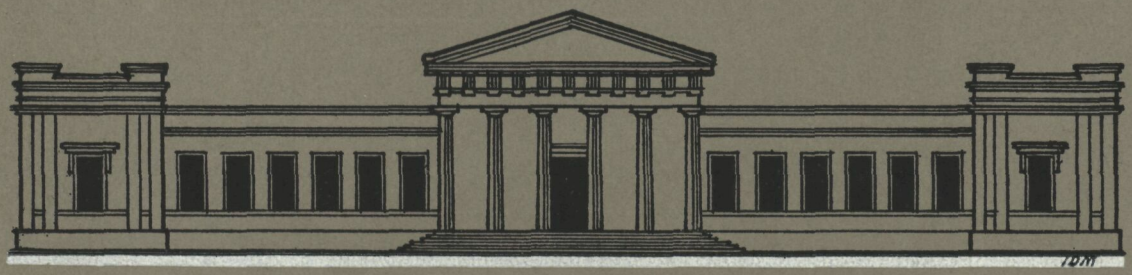
THE HIGH SCHOOL OF DUNDEE

MAGAZINE



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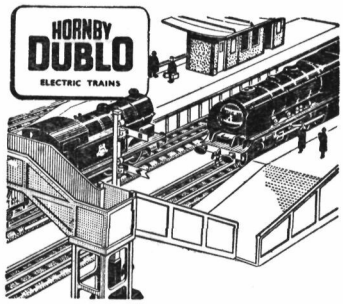

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The Dundee High School MAGAZINE

No. 121] DECEMBER, 1956 [1/3

Editorial

On squeezing our plural self into that most uncomfortable piece of furniture, an editorial chair, we resolved to employ our position to agitate for the removal of any abuses in the life of the School. Ignoring several irresponsible suggestions to start with the Staff, or the Prefects, or both, we looked round to find a suitable target for our wrath. None was to be found. This was somewhat discouraging. An editor who has nothing against which to thunder is indeed fallen upon evil times. This is, however, the lamentable state in which we find ourselves; so we intend to survey the passing scene with a benevolent, if slightly censorious, gaze.

The outstanding feature of current school life—ignoring, of course, such a minor distraction as " Work " — is the multifariousness of the pupils' " extra-mural activities." Some idea of the number and variety of the School's societies and clubs may be formed from the following pages. They are of great value, but not without their drawbacks. Where membership of a few of them is combined with a proper regard for the priority of the official work of the school, the pupil benefits in every possible way; where they are made a substitute for that work nothing but ill can result.

The two youngest classes of the Senior School, although they are the people with most free time, do not have a chance to play a very active part in some of these activities. Accordingly, it gives us great pleasure to welcome our distinguished, if somewhat youthful contemporary, the " Magazine of Form II. Boys." The initiative and the considerable ability displayed in their production give us high hope that our own magazine will flourish more in the years to come. With it, at the moment (as with too many other things where, as well as pleasure, hard work is involved) it is the few who do, and the many " who only stand and wait." We extend, therefore, to our young brother of the editorial quill our sympathies with his labours and congratulations upon his work, hoping that he and his assistants will do as much in the future for the School Magazine as they are doing in the present for their own.

This magazine is concerned with the lighter side of school life. And, indeed, that plays a very important part in the proper functioning of the School. A school should be more than a mere place for the imparting of knowledge. It should be a living organism, strengthening the powers of its pupils in body and mind, that is, giving them an education in the true sense of the word. This cannot be accomplished without the extra activities. But one simple truth must not be forgotten—for without it all efforts are wasted—there can be no education without knowledge, and no knowledge without work.

NEWS AND NOTES

Display by Pupils of the Preparatory Department

On Wednesday, 27th June, the pupils of the Preparatory Department gave a display before the Rector, Directors and parents, in the Y.M.C.A. Hall. The outstanding ability shown by the young performers reflected great credit on all who had any share in their training. Four items were presented — " Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs " by L. I. Boys and Girls; " Mistress Mary " by L. II. Boys and Girls; " The Wraggle-Taggle Gipsies " by L. III. Boys and Girls, and a final " Tableau " before the singing of the School Song and the National Anthem.

School Prize-Giving Ceremonies

The Lower School Prize-Giving was held in the Y.M.C.A. Hall on Thursday, 28th June, at 11 a.m. Mrs Lindsay H. Fleming (President of the Old Girls' Club) gave the address and presented the prizes.

The Senior School Prize-Giving was held in the Y.M.C.A. Hall on Friday, 29th June, at 10 a.m. Mr A. P. Anderson (General Manager of the British Linen Bank) gave the address, and Mrs Anderson presented the prizes. The Rt. Hon. the Earl of Airlie was a guest at the ceremony, and a number of Directors were also present. The Rector gave his report on the session's work of the School and a vote of thanks was proposed by Mr T. R. Lawson, a Director.

School Colours

It was decided last session that some award should be made to those who were outstanding in the various sports in which the School participates. The form which this award was to take was that of a School Colours scarf. This was designed by Mr Halliday. The scarf is of navy blue, with a crest at one end, worked in gold, consisting of the heraldic crown which is in the first quarter of the School coat-of-arms. Above the crest is the year of the award, and beneath it the words, "High School of Dundee." The scarves were presented to the School by the Old Boys' Club. The first presentation was made at prayers on Wednesday, 20th June, when the Rector handed over scarves to the following—Ruth A. Ellis (Tennis), Lorna J. Guild (Tennis), Winifred M. Paton (Hockey), Maureen F. Ritchie (Tennis), Winifred N. Scott (Hockey and Tennis), Jean S. Thomson (Hockey), George R. M. Anderson (Rugby), and Norman G. Byer (Rugby).

W.R.A.F. Talk

On the afternoon of Friday, 12th October, Flight-Officer Boyce of the Women's Royal Air Force, gave a talk to the girls of Forms III. to VI. She emphasised the opportunities for girls entering the W.R.A.F., and described the pleasant and profitable career which it offers. A film was to have been shown, but this proved impossible. Nevertheless, the photographs which were available were ample illustration of the fine life in the service. A vote of thanks was proposed by the Head Girl.

Missionaries in School

At prayers on Monday, 5th November, the School was addressed by the Reverend Colin Forrester-Paton who spoke about his missionary work in the Gold Coast. That afternoon the Reverend J. M. Ritchie spoke to the Scripture Union about his experiences in similar work in Southern Arabia.

Gifts to School Library

We are extremely grateful to the family of the Very Reverend James Weatherhead, D.D., for their gift to the library of a complete set of the latest edition of the "Encyclopaedia Britannica." This is a gift as useful as it is magnificent, and it is a source of information much used by pupils young and old. (Mr Weatherhead was for many years minister of St. Paul's Church in the Nethergate and was Moderator of the United Free Church of Scotland).

We are also deeply indebted to Miss Rosa MacDougald, who made a very generous gift of books to us from her studio, and to R. M. Munro, Esq., M.C., M.A., F.E.I.S., for a gift of about 200 volumes. Mr Munro, who is a retired headmaster, has two grandchildren who are pupils of the High School. Our thanks are due also to Mr A. P. Anderson for " The British Linen Bank, 1746-1946," and to Mr K. K. Weatherhead for " The Faculty of Actuaries in Scotland, 1856-1956."

National Savings Association

Savings so far this session average £42 as against £38 at this time last year. The highest figure for one week is £50.

Armistice Service

On Friday, 9th November, at 10.50 a.m., staff and pupils assembled in the front playground to remember those who fell fighting for their country.

As the Guard of Honour, composed of Guides and Cadets, was drawn to attention, " The Last Post " was sounded. After the two minutes' silence, to the lament of the pipes, the Head Prefects, Maureen F. Ritchie and Ian H. McEwan, received the wreath of poppies from a Junior Guide, Margaret Stewart, and a Junior Cadet, Neil Bowman. Slowly they carried it up the steps to lay it at the War Memorial. The Rector offered a short prayer, which was followed by "The Rouse," to signify the end of our brief tribute. Quietly the school dispersed.

"At the going down of the sun and in the morning
We will remember them."

The Rector

The Rector performed the Opening Ceremony at the 40th Biennial Exhibition of the Dundee Art Society on Friday, 19th October, in the Victoria Art Galleries.

The Rector was the guest of the Air Ministry at the Royal Air Force Selection Board at Cranwell during the week beginning 12th November. He studied there the methods of selection of boys for the Royal Air Force. On Thursday, 15th November, he attended the " Guest Night " at the College at Cranwell.

School Prefects

At prayers on Monday, 10th September, the Rector announced the appointment of the following Prefects:—Maureen F. Ritchie (Head Girl), Winifred M. Paton (Deputy Head Girl), Margaret F. Mee; Ian H. McEwan (Head Boy), James R. G. Wright (Deputy Head Boy), and Michael B. Tosh. At prayers on Thursday, 8th November, the Rector also announced the appointment as Prefects of Jane R. C. Bowden, Isabel M. Douglas, Helen O. Duncan, Malcolm A. Dougall, Michael Hardie and David M. Nicol.

A Link with the Antipodes

Dr Joyce Pringle, of Aberdeen University, the author of our article, " Round the World in Eight Days," in a letter to the Editor, says:—" When in Australia I met Mr Allan Elder who played rugby for D.H.S. F.P.'s and was their treasurer round about 1923. Again, in New Zealand, Mr Charles Sime contacted me when we were passing through Oamaru in the South Island. He left the School in 1929. I was fortunate to be able to visit both these F.P.'s and they wish to be remembered to all their friends who were at D.H.S. It was through the school magazine that they learned of my visit to both Australia and New Zealand."

School Reconstruction

Reconstruction of the front building in the boys' school begins next term. An appeal for funds has been issued to parents, Old Boys and Girls, and friends of the School.

Presentation of Lectern

At the beginning of this term it was decided by the committee of the " Lit." that they should supply the urgent need for a proper reading-desk, with light, in the School Hall. Mr More was responsible for the design and purchase of a lectern. The work was carried out by Thomas Justice & Sons Ltd., and the cost was defrayed out of funds belonging to the School Societies. The result is a very fine piece of craftsmanship in solid oak. On the front is a wood-carving of the School badge, executed by Mr Halliday. Together with three matching chairs which have been added to the gift, it adds considerable beauty to the Hall. The gift was handed over at morning prayers on Thursday, 22nd November. Miss Whytock made a short speech before handing it over officially to the School. Mr J. S. Anderson replied for the Board of Directors, and the Rector accepted custody of the lectern and chairs on behalf of the School. Also present were two Directors, Mrs Peter Jackson and Mrs A. T. Millar, and Mr L. B. Weatherhead, Secretary.

Staff Changes

Mr Laird has gone. To those of us who sat under him the School will never be the same again. But his successor, Mr Stewart, is going far to fill his place with all the ability and enthusiasm which we have come to expect of him. There have been other changes in the English Department. Miss M. K. Scott has taken Miss Hogg's place, and Mr R. Biggar is installed as our principal teacher of Geography.

In the Music Department, Mrs Elder replaced Miss Sturrock on 2nd October, and, at the beginning of the session, Miss Latto replaced Mr Soutar in the Junior Department. To both Miss Sturrock and Mr Soutar we extend our sincere thanks for past services and hearty good wishes for future success.

MUSIC SUCCESSES

The following pupils passed the Associated Board Examinations for Pianoforte and Theory held in June, 1956:—

Pupils of Mr Porteous

F. VI.

Gelda Leslie, Pianoforte, Grade V., Pass.

F. IV.

Isabell Matthew, Theory, Grade V., Pass.
Eileen Soutar, Theory, Grade V., Pass.

Pupils of Mrs Duncan

F. II.

Margaret Dickson, Pianoforte, Grade IV., Pass.

F. I.

Lilian Whyte, Pianoforte, Grade III., Pass.
George Duke, Pianoforte, Grade II., Pass.
Iain Laidlaw, Pianoforte, Grade II., Pass.

L. VII.

Margaret Smith, Pianoforte, Grade I., Distinction.
Ann Buchan, Pianoforte, Grade I., Merit.
Pamela Rollo, Pianoforte, Grade I., Merit.
Valerie Robertson, Pianoforte, Grade I., Pass.
Jean Whyte, Pianoforte, Grade I., Pass.

L. VI.

Norman Beedie, Pianoforte, Grade III., Pass.
Janette Forsyth, Pianoforte, Grade III., Pass.
Anne Birrell, Pianoforte, Grade I., Merit.
Alexander Davie, Pianoforte, Grade, I., Merit.

L. V.

Jennifer Smith, Pianoforte, Grade I., Merit.
Wendy McPherson, Pianoforte, Grade I., Pass.

L. III.

Jenny Blain, Pianoforte, Grade I., Distinction.

Pupils of Miss Sturrock

F. II.

Jeannie Davidson, Pianoforte, Grade III., Pass.
Hazel Galbraith, Pianoforte, Grade III., Pass.
Jane Thomson, Pianoforte, Grade I., Pass.
Martin Nicoll, Pianoforte, Grade I., Merit.

F. I.

Norma Duncan, Pianoforte, Grade III., Merit.
Moira Robertson, Pianoforte, Grade II., Distinction.

L. VII.

Sheila Buchan, Pianoforte, Grade II., Distinction.

L. V.

Dorothy Fraser, Pianoforte, Grade III., Pass.

Pupils of Mr Reid

F. I.

Richard Balharry, Pianoforte, Grade IV., Pass.
Nancy Paton, Pianoforte, Grade IV., Pass.
Lindsay McDowell, Pianoforte, Grade III., Pass.

L. V.

Pamela Black, Pianoforte, Grade II., Pass.
Morna Wilson, Pianoforte, Grade I., Pass.

WE CONGRATULATE . . .

Michael B. Tosh upon his success in the recent Hansard Society for Parliamentary Government Essay Competition. The competition was open to schools throughout the English-speaking world, which are members of the Society. Michael was placed second for his essay, which compared the British and American forms of Parliamentary democracy.

John Weatherhead, Roger Chawla and **Graham Rattray** on their success in each winning the stick of honour as best Cadet of his regiment at Mons Officers' Training School. Those officers were senior N.C.O.'s of the High School Cadet Company. John Weatherhead acted as C.Q.M.S., Roger Chawla as

senior Sgt., and Graham Rattray as Sgt. Major. It is gratifying to note that on three successive passing-out parades at Mons first place was taken by former High School Cadets.

Kenneth Pritchard, another ex-Cadet of the High School, on winning the sword of honour as best cadet on parade at Eaton Hall Officers' Training School. 2nd Lieut. Pritchard has been posted to the Black Watch.

Kenneth Clark, a former Drum-Major in the unit, on being commissioned from Eaton Hall and posted to the Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders.

Alan Robertson, a former C.Q.M.S., **Alan Clark** and **Wm. Riddell,** both ex-Cadet Sgts., on passing a War Office Selection Board. They are now serving as officer cadets.

Mr Halliday who has two pieces of Sculpture, " Torso " and " Spaniel," in the Exhibition of the Royal Glasgow Institute of the Fine Arts. He also has a drawing of " Boats at Newlyn, Cornwall," in the same Exhibition and a carving, " Cobra," in the Exhibition of the Society of Scottish Artists in Edinburgh. Five of Mr Halliday's carvings have been incorporated into a decorative scheme in Alyth Junior Secondary School, and ten of his paintings were on view in the recent exhibition of Dundee Art Society.

Mr Vannet who has had two drawings accepted by the Royal Glasgow Institute of Fine Arts. One of these is a drawing of " Masts and Spars, Arbroath." This is the detailed pencil drawing for his etching which was shown in the Royal Academy, London, and has since been selected by the Arts Bureau to tour Britain. His other study is of the Slipway, Dundee. Mr Vannet exhibited ten of his works in the Dundee Art Society's Exhibition.

Ewan Hooper on his fine performance in " The Adding Machine," by Elmer Rice, in the Vanbrugh Theatre, as noted by " The London News." Ewan " gave the kind of controlled, urgent performance that made us confident of meeting him in the West End theatre not so far ahead."

Mr Ian MacIntosh on his design for the cover of the Magazine.

Michael Hardie on gaining a certificate of proficiency in driving a car in a test organised by the Dundee Accident Prevention Committee and the Dundee and Angus Motor Club.

Una Stephenson on winning first prize in the senior section of an Essay Competition in connection with the Mission Exhibition organised by the Church of Scotland.

George Bell who has had two of his compositions recorded, one of them in Canada. He is at present working on a composition, entitled " Pipe-Major McLeish," a tribute to the former Pipe-Major of the Cadet Pipe Band.

Campbell Mars who was selected as the representative of Scottish Youth Organisations to go forward as one of the seventeen candidates for a place in the " Mayflower."

James Lyon on gaining his "wings" in the University Air Squadron.

Winifred Paton and **Catherine Sutherland** on being chosen to play for the Midlands Junior Hockey team, and **Maureen Ritchie** and **Lorna Guild** on being chosen for the reserve team.

Kathleen M. Currie on gaining first prize for smocking a garment at the Royal Highland Show.

Mr J. G. Sprunt, B.Sc., on taking his degree of M.B., Ch.B. with Honours, and on winning the Captain W. A. Low Prize and Medal in Medicine, the John Kynoch Scholarship, the George Ranken Tudhope Prize in Pathology, and the American Medical Graduates' Prize and McEwan Prize in Surgery.

Mr D. M. Green, M.B., Ch.B., on gaining his degree of M.D. with Honours and a Rutherford Gold Medal.

Mr R. R. Kydd, LL.B., who has been appointed Sheriff Substitute of Fife and Kinross.

Miss Aileen Paterson on winning the Women's Championship Cup in the Stonehaven Open Tennis Tournament. She, with her partner, won also the women's doubles.

Mr John Chisholm, Chief Constable of Toronto, Ontario, Canada, who has been appointed Chief of the Metropolitan Police for Toronto. This resulted from the merging of thirteen municipal police forces in the Toronto area. Mr Chisholm has three sons, all graduates in the Faculty of Engineering of the University of Toronto.

Obituary

We record with regret the deaths of the following to whose relatives we extend our deepest sympathy:—Mr J. F. McKellican, Mr John Walker, Mr Charles Robbie and Dr John Grimmond Smith.

Mr James F. McKellican, who died in Edinburgh Infirmary on 11th September, 1956, was divisional road surveyor for the Eastern District of Perthshire.

Mr John Walker, who died in Dundee Royal Infirmary on 14th October, 1956, was for sixteen years a groundsman at Dalnacraig. He was 83.

Mr Charles Robbie (87) was commercial correspondent with Baxter Bros. & Co. Ltd., Dundee. He retired in 1925 after 38 years with the firm.

Dr John Grimmond Smith (87) graduated at Edinburgh in 1891, and practised in Blairgowrie, Yorkshire and Wales. He specialised in mental diseases and became superintendent of St. Alban's Psychiatric Hospital, Hereford. He died at his home, 10 Marchfield Road, Dundee.

Round the World in Eight Days

It was while idly turning over the pages of Jules Verne's book, " Round the World in Eighty Days," that the idea came for the title to this article. Writing in 1872, Verne told of a fictitious journey round the globe completed in eighty days. At that time it was considered an almost impossible task—today that journey has been reduced by the Comets to a matter of hours. However, for this article it is my intention to confine myself to the services rendered to me by the commercial airlines.

This summer I was fortunate to captain the Scottish Women's Hockey Touring Team to the International Conference and Tournament in Sydney, followed by a nine-week tour of New South Wales and a five-week tour of New Zealand. Time being precious and five weeks on a ship a trifle wearisome, I decided to do the journey by air, going out by India and Singapore and returning by Fiji, Hawaii and Canada.

The first glance at my plane ticket was deceptive. It baldly stated " Origin—Edinburgh, Destination — Prestwick." But the journey between these two places was not a mere 71 miles by road, but a fascinating journey of 24,216 miles across four continents and to places one may read and dream about, but never expects to see.

On a Monday afternoon I left Edinburgh for London to join the plane for Australia. At 8.30 p.m. we left London Airport in the B.O.A.C. Constellation R.M.A. Buckingham, and our first landing was scheduled for 11 p.m. at Zurich. The airport at Zurich was by far the cleanest and tidiest one I experienced during the whole tour, and it is perhaps superfluous to add that the coffee served was excellent. An all-night flight followed over Italy, part of Greece and Turkey. We saw little or nothing of the land below, but only the moonlight reflected on the plane wings and shining through the fleecy clouds. In the first flush of dawn we caught sight of Cyprus, and, even while flying at 17,000 feet, it was easy to pick out the prominent features of the landscape below. Usually this plane landed at Nicosia, but, owing to the unrest and disorder, the airport had been closed to civilian traffic, and the planes now landed at Beirut in Lebanon. I shall always remember this day because from Beirut to Karachi I have never seen so much utter and complete desolation. This impression was gained first at Beirut itself; hardly a green patch of vegetation was visible, only the reddish brown earth contrasting with an intense blue sky, and the exceptionally dirty uniforms of the airport officials.

Leaving Beirut we crossed the Syrian desert, almost 1000 miles of sand and rock shimmering in the sun, no water, no vegetation and no sign of life—nothing, only a vast emptiness,

Even some of the place-names featuring on the map were mere geographical positions in this wilderness. This spell was broken when we passed over the oil centre of Kuwait on the Persian Gulf, and from there to Karachi we flew along the south coast of Persia and Pakistan.

Of India we saw little, landing at Karachi—with a temperature of 85° and a humidity round about 90—in the evening. We took off after dinner and flew all night to Calcutta, arriving at 5 the next morning, when the temperature was still 85°! During the night we passed close to a violent electric storm, at times so bright that it was possible to see the countryside below. After Calcutta our next stop was Singapore at the tip of the Malayan Peninsula. We arrived at 2 p.m. and were informed that the plane would leave at 9 the following morning. It was quite a relief to be able to have a bath and a shower again, and change into cooler clothing as Singapore is only 100 miles north of the Equator. Even more refreshing was the fact that for one night, at least, one had a bed to sleep in, quite a change from two nights in a plane seat.

Next morning we crossed the Equator into the Southern Hemisphere and each passenger was presented with a signed certificate, but, unlike aboard ship, the necessary ducking by King Neptune was avoided. After passing over Sumatra, we landed in Java at Jakarta. Here the airport regulations were very strict; no cameras were allowed and passengers were confined to one part of the airport terminal. Continuing our journey, we passed over the Javanese group of islands, crossed the Timor Sea, and finally landed on the Australian continent at Darwin. From Darwin we set off on the last stage of our journey to Sydney. But fate intervened in the form of engine trouble. One of our engines decided it had done enough and stopped just before we reached the halfway stage to Sydney. Owing to the safety regulations, we had to turn back to Darwin. Before landing, fuel was jettisoned and we managed a safe landing, much, I think, to the airport's disappointment; at least they had fire engines ready for any emergencies.

This delay lasted 17 hours, but it did enable us to see something of the countryside round Darwin during daylight, a chance we would otherwise have missed. We were given rooms for the day at the aircamp, and spent some time admiring their splendid collection of tropical birds, commonly found in the Northern Territory, and also five wallabies whose favourite diet appeared to be chocolate. It was interesting to note that at Darwin, although well into the Southern Hemisphere, it was possible to see both the " Plough " and the " Southern Cross " in the sky at the same time. The " Southern Cross," however, is a most insignificant constellation compared to the " Plough."

After engine repairs were completed, we had an uneventful trip to Sydney, arriving at the unsociable hour of 2 on Saturday morning.

We had travelled almost halfway round the world in four and a half days. From this you must take off 17 hours for the delay at Darwin, and also another ten hours in order to resolve that complicated problem of gaining time while travelling East. I must admit that I was a trifle sceptical about this time factor. It was not until I had crossed the International Date Line that I recovered the day I had lost during complicated calculations at home.

After touring Australia, the team flew to Auckland in a D.C.-6 of Tasman Empire Air Lines, known as TEAL; a distance of 1342 miles. It was from Auckland that I started on the long trip home. Unlike the journey out, this was not completed in the same plane, but entailed travelling by four different airlines.

Owing to repairs being carried out on the runways at the Fijian International Airport at Nadi, I almost had to miss the opportunity of visiting Fiji. TEAL came to the rescue by operating a flying-boat service straight to Suva, the capital. The take-off by flying-boat was much more eventful than by land plane. Before leaving the water the body of the plane was almost submerged, and one had the impression of going down instead of up! Finally, the boat heaved itself clear of the water and rapidly became airborne.

The tropical islands comprising the Crown Colony of Fiji number roughly 320, but we were heading for the largest of the group, Viti Levu. This island, about 360 miles in circumference, is surrounded by a coral reef. The reef can be plainly seen from the air, and at irregular intervals along its length there were navigating channels to the main

harbours. There was a very mixed population in Fiji—Fijians, Chinese, Indians and Whites—but, in spite of this, it is considered to be one of the most British of all the Colonies. It was while in Suva that I saw a most remarkable sight. In one of the Chinese grocery stores there was a mouth-watering display of Keiller's confectionery, and along the top shelves a selection of Keiller's marmalade. To judge by the trade being done at this particular counter, these export products from Dundee find a ready sale in Fiji.

After my stay in Suva I had the experience of travelling by Fijian Airways, a small but very efficient inter-island air service, to Nadi, to catch the plane for Canada. Fijian Airways run small seven-seater De Havilland " Drovers," and on this particular occasion, as I was the only passenger, we travelled to Nadi by a circular route so that I had the opportunity of seeing most of the island from the air.

From Nadi to Canada I joined the Australian Airline QANTAS in a Super Constellation to fly to Vancouver. The name of this airline was taken from the first air service ever to operate in Australia—Queensland and Northern Territory Air Service. As a tribute to the work done by this service in the remote parts of the Australian continent, the name was retained for their international airline.

We travelled overnight to Hawaii and crossed the International Date Line just after leaving Fiji. As we left Fiji on Saturday evening, when we arrived in Honolulu it was Saturday afternoon. Instead of being twelve hours in front of Greenwich time, we were now twelve hours behind. On arrival at Honolulu each passenger was presented with a " leis " or flower-garland made of orchids. In this climate orchids grow very much like dandelions in our own country. We had a seven-hour stop in Honolulu and all passengers were given rooms at one of the hotels beside Waikiki beach where the outside temperature was 86° and the sea temperature a mere 2° less!

San Francisco was our next stop for breakfast, and we had an excellent view of the Golden Gate bridge over the harbour entrance. Finally, our journey ended in Vancouver in the afternoon. I stayed four days, and during that time had the opportunity of visiting the Canadian-U.S.A. border which is only 25 miles south of Vancouver. On the way we crossed the Fraser, considered to be the wealthiest river in Canada. Salmon-fishing is its main industry, but it is also extensively used for transporting timber to the sawmills in Vancouver itself.

Another interesting sight on the outskirts of the city was a " tank farm." Here crude oil piped from the new oil fields in Alberta, was being stored awaiting shipment to the refineries.

For the flight across Canada to Montreal I joined Trans-Canada Airlines, and travelled in a North Star Skyliner. Unfortunately, this was a night flight and we were able to see only part of the Rockies before darkness fell. Stops were made at Calgary, Regina and Winnipeg. Toronto was missed because of dense fog, and we just managed to land at Montreal before the airport was closed. I spent only four hours in Montreal before boarding the B.O.A.C. Stratocruiser for Prestwick. Fortunately, the fog lifted and the plane left on time, landing at Gander before starting its long flight across the Atlantic.

Just after the sun was up, we sighted the coast of Ireland, and soon began to lose height for the landing at Prestwick. So ended a memorable journey, but I must not forget that I still had to complete that 71 miles from Prestwick to Edinburgh before I could truly say that I had been round the world.

Joyce Pringle

FIND THE CAPTAIN'S AGE

During the 1914-1918 War, the body of a French soldier was found buried in foreign soil alongside a partisan of the country.

On multiplying the height (now length) of the partisan (in feet) by half the age of the Captain who was in command during the battle in which the soldier was killed, and the result by the number of days in the month in which the battle was fought, and finally multiplying by half the number of years that elapsed until the bodies were found again, you obtain the number 451066.

Please now find the age of the Captain, the height of the partisan, the month and year of the battle in question; also the names of the Captain and of the town where the battle was fought.

W.M.

PART OF THE CHORUS IN "ANTIGONE"

AN EMOTIONAL SCENE IN "ANTIGONE"

GUIDE CAMP, 1956

"Antigone"

An excellent translation of Sophocles' "Antigone" by G. F. Watling, was chosen by the Senior Dramatic Club for its performance in Training College Hall on 26th and 27th June, 1956. One of a group of Greek tragedies, it is a moving play and most topical in that it depicts the clash of personal and state loyalties. Because of its emotional context it is a difficult play to perform, but the young cast, under the very able and sensitive direction of Mr Alexander Smith, produced a delicate and balanced performance. The audience, old and young, many of whom, on their own confession, attended under constraint of duty, were deeply moved. The criticisms in the various newspapers commented very favourably upon the production. Some of the more unusual features of the production were—the simple setting of two rostra, one to represent a palace front and the other to represent an altar (the work on these and on the Greek urns was shared by the technical and art departments); the use of two side doors on the audience level and of two small flights of steps from there to the stage, making some of the entrances and exits more than usually effective; the use of a chorus of twelve girls who worked hard to master the intricate patterns of both speech and movement. The dress was a fair representation of the period and the Club owes a debt to quite a number of helpers in this task, both inside and outside school.

The actors themselves are deserving of praise. The chorus has been mentioned, but it should be recorded that, since the chorus acts in these plays as a narrator and commentator on the action of the play, its part was important. Each individual member is to be congratulated on careful enunciation and graceful movement.

King Creon of Thebes, cold, confident and self-sufficient, was excellently played by James Wright. In the shattering of his self-righteous composure lies part of the tragedy of the play. This process of disintegration was splendidly conveyed.

Pamela Whyte, Antigone, who, through personal loyalty to a dead brother, shook Creon's ideas of loyalty to the state, acted throughout her long and heavily emotional rôle with royal dignity. Her control of emotion was excellent as was her enunciation. The foil to Antigone's strong, decisive character was Gelda Leslie, playing the sister of Antigone, Ismene. With gentle voice and movement she portrayed beautifully the woman who knows she cannot compete with the strength of Antigone and Creon.

Robert Logan, who played the part of Haemon, son of Creon and lover of Antigone, had a most difficult task to perform. Tortured in his love for his father and Antigone, he suffers intensely and dies with Antigone. His simple rendering of his rôle, with his youthful appearance and appeal, won all the sympathy of the audience. The seer, Teiresias, whose appearance is brief but dynamic, was wonderfully acted by Michael Tosh. His weird make-up and realistically aged speech gripped and thrilled the listeners. Two characters still to mention—the Sentry and the Messenger — are typical of Greek tragedy. The Sentry, who appears at the beginning of the play, a lowly, semi-humorous character, a complete contrast to all the royal characters, was ably played by John Stocks who was convincing in his ordinary, everyday handling of his part. The Messenger, Michael Duncan, whose sad duty it was to tell to Creon the tale of carnage wrought by his lack of charity, the deaths of Antigone, Haemon, and his wife Eurydice, played his part well, aiding the broken-hearted despot with tender pity. Creon's wife, Eurydice, Margaret McCrow, made a very brief but telling appearance as a woman broken by man's cruelty to man. The parts of the soldiers and attendants were ably handled by Gordon Adams, Fergus Allan, David Whyte, James Wilson, Olive Carnegie and Helene McKenzie. Stephen Rae was the young attendant of the old Teiresias. Ladies of the staff, under Miss Lickely, assisted with make-up. The programme bore all other necessary acknowledgments of assistance. The Club wishes to thank the School for all its support.

My Way of Life

By J. S. R. DUNCAN, M.B.E., M.A.
(lately Deputy Adviser to the Governor-General of the Sudan on Constitutional and External Affairs)

On the 1st of January, 1956, the people of the Sudan were granted independence as a nation by Britain and Egypt, joint rulers during the previous fifty-seven years. It was my privilege to be a member of the Sudan Political Service for fifteen of those eventful years, and I know of no one who spent any length of time among these attractive and courteous people who did not leave much of his heart in their land when he left for the last time. It was a colourful " way of life," often lonely, but strangely fulfilling.

The Sudanese are many people. In the western Province of Kordofan, to which I was first sent, there were the Nuba living high in rocky mountain villages, the Baggara of the southern plains with their herds of cattle, the Kababish nomad Arabs of the desert sands in the north, and the Hamar in their settled villages in the areas of wild melons and prosperous gum trees. Physically, they were easily recognisable one from the other. The Nuba big, black and muscular, the Baggara shorter and noted for the beauty of their maidens, the Hamar more West African in appearance, rough and hard-living. The symbol of authority and security for the people of that Province was the white fort in El Obeid, still pitted with the marks of bullets of the Mahdi's war which the old among them could still remember. There, high above the fort, the Union Jack and the green flag of Egypt strained at the masts against the deep blue of the sky; the wind blowing hot among the few, bare thorny trees which managed to thrive in the sandy places. So was it the same in all nine of the administrative Provinces, each divided into a number of Districts, the basic administrative unit. The country was vast: a million square miles in area, and many Districts were larger than Scotland. In each District lived one, or sometimes two, British administrators. They rarely saw one another, timing their " treks " and their visits to headquarters so that one would be in while the other was out. That was the prime function of the District Commissioner—to get out and about among his people, to live with them and get to know them, to settle their disputes and to initiate or encourage social and economic development. A District Commissioner could only feel that he was dominating his particular District when, lying on his rope bed at night in a typical village of grass huts, the gossip overheard in the compounds all around him fitted into the jigsaw, the tangled skein of the people in his care. There was little of which he was not aware after weeks of jogging across the rolling savannah country on camels in the blazing sun or under the stars by night. The little camel train of servants and police would attract all manner of travellers only too glad of the opportunity for companionship. It was all somehow very old and timeless, often like a scene taken suddenly from the pages of the Old Testament.

I spent three years with the Hamar in Kordofan and was then sent south. While the Sudanese are indeed many people, one major difference cuts across their general diversity. The 12th parallel of latitude provides a rough guide to that difference. North of the line live nine million Mohammedan Arabs in the sandy desert country of the camel. South of the line live three million pagan Africans in swamp and jungle. This difference is not just one of tribes but of the Middle East and Africa, and only by a geographical accident do two such fundamentally different peoples live within the boundaries of what is one nation.

I was sent to the Nuer tribe, wild and full of vitality. There was little similarity to Kordofan. In Upper Nile, as that southern Province was called, the feel was one of drums beating, of war, and of the sun glinting on spears. I spent five years with them, the best years that anyone could wish to have. They were simple people, tall and dark, living only for their vast herds of cattle, the horns of which they trained in the manner of the Babylonians centuries ago. It was tough. Trekking meant slithering along twisting paths in torrential storms behind a column of porters or, in the heat of summer, slow plodding across the dry, baked plain. Sometimes, to get to a meeting in some court centre, I would rattle along the " roads " in an elderly Chevrolet lorry. But the spirit of the Nuer was always

the same, robust and cheerful in sheer defiance of their appallingly harsh territory which they believe to be the best in the world.

In all such fast-developing societies in Africa, there is a great gulf between the people of the towns and the people of the lonely places. The people in the lonely places have practically no interest in politics. The people in the towns have practically no interest but politics.

For the last five years I was intimately concerned with the Sudanese move towards their independence. The broad issue was whether the Sudanese would opt for independence or for unity with Egypt, and, by the Anglo-Egyptian Agreement of February 12, 1953, a means was provided for them to make this choice. The price of that Agreement with Egypt was the departure of most British from their posts in the Sudan Government. This operation was completed early in 1955 and for the rest of that year only three of us of the old regime remained, appointed by the Governor-General as his advisers and therefore not subject to the general provisions of the Agreement. At the beginning of 1954, the Sudanese became self-governing but not independent. The Governor-General was still responsible for their international affairs.

On March 16, 1955, Sayed Ismail El Azhari (elected Prime Minister as the leader of the majority party which had stood for unity with Egypt) pronounced himself to be in favour of independence. Then on December 19, after months of political manoeuvre, Azhari made his shrewdest move. He tabled a Resolution in the Sudanese Parliament which, in the Arabic version, read—" . . . the Sudan has become an independent Sovereign State." it was a " fait accompli " and the British and Egyptian Government could only recognise the fact of independence.

At a ceremony on the spacious lawn in the grounds of the Governor-General's Palace in Khartoum, the formal hand-over of power was conducted. I shall never forget the scene. Its dignity was a worthy end to our period of rule. To some, it was just one more London surrender of dominion. To others, it was a successful outcome of the years of predominantly British endeavour. That will be for the historian to judge.

In the evening before the final ceremony I went up alone to the roof of the Palace where Gordon had stood and looked out across the desert for the help which came too late. The sun was setting over the Kerreri hills in a dusty haze and above me the flags of Britain and Egypt were still flying, dominating the city of Khartoum. Beyond these hills, which had seen the beginning of all this story with Kitchener at the Battle of Omdurman fifty-seven years ago, there were multitudes unaware that these flags would not be flying soon after the rising of the sun. In the lonely places, where the camels still go, where the herds of cattle graze, life will go on for the people as it has always done. This only can be said: that their life will be the better for our having lived and worked among them.

The Evidence of the Dog

" Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men;
As hounds and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs,
Shoughs, water-rugs and demi-wolves are clept
All by the name of dogs."
—(Macbeth, Act III., Scene 1)

In the Andrew Lang Memorial Lecture, delivered last month before the University of St. Andrews, Sir James Ferguson suggested that the Scotland of Shakespeare's "Macbeth" was not that of the 11th century, but rather that of the reign of King James VI. This theory, apparently true of the general setting of the play, prompts examination of detail. The above quotation suggests one point worthy of consideration. Did the breeds of dog named in it exist in the Scotland of which Shakespeare might have heard from his associates?

Firstly, it can be said that from the time of the earliest reliable written evidences, dogs existed in Scotland for various purposes. In the late 14th century, for example, John of Fordun tells us how herds of animals fled to the woods for refuge if they heard men shouting and if they were attacked suddenly by dogs. This may suggest uncontrolled canine activity, and, from our knowledge of the wild character of much of the countryside—the " blasted heath " and so forth—it is easy to understand how roving dogs interbred

with the wolves then common in Scotland, thus producing Shakespeare's "demi-wolves."

On the other hand, Fordun may be interpreted as referring to the organised use of dogs in hunting. In the 16th century, hunting dogs in Scotland, according to the Italian traveller, Nicander Nucius, were sufficiently " generous " (i.e., numerous), for them to be sent into action against such dangerous beasts as " bears and wild boars." A large-scale use of dogs in hunting was in the " tinchel " where dogs and men combined in rounding up and slaying deer. This form of hunting was described by Bishop Leslie in 1578, and there is a famous account in Scott's " The Lady of the Lake " (Canto V.). Hunting by dogs was not confined to other animals. It is said that the enemies of Wallace and Bruce pursued them with dogs, and, more legally perhaps, in the Borders those refusing admittance to bloodhounds trailing wrongdoers could be considered accomplices in their crimes.

In fact, the " hounds " in our quotation might have embraced many hunting breeds. Bishop Leslie, in his " History of Scotland," written when Shakespeare was a young man, enumerates some of these. One kind which he describes as being " greeter than ane tuelf-moneth alde calfe " was likely to be either a Great Dane or a Scottish Deerhound. He speaks of dogs hunting by scent and says they were in nature " Lyke thir hairie dogs that ar sent to us out of Alammanie (Germany), bot in the body mekle less." This breed, he says, was prepared to hunt in water as well as on land and would even seek out " fisches lurking amang the stanes." It has been suggested that these were otter-hounds and would almost certainly be the " water-rugs " mentioned in " Macbeth."

Another 16th century Scottish writer who devotes some attention to dogs is Hector Boece, born in Dundee and a meticulous recorder of the Scotland he knew. His work is particularly important in this context as part of it was embodied by Holinshed in his " Chronicle," and this in turn was drawn on by Shakespeare for the plot of " Macbeth." Like Leslie, he has much to say about hunting dogs, especially bloodhounds or " sleuth-houndis " as he called them, and he says that " In Scotland ar doggis of mervellus nature; for above the commoun nature and conditioun of doggis in Scotland, quhilkis ar sene in all partis, ar thre maner of doggis in Scotland, quhilk (which), are sene in na uthir partis of the warld." It is interesting to note, and relevant to our quotation, that when Boece wished to bring home to his readers the appearance of the Gareloch monster, he likened it to a greyhound. His simile suggests that this breed was at the time familiar to Scotsmen.

Shakespeare refers also to spaniels and shoughs. The shough was—according to one definition—" a shaggy lap-dog ": the word " shough," we are told, perhaps comes from "shock," but this may be a shaggy dog story! The evidence for the existence of spaniels in the 16th century Scotland is in Leslie's "History" where he speaks of dogs with which gentlewomen amused themselves. He says: " I will nocht heir make mentione of the varietie of Messen dogs . . . althocht (they) be mony and infinite." Messen dogs are a variety of spaniel, originally from Malta.

Of Shakespeare's " mongrels . . . curs " there is little need to speak. Wherever dogs exist there will be mongrels and curs, and the Scotland of our period must have abounded with them. The specific breeds he makes Macbeth enumerate are, as we have seen, traceable in some of the contemporary accounts of 16th century Scotland. This is, perhaps, another fragment of evidence in support of the theory that this may have been the Scotland on which Shakespeare drew for the background of his " Macbeth."

C. Lythe, Form IV. (Girls)

MY GLOBE

I have a globe
Beside my bed,
And when I wake
And raise my head,
And see Cape Horn,
And Palestine,
I'm glad to think
The globe is mine.

I turn my globe,
And so I find,
The way a ship,
The " Golden Hind,"
Went round the world
With Francis Drake.
That's what I see
When I awake.

Jenny Blain, L. III.

Cadet Camp, July 1956

The band was at its majestic best. The silver top of Drum-Major McEwan's stick rose more and more boldly above successive rows of bonnets, and C.S.M. Ower's new baton—a munificent gift from the Company Funds—rivalled it in splendour. Someone was calling out a step which nobody heard above the popular acclaim and other hubbub. In fact, it was positively out of taste, for everyone was far too full of anticipation even to take the trouble to be out of step.

All thoughts had wandered off to Cultybraggan, the spot just seven miles north of Crieff, fated for that year's camp. There, in a pleasant hollow, amidst majestic scenery, imposing hills, towering peaks and incessant rain, we were to spend a most enjoyable week. We had been assigned what was, I think, the most convenient and agreeable situation in the area. In its seclusion and yet proximity to the dining quarters and recreational buildings, it was ideal. Indeed, the sheep not far off made it almost Arcadian.

Between them and the huts was an extensive strip of turf on which "organised recreation," or rather, baseball, flourished of an afternoon. The organiser was the ever witty and cheerful Major Larg, who, precariously balancing cigarette and whistle at the same time, every now and then reminded us of his presence by noisily exhaling through this poor inoffensive piece of metal. Col. Robertson, Lieut. Vannet and Lieut. Soutar all exhibited their skill, and the matches were very informal and homely. Lieut. Howat showed himself an interested critic of the game.

Not far off was a shaded pond, to which, it was darkly rumoured, Lieut. Vannet had one day repaired with a troop of volunteers and had been reliving his naval days. When the company later espied all the boys returning, intact and still cheerful, bathing parades became a popular feature of camp routine. Life-saving equipment was invariably taken.

At the west end of the camp near the officers' quarters, there was another spacious lawn—this one meticulously kept—on which we saw an interesting and exciting display of platoon attacking manoeuvres. No less interesting, and perhaps even more exciting, were the manoeuvres displayed by Capt. Stark during the cricket match between Permanent Staff and D.H.S. C.C.F., held on the last night of camp. Unfortunately, our team was defeated by a narrow margin.

Also at this end of the camp were the various entertainment facilities which were much frequented in the evenings — the N.A.A.F.I., the Church of Scotland canteen, the television room and a cinema in which a performance of " Hell Below Zero " was given on the only unpleasantly hot night of the week. Another evening highlight was the Night Exercise, from which N.C.O.'s and senior cadets derived a great deal of pleasure. We managed, after furtively descending by means of a gully upon a certain hillock, to reach our destination unnoticed by the officers who held it. The outing was aptly called " Nighthawk," and was devised with much skill and ingenuity by Lieut. Vannet. On arriving back about 2 a.m., blackened and otherwise bedecked with shrubbery, we were handsomely regaled by the Cook House and, only too glad to return to bed.

The senior Company tested their ability in two other exercises in daylight—" Holdall " and " Beans."

Lieut. Weatherhead also gave an instructive lecture and assisted the seniors in an attack exercise. The junior Company took part in a practical map-reading exercise, which their N.C.O.'s devised in the form of a competition and Lieut. Vannet most generously presented prizes to the winning section. During this exercise we were honoured with a surprise visit from Lieut.-General Sir Horatio Murray, G.O.C., Scottish Command, who gave us some useful hints and most helpful advice. His gracious action was very much appreciated by us all.

To the north of the camp lay the little village of Comrie, whose charming church we attended for morning service on Sunday. The Dundee High School was the only company present, and we heartily endorse the recognition which Major Halliday everywhere gained for effecting this visit despite the opposition of the weather and the camp staff. All the officers attended, and the minister, Rev. P. D. G. Campbell, had clearly taken pains to make his service especially appropriate.

The climax of the week was, as usual, the Platoon Cup Competition. Major Jackson,

K.O.S.B., an old friend of the School who is soon to retire, kindly consented to judge. Sgt. Hardie and the senior platoon are to be congratulated on their success. Two other competitions, both sponsored by Major Halliday, attracted almost as much attention. With his customary munificence, he had offered a very considerable prize for a Bren-gun competition, which was won by Cpl. I. E. D. Montgomerie, and the handsome Coronation trophy which he presented some years ago for the best cadet in the Junior Company, was competed for with great enthusiasm. Lieut. Vannet was a most able adjudicator-in-chief. With a final consideration of Billet Marks which were awarded daily for general tidiness, he and his colleagues awarded the trophy to Cadet D. B. Wood. We extend our congratulations to both.

The camp, however, ended on a somewhat sadder note, for in our farewell to Cultybraggan we had also to bid farewell to Lieut. Soutar. In the short time he was with us, he endeared himself to all with whom he dealt. We give him our best wishes for success and happiness in his new appointment.

During the camp we received welcome visits from Mr Bain, Mr Douglas (the School chaplain), and from Mr Erskine and his wife. Many parents took advantage of the visitors' afternoon, and, on the whole we spent a very pleasant week — well-fed, well-housed, and well-entertained.

For all this we have once again to thank the officers who command our Company, and in whom we are especially fortunate. Upon their generosity I need not dwell. It is known to all. To Major Halliday, Major Larg, Lieut. Howat and Lieut. Vannet we can only extend an all too insufficient acknowledgment of our deep and everlasting gratitude.

Sgt. Michael B. Tosh

Scottish Industrial Sports Camp, 1956

In August of this year James Wright and I had the privilege of representing the School at the 5th Scottish Industrial Sports Camp, organised by the North British Locomotive Company. The camp was held in the grounds of Dalguise House—an excellent spot for a camp, having permanent washing facilities, dining accommodation, and the use of the recreation hall in Dalguise House itself for the evening activities.

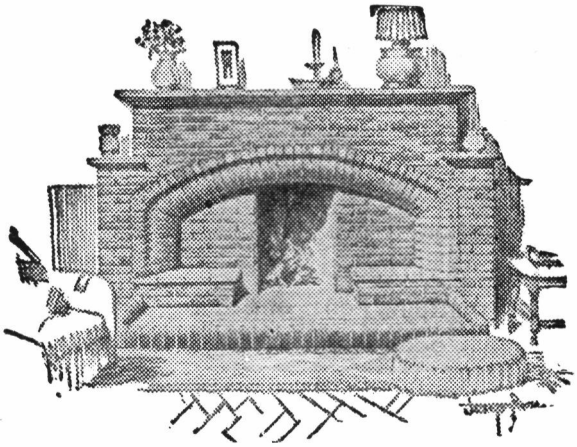
In all, there were 124 boys at the camp—93 from industry, and 31 from schools. We were all divided into seven different " clans," and points were awarded for the various camp activities, with the prize of " The Camp Cock " being presented to the leader of the winning clan at the end of the week. In the evening of the Saturday when we arrived at Dalguise, the Camp Commandant, Dr Stewart Mackintosh, assured us all that, no matter what the weather was like, we would all go to bed tired each night, and by the end of the week we realised just how right this prophecy was.

Probably the most exhausting day of all was the Thursday, when we left camp at 9.30 a.m., and between then and 6.30 p.m. we must have tramped nearly 20 miles over the rugged country in the region of Ben Lawers. We had actually intended climbing Ben Lawers itself, but, as it was raining heavily and very misty, our clan decided not to risk it. As it turned out, however, two clans did climb right to the top in spite of the conditions. You can just imagine how we all slept that night.

Friday was our Sports Day, and in the afternoon about 50 visitors, representing both school and industry, came to see us. It was indeed a happy time for all, and in the evening we all gave of our best at the concert held in the hall specially for our guests. We only hope that they enjoyed it as much as we did!

The following morning came all too soon, for not only had we to get up earlier than usual, but we had to say goodbye to all the friends we had made during the week. It was indeed a great experience to mix with other boys of our own age from all walks of life, and I, for one, thoroughly enjoyed the camp, and have much to thank it for, not the least being the many new friends I have gained.

D.G.H., F. V.



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DAY NIGHT WEAR

On Early-Rising

Having to get up early is a nuisance. It is like a visit to the dentist's, which is put off until the last possible moment. It is something, which, if possible at all, must be avoided. Of course, there are many people who delight in boasting of their early-rising habit, but I maintain that early-rising is a curse to anyone and everyone. Those people in question are smug. They feel that their martyrdom is justified, when they see the looks of envy on the faces of their audience.

Everyone would like to get up early. So much can be done in the early morning, we are told by our self-satisfied friends. Mrs Brown had finished her washing before breakfast, and Mr Smith had put in a strenuous round of golf before his morning repast. But to think of such energetic tasks and pleasures, whilst we are still in that glorious, rosy state of being semi-conscious, is enough to plunge us back into a state of complete unconsciousness, or else to open our eyes with a shock of horror, and sully the rest of our day.

When our exuberant friends continue to plague us with facts and fiction about early-rising, and impress upon us how healthy it is, and how ill we are looking, we at last condescend to take to our beds at a reasonable hour for such an early start: say, eight o'clock? We are feeling very pleased! Our friends are right. It isn't good for anyone to keep such late hours. What is the old saying? Ah, yes!—"Early to bed, early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise." We shall soon be able to prove it correct.

We retire to bed at the appointed hour, and wait for Sleep to touch our drooping eyelids. Nine o'clock strikes. Still we are waiting. By ten o'clock our eyelids droop no longer—we are wide awake! Eleven, twelve, strikes. We lie, feverishly counting bloated sheep which seem to be sailing around the room. Six hundred and thirty-one, six hundred and thirty-two . . . By this time, our breath is coming in rasping gasps. We dive for the light switch. The bed clothes are in a heap on the floor. We feel ill, but not sleepy. We stagger downstairs, swallow half a dozen aspirins with a large mug of hot milk (said to promote sleep), grab our current book, and retreat once more to the site of the battle. Alas, the drudgery of re-making the bed lies ahead, and, as we vainly struggle to untangle the sheets and blankets, the clock chimes four.

At last we are back in bed. The aspirins are working slowly. Our eyelids are drooping.

Brrrrrr! Brrrrrr! The terrible jangling is bursting open our heads! Stop it! Stop it! Can't someone stop it? Brrrrrrr! Obviously not. We open our eyes to find the cause of all the trouble. The alarm clock! In fury, we snatch up the shrilling mechanism, and fling it out of the window, hoping, as a scream rends the air, that it has skilfully decapitated Mrs Brown, while hanging out her washing. Then, with thoughts of the deepest satisfaction, we turn over, pull the clothes over our head, and fall back, to slumber peacefully until some reasonable hour, when Nature meant us to rise.

Early-rising was never intended for Man! It is only practised for self-glorification. It is not necessary.

J. A. Barnes

A Visit to the House of Commons

I was looking forward to visiting London this year for two special reasons. First, it was the first time that I had stayed in London, and, second, I was going with Mummy to hear a debate in the House of Commons. Granny had managed to get tickets from her M.P., and so we were able to hear the five o'clock debate. A few years earlier, my godmother worked in the Houses of Parliament (**not** as an M.P.!), and a friend of hers was able to arrange for us to see the Speaker's Procession at two-thirty.

We were impressed by the beauty of Westminster Hall and the interior of the Houses of Parliament, which is quite fascinating. It seemed to me that it was composed of miles and miles of seemingly unending carpeted corridors, with historical illustrations decorating the panelled walls. We had the privilege of being taken out on to the terrace on the

water's edge by my godmother's friend, and it was very beautiful.

As 4.45 struck, Mummy and I walked up once again to the entrance of the Houses of Parliament, but were confronted by a hefty policeman who demanded to see our passes. These were accordingly produced, and the policeman let us through.

We had to wait for a few moments in the entrance hall, but at last our names were called. We had to fill up a form and were then taken up in a lift. There was a cloak-room where we left our shopping baskets. We were then shown where to sit, and we quietly took our places and began to look around. Very luckily, the debate that evening was on the future of Cyprus.

Most of the people in the galleries were foreigners. There were also quite a few reporters in the Press Gallery.

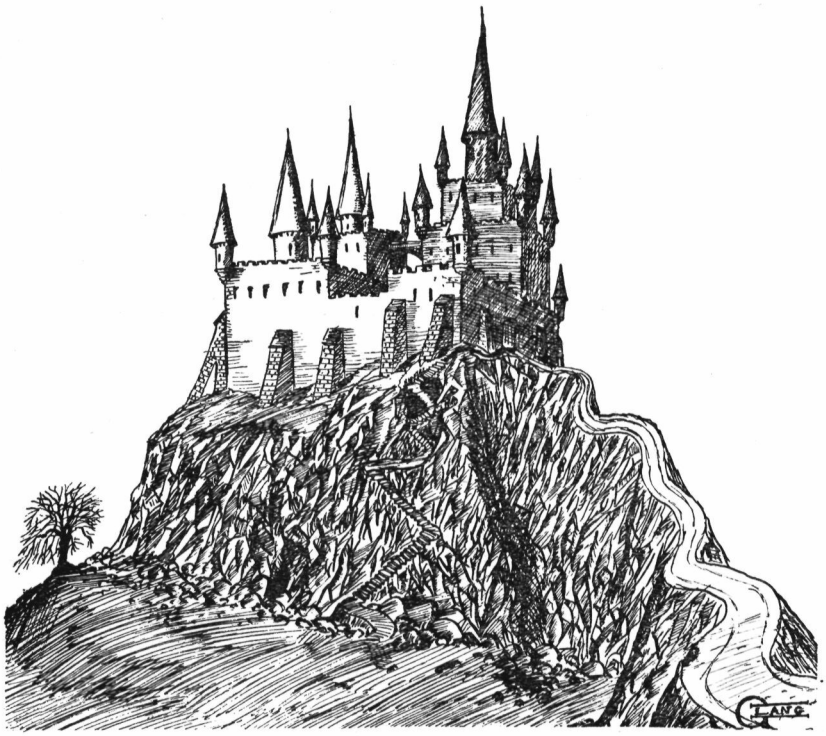
We noticed Mr Strachey (M.P. for Dundee West) in the front bench of the Opposition, as well as Mr Bevan, Mr Griffiths, Mr Noel Baker, and many more besides. In the Government benches we saw Mr Walter Elliot, Mr Lennox Boyd, Mr Harold Macmillan, and Mr Heathcote Amory, just to mention a few of the most well-known people who were there. Sir Anthony Eden came in for about five minutes, and then left again. We heard a speech by Mr Walter Elliot, but we did not agree with his scheme. Mr Heathcote Amory made a good speech.

I could not ask Mummy who some of the M.P.s were, as we were not allowed to talk or fidget.

We were very amused to see the attitudes in which the M.P.'s reposed. They wandered in and out all the time, and many of them had their feet up on the Speaker's desk. One elderly Conservative was methodically tearing pieces of paper up into little strips while he listened with half an ear to what was being said.

After about an hour and a half, we decided to leave. It had all been very interesting and I had enjoyed my visit very much.

Gillian Payne, Form I. G.



SPANISH CASTLE

LUCERNE

During our continental tour by caravan last summer, I had the pleasure of visiting Switzerland's most beautiful and also most popular holiday resort, Lucerne. Lucerne is situated at the mouth of the River Reuss on the edge of the lake bearing its name, dominated by the magnificent snow-capped Alps, resplendent in the sun. Although it is a holiday resort, providing all modern entertainments, it greatly savours of its mediaeval past, being enclosed by ancient walls bearing nine watch towers, the highest of which is one hundred and sixty feet.

Spanning the green waters of the river are two exquisite wooden bridges, both constructed as early as the fifteenth century. The Kapell-Brücke bears paintings representing the lives of the patron saints of the town, from its long history. The Spreuer-Brücke, the other of the covered wooden bridges, has paintings with the motif of the Dance of Death which are of high artistic value. I was also able to see the Lion of Lucerne, a statue hewn out of natural sandstone, which is most impressive to the onlooker. It is a monument dedicated to the members of the Swiss Guard who fell in defending the Tuileries in 1792, under Louis XVI.

Lucerne is also rich in architecture, its town hall (Rathaus), fountains, and its ancient churches all reflect the town's historical background. Many of these fountains, the Rathaus and churches are floodlit at night, and the nocturnal atmosphere is one of serenity, beauty and romance. The multi-coloured lights are reflected in the still waters of the silent lake, while the lofty, ponderous forms of the moonlit Alps hover behind.

During the day one is able to hire boats of all sorts on the edge of the lake from numerous quays, or to take a trip in the lake steamer to some other town on the lake's edge. I spent a most agreeable afternoon skimming over the still, green waters of this most beautiful lake, and was able to appreciate the supreme beauty of the Swiss scenery surrounding us.

One afternoon we made an excursion by car to Interlaken, near the Brünig Pass. This journey was immensely facilitated by the ingenious engineering feats of the constructors of the roadway, which at all stages of the journey remained generously broad and without adverse gradients. Interlaken is a small, but extremely busy touring centre situated below the lofty Alps, in a grassy valley. On the return journey, we halted at a chalet by the roadside in order that we might savour some Swiss dishes which we found most delicious.

Unfortunately, after a stay of only a few days, we reluctantly departed from this beautiful district to make our return journey, but Lucerne will always be remembered as a town of beauty, charm, and entertainment.

Michael Hardie, F. V.

" THE MIKADO "

It is widely known that the school is presenting " The Mikado " in June. With a view to improving the standard of the performance, most of the cast went to Edinburgh one evening in October, to see this, the most popular of Gilbert and Sullivan's operas.

We left school at half-past two, accompanied by Mr Porteous, Mr Angus and Mrs Duncan, in one of Dickson's luxurious continental touring buses.

We arrived in Edinburgh about a quarter past five.

The performance began at half-past seven. From the first chord of the Overture to the last cadence of the Finale of Act Two, we were enthralled by the delightful singing of the chorus, the high spirits of the " Three Little Maids," the clowning of Ko-Ko, the rich contralto of Katisha, the ponderous antics of Pooh-Bah, and the murderous laughter of the Mikado himself.

The performance over, we left the theatre, somewhat awed perhaps by the magnitude of our task, but vowing, at least, to give as much pleasure to Dundee audiences as the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company gave to us.

We re-entered Dundee just after one o'clock, and, reaching home, sank into a long-awaited sleep. As this was after two o'clock on Thursday morning, what sleep we had lost was made up in school the same morning, much to the annoyance of the staff.

Our grateful thanks are due to Mr Porteous who arranged the outing.

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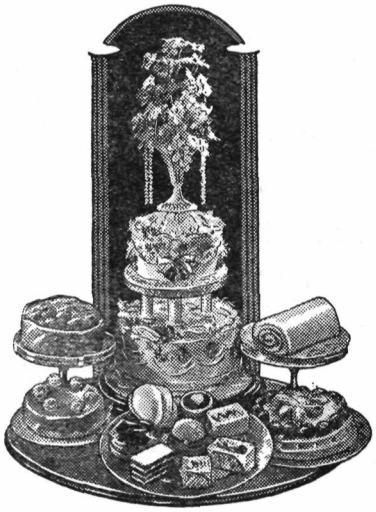

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"Mayflower" Adventure

One of the most heroic sea voyages must surely have been the voyage of the tiny sailing ship, the "Mayflower," which carried a band of Puritans to a land where they could worship in their own way.

After a voyage lasting sixty-four days, with terrible batterings from the Atlantic Seas, and a bad leak, the "Mayflower" landed safely off Cape Cod, New England, on 9th November, 1620.

Next April, as a gesture of friendship, Great Britain is sending another "Mayflower" to America. It is a replica in every detail of the original vessel, except for one concession to modernity. It carries a radio set—put on to satisfy the insurance company.

The new "Mayflower" weighs 180 tons and measures 90 feet from stem to stern. It is to be captained by Alan Villiers and will carry a crew of 20, one of whom will represent the National Association of Boys' Clubs.

The boy chosen must be able to mix well in cramped surroundings and to endure considerable hardships.

The National Association invited the Scottish Association to forward names of boys who might receive an interview along with English and Welsh boys. My name was forwarded by Lochee Boys' Club.

A few days later I was told the great news. I had been nominated to represent the S.A.B.C., and, along with 16 other boys from England and Wales, was to be given an interview.

It was a terrifying experience, waiting for an interview of such importance.

I arrived in London early on Saturday, 20th October, for my interview at 10.30 a.m. When 10.30 a.m. came, I walked nervously up to Bedford Square and into the N.A.B.C. offices, fortified by a dose of aspirins.

I was met by Mr Blackmore, the Publications Officer, who gave me a welcome cup of tea. He told me I was to be interviewed first.

I entered a big room with a huge boardroom table. Behind it sat three solemn-faced men.

The man in the centre, a Captain Saunders, towered above his associates. He smiled encouragingly at me as I saluted and sat down in front of them.

The interview was opened with the question: "Why do you want to go on this trip?" Other questions included: "How were you selected by the S.A.B.C.?" "Do you know what is required of you?" "Have you ever been wet, cold and uncomfortable?" "Have you had any camping and sailing experience?" "Have you ever been on a long trek?" "What is your rank in the cadets?"

I answered all the questions to the best of my ability, sometimes greatly surprised at the way they were put, or at what they were asking.

Captains Saunders then said my interview was over and that I would know by the following Thursday if I had been chosen. The whole interview took half an hour.

By lunch-time on Thursday no letter had arrived, but my club leader phoned in the evening to say that London had phoned and said how pleased they were with me, but the final selection had not been made yet.

On Friday, at lunch-time, I received the vital letter. However, I had not been the lucky one.

The fortunate boy was Graham Nunn, of Uppingham Corby Boys' Club. He intends taking up the Merchant Navy as his career. I wish him the very best of luck in this great event in history.

A.C.M.

ON SWOTTING FOR THE "PRELIMS."

I'm not inclined, I always find,
Before exams to swot,
And all my friends, they do declare,
That also they are not.

But here I am, before the exam,
In front of me my text.
I think about what's written there
And what I must do next.

Alas! 'tis thus for all of us
Who do Form Five attend,
That we to books must turn our eyes,
To work our effort lend.

Oh, the gladness after sadness!
All we have to learn!
Soon shall this black cloud pass away,
No "Prelims." our concern.

And thus I try, with weary sigh,
To pass examinations.
Thank you, parents, teachers, friends,
For hearing lamentations.

Greta Murray, F. V.

Nature's Curiosities

Nature is renowned for her curiosities, and the reptile world has many strange and fearsome-looking species. In the fight for existence Nature has tried always to endow every animal with some protective power to ensure its survival. In the snake world many members are poisonous and are thus able to kill their enemies and, more especially, their prey. Some of the large snakes, although not poisonous, are so powerful that they are able to crush their enemies to death. However, the vast majority of reptiles, and this includes most snakes, are quite harmless, and it is important to them to appear fearsome and dangerous. This they can do in many ways.

Red is a warning colour in nature, and some reptiles and amphibians have a bright red coloration which warns other animals to leave them alone. This may be their sole means of defence. Others have developed a fierce appearance, helped by frills, spines and bizarre colourings. Still others have become very swift-moving to escape their enemies, and in times of danger have jumped from tree branches to the ground. In time this has led to the development of " wings " on which they can glide for long distances. The Tortoise has developed a thick armour-plated shell as its means of defence, and is able to withdraw completely into this when attacked. The effectiveness of this can be judged when one considers that the tortoise has remained unchanged for many millions of years.

Let us now consider some of the more unusual of these reptiles. Although now much smaller than in prehistoric days, they can appear just as fearsome to the smaller creatures which might attack them.

A lizard which lives in the Australian bush, called the Bearded Dragon, has a spiny appearance; the head is very large compared to the body, and is furnished with large jaws. This lizard, as its name implies, has developed a prickly beard which it is able to expand at will, and this, coupled with the opening of the jaws showing a large orange-coloured interior, is enough to frighten off most enemies. Should they approach too near, it will lash them with its tail, hissing loudly. This lizard is only about 18 inches long, and, although it has sharp teeth, it very seldom bites. On close examination one finds that the " spines," except on the tail, are soft and merely a pretence.

Another Australian lizard, the Frilled Lizard, reaches a length of about 3 feet, of which at least half is tail. This lizard has become adapted to run on its hind limbs for considerable distances and these are, naturally, well-developed. This makes it appear much larger than it really is. When confronted by an aggressor it expands a frill, which may be as much as 10 inches in circumference, and also opens its jaws. As the frill is round the lizard's neck, it gives the appearance of an enormous Elizabethan ruff. When not in use, it is folded close to the body, and is barely noticeable. In times of danger this lizard, normally a dull brown colour, becomes more brightly coloured.

In the Far East, where animal life is abundant, creatures have had to take every precaution to ensure their safety. The " Flying" Frog of Borneo, like most other frogs, had webbed hind feet to help it when swimming. This frog has become arboreal and seldom now enters the water. When pursued by an enemy, it jumps from one branch to another, or to the ground, and in time the toes of the hind legs became longer, and the webbing greatly increased. Its hind limbs are now like parachutes. When pursued, it at once jumps into the air, expanding its feet, and floats safely to the ground or to another branch.

Here, and in the neighbouring islands, live the Flying Dragons, tiny lizards about 6-9 inches in length. They are very fast movers and live in trees. They have developed extensions of their ribs with a fold of skin between, to make " wings," which enable them to glide from place to place. As the lizards are very light and the wings are very large in comparison, they are able to glide for considerable distances.

The Flying Snake, also from the Far East, is able to move through the air for short distances. It does this by expanding folds of skin on each side of the body. As in the case mentioned above, the skin, when not in use, is folded along the side of the body.

The majority of snakes are harmless, and one small, utterly defenceless species comes from South Africa. It is the Egg-Eating Snake which is able to swallow a hen's egg

whole. The egg is broken open by " teeth " at the entrance to the stomach. The contents of the egg flow into the stomach and the shell is regurgitated. This snake is widespread over South Africa and mimics other poisonous snakes found in its locality. Near Durban it mimics the Night Adder, which is about the same size, 24 inches. Thus its enemies at once mistake it for the Night Adder and give it a wide berth. To be on the safe side, it has gone further. When disturbed, it will coil up and produce a sinister, hissing note by expelling air away from the lungs, and, by moving the coils and rubbing the dry scales together, it also emits a grating sound. If further provoked, it will even strike at the enemy, opening its mouth widely at the same time. Whereas the Night Adder, under similar circumstances would bite to kill, this snake actually strikes past the enemy.

It is by means of these strange devices that creatures manage to exist in the constant struggle for survival.

Bobbie Bustard, F. VI.

The Story of St. Kevin and Glendaloch

In the year 498 A.D., a son was born to Coemlug, who was a descendant of Cu Corb, King of Leinster, in the 2nd century. He was named Caoimghin (Kevin), and when he grew up he became a monk.

When Kevin was seven he was sent to a school near Tallaght, Co. Dublin, where he was first taught by St. Petroc from Cornwall, and then by his uncle who later became Bishop of Derry.

Having spent twelve years there, he joined a monastic settlement on the banks of Lough Tay.

After a short time there, he journeyed to the lonely valley of Glendaloch where he lived for some years as a hermit, between the Upper and Lower Lakes.

When his friends eventually found him, he was induced to return to his former school and there was ordained a priest. He and his companions then founded a monastery at Cluainduach.

While there, he decided to return to Glendaloch and founded his church there. When more and more people came to join him, he probably built Righfeart Church between the two loughs and a number of stone huts for his followers.

Glendaloch gradually became one of the most famous settlements in Ireland and St. Kevin was regarded as one of the great abbots. As more monks had arrived, he built Lady Church near the Lower Lake. Three more churches were planned by him, but the Cathedral and the Round Tower, for which Glendaloch is now remembered, were built after his death. He was supposed to have died in A.D. 618, but this would make him one hundred and twenty years old. This could scarcely be possible, but he was approximately 100.

Glendaloch still flourished after the death of its founder, becoming a bishopric during the Abbacy of Kevin's nephew, Molibba, who became the first Bishop. However, in the 9th and 10th centuries, it suffered, like many other Irish monasteries, from frequent plundering and burning by the Danes.

In the 11th century, St. Saviour's Priory was built.

The settlement was consumed on several occasions during the 11th century by accidental fire.

In the middle of the twelfth century, St. Laurence O'Toole became Abbot, and spent much time and money on church-building. He later became Archbishop of Dublin.

When the Anglo-Norman Archbishops were established, the Irish monastic system in Glendaloch gradually came to an end and the valley ceased to be a centre for Irish scholars. During the wars between Wicklow chiefs and the English Government it fell into ruins.

The ruins of the churches can still be seen, but all other traces of the ancient "City" have entirely disappeared because the stone huts and workshops were easily demolished by invading forces.

Each year hundreds of tourists come from Dublin to visit the valley, which is one of the oldest monastic settlements in Ireland.

Helen Thomson, Form III.

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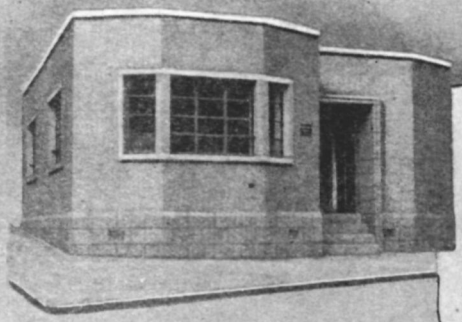

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Look! There's the funny old clown!
Look at the painted caravans,
Scarlet, yellow and blue!
Look at the horses and ponies!
Hurrah! There are elephants, too!
The bands are playing noisily,
In their suits of yellow and brown.
No wonder we all feel like cheering
When the circus comes to OUR town!

Margaret L. Smith, L. VII.

WINTER

Winter is a child's delight.
With rosy cheeks and eyes so bright,
Down the hill their sledges race
Travelling at a frantic pace.

They skate and slide upon the ponds,
And hide behind the bracken fronds.
All day they play among the snow,
Until their toes and fingers glow.

Christmas Eve at last has come,
With fun and joy for everyone.
Santa Claus will soon be here,
With sleigh bells ringing loud and clear.

When Christmas Day begins to dawn,
The children sing a joyful song,
And dance towards the glittering tree,
With shouts of merriment and glee.

Kathleen Duncan, L. VII.

SCOTLAND

The mountains o' Scotland were covered wi' heather,
That shone in the sunlight and danced in the breeze,
Like the blue lake below in the cool, autumn weather,
And glens with their streamlets and tall spreading trees.

I wandered one day to that place far away,
To see all the beauties and hear all the tales,
From the wise fisher-folks who dwelt 'side the bay—
And who roamed by the moors and the hills and the dales.

Elma Stuart, L. VII.

SCENE IN WINTER

In flowerless wood beside the rill,
In leafless trees that hide the hill,
The dying sun still strives to light
The day that is almost night.

Now the night takes place of day,
The darkening sky becomes more grey;
Slowly a snowflake is given birth,
And gracefully it falls to earth.

Eileen Geddes, L. VII.

RIDDLE

My first is in "high," but not in "low";
My second is in " ice," but not in " snow ";
My third is in " gas," but not in " coal ";
My fourth is in " shoe," but not in " sole ";
My fifth is in " sock," but not in " flop ";
My sixth is in " case," but not in " hope ";
My seventh is in " hot," but not in " cold ";
My eighth is in " old," and also in " fold ";
My ninth is in " on," but not in " pawn ";
My last is in " play," but not in " spawn ";
Complete, I am a famous building.

Wilma Clark, L. VII.

High School

SANTA CLAUS

He comes in the night
When the stars are bright,
He comes in his reindeer sleigh.
When nobody knows,
He's out in the snows
And over the rooftops away.

His beard is white
And his coat is red.
He fills our stockings with toys.
He always tries
To give a surprise
To good little girls and boys.

Alison Gossip, L. III.

STEVE

Steve is the name of my dog and I treat him the way I would treat a kitten. He is a very well-trained dog, because I can tie a purse to his neck and he goes down for my " Topper " and my Daddy's paper. I think he is the best dog in the world. Once he came into the school playground and I hid from him, but at once he found me. I would never give him away for a million pounds.

Lindsay Cook, L. V.

FORM II. MAGAZINE

I was very pleased to be asked to review the first number of a magazine which Form II. boys intend to produce each month. The fact that these boys, by their own initiative and enterprise, have taken the pains to express their literary inclinations in this way is, surely, a highly commendable action. When, as in this case, the product is of superior quality, an auspicious omen for the school is clearly discerned.

The boys concerned are to be congratulated on their effort. Competition corners, pet sections, quizzes, school news, articles and various hints are all incorporated. A welcome touch is the inclusion of a poem by the editor, James Davidson, which certainly possesses a degree of spontaneous flow and charm. On the whole, the reader is left with a comforting impression.

They have embellished their attractive cover with the inscription, " Littera scripta manet," and would do well, along with any others who have similar aspirations, to consider fully the meaning of this quotation they have chosen for themselves. It embodies a theme oft repeated in the sonnets of Shakespeare and his contemporaries, who believed that long-lasting fame could only be achieved by the survival of their intellects and personalities in writing. The veracity of this conception may be debated, but certain it is that only through works of sufficient merit to capture the attention of successive generations will this end be approached. If these boys continue, as they are doing, to spurn the mediocre and the " penny-a-line " style so frequently seen nowadays, they will be doing the school, and incidentally themselves, an invaluable service.

" Tenui musam meditamur avena."

Michael B. Tosh

A BASKING SHARK

One day, when we were fishing off the rocks at Laide, a basking shark sailed by. The rocks which we were fishing off, were the ones that jutted out just in front of the house where we were staying. The shark was quite big, and it kept going round and round in circles. We only saw the fins of it, and if it had been a clear day, we might have seen the whole shark. The fins looked quite big, so it must have been quite a big one.

Jane Rorie, L. III.

AN AUTUMN WALK

As I entered the wood, a mass of brightly-coloured leaves fluttered down a little way in front of my feet. I bent down and lifted one up and stared in amazement at its bright colouring. Suddenly I heard a crackling sound. Very startled, I turned to see what it was. It was a red squirrel who had just jumped down from a branch and was now rustling about in some leaves looking for nuts. Now it was getting dark and so I turned to go home. As I walked slowly back, I said to myself, " I wish it was like this every day. How lovely it would be!"

Mary Rae, L. IV.

MY DOLL

My doll's name is Florence. She has real fair hair, blue eyes, rosy cheeks, and a lovely smile. Her dress is made of cotton and silk. The top of her dress is white, and the underskirt is blue with white spots. I think she is like a princess. Just now I am making her a stole, skirt, dress, and scarf. Every day I put her in her cot to go to sleep. She goes to bed at seven o'clock and gets up at nine o'clock.

Barbara Smith, L. IV.

TEN L. IV. BOYS

Ten L. IV. boys marching in a line;
Dorward falls out; then there were nine.
Nine L. IV. boys swinging on a gate;
Pearce overbalances; then there were eight.
Eight L. IV. boys on holiday in Devon;
Gray goes back to Scotland; then there were seven.
Seven L. IV. boys piling up bricks;
Webster topples over them; then there were six.
Six L. IV. boys walking round a hive;
Mair sits on top of it; then there were five.
Five L. IV. boys shooting wild boar;
Gillan goes too near one; then there were four.
Four L. IV. boys climbing up a tree;
Duncan cuts the rope ladder; then there were three.
Three L. IV. boys out in a canoe;
Raitt falls overboard; then there were two.
Two L. IV. boys basking in the sun;
Buchan gets sunstroke; then there was one.
One L. IV. boy, when the day is done,
Goes to bed and falls asleep; then there were none.

George Stobie, L. IV.

MY VIOLIN

I have a violin good but old;
The music comes from it when told.
It squeaks and squawks for me each day.
It's better heard from far away.

No doubt the next-door neighbours hear,
And wish me far away, I fear,
I hope one day that they will say,
" That boy can really, really play."

Barry Buchan, L. IV.

DUNVEGAN CASTLE

Dunvegan Castle, the home of the Macleods of Macleod for many years, is one of the most historic castles in Britain. The fairy flag, said to be the flag given the Macleods by fairies, is on show in a glass case. At the entrance you can see wrought iron-work, some Spanish, some Indian. In the upper hall there are ancient swords, one of which was said to belong to Robert the Bruce. At a window there is a maiden hewn out of stone. It is supposed to be a sundial.

Bonnie Prince Charlie's waistcoat and a lock of his hair are also on show, as well as a ladle with a fine opal in the handle. Two drinking glasses, both " Amen " glasses, and a snuff-box, which Bonnie Prince Charlie gave to a certain Duncan Macleod, are also exhibited.

Jean Fraser, L. V.

A TRIP IN A SANDBOAT

One day, during my summer holidays at Stonehaven, we all went down to see the fishing-boats. The sea-wall of the outer harbour was being repaired and was covered with scaffolding. In the inner harbour a sandboat was dredging the silted sand from the bottom into the ship's hold.

When I joined the crowd of people watching the boat, I saw that it was taking some of them for a trip while it was on its way to dump the sand. By this time the ship had cast off and I had to leap aboard.

I was lucky to be allowed to go up on the bridge where I watched the helmsman and his instruments. The waves were very choppy and the boat lurched about a lot.

Once we passed the headland, the boat stopped to dump the sand. The hold's bottom opened up and the sand slipped out. As the boat turned broadside on to the waves, we were tossed about even more. Within half an hour we were back in harbour after an exciting time.

Robin Simpson, L. V.

MY PET

I have a cat, named Whiskers. She is a stray cat. One day Daddy had just opened the shop doors and had gone round to the counter, ready for the first customer to come in that morning, when a grey kitten walked in at the door and wandered about. Daddy was not surprised because she had done this many times. He did not mind her, because she was so small and people did not see her. But Daddy soon got tired of this and made up his mind that he would take her home. I had never had a pet before and so, when she came home, I petted her. Whiskers is not a nice cat. My parents think that she has been brought up in a family with three or four children who were cruel to her. Maybe she got a fright and has never forgotten it. She likes Mummy but she does not like me.

Patricia Ramsay, L. IV.

STRANGER THAN FICTION

Have you ever heard of a bridge that crosses the Atlantic?

At a little place, called Easdale, near Oban, is a tiny stone road-bridge. The inhabitants say that the water running underneath is the Atlantic.

Have you ever heard of a bridge with shops on it?

In Bath, in Somerset, where we spent our summer holidays, we saw the Pulteney Bridge which looks like other streets with shops on both sides. Our hotel porter said it is the only bridge in Britain with shops on it.

Have you ever heard of swans ringing a bell for food?

Round the Bishop of Bath and Wells' Palace is a moat where some beautiful swans swim. On the wall of the Palace, near the drawbridge, is a bell with a rope attached. When the swans are hungry, they ring the bell for food, so that the people inside will know to throw food out to them.

Frances E. Rollo, L. V.

MY DOG

I have a little Cairn dog.
Dougal is his name,
He barks and snarls at other dogs.
I love him just the same.

He hears me coming in from school
And stiffens to attention.
He jumps and fusses me around
Whene'er a walk I mention.

Down comes his lead and out we go
In any kind of weather.
My little pet's a joy to me
As long as we're together.

Martin Stewart, L. V.

AN EXCITING HOLIDAY

For my holidays I went to a little village, called Gardenstown, which is about thirty miles from Banff. While we were there, we went to a place called " Hell's Lum." This is a sort of tunnel with water in it. In the winter the water squirts up, and then it falls to join the rest of the water. Another place we visited was the " Devil's Dining Room." The passage which leads to it is called " The Eye of the Needle." Another time we went to see the wreck of a ship. At first we went the wrong way, but the next day we found our way. The following day we had to leave. I enjoyed my holiday very much and I hope to go back next year.

Isobel Muir, L. V.

FLUFFY

I have a little kitten, named Fluffy. He has a light brown back and white paws, and his face is partly white. Every time we put him outside to play, he runs to the plum tree and climbs up to the very top. Once he climbed over the fence on to the railway embankment and he could not find his way back. We had to climb over and carry him back. He has very sharp teeth and can give quite big scratches. We are growing a new lawn and he likes to play with the windmills which keep the birds off the seeds.

Jennifer Smith L. V.

Letters from the Universities

I.—St. Andrews

One of the first impressions one receives of St. Andrews University is that practically everything is traditional, and perhaps the first doubt is whether it is an English or a Scottish University. I should think that, at least, 50 per cent. of the students come from south of the border or have been educated there, but that doubt is quickly put to rest when, on passing the quad, one is told to "mind P.H." This is mystifying at first, but is soon understood when one realises that P.H. are Patrick Hamilton's initials which are laid out in the cobbles, and surely Patrick Hamilton was a famous Scot!

There is so much one could say about University life that I shall make no attempt to give a general picture of it, but I shall tell you instead about one of the days in the Martinmas term which is surrounded by tradition, namely Raisin Monday. However, before I do this, I must explain some of the student language which is peculiar to St. Andrews. First year men are known as " bejants " and the women as "bejantines," while the second, third and fourth year students are known as "semies," "tertians" and " magistrands," respectively. Every bejant has a senior man and every bejantine a senior woman, who is a tertian or a magistrand, and some bejants and bejantines also have senior women and men, respectively, but that relationship is completely unofficial! It is the duty of the senior men and women to help their bejants and bejantines as much as possible at the beginning of the session and to answer the varied questions which may be put to them about university in general.

On Raisin Monday, which is at the beginning of November, the senior men and women gain their reward. They are presented by their bejants and bejantines with a pound of grapes or, more traditionally, a pound of raisins, and, in return for this and also for hearing the singing of the three verses of the " Gaudy," they give the bejant or bejantine a receipt in Latin. Until 5 o'clock on Raisin Monday any senior man may ask a bejant, or a senior woman a bejantine, to sing the " Gaudy " or to show the receipt. If any mistake is found in the receipt, the unfortunate

bejant or bejantine may be asked for a fine, and so all receipts are very carefully scrutinised. I found a mistake in mine, but, after all my care in getting it corrected, no one asked to see my receipt. No semies are entitled to ask, and, if they are rash enough to try, they are liable to a fine payable to the bejant or bejantine. Some unfortunate people have to sing the " Gaudy " in shops, much to the amusement of the townsfolk present and the embarrassment of the singer.

In the evening the men and women separate to go to their own concerts, called, respectively, " The Bejant Smoker " and " The Bejantine Tea," where the bejants and bejantines entertain the senior men and women. The standard of performance, I may add, is much higher at the Tea than the Smoker. After the Tea and Smoker there is a pier walk in the dark with the dancing of eightsome reels to the pipes on the rough surface at the end of the pier. During this time the semies are very unimportant, but they try to rectify this by causing a disturbance, and this year they blocked the pier quite successfuly for a short time by building a bonfire right across the end of it. Once we had managed to knock it down, we slipped past and proceeded along the pier, but they certainly achieved their aim if only for a short time.

This is, of course, rather an unusual day and most of the time life is more prosaic, but I hope I have been able to give you a glimpse of the joys and complexities of life in a university which has traditions stretching back over five and a half centuries.

J.S.T.

II.—EDINBURGH

November 1956.

" Where shall I begin, please your majesty?" he asked. " Begin at the beginning," the king said gravely, " and go on till you come to the end: then stop." To follow this advice, after nearly a term at Edinburgh University, would mean that this letter would expand into a book. If contributors to the magazine are as few and as reluctant as they were in my day, I suppose this might be appreciated by the Editor, but I hardly think it would please those other student letter-writers who are probably, at the same time as I am writing this, sitting cudgelling their brains and wondering how best to extol the merits of the Universities of Glasgow, St. Andrews and Aberdeen, and of Queen's College, Dundee. They certainly have a difficult task! As for myself, I think I can do no better than to follow at least the first part of the above-quoted advice, and " begin at the beginning."

" The beginning" was the Freshers' Conference, which started on the Thursday before term began. This conference is very efficiently organised by the Students' Representative Council, and it is a Good Thing, as the newcomers to the University have a chance through it to find their feet before they are plunged into work. The conference this year opened with a reception at which we all shook hands with Sir Sydney Smith, the Lord Rector, and Sir Edward Appleton, the Principal and Vice-Chancellor, and continued with lectures from various people prominent in Edinburgh and in the University, including Sir Compton Mackenzie, who held us enthralled for an hour with a highly entertaining mixture of sense and nonsense. We were taken on tours of the university, ranging from the library to the O.T.C. unit where the women students shifted wearily from one foot to the other while the men went into raptures over rifles and radio sets. There was a church service in the Kirk of the Greyfriars, a debate and two dances, and by the time the five-day conference was over we somewhat exhausted freshers had begun to feel at home in our new surroundings.

Lectures and tutorials commenced all too soon, but we were in no danger of " flitting from lecture room to library, and from library to lecture room," against which practice we had been advised at the conference, as we were showered with invitations from all the societies, athletic, religious, political and departmental. Last year a St. Andrews student said to me in a darkly warning fashion, " Edinburgh is so big. You don't meet anybody, and there's no social life." I would like to correct this impression, and tell those of you—and I hope there will be many—who are considering coming here next year that this is not the case. It is true that Edinburgh is a non-residential university and that its different departments are scattered about the city, but a newcomer has every chance to make friends and find his or her way about. The Freshers' Conference breaks the ice, and after that, if you join the Union and some

societies, drop into the Common Room for coffee, or go to debates, you simply cannot avoid meeting people—people of all kinds and from all countries, people who have a different way of life, a different philosophy of life, different ideas and beliefs. Here there is every opportunity for that judicious mixture of study and extra-mural activities which goes to make a university education.

I would like to conclude by wishing you all, pupils, former pupils and staff alike, a very Merry Christmas, and in this message of goodwill I am joined by Grace Dingwall, Margaret McCrow, Maida Macdonald, Bryan Black, Alex. Gordon, Robin Reid and Murray Smith, whom some of you will no doubt remember. Any of us will be very glad to tell you more about Edinburgh University at any time.

Janette M. N. Weatherhead

III.—GLASGOW

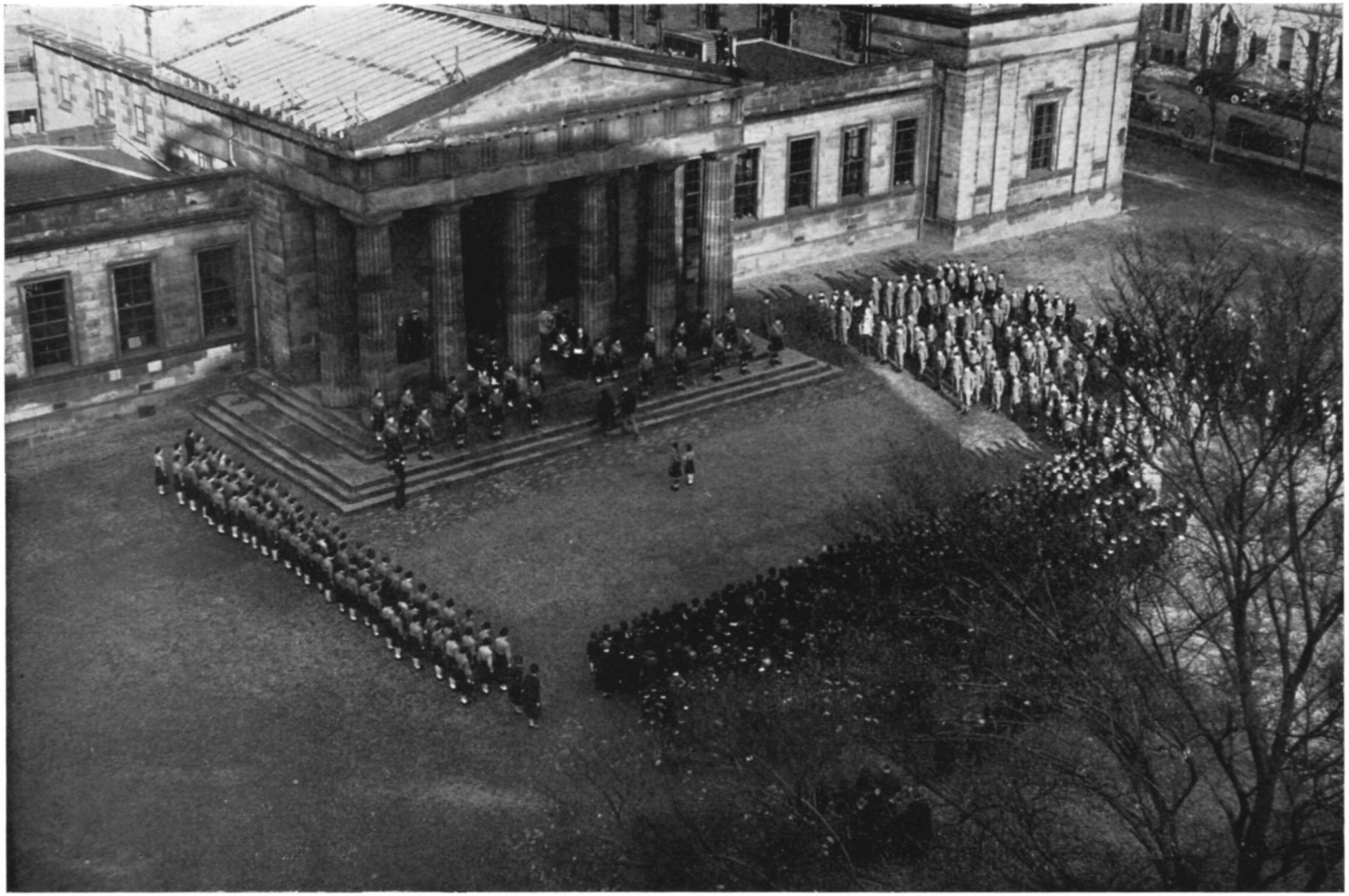
We, a representative number of 1956 Freshers, were first introduced to student life at a brief, residential camp in Auchendeunan Youth Hostel on Loch Lomondside. There, in between concert practices, trips on the loch and dances, we learned a little of what to expect from the university and what it would, in turn, expect from us, once our transient visit to " Utopia " was over.

It has taken a little time to adjust ourselves. Rudely thrust from the protection of home and school under which we had hitherto unconsciously sheltered, we found it difficult to accustom ourselves to almost complete self-reliance. But we soon learned to revel in our new-found freedom unhampered by restraint of both irksome, and to our mind, scarcely justified rule, and by well-meant but unwelcome advice.

Our lectures are an inspiration, the starting-off point for further study and greater scholastic attainment. With them to guide, we pore over the adventures of Frederick the Great with avid interest; inquire into the domestic life of one, Wordsworth, with whose literary work you are all in some measure acquainted; consult some recommended authority on the moving tragedy of an insect friend incarcerated, doomed to die by the executioner, Nepenthes rafflesiana or Saracenia mitchelliana.

Among other things contributing to what is popularly referred to as the " corporate life " of the university are the debates—political and otherwise, of which we are ardent supporters. It is those debates which provide the opportunity for the clash of wit against wit; for the struggle of mind against mind; for the assertion of one ideal against another. So far, we have not ourselves taken active part in any debate; but once we have sufficient conviction in our own beliefs which impact with university life has forced us to form, we hope to share in public speaking with our seniors of two or three or more years' experience.

We, representing student opinion in general (not confined locally to Glasgow), conclude by urging as many of you as possible to become the Freshers of 1957 and of the later future. After a bewildering initiation, the uncertainty and confusion clear away and a new, full, vigorous life is opened before you. In the university there exists a community, cut off from the world, where lofty ideals abound and are given expression; where freedom of action and speech go unchecked; where age and responsible youth, but chiefly youth, co-mingle in harmony, enjoying, as they do, an experience whose memory will be carried and cherished through life.



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ARMISTICE SERVICE, 1956

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ENTERTAINING VISITORS — CADET CAMP, 1956

A Tradition of Independence

An American visitor to Oxford admired one of the college lawns.

" Say, buddy," he said to a gardener, " that's a mighty fine stretch of grass. I sure would admire to have that in my li'l garden back home. Tell me how I would set about gettin' a lawn like that."

The gardener straightened his back and surveyed the green smoothness.

" Well," he answered after a long pause, " you first digs the ground, and you makes it smooth and levels it, and you sows the seed. And then you hoes it and rolls it for six or seven hundred years!"

Here, in Dundee, we have a thing of beauty made by an arduous history longer even than that of the lawn in Oxford. It is the High School, beautiful in its tradition of an independent, individual way of imparting knowledge and cultivating social sense.

An appeal comes to us, High School pupils, High School parents, High School former pupils, to preserve that beauty. We are asked to subscribe to a fund which will ensure that the independence of the school may be maintained and its special service to the city and district may continue.

A grant of £16,000 has been given to the school from a fund raised by industrial firms all over Britain. The High School of Dundee has been selected to receive this grant because its individual ways are held to fit it for the teaching of the sciences and technologies by which Britain must live. Men who look to the future have chosen the ancient High School of Dundee as a school that the future will need!

That instance of far-sighted generosity provides an opportunity and a hope. A scheme for modernising has long been planned, and a fund of £20,000 is already in being, to add to the £16,000 grant. But the total sum needed is over £85,000!

No grants of public money are made to an independent school for purposes of capital expenditure. The £50,000 must come from personal subscriptions. Unless the modernising —which is designed to retain the present handsome frontage of the boys' school—is done, the independent tradition must perish!

We cannot allow that independence, the creation of seven centuries, to be destroyed.

The precise date of the first foundation of the school is known—February 14, 1239. It was then that the Abbot of Lindores was instructed by his ecclesiastical superior, the Bishop of Brechin, to erect a grammar school in the new burgh of Dundee. The Crozier in the school badge is today's reminder of that far-off event.

That little school of a little burgh had to hold hard to existence in some areas, when the burgh itself was broken rubble and smoking ashes. It taught the classical languages and literature and philosophies. It was the foundation of the present classical department in the High School of Dundee.

In 1702, the burgesses added to the faculties of that ancient Grammar School those of a new school, the English School, where were taught arithmetic and geography, and the reading and writing of English. In 1785, a third burgh school, the Academy, was built beside the other two in School Wynd, near South Lindsay Street, for the teaching of modern languages, geometrical drawing, and applied mathematics.

Three schools of the far past made the High School of Dundee. That historic past is kept in memory by the title, Headmaster, given to principal teachers of today.

In a notable year in the story of an ancient burgh's growth into a modern city, 1832, the first stones were laid of the present boys' school. The ceremonies of celebration for the new Reform Street, in that year of reform, were ceremonies also for the new school. The whole cost came from subscribers. The Public Seminaries of Dundee, the three schools together under one roof, came into being through travail and sacrifice on the part of parents, pupils and teachers, and through the enlightened generosity of citizens who appreciated the community's need for higher education.

By Royal Charter, in 1859, the three became one—the High School of Dundee. Through the next generation, its supporters had to strive for the retention of its independence and its life. The coming of compulsory

schooling in 1872 made for a long series of crises. A new authority, the School Board, claimed the High School for its own, to serve as the general secondary school called for by the new Education Acts.

A notable deed of philanthropy saved the day when the School Board were presented with the secondary school they needed, and the High School with a substantial endowment. The donor is commemorated in a plaque on the portal of the boys' High School and in the name of the other school he founded. He was William Harris.

Now, the urgent call is again for effort and liberality. Seven centuries of the past ask that we make secure the present and the future. The independence of the High School has made its contribution to business and professional method and thought, to scholarship and to the arts. There are other evidences of that independence, less significant, perhaps, but dear to all observers of High School life: the pre-Association football of the little boys in the playground, with rules always observed but never explained, indeed inexplicable; the oddly staccato cheer for an opponent at Dalnacraig; the unique pattern and tone of a High School junior cricket argument; the tolerant toughness of High School men and boys; the gentle voices of High School women and girls.

William Blain

The Appeal Fund Committee add the the wish that contributions may come soon.

The Treasurer is Mr W. E. Crichton, C.A., of Messrs Mackay, Irons and Co., 93 Commercial Street, Dundee.

Old Boys' Dinner

The continuing popularity and significance of the Old Boys' Club was again demonstrated when a hundred members sat down at the Annual Dinner in Keiller's Restaurant on Friday, 7th December. Mr Fred Slimman presided, and the Guest of Honour was Col. Chr. N. Van de Rydt, Netherlands Consul General in Scotland.

In proposing the toast of " The Club and the School," Col. Van de Rydt said he was proud to consider himself a citizen of both Holland and Scotland—and in particular of Dundee. "An exceptionally pleasant place to live," he said. And while he regretted the passing of " The Pillars " — among other things, he remarked drily, a wonderful rendezvous — he pointed out that much had been done, and was still being done, to improve the city.

As for the school — is there any denying the importance of its influence? It was staffed by masters eminent in their particular subjects, and its achievements did not include only the production of occasional exceptional scholars; indeed, perhaps the most important aspect of its training was its success in turning out the hard core of sensible, solid business men who are the very backbone of any country. For after all, he said, Heaven is not populated only by known saints, nor wars won by V.C.s alone. Training the " ordinary man " was no light task. And amid the materialism of the modern world our Christian inheritance is more vitally important than ever.

In conclusion, he said, he felt that the cult of deriding the old school tie was a foolish and unfortunate one. The tie could be a great and useful symbol, and he wished the Club all prosperity in the future.

Replying, Mr Leslie B. Weatherhead referred to Col. Van de Rydt's distinguished career, especially in the Second World War. Holland and Scotland, said Mr Weatherhead, had much in common and many centuries-old links.

Mr Weatherhead finished by paying a tribute to Mr D. W. Erskine, the Rector, who was present, and by thanking Col. Van de Rydt.

An extra — and very welcome — speaker was the Hon. President, Sir J. Randall Philip, O.B.E., Q.C., D.D. Sir Randall was explaining the school's future plans and appealing for help to ensure they were carried out to the full. Externally the building was a fine one; internally it was inadequate. New classrooms and cloakrooms were required and there was an urgent need for special accommodation for modern subjects.

It was proposed, he went on, to tackle the problem in two phases. Phase one was the construction of a new science block, library, geography room, etc., and would cost £45,000. Phase two would be put into operation as and when the money became available, and would cost another £40,000. Much of the money for phase one had already been raised; and Sir Randall paid particular tribute to all who had helped to win an unequalled advance of £16,000 from the Industrial Fund for the Advancement of Science in Schools. But he appealed to all who had links with the school — past, present or future — to do everything to help raise funds.

After the presentation of trophies and notification of coming events — the Motor Gymkhana at Tealing, the Golf outing to Kirriemuir, the Angling outing, and a mention of the hope that a Chess team would be found — Mr Alex. Robertson rose to propose, in his inimitable way, the toast of "The President." Mr Slimman replied with pawky good humour, and after " Schola Clara " was sung, the usual after-dinner intermingling took place — not the least enjoyable part of a thoroughly enjoyable evening.

I.R.G.

OLD BOYS' SHOOTING MATCH

The first of the season's matches between the Old Boys and the School took place on 9th November, and resulted in a win for the Old Boys with a margin of 18 points.

A significant feature was the fact that 14 of the 16 participants returned scores between 98 and 92, a sure indication of all-round improvement, and of keen competition in future meetings.

Old Boys		School	
G. S. Ritchie	98	I. Stewart	96
I. M. Watson	97	I. Henderson	94
I. Duffus	95	D. Whyte	94
D. Mathers	94	K. More	93
W. Morrison	94	D. Rothwell	93
J. Penny	93	K. Smith	92
A. T. Millar	92	F. Murray	92
F. Slimman	84	M. Melville	75
	747		729

The pocket knife, presented by the Old Boys' Team for the highest individual score in the School team, was won by Ian Stewart with a score of 96.

Tea, cakes and biscuits were enjoyed by all, and contributed to the making of a very interesting and pleasant evening.

Reports

SCRIPTURE UNION REPORT

Throughout this term, the Scripture Union branch in the School has been meeting every Monday at 4 p.m. in Mr Duke's room. Attendance this session has increased and we are glad to say that several pupils have recently become Scripture Union members. We have been privileged to have two guest speakers so far this term—Rev. J. M. Ritchie, a missionary from Southern Arabia, and Mr Russell Davidson, a theological student. Mr Erskine has very kindly agreed to address the meeting in December, and we are grateful to him for his co-operation with us.

H.O.D. and M.R.F.

JUNIOR DRAMATIC SOCIETY REPORT

The Society continues to flourish. This year again, we have three groups. One of these consisting of Form III. pupils, is preparing a French play, " Les Flambeaux d'Argent," under the supervision of Miss Coull and Mr Stevenson. The play is an adaptation of part of Victor Hugo's " Les Misérables." The second group, composed of Form II. pupils, is getting up a play about Joan of Arc, with the help of Miss Foggie, Miss R. Falconer and Miss Cunningham. The third (Form I.) is doing " The Enchanted Isle," taken from Shakespeare's " Tempest." Miss Davidson and Miss Scott are the leaders of this group.

If all goes well, we hope to present these three plays in the School Hall on 22nd March.

SENIOR DRAMATIC SOCIETY REPORT

The Senior Dramatic Society resumed after the summer vacation, under the able guidance of Mr A. Smith and Miss A. W. Gray. At the first meeting, Gelda Leslie and Michael Tosh were elected secretary and treasurer, respectively. The two following meetings, held in the Hall, were for mime and movement, and the next afternoon was spent play-reading. The play read was Shaw's " Pygmalion " (Act. I.).

The Society will entertain at the " Lit." in February, when extracts from four plays will be presented. The plays are:—" Romeo and Juliet," " Pygmalion," " The School for Scandal," and a modern play.

Members of the Society have joined a newly-formed Club, " The Repertory Theatre Junior Club," formed by Mrs Drysdale of the " Rep." The purpose of this club is to cultivate appreciation of good plays. There are also special matinees on Wednesdays.

Mrs Drysdale visited our Society on Tuesday, 30th October, and talked to us about the " Rep." itself, and its foundation. She also took us behind the scenes, and let us into the secret of production, rehearsal and scenic design.

Rehearsals are now in progress for the extracts to be presented at the " Lit."

G.E.L.

CRICKET CLUB REPORT

The two cricket XI.s finished last season with quite a creditable record behind them. The highlight of the Ist XI.'s performance was the win over the F.P.'s. We particularly enjoyed this game and trust that the fixture will be renewed each season.

Unfortunately, seven of our Ist XI. games were drawn, usually owing to the short period of time allotted to us in which to make the necessary runs, although we were content on occasions to play for time.

The best individual averages for the season were as follows:—

Bowling

	Wkts.	Runs	Aver.
F. Allan	26	123	4.7
N. Byer	24	159	6.6

Batting

	Inns.	Runs	Not out	Aver.
D. Reid	11	99	1	9.9

The summarised results of the two XI.s read as follows:—

	P.	W.	D.	L.
1st XI.	12	3	7	2
2nd XI.....	7	3	3	1

Our sincere thanks are extended to Mr Stark, who coached us on Monday evenings and Wednesday afternoons, our president, Mr Stevenson, Mr McLaren for organising the games, and all other members of the staff and former pupils who gave of their time to umpire games or help in any other way.

D.G.H.

HOCKEY CLUB REPORT

The hockey season has set off to an encouraging start, the 1st XI. being yet unbeaten, apart from falling 3-1 to the F.P.'s, who were assisted by J. Pringle, recently returned from a world tour with the Scottish Women's Hockey Association.

Although we have been so successful, the matches have been very exciting and good, clean hockey has been played. This year, for the first time, we arranged a fixture with St. Leonard's and we all thoroughly enjoyed our day at St. Andrews, emerging triumphant, after a very close game, by five goals to four. The other XI.'s have had equally good results, showing great spirit and enthusiasm in their games, while the 2nd Year XI., although their results have been somewhat erratic, have shown that they have the makings of a good 1st XI. of the future.

In the Midlands Junior Trials at Dalnacraig on Saturday, 17th November, W. Paton and C. Sutherland were chosen to play for the Junior team, and L. Guild and M. Ritchie were selected as reserves.

The Senior House matches were played on Saturday, 24th November, and, although the standard of play was somewhat doubtful, the zeal and enthusiasm of all the players more than made up for it.

The order of merit was as follows:—Wallace, Aystree, Airlie and Lindores.

The goal-shooting competition was won by Airlie, with Aystree and Wallace second and third, respectively.

The officials for the season are:—

1st XI.—Captain, W. Paton; Vice-Captain, M. Mee; Secretary, M. Ritchie.

2nd XI.—Captain, H. Duncan.

3rd XI.—Captain, V. Jamieson.

4th XI.—Captain, F. Mair.

2nd Year XI.—Captain, L. Walker.

We should like to take this opportunity to thank Miss Leighton, Miss Whytock and members of the staff for all the hard work they do in their spare time improving our hockey and umpiring our matches.

M.F.R.

THE LITERARY SOCIETY REPORT

The Literary Society resumed after the summer vacation, on the evening of 5th October, 1956. Mr Erskine is once more President, Miss Whytock and Mr Howat are Vice-Presidents, and Mr More is Secretary.

On Thursday, 13th September, 1956, a meeting of interested members was held. The Rector presided at this meeting, and Gelda Leslie and Michael Tosh were elected Secretary and Treasurer, respectively. The following were elected members of the Committee:—Maureen Ritchie, Margaret Mee, James Wright and Fergus Allan.

The subject of the first meeting held on 5th October, was " Holidays Abroad," and Mr W. P. Vannet presided. Michael Tosh introduced in turn the speakers, who were Olive Carnegie, who spoke about a holiday in Switzerland; Harold Bustard, who spoke about Belgium; Sheila Mearns, whose holiday was in Austria; Michael Hardie, who made a caravan tour of the Continent; Eileen Soutar, who spent a holiday in Paris; and finally, A. J. Low, who talked about Denmark.

There was an excellent attendance at this meeting, which was a great success.

The next meeting was held on 19th October, and took the form of a Debate. Mr A. P. Howat presided. The subject was "Gambling and Betting are detrimental to our National Welfare." Molly Douglas proposed the motion, and David Henderson seconded it, while Michael Robertson proposed the counter-motion, and Katherine Kinnear seconded it. After the speakers had given their views, the subject was open to the audience for discussion.

The third meeting took place on 2nd November. Miss E. M. Davidson presided at the meeting, which took the form of a discussion. There were three subjects—

(1) " The Greatest Evil in the Modern World." The speakers for this were Maureen Ritchie and Margaret Mee. The latter spoke on the Refugee Problem, and the former on the effects of drink on a man and his family.

(2) " My Ideal World." The speakers here were Fiona Keith and Olive Carnegie.

(3) " Reading Maketh a Full Man." The speakers were Una Stephenson and Charlotte Lythe.

The subjects were again open to the audience for discussion.

There is a very full and interesting programme for this session. On 10th December there was a Piano Playing Competition, and on 18th January, we shall have a Reading and Public Speaking Competition. Both these competitions were suggested by the Rector.

" Lit." membership is now open to pupils of the Third Year.

G.E.L.

STAMP CLUB REPORT

Activities were resumed this session, the first two speakers being Stewart Harvey and Alistair Low.

The Club acknowledges with thanks a gift of stamps from a former pupil, Mr D. M. Jamieson, now resident in Canada. It was agreed that these stamps should be distributed on Competition Night.

The Stamp Exchange System has been functioning with its usual success.

Although members from Lower VII. can take part in the Stamp Exchange System, it is recorded with regret that they are unable to attend the Monday meetings.

The Club still invites any new members or prospective new members to attend meetings.

C. L., Secretary.

GUIDE REPORT

The Annual Camp was held at Tarfside for the fifth consecutive year. It was thoroughly enjoyed by all, although the weather on occasion left much to be desired.

The Patrol-leaders for session 1956-57 are as follows:—

Company 2—Bluetit Patrol—Moira Pate; Canary —Eileen Sturrock; Kingfisher—Sheila Jamieson; Nightingale — Una Stephenson; Skylark — Jane Milne; Thrush—Catherine Duncan.

Company 2a—Bantam Patrol—Morag McKean; Blackbird — Kay Anderson; Bullfinch — Muriel Smith; Chaffinch—Joan How; Robin—Hope Ribbeck; Swallow—Marjorie Patrick.

The Company Leaders for Company 2 and Company 2a, respectively, are U. W. Stephenson and Joan M. How.

Since our last report, the following have been presented with their First Class Badge:—Kay Anderson, Catherine Duncan, Sheila Jamieson, Jennifer McAra, Morag McKean, Barbara Patrick, Marjorie Patrick, Hope Ribbeck, Muriel Smith, Eileen Sturrock.

This term, P.L. Joan How has been presented with her All-Round Cords.

We take this opportunity to thank the Guiders for all their work on behalf of the Company this term.

J.M.H. and U.W.S.

CADET REPORT

Cadet Camp, held this year at Cultybraggan, provided the company with much profitable training and pleasure. The weather was tolerable and we were well accommodated and fed. For this enjoyable week we are much indebted to our officers and to Lieut. Weatherhead who instructed us on an exercise and lectured to us.

The Platoon Cup was, as usual, keenly competed for, and was won by the Senior Platoon. The Trophy for the best cadet of the Junior Company was won by Cadet Wood. A new competition was introduced by Major Halliday, the " Bren Competition," won by L./Cpl. I. E. S. Montgomerie. A prize was generously provided by the Major.

The Company was sorry to say farewell to Lieut. Soutar who became very popular during his short stay. We send our best wishes to him in his new appointment.

Routine training proceeded smoothly at the beginning of the session and there was a large intake of recruits to the Junior Company. The Company is most grateful for the help given by Sgt. Bowen of the Scots Guards and Sgt. Hart, R.E.M.E., in the training of the Cadets. Our customary thanks to the staff of the Drill Hall, Bell Street, are most heartily repeated.

Events of the new session were the visit to H.M.S. Cressy, the Memorial Service in School and the parade on Sunday, 11th November, to the Caird Hall. On these last two occasions the Pipes and Drums were certainly on top of their form, and the Company was well represented in the Sunday parade. Some of the Cadets had a field day at Barry, when Lieut. Howat displayed his skill in planning tactical exercises.

C./C.S.M. A. D. Bell.

GOLF CLUB REPORT

We started the season with a young and inexperienced team, only one member having played regularly for the School in the previous season. A considerable measure of success was, however, achieved, and we faltered badly only against older and more experienced opponents.

Once again we have to thank the Old Boys for their entertainment. The match was as ever, very much enjoyed, despite intermittent cloudbursts which forced the abandonment of one game. We are also very grateful to the Staff for their match with us at Kirriemuir. It was an occasion which induced mixed feelings. We were happy to welcome Mr Erskine to his first Staff match and very sorry to see Mr Laird at his last.

Prospects for the coming season are good. The School is at present negotiating with the Golf Foundation for entrance to its coaching scheme and this should stimulate interest among the younger pupils. We should like to say a grateful and affectionate farewell to Mr Laird on his retiral as our President, and welcome Mr Paton on his taking up the office.

Results

Date	Venue	Opponents	For	Agst.
May 1	Monfieth	Morgan Acad.	1½	1½
May 19	Forfar	Forfar Acad.	4	1
May 22	Monifieth	Harris Acad.	2	3
May 29	Downfield	Morgan Acad.	1½	1½
June 9	Monifieth	Grove Acad.	4½	1½
June 13	Barry	Old Boys	½	2½
June 16	Kirriemuir	Staff	1	2
June 19	Caird Park	Harris Acad.	3	2

J.R.G.W.

CHESS CLUB REPORT

The Chess Club has continued its activities under the supervision of Mrs Elder, now a member of the School staff, and Mr Beckingham, of the Dundee Chess Club. Membership at present is 14, but we hope to improve on this as the session continues.

The Club has joined the recently-formed Dundee Chess League. The fixtures will be played once a month, on Friday evenings, commencing in November and continuing until Easter. We do not expect great results from the team, but the experience gained will be invaluable to them.

G.H.H.

RUGBY CLUB REPORT

On the whole, the 1st XV. has done fairly well this season, for, although we have met with defeat in most of our games, the majority of these defeats have been by narrow margins and the points scored against us this season are far fewer than they were at the same time last year. Probably our best performance was in Edinburgh, where, playing with only fourteen men, we defeated Melville College 8-6.

The defeats can be put down to lack of thrust in attack, poor tackling in defence, and the superior weight and speed of opposing teams. Added to this, although every member of the team fights hard, we are not combining very well, and before we can even hope to win more games, we must work together better than we have been doing.

The 2nd XV. have won two of their games and the Colts XV. three, their biggest win being 16-0 against Morgan. Both of these teams have had much the same difficulties as the 1st XV., but of them, as well as of the Junior XV., it must be said that, no matter how strong the opposition, they play hard and never give up.

Thanks are due to Mr Thomson, Mr McLaren and Mr Biggar for so willingly giving of their time to coach us, and also to other members of the staff who sacrifice their Saturdays to travel with us to out-of-town games.

D.G.H.

F.P. Club Reports

CRICKET CLUB REPORT

It is pleasing to start our report this year on a more hopeful note by stating that instead of languishing at the foot of the Strathmore Union Table, we sit exactly half-way up the league. We made a very promising start to the season, but hit an unfortunate patch where at least three of our players, who had been turning in some fine performances, got injured and, by the time they were recovering, the summer holidays were upon us setting the usual strain on our reserves of playing strength.

The most pleasing aspect of our improvement this past season has been the promise of some of our younger players, for example, Norman Byer, last year's School Cricket Captain, and John Turner.

Norman Byer will surely long remember his Union début against Strathmore at Forfar when he took Professional Hazel's wicket with the third ball of a wicket maiden, to go on and end up with an analysis of 4 wickets for 50 runs in 14 overs. He ends his first season in our Union side second top of the averages. We look for even greater things next season.

John Turner had an outstanding game against Forfarshire XI., composed of their complete County side, except one, when he finished the game with the very fine analysis of 6 wickets for 28 runs in 17.3 overs.

Our congratulations and thanks also are due to Jack Stark who again tops the bowling figures with an average of 9.6 runs per wicket.

We are, unfortunately, to lose four of our stalwarts this coming season, but we face the coming season with confidence in our younger members who now have a season's experience behind them, and we feel sure that we will give some shocks next year. Our biggest moment last season was when we went to Brechin and beat the current champions by 3 runs on almost the last ball of the match.

We would close by asking for the support of all the cricketers leaving school whom we assure of a warm welcome.

D.C.

BADMINTON CLUB REPORT

At the Annual General Meeting held in September, the following office-bearers were elected:—

President—J. D. F. Carnegie.

Vice-President—J. A. Grieve.

Hon. Secretary—Miss M. Macnaughton, 28 Birchwood Place, Dundee.

Hon. Treasurer—Miss E. Nicoll.

Committee—J. M. Menzies, Mrs E. Stark, Miss L. McLean.

The Club meets on Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday evenings and any F.P.s still interested in joining should contact the Hon. Secretary.

Both teams last season were promoted to the 2nd Divisions of the Dundee Churches and Welfare League and the Dundee and District Badminton League, and at time of going to print all league matches have been won.

Arrangements are being made for matches for the Juniors who, in the short time they have played, are showing definite signs of promise and will be a big asset to the club in future years.

J.A.G.

ATHLETIC UNION REPORT

During the year the Committee of Management met as circumstances required and it can fairly be said that these meetings are clearly aiding the harmonious functioning of the various clubs and their relations with the School authorities. Matters raised in Committee are later brought before the Directors and are thus very fully discussed. Last year the Directors authorised the installation of floodlighting at Dalnacraig and it can now be reported that the lights have proved most useful to the Rugby Club and have encouraged training at the grounds, thus freeing the gym. for a night and thus benefiting the Badminton Club. This year,

after discussions, the laying down of a practice wicket has been authorised and carried out and it is hoped that this will greatly assist the Cricket Club nets practice next season.

A meeting has taken place with representatives of other D.H.S. F.P. bodies to discuss an F.P. Association. Agreement in principle was reached and we are now awaiting the formulation of a Constitution which is to be submitted to all the bodies concerned.

The Union Ball was again the usual social success which is expected of this event, and closed this year with a small financial surplus. There is still room for larger numbers attending, and it is hoped that the clubs will make a big effort to bring the next Ball to the notice of all F.P.s and friends.

The clubs this year have had a more satisfactory season. The Badminton Club's two teams have both been promoted. The Cricket Club has had, in spite of very poor weather, the best season for some time and has had a large influx of young players which is a very healthy sign. The Rugby Club, after a long period in the doldrums, has begun to win matches, and it is hoped that it will once again be a force to be reckoned with in local rugby. Last year the Hockey Club was reported as being in low water financially, but such has been the enthusiasm during the year that all deficits have been wiped out. The weather affected the Tennis Club this year, but the men's 1st team was promoted and the 2nd team just missed promotion.

Following discussions with the Rector on the subject of enrolment of P.P.'s as Junior members of the Badminton and Tennis Clubs, this was carried out and we are pleased to say has worked harmoniously throughout the year. There is every likelihood of these clubs having a better intake of young members through the operation of this scheme.

During the year there have been discussions with the School with a view to improving the reporting of F.P. Athletics in the magazine and every effort is being made by the Union to secure fuller and prompter coverage of the events of the year.

The Committee of Management desires to express its sincere thanks to the Directors of the School, the Rector, the Gamesmaster, Gamesmistress, and all members of the School staff who have assisted the Union and its affiliated clubs throughout the year.

The Athletic Union Ball will be held on 28th February.

RUGBY CLUB REPORT

The F.P.s are not yet the force in the Midlands that they would like to be, but the process of team-building is in progress and I am glad to say we are now recruiting more boys directly they leave school.

Two of last year's P.P.'s are now playing regularly for the 1st XV., namely, N. Byer and M. Anderson. The last-named, along with N. Stewart, I. Robertson, J. Gibb and R. Cuthill, represented the Club in the pre-trial match played at Dalnacraig early in the season.

Training is done at Dalnacraig on Wednesday and Thursday evenings from 6.30 onwards, and any P.P. who wishes to make more of this will be welcome.

HOCKEY CLUB REPORT

The hockey results so far are good with 4 wins, 3 losses and 3 cancellations. We have a completely full fixture list and hope to have more wins than losses all the way through.

Our captain is Sheila McKenzie; treasurer, Eileen Paterson, and secretary, Margaret Wilson. The team is the same as last season's.

M.M.W.

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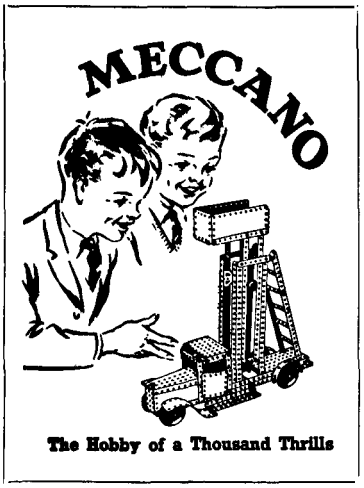

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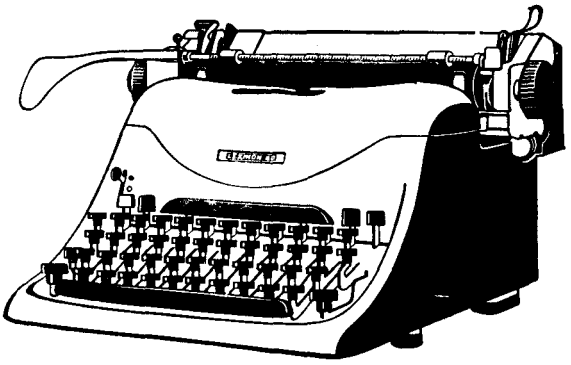

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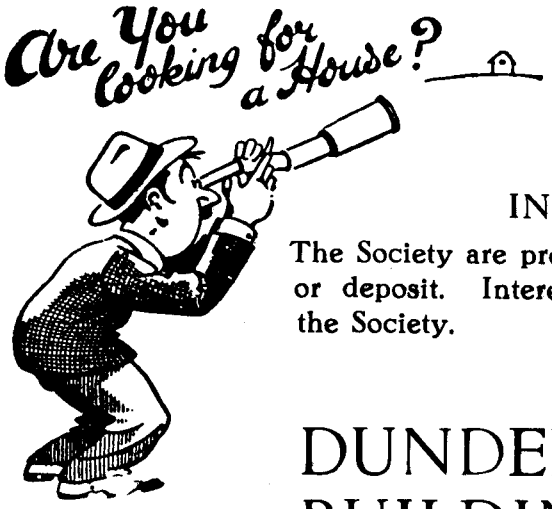

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