

Mona Lindsay
238 below page 4
page 17 - minor

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HIGH SCHOOL

No. 111

DECEMBER 1951

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The Dundee High School MAGAZINE

No. 111]

DECEMBER 1951

[ONE SHILLING

Editorial

Surrounded by the tense excitement of the General Election and distracted by the incessant B-r-r-r of a pneumatic drill, we set ourselves to the task of writing this editorial.

A sudden cold spell caused pupils to turn out to classes arrayed in coats, gloves and scarves as the pipes for the new gas boiler had not then been laid. Our "warmest" thanks are extended to those who relieved us from arctic conditions.

Talking of arctic conditions, the new colour scheme in Mr Laird's room brings one immediately in mind of the frozen North. We "shiver" to think what it will be like when we are surrounded by a few feet of snow.

Looking over back-numbers, we see that the New Dining Hall has been nearing completion for quite a long time. Rumour now has it that it ought to be in use after Christmas. Going back to warmer days, sixty of the senior pupils recall a very eventful and enjoyable but strenuous visit to the Festival of Britain. Opinions concerning the Festival itself are conflicting, but it is unanimously agreed that a day at Battersea was a day well "spent."

On Friday, 26th of October, Mr Bain gave a most interesting lecture to the Senior pupils on "the United Nations Organisation."

On Friday, 9th November, the Senior Prefects, Jean Ogilvie and Peter Robertson, laid

a wreath on the School War Memorial and the Guides and Cadets paraded in the front play ground.

On Friday, 30th November, pupils were addressed by representatives of the Scripture Union, Rev. M. A. Ritchie and Miss Sayers. Rev. H. O. Douglas, the Honorary Chaplain of the School, was also present.

We are very sorry to have lost Miss Wright of the English Department and we should like to wish her every success in her new sphere. To her successor, Miss Davidson, we extend a hearty welcome, and we hope she will be happy amongst us.

We are unfortunate this term in that Mr Anderson of the Classics Department has left us, but we rejoice with him at his promotion to Head of the Classics Department of Madras College, St. Andrews, where he was formerly dux pupil. In his place we welcome a Former Pupil of our own School Mr Alexander Smith.

At the time of going to press the Sewing Department view with misgiving the departure of Miss Beveridge. We send our good wishes out with her to her new post at the Training College. We welcome in her place Miss Dickey from Aberdeen.

We are very glad to have Miss Coupar with us again after her long illness. In her absence her place was very ably filled by Mr Swan and we should like to thank him for his services.

Since the beginning of October the School has missed the cheerful presence of Miss Spreull. We wish her a speedy recovery from her operation and hope to have her with us again after Christmas.

The pupils view the approaching end of term with mixed feelings. To the Juniors it brings the delights of their party. To the Seniors the School Dance—and the December prelims!

Merry Christmas to all!

Congratulations to . . .

Mr F. W. Moon on his being appointed Honorary Sheriff Substitute for the Dundee District of the County of Angus.

Professor James M. Webster, Home Office pathologist, on his being awarded the C.B.E.

Mr W. H. Valentine, Jute-Controller, on his receiving the C.B.E.

Aileen Paterson, on winning five tennis tournaments at Carnoustie.

Mr Halliday and **Mr Vannet** who have had works on exhibition in Edinburgh and Glasgow. Mr Vannet is at present working on a striking oil of Pipe-Major McLeish and members of the Cadet Company.

2nd Lieut. Bruce Gibbs on receiving his commission from Eton Hall and on being posted to the H.L.I.

Mr George D. Preston on being awarded a Caird Travelling Scholarship in Engineering.

Mr Ian R. Paterson on the award of a Caird Scholarship in Music.

Mr W. R. Hutton on becoming joint Managing Director of Jute Industries Ltd., Dundee.

Mr Donald Ross on gaining the Thow Scholarship in Conveyancing at Edinburgh University.

Rev. Professor J. S. Stewart, Professor of New Testament, Language, Literature and Theology in Edinburgh University, on his appointment as Chaplain to the King.

Mr Douglas T. Horne, formerly of 1 York Road, St. Albans, Herts., on his appointment as Secretary to African Transport Co. Ltd., Nairobi, East Africa.

Hilda Binnie and **Pamela Bain** on being selected to play for the Midlands Junior

Hockey Team, and to **Muriel Thomson** and **Aileen Paterson** on being chosen for the reserve team.

OBITUARY

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

Mr H. Giles Walker; Dr. Douglas Hay Scott; Mr Andrew Graeme Robertson; Mr Frank A. L. Milne; Pilot Officer Colin M. Smail; Mr Alfred Nucator; Mr A. W. W. Mackie, C.I.E.; Mr Herbert S. Anderson; Mr R. R. Smith; Mr J. S. Sibbald.

Message to the 2nd Dundee (High School)

Rangers from Miss Mudie

As a number of those concerned were unable to be present when the gift was handed over, I should like to take this opportunity of thanking you for the very handsome travelling bag which I received in June. Your thanks for my years of service as Ranger Captain were very well expressed by Ann Thomson, and I should like you all to know how much I appreciate the gift and the good wishes which came with it.

PRESENTATION OF HOUSE TROPHY

A House Trophy, in the form of a silver shield, has been presented to the School by a Group of Old Boys whose names are as follows:—J. L. Don, D. J. R. Bell, J. C. Anderson, W. J. S. Key, G. H. Philip, A. Robertson, T. B. Stewart, H. K. Symington, L. B. Weatherhead, G. R. C. Soutar, F. Slimman, W. G. Scott, C. Van De Rijdt, H. J. Carlton, A. A. Fulton, J. R. Philip, A. W. Mudie, C. C. Spankie, C. E. Stuart, K. K. Weatherhead. The presentation was made, on the 7th December, by Mr J. L. Don in the presence of the Upper School and of many of the above, some of whom had come from abroad for the occasion. The Rector thanked the Donors and commended the spirit in which the gift was made. The design on the Shield, the work of Mr Halliday, combines the old and new badges of the School. The craftsman who completed the work is Mr Charles Creswick of Edinburgh.



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—Lord Palmerston

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Brazil

Extracts from a speech delivered to Forfar Rotary Club by Ian L. Bruce, Esq., M.A.

Until very recently British explorers, missionaries and sociologists who have written about Brazil have agreed in passing a somewhat smug normal judgement on the country. Brazil, they said, would always be a backward country because Europeans tend to degenerate in tropical climes within a few generations and degenerate even faster when they mix with coloured peoples.

But this judgement is far too facile. Brazil is progressing. It is a land with a future. The opinions of its leading sociologist, Gilbert Freyre, are now meeting with wide acceptance abroad, and he believes that the relative backwardness of his people has nothing to do with miscegenation of the races, but is solely due to disease and malnutrition. When science and social policies have overcome these problems, Brazil will take her rightful place amongst the great powers. Certainly it is possible that Brazil is showing the world at large how to tackle one of the most terrible problems that confronts it—the problem of accommodating the awakening coloured millions in a wide world.

Legally and socially the negro in Brazil has the same privileges as anyone else. He can go to the same hotels, travel in the same vehicles, send his children to the same schools, apply for the same jobs. I don't want to give the impression that no Brazilians are affected by the colour bar. In any case economic bars keep all but a few negroes from entering the upper court of Brazilian society. But nonetheless the tradition that all coloured people have the right to equal treatment is strong; the field is open for peaceful and co-operative development, and that is more than one can honestly say for our own dominion of South Africa.

The economy of Brazil reveals all the instability of a comparatively new country, where wealth can easily be picked up, where labour is unskilled, where high and quick profits are demanded and where business has not yet been dignified and solidified by the conception of family tradition. Brazil for centuries has been dogged by all the dis-

advantages of a one-product economy. When the product has boomed on the world market, fortunes have been made and the whole economy has prospered, but as soon as a reaction sets in or the winds of competition are felt from other quarters, the Brazilian is quick to cut his losses and pull out where he can make his money with less effort. God, he believes, is a Brazilian and will not call on him to toil overmuch. And sure enough something has always cropped up to pull Brazil out of depression. First of all there was Sugar, and then there was Rubber. It was Rubber that brought a momentary blaze of civilization and splendour to the jungles of the Amazon, but the jungle has claimed its own again, and the great Opera House at Manaos, which once glittered with the stars of Europe, is now locked away in the gloom of tropical forests. You can still meet shop-keepers in Manaos who spent their schooldays at Harrow or Eton, and very happily too, apparently. But it was an Englishman who brought to an end the Rubber Empire. He smuggled out of Brazil one or two seeds, planted them in Kew Gardens and then transplanted them to Malaya, where they proceeded to grow Rubber much superior to that in Brazil. Soon the trade began to decrease, and to-day the absurd position has been reached in which Rubber has to be imported into the natural home of Rubber to meet the demands of industry. Each year the Brazilians of the north burn the effigy of the Englishman who took away their prosperity.

Sugar again, cotton and then coffee came along to bolster up the Brazilian economy. Coffee collapsed with dire consequences in the 30's but since the war it has recovered and, with coffee becoming part of the national diet of the States, the price has soared to fantastic heights. Fortunes and large shiny Cadillacs are rolling into Brazil again. But should coffee crash, the future must look grim indeed to all but the Brazilians.

However, Brazil gained some lasting advantage from the last war. She has built up the biggest steelworks in South America, the Volta Redonda. Sao Paulo, its fabulous industrial skyscraper city, has grown in two decades from a mere 500,000 souls to over

2,000,000. A few years back, skyscrapers were going up at a rate of one a day ; one went up so fast that it began to heel over, but engineers from the States were rushed down, the ground was frozen underneath and the building was righted again.

Brazil suffers from a lack of coal in its sub-soil, but patriotic hearts are beating faster with the prospects of finding vast supplies of oil in the Amazon. But oil is only one of the untapped riches of Brazil. Great mineral and agricultural wealth remains unexploited, largely because of the transport difficulties which impede development in such a huge country. Brazil leapt straight from the ox-cart into the aeroplane. Aviation has developed in amazing fashion. Airports hum with activity throughout the day. Everybody uses the aeroplane ; villages in the interior of the country have their local air-clubs.

But that tremendous step was taken at the expense of the roads and the railways which have lagged far behind economic progress and which now bar the way to further progress. Transport, a colonizing spirit in agriculture, and family business tradition are three of the most crying needs in Brazil.

Politically Brazil is nominally a democracy, closely akin to the American model, with a President and his personal cabinet, two Houses, a multi-party system and universal suffrage for the literate. But the parties are very loose affairs and tend to be vehicles whereby the ambitious can further their designs rather than organizations embodying definite principles. The low standard of education and the dependence of so many people on the big man in the district for their livelihood make politics a matter of personal rule.

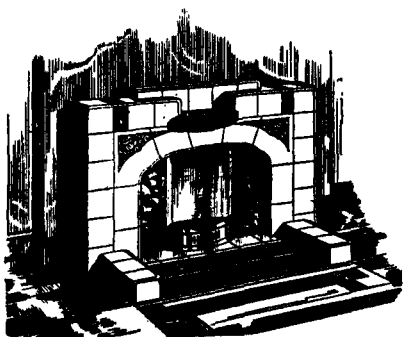
The new President is Getulio Vargas, a little gaucho from the South of Brazil with something of the Churchillian stamp about him. For 15 years, up to 1945, he established himself as virtual dictator of Brazil. Then the Army, which is always happier in politics than in the field, pushed him out at the end of a tank gun. He was allowed to settle in South Brazil, while democracy was re-established under President Dutra. A national holiday to celebrate the downfall of dictatorship was added to the many holidays to celebrate the Saints. Towards the end of Dutra's 5 year term, a difficult problem arose.

Vargas, responding, as he does and perhaps truly, to the Voice of the People, had decided to stand for the Presidency on a democratic basis. Was it practical politics to have a holiday to celebrate the downfall of a man who might be President in a couple of months' time, because the mass of the people had never lost their allegiance to Getulio ? However, there is one thing you can't take away from the Brazilians with impunity and that is a holiday. And so, on the appointed day, the troops in their operatic uniforms and the school children paraded through the streets of Rio ; with one hand the people waved their flags for the down-fall of Getulio, the Dictator, and with the other they cast their vote for Getulio, the new President. Yes, Getulio is back and, for all his faults, he is the one great Brazilian statesman. He is more likely than anyone else to make full use of Brazil's natural advantages. Doubts about the totalitarian tendencies must always be qualified by the fact that he is a Brazilian, and Brazilians are much too humorous and good-natured a people for the worst abuses of dictatorship. Moreover, he is an assiduous student of British labour legislation and social reform.

British prestige is still high in Brazil, although its influence and stake in the country are waning. British engineers built the railways and Brazilians like to explain that the reason why they wind so interminably is that the British were being being paid per mile of track laid. The railways have been nationalised now, but the British are still well represented in cotton, coffee, ranching and oil.

In a little town in the interior, called Bauru, I one day asked a black shoe-shine boy to clean my shoes. He was proud of one or two English words he had picked up and he asked me if I knew "Shoeshill." I thought he might be referring to a variety of boot polish and confessed my ignorance, but he then added the Christian name "Weenston," and it pleased me enormously to know that Churchill's fame had spread into these remote backwoods. He is the best known international figure in Brazil, and you can even see one of his paintings, the Blue Room, in the great Art Gallery of Sao Paulo.

In recent years nothing has done more to shake British prestige in Brazil than the dismal displays of our football team in the In-



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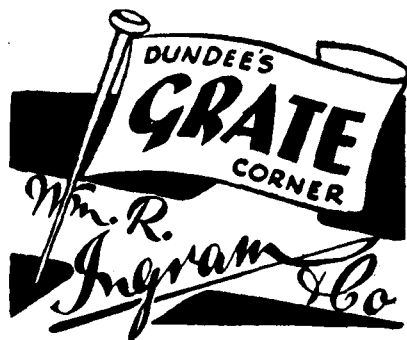
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L. to R.—Dr. L. C. F. Duckworth, W. Blain, J. R. Soutar, W. S. Phillips, P. Blain, S. G. Dryden.
Inset—H. Lindsay.



GOLF TEAM, 1951

Back Row (L. to R.)—Mr Laird, R. Galloway, P. Gibson, R. Fox.
Front Row (L. to R.)—W. Thomson, L. Smith, R. Gillespie.



Senior Pupils at work on the Art Room Mural.

Photograph by D. & W. Prophet.



STRATHCONA SHIELD WINNERS

Standing (L. to R.)—Cdt. Morrison, O.C., Mr Graham Ritchie, Coach, Cpt. Stark, Cdt. Bowman.
Sitting (L. to R.)—Sgt. Penny, P/Major Tweedie, C.Q.M.S. Weatherhead, Cdt. Lyon.

ternational Competition. The Brazilians love sports, particularly football, and they have always looked on the British as the great masters of the game. I can well understand their disillusionment when England was beaten 1-0 by America, because I saw the Americans playing Chile and quite honestly I would have fancied Forfar Athletic against them. Of course the Brazilians were more than disillusioned with their own team. After they had swept to the final with mammoth wins over Spain and Sweden, the national papers hailed the new world champions ecstatically. The great new day had dawned for Brazil at last. A great fund was opened to reward the players. And then, on the final day, 160,000 excited Brazilians in the huge new stadium in Rio were struck dumb as their heroes

threw a Latin-American fit and folded up before tough little Uruguay. In the silence that followed the final whistle the players managed to make their escape. But the Latin blood of the spectators soon reasserted itself and they vented their wrath on the unfortunate trainer of their team. They wanted his blood. They scoured the city for him, but the wise man had taken a fast car for the hills before the end of the game, and there he lurked for days while effigies of him were burnt in the streets of Rio. Football, said the Press, had been killed for ever. Brazil was no more.

But the footballers of Brazil are still probably the best in the world, and Brazil is still very much there.

Art Appreciation

(Mural Decoration in the Art Room)

With a view to stimulating among pupils a healthy interest in the history and development of Architecture, a comprehensive mural decoration is being carried out round the walls of the Art Room, which is ideally suited for such a purpose. This educational venture is intended also to supplement and act as a visual reminder of Art Appreciation lectures now being given to all pupils of Forms IV. and V. The usual medium for these lectures is the filmstrip and lantern slide. Possibly, primary and junior pupils will derive certain benefits from the project by being introduced at a comparatively early age to elementary architectural forms and structures dating from prehistoric times. It is hoped that, on leaving school, all pupils will carry with them a "mental picture" of the main development of architecture through the ages.

To achieve this, a decorative, colourful and interesting presentation of the subject matter was considered an essential requirement at the outset. It was decided, however, that all the structures and details portrayed should be shown realistically, yet having the two-dimensional character so necessary in wall-decorations. An important object of this frieze is to show at a glance a comparative survey of architecture, its art relationships and the main stages in their evolution. So

far, the period from approximately 20,000 B.C. to 500 B.C. has been covered showing such development from prehistoric dwellings through the Egyptian, Assyrian and Greek eras. Each phase is labelled and descriptive notes are displayed under glass on the dado beneath the frieze. The medium used is oil-colour to make the decoration a permanent work. One wall having been completed to set the standard required, art pupils of Forms III. to VI. have been employed to a large extent on the next wall. As a matter of interest, I note that the senior pupils are far less shy of a wall than of a canvas as a surface for painting and seem to tackle the job quite naturally. Perhaps, this is because the blank, smooth surfaces of walls have a fascination for children from an early age!

I have endeavoured to use authentic colour references for certain details of architecture and ornament in order to give interested pupils a true impression. As a guide to the colour of the Parthenon (as it is to-day) in the Greek section of the frieze, I used an actual fragment of pentelic marble from Athens, kindly loaned by John Needham, F.R.I.B.A., Head of the School of Architecture, Dundee College of Art. Mr Needham and his first assistant, Mr Ashcroft, have viewed my project recently and have offered very helpful criticism and advice.

All pupils engaged on the mural decoration have come forward of their own accord, requesting that they may be allowed to participate in the work. It has been very interesting to note the effect of the mural on pupils of the school. Many have brought in books of information and illustrations from various sources. Essays have been set on certain sections of the frieze and the results have been very satisfactory showing that pupils have been keenly interested and have obviously searched for additional knowledge from the more advanced text-books. Another useful aspect of the frieze is that it has helped to keep interest in the subject alive between lectures, and has aided pupils in retaining the knowledge they have acquired from previous talks.

It is intended to carry the decoration round the remaining walls continuing the development of architecture, perhaps, to modern times. The schemes should take another twelve months or so to complete.

During Session 1950 - 51, the following pupils have drawn and painted parts of the mural decoration as shown below.

Louis T. Smith - Egyptian Papyrus Capital.

*Robert S. Smith - Egyptian Clerestory.

Ian Robertson - - Corinthian Capital.
 *David M. Whittet - Ionic Capital.
 Bruce A. Morgan - Egyptian Bell Capital and Entablature.
 David Lund - - Pantheon; Assyrian Ornament.
 David Weir - - Assyrian Winged Bull.
 Peter Buttars - - Assyrian Ornament.

* At present studying Architecture in Dundee College of Art.

Pupils assisting during present Session.

Leslie Blyth, F.V.

David Lund, F.IV.

Colin Robertson, F.IV.

John Gilchrist, F.III.

It is intended to employ pupils of F.V. during the Summer Term.

Recent additions :—

Examples of Egyptian Sculpture and Pottery, and of Greek Sculpture are now displayed against the appropriate sections of the mural decoration. Some of the Egyptian examples are authentic and have come from ancient tombs. These recent exhibits strike a realistic note and create a certain atmosphere. It is intended to add further examples of sculpture, pottery, etc., through the ages, as the mural progresses.

Switzerland

This past summer I had one of the most interesting and exciting holidays I have ever had. We set off for Switzerland at the beginning of July and, after a smooth crossing of the English Channel, we reached the French coast full of excitement and anticipation. It was strange to hear everyone chattering at a terrific rate in a foreign tongue and I felt sure then I would never air my school-girl French!

After a night in a French train, we arrived at Basle in Switzerland. It was a beautiful morning and everything looked spotlessly clean, and the Swiss people were placid and courteous after the bustling and excitable French. We were ready for breakfast which we had at the railway buffet on the station platform. Breakfast consisted of lovely crisp, brown rolls, lashings of creamy butter, cherry jam and piping hot coffee. I hate to think of how many rolls I had that morning with

butter spread thickly on them and it was grand not to have anyone say, "Careful with the butter!" After breakfast we went aboard a Swiss train, electrically driven, and very clean. We had a sort of observation coach (all windows) with comfortable arm chairs which could be moved anywhere. In this way we could see the country on either side and it was sheer pleasure to look at the beautiful scenery. All along the route and scattered all over the mountain sides were picturesque wooden houses, neat and tidy, and everyone with window boxes full of brightly-coloured flowers. Even the steps and outside stairs had pots of flowers on them and this, with the coloured sunshades over the windows and the cherry trees in the gardens, laden with dark red fruit, helped to make the countryside a feast of colour and charm to our eyes so used to drab buildings

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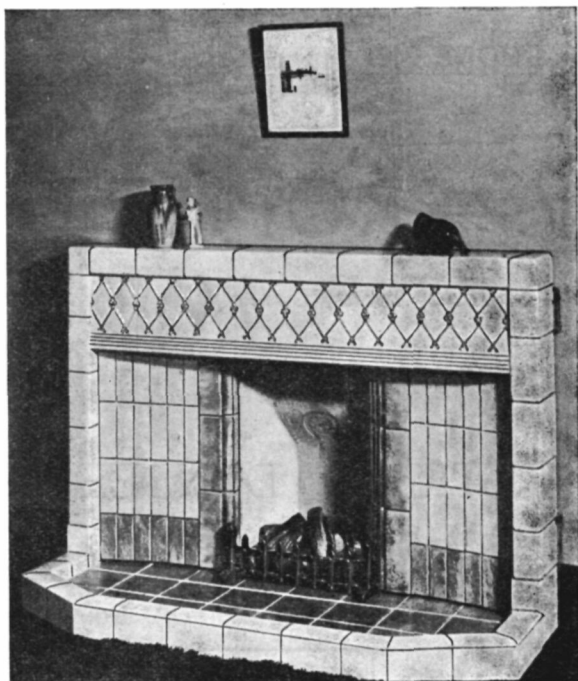
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and grey skies. We noticed preparations for winter were in progress as every house had stacks of neatly cut logs.

We arrived at Interlaken about lunchtime and by afternoon we were ready for a tour of the town. We hired an open carriage pulled by a horse and how we laughed as we trotted along. It certainly was a splendid way of seeing the place in comfort. We wanted to dash into the shops at once and buy nylons, embroideries, sweets and cakes. We also admired the beautifully-carved wooden articles and musical boxes. Everything was much too tempting and we were kept busy doing mental sums of how much everything cost. The Swiss franc is worth about $1/8$ and soon we got used to thinking of 12 francs to the £1. We found some things rather dear. For instance, one day we had a strawberry ice and discovered to our horror we had to pay about $3/4$ each plus 15% service charge. Nylons cost from about $8/6$ to £1 according to style and quality. Schuh's sweet shop fascinated us very much with its window full of beautiful cakes and sweets all so daintily wrapped and packed.

Interlaken itself is a lovely town lying between Lake Thun and Lake Brienz. It has a wide main street with shops and huge hotels on one side and an extensive park on the other. The kursaal is in this street. The colourful gardens with an ornamental floral clock, with gnomes striking the hours with a musical effect, form a charming foreground to the large building of the Casino. We went along there one evening to a Swiss concert given by local townspeople and villagers. After the performance on the stage of yodeling, singing, horn-playing and folk-dancing, the performers walk in procession down a passage amongst the audience to the back of the hall where Swiss dancing goes on for the rest of the evening. The women are all dressed in their national costumes, full brightly coloured skirts, little black boleros laced down the front with gold braid and always a posy of flowers tucked in the front. On their heads the married women wear large hats of stiffened lace and altogether form an attractive picture far out-shining the men. The Swiss dancing was great fun although rather hard work. Every Swiss maid dances with an English boy while the Swiss men take up an English girl. It seemed so simple to watch but not so easy to do.

Near the Kursaal is an open-air swimming pool planned very much on American lines. There are quite a few picture houses, too, where English films are sometimes shown. Other attractions of Interlaken are two funicular railways. At the top of one is an intricate model railway, the Swiss rail system in miniature. The other is the Harderbahn and you soon climb 5,000 ft. in comfort. There is a huge hotel at the top and the afternoon on which we visited it an aerial display was being held in the town and we had the novel experience of watching this from above while enjoying our afternoon tea in blazing sunshine.

We found Interlaken a good centre for excursions. I think one of our most exciting trips was a visit to the summit of the mighty snowbound Jungfrau. Part of the film, "Scott of the Antarctic," was filmed there and, while we saw everything in ideal conditions, one could imagine how suitable a place it would be for such a film to be shot. Jungfrau is German for young bride, so called because its glacier comes down like a bridal veil. The mountain is 13,400 feet high and, while the altitude causes some people to be breathless, my brother and I enjoyed it immensely. We set off early in the morning and joined the Jungfrauoch train at Wilderswil, passed along through Lauterbrunnen and up the steep side of the valley to Wengen, with wonderful views of the mountain. We had to change trains at Eigergletsch station and climbed higher and higher through the heart of the rock until we reached Jungfrauoch station. At the summit we soon made for the large hotel and warmed up with hot soup. Teams of huskies draw sledges and it is the done thing to have your photograph taken sitting on one of the sledges, so naturally we had ours taken. We visited the Ice Palace where we saw clever ice sculpture; a motor car, a cocktail bar and a ballroom.

Another day we visited Lucerne, beautiful city on the shores of Lake Lucerne, and were fascinated with the beautiful shops, especially the jewellers', where we could have spent hours feasting our eyes on all sorts of novelty watches and trinkets. It was on a Saturday we went to Lucerne and evidently that seems to be the popular day for weddings there as we saw quite a few. We were amused by a Swiss custom. After the ceremony the bride and bridegroom and their attendants walk

through the streets in their wedding finery showing themselves off to the interested and delighted spectators.

Another day we went on the Three Passes tour with its thrilling and spectacular hairpin bends, 76 in all. How the buses and cars ever got round those appalling bends we could not think, but we always managed and no one got flustered. High above us we could see the road twisting and turning and always climbing up and up. On this trip we saw some of the villages that were hit by avalanches during the winter and were astounded at the damage done. Huge hotels and houses had been just swept away in a mighty torrent of snow and we could understand why the roads are open for only 3 months of the year. In the Furka Pass we stopped to go through the ice grotto of the Rhone glacier. A most eerie and thrilling experience it was, walking through this tunnel of blue ice. It seemed so strange afterwards coming out into the blazing sunshine with snow piled 8 to 9 feet high on all sides and the women of our party dressed in summer frocks and straw hats.

We had another exciting experience the day we went to Grindelwald and climbed by ski-lift to the top of the mountain. How we all laughed as we found ourselves dangling from a wire in chairs for two and gradually climbing higher and higher! From the top we had a wonderful view of the Grindelwald glacier.

Another day we went to see the Trümmelbach Falls and the Gorge of Aar. The falls are really inside a mountain and are absolutely breath-taking in their grandeur. Waterproofs are an absolute necessity as you get simply drenched with spray from the gushing and tumbling waters. To get to the falls you enter an electric lift and are whizzed up to a certain height, then you climb up some steps to a platform and watch from there. You need not attempt to talk as the noise of the roaring water is deafening. The whole effect is frightening and overpowering, and you are almost glad to leave, for you have such a sense of the power of the water drawing you closer.

Perhaps I should have told you sooner about our hotel. This was a huge and palatial place, very attractive from the outside with masses of scarlet geraniums in the grounds

and on all the balconies of the rooms. Everything inside was scrupulously clean with shining parquet floors and bright rugs. In the bedrooms again everything was crisp and clean. All the cushions, pillows and quilts were covered with embroidered muslin and the beds were soft and comfortable with their thick mattresses. Nearly every bedroom had a balcony and from ours we had a glorious view of the Jungfrau. In the evening the mountain turned from a shiny, glittering white to a beautiful pinky red. One night we had a most dreadful thunder and lightning storm, and we watched the lightning flash between the mountains while the thunder almost deafened us. It really was awe-inspiring and we were glad we had seen Jungfrau in its different moods.

The food in Switzerland is marvellous and plentiful. They go to endless trouble to make it look attractive as well as tasty. On Sunday nights at our hotel they had a sort of gala night. As we went into the dining room, our first Sunday, we gasped as we saw a long buffet table all decorated with the "hors d'oeuvres." Blue gentians edged the table and made a glorious touch of colour. It was all so beautifully done it seemed a shame to disturb anything, but it all tasted as well as it looked. When the sweet course came, the waitresses marched in carrying what looked like little Swiss chalets. These were formed from meringue, with all the windows and chimneys done out in chocolate. When we cut into them we found inside the most delicious ice cream. It was a perfect finish to a delightful meal.

On all our excursions we took with us a packed lunch which was left ready for us on the breakfast table in the morning. It was a satisfying meal in a neat bag and consisted usually of rolls, well-buttered and filled with plenty of ham or tongue, a hard-boiled egg, a portion of cheese, a packet of biscuits, two slabs of chocolate and an apple and an orange. At lunch time we went into a café and ordered coffee or drinks and proceeded to unpack and eat our lunch. No one seemed to think this strange, but we could just imagine the surprise of hotel or café owners if we did such a thing in this country. The language problem didn't bother us much as so many of the Swiss spoke very good English. Only once did any of us get in to rather

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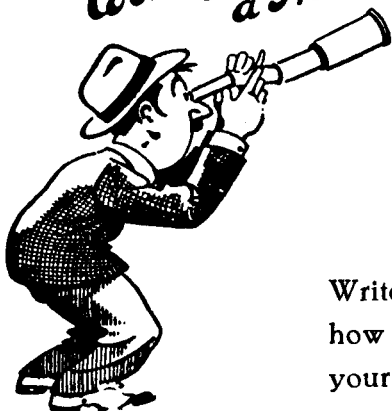
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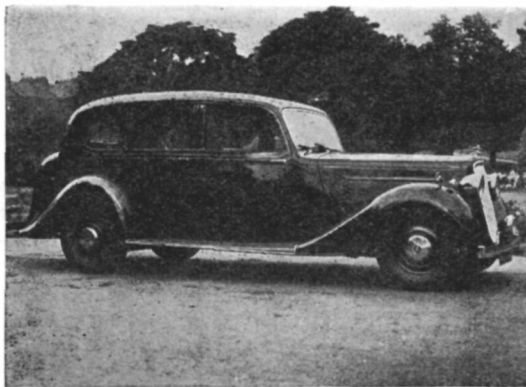
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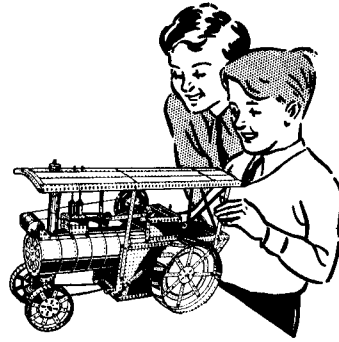
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GUY FAWKES

The boys and girls who lived in Farington Road were very excited, for it was very near Guy Fawkes' night. One day, as they went to school together, Pat asked John what was to be done about the 5th of November. John thought of what could be done to make it a success.

"I don't know," said John.

The days passed, and it was soon the 5th of November and they had gathered lots of rubbish for a bonfire in Farmer Brown's field. They had also made a Guy with fingers made of fireworks. Soon all the rubbish for the bonfire was ready. At last it was time for the bonfire to be lit. Soon it was blazing, and fireworks were going off all round, including a rocket that went right over the field. Late at night the bonfire still blazed.

ALASTAIR WOOD, L.V.

MY PET

My pet is a rabbit. I keep it in a hut and feed it on carrots and cabbage. In its hut is a place for it to eat and a place for it to sleep. I give it fresh straw every week and a carrot every day.

It goes to sleep at eight o'clock and is wakened at seven o'clock in the morning. I go out every morning before I go to school and give it a carrot. When I come home I look and see if it needs new straw.

I have had my rabbit for a year and I have saved up for another one to keep it company, and they can play themselves in the small hut while I make a big one for them.

GRAHAM McLEAN, L.V.

ROYAL TOUR OF CANADA

The Princess and Duke seem to be having a good time in Canada. I have heard the Princess got a brand new coat from the Canadians for her wedding present.

Now, to start their journey across Canada, they got a special train reserved for them and started their journey. They went through Winnipeg. At Calgary thousands of school children greeted them and then they went on to Vancouver and then to Victoria for three days' holiday. At Vancouver the Duke drove an engine while the Princess stoked.

I. DUFF.

A JOURNEY TO LONDON IN A MAIL TRAIN

One day I was on a platform at Glasgow when a porter asked me if I should like to go to London on the mail train next day. Of course I said I should like to very much. So I ran home to Mum who said I could go.

Next day I found the porter who told me to go round to a side platform. There was the train, complete with the "R.M.'s" (which stand for Royal Mail) on the doors and sides of the train. As the train was to go in ten minutes, I clambered aboard. The train started off and soon I was far from Glasgow. I knew that the mail train didn't stop. So, as I was wondering, I heard a noise. It was a cage being put out of the carriage.

As we went along, this cage caught letters off the platform, while another thing let out letters that had been sorted out. This went on through the journey until we reached London where I got a train back to Glasgow.

DOUGLAS FOX, L.V.

A HOLIDAY IN THE HIGHLANDS

When I was away for my summer holiday a year ago at Fort William, I travelled to quite a lot of places with my mother and father and Ian, my brother. We were at Fort William for a fortnight. We arrived on Sunday and spent most of the day getting settled down.

The next day we went a short trip in my father's car. We went two or three long trips during our stay there. One day we made up our minds to go to Fort Augustus by the Caledonian Canal, and then to see the monastery. We started at Fort William, which is on Loch Linnhe. Then we passed Loch Lochy and Loch Oich. On arrival at Fort Augustus we went to the monastery. We were shown round and saw a lot of wonderful things. I will remember this day for a long time.

EARLE REOCH, L.V.

TESTS

Every Friday we have a test.

We work and work to do our best.

If all our sums correct are,

Then on our book we get a star.

ALISTAIR WATT, L.III.

THE GENERAL ELECTION — 1951

Among the many theories proved in recent years, the feasibility of thought transference from the dead to a living person has now been irrefutably determined. We are fortunate in having one such chosen mortal in School at the present time, and he informs us that the spirits took a very active interest in the outcome of the recent General Election. Besides communicating their political views to him (he found, for instance that Cicero was standing as Cherub and National Seraphim candidate at a recent Celestial Bye-Election, and that David Lloyd George became so angry at the conduct of Lady Megan in the Commons that he opposed a Bill extending the Franchise to cave-women under ninety!), the more energetic of the deceased poets have sent him certain satirical comments on the General Election. It is with pride, therefore, that we publish, by courtesy of Burns, the following extract from his latest work.

[From "A Vote's a Vote for a' That"]

—By R. Burns.

On Thursday nicht we sate up late
Tae hear the British nation's fate.
Would they keep "Left" or in a spate
Return the Tory?
Till near on twel' we had tae wait
Tae hear the story.

At last the first result cam' thro'
Watford—a recount there was due.
Wi' clammy haun's we prayed the few
Would show the way,
For Watford wore a scarlet hue
Up to this day.

Alas, our hopes were a' dashed here!
For once again could Labour jeer.
Fate, stepping in wi' action queer
Had pit them in.
But here they'll soon hae cause to fear
Wi' majority slim.

The Labour seats soon swept away
The Tories' lead o' four—tho' they
Kept a' they'd held afore the day
When Britain poll'd,
An' then the seat that led the way—
Reading—was told.

Gain upon gain—but mony more
Voted juist as they had afore,
Tho' Bolton shut the Labour door—
A Liberal!
In Dundee West their hearts did soar.
A parallel?

The Labour lead was twenty-nine
When morning dawned—the day wis fine
An' seem'd "Set Fair" tae gie this sign,
Let Labour note;
The Tories were winning along the line
The Liberal vote.

The Tories did get in at last
Though Dundee West and East stayed fast
By Labour, as they in the past
Had stood by them;
For both M.P.'s wi' prestige vast
Were well-liked men.

E.E.H., F.V.

THE TOYS' HAPPIEST CHRISTMAS

When the toys woke up on Christmas Day, they found a new doll beside them. She was a pretty doll with dark blue eyes and golden hair. At once they liked her. She smiled kindly at them and said, "I am sure I shall like living here." The toys said at once that she would. Just after she had said that, Tony and Ann came in. They were the two children who looked after the toys. Ann started to play with her dolls whereas Tony was to play with his new toy engine. "What a happy Christmas!" said Ann, and, as she said that, she thought of the Christmas Tree they would have that night. The day seemed to lag on, and then night came.

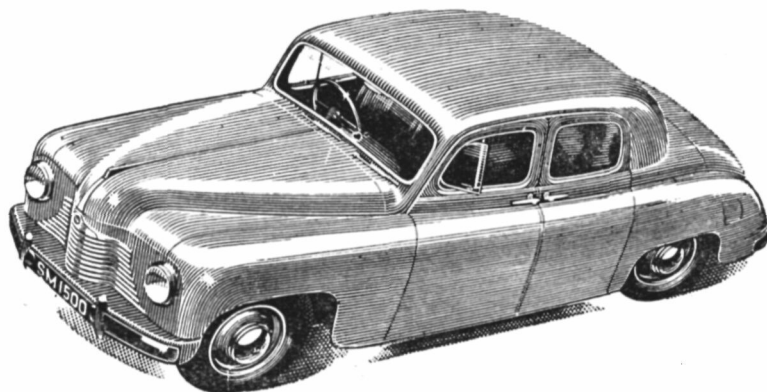
"Let's bring the toys down to see the Tree!" shouted Tony to Ann, who was in the kitchen.

"Yes, let's," said Ann. She rushed upstairs to get them. When she came down, what a wonderful time they had! At eight o'clock Tony and Ann went to bed. First they took the toys up to bed, then went too.

"Oh!" said the new doll. "What a wonderful time I have had!" and they all said the same. Before they slept, they all gave a happy sigh and the kind old moon looked down smiling.

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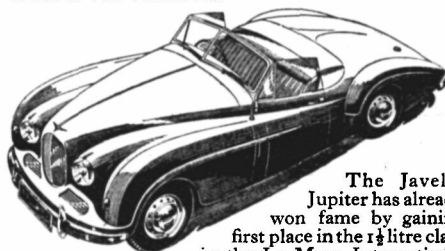
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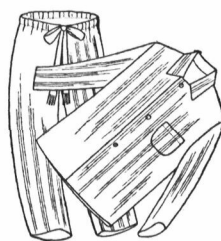
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A DAY IN INDIA

One day we were taken to a park in Calcutta. It was very early morning and it was quite hot, so we decided to have breakfast. While I was eating my breakfast, a monkey took a grape off the plate. When the cook was chasing it away, a servant saw something. It was a hooded cobra! Quickly the servant let out the hotel's mongoose and the danger was soon over.

After dinner we went for a ride through the park, where we saw a party of tigers basking in the sun. When we passed the river, we saw some crocodiles and a white rhinoceros drinking the muddy water. Soon we had to go home.

When we reached the hotel, we at once had our supper, got a bath, and were put to bed with the thick mosquito nets around us. I had a very quiet night dreaming of tigers, monkeys, mongooses crocodiles, cobras and rhinoceros.

ROBIN BELL.

AN AFTERNOON AT A CRICKET MATCH

One day my Daddy asked me if I would like to go to a cricket match. I said, "Yes, please." So Daddy took out his car and ran me down to Forthill to see Perthshire versus Forfarshire.

It was a good match because Dickie Fuller, Forfarshire's West Indian professional, was on top form. He hit sixty-nine, not out, which included thirteen fours and three sixes.

At the interval Forfarshire's total was about two-hundred and one for six, declared. Perthshire then went in to bat, and scored seventy-nine, all out. Fuller took eight for thirty-six and the match ended in a victory for Forfarshire by one-hundred and twenty-two runs.

NORMAN SHANKS, L.V.

THE PENCIL

I am a little pencil and I lie on the mantelpiece all day long, but, when it comes to five o'clock, I am used all night long. I am very useful sometimes. It may be for the messages or for Daddy's coupon. I am sometimes very naughty and I go very blunt; then out comes Daddy's knife and I am sharpened.

Instead of getting bigger, I get smaller, and smaller every day.

NEIL DONALDSON, L.V.

THE PITLOCHRY DAM

The Dam at Pitlochry is used for making electricity. First the Dam was built, but the water was still let through. Then the ground behind the Dam was levelled and flooded and became a loch. While the water was still going through, I went there and a man told me there were 15,000 gallons of water going through per minute.

The Dam started working about a year ago. There is a place for the fish to go up and down. The separate bits look like boxes and there is a pipe in between each place for the fish to go through. It is called the salmon ladder.

There is a place where you can go down and see the fish going up.

ALISTAIR LAWSON, L.V.

MY BEDROOM

In my bedroom I have a desk and a chair. I have an ottoman with a green cover on it. There is a tall, big mirror. I keep my small pink cot in my bedroom. I have a window-sill and underneath it I have a cupboard full of books, and on top of it, a Donald Duck clock.

ANN P. CUMMING, L.III.

THE HEDGEHOG

One day, Mummy, Daddy and I went to Bridge of Cally to see Elizabeth. On the way we saw a hedgehog on the road. Daddy stopped the car and got out. One car ran over the hedgehog. The rest of the cars stopped. Then Daddy got out and lifted the hedgehog and put it into a field. Then we started off again.

KATHLEEN THOMSON, L.III.

THE DOLLIES' TEA PARTY

One day three children had a tea party in the garden and the girls invited their dollies. Anne had a small red table with a white cloth and a pink and blue tea-set. Mother made some sandwiches for them. Jean's doll was hungry, so she had to share her sandwich with her.

MARGARET F. MURRAY, L.III.

GUISING

Last night I went guising. I dressed up as an old lady with a mask with lip-stick on it, and two teeth. It was terribly funny. I said my poems, "Colour" and "Someone." I got four shillings and sevenpence. Wasn't I lucky?

RONALD SMITH, L.III.

CHRISTMAS EVE WITH SANTA CLAUS

Mary and James were very excited, for it was Christmas Eve.

"Let us wait for Santa Claus and see for ourselves what he is like," said James.

"Yes! what a lovely idea!" said Mary.

That night they hung their stockings to the bedpost and jumped into bed. Little did their parents know that the humps in the bed were their children's pillows!

Mary and James were sitting by the chimney in the living room, it being the broadest, and Santa Claus, a fat old gentleman, could not get down the others. Suddenly they heard bells jingling. It must be the reindeer sleigh. A cloud of soot came down the chimney, and behind it came "Father Christmas." He had a red cloak with fur round the edges, and he looked very jovial and merry. He did not notice the children at first, but Mary said a little timidly, "Merry Christmas, Santa Claus."

He looked round, very surprised, and then saw the children. "Well! Well! Well!" he said, but after a little he laughed and laughed. Mary ran into the kitchen to give him something to eat and drink, while James ran on to the roof to see the sleigh. It was a lovely silver sleigh with huge reindeer. Some had more bells than others, and James asked why. Father Christmas said that for every good deed the reindeer did to a human being it was presented with a bell.

After a while Father Christmas said, "I must give you nice presents, so let us go up to your bedroom." When they got into their beds, he sprinkled some dust into their eyes and they fell asleep till next day.

JOAN MACDONALD, L.V.

A VISIT TO THE OBSERVATORY

The Observatory on Balgay Hill has an entrance hall, a balcony and a dome. The dome is the telescope room. It has lots of little telescopes and one huge one. When the dome was opened I saw the Law monument through one of them.

GEORGE DUKE, L.III.

MY PUPPY

My Puppy nearly got killed with a car the other day and I was frightened when I saw him.

KATHLEEN DUNCAN, L.II.

MY LITTLE FISH

My little brother killed my little fish and I gave it a grave. I was very sad when my little brother killed my little fish.

SHEILA BUCHAN, L.II.

MY TORTOISE

I had a little tortoise and he didn't eat his cabbage. I think he was going to sleep for the winter.

WILMA CLARK, L.II.

A LADY'S DOG

I know a Lady. She had a little dog and his name was Rex. He ran out of the gate and he got run over. She was very upset and so was Mummy.

DELIA NICHOLAS, L.II.

THE PIGS

When I went to my auntie's farm, I saw baby pigs one day old. They were just a little bit bigger than a mouse. I got to stroke one.

MARGARET SMITH, L.II.

MY LITTLE SISTER

My little sister, Pauline, once took a bite out of the soap and she was sick. Soon she was all better and went to sleep.

VALERIE HENDRY, L.II.

I AM HAPPY

One day I saw a dormouse sitting at my backdoor. My Mummy put out some milk for it and it came every day to me. This is only a pretend story.

VALERIE CORTEEN, L.II.

A LOST BUDGIE

I saw a little budgie flying through the air and it rested on the slates above my window. I wonder who lost it?

ELMA STUART, L.II.

SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS

One Christmas night

I saw a light;

It was an angel

Shining bright.

She cried aloud

For all to hear,

"Christmas time is

Full of cheer."

But that's not all;

She said again,

"Peace and goodwill,

Toward all men."

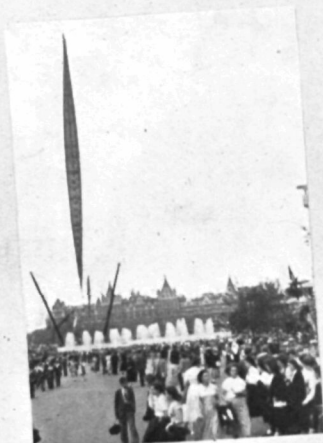
H. THOMSON, L.V.G.



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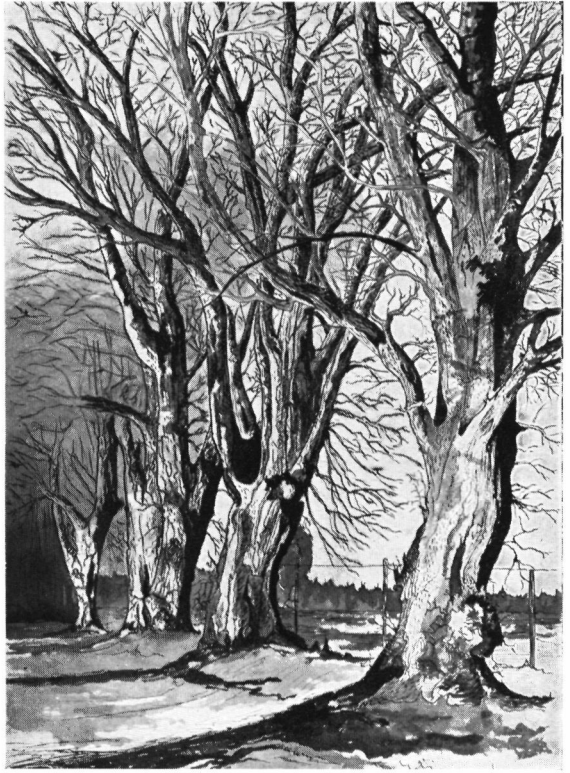
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1, 2, 3. The Festival of Britain.
4, 5, 6. Guide Camp, 1951.



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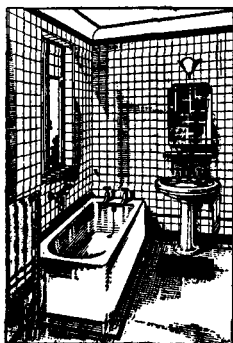
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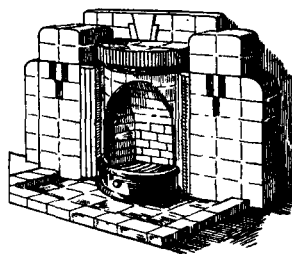
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332 West 25th St.,
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27th September, 1951.

Dear Mr Anderson,

This letter is to notify you of my change of address from Ucluelet, B.C., to that shown above. It should have been written some time ago, but, as the Magazine and other correspondence were always forwarded to me, I have let the matter slide until now. The arrival of the June issue, however, with the news that Mr Meiklejohn, Mr Webb, J. J. Ferguson and J. P. Fleming had passed on started a chain of reminiscences which were more than just passing thoughts.

Without casting any reflections on any of my former teachers, I can say that, of all those before whom I sat in school, "Mike" and "Willie" Webb made the greatest impression. I never excelled in their classes, and I am sure that to-day I could not cope with even the easiest translation or problem that they could set before me; so it is not because of any book knowledge they "dunned" into me that I remember them. They did, however, instil the ability to think and reason which has proved invaluable. Both were strict disciplinarians, but were respected and never feared; both used the strap, but never without a reason that was apparent to the boy; and both could appreciate a good joke without letting the matter get out of hand.

My first contact with Mr Webb was in Class 4 (I don't know what they call it now), when we started French. He made us sit in alphabetical order and then proceeded to learn our names, and worked hard at the job for the first period. One of the boys tried to find out how far he could go with our new master and he got a strapping for his trouble. On entering class the next day we were told that if he (Mr Webb) could not remember any of our names we could strap him. Of course he remembered them all with the exception of his victim of the day before and punishment was duly meted out to the master. I do not know with how many classes he did the same thing, but I do know that it "worked" as far as we were concerned.

Any mention of Mr Meiklejohn brings back memories of his "Just Nows," his small club bag which, because it was flattened on one

side, appeared to have nothing in it, but the shoulder on the carrying side drooped for all that; the short pieces of chalk he used, because a longer piece couldn't stand up to his rapid blackboard calculations; and the chalk-covered moustache, the result of his pushing his fingers into it as he pondered a new way to explain a problem to some particularly "thick" student. This latter brings to mind the occasion on which he had tried to explain a theorem to one chap. He had used every trick he knew, without success; finally, in exasperation, he bounded across the room, switched on the lights and almost yelled, "Do you see it now!"

Jim Fleming, although he never attended D.H.S., was one of the bulwarks of the F.P.'s cricket team in the late twenties. Whether he played for 1st or 2nd XI. made no difference to him, the game was the thing, and many of the younger players during that period must have profited immeasurably from his experience, help and bright outlook. From 1926 until 1930 I travelled with the team as scorer, and enjoyed every minute of it. Jim always made sure that none of the "younger set" were missed out of anything the older members were planning, but at the same time saw to it that we weren't roped into anything that was out of our depth. Even in those days his health wasn't of the best, but he never let it get him down. A man of whom any school could be proud.

Jimmy Ferguson was my friend, as he was everyone's friend. He was ahead of me in school and I knew nothing of his scholastic record, but I am sure that he was one of the greatest athletes that ever attended D.H.S. and certainly a finer gentleman never did. It was during my time at school that the House system was inaugurated. We were both assigned to Airlie and Jimmy was our first House Captain. He was also Captain of the Rugby Team, and a better leader, both of those of his own age and also of the younger boys in school is hard to imagine. I happened to run into him on High Street just before he left for the East and remember his high hopes for his future life. I had not heard of him again until reading of his death.

Reading in the "Lit." report of a Hat Night they had held, and mention of Airlie, bring to mind a previous Hat Night which took place on the eve of an Airlie-Wallace Rugby Game. Our scrum half was asked the

question, "Are splints any good for a broken heart?" Although a lion on the field, the scrum half was very much of a lamb when it came to affairs of the heart. After much blushing, stammering, and shifting from foot to foot, he blurted out, "I don't know, but if you could ask this question next week, somebody from Wallace will be able to tell you." And the next week anyone from Wallace could have answered the question!

But all that has gone before happened 25 years ago, and is, after all, only musings. To come to the present, while glancing through the membership of our club, I was sorry to see that there are no other members in Canada. I cannot imagine why this should be as there must be many Old Boys scattered from Coast to Coast, and I would be very disappointed to think that none of them give a thought to the old school, or, at least, are interested enough to know how it is faring in these troublous times.

Should anyone from School, or from Dundee, for that matter, be travelling to this part of the world, I should be only too glad to meet them and do anything I could to show them the "ropes," while they are here. British Columbia is a vast Province and opportunity is unlimited to anyone who is willing to work, and willing to adapt himself to the ways of the land.

With very best wishes for the success of the School and the Club, I am,

Yours sincerely,

JOHN R. MUNRO.

ANNUAL DINNER OF THE OLD BOYS' CLUB

The Annual Dinner of the Old Boys' Club was held in Keiller's Restaurant, on Friday, December 7th, when the guest of honour was Mr Wilfred Taylor, M. A.

Thus, baldly, the facts might be stated—and the point missed. In the first place the attendance was a post-war record (an ugly but gratifying phrase in a record-conscious world); in the second place, one can only repeat: the guest of honour was Mr Wilfred Taylor.

Remembering Mr Stalker and the "far shadowy mountains", Mr Taylor said: "At school it is only on odd occasions that words

mean things." But somewhere, there in that sun-warm classroom, the spark was struck: suddenly words were no longer a mere anonymous and arbitrary arrangement of letters; they were living, breathing entities in their own right. And so Mr Taylor's course was set.

And how, as Linklater says, he can make them words behave! Despite his modest assertion that the written word, rather than the spoken, is his province, his speech lacked none of the felicity of phrase that those who have hitherto known him only by his writings would have anticipated.

As an "unrepentant and unabashed believer in the Day School," the toast of "The Club and the School" was one that he was in every way well qualified to propose. Quietly, urbanely, with that periodic flicker and flash of phrase that glows like the flare of lightning, he recalled past glories, measured present achievements, and speculated on future possibilities. Altogether a speech that will long be remembered.

But if we were fortunate in having Mr Taylor to propose the toast, we were equally fortunate to have Mr A. S. Drummond to reply. Following Mr Taylor was no easy task, but very brilliantly indeed did Mr Drummond carry it off in a speech of enchanting and typically polished smoothness.

"The President" was proposed by Mr A. T. Miller with just those touches of individuality and pawkiness that one would expect; and Mr R. Fyfe Smith, replying, set the seal on a memorable evening whose speeches did full justice to the guest of honour and to the occasion.

We were again honoured by the presence of Lord Provost Fenton; the Rev. H. O. Douglas, School Chaplain; Mr D. I. Burchell, representing the Dundee and District Watsonian Club; and from the School the Rector, Mr Ian M. Bain, Mr W. G. Laird, Mr W. L. Marshall, Mr T. S. Halliday and Mr W. P. Vannet.

Particularly pleasing too, was the considerable attendance of out-of-town members and the high proportion of "not-so-old" boys. For the record there were twenty-two of the under-25's. So it used to be in the early days of the Dinners; so, let us hope, it now will be again.

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Reports

ART CLUB REPORT—SESSION 1951-52

The Art Club was started at the beginning of last year when a Number of Form IV pupils interested in art met to discuss the inauguration of such a club.

Dian Montgomerie was elected President and Bruce Morgan Secretary of the new club.

With the help of Mr. Halliday and Mr. Vannet meetings were held every Monday afternoon in School from 4 till 5 p.m.

Although such a young club, it had quite a substantial membership, and this year the club welcomed a number of new members.

At the first Art Club meeting this year the former President and Secretary retired and John Gilchrist was elected President and Ronald Swayne Secretary.

A sketching outing was made last year to Balmerino, where sketches were made of the old Abbey.

Other outings were made to Invergowrie and West Ferry.

It is to be hoped that even more outings will be arranged for this year.

In conclusion we must thank Mr Halliday and Mr Vannet for their valuable help in making the club such a success.

RONALD A. SWAYNE
Secretary

Rifle Club Report

Attendances at the weekly practices so far have been good and there are several promising shots among both Juniors and Seniors.

The team has been putting in hard practice for the competitions, including the Winter Competition and the Strathcona Shield Competition. The Strathcona Shield has been in the School's possession for the past three years, and we now look to some of the younger members to maintain the high standard of shooting, as several of last year's team are too old to shoot again in this competition.

The Inter-Schools C.C.F. Competition was shot on 2nd November, the team being—A. Bowman, I. Dorward, E. Hooper, J. Lyon, W. Morrison, J. Penny, B. Piggot, and D. Tweedie. The results of this competition are not yet out.

The annual match with the Old Boys is to be held on 30th November.

Once again, we take this opportunity of extending our thanks to Mr Stark, Mr Graham Ritchie and Mr Halliday for the endless interest they take in the club.

D. H. T.

Cadet Report

The crowning glory of the Cadets' summer term was, of course, camp, which was held at Gareloch-head amid the inspiring scenery of the Western Highlands. There was some consternation among the senior cadets when it was announced that some were to sleep in tents. This, however, was seen to have its advantages and the more experienced campers in the company obviously welcomed the idea. On the Sunday we had a church service in the

camp after which we marched down to the harbour, preceded by the band, to be taken on board the battleship "King George". This proved to be a very interesting experience and the cadets spent a happy hour mounting to the heights of the vessel's superstructure. We had occasion to see the manoeuvrability of small naval craft when one of these circled round and deftly retrieved the cap of an unwary cadet who had forgotten to allow for the wind. The remainder of the week passed quickly, each day offering something of interest. The senior cadets became more familiar with the rifle, using "blanks" in the mock battles and live rounds on the range. The competition for the Platoon Cup took place on the Friday and was won by Platoon No. 1 under Sgt. Hutton. The weather was the only thing that did not live up to its usual standard and several parades had to be cancelled because of rain — much to the annoyance of the "midgees" who seemed to parade in force at the same time as the company. Saturday arrived all too soon and with regret we said farewell to Greenfield Camp before boarding the "local" on the first stage of our journey home.

As usual, preparations for the Cert. "A" exam. are in full swing and there seems to be some very promising material among the younger cadets. Those who are to be sitting Cert. "A" part 2, this year have been attending an excellent course at the Drill Hall and we must thank those "regulars" who patiently instructed us on the finer points of drill. The senior platoon has been attending an artillery course at Douglas Street.

The Junior Company, under Lt. Vannet, is still maintaining its usual high level of efficiency.

The ceremony of laying a wreath on the War Memorial took place on Friday, 9th Nov., with the whole school assembled in the front playground. The cadets and guides paraded in uniform.

The cadets also sent a party to the Armistice Service in the Caird Hall on Sunday, 11th Nov. This party paraded at the school before marching down with the band.

The company has, however, suffered one great loss. Capt. Anderson has left High School to take up the post of Senior Classics Master at Madras College. Capt. Anderson took charge of the map-reading instruction at the cadets and performed this difficult task very efficiently. At a presentation made to him by the cadets on Friday, 2nd Nov., Capt. Anderson said how much he had enjoyed being with the cadets and how sorry he was to leave.

As always, thanks are due to Major Halliday and all the officers for the valuable time which they so freely give to the Cadet Force.

J.L.P. (C.S.M.)

Guide Report.

The annual camp was held for the second year running at Bridge of Cally, and, although the weather left much to be desired, camp was greatly enjoyed by all.

Since many enthusiastic recruits have joined the company, two new patrols have been formed—the Kingfisher and the Bullfinch. The following Patrol

Leaders have been elected: in Company 2—Thrush, Alison Holmes; Nightingale, Jean Thomson; Bluetit, Jean Gellatly; Canary, Margaret Greenlaw; and Kingfisher, June Morris; with Elspeth Swinton of the Skylark Patrol as Senior Patrol Leader: in Company 2A—Swallow, Anne Drummond; Robin, Margaret Slimman; Bantam, Jean Sprunt; Chaffinch, Elizabeth Thomson; and Bullfinch, Elma Sutherland; with Francis Gair of the Blackbird Patrol as Senior Patrol Leader. The shields were won last term by the Thrush and the Bantam Patrols.

In recognition of the twenty-five years' camping service which Captain Whytock has given to the High School Guides, we presented her with a Volcano Camp Kettle. We should also like to thank Captain Gray, Lieut. Larg, and Lieut. Spreull for their shorter but equally devoted service to the two companies and Miss Coupar and Miss Mitchell for coming as V.A.D.'s to camp.

D.F.G., E.G.S.

Rugby Report

Seven XV's have been fielded this season, but it has been difficult some Saturdays to find players, especially for the 4th XV. An attempt has been made to keep Form III boys in the 3rd XV and thus the 2nd XV is largely composed of the older and bigger players. Possibly this system will be extended next season by introducing a Colts' XV and a Colts' A XV to replace the present 3rd and 4th XV's. By this system, boys of the same age would progress together. This would encourage enthusiasm and team spirit and probably supply a ready-made 1st XV the following season. At the same time it would remove to a certain extent a very common grievance regarding the opposition. Too often our teams have to play against older and bigger boys.

The 1st XV have lost the majority of their games by small margins and, without exception, they have always been handicapped by their lack of size and weight. The team is not a great one, but the individual members are promising. The boys have not played as a team and, if this could be attained, along with a better fighting spirit, the team would show good results.

Peter Robertson has been a popular, conscientious captain and on the field his defensive play has been of the highest order. He is a fine athlete and we hope to see more of him as the spearhead in a strong attacking side. Russell Stephen, the vice-captain, was handicapped at the beginning of the season by injuries and he has not been at his best. His kicking in the open has been good and, along with the captain, he has stemmed attack after attack. Ian Dewar has been outstanding in the forwards and the Rector has granted him an immediate cap for this season. Bob Gillespie is another fine forward, particularly in the line-out. Ian Dorward, besides being an efficient secretary, plays a hard game, and our treasurer, Fimister, is improving every week. Ian Grant has been off with a knee injury, but we hope he will be back in the 1st XV by the time this report appears in print. Hooper is a very enthusiastic player and W. I. K. Bisset has developed into a grand forward.

Tweedie has played hard in a quiet and unobtrusive manner, while D. C. Reid has given solidity to the scrum.

Three young players, R. Crawford, F. Paterson and G. Allan, are full of promise for the future. Crawford is a born fighter, besides being an accomplished and successful scrum-half. F. Paterson has probably progressed faster than any other player and, for an inexperienced player, he has filled a difficult position, centre three-quarter, in a capable manner. Allan is a natural player, who is suffering at present from lack of experience. With greater enthusiasm he should develop into a player capable of filling any position behind the scrum. Leslie Blyth is another natural player, while John Webster takes full marks for his display at full back after a season's absence owing to injury.

Gordon Murray and Peter Buttars have made good wing-threequarters. Low Thomson is a versatile player who is likely to do well in any position. Arthur Manders has captained the 2nd XV and is a good three-quarter. Alan Forsyth has fathered the 3rd XV and is encouraged by the play of several young players, notably G. Stewart, N. Stewart and A. Bowman. The Form II team has the best record and Colin Wright, Harvey Wright and Murray Rattray are the best in a team full of spirit and dashing rugby.

As always, the Rector has taken a great interest in the games and is usually to be seen at the field on Saturday and Wednesday afternoons. Mr. Maclaren and other masters continue to give loyal service, both during the week, in the evenings and on Saturdays. Roger Chawla, as usual, gave great assistance before returning to his studies and we are indebted to Mr Robinson and Mr Low for refereeing 1st XV games. Mr Ford, who has encouraged and trained the Form II team, is an old friend of the school and we appreciate his help and advice, based on an extensive knowledge of that grand game, Rugby Football.

Former Pupils Rugby Football Club.

The Club, still endeavouring to regain the prominent position which it held in Midlands and Scottish Rugby before the last war, has not started this season with great success. However, there is the making of a good side, and if injuries and departures to National Service and foreign climes allows it to settle down, a considerable improvement can be expected. Captained by Len Ferguson, surely one of the best footballers and athletes produced by the school since the war, the first team is well blended. McMahon at full back shows promise that will bring him before the eyes of the district selectors before very long, and, amongst some good young forwards, Christie gives the impression of a good player in the making. Every endeavour is being made to give the young players joining the club a run with the second XV before bringing them into the rather more vigorous atmosphere of the first XV games, and consequently there is a good second team with some promising young players. The younger Gibb from last year's school team is hooking well, and Clark is a promising back besides being an excellent kicker of the oall. We are lucky to have general handy men like

Billy Kerr to fill in gaps, and to find departures of forwards like Lemon made less of a blow by the return of men of the calibre of Laurie. What the Club really needs is the full support of all pupils as they come from the school, and with that support in the next few years there is no doubt that D.H. S.F.P. will once again become the power in the land of rugby football that it has been in the past. One last word. The presence of the school side at F.P. games not only is good for the schoolboys; it encourages the F.P. side to see them there with better results all round.

Former Pupils Tennis Club

This may seem an inappropriate time of year to appeal for more members to join the tennis club, but the next issue of the magazine would be too late. In view of this, it is to be hoped that when Spring again comes round, this appeal will not be forgotten.

Our tennis club is among the oldest in the city and has had a continuous existence of almost 50 years, weathering two world wars. The second war left us with the problem of gathering a new ladies' team as practically all the previous team had drifted away. This resulted in a lack of experience and the team sank from the first division to the fourth division. The men were more fortunate in having a few of their former players available and, after just missing promotion on two occasions they are now at the top of the third division and look forward to promotion to the second division in the coming season.

There is no doubt that, if all tennis playing pupils joined our club on leaving school, both the ladies and men would regain their former glory. It is appreciated that the courts may not be sufficiently accessible to all, but it is hoped that our club may now count on more generous support than has been received during the last few years. The subscription is a modest one and there are six courts. Younger members will find that every encouragement is given, and, should they desire, they may have coaching. In point of fact, it is doubtful whether there is any other club in the city which affords more opportunity to the young player eager to engage in match play. The membership is not big, and consequently, facilities for play are greater than in most clubs. The men run two teams and the ladies one team.

In closing, mention should be made of the friendly atmosphere which has always existed in our club. All former pupils are welcome and, if you give it a trial next season, you most certainly will have no regrets.

Men's Singles Championship—Silver Cup

1. J. R. Soutar.
2. W. Blain.

Ladies' Singles Championship—Silver Cup

1. Jean H. Buttars.
2. Helen J. Johnston.

Hockey Report.

The officials for season 1951-52 were elected as follows:—

Captain—Aileen V. Paterson

Vice-Captain—Dorothy O. McEwan

Secretary—Muriel J. B. Thomson

We have three of last year's 1st XI still with us, and the team shows promise for the future. The other teams too, show talent and enthusiasm.

We are unfortunate to be without the services of Miss Spreull just now. On behalf of the members of the teams, I should like to express our good wishes for a speedy recovery. Miss Whytock has taken her place and we are very grateful for her help and advice.

Our thanks go to Miss Smith and to the other members of the staff who have given us of their time and advice throughout the term.

The weather so far has not interrupted any of our fixtures and we hope it will continue to favour us.

Match Results

			F.	A.
1st XI				
Sept. 15	Waid Acaademy	(h)	2	2
" 22	D.H.S. F.P.	(h)	1	5
Oct. 6	Madras College	(a)	1	4
" 13	Grove Academy	(h)	5	1
" 20	Morrison's Academy	(h)	1	3
" 27	Kirkcaldy High School	...(h)	0	4

2nd XI Captain, Ann Younger

Oct. 13	Grove Academy	(h)	4	0
" 20	Morrison's Academy	...(h)	1	6
" 27	Kirkcaldy High School	(a)	2	1
Oct. 6	Morgan Academy	(a)	0	3
Oct. 6	Morgan Academy	(h)	1	3

2nd Year XI Captain, H. Fleming

Oct. 20	Morrison's Academy	(h)	0	0
Oct. 27	Harris Academy	(a)	2	2

M.J.T.B.

Girls' Literary and Debating Society Report

The first meeting of the Girls' Literary Society this season was the traditional "Hat Night". Co-education, which has been debated at this meeting for many years, was once more given unanimous approval. The new younger members of the society took part in the debate.

On the 26th October the Society was entertained by Pamela Bain, Dian Montgomerie and Monica Stewart who gave us vivid accounts of their holidays in Switzerland, France and Austria.

At the next meeting the entertainment was provided by Form 5 who, in spite of the on-coming prelims, presented a varied and excellently performed programme.

On Friday, 23rd November, Miss O'Toole, an American exchange teacher, addressed the Society on the subject "Teenagers in America". It was a most interesting and instructive talk which was all the more notable in that she did not use notes nor did she lose, for one second, the rapt attention of her enthusiastic young audience.

Boys' Literary Society

The first meeting of the Society this session took the form of a Hat Night when members acquitted themselves well in spite of the mixed nature of the questions. Then the Society held a Discussion Group on "The Future of Europe" under the leadership of Mr Anderson. This meeting was a great success thanks to the guidance of Mr Anderson, and at this meeting it was noticeable that the younger members were not afraid to venture their opinions on so grave a subject. Perhaps the highlight of our meetings, was the Mock Election held on the 19th October. The four candidates, Messrs Penny, Conservative, Harper, Liberal, Lyon, Scottish Nationalist, and Morgan, Socialist, gave their views amidst good-humoured heckling and cheering by the members. The meeting on 2nd November was the first for Junior members and this was a talk on Rugby by Mr Ford who was received with great enthusiasm. The next meeting was a talk on the wide subject of the Theatre by Mr Alec. Robertson, and the speaker traced the history of the Theatre in Dundee. The Society then heard a selection of papers from Form III. Some mention must be made of the good work rendered to the Society by Mr Anderson who has left us for another teaching post at Madras College. The Society also wish to thank our Presidents Messrs Stevenson and Smart for their untiring support to the Society.

M.S. Secy.

F.P. Cricket Report

The F.P. Cricket Club has finished its first season in Strathmore Union Cricket which, considering its low reserve of playing strength, was a memorable one. Our final Union record reads Played 20, Won 13, Lost 7, Drawn 0.

It was a season of "ifs" as it is so many times in sport. If we had shown the same determination and will to win at the start of the season as was shown later on, we would have romped home easy winners and Dalnacraig would have had a new flag to fly next season.

We started the season off with a very good win over Perthshire XI but the next week we were in the depths being well beaten by Mannofield XI at Aberdeen. The day was very cold and wet and the pitch soft; that plus the lack of experience and fighting spirit lost us the game. The next game against Gordonians we threw away again through lack of experience. Then we realised that we could win if our backs were put into it and the team settled down for a couple of weeks, but our hopes got another setback from Arbroath United, the next week at Arbroath. We were to rue the loss of these three games very much at the end of the season. From then on until the end of the season

we did moderately well, finding ourselves in the running for the Championship through Strathmore slipping up and letting us in with a chance. This chance, I am sorry to say we failed to take, failing miserably in the Final game at Perth against Perthshire XI and being well trounced. As I said above, if we had won another 2 games, even, at the beginning, we should not have had to worry about the last game. But that is what makes the game what it is.

The batting averages are headed by Mr G. A. Main with an average of 26.5 runs and the bowling by Mr Stark with an average of 8.25 runs per wicket. Mr Stark won the Strathmore Union Trophy for the best Amateur bowling average.

Now, a word to those cricketers still at school who may be leaving in the near future. Our 2nd XI has entered the Strathmore Union Second Division. This means that those playing in our 2nd XI will be participating in really competitive cricket against good teams on good wickets. We can only make a show in these leagues if we have enthusiastic support from all cricketers both F.P.s and P.P.s.

Our practice facilities have been improved by the laying down of a concrete wicket with matting which proved a very useful innovation last season.

Games were played last season against Forfarshire, Dundee Senior Cricket Select, Caird Park Select and Lochee Park Select. There was to have been a game with Perthshire as well, but the Weather Clerk had other ideas and the game was cancelled. Our record for these games was—

Played 4, Won 2, Drawn 2, Lost 0.

J. D. F. Carnegie, Hon. Secy.

D.H.S. OLD BOYS' CLUB**Angling Outing**

The angling outing was held at Loch Leven on 21st June. This was a new venture, and a party of a dozen of Old Boys set out in six boats. A very enjoyable time was spent although conditions were not favourable for heavy baskets. The most successful fishers were Messrs. M. M. Burns and J. S. Nicoll. It is hoped that this may be an annual event and any interested in next year's outing please communicate with W. S. Phillips, 386 Strathmartine Road, Dundee.

Golf

The Annual Handicap Competition was held at Kirriemuir, on Saturday 16th June, 1951. The weather was fine this year and a pleasant afternoon was spent in delightful surroundings. Mr R. W. Recordon won the Stuart Trophy for the third year in succession.

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Maintaining A Tradition

Through all the years of shortages and restrictions we have never relaxed our effort to maintain, as far as lies within our power, our tradition for **QUALITY** in the bakery goods and confections that bear our name.

We have reason to believe that a discriminating public has appreciated our efforts, and that among thousands of families "the good things from Lytton Bakery" are still firm favourites.

This reputation for **QUALITY** we intend to maintain to the best of our ability.



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