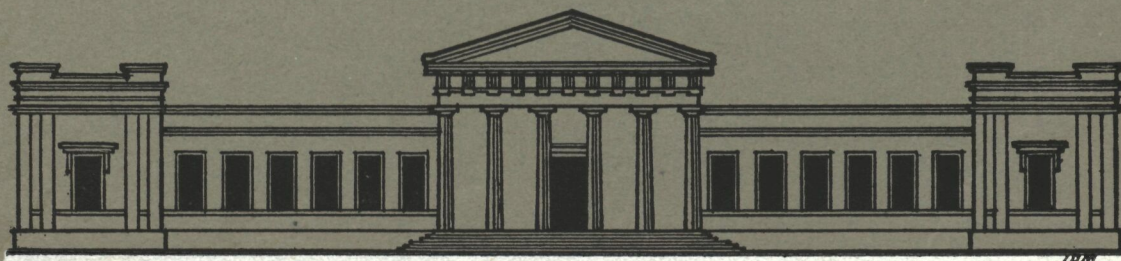


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## MAGAZINE



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# The Dundee High School MAGAZINE

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No. 123]

DECEMBER, 1957

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## Editorial

Already there are signs, despite the departures from our midst, that this is a session out of the ordinary. We returned to a school expanding both in dimensions and in membership, to join a Form VI. of record size, all of which leads us to hope (dare we say it?) that quantity reflects quality. We ourselves confess to some trepidation in attempting to emulate our illustrious predecessors, in ventures, moreover, greater than the Editorial. We feel it our duty, while fighting down a strong inferiority complex, at the same time to advise the school to resist it, and rather to take heart at what has been attained in the world of scholastic achievement and, basking in the light of reflected glory, to strive to maintain the highest possible standard.

This task will be aided by the results of the reconstruction, which is proceeding apace, and holding its own, both in extent and noise, against competition across the road. By now, all the pupils will have gazed their fill into or around the completed Science rooms. We, being unscientific, find solace in loitering, in all the majesty of Form VI., past the glass-panelled doors, and beaming benevolently therein. We heartily approve of the achievements of the builders; let the achievements of the occupiers be of as high a standard. At the same time, we hope that those below are

not influenced in any way by the lowered ceiling. The grateful thanks of the School are extended to the many who have so generously contributed to make so much possible. It is up to the school to take full advantage of the opportunities offered, and to vindicate the belief and trust of our elders.

The School will have cause to remember the epidemic of influenza which hit Dundee so heavily and wrought havoc in the schedule, both pupils and teachers being stricken "en masse," and the rugby and hockey teams being often seriously depleted.

One of the many unfortunate results was the absence of the Rector (and, because of engagements elsewhere, the Rev. H. O. Douglas) at the Armistice and Memorial Re-dedication Services on 8th November, their respective places being filled by Mr Marshall and the Rev. R. S. Thomson, Moderator of Dundee Presbytery.

The "Lit." has embarked successfully upon a slightly erratic, but entertaining, course; the Cadets and Guides are hard at work; the Stamp and Chess Clubs flourish; the Dramatic Societies are busy; the Choir is preparing for the annual Christmas service; the "Highers" and Bursary Comp. exams seem ever nearer. We, while ourselves experiencing a slightly moderated mirth as a result, wish our readers a very Merry Christmas, indeed, and a New Year which will witness the beginning of a new era for the school — Happy, indeed!

## News and Notes

### Armistice Service and War Memorial Re-dedication Service

On the morning of Friday, 8th November, the whole School assembled in the front playground for the Armistice Memorial Service. As the classes were gradually arranged, the Guard of Honour of Guides and Cadets marched up the steps and took their position in front of the pillars.

Because of the Rector's illness, Mr Marshall took the service and read out the beautiful words which time has made so familiar—

“ They shall grow not old, as we that are left  
grow old;  
Age shall not weary them, nor the years  
condemn.  
At the going down of the sun and in the  
morning  
We will remember them.”

After the two minutes' silence, Guide Irene Urquhart and Cadet John McKean, both of Form I., took the wreaths up to the Head Girl and Boy, Molly Douglas and Malcolm Dougall, who carried them into the School and laid them on the War Memorials. A short prayer followed.

After this the Guard of Honour, followed by members of the Sixth Form, filed into the entrance hall of the School, where they were joined by representatives of the Staff, Former Pupils' Clubs, and the Directors, including the Lord Provost. A ceremony of Re-dedication of the War Memorials, which have been moved during the reconstruction, was opened by Mr Marshall. In a short address he apologised for the absence of the Rector and also of the School Chaplain, whose place was taken by the Rev. Ronald S. Thomson, Moderator of the Presbytery. Mr Thomson who, with his experience as an army chaplain during the last war, was indeed a fit person to fill this position, gave a short prayer before re-dedicating the war memorials, “ to be set apart from all common and unhallowed uses.”

I am sure that everyone agrees that the memorials are now in a much better position than previously and can be the more easily admired by visitors to the School.

### Art Teachers' Successes

Members of the Art Staff have again been well represented in the Autumn Art Exhibitions. Mr Halliday had two works in Sculpture in the Royal Glasgow Institute of the Fine Arts, “ Lila” (a portrait bust in bronze) and a carving of a “Cobra” in ebony. In the Exhibition of the Society of Scottish Artists in Edinburgh he showed “ Warrior Head ” and “ The Gleaner,” both sculptured in wood. A statuette portrait in bronze of Major Larg in the uniform of an officer of the Black Watch has been acquired by the Scottish United Services Museum, Edinburgh Castle. Dundee Art Galleries have also bought two of Mr Halliday's carvings. During the summer he carved the new Coat-of-Arms for the Town Hall, Newport.

Mr Vannet is represented in the Royal Glasgow Institute of the Fine Arts by two water colours and an etching. The etching is of “ Fishing Boats, Arbroath,” and Mr Vannet's interest in boats is also seen in his water colours of “ Fishing Boats ” and “ Amsterdam.” He has been commissioned to make an etching for the official calendar of Dundee Savings Bank. He chose as his subject a view of the Savings Bank with the Girls' School, with the playground of the Boys' School in the background. Mr Vannet has completed a vellum of the Dux Board which hung in Miss Gray's room. This board, which was known as “ Glassie's Board,” was demolished during the reconstruction.

Miss Edgar, who has just joined the staff, had one of her oil paintings, “ Place du Marché,” hung in the Exhibition of the Society of Scottish Artists, Edinburgh.

### School Prize-Giving Ceremonies

The Lower School Prize-giving was held in the Y.M.C.A. Hall on Thursday, 27th June, at 11 a.m. Miss Margaret S. Larg, president of the Old Girls' Club, gave the address and presented the prizes.

The Senior School Prize-giving was held in the Y.M.C.A. Hall on Friday, 29th June, at 10 a.m. Mr W. G. N. Walker, chairman of Jute Industries, gave the address, and Mrs Walker presented the prizes.

**Elocution Examination**

At the London College of Music Elocution examinations, held last June, James Davidson, F. III., passed Grade VII. Higher Senior Examination with Merit.

**Staff Changes**

The following appointments have been made since last session:—

Miss E. K. Henderson and Mr I. Taylor to teach Mathematics; Mr J. Jacuk to teach Science and Mathematics; Miss C. Kirk to teach English and French; Miss H. M. Downie to teach Physical Training; Miss P. S. Edgar to teach Art and Needlework.

**MUSIC SUCCESSES**

The following pupils passed the Associated Board Examination for Pianoforte held in June, 1957:—

**Pupils of Mr Porteous****F. VI.**

Douglas Galbraith, Grade VII., Pass.

**Pupils of Mrs Duncan****F. I.**

Margaret Smith, Grade II., Merit.

Ann Buchan, Grade II., Pass.

Jean Whyte, Grade II., Pass.

**L. VII.**

Anne Birrell, Grade II., Merit.

Patricia Kyle, Grade I., Pass.

Linda Justice, Grade I., Pass.

**L. VI.**

Sandra Spence, Grade II.— Distinction.

Dorothy Dickson, Grade I., Pass.

James Coull, Grade II., Pass.

Lindsay Easson, Grade I., Pass.

**L. V.**

Patricia Smith, Grade I., Pass.

**Pupils of Mrs Elder****F. III.**

Martin Nicoll, Grade II., Merit.

**F. I.**

Sheila Buchan, Grade III., Distinction.

**Pupils of Mr Reid****F. II.**

Agnes Paton, Grade V., Pass.

Richard Balharry, Grade V., Pass.

David Duff, Grade IV., Pass.

**L. VII.**

Ross Balharry, Grade II., Pass.

**L. VI.**

Morna Wilson, Grade II., Pass.

**L. V.**

Margaret Anderson, Grade I., Merit.

**WE CONGRATULATE . . .**

**Mr Douglas Dorward** who is spending two winters on the tropical island of Ascension in an expedition organised by the British Ornithologists' Union.

**Mr George R. Donald** on his receiving the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws in Queen's College, Dundee.

**Squadron-Leader E. W. Forwell** who received, at Buckingham Palace in October, a bar to the D.F.C. for gallantry in Malaya.

**Mr Gordon Dewar**, Scottish Amateur Golf Champion in 1952, on his appointment as manager of the Leith branch of the British Linen Bank.

**Mr D. A. Sykes** on gaining First Class Honours in Theology at Oxford University.

**Mr Iain G. Main** on his appointment to a lectureship in the department of Physics at Queen's College, Dundee.

**Mr James C. Spankie** who has been touring America and Canada with the Black Watch Pipe Band.

**Mr David Spankie** on his appointment as Technical Assistant with the Scottish Gas Board in Edinburgh. Mr Spankie was president of the S.R.C. while studying at the Technical College, Dundee.

**Mr Michael Laurie** on designing and arranging an exhibition in London on "The Career of Landscape Architecture." He has also been engaged to help to bring the power station at Bradwell in Essex into harmony with its surroundings.

**Miss Kirk** on her engagement to Mr W. M. Mackay, M.A.

**Ruth Ellis** on winning two titles in the Scottish Junior Tennis Championships, and on her success at Wimbledon. Ruth was also champion in the Montrose and Stonehaven tournaments.

**Kathleen A. Hendry** on being first in the Eastern Scotland Area (Evening Class Group) in the Singer Sewing Competition. She went forward to the finals in Glasgow.

**Mrs Elder** on winning the Scottish Ladies' Chess Championship.

**Charlotte Lythe** on gaining first prize in the Junior Section of the Overseas League's Commonwealth Essay Competition, and **George Duke** who was second equal in the same competition.

**Gillian Payne** and **George Duke** on being chosen to represent the City of Dundee in the "Road Safety Quiz Competition."

## Obituary

We record with regret the deaths of the following to whose relatives we extend our deepest sympathy:—Mr James Grant, Mr James D. Kyle, Mr John L. Stevenson, Mr James Clark Lee, Mr Alfred A. Wighton, Mr James Younie Mann, Mr James Y. Watson and Miss Mary Pollock Grant.

**Mr James Grant** (84) died at his home, Kingennie House, 5th June, 1957. Mr Grant was chairman of John Grant & Sons Ltd., millers and grain merchants, Crichton Street, Dundee, and Craigmills, Strathmartine. His genial nature and pawky wit made him a great favourite in agricultural circles and at County Council meetings. He was a member of the Mains and Strathmartine School Board from 1898 to 1927. From 1927 to 1953 he was representative for Mains and Strathmartine in Angus County Council. He was chairman of Monifieth District Council for a number of years. He was for a time a director of Dundee Chamber of Commerce and was president of the National Association of Corn and Agricultural Merchants from 1929 to 1931.

**Mr James D. Kyle**, aged about 50, died suddenly in a London hospital on 9th June, 1957. He was the son of the late Mr John Kyle who was manager of Draffen's Restaurant for over 40 years. Mr Kyle was a director of the Whitehead Industrial Trust Company, Regent Street, London. He was a member of Lodge Progress in Dundee.

**Mr John L. Stevenson** (89), one of Dundee's best known solicitors, died on 1st August, 1957. He was in practice in Dundee for 59 years, a partner in the firm of Stevenson

and Johnston. He gave 50 years' service to the High School as its secretary and law agent, and was clerk to the Dundee Justices of the Peace for 45 years. He was secretary and treasurer for many years of the old Dundee and District Liberal-Unionist Association and took an active part in Parliamentary electioneering.

**Mr James Clark Lee** (78), died at his home, 39 Albany Terrace, on 12th August, 1957. Mr Lee served his apprenticeship as an architect before starting a career in Lawside Foundry which was then owned by Lee, Croll and Company, of which his father was principal. Later, before the last war, he joined Messrs Ransome and Marles, ball-bearing manufacturers, retiring in 1945. Mr Lee was session clerk of Ward Chapel for 25 years.

**Mr Alfred A. Wighton** (62), a prominent Edinburgh C.A., died suddenly at his home in Granton Road on 6th October, 1957. He was senior partner in two chartered accountancy firms, received the O.B.E. for public services and was a deputy-lieutenant of the county of the city of Edinburgh. He was chairman of the Lady Haig Poppy Factory in Edinburgh and hon. treasurer of the British Legion, Scotland. He was vice-chairman of the Thistle Foundation and chairman of the Ministry of Labour Disablement Advisory Committee. He was also honorary colonel in the Territorial Army.

**Mr James Younie Mann** (90), late of Dundee and Calcutta, died at 55 Nile Grove, Edinburgh on 16th November, 1957.

**Obituary—continued**

**Mr James Y. Watson** (78) died suddenly at his Blairgowrie home on 17th November, 1957. Mr Watson assisted his brother, Preston, who was killed in a 1915 air crash, in achieving powered flight in a heavier-than-air machine in the early years of the century. He served during the First World War in the Royal Flying Corps and retained the interest in aviation he had first developed in 1903 for the rest of his life. A few days before his death he flew an aeroplane from Scone aerodrome — home of the Strath Tay Aero Club of which he was the oldest pilot member. Like his brother, Preston, he was an athlete in his youth, and both were in the Newport team that won the North of Scotland Rugby Challenge Cup in 1889.

**Miss Mary Pollock Grant** (81) who died in the Royal Kent and Sussex Hospital, Tunbridge Wells, made her mark in a variety of spheres. She went to India in 1905 where for six years she was engaged in educational work under the auspices of the Church of Scotland. On her return she devoted herself to the cause of women's suffrage. When war broke out in 1914, she worked as a V.A.D. nurse in Caird Hospital, Dundee. She later joined the women's police service, rising to the rank of sub-inspector in the munition factories. Miss Grant was a loyal follower of Mr Lloyd George and was twice chosen as a Liberal candidate by English constituencies. In 1930 she turned her attention to Christian Science and was well known as a practitioner and healer.

## According to Pitscottie

One of the most surprising things in life is that as we grow older we discover that many of the subjects which we found dull and dreary as lessons at school become full of interest and quite exciting when we dip into them as hobbies in later years. Those of you who are still at school may find it difficult to believe that there are some grown-ups who actually do mathematical problems for fun, but there are, although I would hasten to assure you that I am not one of these people. The subject which I have discovered to be so exciting is History.

History at school, or at least it was in my day, tends to be a long grind of remembering the names of kings and battles and the dates on which they reigned and fought, but there is a very good reason for this. Those of you who have been watching the building of the fine new block of offices just over Panmure Street from the playground may remember that the first thing the builders did was to dig in a very solid foundation and then to build up a whole lot of that tubular scaffolding round where the building was to be. That is exactly what the school is trying to do for you in the matter of History, and all the names of kings and battles are the foundations and the dates are the scaffolding, and

once they are all securely in position it is possible to build a beautiful and useful structure.

History, of course, is simply the story of the past and one of the first men to write down the story of Scotland was called Robert Lindsay and he lived on a small estate called Pitscottie which is near the ancient village of Ceres in Fife. Robert Lindsay lived in the sixteenth century and he wrote about the events which had happened in Scotland during his own life-time and within the memory of the previous generation and he called his manuscript "The Chronicles of Scotland." The manuscript remained in the Lindsay family for many years and was not printed till 1724 and there are now only a few copies of the book available so that if you want to read Pitscottie's "Chronicles," as the work is always called, you have to apply to one of the University libraries. Owing to the long gap between the time when Robert Lindsay wrote down his stories and his book being printed, it is difficult to prove which of his tales are based on actual fact and which are carried stories made up of a grain of truth and a peck of imagination. This rather rules Pitscottie out as a text-book for school study but it makes him terribly interesting to read as a hobby.

One of Pitscottie's most interesting stories is about an archery contest which took place at St. Andrews. If the facts are true, and as they took place within about ten miles of Lindsay's home at Pitscottie one would imagine they should be true, this contest must have been the first international match to be played at any kind of sport between Scotland and England.

When James the Fourth was killed at the battle of Flodden, and I'll leave your school history to fill in the date, the crown of Scotland passed to his son, who was also called James. But James the Fifth was only a baby when his father was killed and for a number of years the country was in a constant state of disorder with various nobles all struggling to obtain power. By the time he was sixteen, however, James had established himself on the throne and in this he was greatly helped by his mother, Queen Margaret, who was the daughter of Henry the Seventh of England. Queen Margaret was a very wise woman who had helped both her husband and her son to rule well over Scotland, but she never lost her natural liking for the country of her birth and was always glad to see people from the Court in London.

In the summer of 1529 the young king moved his court to St. Andrews and very soon after there arrived from London a new Ambassador, called Lord William Howard. Lord Howard had with him a number of young English nobles and squires, and Queen Margaret was delighted to find that many of them were the sons of friends of her childhood. She was quick to notice that these young Englishmen were always busy practising at archery and at running and jumping while it seemed to her that her own son, the King, and his friends just stood about and argued. So one day Queen Margaret proposed a challenge to her son, King James, that she would ask Lord Howard to pick six of his best archers if James would select six men to represent Scotland. James was angry to hear his mother's opinion of his friends and at once accepted the challenge. It was agreed that the archers should meet on the day of the Lammas Fair and that the supporter of the losing side should give one hundred crowns to the poor and a free feast to the townsfolk of St. Andrews.

According to Pitscottie the team selected by James the Fifth to represent Scotland

were:—"David Weimes of that ilk, David Arnott of that ilk, Johne Wedderburn, Viccar of Dundee, Johne Thomsone of Leith, Steven Tabroner and Alexander Baillie, who was ane pyper and schott wondrous neir." This is where History as a hobby becomes so interesting, for the team selected by James is a perfect guide to his character and to his attitude as a king. In later years he was to be known as The Poor Man's King, because he liked to put on old clothes and move about among his subjects as a common man, and his selection was what we would call nowadays a very democratic one. The two Davids who had "of that ilk" after their names were probably younger sons of nobles, at least they were members of landed families, for that is just what "of that ilk" means. Johne Wedderburn was a most interesting choice and was probably picked as captain of the side. He was a member of a very famous Dundee family and in later years he was to have much to do with the coming of the Reformation, but at the time of the archery contest he was acting as tutor to the young king. He was also nominal head of the great Kirk of St. Mary's in Dundee and he must have been a man of strong character to combine archery with that high position in the church. Johne Thomsone was a burges of Leith, probably a tradesman, and Steven Tabroner was a common soldier from the Castle at Stirling where his father had come as a prisoner from France. Alexander Baillie, who "schott wondrous neir," was little more than a tinker, a wandering piper who went round the country Fairs, picking up a living as best he could.

The great day came and the two teams marched out from the Castle to a spot on the Scores just above where the Step Rock Pool now lies. The English side were gaily dressed in fine doublet and hose and looked much more impressive than the Scots, although Johne Wedderburn had seen to it that Alexander Baillie was scrubbed till his flesh shone pink and he was dressed in some kind of decent attire. The target at which they aimed was a scrap of white cloth called a "clout" and each archer shot five arrows. With only three arrows left to shoot on each side the score stood level. Wedderburn scored a point over his opponent but Tabroner could only draw with his and it was left to Baillie to decide the fate of the challenge. He drew his bow string well back, sent

his arrow flying through the air and when it came to rest the point had pierced the very centre of the "clout." His opponent was so dismayed that he missed the target by yards and the victory went to the home team.

The English ambassador paid up the hundred crowns and stood treat to all the citizens

of St. Andrews, young King James was delighted and even Queen Margaret was secretly rather pleased that her son had won and so "according to Pitscottie" a good time was had by all.

Alec Robertson.

## Auguste Rodin, Sculptor

Auguste Rodin was a Parisien, born in a working-class quarter, close to the Quartier Latin, on 12th November, 1840. Rodin was the younger of two children. His sister, who was two years older than he, became a nun, but died in 1862 after a short illness. In spite of the modesty of the family's position, both children were brought up and educated with great care. Auguste received most of his education at Beauvais under his uncle, a man of considerable culture, who had taken up teaching as a profession.

The child's taste for drawing was so pronounced that his father placed him, at the age of fourteen, in the school of drawing and mathematics in the rue de l'Ecole de Médecine in Paris. This institution was known as the "Little School" to distinguish it from the official Ecole des Beaux-Arts. It was especially intended for the education of young artisans going in for artistic industries. No higher future was thought of for the boy at the time. His teachers, however, discovered in the quiet and studious young man the qualities that form an artist. As his bent became evident, a sculptor, named Maindron, who at the time enjoyed a considerable reputation, was consulted. His verdict being favourable, young Rodin applied for admission to l'Ecole des Beaux-Arts. He was rejected three times.

Then for some years he worked at various crafts allied to the sculptor's art. At the age of twenty-three Rodin, overcome by grief at the death of his beloved sister, took religious vows and entered the monastery of the Eudistes, in the Faubourg St. Jacques. The creative impulse, however, was too great and, after a few months, he returned to sculpture. For the next three or four years he carried out commercial orders, including decorative reliefs in the Salle de Rubens in the Louvre. During this period Rodin became acquainted with and followed the lessons of the great

animal sculptor, Barye. Barye had started his career drawing anatomical studies of animals for the officials in the Jardin des Plantes in Paris. He was able, as a result, to model and carve animals, often in violent action, with an exact anatomical knowledge.

Barye gave Rodin a new approach because it had been the tradition in France to stylise sculpture and to model figures in a heroic manner. This can be seen in the figures on the Arc de Triomphe. Rodin decided to follow Barye and, instead of studying the mannerisms of the schools, he would study, as his friend had done, direct from nature.

His first major production from this point of view was submitted to the Salon and, in spite of opposition, accepted. This work, at first called "Man Awakening to Nature," now known as the "Bronze Age," is in the Tate Gallery, London. Some of the critics professed to see in this work an imposture, and accused Rodin of taking a mould from nature. Though Rodin was defended by a number of sculptors and painters, the attack became so virulent that he finally brought the living model, a young officer in the French army, to Paris where, after measurement, it was proved that the work had indeed been modelled and not cast direct. This was the first of a number of attacks on Rodin's work which he did not overcome until he had reached upper middle age when he was finally accepted for what he undoubtedly is—one of the world's greatest sculptors.

Now, if one visits the Tate Gallery, one will see there a good cross section of the work of this great sculptor—"The Bronze Age," "St. John the Baptist," studies for his unfinished work, "The Gates of Hell," and the last acquisition, "The Kiss." This last work had almost been acquired by America, but just in time sufficient money was raised by public subscription to enable us to keep this momentous sculpture in Britain.

Outside the Houses of Parliament one can also see the bronze of "The Burghers of Calais."

"St. John the Baptist" is a mile-stone in the career of Rodin. It was after modelling this statue that Rodin realised that sculpture was not a reproduction of nature, but was something more. It entered the realms of the imagination and must possess monumental universal qualities. From then on he became concerned with the expression of an idea rather than the accurate reproduction of a natural phenomenon. He was also conscious that all form comes from matter, and one sees in his later works that some of the material, stone or clay, is always left in its natural state. All these later ideas can be seen in the "Kiss."

During Rodin's time there were many artists' models in Paris. These models often came from North Italy and were of peasant stock. They were fine physical types and were much sought after by the artists. One day one of Rodin's models received a letter from a friend in Italy. Conditions were bad and the friend was coming to Paris to try to get work as a model. Rodin's model approached Rodin. "Yes," said Rodin, "bring him along. I'll give him a start in Paris."

Rodin often modelled or carved parts of the human figure. Many of these in themselves are masterpieces. So, when he saw the new model, he decided to make a study of the legs. The professional model was present to tell the newcomer how to stand, when to relax and generally to advise him. As the days passed, the two models talked while Rodin worked. Often their talk was of the unsettled political situation in Italy and they became excited, gesticulating violently, the posed model having to keep only his legs still. On one of these occasions, as he threw his arms about, Rodin suddenly shouted, "Hold it!" He studied the pose and decided to add the torso and arms to the almost finished legs. The result, without head, was exhibited in Paris under the title, "Man Walking." A friend suggested to Rodin that the pose made him think of a saint preaching. The idea intrigued Rodin who then searched among the models of Paris for a man with a suitable head. Finally, one was found and in due course the entire statue was recast in its present form and called "St. John the Baptist Preaching."

The one passion which filled the career of this man of great genius was work. It was, indeed, scarcely interrupted except for a few journeys to Belgium, England and Rome. In later years he regretted that he had never been to Greece. He used to contemplate his works lovingly, and sometimes even seemed to be astonished and contemplative at the idea of having created them, speaking as if they existed apart from himself. For him work lovingly accomplished was the secret of happiness. He made what, in Europe, had become a stylised and compromised art into one that was virile, bold and full of hope. Towards the end of his life he declared that he was only beginning to understand the laws of sculpture, yet no artist ever understood better the laws of three dimensional plastic expression. His allegiance lay between the Greeks and the Gothic allied to deep religious sentiment.

He died on 17th November, 1917.

## NIGHTMARE

The wind howled down the chimneys, rattled the windows and slammed the doors. Peter crouched still lower in his warm, comfortable bed. He was feeling drowsy and thankful to be indoors on such a night as this. He was just about to drop off when he heard a scratching noise outside his bedroom window. He jumped out of bed and ran to the window, looked outside and — but wait! what was that? Peter thought he saw a figure running into the shadows. Thinking that he had imagined it, Peter turned and wrapped himself up in the warm blankets and dozed off. He had been sleeping for about an hour when he heard his door-handle slowly turning. He stiffened, half opened his eyes. Yes, he could see a shadow outlined against the wall. He heard feet slowly crossing the room — towards his bed. His brain worked quickly. Should he wait and see what happened? or should he jump up and so admit that he was awake? The footsteps came nearer and nearer. A long ghostly hand reached for Peter's neck. He could remain silent no longer. He cried out and grabbed the hand. "Peter, what's the matter? It's time to get up!" It was Peter's mother. Peter sighed with relief. It was morning.

Neil Rorie, F. II,

## “The Mikado”

“The Mikado” — a magic word which instantly recalls to mind all the mock-dignity, the fun and the music of this popular Gilbert and Sullivan Opera — was Mr Porteous’s choice for the 1957 performance by the senior pupils of Dundee High School. It was performed in Dundee Training College on the nights of 13th, 14th and 15th June. The dainty Three Little Maids, sloe-eyed and coy, depicted on the front of the programme from an illustration by Miss Patricia Devlin, and the picture displayed inside of a huge Mikado figure made in paper sculpture by Miss Gelda Leslie (the actual figure was itself on display in the foyer of Training College) in some measure prepared the audience for a most pleasing evening. The performance was an excellent one, sparkling and zestful, full of youthful appeal. Technically, too, the standard achieved was high due to the skilled co-operation of all involved. Everyone knows, however, that a good performance, though it depends on good performers, springs from much more than that. Two great difficulties stood at first in the way of success. Neither Mr Arthur Miller nor Mr James Cruden, who had in the past assisted in our Gilbert and Sullivan performances, could do so this year, due in each case to ill-health. A new producer was found — Mr Douglas Cunningham — who set to work with a will. In next to no time Mr Porteous and Mr Cunningham, who rapidly endeared himself to his “pupils,” produced fine results. Night after night Mrs Mary Duncan, the accompanist, patiently played over and over choruses and individual songs. The second difficulty happened when rehearsals were in full swing. Near disaster loomed when the firm of Mutrie’s, Edinburgh, from which we had ordered the costumes, suffered great losses through extensive fire. By the kind services, however, of Mr Fraser Neal, head of Mutrie’s, the costumes and scenery were supplied by another firm. The costumes were excellent and greatly helped in the all-over effect. The stage-managing was again in the capable hands of Mr D. Robertson, while Mr A. Morrison Reid was the leader of an orchestra assembled by Mr Reid himself.

The chorus work was particularly vital and bright, providing a most successful setting for the individual performers. The Three Little

Maids — Gelda Leslie, Marie Walls and Isabell Matthews — were charming in voice and gesture. Gelda, as the sweet young heroine, was a most enchanting Yum Yum, a perfect foil for the rather frightening “elderly lady,” Katisha, a part most ably displayed by Helen Duncan. The male parts offer rather more scope both in acting and singing. Michael B. Tosh as the Mikado was a commanding figure with a wide range of voice and mannerism. Nanki-Poo, the wandering minstrel, and loving suitor of Yum-Yum, was portrayed by Alexander Rae who gave a most attractive performance possessing, as he does, a very appealing speaking and singing voice. David Henderson, playing Ko-Ko, missed no opportunity of raising a laugh among his audience as the cunning Lord High Executioner, and much of the amusement of the evening came from Ko-Ko in conjunction with Pooh-Bah, played by Malcolm Dougall, the mischievous technique of Ko-Ko contrasting with the overblown pomposity of Pooh-Bah. Ralph Gibb, as Pish-Tush, sang and acted in a relaxed and competent fashion, with all the aplomb of a Noble Lord. Little George Smith was a very merry little Sword-Bearer and enjoyed himself thoroughly.

Make-up was done most efficiently by Miss Lickley and ladies of the staff, aided by Miss Robbie of the Dundee Dramatic Society, whose help was greatly appreciated. Miss Whytock, aided by Mrs Pearce and other members of the staff, looked after the provision of tea and lemonade at the interval. To all these people, pupils and others, not omitting Mr More, the business manager, the thanks of all are due for much labour happily performed for the school’s advancement.

### WINTER

Now it is winter,  
With snow crisp and cold.  
Come on, build a snowman  
With eyes big and bold.  
Let’s put a hat on,  
And coal for his nose;  
Let’s try and make legs,  
Two feet and ten toes.

Moirra Spence, L. III.

## A Cat did look at a King

Did you ever read the story by H. H. Munro ("Saki") about Tobermory, the cat who lurked behind drawing-room chairs and then repeated all the gossip it overheard? Many people think that Tobermory was unique among cats for this ability to understand and speak English, but, in fact, during the past summer, I encountered — at a cottage in the Borders — a cat whose fluency and repertoire put Tobermory into the shade. He was a tabby, a colouring notoriously associated with truthfulness in the feline race where, just as we speak of a thing being "as true as a bullet," they say "as true as a tabby," and his name — and this was what first struck me as odd — was Classicus.

At first he treated me with normal catlike suspicion, but over a dish of milk (T.T. of course) acquaintance ripened, and during the evening he told me a remarkable story. This story, he said, had been handed down in his family from a remote ancestor, called Livy, who had resided ("livied," he said, for he liked a pun) in Oxford in the later years of the 18th century and who, in fact, had been the first cat in Britain to hear of the fall of the Bastille. His family, he told me, had migrated north during the period of the Oxford Movement as a result of a dispute with one Doctor Pusey.

His story ran thus. Livy (the remote ancestor of Classicus, you remember, was the College Cat at Christ Church, Oxford, in the 1780's. He was, said Classicus, in common with all his family, a somewhat privileged personage, to such an extent that he was present in his official capacity when George III. paid a state visit to Oxford in 1786 (a year famous in feline history as a dearth of mice, caused by the form of mouse myxomatosis, decimated the working-cat population of Southern England, vide P. Erson: "**Memoirs of a Georgian Tom**," p. 347. "Like other inferior members of the animal kingdom," Classicus continued, "man is a gregarious creature" (I told you he was fluent), "and so Livy was not surprised to see that the King was accompanied by his Queen, three Princesses and a group of attendants and officials."

Though I cannot accurately recall every detail, the gist of the narrative was that, when the Royal party arrived at Christ Church,

they found prepared for them a cold meal (Classicus called it a "collation") which was not, however, intended for the less important members of the retinue. So, whilst the King, Queen, Princesses and some of the nobles sat down with a group of professors, the remainder of the party, together with the more timid professors, stood in a respectful semi-circle at the other end of the room facing the diners. As Classicus observed at this point in the story, "Nothing makes you so hungry as watching other people eat." Accordingly, those in the semi-circle who had eaten nothing since breakfast (it was by this time 3 o'clock in the afternoon) requested that some of the University people present should procure something for them to eat and drink. That was accomplished with comparative ease, but the difficulty remained of how they should eat without being seen to do so, for the rules of etiquette demanded ("and they were very strict in those days," said Classicus), that inferior persons should not eat in the presence of the Royal Family.

The victuals obtained for them had been placed on a table behind the semi-circle. After whispered consultations the hungry line receded in good order (Livy had been something of a military critic) and, when near enough to the table, reorganised itself into a double file so that those in the rear could eat while those in the front screened their furtive activity. After an interval — too short for those in the rear and too long for those in the front — the two ranks changed places and activities. Livy, having egalitarian ideas appropriate to his period, proceeded with dignity from the rapidly clearing Royal table to the better-stocked farther end of the room, so becoming imperilled by the shuffling feet and obtaining a cat's-eye view of the whole manoeuvre. "Livy always spoke well," added Classicus, "of a Miss Burney, an untidy eater who dropped several tasty pieces of cake."

At this point, the narrative was suspended whilst Classicus liquidated a passing mouse. While he was so engaged, I took the opportunity to replenish his dish of milk.

After removing any unseemly traces from his whiskers, Classicus resumed with what at first seemed an irrelevant account of the life history of Flavia. At the time of the incident



**THE THREE LITTLE MAIDS ("MIKADO")**

**L. to R. —** Marie Walls as Pitti-Sing, Gelda Leslie as Yum-Yum and Isabell Matthews as Peep-Bo



Photographs by Norman Brown & Co.

**MADRIGAL ("MIKADO")**

**L. to R.—**Ralph Gibb as Pish-Tush, Marie Walls as Pitti-Sing, Gelda Leslie as Yum-Yum, and Steven Rae as Nanki-Poo



By courtesy of "Dundee Courier"

WAR MEMORIAL REDEDICATION SERVICE — NOVEMBER, 1957

of the Royal visit, Livy and Flavia had an attachment which they kept secret from Livy's parents who wished him to marry an eligible Siamese from Corpus Christi. Flavia, being only the daughter of the porter's cat at Magdalen, was socially inferior though, in fact, she came of a family recorded in the Feline Census or (here Classicus chortled to himself), Catalyst, as hailing from Cat Island before it became overpopulated. Being in residence at Magdalen, she was able to recount to Livy a further incident which occurred when the Royal party later visited her college.

Flavia discovered the minor members of the party (the ones who had the surreptitious meal at Christ Church) in the Master's parlour at Magdalen during the course of her habitual reconnaissance. Apparently not satisfied by their previous repast, they were consuming apricots and bread when the Queen

unexpectedly entered the room. Startled and embarrassed, they leapt to their feet, thrusting the bread into their pockets and crushing the half-eaten fruit into the palms of their hands, and remained erect until the Queen departed.

"My story," said Classicus, "concludes on a happy note. Side by side, paw in paw, Livy and Flavia watched the royal coaches depart in the warm August evening on the road towards Nuneham."

He finished the rest of his milk and made a final observation. "If you want to confirm what I've told you, look it up in Fanny Burney's Diary — it's all there." Then he went out into the night. When I came back to Dundee, I followed his advice, of course he was right, but then, as I told you, he was a tabby, and tabbies are always truthful.

C. Lythe, F. V.

## A Holiday in France

This summer I was packed off to spend ten days in the midst of a French family in Arras, in the north-east of France, on the pretext of improving my conversational French and letting me "see the world."

The first thing that made an impact upon me was the tremendous chasm between school French and the French of France. This difficulty was slightly increased by the not infrequent use of slang by my hosts—the children, at least. Even when they slowed down their speed of talking, I often had to ask them to spell the word in question — and this led me into further trouble, as we have (lamentably) never been taught that French letters have different names, the classic example being 'h', which they call 'ash.' However, by dint of concentrating very hard, I usually managed to pick up enough of what was being said to me to give a satisfactory reply, or laugh if it was a joke. I even succeeded, by the end of a week, in making out the story of a film which, although made in America, had a perfectly synchronised soundtrack in French.

There were seven altogether in the household where I was staying — parents, two boys, two girls and a maid (plus cat and goldfish). You can, therefore, imagine the amount of French that was flowing into my ears all

the time, plus the fact that the radio was on full blast from morning till night. This radio was supposed to be on in case "the results" came through. I discovered that the results were of an exam. which two of the family had sat in June — a national affair, approximately on the same standard as the Higher, only attempted at a later age (about eighteen or nineteen, or more), and divided into sections, e.g., classical languages, modern languages, science and so on, and one either passes the whole section or nothing at all, as far as I could make out. In fact, I got the impression that French education is far away behind our Scottish education (the best in the world), for, when I showed my pen-friend, Claudine, who is only slightly younger than I and top of her class in every subject, the Higher French paper, she was horrified at the high standard of them.

Whenever one goes to France, one crosses the Channel more or less armed with a watering mouth, just thinking of French food. I was no exception, even though I knew what to expect, for all sorts of delightful visions of omelets, Camembert cheese, and "vin rouge" filled my mind. Before I went, I firmly resolved that I would refuse absolutely nothing and this led me to choke down some rather gluey spinach. Actually, the only thing I had never tasted before was Yoghourt which I

thought tremendous. Breakfast was, however, a lean meal in my estimation — there weren't any rolls, unless as a special treat, for the family were too lazy to get up early (i.e., before 10 a.m.) and go and buy them.

The main sports we indulged in were swimming, cycling and boating. At the beautiful open-air swimming pool I was introduced to several boys who showed their friendship and general "entente cordiale" by throwing me into the water or ducking me under — really most refreshing. The boating and cycling were hard work, as it was so hot — about 90 degrees in the shade (this temperature is approximate as I had to convert it from degrees centigrade — never one of my strong points)! I found cycling on the "wrong" side of the road quite natural after a few hundred yards, and only once, when I was coming down a steep hill and found the brakes weren't working, did I forget to keep to the right. While I was in Arras, I had the good fortune to see the "Tour de France" passing through the town, complete with its thousands of "caravans," advertising toothpaste, haircream, etc., until, when finally the poor sweating cyclists themselves appeared, it was rather an anti-climax.

As "A Market Day" is a frequent subject for French essays, I was glad I had the opportunity of visiting a real French market. This was held in the two squares of Arras — the vegetables, fruit, flowers, cheeses (ugh! the smell!) and live fowls in the smaller one. I'm afraid I was rather horrified to see fruit, which had fallen from the stalls to the cobbles, being picked up and replaced for sale. Oranges and lemons maybe, but not peaches and plums! In the other, larger, square were the stalls displaying clothing, footwear, curtains, materials, toys and so on. It really was quite mediaeval!

One French custom which did amuse me was this business of handshaking on meeting and again on leaving, and I even noticed two little children at the seaside (we were at Le Touquet for the day) gravely shaking hands before toddling off home to lunch after building sand-castles together.

One Sunday, during my stay, we went to the war cemetery at La Lorette where 40,000 French victims of the 1914-18 war lie buried. As well as the acres and acres of uniform crosses, there is also a vault where the remains of thousands of unknown soldiers are. After

this we went to Vimy, where the memorial to the Canadians stands on the famous Ridge. A fairly large piece of ground here has been gifted to Canada, but, despite notices requesting silence, respect for the dead, keep off the grass and no parking, these beautiful woods have become the picnic grounds of thousands of French people — and a French picnic includes pitching a tent, setting up tables and chairs, switching on blaring radios, and playing games (even cards). Even while they were devoutly lighting candles in the Chapel at La Lorette, their gabbling never stopped. So you see, this passion the French have for visiting cemeteries every Sunday is not as morbid as it would appear, and, although I am not being priggish about it, I think they might be more grateful to those who died for France than they are at present.

As my pen-friend was returning to spend a holiday with me, we paid a visit to Piccadilly Circus on our way through London as she had never seen it lit up before. There we met about fifteen Italian boys who were working their way round England in the cheapest way possible! (They were sleeping in as varied places as Hyde Park and the Salvation Army hostel)! Chattering in a mixture of French and English (with an occasional "Si! Si!" or "Grazie!") we spent a hilarious half-hour or so before dashing to King's Cross scarcely knowing what nationality we were.

Olive M. Carnegie, F. VI.

## TELEVISION

Television has been called the curse of the modern age. Many parents think that it is bad for Johnny to know all about the Lone Ranger and know nothing about Henry VIII. Many are the baleful looks a parent receives when Johnny is ordered upstairs. Wails and excuses having proved unavailing, various other tactics are tried out. "But Mum, it's educational," or "We're doing this at school." These having failed, Johnny reluctantly drags himself away with many a backward look at the screen.

With the merry sound of song and ablutions going on overhead, the exhausted parent sighs with relief, collapses in a chair and settles down to watch the rest of the programmes.

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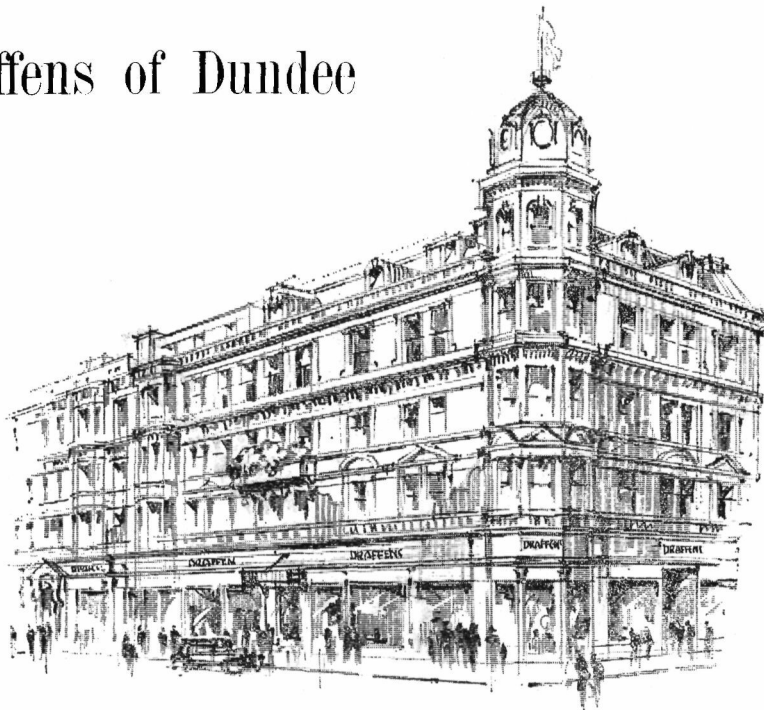
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## Pajass's Baptism

Vallée de Conches,  
Switzerland.  
1st August, 1957.

"Next, please!" No, I am not in a dentist's waiting-room! This was my signal to step gingerly from the "waiting-room" to my "Baptism." No sooner had I done this than a sleeping-bag was thrust over my head and zipped right down to my feet. My shoes were then taken off and I was told in no uncertain terms, "Now, you must not laugh, you must not cry and you may not speak unless you are being smothered!"

With this I was pushed into something which felt suspiciously like a wheelbarrow. I lay there wondering what was going to happen until another victim was laid in beside me, and then the barrow moved off. It went along at high speed so that my companion and I were joggled about for what seemed to us an hour. I was getting rather short of air, but didn't like to shout that I was being smothered.

As suddenly as the cart had started, it now stopped. I was helped out and made to walk. Groping my way forward, I suddenly found myself ankle-deep in icy-cold water. I was made to wade around amongst a few icebergs

and then pulled out again. I was helped back to the cart and it trundled off once more.

The next time, I was helped to my feet some KIND persons guided me through a jungle of grass and made me roll over a precipice. They then removed the sleeping-bag and put over my head a rubber bag with a zip on it.

By this time I could hear the running water of the River Rhone close by and drew my own conclusions about my probable destination. I still had no inkling as to what part of the countryside they had taken me to and was mystified when they led me into what seemed to be the middle of the river. I was told to lie down once more. (I wasn't in the water, yet; at least it wasn't wet!). The rubber bag was removed. At last I could see where I was. I was at the end of a pier which stood about one foot above the water.

Before I realised what was happening, my head was in the River Rhone. I had been well and truly "Baptised." I was then allowed to look about me and discovered that I was about a hundred yards from "Camp Gate." I was allowed to go back to camp, barefoot, with my camp name beautifully inscribed on a black card.

Pajass.

## Low - Countries Sketchbook

**Belgium.**—Bruges is a charming city of dark, stately old churches, quaint lace-makers, and still, picturesque, oddly "perfumed" canals. We were conducted round many a place of interest, such as the Church of our Lady and the Principal Town Buildings; and we explored alone, with much more delighted interest. Paula and I would leave the hostel of a morning and wander, gloriously unaware of our purpose or our direction, down shopping streets, bright with eye-catching souvenirs and the traditional Bruges lace-work, laughing at an odd local custom — undertakers' shops' display windows full of assorted coffins — choose a nice, comfy one before you die! Paula was a softly-spoken, friendly German girl of eighteen, who spoke very good English and had a sense of direction about as good as mine, we discovered!

Paula and I were incurable Happy-Wanderers; we left the hostel before anyone else, and arrived back later. We continued this in Holland, but there a dutiful guide restrained our erring steps. In Bruges, however, we took every possible opportunity to show our peculiar talent for being lost.

After a late dinner, we were due, all ninety of us, boys and girls from all over Western Europe, to attend a local festivity — "Son et Lumière." Paula and I were clad only in light summer dresses; the show would not finish till very late; we had time to spare. So we set off back to the Youth Hostel to fetch our jackets. In the middle of the Square we stopped to contemplate the problem that arose: "Which way?" "Oh, I do not know!" "Oh, that way, I think!" But we soon became aware that it was not that way; we consulted

one of those in charge of the party; he consulted a policeman.

The trouble is the Youth Hostel is very new — so new none of the natives appear to be conscious of its existence. At least, the policeman did not know, but pointed out a way and murmured, "Deux kilomètres." We set off as directed, on a totally unknown route. Not that we cared for "Son et Lumière." In the gathering darkness, Bruges was yet more delightful. We walked on and on, completely unaware of our whereabouts, perfectly happy. How long we might have walked we do not know, but we finally met a German-speaking Belgian; Paula asked him, and he escorted us to a road we knew well from which we reached the hostel. We collected our coats, and returned towards the city centre. We calculated that "Son et Lumière" must already be over; we hoped to meet the rest of the party, returning. And it was a lovely night.

Once, we turned aside to look up at the floodlit belfry, the square, stately tower, bright against the clear night sky, rising out of the darkness of the lower buildings, as if no longer earthbound, serene and beautiful, and timeless.

We met the rest of the party at last; it being well after eleven, they were too tired to comment on our absence.

I think there was a hostel rule about "lights out" at eleven; this regulation had to be waived that night.

We left for Holland, two days later. On the way, we visited Ghent and Brussels, and discovered that the bus roof leaked badly.

\* \* \* \* \*

I stayed in Holland with a delightful Dutch family, at Wassenaar. They all spoke English perfectly. The Dutch say "No one speaks our language; we must learn others." And they do. At least the parents spoke English. Maryke, the sixteen-year-old daughter spoke perfect American, as she had long been friendly with American families.

Each day we were taken on an excursion, usually by special bus, to surrounding places of interest, under our Terrifying Guide — so I labelled him; he had us well under control. We were six girls, from France, Luxembourg, Denmark, Belgium, Germany and Scotland, along with our Dutch friends, girls of our own age.

Sad it was for Maryke that she disliked Museums and Art Galleries. If there was any Art Gallery or Museum in South Holland that she did not visit, it was not the fault of our Terrifying Guide. We also saw the Peace Palace in the Hague and the Dutch Houses of Parliament. There, as we were entering the Upper House, the Terrifying Guide, abandoning his usual habit of speaking French, turned to me majestically and proclaimed, "This is the Louse of Hords!" Mercilessly, we hooted with laughter. Poor Mr V——! He looked after us well, and did not deserve that on the last day several of us should conspire to strangle him in the cord of the very microphone through which he infuriated us by speaking too loudly, in French.

But some of the Dutch Art Galleries are wonderful. At Arnhem we admired some gloriously colourful Van Goghs; I had an argument with the Terrifying Guide in which I insisted that some modern paintings were merely close-ups of brick walls!

In Amsterdam we visited the most famous gallery where there is a magnificent collection of Rembrandts. Paula and I, as usual, became gloriously lost, wandering from hall to hall, far behind the rest of the party; Maryke and Co. "sat this one out," slipping from sofa to sofa, sorefooted after a long week of acting as Unofficial Inspectors of Dutch Museums.

We saw the famous "Night-Watch" painting, but best I liked Rembrandt's painting of his own son, Titus. Paula's favourite was the same artist's "Die Judenbraut." We could have spent hours among these pictures, tired as we were.

\* \* \* \* \*

Holland is the cyclist's country. Cyclists rule the roads, ride on and off the pavements, and swarm like bees at every street corner. They habitually carry passengers, or ride along hand-in-hand. I was soon fitted up with a borrowed bicycle, instructed to remember to ride on the right-hand side of the road, and we were off.

On the last night, we set out for New Wassenaar to visit a certain ice-cream shop equipped with a juke-box; we delayed rather longer than we had anticipated, and it was

growing dark before we set off home. My bicycle had no lights, which considerably irritated a black-uniformed Dutch bobby who loomed up in our path. After a brief argument in Dutch with Maryke, he told us I had to get off and walk. Muttering curses, we obeyed and were compelled to leave my bicycle at a friend's house, while Maryke gave me a lift on the back of her's.

\* \* \* \* \*

South Holland amazed us. We saw much of Rotterdam, rebuilt after extensive war damage, and of the Hague, and the surrounding towns.

The standard of modern building amazed us. Long, straight roads link the main towns, leaping over each other by bridges, or diving under the city streets through long, brightly-lit tunnels. Great blocks of modern flats are

springing up; the modern schools would astound the planners of D.H.S. reconstructions; no dirty factory chimneys pollute the atmosphere. All Holland is a great built-up area, cut by broad roads and countless still, green canals. Between the towns every square foot of the level land is cultivated; picturesque windmills still stand; beautiful craftsmanship is still practised, in the weaving industries, the glassworks and the potteries; we saw the production of some of the lovely Blue Delft ware.

Holland is beautifully clean and fresh. The food I found delicious; not much different from British food, but beautifully prepared—and plenty of it. The only drawback is the language—and can you pronounce "Scheveningen"?

U. W. Stephenson, F. V.

## Claude Monet

During the summer holidays the whole family went for a day to Edinburgh where most of our time was spent at the exhibition of paintings by Claude Monet.

This was quite a different exhibition from that of Braque (1956), whose paintings were nearly all abstract.

Claude Monet, the son of a grocer, was born in 1840 and he died in 1926 at the height of his fame. When Monet started painting he was a naturalistic impressionist, but towards the end of 1870 he felt that this was not enough, and decided to paint in a completely Impressionist style. By 1877 Monet was fully adapted to Impressionism and today he is often described as the great Impressionist.

I was intrigued by the way in which Monet depicted light and shade; this was shown particularly in some pictures which he had done of "Haystacks" and "Rouen Cathedral." He had painted these subjects at various times of the day, and the result was fascinating. Instead of using a startling tone contrast like Rembrandt, he put colour in all his light and shadow.

I was rather puzzled by his picture of "Water Lilies" which seemed very plain and of no artistic interest at all, the water lilies consisting of large blobs of colour against

a rather harsh blue background, painted on a very large scale, and I was interested to discover later on that, at this particular period, Monet had been almost completely blind, and his friends had chosen his colours for him while he strained his eyes to see the shapes in front of him.

Monet used colour in every particle of light and shadow; in fact, he once said to Clemenceau, "Colour is my daylong obsession, joy and torment. To such an extent, indeed, that one day, finding myself at the death-bed of a woman who had been and still was very dear to me, I caught myself in the act of focussing on her temples and automatically analysing the succession of appropriately graded colours which death was imposing on her motionless face."

It would take far too long to describe the whole exhibition, but many of the paintings which appealed to me most were done before he discovered his "style." I was very impressed by some pictures of Paris and Venice which were done in pale greys and greens. In the wide range of the artist's work, no one could fail to enjoy a delightful afternoon in the Gallery, and I for one, had a most memorable day.

Elizabeth Barnet, F. II.

## London

Few of the people who visit the London of today realise what a great fund of historical matter London provides. Its history stretches from the time of the Romans who founded a stronghold, called Londinium, on the North Bank of the Thames, and it will probably continue to be of great historical importance.

In ancient times, a river, called the Walbrook, separated London into two parts. On either side of the river were two hills, upon one of which St. Paul's Cathedral now stands, and the other is the site of Leadenhall Market. Although the Walbrook has long since dried up, there is still a street in London named after it.

When the Romans arrived in 43 A.D. to end their conquest of Gaul and found a base for trading, they decided that this was an ideal spot. This was the beginning of London. No doubt the Romans would be greatly surprised to know that their little settlement had grown into such a large town and that it was the capital of a greater Empire than their own. Although most of the wall which they built round their camp has now vanished for ever, part of it still stands, and there is now a street known as London Wall. It is said that the boundaries of the City of London are the site of the original wall, and then seven "gates" of a later date have left their names in the East End.

When Edward the Confessor came to London to succeed his half-brother as king, he decided to build a great Abbey at Westminster, on the spot where monks of a pre-Roman time had erected their small church. Edward died before he could see the abbey consecrated, and his successor, Harold, had very little time for religious matters, being involved so soon afterwards with the fight against the Norman invaders under William the Conqueror.

One of the many things William did after being crowned king was to build the keep which is now known as the White Tower in the Tower of London. After the Romans had left Britain and the half-civilised people had destroyed many of their beautiful buildings, with a few exceptions, houses and churches had been built of wood or even primitive mud-bricks. The Normans were, therefore, responsible for reintroducing stones for building. Although this original Tower is now

only one of many, a large number of people still think that it is the most beautiful.

The Tower of London has seen many sad incidents and witnessed a number of executions. In 1536 Anne Boleyn was executed, as was Catherine Howard. Years later, Sir Walter Raleigh, a national hero, was imprisoned for many years and, though he was freed for a time, was incarcerated a second time and finally beheaded. Sir Thomas More, one of our greatest literary geniuses, was beheaded for refusing to acknowledge the king as head of the Church, and even Lady Jane Grey, the "Nine Days' Queen," was imprisoned there and later executed.

After the Great Fire of London in 1666 had wiped out a large part of London, and, at the same time the relics of the Plague of 1665, Sir Christopher Wren was called upon to build St. Paul's Cathedral. The building of this massive work took approximately thirty-four years and Wren was seventy-seven when it was completed. The "Whispering Gallery" is visited by many people, and some even ascend to the sphere below the cross on top of the dome. Many people do not know that there are actually two domes on the Cathedral, an inner and an outer. The outer was designed by Wren to support the ball and cross. Many famous heroes are buried in St. Paul's, including its architect himself and Wellington.

Few people know that Downing Street, now famous for the residence of the Prime Minister, was named after Sir George Downing, Secretary to the Treasury in 1667. His parents had taken him to America when he was a boy but he had returned to England. As one of Cromwell's spies, he is reputed to have saved the life of Charles II. in Holland, and later was responsible for the deaths of some of his former colleagues—the regicides.

About 1691, a Scotsman, William Paterson, propounded a scheme for the establishment of a Central Bank, and the head bank in London is in Threadneedle Street.

Kensington Palace, originally a residence of the Earl of Nottingham, was bought by William III. in 1689 and largely rebuilt by Wren. It was here that the young Victoria was living when it was announced to her that she was Queen. Visitors are able to see the

room in which she slept, and examine the gallery. It is now a residence for people closely connected with the Court.

Along the Victoria Embankment stretch gardens in which many famous people are commemorated. "Cleopatra's Needle" has overlooked the Thames since 1878 while nearer Westminster is the memorial erected for the members of the American Air Force

who died in the Second World War. Finally, we arrive at Westminster and see the Houses of Parliament, the centre of Government of the vast British Empire. Big Ben strikes the hour. Even in the years since it was erected, London has changed greatly. How many changes will it see? How much will London change in the future? Time alone can tell.

Helen Thomson, F. IV.

## Dog Show

One cannot be late for a Dog Show. At least, we never have been late, and we've arrived at some odd hours. But whenever one arrives, one is sure to find that, for reasons beyond everyone's control, the show will not start for another half-hour. And, whatever happens, the same show will still be dragging out its weary length, two hours after it was scheduled to finish.

My experience is mainly of the smaller Sanction shows; larger shows, held in larger cities, are the same, on a bigger scale. A vast hall is requisitioned — the vaster and colder the better — and its dusty interior is cut into a bewildering network of "benching," and show-rings, interspersed with stalls selling everything from the "Dog World" to the latest patent collar-and-leash. A constant background music of barking, yelping, and whining rises and falls; occasionally, there breaks through the sharper squeal of a Scots Terrier launching an attack on its next-door neighbour. Among deserted seats, by a ring-side, one lonely, dispirited Alsatian sniffs around, or pulls gently on its leash to inform the master that it's sick of the whole affair. Suddenly, a little concentration of persons and bull-terriers erupts sharply into one of the rings; the dogs are lined up, and judged; the swarm breaks up; the long-suffering Alsatian thereupon flops down, and whines his sorrows to the legs of the bench. Which procedure will occupy all morning and afternoon, and evening, too.

The Sanction Show is a smaller version of the same. Unpunctually, half an hour after the official opening time, it begins. We enter, only a few minutes before this; we pause, while the duty "vet." examines our dogs. Then we trip, push, and batter our way round the outside of the ring, and find a seat. The hall is dingy, and dust lies inches deep; the

lighting is poor enough to hide the colour effect of the prettiest dog present. The place smells of dust and sawdust and disinfectant, Pekinese and puppies and talcum powder.

We unpack, spilling out coat-lotion and hair-brushes and Pekinese on to the seat, and join in the general activities, powdering and brushing and beautifying bored and intractable animals. We are sitting next to Mrs Yap, who frequents every local Dog Show, and so, within ten minutes, we know that it has been decided in advance to whom each of the prizes will go, that the Pekinese judge is blind, and knows only Fox Terriers, and that that scraggy little white beast, Oh-no of Whatdyano, is sure to get the Pekinese Cup, and he squints, limps, and has a "teapot tail." So does her Chee-Chee, but we think fit not to mention it. Ringside rumours are like pomegranate seeds—you just have to swallow them.

Mother, when she settles down to talk with an old acquaintance, does not bother to describe her own or her family's ailments; instead, she catalogues every accident that has befallen her kennel in the past six months. So do most of the other breeders. Whelpings, Judges and Injustices form the general burthen of the conversation held mainly between greying ladies of majestic build, their tweeds misted over with dog-hair, footling little aprons or nylon dust-coats worn to protect them in the regular snow-storm of lotion-sprays and talcum powder. The male breeders do not deign to sit, but drift unhappily, towing clumsy, gentle-eyed boxers, who stand on everyone's corns, and get in everyone's hair, or clutch disproportionately tiny Yorkshire Terriers, with red ribbons in their long, silky hair. These men habitually stroll nonchalantly up the crowded passages, or cross the empty ring

to take conference with acquaintances; their real purpose being to pretend that they are judges, or, at least, ring-stewards.

The dogs register indifference, excitement, fury, fear, according to their varied dispositions. Brumas and Chee-Chee sit on the knees of their respective owners, and glare malevolence. Binnie skulks at the back of her basket, nor will she be induced to come out until my little brother shakes it upside down, and she wriggles out like a worm, and softly and silently fades away under the seats. Marnie takes a safe and lofty perch in Mother's arms, and from there, splutters with rage every time a dog presumes to look at her. She is still hurling invective at an unresponding poodle, with a blue bow in the white lambswool hair, when we realise with a start it is time to enter the ring.

Watch Brumas, veteran of a thousand shows, and victor, too, in other days. Perhaps he's rather big now, "too much of a good thing," one might say, but a real showman. He's patient, gentle, good-natured, dull-witted, but proud; see how he struts up and down before the judge, tail up to touch his head, broad black face registering excited anticipation of victory! No chance, lad; look closer at the judge. Whether or not he's keener on Fox Terriers, no one can say, but half-blind he certainly looks. He blinks through thick glasses at the array of varied "Toys"; thinks twice before he dares approach; stops to look closer at our exhibits.

The trouble is, Marnie is too intelligent for this job. She's bored. She knows that the slow-witted judge won't get round to noticing her; she knows that the dim light does not bring up the full glory of her coat, which is, in sunlight, dazzling red-gold, shading down to the richest mahogany. (In this hall, all Pekes are grey). She dozes, her head on her soft, silky feline paws, but her dark eyes are observing every detail. The next dog in the line ventures to take a step towards her, and she repulses him, violently, then sits between Mother's feet, head on one side, eyes flashing fire, chattering to herself with ill-suppressed indignation. She advances two steps to meet the judge, sits down, studies him from all angles, then observes, questioningly, "Urk?" He does not understand the question, so she repeats it. The judge, disturbed, perhaps, by her late treatment of Oh-no of Whatdyanoh, passes on quickly to an inoffensive-looking

Yorkshire Terrier. The judging is soon over; the mild-mannered Yorkie is placed first, a sleepy Chihuahua takes second place; since it is customary to "place" a Pekinese somewhere, in an "Any Variety Toy" class, Brumas takes third place. Marnie sneezes angrily, and retreats, en route taking a snap at a Griffon Bruxellois, which dives under a bench, and refuses to be extricated. Surely the Judge hears Mrs Yap say, in passing, "He always places that Yorkie! It's because its owner (she names him — he must have heard her!) always places his Foxies, when he's judging!"

Tragedy! It had to happen! At last, I must enter the ring, to show Binnie! Binnie is the most incapable creature that ever wobbled unsteadily on three and a half legs, or bumped her head on the table-leg in broad daylight. Binnie suffers from the unshakable impression that all the world wishes to do her ill.

She creeps into the ring, tail dragging in the dust, and lurks around my feet, while we line up; the judge, noticing her, possibly on account of her colour — she is a glorious pale-gold, bright even in the dust and sawdust of this dingy hall — orders her to walk. Walk? I walk, pulling on the leash; Binnie takes two steps, shies away from an inoffensive little poodle, and sits down. I coax, tug, push from behind — no good. The judge takes a step nearer, and Binnie ends her performance by dodging behind me, through between my feet, and twice round again, tying me up in the leash. The judge demotes us to the end of the line; Binnie flees from the ring as if pursued by wolves.

Dog-owners are now hot and dusty as the hall itself; dogs are lolling under benches, tongues out, tails flicking feebly, or sleeping in passageways, in a brave attempt to block up every possible passageway. Total disorganisation prevails, aided by the temporary absence of the Terriers' judge. Losers of the toy-dog section are engaged in destroying the reputations of the judge and the winners; the winners are powdering and combing away heartily, though the Best-in-Show competition will not take place for hours.

"And you know who'll get it!" proclaims Mrs Yap. "Her and her Lovely Lady! She's blind as a bat, and her tail's like a corkscrew!"

My brother asks audibly if this referred to the dog or the owner. Marnie quivers with

half-suppressed fury at the sight of a large, sad-eyed Boxer; in reply to her angry outburst, the long-suffering creature looks long and patiently at the little furry anarchist, then passes on.

Mother judges from Marnie's mood that nothing is to be gained from staying longer; so, in a flurry of half-packed lunch baskets, lost coat-belts, and mislaid dog-brushes, we gather our assemblage of baskets and animals,

"Binnie? Ooh! — Where's Binnie? — mind that Alsatian's tail! — oh, under the bench! come on, dear!"

Binnie is dragged out by the scruff of the neck, and follows us to the door. Outside, Marnie wags her tail happily, chortles cheerfully to the sunlight, then sums up her whole attitude to the whole business in her usual fashion, "Urk!"

Eunis.

## Would you like a Poppy?

Clutching the box and the rattling tin, we peered rather apprehensively into the murky close. It seemed to be the poorest so far, worse, almost, than that terrible place in the morning when we didn't dare even to climb the stair. This time, though, we pulled ourselves together, and were in.

It was dark, and smelt of petrol and lentil soup; the walls were scrappily covered with whitewash and plastered with slogans and the love-stories of countless tenement teenagers. The only light came from an anaemic gas jet on each landing, and the only air from a stone-built ventilator shaft which ran the whole height of the building. We reached the top without having had much success, then paused to regain breath and look round before ringing the door-bells. There were four doors on the landing, two freshly varnished with shining name-plates, and two ownerless ones whose paint had blistered away years ago, and whose broken letter-boxes gaped open hungrily. Out of curiosity, I peeped through — a wall with fronds of torn wallpaper gently waving in the draught and a broken chair perching crazily on the skeleton of a floor, created a Hogarthian picture of poverty and desolation. There was no response to our knocks and rings, and we turned thankfully away. On the way down a man, who had previously refused to buy, stopped us and dropped a few coppers into the tin.

"I'll need a poppy for the wife," he laughed, and shut his door again.

Looking back on that busy Saturday, my general impression is mostly of old women, toothless, smiling, grey-haired, but one or two of these stand out specially clearly. In one of the tenements, two floors up, we knocked, and the door was opened by a little old granny who peeped at us in a timid way.

"Would you like to buy a poppy?" I said, brightly.

Silence, then she turned and shuffled slowly back into the room. Various cups and tins were moved about on the dresser, then she returned and said slowly and sadly, "I canna afford muckle mair ner thruppence."

On the top storey in another street, we knocked at a shabby door. It opened a crack, and two beady eyes peered round.

"Would you like a poppy?" said my friend.

"What?" The door opened another inch or so. "Come in, come in," said the owner of the eyes. We glanced at each other and followed the old woman into the small, bare room. A double bed, a rickety old couch, a dresser, a sink and a small gas stove completed the furnishings. In the corner another old woman of enormous width and little height was frying some bacon on an old griddle.

"Noo, what ur ye sellin'?" asked our first friend.

"Poppies," I said.

"Eh, Puppies?"

"No, Poppies!" I shouted, trying not to laugh. The cook glanced round at us, then waddled over to the bed, where she proceeded to fumble under the mattress. After a few minutes, she drew forth an ancient black cloth bag from which she took out sixpence. After giving her the poppies, we were escorted to the landing by the couple muttering to each other, "They'll be fine fur wearin' tae the kirk the morn."

The funniest incident, however, happened when we, footsore and tired, mechanically rapped at one of the last doors. A raucous shout came from the other side, "Baang,

baang!" The door shot open, revealing a very small fat woman on crutches. She looked at us with horrified amazement, then suddenly let out a penetrating screech of laughter.

"Oh, maircy! Ah thought ye were Jessie!"

Yes, I enjoyed my day — a day of little glimpses of people and the way in which they lived. What struck me forcibly was the number of old houses gaily decorated with contemporary wallpaper, lampshades and carpets. On the other hand, however, there were many with signs of extreme poverty and the ravages

of hire-purchase. One rather dingy flat was uncarpeted, but boasted an enormous new radiogram which was strategically placed in full view of the front door!

And the people themselves? With three exceptions, they were all cheerful and generous, specially the older ones, I noticed. But then, they had seen the strife and misery of two wars — they, unlike me, could remember and wanted, by that little red token, to keep the memory alive.

Katharine Kinnear, F. VI.

### THE BATTLE OF THE CHESS-BOARD

In far-off chequered land of chess, one day,  
The black king marched to meet his foe and fight;

On either side his bishop, pawn and knight,  
Whilst queen in castle watched the fatal fray.

White knight, with snowy charger's main  
a-flying,

Sped to the fray with ready lance and knife,  
With loyal pawn who would lay down his life  
For captive queen, in darkest dungeons lying.

On marched the pawn towards the chequered  
lands,

The wicked tyrant's dark defined domain.  
He travelled down a dark and shadowy lane,  
And fell into the black king's waiting hands.  
But yet he freed his queen who then would feign

To run away, and thus her freedom gain.

James Davidson.

### WITCHCRAFT

One day, not long ago, I went up to my bedroom to comb my hair. On reaching my room I noticed, to my consternation, that my pretty blue cardboard picture-frame was torn and tattered. It was so badly damaged that I was forced to throw it away. I was rather mystified as to how it had been destroyed, and the answer was provided the next day.

On entering my room, I heard a flutter of wings. A little blue-tit was perching on the curtains and flew quite calmly out of the open window. This time the edge of my favourite calendar was destroyed. I saw at once what had happened, so I shut the window.

I had forgotten to shut the top window, however, and later, when my mother went in, our visitor once more flew quite unconcernedly straight out of the top window. A paper picture was tattered and torn and, as I did not wish to have more of my property destroyed, I closed this window also.

About a week previously, a strange lady had come to our door and had asked all sorts of extraordinary questions concerning the welfare of pets in our house. My mother said that, as we already had a dog and were always very busy with our two-month-old baby, we could not even contemplate any other pets.

She was therefore rather puzzled, but, undismayed, she left the house, murmuring these ominous words, "This would be a very suitable house for birds!"

It seemed to me to be a clear case of witchcraft.

Gillian P. Payne, F. II.

### THOUGHTS ON EXAMINATIONS

To those who advocate the dreaded week,  
Wherein both teachers stern and pupils gay  
Do sacrifice all time, in abject, meek  
Obedience to exams, let us now say  
That swotting Chem. and Maths has no avail,  
For questions are so artfully devised  
That pupils, howe'er bright, are bound to fail.  
Hence work piles up for teachers—so surprised  
To find how little has been learnt, and how  
Their charges ne'er will scent a Higher. Thus  
These tests, which are so hated by all now,  
As giving toil, tears, discontent and fuss,  
Should straightway be denounced, destroyed,  
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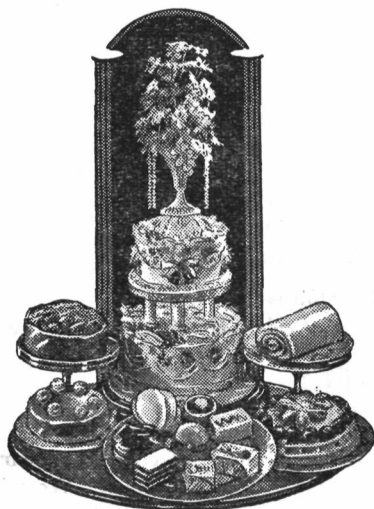


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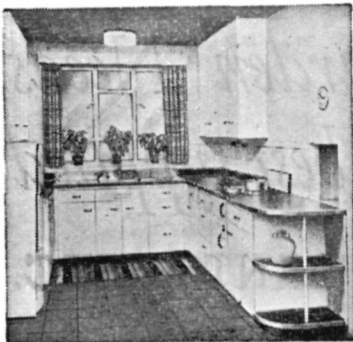
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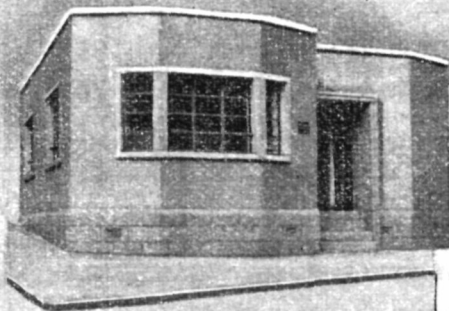
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## THE ORIGIN AND DEVELOPMENT OF THE ORGAN

"Jubal was the father of all such as handle the harp and organ."

It is not easy to believe that the organs in our churches today, with their complicated consoles and towering structures, originated several thousand years ago, from a certain species of the humble reed plant which grew in Asia Minor. The ancients found that reeds of different lengths produced different sounds and that by binding several of these reeds together they had a thing on which tunes could be produced. The first reference to this we find in Genesis, chap. 4, verse 21, which is quoted above, "organ" being the translation of the word "ugab." This instrument was known to the Greeks as "pan-pipes" or "syrinx" and to the Romans as "fistula."

This developed as men endeavoured to find easier ways of playing it. First, the wind was blown by the player into a box on the top of which holes were bored to receive the feet of the tubes. The player stopped with his fingers the tops of the tubes not required. The next important step was the placing of slides at the base of the tubes which prevented wind from entering them unless these slides were pulled out. They were the forerunners of our keys.

We are told by Julianus, a Spanish bishop, that organs were used in many churches in Spain to lead the praise before 450 A.D. One of these is described as being two feet long and six inches wide and as having two pipes to each slide. The latter fact suggests the beginnings of our stop system which enables the organist to control any number of pipes with one key. The idea of using organs in public worship spread over the continent to Britain.

We now begin to read of organ pipes made of lead, copper or brass. By this time, organs were hand-blown by bellows. It must be mentioned, however, that Ctesibus, an Egyptian, had invented a method of supplying wind to the pipes by means of water, but this was superseded by the above method. We are told of an organ in Winchester Cathedral in the tenth century which, according to the monk, Wulston, who described it in Latin verse, had twenty-six bellows worked by seven men. There were four hundred pipes, ten to each slide, of which "the iron tones

battered the ear like thunder, so that it might receive no sound but that alone" with the result that "everyone stopped with his hands his gaping ears."

Keys, as we know them, were introduced at the end of the eleventh century. They measured up to six inches in width and were so stiff in action that it is small wonder that the players were called "organ beaters." The invention of the pedals is attributed to Valberke of Brabant who lived in the fourteenth century.

Organs were steadily increasing in size and in mechanical and tonal perfection. During the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, however, too much attention was bestowed on ornamenting the organ cases with unnecessary absurdities, such as figures of animals, foliage, and even angels playing drums and moving trumpets to and from their lips. To these was added a "fox's tail," a device which, by flying out at the touch of a stop controlled by the organist, into the faces of the inquisitive onlookers, frightened them away. These anomalous embellishments, however, did not persist.

Today we have organs that are perfect in action, with sweet, pompous or joyous tone, beautiful to hear and awesome to behold. On our perhaps too infrequent visits to church, we may be reminded, on hearing the organ, of John Milton's lines:—

"There let the pealing organ blow,  
To the full-voiced choir below,  
In service high, and anthems clear  
As may, with sweetness, through mine ear,  
Dissolve me into ecstasies.  
And bring all heaven before mine eyes."

Douglas Galbraith, F. VI.

## NOVEMBER

November is our dullest month  
When all the trees seem dead,  
Except the stately firs and pines  
Which tower above our head.

The birds have stopped their singing,  
The rabbits stopped their play;  
The children think of school exams  
Coming nearer every day.

The days are wet and dreary  
And all seem just the same,  
For on Thursday it rains especially hard  
To stop our hockey game.

Moir Robertson, F. II.

## AN ANCIENT SCHOOL

(19th November, 2057)

Recently we visited Dundee, that historic city on the River Tay. One of the oldest and most interesting buildings in the town is its High School. With its pillared front and grey stone walls, it is very beautiful, indeed.

We were escorted round the classrooms and corridors, and our guide informed us that many of these were comparatively new since the school was reconstructed in the last century.

We were also shown the uniform and school books used in the middle of the twentieth century. The pupils wore short, pleated tunics until they were fourteen years old, and then they wore navy-blue skirts. A round article, somewhat resembling a minute space-saucer, was worn on the head, and in the summer a short jacket, known as a blazer, was worn in place of the navy-blue school coat.

The text-books were a great source of amusement, being on such subjects as Mathematics, Latin and Science, instead of Astronomy and Martian as we are taught today.

Soon it was time to leave and we hurried out to catch the rocket-car home.

Valerie C. Hendry, F. I. (Latin)

## THE LURE OF THE LOCOMOTIVE

Railways have always fascinated me in the same way that stamps fascinate many people. When you compare an 1850 locomotive with a modern Diesel, you find it hard to believe that the first locomotive was built only 155 years ago in 1802, by Richard Trevithick, a Cornishman. Trevithick's locomotive sped along at 8 m.p.h., while the present world rail speed record is 205½ m.p.h., and is held by the French electric locomotive No. BB-9004. This record was set up on 29th March, 1955. The world steam record is held by a British locomotive, A4, No. 60022. The speed is 125 m.p.h., reached on 3rd July, 1938.

At present there are only 100 main-line Diesels in operation on British Railways, but there will soon be many more under the new modernisation scheme.

It will be a pity to see steam go, but we must give way to more efficient workers — the Diesels.

Gavin Lickley, L. VII.

## THE SUNSET

O, who would not with joy behold  
A winter sunset's blazing pyre?  
The clouds are tinged with red and gold,  
All glowing as with inner fire.

The sky itself, of greeny-blue,  
Sets off these awesome vap'rous spires;  
Amid this sea of fairest hue,  
The sun in majesty retires.

He sinks below the earth's broad rim,  
Perhaps another realm to seek;  
In golden water he does swim,  
Or silhouettes some noble peak.

At last his fiery globe is gone;  
The colours deepen; night-time nears;  
The sun has left us till the dawn  
When faithfully he reappears.

G. C. Duke, F. II.

## PRECIOUS STONES

I wonder how many of us have a passion for looking, merely looking, at precious minerals and stones. The fiery gleams of the topaz, the amethyst, the zircon, the diamond and the sapphire, and the smooth radiance of the pearl and moonstone can never fail to enchant me. A shop in Reform Street always has an exquisite display of cut crystal, hand-painted enamel, cut sterling silver and marvellous jewel-studded boxes. One fine curio was a solid gold crest, studded with garnets.

Do you know what your birthstone is? Here is a brief key — January, garnet; February, amethyst; March, moonstone; April, diamond; May, aquamarine; June, emerald; July, sapphire; September, ruby; October, topaz; November, pearl; December, opal.

Do you know which ones are valuable? The amethyst, the pearl, the diamond, the emerald, the topaz, the opal and the sapphire are precious; while the rest are semi-precious.

Do you know some stones turn another colour when an ultra-violet light is shone over them?

Do you know such stones as the aquamarine cloud over when placed near poison? In reality, stones can do much to help us. For instance, where would we be without the industrial diamond?

Jean Fraser, L. VI.



GUIDE CAMP, 1957



Photograph by J. D. Brown

### **ANNUAL GENERAL INSPECTION, 1957**

Inspecting Officer Group Captain Beardon, A.F.C., O.C. Leuchars.



This photograph of Gordon Stewart, now a Corporal on National Service, appears on the cover of a recruiting pamphlet entitled "Be a Soldier . . . Be a Royal Scot." (By kind permission of "Royal Globe" Group "Bulletin").



**THREE WISHES**

I wish that I were a queen. I would sit on a beautiful throne. I would wear beautiful clothes and a crown.

I wish I were a mermaid. I would have a green tail. I would have a crown of lovely shells.

I wish I were a fairy. I could fly over the land and I would be able to sing and dance beautifully.

Catherine Richmond, L. III.

**FAIRIES**

I like fairies,  
Bright and gay.  
They hop and skip  
All through the day.

I like the ring,  
Where they meet.  
Just imagine  
Fairy feet!

Beverley Arthur, L. III.

**THE BABY SEAL**

One day, when I was on holiday at my Granny's, I went down to the beach. There I saw a baby seal rolling round and round quite happily on the sand. I made a little pool with my spade and put it in. It splashed about happily for a long time. Then, all of a sudden, I heard some loud barks, and I saw the mother seal quite a bit away on a sand-bank. I lifted the little seal and went down beside the water. I slipped it in the water and, as it swam away out to its mother, I went back up to Granny's and told her all about it.

James Arbuckle, L. IV.

**THE RABBITS**

A rabbit one day came out of the hay,  
And ran to its burrow far away.  
She said to her young, "Stay out in the sun,  
But keep out of the way of the farmer's gun."

Said the young to their mum, "It's good to have fun,

And your orders we'll gladly obey.  
We'll be very good, and play in the wood,  
And promise we won't go astray."

Eric Ballantine, L. VI.

**MY VINE - CLAD HILL**

As night falls on my vine-clad hill,  
All is still, so very still.  
My vine-clad hill on a night so dark  
Does not wake up at a dog's loud bark.  
Italy sleeps with my vine-clad hill.

At sunrise it wakes up again,  
To hear the joyful shouts of men;  
The vine-clad hill is a wonderful sight;  
Let us rejoice, in this morning's light,  
That Italy is beautiful as the vine-clad hill.

There lies in the shadow of my vine-clad hill  
A little village with a water mill.  
There the people have a wonderful view  
Of my vine-clad hill and all Italy, too.  
Yes, Italy's beautiful with my vine-clad hill.

Eileen Duke, L. V.

**A GREAT EVENT**

On 4th October, 1957, the first earth satellite was launched. This was done by the Russians, much to the annoyance of America, which wanted to be ahead of all countries with space ideas. It was announced on the B.B.C. News that it was travelling round the world in one hundred and two seconds. It contained several instruments which would tell the Russians the climate, etc., of outer space.

Later, on the 3rd November, was launched a second satellite, which was known as "Sputnik Two." This one contained a dog, and numerous instruments which would record the dog's reactions. This caused a number of complaints to be sent to the R.S.P.C.A., but it was said that the dog had a food supply, and was made as comfortable as possible. After all, they said, it was for the good of history, and would help the journey to the moon. Day after day there were more reports of the satellite and the dog, each saying everything was well.

Then came two days when there were no reports of the dog. It was later announced that the dog was dead. This was done by putting poison in its food as it was suffering. The Russians said that in the seven days that the "sputnik" had been up, they had found out all they wanted to know about space. Perhaps, in about ten years' time, the Russians will be on the moon.

Sally Lindsay, L. VI.

**CHRISTMAS DAY**

O, now Christmas has begun,  
Open your presents. This is fun!  
Now I'll play with all my toys.  
Happy Christmas, girls and boys!

Sally Ross, L. III.

**THE BOLD KNIGHT**

This is the story of a knight.  
A dangerous tournament he did fight,  
And all the people from far and near  
Rode to this tournament with very great fear.

But very soon the fight was over.  
The knight had won with a four-leaved clover.  
All the other knights were tattered  
For they really had been sorely battered.

Dougal Smith, L. V.

**A FASCINATING GAME AT ARUNDEL CASTLE**

"Since William rose and Harold fell,  
There have been Earls of Arundel."

I was taken to a cricket match at Arundel Castle, the home of His Grace, the Duke of Norfolk, Earl Marshal of England. Each team had twelve men (which showed that it was not a very serious game). The captains were H.R.H. The Duke of Edinburgh and the Duke of Norfolk. The game was in aid of the National Playing Fields Association of which the Duke of Edinburgh is President. The grounds were very picturesque because of their extraordinary greenness. The band were also very colourful, and with their red and black uniforms and their good band leader, they were outstanding. The cricket match was very close, but nobody won. The players' white outfits, dotted against the green grass, made a lovely contrast and, when one player was out, he was greeted by an endless line of autograph hunters.

The castle itself is large, old and turreted, and for a period in history was the home of Queen Anne. The church of St. Nicholas, in the grounds, is one of the few, or perhaps the only one in the country, in which both Roman Catholics and Presbyterians worship under the same roof with a dividing wall.

The spectators were all in a holiday mood which added to the spirit of enjoyment and made a happy day.

David Mathewson, L. VI.

**YORK MINSTER**

During the summer holidays we went to York. One hot day we paid a visit to York Minster. We saw the War Memorial which the Duke of Edinburgh unveiled earlier in the year. We also saw the Five Sisters' window. The beautiful colours were lit up by the sunlight. Afterwards we walked slowly round, looking at all the other beautiful windows. There were many visitors from all parts of the world.

Later, we climbed a spiral staircase which went up one of the towers. It was a steep, dark staircase and so narrow that two people could hardly pass each other. Up and up we slowly climbed until we reached the top. From the flat roof we could see for miles and miles. After we had had a rest, we started the climb again. This was most difficult because more visitors were climbing up. Although we felt very tired after our climb, we enjoyed it very much.

Barbara Smith, L. V.

**FINDING THE HEARTBEAT OF A WHALE**

A short time ago, a man from Boston went on a whale hunt. He was not interested in whale oil. He was a heart specialist and wanted to find out the whale's heartbeat. The expedition managed to harpoon a whale. The harpoon was of a special design, with a cable connected to an electrocardiograph. The heartbeat, I think, was ten times a minutes.

Michael Fenwick, L. V.

**MERRYLEGS, THE PONY**

My pony's name is Merrylegs. She is a fat little Shetland pony with a long tail. She eats hay, turnips and grass, and she loves sugar lumps and sweets. Merrylegs was at the Angus Show in 1956. It was a great day for me. First of all, I took her to the judges for inspection. After a few minutes the judges handed me the first prize.

Then there was the day the pony threw me off her back. I really don't know what happened, but Merrylegs suddenly stamped, the saddle began to slip, and I had to jump off to save being hung upside down.

Ewan Pate, L. V.

## Letters from the Universities

### I. — ST. ANDREWS

I have too much respect for the University of St. Andrew's to subject it to comparison with others. Having no experience of life in other universities, how can I be otherwise than prejudiced in favour of my own college? It would be a delightful task to write an appreciation in praise of St. Andrews, but, as a less lengthy procedure, I have instead selected a few of the legends which appeal to me as being of most interest to outsiders.

For St. Andrews is rich in legend — steeped in tradition, heavy with folklore. The ancient towers, standing stark sentinels against the biting winds, are soaked in age-old stories, and the bells break their silence to peal the hours in a carillon of chiming, weighted with the tales of centuries.

We owe our university to a ninth-century monk, named Rule, who, according to legend, transported the bones of St. Andrew to Britain and re-buried them in the grounds of the now-ruined cathedral on the spot where now stands the tower of St. Rule. From the top of this tower there is a magnificent view over the whole of the little town, and the spires and towers of the many beautiful churches contribute much to the dignity of the city.

The tallest and most beautiful spire is that of the Chapel of St. Salvator — the college Chapel. The south side of the University Quadrangle is formed by the chapel, and its cloisters lead on to the grassy garth. The bell which tolls out hourly relief to bored and yawning students is the Katharine bell, named after a personality little known elsewhere but beloved in St. Andrews—Katharine Kennedy, niece of Bishop Kennedy, who founded the college of St. Salvator in 1450. There is existing in St. Andrews today a Kate Kennedy Club, which consists entirely of selected male students whose main function is to organise and take part in the Kate Kennedy Procession. This takes the form of a colourful pageant in which all the historical characters who have at any time had connection with St. Andrews, are represented by the students clad in authentic costume. The procession is led by St. Andrew himself, carrying his diagonal cross, and culminates in the triumphant arrival of the Lady Kate in a horse-drawn carriage,

accompanied by her uncle, the Bishop. Kate is selected from the prettiest first year male students to be found, and, far from being an insult, it is considered the greatest possible honour to be chosen. The whole procession is dignified, bright and entertaining, and is to my mind one of the loveliest functions of the University.

The reason for Kate Kennedy being portrayed by a man is simply that there were no female students in the early days of the processions. Indeed, the infiltration of females into the university in the late 19th century so horrified the male students that they all marched down to the old pier and cast their trenchards into the sea, as a gesture of disapproval. Since then, trenchards have been worn only by the women of the college.

The pier itself is built of stones salvaged from the ruins of the castle in or around the time of Cromwell and the Civil War. The remains of the castle still stand on the rocky northern cliffs overlooking the sea, and the famous Bottle Dungeon prison, the scarred old walls, the legendary ghosts and the cannon on the battlements transform its serene dignity into a grim reminder of the turbulent past.

Sheltering behind the castle is the little chapel of St. Leonard. Little is known of the history of the saint except that on the spot where he died flowers have always grown, and no snow has fallen.

In St. Andrews the very young and the very old mingle and are blended in a perfect harmony. The ever-changing chain of students in their red gowns passes over the ancient cobbled streets and under the battered old buildings daily, apparently oblivious of their existence. But the students are, in reality, far from oblivious — the atmosphere of St. Andrews weaves a gentle web of protection and possession round them, and the memory of the old city, the students, the traditions, and the happiness they gained there, will never be lost to them.

Am I prejudiced? Of course. But anyone who has been a student in St. Andrews will know why.

Pamela J. Whyte.

## II. — EDINBURGH

I think it was Thucydides who said, "It is men, not walls, that make a city." This statement is even more true of a University than of a city. The University of Edinburgh and its students are scattered as widely as possible throughout this city. Yet there is a feeling of unity among its members which boldly defies the exigencies of town planning.

Whether he lives in his own home, in "digs," or in one of the all too few halls of residence, whether he studies at Old College, New College, King's Buildings, or any other of the innumerable homes of learning, the student has the opportunity of belonging to a community, and of playing a full part in the life of the vital, corporate body of which he has the privilege to be a member. This is an opportunity, not an obligation, and as such it is a matter for the individual student to decide. But it is the acceptance of this opportunity which leads to the achievement of a full University life.

The University itself is an amorphous mass of buildings and lecturers, some good, some bad; a vast, impersonal sausage-machine which takes in all sorts of ingredients and produces large numbers of fairly sound sausages. It disseminates a certain measured amount of information, in the hope that some may turn it into knowledge, and some few even into wisdom. Here its function ends. From here the education of the student is in his own discretion. His only refuge from this disinterest is in the activities of the student body.

Let me emphasise that he should not take refuge in the Union Bar, where the norm is failure, and someone who has never failed an examination a freak. It is in the better

societies, those that are the pride and honour of this University, that he should seek refuge. He can debate and discuss among cultivated and intelligent friends, he can bring to life in the departmental societies the subject which would otherwise be a hard, boring grind; in the athletic club he is sure to find exercise and the sport of his choice. These he must enter only so far as official work will permit. But it is essential that he find time for some. It is only thus that he can counteract the atrophying effects of a system which demands that he should attend appallingly bad lectures as well as brilliant, with no free choice on his part.

The salvation of the student lies within himself. He can go through University without ever attending a single society or club. He can be in the University but not of it. He will come away with some letters after his name and some knowledge. But he will not have the ability to think for himself. He who has taken full advantage of his opportunities will not only probably have a better degree, but will definitely be a better educated man.

The great thing about coming to a University is the emancipation, the absence of the master's probing eye, the freedom to rule oneself. But this is a privilege, and every privilege carries with it the duty of making the best possible use of one's privileges. Too many people shirk this duty and regard University as a big school where you do not have to do what you are told. This is nonsense. For, although University offers boundless opportunities for study and the advancement of learning, one is not, on the whole, taught as well as at school.

J.R.G.W.



## Old Boys' Club Annual Dinner

On the usual first Friday in December, the Dinner was held in Keiller's Restaurant, and if demand for tickets were an omen of success, this was assured with a capacity attendance of 110. When the members had dined and wine well, and the Loyal Toast was duly honoured, the President, Mr C. C. Spankie, welcomed the company, especially those from a distance, and the guests. The latter were:—The Guest of Honour, Mr J. C. Anderson, O.B.E., T.D., a well-known Sheffield surgeon, yet another Old Boy who has gained distinction in his profession; Rev. H. O. Douglas, School Chaplain; Mr Nigel Bruce Smith, Watsonian Club; and Mr W. P. Vannet, M.B.E., who was being honoured by the Club for his services in designing and lettering a vellum scroll to replace the old Dux Board and for many other previous works.

Before calling upon the principal speaker, the President made reference to the Reconstruction Appeal Fund which, he said, had been well supported by the Old Boys but not as fully as by the Old Girls. He sincerely hoped that this disappointing situation would be remedied as soon as possible.

The toast of "The Club and the School" was ably proposed by Mr J. C. Anderson, who defined his recollection of the School as partly of dignified buildings and partly of something intangible, an atmosphere created from the personalities of successive generations of pupils and teachers. Dealing with his views on education, he considered it essential that pupils be instilled with the urge to learn a good way of living, that their characters be formed to produce individuals, not merely recorders of other people's work, and men who would put more into the common pool of life than they took out of it. He had visited the School earlier in the day and was impressed by the quality of the boys and girls and the improvements which are being effected by the Reconstruction Scheme. As to the Staff, Mr Anderson said that a good teacher was a great man and the School had known many great men.

Replying to the toast, the Rector expressed his appreciation of the courtesy and friendliness which had been shown him by all those connected with the School in the two years since his appointment. He then dealt with two themes, progress in Reconstruction and progress within the School. On the first, he stated that the present works soon to be completed would cost over £40,000, and the Directors intended to proceed thereafter with further alterations estimated at £25,000; and he felt that the skill of the Architects had performed miracles in the restricted space available. It was hoped to hold one or two "open days" after completion of the first phase so that parents and Former Pupils might see the benefits which had resulted. On the second theme, the Rector referred to the improvement in the standard of games, the progress of wider education and the Arts and the fine scholastic achievements of individual pupils, but emphasised the importance of the middle marker. He believed that a happy school created the most favourable conditions for making the best of these pupils.

The President then formally handed over the Dux Scroll (covering the years 1839/86) designed by Mr Vannet and presented by the Club, to the Rector, who gave thanks on behalf of the School. Trophies for Angling and Golf were presented to Mr William Burns and Mr Douglas Dryden respectively.

One of our ex-Presidents, Mr H. J. Carlton, proposed the toast of "The President." Both Mr Spankie and Mr Carlton belong to that class self-styled "the vintage year," and, in an era when good after-dinner speakers are becoming as rare as the dodo, it was a real treat to wind up this memorable evening with the wit and humour provided by Mr Carlton on a subject dear to his heart, and by Mr Spankie in his reply.

Throughout the proceedings Mr Spankie showed himself to be an excellent chairman as well as a worthy president. He received a cable of good wishes from his son, at present in New York with the Black Watch Band, and one of the heartiest laughs of the evening followed the suggestion of a voice from the "body of the kirk" that the charges had been reversed.  
J.S.A.

## AN APPEAL TO OLD BOYS

In a speech at the Old Boys' Dinner, Mr Spankie, the President, made the following appeal to Old Boys:—

"The Appeal Committee have had a busy time and, having raised £26,000, may feel that their efforts have not been unsuccessful, but more is still needed and I regret to tell you that, while the Old Boys have contributed well, it is thought that the Old Girls have done better—especially in numbers contributing. This is not a satisfactory state of affairs, and I would appeal to any of you who have not helped us, to do so now, and further I would appeal to you all to bring the matter before any of your friends who might be expected to be interested. We can surely do as well as the Old Girls."

## GOLF OUTING

"Miscuerunt Herbas et Non Innoxia Verba"

"They raised a cloud of turf and unparliamentary language." This may not be the strictest translation but it readily, albeit libellously, recalls the annual golf outing which, as custom decrees, took place at Kirriemuir on the third Saturday of June, being the fifteenth this year. It was a gloriously perfect day with just the right conditions for golf, and, that being so, it was no wonder that so many good score cards were returned. Of these the best belonged to Douglas Dryden who repeated his success of two years ago, thus winning the Stuart Trophy for the second time.

After the round two dozen sat down in the Club House to the traditional tea of bacon and eggs and home-baked scones and cakes before departing for the second and subsequent rounds at Charleston and elsewhere. Altogether it was a most delightful and enjoyable social occasion and it was especially pleasing to have in our company this year a number of players who had not been with us before.

## Reports

### STAMP CLUB REPORT

Two meetings of the Stamp Club have been held, at which interesting talks and attractive displays of stamps have been given. The Stamp Exchange is again operating, and already a large number of stamps have changed owners.

Meetings are held fortnightly on Mondays at 4 p.m., to which the members extend a warm welcome to all interested.

J.S.

### CHESS CLUB REPORT

The Chess Club has made an encouraging start again this session. The membership has increased and this is mainly due to the fact that more members of Forms I., II. and L. VII. are becoming interested and are learning the game. The games for the Beckingham Trophy have now started.

Mr Beckingham has been giving very good advice on the finer points and this has been invaluable to all who have sought to improve their game. He is also running a weekly series for beginners in the daily paper. Mrs Elder and Mr Russell have also been helping with the beginners of the Chess Club. So far the Club has met with reasonable success in the Dundee Chess League, winning a match against Queen's College (A) and losing one against the Technical College.

From the enthusiasm displayed by the younger members in particular it is hoped that the Club will continue to flourish in the coming years.

D.A.C.

### RUGBY CLUB REPORT

This season, the 1st XV. have shown a well-defined improvement on previous years, having won three games, lost four, and drawn one, as compared with last season when we had lost six, drawn one, and won one at the corresponding time. Our defeats have not been nearly so heavy as in the past few years, and these defeats must be attributed to the superior weight of the opposition along with poor play in the line-out, where we have not been getting enough of the ball. Every single member of the team fights hard to the finish, and this has helped us in defeating Kelvinside Academy, Melville College and Waid Academy, all by comfortable margins. An improvement in the handling would see us increase these margins.

The 2nd XV. have won one of their three matches played so far, whilst the Colts' XV., whose notable zest on the field has helped them to win all but one of their six games, all by extremely heartening and convincing scores, their largest win being 28-0 against Harris Academy.

The Forms I. and II. teams have exhibited great spirit for the game, and no matter how strong the opposition, they play hard till the final whistle.

It is most heartening to see, almost any Saturday morning at 9 o'clock, a large contingent of L. VI. boys learning the fundamentals of the game under the guidance of Mr McLaren and a few senior boys.

Thanks are due to Mr Thomson, Mr McLaren, Mr Biggar and Mr Taylor for devoting so much of their busy lives to coaching us, and also to the other members of the Staff who travel with us to out-of-town matches.

M. HARDIE

## CRICKET CLUB REPORT

Both Cricket XI.'s finished the season with a very satisfactory record, only three games out of 19 played being lost. The summarised results for the two XI.'s read as follows:—

|             | P. | W. | D. | L. |
|-------------|----|----|----|----|
| 1st XI. ... | 11 | 4  | 5  | 2  |
| 2nd XI. ... | 8  | 3  | 4  | 1  |

These successes are in great measure due to the patient coaching at the nets by Mr Stark, both on Monday evenings and on Wednesday afternoons.

The Don F. McEwan Prizes were won by Ian McEwan and Fergus Allan.

Thanks are due to those members of the Staff and to F.P.'s who gave unstintingly of their time to umpire matches, and in particular to Mr McLaren and Mr Stevenson, and to Mr Porteous who accompanied the XI.'s on matches out of town.

I.C.A.R.

## GIRLS' HOCKEY REPORT

So far the current session's results continue to be favourable although there has been an occasional lapse, due mainly to the effects of influenza. I feel confident, however, that the standard of performance will continue to progress.

I also feel it my duty to welcome Miss H. Downie, who has so enthusiastically filled Miss Leighton's place. She has taken a great interest in all aspects of hockey and certainly does believe in maintaining perfection in the most essential items of successful hockey, namely, stickwork and fitness.

Here are the results of the 1st XI. matches:—

|                                | For | Agst. |
|--------------------------------|-----|-------|
| Grove Academy (away) ...       | 2   | 2     |
| Perth High School (away) ...   | 6   | 0     |
| Bell-Baxter Academy (away) ... | 3   | 3     |
| Harris Academy (home) ...      | 2   | 3     |

Officials for the season are as follows:—

Captain — Catherine Sutherland.

Vice-Captain — Elizabeth Thomson.

Hon. Secretary and Treasurer — Lorna Guild.

2nd XI. Captain — Hazel Walker.

3rd XI. Captain — Kay Brown.

4th XI. Captain — Kay Anderson.

2nd Year XI. Captain — Jean Gray.

The Midlands Junior Trials took place on Saturday, 16th November, at 10 a.m. at Dalnacraig. We were well represented there by C. Sutherland, L. Guild, K. Ritchie, R. Ellis and S. Giles. K. Ritchie was chosen as goalkeeper for the first team. C. Sutherland and L. Guild were chosen for the reserve team as centre-half and left-wing respectively.

The Senior Hockey House matches were held on Saturday, 23rd November, at 9.30 a.m. The goal-shooting competition, won by Airlie, was held before the matches. The games were enthusiastically supported by parents and friends, enticed by the prospects of coffee in the pavilion. The money so collected was donated to the Hospitality Fund which provides for the entertainment of visiting international teams.

The results of the matches were:—1 Wallace, 2 Aystree, 3 Airlie, 4 Lindores.

It is fitting that I should pay tribute here to all the members of the Staff for the part they have played in achieving what I am sure you will regard as most satisfactory results.

L. J. GUILD

## THE LITERARY SOCIETY REPORT

Mr Erskine continues to be our President, Miss Whytock and Mr Howat are Vice-Presidents, and Mr More is Secretary.

A meeting was held on Thursday, 12th September, 1957, and the following office-bearers were appointed:—

Minutes Secretary — Molly Douglas.

Treasurer — Ralph Gibb.

Committee — Jane Bowden, Katharine Kinnear, Malcolm Dougall.

Kathleen Hendry, Michael Dunlop and Douglas Brand volunteered to act as artists in advertising meetings of the Society.

At the time of going to press we have had only three meetings.

The first was presided over by Mr Smith, and Robert Logan, seconded by Una Stevenson, proposed the motion, "That Scientific Progress has not advanced Human Happiness." This was defeated by Lorna Guild, seconded by Donald Junor.

The next meeting took the form of the radio panel game, "One Minute, Please." Subjects discussed were both interesting and amusing, and the evening was a great success.

The third meeting, on 22nd November, was an "Ode to St. Cecilia," presented by members of Forms V. and VI.

Unfortunately, a "Gilbert and Sullivan" evening had to be postponed because of the 'flu epidemic, but we look forward to this along with the other interesting subjects on our varied programme for the rest of the session.

M.D.

## GUIDE REPORT

A most successful Guide Camp was once again held at Tarfside under reasonable conditions. This was the last Guide camp that Lieutenant Leighton was to share with us.

The Patrol Leaders for session 1957-58 are as follows:—

Company 2 — Bluetit Patrol — Joyce Anderson; Canary — Eileen Sturrock; Kingfisher — Sheila Jamieson; Nightingale — Rosemary Gibson; Skylark — Heather Wilkie; Thrush — Jeanie Davidson.

Company 2A — Bantam Patrol — Elspeth Ower; Blackbird — Sheila Anderson; Bullfinch — Judy Leslie; Chaffinch — Joy Andrew; Robin — Ishbel Thomson; Swallow — Barbara Patrick.

The Company Leaders for Company 2 are Sheila Jamieson and Eileen Sturrock, and for Company 2A Barbara Patrick and Joy Andrew.

This term, Joy Andrew and Barbara Patrick have been presented with All Round Cords.

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

E.S.S., S.M.J., K.M.J.A., B.H.P.

### CADET REPORT

The week at camp this year was spent at Stobs, near Hawick, in Roxburghshire. One of the notable features of the camp was the warm weather which made the exercises much more enjoyable for all. We were very much impressed by the excellent rifle ranges, which are quite the best we have come across, and this was where we were visited by the G.O.C., Scottish Command, Lt.-Gen. Sir Horatius Murray. The playing of the pipes and drums one evening in Hawick deeply impressed the inhabitants, especially one who became over enthusiastic, and was carried off in a police van!

On the last day of camp, as is customary, the Platoon Cup was keenly contested, and, deservedly, Sgt. Gibson took all the honours. The cup was presented by the Camp Commandant. The Coronation Trophy, which is annually presented to the most efficient Cadet in the Junior Company, was won by Cadet I. P. Bell, the runner-up being Cadet K. Wood.

During the summer holidays, various members of the Company attended courses. Sgt. Montgomerie went to an air course at Lee-on-Solent, where he had the experience of being "rescued" out of the sea by a helicopter, and also visited the Naval Survival School where he underwent high altitude conditions in a decompression chamber. Cpl. Brand travelled south to Plymouth for a most exciting Commando course held at Stonehouse Barracks. Sgts. Gibson and Hardie and Cpl. Mee were present at an Artillery course at Redesdale, Northumberland, where they learned a great deal of the technicalities involved in the firing of twenty-five pounders. After only two days' instruction, they were firing on the artillery ranges, where they were visited by Lt.-Gen. Sir Horatius Murray.

Thanks are due to Sgt. Bowen, from the Recruiting Office, who has assisted us with drill instruction, and also to Sgt. Robertson, who has been instructing the Buglers. Also, we should like to extend our thanks to the staff of the Drill Hall, Bell Street, who have been instructing the Cert. A platoons in drill, and who have also presented a series of training films which have been both instructive and entertaining.

To date, this session, we have not been able to hold our usual weekly parades as our square in the back playground has been covered with building materials, but it is hoped that we shall be back to normal soon.

On the morning of 8th November, a Remembrance Service was held in School, when the two war memorials were re-dedicated by Rev. R. S. Thomson. Cadets and Guides formed a guard, and there was a large attendance at this colourful ceremony.

With regret, I intimate that Sgt. Montgomerie will be leaving us at Christmas to attend the Royal Air Force College, Cranwell. We wish him the best of luck in his new career.

I regret to report the resignation of Mr Stark, who has now been associated with the Cadets for something like twenty years. In 1942 he was a Sgt.-Instructor and in 1944 was commissioned lieutenant. In 1946, Mr Stark was awarded the Certificate of Merit. When Major Halliday took command in 1947, Mr Stark was promoted to the rank of Captain, and became Q.M.

It is, however, as a shooting coach that Mr Stark will be most warmly remembered, and we are glad to hear that he is to continue in this capacity. During the period of his connection with the .22 shooting teams, the Strathcona Shield has been won four times, and several awards have been gained in National Small-Bore Rifle competitions. All Officers and Cadets, past and present, acknowledge with gratitude the service which Mr Stark has so ungrudgingly given to the unit.

On behalf of the Cadets, I should like to give hearty thanks to our Officers, who have, as always, sacrificed a great deal of their precious time for the benefit of the boys in the unit.

M. HARDIE, C.S.M.

### JUNIOR DRAMATIC SOCIETY REPORT

The Society is again very active, once more being divided into three groups each of which hopes to perform a play in March. Form III. are producing a French play, called "Marie Stuart, Reine de France," written by Miss Coull and Mr Stevenson. Form II., under the guidance of Miss Scott and Miss Anderson, are rehearsing "Wedding Revels" from Shakespeare's "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Form I., with the help of Miss Stevenson and Miss Knight, are making a brave effort to master "Campbell of Kilmohr."

### SENIOR DRAMATIC SOCIETY REPORT

On 8th October, the Society held its first meeting, Robert Logan being elected treasurer. Activities, under the capable direction of Mr Smith and Miss Gray, have since included practice in mime and movement, breath control, etc., and at two play-reading sessions, excerpts were read from Sheridan's "The Rivals," and Shaw's "You Never Can Tell." The Society has also heard part of the soundtrack of Sir Laurence Olivier's film, "Richard III." Our future plans are still under deliberation, but more boys would be most welcome.

R.N.S.L.

## F.P. Club Reports

### F.P. HOCKEY CLUB REPORT

Results have been encouraging in spite of lack of players at the beginning of the season, and the effects of the 'flu wave. Our membership now stands at 15, this figure having been attained by dint of some searching on the part of the club officials. May I once again appeal to all who are interested, to join our club.

Honour in Midlands Representative Hockey has come to our captain, Miss Aileen Paterson, and to Miss Jean Gellatly, who did so well in the District Trials. Miss Paterson was selected to represent Midlands District in the Hockey Tournament at Troon in December.

Financial assistance is badly needed by the club. A scheme is under way whereby former players and those interested in the club can become honorary members. A circular has been sent out, and we urge recipients to give the matter their generous consideration. This is of the utmost importance to the club and may ensure the club's survival.

Results — Played 8, won 3, drawn 1, lost 3. One match was abandoned.

M. THOMSON, Hon. Secy.

### F.P. BADMINTON CLUB REPORT

At the Annual General Meeting for season 1957-1958, held in September, the following office-bearers and committee were elected:—

President — J. A. Grieve.

Vice-President — J. B. Houston.

Hon. Secretary — Miss J. Drummond, 331 Blackness Road, Dundee.

Hon. Treasurer — Miss E. Nicoll.

Committee — Miss L. McLean, Miss M. Macnaughton, J. I. Tullis.

The membership is expected to be about the same as last season — 36 — and so far attendances have been very good.

Our teams to date have not been very successful, both having lost 2 and drawn 1. These matches, however, were against some of the strongest opposition in their leagues and better results are expected within the next few weeks. It is hoped that the first team, who were promoted to the First Division this season, will retain their position.

It is only two years come January since the Junior Club started, but already the standard of play is very high. If they continue to reside in the district after leaving school, the Club can look forward to maintaining a high standard of play.

Our thanks are due to the Rector and Senior members who attend on Saturday evenings for their encouragement to the juniors.

### F.P. RUGBY REPORT

The first part of the season is behind us with very encouraging results. In fact, should the second half prove as good, and there is no reason why it should not, the 1957/58 season will be as good a one as we have had for many years.

Every year in this report it is said that—"improvement is on its way," "we are doing better than last year," etc. Without again relying on such comments, it really is true to say better "rugger" is being enjoyed and played by all. The future of the club's "rugger" is bright. This is due to a large extent to the younger members who have joined us within the last year or two. This, we hope, will continue.

Goodly numbers turn out at our training sessions under the lights at Dalnacraig. We would, however, like to see more of the 2nd XV. up at these practices, as it is on their ranks that the club's 1st XV. will, we hope, rely in future years.

We are indebted to our office-bearers who, as usual, do the more mundane practices of running the club. In this respect we should like to thank Treasurer James Cram who is leaving the country in the Spring.

Finally, we are indebted to the many people who support us on Saturday afternoons, particularly the schoolboys. There is no doubt that a rousing cheer or two from the touch-line is encouraging. At least, we, the players, think so. Let us have more up cheering, and more cheers.

### F.P. TENNIS CLUB REPORT

It is with great pleasure that I report on the improvement in the club during the past season. Firstly, praise must be given to the new and younger members for their regular and enthusiastic turning out. It has been a long time since the groundsmen at Dalnacraig have had to chase away so many members and, indeed, it was often in darkness that the courts were swept and the gates locked.

On 22nd June we held our American tournament which was won by Miss E. Nicoll and Mr H. Lawrie.

The Ladies' Singles Championship was won by Miss E. Nicoll and the Men's Singles Championship by Mr D. Robb.

The Men's 1st team has maintained its position in the 2nd Division, but, I am sorry to say, the Ladies' team has had a most unlucky season.

The Club's congratulations and best wishes go to our committee member, Miss Daphne Stewart, on her recent engagement to Mr Bruce Davidson.

On behalf of the Club, may I wish you all a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

PETER G. BUTTARS, Secretary.

## For Your Information

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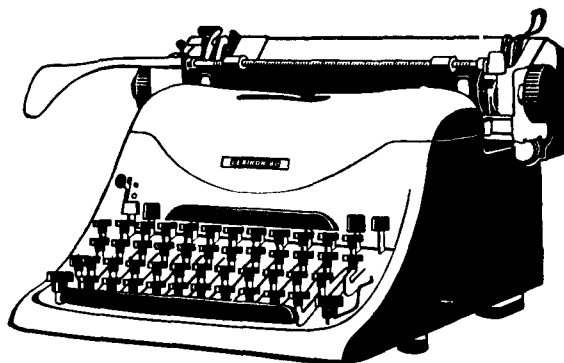
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