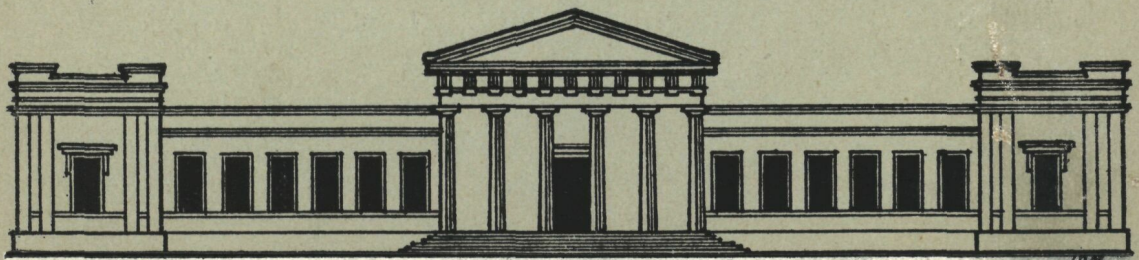


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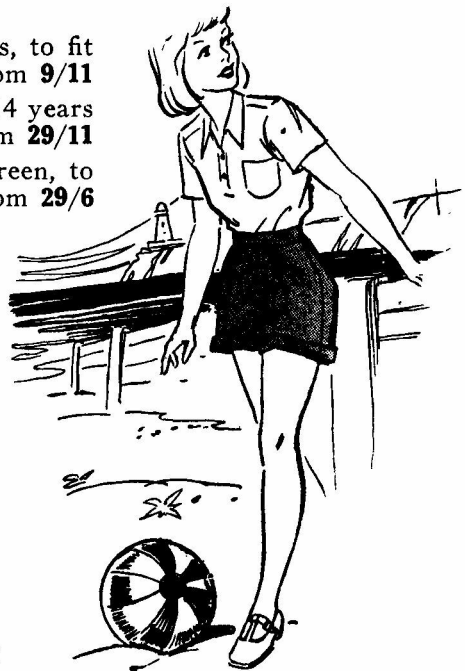
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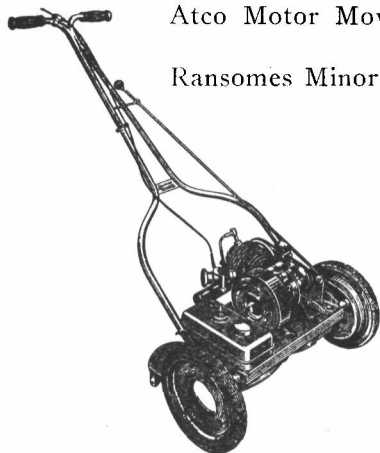
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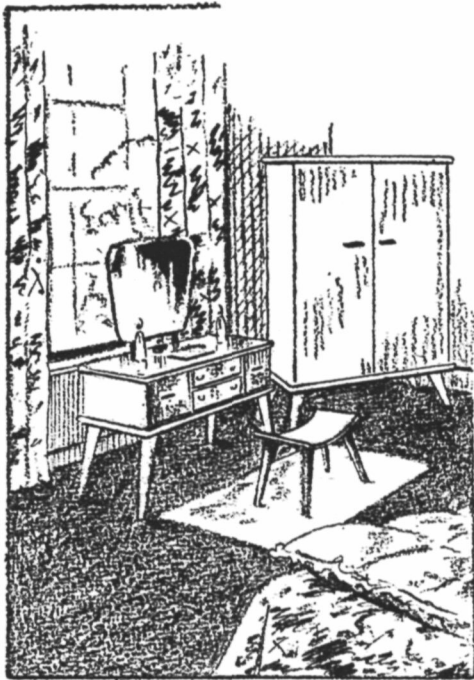
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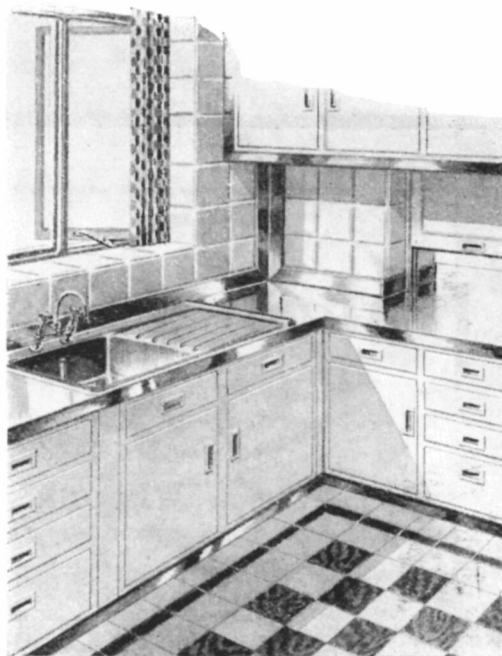
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# The Dundee High School MAGAZINE

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No. 120]

JUNE, 1956

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## Editorial

After spending a few careless weeks scribbling and scoring out, we have suddenly become aware that the Editorial is due almost immediately. This is very alarming to us in our present state, which is a confused mixture of tennis, rehearsals for concerts and plays, and plans for the summer holidays. We cannot think why we ever undertook the task, nor can we remember any time when we have felt more devoid of inspiration, unless it was when we were writing the last Editorial.

Were it not that we have been told that appropriateness is the chief requirement of good writing, we would be tempted to describe the antics of our cat and her kitten, which are at the moment gambolling around, and occasionally upon, us. Since, however, we do not want to offend, by such a flagrant breaking of the rules, those rigid moralists who are Doing their Duty by reading this article, we must regretfully pass on to a more suitable, if less interesting, subject.

We, as a nation, as a city and as a school, are very largely bound by tradition. (The remark, "Oh, my toga!" overheard recently within the school precincts does not mean that we have adopted the traditional Roman dress, but merely that preparations for the production of "Antigone" are well under way). It is tradition in most schools to have a motto. Long before our time, the school

motto was "Labor omnia vincit." Our predecessors no doubt heartily believed this. The present-day staff certainly do!

We ourselves cling to the old Greek principle of moderation. We do not object to work, but we do feel that in all education, and especially in school education, there is the danger of developing what Robert Lynd calls "a good mechanism for learning rather than a mind." This danger is most real when one is compelled to study subjects in which one has no real interest. To avoid abject failure in the examinations one "swots up" the subject and produces an examination paper full of facts, which may gain one a pass mark but certainly does not give one understanding. Understanding is the essence of all true knowledge, and without it knowledge is an empty thing.

The day is fast approaching when our search for knowledge and understanding will be leading us, and many of our friends, beyond the bounds of school to "fresh Woods and Pastures new." For each individual these new pastures will be different, but we hope they will all have one thing in common—a sprig, no matter how tiny, of rosemary—Rosemary for Remembrance—remembrance of our school, which, just because it is our own, is to us the best school in Dundee, in Scotland, in the world.

## NEWS AND NOTES

### Christmas Chemistry Lecture

On the 14th of December a party of approximately thirty senior High School pupils attended the annual "Popular Chemistry Lecture for School Children," held in the Chemistry Lecture Room at Queen's College.

An audience of over 200 heard Mr David Hardie of I.C.I., give a most interesting lecture on "Explosives in the Service of Man." Perhaps the parts which remain most clearly in our minds are, however, the demonstrations, and a film on the use of explosives in stone quarrying. Although at times the whole audience started visibly when there was an especially violent explosion from the demonstration table, most people particularly enjoyed the experiments, and the boys especially appreciated the exhibitions given by a jet-propelled model car and aeroplane.

This year the High School had the privilege of proposing the vote of thanks to the speaker and this was done by the F.VI. representative, Jean Thomson.

### The Carol Service

On the 18th December at 3 p.m., the annual Carol Service was held in Dundee Parish Church (St. Mary's). More than nine hundred present pupils, former pupils, staff, parents and friends attended.

Once again this beautiful church was filled with the singing of the familiar carols and hymns. In addition, this year the choir, under the direction of Mr Porteous and assisted by seven Form I. boys, sang music from the "Messiah" — the well-known "Glory to God" chorus.

The lessons were read by Mr Erskine (Rector), Mr Marshall, Mr More, Mr Millar (President of the Old Boys' Club), Patrick Constable (Head Boy) and Jean Thomson (Head Girl), and the service was conducted by Rev. H. O. Douglas, School Chaplain.

### Carol Singing

A new venture was tried out at Christmas time by the senior pupils. Trained by the Rector, Mr Erskine, we formed a group of Carol Singers. We sang our repertoire at the Dundee Royal Infirmary and at Pine Grove, an old folks' home, giving much pleasure to the patients there. We are very grateful to Mr and Mrs Weatherhead, Mr and Mrs Spreull, and Mr and Mrs Scott for inviting their friends

to come and hear us at their homes where we took a collection for the Polio Research Fund. Our repertoire consisted of carols, familiar and not so familiar, sung in harmony or unison with quartets and solos interspersed among choir numbers. The choir and audiences alike thoroughly enjoyed the two nights' outing, and we were all highly gratified to send £30 to help polio research.

### Chinese Visitors

On 4th January, Cheng an Lun, Principal of the Chinese High School, Singapore, visited the School, with his brother and a friend. The Principal is studying for a year at Bristol University with a grant from the British Council. He was very interested in the history of the school, and admired Mr Vannet's vellum of the School Song.

As a result of this visit, the Rector has now in the Visitors' Book three signatures written in Chinese characters.

### Chamber Music Recital

The Aeolian String Quartet — Sydney Humphreys, Trevor Williams, Watson Forbes and John Moore—gave a recital to the Upper School on Monday, 30th January. They played movements from quartets by Mozart, Beethoven and Mendelssohn, and Hugo Wolf's "Italian Serenade."

The programme was presented in a most interesting and friendly manner. Before each movement, we were given a "commentary" by Mr Moore, the 'cellist, who described the form and pointed out passages of particular note. Even the most sceptical, to whom Chamber Music was "that stuff on the Third," began to consider that they might have been mistaken! Here was great music, superbly played.

There is more than a grain of truth in Handel's aria, "Art thou troubled? Music will calm thee."

We thank the Rector for making such a recital possible, and hope that it may not be long before our troubles are again calmed in such a delightful way.

### Art Teacher's Successes

Mr Halliday has been successful in having a wash drawing, "Dock Trials," accepted for the Industrial Art Exhibition in the Chenil Galleries, London, and in February he and Mr Vannet, together with a New Zealand artist, Roy Stenberg, were invited to hold a three-man show in the Moray Knox Art

Gallery in Edinburgh. A total of fifty pictures were on view. Again, Mr Halliday and Mr Vannet were co-exhibitors in the New Scottish Group Exhibition in the McLellan Galleries, Glasgow, Mr Halliday showing four modern wood-carvings and Mr Vannet six pictures of an experimental nature. We must congratulate Mr Halliday on his election to the Ancient Monuments Association for Great Britain, and on his having had a wood-carving purchased by the Dundee Art Galleries. In the Royal Scottish Academy Exhibition, Mr Vannet is represented by two etchings and he has also two etchings hung in The Royal Academy, London.

### Other Highlights

Other highlights of the year have been:—

A visit to the Caird Hall by Forms I. and II. on 21st March to hear the Scottish National Orchestra; Miss Macdougald's Concert on 28th March, when pupils at all stages gave a splendid demonstration of their mastery of the art of elocution; the Pupils v. Staff Hockey Match, in which the Staff were defeated 3-1; the Easter Service which was conducted by Rev. H. O. Douglas, the School Chaplain; the performance of two plays by the Junior Dramatic Society on 13th April; visits to the Repertory Theatre by Form III. and Form V. on 18th and 24th April respectively to see a splendid presentation of "Twelfth Night"; the preparation for, and the performance of the School Concert on 14th and 15th June; rehearsals in the Preparatory Department for the Display to be given on Wednesday, 27th June, at 10.30 a.m. in the Y.M.C.A. Hall. (From what we have seen and heard we think this is going to be exceptionally good); and the preparation by the Senior Dramatic Society for the performance of the "Antigone" of Sophocles in the Training College Hall on 26th and 27th June. The School acknowledges its indebtedness to the organisers of these activities, and we should like here to pay a very high tribute to the staff generally for their enthusiasm and for their spirit of co-operation.

**Books for Junior Library.**—We should like to thank the Old Girls' Club for their gift of books for the Junior Library.

**"Arbor."** — We should like to thank Gordon Murray for sending us a copy of "Arbor," the magazine of the Aberdeen University's Forestry Society.

**School Sports.**—The School Sports were held, under rather stormy conditions, at Dalnacraig, on Saturday, 2nd June. The Sports Champions were:—Murray Anderson (Senior), Malcolm Dougall (Intermediate), and Kenneth Smith (Junior). This year, for the first time, there were Championships for the girls as well as the boys. The winners of these were:—Elizabeth Thomson (Senior), Kathleen Ritchie (Intermediate), and Susan Waterhouse (Junior). Campbell Mars won the Mile Race.

H. Adam Crawford, Esq., R.S.A., D.A., Principal of Dundee College of Art, presided at the prize-giving and Mrs Crawford presented the prizes. Moraig Ross, L.1, presented Mrs Crawford with a bouquet.

**Swimming Gala.**—The Swimming Gala was held on 5th June. The Champions were:—Wendy Scott (Senior), Judith Leslie (Junior); Tony McGregor (Senior) and David Duff (Junior). Mr A. T. Millar, C.A., President of the Old Boys' Club, gave an address and Mrs Millar presented the prizes. A new and interesting feature of the Gala was the Inter-Schools Events in which High School pupils competed with pupils from Dundee academies. With the completion of the Gala the House Championship results were announced as follows:—Airlie 210½ points, Aystree 188½, Lindores 122, Wallace 122.

**Staff Changes.**—Several important changes have taken place in the staff since the last issue of our Magazine. Miss M. Turnbull, who has taught in the Junior School brilliantly for thirty-seven years, has left us to spend the first months of her retirement abroad. We extend a warm welcome to her successor, Mr W. Smith. Another change will be taking place in the Junior School with the departure of Mr T. D. G. Soutar, who is leaving in June. Our best wishes go with both Miss Turnbull and Mr Soutar.

In the Senior School, after thirty-five years, we are losing the services of Mr W. G. Laird, whose leadership and inspiration in the English Department have meant so much to us. The English Department is also losing Miss A. D. M. Hogg, who is leaving to be married. We wish them both every happiness in the future, and to Mr Laird's successor, Mr E. M. Stewart, we offer our congratulations and best wishes.

We hope that Mr J. Angus, who came in place of Mr A. W. Smart after Christmas,

has enjoyed his first term here, and that his stay will be a long and happy one.

**New Prizes.**—This year there are a few additions to the Prize-list: first, the Rector's Prize for Original Work, which goes to Robert Bustard; second, the Rector's Prize for Art Appreciation, which is shared by Michael Tosh and James Wright; third, two prizes of one guinea each for Magazine Work, awarded by the Old Boys' Club, and gained by Janette Weatherhead and Robert Bustard; and fourth, the Junior Leng Silver Medal for Singing, which was won by Iain Laidlaw, L. VII. Robert Bustard's interest in animals gained him both his prizes. Michael Tosh wrote an essay, called "A Short Survey of Early Chinese Art," and James Wright on "Velazquez—Master Painter." Both essays are of a very high standard, showing considerable critical power, and both are well illustrated. The Magazine Prizes were awarded for regular contributions to the Magazine over a period of many years.

#### WE CONGRATULATE . . .

**Mr Robert L. Lickely**, cousin of Miss A. Lickely of the Art Department, on designing the Fairey Delta II. with which Mr Peter Twiss set up a new speed record of 1132 m.p.h. on 10th March, 1956.

**Mr Smith** of the Classics Department on his fine performance in the rôle of Paul Gardiner in Wynyard Browne's play, "A Question of Fact," produced by Dundee Dramatic Society in March, 1956.

**Mr T. E. Porteous, A.R.C.O., L.R.A.M.**, on gaining the degree of F.R.C.O.

**Mr James B. Roberts**, 9 Seymour Street, on his appointment as Secretary of the Rubber Growers' Association in Indonesia, Djarkarta, Java.

**Mr William J. H. Riddell, B.L.**, and **Mr James M. Paton, B.L.**, on passing the final examination of the Institute of Chartered Accountants of Scotland.

**Mr Robert Kirkcaldy**, Manager of Hilltown Branch, Royal Bank of Scotland, on his promotion to be Manager at Strathaven.

**William D. Cullen** on gaining the Medal in the Junior Honours Humanity Class and the Medal and Blair Prize in the Junior Honours Greek Class at St. Andrews University.

**Robert Bustard, F.V.**, on his taking part in a Television programme along with some of his pets.

**Patrick Constable, Alan Duthie, John Stocks and Jean Thomson** on gaining bursaries for St. Andrews University.

**Miss Muriel Crawford**, personnel officer in the mill department of Baxter Brothers, on winning a bursary of £300 for management studies.

**Miss Anne Drummond** on gaining a State Scholarship for Newnham College, Cambridge.

**Dr Joyce Pringle**, shot-putt champion of Scotland, on being capped to play for Scotland's Ladies' Hockey Team.

**Charlotte Lythe and Jane Milne** who were members of the team of four which gained the Road Safety Quiz Championship of Scotland for Dundee. We sympathise with **Gordon Ritchie** who was prevented from taking part in the final contest by an attack of influenza.

**Mr David Gracie**, whose stage name is David Kier, on his performance in "Wild Grows the Heather," which had its world première at Manchester's Palace Theatre on 13th March, 1956.

**Valerie and Sheila Jamieson** who were second and third in the Scottish Ski Club's Hird Trophy handicap slalom race, and their mother who returned the best scratch time.

**Walter J. R. Smith, L.II.**, on winning first prize (five guineas) in the "Sunday Observer's" Children's Story-Writing Competition.

**Andrew Young, F.III.**, on gaining a prize of £32, on the subject of dogs, at the Hughie Green Show, "Double Your Money," at the Y.M.C.A. Hall on 21st January.

**Dr James Henderson, B.Sc., Ph.D.**, on completing sixty years as a Fellow of the Chemical Society of Great Britain. Mr Henderson was Cunningham Medallist in 1889-90.

**Eileen Duke, L.III., Kathleen Thomson, L.VII., Charlotte Lythe, F.III.**, on gaining prizes in the Dundee Junior Library's competition, "My Favourite Book."

**Mr W. R. Hutton**, President of the Jute Association, on his speech at the U.K. Jute Goods Association Conference at Brighton on 24th May, 1956.

**Mr Hugh J. Carlton and Mr P. F. Duncan** on their appointment as Honorary Sheriffs-Substitute of Perth and Angus.

**Joan How, F.III.**, on gaining second place in the piano solo group (14-16) at the Perthshire Musical Festival.

**Mr K. K. Weatherhead, M.A., F.F.A.**, on being appointed a Fellow of the Society of Actuaries which is the ruling body of actuaries in the U.S.A. and Canada. Mr Weatherhead is President of the Faculty of Actuaries in Scotland in this the Centenary Year of the Faculty.

**John Cameron** on winning three medals at St. Andrews University. He was first in Logic, Special English and Special Applied Mathematics.

**Helen Fleming** on gaining a Colour for swimming at St. Andrews University.

**Robert Crawford** on his being chosen to play golf for the Scottish Universities and on winning his match against England; also on gaining a Blue for boxing and on winning the Scottish Universities' Featherweight Boxing Championship.

**Grace Dingwall** on gaining 7th place in the Edinburgh University Bursary Competition and 4th place in the John Welsh Mathematical List. Grace was also successful in the St. Andrews Bursary Competition, being awarded the Guild Bursary. She has also won a Dundee Educational Trust Bursary.

**Lord Provost Hughes, O.B.E., J.P.**, Chairman of the Board of Directors of the High School, on his being awarded the C.B.E.

**Mr T. E. Porteous** on his engagement to Miss Noreen Thomson.

**Dian Montgomerie** on obtaining the Diploma of the London School of Arts and Crafts and on being appointed Assistant Property Mistress with Sadler's Wells.

**Mr James R. C. Morrison**, on his appointment as an accountant with the Treasury Department in Nigeria. Mr Morrison won the Scottish Boys' Tennis Championship, both hard and grass courts, two years running in 1930 and 1931. He was the Singles Champion of the Gold Coast in 1951-52.

### MUSIC SUCCESSES

The following pupils passed the Associated Board Examinations for Pianoforte held in December, 1955, and March, 1956:—

#### Pupils of Mr Porteous

##### L. V.

Ian Smith, Grade I., Merit.

#### Pupils of Miss Sturrock

##### F. I.

Catherine Duncan, Grade II., Pass.  
Dorothy Wallace, Grade II., Merit.

##### L. VI.

Helen Wood, Grade I., Distinction.

#### Pupils of Mrs Duncan

##### F. I.

Shona Colquhoun, Grade III., Pass.  
Marion Hay, Grade III., Merit.

##### L. VI.

Joan Sutherland, Grade II., Merit.

## Obituary

We record with regret the deaths of the following Former Pupils to whose relatives we extend our deepest sympathy:—Dr G. R. Tudhope, Mr W. S. Ritchie, Mr Stewart Lesslie Davie, Mr James Meldrum Smith, Mr G. H. Philip, Mr Archibald Bell.

**Dr G. R. Tudhope** qualified M.B., B.Ch., at St. Andrews University in 1918, took the D.P.H. in 1920 and the Ph.D. in 1922, subsequently becoming assistant in anatomy at University College, Dundee. He proceeded to the degree of M.D. in 1937 when he also won the Rutherford Gold Medal. At the time of his death he was Warden of University College Hall, St. Andrews, pathologist to the Dundee Royal Infirmary and senior lecturer in Pathology in St. Andrews University. For many years he was honorary treasurer to the Students' Charities Campaigns in Dundee, and

in 1953-54 he was president of the Association of University Teachers.

**Mr William S. Ritchie**, on leaving school, joined his father, the late Sir George Ritchie, in the family business, became a partner in 1908, and was actively interested in the business at the time of his death. For many years Mr Ritchie was a director of the Royal Victoria Hospital and the Dundee Sick Poor Nursing Society. For sixteen years he was session clerk to St. Paul's Church, Nethergate. He was a member of Dudhope Bowling Club.

**Mr Stewart Lesslie Davie** had practised as a law agent in Aberdeen for 36 years. During the First World War Mr Davie held a commission in the Black Watch, and later he was secretary of the Aberdeen branch of the Black Watch Association.

### Obituary—Continued

**Mr James Meldrum Smith** of Inverdovat and Causewayhead, was well known in farming circles in the East of Scotland, and particularly in Fife and Dundee districts. He was an elder of Trinity U.F. Church, Newport.

**Mr George Harold Philip**, who died at 9 Westbourne Gardens, Glasgow, on 16th May, 1956, was the son of the late Very Reverend Adam Philip, D.D., of Invergowrie, and elder brother of Sir J. Randall Philip, O.B.E., Q.C., D.D. He attended the High School from 1907 to 1915 and in 1917 joined the Royal Field Artillery. Taken prisoner in 1918, he was freed at the Armistice. He settled down in business in Glasgow and at his death was the Chairman and Joint Managing Director of James D. Bennett Ltd., Bridgeton. He took a great interest in the Territorial Army reaching the rank of Lieutenant Colonel and gaining the Territorial Decoration. He was also interested in church work and gave much of his time to other public services as a Director of the National Bible Society, an elder of Wellington Church, Glasgow, a member of

church committees and in helping many other voluntary organisations in Glasgow and the West of Scotland.

**Mr Archibald Bell**, former burgh prosecutor at Dundee Police Court, died in the Infirmary. A native of the city, Mr Bell was burgh prosecutor from 1920 until 1947. He was a son of the late Rev. Dr Archibald Bell, of Chapelshade Church, was educated at Dundee High School, and received his law training in the office of Messrs Hendry & Pollock, Dundee. He went to Edinburgh University, gained admission to the Faculty of Solicitors in 1898, and returned to Dundee and started business in the following year. During the First World War he enlisted as a gunner in the R.G.A. He went to France in May, 1916, and was still serving abroad when the Armistice was signed. Mr Bell took a keen interest in political and social questions. For many years he was a Unionist sub-agent in Dundee and for a time was secretary of Dundee Citizens' Union.

We also record with regret the death in Nova Scotia of **Mr Joseph Shepherd Lee, B.Sc.**, late of St. Johns, Newfoundland.

## Miss Madge Turnbull, M.A.

Miss Turnbull has had a long-standing association with the High School. She completed her own education in D.H.S. before going to the University of St. Andrews.

Shortly after her teaching career began, she was appointed to the staff of the Preparatory Department. She showed great interest in all the activities of the school. She was a Lieutenant in the Guide Company, and later became Captain. Many a former pupil has very happy memories and amusing tales to relate about the camps which were held at Kirkmichael. She was also a keen Tennis and Badminton player, but her interests were not confined to the land—swimming was also included in her pastimes.

After a number of years as an assistant, Miss Turnbull received well-earned promotion—she became Headmistress of the Junior Department. Under her careful guidance the Department has developed in recent years. She knew everyone of her pupils; she had their interests at heart, and studied their

shortcomings, so that, if necessary, a few words of advice and encouragement might set them on the right path again. Her discipline was firm but not harsh. She had the ability to draw the best out of even the slowest pupils. Her methods of teaching subjects, such as History and Geography, were not the dull old-fashioned way of memorising lists of dates, towns, etc.—the facts were interspersed with numerous experiences which Miss Turnbull herself had had during her travels. Very often these anecdotes raised great mirth and helped the pupils to understand and remember the lesson.

Miss Turnbull has shown her versatility in another sphere of life—Dramatic Work. She herself has appeared on D.H.S. stage several times when the "Staff Nights" for the Girls' Literary Society were held. More often, however, was she to be seen behind the scenes helping to dress children for performances, or keeping them calm and quiet by reading or making up stories which held their interest

until the time came for them to reappear on the stage.

Miss Turnbull encouraged all her pupils to be sports and play the game. She had a keen sense of humour, and, with a twinkle in her eye, she often made some witty remarks which helped to brighten many a trying situation. She was always ready to discuss any problems which arose and to settle any differ-

ences of opinion in an amicable way.

Miss Turnbull by her devoted service to the school is held in high esteem by all who knew her. Many boys and girls owe their position in the world today to the thorough grounding which they received in her class.

We all wish Miss Turnbull a very enjoyable holiday and a long, happy retirement.

M.L.S.

## Retiral of W. G. Laird, Esq., M.A.

The news of the retiral of William G. Laird will provoke many memories and reminiscences among two generations of Dundee High School pupils, for he has always been the subject of happy comment from present and former pupils alike.

Educated at Morgan Academy where he carried off the Dux Medal and medals in Art and Science and English, Mr Laird has always been proud of and grateful to his old school, for it was through his teachers that he developed two of the abiding interests of a lifetime—his devotion to water-colour art and his love for France, fostered by a friendship which has survived the hazards of two world wars. How often in the old days would he tease us with laughing comparisons between the rival "educational seminaries," High School and Morgan! But loyalty and gratitude to old friends have always been notable features of his character: he has never forgotten what he owes to "Curly" Watson's enthusiasm for Art, or to the masters who taught him the seventeen subjects deemed necessary for a junior student-teacher to know!

During World War I, he served in the Trench Warfare Department.

He went up to St. Andrews University, having won the Thow Scholarship, and after a brilliant academic career in which he won the Tyndale Bruce Scholarship as well as other medals and prizes he started teaching in D.H.S. in September, 1921, under Mr Valentine. When Mr Borland succeeded Mr Valentine, Mr Laird became second master in the English Department. By both of these great teachers of English Mr Laird's enthusiasm for teaching and love of literature were deepened and widened.

It is most fitting that we in these columns should pay this tribute to Mr Laird, for he has been closely associated with the Magazine for

over thirty years. To that onerous task he brought great gifts of scholarship, tact, sympathy, human understanding, and above all a puckish sense of humour. He would gleefully print a joke against himself—and showed others how saving a gift such humour can be.

Not the least of the school's debts to Mr Laird is the -1934 Centenary edition of the school magazine. This monumental number, the result of long, careful planning, painstaking preparation, and scholarly imagination was primarily Mr Laird's work. It will always be a treasure-house of information about the school, and of wise counsel from many of its famous children. The Centenary Magazine is a fitting monument to Mr Laird's work for the school.

Always a keen golfer, Mr Laird has presided over the destinies of the School Golf Club for more than a quarter of a century. Typical of the relationship between himself and the pupils was the introduction of the annual Staff v. Pupils Golf Match—a genial, happy affair, despite the very human keenness of the pupils to "get some of their own back" on their masters! Perhaps in his leisured days his many colourful comments on the game will be enshrined in an Ode to a Golf Ball. Perhaps, too, we might even dare to print it!

The Second World War brought new problems. To his already heavy duties in the English Department was added responsibility for the French Department. There is little doubt that the strain of those years took a heavy toll of his health.

He was always willing to shoulder burdens laid upon him by the school, and to sacrifice for it—the well-filled notebooks peacefully yellowing in his desk are mute tribute to the cherished dream of a Ph.D. degree which faded as the burden grew.

It has long been a matter of regret to him that his subject has been partially at least spoiled by the modern emphasis on examinations, the passing of which may make or mar a pupil's future career. But Mr Laird has always preserved a wise balance in the conflict between a serene study of literature, and the hectic hurly-burly of examinations. Lasting evidence of the sureness and catholicity of his judgment in literature is contained in the "Poet's Quair," a standard text-book of literature, in the compilation of which Mr Laird was asked to share responsibility.

Already one of our greatest national newspapers has done honour to the "Bill Lairds" of this world. As we add our tribute, we remember the teacher, conscientious, enthusiastic, scholarly, always interested in the

individual's problems, skilled in bringing out the best gifts of the brilliant, and kindly in his patience with the slow among us. We remember, too, the man, with his deep but unobtrusive faith, the genial, good-humoured colleague with his robust love of laughter, and his quick, sincere sympathy, the wise counsellor, the loyal friend.

Nor do we forget Mrs Laird to whose patience and forbearance in the hectic examination times (the school year seems to be one long examination!) we owe so much.

May the years of well-earned retreat be marked by returning vitality, lightened by the joys of travel and sketching, enriched by the friendships formed and nourished in the school he has served so long and so faithfully.

## The Senior Dramatic Society

"All the world's a stage . . ."

In a perhaps unintended way, Shakespeare's claim is remarkably apt in connection with the world today, for many of the benefits to be derived from dabbling in dramatics extend far beyond the narrow confines of the theatre, and it is precisely such qualities which our own Dramatic Society is taking special pains to cultivate.

The Autumn Session commenced with a motley crowd of Upper School pupils assembling — some excitedly, some suspiciously and some late — in Room I.a). The two producers then revealed a most commendable programme. The Club was split up into two groups, and alternate weeks were spent in the reading aloud of choice works by Barrie, Shaw and Thornton Wilder, and in the study of mime in the Hall. Towards Christmas our play for the year was selected, and the "Antigone," the third of the well-known Trilogy of Theban plays written by Sophocles, provided a most suitable and popular choice. Casting problems were overcome in a very short while and rehearsals—hctic, perhaps, on occasion—are at the time of writing, proceeding. Indeed, the finished goal is already well within sight. The results of our labours will be presented in the Training College Hall on Tuesday and Wednesday, 26th and 27th of June. A stimulating evening is guaranteed.

From this activity, apart from the great amount of pleasure enjoyed, the participants have learned much. Nervousness has, to a

great extent, been overcome, and the all-important part of public-speaking is, with practice, being grasped. We are learning how to move correctly on the stage and to adjust our bearing and mien to suit various requirements. The cultural knowledge of the Greek theatre and the form of its plays is proving most interesting to those who do not study the language, and a great deal of mythological lore is being acquired. Such a club, which provides so great an amount of material benefit as well as delight, surely deserves to be ranked among the foremost of our school societies.

For all these pleasures we are very much indebted to the assiduous and painstaking efforts of our two producers, Miss Gray, the backbone of many school activities, dexterously combines the skills of co-producer and wardrobe mistress, and has that inestimable gift of quietly calming flustered actors, when buffeted by inconsiderate gusts of unlearned words. Mr Smith, in some amazing and almost superhuman way, quite comprehends the mysterious workings of that bewildered collection of young ladies—the chorus—and knows our lines better than we do ourselves. Together they seem to arrange moves, poses, and décor, as well as impartially dispensing justice from their little black gospel of production notes with a breathtaking speed and unequalled efficiency.

"We also serve who only stand and wait."

Michael B. Tosh, F. V.



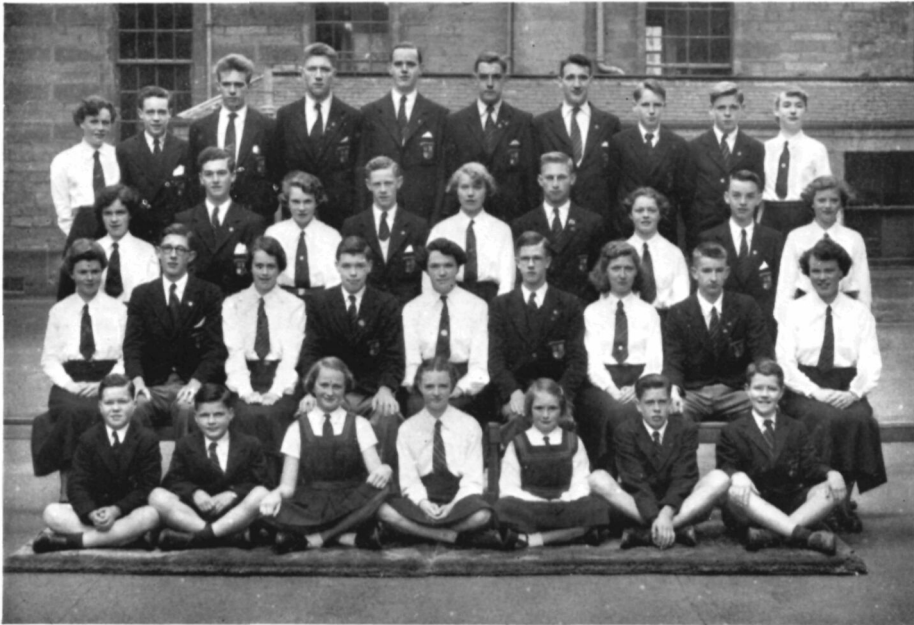
Photograph by Norman Brown

**WILLIAM G. LAIRD, ESQ., M.A.**



Photograph by Norman Brown

**MISS MADGE TURNBULL, M.A.**



Photograph by D. & W. Prophet

**SCHOOL MEDALLISTS — 1956**



**VISIT TO GERMANY — 5th to 17th APRIL, 1956**

Hamburg—on the way to the Town Hall with Dr Dunlop, C.M.G., C.B.E., D.S.O., M.C., Consul General for Northern Germany

## SCHOOL MEDALLISTS — 1956

**Front Row (l. to r.)**—Iain W. Laidlaw (Junior Leng Medal for Singing); George C. Duke (Walter Polack Memorial Prize for Dux of L. VII.—Boys); Judith A. Leslie (Junior Championship Cup for Swimming—Girls); Susan J. Waterhouse (Girls' Junior Championship for Athletics); Margaret A. F. Smith (John MacLennan Prize for Dux of L. VII.—Girls); Kenneth W. Smith (Oakley Cup for Shooting—Boys under 14, Aystree Cup for Winner of Junior Championship); David W. Duff (Junior Championship Cup for Swimming—Boys).

**Second Row (l. to r.)**—Jennifer C. Russell (Dott Memorial Medal for Dux in Needlework); Michael B. Tosh (London Angus Club Prize for Dux in History, Rector's Prize for Art Appreciation—Equal); Jean S. Thomson (Cunningham Medal for Dux in Science, Sir John Leng's Trustees' Prize in Science, British Association Prize in Science); John C. Stocks (Edinburgh Angus Club Medal for Dux in Latin, Dott Memorial Medal for Dux in Greek—Equal); Grace M. Dingwall (Harris Gold Medal for Dux of School, Dott Memorial Medal for Dux in Mathematics); Alan S. Duthie (Dott Memorial Medal for Dux in Greek—Equal); Janette M. N. Weatherhead (Armitstead Trustees' Medal for Dux in English, Sir John Leng's Trustees' Prize in English, Armitstead Trustees' Medal for Dux in French—Equal, Old Boys' Club Prize for Magazine Work); Ian R. Forbes (Dott Memorial Medal for Dux in Art); Helene M. Mackenzie (George R. Donald Medal for Dux in Commercial Subjects).

**Third Row (l. to r.)**—Jean A. Jewell (Armitstead Trustees' Medal for Dux in French—Equal); James R. G. Wright (Rector's Prize for Art Appreciation—Equal, Boase Medal for Golf); Kathleen F. Ritchie (Girls' Intermediate Championship for Athletics); David B. Reid (Pirie Handicap Cup for Golf, Don. F. McEwan Prize for Cricket); Elizabeth M. Thomson (Girls' Championship Cup for Dux in Gymnastics—Equal, Girls' Championship for Athletics); Norman G. Byer (Don. F. McEwan Prize for Cricket); Hilary J. P. McConnach (Senior Leng Silver Medal for Singing—Girls); Donald G. Junor (Jane Spiller Prize for Dux of Form III.—Boys); Jennifer M. Derrick (Girls' Junior Tennis Cup, presented by Mrs Crystal).

**Back Row (l. to r.)**—Winifred N. Scott (Girls' Championship Cup for Dux in Gymnastics—Equal, Girls' Tennis Championship Cup, Girls' Championship Cup for Swimming); Erik G. R. French (Polack Gold Medal for Dux in Gymnastics—Form II. Boys); David A. McGregor (Ballinall Gold Medal for Dux in Gymnastics—Boys, Championship Trophy for Swimming—Boys); Andrew C. Mars (Love-ridge Cup for Winner of the Mile Race); Harold R. Bustard (Rector's Prize for Original Work, Old Boys' Club Prize for Magazine Work); Malcolm A. Dougall (Harold Young Martin Rose Bowl for Winner of Intermediate Championship); George R. M. Anderson (Airlie Challenge Cup for Champion Athlete, Arthur Ritchie Cup for Winner of High Jump); Colin A. McNab (Senior Leng Silver Medal for Singing—Boys); Iain S. Stewart (Urquhart Cup for Champion Shot of Rifle Club); Una W. Stephenson (Jane Spiller Prize for Dux of Form III.—Girls).

## King Willow

Winter dies differently for different people.

For some, the arrival of the non-winter season (in this Northern clime of ours, one hesitates to give it other appellation) may be heralded by the first-heard call of the cuckoo; for others, by the stirring of plant life in garden and hedgerow; or again, by the bleat in the fields of the Paschal lamb. But for many (and it is chiefly to them that these random notes are offered) the harbinger of the new season will ever be the resounding crack of bat meeting ball, and the sight of fifteen white-clad figures out there on the green sward.

And it has been thus for a considerable period of time. The beginnings of cricket are obscured by the mists of some five or six centuries, but it would appear that the game evolved out of club-ball in a form recognisable

as cricket, probably about 1450. Yet what is almost certainly a reference to cricket appeared 150 years before, in the wardrobe accounts of the royal household of Edward I. for the year 1300—an item noting payment to the chaplain of the King's son, Prince Edward, of 100s “. . . eidem Domino suo ad ludendum ad creag', et alios ludos” (for the said Prince's playing at creag', and other sports). This **creag'** may well be a shortened form (the clerk of accounts made many abbreviated entries) of a diminutive **creaget**, the word **creag** itself, or **cricc**, with which the word **crook** is cognate—a matter of some significance, as the bat was originally crooked in form, of which more anon—coming from an old Aryan root meaning **staff** or **stick**.

The district south of London was undoubtedly the cradle of cricket, and especially

two distinct areas—the Weald and the Downs. In the former the idea of adding a target to the ball game probably resulted in the use of a convenient tree-stump, while on the Downs the youth of the day found an even better mark to aim at in the narrow hurdle entrance to the sheepfold, consisting of two upright posts and provided, as it was, by a removable cross-section, which, in falling, left no doubt as to the target having been hit. This hurdle was, of course, none other than the wicket, or gate, and the cross-piece was termed the bail, which, in the game, remained until about 1818 a single piece. The superiority of this gate type of target would soon be obvious, and it would be adopted as the standard form, the terms **wicket** and **bail** being retained. But old words, like old customs, often die hard, and tribute to Wealden cricket among the trees is paid even at this present late date in the still prevalent term “stumps.”

The bat was originally, and for long, crooked at the base, no doubt the better to deal with the bowling of the time, when the ball, bowled fast along the ground, so often sneaked up to the foot of the stumps. When the bowling style was altered with the introduction of three-quarter length balls, the shank of the bat was shouldered and thickened, and the now almost useless crook dispensed with altogether.

It seems certain that there was originally only one umpire—the word itself is interesting in that it belongs to that group, of which **apron**, **adder**, **orange** are other examples, which has lost the initial **n**, coming as it does through Old English **nompere**, Old French **nonper**, from Latin **non**, not and **par**, equal—i.e., an odd man, a third party to whom disputes were to be referred for arbitration. With the introduction of the double wicket, however, it would become expedient to have a second umpire, and it seemed to have been generally accepted that each side would be responsible for the provision of one.

In old prints it will be observed that the umpire at the striker's end occupies a position which can only be described as very “silly leg-slip,” and secondly, that he is carrying a bat. In former times a “notch,” or run, was scored only when the batsman touched the umpire, who had therefore to position himself close to the wicket, and who, no doubt, as a less painful substitute for the touching of his person, preferred a bat which the batsmen

could strike in running. It was only when the grounding of the bat or the batsman's person beyond the popping crease constituted a run that the umpire retired to safer distance about square leg, but even then the tradition of carrying a bat probably lingered on for some time thereafter.

As we have seen above, the original name for a run was a “notch,” so termed because the early form of the score-book was merely a stick on which the runs were “notched” with a knife, a deeper incision being made every tenth run, to simplify addition. The scorers themselves usually sat on the ground well within the playing area.

By 1550 the game was established, and it is recorded that cricket was played at this time by the boys of the free school in Guildford. But it probably required events in our Island story to give an impetus to the game, for while cricket remained until the mid-17th century essentially a game for boys, the abolition of the Monarchy and the House of Lords in 1649 resulted in many of the landed gentry returning to their country estates, where those to the south of London would come into contact with the game, and would find leisure to indulge in it. With the Restoration in 1660 they took it back to London, where it soon flourished, although we must wait until 1700 before we find mention of the first definite match, played incidentally on Clapham Common. In 1719 there took place a match of some historical interest, played between the “Londoners and the Kentish men”—in other words, Middlesex v. Kent—the first recorded county match.

Although the County Championship was not instituted until 150 years later, county teams were now forming. In these early years, 1750-1780, the men of Kent were supreme, followed for a spell of some ten years by Hampshire. Surrey enjoyed twenty years of mastery at the turn of the century, 1790-1810, followed for a time by Sussex. Then Surrey again in the mid-19th century, before a change occurred in the geographical pattern of the game, when cricket invaded the industrial North of England. There were two impelling forces—the influx of and increase in population with the Industrial Revolution, and the introduction of home piece-work which enabled enthusiasts to plan their leisure, and foster the game. The results were likewise twofold—the gradual emergence first of Lan-

cashire, then of Yorkshire as redoubtable county forces. With railroads now linking up the towns of England the way was open for the extended travel a County Championship demanded, and in 1873 the first contest was held, with Gloucester and Notts emerging as joint champions.

No cricket reverie would be other than sacrilegiously incomplete without mention of the three names immortal in the annals of the game—the Hambledon Club, Lord's and the M.C.C.

The little Hampshire village of Hambledon was for long revered as the home of cricket, erroneously so, as later research has proved. But its name will never die, for none would seek to refute the claim that, even if cricket was not born there, the game, as played on Broad-Halfpenny, and later on the Windmill Down, was raised to the level of an art—it was at least, the birth of the modern era of cricket. They were the cricketing kings of the country in the years 1770 to 1790, could challenge, and defeat, All England, on one occasion by an innings and 168 runs (1777), this, incidentally, being probably the first occasion when three stumps were used.

But the focal point of cricket was shifting to London, where the White Conduit Club, founded in 1785, was playing at Islington on grounds with which the members expressed some dissatisfaction, and as a consequence they commissioned their enterprising ground-bowler, Thomas Lord, to find a new playing area, which he did on the site of the present Dorset Square, and where, at "Lord's" the first match was played in 1787. In the following year the Marylebone Cricket Club was formed from the White Conduit Club, and was quickly established by common consent as the governing authority on the rules of the game.

It is rather congruent that the Hambledon Club should play its last game, of which records are extant, on the hallowed turf of cricket, at the first Lord's in 1793.

With the rapid expansion of London the landowner, Mr Portman, decided to ask for increased rent for the ground, but Thomas Lord preferred to move to part of St. John's Wood estate, together with the turf from the original ground (1811). But this new home never became popular; only three first-class matches were played there, and all lost. Lord then acquired a new area half a mile to the

north and moved in 1814—again with his precious turf!—to the site which is still the Mecca of the game.

Such is the abbreviated story of the beginnings of a game which has spread its ramifications across continents, from this country to the Antipodes, from Indies to Indies. Space has not permitted mention of the great personalities who have graced the game, or of epic battles fought, their pattern often reshaped in the course of but a few overs. But men will continue to talk of things as these of a summer's afternoon, while lolling lazily in the shade of boundary oaks.

J.S.

### THE DAY OF RECKONING

An air of deep foreboding hangs over the cheerless classroom. Girls perch moodily on desks or, in futile attempts at cheerfulness, hold animated discussions on every topic from book-keeping to boy friends. Their spy, strategically placed with a commanding view of two corridors, shifts uneasily from one foot to the other, as she waits to give warning of the coming of the Teacher. At length, he appears, stalking purposefully classwards, carrying the inevitable bundle of Papers. The Exam. Results! Girls flee to their places, and the wave of restlessness subsides as he enters, lays the papers on his desk, and begins the Ritual with the Usual Remarks; i.e., "This paper was done very well by a large proportion of the class, BUT . . . The victims shudder, and glance around, trying to convince themselves that the Significant Looks were not addressed to them. Then, the Distribution begins. Having examination papers returned in order amounts to Slow Torture. The wretched females quake and shudder: the Teacher advances, papers in hand: the first is handed over: a small voice cheeps, "I'm second": she is not: then, suddenly, it is all over.

Now begins the second phase of the Ritual: the Post Mortem. But, already, the class is sinking into that state of suspended animation known colloquially as Death by Boredom: thus it will remain until the next term's examinations.

To-morrow—the day after—it will all be forgotten. School life will plod along as before: and was the examination really necessary?

Eunis.

## Cadets Visit Hamburg

On Thursday, 5th April, 1956, the Dundee High School party of 21 cadets with Major A. Eric Larg, I.D. i/c, and Lieut. W. P. Vannet, M.B.E., 2nd i/c, left Dundee at 7.55 a.m., arriving in London (King's Cross) at 5.35 p.m.

We crossed London comfortably by bus as arranged, reaching Liverpool Street Station at 6.45 p.m., then leaving by special cadet train for Harwich at 8.13 p.m. On arriving at Parkeston Quay, a hot meal was served to all contingents in the Quayside Dining-rooms before documentation and Customs formalities were completed. By 11 p.m. all cadets were on board the S.S. Vienna in good dormitories where tea and buns could be had. The ship sailed at 11.30 p.m. G.M.T., and, over the Tannoy system, which broadcasts instructions to all on board, we were told to put our watches forward one hour, adopting C.E.T. from then onwards. The sea passage proved quite a good test for everyone. Between 3 a.m. and 4 a.m. the wind reached force 7, gusting to force 8. This, as one can well imagine, markedly affected the ship's gyrations. At 7 a.m. certain rather weak-looking cadets appeared on the slanting decks but quickly recovered in the strong fresh breeze. A glimpse of the coast of Holland also had a reviving effect.

At the Hook of Holland, disembarkation was carried out at 8.10 a.m. and, after the usual formalities and changing of sterling into B.A.F.V.s, contingents boarded three trains for various destinations in Germany. All these cadets had already been given a good breakfast. Our train, pulled by a Diesel-electric unit, was not overcrowded and, after leaving the Hook at 9.55 a.m., meals were served to all on board throughout the entire journey. As we sped through Holland, the weather was bright and sunny with good visibility. Slight snow showers forecast what we were to run into in Germany. Soon Rotterdam was reached with its myriads of modern buildings and with typical windmills effectively silhouetted at intervals on the skyline. Thereafter we passed through Utrecht and Arnhem (where our electric engine was changed for a German steam locomotive) and, crossing the border, halted at Emmerich in Germany. Everyone was conscious that the real adven-

ture was about to begin. From here, the weather steadily deteriorated. We touched Münster, Hanover, Osnabrück, Oldenburg and Delmenhorst until finally at Bremen we found heavy snow falling, and a considerable drop in the temperature was noticeable. (Although the rest of the train was very warm, it is recorded here that the D.H.S. officers stoically remained in their carriage which had a failure in the heating system, and successfully survived the low temperature until Harburg was reached). After passing Soltau, the train arrived at Hamburg-Harburg at 10.5 p.m., where we were met by 2nd Lieut. R. M. Reid of the Cameronians (Scottish Rifles) accompanied by Cpl. Buchanan and complete with the barracks bus.

The cadets detrained very smartly even after their long, tiring journey, thus creating a favourable impression. On the bus run of 35 kilometres 2nd Lieut. Reid discussed the prepared programme for our stay with enthusiasm and made us feel warmly towards our hosts for the week. The end of the journey from Dundee was reached at Spey Barracks, Buxtehude at 11 p.m. where a hot meal awaited us all.

The party of cadets who visited Germany three years ago were accommodated at this very place when the Seaforth Highlanders were in charge. A large ex-German Naval establishment, Spey Barracks offered both to cadets and officers excellent accommodation. The boys were in compact barrack rooms (averaging 3 boys to a room) where conditions were almost hotel-like, with a wash-hand basin in one room, and central heating throughout the barracks. It should be stated at once that the conduct of the cadets in these barracks was exemplary throughout the entire stay and a very good impression was made by their general smartness, bearing, cleanliness and punctuality.

Broadly, the varied programme prepared for us was ideal for the ten days and was divided into training and excursions sufficient to whet the appetite for more.

On Saturday, after a conducted tour of the barracks, the whole party set off for Hamburg to the Kleinesflottbeck District Grounds for 7-a-side rugby. D.H.S. produced two teams which were beaten by the Cameronians. It

might be said that our boys were hardly on form after their long, tiring journey the previous two days. As the day was bright and sunny we could see much of interest as we passed through Hamburg and on the road between Buxtehude and Harburg. On Sunday, the contingent paraded to church in the barracks where the service was conducted by the Padre, Mr Strachan. In the afternoon our cadets beat the Cameronian band boys 4-1 at football. Monday proved a successful day. The Regimental Signals Officer, Capt. Alan Campbell, took us out on a signals exercise in the morning to Grauen village where cadets had practice in the use of Nos. 31, 88a and 19 wireless pack sets. The scheme took the form of a game with the exciting title, "Fort Apache," with "Palefaces" attacking "Blackfeet." In the afternoon Mr Reid took us to Hamburg Harbour where we toured the huge dock waterways by boat. We were fortunate in witnessing a launch at 4 p.m. when the "India," a merchant vessel of 1200 tons, took the water for the first time.

Perhaps Tuesday was our most exciting day as we spent the whole day with the 8th Royal Irish Hussars at Soltau where we were shown over their Centurion tanks and given instruction. After a haversack lunch, we then covered eight miles of the vast local training areas in the tanks themselves. Half the cadets actually drove the tanks and were successful in burning out two clutches (valued at £250 each) which caused no apparent concern to the Hussars, as crews and attached R.E.M.E. mechanics cheerfully set to, to repair the damage throughout the night so that the tanks would be ready to proceed with the remainder of the Squadron at dawn of the next day. Major Larg, in a tank-suit, in the rôle of "Dingo" (armoured car) driver to Squadron Leader Mead, was congratulated on his performance. Lieut. Vannet, not in a tank-suit, found the kilt entirely unsuitable for tank warfare even under exercise conditions. Petrol consumption was in the region of 200 gallons.

Wednesday brought a morning on the 30-yards range, firing all the platoon weapons and a most interesting and instructive afternoon was spent at the piano factory of Messrs Steinway in Hamburg. This visit was arranged by Major Larg. We saw pianos in all stages of construction, but the magnificent concert grand pianos of world renown were greatly admired. They cost £2000 per model.

The output of the factory is 1000 pianos per year.

At 9 a.m. on Thursday, we left Buxtehude in our old friend the barracks bus for Hamburg as guests of Dr Dunlop, C.M.G., C.B.E., D.S.O., M.C., Consul General, for a tour of this vast city (population, 1.8 millions) conducted personally by the Consul himself who is now completing his ninth year in this office. We saw the harbour, travelled on the overhead and U-Bahn railways, crossed the river by the wonderful Elbe Tunnel, visited the Rathaus (Town Hall) and the Maritime Museum which also houses the largest model railway in Europe. Here, from the large control box, the Consul gave a running commentary on train and rolling stock movements. The afternoon ended most pleasantly as all of us were invited to tea at the Consulate by Dr Dunlop who sat amongst us in a lovely room overlooking the beautiful Alster Lake in the centre of Hamburg. Press photographers were working overtime and photos of our cadets appeared in the leading newspapers such as the "Hamburger Anzeiger," "Hamburger Echo," and "Hamburger Mittag." A.F.N. and B.F.N. news programmes broadcast reports of the cadets holding up the traffic in Hamburg and feeding the pigeons in front of the Rathaus.

We were joined at the Rathaus by a boys' hockey team from Seaford College, Surrey, which was touring Hamburg and district playing German schools. They accompanied us to the model railway and also to the Consulate for tea.

Friday saw the cadets at the 30-yards range, this time firing specialist platoon weapons, and in the afternoon, at their own special request, the cadets were again taken to Hamburg on a shopping expedition. Returning to barracks, we witnessed the beating of "Retreat," performed by the Pipes and Drums and Military Band of the Cameronians on the main Parade Square.

On Saturday we set out for Fallingbommel for the 7th Armoured Division rugby seven-a-side competition 1955/56 in which the Cameronians were narrowly defeated by 8 points to 6.

On Sunday at 9.30 a.m., the B.A.T. Anti-tank Gun was demonstrated and then we paraded to church. The boys made presentations to the 2nd i/c Major J. Law, 2nd

Lieut. Reid and Cpl. Buchanan. As it rained all day, the football match, scheduled for the afternoon and organised by our boys against the Band, was cancelled.

Thus ended a momentous week with never a dull moment.

On Monday, Reveille was at 5 a.m., and we left Harburg at 8.47 a.m. After another long train journey, we arrived at the Hook of Holland at 9.30 p.m. C.E.T. and, after the usual formalities, we were aboard by 10.30 p.m. C.E.T. which, of course, from then onwards became 9.30 p.m. G.M.T. As

the harbour lights of the Hook faded from sight, our last link with the Continent was severed. Our ship, the "Empire Wansbeck," made a smooth and comfortable passage, tying up at Parkeston Quay, Harwich, at 6.15 a.m. After Customs formalities were successfully negotiated, we had a hot meal and left for Liverpool Street Station at 8.50 a.m., arriving at 10.25 a.m. Again, by bus, we crossed London to King's Cross Station and there deposited our luggage. Our cadets were now free to explore London. 10.35 p.m. saw us leaving London by train and after a night's rest we arrived in Dundee at 9.17 a.m.



### MUSIC

One of the misfortunes of our age is that the older generation like heavy, stodgy music which they call "good" music. Is it that the mind grows more civilised as one grows older or is it that this was the kind of music they were brought up with? I like something

rousing and rhythmic. Dad thinks jazz is a conglomeration of discords. I think it is "good" music. Perhaps we could compromise. Let's call it "old" and "new" music—not "good" and "ghastly" music.

O. Stephen, L. VII.



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## Innocents in Orkney

Strictly speaking, of course, the Major and I aren't the sort of fishermen who should be allowed in Orkney at all. We're small-stream potterers, gentle drifters on placid reservoirs, strictly amateur; whereas your real Orkney man is serious-minded and expert, a man who (unlike us others) stands no nonsense from fish.

The fish know it, too. They recognise the odds against them and unquestionably arrange that so many shall daily immolate themselves to the sacred purpose of preserving the species—since even experts tire of slaughter eventually, and begin to nurture traitorous thoughts of drinks and dinner.

How different with the rest of us! With us it is war to the knife, and every single fish taken is a triumph of human patience over fishy cunning. Thus every fish caught is memorable, immortal in our talk, affectionately recalled, even nicknamed. Over nostalgic winter drinks we will remind each other: "Remember Swanee the First?" (He was the one who hooked himself when the lines were dangling over the stern while the two of us were trying to rescue the oar that had fallen overboard. He was rather undersize—mentally, too, quite obviously—but he was the first fish we'd seen, outside the huge platters of the professionals, for two days). And so for a time we are back again on the windswept loch; the slap of water sings once more in our ears, and the actuality of toil, sweat and tears is softened in recollection.

I don't say all the boats in Orkney are quite as hell-designed as the one in which we did most of our fishing. If they were, the casualty rate among anglers would be distinctly higher. Ours, among its less likeable features, had a distinctly removable bung which, no matter how firmly you hammered it home, had a way of silently disengaging itself when you were in the really deep water. We soon got wise to it, of course, and replaced it automatically every fifteen minutes, standing on it while we baled.

The oars, too, had a character of their own. Dour, obdurate things, built on the general lines of a telegraph pole; heavy to lift, difficult to manoeuvre, and so balanced that it was all but impossible to retain them in the rowlock.

You can always, of course, hire an outboard. (Or I presume you can, if you know your way about. We didn't, of course). We tried one once. It certainly saved rowing, but I doubt if it saved toil, when I remember how often we sweated over starting it. You know what outboards are like; there's a sort of Girl Guide lanyard that you wind round something and then pull like fury, with the idea of starting the infernal machine. Usually what happens is that the whole thing comes away with a violent rush, hurtling you backwards over seats and thwarts (whatever they are), while from the engine comes one short, asthmatic, derisive snort and a silence as of the tomb.

They do work, of course—for the professionals. Like the fish, they (in common with almost all inanimate machinery) know when they've met their master. You can see the professionals chug-chugging gaily from one end of the loch to the other, eating their sandwiches and drinking their thermos-hot tea preparatory to another killing drift . . . while the amateur, labouring like some galley slave, rows his boat—plus the additional burden of a useless engine—wearily towards the jetty.

Jetty . . . now that's another thing. In the shamefully civilised places where we amateurs do our fishing, the jetty is a sturdy wooden structure **jutting out into the water**. It's different in Orkney. In the first place it's built of ill-balanced stones, **and is built on land**. This seemed odd to us at first, but it's logical enough when you think of it, since the boats are always beached at least ten feet from the water. This makes them safe from the tide (if there's any). Indeed, it all but ensures that no power on earth shall ever get them into the water. It's all part of the training: you have to be fit to survive in Orkney fishing circles . . . .

We shall go back, of course. Assuredly. For if we haven't mastered the art of fishing up there, we have at least mastered the art of **looking** as if we had.

The technique is this: fish one loch—say Swanee; retire for the day when anyone else comes on the water; bath, change and drive to a hotel on another loch—say Boardhouse. Drift into the bar and nod affably to the professionals as they come in. Being professionals,

they will assume that you have satiated yourself with slaughter, and will respect you. Always be modest about your catch; this infers that there is one. And above all, always have a gimmick. For example, cut all the hackle off your flies—or, of course, paste extra hackles on. Or bribe someone to make you up some perfectly extraordinary-looking fly and invent a name for it—Witch's Blood, or Archbishop Makarios, or something of the sort.

Or—and this is perhaps the most effective of all—make quite sure that your rod, no matter how perfect its condition, is bound up like an ancient cricket bat. This qualifies you as an eccentric—and remember, no eccentric can ever be an amateur.

### THE FRENCH PLAY

#### By Form III. Junior Dramatic Society

When Mr Stevenson suggested the idea of acting a French play, someone gasped, "In French?" He answered, "Yes, of course!"

For the parents of the players, I am told, there was a great advantage. They learned it all beforehand. All the players, being British, understood one another's French accent and we hope the audience did likewise.

The opening was truly French. The prompter banged on the floor with a mallet 12 times, 9 quick strokes and 3 slow ones. From the moment the chorus entered, singing, until the end of the play, everything went smoothly and there was enjoyment for the whole audience especially when the cork popped out of the bottle of "wine."

The first rehearsals consisted of chorus work while the principals learnt their words. Doing this was not so difficult as it sounds. During dinner-hours the principals spent their time rehearsing each part over and over again. Towards the end of the Easter term we were putting in three nights' practice every week. It was hard work, but we all enjoyed it.

As the play was presented only three days after we came back to school after the Easter holidays, we either had to remember our words and enjoy the holiday or spend our time rehearsing. The dress rehearsal was not so bad as it might have been although there was the usual forgetting of lines and people speaking too softly. The prompter, of course, had more work to do than usual.

In spite of the customary dress rehearsal, and although we were still feeling the effects

of the holiday, added to the fact that "the night" was on Friday, 13th April, the performance went very well.

On the night of the play everyone was in a fever of excitement and we were all ready long before time. What a noise! Most people were talking volubly, and, ultimately, having spasms of stage-fright. About ten minutes before we began we all scurried upstairs trying our hardest to be quiet. C'était impossible!

On behalf of the cast, I should like to thank all the teachers who helped with make-up, costumes and scenery, the musician, the prompter, and especially our two producers, Miss Coull and Mr Stevenson.

S.G.M., F. III.

### THE COCKER SPANIEL

Kennel Club records tell us that the Cocker Spaniel—so called on account of its habit of "cocking-up" its ears—has been Britain's most popular dog over the last half-century. In seeking the reasons for this, we are not reduced to mere guesswork. Admirably suited to public demands, as an all-round dog—in the show-ring, following the gun and by the fireside—it is almost unsurpassable.

It is generally admitted that an immaculately presented cocker—particularly a black—catches the eye. Its merry tail action coupled with the fact that, unlike the terrier, it is easily handled, helps to make it a favourite within exhibiting circles. Gamekeepers benefit from its intelligence and retrieving powers, without incurring the expense and inconvenience of maintaining a larger animal. The fact that several show champions today are also field-trial champions gives the breed ample recommendation.

For the pet owner, its prowess in these two spheres is happily combined. He (or she) has a fine looking dog, with a considerable range of colour—red, golden, black, blue roan (flecked blue and white), black and white, orange roan, black and tan, and even pure white! The correct cocker is a smart dog. With its shoulder 15 inches from the ground and its back of a similar length, the neck should be reachy, and the skull fine, with low-set-on ears, a pleasing length of muzzle, and a good indentation of "stop" between the eyes. The feet should be tiny. Many cockers fail in mouth, for the front teeth should be slightly in front of the back. Occa-

sional use of the brush and trimming-comb is to be strongly advised.

The cocker provides a good watch, though it is a noteworthy fact that the solid colours are, in the main, infinitely superior in this capacity. The blues and roans, in particular, are inclined to be "everyman" dogs, and very often do not have the overall intelligence of the former. An easy breed to maintain, the cocker should be fed once per day—in the evening—and does not require a surplus of exercise. They do not, however, mix well outside the spaniel group. Ironically enough, they seem to be frightened by the smaller breeds and bully the larger. But an exception does exist in the case of the Beagle. In some strange way, the temperaments of these dogs seem ideally suited.

In conclusion, the cocker is to be recommended as a pet and companion with, perhaps, one word of warning. As with many things, there are good cockers and there are bad cockers—not only from a beauty point of view, but also in matters of health and nature. Defects, here, are mostly either hereditary or occasioned by bad rearing. Careful selection of a puppy pays great dividends.

Michael B. Tosh, F. V.

### D.H.S. AVE ATQUE VALE

On a fine September day thirteen years ago I entered the portals of the High School for the first time, proudly wearing my brand-new school outfit, and feeling as if the doors of the grown-up world had been opened to me at last. My memories of that first day consist of a vague recollection of desks and blackboards and a sea of strange faces. Some of the strange faces, I remember, were somewhat tearful, and I regarded them with a great deal of curiosity and something of scorn. School to me was a new and joyous adventure—a goal towards which I had been striving almost ever since I could remember. It was not for me, at that stage or at any other stage, a vale of tears.

"I love school," I stated defiantly on many occasions when older friends warned me of the breakers ahead, and talked in hushed tones of such terrors as the "Qualifying." By a merciful dispensation of the Rector, I, along with some other fortunate souls, was spared the ordeal of sitting that dread examination. I drew a breath of relief—and the "Lowers" were upon me and the "Highers" looming ahead.

As I progressed through the school I found my original statement a little too enthusiastic, and changed it to, "Oh, yes, it's all right really," uttered in the tone of a martyr. This was more an attitude than anything else. It was the fashion (and still is to a very great extent) to conceal ruthlessly any feeling of affection one felt for the school. It was to be regarded as a prison from which one longed to escape as soon as possible.

These emotions have been tempered by time, and, looking back, I can see how they all contributed to the "Good old school, what?" feeling of our former pupils. Gradually, through time, the love I had for the forms of school life diminished. In fact, I took quite a dislike to many of them, and, especially of late years, have longed to break away from the crowd and be an individual. The school uniform, for example, began to seem too "uniform" and make everybody seem alike.

Yet, as the old love waned, so there developed the new—the love for the School, not as a place where I learned subjects, pleasing and unpleasing, but as a tradition; the School, not as composed of present pupils alone, but composed of all its pupils, past, present and future. Examinations and school work are very important, but it is the spirit of a school which counts. This I have learned during these thirteen years at the High School.

The spirit of the School is something intangible and abstract, yet paradoxically, it is a living thing. We only need to hear "Schola Clara" sung to know that. We have our traditions, too, prominent among them being our claim that William Wallace attended the High School. His name is certainly inscribed on one of the old desks!

In June, I shall be leaving school, feeling both glad and sorry—glad because new opportunities will be opening up before me, sorry because I "never can recapture that first fine careless rapture" of my schooldays. I shall take with me memories of stately grey pillars and broad green playing fields, of work and play, of sadness and of joy.

Here have I spent the "best years of my life." Here have I laboured and sometimes been inspired; here have I resolved and dreamed. The heritage I possess can never pass away.

Te saluto, mater. Ave atque vale!

Janette M. N. Weatherhead, F. VI.

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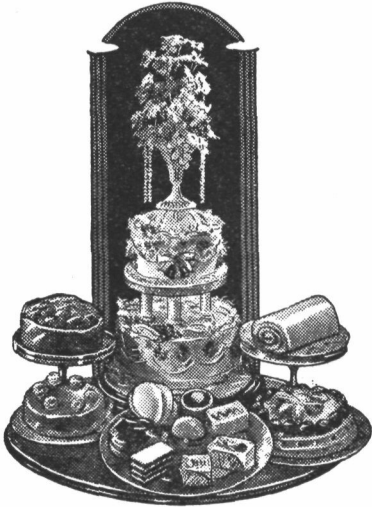
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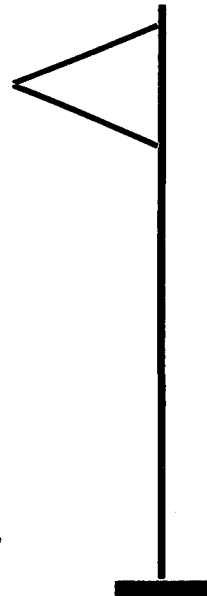
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## Snakes as Pets

The mere mention of the word "snake," surrounded as it is by superstitious dread, is sufficient to cause horror to many people. Those who understand snakes frequently become very attached to them and are fascinated by their diversities.

Snakes comprise one of the largest reptile groups, equalling the lizard family in numbers, that is, about 2500 living species, but they differ from the lizards and all other reptiles in being progressive. Whereas the reptile age has passed and most reptiles found today are of comparatively small size, there are, however, quite a few species which are members of the Python and Boa Constrictor families which attain a length of twenty and, in some cases, thirty feet.

Unfortunately, many of the harmless snakes are killed on sight because of the small minority of dangerous ones, whose bite is harmful to man. Most snakes prefer to slink away and very seldom attack unless cornered. In many cases, when they do attack, it is due to fear or self-defence. The Mamba, hiding in the branches of a tree—a highly nervous species—attacks the passer-by from fear. The squat, ground-inhabiting vipers resent being trodden upon and naturally bite the aggressor. Many people think that a snake stings with its tongue, whereas what is often seen flicking out and in rapidly is a sense organ corresponding, in some degree, to the antennae of an insect. When a snake does bite, if it is a poisonous one, the poison flows through a pair of grooved teeth into the wound; the action takes place in the fraction of a second and is similar to the jab of a hypodermic needle.

We, in Britain, have only three indigenous species of snake. The only poisonous one is the Adder or Viper. The Adder is found throughout the British Isles, is short and squat and attains a length of about two feet. The typical form is yellow with black markings. This is the only snake native to Scotland, being quite abundant in certain moorland districts.

The second species is the Grass Snake, which is found in England and is quite harmless. It attains a length of about three feet and makes an interesting pet, feeding on frogs and newts. This species is of much slimmer build and likes dampish areas, being a good swimmer.

The third species, the Smooth Snake, is very rare and is only found in a few localised districts in England. It comes from sandy areas where it catches the lizards on which it lives, and it grows to about two feet.

Snakes are extremely adaptable, some inhabiting trees, the ground, swamps, ponds and even the sea. The Sea Snakes are viviparous and highly poisonous.

Among my favourites are undoubtedly the larger Constrictors, Pythons and Boas. These come from sub-tropical and tropical countries—Africa, the Far East, South America and Australia. When young, they make interesting pets and, being intelligent, tame quickly and soon learn to recognise their owners. They feed on warm-blooded prey and mice are the basic diet of many. This brings us to the feeding habits. To watch a snake swallow a mouse of more than twice its own girth is one of the wonders of nature. Snakes always eat their prey whole, and, to enable them to do this, the upper and lower jaw bones are only connected by elastic ligaments. This means that the jaws can expand to engulf very large prey. When the food passes down the throat the ribs expand, and, on reaching the stomach, a decided bulge will be noticed. These Boas and Pythons feed intermittently, and a fine five-foot specimen will consume a dozen mice at a meal, but a meal is only taken about once a fortnight. The time between is occupied with sleeping off the last meal and working up an appetite for the next one.

While stories about large snakes killing human beings by constriction are no doubt magnified, a ten-foot Boa Constrictor can easily kill a man by its tremendous muscular development. The South American Water Boa or Anaconda and the Reticulated Python, which grow to thirty feet, are therefore justly feared.

In America the Rat Snakes are nature's control against the rat, and should be the farmer's friend. They even chase the rats into their holes and there devour the young rats as well.

In South Africa, were it not for the rat-eating snakes, such as the Mole Snake, there would be an inordinate increase in the Plague, which is carried by rats.

Some smaller snakes, like the American King Snakes, perform a useful function by

attacking and eating poisonous snakes, such as the deadly Rattlesnake, whose poison has no effect on them.

Once one overcomes the initial fear—a fear of the unknown—one becomes fascinated by their peculiarities. I should like to think that I have even interested quite a few people in snakes.

I have kept about fifty different species of snakes, all of which have been non-poisonous, and can recommend at least half of these as docile and interesting pets.

Bobbie Bustard, F. V.

### A VISIT TO THE PRINTING WORKS

One day during November last, it was announced that fifteen pupils from Form 2a should go to see the school magazine being printed. A Monday was chosen and we set off for the printing works of George E. Findlay & Co. Ltd., Victoria Road.

When we went in, we were taken through the office part to the ground floor of the works where there were a number of large machines in action. The first we saw was the largest of all with lots of belts and guiding pulleys about it. As it was not working when I saw it, I did not find out what it was for. On moving across the room we next saw smaller automatic machines. On these machines sheets of paper in a pile were separated by a sharp blast of air and placed in front of inked type by a moving arm. Next they were pressed automatically against the type, picked off and placed in a neat pile at one side of the machine by another moving arm.

Next we saw an automatic guillotine for cutting paper into different sizes. The paper was put well into the back of the machine, and on depressing a pedal, the heavy blade came down. This machine, we were told, can be very dangerous if one is not careful.

Having seen all the machinery on the ground floor, we were taken up a flight of steps to the first floor where we saw the type being set up. We saw very complicated-looking machines which produced lines of type, or "slugs," as they are called. These machines had keyboards like that of a typewriter. On depressing a key, that particular mould (or matrix) came down and when a line of these moulds was assembled, molten metal was automatically forced into them. As a result of this operation a line of type was produced. We saw a number of pages of

the High School Magazine set up in these lines. We all gave our names and got "slugs" made of them, after which we took imprints of them on a proofing press.

We were then taken up another flight of stairs where we saw stocks of paper. This was made up into packets of the various printing sizes. A very large stock of paper is always kept as sometimes there is a sudden large demand for various magazines and such like things and the paper is often difficult to get. Now we saw a machine for drawing lines on paper. On this machine the spaces between the nibs can be altered easily and so there is no need to have a lot of separate pens. The paper is pushed through a number of rollers at one end of the machine, then passes under the inking pens and round rollers at the other end of the machine where it is blotted. If the lines have been drawn badly, they can be completely erased by a clear solution which does not affect the paper.

At a table nearby we saw a number of women doing some of the more tricky work in this line. We went back across the room to the other side where we saw paper-fixing in process. Here we saw a new punching machine which is used for punching holes in paper which is to be bound together by thread or for loose-leaf holders. This machine is fully adjustable and has an automatic sucking device for putting the punched-out pieces of paper into a bin at the back. It can punch up to twelve pieces of cardboard at once and these are placed at the operator's side of the machine. On pressing the green button, the punchers come sharply down, and when the holes have been driven right through, they automatically return to their former position. All this work used to be done by hand, but practically everything is now done by machines.

We had, by now, seen practically everything and, as time was running short, we had another look at the paper stock and also saw some covers being put on magazines. After this we went back to school, some of us probably pondering over the very interesting things we had seen and which we may not forget for a while to come.

We are much obliged to the staff of the Victoria Printing Works for allowing us this privilege and should like to thank them for their courtesy.

Ian Milne, F. II.

## Listening With Matthews

It is now several months since a group of senior pupils of D.H.S. filed into their seats in the Caird Hall to enjoy the afternoon concert performed for schools by the Scottish Orchestra. Yet it is surely not so long ago that we have forgotten how enjoyable the concert was. As the orchestra swarmed on to the stage, like so many black ants, and the harmonious discordancy of its tuning filled the hall, the grey gloom caused by rain and examinations—for it was December and the season for both—acquired all the colours of the spectrum, and the customary hush of expectancy fell over the audience of some two thousand children there assembled.

Verdi's opera, "The Force of Destiny," is an extraordinarily dramatic work, with an equally dramatic overture. Six blaring notes from the brass opened the overture, giving an immediate impression of the relentlessness of Fate, marching in many-league boots through the centuries to knock at the portals of Destiny. This impression was developed by an incessant murmuring of strings, rising and falling against the glorious melody of the love themes and surging to a mighty crescendo in brass and drums. If any of the children there assembled had come with the idea of enjoying a sleep, their hopes were mercilessly shattered by this first breathtaking item.

In sharp contrast to this was Percy Grainger's arrangement of the "Londonderry Air," executed solely by the strings. This is actually a brilliant work, having many clever counter-melodies in different departments of the orchestra, but the finished result has no obvious brilliance but a melancholy sweetness, full of sadness and nostalgia.

The third item was one of the works of the ninety-year-old Finnish composer, Sibelius. It is regrettable that only the finale of his Second Symphony was performed that afternoon, as the whole work is magnificent. However, the last movement is best known, with its two main themes; the one a wealth of melody in rising semitones, the other a rhythmical tune in common time, the latter of which constitutes the main body of the finale until the final climax, when the first melody is drawn out in the brass to a tremendous "fortissimo" conclusion.

Dukas' "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," is an attractive example of modern programme

music. The story deals with a little boy, apprentice to a wizard, who is left to clean the workshop while his master is on the moon. He steals a magic spell (signified by the flute) and brings to life a broom to do the housework for him. The broom, however, whose delightfully elephantine theme tune caused murmurs of recognition in the audience, becomes over-exuberant, almost floods the workshop and causes utter chaos until the apprentice in a panic smashes it. But to his horror, the two pieces rise up, and continue as before. Then, just at the crucial moment, the sorcerer with a skirmish of strings and a thud from the tympani returns from the moon (ah, scientists, can we not follow the example of Dukas, whose space travel is so efficient?) and utters the necessary magic words to restore order. After the theme tunes and story had been sketched for us—rather in the manner of Prokofiev's "Peter and the Wolf"—by the conductor, Thomas Matthews, facing the audience and conducting, as it were, backwards, the whole work was presented "in toto," and very well received.

Three gems taken from the works of Rossini, arranged by Benjamin Britten, constituted the next item. The first, the Soldiers' Ballet from "William Tell," is a wonderfully "hummable" tune; with Britten's modern orchestration the theme is juggled from one set of instruments to another—from tympani to xylophone, from brass to strings. The second fragment, called simply "Tyrolese," seems to contain the very atmosphere of Tyrol—sunny mountains and swirling skirts, stamping feet and wild yodelling are symbolised in a gay, lighthearted folk tune. The third excerpt, a Tarantella, was a whirling exhilarating dance, with much of the gaiety captured by the use of castanets and triangle.

The fifth item, Rimsky-Korsakov's "Dance of the Tumblers," is a masterpiece of pictorial music. There is captured here, with surprising clarity, the breathless suspense, the laughter, the wild applause as the tumblers bounce and roll, spring and somersault before their delighted audience. The composer has achieved this effect by clever use of syncopation in the percussion, against a continuous murmur of strings.

The final item, also by Rimsky-Korsakov, the "Capriccio Espagnole," provided a

superb opportunity to display the range and ability of several solo instruments — violin, harp, cello, clarinet, oboe and flute. There is in the three sections of this piece, the "Aborada," "Scena," and "Fandango," a boldness and a barbarism reminiscent of the composer's "Schezerazade." The castanets are again brought into play here, and the free use of tripping strings and rippling flute and oboe gave a delightful impression of undiluted happiness and high spirits.

When the concert ended, I was perhaps not alone in experiencing a vague sense of dissatisfaction—the dissatisfaction rising from the enjoyment of a near-perfection which one can never hope to simulate. But, when that had passed, my memories of the afternoon, spent with the masters of the realms of music, were of a wealth of melody and glorious harmony causing me to decide yet again, for the nth time, that music is the Art of all Arts.

Pamela Whyte, F. V.

## A Visit to Denmark

Copenhagen has often been called the "City of Beautiful Spires" and, as one approaches from the Sound, the first thing one notices is the spire of the Stock Exchange. This, like most of the spires in Denmark, is made of copper, and consists of four dragons, their tails intertwining. Behind a statue of Bishop Absalon (who founded a stronghold to defend the fishing town of Haen), rises the spire of Nicolai Church, presented to the city by one of the founders of the Carlsberg breweries, while across the canal one can see the steps winding up round the outside of the spire of "Vor Frelser's Kirke" (Our Saviour's Church).

Coming down to earth, we find the buildings themselves are interesting — the Stock Exchange and Rosenborg Palace being made from a reddish-coloured stone found in North Zealand. The Danish crown jewels are kept in Rosenborg Slot and the barracks of the guards from Amalienborg Slot are in its grounds. The Danish Houses of Parliament are in Christiansborg beneath which are some ruins dating from about the beginning of the seventeenth century.

While in Denmark, one cannot help remembering Hans Andersen and his story of "The Little Mermaid," and on a large stone at the entrance to Copenhagen harbour there is a bronze statue of her gazing wistfully out to sea.

There is a story in Denmark about the goddess of Scandinavian mythology, Gefion. The King of Sweden granted her as much land as she could plough in one day with a span of oxen. She therefore turned her four sons into oxen, and they ploughed for twenty-four hours, then took the piece of land down to the sea and put it where Zealand now is. Near the "Mermaid" is the "Gefion Spring-

vandet," a fountain, which shows four large beasts straining forward, while their mother, Gefion, flourishes a whip about her head.

Most office-workers in Copenhagen carry "smørrelrød," the Danish "Open Sandwiches." These sandwiches consist of one piece of bread spread with a savoury filling. If, while in Copenhagen you decide to sample some, be careful you know **exactly** what you are buying. One bright pink filling tasted like salad cream, and one which **looked** like salad cream was a type of flour paste. There are also little kiosks in the streets which sell long red sausages for about 6d each. These are eaten with the fingers and dipped in a mild mustard, and are very filling.

To end off an enjoyable day in Copenhagen, one can spend an evening in the Tivoli Gardens. This is one of the largest amusement parks in Europe. There is a lake on which you can row, an open-air theatre, several restaurants, a dance-floor, sweet-stalls, souvenir booths and all the usual amusements. The sweets are very dear, and in 1954 a packet of Mackintosh's rolls cost one krone fifty ore (1/6) and a bag containing ten chocolates was three shillings. At seven and eight-thirty p.m. every Saturday and Sunday, the Tivoli Boy Guard march round the Gardens. There are about a hundred boys in it, mostly between the ages of ten and sixteen. They wear scarlet uniforms and bearskins on their heads. There are many seats placed round the gardens where you can rest for a short time if you are tired.

On leaving Copenhagen, you will doubtless wish you could stay longer; but, although it is a beautiful city and has many lovely buildings, I am sure you will not like it better than your home town.

Helen Thomson, F. II.

### THE ACTIVITIES OF MY FAVOURITE CLUB—I.

My favourite club is the Junior Dramatic Club. What fun it is to stand on a stage and for a while be some other person! To act in a Shakespeare play is far more interesting than to read about it, and one can retain it after one has practised the play a number of times, whereas by reading it one would be apt to forget some of it. It is also very good for one to speak before a number of people.

In the Junior Dramatic Society the members learn all about Shakespeare whose works are studied farther up the school and thus they have a great advantage by learning about him beforehand.

But even putting on costumes and make-up gives much joy and, when one is acting on the stage with all the scenery and characters around one, one can get carried away and really enjoy what is going on!

I know that, at first, when I joined the Dramatic Club, I thought that it must be awful to stand up and face a crowd of people, but on the night of our play I soon found out how wrong I was and enjoyed it immensely. What a difference costumes, scenery and make-up create! I am now looking forward to our next production very much—quite a change from last September!

I am quite sure I would never have understood "The Merchant of Venice" just by reading it in the garden some sunny afternoon, as well as I have learnt about it in the Dramatic Club.

The night the Dramatic Club produced the "Trial Scene" from this wonderful work, it seemed strange that, after meeting for so many weeks to rehearse, everything was over. In fact, I felt quite sad after we had taken our bow at the end of the performance, and wished we could act some more!

I cannot explain how wonderful it is preparing for a play — there is such a happy atmosphere in the Club, and getting a row now and again does one a lot of good, and makes one determined to reduce the number of faults one makes each week. I still cannot help going over my words now and again while I lie down in my bed trying to fall asleep; I have got so used to it!

One thing I do regret is that a photograph was not taken of the cast on the night of the performance. It would have been such a lovely thing to keep!

However, the Junior Dramatic Society has just been born and I am sure it will flourish in the future and we hope we shall have some new friends with us next season.

And let me remind you, if stage shyness is your trouble and if you feel you cannot speak out well enough, forget it! There are teachers ready and willing to help you and they all have wonderful patience with everyone, no matter how slow one may be, in picking up the ideas.

Donald C. M. Cuthill, F. I.

### THE ACTIVITIES OF MY FAVOURITE CLUB—II.

My favourite club is the Dramatic Club (Junior Section) in the Dundee High School. The Junior Dramatic Club is organised by my English teachers who are assisted by other members of the staff. Our group consists only of boys and girls in Form I. and, therefore, as we are all round about the same age, we get on very well together, with plenty of fun mixed with serious study. I find the Dramatic Club most enjoyable after a hard day's work at school.

Every day, after school has finished, we go up to the room where the rehearsal is to take place. After five minutes everything is ready and the rehearsal for "The Merchant of Venice" begins. For the first few rehearsals the teachers have a tremendous amount of checking to do, but, as the days go on, the players become more and more perfect at their respective parts. At first there are no properties, but, as the actors become really word perfect, a few of the properties required are produced to give the players more to do than just recite their words.

Now, after everyone is word perfect, we begin to learn the appropriate actions. Soon we are being fitted with our costumes — the next step towards the production of the play. Many of the costumes require altering and so are taken home for our mothers to make a start. By this time nearly all the required properties are ready and we are going on to be taught our stage actions and movements. Other members of the staff are now coming to see and hear us act the play because it gives us the benefit of hearing what comment and criticisms are made by a person who has never seen or heard us before.

Only a few more weeks to go; the excitement is becoming greater. These few weeks

pass very quickly and are full of rehearsals. Day after day we rehearse and rehearse again until we are absolutely perfect in speech and in our actions.

Now we are allowed the use of the stage and during our Easter holidays we rehearse on the stage which feels so different from being just in a classroom. At last the eve of the dress rehearsal comes round and all the actors get into their costumes. We all wait patiently during another play and then it is our turn. All goes well, but tomorrow evening will be the real test.

Promptly, at half-past five, all the players in the Junior Dramatic Company are assembled in the dressing-room. After donning our costumes, we are made up and, before we know it, we are on the stage waiting for the curtain to open. The play begins. We all get off to a good start and the play progresses very satisfactorily. At the end, we all get a hearty clap from the audience and I can tell you it is a very pleasant feeling.

Bruce S. Kyle, F. I.

### IF I WERE MOTHER

If I could change places with my mother, then there would be quite a few changes about the house.

First of all, just because we happen to own a car, there would be none of this lying in bed until eight-thirty and depending on Father to have the children in school by nine o'clock. I would have them up at half-past seven so as to give them plenty of time to wash, dress and take a good breakfast, as a cup of tea is not nearly enough for growing children to live on for four hours. Getting up early would allow my daughter to take her dog out, instead of leaving this, too, to Father who feeds, looks after and takes out the dog.

While the children were at school, I would get on with my housework and not sit for an hour after breakfast with my feet up on the mantelpiece reading the "Courier." I believe in doing the housework first and then going shopping in the afternoon, not getting dressed at an ungodly hour, going shopping and then coming back and getting started.

When the children came home at lunch-time, they would wash, comb their hair and then have lunch, instead of gulping down their meal in order to catch a bus. I would have lunch with them and, after they had

gone and the dishes were washed, I would iron, darn or, as I have said, go shopping. At four o'clock, when the children returned from school, I would have them change their uniform and have tea and then their homework would be done, thoroughly.

On no account would they be allowed to go to the pictures on week-days unless it would further their education. The children would be in bed by nine o'clock, because, when they are still growing, they do need a good ten hours' sleep. In the summer I would allow them to play cricket, or, as the case may be, tennis. Of course, my daughter would have to practise her music, too.

On Saturday they would run errands for me in the morning, and of course, play in the garden or indoors. In the afternoon they would be given pocket money. I would give them what, at their respective ages, they need. It would not be given lavishly, so that when they grew up, they would have some sense of money value.

On Sunday, not only my son and daughter, but my husband and I would go to church, as I do not believe in sending the children every week if the parents are only going to appear at communion. The rest of Sunday, if we did not take them away in the car, the children would have to themselves.

That all sounds very strict, but these are the changes I would make.

Anon., F. III.

### A CLIMB IN THE MOONLIGHT

One evening last winter I went with my father for a moonlight climb in the Sidlaws. It was a beautiful evening; the white snow was crisp and glittered brilliantly in the pale light of a full moon. Stars shone everywhere and no clouds were to be seen. The temperature was below freezing point.

We left at about 7.30 p.m. and took the car to a quarry below Auchterhouse Hill. The dark shapes of Auchterhouse, Craigowl and Balluderon were silhouetted against the purple sky. From the quarry, far in the west, the last traces of a sunset were to be seen. We left the car, taking a rope and ice-axes, and walked up a path with the snow crunching beneath our feet. We came to a steep face, and, picking out a gully by which to ascend it, we took a firm grip of our axes and set off. Soon we had reached the top and I was amazed at how clearly we could see. We

had now to cross a flat piece of ground and a few rises to reach the summit of Auchterhouse Hill.

Going along the plain, I saw many wild animal tracks in the snow and recognised grouse, fox, wild-cat, duck and the marks of a pheasant's wings when taking off in flight. Rabbit tracks were also to be seen and hare tracks criss-crossed here and there. Soon we reached the hill top and, after watching some sheep, we had a rest and ate some chocolate, the climber's sustenance!

On we went through more difficult ground as the snow lay on top of deep heather. We descended to a "col" between Auchterhouse and Balluderon and saw in the moonlight the distant shapes of the Grampians. Next, we climbed up a steep rise to the cairns on Balluderon Hill where we took a rest. We had needed our ice-axes but not the rope so far.

We now began to descend and made our downward journey over the slag heaps of an old deserted quarry. On one part we had a small glissade, but the snow was more like sandpaper than slippery ice. Now we reached our path and returned to the quarry.

I shall always remember my first exciting climb in moonlight, which would never be the same without the snow. I was told that it was only on rare occasions in this country that an evening with the combination of a full moon, crisp snow, and good weather occurred. Although I was tired next day as I was not in bed until midnight, I would gladly do this again if next winter can provide us with the perfect evening.

Muriel H. Smith, F. II.

### THE MASTERPIECE "MAGAZINE"

'The Masterpiece Magazine' is Form I's monthly magazine, which was started in January and, thanks to the help and co-operation of all concerned, has been going ever since. The January issue, which was given away free, consisted of an introductory poem, an editorial, a competition, a recipe, and notes about the shield.

The Masterpiece Shield was first suggested by Sheila Reid, Form I. Margaret Watson designed it and the girls of Form I. helped to colour the front cover. Since February, the Magazine has been priced one penny.

Many thanks are due to Linda Mollison for her three-part serial, "The Journey,"

the first part of which was printed in the March issue. This well-written, interesting serial is a real-life story about two deer and their adventures during "The Journey."

Each month I try to get a well-known personality to judge the competition. The January competition was judged by Mr William Blain, author of "Witches' Blood," the February competition, by Sir Mortimer Wheeler, the famous T.V. personality of "Animal, Vegetable or Mineral"; and the March competition by Mr I. M. M. MacPhail, author of "History of Scotland"—the history book used by Form I. Enid Blyton, the famous author and educationist, has promised to judge the April competition.

Miss Davidson presented the prizes for the March competition; Miss Anderson is going to present the April ones, and Miss Hogg the May ones.

The April competition was a contribution by Hazel Galbraith. Other contributors were Jennifer Robertson, who contributed a Riddle-mee-ree, Margaret Watson who contributed a poem—"The Invalid"—and Heather Ferguson who contributed both a poem, "My Goldfish," and a Riddle-mee-ree.

I am hoping for quite a few contributions for the June issue of "The Masterpiece Magazine" as it will be the last this term.

The motto of the magazine is "Primus inter Optimos," which is Latin for "First among the Best," or "Masterpiece"; and "First among the Best" is the standard which I try to attain in the magazine.

JOY WAINWRIGHT, F. I.,  
Editor of "Masterpiece Magazine"

### BLAIR CASTLE

Blair Castle, ancestral home and fortress of the Earls and Dukes of Atholl, is situated in a strategic but beautiful position not far from Pitlochry, on the main route through the Central Highlands.

It has had a long and varied history which started about 1269 when John Comyn, grandfather of Robert the Bruce's victim, Red Comyn, went to Blair Atholl and started to build the castle.

The last of the Royal Celtic Earls of Atholl died about 1211 and, after being taken by King Robert II. and others, the title of Earl of Atholl was given in 1457 to Sir John Stewart, ancestor of the present Atholl family. About 1540 Mary Queen of Scots had

a hunt in the castle grounds at which 360 red deer and 5 wolves were killed.

During the Civil Wars, John Murray, 5th Earl of Atholl, was a Royalist and ten years after his death in 1642, the castle was captured by Cromwell's soldiers and held until the Restoration.

Atholl men had followed Montrose in 1644, but because the 1st Marquis of Atholl became a supporter of William of Orange, they were not at the Battle of Killiecrankie when Dundee made his last stand for King James in 1689.

In 1703 the 2nd Marquis was made First Duke of Atholl by Queen Anne and he was a strong opponent of the Union of Scotland with England until better terms were made. In 1715 he joined the Stuarts against the Jacobites. Lord James, his second surviving son, succeeded him as 2nd Duke of Atholl and he started making alterations to the castle and making a park.

This was interrupted by the Jacobite revolution of 1745 when the army of Prince Charles Edward stayed a few days at the castle before marching further south.

When the castle was occupied by Hanoverian troops, Lord George Murray, who had once supported the Stuarts, but now had joined the Jacobites, besieged his old home, making it the last castle in the British Isles to be besieged.

During the peaceful years which followed, the 2nd Duke rebuilt certain parts of the castle in Georgian style. In 1869 the castle was rebuilt in the former style by the 7th Duke and new parts, such as a ballroom, were added.

Now the castle, in a very good state of preservation, is opened to the public by the 9th Duke. Rooms are laid out in period design and it is very interesting. Much time can be spent in Blair Castle.

Douglas Fox, F. II.

### LITERARY TASTES IN DUNDEE 350 YEARS AGO

The Dundonian of 350 years ago about whom most is known today was David Wedderburne, born about 1562, died about 1633. No complete catalogue of his library survives, but in his "Compt Buik"—a sort of mixture of account book and diary—he often mentions the lending of books from his library to other Dundee burghesses.

From these references it is apparent that the library contained books in Hebrew ("Lent

Mr Josua Dury ane Hebrew Bybell"), Greek ("Lent Dr Goldman 4 buikes Iliades Homeri, ane uther Greik buik"), Latin ("Lent James Balfour . . . Metamorphosis Ovidii in Laten"), French, and English. The works in the modern languages covered a wide range of subjects, including navigation, travel, history, poetry and arithmetic. Those on navigation and travel are mentioned many times, an interesting reflection upon the interest in geographical discovery at that time. The arithmetic book sounds even more formidable than Mayne's "Essentials of School Arithmetic," which we use today. Its full title was "An Introduction for to lerne to reken with the Pen and with the Counters, after the true Cast of Arithmetyke or Awgryme in hole numbers and also in broken; newly corrected and certayne Rules and Ensamples added thereunto." For poetry we have mention of Chaucer, and of Dr Faustus.

As was common in his time, Wedderburne seems to have been interested in astrology and the magic arts. He refers to his "buik of prophesie" and to his "buik of walking Spirittis," the full title of which was, "Of Ghosts and Spirites Walking by Night, and of Strange Noises, Crakes and sundrie Forewarnynges, which commonly happen before the death of Menne, great Slaughters, and alterations of Kyngdomes."

The number of classical books makes it apparent that Wedderburne was well-educated. It is presumed that he had attended the old Grammar School of Dundee (one of the predecessors of our School), and received further education at St. Andrews University. He was enrolled as a burghess of Dundee, and, besides his occupation as a merchant, transacted some legal business. He visited the Baltic countries twice, and toured Denmark. His house was in the Mercat-gait, now the High Street.

As he was mainly a merchant and therefore interested in money matters, it is not surprising to find that on several occasions he gives the value of books. Among those thus mentioned are "my Hector Boethis in laten weill bund" and "the Kyngis Apologie," which he sent with James Simpson to be sold in Stockholm for at least £10 Scots. (£1 Scots at that time was worth about 1/8 sterling). The same Simpson also had "my blundewill buk cost me 6 lib." The "Hector Boethis" would be

one of the works of Boece, a Dundee-born historian. The King's Apology was a book addressed to the Pope by James VI. Blundeville was a famous writer on navigation and geography.

From all this, and from the fact that at least twice local ministers borrowed books from him, it is evident that Wedderburne owned a comprehensive collection and that his contemporaries appreciated this and did not hesitate to avail themselves of it.

C. Lythe, F. III.

### " I SHALL NOT PASS THIS WAY AGAIN "

I choose to speak of my childhood in a country manse. I can never again live those happy, carefree days; both because childhood is to me now no more than a vividly-painted picture book and because even the house has lost its old familiar form.

They changed it when we left. The spacious, airy rooms downstairs have been divided and re-divided out of all recognition—even the leaky roofs are a thing of the past. But what were they to me then? Upstairs, too, has been unkindly tampered with. Where is the blue room—our blue room? Where the pink? They have gone. The memory alone remains, but it is tainted with some cruel, unforgivable streaks. They had no right to change it. And not only was the interior altered. An ugly brick annex was built on the top of our pantry to provide room for a kitchen or some such mundane thing for them. Brick is no comparison for thick, dependable stone.

The garden has a different air about it—I suppose it is tended carefully. There is now no need to hire a little, shaggy Shetland pony (Queenie we called her) to eat our " waist-high " grass or to borrow a donkey with the simple appellation Nannie. I remember how she used to nibble the corner of my " Great Heart " on Sundays and I would wonder how she could crunch it like that. Queenie had amusing habits, too. One, it appeared, was a love for human society. For once she trotted daintily in at the open front door and knocked discreetly on the dining-room door. Clever girl!

I do know for sure that a grave sacrilegious offence was perpetrated by the occupants of the new ground flat. They dug up Kelpie, our rough-haired terrier. It had been a solemn procession when we laid him there in the far corner of the garden in the grey shelter of the

walls. The deed was inexcusable. They could not plead ignorance, for the little cross with its brave inscription told the pathetic tale. It was an offence to us, the children, who had formerly sanctified that small, small portion of an ample garden and to Kelpie, gay, impetuous, lovable. I wonder what they did with the cushion, his last couch.

Where snowdrops, crocuses, marguerites, daisies, buttercups and hosts of unknown flowers once graced the uncultivated wilds are now probably neat rows of vegetables and trim, green lawns. How disgustingly un-beautiful and unimaginative!

I daresay that, hand in hand with this horticultural reformation, the avenue fence has become acquainted with the joiner's skill. The present or future occupants can never know the mixed emotions felt on returning from church to find a cow has either been or still is trespassing.

I am glad to say that with all these drastic changes the church itself has not met with Time's ruthless hand. It still stands, small but grim, on a rising of ground, and is still a centre of activity.

The half-door to the manse pew is unaltered. I remember clearly how high that door stood in my estimation. It was so important and unique, the only one in the church and such things matter to a child for all children are vain.

Even with change it is still possible to recall my childhood pleasures without the aid of familiar scenes. The trees are probably cut down, for the new people cannot be supposed to respect or reverence them as we did. But I cannot forget them or the pleasure gained from climbing them. Their forms, because of the happiness they provided, can only be cherished with more and more care as the interval between those days and today imperceptibly lengthens.

Each day is one more confirmation of the impossible and it is made more and more manifest that " I shall not pass this way again." The spacious garden and house, the cows (I wonder where my black and white Daisy has gone) and the unrestricted freedom of a country manse have all been " swopped " for the confined limits of a town house, the closed-in dirty streets and heavy smoke-laden, grit-heavy air. It was a poor, unworthy change.

G.S.T.R., F. VI.

**DOWN TO THE SEA**

Down to the sea! Down to the sea!  
 Down to the sea, to see  
 Cockles and mussels,  
 And waves so high;  
 Come down to the sea with me!

Down to the sea! Down to the sea!  
 Down to the sea, to see  
 Seaweed and starfish,  
 Limpets and rocks;  
 Come down to the sea with me!

Down to the sea! Down to the sea!  
 Down to the sea, to see  
 Fishes and seagulls,  
 Sand-dunes so tall;  
 Come down to the sea with me!

Down to the sea! Down to the sea!  
 Down to the sea, to see  
 Pebbles and shells  
 On golden sands;  
 Come down to the sea with me!

Lindsay McDowell, L. VII.

**MY BUDGIE**

I have a little budgie;  
 His breast is turquoise-blue;  
 He chirrups and he chirrups,  
 And says, "How do you do?"

He pecks at bits of lettuce;  
 He says his little name;  
 He mutters little words—  
 They all sound quite the same.

Until, at last, I say "Goodnight"  
 And kiss him everywhere;  
 He is a jolly, funny bird,  
 And, oh, so very rare!

Margaret Stewart, L. VII.

**THE ADOPTED PUPPETS**

When we were tidying the toy-cupboard once, we discovered two hand puppets, called Punch and Judy, which had squeaks in them. Our dog, Iris, rooted about in the newly-tidied toy-cupboard, to our horror, and found them. Iris, having a distinct maternal instinct, was sorry for these "squeaky things" and adopted them as her puppies. This, I may tell you, led to a lot of amusement.

Every morning, Iris, instead of going out by herself, carried the "puppies" out by the

scruff of their necks, carried them back in again, and then laid them gently in her basket. The puppets got rather dirty with Iris lying on top of them. Mummy and Daddy did not like this idea of adopting puppets, so they decided to wash them and put them away.

Iris was very upset when her "puppies" disappeared, but she soon got used to the idea. The next year she really *did* have puppies, and so all ended happily.

Gillian MacKenzie, L. VII.

**MARBLES**

Here, there and everywhere marbles are rolling;

Here, there and everywhere people are falling;

Marbles green, red and blue,

Unfortunately—people, too!

Games in classroom,

Games in street,

Games of marbles

—Tripping feet;

And—to coin a simple phrase—

Marbles are the latest craze!

Elizabeth Barnet, L. VII.

**AN AMERICAN EASTER**

A Parade goes down 5th Avenue, New York, every Easter. The crowds all vie with each other to be photographed, while photographers take photographs from their safe positions at the windows of skyscrapers, this resulting in squabbles.

The American symbol of Easter is the Easter Rabbit, who is cleverly caricatured on children's pyjamas, cups, saucers and plates at this time of the year.

Going proudly into the parade, of course, are the poodles. They wear fancy hats and coats, and one year my father saw one dressed in a tartan coat. The poodles are only proud of their clothes when they are on, but the dressing is a trial. Doggie always wants his hat on at a different angle from his master, either that or not on at all.

The women wear all the new fashions in dress, and Daddy, who was taking photographs, said, "Were it not for the men, it would be a sea of large hats and feathers."

At the end of the day a mob of tired people go home with some of the small children asleep in their arms, and another exciting Easter Day is over.

Moir A. Robertson, L. VII.

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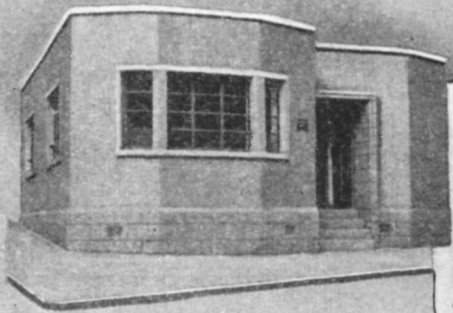
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### MY GARDEN

About two or three years ago, my father gave me a small border to convert into a garden. As I love gardening, I was very pleased to have the opportunity to transform this weed-grown plot into a respectable-looking garden.

On the previous Saturday, my mother had bought me a trowel out of Woolworth's, so I went and fetched it, and asked my father if I could borrow a hand-fork, a sack, and a box in which to put all the weeds.

Having been allowed to borrow these, I set to work. First of all, I clipped the hedges on all three sides, threw the clippings into the Dighty Burn, then ran back, and started to pull out bishop-weed, grass, dead leaves, and other garden pests.

After a few months of constant preparation, it began to look as a garden ought. Since then I have acquired nine plants of primula, dianthus, heartsease, daffodils, tulips, "apple-tingie," a geranium, Rob Roy daisies, and two other plants to which I cannot give names.

Gardening gives one great pleasure, especially during blooming seasons. At the present moment, I have been promised a rock-garden by my father, and already I have made a plan to start out.

Mary Russell, L. VII.

### A VISIT TO SOME CORNISH POTTERIES

After seeing the interlude, "The Potter's Wheel," on television, my father decided that to work a potter's wheel and make a bowl would be a very simple job. He was very keen to try, but, as there were no potteries near us, he did not have the chance.

When we were on our holidays in Cornwall, we happened to pass a notice saying, "Lamorna Potteries." Immediately every thought of going to Land's End was forgotten and we set off in the direction of the arrow. At last we reached a gate, and, on opening it, came upon a group of small buildings. Inside, there were three men, each doing something different. One man came forward to show us round and explain different things. He showed us the paint with which another man was delicately painting an ash-tray. A young lad was manipulating the wheel and we watched fascinated as a tall vase grew from beneath his fingers.

Another pottery which we visited was one at Marazion. The owners were very kind and allowed my father to try his hand at the wheel. He thought it had looked easy, but now he knew better. He sat down and took up a piece of clay. To make the wheel move round one has to move one's foot back and forward and my poor father kept on getting muddled and moved his hands back and forward. Gradually a very shaky pot grew up and started to wobble. On taking it off, he cut the base far too thinly and we wondered if it would collapse. The man promised to send it on when fired and painted.

So far it has not arrived and we can only come to the conclusion that it had cracked when in the oven. They are very particular about the goods they sell because, even if there is a small bump in the paint, that piece of pottery is sold as a "second." We bought many of these "seconds" as they were just as nice as the perfect articles, and very much cheaper. Altogether we enjoyed ourselves at these small potteries.

Ann P. Cumming, L. VII.

### JACKIE

Jackie is our budgie. He is a male bird who certainly keeps himself going. If we forget to put his seed in his feeding boxes, he will squawk and screech until it is put in the boxes. He lets us know if he likes the television because, when he likes the sounds which come out of that "strange cabinet," he whistles merrily and cocks his head. If he does not like the sounds, he will squawk and screech until we can hardly hear ourselves talking. This usually happens when jazz or some string instruments are playing.

We got Jackie at Christmas. First of all we got a cage for him. Then we went up to buy him. We got him in a paper bag and went into the car where we put him into the cage. We also bought a stand for the cage.

Jackie is a bluish bird with a grey underpart. He has been moulting lately and I have kept some of the large tail feathers.

In the cage there are some ornaments and playthings—e.g., a ladder, a small plastic bird, a bell, a mirror, and a small cage which rattles when it is knocked about. He has a cuttle-fish bone and a sprig of millet in his cage. Jackie cannot speak yet, but I hope he soon will be able to.

Peter Kilgour, L. VII.

**OUR CATS**

We have two cats,  
Identical twins,  
Who are well brought up  
And don't rummage in bins.

"Moppit" is one of them,  
"Twitchet" is t'other,  
Now which is which?  
My! My! What a bother!

They have beautiful fur  
Through eating raw fish,  
Which they eat on the lawn,  
And not off a dish.

Alas, our poor Moppit  
Has lost her right eye,  
Thus making her timid,  
And most awfully shy.

Aware of her looks,  
She is no longer vain,  
But Twitchet, her sister,  
Is really a pain.

Twitchet minces and prances,  
Admiring her tail,  
Until someone stands on it;  
Then how she can wail.

They are excellent friends,  
Ever sharing their food,  
And sometimes, not always,  
Are reasonably good.

Kenneth Wood, L. VII.

**WHAT'S IN A NAME**

Have you ever thought what YOUR name mean? I know my christian name, Fergus, (which means "The Spearman") is a very old name because, in 503, Fergus, Angus and Lorn, the three sons of Erc, King of Ireland, came over to Scotland and founded the kingdom of Dalriada, and it was a descendant of Fergus, Kenneth McAlpin, who became king of the united Picts and Scots.

Although Fergus is not a common name now, at one time it was quite common in Scotland, and there is a very interesting story of how a holy man by the name of Fergus told Kentigern (or St. Mungo) how he was to know where to found a church which was later to become Glasgow Cathedral.

My surname, Macfarlane, is also very interesting and, of course, is Gaelic in origin.

At one time all the people who lived where we now live must have spoken Gaelic as Dun-

dee is derived from the Gaelic and means "The Hill of God."

When we play rugby at Dalnacraig, I am sure we often feel the ground is what the name tells us that it is, "A Field of Stones."

Fergus Macfarlane, L. VII.

**MY PRIVATE LIFE**

I like books of adventure,  
And thrillers and such;  
They may not be highbrow,  
But interest me much.

Bigglesworth, Hornblower,  
H. Tweed and me  
Have adventures by land,  
By air and by sea.

Some people think Shakespeare  
Is what I should get,  
But I think, with Molesworth,  
That Shakespeare is "wet."

I love reading "William,"  
Though he's awfull at speling;  
But this concentration  
On my mind is telling.

The Broons and Oor Wullie  
Are frowned on at home,  
But I'd much rather read them  
Than write this 'ere pome.

George C. Duke, L. VII.

**A HOLIDAY IN YORKSHIRE**

Two years ago I went to Yorkshire for my holidays. I stayed in a place called Harrogate. Not far from Harrogate is a small village called Knaresborough. I was hardly ever away from there because there is a river which one may boat on. The river is a mile long. At Kell House, a mile to the west of Knaresborough, are the remains of an old building which was inhabited by a monk from Fountains Abbey, who collected the lead dues from the miners and also probably looked after the abbey sheep.

The ruins of this Cistercian Monastery are the oldest and finest in the country, and are generally in a wonderful state of preservation.

Fountains Hall, built in 1610 with materials plundered from the Abbey, is one of the finest Jacobean mansions in existence. Adjoining the Abbey precincts are most beautiful ornamental gardens, laid out with artificial lakes and canals by John Aislable in 1720-1740.

I. Laidlaw, L. VII.

**ROGAN**

We got him as a puppy—a tiny little chap,  
 With friendly eyes and floppy ears, who didn't  
 care a rap  
 For all the rules that Daddy made on how to  
 bring him up,  
 And yet he captured all our hearts, this  
 playful, happy pup.

But now he's big and sturdy and has lost his  
 puppy ways,  
 No longer chews our slippers up, nor down  
 the roadway strays.  
 We used to think that he was ours in glossy  
 coat so trim,  
 But now we know the real truth is that we  
 belong to him.

Roger Leslie, L. VII.

**A QUIET LIFE**

On a lonely hill where twines a stream,  
 And at night there shines a bright moonbeam,  
 An old man on his way treads home  
 And round about his sheep doth roam.

His faithful dog, whose name is Glen,  
 Doth take the sheep into their pen,  
 The old man shuts the sheep-pen tight;  
 And round about the stars shine bright.

Christine Sutherland, L. VI.

**THE BLACKBIRD**

The blackbird's song I love to hear,  
 As he warbles outside on the apple tree.  
 His shiny black feathers and dark orange bill  
 Light up my room as he sits on the sill.

He loves to peck at the cherry tree,  
 And has a good meal for all to see;  
 The number of stones lying there on the grass  
 Count the sunlight hours as they pass.

Irene Urquhart, L. VI.

**NIGHT**

At night, when all is quiet and still,  
 The sun has gone behind the hill;  
 The birds are on their homeward flight,  
 And vanish in the stilly night.

In bed I feel so snug and warm,  
 Until awakening at dawn;  
 The moon shines on my curtains gay,  
 And says, "Sleep till another day."

Frances Ross, L. VI.

**CLIMBING BEN MACDHUI**

When we arrived in Braemar, it was boiling  
 hot and we thought we should not be able to  
 climb Ben Macdhui, but one morning, when  
 we woke, Daddy said he thought we should  
 try as it seemed cooler. We had sandwiches  
 packed and all piled into the car and started  
 off.

We motored to Marr Lodge where we called  
 for the key which opened the gate to Derry  
 Lodge. When we got out of the car, we were  
 attacked by swarms of horse flies and so we  
 all ran until we got out of the trees.

We then crossed a wooden bridge over a  
 stream and started gradually climbing. After  
 we had climbed for several miles, we stopped  
 to change our packs and have a bit of lunch.

By this time it was so hot that I had nothing  
 on but a pair of trousers and an American  
 shirt. It was so hot that we could not walk  
 very quickly. We did manage to get almost  
 to the top, but Daddy said it would be too late  
 for getting home if we went to the summit.  
 It was very disappointing when we were so  
 near, but I hope to try again this summer.

Nigel McLeod, L. VI.

**THE STAG**

He roams around the mountain tops,  
 And looking for food he never stops.  
 He crashes his antlers in a fight  
 With all his strength and all his might.

As he walks across the snowy moor,  
 His footprints leave a well-marked spoor,  
 He carried his head so proud and tall  
 But now he hangs on the staircase wall.

Sheila Sutherland, L. VI.

**SPRING**

The flowers appear in Spring  
 And bloom the whole year through.

The Snowdrop and the Celandine  
 Sleep all the Summer through.

The Daffodil and the Hyacinth  
 Awaken to full bloom.

The Primrose and the Tulip  
 Are perfuming the room.

The Crocus and the Primula  
 Are singing forth the year.

For Spring has come  
 And all the flowers are here.

Margaret C. Stewart, L. VI.

**ROUND THE YEAR**

January's very cold,  
The sheep are huddled in their fold.

In February rain pours down  
And soaks you when you go to town.

March brings many daffodils  
Which dance about, when Wind blows shrill.

April, with its many showers,  
Helps to bring on sweet May flowers.

May brings sun and longer eves,  
Prettier flowers and greener leaves.

June brings roses, sweet to smell,  
Daisies, buttercups as well.

When July comes, (Hip, hip, horray!)  
The schools are off on holiday.

August's the month when we go to the sea;  
Sea-shells and seaweed are joyous to me.

In September the leaves turn brown,  
Wind blows them all about the town.

In October it's colder every day;  
The squirrels hide their nuts away.

November brings with it the fog;  
My tortoise sleeps just like a log.

December comes, and Christmas, too;  
And now I've gone the whole year through.  
Margaret L. Smith, L. VI.

**SAILING NEAR OBAN**

While on holiday in Oban, we went for a day's sailing to the islands of Mull and Iona. The steamer was packed with English and American visitors.

On the outward journey we stopped at the pier at Tobermory in Mull. In the bay was a salvage ship which was trying to recover treasure supposed to be lying in a Spanish galleon which was one of the Armada.

When we reached the Island of Staffa, the day being fine and the sea calm, we were taken in small boats to see Fingal's Cave. When we reached the cave, everyone was gazing in awe at this wonderful work of nature. Suddenly, one American lady turned to her husband and, in a loud voice, said, "Say Leo, is this the real Fingal's Cave?"

Neil Key, L. VI.

**THE QUEEN**

I feel so weary wearing my crown.  
Oh, how I wish I could lay it down!  
It hurts my head and I feel its weight.

My robes are heavy,  
My gowns are tight.  
Oh, how I wish I could take flight!

I should like to run away some night  
To join the gypsies by their firelight,  
But I would miss my robes and crown,  
Although I wish to lay them down,  
And where I am is where I must be  
To do the best for my country.

Jean Whyte, L. VI.

**MY MOUSE**

I have a pet mouse  
Which lives in a house.  
Her name is Scamp,  
And she never gets damp.

She washes her face  
After saying her grace,  
And after her meal  
She goes into her wheel.

After taking a drink  
She goes into a think,  
And soon she's asleep  
In a little cream sheet.

Elizabeth Shearer, L. VI.

**THE SEASONS**

I love Winter when the snow is on the ground;  
I love building snowmen fat and round;  
But best of all I love to hear  
The barn owl calling loud and clear.

I love Autumn when the leaves begin to fall;  
I love walking beneath the mill so tall;  
But best of all I love to hear  
The blackbird calling loud and clear.

I love Summer when the flowers are in full  
bloom;  
I love the morning sun shining in my room;  
But best of all I love to hear  
The cornrake calling loud and clear.

I love Spring when frisky lambs are born;  
I love to watch the sunrise in the morn;  
But best of all I love to hear  
The cuckoo calling loud and clear.

Celia Paterson, L. VI.

### THE BLUETITS

I love to watch the bluetits,  
They eat my crumbs all day.  
But when the evening falls  
They all go on their way.

In morning I awaken,  
To hear their merry song;  
I give them each their breakfast,  
For which they've waited long.

When I go out to play again,  
What do you think I spy?  
A nest full of the baby ones  
Up in the trees so high.

Marjory Smith, L. VI.

### A HAUNTED CASTLE

One day we were wandering about the moors and we came to a castle which was a ruin. We had heard many strange stories about the castle and, being interested, we decided to explore it.

When we went in, we thought it was eerie, but we were still determined to explore it. We came to a flight of stairs and we looked up. I thought I saw someone moving about. I could not think what it was, but something flashed through my mind; I thought it was an invisible skeleton. We all heard sounds and just before we moved my brother felt a punch in the back—he was most alarmed. Immediately we all turned round to see what it was, but we saw nothing. When we recovered from being scared, we made our way up the stairs and each time we put our weight on them, they creaked.

At last we came to the first landing where we saw coats of armour lying about. I asked my father what they were for and he told me it would be the armour of the knights who lived in this castle. On the first landing there were numerous things such as a chair, two pictures, a vase and a mirror. The mirror was cracked and the vase was lying on its side. We stared in horror at the cobwebs which hung all over the place and, when we put our feet down, the amount of dust that came choked us.

When we were staring around, I suddenly noticed a door. I asked Daddy if we could go in, and he thought it would be all right. I went to the door, but I could not open it. We all tried and it slowly opened. We ventured in and at once we knew it was a bed-

room. There were bed covers on a bed which stood in the corner. I went over to the bed and there were holes in every cover. The bed was full of dry rot and it collapsed when I sat on it.

We went out again and we went down the stairs. When we arrived at the foot, we noticed a door which was half open. I peeped inside and realised it was the kitchen. As darkness was falling, Daddy said we did not have time to explore it. When I went to the entrance, I heard the same sounds as I had heard before. It was very dark when we found ourselves outside, but I was glad to have some fresh air.

When I arrived home, I was very glad. I went to bed very tired, but I was happy. I fell fast asleep as soon as my head touched the pillow and I dreamt about all I had been doing that afternoon.

Hilary Stiven, L. V.

### A JUNGLE STORY

Once, when I was in the jungles of Africa, came across a lion, a lioness and their three baby cubs. The father, however, did not approve of my watching, gave me a glare and a terrifying roar, and started to chase me. Luckily I saw a huge tree and I started to climb it, but in that tree I met another dangerous animal, the wild cat! Thinking quickly, I reached for my gun. The wild cat sensed what I was to do and it sprang on to the lion's back. I took aim and fired. Away flashed the cat and, instead of hitting the cat, I had wounded the lion. The lion limped off. When it was out of sight, a thought struck me—being wounded, the lion would not be able to hunt other animals and it might go down to the native village and eat people!

Off I went after the lion. In the distance I could see it lying down. Without it hearing I crept up to it, brought out my gun and took careful aim. Bang! The lion fell dead.

Susan Gibson, L. V.

### THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A NECKLACE

I think I am very lucky to be a real pearl necklace. This is my story.

One day, a long time ago, I was lying in a silver casket in a large shop when I saw a pretty lady at the counter. She said that she was being married soon, and she had seen a pearl necklace she wanted to buy. Mr Brown

asked her which one it was, and she pointed to me. I was wrapped up and handed to the lady.

At last the great day came and, as soon as I was clipped on, we went to the church. After the reception, which was very strange, I was taken off and put into a lovely box full of other jewels, two of which I noticed were the pearl ear-rings the bride wore at church. They were very kind to me and told me not to worry.

Since then I have been very happy. I am worn often at dances and on special occasions. The lady now has two chubby babies, and I often hear their fingers tapping on the lid of the lovely box in which I live.

Penny Rogers, L. V.

### A VISIT TO PANMURE MONUMENT

When I went with my friends to Panmure Monument, we had to have a permit. We went to a cottage where a gentleman gave us the key and took us to the monument which is very high. At first it was very dark as there were no windows lower down but, as we went higher, light came through very small windows. After a long time of climbing, we came to a ladder, climbed it, opened a trap-door and went out on to a balcony. The view from it was beautiful. I saw Monikie reservoir, the Sidlaw Hills and many other beautiful scenes. Everyone had a lovely day.

Hazel Ptolmey, L. IV.

### SUSAN

My dog, called Susan, is about two years old. She is a golden retriever, obedient and quite healthy. Susan lives on two meals a day—one meal during the morning and one in the evening. The meal in the morning usually consists of porridge, breadcrumbs and milk, and during the evening she gets something like lights. She is hardly ever on leash and often runs away, but always returns. Unless it is a rainy day, she is always outside. When I get back from school early, I change and take Susan outside for a run and then do some gardening. We are great friends and go about a lot together. Susan gets a walk nearly every day, for, if I don't take her, Mummy takes Susan with her when she goes down to the farm for the milk. So my dog and I are really very happy.

Penelope Hutton, L. IV.

### MY NEW BICYCLE

I bought myself a new bicycle on the 7th April. It is red and white, and its name is "The Sun." My bicycle is an 18-inch and it is just the right size for me. Its number is VP 3628, and it has a Wright's saddle and bag. On Saturdays I often fix a bicycle basket on and go messages for Mummy. Some nights, when I have had tea, I am allowed to go out on it, and cycle round a triangle that is in front of our house. One night, when I was out cycling, a boy came through a lane in between two houses on his bicycle. He tried to crash into me, but I stopped him.

Ann Whalley, L. IV.

### MY CORGI PUPPY

My little puppy is a darling. She is a corgi, and has a light brown back, a white chest and four little white paws. Round her neck is a brown collar on which is printed, "Patsy," which is her name. Patsy is three weeks old, and so she will not have puppies for quite some time. During the day we put her in the aviary, and, as there are no birds in there, it seems like a kennel to her. At night she sleeps in a basket, on which there are newspapers at the bottom, and two old cushions on top. The basket is in the house as it is rather cold outside just now. We have trained her quite well, as she is so young. She knows to "sit down" when we tell her, and how to beg. She has a very high pedigree, and is related to the Queen's corgi, and so, as you can guess, we are very proud to own little Patsy.

Sally Lindsay, L. IV.

### OUR GARDEN

In my garden I grow tulips, candytuft and wallflower. In Mummy's and Daddy's garden there are candytuft, wallflower, tulips, daffodils, primulas and crocuses. To make them grow well, we need to hoe round about them to keep them free of weeds. We also have to dig up the soil before we put the wallflower into the ground, because, if the soil were not loose, the plants would not grow very well. It is the same in the back garden with the tulips and the wallflower. There are a few rows of rasp canes in one corner of the garden and they supply Mummy, Daddy and me with raspberries during the summer.

Ann S. Young, L. IV.

### A HOLIDAY IN LONDON

I went to London for my holiday. The day after we arrived, my uncle took us to see the Thames, the Pleasure Gardens, Cleopatra's Needle and many other places. When we were sailing down the Thames towards the Tower, we saw the Traitor's Gate which is now closed up to keep the water out. In the Tower there are three halls of armour.

We also went to see Madame Tussaud's. Some of the waxwork figures there look quite life-like. Down in the Chamber of Horrors you can see Christie plastering his wife and daughters behind the wall. Also, there is someone in the electric chair.

Then we went to see St. Paul's, but we weren't allowed up into the Mystery Chamber which is right up at the top of the church. We saw Eros, God of Love, in Piccadilly Circus and also the lights. One day we went to see Hamley's and Selfridge's. We also went to see Kew Gardens.

Jennifer Smith, L. IV.

### PREPARING TO GO TO SWITZERLAND

Last winter we went to Switzerland. We left on the 23rd of December. Daddy had taken the dog to the kennels the day before. We were going to ski in Switzerland. The night before we left was a very busy one. Everyone was running backwards and forwards with clothes, seeing that nothing had been left out. At last everyone was in bed. Next morning we were up at six o'clock. At about eight we climbed into the car, but, before we were out of sight of the house, we had a puncture and it started to snow. Daddy had to go out to mend it. We had a lovely holiday.

Helen Jamieson, L. IV.

### HOLIDAYS IN ULLAPOOL

Last year I went to Ullapool for my holidays. We stayed at an inn at the other side of a loch which was called Loch Broom. In Ullapool there is a place named the Captain's Cabin. This cabin has on it a little captain's wheel. It is really a small shop with necklaces made out of tiny shells gathered by lots of people, and even little wooden bowls and spoons. I once got a Fair Isle jumper from a little shop in Ullapool. The hills are quite high, and one I know is called Stac Polly or An Stac. The water of

Loch Broom was very cold, and there are hundreds of jelly-fish in it. One day we went across from Ullapool in the boat and it was very, very stormy. At the back of this inn there is a path leading up to the inn's water supply. The people there were very nice. I liked Ullapool very much, and I hope to go there again this year.

Laura Bowman, L. IV.

### MRS BLACKBIRD'S NEST

In our hedge Mrs Blackbird has built her nest. I have been watching her and she has hatched out three little blackbirds and now she is sitting on more eggs!

At first we couldn't see Mr Blackbird. He didn't join in the work, but, immediately the little ones hatched out, he was busy fetching food while Mrs Blackbird kept the little ones warm.

Every morning he sits on the wireless aerial. I think it is fun to watch him.

Lesley I. McLeish, L. III.

### JED

I like Jed, and Jed likes me.  
I take him for walks by the silvery sea.  
I throw in sticks, and he brings them back.  
Not one clever trick does he lack.  
In case you are wondering who Jed may be,  
He's a dog—the only dog for me.

Eileen Duke, L. III.

### AT THE WEEK-END

I did a lot of things at the week-end. At night, at 8.30, we went up to Granny's to see Part One of a murder serial, called "My Friend Charles," the Jimmy Wheeler Show, Movie Museum and Mary O'Hara singing Irish songs. By the time we got home it was 10.30, so we all went quickly to bed. Even though we went to bed at about twenty-five minutes to 11, I was awake at 6 o'clock.

On Sunday, of course, first of all we went to church. After church, just when we were going to have dinner, the bell rang. This was my Uncle Jack and my cousins, Derek, Shona and Jackie. I played with my meccano set with Derek. Jackie was a pest, but we could not blame him because he is only three.

Kenneth Walmsley, L. II.

### MY HOLIDAYS

In the holidays I hope we will be going to the seaside. When we are at the seaside, we have a game of football. Then we go for a walk and I climb up the sandhills. After that we go back to the car and have tea.

During the holidays I am going to stay up late to look through my telescope.

The holidays start on the 29th June.

Peter West, L. II.

### OUR BUDGIE

When we first got our budgie, it was a cold, wintry night. He was brought to us in the back of Daddy's car. When I first saw him, he was on a swing in a cage which we had

borrowed from a man. The budgie would not look at us because he was a little bit shy. His name is Peter.

We taught Peter not to bite. He does two very clever tricks. If I put my finger in and ask him to give me a claw, he will do so. If I ask him to ring his bell, he will ring it merrily.

When he is let out, he flies round the room at sixty miles an hour. When he is out, he plays with a ball on the ground and talks to it all the time. He plays with a mirror, too, and tries to see the other budgie. He says, "Naughty! Mummy scold!" and a lot more funny things. We all like him very much.

Sheila McGregor, L. III.

## Old Girls' Club

We have pleasure in extending greetings to Old Girls everywhere.

The twenty-fourth Annual General Meeting of the Club was held in the Girls' School on 26th March, 1956, when the following Office-Bearers and Executive Committee were appointed:—

President, Mrs Lindsay Fleming; Vice-Presidents, Miss Margaret Larg and Miss Ella Burns Petrie; Hon. Secretaries, Mrs W. J. Walker, 42 Forthill Road, Broughty Ferry, and Miss Catriona McIntosh, Inverleigh, 2 Bingham Terrace, Dundee; Hon. Treasurer, Miss C. K. Scrimgeour, 54 Seagate, Dundee.

Executive Committee—Mrs Alex. Robertson (ex officio), Miss Whytock (ex officio), Miss C. Mackenzie, Miss M. Duguid, Miss M. Johnston, Miss M. Cunningham, Mrs H. C. Bustard, Mrs G. Stobie, Miss F. Laird, Miss A. Neave, Miss E. Alexander, Miss J. Stevenson, Mrs G. P. Raitt, Miss M. J. D. Thomson, Miss M. Anderson, Miss I. A. McNaughton.

Miss Burns Petrie and Miss Thomson were elected representatives to the Athletic Union.

The Club has now a total of 515 members.

After the meeting Mr D. W. Erskine, M.A., B.A., the new Headmaster, gave a most interesting address on his hopes and plans for the School.

Among the practical gestures of interest which the Club has shown in the School during the past year have been donations towards the cost of prefects' badges and towards the insertion of Mr Bain's photograph in the Magazine, and the annual gift of books to the Junior School Library. Following an appeal from Mr Erskine, we intend also to endow a Music prize.

At the presentation made on Mr Bain's retiral in June, 1955, our president, Mrs Alex. Robertson,

presented Mrs Bain with a gold watch and a bouquet of flowers.

When Mr Erskine was introduced to the School by the Lord Provost in September, 1955, Mrs Robertson and Miss F. E. Davidson (hon. secy) were invited to meet him at a coffee-party in the Study, and thereafter attended the Service in the School Hall, conducted by Rev. Hugh O. Douglas, the School Chaplain.

The Reunion Dinner was held in Mathers' Hotel on Friday, 11th November, 1955, and 95 members spent a most enjoyable evening. Mrs Wm. Allan, M.B.E., J.P., talked in her usual racy manner on "Some Aspects of Social Service." The retiring secretary, Mrs T. Thomson, was presented with a book token and a bouquet of flowers.

The next Reunion Dinner will be held in the Queen's Hotel, Nethergate, on Friday, 2nd November. Will members please note this date, which has been unavoidably altered. As accommodation is limited, it will be advisable to reply early to avoid disappointment.

All girls leaving school are cordially invited to join the Club. Will members please remember to notify us of changes of address and designation.

The following have joined the Club since June, 1955:—

Patricia E. Blues, Cherry Bank, William Street, Tayport.

Sheila M. Bruce, 312 Strathmartine Road.

Jean I. R. Climie, Mansfield, Meikle.

Jean A. M. Cuthill, 5 Lawside Terrace.

Ann E. J. Galloway, Cambus Lodge, Broughty Ferry.

Mrs Alex. Galloway, Cambus Lodge, Broughty Ferry.

Kathleen M. Gibbs, 202 Arbroath Road.

Pamela A. Grant, 8 Hillside Drive.

Jean S. Gellatly, 52 Albany Road, Broughty Ferry.

Catherine H. Fleming, 19 Westfield Road, Broughty Ferry.

Elizabeth A. M. Hill, Schoolhouse, Glen Ogilvy, by Forfar.

Dorothy M. Manners, 119 Craigie Avenue.

Moir-Jean W. Millar, 3 St. David's Avenue, Bexhill-on-Sea.

A. Marjorie Mudie, 367 Blackness Road.

Margaret C. Munro, 18 Coupar Angus Road, Lochee.

Patricia A. Mackenzie, 60 Mains Road.

Maida S. C. Macdonald, 8 Clarendon Terrace.

Eileen M. Paterson, 69 Clepington Road.

Joan T. Smith, 3 West Park Gardens.

Rena L. Smith, 3 West Park Gardens.

Rosemary M. Spreull, The Hainin, 359 Perth Road.

Muriel J. Sprunt, Willowbrae, 265 Perth Road.

Doris P. G. Young, 144 Kingsway East, Maryfield.

We have pleasure in announcing the following marriages:—

Margaret Bell to Keith B. Barrat.

Winifred Carrie to John Hunter.

Isobel J. Dunn to John Dowling.

Elizabeth Flett to Ian Robertson

Helen Johnston to Wallace Lockhart.

Beatrice M. Murray to Allan J. Ross.

We record with regret the deaths of the following:—

Mrs Mary B. Shepherd, 63 Warren Road, Toronto, aged 96, our oldest member.

Mrs Isabella M. H. Laing, 3 Prospect Terrace, Newport-on-Tay.

Miss Elsie G. Milne, Seaward, Monifieth.

Miss Annie Mitchell, 57½ Perth Road.

## Old Boys' Club

### SHOOTING MATCH

The Old Boys met the School in the return match for the season on 24th February and the result was a very close struggle, the Old Boys emerging victors by the small margin of 3 points.

The Old Boys had the same team as won by 27 points in October. Both sides were shooting very much better than in that match, the Old Boys improving on their former performance by 18 and the School by no less than 42, the score being:—

Old Boys	School
I. A. Duffus ..... 97	David Rothwell ..... 93
A. T. Millar ..... 96	Ian Stewart ..... 95
W. F. Morrison ..... 95	Kenneth W. R. More 95
G. S. Ritchie ..... 94	David T. Henderson 94
D. Mathers ..... 94	Andrew Wallace ..... 93
I. M. Watson ..... 92	David Whyte ..... 91
Jas. L. Penny ..... 90	Fergus Murray ..... 90
D. K. R. Lawson ... 86	Hamish S. Fyfe ..... 87
744	741

The pocket knife presented by the Old Boys' Team for the highest individual score in the School Team was won by David Rothwell, a newcomer to these shoots, with a very creditable 96.

The teams and supporters met over a cup of tea and had a thoroughly enjoyable evening.

### ANGLING OUTING

On 28th May the Annual Old Boys' trip to Loch Leven took place. There was a record attendance of 22, and 10 boats left the pier full of hope and fishers.

In spite of foggy weather which developed during the evening, all the boats checked in at 11.30 p.m. which was the finishing time.

The weighing-in revealed a "photo finish" between two members of the Burns "clan" who were fishing in the same boat, Ronald K. M. Burns just retaining the Nicoll-Richmond Trophy by defeating M. M. Burns by a margin of 4 oz. In all

37 fish, weighing 33 lbs., represented the night's work. The best results were:—

1. R. K. M. Burns ... 7 fish 6½ lbs.
2. M. M. Burns ... 6 fish 6 lbs.
3. J. S. Nicoll ... 4 fish 4½ lbs.

R. K. M. Burns is to be congratulated on his second success, but doubtless a determined effort will be made to prevent any monopoly. Meantime he reigns the undisputed champion.

The evening was enjoyed by all, and, on this occasion we were glad to welcome W. J. S. Key, a member from Edinburgh. Such enthusiasm augurs well for the continued success of our outing and out of town members should take note of this opportunity of meeting other Old Boys.

W. S. PHILLIPS

### MOTOR GYMKHANA

The Club's Motor Gymkhana was held at Tealing Aerodrome on Monday, 4th June, in rather showery and cold weather. There was, however, a turnout of 14 cars and both competitors and spectators had a most amusing evening. Prize-winners were:—

Bending Race—1st Dr S. Davie, 2nd H. Laurie, 3rd W. McLean.

Egg and Spoon Race—1st C. Spankie and J. Spankie.

Potato Spearing Race—1st C. Brand and W. Dryden.

Balloon Bursting—1st C. Spankie and J. Lund.

Parking Test—1st D. Laurie, 2nd W. Dryden.

Judge Your Width—1st Dr S. Davie, 2nd W. Dryden.

Alec Millar, president of the Club, presented the prizes to the winners and those assembled gave Messrs Gordon Anderson, Alex. Gibson, David Spankie and the other willing helpers a rousing vote of thanks for their efforts.



### TENNIS TEAM

**Back Row (l. to r.)**—I. Anderson, M. Ritchie, L. Guild

**Front Row (l. to r.)**—S. Mearns, W. Scott (Capt.), R. Ellis



Photographs by D. & W. Prophet

### HOCKEY 1st XI.

**Back Row (l. to r.)**—L. Guild, J. Thomson, M. Ritchie, M. Mee, K. Ritchie, C. Sutherland.

**Front Row (l. to r.)**—R. Ellis, M. McConnachie, W. Paton, W. Scott (Capt.), M. Ower, F. Stirling.



**CRICKET TEAM 1st XI.**

**Back Row (l. to r.)**—B. Piggot, D. Reid, M. Hardie, P. Constable, A. Allen, F. Allan, R. Gibb

**Front Row (l. to r.)**—D. Henderson, I. MacEwan, N. Byer (Capt.), M. Anderson, F. Neillie



Photographs by D. & W. Prophet

**RUGBY 1st XV.**

**Back Row (l. to r.)**—A. C. Mars, D. McP. Nicol, I. R. Ower, B. Gribbin, I. H. McEwan, M. J. Cuthbert, D. A. McGregor

**Middle Row (l. to r.)**—W. M. Graham, B. M. Piggott, N. G. Byer (Captain), A. D. Bell, I. M. Shilland

**Front Row (l. to r.)**—D. G. Henderson, G. R. M. Anderson, R. W. Gibb, G. G. Burnett

## Letters from the Universities

### I.—QUEEN'S COLLEGE

It is now seven months since the latest contingent from D.H.S. embarked on the hard-working, hard-playing life of the student. I can well remember joining the horde of "bejants" in the College Hall on that rather chilly morning, last October, to be officially welcomed by Professor Dow, the Master of Queen's College, and smiling benignly for our first academic photograph afterwards. We were then pounced upon to join an endless list of clubs and societies, which, if we had joined them all, would have left us little time for that all-important occupation—work. We were then introduced to the Students' Union which supports a very beautiful dining-room (commonly known as "Dines"), a coffee-room-cum-bar, facilities for darts, table-tennis, billiards, a shop, T.V., and many other amenities. After a conducted tour round the college itself, and much form-filling, we officially joined the ranks of matriculated students.

Much has happened since then, and much work has been covered.

A few days of taking notes at breakneck speed and trying to decipher them afterwards showed us F.P.s just how much had been done for us at school, and here the great difference between school and university life lies. At university, the work is concentrated to a high degree, one lecture including as many hard facts as are learned in three weeks at school, and there is very little time to digest one day's work before the next comes. Generally, at university the success or failure of each student depends entirely upon his or her capacity for work whereas in school much of the credit is due to the members of staff who work so hard to make life easier for their pupils.

Student life has its brighter side, however, which, at times, can be almost as strenuous as the academic side. At Queen's College we are fortunate that the students come from all the ends of the earth and there is no racial discrimination whatsoever. This in itself produces a very happy atmosphere and we can discuss most topics and be sure of finding at least two points of view.

Every Saturday night there is a "hop" at the Union to which members can bring

guests. There are debates, "gaudies" (sing-songs), and a highly efficient Film Society which meets every Sunday evening of the first two terms.

The past month has been crammed with events. First, was the Installation of our new Rector, Viscount Kilmuir of Creich, Lord Chancellor of the Realm, who inspired us all by his noble bearing and quick sense of humour. The students of the University of St. Andrews have always chosen wisely as far as Rectors are concerned and it is very obvious that they have made no mistake in this, their latest choice.

Second, came Charities Week which found us roaming the highways and byways of Dundee, selling countless copies of our magazine, "Glad-Mag," and digging into other people's pockets for money. The car raffle seems to be a great success and there is a great demand for tickets. Saturday provided the culmination of the week's activities with the customary procession through the streets of Dundee. The winning float contained two F.P.s who made very attractive ducklings!

But now, it is back to the grindstone. Degree examinations, feared and respected by all students, are looming over us and social activities have given way to work.

In conclusion, we F.P.s must thank the Old School for the solid grounding it has given us, without whose help we should not be where we are now.

D. C. M.

### II.—ST. ANDREWS

A small Fife coastal town, unencumbered by modern industry, standing behind sandy bays, its old grey towers bitten by the cold North Wind, St. Andrews is the home of the oldest and smallest of Scottish universities. The students who live and learn there find spiritual wealth and inspiration in the intangible, yet contagious fever which haunts the cold cobbled city with its weird ruins. St. Andrews remembers with pride its past noble history and the generations of brilliant students who studied in its precincts, not least its student martyrs, in respect of whom crosses laid in the cobbles are never trodden on by student feet on pain of failing degree examinations.

Countless traditions of this worthy past are still ardently executed by the small, aspiring student body. The chief of these is the wearing of the red gown, the same which has shielded our predecessors from the chill winds of many centuries. Another traditional rite is the "Pier-Walk," originally performed after Sunday Chapel and now after most University functions. Long ago, the Chapel preacher came to St. Andrews from his own parish by sea, and after his sermon was courteously escorted to the end of the pier and bid God-speed by the students. The preacher no longer travels by sea, yet the ceremonial Pier-Walk is an established student custom.

The present term has witnessed another traditional ceremony in the triennial installation of a Rector. The splendid and moving ceremony proved a fitting climax to the arduous task, enthusiastically carried out, of selection of the Rector. Our newly-installed Rector, the Viscount Kilmuir, fulfilled his part in the ceremonies with enthusiasm, and joined in every celebration with fervour matching that of the students. From the opening Address to the Rector in Latin, and the colourful "drag" of the Rector in his flower-bedecked chariot drawn by stalwart "Blues," to the loud pealing bells, through the worn streets, a period of great festivity existed, and many honours were bestowed. The final rectorial celebration was the torch-light procession in which a mile-long procession of gowned students, bearing flaring torches, wound its way in the dusk through the narrow streets down to the harbour, along the pier and back, past the sinister twin towers and ruined castle and so to the West Sands, twisting and gleaming all the way like a giant glow-worm. On the sands, round glowing bonfires, the students roasted meat and sang now lustily, now softly, the most vigorous and the most beautiful student songs, till nothing remained but ashes and starlight.

Thus, refreshed and inspired by such glad activities, the student body must return with, one hopes, new enthusiasm, to its studies, for scholarship is one of St. Andrews' proudest traditions. By her efforts St. Andrews University will justify her claim to a place amongst the world's finest universities, where spirit and scholarship are ranked among the foremost virtues.

Fiona I. G. Vine.

### III.—EDINBURGH

#### A Fresher's Impressions

This university—the youngest in Scotland but, nevertheless, the second largest—is one unfamiliar to most people in Dundee. The number of students from that city in the last few years is less than ten. But last October two D.H.S. F.P.s, having decided to study in Edinburgh, numbered among the thousand-odd 1st Year students at the Freshers' Conference—the official introduction to the University.

Established by James VI. in 1583 on the site of Kirk o' Field, the earliest buildings decayed and the present building, known as the Old Quad, designed by Robert Adam, was begun in 1789. Today it houses Libraries, Reading-Rooms, the Students' Common-Room, Departments of Philosophy, History and Humanity and the Faculty of Law. Nearby is the New Quad which is entirely devoted to the Faculty of Medicine. Minto House—where language classes are held—the Maths. Institute and Physics department are all scattered around the Old Quad. Other departments and affiliated colleges are spread over a wide area. This fact, along with the fact that there are more than 5900 matriculated students in the University, results in a certain lack of unity within the University as a whole. Classes are, to a Fresher, frighteningly large—many have rolls of between 250 and 300.

There are twelve University residences, but these house only a few of the students. The University Court, in a desperate attempt to preserve unity among students in six faculties and several affiliated colleges, has plans for the building of a residence to accommodate 600 men. This should be completed by 1958.

The University Union and the Women's Union are small clubs—they do not play a great part in student-life and their membership is surprisingly small. The place of the Union is largely taken by the Students' Common Room and here, at least, a student atmosphere prevails.

Charities Week is the highlight of the summer term. It is a week of processions and dances, house-to-house collections and Border Raids. This year there were 57 floats in the procession on Charities Day and students became everything imaginable, from Martians to barrow-boys, in the attempt to raise £10,000. The target was attained!

There is a University rag, "The Student," have 32 sections, covering every sport which sometimes has a struggle to keep alive, but always just manages to maintain its fortnightly appearance. The two Athletic Clubs possible in this part of the world. There are many societies, both departmental and extra-curricular, including five associated societies, the oldest of which—the Dialectic Society—was instituted in 1787.

To a Fresher the University is at first an overwhelming and bewildering place, but, by the end of one's first year, it has become a part of one's life.

In his letter to the students of the University, the Rector, Sir Sydney Smith, wrote this for the benefit of Freshers:—

"I still taste the savour of that initiation into academic life and the gradually increasing love for the Alma Mater, the widening of the horizons with each succeeding year; yes, I congratulate you in joining this happy company and I can wish you nothing more than a life as good and full as I have experienced here."

Already I realise the full meaning of his words. I echo them in the hope that many more pupils of D.H.S. may study at this University and that they, too, may grow to love it as I have done in the past year.

M. S. M.

#### IV.—GLASGOW

"Thur students," remarked the lady in the tram, "is an awfy wild bunch." Some flour-bombs, it seemed, had been thrown during the Rectorial elections. The Yellow Press had devoted no banner headlines to those students who were working in, for example, the University or Mitchell Libraries.

"Wild" — the good woman meant undisciplined. True, the student has, compared with the schoolboy, great freedom of action. Many students do take degrees, however, after passing difficult examinations: their freedom must have been used wisely. Although he is occasionally rowdy — the

Rectorial Elections at Glasgow, Boat Race Night over the Border — the self-discipline of the student is greater than that the masters exerted on the schoolboy. It is not easy to work till the small hours for examinations while others attend theatres; to live on pennies while others squander pounds. It is not easy, but the effort is made, even though post-graduate earnings will probably be lower than those of, for example, some 19-year-old naval midshipman.

If it is the traditional native search for learning for its own sake which supplies the reason for these studies, the integrity of purpose which enables them to be executed may be traced to the traditional forms of elementary education.

Our primary schooling was received at a village school, staffed by non-graduate teachers, who taught largely by rote—they used unfashionable methods and taught unfashionable subjects. We learned the greater Psalms and Paraphrases by constant repetition: our teachers gave more than a Friday-morning-lip-service to religion. We learned simple poems: we learned to read and write: what we learned we still remember. "Practical citizenship" was never explicit in our studies—it had no need to be, it was everywhere implicit.

A diarist of the last century notes that his children were taught to read such banalities as "Pat has a ball," whereas he had learned to read the simple pure Anglo-Saxon, "Train up a child in the way that he should go; and when he is old, he will not depart from it." Only one word is foreign, and the statement is of value in itself. Upon the imposed discipline, based on a great tradition of simple teaching, is based the self-discipline which supports the student.

The many attractions—at this University the debate, in particular—of undergraduate life are but complementary to the pleasure of working, not because work is enforced, but because, probably for the only three years in a lifetime, it is quite voluntary.

J.T.L.

## Reports

### LITERARY SOCIETY REPORT

At the beginning of the school year, at the suggestion of Mr Erskine, the Boys' and Girls' Literary Societies were abolished, and a mixed Literary Society, consisting of pupils from Forms IV. to VI. was constituted.

The first meeting of the Society took place in October, when Mr Howat presided at a debate, "That we regret the Internal Combustion Engine."

In November, Mr More presided at a "Lewis Carroll" Night. Programmes, with duplicated sketches of characters in Carroll's works, were provided by Mr More.

At the first meeting of the New Year, held in January, Mr Angus Fulton, an Old Boy of the School, who has had practical experience of Hydro-Electric schemes in all parts of the world, gave us a very interesting talk, entitled "In Search of Light."

In February, two meetings were held. At the first, at which Mr Erskine presided, a panel of Form VI. pupils discussed questions contributed by the school. At the second we were honoured by the visit of another distinguished Old Boy, Sir Alexander Gray, C.B.E., M.A., LL.D., who spoke on "Some German Ballads." Sir Alexander interrupted his talk twice to go to the piano and play the tunes to which the ballads had been sung.

Our last meeting was held in March. Mr Stewart organised a Parliamentary Debate at which he himself was the Speaker and various members of the Society formed the Government Party and the Opposition. The meeting was a lively one.

We should like to thank our Honorary President, Mr Erskine, for his constant interest and help, Miss Whytock and Mr Laird, our Honorary Vice-Presidents, for their loyal support, and Mr More for his enthusiastic and capable work as Secretary. We are greatly indebted to the masters who have presided at our meetings and the pupils who acted as office-bearers.

This new Society has had a fine beginning. We hope it will continue to flourish throughout the coming year.

J.M.N.W.

### CADET REPORT

The most important event of the term has been the Certificate 'A' examination, the results of which have been outstanding. Fifty-seven cadets were presented and all passed. Twenty-two of these candidates took Part 2 of the examination and thirty-five took Part 1. Congratulations are due to Cadet W. J. S. Adams who gained a credit in Part 1. On Friday, 1st June, Colonel Robertson presented the certificates at a ceremonial parade held at Dalnacraig.

During the Easter Holidays a party of twenty-one senior cadets under Major Larg and Lieut. Vannet paid a visit to Buxtehude, forty-five kilometres from Hamburg. The 1st Battalion, the Cameronians (Scottish Rifles) acted as hosts. Every one enjoyed this visit and the boys in their kilts

and sporrans attracted much attention in Germany. Apart from the German visit six cadets attended a training course at Woodhouselea, near Edinburgh. Sgt. Byer took a physical training course at Burmiston Barracks, Scarborough, at which he obtained a very high pass carrying off the pennant as the leader of the best section. Fifty cadets under Major Halliday, with Capt. Stark and Lieuts. Howat and Soutar, put in a day's field training at Buddon.

In February, the shooting team held a return match with the Old Boys. As usual this was a most enjoyable event. The Cadets were beaten by one point. Cadet D. Rothwell won the prize for the highest score. In other competitions, Cadet Iain Stewart won the Urquhart Cup and Cadet Kenneth W. Smith won the Oakley Cup.

The Junior Cadet Shooting medals were won by Cdt. F. Murray, Cdt. D. Wright and Cdt. A. Robbie (equal), Cdt. D. Duff and Cdt. C. Mills.

On 8th June the contingent was inspected by the Army Commander, Lieut.-General Sir Horatius Murray, K.B.E., C.B., D.S.O. 196 Cadets paraded with their officers and formed a very creditable turnout. After the parade General Murray inspected the boys at work under their Cadet N.C.O.s and expressed satisfaction with the training standard. Thanks are due to the senior girl prefects who served tea so charmingly.

The unit is proud to congratulate Kenneth Clark, a former Drum-Major of the Company on his gaining a commission in the Cameron Highlanders. We also congratulate Alan Robertson, a former C.Q.M.S., and Graham Rattray, a former Sergt.-Major, both of whom have passed a War Office Selection Board. It gives us all great satisfaction to learn that Lieut. Howat has been awarded the Cadet Forces Medal, and finally we congratulate L./Cpl. I. Montgomerie on gaining a Cranwell Scholarship.

Our thanks are due to the 4/5 Black Watch and particularly to our old friend, R.S.M. Roy, D.C.M., for the assistance they have given us during the session. We also thank Sgt. Walker, Royal Signals, for the time he has spent so willingly in showing training films throughout the year. Drum-Major Roy, B.E.M., our S.S.I., puts in a power of work on admin. and drill, while he and Pipe-Major McLeod are doing some excellent work with the band.

Ending on a sadder note, we have to say goodbye to 2nd Lieut. Soutar who is leaving us to take up a post with Dundee Education Committee. I should like to thank him on behalf of the whole company for his services during the past two years, and to wish him success in the future.

I.R.O., Sgt.-Major.

### RUGBY CLUB REPORT

The weather was very unkind to rugby enthusiasts this season. Since 7th January, when our 1st XV. played Boroughmuir School at Edinburgh, they have had all their games cancelled. As usual our heaviest games were early in the season,

and it was a pity that the later fixtures were not played as the team had shown decided improvement. The main difficulty this season was behind the scrum, as N. Byer, this year's captain, was the only regular back available from the previous season. Consequently the lack of experience was much in evidence in the early part of this season when several heavy defeats were encountered. The players concerned were beginning to settle in their "new" positions when the weather put an end to the season. The forwards, though lacking in weight, played with fire and determination, but sometimes they, too, were guilty of too many mistakes.

N. Byer was chosen for a representative match at Dunfermline, but, owing to injury, was unable to play.

Next season's team looks promising and it should be mentioned that fitness is essential to success on the rugby field. Will all players, therefore, please see that they are fit at the beginning of next season?

The other teams, also, had many games cancelled during the second half of the season so that there is little to add to the comment made in the previous issue of the Magazine.

Forms I. and L. VII. deserve special mention. The former lost only two matches throughout the season and the latter won all their matches. Good show!

Thanks must again be expressed to all the members of the staff for their help and time so willingly given throughout the season.

A.M.T.

### CRICKET CLUB REPORT

This season we again have Mr Stevenson as President, with Mr Thomson and Mr Stark as Vice-Presidents. We are much indebted to Mr Stevenson and Mr McLaren for the encouragement they have given us, and to Mr Stark for his invaluable coaching both on Wednesdays and at nets on Monday evenings.

The 1st XI. opened with a draw against Harris, I. McEwan scoring 20. Against Grove on a very easy-paced wicket our bowling was not very effective, but we managed a draw. Against Perth, our captain, N. Byer, scored 23 and D. Reid 22 towards our total of 80 against Perth's reply of 43 for four. The second game against Harris was won, mainly due to F. Allan's bowling, his figures being six wickets for 8 runs. When we were well set to win against Madras, the clock forced abandonment as a draw. The game with Morgan resulted also in a draw, although we put on 62 runs in 60 minutes.

The 2nd XI., a young team with a very promising look, have lost only one of the five games played. Their captain, I. Reoch, has been a successful bowler, as has J. Cooper. D. Baxter has been top-scorer with a 28 against Morgan.

On the 20th June we have a game against the F.P.s. It is a fixture we are looking forward to, and we should like to thank the Rector for permitting this game to go on in the afternoon. We hope to do well against what promises to be a strong F.P. side.

Finally, our thanks are extended to those members of the Staff and F.P.s who have given so freely of their time to umpire our games.

I. H. McE.

### GIRLS' SWIMMING REPORT

Once more the senior girls have spent the summer term working for the awards issued by the Royal Life Saving Society. The following girls have attained the Award of Merit of the Royal Life Saving Society:—

Helen Duncan, Maureen Ritchie, Rosemary Roberts (highly commended), Moira Hardy, Molly Douglas, Helen Anderson, Margaret McConnachie, Catherine Sutherland, Winifred Paton, Ruth Walker, Elizabeth Thomson.

Form III. have made a particularly good effort this year. At the time of going to press a class of eighteen are preparing to sit their Bronze Medallion Examination which consists of practical and theoretical work.

The Junior School maintains a high standard of performance and enthusiasm, each class, from L. III. upwards, paying a weekly visit to the baths.

I should like to thank all the ladies who so kindly help with the swimming, especially the members of the Junior Staff. Taking the children in the lower classes to the baths plays a big part in fostering swimming in the school.

ELIZABETH THOMSON.

### GUIDE REPORT

After a very prosperous session, the Guide meetings are coming to a close for yet another year.

At the end of January P.L. Frances Mair and P.L. Sheila Forbes were presented with their First Class Badges.

For our "Thinking Day" ceremony, Miss Ireland, our District Commissioner, came to visit us and the patrol leaders performed a special ceremony.

A sum of money, amounting to £7, was given to Headquarters for Miss Mackie-Whyte's presentation on her retirement.

The following Guides have been presented with the All Round Chords:—H. Anderson, I. Anderson, S. Gibson, K. Kinnear, K. Ritchie, L. Sutherland, E. Thomson and H. Walker.

Last term the Kingfisher Patrol, P.L. K. Ritchie, and the Blackbird Patrol, P.L. C. Sutherland, came first in Company 2 and 2a respectively.

On the 27th May there was a Guide Service in St. Mary's and our company was asked to provide the Colour Party, consisting of P.L. H. Anderson, C.L. Ritchie and C.L. C. Sutherland. About 43 Guides were present with Miss Whytock and Miss Gray.

The Guides won the Junior Championship at the Swimming Gala on Friday, 1st June.

The Annual Camp is again to be held at Tarfside, Glen Esk, and we hope to have a very enjoyable camp as we have had in past years.

K.F.R., C.S.

**GOLF CLUB REPORT**

The following appointments were made at the beginning of the season:—

Captain, J. Wright; Vice-Captain, B. Gribbin; Secretary, K. Morrison. Members of Committee—G. Lyle and M. Dougall.

There is a very full fixture list this year including matches against the Staff and F.P.s. The season has started well with a convincing win of 4 matches to 1 against Forfar and a draw against Morgan.

The Boase Medal has been won by James Wright, and the Pirie Cup by D. Reid.

We wish to thank Mr Laird for the keen interest which he shows and Mr McLaren for arranging the competitions.

K.G.M.

**TENNIS CLUB REPORT**

The tennis team has had a very successful season this year, being unbeaten so far. We are fortunate in having four of last year's team back and plenty of promising players from whom to choose.

This year, for the first time, we have formed a second team and this has added enthusiasm to the playing of the younger members. This team has played only two matches so far, winning one and being narrowly beaten in the other, but they have a few fixtures yet, to which they can look forward.

We are also playing some matches on Friday evenings, and, in this way, we hope to have time for more fixtures.

On 12th May, the Senior House matches were played and enjoyed by all. The results were:—

Wallace	...	...	15 points
Lindores	...	...	10 "
Aystree	...	...	5 "
Airlie	...	...	0 "

For the first time, on 5th May, Junior House matches were held for the under-14s and the placings this time were:—Airlie, Wallace, Aystree, Lindores.

We should like to thank Miss Leighton for all the help and support she has given us in all the practices and also in encouraging the juniors, who will provide, we hope, the tennis team of the future.

Results:—

**1st VI.—Captain, Wendy Scott**

	Games	
	For	Agst.
Morrison's Academy (h) .....	81	36
Morgan Academy (a) .....	69	48
Harris Academy (h) .....	98	19
Morgan Academy (h) .....	66	51
Madras College (a) .....	87	30
Harris Academy (a) .....	83	34

**2nd VI.—Captain, Winifred Paton**

Morgan Academy (h) .....	69	48
Bell-Baxter High School (h) ...	58	59

M.F.R.

**HOCKEY CLUB REPORT**

This session has been most successful for the hockey teams, the 1st XI. having lost only 3 games since August. However, the highlights of the hockey season came in March, when the 1st XI. won the Junior Midlands Tournament at Dalnacraig, thus regaining the cup which was last won by the High School in 1936, and also with the event of the annual staff match in which the staff were defeated 4-1, in spite of some skilful play on the part of some members of their team.

The hockey matches which concern most people, namely the senior and junior House Matches, were played at the end of the first and second terms. The senior matches were won by Aystree and the junior by Airlie.

As we look forward to next season, the prospects seem hopeful, as only 4 members of the 1st XI. are leaving, and, judging from the performance of the 2nd Year team, this year there will be no lack of junior players to replace them.

Once again it is my privilege to thank Miss Leighton, Miss Whytock and all the other members of staff who have given up time week by week to coach us and umpire our games in the bitter cold.

J.S.T.

**STAMP CLUB REPORT**

During a very successful year the Stamp Club has had twelve meetings. Since the last report in the December Magazine, the Club has been addressed by A. Low, A. S. Duthie, D. Barnet and A. W. Stiven. We were also most fortunate in having as a guest speaker Mr W. R. Harvey of Dundee Philatelic Society who gave a most interesting and instructive display.

The Stamp Exchange System has again operated smoothly, no fewer than 1240 stamps having been exchanged, representing 3253 points—the highest per member since the inception of the scheme.

The session concluded with a "Stamp Quiz," won by A. Low, the prizes of catalogues and stamps having been donated by Alan Duthie. The stamps gifted by Mr E. Gibb, a former member of the Club, were also distributed to members.

It must be added that in Charlotte Lythe the Club has found a secretary who, by her diligence and enthusiasm, has greatly contributed to the success of the year's work.

J.S.

**SCRIPTURE UNION REPORT**

During the past term meetings have been held every Monday in Mr Stewart's room. Among the speakers we have been privileged to have are Mr R. E. Pettifer, an evangelist from Essex, and Rev. Alexander Farrow from Chalmers Church. Attendances have shown a slight increase, but we hope to see an even greater increase in the future. We should like to take this opportunity of thanking Alan Duthie for acting as treasurer and for the interest he has sustained in S.U. for the past few years.

M.R.F.

**THE SENIOR DRAMATIC CLUB REPORT**

About thirty from Forms IV., V. and VI. joined the Senior Dramatic Club at the beginning of the session, meeting every Tuesday under the direction of Mr Smith and Miss Gray. Up to Christmas we learned the rudiments of acting, how to move and express ourselves on the stage and how to mime. We also read plays—Mr Smith's group reading "Tobias and the Angel" and "Candida," Miss Gray's group reading "Mary Rose" and "The Long Christmas Dinner." Since the New Year all our efforts have been concentrated on rehearsing the play, "Antigone," by Sophocles, which we plan to put on in the Training College Hall, on 26th and 27th June.

GRACE M. DINGWALL.

**CHESS CLUB REPORT**

When the Chess Club resumed after Christmas, it was feared that, in the absence of Mr Smart, the Club would have to be disbanded. Fortunately, however, we secured the help and advice of Mrs Elder, Mr Beckingham, Mr Milne and Mr Philips, all members of the Dundee Chess Club, who have given tuition and encouragement to all our members.

We have played two matches with Harris Academy, both of which have been drawn, and hope to be able to play a third, deciding, match with them later in the session. We are also in course of playing a series of 8 postal games with Morrison's Academy and have already won both games that are finished.

Those who have represented the Club are:—G. Burnett, P. Constable, G. Hunter, S. Matthew, K. Morrison, D. Stimpson and J. Stocks.

J.C.S.

**THE JUNIOR DRAMATIC SOCIETY REPORT**

In October, 1955, it was decided to form the Junior Dramatic Society to provide for the needs of Forms I., II. and III., and to establish a training ground for prospective members of the Senior Dramatic Society. At the first meeting it was agreed that each class should tackle one play during the session.

Form II., under the guidance of Mr Stewart, Miss R. Falconer and Miss Cunningham, have been working on a play called "Elizabeth Refuses," from Jane Austen's novel, "Pride and Prejudice." In the School Hall on Friday, 13th April, Forms I. and III. presented two plays; the former performed the "Trial Scene" from "The Merchant of Venice," while Form III. put on a French play, entitled "Le Trésor de Carnac."

We have been fortunate in having enthusiastic members and we hope that in succeeding years they will continue to bring credit to the School. We also wish to take this opportunity of thanking all

those who so kindly helped to make the performance a success; those who offered advice, or helped with the costumes and scenery, and especially Miss Lickely and her team of make-up artists.

"The Trial Scene"—Young though they were to tackle such a serious play, Form I. proved that their ability was more than adequate to master Shakespeare's "Trial Scene" from "The Merchant of Venice." The scene was colourfully set in the Court Room of Venice with the characters beautifully attired in the authentic costumes of the period, kindly lent by Dundee Repertory Company.

The principal parts were exceedingly well played by David Wright (Shylock), Jennifer Heath (Portia), Jennifer Dunlop (The Duke of Venice), Donald Cuthill (Antonio), Bruce Kyle (Bassanio) and William Hamilton (Gratiano).

Smaller parts in the cast, also well portrayed, were taken by Valerie Fowler, Sheila Reid, Elizabeth Grant and Ann Mackintosh. Martin Nicol was understudy for Shylock and Helen Thomson (F. II.) for Portia.

The play was produced by Mr Duke, Miss Sturrock and Miss Hogg.

A.D.M.H.

"Le Trésor de Carnac"—Form III. presented a play in French, "Le Trésor de Carnac," a charming tale of love and superstition set in Celtic Brittany. High tribute was paid to the principals for the competent manner in which they played their rôles, and for the fluent quality of their French. Apart from the dialogue, the highlights of the little drama were the dances of the village girls, colourfully attired in traditional Breton costume, and the mysterious moonlit scene among the standing stones of Carnac, with the haunting melody and dance of the Korriganes, the Fairies of the Moor.

The principal parts were played by Alison Reid (Annik), Joan How (Louise), Alistair Mathers (Yvon), Douglas Davidson (Père Joseph), Gordon Ritchie (Père Pierre), Charlotte Lythe (La Mendiante), Sheila Miller (La Ménagère) and Ian Cuthbert (Le ménestrier). The chorus of village girls and Korriganes was composed of Kay Anderson, Sandra Bruce, Sally Haslock, Susan Haclock, Sheila Henderson, Dorothy Jupp, Anne McLaren, Jane Milne, Patricia Robertson, Caroline Rudd and Una Stephenson, while Eileen Duke (L. III.), Sally and Scsán Haslock were the forces of mystery behind the standing stones. Douglas Barnet was the stand-in for the male rôles. The prompter, whose services were not once required throughout the play, was Eilidh Souter, while Eileen Souter was pianist, also providing selections of French music between the scenes.

The play was produced by Mr Stevenson and Miss Coull. Miss Coull composed the music for the dances, which she had also arranged, and was responsible for the attractive peasant costumes.



## F.P. Club Reports

### F.P. TENNIS CLUB REPORT

The F.P. Tennis Club opened for the season on 14th April, and the following officials were elected:—

President, Miss Edith M. Nicoll.

Vice-President—Mr Ian L. Thomson.

Treasurer—Mr Ian L. Thomson.

Secretary—Mr Peter Blain, 35 Nesbitt Street, Dundee.

The first item on the agenda this year was our Club Dance. Unfortunately this was not such a financial success as last year's, but we think we can attribute that to the fact that it coincided with Students' Charities Week.

Our three teams are, at the moment, fighting very hard in their respective divisions in the Midlands League. The honours must go to the two men's teams who are both doing very well.

Saturday afternoons at Dalnacraig can nearly compare with the mornings' activities as we have a good membership of pupils playing on the top courts and a good representation of Former Pupils using the bottom courts. We welcome these juniors to our club, and will be very pleased to see more.

The main aim of the Tennis Club is to increase its membership and stop the drift of F.P.s to other clubs and then perhaps in the near future we shall see all High School F.P.s playing for the F.P. club and not for the opposing clubs as so often happens at present.

EDITH L. NICOLL, President.

### F.P. BADMINTON CLUB REPORT

The past season has been a successful one for the club teams competing in the Dundee and District League and the Dundee Churches and Welfare League, both winning promotion to the second divisions. It is hoped, that with players competing

in the higher grade of badminton, the average standard of the club will be raised.

We are indebted to Mr Erskine for arranging with the pupils interested in the game to attend on Saturday evenings for coaching. This gesture will be of great value to the club in the future.

At the beginning of March the club held its first dance which was very successful.

It was pleasing to note that the attendances on club nights kept a high level right to the end of the season despite the drop in membership from the previous year.

All F.P.s interested in joining next season should send their names to the Secretary—James H. K. Rorie, 304 Blackness Road, Dundee.

### F.P. HOCKEY CLUB

The club had a very enjoyable season with the biggest membership we have had for quite a while. The results, however, are not as good as we hoped. We won 5 matches, drew 2 and lost 10. In the Seven-a-side Tournament at Perth the team did very well by reaching the final match, but were beaten by Perth Academy.

In March we held a Jumble Sale in school to raise funds for the club. The result was £28.

The Office-bearers for next season are:—

Hon. President—Miss Whytock.

Hon. Vice-President—Mrs Walker.

President—Mrs J. Pringle.

Vice-President—Mrs G. Ritchie.

Captain—Miss S. McKenzie.

Vice-Captain—Miss A. Mathers.

Hon. Secretary—Miss M. Wilson.

Hon. Treasurer—Miss E. Paterson.

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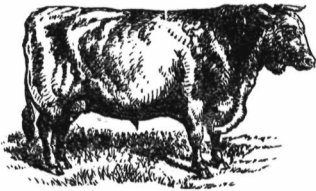
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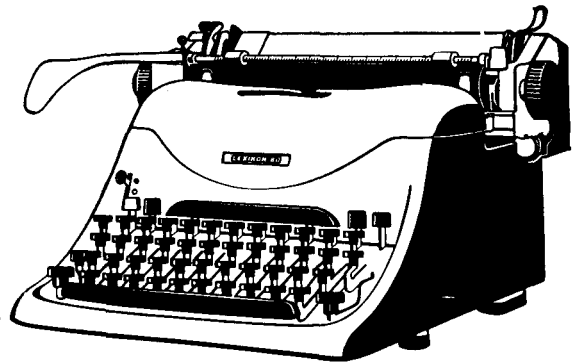
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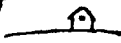
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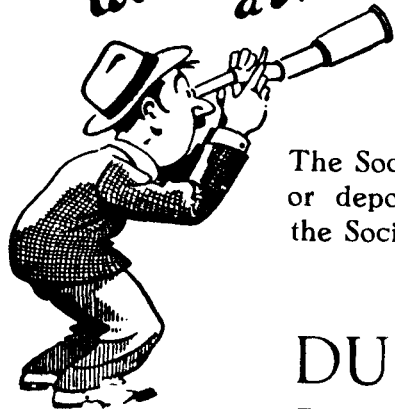
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