

DUNDEE HIGH SCHOOL



No. 107 — 1950

MAGAZINE

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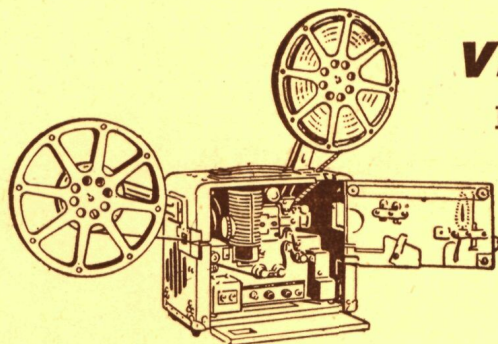
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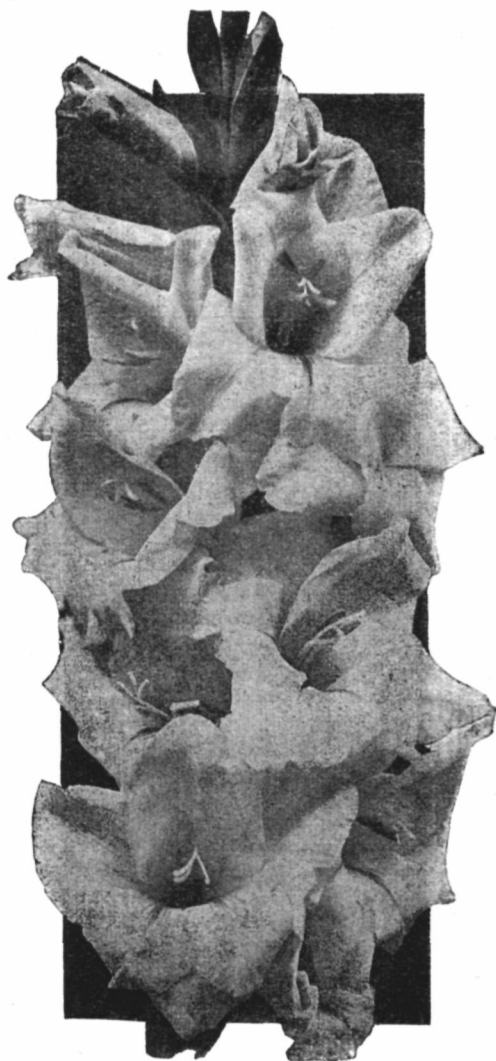
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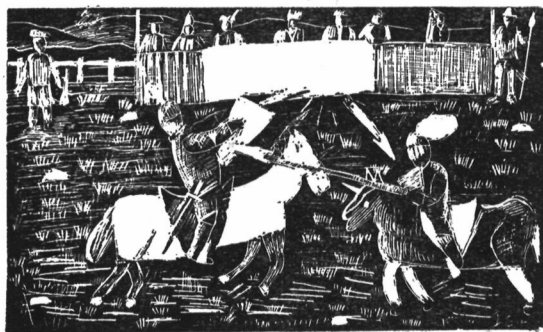
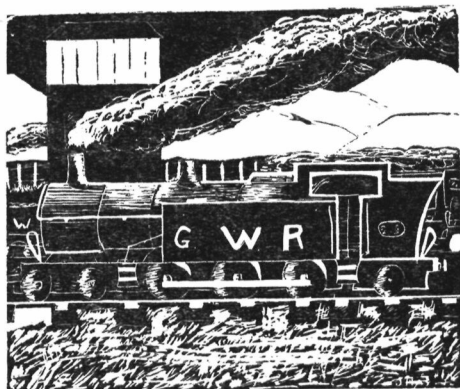
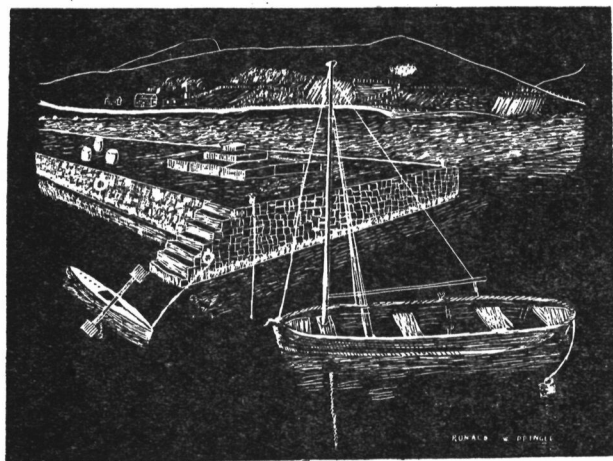
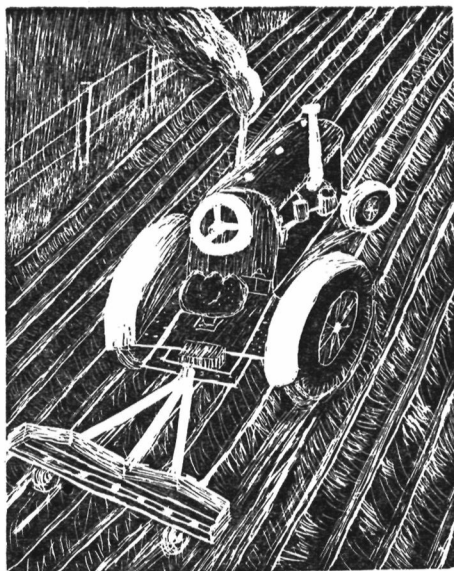
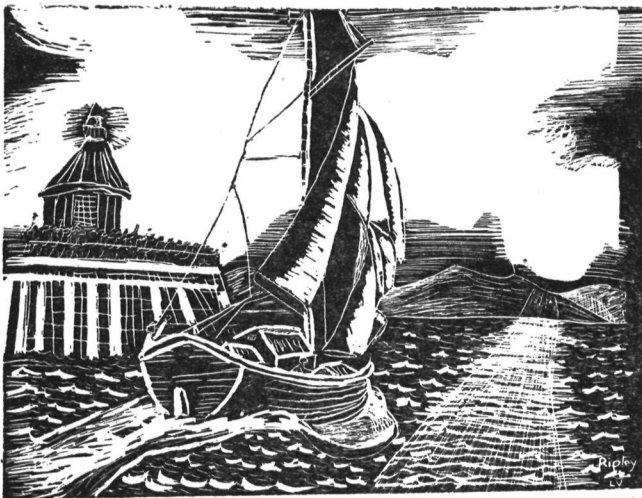
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The Dundee High School MAGAZINE

No. 107]

APRIL 1950

[ONE SHILLING

Editorial

THE Spring term brings with it that notorious, academical institution, the "Highers," which causes the men and maids of Form V. such work and, we have no doubt, much worry. Form VI., thinking itself superior, hastens to assure its younger brethren that the experience is not so bad as predicted. With Easter, however, the cares of the examination hall are past, and the members of Form V. are free to enjoy a welcome holiday and an enjoyable third term. May they all have a pleasant time!

This wish at Eastertide goes no less to those who are sitting the St Andrews Bursary Competition which this year is taking place at the end of March. It is our hope that some honour will be gained for the school.

Retracing our steps to the last holiday, we remember with great pleasure the Christmas Dance which successfully commenced the Christmas festivities. To say that everyone enjoyed the dance would hardly be an overstatement. Mr Wardlaw was tireless as ever in allowing nothing to flag. All too quickly the evening passed and yet another School Dance claims a place in our memory.

No Spring Editorial would be complete without some reference to the weather. This, after our return to school in January, proved mild. The sager prophets uttered warnings, saying that winter was yet to come. And come it did! The snow itself was thoroughly enjoyed, for there were numerous battles.

Since there were certain similarities to the winter of 1947, our prospects, when the first enthusiasms were over, seemed dreary. The quick arrival of thaw, though retarded by night-frost, soon removed the last vestiges of snow.

Frost, followed by a period of heavy rains, has prevented play at Dalnacraig during a part of this term. Indeed, the ground, from being too hard, became too soft for play. Then it was that the members of the first and second elevens could be seen utilising the hockey pitches as a training ground. The rest of the hockey players took their exercise in the form of a walk along the Esplanade.

The production of this year's opera, "The Gondoliers," is scheduled for the month of June. Now the strains of the lively choruses are frequently heard wafted along the corridors from the direction of the Singing Room. We all wish Mr Treasure success in the production of his greatest venture.

There remains only the mention of the increased price of this magazine. No doubt this has already caused unfavourable comments. Unfortunately, the present rising costs of publication now make an increased price imperative. The evil day has been postponed as long as possible, but now we must be prepared to dig deeper into our pockets to buy our worthy "mag."

A Happy Easter to all!

NEWS AND NOTES

We congratulate Mr William Watson, B.Sc.(Edin.), on his appointment as Rector of Eastwood Secondary School, Renfrewshire. Mr Watson was English medallist and first (equal) in Class IX. in 1917.

Members of the Junior Library are most grateful to the Old Girls' Club for a generous gift of books.

Our thanks are due also to Mr Frank Young for the very interesting book, "Imperial Cricket;" a welcome addition to the Senior Library.

In the International Poster Competition organised by U.N.E.S.C.O., in which 44 countries competed, Ronald B. Irons has taken fifth place in the Senior Section. He is the only competitor in this Section from the United Kingdom to appear in the prize-list. In the national contest held last year Irons' poster was one of seven selected from four thousand entries submitted in Great Britain for the International Contest.

Mr Halliday has had two water colours exhibited in the R.S.W. in Edinburgh. He has been invited to exhibit in the first exhibition of the newly-formed Workshops and Studios Foundation in the Outlook Tower, Edinburgh. Several of Mr Halliday's carvings are at present on exhibition in Largs, Ayrshire.

Two of Mr Vannet's water colours have been accepted for exhibition by the R.S.W. His mural painting for the N.C.R. wall panel competition has been selected to tour Scotland and was recently exhibited in the Albert Institute, Dundee.

ELOCUTION RECITALS AND EXAMINATION SUCCESSES

As the session moves on its course, the thoughts of various Departments turn, at this season of the year, to the preparation and production of Recitals, Concerts, Exhibitions, etc., and to none do we look forward with more pleasure than to the forthcoming Recitals which are to be given by the elocution pupils of Miss Rosa MacDougald on the evenings of Wednesday and Thursday, 29th and 30th March. On Wednesday evening the senior pupils will present an ambitious programme, including excerpts

from Shakespeare, etc., whilst on Thursday evening parents and friends will be entertained by the junior pupils, from the first year pupils of 1C and 1B to the older pupils of L5, in a programme of recitations, playlets, etc. The two Recitals will take place in the Hall of the Girls' School at 7.30 p.m., and on both evenings a silver collection will be taken in aid of the Reconstruction Fund.

While anticipating these recitals in the near future, we extend congratulations to the following pupils who have successfully passed their elocution examinations of the Trinity College, London:—

Higher Local—(With Merit) Joan Wood, F.VI.

Advanced Seniors — (With Merit) David Duncan, F.V.; (Pass) Netta Horsburgh, F.IV.; (Honours) Ann Younger, F.IV.; (with Merit) Alison Brush, F.V.

Intermediate Grade — (Honours) Elizabeth Davidson, F.I.; (with Merit) Margaret Greenlaw, F.I. H. H. C.

LETTERS FROM INDIA, 1944-45 — II.

(NewDelhi), 19th Nov., 1944.—Trying to rig up a bedlight, but electric bulbs are almost unobtainable here; I have, however, managed to buy a second-hand, pre-war, Dutch-made bulb! It's getting colder here now at night, and we may want a fire one of these nights. We have a fireplace all right in our room, but I gather that there is little hope of getting any fuel to burn in it — some of us are threatening to buy some of the cow-dung cakes that the poorer Indians burn in their houses, but I suppose it would smell horribly as it burned. 26th Nov.—Just back from the Church (of Scotland) service; Lord Wavell, the Viceroy, was there and he read the Lesson. The whole place was teeming with police as the party came and went. Off to Agra in an hour now for five days' leave.

Agra, 29th Nov.—Well, here we are, C. and I, at the Hotel Cecil, a famous place, which fortunately moderates its charges to Service wallahs. We have seen the famous Taj Mahal by daylight and also "by pale moonlight," and it is undoubtedly the most beautiful building that I have ever seen, or ever expect to see. I can hardly drag C. away from it as he is painting it time and

again. It is a huge tomb in glistening marble, all inlaid with precious and semi-precious stones; in fact, one can hardly believe that one is not dreaming when one gazes on its beauty. The old Fort, with its marble palaces, is also very fine, but the town itself is indescribably filthy and dusty. We have a splendid bedroom, 25 feet high, which must be fine for the summer. We are to see a Ginger Rogers picture in the town to-night, so we have all the contrasts here. As usual, we have hired cycles, so we can get around a bit on our own — it's one of the best ways of seeing the real India, you know, but somewhat unorthodox perhaps.

(New Delhi), 14th Dec.—It has got quite cold here now, even down to 40° in the mornings, and we are working at times with greatcoats on in the office (Hyderabad Palace), and I have bought an Indian quilt — cotton-wool filled — for my bed. No fuel to be had or even wangled. We occasionally make an effort to get warmed before bedtime by burning our old newspapers, much to our bearer's disgust, as they apparently have some market value in his hands! 23rd Dec.—Yesterday we had a garden party — fortunately it was warm and sunny — in the grounds of our work-place. It really was most enjoyable, and the Indian W.A.C.S. came wearing their own civilian clothes, so it

was very colourful and a fine way to celebrate Midwinter Day. There will be a photo to come, showing us with Elizabeth, an Indian Christian W.A.C., who is a sort of junior office-runner-around. 27th Dec. — The Christmas Dinner was a great success, all the usual things on the menu. Someone brought a tonga horse into the mess as a joke and led it all over the place, even into the kitchen—I expect the poor creature was scared to death. We were glad to see it go, as the next day's meat would have been suspect otherwise! Then the bearers hung garlands round our necks on Christmas morning, looking for tips, just like boys at home.

3rd Jan., 1945.—Here is what happens when you use Indian-made matches: the first one breaks before you can strike it; the second one has no head on it at all; the third lights for half a second and then goes out; the fourth gives a special performance—the head ignites and immediately flies off, burning either your hand or your tunic (or someone else's); but the fifth behaves normally. This happens time and again, with an occasional variation when the whole box goes up at once, usually in your pocket. They are thin, miserable efforts, but they certainly are cheap and plentiful, with fantastic names on the boxes.

S.

The D.H.S Operatic Company *presents* “The Gondoliers”

The time has come round, once again, when we find the D.H.S. Operatic Company considering yet another Gilbert and Sullivan Opera — this time “The Gondoliers” — which they hope to present during the summer term.

In the City of Canals — Venice — we find a large company of dashing Gondolieri and bright-faced Contadine, along with other illustrious notabilities, all actively endeavouring to grasp the complexities of the matrimonial riddle in which the two gay young Gondoliers — Marco and Giuseppe — and Casilda, daughter of that “celebrated, culti-

vated, underrated nobleman, the Duke of Plaza-Toro,” find themselves involved.

It is by no means “in a contemplative fashion,” and certainly NOT by “quiet and calm deliberation,” that the D.H.S.O.C. are striving to “disentangle every knot” in this extremely confused situation, if one can judge by the very vigorous and lively choruses that issue from the Singing Room at certain periods every week (notably Period 6 on Fridays!) and again, from the more (or less) harmonious melodies that emanate from Mr Treasure's Music Room on the top flat where the various principals try to blend their

voices in duets, quartets, etc., but it is quite evident that one and all are making really strenuous efforts to acquire that "tranquil frame of mind" necessary to present a happy solution of "this complicated plot."

All this, therefore, goes to show that there is "no probable, possible shadow of doubt" as to the ultimate success of our opera, for everyone concerned is worthily striving to uphold, maintain, and, if possible, enhance the high reputation already established by our previous productions.

As before, these good friends of the School—to whom we already are greatly indebted—Mr A. E. Millar and Mr J. G. Cruden are acting as Joint Producers. Also Mr Douglas Robertson will, we hope, once again, undertake the onerous duty of Stage Manager, and so, with Mr E. S. Treasure officiating as Musical Director and Conductor, we well

know that nothing will be left undone to ensure a smooth-running, sparkling performance of this well-known and delightful Opera.

Three performances are to be given in the Training College Hall, Park Place, Dundee, on the evenings of Thursday, Friday and Saturday, June 8th, 9th and 10th, at 7.15 p.m. Tickets will be on sale in School from Monday, May 15th, and all seats will be bookable. Prices will be 2/6, 3/6 and 5/-.

It is earnestly hoped that parents and friends will rally round so that we may be able to exhibit a "House Full" notice on all three nights, and thus reward performers, producers and all concerned in the production with the satisfaction of knowing that their strenuous efforts have met with appreciation and given an evening's pleasure to their audiences.
H. H. C.



Old Boys' Club Report

Golf Outing, 17th June, 1950.

Next to the Dinner, the Annual Golf Outing is perhaps regarded by Old Boys as the best opportunity for reunion and the happy exchange of pleasantries. In past years, however, the Committee has felt that greater support might be given by local members to this event.

On Saturday, 17th June, arrangements are being made to hold the outing to Kirriemuir, when members will again have the privilege of competing for the Stuart Trophy.

It is anticipated that transport will be provided by those members who in past years have put their cars at the Committee's disposal. High tea will be served in the Clubhouse.

Members who have enjoyed the golf along with the renewal of old friendships will, the Committee feel sure, again give their support to the event, but a warm welcome awaits all who would like to participate for the first time.

The Secretary will be glad to receive, as early as possible, the names of those intending to be present since the expense of circularising all members far exceeds the receipts from the small number who, on former occasions, have attended. An advertisement will appear in the Dundee "Courier and Advertiser" at the beginning of June.

Shooting Match with Present Pupils.

On 9th December, 1949, a team representing the Old Boys' Club had the pleasure of competing on

the range against present pupils. Unfortunately the team was no match for the young marksmen, who, all praise to them, won the event by a good margin, 753 to 718!

School Liaison.

The Club was privileged on 3rd February to be invited to a talk given to the combined Literary Societies by Lt.-Col. G. H. Phillip, himself an Old Boy. Representatives from the Club, along with the pupils and members of the staff, enjoyed an interesting description of a holiday spent in Switzerland in early spring, beautifully illustrated with a fascinating display of colour slides and films.

Mr David W. A. Donald, O.B.E., F.F.A.

His many friends in the Club will wish to congratulate Mr Donald on his recent appointment as Joint Actuary in the Standard Life Assurance Company. Mr Donald must be one of the youngest men ever to have been entrusted with this responsible position, but it will come as no surprise to those of us who know him well, especially the older members of the School Staff. His brilliant progress at School has been followed by even greater successes in every sphere of activity in which he has taken part, during the war attaining the rank of Lieut.-Colonel and being awarded the O.B.E. Mr Donald now resides in Edinburgh and is Secretary of the Caledonian United Service Club.

SPRING

Listen, listen, hear the bells,
 Ringing o'er the sunlit dells.
 Rejoice! Rejoice! come everyone,
 For old, dull winter now is gone!
 The joyful laverock mounts the air,
 Banished forever its sadness and care;
 "Spring! Spring!" he joyfully cries
 As he mounts the canopy of the skies.
 Down in the wood by the bubbling stream
 The primroses peep from the ground,
 While later flowers in glory abound
 On the little village green.
 The lambs are skipping;
 The birds are dipping;
 The ducks are quacking;
 No joy is lacking!
 The trees and flowers
 All seem to say—
 "Spring is HERE!
 Oh, happy day!"

ANNETTE M. OWENS, L.V.

FAIRIES

Fairies came to the woods to play,
 To celebrate their Queen's birthday.
 At night the Queen, so fair and slight,
 Revelled, too, in her robes so bright.
 The Prince who came was dressed in white,
 To dance with her in the clear moonlight.
 Glow-worms shone in all their glory,
 Playing their part in the woodland story.

GILDA LESLIE, L.IV.

BUTTERFLIES

Who am I? I don't quite know.
 Where do I live?
 Up in the sky or down below?
 I'm just a little butterfly.
 That's who I am,
 Just a little flutterby.
 I love being in the sky.
 Tho' I rest on flowers,
 I like being able to fly.

OLIVE M. CARNEGIE, L.III.

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JUSTICE

WHITEHALL STREET

Impressions of Switzerland

As we sped towards Berne under the intense heat of a Swiss sun, the things which struck us most were the colour and clear outlines of the country-side. The grass seemed to be greener, the sky bluer and the sun brighter than at home. Little chalets dotted here and there in the fields alongside the railway were ablaze with window-boxes overflowing with geraniums and petunias.

At Berne our party of seven Guiders and five Rangers had to split up, half to go to the Guide Chalet at Adelboden and the rest to go to the "Hotel Alpenrose" at Wilderswil, a village just outside Interlaken. We, who were going to the Chalet trained to Fruitegen, where we were met by a few Swiss Guides who came running up to welcome us, gesticulating wildly. They shepherded us and a party of Irish Cadets along with two Canadian girls and two Swedes to a bus which was waiting to take us to Adelboden.

After a delightful bus run, we had to walk from the village up to the Chalet. We had been warned it would be a half-hour's walk, but we certainly did not find it long. Fortunately, two Guides had come down with a truck to take our luggage, so we were free to make friends with each other.

The Chalet is beautifully designed and built. Apart from its stone foundation, it is made entirely of wood. The front door is, as it were, in the basement. This basement consists of a laundry, wash-rooms and a bicycle-shed-cum-box-room. On the first floor are the office, the dining-room (with a loggia where we had all our meals), a very spacious kitchen, "Great Britain" (a library) and "America" (a tiny sitting-room). The second floor contains bedrooms holding anything from two to nine beds. The top floor is just one big room with palliasses instead of beds. We found this room most useful for nocturnal country-dances and "fights" between the nations!

"Our Chalet," as it is called, is presided over by a Swiss Guider called Falk. While we were there she had the help of a French Guider, Arraignée, and two Swedish guides.

I am not going to attempt to give you a detailed account of our stay in Switzerland,

because that would be enough to fill a whole book, but I will try to pick out one or two incidents which I hope will interest you.

There are two churches in Adelboden: a Swiss and an English one. On the Saturday evening after we arrived, the English minister paid us a visit just after supper. Never have I seen anyone looking less like a minister! He was arrayed in a khaki open-necked shirt, very short shorts, knee-length stockings and heavy shoes. He invited us to go to his services which were, if I remember rightly, at 9.30 a.m. and 11 a.m. Then he handed out a few hymn-books so that we could run over the hymns. He told us that this practice was necessary as his organist was on holiday and he led the singing himself.

The next day, only one girl, a Canadian, felt energetic enough to go to the early service. When she came back she told us that she had been rather alarmed as, until just a second before the minister had come in, she had been the sole member of the congregation! Then one other person had joined her. Afterwards the people who went at 11 o'clock said that they were in a similar position, only there were more of them.

I went, however, with the party going to the Swiss service. It was most interesting—in spite of the fact that the whole service was in German and I did not understand one word of it. There was a hymn, a prayer, a sermon which lasted about 45 minutes, a prayer and a hymn, and the collection was taken on retiring. Incidentally, whereas we stand for the hymn and sit for the prayer, the Swiss reverse that procedure. I found afterwards that the sermon had been much stronger than ours and that the minister had said things about other religions which would not have been tolerated in this country. He certainly got very heated at times!

One day a party consisting of one Swedish, two Irish and four Dundee Guides, Cadets and Rangers decided to climb a mountain which rose steeply (the operative word being "steeply") up from Adelboden on the other side of the valley. Owing to continual arguments as to whether this mountain was called the Schwanderspiz or the Schmandelspiz, we decided to call it the "Cheese Mountain,"

because everyone who climbed it saw cheese being made. While we were there the cheese was just being taken out of the mould, and we were told that it would be two years before it was sold. We were each given a bit of it to taste, and, believe me, it was horrible! I cannot describe the taste, but just try to chew a thick piece of linen and you will come very near to it.

I was very proud of being the first to reach the summit of that mighty mountain—especially since the Swedish girl, who was virtually the leader of our party, was an experienced climber. However, the fun did not start till we started to come down again. It was fairly easy to begin with as we just had to slither down a few fields of grass and stubble. Then, unfortunately, we lost our way. Eventually we found ourselves in a wood full of wet leaves and trees which threatened to fall to pieces if one so much as touched them. I am sure the slope must have been at an angle of about 70° — anyway it was very steep! After a while we gave up trying to walk and sat down and slid. I progressed not badly in this way, and the path at last came into sight. I should hate to think what would have happened if I had lost my grip though, for there was absolutely nothing to hold on to. Suddenly I heard a shout from the Swede, who had reached the bottom. Looking back cautiously, I saw two of the girls sliding carefully down to the edge of a sheer drop of about ten feet. They then had the doubly difficult task of climbing up out of danger. However, we arrived at the bottom safe and sound, apart from feeling slightly shaken and tender.

On August 12, "Ireland" had planned to celebrate their "Orange Day." As we were gathered on the loggia for breakfast we heard a most fearful noise of shovels being banged together, "paper-combs" being played and human voices raised in song. Then a procession appeared, headed by this band, carrying banners decrying Catholics and everything to do with them. It marched solemnly round the loggia and up the steps where it disbanded. Then we witnessed a scene being enacted. First a girl came in who represented the Catholics; then one of the Dutch girls came as William of Orange with an apparition in a sheet which informed us it was Prince William's horse. William and

"Catholicism" fought, William vanquishing his opponent. The scene ended with "Protestantism" thanking William.

Just one word of warning before I finish. If anyone is thinking of going to Switzerland to avoid the "midgies," let me disillusion him — horseflies are to Switzerland as "midgies" are to Scotland in respect of numbers! However, apart from the horseflies, Switzerland is ideal for a holiday on account of its cleanliness, its use of electricity instead of coal, the salubrity of its atmosphere, the friendliness of its people—and its cakes!
N. H. M., F.VI.

THE VOTE

Now is come the fateful season
When I choose my future way.
Candidates for my affection
In Youth's Yearly Spring Election,
Canvassing beyond all reason,
Flood my small constituency.
Nature sends the clear, bright bird call,
Followed by a scented breeze.
Sunlight glancing on a ripple,
Snowdrops in a woodland stipple,
Flying clouds, without a word, all
Promise me fine things that please.
Beauty next the eye entrances.
Suddenly I am aware
Of rosy cheeks and witty chatter;
Dancing feet and eyes that flatter
Make me wonder if it chances
Pleasures shared are doubly dear.
Study has no blatant voices;
She assails the inner ear,
Promising for grim endeavour
Future glory. She will never
Let me down. Whate'er my choice is,
I shall have a high career.
Oh! My reason's slipped its cable!
My poor vote is split three ways.
Outdoor life and friendship's pleasures,
Study's prizes, all seem treasures
I must have if I am able,
But my mind is in a daze.
I must weigh each promise shining.
Which one seems the best for me?
I have just one cross to give them,
(If I had three lives I'd live them).
So I'll choose without repining
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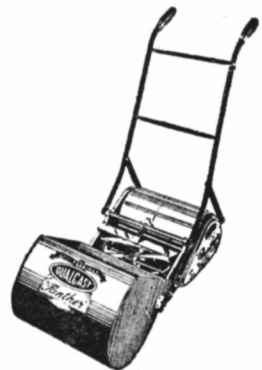
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DUNDEE

Camping in Glen Shee

On a very hot day in late August, three tired but cheerful girls could be seen toiling up hill and down dale on their bicycles. They were making their way to a camp in lovely Glen Shee. A great many stops were required to rest tired limbs, and the slightest inconvenience was an excuse for a halt. At about four o'clock in the afternoon the peace of the quiet countryside was shattered by most unladylike shrieks and yells. For there, on the other side of the burn, was the site! Another girl was seated near the burn gazing disconsolately at a mountain of luggage which had been taken to the site by an obliging father.

All four campers set to work with a will. It was unanimously decided that tea was first on the agenda. This made and consumed, the quartette started to look for places suitable for pitching the three bell tents (one for sleeping, one for stores and one for bicycles). Large yellow flowers covered the field and a huge space was cleared ready for pitching what was to be the sleeping tent. Now came the real job. The four girls thought that they would do this without any effort, and sure enough the tent went up in no time. A few pegs were hammered in, and then it was discovered that the tent had a definite slope forward. It was not too hard to see what was wrong — the tent was on an incline. Twice more it was pitched without success. Tempers began to fray slightly, and so the position was changed entirely. Still it sloped, and so eventually the offender was used to store the bicycles. The other two tents went up without a hitch.

By this time two more campers had arrived, and now six strong girls began to put away the stores, cut turf for an open fire and haul kit into the sleeping tent. Darkness was falling fast, so coffee was quickly made. Then, having done justice to a good supper, the campers made for the sleeping tent with the aid of torches. Everyone had yet to make her bed. Chaos reigned for at least half an hour, and cries of "I've lost a blanket," and "Where is my kit-bag?" were rightly ignored.

Next morning the campers rose at a respectable hour (every day the rising hour was later). Washing was soon over and

breakfast was made. After the meal various tasks were performed about the camp. Lunch was punctual and the camp was ship-shape for the expected visitors. They arrived in the early afternoon and, although they were very curious people, they went away quite satisfied that the girls were comfortable. The sextet then decided that a bathe was necessary, and they all received the shock of their young lives when they entered the cold water of a pool in the burn which was deep enough for swimming.

The next day the six awoke to the sun streaming into the tent. So, once breakfast was over, out came the bicycles and they were then laden heavily with food and lemonade. The campers cycled to Pitlochry in very easy stages, taking time to admire the magnificent views among the purple-clad hills. In spite of the usual puncture, the heat and the fact that M.C.W. was sick, a fine time was had by all.

The fourth day found the girls raising their sleepy heads at quite a late hour. Breakfast and lunch were a combined meal, lasting for one and a half hours. During the afternoon a visit was paid to the wool mills at Bridge of Cally, and it was with great interest that each process of weaving tweed was watched. After a belated tea, the campers helped with the harvest in an adjoining field, and as a reward became the proud possessors of two bonny wee rabbits. These rabbits were skinned that evening by two of the girls by the light of a candle. They were delicious when cooked for our next lunch.

Wednesday dawned misty, but, nothing daunted, off set the campers to visit the parents of I.H.H. "just over the hills." Just over the hills proved to be a little more than five miles away. The sun broke through the clouds and the tramp across the hills was grand. It was made even more interesting because a roe-deer and numerous hares and rabbits were sighted. After a huge tea the six bade farewell to their kind host and hostess, and off they set for camp once more.

Already the last full day had come, and an invitation to spend the evening at the farm where the milk and eggs were collected each day had been received. The sextet were

thrilled and were to be found that evening hastily borrowing and begging, and cleaning shoes before setting out for supper. This was a delightful meal in the cosiest kitchen imaginable, lit by paraffin lamps.

But all good things come to an end, and Saturday had arrived. Needless to say all six girls overslept. Breakfast was a very hurried affair, and camp was struck in record time. When the van arrived to take home the kit, tents, etc., the girls, with the memories of hills still fresh in their minds and of how hard it was to climb these hills, piled everything, including themselves and their bikes, into the van. I.H.H., S.M.B.G., I.W., S.M.G., M.C.W. and J.Mc., were on the way back to "Bonnie Dundee" after a grand time in Glen Shee.

S.M.G. and S.M.B.G., F.V.

KISMUL CASTLE, BARRA

If you are tired of the busy world, what better escape can there be than to catch the steamer at Oban some damp summer's morning, and, amid a cloud of seagulls, answer to the call of the blue "Minchmen" to which the little steamer rises and falls? All day you watch the lochs and islands slipping past, admire Macleod's new bicycle as it is lowered into the small boat full of bread, mailbags and passengers, and, when the lights are beginning to appear in the windows of the "clachans," arrive at Barra.

Whether your first impression be of gulls, barrels and herring drifters or, like mine, of silvery grey sea and a gentle western rain, the first thing that must strike you is the old grey castle on its seaweed-draped rock in the bay. It was not long before I was making my way round to the little group of fishermen's cottages, and rowing out towards it in a huge, beamy rowing-boat, with rough, unbarked oars.

I paddled round to the only entrance, a huge impressive gateway opening on the bay. Here there was no "Ancient Monument" notice, no charge for entry or even a door. I climbed the few steps into it and on to the battlements.

Below me was the old paved courtyard piled high with stones and rubble, the first part of the plan of some former chief to rebuild the home of his ancestors. But this

castle in the bay could never be the country house of some cultured gentleman. Rather was it still the home of the pirates who, for a century, terrorized the Minch; the home of the chief who was treacherously lured aboard the galleon of his enemy, McKenzie of Kintail, and sent to Edinburgh for trial. Here the people of Barra had flocked to eat and drink for days on end with their chiefs, with a loyalty that saved Barra from being depopulated when the clearances swept the highlands and islands. It was indeed a living ruin.

I climbed what remained of the wooden staircase up to the tower. From there I could see right out over the Minch, which was now a steel grey colour, flecked with an occasional white hissing wave. It had not changed from the days when the galleys anchored between the castle and the shore. Nor had the people. They still scratched a poor living from the bright green patches of their "lazy-beds" between the grey patches of rock which was never far below the surface on the hillside; they still reaped their harvest from the sea, although in a different way.

I pulled back towards the shore watching the castle as I rowed. Tobermory, I reflected, had Spanish gold deep in its bay, but in this bay there was a treasure worth more than all of it — there was the remedy for tired minds.

WILLIAM P. L. THOMSON, F.V.

LAND AND SEA

Points of green,
Silver-pearled,
Shoulder the black earth,

While the curled
Blue petals, streaked with white,
Stretch to the light.

And cool, clear, blue,
The morning sky,
Where wild geese fly;

The vibrant beat
Of wings sounds where the sky
And the sea meet.

J. A., F.V.



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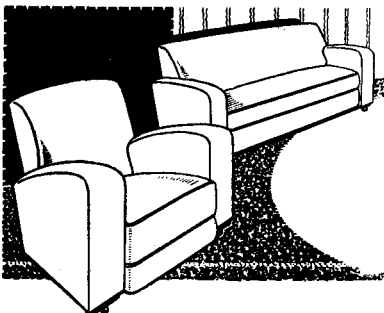
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THE STRONG, SILENT MAN

It is a strange fact that in most novels the hero is strong and silent. He can be instantly recognised as the hero, too; that is, provided he has a "strong jutting chin." Presumably his chin juts through the strain of suppressing the words which just beg to be said. You will notice, too, how he generally complicates the story with that intolerable habit of silence. Should a gay young man (frequently red-haired) appear on the scene, a young man whose conversation sparkles, whose charm comes easily — put him out of your mind at once. Choose instead the dullest, quietest, most plodding fellow in the book, and you have found the hero. His face is habitually an "impressive mask," behind which the most alarming emotions boil. Frankly, I believe that once a man has been strong and silent for any length of time, he petrifies in that pose — he is incapable of boiling.

Yet, despite the manifest idiocy of suppressing feelings and words (the psychologists know all about that) it has become the fashion, indeed, it is almost of vital importance, to be strong and silent. Whoever sees a man giving way to his emotions? It is "just not done." But why ever not? What is the matter with showing joy or sorrow or anger or happiness? Why choke them down when hiding them may do more damage than letting them out and wrecking the façade of "strong silence"?

However, this point of view never appeals to men, and we are surrounded by falsely jutting jaws, glassy eyes and, worst of all, silence. Has the base suspicion ever crossed your mind that the strong, silent type are silent, not because they are busy suppressing the words as fast as they come, but because there are no words to suppress? We hear much contempt for women gossiping. It cannot be the gossip that men object to, for they enjoy that just as much as women. Perhaps, then, it is envy speaking, envy that the women can "let rip" with their emotions as they talk.

Do not think that I would like men to talk as much as — well — as much as women. That would be both disastrous and deafening. But the attitude that conversation can only be conducted in a manly way if it consists of

mumbles and trite sayings and horrible silences is ridiculous. I think that the idea is that men of action have little time to speak, naturally requiring every moment for acting in. In that case I would suggest they practise talking in their sleep. This requires no effort, and is highly edifying to the listener.

The fact is, and I may as well admit it, that women rather like men to be inarticulate (there is no objection to the "strong" either). You may well ask, then, why I have been writing on the other side of the question. For the same reason, I suppose, that men condemn "make-up" in theory and condone it in practice. The fact that they all try to be silent suits the women very well, and contributes in a large measure to peace between the sexes. It gives the women more opportunity to talk.

JANEY DUNN, F.VI.

BEFORE THE HIGHERS

(With apologies to Lord Tennyson)

It little profits that an idle boy,
By all these books, among this pile of notes,
Matched with a hard exam, I mete and dole
Wrong definitions to a wroth master,
Who raves, and rants, and belts, and knows
not me.

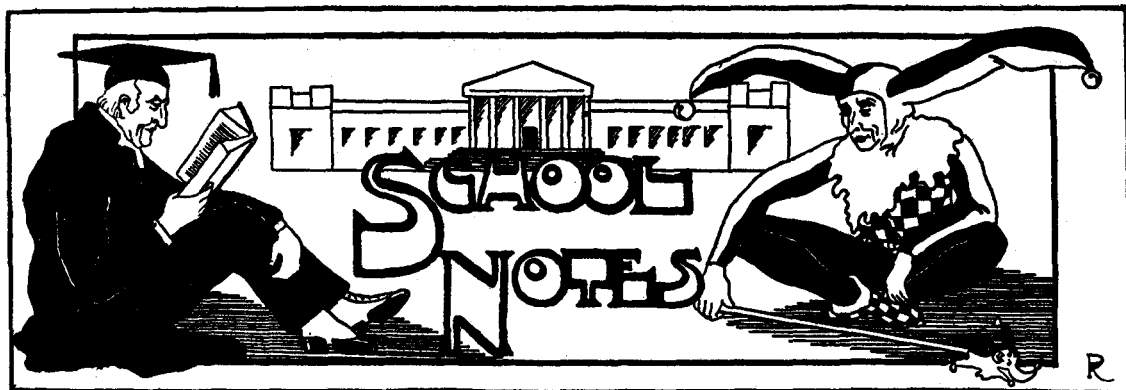
I cannot stop to worry; I will learn
Books off by heart: all times I have enjoy'd
Greatly, have learned nothing, with those
who tried

To teach me, and alone; in school, and when
Through loudspeaker the modern dance band
blares

And plays jazz tunes: I am become a name;
For always roaming with a vacant stare.
Much have I seen and known; gath'ings of
men

And women, dances, pictures, gay parties,
Myself the least, not honour'd by them all;
But now experience says to work so hard
That all pleasures must now be sacrificed
And to become a studious boy at last
Until the Higher Leavings have been passed.

R. G. S., F.V.



Racial Hatred.

"But Shylock was pipped at the post."

A Bit Sorry.

"He felt remorse now for making the horse go so far."

A Big Task.

"Livingstone founded the Victoria Falls."

Horatius and the Bride.

"Before Horatius could get back the bride had collapsed."

Dirty Work.

"People thought that going on a Crusade cleaned their soles."

Lethal Doze.

"Enjoy the heavy honey dew of slumber—"

"This was said by Brutus when he stabbed Cæsar."

King Hal.

"Henry II. was a man who liked port and was not the kind of man who took his dignity like a king usually does."

Chief Ambition.

"Je voudrais être un chef Peau-Rouge."
—"I should like to be a Red Indian cook."

Embryonic History.

"There was a gold rush, and that was called the Common Wealth of Australia."

"Captain Cook was really looking for flowers, but he found Australia instead."

"The Boston Tea Party took place when people were getting sold as slaves. They took all the slaves together and had a party."

"The Black Hole of Calcutta was when 146 British people were put in a prison with only two bars. Only 23 stayed alive."

Humour in the Baby Room

J.M., I.C, (to Miss F.)—"Do you know what there is on that point that sticks out into the river on the other side?"

Miss F.—"No — what is it?"

J.M.—"A century."

Miss F.—"What kind of a 'century'?"

J.M.—"A bird century."

Miss F. (to Roger, I.B.)—"How is your goldfish this morning, Roger?"

Roger (pointing to his rather tearful eye)—
"My goldfish is dead and **that** is a pimple in the corner of my eye!"

THE PEOPLE NEXT DOOR

The main purpose of having next-door neighbours is to stimulate one's curiosity and powers of detection. From the day of their arrival, new neighbours are a cause of excitement and comment; meals remain uncooked and housework is neglected while the housewives in the immediate vicinity rush to their windows at the slightest suspicion of the arrival of a removal-van. Heads peer round the scanty concealment of window curtains, and occasionally an impatient hand rubs the breath-misted window.

The week of arrival is one of intense boredom for husbands; at every meal they are presented with a minute inventory of their new neighbours' tables, sideboards, dressing-tables and what-nots. Indeed, if the new arrival wishes to make sure of the number of articles of furniture which have arrived, she needs only to ask her immediate neighbours.

This intimate knowledge of her neighbour's belongings causes jealousy to rise in the heart of the housewife. But it is the husband who bears the burden of this jealousy; he is badgered and bullied until he finally gives up the unequal struggle and buys an article of furniture which his wife has "just been dying for" ever since she saw it being borne into the next-door neighbour's house. Later this jealousy develops until there is no peace in the once-happy home until the cruel husband buys his wife a hat or coat for the simple reason that the kind man next door bought his wife one or other of these garments.

This interest in one's neighbour's clothes is stimulated by the clothes-line. A scrutiny of this object, or rather the apparel dangling from it, leads to conversations such as: "And do you know what old Jones wears?" . . .

Later on, when the new arrivals have become established, it becomes evident that they have the noisiest and most badly-behaved children in the vicinity; and, worst of all, they have a radiogram.

Now, a whining vacuum cleaner is just bearable, and we were reconciled to that noisy, chugging motor-car, but a radiogram . . . There is no need for our modest

little portable, for we can hear whatever programme we wish at any time of the day, or we could if it were not for the din of vibrating china and falling kitchen utensils. This radiogram has even been the cause of cracked plaster, occasioned by the end of a vigorously applied broom-handle.

Despite these slight drawbacks, however, housewives the world over could not exist without their neighbours; the comment they arouse, and the previously mentioned curiosity. This curiosity gives the housewife an interest in life, and what triumph is hers when she can tell her friends something they do not know about the people next door!

I. M. WATSON, F.V.

MY IDOL

He's tall and fair,
With curly hair;
His eyes are blue;
He's handsome, too.
At rugby football he excels;
He's popular with lots of gels.
Ah, woe is me! what can I do
To make my Idol love me true?

By LOVELORN.

GOLDEN THOUGHTS

Kingcups tall and kingcups yellow,
Dancing in a golden mass,
Each in timing with his fellow,
Gently swaying midst the grass.
Clear brown water softly falling
Over rocks, with lichens spread.
While, at the owl's first eerie calling,
The field-mouse to her home is fled.
Twilight day hath overtaken;
The streamlet burbles on its way;
Sunlight hath the world forsaken;
Golden light hath turned to grey.

FRANCES DONALDSON.

Junior Section

TIBET

Tibet, that vast country north of the Himalayas, is ruled by two people — the Dalai Lama, who is called the "Living God" and is supposed to be the reincarnation of the Divinity Chenresi, and the religious leader, Tashi Lama.

The Dalai Lama dwells at the Potala or Palace in Lhasa. When the Dalai Lama dies, any child that has been born at his death is made the new "Living God."

Tibet's exports are wool and salt, but it still remains rather out of touch with the Western people. Very few people except missionaries are permitted to traverse it.

Three great monasteries are those of Drepung, Sara and Kumbum.

Tibetans are very uncouth and vulgar. Their method of greeting is putting out their tongues as far as they will go. The poorer classes are very often dressed in rags. They drink tea with slabs of butter in it and eat eggs sometimes hundreds of years old.

Tibetan women are supposed to have no soul. Tibetans worship by turning a prayer-wheel round and round. The women believe that, if they turn their wheel quickly and a lot, they have a chance of life in the next world.

Often a Tibetan will use a mountain stream to turn his prayer-wheel. The people worship Buddha.

Tibet is surrounded by very high mountains. A great river there is the Tsangpo. It rises in the mountains three hundred miles east of Lhasa and reappears a very great distance away in more open country and becomes the river Brahmaputra.

Mountain peasants are called Turs, meaning Little Earthmen. The women wear decorative costumes and very artistic headgear and earrings. Another tribe is the Momba, whose mode of dressing is very peculiar.

So you see how very, very different Tibet is from our country!

ANNETTE M. OWENS., L. V.

MONSTER OF THE DEEP

Under an overhanging ledge, deep down in the blue waters of the Pacific, basked a huge shark. It had been terrorising the pearl-fishers of the little island of Manua. Now it was watching Titi, one of the youngest pearl-fishers, searching for the oysters which contained the pearls.

Suddenly it shot forward with speed amazing for its great bulk. Titi saw it, but too late. He would have to fight it. He drew his sharp knife.

As it came upon him, he darted under it and ripped open its belly. The great fish, mad with pain now, lunged at Titi, but he was ready for it. He flashed sideways and upwards and plunged his knife deep into the shark's skull. Its tail threshed the water, but it sank lifeless to the bed of the ocean.

Titi stepped ashore, spluttering but triumphant. The delighted islanders mobbed him and carried him shoulder-high to the chief who gave him rich presents.

JAMES WRIGHT, L.IV.b.

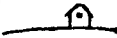
THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A SAUCER

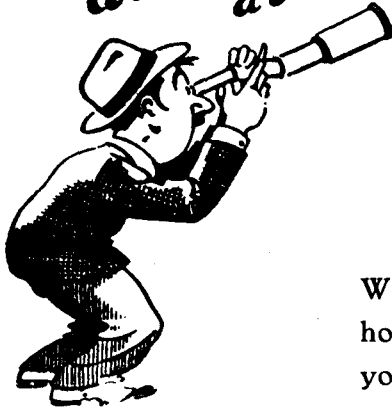
I am a saucer. When I was young I was kept only for visitors because I am real china. Then, one day, a dreadful thing happened to me. I was on the table when someone ran past and knocked me over. Of course, I tried to save myself, but did not succeed. Crash! That was me broken in two.

Everyone ran to see me, but, of course, it was too late. At last they decided to take me to the china shop to be mended. After that I was stuffed in a dark drawer. It seemed like years before they remembered me. (It was really months.)

When they did take me out of that horrid place I was mended and sent home. How glad I was to be on show again! Although I do not look nearly so pretty, I am still of great use, and everyone pities me for having gone through such an experience.

FIONA G. M. KEITH, L.III.

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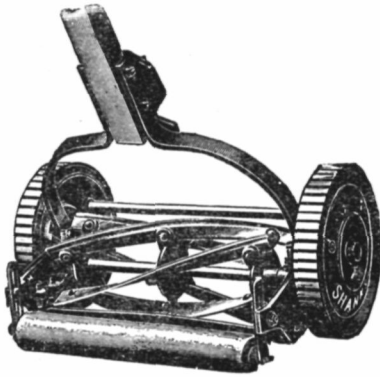
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THE ENCHANTED FOREST

One day, as Kate was walking along by the forest wall, she thought she could hear music, very faint, but still loud enough to hear. She stopped. She thought perhaps some picnickers had a gramophone, and she thought she would investigate, for it was a private wood owned by her father.

Upon climbing the wall she lightly jumped over to the other side. What a sight met her gaze! There were little men about four inches high, with gay, pointed caps, bright coats and smiling faces. As they saw her they cried in chorus, "Help us to lift our furniture up." Kate looked around. Up in the tree-tops were little houses, dark brown, with green roofs. On the ground were tiny chairs, tables, dishes, toys, yes, and baby children being rocked by their mothers in tiny cradles.

Kate helped them up with their furniture, and, as she came to the last dish, a small man said she could have it. Then suddenly everything grew black.

And suddenly she woke up! But it couldn't have been a dream, for was there not a small dish in her hand to prove it?

SANDRA MILLAR, L.III.

SPRING

Buds upon the trees appear;
Birds are singing sweet and clear;
Shoots above the earth now show;
Softer winds begin to blow;
For Spring is near.

Hyacinths and daffodils in full bloom
Dispel the last of Winter's gloom.
The night gets short, long the day,
My step is light, my heart is gay,
For Spring is here.

JEAN CUTHILL, L.V.

OUR NATURE STUDY TABLE

Now that winter is past, spring is here. On our table we have a wormery. It has layers of earth, sand, ashes, chalk and charcoal. The worms tunnel through the layers. We have primroses, too, and daisies. The lambs' tails are nearly past. The pollen has blown off. The horse-chestnut buds are burst. Spring is a lovely time for us.

MARGARET WATSON, L.I.b.

THE MOON

The moon appears at dark of night
And fills the sleeping world with light.
She sends her moonbeams here and there,
In the cellar and on the stair.
She sends her little moonbeams down
To peep at people in the town.
And sends them to the country fair
To peep at rosy children there.
Slowly the white moon moves away
To make room for the sun and day,
And hides till darkness comes once more,
Then reigns in pride o'er sea and shore.

K. KINNEAR, L.III.

A SNOWSTORM

The household had just gone to bed. All was dark and quiet, but, as the moon came up, a few birds chirped as the bright light awoke them. Then suddenly a breeze sprang up. It came from the north-east, and with it came a few flakes of snow. The breeze grew stronger and stronger until it was a howling gale, and the trees bent under its blast. The snow started to fall very lightly at first, but as it became heavier, it started to drift, making piles of snow up to window-sills and key-holes. It grew thicker and thicker until everything was covered with a white mantle of snow.

When everybody woke up next morning, they found everything covered with snow. Soon you could hear spades and shovels being plied as people dug away the snow from their doorways and windows. Soon it stopped snowing, and boys and girls were able to get out for sledging and snowballing.

JAMES B. MURRAY, L.III.

THE FAIRY

A little fairy comes at night
And sings a song to me,
And tells me all the lovely things
That she has had for tea.
She had some dew grass lemonade,
And lovely little cakes,
And all these lovely, lovely things
Are what the fairy bakes.
She had some super sweeties, too,
And others things as well,
And all these dainty, tiny things
She gets from Bluebell Dell.

C. KIRKLAND, L.II.

NOISES IN THE NIGHT

"Crash!" I was suddenly awakened from a deep sleep in the middle of the night. A mouse had knocked a vase of flowers off the mantelpiece. I got out of bed and went into the kitchen to get a cloth. "Bang!" I forgot to put on the light and knocked into a chair. I picked it up and went to put the light on. "Flash!" It was fused. I would have to find the cloth in the dark.

I got the cloth and went back to my bedroom.

"Thump!" I had shut the bedroom door when I left and I had bumped into it. I opened the door and put on the light. What a mess! "Crackle, crunch!" I stood on some china. "Splash!" I stepped into a pool of water. I wiped it up and went to the sink to squeeze it in the dark. "Oh!" I stood on a pin.

I went back to bed and slept till morning.

IAN E. D. MONTGOMERIE, L.III.

A WALK IN THE WOODS

Have you ever been for a walk in the woods on a Spring day, when the sun is shining down through the interlacing boughs and the birds are gaily singing? It is lovely to be able to wander in and out among the trees, to come suddenly into a sunny glade filled with early primroses, violets and snowdrops by the thousand, also some coltsfoot—the true herald of Spring. The coltsfoot flower comes up before its leaf. In among the trees there are also many primroses and violets. The snowdrops are all to be found in the glades. I love a walk in the woods; it is so very interesting. Besides flowers, there are animals to see. There are squirrels just awakened from their Winter sleep. Hedgehogs are still asleep in corners, and rabbits are playing in the sunshine.

ROSALIE HOOD, L. IV.

THE ADVENTURES OF A PENNY

I was born at the Royal Mint, London. The morning on which I was born I woke up to find myself in a box with a lot of other coins my own shape and size. We were then jostled about a great deal and at length I found myself in a van. From the van I was put into a compartment of a train. About five minutes later the train started to move. It was then that I began to get sleepy.

The next day, when I woke up, I was surprised to find myself behind a partition beside a very pleasant looking man. I then discovered that I was in a Bank. I stayed in that Bank for at least three weeks before I was transferred to a gentleman's pay-packet.

A few days later I was given to the gentleman's son as a "Saturday Penny." That same day the boy exchanged me at a confectioner's shop for a bar of toffee. Presently the confectioner put me in the till.

One night, as I lay in the till peacefully sleeping, the door burst open. In came two men with masks on their faces. Burglars! One of them opened the till and took me with a lot of other coins and put us into a bag. They then ran away, one clutching the bag in which we were, and the other holding a sack in which some sweetmeats were contained.

During that run I slipped out of the bag and fell down a drain, and, although I am still living, no one has ever found me.

DAVID G. HENDERSON, L.III.

SPRING TIME

Springtime is here once more,
More bright and cheery than before.
The sun shines brightly every day,
And children laugh and dance and play.

Grown-ups, too, enjoy the fun,
Walking under the beating sun.
Through the woods and parks they stroll,
And I'm sure they love it all.

And to picnics they all go,
And watch butterflies dance to and fro.
They **never** think about the past;
They love the Springtime while it lasts.

AVRIL FLEMING, L.V.

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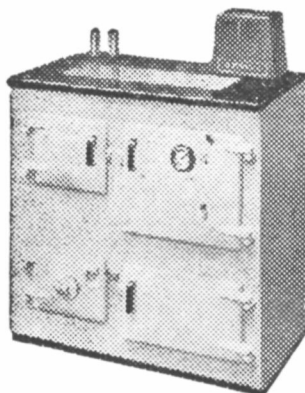
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WASHING DAY

One day Mummy called me in from the garden. Mummy said that she thought my dolls' clothes needed a good big wash, so I went upstairs and got all the dolls' clothes. I got Sheila's nighty and Helen's party frock, Joan's Sunday dress, Wendy's sun suit and Janet's skirt and blouse. Mummy gave me a big loaf of soap, and I went scrubbing with all my might. The flowers nearly washed off Sheila's nighty. When I was in the middle of Janet's skirt the bell rang. I went to the door, and Pat was wanting me to come along. I said I could not come because I was washing the dolls' clothes. Pat came into the house and helped me. She got Margaret's scarf and bonnet and boots. We were talking so much that it took us a long time. At last we were finished. We took Mummy's big basket and we went out to the garden to hang them on the line. In half an hour they were nearly dry, but the collar of Joan's Sunday dress was still wet. Then to finish our happy morning we played hide and seek.

SUSAN E. C. LENDRUM, L.I.a.

— — —

SPRING

In Spring the world begins to wake,
The buds peep from the trees,
The bluebells start a-swaying
Like calm and tranquil seas.

Flowers start peeping through the ground
To hear the loud, melodious sound
Of swallow, blackbird, linnet, thrush,
Or the waterfall's wild rush.

The children are joyful and happy again
After the months of snow and rain.
Spring, the season of joy and life!
Spring, the season free from strife!

MOIRA HARDY, L. IV.

JACK FROST

When Jack Frost comes night and day,
In their houses people stay.
On their windows Jack Frost paints
Pictures of the heavenly saints.

C. KIRKLAND, L.II.

MY GARDEN BIRDS

Little, stumpy, garden Wren
Follows me to feed the hen.
There he picks up some sweet seeds
And on that the Wren he feeds.

The Robin likes to build a nest.
I like his the very best.
Little Robins are all brown;
They can fly right into town.

A string of peanuts on the tree
Hangs where little Tits can see.
How they swing and jump about,
Pecking shells till nuts fall out.

And I love to watch them all,
All the birds, both big and small,
And when summer days are long
I shall listen to their song.

ALISTAIR LOW, L.I.a.

THE BIRDS

The Chaffinch sings a pretty song;
The Sparrow stays in Britain long;
The Seagull flies o'er the seas;
The Rooks build their nests in trees;
Little Mr Wagtail sits on a stone;
Naughty Mr Magpie drops rings down the
rone;

The Thrush, he repeats his notes;
The Duck, he swims and floats;
The Woodpecker pecks at the tree;
The Swallows fly over the sea;
The Wren, with his stumpy tail,
Doesn't like to be in the gale;
The Cuckoos, they are greedy birds;
The Parrot, he can be taught words;
The Tit, he likes to nibble fat;
But all the birds, they fear the cat.

NORMAN J. SHANKS, L.I.a.

THE ROBIN

The robin sits upon my window-sill
And wakens me in the morning still.
His house is in the stable,
In an old soup ladle.

MORAG BEEDIE, L.III.



Back Row (L. to R.)—A. W. Louden, I. R. McMahon, D. A. Lemon, N. M. L. Kidd, W. D. Steedman, K. J. Clark, B. Gibbs

Middle Row (L. to R.)—P. G. C. Robertson, I. M. Dewar, G. Manders (Capt.), I. M. Watson, I. S. Stark

Front Row (L. to R.)—J. S. Cram, J. R. Stephen, W. R. MacCrae, A. D. Clark



Standing (L. to R.)—I. Henderson, E. Robertson, S. MacKenzie, N. Horsburgh, C. MacKenzie B. Murray, I. Whitton

Sitting (L. to R.)—A. Heron, M. Doe (Reserve), J. Dunn (Capt.) E. Latto, F. Richardson.

**Rugby 1st XV.
Hockey 1st XI.**

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Reports

Guide Report.

The shield last term was won by the Nightingale Patrol for Company 2 and by the Blackbird Patrol for Company 2A.

Senior P.L. A. Younger and P.L. J. McHugh represented the company at a "Youth Seeks the Answer" broadcast in St John's Church on 8th January.

February 22nd was celebrated as "Thinking Day." On Friday, 24th, the company had a camp-fire service, and sweets were brought and sold to augment the funds.

We congratulate Ruth Henderson and Jeanette McHugh on winning their first-class badges. The Company is now fully engaged in Badge and First-class work.

We should like to thank the Guiders for their assistance during the past term.

M. J. B. T., P. A. G. Y.

Cadet Report.

The winter term is always a busy one for the Company. The Senior Company is preparing for the Cert. "A" exam., which is to be held at Buddon in April. The Junior Company is making rapid progress under Lt. Vannet's instruction. Some of the senior N.C.O.'s are attending an Artillery Course at Douglas Street, which is proving a great success.

The erection of a new Quartermaster's Stores and Company Office is nearing completion, and it is hoped that these will soon be in use.

Twenty boys from the Senior Company have been invited by the Artillery Section of the T.A. to spend a week at its camp at Otterburn in July. Our own annual camp is to be held at Berwick-on-Tweed.

C. S. M.

Stamp Club Report.

The Stamp Club has been modest and industrious throughout this first year of its existence, and members have been very regular in attendance.

The following programmes have been provided by former pupils of the School, to whom we are grateful for the attractive exhibitions and encouraging instruction which they provided.

Early Great Britain Mr W. R. Harvey
Oil Rivers, Belgium and Switzerland

Austria Mr Dennis Collins
New Zealand Centennial and Cook Islands

Mr S. Stewart

We should also like to thank Miss Lee, Miss Betty Robertson and Mr George Linton for gifts of stamps.

The members of the Club have been interested not so much in the acquisition of stamps as in their design and method of printing, the information embodied, and the arrangement of the stamps in an album. We purchased the Canadian film strip,

"How Stamps are Made," and, next year, we may purchase the film strip showing Canadian stamps in colour.

A special word of praise is due to our youngest member, Stewart Harvey, for an excellent display of Netherlands issues.

The members of the club would like to thank Mr More very much for the time which he has so generously given and for his interest and enthusiasm which have made our meetings a success.

K. G. H.

Boys' Literary Society.

The Society has had a fairly successful season on the whole although one or two meetings have had to be cancelled.

The Musical Evening on 21st December, was attended by a large audience of pupils and staff. The entertainment provided was of high standard and proved an enjoyable break from the pressure of examinations. The varied nature of the programme, which included the unusual items of conjuring and ballet dancing, showed the wealth of talent possessed by the school at the present time.

We have had extremely interesting lectures this season. Mr Anderson, our Classics master, addressing the Society on "Drama—Past, Present and Future," traced the Drama from its origin in Greek times to what it is to-day. He then expatiated upon the immense possibilities of the Arts in the field of television. His theories aroused the imaginative instincts of some of the audience, and several interesting discussions took place.

Lt.-Col. G. H. Phillip, a distinguished old boy of the school, talked to both Societies about a holiday spent in Switzerland. The title was "Seeing as Much as Possible on as Little as Possible," and the speaker showed what could be done with the £35 which he was allowed to take out of the country. Coloured slides and films depicted the beauties of the Swiss countryside and proved how much a Continental holiday could be enjoyed.

Other meetings this term have been a "Hat Night" and papers by Members of Forms III. and IV. The papers maintained a high standard and gave evidence of much thought and care.

There are only two more meetings on our syllabus, but we have been invited by the Girls' Society to attend a lecture by Mr Frederick L. Waterhouse, M.Sc., entitled, "A Biologist at Work." The meeting takes place on 24th March, and this date will see the end of the 1949-50 session.

I. T.

Girls' Literary Society.

Meetings this term have continued to be well attended, although mostly by younger members as the seniors are busy with preparations for the Leavings.

Our programme has included three interesting lectures and two class nights. The first speaker to talk to the Society was Mr G. J. Mechan, M.A.,

who has spent some time in a Turkish school, and told us mainly about school life there. The impressions which he gave us made us feel thankful for the conditions in British schools. The Boys' Literary Society invited us to attend a meeting which was addressed by Lt.-Col. Phillip, who gave us advice for future holidays abroad and told us "How to Get as Far as Possible on as Little as Possible." He illustrated his talk with many excellent slides and films which he had taken during his holiday.

The class nights of Forms VI. and IV. passed off quite successfully. Although Form VI. Night had to be postponed, it was felt it was well worth waiting for. Form IV., too, despite the fact that they were in the middle of examinations, showed a considerable amount of talent.

We should like to take this opportunity of thanking Miss MacDonell and Miss Hutton for their able assistance and encouragement throughout the year.

A. D. M. H.

Ranger Report.

First, we should like to apologise for the absence of a report in the December issue of this magazine owing to a misunderstanding.

The Patrol Leaders elected for this session were—

Jaguars — Norma Millar (senior).

Lions—Isobel Armstrong.

Tigers—Carole White.

The size of the Company was considerably increased, and we now have 19 members. We congratulate those who have passed their pre-enrolment test.

In November, I. Armstrong and N. Millar attended the International Evening (Saturday) and Sunday service of a Ranger Guiders' conference in Glasgow. Among the speakers were:—Lady Violet Merthyr (Scottish Commissioner for Rangers), Mrs Simson Hall (Scottish International Commissioner for Guides), and Mr Jack D. Stewart (Scottish International Commissioner for Rovers). The Rangers received some very good advice and were taught some new camp-fire songs which they have passed on to the rest of the company.

This year Anton House in Broughty Ferry has been opened as a home for crippled girls. We are pleased to be able to help by sending down one or two Rangers each Saturday afternoon to take these girls out.

Invitations have been extended to us to take part in two broadcasts. The first one was held in St John's Church on the 8th January, which E. Bridge and B. Murray attended. J. Anderson, H. Cruden and I. Henderson formed part of the audience of the "On Our Way" programme of 15th March.

We again received a parcel from our American Girl Scout friend this year. It contained food such as pudding mixtures and other provisions which will be most welcome for camp.

Speaking of parcels, we were pleased to receive acknowledgment from a G.D.S. captain of a company of German Guides to whom we sent a parcel

containing a few necessities, such as paper, pencils, materials, etc., which are badly needed to revive the Guide movement in Germany. She pointed out the things required most and we are now collecting for another parcel.

We congratulate Pat Thomas on being chosen to go to the World Conference at Oxford as an aide-de-camp to visiting Guiders.

On 24th February we joined the other two Dundee Ranger Companies in celebration of Thinking Day at Headquarters. Miss Robertson told us about the Ranger Conference which was held recently in London.

A party of British Rangers and Guiders have been invited by America to attend a camp there. N. Millar's name was put forward by Captain Mudie. She was fortunate to be placed on a short list, but, at an interview at Edinburgh Headquarters the one chosen was a Glasgow Sea Ranger. Let it be reported that Mrs Simson Hall was pleased with the high standard of Rangering in Scotland.

Our sincere thanks go to Captain Mudie for all her help and encouragement. We greatly appreciate her continuance as Captain as we know this must take a great deal more time than she can afford.

N. Y. M.

Hockey Report.

Though our record this year is not so distinguished as we might have wished, we feel we have not disgraced ourselves entirely. An unusually large number of matches were cancelled during the year—6 for the 1st XI. and 7 for the 2nd XI. This was partly due to the repeated postponement of the Midlands Junior Tournament in which we just failed to reach the finals. In the Midlands Trials, however, three of our players were chosen—S. Mackenzie and I. Whitton for the 1st team, and E. Latto for the Reserves. We should like to take this opportunity of thanking Miss Whytock, Miss Spreull and the other members of staff, who have given us much of their valuable time, for their unflinching co-operation in victory and defeat alike.

1st XI.		F.	A.
Jan. 7—Madras Academy	(a)	0	3
14—Grove Academy	(a)	7	2
21—Harris Academy	(a)	3	1
Feb. 25—Perth Academy	(a)	1	3
Mar. 4—Crieff Academy	(a)	1	4

2nd XI.		F.	A.
Jan. 14—Grove Academy	(a)	5	2
21—Harris Academy	(h)	6	2
Feb. 25—Perth Academy	(a)	0	4

Rifle Club Report.

This term we have been mainly occupied with the Strathcona Shield Competition and are now awaiting the results.

On 9th December we enjoyed our annual match with the Old Boys whom we defeated. J. A. S. Weatherhead was presented with a fountain pen for

the highest score in the Present Pupils' team. The individual scores and team totals for this match were as follows:—

Old Boys

Mr William E. Stark,	96
Mr George Linton,	96.5
Mr Alec Robertson,	85
Mr Alec Millar,	93
Mr Robert Aiken,	88
Mr C. Spankie,	86
Mr Mudie,	76
Mr Graham Ritchie,	97.5

Total, 718

Team Average, 89.7

Present Pupils

I. M. Watson,	94
D. Watson,	92.5
W. Morrison,	93
I. S. Stark,	95
W. B. Gibbs,	95
J. Longair,	96
J. A. S. Weatherhead,	96.5
A. Bowman,	91

Total, 753

Team Average, 94.1

We should like to extend our thanks to Mr Stark and Mr Halliday for their interest in the Club. I. M. W.

Rugby Report.

If we are to measure success by the number of games won and lost, then we have not been very successful during this season which is drawing to its close. Our 1st XV. has not done so well as it did during the two previous years; but it is not often that a school can field a team as good as was the 1st XV. of two seasons ago. With our small numbers in the secondary department we can hope to have a very strong side only very occasionally, and we must put up with leaner years in between. The important thing is that general enthusiasm is maintained throughout the School and that, in the process, teamwork is developed and keen young players given every opportunity to show their prowess.

The 1st XV. showed early promise and might have done well, but team-building presents many difficulties. There was a goodly supply of forwards, even if they were not uniform in stature, but halves and backs were in short supply. Behind the scrum much experimenting was necessary and constant changes were made; yet it was never possible to get the cohesion which is so necessary if a team is to be successful. Even at the end of the season our half-back and full-back troubles were still with us. Then, again, improvement can only be made provided opposition is strong in practice as well as in matches. Although all have tried,

our 2nd XV. has not succeeded in furnishing such opposition, and, consequently, practices have neither improved our strength nor exposed our weakness.

When conditions are difficult, extra effort is required, and this responsibility rests on all members of the side, and, in particular, on those who lead it. In this respect, perhaps, players have occasionally fallen short, and games have sometimes been lost through our own failings and lack of that little extra effort.

1st XV. officials have endeavoured to carry out their duties to the satisfaction of the side, and theirs has been no easy task. On the field Captain G. Manders has battled well, and Vice-Captain A. Clark has shown dash and determination. D. Lemon, our Secretary, has probably been our most consistent forward, and Treasurer N. Kidd a tower of strength, particularly in the line-out. I. McMahon, Committee member, has played without complaint in almost every position in the side. Our loss will be a definite gain to Dunfermline High School when hooker W. MacRae leaves us at the end of the session. Our best wishes go with Billy. I. Dewar has justified his late inclusion in the side, and, with more experience, should be prominent next season.

The backs have not developed as was expected and, although four scrum halves have been tried, none has quite filled this difficult position. At stand-off half R. Stephen promises well; his games sense is sound, his kicking and defence are good, but he is inclined to hold on rather much. K. Clark and P. Robertson, both young players, show every sign of becoming players of worth in next year's side.

In the 2nd XV. K. Hutton, J. Gibb and M. Richardson have shown great keenness and have made up in enthusiasm what they have lacked in size. All three should be in the running for honours next season. The 3rd XV. has fared well on the whole and, despite constant changes, necessitated by filling gaps in the senior fifteens, has maintained enthusiasm.

The junior fifteens, representing L.V., F.I. and F.II., have played with keenness throughout the season and have fared well in most of their matches. There are many players of promise amongst the juniors, and these teams provide an excellent nursery for the senior fifteens. Keep it up, juniors; the School looks to you!

We thank the Rector for his active interest in our teams and for his unfailing attendance at our home games. We would also thank Mr William Black, Colonel Robertson and W. Stark for refereeing our matches. In particular, we offer our sincere thanks to Mr D. Wood for his keen interest and active help and advice so freely given at all times to the 1st and 2nd fifteens. Our appreciation and thanks go to Mr McLaren and members of the Staff who have travelled with us, coached us and refereed our games during the season.

Caps for Season 1949-50 are awarded to the following players:—N. M. L. Kidd, D. A. Lemon and J. R. Stephen.

Results:—

1st XV.		F.	A.
Sept. 17—Chawla's XV.,	(h)	11	9
24—Aberdeen Grammar Sch. (h)		10	16
Oct. 1—Royal High School	(a)	0	17
8—Robert Gordon's College (a)		0	11
15—Harris Academy	(a)	6	0
22—Melville College	(h)	3	3
Nov. 5—Kelvinside Academy, ...	(h)	5	11
12—Morgan Academy	(a)	3	3
19—Hillhead High School ...	(a)	3	12
26—Morrison's Academy	(a)	3	14
Dec. 3—Perth Academy	(a)	0	14
10—Madras College	(h)	Cancelled	
17—Morgan Academy	(h)	3	8

1950

Jan. 14—Boroughmuir School	(a)	8	6
21—Madras College	(a)	0	11
28—Robert Gordon's College (h)		Cancelled	
Feb. 4—Aberdeen Grammar Sch. (a)		3	23
11—Perth Academy	(h)	Cancelled	
18—Strathallan School	(h)	8	3
25—Trinity College	(a)	Cancelled	

2nd XV.		F.	A.
Oct. 1—Morgan Academy	(h)	17	0
8—Robert Gordon's College (h)		3	21
15—Strathallan School	(h)	0	22
Nov. 5—Harris Acad. 2nd XV. (h)		18	3
12—Trinity College	(a)	0	52
19—Bell-Baxter School	(h)	5	14
26—Morrison's Academy	(h)	5	6
Dec. 3—Perth Academy	(h)	5	12
10—Aberdeen Grammar Sch. (h)		Cancelled	
17—Morgan Academy	(a)	13	3

1950

Jan. 14—Morgan Academy	(h)	Cancelled	
21—Harris Acad. 1st XV. (h)		Cancelled	
28—Aberdeen Grammar Sch. (a)		Cancelled	
Feb. 4—Bell-Baxter School	(a)	5	14
11—Perth Academy	(a)	3	9
18—Strathallan 3rd XV.		12	9
25—Robert Gordon's College (a)		Cancelled	

3rd XV.

		F.	A.
Sept. 24—Harris Acad. 2nd XV. (a)		0	17
Oct. 1—Morgan Academy	(a)	Cancelled	
8—Robert Gordon's College (h)		0	28
15—Strathallan School	(a)	6	30
22—Madras College	(a)	3	8
Nov. 5—Harris Acad. 2nd XV. (h)		Cancelled	
12—Trinity College	(a)	0	36
19—Bell-Baxter School	(a)	0	9
26—Morrison's Academy ...	(a)	0	9
Dec. 3—Perth Academy	(a)	5	14
10—Aberdeen Grammar Sch. (h)		Cancelled	
17—Morgan Academy	(h)	20	13

1950

Jan. 14—Morgan Academy	(a)	3	3
21—Madras College	(h)	Cancelled	
28—Aberdeen Grammar Sch. (a)		Cancelled	
Feb. 4—Bell-Baxter School	(h)	Cancelled	
11—Perth Academy	(h)	Cancelled	
18—Strathallan School	(h)	Cancelled	
25—Robert Gordon's College (a)		Cancelled	

Form II.

		F.	A.
Dec. 3—Harris	(a)	14	5
10—Morgan "B"	(h)	63	0
17—Perth	(h)	28	0

1950

Jan. 21—Harris	(a)	Cancelled	
28—Morgan	(a)	Cancelled	
Feb. 4—Harris	(h)	Cancelled	
11—Harris	(a)	Cancelled	
18—Strathallan	(a)	34	0
25—Morgan	(h)	Cancelled	

Form I.

		F.	A.
Dec. 3—Harris	(h)	14	9
10—Morgan	(h)	3	20
17—Perth	(a)	6	9
Jan. 14—Morgan	(a)	3	3
21—Harris	(h)	15	0
28—Morgan	(h)	Cancelled	
Feb. 4—Harris	(a)	0	0
18—Harris	(h)	8	18
25—Morgan	(a)	Cancelled	

L.V.

		F.	A.
Nov. 26—Form I.B.	(h)	6	3
Dec. 3—Harris	(h)	15	3
10—Harris	(h)	16	0

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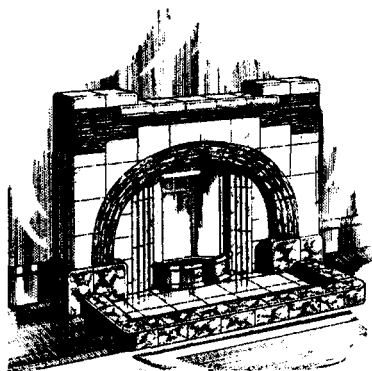
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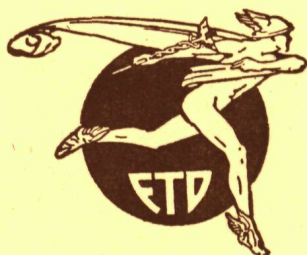
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