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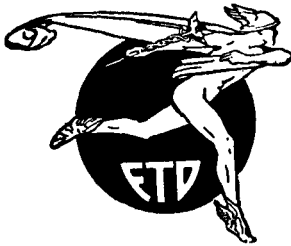
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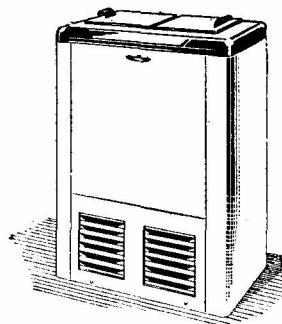


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The Dundee High School MAGAZINE

No. 113]

DECEMBER 1952

[1/3

Editorial

Once again the throes of winter are upon us and the nip in the air, though exhilarating to the younger and inkier denizens of The High School, is a source of discomfort to those who have passed the prime of life. Yet this situation is not without remedy, since the new school boiler, after a somewhat inauspicious beginning, has settled down to the task of keeping up the spirits of pupils and teachers alike.

Once again the note is passed round the school—"Contributions to the Magazine should now be handed in." This may stir the conscientious and those who have determined to make a final effort to see their names and the products of their lucubrations in print; but to the unfortunate wretch who, by virtue of being in Form VI., has had the heavy mantle of Editorship cast upon his shoulders, it brings an uneasy feeling of foreboding. For in desperation he has to search through the dust-covered volumes of the Magazine for ideas, and wander about the School buildings "waiting for the spark from heaven to fall," to protect his reputation and salve his conscience. Yet is this heart-rending anguish necessary? For surely the Editorial, though the first page of the Magazine, is the last that anyone should wish to read. So thus you see what a joy it is to be an Editor!

The question of the reconstruction of the School is one which has been the subject of many arguments over the past few years between pupils and teachers alike. But no mat-

ter what side anyone takes, no matter whether he stands on the side of tradition or of "congenial environment," the construction of two new classrooms from the old dining hall on the East wing of the School will create a lull, however momentary, in the arguments, and afford some compromise to both sides. Of course, those, whose sole interest is food, may only notice in passing that the salubrious surroundings of Ireland's Lane are more conducive to good appetite and that milk and buns are more easily assimilated in the exhilarating air of the back playground. This pre-occupation with food is rarely disturbed, even by such a thing as a firework!

Turning to the activities of the School in general, we find that on 24th October, a number of pupils from Forms V. and VI. attended an U.N.O. "Question Time" meeting in the School of Economics at the kind invitation of the local association. Several questions were asked by High School pupils and a very enjoyable and educative evening was spent by all concerned. After Prayers, on 3rd November, the pupils of the Upper School were given an address by Dr. Cumming, a Missionary in India and China, on his recent work in a hospital in Pakistan. On the same day and on the following, pupils were X-rayed for the second year by the Mass Miniature Radiography Unit operating in Dundee and district. It seems a pity that chests and not heads were being tested. There might have been some very interesting and curious results!

On Friday, 7th November, pupils gathered at 3.30 in the front playground for the laying of a wreath on the War Memorial by the Senior Prefects, Christine Main and Ian Dewar. Cadets and Guides were lined up on either side of the Pillars. On the following Tuesday, 11th November, a special Armistice Day service was held in the Hall.

The normal singing of hymns in the morning has been augmented by the introduction of an organized choir to lead the singing and at the above-mentioned service they sang an appropriate anthem. For this, we have to thank Mr T. E. Porteous, coming to the School from the Royal High School, Edinburgh, to fill the vacancy of the post of Singing Master, caused by the retirement of Mr Treasure at the end of last session. We are sure such fine and angelic singing should inspire some of the lowlier spirits of the School to great things during the day.

We were sorry to lose the services of Miss Winifred M. N. Stewart after only a short stay in the School.

There were many retirements at the end of last session, but pupils are settling down to the new faces in their midst. Fortunately, only two teachers have left during this term, and the position will be different next term. We are happy to welcome Miss E. J. Buchan, who has taken the place of Miss Yeaman in the Preparatory Department, Miss E. L. Nicoll, and Mr D. G. Robertson who have replaced Miss J. C. Bain and Mr Ritchie in the Junior Department. Miss H. M. Brown left quite soon after the beginning of the term to be married and her post has been filled by Miss A. Ballantyne.

In the Needlework Department, Mrs F. J. M. Pearce, coming from Rockwell School, has taken the place of Mrs Atkinson. Miss E. Kinnison has taken charge of the dancing instruction. Mr A. M. Thomson, already well-known in the School was appointed to fill the vacancy in the Science Department caused by the death of Miss Coupar who was deeply admired throughout the School. We were unfortunate to lose Miss Dryburgh, who resigned earlier in the term. She has given many years of untiring work for the School and took a deep interest in her work and in school activities in general. Miss Stevenson, already familiar in the School last session, was appointed to fill the post.

Meanwhile, Christmastide draws on, and all long for the festivities which are associated with it. All except those poor wights in Form V., who have been condemned to the Leaving Certificate Examinations, are thrilled with the prospect of 1953 and its rejoicing; perhaps it is not so bad after all to be in Form VI., and aloof from such trivialities as examinations! However, let us be like the poet who wrote:

"On with the Dance: let joy be unconfined!"
and wish a Merry Christmas to all with all prosperity and good luck in the coming year!

NEWS AND NOTES

Mr Halliday and **Mr Vannet** are again well represented in the Autumn Exhibition of the Dundee Art Society. Mr Halliday has five works in Sculpture and four Paintings while Mr Vannet shows ten works in various media, prominent among them being his large oil of Pipe-Major McLeish. In the Royal Glasgow Institute of the Fine Arts Mr Halliday shows two pieces of Sculpture and two Water Colours. Mr Vannet, in the same exhibition, shows two Etchings. In the Society of Scottish Artists' Exhibition, in Edinburgh, Mr Halliday has two works in the Sculpture Hall and Mr Vannet is represented by a Water Colour and an Etching. Both Mr Halliday and Mr Vannet have been invited to show water colours in an exhibition of the work of Dundee Artists to mark the reopening of the Ward Road Gallery as a Gallery of Shipping.

We were all extremely sorry to hear of the illness of **Pipe/Major McLeish** and our best wishes go to "Pipie" for a speedy and complete recovery.

Meantime, **R.S.M. Roy**, of the 4/5 Black Watch has agreed to act as instructor. R.S.M. Roy is perhaps better known as the famous "Piper of Tobruk." At the height of an overwhelming attack by enemy forces he sprang forward playing his pipes. His example rallied the Scottish Troops who counter-attacked driving the enemy back. For his action Pipe/Major Roy was awarded the D.C.M. and his kilt, with a bullet hole through it, is now in the Black Watch Regimental Museum at Perth.

Dian Montgomerie has had three of her charming costume figures accepted in the exhibition of the Society of Scottish Artists, at

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present being held in Edinburgh. Three studies were made in the Art Department of the High School during last session.

We Congratulate . . .

Mr Donald M. Ross, M.A., Ll.B. on winning, last December, the Vans Dunlop Scholarship in Scots Law and Conveyancing. Earlier in the year, Mr Ross was Medallist and MacLagen Prize winner in Forensic Medicine.

Miss Helen J. Johnston on gaining her B.L. degree. She was awarded the prize presented annually by the solicitors of Dundee to the best Conveyancing Student for the year, and was the first lady student to win the prize.

Mr Ian S. Stark on being one of the five Scots out of 259 candidates accepted for the Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst.

Mr P. G. C. Robertson on winning the Scottish Hard Courts Junior Championship as well as the Grass Courts Championship.

Aileen Paterson on reaching the final of the Hard Courts Junior Championship.

Mr F. Gordon Dewar on winning the Scottish Amateur Golf Championship.

Mr J. R. S. Duncan, Sudan Political Service, on the publication of his book, "The Sudan—A Record of Achievement."

Mr A. P. M. Forrest on his appointment to a fellowship in physiology in the Mayo Foundation, Rochester, Minnesota.

Mr A. R. F. Anderson, F.R.I.B.A., on his being elected as president of the Architectural Association.

Mr John Blair on taking his Diploma D.R. C.O.G. and on joining the R.A.M.C. as a Lieut.

Mr Bruce Leslie, of U.K. Time Company on being sent to take a three years' course in Horology at the National College, London Polytechnic.

David P. Dorward who has won the Gray Prize in the Department of Philosophy at St. Andrews University.

OBITUARY

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

Mr K. I. Lawson, Lt. J. I. Shepherd, R.N., Mr E. Barry, M.I.C.E., Mr T. Sime, Prof.

W. Annan, C.A., Mr A. Smith, Mr J. A. Murdoch, C. A., Dr. W. T. Calman, C.B., F.R.S.

Mr Lawson (73) became an apprentice engineer on leaving the High School. On his father's death at the turn of the century, he entered the family business of J. B. Lawson, whisky merchants, 73 Seagate. The business was given up twenty years ago by Mr Lawson and his partner brother, Mr Fred C. Lawson.

Lt. Shepherd (26) was killed in a Royal Navy motor launch disaster in June. He joined the Royal Navy when 16, and during the war served in the Mediterranean and Japanese waters. He held every possible campaign medal for the 1939-45 war, except the Defence Medal.

Mr Barry carried out engineering work in Canada, Brazil, India and Greece. During the first World War he served in the Royal Engineers, with the rank of captain, on the Salonica front, and was awarded two Greek decorations, one for valour. He again served in the Royal Engineers during the Second World War.

Mr Sime of Muirloch Farm was a keen rugby player who played Scrum-Half for D.H.S.F.P. and for a number of years was Captain of the team. He also took a very great interest in the younger teams of D.H.S.

Professor Annan (80) joined the firm, Messrs Graham, Smart & Annan in 1907, and was a partner until he retired several months ago. He was appointed to the Chair of Accounting and Business Methods in Edinburgh University in 1927.

Professor Annan was Honorary President of the Old Boys' Club and had held office since 1939.

Although living in Edinburgh for many years, he retained a keen interest in the School and the Club, and it is recently reported that he has left a generous legacy to the Reconstruction Fund.

Mr Smith (85) was senior partner of Pollock & Smith, Solicitors, 6 Panmure Street. He served his apprenticeship with a local firm and studied law at Edinburgh University. He joined his brother-in-law, the late Mr James Pollock, as a partner in 1897. He was a brother of Norman Kemp Smith, Professor of Logic and Metaphysics at Edinburgh University from 1919 to 1945.

Mr Murdoch (76) joined the firm of Messrs R. C. Thomson & Murdoch in 1906. During the First World War, as a major, he raised a Dundee Field Company of the Royal Engineers. In 1917 he was appointed County Commandant. Mr Murdoch was prominent in the Scout Movement and held office as County Secretary.

Dr. Calman (80) gained his B.Sc. in 1895 and was appointed Assistant Lecturer and Demonstrator in Zoology at University College Dundee. In 1904 he went to London as an assistant in the Zoological Department of the British Museum. He was an authority on Crustacea.

“The Pirates of Penzance”

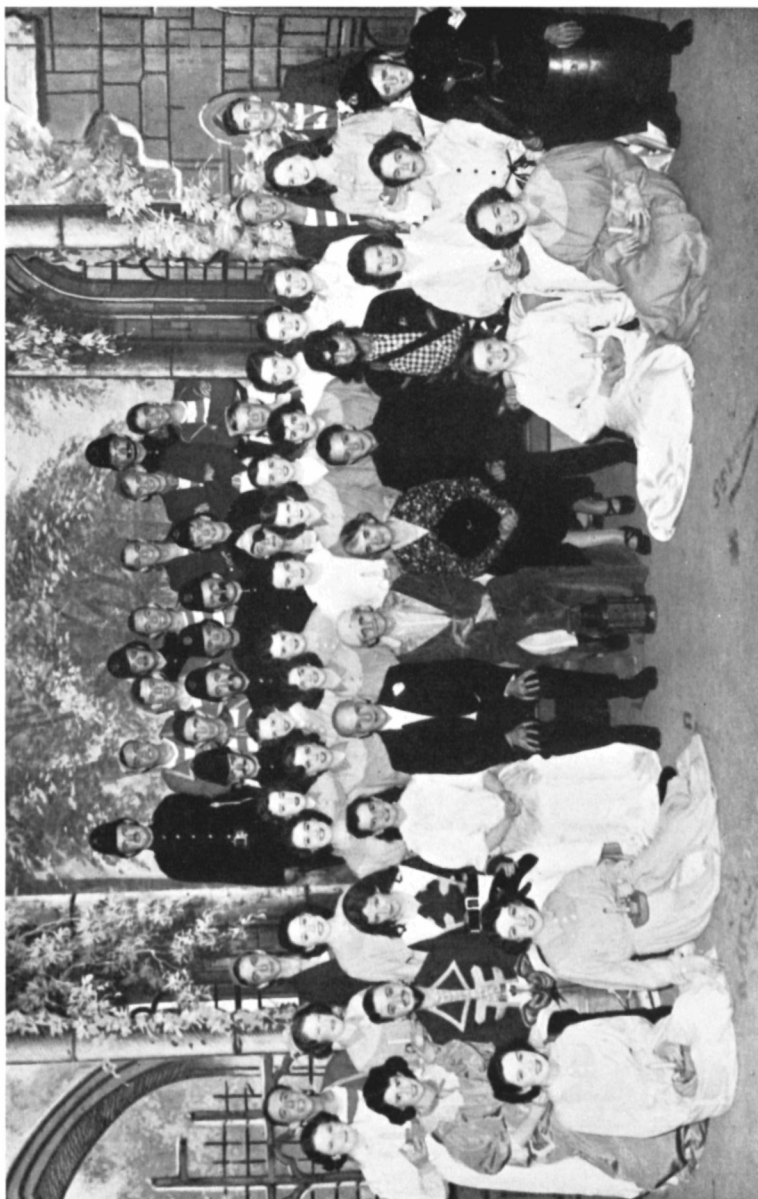
On the evenings of 12th, 13th, and 14th July, 1952, the stage of the Training College Hall, Park Place, was skilfully transformed into part of the rocky coast of Cornwall and then into a very realistic Ruined Chapel by moonlight. For the High School Senior pupils, to aid the Reconstruction Fund, on these evenings performed to packed audiences “The Pirates of Penzance” by W. S. Gilbert and A. Sullivan.

Because of previous successes in Gilbert and Sullivan operas much was expected of the performers, and to its great credit be it said the cast fulfilled these expectations in a magnificent fashion, conveying to the audience by beautiful singing, and competent and clear speech, not only the interesting story of the opera, but also the individual's pleasure in each rôle played. The chorus supplied an excellent background for the work of the principals and contributed much to the audience's delight in their colourful costumes and settings.

As for the “Dramatis Personae” as they appeared on the programme—Ewan E. Hooper, in acting and singing, gave an excellent and sensitive performance as the old Major-General Stanley, doing more than justice to the old gentleman's fussy manners and subtle methods of thought. The Pirate King, Ian B. Grant, appealed greatly to all in the audience as the expression of what a Pirate King should be. The exciting atmosphere which he created was developed by his Lieutenant, Samuel, a part played with sturdy vigour by William F. Morrison. Both of these villains were, as we say, “just right” for the parts and the measure of their success was their immediate acclaim by the audience. Another very attractive character was the Sergeant of Police, played by David H.

Tweedie, with a fine sense of humour and timing. The song, “A Policeman's lot”, by David and his followers was a highlight. The rôle of the young hero, Frederick, taken by George Bell, demanded much skill. For Frederick, tortured by anxieties and in love with one of the General's daughters, Mabel, figures largely in the evening's performance. The part was well and successfully played. As for the ladies, who could blame Frederick for his devotion to such as Mabel? Mabel, Joy Stewart, sang and acted all the time with obvious skill and showed her own delight in her part. Stanley's other daughters, Edith (Elspeth G. Swinton), Kate (Joyce S. White), and Isabel (June E. C. Anderson), made a winsome trio to aid and abet Mabel with sweet singing. The Pirate Maid, Norma Brown, did a good job on a difficult part and lent light and shade to the Pirate Ensemble.

Now, as the Senior pupils would be the first to assure us, this lovely blend of singing and acting could not have been achieved unless under expert guidance and training. The basic training was done, as it always has been, by the Opera's Musical Director, Mr E. S. Treasure, A.R.C.O., assisted by Miss Helen H. Coutts, A.R.C.M., the Hon. Accompanist. Without the hard work done by them no Opera would have flourished. This was the last Opera Mr Treasure was to direct for us, for he has now retired from work in School. “The Pirates” was also his first Opera in D.H.S., so, in a sense, with it he completed a cycle of works, five in all, and all of them finely executed with the touch only an artist can give. We are sorry to have said farewell to so fine a gentleman but assure him the tradition he created will surely live. We wish him all good things in his new life. With him, as orchestra leader, Mr A. Morrison Reid worked diligently and successfully.



The Grand Finale of "The Pirates of Penzance", 1952.



The Girls' Chorus in "The Pirates of Penzance", 1952.

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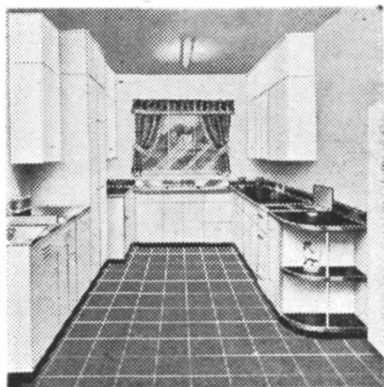
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The production itself was in the hands of Mr Arthur J. Millar, a good friend of the School, who in this Opera, as in the past ones, worked assiduously and meticulously till the actors had reached a very high stage of perfection. The stage arrangements were in the capable hands of Mr Douglas Robertson who does all kinds of marvels with lights and sets. The make up was done by members of the Staff under Miss Lickley. Work on the Principals was done to a large extent by two valuable helpers, Mr Corkhill and Mr Ogilvie.

Members of Staff assisted also in dressing the cast and there were others who, a nameless number, as a labour of love, did many a job, perhaps unknown to or unnoticed by those who saw the show, but without whose splendid cooperation the Opera would not have been the success it was.

To all of this add the spirit of youth and fun and you will all understand that this was indeed exquisite fare for the audience.

THE DANCE OR SPLIT PERSONALITY (In eight periods)

Geography.

The Chinese for long ages, to detailed labour prone,

Produced the finest, richest silks the world has ever known.

Those creaseless, squashy surfaced ones in pictures of the Queen

Are simply IT. I want some, more than anything I've seen.

French.

"Je ne sais quoi," translated, has not, in the same degree,

Like "chic," just the significance it has in gay Paris.

I think I'd like it strapless, with a sequin here and there.

Mem. Look up Princess Margaret. See how to do my hair.

Science.

The science of chemistry today can nearly supersede

Old Nature in supplying all the substances we need.

I heard they're in in Draffen's. I don't care what Mummy feels.

I want a pair of nylons with those SHATTERING new heels.

English.

The language of the poet is by metaphor enriched.

Hyperbole can raise the tone in which a statement's pitched.

I want to do no Garbo. I want to catch the eye.

I must have silver sandals or I'll simply have to die.

Art.

Colour is not used by chance by people who are wise.

In dress, let scientific use enhance your hair and eyes.

My mop is mouse, my eyes are mud. What-ever should I wear?

Perhaps I'll put dark glasses on and dye my horrid hair.

Gymnastics.

Don't jerk in any movement. What we want is smooth control

Of each and every muscle. Up the head and walk, don't roll.

I know the things I ought to do. I wish I didn't bulge.

What slippery floors will make me do, the future won't divulge.

Mathematics.

The unknown quantity is x and, by equation's use,

Your problems may be solved however complex and abstruse.

Well John + Sally = something I don't like to see.

I wonder what the x would be to = John + me.

Singing.

Now, rhythm is important, keep a lovely vocal line,

And hang your words out on it. Don't lose the swing, that's fine.

I wonder whose the band is. Will we dance the things I know?

Will I be dancing anything? I don't believe I'll go.

"Spero."

Per Ardua

"It's easy," my companion said. "A canny walk."

I looked at the lift of the hill, swelling upward to its white cap of mist. Without actively disagreeing, I assumed the expression of one who reserves judgement.

"Don't rush it," my companion said. "Take it easy. Breathe rhythmically. Put your feet flat on the ground. Right? We'll go."

We moved off across the gentle lower slopes. I began to feel a little more confident. I threw out my chest and drew in deep breaths. I cocked my head, one eye professionally narrowed, and airily estimated times, heights, routes. I looked backwards, rather patronisingly, at the smaller hills to the north.

The slope steepened. "Put your feet flat on the ground," I experimented. It could be done if you walked sideways, crab-fashion. It was neither comfortable nor very progressive. I abandoned it.

"Breathe rhythmically." Another of those rules based on a false assumption—namely that one is in control of one's breathing. On a hill your breathing is in control of you.

"Take it easy." This, of course, is the most limpidly lunatic rule of all. It is intended, I suppose, comparatively: don't rush. There is no danger of this whatsoever: one can't rush. And "easy" indeed. Preposterous word to use. Nothing one can do on a hill is easy, except perhaps to collapse panting on any convenient rock.

Beside me, a burn chuckled with insane and malicious temptation. Steeling myself, I ignored it. Nobody had told me I mustn't drink, but it was so obviously the thing one most wanted to do that it was bound to be forbidden.

My thoughts slid into a channel of morbid self-pity. I began regretting the day, so many years before, when I found those three cigarettes in a discarded packet after the village flower show. From such small beginnings do lifelong habits grow. I decided that there was probably no truth in the romantic legend of whisky as the national tipple of the

Highlands, and began to regret the double I'd had before lunch. I thought about my companion and was amazed at my own failure, hitherto, to see beneath the plausibly pleasant exterior to the crazy fanaticism beneath. Getting light-headed, I was even beginning to toy with the engineering problems involved in levelling down the entire Highlands of Scotland.

The brook nattered on. A seagull (now what had brought it here?) did a steep turn and banked overhead. I could almost detect the sardonically derisory gleam in its eye. Sweat ran down my brow, tickled my ears, slid clammily under my collar.

I would not look up. I would keep going, head down, a picture of British doggedness, until the miraculous moment when the top was reached.

I did look up—you can't stop yourself. Some sort of compulsion neurosis from the dark psychiatric jungle of the mountaineer's mind.

My first impression was that somehow we'd got on to a different and even larger hill. The ridge that even from below had seemed to tower in improbable distance was now still farther away. The top itself had slid back out of sight. The mist was higher than ever.

I looked back. Some hundred feet or so below, the car sat smugly by the roadside. I could almost read the number. I tried to remember a Latin tag which commented rather acidly on the ratio between labour involved and result achieved.

It was one of those moments of decision.

I looked again at the bulk of the hill, monstrous, megacephalous and unmoved. I set my teeth.

"You blankety lump of earth and rock and heather and grass, I'm damned if you're getting away with it!" I swore.

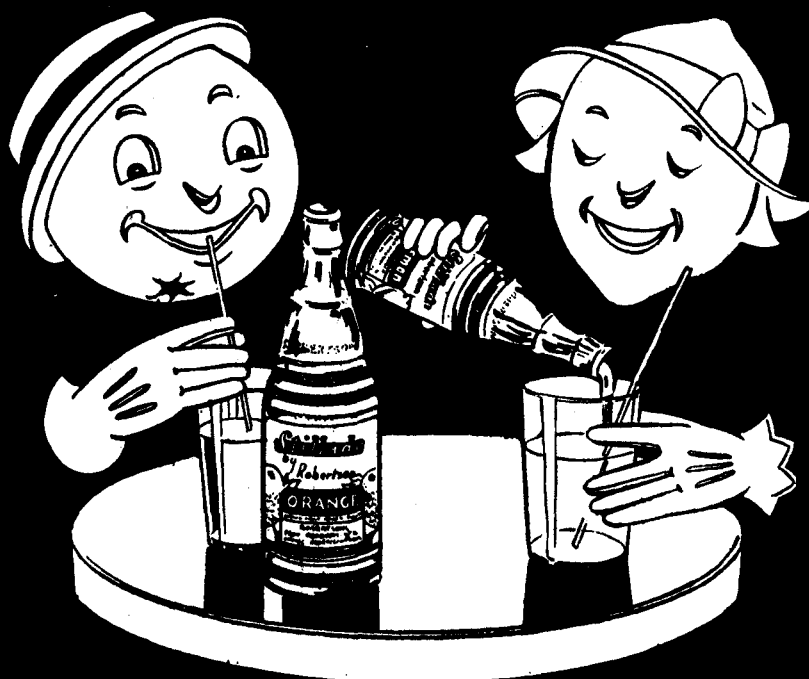
I kicked it just to show my contempt. I scooped up some water and drank it, defiantly. I put my foot flat on the ground. I breathed rhythmically.

Then I began to walk upwards.

I had become a climber.

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Flight to Korea

Excerpts from letters from a Black Watch Officer who flew to Korea in May, with the Advance Party of the 1st Batt. The Black Watch.

In the air 200 miles west of Karachi,
30th May, 1952.

Something was wrong with the undercarriage of our Hastings aircraft and we did not get away from Lyncham until about 12 a.m. last Sunday, instead of 7 a.m. as originally planned. The plane holds about 50 including the crew. There are 9 Black Watch Officers and 20 Black Watch men; a lady sergeant in the W.A.A.F.; a Wing Commander called Dewar from Hong Kong; 10 R.A.F.; and a crew of Captain, Assistant Pilot, Navigating Officer, Signals Sergeant, Engineer Sergeant, and Air Quartermaster Sergeant. The Captain was in bombers all through the 1939-45 war, in the Berlin Air-lift of '49, and has over 4,000 flying hours' experience, so we are in good hands.

We usually start each leg of our flight about 6.30 a.m. which means rising at 4.30 a.m., and 3 a.m. for the crew. It is, therefore, always light when we start and when we touch down at our destination daily.

The weather has been consistently good and we have been able to enjoy the most interesting views from the air. Unfortunately, we normally fly at between 7,000 and 9,500 feet and, therefore one does not see all the detail one would wish to see.

We are at present already 3 days behind schedule, for a late start on the Sunday meant a late arrival at Tripoli. This did not allow the crew to be "debriefed" and rested sufficiently in the time available for an early start on the Monday. We, therefore, spent the whole of Monday in Tripoli, bathing in the cool waters of the Mediterranean.

We left early, as planned, on Tuesday for Habbanyia. Our route was via the Western Desert, touching down at El Adem to refuel, Nile delta, Suez Canal, Sinai Desert, Habbanyia. We arrived about 5 p.m. and found it very hot indeed. Habbanyia is a very large R.A.F. station and there must be a good 2,000 men there. It is about 55 miles from Baghdad.

We started, as planned, on the Wednesday morning for Karachi, but, when we had been only half an hour in the air, one of the port engines failed and we had to turn back. There was no danger, but, of course, with three engines trying to do the work of four, it only means overworking them, and, had a further engine gone, we might have experienced difficulty landing with only two working. So back we turned to Habbanyia. You will realise that having flown for only an hour we had used only one-eighth of our petrol and were consequently too heavy for safe landing. We, therefore, had to discharge 650 gallons of petrol which trailed behind the 'plane in a long vaporous stream. Just think how long 650 gallons would keep your car on the road. After we landed, the engine had to be changed and the aircraft tested, so this involved a two-day delay! We did not leave until this morning, Friday, 30th May, whereas, on our original flight plan, we should have arrived at Singapore last night, and so we are well behind, but there is no urgent hurry to get to Korea.

In view of the delay I planned a trip to Babylon for the officers, which we did yesterday. We rose at 4.45 a.m. having gone to bed at 2 a.m. following a terrific party in the club at Habbanyia; breakfast at 5.30 a.m. and on the road at 6 a.m. We travelled in two taxis, both very modern American luxury-type cars made by Henry Ford and about 34 H.P. each. We went via Baghdad where we collected our guide, a Mr Abbey, from the Y.M.C.A. there, and so on to Babylon, arriving about 10.45 a.m. having already done 165 miles over somewhat indifferent roads. As we went along over the desert, we occasionally saw Arabs melting bitumen, a tar substance which was used as a cement in Babylon brick-building as far back as 700 B.C. and can still be seen there today.

The main excavations were done by the Germans from 1898 to 1916 and thereafter much that had been excavated was again filled in to prevent its being washed away by heavy rains. Also, the main part of the city, built by Nebuchadnezzar, has been removed to build other cities, and to museums in Berlin, London and Baghdad. The whole of the Ishtar Gate is now in Berlin although I never saw it when I was there.

The pictorial Babylon of Nebuchadnezzar is based on fact and can be fairly accurately reproduced. The Babylon of today is far older than that of Nebuchadnezzar's day. Nebuchadnezzar ordered that part of the city to be filled in, and on top of this he built his city : that is why the city before Nebuchadnezzar is in such a fine state of preservation even to this day. The bricks in the main pillars are as if made only yesterday, and the bitumen cement is there just as the Arabs now use it today.

Upon a column I found a stork's nest and inside two babies. I was able to get within twenty yards and take a photograph which I hope will come out better than our Alsatian storks. The nest was on top of the broken column whilst I was on a mound close at hand and at the same height as the nest.

We then moved on to the village of Hilla where we had lunch in the Y.M.C.A. and after that went on to what is reputed to be the Tower of Babel. Here I took more photographs and we turned for home about 3 p.m. We were in Baghdad by 5 p.m. where we had tea at the Y.M.C.A. and then left for Habbaniya at 6 p.m., arriving 8 p.m. The round trip was 260 miles by car. Guide, lunch, tea and taxi were £2 - 9 - 0 each, a very cheap outing when all is considered.

We learnt that our plane was all right and rose this morning at 5 a.m., on the plane at 6.30 a.m., off by 7 a.m. We shall be in Karachi in another 30 minutes or so.

Korea,
18th June, 1952.

I last wrote to you from Karachi and, owing to further unseen delays, we finally arrived in Korea on Monday, 10th June. However, before giving you details of this charming country I will go back and take up my story from Karachi.

We landed at Karachi about 4.30 p.m. in blazing heat and an atmosphere closely resembling that of a steam laundry. Having flown in the clear, cool atmosphere of 9,000 feet, we found it terrible to climb out of the 'plane in a bath of perspiration.

I was quickly in a shower and changed, but was as bad again five minutes later. About

6 p.m. we left the camp for the town by taxi and some of the smells we passed through beat Africa and Palestine into a cocked hat. The worst areas appeared to be the sewage beds of the Indian villages and this was made worse by the fact that the tide was out.

There were six of us in the taxi and we planned to look up the old Indian contractor to the Black Watch during the time that the Regiment had served in India on numerous occasions, between 1904 and 1947. This good gentleman delights in the name of Gulham Mohamet Nabi. His father, Hussein Bux, started the business with the 2nd Black Watch in 1904. Gulham is the eldest son and a man of about forty.

We found his house after a short while and were most cordially received. A bottle of "Johnny Walker" was soon produced and drunk. Meantime, our host changed from his Mohammedan dress into European white slacks and shirt. We were then taken a tour of Karachi in his Standard Vanguard car. We called in at one of his three restaurants, the "K. Wality," presumably the Indian accentuation of "Quality" where we had a superb ice-cream. Thence to the Central Casino, the most classy club in the place. Needless to say it was merely a matter of waiting two minutes before the European manager, a White Russian, appeared, bowing and scraping to Gulham, followed close at hand by a bottle of whisky and loads of soda. This was quickly dispersed and we left for the nearest "K. Wality" where dinner had been ordered in the meantime. This consisted of soup, fish, chicken, curried-chicken and ice-cream, with coffee, biscuits, cheese and liqueurs. Blown up like poisoned pups and suffering from the fears of acute indigestion yet to come, we departed at 10.45 p.m. for the barracks, but this time driven in a superb American Cadillac car. Gulham waved goodbye as we sped down the centre street of Karachi driven by an exquisitely dressed chauffeur.

We took off the following morning, still perspiring, at 5.30 a.m., and the sun only just up.

Our new leg took us by the west coast of India to the R.A.F. Station at Negombo, in Ceylon, where we landed about 3 p.m. Here the climate was more pleasant and there was a swimming pool where we went to cool off.

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The natives are very small, about five feet tall, but smile readily and seem a very happy lot altogether. The particular part that we were in was 20 miles from Colombo and the whole area seemed to be given up to the growing of coconuts, more for the copra, cattle food, than for human consumption. Everything looked very green and pleasant and there were many birds about which I had never seen before. Incidentally, the magpie and sparrow are common to all the places we have visited. Here we saw many Minor Birds, about the same size as a Starling, with bright yellow beak and a yellow streak running from the eye to the beak ; black in colour with one white feather in the centre of each wing. They are reputed to be the world's best talkers and far superior to the parrot.

There was a very pleasant mess here and we did not leave the camp area but watched a cinema show in the grounds of the mess after dinner. This was in the open air, with waiters appearing periodically to serve iced beer ! My stomach was much upset in the morning. I did not have breakfast and we were airborne and bound for Singapore by 6 a.m. Our route took us across the Indian Ocean to the tip of Sumatra and thence via the Malacca Straits, with Sumatra on the right and Malaya on the left, to Singapore Island where we landed on a Sunday afternoon about 3.30 p.m. Here we were met by a reception party from the Gordon Highlanders and taken to Selarang Barracks (five minutes from the airfield) where the Gordons are at present stationed after a tour of six months chasing guerillas in dense jungle. Here we said goodbye to our crew and aircraft who were due to fly back to England the next day, whilst we were to go on via Manila to Japan in another R.A.F. plane on the Monday morning.

We rose at 4.15 a.m. on Monday morning and, whilst washing, were informed that our pilot had been bitten in the eye by a mosquito, that the eye was fully closed and that he was unfit to fly the plane with safety. This imposed a further delay of 3 days so that it was Thursday when we finally took off. I twice visited the town and went for several walks in the nearby jungle-cum-residential area. I took several photographs.

Finally we got away and flew on to Manila across the South China Sea with no land in sight for several hours. As we came over

Manila Bay I was able to go forward into the pilot's flight deck and look down on Corregidor, where the Yankees made their famous stand against the Japs. It is a small island fortress guarding the entrance to the bay, and not as large as Gibraltar. MacArthur left from here by submarine to continue the war from Australia.

We landed at Clark Field some 40 miles N.E. of Manila itself.

During the evening, Nobby Clark, our Quartermaster, and I fell into conversation with an American Jewish Army Chaplain, called Levitan. He invited us up to his house where we met his wife and spent quite a pleasant evening. They were both very kind to us and very hospitable.

We left Clark Field at 7 a.m. the following day bound for Iwakini, on Honshu, and on the Inland Sea of Japan. Our route took us by Okinawa and Iwojima, both famous in the late war as scenes of bitter fighting between Yankees and Japs. I was surprised to see how large Okinawa was. It consists of numerous atolls the largest of which must be a good ten miles long, if not more. We flew over Shikoku and landed on Honshu about 3 p.m. Here we were quickly transferred to a Japanese motor launch and went a two hours' trip by the Inland Sea through the most lovely scenery to Kure where we disembarked and saw our first large number of Japanese. The roads were terrible and the town generally dirty and smelly although not so bad as Arab and Chinese quarters of Singapore. The women were very broad and strong-looking whilst the men, on the whole, looked a miserable and dejected lot. On landing, we went by bus to the reinforcement depot, where we stayed two days prior to leaving for Korea.

As it rained most of the time I did not leave the camp except to go with several others on the Saturday evening to the Officer's Club, returning at 1 a.m.

On Sunday I attended Church of England service at 11 a.m.

On Monday morning we rose at 2 a.m., were on the launch at 3 a.m. and took off for Iwakimi airfield at 5.45 a.m., landing at Seoul about 8.15 a.m. This time we travelled in an Australian Dakota. We got a good impression of the country from the air ; vast mountain ranges with razor-back edges ;

winding roads taking the contours of the lower ground, the valleys easily discernible by their narrow rice paddies and clusters of houses, usually where two valleys join.

At the airfield we were met by Major Marshall, the second-in-command of the Royal Leicesters, the battalion that we were to relieve. We drove away in a jeep to a transit mess in the town where we had breakfast before going ahead to the battalion.

Seoul is quite a large town and the "pride of Korea"—mostly wooden huts. It looks like an old Shanty Town of the Gold Rush days in California. The only tarmac roads in Korea exist in Seoul itself. The currency, "Won", is grossly inflated so that a porter employed with an infantry battalion in the line gets one million Won in eleven months, or about £6 a month. The present exchange rate is 16,000 Won to the Pound.

Once out of Seoul we travelled by a widened military road towards the front. This is merely a mud track about 30 feet wide and at this time of the year covered by a 3-inch film of fine brown dust which swirls behind you as you drive madly forward at 15 m.p.h. over the most appalling bumps, with dust up your nose and in your eyes till you almost suffocate. After two hours' journeying we arrived at the "A" Echelon of the Leicesters. This is a tented camp, established 12 miles behind the lines, where their transport, ration stores, store tents, etc., are kept and where the battalion main office is housed.

We have been here ever since, visiting the front daily and returning here during the evenings, so that we are always sure of a quiet night.

It is a very gentlemanly war here although the Chinaman has recently steadily increased the volume of his shelling. The Leicesters pull out of the line on 19/20th June and are relieved by the Australians. We take over from the Australians about 10th July.

At present we are about 15 miles north of the Imjin. The country is mountainous with green scrub on the slopes and trees in the valleys, very pretty and pleasantly warm; not too hot.

All the villages are razed to the ground, and a heap of burnt ashes is the only indication of the original presence of habitation. The house-martins have returned to the site of last year's nesting and, finding no houses, have now made their homes inside our tents. They fly in and out quite happily and perch on the string between the tent poles on which we hang our towels. The young have now hatched out and are about a fortnight old. Pheasants abound and can be heard everywhere, particularly in the mornings and evenings. There are also a few cranes to be seen in the rice paddies. Most rare and beautiful of all is the Golden Oriole, a yellow bird about the size of a Jay. I have seen several during the past week.

Well, so much for this time!

E. L. T.

"FESTLICHER ABEND"

Pupils on the German Course from Forms III., IV. and V. acted as hosts to four young Germans on Friday, 7th November, when a programme consisting mainly of German Folk Music was presented. Solos were rendered by Nora Cumming and Elspeth Swinton, with a piano solo by Anne Drummond. Maida Macdonald recited an extract from Goethe's "Mignon". There were numerous community items with Elspeth Fraser as accompanist. Jean Martin and Patricia Blues assisted with the tea.

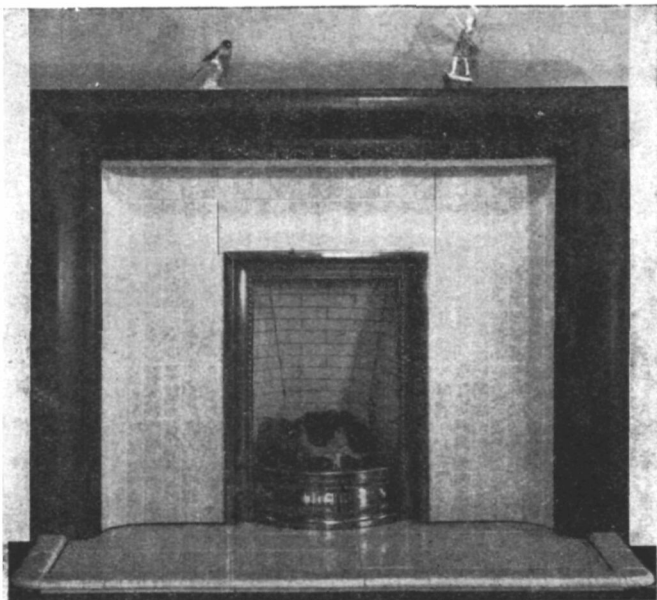
Contributions from the guests included Goethe's "Erlkönig" and Kerner's "Der reichste Fürst" by Fräulein Adelheid Haschke; a song of her Silesian homeland

by Fräulein Irmgard Lepie; and an amusing account by Fräulein Uta von Raab-Straube of her recent journey from Schleswig-Holstein to Scotland.

A vote of thanks was proposed by Elspeth Swinton, to which Fräulein Haschke replied on behalf of the Germans.

The evening was an outstanding success and a valuable experience for all. Pupils took full advantage of the opportunity to practise their spoken German (throughout the evening English was verboten!), and somewhat to their consternation discovered they were being understood. The guests were sincere in their praise of the high standard attained, as demonstrated by both the musical and the linguistic aspects of the evening.

J. S.



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“Gay Paris”

My first impression of Paris was rather a shock to me. I had imagined a beautiful, romantic city with wonderful shops, fruit trees shading large, rolling boulevards, and all the women dressed in the most exclusive of Paris models. Instead, I saw masses of people surging past on either side of the broad road, which looked like a solid block of cars and buses careering along at a tremendous speed. Indeed it was fatal to go slow, as I discovered within half an hour. The road seemed to be never ending and the tourer cruised on, past the enormous shops with enormous neon signs. At last we turned into a smaller street and stopped outside our hotel.

The street looked exactly the same as all the other streets and our only way of identifying it was by the large “Gaz” sign which stood at one end. For the first two or three days, however, it took a lot of courage to go far from the hotel, for, whereas it took half an hour to reach a place, it took the rest of the morning or afternoon to find the way back. At each of the numerous crossroads seven or eight streets would branch out, and, although we calculated how many to the right or left each street that we took was, we invariably started to count from the wrong side on the return journey. Crossing one of the large streets was a nightmare. It was merely a case of stepping on to the road and dodging the traffic until the other side had been gained. Occasionally, a policeman would help matters by blowing his whistle and stopping the traffic for a brief interval.

On the second day of our stay we visited the usual haunts of the sightseer, including Napoleon’s Tomb, the Eiffel Tower and the Opera House. One afternoon we visited the Louvre. This is a palace which encloses a large square of beautiful gardens and imposing statues, each part of the palace being built by different sovereigns from all the ages, so that it is a perfect example of the different styles of architecture. Part of the palace is now used as Art Galleries and in the galleries we saw some of the most famous pictures in the world including Leonardo’s “Mona Lisa.”

Unfortunately, the maid at the hotel had misunderstood us and filled the flask which we carried with us to make our tea in with tepid

instead of boiling water. It was a very hot day, however, and we were glad to rest on one of the park seats to eat our sandwiches and drink the warm water. We then walked along under the shady trees until we came to a café. We sat down under one of the gay canopies and started to indulge in ice-cream and lemonade, until a garçon came up and gave us a card on which was printed “Service, 30 francs.” We had slipped up that time, but it was not too late to rectify matters, and we finished our refreshments standing. The French “service” is a menace to all Britishers with only twenty-five pounds to spend and we had much trouble with it.

Paris comes to life in the evening, when the night clubs and music halls are in full swing. We used to delight in sitting at one of the cafés, sipping coca-cola and listening to the music from the neighbouring cabarets. I attended three shows during my stay, the best of which was the “Folies Bergères.” I never want to see a more magnificent show; the scenery was wonderfully life-like, the costumes gorgeously rich and each item created an atmosphere of incredible reality. No words can describe it, it has to be seen to be believed.

The cuisine was excellent: well varied and temptingly prepared, and the pastries were delicious and very skilfully made. It was a joy to gaze at the different pastries and choose which we would have bought if we had not been so short of money. The prices, however, were prohibitive as in many other respects. Fruit, of course, was cheap and, as the meals were few and far between, we consumed vast quantities of peaches, grapes, melons and greengages. This happened every day.

My amusing experiences were far too numerous to recount here, but perhaps my most awkward moment was when I was asked (in English) by a French-speaking boy, whether I was trying to speak French, and I simply couldn’t think what was the French for “I’m trying to.” Our visit came to an end before we felt that we were properly acquainted with Paris; perhaps, that is why I am so eager to pay another visit to “Gay Paris.”

Fiona Vine, F.IV.



Blood-thirsty Monarchs.

Q : " What were ' Crook-mouth ' and ' Deaf Meg '?"

A : " Mary and James."

Inspiration.

Q : (In French interpretation, re ' farine de blé ') " What kind of flour was the lady using ? "

A.1. : " Baking Soda."

A.2. : " Blue Flour."

Thunderstruck.

" Uncle and nephew came out of the farmhouse. Looking up, the uncle saw a bird, whereupon, he suddenly shot into the air, and the bird fell down dead."

Tell the 1st XV.

" After Harvey's discovery of the circulation of the blood the heeling process was much easier."

Can the Leopard Change his Clothes ?

" I jumped out of bed and dressed myself with the speed of a leopard."

A Fruitful Campaign.

" King Henry then said that, although his army looked untidy and ragged, it did not matter as they would soon be clothed in good clothes with plumbs on their helmets which had belonged to the French."

Depreciation.

" John Knox—a small man who preached in Switzerland, and in Edinburgh and Perth."

Plenitudo Potestatis.

" The Celtic Christianity had Druids and the Romans just had the Pope."

Seams All Right.

" Soon the coal in the mines will be used up and men will be looking all over the country for new ' creases '."

What a Relief !

" With the help of the Pied Piper the town of Hamelin was relieved not only of the rats but of the children."

Arbitration and Conciliation.

" The occasional bleat of the lambs reaches me as they gamble in groups of three or four beside their mothers."

The Culprit at last !

" Wycliffe started the Dollar Movement."

Not Satisfied.

Teacher : " A word ending in ' o-u-s ' generally has the meaning ' full of something '."

Pupil (F.1.) : " Please, Sir, I know a word ending in ' o-u-s ' which does not mean ' full of something '—' pious '."

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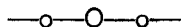
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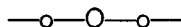
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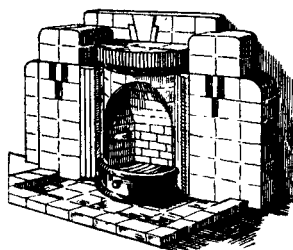
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Rags, Mops & Sponges

Cadet Camp

On the morning of the 28th June, Dundee was once again treated to the skirl of the pipes as the Dundee High School Cadets marched through the streets on their way to annual camp. Our camp this year was held at Dallachy Airfield, Spey Bay, along with the Grove and Morgan Cadets and a contingent from Knox Academy, Haddington. Departing from Tay Bridge Station, we found that British Railways were running true to form. Our train arrived from Edinburgh 45 minutes late with the result that we missed our connection at Aberdeen and had to wait another hour for a slow, an extremely slow, train to Spey Bay. After this somewhat tiring journey, we arrived at Spey Bay at 7 p.m. and were transported in trucks to the camp. At this point any hopes which might have been entertained, especially by the younger cadets, of flying around all week in faster than sound planes were rudely dashed when it was discovered that the airfield was no longer used by the R.A.F.

This year the whole unit was under canvas, to the delight of some and the disgust of others. When the Company entered camp, everything was in first-class condition. This was due to the work of the Advance Party which had left Dundee a day ahead of the Company. Palliasses had been filled and tent boards laid out. Blankets, ground sheets and all other equipment were checked and ready for us to take over. Despite all the hard labour, the Advance Party under Capt. Larg and Lt. Vannet, was lined up and presented a smart appearance as we marched in. After a late supper, we settled down to an unusually peaceful first night. The allocation of blankets had increased from three to five since last year.

On Sunday morning the Unit paraded to Fochabers for Church service. Our presence in Church seemed to have a very disturbing effect on the baby which had chosen an unfortunate Sunday for its christening. In the afternoon we had an opportunity to take stock of our surroundings. The airfield was most certainly disused. The runways were in poor shape while thick grass covered the rest of the extensive area providing food for a large flock of sheep. Our food too, mostly mutton, was a great improvement on previous years. An

innovation was a Church of Scotland Canteen, which, owing to its comfort and pleasant atmosphere, was well patronised. After tea on Sunday we visited the beach and enjoyed a refreshing dip.

Normal training started on Monday and by evening quite a few of us were looking and feeling sunburned. On Tuesday we were honoured by a visit of the G.O.C. Scottish Command, Major General R. K. Arbuthnott. The High School had the distinction of providing the guard and the band played a General Salute. We provided two guards during the week and on both occasions those guards set a high standard of which the Company can be justly proud. On Tuesday morning we attended an interesting demonstration by the Royal Engineers which included mine-detecting and setting off explosives representing various field gun charges.

A new duty, which had the handsome name of Fire Picketing, was discovered. There was no lack of volunteers until it was found that Fire Picketing was just another way of saying "Spud Peeling."

Friday, as usual, was the big day. From early morning, everyone, except those privileged people, the plumber and his mate, that is to say the Company Quarter Master Sergeant and his able assistant, and of course the Sergeant Major, were hard at it polishing and rehearsing for the big show in the afternoon. The Camp Commandant, Colonel Harvey-Williams, judged the Platoon Cup Competition and afterwards took the salute as the Company marched past. For the latter part of the ceremony the Commandant wore his sword. The Platoon Cup was won by the Senior Platoon under Sergeant Robertson. In the evening the band played retreat and received the warm congratulations of several high-ranking officers who were visiting the camp at the time. Afterwards the entire Unit was treated to ice cream by the officers. Later, when excitement among the Units had died down, we started on our usual last night celebrations.

We were awakened at 6.30 on Saturday morning and, after a hurried breakfast and packing, we set out for the station. This time British Railways performed the unexpected

and we were back in Dundee by 2 p.m. Led by the Pipe Band we marched to School, halted in front of the Pillars, gave three cheers, and camp was over for another year.

It was a good camp and our thanks are due to Major Halliday and his Officers for their kindness in giving up a week of their holiday to give us such an enjoyable time. We appreciated a visit from Mr Bain and also one

from Colonel Robertson who lived under canvas with us for two days.

Finally, a word of appreciation for "Pipie" who figured so prominently in the Press on one or two occasions after reporters and press photographers visited camp. Sgt./Major Halliday, as usual, was a power behind the scenes, keeping the "paper admin." in order and not infrequently keeping us in order too.

With the Fishing Fleet

One evening in late July, I was fortunate enough to go out on one of the Arbroath Fishing boats. It was a wet and dull night when I went down to the harbour where the fishermen were chatting before they went to sea. The boats were tied up on one side of the quay and above one or two of them there hovered trails of smoke from the stove fires. The boat I was going on was a line fishing boat which left harbour at about half-past ten.

The boat itself was quite new (it had been built at Fraserburgh in 1948). It had a powerful engine which worked an equally powerful winch, which in the net-fishing season is used for coiling ropes. The wheelhouse contained the compass, steering wheel and emergency steering wheel, and an instrument for finding the depth of the sea. The hold was large and spacious because the boat could be out of harbour for a week at a time. The cabin was large and comfortable and contained six bunks as it was one of the biggest boats in the harbour.

The green and red lamps of the starboard and port bows were switched on, the ropes cast off and to the powerful beat of the engines, we went out of harbour. The course steered was South-East, practically towards the Bell Rock Lighthouse. Our boat easily passed the rest at an average speed of about twelve knots. As it takes about three hours to reach the fishing grounds, the crew, apart from the helmsman, try to get some sleep. One peculiar fact is that there is a radio-link between each of the boats which entertain one another with songs and musical renderings. When we reached the fishing grounds, we "shot" the lines, which were baited with mussels, over the side of the boat.

The end of the lines, which were weighted, were marked by long bamboo poles which were surmounted by torches and lanterns. When it is dark, it is a beautiful sight to see the different lights of lines and boats mingling with one another. After the lines were out, there was another sleep of about three hours before they were hauled in. There was on an average, to every five baits, two fish, two starfish and one empty hook. On that night, I was awarded the job of taking off the starfish. Some of them were quite small, but others measured about one foot in diameter. Of the fish that were caught, the most common were cod and haddock although there were some other species caught as well.

The long journey home was made in daylight. The main job was to sort out that untidy heap of mixed fish on the floor into boxes with different sizes and types. On the journey back I spent the whole time in the wheelhouse steering the boat. Although ours was the fastest, it was by no means the first home. As the land came into view, we saw other boats going in, in front of us.

We coasted into harbour at half speed and tied up. The winch was started and one by one the boxes of fish were laid out, starting with the biggest at one end. The boat then went to the other side of the harbour where it was cleaned and refuelled ready for the next night. On the other quay the auctioneer, surrounded by buyers and visitors, sold in ten minutes the fish it had taken us all night to catch.

Edward Gibb, F.I.V.

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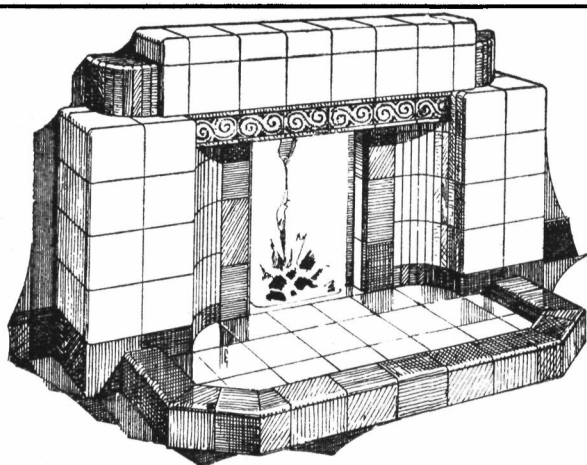
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Mythology

Mythology is the name given by learned men to the study of the stories and legends of other peoples, countries, and nations. Story-telling is one of the oldest pastimes in the world, and was probably in existence for many years before the ancient Greek Mythology, which is the first great collection of stories and fables. Although there are many Indian, Chinese, Egyptian, and Japanese fables in existence, they are not so well known as the legends of Greece which have become famous partly through the beautiful language of Greece, and partly through the beauty of the stories themselves.

The mythology of Greece consists primarily of the behaviour of the gods of Greece. The Greek Heaven was peopled by a race of beings, who, endowed with many supernatural and godlike powers, yet were very human in all their doings. There was the King of Heaven, mighty Zeus, who ruled over the gods and goddesses, the thunder and lightning, as well as the people in earth. The God of the Sea was Poseidon, while the God who ruled over the Dead was called Hades. There were many other deities—Hera, the Queen of Heaven, Aphrodite the Goddess of Beauty and Love, Pallas Athene, Phœbus Apollo, and Hermes, and a host of minor divinities, demi-gods, and nymphs. The mythology of Greece abounds with tales of these deities, and we can see how such stories came into being. For instance, in the story of Persephone, who was taken to Hades by Pluto to be his queen, to rule the dead with him, and was allowed to return to earth for six months of the year, Persephone represents the seed which is planted in spring, lies dormant for a time, and then springs to life more gloriously than ever. There were many such stories which all had a double meaning. We cannot neglect to mention the story of the carrying-off of Helen of Troy, the sack of Troy, the wanderings of Odysseus, and all his adventures, as told in the Epics of Homer, the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey".

Let us turn to Roman mythology, which, however, does not yield nearly such a rich harvest as the Greek. As a matter of fact, most of the Roman mythology seems to be a replica of the Greek, but the gods and goddesses possess different names from their Greek

counterparts. For instance, Zeus is called Jupiter, Hera is called Juno, and Aphrodite is called Venus. Even so there are some interesting stories in Roman mythology, such as the story of the wanderings of Aeneas and his founding of Rome.

But one of the greatest treasure houses of mythology, which so far has not been mentioned, is the Norse or Scandinavian mythology. Here are tales of Thor, Odin, Loki, and Freya, the frost giants and the swart elves, which are some of the most interesting stories in the world. Then there are the sagas—tales of kings and princes, and the supernatural. The abode of the dead in the Norse mythology was called Valhalla, and it was there that the dying warriors were brought by the Valkyries, who are the warrior maidens of Odin. There is the story of Bragi and his lovely wife Idûn, who looked after the apples of youth, and of Thor's journey among the Giants. Finally, there is the story of the last fight between the Gods and Loki, Ragnarök. Yggdrasil was the name given to the sacred, three-rooted ash tree that upheld the world, and Bifröst the name given to the rainbow bridge which stretched between earth and heaven.

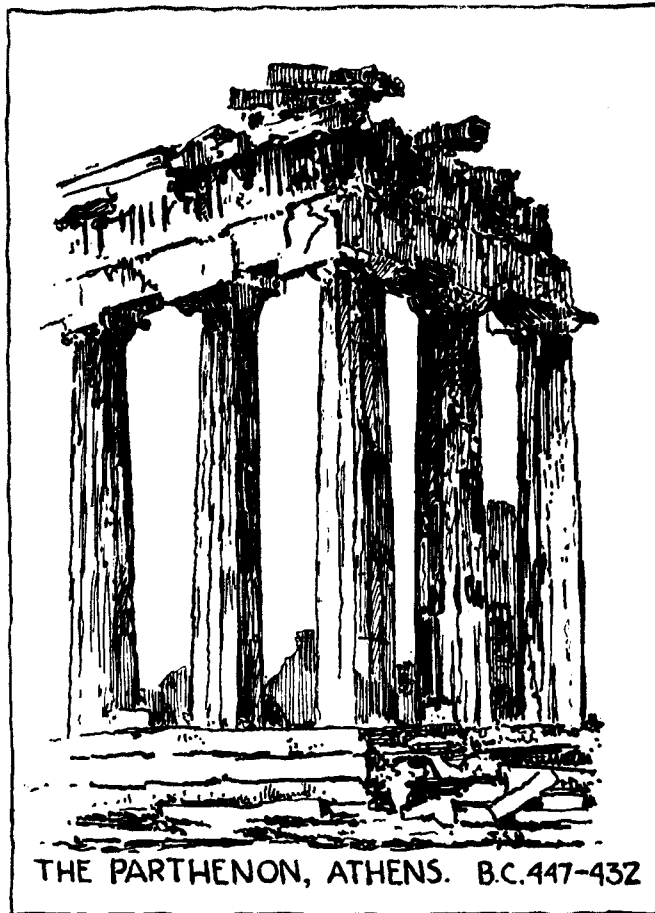
In every country we find that there are old tales and legends which have been handed down from father to son. There are Red Indian myths, Icelandic myths, and myths from every part of the world. The Indian myths are very beautiful, I think, while the Japanese ones seem to abound in demons, murders, and all sorts of horrible crimes. There are also many frightening tales from Central Europe and thereabouts about werewolves and vampires. Werewolves were people who at night turned into wolves, while vampires were spirits from the dead who at night turned into bats and sucked the blood of people as they slept; they could only be destroyed if a stake was driven into their hearts and their heads were cut off.

So far, I have neglected to mention the myths of our own country, Scotland. There are many of them about the sea, which gives rise to the tales of the seal women, beautiful women who are normally seals, but who come up to the land from time to time, take off their sealskins, and sport on the shores. The

tale of True Thomas cannot be omitted, however. This tells how Thomas the Rhymer met the Queen of the Fairies, who took him with her on a journey to Fairyland. In England, too, there are numerous tales about fairies and witches, elves and goblins. Many tales are told about brownies, who used to work secretly at night, helping farmers to cut their corn, tailors to sew garments and so on, and a bowl of porridge was always set aside for the nocturnal visitor. The "little people" in Ireland are called Leprechauns and many stories are told about their mischievous deeds.

In every race there seems to be a need for tales about gods, goddesses, witches, fairies, giants and ghosts. In most cases, we do not know their origin, but they have been handed down from one of our ancestors to another, until they have been written down by someone who is interested in such things. Perhaps some of the stories which are told nowadays, will be counted as myths by our descendants in the far-off future—who can tell?

W. Alexander, F.VI.



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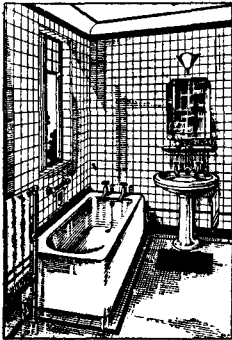
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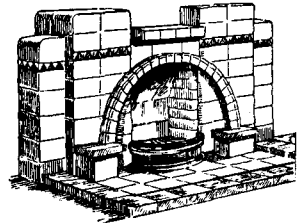
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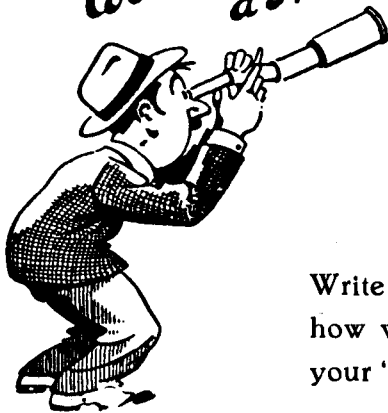
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THE SCOTTISH ORCHESTRA

The Orchestra was tuning up as we entered the Caird Hall. The lights were up, and the hall was filling slowly but steadily as the music lovers of Dundee took their seats and rustled their programmes expectantly. At last, the conductor came on to the stage and mounted his rostrum, while the leader, Jean Rennie, wearing a lovely black evening dress, also took her place at the front of the first violins. After "God Save the Queen," which was a treat in itself, the Orchestra settled down and the concert began.

The first item was Weber's Overture "Euryanthe" and this was played in a delightful manner. It was gay, light, and full of Spring, and made a pleasant beginning to the night's music.

The next part was a great contrast to the first. It was Tchaikowsky's Piano Concerto Number One, in B flat minor with Cyril Smith as soloist, and it was considered the high light of the evening. Cyril Smith is a really superb player, and Orchestra and Soloist combined so well that I do not think I have ever heard Tchaikowsky's Piano Concerto Number One played better. In the quick passages the pianist's hands could hardly be seen as they flashed up and down over the keys so quickly that one felt that they would fly straight off the end of the keyboard. But some of the quieter passages were simply beautiful. They almost brought a lump to the throat, but Tchaikowsky's music does do that, especially in his "Pathétique" Symphony. At last, however, the Concerto came to an end, but the audience would not let Cyril Smith go, and he took seven calls. No wonder!

After a short interval, the Orchestra returned and played Beethoven's Eighth Symphony, in F major. I am not, personally, very fond of Beethoven, but I liked this work very much all the same, as it was bright and gay, and, at the end, very soft and sweet. I was beginning to feel sorry for the Orchestra though—they must have been rather tired after playing for fully one and a half hours.

The next, and last, item was Smetana's Symphonic Poem, "Vltava." There is something haunting in Smetana's music. This was the story of the Czechoslovakian river, and told, in the music, the story of its life. It started off as two little streams, and the violins

represented the cold one in a hauntingly beautiful melody. The warm, bubbling stream was represented by 'cellos and harps in a lovely rippling movement. When the two streams combined, the two melodies were joined, and the effect was very realistic. The river increased in power as it wound along through fields and woods, and was finally lost to sight dashing its waters against the cliffs of Czechoslovakia. It was really beautiful, and everyone seemed to enjoy it, for the Orchestra had to take three bows and the conductor six.

However, at last, it was time to go home, and the audience reluctantly surged to the exits. The concert was over for another month, and the Scottish Orchestra had once again surpassed itself.

Pamela J. White, F.H.

WINTER

In the middle of November, or before, thick frost covers roof-tops and grass, hedges and trees. Sometimes wet, misty fog hangs from the sky like witch's hair. A watery sun in the sky seems dull, the atmosphere even more so. December slips into the calendars and with it comes the shining snow. Like goose feathers it falls far and near, and seems to beckon to us to play in it, making snowballs and snowmen, and to enjoy it thoroughly. Sharp, cold North winds blow, but that does not damp the feeling that Christmas is near. The frost and snow harden the water of ponds and streams to ice, and we have a fine time skating. We glide over the pond, watching a fiery-red sun descending to the west, under a snowy horizon of hill and tree. When darkness falls quickly, we like to sit beside a blazing fire, and lie full length in a comfortable armchair. In this position, nothing could be nicer than to hear carol singers' sweet notes, brought clearly to us, over the frosty evening air. Christmas arrives, with toys and joy and parties. But soon the New Year arrives also, and the days lengthen. The ice is beginning to disperse, and a hazy sun shines down from the cloudy sky, but with patches of blue in places. Snowdrops are appearing in the gardens, and in a sheltered place perhaps a few early primroses. So Winter is going, and Spring comes again to cheer us with green leaves and colourful flowers in a bright sunshine.

Carolyn Barr, L.V.I.G.

EXILE IN INDIA

I do not want to leave Scotland for any length of time ; I love Scotland and am very proud of my native land ; but I should like to see many other lands and chief among these is India, the India which existed before the division from Pakistan. By this I mean the whole vast land from the Himalayas to the Southern tip.

The main reason for my desire to live in India is that my father has told me stories about that wonderful country, since I was a little child. On many a cold autumn afternoon I have browsed among old bags of photographs which show views of magnificent mountains with a strangely unreal father in the foreground, wearing a shirt which sparkles whiter in the sun than any advertisement for a washing product. I have sat dreaming before pictures of crumbling mud huts and dusty roads, where horrible lifelike vultures are feasting on the remains of a camel. Beside these photographs are kept old guide books, illustrated by drawings of the Taj Mahal, and containing old stories of the Shah Jehan who mourned for his favourite wife and had the loveliest building in India built in her honour. I have perused old letters from my father with faded Indian stamps and accounts of the invasion of his station by parrots or the finding of a cobra beneath his desk.

Many years ago I read " Kim " and that endeared India to me even more. The description of the Grand Trunk Road, its dusty length peopled with quaint oriental characters—a high-born Hindu lady whose worn features still hold pride and dignity—a Fakir whose eyes tell the story of the Eternal One—filled me with longing to see these people for myself. The contrasted religions of India—the Hindu with his castes, the proud Moslem, the haughty white-skinned Parsee and, above all, the beautiful faith of the peaceful Buddhist—have stirred up my interest for as long as I can remember.

I have been told that all India is not pleasant. I have heard about the sickly spiced smell of the bazaars, the meat lying in the hot sunshine which seems to breed the millions of flies which are everywhere. All the squalor of the East is present in the big cities and all the pitiful poverty in the villages. But I know that there is another side to India—in the mountains. There are white bung-

alows, sparkling in the brilliant light, casting deep shadows on bright green grass where many flowers grow. There are dense forests, where the sunshine is lost among the trees and in the tropical nights the eerie laugh of the hyena and the sound of hungry jackals terrify the white man under his mosquito net. And above these forests, far to the North and lost among the clouds, one can see the occasional jagged, snow-covered peak of Everest piercing the fierce blue of the sky.

I should love to see those great religious processions leading to magnificently carved temples, to see the dirty fanatics of Benares washing their sins away in the Ganges, to see the saffron robes of the Buddhist monks. What I have heard of the beauty of the Indian women has made me yearn to see them, with their dark, glistening skin and white teeth.

All these reasons have made me determined to see India and see it I will. Perhaps I should not stay there for good, but if I had to leave Scotland my exile would be in India. Such an exile would rob the word of its meaning, for I am certain that, there, I should be completely happy in a new, though very ancient, world.

M. A. D., F.IV.

THE STREAM

When I went down to the stream today,
I watched the minnows dart and play.
The breeze was whistling through the reeds
And the pebbles were just like tiny beads.

I like to watch them dart and play.
I come down here nearly every day,
Watching the minnows dart to and fro,
Just as the tiny bubbles go.

I sometimes watch them on a twilight night,
And they are still there in the silvery light.
They come right up to the surface, you know,
And " Pop !" their little bubbles go.

You must come down someday, my dear.
But sometimes they are full of fear.
If you come down some day with me,
We will watch them play and have some tea.

Gillian Wedderspoon, L.VI.G.

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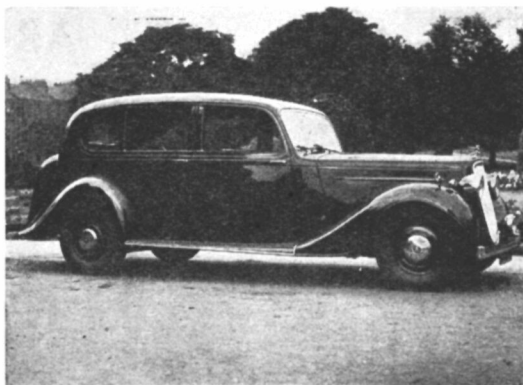
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In the afternoon you can pay a visit to the Hofkirche (Court Church) and Hofgarten (Court Garden). You may even find time to have a run on the Stubaitalbahn (the little mountain railway) to the villages of Natters, Mutters and Fulpmes. Fulpmes lies beside the Stubai Glacier.

To finish off a glorious day, you can visit the Landestheater, the beautiful theatre where operas are produced, and you can buy a souvenir to remind you of a happy day in Innsbruck.

Helen Thomson, L.VI.G.

WINTER

In Winter, when the trees are bare and covered with snow, the surrounding countryside looks beautiful in its white blanket. As I look out of my bedroom window, I can see people sledging down the hills with colourful scarves flying behind. It is drawing near Christmas now, and people are looking for holly and mistletoe to hang up in the houses; turkeys are being bought, and the children are hoping that snow will fall for Christmas Day. As I go out into the street, everyone looks so very happy that I think Winter is the nicest season of all.

Margaret P. Larner, L.VII.G.

WHAT'S COOKING ?

Ugh, Life is just a rotten show.

I've had an awful day,
The kind when everything was wrong.
Just nothing went my way.
To crown it all, when I reached home,
There wasn't any tea.

Mum handed me the baking bowl,
And said, "Now, Honey, see ?

Put the mixture in the bowl
And beat it till you ache.
You'll have to use some muscle
If you want a Christmas cake."

I beat the stuff till I was weak,
While Mum prepared the tea.
And while I beat, I thought up this
Unique philosophy.
Life's not unlike a baking job.
It's made of this and that,
And, if you mix them thoroughly,
It's really not too flat.

Put the mixture in the bowl
Beat it till you ache.
Choose a decent recipe,
And life's a piece of cake.

Now take the day I've just gone through,
My French unseen was dud.
I passed along to Algebra,
There too my name was mud.
I slipped in the gymnasium
And nearly broke a bone,
But full marks for an essay did
Improve my moral tone.

Put the mixture in the bowl
Beat it till you ache.
Don't forget the raising
And life's a piece of cake.

Then look at Alexandra Brown—
Now, isn't she a fright ?
Her skin's a murky colour since
She's out so much at night.
She's always saying she's "fed up"
(Because her work's not done),
And wanting "cogs", and running down
Our simple sort of fun.

Put the mixture in the bowl
Beat it till you ache.
Go canny with the flavouring
And life's a piece of cake.

Her brother in the class above,
For reasons aforesaid,
Goes glunching round like any bear
With the proverbial head.
One day his classmates chipped him
And he lashed out left and right—
The nearest master lashed out too
Before Brown went that night.

Put the mixture in the tin ;
Set it on to bake.
Be sure to use your Regulo
And life's a piece of cake.

"Spero."

MY FIRST GAME OF GOLF

My father, who, in his young days, had been a keen golfer, decided to start teaching me to play golf. I already possessed a bag of clubs and some balls. To save carrying we both played from one bag.

One fine Saturday afternoon we arrived at St. Michael's golf course. My father then told me to watch how to drive off from a tee. The first difficulty was that we had brought no tees. This was easily settled because they were to be bought in the clubhouse.

Then, after a few preliminary wiggles, known as "addressing the ball," he hit the ball very hard. Unfortunately, it was a few yards off the course and landed in a field of turnips. That was ball number one lost. Now I had a try at hitting it. Not bothering to address the ball, I took a mighty swing at it. It rolled for a yard and then stopped. The reason was that I had topped the ball. After that I began playing Catholic Golf (across and across), and reached the green in eight. After two putts I holed out. "This is a most promising outlook," commented my father, "double figures to the first hole and one ball lost already."

After a tremendous struggle at the next hole, I holed in five while my father took three. At the third hole, an easy one, we both took four, but at the fourth the fun began.

It is a very long hole and one has to cross a grassy ravine. First his ball went into it, then mine. We just simply could not get them out. We pounded away at them for a time. One could hit it ten yards, then it would roll back five. At last I got it out and reached the green in four more hits, making a total of nine. At that hole my father took eleven and I thirteen.

At the next hole we had to cross the ravine again. This time we both crossed it without mishap. We did fairly well on this hole, taking four and five respectively. We continued in this fashion until the last hole.

My father started with a terrific drive which nearly found the green, and, as it was a three-hundred-yard hole, I considered that pretty good. He holed out in three. My first hit landed in a bunker, my second in the rough, my third at the edge of a bunch of whins. It was a most difficult shot to play, and it

only travelled a few yards. Then, with a magnificent hit, I overshot the green, my ball going through the clubhouse window. It was an intricate problem to putt the ball through between the legs of chairs, then out the door. My approach putt, a very lucky one, hit off the pin and rolled a few feet. However, I holed out with my next hit.

By the end of that game I was beginning to think golf a very exasperating game. That was one of the three times when I made my century.

C. D. Sinclair, F.II.

SANTA CLAUS MAKES A MISTAKE

James and Joan were twins aged seven. They were both very excited because it was Christmas Eve. As they were both good children they went to bed early, and hung up their stockings at the foot of their beds.

About midnight Joan was awakened by a scraping noise. She was frightened and wakened James. Although he was frightened, too, he did not show it, because he had always been told by his Mother to look after his sister. He sat up and put on the light. To his amazement he saw a leg coming down the chimney. Then a voice said, "Is there anyone here? This is Santa Claus!"

The children answered and then began to haul at the leg. At last, with many efforts, Santa Claus arrived. He was glad to see the children, and he began to tell the twins a story.

"On my way here I lost my map which tells me the chimneys that have a lot of room in them. I have sent one of my reindeer back to look for it. But look, here are some presents for your animals—a rubber bone for Toby, your dog, and a new plate for Snowy, your cat."

All at once there was a tapping noise. "That is the reindeer back with the map. I must go," said Santa.

"Here are some sugar lumps for your reindeer," said Joan, and, with that, Santa Claus left by the front door.

The next morning, when they woke up, the children found all sorts of toys awaiting them. Also Santa had enclosed a note which read: "Thank you for the sugar lumps. The reindeer enjoyed them very much!"

Moir Kay, L.VI.

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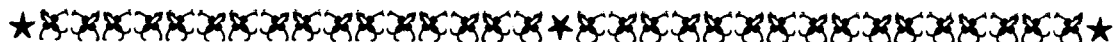


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THE LIFE STORY OF A DONKEY

"Hee-haw, hee-haw. Hello! I am a very lonely, seaside donkey and would very much like someone to talk to. Trade's bad these days, as it is getting near winter, so will you let me tell you my life story?"

It all started on a little farm at the foot of the Mourne Mountains, which, as you no doubt all know, are in the southern part of County Down in Northern Ireland.

Every morning Kathleen would lead me and Peggy, my mother, out of our stables to a grassy field. Kathleen, by the way, is my master's daughter, and is so good-natured and kind that both my mother and I love her very much.

I remember the day when I was christened. Margaret O'Conicky, a little girl friend of Kathleen's, brought a pail of water to my stable. She wetted my head, kissed me, and shouted at the top of her tiny voice, "Trotty True", and so that became my name.

Every summer I have been lent to a friend of my master for the pleasure of children on the beach. I have had many proud moments in my life. One I remember was when I was ridden to Kathleen's wedding. Kathleen put

a garland of flowers round my neck and kissed me, and everybody cheered. I felt very proud.

Usually people treat me well, but there are exceptions. For instance, one day I was feeling tired, when a little boy came along with his sixpence and asked for a ride. Paddy O'Neal, my master, lifted him into the saddle on my back, but I was too tired to move. After a while the boy grew impatient, and when my master's back was turned the boy took a penknife from his pocket and dug it into my side. Of course, I bucked and sent him flying off my back. He landed, crying, at my master's feet, but, seeing what the boy had done my master took the penknife from him, kept the sixpence, and told him never to show himself near there again.

I am due to retire next month, and am looking forward to more happy days on the farm, eating juicy carrots and grass, and best of all being with Kathleen.

Well, that is all I have time to tell you as my master is calling me. Goodbye and good Luck."

Patricia Pollock, F.II.

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MOTHS AS PETS

My hobby is breeding foreign moths. These resemble giant butterflies and are known by the names of Indian Moon, Giant Atlas, Ailanthus Silk, etc. Ailanthus means Tree of Heaven, and in its natural habitat this moth feeds on the plant called the Tree of Heaven.

Contrary to popular belief, these moths require no extra heat, but the principal thing to remember is they need a steady temperature. The caterpillars are easily acclimatised to eating common plants like oak, privet and lilac, whereas the adults, that is the moths, do not eat, thus there is no anxiety regarding their food. They hatch from minute eggs in early spring, and in the course of summer grow to enormous caterpillars, 5 to 6 inches long. They do not resemble the ordinary garden caterpillar. They are, in many cases, covered with coloured spots, or tufts of hair. Only one of these caterpillars, however, can become troublesome, and that is the Bull's Eye, which can give one a sting, like a nettle, if irritated.

One of the most beautiful is the Indian Moon Moth, which measures about 7 inches across the wings. These wings are of an exquisite pale green colour with a red bar on the extremities of the fore wings. It has also half moon markings and long tail pieces. It has a large, plump body with pure white silky hairs.

Another which I breed is the Tussock Silk Moth which is creamy yellow with very conspicuous lavender-coloured eye spots.

This is a very interesting hobby which can be enjoyed throughout the year because winter breeding and the acclimatisation of the caterpillars to evergreen plants is now in progress.

The most exciting time is when these huge moths emerge from their cocoons and after drying their wings fly about the house.

Bobbie Bustard, F.II.A.

THE ADVANTAGE OF BEING A HEDGEHOG

I'd like to be a hedgehog

With prickles on my back.

I could be cheeky when I liked

And never get a smack.

Ogilvie Stephen, L.IV.B.

NOVEMBER 5th

I wonder if, on Guy Fawkes' last progress
Up Tower Hill, he might have had some
cheer,

If he had known how youth would come to
bless,

Not execrate his name from year to year.

If he had known the beauty that would bloom,
From out his dark intent, to fill the night
With pulsing colour and mock cannon's boom,
Would he have smiled a little? Or he might
Have taken comfort from a rapt child's eyes
Living a rocket's flight with joy near pain,
Then shining wider yet with fresh surprise
As lovely lights fall slow to burst again.

His star fell fast, nor could he then be told
What other stars would write his name in gold.

"Spero."

A STREAM

A stream in all its aspects is a wonderful thing from its source on some mountainside until it joins a river. High up on a mountainside is a little pool. Into this bubbles a clear stream of water, ice cold and crystal clear. It tinkles over a rocky shelf and runs on down towards the valley. A stream has begun. It trickles on, flashing in the sunlight and grows and grows as it is joined by other streams, until it approaches its first tiny fall over which it cascades with a clear, gushing sound. As it runs down the hillside it turns into a brawling mountain torrent which thunders down the mountain, throwing itself with foam-flecked fury at anything in its path as it flows with untrammelled freedom to the valley below. When at length it reaches the valley it undergoes a great change. It grows wider, it becomes more sedate, but it still retains all those characteristics which distinguish a stream from a river. It eddies and bubbles in little bays and rushes impatiently past trees which hide it from the sun. It glints and gleams and sparkles while it is in the sunlight. It flows past fields and meadows, houses and villages, until at last it joins the river. That is the end of the stream but it has given itself to a new and greater thing.

James Wright, F.II.

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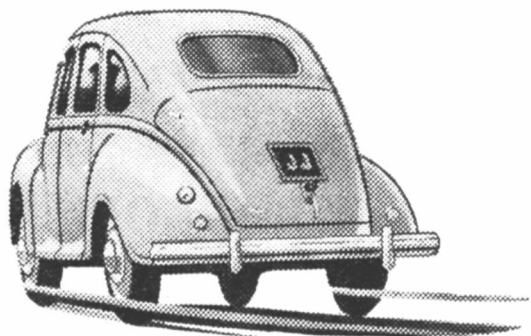
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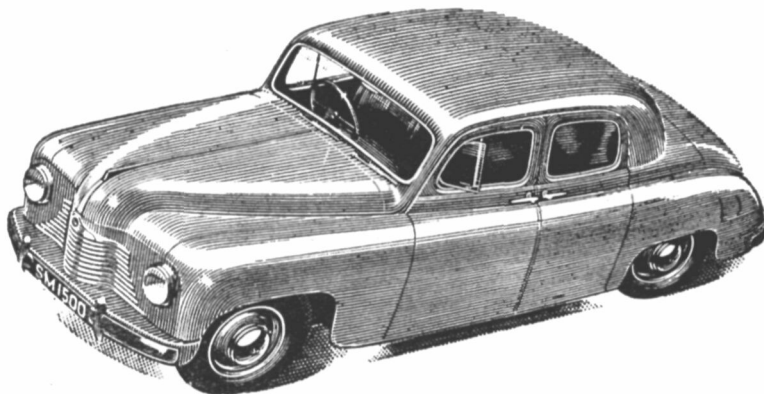
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DUNDEE

AN AUTUMN WALK

One sunny afternoon, my parents, sister, dog and I, set out for a walk in the country. It was quiet and the hills were glowing in their splendour. We walked and walked with a rich carpet laid down for us all the way.

After a while we came to a village built beside a sparkling river in which fish were plentiful. Later we went into an old-world tearoom. Mummy said we would just have time to have a climb before the bus came. What a lovely walk it was! Nicky, the dog, caught a rabbit and my sister found a strange plant.

When we arrived home, Daddy skinned the rabbit. This made a lovely supper for the dog. We discovered the name of the plant and put it in a vase.

That night I dreamt all about the delightful happenings the day before.

Donald Cuthill, L.V.B.

AN AUTUMN EVENING

One lovely evening in Autumn,

My eye began to stray

From my lines and lots of homework

To the golden corn and hay.

The sun was setting on the hills ;

The hills were purple-blue ;

The trees were red and golden,

And cool winds softly blew.

The trees were red and golden,

The geese were in the sky,

The world was a mass of glory,

Till the sun began to die.

Catherine Kirkland, L.VII.G.

OUR ROBIN

A Robin has been coming in our garden, so we put out some crumbs on a saucer and he came and ate them. Then he went away. The next day Mummy saw him coming into the store-room, flying about the house, and resting on a lamp. Then he flew out the front door. Tonight he has been sleeping on the inside of the window-sill. I wonder where we will find him next.

Peter Kilgour, L.IV.

MY TORTOISE

I had a tortoise ; his name was Lightning, because he walked so fast ! After I got him, I discovered poor Lightning only had three legs.

When winter came, we put him in a warm box in the tool shed, but when spring came he was dead.

Graeme Soutar, L.IV.B.

AUTUMN

The countryside looks very beautiful in Autumn. The trees are ablaze with colour, and the fallen leaves make a lovely rustling sound as we walk through them.

In the fields the farmer and his men are very busy. Some of the fields are being ploughed, but in others the stubble is left. The rooks mock at the workers. "Caw ! Caw !" The lambs which were born in Spring are big now. A muddy stream babbles past.

Soon the farm animals will be gathered in for the Winter. The dusk soon comes in Autumn, and after the farm workers have gone home, all is quiet. Only the clucking of hens disturbs the peaceful countryside.

Jean Bowman, L.VII.G.

A RIVER

As I stood on the bank, I saw the river whirl and chase downstream like a lion after its prey. It darted in and out of the boulders, which stood like gods above their people. The white foam was thrust aside by the turbulent waters which looked black and angry. At the edge of the bank the water was flowing slowly and had not been caught by the giant magnet of the current. Everything was sacrificed, the river seemed to be in a frenzy as it raced and swirled down to the sea. In the brief interludes when the sun, a huge disc of fire, shone on the river, it looked more ruthless than ever. The spectacle fascinated me. At last, as I reluctantly turned away from that awesome sight, I thought of the frightening possibilities those unbridled powers contained.

M. F. Mee, F.II.A.

A SHEPHERD

I'm going to be a shepherd,

To guard the sheep at night.

I'll watch them till the morning,

When everything is bright.

Neil Bowman, L.IV.B.

Old Boys

D.H.S. F.P. OLD BOYS' CLUB

Report on Shooting Match between Teams representing the Old Boys' Club and the School.

A Shooting Match between the Club and the School was held on the evening of Friday, 28th November, 1952, and resulted in a victory for the Old Boys by the narrow margin of seven points. This is the first time the Old Boys have succeeded in defeating the School Team. The scores were :—

Old Boys

G. S. Ritchie	94
J. Pennie	96
J. Lyon	97
D. Spankie	90
F. Slimman	90
D. Mathers	89
A. T. Millar	95

651

School

C. Wright	93
B. Piggot	95
R. Fyfe	94
A. Bowman	95
S. Yeaman	92
N. Byer	93
K. More	82

644

OLD BOYS' CLUB ANNUAL DINNER

Each year we wonder how on earth it is possible for our Guest of Honour to maintain the formidably high standard of oratory displayed by his predecessors. Once again our fears were futile. Rev. Donald Davidson, B.D., B.Litt., Ph.D., delighted a company of eighty members with his able handling of the Toast of "The Club and the School". Dr. Davidson's approach had the directness and simplicity which lift the really fine speak-

er from the rut of mediocrity and his genuine charm of personality was apparent to us all. He was heard to remark afterwards that his distinguished brother (who conducted the Dedication Service of the School War Memorial) would have given the Toast many times better. With all due respect, we doubt it.

Mr W. S. Goodfellow, Dean of Guild and Director of the School, replied capably, and Mr Edward J. Ritchie, in proposing the Toast of the President, gave us much interesting information about Mr McIntosh which we had wanted to know. This year's President is rather reticent about his own achievements and his long sojourn in India has deprived us of the acquaintance of a valuable friend and fellow member. We were glad of this opportunity of knowing him better.

With infinite Secretarial satisfaction it is reported that the speeches were concluded in record time and ample scope was afforded for fraternising with old friends. Sincere thanks are due to Mr Attrill, Miss Lea and Keiller's staff for their careful personal attention to our needs and for putting up an enjoyable (hot) dinner; and to Mr Eric Ballantine for purveying the liquid refreshment with efficiency and unobtrusive service.

J. S. A.

OLD BOYS' CLUB

Golf Outing

It is proposed to hold this at Kirriemuir, on Wednesday, 17th June, at 5.30 p.m.

Fishing

It is proposed to hold the Annual Meeting on Loch Leven towards the end of May. Would those interested please send their names to T. Agnew, Esq., c/o Shiell & Small, Bank Street, Dundee?

Motor Gymkhana

It is proposed to hold the Gymkhana early in June if the use of the Tealing Aerodrome can be obtained. Would those interested please contact Alex. Gibson, Esq., Grain Merchant, Mains Road, Dundee?

Reports

Rugby Report

In spite of difficulties, the standard of Rugby in the school this term is at a high level. The results are very satisfactory when one considers that the 1st XV. and Colts XV. are playing teams from the best rugby playing schools in Scotland. Comparatively speaking, we are a small school, and we are further handicapped by the number of boys who are not playing rugby.

The 1st XV. is one of the best for many years. Ian Dewar, the Captain, is a hard-working forward, and he is ably supported by those two warriors, Ian Dorward and David Fimister. Robin Gillespie is the line-out specialist and leads the pack. Douglas Singer hooks well, and is fearless in downing an opponent. Harold Inglis's solid form adds greatly to the strength of the pack, and Calum Macfarlane is the most improved forward. Low Thomson showed his versatility when he was transferred from the backs, where he played very well, to add speed to the forwards.

At the beginning of the season, the backs promised to be the strong division of the team, but tackling weaknesses and the lack of speedy wingers have handicapped them. Russell Stephen, the Vice-Captain, is playing better than ever and Robert Crawford at scrum-half is a tireless worker. John Webster, Fergus Paterson and Alastair Bowman are full of running and are the spearhead of the attack.

Gordon Murray, Peter Giles, Claude Taylor, Jimmy Spankie, Arthur Manders, Ian Grant and Billy Bisset have also played for the 1st XV. and the first five along with Alan Forsyth, the Captain, are the mainstay of the 2nd XV. The Colts, captained by Gordon Stewart, have some good players and they are likely to lose their left-wing, Colin Wright and Nigel Stewart, to the 1st XV. Norman Byer, Brian Black and Harvey Wright are also outstanding in this team.

The Form II. team, captained by Robert McGill, has been weakened by losing players to the Colts. Michael Hardie has captained the Form I. team in which Ralph Gibb and Richard Sturrock have been consistently good and Douglas Ford fast and enthusiastic. L.VII. Boys have produced two fifteens most Saturday and, when one has been engaged against other schools, L.VI. Boys have provided opposition for the other. In L.VII. Alister Allen, the Captain, Ian Cuthbert, Ian Reoch, John Mills, Andrew Murray, Brian Devlin and Frederick Neillie have already shown very marked promise. L.VI Boys are learning the game with plenty of enthusiasm.

The Rector continues to take a great personal interest in Rugby. Mr Maclaren and the other masters are always willing to coach, referee, or travel with the teams. Two newcomers to the staff, Mr Thomson and Mr Robertson, are at the grounds every Saturday morning. They are popular with the boys and their conscientious work will pay dividends to High School Rugby. Mr A. C. Robinson, the Midlands referee, has kindly refereed the 1st XV. games and Roger Chawla has always been helpful, both at coaching and refereeing. Mr Ford has given much attention to the Colts XV. and his in-

timate knowledge of the game has led to their success.

Girls' Literary Society

At the time of going to press, we have held only three meetings of the society since the beginning of the new session.

The Annual "Hat Night" opened the session and many varied subjects were debated with enthusiasm.

A mixed debate was the feature of our next meeting. The two societies met to debate upon the motion, "That Scientific Research should be Internationally Controlled." Mr Smart, who presided, opened the debate and introduced the speakers. They were, Mr I. Dorward and Miss S. Neilson, who supported the motion, and Mr C. Taylor and Miss C. Main, who opposed it. The four speakers spoke well and sincerely on the subject, and many controversial points were raised. The motion was defeated by a large majority.

The third meeting of the society was the Form Night of V. and VI. There were musical items papers, and a very amusing play. Credit must be paid to the Form V. representative for providing us with such an entertaining evening.

We can look forward to many interesting and some novel features during the session. N.B.

Guide Report

The Shields were won in the Summer Term by the Canary Patrol (Leader: M. Greenlaw) in Company 2, and by the Chaffinch Patrol (Leader: E. Thompson) in Company 2a. A very enjoyable camp was held at Tarfside, Glen Esk, in July, for a week instead of the usual twelve days. The Companies greatly missed the help of Lieutenant Spreull who was unable to attend because of illness.

P./L. Frances Gair was presented with her Queen's Guide Badge at Camp by Miss Mudie. This is the second time in recent years that one of our Guides has been thus honoured.

At a district meeting, held in the School Hall, Miss Mitchell was presented with a Supporter's Badge. Mrs Skeine taught us many camp songs and Miss Ireland, our District Commissioner, gave a talk on her stay at the International Guide Camp at Beaconsfield.

The following Patrol Leaders were elected in Company 2:—

Bluetit, M. Ritchie; Canary, M. Greenlaw; Kingfisher, J. Morris; Nightingale, J. Thomson; Skylark, J. Cuthill; Thrush, H. Duncan; and in Company 2a:—Bantam, R. Spreull; Blackbird, M. Gair; Bullfinch, C. Braithwaite; Chaffinch, C. Crystal; Robin, J. Carr; Swallow, M. Mee.

Margaret Greenlaw was elected Company Leader in Company 2.

First Class Badges were presented at the beginning of term to: J. Cuthill, H. Duncan, M. Greenlaw, J. Morris and M. Ritchie.

We welcome a new Guider, Miss Ballantyne of the Junior Dept., and hope she will be as happy with us as we are to have her.

Our thanks are due to our Guiders who have encouraged and helped us in our work.

M.S.K.G.

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