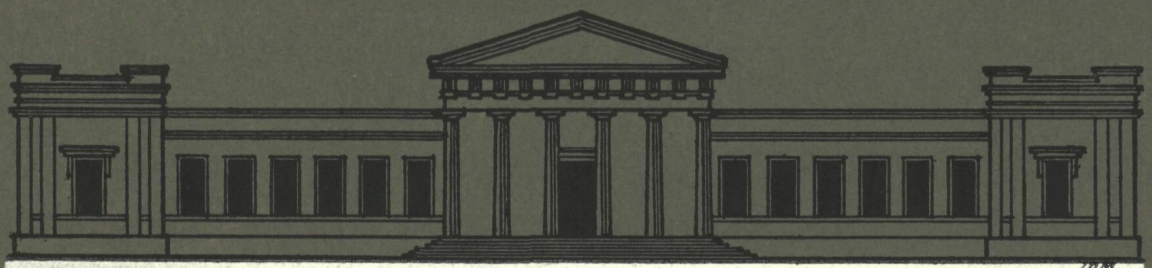


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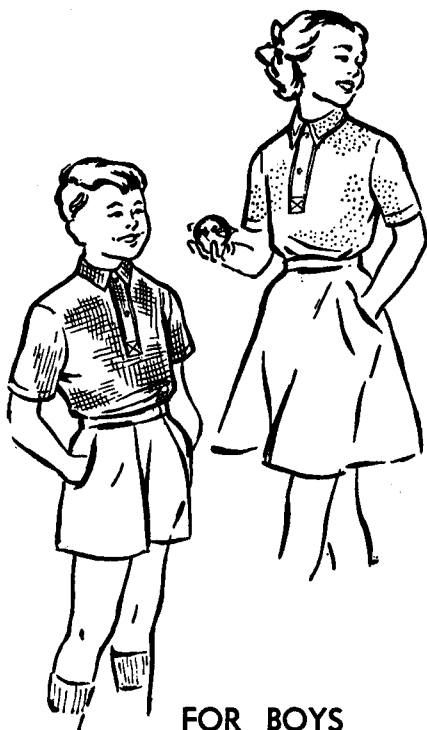
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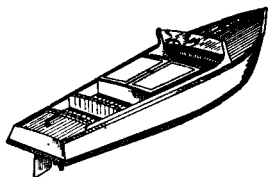
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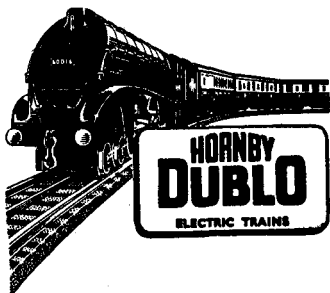


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The Dundee High School MAGAZINE

No. 122]

JUNE, 1957

[1/3

Editorial

When we entered these walls we found a school. We leave a ruin. This is not due to any irregular activity on our part, nor to any depredations by the more lawless elements in the school. On the contrary, it is the work of a body no less sober and respectable than the Board of Directors, through their contractors.

At first sight this is not a very intelligent thing to do. It is difficult to argue that a school in ruins is better than one intact. But we must look to the future. Already from the chaos, which seemed to reign only a few weeks ago in the centre of the Boys' School, is appearing the shape of the High School to be. It is a shape of which we can all be proud. The School will have new accommodation for science and geography and additional rooms for other subjects. This is being achieved by putting two storeys where there was only one before, but clever planning has made sure that the impressive facade will not be marred in any way.

On the announcement of the scheme, we hoped, and so (we feel sure) did all our fellow-toilers, that it would necessitate a certain amount of interruption in the work of the school. Woe and alack! It has not turned

out so. Exactly the same amount of work is done, with the added labour of having to trudge what seems like miles to find rooms which one had never even known of until recently. The picture, however, is not all gloom. The younger children (little sadists!) take great pleasure in watching the workmen, and those, like ourself, who are feeling the burden of increasing years are rejoiced by the occasional use of an armchair in a far-distant and very popular room.

Nevertheless, any slight inconvenience which we may experience is very unimportant when set against the good of the School. And that is certainly what the present reconstruction is furthering. Some time early this autumn the first phase will come to an end, and, in place of havoc, there will be a bright, new, modern section of the School. In making the building higher, the Directors are at the same time making it possible for the pupils to attain standards higher even than those in the past. It is a pleasure to us that in this Editorial we have been able to look, not backward at what has been accomplished in our time, but rather forward at the greatness that is yet to be.

Pianoforte Playing Competition

On Monday, 10th December, 1956, a new School Competition — that for pianoforte playing — was initiated.

The Rector, who presided and whose idea it was, hoped that this annual competition would provide added stimulus to purposeful study and friendly rivalry among the pupils. He thought that, in future, scope for competition might be extended to include participation by string players.

In all, 34 pupils, who were graded in three sections, performed — 12 in Section A, 16 in Section B, and 6 in Section C. The performances were listened to with critical attention and appreciation by a fair-sized audience of pupils and parents, and the entrants, many of whom had not before played in public, acquitted themselves with much credit.

The adjudicator was the city organist, Mr James Hinchliffe, who had what proved to be the difficult task of choosing the best players. Mr Hinchliffe's comments were expressed with tactful good humour, and his hints were helpful. His decisions were received in the right spirit.

Little Jenny Blain (L. III), the youngest competitor, was the winner in Section A. It was delightful to witness her composure and the certainty of her playing.

In Section B, David Stimpson (F. III.) was placed first. Neat fingering and promising interpretation were very evident in his performances.

In Section C, there was some quite mature playing of a high order and from a commendable entry Lorna Guild (F. V.) was adjudged the best.

There is no doubt that the event was a success, and Mr Erskine voiced general opinion in his praise of the competitors.

The Rector expressed his own and the School's indebtedness to Mr Hinchliffe for the way he conducted the competition.

The prizes, which were gifted by the Old Girls' Club and by Messrs Larg, will be presented at the closing day in June.

R.A.R.

The Carol Service

The annual Carol Service was held in Dundee Parish Church (St. Mary's) on Sunday, 16th December, at 3 p.m. There was a full attendance of present pupils and staff as well as an encouraging number of former pupils and parents.

The familiar Carols and Christmas Hymns were sung vigorously by all. It was evident that Mr Porteous and his colleagues must have put a lot of work into producing such a polished performance.

The choir sang Christmas Music from Handel's "Messiah." The recitative, "Behold! A Virgin shall conceive," was beautifully sung by Helen Duncan, followed by the air and chorus, "O Thou that tellest," sung by altos and sopranos, later joined by the full choir.

The six lessons were read by Mr Erskine, Mr Marshall, Mr More, Maureen F. Ritchie (Head Girl), I. H. McEwan (Head Boy) and Mr F. Slimman (President of the Old Boys' Club). The service was conducted by Rev. Hugh O. Douglas, M.A., Chaplain of the School.

It was generally agreed that, although there had been a great deal of hard work behind the production of this service, all pupils enjoyed every moment of both preparation and execution. L.J.G.

Musical Entertainment

The School was entertained on Monday, 7th January, by Mr Ian Paterson (Bass), a former pupil of the High School, accompanied at the piano by Mr Porteous. The programme included:—"Art Thou Troubled?" (Handel), "Trade Winds" (Keel), "Roadside Fire" (Vaughan-Williams), "Robin Tamson's Smiddy," "Ladies Have Such Variations" (Mozart), "O Mistress Mine" (Quilter), "An Aside" (Ireland), "Bonnie Wee Thing," "The Gentle Maiden" (Somervell), "The Bold Unbiddable Child" (Stanford), "Non piu andrai" (Mozart), "Five Eyes" (Gibb), "Old Mother Hubbard" (Hely-Hutchinson), "The Ploughboy" (Britten), and "The Stuttering Lovers" (Newnes). The performance was greatly appreciated by pupils and staff.



By courtesy of "The Courier and Advertiser"

SIR J. RANDALL PHILIP

O.B.E., Q.C., D.D.

BY A FRIEND

On second May, 1957, James Randall Philip, Knight, O.B.E., Q.C., D.D., Sheriff of Perth and Angus, Procurator of the Church of Scotland and Hon. President of the Old Boys' Club, died at his home at 53 Great King Street, Edinburgh, at the age of fifty-seven.

He was a member of a distinguished family. His father, the Very Rev. Dr Philip of Invergowrie, was one of the Princes of the Church and one of the choicest souls in Scotland. One of his uncles, Professor Sir Robert Philip, enjoyed world-wide renown as the pioneer in the treatment of tuberculosis.

In his home he had the privilege of meeting many distinguished guests, amongst them the late Lord Trayner, a judge of the Court of Session, who was a frequent visitor, and whose influence led Randall to choose the Bar as a profession.

Educated at the High School, he took part in all School activities and indulged in all the usual boy's hobbies. In everything he excelled. In Class he always took a good place and was often first; he was captain of rugger; and he was having photographs accepted for publication before he was twelve.

At Edinburgh he took his M.A. with First Class Honours in History and at the same time entered with spirit and enthusiasm into all departments of student life, being a member of the Diagnostic, a contributor to the "Student" and also an athlete, though not a very successful one. At Glasgow he took his LL.B., and recently he was awarded an Hon. D.D. by Aberdeen.

He was called to the Bar in 1924, took silk in 1945 and was first appointed Sheriff in 1948. A mere list of the appointments which he held and had previously held would fill many columns of this Magazine, but his main work was done for the Law and the Church. Outside of these perhaps his chief interests latterly were the National Library of Scotland and the Northern Lighthouses of which he was a Commissioner.

During the whole of his professional life the high standards which he set and maintained were recognised by the Bench, by his brethren of the Faculty of Advocates, by Solicitors all over Scotland, and, of course, by many hundreds of clients from the wealthy corporations to quite humble folk.

In the Church Courts and Committees his work was even more remarkable. He brought to bear upon it not only a wide knowledge of the history, traditions and law of the Church, but also a fine sensitiveness to its true interests which was born of the love he bore to it and nurtured and deepened by experience and discipline. It is significant that, though he was a very staunch Presbyterian, two of the most beautiful tributes paid to him at the time of his death were written by Bishops of the Church of England.

The part he took as one of the representatives of the Church of Scotland on the Committee which made the arrangements for the Queen's Coronation was characteristic of everything he did. In the first place, he had real knowledge of the constitutional position of the Crown in Scotland from the historical and legal points of view, having made a special study of this subject many years ago. He also knew the problem in its theological aspects. In addition, however, he showed a practical good sense, a patient and tolerant appreciation and understanding of the views of what might be called "the other side," which gained respect and admiration from everyone concerned.

How refreshing it is to meet a man who not only knows his subject but can express his views, and the views of others, calmly, lucidly and sympathetically, as Randall Philip always did.

In a letter written to Bishop Creighton in 1887, Lord Acton wrote, "power tends to corrupt and absolute power corrupts absolutely." These words are very popular and are frequently quoted. The words which follow immediately in the same letter, however, are not so popular and seem never to be quoted. They are, "great men are almost always bad men, even when they exercise influence and not authority." Our friend, Randall Philip, triumphantly achieved the almost impossible—he was both good and great, and further, he was happy. When he was recovering from an illness in 1954, he wrote, "I really have been overworking for twenty years . . . but these years were supremely happy."

He was so greatly talented and possessed so many amiable and endearing qualities that it is difficult to particularise, but probably his friends appreciated most his utter loyalty, his genuine modesty and his charming courtesy.

As the School mourns the loss of one of its greatest sons, it remembers him with affection and with pride.

Reading and Public-Speaking Competition

On Friday, 18th January, members of the Literary Society and friends heard the eight finalists in the Reading and Public-Speaking Competition inaugurated by the Rector and organised by Mr Stewart. Prizes, given by an anonymous Former Pupil in memory of his friend and school-fellow, Col. G. H. Philip, T.D., were awarded to Patricia Devlin and Michael Tosh by the adjudicator, Professor A. A. Matheson, Dean of the Faculty of Law at Queen's College, Dundee. The other finalists, Margaret Mee, Charlotte Lythe, Gelda Leslie, James Wright, Peter Mee and Gordon Ritchie, each received consolation prizes, not only from the anonymous donor, but also from Professor Matheson. Sir J. Randall Philip, O.B.E., Q.C., D.D., the late Col. Philip's brother, was present. Professor Matheson, to whom the School is much indebted for the time he spent on the adjudication of the prizes and the interest he showed, commended the candidates on attaining a particularly high standard of reading and speech-making.

Elocution Pupils' Concert

On Wednesday, 27th March, Miss Low's pupils gave a delightful concert in the School Hall. The programme consisted of sketches, recitations and plays by pupils from both the Upper and Lower School. The sketches, which were very interesting and amusing, were:—"A Pageant of Flowers," by Helen Wood, Brian Junor, Michael Fletcher, Wendy McPherson, and girls of L. I., II., III. and V.; "The Princess and the Gipsies," by L. VI. and L. IV. girls; "Picnics" by L. III. boys and L. II. girls; and "Apology Accepted" by Brian Junor and L. IV. boys. Recitations were given by Kenneth Ritchie, Alistair Smith, Nancy Paton, Robin Foote and Douglas Robbie, and Anne Rothwell and Jean Whyte. Both in the sketches and the recitations there were many signs of acting ability and remarkable clearness of articulation, and the same is true of the plays. "The Quack Doctor" was performed by Barbara Patrick, Patricia Walton, Anne Buchan, Margaret Robb, James Davidson, Joy Andrew, Wilma Skinner and Nichola Smith. The cast in "Father Noah" were Charlotte Lythe, Gillian Shearer, Barbara Patrick, Elsoeth Ower and Hilary McConach. Gelda Leslie and Eileen Souter provided interval music.

Staff v. Pupils Hockey Match

On Thursday, 28th March, the Staff played their annual hockey match against the pupils. Amid rousing cheers from the enthusiastic crowd on the side line, the staff set off at a cracking pace, but the girls soon counteracted this attack and were leading 2-1 at half-time. During the second half the staff equalised the score, but the experience and fitness of the 1st XI. began to show against their less agile opponents and, despite sudden bursts of activity from Mr Stark and Mr Thomson, and the lack of authority from the umpires, the match finished with a 6-3 win for the girls.

School Sports

The School Sports were held on Saturday, 1st June. The weather was cloudy but not unpleasant, and there was a large turnout of pupils, former pupils, parents and friends. Two records were broken when Douglas Barnett won the mile in 4 minutes 53 seconds, and Malcolm Dougall won the half-mile in 2 minutes 12.4 seconds. Malcolm Dougall was the Senior Champion, Andrew Young the Intermediate and David Wright the Junior. The Girls' Championships were won by Elizabeth Thomson (Senior), Catherine Duncan (Intermediate) and Jadwiga Kowalska (Junior). Mr Hubert Scott presided at the prize-giving and Mrs Scott presented the prizes. In the absence of the Rector, who was unwell, Mr Marshall acted as chairman.

Swimming Gala

The Swimming Gala was held on Tuesday, 4th June. The Champions were:—David A. McGregor (Senior Boys), David W. Duff (Junior Boys), Eilidh N. C. Souter (Senior Girls), and Sheila M. Buchan (Junior Girls). Mr Fred Slimman, President of the Old Boys' Club, presided, and prizes were presented by Mrs Slimman. House points were as follows—Airlie 75, Aystree 23½, Lindores 8½, Wallace 41½. These, with points for Sports and Team Events, bring the totals to—Airlie 239, Aystree 152½, Lindores 94½, Wallace 180½.

New Trophies for Sports

The Girls' Championship Cup has been presented by Miss Margot M. Leighton who has been an assistant in the Gymnastic Department since 1953. The Girls' Intermediate Championship Cup has been presented by Mr

Charles R. W. Gray, who is a former pupil of the School and an all-round athlete and games player. He was Junior Champion in 1932, Intermediate in 1934, and Senior in 1935 and 1936. The Girls' Junior Championship Cup has been presented by Miss Margaret Larg who is President of the Old Girls' Club and Lieutenant in the D.H.S. Guide Company.

School Chaplain's Visits

The School Chaplain, Rev. H. O. Douglas, visited the School on alternate Fridays throughout the first two terms, to assist with the religious instruction. We are very grateful for his helpful co-operation in this important part of the school work.

National Savings Collections

A good standard has been maintained this year with an average weekly collection of £42 5s, and a highest weekly total of £52 8s.

Gifts of Books

We should like to thank the Old Girls' Club for their generous gift of books for the Junior Library and Mr Frank Young for a similar gift for the Senior Library.

Mr Robert L. Lickley

Last June we were congratulating Mr Lickley as designer of the Fairey Delta II. which set up the World's Absolute Speed Record of 1132 m.p.h. on 10th March, 1956. In our present issue we are very fortunate to have an article from his pen describing his Way of Life. Mr Lickley was a pupil of D.H.S. from 1918 to 1929. He graduated B.Sc. in Civil Engineering at Edinburgh University in 1932, after which he proceeded to the Imperial College as a Caird Scholar, D.I.C. In 1933 he was appointed Chief Project Engineer of Hawker Aircraft, Ltd., and in 1946 Deputy Principal and Professor of Aircraft Design in the College of Aeronautics at Granfield. Since 1951 he has been Technical Director and Chief Engineer of Fairey Aviation Co. Ltd. He is a Fellow of the Royal Aeronautical Society and a Member of the Institution of Mech. Engineers.

Staff Changes

We are sorry to hear that two of the staff, Miss Leighton and Mr Gillman, are leaving. Miss Leighton has been with us four years and has done a lot of good work in that time—in the gym., at the baths, on the field, at camp, and elsewhere. Her energy and enthusiasm

have always impressed us. We wish her all happiness in her married life. Mr Gillman has been in the High School for 37 years. We shall miss his anecdotes and pawky humour, as he no doubt will miss his piles of correction. We hope he will have a long and happy retirement.

At the beginning of the year the assistant janitor, Mr W. Roy, left to take up a post as an inspector in Cyprus. Mr Roy was very popular, and we wish him well. He has been succeeded by Mr W. Blackley who is carrying out his duties with great efficiency.

We are also sorry to hear that Mrs Jeans, part-time assistant in the Art Department, is leaving. She has been teaching embroidery to Forms IV. and V. girls with great success.

Letters from the Universities

We should like to take this opportunity of thanking all those students who have contributed to the section of our magazine named above. Their names are as follows:—

December, 1955—W. D. Cullen (St. Andrews), Yvonne L. Kerr (Queen's College).

June, 1956—David C. Marshall (Queen's College), Fiona I. G. Vine (St. Andrews), James T. Lyon (Glasgow), Maida Macdonald (Edinburgh).

December, 1956—Jean Thomson (St. Andrews), Janette Weatherhead (Edinburgh), Georgina Lyon (Glasgow).

June, 1957—Grace Dingwall (Edinburgh), Anne Drummond (Cambridge), Margaret I. Wilson (Queen's College), Alan Duthie (St. Andrews).

There are 32 D.H.S. F.P.'s at St. Andrews University. Their names are as follows:—

Research Students—Ian Lawrenson, Alan Forsyth.

Magistrands—Alan Robertson, Alan Butterfield, William Alexander, Douglas Cullen, Robin Constable.

Tertians—John Cameron, William Morrison, Robert Crawford, Elspeth Swinton, Elspeth Fraser, Elizabeth Thomson, Joyce Whyte, Ishbel Tough, Ian Dorward, Dorothy Menzies.

Semies—Robert Logan, Neil Hooper, Stanley Yeaman, Howard Bell, Rena Smith, Fiona Vine, Pamela Grant, Helen Fleming.

Bejants—Alan Duthie, John Stocks, Patrick Constable, Alison Jewell, Marjory Ower, Pamela Whyte, Jean Thomson.

For Your Information

At the back of this magazine you will find a page with the above heading, reserved for your use so that you can provide the Editor with news about yourself or your friends. The Editor would like to thank the two people who have noticed this page and sent in information about themselves.

Easter Service

At eight o'clock on Sunday evening, the 21st of April, a large congregation, which filled the area of St. Mary's Church, attended for an hour, with reverent thoughtfulness, to a presentation, through speech and song, of the events relating to the crucifixion and the resurrection of our Lord.

The church was in near darkness, but facing the congregation a large cross, on which a clear light shone, had been erected in front of the pulpit. This was the only visual guide to the unfolding of the wonderful story, which was spoken and sung from the organ loft by pupils of the High School aided by members of the staff. The fact that the principals were not seen helped listeners to dwell only on the purport of the presentation.

The spoken parts, chosen mostly from the Holy Writ with loving insight and care, were interspersed with choral and solo items, and the whole was carried through in a deeply touching mood. Expressive speech and persuasively sincere singing were maintained throughout the service. The conception and the purpose of the narration were excellently achieved, and the event redounded to the credit of all those taking part. Mr Stewart, our English master, was responsible for the script, part of which he spoke; the Rector chose, prepared and participated in the vocal part, and Mr Porteous, our Singing master, lent invaluable aid at the organ. With quiet assurance the pupils rose to the high standard set by their elders.

The Rev. Hugh O. Douglas, the School chaplain, opened and closed the service with prayer.

May we confidently hope that such a service will be held at other Easter times.

WE CONGRATULATE . . .

We congratulate **Ian Cuthbert** and **James Sutherland** on successfully completing the P.T. course at Burmiston Barracks, Scarborough. Ian Cuthbert obtained the higher

percentage and was recommended for the advanced P.T. course at Aldershot.

James Wright, who topped the order of merit in the Edinburgh Bursary Competition, was first in the John Welsh Classical Bursary List, was awarded a Cowan House Entrance Scholarship, and gave the School a half-holiday.

Dr Joyce Pringle of Aberdeen University, who has been appointed Lecturer in Soil Physics at King's College, Newcastle—University of Durban.

Jean Thomson, first year student at St. Andrews University, on winning the medal for Physics and on being placed second in the Chemistry Classes (Medical).

Una Stephenson (F. IV.), on gaining an international prize in the European Schools' Day Essay Competition. Her prize has been offered by the Dutch Committee of the European Youth Campaign and will be a ten-days' holiday in Holland.

Peter G. C. Robertson on his success in the Scottish Universities Tennis Championships in which he won the Men's Doubles, with H. W. Lorimer as partner, and reached the final of the Men's Singles.

Ian D. Cuthbert, F. IV., on gaining the Gold Proficiency Award of the Scottish Amateur Swimming Association for Spring-board Diving, and on his being chosen as reserve for the Scottish team which is to compete with the North of England team in July.

Maureen Ritchie, on winning a special bursary for Science (The Simpson Bursary) in the St. Andrews Bursary Competition, and on gaining first place in the Queen's College Bursary Competition, thus giving the School a half-holiday.

Gillian Payne on winning the Jean Coupar Trophy, awarded in the Dundee Junior Red Cross Competition.

Kathleen Thomson, **George Duke** and **Eileen Duke**, on gaining prizes in the Dundee Public Library Essay Competition.

Sheila Jamieson, **Valerie Jamieson** and their mother, who were respectively 1st, 2nd and 3rd in the competition for the ladies' rosebowl organised by Dundee Ski Club. Sheila also won the Shaw Cup against strong male opposition.

Michael Tosh on gaining a scholarship at Corpus Christi College, Oxford, and giving the School a half-holiday.

Ewan Hooper on winning the Principal's Medal for good studentship at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, London.

Mrs S. C. Clark, formerly Mona Mars, who edited Women's Page in "The Sunday Post" for three and a half years, on her marriage and on her appointment as assistant fashion editor on a national women's magazine.

Dr W. Fraser Ross, son of Provost Ross, Monifieth, on his receiving a World Health Organisation Fellowship to enable him to see how hospital records are kept overseas. Dr Ross, who is returning from Bulawayo, will visit Denmark, the Netherlands and Switzerland.

Ruth Walker who has been chosen as a representative of Scotland to attend the World Guide Camp to be held in Switzerland in July.

Miss Latto who has become engaged to Mr David D. Cathro.

Mr A. Smith on his engagement to Miss Jean Gibson.

Mr Walter L. M. Perry, of the Department of Biological Standards, on receiving the O.B.E. in recognition of his work at the National Institute for Medical Research.

Mr William G. M. Anderson who has been Director of Works at the Air Ministry since 1952, on receiving the C.B.E.

Mr Angus A. Fulton, General Manager of the North of Scotland Hydro-Electric Board, on receiving the C.B.E.

Miss Phyllis P. Robbie on receiving from the Queen an award from the British Empire and Commonwealth Nurses' War Memorial Fund for her essay on "What contribution an individual nurse can make to international affairs."

Mr R. L. Lickley on his appointment as a Director of the new Board of Aeroplastics Ltd., and on his being awarded the Royal Aeronautical gold medal for his "outstanding practical contributions to aircraft design and development."

Mr Archibald S. Briggs on receiving the freedom of the burgh of Arbroath in recognition of his gift of £30,000 for twenty-four old people's houses in his home town.

Group-Captain J. S. Wilson, former rugby internationalist, on his appointment as Director of Hygiene and Research at the Air Ministry, with the acting rank of Air Commodore.

Lieut.-Col. I. B. Cameron Taylor on his appointment to the editorial chair of the "Moray, Nairn and Banff Courant."

Grace Dingwall, first year student at Edinburgh University, on gaining the medal in the First Ordinary Mathematics class and on acquitting herself with distinction in the Latin and Greek classes.

Mr Halliday who has had two water colours of dockyard scenes in the Royal Scottish Society of Painters in Water Colours, and a bronze of a spaniel and a pastel portrait in the current exhibition of the Royal Scottish Academy. In the Glasgow Civic Art Association Exhibition Mr Halliday had on view two paintings and his design for the Bowie Memorial Medal has been accepted in London.

Mr Vannet who has two pictures in the Royal Scottish Academy Exhibition. One of these is an etching, the other is a detailed pen drawing in sepia of Dutch barges on a canal in Amsterdam. In the Royal Academy, London, Mr Vannet exhibits a recent etching of Arbroath Harbour.

John Cameron, third year student at St. Andrews University, on gaining the medal in the Junior Honours Mathematics Class and on being appointed Senior Student in St. Salvador's Hall.

Douglas Cullen on winning the medals in the Honours Latin and Greek classes at St. Andrews University, thus gaining the David Marshall Prize in Humanities.

Second-Lieut. John A. S. Weatherhead on winning a silver cup as 19th Field Regiment R.A. Champion Shot, Hong Kong, 1957.

MUSIC SUCCESSES

The following pupils passed the Associated Board Examinations for Pianoforte and Violin held in March, 1957:—

Pupils of Mr Porteous

L. VI.

Ian Smith, Pianoforte, Grade II., Merit.

Pupils of Mrs Duncan

F. II.

Shona Colquhoun, Pianoforte, Grade IV., Pass.

Marion Hay, Pianoforte, Grade IV., Pass.

L. VI.

Norman Beedie, Pianoforte, Grade IV.,
Pass.

Anthony Kobine, Pianoforte, Grade I.,
Merit.

L. V.

Wendy McPherson, Pianoforte, Grade II.,
Pass.

L. III.

Jenny Blain, Pianoforte, Grade II., Merit.

Pupils of Mrs Elder**F. I.**

Elizabeth Rae, Pianoforte, Grade III.,
Merit.

Kathleen Thomson, Pianoforte, Grade III.,
Merit.

Pupils of Mr R. Reid**L. V.**

Alan Lawson, Pianoforte, Grade III., Pass.

L. IV.

Margaret Moncur, Pianoforte, Grade I.,
Pass.

Pupils of Mr Morrison Reid**F. I.**

Peter Milne, Violin, Grade III., Merit.

L. VI.

Brian Junor, Violin, Grade I., Merit.

L. V.

Graeme Duncan, Violin, Grade I., Pass.

**Trinity College of Music — Elocution
Examination Results**

1957

Grade II. — Anne Maxwell Young (Honours). Judith Rochelle Rosen (Merit).

Grade IV. — Wilma Margaret Skinner (Honours).

Grade V. — Patricia Mary Walton (Merit). Margaret Myles Morrison Robb (Pass).

Grade VI. — Barbara Helen Patrick (Merit). Elspeth Agnes Ower (Merit).

1956

Grade III. — Sheila Buchan (Merit). Alison Chalmers (Merit).

Grade VII. — Marie Walls (Merit).

Obituary

We record with regret the deaths of the following to whose relatives we extend our deepest sympathy:—Mr Peter R. Donald, Mr Lindsay, H. Fleming, Miss Rosa MacDougald and Sir J. Randall Philip.

Mr Peter R. Donald (94) died at his home, Glenara, North End, Thornton, on 5th December, 1956. Mr Donald was born in Blairgowrie and first went to school at Carnoustie. He later studied at the High School of Dundee before going back to Carnoustie as a pupil teacher. Mr Donald was headmaster of Thornton for 35 years, retiring about thirty years ago.

Mr Lindsay H. Fleming (59), whose home was The Neish, Station Road, Invergowrie, died in Dundee Royal Infirmary after a week's illness. Mr Fleming was the son of the late Mr Andrew Fleming, Union Bank, Lochee, a well-known jute manufacturer. He trained with P. P. Fleming & Co., and, after the First World War, in which he served with the Scots Guards in France, he joined Thomas

Duff & Co. Ltd., in Calcutta. He returned to Dundee in 1947 when he was appointed to Jute Control.

The death of **Miss Rosa MacDougald** (73) at St. Serf's Eventide Home, Newport, on 4th May, 1957, came as a shock to pupils and staff of the High School. Miss MacDougald, who was the Principal Teacher of Elocution, retired quite recently. She was educated at Newport School and completed her education and studied music at Lübeck in Germany. Her pupils had many successes at music festivals and in the Trinity College of London Examinations. She was for many years intimately connected, as principal and producer, with the old Newport Operatic Society and Dundee Operatic Society. Mr L. B. Weatherhead, secretary of the High School, said of her: "She was a finished artiste and gifted teacher. A very large number of people had warm feelings towards her. She really was a figure — a well-known and highly-respected person."

Retiral of Mr H. A. Gillman, M.A., B.Sc.

Once again we bid farewell to one who has served the School for almost a lifetime. In 1920 Horace Gillman came to the Mathematics Department and we fear to count how many exercises he has corrected in these 37 years. Without doubt he has worked hard and no small share of the many honours the School has won in Mathematics is due to him.

At the outbreak of the First World War, shortly after he commenced teaching, Mr Gillman enlisted as a private in the Royal Scots. He was transferred to the R.N.A.S. and then later to the R.F.C. By the time he was demobbed in 1919 he ranked as Flying Officer in the R.A.F. His exploits on behalf of the Air Ministry among the predatory Irish and his feats of motor-cycling in the wilds of their primitive isle are now a legend in the staff-room where, to the entertainment of all, his high adventures are periodically related with many variations.

On returning to civilian life he had a post for a short time in Moray House, Edinburgh, but his first permanent appointment was in Dundee High School under Mr Meiklejohn. Indeed the continuity of service of Mr Meikle-

john and Mr Gillman covers a period of nigh on 60 years. John Macdonald, another colleague of the twenties and thirties, still enjoys a happy retirement in Dundee.

For many years Mr Gillman acted as secretary for the Senior Parties and then as recorder of the athletic and sports successes, but those who know him well would say that he seldom allowed others to see the underlying kindness of his heart. It may even be a surprise to some to know how he cares for his pigeons, attending them in the early hours of the morning, summer and winter, and sometimes when he was too ill to have been out of bed. Mr Gillman has been a collector of antiques and in the early years of wireless he was an enthusiast in the construction of new circuits. He has played golf at Downfield when health and weather permitted, but none of these things gave him the satisfaction he gets from his show collection of birds.

We are glad he retires in good health, and the whole Staff, and especially his colleagues in the Mathematics Department with whom Mrs Mackenzie and Mr Smart wish to associate themselves, wish him and Mrs Gillman many happy years together. W.M.

My Way of Life

Standing, one morning in March last year, on an aerodrome in Wiltshire and watching an aeroplane* some 60 miles away make a trail in the sky faster than any other aeroplane up to that time, Dundee High School and the mathematics classroom seemed a long way away, but the connection between the two places was in fact very close. Without a good fundamental grounding in mathematics, the study and practice of engineering can be a long and unrewarding process and although nothing can take the place of practical training, the proper combination of practice and theory is now essential for success.

When still at school, I determined to become an engineer and in spite of the strong classical bias at that time (1920-1929), I studied as much in the way of mathematics as I could and was greatly helped and encouraged in this by Mr Meiklejohn, known to all as "Mike." My original aim

was to become a civil engineer, but I grew interested in aeroplanes and thus became infected with a disease which, once it strikes, never leaves the victim: the disease, that of getting engaged in Aeronautical Engineering in one sense or another.

After twenty-five years in the aircraft field, I do not regret a moment of it. Undoubtedly, it is the highest form of engineering, the techniques of research, design and manufacture all being in advance of those in any other branch of engineering. Speeds have increased twenty times in fifty years, distances between take-off and landing increased by many thousands of miles and heights of flight have increased from 10 ft. to 60,000 ft. and beyond. Such advances have not just happened; they derive from great enthusiasm, extensive research, and the urge provided by two world wars where the possession of the finest aircraft was a prerequisite to victory.

It is, I think, the great enthusiasm, and the feeling of being in one family within the aircraft industry which make it a place which, when one enters, casts a potent spell and prevents one leaving. There is also the challenge set by the great difficulties inherent in flight and the steady advancement of the boundaries which, having been reached, serve as a starting point for the next advance. Having barely conquered intercontinental flight, the more adventurous now speak of interplanetary flight and so it goes on. It is my feeling that all this makes a very rewarding contribution to anyone giving his effort to aeronautics.

My own story, which is typical of many others in the industry, shows the wide range of possible work which lies before a prospective aeronautical engineer.

On leaving Edinburgh University, I took a special Aeronautics course at Imperial College, London, and then joined the Hawker Co.; then, and still, the leading builders of fighter aircraft in this country. My first work was on the structural side, stressing as it is called, and consisted of carrying out the calculations necessary to ensure that the parts of the aeroplane were strong enough to carry the loads occurring in them during flight and landing. This, at times, boring work, gives clear insight into the design, and the safety of the aircraft, and is the kernel of the whole design effort. During this work, it was more and more necessary to find the loads occurring and in these days little was known about them and this led to a period on aerodynamic work: work which involved the determination of the magnitude and distribution of the air loads on the various surfaces of the aeroplane during flight.

Both these sections of aeronautical work are in essence the tools of the designer and, having learnt something of their use, my next work in the Project Office was to combine them with other knowledge and carry out the preliminary design work on a new aeroplane. This is, in my opinion, the most interesting work of all; the Project Office in a company is responsible for incorporating new ideas, experiences, etc., into the design of new aeroplanes, so that the exacting requirements for any new type of aeroplane can be met. Combining all the skills and knowledge, and working under the direct control of the Chief Engineer or Chief Designer, this office gazes

into the crystal ball, studies what have been described as "the shapes of wings to come" and produces in a series of general drawings, the sizes, shapes and arrangements of the new aircraft, together with full estimates of the weight and performance.

When the Second World War ended, I was asked to go to the new College of Aeronautics to set up a department to teach Aircraft Design. This period was a very interesting one and, by bringing in both teaching and research, widened my field of interest still more. However, the urge to be in industry and connected with design and manufacture was too strong, and in 1951 I came to my present Company of which I am now Technical Director. Unfortunately, I have now little direct contact with the day to day design work, but the titles of a few of the groups of people in the Engineering Division will give some idea of the diversity of the work and the varied appointments possible: project engineers; development engineers in combustion, electrics, hydraulics, structures and general systems; stressmen; designers in fixed wing and helicopter fields; flight test engineers; aerodynamicists, structure test engineers, and many more. Every year 20-30 new graduates join the Company, and they are chosen from many universities; also 60-80 apprentices join straight from school and are given the chance, if capable, to study for engineering qualifications in Company time and in certain cases at Company expense.

This brief description of my journey in the aircraft industry may give you some insight into its many facets, but, of course, I have not mentioned the immense field of research, mainly carried out by the Government at Farnborough and elsewhere, the engine design side or the guided weapon work, as my work has not been in these branches.

The field widens every day, and although some of you, reading the Daily Press, may have thought the death-knell of the industry had been sounded by the Defence White Paper, that would be incorrect. There is merely a transference of effort from one section to another and the development of the effort and advancement of the art, will go on unchecked.

To any one of you thinking of taking up engineering as a career, I would say, think seriously of aeronautics. You are unlikely to

become a millionaire in any branch of engineering, but there are other rewards such as those arising from the creation of something, from the conquering of the forces of nature, etc., and these can be immensely rewarding. In my opinion, aeronautical engineering has more of these than most careers.

Many ways exist of getting into the industry. Some of you may wish to go straight to university and take a degree in engineering. If it is a degree in mechanical or civil engineering, then it is advisable to get practical training afterwards as a graduate apprentice and most firms will provide this training. Alternatively, you might like to go to a works for a year, then to university for three years

and then back to the works for a further year. This course, known as the "thick sandwich" scheme, is likely to be the most common form of entry in the coming years.

Lastly, the aircraft industry is not for "men only." There are many women engaged on aerodynamic work and research work who are doing an excellent job, so what I have said applies in large measure to all readers of this magazine.

ROBERT L. LICKLEY.

* The Fairey F.D.2 setting up a World's Absolute Speed Record of 1132 m.p.h. (310 m.p.h. faster than the previous record) on 10th March, 1956. At 21st May, 1957, this record still holds.

The Reading and Public Speaking Competition

By Professor A. A. MATHESON, Professor of Scots Law at Queen's College, Dundee

18th January, 1957

It was my privilege to act as adjudicator for the first award of this prize, and the task was both difficult and enjoyable. It was difficult to evaluate and compare, especially in a short space of time, the various merits of the finalists; and it was enjoyable to be present at such an impressive exhibition of talent. I hope I may be permitted to attend some future contest unencumbered by judicial responsibility; on that occasion the emphasis will be entirely upon enjoyment!!

After consultation it had been decided that the test should comprise the reading of a passage of prose and a passage of verse which would be prescribed in advance, and also the making of a speech on a subject of which the notice given would be so short that the speech would be virtually extempore.

The prose passage chosen for the Girls was verses 21 to 32 from the second chapter of the Book of Joel (" . . . And it shall come to pass afterward, that I will pour out my spirit upon all flesh; and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions . . . "). For the Boys I chose the first 18 verses of the second chapter of Acts—the passage containing the account of the

Apostles' Baptism with the Holy Ghost and of the speech of St. Peter in which he refers to Joel's prophecy. In my view it was in the prose-reading that the highest over-all standard of excellence was displayed. There was a maturity and depth of feeling, and scarcely a trace of pretentious oratory.

In choosing the verse passages my aim was to get as far away as possible from the "party piece" of the Schooner Hesperus school; and here, again, the competitors responded magnificently. The Girls achieved delicate and thoughtful renderings of Walter de la Mare's "The Scribe," giving full value to its mystical climax, and the Boys delighted me with their vivid, vigorous, and resonant treatment of the early part of G. K. Chesterton's "Lepanto." The youngest of the boy competitors continued to hold his own in fine style.

I should mention that in the choice of passages I received much kindly help from the Rector and Mr Stewart, as also in other matters connected with the competition.

Since it falls to most of us at some time or other either to introduce a speaker or propose a vote of thanks to a speaker, it seemed to me that it would be well to give the competitors some practice in these none-too-easy art-forms.



Photograph by D. & W. Prophet

SCHOOL MEDALLISTS AND PRIZE-WINNERS, 1957

Front Row (l. to r.) — Bryan J. Wylie (Walter Polack Memorial Prize for Dux of L. VII. Boys—Equal); Sheila MacKenzie (Junior Leng Medal for Singing); Carmen Ellis (Girls' Junior Tennis Cup); Jenny M. M. Blain (Old Girls' Club Prize for Piano-Playing in the Junior School); Sheila M. Buchan (Junior Championship Cup for Swimming — Girls); Margaret L. Smith (John MacLennan Prize for Dux of L. VII. — Girls); Charles E. Mills (Walter Polack Memorial Prize for Dux of L. VII. Boys — Equal).

Second Row (l. to r.) — Malcolm A. Dougall (Airlie Challenge Cup for Champion Athlete); Rosemary G. Greenlaw (Senior Leng Silver Medal for Singing—Girls); Edward W. Duff (George R. Donald Medal for Dux in Commercial Subjects); Margaret M. McConnachie (Dott Memorial Medal for Dux in Needlework); Michael B. Tosh (Armitstead Trustees' Medal for Dux in English—Equal, Sir John Leng's Trustees' Prize in English—Equal, London Angus Club Prize for Dux in History, G. H. Philip Memorial Prize for Reading and Public-Speaking); Maureen F. Ritchie (Dott Memorial Medal for Dux in Mathematics, Cunningham Medal for Dux in Science, Sir John Leng's Trustees' Prize in Science); James R. G. Wright (Harris Gold Medal for Dux of School, Armitstead Trustees' Medal for Dux in English—Equal, Sir John Leng's Trustees' Prize in English—Equal, Edinburgh Angus Club Medal for Dux in Latin, Dott Memorial Medal for Dux in Greek, Old Boys' Club Prize for Magazine Work); Gelda E. Leslie (Dott Memorial Medal for Dux in Music); Ian E. D. Montgomerie (Dott Memorial Medal for Dux in Art); Charlotte M. Lythe (Old Boys' Club Prize for Magazine Work); Kenneth W. R. More (D. S. Bryson Prize for Technical Subjects); Helen S. Thomson (Jane Spiller Prize for Dux of Form III. — Girls).

Third Row (l. to r.) — Jadwiga W. V. M. Kowalska (Junior Girls' Sports Championship Cup); David G. Henderson (Urquhart Cup for Champion Shot of Rifle Club); Eilidh N. C. Souter (Championship Cup for Swimming — Girls); Andrew D. M. Young (Harold Young Martin Rose Bowl for Winner of the Intermediate Championship); Lorna J. Guild (Larg Prize for Piano-Playing—Open); George H. D. Adams (Boase Medal for Golf); Patricia M. Devlin (G. H. Philip Memorial Prize for Reading and Public-Speaking); Ian H. McEwan (Arthur Ritchie Cup for Winner of High Jump, Don. F. McEwan Prize for Cricket); Catherine M. Duncan (Intermediate Girls' Sports Championship Cup); Fergus M. Allan (Don. F. McEwan Prize for Cricket); Elizabeth M. Thomson (Championship Cup for Dux in Gymnastics — Girls, Girls' Sports Championship Cup).

Back Row (l. to r.) — David W. Duff (Junior Championship Cup for Swimming — Boys); Thomas F. J. Jackson (Senior Leng Silver Medal for Singing—Boys); Barrie C. Fimister (Polack Prize for Dux in Gymnastics—Form II. Boys); William F. S. Neillie (Pirie Handicap Cup for Golf); Gordon J. Ritchie (Rector's Prize for Art Appreciation); Douglas J. K. Barnet (Loveridge Cup for Winner of the Mile Race); Peter J. Mee (Beckingham Chess Trophy); Alastair D. Wood (Jane Spiller Prize for Dux of Form III.—Boys); David K. Wright (Aystree Cup for Winner of the Junior Championship—Boys); John H. McConnachie (Oakley Cup for Shooting—Boys under 14); David E. Stimpson (Larg Prize for Piano-Playing—Intermediate).

Absent—Ruth A. Ellis (Girls' Tennis Championship Cup); David A. McGregor (Ballingall Gold Medal for Dux in Gymnastics, Championship Trophy for Swimming — Boys).



Form I. in "The Tempest"



Photographs by Norman Brown & Co.

Form II. in "The Maid of Domrémy"

So the Girls were asked to introduce a speaker (fictitious) to the audience, and the Boys to thank a speaker. The resultant speeches were all well delivered, and were so fluent, so well constructed, and so polished that one could hardly believe that the candidates had been told of their subject only five minutes before going to the rostrum. It was, however, at this stage that the adjudicator's main problem arose, because it turned out that those whose performance in reading was outstanding did not maintain their supremacy in the final round of the contest.

At the end of the day the Girls' award went to Patricia Devlin and the Boys' award to Michael Tosh. They had not only the satisfaction of being the winners but also of knowing that they had won in the teeth of extremely strong, though good-natured, competition. They well deserved the applause with which the announcement of their victory was received.

I am deeply grateful to all those who made the evening so pleasant for the adjudicator. I much appreciated the friendly atmosphere of the Lit., under whose auspices we were meeting, and also its informal, yet dignified, tone. And it is good to reflect that this was but the first of many such competitions. May the standard never fall below that of the first competition!

The prize has been instituted in memory of a brother of the late Sheriff Sir Randall Philip; and Sir Randall found time to attend the competition, despite the ever-mounting pressure of work which within a few months was to impose a fatal strain upon him. I met him again in March, but it was only for a brief moment after a public function in Edinburgh; and thus the evening of the 18th January remains in my memory as the occasion of a most pleasant visit to Dundee High School and also as the occasion of my last conversation with one of my best and kindest friends.

Alchemy

Or Chemistry to Some Purpose

Man regards himself as the highest form of animal because he has the power of thought and pursues not only material, but also spiritual, desires. In spite of his worldly aims, he is always anxious to attempt an analysis of his own nature and to consider what makes up human character. The peculiar attraction of alchemy was that it offered a quick road to wealth but also suggested a method of self-analysis.

Its basic principle, originally stated by Aristotle, is that there are four elements—earth, air, water and fire. Each of these elements possesses two of the primary qualities, heat, cold, dryness and moisture (or fluidity). Each element has one quality predominating over the other: thus earth is cold, but its dryness is more significant; fire is dry, but its heat is more important, and so on.

The alchemical theory assumed that if the "amount" of the primary quality in any element were changed, that element would also change. Thus, if the amount of fluidity in air were reduced and dryness introduced, air would become fire; or if it lost its heat and

became cold, it would become water. All that was necessary, therefore, to change one substance into another, was somehow to change the proportion of each quality it contained. Thus Aristotle argued that base metals could be turned into precious, and with this there began the age-long search for the "Philosopher's Stone" whereby the transformation could be achieved.

Mingled with this we have the spiritual aspect of alchemy. If base metals could be turned into gold, why should not base men be turned into good? Man, like everything else, is composed of four humours, with two qualities attached to each humour. Adjust the humours, and the perfect "planned" man emerges. So the Philosopher's Stone could also become an "Elixir of Life."

In the history of science the former type of alchemy — the exoteric — is obviously more important than the spiritual or esoteric type, and what little we know of Scottish alchemists seems to show that their interests were mainly in what we should now call the "Chemistry of metals."

The outstanding exception is Michael Scott, Perhaps we could call him the Scottish Merlin, for he was Court Astrologer to the Emperor Frederick II. of Sicily in the 13th century and attained a European reputation. In "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," Sir Walter Scott says:

. it was my lot
To meet the wondrous Michael Scott,
A wizard of such dreaded fame
That when, in Salamanca's cave
Him listed his magic wand to wave,
The bells would ring in Notre Dame."

In Sicily he wrote at least two books on alchemy and there is evidence that he conducted experiments with such odd ingredients as the dust of moles and the blood of an owl. According to tradition, his body and his books were buried at Melrose, but Dante — perhaps more appropriately — assigned him to his Inferno.

We come nearer home with the experiments of John Damian at Stirling Castle. The poet, Dunbar — who disliked him — calls him a "Turk of Tartary," who, being able to read and write, passed himself off as a Christian priest. At all events he came to Scotland in 1501 where, again according to Dunbar, he murdered "mony in medecyne" and was a positive menace in his use of leeches. James IV., whose interest in medicine was equalled by his anxiety for gold, took to Damian, and equipped for his use an alchemical laboratory at Stirling Castle. Damian was not only concerned with transmuting base metal into gold. He also aimed at producing elixirs which would do anything from restoring the youth of old men to killing lice. This, perhaps, explains the assortment of materials provided for him. In addition to £15 16s for a damask

gown, the King paid for vinegar, sal ammoniac, cinnabar, various metals, and a considerable quantity of whisky. One wonders if the whisky was responsible for Damian's attempt in 1508 to fly from the battlements of the castle, assisted by wings made of chicken feathers. If, he said, he had used the feathers of birds more accustomed to flying, he would have succeeded. As it was he landed in the mire "up to his een" and broke his leg.

The tradition of alchemy, as a means of producing gold, was continued in Scotland by some distinguished men, including John Napier of Merchiston, better known to suffering scholars as the inventor of "Logs." But the outstanding Scottish alchemist of the time of James VI. was Alexander Seton who blazed a trail of success across Europe. Leaving Scotland in 1602, he displayed his skill in Holland, Italy, Switzerland, several German towns and in Poland where he died in 1604. Everywhere the story is the same; the heated crucible containing base metal, the pinch of mysterious powder added by Seton. Every witness swore that pure gold came out. We know there must have been a trick. Yet so convincing are the accounts of his success that no explanation is possible other than that he was "an extremely adroit and plausible imposter" who chose this method of winning popular admiration.

During the following century (the eighteenth), Scottish scientific activities began to take on their modern form. Instead of "making" money, they concentrated on earning it by producing such practical things as bleach powder and coal tar. In short, Alchemy gave place to Chemistry.

C. Lythe, F. IV.

Nature's Nurseries

Reptiles and amphibians have existed on the earth for many millions of years. Those still alive today owe their existence, in many instances, to some provision which they have been able to make for their young.

The reptiles of long ago just laid their eggs and then thought no more about them; other animals frequently dug them up and ate them. This led to all the large prehistoric monsters (like the Brontosaurus) becoming extinct. There are, of course, other reasons, but this is a very important one.

Most people will think that reptiles and amphibians of today have improved little. In the glimpses into their lives which follow we will see that there have been many changes for the better. Some species, like our common frogs and toads, rely on the principle that, if they lay several thousand eggs, some are bound to escape being eaten and eventually will grow up into adult frogs and toads. Our common toads will travel for miles to a suitable pond and are very particular in their choice so that there will be good conditions

for the tadpoles. Many are killed on the roads when they make these long journeys which usually take place at night during wet weather.

Some snakes and lizards have developed the habit of producing live young like the mammals and this is a great step forward. For those less fortunate, other methods have been adopted. The pythons, which may grow to between 20 and 30 feet, all lay eggs, but the mother python curls her coils round them and incubates them. During this period she will defend them with her life. Some lizards also brood their eggs, but many mother lizards bury their eggs where the heat of the sun will hatch them, and cover them up very carefully so that other animals will not be able to find where they are buried. Geckos lay their eggs in nooks and crannies and often in holes in tree trunks. When there is a very good hiding-hole "word gets around," and the communal nursery may contain 20 or more eggs although each mother gecko lays only two eggs.

The giant monitor lizards which commonly reach 8 or 9 feet, and in one species 12 to 15 feet, usually lay their eggs in termite hills. They dig open the termite hills with their powerful limbs and claws and lay their eggs in the middle. They then wander off "knowing" full well that the termites will work feverishly to rebuild the nest around the eggs leaving them snug in the middle. They are safe from all the animals which might eat them, and are kept at the right temperature and humidity, thanks to the wonderful ventilation system which the termites construct. When the young hatch, they gorge themselves on termites and, when they tire of this, they dig their way out to the large world outside.

The mother crocodile digs a large nest and lays between 20 and 90 eggs, depending on her age and size. She then carefully covers up the nest and heaps it with rotting vegetation. The actual incubation is done by the heat of the sun and decay of the vegetation, but the mother remains unseen in the vicinity, ready to attack any intruders. When the young are ready to hatch, she digs down to them and then conducts them all to the water's edge. From then on she shows no further interest in her young and may even eat them.

It is in the amphibia that we see some of the

most interesting breeding habits as only 2 out of 2500 different species have live young. Some South American tree frogs have large pouches on the backs of the females where the eggs are placed and where they stay until the tadpoles are a good size. They then complete their development in the water. These "marsupial" tree frogs are very interesting indeed and some keep the young in the pouch until they are complete little frogs. Another genus of S. American frogs sticks two large leaves together and makes a nest of froth in them. In this the eggs are laid and, when the tadpoles hatch, they drop down into the water below. One species even builds a tiny pond for the tadpoles at the edge of a stream or lake, building the mud walls itself. When the tiny pond is built, the eggs are laid in it.

The Surinam Toad from the Guianas, which is common in the river from which it takes its name, carries its eggs on the spongy back of the female. The male presses the eggs into the spongy back and they develop lids and stay there until at last the lids are pushed open and tiny toads — miniature replicas of their parents — push their way out. The struggle for existence is always greatest in the tropics and this explains why so many of these unusual frogs come from countries like tropical South America. In Darwin's Frog from Chile, the male frog carries the eggs in his vocal sacks at each side of the mouth. When the tadpoles hatch, he takes them to the water.

Surely one of the most unusual is the Midwife Toad of Europe. This drab little toad is about $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches long and, to look at it, no one would suspect its unique breeding habits. The eggs are laid in small strings and the male takes the string from the female and wraps it round his hind legs. He carries it about in this fashion for about three weeks by which time the tadpoles are ready to hatch. He then goes to the water to free the tadpoles which leave the eggs immediately. Sometimes father Midwife Toad collects several strings from different females and has a clump of eggs about as large as himself.

The ways in which nature takes care of her young are truly wonderful and it is in this way that the continued existence of the species is ensured.

Bobbie Bustard, F. VI.

The Guides at Work

Having been established as unofficial school reviewer, my life has had yet a little more variety added to it. I had been mystified for some time as to just what was going on in that little watch-tower from which Miss Whytock sagely surveys the movements and doings of the school. Seeing her poring intently over little stone circles, bits of twigs and odd feathers, I had merely looked askance and passed by.

But I had failed to take into consideration that delightful collection of young ladies — the Guides, and, when presented with their Nature Study books the other day, all became clear. Such bookwork is but a small part of their total investigation on this subject, but it was evident from them that there is more "binding" in the marsh and Alyth Den than we had thought. The standard was clearly high; the scintillating logic of ten-year olds was followed by excruciating illustrations of earwigs' digestive systems and wood-lice; a merciless article upon the phases of scurvy indicated some truly domesticated young soul even if a trifle out of date, while the preponderance of prehistoric creatures and somewhat doubtful natural history quite out-

Lylyed Lyly. Even a flash of mystery emerged—"Secrets of the Zoo" was an article I dared not peruse. "Butterflies," I read, "begin their lives as creepy caterpillars." Overall, histories of icebergs, flamingoes, sponges, seaweeds and mosquitoes combined in a rather charming medley.

One could not but be left with a comforting impression. Neatness and attractive layout had obviously been considered and many pains had been taken. But, what pleased me most of all was their essentially realistic approach to such studies. There has never been a great demand for mere bags of second-hand knowledge, usually of a bookish kind, though all too many pupils seem to think that they will be justifying themselves as scholars in this way. But these young ladies do not exhaust us with tiring intricacies or dogmatic platitudes. They have not become stale. They have merely got out and about, seen what was to be seen and written it down in their own fresh and natural way. Such, to my mind, is the essence of true scholarship and, though they may err occasionally, I, personally, would not have them otherwise.

Michael B. Tosh

Rain

Rain! How many different pictures does this one small word conjure up? Rain, as we know, is one of the ingredients of the British climate and is, therefore, borne stoically. But, because it is almost an everyday occurrence, people tend to forget it can produce beauty as does a sparkling diamond. It brings to the mind mostly dismal pictures and that is why it is so continually run down, apart from our personal discomfort. One of the most dismal pictures to come across is a tea-garden in the rain, with its once-gay umbrellas dripping dejectedly into puddles on the tables which, in their turn, drip slowly and rather sadly on to the grass. This is an extremely dismal sight but, as I said before, there is beauty even in such a commonplace thing as rain. Often in the summer there is a shower and the sun continues shining. Then we see each raindrop sparkle and glisten with all the colours of the rainbow as it falls on to a rose

or some other flower. At such times the sun almost seems to be weeping.

These pictures are ones we can see at any time, but always present is the personal element. Here rain becomes particularly unpleasant, at least to most people. We have all, at one time or another, been caught in the rush-hour when it is raining and we have to wait twenty minutes for our bus with an umbrella dripping steadily down our necks and our shoes becoming like blotting-paper. Then the last straw on the camel's back—our bus sweeps through a large puddle and spatters our coats thoroughly with mud! We all know this experience, but often we enjoy going for a walk, suitably clad, in the rain.

Rain also seems to have a psychological effect on people. If there is a concert which we do not want to go to, the rain is often a convenient excuse; but with a new raincoat or umbrella, we are wishing it would rain in

order that we might wear it. It is interesting to watch the faces in class when the notice arrives saying there is no hockey. Some faces brighten at the thought of not having to go out on to a windswept field while other faces lengthen at the thought of having to spend a whole afternoon doing "prep." I invariably get caught without the necessary books for homework and usually spend a useless afternoon.

Rain often brings in its wake disaster, but we should remember when we start to grumble about the weather that, without it, we should be in sore straits indeed. For without water the crops would die and we would perish from lack of nourishment. It is an awe-inspiring thought that all those tiny particles of water should support so many people and that without it we should not be able to exist.

Thus we see what rain does and, although most people feel they would rather do without it, we find it is one of the most wonderful things ever created.

Shoena Gibson, F. V.

DISTRACTIONS

"It will be wonderful when it is finished." This is the verdict pronounced daily by visitors, parents, architects and directors. Even the staff reiterate it, though with a curious inflection on the word "when," which gives the much-used phrase a certain subtlety of meaning. Only the children never say it, and this is hardly surprising; for what further paradise could they ask beyond piles of sand, cement-mixers, and steel girders swinging at precarious angles from a huge crane.

The workmen, too, afford a definite diversion. Their activities with saw and hammer, blow-lamp and drill are the best entertainment that school has ever provided. Not all the sounds are melodious, but when it comes to drowning the interpretation of tricky, Latin prose, nothing can do it so successfully as the pneumatic drill.

There are always pleasant distractions in the movement of large and clanking equipment, but some shapes and sizes cause considerable speculation. For instance, repeated journeys were made by two workmen bearing pieces of varnished wood nearly eight feet long. These amazing objects are designed to furnish the new classrooms; they resemble outsize coffin lids and are officially described

as "B tops." Which class will be lucky enough to witness the arrival of the "B underneathes"? Judging from the tops, they should be stupendous.

All things considered, the Maths department and the "Kemilab," have had an equal and "joyous" share in the excavations immediately outside their rooms.

However, the lorries will cease to arrive, bringing the fantastic pieces of this gigantic jigsaw. Some of the pieces are clearly recognisable; some are discreetly encased in straw and sacking; others, even when unwrapped, are baffling.

Of course, it will happen. One day the lorries will come empty and take the workmen away, leaving us the freedom of the school. "Yes," we concede to yet another visitor. "It will be wonderful when it is finished."

Lorna J. Guild, F. V.

FORM V. SOLILOQUY

To pass, or not to pass: that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slights and scorns of outrageous teachers,
Or to take books against a sea of ignorance
And by reading drain it? To pass: to swot
No more: and by a pass to say we end
The headache and the thousand sleepless hours
A pupil is heir to, 'tis a result
Devoutly to be wish'd. To read, to learn;
To pass; perchance to fail! Ay, there's the rub;
For with that dreadful thought what doubts
may come

When we have shuffled off this tedious toil,
And packed our books away!

J.R.C.B., F. V.

L'AVAUX FANTASTIQUE

Perhaps there was some object quaint,
Steep'd in the mystery of the antique world;
Perhaps the numbness of a hallowed place,
O'erclouding spacious scenes of Crete and
Tyre;

Perhaps faint phantasy of prophet seer;
His heavy gaze and lips despairing white,
Wasting his silent fury to the echoing hills;
Perhaps — why seek an earthly name?
Say 'twas the dewy whispering of a winged
thought,

The wafted fragrance of a distant dream,
The urgent calling of a desert waste,
Empty they came; empty they part,
Forsaking here the fulness still of Paradise.

Michael B. Tosh

MY COMPANIONS

Of the girls in Form Five,
Some like boys, and some like jive;
Some lead lives which seem quite tame,
But often underneath's an aim,
To be a girl with a career,
A cherished hope, now long held dear.

There is always fascination,
Considering, in contemplation,
How their sands of life will run.
Who will be sad or who will have fun,
Which girl will be most proficient,
Or which will find a home sufficient?

There are one or two, I know,
Who to 'Varsity will go.
After these in wit and will
Come others of quite able skill.
All future citizens are we,
Of our city, Fair Dundee.

We shall be the normal race,
Working at a normal pace,
Facing life in future days,
Each of us in our several ways,
Not shining in scholastic learning,
But 'twixt right and wrong discerning.

With "Highers" results approaching fast,
Already may our die be cast.
We may be doomed to grieve or harrow,
We're told Life's path is strait and narrow.
But do not let this get you down;
Perhaps some day you'll have renown.

Whether you have brains or not,
Remember Life e'er holds a lot.
Many things are kept in store,
And you'll always find some more,
If you look and take the chance,
To let each gift yourself enhance.

FIND THE CAPTAIN'S AGE

SOLUTION

(See page 8 of our last issue, December, 1956)

$451,066 = 2, 7, 11, 29, 101.$

Days in month = 29 and year of discovery is 1916.

Length in feet = 7.

Thus half age and half the number of years are either 22 and 101 or 11 and 202. 1714 does not provide an answer and the second alternative must be the correct one.

In 1512 the French defeated the Italians and Spaniards at Ravenna. The commander of the French forces, Gaston de Foix, "Thunderbolt of Italy," was killed in the battle when he was 22 years old.

W.M.

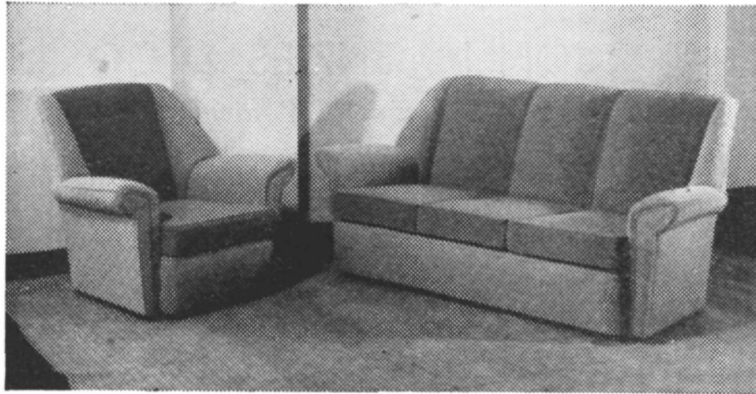
COMMANDO COURSE, PLYMOUTH

This course is run each year by the Royal Marines for members of the Combined Cadet Force, and this year I was lucky enough to be one of the few chosen to attend.

After a tedious train journey from London, I arrived at Plymouth where I was met, along with others, by an extremely smart corporal of the Royal Marines, and we were driven through the town to Stonehouse Barracks. From the exterior, the barracks strongly resembled in attitude the severity of a prison; inside, fortunately, we found a comfortable barrack room overlooking the huge drill square.

Next morning, after drawing webbing equipment from the store, we descended to the harbour where the 4th Raiding Squadron had their headquarters, and boarded a torpedo-range safety boat, which took us round various naval docks. This most interesting trip showed us the scores of old, rusty, spiritless warships lined up for breakage, and, contrastingly, such modern ships as the aircraft carrier, "Ark Royal." Having had some nourishment and seen a film showing the effects of an Atomic Bomb explosion on troops, we returned to the 4th Raiding Squadron, but this time we boarded landing craft for cliff assault. We crossed the Sound to a cliff face and carried out a mock landing under the orders of a captain from an immaculate, red-hulled patrol boat. The landing was carried out successfully, apart from the fact that an "S" (small) craft became temporarily lodged on a rock. We were later shown on film how the complete assault is carried out by Commandos.

Next on the programme was a visit to 42 Commando Station at Bickleigh, near Plymouth. On arrival, we were immediately shown into the display room where we were able to examine some of the trophies of war, the most exciting being a Russian rifle and a Czech machine gun captured during the Suez operation from the Egyptians. We now marched to the battle physical training course, under the charge of a sergeant physical training instructor and his corporal whose zestful humour kept us most cheerful and amused. Having been told the unique details of how Commandos are trained, we commenced the course. By far the most thrilling obstacle on the course was the "Death Slide"; it consisted of a rope stretched taut from a point at



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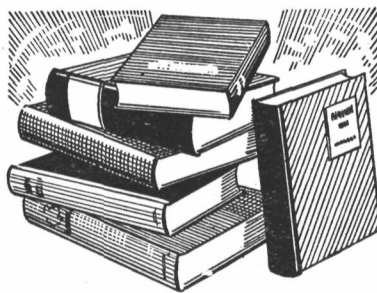
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the top of a fifty-foot cliff to another point on the bank at the opposite side of a river. By means of a toggle, we attached ourselves to the rope and slid down.

We continued on to the "Tarzan Course," which consists of various ropes slung between trees at a height of twelve feet from the ground. In the afternoon we fired the Sterling and Vickers machine guns, and were given demonstrations of mine-detecting.

The following day we fired various small arms on the range below the barracks. Having examined in great detail the latest types of the Belgian F.N. rifle, we continued to fire both the Sten gun and the .38 pistol. A pleasant surprise was a visit to the officers' mess where we were received by the Adjutant, who related to us the history of the Royal Marines, and later showed the unique collection of medals won by various marines, including a Victoria Cross. In the evening we witnessed the beating of the retreat for a visiting American general, by the band, resplendent in their blue uniforms and white helmets.

On the final day of the course we were scheduled to do a cross-country march on Dartmoor. We drove about thirty miles out of Plymouth by truck to a chosen spot where we split up into fours, and, having cooked our lunch in mess tins over small fires, we set off to our destination—ten miles due south across bleak Dartmoor, with map, but no compass. Fortunately the sun shone and the ground underfoot was dry, apart from the innumerable bogs we encountered. Two hours and forty minutes later we reached our destination. We were then told that some of us had probably covered fifteen miles by following certain streams and valleys.

I found the few days at Plymouth extremely interesting and we all appreciated the kindness and patience shown by all who came in contact with us.

Michael Hardie, F. V.

NATTERS, MUTTERS AND FULPMES

Just outside Innsbrück in the Stubai valley, lie the villages of Natters, Mutters and Fulpmes. In the little Stubaitalbahn, it only takes fifteen minutes to go to Natters, twenty to Mutters and thirty-five to Fulpmes, which is its terminus.

Natters is a beautiful little village nestling in a hollow in the foothills of the mountains.

Its church has a large, onion-shaped dome which was christened "Spanish Onion" by one of the members of our party. The large bells sounded beautiful from a distance, ringing out over the valley, but at five or six o'clock in the morning it was rather annoying to be awakened by its deafening chime as it struck the hours. In the mornings we felt that we could see right down to Innsbrück if the large clouds of mist which hovered just above the town would lift a bit farther. We often walked down towards the Brenner Pass and watched, far below on our right, the sullen, grey waters of the Sill churning their way down to join the Inn.

From Mutters, which stands on a slight prominence, we obtained a magnificent view of Natters and the mountains beyond it. The church at Mutters had a long, tapering spire which also was rechristened as "Spike Jones." Every day, at mid-day, its bells and those of the church at Natters would ring out together across the valley. This village, though not quite so pretty, is still typically Tyrolean, and every Wednesday evening during the summer months, a group of Tyrolean Folk-Dancers comes up to one of the hotels to entertain the tourists.

On most of the houses in Natters, Mutters and Fulpmes are paintings of religious scenes. Some of these are large, some are quite small. Near the Goldeues Dachl in Innsbrück there is a beautiful one of St. Christopher carrying the Child on his shoulder across the ford.

Fulpmes is the largest of the three villages and lies just beside the Stubai Glacier. This village is well known for its metal-work and many articles can be bought quite cheaply in the little shops. The church is one of the most beautiful I have ever seen. It is very small, but the delicately-carved altar and roof are unique. The light coming in from the stained-glass windows behind the altar gives it an air of serenity and peace. On the walls of the houses outside, apricots grow in abundance. In some back gardens, little boys have rigged up miniature funicular railways like the one on the other side of the Inn. These are operated by means of strings and look quite effective.

If anyone is intending to visit Innsbrück and wishes to see the typical Tyrolean people and customs, the correct place to visit would, I am sure, be Natters, Mutters or Fulpmes.

Helen Thomson, F. III.

Studies of a Guide Camp

I.

Morning — and an unceasing drizzle falls miserably on the little circle of tents, with slackened guy-ropes and sagging canvas, huddled together on the low, grassy ridge between the river and the marsh. A fringe of white mist obscures the distant woods and the hills, whose tops are lost in the low, leaden clouds. No sound is heard but the low, melancholy song of the river, the ripple and splash of its tiny tributary, in spate, rushing down between its luxuriant banks of mimulus and marsh-marigolds, and the sigh of the wind, in the dripping larches and birches, mourning for a summer that never comes.

The camp still sleeps, except where, down at the fire-shelter, the duty Guider, the Patrol Leader and Second of the morning's Cook Patrol prepare the fire and the Company's breakfast. The long tin chimney, resembling a detached part of Stephenson's "Rocket," is lowered, cleaned and raised back into position. The fire, in its iron container, is kindled; the porridge partly prepared the previous evening, is put on to boil.

The P.L., an ex-Land Army oilskin thrown over her own mud-splashed trench coat, plods over to the Drinking Water pails, in her ill-fitting Wellington boots, fills the kettles, and returns to the fire. Her Second, growing tired of having a drip from a leak in the canvas constantly falling down the back of her neck, turns up her collar and sallies forth to tip the edge of the tarpaulin, whereupon a cataract of rain-water, collected in the hollow of the canvas, splashes down over her feet and into her boots.

Discussing previous camps and worse weather conditions, or hopefully watching for a break in the clouds, they wait till the fire is blazing up, and the porridge is beginning to cook, then decide to blow "Reveille." The Leader sends out rather a feeble blast; her Second produces her own whistle, and wakes the camp with a signal that startles the countryside for miles around. Assembled round the fire, they await the appearance of the earliest risers.

II.

At the sound of "Reveille," a murmur rises from the tents, growing in volume. Laughing,

or complaining, the Guides emerge, sleepy-eyed, from their bedding-rolls, to scabble for clothing thrown at random on the tent floor, or stuffed down into kit-bags. Girls trip over each other, get into each other's clothing, and lose gumboots. Then, at last, someone brings down the make-shift "coat hanger," and her unfortunate comrades are swamped with uniforms, raincoats and skirts. One P.L. vainly appeals to the Sleepiest Guide to wake up, another screams to her patrol to keep their heads off the canvas, and a third sarcastically reminds the Youngest Present that this is no time to think of rolling up the trailing, and remembers, with a startled yelp, that she is on Mess Duty this morning.

"Warning for Colours" sounds; a Second fortuitously puts her head out of the flap, proclaims in sepulchral tones, "Rain," discovers she has no beret, plunges back into the conglomeration of kit-bags and bedding, to emerge, triumphant, with the missing article, and is unceremoniously bundled out into the rain by her P.L.

Dawdling or scurrying, the Guides congregate round the flag-pole, and take up their positions in a straggling horse-shoe formation.

A nervous Officer-for-the-day gives the command; an even more nervous Leader raises the flag. As the little ceremony is taking place, the sky is clearing; the rain has stopped. The smell of bacon frying drifts up from the fire-shelter. The camp has awakened for the duties of another day.

III.

Evening — all duties attended to, the Guides make their way to the washing-place, at the river.

A "Siren," or so she fancies herself, perches on a rock in midstream, her long hair flying loose, and the end of her towel dangling in the water, vaguely contemplating the stretch of rapid-flowing water between her and the bank, wondering how she crossed it, and how she will ever make her way back.

Her P.L. divides her attention between washing, conversing with her friend, and reminding the Youngsters, more interested in jumping on the slippery stones than in clean-

ing themselves, that they should be washing, too.

The Patrol Second chases a young frog up the grassy bank, tries to venture out to join "Siren," changes her mind, and returns to the bank, and starts — most unseasonably — to sing "Silent Night."

With a splash and a giggle, a Youngster gets wetter than ever she intended to.

"At least, you'll be clean now," observes the P.L.

Suddenly, the local Alarmist appears, at the top of the slope.

"Hurry — five minutes to Lights-Out."

"Bother!" — "Siren" turns to see her toothbrush slide off the rock, float downstream a little way, and settle on the bottom of the river. She begins, gingerly, to slip down into the water, here possibly waist-high, and fast-flowing, but before she can get far, an Obliging Friend has retrieved it for her.

"Hurry," repeats the Alarmist.

The Obliging Friend here makes a remark not quite in keeping with the spirit of the Guide Movement.

The Alarmist disappears; slowly the Guides begin to make their way back to camp.

"Siren," on the excuse of waiting for her P.L., leaves last, stops to take a last long look down-river and needs must flee down to the marquee to check that all is well. There, she meets the Quartermaster, excuses her presence by beginning to hang out four or five grimy dish-towels on the sagging clothes-line, and is banished to her tent.

Entering last, she trips over the trailing, steps on her Friend, narrowly misses putting her foot into the same's newly-opened tin of pears, and joins the group already rummaging for pyjamas and hair-brushes, or fighting for possession of the tent's one and only mirror.

"Warning for Lights-Out" sounds.

Uneasy silence — then a wild howl rings out.

"An owl!"

"Silly — it was the next tent."

The P.L. tries vainly to control the ensuing confusion.

The Second, comfortably propped up by a kit-bag, reading "Colditz Story" by torch-

light, consoles the P.L. by offering her the remains of her peaches.

The Youngest Member is placidly doling out portions of Fruit Salad and Nestlé's Milk.

Second Youngest is holding a beetle-hunt under the trailing, while "Siren" threatens her with the direst consequences if she repeats last night's performance of rising at 2 a.m. to remake her bed, waking half the camp in the process.

From outside, a voice vows vengeance on the Nightingales if they do not cease making that dreadful row. The Nightingale Leader, in tones of injured consequences, protests that it was the Skylarks; the Skylarks, in turn, protest that it was the Thrushes.

"Lights-Out" sounds.

All over the camp, all but the most determined sinners slowly abandon torches, peach-tins, beetle-hunting, letter-writing and lemonade-drinking.

P.L. arranges a kit-bag on the Youngest Member's feet, to hold her bedding together, while "Siren" places a mackintosh over her bed, fearing that a suspected leak will give trouble in the event of rain. Second Youngest is horrified when, in fact, she finds a beetle.

Slowly, all over the camp, the sound of giggles, the scrape of tin-openers, the clank of tin plates dies down. "Goodnight," murmur forty voices in succession.

Silence falls — a silence so absolute that not even the wildest Youngster ventures to break it. Slowly, the whole encampment settles down to sleep.

Eunis.

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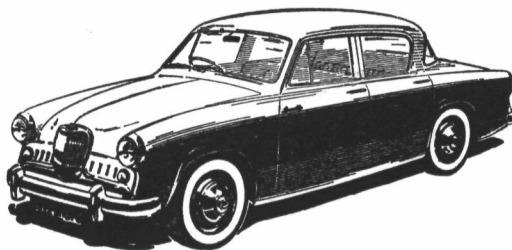
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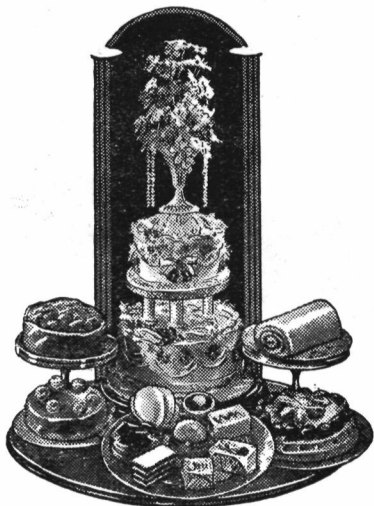
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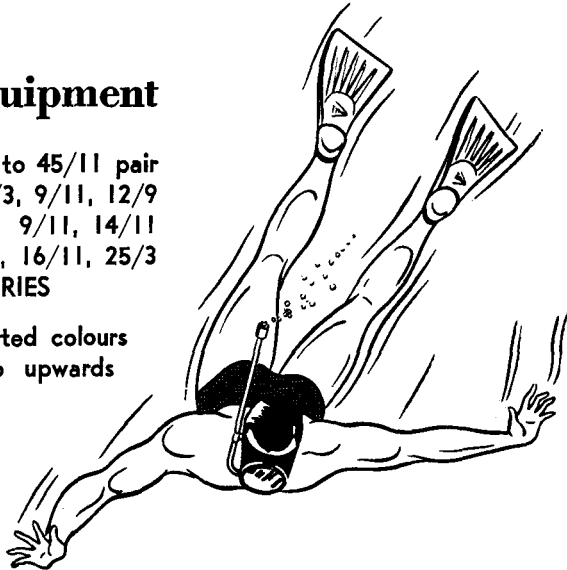
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A Visit to Oxford

After being admitted to the final round of the Oxford Scholarship and Exhibition Examination, candidates are required to visit the colleges themselves to be interviewed. Such an arrangement is at once a pleasing and a frightening one; pleasing, in that, if you are among the unsuccessful many, you will at least have had the satisfaction of seeing college life for a while; frightening, unless you are one of those abnormal creatures who derive some pleasure from being bombarded by apparently self-satisfied and difficult dons, suitably dressed for the kill. I did not see any there who looked as if they did.

The journey from Paddington is a pleasant one, accompanied by a lengthy pause at the war graves just without the city. Oxford itself is crumbling and antique, with a veritable labyrinth of narrow streets. I can recall three different occasions on the Sunday before the interviews when I became utterly lost. Everyone who passed by was either deaf, looked at me with an air of strange surprise or had so completely blank and "faraway" a look that one would not care to bring them back to earth anyway. Fortunately, the taxi service is both swift and frequent.



Three Little Maids (From "The Mikado")

For these examinations, the various Oxford colleges gather together in groups — in this case, Magdalen, Balliol, University, New College, and the college of my choice, Corpus Christi. Such a choice was considered ambitious by many of the people I met, for Corpus is a much smaller and so more exclusive a college. Papers, however, are viewed by all the colleges selected so that prospective candidates are considered by any or several of these bodies. I was lucky enough to secure and undergo interviews both with University College and Corpus. All interviews were held at Magdalen College and, as accommodation had been arranged for me at Corpus Christi, I was fortunate in thus viewing both of these famous colleges.

Corpus Christi was built under Henry VIII. and seems to have altered very little. A large gateway leads past the porter's box to the customary quadrangle. The cloisters and abbey buildings are situated to the left. In the centre of the quadrangle is an old structure, about 10 feet high which combines sundial, and days and months of the year, together with the zodiac, all in one. I was provided with a huge study and a moderately-sized bedroom which provided rather an anti-climax by comparison. Still, apart from an ample hole in the floor directly under my bed, large shutters, which lacked hinges and collapsed at touch, and a most inviting cushioned old chair which promptly gave way, the rooms yielded a very tolerable degree of comfort despite their antiquity. They were among the rooms usually occupied by resident students, the interviews being held during vacation to facilitate this arrangement. Dinner was served at 8 p.m. in style. A processional entry into the Elizabethan dining-hall was followed by a very lengthy grace in Latin. Nearly everything is eaten off, or drunk from, heavy college silver, presumably saving a great deal of maintenance and breakages.

During residence, students are attended by a male and female servant, the former being named a "scout." Mine, however, who did not give the impression of being particularly bright, quite failed to explain, the next morning on waking me up, that breakfast was to be served in twenty minutes. The result! With my usual leisurely morning habits, together

with extenuating circumstances in the usual desire for interview smartness, I faced the examining boards empty-stomached.

Magdalen College is a much more extensive structure than Corpus Christi—rambling, quite without architectural unity or consistency, over large lawns, past its famous gardens, through old arches and by imposing statues and memorials. Seeing the candidates one is competing against is never a pleasant sight and one that I had been spared so far, thanks to the most kind and generous hospitality of Mr and Mrs Laird. Eton and Harrow with noses well up and thin dashing umbrellas were mingled with obtrusively eloquent post-graduates from other Universities. Equipped, however, with Mr Erskine's most helpful advice and all the bolder perhaps because of my lack of breakfast, I was determined to face the very worst.

My first interview was with Corpus. One is placed on a chair in the middle of a room. Facing me was a table at which sat three dons; to the right, a couch and chairs with several others; to the left, an amanuensis who noted down what I said, and, most disconcerting of all, more professors in the rear. As if this was not bad enough already, nothing was said for what seemed an age after I entered. Once people began talking, however, the atmosphere warmed up. One don made himself human again by removing his hat and lighting a cigarette. Topics of conversation ranged from Scottish Nationalism and

Plato's Republic to Picasso and Wagner—characteristically, I believe, the amount of English Literature and History discussed was negligible—and as time passed by, I was agreeably surprised to find that I had less talking to do than anyone else. This interview was scheduled to last for twenty minutes—after fifty I was shown the door. Needless to say, I was hardly popular either with the candidates who had been kept waiting or the porter who was in charge of exam. arrangements.

University College was on time and rather more difficult. The tactics seemed to have changed, for while Corpus, after initial awkwardness, became very lenient and friendly, here the chill never thawed. "They're all mad, of course," was the explanation given to me by the Coventry boy with whom I had

lunch and who had had similar difficulties. Mad they may have been, but they were very astute in tying up me, if no one else, in the most gorgeous knots. Let anyone else being interviewed by this board be duly warned!

The rest of my story is perhaps fairly well known. The next day, while sleeping off the after-effects (I had a four-hour wait at King's Cross and was unable to get a sleeper returning north), news was brought that an all-important telegram had been received. An Open Scholarship was quite beyond my wildest dreams, and I only hope that whatever success I have gained may cause some other D.H.S. people to consider trying to do the same thing. It is generally agreed that for most careers Oxford is a fairly good bet and it is always possible to work, as I did, both for it and for a Scottish University at the same time. I look forward to going, but my enjoyment would be greatly increased if I had further Dundee company.

Michael B. Tosh



From "The Mikado"

IN THE LAW'S DEN

10 a.m., Parliament Square, Edinburgh. On one side looms the grey mass of St. Giles, on the other the Court of Session. In between cars disgorge advocates, morning-suited and white bow-tied. Some arrive on foot. They seem to hunt in pairs, with bowler hats, furled umbrellas, brief cases. Some of the older wear top hats. All are affable. They all know one another, and proceed with swift assurance through a door marked, "Strictly Private: Advocates' Entrance."

Through the glass-fronted doors of the public entrance, gowned and bewigged figures can be seen sweeping hither and thither. This is the citadel of the Law of Scotland, where it has withstood the onslaught of the Union, as has the Church across the square. Dare I enter this Holy of Holies? I dare.

I go through a door, down a long corridor, thick with counsel and their clients, lined with boxes, one for every advocate, to keep his briefs in (papers, not clothing); down a side corridor, longer and quieter, doors marked, "Witness Room," "Jury Room," "Private," till the end and the door of a court — two doors, one for the "public" and one for "counsel and agents." I go in and sit down.

Sitting at the back of the court are the solicitors, small, worried-looking men in light-blue lounge-suits. Advocates stand around the doorway. One is on his feet, fumbling with a sheaf of papers, speaking. And there, framed by marble pillars, listening with an air of somnolence, but, nevertheless, attentively, is a Senator of the College of Justice. Robes of black and purple, faced with red crosses; enthroned on the bench, like an eagle in its eyrie. But, when the advocate finishes speaking, he does not swoop, merely quietly grants his petition. That case is dealt with.

The court subsides for the moment. Counsel and agents confer. A lady-advocate (or is it "woman" or even "female") comes in and goes out.

Three advocates now march in. They bow to the bench; the movement is a jerky bob. (What happens, I wonder, if their wigs fall off)? His Lordship consults with his clerk. Then he delivers his decision. All listen attentively. The solicitors become more

worried-looking. It is soon over. His Lordship sits back. The court subsides again. The lady-advocate comes in. I go out.

Back down the corridors. Even more people are about. I go to look at Parliament Hall. Here, where the Scottish Parliament used to meet, under the benevolent or malevolent gaze of the many judges whose portraits adorn the walls, counsel pace to and fro with their clients, up and down, their feet clicking in perfect time on the wooden floor. A clerk appears and rings a bell. Suddenly, people crowd into the Hall from passages all round it. The clerk reads out a message. The people drift away, and the pacers resume their interrupted march.

Today is divorce day. On the benches for them outside the courts where the cases are being heard sit the witnesses. Nervous, fidgety; officious solicitors boosting their morale. Inside the courts their Lordships hear the dreary evidence, the sordid details. That is how they spend their Fridays.

Time passes. I must leave. The advocates are still talking animatedly in the corridors. Some have been there since I went in, have never been near a court. I go out and into the cold Edinburgh morning. I reflect: "The Law works in mysterious ways its wonders to perform."

J.R.G.W.

TO CERTAIN MODERN WRITERS

You are the sons of every other age,
Of strong and weak, of old and young, rich
and poor,
Whose golden words have had for man
allure.

But O, how you belie your parentage!
They pleased men with happy words and
sage,
They gave a vision of the lovely, true and
pure.

You, what is ugly, barren and obscure,
The blind unwindings of an endless rage.

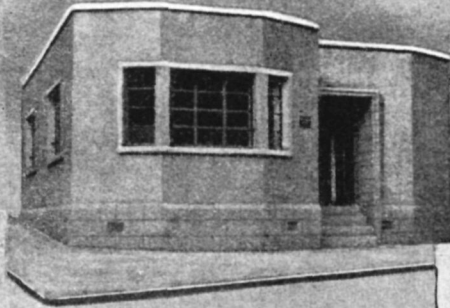
Why must you thus your mighty gift abuse?
Why in a distant, solitary room,
Thus write in characters of smudge and grime?
Why not for once set free a brighter Muse,
The laughing mistress of a pleasant home,
And glad the waiting world? Yet there is time.

J.R.G.W.

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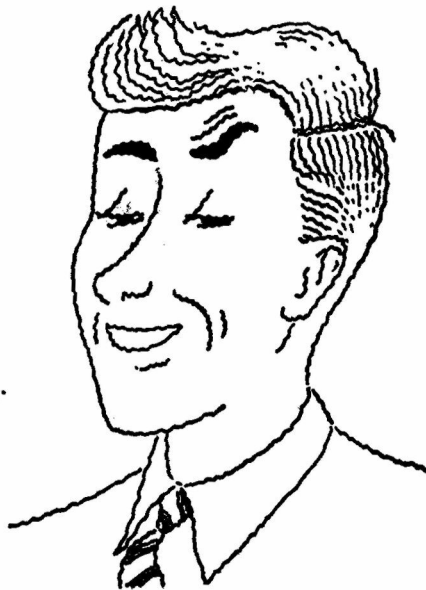
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The Etchings of Rembrandt

In etching, Rembrandt's art found its most exquisite expression. Indeed, if all Rembrandt's paintings were destroyed, the etchings alone would form an ample testimony to his genius. I was convinced of this after having made a careful study of the prints in the Rijksmuseum, Amsterdam, during the Rembrandt Festival last summer. Any reproduction which I had seen in the past compared with the charm and glitter of the original print was as candlelight is to sunlight.

Rembrandt's etchings were collected from 1660 onwards and laid the solid foundations of his fame at a time when his paintings were regarded with some suspicion. His name is still the greatest name in etching. He drew inspiration from the work of many etchers and engravers of the Dutch, Italian, Flemish, French and German Schools, and his subjects he drew by preference from the Bible. There is hardly a story there that he has not represented in his deeply human way and his "Saviour" imparts the Gospel to his own people, to the poor and suffering of his own time. Some presentiment of his own fate seems to have haunted Rembrandt, making him keenly susceptible to the story of the Good Samaritan. He, too, was destined to be stripped and left wounded by Life's way-side while many passed him by unheeding. In the Death Register of the Wester Kerk in Amsterdam, the passing of Rembrandt was simply noted, baldly and briefly — "Tuesday, October 8, 1669; Rembrandt van Ryn, painter on the Roozegraaf, opposite the Doolhof. Leaves two children." It is interesting to note that he was buried at the cost of 13 florins.

To quote A. Bredius, who devoted his entire life to the study of Rembrandt's work, "The apparently simple, everyday representation of the biblical subject receives its special consecration from magical lighting and splendid harmonies. He had the great gift of being able to express with the brush, etching needle or pen, all that the human heart can feel, so that we can feel it, too." The most prized of all the etchings is, "Christ Healing the Sick" (the Hundred Guilder Print). In this famous etching, there is almost a supernatural splendour about the figure of Christ—yet he is clothed in humble reality. He is one

of the people; and He is both near and yet remote—both God and man. The style of this etching is in short, minute, closely-grouped lines, lightly etched (a magnifying glass is required at times to reveal their true splendour). Rather than representing the line of the body and movement of the body in individual figures, Rembrandt's lines now expressed the effects of light playing **over** the body. This treatment produces a wonderful effect of radiance emanating from Christ. Very delicate lines in drypoint are combined with etched lines throughout the plate, and earlier states of this etching show a different position of the left hand of Christ and also reveal that the figure of Christ was smaller (in certain prints today an earlier position of the feet is visible). Rembrandt had obviously taken great pains over this etching, working at it from 1642 to 1646. In all, about 35 impressions exist and it is of interest to note that one print was bought for £1750 at the Halford Sale at the beginning of this century. I think that this etching should be seen again and again as each time more and more will interesting details be revealed.

I found it most interesting to trace the development of his technique as an etcher from the early prints of the late 1620's to the mighty fourth state of "The Three Crosses" (1661) which is now considered one of the most moving and dramatic representations of the Crucifixion. Rembrandt's early Leyden and Amsterdam periods, rich in studies of his own family, beggars, cripples and self-portraits, show the Master experimenting and feeling his way with various styles of line often derivative of the work of Leoni, Van Dyck, Callot, Frisius and others. In his self-portrait of 1629 he even used two needles tied together in an endeavour to produce a quick effect imitative of Caravaggio's chiaroscuro. These early plates, though small, yet show evidence of masterly drawing. In the 1630's Rembrandt produced a few large plates, "Descent from the Cross" (20 guilder print), "Christ Before Pilate" (30 guilder print), and "The Annunciation to the Shepherds" — a famous creation full of calm yet violent life. These plates in some ways show a coarseness of detail typical of the years when his etching was almost debased to the level of mere reproduction, partly due to the work carried

out on the plates by his studio-assistants, and, in particular, by Van Vliet, a professional etcher. Nevertheless, the prints were popular and found their place on the walls of Dutch homes at that time.

"The Death of the Virgin" (1639) was a step forward in technique and was remote from tradition with more freedom of line. For the first time Rembrandt used drypoint (drawing directly on the plate with the needle) as a direct contribution to the dramatic effect of the angels above the death-bed. Mention must be made of Rembrandt's landscape etching which he developed to a high level and it has much appeal. In fact, it is really the forerunner of modern landscape etching. The effect of light and shade in some of his prints is rather like the central focus of his famous painting, "The Night Watch," and in "The Three Trees" we find an etching of sturdy self-confidence with dynamic lines in the sky and realism and freedom throughout the composition. I was intrigued to be told that this landscape is said to have been etched by Rembrandt on a plate previously used by Hercules Seghers, the famous Flemish engraver, whose work Rembrandt admired and collected. Another well-known etching, "The Goldweaver's Field," was delightful to see in the original.

The beginnings of our Master's later style can be seen in his self-portrait of 1648 where he portrays himself seated drawing at a window. His style now shows groups of lines set further apart. Contours, I noticed, were more broken and dissolved by light than before, yet his masterly maturity of the period after 1648 had not yet been reached. At this time Italian art influenced Rembrandt. I feel that I should state here that etching, as an independent and pictorial art, originated in Italy of the 16th century and not in the North. Boroccio and Carracci produced pioneer etchings before 1600. Etchers of Holland, Germany and France were bound by the convention of the closed outline while the Italian etchers created modern etching, which the Northerner, Rembrandt, brought to fruition later. Rembrandt's very personal drypoint style was a continuation of Italian etching.

In 1653, he commenced work on "The Three Crosses" — the first version. This magnificent composition was inspired by an Italian engraving, "The Conversion of the Centurion," by the Master of B. It is full of

images of different works of art which he had seen throughout his life and is evolved from a multiplicity of sources. Although the design is an elaborately arranged mass of people, Rembrandt's impetuous needle tore wildly into the work, producing a most tragic atmosphere in keeping with the theme of the subject. He has thrown a beam of light on the "Good Thief" — a symbol of his salvation by divine grace. The "Bad Thief" looks down in darkness unrepentant. In the fourth state (1661) of this great masterpiece Rembrandt removed the great multitude of figures in the 1653 version and focussed the interest on the figure of Christ "surrounded by a great battle of Light and Darkness during His last moments."

Rembrandt's style of etching had travelled far beyond mere reproduction while the effects he produced were opposed to all convention and purist tradition. His chiaroscuro was never more tragically magnificent than in these last prints, namely, "The Three Crosses," "The Entombment" and "Simon in the Temple." His final technique was a mixture of etching, drypoint and engraving combining to yield a completely new effect which has remained unique.

W.P.V.

A LETTER FROM THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF DRAMATIC ART

"All the world's a stage
And all the men and women merely players."

If this platitude has not scared you off, nothing will. I hear, however, from Ewan Hooper that the old establishment has become quite drama-minded since my day, so perhaps this will not bore you as much as I feared! But even before this minor revolution D.H.S. produced three students who have passed through R.A.D.A. and into the blackness beyond, while I remain, fearfully, in the throes of training! One learns painfully here that the little one knows is less than nothing; the enchantment fades — as Binyon said of an empty theatre —

"But the voices are all departed,
The vision dull;
Daylight disconsolately enters
Only to annul.
The vast space is hollow and empty
As a skull" —

but in its place comes a humility and near desperation to learn and re-create.

But what of the R.A.D.A. itself? It does not turn out actors as a university turns out graduates. It only hopes to canalise to some degree the unruly talent and waken the dormant emotion to theatre size and bring it to theatrical reality. To this end we have classes in diction, technique, mime, period technique, and for the first year we act out short scenes from modern plays and Shakespeare, while in the second year students are treated as professionals and perform in a varied repertoire of plays each term in our public theatre, the "Vanbrugh." This second year is an invaluable stepping-stone to the professional theatre. However, it is in the training of the actor's instruments that the R.A.D.A. renders its most valuable service. The body is brought under conscious control in an exhausting but

rewarding round of movement, ballet and fencing classes; while the voice and speech, which form the core of the actor's art, are given extensive training in voice-production and singing classes. Many other subjects, such as make-up, phonetics and B.B.C. and audition technique, go to make up our syllabus which, as must be evident, is very crowded.

I have tried merely to give a rough outline of what we do, and how an actor at the R.A.D.A. is trained without touching the whys and wherefores on which many, far greater than I, have written books and still found no golden rule — actors are born, not made; but some have also the ability to use instinctively what has been given them, while others toil up the steep road which leads — anywhere!

Rosamond Dickson

Letters from the Universities

I. — ST. ANDREWS

Here we sit in the peace and tranquillity of St. Salvador's Hall, peaceful, that is, when the violinists and clarinettist are not practising for the Musical Society concert, when the grand piano below us is not being played, when the gramophones and wirelesses in nearby rooms are not in operation. Every hour of the day — and night! — is regularly impressed upon us by the rolling of the bells of three clocks, while, at the hour of eight o'clock on Sunday mornings, we are awakened by the all-penetrating peals of a church bell. Five times the bells in the Residence have to ring each morning to get us up, as well as for each meal during the day.

No noises of traffic disturb us, however; in fact, St. Andrews is not affected by the usual everyday noises of larger towns, nor by the usual worries of getting buses to school and work and other such mundane necessities. In this university, I think, of all the Scottish universities, there is an atmosphere conducive to academic work, a tendency to dwell upon what some would call "impractical" things, not directly bearing upon the necessary, yet to us, at present, rather remote, business of earning a living, with its attendant cares and anxieties. Not as in some other universities, political debates are very rare and even the

political clubs, two in number, are not really flourishing; it is possibly typical of this tendency to an interest in the higher things of life, the eternal realities, that the four religious societies, especially the two interdenominational ones, have a much larger following than the political; there are fairly good attendances at all their meetings, while one of the interdenominational ones made quite an impact on the University with an intensive week of talks and discussions held in January, when a number of people came to realise the real meaning and essential power of true religion, and others at least were set thinking.

Especially in a Residence Hall, one has many opportunities of meeting people and getting to know them, the professors and lecturers, who come to dinner on Wednesday evenings and have coffee afterwards with the students, and, in particular, those people, with new, and possibly quite shattering, points of view, whom one meets in conversation at table each day. There are disadvantages, too, of course, in living in a Residence Hall, but these by no means, I think, outweigh the advantages.

The lure of the golf courses is too strong for most kinds of golfers, particularly some who, according to others, should not be there at all; as we are not quite Open Champions

yet, most of us refrain from honouring the Old Course with our presence and our five shillings, but hack out a track for ourselves round one of the other three courses. I think it is worth mentioning the comparative liberty which students, especially in the Faculty of Arts, have here in arranging their times for golf, or the cinema, or general relaxation. Most of us, at least in the Arts Faculty, have about three lectures of an hour each every day except Saturday, Sunday and Wednesday afternoon. And long holidays as well? Yes, three weeks at Christmas and Easter and seventeen in the summer. However, it is more or less necessary to spend a very considerable part of this time, even including the shorter holidays and a part of the summer one, in getting through a number of books which one's professor has been considerate enough to set, possibly with the added incentive of an exam, immediately following the "coming-up" (one always "comes up" to University after a "vacation," which is what we have instead of "holidays").

This evening, all is quiet, but for the tapping of a typewriter, the chirping of a bird or two, and the closing of an occasional window as the chill of the deepening twilight begins to be felt. More lights go on in various rooms; the after-dinner coffee or chat is over, the evening's work begun. Others, though, are probably just going out — to a cinema, to a dance, or to a meeting of one of the numerous societies?

If you are not allergic to hard work, you will enjoy life here, I think, on the whole. You yourself have the chance to make a success of your studies, your sport, or whatever you spend your time on. You may make a success of nothing; it depends on you. Only at a University are you free from the ties of home; it depends on you to make the most of this opportunity, according to your bent.

A.S.D.

II. — CAMBRIDGE

The outstanding quality of Cambridge is its variety. Architecturally, the very old and the very new co-exist; the old courts of St. John's with their slanting doorways and worn steps are no more typical of the University than the modern blocks in Magdalene; the enormous new University Library looks down from its hill on to the narrow streets, high

walls and winding passages of the town. At night the gowned Proctor and the top-hatted "bulldogs" stalk the streets, and yet those same streets are the background for the bright shirts and tapered trousers of the arty set. Life can still be led as it was many centuries ago, in library and lecture room, by the slow waters of the Cam, or it can be an endless round of coffee parties, cocktail parties and balls. Even the parties can be stiff, stand-up conversational half-hours or riotously gay jive evenings. Life can be gay or grave — the backcloth a cabaret or a religious meeting. One can enjoy either of these aspects or both. Life in Cambridge is many things but never dull.

This variety makes it hard to describe the life of a Cambridge undergraduate, but one thing they all have in common is a weekly supervision. Either singly or with another, the undergraduate goes to sit for an hour and talk with varying degrees of animation on the particular subject which he is reading with his supervisor. I read history; this means I go to sit in a comfortable armchair in a spacious room usually filled with books and paintings. I read an essay and then we discuss the Revolution of 1688 or the development of feudal knighthood or some other topic. The hour seems to pass very quickly; another essay subject is set and the week's work begins again. This method of teaching leads to a strange similarity in the lives of all undergraduates — the weekly essay crisis. On the day before a supervision the undergraduate assumes a grave, worried air; enormous and often dusty tomes litter his room; cigarette smoke fills the air and the weekly neurosis sets in. However, it would be a mistake to imagine that the undergraduate learns by his folly and works all of the following week — as soon as the crisis is past gaiety begins again and for another five days the other side of Cambridge life prevails.

Mornings in Cambridge are officially the time for most lectures — but lectures are not compulsory, and in any case are too numerous to allow regular attendance at all of them. A great many lecturers are authors also and often it is more rewarding to read the books than to attend the lectures. But lectures are frequently entertaining and sometimes informative so that even those who define wisdom very broadly find it wise to go from time to time. There is also for the freshman the

thrill of seeing scholars, famous in their field, become alive and enthusiastic.

After lectures the coffee shops fill up. They vary, too, from the wide-windowed "Anchor" overlooking the river and its swans, to the smoke-filled oak-beamed "dives" of the town. But many people prefer to remain in their own rooms in the mornings, finding the lure of the coffee shops too strong to be risked. These rooms are usually very comfortable; in some cases very lofty and dignified; in others, small and brightly furnished. There, people can work in peace, the only danger being sociable friends who may call with hopes of coffee at about eleven o'clock. But morning is a pleasant time in Cambridge; life is still quite peaceful.

In the afternoon the town changes. There are fewer bicycles and fewer gowns and books. The sporting gentlemen make their appearance in shorts or track suits, carrying squash racquets or oars. The social set begins the tea-party round and the actors go to rehearsals. Punts appear on the river if the weather is fine and Cambridge assumes an even more varied aspect.

By six o'clock the sherry parties and cocktail parties have begun; in winter it is dark and the gowns appear again, for gowns must always be worn after dusk. The jazz bands begin to practise and the jumbled noises of trumpet, saxophone and drum creep over the college walks. At seven another brief scurry of traffic begins as the colleges dine in their respective halls. Some of these meals are very informal — at Trinity the men walk over the tables to their places — whereas at Magdalene they dine by candlelight. Everywhere gowns are worn and in my college, Newnham, late-comers must bow to the High Table as they come in. By eight, Hall is over and once more the bicycles appear as the undergraduates hurry off to their various evening activities. The societies meet, or hold dances (probably the latter, for even the most impressive-sounding societies are predominantly social clubs). The parties begin again — parties like those held in the Union cellars or the Crypt of Clare College, where the jazz plays and the jive fans congregate. In other rooms groups gather to talk about anything under the sun or things which have little connection with the natural world, such as the meetings of the Society for Psychic Research. The Opera Group, the Dramatic Societies, the Cabaret

Clubs rehearse or perform, and in the pubs the beer-drinking sportsmen rock with laughter or a surfeit of their favourite beverage. Cambridge comes to life at night and for that reason the Proctors appear.

I have mentioned them already — they are responsible for the discipline of the University. The Proctor — a don — wearing his gown and mortar-board, and accompanied by two college porters dressed in tailcoats and top-hats, parades the streets until midnight to make sure that none of the University regulations are infringed. One is liable to be "progged" for wearing a sweater without a coat under a gown, or for not wearing a gown at all, or for the women only — for wearing trousers and a gown. One of the "bulldogs" will come across and say, "Excuse me, Madam/Sir, are you a member of this University?" If you admit it (and you can be sent down for denying it), the bulldog will say, "The Proctor would like to see you." And, if you can't satisfy the Proctor with a very good reason for your crime, you will receive a summons the next evening and you will be relieved of six shillings and eightpence!

At approximately ten-thirty the town begins to have its last fling for the day; the theatres spill out and the colleges throw out their guests. The coffee shops enjoy another very busy hour as the undergraduates, clinging to the privilege of staying out until midnight, drink a last cup of chocolate, discuss the day or listen to the guitarists who abound in Cambridge. By midnight the town is quiet, except for gala nights when the balls go on into the small hours of the morning. Another very hectic day is over as far as the public can see; but in the rooms in the colleges talk goes on until two or three o'clock as the undergraduates wring the last drops of enjoyment out of the twenty-four hours.

Life is everything then in Cambridge in two senses. Life is varied, more varied than anywhere else in the world perhaps; and also, life is everything in the sense that lack of life in the individual spells failure; whether you are interested in sport or poetry, classical music or skiffle, opera or cabaret, beer-drinking or sherry parties, you must have life to be successful; and if you have life, you can find full expression for it and a willing recognition of your ability to express it.

Anne Drummond

III. — QUEEN'S COLLEGE

How very delighted I was when Mr Duke asked me to write about Queen's College, Dundee — one of the colleges of St. Andrews University.

I wonder if many of you think of what student life is like as you pass our fine college. I know I did. I thought of it as a place of enchantment — admiring the lovely green lawns, the beautiful gardens, the unusual line of interesting-looking buildings which was all I could see from Perth Road. In summer the red-gowned students would be lying on the lawns looking carefree and gay! A land of enchantment indeed — and the entrance by one way only — hard work at the books.

As a result of kindly help and encouragement from the Science department at school, I was able to join the circle of students at Queen's, and how well worthwhile it has been to spend a few years in such company!

From the first day, one becomes absorbed in the life. I remember social functions were at once arranged so that 1st Year students could meet one another and some of the seniors. There was a visit to St. Andrews, and, finally, at the end of the first wonderful week, a party at which a speech of welcome was given by the present Master of the College, Professor D. R. Dow. I will always remember the humour and wisdom of that speech.

Then down to work — different from that at school, but full of interest.

For me, there were lectures and tutorial classes in the morning and practical classes in the afternoon. These were always most stimulating. The lecturers were eager to impart their knowledge, and anxious to help the students with any problems or difficulties.

There is a wonderful relationship between staff and students because, I think, all the time there is a sense that each group is seeking more and more knowledge. As time goes on one feels it a very great privilege to be taught by such men and women.

You are sure to ask about the social life. Well it can be wonderful if you help to make it so for yourself. The centre of this is the Students' Union. There, you have the opportunity of meeting fellow-students from all

over the world. They are all different, and all interesting. They belong to all faculties — Arts, Science, Medicine, Law, Engineering. With them one takes part in discussions, elections, committee meetings, "hops," dances, charities days and, once in three years, a "Rectorial." Lord Kilmuir is our present Lord Rector — the students' representative, elected by them. He was installed last year in May in St. Andrews amidst fun and gaiety, and gave us a most inspiring address.

There are many activities which are related to one's own work. I think, in particular, of expeditions, zoological, botanical and geological — and, in connection with the latter, an unforgettable week on the Isle of Raasay. A party of fifty of us, under the guidance of Professor Davidson, had a happy and interesting time.

The time passes all too quickly, and, as exam. schedules are posted, there is a more sober atmosphere in the Union — but we are all in it together!

There are to be structural changes in the near future. The interesting-looking, irregular row will go and a modern building will arise, but, remember, the same warm student friendship will remain now and always, for it is a tradition at Queen's College, Dundee.

M. I. Wilson

IV. — EDINBURGH

Let me take you round the Old Quad, the original University of Edinburgh and still the hub of the university. As we halt at the foot of the Quad, facing the War Memorial, and see students strolling in a leisurely way around and standing in groups, laughing or earnestly engaged in conversation, we feel we are really members of a great university.

Going to the left, we pass the Administrative Offices, the Old Reading Room, which has seen many a student tussle with his Latin or Greek proses, and the library with its 75,000 books. At the top of the Quad we enter the Common Room and come into an atmosphere of smoke, chatter and the rattling of coffee cups, while someone strums on the piano. Here the student relaxes (if he can find a seat) or dashes for refreshment between lectures (if the queue is not too long). Upstairs is the New Reading Room where more frus-



Photograph by Norman Brown & Co.

Form III. in "Les Flambeaux d'Argent"



Photograph by D. & W. Prophet

GOLF TEAM

Back Row (l. to r.) — H. Robertson, A. Mill, G. Ritchie.

Front Row (l. to r.) — J. Wright, M. Dougall (Captain), G. Adams.



CRICKET 1st XI.

Back Row (l. to r.) — Mr J. Stevenson (President), F. Neillie, F. Ritchie, F. Allan, A. Grant, A. Allen, E. Reoch, J. Adams (Scorer).

Front Row (l. to r.) — D. Reid, I. McEwan, D. Henderson (Captain), M. Hardie, I. Reoch.



Photographs by D. & W. Prophet

GIRLS' TENNIS TEAM

Back Row (l. to r.) — Lorna Guild, J. Derrick, M. Ritchie.

Front Row (l. to r.) — I. Anderson, R. Ellis (Captain), S. Mearns.

trated students try to pack in some knowledge before these all-important exams.

Along the right side is housed the Classics Department, with its Latin, Greek, Ancient History and Ancient Philosophy lecture theatres, and the History, Law and Psychology Departments. Then we come to the Staff Common Room, which is taboo to students, so it cannot be described. Down in the basements, too, lurk Examination Room B and the S.R.C. Office and Hall (Students' Representative Council).

At the foot of the Quad, over the entrance, rises the Dome in all its grandeur. From here, at five minutes to the hour, the bell tolls — a welcome reprieve from that (yawn!) boring lecturer! Up here, too, nestles the Sellar and Goodhart Classical Library, which commands a lovely view of Edinburgh and Arthur's Seat. Here, these conscientious classical students, far from the madding crowd, have peace to

enjoy the wondrous works of Aristotle, Euripides, Vergil, Cicero, etc., and allow the gentle learning to seep into the soul! But, rising above all, visible and outstanding to most parts of Edinburgh, there stands on the Dome the Golden Youth holding aloft the Torch of Learning.

There, in the Old Quad you can sense the atmosphere and tradition of a great university, although nowadays the university is spread throughout all Edinburgh and buildings are even yet being erected to allow for extension, especially of the Scientific Departments. Therefore, the Old Quad is now just a minute part of the University of Edinburgh, but it draws all the students of all the faculties to itself, for, as we enter the Old Quad, we all feel that here is the real and original University of Edinburgh and that round it the whole university world revolves.

Grace M. Dingwall (1st Year Classics)

PHONE 2421

D. & W. PROPHET

Portrait, School and College

:: *Photographers* ::

10 REFORM STREET, DUNDEE

TITS IN OUR GARDEN

Outside our sitting-room window we have a bell of fat, a string of monkey-nuts, and a nut-container. Three kinds of tits come and feed on them, the blue-tits, coal-tits and great-tits. The blue-tit has a blue head, a white eye-patch, a light green back and a yellow breast. It is the most common one. The coal-tit is smaller than the blue-tit. It has a black head, a white eye-patch, a white patch at the back of its neck, a darker green back than the blue-tit and a yellow and white breast. The great-tit is the biggest of them. It has a black head, a white eye-patch, a dark green back and a black breast. I think they are very clever at hanging upside down.

Diana Sutherland, L. IV.



GARDENING

Gardening is my hobby,
A very good one, too.
I really think it's better
Than playing games, don't you?

Last year I grew a marrow,
A very good one, too.
I watered it, and watered it.
And it grew, and grew, and grew.

Now, at the end of my story,
I hope you will understand,
That all my plants I grow myself
On my little bit of land.

Bill Robertson, L. V.

CRAZES

Why is it that at certain times of the year there is a craze for marbles, or balls, or yo-yos, etc.? How do these crazes start? Are they controlled by the time of the year, or is it merely a case of one starting the craze and everyone copying it? Certainly one week it's marbles and then the playground is covered with marbles of all colours and sizes. In the classroom everyone is jingling them and in next to no time somebody is getting into trouble for letting marbles fall over the floor and holding up the class for five minutes. All our spare time is taken up swopping

marbles, playing marbles, or talking marbles, and a good deal of our pocket-money is spent on replacing those that are lost.

Then, suddenly, almost overnight, this craze is over and the marbles, so treasured only a day or two before, are pushed away to the back of a drawer or cupboard, where they lie forgotten, but not for ever, for, sooner or later, somebody will find them and the marble craze will be on again. For, although short-lived, these crazes reappear year after year. Many of the crazes of today were as popular with our mothers and fathers when they were at school as they are today. Some of them, such as "conkers," are naturally seasonal, but others, such as skipping, yo-yoing and swopping scraps, appear to come and go at any season of the year.

Some crazes come into a different group. These are the ones that suddenly appear, stay a short while, and then disappear; e.g., popular songs, which may stay top of the hit-parade for some time, being played by every dance band and whistled by every errand boy, until they are replaced by something quite different. The popular songs and dances of our parents' day, e.g., "Charleston" and "Black Bottom," to us seem ridiculous and old-fashioned as no doubt "Rock and Roll" will seem to our children.

Ann Rothwell, L. VII.

THE COUNTRYSIDE

O'er hill and dale I love to rove,
By brook and village fair,
Until I find a wondrous grove,
Which nature gives so rare.

The forest shouts with all its might;
The corn stands on the plain;
The sun comes out to give its light,
And hides itself again.

Upon the hill, by shady rill,
I look to see what's there,
I see the miller and his mill,
And wish that I were there.

When the best of the great long day is done,
And with rest in my soul I am homeward bound,

I see that the hours of the day have run,
And a haven of rest I have found.

John McKean, L. VII.

THE PIRATE

This man he is a pirate bold;
He sailed the seas in days of old.
His crew of cut-throats feared no one;
They sailed in rain, hail, wind or sun.

His hair is dubbed and stuck with tar;
Across his cheek's a livid scar;
Great ear-rings dangle from his ears,
A patch across one eye he wears.

His jersey's striped, all cut and torn,
With black and ragged trousers worn.
In one great fight he lost a leg;
So now he wears a wooden-peg.

His cutlass sharp fills all with dread,
As he waves it above his head.
He has a parrot that sometimes talks,
And shouts, "Mind out, you're on the rocks."

The pirate sails the seas no more,
His reign of terror now is o'er.
Gone is he from the Spanish Main,
But how I wish him back again.

Christopher Gillan, L. VII.

SPRING FASHIONS

The Spring sunshine has recently inspired us to try new and dainty modes of fashion. What was the Winter's hue? Black, grey, or some equally sombre shade. But now we are eager to try the latest pinks and purples.

Perhaps, owing to our not so mild Springs and the gloomy news of the weather-man, we were not too eager to lay away that warm, grey beaver-lamb coat or that snug woolly dress, but the fascinating new colours cheer us up.

I have lately noticed a new season's party-dress — a dainty dream of purple and pale green. It is modelled in a soft, mauve velvet, harmonising with a touch of gold and the elegant pale green stole. It is both quiet and dainty, possessing a certain shy charm, that is hard to beat.

This model is quite likely to be seen in both town and country where it is to be worn most elegantly by that dainty maid of Spring, Violet.

Valerie Hendry, L. VII.

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Old Girls' Club

We have pleasure in sending greetings to Old Girls everywhere.

The twenty-fifth Annual General Meeting of the Club was held in the Girls' School on 25th March, 1957, when the following Office-Bearers and Executive Committee were appointed:—

President, Miss Margaret Larg; Vice-Presidents, Miss Ella Burns Petrie and Miss Madge Turnbull; 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 Lindsay Fleming (ex officio), Miss Whytock (ex officio), Mrs G. Stobie, Miss F. Laird, Mrs E. Lee, Miss E. Alexander, Miss J. Stevenson, Mrs G. P. Raitt, Miss M. Thomson, Miss M. Anderson, Miss I. A. McNaughton, Mrs H. Lindsay, Mrs D. P. Thomson, Miss J. Thomson, Miss I. Ogilvy and Miss J. Cuthill.

Miss Turnbull and Miss Margaret Anderson are representatives to the Athletic Union, and Miss Larg and Mrs Walker represent the Club on the Appeal Committee.

The Club has now a membership of 517.

The meeting approved the Committee's proposal to donate £100 to the School Reconstruction Fund.

After the meeting, Miss Turnbull showed many beautiful coloured slides of her recent trip to America.

During the past year the Club gave a sum of money to provide an annual music prize. They also, as in past years, donated books to the Girls' Junior Library.

The Annual Reunion in the form of a dinner took place in the Queen's Hotel on 2nd November, 1956. Eighty-three members spent a most enjoyable evening. Mrs Lindsay Fleming, the President, in her opening remarks, drew attention to the scheme for the reconstruction of the School, and appealed to everyone to give generously to the Fund which was soon to be opened. Miss Margaret Fergusson, M.A., Warden of University Hostels, Edinburgh, talked delightfully on "Then and Now" — changes in manners and customs since she was at school. Miss Frances Davidson, retiring secretary, was presented with a book token. Entertainment was given in a short term of whist, a display of ballet dancing by Miss Stewart and piano solos by Miss Mackie.

All girls leaving school this year are warmly invited to join the Club.

Would members **please** notify the Secretary when they change their names and addresses.

The following have joined the Club since June, 1956:

Braithwaite, Miss Christine M., "Fercroft," Wellbank by Dundee.

Dingwall, Miss Grace M., 27 Johnston Avenue, Dundee.

Henderson, Miss Sheila I., 94 Commercial Street, Dundee.

Mathers, Miss Frances M., Mathers Hotel, Dundee.

Jewell, Miss Jean A., 8 Invermark Terrace, Barnhill, Dundee.

Leishman, Mrs Andrew W., 26 Buckingham Terrace, Edinburgh.

Mackenzie, Miss Helene M., "The Linn," 43 Dundee Road, Broughty Ferry.

McCrow, Miss Margaret C., 5 Bridge Street, Barnhill, Dundee.

Ogilvy, Miss Marion E. V., Blairmuir, 210 Arbroath Road, Dundee.

Ower, Miss Marjory H., 1 Bellefield Avenue, Dundee.

Robertson, Miss Patricia A.C., "Haarlaw," Birkhill, by Dundee.

Rudd, Miss Caroline N., 17 St. Nicholas Road, Prestwick, Ayrshire.

Wallace, Miss Patricia, 15 Inverary Terrace, Dundee.

Wallace, Miss Sybil M., "Wilmohr," 143 Ferry Road, Monifieth.

Weatherhead, Miss Janette M. N., 6 Adelaide Terrace, Dundee.

Young, Miss Alison V., "Balnacraig East," 30 Albany Road, West Ferry.

Forsyth, Mrs Florence M., 3 Duntrune Terrace, West Ferry.

Milne, Fiona Joan, "Oakhurst," Wormit, Fife.

Thomson, Miss Jean S., 335 Clepington Road, Dundee.

Lindsay, Miss Mona, Greenbank, Queen Street, Newport-on-Tay.

Low, Miss Margaret A. B., "St. Helens," 13 Dalhousie Road, Barnhill, Dundee.

Latto, Miss Elma D., 62 Kinghorne Road, Dundee.

Duncan, Miss Doreen W., Mossiel, Viewmount Road, Wormit, Fife.

Craig, Dr Elizabeth D. Hunter, The Rowans, 8 West Queen Street, Broughty Ferry.

Bremner, Mrs Helen J., 13 Esplanade, Broughty Ferry, Dundee.

Gibson, Jennifer Y., P.O. Box 1190, Portage La Prairie, Manitoba, Canada.

Scott, Miss Judith B., 25 Springfield, Perth Road, Dundee.

We announce with pleasure the following marriages:—

Alison Hogg to George Henderson

Inez Fergusson to Bill Dryden

Sheila Gillies to Jack Philp

Winifred Nicoll to Alistair Fenton

Elizabeth Doe to Nicholas Bennett

Ann Younger to Edward Barnsley

Dorothy Esplin to John Allardyce

Nancy Allison to Ian Taylor

Wilma Mitchell to Bill Riddell

Betsy Cuthill to Harold Lee

Eileen Neave to Norman Lee

Jean Ogilvy to Bjarne Hammerstad

We record with regret the deaths of the following:—

Mrs James Miller, Sealladh-Mhor, Crieff.
 Mrs Bella Pattullo, Abertay, Broughty Ferry.
 Mrs Smith, Morig, Newport-on-Tay.
 Mrs Ritchie, St. Serf's Home, Newport-on-Tay.
 Mrs William Locke, Gray Walls, Perth Road, Dundee.
 Miss Jessie Lamb, 19 Madeira Street, Dundee.

APPRECIATION

We should like to make particular mention of Mrs William Locke (Louie Beath), a past President of the Club, and a well-known and popular member of society in Dundee. Cheerful, unassuming, tactful, warm-hearted, Louie Locke has been widely mourned, and not least by her old classmates.

Old Boys' Club

SHOOTING MATCH

The second match of the season between the Present Pupils and the Old Boys' Club was held on 15th February, resulting in a win for the latter by 14 points. Strange as it may seem, the issue was wide open until the last targets were completed, one of which was a noteworthy "possible" by Ivor Watson for the Old Boys. This clinched the matter!

These matches are most enjoyable affairs, and it was felt that the Present Pupils have the potential ability to provide a "photo-finish," if not an outright win one of those days.

The Pupils rose to their usual hospitality by providing tea and a variety of eatables which were much appreciated.

Present Pupils		Old Boys	
K. More	97	I. Watson	100
I. Stewart	95	G. Ritchie	96
D. Henderson	95	J. Penny	96
J. Maconnachie	94	W. Morrison	93
K. Smith	94	D. Mathers	92
D. Rothwell	93	I. Duffus	92
F. Murray	86	A. Drummond	92
D. Whyte	84	F. Slimman	91
738		752	

ANGLING OUTING

The Old Boys' Club Annual Outing to Loch Leven was held on the evening of Monday, 27th May, when 22 optimistic disciples shunned the fishmongers and went after their suppers the hard way.

After an excellent meal in the Bridgend Hotel, Kinross, the boats were manned and the hunter instinct returned.

Fish were not rising freely despite reasonably good conditions, but after sunset a colder atmosphere put them down for the night. Baskets were consequently light, but credit is due to those who returned the best catches, namely, W. Burns, 5 trout weighing $4\frac{1}{2}$ lbs.; A. Tweedie, 4 weighing $3\frac{1}{2}$ lbs., and W. Goodfellow, 4 weighing 3 lbs.

This outing is becoming increasingly popular since it first started. The congenial company is always ample compensation for light catches, but the success of the venture has been in large measure due to the excellent arrangements of W. Phillips. If the fish are not always catching, his enthusiasm certainly is!



Reports

THE LITERARY SOCIETY REPORT

1956-57 has been a most successful year. Two years ago the separate Boys' and Girls' Societies were united, very much as an experiment. Since then enthusiasm has never been lacking and members of the Staff have nobly given every assistance. As a result, the standard of public-speaking and debate has greatly improved. Except for one guest speaker, the Rev. Philip Lee, we relied this year on our own resources and membership has been extended to include Form III.

In the month of January, Professor Matheson, of Queen's College, adjudicated at a Reading and Public-Speaking Competition, in which the winners were Michael Tosh and Patricia Devlin.

The Society is greatly obliged to Professor Matheson for the efficient and pleasing manner in which he conducted the competition and for the great interest he took in it.

On 1st March, the Society was entertained with a display of Country Dancing by Miss Leighton's pupils, from Forms II, to VI.

During the year the Lit. contributed substantially towards the presentation of a lectern and platform chairs for the hall.

We are also indebted to Mr Eric Larg for handsomely assisting with the arrangements for a Gramophone Recital at the last meeting of the year.
G. E. LESLIE

HOCKEY CLUB REPORT

The Hockey Club has enjoyed a most successful season this year and all the teams have shown an enthusiasm in both practices and matches, which justified the results.

Apart from falling to the F.P.'s, the 1st XI. were unbeaten throughout the season, while our other teams, although not quite so successful, all show great promise for the future.

In the Junior Midlands Hockey Tournament, held at Dalnacraig, on Saturday, 30th March, our 1st XI. reached the final for the second year in succession by beating Bell-Baxter by 2-0 in the semi-final, but, unfortunately, we were beaten 1-0 by Blairgowrie High School in an exciting final.

The Junior House Hockey matches were played on Saturday, 16th March, and the results were:— 1 Wallace, 2 Airlie, 3 Lindores, 4 Aystree.

In the Junior Goal-shooting Competition, Wallace was first and Airlie took both second and third places.

In March, W. Paton, M. Ritchie, C. Sutherland, L. Guild, M. Douglas and M. McConnachie were presented with their Hockey Colours.

We should like to thank Miss Leighton, Miss Whytock and other members of the staff for their willing help and support throughout the season and to wish Miss Leighton every happiness in her forthcoming marriage.
M.F.R.

DRAMATIC CLUB REPORT

The early part of the spring term was spent in preparing our four pieces for presentation at the "Lit." They were performed on Friday, 8th February, in the Hall before a large and appreciative audience. They consisted of extracts from "Our Town" and "Pygmalion," produced by Mr Smith, and from "Romeo and Juliet" and "School for Scandal," produced by Miss Gray.

The remaining meetings were taken up by a talk on make-up from Mr Smith, followed by practical work the next week, and two sessions with a tape-recorder, kindly lent by Messrs Largs.

We should like to express our thanks to Mr Smith and Miss Gray once again for all their hard work.
J.R.G.W.

RUGBY CLUB REPORT

This has been one of the most fortunate seasons from the weather point of view. There were only four games cancelled and these were mainly in the latter part of the season. With a large proportion of last season's forwards returning, the strength was expected to be in this department. The opening game with Harris Academy was very scrappy, but improvement was apparent against Dollar Academy. The fundamental weaknesses which have been present now for so long were still much in evidence, viz.: (a) The lack of cohesion as a team. There are too many individuals, and, good as they may be, the effect produced by a solo effort is generally far below that obtained by combined team work. (b) Bad tackling, for which there is no excuse. The tendency here is to "shadow tackle" or to "interrupt" rather than make a determined effort to crash the opponent to the ground. (c) Slowness at backing up. This could be due to the natural lack of anticipation or to the lack of complete concentration on the game. When playing rugby, as with any other sport, players must be both physically and mentally alert and all attention must be focussed on the determination to beat the opponent.

The results for the season were a little better than the previous year and the teams did show considerable improvement throughout the season. The "sevens" at Perth were disappointing as we were beaten in our first round when, according to the play, we should have won comfortably.

The games were all played with zest and spirit and were enjoyed by all.

The 2nd XV. and Colts XV. played enthusiastically, but were usually up against heavier opponents and their records were not, in outward appearance, good.

The junior teams again did exceptionally well, especially Form I., who suffered only one defeat — by Perth Academy. They obtained their revenge at a later date.

Grateful thanks are expressed to all the members of staff who gave up their valuable time to travel with the teams and to referee matches and also to the secretary and treasurer for their most valuable work.
A.M.T.



RUGBY 1st XV.

Back Row (l. to r.) — W. Graham, M. Hardie, M. Dougall, D. Nicol, C. Mars, A. McGregor, A. Allen, G. Lyle.

Front Row (l. to r.) — D. Henderson, F. Allan, D. Reid, I. McEwan (Capt.), A. Bell, J. Allan, D. Ford.



Photographs by D. & W. Prophet

HOCKEY 1st XI.

Back Row (l. to r.) — Miss M. M. Leighton, K. Ritchie, M. Ritchie, H. Duncan, R. Walker, E. Thomson.

Front Row (l. to r.) — M. Mee, M. Douglas, C. Sutherland, W. Paton (Captain), M. McConnachie, R. Ellis, L. Guild.



Photograph by Lieut. W. P. Vannet, M.B.E.

THE NEW DRUM MAJOR'S STAFF

Presented to the Cadet Company

by

MAJOR A. ERIC LARG, T.D.

*The Staff was designed by Major T. S. Halliday and made by
Henry Potter & Co., London*

CADET REPORT

The Spring term opened with serious training for the Certificate A Examination. Fifty-three cadets took part in the examination held at Buddon on 17th April. There was a one hundred per cent. pass in Part I, and a seventy-five per cent. pass in Part II. Much credit is due to four cadets of the youngest platoon who were keen to try the examination and who passed well. Credit is also due to Sgt. Montgomerie, their platoon N.C.O., who was their sole instructor.

During the last term preparations were going on for the Annual General Inspection held on 6th June, at Dalnacraig.

Group Captain Beardon, A.F.C., Station Commander, R.A.F., Leuchars, took the march-past and salute. He later presented Certificates A and Shooting Medals to the Junior Company.

At the end of the Ceremonial Parade, Major Larg presented a Drum-Major's Staff to the Company. The staff was received on behalf of the company by the O.C., who handed it over to Drum-Major McEwan. The Drum-Major then paraded with the Pipes and Drums, who, after beating Retreat, marched off to the tune, "Hieland Laddie."

We should like to thank the Senior Girls who provided tea for the guests.

The staff was designed by Major Halliday and carried out by the famous London firm of drum makers, Henry Potter & Co.

The Shooting team was in second place for the Strathcona Shield, but on a recount was reduced to third place.

During the Easter holidays, Sgt. M. Hardie attended a Commando course at Plymouth, and now wears a red dagger on his sleeve, given to him by the Marines.

Unfortunately, due to our early Easter break, the Unit was unable to take part in any of the other Easter Cadet courses.

A lecture, with films, was given to the Senior Cadets by an officer from the War Office. He spoke of cadets in relation to the future of War Office Policy, and emphasised the importance to the nation of cadet training. It was the policy of the country to maintain the cadet movement and to keep Cadet Training on lines which would develop C.C.F. cadets as leaders, not only in military life, but also as citizens of the world.

Another lecture was given to the boys by the Chief Naval Liaison Officer, Rosyth. He spoke on the Navy as a modern career and showed films of various aspects of naval life.

We were extremely sorry to say goodbye to Drum-Major Roy, B.E.M., who, during his short stay with us, did much for the company. He is now a police inspector with the Colonial Office in Cyprus.

We are also sorry to say goodbye to R.S.M. Roy, M.B.E., D.C.M., from Bell Street, who has gone to Gibraltar. He helped the company a great deal while he was stationed in Bell Street.

Pipe-Major Angus McLeod has resigned from the band on his obtaining a post at Dounreay. This is a great loss to the Company, but we are lucky to

obtain the services of his brother who is also well known in piping circles.

We were very glad to welcome Mr Blackley as our new S.S.I. He has come to us as Drum-Major Roy's successor.

Promotions—Cpl. Dunlop, M. J. to Sgt.; Cpl. Gibson, D. L. to Sgt.; Cpl. Montgomerie I. E. D. to Sgt.; Drum/Cpl. Allan F. to Drum/Sgt.; Drum L./Cpl. Ford D. to Drum/Cpl.; L./Cpl. Mee P. to Cpl.; Pipe L./Cpl. Harvey S. to Pipe/Cpl.; Cadet Mill A. to L./Cpl.; Cadet Logan R. to L./Cpl.; Cadet Sutherland J. to L./Cpl.; Cadet Junor D. to L./Cpl.; Cadet Hunter G. to L./Cpl.; Drum Cadet Hay G. to Drum L./Cpl.; Pipe Cadet McIntyre R. to Pipe L./Cpl.

C./C.S.M. A. D. BELL

GOLF CLUB REPORT

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

Captain — M. Dougall

Vice-Captain — J. Wright

Secretary and Treasurer — G. H. D. Adams

This season we have been fortunate in receiving instruction from Walter Lyle, the Caird Park professional, for some twenty pupils through the "Daily Mail" Golf Foundation Scheme. Our thanks are also extended to our new president, Mr Paton, who succeeds Mr Laird and who has ever shown a keen interest in the golfing activities of the School.

Two golf teams have been formed this season and the results of our fixtures are shown below:—

A Team	F.	A.
Arbroath High School	(h) 1	2
Morgan Academy	(h) 1	2
Forfar Academy	(h) 6	0
Forfar Academy	(a) 5½	½
Grove Academy	(h) 3	0
Grove Academy	(a) 2	1
B Team		
Grove Academy	(h) 1½	1½
Morgan Academy	(a) 0	3

TENNIS CLUB REPORT

Throughout this term tennis has been in full swing at Dalnacraig. The standard of tennis is high, especially among the Juniors, as was recently seen in the Junior House Tennis matches. Results of the House matches were as follows:—Senior—1 Wallace, 2 Aystree, 3 Lindores. Junior—1 Wallace, 2 Airlie, 3 Lindores.

The Senior Championship was won by Ruth Ellis, and the Junior Championship by her young sister, Carmen Ellis. The 1st and 2nd teams are now in very good form, and, after having played Morgan, Harris, Lawside, Morrison's and Bell-Baxter, are still undefeated. As the standard of tennis among the Juniors is surprisingly high, we believe that this bodes well for the future and that the present undefeated record may well become a tradition in the School.

R.M.E.

CHESS CLUB REPORT

Throughout the second term the Club has been chiefly concerned with the tournament, won this year by Peter Mee, Form 4. Mrs Elder and Mr Beckingham have presented the Club with a cup, to be known as the Beckingham Trophy, and to be awarded annually to the winner. Mr Russell, who has been helping us when Mr Beckingham has not been able to come, has also presented us with a trophy, which will be awarded to the winner of a beginners' tournament.

The Club has met with limited success in the Dundee Chess League, winning two matches and losing one. In a match against the Former Pupils the School was defeated by three games to one.

Lower VII. have been allowed to join the Club, and membership has risen rapidly. The enthusiasm displayed by the younger members in particular is a very good omen for the future indeed.

G. H. HUNTER

CRICKET CLUB REPORT

This season we have Mr Stevenson as President with Mr Stark and Mr Thomson as Vice-Presidents. We are very much indebted to Mr McLaren and Mr Stevenson for their encouragement and to Mr Stark for his invaluable coaching on Wednesday and at nets on Monday.

The 1st XI., a young team, under the captaincy of D. Henderson, promise well for the rest of the season, although we incurred defeat in the opening game against Harris Academy. However, a win and a creditable draw were gained against Grove Academy and Perth Academy respectively, the notable scorers being I. McEwan with 29, F. Ritchie with 33, and I. Reoch with 44 not out. We later defeated Harris Academy by 16 runs, thanks to F. Neillie with 9 and F. Allan with 7 wickets for 14 runs. We are looking forward to a steadiness in batting and a general improvement.

The 2nd XI., a young team under the captaincy of A. Smith, began the season creditably with a win against Harris Academy and a draw against Perth Academy, but two matches have been cancelled. The most successful batsman has been R. McIntyre, and the most successful bowler, M. Allen.

GIRLS' SWIMMING REPORT

During the Summer term the Senior girls have again been working for the awards issued by the Royal Life Saving Society.

At the time of going to press, a class of 24 girls are preparing to qualify for the Bronze Medallion. Seven are studying to attain the Award of Merit and four for their Instructor's Certificate. Each of these awards entails both practical and theoretical work. The School team — Eilidh Souter, Jeanette Souter, Judith Leslie and Elizabeth Thomson — has been more successful than in previous years, coming in second in each of the Inter-School Invitation Relay Races.

Eilidh Souter has been awarded a medal as a member of the Midlands Swimming Team. Both she and her sister, Jeanette, have received certificates from the Scottish Schools' Swimming Association.

I should like to take this opportunity of thanking all the lady members of the staff who have so

kindly helped with the swimming, especially those in the Junior Department. The enthusiasm of the younger girls, L. III. - L. VI., is most gratifying, and promises well for the future. E.M.T.

SCRIPTURE UNION REPORT

Throughout this term, the school branch of the Scripture Union has been continuing to meet on Mondays at 4 p.m. in Mr Duke's room. We are pleased to say that there has been a definite increase in attendance and several pupils have recently joined. Mr Erskine kindly gave twelve pupils permission for a few days off school to attend Easter Camp.

Helen Duncan and Muriel Franchi — leaders for the past year — are leaving school this term, and their plates are being filled by Shoena Gibson and Hazel Anderson.

We trust the Scripture Union membership will continue to increase and that more pupils will realise the importance and benefit of a group such as this in school-life. H.D.

JUNIOR DRAMATIC SOCIETY REPORT

The Society has had a very successful year, culminating in the presentation of three plays on Friday, 22nd March. The plays were:—"Les Flambeaux d'Argent," a two-act play in French by N. W. H. Scott, performed by Form III., and produced by Miss Coull and Mr Stevenson; "The Enchanted Island," an excerpt from Shakespeare's "The Tempest," performed by Form I., and produced by Miss Scott and Mr Duke; and "The Maid of Domrémy," a play by Joe Corrie, performed by Form II. and produced by Miss R. Falconer and Miss Cunningham.

The Society would like to take this opportunity of thanking all those, pupils and staff — and their name is Legion — who helped to make this presentation possible. We welcome into our Society Miss Stevenson, Miss Anderson and Miss Knight.

The casts were as follows:—

Form III. — "Les Flambeaux d'Argent" — William H. M. Smith (Jean Valjean); Ian L. Milne (Bishop); Judith A. Greaves (Mme. Magloire); Morag C. McKean (Mlle. Baptistine); David E. Stimpson and Douglas W. Fox (Gaolers and Villagers); Robert M. Bell and Katherine A. Spreull (Innkeeper and Wife); Kenneth B. Wilkie, Helen C. Simpson and Lesley A. Simpson (L. III.) (Peasant, Wife and Daughter); Helen S. Thomson and Muriel H. Smith (Village Women); Grant C. Leslie (Police-man); Kenneth G. McLean (Choirboy); Joan E. Macdonald (Prompter).

Form I. — "The Enchanted Island" — Neil Rorie (Prospero); Neil Bowman (Ferdinand); Elizabeth Rae (Miranda); Peter Milne (Ariel); Mareth Markie (Iris); Kathleen Thomson (Ceres); Gillian Payne (Juno); Patricia Cull, Elizabeth Barnet, Alison Malcolm, Joan Edie, Judith Reid, Anne Reed, Norma Duncan, Patricia Crombie (Nymphs and Reapers).

Form II. — "The Maid of Domrémy" — Joy Wainwright (Jeanne D'Arc); Donald Cuthill (Pierre D'Arc); Valerie Fowler (Romée D'Arc); James Mill (Jacques D'Arc); Bruce Kyle (Monsieur le Curé); Elizabeth Abbot (Marie); George Maxwell (Simon).

STAMP CLUB REPORT

Since the report in the December Magazine, the Club has been addressed by Mr Stevenson, U. W. Stephenson, A. W. Stiven, G. Hunter and C. Lythe.

By the courtesy of the Dundee Philatelic Society, some of our members attended its "Junior Night" in December. We congratulate A. Low on winning a prize on this occasion.

Although the final Stamp Exchange System figures are not available as duplicate books are still circulating at the time of writing, it is already known that more points per participant have been exchanged than ever before in the history of the scheme.

The session concluded with the "Competition Night," which is a regular feature of the Club's activities. D. Hunter and A. Low (1st equal) received the prizes kindly donated by Mr Stevenson and Mr Duthie, a former member. All members present received a share of the stamps given to the Club by a former pupil, Mr D. M. Jamieson.

C. L. Secretary.

GUIDE REPORT

The Guides have enjoyed another prosperous term, and are looking forward to their annual camp at Tarfside, Glenesk, in the first week of the summer holidays.

Before Easter, a "Parents' Night" was held. An assembly of parents and friends were given tea, shown a display of different aspects of Guide history and work, and then, by courtesy of Mr Larg, were shown slides and films of previous Guide camps.

In February, to mark the centenary of the birth of Lord Baden-Powell, the Guides attended a Torchlight Rally in Balgay Park, and, on the following Sunday a commemorative service in Caird Hall.

Gillian Payne has won the Jean Cooper Rosebowl, awarded by the Dundee branch of the Red Cross, for proficiency in First-Aid.

Rosemary Gibson has passed her First Class.

We take this opportunity to thank all who have helped us in our Guide work throughout the term, and especially the Guiders for all their work on behalf of the Company.

J.M.H., U.W.S.

F.P. Club Reports**F.P. TENNIS CLUB REPORT**

I take this opportunity, on behalf of all our members, to extend a cordial invitation to the young ladies and gentlemen leaving school this term to join the Club.

In joining you will widen your circle of friends while retaining that invisible yet strong link of loyalty with the school.

We look to you to keep up the tradition, for you are the future teams, the future officials, the new pulse of the Club. It is our aim that once again the Club will return to pre-war standard.

This year we are again introducing the American Tournament which is open to all our members and friends. We all hope that you will be participating in the fun of this, plus the usual activities throughout the year, the highlight being our dance.

For information about subscription, etc., which I may say is very moderate, you can contact me any Saturday afternoon at Dalnacraig.

Hoping to see you all soon and meantime may I wish you the very best for your future.

PETER G. BUTTARS, Secretary.

F.P. BADMINTON CLUB REPORT

Season 1956-57 will be remembered as the year in which the club attained promotion to the 1st Division of the Dundee Churches and Welfare Badminton League. This has been quite an achievement considering the club was formed in 1949 and entered a team in the 5th Division of this league only five years ago. The Second Team, competing in the 2nd Division of the revised Dundee and District Badminton Leagues where we only played the other teams once during the season, did not have such a successful year and it is hoped that the leagues will be rearranged to allow home and away fixtures with each team.

The attendances on club nights kept to a high level right until the end of March and this helped to ensure a successful season.

The Juniors continue to show great promise and in the friendly matches played against other clubs have produced very good results.

F.P.'s wishing to join the club next season should contact the Secretary:—

Miss M. Macnaughton,
28 Birchwood Place, Dundee,
as early as possible.

For Your Information

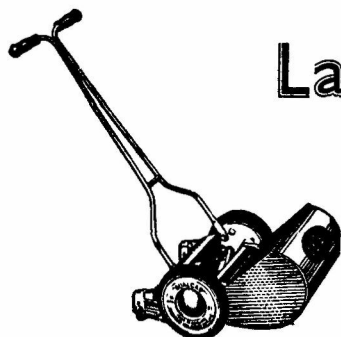
Readers are invited to send to the Editor any items of news concerning a Former Pupil that they happen to have received. We trust also that readers will not be too modest to send us notice of their own promotions, dis-

tinctions, etc. Particulars should be written on the blank space below and sent to the Magazine Editor, The High School of Dundee, Dundee, Angus.

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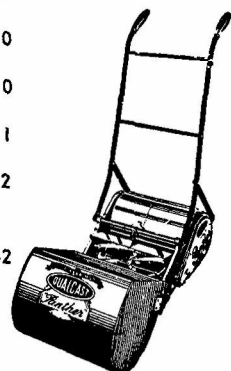
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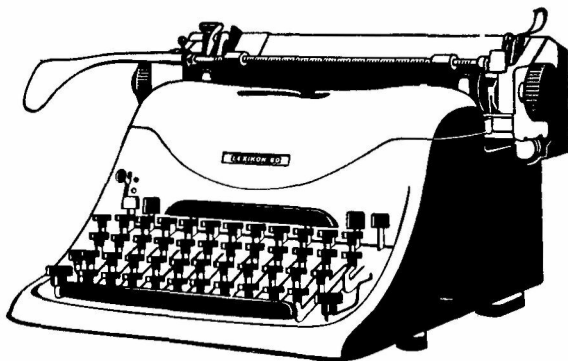
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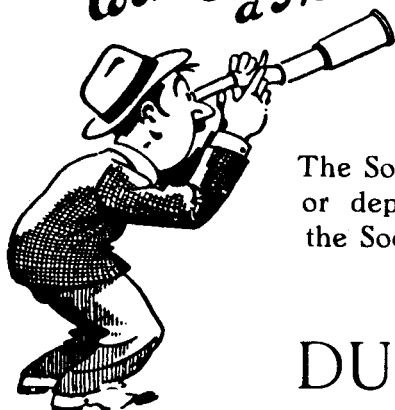
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