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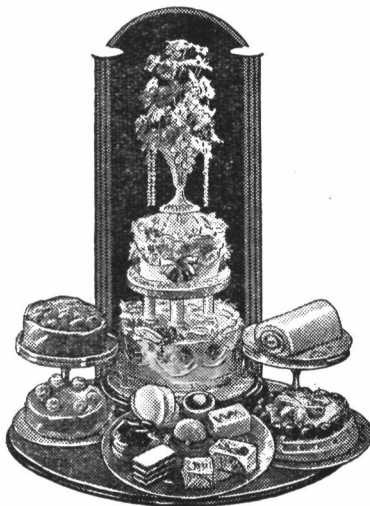
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OBITUARY

We regret to record the deaths of the following, to whose relatives we extend our deepest sympathy :—

Mrs D. L. Robertson, Major Andrew Spreull, Professor Ernest A. Dale, Mr David Smith, Mr Robert G. Brown, Miss Hilda Lockhart Lorimer.

Mrs D. L. Robertson, well-known Dundee pianist, who did a great deal for charity, died in Dundee Royal Infirmary. She was educated at the High School and trained as a teacher at Dundee Training College. At the age of sixteen she won an open scholarship for pianoforte playing, tenable at Leipzig Conservatoire for three years, but did not accept it. She became a teacher in the Infants Department of Mitchell Street School and continued in the post until she married the late Mr D. L. Robertson, chief reporter of the " Courier ". Mrs Robertson's love of music and children led her to organise and play at hundreds of concerts in the city and district, and her services were greatly appreciated by a wide circle of friends.

Major Andrew Spreull (76), a prominent veterinary surgeon, who died on 30th December, 1953, had a distinguished military career. He joined the Fife and Forfar Yeomanry in 1897 and served in the South African War as a sergeant with the Service Squadron. During the First World War he became assistant divisional veterinary surgeon with the 55th Division and was twice mentioned in dispatches. He was awarded the D.S.O. in 1917. Later he became A.D.V.S. to the 51st (Highland) Division and a Deputy Lieutenant of the County of the City of Dundee.

Professor Ernest A. Dale, Principal of the Classics Department of Toronto University, died at Toronto, on 29th January, 1954. A native of Edinburgh, Professor Dale was a

graduate of Oxford University. His first post was as Classics Master in the High School of Dundee.

Mr David Smith (40), who died at his home, " Newstead ", Arnhall Gardens, Dundee, was a partner in the firm Smith Brothers (Dundee) Ltd. He joined the firm as an apprentice tailor twenty-two years ago and since 1947 had been fur and mantle buyer. He was popular with the staff and possessed a personal touch which won him high regard from customers.

Mr Robert G. Brown, former Provost of Cupar, died at his home, " Haymount ", on 10th May, 1954. Forty years ago he purchased the tobacconist and tobacco blender's business in Crossgate, Cupar, from the late Mr J. A. Courts. He extended the business to St. Andrews and Leven, acquired for his son, Raymond, the business of Speedie's in Castle Street, Dundee, and quickly established himself as a leader in the tobacco trade. His outstanding gifts were recognised when he was appointed Chairman of the Scottish Tobacco Trade Federation, and later President of the National Union of Retail Tobacconists. In 1945 he was elected Provost of Cupar and held the chair until his retirement last October.

Miss Hilda Lockhart Lorimer (81), for many years tutor in Classics at Somerville College, Oxford, and university lecturer in Homeric Archaeology, died at Oxford. Miss Lorimer took her M.A. degree at Oxford in 1920. From 1934 to 1939 she devoted herself to research and teaching in Archaeology. After retiring in 1939, she resumed her specialised teaching for the university until 1946. She was elected an honorary fellow of Somerville in 1941 and was formally presented for the degree of M.A. at Cambridge when women were recognised as members of the university in 1948.

The Auld Alliance

Perhaps, if my copy of Hume Brown had been less of a family heirloom, I should not have experienced the flash of perception, amounting almost to a shock, which befell me on my first visit to that part of France of which Tours is the chief city. But a book in which all the many illustrations had been carefully edited by generations of idle hands—John Knox's whiskers were clearly the work of an artist in love with his task—was clearly not one to be taken too seriously. Of course, one knew that France and Scotland had been friends long before the Union of the Crowns, but the "Auld Alliance" was to me more something on which one wrote brief notes in term examinations than something which had actually happened. Perhaps this feeling of unreality was heightened by the well-meant efforts of people like Sir Walter Scott—a notorious romanticist. One accepted a story like "Quentin Durward" as something in the pages of a book without, in my case, any real idea that young Scotsmen could have made their living serving the King of France at his court in Tours.

These feelings, though illogical, were strong, but were quickly dispelled by my first visit to Touraine. This lovely part of France with the Loire and its tributaries, the Cher and the Indre, meandering placidly through the most gentle and peaceful countryside was a natural district for the French court to escape to from the rigours of a summer in Paris. They built summer residences there, on the grandest scale—the hunting lodge of Francis I. at Chambord, for example, contains 440 rooms—and, as most were built when the tide of Renaissance art was flowing over France, and, as they have in the main been well preserved by the State, these "Châteaux" are a natural attraction for the visitor of today. Although they are called "castles" by the French, they do not at all fulfil the mental picture of a fortress which that word conjures up to Scots minds. A few, like Amboise and Chinon, occupy sites of military importance and were clearly built as strongholds in the first place, but in many of the others, despite the military appurtenances of drawbridges, moats and so on, it is clear that they were built as dwelling-houses and not for any military reason.

Some of these, Amboise in particular, have direct ties with Scotland. It was there, as the bloodthirsty guide will not fail to delight in telling you, that the young Mary Stuart and her husband, Francis II., in 1560, watched the execution of the Huguenot conspirators who had so rashly crossed swords with the Guises. But it was not episodes such as this that brought the "Auld Alliance" to life for me—Mary Stuart seemed to have no more real existence outside the pages of a history book in Amboise than in Edinburgh. It was rather in a place like the beautiful castle of Chenonceau, built on a series of arches across the River Cher. There in the masonry of some of the rooms one can still see the carved marks and names of some of the stone-workers from Scotland who helped to build it. Or, in the ruins of Louis XI.'s favourite residence on the outskirts of Tours—Plessis-lez-Tours—where one finds that the only large room remaining is still labelled "Salle du garde écossais." Then one realises that the Alliance was more than a diplomatic formality and that, in the sixteenth century, Scotsmen were carrying on their trades in France and Scots soldiers were serving a French king.

No excuse is needed for visiting such a pleasant part of France, but it is undoubtedly pleasant for the Scotsman to feel that there he is not really so far from home. It is not perhaps the most novel or exciting way of spending a holiday abroad to visit a district whose attractions to the tourist are so well-known, but it is a rewarding one—particularly in May or September when the number of people who have had the same idea is smaller. For, unfortunately, one cannot visit the State-owned châteaux except as one of a conducted party headed by an inexorable guide who, having been paid to show you around, is determined that you will get value for your money. As I have said, many of these buildings are immense and, apart from the strain on the mind of trying to absorb an occasional mouthful of the flood of French dispensed by the guides, the sheer physical effect on one's feet is not negligible. The guides are admirable, and, if asked, will remember to speak slowly for perhaps the next two sentences, but their matter is not the easiest to follow. I have no difficulty in murmuring to a waiter,

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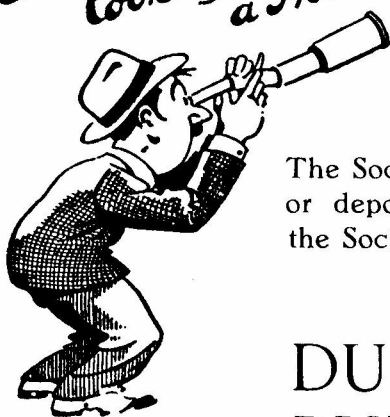
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SCHOOL MEDALLISTS, 1954

Back Row (L. to R.)—Kenneth W. R. More (Oakley Cup for Shooting—Boys under 14); Peter Giles (Ballingall Gold Medal for Dux in Gymnastics, Don F. McEwan Prize for Cricket); Douglas S. Forrest (Boase Medal for Golf); Colin D. Wright (Arthur Ritchie Cup for Winner of High Jump); Alistair R. D. Bowman (Don F. McEwan Prize for Cricket); Neil H. Simmers (D. S. Bryson Prize for Dux in Technical Subjects); William C. Wilson (Harold Young Martin Rose Bowl for Winner of Intermediate Championship); James R. G. Wright (Jane Spiller Prize for Dux of Form III. Boys); Michael J. Dunlop (Polack Gold Medal for Dux in Gymnastics—Form II Boys); James D. Maxwell (Pirie Handicap Cup for Golf).

Middle Row (L. to R.)—Isobel F. Anderson (Girls' Junior Tennis Cup, presented by Mrs Crystal); Morag Moyes (Dott Memorial Medal for Dux in Art); Margaret C. Robertson (Girls' Tennis Championship Cup); Ann E. J. Galloway (Dott Memorial Medal for Dux in Needlework—Equal); Muriel J. Sprunt (Championship Cup for Swimming—Girls); Hazel D. Butterfield (Dott Memorial Medal for Dux in Needlework—Equal); Maureen F. Ritchie (Jane Spiller Prize for Dux of Form III. Girls); Elspeth M. Fraser (George R. Donald Medal for Dux in Commercial Subjects, Dott Memorial Medal for Dux in Music); Eilidh N. C. Souter (Junior Championship Cup for Swimming—Girls); Gelda E. Leslie (Leng Silver Medal and Leng Gold Medal for Singing—Girls).

Front Row (L. to R.)—Ian D. Cuthbert (Junior Championship Cup for Swimming—Boys); Gordon Murray (Airlie Challenge Cup for Champion Athlete—Equal); Fiona I. G. Vine (Championship Cup for Dux in Gymnastics—Girls); Ian G. Dorward (Airlie Challenge Cup for Champion Athlete—Equal); Elspeth G. Swinton (Armitstead Trustees' Medal for Dux in French, Dott Memorial Medal for Dux in German); John R. Cameron (Harris Gold Medal for Dux of School, Armitstead Trustees' Medal for Dux in English, Sir John Leng's Trustees' Prize in English, Dott Memorial Medal for Dux in Mathematics, Cunningham Medal for Dux in Science, Sir John Leng's Trustees' Prize in Science, British Association Prize in Science); Elizabeth H. T. Thomson (Angus Club Prize for English, Mathematics and Science, British Association Prize in Science); Gillon C. Ferguson (Proxime Accessit to Dux of School, London Angus Club Prize for Dux in History, Edinburgh Angus Club Medal for Dux in Latin, Dott Memorial Medal for Dux in Greek); Helen S. Thomson (John MacLennan Prize for Dux of L.VII.—Girls); Hector S. B. Chawla (Loveridge Cup for Winner of Mile Race).

In Front (L. to R.)—Robert M. Bell (Walter Polack Memorial Prize for Dux of L.VII. — Boys — Equal); Malcolm A. Dougall (Aystree Cup for Winner of Junior Championship—Boys under 14); Alastair D. Wood (Walter Polack Memorial Prize for Dux of L.VII.—Boys—Equal); Douglas J. Woronoff (Leng Silver Medal for Singing—Boys).

Absent : William F. Morrison (Urquhart Cup for Champion Shot of Rifle Club); David A. McGregor (Championship Cup for Swimming—Boys).



HOCKEY 1st XI.

Back Row (L. to R.)—D. Dow, E. Thomson, E. Paterson, P. Grant, J. Sprunt, J. Gellatly, I. Tough.

Front Row (L. to R.)—W. Scott, S. Bruce, E. Sutherland (Capt.), W. Paton, F. Vine.



Photographs by D. & W. Prophet

TENNIS TEAM

Back Row (L. to R.)—E. Paterson, M. Wilson, M. Robertson (Capt.), P. Grant, M. Ritchie.

Front Row (L. to R.)—W. Scott, R. Smith, S. Bruce.

"Encore une bouteille, s'il vous plaît," but it is no criticism of either the Modern Languages or Mathematics Departments of the High School to say that I do not readily deal in French with larger numbers. Thus, when a guide remarks that something happened in "mille cinq cent quatre-vingt-treize," by the time I have worked out "1593" he is usually into the next room and a couple of centuries ahead of me. Thus, a leisurely visit in the off season has much to commend it.

It is not, however, to be thought that the only attractions are historical. The countryside is delightful and in the region of Vouvray a white wine is made which alone is worth the journey. All along the Loire the low, limestone hills are covered with vines, and hollowed out from the hills are enormous caves, which serve as wine stores and even as houses for the people of the district—a

common method of solving the housing problem is to dig into the hillside and then build a wall with door and windows in the front of the excavation and there you have the framework of a house—and what can be a very comfortable house too. The people seem none the worse of their troglodytic existence and are in fact amongst the most friendly in France. Less serious than the Norman, more responsible than the Provençal, they are a cheerful and philosophic lot whose acquaintance it would be a pleasure to cultivate, apart from the many other attractions of their district. Their attitude was well summed up in a notice which I saw in a chemist's shop in a little village: "English spoken. American understood." In these days of the almighty Dollar such irreverence is refreshing—nearly as refreshing as their own incomparable wine which I hope to be tasting again before long.

D. W. A. D.

In defence of Journalism

If you have the slightest idea that journalism is "not quite nice", if in common with so many pseudo-intellectuals you feel that it is a second-rate form of literature, then this article is not for you.

On the other hand, if you have an ear for the cadences of our English language and an ability to mould it and fashion it to your will—recognising to the full its possibilities as a medium for the expression of beauty or a weapon to stir the human emotions—then journalism as a career may appeal to you, and these few words may help.

Teachers, they say, are born not made. Those who aspire to a journalistic career are more fortunate in that they can do much to make up for any shortcomings at birth by sheer hard work! The cliché is the journalist's hall-mark, so let me remind you that so-called literary genius is very often merely 1% inspiration plus 99% perspiration, and never was it truer than in the field of journalism. I speak, of course, of the cold, hard world of commercial journalism, centred in Fleet Street, London, and after all, that must be the ultimate goal of the true journalist. We may dream of penning weighty tomes of learning or slim volumes of poetic fancies wrung from over-emotional adolescent hearts—but let's

face it. We must eat to live. And even a weekly column in a national daily will buy a lot more grain for our bread than the royalties from a book which takes a year to write, an evening to read—and more ingenuity than any hard-headed publisher may be prepared to exert, to sell! Remember, Sir J. M. Barrie cut his literary teeth as a "hack" writer in Fleet Street, and others as famous did not consider it beneath their dignity to write for the masses.

Every editor has a very excellent piece of advice to give his young assistants—never write down to your readers. The modern world of journalism has no place for the "tongue in cheek" reporter. The greatest lawyers of our times put all their wealth of knowledge and language at the disposal of the meanest illiterate who may have broken the law, and do not demean themselves in the process.

So don't let us be "uppity" about our erudition and closet it in the halls of purely academic learning. If you want to write—go to it. Defend your right to choose your own way of wielding the power which lies in your pen. Don't be ashamed of the commercial aspect of it all—and good luck to you in your career.

Shakespeare and Music

We have only to open our Shakespeare in order to see how English life was saturated with the love of music. His books abound with musical references and he uses music very freely in his stage directions, not only in an incidental way, such as for processions, war, festivity, etc., but also as a means of expressing or reinforcing the sense of mystery in situations calling for such, e.g. magic, death, etc. His many song lyrics introduced throughout his plays are really admirable.

There are exceptions, of course, in his plays. Othello "does not greatly care to hear music" and Hotspur would rather hear his brach howl in Irish than hear Lady Mortimer sing in Welsh. On the other hand, take some of his plays for references to music. In "Twelfth Night", for instance, Sir Andrew Aguecheck, one of Shakespeare's greatest simpletons, is said to be the greatest viol-de-gamboys player in Illyria and can even take his quavering part in a catch; it is through the medium of music that Viola soothes the melancholy Orsino and that Lorenzo woos Jessica.

Then we have the clowns with their snatches of broken melody, the shearers by the sea coast of Bohemia, "three-man songmen all and very good ones, but they are most of them means and basses"; Falstaff sends out for "Sneak's noise" which means simply a band of musicians.

Shakespeare has little to say about painting and sculpture, but it is quite evident that music is the art which lies at the centre of his affections. One has only to glance at his many references to dance forms popular at that period to get some indication of his knowledge of the subject. The Galliard, which Shakespeare calls "nimble", was a merry sprightly dance in triple time although in some quarters the gambols were regarded with disfavour. Again in "Twelfth Night", Sir Toby addressed Sir Andrew as follows: "I did not think from the excellent constitution of thy leg, that it was born under the star of a Galliard." He also mentions the Measure, "full of state and ancients", the Coranto, the Jig and the Cinque-pace with its five steps and curious halting rhythm. "Gamut", which means primarily the note

G at the pitch indicated by the bottom line of the bass staff, is referred to in "The Taming of the Shrew". Or take again the word Bergomask. This was originally a peasant dance from the North of Italy and today would be unknown to us but for Bottom in "A Midsummer Night's Dream", having asked the Duke, "Will it please you to see the epilogue, or to hear a bergomask between two of our company?" Something called by that name is still to be "heard" in our theatre, but the composer responsible has usually not bothered about historical accuracy, and any bright dance style will usually suffice.

We now turn our thoughts to the able musicians of the 16th century who supplied music for some of Shakespeare's works, and also to the present day composers who have been inspired by the beauty of his verse. The 16th century has often been referred to as the "Golden Age" in music, and this is very true, as at no time in her history has England held such a high and honoured place in the field of music. Men such as Christopher Tye, Thomas Tallis, William Byrd and Thomas Morley, were all famous figures and contributed much to the growth of music, although Tye, Tallis and Byrd were really the Fathers of that age. As we read great authors again and again, because their knowledge and imagination have always something fresh to offer, so it is with composers. Thomas Morley was the leading personality of the Madrigal school. Being born in 1557, he was probably a friend of Shakespeare's, for whose plays he wrote certain songs. Robert Jones was one of the finest lute players of his day and wrote many airs with lute accompaniment. One of his songs, "Farewell, dear love" is said to be alluded to by Shakespeare in "Twelfth Night". Another personality, whose chief importance was in connection with Shakespeare, was John Wilson. He was a famous singer, lutanist and violist. According to some authorities, he played the original part of Balthazar in Shakespeare's "Much Ado About Nothing", but he certainly produced settings of several songs, and these are sometimes heard today.

Coming now to the 18th century, the name of Thomas Arne appears. He was commiss-

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ioned at various periods of his career to write Theatre music, but it is chiefly by his songs he is remembered today, especially by certain Shakespearean settings, such as "Where the bee sucks", "Blow, blow thou winter wind" and "When daisies pied". The song "Where the bee sucks" was written specially for the revival of "The Tempest" at Drury Lane along with other incidental music, and breathes the very spirit of Ariel. In 1769 he wrote some of the music for Shakespeare's jubilee at Stratford.

Early in the 19th century the name of Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy appears, and, had he written nothing other than his incidental music to Shakespeare's "A Midsummer Night's Dream", his name would live.

Of our present day composers two are outstanding, namely Vaughan Williams and Roger Quilter. The former began to be very

active in the collection and study of English folk-songs in the early 'nineties and, as a result of this search, many old tunes have been revised and presented as modern classics. Take one example, namely the tune "Greensleeves". This tune is referred to twice by Shakespeare in his "Merry Wives of Windsor" and in its present form is a beautiful symphonic movement. In 1937 Vaughan Williams received the first Shakespeare Prize awarded by a German Society.

Roger Quilter has written some very effective songs with a light-handed and distinguished touch, and his Shakespearean settings are modern masterpieces.

In conclusion, it is quite evident that music to Shakespeare was not just a filling in process, but had its rightful place in making his works the classics that they are.

T. E. Porteous.

A visit to Cape Town

In the month of June, four years ago, my parents and I were spending a holiday in South Africa. We were in Cape Town and we decided we should like to go to the top of Table Mountain.

The sun was shining brilliantly when we made our way up Adderley Street. This Street is the main one in Cape Town and was thronged with people of all colours and races. Coming into the suburbs, we left the noise and bustle behind and climbed a tortuous road up the lower slopes of Table Mountain. The road was bordered by tall trees which cast their shade over us and kept us comparatively cool. Rounding a sharp bend, we came to a large white building. It is made of concrete and it the base for the funicular railway going up to the top of the mountain.

After climbing into the cage, we slowly moved up the wires and the ground soon began to slope away from us. Looking down made one giddy to see the jagged rocks and barren terrain of the mountain-side. We began climbing more steeply and it looked as if we were going to crash into the mountain. Almost as we thought we were lost, we came under the shade of the base at the top of the mountain.

Jumping out, we came into bright sunlight and blinked after coming from the shade of the building. We began to walk over the comparative flat top of the mountain. Looking over the side of the mountain, we beheld a magnificent view. In the distance was nothing but a blue shimmering expanse of water broken in one place, where the fairy-like Robben Island rose from it. Then we saw a mauve painted Union-Castle liner entering the harbour. The city itself had a slight heat haze over it and the "Lion's Head" seemed like an island in a white sea.

Walking to the other side of the mountain, we saw the Cape Peninsula before us. Dotted round the side were small holiday resorts and in the distance we saw what looked like two different colours of sea, where the Atlantic Ocean met the Indian Ocean.

After having a cup of tea at the shop, we descended again, but it did not take us nearly so long to go down as to come up. When we reached the bottom, we went to our hotel, and even to this day we talk of that lovely day we spent on Table Mountain.

Robert L. R. McGill, F.III.

B.A.O.R. Visit—1954

We, a party of Cadets from the High School, Morgan Academy and Grove Academy, left Dundee at ten to eight and by mid-day were in the first of the several foreign countries we were to pass through before we reached Lüneburg (a few miles from the Iron Curtain) where we were to stay with the 1st Battalion Cameron Highlanders. When we reached Liverpool Street Station after a bus journey from King's Cross, we were in the strong but capable hands of the army. On our arrival at Harwich we were fed and shepherded aboard the "Empire Parkeston", where we tried, for the most part vainly, to go to sleep in a hot atmosphere almost as tangible as our kit piled around and on us.

At seven o'clock next morning we disembarked, breakfasted, "entrained", and set off across Holland. During this journey out attention was attracted by the neat houses, flat fields divided by tiny canals, and the wooden clogs worn by many of the older folk. When we entered Germany, the scenery lost the prosperous Dutch look and became in places heavily wooded. Passing through Hanover, we were suprised at the desolate areas of rubble, grim reminders of the destruction caused by the martial streak in the German character.

Soon after eight o'clock we arrived at Lüneburg station which was, as so many similar places there are, pervaded by the smell of stale cigar smoke. We were loaded into trucks and soon found ourselves with our kit in a long corridor, rather resembling that of an infirmary. The billet rooms, containing three or six beds each, off this corridor, were to be our residence for the next ten days. Compared with any barracks in Britain, these, built by Hitler for his crack troops, were luxurious, and a further shock came next morning (Sunday) when we were roused by a very polite corporal with the words, "Good morning. Breakfast at nine."

That morning we went for a tour of the barracks. The Camerons' section was grouped round a large square, half of which was the parade square. In one corner was an open-air bathing pool, empty at that time, and along one side of the square was a spacious, glass-fronted gymnasium. A notable feature

of the barracks was that above every outside door there was the head in stone of a famous German soldier.

After lunch we were taken in trucks to the centre of the town and left to find our own way back. We were in the town square, dominated by the impressive "Rathaus". Also there were the various British shops and canteens. What struck us particularly about Lüneburg was that most of the houses bulged and had decided kinks in them. Sometimes cracks from top to bottom could be seen in the walls, which were constructed in a similar way to Tudor walls, with the gable-ends built up with rows of little arches, like a fragment from the Roman Colosseum. As we walked back to the barracks, we passed, beside the river, a wooden crane, the oldest in Germany, and, further up, a bridge-dam contraption which looked like something out of the seventeenth century but was actually built at the beginning of this century. Turning round, we could see towering above the houses a tall steeple, which was leaning several degrees out of the vertical.

On Monday our training began. Apart from drill, when we were called many uncomplimentary things by the R.S.M., we had none of the usual familiar training, but saw signal or support company displays, or learnt how to handle the latest anti-tank weapons. We heard so much about the deadliness of the last named that, when we visited the 8th K.R.I. Hussars, who were in the same barracks, we were surprised to find them so cheerful about fighting in tanks! The Hussars, with their Centurions, gave us one of our most interesting mornings. That afternoon some of the N.C.O.'s went to see the mobile guns of the R.H.A. being fired. This was a rehearsal for a "fire-power" demonstration which we saw next day on a windswept heath in the early morning.

We always had plenty of free time, which we spent in the N.A.A.F.I., in one of the two British cinemas, or souvenir-hunting—the German shopkeepers were always very helpful, and, luckily, could usually speak English. On Saturday we had a day off to go to Hamburg which was generally acclaimed one of the finest cities we had ever seen, though it



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still bore some of the scars it received from the R.A.F. The sun shone brilliantly all that day, and one of the main attractions was the boating on the lovely lake right in the middle of the city.

We were genuinely sorry to leave Lüneburg on the next Tuesday, and the journey back, stripped of its novelty, was rather tiring. We

did, however, have a very enjoyable day in London, which was spent seeing the sights, or rather, in some cases, the various tube-stations ! Our train reached Dundee at half-past four in the morning, being for once, to our disgust, early.

N. S. H., F.V.

The joys of Angling

I choose brown trout fishing as my favourite sport and you might well ask me why. First of all, there is no need for company and no fixed or special time need be set aside for preparation. I can go where fancy pleases and this, I may say, is generally to a clear, running burn not many miles from my home. If the weather should be wet and unpleasant, there is always something to do or to watch beside a stream or burn. The birds are a constant source of pleasure to watch and, strange as it may seem, the chaffinches, robins, black-birds and thrushes seem most tame and will often come to my hand and share a mid-day sandwich with me. Although I am out to catch some trout, I never fail to see the nest of a blackbird or robin, and it is most interesting to sit by the burn and watch the flies coming to the surface and opening their wings for the first time. I am naturally interested in flies as I am a fly-fisher and I must at all costs try to lure my fish with as near an exact imitation of the natural insect as possible. It may be a "Blue Dun", a "Red Spinner" or a "May Fly." It all depends on the day and the month of the year.

Now, what could be better than to rise very early one June morning and wander down to the burn, now densely overhung with unpruned hawthorns and brushwood ? A lark fills the air with its morning song while other birds sing in chorus. The cuckoo, too, puts in a note or two. Wild thyme and sweet-briars fill the air with a delicious perfume. There is not a living person to disturb me and the deep pool I am about to fish looks most inviting and I trust the trout are nice and big. I try a few casts, and in no time I have a "quarter pounder" tugging at my line. What a thrill it gives me ! He fights so strongly and determinedly, but I am just as determined to have him and a few more,

for trout newly caught and mushrooms make a breakfast few could resist.

Of course, there are disappointing days when the fish refuse to rise and I try every kind of fly, but still they do not jump. But I am sure to meet a shepherd and have a chat with him or it may be another angler, now too old for fishing, but ever young with fishing hints to give me, where I should try for the "big fellows", where the grayling are to be found and when I should return to catch them. There is never any time to weary. By chance I may see an otter or a badger, perhaps a fox returning home after raiding the farmer's hen-yard, pheasants and grouse sitting on eggs, the bright-eyed squirrel scurrying up the trunk of a Scots fir and, with wonderful agility, jumping from branch to branch.

Someday I hope to fish the Spey and the Tweed, where the monks of older days strolled down to the quiet waters of a dark pool with a hollow hazel rod to spend an hour or two in company with the birds and to fetch home a fine salmon and some grayling to help fill the larder.

But it is not always summer time when fishing. It may be that the river is in spate after a wild winter of snow and rain, or it may be autumn when berries are ripe and leaves, tinted in all shades, are drifting down. You think of winter and the long nights ahead, but you can still have your sport. On a winter's evening, you can get out your fly hooks, your feathers (pigeon, grouse, black-cock and pheasant), and with your brightly-coloured silks you can pass many a pleasant hour making your flies in readiness for the spring, when the brown trout will be rising in the burns and pools again.

Colin G. F. Kay, F.III.



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Q: "What is meant by 'rash king's offspring'?"

A: "A skin disease cured by the king's touch."

So Obvious.

"London's meat market is Mincing Lane."

Our Adaptable Language.

In the Qualifying Examination pupils were asked to give the meaning of the word "haughty". The following are some of the answers given:—posh, snooty, swanky, snob-bish, stuck up, high and mighty.

Which is Right?

Kircaldy, Kircaldy, Kirkaldy, Kirckaldy, Kirkcaldy.

Real Suckers.

"The Germans tried to suck seed at the Battle of Jutland in 1916, but Britain would not be starved."

The Fattening Process.

Q: "What is a meat-packing plant?"

A: "Alfalfa."

Scotch?

Q: "Qu'est-ce que c'est qu'un homme fou?"

A: "Un homme qui a trop bu."

Wooden Nymph's Answer.

"La forêt humide"—"the human forest."

A Vivandière.

"Florence Nightingale's name was famous because she went round the battle-fields giving brandy to the soldiers."

General Information.

"Lilliputian" means "one who reads the 'Lilliput'."

"Eldorado" is "a kind of beetle that lives in potatoes."

1066 or Thereabout.

"Alexander III. fell off his horse on his way to the battle of Stamford Bridge."

Conjugal Disagreement.

Macbeth (to Lady Macbeth): "Take thy face hence."

A Bad Job.

Q: "Who was the man of Uz?"

A: "A wizard."

Götterdämmerung.

"Horatius, after being wounded by the king of the gods, who was later killed, jumped into the Tiber."

Reverse Refrigeration.

Calibration of Thermometer. Keep adding ice until temperature reaches boiling point. Then put mark on Thermometer.

Moral Conviction

Q: "What was the name of Edward I.'s Parliament?"

A: "He didn't have a Parliament."

318 Years of Misery.

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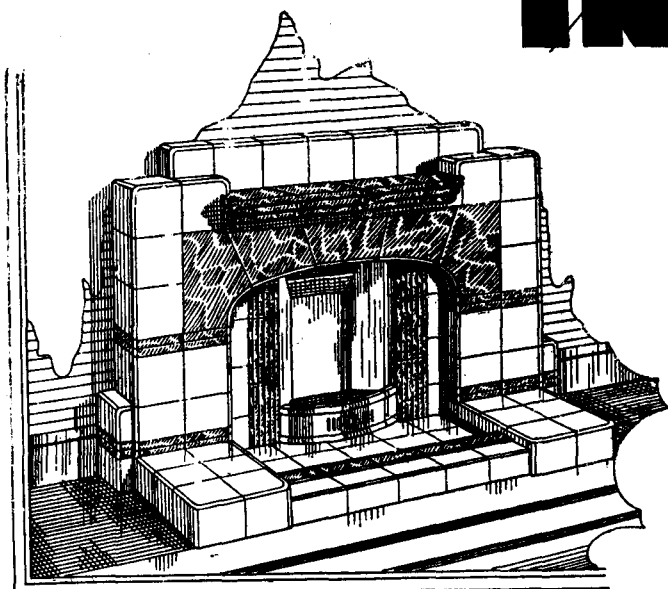
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“Cast Thy Bread upon the Waters . . .”

Alfred Leonard Hobson was a good chap. Of that there could be no doubt. He was devoted to his wife, Ethel, and two teenage boys, Peter and Jack. He was too good-natured to be at all ambitious, and as a result was still a clerk in the Railway Goods Yard Office in his home town, Maystow, although he was on the wrong side of that line which marks off those on the way up from those descending or about to do so—his fortieth birthday. It did not trouble him, however, and his wife knew him too well, and loved him too much, to try to urge him to push himself forward. She had a hard task at times to see that all the men of the family were well dressed, and the house was as it should be. But she and Fred brought up the children as sensible, yet not dull, children, with a practical outlook, but an awareness of the fine ideals of this world. They both were clever boys, and it seemed possible that either, or both, would win a University education when the time came. It also seemed, as far as could be ascertained in growing boys, that they would not just look for the “best job going” thereafter, but would put their talents to good use.

Mr Hobson was not only father to Peter and Jack, but also to three or four young lads in different parts of the world. It happened like this. Mr Hobson had always taken a keen interest in Maystow Children's Home, where he had gone himself on losing his parents in the Great War. He had obtained his job as a result of a business man's interest in the careers of boys leaving the Home, and he always felt that it was up to him to do the same for other boys. A group of boys, on leaving, had applied for, and secured, jobs with an oil prospecting firm. Sad to relate, however, they were to be separated, and sent to the remotest possible places on the earth's surface. Mr Hobson, on learning this from the Principal, asked if a correspondent at home would help to relieve their sense of loneliness, and brighten the prospect for them on their way out to their various posts. And so it was arranged that they should write fortnightly, or more often if they wished, to Mr

Hobson, who would write back fortnightly, giving them news about one another's progress, about Maystow, but generally to give them a link with a world which consisted of more than three men, and a dog, and two thousand sheep, as in one case, or four Spaniards, an Indian village, and a jungleful of animals, as in another.

It was rather a burden on Mr Hobson's shoulders, but he bore it uncomplainingly. After a few months, he settled down, and never forgot once his round of mail. And, though writing was not his *métier*, he took so genuine an interest in his “boys” that he forgot about self-consciousness. Often he would stay up at it till one in the morning, which was, for him, a remarkable event.

Yet he preserved a sense of proportion because he had boys of his own, and he knew that he must not make them feel that any love due to them was going out to the ends of the earth instead. He made his boys feel the interest he felt, and indeed sometimes they would write a line or two at the end of their father's letters.

But, as always, there was a flaw in the jewel of happiness of their domestic bliss. It was only a structural flaw, for it could not be seen, but it meant that the jewel was liable to break, under strain. Jack, keenly sensitive to all that went on, felt the inequity of life keenly. Why did his mother have an eternal struggle to keep up their standard? Others were borne by rich carriages lazily along life's highway, but the Hobson family, too proud to thumb a lift, walked wearily on. He kept his queries to himself, however, because he felt, and rightly, that his father would be pained to hear him saying such things, but he did not realise that his father would show him the simple answer to his problem, which was that these things were so, and one must not be bitter about them, but nevertheless should try to set them right.

So Jack kept these sour grapes stored up in the vat of his mind, to ferment, and become potent. He went through school, finished well but not brilliantly, and followed his brother to University. There, however, as

a result of some unfortunate experiences, he became more embittered against the vicious rigidity of society. For in his year there were some work-shy sons of well-to-do business men, who envied those who could pass examinations without too much work, and who picked on Jack particularly, as an interloper. They sneered at him, not openly, but in his absence, and questioned the right of a person of such humble origin to go to University. Jack, if he had not had that attitude to such people which he did have, would have had the sense to ignore them, but, as it was, he acted like a geiger counter in the presence of uranium when they came near. He became active, a beast on the defensive, ready to snarl into attack. Finally, there was a fight. Jack became a laughing stock, and, although he had the courage to stay on, he only took his degree in honours as an act of defiance. The tension in his life he kept hidden when he went home.

Every summer he had taken a job to get a little extra income, and, after graduating, he signed on as a hand on a tramp steamer bound for Valparaiso via the Horn, and then going on to Sydney. He left with no plans fixed for the future. This his parents discovered from his second letter, which seemed to indicate that he wanted to say something, but could not bring himself to do it. Then it came. He wasn't going to return until he had re-oriented himself with society as he knew it. His mind was in turmoil, as could be seen from his letter. He was very anxious not to grieve his family if possible; he realised that he had become bitter, and that his state of mind was largely of his own making, but he could feel no peace until he had resolved his internal dissension.

The family were sorely stricken by this, although, despite Jack's secrecy, Ethel had felt that all was not well. But this was far worse than she had expected. It took all the patience and resignation they could summon to bear it, and had they each not had the other's help, their struggle would have had a completely embittering effect. Now it was that they began to feel old, not physically, but in mental reserves. Mr Hobson's "boys" became a burden to him. He bore it, however, uncomplainingly.

Jack, meanwhile, had left ship at Sydney, and, ripe for any wild plan, was trekking

across the scrub with three very shady companions en route for a fictitious well in the desert where there was gold. Jack wanted to put the world right from the top, so he wanted power. That was why he had let himself be persuaded by these backwoods ruffians to "come in on a new gold rush". But after three days in the desert, they were lost, with but one pint of water among them. They found a small pool of brackish water shaded by two stunted trees, and there they camped the night. The next morning Jack woke up to find everything gone except the coat he slept on and two tins of beef lying in a hollow. The others had cleared out with the compasses, water bottles, and blankets.

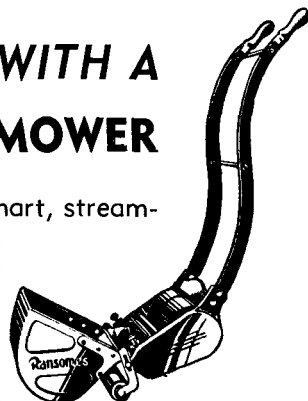
He was high and dry. In four days he might, by forced marches, reach some place of human habitation. He ate some of the beef, opening the tin with his knife, and drank deeply of the pool, using his hands as a scoop. Then he set out. Four days' march on one and a half tins of beef, with no water, with the scorching sun by day and the deathlike cold by night, with nothing but a coat for protection.

He walked from three hours after midday the first day to three hours before midday next day. But that day, he did not start again until nearly dusk, for he was weak, and very thirsty. And he was thinking. His vivid imagination, formerly so helpful, had now turned, as it were, against him and was conjuring up visions. All he had read about death from thirst came back to him, until, after hours of torture, the tumult of his mind calmed down. The horror of it had mercifully caused a blank mind and loss of memory.

The next day, he was not aware of stopping to rest. All he remembered was the eternal tramp, tramp, and the thought of the lovely coolness of the sand, and then a gradual realisation that he was lying in the sand, and it was burningly hot. He could scarcely move, and could not move his tongue. He lay there till the evening came, and slowly he was numbed. By a supreme effort he arose and started to walk blindly through the darkness. His eyes saw a distant glimmer and, very slowly, his brain took it in; mechanically he started walking towards it, as he always did at night when the first streaks of dawn appeared, for he was heading due East.

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On and on he walked ; the light came nearer ; it was a fire dying down, outside a tent, beside which was a small lorry. But Jack saw none of this until he was a yard away, for his whole being was obsessed with a desire to carry on and on, a purely mechanical one, for he was incapable of reasoning by now, and a more powerful desire for that reason.

The scene puzzled Jack considerably, for he could not fit it in with his obsession, and what did not fit in with that was not really existing, it was imagination. But, once stopped, he could not possibly start again, for his faculties were not capable of changing a state of affairs. And so he fell to the ground and lay there the rest of the night in a coma.

After three days he began to show improvement. In his waking moments, he had been delirious ; his sleep had been so feverish that he had had less rest than when awake. Now, however, he slept more calmly, and, undisturbed, he lay like a log for thirty hours. The oil prospector, whose camp it was, got some rest after the strain of staying awake to watch his patient. And when Jack woke out of his deep sleep, it was with great joy that his nurse saw that, though very weak, his sanity had been restored to him. There were many questions he wanted to ask of this strange wanderer. For Jack's pockets had contained one or two documents which gave his host to think furiously. Was this Jack Hobson the son of Mr Hobson of Maystow ? If so, why was he here, of all places ? Certain it was that he knew Mr Hobson, for there was a letter with the familiar " Fred Hobson " scrawled at the end, as it had been scrawled at the foot of the letters he had been receiving for eight or nine years from his friend of childhood days.

Indeed, if this was Fred Hobson's son, he must do all in his power for him, to try to repay the debt he owed Mr Hobson.

For, in the lonely life of a prospector, Frank Sykes (for that was his name) had found time to read, and gradually had become aware of the wicked injustices of society. He, an orphanage boy, had done quite well in life, but he was sure that many of his former friends had not. He desired to put it right ; not very passionately, however ; until his great plan was formed. He was, he was sure, on the verge of a great discovery ; a huge oilfield, as large as any known in the world.

Why should he not tell the company that there was nothing there, carry on for a few months with the firm, then leave them, ostensibly to work for himself, but really to take possession of the oilfield, float a company, and sit back while the money poured in. He could wield great power ; he could make a foundation on an international scale for all orphan children ; he could go back to Britain, enter Parliament, and help to put things right there. It was a splendid idea. But at the back of his mind there was something which nagged at him. He wrote a letter to Mr Hobson, setting out his idea, and the arguments in favour of it ; more to convince himself, he wrote it, than for any other reason, and he was almost decided not to post it, when some impulse made him do it. Afterwards he cursed himself for it, for Mr Hobson was old-fashioned, and would object, and though there was nothing dreadfully wrong in his project—it had been done before on a smaller scale—it was better not to have any evidence of one's intention in existence. But there couldn't be anything wrong in his idea, for look at the good which would come of it. It was not for himself he wanted the wealth, but for underdogs the world over.

But Mr Hobson's letter, when it came, was not " sticky ". It simply reminded Frank that good cannot come of evil, that his example might send others astray, and it reminded him that at the orphanage he had been taught that a promise is a promise, and that he was breaking faith with the oil company, who had the unstated but understood promise of his allegiance. Mr Hobson did not want to stop Frank, but he did hope that he would keep up the honour of his Alma Mater—their Alma Mater.

And so Frank had reported the presence of the oilfield to the company, and ever since had felt a very deep gratitude to Mr Hobson. In a letter he wrote, " Although no words can express, I hope someday to show, by my actions, how deeply indebted I am to you."

And so it was that Mr Hobson received a letter one day which put everything right. It was a short note from Frank, with a long letter from Jack. Frank's note merely said that he hoped he'd been able to repay a little of the debt he owed. Jack's letter told of his adventures in the desert, his days of illness, his recovery, physically and mentally, due to

the efforts of Frank, and even more important, his long talks with Frank in which the latter had explained how useless it was to become bitter at the unfairness of life, and how he had been cured of his mental jaundice. And so it was that at the end of the letter Jack wrote, "And so, as Frank has brought me back to seeing life in its true perspective,

I'm coming home as quickly as I can. I owe him much more than I can ever repay. I've been restored to health in body, mind and spirit. But he seems to think he owes you as much as or more than I owe him. So I think you can feel you've reaped a reward of your kindness to him—if you feel the return of a very wayward son is a reward."

John R. Cameron, F.VI.

The Empty House

I walked along the rough path until I came to the ivy-covered pillars, on one of which I could just decipher the faded once-golden letters of "Tigh-na-Rosan". What memories that name brought back!

How well I remembered creaking open the large, wrought-iron gates that had stood there at the entrance. But now, there was only emptiness in their place, for they had long since disappeared. I walked on along the avenue of chestnuts, the russet leaves glinting in the golden sunshine of Autumn.

No dream house did I need, for, as I rounded the last bend in the drive, I saw the house which alone would occupy that place in my thoughts—"Tigh-na-Rosan"—the house of my childhood.

I clasped firmly the large black key which alone could make the last barrier yield to me, could open the massive oakwood door, and allow me to enter. I twisted the key in the lock, turned the handle, and at my touch the great door groaned open. A beam of sunshine streamed in, to light the house in welcome.

My footsteps resounded throughout the complete emptiness of the building as I crossed the parquet-floored hall to the foot of the stairs. I carried straight on, noticing at once the lack of the soft crimson carpet into which one's feet used to sink.

Along a passage I went, and, opening a door, entered a large bedroom. But, oh! where was that merry voice which always cried, "Come in" as soon as the handle was turned? For in this room had lain my youngest sister, the darling of the family, but an invalid for many years. However, she

was gone now, and after a short glance round I left the room for another, for my own room.

And thus I went the rounds. Up to the attic even, to that room which was our delight, for it could become anything that imagination desired.

Memories haunted me at every step, in every nook and cranny. Turning my steps towards the kitchens, I almost thought I heard Cook's voice calling, "Now out of here, Miss Margaret! This is no place for you." For the first time in my life I really saw the kitchen, for it had been a sacred territory, Cook's own domain. Here, if only half elsewhere, did the utter emptiness of the house fully penetrate my brain. No scurrying servants were to be seen, no sweet smells reached me; I was alone, with only memories from the past as company.

Unable to bear with my thoughts any longer, I turned and left, closing behind me with a crash that huge old door, as if to shut in that old house, the memories of the past, which, along with the emptiness, alone dwelt there now. To shut them in and preserve them there, until such time as I could bring myself to return and bring them to life once more.

I walked away, stopping only once, as earlier that day I had stopped, to obtain not a first, but this time a last glimpse of the house. I gazed for a while, then turned and went slowly down the drive, keeping before my mind's eye the vivid picture of that house, my house, outlined against the glow of the setting sun, its dark eyes of uncurtained windows seeming to plead with me to return and never to leave again.

Elsbeth Fraser, F.VI.

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My Holiday in England

Early one morning, last July, we left Jedburgh in our car and, after climbing steadily, passed over Carter Bar where we were very excited when the notice saying "England" was passed. There followed a long journey southward, in the first half of which either industrial towns with tall factory chimneys and housing schemes or the slag-heaps of coal mines appeared on the horizon. After passing this district, we drove on to Doncaster and then through some rather dingy little towns before branching off to Huntingdon.

By the time we had passed through Huntingdon and had almost reached Cambridge, darkness fell. It was only by following a succession of signposts that we found our way through Cambridge. We went on to the little town of Saffron Walden where we got lost and began to make an enormous detour through badly signposted roads. I had just got to the point where I felt I could stand it no more when I fell asleep. The next I knew was that the car was stopping in front of a building of some kind. I noticed a torchlight moving in front. My mother, hearing me sit up, said, "We're there." We had arrived at my aunt's cottage in Essex where we were to stay during our holiday.

I had a sleepless night, for my cousin Alan was so excited that he talked all the time till, looking out of the window, he saw what he thought was snow, but, when I got up and looked out of the window, I found that the whiteness of the ground was caused by the greying of the sky in the east: I was therefore up early, for I realised that I might as well get up as lie without getting any sleep. Almost immediately I went outside to see what the cottage looked like from the outside and where it was situated. I knew it must be very old because of the beams and uneven floors. On going outside I found both that it was built of brick, covered with wood, and that it was in a typical English village.

A few days later, my aunt, uncle and cousins left, for they were having a holiday in Scotland that year. They left their animals for us to look after. They had a dog, a cat and hens. I was to look after the hens. I enjoyed feeding them and collecting their eggs.

For a few days we stayed about the village, often going for walks in the Rodney, the grounds of a nearby big house. My father then decided that we would have a car run to Cambridge. We left early, for it was a long distance to Cambridge. On the way we discovered how we got lost on the way down. We also saw the Guildhall at Thaxted. It is built on posts.

When we reached Cambridge, we parked the car and went to have a look about. We visited several colleges of the famous University, including St. John's, where there is a covered bridge known as the "Bridge of Sighs" across the river Cam (the river which gave Cambridge its name) and where the architecture of the parts round about the roof is beautiful.

After a walk along the "Backs", a kind of park with gardens and bushes, behind the colleges, we re-crossed the river, on which we now noticed many punts, and went into King's College Chapel. It had a beautiful, high, vaulted roof.

We visited Southend-on-Sea a few days later. It was very busy, for it is the nearest seaside holiday resort to London. After visiting one of the showgrounds, which had roundabouts and other amusements, which were far better than any in Scotland, we went by electric train to the end of the half-mile long pier, the longest in the world. Next, we visited a shrubbery known as "Never-Never-Land", where there were some little gardens and waterfalls, and where there were models of rabbits, moles, gnomes and castles in the most unexpected places. We wished we could have seen it at night when it would be lit up by fairy lights.

Towards the end of our holiday we visited London for two days. On the first day we visited the Tower of London and saw the Crown Jewels. In the afternoon we visited St. Paul's Cathedral, which was an astounding height. From the inside it seemed high enough at first, but it was only when we noticed how small the people were, high up in the Whispering Gallery, that we realised exactly how high it was. That evening we saw the lights of Piccadilly which were really amazing.

Next day we saw Buckingham Palace, St. James's Park, Trafalgar Square, the Houses of Parliament and the Mall.

A few days later we left for home. That was the finish of one of the most enjoyable holidays I have ever had.

G. C. D., L.V.B.

TORTOISES AS PETS

Tortoises belong to the family of reptiles called the Chelonia which includes turtles and terrapins. There are about three hundred living species, and they are distributed in most tropical and sub-tropical countries. They are frequently found on small islands. None are indigenous to this country although turtles occasionally visit our coasts, particularly the South and West. They are, of course, brought by the Gulf Stream, and it is the Coast Guards' duty to report stranded turtles.

The common Moroccan land tortoise is often kept as a pet here in Britain, and sold erroneously as the Greek tortoise. Unfortunately, of the few thousands of these tortoises which are sold annually, few are alive a year later. This may be due to various causes, but mainly misunderstanding of their simple needs. The best time to buy a tortoise is about the end of May, as by that time the weather is warmer and more suitable for a newly imported specimen, which will have come from a warm country around the Mediterranean.

When buying a tortoise, look for a perfect shell, free from cracks. The eyes should be clear and the creature should appear active. If tapped suddenly, it should retract quickly into its shell. It is best not to buy too small tortoises as these are usually more delicate, requiring more heat and more attention. Also they are subject to rickets owing to calcium deficiency.

It is best for tortoises, where your garden is escape-proof, to give them an unrestricted run, but bear in mind that your tortoise will eat any lettuces, young peas, etc. Contrary to popular belief, a tortoise will not clear your garden of slugs. They are strictly vegetarians. Tastes differ individually, but most will enjoy lettuce, cabbage, sliced banana (not for young ones), tomato, carrot and strawberries. Tortoises go more by colour than by taste, and are therefore attracted by bright colours.

During the spring and summer your tortoise will eat a lot and store up fat in its body for the winter. During the winter they hibernate and should be given suitable conditions. Mine, which I have had for eleven years, are brought into the scullery and put into an old cat basket which is lined with woollen rags. The idea is that they should be kept sufficiently cool, at an even temperature, but not subjected to frost. Towards the end of summer, about October usually, they will become much less active. This is a sure sign that they are ready to hibernate. They remain in their winter quarters until they are awakened by the warmth of spring.

Terrapins, or Water Tortoises, are also very interesting in captivity. The European Terrapin can be taken as typical of the hardy species. Where a pond is available conditions are ideal, and provided the pond is deep enough and has a layer of mud at the foot, they can be allowed to hibernate in it. Many interesting specimens come from America, including the Painted Terrapins, which are about six inches long, beautifully coloured in olive green with bright splashes of red and orange. They are not quite so hardy as the European species, but both eat small pieces of fish, meat and earth worms.

Tortoises, if well treated, make very satisfactory pets and should live for generations. There are records of specimens having lived for several hundred years. Queen Salote's tortoise, for example, has been in the Royal family for over a hundred years.

Bobbie Bustard, F.III.A.

MY HOLIDAY

Last year I went to Glenlyon for my holidays. At the house where I stayed, there were two cows, two cats, a dog and a lot of hens. I went hill-climbing and fishing, and had lots of fun.

Norman Beedie, L.III.

ANNE

Yesterday my little sister handed Mummy a big lump of coal. Daddy and I were out in the garden picking flowers. Mummy was in the house. She was just putting coal on the fire when my little sister came in and handed Mummy the coal. She had to be washed.

Wilma Cunningham, L.III.



RUGBY 1st XV.

Back Row (L. to R.)—M. Anderson, S. Yeaman, N. Stewart, A. White, C. Macfarlane, C. Wright, B. Black, L. Thomson.

Second Row (L. to R.)—D. Singer, G. Murray, F. Paterson, R. Crawford (Capt.), I. Dorward, P. Giles, G. Stewart.

Front Row (L. to R.)—N. Byer, H. Chawla.

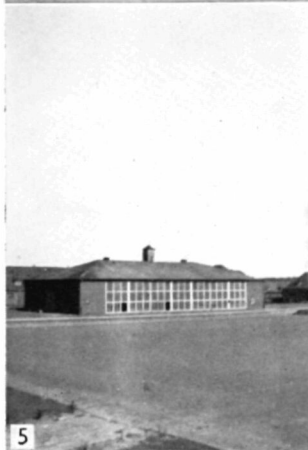


Photographs by D. & W. Prophet

CRICKET 1st XI.

Back Row (L. to R.)—J. Hay, R. Crawford, J. Turner, P. Giles, N. Byer, H. Duncan, H. Chawla.

Front Row (L. to R.)—J. Spankie, C. Wright, A. Bowman (Capt.), N. Stewart, F. Paterson.



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3. The Barracks at Lüneburg.
4. The Garrison Church at Lüneburg.
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A TOUR OF CORNWALL

While I was down in Cornwall I visited most of the places of interest. At Tintagel, I visited King Arthur's Castle. But this was not the most interesting outing.

Near the end of the holiday, Daddy thought that we would make a long day's outing. We started at nine o'clock from Perranporth and made our way to Redruth. However, we could not find anything much of interest there, and so we left and took the road that led to Fowey. At Fowey we had a cup of tea and something to eat, sitting on a balcony of a picturesque little café overlooking a river. After that we went to look at the shops:

The shops were little and very pretty. My sister and future brother-in-law were far more interested in shops that sold ornaments and useful articles for new homes than anything else.

When we left the shops, we went down to the river's edge and saw a little ferry boat, a quaint contraption (more like a raft than anything else), pulled along by a motor-boat.

At the other side of the river was Bodinnik which was very like Fowey and so we did not stop long.

Later in the morning we arrived at Looe. It is a quaint little place, with very narrow streets. We parked the car in the car-park and left June and Willie happily engaged in a shop that sold pottery goods. Mummy and Daddy took me to the Rabbitries. The rabbits there were beautiful. There were long-eared rabbits, short-eared rabbits, thick-coated rabbits and thin-coated rabbits. Hanging in corners of the room in glass cupboards were beautiful fur-coats with beautiful fur gloves or mitts.

We spent such a long time in Looe that we had to turn homewards.

On the way back we got lost in the china clay mines. Every new road we took led back to the mines. In the end we took a different road and ended up in St. Austell.

When we look back on that day we always think of it as the most interesting day's outing we have ever had.

Linda Davies, F. I.m.(a).

" SHRIMP "

His real name was John, but, as he was the smallest boy in his class, everyone called him " Shrimp ". He lived with his father and mother in a small cottage at the edge of a wood. One day, in Autumn, he went to look for nuts in the wood. Some children had been there a few days before, and he only found one or two nuts. When he heard some boys shouting and laughing, he went to see what they were laughing at. They were doing a very cruel thing. One tree was standing all alone and there was a baby red squirrel up it. The boys were throwing stones at it and the poor little thing was too frightened to move. Shrimp could not stop them, for they were big boys, so what do you think he did? He climbed the tree and took the little squirrel in his arms. Mr James, who was Shrimp's father, sent away the boys and took Shrimp home. The squirrel soon got better and Shrimp took him into the wood and let him go. Each morning he taps on Shrimp's window, and Shrimp gives him a nut for breakfast. I'd rather be a brave Shrimp than a big coward, wouldn't you?

Margaret L. Smith, L.IV.

THE TRUANTS

Two little truants, dressed in blue,
Ran off from school. Oh, what a to do!
They ran to the river to have some fun,
But saw a policeman and started to run;
But soon they were caught and led back to
the school,

And there got a caning for breaking a rule!

Jennifer Dunlop, L.VI.

A PET

I should like a pet cat because it's warm and soft. And if it's a mother cat it has kittens and you can watch them grow.

I should like a rabbit, too, because it's soft, too, and I'd love to feed it.

Alan Lawson, L.II.

THE POSTMAN

The postman is a great friend of ours. When I am playing with my friends he often passes on his bicycle and says, " Hulloo! " to me.

Bill Robertson, L.II.

OUR MAGAZINE

This magazine, I do declare,
Is really a very good affair.
It's all about Dundee High School,
Where all the pupils obey the rule.

The dinners there are very good,
And we have ice-cream sometimes for pud.
Sometimes we have two slices of spam,
But only the teachers eat roast lamb.

For the boys they have Cadets,
And Girl Guides for the girls! So let's—
Now raise a hearty cheer
For the magazine—this year.

Jock Howie, L.VI.

MY EASTER HOLIDAYS

For my Easter holidays I went to Glasgow
for a week and went on the subway. I went
on a new tram and visited friends. One day
I went to Loch Lomond and sailed my boat.

Robin Stimpson, L.II.

SUMMER

Summer is coming soon ;
It's when the pretty flowers bloom :
Roses, bluebells, gorse and broom.
You'll be seeing them quite soon.
They live in the open,
They live in the shade ;
They live in the field,
Or in grassy glade.

Jennifer Robertson, L.VI.

FLYING OUT TO PERSIA

At London Airport we boarded the plane.
We fastened our safety belts. We were given
chewing gum and barley sugars. We put
cotton wool in our ears. We went to Rome,
then from Cairo to Abadan. There we
boarded a small plane which took us to the
oil-fields.

Kathleen Hendry, L.III.

GREGOR

Gregor is my baby brother. Last night,
when I was having tea in my tent, Gregor was
in it, too. The table was so small that he tipped
it over two times. I had peanuts on a
shelf quite low down. It was easy for Gregor
to reach. He spilt all of them over himself.

Rosemary Prickett, L.III.

THE KITE

You should see my beautiful kite.
It really is a lovely sight.
When it goes up in the sky so blue,
You can see all its colours, too,
And also its wiggly tail
Which is made from scraps of mail.
I think that is all about my kite,
So I will say, " Good-Night ! "

J. F. Millar, L.VI.G.

THE ROBIN

The robin is a nice friend to me. Yesterday
Daddy took John and me through the
Balgay Park and a little robin hopped up to
me.

Sheila A. R. More, L.III.

A PICNIC ON RANMORE COMMON

One day, as the sun was shining brightly,
we decided to go for a picnic. The place we
chose was named Ranmore Common which is
situated on the top of a hill near Dorking in
Surrey. On the way up we had a splendid
view of the village with the church steeple
rising out of the centre. When we arrived at
the common, we began hunting for a good
place to have lunch. At last we found a clearing
at the edge of the bracken. After finishing
our lunch, we lay down on the rug to
have a rest and after this we played a game
of " donkey " with my cousin's ball. The
ball kept falling and we had to wade through
the bracken to fetch it. We had tea and then
had to pack up and run for the bus. I do
hope we go to Ranmore Common again.

Valerie Hendry, L.IV.

PRUDENCE, MY KITTEN

One evening my father arrived home with
a surprise for me. Under his arm he had a
small box. When I looked inside the box,
a tiny kitten leapt out. The kitten has beautiful
green beady eyes which always shine in
the darkness. She has three colours, which
are ginger, grey and white. Prudence is a
lovable cat. Prudence does very funny
things, indeed. She runs up and down the
piano keys and, as well as that, she plays inside
the piano. Have you ever heard of a
cat who eats tinned peas—because my cat
does ?

Anne Young, L.III.

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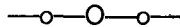
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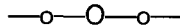
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Old Girls' Club Report

We have much pleasure in sending our greetings once again to all members of the Old Girls' Club.

The twenty-second Annual General Meeting of the Club was held in the Girls' School, on 22nd March, 1954, when the following Office-Bearers and Executive Committee were elected :—Hon. President, Mrs G. F. Ritchie; Hon. Vice-Presidents, Mrs Alex. Robertson and Mrs B. C. Bowman; Hon. Secretaries, Mrs T. Thomson, 8 Bridge Lane, Barnhill, Broughty Ferry, and Miss F. Davidson, 295 Blackness Road; Hon. Treasurer, Miss C. Scrimgeour, 54 Seagate; Executive Committee, Mrs A. Drummond (ex officio), Miss Whytock (ex officio), Miss A. Thomson, Mrs H. Carlton, Mrs W. L. Marshall, Miss J. Drummond, Mrs G. B. Myles, Miss E. Burns Petrie, Mrs Wm. Robertson, Miss P. Miller, Miss F. Swinton, Miss W. Carrie, Miss C. Mackenzie, Miss C. McIntosh, Miss M. Duguid, Miss M. Johnston, Miss M. Cunningham.

Miss L. McLean was elected as representative to the Athletic Union.

It was unanimously agreed at the Meeting that the Annual Subscription be raised to 5/- from 1st February, 1955. Life Membership subscriptions were raised to £3 3/- last year.

By a majority vote, it was decided that the next Re-union would again take the form of a dinner to be held sometime in November.

At the conclusion of the business, tea was served, during which members had an opportunity to chat with one another. A film show by Mr Tom Thomson, husband of our Secretary, followed. The film, in colour, was Mr Thomson's own taking, and depicted scenery in the Orkneys and Western Highlands.

Last November, we had a most successful Re-union Dinner in the Royal Hotel. It was the coming-of-age of the Club, and 125 Former Pupils were present.

Our President, Mrs Drummond, said she very much regretted that our witty speaker, Mrs Spreull, was unfortunately unable to attend. Mrs Spreull's interesting and entertaining address, recalling her schooldays, was read by Mrs Lindsay Anderson.

Miss M. W. S. Johnston, on retiring after 18 years as Treasurer, was presented with a

watch by Mrs G. Rattray, the oldest member present.

We very warmly invite all girls leaving school in June to join the Club, and also ask all members to notify us of any change of address or designation so that our lists may be kept up to date.

The following have joined the Club since 1st June, 1953 :—

Esme Anderson, 84 Strathmartine Road.
Isobel Anderson, 36 Bingham Terrace.
Isobel M. Anderson, 239 Strathmartine Road.
June E. C. Anderson, 5 Crombie Terrace.
Agnes Ballantyne, 76 Americanmuir Road.
Norma Brown, 4 Elizabeth Street.
Edna M. Cram, 12 Linden Ave., E. Newport, Fife.

Nora Cumming, 177 Strathmartine Road.
Kathleen M. Currie, 318 Ferry Road.
Brenda M. L. Dawson, "Breneric", Shaftesbury Road.

May Lawson, 1 Law Steps.
Sheila J. Y. Lawson, Bourtrees Bank, Carnoustie.

Kathryn A. L. MacDougall, 44 A.M.Q., R.A.F., Overtown, Wroughton, Swindon, Wilts.

Marjorie MacKenzie, 15 Lawside Road.
Jean B. Martin, 161 Ann Street.
Charlotte E. Mitchell, 60 Loons Road.
Sheila P. Neilson, "Tighvonie", Hill Street, Broughty Ferry.

Eveline Stormont, 3 Smith Street.

We announce with pleasure the following marriages :—

Kathleen Arnot to Gordon Lowden.
Louise Gabriel to Mudie Barrie.
Betty Gray to Peter Low.
Catherine Spreull to David Grant.
Doris Spankie to William Ritchie.
Hazel L. Moncrieff to Gordon C. Sim.
Sheila M. B. Carlton to Hugh M. Knight.
Clementina L. Wallace to W. Foster.

We record with regret the deaths of :—
Mrs Waterson, Haughhead, Ford, Midlothian, May, 1953.

Miss J. G. Anderson, Hawkhill Pl., August, 1953.

Mrs C. W. Tosh, Drumgeith, Nov., 1953.
Miss H. L. Lorimer, B.A., M.A., Somerville College, Oxford, March, 1954.

Reports

RUGBY REPORT

1st XV.—The 1st XV. have not had a good season, so far as results are concerned, having lost all but five of their games. There were, however, one or two noteworthy achievements. They defeated Aberdeen Grammar School at Aberdeen for the first time for several years, and held D.H.S.F.P. 1st XV. to a draw.

The big problem appears to be the actual timing of the fixtures. We unfortunately meet our most formidable opponents right at the beginning of the season, and the early defeats suffered then cast a shadow over the rest of the season. Towards the end of last season the team was playing well and showed plenty of good rugby backed up by a fine spirit. It must be the endeavour of all the likely members of next year's team to keep themselves in good trim during the summer so that it will only be a case of merging these individuals into a unit at the beginning of the season. Will the players concerned please bear this in mind?

In the sevens at Perth the school did well considering the lack of practice and also the fact that three of the side could not play because of bursary commitments.

Commendation must be given to R. Crawford for his fine captaincy.

2nd XV.—The 2nd XV. have been perhaps the most successful, having won 8 and lost 7. Their attack, however, lacks penetration and they are weak in defence. More determined running is necessary along with resolute tackling.

Colts XV.—The colts have also had a poor season, but with some excuse. They usually have to face opponents who are much bigger and stronger than they are. In cases like this the score is not so important as the attitude of the players to defeat. The colts have in most cases fought to the bitter end.

Of the other teams mention must be made of the enthusiasm and skill shown by the 1st year and LVII. teams.

We congratulate Mr Wood on his appointment to Grove Academy and we hope that we can keep up the high standard of Rugby he has set. We shall miss him very much.

We congratulate also Mr Robertson who has gone to Dollar Academy. To him we owe the enthusiasm shown by Forms I. and LVII.

In closing we must thank all those members of staff who have given up their leisure time to travel with the teams during the past season

GIRLS' LITERARY SOCIETY REPORT

The society has held several enjoyable meetings during the session.

On November 27th we had a very successful play-reading evening. The two plays, both rather hilarious comedies, were "The Duchess of

Alabazong," in which Miss R. Dickson made an excellent duchess and "At the Steamie."

A fortnight later we heard some travel-talks. Miss M. Greenlaw spoke of her holiday in Norway, and her hostess there, Miss Inge-Johanne Bugge, then told us more about her native land. Miss J. Thomson told us about her holiday in Finland, Miss J. Crawford spoke about France and Miss H. Fleming about Switzerland.

On 22nd Jan., Form IV. presented an evening's entertainment. The highlight of this was a play, "Permanent Wavers."

The next meeting was directed by Mr J. Stevenson, who showed us slides of the Rhine valley, telling us many interesting details and stories about the towns and castles we saw on the screen. Mr Stevenson told us the stories of the Walküræ immortalised by Wagner, of Bishop Hatto's mouse-tower, of Hildegard and the Enemy-Brothers, and of the Lorelei Rock.

Several members sang German songs, and Fräulein Bacmeister sang "Kein schöner Land," a song which comes from her home district.

The next meeting was Form III. night. We heard interesting papers on South Africa, Java and France, and a mystery story by Agatha Christie was read by Miss H. Duncan.

The Hon. Vice-President of the Society, Mrs Miller, attending our next meeting—a Hobbies and Competitions Night. Several hobbies were discussed, and later there were three competitions.

The last meeting was Form II. Night. After a paper on Shakespeare had been read several members took part in an excellently performed production of the trial scene from "The Merchant of Venice." The varied programme showed that there is much talent in Form II.

On behalf of the members of the Society, I should like to thank Miss Davidson and Miss Stevenson, who have devoted so much time and effort to make the season successful. M. S. M.

STAMP CLUB REPORT

Although a few meetings were addressed by members, the main activity of the Club this season has been confined to the Stamp Exchange. Sixteen members participated and some 1500 stamps changed hands, many of them being of much better quality than previously.

Several members attended the Dundee Philatelic Society junior night and did exceedingly well in the competition, Alan S. Duthie winning First Prize. J. S.

CHESS CLUB REPORT

The Chess Club continued its weekly meetings during the two winter terms. Because the membership was smaller than that of the previous session, no competition was held.

It is hoped that more pupils will attend when meetings are resumed in October. P. D. L. C.

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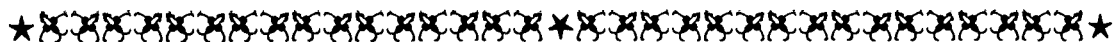
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CADET REPORT

The Company can look back with satisfaction on two terms of activity and hard work. In the Certificate A examinations we had a full pass in Part 2 and only one failure in Part I. Fifteen cadets gained the Part 2 Certificate and 24 passed the Part 1 examination.

During the Easter Break a party of 25 cadets spent ten days at Lüneburg in Germany with the 1st Battalion of the Cameron Highlanders. This party was under the command of Capt. Larg and Sgt.-Major Macfarlane. Another party of eleven took an advanced training course with No. 12 Travelling Wing at the Gordon Barracks, Aberdeen.

The Junior Company has continued to grow and is now at 108 recruits. The Company has reached the record figure of 204 cadets. The Band has also drawn in a great many recruits, several of whom are promising extremely well. The Senior Band is to be congratulated on its bearing and turn-out on parade. The general improvement in appearance from the new Stewart kilts is noticeable.

The Annual General Inspection was carried out on Friday, 11th June, when the Company put up a very good show. The Senior Cadets, in particular, are to be congratulated on their smart turn-out and general bearing. The Junior Company did remarkably well. There was hardly a movement throughout the entire inspection. This standard of discipline reflects credit, not only on the boys themselves but on all instructors.

We are now looking forward to camp, which is to be held at Cultybraggan from 1st to 10th July.

GUIDE REPORT

This term the shields were won by the Bluetit Patrol in Company 2 and the Bantam Patrol in Company 2a.

Camp is to be held again this year at Tarfside, Glen Esk, from 1st July until 9th July.

The Dundee Girl Guide Annual Parade was held on 30th May to St Mary's Church, and a Colour Party was provided by P.L. Joyce Carr, C.L. Margaret Gleenlaw and C.L. Rosemary Spreull.

We entered a junior and a senior team for the Dundee Guide Gala, held on 28th May. The junior team won the Challenge Cup, while the seniors were runners-up for the Senior Trophy.

We must congratulate P.L. Maureen Ritchie, who won the "Jean Coupar Trophy" at Red Cross Headquarters for the D.H.S. Junior Link.

We hope Miss Leighton has enjoyed her first year with us as much as we have enjoyed having her.

We should like to thank the Guiders for their untiring work and the interest they have taken in us.
R. M. S. and M. S. K. G.

GOLF CLUB REPORT

At a meeting last term the following officials were appointed:—

Captain R. Lyle
Vice-Captain D. Forrest
Treasurer and Secretary ... G. Stewart

Once again we have entered the Dundee and District Golf League, but have not made a very successful start. We have gained only one point from our first two matches. We miss the power of Gillespie and P. Gibson, but have good replacements in F. Gibson and J. Maxwell.

The Pirie Handicap Cup was won by J. Maxwell. The Boase Medal by D. Forrest. A match with the Staff, played over Kirriemuir Golf Course on the 12th of June, resulted in a win of 2-1 for the Staff.

Last, but not least, on behalf of the Golf Club, I should like to thank our President, Mr Laird, and also Mr Bain and Mr McLaren for the interest they have shown in the club's activities.

G. B. S.

CRICKET CLUB REPORT

With Mr Stevenson again as President and Messrs Thomson and Stark as Vice-Presidents, the cricket team is set for another successful season. We are much indebted to both Mr McLaren and Mr Stevenson for the encouragement which they have given on Wednesdays when we have our weekly airing at grounds.

Our first game was against Harris Academy, which we won with very little difficulty. Our captain, Alistair Bowman, showed us a good example in bowling by performing the "hat-trick." Vice-captain J. Turner also did well with the ball, taking 5 wickets for 2 runs in 7 overs. Unfortunately our game against the F.P.'s was postponed owing to rain. After a very exciting finish we defeated Grove Academy by 2 wickets, J. Spankie showing some forceful batting. Perth Academy, usually very good, again put up a solid defence after our opening score and the game ended in a draw.

The second team drew with Harris Academy after scoring 72 runs for the loss of 8 wickets, a very good performance, with I. MacEwan obtaining 31 runs. The game with Grove had to be cancelled as the new square at Grove's Grounds is not yet fit for play. Perth 2nd XI. nearly scored a victory over our 2nd XI., but they kept batting and forced a draw.
P. G.

SCRIPTURE UNION REPORT

The weekly meetings held in Mr Stewart's room on Mondays have been attended by increasing numbers throughout the year. They have been both helpful and interesting, there being a record attendance when S.U. staff workers came with camp films. Anyone interested from Classes L.VII. to F.VI. is invited to come along.

BOYS' LITERARY SOCIETY REPORT

The session has been a successful one, though it has differed in character from previous sessions, the absence of mixed meetings and a musical evening making it more "self-contained." Attendances, however, were good, and the speaking of the members was of a high standard. Perhaps the most memorable occasions were the visit of Mr Treasure, formerly of the Staff, to speak on Gilbert and Sullivan, and the lecture of Mr John Weatherhead on his recent visit to Moscow with a body of students. These are closely followed by the talk by Mr Wallis A. Heath, M.C., on printing (and incidentally some of his experiences as a prisoner of war), the Film Evening, the Mock Election, the Staff Brains Trust, and the President's Address.

We must thank Mr Smith and all those who have helped in many and varied ways to make the meetings a success, and we wish that the Society may continue to provide amusement, argument and amplification of knowledge under Mr Stewart and his committee.

RIFLE CLUB REPORT

The Rifle Club has this season continued to flourish, and it has been gratifying to see the large number of juniors who have been attending regularly on Friday evenings. The team has had another successful season, and was third in the National Small Bore Rifle Association Winter Competition.

The annual match with the Old Boys in November was once again one of the highlights of the year, popular with pupils past and present. The match was this year won by the Pupils.

The Oakley Cup for the Junior Championship was won by Kenneth More of Form II., while the Urquhart Cup for the Championship was won by W. F. Morrison of Form VI.

The utmost gratitude is due to Mr Stark, who has done so much to maintain the club and who gives the pupils the benefit of his wide experience so willingly.
W. F. M.

HOCKEY REPORT

The hockey teams have had an extremely successful season. The 1st XI. have won eight matches, drawn four and lost only two. This year the results of the 2nd, 3rd and 4th XI.'s show great promise.

On 20th February 35 girls, accompanied by Miss Leighton and Miss Whytock, spent a most enjoyable day in Edinburgh at the International Hockey Match between Scotland and Wales.

Once again, on behalf of the team members, I should like to thank Miss Leighton and all the other members of the staff who take on the unenviable task of umpiring our matches on Saturday mornings.

Stillade

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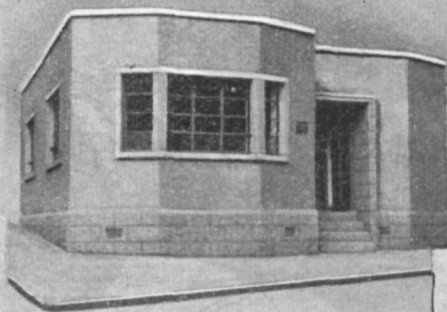


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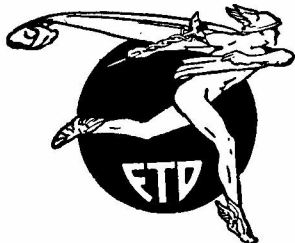
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