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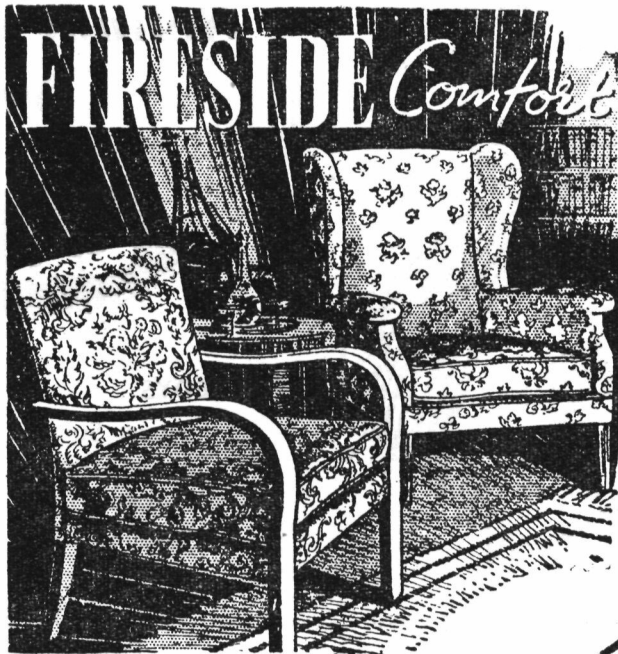
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The Dundee High School MAGAZINE

No. 115]

DECEMBER 1953

[1/3

Editorial

Although Christmas begins in November in some of the city stores, the approach of the festive season is overshadowed in the Upper School by the disturbing prospect of examinations. The Preparatory Department, however, enters more into the spirit of things and the tension in the upper classes is somewhat relieved by children's voices chanting carols. Christmas, indeed, does not begin for fifth year until the twenty-fourth of December and even then there is an uncomfortable feeling of what lies ahead.

The announcement of the engagement of some member of the Staff is fast becoming a regular occurrence in the life of the School. Formerly, it was an occasion for great excitement, but nowadays it produces merely a raising of the eyebrows. In recent years, it seemed that Cupid was at work in the Preparatory Department and the Lower School. But now he has reached the Upper School—doubtless having passed his "Qualifying". The Gymnasium is his favourite haunt; Miss Spreull left us at the end of last session to be married and now her successor, Miss Leighton, has become engaged. We hope this more important matter will not take her away immediately, for she seems to have settled down and is already very popular. At the beginning of term, we learnt that Cupid, desirous of showing his skill in literary matters, successfully transfixed Miss MacDonell of the English Department. She will be greatly missed when she leaves, but, where we stand to lose, the ministry will gain. To both these ladies and to Mrs Duncan (formerly Miss Menzies) we

offer all our good wishes. Not only, however, are the ladies of the Staff susceptible—Mr Thomson, of the Science Department, was married in August and to him we wish every happiness in the future.

On the fourth of September, a party of senior pupils went to the Edinburgh Festival to see the Old Vic's production of "Hamlet" in the Assembly Halls. All were unanimous in their praise of the performance and the complete success of the venture was entirely due to Mr Stewart whose organisation was perfect. A party of fifth and sixth year pupils visited the Rep. on the seventeenth of November to see "Noah". While everyone agreed that it was most enjoyable, there was some doubt as to the educational value of the play.

The sporting activities of the School have had mixed results. The failure of the First Fifteen to show winning form has caused some disappointment, but the First Eleven has counter-balanced the shortcomings of the First Fifteen by being undefeated so far this season.

The Literary Societies are flourishing and there have been several outstanding meetings during the term. There is a maintained interest in the Chess and Stamp Clubs and the other School activities are keeping up a high standard of efficiency.

The disgust felt at returning to school in August was considerably relieved by the fascination of new paint. Many of the rooms and vestibules had been redecorated during the summer months and the prospect of four months of hard work was brightened. But

oh, the smell of burning paint when the heating was turned on !

During the holidays, new machinery was installed in the Technical Department and there, as in the Gymnasium, the electrical system was renovated.

The School contributed in all seventy-five pounds to the Arbroath Lifeboat Disaster Fund. A collection taken in School realised fifty-five pounds while another twenty pounds were added from the General Purposes Fund. In addition to this, the National Savings Collection has remained at a consistently high level.

There have been fewer Staff changes than usual this term. At the end of last session, two Upper School teachers left us. As mentioned earlier, Miss Spreull, of the Gymnastics Department, is now married and in India and her position is filled by Miss M. M. Leighton. Mrs Mackenzie, a long established and well-beloved figure in the Mathematics Department, retired last session, and Miss I. F. Anderson, a former pupil of the School, has taken her place. By now she has settled down admirably and we hope that her stay will be a long and happy one. In the Preparatory Department, Miss J. Coull has joined the Staff in place of Mrs M. Thomson who finds she cannot teach and run a home at the same time, and Mrs G. Lickley has temporarily taken over Class V. Boys in the Lower School, in place of Mrs Patrick who has gone to Elgin.

It only remains for us to wish you all a very Merry Christmas and a Prosperous New Year !

NEWS AND NOTES

Pipe-Major William McLeish, holder of the Cadet Services Medal for long service, has retired after eighteen years' service with the High School Cadet Company. In recognition of his services as Band Instructor, the School Directors presented him with a walking-stick. The Pipe-Major has composed two piping tunes, "Major McLaren", in honour of the former Commander of the School Cadets, and "Dundee High School Cadet Company", both of which are now in the "Army Manual of Piping." Mr G. Wilkie has succeeded Pipe-Major McLeish as the Cadets' Band Instructor.

Mr Halliday has been elected a Fellow of the International Institute of Arts and Letters. In recent exhibitions Mr Halliday has shown four works, an oil, a water colour, a drawing and a piece of sculpture in the Royal Glasgow Institute of the Fine Arts. He has two pieces of sculpture in the Society of Scottish Artists' Exhibition, Edinburgh, and two paintings in the Society of Marine Artists, London. One of these works has been selected by the Arts Exhibition Bureau to go on a year's tour as an example of British Marine Painting.

Mr Vannet has two etchings exhibited in the Society of Scottish Artists. He has also prepared and illustrated a brochure for the City Churches, Dundee. His illustrations show the City Churches as they appeared from early times to the present day. Mr Vannet has illuminated a visitors' book which the Old Boys' Club are presenting to the School.

We should like to thank **Miss Coutts** and **Mr C. E. Stewart, C.A.**, for gifts of books to the Senior Library.

The High School Guides held a Coffee Morning and Sale on Saturday, 12th December. The Sale, which was opened by Miss Mackie Whyte, the Commissioner for Dundee, realised the sum of £200.

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WE CONGRATULATE . . .

Lt.-Commander (E) Ian Francis Pearson, on his being awarded the M.B.E. He was Air Engineer Officer on board "H.M.S. Glory" during her three tours of duty in the Korean theatre in 1951, 1952 and 1953.

The citation states : "The high degree of serviceability of aircraft maintained, particularly in winter months, was due to his good leadership, organisation, and fine personal example."

Lt.-Commander Pearson, who left the High School in 1938, now lives at 35 Old Kirk Road, Edinburgh.

Mr Wallis A. Heath, M.C., who has been awarded the Whitehead "Case Study" Prize for 1952-3. The Prize is awarded annually by the British Institute of Management for the best analysis of recommendations concerning a management problem.



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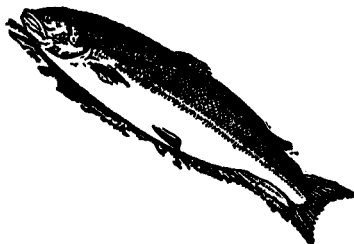
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Alistair Bowman on his being chosen to play cricket for Forfarshire at the age of 16.

Mr Frederick Grant, Q.C., on his being appointed Independent Chairman of the Executive Committee of the British Iron and Steel Federation. Mr Grant is Third Senior Silk at the Income Tax Bar.

Mr D. W. A. Donald, O.B.E., T.D., F.F.A. on the publication of his book, "Compound Interest and Annuities Certain" (C.U.P., 20/-), which deals with the application of the theory of compound interest to practical problems of insurance work and Stock Exchange investments.

Miss MacDonell whose engagement to Rev. C. F. Williamson, of Perth, has been announced; and **Miss Leighton**, who has become engaged to Mr James Walker, of West Ferry.

Sheriff Sir J. Randall Philip, O.B.E., Q.C. on the conferment on him of the honour of Knighthood.

Mr J. K. Ogilvie Martin on the award of a Research Fellowship at Le High University, Pennsylvania, U. S.A.

Professor P. D. Ritchie on his being chosen to deliver the first Alexander Mackenzie Memorial Lecture.

Mr Hubert Carlton on the completion of 50 years as Solicitor to the Dundee and District Economic Building Society.

Mr Ian Murray Grant who has obtained his F.R.C.S. of both Edinburgh and London.

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OBITUARY

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

Miss Jane G. Anderson, Mr John B. Grant, Mr Alfred Forbes Milne, Mr James Lindsay Don, Mr Marshall P. Constable, Mr W. Halley Brown.

Miss Jane G. Anderson, L.L.A. (87), a former Lady Superintendent of the High School, died this summer at her home, 5 Hawkhill Place, Dundee. Miss Anderson held her position in the High School with conspicuous success from 1900 to 1930. She showed great

interest in the School Exhibition in the Kinnaird Hall in the summer of 1900 and her interest deepened as the years went by. She took an active part in preparing boys and girls for the dramatic scenes, "tableaux vivants", and recitations, which in those days were highly appreciated features of closing functions. She was also keenly interested in the Girls' Literary Society, in the Annual Sports and in Swimming and Gymnastic Displays. Miss Anderson was a woman of strong character with the rare capacity of making lasting friendships based on sympathy and sincerity.

Mr John B. Grant. On leaving School Mr Grant entered the office of a Dundee firm of solicitors for business training before joining the family business of John Grant & Sons Ltd., Millers and Grain Merchants, Craigmills, Strathmartine. He went through all sections of the milling trade and became a partner, and ultimately a director. Mr Grant was a well-known figure in the markets in Dundee and district. He was a member of the Strathmartine Bowling Club and the Baldovan Curling Club.

Mr Alfred Forbes Milne (70), a former music master of the High School, has died suddenly at Berkhamstead. Mr Milne left the High School in 1916. He was an examiner with the Royal Academy of Music, and during the war years was sent out to New Zealand in that capacity.

Mr James Lindsay Don was educated at Dundee High School, in which he always took a keen interest. He was a founder-member of the Old Boys' Club and two years ago he was one of a group of Old Boys who presented a House Shield to the School for annual sports competition.

Mr Marshall P. Constable, M.A. (80), died at his home in Dundee on 27th September, 1953. Mr Constable was for twenty-three years classics master at Oban High School from which he retired in 1933.

Mr W. Halley Brown was in business as a Brewer and Maltster for 56 years, retiring in 1942.

He rendered notable public service as Lord Dean of Guild for six years and as the Guildry's representative on the Dundee City Council. He was for many years Chairman of the Dundee Orphan Institution. He was a Director of Dundee High School, Royal

Victoria Hospital, Royal Lunatic Asylum and Dundee Dental Hospital, and was a member of the council of Dundee University College. Towards the end of his public service he was appointed a Deputy Lieutenant of the County of the City of Dundee.

As a young man he served in the Fife and Forfar Yeomanry in which he was a Sergeant-Major. He was a member of several golf clubs in Monifieth and Carnoustie.

For many years he worshipped at St. Stephen's Church, Broughty Ferry.

The Border Country

Soon after leaving Edinburgh, we pass through the village of Little France, where Mary Queen of Scots planted a tree on her arrival in Scotland in 1561. This tree is quite dead now, and beside it there is a tree planted by Queen Mary. Shortly afterwards the Niddrie Mines are in sight.

After passing the entrances to the Dalkeith and Oxenford Castles, we see, on the summit of Carlton Hill, the Carlton Monument. We are now 1,200 feet above sea level and are nearing Soutra Hill. Nearby, there is a deep cleft, called the Devil's Valley, which was the route followed by the stage-coaches.

From the outskirts of Lauder we can see Thirlstane Castle, the residence of the Earl of Lauder. Close on hand is the Leader River, near which is Earlstoun, the birthplace of Thomas the Rhymer. Very close to the road is Smailholm Tower, where Sir Walter Scott spent part of his boyhood owing to ill-health. A couple of miles farther on we see Sir Walter Scott's View and Bemersyde House which was given to Earl Haig for his services in the Great War. Thomas the Rhymer prophesied:

"Betide, betide, whate'er betide,
Haig shall be Haig of Bemersyde."

Dryburgh Abbey, burial place of Earl Haig, Sir Walter Scott and his family, is now in ruins but it affords a quarter of an hour of interest. The wall sculpture is now being preserved.

Farther on is Penielheugh Tower which is a monument in memory of Wellington and of the Borderers who fell in the battle of Waterloo.

In St. Boswells there is a grove of lime trees planted by Queen Victoria to commemorate her Diamond Jubilee, on 22nd June, 1897.

Farther along this winding road is the site of the Roman Fort of Trimontium which was built by the troops of Agricola in the first century A.D. Continuing along this road we stop at Melrose Abbey, founded by David I., which is the burial place of Robert the Bruce's heart. It is buried about six feet from the high altar of the North Transept. The Douglas Window contains, at the top, a heart with a dagger through it. The famous gargyle—the pig playing the bagpipes—is situated in the East angle of the North Transept. It is mainly Gothic architecture, done by a Frenchman. In the seventeenth century the tower was roofed and it was used as a church for 200 years by the Melrose people. The Southern part is in ruins with nothing but the foundations showing.

A few miles farther on we come to Abbotsford House, home of Sir Walter Scott, which is situated on the South side of the River Tweed. Part of it is a museum and the other part is occupied by the descendants of this famous author of the "Waverley Novels". Continuing on this beautiful road we pass over the Lindean Bridge over the Ettrick. Sir Walter Scott laid the foundation stone of this bridge in 1801. Farther downstream the waters of the Ettrick meet the Tweed.

Nearby is the large tweed-manufacturing town of Galashiels. In Galashiels there are a beautiful War Memorial and a Burns Monument. About three miles from Galashiels is the village of Stow, near which is a pack-horse bridge; there are only three of its kind in Scotland.

Now we continue northwards and soon before us is Arthur's Seat, to remind us that we are on our way to Edinburgh and home.

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The High School at "Hamlet"

On Friday, 4th September, a party, organized by Mr Stewart, from Forms IV., V. and VI., went to the Old Vic's production of "Hamlet" at the Edinburgh Festival.

Leaving Dundee at three o'clock, we reached Edinburgh shortly before five. We had tea at Waverley Station and then moved off to the Assembly Hall where the play was to be performed.

For an hour we queued up the long flight of steps and round the quadrangle, dominated on one side by John Knox and on the other by Mr Laird. The doors opened and a scramble for seats ensued, resulting fairly favourably for every one, I think, although only the luckiest did not have some portion of the stage cut off by one of the pillars.

It was an apron-stage and so, of course, there was no curtain, which tended to make it more like Shakespeare's own stage. Most effective use was made of the different entrances and, as often as not, the players came in by running along the side-aisles. This was shown to its best advantage when Hamlet had just killed Polonius and was being sought by the king's guard. In a tense atmosphere he ran on to the stage to find black-cloaked men with drawn swords advancing on him from every door. By feigning passive obedience he put them off their guard, and immediately, with a wild halloo, he leapt from the side of the stage and raced down an aisle with the whole band after him. Such an example may serve to show how the play which, as school-work, was considered an undesirable "must", was transformed into a drama vividly alive.

The whole cast acted excellently. Laurence Hardy was a villainous, almost piratical, king, but was, nevertheless, very telling. Michael Hordern made a genuine Polonius. Fay Compton was a magnificent queen, portraying vividly the internal combat between her love for her husband and her love for her son. Claire Bloom, dressed in white, was touchingly lovely and conspicuous amongst the court-ladies by reason of her sweetness and simplicity, but rending the heart in her moving portrayal of the young girl mad with grief for her father's death and for her lost

love. With flying hair and haunted, staring eyes, she raced wildly about the stage, only to change in a moment to childlike naivety and strange, timid docility, ready to start away in fear from the slightest movement.

And last, but by no means least, we come to Richard Burton. Though a handsome face, dark, curly hair and vivid blue eyes, are certainly not the general conception of Hamlet, there can be no doubt that on this occasion they were justified. Richard Burton vividly created the part of the young prince, not basically a man of action, haunted by the need to carry out the duty laid upon him—to avenge his father's death. Between the lines the producer had read into Hamlet's character a true love of his mother, which, forcing its way through his unnatural ferocity to her, made him much more human than do the bare words of the play. This was especially suitable for such an actor who brought tears to the eyes with his great soliloquies. The final touch was perhaps the producer's greatest triumph: as the dead Hamlet was borne up the steps at the back of the stage, feet first, with his arms stretched out on either side, all was in darkness, except where one light fell on the prince's arms and head so that they shone in the shape of a cross.

The play over, we left the stuffy hall and came out on to the Royal Mile. The Military Tattoo at the Castle had just finished and so we were favoured with a free view of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, the Gurkhas and others marching away from it. It was a brilliant Edinburgh we were now in: floodlighting on the Castle, the dome of St. Giles' and many other buildings, gleaming against the blue-black sky; a gigantic floral E.R. with a crown, lit up before the Assembly Hall; Princes Street, on the one side, gay with brightly-lit shops, and on the other, like something out of a fairy-tale, with lights hidden in the trees, playing on the flowers below. So it was very reluctantly that we dragged ourselves away to the train.

Here, we had a packed meal and then, instead of sleeping, as by rights we ought to have done, we sang lustily—though apparently not particularly well, for Mr Porteous

refused to own us—till we arrived in Dundee, shortly after 1 a.m.

I am sure that everyone who was there will join with me in saying that we will always

treasure this as a wonderful memory, and in heartily thanking all concerned in organizing our party so well, especially Mr Stewart, who gave up so much time and thought to it.

E. G. S.

A visit to Royal Deeside

One Monday holiday, this year, we decided to visit Braemar and Ballater. We left home after eleven and motored to Blairgowrie. The road was very busy with outgoing and ingoing traffic. Soon after passing through Blairgowrie, Daddy discovered that he did not have enough petrol to take him to Braemar. Fortunately, however, we came upon a small roadside garage, the last before we got into the glen.

The scenery was very pretty as the buds on the trees had just burst, displaying the fresh green of the new leaves. Soon we reached the Spittal of Glenshee Hotel and then the road turned north. After that, there were very few houses or trees, only shepherds' cottages. About a mile or two before the Devil's Elbow we stopped to have a picnic lunch at the roadside.

After we left the picnic spot, we met a flock of sheep. Unfortunately, at this spot, there was a dyke on either side and the car had to stop and let them all pass. This proved very helpful to us later, as all the way home my young restless brother was kept quiet, looking for these sheep. Away ahead we saw a bus climbing up the tortuous road towards the Devil's Elbow.

When we arrived, I was rather disappointed, yet amazed. I think I had expected something much more exciting, from what I had heard about it. The last time I had been there I was too young to remember. Watching a bus from below, you thought it would roll down on you.

From there the going was quicker, as we managed to pass a bus on the straight bit beyond it, and soon we reached Braemar. We motored round the town to see places of interest, but we could not find the ground where the Gathering is held.

We left Braemar about half-past two, to go to Ballater. I think that this road, running beside the Dee, is the prettiest I have seen. The green of the grass and the trees and the vivid blue of the sky and the river form a

perfect picture. I am not surprised that the Royal Family choose this for their holiday.

When we arrived at Crathie, a crowd was waiting to see Charles and Anne drive to Ballater. We decided that it would be better to go there as we would see them better. At Ballater there were a few people outside the station and we took up our stance there. We did not have long to wait, but, unfortunately, the car drew right up to the door and when the door was opened, we could not see anything.

However, Mummy and Daddy had found a place with a view of the train and, though we could not see their carriage, we hoped to see them as the train went out. We were not disappointed. They stood at the window, waving, and I shall never forget what they looked like. They both wore coats of an azure blue, a shade too beautiful to describe, and Princess Anne smiled gaily.

When the crowd had dispersed, we returned to the car. Our original intention had been to go home by Aberdeen, but Daddy thought that we would arrive home too late for my young brother and so we went back to Braemar.

On the road, near Balmoral, many of the trees had fallen in the January storms and we had hoped to get a good view of the Castle from there. However, a high wooden fence had been put up to prevent tourists seeing too much. We did get an excellent view from the distance, later on, but, unfortunately, we were not allowed to stop and admire it. We also saw part of the river where the Queen is supposed to fish. It looked a delightful spot, with the water rippling over the stones and the trees growing right at the water's edge.

We had tea in a hotel at Braemar and then we had to set off for home. All the way home, the scenery seemed very plain compared to that of Braemar. I shall never forget that memorable day in beautiful Royal Deeside.

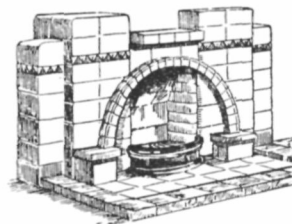
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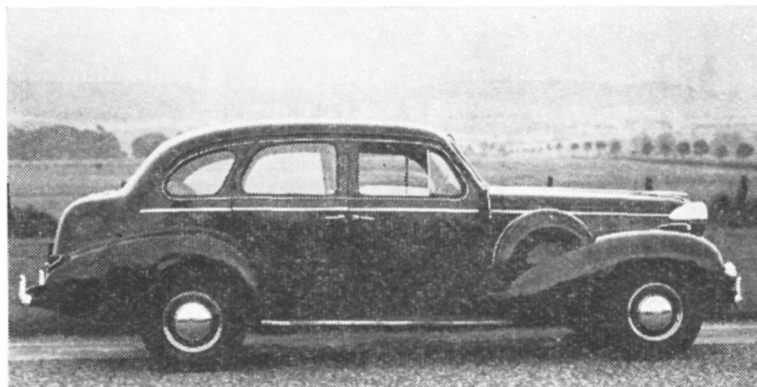
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HOLIDAY IN FRANCE

A shout was raised in our compartment, "Look! Look! It's the Eiffel Tower!" Yes, at last our dream had become reality and we were in France. The largest part of our journey was over; no more scrambling through customs-houses, no more rocking and tossing on the English Channel—until our return, but we did not think of that.

Soon we arrived in Orleans, where we were received by our respective hosts and taken to their various homes. I felt very strange that first evening in the large dining-room of Doctor Sejournet's house. My evening meal consisted of soup, "haricots verts" (long, stringy things which I had never seen before but which were delicious), boiled ham and cheese. (Oh, cheese! that inevitable cheese! I knew I would get it sometime!); and then I washed it all down with my very first glass of champagne. After the meal I climbed the narrow, spiral staircase which led to my bedroom, lay down in a comfortable little bed and placed my head on a thing which looked more like a rolled up sausage than a pillow, but nevertheless in about five minutes I was in the land of nod.

After that first night everything went well. I chased about the town dashing in and out of shops (just to ask the price of things) and I learned many French idioms and phrases which I am sure will be a great help to me in the future. One day I was sent to collect the bread and had the shock of my life when I was given a queer-looking thing which was about as long as myself and only as thick as my wrist. Well, we all learn! and how was I to know that it was the French half-loaf?

Meals were most interesting. To begin with, we each had a glass of red wine which, I am told, the girls did not like, but which, I thought, increased my appetite and improved the meal. The food was first rate. Dear readers, no matter how well you think you can cook, just wait till you go to France and taste the magnificent cakes and tasty dishes which are set down before you. Bread is eaten with every course and after the main meal the plate of cheese is brought out and on it are six or seven different kinds from which you take your choice. One day I was given a thing which was like a large, green sunflower. It was an artichoke which I ate

by picking the leaves off one by one, dipping them in a sauce of vinegar and olive-oil, and then biting off the fleshy part. It had a strange taste but was quite pleasant to eat.

We went on various trips all over a large area of France and visited many of the châteaux of the Loire which are magnificent structures, far more beautiful than any I have ever seen.

Unfortunately, the time crept on and it was a sad day for me when I had to leave France, having spent three delightful weeks in the town of Orleans.

Edmund Stewart, F.IV.

CHILDHOOD MEMORIES

Whenever I think of my childhood, my dearest memories are of Christmas and the time around it.

Christmas is really the biggest feast we have in Norway and the preparations begin a few weeks before Christmas Eve. Children and grown-ups give presents to one another and the housewife cleans up the house, bakes and makes food for the coming festivity.

When Christmas Eve comes we dress up in our nicest clothes and go to church in the afternoon. After church our family all meet together in my Grandmother's house. We are a very big family and this is when we all meet together.

My Grandmother starts off the feast of Christmas by reading the Christmas story from the Bible on Christmas Eve. When this is finished, we start walking round the Christmas tree, singing hymns. Under the tree we have placed our presents which are all beautifully wrapped, and it is exciting to find out if we have got something that we have been wanting.

After opening our own gifts, we look at the gifts of the other members of the family. We have a lovely time together, reading each other's cards which we have not been allowed to read until now. We eat much fruit, nuts, chocolate and cakes.

We still have a fortnight's holiday from school after Christmas Day. During this time we enjoy ourselves skating and ski-ing.

Miss Inger-Johanne Bugge.

(N.B.—The author of this article is a Norwegian girl who is at present studying English in the High School).

Ladies of the English Theatre

It is strange to know that in the early part of the reign of King Charles I., it was an unheard of thing to see a woman on the stage. We are told that Juliet was played far more convincingly by a boy than by a girl. At that time, there was a law which stated that it was a crime to put on a play and that no woman could act in one. But this law was broken several times, and history was made when a certain Mrs Coleman acted the part of "Ianthé" in "The Siege of Rhodes". Although this was performed in a private house, and Mrs Coleman sang and danced rather than acted, nevertheless a woman had acted in a play, and the heavens had not fallen. When King Charles II. was restored to the Throne he decided to have some music and plays to develop his country's literature. So he made up a law that plays with women in them could be performed at will. But it was a while before a woman dared to act. Then, at last, a certain Mrs Margaret Hughes played Desdemona in "Othello"—a professional production—and after that many more followed in her footsteps. Shortly after this, two rival theatres were set up in London; the Lincoln's Inn Theatre, and the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane. The best-known and probably the best actress of Lincoln's Inn at that time was Mrs Betterton, wife of the famous actor. She was a gentle, pure lady and had great acting powers. But the name which immediately springs to mind when one mentions the early Drury Lane actresses is Nell Gwynne. She was **not** an orange girl, but first and foremost an actress—a queen of Drury Lane. If given a song, a dance and an audience, preferably with King Charles in it, she was happy. The name of "Sweet Nell" still dances on through the ages—the darling of the public, a kind-hearted, fascinating, lovable little *comédienne*.

We find that great ladies, gentry, and even Peeresses, were now crowding on to the stage. As a complete contrast, however, one famous actress of that time did not begin her career as a rich woman. She was Anne Oldfield, who began it in a bar parlour. Farquhar, a great man of the stage, heard her reciting

some poems while he was waiting to be served. He questioned her, and found out that she wished to be an actress. And so she was engaged. But for years she did not progress as she ought to have done. Then one evening she played before Queen Anne and her consort (who always fell asleep at plays) and Anne decided that she would show her hidden genius. She electrified her audience. Even the Consort woke up enough to remark sleepily that she was good. And so Anne Oldfield was established as one of the best actresses our Theatre has ever produced.

Kitty Clive started her career washing the front door steps of her mistress's home. Two theatre agents heard her singing at her work, and thus, so we are told, she started her career. She was an attractive little thing, who loved comedy, and excelled in it. She was excellent even till the time she retired.

When such great actresses as Anne Oldfield and Kitty Clive clashed together in the same play, the rivals often quarrelled. It is even said that a certain lady pierced the skin of her rival with a dagger while supposedly stabbing her in a passionate murder scene.

There is no room here to state the names of all the brilliant ladies who trod the boards of our English stage, but we cannot pass over Sarah Siddons. Probably the greatest *tragédienne* of her time, she was unforgettable. When she played a part she **was** the character she was playing.

Ellen Terry was a gracious lady. She was also a brilliant actress, with a delightful manner. She could move audiences to tears, have them enthralled holding their breath, the hair of their heads rising on end, or have them roaring with laughter. Sir Henry Irving, Gladys Cooper, and famous people of her time have all said she was a wonderfully versatile actress, and her fame will never die.

Through the ages our theatre has produced many great ladies—we will hope that in the future many more will choose to keep up the ancient tradition and fame of the Ladies of the English Theatre.



"Our Motherland", National Pageant — L.VII. Girls.



"Songs of the Services" — L.VII. Boys.



Map-Reading.

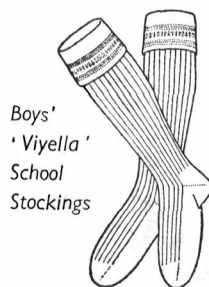


Bren-Gun Practice.

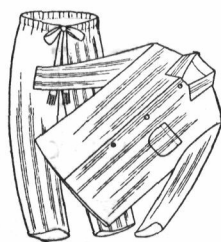
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DREAMS

Dreams are defined as matters which have only an imaginary reality, although it has been said that all dreams eventually come true. If so, what ecstasy and terror are in store for us !

Daydreams are the most satisfactory imaginings of this kind. In them we are absolutely free to accomplish whatever we will, and the course of events runs calmly and smoothly to the perfect finish. As we gaze into the glowing heart of the fire, or at the shimmering blue of the sea, or listen to an enthusiastic speech, or examine a work of art, we feel the flame of ambition kindled within us and in one dazzling, satisfying moment, happiness, fame and wealth are effortlessly ours.

While these innocent fancies are harmless up to a point, there is always the danger that they may become too much a part of our lives, a private existence from which all other affairs are excluded. This bars all sensible reaction to the buffets of Fate, causes dissatisfaction with life in general, and is used as a way of escaping from the grim facts of reality.

Nightmares are a totally different proposition. Unconfessed fears and secret tremors rise from the subconscious mind to become magnified to immense, terrifying proportions during the periods of sleep. Who has not hung over an immeasurably high cliff and felt himself slipping down-down-down ? Who has not been chatting to a friend and turned to find him suddenly changed into a bear ? Who has not experienced the terror of being chased by a phantom, while each avenue of escape is blocked by a similar ghostly form ? These are the dreams which waken us in the night in a cold perspiration of terror to start fearfully at the creak of a stair or the tap of the ivy against the window, and to wonder apprehensively if that story we heard last Hallowe'en could possibly be true.

There are other types of nightmares, notably the puzzling kind in which we meet characters out of books, or are guillotined, and get up quite cheerfully afterwards to walk away, or are handed the inevitable examination paper to find that the questions are written in Chinese.

To me, dreams are strange and unfathomable, of a nebulous character which defies

explanation, but perhaps you, with Churchill, dismiss them as : " Children of the night, of indigestion bred."

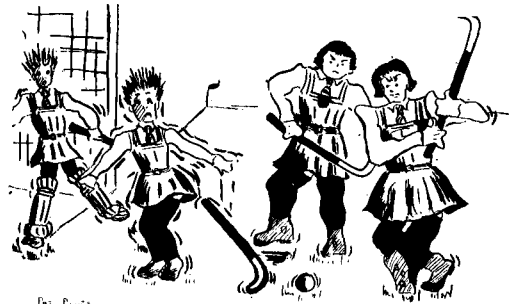
Janette Weatherhead, F.IV.

RIDDLE-ME-REE

My first is in hand, but not in glove.
My second's in hate, but not in love.
My third is in cool and also in cold.
My fourth is in young, but not in old.
My fifth is in bag, case, hat, and coat.
My sixth is in castle, but not in moat.
My seventh's in red, purple, orange and green.
My eighth is in Earl, but not in Queen.
My ninth is in ill, but not in well.
My tenth is in magic, but not in spell.
My whole is in Dundee, but not in the West.
Of its kind in the city it is much the best !

Molly Douglas, F.II.

(Answer on Page 18)



This is it !



View-Halloo !

Twenty Years After

I woke up suddenly, as if someone had called to me, and got the greatest shock of my life. The little bushes which had surrounded me when I had lain down had disappeared, and in their places were huge trees, towering above me. I got to my feet, and, to my amazement, saw my legs sticking out of my trousers by at least three feet. My toes had burst through my shoes, which were by now many times too small for my feet. My hair was a foot long, and I had a good-sized beard and moustache. My arms had grown out of my jacket sleeves, the cuffs of which were now up to my elbows. I therefore concluded that someone had put me into a trance. My limbs were sore, and at first I could hardly walk. Gradually, however, I recovered and proceeded to walk down the hill.

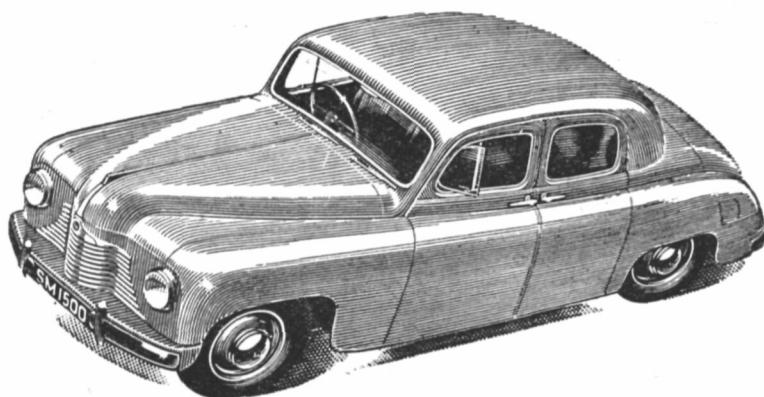
On entering Dundee, I saw several ladies wearing one-piece costumes, to which the shoes and stockings were attached. I also saw several men with skirt-like trousers, and funny sorts of shirts which had no collars. The buildings were all changed, and even the High School had a modern look about it. All the names on the shops had been changed, and in place of "Draffen's" was a huge building, practically all glass, which sold cars that looked liked aeroplanes to me. Quite a crowd of people were now following me, and it was only then that I realized how queer I must seem to them. I immediately went to my house, found my mother and father who were by now collecting a pension, and borrowed some new clothes. My parents had long since given me up for dead, and I later understood that there had been a great search for me, and my picture had been on the front page of almost every paper.

After having dressed and made myself more respectable, I went for a walk round the town. The changes which I saw were numerous. There was now a Tay road-bridge, and no Tay Ferries. Instead of ferries, there was a helicopter service from Dundee to Newport, Newport now being a city. I also learned that in my absence a third World War had been fought, Britain again winning by defeating Russia and her allies. Scotland now had a Parliament of her own. The Queen was still on the throne, and now had three children. The atom bomb and many other scientific inventions of my youth were now out of date, and there was scarcely a house in Britain which did not have television, which was now coloured and had a variety of programmes. I also learned that China was a part of the British Empire.

After walking round the town, I decided to go and visit some of my old school-friends. A few of these friends had been killed in the war, while others had shifted to different parts of the country. However, there were still a few who recognised me and told me of their experiences. Wherever I went, the first thing asked of me was always, "Where have you been?" This question was easily answered because the twenty years were to me as one night.

It was a few weeks before I settled down properly to my surroundings, but I soon became accustomed to the changes around me and began to live just as if nothing strange had ever happened.

David G. Henderson, F.II.



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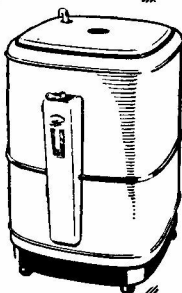


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Newts as Pets

Newts are a small family of tailed amphibians ; that is, they start their life as tadpoles, like frogs and toads. There are only 18 known kinds of newts. They are all small—the largest, the Spanish Newt, being about 10 inches long, and the smallest, our British Palmate Newt, only 3 inches.

Newts are inhabitants mainly of temperate lands, and in Britain there are three species of indigenous newts. These are the Great Crested, the Smooth and the Palmate. The Great Crested, the largest, is black with white spots on the flanks, and has a yellowish underside marbled with black. It attains a length of 6 inches. Next are the Smooth and the Palmate, 4 inches and 3 inches respectively. They are both brownish-coloured with pale orange undersides in the males, and whitish in the females. They can be easily mistaken for one another. I have caught these two locally. They may be looked for in ponds, preferably in the spring, or by turning over stones in the autumn. They all make interesting pets and should be kept in a vivarium, or an aquarium with stones rising above water level. In my opinion a vivarium is best. It can be a metal or wooden box, and should have a glass front, some growing vegetation, such as mosses, ferns, etc., and a suitable water dish, depending upon the size of the variety.

The vivarium need not be elaborate, but it must be escape-proof. The newts should be fed on small earth-worms or maggots, and in season aquatic larvae and tadpoles may be given.

All newts from temperate countries will hibernate and their cage should be stored in a cool outhouse. Alternatively they can be brought indoors and kept warm throughout the winter. However, if they are not allowed to hibernate, they will probably not breed the following spring.

Twelve species are native to Europe, including the Alpine Newt, 4 inches long, beautifully coloured in blue and orange. The Marbled Newt, as its name suggests, has a green and black mottled skin and is about the same size as the Great Crested Newt. Similar to the Great Crested, too, is the Italian, which is larger and broader, with a brightly-coloured underside.

America also has some interesting specimens, notable among them being the beautiful Californian Newt. This creature has green eyes and is reddish brown above and orange below. It has an exceptionally long tail and is altogether about 8 inches long.

I have all the foregoing species at present.

Others worthy of note are the Spanish, 10 inches, the Common American (an aquatic species), and the Japanese, both of which are 4 inches in length.

Newts are long-lived in captivity, some having lived more than twenty-five years in the vivarium. All thrive well under suitable conditions, and I am sure they will amply repay any trouble expended on them.

B. Bustard, F.III.A.



Alfred is Great.

"King Alfred started 'The Sunday Chronicle'." —(Form I. History).

We dislike them, too.

"Walpole's Exercise Bill was disliked by many people."

Striking Features in London.

"Tuesday was a really warm day, the temperature being eighty-three degrees. In the morning we went to Madame Tussaud's, and in the afternoon to Regent's Park Zoo where, very unexpectedly, I saw a teacher of mine."

Can you see through this ?

"A periscope is an instrument to see what is in front of you if you can't see."

A Cute Observation.

Q : "What is the angle between the hands of a clock at three o'clock ?"

A : "A right angle."

Q : "At 9 o'clock ?"

A : "A left angle."

Stopping the Rot.

Q : "What would the sheep get in Holland if they had to stand on the damp ground ?"

A : "Little rubber boats."

Retainer or Preserver ?

"A gallowglass is a substance in which eggs are preserved."

—(See "Macbeth" I.,ii.,13.)

Social Economy.

Teacher : "Comment on the following line from 'Macbeth' (II.,i.,4.) :—'There's husbandry in heaven.'"

Pupil : "Even when one dies one is always followed by ties of home."

Men of the Right Calibre.

"The Belgic Celts brought over ploughs with a share as well as a coulter and were made of metal."

Anti-Libation Conspiracy.

"Cassius tried to stir up Brutus' publican resentment."

Spring-Fever.

"A soothsayer told Caesar to beware of the 'Ideas of March'."

"Now drooping, woeful wan."

"Thomas Gray wrote his 'Elegy' sitting in a country churchyard. He took over two years to write this masterpiece."

"Where Ignorance is Bliss."

"Il découvrit la partie blessée"

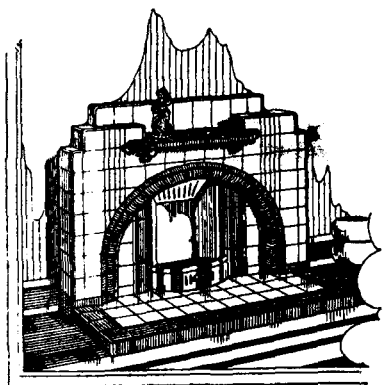
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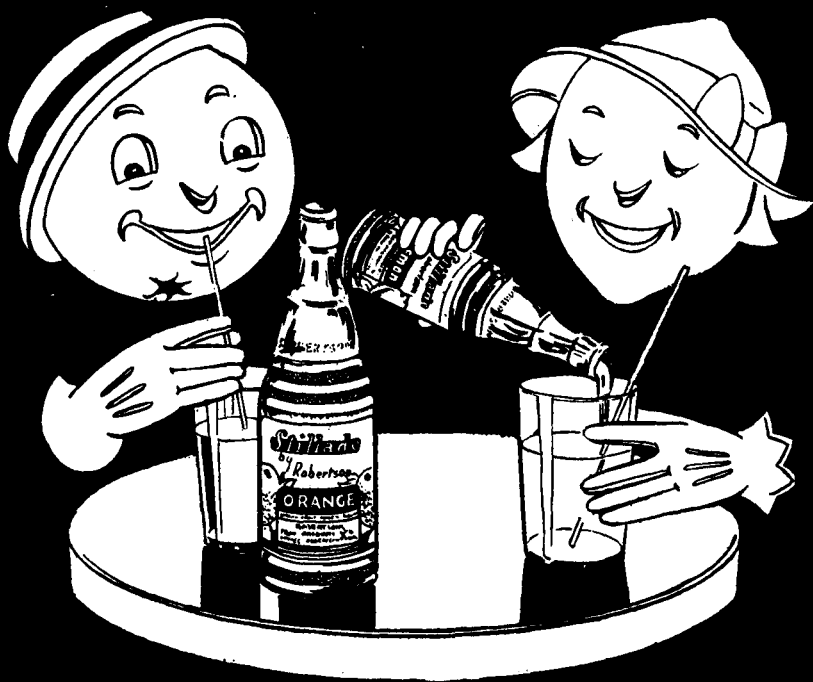
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A glance at Ireland

Ireland, as it is today, is split or partitioned into two parts—the Irish Free State, or Eire, and the Northern part which is Ulster. Eire comprises the three provinces of Connaught, Leinster, and Munster, all of which are mainly agricultural. The capital of Eire is Dublin which has a population of over 300,000.

Saint Patrick is the patron saint of Ireland.

Ireland was independent until, in Henry II.'s reign, Strongbow conquered it. The partition of Ireland, in 1922, came about after years of rebellion and strife, mostly about religion.

Northern Ireland, which is really Ulster, is the fourth province, and contains the counties of Down, Antrim, Londonderry, Fermanagh, Armagh and Tyrone. It has its own Government but has also members of parliament in the British Government. The climate is mild and dampish. The people are carefree and happy-go-lucky, and easy to make friends with. They are more business-minded than the southerners.

The main industries of Northern Ireland are linen manufacture, rope-making, ship-building and lace-making.

While Eire has its own coinage, some of it has found its way into Northern Ireland and can be used there although it is not strictly legal.

The capital of Northern Ireland is Belfast, the population of which is over 400,000. One of the most interesting places in Belfast is the famous City Hall, the main staircase and pillars of which are built with marble from seven different countries. Queen's University is another fine building. The open-air Zoo and Bellevue Gardens, which are situated on the side of Cave Hill, are almost 1,100 feet above sea level. From here one has a wonderful view of the entire Belfast Lough. Other places of interest are the Botanical Gardens, the Parliament Buildings at Stormont, and a very fine museum.

Leaving Belfast, we travel by the coast road northward to Larne, and thence to Whitehead for the Gobbins.

This is the name of a famous cliff path which has been cut along the sheer face of the cliffs for a distance of two to three miles. In parts the path tunnels through the cliffs in total darkness, while in other parts rickety old suspension bridges are slung across huge crevices in the rocks, into which the breakers boil and churn. The walk along this path on a rough day is an experience I shall never forget.

From the Gobbins we travel north to Cushendall, which is at the head of the Glens of Antrim, one of the most lovely being Glenariff with its silvery, cascading waterfalls for almost its entire length.

One of the most splendid parts of the coast is the Giant's Causeway which faces the Atlantic near Portrush at the northern end of Antrim. The legend runs that giants who lived there planned to build a raised road from Ireland to Scotland. But their causeway was never finished, and the great six-sided pillars, all fitting into each other, form the Irish end of the giants' work. The same rock formation exists on the sea bed along certain parts of the Scottish coast. The Causeway is of basalt rock, and was caused by a tremendous volcanic eruption. The molten rock was then cooled suddenly by the sea, the result of which is many queer shapes in the rock, but mainly they are six-sided pillars.

I have a replica of the Giant's Chair which I once bought at the Causeway. It is made of the same basalt rock.

The Mountains of Mourne, well-known for their beauty, are worthy of a visit. In the midst of these mountains lies the Silent Valley, quiet and lovely, wherein grow immense carpets of lovely flowers. There, amongst the beauty, has been built a huge water reservoir which supplies Belfast, 35 miles away.

And so, to those of you who want a quiet holiday with plenty of sight-seeing, beautiful scenery, sea-side resorts, and sports of almost every kind, I strongly recommend a visit to glorious Ireland.

Patricia Pollock, F.III.

An adventure in Winter

Winter had come to the small village of Effringham, a very unwelcome visitor. The townsfolk were very worried at the loss of their sheep. Was it the snowdrifts, or was there a savage dog roaming around the countryside? They determined to find out. As Effringham was small, there were only three farms in the district, belonging to Mr. Brown, Mr. Roberts and Mr. Smith. The loss of sheep was a great disaster to these small farms, and at Mr. Brown's farm a worried conversation was going on. It was usually a cheerful meal in the warm kitchen by the fire, but now the scene was changed.

"This is terrible! All my sheep are lost!" fumed Mr. Brown, who was, at most times, a good-tempered man.

"Dear! dear! What shall we do?" said timid Mrs. Brown in a flutter.

Their children, John and Sheila, were too busy sampling the creamy butter and hot scones to say anything, but between mouthfuls Sheila managed to say, "Shall we go and look for them tonight with Rab?"

"That dog!" exclaimed Mr. Brown, "It can't do a thing, but I suppose you can go."

In the evening, as dusk was falling, Sheila and John, followed by an excited Rob, left the house to seek the sheep. The air was cool, and far above in the sky the wild geese flew on their way to the loch, their lonely, wild calls echoing in the night. All seemed still and silent. The trees were not friendly now, their shapes looming in the dark. Sheila and John were almost scared by the uncanny silence, but being country children they were used to it. As they went along the country road, they met Jenny, the maid.

"What would you be doing here at dusk?" she asked in her low, sweet Highland voice.

The children told her politely, and hurried on.

When they reached Ben Cruich they found Rob there already, waiting impatiently, his tongue lolling from side to side. They ascended the mountain, which was covered with snow. At the East side were huge snowdrifts, and, as the field where the sheep grazed was nearby, they could have found a gap in the fence, and made their way to the mountain. Sheila and John were not surprised when they heard faint, pitiful cries coming from an icy ledge on the mountain-side—it was the sheep. Rob, being a collie and surefooted, made his way into the snow, and came out triumphantly shepherding three sheep before him. This went on until nearly two flocks of sheep stood before them. The children knew Rob was capable enough to take the sheep back.

"Take sheep home!" commanded John in his sternest voice, but Rob only looked up, and then went on digging in the snow. The children saw it was hopeless to stop him. They started to try to make the sheep come with them. Suddenly Rob's bark was heard followed by a very sad "Baa-aa!" The children turned and saw Rob with a small ewe. It was so weak it could not stand, and Sheila carried it home in her arms, wrapped in her scarf.

When they arrived home it was pitch dark; only in the distance the red twinkle in the window guided them home. Mr. Brown came to the door still rather cross. When he saw his sheep at the gate he was very surprised, and his tone changed.

"Well! Well! Did Rob find the sheep?"

Sheila and John told the story and Rob picked out Mr. Brown's sheep, even in the dark, and separated them from the others. It was not long before the sheep were safely in the fold. Rob was praised and petted, and that night Mr. Brown discovered how clever Rob really was, and you may imagine who won the cup at the sheepdog trials that year.

Joan E. Macdonald, L.VII.

MY HOLIDAYS

I was in Swanage in July. There were lots of lovely things. I went on the Dodgem cars and took Daddy. He was my passenger. I made big skids. There were swan boats that

go in the water with pedals, and I stayed at the Ship Ashore Hotel. I was near the water, and in a big camp saw British, French, Russian and Japanese tanks. I went in a British tank. I hope to go to Swanage again.

Nigel Scott Kilvert, C.III.

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The Watson Brothers

[Adapted from "The Genius of Preston Watson" in the "Scots Magazine" by kind permission of the Editor and of the Author, Mr J. D. Leslie. Photograph by courtesy of Mr Frank N. Birkett.]

It will be 50 years on December 17th since what is historically recorded as the first aeroplane flight was made by Orville Wright, in U.S.A. This and other initial flights by Orville Wright and his brother, Wilbur, will be celebrated by a generation that takes for granted jet-propelled civil airliners and warplanes. What has not been accorded a similar place in official records is that two Scottish brothers, Preston A. Watson and James Y. Watson, were also making aeronautical history in the Angus countryside much about the same time as the Wrights in America.

Preston A. Watson was born at Dundee in 1880, the son of Mr Thomas Watson, Balgowan. After leaving the High School, Preston entered his father's business, and was a partner for several years prior to his untimely death. In several branches of sport he won important trophies; and Mrs Preston Watson today recalls that at one time he held the championship of Scotland in hurdle-racing. Well known also in rugby as a reliable three-quarter back, he played in the Newport Rugby F.C. team who were winners of the North of Scotland Rugby Challenge Cup for the season 1898-99.

It was during his twenties that Preston Watson definitely devoted a large part of his leisure from business to the study of the science of aviation and the construction of aircraft. He had his own ideas on the subject, and lost no time in putting them into practical form. By the summer of 1903 Preston and his brother were experimenting with a heavier-than-air machine which was built at Belmont. A model of the 1903 plane, which made the first known Scottish flight at Errol, is to be seen in the Dundee Museum. The under-

carriage was equipped with two large skids, resembling outsize skis, instead of wheels. These skids were greased with lard, as were the planks of the prepared take-off platform, so as to offer the minimum of resistance. The wings were shaped as nearly as possible like those of birds; and there is an interesting recollection about the making of them. To this particular task was brought the aid of a third member of the Watson family, a sister and the youngest member, Mrs William Dickie, who recalls how she helped Preston to make his first plane by stitching the canvas over the wooden fabric of the wings.

To make the propeller for the plane, Preston commissioned Mr Kerr B. Sturrock. This propeller was fashioned from a piece of African straight-grained walnut, 5 feet long, 12 inches broad, and 5 inches thick. The African walnut was chosen after tests had been made with African mahogany and Quebec yellow pine, the walnut being found to be tougher and better able to stand the strain. Fitted in the plane was a 10 h.p. engine which Preston had purchased from Santos Dumont, the famous French flier of later years.

When the trials were made the plane was catapulted into the air. The method was to fasten a rope to the nose of the machine and attach to the other end of the rope a blacksmith's anvil and two 56lb. weights which were hoisted by block and tackle into a tall tree. When the engine had been started and was running full out, the release of the anvil and the weights catapulted the plane into the air. The 10 h.p. engine was not sufficiently powerful to sustain flight, but nevertheless the plane repeatedly achieved hops of 100 yards or so.

Mr James Y. Watson's main association with his brother's first machine consisted of sitting in the plane and doing an occasional

short hop. He had what he calls his big moment when, some five or six years later, Preston asked him to test his second machine, which was powered by a 30 h.p. Humber engine. Mr David Barclay, a joiner at Errol, assisted in the building of this second machine. The same principle of controls was used as in the 1903 plane, namely, a tilting top wing which "banked" the aircraft, thus causing it to turn. It had an undercarriage of four pneumatic wire wheels on which it sat, and there was no tail suspension. The controls worked in a satisfactory manner, and the plane, which made good landings, was flown successfully on numerous occasions by Preston Watson and Mr Archie Dickie, of Whitehills. With financial help from his father, Preston Watson was enabled in 1913 to build his third and last aeroplane. It was powered by a 60-70 h.p. Anzani engine.

Incidentally, the authorities of the Kensington Museum in London have made requests for the use of any of the three engines used by Preston Watson in his planes for exhibition there; but, despite the most exhaustive search at Errol and elsewhere, no trace has been found of these lost relics of the first days of aviation in Scotland.

Soon after 1913 the young Dundee airman was destined to be engaged in the air on more serious business. 1915 found him at Hendon, where, after going through the principal train-

ing school, he obtained his pilot's certificate. In the parchment he was described as the best pupil who had ever passed through the school. On April 29th, 1915, he was gazetted Sub-Lieutenant in the naval wing of the Royal Flying Corps, later the Royal Naval Air Service. Only two months later Sub-Lieutenant Preston Watson was killed when the biplane he was piloting developed engine trouble at a height of 1,000 ft. and crashed in a field near Eastbourne. Sub-Lieutenant Watson, who was 34 years old and left a wife and two children, was brought to his native Dundee and laid to rest in the Western Cemetery with full military honours and amid an impressive manifestation of public sorrow and sympathy.

His surviving brother, Mr James Y. Watson, also served in the Royal Flying Corps during the 1914-18 war, and today, with a 74th birthday last July, he remains the oldest pilot member of the Strathtay Aero Club, of Scone.

This year, when the world will do honour to the brothers Wright of America, it is due to the memory of Preston A. Watson that his native city of Dundee, and indeed Scotland generally, should not withhold tribute to the genius and sacrifice of one of ourselves who saw "the shape of things to come" in the air, and proved himself so enterprising and able an instrument in transforming the vision into a practical accomplishment.



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Preston Watson at the Controls of a 1914 Machine.



At the Rifle Range.



1



2



3



4



5



6

1. Before Inspection.
2. Miss Ballantyne and Miss Larg.
3. Camp at Tarfside.

4. Peeling Potatoes.
5. Cookhouse.
6. Elevenses.

MY FLEET

I have 14 ships in all. Three of them are destroyers, and one is a cruiser. There are two oil tankers, a big one and a little one. There are a tug that pulls ships backwards and forwards, a light-ship, two harbour boats, two submarines, and a ship that hunts submarines. I have a harbour that I crayoned. I have fights with my ships, and try to steal treasure from my ships. The ship that goes hunting for submarines goes in the front to detect submarines. If there are any submarines, it will signal to the fighting ships and they will go ahead with the other ships and try to avoid them. I have a fishing boat that goes fishing in the sea. I drew the sea. My harbour has an office for the captains and an office for the workers.

Dane Sherrard, L.III.

MY SUMMER HOLIDAYS

When I went my summer holidays to Invergordon, eleven warships were in the Cromarty Firth. There were the aircraft carrier H.M.S. "Eagle", the cruiser H.M.S. "Swiftsure", five destroyers, three frigates and the submarine H. M. S. "Ercheron". The water ship H.M.S. "Fountain" and the tug H.M.S. "Reward" were also in with them. The cruiser H.M.S. "London" was expected to come in, but we were away before it arrived.

Brian James Ross Junor, CI.3

THE BULLDOZER

Every afternoon I have been watching a bulldozer at work outside my house. The man sits on a tractor which pulls a bulldozer along. The driver pulls a handle to lower the blade which scrapes up the earth till the bulldozer is full. It is dragged to the place where it is emptied by the driver.

Neil Cargill, C.III.

WINTER

Winter, Winter, cold and dark,
When we hear not the song of the lark !
But there is sledging, snowballing, too.
I think Winter is not so bad. Do you ?

Henry S. Colligan, L.III.

GLENISLA

For our summer holidays we went to a place called Glenisla. When we were there we climbed a mountain called Glas Maol. The place we went to was called Crandart. We climbed a hill called Monega Hill and a hill called Badendun Hill, and a hill called Mount Blair.

Glas Maol is 3,502 feet high, Monega Hill 2,917 feet high. Ronald got to the top of them all and he is only four years old.

Sandy Davie, L.III.

THE POET

The poet's life is very gay ;
He writes poems all the day.
The poet sits out in the sun
While he eats his currant bun.
Sometimes his life is very dull,
So he just listens to the gull.

David G. Fairley, L.III.

A VISIT TO A FIFE COAL MINE

I went with my mother, father and brother down an open-shaft coal mine. Children are not supposed to go down a coal mine, but the man let my brother and me go. We each had a light on a belt and set off. We had a long way to walk to the coal face. We got a piece of coal which we picked off the wall. In the distance we saw the lights of the men working on the coal down a long tunnel.

Raymond F. Wilkie, L.IV.

WAKING UP

It's a pitiful sight in the morning
To see me lie in bed,
With the blankets lying upon the floor
And the quilt upon my head ;
And my legs so long and lanky
Exposed to the cold, cold air,
With bits of fluff from the blankets white ;
Adorning my ruffled hair.

Elaine Webster, L.VII.

FISHING

Sometimes in the summer we go fishing. Roddy and I load plenty of jam jars and fishing nets into the car and off we go. We once went to the Dighty and, after fishing for a long time, we caught a baby eel. Mummy was so excited that she stepped right into the water and got soaked, but nobody minded as it was such a good catch. We managed to get him safely home and put him in a big bath. We still have him. Another time we went to Broughty Ferry and saw a lot of seals. This time we got a plaice and once more Mummy put her feet into the water. Daddy then shouted, "Hurry up!" and we all ran up to the car and came home.

Nigel McLeod, L.IV.

SCOTLAND'S PARENT LARCHES

One Sunday, my Minister told me about the first Larches in Scotland. That very afternoon we went to Dunkeld Abbey to see the larch trees. The guide there told us that one of the trees had been struck by lightning but the other was still there. The larch tree that was struck by lightning was used for panelling Blair Atholl Castle. In the summer I went to Pitlochry for my holidays and I went to see Blair Atholl Castle. It was very interesting to see the panelling of the larch tree I had heard of so many months before.

Pamela Rollo, L.IV.

MY HOLIDAY

This year I went to Switzerland for my summer holidays. I went to Vevey. It is on Lake Geneva. During my holiday I went to see the Rhone Glacier. Every day I went swimming. I went to the plage. That is a place where the big fish are kept out. There was a restaurant, and there was grass to lie on. As well as grass there were stone steps to the water, and there were a chute, a diving board and logs of wood. I enjoyed my holiday very much and was sorry to leave.

Valerie Corteen, L.IV.

A RABBIT

One morning, after breakfast, when I was coming out to play, I saw a rabbit in our garden. I ran to tell my Mother, but she wouldn't believe me. When she came out she saw it. Our cat was nearby at the time. The rabbit ran behind some planks of wood. The cat saw it and tried to get in at the other end, thinking he would have rabbit pie for dinner. I stopped him just in time and shut him in the house. My Father rescued the rabbit while I went to find the owner who came and took it back in his car.

Finlay Macdonald, L.IV.

A VISIT TO THE DOCKS

One Sunday, to pass the time, we decided to go to the docks. The first thing Daddy pointed out to me was a rubber tyre hanging over the side of a boat. This was to prevent the boat being damaged when it was coming alongside the dock. I was told that this was called a fender.

The Sea Cadets were busy in their Hall as we passed. Some of them were out in a launch and we watched them coming in to land. They took ages to get alongside the dock wall. The tide was in and the water was high. Two men were closing the lock gates with poles fixed to a capstan. Next we saw two ships. One was a modern warship, painted grey, and the other was an old wooden sailing ship covered with tar.

The last thing I saw was a black basket, shaped like a cone, hanging from a mast high in the air. I was told that this was for a gale warning. As we were coming home the wind was beginning to spring up.

Peter Moonie, L.IV.

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The Autobiography of Bagpipes

I am old bagpipes. I am Macdonald of Clanranald tartan and my master is Donald Macdonald of Clanranald. He is known familiarly to his relations as Dou which is the Gaelic for Donald. I was made in Fort William by Neil McLeod & Son. Dou went by McBrayne's bus into Fort William, entered my shop, looked at me and, seeing I was the only one of his tartan, he bought me. Dou was twenty-two when he bought me ; he is now fifty-four. When I arrived with Dou at Morar (that is where he stays), I was unpacked and laid on the table. I was then taken to my home in which I am still today. The address is :

Top Shelf,
Kitchen,
Lochloin,
Morar,
Inverness-shire,
Scotland.

During the next week Dou was practising on me a great deal. I soon learned that he was playing, " The Highland Fling " at the Highland Games which were in two months' time.

At the Highland Games, Dou played well on me and I loved watching the girls and boys dancing. The next year Dou played for

two dances, the next, three dances ; the next, three dances and a solo ; the next, all the dances and two solos ; and the next he was announced as " Pipe-Major Donald Macdonald of Morar." Soon he and I were famous throughout Inverness-shire and we were asked to play first at Fort William, and afterwards at Inverness. Dou wore his kilt of Macdonald of Clanranald and he was the bonniest laddie at all the games.

One day there was a great disaster. Dou was coming back from Mallaig and he had me under his arms. He, hearing a scream in the croft, put me down in the yard, and ran into the house. Soon an inquisitive hen came along, and, spying my bright colour, began to peck me. I soon had an enormous rip right down my side. I was furious. Dou came out in a few moments and, seeing me ripped, gasped, examined me, and took me into the croft. He asked his bonnie wife, Flora, if she would mend me. She returned, " Wi' pleasure, ma bonnie laddie," and in a week I was as good as new.

The next month it was the games and Dou played me at Inverness, Mallaig, Glencoe, Arisaig, Glenfinnan and Morar. I was famous there and I'm famous now.

Susan Lendrum, L.VII.

Old Boys

OLD BOYS' CLUB ANNUAL DINNER

The Annual Dinner of the Old Boys' Club was held in Keiller's Restaurant on Friday, 4th December, when the guest of honour was Mr George E. Davie, M.A. A full and diverting evening was enjoyed by the eighty-six members who attended.

After the toast of "The Queen", the President, Mr Thomas Agnew, on behalf of the Club, presented to Mr Ian M. Bain an illuminated Visitors' Book for the School. Mr Bain, accepting, paid tribute to Mr Halliday and Mr Vannet, who were responsible for the book's embellishment, and proposed that the new Hon. President, Sir Randall Philip, O.B.E., Q.C., should be the first to sign : a gesture both apposite and appreciated by all.

As might be expected from the Professor of Moral Philosophy at Queen's University, Belfast—even if one were not already acquainted with the breadth and humanity of Mr Davie's own philosophy—his speech in proposing the toast of "The School" was both witty and erudite : profound in its implications while sprightly in its presentation. It says much for the ability of Sir Garnet Wilson that his reply served to enhance the pleasure of Mr Davie's speech, the enjoyment of the evening, and Sir Garnet's own high renown.

In different vein, maybe, but no less practisedly, Mr H. J. Carlton introduced and proposed the toast of our new Hon. President; while Sir Randall's reply, though modestly disclaiming, could not disguise how well deserved his honours are.

Inevitably the last speakers on any occasion—and more than ever on such an evening as this—face the least enviable task of all. The more credit, then, to Mr J. S. Anderson who, in addition to countless other duties, proposed "The President", and to Mr Agnew, who replied. Anti-climax would have been all too easy among such a galaxy of oratory ; and that they avoided it is in itself the highest praise.

SCHOOL SHOOT

The Old Boys' Club was once again defeated by the School in a nine-a-side shoot on 27th November. On the whole the standard of shooting was not so high as in last year's matches, but a notable exception was the effort of W. F. Morrison, of the School Team, who won the penknife presented by the Old Boys for the highest individual score with an excellent card of 99. Although the Old Boys lost by a margin of 21 points, a very enjoyable evening was had by all, and they hope to have their revenge in the return shoot next February. Details of the scores were :—

Old Boys' Club

J. Penny	96
D. Tweedie	96
A. T. Miller	95
I. Watson	95
D. Mathers	92
G. S. Ritchie	91
F. Slimman	85
I. Barclay	83
D. M. Spankie	81
	814

School

W. F. Morrison	99
B. M. Piggot	95
D. H. Whyte	95
A. Bowman	94
K. More	91
N. Byer	91
R. Crawford	91
T. S. Halliday	90
D. Henderson	89
	835

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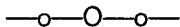
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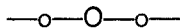
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Reports

RUGBY REPORT

At the beginning of the season the following Officials were elected :—

Captain	R. Crawford
Vice-Captain	A. L. Thomson
Secretary	I. G. Dorward
Treasurer	C. B. Macfarlane
Member of Committee	F. D. Paterson
2nd XV. Captain	G. B. Stewart
Colts XV. Captain	C. G. F. Kay

The revival of School rugby, of which there was some sign last year, has, unfortunately, not been maintained. Although nine of last year's first fifteen are still at school, a great deal of skill, experience and weight has been lost. Once again the rugby of the School is severely hampered by lack of weight and height.

Injuries have undoubtedly been the cause of many of the adverse results. Since the first game of the season against the F.P.'s when A. Bowman injured his shoulder, the side has been weakened every week, with at least two members injured. As a result, the fifteen have still to record a win against another school.

After an indifferent display against Harris Academy, the 1st XV. gave Dollar Academy a good game, only to go down 19-6. The following two weeks saw a much depleted team heavily defeated by Aberdeen Grammar School and Royal High School, although the team must be complimented for the fighting spirit shown against two exceedingly powerful packs. The disappointing result of the game against Gordon's College was somewhat counter-balanced by an exhilarating performance against a speedy Hillhead High School attack. The seventh successive defeat came from Melville College in a rather scrappy game.

Individual performances in the first fifteen have been very promising. In the pack, D. Singer, A. White and C. Macfarlane have provided a solid, hard-working front row. Singer's hooking and White's line-out play have been commendable. Although the positions of the first and second rows have been rather unsettled, M. Anderson, J. Spankie and S. Yeaman are showing promise and are improving. Wing-forwards I. Dorward and L. Thomson are hard-working and skilful members of

the pack while the former is a leader who never seems to tire. J. Cameron, at lock, is a much improved player.

The half-backs have been changed frequently but most successful in either position have been G. Stewart and R. Crawford. The former, in his first season in the first fifteen, has developed into a polished, fearless player, specially commendable for his defence. R. Crawford, as well as being a very capable Captain, continues to be the outstanding player of the team, and his consistent good form influences greatly the solidity of the play. F. Paterson and C. Wright as centres, and P. Giles as full-back, have shown promising and steady form. N. Stewart has turned out to be a strong and resolute winger who goes straight for the line, but someone has still to be found to fill the other wing position. A newcomer to the side, N. Byer, although young and small, has shown himself a player with good football sense and it seems likely that he will retain his position as a three-quarter.

The second fifteen, under the care of Mr Thomson, although weakened by first fifteen injuries, has the best record, with only two defeats in seven games. It has several sound players seeking promotion. The Colts XV. has done quite well in the face of opposition very often much larger and more powerful, and the form of some of its players is most encouraging.

Of the Junior Fifteens, First Year is showing most promise, and our thanks are due to Mr Robertson for the interest he shows and the good work he does with these young players.

The House Matches, played on 31st October, produced some very keen struggles and good rugby as well as revealing some of the latent talent in the School.

We thank the Rector for his constant interest in the Fifteens, and Mr Wood, Mr Thomson and Mr McLaren for their valuable assistance and help at all times.

GIRLS' LITERARY SOCIETY

Since the beginning of this session we have had only three meetings of the Society.

Many subjects, some topical, some serious and some amusing, were keenly discussed at the Annual Hat Night, the Society's first meeting, on October 9th.

The second meeting featured "Ghost Stories." In the Singing-Room, completely darkened except for a single, dim, green light, the five members providing the evening's entertainment told stories of the Supernatural, occasionally interrupted by blood-curdling screams.

The third meeting was a Debate. The motion, "A Woman's place is in the Home", proposed by Miss G. Dingwall, and seconded by Miss Lyon, was defeated with a large majority by Miss M. Macdonald, seconded by Miss M. Greenlaw. The speakers for the motion insisted that, by tradition, a woman's place was in the home while the speakers against the motion pointed out that, in this twentieth-century world, tradition must be frequently waived.

We have Form Nights, a Play-Reading Evening and several other meetings to look forward to during the remainder of the session.

M. S. M.

GUIDE REPORT

Under excellent conditions the Annual Camp was again held at Tarfside, Glen Esk. It was greatly enjoyed by all.

Margaret Greenlaw and Joyce Carr are Company Leaders of Company 2 and Company 2a respectively.

We are now without Miss Spreull who left us to be married, and we have much pleasure in welcoming Miss Leighton who has come to take her place.

In June, a Coronation Meet and Sports were held at Dalnacraig. The Lady Provost was present and presented the trophies, which this year were competed for by Districts and not by Individual Companies as before.

The following guides have gained their First Class Badges:—Anne Butchart, Carol Crystal, Marion Gair and Sybil Wallace.

The Shields were won by the Robin Patrol, in Company 2a, and the Bluetit Patrol in Company 2.

The Guides and Guiders are working for a Sale of Work for Company and Camp Funds. So far the effort is going quite well.

We should like to thank the Guiders for making the year so successful and also Miss Mitchell our V.A.D. at Camp.

M. S. K. G. and J. C.

BOYS' LITERARY SOCIETY

The Boys' Literary Society has started its session, and its meetings have been well attended and entertaining. The first meeting, a Hat Night, pro-

duced keen discussion, and it was encouraging to see newer members joining in quite freely. The Society turned its attention to music in an evening of "Desert Island Discs," the greater part being samples of the latest trends in music. Thanks should here be recorded to W. Morrison and his helpers for providing and fitting up a gramophone.

Our first debate ended, after a battle of wits, in the Society's approving the motion, "That the Value of the Past was Over-emphasised."

We are very glad to welcome Mr Stewart as new Joint-President along with Mr Smith, and under their guidance, we look forward to an interesting and entertaining session.

HOCKEY REPORT

We are fortunate in having eight members of last year's 1st XI. still with us. So far, we have found fortune in the weather, and have had no matches cancelled. Results show that the 1st XI. have had an unbeaten record which we hope will continue.

The 2nd XI. have done exceptionally well, and have lost only two matches. The 3rd, 4th and 2nd Year XI.'s also show promise.

This year six members of the 1st XI. have been put forward for the Junior Midlands Trials, which are to be held at Dalnacraig on 14th November.

Once again, on behalf of the team members, I should like to thank Miss Leighton and other members of the Staff, who take on the unenviable task of umpiring our matches on Saturday mornings, and also Miss Whytock for her help and encouraging advice.

E. M. P.

N.B.—Eileen Paterson was chosen, on 14th November, to play for the Junior Midlands Team, while Elizabeth Thomson and Fiona Vine were chosen as reserves.

CADET REPORT

This year the Cadet Company has again made a good start. Training began with an afternoon on field work at Buddon, where Cadets carried out some of the elementary tactics of modern battle drill. Training in Fieldcraft, Map-Reading and Bren-Gun, in preparation for Certificate "A" Examination, is producing some promising results. A course in drill has been held at the Drill Hall, Bell Street, under R.S.M. Roy, to whom we are much indebted for the interest he takes in, and the encouragement he gives to the Unit. Under Lieut.

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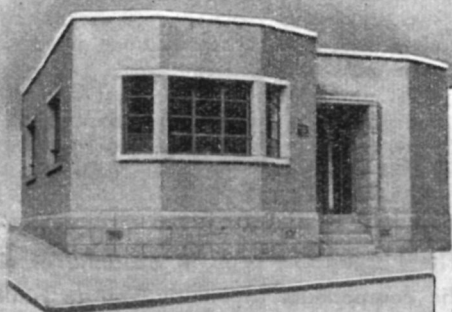
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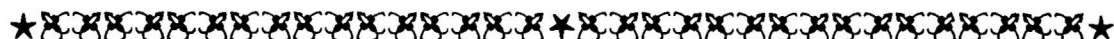
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Vannet, the Junior Company has increased in size beyond all records. We would ask still more boys to join the Company, especially boys in L.VII. and F.I., who may not yet have made up their minds to wear the Queen's Uniform. A feature of this year's training has been the number of training film shows. The last one, "True Glory", began before "D-day" and finished at Belsen.

On the 8th November representatives from the Senior Company, with the Band, paraded to the Caird Hall, to take part in the Annual Remembrance Day Service. Everyone who took part in the parade is to be congratulated on the fine bearing and turn out. The Band kept up the high standard which they set last year and we should like to thank them for the fine work they do on occasions like this. It might also be recorded that one comparatively new piper blew so hard that his drones disappeared into the bag. Pipe-Major Wilkie has now been officially appointed to the Company and already he is turning out pipers of great promise, and his good nature and enthusiasm are infecting us all. Plans are now under way for another visit to B.A.O.R., Germany.

This year we attended Camp at Cultybraggan, near Comrie. A week of sunshine, good food and a happy atmosphere made this one of the best Camps in recent years. Training areas were good and one of the outstanding features was the ex-

cellent guard we mounted each morning. One of our distinguished visitors, General Latter, judged the Platoon Cup Competition. He awarded the Cup to the Junior Company. They and their Sergeant and Corporal are to be congratulated. General Latter was so impressed with them when they marched on parade, under Corporal Taylor, and carried out their drill movements, that he awarded them full marks. The Coronation Trophy, a new Trophy to be competed for by the platoons of the Junior Company, was won by No. 2 Platoon; Leader, Cadet D. Henderson. We attended Morning Service at Comrie Parish Church when a full ceremonial parade was carried out. The Band, on invitation, beat the retreat one evening in the square at Comrie. This year we held a Parents' Day when the Camp was visited by several hundred parents and friends.

STAMP CLUB

The Stamp Club has resumed activity this year with increased membership. Mr More gave a most interesting display of pages from his New Zealand collection, illustrating the historical development of that country. All were much impressed by the arrangement, mounting, and writing-up of the collection.

The Stamp Exchange, tried last year as an experiment, has again been put into operation, and already some 400 stamps have changed hands.

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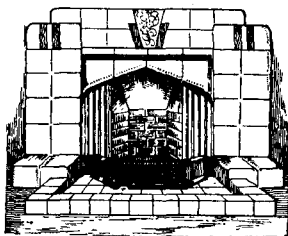
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