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The Dundee High School MAGAZINE

No. 117]

DECEMBER, 1954

[1/3

Editorial

Once more we approach the end of the first term, excited by the prospect of Christmas and a brief respite from work, though little excitement can pierce the work-benumbed brains of candidates for the "Highers!" The term has passed in much the same way as usual—there is never any great change in the routine of the school. Most of us are just able to carry on because of the relaxation (if it can be called that!) offered by the "Lit.," the Cadets or Guides, and sport; others just carry on.

This term we returned to school revitalised more than ever by the extra week of the holidays, but the delight at this quickly flagged when we discovered we had thus forfeited several "long week-ends."

One memorable occasion was the afternoon when we were allowed out into the playground to see the 2nd Battalion Black Watch march past. We saw a wonderful array of blue bonnets, but very little else.

A collection was taken for the Fabric Fund of the City Churches, and we were able to donate £30.

The head prefects once more laid a wreath on the War Memorial, on November 5th, in the presence of the whole school drawn up before the Pillars, and with a Guard of Honour of Cadets and Guides.

Among the new members of Staff to whom we extend a hearty welcome are two former pupils, Miss Alison D. M. Hogg (English and Latin) and Miss Amelia M. Cunningham, of the Preparatory Department. Another new face is that of Miss Muriel M. Sturrock, the new Assistant Music Teacher, but we were familiar with the face of Mr James Smart of the Science Department, who was helping there last term. We are also glad to have back among us Mr G. A. D. Ritchie, now fully recovered from his illness.

The tendency of several years back for senior pupils to spend their spare time on motor-cycles was successfully checked; now parents find they have lost their **cars** to their motoring-mad offspring. Perhaps the day will come when Form 6 will park their helicopters in the back playground!

Other forms of sport and the various organisations of the school continue to prosper, as does the general work, although there is always some difficulty in persuading our budding writers to contribute to this magazine. The Choir is in the throes of practice for the Christmas service—which seems a suitable point to wish you all Happiness over the Festive Season and throughout the coming year.

NEWS AND NOTES

“ The old order changeth, yielding place
to new.”

We regret to learn that our rector, **Mr Bain**, having served his term of office and reached the age for retirement, is to leave us at the end of this session.

Miss Ballantyne was married during the Summer vacation and has returned to the High School as Mrs Barclay. We extend our best wishes to both her and her husband.

Miss Chalmers has taken over control of the Dining Hall where she maintains the same high standard of meals as we have been accustomed to in the past.

Gillon Ferguson on his receiving the Dr. Low Memorial Prize.

Andrew P. M. Forrest, B.Sc., M.B., Ch.B., F.R.C.S.Ed., F.R.C.S.Eng., on his gaining the degree of Ch. M. with Honours and a St. Andrew's University Gold Medal.

Joan E. Perry on gaining the degree of M.D. with commendation.

Mr William D. McHugh, who has gone to do research work in Malmo Dental Hospital under Professor Gosta Gustafson, one of the leading dental histologists in Europe. Last season he captained D.H.S.F.P. rugby team.

Mr J. B. Scott, C.A., who has been appointed Controller and Secretary of the Shell Petroleum Ltd. and Anglo-Saxon Petroleum Co. Ltd.

Best wishes to **Miss Buchan** whose engagement to Mr C. D. Whitelaw has been announced.

WE CONGRATULATE . . .

Six of the Senior Girls have received the “ Award of Merit ” of the Royal Life Saving Society. The girls had to do high-diving and trick-watermanship, and in addition, they had to perform life-saving and swim twenty-seven lengths of the baths with all their clothes on. The successful candidates were:— **Julia Crawford, Helen Fleming, Ann Galloway, Wendy Scott, Jean Sprunt, Jean Thomson.**

Obituary

Mr Alexander F. Thomson, actor and entertainment manager, died this summer at Cheam, Surrey. During the early part of this century he was associated in London with many famous actor-managers, including Lewis Waller, William Mollison and Sir Charles Hawtrey. Mr Thomson retained his connection as director of Alexander Thomson Ltd., wholesale stationers and paper merchants, 6b King Street, Dundee, of which his father, the late Alexander Thomson, was founder.

Mr D. C. Thomson (93), chairman and managing director of D. C. Thomson & Co., and of John Leng & Co. Ltd., died in his home at Broughty Ferry on 12th October, 1954. Mr Thomson entered his father's shipping business at the age of 17, but in 1884 switched over from shipping to newspaper work. Although nominally a junior partner,

he was in charge of the newspaper business at the age of 23. The erection and occupation of the present Courier Building in 1906 was a step which marked the beginning of expansion. In the same year printing works were opened in Glasgow—Manchester followed in 1913. “ The Sunday Post ” was started in Glasgow in 1915. Mr Thomson continued his active and energetic interest in all aspects of the business, which has shown a record of continued expansion between the wars and up to the present time. These facts show the business ability of the man himself, but they do not by any means portray that aspect of his career by which he gave meritorious and unstinted service to his fellow-men. Every good cause found a ready sympathy and a generous response. He was a Governor of University College, Dundee, for 62 years, and a Deputy Lieutenant of the County of the City of Dundee for 54 years.

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Ladies and Gentleman, Girls and Boys.

Just about 40 years ago—39 years, one month and three weeks—for the benefit of the actuarially ambitious—I stood in this very hall, on this self-same platform, but probably not on these identical boards. On that occasion, I was entrusted and entitled—nay, more, exhorted and expected, to play the fool, in the part of Gratiano in the “Merchant of Venice.” The disastrous sinking of the “Lusitania” coincided with our opening night and overwhelmed and overshadowed our distress and anguish. This brought home to the audience that here was a week of tragedy in deed and act.

There have been big changes since then; the girls’ hall has even enjoyed fresh planks and another stage. Mr Bain was tactful enough not to invite me, or, if he was aware, to remind me that I was not returning to my former rôle. Gratiano advised that “old wrinkles should come with mirth and laughter,” and asked, “Why should a man, whose blood is warm within, sit like his grand-sire cut in alabaster?” “sleep when he wakes? and creep into the jaundice by being peevish?” Only now do I realise that the answer regarding “the sort of men whose visages do cream and mantle like a standing pond” means that one has been asked to take part in the Annual Prize Giving. Once more, let me go in search of inspiration to the “Merchant of Venice,” to the glistening gold of Morocco:—“Some God direct my judgment;” to the undervalued silver of Arragon; “To my choice;” to the meagre lead of Bassanio:—“Let me choose, for as I am, I live upon the rack.” If there is anything more difficult than the simple question, it is, as every scholar knows, the simple answer. At this threshold, this landmark, this milestone, my simple choice is not “What place do you take in school?” but “What place does the High School take in you?” You won’t be leaving school behind you, but will find it standing prominently in front of you. In every least thing on the roadside of life lurks the very stuff of adventure. “*Pres-tante Domino*” must be tried, tested and tempered by much more than a mere translation. It is our own Highway Code, with

pupils as either pedestrians, passengers or pilots. The School is no inanimate, inarticulate zebra crossing, but a living traffic light with its insistent and imperative instructions—Stop, Caution and GO. If you want to reach higher (“*Sic itur ad astra!*”), it is the permanent pathfinder to show you a target for an hour, a day, a week, a month, a year or a LIFETIME.

The High School is a living, giving entity in this community and is everybody’s business. It would be a mad, sad, bad day for Dundee, not to have a High School in good heart and health with high standards in all it does. What is a School? Whatever our definition, none can contradict that it is where you start thinking; it makes you think and keep on thinking. To begin with, it is part of us, and it is for ever more than a beginning. It is a continuing and in our End, what we hope to make of ourselves for others and for Dundee, is our Beginning.

I remember an occasion such as this, when the speaker counselled us, who indeed worked hard and long, by vivid elocution and vivacious quotation, “To play up and play the game.” In this era, when recreation seems to dominate the curriculum, one is tempted to compliment Hard Work and commend Kipling’s comment that gardens—and schools—are not made by sitting in the shade. This is not only the day of the known Prize-men—but also the day of the unknown surprise men (and women) who will go out beyond these walls—my own class and year are scattered all over the world—and, by their courage, constancy and conviction will show the self-same qualities which made to-day’s winners put in extra effort.

Not alone in our large achievements are we best judged, “I come in the little things, saith the Lord, as man, to speak with man, till, by such art, I shall achieve my immemorial plan, pass the low lintel of the human heart.”

The High School can shrink or expand in our manner of going down Reform Street, our boarding and leaving bus, tram or train. What goes on behind the badge and within the blazer ought to be known, respected and

recognised, whether you are actually wearing the outward signs or not.

The final test is the school average which begins in L.1. and never ends.

I have to thank you for your patient attention and I hope most sincerely that 1954 will be well "up" among the years hence, when the High School of Dundee will show itself in each and every one of you as something of Virtue, Value and Valour.

A VISIT TO FRANCE

(Dundee Orléans Fellowship, 1954)

At ten o'clock on a clear, starry night in early July, seventeen weary Dundonians shuffled down the long platform at Orléans station. They were at the end of a long journey which had taken twenty-five hours to complete, but the excitement of being in a foreign land was only just beginning, for on the other side of the railway stood a silent group of French families each awaiting a Scottish visitor whom they were to befriend for the ensuing three weeks. As the name of each French person and that of the corresponding Scottish visitor were called out, each stepped forward, the former smiling broadly and uttering a long string of words which, though they served as a greeting, meant very little to the latter who had possibly composed a small speech during the day, but was now too excited to perform his task. After various introductions to the family and the friends of the family, who had come along to stare at the guest, that important person was ushered into the huge car which was to transport him to his host's home.

I was fortunate enough to be one of the Scottish visitors this year, and I was very favourably impressed by the kindness and sympathy which we received. To begin with, my fluency of speech was very bad, while the French family spoke at such a speed that I was quite unable to understand what they said. But after a week I found myself speaking in a much more confident fashion, my vocabulary increased rapidly and my acquisition of idioms was invaluable. The family, knowing that I wanted to see as much of France as I could, took me as far south as Clermont-Ferrand and Vichy and back in

twenty-eight hours. I was shown round Paris by my friend and taken to see some of these wonderful châteaux of the Loire.

Of course, the biggest difficulty was the food problem, but I found to my relief that, although the French cooking is queer, it is rather wonderful. But I did miss a good cup of British tea!

We were all very sad at leaving France after so short a stay, but we now looked forward to showing our new friends as much of Scotland as we could, and decided to try to show them as much kindness as we received in our visit to France.

Robert J. V. Logan, F.V.

FIND THE AUTHOR

The initial letters of the answers to the clues make the names of a well-known author and one of his novels—find them.

1. A chronicler containing the Queen (5).
2. A being in "the pink" (6).
3. In the morning, the dog did this (5).
4. I've got into the run and more at the end (7).
5. A loan in the spring (4).
6. Sound in the chorus (4).
7. The cause of a very loud sneeze (5).
8. This gives us our word "calendar" (7).
9. A small word with a very big meaning (2).
10. A chip off the old block (5).
11. It sounds like an animal novelty (3).
12. At head, she's not so dangerous (8).
13. Unwilling (4).
14. It may begin in Spanish, but it's still a measurement (3).
15. The girl is backward (3).
16. Sylvia, how is she (3).
17. A Jewish surplice (5).
18. Anna is named (anagram) (11).
19. Not so low explosive (3).
20. The Latin verb for this gives our word "ambulance" (4).
21. A nautical summons (4).
22. Tear the Queen twice (8).
23. Eden's trees are thick and close (5).
24. Interjection (2).
25. A singular father (3, 4).

R. Pringle, F.V.

(Answers on Page 17)

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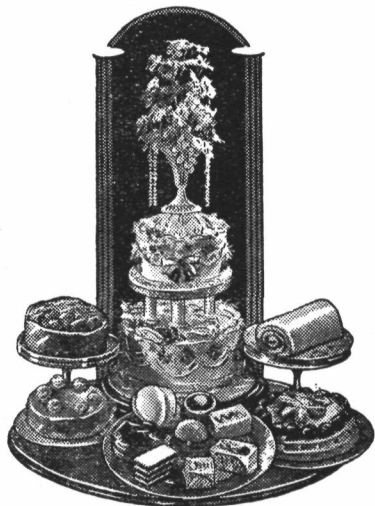
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Letter from the Continent

Zürich,

20th September, 1953.

After hitch-hiking to Dover with the greatest of ease, spending a day in London and a night in Dover, on the 29th we crossed the Channel. It was a dream—officials escorted us everywhere, the crossing was smooth and uneventful and both English and French customs disdained us. Calais on the other hand was a nightmare—in pouring rain we lost our way for over an hour, and everyone spoke French—very discouraging. Instead of taking the next boat home, however, we took the plunge and managed to reach Paris that night, negotiated the métro with success and became occupants of the last two beds in the youth hostel. There's nothing, I'm sure, I can tell you about Paris, for you know it well. We loved it; sunshine all day. We visited as many places of interest as was possible in three days, and every noontime we had "pain deux," butter and Camembert—lunch to us—on the banks of the Seine.

And so, after three wonderful days in Paris, we set off south and landed at Gien, a little town on the Loire with a château. The hostel at Gien had been closed down, but we met with great kindness there, for a family, who kept a home for poor children from Paris, took us in for the night. They served us with meals and a delicious home-brewed cider and in the end wouldn't accept a franc—we were very grateful, but not very eloquent. From Gien then to Lyons which didn't impress us much, but it was a red letter day for us in Lyons, for our mail from Scotland was awaiting us "poste restante." We went to the Cathedral of Fourvière, and by funicular, which was again a new experience, but the Cathedral itself was disappointing. And so south to the glorious Riviera, palm trees, more sunshine and the white hotels and yachts of Cannes—but not for us. We lived on a small island off Cannes called Ste. Marguerite, a prison island formerly, where the "Man in the Iron Mask" had his headquarters, in the part of the prison in best repair converted into a hostel and with but few reminders such as bars on the windows. Three days we spent there—longer than we had intended—sleeping

away the hours on the beach or swimming in the sea, and dancing in the evenings in an open-air café by the water.

Reluctantly we left the coast and made for Italy, and a little Italian in a hurry whizzed us through customs and over the frontier at 80, 90, 100—they really are crazy drivers and we've seen four or five accidents on our travels. We managed to get as far as Pisa and in the morning had a look round the town which is very much war damaged, and of course climbed the leaning tower—305 steps—never again. In the evening then we reached Florence and wanted to die—I love it best of all—grand old buildings, history round every corner. We didn't want to leave it, and it's very difficult to write down all the main places of interest we visited, I think, the Uffizzi, the Pitti Palace, Piazzale Michaelangelo and more and more. Michaelangelo's work is all through the city and Cellini's as well. And then there were the shops which claimed too much of our attention and money—leather goods for which Florence is noted and the most exquisite jewellery we've ever seen—especially in the shops on the Ponte Vecchi, the only one of the six bridges across the Arno left by the Germans. The language presented some difficulties though, and we only ventured into a restaurant when we acquired a friend with a gastronomic guide to Italian and French cuisine, and there we feasted on roast-beef, chip potatoes and water on the house—it was lovely.

So to Milan, a modern city with skyscrapers and coloured lights in its square that rival Piccadilly. The Cathedral we visited and also saw Leonardo's "Last Supper" in the refectory of a church—American troops had used it during the war and on the very wall on which is the painting they had made a door, but fortunately damaging it only slightly—the things people do! I must just mention the Brera, too, where we spent an afternoon—with the Uffizzi it ranks as one of Italy's most important galleries, and it was there that we really began to appreciate the masters as we ought—"La Pietà" of Bellini, etc.—innumerable they were.

On the 16th we crossed the frontier into Switzerland and over the St. Gotthard to

Hospenthal, a village at the north end of the pass. It was dreadful weather all the way up, and alas! we walked too much of the way—mist all round, cars with their headlights on and going ever so slowly, but at the top it cleared and the way down was delightful; fresh, cold, cold air which made me remember Aberdeen, green slopes from mountains topped with snow, like the postcards you never believe, fawn cows with bells round their necks, and the gayest villages painted with reds and pinks. We spent a very happy

evening at Hospenthal with the other hostellers, all German and Swiss; and of course they all spoke English and we sang songs common to us both—mostly songs popular during the two wars—strange it was.

I wish I had time to tell you more, but here I am finishing this in Brussels, and it's the 11th hour, for on the 25th we come home, so I must send this off to-morrow or it won't have a foreign postmark.

D.

My Visit to the "Britannia"

The Royal Yacht was berthed at Rosyth for several days on her return from Canada and we were lucky enough to receive an invitation from my uncle to go on board. We received a police pass beforehand to allow us into the docks. We duly parked the car beside the Timber Jetty feeling very excited as we saw the spotless ship towering above us in reality—the Royal ship which we had read so much about and seen so much of in pictures.

We approached and were met by the Quartermaster who announced our arrival to my uncle who appeared in a few minutes to take us round the ship. The "Britannia," painted blue-bottle blue below the deck, has a white superstructure and a cream funnel; she has no name painted on her bow as other ships have, but the Royal Coat of Arms is depicted on the point of the bow.

We went up to the bridge where we saw the instruments, radar-screens, compasses, speed-gauges, miles-recorders and telephones to all parts of the ship. There is a "red-hot" notice board, according to the custom of everything having to be quiet on board. The purpose of this is, that, if a placard with "red-hot" on it is placed on the notice board, all hands turn out as quickly as possible. David, my little brother, did not understand this and he asked our uncle why the placard did not say "freezing cold!" Aft of the bridge is an observation "landing" where there are the pyrotechnics lockers and a small-arms locker where the shells for the salute guns are kept. Below us, we could see the sixteen-year-old

Royal Barge, which brought the Royal Family up the Thames, and the other boats for taking the men ashore when the ship is riding at anchor.

Our next ploy was to have tea in the Music Master's Cabin (the Music Master had disembarked at Portsmouth). After tea our uncle suggested that David and I should climb up the funnel.

After climbing up several companionways to the top, we opened a hatch and looked about us. There was the Forth Bridge about a mile to starboard. It was rather difficult climbing down, but we managed it all right.

After that, we went down into the engine-room where we saw the turbines and the controls. Next door was the boiler-room. We saw the furnaces and the fuel—oil—through shutters in the boiler-casing. Beside each boiler was a dim mirror, in the centre of which was a bright patch which showed that very little smoke was being given off. The smoke from the boilers is passed through water to remove the dirt.

Nearby was the laundry where there were modern irons, starchers and washing machines. Near the laundry was the galley where there were many up-to-date kitchen utensils.

All good things come to an end. The time came to disembark. On walking up the jetty we saw a flag with a St. George's Cross and a red dot in the top corner to show that a Vice-Admiral was on board when we departed.

Gordon J. Ritchie, F.II.



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Mills and Factories

Frogs and Toads as Pets

Most of us have, at some time, collected frog or toad spawn and waited eagerly for it to hatch. Throughout the summer the tadpoles have grown steadily until, at last, by June their legs appear; first the back legs, then the front legs. (The reverse happens with newts). Eventually, in early July, having absorbed their tails, they climb out of their container and make their way to some cool, damp place where they can live safely and catch the insects and worms which form their food. If we were to see them again in four years' time we would see large, adult toads and frogs.

In Britain there are only five species. The Common Toad, whose black tadpoles abound in most ponds, is a welcome addition to any garden. It has an insatiable appetite and greedily devours insect pests. It is often erroneously thought that these delightful little creatures are poisonous, but, of course, they are quite harmless. If attacked by a dog, they can emit a milky fluid which is extremely distasteful. This is their sole method of protection, but it is useless against their worst foe, the grass snake, which is immune to this secretion and devours large numbers of these toads.

Also widespread, but more common in damp regions and in the vicinity of ponds, is the Common Frog. Like the Common Toad, it can vary its colour considerably and is brightest when it has just changed its skin. Unlike the toad, it has a smooth, slimy skin, whereas the toad's skin is dry and has a "warty" appearance. This, no doubt, gives the false impression that touching toads can cause warts.

Less common is the beautiful little Natterjack or Running Toad. It frequents dry, sandy areas and digs a hole for itself in the sand. It receives its name from its manner of locomotion. It moves in short, mouse-like runs. The Common Frog leaps and the Common Toad hops and crawls.

In the south of England are to be found the Edible Frog and the Marsh Frog. They are both almost entirely aquatic. They are considerably larger than the other species. In fact, the Marsh Frog often exceeds four inches

in length. The Edible Frog is the species which is considered a great delicacy on the Continent. These and the large American Bull Frogs are reared on frog farms where they are especially fattened for the table.

There are over two thousand different species of frogs and toads throughout the world, varying in size from the minute Micro and Cricket Frogs, scarcely more than a centimetre in length, to the very large Giant Toads and the Goliath Frog of West Africa which often attains a foot in length. These large frogs and toads consider a mouse or a small rat a very satisfactory meal.

Among the most attractive are the brightly coloured Tree Frogs, who, as the name suggests, are almost exclusively arboreal. They feed on flying insects and butterflies. They have developed sucker pads on their toes which enable them to climb, even an upright sheet of glass. Some tree frogs have developed the webbing between their fingers, and more especially their toes, into little parachutes, by which means they can glide from branch to branch.

Some species, like the Fire Toads of Central Europe, which are mainly aquatic, spend much of their time floating on the surface of the water. They have evolved brownish-coloured backs so as to be inconspicuous from the air, but their undersides are bright red. This is a warning colour in nature, and so they are safe from attack from their enemies in the water.

Unique are the South African Clawed Toads and the Surinam Toads of South America. The latter are to be found in large numbers in or around the river which bears their name. These toads spend all their life in the water. The Clawed Toads have long front legs with fingers, with which they actually pick up their food and stuff it into their mouths, like a young child using a knife and fork for the first time. Having no tongue, they cannot catch their food unless they use their "hands" to grab their prey.

All these creatures will amply repay any trouble expended on them, and their presence in your garden will reduce insect pests.

Bobby Bustard, F.I.V.A.

THE EXPERT GOLFER

The golfer is a curious animal. There are many different species, but by far the strangest of the genus is the self-styled "expert." His kind are to be found in hordes wherever there are the "long stretches" of turf, which, the Spectator (no doubt after long and careful consideration) points out, "are indispensable for the formation of golf courses."

He is difficult to describe. He may be of any age, size or social position; but there is an odd, dedicated air about him which can only be recognised by someone with experience of this type. Golf has become a religion to him. Everything else is submerged in the welter of thought which fills his mind regarding degrees of loft, length of pivot, and weight-distribution at the point of impact. These things may appear to the poor, deluded simpleton, who fondly imagined that all one had to do was hit the ball, to have nothing to do with golf; but how wrong he is! Our "expert" has succeeded in reducing such a natural game as golf to the awful complexity of a mathematical problem.

Style, in his opinion, is completely valueless. The swing—his holy of holies—is a calculated series of movements of the arms, body and legs designed to bring the club-head in contact with the ball at the maximum possible speed. That is the theory, but the practice of the theory is a different matter. First of all, the club is gripped, loosely or firmly, according to the school of thought followed by each particular person. Then a stance is taken. Then the swing! They are too numerous to describe in detail, but they all have one thing in common; at some point in the swing the body goes into a position which a contortionist would not even attempt to reach.

This pantomime, which he terms his swing, takes some time to play. On the green, his prostrate worship of his ball before he putts takes more time. And his long technical explanations after every shot as to why it was a bad one take still more time. The unfortunate beings who follow him round thus finish on the verge of a nervous breakdown.

The most obnoxious side of his nature is revealed in the advice which he constantly offers to any defenceless person out on the course alone. He descends upon him with all his panoply of meaningless jargon and leaves him totally perplexed. He is constantly on the course practising some fantastic new method. He is, if I may use the phrase, a gulton for punishment. He would never be able to say:

"Whan we were weary'd at the gofff,
Then Maggy Johnston's was our howff."

From all this we can only conclude that all the "expert's" study of theory and grand notions of knowledge of every kind of shot are only making him a worse golfer than he might be. Perhaps I can best sum up his attitude by quoting something that was never intended to be used in such a case as this:

"The Ball no Question makes of Ayes and Noes,
But Right or Left as strikes the Player, goes;
And He that toss'd Thee down into the Field,
He knows about it all—He knows—He knows!"

J. R. G. Wright.

RESULTS OF MUSIC EXAMINATIONS

At the June examination of the Associated Board of the Royal Schools of Music, London, the following pupils obtained certificates:—

Grade I.—Dorothy Fraser, L.II. (Merit).
Grade VI.—Robert Logan, F.IV. (Pass).
(Miss Coutts).

Grade I.—Shona Colquhoun, L.6 (Merit),
Marion Hay, L.6 (Pass), Lilian Whyte, L.5
(Pass). Grade II.—Margaret Dickson, L.6
(Pass). (Mrs Duncan).

Grade II.—Joan MacDonald, L.7 (Distinction).
(Miss Mann).

Isabell B. Matthews, F.II., Grade IV.
(Merit); Colin Milne, F.I., Grade II. (Merit).
(Mr Porteous).

Primary Grade I.—Raymond Wilkie, L.4
(Pass); Gordon Gilchrist, L.5 (Pass Merit);
Peter Milne, L.5 (Pass with Distinction).
Grade III. (Transitional)—Graham McLean
(Pass with Distinction). (Mr Reid).

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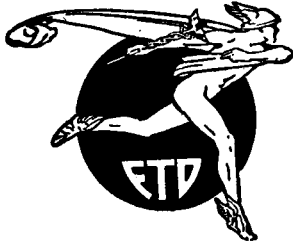
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MUSIC

"If music be the food of love, play on;
Give me excess of it."

Thus wrote Shakespeare in his opening lines of "Twelfth Night." Again, in "The Merchant of Venice," he says,

"Let music sound while he doth make his
choice;
Then, if he fail, he makes a swan-like end."

We see from this that our greatest poet used music to set the mood of his plays. Scattered through a great many of them there are drinking songs, love songs **and all types** of music to suit the occasion. He often mentions the instrument on which it is played, for the appropriate choice of instrument enhances the beauty of the music and helps in the creation of atmosphere. A well-known French poet, Verlaine, wrote, "De la musique avaut toute chose." Music is to be found everywhere in poetry.

The playing of suitable music at the opening of a play or an opera can make or mar the performance, for from this introduction the mood of the whole piece is caught and retained throughout. Above all, dancing would be void of all purpose without music, for it expresses the whole meaning of the music. Of what use would be the twinkling feet and swirling skirts of the early twentieth century, did they not move in answer to the compelling rhythm of the "Blue Danube."

We can recognise a country by its own music, for the plaintive Gaelic airs tell of a people who are not naturally gay and of a rugged country. Similarly, the attractive and happy tunes of France tell of a gay, almost irresponsible people who prefer the light to the serious.

So music rules our lives; it makes us happy or sad as it desires, but we, too, can use it to express our own moods and sentiments. It runs through our lives at all times, for there is music in the rustling leaves, in the falling rain and in the rhythmic turning of train wheels. This effect of music on human beings was recognised long ago and thus much of our church service is taken up with music and singing. And the sound of stirring music cheered our soldiers through the grimmest battles, raising their morale and urging them on to fresh endeavour.

Great composers have written obscure music which is difficult to understand and is often not appreciated, but even the simplest and the youngest can respond to the music that is within our daily lives even as an infant responds to a gentle cradle-song crooned by a well-loved voice.

Rosamund Dickson, F.V.

STONEHENGE

In Wiltshire there are many prehistoric monuments, so many in fact that they get in the way of the farmers. Of these monuments by far the most spectacular is Stonehenge, a great circular erection visible from afar on Salisbury Plain. It is a very fine relic of a lost race of men and quite unique in Britain. Modern archaeologists say that the story that it was built by the Druids was invented to give a romantic explanation of its existence, and that it was built long before the time of the Druids though it may have been used by them as a convenient centre of worship.

The well-known fact that on Midsummer Day the rising sun shines between two upright stones and casts its shadow on the Altar Stone has probably always dominated the plan of the monument, which once was much simpler than it is now. The first Stonehenge consisted of one ring of pillars of the spotted dolerite commonly called "blue-stone." At a later date an outer ring of Sarsen stones with lintels across each pair, and a new inner ring of blue-stones, completed the plan as we know it to-day. Roughly in the centre lies the Altar Stone, probably so called by the writers who invented the Druid legend.

The stones forming these wonderful circles came from Wales. The transport and erection of massive blocks, some thirty feet long, on the present site must have presented serious problems to people possessing only the most simple tackle. One theory is of sea transport from Wales to Cornwall, thence overland from Hayle to the Salisbury Avon at Christchurch and so up the river to near their present position.

All, however, remains a mystery, and the exact details will probably never be known. But, however little or however much is known, Stonehenge will continue to fascinate other visitors as it fascinated me this summer.

Charlotte Lythe, F.II.

Cairngorm Adventure

The Monadh-Ruadh, more commonly known as the Cairngorms, are without doubt the finest and most majestic mountain range in these islands, containing the highest peaks in the country with the exception of Ben Nevis. When climbing in this district, one finds that the distances to be covered in the foothills are vast, making it necessary for intending climbers to be extremely fit and hard. It was there we decided to go for a holiday last summer.

After weeks of preparation we arrived at Derry Lodge, following a long drive from Dundee. We were greeted by the custodian, who showed us round the Lodge. Having seen all there was to see, we began the major operation of cooking a much required meal. This meal, coarse as it was, raised our flagging spirits and we retired for the night, feeling in fine condition for the climb on the next day.

Reveill  was at 4.30 a.m. and we photographed a herd of deer which had surrounded the Lodge before we attempted to turn out a decent breakfast which eventually consisted of half-cooked sausages, "Ryvita" and coffee. Fortified with this powerful meal, the expedition set off for the Larig Ghru at 6 a.m. The morning was nippy and bright, although the sun had not yet appeared over the distant mountains. After walking six miles up Glen Lui, we neared the pass, with Carn   Mhaim on our right, and the grim mass of Beinn Bhrottain rearing up away ahead on the left. The view up the Larig beggars description. Devil's Point stood sentinel at the head of Glen Geusachan, while, farther back, a thin mist shrouded the mighty summits of Cairn Toul and Ben Mac Dhui. The assault on Devil's Point started at 7.45 a.m., although the first attempt was marred by an overhang of rock, causing us to try another route up a narrow gully. Having successfully cleared this first hurdle, we now embarked on the interesting walk to Cairn Toul, along the edge of the precipice. This is just a series of corries, each of which becomes progressively broader, deeper and more awe inspiring with sheer granite walls.

The view from the top of Cairn Toul was glorious. Down to the south-west stretched

the rolling wind-swept Moine M r, some 30 miles wide, rising from Gaick Forest at 2500 feet to the Cairngorms. No heather grows there, but it is dotted with tiny lochans and patches of lush green moss where the red deer graze in the summer. Looking over the Larig, we saw the massive summits clearly defined against the skyline, while row upon row of grim giants receded into the distance.

The walk between Cairn Toul and Braeriach is one of the finest in the country, almost all of it being over 4000 feet. Below us lay Lochan Uaine like a pool of ink, with Angel's Peak, which we climbed, sweeping up from its shores. Next we went round Garbh Coire, a rock strewn amphitheatre some two miles broad, down which the infant Dee plunges and cascades into the Learg. It was frightening to look down there as we tramped along the granite spangled plateau towards the Wells of Dee. We lay down to rest by the banks of the Dee which at that point is less than two feet broad. We washed down our last morsel of food with its cool sparkling water. Our existence for the next twenty minutes was heavenly as we reclined in the warm sunshine. No more time could be afforded, however, and so once more we set off down Braeriach. The walk along the stony path was most gruelling especially as we had no food, though eventually we crawled into the lodge at 7 p.m.

Wednesday was a blank day, on account of the thick mist, but Thursday took us up the Learg an Laoigh. As we neared Coire Etchachan, the weather took a turn for the worse, and so we abandoned the idea of climbing Ben Mac Dhui that day. After struggling up the steep corrie in the teeth of a howling gale and driving rain, we finally made the wind-swept shores of Loch Etchachan, the highest loch in Britain and frozen for seven months of the year. From there we went right, where the wonderful view of Loch Avon unfolded itself before our eyes. For sheer desolation and grandeur this place has no equal. Below us, in a conglomeration of massive rocks, lay the shelter stone, 44 feet long, 22 feet high and 21 feet broad, and weighing some 136 tons. Following a pleasant walk along the north shore, we

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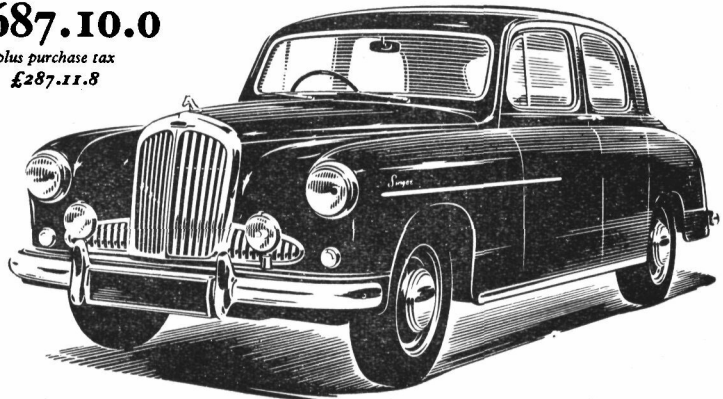


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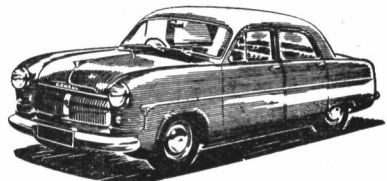
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returned to Derry by Beinn à Chaorruinn and Beinn Bhreac where we saw a huge herd of red deer.

The climb on Friday was the finest and longest we have ever attempted. With a light breeze blowing in our faces, we struck off for Derry Cairn Gorm, past the Coire Craobh an Oir (Corrie of the tree of the Crock of Gold) where Mackenzie, the laird of Dalmore, hid a large quantity of gold after a successful raid into Lochaber. As we neared our objective, we could just see the menacing cliffs of Sputan Dearg looming out of the morning mist. Having climbed and descended from Derry Cairn Gorm, we searched for the path to Ben Mac Dhui. There definitely is a path there, but they must keep it a secret in that district, for nobody ever seems to find it.

Owing to its flatness, the summit of Mac Dhui was an anti-climax after the strenuous effort we had had to reach it, although the view was magnificent. Nevertheless it is easy to realise why people have almost rushed to their deaths over Lurcher's Crag, because they thought they had heard or seen the "Grey Man," a giant spectre which is supposed to haunt that mountain.

The walk to Cairn Lochan and Cairn Gorm was exceedingly fine. We passed Lochan Buidhe which can hardly be called a loch even though it is the highest still water in Britain. Then we saw the magnificent cliffs of Cairn Lochan, for which that mountain is famous. The rest of the walk was uneventful till we reached the top of Cairn Gorm where we saw a wild cat. Tea was taken beside the Marquis' Well, the coldest highest natural spring in the country. That meal was the most satisfying we ever had on the hills. We eventually reached the Learg an Laoigh, passing Loch Avon on the way, and staggered in drenching rain up the stony path through the pines leading to the Lodge.

On looking back over the memorable week, we cannot help feeling greatly satisfied with what we accomplished. We had achieved all we set out to do, covering some 80 miles in the process. We have also come to the conclusion that hill walking is the healthiest and most invigorating of sports and, as for the Cairngorms, they have worked their way into our hearts to such an extent that we intend going back this winter.

H.C. and W.S.Y.

THE FARM

For some time I have been spending weekends at the farm. Until I went to the farm, I knew very little about country life as I lived in the city.

I was surprised to see how much the farm produces for the city. I always thought that eggs and milk were important farm products, but so far as I could see they were almost taken for granted. More importance is placed on grain and potato crops.

One week-end, when I was at the farm, the "mill" was working. In other words, the grain was being threshed, and I thoroughly enjoyed helping. It was good fun to steer the tractor, but more interesting to watch sheaves put into the "mill" and see the steady flow of grain come out at one end, neat bales of straw at the other end, and mountains of waste chaff piling up at the side.

During the day there were one or two breaks for eating, and I am sure I enjoyed sitting on the bales of straw having a meal in the open more than I have enjoyed any picnic; and so now I would like to live in the country.

A. Thomson, Class L.6.



NEW LISTEN YOU SWEEPERS! THERE WON'T BE A RAID COS I'M HERE, SEE?

CADET CAMP, 1954



Distant Prospect!

The class looked very solemn. They had behaved badly and teacher had delivered a " pep talk " in her grandest manner.

At the end of the lesson, a little girl approached with a small bag of " Conversation Lozenges." The teacher accepted her apology, and a sweet, on which was inscribed " Time will unite us!"

* * * *

Election or Crucifixion?

" You put a cross under the candidate you want."

* * * *

Fortissimo

Music Teacher: "What does 'ff' stand for?"

Very Small Pupil: " Fump! Fump!"

* * * *

No Kick in It

Q: " What is the meaning of ' listless '?"

A.: " Not worth a dram!"

* * * *

Austerity.

" Parliament should meet every three years."

Schola Clara Hodie

Q: " What is the meaning of ' Prestante Domino '?"

A: " With the master standing over you."

* * * *

From L.3

" We should play with our bothers and sisters."

" Psalm-trees grow in Africa."

* * * *

From L.5.

Q. : " Who are the Cypriots?"

A. : " They are something like a sausage."

Q. : " Who was Louis XVI.'s wife?"

A. : " Mary Ann Twannet."

Q. : " What was the Boston Tea Party?"

A. : " We sent ship-loads of tea to America and a party of Red Indian muttoneers rushed on board and enjoyed a strong cup of tea."

" Captain Cook was famous for helping convicts to escape to Australia."

* * * *

Agrarian Revolution?

" The Long Parliament passed the Root and Ranch Bill.



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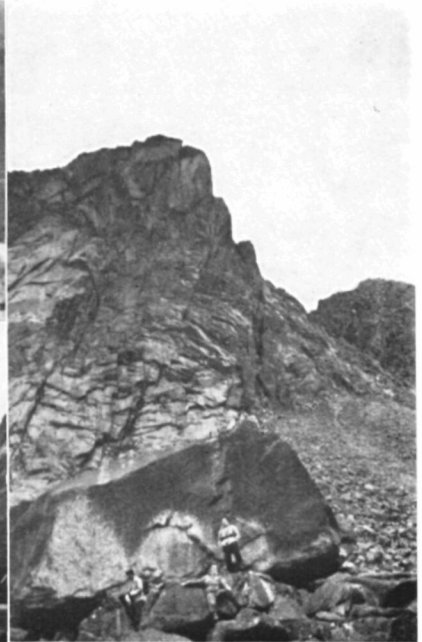
Devil's Point

Cairn Toul

Angel's Peak



On top of Cairn Toul
Loch Avon.



The Shelter Stone.



|
Braeriach



The Cliffs of Cairn Lochan



Derry Lodge.

Early Morning Visitor.

LOOKING ACROSS THE LARIG GHRU



Devil's Point

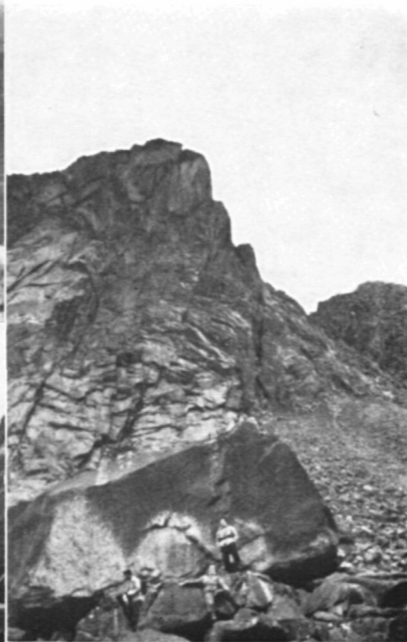
Cairn Toul

Angel's Peak

Braeriach



On top of Cairn Toul
Loch Avon.



The Shelter Stone.



The Cliffs of Cairn Lochan



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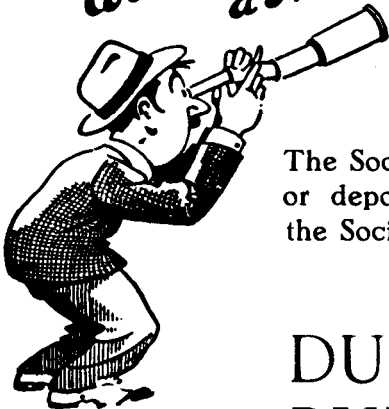


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* * * *

From the German Class.

“ Sie wohnte in einer Bretterhütte.”
 “ She lived in a boarding-house.”
 “ Er ging auf die Jagd.”
 “ He went aboard the yacht.”
 “ Er kommt auf die wirtschaftliche Lage an.”
 “ He reaches the position of innkeeper.”

* * * *

Most Boring

“ A sheep can live on the bush on the Karroo, however much it is browned off.”

* * * *

Liquidated!

“ To calm the Indians Grenville made reservoirs in which they could live without interference from the Colonists.”

* * * *

N.C.O.s Please Note.

“ The Petition of Right said that there must be no parading of troops outside public houses.”

From the French Department.

“ En voiture, s'il vous plaît!”
 “ Taxi, please!”
 “ Il connaît des histoires, Francois.”
 “ He knows some French stories.”
 “ C'est terrible, Yvonne.”
 “ It's Ivan the Terrible.”
 “ Il portait des vêtements en lambeaux.”
 “ He was wearing sheep-skin clothing.”
 “ Il restait à l'écart.”
 “ He remained at the barrow.”

* * * *

“ Balm of Hurt Minds ”

Q.—“ What do you call a man who walks in his sleep?”

A.—“ A dipsomaniac.”

* * * *

Potted History

“ Battle of Largs, 1066—Harold defeated Norsemen. Harold was killed with an arrow through the eye. It caused the employment of French words in our language.”

THE VALLEY OF STRATHMORE

We reached the summit of the hill,
 And saw, beneath, the spreading plain
 Lit by the welcome golden rays
 Of sunlight, shining after rain
 On cornfields gold, on meadows green,
 And gilding all the beauteous scene,
 The Valley of Strathmore.

Beneath us stretched the spreading vale;
 Beneath, a river, winding clear,
 A view which to our memory springs
 When all around is bleak and drear,
 The shining gold, the changing greens,
 This loveliest of lovely scenes,
 The sunlight on Strathmore.

U. W. Stephenson, F.II.

THE APPLE TREE

Our apple tree looks nice in Spring,
 When all the birds begin to sing,
 As they perch upon its leafy sprays
 On many sunny, happy days.
 The busy bees fly round about,
 Among pink blossoms in and out.
 I like their drowsy buzzing noise
 Which adds to the harmony of Spring's joys.

In Autumn, when the blossom's gone,
 Our tree's a joy to look upon.
 The birds once more come with delight,
 But now the juicy fruit to bite;
 I share this joy and for that reason
 I think warm Autumn the better season.

George Duke, L.6.

Séjour des Jeunes Ecossais en France

An unaccustomed gloom had descended on those in our compartment as we sat in the train for Orléans. Desperate queries flashed to and fro: "What on earth do we say when we're introduced?" "How do you say, 'We had a pleasant journey?'" Nervously we muttered French phrases and wondered why we had come.

On arrival at Orléans the introductions were, however, successfully accomplished and we hurried off to the homes of our hosts. Luckily, I was not left to my own resources as my exchange, Andrée, had a sister who also had an exchange so that I had the company of a girl from another Dundee school.

During the first few days the French was almost unintelligible. All the words were run together so much that I couldn't distinguish each one. However, it soon became easy to understand and also to speak fluently.

On the Thursday after our arrival we went to a civic reception at the Mairie where Monsieur le Maire made a welcoming speech—in French, of course. A newspaper photographer took a photograph of us as we were standing listening, which duly appeared in the newspapers showing us all with expressions of intense concentration on our faces! After the speech we drank lemonade and ate cakes (we were relieved to see that there was a choice between lemonade and wine because our host had told us with great glee before we departed that we would probably come home drunk!) and were conducted on a tour of the Mairie, where we saw many examples of links between Scotland and France, including a painting of Mary, Queen of Scots, kneeling at the deathbed of her husband, Francis II., and a bow and three arrows presented to the city of Orléans by the city of Dundee after the last war to replace the other set destroyed by the Germans.

That same afternoon we visited the beautiful and awe-inspiring Cathedral with its magnificent stained-glass windows and fine

carvings, and the ancient library, the last relic of the Orléans University.

On the first Sunday of our stay we attended a special service in memory of the Scottish, English, Welsh and Canadian airmen who had crashed at Fleury in 1944, after which we went to the Grand Cimetière where wreaths were laid on their graves.

The next official occasion was the visit to the cigarette factory, but on our own with our friends we visited the Loiret, and saw the "moulins anciens," went to the market, which was like a scene out of an old romance, watched the fireworks on the 14th of July, and went for cycle runs. The last-mentioned was quite an adventure, since it involved not only keeping to the right side of the road but also keeping very much alert as there seemed to be practically no regulations and one was liable to find oneself in the middle of a stream of cars, or narrowly escaping being hit by a car shooting out from a side street without stopping.

Our first big excursion was to the châteaux of Chambord and Blois, our second to Fontainebleau. On both these occasions we travelled by bus, and there was much friendly competition between French and English in the singing of our own songs—so much so that on one occasion Monsieur Duveau arose and carefully explained that he **liked** Scottish songs and he **liked** French songs but **not both together!**

Chambord was a gracious, dignified château, set amidst spacious lawns facing a river. There was a sort of agelessness about it. The château of Blois was very beautiful, too, but it didn't have the same lovely setting. The guide at Blois was very amusing, and in almost every room he announced with a lugubrious expression that someone had died, or been killed, there. This became a great joke with us afterwards and, whenever we became too serious, Andrée would say: "Ici le Duc de— est mort."

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The visit to Fontainebleau was the best, in my opinion, although probably the people who were stung by wasps in the forest of Fontainebleau would not agree with me. The palace was exquisitely furnished, which made it easier to imagine Napoleon and other famous people actually living in it.

Our last official outing was a visit to a little pottery works where everything was done by hand. We saw the clay being mixed, articles

being shaped on a wheel and all the different processes right up to the painting and glazing at the end.

All too soon our delightful holiday came to an end, but I am sure that some day everyone of us will return to the land where we spent three such enjoyable weeks, made so many friends, and received so much kindness.

Janette M. N. Weatherhead, Form V.

Dundee v. Hearts

Football is a very interesting game if it is played properly. One of the most enjoyable games I ever saw was the Dundee-Hearts game at Dens Park. It was a lovely day when Daddy and I got up there. Soon the terracing was filled, and a few minutes later there was a terrific roar as the "Dark Blues" trotted out, and, just as the Dundee fans had settled down, Hearts came out with quite a cheer.

The game began with Dundee kicking-off. Into the attack came Dundee with the fast forward Merchant who could just manage to beat Glidden, the centre half back. Dundee kept it up and soon got their reward. Merchant snapped up a pass, beat Glidden and Parker, and shot a glorious goal that completely dazzled "keeper" Duff. A great cheer went up as he came trotting up the field, and one man said,

"They dinna stand a chance against Herts. Come on the Herts!"

Well, we were soon to see, because at that moment Hearts were going into the attack led by the danger-man Bauld. He gave Wardhaugh the ball with a lovely pass, but it ended in Gray, Dundee's right full-back, sending it down field. There was a lot of blundering by the Hearts team who still had not settled down, and to Hearts fans I am sure it must have been disappointing. It was then that Dundee got another reward when Joe Roy, the Dundee centre-forward, got the ball from Hill. Roy dribbled it past Glidden, Urquhart and Parker, came right up and put it in one corner of the net, as Duff dived at his feet. Then a terrible thing happened,

Dundee came into the picture again as Merchant came crashing his way through the Hearts defence and it was almost certain he was going to score when he tripped and hit his head against the goalpost, and was stunned. Reggie Smith, the trainer, came out to see what was wrong with him. He was certainly kicking and would not keep still, and was soon carried off. With Dundee in the lead 2-0, the whistle went for half-time.

When the game was restarted, Hearts came into the attack once again and this time looked more promising than before. A Bauld-Urquhart kick was just stopped by Danny Malloy, the Dundee centre half-back, who put it out for a corner kick. Hearts took it and, after a m  l   at the goalmouth, Bauld shoved Gray in the back, but the referee said to play on. Bauld kicked it very badly, but it went into the net with goalkeeper Brown out of place. Merchant came back, but did not play well. Dundee were in a fury, and Henderson, Dundee's inside-right, gave Joe Roy the ball. He dribbled up field and came into the penalty area, and shot. The ball went whizzing from his boot and into the net. Hearts had lost all their confidence and it was not long before Merchant got the ball. He passed to right half-back, Tommy Gallacher, who came in with such force that he had to shoot. It was the best goal I have ever seen. It went straight into the left-hand corner of the net. The centre was taken and no sooner had Hearts got the ball than the final whistle went. The final score was—Dundee, 4; Heart of Midlothian, 1.

Christopher W. W. Rea, L.6.

A BATTLE

One warm summer's day, in a small quiet village, a fierce battle took place. It caused great concern, and a large crowd gathered to watch the strange event.

There was not much activity at first and all that could be seen over the high garden wall was a puff of smoke now and again and two veiled men. They were preparing quietly for the invasion of the homestead.

At last the hour of battle had come. The gun-like weapons of the assailants issued forth clouds of smoke into the home of the enemy. With grim determination the enemy fought back, striving to save their home and their well-earned possessions. For half an hour the enemy struck heavy blows at their attackers and several times the latter were compelled to retreat to receive first-aid and reinforcements for their smoke-guns. The smoke from these guns had an intoxicating effect on the inhabitants of the home. The attackers took advantage of their drunken enemy and removed their furniture and their well-filled cupboards of delectable stores. After a few minutes another veiled man appeared carrying empty cupboards to replace the ones which they had stolen.

By this time more recruits had been summoned from the basement, and, as the effects of intoxication had slightly worn off, the defenders were again inflicting heavy wounds on the intruders, whose smoke-guns had now lost their effect. Nature, however, came to the rescue. Dark clouds began to gather overhead and thunder could be heard rumbling in the distance. As the first large drops of rain began to fall, the inhabitants, so scared of drowning, crowded into their hive and the intruders marched off happily with their loot—HONEY!

Jane Bowden, F.III.

FACED BY A LION

One day, I went out to take some pictures of wild animals in their natural surroundings. I had been walking for a few minutes, when I entered a dark, shady path, overgrown with grass and ferns. I walked on, listening to the

lovely songs of the birds and the chattering of monkeys. Suddenly, I heard a loud and terrifying noise. I looked up and saw, but a dozen yards from me, a fierce lion.

It stood staring at me, baring its teeth and growling. I wanted to turn away, but seemed unable to do so. The lion moved a step towards me, shaking its tangled mane and swishing its tail from side to side. I moved a step back. The growls grew louder. I thought that to be torn to pieces by a lion would certainly be the worst death possible. At this idea, in spite of myself, my heart beat a little faster and I edged further away. The growling grew softer now. The lion advanced. I retreated. The lion crept still nearer, snarling. I moved farther back. Beads of perspiration stood out on my forehead. What would happen next? I clutched the camera with trembling hands. The lion slunk even closer, tossing its head and gnashing its teeth. I passed my tongue over my parched, quivering lips. The lion drew nearer and nearer. It suddenly leaped viciously at me, eyes glowing with a savage look of hatred. I clicked the camera.

Taking a last look of admiration at this wonderful King of Beasts, I walked slowly down the path, overgrown with grass and ferns, listening to the lovely songs of the birds and the chattering of the monkeys. Thinking happily of the marvellous picture I had taken, I strode out of the zoo and made my way home.

Patricia Kerr, F.III.

"DAD"

My Dad, when young, was quite a hero,
But his school marks were always zero!

His teacher said, "Tut, tut, my lad,
Your marks are really very bad!"
Dad said, with a twinkle in his eye,
"I cannot work, but I do try."

Dad's work improved,
I'm glad to say,
And so he got a holiday.
His teacher, beaming with delight,
Said, "Boy, I think you're really bright!"

Neil Rorie, L.6.

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An expectant hush falls over the audience as the choir file into their places on the platform. I have always thought the Caird Hall such a big place, but every seat is occupied to-night.

Twenty-three boys, big and little, take their places, and, after singing the National Anthems of Great Britain and Austria, give us some of the loveliest music I have ever heard. This is called sacred music and sounds as though it has come from heaven. The applause, which is deafening, startles me as I have forgotten where I am.

The interval follows, the lights go down, again, and the scene changes, as we are to see "Merry Pranks," sung and acted by the boys. This is about Schubert (who was once a Vienna choir boy himself) and is very funny. These boys romp about, singing all the time and thoroughly enjoying themselves. I think they are just like myself and my chums at school, full of pranks and sometimes not paying attention as they should.

Some Strauss music follows, and the audience clap and stamp for more, for no one wants the evening to end.

Finally, after having left the platform three times, the boys sing "Auld Lang Syne" and give their last bow.

I leave the hall thinking I could be good friends with these boys and wondering why countries should go to war with each other when everyone is so nice.

David Duff, L.6.

MY FATHER

My father works in a bank. He likes to work in the garden. On Saturdays he takes me for a walk after tea. He brings me to school in the morning. He gets angry when we are late.

Dorothy Dickson, L.3.

ANSWERS TO "FIND THE AUTHOR" (page 4)

1. CLERK
2. HUMANE
3. AMBIT
4. RUINOUS
5. LENT
6. ECHO
7. SNUFF
8. KALENDS
9. IF
10. NOTCH
11. GNU
12. SHEATHED
13. LOTH
14. ELL
15. YAM
16. WHO
17. EPHOD.
18. SANDEMANIAN
19. T.N.T.
20. WALK
21. AHOY
22. RENDERER
23. DENSE
24. HO
25. ONE ABBA

CHARLES KINGSLEY—"WESTWARD HO."

MY VISIT TO LONDON

Once, when I was in London, Mummy and Daddy decided to take me to a Walt Disney film. It was very funny. When we were on our way back, we saw a lot of men with walkie-talkie cameras. We wondered what on earth they were going to do, and so we waited to see what would happen. What a surprise awaited us! For what do you think happened? A big black car drove up and out stepped none other than Tensing—the man who climbed up to the top of Mount Everest. We went to many other places, but we all said that seeing Tensing was the best of all the things we saw.

Sheila Buchan, Lower V.

A TOUR OF LOCH LOMOND AND HELENSBURGH

When my grandmother stayed with us, she wanted to go on a tour. Daddy bought some booklets with tours in them. We decided on Loch Lomond and Helensburgh. When we came to Balloch, we stopped to have dinner. Then we went for a sail up the loch. We had tea at Aberfeldy in a café, called the Rob Roy Roadhouse, which was very cosy-looking. After tea my grandmother took some snaps of me. On the way back to Perth we saw some beautiful pottery by the roadside. On the way back to Dundee we saw the cats' eyes. When we got back home, I was tired but very happy.

Sheila Greaves, L.IV.

MY VISIT TO GLEN CLOVA

When I went on a visit to Glen Clova, I had a picnic there with Mummy and Daddy. We did not go up to the very top of the hill because the place where we stopped was quite quiet. I had my picnic beside the pigs. When I threw a crust at the father pig, he grunted like anything and all the baby piglets came to see what was the matter. After he had calmed down, the baby piglets started to march up and down the field. It was so nice to see them because they all kept the same time.

Jean Baird, L.IV.

IN THE WOODS

One day, during our holidays, we went for a walk in the woods. When we were playing hide-and-peek, I found a tortoise. It looked like a stone and I was going to kick it. Then we watched it going into a hole at the foot of a big tree. I thought of taking it home, but then I thought it would be better to leave it alone. I wonder if it is still there.

Sheila More, L.4.

MY FATHER

Daddy has a nice face and lovely blue eyes. He has clean teeth and a nice mouth. He wears nice suits and collars and ties and shirts. He has a sweet nature.

Wendy McPherson, L.3.

MY SISTER

My sister is in school just now. She is bossy. She comes to school with me. She is going to grounds to play hockey. Her hockey boots are tied to the hockey stick by laces.

Kirsten Heath, L.3.

MY LITTLE BROTHER

My little brother's name is Howard. He has blue eyes and he is a good baby. He has lovely clothes and nice little hands.

Anne Waldner, L.3.

WHEN CARADOC WAS A BOY

Caradoc's father ruled over South Wales. His father often spoke to him about the Romans, for he feared that they might return. The king had more and more war-chariots made with which to fight them if they did come back. Caradoc went to school, but it was not a building like ours. His teachers lived in a great oak forest and there he was taught. The teachers were called Druids and they wore long white linen robes and wreaths of oak leaves on their heads. Caradoc also learned to be a soldier.

Jennifer Smith, Class 3.

MY MOTHER

My Mother has brown hair. She is a very good baker. She bakes cherry cakes in two shapes and she also bakes birthday cakes. I like when she bakes animal biscuits.

Margaret Black, L.3.

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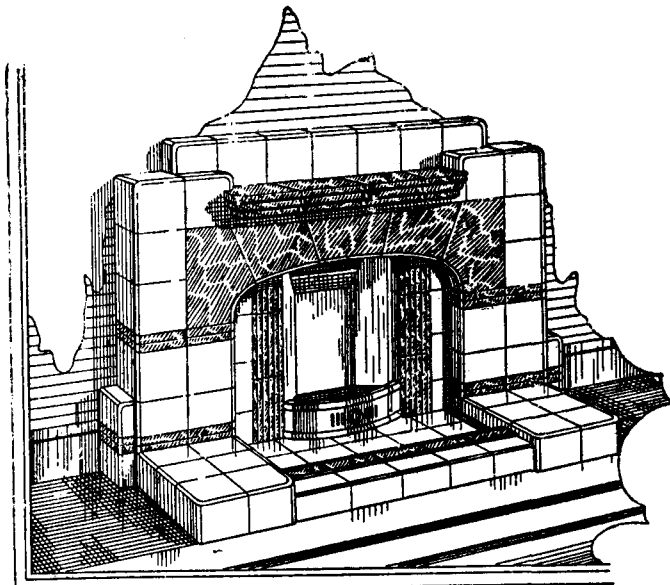
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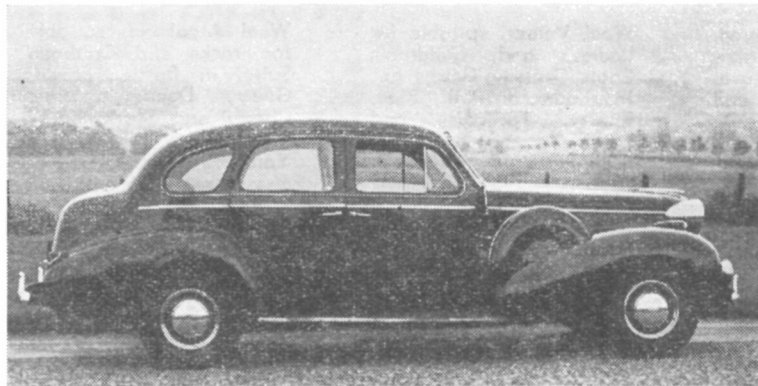
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MY DACHSHUND

Willie is the worst of dogs;
 He's always eating up our logs.
 And, when he isn't doing that,
 He likes to chew the kitchen mat.

The consequence of this strange meal
 Is such that it makes Willie feel
 Very sick and troubled sore,
 But doesn't stop him eating more.

Oh! when? Oh! when will Willie see,
 To eat real food like you and me,
 And leave the mats and wool and logs,
 And eat good food like proper dogs?

Valerie Corteen, L.5.

HALLOWE'EN

Every year our family has a Hallowe'en party, and I invite a few boys to it.

Last year, at the party, my mother had a lovely cake with a witch on her broomstick in icing on it. The visitors were just going to have a piece of cake when the kitchen door was opened and we saw the apples hanging up. Everyone rushed into the kitchen, and none of the cake was eaten.

Afterwards we had fireworks. My father and a friend lit them and, one after another, they burned out.

When the fireworks were finished, we had potatoes with money and charms in them. It was all over too soon and everyone had to go home. Now I may well say that was the most enjoyable party I ever had.

Ronald Smith, L.6.

OUR HOUSE

I live at 49, Clepington Road, Dundee.

I like my bedroom because the wallpaper is all flowery. We have a great big garden with plum trees, apple trees and pear trees. I think it is lovely.

Barbara Ramsay, Class L.3.

MY FAVOURITE LUNCH

My favourite lunch is cold chicken and salad, then trifle for pudding.

Sheila, my sister, doesn't like chicken, but she likes trifle very much. Valerie, Daddy and Mummy all like chicken. Sometimes we have dumpling for my birthday.

Helen Jamieson, L.III.

MY KITTEN

My pet is a kitten. I call her Fluffy because she is really fluffy. I am so frightened that if she gets out she will be run over. She is so small that motorists cannot see her. Fluffy is quite a good climber although she is so young. Most of the day she sits on the mat in front of the fire. Once she disappeared and we were so anxious about her. At night she sleeps in her basket.

Janette I. K. Forsyth, Class L.IV.

THE ZOO

When I visited London Zoo, I saw Brumas, the Bear. I wandered around the zoo, looking at some more animals, and came to the place where the chimpanzees were having a tea-party. Lots of people stopped to watch the fun. After the tea-party had finished, I walked over and watched the keepers feeding the seals. We went home after that.

Kathleen Hendry, L.IV.

MY PIGEONS

My pets are pigeons. We have ten of them. There are two white pigeons and one black pigeon. We have three females. One laid six eggs and they all hatched but two. Another laid one and it did not hatch. Once, when we went to see how they were getting on, we saw one hatching.

Hilary Steven, Class L.IV.

ON SEEING A MOUSE IN ROOM XI.G.

(23rd December, 1952)

Wee naughty, cheeky, hungry beastie,
 What foolish hope is in thy breastie?
 Thou needna look for morsel hastie
 In this bare room,
 Since here there's nothing nice and tastie
 For stomach toom.

Mind you, my friend, I'd spare a book,
 If on its contents you would look:
 But in its pages you'd just hook,
 Your wee sharp tooth,
 And try to eat, in your sma' nook,
 Shakespeare forsooth!

But you should rin up Bell Street Lane,
 For there you wouldna seek in vain
 For scraps that careless boys disdain
 Who never lack.
 You needna squeak at me in pain!
 Try Mrs Jack!

And now I fear that Mr Stark
 Will on your wee house make his mark,
 Stop up the hole, leave you in dark
 Lone grave forgotten.
 Unless you gnaw the floor, and park
 Wi' Miss McNaughton.

Well, Mouse, it's gi'en me happiness
 And sorrow, too, no whit the less,
 To meet with one like you in stress
 Of these hard times.
 But I must stop; I must confess
 I'm short o' rhymes.

N.

OUR BONFIRE

My bonfire was made of sticks, leaves and
 grass and had a huge guy on the top. The
 guy had on a pair of brown shoes, an old
 blue hat and a pair of red trousers, but best
 of all a red and blue jacket. The fireworks
 went fizzle! bang! pop! and the sparklers went
 into pretty colours. I like ducking for apples
 and eating treacle scones.

Angela Mathers, L.IV.

MY FATHER

My father loves eating ripe plums and
 apples. Sometimes Daddy likes playing golf
 and driving the car. Sometimes Daddy lets
 me stay up late to see the television and to
 play.

Helen Lyle, L.III.

MY RABBIT

My pet is a black rabbit. We have had him
 a year and his name is Sambo. He lives in a
 hutch in Daddy's garage. We like him very
 much and his ears are very soft and fluffy
 and also his back. My little sister calls him
 Bunny and, when we give him straw, he
 scrapes it into a little bed and goes off to
 sleep.

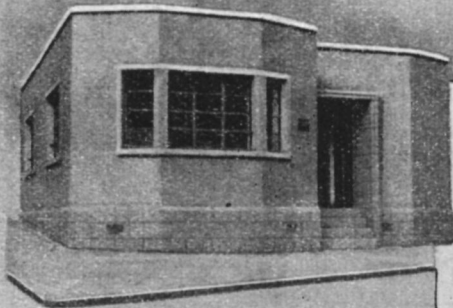
E. Anne Soutar, Class 4.



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Old Boys' Club

The Club has arranged to give to the School an illuminated copy of the School song, name panels for the Oakley and Urquhart Cups, a telescope for the Rifle Club, and a bracket for the visitors' book which the Club presented to the School last year. These gifts necessarily involve expenditure, and the Outdoor and Indoor Committees have been instructed that it is the duty of each of them to raise a certain sum throughout the winter. Old Boys may therefore expect to be asked to put their hands in their pockets. Will they please do so effectively?

All members of the Old Boys' Club in Dundee will have received a letter from the President of the Rugby Football Club. The Committee of the Old Boys' Club commend the appeal in that letter and agree that anyone who can should help the School to turn out two good Fifteens.

The Club hopes to have its usual outings during 1955. The Angling Competition will take place at Loch Leven on 30th May, 1955, and the Golf Competition at Kirriemuir on 25th June, 1955. Will members interested please mark these dates in their diaries now? The Gymkhana will be held in May; the precise date will be fixed and intimated later.

ANNUAL DINNER

The Annual Dinner of the Old Boys' Club was held in Keiller's Restaurant on Friday, 3rd December. There was a record attendance of members of varying ages, including our Honorary President, Sir J. Randall Phillip, Q.C.

The guest of honour was Professor J. M. Webster, Home Office Pathologist and Professor of Medical Jurisprudence at the University of Birmingham.

On surveying the names on the Toast List, we were confident that we could look forward to a high standard of oratory. We were not disappointed and, indeed, to attempt to "report" the speeches of the evening would seem a presumption. An idea of their quality can best be suggested by saying that their

eloquence and spirit conveyed to all an attitude which made each feel proud that he had been a pupil of the "Dundee High."

As could only be expected, our President, Mr H. J. Carlton, that master of the after-dinner speech—introduced with pleasing wit and candour our guest. We learned that Professor Webster had not only been a contemporary of the President at school, but also that they had shared many happy days in their student life at the same Alma Mater.

In proposing the Toast of "The Club and School," Professor Webster delighted us with his apt delivery of a speech of depth and substance, mellowed with humour and interspersed with memories of his own school days. His theme was the need for Leadership in the world to-day, and we were reminded of the important part that our school life had played in inculcating the virtues of breadth of knowledge, discipline, courtesy, tolerance and courage.

Mr Ian M. Bain, in reply, reviewed the changing scene over the past 23 years of his Rectorship. Nostalgic memories were doubtless revived on the mention of "the great stalwarts" of the past—Miss Peat, Dr. Murray, Mr Borland, Mr Meiklejohn, Mr Stalker were a few—who can rightly be said to take their place in the line of our school's ancient heritage.

Following these reminders of our earlier days, it was only natural that "Schola Clara" was sung in resonant tones.

The Toast of "Our President" was allotted to Mr C. C. Spankie, who executed his rôle in an admirable fashion. He recounted in felicitous vein, without in any way tempering his feeling of sincerity, the worthy attainments of our President.

In replying, Mr Carlton delighted the company with his amusing reminiscences and anecdotes conveyed in his usual zealous and vivid manner.

The success of the evening was completed by the intermingling of the Old (and not so Old) Boys exchanging memories and renewing acquaintances.

ANNUAL SHOOT

A team of Old Boys met the School team in the Annual Shoot. On this occasion the Old Boys returned some excellent cards and emerged winners by a margin of 17 points. The scores were:—

Old Boys

A. T. Millar	97
G. S. Ritchie	97
W. Morrison	96
I. M. Watson	94
J. Penny	94
D. Mathers	93
T. S. Halliday	86
D. Tweedie.....	85

 742

School

K. More	100
D. Henderson	97
N. Byer	94
S. Yeaman	94
M. Hardie	86
D. Whyte	86
J. Allan	85
I. Montgomerie	83

 725

The School team contained more young members than in teams for a few years back, but, if enthusiasm means anything, the outlook for the future is very encouraging.

The pocket knife presented by the Old Boys to the highest individual scorer in the School team was won by K. More with a score of 100. This is the first time a possible has been achieved in the series of matches. It was a most enjoyable event and another meeting will take place in February, 1955, when the School may get their revenge.

 LIST OF NEW MEMBERS FROM
 JULY, 1953

Ordinary

G. A. Baxter, Hillhead, Monikie.
 H. D. Croll, 4 Montague Street, Barnhill—1951.
 Wm. D. Cullen, 1 Inverlaw Place, Dundee—1946-1953.

Life

A. Goodfellow, St. Evox, 3 Westbarn Road, Broughty Ferry—1920-1924.
 J. J. Thomson, The Cottage, Bridge Lane, Barnhill—1941-1950.

T. J. Drury, 1 Haldane Street, Dundee—1926-1929.
 C. E. Eldred, 6 Orchard Avenue, Rayleigh, Essex—1936-1948.
 G. C. Ferguson, 17 Hillcrest Road, Dundee—1951-1954.
 D. T. Fimister, East Balgillo House, Balgillo Road, Broughty Ferry—1954-1953.
 Alan G. Forsyth, 309 Kingsway, Dundee—1940-1953.
 Ian B. Grant, 2 Burn Street, Downfield, Dundee—1940-1953.
 H. A. H. Inglis, 4 Albert Crescent, East Newport—1947-1953.
 J. Murray Lamond, 75 Blackness Avenue, Dundee 1937-1949.
 H. L. G. Laurie, 1 Lytton Street, Dundee—1933-1945.
 James M. Low, 464 Perth Road, Dundee—1924-1927.
 David M. Lund, 113 Arbroath Road, Dundee—1946-1953.
 J. R. McGill, 18 Glamis Road, Dundee—1944-1952.
 C. B. McFarlane, 80 Greendykes Road, Dundee—1942-1954.
 M. J. R. Miller, 31 Strathern Road, Broughty Ferry 1938-1950.
 Bruce A. Morgon, "Lamorna," 65 Strathern Road, West Ferry—1943-1953.
 W. F. Morrison, 3 Harefield Avenue, Dundee—1940-1954.
 Gordon Murray, Roseneath, Monikie, by Dundee—1943-1954.
 K. W. Pritchard, 4 Laurel Bank, Dundee—1944-1947.
 Derek S. Robb, 66 Elm Street, Dundee—1941-1954.
 A. S. Robertson, Winning Brae, West Newport—1943-1953.
 D. J. Singer, 3 Downie Park Road, Dundee—1940-1954.
 J. C. Spankie, 5 Clive Street, Maryfield, Dundee—1941-1954.
 A. G. Stiven, 14 Grove Road, West Ferry—1942-1947.
 J. I. Tullis, L.D.S., 7 Crichton Street, Dundee—1939-1942.
 R. B. Watson, 69 Blackness Avenue, Dundee—1942-1954.

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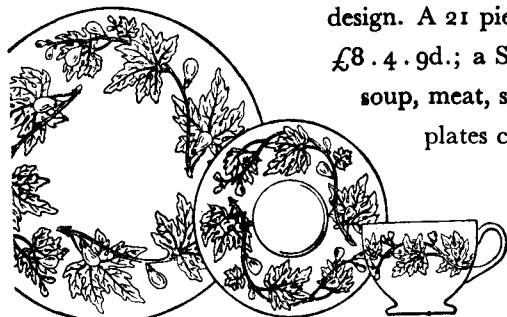
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Reports

GUIDE REPORT

At the Annual Guide Church service in June, three Patrol-Leaders formed a Colour Party.

At the Guide Gala in June, our Junior team won the cup while the Seniors took second place in the Senior Championship. Last term the shield was won by the Nightingale Patrol.

The annual Camp was held at Glen Esk for the third consecutive year. Although the weather left much to be desired, it was greatly enjoyed by all.

The Patrol Leaders for session 1954-55 are as follows:

Company 2—Bluetit Patrol—M. Ritchie. Canary Patrol—P. Rutherford. Kingfisher Patrol—K. Ritchie. Nightingale Patrol—H. Anderson. Skylark Patrol—W. Paton. Thrush Patrol—S. Gibson.

Company 2A—Bantam Patrol—I. Anderson. Blackbird Patrol—C. Sutherland. Bullfinch Patrol—C. Braithwaite. Chaffinch Patrol—M. McConnachie. Robin Patrol—E. Thomson. Swallow Patrol—M. Mee.

Maureen Ritchie and Christine Braithwaite are Company Leaders of Company 2 and Company 2a respectively.

In June the following Guides qualified for their First-Class Badge:—H. Anderson, I. Anderson, M. Hardy, M. McConnachie, W. Paton, K. Ritchie, P. Rutherford, C. Sutherland and P. Whyte. Many more are now working for it, too, and we hope to add to the number in December.

On November 5th we entertained Mrs Robertson, Broughty Ferry, District Commissioner, and the Brown Owl and Brownies of the Barnhill Pack at a flying-up ceremony.

We take this opportunity to thank the Guiders for their unfailing help during the term.

M.F.R., C.M.B.

GIRLS' LITERARY SOCIETY REPORT

The Society has had only one meeting so far—a Hat Night. This was most successful and many varied topics were discussed. We have to thank Miss Davidson who very kindly took the chair for the evening.

We were to have been given a talk, "Gold in Them There Hills," by Mr A. Robertson, but, unfortunately, this had to be cancelled owing to Mr Robertson's illness. We hope that Mr Robertson may be able to give us his talk later in the session when he has fully recovered.

There are several meetings to be held before Christmas and they include a Staff Brains Trust, a Debate and a Form Night.

We should like to thank Miss Anderson who has given so much of her time and who has so willingly

combined the offices of President and Vice-President in the absence of Miss Stevenson.

M. S. M.

HOCKEY REPORT

Once again, we are fortunate in having eight members of last year's first eleven still with us. So far we have had only one match cancelled, and results forecast a good season.

The 2nd XI. is well up to standard, having won five matches and lost only one. The results of the 3rd, 4th and 2nd Year XI.'s are also promising.

This year, five members of our 1st XI., E. Paterson, P. Grant, W. Scott, J. Gellatly and F. Vine, were put forward for the Junior Midlands Trials, which were held at Dalnacraig on 13th November.

On behalf of the team members, I should like to thank Miss Leighton, Miss Whytock and all the other members of staff who take on the unenviable task of umpiring our matches on Saturday mornings, and give us so much encouraging help and advice.

RUGBY

1st XV.—With most of last year's backs in attendance, it was felt that, if the forwards could get the ball, then there would be every prospect of a successful season. The team started well by defeating Harris Academy and then Dollar Academy. The defeat of the latter was a really fine performance and it has helped to put some spirit into the team. Since then, however, there has been a succession of defeats none of which was heavy. The reasons for this lapse can be put down to (a) carelessness in defence (b) lack of thrust near the opponents' line and (c) the failure to take full advantage of penalties near the posts. The forwards have improved and are playing well except in line out play and loose scrummaging, where it is not unusual to see an opponent dribble right through the scrum. More combined rather than individual work is needed here. On the whole, however, the play is good, vigorous and attractive, and it is hoped that successes will come soon.

2nd XV.—The second fifteen have had mixed fortunes. There has been an improvement in the tackling, but there are still too many players who prefer to tackle high.

The Colts, as usual, have found the opposition too big and strong, and have had to take several beatings. Their keenness and spirit are, however, still much in evidence.

Mention must be made of Forms I. and II. and L.VII. teams who are playing hard and showing real enthusiasm. Form I. are playing particularly well and several comments have been received from other schools regarding their good handling and unselfish play.

A.M.T.

CADET REPORT

Since the last "Cadet Report," the Company has continued to make great progress.

The 1954 Camp was again at Cultybraggan, Comrie. This year we spent ten days in camp instead of the usual seven. Although we were not favoured with good weather, the high standard of morale and training was clearly shown in the Platoon Cup results, as well as in the remarks of Provost Sgt. Laidlaw to the "Courier & Advertiser."

We are proud to report that the Band gave an outstanding performance in the Square at Comrie.

Our hosts were again the 1st K.O.S.B. of Korean War fame, and from their C.O., Col. Little, the Band and Company received high commendation.

This year the recruiting has been good, although we still want to see those non-cadets in uniform. The combined strength of both companies is at the record of 218. Training for Cert. A is now going ahead, with No. 4 Platoon showing great promise.

Instruction for the Band is under the very competent care of R.S.M. Roy at the Drill Hall.

We welcome Mr Soutar to the Company as an officer.

In October the W.O.s and Sgts. appointed were—C.S.M. Yeaman, D/M McEwan, P/M Hay, C.Q.M.S. Giles, C.Q.M.S. Marshall, Sgt. Ower, Sgt. Lyle, Sgt. Wright, Sgt. Chawla, P/Sgt. McLeod and D/Sgt. Stewart.

W.S.Y.

BOYS' LITERARY SOCIETY

The Boys' Literary Society has started another new session and its meetings are being very well attended so far. The first meeting took the form of a Hat Night and it was encouraging to see so many of the junior members expressing their views on current affairs and general topics about the school and the city. The radio parlour game, "One Minute, Please," a new addition to the Syllabus, proved to be a success. As well as being a source of amusement to the audience, it encouraged fluency and fast thinking on the part of the various teams.

Our first outside speaker was Dr. R. Roger from Queen's College, who mixed the practical and theoretical as well as the philosophical in his illustrated lecture, "Millions Now Living Will Never Die."

A Staff Brains Trust was the first joint meeting with the Girls' Literary Society. Mr Marshall, Mr Ritchie, Mr Vannet and Mr Duke ably gave their views on widely differing subjects.

We are very glad to welcome Mr A. D. Murray and Mr J. Smart as Joint Presidents and under their guidance we look forward to an interesting and entertaining session.

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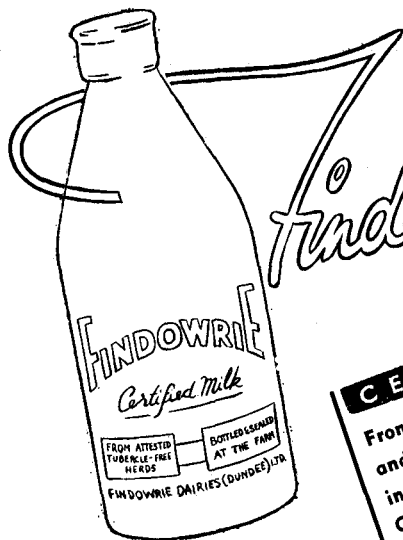
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